

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

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*Edited by* CHARLES H. PERRIN.

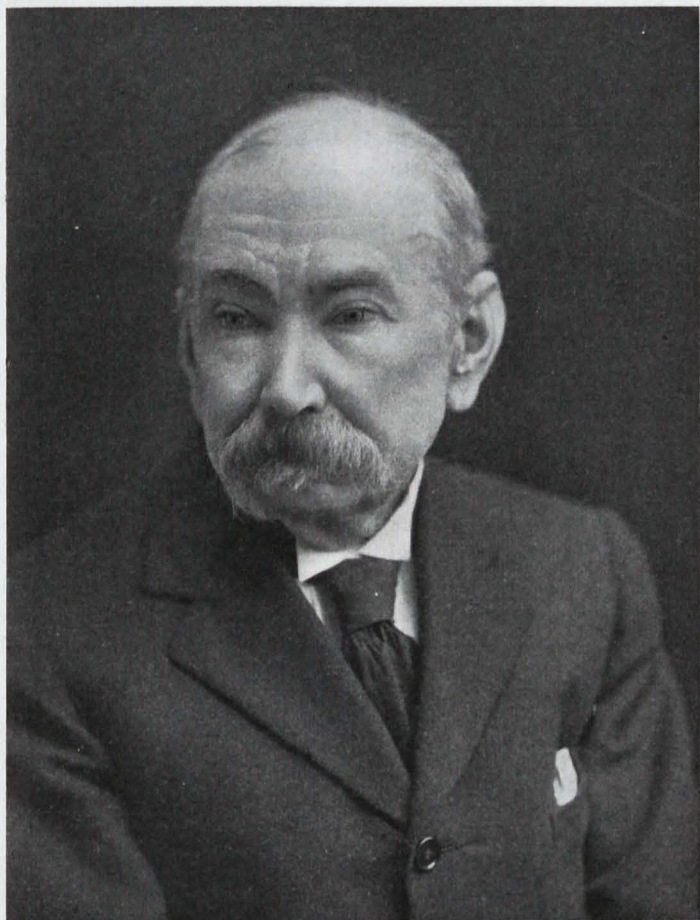
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MR. W. J. H. KING.



## MR. W. J. H. KING.

The position of honour in this issue has been reserved for the portrait of Mr. W. J. H. King, who has completed 46 years' loyal service with the Firm and is retiring at the end of this month. Mr. King is one of the very few remaining members of the staff who might be termed of the "Old Brigade." It was as far back as 1874 when he joined the Firm at our Oxford Branch, from whence, after a few years, he moved to Slough Branch where he remained for a period of five years. Later on, he again returned to Oxford Branch where he continued to serve the Firm until 1901, when he left to take up a different kind of business.

For very many years Mr. King acted in the capacity of Chief Clerk at Oxford Branch and it is a truism, which is not only coincidence, that a surprisingly large number of our past and present Managers at one time or other received their early tuition, training and guidance under his direction.

In 1914, when the war came, Mr. King rejoined the Firm again at our Ludgershall Branch and has been engaged in office work there up to the present time.

Only those members of the Staff who have been connected with Ludgershall Branch will know the actual amount of work, day and night, which fell to their lot during the war period.

Mr. King was always a man of very quiet habits and possessed a wonderful kindness of heart which always endeared him to those who at any time had the good fortune to come in contact with him and work under his guidance. There is scarcely an individual at the various Branches at which, in the past, Mr. King has been engaged who has not, on some occasion or other, been indebted to him for some kindly action.

Sport never played a very prominent part in his life. His one recreation consisted chiefly of walking and he was never happier than when indulging in his favourite pastime over the Berkshire or Wiltshire Downs.

Two of our present day Branch Managers will retain very pleasant recollections of the very hot pace Mr. King could set and keep up for hour after hour. One particular Whit-Monday, when the thermometer registered high temperature, will always remain

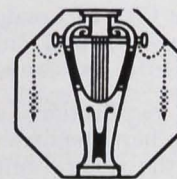
in the memory of one of the Managers previously mentioned, as Mr. King completely walked him to a standstill, from Bampton in Oxfordshire to Fairford in Gloucestershire.

Photography, in the old days, was of very great interest to Mr. King and he has many wonderful old records of his work in this direction.

Mr. King has always been a very strong supporter of the Church and no matter where his duties have taken him, he has always found sufficient time to devote to Church work.

Freemasonry has also always played a very prominent part in his life and it would be very difficult to find a more staunch supporter of the Craft. Mr. King has the unique experience of having received Provincial Grand Lodge honours from the Province of Oxfordshire and Wiltshire, and he is a Past Master of the Border Lodge, Ludgershall. In addition he has on two occasions passed the Chair of the St. Huberts Royal Arch Chapter, Andover. To-day he is Secretary of the Border Lodge—a position he has fitted for many years.

In his retirement, we trust that Mr. King will live long to enjoy a well deserved rest, and in expressing this sentiment we know we shall be joined by a large number of his personal and business friends.





## EDITORIAL.

## HERONS ATTEND CONSERVATIVE MEETING.

There were two particularly interested spectators at the Conservative Fete held in the delightful grounds of Coley Park. There is a heronry here and the two spectators were a couple of these birds which flew round and round during the speeches. They wondered what it was all about until they heard the word Protection. Then one said to the other "that is the very thing we want" and they there and then decided to vote Conservative at the next election. **Sensible Birds to Support and Back Stanley Baldwin** who, in spite of attacks from certain quarters, was never held in higher esteem throughout the world.

And then the herons flew away and, I doubt not, that **Speckled Beauties** figured on their menu card for dinner!

BRAVO!

Very hearty congratulations to Mr. H. F. Lindars on completing his sixty-sixth year of service at The Brewery. A fine record indeed!

## A GOOD CUP OF TEA.

It is not everyone that can make a really good cup of tea or, at any rate, takes the trouble to do so. The other day I was told that if you place a clean vessel in the garden and gather the rain water, that makes an ideal cup of tea, but I have not tried the experiment.

## A KINDLY MENTOR.

Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, whose retirement from the post of Common Serjeant of the City of London is announced to take place next October, is the sixth and only surviving son of the famous novelist.

Perhaps the happiest recollections of Sir Henry Dickens's kindness are those of young barristers who were "called" by him when he was Treasurer of the Inner Temple.

His little informal toast—and homily—to the beginners was invariably full of helpful wisdom and guidance.

Few who were there on one particular occasion will forget the advice he gave, which was so typical of himself: "Have courage, be persistent—but avoid this loud-mouthed arrogance."

## BEER THROWN AWAY.

There is a brewery in Manchester where all the beer that is brewed is thrown down the drain. Really good beer it is too—thrown away by the gallon. The brewery is a model one of the College of Technology, in one department of which students are taught all about brewing. "We have to throw it away," explained Dr. P. K. Walker, the head of the department, "because we have not got a licence for brewing."

## COURT NOT A SHOP.

At Maidenhead Sessions the Clerk said those who applied for extensions of hours after that day must appear. "It is no use writing," he said, "and saying, 'I want an extension.' All future applicants must attend the court." Mr. S. R. Thompson, a magistrate, remarked, "Some people think the court is like a shop, where they can leave orders."

## FOOD AND DRINK.

Beer is as good a training food as I have yet tried. I am out to prove that modern beer is not only a pure drink, but possesses very important food, and energy-providing values also.—*Mr. George Cummings*, the veteran world's champion walker.

## HOME-BREWING BAN.

So many millions of gallons of beer and stout have been brewed at home since the extra duty was imposed last autumn that the Government has decided that it must be stopped. A clause of the Finance Act, 1932, has been passed making it illegal not only to brew beer at home but also to sell materials for home brewing unless the duty has previously been paid.

## LORD ATHLONE'S ADVICE.

Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, presented the prizes at the Imperial Service College, Windsor. Lord Athlone, chairman of the governors, addressing the boys, said:—

"When you get employment don't give it up because you think some other kind of work would suit you better. Doggedness is still the royal road to success.

"You may not quite like the fellows you are working with, but remember there is always some good in everybody. Try to get hold of some of the good points in the fellows you don't like, and you will find they are not such bad chaps after all."



## WHY WORRY?

Either you are successful or you are not successful. If you are successful, there is nothing to worry about. If you are not successful, there are only two things to worry about. Your health is either good or you are sick. If your health is good, there is nothing to worry about. If you are sick, there are two things to worry about. You are either going to get well or you are going to die. If you are going to get well there is nothing to worry about. If you are going to die there are only two things to worry about. You are either going to heaven or you are not going to heaven. If you are going to heaven there is nothing to worry about. If you are going to the other place, you will be so busy shaking hands with old friends and acquaintances that you won't have anything to worry about.

## EPITAPHS.

The praises of good ale and beer have been written in many ways and some people have deemed it worth while to inscribe them on tombstones. Here is one such epitaph.

At Liverpool, one John Scott, a brewer, is celebrated thus:—

"Poor John Scott lies buried here,  
Tho' one he was both hale and stout;  
Death stretched him on this bitter bier,  
Now in another world he hops about."

## CHAMPAGNE'S 250TH ANNIVERSARY.

Free champagne was provided at Rheims, France, for those taking part in the celebrations of the 250th anniversary of the discovery by Dom Perignon, the Benedictine monk, of the process which put the sparkle into the wines of the Champagne region. Champagne was not consumed on a large scale until the end of the eighteenth century, and this song, published in 1768, is probably one of the earliest written on the subject:—

Ye dull thinking souls who by troubles are press'd  
That are strangers alike both to joy and to rest,  
Adhere to my maxims, I'll teach you the way  
To be ever contented, good-humour'd and gay.

No remedy surer to drive away pain,  
Than a bumper of claret or sparkling champagne,  
Or sparkling champagne,  
Than a bumper of claret or sparkling champagne.

## THE WASPS' USES.

Wasps are exceedingly useful in disposing of caterpillars and the pestiferous house-fly. It is, indeed, a moot point whether we do well when we destroy wasps' nests, despite the raids the occupants make on our cherished fruit.

## FAITHFUL SWANS.

Swan-apping on the Thames—that is, the marking of the young cygnets to denote their ownership—which is now in progress, recalls an old tradition as to the domestic habits of swans which, if correct, should render the identification easy, says the *Daily Telegraph*.

Three centuries ago one swan-master sued another to assert his right to half the cygnets of a brood, and succeeded in establishing his ownership of one of the parents while admitting that the other belonged to the defendant.

In delivering judgment, Lord Chief Justice Coke stated that he based his decision on the high moral and monogamic character of the birds.

