

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1939.

No. 12



MR. W. G. E. LUDDINGTON.

MR. W. G. E. LUDDINGTON.

A full account of the career of Mr. Luddington, whose portrait occupies our front page, would fill many pages and we are obliged to print an abridged summary of the principal features of a life full of interest and activity prior to being appointed our chief Naval representative, attached to Devonport Branch.

Since joining our Staff, Mr. Luddington has witnessed a vast expansion in our Naval trade and has contributed very considerably towards supplying our beers to the majority of H.M. ships. His efforts have been vigorous and untiring and his activities have extended from Devonport to Chatham, Portsmouth and Gibraltar. His success is no doubt due in a large measure to his service in the Navy and the wide field of sport in which he indulged.

Mr. Luddington joined the Royal Navy in 1911 and in the following year was appointed to H.M.S. *Suffolk* for a commission on the American and West Indies Station. He was present at Vera Cruz during the bombardment by the American Fleet.

The outbreak of war in 1914 cut short a very pleasant commission; Admiral Craddock transferred his flag at sea to H.M.S. *Good Hope* and proceeded to Coronel where the British squadron met the German Cruiser squadron. H.M.S. *Good Hope* was sunk with all hands.

In 1916 Mr. Luddington returned to home waters chiefly engaged on escort duties and submarine chasing on board a destroyer, which was followed by twelve months in the Grand Fleet.

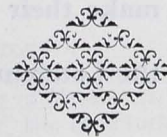
On the cessation of hostilities he resumed his sporting activities, water polo, soccer, tennis, etc., but rugby football took most of his spare time. Starting with the Devonport Services R.F.C., of which team he was vice-captain for one season and captain for two, he eventually obtained his honours for Devon, The Royal Navy and England. He played for and captained the Devon side on several occasions including a match against the famous Maori team. He also captained the Royal Navy team and had the honour of presenting them to His late Majesty King George V.

Mr. Luddington played for England on thirteen occasions and also had the honour to play in the centenary match in 1923 when

a team representing England and Wales played against a team representing Scotland and Ireland on the original ground at Rugby School. He captained South *versus* North in the international trials, scored the last international points at Scotland's old ground at Inverleigh and made the first score on Scotland's new ground for England. He also played against the All Blacks in 1925.

Many other items of interest include Mr. Luddington's selection for the British team to tour South Africa (which for service reasons he was unable to accept); his inclusion during a Commission on the South African station to play for Western Provinces and a place in the Service team which won the water-polo trophy. He played his last game at the age of 40 for Devonport Services after 29 seasons of rugby, except for the war period.

Since leaving the Service Mr. Luddington's activities have been confined to coaching in sports at Dulwich College and farming. Sports of a less robust nature now take the place of rugby, *i.e.* golf, swimming, refereeing and the training of Devonport Services R.F.C.; also assisting with the boys of H.M.S. *Impregnable*.



THE COMPANY very much regret that owing to the exigencies of the present situation many of their customers have had short deliveries of beer. This is primarily due to the priority demands made upon them by His Majesty's Forces. They hope that their customers will be tolerant and appreciate that they are doing everything in their power to maintain supplies, but they must realise that the shortage of transport and competent man-power is daily becoming more acute; also the shorter hours of daylight and possible interruptions in delivery owing to air raids, are not likely to make their task any easier.

Don't blame the Company—blame Hitler.

Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine of infirmities.—The Bible.

CHAT *from*



THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)

A FINE EXAMPLE.

Many at the Brewery have had to do much extra work during these critical days and to no one does this apply more than to our beloved Chairman and Managing Director. Truly, he is passing through an anxious time having to make great and far-reaching business decisions every hour of the day. But though he is having such a worrying time he is, by his quiet and calm endeavour, setting us all a great example which I am sure we shall strive to emulate.

MRS. SIMONDS MAKING GOOD PROGRESS.

It is very gratifying to know that Mrs. Simonds, wife of our Chairman and Managing Director, continues to make good progress after her serious illness.

H. & G. SIMONDS' DIVIDEND.

At a Board meeting of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., held on Monday, 4th September, the directors declared a dividend on the 5 per cent. preference stock of the company for half-year ending September 30th, 1939. Transfer books closed from the 17th to the 30th September.

MR. R. ST. J. QUARRY'S WEDDING DATE.

The marriage of Mr. Richard St. J. Quarry and Miss Diana E. Lloyd will now take place on Wednesday, October 4rd, at 2.30 p.m. at St. Michael the Archangel, Highclere, Newbury. All friends will

be welcome at the church and afterwards at Ferne. Mr. R. St. J. Quarry resides at Meadow Cottage, Winnersh, and is the only son of the late Major St. J. S. Quarry. The bride-to-be is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel H. Lloyd, D.S.O., of Ferne, Highclere, Newbury. Mr. St. John Quarry is a director of H. & G. Simonds, and a direct descendant of the founders of the firm, and hon. treasurer of the Reading Conservative Association. He holds a commission in the 5th Anti-Aircraft Divisional Signals, whose headquarters are at Reading.

EFFICIENT ORGANIZATION.

During the month of August the war clouds gathered around us, and on that fateful morning of September 3rd zero hour was reached and England declared war on Germany. With that stoicism peculiar to the British everyone stepped into his allotted place to serve his King and Country. Never was patriotism more evident than at the Brewery, where everyone immediately manned his post. Many were called from us, and we wish them God-speed. To the A.R.P. contingent has fallen the lot of safeguarding the personnel and the Brewery. On the morning of September 6th they were able to demonstrate their efficiency. Mr. C. G. Lawrence informs me that it was at approximately 7.36 a.m. when the Air Raid Sirens sounded, and within a few minutes headquarters had dealt with the situation, books, etc., were locked away, and everyone was at his allotted post or shelter. For an hour and a half the state of tension continued, the "all clear" sounding at approximately 9 o'clock. Fortunately no enemy planes appeared over Reading, but the warning proved the efficiency of our organization.

ENGLAND WILL WIN THROUGH.

The West Indians, whose tour was brought prematurely to an end, distinguished themselves greatly in the final Test Match, to the delight of big Oval crowds, says *The Times*. When very soon after it they had hurriedly to leave for home, many remembered the words used by the England captain when, with others, he made an appeal for national service to the crowd at Lord's during the first Test Match. "England and cricket are in danger," he said, and his words have been only too fully borne out by events. But England, if she is true to herself, as she will be, will come through the grim ordeal that lies ahead, and then once more her sons will enjoy the pleasant pastime that teaches them to enjoy life unhurriedly, to go for the win without breaking the rules, and to vanquish the foe without hating him.

WESTWARD, LOOK, THE LAND IS BRIGHT!

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain;
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the flyers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

"WHEN THE WAR WILL END."

Actual evidence I have none,
But my aunt's charwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman, on his beat,
Say to a housemaid in Downing Street
That he had a brother, who had a friend,
Who knew when the war was going to end.

—Reginald Arkell.

WAR.

War, with all its evils, is better than a peace in which there is nothing to be seen but usurpation and injustice.—*Pitt*.

HE SAID IT, A.D. 100.

"The same motives that first incited the Germans to cross the Rhine will ever subsist: ambition, avarice, and the love of new settlements . . . But liberty and specious pretences are employed to veil their designs; nor did ever any man desire to reduce others to servitude and subjection to himself without using the same terms."—*Tacitus, the Roman historian, who lived circa A.D. 55—119.*

COMINTERN.

For some time past one has constantly seen the words "Comintern" and "anti-Comintern" and few know what these words mean exactly.

Murray's Dictionary gives definition as "The first elements of the Russian forms of Com-munist and Intern-ational." The Communist International Party, the headquarters of which are in Moscow, is the international organisation of the Communist Party of all nations. It was founded in 1919.

"OUR PUBS ARE ALL RIGHT."

