

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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MR. E. E. GOLDS.

MR. E. E. GOLDS.

Returning to London Branch for our frontispiece we publish the portrait of Mr. E. E. Golds, who commenced his commercial life with the Firm as Junior Clerk at Brighton Branch in June, 1900. His careful attention to business gained the confidence of the Firm and after ten years' stay at Brighton he was transferred to Portsmouth Branch and thence to London Branch in 1913.

The ever-growing business in the metropolis made it necessary further to increase the outdoor staff and Mr. Golds, whose attributes fitted him for the position, was appointed traveller in June, 1924. The district covered by him is South-west London. His services however are called upon in many other directions. He has a wide experience of club trade and a thorough knowledge of club law. In this connection his advice and guidance are always available and readily given to our friends in this section of our business in the London area. In addition to club trade, Mr. Golds is often required to assist with military business in his district.

His congenial and hearty manner have made for him many friends and his popularity is shewn by the many invitations he receives to club dinners and functions, when his witty after-dinner speeches are looked upon as an "extra" to the entertainment.

Mr. Golds has good war service to his credit, joining the Royal Naval Division in 1916 at Blandford, Dorset. After five months training he was sent to France and also saw service in Belgium. He was engaged at Beaumont Hamel, Arras and Passchendaele Ridge. Following demobilisation in February, 1919, he returned to London Branch. He holds the General Service and Victory Medals.

When at Brighton, Mr. Golds passed his leisure hours boating, swimming and cycling, and at the latter he was considered a first rate "wheeler." Unfortunately in London opportunities to continue these sports did not arise and he has now reached the time of life when he can thoroughly enjoy being a spectator at a boxing match, or a contented participant at a club dinner.



EDITORIAL.

WHITE ADMIRAL BUTTERFLIES.

The fact that Mr. F. A. Simonds saw some White Admirals at Audleys Wood, Basingstoke, as mentioned in last month's issue of this GAZETTE and also in our worthy contemporary, *The Times*, has created widespread interest. This butterfly used to be extremely rare and was only to be found in the New Forest. Now, however, it has found its way into other woods and though still rare may be seen at Pamber. The upper side of the White Admiral's wings are of a velvety chocolate black marked with a conspicuous white bow.

NO MORE TICK.

The following notice appears in an inn :—

Good people came and I did trust 'em.
I lost my money and their custom.
To lose them both did grieve me sore,
So I shall trust them never more.
Our clock has stopped—
No Tick.

NEW NAME FOR THE BARRACKS.

It will be of interest to the county and Reading in particular to know that approval has been given by the War Office for the Barracks, Oxford Road, Reading—the depot of the County Regiment—to be known officially in future as Brock Barracks, after Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, K.B., the hero of Upper Canada and an officer of the 49th Regiment.

The block in the barracks now named after Sir Isaac Brock is to be known in future as Tofrek Block. This is, of course, named after the battle of Tofrek, in which the regiment earned the title of "Royal" for its gallantry and devotion to duty.

INSECTS THAT BITE—TIMELY HINT.

Those who visit the water meadows in mid-summer to bathe or fish, or merely picnic in idleness, have not only one but many flies in their ointment. To counteract this plague some take bottles of tinctures, while others, unarmoured, endure the pests. It is unnecessary to do either. By the side of most streams the wild peppermint can be found. A few sprigs of this (slightly bruised to induce a more pungent scent), worn in the hat or a button-hole will give immunity from the attack of flies and other small raiders of the flesh.

"GONE TO GROUND."

Huntsman Bromley sounded "gone to ground" at the funeral at Chiddingstone Causeway, near Tonbridge, Kent, of Mr. Christian Frederick Gordon, for many years field master of the Bolebroke (Hartfield, Sussex) Beagles.

PESSIMISM—NEAT!

New definition of a pessimist by Mr. H. Ramsbotham, M.P., in a speech at Southampton:—

"The man who when he sees a bottle of whisky that is half full complains that it is half empty."

LEISURE HOURS.

What a mother the silent night is with its new thoughts and new plans and hopes for the morrow, and real regrets for the unfinished work of the day gone by, to be taken up to-morrow "for sure"!

It is not rest alone the night brings. It is the change of scene and the company of home, its bright lights and good cheer. It is the laying down of burdens and the enjoyment of a quiet hour, when we have our best thoughts, surrounded by those who care most for us. The strongest man needs the home bread and sleep and the peace under his own roof.

THE MARCH OF THE SOLDIER CRABS.

An astonishing performance is put on by the soldier crabs of the West Indies, says *Our Empire*. Once a year they muster into a great army and march down from their usual home in the mountains to the sea to spawn and change their shells. They are "as certain of their way as motorists on a grand trunk road." Led by the boldest of the males, they take no heed of obstacles; they will attempt to scale the walls of a house rather than turn aside from their line of march; nothing but a river will force them to change direction.

Usually they move by night, and it may be three months before they reach the seashore, where they go to the edge of the water and allow the waves to wash the eggs off their bodies. These sink into the sand to be hatched out by the sun, and in due course millions of new-born crabs, marshalled in divisions, join the long, straight march back to the hills. The whole performance is one of the most astonishing pieces of staff work Nature has to show.

LADY IN WAITING?

"Can't someone think of a nicer name for an unmarried woman than 'spinster'?" asks a correspondent. Lady in waiting?

EARTH.

If this little world to-night
Suddenly should fall through space
In a hissing, headlong flight.
Shrivelling from off its face,
As it falls into the sun,
In an instant every trace
Of the little crawling things—
Ants, philosophers, and lice,
Cattle, cockroaches, and kings,
Beggars, millionaires, and mice,
Men and maggots all as one
As it falls into the sun . . .
Who can say but at the same
Instant from some planet far
A child may watch us and exclaim:
"See the pretty shooting star!"

CURIOSITY AGAIN.

Customer: "Why do you charge 2d. extra for each of my cuffs?"

Manageress of Laundry: "Because you make pencil notes on them."

Customer: "Why should that make such a difference?"

Manageress: "The girls waste so much time trying to make them out."

ENDED HAPPILY.

One of the novelists referring to his hero says:

His countenance fell.
His voice broke.
His heart sank.
His hair rose.
His eyes blazed.
His words burned.
His blood froze.

It appears, however, that he was able to pull himself together and marry the girl in the last chapter.

ABRAHAM HAD A PRIVATE SECRETARY.

Since the beginning of this century, and certainly since the war, the shorthand typist and lady secretary have come to be an invaluable part of business and commercial life. But it seems that shorthand and lady secretaries are old institutions, or at least Sir Leslie Scatt, K.C., says they are.

Addressing the Institute of Shorthand Writers practising in the Supreme Court, in London, Sir Leslie asserted that :—

"Abraham, who lived in a two-storey house, is said to have had a woman secretary who wrote shorthand.

"Cicero was known not only to have written shorthand, but to have written his own shorthand.

"The only great speech of Cato was transcribed in shorthand. Julius Caesar wrote to his friends—and, mark you, the assumption is that his friends would read it—in shorthand."

Shorthand writers perform an essential function in the administration of justice, he declared, and Mr. H. H. Lock, the president, said that in the course of a single year the professional shorthand writers practising in the Supreme Court transcribed no fewer than 120,000,000 words, and the errors made were an infinitesimal fraction of one per cent.

WHAT SURNAMES INDICATE.

During a history lesson the teacher pointed out to her young pupils that a surname often indicated the trade or profession of the ancestors of those who bore the name.

"For instance," she said, by way of illustration, "supposing your name was Baker, that meant your ancestors were makers of bread. Or, as another example, supposing your name was Smith, that meant that your ancestors were workers in iron—blacksmiths, and so on."

She pointed to one of the boys. "What were your ancestors, Webb?" she asked him.

The boy looked thoughtful. "Spiders, teacher," he said, after awhile.

STOUT SUPPORTERS.

A political writer claims to have a wide public. Stout supporters.

SECOND PLACE FOR THE UNION JACK!

The Union Jack is generally considered to be a flag which takes precedence over all others in the British Empire, but this belief is erroneous. Actually the ensign of the Province of Nova Scotia may be flown above it, though this is the only flag—apart from the Royal Standard—that can claim this distinction.

The reason for this is that the flag of Nova Scotia antedates the Union Jack, the presentation by Charles I taking place in 1625, whereas the national ensign of the United Kingdom did not acquire its present form until 1801.

USES OF A BOY FRIEND.

Two maids were conversing over the back fence of the suburban houses.

"I'm going to have my eyebrows plucked," said Tilly. "It's the fashion now, you know."

The other maid raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"Coo," she said in wonderment, "won't that be very expensive?"

"No," said Tilly, putting on a refined air, "my boy friend who works at the poultry shop down the road is going to do it."

THEN AND NOW.

"No, fishin' ain't wot it use ter be when I was a nipper. Why—tiddlers then was as big as 'addicks—now, well, 'addicks ain't no bigger than tiddlers was then!"

GOOD ADVICE.

We will never be sorry for taking sound advice. It saves many tragedies and sorrows. Never will a person be regretful:

For doing his level best.
 For looking before leaping.
 For hearing before judging.
 For being kind to the needy.
 For stopping his ears to gossip.
 For standing by his principles.
 For being generous to an enemy.
 For asking pardon when in error.
 For being square in business dealings.
 For promptness in keeping his promises.
 For putting the best construction on the acts of others.

WHY SHOULD HE?

The tired huntsman drew up at the Hatch Gate, Burghfield, and jumping from his horse threw the reins to little Tommy, who happened to be standing near. "Here, boy," he said, "hold the horse a minute while I go in and get a drink." Tommy was not very keen, so he asked: "Will he bite, sir?" "No, my boy," was the answer. "Will he kick, sir?" "No, my boy." "Will he run away, sir?" "No, my boy." "Then," asked Tommy, "why should I hold him?"

