

249
Miss Colson

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

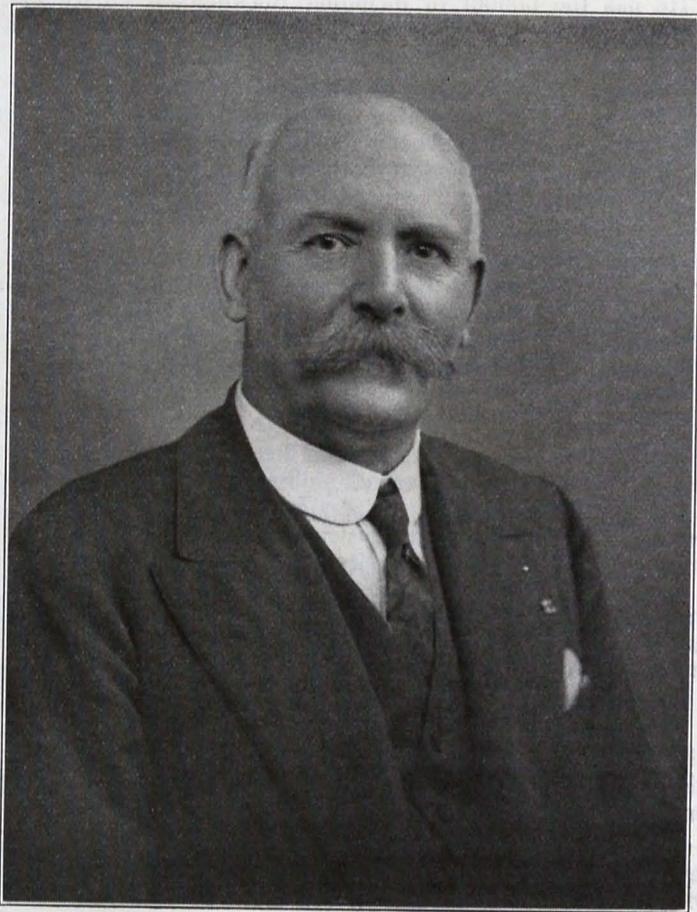
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. VII.

OCTOBER, 1932.

No. 1



MR. W. T. MILLER.

MR. W. T. MILLER.

The portrait of Mr. W. T. Miller, Traveller at London Branch, which appears as our frontispiece this month, will be received with much interest by a wide circle of his friends.

Mr. Miller joined the Firm at London Branch during the year 1888, when the Offices and Stores were situated at Grosvenor Road, Westminster.

The whole of his forty-four years' service has been spent at London Branch and has always been connected with securing and the execution of orders. He was appointed to the permanent travelling staff in June, 1909.

He has the honour of including Buckingham Palace in his numerous calls and the greatest pleasure of his business life was realised when the Firm was granted the Royal Warrant.

Amongst his recollections of the Firm's business is the camp at Hounslow Heath in connection with Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee and the camp at Abbey Fields, Colchester, at the time of King Edward's Coronation, at both of which the Firm had large contracts for the supply of beers and at which his services were called upon.

During the War, owing to Government regulations, etc., travellers' services had to be dispensed with. Other departments being depleted by the staffs joining the Services, Mr. Miller, who was above military age, filled a gap by taking charge of the Bottling and Despatch Departments. This he did with great credit, and when the restrictions, etc., were removed, resumed his duties as traveller.

Mr. Miller's cordial manner and his desire to please at all times, combined with his natural abilities, have made his career as a traveller very successful. His popularity amongst his business associates is proved by the invitations he receives to social events, many of which are extended to Mrs. Miller, who often accompanies him. He is always a welcome visitor at games tournaments in connection with club life. He is useful with a billiards cue, enjoys a game of snooker, and in this direction he states that he invariably knows when to lose. Outdoor athletics have never attracted him, but he enjoys cricket as a spectator.

Bowls is his principal outdoor recreation at the present time. He has one regret, that living in London he is unable to possess a garden, but at one time when living in the suburbs his garden afforded him great pleasure and was the envy of his neighbours.

In his younger days he possessed a good tenor voice and for many years was a chorister at St. Anne's Church, Lambeth. His services were often in request at concerts.

Mr. Miller's laudable ambition in life is to complete fifty years' service with the Firm.

EDITORIAL.

QUAINT EPITAPHS.

Here are a few epitaphs:—

“ Here lies John Higgs,
A famous man for killing pigs,
For killing pigs was his delight,
Both morning, afternoon and night.
Both heats and cold he did endure,
Which no physician could ere cure,
His knife is laid, his work is done,
I hope to Heaven his soul is gone.”

“ JOHN PAINE, BLACKSMITH.
My sledge and hammer lies declined,
My bellows pipe has lost its wind,
My forge is extinct, my fire's decayed
and in the dust my vice is laid,
My coal is spent, my irons gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.”

“ When I am dead I hope it may be said—
His sins were scarlet, but his books were read.”

Another reads: “ Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Maria Boyle, who was a good wife, a devoted mother and a kind and charitable neighbour. She painted in water colours and was first cousin to the Earl of Cork, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.”

Here is one more: “ Here lies, thank God, a woman who quarrelled and stormed her whole life thro! Tread gently on her mouldering form, or else you'll raise another storm.”

SHOVEHAP'N'Y.

The Adelaide Shovehap'n'y Club would like to arrange home and away friendly games with other clubs in Windsor and Eton district. Reply, stating number of players, to: “ NOTIGHTUNS,” Royal Adelaide Hotel, King's Road, Windsor.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

At Oxford, where the British Institute of Adult Education met, Mr. John Sargent, director of education in Essex, said:—“ When I was very young I wondered if it might not be possible to start discussion groups in public houses. I have often heard more interesting conversation in a public house than in a first-class railway carriage.”

DIED OF POLITICS.

A farmer named Poeppel, who lived at Regensburg, Germany, attended practically every political meeting held near his home for three years and became so mentally deranged by the contradictory statements of the speakers that he had to be removed to a lunatic asylum, where he has now died. The cause of his death is officially described as "election psychosis."

CURIOUS INN SIGNS.

At Badbury, four miles from Swindon, the "Plough Inn" has a sign bearing a picture of two horses ploughing. Underneath is the verse :

In hope we plow,
In hope we sow,
In hope we all are led ;
And I am here to sell good beer
In hope to get my bread.

The "Tumble Down Dick" at Farnborough, Hants, is so named after Richard Cromwell, eldest son of the Protector, and was applied to him in ridicule after his own brief holding of the Protectorate in succession to his father.

At Penn Street, near High Wycombe, there is the curious name of "Hit and Miss It."

WASTING MAN-POWER.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the Leader of the British Delegation to the Ottawa Conference, has said : "It only remains to us to try and work out in practice what has been achieved on paper Then it may be that the generations coming after, speaking of us, may say indeed 'They built better than they knew.'" The dawn of the new era prompts the repetition of the question : "When prosperity comes—as come it undoubtedly will—shall we be ready for it? Are we, at Home and in the Dominions, properly equipped to seize our chance? We do not refer to industrial plant—although that is certainly most important. What concerns us more is the man-power that must operate it. In the dark days of the depression have we conserved that human reservoir in such a way that the maximum of skilled energy shall be available when the need for it arises? Honesty compels the admission that we have done less to preserve the self-respecting manhood of the younger generation

than we might have done, even though it be true that in the case of the unfortunate we have done more than has any other nation on the earth. No other nation can equal Great Britain's expenditure on unemployment insurance ; nowhere else are the evils of what is essentially a beneficent system more glaringly apparent. For the 'dole,' while it has certainly kept body and soul together, has too frequently divorced a man from his self-respect.

HERE'S HOSPITALITY !

May I draw your attention to an instance which confirms that hospitality is not dead in England, writes G. Ambridge in *Cycling* :—

Riding in a trial to the West of London I had reached the turn and was on my way back. At the time rain was absolutely pouring down. Unfortunately, I punctured and was carrying only one "spare." Once more I continued, when I again punctured. By this time I had reached Knowl Hill, Twyford. Looking around for shelter I saw the New Inn and proceeded towards it, hoping to find shelter in the doorway. Fortunately, the proprietor, Mr. Tucker, saw me coming and immediately opened the door. He took me in, showed me to the bathroom, supplied me with some dry clothes and then gave me some hot tea. I was offered breakfast, which I refused, as I was not the least bit hungry. After this he paid my fare back to the start !

Is this not hospitality with a capital H?

SHAKESPEARE A FOOTBALL FAN !

William Shakespeare must have been a football enthusiast. Here are some quotations which seem to prove that he was a keen follower of the great pastime :

"Down ! Down !"—*Henry IV.*

"Well placed !"—*Henry V.*

"An excellent pass !"—*The Tempest.*

"A touch, a touch, I do confess !"—*Hamlet.*

"I do commend thee to their backs !"—*Macbeth.*

"More rushes, more rushes !"—*Henry IV.*

"Pell-mell, down with them !"—*Love's Labour Lost.*

"I'll catch it ere it comes to ground."—*Macbeth.*

"We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns !"—*Henry IV.*

"Being down, I have the placing !"—*Cymbeline.*

"Let him not pass, but kill him rather !"—*Othello.*

"Fatal points and 'twixt them rushes."—*Romeo and Juliet.*

"But to the goal."—*Winter's Tale.*

THE LIMITED FAST.

Fasting, resorted to by Mr. Gandhi—and by some of his followers in London—is a grim subject, but its history is not devoid of lighter phases. Here is a notice which was printed on the bill of fare of the Carlton Club during Lent many years ago.

It ran: "The committee, taking into consideration that a general fast has been ordained, have directed that the coffee-room dinner shall be strictly confined to two soups, fish, plain joints, spring tarts, omelettes and cheese."

CONGRATULATIONS.

Congratulations to Mr. F. L. Shrimpton, who is a member of the Andover Town Council, on being asked to accept the Mayoralty of Andover. He has intimated his willingness to accept office.

Mr. Shrimpton has only been on the Council for two years, so that the honour has been conferred upon him at an early date.

From one's intimate knowledge of Mr. Shrimpton it is believed that the Council's choice will be exceeding popular with the townspeople of Andover. He is a keen sportsman and an enthusiast at golf. For several years he has been chairman of the Andover Town Football Club.

INJURY TO MR. E. THORNBERRY.

We were very sorry indeed to hear of the misfortune which befell Mr. E. Thornberry, Chief Clerk at Ludgershall. He was knocked down by a motor cyclist and sustained a fracture of the knee. Unfortunately the driver of the motor cycle escaped without his identity being known.

The latest report is that an operation has been performed on Mr. Thornberry's knee with satisfactory results.

DEATH OF MRS. BENNETT.

Our sympathies go out to Mr. C. Bennett and Mr. A. Bennett in the loss of their greatest friend—their mother.

Her death occurred on Friday, September 30.

LAWN TENNIS.

The lawn tennis season is at an end but we have had some most enjoyable games. The last was at Reading, on Mr. George's excellent courts, when we had the pleasure of meeting a side representing our Oxford Branch. At tea, a very nice meal prepared by Mrs. George, there were one or two little speeches and Mr. Louis Simonds took the opportunity of thanking Mr. J. H. Wadhams for all he had done in arranging the matches, etc.—a compliment richly deserved. After all, it is the spirit in which the

game is played that counts for much more than victory and it is exceedingly good of Mr. Louis to come and play with us and imbue us all with his fine sense of good sportsmanship.

