

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1929.

No. 12.



MR. W. A. BURTON.

MR. W. A. BURTON.

The photograph on our front page is of Mr. W. A. Burton, the Manager and Secretary of our subsidiary Company, the South Berks Brewery Co., Ltd., Newbury.

Mr. Burton made his debut in the business world by joining the Atlas Brewery Company, one of the two businesses which, in 1897, merged and formed the South Berks Brewery Company. He was then appointed Cashier and after doing duty as Assistant Secretary, he was eventually appointed Secretary on the 10th June, 1900. Upon the latter Company being absorbed by H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., in October, 1910, Mr. Burton was made Manager for the Newbury area, whilst retaining the Secretaryship.

To fill the dual position of Manager and Secretary a large fund of knowledge is necessary, involving, as it does, a close acquaintance with licensing and tenancy matters—of which he knows the last word—club laws, company law and the preparation of accounts for the annual audit, as well as the whole range of secretarial work. This, in addition to the general managerial duties and the attendance at Board meetings, makes heavy demands on Mr. Burton's time and it is due to him to record that he carries out his multifarious duties with apparent ease, born of a sense of mastery of his work. His kindly disposition and engaging manner go far in surmounting the obstacles of business and at none of our Branches is there a closer unity between Manager and Staff, which speaks volumes for his philosophy.

The number of licensed and unlicensed properties belonging to the South Berks Brewery Company total about 270, of which nearly 200 are in the Newbury area. Two of the latter are the historical houses known as the "Jack Hotel," Newbury, and the "Bear Hotel," Hungerford. Malting is still carried on at Newbury, but brewing operations ceased when the amalgamation with Reading took place.

Mr. Burton is in personal touch with all tenants and customers and knows, and is known and respected by, practically everyone in his area.

For about thirty years Mr. Burton was a chorister at the Newbury Parish Church and he is a member of the Victory Lodge of Freemasons. He is a keen amateur gardener and is very fond of what he terms "gypsying" on the Hampshire Hills. To these latter hobbies is probably due his perpetual virility and robust physical condition.

EDITORIAL.

THE KING'S WONDERFUL WORK FOR THE NATION.

The Imperial War Museum at South Kensington recently opened an exhibition of photographs illustrating the magnificent war record of the King, and at the same time two diaries, printed for private circulation, have been deposited in the Museum. These show that, during the War, His Majesty made 451 inspections; visited 200 munition works; attended 37 official religious services; partook of 56 ceremonial banquets; attended 49 charity performances; inspected 320 hospitals; visited 107 clubs and schools; held 278 investitures; and bestowed 50,669 decorations.

It is estimated that His Majesty travelled 50,000 miles in the course of carrying out these duties.

MAKE A CLEAN BREAST OF IT.

There are very few errors in life for which frankness does not make amends. If you have failed a friend, if you have forgotten an appointment or have left a letter unanswered, or find yourself unable to pay a debt when you promised to pay it—make a clean breast of the matter at once, explain the circumstances, and stand up to receive judgment. You will be much more at peace with yourself than if you had sought the coward's refuge of silence.

LATEST FISH STORY.

It is reported by members of a New York scientific expedition that fish have been discovered off Nonsuch Island, near Bermuda, which are so elastic that they can swallow other fish three times their own size. If this be true the problem of how to get a quart into a pint pot is within measurable distance of solution. I should like to know, however, if the measurements of the fish concerned in this remarkable story were taken by means of a yardstick or were, so to speak, merely manual.

THREE YEARS OF AGE!

Next month THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE will be three years old! Numerous readers have written wishing "the little fellow many happy returns." The idea originated in Mr. Eric's fertile brain, but I don't think that even he thought the venture would have proved the great success which it undoubtedly is. And may I here take the opportunity of thanking all who contribute to its pages and in various ways help towards the fulfilment of a task that it not so light as it may look. The GAZETTE is popular and highly appreciated, and that is our ample reward.

ALL MEN EQUAL BEFORE FISHES.

President Hoover, after 45 years' experience, finds that fishing, next to prayer, is the most personal relationship of man. His piscatorial confession was made at a gathering of Virginian folk who came to welcome him at the foot of Blue Ridge Mountains, below his fishing camp at the headwaters of the Rapidan River.

A CONSTANT REMINDER.

He said :—

I have discovered the reason why Presidents take to fishing—a silent sport. Apparently the only opportunity for refreshment of one's soul and the clarification of one's thoughts by solitude lies through fishing.

Prayer is the most personal of all human relationships, and next to prayer fishing. Everybody concedes that fish will not bite in the presence of the public or the Press.

Fishing is a constant reminder of the democracy of life, of humility, and of human frailty—for all men are equal before fishes. It is desirable that the President of the United States should be periodically reminded of the fundamental fact that the forces of nature discriminate for no man.

AND THE PRESIDENT IS RIGHT.

I think President Hoover is quite right, for there is not a more restful recreation than fishing. The real angler sees much more than his rod and line. There are the flowers, the birds and little beasties, while away yonder there are the ever-changing tints of the trees, reminding us that we shall soon have passed another milestone on the road of life. And then, too, amid such peaceful scenes one can think more clearly and more deeply. Things that puzzled us in this dear old workaday world are easily explained for in such an atmosphere one views life in its true perspective. Perhaps someone had offended us and we had looked upon his actions as grievous faults, but here we see his conduct in a different light and view it not really as offensive

But just odd ways, mistakes, or even less—
Remembrances to bless.

A DEBT OF HONOUR.

The people of Great Britain, sleeping quietly every night in their beds, seldom pause to reflect that the peace and security they enjoy are not part of the order of nature. Only occasional shocking incidents, like the recent killing of Police-Constable Self, remind them of the human vigilance and devotion necessary to protect them from lawless violence.

This gallant officer died without being able to give any account of the circumstances to which he fell a victim. But there is no doubt that he was fulfilling his duty in the traditional manner of the great force to which he belonged, thinking only of the public safety and nothing of his own.

AN IDEAL HOLIDAY.

And during this month I hope to spend the second week of my holidays under such ideal conditions. I have hired a fishing punt and early each morning I shall wend my way to Mapledurham and after angling all day return home at night. The Hardwick reach is my favourite reach on the Thames and up beyond Hardwick House—well I remember the great games of cricket we used to play there in the days of that fine sportsman, Sir Charles Rose—I fix my punt and with a lively little dace on one line and a minnow on the other, wait and see! I have previously been over the water which I know so well and to-day I bait a "swim" or two with worms etc., ready for to-morrow. There is nothing like thoroughness in fishing as in everything else. Last year, on one occasion, I ran short of live bait—except one roach which weighed fully $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. I attached this to my snap tackle and within ten minutes had a "run." I struck and, at once knew I was into a big fish. He ran out nearly all my line; we fought for quite twenty minutes, and then he smashed me up. I still wonder what he weighed and hope to have him yet. Perhaps one of my numerous friends at the Brewery would like to join me for a day?

AN UNUSUAL EXHIBIT.

At a horticultural show in Reading recently the judges were much surprised to find a carrot riveted together with shoemakers' rivets. I understand the steward of the club where the show was held has taken up an agency for heeling and soling carrots!

WHAT THE ARCHDEACON SAID.

Archdeacon J. H. Dodshon, of Jamesville, Ohio, President of the Church Temperance Society, who is on a visit to this country, states in the *Daily News* :—

"I have not seen a drunken person here yet—but I see lots in the States. Before prohibition we had 10,000 saloons in New York. Now we have 33,000 speakeasies. I see you are selling empty prisons. We are building them. If you tried prohibition here you would have a revolution next day. Nature is full of alcohol. Birds get drunk off it from trees. It's men who distil it."

WHO WAS OUT?

An incident probably unparalleled in county cricket occurred during the match between Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire at Trent Bridge, Nottingham. A. W. Carr, the Nottinghamshire captain, played a ball to mid-off and dashed down the pitch, calling his partner, Gunn, for a run. Gunn, however, remained at his crease, and with both batsmen at the bowler's end the ball was returned to the wicket-keeper who broke the wicket from which Carr had run. Carr returned to the pavilion, but, as the result of a conference between the two umpires and the Derbyshire players, he was asked to return. Gunn was given "run out," the umpires apparently holding that the batsmen had crossed.

The M.C.C. Rule 31 states:

If the batsmen have crossed each other, he that runs for the wicket which is put down is out; if they have not crossed, he that has left the wicket which is put down is out.

The umpires are the sole judges of fact, and it was their duty to decide the question as to whether the batsmen had crossed.

TWELVE THINGS TO REMEMBER.

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|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| (1) The value of time. | (2) The success of perseverance. |
| (3) The pleasure of working. | (4) The dignity of simplicity. |
| (5) The worth of character. | (6) The power of kindness. |
| (7) The influence of example. | (8) The obligation of duty. |
| (9) The wisdom of economy. | (10) The virtue of patience. |
| (11) The improvement of talent. | (12) The joy of originating. |

WHERE TO GO.

A fishing friend of mine tells me that he and others recently called at the Old Dog Inn, Shaw, for food and were very promptly served with a delicious meal and at a most reasonable cost. Other anglers please note.

FLOWER SHOWS.

Once again we have in our midst the Annual Local Club Flower and Vegetable Shows, which are always well supported and thoroughly enjoyed by numerous interested members and friends. Some fine exhibits have been shown at various centres, despite the recent drought. This must afford much pleasure to the promoters, who seem to handle these fixtures with some real organising ability. Their efforts are worthy of every praise and we readily congratulate the Executive Committees on their good work. I was glad to see our old friend, Mr. Fred Wilkes, taking so many prizes again at the Curzon Club Show.

ROSES.

Whilst on this topic, I am pleased to draw attention to the various successes won this year by Mr. W. E. Moore, of Ickenham, a well-known rosarian and competitor at the London and District Rose Shows. Many of our Reading staff will remember him years ago as an Assistant Master at Greyfriars Schools in Reading, afterwards becoming Head Master of St. Andrew's Schools, Holborn, a position he has enjoyed for over 27 years. Below are some of his prizes recently won:—

National Rose Society's Show at Chelsea.—Two Challenge Cups and Replicas, N.R.S. Silver Medal, three 1st Prizes, one 2nd Prize and one 3rd Prize.

Windsor Show.—Five Challenge Cups (one won outright), two N.R.S. Bronze Medals, seven 1st Prizes, one 2nd Prize and one 3rd Prize.

Uxbridge Show.—One Challenge Cup and five 1st Prizes.

National Newer Rose Show.—One 1st Prize, three 2nd Prizes and one 3rd Prize.

He is a Vice-President, Member of Council, Member of Exhibition and Trial Grounds Committees of the National Rose Society, and has been a Judge for several years.

He is an elder brother of one of our Reading representatives, Mr. S. J. Moore, who also occasionally displays a rose.

