

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

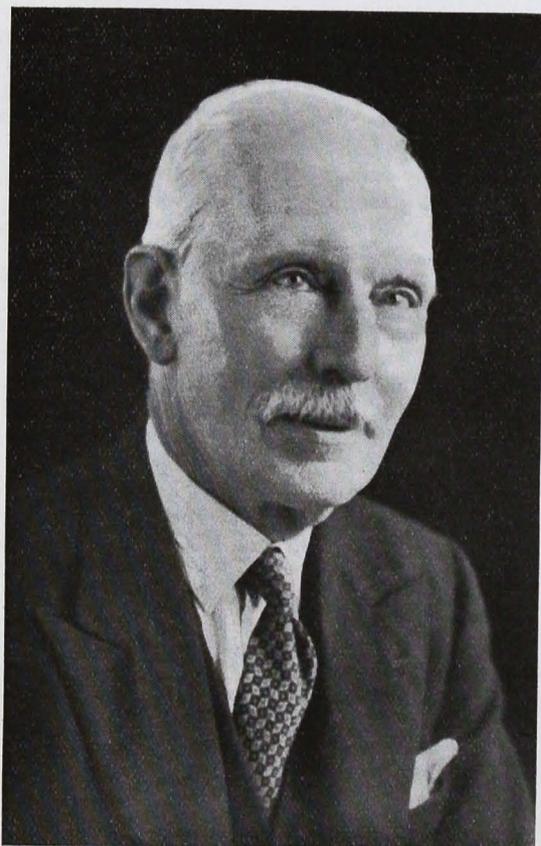
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XV.

FEBRUARY, 1941.

No. 5.



MR. A. C. KINGSTON.

MR. A. C. KINGSTON.

The appearance of Mr. A. C. Kingston's portrait in the frontispiece coincides with the completion of 50 years' service and adds another well known personality to the gallery of employees who have made their mark in the history of the Firm.

As a "number taker" in the Cask Department in 1881, Mr. Kingston started on a career which temporarily terminated in 1929, when he retired through ill-health from the position of Chief Cashier, which he had occupied for thirty years. After 10 years in retirement, Mr. Kingston returned to business upon the outbreak of war and at the age of 73 years has fulfilled his ambition to complete 50 years which he had always wished to achieve.

In reviewing various events in Mr. Kingston's life the incidence of number 13 stands out prominently, as it transpired that he was born on the 13th day of the month, started work at the age of 13, resides at 13 Christchurch Gardens and his family, including grandchildren, number 13. Fortunately Mr. Kingston has no superstitious fears of the supposedly unlucky number and throughout his many years as cashier he has never been known to give thirteen pennies for a shilling!

Not only in ability has Mr. Kingston proved himself outstanding in filling the position of cashier, his high principles have always included meticulous attention to detail and accuracy, amounting almost to a passion. During his career he has witnessed an enormous increase in the Firm's finances and a consequent reorganization of the methods of accountancy. In his enforced retirement he could have had no greater consolation than the memories of the responsible work which he had so successfully carried on for many years and the high prestige which he had always upheld. Upon his return to business he discovered that the work of the Cashier's Department had again multiplied itself. Combined with a courtliness of manner of the old-world order, which has never failed, his return has been a welcome addition to our greatly depleted staff.

During the years of leisure, Mr. Kingston enjoyed his hobbies of fishing and gardening. He also invented a patent smoking pipe, which he named the "Austin" and exported to Africa and America.

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

CHAT *from* 
THE EDITOR'S CHAIR
(By C. H. P.)

2ND LIEUT. SIMONDS WOUNDED.

2nd Lieut. E. D. Simonds, son of our Chairman and Managing Director (Mr. F. A. Simonds), who is serving in the Middle East, has been wounded in the arm. It is gratifying to know, however, that the injury is not serious.

SONG ABOUT HITLER.

