



# Cheshire Proverbs, Sayings & Rhymes

(Extracts from a scarce book of that name, by Joseph C. Bridge ; Chester : 1917. Limited to 500 copies)

*As wyndy as a March hare.*

Wyndy = Wild, rackety, uncertain, forgetful.  
The Cheshire version of the very old saying “*As mad as a March hare.*”

*Cheat, and the cheese will show.*

That is if too much cream has been extracted or the cows poorly fed.

*Cheshire born and Cheshire bred,  
Strong i’ th’ arm and thick i’ th’ yed.*

This is perhaps a Welsh proverb originally, having been invented by foes ‘over the border’ who had felt the “strong arm.”

*Congleton rare, Congleton rare  
Sold the Bible to pay for a bear.*

The story goes that in 1622 the Church Bible was worn out and money was collected to buy another. At this moment the town bear, kept for baiting, died, and the keeper applied for help to the Corporation. They granted him the “Bible Money,” as the old Bible could be used a little longer, while the bear was wanted immediately for the Town Wakes.

*Don’t let your jaws o’er-run your claws.*

Do not live beyond your means.

*Go fiddle for shives  
Amongst old wives.*

Shive – slice of bread  
Said to anyone wasting his time on trivial objects.

*Foxes are all tail and women are all tongue.*

Recorded by Dr. John Robinson & his brother, James Frodsham Robinson.

*Go to Ince.*

A term of dismissal coupled with an air of disbelief.

In Liverpool, up to the 1950s, their version was “*Go to Bootle.*”

Ince, though only eight miles from Chester, on the banks of the Mersey, was always considered an inaccessible and out-of-the-way village.

*Grout afore brass for me.*

Grout = good breed. (Good breed rather than money).

*He has given the sack a turn.*

He has turned the tables – reversed the order of things.

This seems to be the origin of giving a man “the sack.”

*He has swopped his hen for a hooter.*

(Gill) Hooter or Hullart = an owl.

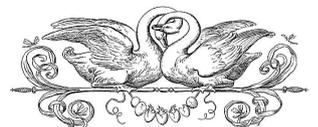
The expression means a bad exchange.

*Hot porridge will soak old crusts.*

In the 1850s there was a stone at the side of the road in Delamere forest, on one face of which were these words :- ‘*Turn me o’er and I’ll tell thee plain.*’ On turning the stone were the following words :- ‘*Hot porridge will soak old crusts ; Turn me o’er again.*’ There were similar stones in Lancashire and the Isle of Man. It is thought that the joke may have originated with the Earls of Derby and the Stanley family.

*It runs in the blood like wooden legs.*

Said of any family peculiarity.





## Through the Garden Window

**At this rather surreal time when we are all confined to barracks, we can perhaps spare a little more time to gaze out of the window on our springtime gardens and observe the variety of furry and feathered friends who honour us with a visit.**

**To begin the series, let us take a closer look at the common grey squirrel ; a regular caller to many a Hoylake garden, although not everyone extends a warm welcome.**

**Grey squirrels, or *Sciurus carolinensis*, are native to North America and their introduction to the UK took place in 1876 when a pair were released in Henbury Park, Cheshire, by silk manufacturer Thomas Unett Brocklehurst, with ultimately disastrous results for our native red squirrels – although the Victorians had no perception of the harm they were doing or the risks of introducing non-native species.**

**There were further introductions around the country as the grey squirrel was seen as an exotic novelty. Within the short space of 25 years, the greys had colonized an area of some 300 miles between Argyll and Stirlingshire in Scotland.**

**Despite their reputation for being larger, more aggressive, and more adept at seeking out food than their English cousins, the greys do not deliberately kill red squirrels, but they do carry squirrel pox which is harmless to themselves but fatal to the red squirrel. There is some evidence that the reds were already in decline owing to loss of habitat and disease, with the greys filling the vacuum vacated by the reds. The grey squirrel is also a prolific breeder which provides him with a major advantage.**

**The reds enjoy upland, moorland and coniferous woodland, which is why Freshfield, near Formby, is such a popular habitat. The reds are now extinct in southern England, except for a handful on the Isle of Wight and on two small islands in Poole Harbour. Anglesey has another strong red presence, and in remote areas of Wales, North of England, Scotland and Ireland, but nevertheless their numbers are dwindling.**

