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Photographic Competition

A photographic competition will be held. The rules are simple.

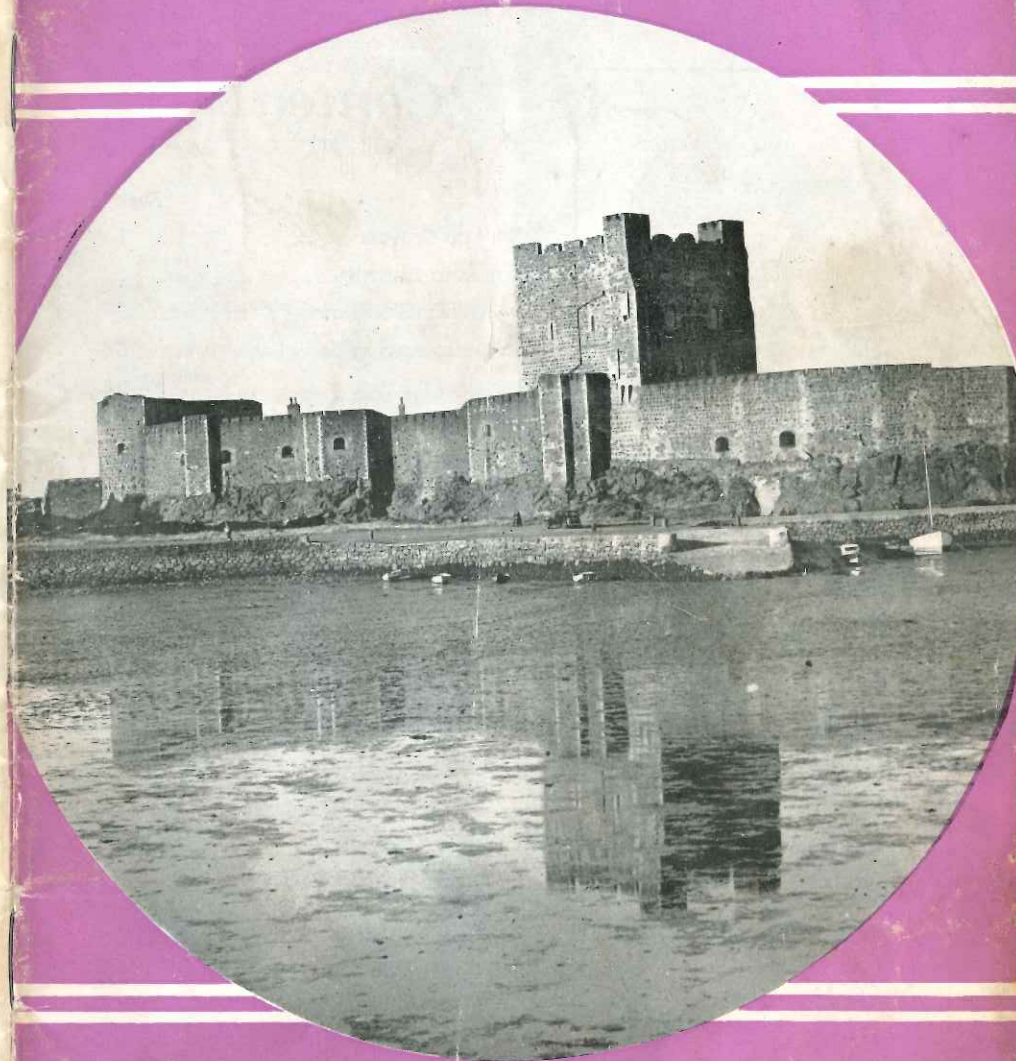
1. Photographs, in black and white only, should have been taken by employees since September 30th, 1960.
2. Entries should be sent to the Editor by September 30th and each entry should be accompanied by a slip giving the sender's name and department, and if possible a title for the picture should be added.
3. Entries will be classified by the judges into four groups:
 - (a) Landscape
 - (b) Architectural
 - (c) Personal
 - (d) General

Do not bother a the classification yourself.

