

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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[Photo by Sargent, Reading.]

MR. H. C. SHEPHERD,

MR. H. C. SHEPHERD.

On our front page we publish the portrait of Mr. H. C. Shepherd, Chief Cashier at the Brewery, Reading.

The whole of Mr. Shepherd's business career has been spent in the service of the Firm at Headquarters, which in a measure accounts for his wide circle of friends amongst the customers who regularly call at the Brewery. It is, however, due to his habitual courtesy and quiet reserve that his appointment to the responsible position of Chief Cashier in October last won for him the congratulations of his colleagues.

Joining the staff of the Refreshment Department just before Xmas in 1895, Mr. Shepherd was later moved to the Home Department and was engaged in the general work of that Office until 1904. It was during those years that Mr. Shepherd's accuracy and quickness at his work became conspicuous and he was appointed Assistant Cashier.

Mr. Shepherd has a good war record, having joined the Army in June, 1916. He served with the 2nd and 6th Battalions of the Royal Berkshire Regiment and also with the Machine Gun Corps in France, being demobilized in January, 1919. He treasures a certain silver spectacle case which he carried in his left breast pocket and which became considerably battered by a German bullet and probably saved his life. He is very reticent in regard to this incident and the exact details are not obtainable.

Mr. Shepherd, who resides over the Brewery Offices, has developed the art of intensive gardening. He has a greenhouse and well stocked "borders" on the roof of the Offices and exactly how he manages to cultivate such a prodigious display of blooms of all kinds is known only to himself. It testifies to the rewards of the industrious.



EDITORIAL.

ATHLETES AND BEER.

An open-air swimming bath, tennis courts—and beer are features of the International Hygiene Exhibition at Dresden, Germany. The most popular pavilion seemed to be the one devoted to the brewing industry, where consoling inscriptions assured one that beer means health, and placards gave the text of letters from famous German athletes who declare that they would never have become famous if it were not for German beer.

Had it been Simonds' beer their prowess would doubtless have been still more pronounced.

CHAPMAN'S REQUEST.

"Quex" writes as follows in the *Daily News and Chronicle* :—

At the time of the last tremendous Test match at the Oval, when England recovered the "Ashes," Mr. Chapman's business chief was my friend, Mr. Eric Simonds, the brewer.

"I shall always have one recollection of that day," Mr. Simonds told me.

"Chapman, though captain of England, was still a youngster, and called me 'Sir.' Perhaps I was the only man in the country whom he addressed in that way on that last day of the match at the Oval.

"And what do you think was the request he made to me? It was during the luncheon interval, when Chapman was a sort of king of the occasion.

"He came to me and said: 'Do you think, sir, that after this match I could get away for a fortnight and give my wife a holiday?'"

AN EFFECTIVE CHECK.

The practice of submitting cheques at restaurants and requesting change is one that is not welcomed by most proprietors or managers, but it nevertheless presents awkward moments, especially in the case of regular customers, whom it is not wise to offend. The authorities at Heston Aerodrome have, however, surmounted the problem with commendable diplomacy, and now display a notice, at once courteous but effective, to the following effect:

"We have arranged with the banks not to cash cheques. They on their part have agreed not to sell intoxicating liquor."

THRUSH ATTEMPTS TO AVENGE.

A story of a thrush's attempts to avenge the death of his fellows by an attack on their enemy, a cat, is told by Mrs. Maud Geare, of Perryn Road, Acton, W., the wife of Capt. H. C. Geare. She said:—

"I was sitting in the garden reading, with the cat lying on my lap, when a large thrush flew down from a tree and pecked at my paper.

"I sat still. The bird returned to the tree, hopped about for a while, and then swooped down again and tried to peck the cat. It did this several times until the cat, apparently frightened, crept under my chair. When I returned to the house the cat also decided to take refuge inside.

"The cat has killed a number of birds recently, and the thrush's attack appeared to me to be deliberately planned.

A RHYME OF THE DAY.

In the days when Pharaohs lorded
It in Egypt's sunny plains
It is not, I think, recorded
That they had electric cranes,
Cinemas were not frequented,
And they never 'phoned or flew;
Cocktails hadn't been invented,
But they *did* know how to brew.

When the Pyramids were rising
They had no machines at work,
And it's not a bit surprising
They were not allowed to shirk,
But they got, research discloses,
Just a modicum of cheer
From inserting sunburnt noses
In a pint of bitter beer.

It was obviously suited
To the kind of job they'd got,
And it cannot be disputed
They were clear on what was what;
And if *they* possessed a D.O.R.A.
(Which is not precisely known),
She is now a mummy or a
Useless fossil like our own.

—(MERRY ANDREW in the *Daily Mirror*.)

BEER THE UNIVERSAL NEED.

"What you need," said Marriner, "is beer. What we all need is beer. More and more and more of the stuff, until our hearts are strong and our bodies warm. Have you not seen how men with narrow foreheads and suspicious eyes lose touch with the Devil when drink is set before them, and become simple and radiant? What crankiness can survive where men are drinking? False religions cannot live in the strong wind of common sense that blows for sturdy drinkers. How the hearts of men nestle together in inns. Nor is there any companionship, save that of an army, which is stronger or mere fertile. But we have fallen on foul days, when all this is confused with the weak foolery of drinking too much and becoming cloudy in the brain. We do not drink because we are unhappy, but because we are happy and because drinking is as natural as eating or breathing to Christian men. Time and the world are ever in flight, but little brother body must be nourished. Nuzzle down, therefore, into your tankards before the last Shadow is in the doorway, and the summons comes to go down the road."—From "Drink Up, Gentlemen," by J. B. Morton (Chapman and Hall, Ltd., 7s. 6d.).

MOORHEN PECKS DOG.

The other day I was sitting by a trout stream and, incidentally, writing a Nature Note for THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, when I noticed, on the other side of the water, some rushes bent downwards. I guessed that they were thus bent by a moorhen to conceal her nest. I had with me my dog, whose breed is "best mixed," but a very faithful friend for all that. Out of curiosity I threw a stick across the river, close to the nest, and away went my dog to retrieve it. He sniffed and then poked his nose into the moorhen's nest. The bird gave him a good peck and never have I seen a creature more surprised in my life. He simply flew back several paces and there he stood in the rushes absolutely flabbergasted. He made me roar with laughter and it was some time before I could continue my writing. Many a dog would have killed that moorhen, but I am glad to think mine is too much of a gentleman to molest a lady.

WELL CELEBRATED.

An Oxford man's marriage was ingeniously celebrated by his workmates. He had recently backed a horse so successfully that he won 18s., but he had not had time to draw the money before the wedding. Among the congratulatory messages he received after the ceremony was a wire from his colleagues announcing that they had spent his 18s. on beer.

THE MORE THE MERRIER.

A writer in the *Bournemouth Echo* states:—"The Royal Commission on Licensing in England and Wales is doing so famously that I feel sure no Government can let us have too many Royal Commissions. They contribute to the gaiety of nations. In its present investigations the Licensing Commission has asked "Can golfers play without intoxicating liquors?" whether "Golf is still affected adversely by the consumption of alcohol or the reverse?" and whether "If alcoholic refreshment is withdrawn people will still play golf?" Well, obviously these are very serious questions that show how useful a Royal Commission can be. They also illustrate how we need more and more Royal Commissions—the more the merrier. Indeed, if there is one more clamant necessity at the moment than another it is the need for a Royal Commission into the need for Royal Commissions."

PROHIBITION!

"Sorry, no draught beer, sir," was the salutation which greeted me at a famous hostelry in Abingdon on a recent Bank Holiday morning, where I had motored in company with some friends, writes a correspondent.

Other customers' similar request, to their astonishment, was met with the same reply. Visions of prohibition arose! Naturally it gave rise to a little consternation which was soon put right by the courteous little lady in attendance who proved equal to the occasion.

Something had happened to the pipes which needed the attention of the proprietor who had gone out.

"Probably hops in the pipes are the cause of the blockage," said the little lady with a tone of apology in her voice, which gave rise to a round of laughter from the good humoured company present who had accepted bottled beer under the circumstances. Further amusement was created when the young lady jocularly cried "Well, its given me an opportunity of getting rid of some old stock."

THE VILLAGE UMPIRE.

Here is a traditional story which will appeal to all those who play the most important cricket—on the village green.

Village umpire, as the ball is delivered: "No ball. Wide. (By gosh, 'e's 'it it . . . by gosh, 'e's caught it.) Out. Over."

THE NEW SERVANT GIRL.

"The word 'sausage' sends our family nearly into convulsions. When the Maythams visited us a short time ago, I ordered some sausage for breakfast. I wanted it particularly nice, so I cautioned Nellie, an Irish girl who had only been with me two weeks, to be sure to prick each sausage so that it would not burst open. She looked a little dazed, and I explained, 'Just stick a fork in each one.' A beam of intelligence crossed her face, and I felt sure she comprehended and our simple breakfast would be all right. Imagine our feelings when Nellie next morning deposited in front of George a platter on which the sausages marched in battle array, each bearing aloft a kitchen fork! I said 'each,' but I am mistaken—one poor little sausage brought up the rear with a corkscrew. Nellie, realising from my face that something was wrong, explained apologetically, 'Indade, mum, the forks giv out, end sez I to myself, sez I, wan prick will do for the little wan.'"

S. BEES!

There was a swarm of bees in the grounds of the Social Club, Bridge Street, recently, but Mr. King would not admit them to the membership of the Club on account of their great numbers. However, they were very Sensible Bees to wish to join such an excellent Club and will hitherto be known as the "S.B's."

ANOTHER DEWARISM.

The late Lord Dewar was fond of quoting the following:—

If I knew you and you knew me,
And both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner thought divine,
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I know that we should differ less,
And clasp our hands in friendliness,
We both should cordially agree,
If I knew you and you knew me.



MOTHS IN THE WORKS.

"H.N.R." writes as follows in *The Thornycroft Basingstoke Works Magazine*, the Editor of which has courteously permitted us to use the letterpress and the block:—

One of our erectors, Mr. S. Day, had a considerable surprise on a fine July morning when he removed what he thought was a

blob of grease from the chain of his hoist. His surprise was increased when he found the blob was alive, and not only alive but squeaking.

Fortunately he retained a gentle but firm hold of it, so that it eventually reached the writer, who, after terminating its career in the lethal chamber, set it as shown in the photograph. It will thus be able to give pleasure and instruction by its beauty, and attain fame that could never have been achieved had it lived its simple life a little longer.

It is a good specimen of the largest species of English Lepidoptera *Acherontia Atropos*, popularly known as the Death's-head Hawk Moth—not a rarity, though, by reason of its shyness, seldom seen.

The name is obviously derived from the skull-like marking on the thorax, which



also makes it an object of superstition amongst country folk. This is enhanced by a feature peculiar to the species, that of making, when alarmed, a shrill sound like the squeak of a mouse.

The moth was on view in the shop window of Mr. Willis, in Wote Street, for some weeks, when many readers probably saw it without knowing that it was captured in the Works.

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

By F. KIRBY.

Ascot, the great racing pageant, is over. The weather on the whole has been very kind to the race-going public this year. Royal Hunt Cup day was, however, unfortunately marred by one of the greatest rain storms experienced in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Ascot, racing being stopped and the beautiful dresses of the fair sex ruined. Thursday, Gold Cup day, atoned for all this, the weather being perfect. The ladies in their dainty old-world dresses, seemed to have stepped from the family album, and the scene in the Paddock when Lord Derby welcomed his beautiful horse, Bosworth, and his clever rider, Tommy Weston, was one to linger in the memory. It only required the men to don the garments of their grandfathers to bring to life the famous picture of Ascot in the eighties. The long dresses of the ladies were very becoming, but the effect was somewhat marred by the large floppy hats they wore. Those who adopted the very small hats looked far nicer and happier than their sisters. The win of Lord Derby was the most popular of the meeting, and his genial face was wreathed in smiles as he acknowledged the congratulations of his many friends. A great sportsman, he has endeared himself to all racegoers, and received a rapturous welcome recently when he visited the races in Kentucky.

