

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

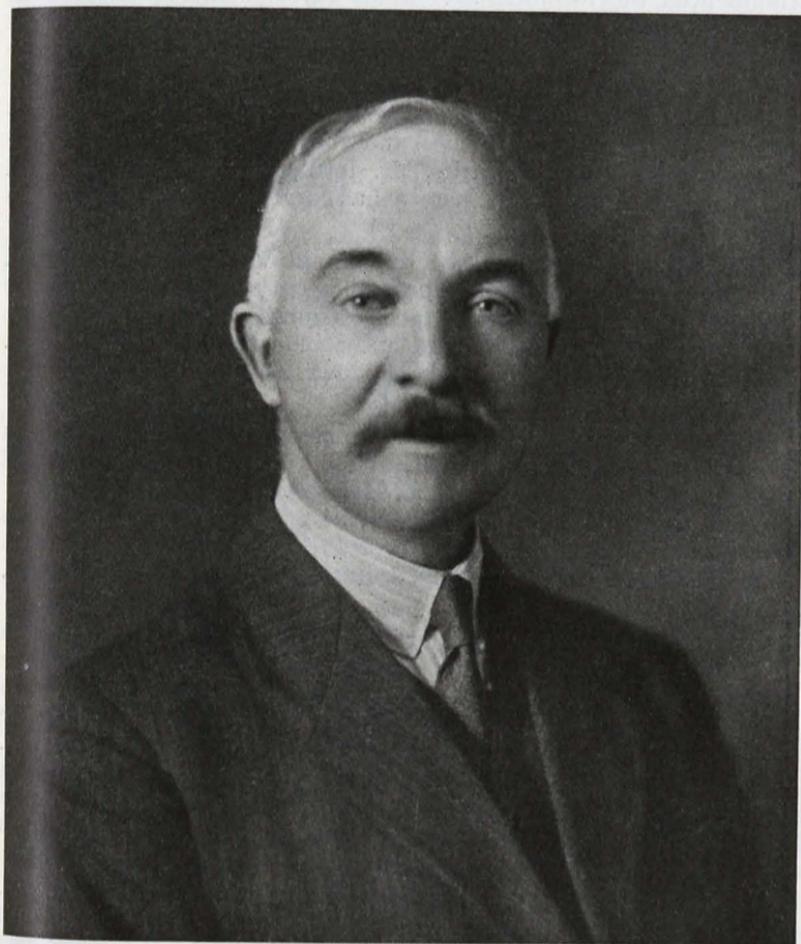
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 11.



MR. A. JORDAN.

MR. A. JORDAN.

Mr. Jordan needs introduction only to those of our readers who have never visited the Brewery. He has spent the whole of his business life in the Wine and Spirit Department, which is entirely separated from the principal industry of the Brewery. Early in 1891 Mr. Jordan started at the bottom rung of the ladder in the Department in which he still serves. Progressing through each section of the industry he gained considerable experience in the work of the Department until in September, 1918, he commenced the technical side which involves the breaking down of spirits, testing strengths and work in the Bonded Stores. At the present time he is engaged in supervising the general routine of the Department and despatch.

In an atmosphere which is redolent of the warm and comforting aroma of choice wines and frequently charged with the pungent fumes of proof spirits, Mr. Jordan always has maintained a strict self-discipline and thereby has earned the confidence which is placed in him.

Mr. Jordan was a member of the old Volunteers. He joined the Force in August, 1888, and about twenty years later, when the designation was changed to the Territorial Force, he made the transfer. He resigned in 1911 and joined the National Reserve. At that time he was Corporal-Drummer and was the recipient of the Volunteer Long Service Medal.

In January, 1915, Mr. Jordan enlisted in the 2/4th Battalion The Royal Berkshire Regiment, and a year later was transferred to the 3/4th Battalion of the same Regiment, serving as a Drummer on the Staff until December, 1917. In the same month he was transferred to the clerical staff of the Casualty Branch at the War Office, where he remained until his discharge in August, 1918.

Mr. Jordan has a repertoire of anecdotes in connection with his military service, one of which he recently recalled. The incident, which happened at Catterick, involved a bugler who sounded "First Officers" instead of "Defaulters," much to the consternation of the former and the satisfaction of the latter. The similarity in the two calls, perhaps, was pardonable in a novice, although the sergeant-major had other views, which he expressed in such terms as to cause a lasting impression upon Mr. Jordan's memory.

From the military pastime of the old Volunteer days, Mr. Jordan has turned for recreation to the tending of his garden and is a devotee to wireless, although occasionally he has been seen dashing about the countryside on a motor-cycle.

EDITORIAL.

A QUAIN CEREMONY.

Beer flowed freely at West Bridgford (Nottingham) when the workmen engaged on the construction of the new Tudor Cinema, the Directors and the Architect opened a nine-gallon cask of beer and drank the contents with much relish. This quaint little ceremony, which took place at the front of the building, and attracted a good many curious and amused eyes, is known as "wetting the roof," and is peculiar to the building trade. It celebrated the fact that the highest pinnacle of the roof of the new cinema had been reached, a stage which marked the completion of two-thirds of the whole building. While drinking a tankard of the foaming ale, everybody wished success to their handiwork.

DRINKING IN A MAZE.

The Royal Commission on Licensing have heard the views of a bewildering variety of people who, if we did not have Royal Commissions, would pine away for lack of an audience, says the *Daily Mail*. Perhaps the only "interest" not represented before them has been that of the plain man who likes to get a modest drink with the minimum of fuss and bother; but it would be against all precedent to take *his* opinion into account.

Yet even this little-regarded underling will rejoice—with a modified rapture based on past experience—to learn that the twenty-one Commissioners are at last expected to produce a majority report containing definite recommendations. Dare we hope that it will reintroduce the element of simplicity into the law? We have lived too long under a system in which the unlearned drinker must take his solicitor with him whenever he enters a bar, if he would be sure of keeping on the right side of the line between refreshment and felony.

THE MOST POPULAR INITIALS.

What letter would you suppose, after giving the matter a moment's consideration, commences the spelling of most of the words in our tongue? The lexicographers of the *New English* (Oxford) Dictionary found that it was the letter "S." They discovered, moreover, that upward of 50,000 words begin with that letter; and an entire huge volume of the dictionary is devoted to it. At the other extreme is the humble "Z"; there are only about 200 words beginning with it.

When "B" is added to "S" these initials become even more popular and are, in fact, on almost everybody's lips. Who, of discerning taste, has not said "S.B."!

PRAISE FOR LICENSEES.

"It is almost as difficult to become the landlord of a public house as it is to become a bishop," said the Rev. C. Beverley Davies, of Oxford, in an address to a summer school of foreign students at Oxford. He continued: "A licensee has to be a man of character, and the result is a body of men of whom the country can very well be proud. In my own experience they are a fine body of men who have done a great deal to cleanse life in the public house and prevent drunkenness. Our reputation as a drunken nation has gone."

THIRTY REASONS FOR DRINKING.

The *Vigilante* gives the following:—

- Some drink because they're hungry; some drink when they are dry;
- Some drink to keep themselves in health; some drink for fear they'll die;
- And some drink because they are too hot; some drink because they're cold;
- Some drink to strengthen them when young, and some when they are old;
- Some drink to keep themselves awake; some drink to gain deep sleep;
- Some drink because they're happy, while others because they weep;
- Some drink to celebrate some gain; some drink to mourn a loss;
- Some take a shot when they are pleased; some drink because they're cross;
- Some take a snort when they're at work; some drink when they're at play;
- Some count it right to drink at night; some drink alone by day;
- Some tip the glass for fellowship; some sneak it on the sly;
- Some drink when they are wringing wet; some drink because they're dry;
- Some take a shot of liquor when they make a bargain rare;
- Some take a drink when they've been stung for the drinks, the feed and fare;
- Some drink in search of pleasure; some drink to dim a pain;
- Some say it's good, some say it's bad, but never once refrain;
- But all must own the proverb's right—"When the iron's hot then strike it!"
- But I've found the reason why men drink beer—they drink it because they like it.—*Anon.*

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS.

I do not as a rule insert advertisements in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, but by very special request I am giving the two following:

FOR SALE.—Top hat, white spats, field glasses, six packs of playing cards, billiard cue and set of golf clubs; or would exchange for a perambulator.

Young Chinese, good knowledge of English, seeks position. Salary no objection.

GOOD, BETTER, BEST.

In a country town a tradesman opened a shop and put up the notice: "Best shop in the town. Established fifty years." His next door neighbour, not to be outdone, immediately put up a sign over his door: "The best shop in the world. Established 100 years." The third tradesman followed the others by putting up a sign: "The best shop of all. Established yesterday. No old stock!"

VICTORY—ON BEER.

Yale and Harvard won the tenth athletic match from Oxford and Cambridge at Stamford Bridge by 7½ events to 4½. "We didn't win to-day—nope, English ale did it," said one of the Yale athletes to a *Sunday Express* representative. "The trouble with your trainers," he said, "is that they don't appreciate beer as an aid to training. When I get back to the States I'm going to tell every coach I come across that the old-time athletes who trained on beer were right. Without the booze we'd never had a look in—your men were better."

PIPES AND CHARACTER.

M. de Watteville, of Paris, is a collector of pipes, and his study of the question has enabled him to judge people by their pipes. The pipe, he tells us, is characteristic of the race, while the cigar and cigarette are cosmopolitan. The activity of a race is proportional to the length of the stem of their pipes. The shorter the pipes the more laborious the people, and, inversely, the longer the pipe the more slothful the people. The more economic the people the shorter the pipe stem, and, inversely, the more prodigal the race—the more gluttonous it is—the bigger is the bowl of the pipe. His last deduction regarding the smoking of pipes is perhaps the most unassailable. It is: "The main point in regard to pipes is not to break them." No one who enjoys the old English or Irish clay will dispute this.

THE MODERATE USE OF ALCOHOL.

It may be taken as true that Science is on the side of the moderate drinker of alcohol. For the average healthy Englishman there is no better drink than beer or stout in moderation; not only are they tonics, but they have a definite food value from the carbohydrate they contain.—Dr. Lennox Wainwright, M.D., in the *Ideal Home*.

INSECT WEATHER PROPHETS.

If spiders are busy spinning their webs, fair weather may be expected; but, if they are resting, the fact is an indication of impending storms or wet weather, some naturalists say. The reason is that the spider, knowing that its prey will not be abroad during rains or other unfavourable conditions, does not trouble to make its net at such times, but prepares it for catches during fair weather.

Bees are able to tell approaching storms and in threatening intervals will not venture far from their hives. The noise of the screech owl at night is also claimed to be an indication of fair weather.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

"Ellen, I love but thee alone!" Thus sighed the tender youth. "Oh, dear one, then my passion own! With trembling lips and earnest tone, I swear I speak the truth!" He paused. A blush o'erspread her cheek. She let him draw her near. Scarce for emotion could she speak. Yet she did ask, in accents meek, "How much have you a year?"

AMERICA AND BEER.

President Hoover has been advised by Congressman Dyer that the restoration of beer would put 100,000 men to work and bring 1,000,000 dollars to the nation in tax receipts, of which the United States would get one-fourth and the balance would go to States and municipalities.

ADVICE TO CYCLISTS.

When taking a trip on your bicycle and you see the well-known "Hop Leaf" sign, hop off and hop in and refresh yourselves with the famous "Hop Leaf" brands. I often cycle many miles a day and when feeling a little leg-weary I make it a rule to hop off and hop in under the "Hop Leaf" banner. After partaking of a pint of Simonds', some bread and cheese and onions, I feel as fresh as when I started. Anyone who says good beer—such as Simonds'—is not strengthening simply tells an untruth.

GOOD ADVICE.

Don't let beer get the best of you, but call at a Simonds' house and get the best of beer.

A BUSY MAN.

Mr. Duguid, of the "Three Tuns," late President of the Reading Licensed Victuallers' Association and a member of the 8th District of the England and Wales Trade Defence League, has been chosen as a Director of the Reading Football Club. Though a very busy man, Mr. Duguid finds time to give his support to various forms of good sport.

AN ENJOYABLE OUTING.

On July 11th a party from the Brewery went by char-a-banc to Swindon and had dinner at "The Grapes," where Mr. Horsington prepared an excellent meal. From here the party journeyed to Marlborough and another fine "spread" was provided by Mr. C. H. Brown of "The Crown." On the return journey calls were made at "The Lamb," Hungerford, and "The Dog," Shaw. At the latter place there was a smoking concert. The landlords of these houses are to be congratulated on the excellent condition of the beer.

LAWN TENNIS.

Within a surprisingly short time the Brewery has got together a very useful tennis team. They have already had matches with the Biscuit Factory and a Tilehurst side, and on each occasion, though not winning, have given a good account of themselves. At Tilehurst Mr. and Mrs. Jelley, to save time, kindly provided our players with a delightful tea just before the match and with light refreshments for both sides afterwards—a little bit of thoughtful kindness that was highly appreciated. Though only just back from abroad, Mr. Louis Simonds came straight up to Tilehurst to see how we were getting on. He is the encouraging and driving force behind us and knows how to get things done. He is inspiring us all with his own enthusiasm.



A GREAT THOUGHT.

The test of a boy is his ability to "be himself," especially after a little glory comes to him. It is an indication of character and a secret of success.

The fellow who does not pretend is the fellow who actually has something. On the football field, the cricket pitch, the tennis court, or in whatever walk of life, he is the kind that doesn't let his head be turned, the kind that realises that if he is to get to the top he still has to take the advice of those with more experience, and to treat all his associates on a basis of mutual respect.

