

The Flying Deuces.

Magazine for fans of Laurel & Hardy and Abbott & Costello.

November 2025 Edition. Volume 1, Issue 9



The Flying Deuces.

October 2025 Edition
Volume 1, Issue 8



Pardon My Sarong

"I know there's no such person as Dracula. You know there's no such person as Dracula. But does Dracula know it?"

Welcome to the November 2025 edition of our newsletter.

It's now getting cold and the woollies are out and being used. Firework displays are starting, which means out in the cold and dark to watch bonfires and fireworks.

Hopefully you all remembered to put your clocks back an hour on Sunday 27th October. This marks the end of British Summer Time, and a return to Greenwich Mean Time (GMT). This means when you go to work, it's dark, and when you go home.... It's dark. But for now enjoy this newsletter.



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Laurel and Hardy. The Case of the Corporate Crumpet

Screenplay by Phillip Chandler. Copyright 2025



FADE IN:

SCENE 1 INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

A dusty, second-floor office. Sunlight streams through a window, illuminating floating dust motes. On the frosted glass of the door, painted backwards, are the words:

LAUREL & HARDY CONFIDENTIAL INVESTIGATIONS "The Mind of a Holmes, The Price of a Watson"

STAN LAUREL, thin and with a perpetually bewildered expression, is attempting to dust a globe with a feather duster. He spins it, then tries to dust it while it's moving, succeeding only in sending a cloud of dust into his own face. He sneezes, a tiny, almost apologetic sound.

OLIVER HARDY, portly and self-important, sits behind a grand, albeit scarred, wooden desk. He wears a rumpled tweed suit and a bowler hat, which he has not removed. He is trying, with immense concentration, to light a large, curved calabash pipe. He strikes a match, brings it to the bowl, and inhales deeply. Nothing happens. He frowns, shakes the pipe, and tries again.

STAN (Wiping his nose) Did you get it lit, Ollie?

OLLIE (Waving the match out) Patience, Stanley, patience. A great mind requires the proper ambience to ruminate. Sherlock Holmes never rushed his three-pipe problems.

Ollie strikes another match. He puffs dramatically. A small, sad wisp of smoke emerges, followed by a shower of sparks that land on his tie. He yelps, frantically batting at his chest.

OLLIE (CONT'D) Doh!

He glares at Stan, as if it were his fault. Stan offers a helpful smile and blows on Ollie's tie, sending a plume of soot directly into Ollie's face. Ollie sputters, his face now smudged with black. He fixes Stan with a long-suffering stare, then turns his head to look directly into the CAMERA, sighing with the weight of the world on his shoulders.

The door opens. A well-dressed, anxious man enters. This is MR. PERCIVAL PUMBLE, owner of "Pumble's Patent Puddings."

MR. PUMBLE Are you the investigators? Laurel and Hardy?

Ollie immediately straightens his sooty tie and puffs out his chest, the picture of professionalism.

OLLIE The very same, sir. At your service. I am Mr. Hardy, the brains of this organization. And this is my associate, Mr. Laurel.

Stan, hearing his name, turns and gives Mr. Pumble a little wave with the feather duster, sending another dust cloud wafting through the office.

MR. PUMBLE (Waving the dust away) Quite. I have a matter of the utmost delicacy. It requires discretion, cunning, and surgical precision.

OLLIE You've come to the right place. We are the very embodiment of delicatessen. Precision is our middle name.

STAN I thought your middle name was Norvell, Ollie.

Ollie shoots Stan a withering glare before turning back to the client with a strained smile.

OLLIE A mere... nom de plume. Please, sir, state your case.

MR. PUMBLE It's my wife, Beatrice. I suspect she is a spy.

Stan's eyes go wide. Ollie leans forward, intrigued.

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OLLIE A spy? For a foreign power? A dastardly imbroglio of international espionage!

MR. PUMBLE No, no, nothing so... exotic. I believe she is secretly working for my chief competitor, Fitzwilliam's Fantastic Flans!

Ollie deflates slightly.

OLLIE Ah. Industrial espionage. Just as dastardly. Proceed.

MR. PUMBLE For weeks, our company secrets have been leaking. Our new formula for Self-Rising Rice Pudding, our Perennial Plum Duff... Fitzwilliam announces a similar product days after our internal meetings! Beatrice has been acting strangely. Leaving the house at odd hours, being secretive about her appointments... I need you to follow her. For one month. Find out if she's meeting with Fitzwilliam. I need proof!

OLLIE Consider it done, Mr. Pumble. We shall stick to her like glue. She will not make a move without our knowledge. The game, as they say, is afoot!

Stan, trying to look thoughtful like Ollie, puts his finger to his temple. He misses and pokes himself in the eye.

STAN Ouch.

Mr. Pumble hands Ollie a thick envelope of cash and a photograph of a handsome, smiling woman.

MR. PUMBLE My Beatrice. Be careful. And for heaven's sake, be discreet.

OLLIE Sir, you wound me. Discretion is the foundation upon which this agency is... founded.

Mr. Pumble, looking only partially reassured, nods and exits. Ollie counts the money with a flourish.

OLLIE (CONT'D) Stanley, our ship has come in! This is the case that will make our reputation. To the disguise trunk!

SCENE 2 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

A pristine, tree-lined street. MRS. BEATRICE PUMBLE exits her large, stately home. She is carrying a large, wicker picnic basket. She gets into her shiny automobile and drives off.

A moment later, Laurel and Hardy's vehicle sputters around the corner. It's a battered Model T Ford.

They are in "disguise."

Ollie is wearing a painfully false, bushy black mustache that is glued on crooked, and a pair of dark spectacles. Stan is wearing an identical mustache, but he has put it on upside-down, so it looks like a furry smile above his lip. He is also wearing a deerstalker cap.

OLLIE (Pointing) There she goes! After her, Stanley! But maintain a safe, inconspicuous distance.

STAN Right, Ollie. Inconspic... incons... far away.

Stan floors the accelerator. The Model T lurches, backfires loudly (SFX: A-OO-GAH! BANG!), and shoots forward, rocketing past Mrs. Pumble's car and cutting her off. Mrs. Pumble slams on her brakes, startled.

Stan, realizing his mistake, slams on his own brakes. The car screeches to a halt. Ollie flies forward, his face planting squarely in the dusty windshield. His fake mustache is left perfectly stuck to the glass.

(SFX: SQUISH)

Ollie slowly peels his face away, now clean-shaven again. He turns to Stan, his expression a mixture





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of fury and pain. Mrs. Pumble, meanwhile, shakes her head at the two strange men in the ridiculous car and drives around them, continuing on her way.

OLLIE Well? What are you waiting for?

Stan stares at the mustache on the windshield, then back at Ollie's bare lip. He scratches his head, genuinely confused.

STAN Did you have a shave, Ollie?

Ollie closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and then points tremblingly down the road.

OLLIE Just... drive.

SCENE 3 EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

A montage of surveillance failures over the next few weeks.

- Laurel and Hardy try to hide behind a single, thin sapling. They stand one behind the other, Ollie's considerable girth visible on both sides of the tree. Mrs. Pumble walks by with her basket, giving them a curious glance.
- They follow her to a department store. They attempt to hide in a mannequin display for ladies' foundation garments. Ollie gets his head stuck in a girdle. Stan, trying to help, pulls on it, stretching it like a slingshot. He lets go. (SFX: BOI-OI-OING! THWACK!) It snaps back, spinning Ollie around and knocking over the entire display.

They follow her to a library. They try to listen to her conversation from the next aisle by using a long tube made of rolled-up newspapers. Stan puts his ear to one end. Ollie, at the other end, sees a spider and blows it down the tube to get rid of it. The

spider shoots out the other end, directly into Stan's ear. Stan yelps and smacks himself on the head, destroying the listening device and toppling a bookshelf. (SFX: CRASH!)