The great firm of H. & G. Simonds were to the fore in catering for the immense Ascot crowds. Many thousand dozens of their famous brands were consumed, besides draught liquors. The beers were in splendid condition and were the subject of much favourable comment. The race-going public like to be on a winner and they know they are alright when they see the well known Hop Leaf Sign displayed at the bars, whether it be at Ascot, Goodwood, Newmarket, Epsom, Newbury or any of the great racing centres.

Talking of the Gold Cup reminds one of the year 1907 when it was stolen from under the very noses of the police and detectives who were guarding it. It was said the theft was the result of a wager that it *could* be purloined. In any case, beautiful as the cup was, of exquisite workmanship, it would not have been of any great value to the average thief, and the general idea was that the robbery was a huge practical joke. Mark Twain, the great American humorist, reached England the same day, and pretended to be much annoyed by the placards of a famous evening newspaper which announced "Mark Twain arrives" "Ascot Gold Cup Stolen."



[Photo by Collier, Reading, and reproduced by the courtesy of the Editor of the "Berkshire Chronicle,"

A striking photograph of Mr. F. A. Simonds at Ascot.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

The month of June has been a busy one for the Firm, particularly so this year, for the many open-air events have been favoured with splendid weather and we have done our best (and share) in quenching the thirsts of the multitude.

THE ROYAL COUNTIES' AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW.

This was held at Prospect Park, Reading, June 4th to 7th, and with fine weather every day was well patronized. In addition to supplying large orders for our goods to the two Refreshment Contractors (Mr. F. J. Godwin of Reading and Messrs. W. T. Boyce & Son of Guildford), many of the exhibitors were supplied with refreshments from The Brewery; in fact, our products were in universal demand. The Stand displaying in a very attractive manner the "Glorious Devon" Cider of Messrs. N. P. Hunt & Son of Paignton, which business has recently been acquired by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., was a very popular exhibit. Three kinds of cider were "on tap," viz., sweet, medium and dry, and all were favourably commented upon after "sampling." Orders were taken and in consequence cider has been despatched north, south, east and west. The Stand, designed by Mr. S. J. Moore (Travelling Staff) and built by our Building Department, under the able guidance of Mr. J. Webb, was tastefully arranged and a credit to all concerned. Mr. C. Bennett was in charge, assisted by Mr. S. J. Moore, Mr. E. Kelly, Mr. C. H. Perrin (Travelling Staff), Mr. E. C. Bartlett (General Office), Mr. Lott (Canvas Department) and Mr. Treadgold. A good deal of extra work was carried out by our Transport Department, and, as per usual, expeditiously and well.

WHITSUNTIDE.

Everyone was pleased with the clerk of the weather this year and the remark made everywhere on the Tuesday morning after the Bank Holiday was "What a lovely holiday." Judging by the somewhat coloured countenances of quite a number of the office staff the holiday had been spent out of doors. Two members of the staff had their initial flights in the air at Woodley Aerodrome near Reading, where an Air Pageant was held on Whit-Monday and attended by nearly 20,000 people. The Hop Leaf brands were on sale there. Good business was done at our country houses and on Tuesday morning it was a case of "sold out" in many instances. The river at Reading was well patronized and it would seem that it is getting back to its pre-war attractiveness, for I am assured it was practically impossible to hire a boat or punt on the Caversham Reach after 3.30 p.m. on the Bank Holiday.

HOLIDAYS.

The early ones this year have all caught the sun and are looking very fit and well on their return to duty after their sojourn, in the main, by the seaside.

TEST MATCH.

This caused a good deal of interest at The Brewery, especially as England was again captained by Mr. A. P. F. Chapman who is still well remembered at Bridge Street. It also caused a great deal of satisfaction to know, not only that he was captain of a winning side, but also that he batted so well at a critical point in the game. Naturally we had some lively discussions whilst the game was in progress.

ASCOT, 1930.

This was a busy time for the Firm. Supplies for the stands and many of the booths on the Heath were heavy and entailed a good deal of organization. Those on duty for the Firm at Ascot will probably remember the Wednesday, with its deluge, as long as they live.

FOOTBALL.

Team building by the Reading Football Club is proceeding busily and at the moment we are all optimists for next season. The club had a loss of over £1,300 last season and in the Directors' Report, after commenting upon this, appears the following:—

"Consequently the club has again been largely dependent upon a loan from Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. . . . Thanks are therefore given to the well-known Firm mentioned."

Congratulations to Mr. T. Landsey (Cask Office) who was presented with a son on the 12th June.

The offices are, at the moment, undergoing their annual spring clean.

I am pleased to know Oxford Branch read my notes with interest and learn of Brewery happenings therefrom.

Mr. W. T. Bradford had hard lines in a £1,000 crossword puzzle recently having only one letter wrong. An all-correct solution won it.

Mr. F. H. Biggs (Portsmouth Branch) and Mr. R. J. Bartlett (Salisbury Branch) called in at The Brewery recently and both looked very fit and well.

ROYAL ASCOT.

We were very busy during the race week with supplies of Hop Leaf brands for the needs of the vast concourse of people attending this great national gathering. As in former years we had on the spot a staff of experienced men, who, with their usual competency, kept up replenishments to the numerous bars in the enclosures. Each succeeding year sees the Firm's products becoming increasingly popular on the Heath and the number of booths displaying the welcome sign is added to year by year. "S.B." was in great demand and this well known beverage found particular favour. The stocking of these bars, as well as the clearances, made severe demands on our various departments, but the Brewery staff are so familiar with special orders and emergencies that they took it quite as a matter of course—something to be expected at a large Brewery with world-wide associations—and nobly responded to all the calls made upon them and the whole of the traffic, *i.e.*, stocking, replenishing and clearing, was carried out promptly, efficiently and to the full satisfaction of our numerous customers.

The Firm's licensed houses in the district all did good business and the tenants were, no doubt, sorry when the week came to an end.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Let us always remember this : when we come to big things we do not need rhetoric. Truth, we have always been told, is naked. She requires very little clothing. After all, St. Paul was no orator, and yet his speeches and his teaching seem to have spread and to have lasted a long time. I cannot help feeling that if we were to go back two thousand years I would back St. Paul and the results of his teaching against all the rhetoric of a Sunday newspaper or of the leading orators of the age.

I take heart from the thought that though the lamp of classical learning must be trimmed and kept burning by the scholars, yet the light which is diffused depends to some extent on the fuel, and that is provided by an army of plain folk with conviction and enthusiasm in their hearts.—STANLEY BALDWIN.



A NATURE NOTE.

ON A BERKSHIRE TROUT STREAM.

SOME DETAILS OF A DELIGHTFUL DAY: THAT FIRST RISE!

(BY C.H.P.).

One day this month I was given the great privilege of fishing on a Berkshire trout stream. I know the river well and each year I look forward to this one particular day with an eager anticipation such as no other form of sport affords, and I have participated in most. Weeks beforehand I visit the river to see what kind of fly is likely to be "up" and as the day approaches I make a list of the things I wish to take. The best of fly-fishing is the fact that you have to carry so little tackle—just a rod, line, flies, net and creel. How different from pike fishing, with a cumbersome bait can, etc.

AT LONG LAST!

Well, on the eve of my day among the trout I soak a trace of very fine gut, letting it remain in water all the night. I retire early, in order to be extra fresh and fit, so as to get every ounce of enjoyment out of this very enjoyable day. I am up with the lark, prepare a little food, place my gut in moist blotting-paper so that it will be ready for use the instant I reach the stream. I catch an early bus—and oh! how slowly the thing seems to move. If it were an express train it would not move fast enough, so eager am I to make that first cast. I alight about half-a-mile from the scene of operations, and never did a walk seem so long. Naturalist as I am, I cannot help looking into the hedges and banks for nests, and find that of the yellow-hammer, chaffinch, wren and partridge. But these have not the interest for me to-day that they have at other times. I notice the wonderful growth of the grass, giving promise of a wonderful hay crop, also the wonderful show of wayside flowers, among which the wonderful bees are carrying on their wonderful work of gathering honey and at the same time fertilising the flowers. But the trout stream has been uppermost in my mind all the time, and, at long last, I have arrived!

FIRST BLOOD.

The work of putting my rod together is a matter of a few seconds only, but it seems many minutes. I tie my cast to the line, creep to the river so as not to be observed by the members of the finny tribe, and make my first cast. Swish! swish! swish! away goes my fly, alighting on the water as light as air. I draw it gently towards me and lift it as gently from the water and cast again.

All the time I am on one knee, in the long wet grass and yards away from the water, in order that the trout may not be aware of my presence. I have not proceeded far before I have my first rise! I see the white throat of the trout ascending and as the fish makes a dash towards my fly I am sorely tempted to strike before he seizes the lure. But I am an old hand at the game and know the psychological moment when to drive the little hook home. You have to do it swift as lightning, but ever so gently—just a little motion of the wrist, that is all. Well, I hook my fish, let him have his way for a short while, keeping the top of my rod well up in order to let this implement do the work of "playing" my prize. Eventually I lift the fish from the water. He weighs $\frac{3}{4}$ lb., is beautifully marked and in the pink of condition.

OLD FRIENDS.

As I approach a little bridge I wonder if the swallows that I have seen for so many years are there again. Yes, sure enough, there they are, and they seem to welcome me with their cheery note. I am sure we know one another. Under a bridge is usually a good place for a good fish and I send my fly a couple of yards under the woodwork where the swallows have their nests. They show not the least fear. So interested am I in my little bird friends that I am just too late to hook a good-sized trout. He rose rapidly at my fly when I was not looking and I was not aware of the fact until I felt a gentle tug at my line. I struck instantly, but the trout had as instantly become aware of the deception and wisely let go. Had it not been for those swallows I should doubtless have had another nice fish in my creel. But I would not have it otherwise. After all, there is something much more in a day's fishing than dead fish in your basket.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

A wild duck rises from the water. It is a male bird, and I wonder if I shall come across his wife and children. I keep very quiet as I near the spot from which he rose, peep round the corner and have the pleasure of seeing a very happy family. Mother is leading the way and they are coming straight towards me. I lie down flat in the long wet grass and watch with the greatest interest the little retinue of ducklings as they paddle past within a few feet of my nose and quite unaware of my presence. No, those little ducks afforded me more pleasure thus than they would on the dinner table with succulent green peas.

LUNCHEON!

Under an old oak tree I partake of a light luncheon. A big root forms my chair. It is extraordinary how hungry one gets

out in the open air. Never was there such a piece of bread and cheese as that which I am enjoying, and never, surely, were there such spring onions! A brimstone butterfly flies past pursuing a zig-zag course like a piece of paper propelled by the wind. The cuckoos are calling, calling, all day long. Some people tire of hearing this bird so continuously, but I do not. With me all birds and their joyous notes are ever welcome.

ANOTHER TRY.

Now I must try and catch another trout. The water is shallow for the most part, but I come to where it swirls around, crystal clear, under some campsheathing. I think to myself, that is a likely-looking place for a fish. Then one rises! A false cast will spoil my chance, so I must be very careful to make no mistake. I make a mental measurement of the distance and send my fly upon its important errand. Away it goes just as I desired, alighting on the water about a foot above the fish's nose and about a foot this side of him, so that he has less chance of seeing the gut to which the fly is attached. Plop! He seizes it and there is soon a battle as to who shall gain the victory—I, with my gossamer line, or he, with all the strength that fresh running water and ample food can give him. I win in the end, and never did I land a trout more beautifully marked—a prize indeed!