Mr. A. W. C. Bowyer very generously paid for the tea.

By the way, Mr. Cecil and Mr. Leslie Lawrence, sons of the genial host of the Brewery Tap, Reading, are good tennis players and met each other in the semi-final of the Bohemian Club singles. Mr. Cecil Lawrence won but was defeated in the final after a good game. We visited the Bohemian Club one evening and have pleasant memories of the occasion.

THE BRIDE'S DREAM.

Aisle.

Altar.

Hymn.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

BY W. DUNSTER.

The end of the month, viz., 30th September, 1932, will see the end of another financial year. During this year our trade has been badly hit as probably never before and we are all hoping that before long some, at least, of the heavy taxes imposed upon us will have been removed.

HOLIDAYS.

Practically all the holidays are over. For the staff and for those who chose September for their respective vacations, the elements have not been too kind. Generally, we hear talk during September of an Indian summer; however, that has been minus this year. Nevertheless, we have had the best summer for many years and most of the staff have had glorious fortnights. In the Offices just recently we have had a plague of wasps and the execution of these winged nuisances has been almost a daily duty for some of the staff to do their work in comfort. A friend of mine who has been to Cornwall for his holidays tells me one day he went to Land's End. Whilst near the last "pub" (or is it the first?) in England he was astonished and pleased to see on a bus an advertisement for Simonds' Milk Stout.

FOOTBALL.

Football at the Brewery is a burning topic at the moment for apart from both the Reading football teams doing splendidly, the Brewery Elevens have also been doing well, the First Team in particular, for at the moment of writing they have won all the four matches played. Mr. "Mick" Braisher (a real optimist) tells

me the First Team will win the League. Well, here's hoping. With regard to Reading, we are expecting them to win promotion this time. The play, so far, has been fully up to expectations and with a real live Reserve Team (such as we have this time) we are all looking forward to a highly successful season. This year we have near neighbours in Aldershot, who are showing quite good form for a first season, and who are due at Reading on October 1st, so thus early we are promised what is known as a "local Derby." We wish Aldershot every success, but, of course, hope they will be sent "empty away" when they visit Elm Park. Mr. W. Robb, who keeps goal for Aldershot, also keeps "goal" for the Firm as a tenant at the "Wheelwrights Arms," Aldershot.

We are a cosmopolitan lot at the Brewery as regards our football teams. One member of the staff "follows" Plymouth Argyle, another shares his hopes between Aldershot and Plymouth, the reason being, apparently, that he lives near Aldershot and he comes from Plymouth. By the way, as he has a Plymouth paper sent him every week, which he passes on to the writer, we are up to date with news of the Argyle team, who are doing very well and possibly hoping to emulate Portsmouth and become a "power" in the First Division of the League. Another member of the staff is very interested in Northampton for two of the players in that team are from the village (or near) where he lives. He refers to one of them as "Our Bert."

A NOVEL WAGER.

From the *Conservative Clubs' Gazette* for August, 1932 :—

A novel wager was decided in a tavern in the City of London in 1814. Two gentlemen undertook to drink against one another, one to drink wine and the other water, glass for glass and he that gave in was to be the loser. They drank the contents of a bottle and a half each, but the wine drinker was triumphant. The unfortunate consumer of water was afterwards taken ill, being confined to his bed with an attack of the gout!

"TIPS" FOR CLUBMEN.

Also from the *Conservative Clubs' Gazette* for August, 1932 :—

In the reading room of a Yorkshire Club hangs a notice which reads as follows :—

Horses to follow	Funeral horses.
Horses to watch	Rocking horses.
Horses to miss	Runaway horses.
Horses to avoid	Racehorses.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

The following changes and transfers have taken place during the month and to all we wish every success :—

The "Marquis of Granby," Peasemore (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. Froude.

The "Old London Apprentice," Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. E. O'Leary.

The "Twentieth Century," Wherwell (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. F. S. Saunders.

The above house has recently been purchased by the Firm.

The "George & Dragon," Wargrave-on-Thames (South Berks Brewery Co., Ltd.)—from Mrs. E. M. Couch to Mr. Frank Bernard Sayer.

The "Duke of Cambridge," Windsor (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. F. Hewitt.

The "Railway Tavern," High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Miss G. E. Short.

The "Crown" Hotel, Marlborough (South Berks Brewery Co., Ltd.)—Mr. C. W. Webster.

The "Ship" Inn, Wokingham (South Berks Brewery Co., Ltd.)—Mrs. D. M. Fenton.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Congratulations to the undermentioned on their remarkable escape with slight injuries, when the car in which they were travelling near Edinburgh skidded on the wet surface and dropped about 15 feet over the embankment :—

H. Hales, Railway Tavern, Feltham.

T. Baldock, Feathers, Laleham.

G. Held, White Lion, Egham.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. Goodlake, wife of tenant at Off License, Cumberland Street, Egham, Hythe, who died on September 26th, after a long and painful illness.

WOKINGHAM WEDDING.

A wedding of local interest took place recently at St. Paul's Church, Wokingham, between Miss Margery Jameson, daughter of Mrs. Jameson, of The Three Brewers, Wokingham, and Mr. Stanley William Lynds, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Lynds, of Longfield, Kent. The Rev. T. W. Sargeant officiated and Mr. F. A. Burgess was at the organ.

2010 MILES THROUGH ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

FRIDAY, JULY 15TH, 1932.

5.55 p.m. in the fresh air—walking to the centre of the town to catch a tram for home—what a pleasant sensation to think one is free from business worry for a spell.

L.L.E. (known hereafter as E and the writer as B) and U.D. 1692 was there waiting for me, when after a hasty tea, wash and brush up, we commenced to stow away our luggage: (one secret forthwith) "travel light" was our motto. This accomplished, we left at 7.20 p.m. for an unknown destination. The first part of the journey was through the lanes of Oxfordshire via Woodcote to the main road at Wallingford, thence to Shillingford and on to Oxford, where a pre-arranged stop was made at the "Dew Drop," locally known as the "Do Drop In," to pay respects to a very dear old friend, Jim Vallis. Greetings exchanged, then, after having obtained the "correct time," the chief reason for calling, with a "Jolly Good Holiday" to you we set out for Banbury. The road from Oxford to Banbury is pleasant with no particular features. We duly arrived at 9.40 p.m., only too glad of the friendly shelter of the "White Hart" Hotel, just in time to dodge a rather severe shower. One word about this hotel. If one is fond of antiques, pay a visit, for in the lounge and smoking room you will find a glorious collection of brasses, polished to such an extent that you wonder if they are real and the old seats, well worn with age, tempt one to remain seated perhaps too long. All round the dining room old prints and pictures are in profusion, with furniture in keeping with same.

The first portion of our trip ends here: total, 50 miles.

The programme for to-morrow is a heavy one; we want to make Forest Hall, 8 miles north of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SATURDAY, JULY 16TH, 1932.

Having a long run in front of us we decide on an early breakfast and find ourselves clear of Banbury by 9.25 a.m. Proceeding via Ladbroke, Southam, Dunchurch we reach Rugby at 10.15 a.m. It is a trifle hilly to start with, the scenery nothing out of the ordinary, but some pretty villages are passed. We leave Rugby by way of North Street and make for Leicester via Lutterworth, Blaby and Aylestone and reach objective at 10.50 a.m. through slightly undulating country and scenery not of any note. Leicester on a Saturday morning we found a very busy town and it was necessary to traverse miles of roads with tram tracks before reaching open country again. But they were good and we were very lucky

in avoiding any traffic blocks. Leaving via the Melton Road for Thurmaston we follow the Roman Fosse Way for miles, a somewhat lonely road owing to the absence of villages. This stretch of road serves its purpose well. It is very straight and we easily touched 50 miles per hour in places. At the "Six Hills Inn," situated in the midst of very open and uninteresting country, a stop of 10 minutes was made to "cool the engine." Then on to East Stoke for Newark, where we arrived at 12.45. After lunch, off again at 1.45 feeling refreshed, passing through Tuxford (4 gallons of petrol were taken in here), Retford, Barnby Moor, Bawtry, etc., we arrive at Doncaster at 2.42 p.m. Entering the town we pass the famous racecourse and were informed the first races took place in the year 1615. This date we cannot confirm, being a little before our time. After a short halt, we aim for Wetherby via Wentbridge, Ferrybridge, Old Micklefield, Aberford, Bramham Cross Roads (here we see the first sign post "To the North"). This portion of the road to Wetherby is a good sample of give and take with pleasant scenery in places but nothing that calls for special mention. Proceeding via Hopperton, Boroughbridge (arrive at 4.45 p.m.), we decide on tea. Resuming at 5.15 p.m. we pass through Baldersby Gate (a further 3 gallons of petrol were obtained), Leeming, Catterick (here is situated the Aldershot of the North, a very fine laid out camp with permanent brick-built barracks, etc.) and Scotch Corner. This section of our journey was over some straight and fast roads, but no special scenery. Continuing via Barton, Darlington (194 miles, 6.25 p.m.), Aycliffe, Ferryhill, Croxdale Bridge, Neville's Cross (outskirts of Durham), Framwellgate Moor, Birtly, Gateshead and Newcastle-on-Tyne (225 miles, 7.40 p.m.). From Scotch Corner to Newcastle is a busy main road, collieries and level crossings are numerous, with scenery of no special interest.

As our proposed destination is now only a matter of a few miles, a look round the "coal city" was of interest. Of special note to users of the road is the various systems of "traffic lights," varying in each district. The general condition of the road throughout was extremely good and by-passing very useful, cutting off many unnecessary miles. We eventually reached Forest Hall at 8.25 p.m., after covering 232 miles, using $8\frac{1}{2}$ gallons of petrol, with an average of $27\frac{6}{7}$ miles per gallon. This represents our longest day's run. Total mileage covered, 282 miles.

Thoroughly tired out, after a hearty supper and a warm before a good fire (mind you, fires in mid-July) we retire for the night.

(To be continued.)

SOCIAL CLUB.

FOOTBALL.

Games played 4, games won 4, one of which was the first round of the Reading Town Senior Challenge Cup, constitutes our record in the First Division of the Reading and District League up to the present. As newcomers to senior football this fine achievement bids fair to indicate another successful season.

We kicked off with Old Wilsonians, an old established First Division club, on their own ground, and came off with colours flying, victorious by 4 goals to 1. They were scored by Hendy (2), Cook and Chandler. Although the margin looks fairly safe, it was by no means an easy victory, as there was a nasty cross wind blowing which tended to spoil good football, but our lads remembered some advice recently given to them by our President, Major S. V. Shea-Simonds, namely, "Keep the ball on the ground," which they did, and so we won the match.

Wokingham Town were our next opponents, whom we entertained on our own ground at Prospect Park. This team soon showed us their abilities by opening the score very early in the game. A stern struggle ensued until we eventually obtained the equaliser through Hendy, after which some real ding-dong football was played before the deciding goal was scored, enabling us to record another successful match which concluded 3 goals to 2 in our favour. There is no doubt Wokingham are a side worthy of our metal, in fact, up till now, the best exponents of the art we have met, making the result something to be proud of. Our goals were scored by Hendy (2) and Mileham. On this occasion our players wore black armbands as a token of respect for their late colleague, G. Sherwood.