Each time, Mrs. Pumble seems to notice the commotion but pays them no mind, as if they are merely part of the city's chaotic background noise.

SCENE 4 INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Three weeks later. The office looks even more chaotic. Ollie is pacing, his suit now featuring a prominent rip in the sleeve. Stan is trying to glue Ollie's original fake mustache back together.

OLLIE It's no use, Stanley! Three weeks and what have we discovered? Nothing! Absolutely nothing! She goes to the park, she goes to the library, she goes to the market. All we know is that she carries that blasted basket everywhere!

STAN Maybe she's a spy who likes picnics, Ollie.

OLLIE (Stops pacing) A spy who... Stanley, that is the most ridiculous, addle-pated, nincompoop idea I have ever...

Ollie pauses. His eyes narrow in thought.

OLLIE (CONT'D) Wait a minute. The basket... Of course! It's a dead drop! She's exchanging information via the basket! Stanley, your simple-minded buffoonery has stumbled upon the truth! We must intercept that basket!

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STAN (Beaming) Did I do good, Ollie?

OLLIE You've done nothing! I am the one who deciphered your babbling. Tomorrow, we put Operation 'Badger the Basket' into effect!

SCENE 5 EXT. WINDOW LEDGE, FITZWILLIAM'S FLANS HQ - DAY

Ollie's new plan is, somehow, even worse. They are disguised as window washers on the third floor of the "Fitzwilliam's Fantastic Flans" building, which is directly opposite the park where Mrs. Pumble is currently sitting on a bench.

They are on a rickety wooden platform, suspended by ropes. Ollie is trying to watch Mrs. Pumble through a large pair of binoculars. Stan is supposed to be washing the windows.

STAN (Scrubbing listlessly) Are you sure this is a good idea, Ollie? It's a long way down.

OLLIE Silence! This is the perfect vantage point. We can observe the subject and the enemy headquarters simultaneously. It's elementary, my dear Laurel. Now, hand me the telescopic lens.

Stan, confused, looks around. He sees a long-handled squeegee. He hands it to Ollie. Ollie, not looking, takes it and tries to attach it to his binoculars.

OLLIE (CONT'D) It won't fit... What is this?!

He looks at the squeegee in disgust and tosses it away. It flies through the air, end over end, and disappears through an open window on the second floor of their own building.

(SFX: WHIZZ... CRASH! MUFFLED YELL)

A moment later, MR. FITZWILLIAM, a portly man with a monocle, sticks his head out the window below, sputtering with rage, a wet squeegee mark across his bald head.

MR. FITZWILLIAM You hooligans! You nearly decapitated me! I'll have your jobs for this!

OLLIE (Leaning over the edge) A thousand pardons, my good man! A momentary... lapse in judgment!

While Ollie is distracted, Stan leans over to get a better look. His foot gets tangled in the rope that controls the platform's height. As he shifts his weight, the platform gives a violent lurch and begins to descend rapidly.

Ollie yelps, dropping the binoculars and grabbing onto the ropes for dear life. Stan flails, making it worse. The platform swings wildly, like a pendulum. On one swing, it swoops past Fitzwilliam's window, and Ollie's flailing foot kicks a pot of geraniums off his windowsill.

(SFX: KICK! CRASH!)

On the swing back, it passes Mrs. Pumble in the park below. She looks up, sees the two men swinging in the air, and shakes her head with a small, amused smile before picking up her basket and walking towards the Fitzwilliam building.

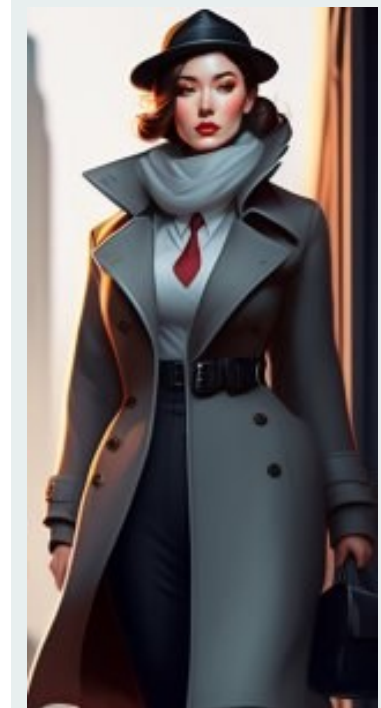
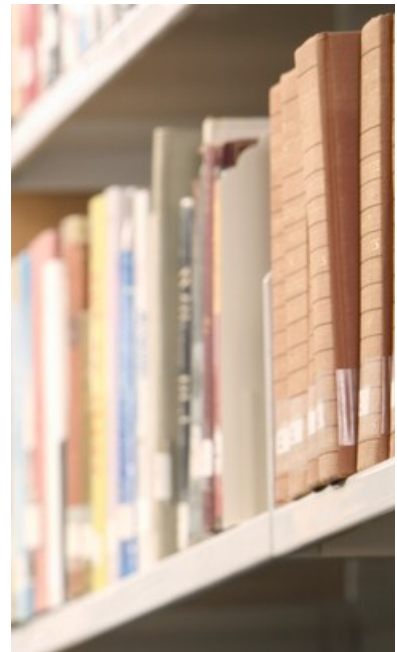
OLLIE (Spotting her) Stanley! She's on the move! She's going in! We were right!

The platform finally jolts to a stop just a few feet off the ground. Ollie, dizzy and disheveled, tumbles off. Stan follows, landing on top of him.

OLLIE (CONT'D) (Muffled) Get off me, you clumsy oaf! This is it! The final confrontation! To the lobby!

SCENE 6 INT. FITZWILLIAM'S FLANS HQ, LOBBY - DAY

Laurel and Hardy scramble into the ornate lobby, looking com-





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pletely out of place in their window-washer overalls. They see Mrs. Pumble talking to the receptionist.

OLLIE (Whispering) We need a place to hide! Behind that potted palm!

They dive behind a large fern. Peeking through the fronds, they see Mrs. Pumble being led down a hallway. They tiptoe after her.

They follow her to a large conference room. The door is slightly ajar. Ollie puts his eye to the crack. Inside, Mrs. Pumble is standing at a long table. Across from her is none other than MR. FITZWILLIAM. On the table between them is the wicker basket.

OLLIE (Whispering triumphantly) I knew it! The exchange is happening now! We have them red-handed!

STAN (Peeking under Ollie's arm) What's in the basket, Ollie?

Ollie pushes Stan's head down.

OLLIE State secrets, you dunce! The formula for Pumble's puddings!

Suddenly, Stan feels a familiar tickle in his nose from a fern frond. His face contorts.

STAN Ah... ah... ah...

OLLIE (Hissing) Don't you dare! Stanley, if you...

STAN AH-CHOO!

The sneeze is monumental. It's so powerful it blows him backwards into Ollie. The two of them stumble, lose their balance, and crash through the door, tumbling into the conference room in a heap of flailing limbs and landing at the feet of Mrs. Pumble and Mr. Fitzwilliam.

Just then, the main doors of the lobby burst open and MR. PUMBLE storms in, his face purple with rage.

MR. PUMBLE A-HA! I couldn't wait any longer! I knew I'd find you here, Beatrice! Consorting with the enemy! Handing over my puddings!

He points a trembling finger at his wife.

Mrs. Pumble doesn't look guilty. She looks exasperated. She calmly opens the wicker basket.

MRS. PUMBLE Percival, you are a dear, sweet, wonderful fool.