Irving Berlin, of New York, has written a new song, dedicated to the destruction of Hitler, which he hopes will become "The Anthem of the Universe." It was broadcast over the American radio and the first reaction was overwhelmingly enthusiastic. The words are:—

When that man is dead and gone,
When that man is dead and gone,
We'll go dancing down the street,
When that man is dead and gone.
What a day to wake up on,
What a way to greet the dawn!
Hap-Hap-Happy? Yes, indeed,
On the morning when we read
That that man is dead and gone.
We've got a date to celebrate
On the day we catch up with that one man spreading
hate.
His account is overdrawn;
All his chances are in pawn.
Some fine day the news will flash:
"Satan with a small moustache
Is asleep beneath the lawn"
When that man is dead and gone.

The song is sung as a Negro spiritual.

IMPOSING SIGHT AT GIBRALTAR.

The parcel of 700 barrels of beer was eventually landed on the 23rd and 24th December, just in time for the Xmas trade. We fined and issued the beers from the wharf itself and I believe it was an imposing sight to see dozens of army lorries waiting at the wharf to draw their ration. Everybody from the Governor down was highly delighted that the beer arrived in time for Xmas.—*Extract of letter from Mr. E. M. B. Cottrell, Gibraltar, under date 5th January, 1941.*

RAZOR BLADES.

Now that the supply of safety-razor blades is to be severely restricted, here is a useful hint. These blades can be easily re-sharpened in an ordinary smooth glass tumbler. The blade should be placed inside the glass, its edges at right angles to the rim, and pressed flat to the curve of the glass. In this position it should be rubbed to and fro about fifty times before it is turned on to its opposite face, and the rubbing repeated. Short strokes only are required, and the operation should not take longer than a minute. With a little practice at least three weeks' good shaving can be obtained from one blade.

PLIERS PLEASE!

A large number of Londoners had been evacuated for work at a war factory near a Lancashire town. A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* happened to be in the neighbourhood of the factory and went into a small general shop in search of a pair of pliers. The shop had ironmongery in one window and sweets and tobacco in the other.

"Have you any pliers?" he asked.

"Sorry, we haven't a cigarette in the place," the shopkeeper replied, and she was a real Lancashire woman!

THE NAMES OF THE MONTHS.

January.—The Roman Janus presided over the beginning of everything; hence the first month of the year was called after him.

February.—The Roman festival Februs was held on the 15th day of this month, in honour of Lupercus, the god of fertility.

March.—Named from the Roman God of War, Mars.

April.—Lat. *Aprilis*, probably derived from *aperire*, to open: because spring generally begins, and the buds open in this month.

May.—Lat. *Maius*, probably derived from Maia, a feminine divinity worshipped at Rome on the first day of this month.

June.—Juno, a Roman divinity worshipped as the Queen of Heaven.

July (Julius). Julius Caesar was born in this month.

August.—Named by the Emperor Augustus Caesar, B.C. 30, after himself, as the month in which he had gained several victories.

September (*Septem*, or 7) was the seventh month in the old Roman calendar.

October (*Octo*, or 8). Eighth month of the Roman year.

November (*Novem*, or 9). November was the ninth month in the old Roman year.

December (*Decem*, or 10). December was the tenth month of the early Roman year.

THE TEST.

A South African newspaper has been comparing the world war with the first innings of a cricket Test Match. Scores of the various countries are indicated by the number of days they have held out against the enemy attack. Following is the score to date:

P.O. Land, c Stalin, b Hitler	10
C. Slovakia, c and b Hitler	0
A.U. Stria, run out	0
D. Enmark, run out	0
N. Orway, c Quisling, b Hitler	62
H. Olland, retired hurt	3
B. Elgium, stpd. Leopold, b Hitler	17
F. Rance, c Musso, b Hitler	294

G. Britain and D. O. Minions are not out; America has still to bat.

ABERDEEN STORIES.

Sir James Taggart, a former Lord Provost of Aberdeen, who was a famous story teller, notably against his own townsmen, died at his home in Aberdeen recently. It was said of him that he told 1,000 stories a year, and four years ago some of them were printed in book form. He rivalled Lord Aberdeen as a story teller, and they held more than one story telling contest.

Here are some of the stories he was fond of telling:

When the war broke out the King took the pledge and, as Lord Provost of Aberdeen, I did likewise. I never thought the war would last so long.

An Aberdonian went away for a month's holiday, taking with him a dark green shirt and a pound note. He changed neither of them.