You learn a lot about life in a pub, writes Godfrey Winn in the *Sunday Express* of 16th July. It is a pity that so many folk still turn up their noses at the idea of spending an evening in such fashion, or imagine that a public-house is the invention of the devil. Personally, I feel A. P. Herbert is quite right in his advocacy of the bar parlour as a suitable meeting place for the whole family. If the surroundings are pleasant in themselves, you don't need half a dozen drinks to make the atmosphere appear rosy. And I have noticed lately, in my different wanderings about the country, that there is an enormous improvement in the general standard of cleanliness and comfort in most pubs. However, there is one disimprovement that surely needs comment. Have you suffered from the increasing scourge of a certain type of young man and woman who regard it as "so amusing" when they are spending a week-end in the country, to invade the local and monopolise the dart board and patronise the regulars? They seem to imagine that they have bought the place, just because their purse and their taste in refreshments run to something more expensive than a pint of mild.

COULD NOT UNDERSTAND.

Mr. J. McGovern, M.P., says: "As a non-smoker and to a large extent, except probably at Christmas, a teetotaler, I cannot understand why it was assumed that the man who smoked and drank should have an unlimited amount of taxation imposed on him."

OCCASIONAL LICENCES AND THE ROTHERHAM BENCH.

Magistrates are required by law to deal with each case coming before them on its merits, says *The True Temperance Quarterly*. Some months ago the Rotherham licensing bench formulated a rule that in future occasional licences would be granted to any particular

promoter only twice in a year, with a lapse of three months between each. The magistrates announced their rule when refusing an application for an occasional licence in connection with a dance and entertainment organised for the employees of a firm; and the applicant for the licence applied to the Divisional Court for a rule calling on the magistrates to hear and determine the application in accordance with law. The Divisional Court granted it. The Lord Chief Justice said that a general rule such as the one complained of had the effect of fettering the discretion of magistrates to deal with each case on its merits. The magistrates informed the court that they were under the impression that they were only doing what in law they were entitled to do and that the rule was passed for their guidance and was not intended to be inflexible. The Divisional Court's action has confirmed the duty of magistrates to hear each case on its merits; and although it is proper that magistrates should formulate principles for their guidance, the strictest care must be taken that such principles do not fetter their discretion. The Rotherham Bench is not the only one to express dissatisfaction at the number of applications made to them for occasional licences or for extensions of hours for special occasions. But, provided the applications themselves are warranted by circumstances, the mere number is beside the point. The principle of the Licensing Act of 1921 is elasticity; the Act lays down a standard of hours and expressly gives the local magistrates power to extend these hours should local conditions justify their doing so; and the law's insistence upon premises being licensed for the sale of drinks is tempered by provision for occasional licences for places not normally licensed should the public convenience so require. It is only by the co-operation of the local administrative bodies in carrying out the spirit of the law that the letter of the law can be justified.

PUBLIC HOUSES AND THE CHURCH.

Considerable interest—and some opposition—was aroused in Sheffield when the Rev. Richard Roseveare formally opened an hotel at Parson Cross. The opposition is best answered in Father Roseveare's own words, which also justify the interest taken in his action. "As vicar of a very large housing area," he writes, "a corporation slum-clearance estate, I am most anxious to do two things amongst others. First, to get to know the people as well as possible in order that they may know me as their vicar. Secondly, to try to bear witness to the fact that the use of alcohol does not necessarily put a man beyond the pale of the Christian Church. Here, as in many other parts of England, the impression is common that if a man has a glass of beer, he is *ipso facto* excluded from any contact with the Church. I felt that, since I was invited to do so, to open the inn would rather focus attention upon my desire to

meet men on their own ground and this has subsequently most certainly been the case. I was also able to say publicly what I have indicated above, and although this has naturally brought a certain amount of adverse criticism, most people have considered it an effective method of correcting the wrong impressions which are so common. There was no question whatsoever of my condoning drunkenness or the abuse of something which is there for man to use rightly as so many other things are. After the opening I went into the bar and spoke to the men and women who had gathered there and shared a drink with them."

DOUBLE O.

Clerk at Wood Green : "How much money did you give your wife each week?"

Defendant : "Up till September, nothing. Since September it's doubled."

BLACK SHEEP.

Woman at Wood Green : "One of my sons is rather highbrow, but the other is honest and hard working."

Let us have no faith in the miserable notions that the poor are friendless because they are poor, and that friends desert on the approach of poverty. Poverty may winnow the false from the true, but it does not destroy the wheat. Let one offer to the world a large, generous, true, sympathetic nature, and, rich or poor, he will have friends, and he will never be friendless whatever catastrophes befall him.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little.

The strokes of the pen need deliberation as much as those of the sword need swiftness.

The There is never Here.

There is nothing lighter than vain praise.

There is not in earth a spectacle more worthy than a great man superior to his sufferings.

The first business of the philosopher is to part with self-conceit.

The gifted man is he who sees the essential point and leaves aside all the rest as surplusage.

The great thieves punish the little ones.

The habit of looking on the best side of every event is worth more than a thousand a year.

He serves his party best who serves his country best.

Length of saying makes languor of hearing.

Nature is an Æolian harp, a musical instrument whose tones are the re-echo of higher strings within us.

War is a terrible trade, but in the cause that is righteous, sweet is the smell of powder.

Harmony of aim, not identity of conclusion is the secret of the sympathetic life.

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise the store.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

DATE OF THE SWIFTS' DEPARTURE.

GREEN SALAD FOR BABY SPARROWS.

On Tuesday evening, August 15th, I was sitting in my garden when, high overhead, I saw a multitude of swifts. They were holding a mass meeting, apparently to decide on the date of their departure from this country. They ascended to a very great height until they appeared as mere specks in the sky. Then, all of a sudden, off they went. I have only seen one or two swifts since, and, picking up one of my Nature diaries—it was for the year 1937—I came across this note: "August 15th. Swifts, like a swarm of ants, performing wonderful aerial evolutions as they ascended higher and higher until lost to view. Only observed one or two on succeeding days."

That was rather an extraordinary coincidence, but striking evidence of the fact, I think, that these birds leave England somewhere about that date.

You keep a look-out next year and see for yourselves.

And with regard to the arrival of these birds, for two years in succession I saw them for the first time on exactly the same date, viz., May 3rd.

THE ENTERTAINING SPARROWS.

Even the sparrows have charming ways and are well worth watching. I feed them every morning and one I have named "Brownie" takes morsels from my hand. At the time of writing she was still feeding her young. She fills her mouth with food which she is careful to well masticate, making it nice and soft, before giving it to her babies which eagerly await her on an apple tree in an adjoining garden. And mother evidently thinks that with the bread and biscuit her children should have a little green salad, so she half fills her mouth with bread and adds to it many little greenflies and caterpillars which are such a pest in our gardens. The young sparrows swallow this mixture with evident relish—but

I think I should prefer my green salad in some such form as lettuce! However, it is just as well we all do not have the same tastes. Sometimes Mrs. Sparrow feeds her family with my runner bean blooms. But I remember the good she does among the aphids and continue to coax her to my garden for I think this little labourer among the greenfly—and sparrows consume countless thousands—is well worthy of her hire.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON—THE ROD!

I was recently fishing in the Thames. I had attached to my hook a fine fat worm that I had kept in damp moss for a fortnight to harden him off. The eels were running well as they do in thundery weather and throwing the wriggling lure well out I sat on my stool in eager anticipation. Then I heard a plop! Some thirty or so yards down stream I saw a kingfisher rise from the water with a silvery fish in his beak. I crept stealthily to the spot and hid behind a tree to see if this brilliantly-coloured bird would repeat the performance for my particular benefit. Within a few minutes he did so, quite close to me. I even saw the fish, which was a bleak, near the surface of the water before the poor little chap was taken and gulped down that lane whence no traveller returns—at least whole, for kingfishers disgorge the bones of fish and with this material build their nests. Again and again was the performance repeated and I should think that expert angler must have swallowed a dozen little members of the finny tribe, which included several dace for I had a wonderful close-up view and thought: if only I had a camera!