The best photograph in each group will be awarded 10s. 0d. and the best photograph of the competition will receive a prize of £1. 1s. 0d. All winning photographs will be published on *Chance Comments*.

Produced and published by Teamwork Magazines (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.), 25 Catherine Street, London W.C.2. on behalf of and in collaboration with Chance Brothers Limited, Smethwick,

Chance COMMENTS



AUGUST — SEPTEMBER 1961

3^D

Chance

COMMENTS

The MAGAZINE of Chance Brothers Limited, published in alternate months for the interest, entertainment and information of all employees of the firm.

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THIS MONTH'S COVER

The cover picture on the last number was PLASNEWYDD.

This month we give an easy subject to recognise and a prize of five shillings will be awarded for the first correct identification received in writing to the Editor, c/o Personnel Department.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS SERVICE

Congratulations are extended to three employees at Smethwick who completed forty-five years service recently. Each was presented with a gold wrist watch by the Managing Director Mr. C. J. S. Newman. Mrs. Yates was also presented with a bouquet and flowers were sent to Mrs. Neenan and Mrs. Lucock.



Right:
RUTH YATES (BLOWN AND PRESSED) 20TH JUNE

Below right:
JAMES W. NEENAN (BLOWN AND PRESSED) 14TH JUNE.

Below left:
JOSEPH LUCOCK (BLOWN AND PRESSED) 3RD JULY

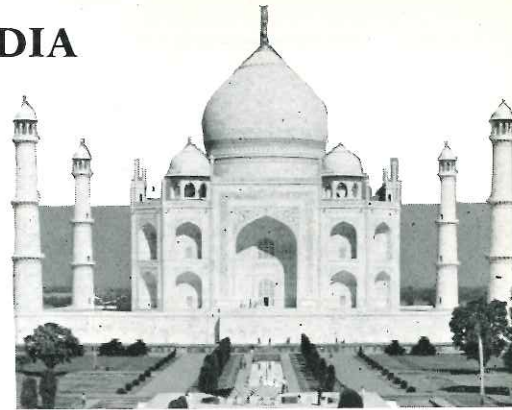


VOL. 15, No. 3

AUGUST — SEPTEMBER 1961

VISIT TO INDIA AND PAKISTAN

by L. T. Simmons
Export Sales



AFTER the cold and damp of an English winter, the thought of a spring visit to India and Pakistan was like a mirage. When our Sales Manager told me that I was to go I just couldn't believe it and I was sure that I should soon wake up.

"Simmons," he said, "nip over to India will you?"

"Alright," I'd replied, "What time?" But it wasn't a joke, he meant it alright and sixteen days and two painful inoculations later, I was on my way out of Birmingham on the first leg to London.

It was a typical English spring morning, drizzling with rain, coldish—about 40-45 degrees F. and that Indian sunshine was really beckoning. Even later in London, when the drizzle had disappeared and made way for a steady downpour, my spirits refused to be dampened even though my raincoat was, and after snatching a quick seven course lunch at L'Ecu de France, which is a small transport cafe in Jermyn Street, I made for the airport from where the Qantas flight, to which I and the Company's brief case were entrusted, was due to take off at 3.30 p.m.

Despite the weight, the Boeing 707 duly took off and four stops and thirteen hours later I was in Karachi. A simple calculation will show you that this made it 4.30 a.m. but it was of course 9 o'clock in the morning local time, and I felt it only reasonable to assume that it couldn't possibly be too hot at that time of day. Neither was it—or so I am assured—but the 90° F recorded inside the airport building was

more than enough for me to be getting on with after the previous day's 40-45° in England.

I felt a proper Charlie walking from the plane to the airport building; over the tarmac from which the heat waves were bouncing, looking round at a horizon which seemed to be composed entirely of sand and me clutching my raincoat in a city which gets only about six inches of rain a year, all of which falls in two days, neither of which were due for another couple of months.

"Sun him plenty strong!" I gasped hoarsely to the Customs Inspector, "Him hot too much isn't it?"

