



EDITORIAL

UNDOUBTEDLY the chief event of the past month, and probably also one of the landmarks of the Firm's history, was the retirement of Mr. W. G. Whitbourn from the position of General Manager.

At the presentation most of you heard the relation of many fine incidents of a period covering almost sixty years.

One cannot but admire Mr. Whitbourn's honesty and straightforwardness. Time, the great test of all things, has proved that he possessed in full these essentials in business.

Mr. Whitbourn was the recipient of some handsome presents. It is pleasing to record that he has not severed his connection altogether from us, as he still remains on the Board of Directors.

And now we congratulate Mr. H. Edmunds on his succession to Mr. Whitbourn. Everyone will realize that the prospect is not an easy one for him, and that without the good will and assistance of the Staff as a whole his job will be a hard one. Changes there are bound to be, perhaps new ideas and new methods tried, but we feel sure that the Staff will give him the same support as they accorded to Mr. Whitbourn.

We are glad to note that trade appears to remain steady, and hope that the signs of revival generally noted throughout the country will materialize, bringing a fair share of printing our way.

Cyclists are requested to place their cycles in the racks, not leave them against the posts, as there are now twelve spare racks.

BENEVOLENT FUND

THE Annual Meeting of the Benevolent Fund was held in the Lecture Hall on April 16th, Mr. G. S. Unwin presiding, supported by Mr. N. G. Unwin and Mr. H. Edmunds. The Minutes of the previous Annual Meeting having been read and passed, the Secretary proceeded to read the Report and Balance Sheet, which disclosed a balance in hand amounting to £183 and a membership of 106.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—Chairman: Mr. G. S. Unwin; Treasurer: Mr. P. Davis; Secretary: Mr. A. Collins; Auditors: Messrs. T. C. Carter and W. H. Savage; Committee: Messrs. H. Baker, A. W. Best, F. Durrant, J. Jarrett, J. Sims, F. Warner, and G. Worsfold. The Auditors were accorded a hearty vote of thanks for their services. It was agreed to continue the subscription of £3 3s. to the Victoria Cottage Hospital, Woking. The proposal that the Firm should continue to collect the subscriptions and repayments of loans was carried.

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Mr. W. G. WHITBOURN'S RETIREMENT

ON March 31st another of those gatherings to which we are getting accustomed was held in the composing-room. On this occasion not to make offering to one of our comrades who has decided to retire from the worries of "print" in order to cast aside care and live a slothful life. This time it was to say good-bye (or, more correctly, a partial good-bye) to our friend W. G. W. After twenty-five years of managerial responsibility he has determined to take a well-earned rest and to pass the reins of government to other hands. Although we shall see him no longer as manager, yet it is possible that he will again come within our orbit when, as director, he visits the works to "have a look round." For he is to remain a director of the Company. There is no need to panegyrize. What Mr. Whitbourn is and what he has been to all of us is common knowledge. It was as a friend that we knew him, and it is as a friend that we will always remember him.

Naturally it was decided that Mr. Whitbourn should not leave without receiving something tangible as a memento of a happy comradeship. The result of the "whip round" was sufficient to purchase two easy chairs—one for Mr. Whitbourn and one for his daughter, Miss Whitbourn. It was to present these that the latest gathering was held. This one was different from others in that for the first time we had a "platform." Mr. G. S. Wood presided, and with him were Mr. G. S. Unwin, Mr. E. Unwin, jr., Mr. N. G. Unwin (Directors), Mr. H. Edmunds (Works Manager), Miss Gladys Whitbourn, and Mr. W. Chewter, who was to make the presentation.

Mr. Wood, in introducing Mr. Chewter, said: "We are here to bid farewell to Mr. Whitbourn, and to present him with something whereby he may remember his associations with St. Martha's."

"Mr. Chewter, who will make the presentation on your behalf, will no doubt tell you something of the days that were, when print was somewhat different from what it is in these degenerate days, and when Chilworth was a power in the land. He will probably turn back the pages of the book of life and give you extracts, both grave and gay, of Mr. Whitbourn's working career. I shall not trespass if my fingers turn a page and show you a fleeting picture of him as I see him at the present time."

