

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 11.



MR. A. LOCK.

MR. A. LOCK.

On our front page we reproduce the photograph of Mr. A. Lock, who is the senior traveller in the Firm's employ, with a record of over forty-eight years to his credit, spent in continuous service.

Mr. Lock embarked on his career as a "Knight of the Road" in March, 1882, when he was appointed Town Traveller for Reading. Since that date he has covered all districts in the vicinity and has handed over several journeys to newly-appointed travellers, several of whom he has survived. His ability as a salesman is too well known to need comment and with the passage of time his keenness and energy shew no signs of abating. Particularly has Mr. Lock been successful in the sale of wines and spirits, of which his orders frequently represent several tons in one day, whilst bottled beers are requisitioned by the load.

For many years Mr. Lock was a familiar figure in the environs of Reading in his dog-cart, which he renounced in 1915 for the more speedy motor car, thus enabling him to visit customers more frequently and to increase his radius of activity. In his years of service he has witnessed, and contributed to, an enormous expansion of the Firm's business. From his early days Mr. Lock was imbued with a bulldog determination to succeed in his work and even now prospective customers are not allowed much peace until they part with an order.

The road is a wonderful school for the development of self-confidence, which alone can make the successful traveller, and there is no doubt that Mr. Lock was an apt and willing pupil who profited by the experience gained day by day and turned his education to good account.

The key to Mr. Lock's success on the road has been hard work. As a result of his efforts, to quote Mr. Lock's own words, "The tide commenced to turn in his favour after he had been travelling for about six months, and it has kept flowing ever since."

During the War years, when the sale of liquors was controlled and travellers were withdrawn from their usual occupation, Mr. Lock assisted in the Estates Department in a clerical capacity and performed good work, thereby releasing younger men for service.



EDITORIAL.

INTHIPID.

The Editor of a small town newspaper explains the loss of the letter "s" from his composing room as follows:

"Lath night thome thneaking thcoundrel thole into our compothing room and pilfered the cabinetth of all the eththeth! Therefore we would like to take advantage of thith opportunity to apologize to our readerth for the general inthipid appearance of our paper. We would altho like to thtate that if at any time in the yearth to come we thould thee thith dirty thnake in the grathth, about the premitheth, it will be our complete and thorough thaitthfaction to thoot him full of holeth. Thank you!"

CURIOUS EPITAPH.

The following curious epitaph is quoted in "Old Clocks and Watches and Their Makers," by F. J. Britten:—

"Here lies in a horizontal position the
outside case of

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE, Watchmaker.

Integrity was the mainspring and prudence
the regulator of all the actions of his life;
humane, generous and liberal,
His hand never stopped till he had relieved
distress.

So nicely regulated were his movements that
he never went wrong, except when set going
by people who did not know his key.

Even then he was easily set right again.
He had the art of disposing of his time so
well, that his hours glided away, his pulse
stopped beating.

He ran down November 14, 1801, aged 57,
In hopes of being taken in hand by his Maker,
Thoroughly cleaned, repaired, wound up, and
set going in the world to come, when
time shall be no more."

BREVITY!

For brevity in reporting and the elimination of all unnecessary trimmings, it would be hard to beat the following obituary notice:

John Dixon, struck a match to see if there was any gasoline in his tank. There was. Aged 56.

NOW AND THEN.

The mountains of America,
Quite well-known now by men,
A generation or two back
Held many a secret then.

But, since Prohibition came in force,
'Gainst many people's will,
The mountains of America
Hold many a secret still.

"MOTORING MADAMS."

One of our judges told us the other day that married people quarrel. What a discovery! Of course they quarrel—sometimes; so do everybody.

But I think there is more strife between husbands and wives over motoring than anything else, writes a correspondent in *The Star*. Down our road I know three couples:

Mrs. A won't go out with Mr. A because she doesn't trust his driving.

Mrs. B rebukes her husband all the time they are out because he "goes too fast."

Mrs. C nags Mr. C because he lets everything pass him on the road.

I have solved my own little problem in this direction by letting my wife do the driving.

And when necessary I do the talking. It's ever so much more satisfactory.

NAMING THE NAVVY.

The labourer who excavates a dock or helps in the levelling of the ground for the permanent way of a railway is known as a navvy, but few people, probably, are aware of the derivation of the term. The chapelry of Grayrigg, in Westmorland, is traversed for about five miles by the London and North-Western (formerly the Lancaster and Carlisle) Railway. When this line was under construction, in the 'Forties of last century, a parcel of ground in the churchyard on the north side of the church was specially set aside for the interment of such of the labourers on the new railway as might die, within the bounds of the chapelry. In the burials register of the church each of these men is called a "navigator." The genus, it is said, came into being with the construction of the earlier canals, and its appellation, given in full in the church register but usually contracted to "navvy," is attributed to this fact.

AN UNEXPECTED BEER TESTIMONIAL.

As a testimonial to beer this is not bad:

I have nothing whatever to say against the purity and genuineness of the constituents and in the manufacture of beer.

And it is an even better one when you know who said it.

The words are those of Mr. G. Bailey Wilson, Political and Literary Secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, the temperance organisation.

Giving evidence before the Licensing Commission, he said that what his organisation objected to was the alcohol in beer.

"Among the constituents of beer, water was the first of all," he said.

One dictionary called attention to the fact that the word used for "water" in the brewery is "liquor."

Mr. Skurray (a member of the Commission and a brewer): "That has gone out of use now."

BEEFSTEAK PIES.

I am no cook, and know nothing of mutton pies, but it always seems to me that the right manner of making a beefsteak pie has become a lost art, writes a correspondent in *The Times*. I once experienced the perfect beefsteak pie. It was made, about twenty-five years ago, not by a professional cook, but by my grandmother. I can remember watching her do it. She took her piece of beefsteak and cut it, not into the dreadful cubic inches which is usually its fate, but into thin slices. She then put a little piece of fat on to each slice, and rolled it up. So far as I remember, she then rolled each little bundle in flour before neatly packing it in the pie dish. It is astonishing to me that so simple but so enormous an improvement should not be in general use.

A RULE OF THREE.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to cultivate—courage, affection and gentleness.

Three things to commend—thrift, industry and promptness.

Three things to despise—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and contentment.

Three things to admire—dignity, gracefulness and intellectual power.

Three things to give—alms to the needy, comfort to the sad and appreciation to the worthy.

PERSEVERANCE WINS.

A constant drop of water
 Wears away the hardest stone,
 The constant gnawing Fido
 Masticates the toughest bone.
 The constant wooing lover
 Carries off the blushing maid,
 And the constant advertiser
 Is the one that gets the trade.

BANKERS ON EMPIRE TRADE.

The pronouncement of a group of bankers on Empire trade can leave little doubt remaining about the movement of responsible opinion in this country, as *The Times* so truly says. The bankers' manifesto completes the succession of unanimous and enlightened judgments that have issued from the councils of those who manage, operate, and finance British industry. The last of them is also not one which could be accused of a parochial outlook. The City is better instructed than any city in the economic way of the world. It will be for others to secure the acceptance of these considered conclusions. And it is nearer certainty than ever that, properly presented without the hindrance of meaningless contention and contradiction among their advocates, they will be accepted in time. Whatever else comes of the great controversy ahead, it cannot touch the impartial quality of the bankers' findings. In the prevailing mood of weary vacillation, which is giving the nation all that is burdensome in protection with all that is insecure in free trade, their clear and spontaneous guidance is a national service of a high order.

ENGLAND'S FINE YOUNG MEN.

There has been much moaning because of the loss of the Golf and Lawn Tennis Championships to foreigners. To some these defeats seem to indicate the decline and fall of the British nation where sport is concerned. How absurd! It does not matter two hoots—no, one hoot—to the prestige of British sport whether we are beaten by America or Abyssinia at golf or France or Finland at lawn tennis. In the sports which really matter England still holds her own against the world, thanks to our fine young men.

We can beat most comers at football, Rugby and Association; we produce the best rowing men in the world; our cricketers are yet to be surpassed; at athletics we hold most of the championships (what about Lord Burghley as a hurdler!); no nation can show better cross-country riders or polo players; and, man for man, we could produce more first-class amateur boxers than any other country.

WINE FOR LONG LIFE.

Wine is filled with vitamins and aids digestion. This is the contention of Professor Cabanis, who has proved that people live longer in the wine-producing and wine-drinking countries. Professor Cabanis further claims that wine kills microbes and is an antiseptic, and in this claim he is upheld by several prominent scientists in Budapest and Vienna. According to another well-known professor, wine possesses certain radio-activity and is a great strength-builder. Wine acts favourably upon the senses—providing it is taken in moderation—assert the scientists, especially quickening the senses of hearing and smell.

DEATH OF MRS. L. DE L. SIMONDS.

It is with very deep regret we record the death of Mrs. Louis de Luze Simonds, who passed away at her residence, Audleys Wood, Basingstoke, on Wednesday, July 23rd. Mrs. Simonds was the daughter of the late Surgeon-General Gavin A. Turnbull, of The Inniskillings (6th Dragoons) and in 1916 lost her husband, who was for thirty-one years Managing Director of the Firm and highly esteemed in the business and social life of Reading.

Mrs. Simonds was a generous benefactor in the district in which she lived and took a great interest in the Conservative cause. Her great kindness of heart made her beloved by all who knew her and she will be much missed.

The deepest sympathy is felt for her three sons, Mr. F. A. Simonds, Mr. Gavin Simonds, K.C., and Commander H. D. Simonds, and her daughter, Mrs. C. F. A. Hare, in their bereavement.

The funeral took place at St. Leonard's Church, Cliddesden, near Basingstoke, and many relatives and friends attended to pay their last tributes of respect. Some of the senior members of the Brewery Staff were present, including Mr. H. F. Lindars, Mr. C. W. Stocker, Mr. C. E. Gough, Mr. A. S. Drewe, Mr. R. Biggs, Mr. C. Bennett and Mr. F. C. Hawkes.

TEA DRUNKARDS.

The following article appeared in an edition of the *Lancet* which was published in 1872 and which has recently come into our possession :—

“TEA DRUNKARDS.—Dr. Arlidge, one of the Pottery Inspectors in Staffordshire, has put forth a very sensible protest against a very pernicious custom which rarely receives sufficient attention either from the medical profession or the public. He says that the women of the working classes make tea a principal article of diet instead of an occasional beverage ; they drink it several times a day, and the result is a lamentable amount of sickness. This is no doubt the case, and, as Dr. Arlidge remarks, a portion of the reforming zeal which keeps up such a fierce and bitter agitation against intoxicating drinks, might advantageously be diverted to the repression of this very serious evil of tea-tipping among the poorer classes. Tea, in anything beyond moderate quantities, is as distinctly a narcotic poison as is opium or alcohol. It is capable of ruining the digestion, of enfeebling and disordering the heart's action, and of generally shattering the nerves. And it must be remembered that not merely is it a question of narcotic excess, but the enormous quantity of hot water which tea-bibbers necessarily take is exceedingly prejudicial both to digestion and nutrition. In short, without pretending to place this kind of evil on a level as to general effect with those caused by alcoholic drinks, one may well insist that our teetotal reformers have overlooked, and even to no small extent encouraged, a form of animal indulgence which is as distinctly sensual, extravagant, and pernicious, as any beer-swilling or gin-drinking in the world.”

YE OLD INN OF GOODWILL.

The Inn of Goodwill depicted on page 620 was erected on a vehicle drawn by two of Messrs. Pickfords' best horses. At one end was a latticed window shewing the bar with bottles, old jars, old pewter and copper cans, &c. At the back was a chimney-similar to the one at the Ship Inn, Porlock, and which can be seen at the top of the photograph. All the articles of furniture were genuine and of the period and the old grate inside was of the year 1680.

The reproduction of the inn cost the Salisbury Licensed Victuallers' Association £25 and considerable labour. It is praiseworthy to record that the tableau contributed greatly to the success of the procession. As recorded on that page, the proceeds of the carnival reached the wonderful figure of £4,000.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

True wealth is well-being, the full activity of all a man's powers acting harmoniously in the attainment of what is true and good, as men are loyal to God and serve their fellows. The wealth of life is to be reckoned not by what a man has, but by what he is. When once he has secured this it cannot be taken away from him, but grows to a fuller abundance and, unlike money with its cheating promises, remains an eternal possession, bringing a man the satisfaction of fellowship with God, a conscience at rest with himself, and that fellowship with others which imparts an ever greater abundance of life to both giver and receiver in a new vision of truth and a new attainment of righteousness.—From “The Times.”

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.



Mr. F. A. Simonds' eldest son is here seen holding the hand of Commander H. D. Simonds' little boy.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

MILLIONS OF MIRACLES. HERE AND HEREAFTER.

A GREAT LITTLE AERONAUT.

The other day, after a long walk, I sat by the riverside and, looking around, I was greatly impressed by the miracles that were being wrought and the beauty that abounded on every hand. Just beyond me was a field of corn. Each grain had been transformed into an ear containing many grains, and there were millions of miracles as real as any performed in the olden days. The field was to the south of where I was sitting and a southerly wind was blowing. The cornfield was just like the sea with the tide coming in. The zephyr breezes sent wave upon wave of the growing corn towards me and so realistically did it represent the tide of the ocean that I almost felt my feet would soon be "wetted" by this cereal sea.

RIPENING UNTO THE HARVEST.

And the corn was "ripening unto the harvest"; it was nearly ready for the reaper. How like human life! Some of us are "ripening unto the harvest" and the Reaper will not be long ere He comes along with His scythe. But there is all the difference between ripeness and death. Break a branch of a tree, and the leaves will wither and die. How different from the leaves that are ripe. They fall and, far from being dead, go to enrich the earth, become part and parcel of the leaves yet to be born and thus continue to play their part in the circle of life or, if you will, of eternity.

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

Nature just sends us all to sleep and we shall awaken greatly refreshed. Many minds are making many guesses as to our "future state." It *never* worried me. Who can really study the marvels of nature without being absolutely assured that the great Power which started us on our journey here is fully competent to prepare for us an equally wonderful hereafter? Why not leave it at that? After all, the simplest faith is the best—and perhaps the deepest!

DRIFTS OF SUMMER SNOW.

But I am dealing with the present. Besides this summer sea of corn are drifts of summer "snow," for I am sitting under a poplar tree and, falling at my feet, are myriad blooms as white as snow and softer than the softest silk. The leaves rustle in the wind and that rustle calls vividly to my mind the days of long ago when, duck-shooting, I used to sit under a poplar listening to the similar rustle of similar leaves and listening, too, for the whistle of the wings of the duck which I hoped to secure for my dinner table.

LEARNING TO FLY.

Miss Amy Johnson had a wonderful flight and I am going to record another very interesting aerial event. It concerns three young barn owls. By the way, the nest of the barn owl consists for the most part of the pellets of undigestible parts of mice, small birds, etc. The bird lays from two to six eggs and has the curious habit of commencing to sit as soon as she has laid the first egg. She continues to lay at intervals so that the young in the same nest may often be found to be of different ages. Well, this brown owl was to be seen in the daytime, some distance from her nest, calling to her three children. Presently one little owl ventured upon its initial flight—and what a venture it must have been, in every way as thrilling as Miss Johnson's. Its little wings only just managed the journey and its fond mother could be heard congratulating the child on its performance. Another little owl essayed the same journey and only just managed to complete the course. Then a third made the attempt. This bird did not seem so old as the others. It certainly was less strong on the wing and I feared we should read of another "aeroplane crash" in the papers. Before it had covered half of the distance its tiny wings began to tire perceptibly and I was convinced owl No. 3 would never reach its mother, who continued to call coaxingly, without mishap. What pluck our little feathered friend displayed and what wonders it must have witnessed for the first time on thus making its debut into this great wide world. I wonder what it thought of the tennis court with the great big net and netting and the great white marks on the lawn where great big beings amuse themselves by knocking balls about. But its little wings are growing weaker and weaker, and I do not suppose our baby friend thinks much about tennis courts and players. Its sole object now is to reach its anxiously-waiting mother. Will the baby owl succeed? No! Not half the distance is completed before it crashes into a walnut tree. Mother is evidently very much concerned and immediately follows to see if all is well and to pat the little "aeronaut" on the back for its really gallant effort.

