

SECOMBE KNOCKS 'EM

Blest if it wasn't Harry Secombe himself. He dropped in at the Brighton, a pub in the Old Kent Road, and in about ten seconds flat was the life and soul of the party. He didn't ask, What about the Workers? because this time Harry's visit was in the cause of spastic children. That enormous pile of pennies was contributed by the locals (the last one going on now) and they reckon there must have been fully £40-worth. So Mr. Secombe pushed his rotund form forward, for the time-honoured ceremony of knocking them all down.

Harry's Welsh blood got the better of him, so he burst forth with, "Wel'll keep a welcome -"