Now came a break in the league fixtures to enable us to play the first round tie of the Senior Cup against Swallowfield, who had drawn the choice of ground. The weather was of the sort you read about, gloriously sunny, making the trip a real pleasure, which was added to by the subsequent result—Simonds Athletic 7, Swallowfield 1. It was certainly rather a one-sided game despite the fact that our captain (J. Smith) was absent. However, Jack Hillier filled the breach remarkably well, won the toss, put the Brewery with their backs to a brilliant sun, and played a very sound game throughout. No doubt Clarkson's two early goals upset the home team, for we gave their defence a very warm time. Hendy scored four goals in the first half. Crossing over with a lead of 6 to nil it seemed any reasonable odds on an easy victory,

but Swallowfield stuck to their guns and within a minute of half-time reduced the lead by a splendid goal. Continuing to press the home defence we obtained one more goal, making the above total of seven, of which Hendy scored 5 and Clarkson 2. We meet Factory, a Premier Division club, in the next round on October 8th at Prospect Park, kick-off 3.0 p.m. There is unlimited accommodation for supporters, so come and cheer the lads on to further success.

Didcot. Old friends of ours, these, always a strong team, with plenty of kick in them! They came up to Prospect Park on Saturday, September 24th, and although somewhat tardy in appearing when they did eventually arrive quickly opened the scoring by a brilliant shot which gave Bengier not the ghost of a chance. The game all through was somewhat scrappy, which cannot be wondered at considering the fact that our boys were shooting at goal for threequarters of an hour before the kick-off. F. R. Main played in the centre this match, as Hendy was unfortunately indisposed. After twenty minutes play Main equalised by placing the ball nicely in the corner of the net from a great pass by Clarkson. Chandler gave us the lead soon after, but we lost it again, and started the second half honours equal. The ball was netted twice on resuming play, giving us yet another victory of 4 goals to 2. Main, Chandler and Mileham scored, the fourth being put in by a Didcot defender.

THE RESERVES.

The Institute team started their season with a spectacular win against Peppard on the village ground, for which they have been awarded a certificate of merit by the *Football Chronicle*.

Unfortunately they have not been able to retain the team that gave them this victory over one of their strongest opponents of last season. However, all is not lost; the Committee are on the job, determined to strengthen them so that their first match shall be representative of coming events.

We look to the second team to fill any gaps that may occur in the first team and up to the present they have responded well, although it meant weakening their side. Keep going, it is rumoured that new talent is still to be had on the Brewery, so better games are ahead.

CRICKET.

I must apologise to my readers for the absence of a report in last month's GAZETTE. The call of the sea came and was answered, but the score books remained behind.

This, therefore, will have to be a short and sweet record of the August matches, which are now all but forgotten in the thrill of the big ball game.

6th August. CAMBERLEY W.M. CLUB.—This was our only match with this Club as the one arranged to be played at Camberley earlier in the season was cancelled owing to weather conditions.

Camberley had the first knock, but had an early reverse losing one wicket for 3; two partnerships of 16 each followed; then three wickets fell for 25 making the score 70; another wicket without any addition and the last two wickets put on 10 runs, leaving us a total of 80 to face.

We made a little better start and had made 15 before the opening pair were parted. Then an unfortunate call and a good throw in ran Mr. Cardwell out. That seemed to start a mild rot and we only made 59 all told, of which J. Rumens got 20 and the writer 19. Credit must be given to the bowling of J. Sancroft who took 8 for 23.

13th August. MESS STAFF R.M. COLLEGE AT CAMBERLEY.—Here we had a nice ground, fine weather and opposition, and a good win.

We had the luck to bat first and reached a total of 102, for which we had to thank T. Bartholomew for his splendid knock of 46. He was still batting well, but anno domini begins to tell and the ball was thrown in at the wrong end and the decision was given against him, although it was very close. J. Sancroft and R. Cox bowled unchanged, the former taking 5 wickets.

The Staff made a pretty good start and their score crept up to 83 for 8. The clock was also keeping pace with them and we began to wonder whether our score would be insufficient or if it would be a drawn game. Another change in the bowling, however, proved successful and only five more runs were scored, leaving us 14 to the good.

20th August. FRIMLEY C.C.—This game was played on Prospect Park and ended in Frimley's favour.

We batted first and made 88. The first wicket fell with only four runs on the board. Then C. Josey and T. Bartholomew were partners and carried it along to 44 (16 and 31 respectively these two made). Later, J. Rumens came along with 24, which did not leave many for the rest of the side.

We had an early wicket, one down for six, then along the score went merrily—not for us—until 49 was reached. The next

man left at the same total, Clark bowling him with one of his best sizzlers. After that it was a gradual rise until with the fall of the eighth wicket two runs were needed for a draw. These and more were obtained and in the end we were short by 22.

F. C. Clark came out with a good bag, considering the total score, viz., 6 for 34. R. Paice got 3 of the others for 18.

27th August. IPSDEN.—The last match of the season and a home fixture. Our visitors had first go with the bat and made 62. Mr. Extras contributed 12. R. Butcher was the leading bat with 23 and G. Smith also reached double figures. Clark again had a good bowling day, taking 6 for 15.

Our batting was really poor, with two exceptions, J. Rumens made 22 and F. S. Hawkins 11; our grand total reading 52. Mr. Extras obliged to the tune of 9.

That seems all there is to be said about that.

Now for the "B" team. The programme did not agree with the fixture card as, owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding, the match with G.W.R. Clerical Staff did not take place and the Secretary tenders apologies for his error in the dates arranged by this Club.*

July 30th. PANGBOURNE AND TIDMARSH 2ND XI.—As the first team were not engaged and the "B" team was short by three, some strengthening was asked for and given with pleasure.

We batted first and ran up a score of 80. J. Rumens making 24 and R. Griffin running him close with 20.

Main and Mileham opened the bowling and the former got the first wicket in his second over. Although runs were not being made quickly, Skipper Main made several changes and the wickets usually fell with a change and were pretty equally divided: three each for Main, Mileham and Jelley, E. C. Greenaway getting the other, and the total score only read 31, of which Mr. Higley got 15.

6th August. CHECKENDON.—This match was played at Checkendon and ended in a very heavy defeat. This was hardly to be wondered at, for we found we were up against a league team, although when the fixtures were arranged it was emphasized that our "B" team was "weak-medium." However, it was experience.

Checkendon batted first and made hay of our bowlers, not stopping until they had gathered 168 runs. F. R. Main with 6 for 36 did quite well, but the other bowlers could not get any luck.

* The last match was to have been against Y.M.C.A., but they had to scratch owing to inability to raise a team.

We had two innings, but our scores were 14 and 19, so we will pass on to the next encounter with the same team on the 13th August at Prospect Park. In this we made a much better show, but the opposition was too strong.

Batting first we compiled 78. Mileham reached his highest total of the season, viz., 38. F. Hawkins also did well to make 18, but the other players did not give these two much support.

Checkendon ran up a score of 138, scores of 37, 34, 22 and three other double figure totals being registered. W. Greenaway had a turn with the ball towards the end and in a couple of overs took 3 wickets for 3 runs.

Evening matches with McIlroy's were played on the 26th July and 2nd August but, in each case, the light prevented the games being finished.

In the first encounter our opponents went in first and made 40 for 5 and declared. This total was passed quite comfortably and our score read 51 for 3. R. Main was top scorer with 21 not out.

The next match was left drawn. On this occasion we had first knock and made 62 for 9, Main being again highest with 22. McIlroy's only got 16 for 3 before bad light stopped play.

As a set-off against a lack of ground in July, an evening game was arranged with All Saints. This was on Prospect Park on the 9th August. A drawn game resulted, much in favour of All Saints.

The opposition batted first and made 103 for the loss of 5 wickets. Mr. Holland made 57 and then retired.

Our reply to this was 41 for 4. R. Main had a good evening, taking 5 for 37 and scoring 16 not out.

Looking back on the year's work we must say that we have done quite well. Every match has been carried through so far as we were concerned. The weather has been kind to cricketers, although the early part of the year found keen winds blowing and a lack of warmth.

Great credit must be given to the Captains of both elevens for their efforts in raising teams weekly and for their leadership on the field.

The batting of both teams requires strengthening, although several members have had good scores this season. Unfortunately there are no forceful bats among the younger generation. We certainly have some very promising material coming along.

C. Josey shows every sign of developing into a useful first wicket man and E. C. Greenaway a good bowler, when he loses his nervousness in matches.

Again, too, amongst the "B's" there are H. Deverall as left-hander and W. Greenaway may be a coming bowler.

A little more thought in the nets would stand our younger members in good stead. The correct shots and good length bowling can only be learnt in practice.

It was good to us to see T. Bartholomew back with us again and back into something like his old form. J. Rumens also had some merry knocks, but in both cases anno domini tells and it is for the youngsters to be ready to step into their places when they feel that they really cannot carry on, but may that be several seasons hence.

The averages of both teams are appended and they show T. Bartholomew once more on top of the "A" team batting, with J. Rumens following close behind. J. W. Jelley heads the bowling and F. W. Clark a good second.

F. R. Main heads the bowling and batting for the "B" team, with H. Mileham scotching him up in both lists. Rather unusual for this to happen.

The "A" team played 15 matches, won 5, lost 8 and drew 2.

The "B" team played 14, won 6, lost 6, drew 1 and tied 1.

AVERAGES.

FIRST ELEVEN.

BATTING.

	Runs.	Innings.	Times Not Out.	Most in Innings.	Average.
T. Bartholomew ...	124	8	—	46	15.5
J. Rumens ...	149	14	1	29	11.46
J. W. Jelley ...	83	12	—	19	6.91
P. James ...	54	9	—	15	6
F. W. Clark ...	55	13	2	14	5
F. S. Hawkins ...	45	12	3	12*	5
G. Kelly ...	42	13	4	18	4.66
C. Josey ...	42	10	—	16	4.2
L. Atkinson ...	17	12	2	7	1.7
R. Paice ...	12	8	—	5	1.5
The following batted in three and less than seven matches:—					
E. G. Crutchley ...	35	3	—	22	11.66
J. J. Cardwell ...	44	4	—	30	11
A. E. Croom ...	47	5	—	21	9.4
H. Deverall ...	27	3	—	18	9
H. Kirk ...	16	4	1	8	5.33
J. Smith ...	28	6	—	20	4.66
J. Hillier ...	11	4	—	6	2.75
F. R. Main ...	5	3	—	3	1.66
E. C. Greenaway...	8	6	1	8	1.6

The following also batted :—

	Runs.	Innings.	Times Not Out.	Most in Innings.	Average.
H. Mileham	7	1	—	7	7
F. Munday	6	1	—	6	6
A. G. Hamlin	3	1	—	3	3
S. Marcham	0	1	—	—	—
F. Kemp	0	1	—	—	—
W. Sharks	0	2	1	—	—
F. Phipps	0	1	—	—	—

Total runs, 930. Total wickets, 140. Average, 6·64.