**The grey squirrel we see in our gardens forage for food in trees and on the ground. We have one opposite us, living up in the roof of a Victorian coach house, and we see him leaving his drey (nest) each morning, with admirable agility as he runs vertically down the wall of the building with ease, and heads off for his daily shopping. When they squat in your roof space they can become a real menace. Greys breed between January and April, with two litters a year (sometimes one in the summer) of between 3 and 7 kits. This explains why extermination programmes have met with little success – clear one area and a neighbouring colony will move in.**



**Their diet consist of acorns, bulbs (in case you were wondering why yours had disappeared) ; tree shoots, buds, fungi, roots, and nuts – they target those peanuts you leave out for the birds, and are just as ingenious and as nimble in acquiring them. They also occasionally take birds’ eggs, and even chicks. Cute they may look ; destructive they certainly are.**

**The red squirrel eats insects, seeds, bark, nuts, fruits, mushrooms, pine seeds and cones. They are not angels either, as they will sometimes eat young birds, mice, and even rabbits. Pine seeds, however, form a large part of their daily diet.**

**If you want to attract grey squirrels to your garden, simply put up a peanut feeder. Word will quickly spread, and every squirrel in park, woodland and hedgerow for miles around will beat a path to your garden. However, if you are overrun with them and wish to discourage their visits – and yet still wish to retain that feeder – fit one with a spring-loading cover. The weight of the squirrel will lower the cover and deny access to food. He will soon get the hint and pop next door to see your neighbour !**



# The Diverting History of JOHN GILPIN

*Showing how he went farther than he intended  
and came safe home again.*

By

William Cowper

[Illustrations by RONALD SEARLE]



The poet William Cowper (1731-1800) is known to us at St. Hildeburgh's (if for no other reason) for his beautiful hymns which we occasionally sing. Together with his friend, the Reverend John Newton, a former master of a Liverpool slave ship, Cowper wrote the celebrated Olney Hymns published in 1779. The poet, a pioneer in many respects of the 'Romantic' school of poets, published his most popular ballad, *John Gilpin*, in 1782 after hearing the story from his friend, Lady Austen. The hero of the piece, John Gilpin, is actually based on a real person : John Beyer, a wealthy linen draper whose shop was located on the corner of Cheapside and Paternoster Row – near St. Paul's – in London. Beyer died in 1791 aged 98. The ballad was a huge and immediate success, and its popularity has hardly waned over the succeeding 238 years. So, sit back and enjoy the perilous round-trip of Mr. Gilpin .....

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,  
A train-band captain eke was he  
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear :  
'Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen.

'To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,  
All in a chaise and pair.

'My sister, and my sister's child,  
Myself, and children three,  
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride  
On horseback after we.'

He soon replied : 'I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear,  
Therefore it shall be done.

'I am a linen-draper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And my good friend the calender \*  
Will lend his horse to go.'

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin : 'That's well said ;  
And for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnished with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear.'

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;  
O'erjoyed was he to find,  
That though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
But yet was not allowed  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,  
Where they did all get in ;  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,  
Were never folk so glad,  
The stones did rattle underneath,  
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seized fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got, in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again ;



For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,  
His journey to begin,  
When turning round his head, he saw  
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,  
Although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more.

**‘Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty screaming came down stairs :  
‘The wine is left behind !’**

**‘Good lack !’ quoth he, ‘yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword,  
When I do exercise.’**

**Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)  
Had two stone bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound.**

**Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.**

**Then over all, that he might be  
Equipped from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,  
He manfully did throw.**



**Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o’er the stones,  
With caution and good heed.**

**But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which galled him in his seat.**

**So, ‘Fair and softly,’ John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain ;  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and reign.**



**So stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasped the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.**

**His horse, who never in that sort  
Has handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.**

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;  
Away went hat and wig ;  
He little dreamt, when he set out,  
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.



Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had slung ;  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed  
Up flew the windows all ;  
And every soul cried out : 'Well done !'  
As loud as he could bawl.