"The swan," he said, "is the husband of one wife, and remains so till death; consequently the children are of unquestionable parentage." He ordered, therefore, that the cygnets of each brood should be divided between the rival owners.

ETON *v.* HARROW.

The Eton *v.* Harrow cricket match last month was as great a social event as ever. It was in 1901 that some cynic was inspired to write in the *Eton Chronicle*:—

"O Captain, wielder of ball and bat!  
O Upper Club's mighty controller—  
If you want to knock Harrow into a cocked hat  
You'll have to find Eton a bowler!"

Other Eton-Harrow courtesies are to be found in the following lines:—

"Ye silly boys of Harrow School  
Of cricket ye've no knowledge;  
It was not cricket but the fool  
Ye played with Eton College.

If, as ye say, we played the fool,  
No wonder we were beaten,  
For at that game no other school  
Could 'ere compete with Eton."



## BOTTLE OF "S.B." REALISES 25/-.

A sale of "Art Treasures from the Four Corners of the World" was recently conducted by Mr. A. J. Maker at the Reading Blue Coat School. All the proceeds were given to the School Fund to send boys to the League of Nations Junior Summer School at Geneva. In the catalogue "A Bottle of 'S.B.'" was given large type and it sold for 25/- before it was finally drunk by two buyers and the auctioneer's clerk.

This was indeed a **Special Bid**!

## MR. FRED SIMONDS.

It is very gratifying to know that Mr. F. Simonds is making good progress after his recent illness.

## MAKING THEMSELVES VERY POPULAR.

Captain A. W. Farwell, late South Staffordshire Regiment, who comes from Henley, has recently taken over the Wellington Arms, Stratford Turgis. He is a keen business man out to do all he can for his customers and this, coupled with Mrs. Farwell's winning way, is already tending to make them, and the hotel, extremely popular. Pay them a visit and you will go again.

## LAWN TENNIS.

A most enjoyable time was spent by the Brewery Tennis Team when they visited Oxford and great appreciation was expressed by everyone at the splendid hospitality extended by Mr. H. J. Timms and our other colleagues. Mention should also be made of the delightful surroundings in which tea was taken, not forgetting Mr. Knowles' remarkable water 'otter. The match with Beechwood, Tilehurst, was also highly enjoyable for the members of this Club and their friends are excellent company. Another very happy afternoon was spent at Wokingham, where every kindness was extended to our team. Mr. Louis was good enough not only to join us but to play. His Tildenian services were a feature of the match, though I am not saying that they all pitched inside the service line, but when they did the striker stood and stared! Mr. Hendy is playing particularly well. He has quite a useful service and does very effective work with his fore and back hand. A forceful footballer, and excelling in other sport, he is an asset to the athletic side of life at the Brewery.

## WHERE "THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE" GOES.

*The Imperial Club Magazine*, the House organ of the N.A.A.F.I., says: "Despite the Tax on beer there certainly seems to be plenty of humour to be found in the Brewing Business. We take the following from our interesting contemporary, THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, issued monthly by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., Reading." (*Here follow a number of extracts.*)

Mrs. Moore, of "The Bugle," Friar Street, Reading, has received a letter from her nephew in Ontario, thanking her for "the most interesting little book, THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE." The GAZETTE contained a photograph of Mrs. Moore, and the writer adds: "It was a splendid photograph of you. We all think you have discovered the secret of perennial youth because you really do seem to look younger and statelier every time we get a photograph of you. I have a notion that I will send for THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE each month. Do you notice that it is edited by my namesake: I wonder what relation he is to me?" [Next of kin, if you are very rich!—*Editor.*]

## TO-DAY.

To-day is here and mine to use,  
To-morrow may not be,  
And so the present I would choose  
To task my energy;  
The opportunity I hold  
Within my hand to-day  
May prove to be the precious mould  
To shape my future way.

To-day is still the only time  
In which to do my work,  
And mighty triumphs, deeds sublime,  
May in its moments lurk;  
But even though the lowly vale  
Of common life's my way,  
The only thing that will avail  
Is duty done to-day.

For not alone by might and power  
Men's destinies proceed.  
But by the shaping of each hour  
To meet the future's need:  
And if in fruitless sloth I bask,  
I blot life's open page,  
And if I shirk my present task  
I'm traitor to my age.



## THE "ROSE AND THISTLE," READING.

JOLLY PARTY TAKE TRIP TO PORTSMOUTH.



The "Rose and Thistle" Outing to Hayling Island.

A very enjoyable char-a-banc trip to Portsmouth was recently arranged by Mr. W. G. Moorcock, the popular landlord of the "Rose and Thistle." Somebody said "S.B." and on the way the company refreshed themselves with this **Supreme Beverage**. They had dinner at the Nelson Tavern, Hayling Island, and in every way spent a highly interesting and enjoyable day.

Mr. Moorcock has seen much service in the Navy and served in the first Dreadnought.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Moorcock are deservedly popular with their customers.



Mr. W. G. Moorcock, the popular Landlord of the "Rose and Thistle."

## PUSH BALL.

Under the able direction of Mr. George Marsh the Social Club team put up a very creditable performance at the Push Ball Contest held at Hill's Meadow in connection with the Royal Berkshire Hospital Carnival Week. Although they were not successful, the following team deserve much praise for their splendid effort :—

G. Boniface, G. Sherwood, S. Marcham, W. Simpkins, J. Venner, J. Woolley, W. Dainton, F. Green, H. Mileham, P. Hendy.



## CAVERSHAM COURT RIDDLE.

## HISTORIC MANSION OR VICTORIAN FAKE?

Is Caversham Court, on the banks of the Thames, a centuries old mansion, with a wealth of historical associations, or is it merely a "Victorian Fake"?

This is the question which is being debated in local archaeological circles as the result of a proposal that the Reading Corporation, who acquired the property a year ago, should demolish the building and convert the site into a "Lido."

Critics resent the proposal as "an act of vandalism," while the advocates of the "Lido" contend that there can be nothing in the least degree vandalistic in devoting to a useful purpose a property which has no claim to preservation on historical or archaeological grounds save a local tradition supported by only the slenderest evidence.

Caversham Court, it is generally conceded, has a 1638 oak staircase, a fifteenth century tea house, and a mulberry court, but as regards the remainder of the building, the view entertained by those people who favour its demolition is that it is uncompromisingly modern. In support of this view they quote Dr. W. W. Longford, a former Rector of Caversham, who stated:—

Caversham Court is not an old monastery. Its present mediaeval appearance was put in by Pugin in the last century, and is an architectural fake, together with the dates (1551) over two doorways.

Dr. Longford further states that in October, 1927, he received a visit from a member of the old Loveday family, which vacated the old Rectory (Caversham Court) in 1799. He informed him that "the castellated front with the Tudor dates, and the river front, are Victorian fakes by the famous architect, Pugin, and that originally the house fronts were black timber and white plaster."

Mr. C. B. Willcocks, architect and archaeologist, agrees that Caversham Court has no claim to be regarded as a centuries old mansion of outstanding historical interest. He urges, however, the retention, if possible, of the south wing, containing the admittedly authentic 1638 staircase, the fifteenth century tea room, and the mulberry court.

## A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

## BY THE RIVER ITCHEN.

## THE WONDERS OF A CORNFIELD.

I recently spent a few delightful hours on the banks of the River Itchen, a river famed far and wide for its trout. We called at Cheriton Mill, a spot where this water is first harnessed, and the courteous miller showed us round. One pool contained a dozen or more speckled beauties, ranging in weight from about  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. to 2 lbs. The miller shut the water off and it was interesting to watch the fish, as the shallow water became more shallow, working their way up to the deeps. The trout in this pool always have ample food, and the miller informed me that he had never known a fish in this pool fall a victim to the fly. Indeed, he added that those with a much longer knowledge of the river and the district emphasised the same fact. He mentioned one lady, in particular, who came to the pool day after day and, in spite of the fact that she could cast the fly with rare artistic skill, never succeeded in tempting one of these trout to its doom, though just lower down the river she met with abundant success. After we had had a good look at the fish in the still water the miller opened the little "gate" again and in rushed the water to the evident delight of the fish, a number of which soon wended their way back to the shallows whence they came. And as I watched the fast-running water surging into and around the pool, the pool that I knew contained fine fish, how my hand and heart were "itching" to try their luck! But that, of course, was not to be.

## A PROFUSION OF MIMULUS.

How fascinating a trout stream is! You find something of interest at every turn. With a powerful swish of his tail a pounder dashes away from a spot, where the water is hardly deep enough to cover his back, churning up the water as he proceeds. Then there is a multitude of little fish no thicker than the point of a pin and not half the length of one. There must be millions of them near the top of the water, basking in the sun. What promise of sport to come, for they grow very rapidly and in a few years' time will be taking the fly.

And then there are the flowers which always give an added interest and beauty to the riverside. I don't think I have ever seen the monkey-musk, or mimulus, growing in such profusion as was the case at Cheriton. Nor have I seen finer specimens of this beautiful yellow bloom. Some of them were well over an inch in



diameter and half as long again. I gathered a few of the blooms on their stout but brittle stems and I have them by me, adorning the table as I write—a prize indeed!

You can find *mimulus* along the Thames-side at Reading and on the banks of the Loddon. But they are not such fine blooms as the Itchen provides.

#### NUTS AND WINE.

We roamed amid the wilds of Wiltshire and I don't remember ever seeing so many nut trees. They seemed to abound everywhere, and in September when the nuts are ripe I intend to go and gather some. Wild hazel nuts, I think, are particularly sweet. The blackberries will be ripe, too, and it will be a question of nuts and wine—not nuts and May. The hedges were hung with travellers' joy and many trees were laden with berries. In the autumn the "old man's beard" will have turned grey with age, the foliage will have assumed its season's wonderfully variegated tints, while here and there will be a blaze of scarlet in the form of beautiful berries—a feast for the eyes indeed!

#### COMING THROUGH THE CORNFIELD.

As we passed through a cornfield the bright sun was now and again obscured by passing clouds. Sunshine and shade were playing upon this cornfield with wonderful effect and producing ever-changing colour schemes such as Nature alone can produce. And the gentle breeze was sending wave upon wave of corn towards us, for all the world like the incoming tide of the sea.