A NICE TROUT.

There is a nice trout in the river just outside the Brewery Offices and if he is not careful his photograph will appear in the GAZETTE and his body on the breakfast table. He has refused a fly. Perhaps a silvery little bleak will tempt him.

THE REAPER, DEATH.

The Reaper, Death, has been busy amongst us of late. Mr. J. W. Jelley has lost his father and Mr. A. T. Walsh his mother. We offer them our heartfelt sympathy.

Mr. Bargery, of Broad Street, has lost his wife after a long illness, and we also sympathise with him in his great sorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Adams, who held the off-licence at 466, Oxford Road, and who were both ill together, died within a few days of each other and were buried on the same day. The four sons have received numerous expressions of sympathy in their double bereavement. Mr. Adams was formerly at the Horn Castle.

SHAME!

I have seen many flies caught by chub, but at the Brewery Offices recently there was the rare occurrence of a bee catching "Chub." It flew into the office and promptly stung him on the face. Shame!

NO HARM DONE!

Joe Beckett called at the Offices the other day, on business I believe, and remained some time. I am glad to say no one had to "take the count."

SOCIAL CLUB FLOWER SHOW.

I looked in at this annual event and, like all other visitors, was very surprised to see such fine examples of the fruits of the earth. The Show was splendidly arranged and Mr. W. Bradford, the hard-working Hon. Secretary, is to be heartily congratulated on the wonderful success which attended his efforts. Mr. F. C. Hawkes, the Chairman of the Club, who takes such an active interest in all its doings, was present, while Mr. W. Sparks and Mr. C. Weller also rendered valuable assistance. The decisions of the very competent judges gave general satisfaction.

GIFTS FOR MR. AND MRS. HAM.

Mr. and Mrs. Ham, who have left the Saracen's Head to take over The Moderation, have a charming way with them, and their friends and customers at the former house thought they would like to give them some tangible tokens of their esteem. This they did recently and Mr. and Mrs. Ham were the recipients of some very handsome gifts.

Our friend, Bert Eggo, who rendered such splendid service to the Reading Football Club, is now mine host at the Saracen's Head, where he and his good wife are proving very popular and serves a fine glass of ale. Call in and see him and you may learn a lot about Reading's prospects for the coming season. But don't become too interested in the game and forget to "Say S.B."!



Mr. and Mrs. G. Blackall-Simonds in Motor Accident.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

Our revered Chairman (Mr. G. Blackall-Simonds) and Mrs. Blackall-Simonds were involved in a serious motor car accident on Tuesday, August 6th, in the neighbourhood of Aylesbury, when there was a collision between their car and a motor lorry. Both Mr. and Mrs. Blackall-Simonds were badly bruised and shaken. They had a miraculous escape from much more serious injury.

The car itself was very considerably damaged. After a rest on the spot Mr. and Mrs. Blackall-Simonds were able to return home in a hired car and they are now slowly recovering from the effects.

The Chairman has returned to his usual place on the Board at the Brewery.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Dr. Phillips Brooks, the famous American bishop, was greatly beloved by children. To one family of little people he was especially attached.

One day when he called to see them a strange maid opening the door did not know the doctor, and merely took a message to the nursery that a gentleman had come to see the children. At once they were told to leave their games and to "come and be tidied up to go downstairs."

Protests were of no avail. The faces of the little rebels were washed, their hair was brushed, stiffly-starched frocks were thrust on to stiffly-resisting bodies, and they finally descended, in great indignation, to see this unknown gentleman who was responsible for all the trouble. The eldest of the party opened the drawing-room door, and then came a glorious change. As they caught sight of their beloved bishop they cried in tones of mingled scorn and ecstasy: "GENTLEMAN INDEED! WHY IT'S DR. BROOKS!" and rushed into his arms. —From the "Children's Newspaper."

THANKS FOR CIGARETTES.

Mr. E. Franklin, who has been ill, writes to Mr. Maxwell thanking kind friends for the cigarettes sent to him.

He hopes all are well on the "stage," and that the old trade is as thriving as ever.

He adds: "I could just do with a pint now!"

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

One often hears of incidents of vulpine strategy and the following is worth recording. The cutting of a field of corn disclosed a rabbit burrow with which a fox in the district was evidently familiar. One afternoon, shortly after the mower had disclosed this haunt of fur, Reynard was seen to approach it and push his mask in one of the rabbit holes. He evidently "spoke" to the inmates in unmistakable fashion for almost immediately there bolted from other holes many rabbits from which the fox made a single selection and at once returned to his former retreat in a shrubbery.

If one could only discover the secret of the fox's "driving" powers, poaching might become, for a time at any rate, a very profitable occupation.

LANDRAIL'S FATE.

A landrail, or corncrake, was found dead in the road by Mr. W. Smith while driving a lorry near Hungerford. The poor bird had evidently met its fate by flying against the telegraph wires.

Corncrakes are very clever ventriloquists and you seldom see them though you may hear them uttering their familiar "creke-creke" far into the night. They appear to be growing scarcer, in this district at any rate, each year, though this summer a pair successfully reared a family in a meadow near the Wire Mills.

SWALLOW'S NEST IN BEDROOM.

The swallows are now holding mass meetings preparatory to wintering abroad. A pair reared a family of three at the Wellington Arms Hotel, Stratfield Turgis. The nest was built on the sash of one of the bedroom windows. The room is constantly occupied, but the swallows showed no fear and Mr. and Mrs. Barker wish them "many happy returns."

At the same hotel a robin was unfortunately caught and killed in a mouse trap. The poor bird's mate waited and watched by its side for over three hours.

Mr. S. Bird tells me how he watched a pair of swallows feeding their family of four on the stove timber shed in the coopers' yard. Probably the birds were reared in the shed. Each youngster was fed with the greatest regularity. Father fed one pair and mother the others. And what appetites these young swallows had!

A CHARMING TRIO.

Many of the migrants will soon be taking their departure and some pay us a parting call on their way. Mr. Eric tells me that

in his garden at Wokingham he saw a little company consisting of a black-cap, a garden warbler and a white-throat. There is, to my mind, no sweeter song than that of the black-cap. He seems to have obtained the choicest notes from several other birds and woven them into a song as clear as crystal and wonderfully sweet.

While in my bedroom the other night—or rather early morning—I had just finished reading a chapter of Darwin's "Origin of Species," a favourite book of mine, when I turned out the light and sat by the window for a little while "star-gazing." Suddenly a big moth bumped against the window and then blundered into my room. No sooner had it done so than a bat was after him. The chase did not last long for I heard the little winged mouse "snap" up the moth and flit out of the room. The bat-mouse returned on several occasions evidently looking upon my bedroom as a happy hunting ground.

The bat's sight must be as sharp as its little teeth and I often wonder how the phrase "as blind as a bat" originated.

WHERE THE WHORTLEBERRIES GROW.

I was wandering over the Surrey hills the other Sunday and gathered many whortleberries that I had set out to find. How these little berries stain your fingers and your lips, but how lovely they are in tarts or made into jam! I was not far from my old school and from those same hills I used to gather plants and flowers and press them in my bible. But that was many years ago.

On this particular occasion as I sat upon the hill enraptured by the beauty of the landscape, I just let my thoughts run riot. They ran back to my old school and I recalled the little trials and the little joys—so big they appeared then, but how small now! Well do I remember being caught skating on forbidden ice. The next morning I had to see the "Head." I padded myself with a thick towel as I expected a "licking" and I believe I was actually disappointed when I was given drill instead.

I KNOW DIFFERENTLY NOW!

I recalled, too, how, when I left school, I felt that I had finished my education. I thought I knew quite a lot. I know differently now! The higher we climb up the tree of knowledge the further we see around. No, the jars and jolts, the joys and sorrows of life are all part of our education, and our sojourn here is, I doubt not, just a preparatory school for a far fuller, freer life in those mansions prepared for us, where we shall meet many old school fellows and others much nearer and dearer to us.

And won't that be a happy reunion!

But I am wandering far beyond the Surrey hills and will not trouble you, dear readers, to accompany me further on this occasion.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Being on holiday it was owing to the good offices of a friend at the good offices of H. & G. S. that I was able to get my last month's HOP LEAF GAZETTE to time and never have I read any previous issue with greater keenness, for being away for any length of time you cannot help feeling out of Brewery doings. THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE brings it all back with a rush. Quite an entertaining number and we were very quickly sold out.

ANOTHER MILESTONE.

This issue being No. 12 of Vol. III completes another year in the life of our thriving babe of Brewery journalism. That it is welcomed and come to stay is evident. Its inception is due to Mr. Eric, who takes a lively interest in its welfare. Our Editor (Mr. C. H. Perrin) has done his level best to maintain a high standard and nothing pleases him more to know, after each issue, everyone is well satisfied with his efforts and shall I say—with becoming modesty—his helpers. Long may THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE continue to flourish and prosper.

HOLIDAYS.

Quite a number of our staff have just been and are on holiday and the seaside generally is the magnet. "A.G.T.'s" entertaining article on his holiday shows that the age of push-bike holidays (plenty of pushing being necessary in the Lake District) is not yet dead. I understand one of our travelling staff is spending his holidays in Italy. Fancy taking orders for pins of Italian vermouth specially selected. Variety being the spice of life, it is as well we do not all spend our holidays in the same way. My own vacation spent at Ryde was considerably enlivened by the receipt of my burnt umbrella through the post (I had left it at the office in its derelict state) accompanied by a note which read: "Weather Forecast—Rain in all parts. Thought you might need it." Naturally I enjoyed the joke and appreciated the kindly thought that prompted the sender to be so solicitous regarding my welfare. Perhaps he thought I might get my feet wet! Even if the umbrella isn't closed, I hope the incident is.

The Isle of Wight has been very popular with Brewery workers this year and Sandown in particular.

A TALE OF OUR CRICKET TEAM (2ND ELEVEN).

This is as told to me and worthy of mention. It appears that a member of a team whom our "Seconds" were to meet had been awarded a bat for scoring over fifty runs in a match a few weeks

previously and it was said that any others of this team doing likewise would receive a similar award. It was mirthfully alleged that as the match against the Brewery "Seconds" was considered a "soft thing" three bats had been ordered in advance. Of course, this was only "leg-pulling" on the part of an office colleague who happened to be the chairman of the opposing side. This roused the ardour of two Brewery stalwarts of days gone by, so they decided to play for the Brewery to prevent, if possible, such a dire event happening. The great day came: the Brewery batted first and scored somewhat below fifty all told. The chairman, already mentioned, was one of the umpires and wore the smile that "wouldn't come off" when his side went in to bat. Wickets tumbled down quickly, visions of "half-century" bats vanished and in the end, amidst much excitement, the match ended in a tie, so all's well that ends well, and the Brewery "Seconds" have been able to count on the services of these two stalwarts ever since.