She pulls out of the basket not secret documents, but a magnificent, glistening, perfectly formed Crème brûlée.

Mr. Fitzwilliam adjusts his monocle and smiles.

MR. FITZWILLIAM Indeed. Your wife, Pumble, has been taking advanced baking lessons for the past month. She wanted to enter the Annual Inter-Corporate Charity Bake-Off... as a surprise. To win the trophy for your company. I happen to be the head judge. We were just conducting the preliminary tasting.

Mr. Pumble stares, dumbfounded, at the crème brûlée. Ollie, slowly getting to his feet, looks mortified.

MR. PUMBLE B-b-baking lessons? But... my secrets! The Self-Rising Rice Pudding! Who has been leaking my formulas?

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Stan, who has finally untangled himself, stands up. He pats down his overalls. From his pocket, he pulls a crumpled, grease-stained piece of paper.

STAN Is this one of them, Mr. Pumble? It got stuck to Ollie's shoe the first day we met you. I've been using it as a coaster for my tea.

He hands the paper to Mr. Pumble. Pumble's eyes go wide.

MR. PUMBLE My God... it's the formula! The original copy!

All eyes turn to Ollie. He freezes. He remembers stepping on a loose paper in Pumble's office. He has been the leak all along, completely by accident. The "secrets" were literally following him around.

Ollie's face goes from shock, to embarrassment, to utter humiliation. He looks at Stan. He looks at Mr. Pumble. He looks at the crème brûlée. Finally, he turns his head slowly and looks directly at the CAMERA with an expression of pure, defeated agony.

OLLIE Well... Here's another nice mess you've gotten me into.

Stan, ever helpful, smiles brightly. He reaches into his other pocket and pulls out a squashed, lint-covered crumpet.

STAN Would anyone care for a pastry?

Mr. Pumble faints dead away.

(SFX: THUD!)

FADE OUT.

THE END



JANE FREZEE

Mary Jane Frehse (July 18, 1915 - September 6, 1985), was an American actress, singer, and dancer.

Jane, age six, and her 12-year-old sister Ruth formed a singing vaudeville act known as The Frazee Sisters. The act broke up in 1940, when Jane landed a leading role in the B film *Melody and Moonlight* (1940) for Republic Pictures. Shortly after the film's release she was signed by Universal Pictures and was featured in *Buck Privates*, the high-grossing 1941 comedy/World War II film starring Bud Abbott and Lou Costello. The strong impression she made in that film elevated her to leading-lady roles in Universal's popular "B" musicals, usually appearing opposite Robert Paige. She left Universal in late 1942, when she married actor-director Glenn Tryon, who was 16 years her senior. The actress was still very much in demand and returned to Republic for more musicals. She also appeared frequently in budget features for Columbia Pictures.

After World War II, most of the larger Hollywood studios curtailed their lower-budget productions and produced fewer features. This affected scores of actors, who sought refuge at the smaller studios that had been making low-budget features all along. Thus, Jane Frazee found steady if unprestigious work at Monogram Pictures and Lippert Pictures, in addition to her Republic duties. This led to the even lower-budgeted and faster-paced field of westerns, and television (including the early adventure series *Adventures of Superman*).

The actress ended her screen career co-starring in short subjects produced by Warner Brothers. These were the popular Joe McDoakes comedies starring George O'Hanlon. The 10-minute shorts were domestic sketches noted for their wild comic exaggeration, and Frazee (who appeared without billing) earned her laughs with excellent comedy timing. The series lapsed in 1956.

On May 28, 1942, Frazee married associate producer Glenn Tryon in Yuma, Arizona. They were divorced on April 16, 1947, in Las Vegas, Nevada, and had one son, Timothy. On April 24, 1948, Frazee married Whitey Christensen, a screen double for Roy Rogers, in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Frazee died of pneumonia at the Flagship Health Center in Newport Beach, California in 1985, aged 70.



Jerome David Kern



Jerome David Kern (January 27, 1885 - November 11, 1945) was an American composer of musical theatre and popular music. One of the most important American theatre composers of the early 20th century, he wrote more than 700 songs, used in over 100 stage works, including such classics as "Ol' Man River", "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man", "A Fine Romance", "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes", "The Song Is You", "All the Things You Are", "The Way You Look Tonight" and "Long Ago (and Far Away)". He collaborated with many of the leading librettists and lyricists of his era, including George Grossmith Jr., Guy Bolton, P. G. Wodehouse, Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein II, Dorothy Fields, Johnny Mercer, Ira Gershwin and Yip Harburg.

A native New Yorker, Kern created dozens of Broadway musicals and Hollywood films in a career that lasted for more than four decades. His musical innovations, such as 4/4 dance rhythms and the employment of syncopation and jazz progressions, built on, rather than rejected, earlier musical theatre tradition. He and his collaborators also employed his melodies to further the action or develop characterization to a greater extent than in the other musicals of his day, creating the model for later musicals. Although dozens of Kern's musicals and musical films were hits, only *Show Boat* is now regularly revived. Songs from his other shows, however, are still frequently performed and adapted. Many of Kern's songs have been adapted by jazz musicians to become standard tunes.

Kern was born in New York City, on Sutton Place, in what was then the city's brewery district. His parents were Henry Kern (1842-1908), a Jewish German immigrant, and Fannie Kern nee Kakeles (1852-1907), who was an American Jew of Bohemian parentage. At the time of Kern's birth, his father ran a livery stable; later he became a successful merchant. Kern grew up on East 56th Street in Manhattan, where he attended public schools. He showed an early aptitude for music and was taught to play the piano and organ by his mother, a professional player and teacher.

In 1897, the family moved to Newark, New Jersey, where Kern attended Newark High School (which became Barringer High School in 1907). He wrote songs for the school's first musical, a minstrel show, in 1901, and for an amateur musical adaptation of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* put on at the Newark Yacht Club in January 1902. Kern left high school before graduation in the spring of his senior year in 1902. In response, Kern's father insisted that his son work with him in business, instead of composing. Kern, however, failed miserably in one of his earliest tasks: he was supposed to purchase two pianos for the store, but instead he ordered 200. His father relented, and later in 1902, Kern became a student at the New York College of Music, studying the piano under Alexander Lambert and Paolo Gallico, and harmony under Dr. Austin Pierce. His first published composition, a piano piece, *At the Casino*, appeared in the same year. Between 1903 and 1905, he continued his musical training under private tutors in Heidelberg, Germany, returning to New York via London.

For a time, Kern worked as a rehearsal pianist in Broadway theatres and as a song-plugger for Tin Pan Alley music publishers. While in London, he secured a contract from the American impresario Charles Frohman to provide songs for interpolation in Broadway versions of London shows. He began to provide these additions in 1904 to British scores for *An English Daisy*, by Seymour Hicks and Walter Slaughter, and *Mr. Wix of Wickham*, for which he wrote most of the songs.

In 1905, Kern contributed the song "How'd you like to spoon with me?" to Ivan Caryll's hit musical *The Earl and the Girl* when the show transferred to Chicago and New York in 1905. He also contributed to the New York production of *The Catch of the Season*

Jerome David Kern

(1905), *The Little Cherub* (1906) and *The Orchid* (1907), among other shows. From 1905 on, he spent long periods of time in London, contributing songs to West End shows like *The Beauty of Bath* (1906; with lyricist P. G. Wodehouse) and making valuable contacts, including George Grossmith Jr. and Seymour Hicks, who were the first to introduce Kern's songs to the London stage. In 1909 during one of his stays in England, Kern took a boat trip on the River Thames with some friends, and when the boat stopped at Walton-on-Thames, they went to an inn called the Swan for a drink. Kern was much taken with the proprietor's daughter, Eva Leale (1891-1959), who was working behind the bar. He wooed her, and they were married at the Anglican church of St. Mary's in Walton on October 25, 1910. The couple then lived at the Swan when Kern was in England.