By the way Mr. C. Turvey, the courteous landlord of the inn, has been in occupation there for the long period of 39 years.

DRANK BEER AND CURED HIS RHEUMATISM!

Fifty years ago Mr. Matthias Smith, of Chaplin Street, Lincoln, called in a doctor to treat him for rheumatism. The doctor told him to give up drinking beer and to take medicine instead.

On his next visit the doctor noticed a change for the better. "I am glad," he said, "to see that you have followed my advice."

"That's where you're wrong," Mr. Smith replied. "Since I last saw you I've drunk nine gallons of beer. Your medicine I put down the sink."

Immediately after the doctor's first visit he had ordered a barrel of beer, and had drunk about three pints the same night.

Mr. Smith has never since found it necessary to have medical attention. He has forgotten what rheumatism feels like. He has worked hard all his life on the land.

He is still fond of his pint of ale, and, at 83, is as hale and lively as any octogenarian in Lincolnshire, a county noted for the longevity of its people. When he learned to ride a bicycle he was 74.

His wife, who is 80, and he have just received a congratulatory message from the King on celebrating their diamond wedding.

MESSRS. H. & G. SIMONDS' RETAILERS' SOCIETY.

The Secretary, Mr. G. F. Hainge, writes:—Owing to some persons spreading the news that H. & G. Simonds' Retailers' Society is finished, it should be clearly understood that they are very much alive and are organizing a Darts League, entries for which will be welcomed.

The Committee are also giving prizes at the Fete on August 25th, when it is hoped all under the Hop Leaf will attend.



WALKING ROUND THE WORLD.

Alexander Clive (P. J. Schravessande) the South African explorer, lecturer and writer, who is walking round the world and completed 8,027 miles when he reached London, called at the Brewery when continuing his journey. He was cordially received and was offered best wishes for a successful journey. He was given a few of our bottled beer labels to add to his collection of mementoes. The Secretary of the Company also added his signature to those of other firms upon whom Mr. Clive had called.



WEDDING OF MISS M. TALBOT.

DAUGHTER OF READING LICENSEE.

The wedding took place at St. Bartholomew's Church, Reading, last month, of Miss Marjorie Talbot, daughter of Mr. H. L. Talbot, the popular licensee of The Jack of Both Sides, King's Road, Reading, and Mrs. Talbot, to Mr. Leslie Walduck, of Leighton Buzzard. The Rev. J. E. B. Walker (curate) officiated.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of coral crepe, trimmed with sable. Mr. R. Ruggles was best man. A reception was held at St. Bartholomew's Hall.

The marriage was, in a way, a Brewery Amalgamation. The bridegroom is on the clerical staff of Benskin's Brewery and his parents keep the Roebuck Inn, Leighton Buzzard.



The bride and bridegroom.



A group taken after the wedding

LITTLE THINGS.

A crumb will feed a tiny bird,
A thought prevent an angry word.
A seed brings forth full many a flower,
A drop of rain foretells a shower.

A straw the wild wind's course reveals,
A kind word often an old grudge heals,
A beacon light saves many a life,
A slight will often kindle strife.

A humble hand may alms bestow
A godly life makes heaven below,
A little child contends the wise,
A lark sings nearest to the skies.

A sunbeam makes the earth rejoice,
A flower will teach us with a voice,
A brave man's arm will right the wrong,
A simple prayer will make us strong.

A "KEEN" COMPETITOR.



Mr. H. Keen in the attractive suit that won him first prize at the Aldershot Carnival in the Advertising Class. His suit is bedecked with as many as 1,240 crown tops from H. & G. Simonds' bottles. No wonder he was "crowned" king of the "Keen" competition.

A CODE OF SPORTSMANSHIP FOR SPECTATORS.

In last month's issue of the "British Olympic Journal," the official organ of the British Olympic Association, there appears a most timely and trenchant article, "Spectator Sportsmanship," written by John Terence McGovern, an American lawyer, author and sportsman, whose remarks on this topical subject are well worthy of the widest publicity.

Dealing first with the "barrackers," Mr. McGovern says :

"He regards it as fitting and proper to applaud most vigorously when an official inflicts a penalty upon the side against whose success he has laid a bet or whose defeat he has prophesied in a previous Saturday evening exhibition of oratory given by him without invitation in some pub.

"The materials which produce this type are ignorance of the rules of the game, the stupid impression that it is patriotic to wish a home side to win at any cost, the fear of losing a wager on the result, and the loss of applause for the spectator's talents as a prophet.

"The effects of this ear-splitting abuse of officials, sometimes directed to players themselves, and the same noisy applause of penalties inflicted upon visitor athletes, are many and often tragic. The playing of the game itself is affected, the players becoming nervous, irritated, and distracted. The officials become resentful and try to average up by replacing one mistake with another."

Then, as a remedy, the author relates that Mr. Devereux Milburn, the great international polo player, has induced the Sportsmanship Brotherhood (of America) to adopt and distribute the following code of Sportsmanship for Spectators :—

1. I will consider my athletic opponents and the officials as my guests and will treat them as such.
2. I will cheer both teams as they come on the field of play.
3. I will applaud good play made by either team.
4. I will not applaud errors.
5. I will not "razz" the players of either team or any one officially connected with either team.
6. I will consider the officials as the proper authorities to make decisions and I will accept their decision.
7. I will not attempt to disturb any player or official.
8. I will not stir up any unfriendly rivalry among the fans or players.

9. I will consider it my privilege and duty to encourage players and authorities to live up to the spirit of the rules of the association governing their athletic competition and to appreciate the privilege of membership.
10. I will consider it my privilege and duty to exemplify and promote the adoption of "A Code of Sportsmanship for Spectators" everywhere.

It is fortunate for British sport that, taking it all round, our spectators do not need educating in the principles of this code to remind them of their sense of fair play.

THE TRUTH ABOUT OUR DEBT TO THE U.S.A.

Can you tell me, in a few words, the history and present position of the much-discussed debt to America, over which some American papers recently accused us of defaulting? asks a correspondent in "Our Empire." And this is the interesting answer the Editor gives:—

It is not true to say that Great Britain has defaulted over her debt to the United States. All that has happened is that we postponed payment of the instalment of the debt due last month and for excellent reasons.

In the extremity of the Great War we borrowed from America, largely for the aid of our Allies, close upon £1,000,000,000. We lent, as freely as we borrowed, to France, Italy, and Belgium.

After the War, Mr. Baldwin, representing the British Government, agreed that we should pay back every penny borrowed, with liberal interest. But other nations—France, Italy, Belgium—owed us millions. Germany was heavily in our debt for war reparations, fixed by the Treaty of Versailles.

While the United States held us to our bargain, we were generous to our debtors. For several years we paid something in the neighbourhood of £30,000,000 annually to America. The nations of Europe repaid us next to nothing.

This could not go on. In 1932 came the Lausanne Conference at which Great Britain agreed to forgive her European debtors, provided the United States would come into line and, like us, wipe the slate clean.

America has not yet seen fit to revise our debt agreement with her. We did not pay her last month, but we do not repudiate our

debt to her. We openly and candidly acknowledge it, only inviting her to do the generous thing and recognise that we are the nation of all others which among the victors gained least in the Great War and sacrificed most.

If we are to resume regular payments of debt instalments to the United States the Lausanne Agreement will have to go by the board, and we shall be forced to demand repayment of the debts due to us from European countries. This course would throw the economic life of the whole world into confusion, injuring every nation, including the United States.

WEDDING.

The marriage of Miss Vera Bradford to Mr. William Good was solemnised at St. James' Church, Abbey Ruins, on Saturday, August 4th. The bride is the elder daughter of Mr. T. W. Bradford, the Hon. Secretary of the Social Club. The Revd. Canon Kernan officiated at the marriage service, which was followed by nuptial mass said by the Revd. Father A. Burrett.

Mr. S. E. Burrett was at the organ.

The reception was held at Palm Lodge, West Street.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Moderation, decorum, and neatness distinguish the gentleman; he is at all times affable, diffident, and studious to please. Intelligent and polite, his behaviour is pleasant and graceful. When he enters the dwelling of an inferior, he endeavours to hide, if possible, the difference between their ranks of life; ever willing to assist those around him, he is neither unkind, haughty or overbearing. In the mansions of the rich, the correctness of his mind induces him to bend to etiquette, but not to stoop to adulation; correct principle cautions him to avoid any foible that could occasion him self-reproach. Gratified with the pleasures of reflection, he rejoices to see the gaieties of society, and is fastidious upon no point of little import.

Appear only to be a gentleman, and its shadows will bring upon you contempt; be a gentleman, and its honours will remain even after you are dead.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

It is wise not to seek a secret and honest not to reveal it.

Calmness of mind is a mark of wisdom and the result of self-control.

A charitable tongue saveth many scandals.

The truth of religion needs no further proof than the real men and women who live and die for it.

To buy cheaply is not always to buy economically.

Although the present is the most scientific age in the world's history, one of its outstanding features is a widespread confidence in mascots, charms, luck, and all manner of foolish superstitions.

There is no more powerful and satisfactory method of self-defence, kindness and safety in the home and community than silence at the proper time.

Putting off an easy thing makes it hard, and putting off a hard thing makes it impossible.

To spend time in counting and lamenting little faults, is like a child who has fallen down in running and who, instead of getting up and running again, stops to cry over his dirty hands.

It is the cock that croweth but the hen that delivereth the goods.

From the way debts are paid, this world seems to be filled with promising young men.

It is not poverty that saddens the heart. Destitution can pinch the features; but it cannot take away that inward happiness that bears the thin body onward and upward on the wings of hope and resignation.

Friendships are the flowers of joy that grow unhidden in the pathway of our lives.

Some modern children are said to be so blasé that they turn up their noses at "hunt the slipper." In a sterner age such little prigs would have got the slipper without hunting it.

We should try to succeed by merit, not by favour. He who acquits himself well will always have enough of patrons.