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
J. W. Jelley	74·3	11	221	34	6·5
F. W. Clark	143	36	280	37	7·56
J. Rumens	20·4	—	94	7	13·43
L. Atkinson	36	2	135	10	13·5

The following bowled in three and less than seven matches :—

A. E. Croom	55	19	83	18	4·61
R. Paice	16·1	3	37	5	7·4
E. C. Greenaway... ..	27	6	66	6	11
E. G. Crutchley	27	6	89	7	12·71
F. R. Main	17	3	52	3	17·33

The following also bowled :—

H. Mileham	5	2	11	1	11
H. Deverall	4	3	1	—	—
J. J. Cardwell	1	—	5	—	—

Total runs, 1,151. Total wickets, 115. Average, 10.

CATCHES.

P. James, 6; L. Atkinson, 5; A. E. Croom, E. C. Greenaway, 4 each; T. Bartholomew, F. W. Clark, G. Kelly, R. Paice, J. Rumens, J. Smith, 3 each; H. Deverall, F. S. Hawkins, J. Hillier, J. W. Jelley, 2 each; E. G. Crutchley, C. Josey, H. Mileham, F. Munday, 1 each. Total, 49.

SECOND ELEVEN.

BATTING.

	Runs.	Innings.	Times Not Out.	Most in Innings.	Average.
F. R. Main	142	16	3	27*	10·92
H. Mileham	80	11	—	38	7·27
F. Hawkins	42	9	—	18	4·66
C. Main	38	10	—	21	3·8
H. Deverall	53	15	1	14	3·78
R. Griffin	51	14	—	20	3·64
W. Greenaway	31	14	5	9	3·44
A. L. Walker	24	11	1	7	2·4
J. W. Giles	18	8	—	13	2·25

The following batted in three and less than seven matches :—

S. Treacher	15	4	3	10*	15
E. C. Greenaway... ..	11	4	1	5*	3·66
S. Marcham	7	4	1	3	2·33
C. Josey	6	4	—	4	1·5
I. Godden... ..	—	3	—	—	—
P. Luker	—	3	—	—	—

* Not Out.

The following also batted :—

	Runs.	Innings.	Times Not Out.	Most in Innings.	Average.
J. Rumens	24	1	—	24	24
F. W. Clark	25	2	—	13	12·5
J. Hillier	10	1	—	10	1
J. W. Jelley	8	1	—	8	8
L. Atkinson	7	1	—	7	7
J. Smith	5	1	—	5	5
R. C. Pitts	4	1	—	4	4
E. Bailey	2	3	2	2*	2
— Chandler	2	1	—	2	2
A. Davis	2	2	—	2	1
H. Treadgold	7	7	—	3	1
F. Kemp	—	2	—	—	—
A. G. Hamlin	—	3	—	—	—
L. Martin	—	1	—	—	—

* Not Out.

Total runs, 684. Total wickets, 142. Average, 4·81.

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
F. R. Main	37·4	36	283	59	4·79
H. Mileham	78·2	14	229	29	7·89
H. Deverall	50	11	114	14	8·14

The following bowled in three and less than seven matches :—

E. C. Greenaway	30	9	36	8	4·5
W. Greenaway	12	2	60	6	10
H. Treadgold	12	2	44	1	44

The following also bowled :—

J. W. Jelley	5	2	6	3	2
F. W. Clark	8	—	18	3	6
F. Kemp	2	—	8	1	8
A. L. Walker	1	—	6	—	—
R. Griffin	1	—	7	—	—
C. Main	7	1	17	—	—
L. Atkinson	4	—	20	—	—

Total runs, 914. Total wickets, 132. Average, 6·92.

CATCHES.

H. Deverall, 8; W. Greenaway, 6; F. R. Main, 5; H. Mileham, 4; E. C. Greenaway, J. W. Jelley, 3 each; I. Godden, R. Griffin, F. Hawkins, C. Josey, C. Main, H. Treadgold, 2 each; A. Davis, J. W. Giles, A. G. Hamlin, A. L. Walker, 1 each. Not recorded, 9. Total, 54.

J.W.J.



A DISCLAIMER.

The following paragraph is culled from the Sunday Press :—

“ Mr. Charles Perrin was arrested for walking down the street at Wellington, N.Z., in a Gandhi loincloth, but got away with it.”

We hasten to assure readers that our worthy Editor blushing denies all knowledge of the alleged incident. He emphatically states that his holiday was quietly spent in England and that his modesty would not under any circumstances permit of his appearance in the attire described. In one whose reticence amounts almost to bashfulness, the denial is obviously superfluous. We do, however, believe that even if the Editor appeared in such garb, his leg could not have been subjected to more continuous pulling.



Hoisting Beer on to Lundi Island.

PROHIBITION.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S VIEWS.

Writing in the *Sunday Chronicle*, Mr. Winston Churchill states :—I made two long journeys through the United States in 1929 and 1932. I visited on each occasion many great cities and the Federal seat of Government, and met in all the confidence of friendly discussion many leading Americans. When I am asked to state what is my prevailing impression, I must answer unhesitatingly, “ The change in opinion about Prohibition.” On the former occasion many championed it with vigour or at least defended it with conviction. The arguments about the well-being of the common people, all the improved efficiency of the working classes, of the importance of clear heads and steady hands in using high-speed machinery—all these, with which we have been so long familiar, were paraded with ceremony, if not with confidence. But now, in 1932, I could find scarcely a voice raised in defence of such a system. Indeed, on every side, in a score of States, among the dominant figures of American life, there was a fierce and universal chorus of disapproval and disdain for the principle of Prohibition and a general apologia for political institutions and party deadlocks which did not allow the impulse of the American nation to free itself from these absurd trammels and this oppressive incubus.

THEY LAUGH AT ITS FAILURE.

In the audiences which I addressed, comprising scores of thousands of American citizens from New York to Indiana and from Georgia to Maine, every critical or slighting allusion to Prohibition which I ventured to make—with all the reserves of courtesy due from a foreigner—was received with immediate spontaneous appreciation. Laughter and cheers from three-fourths of every audience even in the driest States greeted the suggestions that it had failed, that it had not achieved any real advance towards true temperance, and that it had brought novel and hideous evils in its train.

The United States, so far from being dry, is becoming an exporter of liquor upon a large scale. The Canadian authorities have become uneasy at a growing flow of smuggled liquor from the United States into Canada, thus affecting their lucrative Government monopoly. The empty cup has not merely been filled, is not merely being continually kept full, it is overflowing. And all the hundreds of millions of pounds which in Great Britain afford a

welcome and indispensable relief to over-burdened taxpayers, in the United States pour in far greater volume into the pockets not only of bootleggers but of that hideous underworld which thrives upon them. Prohibition has lent affluence to crime. Until its appearance the older type of ruffianly criminal was not only ignorant but poor. The profession of a bandit was at once precarious and ill-repaid. But once an opportunity of manufacturing or importing liquor which could be sold to an almost limitless consuming public at three, four, and five times the original cost presented itself, the underworld found itself in possession of revenues equal to those of great countries in the nineteenth century, or of considerable minor nations at the present time.

VENDETTAS OF GRAFT.

Here were funds to influence and even dominate municipal elections, to bribe policemen, Custom House officers and Prohibition agents; to corrupt judges and juries, to tamper with legislators and political parties, to procure the finest apparatus of brigandage to perfect the most elaborate organisations, and to command competent and reputable legal talent. A cold, insidious system of graft rose swiftly tier by tier in many of the great cities of the United States. Italians and Irish competed against each other in this work, and fought out bloody and murderous vendettas; and every part of the foundation of this monstrous edifice, the like of which the civilised world has never before known, was well and truly laid. Whole series of new or half-forgotten crimes and tyrannies came into being. Highjackers preyed on bootleggers and the police preyed on both. The Prohibition agents, local and Federal, were exposed to all the temptations by which men have become wealthy. Crime propagated and polluted, bootlegging was the first-born child of Prohibition. Racketeering—that is to say, an organised blackmailing by threats and violence against persons carrying on lawful trades—was its second offspring. Kidnapping is its latest newborn baby, thriving and growing apace. He must be a strange fellow, purblind, wrong-headed—nay, ruthless in heart—who, for the sake of his fads, wills obstinately that such a process shall continue.

MASS OF ILLEGALITY.

It is a repulsive mentality which is so squeamish, so fastidious, that it recoils with horror at the idea of the State "touching the evil thing," by taxing it, and yet consents in helpless fatalism to the indefinite continuance and aggravation of these awful, unforeseen, and immeasurable consequences. But not only has Prohibition armed crime with gold: it has invested it with public

sanction. Down from the very summit of American civilisation falls the light of countenance and condonation upon the whole mass of weltering illegality and rapine. Everywhere, in every State, in every city, in every class, in every profession, in every public office, liquor is freely consumed and easily purchased. The highest in the land, many of its ablest men, many of its best citizens, have accustomed themselves to breaches of the law. They give their orders with a smile or a shrug, and their behests, passing down the tiers and storeys of the social structure, are ultimately executed by agents as vile and ferocious as any who have ever shamed the world. Worst of all is the effect upon the youth of both sexes, particularly well-educated, well-to-do youth.

WANTED—MEN.

WANTED—MEN !

Men of vision,
Men of skill,
Men of purpose,
Men of will,
Men of valour,
Men of steel,
Men to serve
The public weal,
WANTED—MEN !

WANTED—MEN !

Men of honour,
Men of worth,
Men of truth
And gentle birth,
Men of ardour,
Men of light,
Men to labour
For the right.
WANTED—MEN !

WANTED—MEN !

Men of wisdom,
Men of power,
Men of faith
Who never cower,
Men to battle,
Men to do,
Men to lead
Our country through,
WANTED—MEN !

A GREAT THOUGHT.

One of the experiences that is probably common to most of us is to look back over a period of five or ten years and wonder how we could have been so foolish as to do things and say things on certain occasions which we too keenly remember. To-day as we recall the circumstances we bitterly reproach ourselves that we could have been so fatuous and shortsighted.

But probably five or ten years hence we shall look back upon these periods with much the same feeling. We are going to continue to do foolish things to the end of the chapter. By divine grace one may largely overcome tendencies, but there seems to be no help for un wisdom and poor judgment and inability to adjust one's self to circumstances, but the bitter discipline of experience.

There is one ray of light, however, upon this course of reflection, and that is the fact that our recognition of mistakes in the past is the best sort of reason for believing that we are improving. Yes, we have our eyes opened to some things, and though we shall probably make mistakes in the future just as in the past, they will not be the same ones.

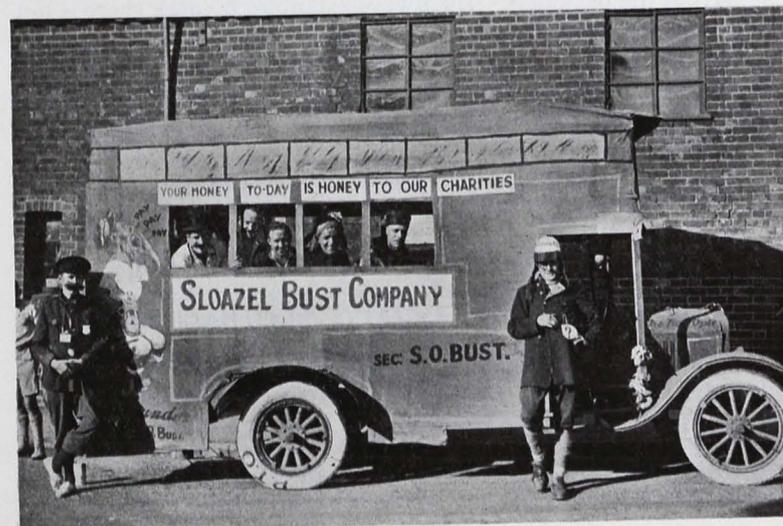
And then, too, we should not blame ourselves too severely for these errors. In the nature of the case there were times when we made these mistakes that we could not know as we know now. The man who is standing on the mountain top and sees the path winding up should be charitable to the man down in the valley who is losing his way in the thickets.