Kern is believed to have composed music for silent films as early as 1912, but the earliest documented film music which he is known to have written was for a twenty-part serial, *Gloria's Romance* in 1916. This was one of the first starring vehicles for Billie Burke, for whom Kern had earlier written the song "Mind the Paint", with lyrics by A. W. Pinero. The film is now considered lost, but Kern's music survives. Another score for the silent movies, *Jubilo*, followed in 1919. Kern was one of the founding members of ASCAP.

Kern and his wife, Eva, often vacationed on their yacht *Show Boat*. He collected rare books and enjoyed betting on horses.[54] At the time of Kern's death, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was filming a fictionalized version of his life, *Till the Clouds Roll By*, which was released in 1946 starring Robert Walker as Kern. In the film, Kern's songs are sung by Judy Garland, Kathryn Grayson, June Allyson, Lena Horne, Dinah Shore, Frank Sinatra and Angela Lansbury, among others, and Gower Champion and Cyd Charisse appear as dancers. Many of the biographical elements are fictionalized.

In the fall of 1945, Kern returned to New York City to oversee auditions for a new revival of *Show Boat*, and began to work on the score for what would become the musical *Annie Get Your Gun*, to be produced by Rodgers and Hammerstein. On November 5, 1945, at 60 years of age, he suffered a cerebral hemorrhage while walking at the corner of Park Avenue and 57th Street. Identifiable only by his ASCAP card, Kern was initially taken to the indigent ward at City Hospital, later being transferred to Doctors Hospital in Manhattan. Hammerstein was at his side when Kern's breathing stopped.

Hammerstein hummed or sang the song "I've Told Ev'ry Little Star" from *Music in the Air* (a personal favorite of the composer's) into Kern's ear. Receiving no response, Hammerstein realized Kern had died. Rodgers and Hammerstein then assigned the task of writing the score for *Annie Get Your Gun* to the veteran Broadway composer Irving Berlin.

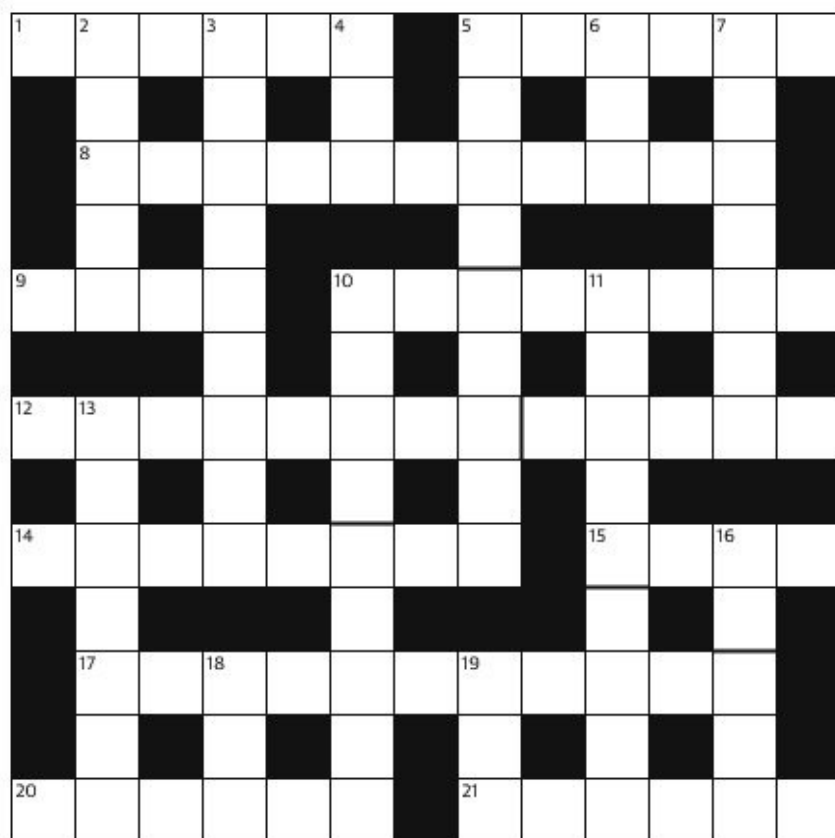
Kern is interred at Ferncliff Cemetery in Westchester County, New York. His daughter, Elizabeth "Betty" Jane Kern (1918-1996) married Artie Shaw in 1942 and later Jack Cummings. Kern's wife eventually remarried, to a singer named George Byron.



OCTOBER 2025 CROSSWORD ANSWERS

¹ D	E	² C	A	³ N	T	⁴ E	R		⁵ F	⁶ A	S	⁷ T
A		R		I		S		⁸ T		P		R
⁹ S	T	I	N	G		¹⁰ P	R	E	S	A	G	E
H		C		H		R		C		C		A
	¹¹ S	K	I	T	T	I	S	H	N	E	S	S
¹² C		E		C		T		N				U
¹³ L	E	T	F	L	Y		¹⁴ P	O	P	¹⁵ P	E	R
U				O		¹⁶ S		P		R		E
¹⁷ S	H	¹⁸ O	R	T	S	I	G	H	T	E	D	
T		L		H		T		O		C		¹⁹ S
²⁰ E	M	I	N	E	N	T		²¹ B	L	I	M	P
R		V		S		E		E		S		A
²² S	E	E	D		²³ P	R	O	S	P	E	C	T

NOVEMBER 2025 CROSSWORD



Across

- 1 Afternoon nap (6)
- 5 Construction material made of aggregates, a binder, and water (6)
- 8 Ruling - law-making (11)
- 9 Old Roman attire (4)
- 10 Set aside (8)
- 12 Sal volatile, by another name (8,5)
- 14 Causes (8)
- 15 Light rail option (4)
- 17 Unseemly behaviour (11)
- 20 Empty (6)
- 21 Sterile or worn out (6)

Down

- 2 Arctic home (5)
- 3 Nodded, perhaps (9)
- 4 Donkey (3)
- 5 Divisions of the zodiac (4,5)
- 6 Oxford, e.g. (3)
- 7 What saying 'Yes, I'm fine with that' signifies (7)
- 10 Nimbostratus, e.g. (4,5)
- 11 Common feature of a Sunday pub menu (5,4)
- 13 Lock type with a mechanism set into a door - erotism (anag.) (7)
- 16 Up to now (2,3)
- 18 Expert (3)
- 19 Sazerac cocktail ingredient sometimes replaced with bourbon (3)

LAUREL AND HARDY THE BUSBOYS



The Grand Imperial Hotel stood like a majestic monolith of polished granite and gilded dreams amidst the steel canyons of New York City. Its very name whispered of old money, hushed extravagance, and the kind of pristine silence that only a truly dedicated staff could maintain. It was, in short, a temple of refined luxury. And into this temple, on a Tuesday morning, stepped Stanley Laurel and Oliver Hardy, freshly minted bus boys.

Mr. Sterlingworth, the hotel manager, a man whose suits were always immaculate and whose patience was currently threadbare, paced his office. "They come highly... recommended," he muttered, reviewing the surprisingly brief and vague references. "Resourceful. Adaptable. Good with... *dishes*."

Mr. Fitzwilliam, the headwaiter, a man so ramrod straight he appeared to have ingested a yardstick, sniffed. "Mr. Sterlingworth, with all due respect, our previous bus boy, young Timothy, never once tripped over his own feet carrying a stack of thirty plates. These chaps... they look as if they might trip over a shadow."