Away went Gilpin – who but he ?  
His fame soon spread around :  
'He carries weight !' 'He rides a race !'  
'Tis for a thousand pound !'

And still, as fast as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view,  
How in a trice the turnpike-men  
Their gates wide-open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke  
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced ;  
For all might see the bottle-necks  
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols he did play ;  
Until he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the Wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife  
From balcony spied  
Her tender husband, wondering much  
To see how he did ride.

‘Stop, stop, John Gilpin ! Here’s the house !’  
They all at once did cry ;  
‘The dinner waits, and we are tired.’  
Said Gilpin : ‘So am I !’

But yet his horse was not a whit  
Inclined to tarry there !  
For why ? – his owner had a house  
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,  
Shot by an archer strong ;  
So did he fly – which brings me to  
The middle of my song.



Away went Gilpin, out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend the calender’s  
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see  
His neighbour in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
And thus accosted him :

‘What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ;  
Tell me you must and shall –  
Say why bareheaded you are come,  
Or why you come at all ?’

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
And loved a timely joke ;  
And thus unto the calender  
In merry guise he spoke :

‘I came because your horse would come,  
And, if I well forebode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here ;  
They are upon the road.’

The calender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Returned him not a single word,  
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;  
A wig that flowed behind,  
A hat not much the worse for wear,  
Each comely in its kind.

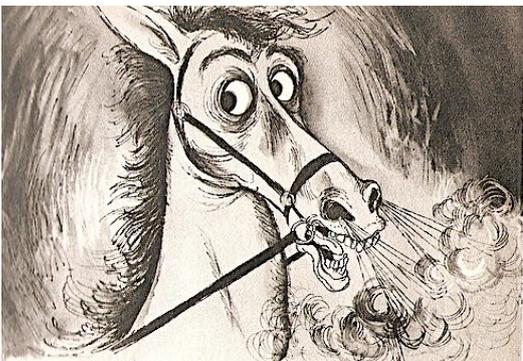
He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus showed his ready wit,  
'My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.

'But let me scrape the dirt away  
That hangs upon your face ;  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case.'

Said John : 'It is my wedding-day,  
And all the world would stare,  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware.'

So, turning to his horse, he said,  
'I am in haste to dine ;  
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
You shall go back for mine.'

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !  
For which he paid full dear ;  
For, while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear ;



Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And galloped off with all his might,  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig :  
He lost them sooner than at first ;  
For why ? – they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pulled out half a crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said  
That drove them to the Bell,  
'This shall be yours, when you bring back  
My husband safe and well.'

The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back amain,  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop  
By catching at his rein ;



But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frighted steed he frighted more,  
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went postboy at his heels,  
The postboy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With postboy scampering in the rear,  
They raised the hue and cry :

'Stop thief ! stop thief ! – a highwayman !'  
Not one of them was mute ;  
And all and each that passed that way  
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again  
Flew open in short space ;  
The toll-men thinking, as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race.