AUGUST—A BUSY MONTH.

Although many are on holidays this has been, as always, a very busy month for all at the Brewery. The growth of bottled beer trade continues and records are being made.

FOOTBALL.

By the time this issue is on sale football will be in full swing and our football critics at the Brewery will be able to once again give full voice as to what they think of the team of the Reading Football Club. We have had such bad starts since Reading have been in the Second Division that we all hope for something better this time. All the new players come with good reputations from good clubs, so if "class will tell" we ought to have a season that will for a change silence some of the critics. We shall follow with interest the progress of the following teams (where the Firm has Branches), viz. :—Portsmouth, Plymouth, Brighton and Woolwich (Arsenal). August 31st, the date of the first match at Elm Park, will be a busy day for the General Office staff and whether all the enthusiasts in that department will be off in time to see Reading is rather uncertain at the moment. I am sure all HOP LEAF readers will wish the R.F.C. the best of good luck during 1929-30.

BRIEF ITEMS.

Mr. R. J. Bartlett (Salisbury Branch) was married at Reading on 21st August—not 27th, as mentioned by myself in our last issue. All good wishes.

Mr. G. Poole (General Office) is being married at the end of the month. More good wishes. The General Office staff is the "most

married" staff on the Firm I should imagine, for after the above-mentioned event has taken place practically everyone therein will be in "double harness."

Much sympathy has been felt and expressed to Mr. A. T. Walsh (Branch Office) on the loss of his mother, and Mr. J. W. Jelley (Branch Office) on the loss of his father.

Congratulations to Mr. H. E. Marston (Estates Office) on the presentation of a bonny son on the 18th August. Both mother and babe are thriving, and father says he is getting a little more sleep!

An order taken at the Brewery on the 'phone: "Two barrels of *water* on Tuesdays and Fridays until further notice."

Everyone is pleased to see Mr. Eric back at the Brewery once again looking so well and hope that he has thoroughly recovered from his severe illness.

Have you heard this? An attendant on the dining coach of a train was asked by one of the travellers how it was he always remembered what each person ordered and brought it correctly. He replied: "Oh! it's just *Pullmanism*, Sir!"

A WONDROUS DOWER.

True love . . . is a love that gives and takes.
That seeth faults
Not with flaw-seeking eyes like needle points,
But loving, kindly ever looks them down
With the over-coming faith that still forgives;
A love that shall be dew, and fresh each hour
As in the sunset's golden mystery.

* * * *

For human hearts are divinely strung
And framed diversely; waiting for the power
Of kindred soul, and on each chord is hung
A wondrous dower
Of song and glory! Which if touched aright
Would fill the world with light.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The world is to you just as you are to the world. Think good, act good, be good and crowd out the bad; the more you feed your brain on good, the surer you are to get good thoughts out of it.

The saddest thing that can happen to anyone is to feel that he has "got his growth"—mentally and spiritually.

Selfishness is in itself self-ruin. No man who gives himself the first place in his thoughts and words and actions is ever well cared for. In the material, in the mental, and in the spiritual world it is a truth of truths that he that loveth his life loseth it and that self-forgetfulness is a pre-requisite of a true possession of self.

To be religious is to be an optimist. The man who despairs is the man who lacks faith.

A man of sense soon discovers where and how long he is welcome, and takes care to leave the company at least as soon as he is wished out of it. Fools never perceive whether they are ill-timed or ill-placed.

Confidence and contentment are team mates.

Behind every sorrow there is always a blessing.

Character is the one thing we make in this world and take into the next.

Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone:
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

He loved birds, and green places, and the wind upon the heath, and saw the brightness of the skirts of God.—*On the grave of W. H. Hudson.*

In the hum of the market there is money, but under the cherry tree there is rest.

OUR LADIES PAGE.

SPEEDING-UP.

One of the features of this present age, in fact some may regard it as the main feature, is speed. In every form of activity the tendency and desire is to "speed up."

Were our great grandparents to come to life to-day they would, I am sure, be almost terrified at the pace at which we now live. To them, the speed of the early railway trains, not as we know them, was a wonder, but we shall soon be regarding a trip to India and back in a week an occurrence quite ordinary, and indeed nothing to express surprise about. The invention of aircraft has undoubtedly been the main factor of this desire for quick transport and I can well remember the excitement occasioned when an aeroplane passed over. Nowadays we hardly trouble to lift our eyes when one is over our heads. In fact, so accustomed are we to being carried from place to place so quickly that we rarely consider the wonderful mechanism and brain-power that have brought these inventions to their present high standard which, though truly great, will in a few years' time be surpassed. Motor cars are constructed with such powerful engines that they travel at a pace almost incredible and at the beginning of next month we shall be thrilled with the race for the Schneider Cup, a contest between nations for the supremacy of the air. It is a matter of deep regret that Italy has been dogged with such ill-luck in her tests, and it is to be hoped that she will still be able to send her team to take part in this great race which has for its culminating feature speed with stability. The inventors of these marvellous machines, which can travel at a speed of over 350 miles an hour, are indeed worthy of the highest praise and one feels a sense of pride in belonging to a nation who well holds its own in the invention and manufacture regarding every class of mechanism.

Neither must we forget the wonderful feats that have recently been performed by ocean-going traffic. The new German liner, the *Bremen*, has beaten all records in the crossing of the Atlantic; the English liner *Mauretania* has also, during the past week, beaten all her previous times and this by a boat constructed 22 years ago. Surely a great tribute to the workmanship of English shipbuilding yards.

Also we note in our survey the many wonderful improvements in the machinery used in factories, generally with the object of speeding up manufacture of goods or increasing output, this, in turn, necessitating less hours of labour.

But in the greater amount of free time at our disposal do we rest any the more? No; we have our sports of one kind or another to which we adjourn at the first possible moment, and in this world also we encounter the "fiend of speed."

To be speedy in all our play is again one of the principal objects, and there is always a certain amount of popularity accorded to the player who carries the palm for speed.

M.P.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

THE HANDSOMEST OF ALL.

Jupiter issued a proclamation to all the beasts of the forest and proclaimed a royal reward to the one whose offspring should be deemed the handsomest.

The monkey came with the rest, and presented, with all a mother's tenderness, a flat-nosed, ill-featured young monkey as a candidate for the promised reward. A general laugh saluted her on the presentation of her son, but she resolutely said:

I know not whether Jupiter will allot the prize to my son, but this I do know: that he is at least in the eyes of me, his mother, the dearest, handsomest, and most beautiful of all.—From the *Fables of Æsop*.

The light that shines the farthest shines the brightest nearest home.

HEAR THE HOTEL VIEW.

The procedure of announcing some of the names of members of the Licensing Commission before the whole have been appointed has the advantage of allowing possible oversights to be pointed out before it is too late, says the *Daily Mail*. We do not know the Government's intentions for the filling of the ten places still vacant, but we trust that they have not overlooked one obvious deficiency among the first ten appointments.

There is no one among these ten qualified to speak for the hotel business. This is one of the most important interests involved in the subject of the licensing laws. It ought to be not only represented but strongly represented. We should like to see the Commission reinforced by at least two members, of whom one should be an expert of the first rank on the hotel business of London and another a man of similar standing in the world of country hotels.

We do not make this suggestion wholly on behalf of hotel proprietors themselves. By helping them to prosperity the Commission can at the same time serve the cause of national economic advancement. More reasonable licensing laws should mean better hotels. And more good hotels must mean an England more attractive to foreign visitors. To attract foreign visitors is practically to import wealth.

So if the Government will try to devise more sympathetic and less irksome treatment for the hotel industry, something more than a mere sectional interest will be served.

THE BUGLE.

ENJOYABLE CHAR-A-BANC TRIP TO STEVENTON.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore, the popular host and hostess of The Bugle, Friar Street, Reading, recently arranged, for the benefit of their customers, a char-a-banc trip to Steventon. A company of seventy availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting this old-world village and all spent a delightful time.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Moore were present and did everything in their power for the comfort and convenience of the party. Teddy Pare and his friend provided much amusement with songs, etc., and on arrival at Steventon a meat tea was provided at the Fox. The prompt service and excellence of the food left nothing to be desired.

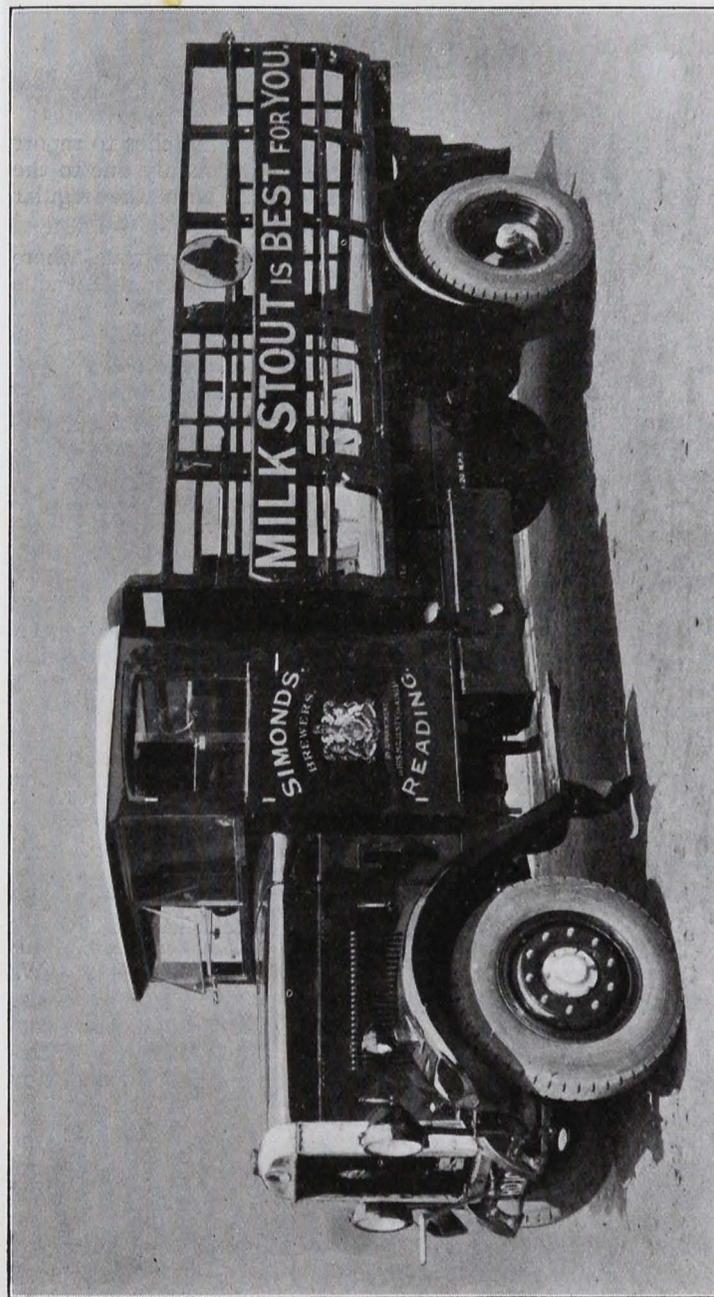
And then there were the sports! Mr. and Mrs. Moore provided some handsome prizes for which competition was very keen. Everyone was provided with paper hats and wore pink carnations, which added to the gaiety of the occasion. Of course, the musical instruments included a "bugle."