And now for a little secret—when a fellow begins to think that he is "too good" for the rest of the crowd, he is generally trying to hide some defect. The fellow who is genuine in his actions is the one to be trusted. So, if you want to accomplish worth-while things and gain in popularity with your associates, remember—"Be yourself."

THE IMPORTANCE OF KEEPING A DAY BOOK OF DELIVERIES.

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LIABILITY TO FINE.

In view of the recent Police Court proceedings at Croydon, where off-licence holders were fined under a section of the Licensing Act, 1921, relating to the delivery of liquor and the keeping of records on the premises in off-licences of all orders sent out, it is necessary to point out that the section of this Act dealing with the matter was especially framed to prevent the hawking of liquor by a licence holder, and it behoves every licensee to thoroughly understand what is required of him in keeping records that will not adversely affect his licence should a query crop up at any time.

THE LAW EXPLAINED.

The law appertaining to the delivery of liquor and the keeping of the day book is as follows:—

"Liquor can only be sold, supplied, distributed, or delivered from any van, barrow, basket, or other vehicle or receptacle if it has been previously ordered, and on the following conditions:

"A day book is to be kept on the premises from which the liquor is despatched, and a delivery book or invoice is to be carried by the person delivering the liquor. Before the liquor is despatched,

there must be entered in each of these books the quantity, description, and price of the liquor, and the name and address of the person to whom it is to be supplied. No liquor must be carried in any van, barrow, basket, or other vehicle or receptacle while in use for distribution or delivery of liquor unless it is so entered, and no liquor must be distributed or delivered except in accordance with such entries. The police must be allowed to examine such van, barrow, basket, or other vehicle or receptacle, and such delivery book or invoice.

"If any offence against these provisions as to delivery and distribution be committed by the servant or agent of a licence-holder, who proves that the offence was committed without his knowledge or consent, the licence-holder will escape liability."

A certain amount of apprehension has been caused among off-licensees as to whether the keeping of a duplicate invoice book would meet the requirements of the law under the section of the Licensing Act, and we have pleasure in quoting the following observation from a leading member of the trade whose authority can be relied upon:—

The question of day books and invoices is a very interesting one, inasmuch as the Licensing Act, 1921, Section 7 (the section which governs this matter), does not give any definition of what a day book is, which is left in effect to the Court of First Instance—that is the police court or petty sessions—before which any particular case is brought, to decide whether, on the facts before it, the particular file used may or may not be a day book to the extent necessary to comply with the law. Having regard to the essentials of a day book, namely, that in the first place it should contain the full particulars laid down by the Act, and in the second place it should be in such form as to prevent the abstraction or insertion of leaves or entries without clear indication, it seems that the keeping of duplicate invoices on a file, consecutively numbered in such a way as to prevent any clandestine abstraction or insertion, should meet the needs of the law, provided that the necessary particulars laid down by the Licensing Act, 1921, are included.

As an additional precaution which may seem trivial, but may, on the other hand, prove important in practice, we should suggest that the file should be in book form, and that the cover should bear the words:—

"DAY BOOK,

LICENSING ACT, 1921."

Of course, the keeping of a cloth-bound book marked "Day Book," and containing the statutory particulars, could not fail to

be in absolute compliance with the Act, but the point is that this necessitates separate entries and other double work in the recording of the orders.

In certain areas of the country, the hawking of liquor seems to be prevalent, and it is essential for off-licence holders desirous of being outside any fear of mistake that the recording of the name and address, amount and description of the goods sent out should be strictly adhered to, in either the day book, if kept, or on the duplicate invoice or file on the premises, and the invoice sent out with the order.

It is a common occurrence for the number of the house only to be recorded in the day book and on the invoice, and should a house contain two or more families, as so frequently happens, this would easily be the means of proving hawking, should a charge be preferred, as it could be said that if the customer might not want the order on that particular day and another occupant of the house saw the delivery lad and asked for a supply of liquor, it is feasible that they would accept the supply that had been refused. This is contrary to the law, and the importance of the name and address on the invoice and the entering of the same in the day book cannot be too strongly urged.

Standing orders must be treated in exactly the same manner as an order accepted over the counter, and must be carried to the day book and entered out with the usual daily delivery of orders.

A suggested ruling of the day book, which is in use and found to be very efficient, is given :—

Name	Address	Description	Amount	Paid or To A/c.	Bottles	
					Out	In
Mr. Jones	14 Right St.	1 Port 2 Qts. Ale	6/8	Paid	2	3
Mrs. Beer	47 High St.	1 Whisky	12/6	To A/c.	—	2
Mrs. Smith	99 Broad Rd.	4 Qts. Stout 2 Pint Lemon	5/8	Paid	4 Beer 2 Min.	Nil.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

We made a somewhat belated appearance last month. Whether the unusual wait or the excellence of the contents (this seems a much better reason) was the cause I cannot say; nevertheless it is a fact that THE HOP LEAF GAZETTES were disposed of quicker than ever before, at any rate at Reading. One of our staff, more in sorrow than in anger, has warned me about mentioning again that our Magazine quickly sold out, but I feel that the above is worth recording.

MR. G. E. BODDINGTON.

Mr. G. E. Boddington, whose portrait appeared on the front page of our last issue and known to all his friends everywhere as "George," particularly in view of his activities as Honorary Secretary of the Reading and District Clubs Billiards League, is one of the best known men in Club life in Reading and district; also, in consequence of his position, has to visit more Clubs than any other man in Reading. Without a doubt his efforts in building up the League, consolidating it and making it stronger than ever, has entailed a lot of work and attention to a mass of detail. Of course, we at The Brewery know him to be a real good sort and the varied positions of trust he has been appointed to by the Firm show in no uncertain manner his capabilities.

THE CANADIAN CANOE.

I read with considerable interest the Editor's note regarding the canoe presented to Mr. J. Beresford, Junior, by the Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League in recognition of his sporting action at Henley last year. Whilst at the Reading Amateur Regatta on a Saturday afternoon in June, a friend of mine pointed out a lovely canoe on the river and informed me it was the one presented to Mr. Beresford and that he was seated in the middle of it. By the way, twenty of the races at this regatta were won by a few feet—in some cases it appeared to be inches. Nearly a record I should imagine.

A PLEASANT SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

A few Saturdays ago—it was one of the few perfect Saturdays that we have had this summer (alleged)—I spent the afternoon watching the match between our "A" team and the Factory "B" team, on the delightful ground provided by our opponents. The cricket was very good, indeed, and the result, reported elsewhere in this issue, was a very even affair. Whilst there, eventually our

friend, Frank Hawkins, came hobbling along with the aid of a stick, so both he and I decided to go over and watch the "Seconds" (who were playing close by) as he informed me that there was a possibility of another win for them. It was anybody's match when we got there, for the "Seconds" batsmen were faring none too well against their opponents, the G.W. Rly. Clerical Staff, who were, in my opinion, a much older side, and we had the satisfaction of seeing the "Seconds'" third win of the season. It was a triumph for R. Main, who took nearly all the wickets and had the satisfaction of making the winning hit and I believe he was top score. With a certain amount of stiffening in the batting—possibly this will come in time—the prospects of the two teams are rosy in the future, as there are many youngsters on the Brewery at the moment. On our return to the pavilion at the Factory ground, owing to the gasometers which are fairly near we got into a discussion as to whether these necessary adjuncts to an advanced civilisation could not be built underground. As none of us present could satisfactorily answer this question, I was rather pleased to see the following in a newspaper concerning gasometers in another district which had not been awarded full marks for beauty, and the self-same question arose, viz.: "Why couldn't these gasometers be built under the ground instead of above?" and the answer of the gas company concerned was as follows:—

"Underground gasometers are unpracticable for two reasons: firstly, the cost of construction would be prohibitive; secondly, the maintenance and repairs of gas holders underground would not be possible."

So that's that.

Our friends and opponents played an old wartime acquaintance of the writer's, Mr. Arthur Berry, and he celebrated the occasion by obtaining his top score of the season against us.

MR. ARTHUR DOLTON.

I was pleased to learn that the above gentleman had completed fifty years' service in the Cooperage Department, for I have known him almost as long as I can remember, for when I was younger—I'm not old really—I used to live quite close to him. As a matter of fact he lives in the same house now. There was quite a Brewery touch about Sherman Road (where he lives) for next door to the writer at one time were Mr. Geo. Page, Senior (now retired), Mr. Geo. Page, Junior (now left) and Mr. "Bert" Weight (still at The Brewery), all of the Cooperage Department. Mr. C. Pearce (Cooperage) lived just off Sherman Road and Mr. J. House (Bottling Department) in Sherman Road, and, no doubt, there are quite a number of others that I have forgotten.

HOLIDAYS.

The last few who have just returned from the various seaside resorts they have visited have not had the best of weather, which is regrettable but unavoidable. However, I feel sure this will not deter those of us who have yet to go on vacation. I heard of a novel way of holidaying. One of our staff, with a friend, has a tent complete with the necessary camping paraphernalia, which was sent by rail (luggage in advance) to a destination near the sea, having first obtained permission from the owner to erect the tent in a field. He has also taken with him a wireless set (home-made, I believe), and is looking forward to a right royal time. He tells me he did a similar thing last year and had a lovely time. Our cycling Mr. A. G. Terry, of the Wine Stores, tells me he spent his holiday this year cycling in Devonshire, etc., but I have no details of his mileage on this occasion.

TENNIS.

I understand that the Tennis Section of The Brewery are emerging successfully from the initial stages, so to speak, and that some quite promising talent has been "unearthed" by one of the prime movers—he asked me especially not to individualise—and that there is every prospect of a reasonably good side being got together, which is as it should be.

FOOTBALL.

There is nothing to report in the way of signing-on news, but naturally before very long we shall be in the throes of another season. Reading Football Club have appointed Mr. J. Smith as Manager in the place of Mr. Wyllie, who resigned and has taken up an engagement at Guildford. The new appointment has pleased all supporters, although it's a case of seeing what we shall see; Mr. "Joe" Smith has had a wonderful career as a player, and we all hope he will have an equally successful time as Manager of the R.F.C. There has also been several changes in the Directorate, Chairman and Vice-Chairman. Without a doubt the Supporters' Club has stimulated interest and they are doing good work. I am informed by our good friend, Mr. G. V. Weait, who is a member of the Committee, that Reading Supporters' Club has the second largest membership in England.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Mr. A. J. M. Croom, who is playing in such wonderful form for Warwickshire just now, is brother to A. E. Croom, who is at The Brewery and plays for the "A" Team. The family is well known in Reading for their prowess on the cricket field.

Although my notes were somewhat short last month, I am more than pleased that I was thanked by three members of the staff for what I had written. As I have my leg pulled occasionally there's a certain amount of personal satisfaction that my notes are read.

Two requisitions that appeared on order forms fairly recently have been for sawdust and vinegar.

Three recent burglaries in Reading have been at clubs which we supply and the delinquents have "shifted" some of the goods supplied by us. Was "S.B." the attraction?

Mr. W. Giddy was with us for one week just before returning to Slough on relief duty. He says the advent of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE was to him like a message from home.

Just recently we have had installed at The Brewery a new telephone switchboard and in most Departments automatic dials where you get your own numbers, which goes to show we are moving with the times.

Mr. F. Pusey (Cask Office), who was married on July 27th, was presented by Mr. F. C. Hawkes, on behalf of the Staff of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., with a handsome clock and a fountain pen on the 24th instant. Mr. F. C. Hawkes, in making the presentation, asked Mr. Pusey and the future Mrs. Pusey to accept same as a mark of esteem from his office colleagues, wishing them both long life and happiness. Mr. Pusey, in thanking all those who had subscribed for these gifts which he always would treasure, said he was of opinion that the Staff of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. were a fine sporting body and, in a happy conclusion, remarked he thought marriage, if both pulled together, to be a lifetime of happiness and proved two heads are better than one.

London has 420 hotels and restaurants with on-licences and 5,167 public houses and beer houses.

An old tennis racket makes a good carpet beater. It is light and strong, and does not hurt the hands.

The wife of Mr. H. M. Randall, of the Surveyor's Department at the Brewery, has given birth to a son.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Some ships go East and some go West
 Whilst the self-same wind doth blow ;
 For its rudder and sail, and not the gale,
 Decide where the ship shall go.
 Nor wind nor gale control our fate
 As we journey along through life ;
 For it's the set of the soul decides the goal,
 And not the calm and the strife.

Act as if every day were the last of your life, and each action the last you would perform.

Sympathy is the golden key that unlocks the hearts of others.

A buoyant word—a brief smile—a nod of glad recognition—all these little things that do not interfere with attention to duty, are of large importance in making the lives of others more bright.

Reprove thy friend privately—commend him publicly.

The world could not go on if people gave up labour whenever it became irksome.

Some of us lose the little reputation we have trying to stretch it into a big one.

How many hearts are eaten out in longing for what they have no power to reach.

Remember that every experience of life, bitter or sweet, gives us a chance to learn a lesson.

Small things are best,
 Grief and unrest
 To rank and wealth are given ;
 But little things,
 On little wings,
 Bear little souls to Heaven.

Adopt the pace of Nature ; her secret is patience.

If you stand too much on your dignity some one is sure to walk on it.

Do not turn your eyes on your infirmities and incapacity, except to humble yourself ; never let them discourage you.

You can place a man on a pedestal, but you cannot keep him there.

The average young man worries a lot more about getting his salary than he does about earning it.

Talents are nurtured best in solitude, but character on life's tempestuous sea.

A successful man is one who gathers a fortune he doesn't need to leave to people who don't deserve it.

