

In sunny roads near Birmingham the rich and mighty dwell -
Great captains of our industry - financiers as well;
Their houses sleek and beautiful, their gardens crammed with flowers -
Platoons of gardeners toil away for hours and hours and hours
To make a perfect atmosphere where great men can relax
(It's really not expensive, when it comes off income tax).

These mighty men need little rest; and from the break of day
They're on their toes, and wide awake, impatient for the fray -
Eager to build new cinemas - or give old ones away.

This may explain why Birmingham just couldn't win the Cup -

Blinsey! It's Mr. Davis! And he's really getting up!

What's on today? What work's to do? What new important deals
To be arranged? What calls to make? How many hundred reels
of film to shift from place to place, to keep the folk of Britain
Continuously entertained? What letters to be written?
A day like this inspires a man - it makes him enterprising -
Though first he needs a spot of grub to face such early rising
And give him strength to meet the day -

Hey there, no advertising!

Man does not live by bread alone - he does the best he can
To earn the little extra that will buy a pot of jam;
And so, while Mrs. Davis starts to put the house to rights,
Her husband is disposing of the last remaining bites
And girding on his armour for the battle of the day -
For men must work, and women weep - or so the poets say.

Outside his door the chauffeur waits to take him into town -
For a man of good position mustn't let the neighbours down.

And on the way, there's time to scan the latest information
On politics and world affairs, the business of the nation,
Before he meets his colleagues, who are waiting to agree
The details of a conference at Blackpool by the sea,
Where cinema exhibition of every shape and size,
Will shortly gather to discuss just where their future lies -
To draw up plans, air grievances, and have a general bash
At the Chancellor and everyone who stops them earning cash.

Preparing such a conference is not a piece of cake;
For whatever preparations the committee tries to make
Will be all wrong for somebody, as sure as eggs is eggs -
And on the day some delegate will get up on his legs
Complaining that his hotel room's too far - too big - too small -
Or else that no one's given him a hotel room at all!

But committeemen are human, when all is said and done -
And no one sits on conference committee just for fun!

With keen anticipation, the committee hurry out
Dreading of tender chicken roast, with mushrooms set about -
Perhaps some Graves to wash it down, then strawberries and cream -
Coffee, Cointreau, a fat cigar, alas! It is - a dream,
No fine exclusive restaurant, no well-provided club -
No orchestra, no orchids - just an ordinary pub!

But cinema exhibitors are used to taking knocks -
Concealing disappointment and facing up to shocks -
So perfect are their manners, note hint shows in their faces
That conceivably they might have thought of more exciting places -
Or that beer and cheese and biscuits are not quite what you would think
A presidential lunch would mean, in terms of food and drink,
For it would never do to cause a President offence -
To keep in with the President is only common sense;
So they thank him for the kindly hospitality he's shown ...
(Excuse me, Mr. Davis, but you're wanted on the phone).

A very urgent message - or so it would appear;
It would have to be important, to take him from his beer.

It's a penalty of greatness that occasions such as these
Are prone to interruption - for even beer and cheese
Have to be left unfinished when there's business to be done -
It may seem hard to swallow, but - that's how the world is run.
Alas, Mr. Davis! That he should have to leave
His friends behind him in the pub - that duty should bereave
His colleagues of his company! But still, he'd never shirk
The burdens of his office, the unrelenting work -
His does his duty bravely - though anyone would think
The problems that beset him would drive a man to drink!

And now the time is coming when his headaches really start -
The train is at the platform, and he's ready to depart -
For Blackpool, to prepare for when the members come along -
And heaven help the President if anything goes wrong!

C.E.A. SPECIAL (CONFID.)

The President's away at last - the city's left behind
And all its larkly-barkly's out of sight - and out of mind,
Forgotten in the peace and quiet of Blackpool's sandy shore -
But even here there's work to do - hotel rooms by the score
To be arranged for delegates with widely varied tastes.
You know, of course, our President's a man who never wastes
A penny without thinking - so to save the taxi fare
He's humped his bags for four long miles - but now at last he's there.
And Mr. David Quinlan has his staff drawn up to meet
The man who's booked the lot, from top-floor-back to bridal suite.
He gives a friendly greeting to each and everyone -
(Well, I don't know, Mr. Davis - but I'll see what can be done")

The cream of Britain's cultures here for him to choose -
The beach, the pier, the tower - and what has he to loose?
There's everything to pick from - and he's not the only one -
For Messrs. Seett and Adley are already having fun;
A pennyworth of telescope has brought within their reach
Some nature study, doubtless - or some bird life on the beach.

Ah yes, of course, it's Mr. James, collecting information
On some conference procedure that needs careful preparation.

And now it's time to welcome all the chaps from C.E.A.
Like Mr. Walsh and Mr. Pearl, arriving for the fray!
The Barbors, the Bogedas - and a gentleman whose name
We dare not try pronouncing - but he's welcome, just the same.
And now to sort the luggage - is every label clear?
(Hey, that's enough publicity! -) And Mr. Brewster's here -
And Micky Skipman and his wife, as well - in fact, the lot;
All setting out to sample everything that Blackpool's got
To offer them - and tell me, what are conferences for
But rest and relaxation? Well, I don't know, I'm sure.

An ice for Mr. Fielder - a drink upon a stick -
A very little one, of course; we mustn't make him sick.
But Mr. Walter Eckart is made of sterner stuff -
He'll tackle something bigger - though the going may be tough.

Here's Mrs. Howard Smith (and husband) - Mr. Ivor Fnull,
How's things at Richmond, Ivor? - Oh, not too bad at all,

Still at it? Well, he asked for it - there's quite a lot to clear,
He should have tried a smaller one - Like Mr. Edwards' here.
Don't forget the Eckart motto - always finish what you start;
It's that which makes exhibitors a race of men apart.
Don't believe us? Ask the President - or Mr. Arnold there,
Or Mr. Stan van Geldron - go on, ask 'em if you dare!

Per ardua ad astra - which, translated from the Latin,
Means: "Cor Blimey"! Where on each d'you find the room
to put all that in?

But while ice cream may satisfy the customers at first
Its most important function lies in building up a thirst,
A drink for Mr. Lister! And another for his wife!
And one for Mr. Caverson! The party comes to life
As Mr. Dennis Kester, Liverpool's Dudley West,
And other thirsty delegates arrive to do their best.
Mr. Cheetham, Mr. Cotton, and Mrs. Johnson too -
But need we name them? After all, the crowd included you!

It's good to see the delegates are building up their strength
For a conference agenda of considerable length -
It does not, we must remind you, confine itself to drinks;
There's a most important tournament next morning on the links;
A bowls event at Stanley Park - the Northrock supper dance -
A fashion show by Herrockes, when wives will have a chance
To draw attention to the fact that summer's nearly here
And once again they haven't got a single thing to wear.
Let's see - there must be something else - oh Yes! We quite forgot -
The General Council will be meeting - if it's not too hot.
So here's a health to everybody in the C.R.A.
Success to their endeavours - and may they have to pay
Less entertainment tax this year, on ever bigger takings -
May all their cinemas be full, and all their undertakings
Prosper exceedingly - we wish them happiness and wealth -
In fact, we wish them everything a man could wish himself!