OMINOUS SIGNS.

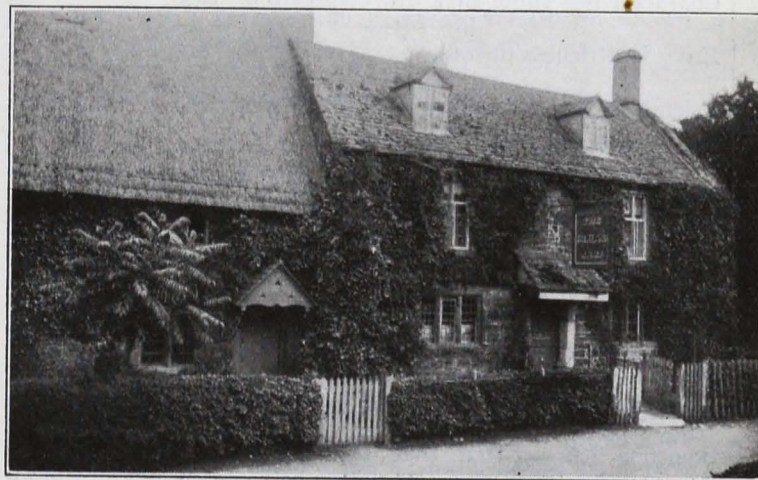
The swallows are flying very low, a sure sign that rain will fall before long. And ere an hour has passed down it comes! I could not be bothered with a mackintosh and so I carry on, clad lightly as I am. I soon get drenched to the skin. The grass is now simply loaded with water, and as I walk, squish, squish, squish the water oozes from my boots at every step. As I am always on one knee when fly fishing, in order to keep out of sight of the fish, and the grass is nearly up to my waist, I am waterlogged if ever man was. But the weather is warm, and as I am inured to almost all conditions, I enjoy the experience.

RAIN AND RIPPLES.

The rain and the ripples on the water caused by the gentle breeze improve my chances, and before the day is done I have had a good "catch." I have, however, had to work hard for my fish. Throughout the day I have used but one trace of gut and lost but one fly.

BEST OF ALL FILMS.

When I reel in the birds are singing as they only sing, I think, after rain. I have seen the best of all films, one of Nature's. The wayside flowers appeal to me more than any others and I pick a bunch of forget-me-nots of a wondrous blue, such as, I think, you do not find in cultivated gardens. It has been a "talkie" film, too, for the birds have been entertaining me all day long with their sweet songs. I have had the best of pictures and the best of concerts, glorious summer sunshine and cool refreshing rain—and all for nothing. As I come to the end of this day of sheer delight—and these picture palaces and matchless concerts are open to us all—the words cross my mind—"Now thank we all our God." We ought to, didn't we? And I'm sure we do!



"The Falkland Arms," Great Tew, Oxford.

Mr. A. H. Ives, the landlord of The Falkland Arms, Great Tew, Oxford, writes as follows:—Being a regular reader of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, I was interested in the photo of the old thatched inn at Aldworth and I thought you might like the enclosed photo of The Falkland Arms. This house is about 300 years old and takes its name from Lord Falkland, once Lord of the Manor, and who was buried in Tew in 1643, according to an entry in the Parish Church Register. Great Tew is noted as the prettiest village in Oxfordshire and The Falkland Arms (although a free house) for its "S.B." and other Hop Leaf specialities. The thatched cottage was taken into the house about 50 or 60 years ago. THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE is always most interesting and I wish it the best of luck.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Good advice may be communicated but not good manners.

A single grateful thought turned heavenwards is the most perfect prayer.

A small unkindness is a great offence.

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour ;
Improve each moment as it flies ;
Life's a short summer—man a flower—
He dies—alas ! how soon he dies.

Character is a thing that will take care of itself.

Envy is littleness of soul.

Friendship is the shadow of the evening which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

Good breeding is benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in the little daily occurrences of life.

It is only when it is bent that the bow shows its strength.

Men are like flies—for men are insects too,
Little in mind, howe'er our bodies run !—
We're all in sects : in sects that hate each other,
And deem it love of God to hate one's brother.

Someone has written that love makes people believe in immortality because there seems not to be room enough in life for so great a tenderness.

The nation in every country dwells in the cottage ; and unless the light of your constitution can shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there on the feelings and conditions of the people, rely upon it, you have yet to learn the duties of Government.—*John Bright.*

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right ; stand by him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

THE PAST THIRTY YEARS.

CHANGES AND INCIDENTS.

The changes and incidents of the past 30 years have left the world in a more or less "muddled" condition. In this time we have learned to fly, to travel swiftly in petrol vehicles, to converse with far-away parts of the globe, to appreciate the value of a healthy body, and in many and various other ways we have experienced change. In that extremely short span of time our lives have been completely revolutionized, and further moves towards betterment of our condition are imminent. It is not surprising, therefore, that a state almost of chaos should exist until, at any rate, we become more settled amidst our new environment.

But what is perhaps the greatest catastrophe known in the history of man, those black years of 1914-18, stands out as having influenced us, our lives and our countries, more than any mechanical innovation or spiritual development could possibly have done.

During that period in particular, boys became men, women performed the work of men, and men themselves suffered and fought as heroes. So we have the two generations, the pre-war and the post-war ; the former wise with experience, yet in many cases unsettled by their ordeal and present conditions ; the latter starting life as the pioneers of a new age—let loose amidst an uneasy world that is trying to settle down and become comfortable in its new clothes.

The war brought out the best and the worst in us, emphasising both our bad and our good points. This, no doubt, has broadened our views to a great extent, and introduced a rather philosophic outlook upon life. Yet the older ones amongst us, knowing that they must give way as time goes on, look upon we younger people on one hand with askance, and on the other with complete faith.

Now a great deal is said both for and against the rising generation, and this is as it should be in order that both sides of the question of their fitness to carry on the affairs and uphold the traditions of the British Empire should be clearly put before their eyes. They must not grow up with a careless indifference towards their duties ; neither should they disgrace their manhood by resting on the laurels of their great predecessors, despising other nations for their lack of tradition and noble ancestry, for they would then be on the level of the lazy Italian who boasted that he was of Roman stock. In order that Britain should maintain her pride of place, there must be no slackening of that fine adventurous vigour which has raised her to the position she now holds. To the average

young man, however, it may seem as if all the channels by which adventures are to be met have been choked up. In a way they have. Exploration, that science which has always captured the fancy of British youths, is now practically a thing of the past. Tales of piracy and adventure on the high seas no longer thrill our ears, whilst all those places that bring romantic dreams of times that were, are now disfigured by those signs that go to point out the spread of progress and civilisation. Yet life nowadays still offers unlimited scope for any active and healthy young person. Though the population is dense and adventure difficult to find, we can still serve our fellow-men and our countries by doing our utmost in whatever capacity we are employed.

There is no longer any need for the average youth to strive to make a name in romantic conquest, and indeed it is practically impossible; but there are ample opportunities for him to better his mind by sensible study, to keep himself in good health by sport and exercise, and above all to do his bit towards bringing his country to the fore by increased prosperity.

In future, we must look to improve our national position and wealth by peaceful means. The rough pioneer work has almost entirely been completed, and our path lies in the steps of those who already have paved the way. We may grumble at not having had a hand in the hard adventurous work, but show our appreciation of the efforts of our heroic forefathers, by doing our best to develop the works they have opened up to us.

With all the fine examples with which he is faced, and with all the facilities for improving his mind, the youth of to-day should be well able to perform his part in the life that opens before him. And as we have never had to look far for those young heroes who have always been ready to give their all for their country, so we may rest assured that in future the destiny of England and the British Empire is safe in their hands.

KIRBY JUNR.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A Lancashire man was taken by his friend, who owned horses, to the races for the first time. The friend had a "certainty" running in the first race, and persuaded his companion to back it. He did so, and after an exciting finish the horse won by a short head.

The owner did not meet his friend again until the starters were out for the last race, when he whispered confidentially that he had a good tip.

"Nowt doing," came the quick reply. "T'other only just won."

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

Well, if the clerk of the weather did disappoint us at Easter, at Whitsuntide he fully atoned for his bad behaviour on the previous holiday. From all parts of the country record sunshine hours were reported and it was almost inconceivable that anyone could raise a grumble on the score of the weather for Bank Holiday. 'Bus proprietors, char-a-banc owners, etc., should have been well satisfied with the result of the holiday, for everyone was out and wanted to be taken somewhere. The countryside was fully dressed in all its Spring freshness and was therefore looking its best and there must have been thousands of picnic parties in all the well-known beauty spots. All outdoor functions were well patronised, and at the one to which I went it was estimated that there were 20,000 people present. This was the Air Fete at Woodley, where an aerodrome had been opened not long since, and it speaks well for the popularity of aeronautics that such a crowd should have gathered to watch this display. Short passenger trips for the public proved a great attraction and many availed themselves of the opportunity to make their first flight, amongst them being my two sisters and myself. We all thoroughly enjoyed it and only wished that the flight had been of longer duration.

During the week preceding the Whitsun vacation, the Royal Counties' Agricultural Society held their annual show at Reading, the venue chosen being, as usual, Prospect Park—an ideal site for such a show.

It opened on Wednesday and on that and the three following days large crowds were in attendance. There are so many exhibits of all branches connected with agriculture that one is apt to become a little dazed if they go with the determination of seeing everything. The latest types of every kind of agricultural machinery are displayed and the working models always attract a little crowd of their own.

The flower show always pleases and I admired most of all the sweet peas and carnations, the colours of the former being really wonderful.

One must say a few words about the live-stock part of the show, which is by no means the least of its attractions, all classes exhibiting first-class specimens, so much so; that the Judges must have found it a difficult task to select the prize winners. Horses, of course, always come in for admiration and those on view were beautiful animals.

Each day's programme contained many horse-riding and jumping events, pony riding for children, etc., so that something of interest was always going on.

And following up the month of June we come to another great show, in which horses again play an important part. At Ascot, quite a small town, but nevertheless world famous, is held the greatest, perhaps, of all race meetings, generally honoured on each of the four days by the presence of the Royal Family. This meeting attracts, as does no other, the flower of English society.

Here, on the lawns and in the enclosures, one may see many beautiful dresses as also the very latest of fashion's creations, but doubtless, in many cases, the material is more to be admired than the style.

And Ascot of 1930 will not be forgotten, but rather will be memorable for the great storm of Hunt Cup day. I do not think that those people who have never been away from England have ever seen such rain; it was simply torrential and in a short space of time water was everywhere—tons of it must have fallen and the accompanying thunder and lightning added to the fiasco. Two races only were run and then the Stewards decided to abandon racing for the rest of the day, the course being waterlogged. However, it seemed that almost a miracle was performed and by the time racing was due to commence on Thursday, Ascot looked its old self once again. The excellent drainage system had carried away the water and the sun and wind of Thursday morning had worked wonders with the course and paddocks, and inveterate racegoers were able to enjoy their sport under pleasant conditions once more.

It is to be hoped that other outdoor functions which are scheduled for the Summer months will not have to contend with such a calamity, but will be favoured with that fine weather which is such a necessary asset to the success of these events.

M.P.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"My sister was lucky the other day at a party."

"How was that?"

"They played a game where the men had to kiss the girls or buy them a box of chocolates."

"How was your sister lucky?"

"She came home with fourteen boxes of chocolates."

TWENTY YEARS OUR KING.

LANDMARKS OF A REIGN OF MAGNIFICENT SERVICE.

(From "Our Empire.")

On the sixth of May, 1910, in the midst of grave parliamentary difficulties and under conditions of social-economic unrest and industrial conflict, the British Empire was plunged into mourning by the death of that active, popular and influential monarch, King Edward VII.