Just then, a tentative knock sounded. The door opened slowly, revealing Stan, head

bowed, sheepishly clutching a small, splintered tray. Behind him, Ollie, trying to look dignified, squeezed through, his bowler hat askew.

"Ah, gentlemen!" Mr. Sterlingworth forced a smile. "Welcome to the Grand Imperial. Mr. Fitzwilliam here will be your immediate supervisor. He'll show you the ropes."

Ollie puffed out his chest. "Indeed, sir! Ready to serve, ready to impress!" He gestured grandly, accidentally knocking Stan's tray, sending a solitary, highly polished butter knife clattering to the floor. Stan looked like he was about to cry.

Fitzwilliam's eyebrow twitched. "Right. Follow me."

Their first assignment was the Silverfish Room, preparing for the annual Philatelists' Gala. One hundred settings, each requiring meticulous placement of cutlery, crystal, and linen.

"Observe, gentlemen," Fitzwilliam intoned, demonstrating with crisp precision. "Fork, left. Knife, right, blade facing in. Spoon, to the right of the knife. Napkin, folded into a swan, atop the plate." He completed a perfect setting in seconds. "Now, replicate that. One hundred times."

Ollie clapped his hands. "You heard him, Stanley! Precision! Elegance! Let's show him how it's

LAUREL AND HARDY THE BUSBOYS



done!”

Stan nodded, then immediately picked up a fork and tried to balance it upright on his nose.

“Stanley!” Ollie snapped, swatting the fork away. “What are you doing? We’re on the clock!”

They began. Ollie, adopting the posture of a seasoned artisan, carefully placed a spoon. Stan, meanwhile, attempted to replicate the napkin swan, but his efforts resulted in a crumpled, damp lump resembling a dead pigeon.

“No, Stanley, no!” Ollie sighed, snatching the napkin. “It’s a swan, not a soggy duck! Watch me.” He deftly folded another. “Now, you try.”

Stan tried again, diligently, but his fingers seemed to have a mind of their own. He ended up wrapping the napkin bizarrely around his hand, getting tangled.

“Oh, for heaven’s sake!” Ollie rolled his eyes, turning to the silverware. “Just get the silverware sorted. Forks on the left, knives on the right.”

“Forks... left... knives... right...” Stan chanted, picking up a handful of forks and meticulously placing them all on the right.

Ollie’s face began to redden. “Stanley! That’s a *fork*! It goes on the *left*!” He demonstrated, exasperated.

Stan looked at the fork, then at his hand, then at the table. “Oh. But... aren’t all these for... uh... eating?”

“Yes, they’re for eating, you numbskull! But there’s a system!” Ollie bellowed, reaching across to correct Stan’s work. In his haste, his elbow swept across a pyramid of champagne glasses, sending them cascading to the floor with a magnificent tinkling crash.

Fitzwilliam, hearing the commotion, reappeared, his face a mask of horrified disbelief. “What in blazes?!”

Ollie straightened, trying to look innocent. “Just a minor... adjustment, Mr. Fitzwilliam. A... structural integrity test.”

Stan, meanwhile, had begun sweeping up the glass shards with his bare hands, wincing with each prick.

“Stanley, stop that! You’ll cut yourself!” Ollie cried, grabbing a dustpan. He swept the glass, but accidentally swept it directly into a flower arrangement.

The first incident of many.

Their debut was merely the warm-up. The main event was the evening’s *pièce de résistance*: Lord Bartholomew Butterfield’s 70th birthday dinner in the opulent Gold Leaf Dining Room. Lord Butterfield, an industrial magnate known for his philanthropy and his explosive temper, demanded perfection.

“This is a delicate operation, gentlemen,” Fitzwilliam had explained, his voice strained. “The soup must be served simultaneously. The roast, carved tableside. And the cake... it must be presented with the utmost reverence. No... *mishaps*.” He glared pointedly at them.

“Understood, Mr. Fitzwilliam!” Ollie declared, adjusting his tiny bus boy apron. “We shall be paradigms of professionalism!”

Their first task: the Consommé Royale. Stan, tasked with a tray of hot soup bowls, shuffled nervously. Ollie held the swinging kitchen door open.

“Careful, Stanley, careful!” Ollie urged. “Small steps, eyes forward!”

Stan nodded, took a small step, and promptly tripped over an invisible floor imperfection. The tray tilted precariously. Ollie, seeing the impending disaster, lunged forward, trying to catch it. He succeeded, but in doing so, his head collided with Stan’s, sending a ripple through the tray. Three bowls of Consommé Royale launched into the air. One landed square-

LAUREL AND HARDY THE BUSBOYS



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ly on the bald head of a startled diner, Baron Von Schnitzel. Another coated Mrs. Van Derbilt's pearl necklace. The third splashed across the pristine white tablecloth of Lord Butterfield's own table.

A collective gasp went through the room.

"Oh, dear," Stan whimpered, looking at the Baron's steaming scalp.

Ollie rushed forward, fumbling for a napkin. "My sincerest apologies, Baron! A trifling... culinary mishap! Fresh from the kitchen, a complimentary... hair rinse!" He began vigorously dabbing the Baron's head, only to realize the napkin had just been used to wipe up a previous spill and was now covered in gravy.

The Baron roared, his face turning purple. "You imbecile! You've ruined my hair, good sir, and possibly my evening!"

Fitzwilliam materialized, his eyes blazing. "Hardy! Laurel! What is the meaning of this?"

"Just a minor... distribution error, Mr. Fitzwilliam!" Ollie stammered, pulling Stan back. "We're on it!"

Next came the main course: the Glorious Grand Imperial Roast of Beef. A massive, glistening joint of meat sat on a specialized carving trolley, wheeled in by a flustered chef. Their job was to assist with the serving.

"You, Stanley," Fitzwilliam instructed, pointing at Stan. "Push the trolley from behind. Hardy, you guide it from the front."

The trolley, however, had a mind of its own. One of its ornate, brass-rimmed wheels seemed to be stuck. Ollie pushed, grunting. Stan pushed from behind, grunting even more.

"Push, Stanley, PUSH!" Ollie yelled, his face red.

"I *am* pushing, Ollie! It's stuck!" Stan whined, pushing with all his might. The trolley jolted forward, then back, then forward again with a sudden lurch. The stuck wheel finally dislodged, sending the trolley careening across the polished floor.

"Whoa, whoa!" Ollie cried, trying to steer. But the trolley had developed a mind of its own, veering erratically. It narrowly missed a candelabra, then scraped against a velvet curtain, pulling it partially off its rail.

"Stanley, help me steer!" Ollie shrieked, wrestling with the recalcitrant cart.

Stan, in his eagerness to help, ran in front of the trolley, trying to push against it. This only made it swerve more wildly. With a horrifying momentum, the trolley shot towards Lord Butterfield's table.

"Look out!" someone yelled.

Lord Butterfield, mid-sentence, looked up just as the carving trolley, with its magnificent roast, slammed into the leg of his table. The table shuddered, then tilted. The roast, freed from its precarious perch, launched into the air. Time seemed to slow. The glistening, tender meat spun end over end, gravy trailing in its wake, before descending directly onto Lord Butterfield's lap. It landed with a meaty *thwack*, sending a shower of hot gravy and carved potatoes over his freshly pressed tuxedo.

A hush fell over the room, broken only by a small *plink* as a rogue Yorkshire pudding landed precisely in Lord Butterfield's champagne flute.

Lord Butterfield's eyes, normally the colour of dull pewter, now glowed like hot coals. He slowly pushed the roast off his lap, which slid onto the floor with a pathetic squelch.

"My...dinner...jacket," he rasped, his voice dangerously low.

Ollie, frozen, finally found his voice. "Well, here's a fine mess you've gotten us into, Stanley!"

