

Mrs. Richardson.

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

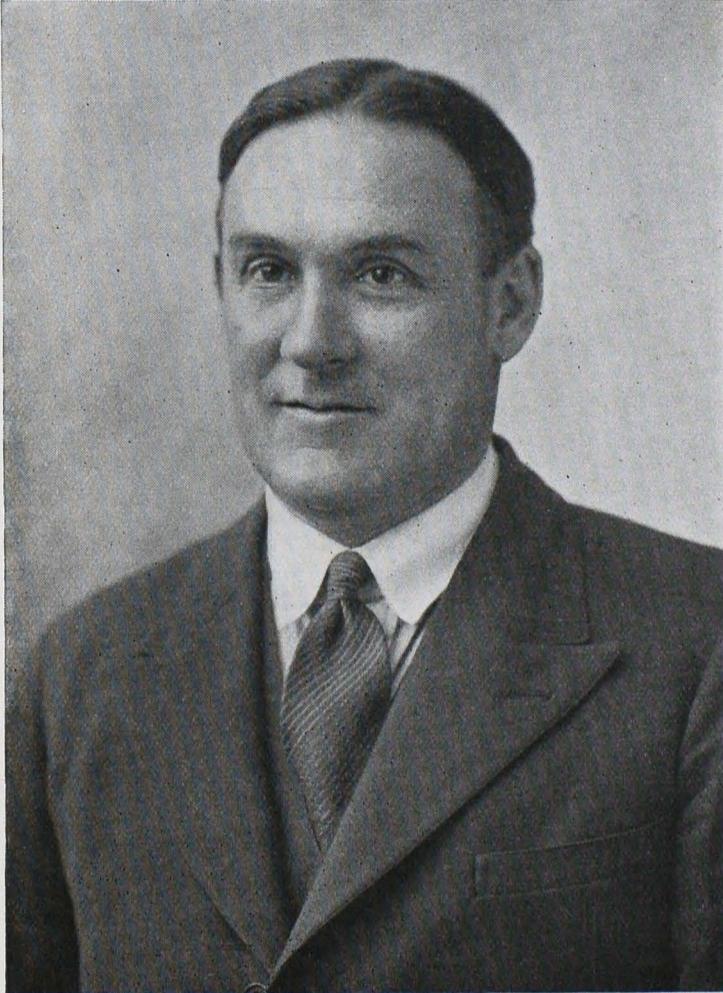
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 1



MR. H. N. DEANE.

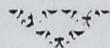
MR. H. N. DEANE.

In this issue we publish the portrait of Mr. H. N. Deane, Surveyor to the late Company of Ashby's Staines Brewery, Ltd. Although this subsidiary Brewery has been merged into the parent Company Mr. Deane is still responsible for the maintenance of the licensed properties in the Staines area.

Born near Ewelme, the village in South Oxfordshire famous as the scene of the honeymoon of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, and educated at St. Ann's, Redhill, and Shoreham Grammar School, Sussex, Mr. Deane commenced his business life with Messrs. Brasher & Sons of Wallingford, with whom he served for eleven years. Under the changed conditions brought about by the Great War in 1914, Mr. Deane, being unfit for military service, was employed in Lord Petre's Estate Office at Ingatestone, Essex, and whilst there he was offered by the late Mr. C. T. Rogerson, a Director of Ashby's Staines Brewery, the appointment of Assistant Surveyor in the latter Company. Taking up his duties there in October, 1917, Mr. Deane was promoted to the Surveyorship of the Company in 1922 upon the retirement of the late Mr. C. W. Davies, A.R.I.B.A.

Prior to the acquisition of Ashby's Staines Brewery by H. & G. Simonds Ltd., Mr. Deane was responsible for the remodelling of the Royal Standard, Virginia Water, and the Rising Sun, Stanwell. He subsequently rebuilt the Carpenters Arms, Chertsey, the Garibaldi, Staines, the Load of Hay, Bedfont, the Three Horse Shoes, Feltham, and the Packhorse Rooms, Staines. In addition to the rebuilding of these properties two new licences were obtained, namely, the Airman at Feltham and the Lucan Arms, Laleham. This work will remain as a fitting tribute to his artistry in architecture, although Mr. Deane is not unmindful of the advice which he has received from the Surveyors' Department at Reading in connection with his work. Mr. Deane was also responsible for the rebuilding of considerable portions of the Staines Bottling Stores.

Whilst residing at Wallingford Mr. Deane was Hon. Secretary to the Cricket Section of the Wallingford Athletic Club; also Hon. Secretary of the Conservative Association, the local Odd Fellows, and a member of the Miniature Rifle Club. Outside of his business life Mr. Deane is a devotee to history, gardening and dogs. He is J.W. in The Waterfall (Virginia Water) Lodge of Freemasons.



Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine oft infirmities.—The Bible.

CHAT *from*



THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)

To all our colleagues serving their King and Country at home or abroad:

“ God be with you till we meet again.”

THE ABSENT-MINDED EDITOR.

An editor at a dinner table being asked if he would take some pudding, replied, in a fit of abstraction: “Owing to a crowd of other matter, we are unable to find room for it.”

VICAR AND —

“Yes,” prattled the elderly lady, “that is the Duke and Duchess; the couple behind are the Mayor and Mayoress, and those on the right are the Vicar and the—er—Vixen.”

WHERE DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON FOUND DELIGHT.

There is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as in a capital tavern. As soon as I enter the door of a tavern I experience an oblivion of care, and of freedom from solicitude; I find the master when I am seated courteous and the servants obsequious to my call; anxious to know and ready to supply my wants; wine that exhilarates my spirits and prompts me to free conversation and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love. I dogmatize and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinion and sentiments I find delight.”—Dr. Samuel Johnson, 1700-84.

OCTOBER, 1803.

When, looking on the present face of things,
I see one man, of men the meanest too!
Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,
With mighty nations for his underlings,
The great events with which old story rings
Seem vain and hollow; I find nothing great;
Nothing is left which I can venerate;
So that almost a doubt within me springs
Of Providence, such emptiness at length
Seems at the heart of all things. But, great God!
I measure back the steps which I have trod;
And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the strength
Of such poor instruments, with thoughts sublime
I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

[From Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty by Wordsworth. The "one man" referred to is, of course, Napoleon Bonaparte.]

RUM FOR RAID-SHOCKED CIVILIANS.

The rum-ration was often of the greatest assistance at first-aid posts under fire in the Great War, but it has not yet penetrated to the consciousness of the official medical officers—lay or army—that it is sometimes equally good for the raid-shocked civilian.

The medical officer will be wise who sees to it that any unit for which he is responsible is not without a rum ration for use at need.—*The "Medical World."*

TOMATO GRAFTED ON POTATO PLANT.

Mr. Henry Potter, of Gillingham, Kent, has found a way of growing potatoes and tomatoes on the same plant. He has grafted a tomato shoot on a potato plant. He said "It was quite a simple experiment. I grafted with a normal wedge graft. The two plants belong, of course, to the same family, the salinum." The potatoes on the tomato plant are small, the tomatoes are big, and the yield is heavier than on a normal plant.