The trouble with a burning issue is that it produces so much more heat than light.

It is safer to be humble with one talent than to be proud with ten.

Light another's candle, but don't put your own out.

The millennium will be here when nations really love each other as much as their ambassadors say they do.

The test of religion is in its reproductiveness.

Truth may be stranger than fiction, but it will never sell for as much.

The man who lives for himself alone has little to live for.

Perfection cannot be attained without the greatest toil.

There is always someone worse off than we, but that unfortunate has patience enough not to cry about it.

The report that the average family spends £20 a year for cosmetics and beauty treatments is indicative, one might say, of either a complexion complex or a complex complexion.

Cultivate a sense of values in the use of words. Let your speech meet and correspond with the facts. Do not say the first thing that comes into your head—reflect before you speak.

Of the word unspoken thou art master. But the word spoken may be master of thee.

To each his sufferings : all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.

GRAY, *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.*

The only criticism which hurts is that which we really deserve.

We cannot live better than by seeking to become better.

How unfortunate that the only people who know how to run the world become authors instead of statesmen.

Do not trust all who talk smoothly. Listen much and speak little.

No man should so act as to take advantage of another's folly.

The friendliness that has pure good nature for its foundation will make for the possessor a welcome in any society.

By others' faults wise men correct their own.

Better speak the truth rudely than lie covertly.

I PLAY TENNIS.

Before I actually start this two or three minutes of boring reading for those of you who have not skipped this page, I should like to tell you that I come from a very sporting family. Yes! my father has played "Noughts and Crosses" with all the champions of that game in Berkshire and other civilised parts of England, and my grandfather could jump as many hurdles as you like—of course, if they were flat on the ground. From this you will readily see that I come from a great "sporting stock"; so is there any reason why I should not take up tennis?

And so not to bed, but to tennis. It was a nice summer's evening, just right for tennis said everyone except myself. I thought it was too warm. Of course, they all said I would. Upon turning up at the Club (our club is very select and is called the "Biffemhard" Club) I was asked to make a "four." I said I would and divesting myself of my blazer I showed off to the full my spotless white flannels (1/6 to clean and well worth it). And now we start. I had the privilege—'struth what a privilege!—of serving first. Before I go any further let me tell you that I know my service is not exactly Wimbledon style, in fact it is not very good, but then why worry, it suits me. The first one went into the net. I looked at my partner and said, "Sorry, quite an accident"; but just my luck, my second and my third did likewise. I than had a brain wave; the net was too high, so I complained, but all to no purpose. They all said it was the regulation height, and what's one against three? At least, being brought up in the best of circles, I had no wish to argue, although, mind you, I still think I was right. Needless to say, we lost the game! I smiled sweetly at my partner, but I know he never saw me because he never smiled back. I then took my opponent's service. Gee!—excuse my American—what speed. It simply flew over the net and when it hit the ground it never came up an inch. I took one flying swing at it that would have done credit to Borotra himself, but all I succeeded in doing was to miss the ball, do a spiral dance on my own and finish up by landing heavily—and it was not on my feet! Yes, and would you believe it, as I was getting up my partner growled something about "rabbits"; at least, that's what it sounded like. Now, I ask you, fancy talking about livestock when one's mind is on the game. Perfectly silly I thought. Needless to say we lost both sets and when we finished I said "Thank you" to my partner, but he just glared and stalked away—stalked, mind you, he did not even walk—but, then, I never did like him. I do not know what has turned him against me unless it may be I am too good at tennis for him. Of course, I hope you won't think I did not get a ball over the net; oh yes, one! I remember it. My

opponent sent the ball over and I took it on the first bounce and sent it right over the wire round the court. My partner said it did not count, but it was a jolly good hit. Still, between you and me, I know there was something wrong with the height of that net, as my opponents only just missed it each time they served!

I have been down to the Club three times since then, but nobody will play with me. This is natural, I think, as I know they are really afraid of me. Last night, however, I honoured the Club with my presence and just to let you know the high opinion held of me by my clubmates I will tell you what happened. A new fellow, named Smith, turned up and, as he had never played before, they all said I ought to play with him and give him a few hints. Of course, I did. It was a good game and, even if Smith did beat me 6—0, 6—0, that only goes to show what good tuition I gave him, doesn't it? When the other members heard the result they actually laughed! Still when Smith is champion of our Club I shall be able to say I taught him.

And now, a dirty dark secret. One night I am going to cut holes in the nets at the Club, then if I use a racket about the size of a malting shovel I shall probably get my service over—or rather through—but my opponents won't know. Then I shall fancy that I am Tilden the Second! Ah, when I can win one game at tennis, I shall probably be too old to ever play another.

Still, all things considered, I think you will agree that I do come from a great "sporting stock"—I don't think!

"Y.Z."

PROHIBITION.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE EVIL.

Sledge-hammers and crowbars thundered at the doors early this morning (July 23rd) of an innocent-looking establishment in Midtown known as the "Phoenix Cereal Beverage Company" as the police smashed their way into the building, says Reuter in a message to *The Daily Mail*. They found yet another huge £200,000 brewery, equipped with steel doors and containing all the most up-to-date plant for making prohibited liquor.

A number of employees escaped by secret passage ways, but four were arrested. Some workers, in an attempt to destroy evidence, flooded the place with beer, which bubbled up to the pavement through manholes, exciting the envy of a thirsty and perspiring crowd in the street.

A feature of the establishment was a miniature railway for the transport of the barrels of beer.

The case promises to be a sensational one, for the property is owned by Messrs. Madden and "Big Bill Dwyer," two members of the "Big Six" of New York's gangdom.

Moreover, charges by the United States Prohibition agents that the police had interfered with attempts to raid the brewery are expected to be laid before the grand jury.

It is alleged that when Federal officers had attempted to surprise the concern the police had always halted them and ordered them to divulge their identity, on the plea that the neighbourhood was infested with gunmen and that everyone must be treated with suspicion.

1,000 WATCH LIQUOR "BATTLE" IN NEW YORK.

About 1,000 members of a young people's church society, while on an excursion in the steamer *St. Claire* on the night of Tuesday, July 21st, saw an exciting fight between a patrol boat and a rum-runner in Detroit River.

A speed-boat, laden with liquor, about to land its cargo at Detroit Dock, was sighted by the patrol boat and fled towards the Canadian side. After taking refuge under the lee of the excursion steamer the rum-runner opened fire on the patrol boat, which returned the fire, a ricocheting shot wounding a spectator in the *St. Claire*. The rum-runner escaped.

PROHIBITION IMPOSSIBLE.

"... Prohibition is not at present possible," said the Bishop of Jarrow (Dr. Knight), addressing a "Temperance" Sunday parade at Newcastle. "In this matter undue haste may lead to serious reaction. The danger is that we will legislate far in advance of public opinion. That would lead to lawlessness."

CAPONE'S £140,000,000 IN TEN YEARS.

The gross income for the last ten years of the gang headed by "Scarface" Al Capone has been £140,000,000, made up of £100,000,000 from the sale of "hard" liquor and £40,000,000 from beer. This is the estimate of the Federal authorities, who have secured indictments on 5,000 counts against Capone and sixty-eight of his gunmen for offences against the Prohibition Law. Statisticians compute that Capone could have paid, with this

huge sum, the United States expenditure last year on national defence, or he might have paid the money to those war veterans who have obtained loans amounting to £140,000,000 from the Government. Advocates of Prohibition are always asking that more money be spent on Prohibition enforcement, and by a delightful turn of irony the Federal officials point out that Capone's annual income of £14,000,000 would enable them rigidly to enforce the Volstead Act, and still leave Capone something for himself.

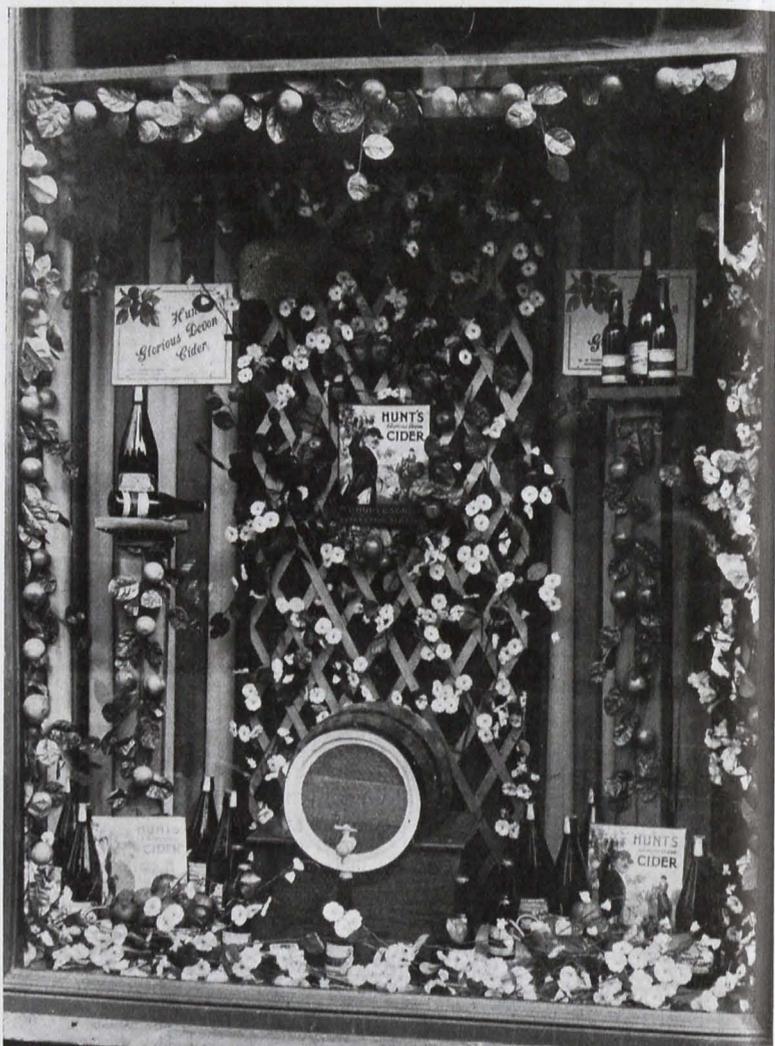
SUCCESS.

It's doing your job the best you can,
 And being just to your fellow man ;
 It's making money—but holding friends,
 And staying true to your aims and ends ;
 It's figuring how and learning why,
 And looking forward and thinking high,
 And dreaming a little and doing much ;
 It's keeping always in closest touch
 With what is finest in word and deed ;
 It's being thorough yet making speed ;
 It's daring blithely the field of chance
 While making labour a brave romance ;
 It's going onward despite defeat
 And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet ;
 It's being clean, and it's playing fair ;
 It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair ;
 It's looking up at the stars above,
 And drinking deeply of life and love ;
 It's struggling on with the will to win,
 But taking loss with a cheerful grin ;
 It's sharing horror and work and mirth,
 And making better this good old earth ;
 It's serving striving through strain and stress ;
 It's doing your noblest ; that's success.

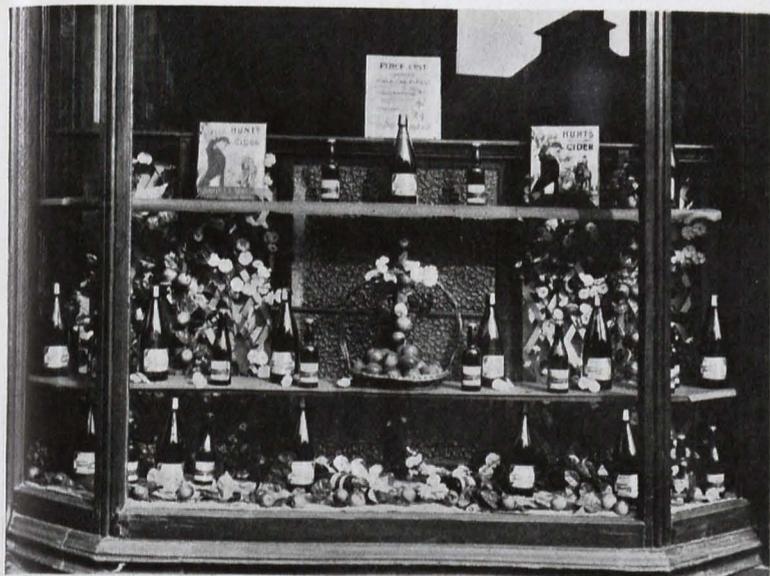


HUNT'S GLORIOUS DEVON CIDER.

INCREASING DEMAND FOR A PURE AND REFRESHING DRINK.



Our Window Display at the off-licence premises of Mr. J. J. Thomas, 81, Kings Road, Reading.



At Messrs. Tunbridge, Jones & Co., 37-39, Castle Street, Reading.
(By kind permission of Mr. A. G. Bowler.)



At Mr. A. S. Cooper, Wine and Spirit Merchant (Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.), 29, Market Place, Reading.

The best advertisement for any beverage is its quality and that is why Hunt's Glorious Devon Cider, only introduced to Reading recently, is already making such a strong appeal to the public taste. Its quality leaves nothing to be desired. And when there is manufactured such a health-giving fruit juice, so pure and delicious, it is only right that the proprietors should avail themselves of every opportunity to spread the glad news. One medium has been the powerful press and another has been special window displays, pictures of three of which are given.

N. P. Hunt & Son, cider makers, of Crabbs Park, Paignton, South Devon (sole proprietors, H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.) are content with nothing but the best.

There is a steady increase in the demand for this refreshing drink, containing all the natural juice of choice Devon apples. Our flagon size is particularly popular.