By the way, have you ever noticed what a wonderful variety of flowers is to be found in a cornfield? There is scabious—a flower fit to decorate anyone's table—the pansy-like little hearts-ease, gay-coloured poppies, knapweed, toadflax, ragwort and chicory, to mention only a few at random. I think a cornfield represents one of the greatest miracles ever worked—the seeds, then the wonderful little blades of a still more wonderful green, so soothing to the eye, aye! and to the mind. And then there is the gradual growth, making the hares and the partridges and other forms of life appear to become as gradually smaller. Later the ears form and the corn changes colour, for it is ripening unto the harvest. And then the reaper comes. But the seed that was planted is not dead. In some mysterious way its life goes on in these other seeds, and its so-called death is but the forerunner of a much fuller life to come.

How like human life! But I will not pursue the subject further, except to paraphrase the words and say, "Are not we much

more than corn?" And are not these facts, about which there can be no doubt, better than all the controversial theories in the world?

#### STABBED IN THE BACK.

Now I am going to return to a little brook not far from Reading for, on the bridge that spans it I have spent many a happy hour. I have watched that brook in flood and when it has been dried up by drought. It is the haunt of many forms of wild life and, alas! not unfrequently, the scene of tragic deaths. I have picked up trout that have been stabbed in the back by herons, which, being disturbed, have left them on the bank. Trout know well when the water is rising and when it is subsiding, and usually act accordingly. On one occasion, when the brook was rapidly running dry, I noticed a fish in a bit of a pool not a foot deep, and becoming less deep every hour. That trout tried every conceivable way of getting back to the main stream. He swam yards up one little channel, but there it ended, and he attempted another source of escape with as little success. Another and another attempt he made to get back to deeper water, but he had left it too late, and I wondered what his thoughts were as he returned, disconsolate, to his ever-narrowing little pool. I had not the heart to leave him there to a lingering death—and wasn't it considerate of me to take prompt action, the thought not entering my mind, of course, that that fish would be so delicious for dinner!!

This brook is a favourite bathing-place for birds, which in the very thorough manner in which they wash themselves, set a fine example to many a little boy and girl. Blackbirds, thrushes, robins, wrens, linnets, chaffinches, pheasants and partridges, all come here to have their daily dip when there is water to be found. They soak themselves to the skin and then, perhaps, one, presenting a very bedraggled appearance, will come and perch on the railings close to you, preen his feathers, and put the finishing touches to his toilet.

#### NEED OF SUNSHINE AND FRESH AIR.

One very hot day I sought the welcome shade of trees. It was at a spot where the sun could hardly penetrate and where there was the minimum of fresh air. Flowers, the seeds of which had been placed there through no fault of their own, in a pitiful manner, told of the unfavourable environment by their stunted growth and sickly colour. They needed the fields and the fresh air. There are other little plants—in some of our slums—O! so tender and frail, but which only need the fresh air and the sunshine to develop them, who knows, into some of our most beautiful blooms.

So don't forget one of the many Children's Holiday Funds! It will make your sunshine all the warmer and the breezes will seem softer still.



## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

BY W. DUNSTER.

### QUARTERLY BALANCING.

At the start of the month of July the staff of the General Office was engaged in the above duty and after a little while the "All Clear" was signalled.

### MR. T. W. KENT MARRIED.

The above member of the staff, who came to Reading on the closing down of Farnborough Branch, was married on July 9th. To mark the occasion an eight-day chiming clock was presented to him by Mr. F. C. Hawkes, on behalf of his colleagues in the Offices. Mr. T. W. Kent is well-known at The Brewery, particularly because of his "first aid" activities, and when an accident is reported he does not let the grass grow under his feet. He has done some good work in this connection whilst at Bridge Street. The following account of his wedding is taken from *The Camberley News and Bagshot Observer* of July 15th:—

At St. Tarcisius' Roman Catholic Church, Camberley, on July 9th, Miss Kathleen Mary Kelly, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kelly, of Thurles, Tipperary, was married to Mr. T. W. Kent, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Kent, of 3, Cedar Lane, Frimley. The Rev. Father Twomey officiated at the service, and Miss G. Cooke was at the organ. The bride, given away by the bridegroom's father, wore a pretty ankle-length dress of white georgette, trimmed with lace, with a net veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of lilies. She was attended by the Misses Mary Carolan, May McCormack and Nora Ryan, who wore ankle-length dresses of blue satin, with blue net headdresses to match, trimmed with forget-me-nots, and carried bouquets of pink sweet peas. Mr. George Wheeler, Bagshot, acted as best man.

After the ceremony in the church a reception was held at the Maxims' Hut, Royal Military College, where nearly forty guests were entertained, and later in the day the happy pair left for Southsea for the honeymoon, the bride travelling in a blue silk dress with coat and hat to match.

A detachment of St. John Ambulance Brigade men, under Ambulance Officer H. White, formed a guard of honour at the church.

The bride and bridegroom were the recipients of a large number of useful and valuable presents, including an eight-day Westminster



Guard of Honour for the Bride and Bridegroom.

chiming clock, suitably inscribed, and presented to the bridegroom by the staff of H. & G. Simonds, of Reading, an eight-day clock in oak case, and three silver vases from the choir and C.E.M.S. of Frimley Parish Church, also a cut-glass salad bowl and silver servers from the St. John Ambulance Brigade, Camberley.

### THE "LAMB INN," EVERSLEY.

When at the above, on the occasion of the staff outing, the following lines on a card were noticed hanging up in the bar:—

People came and I did trust them,  
I lost their money and their custom.  
To lose them both did grieve me sore,  
So I resolved to trust no more.  
Chalk is useful, say what you will,  
But chalk won't pay the brewers' bill.  
So I'll try to sell best ale,  
The money down upon the nail.



## MR. P. T. HERRIDGE.

I was pleased to see the portrait of the above gentleman given "pride of place" in our last issue. Many of us at The Brewery know him well and he was, and is, known as "Major" Herridge. His service with the Firm makes good reading and his experiences have been particularly varied.

## HOLIDAYS.

These are now in full swing and everyone, so far, has come back to duty looking very tanned and fit. One member of the staff spent his holiday abroad and tells me he had a wonderful time. Another has started off for a motor caravan holiday and as it has been pouring with rain all day to-day (the start of his holiday) let us hope it keeps fine for him for the rest of the time. However, as one who has had a fair amount of experience, of camping (although not of the motor caravan variety) to really appreciate it you want it to be wet now and again.

## CHANGES OF TENANTS.

The following changes and transfers have taken place during the month, up to the time of writing, and to all we wish every success :—

Off Licence, Alwyn Road, Maidenhead (Ashby's Staines Brewery Co., Ltd.)—Mr. H. Wilkinson.

The "Magpie," Flackwell Heath (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries, Ltd.)—Mrs. E. Ball.

The "Steam Engine," High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries, Ltd.)—Mr. B. G. Betts.

The "Jolly Brewer," Tilehurst Road, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. W. Horslen.

## A SAD MONTH.

The month of July has seen the passing of three of our Tenants, viz. :—

Mr. A. J. Ellis, The "King George," Speen (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries, Ltd., house).

Mr. A. Ayres, The "King's Head," Prestwood (Ditto).

Mrs. G. Gaines, The "Royal William," Spring Gardens, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd. house).

To all their relatives we extend our sincere sympathy in their sad loss.

## DEATH OF WYCOMBE VETERAN LICENSEE.

Mr. William Gibbs, father of A. J. Gibbs, the present tenant of the "Antelope," High Wycombe, died on the 9th July. He was tenant of this house until a year or so ago, and commenced his tenancy in 1896. The following extract is taken from the *Bucks Free Press* of July 15th, 1932 :—

A High Wycombe man who played many parts during his 71 years—Mr. Wm. Gibbs—died on Saturday, July 9th, at the "Antelope," Church Square, High Wycombe. He had been in failing health for some time, but had been confined to bed only a month.

He leaves one son, Mr. Arthur Gibbs, who succeeded his father in the business at the "Antelope"—one of the oldest licensed houses in the borough—nearly eighteen months ago. Shortly before that time Mr. Gibbs lost his wife, who died after a burning accident.

When he retired, Mr. Gibbs was the oldest licensed victualler in the town. He had charge of the "Antelope" for thirty-five years; prior to that he was at the "Swan," Wycombe Marsh; and he opened the "Carrington Arms," in Oxford Road, after it was transferred and rebuilt. For many years he was one of the auditors of the High Wycombe and District Licensed Victuallers' Protection Association.

An old footballer, he was among those who first played for the Wycombe Cup in 1884, with Messrs. T. Thurlow, W. Grange, J. Newell, A. Heath, G. Becket, and others, and he was included in the veterans entertained by the Cup Committee last Good Friday, when Hughenden End won the cup for the first time. He was also one of the old members of the Royal Standard Benefit Society.

Only last Friday Mr. Gibbs' sister (Mrs. C. Abbott) was buried at High Wycombe.

The funeral of Mr. Gibbs took place at the Parish Church, High Wycombe, the Rev. F. Stuart conducting the service.

Among the wreaths was one from the Licensed Victuallers' Association, and another from the business establishments in Corn Market.



## A GREAT THOUGHT.

There is a very human story told of the celebrated Liszt. A young lady of unusual musical ability was giving concerts in the various provincial towns of Germany, and to ensure the gathering of a good-sized and appreciative audience she advertised herself as a temporary pupil of Liszt. But, to her astonishment and even terror, she discovered one day, in a small town where she was to give a concert that same evening, the name of one of the guests at the hotel was the great piano master himself.

What was she to do? The folly of her untruthfulness was apparent; her deception would surely be found out; she realised the mistake she had been making; and to try to continue under such misrepresentation would surely mean loss of reputation and failure.

In her despair she adopted the wisest course, and went straight to the great maestro. Pale, fearful, and even trembling with emotion, she entered his presence.

"I have been untruthful," she started her confession and apology.

"Yes?" was the question in reply.

"I am a fraud."

"Yes?" with still more wonderment.

"You will never forgive me."

"But what have you done?"

"I have used your name on my piano concerts; I have advertised myself as a pupil of yours."

"Oh!"

"I am sorry, and I will never do it again."

"Come, come," said the great artist, "we shall see what we can do. Here is a piano. Let me hear you play, especially a piece intended for the evening's concert."

Obediently she went to the piano, played timidly at first, and then with courage and spirit; the heart of a talented performer was now in her work. Meanwhile the master of music stood near, correcting, advising, and suggesting. "Now I have given you a music lesson. You are a temporary pupil of Liszt." Before she could recover from her surprise, before she could utter a word of thanks, he added, "Are the programmes ready?"

"Not yet," was the answer.

"Then let them add to your programme the statement that the last number will be played by Franz Liszt."