And yet they make all this fuss about Miss Amy Johnson, when such history-making flights as these may be recorded almost every day in the land, or rather air, of birdom. Fancy the continents that our little feathered friend conquered in the shape of tennis courts, borders ablaze with dahlias, daisies and delphiniums, orchards full of fruit. I have not heard that the *Daily Mail* is giving this great little "aeronaut" a prize, but I know the mother gave our hero a special tit-bit for supper that evening. Bravo, little owl!

A TOOTHsome MORSEL.

The male red-backed shrike is a handsome bird and hearing its note "chuck-chuck," I espied one on a high bush where the female was sitting on her nest, as I discovered later. Father shrike suddenly swooped down into the grass and seized a toothsome morsel which appeared to be a baby bird, but of that I am uncertain. I use the word "toothsome" advisedly for the shrike has a "tooth" in its upper mandible. I am sorry to say it is cruel in its habits and impales its victims, young birds and insects, on thorns. Hence it is very aptly described as the "butcher" bird.

LOVELINESS—AND LITTER!

I roamed far and wide, mostly on foot, during my recent holiday and made enough mental notes of wild nature's ways to fill many HOP LEAF GAZETTES. More of these I hope to describe to you, in my humble way, in future issues. At one wild spot of exceeding beauty where flowers and fruit—in the shape of whortleberries—and birds abound, I was pained to find a lot of litter left by thoughtless people who had picnicked there. I left the following little verse for the benefit of future visitors:—

Friend, when you stray, or sit and take your ease
On moor or fell or under spreading trees,
Pray leave no traces of your wayside meal,
No paper bag, no scattered orange peel,
Nor daily journal littered on the grass.
Others may view this with distaste and pass.
Let no one say and say it to your shame
That all was beauty here until you came.



A LITTLE HERO.

"Silver Doctor" writes the following delightful article in the *Fishing Gazette*:—

I only met him once, a good many moons ago, and it didn't need a doctor to see he wasn't long for this world. Few can have tried harder or done their job better, yet high reward never came his way. He fought a good fight, and who of us earns a prouder epitaph? So here is his story as it was revealed to me.

* * * *

Chance had taken me into one of those quaint shops, half naturalist, half fishing tackle, and wholly fascinating, which still exist in Central London. It was Saturday afternoon, and a thin stream of customers trickled in and out through the open shop door. A prim, early-Victorian virgin haggled long minutes over a fourpenny goldfish, sundry applicants were rewarded with sixpennyworths of worms, and one plutocrat plunged to the extent of two pike-floats and a packet of roach hooks. Presently there entered a spare little man with bandy legs, whose besmudged face and blackened clothing proclaimed the chimney-sweep as eloquently as the roll of brushes over his shoulder. From his left hand hung a small bait-can, and he confided to the stout lady behind the counter that he "'oped she could let 'im 'ave five good 'uns." As she disappeared into subterranean regions, presumably in search of the "good 'uns," he turned a cheery eye on my rod-case to inquire if I was "goin' jackin'?" This polite interest in my pike-fishing programme paved the way, as with fishermen the world over, to general conversation. I learned that my new friend was an ardent angler, who spent his Sundays on the banks of the classic Lea. "Fishing, guv'nor, I fair loves it," was his delightful confession of faith, and his favourite art was live-baiting for pike. A scullery tap and a pleasing disregard of water company regulations served for the continuous preservation of live-bait in his home, where, he added, "I keeps 'em goin' with breadcrumb and liver!"

Each Sabbath throughout the season found him and six live-bait on the river-bank, where he plied his art with varying fortune. It would seem that live-bait varied in their devotion to duty. Some were sadly wanting in stamina, and a single round with a Lea "jack" too often terminated in a "knock-out," but there were stouter fellows. "Look 'ere," he said, "'ave a peep at the best bait ever I 'ad," and, unshouldering his brushes, he opened the small bait-can. There, in a few inches of water, lay a small silvery dace: here and there a few scales seemed a trifle disarranged, and a captious critic might have cavilled at his complexion, but his eye was bright, and he flicked his tail cheerfully enough in his narrow

quarters. "Take it from me, guv'nor," went on my friend, "there never was no better bait than 'im: I've 'ad 'im a month: 'e's 'ad four jack on, and 'e ain't done yet: I calls 'im a fair 'ero." But here, alas, the stout goddess reappeared behind the counter to say "she could spare him five," the little bait-can was handed out with five more "good-'uns," my friend shouldered brushes, and with a cheery "tight lines" swung out through the little door, and I was left to think. . . .

* * * *

Which was the hero? Well—I'm not sure there weren't two! That little dace, survivor of four mortal combats with heavy-weight pike, and "not done yet"! spending week-days in a scullery-sink and Sundays on active service in the Lea! Surely a hero, if ever there was one! Somehow, too, I wouldn't deny the title to my bandy-legged friend of the brushes, who struggles with soot through the week to revel in clean air and sport each Sabbath, and throughout maintains a wholesome independence and cheery optimism. This old world is surely the better for them both!

COMPENSATION FOR THIRST.

(From *The Times* of July 17).

Accidents are so common nowadays that it is becoming highly advisable to find some good in them. Motorists in particular are anxious to hear of any considerations which will induce people to look upon such events as being run over in a more detached and equable way. At present the chief consolation which counsel for motorists can suggest is that a sharp blow from a car has stopped many a man from completing the foolish or wicked enterprise on which he was bound as he hurried intently across the road. Now, however, a more positive argument is available to prove that accidents are not necessarily misfortunes. It was recorded yesterday that a workman, a joiner's assistant, in Budapest was recently injured by the joiner, his immediate chief, who ran the motor-cycle and side-car in which they were travelling into a milestone. The assistant was injured in such a way as to leave him permanently and intensely thirsty, and the Court has now ordered his employer to pay him over £10 a month for twelve months certain, since quenching the thirst is a costly business. After a year he will be examined and evidence will be taken whether he still "feels as though he had a red hot brick inside him." The amount of compensation can then be increased, or possibly diminished.

In nothing did the Judge show himself a richer ornament to the Bench than in his ruling that water could not be accepted as a means of quenching the thirst. Water is at its best in the sea.

In ocean form it is free to be itself, large and magnificent and in its final state. If, with all this in its favour, it is quite undrinkable, it is not reasonable to expect it to do better as rivers and ponds than it does as sea. It is of course cheap, like most things for which the supply outruns the demand. It figures prominently in stories of adventure because pioneers at the ends of the earth have often been thankful to drink it. But it is not a drink within the meaning of the Act—at any rate as interpreted by the Courts of Hungary. Over-careful hostesses may attempt to pass it off under the title of Nature's wine, but mankind in general has long since agreed that it is, like fire, best in a subordinate position—an analysable part of a drink, but not a drink in itself. Otherwise there would be few grounds from anticipating all the good which can be expected from this clear and humane ruling of the Bench. Teetotallers will now enlist their energies on behalf of careful driving, seeing a potential toper in every street victim. To be drunk in charge of a car is to incur many penalties, but probably none more ironically just and effectively deterrent than this of having to pay through long years to quench the thirsts of other people. In this country, where all sources of revenue are being scanned with hungry eyes by successive Chancellors of the Exchequer, there may well be a wave of official feeling against the proposed Road Traffic Bill, and indeed against any measures for diminishing accidents. At present most of the money spent on drinks, other than plain or coloured water, goes in the end into the coffers of the Treasury. Really heavy drinkers give most of their income to the Government. From one very relevant point of view they are model citizens, especially if they drink themselves into early graves and quicken the flow of death duties and the turnover of estates. Moreover, motorists as a class, are richer than pedestrians, and, if the Courts begin awarding the money of the motorists on condition that their victims drink it up, a way will have been found of obtaining a great deal more revenue from the road than seemed possible a few weeks ago. Prize-fighters think little of a socking blow or two by comparison with the money they receive for it, and the streets of England may be filled with many men who are ashamed to be behind prize-fighters in their willingness to bear a short affliction for a great prize. But to those who feel that a new profession has now been discovered, and a congenial one, it is well to point out that motor-cars may prove just as capable of inflicting injuries which diminish or even eliminate thirst; and no Court has yet attempted to evaluate that deprivation in monetary terms. But it is plain that no one should stand about at dangerous corners without understanding exactly whereabouts it is that he intends to be struck.

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALES.

Last month ushered in the annual summer sales and I would hazard a guess that there are few among us who fail to get a measure of satisfaction from our shopping during sale-time.

True enough, the shop-keepers do their utmost with advertisements and lavish window-dressing to entice us to make purchases, oftentimes of goods we do not require and which, in the end, become, one could almost say, "white elephants." But on the other hand, if we use a little thought and discretion, we can often make purchases greatly to our advantage.

If we have our holidays in store, and undoubtedly the majority of those with families generally take them in late July and August, then we find that sales are a boon, for if we wish the days of our vacation to be care-free, clothes that need to be treated with respect only serve to detract from this free spirit, and we should feel much more comfortable if we were attired in something that will stand a little knocking about and over which there will be no regrets if damage does occur.

And for the seaside or country what could be better than simple cotton frocks for morning wear, the material for which can be bought at the sales so much cheaper than at other times. Often too, we are able to spot a remnant of a better class material which is just the thing for the dress we always take to put on when we want to feel not quite so "holidayfied," and the price being, we feel sure, greatly reduced, we do indeed think that we have shopped to advantage. Children, too, always need a certain number of holiday clothes and parents take advantage of the sales to fill in the wants of the wardrobes of their boys and girls.

I wonder also how many of us take advantage of these sale bargains to do a little amateur dressmaking. Many, of course, are blessed with the gift of sewing and are able to turn out their own dresses in quite professional style, but for the others, who have not the confidence and assurance that things will turn out satisfactorily, sale time is the golden opportunity for a venture.

We obtain for a few shillings a length of material and with a pattern to aid us we set to work with a will, and if our efforts are crowned with satisfaction we have gained valuable experience, but on the other hand, if the finished article is not all that we hoped it would be, well the loss is not a great one, and there is yet the possibility that the material can be used for a smaller member of the family.

Thus we find the benefit of sales in more ways than one, for it is by experience that our biggest lessons are learned, and I do not doubt that the attraction of sales and their alluring bargains will endure for many generations.

I would like to take the opportunity of thanking the Oxford correspondent most sincerely for drawing attention to the very glaring omission in the article published in the June GAZETTE, on the River Thames, etc., in making no mention of that City. However, I hope one day to make amends for this, for a visit to that famous City is still a treat in store for me, and when the opportunity does present itself I will try and portray my impressions in the pages of this journal.

M.P.

NEVER PUT THEM OFF.

Never put children off. Tell them the truth, the whole truth, or else reason with them, and explain why it is that they cannot yet be told certain things. A child will respond to frankness. It is unfair to tell an untruth to a child, and, if a little intelligence is used, it should be unnecessary.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

PEELING ORANGES.

If oranges are peeled from the stalk end the pith comes away easily.

SHOE CLEANING.

A strip of carpet glued to a piece of wood will remove mud from shoes without scratching the leather.

SUBSTITUTE FOR VINEGAR.

When vinegar is short, lemon juice is a good substitute in mint sauce and salads.

LUMPY SALT.

A little cornflower added to table salt will prevent it becoming lumpy.

WHY WOMEN WANT PEACE.

"The question is often asked me: Do women want peace? I have to return an answer, and it is in the affirmative," said Mrs. Philip Snowden, wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, when speaking before the microphone at the London Broadcasting Station recently.

"Women want peace for all the reasons that men want peace—neither men nor women can contemplate the possibility of another war without fear and loathing, unless they are very young. Even

though the worst pain that the war caused them has been modified by thoughts of its matchless comradeship and the glory of battling together for a great ideal, the women of this generation cannot think of war as a beautiful and necessary, much less a Christian, thing. It has been too painfully and pointedly proved in recent times that 'war is a game from which both sides rise the loser.'

"Women are coming to realise that great spiritual ideals are not achieved through physical warfare; that war never settles anything that was not settled better by other methods; that war does not and cannot end war, but only creates a desire for revenge in the beaten foe against which the victors have to arm themselves anew.

"Women have seen their sons and husbands maimed and broken; or they have lost them on dim and distant battlefields. They have tortured themselves old and grey with thoughts of the unimaginable sufferings of their children. They are asking themselves by what right they give these sons to death. They are asking themselves of what use is the glory and burden of life-giving if sons are to be tossed in their youth and strength to the devouring Moloch of war and their daughters condemned against their will to a sterile life, when every instinct cries for hearth and home.

"Women see vast sums of money which might be spent on the country's enrichment in music, art and natural beauties, or devoted to necessary social services, worse than wasted in grim instruments of warfare which inventions may render obsolete and incompetent at any moment.

"Women feel the enormous burden of taxation which is reducing the standard of living, denying opportunities to the children and making life a needlessly heavy burden.

"Women note the sad battalions of the workless, over 1,500,000 in Britain, 2,000,000 in Germany, and 4,000,000 in the United States, driven from pillar to post in the vain search for work, and sinking by degrees into contented idleness, the first step to moral degeneracy.

"Women and men see all this, and more, and with seeing eyes are determined that they will use whatever influence they may possess to point a better and saner way.

"Strong in the faith and knowledge that war is not inevitable except as men and women make it inevitable, that men have not been doomed from before the foundations of the world to tear and slay one another, women call to the women who have not yet spoken to support with all their strength every effort made in concert by the nations to reduce the danger from swollen armaments, to arrest the growing lust for power, to elevate reason above passion, and to bring the world to peace."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
While Error, writhing, slinks away
And dies amid its worshippers.

Let your trouble be;
Light will follow dark.
Though the heaven falls
You may hear the lark.

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two: then comes the night.

Those who never give something for nothing will never get anything for nothing.

The success of any great moral enterprise does not depend upon numbers.

Great grief makes those sacred
upon whom its hand is laid.
Joy may elevate, ambition glorify,
but sorrow alone can consecrate.

Great knowledge, if it be without vanity, is the most severe bridle of the tongue.

Men are what their mothers made them.

IN PRAISE OF BEER.

COUNCILLOR W. F. LONG'S "STARTLING CONFESSION."

(From the *Bath Chronicle and Herald*.)

At the meeting of Bath Fellowship Skittle League on July 11th, Councillor W. F. Long distributed cups and medals, and in the course of a speech said they were in for a very big fight, and some of them were quite prepared for it. They might have to meet a strong teetotal opposition—he would almost use the word fanatical (applause).

He himself was not a teetotaller, but he did not drink much. It might be a startling confession he would make. For years he suffered from ill-health, chiefly dyspeptic and the like. He went to Lord Moynihan, of Leeds, who operated on him. Afterwards he had to consult other doctors, who gave varying advice. He was advised not to smoke, not to drink; and again he was told to have a drink. Out of it all he took his own line, and he had been better ever since he took a glass of beer. That confession might be very distasteful to many members of his family, who were very strong teetotallers working for their beliefs, and he gave them all credit.

He would rather trust his own experiences, what had happened to him and the improvement of his health by drinking a glass of beer, than trust to somebody else's assertion that because of drink he would go to purgatory. He admitted that the abuse of drink did harm; but as many suffered from over-eating as over-drinking. They were not going to be denied what was pleasurable and beneficial by fanatical people who quoted extreme cases as an argument in favour of Prohibition.