YE OLDE TRIP TO JERUSALEM INN.

Visitors to Nottingham, aye, and townsmen too, may well pause and say, "Who ever heard of such a name for a Public House?" Who gave it the name; and why was it so called? In reply, it will be found, on reference to old historical books that it was so called in King Richard the First's reign, A.D. 1289. When the Crusaders left for Jerusalem to fight in the Holy Land they stopped at this inn for refreshments. It is a quaint old place, hewn out of the rock, towering above which is the far-famed Nottingham Castle. In olden times this house is supposed, owing to its intersected cellars, to have formed a secret entrance to the Castle. The excavated Rock Rooms in which Mortimer and Queen Isabella met in secret, the room from which Mortimer was taken prisoner in the year 1330 (whilst in consultation with the Bishop of Lincoln), and the famous Rock Cellars, where the Ale has been brewed from past centuries up to the present time, are to be seen.

CARNIVAL DAY AT WOKINGHAM.

These two photographs were taken at Wokingham on Carnival Day. One shows the "Crispin," gaily decorated and the other is an entry put in by customers. Note the "S.B." man.



WORDS OF WISDOM.

The kinder your thoughts are of others, the kinder will be their thoughts of you.

The men who succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.

The men and women who are lifting the world upward and onward are those who encourage more than criticise.

He who keeps steadily on without pausing will reach the end of his path and the summit of perfection.

Consideration for others may not pay cash dividends, but it puts a lot of happiness into circulation.

Wise sayings often fall to the ground, but a kind word is never thrown away.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Avoid the pessimist. He always grumbles because there is not enough gloom to go round.

Cultivate sunny-heartedness and you will have a priceless charm for brightening existence and hushing troubled waters into happy peace.

Flattery, like too much sugar, spoils the palate.

WYCOMBE MARSH GORDONS FOOTBALL CLUB.

The above club's annual dinner was held recently at headquarters, "The Swan" (Marsh). The structural alterations were the reason for its not having been held at an earlier date, and they were also responsible for a fine setting, the new clubroom giving full effect to the hostess's table display, the three cups won by the minor team adding a note of triumph to the whole.

Owing to the general depression the gathering was not so numerous as in previous years. But under the able chairmanship of Mr. P. V. Lynn, a good company enjoyed an excellent repast. They were entertained by numerous artistes with a variety of musical items. One of the oldest supporters to give a song was Mr. Frank (Sergt.) Twitchen, who, for a period of ten years, has made a practice of contributing to the club funds one penny for every goal scored by the team, this apparently small amount having brought in during that period a sum of over £6. "Time," despite an hour's extension, arrived all too soon, and the singing of the National Anthem concluded a most successful evening.

Refreshments were supplied by the kindness of the chairman, Messrs. H. & G. Simonds and the landlord.

"THE BOOT,"

VERNAMS STREET, NEAR ANDOVER.

(BY H.E.R.).

My "Boot"-iful, my "Boot"-iful,
With thy new sign in red,
Why do you seem to far away
While I lie herein bed.
I know that it is bad for trade
Because I cannot walk,
But there's one joy that's left to me,
To pop the old Crown Cork.

My "Boot"-iful, my "Boot"-iful,
The doctor disagrees,
So when his visit has been paid
Please send me some "S.B.'s."

My "Boot"-iful, my "Boot"-iful,
It hurts me sore to hear
Your great big lorry *passing by*
Full up with so much beer.
Now wouldn't it be better
If they would drop a crate,
'Twould save you sending back again,
And I shant have to wait.

My "Boot"-iful, my "Boot"-iful,
When next my wild pains shoot,
I'll be one of the boarders and hand out my orders
From a bedroom up at "The Boot."

(The writer of this article has been laid up in bed for the past month and has found much to amuse and please in the HOP LEAF GAZETTES which have been lent to him.)

ROYAL ASCOT EX-SERVICE MEN'S CLUB.

The Ascot ex-Service Men's Club was founded on November 11th, 1919, when the Countess Roberts handed over two wooden huts to the members on behalf of the people of Ascot. The Club prospered in this building until 1932 when H.M. The King graciously presented a piece of his ground upon which a new clubhouse was built entirely out of the accumulated assets of the club.

This new clubhouse was opened by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales on July 30th, 1932.

According to the rules of the club only ex-service men can take part in the management but it is also the headquarters of all sport in Ascot.

There are over 200 members, drawn from every walk of life, and it is a social centre in the true sense of the word.

The photo is reproduced through the courtesy of the *Daily Mirror*.



Royal Ascot Ex-Service Men's Club.

"FARMER'S MAN," BENSON, OXON.

The licence of the "Farmer's Man," Benson, Oxon, has been in the family name of Mr. C. Lewendon (the present landlord) a hundred years or more. It is now in the fourth generation of Lewendons. The landlord has just received this snap from an old Oxford friend, B.S.M. Hunt of the 399th Field Battery, R.A. (T.A.), who a short time ago camped at Benson under the command of Major Murehead, M.P. All the W.O's. and Sergeants made the "Farmer's Man" their headquarters during their very short week-end stay. This battery was raised from the old Oxford Yeomanry which had the honour of being the first Territorial Regiment to go overseas during the late war. They were a very fine lot of fellows, and very fond of H. & G. Simonds' celebrated 'S.B.' and Dark Ales.

The only regret of all in the village was that they did not stop longer.



The landlord is seen on the left of picture.

FATAL ACCIDENT TO MR. G. SHERWOOD.

We very much regret to record the death of Mr. G. Sherwood, a mate on the motor lorries, who was accidentally killed in the Oxford Road, Reading, on Monday, 5th September, whilst cycling

home after his day's work. It was very sad as he was only 24 years' of age and had been married just under twelve months. By a tragic coincidence he was buried on the first anniversary of his wedding day.

Of a very pleasing disposition he was well liked by his work-mates. He was an enthusiastic footballer, having played for the Brewery XI. on several occasions, also he was becoming quite a good billiards player and had won a cup in the Transport Departmental Billiards Handicap in the H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Social Club, as the "runner-up," which, however, had not been presented before his untimely death.

The members of the club have lost a good companion who could always be relied upon to create a cheerful atmosphere amongst his company.

Several wreaths were sent from the Brewery, including one from the Social Club and Simonds Athletic Football Club.

The desire to express sympathy was so spontaneous amongst those who knew him that all subscribed liberally to the fund, raised by Mr. G. Boniface, with whom the deceased worked. This was particularly marked in the High Wycombe area, the tenants of the Firm in that district making handsome contributions to the fund, so that Mr. G. Boniface was able to hand over to the widow quite a substantial amount.



The late Mr. G. Sherwood.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The girl who reduces is generally going out of her weigh to please some man.

* * * *

"Did you notice the situation in Ireland?"

"No; is it worth applying for?"

* * * *

"What time shall I awaken you, sir?"

"I will ring when I wish to be awakened."

* * * *

PARENT: "My son has so many original ideas."

TEACHER: "Yes, especially in arithmetic."

* * * *

JOHN: "It was a great night! I don't mind confessing I ended up in a police station!"

WILLIE: "Lucky man! I found my way home!"

* * * *

JUDGE: "Have you ever seen the prisoner at the Bar?"

WITNESS: "Yes, m'lud; that's where I met him."

* * * *

"My husband says he married for beauty and brains."

"Oh, I didn't know he'd been married twice, darling."

* * * *

"Algy's trouble is that he's always acting the fool."

"No, my dear. The real trouble is that he's not acting!"

* * * *

"Where's Bill?"

"In the hospital."

"What happened?"

"He came down a ladder ten minutes after it was taken away."

* * * *

JIMSON: "How can you call it a love match? He must be worth almost a million!"

HIS WIFE: "Well, isn't that lovely?"

"Jack isn't going to marry Sally after all."
 "But I thought he fell in love at first sight."
 "Yes, but he took a second look."

* * * *

MRS. PRATTLE : "The bride is pale, don't you think?"

MRS. KNOWSEY : "Yes; and I happen to know that the bridegroom isn't very flush, either."

* * * *

SIMS : "While in Paris I paid £5 in tips alone."

WAITER (assisting him on with his coat) : "You must have lived there a good many years, sir."

* * * *

MOTOR SALESMAN : "Yes, sir, of all our cars, this is the one we feel confident and justified in pushing."

PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMER : "That's no good to me. I want one to ride in."

* * * *

EXCITED WIFE : "Oh, dear, the cook has fallen and broken her collar-bone!"

ABSENTMINDED PROFESSOR : "Give her notice at once. You told her what to expect if she broke anything else."

* * * *

GOOD ADVICE.

The young scion was threatened with an action for "breach."

"Any letters," asked the family lawyer.

"Reams of them," admitted the disconsolate young man.

"What a pity," said the man of law, "that you'd never heard the old adage: 'Do right and fear no man; don't write and fear no woman!'"

* * * *

THE BIG "IF."

Two shopkeepers were discussing business.

"Do you know," said Smith mysteriously, "I've a machine in my shop that would make me a millionaire if only I could keep it working all day."

The other shopkeeper pricked up his ears.

"What sort of machine is that?" he asked breathlessly.

"A cash register," laughed Smith.

HOW'S THAT?

On a wet day a motorist had a skid in a big town, and in its gyrations the car knocked down a lamp post.

A police officer in a long white waterproof coat came to his assistance and helped the poor chap out of the overturned car.

The driver was a trifle stunned. He looked at the prostrate lamp post and then at the white-coated policeman and murmured: "How's that, umpire?"

* * * *

BEST OFF AWAY.

A kindly old lady met a solemn-faced sailor at the big naval port and engaged him in conversation. "Are you married, my man?" she asked.

The sailor grinned. "Lor' lumme, ma'am, that I am. Married and ten children, all living," he returned.

"You poor fellow," she replied sympathetically. "And don't you ever get homesick?"

A smile flickered across the sailor's face. "I do, ma'am," he replied, "when I'm at home."

* * * *

OBEYING HIS ORDERS.

The Slowcume village brass band was practising in readiness to play at the village sports.

During one rather tricky piece of music the cornet player, a new recruit, ceased blowing.

The conductor glared hard at him.

"Why'd stop, Garge?" he asked.

The cornet player showed the conductor his music sheet.

"Well, Mr. Gumbins," he explained, "it says on this paper 'refrain'—so I did."

* * * *

GRANDMA : "Yes, I feel much better now, and I don't think there is anything wrong with my appendix. But it was nice of the minister to call and see about it."

DAUGHTER : "But, mother, that wasn't the new minister; that was a specialist from the city who examined you."

GRANDMA : "Oh, he was a doctor, was he? I *thought* he was a little familiar for a minister."

A HOPELESS CASE.

It was midnight. In the smoking room of a club a young man sat huddled in a chair. A friend entered. "Hello, Smith!" he asked cheerfully, "not going home yet?"