A traveller at Euston Station was booking a third single to Inverness and was informed "Change at Aberdeen." "Na, na," said the traveller. "I'll take my change now. I've been in Aberdeen before."

Two farmers were discussing the weather. One of them said, "Man, this weather is awfu' good. It will bring everything oot of the grun." "God forbid," said his neighbour, "I have three wives there."

Once, when addressing a meeting, Sir James Taggart had a slight cold, or, as it is known in the Scottish dialect, a "hoast." Sir James convulsed his audience with the remark, "If I had only the Red Sea here the cure would be complete, for as everyone knows, it stopped Pharaoh's hoast."

BAD BOTH WAYS.

"Is he much of a tennis player?"

"Well, he admits he is singularly bad in doubles, and everyone else says he is doubly bad in singles."

WELL DONE, PAT!

He determined to pass his favourite inn on his way home. As he approached it he became somewhat shaky, but after plucking up courage, he carried on. Then, after going about fifty yards, he turned and said to himself: "Well done, Pat, me boy. Come back and I'll treat ye."

"WHAT GENTLEMEN!"

We were all very pleased to hear our Prime Minister pay the following great tribute to our police in his wonderful broadcast speech. No tribute was more richly deserved:—

"All honour to the civil defence services of all kinds—emergency and regular, the voluntary and professional—who have helped our people through this formidable ordeal, the like of which no civilised community has ever been called upon to undergo.

"If I mention only one of them to-night, namely, the police, it is because many tributes have been paid already to the others. But the police have been in it everywhere all the time. And as a working woman wrote to me in a letter, 'What gentlemen they are!'

THE POLITE POLE.

The Poles are noted for their politeness. At a certain bomber station there were a number of Poles who were certainly no less polite than their compatriots. One day a section of the British pilots were setting off on a mission that was generally known to be exceptionally hazardous. As they left the mess they found the Poles drawn up at the door. Their spokesman had in his hand an English dictionary. He stepped forward.

"God pickle you, gentlemen," he said.

The English language is full of pitfalls, and perhaps not the least of them concerns the words "pickle" and "preserve."

CONVERSATIONAL VERBIAGE.

It has been suggested that Mr. Churchill's recent appeal for brevity and directness in official communications might with advantage be extended to cover the verbiage which pads almost everyone's conversation nowadays. Perhaps someone will start a campaign to cut out from common speech some or all of the following redundant or meaningless phrases:—

As a matter of fact.

So to speak.

In point of fact.

I mean to say.

If you know what I mean.

As it were.

For all the world.

Don't you know?

To all intents and purposes.

Needless to say.

As it happens.

In so many words.

And no mistake.

Sort of.

When I come to think of it.

THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

The various restrictions due to rationing are bound to affect people who once gloried in a bountiful hospitality. An American, returning to his motherland some five or six years ago, told a tale of British hospitality which points the contrast.

He was a week-end guest at a big country house, complete with parks, stables, and prize cattle. On his first morning there the maid brought him his hot water and asked him about his breakfast. "Tea, coffee, or milk?" she queried. He selected tea.

"Very good, sir," said the maid, adding: "Ceylon, China, or Assam?" The American chose Assam. "Milk, cream or lemon?" pursued the maid. "Milk," said the guest, thinking that at last the catechism was over. "Very good," said the maid again: "Jersey, Guernsey, or Alderney?"

ANY LUCK!

The wife of a sporting fellow prohibited her husband from backing horses. But he continued secretly. One evening an old friend, unaware of the prohibition, dropped in and said to the punter: "Well, did you have any luck with Jeanette yesterday?"

Instantly the wife shot her husband an ugly look and went out of the room. "You've torn it," groaned the husband. "My wife thinks I don't bet now. You'll have to square this with her."

In a few moments, when the wife returned, the friend said breezily: "I say, Mrs. Smith, I'm awfully sorry if I misled you just now. Jeanette isn't a horse, you know. She's a barmaid."

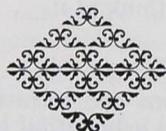
GARDENING NOTE.

A correspondent asks: "If I planted some electric bulbs, what would be the result?"