At a suitable interval, in a charming little speech, Mrs. Moore expressed her great pleasure at seeing so many of her customers present. She mentioned that she had been at The Bugle nearly six years and those were the happiest years she had spent under the great firm of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. She hoped to long continue the good work.

On the way home Mr. and Mrs. Moore entertained their guests very hospitably and all were agreed that they had spent a most enjoyable day.

Three of White's char-a-bancs were used. They were extremely comfortable, while the careful and competent work of the drivers added greatly to the pleasure of the trip.

A NEW LINE OF TRANSPORT.



This fine new type of Leyland lorry has a saloon-built cab for the protection and comfort of the driver. It is a distinct credit to Mr. J. Stone, who designed all the body work and it was built by our own staff. The construction of the vehicle is unique. Nothing misses the critical eye of Commander H. D. Simonds with regard to the shape, construction and general appearance of a vehicle and he is more than pleased with this lorry which may well be described as a work of art.

SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

With regard to the "A" team, of the four matches to report three have gone against us. Two of those were mainly due to the effects of holidays, etc., seriously interfering with the regular eleven, and the substitutes not being quite up to weight.

Our first venture in the present series was at Wargrave, where we met our old friends the "B's." We had quite a useful side out and had the pleasure of batting first on what looked a "good" pitch for batsmen. However, we fared rather badly, two wickets down for 16, and the same score for five men out looked very ominous. "Chub," who went in first, was sticking it and later was joined by a new member—A. Osborne—who made 13 before being caught, whilst F. Hawkins also reached double figures. A.G.R. compiled 23 before being dismissed by Froud, when he looked like carrying his bat. Out total was 63 and it was decided to take tea before resuming. Our two bowlers, Croom and Clark, both found spots to their liking for off the first eight overs only one run was scored off the bat, and two wickets had fallen. "Mr. Leg-byes" had helped with a couple of fours. During the innings which closed for 24—"Mr. Extras" claiming 10 of them—four catches were taken. The analysis of the two bowlers is interesting reading, viz. :—

Croom	...	10	overs,	7	maidens,	6	runs,	7	wickets.
Clark	...	10.1	"	7	"	8	"	3	"

We then had half-an-hour each of batting and bowling practice to fill in the time, during which 117 runs were made. What a difference when nothing mattered! Of course, the best bowlers were rested.

Then came our second "go" at the Factory "B." Although on paper we had quite a strong team, we failed to make any impression. We batted first, but found Cripps right on top of his form, and of the nine wickets that fell he claimed eight. We unfortunately played ten men only, as one got mislaid or else thought the showers were too heavy for cricket. Our total score only amounted to 41 and the "Biscuitites" more than topped this without loss, in spite of five bowlers having tried their arms and wiles.

The following week we entertained Eversley Street, who avenged their previous defeat. Here we fielded a weak team and were without our "crack" bowlers. The visitors batted first and compiled 117 all told, of which E. Leversuch gathered 52 and carried his bat in the bargain. Rumens was our most successful bowler and claimed seven wickets for 41 runs. Our "Skip" took

off the pads and had a "go" and took three wickets at a cost of 28 runs.

We had to pick up one man and he curiously enough was top scorer with 19 not out. P. Hendy was the only other one to reach double figures and he got 14 before being run out. We totalled just under half of the requisite number required; and so we will pass on to Woodcote, where we again took a depleted team. A rather fiery pitch and good field work put "paid" to our batting ideas. In fact, we only made 46 and put six catches into safe hands. P. James took what honours there were by just reaching double figures.

Our country friends caught us up at the fall of the fifth wicket and then added a further 61. Rumens again was the most successful bowler, his five wickets yielding just under 7 apiece. We also held six catches and had the misfortune to have a casualty when two men went for the same ball. The gory scene was reminiscent of Edgar Wallace!

Now for a few words regarding the second "string." Here, if we have no wins to record, we have two very good attempts; in fact, one run either way would have been a win or a loss.

The first encounter was with Reading "Extra A." The visitors batted first, and after getting one for 7 and two for 21, we got a rude awakening for three men got 35, 29 and 28 respectively and then declared, the total being 107 for six. C. Streams got three for 39, which was quite good under the circumstances. Our batting was weak and only totalled 46, out of which E. Clarkson made 16 and Streams 9. J. Gardner for the Reading team took eight wickets for 6 runs.

Our next opponents were the "Imps," and here we both made 32. We batted first and Kirby took the honours with 14. When our turn for fielding came along Streams and Broad shared the bowling and the former took six for 10 and the latter four for 17.

Next we received Knowl Hill and had to take them down to the "Rec." When we played there before we gained our only win up to date and although on the present occasion we did not win, we did the next best thing, viz., to tie, both teams making 54. Here again we had first knock and the scoring was fairly even. J. Godden was the only one to get into the doubles and made 11 not out. The visitors had to thank J. Weller for a very useful 26 out of their total. R. Broad did exceedingly well with the ball and "captured" five for 25.

The next and last match in the present series was against Pangbourne and Tidmarsh 2nd XI., who came over to see us and found the "going" a little better than we did.

Both teams played one short. We had the first knock and but for a good innings by L. Kirby would have shown a very "sick report." He got 18 not out and the other nine and "Mr. Extras" got 8 between them. In spite of good bowling by Streams and Broad (four for 18 and five for 12) the countrymen got 8 more than we and it is now left for the last match of the season to see if we have gained a second victory or not. As this encounter is against Tadley, who won very easily at Reading, the writer is not too optimistic. Still one never knows what is going to happen at cricket, which is quite a good thing.

The "A" team has two more matches, both at home, first against Bradfield and then Ipsden. Will King Cricket or its rival win the day? Let us hope that sufficient enthusiasm will let us finish our programme, for there are eight months to watch or kick the big ball.

J.W.J.

ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW.

On Saturday, 24th August, the Social Club held their Annual Flower and Vegetable Show and in the opinion of the Judges the exhibits were of a very high standard taking into consideration the exceptionally dry season, the collection of vegetables (Class 1) being very favourably commented upon.

A pleasing feature was the increased number of exhibitors in the Ladies' Section. The Committee are very anxious to popularise this part of the Show and hope to have a still larger number of entrants next year.

A record number of members and their friends visited the Show and all were particularly pleased with the honorary exhibit sent by F. A. Simonds, Esq., per Mr. W. Haines (Head Gardener at Mertonford, Wokingham). The honorary exhibit usually made by Mrs. L. de L. Simonds (per Mr. R. W. Dean, Head Gardener at Audleys Wood, Basingstoke) was unfortunately mislaid on the railway. The absence of this was very marked as the display is always a very pleasing feature of the Show. Other honorary exhibitors were Mr. B. Rodwell (whose display of flowers, particularly the sweet peas, attracted a great deal of attention), Mr. H. J. Hazell, Mr. W. H. Wild, Mr. F. W. Freeman, Mr. H. James and Mr. G. King.

Mr. W. Haines (Head Gardener to F. A. Simonds, Esq.) and Mr. R. W. Dean (Head Gardener to Mrs. L. de L. Simonds) were the Judges. These two experienced gardeners have acted in this capacity since the inception of the Show and their decisions have always been eminently satisfactory.

Mr. T. Osborne made a gift of a sack of vegetables to be disposed of in aid of the Children's Treat. Mr. J. H. Wadhams was fortunate in purchasing the winning number and he generously handed the vegetables back to the Secretary to be sold by auction, together with other produce left by exhibitors, the proceeds being given to the Children's Treat Fund. The sum of £3 7s. 6d. was realised.

At the conclusion of the Show Mrs. Sparks kindly distributed the prizes to the successful competitors and was duly thanked by Mr. F. C. Hawkes, Chairman of the Club.

All very much regretted the inability of the President of the Club, F. A. Simonds, Esq., to pay the visit he had intended to make.

PRIZES GIVEN BY

Collection of Vegetables	...	1	J. Kirk	...	C. W. Stocker, Esq.
		2	T. H. Stacey	...	Ditto
		3	H. Prater	...	Ditto
Kidney Potatoes	...	1	H. Prater	...	C. W. Stocker, Esq.
		2	T. J. Williams	...	The Club
		3	T. H. Stacey	...	Ditto
Round Potatoes	...	1	H. Prater	...	Mr. C. Bennett
		2	T. J. Williams	...	Major H. Kaye
		3	T. H. Stacey	...	Ditto
Heaviest Potato	...	1	H. Prater	...	Mr. H. James
Onions, Spring	...	1	T. J. Day	...	Mr. G. F. Irwin
		2	J. T. Cholwill	...	Mr. C. E. Gough
		3	G. H. King	...	Ditto
Onions, 6 Best...	...	1	J. Kirk	...	Mr. H. F. Lindars
		2	J. T. Cholwill	...	Mr. A. R. Bradford
		3	T. Osborne	...	Ditto
Onion, Heaviest	...	1	T. H. Stacey	...	Mr. F. R. Josey
Carrots, Intermediate or Long	1	J. T. Cholwill	...	Mr. R. Biggs	
	2	T. J. Williams	...	Ditto	
	3	J. Kirk	...	Ditto	
Carrots, Short	...	1	T. H. Stacey	...	Mr. W. Curtis
		2	J. Kirk	...	Ditto
		3	H. Prater	...	Ditto
Carrot, Largest	...	1	T. Osborne	...	Mr. W. Wheeler
Runner Beans	...	1	T. J. Williams	...	Mr. S. Murton
		2	J. T. Cholwill	...	Mr. J. E. Rowlands
		3	J. Kirk	...	Mr. S. Murton
Pods of Peas	...	1	J. T. Cholwill	...	Mr. H. L. Chaplin
		2	T. Osborne	...	Mr. H. Shepherd
		3	J. Kirk	...	Mr. H. L. Chaplin
Cabbage	...	1	T. H. Stacey	...	Mr. E. S. Phipps
		2	T. J. Williams	...	Ditto
		3	A. Waller	...	Ditto
Cabbage, Heaviest	...	1	W. G. Humphries	...	Mr. H. Shepherd
Beet, Globe	...	1	T. J. Williams	...	Mr. F. R. Josey
		2	W. Seward	...	Mr. C. B. Duguid
		3	J. T. Cholwill	...	Ditto
Lettuce, Cabbage	...	2	H. James	...	Mr. S. Bird