"No," muttered the despairing one. "I—I daren't."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter? It's the end of everything. It means ruin!"

"Here, tell me what's up. Perhaps I can help you."

Smith clenched his fists until his knuckles showed white.

"No one can help me," he said. "I've come to the end of all things! At eight o'clock I telephoned to my wife and gave her a perfectly good excuse for not coming straight home, and"—his voice sank to a whisper—"I've forgotten what I said."

* * * *

The suburban husband was about to leave his home for the station when his wife detained him. "John," she said, "I wish you'd go into the kitchen and give Bridget a good talking to before you go to business."

"How's that?" he asked. "I thought you were very satisfied with her."

"So I am," replied his wife; "but she's beating some carpets for me this morning, and she does it better when she's angry."

* * * *

"I'm that worried! The doctor says that if I give my husband anything but water it will kill him——"

"But why the worry?"

"Because if I give him water he'll kill me."

* * * *

The late Wilson Barrett used to tell an amusing story against himself. Once when he had a lot of workmen redecorating his private residence, thinking to give them a treat, he asked them if they would like to have seats to see him play in "The Lights of London" at the Princess's.

They said they didn't mind if they did, and, being given complimentary tickets, all went to witness, on a Saturday night, their employer's production.

At the end of the week Barrett's eye caught sight of an item on the pay sheet against each workman's name, which read: "Saturday night. Four hours' overtime at Princess's Theatre, 8s."

"Hello," exclaimed Donald. "Hae ye heard about Macpherson?"

"No, what's the matter with him?"

"He's opened a new business. Daeing fine, too."

"What's his line?"

"He's selling glow worms tae beekeepers."

"Whatever for?"

"Tae put in the beehives so that the bees can see tae work at night."

* * * *

The young man wrenched open the door of the railway carriage, tumbled inside, and collapsed on the seat, gasping for breath, as the train was moving out of the station.

The rather obvious retired "colonel" in the opposite corner grunted.

"When I was you age, my lad," he disapproved, "I could sprint down the platform and catch a train without turning a hair."

"But I—missed—this—at the—last station," panted the young man.

* * * *

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

"What ever have you got there?" inquired the puzzled husband.

She displayed a large cardboard box. "It's just a little surprise present," she replied. "A jigsaw puzzle—a hundred pieces."

"Jigsaw—good!" he exclaimed. "I love doing those."

His wife deposited the box in front of him. "Carry on then, darling," she smiled artfully. "It's the vase your mother gave us for a wedding present. I knocked it off the drawing room mantelpiece. Here's the paste."

* * * *

"My niece," said Mrs. Blunderby, "has a splendid education. She speaks several languages quite flippantly."

* * * *

DENTIST: "You were a long time drawing that man's tooth."

ASSISTANT: "Yes, he married the girl I love."

FATHER (to son) : " Now, if mother had one pound, and I gave her five more, what would she have? "

MOTHER : " Hysterics. "

* * * *

SPECIALIST : " This eccentricity you speak of in your daughter, isn't it, after all, a matter of heredity? "

MOTHER (severely) : " No, sir! I'd have you know, sir, there never was any heredity in our family! "

* * * *

" Why, I am surprised to see you, Doris. What brings you to Brightsea? "

" I'm looking for a husband. "

" But you've got one! "

" Yes, that's the one I'm looking for! "

* * * *

" As a matter of fact, " said the lawyer for the defendant, trying to be sarcastic, " you were scared half to death, and don't know whether it was a motor car or something resembling a motor car that hit you! "

" It resembled one all right, " the plaintiff made answer. " I was forcibly struck by the resemblance. "

* * * *

A reporter got a job on a provincial picture paper. At every turn the editor stopped him; he could do nothing right.

" Well, I'd better leave, " he said one day.

The only answer he got was " Ha! "

" Nothing I do seems to please you. I think I'll go back to my old business. "

This caught the editor's ear. " What was your old business? "

" Newspaper work. "

* * * *

A very seedy looking old man presented himself at a hospital for cats and dogs and asked to be taken in.

" You can't come in here, " he was told.

" Oh yes, I can, " he protested. " I'm an old soldier. "

" But, my good man, you can't. This is a veterinary hospital. "

" That's right, " answered the old man serenely. " I'm a veteran. "

" Is you husband a book worm? "

" No—just an ordinary one. "

* * * *

CONDUCTOR (helping stout lady on car) : " Yer should take yeast, mother, ter 'elp yer to rise better. "

STOUT LADY : " Take some yerself, lad, and then yer'd be better bred. "

* * * *

FIRST GIRL : " I like a man with a past. A man with a past is always interesting. "

SECOND GIRL : " That's true; but I don't think he's nearly as interesting as a man with a future. "

THIRD GIRL : " The man who interests me is the man with a present. "

* * * *

SHE (on steamer)—" Did you notice the enormous appetite of that stout man at dinner? "

HE : " Yes : he must be what they call a stowaway. "

* * * *

SCHOOLMASTER (to small boy who did not know his lessons) : " You little dunce : will you please go out to the butcher's next door and buy twopence worth of brains? "

The little boy answered : " Will I say it is you want them, sir? "

* * * *

" Are you still looking for your lost sixpence, little boy? "

" No, my small brother found it. "

" Then what are you looking for? "

" My small brother! "

* * * *

" You sometimes find a pearl in an oyster stew, " remarked the waiter pleasantly.

But the customer only grunted : " I'm looking for oysters. "

* * * *

" That Mrs. White has a fine figure. "

" A fine figure! Why, the only thing she can buy ready-made is an umbrella. "

The business man was interviewing his daughter's suitor.

"I regret I cannot see my way to allow you to marry my daughter at present, but give me your name and address and if nothing better turns up in the near future you may hear from us again."

* * * *

PLAYWRIGHT (greeting a friend in the theatre foyer between the acts): "Glad to see you here, old man!"

FRIEND (lugubriously): "You ought to be. I'm the one who paid to get in."

* * * *

CONCEITED YOUTH: "I wonder why that young girl over there looks at me so much?"

YOUNG LADY: "She has weak eyes, and the doctor told her to relieve them by looking at something green!"

* * * *

"Waiter! Some melon, not too ripe. Eggs and bacon, not too well done. And some toast, not too brown."

"Yes, sir. And some water, not too wet?"

* * * *

"Well, sonny," said the old boatman, "and what are you staring at?"

"Dad says you're an old sea dog and I want to hear you bark," was the reply.

* * * *

"When did you first become acquainted with your husband?"

"The first time I asked him for money after we were married."

* * * *

Mrs. Smith, on her first visit to Niagara Falls: "Oh, Reginald, that reminds me! I forgot to turn off the water in the kitchen sink!"

* * * *

"To what do you attribute your great age, Uncle John?" asked the newspaper reporter.

"To the fact," said Uncle John, "that it's such a long time since I was born."

* * * *

FOREMAN: "What is all that arguing about down the road?"

LABOURER (indignantly): "Why the man running the steam-roller wants us to call him a chauffeur."

GROCER: "Life is strange, lady. For instance, I used to be a pugilist."

LADY: "I can quite believe it. Lightweight champion, I suppose?"

* * * *

FIRST VOTER: "How long did the candidate speak, Bill?"

BILL: "About an hour and a half."

FIRST VOTER: "And what was it all about?"

BILL: "He didn't say."

* * * *

"Really, gentlemen," said the election candidate, "with all this uproar, I can hardly hear myself speak."

"Well, cheer up," shouted the heckler, "you aren't missing much!"

* * * *

"Have you seen Miss Ransome since she inherited a fortune?"

"Yes. She is greatly changed."

"How?"

"Well, she used to be frightfully skinny, but now she's divinely slender!"

* * * *

FATHER (reading yearly report): "Why are you always behind with your studies, Robert?"

ROBERT (quickly): "So that I can pursue them, father."

* * * *

TRAMP: "Am I hungry? Believe me, ma'am, the only bite I've had this week was from a mosquito!"

* * * *

"I hear you lost your temper yesterday."

"Yes, but she'll be back to-morrow."

* * * *

MISTRESS: "Evelyn, you were entertaining a man in the kitchen last night, were you not?"

MAID: "That's not for me to say, ma'am, but I did my best."

* * * *

An Illinois man has thirteen children and they all play musical instruments. Who says thirteen isn't unlucky?

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

THE BEAUTIES OF AUTUMN.

TIME OF MIGRATION.

I think that autumn partakes to some extent of the characteristics of all the other seasons and shares in all the beauties of the year. It is indeed in all respects the period of realization, and the end towards which the seasons point; for the frosts, and sleep, and deadness of winter, lend also their aid towards the golden harvests of autumn. We admire the peculiar beauties of autumn, with feelings altogether different from those with which we watch the progress of spring. On the one, we look with a sense of lively pleasure and joyous sympathy, akin to that which we gaze on a beautiful and lively child; while we regard the other with much the same feelings with which we look on the silvery hairs and enfeebled step of the hale old man, still in noble decay. His grey hairs are a crown of glory, and claim from us a reverence willingly rendered; and with like feelings we yield our admiration to the beautifully varied tints, which, towards the close of autumn, work so wondrous a change on our woods and groves, preparatory to the Winter stage of nature's repose, which precedes, and prepares for the annual resurrection.

Migration has been going on apace of late. The first of the feathered tribe to forsake our shores was the swift. They went early in August, while about the middle of September swallows might be seen in mass formation on the telegraph wires or roofs. They rise together and fly about describing many wonderful aerial evolutions. This they do from day to day, no doubt to strengthen their wings for their long southern flight. Then all at once off they go. They rise together in one dense column without any of their former gambols.

I saw several swallows as late as October of this year.

And at this time of the year, too, there is another kind of migration. I refer to that of the spiders. All around you may see fine strands of gossamer silk attached to the herbage or floating in the breeze. At the end of this delicate little aircraft is a tiny spider and by this means he may travel from one parish to another, from one county to another, or even further than that. I often wonder if, when he thus sets sail, he should encounter a heavy storm what the result would be. There must be some terrible "crashes" and great loss of life, though these are not reported, and the poor little spiders who thus meet their fate never get *their* photographs in the paper.

I hope that this season there will be no such disasters and with all my heart I wish our little friends Bon Voyage.

THE YPRES LEAGUE.

There must be many members of the staff of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. who, some time or other, served in the Ypres Salient during the Great War. The following letter concerning the Ypres League will be of interest to them:—

9, Baker Street,
Portman Square,
London, W.1.

Dear Mr. Richardson,

No reminder is necessary to realise that the Ypres League has sustained an unparalleled loss in the death of its late beloved President, Field-Marshal Viscount Plumer, and as a token of esteem and respect, we should all resolve to work harder in his memory, as he would surely wish us to do. As Secretary of the Ypres League, I have decided to address, at my own expense, this letter to all our staunch members whom I know have the welfare of the League at heart, urging them to make a special united effort to help me to double the League's membership before the end of 1932. Such an accomplishment would also signal an exceedingly nice and appropriate welcome to our new President, General Sir Charles H. Harington, the trusted Chief of Staff of the late Field-Marshal.

There is not a shadow of doubt that almost every one of our members is in close touch with some ex-warrior with service in the Immortal Salient or had a relative who gave his life in its defence, who would be justly proud to join the Ypres League if approached, and receive the scroll certificate of membership and copy of the quarterly edition of the *Ypres Times*.

