

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

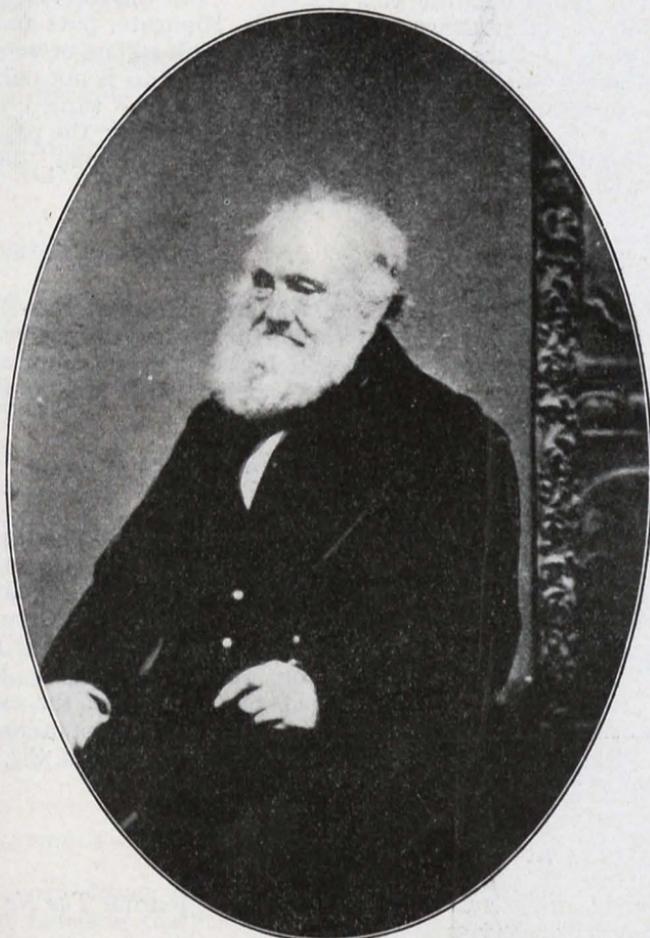
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 10



A recently discovered portrait of
The Late Mr. HENRY SIMONDS
who founded the firm of H. & G. Simonds, Limited,
over 150 years ago.

EDITORIAL.

WINE AT WEDDINGS.

"Many ministers are embarrassed when wine is placed in their glasses at weddings," said the Rev. Humphrey Evans, retiring president of the local Temperance Council, at Barry. "A wedding is the worst occasion to have the smallest drop, and I am surprised at Christian people adopting this practice." But the Rev. Demond Morse-Boycott, of St. Mary of the Angels, Highgate, puts another point of view. "I should be very glad to drink a glass of wine, or even two glasses, at any wedding," he said. "This is not only for social reasons, but out of reverence for Christ, who turned water into wine at the wedding feast at Cana. Incidentally, the psalmist speaks of 'Wine which maketh glad the heart of man,' and of 'Water with which wild asses quench their thirst.'"

ONE OF THE FORTUNATE FEW.

Mr. Samuel Dear writing from the Military Hospital, Ras-el-Tin, Alexandria, says "I am one of the fortunate few to receive THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE each month and I pass it on to about thirty other fellows who very much enjoy reading such an interesting little book. To them it is quite a novel-ty."

THE PAINTED DOG.

A reader of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE writes that he is assured by a member of the Senior Service that the following happened on the H.M.S. *London*:—An officer noticing a large dab of paint on the hindquarters of his dog approached the painting party with "Who painted my dog? Shore leave will be stopped until I find out." "I did, Sir," confessed an A.B. "Whatever for?" queried the owner. "It flew at me, Sir," answered the culprit. "What, flew at you, flew at you stern-first?" countered the officer. The crestfallen sailor's "It won't happen again, Sir," and a waggle of the old dog's tail made matters O.K.

FIFTY YEARS AGO!

The following is taken from that bright journal *The Newbury Weekly News* of May 31st, 1883:—

The *Daily News* of Tuesday states that:—"The biggest English pike ever taken weighed over 12 stone. He was hooked by the Town Clerk of Newbury in 1715 and instead of trying to

escape went for the Town Clerk. That official, by his great agility and skill in swimming, escaped the cruel jaws of the monster. When the pond was drained the populace fell on this pike, got ropes around him and brought him to his end." This is the first time we have heard of this apocryphal pike. Perhaps some of our readers are better informed?

COSMOPOLITAN.

"Father, what is a cosmopolitan?"

"My son, if a Russian Jew, living in England, has married a Chinese woman, lights a Turkish cigarette with a Swedish match while drinking his Brazilian coffee as a nigger band plays a melody from Hawaii, there you have a cosmopolitan."

DRINKING ON HIGHWAY.

A suggestion that magistrates have interpreted one of the provisions of the Licensing Act dealing with drinking on the highway with undue severity is referred to in the thirty-sixth annual report of the North and South Shields Off-Licence Holders' Protection Association.

"It would appear that a slight misconception has arisen as to the effects of the provision of section 66 of the Licensing (Consolidation) Act, 1910, whereby off-licence holders may not knowingly sell alcoholic liquor for consumption on any highway or near the licensed premises," the report states. "The statute makes it clear that unless this be done with the 'privity and consent' of the licensee no responsibility attaches to him. So it would be for the prosecution to prove that he had reason to know that the consumer to whom he had sold the liquor intended to consume it on the highway adjoining or near his premises." It has been suggested, the report adds, that the magistrates have interpreted the statutory provision with undue severity and a test case would be desirable.

INDICATING THE BOUNDARY.

A nail driven into the counter of an hotel near Maidenhead Bridge indicates the boundary of two counties. Customers can be served half an hour later in Buckinghamshire, on one side of the nail, than in Berkshire, on the other side.

THE MEANING OF WORDS.

Here are a few piquancies from the Vocabulary of the Language of the Great World :—

At Home.—Making your house as unlike home as possible, by turning everything topsy-turvy, removing your furniture, and squeezing as many people into your rooms as can be compressed together.

Not at Home.—Sitting in your own room, engaged in reading a new novel, writing notes, or other important business.

Affection.—A painful sensation, such as gout, rheumatism, cramp, headache, etc.

Mourning.—An outward covering of black, put on by the relatives of any deceased person of consequence, or by persons succeeding to a large fortune, as an emblem of their grief upon so melancholy an event.

Domestic.—An epithet applied to cats, dogs, and other tame animals, keeping at home.

Reflection.—The person viewed in a looking-glass.

Tenderness.—A property belonging to meat long kept.

A Treasure.—A lady's maid, skilful in the mysteries of building up heads, and pulling down characters ; ingenious in the construction of caps, capes and scandal, and judicious in the application of paint and flattery ; also a footman who knows at a single glance what visitors to admit to the presence of his mistress, and whom to refuse.

Tact.—The art of wheedling a rich old relation, winning an heiress or dismissing duns with the payment of fair promises.

Album.—A ledger kept by ladies for the entry of compliments, in rhyme, paid *on demand* to their beautiful hair, complexions fair, the dimpled chin, the smiles that win, the ruby lips where the bee sips, etc., etc., etc. ; the whole amount being transferred to their private account from the public stock.

Resignation.—Giving up a place.

A Martyr.—A gentleman subject to gout.

Temperate.—Quiet, an epithet applied only to horses.

Love.—Admiration of a large fortune.

THE PROHIBITION CRY.

“ There's some fine old muddled thinking
 In the Prohibition cry :
 ‘ Umpteen millions spent on drinking
 Would be saved if we were dry.’
 For those waterlogged civilians
 When they howl about the cost
 Quite forget that umpteen millions
 Paid in duties would be lost.
 And their eyeballs from their sockets
 Would be poking out, they would,
 If their parsimonious pockets
 Had to make those losses good.”

BEER BREWED BY DRUIDS.

Beer and ale are recognised now as healthful and nourishing foods. It is interesting to learn that an unsuccessful attempt to limit the sale of beer was made 4,000 years ago in Egypt. This information was discovered in an old book, “ Curiosities of Ale and Beer,” written in 1889 by John Bickerdyke. “ When those disturbing members of the community were waxing wroth over the beer shops,” says Bickerdyke, “ our savage ancestors probably contented themselves with mead. But when Ceres sent certain of his votaries into our benighted land to initiate our ancestors into the mysteries of grain-growing, the venerable Druids quickly discovered the art of brewing that beverage which, in all succeeding years, has been the drink of the Britons.”



497 ARTICLES IN MAN'S STOMACH.

AMAZING COLLECTION DESCRIBED AT INQUEST.

The discovery of 497 articles, weighing together $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb., in a man's stomach was described to Mr. J. C. Bate, the West Cheshire coroner, at an inquest on Frederick Vincent Edwards, 28, single, a farmer, of Wybunbury, near Nantwich. Edwards died in the hospital, following an operation.

His brother, Clarence Edwards, told the coroner that Edwards became strange in his manner about three years ago. The family had no suspicion he had been swallowing things.

Prudence Margaret Edwards, a sister, identified a number of the articles discovered in her brother's stomach, and which had been missed from the house.

Constable Couchman, who had compiled a list of the articles found in the man's stomach, said they included 200 nails from $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, 36 staples, 43 gramophone needles, six teaspoons, three table forks, four pennies, two halfpennies, one shilling, six brace buckles, two links of beads, eight teaspoon handles, three door keys, one live revolver bullet, one brass tap key, three penknives, two "S" shaped meat hooks, ten safety pins, four sewing needles, six ordinary pins, six bolts, three nuts, one buttonhook, two metal guides from a spring bed mattress, one alarm clock key, four hooks from a dresser, one buckle plate, one motor-car tyre valve, one tiepin, one gas lamp burner, two buttons, one watch key, one rolled gold ring, one pebble stone, 13 pieces of glass and earthenware, four collar studs, five washers, nine screws, seven curtain rings, one bicycle valve, and 92 small miscellaneous articles.

DOCTOR SURPRISED.

Dr. Hamilton Grills, the medical superintendent at the hospital, said Edwards had a delusion that his stomach was too smooth. He was X-rayed, and numerous foreign bodies were found in his stomach. The operation was successful, and did not hasten his death, but gave him a chance to live. Death was due to ulceration of the stomach and hemorrhage. He was very surprised that a man could live with so many articles in his stomach.

The Coroner.—Can you imagine how he swallowed such large articles as a teaspoon?—It is very difficult to imagine, but there is no question that he did swallow them.

The coroner said he did not believe that Edwards had any intent to end his life, but that he swallowed the articles because he was insane. "I find that he died from the causes mentioned and due to misadventure."