But keeping your eye on a kingfisher and keeping your eye on your rod are two very different things and my curiosity concerning this gorgeously painted bird cost me a good fish. Anyhow, when I returned to my rod I noticed that quite fifty yards of line had been run out from my winch and there it was stretching right away upstream in the direction of a great bank of weeds close into the river-side. I gradually reeled in my line when suddenly, there was a tremendous tug tug, tug tug, tug tug, sending the top joint of my rod into an agitated quiver. I soon discovered that my tackle was

inextricably bound up in the weeds and doubtless, if an eel were at the end, wound round and round them. From all angles I endeavoured to regain my tackle but, though it was strong, the strain was too great, and eventually it gave way. I was more concerned about losing what was on the end of it than the tackle itself.

And so that is what results when you keep your eye on the kingfisher instead of on your rod!

By the way, talking of fishing, I once had the privilege of accompanying Mr. Richardson, the father of our respected Chief Accountant, on a fishing expedition. He is indeed a past-master at the game and could throw a minnow half-way across the Thames with the utmost ease and artistry. He showed the same prowess in casting a fly while his interest in, and knowledge of, wild nature's ways, made him altogether a very delightful companion.

LEADING ME UP THE GARDEN PATH!

Early last Sunday morning I took up my quarters in the rough herbage surrounding the pits by our Sports Ground to watch the goldfinches feeding on the thistle seeds. There were scores of these dainty little birds and they made a charming tableau vivant, their cheery chatter adding joy to the scene. Then I noticed a white-throat fluttering in the pathway. I really thought she had been injured and decided to go to her assistance. I followed her for some distance and when I was quite close to her she suddenly took flight and sped to a spot where I first saw her. She had led me up the garden path in more senses than one for, pretending she had a broken wing, was the method by which she enticed me away from her young. But I returned to where she landed and there saw five young nettlecreepers. The old bird tried to play "the old soldier" with me again but I was not to be taken in a second time. However, I did not stay long to worry her as she seemed terribly anxious about her family although they were grown-up and quite strong on the wing. Partridges do the same kind of thing when they wish to lead you away from their young, but this is the first occasion on which I have seen the whitethroat try the device.

I have not seen the old hare that became quite a familiar figure, about here lately, but there are still rabbits and I saw a blood-thirsty little weasel hunting one frenetically and if determination meant anything I should think he gained his prize in the end. Thrushes were busily engaged in their febrile quest for worms on the tennis lawns and a fat old hedgehog hurried away into the hedge.

Truly there is much to see in the early morning without travelling far to see it.

A CONUNDRUM.

We are pleased to announce that the prize of £1 1s. od. for the first correct solution of the conundrum printed in the July issue has been awarded to Mr. H. Treadgold, a patient in the Wingfield Morris Orthopaedic Hospital, Headington.

Mr. Treadgold's solution, which appears below, was the first opened by the Editor on the 9th August:—

"The cost of the bill being 25/-, each man owes 8/4, but owing to the waiter's dishonesty in giving each man 1/- change instead of 1/8, they each pay 9/4 thus leaving an odd 2/- which the waiter keeps. The missing shilling is thus proved to be fictitious."

MR. F. H. V. KEIGHLEY.

The following interesting announcement appeared in *The Times* of the 31st August:—

MR. F. H. V. KEIGHLEY AND MISS FORBES
ROBERTSON

The engagement is announced between Frederick Herbert Vernon, elder son of the late Lieut.-Col. Vernon Keighley, D.S.O., M.V.O., 19th K.G.O. Lancers, and Mrs. Keighley, of Redesdale, Cheltenham, and Brigit Margaret, only daughter of the late Capt. Keith Forbes Robertson, Rifle Brigade, and Lady Dunlop, and step-daughter of Sir Robert Dunlop, C.I.E., D.S.O., of Sandleford Grove, Newbury.

ANGLING.

Mr. James Aldridge, hon. treasurer of the High Wycombe Dart League, of the Bull Inn, took part in the Reading Angling competition recently and secured the gold medal with a catch of fish weighing 3 lbs. 6½ oz.

TOPE FISHING.

Our Sporting Editor having held unchallenged for a long time the monopoly in the telling of fishing stories, it has occurred to me to tell the story of a type of fishing which I enjoy whenever opportunity permits and which may be new to many of our readers whose angling experience has so far been confined to bobbing float by river's bank or prickly paternoster off pier's end.

To introduce the quarry, the tope is a true member of the shark family but not so large as his formidable relations, being for comparison's sake as the mouse is in size to a rat.



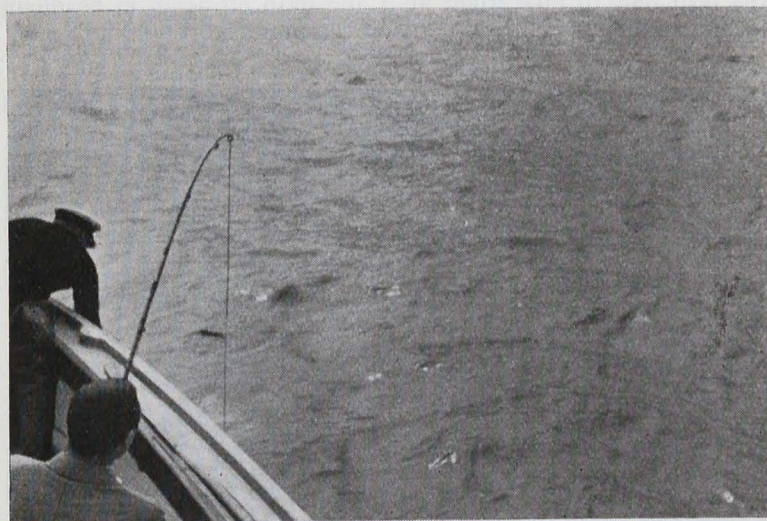
Playing the Fish.

The British Isles record is 96 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs., though tope caught off these coasts average from 40 to 65 lbs. and from 4 to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length. The season when tope generally frequent these shores is from the end of May to mid-October, June and July generally being the most prolific, and they may be found at distances from a mile and a half out to sea from many of our South Coast resorts. My own favourite spot is a feeding ground much frequented by these big fish about 6 miles out from Poole Harbour.

A powerful and determined fighter, it is useless to endeavour to land tope without the best of tackle, a brief description of which may prove of interest—the rod should be short, to be used comfortably from a boat, but stout and yet pliable enough to allow a heavy

fish to be pumped or a sulky skate to be coaxed up from the bottom. The reel, which should be provided with a strong check and a hand brake, should be capable of holding at least 300 yards of best quality sea-line with a breaking strain of from 25 to 45 lbs., according to individual taste and skill. The trace must be a good one and is generally made of three strands of twisted wire, well provided with free running swivels and should be at least 7 feet long as the tope can easily cut the line with his tail. The hooks, two big ones, should be baited with a fresh mackerel and kept close to the bottom with a large lead which is free to run down the line when a fish is being played.

Having put the line overboard and felt the lead securely on the bottom the rod can be left unattended in the stern of the boat and the fisherman is free to enjoy himself as best he may; easy if the weather is good, but far from easy if the sea is choppy and the boat snubbing at the anchor. It is worthwhile mentioning that in either case the laying in of a small stock of "S.B." is invariably much appreciated by the fisherman and his crew.



Nearing his end.

Patience, however, is amply rewarded when, at the least expected moment the reel check suddenly gives a few preliminary clicks and several feet of line are pulled out as the tope noses at, and plays with, the bait. Then the line goes out with a rush for several yards before as suddenly becoming slack again. This is the most critical and exciting moment for the fish as yet has only taken

the bait by the middle and carried it off for inspection. If the bait has been cunningly set up and nothing suspicious appears, the tope will turn it round in his mouth and swallow it tail first and then, as the hook pricks into him he goes off in a long wild rush, ripping off anything up to 180 yards of line and sending the reel spinning in a mad whirl, the prolonged rising scream from which is the most satisfying sound in the world to a fisherman, no matter what his prize.