When the fight came, he was going on the platform and to state publicly that beer had done him good (applause).

He could give them another instance of a member of his family who had been a teetotaller for 50 years, and had now started drinking a glass of beer.

WANTED—A FREE HAND IN PUBLIC-HOUSE IMPROVEMENT.

(From *The Brewery Record*.)

Once upon a time there were in this country thousands of inns which catered for man and beast to the satisfaction of everyone—for in those days the genus crank had not arrived to cast the shadow of his interfering proclivities on a happy land. In times of happiness, however, people are inclined to be somewhat slothful and not to consider the possibility of conditions changing to their disadvantage. The interfering busybody is permitted unchallenged to pour his specious arguments into the open ears of vote-catching politicians, and before long the erstwhile happy individual awakens from his reposeful dream to find that in the future he will not be able to come and go as he thinks fit, but only at such times as a grandmotherly system of restrictive legislation permits.

This, in short, is what has happened in regard to the licensed houses of this country. How can we get back to something approaching the happy state which existed in the past, when

Britons were free to do as they liked? We are not suggesting that it would be politic to return to pre-war hours of trading, but we do know that everyone connected with the brewing trade is anxious, if only he were given the opportunity, and a free hand, to provide better facilities than exist at present for the public.

After all, the British public house, at its best, is one of the finest social institutions in the world, even under existing restrictive conditions. How much more appealing it could be made to that section of the community known as the moderate drinkers who at present imbibe their "tonic" at home because of the prevailing conditions in some places of public refreshment! It needs only the exercise of a little more of those excellent qualities—foresight and common-sense—on the part of the authorities to make possible the resuscitation of the real *public* house—a place to which a reasonably minded man could take his wife and family to enjoy to the full the amenities which such houses can provide.

There is, unfortunately, a stumbling block to progress in this connection, found chiefly among the more narrow-minded type of magistrate who secures a seat on the Licensing Bench, and to whose view any improvement in existing public houses must necessarily mean more drinking. This mistaken notion has been disproved scores of times, yet some of the more extreme "justices" held tenaciously to their prejudiced argument. Consequently, in numerous districts, brewers anxious to demonstrate what they are prepared to do for the public weal are unceremoniously repulsed.

There can be no doubt that if Parliament decreed that Licensing Justices should go the way of Boards of Guardians, and that the Licensing laws should be administered by a body more in touch with the public and its requirements, there would soon arise a system of public houses which would be the pride of the Brewing Industry and the delight of the public.

One has only to visit some of the latest types of improved public house to realise what can be done when brewers are given a free hand. Spacious lounges, replete with arm chairs, rooms in which the children of customers are cared for, provision of meals and snacks, entertainment halls, tennis courts, bowling greens, tea gardens, and a score and one other attractions.

It is evident that the brewers are willing and anxious to improve their houses, but as they have to pay the piper surely it is not too unreasonable to suggest that they should be permitted to call the tune without unnecessary interference.

OLD READING.

(By E. T. LONG, in *The Catholic Fireside*.)

To the casual visitor, Reading, the capital of Berkshire, appears to be little more than a bustling modern town, engaged in commerce, and an important railway centre. But such a description gives a very inadequate picture of a place which, besides playing an important part in English history, has given at least three martyrs to the Catholic Church.

Reading, situated at the junction of the Kennet with the Thames, has always been a place of some importance. In Saxon times it was described as a "villa regia," and from 1295 to 1885 it sent two members to Parliament, and still sends one. The Danes seized and fortified the town in 870, and the following spring Ethelred and Alfred attempted to dislodge the invaders, but they were badly defeated in a fierce battle near Englefield.

The later and most interesting part of the Reading history centres round the famous abbey. A monastery apparently existed here long before the Conquest, but it was destroyed by the Danes in 1006. It was Henry I. who in 1121 founded the great Cluniac Abbey, which for more than four centuries was the glory and pride of Reading, until it fell before the ruthless rapacity of another Henry in 1539.

The royal founder, who was buried before the high altar, presented to the abbey its most treasured possession, the hand of St. James the Great, in whose honour the abbatial church was dedicated. The story of this precious relic is too interesting to pass over altogether, even in a brief article. From the seventh to the eleventh century this hand of St. James was preserved at Torcello, near Venice. In 1040 it was acquired by Adalbert, Archbishop of Bremen, and at his death it came into the possession of the Emperor Henry IV, and placed in the Imperial treasury.

On the death of the Emperor Henry V it was brought to this country by his widow Matilda, the daughter of Henry I of England. The original letter of Henry giving this precious treasure to Reading Abbey is in the British Museum. It runs as follows: "Henry, King of England and Duke of Normandy, to the Abbot and Convent of Reading, greeting. Know that the glorious hand of Blessed James the Apostle, which the Empress Matilda, my daughter, gave me on her return from Germany, I, at her request, do send to you, and give for ever to the Church of Reading; wherefore I command you to receive it with all veneration, and that you and they who come after you take care to show it in the Church of Reading all honour and reverence that you can, as is due to so great a relic of so great an Apostle."

This precious relic was believed to have been seized and destroyed at the suppression of the abbey, but it seems probable that another hand was substituted. Anyhow, it is certain that long after the destruction of the abbey an embalmed hand was found in the ruins, which was eventually deposited in the Reading Museum. In 1855 the hand came into Catholic possession and ultimately became the property of Mr. Scott Murray, of Danesfield, who presented it to the Catholic church at Marlow, where it is now preserved in a special reliquary.

There are good reasons for believing that this is, indeed, the very hand given by Henry I to Reading Abbey more than eight centuries ago. The magnificent abbey church, as large as most cathedrals, was solemnly consecrated by St. Thomas of Canterbury in 1164 in the presence of Henry II and a great company of prelates and noblemen. Among the many illustrious dead buried in this church was the Empress Matilda, whose epitaph as preserved by Camden was:

"Magna ortu, majorque vira, sed maxima partu,
Hic jacet Henrici filia, sponsa, parens."

She was the mother of Henry II, daughter of Henry I, and wife of the Emperor Henry V. William, the eldest son of Henry II, who died before his father, and two children of Richard, King of the Romans, were also buried here.

Councils and Parliaments have met at Reading Abbey, some of great historic importance, such as the occasion when Richard II declared himself of age (1389), or that on which Edward IV announced that Elizabeth Woodville was his lawful wife. Within the chapter house Heraclius, the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, presented the keys of the Holy Sepulchre to King John and bade him start upon a crusade to rescue the Holy Land from the infidels. Here, too, in 1359, was celebrated the marriage of John of Gaunt—"time-honoured Lancaster"—and Blanche of Lancaster, an occasion celebrated by Chaucer in his poem "The Dream."

In the year 1520 Dom Hugh Faringdon, alias Cooke, was elected Abbot in succession to Thomas Worcester. The new Abbot, who was born at Faringdon, Berkshire, of humble parents, was at first on very friendly terms with Henry VIII. Later on, however, he fell into disfavour in consequence of his opposition to Henry's religious policy. In 1535 Abbot Faringdon contemplated resigning in favour of the Prior of Leominster, a dependent house of Reading. He was, however, persuaded to remain in office.

On his refusal to surrender the Abbey he was imprisoned in the Tower of London along with the Abbots of Glastonbury and

Colchester, whose crown of martyrdom he was privileged to share. On November 14th he was condemned to death after the mockery of a trial in his own Abbey. He was also accused of having given financial aid to the Pilgrimage of Grace.

Even Froude admits that "Cromwell acted as prosecutor, judge and jury." Indeed, notes exist in Cromwell's own handwriting arranging for both the trial and the execution. On the following day the saintly Abbot was hanged, drawn and quartered in front of the still existing Abbey gateway, together with John Eynon, one of the priests of St. Giles', Reading, and John Rugg, Prebendary of Chichester.

Some letters of the Abbot are preserved in the Public Record Office. The Abbot and his companions were beatified by Pope Leo XIII. The monastery was immediately dissolved, and some of the buildings were converted into a royal residence by Henry VIII. The church, however, was almost entirely destroyed. Much of the material is said to have been used at Windsor Castle. With the exception of the inner gate, which has been carefully restored, only shattered fragments now remain. This fine gatehouse dates in part from the twelfth century, but the upper portion belongs to the fourteenth century.

The spacious chamber, in which it is believed that the mock trial of Blessed Hugh Faringdon took place, is now the Catholic Club. The open space in front of the gateway, called the Forbury, gains its peculiar name from the fact that it was the faubourg or outer court of the Abbey. Passing under a tunnel, partly built of carved stones from the Abbey, we find ourselves in the south transept. Only the stumps of the great piers that supported the central tower are left. The walls of the ruins have been stripped of the ashlar work, so that only the rubble core remains.

Passing through the sacristy we enter the cloisters. On the left is the chapter house, a noble apartment once spanned by a wide single vault. Here memorials have recently been placed to the first and last Abbots, and a representation of the well-known song "Sumer is i cumen in," composed about 1240 by a Reading monk, the oldest English song with musical notes attached. Beyond the chapter house are the shattered remnants of the great dormitory, and the south wall of the refectory, the roof of which now covers, it is believed, the nave of St. Mary's Church.

Part of the site of the Abbey Church is now occupied by the Catholic Church of St. James, together with the presbytery and schools, so that the Holy Sacrifice is offered once more upon this hallowed spot. The conduit which supplied the monastery with water, brought in pipes made out of hollowed tree trunks, still survives close to Conduit Terrace.

The Abbot of Reading was one of the spiritual peers of the realm, and, as such, had a seat in the House of Lords.

Besides the Abbey there was a Franciscan friary at Reading, and a part of the beautiful fourteenth-century church still remains. Since the "Reformation" it has had many vicissitudes, having been used as a guildhall, a prison and now as a Protestant church. The Abbey founded and maintained a school which still exists though now removed from its original site.

The most interesting of the old churches is that of St. Lawrence, which, though over-restored, still contains much of Catholic interest. The oldest part is the south wall of the nave, which has a late twelfth century door and window. The chancel dates partly from the thirteenth century, but it has been spoilt by an excessive renovation some eighty years ago.

The rest of the fabric belongs to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The tower is a noble example of the Perpendicular style. The last pre- "Reformation" alterations to the building were made about 1520. At this time the four-centred arches between the nave and aisle were erected. Above is a series of niches with crown-shaped canopies, and bases adorned with shield-bearing angels.

The church accounts, which are unusually complete, are a perfect mine of information relative to Catholic life before the "Reformation." A list of subscribers to the rebuilding of the church in the fifteenth century is preserved amongst many other items of the greatest interest. From these accounts, too, we learn something of the various religious changes that took place in the reigns of Henry VIII and his successors.

Much damage was wrought to the fittings and ornaments in the time of Edward VI, but this was largely made good under Queen Mary. On one day in 1557 five altars were consecrated by Bishop Finch, Suffragan to the Bishop of Bath and Wells. At one time there were, at least, seven altars in the church.

It is interesting to note that seat rents were customary at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Only women would appear to have been accommodated with pews. Sixpence and fourpence were the usual charges per annum. One entry apropos of seat rents is of special interest. "1520-1 setis. Itm of my lord (the Abbot) for his moder sete *iiii*d." This entry occurs shortly after the election of Dom Hugh Faringdon to the abbacy and shows that the new Abbot did not forget to provide for the comfort of his aged

mother. In 1522 new seats were provided at a cost of £8 12s. 2d. In order to obtain the modern equivalent of these amounts it is necessary to multiply by at least twenty.

The beautiful stained glass was removed in 1549, but, apparently it was not destroyed at the time, as the following note in the accounts shows: "Itm to remembre what was done wt all the old glasse of the wyndows in the church." This suggests that it was put in safe keeping to await better days. Doubtless it was replaced in the windows on the accession of Queen Mary, only to be destroyed when Protestantism was finely established under Elizabeth.

Several inventories of plate and vestments are preserved. In one of these there is mention of the principal relics possessed by the church. These included a piece of the True Cross and a bone of St. Laurence. Before the great pillage the church possessed a wonderful collection of valuable gold and silver plate, as well as a goodly store of rich vestments.

The east wall of the chancel was formerly covered with beautiful paintings, which were whitewashed over at the "Reformation." In 1848 these mural paintings were brought to light in a wonderful state of preservation. Below was a magnificent representation of the Annunciation, with life-sized figures of Our Lady and St. Gabriel. Above was a large picture of the Transfiguration. In the church accounts under 1526 there is a charge of £6 13s. 4d. for painting this picture. The cost was partly defrayed by subscriptions, which brought in £4 13s. 1d. In the south wall of the nave there is a beautiful alabaster plaque of the Adoration of the Magi, which is doubtless part of a destroyed altar-piece.

The Church of St. Giles, at whose altars Blessed John Eynon must have often said Mass, has been almost entirely rebuilt, save for part of the tower. St. Mary's though much rebuilt, retains the fine nave roof, said to have come from the monks' refectory, and a beautiful tower faced with a chess-board design in stone and cut flints.

At Caversham, across the Thames, was a famous shrine of Our Lady, with a silver image, which was the object of widespread devotion for centuries. The shrine was pillaged and destroyed in 1538.



BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

A particularly pleasing number was the general opinion of everyone after perusing last month's issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. It was different to the curate's egg and was good in all parts. The photograph of Mr. H. C. Shepherd which appeared was a splendid reproduction.

QUARTERLY BALANCING.

The beginning of July found the General Office engaged in the above duty and after a short while the elusive "missing links" were found and then the accounts passed as being correct. The next quarterly balancing will mark the end of another financial year. How time does fly!

BREWERY ACTIVITY.

The Firm is a growing concern and the amount of activity going on in various parts of the Brewery in the way of extensions, alterations, new plant, etc., would soon convince the most sceptical of the progress being made. For example, the tremendous strides in the bottled beer trade call for the keenest thought and constant attention by the powers that be, both in keeping pace with the present-day demand for this commodity from the public, and providing for the future. Quite a number of firms have men at work in different parts of the Brewery and our Firm, at any rate, are doing their best to keep the home fires burning.

THE NEW OFFICES.

Finishing touches to the above are now being applied and possibly by the time this number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE sees the light of day the different departments for whom they are intended will have completed their moving arrangements.

THE TEST MATCHES.

These have caused a tremendous amount of interest at the Brewery, and the fluctuating fortunes of England and the men from "down under" have been closely followed. Mr. A. P. F. Chapman's century during the test match at Lords was a real tonic. Apropos of test matches, my eldest boy considers Mr. Chapman his cricketing hero and I am constantly being asked how many runs he has made. One morning he was up in bed and knowing that I was downstairs scanning the morning paper he

called out "Dad, how many did Mr. Chapman make?" I called back "eleven" which apparently he did not hear. However, my youngest boy who was by my side went to the door and yelled out, "George, he made eleven, you know, two strokes." (Thus, 11).

DEVON AND CORNWALL HOUSES, &C.

We are advertising these houses in the local papers and a reproduction of the advertisement on glazed paper, giving the names of the Houses and Agents in the above Counties where our famous Milk Stout, "S.B.", &c., can be obtained, are available at the Brewery. Anyone desiring a copy can have one on application. In connection with this advert., an old local friend of mine (he is over eighty years of age and remarkably active for one of his years) spoke to me in a local inn, regarding the aforesaid advert. He went on to say, some years ago he was being motored by one of his relatives down in the West country and espying a hotel situated in a wood they stopped and called for drinks. Whilst partaking of their refreshment the landlord, learning they were strangers to that part of the world, said "I don't suppose you have ever had any of that sort of beer before." My aged friend asked the name of the Brewer. "Oh, that's Simonds'" replied the landlord. Naturally, mutual explanations followed and the landlord paid a glowing tribute to H. & G. S. whom he said had looked after him very well during the time when beer was hard to get and in consequence he had continued to obtain his supplies from the Firm. "Dad" concluded his story with a merry twinkle in his eye and said "Well after that I naturally had another glass of Bitter."