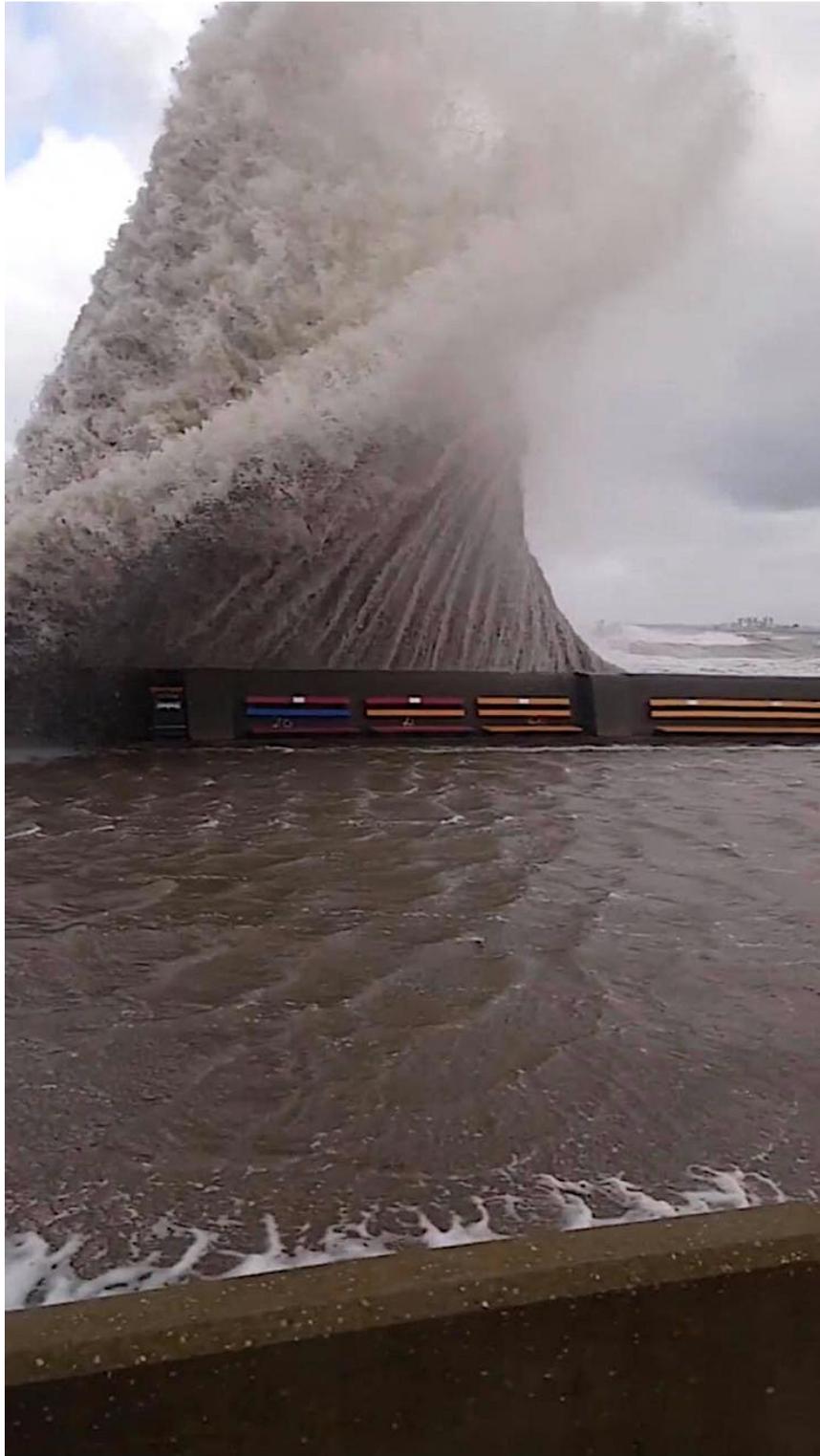
And so he did, and won it too,  
For he got first to town ;  
Nor stopped till where he had got up  
He did again get down.



Now let us sing : Long live the king !  
And Gilpin, long live he !  
And when he next doth ride abroad  
May I be there to see !

\*The 18<sup>th</sup> century occupation of a 'calender', involved a man operating a machine which pressed paper or cloth between two large rollers, in order to make them smooth and glossy.

Editor.



**A remarkable photograph of a wave hitting shore at New Brighton during the storms we experienced in February.**

# Liverpool Quiz

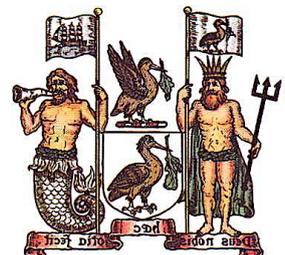
*How well do you know the city over the water ?*