A FIVE-YEAR PLAN FOR ALL.

"Flashlight," gives in *Answers* the following excellent plan for living wisely and well on seven days in every week which every young person can carry out, with however slender a purse. I have classified my plan, for convenience, under twelve headings:—

- (1) Read one worth-while book and at least one periodical every week.
- (2) Become proficient in at least one language apart from your own.
- (3) Master the art of swimming. Everyone on this island should know how to look after themselves, and others, in the water.
- (4) Learn how to speak in public and to express your ideas lucidly at all times.
- (5) Master the art of writing a sensible, graceful, and straightforward letter.
- (6) Learn how to handle money wisely and to apportion your income between spending and saving.
- (7) Take up a creative hobby if you are a brain-worker, and a mental hobby if you work with your hands.
- (8) If possible, possess and look after one machine—motor-cycle, bicycle, wireless set, or lathe.
- (9) Learn the art of entertaining yourself. Be interested in what you do, not only in what others do.
- (10) Plan your week so that there is time for work, for reading, for friendship, correspondence, and leisure.
- (11) Know what you want to do—and strive to do it.
- (12) Accept some faith—and live it in your daily life.



THE VINE.

On the day of their creation, the trees boasted one to another, of their excellence. "Me, the Lord planted!" said the lofty cedar; "strength, fragrance, and longevity, he bestowed on me."

"Jehovah fashioned me to be a blessing" said the shadowy palm; "utility and beauty he united in my form." The apple-tree said, "Like a bridegroom among youths, I glow in my beauty amidst the trees of the grove!" The myrtle said, "Like the rose among briars, so am I amongst other shrubs." Thus all boasted; the olive and the fig-tree—and even the fir.

The vine, alone, dropped silent to the ground! "To me," thought he, "every thing seems to have been refused; I have neither stem, nor branches, nor flowers, but such as *I am* I will hope and wait." The vine bent down its shoots and wept!

Not long had the vine to wait; for, behold, the divinity of earth, man, drew nigh; he saw the feeble, helpless, plant trailing its honours along the soil:—in pity, he lifted up the recumbent shoots and twined the feeble plant around his own bower.

Now the winds played with its leaves and tendrils; and the warmth of the sun began to empurple its hard green grapes, and to prepare within them a sweet and delicious juice.

Decked with its rich clusters, the vine leaned towards its master, who tasted its refreshing fruit and juicy beverage; and he named the vine, his friend and favourite.

Despair not, ye forsaken; bear—be patient—and strive.

From the insignificant reed flows the sweetest of juices; from the bending vine springs the most delightful drink of the earth.

MR. G. B. GROVE MARRIED.

Hearty congratulations are extended to Mr. G. B. Grove, our Slough district traveller, on his marriage to Miss G. B. Trinder.

Miss Trinder was given away by her father. She was dressed in pearl-tinted satin, with a veil and orange blossom, and carried a sheaf of madonna lilies. Her bridesmaids were Miss Hilda Wildeman, of Bournemouth, Miss Elsie Hacker and little Miss Gillian Darby. The best man was Mr. Jack Hacker.

The reception was held in a marquee erected in the garden of "Stapleton," where some fifty guests were entertained, including the clergy of St. Mary's and St. Peter's parishes. Afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Grove left for their honeymoon, which is being spent at Mudeford, near Christchurch. They received an exceptionally large number of presents, among which were a combined fire-screen and table from the Church Committee and the congregation of St. Peter's, a fruit service and bowl from the servers of St. Peter's, glass bowls from the Church Lads' Brigade, and a Wedgwood salad bowl and servers from the Slough Conservative Club. The amethyst crystal necklaces worn by the bridesmaids were the gift of Mr. Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Grove will reside at "Glen Rosa," Langley Road, Slough.

VILLAGE "LAMB AND ALE FEAST."

DAY OF JOLLIFICATION FOR A DOG MARKET.

A Special Correspondent of the *Morning Post*, writing from Kirtlington, Oxfordshire, recently, says:—

Since the early hours the farmers and shepherds have been trooping into Kirtlington. Some have brought their sheep dogs for show, others have brought musical instruments, and some have brought only a thirst. They have come to celebrate one of England's oldest feast days: the "Lamb and Ale Feast" of Kirtlington.

The gypsies are here with their roundabouts, the farmers with their opinions, but the most important visitors are the shepherds with their dogs. For the "Lamb and Ale Feast" is an impromptu dog-fair and the only one of its kind.

Bob tails, Sussex, and old Yorkshire sheep dogs padded along behind their masters to the village, and in the inns pedigrees were discussed, families were argued over and deals were settled.

The Kirtlington Feast originally—about 200 years ago—celebrated the birth of lambs and a new brew of ale. Nowadays a service is held in the church in the morning, a band parades through the village and the Feast proper is held in the village school. But the real business of this unique fair takes place behind closed doors.

SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

The results of the month's matches are rather gratifying. The balance of the play is in our favour, the "A" team winning three whilst the other was abandoned owing to rain; the "B" team have won three games and had the better of a draw when rain stopped further play. An evening match was also attempted but bad light prevented a finish. At that stage we were having the worse of the argument.

Let me take the regular matches first and then have a few words about the inter-departmental games which are finding much favour and been taken up enthusiastically.

June 3rd. "A" TEAM 122 v. MESS STAFF, R.M.C., CAMBERLEY, 82.

This match was played on Prospect Park and for the first time this season we topped the century. The Mess Staff batted first and by consistent scoring carried the total to 82. E. G. Crutchley had a good day with the ball, taking 5 for 31.

Our start was a poor one but we carried on quietly until T. Bartholomew showed the value of his reach and powerful strokes. He made 33 and then retired having by that time seen our opponents total passed. Rumens got double figures, but Broad and Kelly gave a last wicket exhibition, putting on 25 runs.

June 10th. "A" TEAM 79 v. WARGRAVE "B" 49.

Again on Prospect Park we get a win. Last season we did not win one match at home.

Wargrave batted first, but Clark and Crutchley were in tip top form. The former took 8 for 16 and the latter 2 for 27—not such good figures, but, with the exception of one over, a splendid foil to his opposite number. Six catches held helped the bowlers in their achievement. Only H. Dentry, who made 17 before being caught, made any stand.

Cardwell and Josey put us on the right path, making 40 before being separated. James followed on with a very useful 18. Then Dentry had a turn with the ball and upset the apple cart. He got 5 for 7 including the "hat trick." We did not make the official presentation.

June 17th. "A" TEAM 46 v. COMMANDER H. D. SIMONDS XI 41.

We look forward to this match very much, but found our host had had the misfortune to be deprived of the services of several of his friends through illness and a cricket ball that took the wrong turning. We missed the presence of Admiral Sir R. Bentinck, who was playing against the Pangbourne Nautical College.

It seemed very much as though we were not going to get any play, as a thunderstorm held up the start and heavy showers interrupted play twice afterwards. The home team—mainly composed of our friends of Eversley Street—had the first knock but the scoring was kept low. Clark and Jelley, helped by some good catches, took five wickets each.

Tea, which was kindly provided by Commander Simonds, and served by the ladies of the "Street," was then taken.

We knew that those 41 runs would want a lot of getting on a pitch damaged by the rain and the long grass in the outfield cut down runs considerably, but we did not anticipate such a melancholy procession to and from the pavilion. Seven down for 18 looked hopeless, but Clark took chances and used the long handle to advantage, but it was left to Broad and Kelly to prove themselves the heroes of the day. Thirteen runs were wanted for the last wicket and excitement was intense in the pavilion whilst this battle was fought. Broad had the honour of making the winning hit and Kelly put the next ball to the boundary to make certain of it and was caught without further score. Seven of us were caught out and Mr. Harry held a couple, the first being a real beauty and was taken just off the ground.

June 24th. HECKFIELD AND MATTINGLEY 88 for 8.

A day of inclement weather. We left Reading in heavy rain, but it was fine on reaching our destination. Heckfield were lucky with the spin of the coin and naturally elected to bat. We were rather weakly represented, owing to the staff outing and holidays, etc., and had no effective change bowlers. We were also on a pitch which gave no assistance to the attack. Two down for 25 was not bad going but the next partnership added 47. We then had a swing round in our favour and took 5 more wickets for only 14 runs. Tea was taken and during the interval a downpour of rain came which put further play quite out of the question.

Now for our second string.

June 3rd. "B" TEAM 98 v. G.W.R. GOODS DEPARTMENT 75.

This match was played on the King's Meadows. The railway staff batted first and lost a wicket in the first over, but from thence the score gradually mounted up. R. Cottrell made 42 before being caught. One other player reached double figures. R. Main had a good bowling spell, viz., 13 overs, 4 maidens, 17 runs, 6 wickets. He then followed this up by the best score made by one of our club this season, carrying his bat for 65. S. Neville helped with 14, but the next highest was Mr. Extras with 6. Cottrell followed up his batting with taking 7 for 15.

June 10th. "B" TEAM 77 v. PANGBOURNE AND TIDMARSH 2ND XI 56.

We visited Pangbourne and brought off another good win. Our hosts had the first go with the bat but found Main and Deverall in good bowling form. The latter only took 2 wickets for 24 but was sending down pretty good stuff and acted as a foil to Main who took 6 for 25. It was left to the tail end to retrieve a long bad start—7 being down for 25.

W. Neville took the batting honours with 26, followed by Walker (13) and Main (12). The match was won by the time the eighth wicket fell. In spite of this W. Edinburgh took 8 for 32.

June 17th. "B" TEAM 40 for 5 v. LOWER BURGHFIELD XI 49.

Rain held up play for a long time and when it did start the visitors took the bat and we the ball. Main had another good day—taking 6 for 22. Out of the 49 scored, three men got 36, but Mr. Extras was not in form thanks to good work behind the stumps by Neville, who is now acting as "keeper."

An endeavour was made to finish the match before taking tea, but in spite of Main making a "score," the game had to be abandoned with our total at 40, owing to a deluge of rain.

June 24th. "B" TEAM 34 for 4 v. SOUTHFIELD C.C. 29.

We were meeting this team from Henley for the first time and knew not the strength of the opposition.

The visitors batted first. The first wicket fell at 14 and so did the fifth. Six runs were added for the sixth and seven for the seventh making it 27; the last wicket added a couple and so ended their venture. Main took 7 for 13, including the "hat trick" and Mileham 3 for 16.

Neville, who opened the batting made a splendid 17 before being caught, and after the loss of 4 wickets the game was won and then rain finished the match.