BRANCH NOTES.

These are always interesting and give the reader a vivid insight into the Firm's activities in other places where, perhaps, the name of Simonds is not such a household word as it is in Reading and district. Oxford Branch have definitely placed that famous City upon the map and, in particular, upon the River Thames.

If the Brighton Football Club absorb many more of Reading's ex-players it will have to be called Reading-by-the-sea Football Club. In Duckworth (a famous name in cricket as well at the moment), Brighton have signed on a very faithful servant and probably one of the most popular players Reading have had since the war. It seems safe to say that the football supporters at Goldstone Road, Hove, will next season be shouting "Good old Joe" the same as their confreres at Elm Park have done so many times in the past.

* MR. S. J. MOORE.

Mr. S. J. Moore of the Travelling Staff is, at the moment, undergoing treatment for his injured leg in hospital. All wish him good luck and hope he will soon be back again to duty and able to report "all correct." In a letter he says that although attired in hospital "blues," actually in himself he is feeling "in the pink."

ELOCUTION.

Miss Monica Perrin, our Editor's daughter, has gained the Bronze Medal for elocution.

FOOTBALL.

Many fresh faces will appear at Elm Park next season and Dame Rumour has been busy lately linking up new players for Reading Football Club which so far have not materialised. In transferring A. Messer to Tottenham Hotspur the Reading Football Club have lost probably the best centre half they have ever had, and we all hope that this key position will be adequately filled next season by a player of outstanding merit and ability. Every football enthusiast hopes that Messer will do well for his new club and keep free from injury. It so happens that Reading's first match next season will be at White Hart Lane, so Messer will soon have an opportunity of renewing acquaintanceship with his late colleagues, always provided of course that they haven't been transferred in the meanwhile.

The 2nd XI of the Brewery cricket team were dismissed for a rather small score when they played the Junior Conservatives. It has been suggested it was The Hymn of EIGHT. The little Imps!

OUR EDITOR AGAIN!

I notice that our Editor (Mr. C. H. Perrin) has been making his mark at tennis again. He and his partner won the Open Mixed in the Tournament organized at Cintra in aid of the Royal Berkshire Hospital. There were numerous entries and many well-known local wielders of the racquet participated. The *Berkshire Chronicle* speaks of Mr. Perrin's "smashing services" which were very difficult to return. But it is general court craft which makes him so hard to beat. If his opponents leave an open space for one moment his brain and racquet seem to work together instantly and the ball is sent into the vacancy like a flash. His "placing" is his most deadly weapon. I understand he is showing exceptionally good form this season. He reached the final in two other Open Tournaments and when I congratulated him on his performance he put all the "blame" on his partner—but that is typical of him.

SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

The results for the past month are a little more encouraging, although there is still room for a lot of improvement. Naturally, the holiday season makes it more difficult to raise anything like a representative team every week. The "A" team have won two and lost two, whilst the "B" eleven have lost the three they played and are still without a win to their credit.

Starting with the premier team, the first match in the present series was against Wargrave "B." The visitors had the luck of the toss and elected to bat, but lost one wicket without any score. Mr. Don, the scribe of Wargrave Club, then came in and made a rather long stay, scoring 37 before being bowled by Crutchley. F. Pope 16, C. Brown 18 and H. Dentry 10, all helped the score along which reached 86 for 4, but the remainder of the side only added 21 between them. Crutchley took 5 for 28. P. James and Jack Smith opened our innings and Percy found the slow bowling of Reynolds to his liking and soon found the way to the leg boundary and compiled 32—his highest this season. J. Rumens also had a merry knock and made 24. Osborne with 12 and Jelley 10 helped and our score for 4 wickets was 84—two behind on analysis. Skipper Tom then had a go and made 14 and incidentally carried our total over that of our opponents and then retired to give the last man a knock—which incidentally he did not get as his partner put one up that was taken with our total reading 120. We then did the double over Wargrave.

Factory "B" on the King's Meadows was our next encounter and although we were lucky enough to bat first we could not take full advantage of batting on such a level ground. We lost 3 for 20 and then went to 6 for 78 but the remaining four only added half-a-dozen. Rumens was top scorer with 24 not out, with Smith 17, Osborne 16 and Croom 14 following on. The Biscuiteers put on 66 for the first wicket, Tipping and Lewendon batting very well, but taking no chances. The latter made 51 before Croom beat him. Our total was passed with the fifth partnership and when time was called the score stood at 95 for 7.

South Farnborough W.M.C. paid us a visit for the return fixture and completed the double. They batted first and although we did well up to a point, especially as we were not particularly strong, the eighth wicket fell at 88 but the next pair put on 32 by hitting at and running for nearly everything. Their full score was 123. When batting we lost one for 6 and then picked up a little and for comparison our eighth wicket fell at 80—only 8 behind,

but then the tail did not wag as vigorously as our opponents and we were all dismissed for 93. Jack Hillier headed the batting with 22, going in first he was the sixth out. Quite promising.

The last of the present series was against the Liberal Club, Basingstoke, which was played at Sherborne St. John's. Quite a decent pitch for a country village! Tom won the toss and elected to bat. J. Hillier was again one of the opening pair and justified his position, making 20 before being caught. He made a number of fine cuts past point—quite a new stroke for him, but a telling one. Croom, who was playing with a stiff knee, was not able to get going and later Rumens picked up an appropriate mascot on the field and presented to him, which was passed on to another member, who failed to score. Rumens made 32 in good style and Bartholomew and Crutchley both got into double figures. We did not quite reach the century, being two runs in arrears. Seven bowlers were tried against us, the most successful being L. S. Daniels, the Club's captain, secretary and general all-round man. For a change we had a good day with the ball and dismissed the Liberals for 33, Clarke getting 4 for 13 out of which was a 6 for a drive to the boundary.

The 2nd XI only played three matches, as Mortimer Garth were obliged to cancel their fixture owing to a number of their team being busy among the hay.

The "Imps" were the first team in the field and we bumped very severely. In fact the whole side were put out for 8, Chapman taking 7 for 2 and Manning 3 for 3, the other 3 being extras. They then went on to pile up 115, in spite of six bowlers being tried, of whom Streams did best with 3 for 18.

From the "Imps" we went in the other direction and tried our hands against the junior Christians, but here again superior batting won the day. The Y.M.'s made 63 of which number Addicott got 24. We could only get 47 all told, Main being head of the list with 10. Here again was a bowler who knew the ropes and took 6 for 6 in 10 overs, 6 of which were maidens.

The last match was against Knowl Hill 2nd XI. The match was played on the Whitley Wood Recreation Ground and the result was the same as all previous games this season. The Seconds seem to have as hard a task as the First in getting a regular team together. We batted first and made 30, there being nothing outstanding in the scores. This total was passed by the third wicket and then Broad had a turn and got 4 wickets in 3 overs—his figures at the end were 5 for 10 in $4\frac{1}{2}$ overs. Two of the visitors got into double figures, 19 and 13 respectively, and the whole side got 57.

Thus ends the narrative of the past month's matches. The "A" team are down to meet Eversley Street at home and the "B" team go to Spencers Wood for the return match with them.

The Cricket Club wish to express their sympathy with Mr. Eric and Mr. Harry in their sad bereavement. The team had many pleasant games in the past at Hackwood Park, some of which the late Mrs. L. de L. Simonds used to honour with her presence.

J.W.J.

A DAY AT LORDS.

Through the kindness of Mr. Eric, Tom Bartholomew and I had the good fortune to see the first day of the second test match between England and the Australians.

We arrived fairly early on the ground and found our seats, which were in the Mound Stand, and from whence we had a splendid view of the game. We were looking across the wicket and were situated about two-thirds up the pitch from the pavilion.

We missed the "toss" and at first heard that the Australians had called right, but this was later disputed and we were told that "A.P.F." had produced his lucky coin once again.

It was amusing to see the hundreds of people strolling over the ground and inspecting the pitch and no doubt the general opinion of it was that it was indeed good to look upon and would play true. This mass inspection came to an end at 11.15 when the bell was sounded for the ground to be cleared and the groundsmen removed the ropes surrounding the actual pitch.

Just before the half-hour the gentlemen with the cameras—movies and otherwise—took up their positions outside the pavilion and duly recorded the entrance of the Australians on the field and a moment or so later Jack Hobbs and Frank Woolley, who were to commence the fight on England's behalf. Of course our friends with the white coats were first on the field and in waiting.

Now let it be understood first of all that the writer's experience of first-class cricket is negligible and the following is a personal view of the match—not that of a "pukka" critic of the game.

The Surrey veteran took the first knock, the bowler being Wall and the customary sharp single, so often taken when Sutcliffe is the other opening batsman, was not forthcoming in the first over. However, Woolley soon started to score and made a few lovely shots. Whether Hobbs missed his usual partner or not I cannot

say, but it is certain he was not quite master of the situation and only scored one before a ball just on the off came from Fairfax: he snicked it and Oldfield did the rest. One wicket for 13 and one that the English team and people were looking to for a century at least.

Hammond was the next one to enter the arena and for a time the partnership seemed to be settling down well and Woolley was responsible for three nice off drives to the boundary. This soon brought Grimmett on in place of Fairfax who changed over to the pavilion end. The slow bowler caused a good deal of careful play. His delivery seemed to savour more of the round arm variety and there must have been a lot of "stuff" on it. However, Fairfax got the next wicket, thanks to keen anticipation on the part of Wall. The ball got up a little and Woolley cut it hard towards the gully, but Wall had advanced a good bit and took the ball cleanly, close off the ground, and two good wickets were down for 53, Woolley's score being 41.

K. S. Duleepsinghi came in and played carefully. His wrist work was delightful to watch. A speciality was a late cut through the slips, which frequently found the boundary. The hundred went up shortly after 1 o'clock, but just a little later Hammond reached out to one from Grimmett, but the flight and pace of the ball apparently beat him, for he seemed to play over it and the ball came into the wicket. That is my version, but the press accounts seem to differ, and I am not going to enter into any controversy over it. The partnership had added 52.

Hendren had the task of keeping his wicket intact before the luncheon interval was taken, and had the satisfaction of doing this. Punctually at 1.30 the fielders and batsmen moved off, the groundsmen immediately took possession and soon had the ropes round the pitch. The vast crowd then began to look after the inner man: attache cases, packets of eatables and in some cases tempting bottles were forthcoming. We had our little snack and then sought a little liquid refreshment but it was not any of our well known brands that were obtainable. Still, when at Lords, one drinks what is available and the beautiful day, with its heat, made one welcome a drink even if not an "S.B." Part of the crowd, of course, took the opportunity of seeing how the wicket was wearing.

After the interval the difference in the styles of the two batsmen was most interesting—Duleep was after his famous cut whenever possible, whilst Hendren was getting them away on the leg side. The former made one stroke at an off ball that it was fortunate for him he did not touch, but it added a spice of humour to the game. When the total was 209 Hendren hooked one from Fairfax over

his left shoulder and was well caught by McCabe at long-leg. A very daring stroke and one that very few batsmen could make, I should say.

A.P.F. then filled the bill, but the first ball he received from Fairfax struck him on the thigh, which did not make things any too comfortable. His easy going attitude at the wicket whilst Duleep was receiving the bowling was very misleading to the novice at the game; one would imagine that he was there for a rest cure—until the ball was delivered, when A.P.F. was off his crease and ready for anything.

A couple of boundaries to liven things up from Chapman and then a spell against Wall who was bowling from the pavilion end again. A run of about 27 yards and then an express delivery which A.P.F. did not appear to relish. We could see the ball flash pass the cream flannels and that was about all. One came along and rose quickly and it appeared that the "Skipper" tried to get his bat out of the way, but did not quite succeed and Oldfield, standing well back held a good catch.

Duleep was now in his eighties and had been batting wonderfully well. The ball must have been quite a comfortable size for him to see and his foot and wrist work were executed in a way to cause envy to those amateurs, like we two, who were trying to pick up tips. When at 64 he gave Woodfull a chance. The ball was hit hard to short leg and a gasp went up when Woodfull got his hands to it, which turned to a sigh of relief and wonderment when it was dropped. I guess during the rest of the day the captain was using a lot of nice expressions to himself.

Another Middlesex man in G. O. Allen stepped into the breach, but quickly gave up possession of the place of honour, as he had only made 3 when Fairfax proved himself a better man, and six were down for 239.

Tate's advent was welcomed by the crowd, who looked for a few fireworks. He received the first ball on his fingers and it was a few minutes before he was able to carry on. At the other end he got one high over the slips and did the same with the next ball, but it was off his elbow that the ball went. One could almost hear him think "Here, Duleep, your eye is in, mine is not—you take the bowling," and runs were taken to effect this end.

Then the brief respite for tea, which must have been very welcome to the fielders. We took this opportunity of strolling over the ground and had a peep at the inner sanctum and passed our verdict that the pitch would probably be wearing in patches before the fourth day.

After tea Duleep went on to complete his century, although given another life when 98, Wall failing to hold a catch at third slip. What a cheer heralded this achievement, which was duly acknowledged by a lift of the cap. But the bowler gets ready for his next delivery and the cheers die away as though at a signal from some community singing conductor. The rate of the Indian's scoring was then faster. Tate having made the second highest score was caught by McCabe off Wall. Some of his hits were great, with plenty of beef behind them, but it was not simply slogging at everything with him, there was quite good cricket with correct strokes. Not that I am taking up the attitude of a critic because I should fail ignominiously if I did. This partnership had put on 98.

I will say that in R. W. V. Robins, I was very disappointed. After his 50 at Nottingham, great things were looked for. His bat came well up for each delivery, but then came down and slowed up, so that the ball seemed to receive a mere pat and he had only made 5 when Oldfield had another catch behind the wicket, this being the first one put to Hornibrook's credit.

It was about 6 o'clock when J. C. White came in and it was noticed that a little conversation took place between him and Duleep. Apparently a message to try and force the game, for the latter commenced to drive and it was this that led to his end. He had clouted Grimmett to the sight-screens when the latter moved Bradman back from mid-off, where he had saved scores of runs, to the boundary. One either side and then the fatal one, which Bradman held. He showed his joy by tossing the ball into the air and catching it in his cap. The crowd gave Duleep a magnificent send off and it was undoubtedly well earned—a score of 173 out of a total of 387.

Duckworth came in and he and "Farmer" White held out to the end of the day, which left England with a score of 405 with one more wicket to fall.

A day truly of ups and downs, but on the whole entirely satisfactory to England—at least that was what was thought then. The other three days proved different, but this is only concerned with the one special day of mine.

The fielding and bowling was great. The way that scoring shots were blocked was an education in itself. Shots that Duleep sent to the boundary early on only got him singles afterwards and it was a long hit for one, but not safe to try for more—and yet a few more yards and they would have been fours. Richardson stopped one early in the game, that is mentioned as a "possible." Well, very few would have got to the ball, let alone make a catch.

Grimmett is the bowler who gets the batsmen thinking twice, but to-day he only secured two wickets, Fairfax took four, but was very near to no-balling on several occasions: twice the umpire called but the score sheet only shows one. One cannot omit to mention the "keeping" of Oldfield: 2 byes and 7 leg-byes, out of a total of 405 and 3 catches is not a bad day's work.

We left the ground quite contented, yet sorry, in a way, that we had not seen the Australians bat. Still had we done so and they had stayed in all day, we might not have been so well pleased. For when all is said, one does like to see one's own people do well.