"Me dear chap," he said, "we rather care for this pleasantly cool weather and can only express our regrets that it will not be with us much longer. This time next week it will be creeping up over the hundred mark and this time next month you will be enjoying our early summer with temperatures of about 110°F."

"Not me mate," I muttered, and pushed off to the hotel for cold drinks, resolving to get out of this place as soon as possible.

Karachi though was interesting. A large port, handling a pretty considerable volume of business and a sprawling city built literally on sand, it is somehow attractive despite its arid appearance. Today, some seven miles from the city centre stands a new factory estate, built on a site which only two years ago was pure desert. In recent years, with the aid of foreign grants and loans the Government of Pakistan has placed considerable emphasis on the develop-

ment of local industry and this is one of the tangible signs of what is being done.

Although the vivid contrasts of India are much evident in Karachi, contrasts there are, notably for instance in the varied forms of transport in circulation. There must be just about everything you can think of—modern American and European cars and lorries, ancient dittos, bicycles and tricycles, both motorised and otherwise and a wide variety of wheeled carts drawn by a staggering assortment of animals. Horses, mules, donkeys, goats, oxen and camels. All this moving at different speeds and in different directions produces a terrific volume of noise with squealing brakes, horns blaring and beeping, the grunting of oxen and the shrill protests from horses and camels with above it all the perpetual screeching of the unoloiled axles of just about every animal conveyance in the city.

The various companies I visited also supplied their measure of contrast. The huge iron and steel works near the docks, the brightly modern and Western premises of another company situated in what was a very disreputable area indeed, the small laboratory furnishes with drab little shops in typically Eastern bazaars and the neon sign makers. Ah, yes, the neon sign makers.

You know many companies in this part of the world have their offices in places which to our way of thinking are, well, a little out of the ordinary. There was one of the neon sign makers for instance who had, to my mind, carried unorthodoxy a little too far and the visit to him provided a little more local colour than I had bargained for.

On the very busy Bunder Road are a number of archways, all of which lead into courtyards of varying degrees of unsavouriness. It was into one of the most unappetising of these that I forced my reluctant feet to find my next call and there it was, just as I feared it would be. Two small and scruffy rooms in a tall, thin and scruffy building which fronted the dismal courtyard. Inside it was dreadfully hot and for my benefit the windows were opened wide in the rather folorn hope of catching a little

fresh air. Some air was caught it is true, not particularly fresh, but of some help initially. But, so were other things, some of which, such as the noisy procession of overweight bluebottles which with monotonous regularity drowned themselves in my tea, I didn't mind too much, but I can't say I cared much for the assortment of smells. Even worse were the noises. I was quite relieved when I eventually tracked down the source of the worst of these for I had been harbouring unkind thoughts about my hosts. Moored outside the windows was a camel cart—probably the company's transport section—and some of the more unattractive noises were evidently due to a lack of efficiency in the working parts of the camel's digestive system. This theory became fact as I left the place and passed rather close by him for with an audible sigh of relief he disembarassed himself of several recent meals, providing an experience I shall ever remember as one of the less fortuitous occasions of my life.

Two hundred and twenty two shower baths later, Air India kindly took me to Bombay and I had my first taste of Mr. Nehru's mighty republic. The first startling impression you get in any of India's major cities is of the vast numbers of people everywhere moving around, impeding traffic circulation and making walking even an unpleasant hazard. The fact that India's population has increased by some eighty millions in the last ten years becomes rapidly self evident and it makes you shudder when you think of the problems of feeding and finding jobs for this huge population. Undoubtedly, the various five year plans initiated by the Government have brought a considerable expansion of industry but development is not keeping pace with such a fantastic population growth and accordingly the incredible squalor and poverty in which so many people drag out their lives looks like being one of the facets of life in India for some time to come.

