

The Corona Commonplace

Vol 1



“No need to pad-up just yet.”

Snippets for The Self-Isolating

Gathered by Nick and Belinda Boyd

The time you enjoy wasting is not wasted time.

Bertrand Russell

TO THE INFLUENZA

By JM Barrie

The time has come for you to leave this house. Seventeen days ago you foisted yourself upon me, and since then we have been together night and day. You were unwelcome and uninvited, and you made yourself intensely disagreeable. We wrestled, you and I, but you attacked me unawares in the back, and you threw me. Then, like the ungenerous foe that you are, you struck me while I was down. However, your designs have failed. I struggle to my feet and order you to withdraw. Nay, withdraw is too polite a word. Your cab is at the door; get out. But, stop, a word with you before you go.



Most of your hosts, I fancy, run you out of their houses without first saying what they think of you. Their one desire is to be rid of you. Perhaps they are afraid to denounce you to your face. I want, however, to tell you that I have been looking forward to this moment ever since you put me to bed. I said little while I was

there, but I thought a good deal, and most of my thoughts were of you. You fancied yourself invisible, but I saw you glaring at me, and I clenched my fists beneath the blankets. I could paint your portrait. You are very tall and stout, with a black beard, and a cruel, unsteady eye, and you have a way of crackling your fingers while you exult in your power. I used to lie watching you as you lolled in my cane-chair. At first it was empty, but I felt that you were in it, and gradually you took shape. I could hear your fingers crackling, and the chair creak as you moved in it. If I sat up in fear, you disappeared, but as soon as I lay back, there you were again. I know now that in a sense you were a creature of my imagination. I have discovered something more. I know why you seemed tall and stout and bearded, and why I heard your fingers crackling.



Fever—one of your dastard weapons—was no doubt what set me drawing portraits, but why did I see you a big man with a black beard? Because long ago, when the world was young, I had a schoolmaster of that appearance. He crackled

his fingers too. I had forgotten him utterly. He had gone from me with the love of climbing for crows' nests—which I once thought would never die—but during some of these seventeen days of thirty-six hours each, I suppose I have been a boy again. Yet I had many schoolmasters, all sure at first that they could make something of me, all doleful when they found that I had conscientious scruples against learning. Why do I merge you into him of the crackling fingers? I know. It is because in mediæval times I hated him as I hate you. No others have I loathed with any intensity, but he alone of my masters refused to be reconciled to my favourite method of study, which consisted, I remember (without shame) in glancing at my tasks, as I hopped and skipped to school. Sometimes I hopped and skipped, but did not arrive at school in time to take solid part in lessons, and this grieved the soul of him who wanted to be my instructor. So we differed, as Gladstonian and Conservative on the result of the Parnell Commission, and my teacher, being in office, troubled me not a little. I confess I hated him, and while I sat glumly in his room, whence the better boys had retired, much solace I found in wondering how I would slay him, supposing I had a loaded pistol, a sword, and a hatchet, and he had only one life. I schemed to be a dark, morose pirate of fourteen so that I might capture him, even at his blackboard, and make him walk the plank. I was Judge Lynch, and he was the man at the end of the rope. I charged upon him on horseback and cut him down. I challenged him to single combat, and then I was Ivanhoe. I even found pleasure in conceiving myself, shouting "Crackle-fingers" after him, and then bolting around a corner. You must see now why I pictured you heavy, and dark, and bearded. You are the schoolmaster of my later years. I lay in bed and gloried in the

thought that presently I would be up, and fall upon you like a body of cavalry.

What did you think of my doctor? You need not answer, for I know that you disliked him. You and I were foes, and I was getting the worst of it when he walked in and separated the combatants. His entrance was pleasant to me. He showed a contempt for you that perhaps he did not feel, and he used to take your chair. There were days when I wondered at his audacity in doing that, but I liked it, too, and by and by I may tell him why I often asked him to sit there. He was your doctor as



well as mine, and every time he said that I was a little better, I knew he meant that you were a little weaker. You knew it, too, for I saw you scowling after he had gone. My doctor is also my friend, and so, when I am well, I say things against him behind his back. Then I see his weaknesses and smile comfortably at them with his other friends—whom I also discuss with him. But while you had me down, he was another man. He became, as it were, a foot taller, and I felt that he alone of men had anything to say that was worth listening to. Other friends came to look curiously at me and talk of politics, or Stanley, or on other frivolous topics, but he spoke of my case, which was the great affair.

I was not, in my own mind, a patient for whom he was merely doing his best; I was entirely in his hands. I was a business, and it rested with him whether I was to be wound up or carried on as usual. I daresay I tried to be pleasant to him—which is not my way—took his prescriptions as if I rather enjoyed them, and held his thermometer in my mouth as though it were a new kind of pipe. This was diplomacy. I have no real pleasure in being fed with a spoon, nor do I intend in the future to smoke thermometers. But I knew that I must pander to my doctor's weakness if he was to take my side against you. Now that I am able to snap my fingers

at you, I am looking forward to sneering once more at him. Just at this moment, however, I would prefer to lay a sword flat upon his shoulders, and say gratefully, "Arise, Sir James." He has altered the faces of the various visitors who whispered to each other in my presence, and nodded at me and said aloud that I would soon be right again, and then said something else on the other side of the door.

He has opened my windows and set the sparrows a-chirping again, and he has turned on the sunshine. Lastly, he has enabled me to call your cab. I am done. Get out.



Shoes, Boys, and for some reason, Straps.

And the answer is...?

Three pairs of shoes + Three pairs of shoes + Three pairs of shoes = 30

Two boys + Two boys + One pair of shoes = 20

Two straps + Two straps + One boy = 13

One pair of shoes + One boy \times One strap = ?



The Old Lady and God's Gift!

This story was sent only very recently, by Frank P. our local and now sadly retired Padre.

There was a man who worked for the Post Office whose job was to process all the mail that had strange addresses. One day, a letter came addressed, in shaky handwriting, to God. He thought he should open it to see what it was about. He read the letter to his colleagues:

Dear God, I am an 83 years old widow, living on a very small pension. Yesterday someone stole my purse. Please send me £100. Next Sunday it's my birthday, and I have invited two of my friends over for dinner. Without that money, I have nothing to buy food with, have no family to turn to, and you are my only hope. Can you please help me? Yours hopefully, Edna

The postal worker was touched. He showed the letter to all the other workers. They dug into their wallets, and each one came up with a few pounds. When added together, they had collected £90, which they put into an envelope and posted it to the woman. The rest of the day, all the workers felt a warm glow thinking of Edna and the dinner she would be able to share with her friends.