Answer: A good crop of shocking currants.

Another reader inquires: "If I took up some of the pavement in Broad Street and threw down some seeds, what would come along?"

Answer: Probably the Chief Constable.



THE DAY.

BY THE "BATH RAILWAY POET."

[The author of the striking poem which we reproduce below by kind permission of the "Daily Express" is Mr. Henry Chappell, a railway porter at Bath. Mr. Chappell is known to his comrades as the "Bath Railway Poet." The "Express" acclaims the author of "The Day" as a national poet—an opinion which is very largely shared by the general Press.]

You boasted the Day, and you toasted the Day,
And now the Day has come.

Blasphemer, braggart, and coward all,
Little you reck of the numbing ball,
The blasting shell, or the "white arm's" fall,
As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the Day, you lied for the Day,
And woke the Day's red spleen.
Monster, who asked God's aid Divine,
Then strewed His seas with the ghastly mine;
Not all the waters of the Rhine
Can wash thy foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the Day, you schemed for the Day;
Watch how the Day will go,
Slayer of age and youth and prime
(Defenceless slain for never a crime),
Thou art steeped in blood as a hog in slime,
False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the Day, you have grown for the Day;
Yours is the harvest red.
Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?
Can you see the heap of slain that lies,
And sightless turned to the flame-split skies,
The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have wronged for the Day, you have longed for the Day
That lit the awful flame.
'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain
Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain;
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,
And mothers curse thy name.

But after the Day there's a price to pay
For the sleepers under the sod,
And He you have mocked for many a day—
Listen and hear what He has to say:
"Vengeance is mine; I will repay."
What can you say to God?

THE WINDOW.

From out my cottage window I can see,
Close by the open gate,
A nuthatch nimbly climbing up a tree
Feathered in buff and slate.

And in the hedge I spy a bullfinch cock
—A fine audacious lad
With velvet cap and carmine-coloured smock
Whose presence makes me glad.

His fond admiring wife keeps close to him
There by the hollies barbed :
—Her comely little body neat and trim
Tho' not so gaily garbed.

A flock of pigeons thro' the wood descends
(The wood across the way)
And off the ground collects what odds and ends
Of acorn-mast it may.

And now a small blue-tit has fluttered down
Upon the thin-spread snow
To search, among the fallen leaves so brown,
For any crumbs I throw.

All these I watch—together and at once :
—Their feasts—their harmless fights,
And he would be a dullard or a dunce
Who loved not such delights.

S. E. COLLINS.

LONDON UNDER BOMBARDMENT.

I, who am known as London, have faced stern times before,
Having fought and ruled and traded for a thousand years and more ;
I knew the Roman legions and the harsh-voiced Danish hordes ;
I heard the Saxon revels, saw blood on the Norman swords.
But, though I am scarred by battle, my grim defenders vow
Never was I so stately nor so well-beloved as now.

The lights that burn and glitter in the exile's lonely dream,
The lights of Piccadilly, and those that used to gleam
Down Regent Street and Kingsway may now no longer shine,
But other lights keep burning, and their splendour, too, is mine.
Seen in the work-worn faces and glimpsed in the steadfast eyes
When little homes lie broken and death descends from the skies.
The bombs have shattered my churches, have torn my streets apart,
But they have not bent my spirit and they shall not break my heart.

For my people's faith and courage are lights of London town
Which still would shine in legends though my last broad bridge
were down.

Greta Briggs.

(From *The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post.*)

A MODEL BAR.



The bar at the Sergeants' Mess, 10th Light A.A. Training Regiment, R.A., "somewhere in England," starring Uncle Bert, the civilian steward.

DEATH OF OLD CONTEMPTIBLE.

EMPLOYEE OF MESSRS. SIMONDS FOR 23 YEARS.



Mr. F. S. Jones is to be seen on the extreme right of the picture.

The death has occurred of Mr. Frederick Sidney Jones, of Brook Street West, Reading, in Battle Hospital, who had been employed by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds for 23 years.

Mr. Jones was a member of the Reading branch of the Old Contemptibles Association and had seen some 18 years' service with the Royal Berkshire Regiment in the Regulars and as a volunteer. After service in Ireland and India, he went to France in 1914 and was wounded in the first battle of the Somme. His eldest son is a prisoner of war in Germany.