*Test your knowledge with these ten questions.*

*(Answers will be found on page 18).*

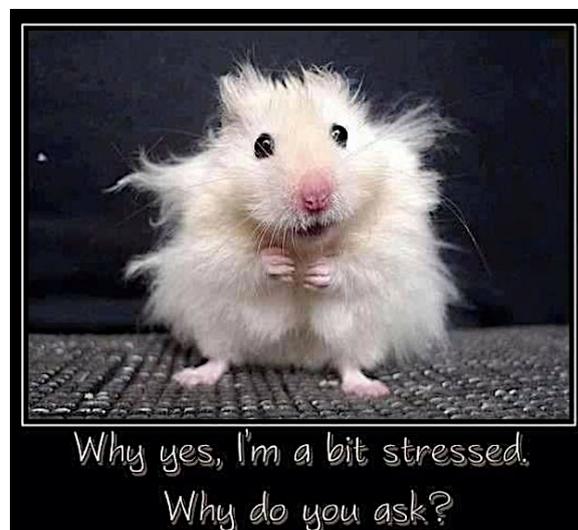
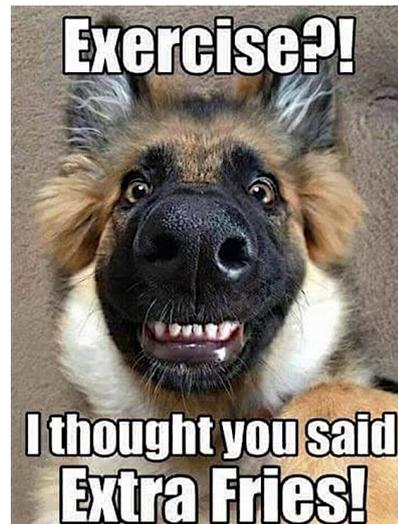


- {1} The Childe of Hale (1578-1623) was a giant. What was his name ?**
- {2} Liverpool witnessed the first person to be knocked down and killed by a train. Who was the unfortunate man and where is he interred ?**
- {3} A church demolished in 1899 was known as the ‘Corporation’ church. What was its name ; what stands on the site today ; and what stood on the site before the church was built ?**
- {4} During the May blitz of 1941, an entire dock branch was destroyed when a ship, loaded with explosives, was bombed. What was the name of the vessel and what was the name of the dock ?**
- {5} The William Brown Library and Museum was opened in 1860 and the road in front was re-named in honour of William Brown, a local MP and merchant. What was the earlier name of William Brown Street ?**
- {6} What was the name of John Lennon’s grammar school ?**
- {7} A woman was convicted in Liverpool of poisoning her husband with arsenic in 1889. What was her name and what was her nationality ?**
- {8} What was the name of Liverpool’s last slave ship captain ?**
- {9} Name the rebellious seaman, poet and Liverpool bookseller, closely associated with the foundation of the Royal School for the blind in 1791 ?**
- {10} Where are Roscoe Gardens to be found ?**



# Laughter ~ the best medicine ....

You've heard it said before, but it really is true : laughter is the best medicine. Not only does having a giggle improve your mood, it also boasts a variety of actual health benefits. Hope you enjoy the pictures below ...



*A Mersey Ferry Incident during the 1890s*  
*An Official Report by Birkenhead Corporation Ferry Committee.*

Many readers will remember the days when the Mersey Ferry was as much an integral part of the transport system as the Mersey Underground Railway, with thousands of passengers crossing the river each day and providing Liverpool with about a third of its workforce in offices, department stores and factories. This report goes back even earlier – before the first Mersey road tunnel was opened in 1934 – and Birkenhead and Wallasey Corporations operated not only passenger ferries, but also luggage boats carrying vehicles of all descriptions across the Mersey.

“12/8/1896

Last night the S.S. *Cheshire*<sup>1</sup> left Woodside at 5.50 pm, ebb tide, with about 150 passengers on board and on approaching her berth at Liverpool she grounded on the Pluckington Bank<sup>2</sup> with her head to the east and about 40 feet from the Stage. It was found that the Engines were useless to move her so the small boat was lowered in order to land the passengers which with the assistance of the gig boat from the Luggage steamer was completed by 7.30 pm., with the exception of few persons, principally ladies, who refused to go ashore by the small boat. Seeing that they would have to remain on board some time as the tide was still on the ebb, refreshments were supplied to them.

One gentleman went ashore in a speculation gig<sup>3</sup> before our boat was lowered. The passenger service was kept up by running the Luggage boats more frequently and an hour later than their usual time. At 8.50 the S.S. *Cheshire* floated and was put alongside her usual berth and discharged the remaining passengers.