OUTSIZE.

In a club recently was to be seen the disconsolate figure of Mr. A. P. F. Chapman, England's most successful ex-captain of cricket, who has just become a gunner.

As yet an exhaustive search has revealed no uniform nor boots large enough to fit him.

EMPIRE ON PARADE.

The old warriors, who are linked throughout the world by the B.E.S.L., are even now parading in every part of the Empire—a magnificent "roll call" that should bring comfort to the Empire's leaders and would have warmed the stout heart of the departed Chief who made it possible, says *Our Empire*. Let us "listen" to it:

The Mother Country: "More than 4,000 branches of the British Legion, all present and correct, at the disposal of the Government, the municipalities and the A.R.P. department."

Canada: "Fourteen hundred and fifty branches of the B.E.S.L. representing the ex-Service men and citizens of Canada from Quebec to Vancouver, offer their services to the Canadian Government. Offer gladly accepted."

Australia: "The Returned Sailors' and Soldiers' Imperial League, uniting the Anzacs from Queensland to Western Australia, place their whole force at the disposal of the Government."

South Africa: "British Empire Service League offers co-operation to Government. General Hertzog and General Smuts cordially welcome the proffered aid."

New Zealand: "Returned Soldiers' Association already on parade. When England is 'in it,' so are we."

Newfoundland, Malaya, British Guiana, Burma, Ceylon, Fiji, Mauritius, Nigeria, Nyasaland, Rhodesia, Sierra Leone: "When the Mother Country fights for liberty, we fight too. For her freedom is ours."

India: "We, the Ruling Princes, lay our swords at the King-Emperor's feet."

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE!

"And here, ladies," said the guide, "we have the famous falls. If you will stop talking for a moment you will be able to hear the mighty roar."

NO SUCH THING.

There is no such thing as a small country. The greatness of a people is no more affected by the number of its inhabitants than the greatness of an individual is measured by his height. Whoever presents a great example is great.—VICTOR HUGO.

BEER SHORTAGE IN THE GREAT WAR
TWENTY-THREE YEARS AGO.

The following letter, extracted from one passed on to the Firm, is of peculiar interest and special application these difficult days. This communication was dated 16th April, 1916, when, as now, there were grave difficulties in the way of supplying all the requirements of the consumers of beer.

DEAR SIR,

With reference to the Meeting which has been arranged for Wednesday next, I am desired by Mr. Runciman (President of The Board of Trade) to say that he has learnt with considerable surprise that the restriction on the output of beer which is now in force has been made by numerous brewers an EXCUSE for failing to supply the Army Canteens. It has been represented to him that brewers have diverted and are diverting the whole or major part of their reduced output to their own tied houses, and that the effect of the restriction has been felt mainly by free houses and (a matter to which he attaches far greater importance) by the Army Canteens.

He asks me to impress upon you that this is an intolerable situation, and he confidently seeks the co-operation of your Society in the devisal of the requisite measures to secure that the reduced output shall be equitably distributed between the consumers of different descriptions, and above all that there shall be no failure to supply the reasonable requirements of the Army.

Yours faithfully,

THE TEMPORARY BEER SHORTAGE OF TODAY.

Superhuman efforts were made to cope with the demands and to ensure a fair distribution, by reducing orders from all sources to reasonable limits. This reduction was applied equally to Naval and Military trade and Tied Houses, although it was hard to deny "One for the road" to the departing troops.

The temporary shortage was not confined to the Southern Counties but extended throughout the whole length and breadth of the country. Such a state of affairs was unavoidable and, of course, similar shortages were experienced in many other commodities.

WEDDING OF MR. R. ST. J. QUARRY.

DIRECTOR OF MESSRS. H. AND G. SIMONDS.

CEREMONY AT HIGHCLERE.

Owing to the war the plans for the marriage of Miss Diana Elizabeth Lloyd and Mr. Richard Bridges St. John Quarry had to be drastically altered, says the *Berkshire Chronicle*. The wedding was to have taken place on Tuesday at St. Clement Danes Church, London, followed by a reception at Claridges to be attended by 700 guests. The Bishop of London was to have officiated at the ceremony. The bride had chosen twelve bridesmaids and four children to attend her, and it was planned to spend the honeymoon at Brioni and Dubrovnik on the Dalmatian coast.

Instead, the wedding took place on Wednesday, October 4th, at the Church of St. Michael the Archangel, Highclere. The Rev. G. D. Dunlop, of Eversley (formerly of Highclere), and the Rev. N. B. Kent, of Highclere, officiated. The organist, Mr. Keen, played voluntaries by Bach, Handel and Brahms before and after the service and during the signing of the register, and the hymns, "Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us," "O Perfect Love," and "Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven," were sung.

The bride is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel H. Lloyd, D.S.O., and Mrs. Lloyd, of Ferne, Highclere, Newbury, and the bridegroom is the son of the late Major St. John S. Quarry and Mrs. W. W. Myers, of Woodmancote Manor, Woodmancote, Cirencester.

Mr. Quarry is a director of Messrs. H. and G. Simonds and treasurer of the Reading Conservative and Unionist Association.

Miss Lloyd, who is a talented dancer, went on the stage when she had to give up ballet dancing. She played on the West End stage, notably in "Trumpeter, Play!" last year.

Lieut.-Colonel Lloyd gave away his daughter, who wore a gown of ivory satin cut on classical lines, with a square neckline

and long, tight sleeves, full at the top. There was a very long train cut in one with the skirt, and the very full tulle veil flowed from under the mother-of-pearl head-dress, fashioned like orange blossoms, to the end of the train. She carried a shower bouquet of mixed white flowers reaching to the ground on one side.

She was attended by one little girl, Miss Erica Simonds (cousin of the bridegroom and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Simonds), and by two bridesmaids, Miss Wendy Eliot-Cohen and Miss Delicia Iremonger (cousin of the bridegroom). They all wore picture gowns of delphinium blue taffeta, the edges of the necks and sleeves being scalloped. The little girl carried a basket of mixed flowers to match the wreath in her hair, and the older maids carried bouquets of mixed flowers. Mr. Cyril J. Tozer was best man.

An informal reception was held by Mrs. Lloyd at Ferne, Highclere, and will be followed, at a later date, by a proper reception in London.

The bridegroom was married in Army uniform, and there was no honeymoon. The bride's travelling ensemble was a dress of olive green wool trimmed with coral and a matching hat, the edge of the ribbon trimmed with coral. She also wore the sable Kolinsky fur coat which was the gift of her parents.

Among the wedding presents received was one from the Heads of Departments at the Brewery; Branch Managers, and the whole of the indoor and outdoor Staffs of H. & G. Simonds and Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries; and a silver salver from the officers of the Reading Conservative and Unionist Association.



The Bride and Bridegroom after the ceremony.