That performance and succeeding ones were successful, but no longer did she resort to trickery, for thereafter she used the advice offered: "Depend on your talent, on your ability for success, and not on the reputation of your teacher."

## SOCIAL CLUB.

The Social Club Annual Flower and Vegetable Show will be held on Saturday, August 20th, and members of the Club are earnestly requested to use every effort to make the Show a success by entering as many exhibits as possible. If, however, you can only enter one exhibit, it will be very welcome. Great assistance will be rendered if intending exhibitors will hand in their entry forms as early in the week as possible, thus avoiding those last minute rushes, and at the same time assisting the Committee who have the arrangements in hand.

In addition to the prizes awarded, as per schedule given below, a silver cup will be offered to the member who succeeds in winning the highest number of points in the Show.

The Committee again appeal for honorary exhibits.

Class.	Description of Exhibit.	PRIZES.		
		1st s. d.	2nd s. d.	3rd s. d.
VEGETABLES.				
1	Collection of Vegetables—6 distinct sorts	7 6	5 0	2 6
2	6 Potatoes—Kidney	4 0	3 0	2 0
3	6 Potatoes—Round	4 0	3 0	2 0
4	1 Potato—Heaviest	2 0	—	—
5	6 Onions—Spring (to be sown and grown in open ground)	4 0	3 0	2 0
6	6 Onions—6 Best	4 0	3 0	2 0
7	1 Onion—Heaviest	2 0	—	—
8	4 Carrots—Intermediate or Long	3 0	1 6	1 0
9	4 Carrots—Short	3 0	1 6	1 0
10	1 Carrot—Largest	2 0	—	—
11	9 Runner Beans	4 0	3 0	2 0
12	12 Pods of Peas	4 0	3 0	2 0
13	3 Cabbage	3 0	1 6	1 0
14	1 Cabbage—Heaviest	2 0	—	—
15	6 Beet—Globe	3 0	1 6	1 0
16	3 Lettuce—Cabbage	3 0	1 6	1 0
17	3 Lettuce—Cos	3 0	1 6	1 0
18	2 Marrows—White or Green for table	3 0	1 6	1 0
19	1 Marrow—Heaviest	4 0	—	—
20	4 Turnips	3 0	1 6	1 0
21	12 Shallots—Grown from bulb	3 0	1 6	1 0
22	3 Parsnips	3 0	1 6	1 0
FRUIT AND CUT FLOWERS.				
23	6 Apples—Culinary	3 0	2 0	1 0
24	6 Apples—Dessert	3 0	2 0	1 0
25	1 Bunch Roses	3 0	2 0	1 0
26	6 Asters	2 0	1 0	—
27	6 Dahlias	2 0	1 0	—
28	1 Bunch Mixed Cut Flowers	2 6	1 6	1 0
29	1 Bunch Sweet Peas—Mixed	3 0	2 0	1 0
30	6 Gladioli	3 0	2 0	1 0



Class.	Description of Exhibit.	PRIZES.					
		1st		2nd		3rd	
		s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
PLANTS IN POTS.							
31	1 Specimen Plant in Bloom ... ..	2	6	2	0	1	6
32	1 Specimen Foliage Plant ... ..	2	6	2	0	1	0
SUNFLOWERS.							
33	1 Sunflower—Heaviest ... ..	2	0	—	—	—	—
EGG SECTION.							
34	1 Dozen Eggs—New Laid ... ..	3	0	2	0	1	0
LADIES' SECTION.							
35	1 Dish of Boiled Potatoes ... ..	3	0	2	0	1	0
36	1 Specimen of Needlework ... ..	5	0	3	0	2	0
37	Crochet Work ... ..	5	0	3	0	2	0
38	Knitting—Hand ... ..	5	0	3	0	2	0
39	2 Two Jars of Jam or Marmalade ... ..	3	0	2	0	1	0
CHILDREN'S SECTION.							
40	Bunch of Wild Flowers gathered by the Competitor who must be a child of a member of the Club... ..	2	6	1	6	1	0

An Exhibition of Caged Birds.

### CRICKET.

Before commencing a narrative of this month's Brewery Cricket Club's doings, let me say how pleased we are to see that the Tamar Brewery have been able to enter this sphere of sport.

May they go on and prosper. I am afraid the distance will prevent a trial of strength between the "S.B.B." and the Tamar Clubs.

As no match was arranged for the "A" team for the 30th July, on account of its proximity to August Bank Holiday and it being the last business day of the month, when a representative side was difficult to obtain, there are four matches to describe.

It has been a "see-saw" month—two wins and two losses.

On the 2nd we went out to Heckfield and achieved a very fine win, in spite of very low scores. Our opponents had not been beaten for over two seasons.

We batted first and soon found the bowlers were on top of their form. Runs were very hard to get and T. Bartholomew, who got top score with 10, said it was the first time he had had to be content with singles. In the end we scraped together 31 runs, which, in our minds, was about 50 too few. Before going out to field we all adjourned to the Memorial Hall for tea.

Although we made a good start, we thought Dame Fortune had forsaken us, as Clark strained his side and was unable to bowl more than two overs. Croom, however, thought it was time he took a hand and splendidly he bowled, being practically unplayable. His analysis at the end was 13 overs, 10 maidens, 6 wickets, 4 runs. "Skipper" Oscar Stacey managed to get 11 runs out of the total of 28 and we thus won a very keenly fought game by 3 runs.

It was nice to hear our opponents say at the close that they would sooner we lowered their flag than any other team they meet.

July 9th was the hottest day of the year, both as regards the weather and the opposition we had to face.

Turquandia, the name adopted by the Cricket Club of Messrs. Turquand, Youngs & Co., the well-known firm of Chartered Accountants of London, were our opponents. From an examination of their fixture card, we knew we were up against a tough proposition.

Through the kindness of the Directors, we were able to entertain them to a snack lunch, washed down by "S.B's." and then they entertained us to an exhibition of cricket, from which many lessons were learned.

Unfortunately, we were unable to place in the field a team strong enough to satisfy ourselves, or make a close game of it. Various circumstances upset our Skipper's "paper" team, which looked pretty good.

Turquandia batted first and although we got the first wicket down for 13, the next put on 43. That was L. Smith (23) and Captain R. Ingpen, who made 56 before being stumped. Captain Ingpen, who had to have a runner, stood outside his crease and drove hard. The runner did not have a great deal of sprinting to do, for he hit four 6's and five 4's. Then Mr. D. Turquand-Young came in and carried on the good work and also his bat for 64. He, too, found the boundary on eleven occasions, although F. Clark troubled him on at times.





The Seven Bridges Brewery Cricket "A" Team.



Turquandia Cricket XI.

When the tea interval was called the score stood at 174 for 5, of which "Mr. Extras" only got 5, and Turquandia then declared.

We made a bad start, the writer falling into the trap set by Mr. H. Ling, their fast bowler. J. J. Cardwell stepped into the breach and batted quite confidently, in spite of a blow on the head from a ball that got up nastily, causing him to retire for a while. He eventually got 30, but could not get anyone to stay in with him. G. Kelly was next on the batting honours list, getting 18 runs before putting one into the wicket-keeper's hands. Only one "duck" was registered and as that was a "not out" it hardly counts. Our total reached 85, which was our highest of the season.

Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds very kindly went out of his way to attend.

The members of Turquandia all came down to the Club and had a bite and a sup before going back to Town, and I believe they all thoroughly enjoyed their visit to Reading. It is with very great pleasure I can announce that they have asked us to play them again next season, on the corresponding Saturday, viz., July 8th, when we hope we may have quite as enjoyable a time with a stronger team to uphold the honour of the "Hop Leaf" flag.

July 16th saw us at Frimley, when the "see-saw" again saw us on top. Frimley won the toss and put us in, much to our surprise. Things did not work out according to plan for we made 87, thus beating the previous week's score by two. For this we had to thank Messrs. Crutchley, Rumens, Hawkins and James with 22, 16, 12 (not out) and 10 respectively.

We then adjourned for tea in the pavilion and on going back to the field found our lucky star still in the ascendant. Four down for 4, then a bit of a stand, carrying the score up to 23, and then wickets fell with more or less regularity, the total reaching only 40; our fielding and catches being excellent, the latter helping the writer to obtain his seven for 15.

To pass the time, each side had about half an hour's batting, which was not taken at all seriously.

July 23rd saw us again visiting, this time to Eversley Street. Rumens, acting as skipper, won the toss and asked our hosts to bat, and success soon came our way for we had seven wickets down for just under 5 apiece, but a man with a "long handle" came in and carried the score up to 50 and there it stuck. Crutchley bowled very well, but was not favoured much by luck. He took four for 25 and the writer got six for 23. Seven wickets fell to catches, showing that our fielding is still keen.



This is, I believe, the lowest score Eversley Street has made against us—but it was too many.

We could only scrape together 31; in fact, it looked at one time as if we would all be out for under 20—five wickets were down for 8. Crutchley and Rumens held the fort and carried the score up to 20. These two got 22 out of our poor total. The bowling was very good indeed and when some of our men did have a “go” they found men with safe hands.

As we finished rather early, we had about half an hour with the bat and against the changed bowling did what ought to have been done earlier.

It was all very enjoyable, but rather disappointing after getting the “Street” out for quite a moderate score.

The “B” team have only had two matches this month so far. Of these one was won and the other went very much against us.

On the 2nd we played Y.M.C.A. 2nd XI on Prospect Park and won by 9. Y.M. batted first and made 42, a score that E. New, with 23, made possible, as seven men returned without getting a run. R. Main was on top of his form, taking seven for 11, and, later, making 14 runs. J. Hillier, who was assisting the “B’s”, got 10 before putting his leg in front of a straight one. In all we got 51. D. Dean took five of our wickets for 15.

On the 9th we were down to meet All Saints’ again, but they were unable to obtain a pitch and an evening match on August 9th has been arranged in lieu thereof.

Barndale entertained us on the 16th. As we had beaten them easily on the first encounter, we thought another win was due. The glorious uncertainty of cricket showed how much we were mistaken, for they knocked up 101 and our bowlers, although getting two down for 4 and two more for an addition of 14, got severely dealt with. R. Main again had the best analysis, with five for 33.

This score was far beyond our powers to cope with and only R. Griffin and S. Treacher reached double figures, 13 and 10 respectively, out of a total of 46.

Lower Earley were to have met us on the 23rd, but informed us on Saturday morning that they could not get a ground nor a team.

August sees a full programme for both teams, which will be recorded in due course.

J.W.J.

### SUGGESTED FISHING CLUB.

In last month’s issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE there was a suggestion that a fishing club be formed at The Brewery.