A few days later, another letter came from the same old lady addressed to God. All the workers gathered around while the letter was opened. It said:

Dear God, How can I ever thank you enough for what you did for me? Because of your gift of love, I was able to fix a glorious dinner for my friends. We had a lovely day, and I told my friends of your wonderful gift.

By the way, there was £10 missing. I think it was those bastards at the Post Office. Yours sincerely, Edna.



LOGIC RULES

A computer programmer's wife tells him to pick up a loaf of bread from the shops – and if they have eggs, to get a dozen. The programmer came home with 12 loaves of bread.



TURKEY FOR EASTER

A logical and vital - if we are to eat well - puzzle

Traditionally our family has a lovely roast Turkey for Easter Sunday – but this year, the bloody bird is playing up and is hiding from the neck-wringer. There are five old breeding boxes in a row, and the turkey hides in one of these boxes. Each night, the turkey moves one box to the left or right, hiding in an adjacent box the next day. Because of self-isolation and various other strictures, we only have the time and inclination to be able to look in one box each day to try and find our lunch.

How can we guarantee to find the turkey before Easter day?

HINT: Imagine or draw the five boxes numbered 1 – 5 left to right. If you simply search one box per day, starting with 1 and finishing with 5, you might not find the turkey. It could be in box 3 when you check box 2, and then move to 2 the next day when you check 3, and you would miss it. Similarly, you cannot keep checking the same box, as the turkey could bounce back and forth between only two boxes the entire time. You need a plan to guarantee you will find the turkey.



EVEN MORE LOGICAL

Three logicians walk into a bar. The bartender asks, “Do all of you want a drink?”

The first logician says “I don’t know.” The second logician says “I don’t know.”

The third logician says “Yes!”



Riddle Me This

What can’t you keep until you give?





A Little Quiz en Famille

Example 14 SOTC = 14 Stations of the Cross

1	0 F P of W	27	1 Q of E
2	0 = L in T	28	1 RP on a C
3	0 M in a C	29	1 S B O A C K
4	0 R in a M O	30	1 S D N M a S
5	1 2 B M S	31	1 S in a LB
6	1 A B	32	1 S of The HOC
7	1 B in a C	33	1 S S for M
8	-1 B in G	34	1 SDNMAS
9	C O A P O K C F	35	1 SOE on a RR
10	1 F in the G	36	1 T on a H
11	1 F O T O A C T	37	1 W in a C of B
12	1 F over the C N	38	1 W on a U
13	1 H C E S S Y	39	1.414214 S R of T
14	1 H in a D	40	10 C
15	1 H on a M	41	10 D S
16	1 in the E	42	10 E in a D
17	1 L in a M	43	10 GB HOAW
18	1 M and H D	44	10 S at the end of a BA
19	1 M in LN	45	10 T on a P of F
20	1 N A T 2004 S B	46	10 Y in a D
21	1 O the E	47	100 P in A D
22	1 P 3 M I T S	48	100 P in a P
23	1 P in a P	49	1000 K in a T
24	1 P in a P T	50	10000 S M in a H
25	1 P M at N T D S	51	101 D
26	1 P N O A C C	52	1086 D of the D B



Riddle Me These

You measure my life in hours, and I serve you by expiring. I'm quick when I'm thin and slow when I'm fat. The wind is my enemy.



A box without hinges, key, or lid, yet golden treasure inside is hid.



INSIGHTS OF A MEDICAL MAN

My recent interest in matters medical, prompted me to dust off William Bulleyn's 1558 tome, "The Government of Health". A cousin of the headless mother of the future Elizabeth I, his guidance for the governance of Apothecaries still holds true today:



- He must fyrst serve God, forsee the end, be clenly, pity the poor.
- Must not be suborned for money to hurt mankynde.
- His place of dwelling and shop to be clenly, to please the sences withal.
- His garden must be at hand with plenty of herbs, seeds and roots.
- To sow and gather, preserve and kepe them in due tyme.
- To read Dioscorides, to know the nature of plants and herbes.
- To invent medicines, to choose by coloure, tast, odour, figure, etc.
- To have his mortters, stilles, pottes, filters, glasses, boxes, cleane and sweete.
- To have charcoles at hand to make decoctions, syrupes, etc.
- To keep his cleane ware close and cast away the baggage.
- To have two places in his shop, one most cleane for the physik and and a baser place for the chirurgie stuff.
- That he neither increase or diminish the phisician's bill and kepe it for his own discharge.
- That he neither buy nor sell rotten drugges.

- That he peruse often his wares that they corrupt not.
- That he put not “quid pro quo” without advyement.
- That he may open wel a vein for to help pleuresy.
- That he meddle only with his vocation.
- That he delyte to reede Nicholaus Myrepsus, Valerius Cordus, Johannes Placaton, the Lubik, etc.
- That he do remember that his office is only to be ye physician’s cooke.
- That he use true measure and weight.
- And lastly-To remember his end and the judgement of God, and thus I do commend him to God if he be not covetous or crafty, seeking his own lucre before other men’s help, succour and comfort.

Mention of Cordus also reminds me that the great German physician and botanist, had by the time of his death in 1544, researched and written one of the greatest pharmacopoeias and most celebrated herbals in history – and had developed a method for synthesising Ether. Cordus called it rather charmingly, “Oleum Dulci Vitrioli”, or “sweet oil of vitriol”).



I SAY, I SAY, I SAY

I rang the phone company to report a nuisance caller. They said: “Oh, no. Not you again!” **Tim Vine**



Someone stole my Microsoft Office, and they're going to pay... You have my word!



If Einstein won a Rap Contest, would he equal MC??



I needed a password eight characters long... I picked Snow White and the seven dwarves!



This sentence contains precisely threee errors.



THE HISTORY OF CORONA

I am grateful to the BBC for their Welsh History page written by the broadcaster, writer and poet, Phil Carradice.



From the 1920s through to the end of the 1980s the sight and sound of the Corona pop man meant delight for thousands of children across the whole of Britain. It was a Welsh success story that has gone down in legend and remains an important part of the country's social history.

Corona drinks were for so many years, delivered to the doors of houses across the land, first by horse and cart and then by lorry. And it all began with a small factory in Porth at the foot of the Rhondda valleys.