On the evening of June 13th a match was played with McIlroys, but owing to the late start and the darkness settling down early it was not finished. "Mac's" batted first and made 80, two batsmen each made 27 and one got 12. Treadgold was the most successful bowler, securing 5 for 15. When stumps were drawn we had lost 8 men for 48, Neville and Main having reached double figures.

A further match with this club is due to be played on the 27th June.

The challenge issued by the Surveyors Department was promptly taken up by the Delivery Department and two games have been played, each side winning in turn. Mr. Hawkins skipped the Surveyors and gave plenty of his side a turn with the ball to see what hidden talent could be brought to the surface.

The scores in the first match were Surveyors 67 v. Delivery 61, and in the second 26 and 34 respectively.

Maybe we shall have to have the "rubber" match, but the Building Department have "picked up the gage" and the W. & S. Department want to try their strength against the Delivery. The latter will play, wind and weather permitting, on Thursday, 29th June.

From the combined Home and Branch Offices it is hoped to raise an XI to take on some of the other departments.

If these games are successful and the interest sustained, it may be possible to run a Departmental League. What a boon a private ground would be for such a purpose.

We had the honour of Mr. Fred May's presence (the *Reading Standard's* cartoonist) when we met the Camberley team and we had the chance of seeing ourselves as others see us in that paper.

SIMONDS' FOOTBALL CLUB SUPPER.

On Saturday evening, June 10th, a supper was held by the Football Club at H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Social and Recreation Club and was most successful. Mr. S. V. Shea Simonds presided in his happy and genial way and everyone spent a most enjoyable

evening. Others present were Mr. T. W. Bradford (Secretary of the Social Club), Mr. R. Boddington (Secretary of the Football Club), Messrs. H. Aust, F. Edwards, W. Day (Committee), Mr. J. Benford (Trainer) and Mr. J. Nimmo (Trainer) and Messrs. Jack Smith (Captain 1st XI), J. Hillier (Vice-Captain 1st XI.), S. Giles (Vice-Captain 2nd XI), W. Dunster, &c. Apologies were received from Major H. Kaye, Mr. F. H. Braisher, P. R. Main (Captain 2nd XI).

After the toast of "The King and Royal Family," Mr. Shea Simonds in proposing the "Health and Success of H. & G. Simonds Football Club," said he thought the club should be congratulated on its first season in a higher division. First of all, take the "A" team, their goal average was extremely high and they had received a Certificate of Merit for their performance against Wokingham Town. He was sorry he had only been able to see two of the matches. The first was against the Biscuit Factory, at Prospect Park, who had arrived half an hour late and Beer should not have to wait for Biscuits (laughter). In the other match he saw at High Wycombe, in the Cup, the team had really bad luck and were very unfortunate to lose. The opposing goalkeeper made some marvellous saves. The ground sloped down one side and the play was kept on the wrong side of the pitch. He would like to congratulate Mr. P. Hendy on scoring 32 goals and Mr. R. Pitts 16 goals. With regard to the "B" team they had done very well, especially as they were up against it with many of the teams they had to play. He thought Mr. R. Main deserved a great deal of credit. Also he would like to congratulate Mr. Jack Smith to whom they owed quite a lot, the Trainers (Mr. J. Benford and Mr. J. Nimmo), the Hon. Secretary (Mr. R. Boddington) who had worked extremely hard, Mr. T. W. Bradford (Hon. Treasurer) and the Selection Committee (Messrs. F. H. Braisher, H. Aust and F. Edwards) who had shown remarkable skill in picking the right men, often under great difficulties (applause). The club were not only a credit to themselves but to the Firm as well and he could assure them the Directors would give them every possible assistance and help (applause). Mr. Shea went on to say he had every confidence that next football season the club would do even better. It was not always best to go up into a higher division and he thought Mr. Jack Smith would agree with that. It was, perhaps, better from a financial point of view, to hover round the top of a league. In conclusion, Mr. Shea Simonds said he would ask Mr. T. W. Bradford to respond (applause).

Mr. T. W. Bradford, in reply, said he felt quite relieved that the chairman had no fault to find with the match at High Wycombe which undoubtedly the club should have won. They were very

pleased Mr. Shea was with them again that evening and would like to take that opportunity of thanking him for all he had done for the club (applause). Mr. Shea Simonds was a true sportsman. They all knew that he had the interests of the football club at heart and would help them in every way and they would like to thank him (loud applause).

Mr. Shea Simonds thanked Mr. Bradford very much for his kind words.

The concert for the evening was then proceeded with and it is interesting to note it was all Brewery talent. Mr. S. Hinton opened and was in fine voice. "Professor" Croucher (a newcomer to The Brewery) delighted all with his mouth organ recitals, and his concluding item on a most miniature instrument was extraordinary, to say the least of it. Mr. Jim Champion was as popular as ever and the chorus went with a swing, so he had to oblige again. Mr. J. Maxwell with his "Lighthouse" song and "The Body's Upstairs" was in fine fettle and his patter was very amusing, especially about drinking a pail of — ale (no names). Mr. G. A. Cannings was deservedly encored. Mr. J. Maxwell and Mr. Jim Champion gave a duet with much amusing cross-talk. Mr. S. Hinton concluded the programme. The pianist was Mr. D. J. Reid.

Mr. T. W. Bradford proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Shea Simonds for presiding and on his leaving the whole company sang with gusto "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." With a "Good Night" from Mr. Shea Simonds the proceedings then terminated.

Messrs. Parslow & Son carried out the catering in a highly efficient manner.

W.D.

REPORT ON SEASON 1932-33.

"A" TEAM.

Home.			Goals.			Away.			Goals.			Points.
P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	
10	7	2	1	39	20	10	5	—	5	19	10	26

Our position in the league is perhaps a little disappointing after having made such a brilliant start with our fixtures, but there is no doubt that with the smallest amount of luck we should have carried off the championship again this year. As things have turned out we are fourth from the top of the league, which after all, is very good going for the first season in a division which has proved to be very much harder than we anticipated. A certificate of merit has been gained for our performance against Wokingham on their own ground, and if we can beat this club on its own ground under

conditions which at the time were by no means ideal, there is proof that we at least have the talent in our side. Every point we have gained, with a few exceptions, has been *played* for in every sense of the word, and those games we have conceded, merely added to our determination to win the next match, and this spirit has prevailed up to the end of the season.

Our run in the Town Senior Cup was certainly a good one, if not entirely successful, and again with just that extra little bit, the match at High Wycombe might easily have been in our favour. Indeed, there is no denying that it was a very even game fiercely contested from beginning to end.

Goal Scorers (League).—Hendy, 19. Pitts, 15. Mileham, 8. Chandler, 4. Cook, 2. Kirby, 2. Clarkson, 2. R. Main, 1. Streams, 1. Smith, 1. Deverall, 1.

Goal Scorers (Cup).—Hendy, 13. Clarkson, 4. Pitts, 1. Mortimer, 1.

“ B ” TEAM.

Home.				Goals.		Away.				Goals.		Points.
P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	
11	3	3	5	35	45	11	4	—	7	31	48	17

The reserves have again put up a very sporting struggle against the long odds of having frequent changes in the team. They also gained a certificate of merit for beating one of their old opponents away from home, and although nothing else of a spectacular nature is on their record, it is to the credit of the club that the team turned out regularly week after week, well knowing in many instances, that they were up against it, and could only expect to be overwhelmed by a much stronger side.

The goal scorers were as follows :—R. Main, 19. Deverall, 10. Kirby, 7. Clark, 5. W. Greenaway, 5. P. James, 2. Maslen, 2. Streams, 2. Curtis, 1. Hiscock, 1. Mortimer, 1. Atkinson, 1. C. Main, 1.



THE CHRONICLES OF THE PEOPLE.

(CHAPTER I.)

It came to pass in the Land of Eng that certain of the People did get themselves together and did say the one to the other “ The children of Eng have too much rope, what doest we about it ? ” Then did the seniors say, “ Let us make unto ourselves a Commission, like unto the same that did sit for two years having dealings with the Laws that did rule the drink of the people.”

And it was so, peradventure, the children of Eng when they heard of it did say among themselves in the speech of the multitude “ Wot the 'el are they up to now ? ” But the chiefs of the people did nod their nappers wisely and did commune with the Goddess DORA, verily, She who was most hated in the Land.

And it came to pass upon the “ Day of Budget ” that the Keeper of the People's Purse did generously say in the speech of those in High Places, which is, by interpretation, “ I must take the penny off the pint, not because I want to, but because I've got to ! ” Verily, verily I say unto you thou did'st wisely O Nev-ille.

But certain of the Scribes did say among themselves, murmuring together, “ Behold the Horse that runs the race, what do we about it ? ” while others did speak of the dog which is fleet of foot. Moreover, did not others speak of the Sweep of Erin ? While yet more did prate of the contests held in the Tablets of the People.

And on a day did the Doings of this Commission become known ; verily large and brainy were the suggestions therein ! Among other things did this gathering suggest that when thou visitest not the Course whereon the horse of four legs runnest, thou should'st place thy shirt in a box provided in the place where it should go.

When thou drawest a parchment in the Sweep of E-rin, thy name is only inscribed on the Tablets if such be news.

Thou shalt not cast lots, but thou mayest even play the game in public which is called whist. And the People of Eng did say among themselves in the speech of the multitude : “ Lumme, Mrs. We won't be able to toss for anything next ! ”

And when the Sun went down, many did gather at the Houses of the Sign of the Hop and did quaff sparkling waters of the brew, which is by interpretation, S.B., and did shake their heads not with woe but with laughter, and did say among themselves, “ Britons never shall be slaves,” which is by interpretation, DORA is as DORA does !

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

ON A BERKSHIRE TROUT STREAM.

DETAILS OF A DELIGHTFUL DAY.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.

To me there is not a more delightful way of spending a day than on a trout stream. To cast a fly accurately and with artistic skill is an art only to be acquired by years of practice. I am no mean exponent of the game myself, and I always watch, with fascination, other masters of the art when engaged in their favourite pastime. And what happy memories, not untinged with sadness, a day's fishing revives? There is, or rather was, the old village blacksmith, who gave me, many years ago now, alas! my first lesson in fly-fishing. Well do I remember when I landed a speckled beauty which turned the scale at $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. I was fishing with gossamer gut and I handled my fish perfectly. How proud I was of my prize, prouder still when he tapped me on the shoulder and exclaimed, "Well done! I could not have done it better myself"—a compliment indeed, for there were few finer fishermen than Arthur Holloway, for he is the friend to whom I am referring, and who did not know "Arthur" out Bradfield way? But he did not always pat me on my back. I also have good cause to remember another occasion when the trout were rising "short" and both of us were missing many rises. But we persevered, and then what was evidently a big fish came at my fly as though the meant business. In my eagerness not to be too late this time I struck, not only quickly but very wildly, pulled the fish half out of the water and, as was only to be expected, lost fish, fly, and most of my fine trace of gut. Never shall I forget the look of absolute disgust on Arthur's face as he glared at me, saying, "You d— little fool, that was enough to break a cart rope!" I took my lesson and his reproach to heart and though many times since have I erred in a similar way, never again, I think, have I hit a fish so hard as I did on this occasion.