I think this a very good idea and, with such a large number of fishermen at The Brewery, this section of the sporting activities should be a great success.

With an annual subscription of, say, 2/6 or 3/-, we could have a peg-down match, and also a specimen prize list for the best fish of all classes caught during the season.

There are three other private fishing clubs in Reading.

Why not make The Seven Bridges Fishing Club the fourth?

Those interested in angling would oblige by adding their names and departments to the lists displayed on The Brewery notice boards, with a view to holding a meeting at some later date.

R.F.G.

### FISHING NOTES.

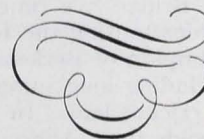
Eels have been feeding well in the Thames recently. This is probably due to the very thundery weather.

Roach have also been taken during the last hour of the evening, the most successful lures being paste and breadcrust.

I had about eighteen red fins in three outings; best fish, 2 lb.  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. and 1 lb. 10 ozs.

Barbel should soon be moving; a few have been reported, but mostly on the small side, between 2 and 3 lbs.

This most sporting fish should be seriously tried for during the present month. Bait with large knobs of paste or lob worms on roach tackle.





## A VICAR ON BEER.

*(From the "West Herts Post.")*

Characteristically outspoken, the Rev. Reginald James has a few words to say in the June "St. John's Parish Magazine" on the working man's most popular refreshment—a glass of good English ale. He writes:—

"I was very glad to read the other day some sound utterances of the Archbishop of Canterbury on temperance reform. He said that not by extreme legislative prohibition is advance likely to be made in soberness, but by ridding the country of opportunities of drinking secretly in public houses behind screens and curtains, in unhealthy environments, where men and women rather ashamedly slip in and stay on too long. Let our public houses be more after the style of hostleries, more like the open-air cafes abroad, where a man and his wife and children may together sit down to obtain light food and refreshments of all kinds."

Then the Vicar goes on:—"I expect to be shot at by some intemperate fanatic for even suggesting that an honest man or woman ought ever to desire such a thing as a glass of beer. At any rate, I am in good company in sharing such views with the Primate of all England. Many, I am sure, will welcome these suggested reforms, and not least brewing companies. Throughout our country, and especially in this neighbourhood, they are doing a great deal in making what can only be described as old-fashioned dark dens into very attractive hostleries where even an Archbishop could, without shame, call for a glass of . . .

"For his sound remarks, we might even express our gratitude in the words of the head boy of the school, who, in his nervousness at the prize distribution, by mistake called out: 'Now, boys, three beers for His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.'"

## MISS BARTHOLOMEW'S ATHLETIC PROWESS.

Miss Phyllis Bartholomew, who has just won the English Long Jump Championship with a jump of 18ft. 8½ ins., is the daughter of Mr. Bartholomew of the Cooperage Department.

Miss Bartholomew, who started athletics at the early age of 12, has visited Stamford Bridge five times in all, twice with the schools and three times representing the Reading Ladies' Athletic Club. She has been Champion of Berkshire three years, entering in all-round athletics, including long jump, high jump, 100 yards sprint and throwing the cricket ball. In addition to the English Championship Cup, she holds the "Abram" Cup and the Reading High Jump Championship and seven other cups, also numerous medals and trophies.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

MORE THAN ALL THE THEORIES.

In the silence of our theories we then seem to listen, and to hear something like the pulse of Being beat; and it is borne in upon us that the mere turning of the character, the dumb willingness to suffer and to serve this Universe, is more than all the theories put together.

Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.

Wild youth is blinded by its storms,  
But Age has eyes to see  
The rainbow painted on the sky,  
The leaf buds on the tree.

Love is the simple desire for the highest good of another or of others, and is the expression of a spirit of self-surrender.

A grey and misty morning often heralds the brightest day.

Men are not to be measured by inches.

Nothing but ourselves can finally beat us.

Real worth floats not with people's fancies, no more than a rock in the sea rises and falls with the tide.

Striking manners are bad manners.



The photograph shows some of our men lowering barrels of the celebrated "Hop Leaf" brand of beer to the "New Inn," Clovelly, Devon. This is a very arduous job and requires skill and great care, as carelessness on the part of the man in charge of the barrel may result in the barrel getting out of control and running wild down the very steep walk where visitors, local children, etc., are continually walking up and down.



"I watched these men at work," writes our correspondent. "They walk backwards in front of the barrels with a sack of corks and gradually let the barrels roll towards them, stopping them or slowing them down when the barrels gain too much speed. Very interesting to watch, but not easy to do, as each barrel weighs over 4 cwts. when full.

"Empties, I was told, are taken up to the top on a wooden sleigh drawn by donkeys."

### PRESENTATION TO MR. T. W. KENT.

On Tuesday, 8th July, a large number of the staff assembled for the purpose of making a presentation to Mr. T. W. Kent. In a well worded speech Mr. F. C. Hawkes said: "Gentlemen, you have been asked to come here for a few minutes this evening to mark the occasion of Mr. Kent's forthcoming marriage. As is customary at such times, our chief aim is to show our good fellowship towards a 'departing brother' and to give him our best wishes for his future happiness.

"Mr. Kent joined the Reading staff about eighteen months ago and since he has been here he has made himself one of us and I am sure that we, one and all, feel great friendship with him. He has also proved himself useful in the First Aid Department and extended his area. He has pulled his weight in the office and I am glad to have him as a member of the staff. Times are very busy just now, so we will make this a short affair, but, none the less, genuine, and I will ask Mr. Kent, on your behalf, to accept this clock, with appropriate inscription, as a token of our good wishes for his future happiness and to extend all the blessings of this life to him and his wife."

Mr. Hawkes then asked Mr. W. H. Wigley to say a few words. Mr. Wigley said: "Mr. Hawkes and Gentlemen, I do want to tell you I am very glad to have this opportunity of endorsing your remarks. Mr. Kent was a member of the Farnborough civilian staff and so came more under the eyes of Mr. Goodall, but although the Farnborough staff was small it was good. I am glad to hear Mr. Kent has pulled his weight in the General Office. He has been a good lad in the office, at cricket, also in first aid work. I am sorry Mr. Goodall is not here to say a few words and to see the present given by members of the Reading staff to a late member of his Branch staff, after so short an acquaintance."

Mr. Kent in acknowledging the gift replied: "On behalf of my future wife and myself I wish to thank all of you very much indeed for the wonderful present you have given me this evening. I have thoroughly enjoyed my time at Reading and Farnborough and I hope to be here for a long time to come. I thank you all once more."

Mr. Wigley proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Hawkes for making the presentation and the latter said he understood Mr. Kent was to be the recipient of a further present that evening, which would be from his friends in the St. Johns Ambulance.



## THE WHITE HART HOTEL, READING.

A NEW PAGE IN ITS HISTORY.



Page Boy at the White Hart.

The popular landlord of the White Hart Hotel, Reading, Mr. Tom Crisp, is nothing if not up-to-date, and he has recently inaugurated a new page in the history of this well-known resort for refreshment. The new page is in the shape of a smart little boy in a smart little uniform, who stands at the main entrance of the hotel and acts as "guide, philosopher and friend" to customers. He will direct you to the snack bar, which is such a feature in this hotel and, one might add, in the town; he will show you the well-appointed lounge upstairs where as many as 130 can be comfortably seated for a hot dinner with prompt and proficient service; he will call a taxi-cab for you and, in short, make himself generally useful.

By the way, the luncheons served daily at the White Hart Hotel are of the best. During Ascot Week many new customers discovered this and promptly gave repeat orders with the result that on the Thursday of Ascot Week Mr. Crisp served 300 meals and over 700 during the week, which entailed the cooking of 1 cwt. of salmon in addition to many other appetising dishes.

The page boy has had first place in this little notice, but don't forget to have a word or two with Mr. Crisp, the genial host. A man of culture, it is always a pleasure to hear him converse on almost every subject, for his knowledge of men and matters is wide and deep, while he is an excellent example of a really good sportsman.

Call in and see him and the Page that is a new chapter in the history of the the Hotel!

## SEVEN BRIDGES BREWERY BURIAL CLUB.

The Annual Meeting of the above was held on Friday, June 24th, but only a few members attended. The Secretary, in his report, stated that the members now totalled 392, a loss of 18 on the year, during which 8 claims were met, the amount of each claim being £19. The married men's contributions amounted to just on 2d. per week and the single men's to about half this sum.

Mr. C. W. Stocker was again unanimously elected Hon. Treasurer, and the old Committee were elected *en bloc*, Mr. T. E. Stevens being re-appointed Hon. Secretary.

A vote of thanks was passed to all the officers for their services; also to Mr. H. Osborne for so kindly checking the books and balance sheet.

The Committee hope that employees of the Firm who are eligible to join and would like to do so will not defer their application any longer and thus lose the opportunity of such an excellent insurance.

The Secretary would like to appeal to members to assist the Collectors as much as possible by paying their contributions on the first Friday after the posting up of claims notice.

T.E.S.

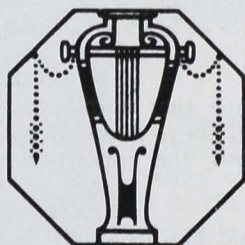


## THE "WHITE HART," SUNNINGHILL.

Henry Coff was a merry old toff,  
A merry old toff was he;  
He'd dash around his little bar  
As cheerful as could be.  
He'd scrub out the pub every morning  
Down on his hands and knees,  
Singing away like a linnet—  
His customers for to please.

He was fond of a game of billiards,  
Dominoes and crib as well—  
Every time he lost a game, he laughed  
And cheered like hell.  
A very useful pegger, he could mark  
A very good score.  
And if by chance he sunk the white  
'Twas the only time he swore.

You'd never hear him argue, nor ever see him cross,  
He would keep his pub for his customers, if he ran it at a  
loss.  
So now you know the reason that folks came many a  
mile—  
To have a drink in the old "White Hart" and to see  
Old Henry smile.



## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Two tramps were "resting" under a shady tree. One, looking up from the tattered newspaper he was reading, asked:

"What do they mean by 'superfluous,' Bill?"

"Aw, somethin' unnecessary," replied Bill. "Like the 'Will yer' in 'Will yer have a drink?'"

\* \* \* \*

An elderly man in the North of England came to London regularly for a fair number of years to endeavour to pass the examination for a certain musical degree. Year after year he failed; year after year he turned up to try again.

At last a benevolent examiner took him aside and said: "Mr. Blank, your persistence is amazing. It deserves reward. We have decided to give you your diploma this time."