His successor—crowned in June of the following year as King George V—had a difficult task adequately to follow his distinguished father, but from the first the new monarch displayed that strength of purpose and sureness of touch which marked all his future activities. From the very first King George and Queen Mary showed in all their actions their earnest desire to use their royal position in the most public-spirited manner, and the country was doubly fortunate in the fact that so much had already been done to establish the throne in the hearts of the people as a central and uniform National and Imperial force, distinct and aloof from sectional interests of party or class.

Under King George—the Sailor King—whose famous exhortation, "Wake Up, England!" in the speech he made in 1901 at the Guildhall, when returning from his colonial tour as Duke of York, had never been forgotten—a further strengthening of this conception of the functions of the Throne was steadily pursued. Their Majesties the King and Queen, assisted by other members of the Royal Family, devoted themselves on every available occasion, public or private, to the task of making the influence of the Court a pure, useful and kindly one in the life of the country.

The coronation at Westminster Abbey on June 22nd, 1911, was attended by representatives of all parts of the Empire and other countries, and, in order to complete the future assumption of royal authority throughout the United Kingdom, the King and Queen with the Prince of Wales (as Prince Edward was created on June 23rd, 1910) and Princess Mary, made state visits to Ireland, Wales and Scotland during July. There followed later in the year an important extension of the whole principle of the recognition of Imperial Sovereignty in the visit made by Their Majesties to India, and the coronation ceremonies at the ancient capital of Delhi (December 12th, 1911). They left England on November 11th and did not return till February 5th, 1912.

It may briefly be noted that in the summer of 1912, for the first time, state visits were paid to a London music hall (the Palace) and to Henley Regatta, while the King also went to Lords on the

occasion of the Test Match between Australian and South African cricketers, and had the teams presented to him. But the King and Queen were not content with lending themselves, constantly though unostentatiously, to the scenic side of Royalty; they mingled graciously and sympathetically with different classes of society, and were ever active in accepting new opportunities of service. This Queen Mary, after a Royal visit to the Dowlais Steelworks at Merthyr (June 27th, 1912), took tea with a Welsh miner's wife, and during the tour through the industrial districts of Yorkshire, King George went down the Elscar Colliery (July 9th, 1912) and showed himself no less handy in wielding a pick than in bringing down a grouse on the Scottish moors. In many respects himself a "working man King," it was his firm intention to become acquainted with British working men, and he succeeded.

Such incidents, which naturally attracted attention early in the reign, became too familiar with the public in latter years to need chronicling in detail. The personal tastes both of King George and Queen Mary were known to lie in characteristically British domestic directions, while the King's well-known hobby of stamp-collecting and his long-standing reputation as one of the best shots in the country were typical links with the popular interests of one sort or another. Facilities were wisely extended to the Press to give contemporary publicity to the Royal doings. Enhanced confidence resulted in the British Throne and its occupants, whose happy domestic relations were known to be more than ever universally appreciated.

King George's fourth year—1914—saw him working for Irish co-operation, summoning a Round Table Conference at Buckingham Palace after fruitless efforts had been made to embroil him in the conflict. The War came shortly afterwards.

No monarch in any period of the world's history has ever been called upon to fill such an exacting role as was King George V during the period of the Great War. There can, however, be no doubt that by his consistent tact and forethought he exercised a very influential power in those directions which held the nation together. Removed as the monarchy is in this country from participation in any direct naval or military action, King George realised immediately that it was the humanitarian aspects of the struggle in which he could most beneficially serve the interests of his people. With this realisation clearly before him, he endeavoured to the utmost of his opportunities to express as far as possible his sympathy with, and support of, his people engaged on the various fields of battle, on the seas, or in the air, as well as with those engaged in providing the necessary weapons of warfare at home. His visits to the battlefields of France and Flanders heartened his

troops in the desperate struggle in which they were engaged, even as did his many visits to the industrial centres of the country urged the workers to put their utmost endeavours to meet the requirements of the fighting men at the Front.

He was in France by December, 1914, and repeated visits to the Front, to the sailors at naval bases, to wounded troops in hospital, to munition workers, besides conferences and detail work, taxed his strength. In France a restive horse threw him and rolled partly over him, but, lying in the hospital train, he insisted on investing Lance-Corporal Oliver Brooks, of the Coldstream Guards, with the V.C. The Somme, Vimy Ridge, Posieres, Mametz, were among the places he visited. He forbade alcohol in his household, presented £100,000 to the Treasury as a lead to others, and in 1917 changed the family name to that of Windsor and discontinued all German titles. The following year was his silver wedding, but he refused all gifts and handed a cheque for £53,000 to a fund for disabled soldiers and sailors.

In this capacity it is interesting to note that the Imperial War Museum at South Kensington has opened an exhibition of photographs illustrating the magnificent war record of the King, and at the same time two diaries, printed for private circulation, have been deposited in the Museum. These show that, during the War, His Majesty made 451 inspections; inspected 320 hospitals; visited 200 munition works; visited 107 clubs and schools; attended 37 official religious services; held 278 investitures; partook of 56 ceremonial banquets; bestowed 50,669 decorations; and attended 49 charity performances. It is estimated that His Majesty travelled 50,000 miles in the course of carrying out these duties.

To King George V the nation owes an inestimable debt of gratitude for the exercise of those qualities and abilities which were vital to the cohesion and stability of the people during those terrible years.

The manner in which His Majesty the King threw his energies wholeheartedly into all efforts for the amelioration of bereavement, suffering and poverty has never been forgotten by a grateful people, who eagerly grasped the opportunity to express their loyalty, appreciation and sympathy when, ten years afterwards, his grave and prolonged illness from November, 1928, made the whole world realise that in these days of unrest and general upheaval, our King is supreme in the hearts of his people of the greatest Empire the world has ever known.

After the War His Majesty became engrossed in the problems of peace, declaring at Buckingham Palace: "There is no problem of greater importance than the housing of the working classes."

It was the King who scattered soil from France over the grave of the Unknown Warrior, and the King who unveiled the Cenotaph. He has continued to take his part not only in the work of governing the country, but in the lighter side of his subjects' lives. His people have delighted in seeing him at big race meetings like the Derby and Grand National, at Cup Finals, at Wimbledon, and at the theatre. In 1921 he opened the Ulster Parliament, appealing to Irishmen to "Forbear, forget and forgive," and when Labour came into power in 1924 his attitude and general helpfulness to his new Ministers was irreproachable. Again, after the General Strike he appealed to all sides to forget bitterness and work unitedly for a lasting peace. It is in this part of mediator that he excels and takes greatest pride. It was especially gratifying to him that he was able to undertake the important task of opening the Naval Conference.

His serious illness, the nation's long anxiety, and the deep thankfulness at his recovery are too recent to call for lengthy reference; but the illness served to emphasise the sincere respect accorded him by nations great and small, and to throw light on his true position—one that stands alone in the world. The calm, courage and dignity with which he bore his trial will never be forgotten. Moreover, his illness made clear once more how true and deep are the Royal Family ties. The Queen's devotion and quiet bravery were beyond praise, and it was as a son hurrying to his beloved father that the Prince travelled swiftly from Africa. One further family bond touched all hearts—the affection between the King and his grand-daughter, Princess Elizabeth. His recovery was unquestionably hastened by the delight he found in her. She was in and out of the sick chamber, stayed with him at Craigweil House, and drove out with him in his motor car.

His illness saw a whole Empire—and, indeed, foreign rivals also—watching with a devotion, solicitude and grief as sincere as it was spontaneous.

What is it that has so endeared the King to all classes of Englishmen, and that drew tributes from many countries abroad when his life was in danger? It is that he has the qualities that we like to think are typical of the men this country produces. He is hard-working, unassuming, forthright, rather serious-minded, devoted to children and home life, conscientious, dignified, a little shy, rugged, with a sailor's love of the sea, and always a good and skilful sportsman.

On the occasion of his 65th birthday the whole Empire joined in the heartfelt hope that for long years the King will be spared to aid his Ministers by his deep experience of men and government, his sincere sympathy with all classes, and his high sense of duty.

ALCOHOL GOOD FOR PEACE.

DOCTOR'S DICTUM.

DAMAGE DONE BY FAKED DRINKS.

Delegates of twelve countries are attending the eleventh Anti-Prohibition Congress at Budapest, under the chairmanship of Baron Raymond de Luze (cousin of Mr. F. A. Simonds and Commander H. D. Simonds), president of the League of Anti-Prohibitionists.

Sir William Arbuthnot Lane declared that alcohol, if taken in moderate quantities, improved the temper of mankind and was a valuable aid to the reconciliation of peoples. Enjoyment of alcohol, he said, would last as long as the race of man.

Sir William, talking to a party of journalists, said: "I knew the United States well in pre-Prohibition days and I know the country to-day. The moral basis of Prohibition in America is only explainable by the following experience of my own.

"I was dining with an American who had spent huge sums in the Prohibition campaign, but to my amazement wine flowed on the table like water."

"THE LAMB," EVERSLEY.



Mr. Bye, landlord of "The Lamb," Eversley, with his daughter and dog.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A commercial traveller, travelling through Scotland, wrote to his manager :

"In reply to your question as to the reason why I failed to get any orders for canned goods in Aberdeen, the reason is that the tins cannot be eaten."

* * * *

A pedestrian crossed a traffic-filled street while looking up at an aeroplane overhead. Three 'buses shaved him so closely that his beard didn't appear again for a week, the wind from six passing cars raised the nap on his last year's suit, one five-passenger car removed the shine from the back of his left shoe, and the drivers of seven others of assorted makes, while stripping their gears in an effort to avoid him, also stripped their vocabularies of every known high-powered adjective.

After stumbling over the kerbstone on the farther side of the road the pedestrian was heard to murmur : "My gracious, those aviators lead dangerous lives !"

* * * *

Two friends had been dining out, and as they motored home in the dark the car took such a zigzag course that the road seemed scarcely wide enough. The driver was quite serene but his friend was not, and said so. Just then they were approached by a huge car showing brilliant headlights. The man who was driving said : "You shay I'm not fit to drive, ol' man. Don't you believe it. You just see me shteer this ol' bus between thoshe two lights !"

* * * *

A young couple who had just married received many presents after establishing their home in a suburb. One morning they received two theatre tickets, with a note which read : "Guess who sent these ?"

On the appointed evening they went to the theatre, returning very late. To their astonishment everything of any value in the house had been carried away.

On a table in the dining-room they found this note : "Now you know."

* * * *

"It was grand of you to dive from that height, fully clothed, to effect such a magnificent rescue," the looker-on declared.

"That's all very well," snarled the hero : "but what I want to know is—who pushed me in ?"

For a great number of years a bitter feud had existed between the Browns and the Robinsons. The trouble had originally begun through Brown's cat spoiling Robinson's garden and the affair had magnified with the years. One day, however, Brown, wearying of the quarrel, sent a note over to Robinson, which read : "Mr. Brown sends his compliments to Mr. Robinson, and begs to say that his old cat died this morning."

Robinson, however, was not feeling so friendly, and his reply read as follows : "Mr. Robinson is sorry to hear of Mr. Brown's trouble, but he had not heard that Mrs. Brown was ill."

* * * *

The absent-minded professor took his car out to run up to town, but returned several hours later on foot. When asked what had happened to the car he looked puzzled. "Oh," he said at last, "I remember now . . . After I had got out I turned round to thank the gentleman who had given me a lift . . . and wondered where he had gone."

* * * *

Up and up and up went little Annie, the eighteen-year-old aviatrix. She was smiling happily at the start. At 1,000 feet she was still smiling. The air began to get thinner, and she breathed more rapidly. At 2,500 feet Annie's smile began to fade. Soon her lips were clamped tightly together. Happy confidence was replaced by flickering doubts. These increased as she climbed higher and higher.