THE KINDLIEST OF HEARTS.

Old Arthur was a very dear friend of mine, and under a rough exterior beat one of the kindest of hearts. We shall never fish the Pang together again, for he has taken that last long journey whence no traveller ever returns. But when I re-visit our favourite spots where always there was a good trout in hiding I think of him, and in a strange, strange way, he seems to be by my side

offering me words of encouragement when things are not going too well, patting me on the back when I make an extra clever cast, as I often do now, thanks to his kindly tuition in the days now long ago. What happy, happy days!

MY CARPET OF GOLD.

You see how my thoughts wander when I am by the side of a trout stream. And I set out to tell you of a day I had quite recently. Well, long before the appointed time arrived, I visited the stream on several occasions to see what fly was hatching. Satisfied on that score, I provided myself with the proper article, and it was with eager anticipation that I set out for the great day.

Though the weather was fine, the long grass was laden with dew and I was wet through up to the knees in a very short time. But what did that matter. I was quite unconcerned and a few hours of sunshine soon made me dry again. There was laid before me a carpet of gold on which to tread, and before long my boots were gilded with the golden dust of the buttercups. The swallows were nesting under the same old bridge, the cuckoos were calling, away yonder a nightingale was in full song, the snipe were drumming, gorgeously coloured dragon flies were darting to and fro, young moorhens, like little balls of black fluff, were hurrying and scurrying away from me, a dabchick quickly covered up her eggs with weeds as she slyly slipped into and under the water out of sight, a kingfisher shot, like a shaft of blue, up the river, and a grass snake was having a bathe and proving himself a very powerful swimmer.

These are only a few of the things you see by the side of a trout stream. It was the same long years ago, it is the same to-day, and so it will be for ever. Each year the sights and sounds of the riverside grow more dear to me, they seem more beautiful and soul-stirring, aye, and to convey a deeper meaning. I want no change, for nothing could be more beautiful.

MY VERY ROYAL ACADEMY.

The countryside is my very Royal Academy, for in London no pictures have ever been hung to compare with those before me as I wander by the meandering stream. I lay aside my rod and pick a wild rose. How exquisite it is in colouring. Then a goldfinch sits and sings to me and a sandmartin deftly catches a feather flying in the air and hurries away with it to her home. A white-throat scolds me for being present. I guess her nest is near, and parting some nettles espy a delicately constructed cradle with five little eggs. I take up my rod again and have not proceeded far among some thick undergrowth before I disturb a wild duck and at the spot where she rose is a cosy nest with nine eggs. Though

there is a good trout rising near I give him a miss and do not pass this way again for fear of further disturbing Mrs. Duck. What wonderful pictures are to be seen in this very Royal Academy to visit which the great Artist makes no charge, though I think it must give Him pleasure to know that His wondrous works have our heart-felt admiration.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS?

I continue fishing with varying success, and then I gain a prize. A well-placed fly to where a fish was rising under the bank has the desired result. The trout rises at the lure, I strike lightly but quickly, and finding his mistake the fish makes a gallant attempt to escape capture as he dashes up-stream. But he is firmly hooked, and after playing him for a short while I lift him from the water with my net. It is a rainbow trout, very beautifully coloured. I gaze with pride upon him as I release my hook. He weighs nearly a pound and would make good eating, a delicacy for any dinner table. I have it in my power to say, "This is where this rainbow ends," and one sharp crack across the head on the toe of my thick boot would mean finis. I hesitate, however, and as he "kicks" in the grass I am lost in admiration at his beautiful dress and the marvellous manner in which the wonderful colours are blended. A thing of beauty indeed. No! I will not keep him, he is too beautiful to kill and cook, so I take him up in my hand, bid him a fond and affectionate farewell, and gently replace him in the water. Off he goes with express speed into a big bank of weed, there to lie in hiding till this two-legged monster has disappeared, doubtless the rainbow trout hopes, for ever.

ANGLERS' INBORN DESIRE.

May my fine finny friend escape capture for years, for he would certainly be an adornment to any stream. In any case I shall not mind. If he falls a victim to another rod, that angler will experience the same pleasurable thrill that I experienced when I lifted from the water this well-conditioned fish with colouring so rich and rare. Among anglers, more perhaps than among any other body of sportsmen, there is the wish to share your successes. What gives a fisherman, for instance, greater pleasure than to pass his best brace of trout on to a friend. Unselfishness is not the right word, it is more of an inborn desire or instinct, not unassociated with real pleasure and pride on the part of the giver. And so whatever happens to my rainbow trout I shall have no regrets. If he lives on for ever I shall know that the river continues to be beautified by his presence. If he is caught again I shall know that some angler has gained a prize after his own heart and that some dinner table will be adorned with this tempting delicacy.

HOW A FINE TROUT BEAT ME.

But I must not spend too much time "landing" this rainbow trout, for there are other fish in the river. The next I catch does not weigh more than a few ounces, and I promptly return him to the water. Then I experience a bit of very bad luck. Under some camp-shedding there is a big splash and I know that at least a two-pounder is on the move. On my side of the fish there is little else than weeds with water about two feet wide where the trout is rising. One false cast and the fish will be off like lightning. So I measure the distance carefully and then swish! swish!! swish!!! and away goes my fly just above where the fish was and bang in the centre of the narrow channel. It was a perfect cast and old Arthur seemed to pat me on the shoulder once again. The fly had no sooner alighted on the water than I saw the white throat of the trout rise to it. How my heart beat, and I almost trembled with excitement. With a greedy gulp the fly was seized. I struck, and the trout was hooked securely. Up and down the narrow channel he dashed, lashing the water with his powerful tail. It was all I could do to hold him and to use undue force on such a big beauty with my fine tackle would indeed spell disaster. At length I succeeded in getting him to the top of the weeds and hoped to drag him gently over them. Inch by inch I drew him towards me, but he was still full of kick and the odds against me were very heavy. Things were beginning to look a little more hopeful, when the fish came to a good-sized opening in the weeds. He seized his opportunity, dived down and for a long time I could make no impression on him. In many ways I tried to coax him out of his fastness. I endeavoured to get him down stream and I endeavoured to get him up stream. But it was all to no purpose. I was testing my tackle to its utmost limit. I eventually got the fish to the top of the weeds again and gazed on his handsome form and size with envy. But I could raise him no further and suddenly my line came away with a jerk. The fly and all was intact, the fish made a mighty splash and that was the last I saw of him. What he had evidently done was not only to dive into the weeds but to hold on grimly by the aid of his powerful jaws, as fish often do, to evade capture, for I have often caught them in the act and the following incident is a case in point.

A VERY SIMILAR EXPERIENCE.

Curiously enough it was not long before I encountered a similar experience. There was the same narrow channel on the other side of the river and the same big bank of weeds between the fish and me. No sooner did I hook him than he made a dash for these weeds and hung on to them by his teeth. I could not make the slightest impression on him. Then I hit upon a happy idea. Not far below

me was a bridge and if only my line was long enough for me to cross that bridge with my rod I might, from the other side of the water, get on even terms with that fish. I gradually paid out my line, keeping it taut all the time and, hurrah! I was just able to reach the bridge. Crossing it, I was soon face to face with my fish. There he was, hanging on to some strong stems of weed in very determined fashion. But he was only on the edge and I was on the right side of him with nothing but clear water between him and me. I thought I should gain the day on this occasion and I did, though not without considerable difficulty. Gently, ever so gently, little by little, I loosened his hold and eventually had him in clear water. At some risk I decided not to let him reach those weeds again and when I lifted him from the water he still had a big bunch of weeds in his mouth. You see, I caught him in the act. A smart blow on the head and I placed him in my bag. He weighed just over a pound, and I think I earned my prize.

HAPPY MEMORIES.

I have by no means finished my story, but I have far exceeded my space. I could have written about voles at play, the pretty little shrews, the old herons who angrily expressed their objection to my trespassing on their preserves, the various nests I found, and a thousand other things I observed during a very delightful day. I return home with a truly thankful heart, having added one more day to the list of very happy memories.



WORDS OF WISDOM.

I argue not
Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart and hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

—MILTON, to *Cyriac Skinner*.

The sweetest flowers their odours shed
In silence and alone;
And Wisdom's hidden fount is fed
By minds to fame unknown.

Content feeds not on glory nor on pelf,
Content can be contented with herself.

We have often thought that angling alone offers to man the degree of half-business, half-idleness, which the fair sex find in their needlework or knitting, which, employing the hands, leaves the mind at liberty, and occupying the attention so far as is necessary to remove the painful sense of a vacuity, yet yields room for contemplation, whether upon things heavenly or earthly, cheerful or melancholy.—*Quarterly Review*.

A petty journalist was boasting in company, that he was a dispenser of fame to those on whom he wrote. "Yes, Sir," replied an individual present, "You dispense it so liberally, that you have none for yourself."

INSCRIBED ON A CLOCK.

Improve time in time while time lasts,
For all time's no time when time's past.

The light of heaven unheeded shines,
If cloudless be our skies;
But when it beams on life's dark clouds,
What *rainbow* beauties rise.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Mr. E. H. Kelly, whose portrait was the frontispiece of last month's issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, is one of the best known members of the staff of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Apart from his duties, which have been in several departments of the Firm, his concert activities on very many platforms in Reading and any amount of villages, have brought him to the notice of many. Quite a number of years ago we had a staff social club (a forerunner so to speak of our present social club) and one of the functions was a concert at the "Crown" in Crown Street, Reading, where Mr. Kelly sang. I think I am right in saying he sang a song entitled "Do you remember the Last Waltz" with distinction. Possibly he remembers this better than I do. When the concert party was first mooted, it was decided to run it on pierrot lines, and everyone agrees it was a splendid party. Without a doubt, the keystone of the whole party was the comedian, and the comedian was our friend Mr. E. H. Kelly. His mimicry and sense of humour is a great asset to him and amongst his friends he is voted "jolly good company."

WHITSUN.

This year, Whitsun lived up to its name and with continuous hours of sun, we had quite a busy time. With the "penny off" our Houses were quite busy and smiling faces greeted you everywhere. We all hope this happy state of affairs will continue and that trade will boom. If we do have a really sunny and hot summer we ought to have a much better year for our trade.