"Much may, with truth perhaps, be said of the many-sidedness of Mr. Whitbourn's personality, but I have only seen one side. Whether in the office, where I have interviewed him, or in the chair at the Parish Council of Send and Ripley, where I have

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MR. W. G. WHITBOURN, J.P.

MILESTONES

Copyholder ..	June 1871
Apprentice ..	Feb. 1872
Reader ..	Aug. 1881
Head Reader ..	May 1896
Overseer ..	Jan. 1900
Manager ..	April 1906
General Manager ..	Jan. 1929
Director ..	May 1930
Retired ..	March 1931

(From position of General Manager)

HERITAGE WALKS ARCHIVE DOCUMENT

him your support and help. He does not pretend to know everything about printing, and I think he will not be too proud to accept any information on matters that may arise in the course of work. Let us all pull together so that the old firm may continue to obtain a good share of work and make good progress by producing fine craftsmanship. It is only by patient co-operation and hearty goodwill toward each other that we shall be able to carry on comfortably."

Mr. Whitbourn, replying, said that if half the nice things which had been said about him by the speakers were deserved, he felt he had not lived in vain; for, after all, as the good old Book has it, "A good name is rather to be chosen than many riches." His decision had not been made hurriedly, for it was twelve months ago that he had intimated to the Firm his desire to retire from the management and take a rest. Evidently his friends thought so, too, judging from the nature of the gift which had been presented to him that day. He said it was customary for recipients to say that they do not value the gift because of its intrinsic worth. He felt that on this occasion he could not repeat this—its value was apparent, and therefore appreciated. But he had pleasure in adding that its value was enhanced because he knew it was a generous expression of their friendship and respect—two things a manager—or, indeed, an official in any capacity—could not afford to do without.

As his movements had been recently tabulated in the Doings it was unnecessary to be unduly reminiscent—merely to say that it was twenty-five years ago, on April 2nd, that the reins of management were placed in his hands, and during that time many changes had taken place. He said that a manager's job was not altogether a bed of roses, but, by the workers' co-operation and sympathy, many of the thorns had been removed, and by this means his lying-down had been made easy. He asked that the same consideration should be given to his successor, Mr. Edmunds. He knew that apparently unreasonable demands were made upon the workers; but he reminded them that at the other end of the 'phone there were those who had to deal with exacting and unreasonable customers, some of whom had little notion of the time required to produce and deliver their goods. For all that, those demands have to be such, and he believed that because good service had been given, during the last twelve months, while other houses of similar size had been short of work, we had kept busy. If he might venture to borrow the Rotarian slogan—"Service, not self"—and take it as their motto, he felt sure that the measure of their service would mean a corresponding measure of prosperity in the future.

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had the honour for all too short a time of serving under him, or in functions in the village, he has always been the same: kind, considerate of the feelings of others, and never far from that saving grace of humanity, humour. No man lost his dignity as a man to him. Mr. Edmunds said once that he was amazed at the courtesy shown here. Everybody was Mr. Somebody. Everybody was Somebody to Mr. Whitbourn. That is what I take Kipling to mean by being a man. Surely no honour of Mr. Whitbourn's stands higher than that—that he has lived a man.

"Our farewell through Mr. Chewter may be a laughing adieu or a sorrowful parting, but we shall all add to it in our hearts 'God bless you.'"

As was to be expected, Mr. Chewter became reminiscent, and gave some amusing incidents in which Mr. Whitbourn and his contemporaries were concerned in the early days at Chilworth. Speaking more seriously, he referred to Mr. Whitbourn's work among us since he had been manager, and of his capacity for happiness and of creating happiness for others. He had the gift of humour. The little twinkle in the eye would remain, but it would be missed. It was a surprise to many, as it was to the speaker, that Mr. Whitbourn had been spared to reach his present age and health, as he had been through many serious illnesses. That he had done so was due to the watchfulness and care of his daughter, Miss Whitbourn, who had looked after her father since the loss of his wife. Mr. Chewter hoped Mr. Whitbourn would find the chair comfortable, and that it would be a reminder of the many friends who wished him years of happiness in his retirement.