If you desire to testify your keenness in seeing the League grow, I personally think that you will experience no real difficulty in finding this ONE RECRUIT before December 31st, 1932. Forgive me if I am asking too much of you.

Your name is recorded on the enclosed membership form, so that I shall know the origin of recruitment and have the pleasure to write you a letter of personal gratitude.

I am much looking forward to a wholehearted response, and thank you in advance for your kind support of which I feel assured.

Yours sincerely,
G. E. DE TRAFFORD,
Secretary.

Anyone desirous of becoming a member of the League should apply to—

A. G. Richardson, Esq.,
The Brewery,
Reading.

A few details concerning the League will be given next month.

BRANCHES. BRIGHTON.

The accompanying photograph is not one of an old baronial hall, but of a corner of one of Messrs. Edlins' rebuilt hotels, "The King and Queen."

This firm are spending much money to provide comfort for the customers of their various houses, and go far and wide to get original ideas, which they work in with artistic taste.



[Photograph reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Victor Champion, Brighton.]

King and Queen Hotel, Brighton.

We should like to place on record that W. J. Walker, one of our lorry drivers, won a first prize at a recent baby show for his bonny twins.

Congratulations to Mrs. Walker.

SEE THE SUN RISE FROM DITCHLING BEACON.

The above notice, also the news that Mr. S. B. Mais of wireless fame would lecture at dawn, allured we Sussex folk for a hike through the night.

The evening of September 10th, when the harvest moon was about at its full, was chosen for this trip, and the Brighton party left by the 12.30 a.m. train, the railway company having arranged a "special" for the occasion.

We arrived at Hassocks Station about 1 a.m. and were joined by three train loads of hikers from London. The company included men of advanced age seeking the spirit of youth, ladies who had come to look after their fledgelings, young ladies in trousers and shorts, and youths out to break records—altogether a jolly crowd. Then the ramble began. Each party took a different route to the beacon: ours laid to the west of the main London-Brighton road. We started north (Ditchling Beacon lies east) as far as Burgess Hill, then on to Cuckfield, then south past Hurst College, and to Hurst-pierpoint, where a halt was called. During our brief halt we were able to study the heavens in all their glory. The moon was sinking, and the stars shone like jewels. We were soon on our way again to the foot of Wolstonbury Hill, then along to Clayton Tunnel, and then started our climb over the downs to the beacon. The soft springy turf was a relief to walk upon after the hard roads, and we were soon up to the two windmills and able to see the glare of the lights of Brighton towards the south. Then all eyes were turned towards the east, and as we tramped uphill the grey streaks of dawn appeared and we arrived at the beacon, two miles from the station to which we had entrained. Some enterprising gentleman had brought up by motor lorry a supply of tea and a brisk trade ensued, and what a refresher a cup of tea can be after a "night out." We gathered round Mr. Mais, who gave us a short lecture on the Sussex Downs, and after a rest we started to descend the hill. The day had broken, but no sun had appeared as we made our way through the village of Ditchling, thence through Keymer to Hassocks Station.

We had rambled twenty miles during those early hours, and the sight at the last lap I shall never forget. The men of age had lost

the spirit of youth, the matrons were glad of "forty winks," the young ladies were not so fair as when we started, and the youths did not appear in the role of record breakers. The company of hikers were as happy as could be, for most of them, as the trains carried them home, were in the land of slumbers, no doubt dreaming of the comfortable bed they had so willingly sacrificed to see the sun that should have shown itself on Ditchling Beacon.

V.D.

ALDERSHOT.

We are pleased to insert the following, which will be of some interest to the numerous friends of Mr. G. E. Davis, our Military Traveller in the Aldershot and Hounslow district:—

CONGRATULATIONS.—Mr. Albert Edward Davis, second son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Davis, of "Harborne," Netley Street, South Farnborough, obtained his B.A. at London University in recent examinations, qualifying in English, French, and mathematics. Mr. Davis was formerly a student at the Salesian College, Farnborough, and is now at St. Mary's College, Strawberry Hill, Twickenham.

At the age of 23 Mr. A. E. Davis returned to school and within eighteen months passed the Matriculation and Inter Arts Examination, and in a further two years obtained the degree above mentioned.

OXFORD.

RETURN TENNIS MATCH AT READING, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17TH.

After several postponements, due to bad weather, we were able to fill our return tennis engagement with the "Gentlemen of the Brewery" at Reading on Saturday, September 17th, when we sustained another defeat to the tune of eleven sets to seven.

Be that as it may, the main thing is that we *enjoyed ourselves*; the tennis played was interesting and several matches were quite strenuous. The hospitality afforded by our hosts was highly appreciated. The arrangements, we believe, were in the capable hands of Mr. J. H. Wadhams and he is to be congratulated.

We would also hand over a bouquet to the gentleman we know only as "George," and to his good lady for the excellent tea they put on.

Here's to our next meeting, and please can Mr. Perrin be made to umpire?

PORTSMOUTH.

It was with deepest regret that we at this Branch, who were privileged to have known the late Mr. H. F. Lindars, heard of his sudden death. Our sincerest sympathies are extended to the relatives in their bereavement. His wonderful record of service will remain as an example and source of encouragement to us all. We should think that 66 years' continuous service was a record which it would be difficult to beat in any business career.

BRITISH LEGION (PORTSMOUTH NO. 1) CLUB, "WOODSIDE," QUEEN'S CRESCENT, SOUTHSEA.

This residential Club, standing in its own grounds, ranks as one of the premier of its kind throughout the United Kingdom. It was officially opened in 1922 by Field-Marshal Sir William R. Robertson, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., etc.



New renovated Bar of the British Legion No. 1 Club, Southsea, and Steward Mr. Knott.

The Club, which is open to ex-officers and men of all ranks, also honorary members, is situated close to the sea front, where cars are provided to all parts of the city, and motor coaches link up the outlying districts.

The Club has two billiard rooms, lounge, dining room, library, reading and games room, rifle range, five large bedrooms, bathroom, and refreshment bar. The grounds contain a putting green and gardens. There is parking accommodation for cars and chars-a-banc.

Visiting members can be entertained at a tariff (inclusive of board) for two guineas per week; bed and breakfast for four shillings. Special catering terms can be arranged for parties from British Legion Branches and Clubs visiting the city (Sundays included). Excisable articles are obtainable from 11 a.m. till 3 p.m. and 6 p.m. till 10 p.m. on week-days, and from 12 noon till 2 p.m. and 7 p.m. till 10 p.m. on Sundays.

We are pleased to see that under the 1931 programme Portsmouth Dockyard is to build H.M.S. *Amphion*. The *Amphion* will be a ship of 7,000 tons. The placing of the contracts for the ships of the 1931 programme has been kept back for about six months in the interests of economy and it is therefore encouraging to hear that the shops are now to be commenced, also that a certain number of unemployed in the shipbuilding and engineering trades will be able to obtain work for a considerable period. In addition to the cruiser contracts now made public, the Admiralty has given Portsmouth the flotilla leader, *Exmouth*, and the tender, *Skylark*.

When the ship's company of H.M.S. *Nelson*, flagship of Admiral Sir John D. Kelly, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, paid off at Portsmouth, after a successful two and a half years' commission, they left behind for the Commander a silver replica of the cock which the crew won in the Fleet Regatta as Cock Ship of the Fleet. During their commission the company established a record in the number of sporting trophies they won. A coloured souvenir, recording the sporting achievements of H.M.S. *Nelson* during this commission, has been presented to members of the crew.

Several thousand people, the majority relatives and friends of the officers and crew, assembled on the Southern Railway jetty in the Portsmouth H.M. Dockyard to see the return of H.M.S.

Effingham. H.M.S. *Effingham* is a Portsmouth-built ship, manned by a Portsmouth crew, and has had the distinction of having served three continuous commissions as flagship of the East Indies Station. The *Effingham's* association with the port caused more than ordinary interest in the arrival of the ship. For the greater part of the last commission the *Effingham* carried the flag of Vice-Admiral E. J. A. Fullerton, who only recently returned home to succeed Admiral the Hon. Sir Hubert Brand as Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth.



Mr. W. Eagle, Steward, British Legion Club, Liss.

NEWBURY.

"CARNARVON ARMS," WHITWAY.

On September 4th an Outing was arranged by our tenant, Mr. H. H. Durrant, of the "Carnarvon Arms," for the purpose of giving a day's pleasure to his customers.

The weather turned out fine and the journey by road to Southsea was enjoyed by all. A halt was made at Shedfield, where a light meal, including plenty of the "Hop Leaf" brand, was kindly provided by the host and hostess (Mr. and Mrs. Durrant), who accompanied the party.

On reaching Clarence Pier the party divided up and went off to enjoy the remainder of the day in their own way. They met again at 6 o'clock for the return journey, and the "Carnarvon Arms" was reached about 9 o'clock, where the party sojourned, not only for "just one more 'S.B.'" but to offer thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Durrant for the enjoyable outing everyone had enjoyed and appreciated.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

May we in the West Country add our small tribute to the proud memory of our old friend and late colleague, Mr. Frank Lindars, with whom several of us were associated in our days at the Brewery. To him life was a cheerful game: while helping others, less gifted, to play it better and straighter was but one of his natural characteristics.

What an example for all of us, who not only in years were his juniors and who no longer have his sagacious help!

Our heartfelt sympathies are extended to Mrs. Lindars and her family in their irreplaceable loss.

We had great pleasure in seeing the likeness of a contemporary of ours of thirty years ago, Mr. A. Luscombe, in the "Art Gallery" of honourable "Hop Leaf" associates, and are delighted to know he is still as alert in business matters as he was in the prevention of goals from midfield when he wore the local Y.M.C.A. colours. No doubt he still remembers the assiduous daily shooting practice in which he used to take part. Boys were boys even then!

We in Plymouth all wish him long continued powers to carry on his good work for the Firm in and about the Metropolis.

All "Tamarites" sympathise with a member of our staff, Mr. W. H. C. Mills, in the very sad loss of his wife at a comparative early age. The passing of both father (our late and very esteemed Beer Cellars Foreman) and wife within a few months is more than crushing, and we of the Tamar trust our sincere sentiments will at least be helpful to him in his great trouble.

The idea of forming a Tamar Cricket Club during the season just ended was an excellent one and was fully justified by the results achieved and support given. The keenness to play was at once apparent, but there must still be some latent talent about. Perhaps a few more trial games next season will discover it!

Against Devonport Y.M.C.A. we only lost by 4 runs; a total of 71 by our opponents—whose opening pair made 48 of these—being met by a score of 67, Messrs. L. Gruitt (28) and C. Wotton (19) being our only batsmen who made the scorers sharpen their pencils.

Considering it was late in the season when the idea bore fruit, the team developed remarkably well, and we feel sure that the confidence so essential to its playing success will come along in 1933.

Congratulations to both Reading and Plymouth Football Clubs on the gratifying successes which so far have marked their 1932-33 efforts. "Thrice blest is he," etc., etc.! The Elm Park-ites, showing that form which nearly earned promotion a few months ago, are freely being tipped for the Second Division "Stakes" and with our boys being a little healthier in defence, we are encouraged to hope they may retain their right place among the "upper ten" of that sphere. The crowning joy would be to welcome our old-time opponents amongst us at the end of the campaign.