J.W.J.

FORTHCOMING ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW.

On Saturday, August 16th, the Annual Vegetable and Flower Show, in connection with H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., Social Club, will be held. This event holds its own in the town for excellence of produce, and the Committee are very anxious that this high standard will be upheld. We therefore appeal to all members of the Social Club to do their utmost to help again this year. Almost all members have something which can be shown, and every entry, even if only in one class, will be very welcomed. We give below a copy of the Schedule of Prizes, originals of which, with the entry forms, can be had from any member of the Committee, or at the Club.

Exhibits of special interest, not for competition, and flowers for decorative purposes are also urgently needed.

The exhibits will be on show on the day from 5 p.m. to 8 p.m.; then at 8.30 p.m. the produce kindly left will be sold in aid of the Children's Annual Treat.

Appended are details:—

VEGETABLES.

	PRIZES.		
	1st s. d.	2nd s. d.	3rd s. d.
Collection of Vegetables—6 distinct sorts ...	7 6	5 0	2 6
6 Potatoes—Kidney ...	4 0	3 0	2 0
6 Potatoes—Round ...	4 0	3 0	2 0
1 Potato—Heaviest ...	2 0	—	—
6 Onions—Spring (to be sown and grown in open ground) ...	4 0	3 0	2 0
6 Onions—6 best ...	4 0	3 0	2 0
1 Onion—Heaviest ...	2 0	—	—
4 Carrots—Intermediate or Long ...	3 0	1 6	1 0
4 Carrots—Short ...	3 0	1 6	1 0
1 Carrot—Largest ...	2 0	—	—
9 Runner Beans ...	4 0	3 0	2 0

	PRIZES.		
	1st s. d.	2nd s. d.	3rd s. d.
12 Pods of Peas ...	4 0	3 0	2 0
3 Cabbage ...	3 0	1 6	1 0
1 Cabbage—Heaviest ...	2 0	—	—
6 Beet—Globe ...	3 0	1 6	1 0
3 Lettuce—Cabbage ...	3 0	1 6	1 0
3 Lettuce—Cos ...	3 0	1 6	1 0
2 Marrows—White or Green for table ...	3 0	1 6	1 0
1 Marrow—Heaviest ...	4 0	—	—
4 Turnips ...	3 0	1 6	1 0
12 Shallots—Grown from bulb ...	3 0	1 6	1 0
3 Parsnips ...	3 0	1 6	1 0

FRUIT AND CUT FLOWERS.

6 Apples—Culinary ...	3 0	2 0	1 0
6 Apples—Dessert ...	3 0	2 0	1 0
1 Bunch Roses ...	3 0	2 0	1 0
6 Asters ...	2 0	1 0	—
6 Dahlias ...	2 0	1 0	—
1 Bunch Mixed Cut Flowers ...	2 6	1 6	1 0
1 Bunch Sweet Peas—Mixed ...	3 0	2 0	1 0
6 Gladioli ...	3 0	2 0	1 0

PLANTS IN POTS.

1 Specimen Plant in Bloom ...	2 6	2 0	1 6
1 Specimen Foliage Plant ...	2 6	2 0	1 6

SUNFLOWERS.

1 Sunflower—Heaviest ...	2 0	—	—
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EGG SECTION.

1 Dozen Eggs—New Laid ...	3 0	2 0	1 0
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LADIES' SECTION.

1 Dish of Boiled Potatoes ...	2 0	3 0	1 0
1 Specimen of Needlework ...	5 0	3 0	2 0
Crochet Work ...	5 0	3 0	2 0
Knitting—Hand ...	5 0	3 0	2 0
2 Jars of Jam or Marmalade ...	3 0	2 0	1 0

CHILDREN'S SECTION.

Bunch of Wild Flowers gathered by the Competitor who must be a child of a Member of the Club ...	2 6	1 6	1 0
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An Exhibition of Caged Birds.

THE GARDENER GOES HOME.

This is the grave prepared : set down the bier,
Mother, a faithful son we bring thee here,
In loving ease to lie beneath thy breast,
Which many a year with loving toil he drest.

His was the oldest craft, the simple skill
That Adam plied, ere good was known by ill.
The throstle's song at dawn his spirit tuned ;
He set his seeds in hope, he grafted, pruned,
Weeded, and mowed, and, with a true son's care,
Wrought thee a mantle of embroidery rare.
The snowdrop and the winter aconite
Came to his call ere frosts had ceased to bite.
He bade the crocus flame as with a charm ;
The nestling violets bloomed, and feared no harm
Knowing that for their sakes a champion meek
Did bloodless battle with the winter bleak ;
But when the wealthier months with largess came
His blazoned beds put heraldry to shame,
And on the summer air such perfume cast
As Saba or the Spice Isles ne'er surpassed.
The birds all loved him, for he would not shoot
Even the winged thieves that stole his fruit :
And he loved them, the little fearless wren,
The redbreasts, curious in the ways of men,
The pilgrim swallow, and the dearer guest
That sets beneath our eaves her plastered nest ;
The merry white-throat, bursting with his song,
Fluttered within his reach and feared no wrong ;
And the mute fly-catcher forgot her dread,
And took her prey beside his stooping head.

*Receive him, Mother Earth : his work is done.
Blameless he lived, and did offence to none ;
Blameless he died, forbidding us to throw
Flowers in his grave, because he loved them so.
We that have loved must leave him : Mother, keep
A faithful watch about him in his sleep.*

—From the files of the *London Spectator*.

COWES REGATTA.

(By KIRBY JUNR.).

Of the many varied and interesting sights that this England of ours offers to us, one of the most entertaining can be witnessed at the sleepy old town of Cowes during that all too brief week in August when she annually wakes from her doze, and, dressed in gala attire, takes her welcome holiday. Then ensues a period of the utmost excitement and fascinating interest. The attractions are innumerable, and almost every pleasure-seeker is catered for.

The setting itself well warrants description. Imagine a broad harbour-mouth filled to overflowing with vessels of every size and description. In the centre lies the stately yacht "Victoria and Albert," the home of Their Majesties during the occasion. Around her, in the positions appointed by the Harbour-Master, are to be seen cruising yachts, racing yachts, navy vessels, liners, and even flying boats, showing an intricate forest of masts and rigging. The vessels are strung out in long lines so as to leave clear channels for all craft "under way." Even so, it is to be regretted that accidents are frequent occurrences, and many a fine yacht may be seen limping back to her moorings, her bowsprit or top-mast snapped off short. Within a few days, however, if the damage is not too serious, a fresh spar may arrive from Southampton or Cowes dockyards, and repairs are speedily effected.

Mention of accidents brings to mind the antiquated paddle-steamers which ply between the surrounding ports. These stout old hulls are often a source of constant worry to unfortunate racing skippers who sight them athwart their course. A year or so ago the "Shamrock" herself was a victim to such a cause, her mains'l being fouled and brought down with a run. This boat, however, (I refer to Shamrock IV) seems always to have been the unlucky victim of innumerable petty accidents, and some serious ones, as when several years ago she lost her second mate off Egypt Point.

Of the big class racers the best known are the "Britannia," the greatest prize-winner afloat, the "White Heather," the "Shamrock," the "Westward," a schooner launched of late years, and the "Cambria," a last year's arrival. There is also the old "Terpsichore," which changed hands recently and was renamed the "Lulworth." It is interesting to note that she was originally black in colour, but has been re-painted white, and now closely resembles the "White Heather" in appearance.

In the smaller classes, the cream-painted six-metre yacht belonging to Prince Olaf of Norway is of especial interest, and has shown a very clean pair of heels to her rivals.

But to return : a day at Cowes usually starts when the strains of the National Anthem are heard across the water proceeding from the battle-cruiser anchored in the roads. At the same time one can see the flag of every ship unfurling at the mast-head. This little ceremony is enacted every morning at eight o'clock. Almost immediately afterwards a kind of universal stir is observed. The bigger yachts may be seen slowly hoisting sail and moving up to the starting-point, for the actual racing begins at nine o'clock. The ferry boats begin to ply their trade as spectators cross to West Cowes in order to secure vantage points from which to view the proceedings. Various persons from the yachts land in order to obtain provisions or to attend to any other business they may have on shore. The passage-boats from Southampton, Ryde, and Portsmouth arrive frequently and disgorge their passengers to swell the already large throngs of sightseers. Swift little pinnaces from the Royal Yacht and the attendant naval vessels are constantly to be seen arriving at and leaving the many pontoons and slipways which extend from the shore. Occasionally a big liner, such as the "Majestic" or "Leviathan," passes slowly by, dipping her flag in dignified salute.

Throughout the morning, the booming of the little brass cannon from the Royal Yacht Squadron announces the commencement of the various races. The first to start are of course the big-class boats. The "Britannia" and the low, grey destroyer acting as her escort, together with her large rivals, would get well away, to be followed in turn by the differently classed smaller vessels, such as the 12-metre and 6-metre yachts. One very pretty sight is the "Redwing" race, in which all the tiny dinghies with red canvas compete.

The afternoon witnesses the more exciting end of the racing, and should there be a calm the excitement is intensified as each vessel first gains and then loses on the others, spreading and shortening sail in every effort to benefit by the fitful gusts. The evening provides a positive "Mecca" for the "know-all," who, ensconced in the vicinity of the R.Y.S. slipway, airs his knowledge to his heart's content concerning the very famous people who step ashore there. Gradually, as darkness descends, a brilliant fairyland of lights appears out on the waters, whilst launches with flames belching from their funnels dart rapidly to and fro.

Friday is invariably given up to the "Town Regatta." Here the carnival spirit is made evident with various frolicsome contests such as climbing the greasy pole, the duck hunt, or the mop fight in which contestants strive for the possession of a large raft, armed with dripping mops. Another exciting event is the cutter race in which the warship crews compete. The day winds up with the

evening firework display, the illuminated vessels forming an impressive background for the set-pieces and the bursting rockets.

On Saturday, the dispersal of the picturesque gathering of vessels commences, and here a word may be said concerning the varied assembly. One may well look out for such as the Duke of Westminster's fine steam-yacht, the "Cutty Sark." She was originally laid down as a destroyer during the latter part of the war, but was subsequently converted to her present form, and a fine sight she is, too. Another fine boat is a three-masted, square-rigged sailing barque, originally in the French service, but now in the possession of the Guinness family. Again there is Senator Marconi's steam-yacht, a network of wireless aerials towering above her deck. Finally, one is always afforded a glimpse of fast motor launches and graceful cabined flying boats, the product of Messrs. Saunders' works, a well-known Cowes establishment.

Truly, Cowes is well worth a visit.

HER PRINCE : AN EPISODE.

(BY A. NONYMOUS.)

It was a perfect June night on the Brighton front ; a night for romance. The Palace and the West piers ablaze with lights reflected in the sea seemed to be veritable fairy palaces viewed from a distance. So thought Stella as she strolled slowly along the promenade. She was a romantic little girl was Stella, and she pictured in her mind a fairy prince coming to greet her with a courtly bow as she approached the Palace gates. And then it happened. A tall handsome stranger was speaking to her : "Excuse me," he said in cultured accents, "You dropped this," and he held out to her an absurd little lace affair, her handkerchief. "Oh, thank you so much," murmured Stella, "You are extremely kind." "Not at all. Are you going on the pier?" Stella's heart fluttered as she replied "Yes, that was my intention." They strolled together past the bandstand, and her Prince found a nice alcove near the end of the pier with two deck chairs side by side. They sat and talked. The strains of the Blue Danube came faintly from the bandstand. Stella, supremely happy, told her Prince her story. Her mother, the Countess, wanted her to marry a foreign nobleman, but she hated him. She was forbidden to leave the house in Park Lane. Her mother having to leave for Paris, she had taken the opportunity of running down to Brighton in her baby car, but she must return home soon. Her handsome Prince pressed her hand in sympathy. He, too, had a sad story.

He had quarrelled with his father, the earl, had resigned his commission in the Guards, and had decided, as he was tired of English society, to leave for Kenya and do some big game hunting. So interested were they in each other, that they were startled to see the lights on the pier going out. They must hurry. They reached the pier gates just in time. He asked her name as they parted. "Stella, what a sweet name," he said. "And yours?" she asked. "Norman," he replied. "Good-bye Norman" she murmured. "Good night, Stella, to-morrow night at eight." She nodded assent and disappeared into the darkness. The next night it blew a gale and they did not meet.

* * * *

It was a November afternoon in London. The cold rain swept the streets and the teashops were rapidly filling. A smart tall chauffeur hurried into one in Oxford Street, and found a vacant seat at a table. A pretty Nippy came up to him as he studied the bill-of-fare. "Yes, sir," she said. "A toasted scone and a cup of coffee please, miss" he replied. "Be quick, as I've got the gov'nor's car outside." He glanced up: "Great Scot" he ejaculated, "Stella!" "Norman," she murmured, her pretty face diffused with blushes. She hurried off to get his order. When he had finished, she brought the bill. He held her hand for a moment. "We both told a good tale," he said, "by the sad sea waves." She looked shyly up into his handsome humorous face: "Yes," she replied, a twinkle in her eye, "But your's was the richest!" "Will you meet me to-night at Hyde Park Corner?" he asked, "I've got a true story to tell you." "Yes, dear" she whispered, "at 8 o'clock and don't forget!"

A clerk, consuming his coffee at an adjacent table, winked knowingly at his friend.



THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Keeley, the comedian, arranged with his grocer, whose name was Berry, to pay him quarterly. But the grocer sent his account long before it was due, and Keeley called upon him and said: "I say, here's a pretty mull, Berry. You have sent in your bill, Berry, before it is due, Berry. Your father, the elder Berry, would not have been such a goose, Berry. But you needn't look so black, Berry. I don't care a straw, Berry. And I shan't pay you till Christmas, Berry."

* * * *

MISTRESS (discovering butler helping himself from cellarette): Robert, I am surprised!

BUTLER: So am I ma'am. I thought you was out.

* * * *

Never say dye to a blonde.

* * * *

A man who stuttered very badly was brought before an Irish magistrate.

"An' what may your name be?" asked the magistrate.

"St—St—(gurgle, gurgle) S—t—t (gurgle, gurgle!)" spluttered the accused.

"And what is he charged with, sergeant?" asked the magistrate.

"Sure! yer Honour, Ah'm thinking it must be soda-water!"

* * * *

A Scotsman was lying very ill in bed and seemed likely to pass away. At his side a candle was burning. His wife at last found it necessary to go and buy something in the town. "I'll no' be lang awa', Sandy, but if ye feel like deein' afor I come back, mind and blaw oot the candle."

* * * *

Little Polly had just had her first dip in the sea. "How did you like it, dearie?" asked her mother as she fastened the five-year-old's frock. Polly glared at the sparkling sea with much annoyance. "I didn't like it at all, mother," she replied coldly. "I sat on a wave and went through!"

* * * *

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: "Charles, can you tell me why the lions didn't eat Daniel?"

Charlie couldn't, but another bright boy had an answer ready. "Because most of him was grit, and the rest was backbone."

During a grouse hunt two sportsmen were potting the birds from butts situated very close together.

Suddenly a red face showed over the top of one butt, and the occupant said, "Curse you, sir, you almost hit my wife just now."

"Did I?" said the man, aghast. "I'm terribly sorry—er—have a shot at mine over there."

* * * *

A clergyman, anxious to introduce some new hymn books directed the clerk to give out a notice in church in regard to them immediately after the sermon. The clerk, however, had a notice of his own to give with reference to the baptism of infants. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon he announced: "All those who have children they wished baptised, please send in their names at once." The clergyman, who was deaf, supposing that the clerk was giving out the hymn-book notice, immediately arose and said: "And I want to say for the benefit of those who haven't any, that they may be obtained from me any day between three and four o'clock, the ordinary little ones at fifteen cents, and the special ones with red backs at twenty-five cents each."