ASCOT RACES.

Favoured by fine weather all through the week, large crowds attended Ascot. Reading doesn't miss the excitement and it seems, for once, that racing is the topic of the week. One evening whilst in one of our Houses, I heard two bookmakers comparing notes. Says one to the other, "What sort of a day did you have?" The reply was, "Not too good! Not more than a fiver each race! I have known the time when I have taken £400 on a day like this. Still I'm not grumbling, for what more do you want than God's fresh air to breathe." Then number one chimes in "Yes! you're right! I see in the paper to-day they're grumbling in the House of Commons. Do you know, I'm backing Grumbling Ginger next time it runs." Although not a racing follower, I believe this horse has run since Ascot and was unplaced.

FOOTBALL CLUB SUPPER.

Although this is reported elsewhere in this issue by the writer, I would like to say what a cheery function this was. Composed mainly of the younger members of our employees, it was really splendid to see the fine spirit prevailing. Under the cheery chairmanship of S. V. Shea-Simonds, Esq., it was truly a very happy evening and the football club is to be envied on having the backing and keen interest of our worthy chairman.

STAFF OUTING.

This took place on Saturday, June 24th, and from every point and in every way, it was a great success. Briefly the programme was as follows:—

Sandwiches at "Three Firs," Sulhampstead.

Visit Lambourn Stud Farm.

Dinner at "Red Lion" Hotel, Lambourn.

Return journey via Ashbury, Vale of White Horse, Wantage, Stratley, etc., to Reading.

On the way to Sulhampstead we were treated to a proper deluge but on arrival at the "Three Firs" the rain had stopped. We had some more rain on the way to Lambourn; however, the good humour and goodfellowship amongst us made light of this. We arrived at Lambourn with no rain. Off went a party to play a Married *v.* Single match and the married won 5 to 2. A ride in the coach to the Stud Farm and we spent a most interesting time there, seeing Felstead the Derby winner of 1928 and Highborn II, who has won over £17,000 in prizes. Many other horses were seen at the Stud Farm, and this part of the programme was a great success. Our thanks are due to Capt. O. M. D. Bell for his kindness in granting us permission to visit his Stud Farm. Dinner at the "Red Lion" was splendid. Mr. W. H. Wigley occupied the chair. The toast of "The King" and "The Firm" were given with enthusiasm. Mr. T. W. Bradford was heartily thanked for his hard work and organisation, and he suitably replied. The journey home was accomplished in good time. Without a doubt everyone was very happy and pleased with the outing. Our numbers were not so strong as they ought to be for a large firm like ours so I appeal to all to make it a bumper next year, for the two outings I have been to have been the jolliest and happiest imaginable and should be better supported. I would like to pay tribute to Mr. T. W. Bradford for his efforts on our behalf.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

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

- The Royal Oak, Chinnor (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. A. H. Cooper.
- The Morning Star, Datchet (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. W. G. King.
- The Vine, Chertsey (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. F. J. Pelling.
- The New Inn, Warfield (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. H. Hawkins.
- The Station Hotel, Twyford (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. A. Constable.
- The Black Horse, Emmer Green (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. H. H. Hutchings.
- The Rose Hotel, Maidenhead (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. G. H. Saunders.

DEATHS.

I regret to report the following deaths which have occurred during the month of June :—

Mrs. E. E. Wise, Off Licence, Star & Garter, Aldershot, who had been a tenant since 1928, taking over on the death of her husband. Altogether, Mrs. Wise had been in the house since 1921.

Mrs. Abraham, wife of tenant, of the Axe and Compasses, Kintbury. Mrs. Abraham was the daughter of an old tenant of ours, viz., Mr. Hedges of the Cricketers, Baughurst.

Mr. J. W. Scearce of the Greyhound, Mount Pleasant, Reading. The late Mr. Scearce had held the licence of the Greyhound for 44 years, whilst the house had been in his family for over 100 years. He was a genial and popular host and his customers found in him a great friend. In his younger days he was a chorister at St. Giles' Church, Reading.

Mr. J. Simmons, until fairly recently our tenant at The Brewers Arms, Bridge Street, Reading.

CAN YOU SPELL ?

Try this on your friends and see how many of the following ten words they can spell correctly :—

Supersede, Rarely, Picnicker, Kimono, Liquefy, Battalion, Tranquillity, Naphtha, Paraffin, Sacrilegious.

CONGRATULATIONS.

Congratulations to the 2nd XI of the Seven Bridges Cricket Club on their fine performances.

THE TROUT STREAM.

To right and left they turn, those keen black eyes
That nothing miss, and nothing find too small
To notice. Now the minnow's dart, the flies
That—drowning—drift towards the waterfall
And death, unless a friendly branch or weed
Upon the surface of the running stream
Shall check the feather-lightness of their speed.
No skimming bird, however swift it seem,
May trail its shadow on the pebbled bed
Unseen. Here—where the deeper waters are—
And speckled trout hang, placid and well fed
Beneath the surface, eyes watch from afar
And see the slender shape, the waving fin
Now comes a surge, a tumult in the pool.
Strange swirls, and deep revolving dimples in
The dawn's first rays, melting away the cool
Mist of the night which lies upon its breast.
And the bubbles rise in line—serried ranks
Of waves rock the red-beaked waterfowl's nest
Where it swings upon the wash from the banks.
Swift as a flash—elusive as a thought,
An otter breaks the surface as it turns
With grace and speed, which centuries have taught.
The lust of battle in its sharp eye burns,
And—placid no longer—the speckled trout
Flashes here and there, while each frenzied turn
Shows a brown shadow that dogs it about—
Defeating each effort to gain the burn
Where it tosses itself towards the sea.
And—suddenly as the turmoil was born—
So does it cease. Near an old willow tree
A sleek whiskered head looks up at the dawn
Victor and vanquished. The morning star pales,
On the final struggle that has churned the stream,
And—presently—only a few bright scales
Like mother-o'-pearl on the lush grass gleam.

Then, dreading the glare and the heat of day,
The otter dives in for a final swim
In the jade-green depths where the long weeds sway,
And so into his holt—secure and dim. . . .

DUNCAN FIFE, in *Country Life*.

2010 MILES THROUGH ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

(continued).

TUESDAY, 26TH JULY, 1932.

Awaking refreshed after a good night's rest, we take our usual stroll before breakfast and get caught in a heavy shower which caused us to curtail the walk and seek shelter. Over the morning meal we discuss the day's programme and decide to make for the East side of England—Lincolnshire. Before leaving the Lake District, a list of the lakes we visited might be of interest, the twelve chief we logged being:—Brasenthwaite, Derwent Water, Buttermere, Crummock Water, Coniston Water, Rydal Water, Grasmere, Windermere, Thirlmere, Esthwaite Water, Ullswater, Brothers Water, beside several smaller sheets of water known locally by various names. For a stay of two days we covered the best vantage points. Hikers of both sexes were very numerous, it is ideal country for the game, pleasant walks along shady lanes, short cuts over the mountains and the friendly bus connecting all parts, if the day has been too long and feeling tired, to bring one back to their starting point. Our stay was all too short, but it leaves a longing to return and make new discoveries. The writer having seen the grandeur of the rugged Scottish highlands first could not fully appreciate the wonderful views of the English Lakes, following on so quickly. The best way of combining both districts is to visit Cumberland and Westmorland first. For the energetic, rock climbing can be had in plenty (Scawfell, Napes Needle, etc.) with all the thrills of mountaineering and accommodation is good and varied.

At 10.45 a.m. we bid farewell to Windermere (still raining) and pass through Staveley, Kendal, Crooklands, Kirkby Lonsdale, edge of Ingleton, Clapham (road repairs on a huge scale are in progress), Settle, Long Preston, Hellifield, Cargrave to Skipton, arriving at 1.15 p.m. and stop for lunch.

This short run of about 50 miles is full of interest, the scenery is very varied with fine views of the fells and a typical "Scar" can be seen on the left when approaching Settle. The road is good with gradients at first 1—10, the maximum being 1—7. In the region of Clapham there are several caves which are worth a visit.

Off again at 2.15 p.m. via Addingham, Ilkley (famous old Saxon Cross in churchyard), Burley-in-Wharfedale, Otley, Pool, Harewood, Collingham, Bramham, Aberford, Hook Moor, Old Micklefield, Ferrybridge, Darrington, Barnsdale Bar to Doncaster (4.45 p.m.).

From Skipton to Doncaster 60 miles, a cross country run, the road passing through a somewhat wild and open stretch at first, afterwards more attractive Wharfedale scenery around Otley. At Harewood the road forms a very fine avenue, the trees on either side appearing to have been carefully clipped so even were they planted and grown the same height, otherwise there is nothing of special interest.

Proceeding through Bawtry, we pull up at a very old house, built in 1677 and now turned into a cafe, for tea (there is a good collection of antiques on view and well worth a visit); on to Everton, Gringley-on-the-Hill, Beckingham, Gainsborough, Corringham, Caenby Corner, Glentham, Bishopbridge, West Rasen, Middle Rasen, Market Rasen (7 p.m.). We stop just long enough to "set our watches" for it is necessary for the human element to be "oiled," as well as the machine. Passing Willingham and Ludford we arrive at Louth at 7.50 p.m.

The last part of our journey was over a fine main road, rather winding near West Rasen, thence through pleasant country, crossing the Wolds to Louth. Gradients never exceeding 1—12.

By making the trip from the Western to the Eastern side of England, one passes through a wonderful panorama, starting from the peaceful lakes, we gradually immerse into the edge of industrial Yorkshire, skirting many big towns, whose smoking chimneys seen from a distance could each tell its own tale of hundreds of different factories and works. Gliding smoothly along, one can almost feel the moment Lincolnshire is entered with the long, flat, straight roads with dykes on either side, the smaller feeding the bigger and so on to the sea, a wonderful drainage system. Trees and hedges are very conspicuous by their absence, the useful dyke forming the boundary between fields and roads. The flatness of the country can be gauged by the fact that the fine spire of Louth Parish Church with its fretted flying buttresses can be seen for miles in any direction. It is a very marked contrast to the hilly scenery of the last few days.

The "Mason's Arms" hotel is to be our home for the time being and we accordingly book up. The next care is U.D. 1692, which is parked and the usual reading is:—Day's run, 167 miles; petrol consumed, 6½ gallons=25⅞ m.p.g. Total mileage to date, 1,497 miles.