Mr. G. S. Unwin, remarked:

"Mr. Whitbourn, who has been our manager for so long and so successfully, has now decided to relinquish his post. We shall all miss him, I not the least. I am pleased to say that Mr. Whitbourn and I have been working in the closest contact and perfect harmony for the last twenty-five years, and I pay tribute to his high character. He has always been absolutely straightforward in his dealings and has been a white man all through; he leaves a magnificent record behind him. I am very glad, and we are all glad, that we are not really saying good-bye as we shall still have his presence and assistance on the Board of Directors. We certainly hope he will look in to see us now and then; he may be sure of a welcome.

"I want to say a few words about Mr. Whitbourn's successor, Mr. Edmunds. He fully realizes what a stiff proposition he is up against in following such an experienced man as Mr. Whitbourn. He, in fact, deserves your sympathy. I do ask you all to give

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He concluded by saying that the present was not the happiest moment of his life—good-byes rarely are—but, as they were aware, he was not leaving them altogether, and he should continue to take an interest in them. In saying good-bye then, he would add words which were sometimes used flippantly, but in his case sincerely, yet reverently: "God bless you all!"

In addition to the chairs Mr. Whitbourn has received an address and gold sleeve-links from the Woking Office Staff, and a gold fountain-pen from the Staff of the London House. A. W. B.

A GLIMPSE AT WORK

ANOTHER volume of RACING AT HOME AND ABROAD has just been completed for The London and Counties Press Association, Ltd. These great works by well-known authorities on the Turf make handsome books of reference and interest. There is something "racy" about their get-up. The spacious margins help to create an atmosphere of expansiveness. There is distinctiveness about the black letterpress on a dead-white paper, while the half-tones of famous horses are themselves worthy of "collection." This volume complete, we look forward to the next with pleasurable anticipation.

We have now printed for Messrs. Methuen eight Wilhelmina Stich booklets—SILKEN THREADS, SILVER LININGS, GOLDEN WEBS, WHERE SUNLIGHT FALLS, JOY'S LOOM, MINGLED YARN, HOMESPUN, and TAPESTRIES. These delightful little books, with their joyous covers, are a printed expression of happiness. Full of charming thoughts and philosophical gems, they should have a great sale. We trust we may have the opportunity of printing many more of them.

Some of the recent Allen & Unwin publications which have appeared on the file-copy shelves during the last month or so are: A STUDY IN ÆSTHETICS, LAW RELATING TO TRADE COMBINATIONS, JEAN CAVALIER, JAPANESE POPULATION PROBLEMS, LASSALLE, THEORIES OF POPULATION, ENGLISH MEDIEVAL FEAST, EDWARD CARPENTER, THEORY OF LAUGHTER, HISTORY OF PALESTINE, L. T. HOBBHOUSE, HEALTH AND SOCIAL REVOLUTION, REVELATION OF DEITY, and PLATONIC TRADITION. There is something about this list of titles which speaks of solid literary value and lasting erudition which will help to perpetuate the name of Unwin.

The British and Foreign Bible Society have placed work with us for so long now that we are proud to count them amongst our oldest clients. We have just completed THE BURMESE NEW TESTAMENT (printed from plates) and the NEW TESTAMENT IN

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MALAY. Our claim to be known as printers in all quarters of the globe is largely due to the B.F.B.S.—their translations going all over the world. We feel proud to share in the propagation of the best of all literature.

PRIVATE HOLIDAY TOURS ABROAD—a booklet we have just completed for Mr. P. A. Reynolds—is a tasteful little job. The illustrations in the text are printed from Suntone blocks—so also is that on the cover. The printing of a screen block at all on such a cover paper is no mean achievement. There is a decided tone about the black and orange printing on the cover, and the deckled edges do not in this case detract from the neatness of the job. We are charmed by the courteous expression of thanks received from Mr. Reynolds, and we hope we shall have the pleasure of printing many such jobs for him.