A NATURE NOTE.

(By C.H.P.).

DARING LITTLE DABCHICK.

HOW DID THE PHEASANT FIND HER EGGS?

I witnessed a most interesting incident the other day. I was watching a dabchick on her nest. I was behind a hedge and only a few yards from the little grebe, and a female swan, or pen, was feeding close at hand. The swan swam nearer and nearer to the dabchick and was within a few feet of the nest when suddenly the dabchick slipped off her nest, dived, and caught hold of one of the swan's feet. The swan wondered whatever was happening and made off at a great pace, churning up the water as she did so. The poor little grebe was hurled some feet into the air, but, apparently quite unperturbed, she returned to her nest and continued her duties of incubation. An hour or so later the pen, having evidently forgotten the dabchick, returned to the spot, this time accompanied by her husband. I noticed, however, that she did not go so near the nest as on the first occasion. But the male swan did. And no sooner had he approached to within about a yard of the nest than the dabchick dived again and caught hold of one of his feet. The cob—for that is the name of the male swan—appeared more angry than frightened at having suffered such an indignity. He promptly shook off the dabchick and then gave chase. The dabchick dived and re-appeared in the rushes close to the nest. The swan saw her and dashed in that direction. But the grebe was again under the water in the fraction of a second to re-appear again not far away. It was some time before the swan gave up the chase and meanwhile the poor little dabchick, uttering a plaintive cry, swam to and fro in evident distress. At length the two swans sought fresh feeding grounds. The dabchick crept stealthily on to her nest, uncovered the eggs, uttered several more plaintive little cries and then quietly settled down. All was peace again.

Plucky little dabchick! Naughty swans!

DUCK AND DRAKE VERSUS SWANS.

On another occasion a duck and drake, fearful as to the safety of their young, attacked a pair of swans. Mother duck repeatedly flew just over the female swan's head, pecking at her, and, meanwhile, the drake "went for" the cob. Neither swan appeared eager to do battle and I wondered what would be the outcome of the ducks' attack. Then the mother duck hurried back to her young and, while her husband continued the offensive with the

swans and "saw them off the premises," she coaxed the ducklings up the bank away among the undergrowth and into safety. Had the swans had their young I might have had a different tale to tell, and a sad one at that, for it is by no means unusual for swans to do ducks to death.

AN UNIQUE INCIDENT.

Hay-cutting operations were in progress and the gamekeeper gave the carter instructions in the morning that if he came across any pheasants' nests he was to collect the eggs and take them to a place of safety. A frightened pheasant flew off her nest and the carter took the ten eggs a distance of about forty yards, laid them down carefully near the hedge and, to hide them from the sight of crows, etc., covered them with a thick layer of hay. When the keeper returned, some hours later, he was directed to the spot where the eggs had been placed and you can well imagine his surprise when he found the pheasant sitting on her new "nest" with a family of little pheasants. No doubt the anxious mother had been making a thorough search for her eggs and the "peeping" of the little birds just previous to making their debut into the great wide world probably enabled her to discover their whereabouts.

In any case the incident is extraordinary and, I should think, unique.

I am glad to note that the season has been so favourable for young pheasants generally. Partridges, too, are plentiful. This year many nests, instead of containing 17 or 18 eggs only, have had as many as 21 or 22; the young birds have thrived, are now very fit and strong on the wing, and, I am glad to say, quite unconscious of the reception that awaits many of them on September 1st.

FLYCATCHER'S TENDER CARE OF YOUNG.

In a grape vine a spotted fly catcher has built her nest, laid her eggs and reared a family. I kept observation on the nest since the bird first began to build, and later was very interested in watching her so cleverly catching flies and taking them to feed her children. But what charmed me most was a little bit of thoughtfulness on the part of the mother bird that I shall never forget. During the very hot weather I noticed that the wee flycatchers were covered with a large vine leaf, I thought it had fallen there by accident and removed it. When I was in hiding shortly afterwards the mother returned, fed her children, and then plucked another grape leaf and placed it over her young, oh! so tenderly, and obviously to protect them from the tropical heat. That quilt will ever remain in my mind the most charming of all and no eiderdown

with it can compare. And when she came to feed her children again the flycatcher removed the cool covering as tenderly as she had placed it there. Before she flew off in search of further food she again replaced the quilt.

In no year do I remember such a poor hatch of Mayfly, and it seemed as if where there were millions in other years there were not thousands this. But, peculiarly enough, I saw one on the wing as late as June 30th. As it flew towards me I rose and was on the point of catching it in my hand, with a view to throwing it to the fish, when this flycatcher swooped down and seized it not a foot away from my hand. Off she flew with it. The only difference was that it formed food for the baby flycatchers instead of the fish.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

As the crowded bus came to a standstill, a stout middle-aged man descended the stairs carrying a small girl, obviously his daughter. Tenderly placing his burden on the kerb, he ascended the stairs again and shortly returned carrying a tiny dog. Placing the dog beside the child, he returned upstairs and again descended, bearing a second child, whom he stood beside the first. Once more he ascended the stairs and again returned, carrying a third youngster.

These evolutions were eagerly observed by a working-class passenger seated inside the bus who, as father proceeded to dismount with his third offspring, exclaimed in a loud stage whisper: "Lumme, 'e must 'ave a nest up there!"

* * * *

"We shall reside at the Old Manse," said the bride proudly at the interview after the wedding.

In due course the description of the ceremony appeared and ended: "When they return from their honeymoon, the Newlyweds will live with the bride's father."

* * * *

After forty years in a remote country village, a couple sold their farm and decided to live in the city where they could enjoy the comforts of life. So to London they went. They bought a house and set about their life of leisured ease.

On the first morning the wife awoke before sunrise and said: "Isn't it about time you were getting up to light the fire?"

"No, Mary," the man yawned. "Call the fire brigade. We might as well get used to these new-fangled city conveniences right now."

READING CARNIVAL.

During the third week of July, Reading was under the spell of carnival and many parts of the town were gaily decorated for the occasion. Hill's Meadow was a scene of colourful life and all the paraphernalia of the fair.

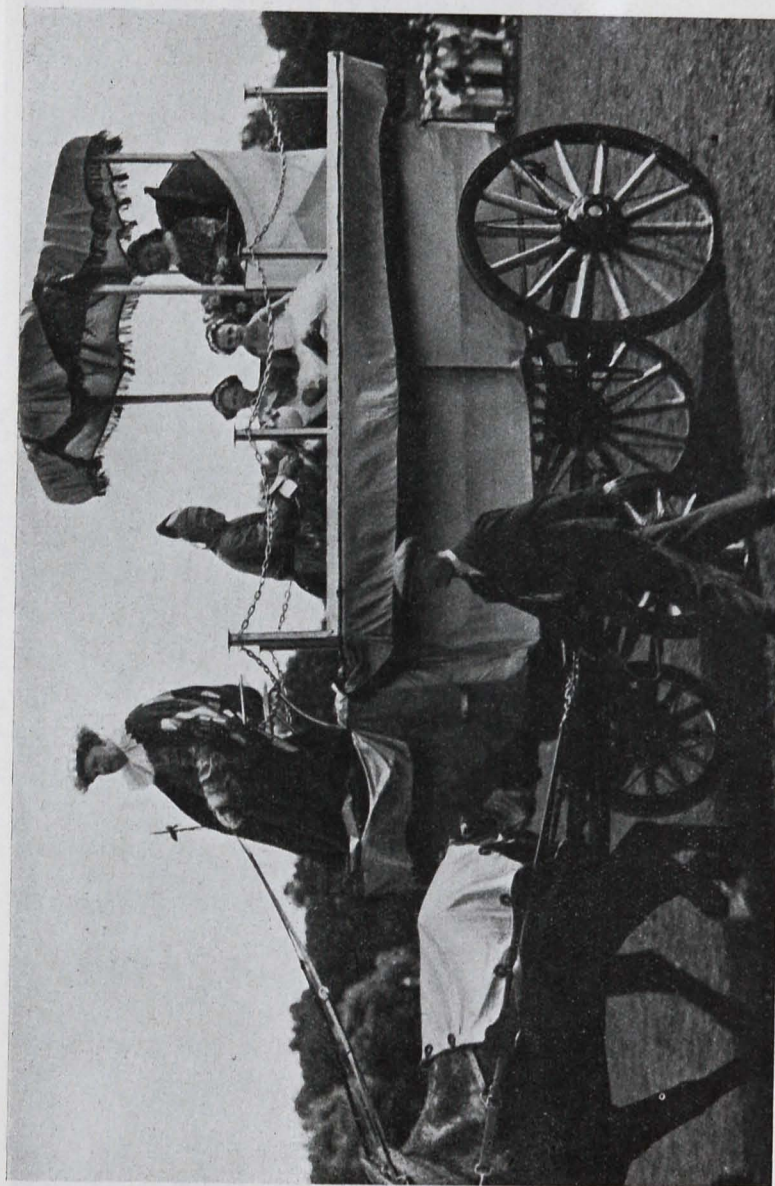
Miss Marjorie Turner, the Carnival Queen, in a beautiful dress of gold and magenta, played her part with all the grace demanded by the role. Accompanied by her Jester, Mr. Rollie Kelly, with his balloons, and two little attendants in white, who carried the Queen's long purple train throughout the festivities, a gay and brilliant lead was given to all the proceedings. Mr. Kelly was in rollicking mood throughout and emulated the Court Jester with great artistry.

One of the photographs published in this issue shows the Carnival Queen's chariot, which was constructed in our coach-builders' department and which was decorated in gold and purple, with a regal canopy suitably draped in the same material. Mr. J. Hall (foreman of our horse department) had the honour of driving the Queen's chariot. His wonderful Elizabethan costume, which consisted of red tights and large crimson cloak with embroidered doublet, etc., gave an added air of majesty to the head of the procession.