Louth being the scene of my companion's early business career, a return to the familiar surroundings was of interest, especially to the writer, this being his first visit. Louth is a fair size market town (busy once per week); with the advent of present day

conditions it has lost much of its importance, however a very pleasant evening was spent in paying unexpected calls on friends and recalling incidents almost forgotten. Back again to the hotel, mine host had a store of information to impart over the usual "glass," the creator of many friendships, until bed time.

WEDNESDAY, 27TH JULY, 1932.

During breakfast we talk over what we shall do to-day and we decide on exploring the country round about with calls here and there. One of the interesting sights is the small stream flowing through the town, only a matter of inches in depth, for it was this stream not many years since, following a cloudburst, suddenly became a raging torrent, sweeping away all barriers, including several cottages, and causing an immense amount of damage and loss of several lives through drowning. Back to the car all ready for us at 11 a.m. we take the road again in transit to Mablethorpe, formerly a small village but now a fast growing seaside town. Nothing to detain us we proceed to Sutton-on-Sea, a similar town, where we run into a real Lincolnshire rainstorm; so heavy was it that some of the splashes we made came right over the car—the best thing to do is stop and wait. In a few minutes it was over, but the sky remained overcast and threatening, and the prediction of a passer-by "stormy all day," unfortunately proved correct. Leaving the sea we make for Alford, where we have lunch at the "Windmill Hotel." The meal finished and the sun shining again, we make for Skegness, the Blackpool of the East Coast. This time we run into thunderstorms and again had to "stand fast" for a while. A tour of the front gave the impression that every class of visitor was provided for, from the smallest child to the elders amusements were to be found to suit every taste. Skegness is a town of continual expansion and is very popular with the people of Nottingham and Leicester. It is a finely laid out go-ahead place, rows of fine shops and ample accommodation for trippers or those staying, and with the wonderful invigorating breezes it will go on growing in size and popularity. Anyone requiring a hectic holiday, this is the spot to recommend, but not for quietude.

There seems something very strange in the storms experienced to-day; for instance the last one, at the south end of the town, thunder and lightning with torrential rain, while at the northern extremity, dust was blowing about: not so much as a shower. Apparently this kind of weather is no exception to the locality from enquiries we made.

We return to Louth to keep an appointment for tea, when further "old times" are talked over with the aid of "the cup that cheers" (not "S.B." this time but "T.")

After the morning storms the evening seemed more settled and our two hosts are invited for a trip, Grimsby being the venue, which

is reached by 8 p.m. and the return journey is made via Caister, back to Louth (9.50 p.m.). A delightful evening run.

Taking the whole day's run, it proved very interesting, chiefly on account of the flatness of the country traversed, for with the exception of starting and stopping, changing of gear was unnecessary.

Back again to the hotel, we take our usual daily reading, as follows:—Day's run, 128 miles; petrol used, $4\frac{1}{2}$ gallons= $28\frac{1}{4}$ m.p.g. Total mileage, 1,625 miles.

Discussing events of the day, during the remaining interim before going for the "last walk of the day" up the stairs, we both felt well pleased with our performance to date, the only trouble, as before mentioned, being a puncture, with not so much as a single nut requiring adjustment. However, during the last day or so we had become adept in raising and lowering the hood, either action now taking a matter of seconds only.

THURSDAY, 28TH JULY, 1932.

Awaking with the sun invitingly shining through the window we are astir by 8.30 a.m. A walk for the morning paper, scanned during the well served appetising breakfast, we feel fit for anything, so after a few farewells and purchasing a loaf each of the renowned "Plum Bread," common only to the immediate district, on the King's highway again at 10.45 a.m. our objective being Lenwade, passing through Burwell, Ulceby Cross, Partney, to Spilsby. A halt is made here, petrol obtained, and a visit to the monument to the late Sir John Franklin, of the North-West Passage fame, who was born in the town. Proceeding via East Keal, Stickney (women are busy in the fields picking peas and digging and sorting potatoes), Sibsey, Burton Corner and Boston. Mention must be made of the latter place, for long before reaching it, the famous "Boston Stump" comes into view. This peculiar edifice is really a church tower which, though built up as high as the usual church spire, has a fretted lantern at the top. There is ample provision made for cars in this town, parks for same being in the centre of the town. Leaving by High Street, over the level crossings we pass Kirton, Sutterton, Fosdyke to Holbeach, where lunch is obtained. We purposely choose the "Chequers," where we hoped to obtain a close up view of the reputed heaviest landlord in Great Britain. Am sorry to report that soon after our call the said gentleman "passed over" to the beyond—R.I.P.

Another uncommon sight was teapots, cups and saucers made of wood displayed in a shop window. One could also see the effects of yesterday's storms, for fields of oats, etc., were beaten down by its force. Strawberries were on sale on improvised stalls by the side of the road, but, strange to relate, they could not be bought from shops in the town itself.

(To be continued.)

THE SUBURBS OF INDIA.

(continued.)

In the Nepal jungles not far from Siliguri, at the foot of the Himalayas, I once watched a herd of wild elephant feverishly on the move, and later visited the scene of a wrecked railway station, signal box, telegraph posts, rails and all, which they practically wiped out as they crossed from one jungle block to another. All trains were held up for over a day thereby.

At Kurseong, half-way up the Himalayan light railway, I was one of a party one dark night, when a startled leopard leapt right through us as we left a bungalow overlooking the jungles. We hoped he had the wind up as much as we did, as we, all hurriedly, separated.

Herds of wild pig abound in any bit of close country, and one has to tread very warily when meeting these wily creatures. A wounded boar is particularly nasty with his slashing tusks. One I got in Bengal had a magnificent set, the long upward molars being each eight inches long. It took six natives in relays to carry him back to camp. Village pig are condemned for food by many medical officers, owing to the garbage they feed on, whereas wild pig, feeding on clean roots and crops, are never even questioned. Strange!

Jackal and hyena are, of course, everywhere. Even in the cities these skulking shadows seem to emerge from the very drains as soon as night falls. Wolves are only occasionally seen, usually singly. At Meja Road I once, from a hill top, watched three khaki-clad "Tommies" out for a stroll, chase a full grown wolf into the long nullah which runs right across the wide plain near the station, and which is full of burrows and holes like old mine workings. I spent a couple of hours here one moonlight night and the whole place was alive with all kinds of game. Fortunately, our boys had no knowledge of this animal's genus, which was just as well for them. On several occasions I got specimens of these animals, but only once did I meet trouble—near Mirzapur (U.P.) when a male wolf got away after being badly hit. Following up, I met him at the end of a cul de sac, where naturally he turned and crouched from a few feet. Fortunately, I reloaded as I ran, and he met the high velocity bullet full in the throat as he rose towards me.

It is often, however, far more delightful to amusingly watch, from cover, the antics and habits of many of the wild creatures, than to fire and arouse the whole neighbourhood. There is also the question of withholding fire in case bigger game is about. In jungle shooting one can get a "close up" of all game in this way

in most beats. I have wonderingly watched tiger and bear cubs driven out, separated from their families. Quaint little creatures, all feet and head, and spitting at everyone. One young "bruin" in particular bit a beater rather badly on the hands, and had to be eventually quietened by the broad edge of an axe. Oh, the noise he made all night as he lay tethered to a stout post near the tent! But no relations answered his "broadcast" as we had hoped. We gave him in due course a nice roomy kennel and a long chain, but he proved implacable and eventually followed other juveniles to the nearest Zoological collection at Calcutta.

Many old "Shikaris" are only at home amid the solace of these great tracts. The ordinary cares of life, the rumours of wars, currency questions, and the ever changing phases of civilization are forgotten. Their whole universe is the changeless, yet ever changing jungle. For want of a better name, their obsession is known as "jungle madness." India has many chronic cases, which no specialist, mental or physical, can ever cure.



Buffalo "crossing over."

One distinguished Civil Servant I knew of, found the call too strong to resist, resigned his appointment, and in the depths of the Himalayan Terai in a rough hewn hut, made his home. Nor did he again seek the glitter of the town, so that the only white folk he saw had always to seek him out.

All big game came alike to his D.B. 400 Express, with special rubber recoil pad, and his prowess among the elephant herds alone

could be judged by the ivory which from time to time the jungle villagers brought out. A leg injury necessitated the amputation of the limb, but this only made him keener, for soon he was again spreading terror, even with one sound leg and a stump, as he stood in the path of many a charging giant, and emptied both barrels simultaneously into that vital spot in the head. Over thirty known "rogues" met their Waterloo there, until—the inevitable happened—a slip, and—finis!!

At Kurseong Cemetery, halfway up the slopes of the overhanging foot hills, there is erected a beautiful marble monument to the memory of this man of the forest, but those who know, gaze down towards that famous belt running North-West from Siliguri, where, set in a wonderful leafy avenue, as high as any cathedral nave, he was laid to rest in accordance with his own wishes, where the surging waters racing from mighty Kinchenjunga to the distant ocean, boom their eternal homage, around the spot where he lies "serene and safe." Madness? I wonder.



A human "tiger" chained.

One could easily fill a volume with such incidents during my wanderings across this gem of Empire, of jungle folk and their lore, of the habits of the smaller game which roam the foothills and plains in every suburb throughout India, almost within walking distance from the centres of civilization. I hope I have at least illustrated a few of the opportunities which await every one interested, and keen enough to enter these self-contained worlds just off the map in search of first class shooting (which requires but a little judgment) and to learn of nature at her very cradle.

Many of the great and wealthy enter only from the sheltering depths of a howdah, and then proceed to crush out every living, and cringing, thing found therein. Take my advice, hopeful reader, with a strictly limited purse, as I had—Foot it when possible, but don't make a habit of doing it too often alone, the East is the East remember, and a good pal makes the going easier. Rest in the cool of the uplands or 'neath the lofty arches of the eternal forests, while city folk gasp under their swinging punkahs. Go where joy and newly born surprises open out to you on every hand. Seek those gloriously free "Edens" of this great land, which generations of gallant souls have won for you—Empire sportsmen who gave, and bequeathed, their all.

I wish you as good a going as mine, and better luck as your finger presses the trigger!!

"MOONRAKER."

ROYAL COUNTIES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT BOURNEMOUTH.

In glorious weather the above show was opened by the Mayor of Bournemouth on Wednesday, 31st May. After the interesting civic ceremonies, exhibitors settled down to capture business in their respective spheres.

Before we travel over the usual routine we should like to mention the wonderful spirit and *esprit de corps* which reigns in the Royal Counties camp, both prior to and after the show. Everybody seems to lend a hand when required and any service, in any degree, is readily performed at almost any hour. There is no law of time and rappings, tappings and bangings are heard up to a very late hour before the opening morning, often accompanied by loud laughter and merriment, and sometimes by heavy threats, but all in good part. If perchance a hefty tool does fall on someone from a height, there is an ambulance depot close handy and all ends well.