THE MODERN SELLING leaflet job for Messrs. Farnall, printed in grey and black on good art paper, forms one of the best examples of this class of work we have done. The blocks used for the illustrations are very good indeed and helped considerably in the production of a small job which can take its place with our best work.

As a contrast to our long list of books we have a job in hand for Messrs. Jurgen, Ltd., for a quarter of a million 32-pp. booklets advertising their Pheasant Margarine. It has a cover of primrose, printed in two colours. A most effective form of advertising.

CLUB ACTIVITIES

CRICKET.—The football season will be over soon and no doubt most of us are thinking of cricket. Fixtures are coming to hand, and it is to be hoped that we have a more successful season than at football. It is whispered that a ladies' team will be active. Here's wishing them every success!

FOOTBALL.—Points are still scarce and we have only four more fixtures; but "hope springs eternal," and at least one of our remaining matches should prove fruitful.

TENNIS.—It would be rather nice to run some tennis fixtures with other clubs. Already I have been approached by one club. Our difficulty is courts. G. P.

A TRIBUTE TO DORIS

It is with sincere regret that we record that Miss Doris Gibbs has left St. Martha's. She has left a gap which will be difficult to fill.

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PRINTERS' PROBLEMS

WHILE we as printers are in the hands of publishers, lay-out men, typographers, and all other people who claim knowledge of our craft without necessarily being masters of it, we have it on the best possible authority that a good many of the details which make for perfection in the finished production are left to the intelligence and common sense of the compositor, the reader, and the machine-minder. We are indeed grateful for this. Little chance is left to us for the exercise of originality, and unfortunately when we do make a decision it has to be submitted, or at least the result of our decision has to be submitted, for scrutiny by those who possess the power to condemn or approve as the fancy takes them.

What of the position and appearance of a title-page, a biblio, or a half-title? How often do we find that what the printer thinks a good-looking title-page is condemned *in toto* by the customer, and sometimes with the curt remark "Try to improve on this," and probably some type is suggested that does not make for improvement. Then the position of the chapter heading is a matter which necessarily calls for a decision which common sense should decide; yet we find the "drop-down" of chapters varying from a thick lead to six ems, half-titles being placed in positions varying from the centre of the page to the extreme left or right at the head; title-pages ranging with the top line of text or being placed lower or higher as opinion or taste dictates in a more or less vain attempt to find a position that is pleasing to the eye.

Take the matter of the placing of illustrations, and we at once have a problem that is not only of particular interest to us but which undoubtedly proves a stumbling-block to many others, and which we believe is undecided by connoisseurs at large and other judges of print. The matter is quite simple, we are given to understand, and we believe a definite decision could be made if the blocks smaller than the actual type area could be ranged with the first line of type, or, as some authorities have it, the margins at the tail being twice of that at the head. Another difficulty presents itself here if all the illustrations in a volume are placed after the text instead of being interspersed throughout the book, which arrangement we notice was adopted in a work recently put forward by a printing house of repute. The blocks ranged from full size and beyond to blocks of half-size, both in width and depth. The obvious difficulty, therefore, was to find some arrangement which would meet the position from beginning to end. The result of the actual arrangement showed the doubt in the mind of the person responsible as there was no uniformity.

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She will be particularly remembered for her activities in the Recreation Club and the true sporting spirit always shown. In the earlier days she was popular as a footballer among the Westfield boys, and later was a leading player in the Guildford Ladies' Club until the F.A. banned ladies' clubs using the Association grounds.

She had the distinction of playing for Woking Y.M.C.A., on one occasion scoring two goals for her side. Her last appearance in football was in the Ladies' Six-a-side at Woking, when St. Martha's ladies won through in decisive style.

Miss Gibbs for several years led our girls in the Harriers' section, which made some good efforts at Herne Hill and elsewhere, and she was always a popular competitor at Coombe-lands.

She will also be remembered for her successful individual performances on the tennis courts and in running. She won the St. Martha's Club Challenge Cup in 1928, and again in 1929. Since then there have, unfortunately, been no sports meetings at St. Martha's.

