

## 1949 - 1989

It's 40 years since Mr. Reeson  
Passed on his shop to you.  
He must have had a damned good reason -  
Did you give him a bob or two?

You travelled hill and travelled dale  
To show your wares to the farmers.  
You've often told the funny tale  
Of old Ned in his flannel pyjamas!

Then you came to Rimington  
And took over the garage there.  
Instead of gambroons and kitles  
There are gowns with shoulders bare.

Suits fill your rails from end to end  
Hanging straight and ready-to-wear;  
A far cry from the cloths you humped  
Asking, "Sir, which do you prefer?"

Shoes you've had and jewellery,  
Not to mention clocks;  
A family of elephants  
But not one pair of socks!

We wrap your parcels carefully  
And use brown paper every time,  
But we curse that Mr. Reeson  
And his bloody sisal twine!

The ladies come in thousands  
To attend all your "At Homes".  
They sing your praises loud and clear  
If only for the cream horns!

We are proud to be a part of  
The successful shop you run  
And congratulate you here tonight

40 years on!