At the moment this second run starts the fight is on in earnest and after a powerful strick with the reel held firm by the hand-brake the next 15 to 45 minutes are likely to be fast, furious and most exhausting if a good fighting fish has been hooked. Patience again plays a great part in the fighting of tope for one axiom is, that no matter how good the tackle, if a fresh hooked fish wants to go, let him go; to hold against his early rushes will only result in broken line or top joint, so great are his power and speed. After his energy and first fright becomes spent he may be worked slowly in, taking advantage of every slackening to reel in a few more precious yards of line, but several times he may be brought near the boat only to take fright at it and dash off again in headlong pursuit, taking very many yards of carefully recovered line.



Well gaffed, Sir!

Finally, however, becoming tired, though fighting to the end, he may be brought to gaff, though when once in the boat he still needs careful handling as in the agonies of death his snapping jaws

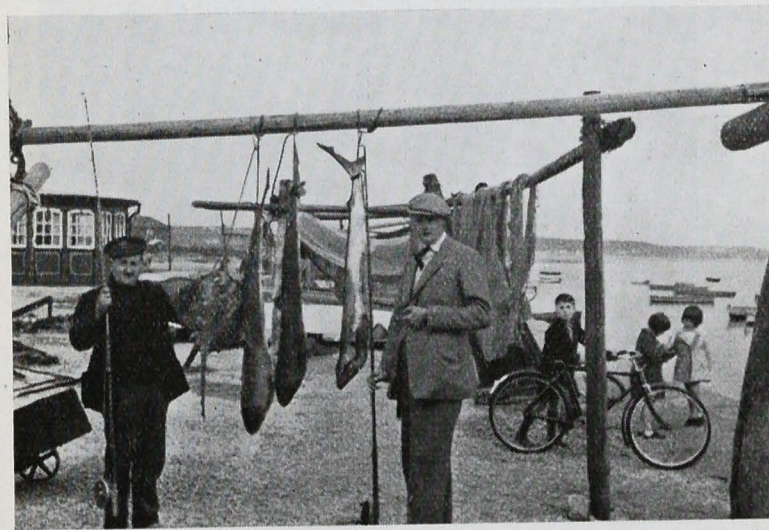
are greatly to be respected and an incautious hand may be badly mauled whilst trying too early to recapture the hook from between his rows of sharp shark's teeth.

By way of interest and illustration I have added a few photographs of the tope with explanatory footnotes.

The thrill of the first tense moments when a message is jerked up from the bottom that the bait is being inspected is all the greater because of the glorious uncertainty of the nature of the fish—it may be a tope as expected, possibly a big skate weighing up to 200 lbs. or, biggest thrill of all and always in the back of the fisherman's mind, a shark may have taken the bait. It may be worth mentioning at this juncture that the number of sharks hooked and in some cases landed, on rod and line off these coasts is on the increase of recent years. If this has been our very good fortune, never yet mine but always hoped for, stirring times are indeed ahead for tope tackle is very light for handling one of these monsters and one's fishing skill and staying powers will be tested to the full for the next several hours if any chance of killing the shark is anticipated.

It is unfortunate to have to conclude by saying that great though the sport may be in landing this redoubtable opponent, the tope when landed is of no value, being quite unfit for human consumption.

L.A.S.

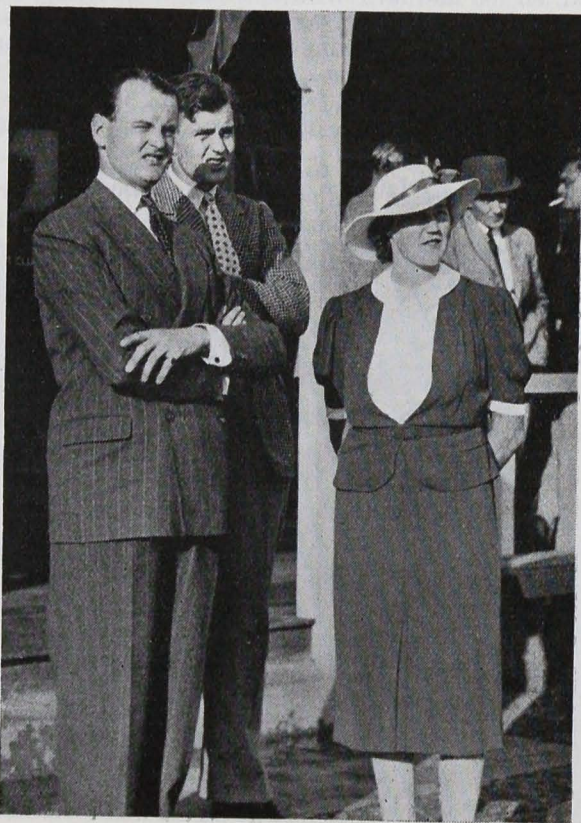


A truly great catch. Mr. Louis Simonds is seen standing with rod in hand on the right of the picture.

FLOWER SHOW ON SPORTS GROUND.

MRS. L. A. SIMONDS DISTRIBUTES THE PRIZES.

Calls of the Services and extra work badly affected the arrangements made for the flower and vegetable show of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Social and Recreation Club which was held at the Sports Ground, Berkeley Avenue, on Saturday, August 26th. One of the main attractions of the programme, a football match between members of the firm and the Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth, had to be cancelled at the last moment, and it was only through the strenuous efforts of one or two members of the firm who were able to get the afternoon off that the show could be held.



Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Simonds and
Mr. Duncan Simonds.

The entries for the show were naturally lower than those of the previous year, but the judges Mr. W. Clift, head gardener to Mr. F. A. Simonds, and Mr. C. G. Prosser, expressed the opinion that the quality of the produce was excellent. Roots, they said, were exceptionally good, but the flowers were rather below standard, although some fine dahlias were shown.

The cup to the competitor gaining the most points in the show was won by Mr. E. Cordery.

There was an exhibit, not for competition, of dahlias and other autumn flowering perennials and of vegetables from the gardens of Mr. F. A. Simonds, while the Reading Cage Bird Society arranged an exhibition of cage birds.

Members of the Reading Sea Scouts gave a display.

THE PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

At the prize distribution Mr. L. A. Simonds mentioned that that was the first Flower Show held on their Sports Ground and he observed how fine those grounds looked after the shower. It was gratifying to see such a good lot of produce and flowers. He then asked his wife to give away the prizes.



Mrs. L. A. Simonds presenting the prizes.

Mrs. Simonds having graciously performed this pleasing duty, Mr. W. Bradford mentioned that for many years Mr. Clift had kindly come forward and acted as a judge at their Shows and the Committee, wishing to show their appreciation, had decided to present Mr. Clift with a small gift (applause). Mr. Bradford then handed Mr. Clift a cigarette case.

Mr. Louis congratulated the Cordery family on sweeping the board in the way they had done and went on to thank all those who, under difficult conditions, had made the afternoon a success. He particularly thanked the Committee of the Flower Show and the ladies who had arranged the teas. Though very few in number, they had carried out a great amount of work. He would like, too, to particularly thank the lads who had given such a fine show on the vaulting horse. They had had only twelve hours' instruction and their performance was a great credit to them and their instructors (applause).

Mr. W. Bradford was the hon. general secretary, and the ladies' section of the show was judged by Miss Prosser and Mrs. Weller.

THE RESULTS.