Bombay itself seemed to me to be a reasonably pleasant city. Due to the higher percentage of humidity the climate was rather more unpleasant than

Karachi, particularly in the crowded city centre, but on the road which curves round the bay you could be sure of a breeze from the sea and further back, up on Malabar Hill, looking down over part of the city and out to sea, it was pleasant indeed. The city is reasonably clean generally and even the industrial areas which are plentiful and expanding, are less grim than in many other centres of the country. Beggars, of course, are plentiful, but Bombay at least is trying to do something about it and periodic round-ups take place. Whether it will ever cure the problem is a moot point, but Europeans I spoke to assured me that it is gradually changing for the better.

This is more than can be said for Calcutta. Here, in what is described throughout India as the dirtiest city in the country, conditions are literally indescribable. In recent years the population has doubled to somewhere around six millions due to the flood of refugees from East Pakistan and the inward movement of land workers from the countryside. Hundreds of people live wholly on the pavements of back streets, returning to their sleeping rug in the evening and cooking their evening meal over a fire on the pavement. Street hydrants provide a supply of brownish water for cooking, drinking and washing, and stepping ponderously through the streets, often over sleeping human beings come cattle, wandering freely through the city by day and night. From the street dwellers come men whose life is spent seeking casual labour of a kind one would hate to see animals doing. Replacing draft horses and pulling heavy carts loaded high with goods of various kinds and all this in temperatures well over the hundred allied to humidity rates of ninety per cent. And incredibly, it is these people who respond most freely to the hundreds of beggars, who, you can be sure live in infinitely better conditions. Cheek by jowl with these appalling living conditions one finds superb temple monuments such as the Jain glass temple providing an incongruous contrast between magnificence and absolute squalor.

Delhi too provides its contrasts, although here two cities are involved. New Delhi, with its delightful parks is a well planned show piece of a city. Government is housed in wonderfully designed buildings that are modern yet wholly in keeping with tradition. In old Delhi you return to the chaotic jumble which appears to be so essential a factor of Indian life and once again you are faced with the beggars, the dirt the horrifying poverty and the flies.

Between the two cities are some of the most magnificent relics I have ever seen. The Red Fort, on the outskirts of Old Delhi was formerly the home of one of the Rajahs and is today serving two purposes. A natural for every tourist to the area and an army base. The Moslems have left much religious architecture that is worth seeing, notably a wonderful tower some three hundred feet high, built in the twelfth century and still standing in its entirety.

With such monuments dotted all over the country India's hopes of increasing its tourist trade are slowly but surely materialising. I met many tourists—principally Americans—who had been impressed with much of what they had seen. Like myself however, they had also been appalled at the

continued on page 5

A VIEW OF BOMBAY MUNICIPAL CORPORATION BUILDING, BOMBAY



THE OLDER GENERATION

THERE is an Italian proverb which says "Men are as old as they feel, women are as old as they seem." On Thursday, 27th July, some two hundred of our retired employees and their wives became tremendously young again when they attended a garden party at the Recreation Club. The occasion was the annual party for the Company's retired employees and this was the first time that the event was held on our own premises instead of going out for tea. The change was made having regard to the increased number of people as a result of a recent decision to extend benefits (other than payment of a pension) normally made to those who retired on pension to those who were not in the Pension Scheme at the time of retirement but had completed more than ten years service. These benefits are:—

- (a) An invitation to the annual party for pensioners and their wives.
- (b) A sack of firewood delivered at regular intervals.
- (c) A grant towards the cost of spectacles.
- (d) Free Chiropody treatment.
- (e) A grant of 5/-d. per week towards the cost of Home Help Service.
- (f) Payment of convalescent home fees and railway fares.

- (g) Full use of the Recreation Club.
- (h) A monetary gift at Christmas.
- (i) A gift of coal during the winter months.

But back to the party. Our rebuilt Pavilion and the well kept grounds plus a tea marquee, provided an attractive venue and during the time up to tea the weather just about kept fine.

After the traditional issue of a button-hole, the guests were welcomed by Sir Hugh and Lady Chance, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. S. Newman, Dr. and Mrs. W. M. Hampton and the senior Managers and their wives.

The Vincent Ladbroke Orchestra played pleasant music throughout the afternoon and the pensioners staged a jolly good Flower and Vegetable Show. The ladies looked most attractive and they were judged as to who wore the prettiest hat.