Stan's lower lip began to tremble. "But I was just trying to help, Ollie!"

"Help? You nearly turned Lord Butterfield into a human buffet!"

Fitzwilliam approached, his face pasty. He looked as if he might spontaneously com-

LAUREL AND HARDY THE BUSBOYS



T h e F l y i n g D e u c e s

bust. “You... you... you’ve soiled the Lord! You’ve ruined the roast! You’ve... you’ve... oh, I can’t even look!”

But the ultimate test was still to come: the birthday cake. A magnificent, seven-tiered confection, adorned with sugar roses and spun silver, it was a masterpiece created by the hotel’s finest pastry chef. Two other waiters, their faces pale with terror, wheeled it out.

“Alright, you two,” Fitzwilliam hissed, eyes darting from Lord Butterfield’s furious face to the cake. “You will simply stand to either side of the cake. Do not touch it. Do not breathe on it. Do not even *think* about it. Just... stand there.”

Ollie puffed himself up. “Understood, Mr. Fitzwilliam! We’ll be as still as... as... very still things!”

They stood. The other waiters began to cut slices, serving the eager guests. Stan, however, couldn’t resist. He leaned in, fascinated by the intricate sugar work.

“Oh, Ollie, look at the little roses!” he whispered, and without thinking, reached out a finger to gently touch a delicate petal.

“Stanley, no! What did Fitzwilliam say?!” Ollie hissed, trying to swat Stan’s hand away. But Stanley, engrossed, pulled his hand back, accidentally bumping his elbow against the lowest tier of the cake.

The cake, delicately balanced, wobbled.

“Oh, dear,” Stan murmured, his eyes wide.

Ollie’s eyes widened further. “It’s tipping, Stanley! Catch it!”

Ollie lunged, arms outstretched, trying to steady the leaning tower of sugary glory. Stan, in his characteristic helpfulness, also lunged, but from the opposite side. Their hands met on the cake. One push from Ollie, one pull from Stan, and the entire structure began to sway wildly.

“Hold it steady, you nincompoop!” Ollie yelled, straining.

“I’m trying, Ollie! It’s very... wobbly!” Stan whimpered, adding to the instability.

The cake, caught in a tug-of-war between two men who understood neither physics nor pastry, finally gave up. With a slow, majestic tilt, it began its descent. The top four tiers slipped free, then the next two, until it was a cascade of sponge and frosting. It didn’t fall to the floor. Oh no, that would have been too simple. Instead, it tumbled directly towards Lord Bartholomew Butterfield, who was just standing up to deliver a fiery speech about the roast beef incident.

He opened his mouth to speak.

The seven-tiered birthday cake collided with him with a magnificent *splat*. Frosting, sponge, and sugar roses exploded outwards, coating him from head to toe in a sticky, sweet avalanche. The topmost tier, complete with a tiny marzipan figure of Lord Butterfield himself, landed perfectly on his bewildered nose, resembling a bizarre, edible monocle.

A collective gasp, then a stunned silence. Followed by a single, high-pitched giggle from Stan. “Stanley!” Ollie groaned, his head in his hands. “Well, here’s *another* fine mess you’ve gotten us into!”

Lord Butterfield, now a living, breathing, frosting-covered monument to incompetence, simply stood there, dripping. He raised a hand, slowly, and plucked the marzipan mini-me from his nose, looking at it with an expression of profound, sugary despair.

Fitzwilliam, whose face had gone from pale to grey to a terrifying shade of puce, let out a strangled cry. “My career! My reputation! My sanity!” He clutched his chest.

Mr. Sterlingworth, alerted by the communal silence, entered the dining room. He took in the scene: the gravy-splattered floor, the broken glass, the dishevelled curtains, the Baron rubbing his wet bald head, and finally, Lord Butterfield, standing amidst a blizzard of cake, looking like a disgruntled snowman.

LAUREL AND HARDY THE BUSBOYS

Sterlingworth's eyes landed on Laurel and Hardy, who were now trying to discreetly wipe their hands on a nearby velvet tablecloth, only smearing it with more cake.

"You two!" Sterlingworth roared, his voice shaking the crystal chandeliers. "Out! Out of my hotel! Immediately!"

Ollie straightened his apron, trying to maintain some semblance of dignity. "But sir, we were merely attempting to... facilitate the festivities!"

"Facilitate?! You've decimated them! You've turned Lord Butterfield into a dessert! You are unequivocally, without a shadow of a doubt, the worst bus boys this hotel has ever employed!"



Stan's lower lip began to quiver. "Are we... fired, Ollie?"

"Yes, Stanley," Ollie sighed, massaging his temples. "It appears we are. Another promising career, ruined by unforeseen circumstances." He gave Sterlingworth a stern look. "And entirely beyond our control, I might add."

As they were unceremoniously escorted towards the service exit, Stan, reaching for the door handle, somehow managed to snag his apron on a fire extinguisher, pulling it from its mount. It clattered to the floor with a magnificent bang, activating its emergency alarm.

"WEE-OOOOH! WEE-OOOOH!" the alarm blared, echoing through the Grand Imperial Hotel, causing startled guests to jump and more crystal to tinkle precariously.

Ollie just shook his head, looking at Stan with a mixture of exasperation and resignation. "Well, Stanley," he said with the familiar sigh, "here's another fine mess you've gotten us into."

They stepped out into the bustling New York street, the hotel's alarm wailing behind them, a symphony of chaos. Stan, ever the optimist, looked up at the sky. "Say, Ollie," he mused, "do you think they'd let us keep our aprons?"

Ollie just pulled his bowler hat down slightly, already contemplating their next venture. Perhaps a quiet life, far from fancy hotels and delicate cakes. Perhaps.



ONLINE SHOPPING. HOW TO BE SAFE

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Over the last two decades ecommerce has transformed the world of retail, developing from a niche sector into a five trillion-dollar industry. And with so much money involved, safe online shopping has become more difficult, as cyber criminals are constantly looking for new ways to exploit those of us buying goods and services on the web.

In the US alone, consumers spent a record \$9.12bn online during Black Friday in 2022, with Cyber Monday sales even higher, at \$11.3bn according to Adobe, which tracks sales on retailers' web-sites based on Adobe Analytics data).

This amount of money changing hands is bound to attract cyber criminals, who employ online shopping scams in a variety of ways, such as a way to install malware or steal personal details via phishing. (You can read our malware tips and details on the latest phishing scams to keep up to date on the latest cyber threats.

However, by following our list of safe online shopping tips, you can buy online with confidence, and ensure that you stay one step ahead of the cyber scammers.

1. Look out for email scams

One the most prevalent types of shopping scam is phishing via email. These scams will usually masquerade as a well-known brand — Amazon being a favorite — and will contain a fraudulent link to an action such as confirming a delivery address, verifying your account, or updating your payment details. Click on the link and you are taken to a phishing page, where you will be asked for your details via an almost identical version of the official web-site.

If you receive a message like this, do not click the link in the email. And if you think it is genuine, go directly to the official web-site by typing the URL directly into your browser of choice.

2. Use unique and strong pass-words

Safe online shopping isn't just about avoiding scammers. Legitimate retailers can also become victims of cyber criminals, especially via a data breach, where user details are stolen. This makes it important to use a strong, unique pass-word when creating your online identities.

Thankfully, you can create complex and unique pass-words using free tools such as F Secure's strong pass-word generator. And if you want to go a step further, we also recommend using a pass-word manager. (F Secure's highly-rated ID Protection enables you to create and manage strong pass-words, while also monitoring data breaches and the dark web.)