The results were:—

Collection of vegetables: 1, E. Cordery. *Potatoes (kidney)*: 1, T. Osborne; 2, W. F. Kirke; 3, E. Cordery. *Potatoes (round)*: 1, E. Cordery; 2, T. Osborne; 3, H. Prater. *Heaviest potato*: 1, E. Cordery. *Onions*: 1, W. F. Kirke; 2, E. A. Higgs; 3, E. Tate. *Celery*: 1, E. Cordery. *Carrots (intermediate or long)*: 1, E. Cordery; 2, T. Osborne; 3, C. T. Rosum. *Carrots (short)*: 1, E. Cordery; 2, E. Tate; 3, H. Plank. *One carrot (largest)*: 1, E. Cordery. *Runner beans*: 1, E. Tate; 2, J. Cholwill; 3, E. Cordery. *Peas*: 1, F. J. Benham; 2, H. Plank; 3, T. Osborne. *Cabbage*: 1, G. F. Andrews; 2, A. Waller; 3, E. Tate. *One cabbage (heaviest)*: 1, A. Weight. *Beet (globe)*: 1, F. Hearne; 2, J. Cholwill; 3, T. Osborne. *Lettuce (cabbage)*: 1, E. Cordery; 2, A. Waller; 3, T. Osborne. *Lettuce (cos)*: 1, E. Cordery; 2, T. Osborne; 3, B. F. Saunders. *Pair of marrows*: 1, E. Cordery; 2, C. Rosum; 3, H. Prater. *Marrow (heaviest)*: 1, H. Prater. *Turnips*: 1, H. Plank; 2, E. Cordery. *Shallots*: 1, T. Osborne; 2, E. Cordery; 3, E. A. Higgs. *Parsnips*: 1, E. Cordery; 2, C. Rosum; 3, J. Cholwill.

FRUIT AND CUT FLOWERS.

Plums: 1, E. Cordery; 2, C. Rosum; 3, G. F. Andrews. *Apples (culinary)*: 1, E. A. Higgs; 2, H. James; 3, E. Cordery. *Apples (dessert)*: 1, S. Smith; 2, G. F. Andrews; 3, C. Rosum. *Asters*: 1, T. Osborne; 2, E. Cordery; 3, A. Boshier. *Dahlias*: 1, E. A. Higgs; 2, C. Rosum; 3, A. Waller. *Mixed cut flowers*: 1, F. J. Benham; 2, E. Cordery; 3, T. Osborne. *Sweet peas*: 2, E. Cordery; 3, C. Rosum. *Gladioli*: 1, E. Cordery; 2, C. Rosum; 3, T. Osborne. *Foliage plant*: 1, W. F. Kirke; 2, E. Cordery.



Mr. E. Cordery, winner of the highest number of awards and Silver Cup, with Mrs. Cordery.

DOMESTIC SECTION

Eggs (brown): 2, E. Cordery. *Eggs (white)*: 2, E. Cordery. *Fruit cake*: 1, Mrs. V. F. Saunders; 2, Mrs. E. Cordery; 3, Mrs. F. J. Benham. *Boiled potatoes*: 1, Mrs. T. Osborne; 2, Mrs. E. Cordery. *Needlework*: 1, Mrs. A. Higgs; 2, Mrs. T. Stacey; 3, Mrs. T. Osborne. *Crocheting*: 1, Mrs. T. Stacey; 2, Miss E. Hillier; 3, Mrs. H. Prater. *Hand-knitted jumper or pullover*: 1, Mrs. Howells; 2, Mrs. T. Stacey. *Pot of jam or marmalade*: 1, Mrs. S. Smith; 2, Mrs. E. Cordery; 3, Mrs. B. F. Saunders. *Pot of jelly*: 1, Mrs. B. F. Saunders; 2, Mrs. H. Prater; 3, Mrs. S. Smith.

CHILDREN'S SECTION.

Wild flowers: 1, Master Saunders; 2, Miss Tate; 3, Doreen Poole and Miss Cordery (equal). *Needlework (under 14)*: 1, Miss Cordery; 2, Miss Eaton.



Finalists in the Darts Tournament.



Watching the performances.



Reading Sea Scouts.

VILLAGE INN BIBLE MAKES HISTORY.

400 SEARCHLIGHT RECRUITS SWORN IN ON BORROWED BOOK.

Nearly 400 men of the 465th Battery of the 72nd (Middlesex) Searchlight Regiment, Royal Artillery (T.A.), whose headquarters are at Heston have been sworn in on a Bible originally borrowed by the licensee of the Elm Tree Inn (Mr. W. Haywood) in December last in order that the Mayor of Heston and Isleworth (Ald. F. C. Green, J.P.) could swear in the first recruit.

True to the tradition concerning the loaning of books and umbrellas the Bible has never been returned.

When a *Middlesex Chronicle* reporter asked Mr. Haywood if he had received the Bible back he said he had not but that he was not worrying about it. He felt sure that by reason of its sentimental value it would be returned when finished with. The lady of the house, who is the actual owner of the Bible, said it was possible it might be returned signed with the autographs of all the boys who had sworn allegiance to the King, His Heirs and Successors, over it. It would thus become an interesting souvenir. When our reporter called at the headquarters and inquired concerning the Bible, Capt. A. G. H. Smith, Second-in-Command, picked up a well-worn Bible from his table and asked if that was the one he was inquiring about. Our reporter assured him that it was. The officer said that as the Company was now up to strength it would be returned to the owner with the thanks of the Battery. The Battery was rather busy at present however preparing for embodiment.

Our reporter asked if "Bible—A.V." constituted an official issue for the purposes of swearing in. The officer said he thought so. So probably the Bible borrowed from the village inn will be returned when the Q.M.S. has determined the point, and secured a new one.

An old regular Regimental Sergeant-Major informed our representative that every regular soldier on joining his regiment is issued with the book appertaining to his religion. It was customary to indent for several hundred at a time so there was always one available for the purposes of swearing in. No one had ever indented for a single Bible to his knowledge. However, he could not say if this applied to the Territorial Army or the Militia.

An "old sweat" also confirmed this and added that the Bible was the only book permitted to be read by a soldier sentenced to detention. If an old soldier was heard to say that he had read through the Bible there was little doubt that at some time or another he had done a good spell in the "jug," he added. It was possible, however, under the improvements effected by Mr. Hore-Belisha in the Army of to-day that "light" reading might now be permitted.—*Middlesex Chronicle*.

IN DAYS GONE BY.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.

I thought perhaps you would like to see the photo below, writes Mr. Kingston. It was taken at the Bull Hotel, Streatley, in June, 1896. Mr. John Arnold, the manager, took us to Streatley by steam launch. On arrival lunch was served which we enjoyed very much. Then some of the party went for a walk, others went on the river. I was standing on the bridge at the Swan Hotel watching a party start off in a punt. I remember Mr. Warr was seated in the middle of the boat and Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Gough volunteered to do the punting. Unfortunately they crossed their punt poles and both fell into the river; this caused no end of fun! About 4 o'clock tea was served, a few kind words of thanks were tendered to Mr. Arnold, then a very pleasant journey home.



Members of the Old Brigade at the Bull Hotel, Streatley, in 1896.

I am sending the names of those in the picture with the exception of two whom I cannot remember:—Mr. Cooke, Mr. C. E. Gough, Mr. C. W. Stocker, Mr. Wm. Lindars, Mr. John Arnold, Mr. Ralph Arnold, Mr. J. Suddaby, Mr. F. Josey, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Wigley, Mr. G. Bowler, Mr. Lock, Mr. Colbert, Mr. Hinkley, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Warr, Myself (A. C. Kingston), Mr. Westmacott and Mr. Attenbrow; also Mr. Arnold, sen., Mr. Ralph Arnold and Mr. and Mrs. Blower and son (visitors).

To my knowledge 15 of these good old friends have passed over, others left Reading and I have lost count.

A FEW REMEMBRANCES.

In the year 1892 Mr. McCowan was Head Brewer. I was going home to tea one evening when Mr. McCowan overtook me, near his house, and invited me in to see his den. Just as I was leaving he gave me a drink and wished me good-night.

At this time Mr. Toms was beer bottler. He and three men washed the bottles, with a foot machine. My word, what a difference now! Mr. Toms was a religious man, and when I visited the cellar to have a glass of his special I had a certain amount of religion with it. But one day his fox terrier dog returned dyed all the colours of the rainbow. This so upset Mr. Toms that he painted the air blue and said that — McCowan ought to be shot!