The gradient is steep, but with "Number One" spirit much can be achieved. Best wishes!

THE 56TH COMPANY, R.E.

We are delighted to know that the above unit had a very congenial time during their arduous period of training at Willsworthy and Okehampton, despite the usual perverse weather conditions. The Simonds' marquee on the hill at Willsworthy mightily cheered the members of the Sergeants' Mess, who were just feeling their sea legs when a typical Dartmoor breeze arose and their troubles began.

These enveloping south-western movements are subject to little discipline, neither, more unfortunate still, is the pen of our contributor which is responsible for the following effusion. (We can only tactfully suggest—the pen being a more powerful weapon than the sword—that its inclusion in the GAZETTE pages might very fitly be making “the punishment fit the crime.” If you consider prevention its only cure, Mr. Editor, then the sword, please!)

The 56th Sergeants, encamped by our tors,
Tho' peaceful their mission, were soon in the wars.
The elements rose, while the Mess walls did fall,
And down came the “glory hole,” R.E.'s and all.
'Twas a deuce of a Mess—with prayers hurriedly said
Over “Froggy,” discovered nigh blooming well dead,
But those heaps of King's Sergeants, and some of his men,
Soon found the “S.B.'s”—and revived him again.

Epilogue.

But the morn soon did smile, while the tors still did frown,
O'er that 56th Mess-Up, on Willsworthy Down.

Afterwards all was as merry as a floral dance, and all voted it a great experience as a whole. We do hear whispers of a “signal” wireless fan, whose super-set needed an overhaul during the campaign, and who took advantage of a quiet spell on the “western front” to make the defects good. The persistent rumour that it was only loudspeaker trouble is, however, quite untrue!

Many thanks, Mr. President and members, for your valued sentiments. It is doubly pleasing to know that the privileges extended to us were to your satisfaction.

The Second Annual Dartmoor Pony Show and Sale, held at Dartmeet this year, attracted an entry of over 200—easily the largest gathering of the breed for show purposes yet held.

An improvement in quality was especially noticeable on last year's exhibition, and we warmly congratulate the Pony Society on their organisation and its success.

Prices ranged from £1 for a yearling to £7 for a riding pony, and keen competition took place for the many trophies.

The privilege of again being responsible for the catering arrangements was highly appreciated by us, and the “Hop Leaf” buffet and luncheon tent was a very popular centre of gravitation throughout the day. All Devon farmers and smallholders are having a pretty thin time in these days and often have to whistle a lot before the “where-with-all” turns up. Small wonder, then, that “S.B.” was so popular at Dartmeet.

Dull October! Who says so?

Not any of those perennial H. & G. S. folk who, “figuratively” speaking, have the job of making both ends meet again. How rapidly the month approaches, too. Not unlike the old free-wheeling days—with the first at the foot of the rise—and no three-speed on. All bent shoulders and “eyes down” to the top!

May no flints strew the upward path is our closing wish!

During September we were specially favoured by a visit from Mr. Fred Simonds in his charming yacht *Aglaia*. After but a few hours' stay, she spread her wings to the breeze and, following the path along which Drake once sped, headed further westward. We greatly appreciate the opportunity once again granted to us by Mr. Fred, who, we trust, will find renewed vitality and strength from his cruise.



LUDGERSHALL.

In connection with the retirement of Mr. W. H. J. King an informal gathering of the clerical staff was held in the office on August 31st to make him a presentation and bid him farewell.

Mr. C. E. Gough, who was associated with Mr. King in the Oxford Office many years ago, was also present.

Mr. F. L. Shrimpton, prior to making the presentation, made the following introductory remarks :—

“ Mr. King, as no doubt you know, has been associated with me practically all my life. In fact, I can remember him back in those old Oxford days when I was only a small boy. It is a remarkable thing that in after years, when the time came for me to leave school, I should have again been associated with him in the Oxford Branch Office and now that he is retiring from active service it is my pleasant duty to ask him to accept some small recognition from the members of the staff.

“ I could tell you very many tales about Mr. King, and I might say I have more to thank Mr. King for than possibly any other of our Branch Managers. When I went into the Oxford Office I was not altogether what might be termed a “ stained glass window ” by any means, but rather a little bit of a young devil and youngsters in my time were always up to all sorts of larks and pranks. At the same time, Mr. King always had the happy knack of bringing out what I consider the best of one's nature.

“ If you look round it is really surprising the number that received their early tuition from Mr. King, and it is remarkable that it should fall to my lot, above all others, to say ‘ Good-bye ’ to him as far as commercial life is concerned.

“ With you, I do wish him the very best of good health and very, very many years to enjoy the pension he so thoroughly deserves.

“ No less than six of the members of the staff who served under Mr. King at Oxford were afterwards appointed Managers. I refer to Mr. C. E. Gough, Mr. F. J. Gilbert, Mr. H. J. Timms, Mr. C. G. Adams, the late Mr. Vernon Dormer and myself.

“ You all know my opinion of Mr. King. You juniors in this office, if only you will follow the wonderful example which he has set, then you, too, may some day come to the end of a career such as he has ended.

“ Now we come to the question of asking Mr. King to accept a small token of our goodwill. We talked it over between ourselves as to what would be the most appropriate present we could make. It was a difficult matter to decide and required a good deal of thought. In the end, acting on the suggestion of my old friend, Mr. Gough, we decided to ask Mr. King to accept a cheque, which no doubt he would be able to use to better advantage and get better value for than anything we might purchase.

“ I therefore ask Mr. King to accept this token with every good wish from his old colleagues.”

Mr. C. E. Gough, supporting Mr. Shrimpton in making the presentation, said :—

“ I think I can endorse what Mr. Shrimpton has said. It comes from the heart and from *my* heart I feel it is quite a privilege for me to have been able to come down to join this little meeting to wish Mr. King every congratulation on his retirement and long years of good health to enjoy the future happiness and rest he so well deserves.

“ It is some fifty years since I first met Mr. King. I think it was in '82 when he came from Slough to join the Oxford staff. I was only one of the many of the staff who were there to welcome him and we gave him a welcome as our chief.

“ Mr. King always had a great influence for good in the office, especially among the younger members of the staff. I am only one of many who have benefited by that influence.

“ As for the service that Mr. King has given the Firm, there has been no better on any Firm and the Directors appreciate it. He always worked well, hard and not by the clock. His work has always been well done and thorough. As Mr. Shrimpton has just said it is a lasting example to the younger members, especially of any staff that has had the privilege of having had him for their Chief Clerk.

“ Before coming away I mentioned to Mr. Eric that I was coming down and he gave me a message for Mr. King. This is it :— ‘ Give Mr. King my kind regards and say that both myself and the Directors wish him every happiness in the future and long may he enjoy the pension which we have given him.’ I am sure this is something to get from the Directors.”

Mr. Gough then asked Mr. King to accept a memento from some of the members of the Branch Office, and remarked that, as it bore the “ Hop Leaf,” he was sure Mr. King would always be happy with the “ Hop Leaf ” in his pocket.

"Personally, I wish him every happiness and a long life to enjoy his retirement."

Mr. King, in reply, said :—

"I can only say 'Thank you' for the kind words of Mr. Shrimpton and Mr. Gough.

"I have known Mr. Shrimpton and Mr. Gough, as they have said, for many years. This morning I happened to pick up the HOP LEAF GAZETTE and opened it at Mr. Gough's portrait. I think it said in Mr. Gough's life that one remark of his was, 'You cannot serve two masters.' That is true, and I have always said that in regard to Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. and myself. Another remark was that when he made a speech he always said the right thing. Well, he has made a speech now.

"Of course, I am getting old and for some time have felt the weight of years. I have never said anything about it, but I recently had an attack which gave me the warning that I could not keep on. I tried to keep on. I should liked to have kept on to the very last month, but it was no use.

"I am delighted that Mr. Gough has honoured me by coming all the way from Reading on my last official day in the office.

"It is eighteen years all but two months since I was posted to Ludgershall. I think now, regarding the indoor staff, that I am the only one remaining who has served here continuously during and since the War. There is scarcely anyone here now who was here when I came into the office. Some were transferred, some went away and some came back.

"In the War time we used to have a counter across the office. We had it altered and put up a partition. We had a number of ladies over there and I used to call it the 'hen roost.' I think they liked being over there as they could look out of the window.

"There is one sorrowful event connected with my leaving. Only a week ago occurred the death of one of the oldest members of the Firm that I have had the honour of knowing or having had anything to do with. I refer to the late Mr. Frank Lindars. Some years ago we used to meet frequently.

"Friends, I thank you. I cannot say any more. What I have said to you, you may take as having been said from the bottom of my heart."



The above photograph is of Miss Dinah Shrimpton, who was the winner of the First Prize in the Andover Carnival recently held. Her costume, which represented "My Garden," was a work of artistry which the camera was unable fully to portray.

Our congratulations to the prizewinner and to the creator of the ensemble.

THE LIFE GUARDS.

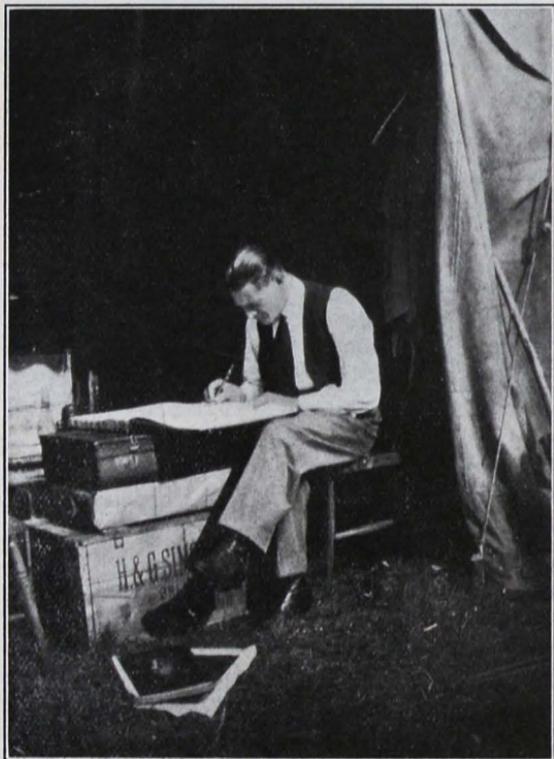
The annual training of the Life Guards was held this year on Salisbury Plain, where they were quartered under canvas at Bulford Fields. The photograph overleaf is of the Messman of the Officers' Mess, Mr. E. Rivolta, who was "snapped" whilst at work in his office in the camp.

Mr. Rivolta, who has a big reputation for catering, has served the Life Guards for many years, which is testimony to his ability

and popularity. Intuitively he knows exactly what is required in camp, even down to the smallest detail. It is due to his personal supervision of supplies and management that his catering is regarded as second to none. We have had a long and close association with Mr. Rivolta and have had the privilege of supplying liquors for the use of the Officers' Mess.

Mr. Rivolta is proud to acknowledge his success to the training he received under Mr. Henry Roberts, when the latter gentleman catered for the Messes of the Household Cavalry and Brigade of Guards.

At the time of writing we learn that the Life Guards are due to spend the night encamped at Stratfieldsaye and there will, doubtless, be many visitors to see this famous regiment.



Mr. E. Rivolta at work in camp.