* * * *

SCHOOLMASTER: "Now, Bobby, you may give the definition of exercise."

BOBBY: "Exercise is work what a fellow likes to do because it isn't work."

* * * *

MRS. SUBUBS: "My husband considered a very long time before he proposed to me; he was very careful."

HER NEIGHBOUR: "Ah, it's always those careful people who get taken in!"

* * * *

EXPLORER: "D'ye know, I once went about in South America for months with a price on my head?"

HOSTESS: "Dreadful! I know the feeling. I came home from a sale once with the price-ticket on my hat!"

* * * *

An errand boy asked for a job at a fishmonger's. He could do mental arithmetic, he said, so the tradesman put him through his paces. "What would twenty pounds of salmon be at 3d. per pound?" was the question. "Bad," was the reply.

"What did you say when you proposed to Muriel?" "I told her the truth. I said: 'I am nothing, I have nothing, and I can do nothing.'" "What did she do?" "She did nothing."

* * * *

CYNICAL BRIDEGROOM (correcting clergyman during marriage service): Till DEBT do us part.

* * * *

Two married men, who had not seen each other for some time, happened to meet in a pub.

"Hullo, George!" said one. "My word, you've changed. What's making you look so old?"

"Trying to keep young!" was the reply.

"Trying to keep young?"

"Yes—eleven of them!"

* * * *

A billiards championship for married women was held recently. The dexterity with which the players found the pockets was the subject of gloomy admiration by all husbands present.

* * * *

A public-house keeper complained that his wife spent too much money at sales. She spent all his bar-gains on bargains.

* * * *

LADY OF THE HOUSE (giving a servants' ball): "No, really, Hedge, not one more, I'm getting danced out."

HEDGE (gallantly): "Not darned stout, madam; just a bit plump!"

* * * *

Two elderly women standing on the platform at Victoria Station were requested to stand aside to allow a porter leading a bulldog to get by. One of the women said to the porter:—

"I say, porter, is that dog ferocious?"

"No, madam," the porter replied, "it's fer Herne Bay."

* * * *

A woman, driving into a village, asked one of several boys where she could find a Mr. Jenkins.

Said the youngster, "That's him over in front of McMick's, leaning against the wall."

"Where?" said the motorist.

"In front of McMick's," reiterated the boy, pointing.

The woman looked in the direction indicated, and there was Mr. Jenkins. Also she noticed, just beside where he was standing, this legend carved in the stone: "MCMIX."

The American was a guest at supper of a family in rural England. The principal dish was a delicious ham. The son of the family soon finished his portion, and said to his mother, "Please pass the 'am."

"Don't say 'am," his father cut in. "Say 'am."

The mother turned smilingly to the American. "They both think they're saying 'am," she said.

* * * *

The motorist was lost. He didn't know which way to go. Suddenly he saw an old man approaching.

"Hi!" he shouted, "do you know the way to Widdlecombe?"

The old man shook his head. "No, danged if I do," he said.

The motorist drove on slowly, and when he had gone about half a mile he heard loud shouts behind him. He stopped and looked round. The old man had been joined by another and they were waving him back. Slowly and painfully he backed his car down the narrow road.

"Well?" he said.

"This is my mate, George," said the old man. "'E don't know, neither."

* * * *

A fellow took a very dilapidated car to a garage for a repair.

"How much did you pay for this bus?" asked the mechanic.

"As a matter of fact," replied the owner, "a friend gave it to me for nothing."

The garage man shook his head. "You've been swindled," he said.

* * * *

Sandy, who was the father of fourteen children, was asked what they had for Christmas dinner. "A pound of steak," said Sandy.

"But, surely, that was no good for all your family?" said his friend.

"Yes, it was," replied Sandy, "for when the missus brought the steak in I said to the kids, 'Who's going to have steak, and who's going to have a penny?' and they all chose a penny. When the Christmas pudding appeared, I said, 'Who's going to have a pennyworth of pudding?' and they all had a pennyworth."

* * * *

Prohibitionists claim that they have made America what it is to-day. It is generous of them to take *all* the blame.

A district having been subjected to several earthquake shocks, a married couple sent their little boy to an uncle who lived out of the danger zone. A day or two later they received a telegram—

"Am returning your boy—send earthquake."

* * * *

An Irishman and a Jew were one day arguing as to which of their respective races had produced the greatest men, and after some discussion it was decided that each would pull a hair from the beard of the other as the name of each of their country's heroes was called. The Jew, pulling a hair from Pat's beard, called "Abraham!" "St. Patrick!" said Pat, with a pull. "Isaac!" said the Jew, with another. "Brian Boru!" said Pat, tugging wickedly. And so it went on, until the Jew, thinking to outwit Pat, grasped a handful of the latter's beard and shouted "The Twelve Apostles!" Exasperated, but not to be outdone, Pat grasped what hair remain on the face of the Jew, and as he dragged it from the roots, yelled with all his might, "The Connaught Rangers!"

* * * *

Two men had a cheery "night out," and when they met a few days later they compared notes. "That was a night and no mistake," said one of them. "Do you know I finished up in the police station?"

"Lucky dog!" said the other bitterly. "I found my way home!"

* * * *

Murphy had obtained a job as porter at a little country railway station. "Come with me and I'll show you round," said the stationmaster.

Murphy followed, and after he had been shown where everything was kept the stationmaster told him to fill the lamps in the signals. Five minutes later the stationmaster again visited the oil shed to see how his new assistant was getting on, and was surprised to find the new hand emptying little drops of oil out of each can on to the floor.

"Good gracious, man," he cried, "whatever are you doing?"

Murphy shook his head sheepishly. "I'm looking for the red oil for the danger signals," he replied.

* * * *

MISTRESS (to new and very raw maid): "When you answer me, Mary, you should say 'Yes, ma'am,' or 'No, ma'am.'"

NEW MAID (obligingly): "Righto!"

He was a golfing novice, and he had driven his ball along the fairway, but, unfortunately, it had disappeared down a rabbit hole.

"Which club will you take now?" asked the caddie, with a sly smile.

The novice sighed wearily as he scratched his head in doubt. "Have you got one shaped like a ferret?" he said at last.

* * * *

The young assistant in the boot shop smiled happily as his customer departed from the establishment.

"What are you looking so pleased about?" asked a fellow-fitter. "I've had my revenge," replied the other.

"Revenge for what?" queried his colleague, in surprise. "That girl I've just finished serving was a telephone operator, and I gave her the wrong number in shoes," came the reply.

* * * *

An ambitious young man, and one who had already amassed a fortune, were talking things over.

"This correspondence school advertisement says that a man's financial success depends on what he does with his evenings," the first said.

"That's absolutely correct," stated the other with authority. "I wouldn't be wealthy to-day if I hadn't spent every evening courting an heiress."

* * * *

An old woman who was enjoying the sights of the Mersey from the Liverpool landing-stage said to a bystander, "Yon's a funny ship."

"That's not a ship," was the response; "it's a dredger."

"Well," said the old woman, watching intently, "the men down below filling the buckets ought to get good wages."

* * * *

Grog is said to be losing its popularity in the Navy. It seems rum, but sailors prefer beer in port.

* * * *

Given the right spirit, many a son has swallowed in his father's footsteps.

* * * *

A rainstorm stopped a temperance demonstration at Peterborough. It is reported that several people got home thoroughly soaked.

Yes, Mrs. Gillet, me late 'usband was a very unselfish man. You know 'e killed 'imself drinkin' other people's healths."

* * * *

ERNESTINE: "I smell beer."

ERNEST: "I don't; I drink it."

* * * *

"Good beer makes us cheerful," says a writer. It would be interesting to calculate the number of smiles to the gallon.

* * * *

A Hunts. centenarian is a non-smoker, a teetotaller, and a vegetarian. A hundred years must have seemed a very long time to him.

* * * *

"See Britain First," says a headline. And, if you like, "See America Thirst."

* * * *

In Detroit a bootlegger had it shipped as books. But he claimed it was from the best cellars.

* * * *

It is said that certain French drinks make the hair lighter. Absinthe makes the hair grow blonder.

* * * *

It appears that illicit stills in America are illicit still.

* * * *

Prohibition is forcing its way into the captions of American films—the latest of which is: "Killed by a Flask of Lightning!"

* * * *

"Drink causes all the unhappiness in the world," writes T.T. True, some men I know are fearfully melancholy when they can't get it!

* * * *

"We all want you to come to ouah pahty, to-night, Mandy."

"Can't, Sambo, I'se goin' to stay at home 'cause I'se got a case of diabetes."

"Come along anyway, Mandy, and bring it wid you. Those niggahs will drink mos' anything."

BRANCHES.

WOKING.

BISLEY.

With our thoughts centred so much on Bisley just now it is not perhaps to be wondered at that the home of the National Rifle Association should occupy pride of place in the Woking notes this month. Marksmen—and we must not omit to mention markswomen—from all parts of the Empire foregather at Bisley to compete in these great contests annually, and the number of entries this year is ample proof that interest in rifle shooting is still world-wide, and shows no tendency to diminish. The Meeting of the National Rifle Association is preceded by that of the Army Rifle Association, and we are pleased to add our congratulations to the Small Arms School of Hythe in winning the Army Championship this year. Being privileged to again cater for their refreshment supply, we have felt an additional interest in their achievement.

C.Q.M.S. W. Kennard, of the 1st Battalion The Royal Warwickshire Regiment, gained second place in the Roberts Cup, and in this and other events proved that he is still a force to be reckoned with in the shooting world, despite the fact that he is now in the veteran stage, having over twenty-eight years' service to his credit.

The Camp presents a wonderful scene at the time of sending in these notes, and the qualifying stages for the coveted honour of winning the King's Prize are well in progress. It has been a very great pleasure to the writer to meet many old friends from near and far, and it will be a matter of real regret when the time comes to once again say "Au revoir."

THE LATE ARCHDEACON IRWIN.

Ex-Service men in general and the Surrey Council of the British Legion in particular have lost a great friend and an ardent worker in the passing of the Venerable R. J. B. Irwin, Archdeacon of Dorking. To those of us who were privileged to come into contact with him, his death at the early age of 46 came as a shock, although it had been evident for some months past that the state of his health, due to war wounds, was causing anxiety. His war record was a distinguished one, being wounded twice and four times mentioned in despatches, apart from decorations including the French Croix de Guerre. His memory will live long in the hearts of all ex-Service men in Surrey, and the writer has in mind particularly the Guildford Branch of the British Legion where Archdeacon Irwin was so well known and so highly respected.

SERGEANTS' MESS, DEPOT, THE QUEEN'S ROYAL REGIMENT.

THE NAVY AT GUILDFORD.

On the 21st June we were honoured by the visit of the Petty Officers, H.M.S. *Vernon* (Torpedo School) from Portsmouth. Arrangements had been made for cricket, tennis, billiards, and a social, and a most enjoyable day resulted.

Our visitors speedily showed that they were accustomed to the BEST beer, and after sampling some of our caterer's stock, much needed after a long char-a-banc journey, the cricket teams occupied our attention. The P.O.'s batted first in lighthearted fashion, amassing a total of 78 in an hour, the top scorer being P.O. Kenny, who obtained 22 in a real sailorly knock. Our team then "hoisted their slacks" to such good purpose that the sailors' total was passed with only four wickets down. The tea interval was taken during our innings.

During all this time tennis enthusiasts had also been pushing a ball about with good effects, and when our caterer finally recommended business there was an eager demand for his stock.

Billiards then occupied the stage and a flying relay ended in our favour, fortunately, we may add, for the sailors steered the "red and white" almost as well as they do their torpedoes.

The day was wound up in a right merry and convivial fashion by the Social, several members and wives of both parties contributing greatly to our enjoyment. Community singing, conducted by C.S.M. Jude, was an outstanding and hilarious success.

We parted regretfully with our guests and we hope to resume acquaintance and friendly rivalry at an early date, as visits such as these do much to accentuate the comradeship and good feeling between the Services, particularly when they may be toasted in a glass of the "best." By the way, it is rumoured that the sailors are adopting the *larger* wicket for the return. We sincerely hope that the stumps will not be "white heads."

The cricket scores were as follows:—

Petty Officers, H.M.S. Vernon.

P.O. Cook, run out	15
P.O. Lucas, c. Wakeford, b. Wells	4
P.O. Trussler, run out	11
P.O. Skillens, l.b.w., b. Wells	4
P.O. Cauvin, c. Spence, b. Jude	6
P.O. Peat, b. Manners	5
P.O. Foord, b. Manners	0
P.O. Kenny, b. Jude	22
P.O. Mason, b. Manners	2
P.O. Davis, not out	5
P.O. Budge, run out	0
Extras	4
Total	78

Bowling :—Wells, 3 for 21; Manners, 3 for 32; Jude, 2 for 21.

Sergeants' Mess, Depot The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Sgt. McTravers, b. Lucas	5
C/S. Clark, c. Lucas, b. Foord	34
Sgt. Good, c. Kenny, b. Lucas	32
Sgt. Wells, c. Cook, b. Foord	0
R.Q.M.S. Wakeford, retired	28
Sgt. Manners, c. Trussler, b. Cauvin	15
Sgt. Dodds, b. Lucas	6
C.M.S. Jude, b. Foord	20
Sgt. Spence, l.b.w., b. Kenny	1
L/S. Fower, not out	0
L/S. Matthews, run out	1
Extras	1
Total	143

Bowling : Foord, 3 for 9 ; Lucas, 3 for 47 ; Kenny, 1 for 2 ; Cauvin, 1 for 21 ; Trussler, 0 for 32 ; Skillens, 0 for 20 ; Cook, 0 for 8.

GIBRALTAR.

The following is an article which appeared in *El Anunciador* on the 29th May, 1930 :—

REVISTA SIMONDS.—Hemos recibido con el gusto de siempre, el numero correspondiente al mes actual de la interesante revista *The Hop Leaf Gazette*, que como ca sabido se edita para propaganda y por cuenta de la poderosa y acreitada razon social, "H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.," productora de las exquisitas y mundialmente apreciadas cervezas Simonds.

Liega a nesotros esta publicacion todos les meses por amable mediacion de los activos e inteligentes propietarios de la antigua y acreditada firma local "M. Baglietto," unicos agentes concesionarios para la importacion aqui de dichas cervezas y a las que han dado gran incremento desde que ostentan au representacion, como puede probarlo el hecho de que la cerveza Simonds, so expenden hoy en todos los establecimientos y en el bar de les Assembly Rooms, en la actualidad y con motivo de la Velada, punto de descanso favorito del publico calpense y forastero.

El numere de *The Hop Lead Gazette* a que hacemos referencia es interesantisimo, como cuantos le han precedido, y cuenta con un texto amenisimo y va ilustrado con muy lindos fotografados. Entre las curiosas informaciones, hay una referente a Gibraltar que hemos leido y leera el publico con mucho gusto.

Damos a la ya citada firma "M. Baglietto" las mas expresivas gracias por au atencion al obsequiarnos con un ejemplar de la dicha revista.

Our Spanish interpreter at Reading translates the above as follows :—

"SIMONDS' REVIEW. We have just received with our usual pleasure, the interesting Review, *THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE*, for this month, which is, as one knows, published for propaganda and to recount the social, etc., activities of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., Brewers, of the exquisite and much appreciated Simonds' Beer.