On another occasion, at the end of September, we were working late preparing a balance sheet for the year. We used to have tea in the kitchen of the old offices and Mr. and Mrs. Goodall did their best to see that we had a good meal. On this evening Mr. Bob Attenbrow and myself were the first to return to the office. We found Mr. McCowan there. He took both of us by the coat and said "if either of you say a word about seeing me here, I will do you in!" We were young and knowing what a man he was we were afraid to say a word. The outcome of his visit to the office was, he had thrown stink bombs all over the place. When the other clerks returned from tea the stench was so bad that after opening doors and windows we could hardly breathe, so we packed up and went home. Next morning men were sent for; they pulled down ceilings under the offices to see if it was dead rats and picked up all the drain pipes in the yard—no end of expense. What I could never understand was that not one of the staff guessed the reason.



A GREAT THOUGHT.

To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have. An aspiration is a joy for ever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich. Life is only a very dull and ill-directed theatre unless we have some interests in the piece; and to those who have neither art nor science, the world is merely an arrangement of colours, or a rough footway where they may very well break their shins. It is in virtue of his own desires and curiosities that any man continues to exist with even patience, that he is charmed by the look of things and people and that he awakens every morning with a renewed appetite for work and pleasure.—R. L. Stevenson.

SIMONDS' LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

The improvement in the weather during August increased our activities on the courts, and we were able to record a hat-trick of victories.

Our return match with the representatives of Messrs. Huntley & Palmers at Kensington Road on the 12th August produced an exciting struggle, but Beer was Best and we were able to "devour" the Biscuits by 5 rubbers to 4, 11 sets to 10, after a very pleasant afternoon's tennis.

The following Saturday we entertained the Royal Air Force from Odiham, but unfortunately they arrived with a depleted team, owing to duty calls, which somewhat curtailed play. However, an enjoyable time was spent by all after we had won the match by 10 sets to 3.

We paid our annual visit to Tilehurst on August 26th and met our old friends, the Beechwood L.T.C. Unfortunately rain during the tea interval made their courts unplayable, and we therefore completed the match on our own courts, gaining a victory by 7 rubbers to 1, 15 sets to 4. In this fixture Mr. S. Collins made his first appearance with the team and was in fine form. His "cannon-ball" service and the driving of his partner, Mr. C. L. Langton, enabled the pair to win their three rubbers in straight sets.

Congratulations must be extended to Mr. A. H. Turner on again winning the Singles Championship of the Abbey Barn T.C., Chertsey. This is the fourth successive year he has secured the title.

R.H.

A FINE COMBINATION.



In the above photograph Mr. T. Goddard, of Silchester, is seen representing "Barley Sack," and Miss Nora Oram, of Basingstoke, as "Milk Churn" in the grand Hospital Parade and Carnival held at Basingstoke in July.

THE FOUR POINTS, ALDWORTH.

The Four Points, Aldworth, is an attractive little house, and Mr. Lay and his family have good reason to be proud of their garden in which, as the lower photograph shows, there is a fine floral display, lilies predominating.



Exterior of the house.



The attractive flower garden with a fine display of lilies.

PUBLICAN'S TOMATOES THRIVE ON BEER.

EACH "DRINKS" A PINT A WEEK.

When Mr. H. Diment left his native Weymouth to come to London and take over the management of the Salmon and Compasses public house just off Leather-lane, Holborn, he lamented leaving his garden, says an *Evening Standard* reporter.

At his new home there was no garden. At the back of the building there is only a small backyard with a shed. But one day, as he was sauntering through the Leather-lane market, Mr. Diment saw some tomato plants, which were being sold for twopence each. He bought a dozen plants and some deep boxes, which he filled with soil. He planted the plants in the boxes, which he put on the roof of the shed.

"At first," he told me, "I had no luck at all. I tried everything, but it seemed that the plants were so unhappy in Holborn that they were intent on committing suicide.

THE LAST EFFORT.

"Then as a last effort I threw some waste beer on them. This had an almost immediate effect; they began to shoot up at once and since then they have never looked back.

"To-day, they are five feet tall, and as healthy as could be. Last year they yielded 30 lb. of tomatoes. This year I shall get at least 50 lb.

"All my customers know about them," he went on, "and many of them ask for a tomato, hoping, I think, that they might get a drink and a feed at the same time."

Mr. Diment added that each plant had on the average a pint of beer a week—a mixture of mild and bitter, with a dash of pale ale.

"I think whisky might be a bit too strong for them," he said.

ANY COMPLAINTS—?

So many members of the staff are "doing their bit" with the Territorials, Reserves and Militia, this summer, that we venture to submit this selection of service yarns for their amusement.—ED.

(From "The Optimist.")

The Territorial unit had taken on a large number of new recruits and some of them were a little raw. During the first rifle inspection the officer approached one of the men, had a look at his rifle, and then called to the N.C.O. in charge.

"Look at this man's rifle!" he announced.

The sergeant looked down the barrel, swung the rifle round to the recruit, and barked: "Take a look at that rifle, you!"

The recruit peered carefully down the barrel, then muttered in a surprised tone: "Cor! Got an 'ole right frew it!"

* * * *

A young and enthusiastic Cockney recruit had just been given his initial lesson in saluting, so when he found himself left to his own resources, he sallied out in the hope that he might meet an officer on whom he could practise his new accomplishment. He was in luck. Just ahead were the Commanding Officer and Adjutant of the Depot in deep conversation.

The youngster's right hand shot up with military precision, but the officers apparently did not notice his beautiful salute. This would never do. He retraced his steps and passed them again, repeating the salute, at the same time giving a shrill whistle to attract their attention. Then, using his left hand to indicate the salute, he called out: "Oi! What about it?"

* * * *

The battalion doctor was awakened in his quarters by the 'phone jangling at 3 a.m.

"What is it?" he asked testily and sleepily.

"Well, you see, doctor, we have been having a big party in the Mess, and I am terribly worried about Major Twuggle," came from the other end of the wire.

"Why bother me? Is he seeing elephants or something?" the doctor asked, very annoyed.

"That is the trouble, Sir," was the reply, "the room is full of them and he can't see a single one."

* * * *

A married soldier was had up at the Orderly Room for making a false statement to the Commanding Officer.

"You asked for leave to go to your mother-in-law's funeral and I am told she is perfectly well. What have you got to say?" "Beg pardon, Sir. I didn't say there was anything wrong with my mother-in-law. I simply said that I would like to go to her funeral."

Case dismissed.

* * * *

The taunt that the British soldier—especially the professional Regular soldier—is a "mercenary" because he received a far higher rate of pay than the Continental conscripts is a very old one.

There is a story told of a pompous and ill-mannered officer of a certain European army who was expounding on this theme at a dinner party where a British officer was present. "We fight for honour and glory—the British Army fights for money!" said the foreigner with an air of conscious superiority.

"Quite right, old boy!" replied the British officer, with that smile of amused tolerance which so often puzzles other nations, "each of us fights for what we haven't got!"

* * * *

A plumber, on joining the army, went in for a trade test and was asked to make a joint in a lead pipe. When finished, the officer put on his papers: "Joint very nicely done."

Three weeks later the man found himself head cook in the Officers' Mess.

* * * *

SERGEANT: "Didn't you hear 'About Turn'?"

RECRUIT: "No—what about him?"

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES.

The womanhood of England is drilling on the square.
(SHUN! Jump to it! AS YOU WERE! A little sharper there).
Foolish, fickle creatures, and physically frail,
But the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

The womanhood of England, a spate of keen recruits,
Is trying on its uniform and practising salutes.
The enemies of England are looking rather pale,
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

The womanhood of England is briskly falling in.
They whisper it in Moscow, they mark it in Berlin.
From Washington to Warsaw they hear it and they quail,
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

The womanhood of England came flocking to the fore,
When every eye was on the hand that leashed the dogs of war.
You never know with foreigners, but *something* turned the scale.
And the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

The womanhood of England is forming into squads,
Prepared for any service, against whatever odds.
So think again, ye braggarts, who would twist the Lion's tail,
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

—S.M.C. in the *Q.V.R. Gazette*.