A further photograph shows a decorated lorry advertising Hunt's Glorious Devon Cider. On the vehicle a miniature orchard was staged with real trees loaded with apples and, in the midst, a large apple of over 4ft. dimensions, on which sat Miss Dorothy Gardner (of the Branch Department) a vision of gold against a black background, in representation of our well-known silhouette advertisement. At the rear of the lorry Mr. A. T. Walsh and Mr. J. Doe cleverly impersonated Devonshire folk respectively garbed in the costumes of a dainty but well developed woman and a robust native of the county. They carried out their parts as to the manner born, toasting the crowds in glasses of foaming, sparkling cider, as they passed. The colouring of the tableau won for Miss Gardner the title of "Cider Queen" which, in view of her wonderful endurance and interpretation of the part, gained just tributes of admiration from the thousands who thronged the streets and grounds of the carnival.

Upon arrival at the scene of the festivities, samples of cider were distributed and were greatly appreciated. Small children scrambled for apples which were thrown to them by the "Cider Queen" and, altogether, our lorry was by far the most popular vehicle in the procession.

In the third photograph the Carnival Queen is seen taking much needed refreshment and enjoying the exhilarating properties of Hunt's Glorious Devon Cider.



The Carnival Queen's Chariot.



H. & G. Simonds' Decorated Car.



Enjoying Hunt's Glorious Devon Cider.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Mr. G. W. V. Weait, whose portrait appeared in the July issue, is of course well known to the writer, our Brewery days having been spent in very close proximity for so many years, although naturally we look upon ourselves as young members of the staff. Mr. Weait undoubtedly has a personality that is pleasing to everyone and he is very thorough and accurate in all he does. He always seems to be in good health and that perhaps is the great secret of his good humour and splendid outlook on life. A staunch friend and full of common sense he will do his utmost to right any wrong and thrash out any matter that seems to him not to be just as it should be. Reliable and a speedy worker, he is one that takes on a job and sees it through in a satisfactory manner. Personally, I count upon him as one of my best friends at the Brewery and I really think he has a sterling character.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

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

The Seven Stars, Bledlow (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. Herbert Smith.

The Bridge House, Whitchurch (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. Frank West.

The Bells, Staines (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. William Butler.

The Swan Inn, Inkpen (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. H. Morgan.

The White Lion, Egham (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. William G. Aubrey.

MR. T. W. KENT.

The above member of the staff, who is our first-aid man, figured in a presentation a short while ago, as per the following details extracted from *The Camberley News and Bagshot Observer*.

ST. JOHN AMBULANCE—DISTRICT COMMISSIONER'S VISIT TO CAMBERLEY.

The annual inspection of the Camberley Division and the Bagshot and Windlesham Division of the St. John Ambulance

Brigade, and also of the Camberley Nursing Division and the Bagshot and Windlesham Nursing Division, was carried out in the Drill Hall, Camberley, on Tuesday night by Mr. E. A. Richards, Commissioner of No. 8, Duke of Connaught District (Surrey, Kent and Sussex).

PRESENTATION.

Following the inspection, Mr. T. W. Kent, the late Hon. Secretary of the Camberley Division, was presented with a framed photograph of members of the Division in appreciation of his services. The presentation was made by the Commissioner, who said it gave him great pleasure to do so. He thanked Mr. Kent for his work and wished him every success in the future.

Mr. Kent replied briefly.

DEATH OF MR. T. A. KING.

I regret to report the death of the above well known member of the Building Department of this Firm who died on the 9th July rather suddenly. He commenced work at the Brewery on 14th July, 1911, so had been employed at the Brewery for nearly 23 years. His loss is keenly felt as he was well liked and was an excellent workman. He was carried to the graveside by four of his workmates. Our deepest sympathy is hereby expressed to his widow and son.

DEATH OF MR. G. H. M. SMITH.

The above member of the Scalds Department died on July 7th at the early age of 31; he was originally employed in the Wheelwright's Department for about five years and for the last five years was working under Mr. F. Drury. Mr. Drury informs me he was an excellent worker and very capable. Our deepest sympathy is expressed to his relatives.

FOOTBALL.

The players of the Reading Football Club report for training in the early days of August, so that we shall once again soon be in the throes of another hectic season. We hope in the forthcoming season to go one better than last time and perhaps at the beginning of May next year we shall see Reading the top of the league, at least this is what we hope. The Brewery teams are busy arranging fixtures for next season and all hope they will have as successful a time as last season.

CRICKET.

The inter-departmental matches are still being played on every Thursday evening and good support has been accorded to the players. At the present moment the issue is open but the winners appear likely to be either the Rest of the Brewery or the Delivery Office. These matches have been contested in an excellent spirit and it is to be hoped that fresh talent has been discovered as a result.

HOLIDAYS.

Everyone this year seems to have been particularly favoured by the weather and in every case on the return to duty of the members of the staff they all appear benefited by the sun and fresh air. It is a case this year of no complaints.

QUARTERLY BALANCING.

The staff of the General Office have been very busy on the above duty and it is nice to know that they have now balanced to the proverbial ha'penny.

FETE, AUGUST 25TH.

Arrangements for the above are proceeding apace and a great deal of work has been put in by the Committee. Everything is going on very satisfactorily and tickets are now being widely sold. Given good weather there is no reason to doubt but what this will be a huge success.

THANKS.

The writer takes the opportunity of thanking Brighton Branch for their pleasing reference to himself in their July notes. He would also like to thank all those who have personally congratulated him.

MANY OUTDOOR FUNCTIONS.

No doubt due to the wonderful weather we have been having this year, we have been very busy in Reading and many other districts supplying the liquid refreshments for many fetes, galas and flower shows, etc. It would seem that this year is a record for such events. Everywhere our beers have been favourably commented upon and thanks expressed for the excellent services rendered by the Firm.



CRICKET.

How time flies! Here is another month gone and our cricketing fortunes are rather on the ebb. A series of good games when the tide has appeared to be flowing in our favour, but, alas, we have been unable to ride it to the full.

Four matches have been played by the "A" team since our last report and the best we can say is that one match was drawn. The "B" team have won two out of five and in two of the others quite respectable scores were made by our "lads."

The inter-departmental games have been most interesting and the championship is still very open. So much for the curtain raiser. Now for the show.

ACT I. THE DOWNFALL OF THE PREMIER (TEAM).

June 30th. "A" TEAM 82 for 8 v. WARGRAVE "B" 183 for 8.

The scene is laid at Wargrave and we had the memories of a week previous in our minds, but a keen desire to avenge that defeat. Our opponents having won the toss elected to bat first. We soon had a success, but from that point onwards it was a severe struggle against batsmen who knew how to wait for the right ball and then knew just where to place it. Only too true is the fact that we did all we could to help them by putting catches on the floor and misfielding a lot of the shots. From 1 for 4 it went to 63 for 2, then 104 for 3 and when tea-time came the book showed 183 for 8. Their innings was declared closed. We had a new player on show and his bowling figures were the best reading, viz., 4 for 42, with 4 maidens out of 12 overs.

We made a fair start, 16 for 1, but the next wicket added 34, making it up to 50, but from then onwards it was more or less a procession and when time was called we had 8 men down and out for a score of 82. Of our batsmen Josey played the lead with 26 to his credit. F. Chandler came next with 17 and was run very close by — Neville who carried his bat for 16.

July 7th. "A" TEAM 57 v. "TURQUANDIA" 76.

This match we regard as one of our red letter days and are always very pleased to renew our acquaintance with our friends from the City. A feeling which is, apparently, reciprocated. Owing to the fact that our opponents have no "Home" ground, the venue for the encounter is laid on Prospect Park.

Turquandia had the luck of the spin and thought a bit of batting practice might do them good. Our bowlers, Clark and Tigar, were not quite so lenient as our bowlers have been in the

past and we got them all out for 76. Only two lots of double figures made off the bat against us (Mr. Extras unkindly made a third). Clark 5 for 34 and Tigar 4 for 32 made exceptionally good reading, when we remembered previous matches, the scores then against us being up round 150 and the side not all out.

Our batsmen did not remember their lines and the villain of the piece, who also happened to be their Skipper, was most unkind. He sent six of them home at an average of one each. James got 10 before a splendid catch put paid to his hopes and Rumens held his end up for 11 not out. Our opportunity to stage a real come back had not been taken and our score fell short by 19 runs.

Our friends came back to the Club and spent a happy hour or so before wending their various ways back home. We tried "Beer," then "Grape Fruit." We have done our best with cricket, but "Beer is best." We will not mention "S.B." as we hear on good authority the initials are apt to be read a little personally.

July 14th. "A" TEAM 70 v. CAMBERLEY W.M.C. 102.

Again we had to man the stage, this time at the Watchetts Recreation Ground, a fete being held on the Camberley Recreation ground, where we were billed to appear. The opening chorus was short and we had one Camberley representative out for five runs. The score, however, crept up until it read 47 for 5. Then the brothers Hardy became associated and away the score leapt until it read 91 for 6. Some good catching ended the partnership and the next four men only added 11. Tigar, Clark and Crutchley each had two wickets and Jelley four.

Our batsmen played steadily against the wily bowling of F. Wilkes, but after some while a change was made at the other end and that told the tale. In brief, it was 8 overs, 6 maidens, 7 runs and 6 wickets. In fact, Cook cooked our chances.

Tigar and Crutchley, 13 each and Josey with 12 were our best bats on the day's showing.

July 21st.

We were down to play the return with Camberley, but on Saturday morning had a communication to the effect that they were unable to make the journey, so we were without a fixture.

July 28th. "A" TEAM 102 v. FRIMLEY 143 for 6.

We sojourned out to "Watchetts" again and were put in to bat first. The opening pair did their job quite nicely and we showed 47 runs on the board when the partnership was broken.