The candidate looked crestfallen.

"Oh, my dear sir," he said, nervously, "for heaven's sake, don't do that! This yearly exam. is positively my only chance of getting away from the wife for a quiet bust."

\* \* \* \*

The man who had just returned from France was relating a thrilling experience at the dinner table.

"Yes," said he, "an Apache sprang at me in one of the streets of Paris, snatched my pocket-case of notes and bolted! The gendarmes chased him, and, when cornered, he leaped into the river——"

"Ah!" said a listener, "guilty but in Seine!"

\* \* \* \*

"Which weeds are the easiest to kill?" asked the holiday-maker of the famous bachelor horticulturist.

"Widows' weeds," replied the expert, with a twinkle in his eye; "You've only to say 'Wilt thou?' and they wilt."

\* \* \* \*

A barrister was addressing a jury and had occasion to mention frequently a major who was a witness in the case, and kept on describing him as "this soldier."

The major got annoyed and called out: "Don't call me a soldier, sir. I am an officer."

"Well, gentlemen of the jury," proceeded the barrister, "this officer, who, according to his own statement, is no soldier, etc."



A married man, who developed a double chin, had a wife who lost her graceful curves and had to go to a beauty specialist.

After a short period she wired to her husband : " Darling, in four months I have lost exactly half my weight."

He wired back : " Stay another four."

\* \* \* \*

The music swelled louder and louder, the pianist seeming to work himself into a frenzy. Then it suddenly dwindled down to nothing.

" You were quite right about your piano-playing, young man," said the hostess.

" I am glad you're enjoying it," returned the youthful Paderewski.

" Yes," continued the hostess. " You said you'd rattle a few things off on the piano and two vases have already disappeared."

\* \* \* \*

MRS. NEWLYWED : " Darling, I won a medal at the cookery school."

HER SPOUSE : " Wonderful! But tell me, what is this I am eating?"

MRS. NEWLYWED : " Guess."

HER SPOUSE : " I know, your medal, darling!"

\* \* \* \*

At last the disgraceful rumour had been traced to its source and Mrs. Turpin, the daily help, was confronted by an infuriated mistress. Instead of bowing her head, however, she defended herself with vigour.

" I was only repeatin', mum, what I 'eard from your own lips," she asserted.

" Good heavens!" shrieked the mistress, " do you mean to say I told you my husband was in jail?"

" Not in so many words," conceded Mrs. Turpin, " but I drew my own conclusions. You said you was going to give a coming-out party in the autumn!"

\* \* \* \*

The commercial traveller found himself in a one-eyed village with a single general store.

He went in and said to the girl behind the counter : " Excuse me, but do you keep stationery?"

" No fear," said the girl. " I like to move about a bit, I do."

" Why the black eyes, old man?" a notoriously much-married man was asked by a friend.

" Well, you see," said the black-eyed one, " I came home rather unsteady the other night and thought I'd read a little before going to bed. My wife came down and caught me, and there was some very pronounced trouble."

" What were you reading?"

" By ill-luck I'd chosen the chess-board!"

\* \* \* \*

A schoolmaster caught a small boy scribbling something on a slip of paper. Confiscating it, he read : " Blow, blow, draw, blow, draw, blow, draw."

" What's the meaning of all this?" he asked.

" Please, sir, it's a new tune I'm composing for my mouf organ."

\* \* \* \*

Hubby was trying to balance his budget. Presently his wife came across to him and presented a list of her requirements.

He seized it grimly. " More money," he sighed. " You're always wanting money. This life's like a game of chess. Nothing but cheque, cheque, cheque."

" And," she replied, " if you don't give me more money it will be even more like a game of chess. It will be pawn, pawn, pawn."

\* \* \* \*

Meeting his friend swathed in bandages, Jones naturally inquired what had happened.

" I've given up teaching my wife to drive," was the reply.

" What has that to do with it?" insisted Jones.

" Well, we had an accident," explained his friend.

" What happened?" continued Jones.

" I told her to release her clutch, and she let go of the steering wheel."

\* \* \* \*

A very talkative and rather superior lady who was accustomed to hold forth volubly before taking a shot, said to the caddie : " We don't want you, we prefer to carry our own clubs, but we are compelled to engage you, so you might make yourself useful by giving us a few hints."

The caddie looked glum for a bit and then said : " Well, for a start, don't talk so much."



The house-to-house book-canvasser knocked at the door of Mrs. Jones' residence.

"Nothing to-day," said the woman.

"But, madam," he insisted, "I have something here that is bound to interest you. The 'Husband's Friend, or 500 Reasons For Staying Out Late.'"

"What makes you think that book would interest me?" asked Mrs. Jones angrily.

"Well," said the canvasser, "I sold a copy to your husband on the way to the station this morning."

\* \* \* \*

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

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

\* \* \* \*

He walked jauntily into the theatre for the Monday morning rehearsal with field-glasses slung over his shoulder. The stage manager eyed him with surprise.

"Why on earth are you carrying those about?" he asked.

The comedian smiled genially.

"Just been looking at my name on the bills, laddie."

\* \* \* \*

The doctor was examining a young man who was proposing to insure his life. The medical man happened to know something of the applicant's family history.

"Any insanity in the family?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Wait a moment, though. Isn't there an uncle of yours who had to go to the asylum because of his delusions?"

The young man laughed. "Oh, 'im, sir. You don't want to take no notice of 'im. 'E's off 'is nut."

JUDGE: "You say this man robbed you. Can you distinguish any of your property amongst this heap?"

PLAINTIFF: "Yes, I know that handkerchief with 'B' in the corner."

JUDGE: "But that is no proof. I have a handkerchief with 'B' in the corner."

PLAINTIFF: "Yes, sir, I know. I don't want to make any insinuations, but I lost two."

\* \* \* \*

A youthful lawyer, in a harrying cross-examination of a landlady, was trying to discredit her boarding-house in the eyes of the jury. She spoke of certain lodgers who never went out at night and the legal youth fixed her with his cocksure eye.

"A nest of strange birds these lodgers of yours seem to be," he said; "are they in training to be monks, or is there some reason for hiding themselves from the public?"

"No, sir," calmly replied the landlady, "they're studying for the law."

\* \* \* \*

"Fare, please!" cried the conductor. "Fare!"

The passenger paid no attention.

"Fare, please!" the conductor repeated.

Still the passenger was oblivious.

"By the ejaculatory term 'fare,'" said the conductor, "I imply no reference to the state of the weather, the complexion of the admirable blonde you observe in the contiguous seat, not even to the quality of the service vouchsafed by this philanthropic corporation—I merely alluded in a manner, perhaps lacking in delicacy, but not in conciseness, to the monetary obligation set up by your presence in this car and suggest that you liquidate——"

At this point the passenger emerged from his trance.

\* \* \* \*

A small boy, leading a donkey, passed by an army camp. A couple of soldiers wanted to have some fun with the lad.

"What are you holding on to your brother so tight for, sonny?" said one of them.

"So he won't join the army," the youngster replied, without blinking an eye.



The sailor was recounting his experiences to the dear old lady, when she interrupted him.

"But what rank did you hold?" she asked.

"Ship's optician, lady."

"Ship's optician! I never knew there was such a rank in the Navy. What did your duty consist of?"

"Scraping the eyes of the ship's potatoes," the sailor replied.

\* \* \* \*

He was once the black sheep of the family. When he had won success he presented himself at home again. He told his father how Fortune had smiled on him; he was earning up to £30 a week.

"What, a week?" cried his father.

"A week," was the reply.

"Then come inside," said dad, "the family can stand a lot of disgrace for that."

\* \* \* \*

A business man who had an important telephone call to put through finally interrupted a feminine conversation which seemed liable to continue indefinitely.

"Here," snapped one of the women indignantly, "what line do you think you're on, anyway?"

"Well," replied the business man, "I've come to the conclusion that I must be on the clothes line."

\* \* \* \*

The sweet young thing turned to a polite young man who was showing her through the factory and said:

"What is that big thing over there?"

"That is a locomotive boiler."

"Why do they boil the locomotives?"

"To make the locomotive tender." And the polite young man continued to look straight ahead.

\* \* \* \*

"I've called about your dog, sir."

"Yes?"

"He's bitten my wife's mother."

"I'm very sorry, but what——?"

"Oh, it's all right. What I want to know is will you sell him?"

A coster pushing a hand-cart of shrimps, confronted by a parliamentarian in his limousine, was roughly ordered to get out of the way.

"Get out of the road yourself," returned the coster.

"You don't know who I am, evidently," said the other. "I have M.P. at the end of my name."

"So has every other blinkin' shrimp in this 'ere barrer of mine," was the retort.

\* \* \* \*

They were sitting in a dim corner of the hall.

"Give me a kiss," he pleaded, snuggling a bit closer. She made no reply.

"Won't you, please, give me a kiss?" he asked again. Still no answer.

"Please, please, kiss me!" he begged. And still no reply.

"I say, are you deaf?" he roared.

"No," she snapped, "are you paralysed?"

\* \* \* \*

The two club members were discussing some of their acquaintances.

Presently Hayes said: "Have you noticed how that fellow Ransom drops his aspirates?"

"Yes; but that's nothing to the way he drops his vowels," said Grey.

"What do you mean?" asked Hayes.

"I've got more than a dozen of his I O U's," put in Grey with feeling.





## BRANCHES.

## BRIGHTON.

On a fine Saturday in June, Brighton was invaded by over 3,000 "Black Cat" cigarette girls, and other employees of the tobacco firm of Carreras Ltd., who visited the town for their annual outing. The party made the journey from London in five special trains. No effort or expense was spared by the hosts, the Directors of the Company, to ensure that a thoroughly enjoyable day was spent. Luncheon was served in the grounds of the Royal Pavilion in a vast stretch of marquees 400 feet long that covered the greater part of the eastern lawn.

Sir Louis Baron, Bart., Chairman of the Company, received a hearty welcome when he arrived, the entire party rising and singing "For he's a jolly good fellow." The Mayor of Brighton, with other local celebrities, were also guests of the Carreras Directors, and welcomed the party to Brighton.

A local caterer had the work of catering for this enormous party, and as they all sat down to dine together, it entailed some 10,000 plates being washed after the proceedings. It was estimated that some 3,000 pounds of meat were eaten for dinner, and for tea 12,000 cakes, 6,000 rolls and some half a ton of ice cream.

We should like to welcome such a party every Saturday.

## SPORT.

The Brighton and Hove Albion Football Club have just held their annual meeting, and had to report a loss on the last season of over £1,000, bringing the total deficiencies of the club to about £3,000.