We wish Miss Gibbs every success in her new sphere, and are confident her unselfish sportsmanship will soon make her as popular at Cricklewood as she was at Woking.

We cannot do better than give her parting words: "If the girls take part in any sports competition, I shall do my best to come down and give them a good shout"—truly typical of her.

A. W.

MARRIAGES

IN spite of *Punch's* famous dictum—"Don't—to all those about to marry, there seems to be an epidemic of weddings to record this month, and to all the participants we offer our heartiest congratulations.

DIBOLL.—WAGNELL.—On March 28th, at the Liberal Christian Church, Reading, Mr. Kenneth Jack Diboll (Mono Room) to Miss Margaret Wagnell.

SMITH.—GAZELY.—On Easter Saturday, April 4th, at the Church of St. Catherine, Ickleford, Hitchin, Mr. C. H. Smith (Machine Department) to Miss Nellie Gazely.

SLATER.—BENEY.—On Easter Saturday, at St. Peter's Church, Old Woking, Mr. Reginald Stanley Slater (Machine Department) to Miss Boyllett Beney.

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In this case the question is, would it have been better to have made a recognized position for all blocks, ranging at the head and in the back? or would it have been better to have arranged each one so that it looked right in its own position without relation to any of the others? We lean to the idea that all the blocks should have been ranged at the head, the oblong or landscape illustrations being printed in a position central on the text from fore edge to back—but then it is such a matter of common sense that one is always liable to be condemned or approved.

There remains the doubt, however, as to whether the landscape page, whilst being above the centre from back to fore edge, should not be in the centre of the printed matter from head to tail of the book—but it is an eternal question, we believe, to be decided only by the powers-that-be who pay the bill!

Then again we have the question of the correct position of the blocks that are printed in the text. How often do we see a block placed in a page without due consideration being given as to whether it is a block that has a heavy appearance or one that is light, and also the same position being given to a line block as is accorded to a block of a quite different character. And how often, alas! do we see on two opening pages two blocks facing each other, and no attempt having been made to see that they balance. And then we have the position of two small blocks on one page that are let into the type. Would it not be better that they should be placed, for example on a right-hand page, one at the outside of the page, let in, say, three lines from the top, and the other placed three lines from the bottom at the left-hand corner? Or if we have two small blocks to place on facing pages, from the aesthetic point of view, and also to satisfy the best judge of all that is best in printing—the eye—would it not be pleasing to place the one on the left-hand page at the top left-hand corner and the other at the bottom right-hand corner of the opposite page?

STOP PRESS

We are glad to see Miss Southon and Mr. F. Whitbourn back again after their long illnesses.

Mr. F. Warner is progressing nicely after his operation for appendicitis, and hopes to be with us again soon.

Mr. A. Howard is now convalescent; but we are unable to report progress with regard to W. Savage.

A letter has been received signed "Hopeful." This cannot appear as it did not bear the writer's name.

Correspondents should note that their names must be included, not necessarily for publication.

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SUN-BATHING AT EASTER!

THE Easter holiday is over, and practically everybody is grumbling and grouching because the weather was appalling during the respite. But, assuming they went away, is not the cause of their complaint that they failed to choose the right place for their stay?

The writer, sampling the rain on Thursday, decided he would go where the sun was shining! So in a little more than six hours he was at his destination, revelling in the sunshine of a splendid seaside resort.

The weather continued fine until Sunday, when a few clouds drifted over from Woking and spoilt the afternoon and evening! But this "spot" of bad weather was really "accidental," caused no doubt by the congestion of clouds over Woking driving a few out of bounds. Otherwise, the writer is sure it would have continued fine!

Of course he stayed at an hotel. The accommodation was good at 5s. a day, with all modern conveniences; and for those who take whisky for "medicinal" reasons it is procurable at 5s. a large bottle, 2s. 6d. a small. For smokers a packet of twenty cigarettes (Players, Gold Flake, Black Cat, etc.) costs 7d.

The writer wended his way home, sniffing in the distance the rain he had left, and arrived back in London finding it wet, and regretted that he had left his seaside of glorious sun-bathing, for Monday was the best day of all for sunshine.