The Bride with her Father (Lieutenant-Colonel H. Lloyd).



The Bridesmaids.



Miss Erica Simonds, bride's small attendant.



Mr. F. A. Simonds (Chairman and Managing Director of H. & G. Simonds Ltd.) and Mr. John H. Simonds (Vice-Chairman) were among those present.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Sorry my notes did not appear last month, but there were reasons. Thanks to all those kind enquirers who asked "Where's Brewery Jottings this month?"

I was one of the lucky ones who was able to get in my holidays, although, in spite of simply perfect weather, the war clouds which loomed so quickly spoilt the last week. In fact, it really made one glad to get back home again. Whilst on holiday THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE arrived and, in spite of my hopes, there were no cricket notes.

Seems strange now to think of cricket, yet the club this past season had a really good record and surely some of the scores, particularly during the Sunday matches, were records (or nearly so) for the club.

We started watching football at Elm Park and, after a match or two, found Reading at the top of their league; then the international upheaval put paid to it all. Still, we are promised some more football, so our season tickets will come in handy yet.

At the Brewery the war found us very busy and there are many who will remember these weeks of September as long as they live. With our A.R.P. organisation going strong as well (night and day), many had a very hectic time. Somehow this war knocked the bottom out of many things, especially with such a vigorous black-out. But we have more or less settled down now to this latter item. Our Offices seemed full all day and khaki was much in evidence.

We had so many of the staff who were in the Territorials that, daily, off some of them went for pastures new until such time as we were very badly off for male clerks. This has been solved by the advent of many ladies, recalling to some the days of the 1914-18 war. That was known as the Great War; I wonder what this one is going to be called? Space does not permit me to give the names of those gone, but we wish them all a safe return. Truth to tell we have seen some of our colleagues on fleeting moments of leave and they all look jolly well. Of course this has been brought about by the wonderful weather and the open-air life. They all seem very happy boys and a credit to the Firm they worked for.

Just when perhaps we might have got on top of things, so to speak, along comes an Emergency Budget with additional burdens

on our trade, and although we cannot be said to welcome these new taxes, we must all live for the day when we shall have some relief from them.

For those who have been in the Offices working under great pressure the highest praise is due.

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

The Happy Man, Englefield Green (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. W. Miller.

The Halfway Inn, Kintbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. Young.

The Crown, Bray (Wheelers Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. A. E. E. Davie.

The Star, Denchworth (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. T. J. Adams.

The Bird in Hand, Tilehurst (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. B. J. Newington.

The Pipemaker's Arms, Uxbridge (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. J. Hallett.

The Carpenter's Arms, Hayes (Wheelers Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. W. G. Grimsey.

The Victoria Arms, Wokingham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. F. R. Carey.

The Bee Inn, Windlesham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. R. C. Robinson.

The Royal William, Ealing (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. Rising.

The Swan, London Road, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. H. Keevil.

The Roebuck Tap, Oxford (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. J. Harvey.

The Boot Inn, Vernhams Dean (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. A. D. V. Shergold.

The Friend at Hand, High Wycombe (Wheelers Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. J. Hill.

The Prince of Wales, Feltham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. Soper.

The Three Horse Shoes, Meadle (Wheeler's Wycombe Brewery, Ltd.)—From Mr. C. E. Watson to Mr. William Francis Loving.

- The Garibaldi, Iver (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—From Mr. F. G. Moore to Mr. Frederick Charles Baigent.
- The Red Lion, Bloxham, Banbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—From Mr. R. M. Ebberson to Mr. Arthur Walter Simmons.
- The Elephant Hotel, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—From Mr. G. S. Cherry to Mr. John Cripps Berry.
- The Yew Tree, Spencers Wood (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—From Mr. H. Neville to Mr. Harry Lawrence Yeomans.
- The Farriers Arms, Spencers Wood (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—From Mr. A. J. Day (deceased) to Mrs. Kate Laura Day (widow).

DEATHS.

We are very sorry indeed to record the following deaths, and to all relatives our deepest sympathy is extended :—

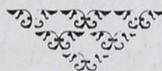
Mr. E. Hyne, of the Prince of Wales, Feltham, who had been tenant of this House for 26 years.

Mr. H. F. Baldry, of the Golden Eagle, Slough, who had been at this House since October, 1928.

Mr. W. Amos, of the Golden Lion, Watlington Street, Reading, where he had been for the past 22 years. We have, however, earlier records of Mr. Amos as a tenant of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., and in 1894 he was at the Queen's Arms, Hosier Street, Reading. After that he was at the Little Crown, and following that he was at the Jack of Newbury for two years. He was for a while at the Queens, Great Knollys Street (a House of another Brewer) and then on to the Golden Lion. He used to be a regular caller at the Brewery Offices and was always a very cheerful sort.

Mr. A. J. Day, of the Farriers Arms, Spencers Wood, had been tenant of this House since 1925, when he took over from his father, who had been tenant since 1903.

Mr. E. Bengier, who died rather suddenly, was tenant of the Bricklayers Arms, Coley, from October, 1938. Previous to that date he had, since 1923, been at the old Engineers Arms, Katesgrove Lane.



NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

PLAGUE OF WHITE BUTTERFLIES.

RABBIT'S EXTRAORDINARY TEETH.

Though the majority of swifts took their departure about the middle of August, I saw one on September 1st, the last, I think, that will come under my observation this year. Nearly all the swallows and house-martins made off towards the end of the month though I saw several of each species during my early morning jaunt at the date of writing (October 1st). On September 20th there were young house-martins still in their nest in Brunswick Street, opposite the Brunswick Arms, and I doubt if the little wings of these youngsters have yet grown strong enough to embark on their long journey south for the winter. I have not seen a sand-martin for over a week, but they are generally the first of the swallow tribe to take their departure. I saw several chiff-chaffs on September 20th but I expect they have all gone by now.

BUTTERFLIES BY THE BILLION.

I don't ever remember seeing such a plague of large white butterflies as was to be seen in the fields and gardens this year. And the ruined appearance of our cabbages and nasturtiums tells its own sad story. Hundreds of thousands of cabbages may be seen reduced to bare midribs. But the history of this devastating little devil is none the less interesting. The large white butterfly has two broods a year, in May and late summer. The pale yellow conical-shaped eggs are laid on the lower side of the leaves of nasturtium and cabbage plants. In about a week's time the baby caterpillars gnaw their way out of the egg-shell and then proceed to devour it. They then feed on the leaves with the result too well known to many of us. When grown to maturity the caterpillars seek a suitable site for pupation. This may last for months and when the newly-emerged butterfly eventually appears it presents a sorry spectacle, weak and wet and feeble, and with crumpled wings. However, it hangs itself up to dry and grow strong and then takes wing to seek a mate or be sought after by one. And so the cycle of life goes on, life to these insects but death to many a million plants!

I have one of these caterpillars now undergoing its metamorphosis on the wall of my bedroom.

COUNTRY-SIDE'S COLOURFUL SCENE.