The next five men only added 20, then we got going a bit and 29 were collected and in the end we had to struggle hard to top the century. Farrance with 36 topped the bill, with Josey next with 19. Clark 14 and Jelley 13 also reached the double figure mark.

We made an exceptionally good start, 16 runs had been put on then Tigar took one in his first over, then Clark took three in the next and four men out for 17. That ended our spell of success for the next wicket put on 104 and it was left to Tigar, who put down an over or so of "snorters," to claim both these wickets. When time was called 143 runs were showing against us.

ACT II. THE STRUGGLE OF THE JUNIOR LEAD.

June 30th. "B" TEAM 43 v. Y.M.C.A. 2ND XI 32.

The first encounter was a rather high scoring affair, in which we came off second best. Here the tables were turned and although the runs were rather meagre we had the balance on our side. We had the first knock and made 43, Hill being the top weight with 11. Bundy took 7 wickets for 11, which was pretty good going.

But for the help of Berry, who made 18, the Y.M. would have been in a sorry plight. Hill took 5 for 17 and Mileham 4 for 12.

July 7th. "B" TEAM 90 v. BARNDALE 161 for 9.

This was the return match, the first having gone against us and we were hoping to turn the tables. We had the first knock and got a very useful total of 90, mainly due to Mileham with 21 and Atkinson and Treadgold with 18 and 15 respectively. There was no outstanding performance given by the opposition bowlers.

A most promising start was made by our attack for two wickets were down for 11 runs and the next only added 15. Then came a stand which carried the score along to 70. A minor collapse followed which brought the game to a very interesting position, but the eighth wicket did not fall until our total was well covered, and when time was up the score read 161 for 8. Two scores of 50 were made against us, by Keep 54 and Cox 51 not out. Our late Skipper, R. Main, was up against us, but did not repeat some of his old triumphs.

July 14th. "B" TEAM 73 v. BURGHFIELD LOWER XI 59.

We were at home for this match and took advantage of the luck of the coin. Four of our lads topped the double figure mark, viz., E. Chandler 16, H. Deverall and E. C. Greenaway 12 each and G. Gigg 10 and our full score looked quite useful. Murrell was the bad lad with the ball, for he took 6 for 13.

For the opposition batsmen "Mr. Extras" was in the lead with 13. No wielder of the willow got above 9. Deverall had a good bowling day with 4 for 16, Mileham did his bit with 4 for 24 and E. Greenaway got the other two at the cost of 6 runs.

July 21st. "B" TEAM 32 v. LOWER BURGHFIELD XI 80 for 9.

Just a week ago we pulled off a good win and, naturally, hoped for a "double." Burghfield on their own ground proved a different proposition. Instead of all our batsmen getting a few, there were six who failed to score at all. Had it not been for E. Chandler, who did make 12, we should have looked very poor. Murrell again did most of the damage and his returns were 4 for 8.

It looked as if our boys were going to make a real fight of it for we had two down for 11; the next wicket added 13. Then five more runs and another wicket, but that was the end of our success, for the next partnership pulled the game out of the fire and passed our meagre total easily and at the end of the session 80 runs were on the board and 9 men out.

July 28th. "B" TEAM 63 v. SOUTHFIELD 92.

We had won the first match with Southfield very easily and could see nothing but another victory in sight. Our friends thought otherwise and having the first knock made 92 for 9, they, apparently, only brought ten men with them. Scores of 21, 17, 13, 11 and 10 were returned. Mileham showed the best bowling figures with 3 for 9 in just under the five overs. Deverall had 10 overs and took 3 for 22.

H. Treadgold made just over half of our total, viz., 35. The others failed to stay and give him the necessary assistance, otherwise we ought to have compiled a good score. S. Bowyer took 7 for 20, four of which were catches.

ACT III. THE CHORUS PLAYS ITS PART.

The scene is laid on the King's Meadows and the actors are drawn from various departments of the Brewery, all of them keen to show their prowess in some form or other. In other words, this concerns the inter-departmental games.

Wine Stores, to use an abbreviation, tackled The Rest on the 5th July, but were not able to give a very good account of themselves. They sadly missed Mulcock, who was out of action owing to a damaged hand. 'Tis true that The Rest fielded our new acquisition to the "A" team (Tigar) and he and Farrance proved irresistible. Three for 4 and 5 for 6, with one run out, gave the Wine Stores the doubtful honour of the lowest score, so far, of the series.

The Rest nearly equalled this for the loss of the first wicket and when the game was well won Skipper Bartholomew called in two of his men, who had done their share of the run-making. In the end they had made 67.

Next week the Surveyors and the Offices had a go and a most exciting finish occurred. The former in the time allotted made 55 for 7, Hillier and Cardwell being the two heavy weights. The Offices got within three of this with one more man to bat when their time elapsed. With time drawing very close and wickets falling at fairly regular intervals, the game was most interesting and the time won. As the Surveyors had compiled the more runs the game is recorded as a win for them.

The following week The Delivery tried their strength against the Wine Stores and proved it to be the greater. The totals were not big and the Wine Stores had good reason to pat themselves on the back for getting the others out for 41. Hill and Tozer bowled unchanged and shared the wickets, the runs not working out quite so equally. Up against two "A" team bowlers, the Wine Stores batting rather crumbled, but a rather bad "run out" in the middle of their innings spoiled a good chance of making a closer fight of it. They finished up with 28 runs to their credit.

Owing to the exigencies of the service, a re-arrangement of fixtures had to be made for the next match, and the Surveyors took on the Wine Stores. The first named pulled off their second win by 16. Batting first they made 54 and it was the early batsmen that gave them the pull. Five down for 44 and all out 54. Hill took 4 wickets with 5 consecutive balls—three in one over and one in the next.

The Wine Stores made a bad start, then a gradual recovery until the score read 33 for 5, then a bad collapse and all out for 38. This time it was Hillier, who, with three wickets in one over, put paid to any chances the Wine Stores thought they might have had.

The remaining matches in this most interesting series of games are between the Offices v. The Rest and then The Rest v. The Delivery. The last-named looks is if it will be a real decider for the championship.

The position of the teams at the moment is:—

		Played	Won	Lost	Runs.		Points
					For	Against	
Delivery Department	...	3	3	—	137	84	12
Rest of Brewery	...	2	2	—	137	51	8
Surveyors and Building Department	...	4	2	2	187	204	8
Wine and Spirit Dept.	...	4	1	3	145	211	4
Offices	...	3	—	3	116	168	—

J.W.J.

"THE BRITISH EMPIRE"—*continued.*

(BY E. W. KIRBY.)

V. *South Africa.*

Having very briefly surveyed the growth of Australia, Canada and India, we next have the task of ascertaining the varied aspects of Empire development in Africa. Directing our view past the North and mid-African territories, we come to that mighty tract of varied country in the South which contains such unhappy memories of disastrous racial struggles and the consequent heavy toll of human life. With the exception of India, it is probably no exaggeration to say that none of our Colonies and Dominions has presented such difficult and complex problems as South Africa has provided and still provides for solution. The whole basis of the difficulties which confront us lies inevitably in the racial complexities. In Australia, Canada and New Zealand the colour problem has been practically non-existent and the English settlers have not had to face the prolonged competition of other European colonists, whereas in South Africa a vivid contrast has been presented by the tangled fortunes not only of powerful and militant native tribes but French, Dutch and English immigrants as well. In Canada the conflict between the French and ourselves culminated early in British supremacy, but in South Africa where exploration and colonisation followed at a much later date, the cessation of active hostilities only followed at a period within the living memory of most people to-day. Nevertheless, the difficulties and tragedies of South African history provide tales of splendid heroism and romance where the building up of the Empire has been concerned. Though the lot of the South African peoples has been harder and more bitter than that of other Empire units, there has been in consequence a far greater scope for the revelation of those qualities which have virtually created the Empire. That is always the way of this world; hardship and suffering invariably bring out and develop the finer side of mankind even though the worst is also in evidence.

In the early days of Dutch sea-power and trading conquests, Cape Colony was founded to provide a victualling station for the ships of the Dutch East India Company on their voyages to and from the East. For a short period we also used the Cape for the same purpose, but eventually racial jealousy resulted in our withdrawing to St. Helena. In 1688 the Dutch settlers were joined by a considerable number of French Protestants who had fled their country on account of religious persecution. These two groups of European emigrants were further reinforced during the latter part of the 18th century by the arrival of British ships which landed

troops for the purpose of establishing a foothold against any similar venture by the French, the Napoleonic wars having now broken out. Our occupation of the district was not welcomed by the Dutch who made half-hearted attempts to repel our troops, but being hopelessly outnumbered, they capitulated and by 1814 Cape Colony was recognised as a unit of the British Empire.

The next few years did not witness a peaceful collaboration of the Dutch and English settlers and the fundamental cause of difference lay in our respective attitudes to the slave question. People in England were following the very laudable policy of anti-slavery and being considerably uninformed, did not appreciate the situation where the native races of South Africa were concerned. The settlers in South Africa were not confronted everywhere by weak and backward native tribes; on the contrary, fierce, disciplined tribes of Pondos, Basutos, Zulus, Matabeles, Mashonas and the like were permeating southwards and inevitably coming into conflict with the white invaders. Both the natives and the colonists, who still consisted mainly of Dutch, required land for their flocks and herds, so that it soon became obvious that the country was not large enough for both elements to settle peaceably. Furthermore, the Kaffirs were continually stealing the Dutch farmers cattle and encroaching on territory already claimed by the British Government. A further aspect of the native problem lay in the huge number of Hottentots, the original inhabitants of Cape Colony, who had mostly been taken into modified slavery by the Dutch. Upon the general emancipation of slaves throughout the Empire they had been released and promptly became a general nuisance by their thieving habits and refusal to work, whilst their former owners received very scant compensation for their loss. Nevertheless, those in the Home Country were under the impression that all the Dutch were unscrupulous and brutal in their dealings with the natives and failed to recognise that the latter were largely responsible for the continual wars and bickerings that were the order of the day.