Result: a cheap holiday, financial position good, tanned skin, optimism instead of pessimism, and a more cheerful outlook.

Advice: Do likewise and stop grumbling!

SUN-SEEKER

GARDENERS' BANTER

Quoth a gent. to me one fine morn,

In voice ranging 'twixt love and scorn,

"What a glorious day on which to dig

Instead of patching some beastly sig.!"

Now having heard him burst forth before,

Hoping to gain some gardening lore,

And thinking he was seeking information,

I said, "Yes, wet Easter Vacation."

He replied, "Y'fool, I didn't say *that*."

"It did," said I, "it spoilt my *hat*,

And now it's out of shape so

It's not fit to grace a decent scarecrow."

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THIS SPRING

(With apologies to Wilhelmina Stitch)

THIS Spring—has burst upon us with a rush, heralded by a missel-thrush, who sings away in that tall tree (at least that's where he seems to be). Perhaps he's not yet found a mate, his song has been less bright of late. And then a family of rooks possession of the tree-tops took, arguing the while they built their nests, scattering about the lane the rest; suppose those crooked little bills into no nest snugly fit! Then, again, across that field you'll see the hard ground slowly yield and fresh brown earth form in a mound—sure sign that there's a mole around. And hark! what's that? Sounded like a gentle splash! Yes, there he goes across the brook, and dives when you too closely look; then comes up just outside his hole—a brown-backed, long-tailed water-voke. Was watching him, and turning, when I saw a little Jenny Wren who'd built her tiny, cosy nest beneath a hawthorn's prickly crest; and when last I glanced that way, two eggs she had on view that day. Then round about St. Martha's bay, ofttimes early in the day, a pair of stately swans would sail, or only show a waving tail as diving head first in the stream to breakfast off a roach or bream; while in the garden round the bay an almond-tree's in bloom, so gay; and, just to make a border's frill, some nodding yellow daffodils. But Nature's greatest gift has been the little lambkins daily seen to grow in numbers and in strength, enfolded snugly by the fence beneath the corner chestnut-tree, whose bursting buds you can just see. So Nature's shown her work quite plain to all who've walked St. Martha's lane—this Spring. H. G. R.

ESPRIT DE CORPS

WHATEVER else may have been shown by the many recent presentations, one thing seems to stand out clear—the regard of all these Chilworthites for the Firm. This *esprit de corps* thrives wonderfully at Unwins. One works there, and finds nothing essentially different from any other place for a time; but gradually one gets the feeling that one has for one's apprenticeship office: the feeling that this is not simply the place where one sells one's labour, but somewhere where one belongs.

Weird thing, this *esprit de corps*. Have you not felt it in connection with your favourite football club? Ready to defend it against all comers—the best club in England! I remember once watching a local derby between Birmingham and Aston Villa, on the ground of the former. Feeling runs high in these matches,

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"Bah! you idiot, you've grown daft of late,
And about as deaf as my garden gate.
Look here, I want to ask you a thing,
As a novice would do in the Spring."

"How do you prune rhubarb trees,
And which side up do you plant your peas,
And would it indeed be a boon
If I planted my 'spuds' by the moon?"

Noting his subtle sarc. I said,
"Plant them when you're asleep in bed;
And as for pruning rhubarb trees,
Cut off the stalks and leave the leaves."

Whereupon the first hooter sounded
And momentarily stopped fresh wit propounded.
It was indeed a heaven-sent blessing
That didn't require any top-dressing.

My hopes of peace were soon sadly shattered,
My collected thoughts he rudely scattered
By asking, "Is it true
Someone else digs *your* garden and not you?"

Being stung to the quick,
I answered pretty alick,
And it fairly gave him the squirms,
"I employ a small army of worms."

Again that joke, the second hooter's blowing,
This time with a final note of warning,
So close we couldn't hear each other speak,
No doubt I missed an unspoken treat.

We parted at the foot of the stairs,
Each to betake us unto our cares;
And in ourselves did mutually say:
"Wait till I meet you another day."