How beautiful is the country-side looking these sunny autumnal days. Though there is a touch of melancholy in the robin's song a number of thrushes, wrens and hedgesparrows have been gladdening our hearts with short snatches of song, while the hips and haws, and many a wayside flower, add colour to the scene. The ever-changing tints, rich and rare, of the leaves are also a delight to the eye and remind me of those familiar lines :—

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come o'er the meadows with me and play,
Put on your dresses of red and gold ;
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Dancing and whirling the little leaves went ;
Autumn had called them, and they were content.
Soon they will sleep in their soft earthy beds,
Waiting for winter to cover their heads.

RED AND RIPE.

There is indeed an abundance of red and ripe food for the birds and thank God that, as yet, they do not have to apply for a meal by means of a ration card. As I wander around these realms of Peace and Joy and Beauty, it does my old heart good to spend an hour or two right away from the hateful atmosphere of War.

And as I gaze at my old dog, a loyal and loving companion in many a ramble, I say to myself : If in the days to come, one of us has to go short of food, it will not be he !

A MOTHER FOX'S LAST THOUGHTS.

Talking of food reminds me of a touching little incident concerning an old vixen's last thoughts for her cubs. She was nursing them at the time and during one of her nocturnal prowls had been sadly wounded by shot. Though evidently a long way from home, and in a dying condition, her last thoughts were not of herself but of her young, for she dragged herself, bleeding, over field and mead, to her earth. There she was just able to feed her little ones before passing on, let us hope, to happier hunting grounds.

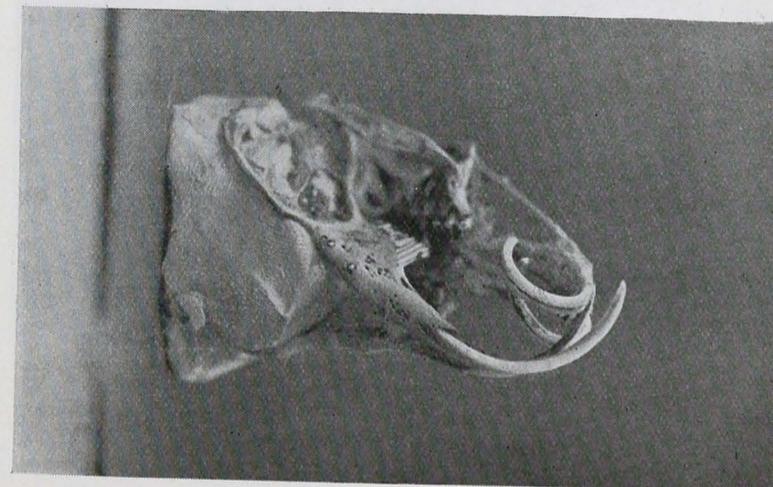
Aye ! there is wonderful mother love, even in a fox.

A RABBIT'S DENTAL MONSTROSITIES.

I am privileged to publish in my notes this month these two extraordinary photographs of a rabbit's dental monstrosities. The photographs were given me by Mr. F. A. Simonds, who has a wide knowledge of natural history, but has never seen anything quite like this before. Nor have I ! How poor bunny managed to nibble the grass or other herbage with teeth like these must remain a mystery.



Bunny should have seen a dentist.



The skeleton skull gives an even clearer view of the rabbit's extraordinary teeth.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Blessed are they who labour and pray to be merciful, not after the false and spurious pattern of this world but after His high example ; remembering that they cannot be as if they had never heard or read of Him. There may be other features in the picture of our Lord, less in sight, and harder to copy ; but this point of forgiving and doing good is what all, to a certain extent, can understand and admire. He " went about doing good." Be not then content any more to be merciful and helpful to your brethren only now and then as convenience and fancy suit ; but pass the whole time of your sojourning here in mercy. If such a life be sweet and precious even here, what must the fruit and end of it be, when it comes to be made perfect in heaven ! When the work, the anxiety, the self-denial, will be all over, and only the love and joy and everlasting fragrance remain ?

ON PARADE AT THE CANVAS STORES.



Some of the older members of the Brewery will remember the outbreak of the last war, when a good number of employees used to parade at the canvas stores for training under the supervision of ex-Inspector James. In the photo are a number who are still employed at the Brewery.

REMEMBER.

YOUR courage, YOUR cheerfulness, YOUR resolution, will bring us victory.

GO SEEK THY PEACE IN WAR.

These lines were written by a man who fought three years around Holland, the Rhine and even the Saar. But that was 350 years ago, and his name was Ben Jonson. The lines were written to a young soldier who had been leading an easy life.

Wake, friend, from forth thy lethargy : the drum
Beats brave and loud in Europe, and bids come
All that dare rouse, or are not loth to quit
Their vicious ease and be o'erwhelmed with it.
It is a call to keep the spirits alive
That gasp for action, and would yet revive
Men's buried honour, in his sleepy life,
Quickening dead nature to her noblest strife. . . .

Go, quit them all, and take along with thee
Thy true friend's wishes, Colby, which shall be
That thine be just and honest, that thy deeds
Not wound thy conscience when thy body bleeds ;
That thou dost all things more for truth than glory,
And never but for doing wrong be sorry ;
That by commanding first thyself thou mak'st
Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st ;

That fortune never make thee to complain,
But what she gives thou dare give her again ;
That whatsoever face thy fate puts on
Thou shrink nor start not, but be always one ;
That thou think nothing great but what is good,
And from that thought strive to be understood.
So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preserve a fame
Still precious with the odour of thy name ;
And last, blaspheme not ; we did never hear
Man thought the valianter 'cause he durst swear.
These take, and now go to seek thy peace in war :
Who falls for love of God shall rise a star.

STAFF AND EMPLOYEES IN HIS MAJESTY'S
FORCES.

It is the hope of the Company that a copy of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE for each month can be forwarded to any member of the Staff and Employees whilst serving in any branch of His Majesty's Forces.

In order that the extra work entailed may be smoothly carried out will all who wish to receive a copy of the Gazette please advise the Editor at Head Office of the address of their unit, to which all ordinary letters are to be despatched. Any change of unit on transfer should be immediately notified, as we wish to minimize the risk of despatching copies which are not destined to be received.

TO SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

The fashion nowadays is this
—To laugh and sneer at much amiss
In what you painted—what you drew :
—Your dogs like saints and sinners too
—Some stolid canine sitting up
And holding in his mouth a cup
(Or was it in his paw a tin ?)
—Some shaggy mongrel with a grin
—Two wretched whelps who (could they speak)
Would talk in Hebrew or in Greek
—Or some refined and soulful hound
With saucer eyes so large and round
That (dress him in a sable suit)
He'd pass for undertaker's mute !

But (granted all I've mentioned)—when
I see your " Monarch of the Glen "
Or mountain hares and nimble roes
And capercaillies crouched in snows ;
—(How oft delighted have I stood
Before such canvas at Ken Wood)—
Or when in dear old London there
I pause before your sleek " Bay mare " ;
Or if within the Tate I stroll
To find your " Arab with her foal "
Or sows who in the sunshine bask
Intent on their maternal task
—Despite your critics, this I know
—You'd teach our Age a thing or so !