Now the first show morning has arrived; all have "dressed" ship; everything is calm and we are waiting for invaders. Unfortunately this is a very light day as a general rule and we have to wait for heavier attendances on the remaining days. We must here mention that the total attendance fell considerably short of the numbers expected, probably in the neighbourhood of 15,000. This was unaccountable, as it proved to be ideal weather for general show purposes. Now the popular days are with us, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and after the grand parades of cattle in the afternoons, which pass our exhibition stand, we receive visitors who are now transferring their interests to our exhibits. We hold them as long as possible and entertainment and some refreshment is enjoyed and we are not forgotten generally. Many enquiries and a few trial orders now come along and the invariable question is put to us: "When, and to whom, can we repeat our orders locally?" Happily, this has been arranged by agency and we know beforehand that we may expect a steady patronage, as our samples were very

highly spoken of. It is surprising to learn of the number of residents in Bournemouth district who have at some time or other been closely linked up with our headquarters town. They know full well the value of our Hop Leaf brands and were ever ready to hear of the additional excellent qualities of our Paignton ciders. Varied also, were other friends who patronised our stand. Officers in all the services, Navy, Army, Air, Police and Clergy, sportsmen, connoisseurs, show officials, directors of well known firms and various other gentlemen who thoroughly enjoyed the time thus spent.

These are early days to estimate the real value of our attendance at this show, but we are quite confident that our efforts have not been in vain. We were rather distant from headquarters and the name of Hunt's was little known. Now that we have arranged an agency for Bournemouth and district, and coupled with the fact that our cider factory is being brought thoroughly up-to-date under expert management, we have very little doubt that we shall enjoy our share of patronage in the near future, our standard of excellent quality being well maintained, thus upholding a reputation for excellence extending over 125 years.

Our cider display model was again the centre of attraction and curious and amusing were many of the remarks passed with reference to the working of this. Our framed photographs of the cider factory at Paignton were much studied, depicting various activities therein, stores, machinery, plant, etc., and general views of most of the orchards.

We were honoured by visits from Mr. Louis A. Simonds who, as usual, displayed his keen interest in the exhibit, Mr. L. J. Tranter (unfortunately a very short period owing to pressure of business at Paignton), Mr. F. H. Lidington, who recently joined our staff and lent his valuable expert services for two days on the stand, and Mr. C. Bennett, who reserved some of his untiring energy for this occasion.

We were again allotted a very favourable position, being very close to the President's, Members' and Council pavilions and Secretary's office. We must not forget the latter which is the abode of the most courteous, genial and popular Secretary any Agricultural Show possesses, and we are indebted to him for more than one kind act.

In conclusion, we must mete out a few words of praise to the Building Department Staff, for erection and dismantling of stand; Mr. Kelly of Reading Staff, who so ably carried out his duties; and to Mr. G. Lott, Canvas Department, who is always a very capable and willing worker, for the excellent co-operation and team work under the supervision of our Mr. S. J. Moore. Thanks are also due to other various departments, including Paignton, who contributed in some measure to ultimate success. The Delivery Staff also fulfilled their task with keen ability and speed, when supplying malt liquors to our refreshment contractor, Mr. F. G. Godwin of Reading.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

WIFE: "How do you know that woman is cruel to her husband? You didn't even glance at her."

HUSBAND: "Didn't have to—I glanced at him."

* * * *

BAINES: "You say you earn your living with your pen?"

BARNES: "Yes, I write to my uncle every week for a cheque."

* * * *

EXAMINER: "What is the feminine of bachelor?"

STUDENT: "Er—er—lady-in-waiting."

* * * *

FOREIGNER: "When you came home and found a burglar in your house, what did you do?"

ENGLISHMAN: "What did I do? Nothing, of course. I didn't know the chap."

* * * *

"Somebody must witness your signature. Haven't you a friend in the town?"

"Not one—I am a rate collector."

* * * *

"Why did the policeman call the airman down and arrest him?"

"For having no visible means of support."

* * * *

"Do you want those eggs turned over?"

"Yes, to the Natural History Museum."

* * * *

CLIMBER: "But what if the rope breaks?"

GUIDE: "Now, don't worry about that. I've plenty more at home."

WIFE : " How do you like my new hat ? "

HUSBAND : " I liked it much better on the milliner's stand. "

* * * *

" Talking about swimming the Channel, I once gave up when only 200 yards from Dover. "

" Which side did you start from ? "

* * * *

The street hawker often makes a howling success of his calling.

* * * *

PROFESSOR'S WIFE : " Cook has just fallen downstairs and broken her collar bone. "

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR : " Tell her that if she breaks any more things she'll have to leave. "

* * * *

BORE : " Whenever I start to talk about my India days I am reminded of the time— "

BORED : " Quite ! Well, it's nearly midnight now. "

* * * *

PRETTY SCHOOLTEACHER (having written sentence on the blackboard—" it's a month since I been to the cinema "): " Willie, what must I do to correct that ? "

WILLIE : " Tell your young man, miss. "

* * * *

FIRST OLD LADY : " The ship's doctor just took my temperature. "

SECOND OLD LADY : " I just heard the captain say he was going to take our longitude and latitude next. "

* * * *

TEARFUL DAUGHTER : " Is there no cure for love at first sight ? "

HER MOTHER : " Yes, dear, the second look. "

FILM PRODUCER : " You will be confronted by a lion— "

ACTOR : " Suppose it devours me ? "

" Never mind that. You have a double ! "

* * * *

JOAN : " I am going to do my bit, dad. I'm getting a dress-maker to teach me how to cut out frocks. "

DAD : " I don't want you to go so far as that. But I think you might cut out cigarettes and three-guinea hats. "

* * * *

JIGGS : " When I told my wife I was going away on a long trip, she heaved a terrible sigh. "

HIGGS : " You're lucky ; mine heaved a brick. "

* * * *

DOCTOR : " Did you open both the windows in your bedroom last night, as I told you ? "

PATIENT : " Well, doctor, I only have one window in my room, so I opened it twice. "

* * * *

" They're comparatively rich, aren't they ? "

" I wouldn't say ' comparatively, ' but ' relatively. ' They have a rich uncle of whom they expect great things. "

* * * *

It is not a case of " out of sight, out of mind, " when you have a boil on the back of your neck.

* * * *

Never knock at the door of your lady love's home. She would prefer you to enter with a ring.

* * * *

You can never tell whether a girl likes to be kissed or not, unless you get it from her own lips.

* * * *

There are higher things in life for a woman than a pretty complexion. A beautiful hat is a little higher.

* * * *

When a telephone girl breaks her engagement it is another case of "ring off."

* * * *

When a woman tells you that she will be ready in a minute she doesn't tell you which minute.

* * * *

Every dog has his day—but the cat has a monopoly of the nights.

* * * *

Health is better than wealth, but the latter is always an interesting invalid.

* * * *

TEACHER: "Mars represents war, Venus love. What does Bacchus represent?"

BOY: "Bookmakers!"

* * * *

On a voyage of one of the Atlantic liners from New York to Liverpool, a Major H. Reynolds, of London, was registered on the passenger list. The purser, running over the names, assigned to the same stateroom, as fellow travellers, this Major Reynolds and a husky stockman from Texas.

A little later the cattleman, ignoring the purser, hunted up the skipper. "Look here, Cap.," he demanded, "what kind of a joker is this 'ere head clerk of yours? I can't travel in the same stateroom with that there Major Reynolds. I can't and I won't. As far as that goes neither of us likes the idea."

"What complaint have you?" asked the skipper. "Do you object to an army officer for a travelling companion?"

"Not generally," stated the Texan, "only this happens to be the Salvation Army. That there Major's other name is Henrietta."

* * * *

There was a dear little baby in the compartment, and a fussy old gentleman opposite said: "A fine child, madam. I trust he will grow into an upright and honourable man."

"Yes," smiled the mother, "but it will be rather difficult."

"As the twig is bent, so the tree's inclined," the old gentleman said, pompously.

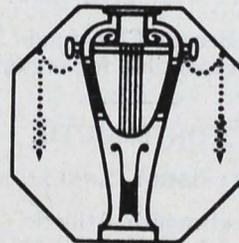
"But the trouble is," replied the mother, "the twig is bent on being a girl."

* * * *

The parrot, sent home by their naval nephew, caused great concern to the two maiden ladies by its choice flow of language. During the Vicar's call, each Sunday afternoon, its cage was covered by an old shawl, and the bird learnt to keep silent.

One Tuesday afternoon the new curate was seen approaching the door. "Quick, Alice," cried Matilda, "cover the canary!"

Matilda rushed to the drawer, got the shawl and flung it, just in time, over the cage as the door opened. Unfortunately, one side of the shawl caught on a projecting piece of wire half-way up the cage, and the astounded curate was just in time to hear Polly say: "Shiver my timbers, but this has been a damned short week!"



BRANCHES.

SALISBURY.

After 24 years as the Firm's representative in Salisbury and District, Mr. T. R. Garland has now given up the active outside work and has settled down to the quieter life as manager of the Fisherton Arms.

Mr. Garland's numerous friends in and around the city will join in wishing him many years of health and happiness in his retirement from active service.

Although he is sorry to give up his travelling days, Mr. Garland looks forward to giving a warm welcome and an excellent glass of beer to any of his old customers and friends when they pay him a visit.

We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. A. Davis, who succeeds Mr. Garland as traveller, and wish him every success.

Through the efforts of our good friend Mr. J. H. Chown, who is mine host at the Radnor Arms, Nunton, a very successful concert was held at the Radnor Hall in aid of the funds of the Bodenham and Nunton Sick Benefit Club.

Mr. S. W. Tucker was in the chair, ably seconded by Mr. Chown.

Our Mr. A. Davis and his concert party ensured the success of the evening by providing an excellent and varied programme, and everyone present, including a good company of Salisbury friends, agreed that a very enjoyable evening had been spent.

In referring to the concert, Mr. Chown thanked the Firm for generously contributing to the liquid refreshment, and also Mr. Davis and party for their very good show.

We hope the Sick Benefit Club funds benefited by the hard work put in by those responsible for organizing the concert.

PORTSMOUTH.

R.A.F., CALSHOT, ANNUAL SPORTS.