At his funeral at St. Saviour's Church full military honours were accorded him. Eight corporals acted as pall-bearers and a firing party of 12 men and N.C.O.'s was provided. A bugler sounded the "Last Post" and "Reveille." The Association exhortation was read by the chairman of the Reading branch of the Old Contemptibles, Mr. F. A. Sayer. The service was conducted

by the priest-in-charge, the Rev. G. R. Webster. The interment was at the Henley Road Municipal Cemetery.

Representatives of the Old Contemptibles Association (Reading branch) who attended were: Chums F. A. Sayer, D.C.M. (chairman), W. A. Aldridge, E. T. G. Bullas, W. J. Farmer, A. S. Grover, W. E. Holden, C. V. Patterson and W. H. Worthy.

Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. were represented by Messrs. S. Winterbourne, E. Jordon, J. Maxwell and G. Andrews.

The wreaths included those from Old Contemptibles Association (Reading branch), Unionist and Conservative Association (Minster Ward) and Workmates H. & G. Simonds Ltd.

LORD MAYOR'S RED CROSS FUND.

The following contributions have been made to the Lord Mayor's Red Cross Fund:—

	January, 1941.			Totals Collected.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Beer Cellars	12	9		9	13	8
Bottling Stores	1	8	11½	10	17	8½
Brewery	11	5½		7	7	3½
Building	15	8½		11	7	7½
Cooperage	6	1		4	18	10½
Delivery Office	7	11½		4	1	3
Engineers, etc.	15	0½		12	1	2½
Maltings	1	1	6	9	13	8½
Offices (Ground Floor)	1	8	2½	15	5	0
„ (1st and 2nd Floors)	15	7½		10	10	0
Social Club		11		1	15	2½
Stables	2	5½		1	15	7½
Sundries				6		5½
Surveyors	8	11½		4	19	8
Transport	9	6½		7	2	3½
Wheelwrights	5	3½		4	14	9½
Wine Stores	10	2½		5	10	2
	£10	0	7½	£122	0	5½



CAPTAIN ERIC KIRBY.

The friends of Captain E. Kirby will be pleased to hear of his promotion. He was a regular contributor to the Gazette prior to joining the Army.

THE SALUTE.

BY LIEUT. H. MALCOLM MCKEE, M.C.

(From *The Royal Army Ordnance Corps Gazette*).

Did you ever think what you are actually doing when you salute? The custom is one of the few survivals from the beautiful and meaningful ceremonial of chivalry: when knights were bold and ladies fair, and everybody was ready to fight for anything or nothing at a split second's notice.

When you salute with your right hand you are going through the motions of raising the visor of a helmet, and so showing your face, and showing it is the face of a friend and not of an enemy. "Eyes right" has the same idea.

When you salute with a sword you are placing yourself at the mercy of the man you are saluting, as he could run you through before you could recover and come to the "on guard" position. Swords are now, as they should be, swept to the right (after kissing the hilt, which is the Cross—thus swearing good faith) and leave the chest unguarded. They used to be swept down in front of the body and the tip even crashed on the ground. I used to always do this for "swank" until I found my poor sword was getting the worst of it; but *senior* senior officers liked it. It showed goodwill.

The modern salute with the sword is the return to the older form. Still earlier with this movement, the left hand went through the motions of lifting the visor (for recognition and the kiss of fealty) as well, and I don't know why it is not reintroduced, as swords are not slung now, so the scabbard is not carried in the hand; and even if it were it could be dropped, though catching it again would be a problem, with any sort of grace, I mean. When mounted, the horse might bolt!

When saluting with a rifle you "present arms." Formerly, the rifle was pushed out in front—you were "giving" your arms away, and so rendering yourself defenceless. Saluting with a rifle at the slope, or at the shoulder, is not so graceful, but it leaves the rifle in a position similarly incapable of defence.

Drivers salute with the whip, when on the horse, in the same manner as with a sword. Picket boats stop their engines. In both cases the power to manoeuvre is suspended, and the gun or wagon and the boat rendered defenceless. Ships lower their flags—they "surrender." A fanfare, or a salute of guns, shows that the arrival is recognised as a friend, and is not sneaking in as an enemy; and the guns are unloaded and so defenceless.

