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FAKENHAM BEAUTY QUEEN

The annual Miss Cox & Wyman contest was held at the Club House on Saturday, 21 September, and from eight entrants the judges' choice was Miss Fae Grainger (pictured above). Fae is nineteen years old, with brown hair and blue eyes and has been with the firm for only a few months. Her father, Keith, works in the Reading Department.

Runner-up was Jane Massingham (Bindery) with Marilyn Bryant (Production Office) in third place.

Judges were Mr and Mrs Peter Brock and Mr David Hayes, a local solicitor.

Fae now goes forward as our representative in the East Anglian Printing Queen Competition on 25 October at Tiffany's, Great Yarmouth. Tickets are obtainable from Gordon Joyce at £1.00 each (including buffet).



BERKSHIRE'S ANSWER TO BETTY GRABLE

CHARITY WORK

As a result of the Fete and Sponsored Walk at Fakenham, an informal presentation of a cheque for £500 to the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association was held at the Social Club recently.

The cheque was presented to Mr Ken Gooch by Gloria Webster and Liz Wright. In appreciation, Mr Gooch, on behalf of the Association, presented a silver mascot of a guide dog (pictured left), inscribed with the words 'To the Staff of Cox & Wyman Ltd, Fakenham, in Gratitude from the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association'. The mascot will be on permanent display in the Social Club.

Although Fakenham have taken all the honour, sincere thanks go to the staff at Cremyll Road and Cardiff Road for their monetary help with the Sponsored Walk.

Ed.



SAFETY CORNER

TRANSPORTING GOODS

Both hand and mechanically propelled trucks are used to move paper and other material within the works. If not used correctly they can cause damage and injury.

Always make certain that the weight of the load to be moved does not exceed the capacity of the truck.

Do not stack loads so high that they restrict your vision or may topple.

When passing through doors or round blind corners, watch out for pedestrians or trucks coming the other way.

Always face the direction in which you are travelling.

Never carry passengers or use a hand pallet truck as a scooter.

Do not leave the handle of a hand pallet truck sticking out into a gangway.

SPECIAL OFFER for Cox & Wyman Employees

Your colour films developed and printed at reduced rates. Look what you save:

- 12 Exposures £1.25 (save 30p)
- 20 Exposures £2.10 (save 43p)
- 36 Exposures £3.40 (save 89p)

Glossy or silk finish (state which).

Any make of film (except Prinzcolor) developed.

Cash with order please. Credit given for dud pictures, subject to minimum charge of 30p.

Ray Lloyd (Foundry, Reading)

A WINTER DIET

In less than an hour, the sun would rise over the pointed tops of the snow-covered pine forest and glistening stars, already faint, would vanish. The dark, mid-winter night would no longer hide him, so he hurried on towards the dark shape of the hut in the clearing ahead.

Once he heard a strange rustling noise to his left, then the soft crunching sound of some night creature broke the thin coating of snow that had fallen earlier the day before. He flattened himself in the dark shadow of a clump of beeches. An owl hooted and he recalled that it was on just such a starlit night his last two friends had been caught and killed.

Although the noise was not repeated, he could sense the danger. Was it only a fox? He hardly moved a muscle for a full thirty minutes. Then, step by cautious step, he went on. His toes were almost frozen and the blood still soaked his left side where the barbed wire had ripped his thin coat.

He literally dragged himself to the side of a small cabin where his breath condensed in white, brief puffs and he lay panting against the irregular uncut stone foundations. He slithered on his belly another five yards along the side of the hut until he found a place where the stonework ended abruptly, and the old weather-beaten boards rested on the earth itself. One board was loose. He sought to pry it up and squirm his thin body into the narrow aperture. His head and shoulders soon were inside what appeared to be a rather draughty shed, not much warmer than the woods outside and smelling of sawdust and rotting straw. Nevertheless, he could not haul himself in completely. Frustrated, but not discouraged, he wriggled out backwards, slipped in a pool of icy water spilled by the melting snow on the roof. Another few yards around the corner. Another loose board. This time his efforts were successful and he crawled panting into shelter.

He wondered if anyone had heard him. However, the room was still except for his rasping breath. His side still hurt. Gradually his heartbeat, for what seemed the first time in days, assumed a normal rhythm. His belly started to growl, reminding him how desperately hungry he was.

Surely the place was deserted, he thought. There had been no lights in the window and the country folk around here got up early to do their chores before dawn. Groping his way to the other side of the shed, he found the door suffi-

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS Fakenham

POSTAGE STAMPS

Used postage stamps *wanted* (with at least $\frac{3}{16}$ in. of paper left around edges). Please take them to one of the following collectors:

- Syd Riches* — *Composing*
- John Cathcart* — *Letterpress*
- Nat Quelch* — *Litho*
- Tom Elliot* — *Warehouse Bindery*
- Ann and Judith* — *Bindery Office*
- Elsie* — *Work Study Office*
- Gloria* — *Office*

Proceeds to Wells Cottage Hospital.