TSINILOV

"You say you were once a literary man?" inquired the kind old lady. "Yes in," said the sad-eyed tourist at the kitchen door, "I once held a responsible position in a well-known printing office." "Then haven't you some printer friends that could help you?" "Friends!" bitterly replied the wanderer. "No, ma'am; I was a proof-reader."

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and opinions are freely given by various supporters of either side. An enthusiastic "Villan" was extolling the team that won the Cup and League (in 1897 I think it was), and his Birmingham side-page gave the perfect answer: "But they're all dead now!" The perfect answer, yes, but it does not dispose of that indefinable *esprit de corps*.

Then, too, in the barrack-room at Caterham, in the evening, when all real soldiers were finding their soul's affinity in some tavern, we poor recruits were lectured on the history of the regiment to inculcate that spirit, "the Regiment before everything." Malplaquet—Blenheim—Waterloo; Monk—Marlborough—Wellington; all gone, all dead; but the Regiment goes on.

The queer part about all this is that all these things are indefinable. The regiment—a generation and the personnel is changed, but the regiment is the same, or greater, for it absorbs history as it goes along. The football club, the Firm, the Chapel; men come and go, but the institution goes on, and claims and gets loyalty continually from new individuals.

Some day we shall enlarge our horizon. The nation, Europeans, the white race, mankind; but *esprit de corps* will still be needed to band together those with a common interest, whatever that interest may be. GRAPHO

AN APPRECIATION

THERE is a saying that you can always distinguish an inhabitant of the Isle of Wight by the fact that his toes *always* turn up—occasioned by the terrible hills they have to climb in their native domain. (Other unkind things are said about these Islanders, but they are better left unsaid.) Now for the anti-climax. Look at any map, and you will notice that the county of Norfolk (and East Suffolk) is coloured a lovely "field" green, which means that it is nearly flat. Well, you East Anglians, why is it that you, who have never seen a hill until you migrate to a far county, are not flat-footed and always "talk uphill"? There seems to be an everlasting struggle in the course of conversation to construct the longest sentence, so that one may have the honour of rising from the depths to the very heights of his vocal capacity in the course of it.

Who started it? An enigma!

A dull, heavy, uninteresting *patois* might be more in keeping with the landscape.

Now, with reference to the generalities of the inhabitants. These, in contrast to the undulating intonation of speech, are more in keeping with the geographical contour of the country.

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HERITAGE FILMS ARCHIVE DOCUMENT

side. Level-headedness is the order of the day, practically without exception, and, as the Americans say, everyone is "on the level." For example, if you ask for a glass of "Tolly," you don't have to run the risk of falling into the glass reaching the contents: if you purchase a large "Player" from a slot-machine, you find a halfpenny safely tucked inside the packet. Truly an honest people.

And after the rampings of the "Lions" of Kent—the most beautiful of all English counties—perhaps the backwardness of our East Anglian comrades in boosting their county is explained by the fact that the real beauties of this part of the country are perhaps more historic than horticultural. Anyone may rave about hop-fields, cherry orchards in full bloom, beautiful downlands, etc., but it takes a higher intellect to appreciate and visualize the historic associations of Nature. Charles Dickens, one of the most famous and perhaps least widely read of English writers, chooses the scenes and characters of East Anglia about which to weave the plots of some of his books. Indeed, something to be proud of!

G.F.A.

IS PRINTING A LUXURY TRADE?

I was recently in the company of a few friends enjoying the festival of Easter—that forerunner of the summer—seated comfortably in front of a large fire! We all thought we knew our stuff and were discussing quite a number of things. Starting from the point as to whether the workers get a fair share of the products of their industry, we were roaming aimlessly from point to point and had reached a part of the discussion where the benefits of the use of machinery were in question. The "steam navy" that bites out tons of earth at a mouthful and displaces fifty men with picks and shovels was instanced, the view of the person introducing it being that its only contribution to the good of the world was that it put about forty odd men out of work and ate up jobs with incredible speed. We inclined to the view that more machinery must be accompanied by shorter hours in order to share the smaller amount of work amongst the men—and women—waiting to do it. It is far from my intention to introduce anything in the DONSOS savouring of social propaganda, so I will pursue this idea no further, but I had to have the correct jumping-off point. My contribution to the discussion was that I did not think my own trade had reached the point where faster and better machinery was merely pushing men out of work, but that by cheapening and speeding up production it was helping to create more work. The happenings at the Gresham Press since I came here a little under five years ago are eloquent of this fact. There

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JOTTINGS

APRIL showers bring May flowers—and so many of our horticulturalists thought while they had their bun and tea in bed on Good Friday.