The firm of Hunt & Son was founded in 1805.

Appended are the prices of the cider :—

Flagons	per crate of 4	3/4
Half-bottles Reputed	per dozen	5/6
Half-bottles Imperial	per dozen	4/6
Cider in Wood in Casks of 6 gallons and upwards	per gallon	2/4

The following is from the "Daily Mail," July 22nd, 1931.

THE ENGLISHMAN HAS A DRINK—

"Here we are, monsieur, right in the Place de l'Opera.

"Confronted by a white-gowned barman—a magician of the bibulous world—let's forget business and derive a good measure of liquid solace from the festive flasks lined before us in rows, like smart soldiers awaiting the word of command

"They are all present, under the austere gaze of Colonel Angostura, who invariably feels liverish; Anisette, sweet and perfidious as an Egyptian Queen; sauve Benedictine and Chartreuse, reminiscent of sun-kissed forest herbs and monastic peace; Gin, the pale sorcerer who can conjure tears from the eyes of the most hardened Falstaffian; Rum, distilled by black giants in the fever-haunted plantations of maddening Martinique; Curacao with its enchanting visions of orange groves shimmering under the silvery radiance of the Andalusian moon; Creme de Menthe, suggestive of a mermaid in a translucent emerald-green lagoon.

"A drink for every taste, every desire, every emotion; a rainbow-hued display of bottled gems; a decanted treasure from

which you may sip as a bee from a myriad flowers. . . . Well, what will you have to drink, monsieur?"

"Oh, just a glass of Bitter!"

L. T. Bonafoux.

ROYAL BERKS RE-UNION.

MEMBERS OF OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION ENTERTAINED.

On Saturday, July 25th, 1931, the Royal Berks Regiment, Salamanca Barracks, Aldershot, entertained members of the Old Comrades' Association connected with this famous regiment. Many former Officers and other ranks attended, and were loud in their praise of the generous hospitality extended to them at Aldershot. The annual dinner was a pronounced success, and accommodation for the night was provided for those members who wished to stay to attend the Church Parade on the Sunday.

The Church Parade was a fine spectacle, the many decorations of Officers and men showing how they had nobly acquitted themselves in the defence of their country.

After the Parade reminiscences were exchanged, stories of the battlefields were told, and old friendships renewed.

Amongst those who attended from The Brewery were Sergt.-Major A. G. Rider, M.C., a very popular figure, known to all his comrades as "Chub"; J. Maxwell, who was with the Regiment in Africa when the Boer War broke out, being transferred to the Military Police, attaining the rank of Sergeant and participating many exciting episodes in Egypt.

Jim Champion was another popular veteran. He has seen considerable service, and is affectionately known as "Little Jim." Private A. Hiscock was accorded an ovation all to himself. Cries of "Good old Rasher" went up as he was recognised by his old comrades. He was well liked by all ranks on the recruiting march of the "Berkshires" last year, when he was the driver of H. & G. Simonds' lorry which accompanied the troops. Sergeant Giles, of "Tofrek" fame, was also present, receiving the congratulations of his old comrades.

A memorable occasion this meeting of these splendid veterans!

The memory of the "Berkshires" at Maiwand, when against overwhelming odds they fought to the last man, Tofrek, South Africa, and again in the Great War, are examples to the fine young soldiers of the present battalions who, if called upon, will worthily uphold the traditions of this famous Regiment.

F. KIRBY.

CRICKET MATCH AT HIGH WYCOMBE.

An interesting evening cricket match took place on Thursday, July 23rd, between a team formed by Mr. G. F. Irwin (late of the Surveyor's Department), styled the Wycombe Casuals, and a team representing the Brewery Surveying Department.

The match was played on the Green opposite the "Nag's Head," High Wycombe, and winning the toss, Wycombe elected to bat first. Thanks, however, to the splendid bowling of Clark and Crutchley, they were all dismissed for 39, G. Payne scoring 18 of this total.

The Brewery representatives soon met with disaster, the whole side being out for 13, of which total Cardwell was top scorer with 4.

Each side then batted for a further half-hour, during which period Wycombe scored 37 for 8 and the Brewery side 44 for 8.

Considering that half the Surveying Department's team have not played cricket for several years they put up quite a commendable show and the whole team are looking forward to a replay at Reading in the near future.

Light refreshments were enjoyed by all at the "Nag's Head" before returning to Reading.

Our best thanks are due to Mr. G. F. Irwin and his partner in business, Mr. J. Harris, for making the whole of the arrangements for the match.

Mr. F. S. Hawkins, whose leg injury prevented him from playing, kindly acted as umpire.

 THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Yes, I heard a noise and got up, and there, under the bed, I saw a man's leg."

"Good heavens! The burglar's?"

"No, my husband's. He'd heard the noise, too."

* * * *

A: "To-day for the first time, I was really delighted to hear my neighbour's piano going."

B: "Something worth listening to, I suppose?"

A: "I should say so. I heard the hire-purchase men taking it away!"

SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

When writing my notes last month I expressed a hope that with the passing of Midsummer Day we might get some cricket weather, but since then St. Swithin's Day came in wet and whether we believe in the legend or not it has rained since. At the moment it is raining steadily and is a sorrowful reminder of our last encounter, which had to be abandoned on account of the weather.

It might be better, perhaps, to take events in their chronological order, but it is, more or less, a poor record to narrate, at least so far as the "A" team is concerned.

Biscuits *v.* Beer! A good start at any rate. We only have one match with the Factory this season, and to their riverside ground we went on the 27th June. As usual, our opponents won the toss and elected to bat first, and scored pretty freely if none too speedily. We had a total of 166 for four wickets to face by the time they declared; so our bowlers' averages suffered accordingly. Five were tried and four secured one wicket each. We had visions of success when we got F. Tippings' wicket with only 2 runs on the board, but our triumph was short-lived as the next partnership put on 63. The next wicket added 23 and then another big stand carried the score to 151. W. Knight played a real captain's innings and made 86. A. H. Berry also took a heavy toll from us: he got 34 and carried his bat. Unfortunately, our "keeper" got a severe knock on the kneecap early on in the game which caused him great pain and, incidentally, has kept him off the cricket field since.

To have equalled or passed our opponents' score would have needed a Jessop or two, as the time allowed us was nothing like equal. However, we had scored 84 for the loss of two wickets when time was called, so we can look on this match with a certain amount of satisfaction. Our captain, going in first, had a merry and useful knock making 30. J. J. Cardwell, making one of his much needed but rare appearances, was 25 not out, and A. E. Croom was one run behind. The writer spoilt the appearance of the score sheet, falling into a trap of the bowlers.

A visit to the country is very enjoyable when conditions are favourable. When we went to Heckfield, they were not. Mind you, it was not raining, but it had been, and we found our opponents in a spiteful mood. They made 94 for six wickets, gave us a good tea and then declared. The members of the team who were not called on to bowl thought they would show us they, also, could hit the stumps, and three of our team were run out, to say nothing

of the times the wicket was hit but the decision was in the batsmen's favour. I have not seen any cats out Heckfield way. Perhaps they used to be in favour of midnight concerts? But this is cricket! C. Bartlett headed his side's batting list with 48 not out—and the writer dropped him before he had scored. 'Nuff said.

This match had a very interesting finish, and Mr. Wadhams, who was preparing to be magnanimous, had to sit tight and say nothing. By a hard struggle we had reached a total of 59 when the last over was called, and we had one more man waiting with pads on. A wicket with first ball lessened our chances of a draw, then two singles were added, and with the last ball a catch was made that ended the story. H. Osborne with 17 and F. Clark with 12 were our top scorers.

The following Saturday we entertained N.A.L.G.O. and had to take the field first. A very promising start on our part was made and we had five down for 39; but a stand ensued that carried the score to 95. With the score at 112 a break for tea was made and then we had to take the field again for the duration of four overs in which we secured three wickets, but it only left us about fifty minutes to get 123, which was impossible. We ended our batting with our score at 35 for four wickets, of which J. H. Wadhams got 12.

Wargrave was our next destination. For a change we had a first knock, but what a chance lost. A soft wicket seemed to suit A. Langford and J. Reynolds and we were skittled out for a paltry total of 26, the latter taking six wickets for 15. That total proved to be 123 too few. In spite of this heavy score, E. Crutchley got four wickets for 30, but none of the bowlers enhanced their reputation.

The last match will not take long to record. It lasted all the afternoon, but we could only bowl five overs. Certainly one or two matches were carried through, but "points" were at stake. We who only play for the love of the game thought of our visitors' welfare, as they had come in from Eversley and mostly ready changed. I am not implying that we wanted to field in the pouring rain, because we did not.

The "B's" only had four matches during the period under review. They were without a match on the 25th July, although we tried to fix one up, but could not procure a pitch. The balance of these games is equal: two won, two lost.

While the "A's" were batting on the Factory ground, the "B's" were the other side of the fence where they were the guests

of the G.W.R. Clerical Staff C.C. Our hosts batted first, but found R. Main in deadly form. He took seven wickets for 8, which one might say is better than seven for sixpence. In all, our opponents got 25. The game was very keen and we only just managed to get the lead, thanks to a captain's innings of 11. Well done, Main! By the way, honour where honour is due, D. Yardley of the G.W.R. took five wickets for 4.

We entertained Knowl Hill the next week, but could not get sufficient runs to do the trick. Our opponents made 48, but three members got 43 between them, which did not leave many for the other eight. Main and Deverall shared the bowling honours, the former getting four wickets for 16 and the latter five wickets for 9, the remaining batsman being run out.

One wicket for 11 seemed a promising start, but six wickets for 24 was not so good; 28 all out was worse. E. Norris took five wickets for 7 in nine overs, six of which were maidens, and W. Cross had four wickets for 9. F. W. Davis, who went in first, was our top scorer with 10.

Y.M.C.A. 2nd XI. welcomed us at Prospect Park the following Saturday and showed us the way home. They batted first and made 120. Six of them got into double figures, Holdicott being top with 32. R. Broad was our most successful bowler and took four wickets for 49. Our batting was patchy, only R. Broad going for the bowling; he got 16, five of which came off one hit. Great credit is due to F. W. Davis for his "keeping," for out of the total of 120 only two byes are recorded, which is an excellent performance.

Another close scoring game ensued with the Reading Electric Sports Club with the weight going down on our side again. Our visitors batted first and ran up 41, the wickets falling pretty regularly. R. Broad took the first in the opening over, but afterwards R. Main and E. C. Greenaway—the latter a newcomer to the Firm and side—shared them to the extent of five wickets for 9 and four wickets for 7 respectively.

We had passed their total with eight wickets down, but the last two men did not take advantage of the fact and our score still read 44. J. Smith, who was unable to make the journey to Wargrave, turned out for the "Seconds" and had the satisfaction of being top scorer with 12. A good sport is Jack, who does not mind giving the Juniors a hand if he is unable to get away from work in time to go away with the First.

On referring to the score book I find the "B's" had an evening match this month. They played the return match with All Saints', but could not avenge their first defeat from this club. In this case

we batted first and made quite a respectable total of 51, of which C. Josey claimed 22. This score was 28 too few. We had a bad start and our opponents put on 45 for the first wicket, and our total was passed by the time the fourth wicket fell. The skipper again proved he was a good hand at trundling the ball and secured a bag of five wickets for 29; L. Atkinson took three wickets for 30 and J. Deverall the other two for 14.

Thus ends my story for a while and the month of August should see both teams fully occupied each Saturday.

Should there be any players who have not yet paid their subscription—it is only a shilling—please endeavour to do so before the end of the season. It makes the Secretary's work much lighter to know that all members are fully paid up. According to the names in the score books there are a lot of cards left in his hands, which should be elsewhere long before now.

Thanking you in anticipation on behalf of the Committee.

J.W.J.

TRIP TO WANTAGE.

On Saturday, 18th July, we visited the Comrades Club, Wantage, for a tournament of all games. The delightful ride over the Downs was thoroughly enjoyed by all who went, and a very hearty welcome awaited us at Wantage. The Comrades Club is a most picturesque place and situated in very pretty surroundings. All members who made the trip expressed many thanks for the generous manner in which the Officers and Members entertained them. It was a great pity that our party was not large, but should another trip be arranged no doubt many more will take advantage of a very enjoyable outing. Our thanks are also due to Mr. H. J. Timms, Manager of the Oxford Branch, who was responsible for introducing us to such good company.

FLOWER SHOW.

The Annual Flower and Vegetable Show will be held on Saturday, August 15th. We hope all members will make a special effort to enter exhibits, no matter how small. The show never fails to create interest, members always being anxious to see what can be produced in their workmates' gardens in the way of vegetables fruit, flowers, etc. Do not forget—as many entries as possible, please.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

The newly-formed Football Club shows every promise of being a very successful venture. All the preliminaries have been arranged, one team being entered in the Second Division of the Reading and District League and one team in the Reading and District Institute League. About forty players have signed on, most of whom have played in some of the well-known local teams. The colours are white shirts with red "Hop Leaf" on the left breast, dark blue knickers, and blue and white stockings.

The Club is extremely grateful to Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds for the interest he has taken in its formation.