The Pensioners' bowls team beat the Managers' team and Dr. Hampton and Mr. Hinton won the Snooker Competition.

Our Canteen Staff served a very satisfying and attractive tea.

After tea the guests left by coaches for Stratford-on-Avon but, as so often happens, the rains came. Nevertheless the journey was enjoyed.

● *continued from page 4*

dreadful conditions in which so many people live. Like myself too, they had been shaken by the ability of hotel servants to extract the maximum tips. Every time you left a hotel you literally had to fight your way out of your room through a horde of hotel staff, all of whom expected something, and most of whom you had never seen before in your life. I swear that two characters in particular followed me all round India, for it seemed to me that every time I made my desperate dash, they were there with outstretched palms, hoping for the best. From Delhi to Calcutta, I was booked in on an early morning

plane and had to leave the hotel at five in the morning. "Ah!" I thought, "This is where I beat the blighters." But it did nothing of the sort—they had turned out in force and about twenty of them escorted me to the car which was to take me to the airport. It was the one occasion that I had the last laugh, for the car refused to start and we roped in the twenty to give us a push. The driver, an embryo Stirling Moss, stepped on the gas as soon as the engine started and I had the very great pleasure of waving farewell to the twenty dusky and disconsolate faces that were being rapidly left far behind.

It made my day.

GRANDMOTHERS

AT SPON LANE

IN ONE of the preliminary heats for the recent Beauty Queen competition three of the ladies who entered for the fun of the thing were grandmothers. This inspired the idea that *Chance Comments* might feature some of the grandmothers who are employed at the Spon Lane Works.

Here is a selection and more photographs will appear in the next issue. Who do you think is the most attractive? The Editor dare not publish the results of the readers' decisions.

This photograph of Mrs. Violet Gillgress was taken at one of the preliminary heats of the Glass Queen Competition and triggered off the idea of the "Grandmothers at Spon Lane."

Mrs. Gillgress has worked in the Fiesta Department since 1951.



Mrs. Blanche Matthews has worked in the Seven Storey since 1955. She has one baby granddaughter.



Mrs. Olive Brown has seven grandchildren. She has worked at Spon Lane since 1950 and has worked in five departments. Her last move to the Seven Storey was brought about by the transfer of C.P.O.W. to St. Asaph.



OLD HALL WEDDINGS



MR. AND MRS. KEN DORRELL



MR. AND MRS. PETER DURDEN



THE BRIDESMAID

MR. AND MRS. ERIC BROOKE





From all Departments

MOSTLY PERSONAL

Blown and Pressed

The Division Children's Party Committee is meeting with much success in their money raising programme of social activities. Dances were held in the Pavilion on 17th June and on 15th July and future dances will be on 12th August and 9th September.

Mrs. Gladys Gamble has left the division after twenty-one years service.

Flat Glass

It is with regret that we record the deaths of two of our colleagues. Joseph Taylor of Micro Department died on 1st July at the age of 59 with twenty-three years service, and James Hughes of Rolled Plate Warehouse died on 14th July, aged 60 with fifteen years service.

Christabel Moore has left the Fiesta Department as she is now living in North Devon. Kathleen O'Whiscoll has also left us as she is expecting a happy event.

The Division welcomes Stan. Peabody on his transfer from Traffic Department to Rolled Plate Warehouse. —Congratulations are extended to Ray Drury on his marriage to Jean Smith.

Glasgow

We extend a warm welcome to the following members of the staff who joined us recently, Margaret Campbell, Jean Moffat, Ann Baker, and John Dallas.

Everyone at Glasgow was deeply shocked to learn of the sudden death of John McCusker at the early age of 36 on 21st June.

John came to Chance Brothers straight from school early in 1940 and was called up for Service with The Black Watch towards the end of 1943, and in due course reached the rank of Company Quartermaster Sergeant. He

took part in the 14th Army's long march through Burma.