Walter Rome<sup>4</sup> the master of the *Cheshire*, states that the S.S. *Firefly*<sup>5</sup> was ahead of him and the Seacombe boat astern, all three making for their respective berths. He was about 10 feet to 20 feet from the Stage and had thrown out the heaving line for the bow rope and had also blown his whistle to the *Firefly* to go ahead when he noticed that her (the *Firefly*) engines had been reversed and was coming astern. This necessitated him reversing his engines to avoid contact with her. During this time the Seacombe boat had been coming ahead between the *Cheshire* and the Stage and caught her on the port quarter which pushed her (the *Cheshire*) stern out when she grounded with her head to the Eastward.

*Frank S. Legge.”*

**1** Birkenhead ferry *S/S "Cheshire"* was built in 1889 and was the first steel paddle-steamer in the fleet. She was found unsatisfactory during her trials, making only 8 - 9 knots instead of the specification of 12 knots ; her draught was over 6 feet instead of 5 feet 9 inches ; and her steering was inefficient. She was returned to her builders, W. A. Stevens of Canada Works, Birkenhead, but shortly afterwards they became insolvent. At first, the Corporation refused to take her, but after a great deal of acrimonious correspondence, they agreed to do so, the vessel entering service after a number of modifications were made. If any vessel was going to run aground it was the *Cheshire* as she was not easy to handle. However, she remained in service until 1905.

**2** Pluckington Bank was, and is, a notorious mud bank extending from the George's Landing Stage along the length of the South End Docks up towards Dingle. It was a thorn in the side of the Mersey Docks & Harbour Board requiring constant dredging to keep open Brunswick entrance, entrapping a good number of vessels on its back. The most serious was Harrison Line's *S/S "Architect"* which, outward bound in 1933, ran upon Pluckington, broke her back, and became a total loss.

**3** A gig was a small handy vessel, ideal as water taxis. Mersey boatmen would congregate around the stages in the hope of being employed taking lines between incoming ships and the stage, or in carrying seamen and passengers out to vessels moored in the river. [See : *Speculating Gig Boats, 'Shilling Sickers' and Riggers : A social history of Mersey watermen*, by Michael Stammers. *Mariner's Mirror*, May 2012, pp. 178-192.]

**4** Walter Rome, Master Mariner, lived in Oliver Street, Birkenhead. He saw extensive sea-service in both sail and steam before ending his working life as a Master for Birkenhead Corporation.

**5** *S/S "Firefly"* was built by J. F. Waddington & Co., at Seacombe, in 1887, and employed on the Liverpool-New Ferry service until purchased by Birkenhead Corporation in 1897. She was sold in 1904.

*Have you heard the one about .....* Paddy lived alone in the Irish countryside with only his dog for company. One day the dog died, and Paddy went to the parish priest and asked : "*Father, me dog is dead. Could ya' be saying a Mass for the poor creature ?*" The priest replied : "*I'm afraid not, Paddy. We cannot have services for animals. Tell you what, why not try the Baptists down the lane, no tellin' what they believe. Perhaps they can help you.*" "*Thank you, Father.*" replied Paddy. "*I'll be going right away, so I will. Do ya' think 5,000 Euros is enough as a donation for them ?*" "*Hold your horses, Paddy*" said the priest. "*Why did ya' not tell me the dog was a Catholic ?*"