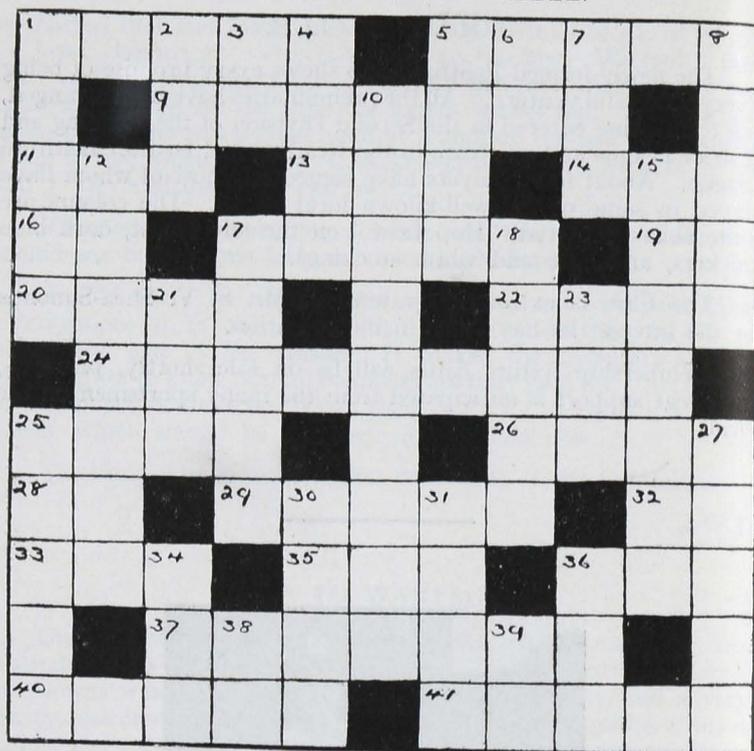
Membership fixture cards will be on sale shortly, price 1/-, and great support is anticipated from the many sportsmen on the Firm.



A "Stout" Lady.

Miss Aldridge in the attractive dress she wore at a dance at Woodley.

OUR CROSS WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Skin of the head.
5. Small bottles.
9. Vouchers.
11. Profession.
13. Macerate.
14. Expanse.
16. Knock out (abb.).
17. Sinned.
19. Right (abb.).
20. Agate.
22. Burden.
24. Despondent.
25. Valley.
26. Redact.
28. Each (abb.).
29. Clowns.
32. Small thanks.
33. Hint.
35. Strife.
36. Over.
37. Wild Duck.
40. Low quarters.
41. Encounters.

DOWN.

1. Military headdress.
2. Behave.
3. Behold.
4. Low murmur.
5. Choice.
6. Within.
7. Fool.
8. Mansions.
10. Unceasing.
12. Poem.
15. Learned.
17. Banish.
18. Portions.
21. Jap coin.
23. Boy's name.
25. Adorns.
27. Lakes.
30. Nocturnal birds.
31. Vehicle.
34. Bird.
36. Poem.
38. Exist.
39. Anent.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.)

WAGTAILS FEED YOUNG CUCKOO.

WHITE ROSE-BAY WILLOW HERBS.

GOLD-CRESTED WREN'S NEST.

You do not hear the cuckoo calling now. Most, if not all, of the old birds have returned to Africa or elsewhere and probably many of them have reported that, in England, "Sumer is *not* icumen in." Had any returned to America doubtless they would have spread the news that England was "wetter" than ever. But that by the way.

At the time of writing all the young cuckoos have not winged their way to warmer climes. Mr. F. A. Simonds tells me he has a young cuckoo on his lawn being fed by a pair of pied wagtails. Mr. Eric takes a great interest in bird life, and he and his family must have derived much pleasure as a result of watching these poor little foster parents endeavouring—almost a hopeless task—to satisfy the voracious appetite of this child that has been foisted on them. Caterpillars, butterflies, beakfuls of best mixed insects all quickly disappear down that great throat, and no sooner has one supply been swallowed than the cuckoo gives the wagtails a sharp reminder with her beak that they must be off quickly and gather more. I say it is a pleasant sight to watch the cuckoo thus being fed, but it is not without a touch of sadness for this cuckoo has previously turned out of the nest the baby wagtails and so done them to death.

TURNS VEGETARIAN.

So long as a cuckoo is fed by her foster parents she will not search for food herself. But the day comes when the parents tire of their tremendous task and leave the cuckoo to her own resources. She is at a loss to find her ordinary food and naturally gets exceedingly hungry. To save the situation she turns vegetarian and for weeks lives on greenstuff until she discovers how to find insects. Then she returns to her usual diet.

WONDERFUL INSTINCT.

I have found cuckoos' eggs in the nests of hedge-sparrows, tree-pipits, meadow-pipits, robins, yellow-hammers and larks. They lay their eggs in these nests and do not place them there by means of their beaks.

In a few weeks' time Mr. Eric's cuckoo will be a thousand miles away. It is a wonderful instinct, isn't it, that calls the

bird to that far country which she has never seen before and along the route of which she has had no previous knowledge? But many things are wonderful in Nature and pass all understanding.

WONDERFUL FLORAL DISPLAYS.

There have been some wonderful displays of the rose-bay willow herb this year. And while going for a walk out Tadley way I came across a solid mass, acres in extent, of these tall and handsome rose-coloured flowers. The spot was where, as a result of the axe and then a devastating fire some years ago, one would have thought the area would have been denuded of almost all forms of life. But how quickly Nature tries to repair the ravages of "war," covering up the ugly scars with only that which is bright and beautiful. And so in time—I always was an optimist—those deep and ugly scars of the Great War, which went right into the hearts of the nations causing such horrible disfigurements, will be blotted out and replaced by something even more beautiful than the rose-bay willow herbs, will be replaced by the flowers of loving kindness and the real brotherhood of man throughout the world. Let us be careful lest we sow any other seed!

AN UNCOMMON FLOWER.

But I am wandering far from Tadley. What I really set out to tell you was that I found a number of pure white specimens of these beautiful blooms. Then I gathered some ling, cross-leaved heath and bell heather with which the commons are carpeted, and, coming across a big supply of whortleberries, gathered a few and ate them with my simple meal. The foxgloves are now nearly over, but never before have I seen such exhibits of these blooms staged by Nature. Strolling down a lane I am suddenly greeted with a blaze of colour so arresting and impressive that I sit on a stile and gaze upon them with an admiring eye and a thankful heart for the bountiful supply of so much that is beautiful. The lane is just this side of the "Round Oak," Padworth, and I hope others have had the opportunity of admiring the display.

On my way home I called in at the "Three Firs," Burghfield. In the fir tree close to the main entrance of the inn a pair of golden-crested wrens built their nest and reared their large little family. And this in spite of the fact that each day many people passed under the bough where the nest was hung and within a few feet of it. Someone has since removed the nest, but as the little birds had no further use for it no harm was done. The gold-crests' nest is a wonderful structure. The bird is exceedingly small and about five go to the ounce!

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The maid was showing the somewhat flashily dressed individual to his room in the not very exclusive seaside boarding house. At the door he paused and said to her: "I presume that everyone here dresses for dinner?"

The maid looked dumbly at him. "Oh, yes, sir!" she replied very seriously. "Any meals taken in bed are extra."

* * * *

A bachelor who lodges in a quiet square keeps himself fit by donning running shorts in the evening and going for an hour's trot round several quiet streets.

One night, while attired in athletic garb, he was hailed in anguished tones by a woman. On slowing down, he discovered it was his laundress, who gasped out:

"Oh, I'm sorry I'm late this week, sir, but if you'll go back home at once I'll promise you your washing to-morrow morning first thing."

* * * *

Husband and wife were attending the races when they saw a lady known to the man. "Oh, lord," he said, "there's Mrs. Smith. For goodness sake don't take any tip she gives you. She's the rottenest punter I know." His wife said: "Punter, indeed! A woman with a figure like that shouldn't risk herself in anything less than the 'Mauretania.'"

* * * *

The carpenter's son was making out his father's weekly accounts. "What shall we charge Mr. Newrich for that little job?" asked the youth. "I've got ten hours' work down to him."

"Ten hours," replied the father; "that will be twenty-eight bob."

The boy was about to enter the figure when his father stopped him.

"On second thoughts," said the parent, "I think we'd better make it a round figure. Put down thirty bob." He paused and added: "No; wait a minute, lad. Make it thirty-two bob, so that it doesn't look as if we've been making a round figure of it."

* * * *

TOURIST (looking over precipice): "I suppose people fall down here often, don't they?"

GUIDE: "Oh, no. Once is quite enough for most of 'em."

SUZETTE : " Don't you think my new dress is exquisite ? "

CLARICE : " Oh, lovely ! I think that dressmaker of yours could make a clothes-prop look graceful. "

* * * *

" Why so glum, old chap ? "

" I've just had my fortune told by a man. "

" But these people don't really know anything. "

" This one does. He's my bank manager. "

* * * *

TEACHER : " Give me an example of a man who breaks his word. "

FRITZ : " My uncle, sir. "

TEACHER : " Your uncle ? "

FRITZ : " Yes, he stutters. "

* * * *

ENGINE-DRIVER'S SWEETHEART : " And do you always think of me during your long night trips ? "

ENGINE-DRIVER : " Do I ? Why, I've wrecked two trains that way already. "

ENGINE-DRIVER'S SWEETHEART : " Oh, you darling ! "

* * * *

SWEET SEVENTEEN : " Oh, Mr. Linkley, how lovely of you to bring me these beautiful roses ! How sweet they are, and how fresh ! I do believe there is little dew on them yet ! "

MR. LINKLEY : " W-well, yes, there is ; but I'll pay it to-morrow ! "

* * * *

" I think," said the professor, " from the utensils about him, that this mummy must have been an Egyptian plumber. "

" How interesting," mused his dreamy assistant, " could we but bring him back to life. "

The professor shook his head. " Too risky. Who's going to pay him for his time ? "

* * * *

TOM : " That's our new bowler. "

TESS : " Is he any good ? "

TOM : " He took three wickets for two in the first innings. "

TESS : " Poor fellow. Near-sighted, I suppose ? "

HE : " Good-night, my love. When you are gone I shall linger beneath your window and sing you a serenade. "

SHE : " Do. And I will drop you a flower. "

HE : " Ah ! In a moment of mad love ? "

SHE : " No, in a pot. "

* * * *

Whatever other sorrows Eve suffered, she was never taunted by Adam's reference to his mother's cooking.

* * * *

The movie parachute-jumper is another man whose business seems to be falling off.

* * * *

DOCTOR : " How many patients have died to-day ? "

NURSE : " Three, sir. "

DOCTOR : " But I prescribed medicine for four. "

NURSE : " Yes, but one refused to take it. "

* * * *

LADY : " Could you possibly have saved your friend who was captured by cannibals ? "

AFRICAN TRAVELLER : " Unfortunately not. When I arrived he was already scratched off the menu. "

* * * *

Great men remember favours and forget insults.

* * * *

The saint never boasts of his sanctity.

* * * *

" Miss Smith, do let me help you to more pudding. " " Well, thanks," said the young woman. " I will take a little more, but only a mouthful, please. " " Mary," said the hostess to the parlour-maid, " fill Miss Smith's plate. "

* * * *

" The future of cotton is uncertain. " How true. It never knows whether it will be silk stockings or a woollen overcoat.

* * * *

It's easy to furnish the love-nest nowadays with a little down.

* * * *

" Your honour," said the prosecuting attorney, in an American court, " your bull pup has gone and chewed up the court Bible. "

" Well," grumbled his honour, " make the witness kiss the pup ; we can't adjourn court to get a new Bible. "

"The land," screamed the Socialist orator—"the land, from which is produced the food of the people, should belong to the people. There is no food used by the people that does not depend upon the land, and therefore—"

"Fish!" called out the Voice. And there was silence for a space.

* * * *

"Why the perplexed expression?"

"I'm just wondering if a policeman's uniform is a law suit."

* * * *

TOMMY: "Why do you suppose Adam was created first?"

DAD: "Oh, perhaps to give him a chance to say something."

* * * *

"Is she still searching for her ideal man?"

"No, dear; all her time is occupied in looking for a husband."

* * * *

DOCTOR: "Have you ever tried gargling with salt water?"

SAILOR: "Yes, I've been torpedoed six times."

* * * *

"That is a lovely clock in your office. Is it insured?"

"No need, my clerks keep looking to see if it is still there."

* * * *

ACTOR: "Yesterday, when I was playing Romeo, I died so naturally that a man in the pit fainted."

"Wonderful!"

"Yes, he was my insurance agent."

* * * *

DINER (who had been particularly difficult): "Have you any wild duck?"

WAITER (fed up): "No, sir; but we can take a tame one and irritate it for you."

* * * *

STUDENT (to Professor): "You promised to address us to-day on the human brain."

PROFESSOR: "So I did, so I did; but it must be at some future time. I have something else in my head to-day."

* * * *

The teacher had been giving the class an elementary lesson on architecture. "Now," she asked, "can anyone in the class tell me what a 'buttress' is?" Little Bobbie rose, beaming with intelligence. "I know," he said, "a buttress is a nannygoat."

MERCHANT: "Look here, you've been owing me this bill for a year. I'll meet you half-way. I'm ready to forget half what you owe."

DEBTOR: "Fine! I'll meet you. I'll forget the other half."

* * * *

It is possible for a bald-headed man to be a failure, although he has come out on top.

* * * *

An old soldier was looking over his war souvenirs when he came across a door knob. "Well, and how did you get that?" his son inquired.

"It was like this," he replied. "I was just going into a house when a German shell came over and blew the house clean out of my hand!"

* * * *

LADY: "Have you ever been offered work?"

TRAMP: "Only once, madam. Apart from that I've met with nothing but kindness."

* * * *

HE: "People living together get to look alike."

SHE: "Here's your ring. I daren't risk it."

* * * *

"What a lot of friends we lose through their borrowing money from us."