Once Annie felt dizzy, faint. She felt she could climb no higher. Then she gritted her teeth and kept on. She couldn't give up now. And then, hardly conscious of what was going on, she knew she was at the top. With a weak sigh she relaxed in the seat. But in a moment she was herself again.

"Just about what I might have expected from you !" she snapped to the boy friend. "The last row in the top balcony ! And if there ever was a picture I wanted to see close up it's this one !"

* * * *

"I will dance on your grave when you die !" said the angry wife.

"Splendid !" said her aggravating husband, "I'm going to be buried at sea !"

* * * *

A woman who had given her husband a worrying time during his life was very concerned at his death, and had a tombstone erected on which the words were, "At Rest. Until we meet again."

Said the pretty young soothsayer at the bazaar to her client :
 " I see by your hand that you will marry ! "

" Wonderful ! " said the girl.

" You are engaged to a man named Leslie Smith," continued the soothsayer.

" That's really uncanny ! " gasped the girl. " How can you discover that name in the lines of my hand ? "

" Lines ? " cried the soothsayer. " Who said anything about lines ? You are wearing the ring that I gave back to the fellow three weeks ago."

* * * *

" Mamma," said her little six-year-old daughter, " please button my dress."

" You will have to do it yourself, dear," was the reply, " mother's too busy."

" Oh, dear ! " exclaimed the little girl, " I don't know what I'd do without myself."

* * * *

A University student, when sitting for an examination, was asked to compose one verse of poetry including the words " analyse " and " anatomy."

He wrote :

My analyse over the ocean,
 My analyse over the sea,
 Oh, who will go over the ocean
 And bring back my anatomy.

* * * *

A well-known boxer was boasting of the strength of his hands. " If," he said, " I squeeze a lemon three times it is as dry as the Sahara. I will bet five pounds that not one of you can get one more drop out of it."

A lemon was brought. The boxer squeezed it three times, and in spite of repeated attempts his friends were unable to press any more moisture from the fruit.

At this point a little man sitting at the next table asked to be allowed to try. He pressed hard. " Look ! " he cried, triumphantly. And, sure enough, two more drops came out of the lemon.

" Here is the fiver," said the pugilist, " but tell me, what is your profession ? "

" Oh," replied the little man, " I am a clerk in the Income Tax Department."

A young man was learning German, and asked his teacher to dinner one evening. During the meal the professor explained the various pronunciations, but presently he uttered a strange-sounding word, pronounced, as the young host could see, with some difficulty by his guest.

" I didn't quite catch that word," he confessed. " Was it a German word ? "

" No ! " said the guest, shortly, " that was a fishbone ! "

* * * *

A Jew called at a country post office early one morning and asked if a telegram had arrived for him. When answered in the negative he seemed much disturbed. An hour afterwards he called again with the same question. Again he was disappointed, and seemed more upset than ever. At length, after many fruitless visits, the postmaster handed him a wire that had just arrived. Hurriedly and tremblingly, the man opened it, and exclaimed : " Great heavens ! My house is on fire ! "

* * * *

" Do you want a plumber, lady ? " asked the man with the tools.

" Do I want a plumber ? I wrote last July," exclaimed the lady in indignation.

" Wrong house, 'Arry. Party we're lookin' for wrote larst May."

* * * *

An American was being shown round by a Scotsman. " That's a fine train for ye," said the latter with pride, pointing to an express which had just appeared out of a tunnel.

" Sure," agreed the American, " but we've got trains twice as big as that in the States."

The Scot was silent for a moment. " That's a fine buildin' for ye," he said, then, " what dae ye think o' it ? "

The American laughed a little. " Say, that's nothing. We've got hundreds of buildings bigger and better than that."

" Aye," returned the Scot, " I expect ye have. That's an asylum."

* * * *

" When I grow up, mummie," asked the little girl, " shall I marry a man like father ? " " Yes, I expect you will, my dear," replied the mother, with a smile. " And if I don't marry anyone shall I grow up like auntie ? " persisted the child. " Yes," said the mother, " I suppose you will." " Well," said the child, " I am in a fix."

"The point the House will have to consider," proceeded the speaker, "is whether beer is a necessity or a luxury."

"It's a boon," replied several Socialists.

* * * *

"Sambo, you are very late this morning. Any reason?"

"Well sah, it was like dis. When Ah looked into de glass dis morning, I couldn't see maself there, so Ah thought Ah must hab gone to work. And then it was two hours after dat Ah discovered dat de glass had dropped out ob de frame."

* * * *

BUDDING NATURALIST.

Little Albert came home from school with a new book under his arm. "It's a prize, Mother," he said. "A prize? What for, dear?" "For natural history. Teacher asked me how many legs an ostrich had and I said three." "But an ostrich has two legs." "I know that now, Mother, but the rest of the class said four; so I was nearest."

* * * *

ASTONISHED MISTRESS (to new maid who has offered her a cigarette): "No thank you, Kate—er—not just now."

NEW MAID: "Don't say 'No,' mum. Put one behind yer ear for later on!"

* * * *

"I came to Madrid with one cent and now I have ten thousand in the bank."

"And I know someone who came with nothing at all and in a few days he had opened a jeweller's."

"Marvellous. Where is the man?"

"In gaol."

* * * *

WHEN NEPTUNE HAS HIS FACE LIFTED.

FREDDY: "What is an iceberg, Daddy?"

DADDY: "Why, it's a kind of permanent wave, son."

* * * *

VERY OLD FATHER: "There is nothing worse than to be old and bent."

VERY YOUNG SON: "I think there is, dad."

"Well, what is it then?"

"To be young and broke!"

The class was being given a lesson on fish and their habits. "And," said the teacher impressively, "a single dolphin will have two thousand baby dolphins."

"Goodness!" ejaculated one round-eyed child, "and how many do the married ones have?"

* * * *

"I have been visiting England for twenty years," said the American, "but have never found the smart business men we have in New York."

The Englishman was nettled. "No," he replied, "you will find that sort in prison here."

* * * *

"You have only called one constable," said the ex-reveller. "I want to hear the second constable's evidence."

"There wasn't a second constable present," said the policeman.

"You'll excuse me, but I distinctly saw him."

"Yes, that's why you're here."

* * * *

There was a scene outside the theatre. An attendant had just ejected a youth from the gallery, and a policeman came along to see what the argument was about.

"It's all right," said the attendant. "He's been misbehaving himself, so the manager had 'im thrown out!"

"But," said the indignant young man, "I was only passing some fruit to a pal of mine—can't I do that?"

"No, you can't," said the attendant. "Not when you're in the gallery and your pal's in the pit, and the fruit is a ripe tomato!"

* * * *

From *Punch*: "No doubt the Dominion Premier meant well who said that English cars only need pushing to be a success."

* * * *

He had retired from an active business life to devote himself to golf. Unfortunately he had begun far too late and was not much good. But at all events he was a trier, and one day he observed to his caddie, after having played a very bad round: "I'll move heaven and earth to play this game properly."

"Well, yer've progressed a good bit already. Yer've only Heaven to tackle now."

A kindly old general, who was an ardent horseman, used to visit the hospital whilst in an Indian command every Sunday.

"What's your trouble?" he asked a junior officer inmate. "Fell off my motor bike, sir," replied the subaltern.

"You would do much better," observed the general, "to sell the nasty, smelly thing and get a good pony. Then you wouldn't be wasting time and suffering in hospital."

He turned to the occupant of the next bed. "Well, Captain Macintosh, and what's the matter with you?" "Fell off my horse, sir!" answered the truthful officer.

* * * *

THE SALT: "Yes, mum, that's a man-o'-war."

THE LADY: "How interesting; and what is that little one in front?"

THE SALT: "Oh, that's just a tug, mum."

THE LADY: "Oh, yes, of course: tug-of-war. I've heard of them."

* * * *

He was looking for a quiet place to park his car, and seeing a side street, turned into it, drew up, put the brake on, and was walking off when a policeman appeared.

"You can't leave your car there!" "Why not? It's a quiet spot."

"I tell you, you can't leave it there." "But, my good man, it's a *cul-de-sac*."

"I don't care if it's a Rolls-Royce—bring it out!"

* * * *

FIRST TROOPER (discussing a new officer): "Swears a bit, don't 'e, sometimes?"

SECOND TROOPER: "'E's a masterpiece; just opens 'is mouth and lets it say wot it likes."

* * * *

Rastus was looking for work and the employer was asking him the usual questions.

"What's your name?" "Erastus Jackson, suh."

"How old are you?" "Ah is twenty-nine years, suh."

"Are you married?" "No, suh. Dat scar on ma haid is where a mule done kicked me."

Before the Women's Golf Championship was played, a certain course was for some days infested by practising ladies. This gave much disgust to an old gentleman who went out daily to have his hundred up.

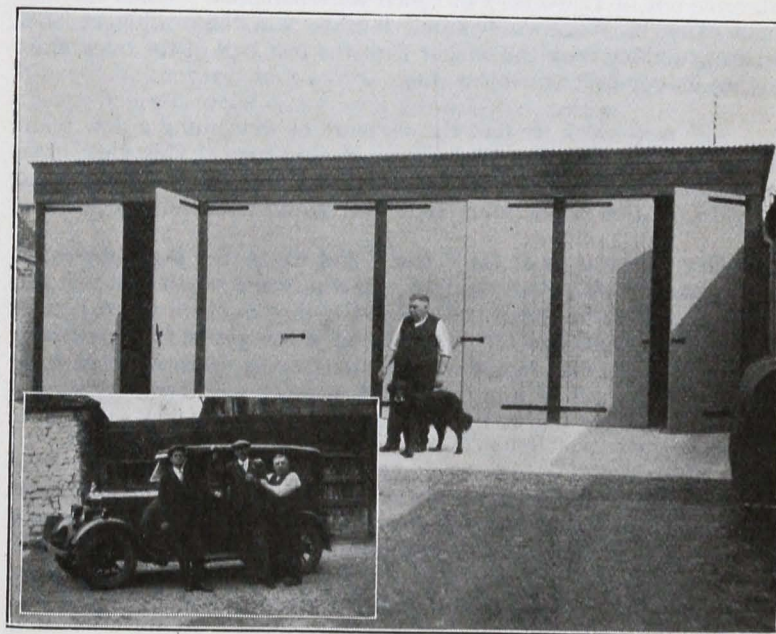
One morning, discovering that places were booked for two hours ahead by women players, he observed loudly and for the benefit of a crowd of the other sex: "Simply disgusting. I shall join a club for gentlemen only."

A bright young thing standing near gave him a smile and observed, "What makes you think you'd be eligible?"

* * * *

He had joined a Bohemian club where abstainers were not the general rule. He called the waiter and said, severely: "I've asked you five times to bring me a glass of water."

"Yes, I know, sir," replied the waiter, "and the staff had a good laugh. But don't carry the joke too far."



The new garage at "The Borough Arms," Hungerford. Inset is Mr. J. Cook on his collection round.

SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

Since our last notes Dame Fortune's wheel has been spinning merrily and our games have been best mixed as far as the first team are concerned. The second string, however, have not got into winning vein, although they are improving lately.

To take the "A" team first, let us look at our visit to Wargrave, the scene of several very close games. The one under review was such another. We batted first and, thanks mainly to our captain, who got going nicely with an innings of 33, we made 65. We had to travel one short owing to a sudden call to business of a member of the team and Wargrave loaned us a spare man—H. Dentry, who was second top scorer with 16. J. Reynolds did the hat trick, which did not help matters as far as we were concerned. When it came to our friends' turn to bat they quickly went away, the second wicket falling at 35. Then our turn came and Croom and Crutchley had a fine spell of bowling, the former getting 6 for 12 runs, out of 12 overs, 7 of which were maidens. When the last man came in Wargrave wanted four to win, but only got one, when Crutchley took the wicket with the last ball of the over, thus giving us our first win by 2 runs.