## *Answers to the quiz questions*



- {1} John Middleton. He was said to be nine foot, three inches tall.
- {2} William Huskisson, MP, (1770-1830). was knocked down by Stephenson's *Rocket* at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1830. His mausoleum is in the centre of St. James's Cemetery behind the Anglican Cathedral.
- {3} St. George's, Derby Square, opened in 1726 on the site of the recently cleared Liverpool Castle. Queen Victoria's monument (1907) stands there today. The Mayor and Corporation worshipped there until 1863 when the appointment of a Jewish Mayor was followed by a disgraceful anti-Semitic sermon, causing the Corporation to go elsewhere. This led to St. George's decline and it closed in 1897.
- {4} The ship was Brocklebank's *S.S. Malakand* and the dock Huskisson (branch) Dock No. 2. The vessel was loaded with 1,000 tons of shells and bombs in her holds, destined for the Middle East. One of her 4-ton anchors was blown over 100 yards. The dock was so seriously damaged that the Dock Board took the decision to fill it in.
- {5} William Brown Street was originally Shaw's Brow, the main outlet from Liverpool in olden times, by way of Dale Street. It derived its name from being the road to Alderman Shaw's extensive potteries. Shaw became Mayor in 1794.
- {6} Quarry Bank High School for Boys was founded in 1921 and was located on Harthill Road, near Calderstones Park, Allerton. It survives today as Calderstones School, but it is no longer a grammar school. John Lennon was a pupil there from 1952 to 1957. He named his first group, formed in 1956, the 'Quarrymen'.
- {7} Florence Elizabeth Maybrick, née Chandler, an American, from Mobile, Alabama. Accused of poisoning her husband, James Maybrick, at their Aigburth home, Florence was tried at Liverpool Assizes in 1884, found guilty of murder and sentenced to death. Her sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life, but she was released in 1904. She returned to America where she died, alone and penniless, in 1941. She was almost certainly innocent of the charge.
- {8} Hugh Crow (1765-1829). Born in the Isle of Man, he commanded the *Kitty's Amelia*, Liverpool's last slave ship, sailing from the Mersey for Africa in 1807, the year England abolished slavery.
- {9} Edward Rushton (1756-1814). He went to sea in 1765-66 and was engaged in the Liverpool slave trade, becoming a fine seaman until he lost his sight. He established the Liverpool School for the Blind (opened in 1791) and became a bookseller in 1792. Rushton, an ardent abolitionist, partially regained his sight in 1807. He wrote some fine poetic pieces worthy of hunting down.
- {10} Mount Pleasant, behind Central Hall, former site of Renshaw Street Chapel.



## *Amusing & Confusing Signs !*

*Notice in a Cork jeweller's window :*

**'Ears pierced while you wait.'**



*A Solicitors in the City of London :*

**'Gotobed, Allday and Knight.'**



*A sign for the cross-channel ferry :*

**'Harwich for the Continent.'**

*Beneath which some wag had chalked :*

**'Ipswich for the incontinent.'**



*Spotted in Keswick in 1972 :*

**'Bed and Breakfast left under the bridge.'**



*Advertisement in the 'Washington Star' :*

**'The reason why we can sell our antiques for less is because we buy them direct from the manufacturer.'**



*Notice in a barber's shop-window in Scotland :*

**'Distance makes the hair grow longer.'**

*A road sign spotted while driving into Norwich in 1975 :*

**'Bear left Norwich.'**

*I wonder where he went ?*



*Notice in a London Underground station :*

**'Toilets and Lifts out of order. Please use the stairs.'**

*Sign in a Belgrade hotel lift :*

**'To move the cabin, push button for wishing floor. If the cabin should enter more persons, each one should press number of wishing floor. Driving is then going alphabetically by natural order.'**





*On the menu of a Swiss restaurant :*

**‘Our wines leave you nothing to hope for’.**

*Sign in a Japanese hotel :*

**‘You are invited to take advantage of the chambermaid.’**



*Notice in the bedrooms of a New York hotel :*

**‘If you must smoke in bed, please inform the Management where you wish your ashes to be sent.’**



*Notice in a restaurant in Rome :*

**‘Please do not throw cigarette ends down the lavatory. It makes them soggy and very difficult to light.’**



*Sign in a Southport hotel :*

**‘BATHS may be had (by arrangement) with the manageress only.’**

*Sign in an English office building :*

**‘Attention. The 9<sup>th</sup> Floor has temporarily been moved to the 15<sup>th</sup> Floor.’**



*Sign next door to a London theatre*

*where Oscar Wilde’s play was being performed :*

**‘An Ideal Husband cannot be found in this pub.’**



*Sign outside a Berkshire farm :*

**‘Local Honey for Sale.’**



### *Editor’s Endnote :*

**It is hoped that you have enjoyed the first number of the *Dispatch*, that it has brought some cheer during these difficult days, and that it contains (within its short compass) something for everyone. Should you wish to contact the Editor for any reason, please email : [michael@marinecannon.com](mailto:michael@marinecannon.com)**

*Michael Nash.*