Eventually the English pro-native sympathies aroused such resentment amongst the Dutch farmers that a considerable proportion of the latter decided to emigrate northwards beyond the Orange river and settle where they could be free from our jurisdiction. Accustomed to wander with their herds from pasture to pasture little hardship was involved in journeying to a new district and large parties of these farmers, together with their wives and children, set out on that trail for a free land which has become famous as the Great Trek.

It was in this way that the Dutch republics of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal were created. Dissatisfaction at British

administration, mainly over the native question, continually resulted in Boer emigration and by 1854 the two great Boer republics had become firmly established, yet excluded from the sea by the British colonies of Natal and Cape Colony. Several attempts at uniting the British and Boer elements by means of a federal scheme of government were made, but on each occasion they broke down. In 1881 actual warfare started, although on a small scale, but British tempers were aroused by the incident of Majuba Hill in which a small British force was taken by surprise and crushingly defeated.

The next eventful happening in South Africa was the thrilling discovery of gold in the Transvaal. The war of 1881 had resulted in British acknowledgment of Boer independence, so that all the British who flocked into the Transvaal to make their fortunes found themselves treated as foreigners without civic rights. The position in the Transvaal following on the discovery of gold was roughly as follows:—The Boers keeping to the country without deserting their farming activities, whilst the British immigrants devoted their attention to the gold mines and trading developments and built the towns and the great urban centre of Johannesburg. In other words, it was British industry and labour that developed the rural Transvaal into a prosperous commercial district. Yet every difficulty was put in the way of the British who naturally sought to have a hand in the management of public affairs. The Uitlanders, as the Boers called them, had to reside at least ten years in the country before they could even become naturalized and further difficulties had to be overcome before the franchise was extended to them.

It is now that we must deal with the remarkable career of that great champion of British Imperialism, Cecil John Rhodes. As a young man he had made an immense fortune in the diamond fields and founded the British South Africa Company. His belief was that peace and prosperity could best be secured for the world by the extension of British sovereignty wherever possible. He believed in British greatness and based his life work on that belief. Having become acquainted with Africa he resolved to do his utmost to secure the country for the British race. One of his dreams was the Cape to Cairo railway which should link the whole continent with a British path of power. In the early nineties when Rhodes was Prime Minister of the Cape, the Uitlanders in Johannesburg, exasperated by high taxation and lack of recognition of their status, hit upon the foolish and provocative plan of rising and using force of arms to secure their desires. Unfortunately, Rhodes became implicated in this plot for Dr. Jameson, his close friend and confidant, arranged to help the Johannesburg Uitlanders by leading

a force of the B.S.A. Company's police into the Transvaal. The whole foolhardy venture was carried out in 1896 with the most unfortunate results. The Boers were perfectly aware of all that was going on; the Johannesburg rising collapsed, whilst Jameson and his men were surrounded and although they fought gallantly, had to surrender. Rhodes had sent a last-minute telegram to Jameson ordering him to turn back but this message was too late. Owing to his complicity in the matter, Rhodes resigned from the Cape Government and considered himself a broken man. Jameson and some of his followers in the raid were brought to England and sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment at the Old Bailey, yet such are the strange workings of fate that a year or so later Rhodes became the hero of the hour during the Matabele and Mashona rising when he went unarmed and accompanied by only two other white men into the heart of the native camp and arranged a peace, whilst Jameson lived to take a leading part in South African politics.

But this episode of 1896 had far-reaching results for in 1899 the Boer war broke out and dragged on until 1902. The struggle was bitter and hard, but eventually the British forces conquered all resistance and the Boer republics were annexed. Now we come to the most remarkable phase in South African history. After the dreadful culmination of the years-old Boer and British rivalry the union of South Africa became assured. The two great races which had formerly entertained the bitterest feelings for each other suddenly discovered that they could live peaceably together. Seven years after the war the Act laying down the Federation of South Africa was passed, the two annexed states having already been granted full representative and responsible government. The outbreak of the Great War revealed the strong loyalty of the South African Union and the recent economic crisis has served to stifle any remaining bitterness. In 1924 the Nationalist Party, under General Hertzog, which might broadly be said to represent the Dutch interests came into power. The rival political element is the South Africa Party, led by General Smuts, which similarly might be said to represent the English interests. Generally speaking the two parties have differed only upon Imperial problems and even this side of the administrative policy has merely been in regard to internal affairs for external policies of both parties have not differed fundamentally. But now racial feeling has sunk to its lowest ebb for a coalition government in South Africa is finding plenty of problems to tackle of greater importance and with more profitable results than those which formerly concerned petty differences of opinion which always attend party politics. The fusion of the two parties seems to have brought about a realization of the possibilities of the country which are only available when complete internal agreement is assured. What it really amounts to is that the feeling

between Boer and Briton has been eradicated from politics which leaves the Government free to tackle the problems of trade, communication, water distribution, the enormous coloured population and so on. At the same time if political matters are not tainted with racial antagonism then the reason for racial disputes becomes less as time goes on.

At last the bitter story of South Africa appears to be embarking on a happy conclusion with a future of great and glorious possibility opening up ahead.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A wizened little Irishman applied for a job loading a ship. At first they told him he was too small, but finally they gave him a trial. He seemed to be making good, so they gradually increased the size of his load until he was carrying a 300 lb. anvil under each arm. When he was half-way across the gangplank it broke, and the Irishman fell in. With a great splashing and spluttering he came to the surface.

"T'row me a rope!" he shouted, and sank again. A second time he rose to the surface.

"T'row me a rope!" he shouted again. Once more he sank, but rose struggling.

"Say!" he sputtered, angrily, "if one of you spalpeens don't hurry up and t'row me a rope, I'm goin' to drop one of these things!"

* * * *

Some people wonder what a Mormon wedding is like. Well, it's much like any wedding. Only a word or two difference.

The preacher says: "Do you take these women to be your lawfully wedded wives?"

The Mormon says: "I do."

Then the preacher says: "Do you women take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

And the women say: "We do."

Then the preacher says: "Well, some of you girls there at the back will have to speak up louder if you want to be included in this."

* * * *

The landlady was watching the new boarder struggling manfully with a suet pudding which was tough and heavy.

"Anything wrong?" she asked, as he almost bent the fork.

"Well," he gasped in desperation, "when I wrote for 'diggings' I didn't mean this kind."

"Was that sleeping draught I recommended any good?" asked Brown of his friend.

"Good!" replied Robinson. I should say it was. I took it as you suggested, and went to sleep soon after retiring.

"Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was bargaining with him when the dragon on which I was riding slipped its skin, and left me floating in mid-air.

"Whilst I was considering how I should get down, a bull with two heads said he would bring me round a mountain if I would first climb further up and fix a windlass for him. So as I was sliding down the mountain the inspector came in, and I asked when the train would reach my station. 'We passed your station 200 years ago,' he answered, folding up the train and slipping it in his waistcoat pocket.

"At that moment I woke up and found I had been asleep exactly three minutes."

* * * *

"John," said Mrs. Maggs to her husband, "while I'm out I want you to paint the mangle. It'll keep you out of mischief."

She returned some hours later and was surprised to find that her husband was not in the scullery.

"Where are you?" she called.

"Upstairs, Maggie," came the reply.

"What are you doin' up there?"

"Paintin' mangle, of course."

"But what are you paintin' mangle upstairs for?"

"Well, paint was up here, lass," explained John.

* * * *

While his mother was away on a visit little Willie's nurse took him to see his two old aunts.

"And how do you like living alone with your daddy?" asked one. "Do you hug and kiss him?"

"Oh, yes," said the little fellow. "Me hugged and kissed daddy last night."

"That's wrong," his nurse corrected him. "You should say, 'I hugged and kissed daddy last night.'"

"No," said Willie, "that was Friday night."

* * * *

A tailor discovered when examining his stock that he had six 30s. suits. "I can't sell them at all," he said to his friend.

"Why not wrap them up and put in an invoice for five suits at forty shillings, and send them to Isaac?" advised the other. "He'll think you've made a mistake and buy them at once."

Cohen called on his friend three days later, his face white with rage.

"You've ruined me," he howled. "I sent the six suits to Isaac with an invoice for five, and he returned five suits saying he did not order them."

* * * *

The under-gardener of the large mansion stopped the butler as he was walking in the grounds.

"Mr. Reeves," he exclaimed, "would you mind pointing out that fellow Darwin to me the next time he calls to see the master?"

The butler frowned heavily.

"Darwin?" he said. "Sure you're right about the name? I don't seem to know him."

"Yes, that's right," said the under-gardener. "Darwin's the name. I happened to hear the master say the other day that every time he looked at me his mind went back to Darwin."

* * * *

"You see that girl? She's just got £100 for a short love story."

"That's a lot of money for a short story. Did she sell the cinema rights?"

"No. Told it to a jury."

* * * *

M'Tavish had never had the reputation of being an early bird and things became so bad that his foreman had had to give him a telling-off for his bad timekeeping. Noticing, thereafter, a considerable improvement, he complimented Mac on his changed ways. "Aye," retorted the latter, "I've got a parrot now."

"But what in the name of goodness has a parrot got to do with it. Didn't I advise you to get an alarm clock?"

"Oh, I got one," admitted M'Tavish, but after a morning or two I got used to it and then it failed to wake me so I just got a parrot and now when I go to bed I hang the alarm over its cage. When it rings it wakens the parrot, and what the parrot says would waken anybody."

* * * *

OLD LADY: "Don't you ever feel weary going up and down in the elevator all day?"

ELEVATOR OPERATOR: "Yes'm."

"Is it the motion of going down?"

"No'm."

"The motion of going up?"

"No'm."

"The stopping?"

"No'm."

"What is it then?"

"The questions!"