"HOLLYWOOD."

Within the Hollywood whereof I write
No actor seeks employ—no films are made;
But berries cluster red—and flick'ring light
Dances across the darkness of the glade.
No stories here of passion and intrigue
—Of principalities and thrones and powers;
No crazy mountebanks the mind fatigue;
And all the Stars are lowly yellow flowers.

Yet tragedy exists—and Comedy!
—A tiny nest is spoiled of cherished eggs;
Into the streamlet falls a blund'ring bee
And staggers out with wetted wings and legs;
—Or sparrows scold, and hapless rabbits squeal
As tender paws in iron trap are gripped;
And sunbeams over scattered feathers steal
Where little birds were slain and bodies stripped.

No players here to earn outstanding fees
Exorbitant, impossible, immense,
But in the shadows of the old gnarled trees
And down the hollows (in the thickets dense)
Are creatures timorous, who scratch and scrape
Among the roots for meagre livelihood:
—And, finding such, from self I sometimes 'scape
To self-forgetfulness in Hollywood.

S. E. COLLINS.

THE ROYAL OAK, EALING BROADWAY.

Miss A. Cockman is the new licensee of the Royal Oak, Ealing Broadway. She started work there, with her uncle, in 1913. Before then she was looking after her father's home at Hanwell, and that is where she still spends most of her free afternoons. "There isn't much to say about the work," she said, when I asked what it was like. "There are seven of us here. We start at half-past eight, have breakfast, do the cleaning, then there is serving, then lunches, then serving again in the evening." "What do you find people like best for lunch?" Miss Cockman paused. "Well, they like variety . . . I think they like roast beef best."

The licence of the Royal Oak has been transferred from Mr. Cockman, who died recently, to his niece, Miss Cockman, who knows the trade inside out. Food "on the house" seems to be the popular way of celebrating the appointment of a new licensee; this was the method adopted both at the North Star and the Royal Oak.—*Middlesex County Times*.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A bachelor was asked by a sentimental young girl why he did not avail himself of some sweet woman's company on his voyage of life.

"I would," he replied, "if I were sure that the ocean would always be the Pacific."

* * * *

The pedestrian who had been knocked down was suing the motorist for damages.

At the trial the doctor was asked: "Where did the car hit this man?"

"At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae," he replied.

The foreman of the jury rose in his seat and remarked: "I've lived in this part of the country for nigh on fifty years and I know every cross road, but I've never heard of such a place. I believe it's a made-up case."

* * * *

VICAR (*appealing from the pulpit on behalf of Dinner Fund*): "What we want, my friends, is not abstract sympathy, but concrete plum puddings."

* * * *

PATIENT: "Oh, Doctor, I feel I'm lying right at death's door."

DOCTOR: "That's all right, I'll soon pull you through."

* * * *

PETER: "What was the cause of that motor collision?"

PAN: "Oh, the same old story. Two drivers after the same pedestrian!"

* * * *

HUSBAND (*reading*): "You know, I don't like all this metaphorical stuff. I wonder what this writer means by 'gems of thought?'"

WIFE: "Oh, probably something like that ring you're always promising to buy me."

* * * *

OLD-FASHIONED HEAD OF FIRM (*sternly*): "Did I see you come to the office in a taxi, Brown?"

MODERN OFFICE BOY: "Yes, sir, it gives the jolly old creditors confidence in us."

PRISONER: "We worn't fightin' yer worship, we was just trying to separate each other!"

JUDGE: "Case dismissed."

* * * *

PALMIST: "Don't worry! the dark clouds will soon roll by, the sun will come peeping through, and——"

CLIENT: "'Ere, Miss, I came 'ere for a 'and readin'—not the weather forecast!"

* * * *

"After all I've told you about economising, here you are—using two candles at once!"

"I ain't, ma'am. Them's one candle cut in 'arf."

* * * *

HABERDASHER: "I can recommend these shirts as especially strong. They simply laugh at laundries."

MRS. CRABSHAW: "Yes, I know. They come out of the tub with their sides split."

* * * *

DOCTOR: "Heart not very regular. Been out East a lot?"

PATIENT: "No, doctor, but I've been up West a good deal."

* * * *

FIRST LAWYER: "You're a low-down cheat!"

SECOND LAWYER: "You're an unmitigated liar!"

JUDGE (*rapping*): "Now that the attorneys have identified each other, we shall proceed with the case."

* * * *

CUSTOMER (*having a rough shave*): "I say, barber, have you another razor?"

BARBER: "Yes, why?"

CUSTOMER: "I want to defend myself."

* * * *

JAIL VISITOR: "Are you fond of music?"

CONVICT: "I like the opening bars."

* * * *

"My husband is ever so lucky! Yesterday he took out an accident insurance and today a brick fell on his head."

MRS. JONES: "What dreadful language your parrot uses!"

MRS. HOMES: "Yes; my husband bought the bird in town and brought it home in the car. He had two blow-outs and some engine trouble on the way."

* * * *

Two negroes were discussing their ancestry. Said one, "I can trace ma ancestry right back along the family tree."

"Well," answered the other pensively, "thar's only two sorts o' things dat lives in trees. Dey's monkeys and birds—and you ain't got no fevers on you."

* * * *

"Will you be able to save the pub?" anxiously asked the local regular.

"Hope so," said the firemen who were actively playing their hoses on it.

"Well," whispered the regular, "what about pumping water on the slate behind the door?"

* * * *

A small boy said to his father, "What do people mean about this Depression? What is a depression anyway?"

Says the father: "Well, it's like this. Before the Depression life was wine, women, and song. Today it is beer, mother, and the radio."

* * * *

A friend was showing us over his air-raid shelter. It was a lovely place. It had a radio set, easy chairs, a cocktail cabinet, and so on.

"It must have cost you a lot of money," we said.

"Oh," he said. "It did cost me a few hundred pounds."

As we came out at the top we noticed there were a lot of fairy lights strung all round the shelter.

"What are these for?" we asked.

"Oh, that's my own idea," he said. "That's going to fox 'em properly. When the enemy come over, we're going to switch all those lights on, so that they'll think we're there. But we'll be in the house all the time!"

"How the devil," asked the officer on the rifle range, "have you got those four straight bulls? Your range is six hundred yards and your sight is set at three hundred."

Said the young Militiaman (formerly a trick shot in variety): "See that little rock half-way along? Well, I'm bouncing 'em off that!"

* * * *

A musician who had been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for wife-desertion managed to secure another job on his release.

Shortly afterwards, he complained to a friend that he had been "fired." The friend asked him why, to which he replied, "Well, they found out I'd been in jail." "Why didn't you tell them in the first place?" continued the friend.

"But I did," the musician responded. "They asked me what my previous occupation was and I told them I'd been a 'cellist."

* * * *

A beggar, all unknowingly, knocked at the door of the village policeman. The door opened, and, with his head bent, the beggar started telling the tale:

"I didn't eat yesterday," he whined, "and I didn't eat today . . ." He raised his eyes and suddenly noticed the blue uniformed legs . . .

"And, lumme," he ended, "I don't care a hang if I don't eat tomorrow either!"

* * * *

An old Southern planter was discussing the hereafter with one of the coloured servants.

"Sam," he said, "if you die first I want you to come back and tell me what it's like over there. If I die first I'll come back and tell you what it's like."

"Dat suits me, massa," replied the old negro, "but if you dies first, Ah wants you to promise me dat you'll come back in de daytime."

* * * *

The magistrate was a very keen golfer. He was trying the case of a man who was summoned for cruelty to his wife.

"My client," said the defending counsel, "is a much maligned man. His wife is constantly nagging him and, in the end, driven to desperation, he beat her into silence with a golf club."

The magistrate leaned forward with a sudden show of interest.

"In how many strokes?" he questioned eagerly.