3. Enable two factor authentication (2FA)

To ensure the highest level of security available via a legitimate, online retailer you should enable two factor authentication (2FA) where available. Two-factor authentication works by adding extra security to online accounts (beyond your username and pass-word) requiring an extra credential, such as a one-time passcode. By applying two kinds of identification 99.9% of automated attacks are prevented (according to 2019 research from Microsoft).

ONLINE SHOPPING. HOW TO BE SAFE

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4. Use a credit card or PayPal

One of the key benefits many credit providers offer is insured payments against fraud. For example, most credit card providers have fraud protection, where they provide refunds for fraudulent transactions (which often isn't the case for debit cards).

Also, consider using an online provider such as PayPal, which offers some support for safe online shopping. PayPal states that: "If an item that you've bought online doesn't arrive, or doesn't match the seller's description, PayPal's Buyer Protection may reimburse you for the full amount of the item plus postage."

5. Check shopping site safety with F Secure's free tool

Whenever you are unsure if a webshop is safe or not, first check it for free with F Secure Online Shopping Checker. The tool includes relevant safety information about millions of online stores across the web. It looks into things like how long a shop has been operational, how popular it is, what kind of reviews it has gotten, and tons of other technical aspects that can be tricky to spot otherwise. It's free to use, and you'll get a quick safety check, potentially removing the need for any other investigation.

6. Beware of big bargains

Comparison engines have essentially removed the need for retailers to provide large discounts, because these tools enable them to see what their competitors are selling the same items for in seconds (and subsequently choose to undercut them by a few percent, should they wish). So, you should look out for huge offers that seem too good to be true, because they probably are.

7. Stick with retailers you know and trust

This may seem a little tough on any new online store trying to drum up business, but with so many fake shops appearing online, we would advise you to stick with the brands that you know and trust if you want to guarantee a safe online shopping experience. But also remember that the brands you trust the most are often the ones being mimicked in the fake offers distributed via social media and email. So be vigilant.

8. Don't shop on public WiFi (unless using a VPN)

Free WiFi can be convenient if you're stuck somewhere without connectivity, such as an airport or conference. But you should avoid using any public WiFi for online shopping unless you have a VPN enabled, as they often lack proper encryption, making it easier for cyber criminals to intercept your data. To encrypt all your traffic and keep you safe on public WiFi, use a personal VPN such as F Secure VPN.

9. Check reviews

Look out for social media offers that have overwhelmingly positive reviews, as this is a traditional red flag for an inauthentic offer, as genuine products tend to have a mix of reviews. As a rule of thumb, it's better to avoid these offers entirely. But if you feel an offer is genuine, do some extra checks, such as clicking on reviewer profiles to check that they are legitimate accounts. Also, remember to check legitimate reviews for any new shop you decide to buy from, using a respected platform such as Trustpilot (which currently features over 200m reviews).

ONLINE SHOPPING. HOW TO BE SAFE

10. Use a reliable internet security app

The best way to stay safe online is by using a trusted internet security product. With F Secure Total — which contains F Secure's highly-rated ID Protection and Browsing Protection — your passwords are monitored, you will be alerted of breaches should they occur, and access to potentially harmful shopping sites will be automatically blocked.

The above ten tips are from reliable sources on the internet. But what else can you do ?

Here's another option. Get yourself a digital account with virtual debit cards that you can use for online shopping. Companies you can go to are :

1—Starling Bank (<https://www.starlingbank.com/>)

2—Revolut (<https://www.revolut.com/cards/>)

3—Kroo (<https://kroo.com/>)

4—Zero (<https://zero.co.uk/>)

5—Zopa (<https://www.zopa.com/>)

First research which bank you would like to use. Then install their banking app on your phone. Once complete you are given a current account and a virtual debit card.

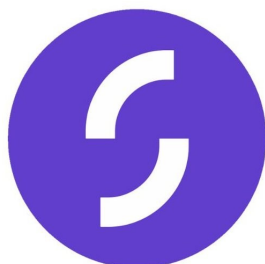
Now when you want to go shopping and you are sure about the site, go through the checkout process until the last page where a button will say "Pay Now", or words to that affect. Before you click on pay, transfer the exact amount from your main bank account to your digital account, wait a moment, then go click on "Pay Now".

The idea is that if your digital account is hacked then no money can be stolen because there should always be a zero balance. The only time money is there is when you are about to pay, its in there for 30 seconds before you pay, and within two minutes max the balance is back to zero.

The above digital account help may seem a pain to do, but what's the alternative ? The onus is on you, the end user, to take steps to safeguard yourself and be aware of potential scams, and to be seen taking active steps to protect yourself. Sorry to be blunt but that's the way it is.

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Your Money. Your Planet



Starling Bank

NEWBURY PHOTOS

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Top—St Nicholas Church Bartholomew Street

Bottom—The Canal Locks from Northbrook St Bridge



NEWBURY PHOTOS



Top—Looking south down Bartholomew Street from the Church .

Bottom—Looking north from the church, which leads to Northbrook Street



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NEWBURY PHOTOS

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Top—Wharf St looking towards the library and bus station.

Bottom—Market Place



NEXT MONTHS NEWSLETTER

Next month is December, which is not only a lot of festivities, but also the last month of the year.

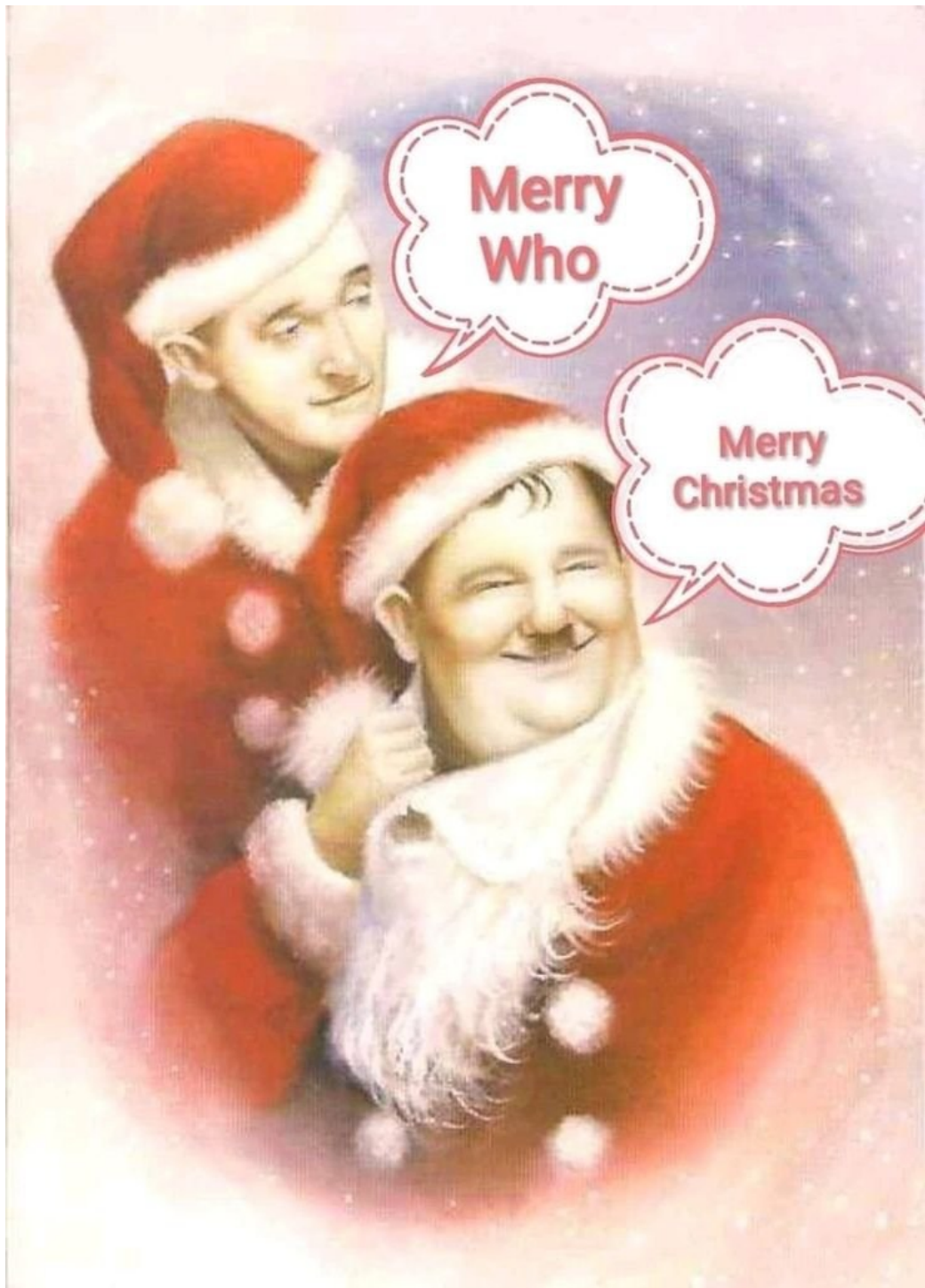
Please enjoy yourselves, but please be careful and don't drink and drive or do anything you may regret.