		PRIZES GIVEN BY.	
Lettuce, Cos	1	T. Osborne	Mr. J. Webb
	2	W. Seward	Ditto
	3	T. J. Day	Ditto
Marrows	1	H. Prater	Mr. H. Woolcott
	2	J. Kirk	The Club
	3	F. H. Braisher	Mr. H. Woolcott
Marrow, Heaviest	1	T. H. Stacey	Mr. A. H. Hopkins
	2	J. T. Cholwill	Mr. A. Grove
Turnips... ..	1	G. H. King	The Club
	2	H. Prater	Mr. A. Grove
	3	F. H. Braisher	Capt. A. S. Drewe
Shallots	1	W. G. Humphries	Ditto
	2	T. Osborne	Mr. H. F. Lindars
	3	T. H. Stacey	Mr. F. C. Hawkes
Parsnips	1	J. T. Cholwill	Ditto
	2	J. Kirk	Ditto
	3	H. James	The Club
Apples, Culinary	1	H. James	The Club
	2	T. J. Williams	The Club
Apples, Dessert	1	T. J. Day	Ditto
	2	T. J. Day	Ditto
	3	H. Prater	Mr. F. C. Hawkes
Bunch Roses	1	T. H. Stacey	Ditto
	2	T. H. Stacey	Ditto
	3	W. G. Humphries	Ditto
Asters	1	T. J. Day	Mr. W. Wheeler
	2	T. Osborne	Mr. F. C. Hawkes
	3	J. Kirk	Ditto
Dahlias	1	T. Osborne	Ditto
	2	J. Kirk	Ditto
	3	T. J. Williams	Ditto
Bunch Mixed Flowers	1	T. J. Williams	Mr. G. Rose
	2	H. Prater	Ditto
	3	T. H. Stacey	The Club
Bunch Sweet Peas	1	W. Bradford	Mr. G. Rose
	2	Mrs. King	Mr. A. Grove
	3	G. H. King	The Club
Gladioli... ..	1	Mrs. Wetten	Mr. G. Rose
	2	T. H. Stacey	Capt. A. S. Drewe
	3	H. Prater	The Club
Specimen Plant in Bloom	1	T. Osborne	Mr. F. C. Hawkes
	2	Mrs. Braisher	The Club
	3	Mrs. Osborne	Ditto
Specimen Foliage Plant	1	Mrs. Prater	Ditto
	2	Mrs. Osborne	The Club
	3	Mrs. Prater	Ditto
Sunflower, Heaviest	1	Mrs. Osborne	The Club
	2	Mrs. Prater	Ditto
	3	Mrs. Prater	Ditto
Dozen New Laid Eggs	1	Mrs. Stacey	The Club
	2	Mrs. Wetten	Ditto
	3	Mrs. Stacey	The Club
Dish Boiled Potatoes	1	Mrs. Davis	Ditto
	2	Mrs. Stacey	The Club
	3	Mrs. Seward	Ditto
Specimen Needlework	1	Mrs. Stacey	The Club
	2	Mrs. Stacey	The Club
	3	Mrs. Stacey	The Club
Crochet Work	1	Mrs. Stacey	The Club
	2	Mrs. Stacey	The Club
	3	Mrs. Stacey	The Club
Knitting, Hand	1	Mrs. Stacey	The Club
	2	Mrs. Stacey	The Club
	3	Mrs. Stacey	The Club
Jars of Jam or Marmalade	1	Mrs. J. Kirk	The Club
	2	Mrs. Prater	Ditto
	3	Mrs. T. Osborne	Ditto
Bunch of Wild Flowers	1	Master T. Osborne	Miss Fleet
	2	Miss Prater	The Club



A view of a portion of the Show.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A well-known author, on leaving his house one morning, forgot a letter he had intended to post. During the afternoon someone recalled it to his mind, and as it was of considerable importance he hurried home. The letter was nowhere to be found when he got there. He summoned the servant. "Have you seen anything of a letter of mine lying about?" he asked. "Yes, Sir," replied the girl, "I posted it." "Posted it!" exclaimed the man, "why there was no name or address on the envelope." "I know there wasn't, Sir, but I thought it must be in answer to one of them anonymous letters you've been getting lately."

* * * *

Mrs. Brown had a treasure of a maid, and she was praising her wonderful qualities, especially her trustworthiness, to envious friends, when the girl herself entered the room with tea.

"Oh, Jane," said Mrs. Brown, "will you run upstairs and fetch that letter I left on my dressing table?"

"Er—er—which one, ma'am?" inquired Jane. "That one about your brother's wedding or the one about the hire-purchase payments being late?"

* * * *

They sat opposite each other in the crowded teashop. One was a burly individual, and the other a diminutive little man in a bowler hat. They had been steadily munching for a quarter of an hour, when the little man suddenly tapped the other on the arm.

"Do you think you could pass me the sugar?" he asked timidly. The burly one scowled. "P'raps!" he muttered. "I've bin moving pianners all me life!"

* * * *

The head of a big motoring concern was rating his new secretary. "Look here," he said, flourishing one of her epistolary efforts, "you haven't the remotest idea of spelling. Do you know you have spelt 'pneumatic' 'newmatic'?" The young lady was not without some resource. "I'm sorry," she said, drawing herself up haughtily, "but the 'k' on my machine is not working."

* * * *

An argument arose in a certain club concerning the merits of temperance. One member who, strangely enough, espoused this unpopular cause, proceeded to develop his contention at length, and wound up a fine peroration by saying, "Where would the Americans be to-day if it were not for prohibition?" There was a slight pause, and then a nasal voice spoke up: "In America. I guess."

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"What's the first thing you do when cleaning your rifle?" the sergeant demanded.

"Look at the number," said the hard case.

"Oh," said the sergeant, "and what's the big idea?"

"To make sure I don't clean someone else's."

* * * *

After the prisoner had been convicted, a list of his previous crimes and antecedents was read out. "So," said the judge, "your father was a forger, your brother a cat-burglar, and your sister a blackmailer?" "Yes, Sir," said the prisoner eagerly, "but I've one brother in Guy's Hospital." "Indeed!" said the surprised judge. "In what capacity, may I ask?" "Please, Sir, he's in no capacity. He's in a bottle!"

* * * *

The American refused to be impressed by London. "Slow kinda place," he declared to the Englishman who was showing him round, "no hustle like there is in Noo York." A minute or so later the visitor was hauled on to the pavement as a fire engine flashed past. "What's that?" he asked in a startled voice. "That," said the Englishman, looking after the retreating vehicle, "is just some window cleaners working a bit late."

* * * *

An old man once presented himself at a hospital for dogs and cats, and asked for permission to be taken in. "You cannot come in here," he was told. "Yes, I can," he protested, "I'm an old soldier." "But, my good man, you can't," was the reply. "This is a veterinary hospital." "That's all right," answered the old man serenely, "didn't I tell you I'm a veteran?"

* * * *

Two Scotsmen were taking a walk, and were hot and tired. "Hae ye got any food wi' ye, Dougal?" asked one. "A've a bottle of whusky. What hae you, Angus?" "Dried tongue," was the reply. "Guid! Then we'll gae halves wi' oor proveesions." The whisky was duly divided and drunk. Angus wiped his lips. "Noo for yer dried tongue, Dougal." "Mon," said Dougal, "it's no dry the noo!"

* * * *

An Aberdonian died and went to Heaven. He could not find the Golden Gates—a fellow townsman had been there before him.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The admiral was examining his youngest officer's knowledge of nautical matters. "Suppose, young man," he rapped out, "you were in charge of this ship and steaming slowly up the Ganges when you received a wireless message reporting a cyclone at sea. What would you do?" The young man, somewhat flustered, stammered: "I—I'd drop an anchor, Sir." "Supposing you received another message, half-an-hour later, that the cyclone was over Calcutta. What would you do then?" "I—I'd drop another anchor, Sir." The admiral looked far from satisfied. His voice betrayed a rapidly-rising temper. "But suppose it was ten times worse than you expected. What would you do?" The answer was rather faint. "I—I'd drop another anchor." "But suppose it was ten times worse than that?" The young man strove despairingly to think of something bright. At last he whispered, "I—I'd drop another anchor, Sir." "Good Heavens!" roared the admiral, "where the deuce do you get all the anchors?" "And where the deuce," the junior officer flung at him, throwing discretion to the winds, "do you get all the wind?"

* * * *

C.O. (addressing new recruit in Battalion Orderly Room): "Yes, my man, I want you to consider the Regiment as a great band of brothers, and I am the father of the Regiment. Are you perfectly sure you understand?"

VERY RAW RECRUIT: "Yes, Dad."

(The C.O. and Adjutant are reported to be going on as well as may be expected.)

* * * *

JUDGE: "You're charged with throwing your mother-in-law out of the window."

ACCUSED: "I did it without thinking, yer Worship."

JUDGE: "I realise that, my dear man, but don't you see how dangerous it was for anyone passing at the time?"

* * * *

The crack performer of the village cricket team made a very short stay at the wicket and retired with an ignominious "duck" to his discredit. "Ah!" said the curate, who captained the eleven, "you didn't do as well as last week, Henry." "No," agreed Henry significantly, as he threw his bat into a corner of the pavilion, "last week, I stayed in, I did, and made eighty-two, and then came out to find you blokes had drunk all the beer."

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The newcomer to the Lancashire League cricket eleven walked in leisurely fashion to the wicket, took off his sweater and handed it to the umpire, surveyed the disposition of the fielders, patted down several non-existent lumps on the pitch, took guard with immense care, then called for one of the screens to be moved six inches. Then the bowler sent down an easy-looking ball that carried away the batsman's middle stump. As he returned slowly to the pavilion a sympathetic voice called, "'Arq luck, Sir. Just when you were getting set an' all."

* * * *

It was a very special occasion when the squire was captaining the village cricket team. Having won the toss, the local magnate prepared to write down the batting order of the side. As he appeared to be troubled, the Vicar said, "Can I help you, Sir?" "Well," said the skipper as he eyed his very scratch lot, "it's a knotty point, Vicar. Should white duck trousers and a bowler hat go in to bat before a panama and braces?"

* * * *

A charity cricket match was once arranged in which certain famous sportsmen, boxers, tennis-players and the like were induced to play for the Sweet Cause. One of the participants was a noted billiards-player. He went out to the wicket confidently enough and returned swiftly—stumped. "How did that happen, Jack?" asked one of the retiring batsman's friends. "I dunno," said the knight of the green cloth in puzzled tones. "One chap knocked the tips off the cues and the marker said I was out of baulk."