Members of the Portsmouth Athletic Club had quite a good time at the R.A.F. sports at Calshot this year. L. R. Pearce easily won the one mile open race, thus recording his first win of the season. The club entered a strong team in the one mile relay and this race proved one of the most interesting of the meeting. Six teams competed in this event. The half-mile stretch was run

first and L. R. Pearce ran well to obtain a small lead from a member of the R.A.F. (Worthy Down) team. A. Sykes then took the baton for the next 220 yards and maintained this advantage, handing over to his brother, H. Sykes, for the 440 yards stretch. The race now became very exciting and the R.A.F. (Worthy Down) quarter-miler gradually drew up to Sykes, finally passing him and handing over to their last 220 yards man at least 30 yards in front of Sykes. The Worthy Down quarter-miler is the R.A.F. 440 yards champion, so that this was not to be wondered at. W. J. Mortimer then took over the last 220 yards stretch and whilst he ran well and gained quite a lot of ground, it was impossible for him to recover the lead so that the Portsmouth A.C. finished second after a grand race.

The Wessex Area (East) inter-unit athletic championship cup was won this year by the 1st Bn. The Yorks & Lancaster Regiment. They obtained 107½ points, the Royal Tank Corps (holders), coming next with 95 points and the 2nd Bn. Dorset Regiment a close third with 94½ points. The 2nd Bn. The Hampshire Regiment came fifth with 51½ points and the R.A.O.C. sixth, and last, with 28 points. Several previous records were broken. In the high jump, where the Yorks and Lancs aggregated 10 feet 9 inches, the previous best, in 1930, was 10 feet 7½ inches. The long jump was also ahead of the previous best in 1930 of 40 feet 7½ inches, the Yorks and Lancs Regiment doing 41 feet 11 inches. The two miles relay race was covered in 8 mins. 15 seconds, the previous best being 8 minutes 26 4/5 seconds. The 480 yards hurdles shewed an improvement of three seconds over the previous record of 1 minute 10 2/5 seconds. The weather for the sports was exceptionally hot which made the achievements of the competitors all the more meritorious. The Yorks and Lancs band played during the sports. Also this year an amplifying installation had been fixed which made the announcements much easier to follow. The Vice-President, Major-General L. I. G. Morgan-Owen, in presenting the cup, warmly thanked all those who had helped with the programme. He reminded his hearers that such a function could not be successfully run without a lot of hard work. He also heartily congratulated the Yorks and Lancs Regiment on their splendid performance. The officials were:—*Referee*: Lieut.-Col. W. E. C. Pichthall, R.A.O.C. *Timekeeper*: C. K. Marriott. *Starters*: Lieut. Commander G. V. Knight, R.N. and Mr. F. Instance, R.N.

The *Portsmouth Evening News* gave a very interesting account of the recent athletic history of the Yorks and Lancs Regiment, as under:—

"The Yorks and Lancs Regiment joined the 9th Infantry Brigade in November last. In 1928 they were the Aldershot

Command team champions and won the Army championship the same year, also in 1929. They came to Portsmouth from Northern Ireland where they were champions in 1928, 1929, 1930 and 1931. They also won the Army Young Soldiers trophy in 1928 and 1929. At present they hold the following Army unit team records:—400 yards relay, 800 yards relay, long jump and throwing the discus. Included in the present team are quite a number of men who have done well in Army spheres. Lieut. D. L. Hooton won the Army long jump in 1929 and 1930 and Sergt. H. Marsh won this event in 1931. The first-named holds the Army record with a jump of 22 feet 7 inches. Sergt. T. Grosbentnor won the Army pole jump in 1929 and his jump of 11 feet is still the record. He also holds the Army record for throwing the hammer and also held the Army throwing the discus cup in 1930 and 1932.

Our sympathy is extended to Inspector C. W. Gould of the Portsmouth Fire Brigade whose brother, Henry Levison Gould, died recently, and was buried at Sonning-on-Thames. The late Mr. Gould, who was only 41 years of age, was a Sergeant in the Metropolitan Police and the funeral was attended by Lieut.-Col. Laurie, Assistant Commissioner, Supt. Collins and about 50 officers and men of the Metropolitan Force. Sergeant Gould was a noted footballer and cricketer in his younger days and was well known in Portsmouth as a comedian in the Metropolitan Police Minstrels who gave several performances here.



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King's Birthday. 1st Btn. Manchester Regiment, 1933.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

During the past few weeks two Tamarites have quietly embarked on the sunlit but deep waters of matrimony—Mr. J. Painter, of our Clerical Staff, and Mr. G. Rogers, a member of the Transport Department. Both were the recipients of tokens of our esteem, when the happy events took place. We sincerely wish each of them a pleasant "voyage," and trust that every succeeding day will add its quota of mutual trust and happiness to them and theirs.

It was a pleasure to see again at the Tamar the members of the Depot D.C.L.I., Bodmin, during their annual outing, and to show them how the various "Hop Leaf" beverages are prepared for their delectation. The "detachment" had a great day, and it is good to hear that we contributed a little towards that enjoyment.

These "one and all" boys the world over are staunch friends, and Cornish loyalty at home is not one whit behind that of those sturdy pioneers who have carved their way into every corner of mother earth. Who says tradition is dead? Not our "Trelawny" valiants!

The recent return of the cruiser *Emerald* to England, after more than two years in the East Indies Station is a very personal and welcome one for many in the West country. A large number of relatives and friends, from the slopes of the Hoe and the various points of vantage along the sea front, gave the ship's officers and men a rousing welcome as in the early hours of a perfect June morning, with her long paying-off pennant flying the breeze, she left the moorings in the Sound and moved up-harbour.

National and sentimental airs were played by the ship's band as the *Emerald* steamed between Drake's Island and the mainland, and a very pleasing and animated spectacle was provided for those early risers who were astir at that hour. Strains of "Here we are again," "The more we are together" and "The wearin' 'o the green" mingled with cheers and counter-cheers, as she proudly passed from sight into the Hamoaze to the Royal Dockyard.

We felt a rather personal pride in her return, as it has been our privilege to have contributed one link with the Homeland throughout the whole of the commission, a link which, may-be, helped to ameliorate a little the trying conditions under which such duties have to be carried out. Only those who have sampled it

can fully appreciate the worth of a bottle of "Home" brewed, when the shade temperature is about 120°. Phew!!

Our cricket XI, taking advantage of perfect conditions (bowlers' opinions not solicited) have played quite a number of their matches. Their allotted pitch in the Plymouth Central Park is amid very congenial surroundings, and although the newly-made wicket has perhaps a few unofficial "creases," which time and hard work will alone smooth out, and "fiery" conditions with "eyebrow line" bowling is the rule rather than the exception, our budding representatives are keen enough to remedy all such troubles ere the season has waned, to make the wicket and outfield one worthy of any occasion.

Strangely enough, the only unfinished game was the most vital one—the first round of the local cup, *versus* the City Transport. After batting first and compiling 51 runs, "ole man river" put himself on for the rest of the day, and the players left him still in possession. A day or two later the replay took place, and conditions favouring the bowlers, a meagre total of only 31 resulted. Our opponents knocked up 51 in reply, and our 1933 cup ambitions ended. Luke took 6 for 28 whilst we were in the field, and with another bowler of a like calibre to support him, the result might easily have been reversed.

Against H.M.S. *Defiance* (Supplies Department) we fared better, after losing five wickets for under twenty runs, owing to the sturdy effort of S. Balkwill, who arriving at the crease, soon laid about him with such gusto that before the innings ended at 87, he had collected 53 and was still undefeated—one six, and five fours were included in a first class knock. Our nautical friends could hardly manage to reach our total and were all out for 72. Luke again helped us along by taking 4 wickets for 9.

We hope this success will be only a taste of their quality. Real progress can always be achieved by good team work, while the spirit of club cricket needs no stunts or publicity to stimulate the loyalty of its adherents. When it does, it can be counted out.

The success of many of our 1933 out-of-door contracts which took place during June, was in no small measure due to the glorious spell of real summer weather which prevailed.

One such success was the Yealmpton Agricultural Society's Show, which celebrated its fifty-fifth anniversary amid almost

ideal conditions, and considerably enhanced its already wide reputation. An increase of over 30 entries on last year indicated its all-round excellence. In the horses and trades turn-out section there were 102 competitors alone!! Other branches of the industry were also strong in representation and attractiveness.

The Produce section naturally had a very trying time while Old Sol did his "daily dozen," and most of the butter and cream had stage fright long before the judges appeared. Still, both from a social and competitive point of view it was voted a most enjoyable day. The cooling exhibits in one busy corner of the extensive grounds attracted considerable crowds throughout the day, and the "votes" which filled many "boxes" at the end of the proceedings bore silent but eloquent tribute to the popular choice:—

"S.B." Special and First!

Lord Mildmay of Flete, Mr. Mark Patrick, M.P., Lieut.-Col. R. Bastard (President) and other agricultural leaders who were present, in paying tribute to the co-operation essential for such a success, also echoed the feelings and sentiments of supporters and the Empire at large by adding that even at this late hour it was hoped that the new Agricultural Bill would give real encouragement and practical help to the farming industry as a whole.

We congratulate the executive on the results of their enterprise, as we do those responsible for the success attending the two days of the Plymouth Command Horse Show, where again the "Hop Leaf entry" secured most favourable comments, in spite of other attractions. Judging began at an early hour, but the persistent voters kept our catering staff fully occupied, while "that Simonds Brew" was on nearly everyone's lips!

(An unsolicited testimonial from a knight of the road):—

I see it here,
I meet it there;
But still I'll seek it everywhere
On every hill,
In every dale—
That all-sufficing "S.B." Ale!!



BRIGHTON.

Brighton feels particularly favoured by the inclusion in His Majesty's birthday gift of honours, of the name of Mr. Harry Preston. This new recipient for knighthood is well known all over England among the sporting classes, and his work for the Sussex County Hospital has now been well rewarded.

Whitsun week this year was one not to be forgotten. It started with a heat wave a few days before the Bank Holiday, bringing a tremendous number of visitors from London and elsewhere, the electric trains having full loads at very frequent intervals. The Manchester Unity Independent Order of Odd Fellows also held their annual conference during that week, commencing their deliberations on Whit-Monday, and these were continued to the following Friday. Over 2,500 delegates and friends attended, and the local committee with the aid of the borough authorities made every effort for their comfort and amusement. Receptions and dances were held each evening, and during the daytime the ladies of the party went motor excursions to places of interest in the vicinity, one big party of over 800 going to Arundel Castle, and had tea in the park. Mr. W. A. Beech, the caterer, had his hands full to look after such a party, and with the aid of "Hop Leaf" brands, apparently gave general satisfaction.

Mr. Beech last week catered for a party of some 600 from a London brewery, who brought their own beer. Other outing parties, please do *not* copy.