* * * *

It was late at night; the taxi had just pulled up by the kerb and McPherson got out and began fumbling in his pocket.

At last he handed the driver a coin.

"I have known gents what gives a bit over," grumbled the taxi-driver.

"Aye," said McPherson. "That's why I asked ye to stop under a lamp."

* * * *

WIFE: "George, I've dropped my diamond ring off my finger and can't find it anywhere."

GEORGE: "It's all right, dear. I found it in my trousers pocket."

* * * *

FATHER, looking through the account kept by his son at school, showing the way in which he had spent his pocket-money, and surprised at the number of times the letters S.P.G. occurred: "What makes you so interested in missionary work?"

BOY (blankly): "Missionary work?"

FATHER: "Well, there's several amounts down to the S.P.G."

BOY: "But that has nothing to do with missionary work. It means 'Sundries—probably grub.'"

* * * *

BARBER: "Haven't I shaved you before, sir?"

CUSTOMER: "No, I got that scar in France."

* * * *

The old hawker was looking despondent.

"What's the matter, Tom?" asked his wife.

"Ay, but there are lots of swindlers in the world, Martha," he told her.

"Oh, and what's happened now?" she inquired.

"'Ere 'ave I gorn and spent a 'alf a day painting a sparrer to look like a canary, and a bloke comes along and gives me a dud 'alf a crown for it!"

* * * *

"Mummy, isn't it wrong to strike anyone smaller than yourself?"

"Yes, dear."

"Would you mind telling teacher? I don't think she knows."

* * * *

A Chinese had a toothache and phoned a dentist for an appointment.

"Two-thirty, all right?" asked the dentist.

"Yes, yes," replied the Celestial. "Tooth hurtee, all right. What time I come?"

* * * *

"Are all men fools?" asked the wife, after a slight disagreement with her husband.

"No, dear," replied her husband, "Some men are bachelors."

* * * *

VERONICA: "I love a nice tramp."

FATHER: "Oh! But can he support you in the way to which you have been accustomed?"

* * * *

WILLIAM: "How did you break your leg?"

JAMES: "I threw a cigarette in a manhole and stepped on it."

* * * *

Little Rosy entered her auntie's bedroom as the latter was preparing to go to the theatre.

"Auntie," said the child, wonderingly, "why do you put powder on your face?"

Auntie smiled down on her niece. "That's to make me look pretty," she replied.

Little Rosy thought for a moment. "Auntie," she suggested at last, "perhaps you're not using the right powder!"

* * * *

MRS. SMITH: "Could I borrow your rug beater?"

MRS. JONES: "I'm sorry, Mrs. Smith, but he doesn't get home from work until 5 o'clock."

* * * *

Believe it or not, matrimony is both a word and a sentence.

* * * *

A certain man named Brown, a miller by trade, being suspected by his neighbours of sharp practice, was accosted by one of them named Robinson, as follows:

"I say, Brown, they tell me that every honest miller has a tuft of hair growing on the palm of his hand; is that so?"

Brown thought this over for a few moments, and then replied: "Oh, yes, Mr. Robinson, you are quite right, it really is so, but (very slowly) it takes an honest man to find it."

* * * *

THE BORE: "All my success in life and my great wealth, I owe to one thing, and one thing only—pluck."

A VOICE: "Oh, and whom did you pluck?"

* * * *

An amateur medico in a backwoods district was called to a case he could not diagnose. Not to be beaten, however, he gave the patient an injection, saying, "That'll give him a fit, and I'm red hot on fits."

* * * *

MOTHER: "Tommy, if you eat any more cake, you'll burst."

TOMMY: "Well, pass the cake and stand clear!"

* * * *

MISS HAUGHTY: "I delight in taking men down."

JONES: "What, are you a shorthand typist?"

* * * *

"Has daddy finished dressing?"

"I don't think so, mummy. I heard him talking to his collar."

* * * *

A telephone has been installed at Njoeme within 200 miles of the North Pole. The service is stated by subscribers to be the frozen limit.

* * * *

"What does 'C.O.D.' mean on the box of your new hat, Elsie?"

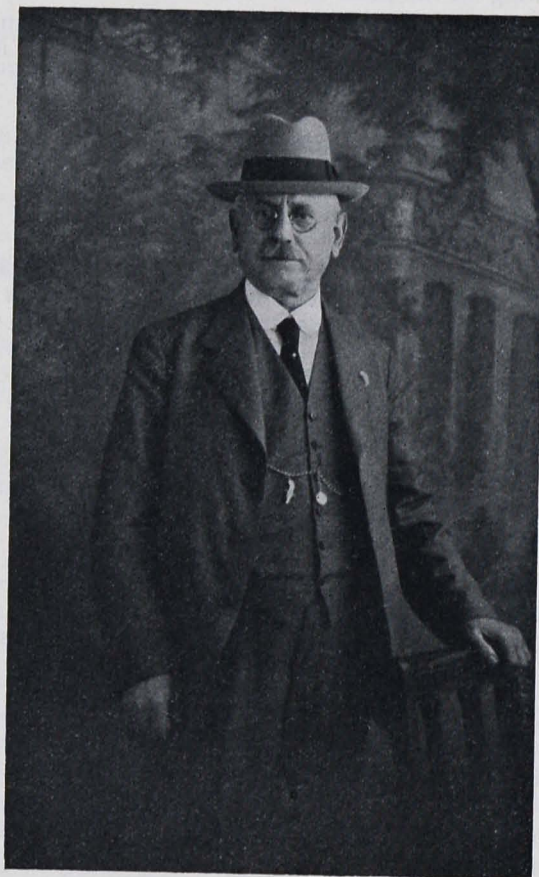
"'Charge on Dad,' I hope."

* * * *

BRANCHES.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

On Friday, July 13th, in the presence of most of the staff, Mr. W. F. McIntyre, on their behalf, presented to our esteemed late representative, Mr. R. J. Harvey, a suitably engraved Westminster chiming grandmother clock, as a memento from over eighty Tamarites on the occasion of his retirement from "active service" with the Firm on June 30th.



Mr. R. J. Harvey.

Mr. McIntyre, in asking Mr. Harvey to accept the gift, together with a list of the subscribers, paid a warm tribute to the recipient's efforts for H. & G. S. over so many years, and also expressed his own personal thanks for the support which Mr. Harvey had unreservedly given to him during the post-war period and voiced the sentiments of all present, when wishing our old confrere good health and a quiet happiness in the retirement which our kindly Directors have made possible to him.

Mr. Harvey in his reply, spoke movingly of the many kindnesses which he had received from everyone on the Firm, from the Directors downwards—even from the very beginning of his service. Such sympathy and help called for one's best, and it was this spirit which had carried him over many a trying day. He thanked everyone for such a splendid gift, and wished the Firm of H. & G. S. Ltd. and each one of them every success in the future.

Since 1907 many radical changes have taken place in the trade, and while we have no doubt that Mr. Harvey's pleasantest recollections are pre-war ones, when private trade claimed his attentions and it was perhaps easier to fill an order book than it is to-day, yet we know that he has also enjoyed his keen rivalry of latter years with our free wholesale trade competitors, both in the city of Plymouth and northwards to Tavistock, Okehampton and beyond. He has at all times worthily upheld the best Hop Leaf traditions, and Mr. C. R. Holman, who has been appointed as his successor, will find his post no sinecure. An advantage of youth and a keen spirit to surmount the difficulties of such a task should however carry him to success. We wish him the best of luck!

BRIGHTON BRANCH.

Brighton has been very much in the public eye of late with tragedies of an unpleasant nature, but what is not generally known is the recent opening of a super swimming bath, styled S.S. *Brighton*, some details of which are perhaps worth passing on.

The bath, etc., covers a large site on the way from the railway station to the sea front, and takes the place of cheap eating houses and slum dwellings, and has brought about a much needed public improvement. The bath itself, bigger and deeper than the famous baths of Berlin, measures the enormous space of 165 feet in length by 60 feet in width. These dimensions were chosen in consultation with the Amateur Swimming Association and a committee of aquatic sports experts.

Any aquatic event in the world can be accommodated in the half a million gallons of sea water that will be "turned over" every $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours, filtered, warmed, and subjected to violet ray treatment.

Underwater lighting, coupled with great beams of varied limelights pouring down from a white switchboard provide effects not yet even attempted by the great American pools. The depth of the bath varies from the modest 3ft. 6in. of the learner to the international 16ft. 6in. This variation is achieved by making one-half of the length the normal slope, followed by a very steep drop to the deep end. Stages for diving from 32 feet to the near water level are provided. There are 200 changing cubicles, and the bathers, passing through shower and foot-bath rooms, will be assured of a perfectly clean footway direct to the pool.

A large balcony, with tip-up seats, is provided for spectators, of whom many are expected to witness polo matches and swimming and diving contests, which are arranged from time to time.

A refreshment bar and other attractions are also there, so that a visitor who does not wish to bathe can find plenty to while away a wet period, which we get sometimes.

The Southern Railway are running cheap evening trains from London during the summer to allow Londoners to have an hour or two away from the heat of the city.

Sussex is not to be invaded this summer with the large influx of territorials we had last year. Some of our old friends however, as well as new units to these parts, are so far enjoying good weather under canvas and making an onrush on the Charta mineral waters.

Perhaps some of our friends from the Branch Department who came down and so ably helped us out last year, are regretting that their services were not required down south this year.

5TH OXFORDSHIRE AND BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY OLD COMRADES ASSOCIATION.

OUTING—ASCOT AND ALDERSHOT TATTOO—THURSDAY, JUNE 21ST.

We received, during April, an enquiry from Capt. G. T. Arlett, D.C.M., late Quartermaster, 4th Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, for particulars as to a suitable halting place for the members of the above mentioned outing.

We can now do no better than quote a letter from Capt. Arlett, dated July 17th, which speaks for itself :—

38 Stockmore Street,
Oxford,
17th July, 1934.

Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.

