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# PARSON'S WIFE WENT TO INN

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Out for a drive in her car, the young wife of a Derbyshire clergyman wife pulled up outside the Bull's Head Inn, a small country tavern at Coalville (Leics), and she walked up to the bar.

She was not thirsty. All she wanted was a bottle of beer as a treat for her parson husband awaiting her at home.

Now she is worried, for she is afraid villagers will get a wrong impression from her visit to the public house - think of her as a regular "pub-caller."

"I must make them understand that I didn't call in for a quick one," she told me yesterday. "Wives of clergymen don't do such things."

The news leaked out like this. Yesterday, Mrs. Eleanor Marjorie Colton, aged thirty-five, wife of the Rev. Henry Rupert Colton, of the Rectory, Weston-on-Trent, Derbyshire, was summoned at Coalville for leaving a motor-car without setting the brakes outside the Bull's Head Inn Swannington, near Coalville, on July 1. She pleaded guilty, and was fined 5s. The car ran to the off side of the road and crashed into a wall.

## What Will Village Say?

Mrs. Colton told the police: "On Saturday, July 1, about 9.5 p.m., I was driving in the Coalville direction. I pulled up outside the Bull's Head ... went inside to make a purchase, but I stood knocking for a few moments before I was served. I then heard somebody calling, 'Your car is going' " "I ran out and noticed it moving slowly along the nearside pavement. It slowly gathered speed on the slope and crashed into a brick wall. When I left the car I put the hand-brake on, and the engine was shut off."

At her home yesterday, Mrs. Colton told me: "I anxious as to what impression the villagers here will get when they hear of this thing. Had it been London - where I came from - I wouldn't have worried."

## She Felt Nervous at Bar

"But in a small place like this it does not do for people to think that a clergyman's wife is in the habit of calling in pubs for "quick ones" - especially as my husband is merely tenant here. He is secretary of a missionary society. I never drink in public houses. This might look like it, but as a matter of fact I'm virtually a total abstainer - just have a port or so at Christmas, or on special occasions."

"I went in to get a bottle of beer for my husband. I usually call and get him one at off-licence shops, but I did not know the Coalville district. The public house was very noisy and crowded. And people were singing. I felt rather nervous as I went up to the bar. I knocked on the counter, but in the noise no one heard me. No one took any notice of me, so I walked out without making any purchase at all."