"Yes, it is touch and go with most of them."

* * * *

While on circuit a famous judge returned to the house where he was staying rather late, and, as he was wearing a cap, he was not recognised by the constable on duty outside, who seemingly mistook him for one of the servants.

"Has the old blighter gone to bed yet?" inquired the policeman of the judge, who replied that he thought he had not.

A short while later he opened his bedroom window and put out his head. "Officer," he called down to the street below, "the old blighter is just going to bed now."

* * * *

"Don't you think we'd better buy the boy an encyclopaedia now he's going to the secondary school?" asked the fond mother. "His master asked him if he had one."

"I don't think anything of the kind," replied the nouveau riche father. "Let the lazy young devil walk, the same as I had to."

A salesman who had been travelling on a railway in Ireland for years found to his surprise that the train came in on time one day. He therefore went to the guard and said: "Have a cigar; I want to congratulate you. I have travelled on this line for fifteen years, and this is the first time I have caught a train on time."

"Keep the cigar," said the guard; "this is yesterday's train."

* * * *

"Please, madam," asked the pretty parlourmaid, "may I have Monday off to go to see my aunt?"

Before her mistress could reply, little Peggy, who had certain inside information on the subject, added her pleadings to the maid's.

"Oh, mummy," she said, "do let her. Her aunt's been made a sergeant."

* * * *

The traffic police in a certain large city wear long white waterproof coats on wet days. On one such day, an unwary pedestrian would have gone to his last account had not a bus-driver crammed on all his brakes and drawn up inches short of the startled walker. Instead of bursting into invective, as might have been expected, the driver looked at the constable in his long coat and said, "How's that, umpire?"

* * * *

The lights in the crowded bus had failed and the passengers were thrown into confusion. "Can I find you a strap?" the tall young man asked a young lady at his side.

She smiled sweetly. "Thank you," she replied, "but I have just found one."

"Good," he replied. "Then perhaps you wouldn't mind letting go of my tie?"

* * * *

A young man entered a music-publishing office in London and stated that he had composed "a winner of a fox-trot." He was taken into the presence of the managing director, who, with a resigned expression, listened while the air was played and sung. At the end he made no comment. The composer jumped up. "Well," he said, "what do you think I ought to get for that?" "Dunno," replied the director, "I'm a publisher, not a magistrate."

* * * *

"I have fifteen jam dishes I would like to sell you."

"I don't buy stolen goods."

"They weren't stolen, my dear sir, I was married last week."

THE ALDERMAN (sternly): "When I was your age, my boy, I was making a honest living."

THE BOY: "And now look at you!"

* * * *

SHE: "You remind me of the ocean."

HE: "Wild, romantic, restless —?"

SHE: "No, you just make me sick."

* * * *

TALL POLICEMAN: "I say, Mary, do you have to take care of the dog, too?"

NURSE GIRL: "Not yet. The missus says I'm too young and inexperienced. I'm only allowed to take care of the children at present."

* * * *

"We want a man for our information bureau," said the manager. "He must be a wideawake fellow and accustomed to complaints."

"That's me," replied the applicant. "I'm the father of twins."

* * * *

PATIENT: "But, doctor, a year ago you advised me not to drink while eating."

DOCTOR: "Oh, everything is different now. My present advice is not to eat while drinking."

* * * *

Most men dress quietly, except when they lose their collar studs.

* * * *

"Did you get a commission when you were in the army, Jack?"

"No, only me wages."

* * * *

SHE: "Do you really think, doctor, that man is made of dust?"

HE: "My dear, I really couldn't answer for man; but I am sure girls are. They cause such a lot of trouble when they get into a man's eye."

* * * *

"Why did you abandon your automobile trip so abruptly?"

"Oh, my wife is so superstitious! After we had run over the thirteenth man, she said we ought to turn back, otherwise she felt we should meet with some accident!"

An itinerant collector of old iron was trundling his barrow along a very narrow road. Behind him was a somewhat elderly motor car, the impatient driver of which was hooting and tooting in his anxiety to pass the old iron barrow.

The old iron merchant looked round at the car, and then addressed the owner: "Orl right, guv'nor, I'll call for that to-morrer!"

* * * *

WICKET-KEEPER: "How's 'at?"

SPORTING VICAR (who had consented to umpire): "Damn good—I mean out."

* * * *

Scientists have achieved some wonderful results, and maybe in time one of them will succeed in producing a cigarette the ashes of which will match the colour of the rug.

* * * *

SOCIALIST: "After all, what is the difference between the rich man and the poor man?"

BYSTANDER: "The rich man has acute laryngitis and the poor man has a cold."

* * * *

HISTORY LECTURER: "Can any of you tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

CORPULENT LADY: "I don't know, or I would take some myself."

* * * *

REGULAR CUSTOMER.

A Scot, who had worn the same hat for fifteen years, decided, with heavy heart, to buy a new one.

"Going into the only hat shop in his neighbourhood, he said: "Well, here I am again."

* * * *

BEAUTY DOCTOR: "Of course, madam, I recollect lifting your face. And what can I do for you now?"

"Well, I wondered if you could do something to lift my husband's face. It fell terribly when he received your bill."

* * * *

MOTHER: "My dear, all men are cast pretty well much in the same mould."

DAUGHTER: "Yes, but some are mouldier than others."

DINER, in restaurant, looking at the dish the waiter has just brought: "What's that, waiter?"

WAITER, thinking he refers to the music: "It's a portion of 'The Merry Widow,' sir."

* * * *

"Darling," he murmured, "whatever induced you to care for a fellow like me?"

"I really don't know, George," she replied. "Pa has threatened to send me to a brain specialist."

* * * *

JOHNNIE: "Pa, won't you please buy me a microbe to help me with my arithmetic?"

PAPA: "What good will a microbe do you?"

JOHNNIE: "I just read in this paper that they multiply rapidly."

* * * *

"At times," said the girl, "you seem to be manly enough, and then at other times you're absurdly effeminate. Why on earth is it?"

"Er—ah—heredity," he answered.

"Heredity?"

"Yes. You see half my ancestors were men and the other half women."

* * * *

Complaint is made that some crossword puzzles are too difficult. What girl, for instance, could be expected to guess that "worn on the finger" may mean a thimble?

* * * *

UNCLE: "I've been round the world three times."

TOMMY: "That's nothing. I've got a goldfish that goes round the globe ten times every morning."

* * * *

AN ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR EDITOR: I am in love with a homely girl, but she doesn't seem to care for me, while a pretty girl with lots of money wants to marry me. What shall I do?

Marry the one you love and send us the name and address of the other one.

* * * *

"What's your objection to her singing?"

"She doesn't practice what she screeches."

"Then you don't want to leave footprints upon the sands of time?"

"No," answered the politician guardedly. "All I want is to cover up my tracks."

* * * *

"What was the matter with that lady who just went out of the shop?" asked the greengrocer of his assistant.

"She found fault with the potatoes."

"What was the matter with them?"

"She didn't like the colour of their eyes."

* * * *

LADY: "I'm worried about my complexion, doctor. Just look at it."

DOCTOR: "You should diet."

LADY: "I never thought of that. What colour would you suggest?"

* * * *

"Jane, has the chemist sent that sleeping draught yet?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then ring him up and ask him if he expects me to keep awake all night waiting for it."

* * * *

Willie ran into the drawing room. "Father," he said, "there's a big black cat in the dining room!"

"Never mind," replied father, "black cats are lucky."

"This one is," said the boy, "he's had your dinner!"

* * * *

HUSBAND (reading): "This paper says that the greatness of a father proves a stumbling block to the advancement of his children."

WIFE: "Well, thank goodness, our children will never be handicapped in that way."

* * * *

"Now, don't tell me any story about misfortune an' wantin' to be a hard worker, an' all that," said the hard-faced lady. "I can see right through you."

"Gracious!" said Dismal Dawson, "I know I ain't had nothin' to eat for three days, but I didn't know it had thinned me down like that."

The bridegroom was in a poetic frenzy as he strolled along the seashore. "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll," he recited to his bride.

"Oh, Gerald," she exclaimed, "how wonderful you are. It's doing it."

* * * *

MRS. SPENDER: "I wonder what will be the popular styles in hats next summer?"

HER HUSBAND: "My dear, women's hats will be divided into two styles next summer, as usual: the styles you don't like and the styles I cannot afford."

* * * *

YOUNG WIFE: "I want some lamb, please."

BUTCHER: "Yes, ma'am—which part?"

YOUNG WIFE: "Oh, the part you eat mint sauce with."

* * * *

"And so you have to wear glasses, Joan?"

"Yes, perhaps; but mother says she's going to have my eyes tested by another optimist."

* * * *

REFORMER (to prostrated man): "And so this is the work of rum, is it?"

PROSTRATED MAN: "No, sir; this is the work of a banana skin, sir."

* * * *

NEWSPAPER REPORTER: "Have any of your childhood hopes been realised?"

MILLIONAIRE: "Yes. When my mother used to comb my hair, I wished that I didn't have any."

* * * *

HE: "I hope you will pardon my dancing on your feet. I'm a little short of practice."

SHE: "I don't mind your dancing on them. It's the continual jumping on and off that annoys me."

* * * *

"How is it you know all about the Smiths' private affairs?"

"We looked after their parrot during their summer holidays."

MR. SQUIGGS : " I hear that Professor Wiseman, the prophet, has decided that the world will come to an end next Christmas Day."

TOMMY SQUIGGS : " Before or after dinner, pa ? "

* * * *

GENTLEMAN : " I want a very careful chauffeur—one who doesn't take silly risks."

APPLICANT : " I'm your man, sir. Can I have my salary in advance, please ? "

* * * *

The outer covering of young eels, says a nature note, is so thin that you can almost see through them. They do not, however, cross their legs in street cars.

* * * *

ALPHONSE : " It doesn't take much to turn a girl's head, does it ? "

HILDA : " Evidently not. I noticed a silly creature looking back at you just now."

* * * *

" I told your father that I just doted on you."

" And what did he say ? "

" That I had better find an antidote."

* * * *

A business man complains that girls are not good at explanations. They are naturally never anxious to make themselves plain.

* * * *

GROWLER : " What will the modern girl be twenty years from now ? "

CYNIC : " Oh, about three years older."

* * * *

A scientist is reported to have found a substance like rubber, but more durable. He was probably eating a Welsh rarebit.

* * * *

A doctor recommends butter as a cure for lumbago. You just give yourself a pat on the back, of course.

* * * *

MISTRESS : " Where's Master Eric ? "

MAID : " I don't know, mum. I ain't seen 'im since we rolled the carpet up."

" Darling, you are the most beautiful woman in the world."

" Oh, Harold, how quick you are at noticing things ! "

* * * *

All of us should believe in kindness to dumb animals. So many of us are.

* * * *

Wireless, we read, will soon be used to exterminate germs. The difficulty at present is to induce the wretched little things to listen.

* * * *

SHE : " Glad to meet you, Mr. Smarte. They say you're an awfully wide-awake man."

HE : " Naturally ; I'm the father of twins."

* * * *

TEACHER : " What is velocity, Johnny ? "

JOHNNY : " Velocity is what a chap lets go of a wasp with."

PARTY WITNESS AIR PAGEANT.



On June 27th a party from the Brewery, Reading, journeyed to London to witness the great air pageant, and here they are seen during a halt to refresh themselves with "S.B."

BRANCHES.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

Will the summer time of 1931 be written down as the worst ever? It looks very much like it to-day.

The holiday season is slowly and all too fearfully leaving us. Our cries to Heaven, and elsewhere, for a few fine days are daily getting louder and more desperate, while our spirits and bodies are habitually becoming drenched when we endeavour to view other little "worlds" than our own local ones.

The glorious prospects which so many optimistic souls cherished throughout a dreary winter and a fickle spring are weekly being destroyed and washed away by this malicious spirit of the elements, who pours down his daily ration and wrath upon us. A wet wicket indeed!

And now enters happy August at the crease. Is Jupiter Pluvius still bowling?—a long over, this. Surely a change is due. Even he cannot "send 'em down" for ever!

Let us hope, for the sake of the many, young and old, who flock by every route to the ocean's edge or to hill and vale, that an effort will be made, and that "Happy's" innings will be a real "Don" affair, a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. One which will compensate a little for the dreary efforts of his predecessors to please us. Goodness knows we deserve it, don't we?

Glad to see our talented Editor had such memorable sport on his holiday in our vicinity. Sorry he was unable to give us a call, as he did on a former occasion.

We also read with interest the GAZETTE notes of London Branch last month and the happy time they had at Reading. Particularly are we pleased to know that our old confrere, Mr. A. Luscombe, is still going strong. He is remembered by one or two of us now at the "Tamar" who knew him in his "Compton" days. One day we hope to have the pleasure of seeing him again.

The inclusion in the GAZETTE "Gallery" of Mr. G. E. Boddington was particularly pleasing to those many Branch readers who have worked with him in the past, both at Headquarters, Perham Down, etc; also to those friends in and out of the Services, who may cherish hopes of "turning the table" when the next opportunity to meet him thereon occurs.

The birthday of H.R.H. The Duke of Cornwall, the 23rd of June, was the day aptly chosen by the Sergeants of the Bodmin Depot for their annual outing this year.

This very fine sporting regiment, whose battalions are known throughout the world for their prowess in sport, as well as for their gallantry in action—their record in the British Army Cross-Country Championship alone must be almost unique—have been staunch "Simonds'" supporters for a generation, and, as the trip chosen by the members on this occasion embraced Plymouth and Torquay, it was a happy suggestion, and a pleasing compliment to ourselves, that a visit to the Tamar Brewery should be made en route.