The Sussex cricket team are doing better this year, and are well up in the championship table.

## HOLIDAYS.

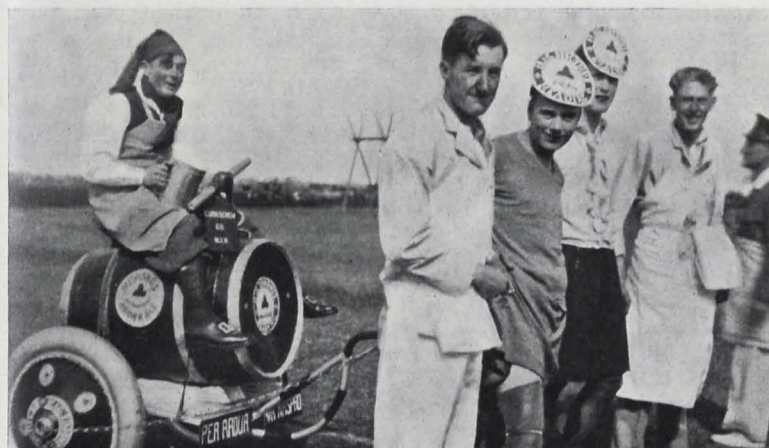
Holidays in England being the order of the day, we decided to explore the country around Cambridge. The central attraction of Cambridge is, of course, the colleges. The chapels, with courts around, are well worth a special visit. While we were there the "Varsity" balls of the principal colleges were being held. The banquet is held in the fine old college hall, then the party cross the river to a large marquee for dancing. The marquee is artistically lined with pale blue and white, with a raised band stand in the centre. The oars used by the victorious boat crews are hung round the sides of the marquee. Coloured lights and lanterns are numerous, and the setting by the river adds to the charm.

We made a visit to Ely Cathedral, where a great amount of damage was done to the fabric by the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell. From there we went to Peterborough and visited that cathedral. It is noted for the tombs of the two Queens, but as a matter of fact, only one now rests within its sacred walls.

A fine view is obtained of the surrounding country from the roof, with a glimpse of Crowland Abbey. One is very much reminded of Belgium by the country in this district being so flat and uninteresting. The air is very relaxing, and one returns to duty with the usual impression, there's no place like Brighton.

N.V.D.

## LONDON.



The Sergeants' Mess, Royal Air Force, Hornchurch, Sports were held on 2nd June, 1932. The above photograph gives one of the competing teams in the Inter-Flight Chariot Race. Needless to say the cask was empty of the contents, having been consumed to give necessary stamina to the competitors."

We were pleased to hear news through the GAZETTE of Mr. and Mrs. "Jolly" Jolliffe, late of the Walshe House Club. We feel sure they will be successful at the "Royal Tar," High Street, Brentford, and we wish them every happiness in their new sphere.



## OXFORD.

## LAWN TENNIS MATCH, SATURDAY, JULY 9TH.

The preliminaries being settled, the date fixed, and the weather gods propitiated, we were delighted to welcome our friends from the Brewery, Reading, to a lawn tennis match on the Hawkswell Courts, Kings Cross Road, Summertown, Oxford, on the afternoon of Saturday, July 9th.

The aforesaid weather gods must have been in a good mood; perhaps the particular libation used in their honour had placated them for they provided a real blazing hot afternoon. (N.B.—“S.B.” for results.)

In due course we got down to “brass tacks” or rather hard courts and the final count shewed that Headquarters had trounced us to the tune of eleven sets to seven as shown by the scores given below:—

*Messrs. A. C. Stone and A. Siggery, Oxford*—versus *Messrs. Freeman and Lipscombe*, 6-1, 6-3; versus *Messrs. Hasker and Wadhams* 6-4, 6-2; versus *Messrs. Adams and Crew* 0-6, 4-6.

*Messrs. L. J. Lardner and D. W. Jones, Oxford*—versus *Messrs. Freeman and Lipscombe* 6-4, 2-6; versus *Messrs. Hasker and Wadhams* 0-6, 0-6; versus *Messrs. Adams and Crew* 2-6, 0-6.

*Messrs. F. L. Maskell and W. T. Sanders, Oxford*—versus *Messrs. Freeman and Lipscombe* 6-1, 3-6; versus *Messrs. Hasker and Wadhams* 7-5, 4-6; versus *Messrs. Adams and Crew* 2-6, 1-6.

At tea time *Messrs. J. H. Wadhams and W. Bowyer* spoke appreciatively of the welcome and hospitality received by them at our hands, and *Mr. H. J. Timms* replied.

All three speakers mentioned the charming site selected for tea and the kindness of the ladies in gracing the proceedings with their presence and for rendering invaluable assistance by preparing the tea table while we were busy on the courts.

Though we say it ourselves it *was* a charming afternoon and the climax was reached when we assembled in a beautiful shady garden on the River Cherwell's edge to tea dispensed by *Mrs. W. T. Sanders* and our colleagues *Mesdames N. K. Newman and D. M. Fawdrey*.

We are deeply indebted to *Mr. E. J. E. Knowles* for so kindly giving us the unrestricted use of his garden for our tea, thus enabling us to take it alfresco in a really Arcadian setting. Our thanks are also due to the ladies before mentioned for their able assistance and also to *Mrs. F. J. Sanders* for so kindly lending us the crockery and other things of an unconsumable nature which are indispensable to a successful tea party.

We must also thank our friends from Reading for the keen sporting games they gave us and to place upon record the hope of beating them when we meet them on their own courts.

## PORTSMOUTH.

The Trade here is generally pleased that *Sir Herbert E. Morgan, K.B.E.*, Chairman of *Smith's Potato Crisps (Ltd.)*, has accepted the office of President of the Portsmouth, Gosport and District Licensed Victuallers Protection and Benevolent Society. He will preside at the next annual banquet of the Society to be held at the Savoy Cafe, Southsea, on November 23rd.

Interesting swimming contests were seen at the new open air swimming baths at Lee-on-the-Solent, when the Royal Air Force, Lee, were opposed to the Royal Air Force, Farnborough, in an inter-club fixture. In spite of the inclement weather the events were carried out with much enthusiasm, the races being keen and close finishes resulting. The R.A.F., Lee, proved successful by 37 points to 27 winning by six events to three. In the water polo match the R.A.F., Lee, were far superior in combination and scored four goals without reply.

The 1st Battalion Manchester Regiment held their athletic sports at the New Barracks, Gosport. This was an exceptionally well organised affair. The meeting lasted two days and was the culmination of a series of similar gatherings held by the Companies, a procedure which ensured the best representation in the inter-company events, most of which were run off on the first day. The fight for the inter-company trophy was particularly keen. The final placings of the teams was: Headquarters Wing 1 and 3, 34 points; “C” Company 48 points; “A” Company 50 points; “B” Company 51 points. The contest for the individual championship produced a splendid struggle between 2/Lieut. Lambeth and L/Cpl. Windsor, both of whom have figured in Army championships, Mr. Lambeth being better in the sprints but being beaten by his rival in the half-mile. As he also won the long jump he scored 14 points. Windsor, who kept himself in the running by snatching points in the sprints, was first in the half-mile, mile, and the three mile events and thus gained a total of 13. The organizers also displayed originality by introducing a number of novelties of a

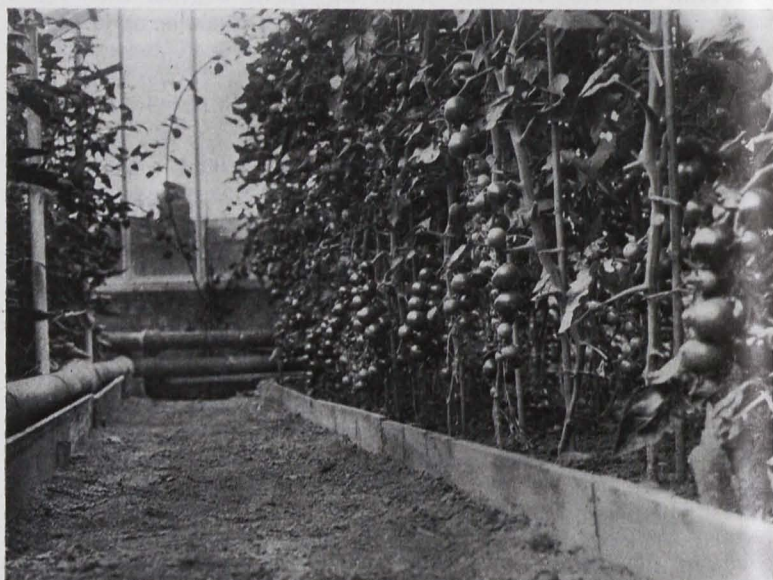


humorous character. The chief of these was staged by the Drums of the Battalion. Heavily disguised in comic costumes they entered the arena playing a merry tune, the drum major wielding a broom instead of the usual staff. The joke was completed by the arrival of clowns dressed as staff officers and mounted on a charger that had been invested with trousers both fore and aft. Later on an attack by Indians on a mail van was staged and here again, as well as being thrilled by the sound of thundering hoofs, the crowd was treated to some more comedy. By kind permission of Lieut.-Col. G. H. Birkett, D.S.O., and Officers, the band of the 2nd Bn. The South Wales Borderers, played during the afternoon. The prizes were distributed by Mrs. Evans, wife of a former Colonel of the Battalion.

#### THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, FARNBOROUGH.

Below is a view of the tomato house at the Queen's Hotel, Farnborough. Many of the bunches weigh 4 to 5 lbs. and an average yield of each plant is from 25 to 30 lbs.

Mr. Maitland Dods is always ready to show visitors the greenhouses which include a carnation house and cucumber house. An array of beautiful plants, including begonias, is always on view.



A view of the Tomato House at the Queen's Hotel, Farnborough.

#### THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

Many thanks Mr. Editor for the likeness of our old colleague, "Major" Herridge, in your last number. One or two Tamarites are still able to remember the pre-lorry period of his association with our Salisbury Plain Branch, when the trek to the station for an evening paper was often fruitless owing to the "Express" news-agent missing his cue—a misfortune which the "Crown" cues (and cases) usually helped us all to forget. We are glad to hear of our old friend again, and to add our small tribute to his capacity. One day we'll give ourselves the pleasure of calling upon him at Newbury.

With the summer now well advanced, the out-of-doors attractions fall thick and fast upon us. "Hop Leaf" demands at the following events will, we hope, find our worthy caterers only just able to satisfy those "S.B."-ites who profit by past experience:

The Paignton Regatta.  
The Dartmoor Pony Show.  
The Newton Abbot Races.