MANY, too, awaking on Saturday morning decided to let the garden wait until Monday—with dire results.

NEVERTHELESS, some stalwarts were seen in mackintoshes and gum boots trying to rescue a few worms.

ONE we know of was heard in a local store on the Thursday evening demanding his King Edwards, as they must be planted on Good Friday.

BUT had this enthusiast read ASTROLOGY he would have known what to expect.

OR asked Hiber for an Easter prediction.

BUT this month will see Summer Time with us once again; that boon of an extra hour's daylight will serve to make up for lost time—if too much O.T. doesn't claim it.

WHAT were the contents of the parcel found in the lane by a member of the night staff?

AND were they worth keeping?

IS there a difference in temperature between Woking town and village?

THIS question is raised by a statement that a machine manager decided to see Woking play football recently if it wasn't too cold. He went up to the station—and returned by the next bus.

ANOTHER machine manager has been seen engrossed in the "Land of Happy Hours."

BUT there is no truth in the rumour that he also finds consolation in "The Land of Romance."

NOTE the following:

AS there has ever been a doubt about the birthplace of William Caxton, this statement should settle the controversy. It is taken from the Prologue to the *History of Troye*: "I was borne and lerned myn English in Kente, in the Weald, wher as brode and rude English is spoke as in any place of England."

IT is not the only controversy that the statement should settle.

NOW we know why "Invicta" and others left Kent and pilgrimed to this more enervating neighbourhood.

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is continually being installed faster and more up-to-date machinery in various departments, not only in place of some slower article, but in addition to it, and yet there are many more employed here than when I came.

Then the bombshell was dropped right in front of me: "But yours is a luxury trade!" I fairly staggered.

"Yes," said a member of the fair sex, "that's right; and especially at your place. I very often pick up a novel and see it's printed by Unwin Brothers. And novels are only luxuries!"

When I had sufficiently recovered to be able to make any reply at all I feebly picked up the last statement—about novels. Mentioning that the proportion of novels to the total number of books printed at the Gresham Press was very small, I nevertheless defended the novel as being, in the main, healthy recreation for a tired body, and, recreation being a necessary antidote for too much work, the novel almost became a necessity. These rather inane remarks gave me a chance to look around me, and I began to carry the war into the enemy's camp. I had had time to think of such publications as I.E.E. JOURNAL and I.N.A. TRANSACTIONS, and I put it to my friends that had the papers published in the I.E.E. JOURNAL, for instance, to be laboriously typed and hectographed with all their attendant diagrams, by the time the 15,000 copies had been prepared for circulation a lot of the ideas expressed would have been superseded. On the other hand, allowing that some researchers use the papers as a starting-point for their investigations, the spread of progress and knowledge would be delayed by the difference in time and efficiency in the two processes, as it is tolerably certain that they would not then be published monthly! Somewhat similar arguments apply to all the technical, philosophical, ecclesiastical, and similar books. As to newspapers—I declined to add them to the argument. We do not print them, and their necessity to everyone who is in the world and would know of the world is so very obvious.

I received unexpected support from my nearest neighbour—a railway guard. His comment was short, terse, and devastating: "I wonder what I should do to-morrow at my job if there were no printing. Sit in the room and wait for a train to come—if anyone knew when to start it!"

Feeling rather bucked at this aid—I had imagined that I was alone among the lions—I looked round for the fair one who had thrown the "novel" taunt at me. She had quietly and wisely disappeared to get the supper ready, so I had no opportunity to ask in what way she could fix the label of "luxury trade" on to our commercial department—"the handmaiden of industry" did not someone call it?

INVICTA

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