The arrival of the column, with no blank files, at 10 a.m. was up to schedule and, for an hour or so, the evolving of "P.B.A.", "S.B.A.", "Milk Stout" and other well-known "Hop Leaf" products was keenly watched and, we hope, enjoyed by all. Our Mr. Rowland and Mr. Searle were the good shepherds during the "halt," and we happen to know how much R.S.M. Grigg and his thirty-two merry men appreciated the tour around under their guidance. Perhaps even that rare old warrior Ex-R.S.M. Willis picked up a few hints on how to tap a cask of "P.B.A." which will be useful to him in the future. Nothing like practical experience!

And then to Torquay, where with our worthy patron, Mr. G. Tregaskis, at "Gibbon's Hotel," the "Dukes" were soon thoroughly at home enjoying more vintages from the Tamar Valley. No Dismal Jimmies are these boys of the Duchy!

Back to Plymouth at 8.30 p.m.; thence, after an enjoyable foam around, to Torpoint Ferry and home, completed a memorable and successful day and one in which we were delighted to share.

The recent acquisition of the "Gloucester Arms," Devonport, by the Firm brings yet another old established licensed property under the ever-broadening arms of the "Hop Leaf" tree. This well-known cosy house has long been recognised as of particular merit by those sturdy West Country men and women who appreciate good quiet service and the best beverages amid pleasant age-old surroundings.

Our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Tremlett, who, after nigh thirty years there, have now handed it over to our care, had for many years stocked most varieties of H. & G. S. productions, and their many old friends and patrons can still be sure that the same high quality of service will be maintained by us through Mrs. E. E. Hyde, who succeeds the late owners there. She has had a keen apprenticeship under the expert guidance of Mr. F. Pepler,

of the "Standard Inn," Devonport, who is well-known to localities as "Pep"—and he really deserves it! What his subordinates at Brixton called him a few years ago we can only guess at, but he certainly has gingered up a few places here. We feel sure that the "Gloucester" under her guidance will prove to be a thriving addition to the Tamar family, and wish her the very best of luck there.



"Gloucester Arms," Devonport.

"MINE'S AN 'S.B.'!"

The above slogan is daily heard in almost every corner and place of the West. At Launceston Show this popular beverage was in great demand following the recent successes of the "S.B." Football Club (as depicted in our July notes), and the Launceston lads needed no posters to guide them in their call.

The "Simonds'" marquee was quite early the rendezvous for both exhibitors and their men, and Mr. Searle and his staff were kept exceedingly busy throughout the day. A wonderfully successful programme was carried through and, with weather conditions favourable, all, except the unsuccessful competitors maybe, voted this year's Show well up to the high standard of former years.

At Torquay, for a few days only, the Fleet took an early opportunity of their proximity to the Tamar Brewery to renew their stocks of the same brew, and our transport was very soon on the scene. H.M. Ships *Vivien*, *Capetown*, *Whirlwind*, *Centaur*, *Vidette*, *Lucia*, *Renown*, *Warspite*, *Dorsetshire*, *Dart*, *Mal ya*, *Valiant*, *Adamant* and *Vesper* were supplied during their stay, and it needs no further comment of ours as to the popularity of the above slogan with the Atlantic Fleet. Our own units will be with us in the near future, when "More 'S.B.'" will be the call.

The one-day visit of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, Lord High Steward of Plymouth, was a notable event during July, and one which his own domain, the West, had looked forward to for a long time.

Throughout the day scenes of great enthusiasm marked his progress among us. His arrival at North Road Station at 6.0 a.m. by the midnight newspaper train from Paddington was rather unexpected, as it had been his intention to fly down. Weather conditions, however, prevented this.

The sleeping coach and restaurant car were taken through to Millbay, where His Royal Highness remained until just after 10 a.m.

His subsequent inspection of the Polar submarine *Nautilus*, which is under repair here, his tour of the dockyards, the opening of the new municipal aerodrome at Roborough, his visit to the Hospitals Fair and the new British Legion Club, these and many other engagements were carried out with that charm of manner and bonhomie which so endears him to us all. One simply has to like him.

At 4.30 p.m. he was fortunately able to leave Roborough, in accordance with his original arrangements, in his own plane, and our final glimpse was his cheery wave to the great crowds below.

His visit will long be remembered here, and its result?—over £14,000 for local hospitals! Contributed to by all, under the leadership of our greatest ambassador.

At Bisley the 2nd Battalion The Rifle Brigade won the Lewis Gun Match for the fourth year in succession. An astonishing score by Sergeants Beebe and Chiles of 354 left them high and dry, the Coldstream Guards with 288 being second.

Lieutenant E. J. C. Salter won the King's Medal for the best shot in the Home Army with 179—the highest score yet made in the competition.

We warmly congratulate this popular Battalion on their superlative skill, which can only be attained by intensive training allied to mental and physical fitness. "Pukka" riflemen are these "bundook wallahs"!

Ask their opponents.

CRABBS PARK, PAIGNTON.

All too soon did the visit of the Atlantic Fleet end. Between thirty and forty ships were anchored in Torbay for the week, from the largest battleships down to submarines.

H.M. Ships *Rodney*, *Hood*, *Warspite*, *Renown*, *Repulse* and *York* were all in turn open to the public, who availed themselves of the excellent opportunity to go aboard.

General leave was given and there were numerous sporting events, including the Sailing Regatta which was of immense interest to local "salts." Many were the entries for the race to obtain some of Hunt's "Glorious Devon Cider," as our naval friends only too well realize the value of such a healthy drink.

The searchlight display was enjoyed by thousands of landlubbers, including visitors from all parts of the country.

The largest outing that has ever taken place from the Paignton Constitutional Club was held with a trip to the Moors and North Devon.

The President experienced a near shave on the moorland, but "C.P." came to the rescue and brushed aside the cause of the trouble. This caused a great deal of fun at an early stage of the outing and the President's toilet was thereby made complete, and we hope the wayside shave did not in any way injure his complexion.

The meals that had been arranged were everything one could wish for, and a very enjoyable day was spent.

The Band of the Gordon Highlanders which has been entertaining us with their fine selections of music on the Paignton sea-front has now completed its stay. It was a great attraction whilst here.

The Green Howards Band has now filled the vacancy and is attracting a large number of people.

It is a great temptation for those lovers of music to cut short their evening's enjoyment just before 10 o'clock so as to obtain an appetiser for their suppers.

The rebuilding of "The Devonport Arms Inn," Paignton, is making good progress and, although many visitors are arriving, suitable alternative accommodation has been provided.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lowe (mine host and hostess) are doing their best to ensure that all demands—and they are many—for the famous "Hop Leaf" brands and Hunt's Cider are filled.

We were very pleased to receive a visit from Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Phipps, and hope their impression of Crabbs Park will linger with pleasant memories of Paignton—Devon's beauty spot.

Whilst writing these few notes we have had a surprise visit from Mr. and Mrs. C. Bennett, whom we were very pleased to see.

GIBRALTAR.

ROYAL ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS, JUMPERS BASTION.

On the 20th June the members of the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess paid a visit to Malaga. As the weather behaved itself in fine style, a most successful day was enjoyed. Estapona was the first official stop on the outward journey, and there a very nice lunch awaited the party. At about 3 p.m. everyone was gathered in, and the "bus" continued its merry career. A point of interest is that of the close proximity of the main road to the sea. An uninterrupted view of the Mediterranean is possible along the whole of the road between Estapona and Malaga. We reached Malaga at 5.30 p.m. and went our several ways until dinner made its call. This repast proved to be most enjoyable, and the Cataluna Hotel certainly gave a very good English dinner. I do not, however, advise roast beef in Spain. Everyone now being satisfied and in high spirits, we again proceeded on sightseeing expeditions and were able to gather some idea of the ravages of civil commotion. Roughly twenty-eight religious institutions were gutted by fire during the period following King Alfonso's abdication. Our party re-united at 11 a.m. on the Sunday morning and Gibraltar was reached in time for all the good men to take in the milk, for be it known that the outing was for *men only*, which, it is needless to say, was greatly appreciated by the ladies, who also had a jolly good day *on their own* (at home).

LEOFRIE.

In this issue we are reluctantly compelled to say "Good-bye" to H.M.S. *Tourmaline* and her ship's company, as, ere these lines are in print, she will be at home and on the sale list prior to the process of being converted into safety-razor blades. Her officers and ship's company have been extremely popular during their stay amongst us and it is with deep regret that we anticipate her departure. *Tourmaline* is being relieved early in August by H.M.S. *Searcher*, and there is no doubt that the latter ship will have a happy and pleasant commission at sunny "Gib."

The periodical relief of one-third of the crew of H.M.S. *Cormorant* takes place in the immediate future. Prominent among the departures will be that of Stoker P.O. Williams ("Bungy"), who has performed many feats of valour on the cricket field—as well as in the Canteen afterwards—and we wish them all health and prosperity in their new spheres wherever they may be.

The only open-air dance of the season so far was given by H.M.S. *Cormorant* a short time ago. The naval tennis courts were beautifully decorated for the occasion, and Master-at-Arms Smart and his Committee are deserving of the highest commendation for the excellence of the function. Mention must also be made of Yeoman of Signals Rayner and his "Sextette" Dance Band. They have had a truly meteoric rise into popularity, and the success of any dance at which this deservedly popular band is performing is ensured beforehand.

The Royal Engineers' Old Comrades' Association recently held an outing to Tangier, and those who attended spent a thoroughly enjoyable day roaming about that picturesque place in which East and West are so strangely mingled, while the sea trip back provided a fitting climax to a thoroughly enjoyable, if tiring, day.

We have also recently received a visit from the United States ships *Sebago* and *Mendota*, which are on a "shake-down" cruise to Europe before taking up their arduous duties on the Iceland Patrol. Both are new ships, similar in appearance to a British sloop, and look almost yacht-like in their spick-and-span appearance. We are also looking forward to a visit from our old friends *Arkansas* and *Wyoming*, which occurs towards the latter end of the month, and doubtless we shall renew old acquaintances over a bottle of "S.B."

We are now well into the dry season, and have already been "favoured" with two or three visits from our old friend the "Levanter." Cricket holds sway on all the playing pitches, and, as is to be expected, bathing also claims its many devotees. Gibraltar is not behind in the matter of fashions, and on our "Lido" at Catalan Bay are to be seen many varied and wonderful bathing

costumes, although we have not yet adopted beach pyjamas. It will not be long, however, before some bold spirit, more daring than the rest, will sally forth in a flowered creation with bell-bottomed trousers and the remainder will follow suit.

Congratulations to the Royal Marines' racing boat's crew of H.M.S. *Cormorant*. The final for the July Oar was held in ideal weather, the crews being the Royal Marines, *Cormorant* and (D) Crew of the 1st Battalion The Lincolnshire Regiment. Right to the end the issue of the race was in doubt, and nobody was certain until the judge awarded the race to *Cormorant*. The margin of victory was extremely small, a matter of inches only, and the race provided the spectators with a real exhibition of skill and endurance.

Unfortunately, this will be my last contribution to THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, and in bidding "Au revoir" to the many friends I leave in Gibraltar, I should like to express my keen appreciation of the kindness and courtesy shewn me by both Mr. E. M. B. Cottrell and Mr. J. Hutton. I have known them both for practically the whole period of my sojourn on the Rock, and it is with the deepest regret that I shall say "Good-bye" although it is more than likely that we shall meet again in the future. Such a meeting will most certainly be a fitting occasion to "crack" another bottle, and it is an occasion to which I shall look forward with the keenest anticipation.

"NAUTICUS."

WOKING.

By the time these notes are in print the 68th Annual Imperial Meeting of the National Rifle Association will be a fleeting memory, but at the moment Bisley Camp presents a very animated scene and to find its parallel one would need to recall the large concentration camps with which many of us were familiar during the Great War. In addition to marksmen from every branch of the Services, teams from India, Canada, Soudan, Gold Coast, Falkland Islands, Uganda, Tanganyika and the Malay States are in attendance, and indeed it would be difficult to mention any part of the British Empire which is not represented at the gathering.

The War brought us into close contact with our own kith and kin from overseas, and Bisley Meeting might well be called "The Great Re-union." Conferences and Empire Exhibitions have done a great deal to cement world friendships, but Bisley can certainly be said to put those aims and ideals into very real practice, for apart from the rifle shooting contests, the camp is a great Imperial social centre during the meeting.

The camp itself is ideal in its setting, and in addition to the pavilion, many of the Rifle Associations have their own club houses within its boundaries. The spacious umbrella tent with its popular evening concerts and divine service on Sundays, is always an attraction to visitors, and silver trophies to the approximate value of £50,000 are on view at the exhibition hut nearby.

Last year the King's Prize of £250, with gold medal and badge—the coveted prize of the meeting—was won by Miss Marjorie Foster, of Frimley, who is again competing at the meeting. Will the great test of skill and nerve go to the ladies this year? We will "wait and see." Meanwhile, we will continue to devote our best energies to the supply of the famous "Hop Leaf" brand beverages to our many patrons at Bisley Camp and to whom, all too soon, we shall have to say "Au revoir" until next season.

Our sincere congratulations to Charterhouse School, Godalming, on winning the Ashburton Shield—the Public Schools Championship—for the eleventh time. Although they just missed the coveted trophy last year, they were successful this season. It is a remarkably good performance, and as the School wears the badge of the Queen's Regiment (Royal West Surrey Regiment) it is felt that the achievement adds a reflected glory to the County of Surrey. The team had a great reception on their return to Godalming. Our very good friend, R.S.M. Locke, of the Charterhouse O.T.C., has been the recipient of a host of congratulatory messages, and we are glad to associate ourselves therewith.