May the sun of success shine on these functions! So far, 1932 has been kind to many events, to our mutual benefit.

#### THE ST. MARYCHURCH CLUB.

Among our most stalwart supporters in the South Devon area must be numbered the members of the St. Marychurch and Babbacombe Conservative Club.

Guided by foreseeing officers and committee, the premises were acquired by the members about two years ago, and from a small villa residence have been rapidly converted into one of the foremost and certainly one of the most comfortable clubs in the County. Situated in its own grounds, with a well kept lawn, nowadays made into an excellent putting green, with its flowering shrubs and trees, and the addition at the rear of a members' car park, it offers privileges second to none. Inside, two excellent billiard tables are installed in a specially constructed room. Provision has also been made on the ground floor for a card room, reading room, and an up-to-date lounge.

On the first floor a special meeting room is available for whist drives, etc. Quite close to the Town Hall of St. Marychurch is the club and it needs no recommendation in these pages as to its social value to the neighbourhood. The membership speaks for itself! Its industrious Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. H. Bennett, will be delighted to hear from all interested supporters of the cause, who are, or will be, in the district, on holiday or otherwise. And the modest fee is but 5/- per annum! We can visualize no more congenial atmosphere



in which to spend a few leisure hours when the Queen of the Riviera nightly veils her beauty, than at St. Marychurch, where the Constitutional tree flourishes, and the famous "Hop Leaf" glows.

"ONE AND ALL."

Members of the Sergeants' Mess Depot D.C.L.I., accompanied by a few Bodmin ex-service friends, paid us a visit a day or two ago, en route to Torquay, on the occasion of their annual outing.

The preparation of "Hop Leaf" specialities was particularly interesting to such old supporters of the Firm, and the drive through the Cornish valleys having produced keen appetites, our temporary Snack Bar was more than a useful idea. Further on at Gibbon's Hotel, Torquay, more "Simonds" was requisitioned, and with Devon "Cornish" pasties helped to fill up many an aching void. The rest of a glorious summer day was spent in and around Torbay, and with music and song, the merry party at about 6.30 p.m. "re-embarked" for Bodmin Beacon, home and beauty—some of the "boys" it is whispered bearing cunning purchases from the Torquay shops for the set purpose of appeasing the disappointment of those fair ones who were left behind on this now annual event of the Mess. Hard lines, ladies! We hope the President paid you all a suitable forfeit! Yes, these Cornishmen have a way with them, and Tamarites are only too happy to have helped in what was undoubtedly a great day.



"SUMMER" TRAINING.

Once again the annual training ground of the 8th Infantry Brigade at Willsworthy was the arena selected for a terrific display of "atmospherics," and the night of Thursday, June 30th, 1932, will not soon be forgotten by those on Black Down that night. The huge concert marquee was quickly levelled to the ground and completely ruined, and other canvas followed suit. In endeavouring to save something from the elements, considerable risks were taken by officers and men, but fortunately the gale abated towards morning and enabled these efforts ultimately to be successful. Thank goodness a few "S.B's." were saved from the wreckage! As a "hardy" annual this very exposed spot has lived up to its name for some years past. Its breezes are undoubtedly far too bracing for mere canvas to stand up to, and the only safe solution appears to be something much more substantial for the purpose. Perhaps next year! Optimism—or Prophecy? We shall see.

The King's Arms, Buckfastleigh, has been taken over on our behalf by Mr. H. C. Dursley, late of the Royal Marines, and visitors to Buckfast Abbey and its neighbourhood can rely on every care and attention being paid to their requirements if they call. Every kind of sport and recreation is available in the district, and many lovers of the open spaces make this beautiful centre their haven of rest year after year. It's only a few yards from the Exeter-Plymouth main road, and well worth your while to visit. On the A.A. list, it has proved itself worthy in the past, and we know Mr. and Mrs. Dursley will look after your interests well—whether you decide to put up for an hour or a week.

WOKING.

At the time of writing these notes one of the primary sporting events of the Empire is in progress at Bisley, the home of the National Rifle Association. It would be difficult to portray in a few sentences the scenes at Bisley camp which has been described as the mecca of riflemen, and which is undoubtedly their greatest re-union centre. An intermingling of experiences results in mutual understanding and contributes to the solution of our world-wide problems, and therefore, Bisley with its vast associations with every corner of the British Empire, is a valuable asset in this respect also. Here we meet sportsmen from all quarters of the globe, competing for the honour of winning the King's Prize which carries with it £250 in cash, the N.R.A. gold medal and a gold badge.

We at Woking Branch have little opportunity of following the various competitive stages of the Army Rifle Association Meeting, or those of the National Rifle Association, as we are more concerned with catering for the needs of our numerous patrons who



visit Bisley at this season of the year. We are again favoured with supplying the Small Arms School from Hythe, and those of us who visit this Mess daily turn an eager eye to the exhibition shelf to see what additional trophies have been added since our last call, and enquire "what did C.Q.M.S. Churcher do yesterday?" The name of Churcher is famous at Bisley, and hearty congratulations are extended to him on again winning the Army championship.

We are also privileged to supply the W.O. and N.C.O.'s Club, A.R.A., so the contact with our Hythe friends is complete.

Writing of Bisley brings us to a subject of which we refer with more than usual interest, although with a tinge of regret, *i.e.*, the retirement from Charterhouse, Godalming, of Sergeant-Major A. G. Locke, after twenty-five years' connection with that school. His youthful appearance, despite the fact that he is now in his sixtieth year, makes it difficult to believe that he was engaged in the Nile Campaign of 1898, and was present at the Battle of Omdurman. The writer recalls meeting him as Drill Sergeant of the 1st Battalion Guards at Aldershot twenty-five years ago, and values the long association that has followed.

The winning of the Ashurton Shield by the Charterhouse O.T.C. on more than one occasion is regarded as a tribute to his fine military qualifications and skilful training. The name of Locke has long been associated with the Grenadier Guards—his father having served in the Regiment. His many friends at the Queen's Depot, in the Surrey Rifle Clubs and also in the Godalming Clubs will always welcome him as a true friend and loyal comrade, and will join us in extending hearty congratulations on his remarkably long and successful military career. We wish him well in his retirement and a speedy return to health.

#### DEPOT THE QUEEN'S ROYAL REGIMENT.

Memories of the past were linked with both present and future at the Depot, The Queen's Royal Regiment, Stoughton Barracks, on June 23rd, when the public were invited to view the barracks between the hours of 6 p.m. and 10 p.m. All roads led to the barracks from about 5.30 onwards. Parents of serving soldiers, veterans of the Regiment, and many others, exceeding 3,000 in number, passed through the gates.

Serving members of the Regiment assisted in conducting visitors around and explaining current military custom and practice, relating stories of Regimental history as portrayed by exhibits in the museum, panels and pictures in the dining hall and barrack room. Great interest, wonder and appreciation of all arrangements for the feeding, housing, comfort and amusement of the troops were shown by the visitors in various ways. The dining hall, system of service and variable diet as shown by detailed sheets were admired

by all, matrons remarking upon the cleanliness and attractiveness of the hall and neatly arranged tables, whilst being enthusiastic regarding the arrangements for quick service. Old soldiers compared messing arrangements with those of their days much to the detriment of the latter. Pictures depicting events of Regimental history and uniforms of the early days of the Regiment, together with a tablet on which was compiled a record of sporting triumphs, were examined with great interest. Many thronged to the gymnasium, where records of recruit performances at work and games are displayed on the walls, and two instructors with some recruits here gave a short display of "JERKS."

The museum, however, proved to be the most popular show, being filled to more than its capacity with a continuous stream of visitors. Here the veterans extended themselves in a host of stories (all, of course, the truth and nothing but the truth) of the past. Humorous anecdotes, full of wit and sparkling comedy—tragic interludes—daring feats, all became real, as the old soldiers served again in their reminiscences.

Practically everyone present saw the band and drums of the 2nd Battalion "Beat Retreat," the playing and marching compelling even dour, critical veteran drummers to applaud. The Mayor of Guildford (Mr. William Harvey) and Corporation were entertained to dinner by the Officers' Mess and afterwards were shown over the barracks. From 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. the band played a varied programme, items of which so captivated the audience that soon many couples were dancing on the lawn. All enjoyed the evening, young and old vieing with each other in showing their love of the Regiment—recruits proudly conducting their parents and friends—veterans equally proudly recalling memories of the past.

A repetition of this opportunity to visit the barracks is eagerly awaited and the occasion has done much to gain a deeper appreciation of the service by the general public.

#### THE UNVEILING OF A MEMORIAL TO THE LATE BRIG.-GEN. A. W. TAYLOR, OF THE QUEEN'S ROYAL REGIMENT.

A memorial window to the late Brig.-Gen. A. W. Taylor was dedicated by the Provost Kirwan at the Cathedral Church of Holy Trinity, Guildford, on Sunday, June 26th.

The window which depicts a representation of St. Oswald, one of the earliest Saxon Kings to adopt the Christian faith, is situated quite close to the Regimental memorial tablet for the Great War, 1914-1918. A large contingent from the Depot, The Queen's Royal Regiment attended the ceremony, and marched from Stoughton Barracks preceded by the band and drums of the 2nd Battalion.

The address by the Provost appealed to both military and civilian worshippers, and was based upon the Regimental motto



allied to the story of St. Oswald. After the service the troops marched past the Guildhall, where the salute was taken by the Mayor of Guildford, who, it should be noted, takes a great interest in the Regiment. During the march past the Mayor was accompanied by Major G. K. Olliver, M.C., Commanding Officer of the Depot, and several town councillors.

Four N.C.O.'s. represented the Regiment at the actual dedication of the memorial. The moment of the unveiling as the Union Jack was drawn back to reveal the window was most impressive.

Many people connected with the Regiment feel that the window is most appropriately situated and remember that it is dedicated to an officer who was noted for his cheeriness, kindness to the troops and unswerving loyalty to the Regiment. He maintained his interest in the Regiment after retirement and was always ready to assist in matters charitable or otherwise. He served in the Regiment from 1882 to 1915 during which time he carried out the duties of Adjutant to the 5th Battalion, then the 2nd Volunteer Battalion, and commanded the 1st Battalion during its service in Aden. He died on the 16th June, 1930, aged 68 years.

R.J.C.

#### LUDGERSHALL.



A "cosy corner" of the Sergeants' Mess of the 27th Field Brigade R.A. taken under canvas at Bulford Fields.