An American surgeon was called upon to perform an operation on a millionaire financier. It was a very intricate and difficult operation—the millionaire had an abscess on the brain.

When at last the operation had been performed and the patient came to, he felt at the bandages swathing his head, and was grateful for being alive. But he became curious when he found that the lower part of his body was likewise well bandaged. He couldn't account for a brain operation demanding that his stomach should be bandaged, so he called for the surgeon and demanded :

“ Why the second lot of bandages ? The operation was done to my head—— ”

“ I know,” said the surgeon, “ but let me tell you the excitement was intense. When I had finished the tension broke. The applause simply burst out from the admiring group of distinguished surgeons. It rang through the theatre and continued for so long that, finally, as an encore, I removed your appendix. Hence the second lot of bandages.”

* * * *

It was early morning, but the motorist hadn't got home from the “ night before ” yet. He'd been to a party and it was some party !

He was steering an uncertain course along the road when a milkcart turned the corner. The milkman just avoided hitting the car by much skill and more luck.

The motorist eyed him with dignity. “ Wotsh bid idea ? ” he asked sternly.

“ What idea ? ” retorted the milkman.

“ Driving an 'ntoxishcated horse ! ”

* * * *

A film actor was taken ill, and an “ extra ” who had been hanging about the studio for some days was given a chance to make good.

The “ extra ” appeared to be no amateur at love making, and when the kissing scenes were taken the producer pronounced him a marvel.

One kiss lasted three minutes, whereupon the overjoyed producer shouted :

“ Fine ! Wonderful ! Hold it ! ”

Embracing the beautiful film star, the “ extra ” removed his lips long enough to say : “ H'm. Try and make me let go.”

BRANCHES.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

Mr. C. R. Holman, one of our outdoor representatives, has always taken a very keen interest in flying and, on the formation of the Civil Air Guard last October, he was one of the first Plymouthians to join the organisation and has now attained the rank of Chief Unit Leader of the Plymouth Unit which is one of the strongest in the country. Lord Londonderry recently gave a trophy to the Civil Air Guard Commissioners for presentation to the most efficient Unit in the country and in this competition Plymouth have now entered the final. Mrs. Miles, of Messrs. Phillips & Powis, the aircraft manufacturers of Reading, at a recent inspection said that nothing would give her greater pleasure than for the trophy to find a home in the West Country.



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In the photograph, Mr. C. R. Holman is seen inspecting a parade of the Plymouth Unit at the Royal Marine Barracks, Plymouth. Accompanying Mr. Holman is Unit Leader S. G. Rivers, who was in charge of the parade.

We are very pleased to welcome the 1st Bn. The Suffolk Regiment, commanded by Lt.-Col. E. H. W. Backhouse, on their return to Devonport from Malta. This battalion was stationed here two years ago when they made many friends. In the photograph a portion of the battalion may be seen after detraining at Devonport. Our Mr. G. C. Searle is in the photograph as he was anxious to greet his numerous friends in the battalion. Always a sporting battalion they will be an asset to Plymouth sporting circles and we learn that shortly before leaving Malta they won the Command Sports.



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When considering the venue for their next holidays our readers would be well advised to consider the merits of Thurlestone, which is on the sunny south coast of Devon. Thurlestone was mentioned in the Doomsday Book (Torlestan) and this may be of interest to those who like a little history. The village with its thatched cottages is a very pretty sight and is filled with old world charm; in fact when Philip the Second of Spain proudly launched his "Invincible" Armada for the conquest of England, little did he think that timbers from one of his proud fleet would presently rest for centuries in the ceilings of a Devonshire farmhouse. This

farmhouse, built in 1588, was the birthplace of the Thurlestone Hotel. What is now the Cocktail Bar was once part of the original farm kitchen, and overhead the black curved, oaken beams from the wreck of the Spanish Hospital Ship, *St. Peter the Great*, silently tell their story of the wrecked hopes of a great empire and the ascent of England to her place as mistress of the seas. The crested chairs, with their horsehair seats, are veterans of the Crimea, where they served as part of the equipment in Florence Nightingale's own ward—the pioneer of field hospitals. Thurlestone Hotel is therefore a combination of the modern and the antique—it is equipped to accommodate over 200 guests with hot and cold water in the rooms, telephones, electric light, a large dining room and a splendid ball room, a magnificent garden, a golf course, tennis courts—in fact every modern convenience for your comfort and pleasure.

We are very pleased to learn that Miss B. Joan Hawke has been successful in passing the final examination of the Board of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh. By her latest success Miss Hawke now holds triple qualifications, which are: L.R.C.P. (Edin.), L.R.C.S. (Edin.), and L.R.F.P. & S. (Glasgow), to reward her for her years of study. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hawke, of the London Hotel, Ashburton, doubtless feel very proud of their daughter's achievements.

Mr. H. C. Coaker has now taken over the tenancy of the Stoke Wine and Spirit Vaults, Devonport, and we wish him every success in his new undertaking.

One of our draymen, J. B. Smith, was one of the central characters in a real life drama at Dartmouth recently. Whilst loading his lorry outside the Floating Bridge Inn, Smith heard shouts from the river and immediately ran to the edge of the quay where he saw that a young girl had fallen into deep water; the only other spectator, who was unable to swim, could not reach her. Smith dived into the river and brought the girl to shore. After having borrowed a change of clothes he was soon back on his job again, none the worse for his adventure.

The hot weather has arrived with the start of the football season, as usual, and the football players should easily get rid of their holiday fatness. There should be some good fun in the present Football League season as 44 Third Division teams say they are going up to the Second Division and the 22 Second Division teams have already decided to be promoted to the First Division next year—so we can all get our Pools correct and it will be a shame to take the money!

WOKING.

Saturday, 29th July, was the occasion of a pleasing little ceremony, when Mr. G. E. Ashdown left here to take up an appointment at Blandford Branch. On behalf of the entire staff, Mr. A. Wake presented him with a "Revelation" suitcase and, in conveying to him the good wishes of all, said he hoped that his fortunes would expand in the same fashion as the suitcase. We hope that by the time these notes are in print Mr. Ashdown will be settled in and enjoying the change of scene.

We are used to hearing of clubs with unusual aims and perhaps having unusual members, but the palm should go, we think, to the Hershaw Working Men's Club, who have a thriving "Hen-pecked Husbands' Club." The club started in January of this year as the outcome of a joke, and has now quite a considerable membership under the Presidency of Mr. T. Meek. We must say that the ultimate aims of the club are a little obscure, but no doubt the "Hen-pecking" wives (if, that is, any exist!) will be pleased to give us their views on its constitution, with perhaps a footnote or two upon the members. A "newsy" little monthly magazine is published and is eagerly awaited by the members, containing as it does many items of interest dealing with current affairs of the Working Men's Club.

PORTSMOUTH.

We were pleased to have again this year in our district the 145th South Midland Infantry Brigade (T.A.) who did their annual training at Lavant, near Chichester. The weather was good and the camp was an ideal one, after the very bad condition of Beaulieu and Corfe Castle, where we were also supplying Territorial Units. With the troops was the Oxfordshire detachment of the V.A.D. The establishment of the Brigade was duplicated during the past few months and many of the men are new recruits fitted out for the first time in uniforms of the now familiar battle dress. On August 18th an interesting exercise was undertaken. Three companies, each 250 strong, were conveyed by air from Tangmere Aerodrome in Bombay Troop Carriers for a secret destination. The exercise has been designed to demonstrate the mobility of large bodies of troops by speedy transfer from one section of hostilities to another at short notice. The troops arrived at Lavant on the Sunday before the August Bank Holiday and General Hughes had a word of praise for the local Police Force. "The way the troops and transport were got past Chichester Cross was excellent," he said. Throughout the day a continuous stream of transport and troops passed through the city and when the extra holiday traffic began to pour in, the Police kept things well under control. In all, about 3,000 troops were under canvas at this camp, and we hope they all had an enjoyable two weeks' stay. We met many old friends and hope made some new ones.