The pop - carbonated beverage to give it the correct name - was produced by the Corona Soft Drinks Company, a firm that had been created by two Rhondda grocers, William Evans and William Thomas. The original factory opened in the 1890s under the name of Welsh Hills Mineral Waters, the name Corona only being adopted in the 1920s as the company expanded its range of activities to include all of Wales and many parts of England.

The firm had its origins in the temperance movement that was so strong in Britain during the final years of the 19th century. The Rhondda Valleys at this time were in the grip of the "coal rush." They were full of coal mines, and the pubs of the region did a thriving business as men, after a day down the pit, were desperate to quench their thirst. As a result, drunkenness was rife.

Grocers Evans and Thomas from Porth were determined to find an alternative drink for the miners. They had already been introduced to soft drinks by a peddler from west Wales - artificially carbonated mineral water had been first produced by Joseph Scheppe in Switzerland in the 18th

century, so it was not a new invention. The problem had always been how to keep the fizz in the bottle.

To begin with, manufacturers simply hammered in cork and wired it tight - a solution that was only partially successful. But then American Hiram Codd invented a revolutionary new system. It involved fitting each bottle with a glass marble, a rubber washer and a swing top that forced the marble into the neck of the bottle, so forming a tight seal. The rest, as they say, is history.

After visiting several manufacturers of carbonated mineral waters - to see how it was done - Evans and Thomas were ready for business. Their Porth factory was equipped with state of the art machinery to bottle the liquids and to clean empty bottles. But although the factory soon became a local landmark, sale of the fizzy drinks had little effect on drunkenness. And so it was decided that the product should be sold, door to door.

Over 200 salesmen, each driving a horse and cart, were soon operating across South Wales. They sold a wide range of drinks, starting with the original orangeade and then moving on to others such as limeade and cherryade. More exotic flavours such as American cream soda and dandelion and burdock were soon added to the list.

The fizzy drinks may not have stopped drunkenness, but they were hugely popular with all sections of society. And they had an immediate appeal for children who were soon drinking large quantities of the product. Parents soon learned that it was best to ration the distribution of the gassy liquid.

The glass bottles in which the pop was sold, were a valuable commodity and, from the beginning, the company operated a system of 'money back on the bottle'. This ensured that generations of schoolchildren would augment their pocket money by collecting discarded bottles and returning them to shop and door-to-door sellers.

The door-to-door deliveries proved so successful that further factories were opened and by 1934 the Porth depot alone was operating 74 motor vehicles - three years later there were over 200 vehicles.

The outbreak of World War Two caused the company some disruption with lorries - and drivers - being enlisted for war service but soon after 1945

things were back to normal and the Corona pop man was back on his rounds.

William Evans, the guiding force behind the company, died in 1934 but the company continued to expand with his brother Frank assuming control. By the end of the 1930s over 170 million bottles of Corona pop were being produced each year - and most of it was sold by the delivery man who came each week to people's doors.

The Corona company was bought out by the Beecham Group in 1958 and was transferred to Britvic in 1987. The Porth plant closed the same year and the old factory was converted into a music and recording studio. The link with Corona was maintained when, in 2000, the studio was christened

The Pop Factory.



The fizzy drink continued to sell, and its advertising slogan “Every bubble’s passed its FIZZICAL” was seen on television and chanted by children for many more years.

With the advent of supermarkets, however, the need for door-to-door delivery gradually dropped away. By the end of the

1980s they were a luxury and like the milk, bread and fish vans that had plied their trade around the streets for years, the Corona delivery man was soon a thing of the past. It didn’t stop the sale of the product; it just meant that the personal door-to-door touch had gone.



CRIKEY, (LUMME’S BROTHER), WHO’D HAVE THOUGHT ...

I was listening to The Life Scientific in mid-January which featured Susannah Maidment, a British palaeontologist at the Natural History Museum, London. She is the internationally recognised authority on The Stegosaurus and more broadly for her research on ornithischian dinosaur evolution. She was awarded the 2016 Hodson Award of the Palaeontological Association and the 2017 Lyell Fund of the Geological

Society of London, and has also featured as a 2019 National Geographic Women of Impact.

In brief, on the subject of dinos, what she says, goes.

Unexpectedly, I heard her say that **Tyrannosaurus Rex was closer in time to the Apple Ipad than it was to The Stegosaurus**. A small Crikey and Lumme moment, which then led me to a broader search where I discovered:

The Great Pyramid of Giza was built for the Fourth Dynasty Pharaoh Khufu (or Cheops), and was completed around 2560 BCE. It is part of a complex of three large pyramids in the Giza Necropolis located in modern Cairo, Egypt. Cleopatra VII, who allegedly committed suicide by an asp on August 12th 30 BCE was, therefore, closer in time to the building of the first McDonalds than she was to the construction of the Great Pyramid. (2530 years vs 1965 years)

There are whales swimming in the ocean today that are older than the launch of Moby Dick in 1851. (Bowhales, around Alaska mostly).

Oxford University is older than the founding of the Aztec Empire in 1428. The Aztec Empire began as an alliance of three Nahua altepetl city-states. These three city-states ruled the area in and around the Valley of Mexico from 1428 until the combined forces of the Spanish conquistadors and their native allies under Hernán Cortés defeated them in 1521. Meanwhile, in England, Oxford University was already well-established. It has no known date of foundation, but there is evidence of teaching as far back as 1096, and it proliferated from 1167 when Henry II banned English students from attending the University of Paris.

In 1863, the first journey of the London Underground took place. With a station in operation close by Newgate prison, it is entirely feasible that many Londoners would have taken the tube to go and watch the last public hanging in 1868 of Michael Barrett in front of a large crowd of people.



ON GASES AND GAS-BALLOONS.

From The Boy's Own Book of Indoor Games and Recreations 1890

Before describing how to make an air-balloon, suppose we gossip a little about the science of the thing.



Of gases, there are many sorts, as you will become aware when a little advanced in your chemistry. Atmospheric air is a mixture of two gases, as probably you know—four measures of nitrogen to one of oxygen, roughly speaking; though were we describing the composition of atmospheric air in an exhaustive manner, we should have to chronicle the presence of numerous other

gases besides oxygen and nitrogen, and some vapours; all, however, in quantities so extremely small that we need take no account of them here. Some gases are lighter than atmospheric air, some heavier, but it is evident that those only which are lighter can be employed for ballooning. The very lightest of all gases is hydrogen, which therefore is the very best gas for filling balloons. It is seldom now employed; however, coal-gas being usually substituted, on account of its being ready to hand, so to say, in every place where coal-gas illumination is practised.