S. E. COLLINS.

NO PEACE TILL VICTORY IS WON.

Having obtained a Pyrrhic victory in Poland, Hitler, of infamous repute, is about to launch a world peace proclamation.

The millennium is to be founded at his dictation. This modern Isaiah is to be a " judge among the nations, and rebuke many people."

In the words of the prophet, " they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

The lions and the lambs of the world, in fact, are to lie down together, and peace and goodwill prevail for all time.

To attain this end he has crawled to the Government of Russia—" the scum of the earth " as he described the Russians in *Mein Kampf*—to save himself from degradation, disaster, and perhaps death.

How Stalin and his colleagues must be revelling in the humiliation of this once proud nation !

Coming from any other source but from this blood-stained criminal, for whom certain defeat looms in the not too distant future, attention might be paid to a proclamation of this character.

From Herr Hitler, peace proposals of this kind are but a snare, a delusion, and a mockery.

What faith can be placed by any statesman, however peace-loving, in the words of a man who has lied himself into a position which even Nero might envy.

He lied over Austria ; lied over Czecho-Slovakia ; lied over Poland. For years, with war in his heart, he declared that peace was his only object ; that no war could be justified by any territorial ambition.

" Mark ! where his carnage and his conquests cease !
" He makes a solitude and calls it Peace ! "

The cost of victory will be great ; the taxes which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has imposed to ensure this end are unprecedented, but no cost is too great to pay if we and our descendants are to be spared a life of slavery under the barbaric heel of Hitlerism.

As the Prime Minister said this week, " So long as a Nazi Government exists and pursues the methods it has persistently followed during the last two years, there will be no peace in Europe."

And under this Russian-German pact, the sinister purpose of which will not deceive a fourth form schoolboy, there is no suggestion that Hitler and his corrupt gang will be swept away and a more stable and honest government take their place.

No, if the peace of the world is to be secured, it will not be at the dictation of a Hitler, who has broken every law of God and man.

Peace will come only when Hitlerism has been smashed—when its creator has “gone down to the vile dust from whence he sprung; unwept, unhonoured and unsung.”—*The News of the World*.

THE HOP-PICKING SEASON IN HAMPSHIRE.

In the Alton district where the hop-picking season is in progress, there are some very fine samples of hops to be seen, the quantity and quality promising to be of unusual standard.

The fame of Alton district for the local hop fields is referred to in the Hymn of the Hampshire Country-side, which was sung at the Harvest Festival held at the Parish Church at Farleigh Wallop recently and is recounted by a contemporary publication:—

“The Church was beautifully decorated with autumn blooms and tints, with a predominant red and white colour scheme. There was a celebration of Holy Communion at 9.30 a.m., and Festal Evensong at 5.30 p.m., which commenced with the singing of the National Anthem. The singing of the special psalm and hymns was an inspiring effort, especially the hymn of the Hampshire Country-side with a verse—

See where his flock the young shepherd is guiding,
Hard by the track on old Farleigh Hill;
See where 'mid Alton's shy slopes lie in hiding
Kilns where the hops their soft odours distil.

The Rector, Rev. A. W. Badger, M.A., preached an appropriate sermon, and concluded by saying that the English people had an unconquerable soul and we must never forget that—

This England never has, nor never shall
Bow at the proud foot of a conqueror.

The gifts in kind were given to Basingstoke Hospital, and the offertory to the Church Restoration Fund.”

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Nature trips us up when we strut.

Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.

Friendship is the marriage of the soul.

The cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one.

The empire of woman is an empire of softness, of address, of complacency. Her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears.

Worldly riches are like nuts; many clothes are torn in getting them, many a tooth broke in cracking them, but never a belly filled with eating them.

Our souls, much farther than our eyes, can see.

Life is poor when its old faiths are gone,
Poorest when man can trust himself alone.

He that would live in peace and rest,
Must hear, and see, and say the best.

It is with narrow-soul'd people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Life is a long lesson in humility.

Nature is the living, visible garment of God.

Nothing is safe from fault-finders.

The best fish swim near the bottom.

What light is to the eyes—what air is to the lungs—what love is to the heart, liberty is to the soul of man. Without liberty the brain is a dungeon, where the chained thoughts die with their pinions pressed against the hingeless doors.

The garment of friendship is knitted on the needles of give and take.

It is to be doubted whether he will ever find his way to heaven who desires to go thither alone.

Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

Let us try what esteem and kindness can effect.



THE LIGHTER SIDE.

ELSIE : " Didn't your husband rave when you gave him your dressmaker's bill ? "

MOLLIE : " He did that ! "

ELSIE : " And how did you manage to quieten him ? "

MOLLIE : " I showed him my milliner's bill—that knocked him speechless. "

* * * *

BROWN : " My great trouble is insomnia. "

SMITH : " Er—somewhere in Central Europe, isn't it ? Mine's staying in Brighton with her mother. "

* * * *

An elderly man walked into a central school one day and asked to see the headmaster. He was conducted by a prefect to the head's room, and when there asked, with profuse apologies for the intrusion, if he could see his grandchild.

The gentleman was asked to take a seat, and the headmaster himself went to bring the child in question. After the lapse of a few minutes the head returned, but without the child.

" I am sorry," he said, " but I'm afraid I must disappoint you. They told me in his class that he had gone to your funeral. "

* * * *

A great banker said to a young matron : " I am ashamed of my failure to keep abreast of modern science. Take the electric light, for instance. I haven't the least idea how it works. "

The young matron gave him a patronising smile. " Why," said she, " it's very simple, really. You just press a button and the light comes on—that's all there is to it ! "

* * * *

FATHER (about to chastise his son) : " This hurts me more than it hurts you, my boy. "

SON : " Well, don't be too severe with yourself, dad. "

* * * *

A spectator at a cricket match was disgusted with the players, and, turning to the man sitting next to him, he said, "Fancy putting on a rotten bowler like that."

"Well," was the angry reply, "it's better than your old straw hat, anyway."

* * * *

Macpherson called at the laundry for his parcel of linen.

"That will be three shillings," the laundress told him.

"But there are only two pairs of pyjamas," Macpherson complained, "and you charge one shilling a pair, don't you?"

"That's right, sir," the laundress replied. "The extra shilling is for the collars and socks you had in the pockets."

* * * *

A clerk couldn't sleep well on summer nights because the light came through the windows too early and woke him up. In the end he decided to paint his windows black and see how that worked.

He got to sleep all right—and some time later his wife woke him up and asked him what the time was. He struck a match and looked at the clock beside his bed. "Two o'clock," he told her.

The next time she woke him up she said, "I've got an idea it might be getting late. What's the time?" He struck another match. "Five o'clock," he told her.