Every month this publication is sent to us, for pleasant perusal, by the active and intelligent proprietor of the old established and well-known local Firm, M. Baglietto, sole Agents here for the importation of the said beer and for which there has been a great increase since they have been the representatives. This fact about Simonds' Beer can be proved, as it is sold to-day in all establishments and in the bars of the Assembly Rooms, which is now a favourite resting place of the public and visitors because of the Velada.

THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE to which we have referred, is as interesting as those preceding, with its clear text and beautiful illustrations. Amongst other interesting information there is a reference to Gibraltar, which will be read and read again by its readers.

We extend our best thanks to the Firm, M. Baglietto, for their kindness in presenting us with a copy of this review."

NEWBURY.

In view of the revival of interest in the subject of "Inn Signs," it may be appropriate to recall the origin of tavern signs.

In Italy the taverns were indicated by the display outside of a garland of vine leaves, or in winter a wreath of ivy. The custom was brought to Britain, and, that the sign might be more easily seen, the leaves were entwined round a pole which protruded over the roadway. Later, in Anglo-Saxon times, this was known as the "Ale Stick" and was used for many centuries, for we read that in 1375 a fine of forty pence—a large sum in those days—was imposed on those whose ale sticks projected more than seven feet over the highway.

Branches or leafy boughs came to be used instead of vine leaves; hence the word "bush." A well-known tavern whose reputation was built up on the article it sold needed less and less to depend on the "bush" or "sign," which finally was allowed to become neglected, hence the adage "Good wine needs no bush."

From this origin it is not difficult to trace the evolution of other signs. In order to avoid the fine to which we have just referred, probably many tavern keepers bent their offending ale sticks into the form of a hoop. The hoop, when hung with the vine leaves, gave us one of our oldest and still existing signs, "The Hoops and Grapes." It was many centuries before it became general to put up the sign of the house in writing. In the Eighteenth Century only five people in every hundred could read. After this period therefore, and especially as travelling became more general, it was necessary to denote a licensed house by something more definite than a sign that was common to all taverns and the more enterprising landlords named their houses and indicated them by setting up an effigy. A statue of a lion painted red would always indicate, even to the most illiterate, the "Red Lion."

To-day, however, real good and expensive pictures illustrate the names of the inns which are real oil paintings executed by the best artists.

The enclosed photograph of the sign of our house at Marlborough, the "Five Alls," is of exceptional merit and was painted by the students of Reading University. The five figures represent Soldier, Priest, King, Lawyer and John Bull, depicting "I Fight for All," "I Pray for All," "I Rule All," "I Plead for All," and "I Pay for All."



The "Five Alls," at Marlborough.

OXFORD.

The Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt held its annual Puppy Show at the Kennels, Stratton Audley, Oxon, on Thursday, July 11th, when the excellent entry of 23 couples was recorded. The judges were Lord Leconfield, M.F.H., West Sussex; Sir Charles Wiggin, Honington Hall, Shipston-on-Stour; and Will Pope, Huntsman of the Grafton and formerly first whip of the Bicester.

Among those who attended were past and present huntsmen from many famous hunts, including Messrs. Dick Thatcher (late Middleton), Jack Lawrence (Heythrop), Arthur Thatcher (North Atherstone), Harry Laud (Blankney), Will Boddington (Whaddon Chase), Ted Cox (Warwickshire), G. Tong (Belvoir), G. Barker (Quorn) and Will Cox (late Bicester).

The Master (Mr. H. M. Budgett) presided at the luncheon, and Mrs. Budgett presented the prizes to the walkers of the winning puppies.

The catering arrangements were in the capable hands of that well-known firm, Messrs. G. E. Weeks & Co., of Oxford, and our celebrated "Hop Leaf" specialities were to the fore.

KING ALFONSO VISITS OXFORD.

Our latest distinguished visitor is King Alfonso XIII. of Spain, who arrived here on Sunday last for a short private stay.

His Majesty travelled incognito and arrived at 1 p.m. and proceeded to the Randolph Hotel for lunch, where a special table was reserved. The Royal visitor was recognised by very few people during his brief visit.

BISLEY.

Oxford University beat Cambridge University in the Humphrey Challenge Cup at Bisley. The total scores were:—Oxford, 579; Cambridge, 566.

ST. GEORGE AND OXFORD.

The *Imperial Club Magazine*, which is the house organ of the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes, mentions that it is not widely known that England owes its choice of a patron saint to Oxford. St. George had long been venerated as a martyr in the East, and the Crusaders, who attributed their success at Antioch to his

ghostly intervention, brought news of the saint to England. As a result, we are told, in 1222 the "Council of Oxford" ordered the Feast of St. George to be kept as a national festival, and he became accepted as the nation's patron saint.

SLOUGH.

ROYAL AIR FORCE DEPOT, UXBRIDGE.

PRESENTATION TO SERGT.-MAJOR TROWBRIDGE.

Brother Warrant Officers and N.C.O.'s did honour just recently to S.M.I. Trowbridge on his retirement from service in the R.A.F. A company of nearly seventy sat down to dinner in the Sergeants' Mess, which was presided over by S.M.I. Shelton (the Uxbridge Depot Sergeant-Major) and during the meal music was delightfully rendered by an orchestra supplied by the Central Band.

S.M. Trowbridge was the recipient of a number of presentations as a mark of appreciation and good fellowship. From the Sergeants' Mess members he received a sideboard, oak dining table and upholstered oak chair, whilst the Warrant Officers and the N.C.O.'s of the Central Band gave him a handsome timepiece.

S.M. Trowbridge's interest in sport and especially in the tug-of-war contests was referred to in most appreciative terms. He was leaving the Service with the very best wishes of his friends and, we understand, is joining the Yeomen of the Guard, where we feel sure he will soon create many new friends, but as we understand it is his intention to reside in Uxbridge, his old acquaintances will not be completely lost sight of.

THE LABOUR HALL CLUB, SOUTHALL.

The official opening of the extensive new premises in the Broadway, Southall, took place on Saturday, June 14th last. The new building reflects great credit to the architect, builder, and the Building Committee, and will adequately cater for all the needs which an up-to-date Club and Institute is called upon to meet. Besides the bar lounge, billiards hall, reading and games rooms, there is, on the first floor, the main hall, up-to-date, well lighted and roomy, having accommodation for 200 for dinners and dances, and seating space for 350 at concerts, etc. A stage with modern appointments and lighting, with adjoining dressing-rooms, lounge, kitchen, etc. On the second floor there are two offices and two committee rooms, one of which would be large enough for a small meeting up to an attendance of 100. The whole premises are centrally heated, the concert hall being provided with the latest system of bowl lighting with dimmers, being also fitted with the latest extraction fan for ventilating purposes, giving four complete

changes of fresh air per hour. In addition to the central heating, in the bar there has been built a fine example of an Old English fireplace with inglenook seating.

A company of about 180 assembled for the dinner in the main hall to celebrate the official opening, and before the commencement of the dinner, Mr. George Hicks (General Secretary, A.U.B.T.W., and President of the Federation of Labour Clubs) made the official opening declaration, and the Chairman, Mr. G. A. Bayliss (President) had distinguished support, in addition to Mr. Hicks, in the presence of Mr. F. Montague, M.P. (Under-Secretary for Air), Mr. J. Middleton (Acting Secretary of the Labour Party), Mr. A. G. Swales (Organiser, A.E.U., and member of the T.U.C.), Councillor G. Sandilands (*Daily Herald* Art Critic), Mr. R. Bridgeman (late Labour candidate for the Uxbridge Division), Mr. J. Gordin, J.P., Mrs. E. Jackson (Vice-President), Councillor E. B. Hamblin (Secretary), Mr. H. S. Bostock (Architect), Mr. F. Hall, the Firm being represented by Mr. H. W. Colson.

Following an excellently served dinner which was enjoyed by all present, Mr. A. G. Swales submitted the first toast, the "Labour Movement," which was responded to by Mr. F. Montague, Mr. J. Middleton also replying to this toast. Mr. R. Bridgeman, in proposing the toast of the "Southall Labour Hall, Club and Institute, Ltd.," received with prolonged applause, referred to and expressed the great gratitude under which they all found themselves to Mr. E. B. Hamblin for the attention he had paid to every side of a complicated business in connection with the erection of a building of that description. Councillor E. B. Hamblin, in his reply, first of all acknowledged the debt that was due to the pioneers of the Movement in Southall, and that the present stage in their development had not been reached without much sacrifice, grit, determination and courage, and he was greatly proud of the band of workers who had worked jolly hard to erect such a worthy building. They recognised that they had a heavy responsibility and a Herculean task to maintain such a building, but if all pulled together for the common good, he was sure it would not be long before they would be extending even the present building. The toast of the "Federation of Labour Clubs" was given by Mr. F. Hall, Mr. George Hicks replying. Mrs. E. Jackson proposed the toast of the "Visitors" most graciously, to which Mr. J. Gordon, J.P., and Mr. H. W. Colson responded. The "Architect and Builder" was submitted by Mr. J. H. Newnham in most appropriate terms, to which Mr. H. S. Bostock suitably replied.

The speeches were followed by a concert given by Alec Stone's Entertainers, and a play, "Pan in Pimlico," given by the I.L.P. Arts Guild. The play provided excellent opportunity to show the

effective system of stage lighting, which was designed by Mr. L. G. Taylor and carried out by Messrs. A. J. Davis & Co. Later on there was dancing with music by the Sylvan Revels Band, who had also provided selections during the dinner.

Great credit is due to the Officers, Committee and Members of the Club for the excellent arrangements and the most enjoyable evening which was spent by all present.

BRIGHTON.

The wonderful spell of summer weather which we have up to now experienced has been much appreciated by members of the staff who have to take their holidays early, but does not seem to attract any unusual number of visitors, in spite of the many attractions prepared for their entertainment, and the extensive improvements made to our seafront.

The Brighton Gala week was held in glorious weather, and those who attended the various events must have been satisfied with the programmes offered them. The chief event was the Horse Show and Military Tournament in Preston Park, and amongst such ideal sylvan surroundings drew visitors from far and near. The Military Tournament was the outstanding feature, especially the musical ride of the squadron of the 17/21 Lancers, for whom much sympathy was evinced, having to go through the programme in a broiling sun. Some wonderful jumping by horses of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoons gave pleasure to thousands.

Thousands of spectators have gathered on the terrace of the new Aquarium to follow the last two test matches, shown on a gigantic score board, which, by ingenious and complex mechanism, showed ball by ball, what was happening at Lords or Leeds.

On this amazing board (which by the way was provided by a well-known whisky firm) are shown the green field, the wickets, and discs representing the batsmen. The white ball can be seen in flight from the bowler to the batsman. It can be seen flying off in the actual direction in which it has just been hit by the batsman on the actual ground. A pointer directs attention to the name of the fieldsman who handles the ball. If runs are scored, the discs for the batsmen move between the wickets, and the numerals put beside the batsmen's names alter as their score mounts up. It is the nearest approach to television of a cricket match that has been seen in these parts.

Hundreds have put in the day there when a match is on, bringing their lunch with them as they would to a county ground,

and not taking away the litter. The Aquarium manager, after one of these days, had weighed the spent matches that had been dropped, and they actually scaled forty-two pounds. This has been computed to represent the contents of some three thousand match boxes.

We are preparing for an influx of London Territorials next week, and have the contract for the supply to a large proportion of them.

With these troops, August Bank Holiday and the races coming, we anticipate being very busy for some weeks on.

SALISBURY.

As the result of a splendid effort to raise funds for the Salisbury Infirmary organised by the Mayor and Mayoress (Councillor and Mrs. H. Medway), our ancient city held a carnival week during the first week of July which was a great success. On the whole the weather was kind, and from the beginning to the end of the week the full programme was able to be carried out. Everyone entered into the spirit of the carnival, and visitors came from all parts of the district. The whole city turned out to see the grand procession on Wednesday evening, which was the big feature of the week. The procession, headed by the carnival queen and her court, was over two miles in length, and took exactly an hour to pass a given point. The streets, which were gay with bunting and decorations of all kinds, were thronged with people. There was plenty of variety and colour in the numerous entries making up the procession, and many novel features, and no less than fifteen bands. The entry of the Salisbury Licensed Victuallers' Association which took third prize was exceptionally well done. It was practically a replica of the fine old smoking room of the "Haunch of Venison," with "mine host" and his customers in the costumes of by-gone days. Other features of the carnival were a massed band concert, sports both on land and on the water, dancing in the Market Place, motor car rag, carnival ball, and a special theatre entertainment, besides the usual fun of the fair and firework display. A huge draw was run in connection with the effort by our friends of the cycling and social club, for prizes ranging from a Morris car to a fish supper for a family of six for six weeks, and the list also included two splendid cigarette cases given by the firm and three bottles of port from Mr. T. R. Garland. A very happy and enjoyable week was concluded by a torchlight procession and community singing in the famous old Market Place on Saturday at 10.30 p.m. and about 20,000 people joined in the finale of a wonderful week. Needless to say, the people of Salisbury were required to have very long pockets all that week and there were always plenty of helpers of the cause ready to relieve every one of their surplus cash. The response to this great effort for such a thoroughly deserving Institution was

very satisfactory, and the money raised, between £3,500 and £4,000, was even more than the amount aimed at, and all who worked so hard to attain the success deserve the thanks of all those interested in the good work of the hospital.

The writer was very pleased to have the opportunity recently to look in at the Brewery offices and have a chat with old friends, and sends best wishes to all.

R.J.B.



Prize-winning entry of the Salisbury and District Licensed Victuallers' Association. This photograph was kindly sent by Mr. Firmin G. Bradbeer, who is "mine host" of the "Haunch of Venison."

PORTSMOUTH.

Before this number of the GAZETTE is published the Shamrock V will have left the harbour for her great adventure in America. The vessel has been in dry dock, having had her bottom examined and certain minor alterations carried out. Her huge mast, some 160 feet high, has been removed and its place has been taken by a mizzen mast and jury rig. Other slight alterations have been made including several which will add to the comfort of the crew. The Shamrock will be accompanied across the Atlantic by Sir Thomas Lipton's steam yacht "Erin." The two competing countries have agreed to race "light" the yachts, thereby carrying

in the race only the bare necessities. The successes of the new Shamrock in the races held this season—it is an interesting feature that nearly all her opponents have been bigger yachts than herself—augurs well for ultimate success in the America cup races. Although the defender has not yet been definitely fixed by America, some exciting and thrilling races are almost certain to be witnessed and it is with eager anticipation that we look forward to them. So keen is the interest in the success of the Shamrock that nothing has been left to chance and it is reported that the crew refused to sail on a Friday so as not to defy superstition.

The camping season is in full swing and will continue until well into the middle of August. Whitemoor camp has become the temporary home of the 1st Bn. Welch Regiment and 2nd Bn. South Wales Borderers and to use the words of a visitor to that district, "the place is absolutely swarmed with tents and running alive with soldiers." Naturally, one of the most important items when soldiers are at camp is the beer supplies and it is in this respect that "Simonds" is well to the front. It has been our pleasure to supply large consignments of beer to this camp and our transport has been advantageously kept busy. We have also had the pleasure of supplying the London University O.T.C., and here again the fine quality of the beers supplied have enhanced the name and reputation of the Firm. Almost before these two camps have finished we shall be supplying large Territorial camps at Beaulieu Heath and big business is almost certain to be done.