Here, perhaps, some young gentleman will wish to inquire why it is I employ the ordinary name, coal-gas, instead of a chemical name. The reply is simple. Coal-gas always means gas from coal, but when I tell my readers that coal-gas has not necessarily always the same composition, although the same coal be used, they will see that no unchanging chemical name for it is applicable. Accordingly, as the gas retort is heated more or less, so will the resulting gas differ in composition—not a difference as to nature of components, but as to quantity. Coal-gas must always be a combination

of carbon with hydrogen, but the amount of carbon to a given amount of hydrogen may vary within wide limits. If coal-gas be required for illuminative purposes, the object of manufacture will be to make it as rich in carbon as possible. Now, the richest gaseous combination of carbon with hydrogen is olefiant gas, but it would be the worst quality of coal-gas for balloon inflation. If olefiant gas be transmitted through a white-hot iron pipe it expands in volume, thus showing what would have happened had it originally been produced in a white-hot iron retort. A gas manager doing duty in one of our seaport towns once told me that he always managed to have expanded gas—we may call it adulterated gas—for night street service. It was good enough, he explained, for drunken sailors, and nobody else was about.

Probably you youngsters will generally use coal-gas for filling your balloons, it being so handy. I would prefer that you did not but use hydrogen instead, because not only is the making of hydrogen chemically instructive, but a balloon of a given size will lift at least half as much again as it would if filled with gas from coal taken as one finds it. Besides, general though the use of coal-gas illumination has become, it may happen that some boy is staying at a country house where coal-gas is not available, for all which reasons I shall begin by giving directions for the production of hydrogen on a sufficiently large scale, and easily. The recipe for making Hydrogen at home follows.



Parents might perhaps be glad that we did not include from the same, treasured volume of The Boy's Own 1890 Annual, some further insights into Pleasant and Profitable Occupations for Spare Hours. These included Practical Hints on Taxidermy by Lt. Col. Cuthell, including Catching and Setting Butterflies; How to cure and set up a Bird's skin; and a treatise on preserving the Skins and Heads of Animals. We also swerved the chapter on Electricity – you can only imagine. Importantly a healthy mind demands a healthy body and thus the esteemed Annual opened with Gymnastics, Indian Clubs, Dumbbells, and Juggling with Balls.



My favourite 419 of 2020 – so far

My name is George Soros Hungarian - American business magnate, investor and philanthropist. I am the most successful investor in the world. I believe strongly in “giving while living” I had one idea that never changed in my mind ? that you should use your wealth to help people and i have decided to give {\$5,000,000.00} Five Million United State Dollars, to randomly selected individuals worldwide. On receipt of this e-mail, you should count yourself as the lucky individual. Your e-mail address was chosen online while searching at random. Kindly get back to me at your earliest convenience, so I know your e-mail address is valid. Email opensocietyfdn_reg1@outlook.co.id

Thank you for accepting our offer, we are indeed grateful You Can Google my name for more information: George Soros.

God bless you.

Mr George Soros Billionaire investor

I have made no changes to the text



THE STOLEN BACILLUS

By HG Wells

“This again,” said the Bacteriologist, slipping a glass slide under the microscope, “is a preparation of the celebrated Bacillus of cholera—the cholera germ.”

The pale-faced man peered down the microscope. He was evidently not accustomed to that kind of thing, and held a limp white hand over his disengaged eye. “I see very little,” he said.

“Touch this screw,” said the Bacteriologist; “perhaps the microscope is out of focus for you. Eyes vary so much. Just the fraction of a turn this way or that.”

“Ah! now I see,” said the visitor. “Not so very much to see, after all. Little streaks and shreds of pink. And yet those little particles, those mere atomies, might multiply and devastate a city! Wonderful!”



He stood up, and releasing the glass slip from the microscope, held it in his hand towards the window. “Scarcely visible,” he said, scrutinising the preparation. He hesitated. “Are these—alive? Are they dangerous now?”

“Those have been stained and killed,” said the Bacteriologist. “I wish, for my own part, we could kill and stain every

one of them in the universe.”

“I suppose,” the pale man said with a slight smile, “that you scarcely care to have such things about you in the living—in the active state?”

“On the contrary, we are obliged to,” said the Bacteriologist. “Here, for instance—” He walked across the room and took up one of several sealed tubes. “Here is the living thing. This is a cultivation of the actual living disease bacteria.” He hesitated. “Bottled cholera, so to speak.”

A slight gleam of satisfaction appeared momentarily in the face of the pale man. “It’s a deadly thing to have in your possession,” he said, devouring the little tube with his eyes. The Bacteriologist watched the morbid pleasure in his visitor’s expression. This man, who had visited him that afternoon with a note of introduction from an old friend, interested him from the very contrast of their dispositions. The lank black hair and deep grey eyes, the haggard expression and nervous manner, the fitful yet keen interest of his visitor were a novel change from the phlegmatic deliberations of the ordinary scientific worker with whom the Bacteriologist chiefly associated. It was perhaps natural, with a hearer evidently so impressionable to the lethal nature of his topic, to take the most effective aspect of the matter.

He held the tube in his hand thoughtfully. "Yes, here is the pestilence imprisoned. Only break such a little tube as this into a supply of drinking-water, say to these minute particles of life that one must needs stain and examine with the highest powers of the microscope even to see, and that one can neither smell nor taste—say to them, 'Go forth, increase and multiply, and replenish the cisterns,' and Death—mysterious, untraceable Death, Death swift and terrible, Death full of pain and indignity—would be released upon this city, and go hither and thither seeking his victims. Here he would take the husband from the wife, here the child from its mother, here the statesman from his duty, and here the toiler from his trouble. He would follow the water-mains, creeping along streets, picking out and punishing a house here and a house there where they did not boil their drinking-water, creeping into the wells of the mineral-water makers, getting washed into salad, and lying dormant in ices. He would wait ready to be drunk in the horse-troughs, and by unwary children in the public fountains. He would soak into the soil, to reappear in springs and wells at a thousand unexpected places. Once start him at the water-supply, and before we could ring him in and catch him again he would have decimated the metropolis."