* * * *

The cricket teams of adjacent villages down Essex way were age-old rivals, and, as each had a similar number of victories over the other, a deciding match was arranged. "Look 'ere, Bill," said the captain of the Mudstead side when they were tossing for the innings, "I think the losers o' this game should stand the winners a fish supper after the match." "Right y'are," said the skipper of Ditchwater's chosen, "and I reckon as 'ow the losers should likewise supply a pint of the best with every fish!" "Good enough," said the Mudstead man confidently, "our chaps will have sardines."

* * * *

Burglars broke into a wine merchant's premises in Suffolk and got away with six bottles of whisky and a syphon of soda. But for the soda it would have been quite a "neat" affair.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Why are you in prison, my good man?"

"For driving a car too slowly."

"You mean too quickly."

"No, I mean too slowly. The owner overtook me."

* * * *

"Hans, did you hear the step-ladder fall?"

"Yes, mummy."

"I hope daddy hasn't fallen."

"Not yet—he is still hanging by his waistcoat to the picture hook."

* * * *

A crowd of ancient Egyptians were on their knees on the banks of the River Nile praying, but not very lustily, for relief from the rising waters. To them spake King Pharaoh, as follows, and also to wit:

"Louder! Louder! You weak-kneed chicken-hearted, pip-voiced sons of Egypt! How can you expect the gods to hear you? The trouble with you mutts is that you are trying to dam the river with faint prayers."

* * * *

They were having a raffle in a country "pub" for the benefit of a woman whose husband had died. The innkeeper endeavoured to interest one, Alf, in the proceedings. "Come on, Alf," he said, "buy a ticket in our raffle for Widow Brown." Alf shook his head. "'Oo in 'ell wants a widder?" he said.

* * * *

"Give you a job," said the lady, eyeing the tramp very doubtfully, "but how can I be sure that you're honest?" "Madam," said the wayfarer with dignity, "I was manager of the Town Baths for many years, but never once did I take a bath."

* * * *

An old Scot was smoking in the waiting room of a railway station. A porter said to him, "Don't you see that notice on the wall—'NO SMOKING ALLOWED?'"

"Yes, I do," said the Scot, "but how can I keep all your rules? There's another one on the wall—'WEAR SPIRELLA CORSETS.'"

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Night descended over the sea. The storm gathered forces. Some of the deck-fittings had already been swept overboard. The captain, who had been growing steadily anxious, decided to send up a distress signal. The rocket was fired off. A few minutes later a solemn passenger, who had been roused from sleep by the noise and had seen the bursting of the rocket through the porthole, made his way up to the captain. "Captain," he said, "I hope I'm not a killjoy, but this seems to me no time to be letting off fireworks."

* * * *

"Canny Cameron," who lives at Clover's Corner, is an American of Scottish extraction.

A thrifty soul, he conceived the idea of saving money for Christmas by putting a penny in a money box every time he kissed his wife. This he did regularly and punctiliously throughout the year. On Christmas Eve the box was opened, and not only pennies, but dimes, quarters and several half-dollars were piled on the table. "Canny" was amazed and puzzled. He turned to his wife and asked her how she could account for it. "Well," she answered, "you see, not every man is as stingy as you are."

* * * *

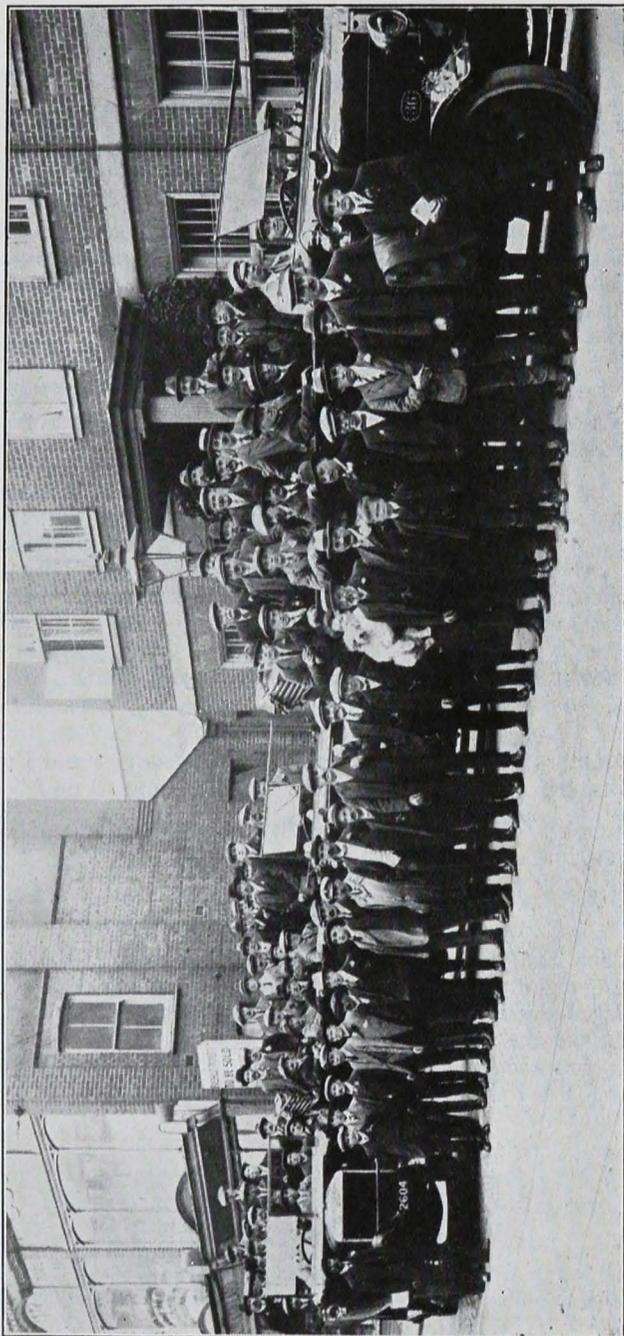
DOLLY: "Oh, Daddy, Jack is off to the movies and I'm going to the talkies. What are you and mother going to do?"

DADDY: "I shall be busy with my bookies and your mother with her undies."

When the Prince of Wales opened the new building of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, Gower Street, he pledged good health in beer to 200 workmen who have been engaged on the building.



OUR SOCIAL CLUB'S FIRST OUTING.



This is a photograph taken on the occasion of the first outing in connection with H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Social Club, when a large party had a trip to Southsea.

BRANCHES.

WOOLWICH.

As in previous years we have been well occupied with various sports, fetes, etc., and it may interest our readers if we give below a few of the meetings at which our beers have been on sale:—

Messrs. Peek Frean's Club's Annual Sports and Gala.
 Woolwich Branch Old Contemptibles' Fete and Gala.
 Kidbrooke (R.A.F.) Athletic and Social Club's Sports.
 The Miller General Hospital's Sports Meeting.
 Messrs. J. & H. Robinson's (Flour Millers) Annual Sports.
 The Hospital Savings Association's Fete and Gala.
 The Standard Telegraph Company's Sports Meeting.

We have been most fortunate in supplying the above meetings as good weather has helped to make them a success.

A Searchlight Tattoo was presented to the public during July at the Woolwich Garrison Stadium. The Tattoo was arranged for three evenings, but the demand for tickets was so great that an extra evening was granted by the authorities. The entire programme was wonderfully well carried out and everybody was unanimous in their praise for the troops in our garrison, not forgetting the 2nd Gloucestershire Regiment at Gravesend. The searchlight arrangements were carried out by the Anti-Aircraft Defence School, Biggin Hill.

One evening of the Tattoo was attended by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, who before going to the Stadium paid a visit to the British Legion Headquarters in Wellington Street, Woolwich, where he inspected the Club premises and a good muster of the members. A huge crowd lined the street outside the premises and the Prince was accorded a great welcome.

Our district this year has been very quiet regarding camp work, our only customer under canvas at the moment being the 1st A.A. Searchlight Batt., R.E., from Blackdown. This battalion has been training at Kenley Aerodrome and it was very pleasing to meet the members of the Mess again, several of whom we have met on previous occasions.

On Saturday, July 27th, the 1st Essex Regiment, Colchester, held their annual Old Comrades' Re-Union. An excellent programme of sports, etc., was arranged and good weather favoured the occasion. A good report regarding our efforts has been passed on by the members.

Our customers, the 18th Field Brigade, R.A., also the 2nd Batt. The Gloucestershire Regiment, are now training at Dover

and Shorncliffe, and we hope fine weather will prevail during their stay; at any rate if the weather lets them down Messrs. Mackeson's will not.

We are all extremely glad to hear that Mr. F. A. Simonds has made a good recovery after his serious illness, and that Commander H. D. Simonds is also back at the Brewery after his operation.

Below we give particulars of how a letter was addressed to this Branch and arrived safely:—

Messrs. Simonds,
"S.B." Manufacturers,
Woolwich,
London, S.E.18.

Our customers, the 20th Batt. The London Regiment, "Holly Hedge House," Blackheath, are very proud of the record of the brothers Redgate, whose photograph appears below. They are (from left to right) Sergeant Sid Redgate, Lance-Corporal Arthur Redgate, Corporal George Redgate, and Corporal Fred Redgate; in the centre of the picture is the father, who is also a regular visitor to "Holly Hedge House." Captain E. G. Woodward, O.C. "B" Company, is very happy to have the four brothers in his Company and thinks this a unique record.



GIBRALTAR.

August is here and it is hot, especially in the town. Catalan Bay and the Eastern Beach are more bearable, for here the heat is tempered by the cool sea breeze. Glorious bathing is to be had at Catalan Bay, and with its row of bathing tents along the shore it tends to remind one of a bit of England.

But in spite of the heat games proceed. We have to record that the Royal Engineers again won the inter-Unit Lawn Tennis League, going through without a defeat. They have been winning this League for some years, so come along the rest of the units in the Garrison! The Royal Engineers would, in fact, like some other unit to win the cup. The runners-up were the Lancashire Fusiliers. Seeing that the Fusiliers only arrived here just as the tournaments commenced they did extremely well in gaining the position they did.

In the Junior Ranks Lawn Tennis League, i.e. Corporals and downwards, the R.A.M.C. won the Cup. Good luck to them. This is the first year this League has been run, and it has certainly brought the young idea along. The Royal Engineers were the runners-up in this League.

A photograph of the R.E.'s Lawn Tennis team appears with these notes.

Again we have to mention the Royal Engineers: their Cricket Eleven won the Nicholson Cup. Captained by Lieut. Sherman, who put up some fine batting and bowling performances, the Eleven came through well. A photograph of the Eleven also appears with these notes.

It is with regret that we have to record the departure of Lieut.-Colonel P. Fraser, D.S.O., O.B.E., Royal Army Service Corps. Colonel Fraser will be very much missed by the R.A.S.C. stationed here.