Some time later she woke him again. "I'm sure it's late," she said. "Have a look." He struck another match. "By gosh, you're right!" he said. "It's eight o'clock. I'll have to hurry!"

So he dashed into his clothes, had breakfast, and caught the bus to his office. He walked in just as the clock was striking nine.

"By golly!" he said to the manager. "I just got here in time!"

"You did this morning," the manager said, "but where were you on Monday and Tuesday?"

* * * *

A Cockney was being tried for knocking a chap down in a dark lane and stealing his wallet.

A be-wigged figure got up and started to tell how this poor fellow had been brought up in the slums without anyone to guide him. Then he'd got married and now had a wife and seven children, and if they put the poor fellow in prison there'd be only misery and starvation left for the wife and kids. Everybody in court nearly cried when they heard the tale.

The prisoner turned to a warder and said: "Who's that bloke doin' all the talkin'?"

"That's your lawyer. He's trying to get you off."

The prisoner gave the barrister a sour sort of look and then said: "Gloomy old blighter, ain't 'e?"

* * * *

OFFICE BOY (tearfully): "I want the afternoon off, sir, if it's convenient. It's my poor old grandfather."

MANAGER: "But I gave you a day off last year to go to his funeral."

OFFICE BOY: "Yes, but I'm going to try and get in touch with him at a spiritualist seance this afternoon."

* * * *

TEACHER: "What can we presume from the fact that men's brains are larger than the brains of a woman?"

GIRL PUPIL: "That it is more a question of quantity than quality."

* * * *

"How do you like my new play?"

"Not bad, but not quite true to life."

"How is that?"

"The wife is constantly asking her husband for money."

"That is true to life."

"Yes, but she gets it."

* * * *

"Jimmy is the nicest boy I ever had."

"Oh! and does he know he's being had?"

* * * *

The terrible child watched the visitor sipping his tea for a few minutes, and then protested.

"Mr. Smith drinks just like anybody else," he bawled. "Not like a fish at all!"

* * * *

A Jew repeatedly returned home from race meetings with empty pockets.

"How is it, Abe, that you always win at cards and never on the horses?" asked his wife, anxiously.

"Vell, you see, my dear, I don't shuffle the racehorses," was the reply.

* * * *

One evening spinach was served at Johnnie's home, and, as usual, there was a struggle to get him to eat it.

"But, dear," said his mother, persuasively, "I know thousands of little boys and girls who would be only too glad to get spinach all the year long."

"H'm!" Johnnie grunted, sceptically; "name three of them."

* * * *

Three deaf old gentlemen were in a railway carriage on the way to London.

The one nearest the carriage window looked out when the train came to a standstill.

"It's Wembley," he said.

The second man shook his head.

"No, Thursday," he replied.

"Thirsty?" said the third deaf man. "So am I. Let's all get out and have a drink."

* * * *

OLD LADY: "Now porter I have left nothing behind?"

PORTER: "No ma'am, not even a copper."

* * * *

"I want to see some combs," said the girl.

"Certainly, madam," replied the assistant, and produced a case.

"Oh, no; I want a man's comb."

"Do you want a narrow man's comb?"

"No. I want one for a fat man with rubber teeth."

* * * *

DINER: "I can't eat this soup."

WAITER: "Sorry, sir. I'll call the manager."

DINER: "Mr. Manager, I can't eat this soup."

MANAGER: "I'll call the chef."

DINER: "Mr. Chef, I can't eat this soup."

CHEF: "What's wrong with it?"

DINER: "Nothing. I haven't a spoon."

* * * *

"Did you have any difficulty with your French in Paris?"

"No—but the French people did."

* * * *

"My little daughter has swallowed a golden sovereign and has got to be operated on. I wonder if Dr. Williams is to be trusted?"

"Without a doubt, he's absolutely honest."

* * * *

SHIPWRECKED MAN (to another victim who wants to share his raft): "Before you get on, old chap, I think it only fair to warn you I have rather a nasty cold."

* * * *

"You've heard of Naples, the famous Italian port, haven't you?"

"No: how much a bottle is it?"

* * * *

MAISIE: "Next Monday I shall be twenty-six."

MAUD: "So shall I."

MAISIE: "Yes, but for me it is the very first time."

* * * *

A man bought a car cheap. A few days later a friend asked him how it was, and he replied: "My dear chap, I'm just beginning to realize how hard it is to drive a bargain."

* * * *

"Some advocate moderation," said the temperance orator, "and some counsel total abstinence. Now, what is the great drink question?"

"What'll you have?" said a voice.

* * * *

MISTRESS (to new girl): "You must take care of the pictures. That small one of a beggar cost two thousand pounds."

NEW MAID: "Lor', ma'am, my mother got one of the whole royal family for sixpence."

* * * *

LITTLE COHEN: "Fader, ve learnt at school today that the animals have a new fur coat every vinter."

OLD COHEN: "Be quiet, your mother is in the next room."

* * * *

"Have you proposed to Jane yet?"

"I was just going to when she said she loved Shelley, Wordsworth, and Keats. What chance do I stand with these other blokes in the field?"

* * *

MRS. NEWLY-WED: "I want a turkey, please."

SHOPKEEPER: "Certainly, madam. Trussed?"

MRS. NEWLY-WED: "Oh, thanks awfully—I *am* rather short of cash."

* * * *

It is said that cars make motorists lazy. They certainly make pedestrians active enough.

* * * *

"You say you only pay ten pounds a month for this beautiful apartment?"

"Yes; but I'm going to move."

"Good gracious! What has come over you?"

"An opera singer."

* * * *

MUSICAL HOST (to friend who has been invited to dinner): "Would you like a sonata before dinner, old man?"

FRIEND (not at all musical): "Well, I don't mind, I had a couple on my way here, but I think I can stand another."

* * * *

HUSBAND: "Do you believe in the theory that the greatness of a father often proves the stumbling block to the advancement of his son?"

WIFE: "I do. But I am thankful that our boy will never be handicapped in that way."

* * * *

"Dad, is there really honour amongst thieves?"

"I don't think so—they are just men like the rest of us."

* * * *

When caught fishing with a year old permit, the angler protested: "Hang it all I'm only trying to catch the fish I missed last year."

* * * *

SPECTATOR: "I shall be mighty surprised if that referee doesn't get into hot water after the match."

COUNTRY FELLOW: "Then you'll be surprised. 'E's goin' in the 'orse trough."

* * * *

"You can take your finger off that leak in the pipe now, father."

"Thank heavens! Is the plumber here at last?"

"No—the house is on fire."

* * * *

A patient in a mental home was trying to drive a nail in a wall head end first. "Don't you find that rather difficult?" enquired another inmate. "Yes," replied the first, "the fools have put the head at the wrong end!" "Don't be such an idiot," exclaimed his friend; "that nail was made for the wall opposite!"

Later, an attendant came across one of these men fishing in a wash-basin with a rod and line. Wishing to humour the man, the attendant asked if he had caught anything. "What!" cried the patient, "in a wash-basin! Are you crazy?"