He stopped abruptly. He had been told rhetoric was his weakness.

"But he is quite safe here, you know—quite safe."

The pale-faced man nodded. His eyes shone. He cleared his throat. "These Anarchist—rascals," said he, "are fools, blind fools—to use bombs when this kind of thing is attainable. I think—"

A gentle rap, a mere light touch of the finger-nails was heard at the door. The Bacteriologist opened it. "Just a minute, dear," whispered his wife.

When he re-entered the laboratory his visitor was looking at his watch. "I had no idea I had wasted an hour of your time," he said. "Twelve minutes to four. I ought to have left here by half-past three. But your things were really too interesting. No, positively, I cannot stop a moment longer. I have an engagement at four."

He passed out of the room reiterating his thanks, and the Bacteriologist accompanied him to the door, and then returned thoughtfully along the

passage to his laboratory. He was musing on the ethnology of his visitor. Certainly the man was not a Teutonic type nor a common Latin one. "A morbid product, anyhow, I am afraid," said the Bacteriologist to himself. "How he gloated on those cultivations of disease-germs!" A disturbing thought struck him. He turned to the bench by the vapour-bath, and then very quickly to his writing-table. Then he felt hastily in his pockets, and then rushed to the door. "I may have put it down on the hall table," he said. "Minnie!" he shouted hoarsely in the hall.

"Yes, dear," came a remote voice.

"Had I anything in my hand when I spoke to you, dear, just now?"

Pause.

"Nothing, dear, because I remember—"

"Blue ruin!" cried the Bacteriologist, and incontinently ran to the front door and down the steps of his house to the street.

Minnie, hearing the door slam violently, ran in alarm to the window. Down the street a slender man was getting into a cab.

The Bacteriologist, hatless, and in his carpet slippers, was running and gesticulating wildly towards this group. One slipper came off, but he did not wait for it. "He has gone mad!" said Minnie; "it's that horrid science of his;" and, opening the window, would have called after him. The slender man, suddenly glancing round, seemed struck with the same idea of mental disorder. He pointed hastily to the Bacteriologist, said something to the cabman, the apron of the cab slammed, the whip swished, the horse's feet clattered, and in a moment cab, and Bacteriologist hotly in pursuit, had receded up the vista of the roadway and disappeared round the corner.

Minnie remained straining out of the window for a minute. Then she drew her head back into the room again. She was dumbfounded. "Of course he is eccentric," she meditated. "But running about London—in the height of the season, too—in his socks!" A happy thought struck her. She hastily put her bonnet on, seized his shoes, went into the hall, took down his hat and light overcoat from the pegs, emerged upon the doorstep, and hailed a cab

that opportunely crawled by. "Drive me up the road and round Havelock Crescent, and see if we can find a gentleman running about in a velveteen coat and no hat."

"Velveteen coat, ma'am, and no 'at. Very good, ma'am." And the cabman whipped up at once in the most matter-of-fact way, as if he drove to this address every day in his life.

Some few minutes later the little group of cabmen and loafers that collects round the cabmen's shelter at Haverstock Hill were startled by the passing of a cab with a ginger-coloured screw of a horse, driven furiously.

They were silent as it went by, and then as it receded—"That's 'Arry 'Icks. Wot's he got?" said the stout gentleman known as Old Tootles.



"He's a-using his whip, he is, to rights," said the ostler boy.

"Hullo!" said poor old Tommy Byles; "here's another bloomin' loonattic. Blowed if there ain't."

"It's old George," said Old Tootles, "and he's drivin' a loonattic, as you say. Ain't he a-clawin' out of the kebab?"

Wonder if he's after 'Arry 'Icks?"

The group round the cabmen's shelter became animated. Chorus: "Go it, George!" "It's a race." "You'll ketch 'em!" "Whip up!"

"She's a goer, she is!" said the ostler boy.

"Strike me giddy!" cried Old Tootles. "Here! I'm a-goin' to begin in a minute. Here's another comin'. If all the kebs in Hampstead ain't gone mad this morning!"

"It's a fieldmale this time," said the ostler boy.

"She's a followin' him," said Old Tootles. "Usually the other way about."

"What's she got in her 'and?"

"Looks like a 'igh 'at."

“What a bloomin’ lark it is! Three to one on old George,” said the ostler boy. “Nexst!”

Minnie went by in a perfect roar of applause. She did not like it, but she felt that she was doing her duty, and whirled on down Haverstock Hill and Camden Town High Street, with her eyes ever intent on the animated back view of old George, who was driving her vagrant husband so incomprehensibly away from her. The man in the foremost cab sat crouched in the corner, his arms



tightly folded, and the little tube that contained such vast possibilities of destruction gripped in his hand. His mood was a singular mixture of fear and exultation. Chiefly he was afraid of being caught before he could accomplish his purpose, but behind this was a vaguer but larger fear of the awfulness of his crime. But his exultation far exceeded his fear. No Anarchist before him had ever approached this conception of his. Ravachol, Vaillant, all those distinguished persons whose fame he had envied dwindled into insignificance beside him. He had only to make sure of the water-supply, and break the little tube into a reservoir.

How brilliantly he had planned it, forged the letter of introduction and got into the laboratory, and how brilliantly he had seized his opportunity! The world should hear of him at last. All those people who had sneered at him, neglected him, preferred other people to him, found his company undesirable, should consider him at last. Death, death, death! They had always treated him as a man of no importance. All the world had been in a conspiracy to keep him under. He would teach them yet what it is to isolate a man. What was this familiar street? Great Saint Andrew’s Street, of course! How fared the chase? He craned out of the cab. The Bacteriologist was scarcely fifty yards behind. That was bad. He would be caught and stopped yet. He felt in his pocket for money, and found half-a-sovereign. This he thrust up through the trap in the top of the cab into the man’s face. “More,” he shouted, “if only we get away.”

The money was snatched out of his hand. "Right you are," said the cabman, and the trap slammed, and the lash lay along the glistening side of the horse. The cab swayed, and the Anarchist, half-standing under the trap, put the hand containing the little glass tube upon the apron to preserve his balance. He felt the brittle thing crack, and the broken half of it rang upon the floor of the cab. He fell back into the seat with a curse, and stared dismally at the two or three drops of moisture on the apron.

He shuddered.



"Well! I suppose I shall be the first. Phew! Anyhow, I shall be a Martyr. That's something. But it is a filthy death, nevertheless. I wonder if it hurts as much as they say."