Very soon now the football season will be on us again and the prospects of Pompey are being discussed eagerly. Unlike many other clubs, Portsmouth had the good fortune to show a profit on last season's working of a figure which is in the neighbourhood of £6,000. This not only shews that the club has been worked along economical lines but shews that the popularity of the club has not decreased despite the new attractions, greyhound and speedway racing. Up to the present no big captures have been made and these are hardly likely to be expected as the whole of last season's first team have been re-signed, whilst in addition there are several very capable reserves available. The playing pitch has been carefully attended to during the summer months, parts being re-turfed, and it is hoped that the ground has now fully recovered from the severe damage done by the hard frosts and snows of two winters ago. General improvements have been effected all round and if the team plays together like it did in the matches just after Christmas last year, a great season is looked for. A notable departure is that of J. McIlwaine, Pompey's former captain. McIlwaine has now joined the "Saints" at a fee which is stated to be a record for that club. McIlwaine captained the Pompey team that won its way to the final of the English cup two years ago.

THE "LONDON-TO-COWES."

Mr. Leslie Yeowell's "Waterbaby" in the British Motor Boat Club's long distance race. The start of this year's race, which was admitted to be one of the most interesting, was from the Erith Yacht Club ship "Garson" and the finish opposite the R.M.Y. Club ship "Enchantress" at Hythe (Southampton). The official instructions stated that the boats would start on handicap at Erith and be timed to arrive at Hythe Pier at 10 a.m. on Sunday, July 13th. The boat that passed the finishing mark the nearest to that hour would secure the coveted "Braemar" challenge cup awarded to the winner.

Last year's course, Southend to Cowes, was considerably shorter and the rules this year were altogether more stringent but were generally admitted by those who took part in the race to be more justified since more judgment, seamanship and navigation were called for. The E.Y.C. ship "Garson" is not easy to be approached, but the welcome accorded to all the competitors on board more than made up for the walk across the swamp 'midst which she lay.

In an article upon the race published in *The Motor Boat*, the writer of which was a guest for this occasion of Mr. Yeowell, the owner of "Waterbaby," and the popular host of the Portland Hotel, Southsea, the race is described as below:—

"Waterbaby" went over the starting line only a few seconds late, her twin Thornycroft 9-h.p. Handy Billy engines running perfectly. At 6.18 a.m. she passed the observer at Southend Pier and went on to the Nore light-vessel whence her pilot decided to take the "Overland" route. At this stage the weather was far from good, the sky being heavily overcast, with a fresh north-westerly wind. With the sea breaking to a height of at least 30 feet on the Margate sands, "Waterbaby" had her seagoing qualities severely tested; both the big passenger boats the "Crested Eagle" and "Golden Eagle" late in the morning were unable to land any passengers at Margate and had to carry them to Ramsgate. With a heavy following sea, Deal Pier was passed at 1.45 p.m. and Dover at 3.15 p.m., rough conditions being experienced until Beachy Head was rounded at 10.4 p.m. when the wind lightened and backed towards the N.E. The Owers light-vessel was passed at 3.15 a.m. Sunday and Southampton Water was entered at daylight under perfect conditions, a dead calm and a cloudless sky. At 6.45 a.m. when off Osborne Bay the first of the other competitors were seen, "Dahinda," passing to the starboard full out. Shortly afterwards "Full Cry" came up from astern, passed "Waterbaby" whilst rounding the W. Bramble until the finishing line was crossed by the latter at 9.45 a.m.

The "Waterbaby" is a standard Thornycroft production and a wonderful little seaboat either in a head or following sea. Every inch of her space is used to the utmost advantage and for a 30-footer she has a commodious main cabin which sleeps three and has a headroom of 6 feet. Her fuel consumption when running full out is 1 gallon per hour per engine which expenditure is certainly not high to maintain a speed of 7 knots. Out of "Dahinda," "Full Cry," "Cejoie," "Waterbaby," "Margaret Mary III," "Nymphaea II," "Knock," "Gamecock III," "Colonna," "Caloo" and "Nerina," the last three failed to start whilst "Margaret Mary III" and "Cejoie" retired en route, leaving only six which completed the course and arrived in the following order:—

	Average Speed.		
1. "Dahinda"	10.25 knots.
2. "Full Cry"	7.5 "
3. "Waterbaby"	6.85 "
4. "Gamecock"	7.5 "
5. "Nymphaea II"	20.8 "
6. "Knock"	18.0 "

Mr. Yeowell piloted "Waterbaby" himself and we sincerely congratulate him on his fine performance. He very wisely took with him for this, which must have been a very trying race, a good supply of "S.B."

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The issue of this number of the GAZETTE, as our Navy Week commences, may bring to the minds of a few of our friends, two of the great advantages which Plymouth possesses over the so-called fashionable resorts—namely, that of being a great port of call, and also an important naval base; Devonport after all, being but part of the greater Plymouth of to-day.

From August 2nd to 9th, the following ships of His Majesty's Fleet can be explored, without trouble and at little cost, by everyone:—

H.M.S. *Rodney*.
H.M.S. *Renown*.
H.M.S. *Tiger*.
H.M.S. *Malaya*.
H.M.S. *Norfolk*.

Minelayers, submarines, aircraft carriers, and many smaller units will be open to inspection, whilst the firing of depth charges and torpedoes, the demonstrations of deep sea divers, and many other interesting sights may be enjoyed.

A wonderful educational spectacle this. These grey steel "walls of the Empire" hold a curious fascination for young and old alike.

When your tired eyes behold them no longer, and the dock-yards are behind you, please remember Plymouth has many other attractions, quite as varied in character and charm as its maritime ones. Your difficulty will be to decide which to leave until next year.

A further addition to the Firm's list of licensed properties in Devon is The London Inn, Braunton, on the Barnstaple-Morthoe road.

We hope all our friends that way will make a point of calling there. They will find in Mr. John Bowling one who will look after their every need, in keeping with the highest Simonds' traditions.

THE OLD RING OF BELLS INN, PLYMPTON.

The annual outing of the above took place during the latter days of June, for by way of a change, the ladies decided they would have a separate trip of their own this year, probably on the assumption that "a change is as good as a rest."

We hear they thoroughly enjoyed themselves in the process, so there are no complaints as to its truth, Plympton way.

We have not been told by the strong silent males the general verdict on the success, or otherwise, of their trip, but we have not noticed that the change did them any harm.

Mr. and Mrs. Paddon had a strenuous time throughout, but there were many helpers, and the arrangements made were an entire success. We were promised a few "snaps" but these did not develop at all well.

Many "S.B.'s" in the Princetown, Torquay, Tavistock district were killed during these trips, and "dispensers" at various intervals were kept very busy collecting the "corpses" and reviving the slain.

Here's good health to our Plympton friends, and as happy a time, maybe together, in 1931.

The forty-third annual Launceston show and exhibition, which was held on July the 17th at Windmill Field, delighted all who had the good fortune to be there. Fine weather, first class entries, and well organized events made this year's show a splendid one in every sense.

Staged under the shadow of the old historic Norman Castle, it attracted entries from all the Western Counties, and the great crowds which arrived at Launceston by road testified to the interest engendered by this effort of the Launceston Agricultural Society.

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales was awarded premier honours with the Devon bull "Coombeshead Monarch," which attracted much notice, both in and out of the ring.

Other classes of cattle, sheep, pigs, and dairy produce contained exhibits equal to County show class, and were only separated after the keenest judging had taken place.

In the refreshment class the "Simonds" exhibit, presided over so ably by Mr. "Jimmy" Ponsford, was in a class of its own, and "S.B." ale and "Berry Brown" ale were very highly commended by the many good judges who tested their qualities during the day.

Mr. Ponsford, with, we are glad to say, Mrs. Ponsford now back to good health again, catered in his usual complete manner, and in the evening as host at The New Market Hotel was in excellent vein, and his many patrons heard no doubt of that famous Simonds ale which "makes your eyes sparkle, your hair curl and your teeth shine." Modesty forbids us saying more. Perhaps Mr. Ponsford may give us a few more of its qualities later on, for the edification of our readers.

WHITSAND BAY.

Little known, and appreciated by the comparative few, the above, situated "just round the corner" from Plymouth, on the rugged Cornish coast, is on a fine summer's day as glorious as stretch of the blue waters of the English Channel as the human eye could ever hope to gaze upon.

Each changing shadow reflected in the azure depths, immutable, yet ever changing, so infinite, that the mighty floating palaces which move across its waters seem to be but toys tossed hither and thither by the immensity of some hidden power, and always appear as if viewed through the wrong end of a telescope—its immensity always remains with you.

Yet what wonderful spots are set amid its rocky channels and golden sands!!

Downerry, Looe, Port Wrinkle, Crafhole, and many another tiny fishing village nestle within its sheltering arms, which extend from Rame Head to St. George's Island, whilst just behind the front line are such picturesque bits of old Cornwall as Kingsand, Cawsand, Millbrook and Antony.

Overlooking, as if guarding the whole scene, are the great walls and escarpments of Tregantle Fort.

For the tourist, at the "Whitsand Bay Hotel" every modern comfort is installed. The ardent golfer, the keen tennis player, the patient fisherman and the humble cueist are all catered for and need journey no further afield.

Moreover, all "Hop Leaf" brands are stocked in plenty, "I.P." ale and "S.B." ale being popular favourites as the very best obtainable.

Other houses stocking "Simonds" in the locality are below:—

The Ship Inn, Cawsand.	
The Rising Sun Inn, Kingsand.	(H. & G. S. Ltd.).
The Devonport Inn, Kingsand.	(H. & G. S. Ltd.).
The Commercial Hotel, Millbrook.	(H. & G. S. Ltd.).
The Mark of Friendship Inn.	(H. & G. S. Ltd.).
The Ring of Bells Inn, Antony.	(H. & G. S. Ltd.).

To see the "Whitsands" on a fine week-end is an education!

Many "Tamarites" have annually succumbed to its lessons, and for its bi-weekly cricket matches in particular.

If Mr. A. P. F. Chapman or any member of the English selection committee are this way in the near future, spotting talent, in view of that final "Test," they might do worse than wander Whitsands way on a fine Sunday, when the tide is out, socks are off, and our Bradmans and Grimmetts are on. What if the crowd are encroaching so that even our Duckworth complains they are "in the light"!!

Here, when the heavy roller puts in an appearance, it is always the one which wrecks a perfect wicket in a few seconds, and only allows players and umpire time to remove the bails, collect the "debris" and go home.

That's cricket as it should be played!! (at Whitsands).

Make a point of spending a few days in this health-giving area soon!!

Dates to remember:—

Devonport Carnival—September 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th.
Morice Town Gala—August 22nd and 24th.

FARNBOROUGH.

Farnborough Branch billiards team have been putting in steady practice during the summer, in order to prepare themselves for an intensive season next winter. During this period two matches have been played: the first took place at the Imperial Arms, Farnborough Street, against the officials and staff of the Farnborough Jubilee Hall Club, being in fact a return match. The result was a win for Farnborough Branch. Scores:—

Farnborough Branch.			Jubilee Hall Club.		
T. Kent	...	75	v.	A. Hockley	...
R. Paice	...	75	v.	D. Terry	...
W. H. Davis	...	52	v.	L. Coleman	...
F. Russell	...	75	v.	A. McLaughlin	...
E. Gosney	...	75	v.	A. G. Every	...
A. Siggery	...	61	v.	G. Lloyd	...
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413			376		
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The second match was at South Farnborough against the Farnborough British Legion Club and ended in an exciting finish with a win for the Legionaires. Scores:—

Farnboro' British Legion Club.			Farnborough Branch.		
J. Moffatt	...	96	v.	W. H. Davis	...
A. Rolfe	...	97	v.	G. Davis	...
R. Still	...	125	v.	R. Paice	...
A. Ivil	...	125	v.	E. Gosney	...
A. Absolom	...	125	v.	F. Russell	...
C. Pratten	...	125	v.	A. Siggery	...
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693			660		
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Two of the clubs, which we have the pleasure to supply, have met the Seven Bridges Brewery Cricket Club. The South Farnborough Working Men's Club defeated the "S.B.'s" both at Farnborough and Reading. The Farnborough game was won by 64 runs and the Reading game by approximately half that number.

The Basingstoke Liberal Club did not give such a good account of themselves. The Reading game ended, amidst great excitement, in a tie, 47 runs each, but at Basingstoke the "S.B.'s" came into their own and defeated the Liberal Club by 97 runs to 33 runs.

Both of these clubs thoroughly enjoyed their fixtures with our Reading friends and are hoping to repeat them next summer.

Of last season's Farnborough Branch Cricket Club the following members are still carrying on:—

E. Gosney	...	Minley Manor.
R. Paice	...	South Farnborough Working Men's Club.
E. Crutchley	...	Seven Bridges Brewery.
A. Siggery	...	Frimley Green.
R. Herrington	...	Ditto.
T. Kent	...	Ditto.
B. Lancaster	...	Jubilee Hall Club.

On Sunday, July 6th, the members of the Basingstoke Liberal Club were entertained by Mr. Geo. Foot at his residence at Steventon. The members participated in numerous games and during tea the club orchestra played selections on the lawn. This was a unique event in the history of the club and, as was worthy of such an occasion, everyone who availed themselves of this generous invitation thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The Aldershot Searchlight Tattoo and the Aldershot Command Horse Show, which were held in the Rushmoor Arena were brilliant successes, both being favoured by glorious weather. Each succeeding year these events grow in popularity and are glowing testimonies to the thorough preparations made and the efficient manner in which they are carried out.

At this time of the year, club secretaries are very busy arranging their respective club outings. In most cases the seaside is the

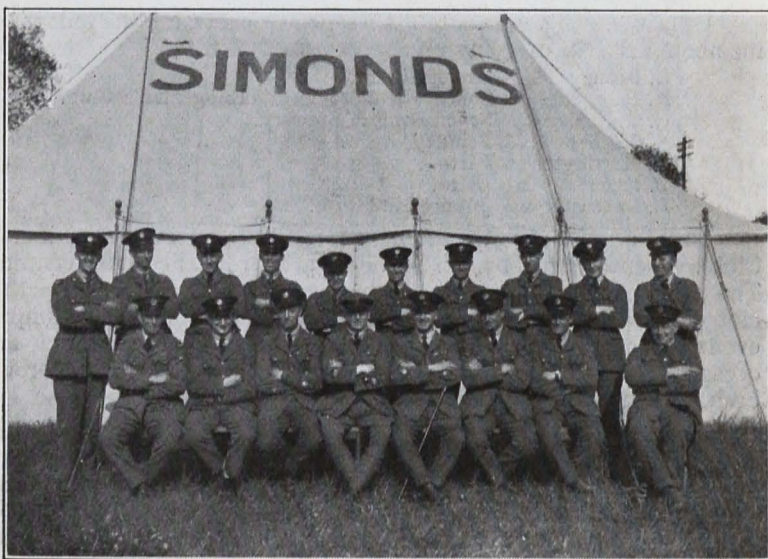
destination, but occasionally it is a river trip. On Sunday, July 13th, the Albert Social Club, Fleet, annual outing took place to Bognor Regis, no fewer than 22 char-a-bancs were employed, carrying about 600 people.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Miss M. E. Foster on winning the King's Prize at Bisley. Miss Foster is a very familiar figure in this district and is often seen on her motor-cycle combination and, in fact, on more than one occasion has visited our offices on behalf of her mother.

In last month's issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE we were pleased to see the photo of the landlord of The Lamb, Eversley, taken with his daughter and dog. Mr. Boyde, however, wishes it pointed out to our readers that he has not altered his name and at the same time forgives our worthy editor for this slight error, it seems odd that the "od" was missed from his name. Mr. Boyde is not a "Bye" and hopes those of our readers when in the district will not go "by" his house.

The dog in the photo has history and we are led to believe that its grandfather was a fox ; at all events call in The Lamb and Mr. Boyde would have much pleasure in relating you the full particulars.

INTERESTING GROUP AT ODIHAM CAMP.



The above is a photograph of Warrant Officers, Flight Sergeants and Sergeants, 13th Squadron, R.A.F., taken outside Sergeants' Mess at Odiham Camp.