The next week we had the pleasure of welcoming a new team to us, *i.e.*, The Liberal Club, from Basingstoke. This club have a large following—33 in all came to Reading. A few went to the Royal Counties' Show for a time and voted it extremely good.

Our luck was in at the "toss" and we batted first, but could only muster up 47 all told, T. Bartholomew again taking the honours with 17 not out. L. Ifould took 5 wickets for 16. The Liberal Club lost one for 11, went to 4 for 37 and then Croom got busy again and took 6 wickets in 5 overs, with only 12 runs all told scored off of him. The last man came in with two runs wanted; they got one to make a tie and lost the wicket—two keen games.

The following week we visited Frimley, which was only fixed up in the middle of the week, after several adverts for a game, and we were unfortunately hard pressed to get a team together. Rather than scratch the match—which under the conditions would have been very bad policy—we made the journey and had to pick one man up on the ground to complete the eleven. Again we batted first, but only made 45 all told, which proved far too small, as one man—J. Smart—made 70 off his own bat. Croom again bowled

well but only got 2 wickets. However, he had 6 maidens out of 15 overs and only 31 runs scored off him. In the end our skipper took off the pads, took the ball and then 2 wickets. Frimley declared at 126 for 6 and then we had another knock to pass the time away.

Tattoo Saturday found us at Farnboro', where we again met fresh faces. Our new opponents were the South Farnboro' Working Men's Club. The ground was rather on the small side and boundaries were easy if the ball once passed a fielder. The W.M.C. batted first and soon showed us they knew the way to get runs, although we secured 2 wickets for 6 runs. Then the wheel turned again, two or three catches went astray and the next wicket fell at 63. The fifth and sixth fell at 100, but the ensuing partnership added 54, the full total reading 183. Croom and Clark each had 3 wickets, the others being divided, with one run out.

Our batting started badly, the first wicket falling with only 4 runs on the board. Then we gradually improved, but not sufficiently to do the trick. It was left to P. Hendy to do the honours and he looked like carrying his bat, but hit one not quite hard enough and was caught with his score reading 43. Croom came next with 29 and our total was 119, the first time we had topped the century this season. 302 runs, even if boundaries were cheap, is pretty good going for a Saturday afternoon.

The majority went on to the Tattoo, but as this narrative is dealing with cricket, we must leave the military episodes to other scribes.

Now for the "B's." While the "A" team were able to play out the game at Wargrave on the 31st May, in spite of heavy rain during the journey, the "B" team, who were down to entertain Whitley Hall, were unable to play at all at Reading. The next week was also a blank, but this was owing to being unable to find a team in want of a game on that day.

The following Saturday a trip to Pangbourne was made and only a weak team was sent. The locals batted first and compiled a respectable score of 74, three of them reaching double figures. Atkinson secured 4 wickets for 20, three of them being in one over, just after a rest; Broad got 4 for 35. In batting we did not do so well, but managed to make 43, the score being rather evenly distributed amongst the whole side.

Our other venture was against Whitley Hall and here we batted first and totalled 50, Stevens and Doe each reaching double

figures, also Mr. A. N. Other, who we had to call in to complete the team. The score was not big enough, however, for our opponents made 73, four sets of double figures being included. We found another good change bowler in Main, who took 3 for 20 in his first game.

Our next fixtures are: "A" team *v.* Wargrave "B" (home) and "B" team *v.* Junior Conservatives (away).

The "A" team have got a return fixture arranged with Frimley, when we hope a better account will be given of the strength of the "S.B.'s." That is on August 16th, which please note.

J.W.J.

SEVEN BRIDGES BREWERY BURIAL CLUB.

The annual meeting of the above was held at the Brewery on Friday, May 30th. The membership of the club totals 400 and it was extremely disappointing to see so few present. The Secretary, in his report, stated that there had been six claims to meet, viz.:—two members, the wife of a member and 3 children of members.

The officers for the ensuing session were elected as follows:—*Chairman*, Mr. A. Grove; *Hon. Treasurer*, C. W. Stocker, Esq.; *Hon. Secretary*, Mr. T. E. Stevens.

The late committee were re-elected *en bloc* and a vote of thanks was passed to the officers of the club for their services.

RULE 4.

It was decided that all persons employed at H. & G. Simonds Ltd., Reading Depot, of the age of 16 who had not joined the club when reaching the age of 19 (the three years limit), should now be eligible to do so up to the age of 21.

The Secretary will be pleased to give any employee information at any time.

T.E.S.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A newly-wed husband said "Kate,
That tart which you made was just great."
Said his wife, with a stare,
"But the tart is still there;
So that which you ate was the plate."

THE ROYAL COUNTIES' SHOW.

"GLORIOUS DEVON" CIDER STAND.

Held in brilliant weather the Royal Counties' Show at Prospect Park, Reading, was a very great success. Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. did a big business with their well known Hop Leaf brands and the excellent condition of the beers, on draught and in bottle, won golden opinions from all. The Stand displaying the "Glorious Devon" Cider of Messrs. N. P. Hunt & Son, of Paignton, which business has recently been acquired by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., was one of the most popular Stands in the Show. It was most artistically designed by our Mr. S. J. Moore and he was highly complimented in many directions on the originality and attractiveness of his work. A very large number of people called to sample the cider and the excellence of this refreshing drink won golden opinions.

Attached is one of many of Mr. Moore's little ideas to be seen at the Stand:—

WELCOME.

Good friends!

Linger here awhile and

Occupy your minds.

Retain your good

Impressions and

Opinions and test our

Unequaled and

Sustaining beverage.

Devonians are

Energetic and strong,

Vigorous and lusty.

Opportunity is yours also for

Nature's drink.

Crystal clear before your

Impartial eyes,

Devon's sparkling wine will

Energise the innermost

Recesses.

Numerous orders for this excellent cider were received and they continue to come in.

Both the stall and all the other business done by the Firm at this great Show was under the supervision of Mr. C. Bennett who had a very busy time. He was up there early and late, Sundays included.



[Photo by C. E. May, Reading.
Our "Glorious Devon" Cider Stand at the Royal Counties Show.

"LITTLE CROWN" FOOTBALL CLUB OUTING.

A party of 40 belonging to the "Little Crown" (Southampton Street, Reading) Football Club, recently had a very enjoyable char-a-banc trip to Northampton which was reached in time for luncheon. Two stops were made on the road for "S.B." After a pleasant two hours in Northampton the journey was continued to Leamington where the gardens were visited. Tea was partaken of at Warwick and the party came through Oxford on their way home. At Nuneham Courtenay a call was made for "More S.B." The arrangements were admirably carried out by Mr. C. Ayres. Home was reached at 11.30 p.m. One of Smith's well appointed char-a-bancs was used.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

The sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elm I hear
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky
Where waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves—
There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth—it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For, oh! it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!

BRANCHES.

WOKING.

GUILDFORD AND DISTRICT CLUBS GAMES LEAGUE.

An evening full of the best spirit of club life was spent at the Guildford Trades and Labour Club on Friday, 23rd May, the occasion being the annual presentation of league trophies. Mr. George Reading (Chairman) presided over the large gathering of representatives from the clubs of the district. Mr. Reading expressed cordial greetings and welcome to all present, and said that club life was good for the community in general, as it enabled them to exercise a wide outlook on life, and by bringing them together under pleasant conditions added a good deal of happiness and good comradeship to their daily experiences. The league sought to give them even greater scope in these directions. He understood from the Secretary (Mr. T. Perry) that at least one more club had promised to join next year, and he hoped others would follow. He paid a fine tribute to the work of his own Committee, and said they were all very keen and gave of their best endeavours in the interests of the club and the league generally. He welcomed criticism of the right kind. He then referred to the proposal to form a benevolent fund in his own club, and appealed for a large measure of support in the effort to organize the fund in the best possible way.

The applause accorded to this announcement was a good augury for the future success of the venture.

Mr. Reading then called on Mr. C. Bennett (Reading) to present the prizes.

Mr. C. Bennett said he much appreciated the honour of again being asked to present these trophies, an honour which had been repeated every year since the formation of the league nearly ten years ago. He said he was very glad to be present as it enabled him to renew his association with many old friends in Surrey. He referred to the pleasure it gave him to be with them again to join in this annual gathering, and expressed hearty congratulations to the winners of the shield (Guildford Trades and Labour Club) and to the runners-up (Woodbridge Hill W.M.C.) on winning the cup, also to West Byfleet Social Club on their sporting contests, and wished them good luck in the future. He said this latter club had an excellent reputation in regard to their club and league tournaments. These contests were productive of great benefit to all who participated in them, and if conducted in good faith, good temper, and a spirit of good-will, resulted in an ability to accept decisions in the right way. Whether they won or lost in these games, they

were acquiring a sense of corporate action and responsibility which was bound to re-act beneficially on organized society as we found it to-day. He supported the Chairman's appeal for continued and increased support of the league, and wished them every success and happiness in the future. He took the opportunity to appeal for unity in the club, support for officers and committees in their efforts for the welfare of their particular institutions, for loyalty to the league, and to maintain a high standard of club life in the district, while upholding the best traditions of the past.

Mr. A. Bennett (Woking) was invited to address the company, and expressed his pleasure at being present. He said he had come to regard this function, not so much from the point of view of prize-giving, as an annual re-union of the clubs of the district. He referred to the fact that sport in its various forms was being increasingly used as a part of our system of education, not from a desire to turn all our young folks into trained athletes, but rather for the value of its moral effects on character, as real sportsmanship precluded mean actions while inculcating the team spirit and loyalty to leaders, as well as co-operation of the best kind. He supported the Chairman's appeal in connection with the proposed benevolent fund, and said that mutual helpfulness was a great feature in the charter of club life. He said he looked forward to many similar and equally happy meetings in the future.

Mr. A. Peto made acknowledgments for the Guildford Trades and Labour Club, and Mr. F. Wales for the Woodbridge Hill W.M. Club, and promised to do their utmost for the success of the league, and Mr. W. Mathis Junr. on behalf of West Byfleet Social Club added congratulations to the winners, and promised them good contests next season.

Mr. T. Perry was thanked for his Secretarial services, and Mr. G. Reading for officiating as Chairman and league leader.

A musical programme was much enjoyed until a late hour, and the evening was voted by all as an outstanding success.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

"THE BATH AND WEST."

The weather for the Bath and West and Southern Counties Show at Torquay was almost ideal, and the attendance figure, easily eclipsed those of last year. In fact, for the first four days the daily aggregates were practically double those of Swindon. H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, who graced the proceedings on the Thursday, arrived in truly modern fashion by air. His first duty

at Torquay, however, was to visit the Torbay Hospital, surely one of the finest institutions in the land, and here his sympathetic enquiries, and his evident pleasure at the delight of the children's ward to see "a real live Prince" among them, touched the hearts of all beholders. Great crowds of townsfolk, countryfolk and those from afar, had especially gathered there to meet him. There are no more loyal hearts in all His Majesty's Kingdom than those which beat "Down Devon way," and though the heir to the throne, we are afraid, must have been on occasions, a little overwhelmed by the warmth of his welcome, he took it all in good part, as he always does.

As Lord Mildmay of Flete said in his reply to Lord Folkestone: "Devon folk are at heart an agricultural community, and the very fact that the Prince takes such a practical interest in West Country farming, especially endears him to us. He has many activities and yet finds time to be a Devonshire farmer, and a very good one too."—Words which every Son of Devon will endorse to the letter.