Presently a thought occurred to him—he groped between his feet. A little drop was still in the broken end of the tube, and he drank that to make sure.

It was better to make sure. At any rate, he would not fail.

Then it dawned upon him that there was no further need to escape the Bacteriologist. In Wellington Street he told the cabman to stop, and got out. He slipped on the step, and his head felt queer. It was rapid stuff, this cholera poison. He waved his cabman out of existence, so to speak, and stood on the pavement with his arms folded upon his breast awaiting the arrival of the Bacteriologist. There was something tragic in his pose. The sense of imminent death gave him a certain dignity. He greeted his pursuer with a defiant laugh.

"Vive l'Anarchie! You are too late, my friend. I have drunk it. The cholera is abroad!"

The Bacteriologist from his cab beamed curiously at him through his spectacles. "You have drunk it! An Anarchist! I see now." He was about to say something more, and then checked himself. A smile hung in the corner of his mouth. He opened the apron of his cab as if to descend, at which the Anarchist waved him a dramatic farewell and strode off towards Waterloo

Bridge, carefully jostling his infected body against as many people as possible. The Bacteriologist was so preoccupied with the vision of him that he scarcely manifested the slightest surprise at the appearance of Minnie upon the pavement with his hat and shoes and overcoat. "Very good of you to bring my things," he said, and remained lost in contemplation of the receding figure of the Anarchist.

"You had better get in," he said, still staring. Minnie felt absolutely convinced now that he was mad, and directed the cabman home on her own responsibility. "Put on my shoes? Certainly, dear," said he, as the cab began to turn, and hid the strutting black figure, now small in the distance, from his eyes. Then suddenly something grotesque struck him, and he laughed. Then he remarked, "It is really very serious, though.

"You see, that man came to my house to see me, and he is an Anarchist. No—don't faint, or I cannot possibly tell you the rest. And I wanted to astonish him, not knowing he was an Anarchist, and took up a cultivation of that new species of Bacterium I was telling you of, that infest, and I think cause, the blue patches upon various monkeys; and, like a fool, I said it was Asiatic cholera. And he ran away with it to poison the water of London, and he certainly might have made things look blue for this civilised city. And now he has swallowed it. Of course I cannot say what will happen, but you know it turned that kitten blue, and the three puppies—in patches, and the sparrow—bright blue. But the bother is I shall have all the trouble and expense of preparing some more.

"Put on my coat on this hot day! Why? Because we might meet Mrs. Jabber. My dear, Mrs. Jabber is not a draught. But why should I wear a coat on a hot day because of Mrs. ——. Oh! very well."



The History of World War II in film

For many years at dinner, a few chums and I have toyed with the idea of creating a mythical series on SkyFlix Primebox, which would chronicle the entire history of WWII. It might seem an easy exercise, possibly even trivial.

However, we believe it to be so severe a task, that we will present a Bottle of Champagne to the person who submits - by December 1st 2020 – a complete winning list, in chronological order as judged by Mr SJ Arbiter, to be decided over a private dinner.

Of course, some films timelines will overrun into other films, in which case it will be the importance of the Theatre of operations that shall take precedence. There is also the question of language, and the generally accepted order in such matters is British, then American and then other languages that aren't Russian. Judgement as to the reliability of the film's factual and then cinematic qualities count in that order. By way of example, you might have **Dunkirk** (aah, but which one), and you would almost certainly have **The Battle of Britain** - but where would you place **In Which we Serve**? There is no wrong answer – just an opinion approved by The Judge. Send your entry to nickboyd@raceweb.com



THE COMMONPLACE BOOK OF RICHARD HILLES

As discussed in James Anthony Froude's 1906 *Essays on History and Literature*



In the Library at Balliol College, Oxford, there is a manuscript which, for want of a better name, I may call a Commonplace Book of an English gentleman who lived in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Its contents display, beyond any other single volume which I have met with, the mental furniture of an

average-educated man of the time.

There are stories in prose and verse; collections of proverbs; a dissertation on Horticulture, a dissertation on Farriery, a treatise of Confession, a Book of Education, a Book of Courtesy, a Book of "the Whole Duty" of Man; mercantile entries, discourses of arithmetic, recipes, prescriptions, marvels of science or pseudo-science, conundrums, tables of the assize of food; the laws respecting the sale of meat, bread, beer,

wine, and other necessaries. Above and beyond all are a collection in various handwritten of ballads, songs, hymns, and didactic poems of a religious kind, some few of which have been met with elsewhere; but of the greater number of them no other copy, I believe, exists.

The owner and compiler was a certain Richard Hilles. From the entries of the births and deaths of his children on a fly-leaf, I gather that in 1518 he lived at a place called Hillend, near King's Langley, in Hertfordshire. The year following he had removed to London, where he was apparently in business. Among his remarks on the management of vines and fruit trees in his "Discourse on Gardens," he mentions incidentally that he had been in Greece and on the coast of Asia Minor. A brief "Annual Register" is carried down as far as 1535, in which year he perhaps died. One of his latest entries is the execution of Bishop Fisher and of Sir Thomas More.



Some other facts about him might perhaps be collected; but his personal history could add little to the interest of his book, which is its own sufficient recommendation. It will be evident, from the description which I have given, that as an antiquarian curiosity, this manuscript is one of the most

remarkable of its kind which survives.

Mr. Hilles was a good Catholic. Amidst a multitude of religious poems of a Catholic kind, there is not one which could be construed as implying a leaning towards the Reformers; while under a certain legend of St. Gregory some indignant Protestant of the next generation has written a passionate anathema calling it lies of the devil and other similar hard names. A private diary of such a person, therefore, of the years in which England was separated from the Papacy, is of especial interest:—

1533. Stephen Peacock, haberdasher, mayor. This year, the 29th day of May, the Mayor of London, with the aldermen in scarlet gowns, went in barges to Greenwich, with their banners, as they were wont to bring the Mayor to

Westminster; and the bachelor's barge hanged with cloth of gold on the outside with banners and bells upon them in their manner, with a galley to wait upon her, and a foyst with a beast therein which shot many guns. And then they fetched Queen Anne up to the Tower of London; and in the way on land about Limehouse there shot many great chambers of guns, and two of the King's ships which lay by Limehouse shot many great guns, and at the Tower or she came on land was shot innumerable many guns.