On being released from the Army he returned to Firhill and, after a period of assisting in the Buying Department, he assumed full responsibility some seven years ago.

Keen and energetic in his work, one could rely completely on any job which he undertook and he was never slow to assist in work even although it might be outside his own sphere.

We extend our sincere sympathy to his widowed mother and his brothers in their sad loss.

Laboratory

The Laboratory is delighted to have Miss K. G. Brolin from Sweden and Mr. R. L. Henley from Ireland with us for a period of training and very much hope that they will enjoy our hospitality.

We welcome Shirley Edwards to the staff of the Chemistry section. Congratulations are extended to Stanley Williams and Ronald Moore whose wives presented each with a son recently.

London

Christine Jefferies, who recently joined us, was married on June 24th and is now Mrs. Brian Tomlinson. Her husband is at Selwyn House, so Christine has married within the Group. We offer them both our best wishes for their future happiness.

Malvern

We congratulate Mr. W. Winterford and Miss J. Clay on the occasion of their marriage on 1st July and Miss F. Dawe who was married to Mr. F. Copping on 10th June.

We wish a speedy recovery to E. Perks, P. C. Conn, M. Bird and D. Hadley who are at present away due to



illness and we welcome back after illness Mrs. W. Kite, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. P. Powell, Mrs. M. Bird and Mr. R. Jones.

Several have joined our Company recently and we hope they will enjoy a long working association.

Our photograph is of Mrs. K. Bellamy our Canteen Assistant after receiving a bouquet of flowers and a cheque from Mr. T. K. Sharp on behalf of the Works personnel. The occasion was Mrs. Bellamy's birthday. Dear Kath. was much overwhelmed and several of our ladies joined her in shedding emotional tears. We all have a warm heart for this lady as she is always willing to do everything she can to make people happy. But a sad note. A few days after this happy event, Mrs. Bellamy who summer and winter came to work on her cycle met with an accident in the roadway at the entrance to the Works and she is now in hospital with a broken leg and other injuries. She is progressing well and our message to her is "get well soon as we all miss you very much."

Whilst the magazine is in the printing process the Works will be closed for the annual holidays and during this period the painters will take over to redecorate our shops in modern colour.

Maintenance and Construction

Millwrights welcome Michael White as a new apprentice but are sorry to have lost David Botfield and wish him well in his new job. Drawing Office has a new-comer in John Pugh and we hope he will enjoy being with us.

Congratulations are extended to John Martin, Carpenters, on his marriage.

Bill Downing of Electricians has retired after thirty-two years service and we hope he will enjoy his well earned leisure.

Phil. Cooke met with a nasty road accident which put him in hospital with fractured ankles and our best wishes for a quick and complete recovery are expressed.

Bill Sharratt of the Fitting Shop is at present in a convalescent home recovering from an operation.



WILLIAM DOWNING (RETIRED)

Offices

Alfred Eccleston has been away from the Office for some time, seriously ill. We are happy to report that the latest information is of considerable improvement and our good wishes are sent for his speedy and complete recovery.

We are keenly interested to know what the Lady Secretary said when, for a sailing to Dublin, she found herself booked as of masculine gender, in a man's berth.

We are also interested to know if Dug Curry is considering the lease of a farm for his recent acquisition of "Ducks."

We were all deeply sorry to hear of the sudden death of Lawson Walton on July 14th.

Lawson was with the Company some 10 years and left in March 1960 to take another appointment. He was a very popular member of the Staff and our sympathy is extended to his widow in her sad loss.

We welcome Francis A. Ferguson who has joined the staff of the Fiesta Sales Office.

Jottings of shorter items and employees' contributions

GLASS

"Who, when he first saw the sand and ashes by a casual intenseness of heat melted into a solid form, rugged with excrescences and clouded with impurities, would have imagined that in this shapeless lump lay concealed so many conveniences of life as would, in time, constitute a great part of the happiness of the world."

THUS, Dr. Samuel Johnson, and in this one wordy sentence he puts glass into its true perspective.