The accident on board H.M.S. *Devonshire* came as a shock to us. We knew many of the ship's company who made themselves very popular during their stay in Gibraltar. Our deepest sympathy is extended to the relatives of those who met their deaths in this sad disaster.

Next February will see the departure of the Lancashire Fusiliers and the coming of the Lincolnshire and North Staffordshire Regiments. So we are to have two battalions again. Life should be a little livelier then.

The trooping season will soon begin. Many familiar faces will depart for the Old Country. Five years on the "Rock" is quite long enough and before that time all begin to sigh for home.

But what of the weather at home? One reads of glorious sunshine, of droughts, of torrential rains. It seems that in England they get too much water, or none at all!

It is a remarkable fact, though, that nearly all those who have done a tour on the "Rock" wish to return after they have been home for a while. So there must be something about the old place that is nice. It must be the sunshine for it very surely cannot be the Levant.



Royal Engineers—Winners of the Nicholson Cricket Cup, 1929.



Royal Engineers—Winners of the Garrison Lawn Tennis League, 1929.

PORTSMOUTH.

DICKENS' WEEK IN SOUTHSEA.

With the idea of attracting visitors here a Dickens' Week was held at Portsmouth, the birthplace of the great novelist. It was a great effort and loyally supported by all, especially the teachers of the City. Pageants were given nightly in the ideal grounds of Cumberland House, near the Canoe Lake, and a Dickens' play at the South Parade Pier, both the property of the Corporation. The Festival commenced on Saturday, July 15th, with a procession of some 300 of the notable characters who have since figured in the Dickensian pageantry, from the Guildhall to the Dickens' Birthplace in Commercial Road. The procession was made up from the Dickens' pageant which was enacted at Cumberland House, and it was there that the characters enrobed

preparatory to reaching the Guildhall by tram car. To the strains of music from the Pipers attached to the Salvation Army Scouts from Aberdeen, who were visiting Portsmouth, and who attended at the invitation of the Lord Mayor (Councillor J. E. Smith, J.P.), the procession left the Guildhall by the main entrance and filed down the steps to start from the Square. The Lord Mayor himself escorted Charles Dickens (Mr. C. T. Wing, M.A., a former President of the National Union of Teachers), and so well were the various parts portrayed that they might have stepped out of the pages of one of Dickens' novels. In the rear of the procession a touch of contrast was afforded against the following electric trams by the stage coach belonging to and driven by Mr. Sam Hardy, a popular former Master of the Hambleton Hounds, of Petersfield. The coach was filled with members of the Pickwick Club and the progress of the horses was heralded in the traditional way by the horn. During the Dickens' Festival Week the Portsmouth Teachers' Dramatic Society presented "Nicholas Nickleby" nightly at the South Parade Pier and the courage and enterprise shown was rewarded by a strong support from the public. To stage such a play requires ambition and an unusual amount of talent for an amateur company and the Society has scored a success with a number of minor roles which would have done credit to much more experienced players. Their effort is interesting and to all lovers of the novelist there is an appeal in seeing the characters they have loved so well and so long take shape on the stage.

BRITISH LEGION FETE.

On Saturday, August 3rd, the Lord Mayor, as a member and a Vice-President, opened the British Legion (Portsmouth Branch) Annual Fete on the Clarence Ground. The Fete has now become one of the features of the summer season and each year it adds a considerable sum to the Legion funds. Prior to the opening ceremony Major Sir Herbert R. Cayzer, Bart., M.P., the President of the Branch, entertained to lunch the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress (Councillor and Mrs. J. E. Smith), Engineer Capt. J. H. H. Ireland, M.V.O., and Mrs. Ireland, Sir Robert and Lady Colleton, Admiral R. B. Farquhar (Chairman of the Portsmouth Branch) and Mrs. Farquhar, etc. In introducing the Lord Mayor, Admiral Farquhar referred to the Lord Mayor's kindness to the Legion on many occasions. The Fete, he said, had been run for a number of years and the funds which resulted enabled them to carry out the work among the ex-Service men which was expected of them. In declaring the Fete open the Lord Mayor referred to his service which entitled him to be a member of the Legion and went on to say that the people of Portsmouth realised that the Legion was a live organisation.



Members of the British Legion, Portsmouth Branch, at the annual Fete.

"POMPEY" FOOTBALL PROSPECTS.

By the time this edition of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE is printed the English football season will have started.

Encouraged by the team's successes in the English Cup last season and the fact that, although it cost a great effort, they kept their status in Division I, the Directors are searching for players of talent for team improvement. It is not their intention to pay huge sums for players, but gradually to train young ones so that, if necessary, they can be drafted into the First Eleven without disturbing its balance. At present only 28 players have been signed on, 26 professionals and two amateurs, but no doubt important announcements as to additional "captures" will be heard in a few days.

During the summer months the ground has received every attention, the goal-mouths and centre of the field having been reurfed, so that, despite the severe period of drought, the pitch is in wonderful condition. Some of the banks have been reterraced, affording a better view for the spectators, and in other ways many improvements effected. Altogether, the Directors are looking forward to a successful season with no less ambition than to make a resting place for the English Cup at Fratton Park, not, of course, forgetting the League Shield.

BRIGHTON.

Since the last issue of the GAZETTE Brighton has been the attraction for hundreds of thousands of visitors, whose advent has taxed the resources of all who cater for them, and our Brighton staff have had an exceptionally busy time. The vast inrush began at the end of July and reached its climax on Bank Holiday, when the crowds who flooded the town beat all records kept of those arriving both by road or rail, and we hope they enjoyed the glorious weather which prevailed on that day. Many stayed on for the Races, when, however, the weather changed, but the pouring rain did not deter many thousands going up to the Downs intent on "breaking" the bookmakers! With all this extra business, we had the 47th (London) Division of Territorials in camps at Worthing, Shoreham, Seaford and Falmer. It was at Worthing where we were privileged to supply all the units, and as the camp was some six miles out of Worthing great demands were made on our beer bottlers and transport service, but with the help of supplies from Reading and the able assistance of Mr. Colson, supplies were kept going very happily. Here the Branch Manager would like to express, in writing, his appreciation of the way all the staff worked, early and late, Sundays and weekdays, to keep all supplied.

For many summers past the West Tarring Working Men's Club have made an effort to give the members' wives and children an enjoyable day, and this year's event was, as before, an unqualified success. In the afternoon of Saturday, July 27th, some 250 young people were taken in five motor coaches for a country ride to Storrington, and on to Arundel and Amberley. Stops were made at intervals for refreshments, and after a nice circular drive the coaches deposited their loads at the Worthing Sports Ground, adjoining the Club. Here the children and their parents sat down to a substantial meat tea. The Borough Band was in attendance, and after tea an interesting programme of athletic sports was successfully carried out, the Club providing the prizes.

Arrangements for this big undertaking were in the hands of the Club's Social Committee, with the able assistance of the Club Secretary, Mr. C. R. Vincent, who was continually in demand. The invalids were not forgotten, and a special race was held for these less fortunate members.

Another highly successful sporting event which drew crowds was the sports meeting arranged by the Comrades of the Great War Club at Henfield on Bank Holiday.

A very sad occurrence recently happened at Broadwater, near Worthing, when Mr. Burt, the much respected Secretary of the Broadwater Working Men's Conservative Club, died suddenly. Those whose pleasure it was to come into contact with Mr. Burt,

either on business or socially, feel keenly the sudden taking away of one whose gentlemanly presence was something to be appreciated, and he will be sadly missed.



Members of the 20th London Regiment, Falmer Camp, August 1929.

WOKING.

August is essentially a holiday month, and not one perhaps that we would elect in which to record Club events, but the fourteenth Annual Vegetable Show of the West Byfleet Social Club calls for special comment, and a little space in this edition of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. This Show is confined to the members of the Club and despite the drought 170 exhibits were received, which speaks volumes for the enterprise and enthusiasm which we have come to regard as being inseparable from this venture. The produce was of a high order, and would have done credit to a county show. Mr. J. Atfield (President) and Mr. G. Carpenter again acted as judges, and it was generally agreed that owing to the excellence of the various exhibits their task of classification for prizes was not an easy one. Mr. T. Brooker again acted as Honorary Secretary, and with the assistance of a willing band of helpers carried out the arrangements with considerable credit. A fine floral display by Mr. J. Garland gave quite a finishing touch to the Show, and his kindly action in disposing of some of his produce, whereby the Club's Benevolent Fund benefited to the extent of 16/8, was greatly appreciated.

The Chertsey August Bank Holiday Sports Meeting which was held in the grounds of Abbey Chase, Chertsey, as in former years, proved to be a great attraction. Although at the time of preparing for the event our Canvas Department made many anxious glances at the sky, good weather prevailed throughout the day. There were several new features in the programme this year, chiefly consisting of motor cycling events which caused many thrills. Obstacle races, a "Grand National," surf riding and, finally, a football match, were all indulged in by the motor cyclists. An item in the programme which attracted considerable attention and caused much amusement was a parade of two cars, one representative of the year 1894 and the other a 1929 saloon car. The origin of the former vehicle can be traced as far back as 1894, and it is possibly even older. In the year 1898 it was fitted with a new single cylinder, and for thirty years it belonged to a gentleman who formerly resided in Chertsey. This very quaint old car was driven round the course under its own power, preceded by a man with a red flag, and formed a striking contrast to the latest model saloon which followed.

Catering for the holiday trade kept our transport department fairly busy on the Monday, and it was a late hour before Foreman Pritchard and his staff were able to close down finally, but all worked with a singleness of purpose, and everyone felt that sense of satisfaction which comes from the knowledge of a duty well performed.

LUDGERSHALL.

We are afraid, Mr. Editor, we have been otherwise occupied during the last few weeks than to send you anything of interest appertaining to this Branch. Practically since last Easter there has been a continual flow of troops to Salisbury Plain, and we are pleased to say we have supplied the majority of the units.

Recently the 43rd (Wessex) Division were on the Plain for a fortnight and we did considerable business with them.

One item of interest to which we would like to refer was the Old Comrades' Re-union of the Queen's Bays. This Re-union was an undoubted success, and it was very pleasing once again to meet many old Bays who had left the Regiment. All sorts of functions were organised by the Regiment to entertain the Old Comrades.

Needless to say, R.S.M. A. Eggelton took the greatest interest assisting in organising the various functions. It came as a great shock to us all to learn that on the eve of the Re-union he had the greatest blow in the death of his wife.

The deepest sympathy of the whole Regiment and his many friends was extended to him in this irreparable loss.

The staff of the Ludgershall Branch turned up in full at the Sports and we were very pleased to include in our muster Mr. Luscombe from London Branch, who was on holiday and spent a few days in the district.