It is not always the senior who is saluted. A General coming into a Second-Lieutenant's office salutes first, unless the subaltern

is directly under his command. If he didn't, in theory, the subaltern, being commanding officer, might shoot him as an enemy trespasser. In practice it's usually only his own commanding officer he wants to shoot!

Standing to "attention" is another form of salute. You could push over a man in that position very easily, as he is precariously balanced.

It is not only officers who are saluted. Armed parties receive the compliment from sentries, and guards turn out to the "armed forces of the Crown." Without arms they are "privates"—private persons or civilians, and so not worthy of being considered potentially dangerous. Sailors, when before their commander at a table, take their caps off, so that they can't in a fit of pique throw them at him! And, really, because only comparatively recently did the Navy have uniforms. So removing the cap is a survival of the civilian salute. Prisoners, if violent, sometimes have their boots removed, as they were often hurled with splendid effect.

When in plain clothes the hat is raised (like the visor), as to a lady. When no headdress is worn a soldier gives "eyes right," but both soldiers and civilians bow low to the King. They present their heads in a convenient position to receive a blow of a cudgel or a mace. The "nod" in civil life is an abbreviated bow. The King removes his hat when in strange surroundings to show he is the King, and keeps it on in his court for the same reason; though this is a survival of the retention of the helmet to guard his head. His guards retain theirs so as to be ready to defend him, but everybody else had to be uncovered so that they were defenceless and showed whom they were—a perpetual salute.

The "accolade" is the salute used in conferring knighthood. Long ago, the gentleman about to be created knelt, and the King kissed him and raised him in his arms, thus exposing himself to a "stab in the back" from the other, and so showing his trust in his knight-bachelor. Now the embryo kneels and his sovereign slaps him on the shoulder with the flat of a sword—thus saluting him and at the same time indicating exactly whom he is addressing, just as a policeman must lay his hand on a man he is arresting. The subject raises himself on the command, "Rise, Sir Thomas Atkins."

A good story is told of Queen Victoria. A vulgar Lord Mayor was about to be knighted. The Queen asked him his name whilst he was on his knees. The budding knight on the carpet replied, "Mr. John Snooks," instead of "John Snooks," as "Mr." is not a term used in chivalry. The Queen's sharp temper—and keen wit—made her say, "Rise, Mr. John Snooks."

A beautiful story is told of her. A very ancient servant was being knighted. He was so frail he had difficulty in rising from his isolated position, so the Queen-Empress, seeing this, instantly rose from her throne, and helped him to his feet, thus in practice returning to the older ceremonial of chivalry when it was applicable.

The stranger in another's territory always salutes first, for the reasons I have given for the General. The junior salutes first for the same reasons, on other occasions. On boarding a ship you salute the quarterdeck, because in olden days a crucifix was erected there. The custom is kept up because you reveal whom you are by saluting.

Salutes are returned in the same manner as they are given unless the receiver is differently dressed or armed, when the appropriate salute is given in return.

There is no such thing as an "officer's salute," though for practical reasons an officer passing a junior keeps his elbow in, as otherwise the elbows might meet (now that the "left-hand salute" is abolished), and *that* might lead to a breach of the peace!

Sloppy saluting is very revealing. It shows two things: First, that the men don't care enough about their officers to salute smartly; secondly, that the officers don't care enough about the men to make them salute smartly.

A smart salute is the beautiful expression of the spirit of chivalry. A sloppy salute is the ugly expression of the spirit of Bolshevism—the giver of the salute does so because he must, and is thus to be despised, because he is in the service merely for the money he gets, and is a miserable hireling instead of a willing and loyal servant of the King; as the senior represents the King and it is the King whom you salute through his representative.

In a law court it is different. When you salute the Judge you are saluting the King, but the Judge is the King, even more than a Viceroy. A Governor *personally* represents the King, and has some of the King's powers delegated to him, but his Majesty's Judges *are* the King, and cannot be removed from office even by the King (though by our Constitution both Houses of Parliament may combine to remove a Judge for several paramount reasons).