The traffic between Plymouth and Torquay was particularly heavy during the week, and the Hop Leaf lorries told the early birds every morning of the part they were playing in the schemes of supply and demand at the Show. "S.B." and "L.D.A." vied with each other in popularity, and our good friend, Mr. F. G. Godwin, who had the onerous duty of catering for such huge crowds, must have had a very trying time. That there were no complaints is to the credit of all concerned.

To date, we have obtained the contracts for the following events:—

Launceston Annual Exhibition,
Plympton Agricultural Show,
Kingsbridge Agricultural Show,

and have recently catered for the

Yealmpton Agricultural Show, June 4th.

Braunton Ex-Service Men's Race Meeting and Sports,
Whit-Monday, June 9th,

at which our arrangements met with their usual approbation.

It can safely be said that in very few spots on the English Riviera is it impossible to obtain your "Simonds"!!

Our Reading colleague, Mr. V. Richards, who has been deputising for Mr. H. E. Pike, our Brewer, on holiday, has once again had cause to remember his visit to us. On this occasion a

faulty bottle burst and cut his wrist. Fortunately, it was not as serious as it might have been, and he was able to carry on. We hope he will be immune from further trouble, otherwise he is likely to label the "Tamar" as dangerous to his well-being, which is the last thing we desire.

The addition of Mr. S. H. Spurling, from Woolwich, to our Clerical Staff, is welcomed. A long and painful period of sickness prevented him from joining us as early as either he or we could have wished, but we hope he will now soon feel quite at home in the West Country, and his help will better enable us to weather the trade winds which blow around the "Tamar" during this season of the year.

The wedding of Mr. R. F. A. Beasley of the Carpentering Department, took place at St. Andrew's Church on Saturday, June 14th.

Mr. Beasley is the son of Mr. A. Beasley, Foreman of the Department, who is known to many of our Reading readers. The bridegroom was presented with a charming drawing room clock, suitably inscribed, and given by the whole staff of the Tamar Brewery, who wish Mr. and Mrs. Beasley every happiness. We hope each succeeding year will be but one more link, without regrets, full of contentment and mutual joys to them both.

" BREWING STORM."

We at Devonport are more than interested to read in a daily London paper, that the Atlantic Fleet (in Scottish waters) are sighing for the Home Brewed Ale of old England, and are even requesting the authorities to help them towards obtaining a supply when they go ashore there.

Quite recently we ourselves forwarded a large consignment of "S.B." in response to an urgent message from the North for "More 'S.B.'"—a proceeding which needs no comment of ours. There is nothing quite so good, as Jack knows.

The press correspondent fears that ships' companies may each favour beers from their home stations. Well, how would "Simonds" from Devonport, Portsmouth and Chatham do?

And if real Devonshire is needed, we can without difficulty supply that also, direct from the Crabb's Park orchards.

We are glad to know that all our invalids are to-day within sight of fitness, and that by next month we shall, with luck, be showing a clean bill of health again.

One very sad feature of our notes this month is the passing of Mr. J. Clough, who, as the driver of the old Dennis lorry (12a) and as an occasional contributor to these pages, was not unknown to our readers.

For several months he had battled against ill-health, and it was a terrible trouble to him when he had temporarily to vacate his driving seat.

As an N.C.O. in the R.A.S.C., "Jimmy" Clough was highly thought of, both as a soldier and as a staunch friend. Retiring on pension in the summer of 1927, he joined us to take over the old "Dennis" lorry, and no one served us more conscientiously.

Like all good soldiers, with him duty came first. For a little while he resumed work, only to find that his health made it impossible for him to carry on, and in what should have been the prime of his life he was laid to rest on Saturday the 14th of June at Weston Mill Cemetery. Lieut.-Col. N. C. Hamilton, D.S.O., O.B.E., and many of his comrades of the R.A.S.C., attended to do him final honours. There were also present representatives from each of the Departments of the Brewery as follows:—Messrs. F. Pierce (Office), R. Rymell (Transport), J. Daw (Brewery) and H. Edbrooke (Yard).

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to Mrs. Clough and her three children in their irreparable loss, and ours. We give below his last contribution to the GAZETTE, which reached us only a few days before his death.

We include it, if only for the purpose of showing how, amid hopeless suffering, the indomitable spirit of the man enabled him to be a true sportsman to the end.

BY "DENNIS 12A."

In May month's magazine I see
They've put me down as "Sick,"
And so I am, twix you and me,
It's been a bit too thick.

I've never been the same man since
September gave me visions,
Whoever thought I'd live to see
Our "Argyle" change Divisions?

I'm fit enough to cry "Well done"!
E'en if next year they go
Straight up into Division one;
Tho' I'll be worse, I know.

Thus pluckily passed to his long rest, our "Poet Laureate," leaving behind a record of faithful service which was indeed "Well done."

OXFORD.

(Without prejudice.)

From an article, both erudite and interesting, in last month's issue of our GAZETTE we learn that the River Thames rises in Gloucestershire, flows through Reading, Henley, Windsor, etc., finally reaching the sea somewhere east of London.

A little farther on our informant deals with a competition called the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race which is contested on this same River Thames from Putney to Mortlake.

Now we would volunteer the information that Oxford—that ancient and historic University City, which sends a boatload each year to Putney for the purpose of illustrating to the world at large what a fine crew comes from Cambridge—is also on the River Thames.

Our most distinguished visitor this month has, so far, been Her Royal Highness Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, who came here on Saturday last for the purpose of receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law, to inspect the Wingfield Orthopaedic Hospital and to open the new buildings of the Headington School for Girls.

Her Royal Highness arrived at the residence of the Vice-Chancellor of the University (Dr. F. Homes Dudden) at 11.0 a.m., where she was received by the Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Homes Dudden. Miss Kenyon Slaney was in attendance on the Princess.

After the degree had been conferred with the usual pomp and ceremony at the Sheldonian Theatre, the royal party proceeded to the Wingfield Hospital at Headington (one of Oxford's new suburbs), where the Princess, clad in her gorgeous Doctor's robes, was welcomed by Sir Montague Burrows, Chairman of the Hospital, with whom she shook hands as soon as she had stepped from her car.

The Princess then made a thorough tour of the Hospital which lasted about three-quarters of an hour. After expressing pleasure at all she had seen she presented the Matron with a cheque towards the funds of the Hospital on her departure.

As elsewhere at all vantage points, there was a large crowd to see Her Royal Highness arrive at the main gates of the New Headington School for girls where she was presented with a case containing a gold key by the architect, Mr. Gilbert T. Gardner. After unlocking the door with this key, the Princess passed to the

main hall of the school for the purpose of presenting the prizes. There were present for this ceremony: Sir Arthur Hazelrigg, (Chairman of the School), Mr. P. E. Matheson (the Vice-Chairman), Mrs. Wingfield Digby, the Bishop of Oxford, the Bishop of Ripon, the Head Mistress (Miss Porcher), the Vice-Chancellor and the Mayor and Mayoress of Oxford. To celebrate the occasion Her Royal Highness requested that a holiday be granted to the pupils.

Immediately after the ceremony was concluded Princess Mary drove away to keep an engagement at Caversham, where she opened the new hall at Queen Anne's School.

What is known as "Schools" has been the order of the day in Oxford for the last week or so and, during the intervals of the examinations those members of the University who are submitting their knowledge to the examiners have been seen thronging the High in academic dress. It is a unique sight. The broad pavement is thronged with students of both sexes and of practically every nation under the sun. During these intervals the Oxford Examination Schools are literally a twentieth century Tower of Babel.

In a few days now the Long Vacation will be here once more and the undergraduates and undergraduettes will be "gone down" and our old High will be peopled with tourists from all over the world, busily "doing the sights."

BRIGHTON.

The Brighton and Hove Albion Football Club made an important capture recently, when they secured from Reading the services of Joseph Duckworth. This well-known goalkeeper has been with the Berkshire Club for five seasons, and assisted that club to gain promotion from the Third Division to the Second. He stands 5ft. 10in. and weighs 12 stone. He was Reading's regular goalkeeper from the time he succeeded Crawford until the arrival of Lance Richardson from Manchester United. Duckworth, together with Brett and Moffat, are potential first eleven players for the Albion.

Maurice Tate has again been selected for the Test, also K. S. Duleepsinghi has been invited, but Woolley was preferred owing to the state of the wicket. We feel that the leaving out of our friend "Duleep" will be found to have been a mistake. By the way, "Ranji," the uncle of Duleepsinghi, has made the Sussex County Cricket Club a donation of £1,000. He has honoured the club by accepting the Presidency this season.

On the Brighton front on Whit-Monday afternoon there was the gay, sparkling blue sea. There were motor-boats and steamboats, motor-cars, and motor-bicycles, huge green and multi-coloured motor-coaches and red buses, and aeroplanes buzzing overhead. There was the same old Brighton bank holiday crowd, happy and hilarious, foreign and familiar, painted and powdered, sophisticated and simple, silk stockings and shining garters, short skirts and dipping flounces, huge hats and small berets, plus fours and creased trousers, spats and patent shoes, fat cigars and scented cigarettes. Then, at the bottom of West Street came the most arresting sight of all. Crossing the wide road with calm unconcern in the midst of the noisy, bewildering traffic was a family. What a family—father, round-faced, blue-eyed and rosy, in the baggy Sunday best, countrified grey suit and cap, with heavy, lumbering gait—mother, plump and maternal, in plain straw hat and dark grey coat—and seven small daughters, all dressed exactly alike in pink print dresses, big white pinafores with frills over the shoulders, white stockings and brown sandshoes. All were spotlessly clean, all were fair and rosy and blue-eyed, with long, newly-washed, tightly-crimped hair drawn back from their heads with big white bows, then hanging loosely to their waists. The eldest, a slim child of about twelve years was carrying the baby, father had two younger ones, one on each hand, and mother pushed the perambulator with a child of about two years seated in it, a child holding on to each side.

One looked on in wonder, and counted—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Were they all girls? Was the baby by any chance a boy? No, it was a girl. They walked along the front, in that huge crowd, with the self-possessed, self-contained manner of real country people. They mingled with the crowd, but were quite apart from it, apparently unaware of curious, interested glances. Evidently they were on the most affectionate terms with each other, the eldest girl stopping now and then to smooth the baby's skirts, or to take the hand of a younger sister.

One watched as they walked along, fascinated with their simplicity in all that sophisticated crowd, until they were swallowed up in the moving mass of people at the end of the Palace Pier. They brought a sense of freshness, of stability, of English rustic health and innocence, and a memory that remains after the kaleidoscope of colour has faded and passed away.

SLOUGH.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.

It gives us much pleasure to record in our ever-popular GAZETTE several annual sports and athletic meetings held during the month of May by the R.A.F. (Depot) at Uxbridge, Middlesex; R.A.F. (Reception Depot), West Drayton, Middlesex; R.A.F. (Aerodrome), Northolt, Middlesex; and the R.A.F. (Record Office), Ruislip, Middlesex.

The first-named meeting took place on May 21st and we have heard that a very successful meeting was held, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present. Following the sports 200 children were entertained to tea in the Sergeants' Mess, and the day concluded with a flannel dance in the evening. Mrs. I. G. V. Fowler, wife of Group Capt. I. G. V. Fowler, A.F.C., kindly presented the sports prizes.

The meeting at West Drayton on May 28th was a very successful and happy one, made so, largely, by the efforts of the "clerk of the weather" who kindly provided glorious sunshine the whole day. One of the Firm's marquees was in evidence, together with the Firm's well known brand of "S.B.," the marquee being decorated with bunting. S.M.1 G. H. Taylor and his able staff deserve great praise for the admirable arrangements made to ensure a successful meeting, and at the conclusion the prizes for the sports events were kindly presented by Mrs. C. E. Maude, wife of Wing Commander C. E. Maude. The day's proceedings concluded with a successful dance in the evening. The R.A.F. Central Band were in attendance at this meeting as also at the Uxbridge and Ruislip meetings, the programme of music in each case being admirably rendered and delightfully enjoyed by all present.