Mr. Luscombe, in the old days, also had experience of work on Salisbury Plain and knows how to take the rough with the smooth. We were all very pleased to see him once more and trust his visit to the Plain was as enjoyable as the many years he spent at the various depots.

The 3rd Carabiniers also held their Annual Sports and here again all of us spent a most enjoyable afternoon. We are greatly indebted to R.S.M. Game and the members of the Mess for the invitation which was extended to the staff.

It is unnecessary for us to attempt to describe the Southern Command Tattoo. This has already been so admirably done by the London press and those who had the good fortune to see the spectacular show have very vivid memories of what can be done by the Services. We understand the attendance was a record, and are confident that those well-deserving military charities will greatly benefit.

Last, but by no means least, is the Air Display given by the Royal Air Force, Andover Aerodrome. This was indeed an unqualified success and was attended by representatives of practically every unit on Salisbury Plain, not to mention members of the Royal Air Force from other stations.

Unfortunately, owing to the heavy winds running at the time, the proceedings were rather marred from a spectator's point of view, but apparently it did not affect the intrepid airmen who performed their "devil-may-care" tricks.

Needless to say, the Sergeants' Mess on this occasion was well patronised, and we received a most complimentary letter from the President of the Mess for the assistance rendered on the occasion.

At the moment we are very busy making our arrangements for the forthcoming Army Exercises which will be carried on until the latter end of September.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The Billiards Handicap in connection with the Social Club has at long last been decided. The winning members were as follows:—1st prize, A. E. Ellis; 2nd prize, G. Pearce; 3rd prize, A. E. Harris; 4th prize, E. Webber; highest break, L. Gruitt.

The prize for a break of a number over twenty previously decided upon but not disclosed, has been held over till the next

billiards event held, as unfortunately the records of a large number of breaks were lost which prevented the award being fairly made.

The Social Club Committee are now busily engaged in fixing their programme for the winter and they hope to be able to introduce a large and varied list, which we trust will be published in the next issue.

We were very pleased to receive visits during August from Mr. G. E. Boddington of the Branch Department, who was making his first acquaintance with the Tamar; Mr. E. Gosney of Farnborough Branch, who called in to enquire after old friends, as he was with us for some time a few years ago; and Mr. King of Ludgershall, who usually looks us up at this time of the year.

Visitors to the City of Plymouth during the middle of August found plenty to interest them. In addition to the hundreds of tours which radiate from the city, the Royal Navy held its show week from August 17th. "Jack," as we all know, is a most versatile man and as a showman he excels.

Amongst the items of interest to which the public had access were the mammoth vessels H.M.S. *Rodney*, the newest vessel in the world, of 33,900 tons, and H.M.S. *Renown*, that marvellous battle-cruiser of 28,500 tons, which was chosen by Royalty for the world's cruises; the battle-scarred veteran of the Great War, H.M.S. *Tiger*, battle-cruiser of 26,500 tons, together with submarines, cruisers and destroyers; also the floating dock in which visitors could walk under H.M.S. *Ramillies*, a goliath of 26,500 tons, the home of 1,200 officers and men. H.M.S. *Glorious*, an aircraft carrier, and H.M.S. *Exeter*, the newest cruiser, could be seen under construction, but owing to the work in hand, visitors were not allowed on board.

The visit to the West Country Dockyard would not be complete without taking tea in the *Ganges*, the last sailing ship to be a sea-going flagship, and now, in her departed glory, officially known as a "hulk."

The opportunity to visit such a display of Britain's naval might was one that could not be missed. Looked at simply as a spectacle, it was one which could not be surpassed, comprising as it did a formidable part of the Empire's defence at sea. If there is to be any finality to all the international talk on disarmament, there is likely to be a serious diminution in our floating naval strength in the near future, and certainly no increase in the number of huge vessels like the *Rodney* and *Renown*, which made the spectacle especially interesting.

The Port of Plymouth Royal Regatta was held during the same week as the Navy held its show. Amongst the famous racing yachts which were in the Sound for Regatta Week were the

Shamrock, *Lulworth*, *Cambria* and *White Heather*, together with a large number of the 12-metre and 6-metre classes.

Also there was one of the largest gatherings of pleasure yachts which the port has seen for some considerable time, prominent amongst them being Mr. Fred Simonds' yacht *Sunshine*. We were very pleased to receive a visit from Mr. Fred; his call is usually looked for during the month.

The race for the Challenge Cup from Cowes to the Fastnet and back to Plymouth was won by the *Jolie Brise*, cutter, for the second time. She reached Plymouth on the evening of August 19th, having started from Cowes on Wednesday, August 14th. Immediately after reaching Plymouth the *Jolie Brise* went up the harbour to her moorings at Saltash to prepare for the Santandar Race on August 26th.

We have an interesting event to report this month under the "Marriages" heading. The wedding took place at the SS. Michael and Joseph R.C. Church, Devonport, on Wednesday, August 21st, of Miss S. Hanley, our tenant of the "Morice Town Wine and Spirit Vaults," William Street, Devonport, and Mr. Thomas Jennings, of the Royal Navy. After the wedding a reception was held at Goodbody's Café, Bedford Street, Plymouth, to which a large number of guests were invited.

OXFORD.

We were again entrusted with the privilege of supplying the malt liquors to the fourth annual Band Contest and Carnival held at Oxford on August 17th, under the auspices of the Headington Silver Prize Band. The catering was, as last year, in the very capable hands of Mr. F. G. Godwin, of the Albion, Reading, as was also that for Ardington and Lockinge Annual Show and Sports held on August Bank Holiday in the grounds of Lockinge House. We are glad to be able to state that both these functions were successfully carried out.

The arrangements for supplies to the Oxford East Ward Allotment Show, held on Saturday, August 24th, was this year entrusted to Mr. C. Stevens, of the Queen's Head Inn, Eynsham, and was, as is usual with Mr. Stevens' able efforts, crowned with success.

The "Clerk of the Weather" was in a good humour on all of these three occasions just mentioned.

Our Mr. L. J. Lardner has collected another trophy. He returned to duty on Monday last (having been away for annual training with the 4th Batt. Oxon and Bucks L.I.) bringing with him the Battalion Challenge Cup for the most efficient Signaller of the year. However, we have not noticed in our ledgers any entries posted in the Morse code up to the present!

Referring to our item of news under the heading of "Shipton-under-Wychwood," which was published in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE for August, a photograph of those who participated in the outing mentioned has just come to hand and we hope, Mr. Editor, that space can be found for a reproduction of it for the following two reasons. Firstly, because it is evidence of what an excellent lunch (well served, together with a glass or so of the good "S.B.") can do towards producing a cheerful countenance. Secondly, as the group was taken in the courtyard of the Crown Hotel, Shipton-under-Wychwood, it will be seen from the beautiful old gateway, etc., in the background what a fine old house the Crown is.



A party representing the Shropshire, Worcestershire and Staffordshire Electric Power Company who recently visited Shipton-under-Wychwood.

Oxford was, as usual, crowded out with tourists and "trippers" this August Bank Holiday, the car parks and all available spaces being filled with every conceivable make and size of conveyance from the very latest char-a-banc down to the various midget two-seaters. In particular, we noted a fleet of giant motor coaches with "New York to London" emblazoned thereon. Speculation was rife here as to how the sea journey is accomplished by these buses, some being in favour of them becoming submarines and others conjecturing that they *flew* the Atlantic.

We have been favoured with visits from most nationalities this last week in the persons of Boy Scouts who came over here for the Jamboree lately concluded at Birkenhead. They have arrived here in shoals, each Scout armed with a Kodak and determined to "shoot" every item of interest in our city.

FARNBOROUGH.

With the exception of an evening Club match, Married *v.* Single, Farnborough Branch C.C. have now completed their fixtures for the season. It has been the most enjoyable season experienced since the Club was started six years ago.

During the summer 16 games were played, Farnborough winning 8, the remaining 8 going to our opponents. The first game to report since our last notes was an evening match played at Blackdown *versus* the Junior N.C.O. Mess, 1st A.A. Searchlight Batt., R.E. which the soldiers won by 41 runs. Our most successful bowler was B. Lancaster, taking six wickets for 39 runs.

On the following Saturday we journeyed to Basingstoke, where we were successful in turning the tables on the Liberal Club, winning by 10 runs. In our score of 75, R. Paice made 27, W. Cooper 15 and W. Thoday 10. E. Crutchley returned the best figures for bowling, four for 22.

The next game we were at home to Frimley Green, a match we lost by 87 runs. Our batting badly collapsed and we were all out for 28. T. Kent did most damage for us with the ball, obtaining four wickets for 10 runs.

The "Band of Brothers" next visited Reading, where, as "J.W.J." kindly informed us last month, our Headquarters cricketers rubbed in the fact that their win at Farnborough earlier in the season was no "flash in the pan." Nevertheless, it was a very keen game, thoroughly enjoyed by both players and spectators. I do not wish to enlarge on "J.W.J.'s" report, but I should like to add that Crutchley took four for 28.

On July 20th we were at home to the Sergeants' Mess, 2nd Royal Berks Regiment. Our skipper won the toss and taking advantage of the first knock we ran up a score of 139 for eight, the chief contributors being Paice 63, R. Herrington 29 and Cooper 10. We dismissed the Sergeants for 75, A. Siggery taking three for 13.

Our next game was *versus* the Sergeants' Mess, 2nd Batt. The Loyal Regiment. We again enjoyed the first knock and succeeded in making our highest score of the season, 163 for six. The best scores were Cooper 44, Herrington 38, E. Gosney 32 and Paice 28 not out. The Loyals were all out for 79, Crutchley obtaining five wickets for 44 runs.

In the next match we obtained our revenge on Frimley Green, the fact that we beat them at the "Green" making it all the sweeter. Crutchley and Cooper were irresistible with the ball, taking five for 11 and three for 3 respectively. Frimley Green were all out for 27. Farnborough Branch scored 49, of which 18 were made by Siggery.

On August 17th we entertained our old friends, the Aldershot Police, who showed their thanks by beating us in an exciting finish by 6 runs. The Police, going in first, made 104; Lancaster took five for 20. Of our score of 98 Cooper made 35, Crutchley 25 and Herrington 12.

In our final game we visited Aldershot to play the Sergeants' Mess, 2nd Royal Berks Regiment. The Sergeants took first knock and thanks to Lancaster, who took six for 11, were all out for 26. For their last knock our team ran up a score of 139: Siggery 39, Herrington 36, Crutchley 19 and Lancaster 13 were the best scores.



Advertising our Famous Brands.

Great interest is being taken in Aldershot and the surrounding district in the Aldershot Town F.C. During the summer several schemes have been carried out to raise funds to assist the Football Club during the approaching season. The most successful scheme was the Carnival, in which a costume representing "S.B." was worn by Miss Avent from our off-licence, North Lane. Although she did not win a prize, Miss Avent was highly commended.