And the 31st day of May, which was Whitsun even, she was conveyed in a chariot from the Tower of London to York-place, called Whitehall at Westminster; and at her departing from the Tower there was shot off guns which was innumerable to men's thinking; and in London divers pageants, that is to say, One at Gracechurch; One at Leadenhall; One at the great Conduit; One at the Standard; The Crosse in Chepe new trimmed; At the conduit at Paul's Gate; At Paul's gate a branch of Roses; Without at the east end of Paul's; At the conduit in Fleet Street; And she was accompanied, first Frenchmen in— coloured velvet and one white sleeve, and the horses trapped, and white crosses thereon; then rode gentlemen, then knights and lords in their degree, and there was two hats of maintenance, and many chariots, with lords and many gentlewomen on horseback following the chariots; and all the constables in London were in their best array, with white staves in their hands, to make room and to wait upon the Queen as far as xxx; and there rode with her sixteen knights of the Bath; and on Whitsunday she was crowned at Westminster with great solemnity; and jousts at Westminster all the Whitsun holidays, and the feast was kept in Westminster Hall, and jousts afore York Place called Whitehall.

This year, in the beginning of September, Queen Anne was delivered of a woman child at Greenwich, which child was named Elizabeth.

Item, this year foreign butchers sold flesh at Leadenhall, for the butchers of the city of London denied to sell beef for a halfpenny the pound according to the Act of Parliament.

1534. Christopher Ascue, draper, mayor - This year, the 23rd day of November, preached at Paul's Cross the Abbot of Hyde, and there stood on a scaffold all the sermon time the Holy Maid of Kent, called [Elizabeth] Barton, and two monks of Canterbury, and two Friars observant, and two priests

and two laymen, and after the sermon went to the Tower. Also this year, on Palm Sunday even, which was the 28th day of March, was a great sudden tempest of wind, and broke open two windows at Whitehall at Westminster, and turned up the lead of the King's new Tennis Play at York Place, and broke off the tyles of three goldsmiths' houses in Lombard Street, and folded up the lead at Pewterers' Hall and cast it down into the yard, and blew down many tyles of houses in London, and trees about Shoreditch.

Item, the first day of April, which was tenebre Wednesday, Wolf and his wife, that killed the two Lombards in a boat upon Thames, were hanged upon two gibbets by the water-side between London Bridge and Westminster; and on the Monday in Easter week the woman was buried at the Crossed Friars in London.

Item, the 20th day of April, the parson of Aidmary (sic, but the real person was the priest of Aidington in Kent) Church, in London, was drawn on a hurdle from the Tower of London to the Tyburn and there hanged and headed. Item, two observant Freers drawn on a hurdle and both hanged and headed. Item, two monks of Canterbury, one was called Dr. Bocking, drawn on a hurdle and hanged and headed. Item, the Holy Maid of Kent was drawn on a hurdle to Tyburn and hanged and headed; and all the heads set upon London Brigge and on the gates of London.



Item, the 11th day of July, the Lord Dacres of the north was conveyed from the Tower of London to Westminster to receive judgement for treason, but there he was quit by a quest of Lords.

Item, all men, English and others being in England, were sworn to be true to the King and his heirs between Queen Anne and him begotten and for to be begotten.

Item, the Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, of Ireland, beheaded the Bishop of Dublin, called Doctor Alen, as he would come into England. Item, a general peace cried between the King of England and the Scottish King for their lifetime. Item, there was

a great sudden storm in the Narrow Sea, and two ships of the Zealand fleet were lost, with cloth and men and all, for they sank in the sea.

Sir John Champneys, mayor. "This year, in November, came over the high Admiral of France as ambassador from the French King, and he had great gifts and his costs provided for as long as he was in the Realm.

1535. Item, the fourth day of May, the Prior of the Charterhouse in London, and two other monks of the Charterhouse in other places, and the father of the Place at Sion, being in a grey habit, and a priest which was, as men said, the vicar of Thystillworth, were drawn all from the Tower of London to Tyburn and hanged and their bowels burnt, the heads cut off, and quartered, and the heads and quarters some set on London Brigg, and the rest upon all the gates of London and on the Charterhouse gate.

Also shortly after the King caused his own head to be knotted and cut short, and his hair was not half an inch long, and so were all the lords, and all knights, gentlemen, and serving men that came to the court.

Item, on Whitsun even was a great thunder in London. Item, the fourth day of June, a man and woman, born in Flanders, were burnt in Smithfield for heresy. Item, the 19th day of June, three monks of the order of the Charterhouse were drawn from the Tower to Tyburn, and there hanged and headed. Item, the 22nd day of June, the Bishop Rochester was beheaded at the Tower Hill, the head set on London Brigg and the body buried at Barking Churchyard.

Item, the 6th day of July, Sir Thomas More, that sometime was Chancellor of England, was beheaded at Tower Hill, and his head set on the Brigg and the body buried in the Tower. Also this year the power and authority of the Pope was utterly made frustrate and of none effect within the



Realm, and the King called Supreme Head under God of the Church of England; and that was read in the Church every Festival day; and the Pope's name was scraped out of every mass book and other books, and was called Bishop of Rome.



Gentlemen Rankers



by Rudyard Kipling

TO THE legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of the damned,
To my brethren in their sorrow overseas,
Sings a gentleman of England cleanly bred, machinely crammed,
And a trooper of the Empress, if you please.

Yea, a trooper of the forces who has run his own six horses,
And faith he went the pace and went it blind,
And the world was more than kin while he held the ready tin,
But to-day the Sergeant's something less than kind.

We're poor little lambs who've lost our way, Baa! Baa! Baa!
We're little black sheep who've gone astray, Baa—aa—aa!
Gentlemen-rankers out on a spree, Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we, Baa! Yah! Bah!

Oh, it's sweet to sweat through stables, sweet to empty kitchen slops,
And it's sweet to hear the tales the troopers tell,
To dance with blowzy housemaids at the regimental hops
And thrash the cad who says you waltz too well.

Yes, it makes you cock-a-hoop to be "Rider" to your troop,
And branded with a blasted worsted spur,
When you envy, O how keenly, one poor Tommy being cleanly
Who blacks your boots and sometimes calls you "Sir".

If the home we never write to, and the oaths we never keep,
And all we know most distant and most dear,
Across the snoring barrack-room return to break our sleep,
Can you blame us if we soak ourselves in beer?