On May 30th the R.A.F. (Aerodrome), Northolt, held their sports meeting which unfortunately was somewhat marred by rain, but we understand in spite of the inclement weather was satisfactorily carried out. The music during the meeting was provided by the Station Band, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. Following the conclusion of the sports items, the prizes were kindly presented by Mrs. J. S. T. Bradley, wife of Wing Commander J. S. T. Bradley, O.B.E. The day's events were happily concluded with a dance during the evening in the dining hall.

The R.A.F. (Records), Ruislip, held a most successful sports meeting on the 31st May last, everyone present spending a most

happy time; great praise being due to the able efforts of S.M.1 L. A. McIntosh and his Committee who are to be congratulated on the arrangements made. A most successful meeting was brought to a close by the presentation of the prizes by Mrs. H. M. K. Brown, wife of Squadron Leader H. M. K. Brown. A dance held in the gymnasium in the evening concluded a most pleasant and happy day.

SLOUGH WORKING MEN'S SOCIAL CLUB.

A large number of members and friends gathered at the above club on Friday, May 30th, the occasion of the club's annual supper. The officers and committee are to be complimented on the excellence of the arrangements made, also Mr. A. J. Rodgman the steward, who so ably conducted the catering. The ladies, too, deserve their share of thanks for the floral decorations, and the way in which they looked after the needs of the company present.

Directly after the supper the chairman of the club, Mr. J. N. Huggins, presented various trophies which had been won by members of the club in the Slough, Windsor & District Billiards League.

Following upon the presentations, an admirable concert was provided by the members and others. Altogether a very enjoyable evening was spent.

PORTSMOUTH.

Three *Victorys*—one the ship in which Nelson died at Trafalgar and the others replicas of her—will be one of the distinctive features at Portsmouth's "Navy Week" which is being held this year from August 2nd to 9th. Behind one of these models lies a story which contains both pathos and romance, a story of how a man was deprived of a life at sea but how he turned his exceptional ability to the building of models of boats. Here is the story of the model *Victorys* :—

Mr. Ernest Worsley, a great lover of the sea, who unfortunately, owing to defective sight, was rejected from the Merchants Service and could not be a sailor, has devoted his life to the making of ships in miniature. In a room overlooking Portsmouth Harbour he is putting the finishing touches to a model of Nelson's Flagship *Victory*.—When completed this model will be worth about £5,000

and is even now heavily insured. The miniature *Victory* is one of the most perfect models ever devised by human hands. The model has been designed by Wing-Commander Harold Wyllie and is to be made for Lieut.-Commander Lord Louis Mountbatten. The exquisite carving of the figure head and the quarter galleries have been reproduced in miniature. This particular work was done by Capt. Brampton, R.N. The whole model is made on the scale of one-sixteenth of an inch to a foot. Its total length from figure head to taffrail is three feet six inches. The model *Victory* is actually "set in a silver sea." Bronze has been cast from drawings of ships under way and silvered over to give the impression that the model is in motion. Mr. Worsley's work has proved him to be one of England's greatest craftsmen, but he thinks nothing of a working day of twelve or fourteen hours. His work will be finished when the ships boats and spare spars are stowed on board.

The other model, which is also under construction in the Dockyard, is a 60ft. model of this famous ship. It is being built under the supervision of a Committee of Naval Officers who have made the ships of that period a special study. When this model is completed it will be floated on one of the huge basins in the Dockyard, and people will be able to see the miniature *H.M.S. Victory* carrying out evolutions of a ship of the line at sea in 1805. In every detail the miniature will be an exact replica of the old flagship, even down to the general handling. This miniature is even to have a crew comprising of some 14 naval officers, including some Commanders and Lieut.-Commanders, and will undoubtedly be one of the finest features of the Navy Week.

Portsmouth's "Navy Week" follows almost immediately after the Naval Tattoo at Whale Island, and the two events together should create records in the annals of service history at this port. A visit to either function will be well worth the trouble, and a hearty invitation to Portsmouth is accorded to THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE readers to visit this old port and enjoy a day amongst England's past and present bulwarks.

Portsmouth, like Blackpool, Manchester and other places, is to have a Municipal Aerodrome. This is the decision which has been reached by the City Council, and work is to be shortly commenced. The scheme for the building of the Aerodrome will involve a cost estimated at about £50,000 out of which figure £31,500 will be spent in wages, giving 145 men employment for 18 months. The sum of £50,000 seems an enormous figure for the City to have to find, but it is confidently anticipated that the expenditure will be more than covered by the profits made once the Aerodrome is opened. The Aerodrome itself is to be one of

the finest in the country, and will be undoubtedly a great advantage commercially. Perhaps in the near future some of our friends at the various Branches will give us a look up, coming by air. Another piece of news of local interest is the decision to form a Glider Club. In this respect Portsmouth will be one of the pioneers and it is an interesting fact that the longest glider flight ever recorded finished on Portsdown Hill, the northern border of the city. The club will be one of the largest in the country.

June was truly flaming at Southsea during the Whitsun holidays and more than compensated for the dismal Easter experienced. All three days, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, were real "scorchers" and had it not been for a slight breeze, record temperatures would have been recorded. Southsea was literally packed with visitors, packed even to excess. The rock gardens, which since they were built some two years ago have always been very delightful to look upon, seemed to increase in beauty in the power of the sun and attracted thousands of people. It can be safely assumed that there are no gardens of a similar character in England that are more beautiful. The very popular South Parade Pier was again crowded, whilst the promenades were a mass of colour as the "gay young trippers" wended their way along. Although there was still a slight "chill" on the water, bathing was the order of the day, many hundreds taking advantage of the opportunity to splash and swim about in the sea. After having a walk round the rock gardens, or walking along the promenades, watching or participating in the golf, tennis and bowls that were being played, not forgetting viewing the canoe lake and spending a pleasant half an hour or hour in boating, what could be a better conclusion to a perfect day than a "good long pint of Simonds' famous Ale, "S.B.," which was obtainable on the pier?" This pleasant innovation was a real joyous surprise to the holiday patronizers of the pier and having once tasted and enjoyed, people will surely come again.

GIBRALTAR.

The annual fair and Empire Day celebrations commenced on 24th May, and the programme of events which had been arranged promised to outrival even the high standard which had been set in previous years. The clerk of the weather, however, had other ideas on the subject, and a few days after the commencement of the festivities the rain, which had been threatening for some time, came down in torrents—a thing unknown in June even to the "oldest inhabitant." As a result, the fair was practically under water for some days, and His Excellency the Governor was prompted

to extend the period of the festivities for a further two days to enable the various side show and stall holders to recover some of their losses, which must have been considerable, while the Algeciras fair was postponed for a week.

The Royal Engineers W.O.'s and Sergeants' Mess held their annual outing to the Cork Woods on Saturday, 31st May, and were extremely fortunate in picking one of the few fine days that we have had for some time. The whole function was capably organised by S.M. Ashworth and his Committee, the former in particular, thoroughly deserving the round of cheers which were accorded him at the instigation of Lieut.-Col. Tomlinson, C.R.E., prior to the return of the party.

The solid refreshments were in the hands of that capable caterer, Mr. J. Cunningham, who surpassed even his own high standard, while the liquid part of the programme was of course supplied by H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Races for the ladies and kiddies, a polo match on donkeys, tugs-of-war, and donkey rides for kids of all ages contributed materially to the fun of the day, although it was noticeable that the majority of the older "kids" who had been indulging not wisely but too well in donkey rides, were content to remain in an upright position for the remainder of the week.

The event of the day was, of course, the "Donkey Derby"—an event for which 34 starters lined up. Owing to the conflicting rumours as to the form of the various mounts, the betting was very cautious. The winner, Sgt. Dugmore, should really have been disqualified on the grounds of bribery, as he promised his mount a bottle of "Simonds" if he was first past the post—sufficient inducement even for a donkey.

The party arrived back in the neighbourhood of 8.0 p.m., tired but thoroughly happy, while everybody was unanimous in the opinion that it had been a wonderful day.

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Tomlinson and most of the officers and their ladies were present, and entered thoroughly into the business of enjoying themselves—indeed anybody who did not would have been extremely hard to please.

Five ships of the 3rd Destroyer—the new "A" class, have now been with us for a month, and are expected to remain for some little time longer, owing to various slight defects in the engine room departments. Otherwise, the King's Navee has not been very much in evidence.

A King's Birthday Parade was held at North Front on Tuesday, 3rd June, when units from the Royal Navy, the British Legion, and the various Military units were reviewed by His Excellency the Governor and Commander-in-Chief. The Governor of Algeciras was also present, with a troop of Spanish cavalry, who were much admired for the fine bearing and the splendid way in which they were mounted. The whole function presented a spectacle which will not easily be forgotten, and one which is looked forward to with a good deal of pleasure with each year that passes.

Unfortunately, the inclement weather has been responsible for postponing a good many open-air events which at this time of the year are in full swing, and was even successful in sending the Navy post haste back into blue uniform after having changed into white—another happening without precedent in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." However, the sun is now holding forth once more, and perhaps within the course of a few days we shall be back once more into that semi-tropical weather which makes even the most hardened teetotaler say "Mine's a Simonds."

NAUTICUS.

Hearty congratulations to the 1st (Fortress) Coy., Royal Engineers, who did well to win the Empire Day festivities tug-of-war competition. They gave us a splendid example of team work and stamina, and showed how much could be done by skilful coaching, particularly in the semi-final when they defeated the 1st Bn. Lincolnshire Regiment by two pulls to nil.

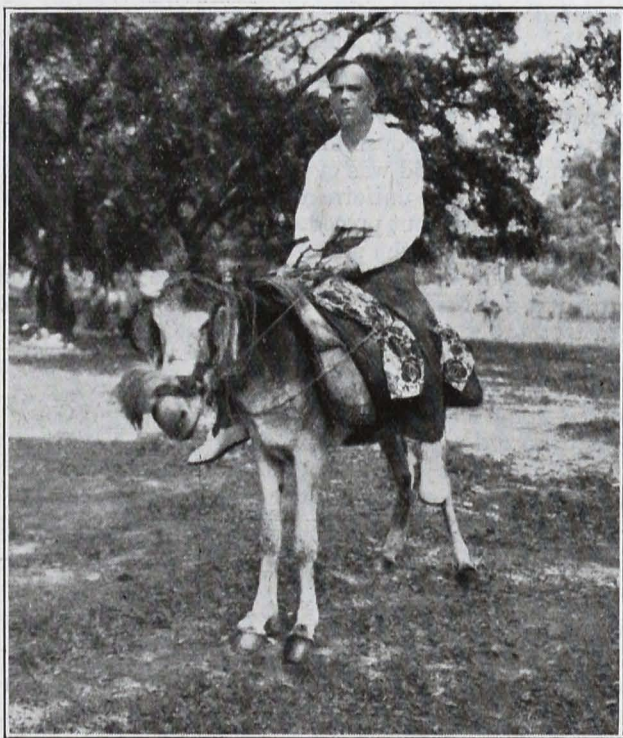
Gibraltar,
12th June, 1930.

The Editor,
THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.
Sir,

May I, through the medium of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, express my sincere thanks to C.S.M. (Buck) Taylor, R.E., for the kind wishes contained in his letter published in the June issue of the Journal. I recall, with great pleasure, the many outings and functions held while he was here, and such assistance as I was able to render on these occasions was willingly given. Indeed, those pleasant times we had together remain fresh in my memory.

Yours faithfully,

J. W. HUTTON.



WINNER OF THE DONKEY DERBY.

Sergeant Dugmore, R.E., (wearing white shirt and strong silent look), mounted on his faithful steed "Quencher" by Desire out of Thirst.