The A.R.A. and N.R.A. Meetings at Bisley bring us pressure of work, but it is pleasurable activity, as the men and women who compete, or those who visit the camp because of their interest in rifle shooting, are some of the finest specimens of our race and nation, and many of them are pioneers in the Dominions of the British Commonwealth. We are sure that they worthily uphold the best traditions of the Old Country on many frontiers and in remote corners of the Empire.

We were sorry to lose the services of a number of young people who were in our Bottling Department, as that branch of our activities has been transferred to Staines. These juniors had mostly joined us direct from school and were loyal and hardworking. Our best wishes are extended to them for a successful future in whatever sphere they are able to attach themselves, and also our thanks for services rendered. We shall follow their fortunes with interest.

SERGEANTS' MESS, DEPOT, THE QUEEN'S ROYAL REGIMENT.
VISIT TO H.M.S. "VERNON," PORTSMOUTH.

At 12 noon on Saturday, 4th July, some twenty able-bodied members with families boarded two good ships en route for Portsmouth. The breeze was fair and although the "glass" showed signs of falling our hopes for a fine voyage soared high. The anchor was weighed with appropriate choruses by our A.B's., ably piped by "Bo'sun" Lambert, and with all sail set we were skilfully steered through Stoughton roads and soon scudding gaily over the high seas (high roads). The weather remained fair until we reached latitude X° Y', longitude A° B', a few points S.S.W. of Hindhead, where we encountered a squall. Smartly piped by our "Bo'sun" we reefed the mainsail, stowed the topgallants, etc., and weathered the storm in real sailorly fashion, and finally ran up Portsmouth Creek in brilliant sunshine.

A flotilla from H.M.S. *Vernon* met us outside the harbour and we berthed alongside the Actaeon Quay, where we enjoyed a real naval reception. Speedily disembarking, hearty handshakes and reminiscences of a year ago were exchanged with our hosts. Those of us who desired to change were shown with courtly grace to a dressing room and much refreshed with a tot of sailor's "friend" When we had completed our flannelled ensemble we made our way to the United Services ground, where a well-cared for turf delighted our eyes with the freshness of its green.

Our captain won the toss and elected to bat first. The sailors quickly proved that more than one shot had been added to their locker, and only Sergt. Good withstood their attack with any confidence, until "Bo'sun" Lambert arrived. The latter hit heartily in all directions and our score reached 104 by the time our last wicket fell.

The sailors then opened their innings in lusty fashion, reaching 50 in half an hour without a wicket falling. Rain, however, intervened and we adjourned for tea. The meal was excellent and showed the hallmark of sterling catering. After tea we discovered that the rain had ceased, and we accordingly returned to the field. The sailors continued to bat brightly, and passed our total with three wickets to spare. Rain again fell and forced us to abandon play for the day. Returning to the Petty Officers' Mess we received some much needed refreshment.

Our hosts then entertained us in interesting fashion by showing us round their barracks and instructional shops. We enjoyed this immensely, for our guides explained the working and mechanism of torpedoes, tubes, mines, mine-sweeping apparatus in a remarkably

lucid fashion. We were also privileged to see the model of H.M.S. *Victory*, which we understand is to take part in the Navy Week.

After our tour of the School, our hosts continued their excellent entertainment by offering us more refreshment and putting up a really good concert. Their pianist, comedian and conjuror were high-class exponents of their craft. An amusing side show at billiards, teams of ten, ten minutes each with ordinary cues and ten minutes with rubber tips, resulted in a win for us.

Time passed all too quickly, and we regretfully parted from our hosts at 11 p.m. Our journey home was uneventful. The heartiness of our welcome, the excellent entertainment provided, and the lavish hospitality of our hosts have made the day one to remain long in our memories. We therefore hope to persuade our very good friends, the Petty Officers of H.M.S. *Vernon*, to visit us at Stoughton, when we shall endeavour to entertain them in the same spirit of good fellowship.

R.J.C.

BRIGHTON.

We should now be very busy catering for summer visitors, but few of these have as yet arrived, and we hope for a change for the better in the weather to stir seaside business up a bit.

Whatever the weather may be, we are having an invasion in Sussex of London Territorials, and for their sake we also hope for fine weather.

The Firm will be catering for units in seven camps, scattered about the County.

On Saturday, June 27th, six special trains brought some 3,500 employees of Carreras, Ltd., down for their annual outing, and in an orderly way they soon made themselves at home in the streets and on the sea front. The catering for this huge party was done by a local caterer, and was no small job, as all had to dine under one roof. For this purpose, a marquee 400 feet long was erected on the lawns of the Royal Pavilion, in which over 200 waiters were kept busy satisfying the appetites made keen by a morning in the sunshine, which favoured them all day. A few of the young ladies wore pyjama trousers, but these have not taken on at Brighton.

Not such fine weather was experienced at Three Bridges, where the Sussex Agricultural Society held their Show this year. Mr. Godwin was there dispensing Simonds' specialities. The date of the Show fell within the period when the foot-and-mouth disease restrictions were in force, so the exhibits were, of course, much

reduced in number, and the caterers, and the Show Committee, must have felt very severely the tremendous drop in the attendance.

The 18th Field Brigade, R.A., were fortunate in having fine weather for their firing practice at Okehampton Camp, and returned to Preston Barracks apparently fit and well.

At a recent Dinner held at Worthing in connection with the Worthing and District Billiards and Snooker League, the British Legion Billiards Trophy was won by and presented by Councillor E. A. Brackley to the winning team, which came from the West Tarring Working Men's Club.

The team comprised Messrs. H. Duval, E. W. Sparkes, P. Davis, W. H. Crouch, R. Langridge, G. Welch, W. Clark, H. J. Duval and L. Shires.

Like the Reading and other Football Clubs, the Brighton and Hove Albion had an unfortunate financial season last winter, and made a loss of some £2,000. No doubt the drop in the cup-tie receipts made a vast difference. We wish Reading as well as Brighton better luck in the 1931-2 season, when we hope to see the Reading team and supporters at the Goldstone ground.

Sussex County Cricket Club are now at their best. Their splendid victory over Kent at Tunbridge Wells by seven wickets was a fine game. Tate again came back to form in the match against Northants.

Sir William Cann, who recently retired from the position of Judge of the Sussex County Court Circuit, was seventy-five years of age on Monday, July 6th, and in acknowledging birthday greetings, he said, "I am a twin, and the other one is the better man of the two, though she is a lady. Between us we are 150 not out, and now I must declare." He was a fine impartial judge, with a keen sense of humour, and will be very much missed in the Sussex Courts.

A LADY MOTORIST'S MISTAKE.

A lady was driving her car northwards in the Old Steine, Brighton, and was approaching the police semaphore "STOP," when a car stopped dead immediately in front of her. Knowing the supreme virtue of patience at a busy crossing such as this, the lady calmly waited for the signal arm to drop, to allow the driver in front, and herself, to proceed. She waited several minutes, until the driver of the first car got out, and with a rubicund face, announced, "Your turn next, Ma." The lady then realised for the first time that she was waiting immediately behind a taxi, and that by an unhappy chance, she had drawn up right on the taxicab rank in the centre of the road.

SLOUGH.

MISS B. I. EDWARDS AND MR. A. W. DELLER.

Referring to our notes in the July number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, informing our readers of the approaching marriage of one of our members of the Office clerical staff, we have much pleasure to record the following additional particulars concerning the wedding.

Saturday, June 20th, dawned wet and dismal, and the portents were not too promising for Miss B. I. Edwards, if the old adage be true, "Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on." However, as time passed, the rain ceased and the sun shone, and it was a radiantly happy bride who arrived on her father's arm at the Windsor Parish Church for her marriage to Mr. A. W. Deller. The Service was conducted by the Rev. C. Richards, who, in a bright and witty address at the close of the ceremony, intimated to the young couple, and reminded the older married folk of the little slips to avoid, which go against happy married life. The bride's dress was of ivory crepe-de-chine, trimmed with diamante, and she wore a veil of old Nottingham lace crowned with bunches of orange blossom. Her bouquet was of pink roses, the gift of the groom. A reception was afterwards held at the Slough Conservative Club, where about thirty guests assembled to wish the happy pair God speed upon their new journey in life.

At mid-day Mr. and Mrs. Deller left for Shanklin, Isle of Wight, where we understand a very happy honeymoon was spent.

Over sixty presents were received by the happy couple, being varied and useful. The bride's gift to the groom was a signet ring, whilst he gave her a cut-glass scent bottle and powder box. We hear they are now happily settled down, living in Datchet.



Marriage of Miss Edwards and Mr. Deller.

OXFORD.

The R.A.F. Station Sports were held at Upper Heyford on Thursday, July 2nd. The meeting was a success as witness the smiling faces in our snapshot taken in front of the temporary canteen.

This photograph is also a record of an event which, this summer at any rate, if not unique is extremely rare; to wit, a fine day. This day *was* a fine one and the success of the Heyford R.A.F. Station Sports was enhanced thereby.



Photograph taken at the R.A.F. Station Sports, Upper Heyford.

On Saturday, July 18th, we journeyed to Wantage to join with our friends from the Brewery in a games contest with the members of the Comrades Club in King Alfred's Town.

We *must* place on record that we enjoyed our evening with our old friends at Wantage, but we must also be careful not to borrow the thunder of our friends at headquarters, as doubtless they will have a word or two to say in the same strain.

PORTSMOUTH.

Mr. Charles Scott, when touring England in his "Moth" plane, in which he flew to Australia and back in record time, paid a visit recently to the Portsmouth Aerodrome. The first seen of him was the small machine glittering in the sunlight. It circled round the Aerodrome and made a perfect landing. A smart young aviator, not yet thirty, dressed in plus fours, stepped out of the plane, and was met by the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth (Councillor Walter Gleave), Councillor Dr. Bosworth Wright, J.P. (Chairman of the Southsea Beech and Publicity Committee) and Councillor J. Webb and Mr. Findlay Day (of the Portsmouth Gliding Club). Mr. Scott, who did a lot of his early flying over the Solent, is the first well-known aviator to be officially welcomed at the Aerodrome, which is not yet completed. At the time Sir Alan Cobham paid his visit to the city it was difficult to find a landing place for him, and when Miss Amy Johnson landed at Portsmouth, special sanction had to be secured for her plane to descend at the North End Recreation Ground, which two events emphasized the necessity for a municipal aerodrome. "Every town must have its aerodrome," said Mr Hannen Swaffer, who was also welcomed by the Lord Mayor as Mr. Scott's passenger, and who described the tour for the *Daily Herald*. The Lord Mayor mentioned that in Portsmouth we believed in the future of the air although there had been some opposition to the Aerodrome. Mr. Scott said the site of the Portsmouth Aerodrome was a splendid one, although at present it was a little dusty, also its approaches were extremely good. He saw no reason why the city should not be able to claim one of the finest aerodromes in the country when it is completed.

We congratulate the Royal Marines on their shoot this year for the "Methuen" at Bisley. This is the high spot of the meeting so far as inter-Services' rivalry is concerned, and the winning of this cup is always regarded as a big honour. The rules lay down that the ships allowed to enter teams are the *Excellent*, *Victory*, *Vivid* and *Pembroke*. The Royal Marines may be represented by teams from the Eastern and Southern Commands, so there was quite a lot of local interest in the event. Six Portsmouth Marines were in the Southern Command Eight, and as a team they shot consistently well and thoroughly deserved their success. The *Excellent* also did very well. There was very little difference at the end of the first two practices, but the rapid and snap gave the Marines the lead. They packed splendidly, and lost few points. Earlier in the day the Navy had shot for two cups, the Portsmouth and Devonport, and these will travel back to Chatham and Devonport respectively. The *Excellent* had a team placed third in each competition, although at one period they seemed likely to win the Devonport when the "B" Four put up the fast time of 49½ seconds.

C/Gnr. Welch, of the *Excellent*, won the H.R.A. Bronze Medal for the highest score in the fourth practice. The winning by the Royal Marines (Southern Command) of the "Methuen" Cup brought to a virtual conclusion a highly successful Services' Week at Bisley this year.

At the Annual Meeting of the Portsmouth Football Club Directors and Shareholders this year, there was a full Board of Directors, but by a coincidence, which was commented on during the evening, Mr. Jack Tinn, the Secretary-Manager, who was in a nursing home when the last annual meeting was held, was also in a nursing home on this occasion. When presenting the report and balance sheet, Mr. R. Blyth (Chairman) had a pleasant task. In these days of general depression—and football has not escaped—it is pleasing to hear of a bright spot occasionally. The most encouraging item was the profit of £7,729 5s. 5d. and the reduction of the bank overdraft to £13,388 2s. 2d. In presenting his report Mr. Blyth pointed out amid applause that it was the Club's best season so far. To finish fourth on the table of the First Division of the Football League was indeed a good performance, and the players are to be heartily congratulated. He also referred to the untimely death of Bob Kearney in February, which, he said, came as a very severe blow to all. Proceeding, he said, "Your Directors are pleased to inform you that, thanks to the very generous support of the Football Association, Football League, the various League Clubs and our own supporters, a subscription fund of £1,700 has been raised for the benefit of Bob Kearney's widow and child. This fund will be administered by trustees duly appointed by the Football League and the Club. Mr. A. J. S. Pratt, of the firm of Howard, Morris and Crocker, in going over some of the outstanding items of the balance sheet, remarked that everyone connected with the Club had reasons for feeling pleased.