The origins of glassmaking, like so many origins, are lost in antiquity. The story that Phoenician merchants, shipwrecked on the coast of Syria, lit a fire on the shore and later discovered glass among the ashes may or may not be true. Whatever its origins it is almost certain that glassmaking was introduced into Egypt from Syria about 2000 B.C. and it has been used by man ever since.

Glass, in spite of Dr. Johnson, can aptly be called the unnoticed element. Although strictly speaking it is not an element, it is certainly unnoticed. For more than four thousand years glass has influenced an increasing part of man's life but because of its very property which makes it transparent, so much of its uses have remained unseen.

We look through a window, not at it; and therefore we do not look at the glass. And the same can be said for so many modern uses of glass; we see what it does and not what it is—the glass cathode ray tube of our television set; the glass tube of a

fluorescent light; a glass door; the lens in our spectacles or our camera. In its more modern forms glass even ceases to look like glass; it is hard to believe that a fine silken fabric may be made of glass, or a material looking for all the world like soft cotton wool can still be glass.

In every home in the civilised world there is glass in one form or another.

BOUQUETS

Mr. L. G. Hinton, Secretary to the Company, has been elected Chairman of the Birmingham Branch of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries.

* * *

Three Pilkington publications were awarded "Certificates of Merit" in the national house journal competition organised by the British Association of Industrial Editors.

They are *Cullet News*, *Cullet* (three issues of which were produced in 1960) and the 1959 Chairman's Report to employees which was distributed in the spring of 1960.

TEN LITTLE FACTORY BOYS

Ten little factory boys, working in a line, One took off the safety guard, then there were nine.

Nine little factory boys, pushing heavy weight, One jumped aboard the trolley, then there were eight.

Eight little factory boys, thinking more of Devon, One caught in the shafting, then there were seven.

Seven little factory boys, playing monkey tricks, One fell down the staircase, then there were six.

Six little factory boys, practising their "jive," One fell in machinery, then there were five.

Five little factory boys, thought work just a spree, One fell through a window, and then there were three.

Three little factory boys, knew not what to do, Didn't learn the safety drill, then there were two.

Two little factory boys, always dash and run, One tripped under motor van, then there was one.

One little factory boy, sitting all alone, Just didn't concentrate, and then there was none.

(With acknowledgments to the Industrial Welfare Society).

THE DRIVER EXCUSES HIMSELF

The ingenuity of drivers involved in accidents in seeking to assert their innocence, or at least to excuse their errors, is apparently inexhaustible, to judge from this selection sent in to the *Guardian* by a gentleman whose job in life is to "vet" insurance claims:

I knocked over a man. He admitted it was his fault as he had been run over before.

I consider that neither vehicle was to blame but if either were to blame it was the other one.

I collided with a stationary tram-car coming the other way.

I left my Austin Seven outside, and when I came out later to my amazement there was an Austin Twelve.

To avoid a collision I ran into the other car.

Car had to turn sharper than was necessary owing to an invisible lorry.

I unfortunately ran over a pedestrian and the old gentleman was

taken to hospital much regretting the circumstances.

After the accident a working gentleman offered to be a witness in my favour.

The other man altered his mind so I had to run into him.

I collided with a stationary tree.

Dog on the road applied brakes causing a skid.

Wilful damage was done to the upholstery by rats.

A pedestrian hit me and went under my car.

I blew my horn but it would not work as it was stolen.

I thought the side window was down but it was up as I found when I put my head through it.

Cow wandered into my car. I was afterwards informed that the cow was half-witted.

She suddenly saw me, lost her head and we met.

I ran into a shop window and sustained injuries to my wife.

I misjudged a lady crossing the street.

I heard a horn blown and was struck in the back, a lady was evidently trying to pass me.