* * * *

"It gives me great pleasure to pin this medal on your breast," said the Colonel, "and to tell you that I am also placing five pounds to your credit in the bank."

"Thank you, sir," said the private, "but, if you wouldn't mind, couldn't you pin the five pounds on my breast and put the medal in the bank?"

* * * *

A Scotsman and a Yorkshireman were talking in a railway carriage. The Scot talked long and loud about what his countrymen and he could do. At last the Yorkshireman grew exasperated.

"Tha's been opening tha mouth wide," he said "about what tha can do. Tha can do this and tha can do that. Now tell us summat tha can't do and ah'll do it for thee."

But the Scot had the last word. "Weel," he replied, "Ah canna pay ma fare."

* * * *

When Smith took a friend home to dinner, his wife gave him strict orders that he must not offer his guest sherry, as they had none in the house. But Smith forgot all about the injunction.

"Won't you have a glass of sherry, old man?" he said. The guest seemed about to accept, then turned very red and stammered that he never drank it.

"What rubbish!" said Smith. "I know that is not true. Do try it."

The guest looked quite disturbed.

"No, no. I would much rather not," he said imploringly, and turned redder than ever.

When the evening was finished, and the guest had gone, Mrs. Smith said to her husband:

"Why on earth did you press the sherry, when I kept kicking you under the table, too, to remind you that there wasn't any?"

Smith looked at her.

"It wasn't me you kicked, my dear," he said.

* * * *

CLERK: "My wife has presented me with a little boy, sir."

ABSENT-MINDED EMPLOYER: "Boy? Well, if he is a smart lad, bring him here; we are badly in need of an office boy."

* * * *

CLIENT: "My neighbour has threatened to pull my nose every time he meets me in the street. What do you advise me to do?"

BUSY LAWYER: "Soap your nose well, then it will slip through his fingers. Good morning."

* * * *

YOUNG LADY: "I see you advertise 'furs altered.'"

SHOPMAN: "Yes, miss, that is so."

YOUNG LADY: "Very good, I'll send along my squirrel set and have it made into a sealskin."

* * * *

"You are very hoarse to-day."

"Yes; my husband came home late last night."

* * * *

"That cat made an awful noise last night."

"Yes, since he ate the canary he thinks he can sing."

* * * *

"Now, darling, what will I get if I cook you a dinner like that every day in the year?"

"My life insurance."

* * * *

"Can you imagine anyone going to bed with his shoes on?"

"Who does?"

"My horse."

* * * *

NEW RECTOR: "Do you have matins here now?"

VERGER: "No, sir, linoleum all the way up the aisle."

* * * *

MOTHER: "Jack, what's the matter with Freddie?"

JACK: "He's crying because I'm eating my cake and won't give him any."

MOTHER: "Is his own cake finished?"

JACK: "Yes, and he cried while I was eating that too!"

* * * *

MAYOR: "I will now ask you gentlemen to drink to the health of our good townsman, John Jones, on my right, who is leaving us. He was born here; he was married here; and we all hoped that he would die here. But it was not to be."

* * * *

WIFE: "The doctor said at once that I needed a stimulant, then he asked to see my tongue."

HUSBAND (alarmed): "Good heavens, I hope he did not give you a stimulant for that!"

* * * *

FATHER: "You ought to be ashamed of not knowing what you learnt in school today. Bobby Smith always knows."

JACKIE: "Yes, but he hasn't so far to go home."

* * * *

HE: "Now, darling, do tell me how you first came to know of your love for me?"

SHE: "Oh, suddenly I noticed that I became angry when everybody called you an idiot."

* * * *

A man stood in front of a dental display window. "I think I'll get a pair like that," he mused.

"Hush," said his companion. "Don't you know it's impolite to pick your teeth in public?"

* * * *

ASSISTANT (at game counter): "Would your little son like a game of draughts, ma'am?"

"He'd love one," smiled the woman; "that is, if you can spare the time."

* * * *

MISTRESS: "So your married life was very unhappy? What was the trouble? December wedded to May?"

CHLOE JOHNSON: "Lan' sake, no, mum! It was Labour Day wedded to de Day of Rest!"

* * * *

TEACHER : "Tommy, come up here and give me what you've got in your mouth."

TOMMY : "I wish I could—it's the toothache."

* * * *

"Pat," said Mike, "it's the hard worker ye are! How many hods of bricks is it ye've carried this mornin'?"

"Whisht!" said Pat. "I'm no hard worker. I'm just carryin' the same load o' bricks up and down all the time to fool the boss I'm workin'."

* * * *

"My wife quarrels at the slightest provocation."

"Lucky man. My wife doesn't need any provocation."

* * * *

BOOK-KEEPER : "I work as hard as Miller, but he gets £10 a month more than I do."

CHIEF : "That is not right. From the beginning of next month, Miller gets £10 a month less."

* * * *

MISTRESS (to new cook, who has burnt the bacon) : "Fortunately my husband hasn't to be at the office until ten. It's a good job, isn't it?"

COOK : "Not 'alf, ma'am! 'ow did 'e get it?"

* * * *

MRS. SMITH (showing portrait of herself on her mother's arm) : "This is how I looked twenty years ago."

GUEST : "Wonderful! And who is the baby on your arm?"

* * * *

GUEST : "Has your house ever been broken into?"

NEWLY RICH : "It may have been, but of course I would not notice."

* * * *

"Was there any evasion on his part when you asked him for the money?" inquired the manager.

"None at all, sir," replied the collector. "The evasion was all on my side. He tried to kick me out."

* * * *

"How many controls are there on your wireless set?"

"Three—my mother-in-law, my wife, and my daughter."

* * * *

YOUNG BRIDE : "To commemorate an awful quarrel we had last week, Jim and I planted a tree in the garden."

FRIEND : "Well, now, that is a nice idea! If Fred and I had done that we should have a wonderful avenue by now."

* * * *

"A man recently offered to pay his income tax with pheasants." We pay ours with a grouse.

* * * *

SPORTSMAN : "Do you guarantee this gun? Suppose it bursts and blows my head off?"

DEALER : "In that case we give you a new gun."

* * * *

BILL : "Guppy used to call his house 'The Nutshell.' Wonder why he changed the name?"

FRED : "He got tired of funny people calling to ask if the kernel was in."

* * * *

WIFE : "Henry, how is it that there's a long fair hair on your coat, when mine is golden brown?"

HUSBAND : "Darling, you forget that I haven't worn this coat for three months."

* * * *

"I give Bob credit for getting me a nice engagement ring."

"Yes, and I understand that's what the jeweller did, too."

* * * *

VISITOR: "Your maid is very impertinent."

HOSTESS: "Yes, but we have to allow her a little privilege—she is an old retainer and has been with us nearly three months."

* * * *

"I'm sorry, dear, but I've smashed that nice smoker's cabinet you bought for my birthday."

"Oh, John, how annoying! How did it happen?"

"Your mother hit me on the head with it."

* * * *

SON: "Dad, how long have you been married?"