When the drunken comrade mutters and the great guard-lantern gutters
And the horror of our fall is written plain,
Every secret, self-revealing on the aching white-washed ceiling,
Do you wonder that we drug ourselves from pain?

We have done with Hope and Honour; we are lost to Love and Truth,
We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,
And the measure of our torment is the measure of our youth.
God help us, for we knew the worst too young!

Our shame is clean repentance for the crime that brought the sentence,
Our pride it is to know no spur of pride,
And the Curse of Reuben holds us till an alien turf enfolds us
And we die, and none can tell Them where we died.

We're poor little lambs who've lost our way, Baa! Baa! Baa!
We're little black sheep who've gone astray, Baa—aa—aa!

*Gentlemen-rankers out on a spree, Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we, Baa! Yah! Bah!*



As an aside, some of you might feel some sense of déjà vu at the chorus. "The Whiffenpoof Song" was popularised by Bing Crosby in 1947. (His version is still available on-line.) It had its origin many years earlier in 1910, when the University Quartet at Yale adopted it as their anthem, using it to close every performance. The title of the song was taken from a story told on stage by comedian Joe Cawthorn. The chorus of "The Whiffenpoof Song" echoes Kipling's poem: this is one version

We are poor little lambs, Who have lost our way.

Baa! Baa! Baa!

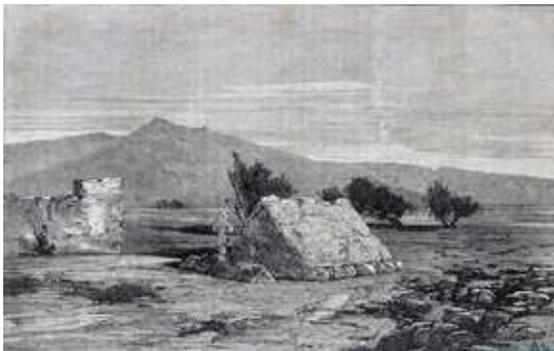
We are little black sheep, Who have gone astray.

Baa! Baa! Baa!

Gentlemen songsters off on a spree, Damned from here to eternity

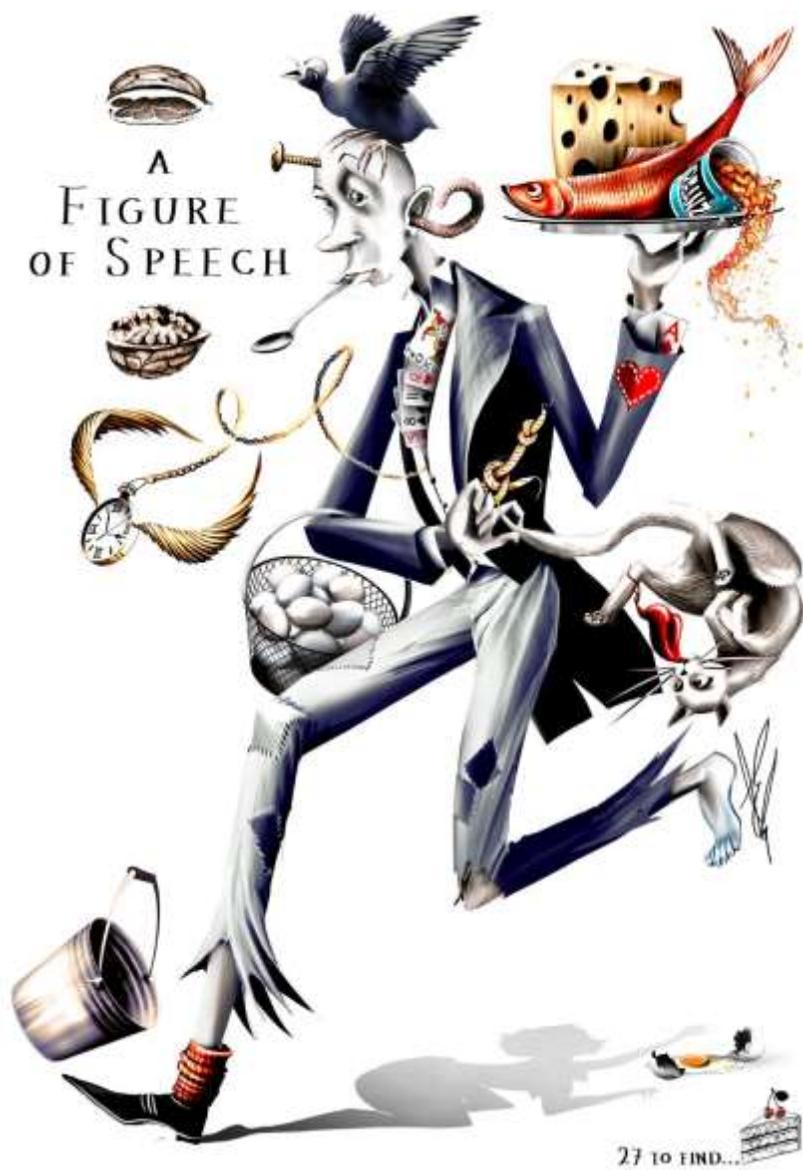
God have mercy on such as we.

Baa! Baa! Baa!



A FIGURE OF SPEECH

There are 27 Figures of Speech in this small cartoon by Ella Baron. Can you find them all?





Some Final Words

We gathered these snippets, in much the same spirit as we do our Christmas cornucopia. On this occasion, however, it is hoped that it will help to pass some time – together, and we send our love and thoughts to you all. And remember....

Matron knows best

Stay Safe – Be Sensible – Keep thinking about next year

Please feel free to pass it on

XXX

Nick & Belinda Boyd

Ivy Farmhouse, Longcot, Faringdon, Oxfordshire, SN7 7TG

Tel: (H) 01793 782289 (W) 01793 780780

(M) 07831 400660 (N) or 07831 488777 (B)

THE BOYDS' SELF-ISOLATING READING LIST

The following are currently available on Amazon

- The Missionary Position: Mother Teresa in Theory and Practice by Christopher Hitchens
- Games you can play with your pussy by Ira Alterman
- How to Avoid Huge Ships by Capt. John W. Trimmer
- The Manly Art of Knitting (Paperback) by Dave Fougner
- Hitler: Neither Vegetarian Nor Animal Lover by Rynn Berry

All the answers can be obtained by sending an email to nickboyd@raceweb.com