Roy Dodman (Electrician)

WOOLLENS

Don't you think it's time you threw out those old jumpers and cardigans worn for repairing the car and gardening?

If so, then bundle them up with any other old woollens and let me have them. For those working in other departments perhaps you could take them to Gloria Webster's office in Whitehorse Street and I will collect from there.

The collection is in aid of The World Wild Life Fund — we receive £11 to £12.50 per cwt. for real wool and £1.50 per cwt. for synthetic fibres, so your help is really needed.

Judith Inward (Despatch)

ciently ajar to slip through without having to push it open and worry about the squeaking hinges.

The next few moments were a confused jumble in his tired, hungry mind. The darkness was almost complete except for occasional grey bits of light that filtered through small dusty windows as the sun began to rise. Suddenly he knew food was near, and realized he had somehow blundered into the kitchen. He smelt it before he could see it. After all, it wasn't unusual after living so long in the open; once the light faded on a winter's night smelling became as important as seeing in the struggle for survival.

He dimly saw a row of large cylindrical containers on his right apparently extending up to the ceiling. He felt their hard metallic surfaces, and could get no idea of their contents. He hesitated forward a few more paces, feeling his way round the cylinders. Then almost at his feet, he saw a dark lump. He bent over to touch it tentatively. It was so long since he had eaten anything but wild roots that his weary senses could not at first identify it. He wolfed it down, loving every second it lingered in his mouth, although it was only bite size. He could feel, almost hear his stomach juices tear it apart. He inched his way forward. Another morsel lay on the floor before him. His next few paces were hurried, even reckless.

Groping round the side of what appeared to be the last of the cylinders he stopped short in surprise. It looked like a wooden tray with an incredible array of left-over food still on it. At first he held back, curbing the desire of his stomach until he was sure the room was deserted. Then, his legs almost refusing to support him, he half-staggered, half-ran to the tray thinking only of how delicious those few pitiful scraps would be. A bright purple and orange light suddenly blossomed in his head, he tried vainly to shriek as the swift, hideous pain crushed him to the floor.

'Darling, come quickly! I can't stand it! You've caught another mouse, I won't pick up a can of soup for lunch until you move it.'

Sam looked down at the trap. 'That mixture of bacon and cheddar never fails. He sure is scrawny; guess he's had a bad winter.'

John Richards (London Office)

FAKENHAM SOCIAL CLUB NEWS

What's On At Your Club House

Saturday, 2 November
MISSISSIPPI DELTA

Saturday, 16 November
The welcome return of
TRIANGLE

Saturday, 30 November
THE SANDPIPERS

We give an early reminder that the Christmas Party will take place at the Club House from 1 p.m. until 4.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 24 December, followed in the evening with a dance. The band for the evening will be 'The Jackie Lynn Showband'.

PERSONAL COLUMN

Fakenham Branch

Marriages

Mr Ray Medler (Production Office) to Miss Jill Harvey at SS Mary Margaret's Church, Sprowston.

Births

Mr and Mrs Francis (Carol, ex-employee of the Bindery) a daughter on 1 September, Kerry Jane, weighing in at 7 lb. 8 oz.

London Office

Marriages

Mr Mike Fitz-Hugh to Erika Lowing on Saturday, 21 September, at St Andrew's Church, Hornchurch, Essex.

TIME OUT!

Friday, 20 September, saw the completion of apprenticeships for the following Fakenham personnel:

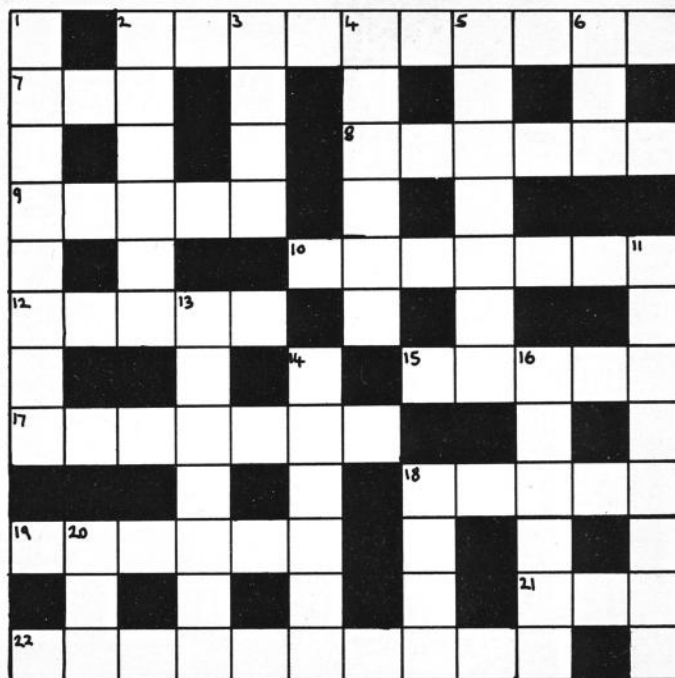
- Gary Dodman — Monotype Caster Operator
- Tony Hunt — Reader
- Colin Andrews — Bookbinder
- Alan Parsell — Litho Machine Manager
- David Emmerson — Litho Machine Manager

All were given the customary 'banging-out' treatment, and daubed with an assorted mixture of glue, dye, ink, flour, eggs, talcum powder, curdled milk, keyboard punchings and foil, then taken for a 'tour of inspection' within the works, before finally being put on public display in the town.