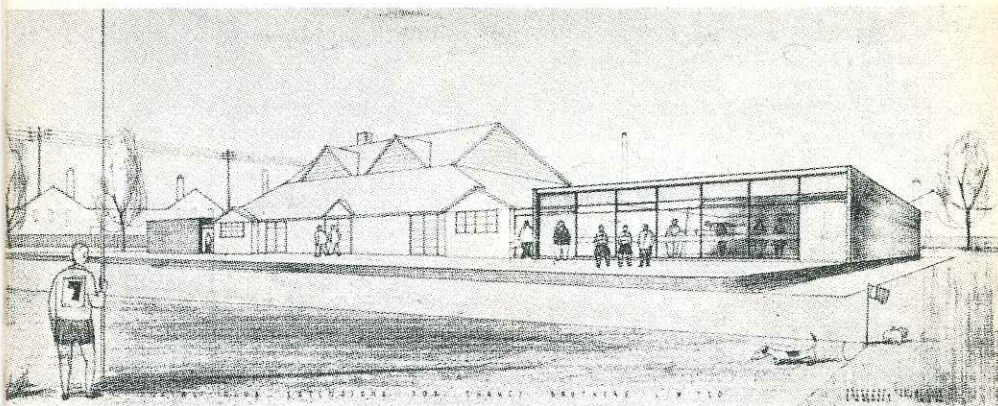
Three women were talking to each other and when two stepped back and one stepped forward I had to have an accident.

Coming home I drove into the wrong house and collided with a tree I haven't got.

A lamp-post bumped the car damaging it in two places.

I left my car unattended for a minute and whether by accident or design it ran away.

The other car collided with mine without giving any warning of its intention.



RECREATION CLUB

Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the Recreation Club was held in the Pavilion on Friday, 28th July, when the President, Mr. C. J. S. Newman, presided.

The Year's Accounts

The Treasurer, Mr. A. Wood presented the annual accounts and these showed an excess of expenditure over income of £318. 9s. 0d. The main reason for this figure is the fact that over £400 was paid out in renovating the billiard tables at the time of the transfer of the tables from the old billiard room to the Pavilion. Pavilion upkeep for the year cost £767, the administrative cost £216, Insurance and other expenses £87 and section activities £100.

On the income side, membership subscriptions amounted to £1,200 and the income from money market was £491. A full copy of the Expenditure and Income Sheet is displayed on board.

The Officers and Committee

The following were elected as Committee members for 1961/2:—

President: Mr. C. J. S. Newman
Vice-President: Dr. W. M. Hampton
Arbitrator: Mr. H. Fulton

General Committee:—

Group Representatives

Miss W. Walker Flat Glass
 Mr. H. Price B. and P.
 Mr. J. Stockin M. and C.
 Mr. J. Foster Traffic, Transport,
 Mixing, Security,
 Cleaners

Mr. H. Helsby Old Hall, Laboratory,
 Personnel

Mr. B. Bryan General Offices

Appointed by the Board

Mr. E. R. Flook, Mr. S. W. Round,
 Mr. B. D. Patrick, Mr. J. R. Cheetham,
 Mr. J. Jordan, Mr. H. Larner

Sectional Secretaries

The Sectional Secretaries for the year are:—

Angling: Mr. J. Green
 Home Sales
Badminton: Mr. H. Helsby
 Pyrometry
Cricket: Mr. B. Launchbury
 Transport
Darts: Mr. J. Stockin
 Garage
Football: Mr. N. Hart
 Laboratory
Tennis: Mr. D. Hewitt
 Work Study
Dancing: Mr. H. Mills
 Pyrometry
Table Tennis: Mr. B. Cumberlidge
 Laboratory
Archery: Mr. H. Mills
 Pyrometry
Billiards: Mr. H. Price
 Blown and Pressed

TWENTY FIVE YEARS SERVICE



WILLIAM COX (GENERAL STORES) 27TH APRIL (CASH)



EDWARD E. McMAHON (INTERNAL TRANSPORT) 26TH MAY (WATCH)



G. N. H. (JOHN) HARDY (MAINTENANCE AND CONSTRUCTION) 3RD JUNE (CLOCK)

REUBEN CAMMIES (BLOWN AND PRESSED) 4TH JUNE (WATCH)

EMLYN JONES (BLOWN AND PRESSED) 16TH JULY (CASH)