If you have any events you would like advertised for free, then please contact us.

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WINDOWS 11 TIPS AND TRICKS

Productivity and organization

- **Quick Settings:** Press **Windows + A** to quickly access and customize Wi-Fi, sound, and other essential settings.
- **Snap Layouts:** Hover over the maximize button on a window or press **Windows + Z** to see different layout options for snapping windows to the edges or corners of your screen.
- **Multiple Desktops:** Use the **Task View** button on the taskbar or press **Windows + Tab** to create and switch between multiple virtual desktops, keeping different tasks organized.
- **File Explorer Tabs:** Open multiple folders in tabs within a single File Explorer window. Use **Ctrl + Tab** and **Ctrl + Shift + Tab** to switch between them.
- **Focus Sessions:** Start a Focus Session from the Clock app to minimize distractions. You can also integrate with Microsoft Teams.

Widgets: Press **Windows + W** to open the Widgets panel for a customizable view of news, weather, and other information.

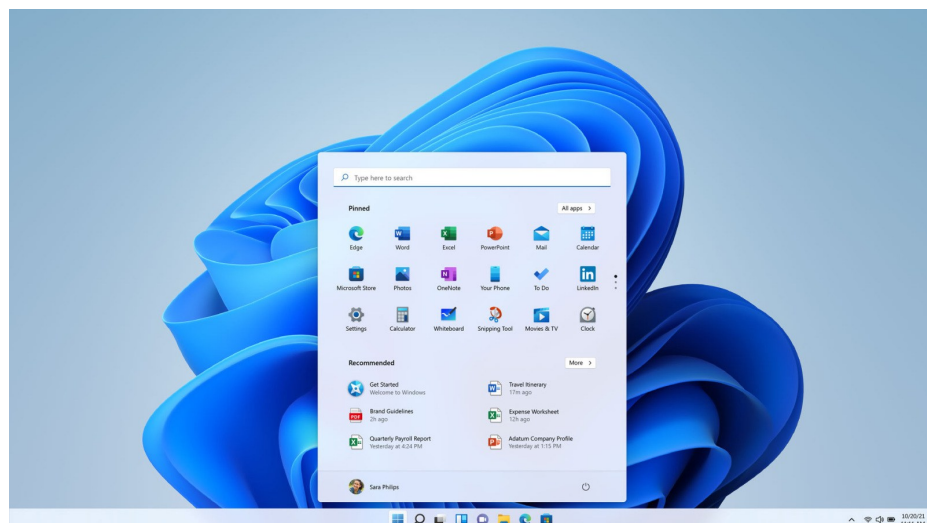
Customization and personalization

- **Start Menu:** Right-click the Start button to access the settings for the Start Menu, where you can customize pinned apps and recommendations.
- **Taskbar:** Right-click an empty area on the taskbar and select "Taskbar settings" to adjust alignment, icons, and more. You can move the Start button to the left by changing "Taskbar alignment" under "Taskbar behaviours".
- **Dark Mode:** To enable a darker colour scheme, go to **Settings > Personalization > Colours** and choose a mode.
- **Default Apps:** Change your default apps (like web browser or email client) in **Settings > Apps > Default apps**.

Shortcuts and gestures

- **Windows + D:** Show or hide the desktop.
- **Windows + .:** Open the emoji panel.
- **Windows + K:** Cast media to a wireless display.

Shake to minimize: To enable this feature, go to **Settings > System > Multitasking** and turn on "Title bar shake". Shaking a window's title bar will minimize all other windows.

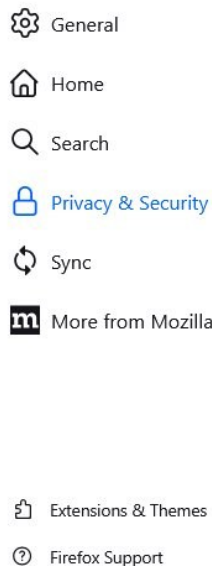


WINDOWS 11 TIPS AND TRICKS

Firefox's default settings include features like autofill passwords, search suggestions, and autoplay for media, which you can disable in the "Privacy and Security" section of the settings. You should also consider turning off telemetry and data collection and disabling speculative connections for improved privacy and performance.

Privacy and Security

- **Autofill Passwords:** Go to "Privacy & Security" > "Logins and Passwords" and uncheck "Ask to save passwords".
- **Search Suggestions:** In "Privacy & Security" > "Address Bar," uncheck the boxes for search suggestions (e.g., "Browsing history" and "Bookmarks").
- **Telemetry and Data Collection:** In "Privacy & Security," find "Firefox Data Collection and Use" and uncheck the options for sending technical and usage data to Mozilla.
- **Autoplay for Media:** In "Privacy & Security" > "Permissions," click "Settings" next to "Autoplay" and change the default to "Block Audio and Video".
- **HTTPS-Only Mode:** In "Privacy & Security," you can enable "HTTPS-Only Mode" to enforce encrypted connections for all websites.
- **Dangerous Content:** In "Privacy & Security," you can block dangerous content or downloads
- **Under Settings > Privacy and Security** most of the boxes will be checked allowing Mozilla to have data sent back to them and to install a section to watch you (See screenshot below). Mozilla doesn't advertise this part, you have to find out for yourself. So much for openness !!!! Yet the people who use Linux and FOSS will tell you how wonderful Linux and FOSS software is and how they HATE Microsoft for it collecting your data for advertising and stuff.



Firefox Data Collection and Use

We strive to provide you with choices and collect only the minimal data necessary to improve Firefox for everyone. [View Privacy Notice](#)

① You're no longer allowing Mozilla to capture technical and interaction data. All past data will be deleted within 30 days. [Learn more](#)

- ☐ Send technical and interaction data to Mozilla
This helps us improve Firefox features, performance, and stability. [Learn more](#)
- ☐ Allow personalised extension recommendations
Get extension recommendations to improve your browsing experience. [Learn more](#)
- ☐ Install and run studies
Try out features and ideas before they're released to everyone. [View Firefox studies](#)
- ☐ Send daily usage ping to Mozilla
This helps Mozilla to estimate active users. [Learn more](#)
- ☐ Automatically send crash reports
This helps Mozilla diagnose and fix issues with the browser. Reports may include personal or sensitive data. [Learn more](#)