Dear Sirs,

On the occasion of my organising a party for Ascot and the Aldershot Tattoo, this being my first attempt, I wrote to you and asked you to recommend to me one of your tenants who could supply luncheon and meat tea for my party of fifty. You recommended, among others, Mr. A. W. Ellis of the Stag and Hounds, Binfield, to me.

My party contained two licensed victuallers from Oxford, and several tradesmen, besides numerous ladies of what one might term the middle class, and I am therefore writing to inform you that I am requested by the whole party to express their deepest thanks both to Mrs. and Mr. Ellis for the excellent repast served to them, and also the tea. The tables were also excellently decorated, and everyone was very highly pleased with their efforts.

I shall have great pleasure in always going to the Stag and Hounds when going in that direction again, and have recommended them to all our friends.

Further, I would like a little appreciation of these facts published in the HOP LEAF GAZETTE if possible.

Yours faithfully,

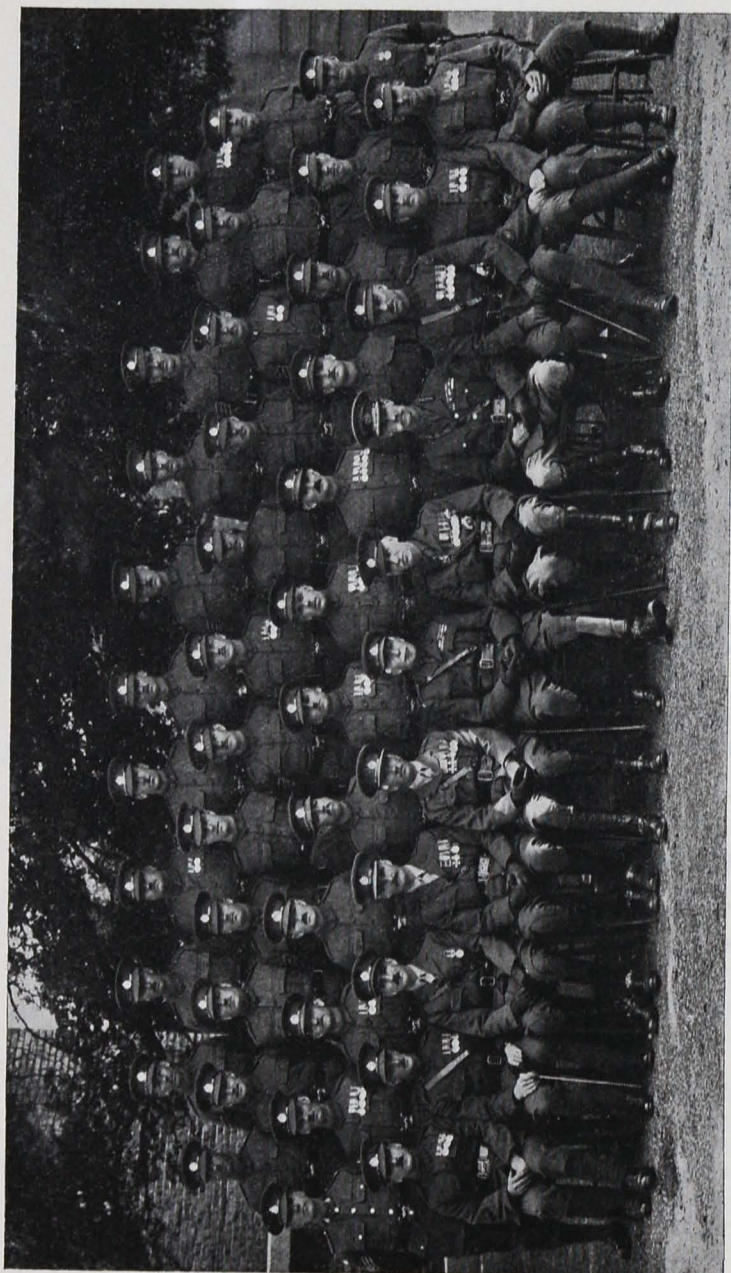
(Signed) G. T. ARLETT (Capt.)

Needless to say the receipt of such a communication gives us much pleasure and we extend our congratulations to Mr. A. W. Ellis, The Stag and Hounds, Binfield, on the success of his efforts to entertain the party referred to.

PORTSMOUTH.

While fishing for tope about three miles from the shore in Hayling Bay, Mr. E. A. Fogaty of North End, Southsea, a member of the Southsea Sea Angling Club, hooked a thresher shark with a light tackle and rod. The shark towed the boat a mile before it could be controlled. Though the records of one of these big fish being landed are rare in such circumstances, Mr. Fogaty was able to play it successfully and after a somewhat hazardous journey of

1st BATTALION THE RIFLE BRIGADE.
H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught and Members of Sergeants' Mess, May, 1934.



First Row—A/Sgt. Mackley, A/Sgt. Stevens, Sgt. Smith, Sgt. Blake, Sgt. Courtney, Sgt. Homer, A/Sgt. Everitt, Sgt. Sadler, Sgt. Rose, Sgt. Pegge.
Second Row—Pte. Lewis, Sgt. Franklin, A/Sgt. White, A/Sgt. Easen, Sgt. Newton, Sgt. Ledley, Sgt. Cocks, Sgt. Letten, Sgt. Marquand, Sgt. Denholm, Sgt. Hurst,
Third Row—Sgt. Carter, CS. Rye, C/S. Slater, C.S.M. Goodey, C.S.M. Godbolt, C.S.M. Knott, C.S.M. Ledward, C/S. Channon, M.M., C/S. Norton, B/Mjr. Lumley,
Fourth Row—Sgt. Doherty, Sgt. Warren, Sgt. Doherty, Sgt. Warren, Sgt. Doherty, Sgt. Warren, Sgt. Doherty, Sgt. Warren, Sgt. Doherty, Sgt. Warren, Sgt. Doherty, Sgt. Warren,
Front Row—R.O.M.S. Farrall, B/M. Bethell, Capt. V. B. Turner, Lt.-Col. D. E. Pridoux-Beune, D.S.O., Lt.-Col. O. C. Downes, D.S.O., M.C., F/M. H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, K.G., K.T., etc., etc., Gen. Sir Cameron D. Shute, K.C.B., R.C.M.G., Major-Gen. W. W. Pitt-Taylor, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., R.S.M. Denyer, O.R.Q.M.S. Straight, C.S.M. Farrow.

about six miles with the shark in tow, managed to beach it at Southsea. This was two and a half hours after he had hooked it and the fish was still alive. The weight of this shark was 70 pounds and it measured 7 feet 3 inches. With its huge tail, which gives it its name, and measures in this case 3 feet 9 inches, it would be of considerable danger to swimmers and could upset a small boat. It was also a menace to fishermen's nets. Mr. Fogaty's performance is unique in the annals of the Southsea Sea Angling Club and such a fish, it is stated, has not been caught locally within living memory.

The annual race for the General's swimming cup, open to military units in Portsmouth Garrison, and the Royal Marines, was this year held on the premises of the Portsmouth Swimming Club. A record entry of 24 swimmers representing seven units started and the cup was won by Marine Catchpole, Royal Marines, who swam the 550 yards in 7 minutes 32½ secs. Pte. Lister of the York and Lancaster Regiment was a good second and other representatives of that Battalion, Pte. Noble, Pte. Morgan and L/Cpl. Kellett, were third, fourth and fifth respectively. The cup, which was first given by the Duke of Connaught in 1893, was presented to the winner by the Garrison Commander (Brigadier W. Green, D.S.O.) who was accompanied by Capt. G. C. Fawnes, R.A. (Garrison Adjutant).

At the 21st annual general meeting of the Portsmouth Football Club, Ltd., the two retiring directors, Messrs. H. Pannell and J. Stephen Cribb were unanimously re-elected and there was not a discordant note during the brief proceedings presided over by Mr. Robert Blyth. This latter gentleman presented the annual report for the year ending 12th May, 1934. He said that it had been a year of great achievements for Pompey. For the second time in their career they reached the final of the Football Association Challenge Cup and although, as on the previous occasion, 1929, they were defeated 2—1 yet many thought that but for the unfortunate injury to Jimmy Allen ten minutes or so before the final whistle, Manchester City would never have scored and Portsmouth would have retained their lead of the goal (scored by Rutherford in the first half). In speaking of the financial side of the Company, Mr. Blyth said that the credit balance of £10,592 on the revenue account is a record for the Company. The previous best was in the season 1930-31 when the credit was £7,729.

The photo on previous page of H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught and Members of the Sergeants' Mess, 1st Battalion The Rifle Brigade—now stationed at New Barracks, Gosport—is reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. J. C. Lawrence & Son, Gosport.

MAKE A NOTE OF
SATURDAY, AUGUST 25th
SIMONDS' GRAND FETE

At COLEY PARK

(by kind permission of H. KEEVIL, Esq.)

BAND OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S RIFLES.
RACES — TUG OF WAR — PUSH BALL.

BOXING (one of the finest programmes
held in Reading.)

DISPLAY BY READING PHYSICAL CULTURE CLUB.

SEVERAL SIDE SHOWS including :

SWINGS, COKERNUT SHIES, BOWLING FOR A PIG,
HIDDEN TREASURE, Etc., Etc.

FLOWER SHOW.

PONY & CART RIDES FOR CHILDREN.

RODEO DISPLAY by MONTANA FRANK AND PARDNER.

DANCING IN THE RING.

TEAS by Messrs. G. G. PARSLow & SON. - FRUIT STALL - ICES.

REFRESHMENTS AT MODERATE PRICES.

TICKETS (if purchased before day) **4d.** (including Tax).

Two Children under 14 admitted by one Ticket.

ADMISSION AT THE GATE 6d. (including Tax).

Gates open at 2 o'clock p.m.

T. W. BRADFORD, *Hon. Secretary.*