FATHER: "Fifteen years, my boy."

SON: "How much longer have you to do?"

* * * *

PATIENT: "The appendix is a useless part of us. We could live quite well without it."

DOCTOR: "You could; but *we doctors couldn't.*"

* * * *

INDIGNANT DINER: "Bring the manager at once. There's a wasp in my soup."

WAITER: "It's no use sending for the boss, sir. He's just afraid of wasps as you are."

* * * *

WIFE: "You ought to know by now, Henry, that I speak as I think."

HUSBAND: "Yes, dear—only oftener."

* * * *

FATHER: "Why won't you marry Charlie?"

DAUGHTER: "I'll only marry a man who knows life and has learnt its sorrows."

"I see—a widower."

* * * *

"The war won't last long now," said the evacuated youngster to his country hostess.

"Why?" said the surprised lady.

"Well, father has just been called up, and mother says he never keeps a job more than a month."

* * * *

A big fellow in evening dress rushed into a bar opposite the Queen's Hall, where the Promenade Concerts are now in full swing.

"... eighty-seven ... eighty-eight ... eighty-nine ... ham sandwich ... ninety-two ... ninety-three ... ninety-four ... half of bitter ... ninety-seven ... ninety-eight ... hurry up ... hundred and one ..." he was saying.

Another customer stood for a while, and then couldn't restrain his curiosity. "Hey, what's all this number business?" he asked.

"Hundred and seven ... I play the bass in the Queen's Hall¹ orchestra and I've got three hundred bars rest," he spluttered; "hundred and twelve ... hundred and thirteen ..."

* * * *

"Is Mr. Smith in?" the stern-looking woman asked the office-boy.

"No, madam," said the well-trained boy, "he's gone to lunch with his wife."

"Oh, really?" snorted the woman. "Well, when he comes in, tell him his typist called."

* * * *

The Brass Hat had inspected the Seaplane Base . . . "and now," said he, "I would like to try out a machine."

After some good flying, he made preparations for landing at an aerodrome immediately below.

"Excuse me, Sir," said the Commanding Officer of the Base accompanying him, "may I respectfully point out that this machine is a flying boat and can only land on water?"

"Tut, tut—how stupid of me," said the Brass Hat—heading for open water, on which he made a successful descent.

"And now," said he, "may I congratulate you upon the excellent organisation of your Base, and the efficiency of its machines. But above all, I appreciate the tactful way you reminded me that this machine could not descend upon land, but only on water."

Saying this, he opened the plane's door and stepped out . . . *into the sea.*

* * * *

A party of men were travelling by train. Presently one produced a large fruit cake, which he devoured greedily.

Time passed. Suddenly he began groaning and doubling himself up and straightening out again. When this had gone on for some time, a friend asked him:

"'Smatter, Jim?"

"That cake I ate," groaned the sufferer. "It had nuts, and I think the missus forgot to shell them."

"Lor!" said his friend. "And can you crack 'em just by bending?"

* * * *

JUDGE: "You are fined £50 and costs."

MRS. BARGAINS (absent-mindedly): "Sorry but that's a little more than I care to pay."

* * * *

A farmer had made a claim against the railway company for a colt killed on the line.

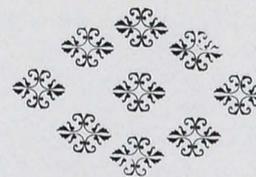
"And how much would you say this colt was worth?" asked the railway representative appointed to investigate the claim.

"Not a penny less than £100!" declared the farmer.

"Pedigreed, I suppose?"

"Well, no. But you could never judge a colt like that by his parents."

"No," the investigator agreed; "I've often noticed how the crossing it with an engine will improve the breed."



BRANCHES.

CIRENCESTER.

A.R.P. SHELTER AT CIRENCESTER BREWERY.

The Cirencester Brewery Ltd. is, we believe, the first firm in this area to construct an air-raid precaution shelter for its staff. This shelter will not only accommodate the indoor and outdoor staffs, but also the tenants of the flats over the company's offices.

The construction, which is entirely below ground level, has in addition an extra covering of soil to a depth of 3 feet, and is constructed of local material by the Company's own building staff.

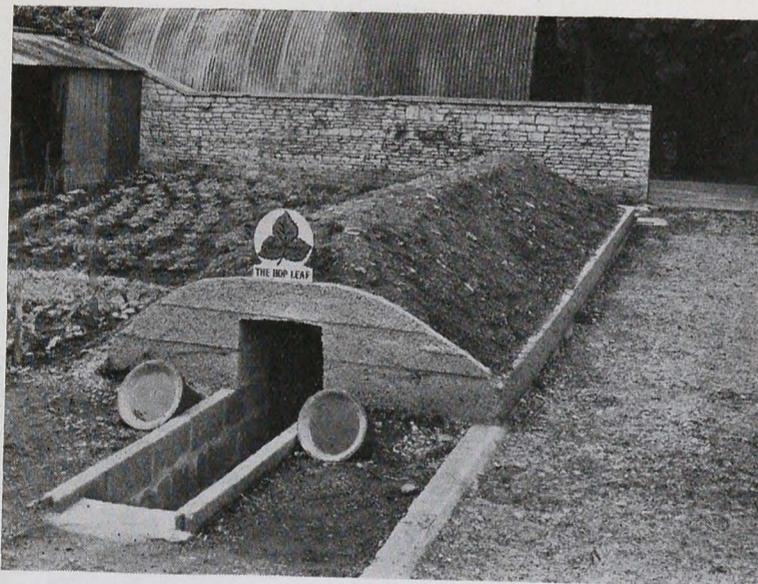
The concrete tubes of which this shelter is made were manufactured by Messrs. Norcon Limited, of South Cerney, whose head office is at 351 Brixton Road, London, S.W.9, and who specialise in this particular work.

Each tube is 6 feet in diameter and 4 feet in length, and is constructed of heavily reinforced concrete and with a water-tight joint. Similar tubes have been supplied to several London Boroughs and leading firms throughout the country for A.R.P. shelters, and are to be preferred to the Home Office trench revetment shelters, particularly in ground where water is to be found.

The shelter has gas, splinter and blast-proof doors, and armour-plated glass windows. The shelter is 28 feet long with seating accommodation each side, thereby accommodating a total of 35 people. Electric light is installed, with first-aid appliances and electric torches, etc.

Two members of the staff are fully trained Wardens and four are qualified in Red Cross and first-aid treatment. On the alarm being given, the Company's books are replaced in the strong room and the personnel are under shelter within three minutes.

Our photographs, by Mr. W. Dennis Moss, show the exterior of the shelter, and the staff seated in the shelter, with their gas masks ready for use, should they have to go out into the open air.



LUDGERSHALL.

The following photographs were taken whilst the 1st Bn. The Rifle Brigade were training in the Worthing area during last summer. They are a fine body of men and worthily uphold the traditions of the Regiment. The Battalion figured in all the major engagements in the War 1914-1918.



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