Laugh with Gordon . . .



CROSSWORD



CLUES ACROSS

2. Competent sailor (4, 6)
7. Beast in the passage (3)
8. Tie but not a draw (6)
9. Goodbye for now (5)
10. Trunk call? (7)
12. Interchanging but not moving (5)
15. Trees which produce an ox (5)
17. A wearing away (7)
18. Human animal (5)
19. Part of a Leap Year? (6)
21. Animal sounds depressed (3)
22. Revise song (Anag.) (10)

CLUES DOWN

1. Explosive publication (8)
2. High point to aim for (6)
3. Instead of (4)
4. I stare sarcastically (6)
5. Try to answer this (7)
6. Only one in a pack (3)
11. Refuse an offer (4, 4)
13. A break – despite a change in front (7)
14. The last place to go! (6)
16. Banishes sleep with a kiss (6)
18. Game to boast about (4)
20. Not against an expert (3)

As the usual Crossword compiler (Liz Wright) has now left the Company, any contributions of Crosswords will be greatly appreciated.

This month's Crossword Puzzle has been submitted by Mr Ken Harrington of the Technical Planning Department (Fakenham).

Ed.



PETE GRIFFITHS

MICK BROWN

JOHN LOVEGROVE

FISHING CLUB, READING

The Fishing Club A.G.M. was held recently and was thoroughly enjoyed by all the members, mainly because it was held in the local pub.

With everyone supping beer we started the meeting, as with all meetings, with the apologies.

Apologies were in order from Mick Brown (Chairman) for demonstrating the size of his fish and accidentally cupping the left breast of the barmaid.

Apologies also from Albert Young; he said he couldn't help it, he was born like it.

Captain Birdseye (Jack Henriksson) sent his apologies from Australia, and reported that he was doing very nicely out there - managed to sell his wife to the Aborigines for 87½p and is now something to do with sheep production.

Pete (Pugwash) Griffiths apologized to John Prior for the third time for kicking him on the shin with his wooden leg, and mentioned that he would like 204 similar cases taken into consideration.

The election of officers was dealt with quickly and efficiently with the present committee being elected to serve

for the coming year. 'We couldn't find a better committee' voiced one of the members. (What did he mean by that?)

Pete Griffiths then asked for an adjournment so that members could refill their glasses.

An hour and a half and fifteen adjournments later the meeting came to an end and Ray Sturgess, representing the Social Club, very kindly offered (after much harassment) to present the trophies to the winners.

The committee decided to award trophies to the captors of the best Cod, Skate, Conger Eel and also the best overall fish.

The trophies for the Cod and Conger Eel were awarded to John Lovegrove, the weights being 22 lb. and 30 lb. respectively. Pete Griffiths took the Skate trophy with a mere 10 lb. The best fish award, after much arguing, went to Mick Brown for the 32 lb. Tope he managed to grab as he was leaning over the boat washing his hands!

The rest of the evening was spent in the bar with the cup-winners gloating over their trophies, and the rest of us drowning our sorrows.

Ray Lloyd (Secretary)

LOOKING BACK

FLEET STREET

It was during the slump that a friend of mine who was F.O.C. of a then popular Sunday paper sought me out to ask whether I would like a job 'grassing'. I must explain a 'grass hand' was a man in regular casual employment, such as every Friday and Saturday. The hours were Friday 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., and Saturday 8 a.m. to midnight. One great consideration about this particular paper was they printed a sporting newspaper every Monday.

On the Friday I was ad. setting the financial columns. My cases of type had been prepared by the time hands (I was on piece), and the financial columns set in three columns, small type - it paid well, exceedingly well.

The Monday sports paper was general work for us all, but as a result of my three days' work I earned £20, and this was 1932. So began my introduction to Fleet Street.

Nonpareil

RED RAVERS

The 1974/75 season is in full swing again for the Red Ravers Ladies' Football team.

Results:

Red Ravers	0 - 14	Lowestoft (Home)
Red Ravers	1 - 1	Andrews Birdies (Away)
Red Ravers	0 - 4	East Harling (Away)

(The last match was played with only ten players).

We need supporters and players urgently. Any girl over the age of thirteen interested in playing please contact Ruth Bowes in the Office or Linda Rash in the Bindery.

Ruth Bowes (Fakenham)