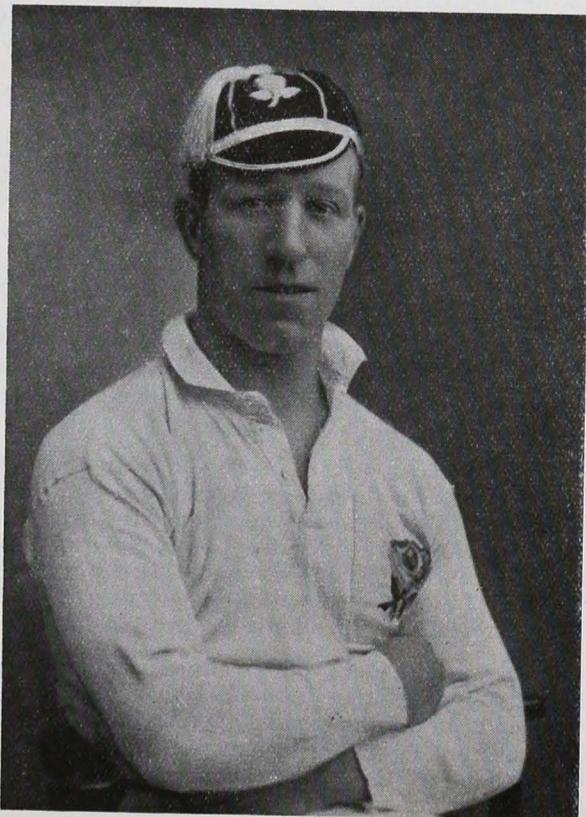
When you salute the King you are also saluting an Emperor—he is the only link in law, or anything else, which holds our Empire together. There is no word to express his position, but "Majesty"—the stately ruler and essence of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen. Without the Crown there would be no Empire, *de jure* or *de facto*, in law or in fact.

PASSING OF A GREAT RUGBY FORWARD.

As reported under the Tamar Brewery, Devonport, notes in this issue, the death of our chief Naval Representative, Mr. W. G. E. Luddington, occurred while on active service with the Royal Navy. His untimely end at the age of 47 recalls an England rugby pack in which he figured in the front row as hooker with conspicuous success. He was also worth his place as a goalkicker.

Among the many sportsmen who have fallen in the war few have been more prominent in their day than Mr. Luddington. A few of his contemporaries were W. W. Wakefield, A. T. Voyce, G. S. Conway, R. Edwards, R. Cove-Smith, A. F. Blakiston and E. R. Gardner.

In his first season, 1923, he took part in the International match at Inverleith, when he won the game for England by kicking



The late Mr. W. G. E. Luddington.

a goal from the touch-line practically on the stroke of time. Before this match he and Gardner, with typical Navy thoroughness, spent many days at Devonport practising for the occasion.

An account of his sporting career appeared in the September, 1939, issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, which has since been reproduced in the Press.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to the widow and child of this great sportsman, whose wonderful character and fine personal attributes will be a big loss to our staff of outdoor representatives. We have already received numerous letters of regret testifying to the great esteem in which he was held in wide circles.

We are confident that in the last great struggle in which he figured, he played more than a man's part in the battle and worthily upheld the great traditions of the Royal Navy.

The following letter which was received from Mrs. Luddington is such a wonderful example of courage and fortitude in the face of great sorrow that we believe it will go far to lessen the grief of others who might unfortunately be similarly bereaved:—

"Thank you so much for your letter of sympathy which you so kindly sent me on hearing of my husband's death. We have indeed had a terrible shock. I always thought there was the possibility he may perhaps be injured, being in such dangerous waters, but somehow the idea of him being killed never seemed to occur to me. I suppose it was the faith and hope we both had in the future. I have had the bottom knocked out of my world for a while, but I feel it would be his wish for us not to grieve too much but to carry on as normally as possible. So I am trying to do this to the best of my ability and I shall now make our boy, Peter—who is now 10½—my life and bring him up to be the sort of man his father was. He and his daddy were always tremendous pals and we only have the very happiest of memories of him, which is a lot to be thankful for.

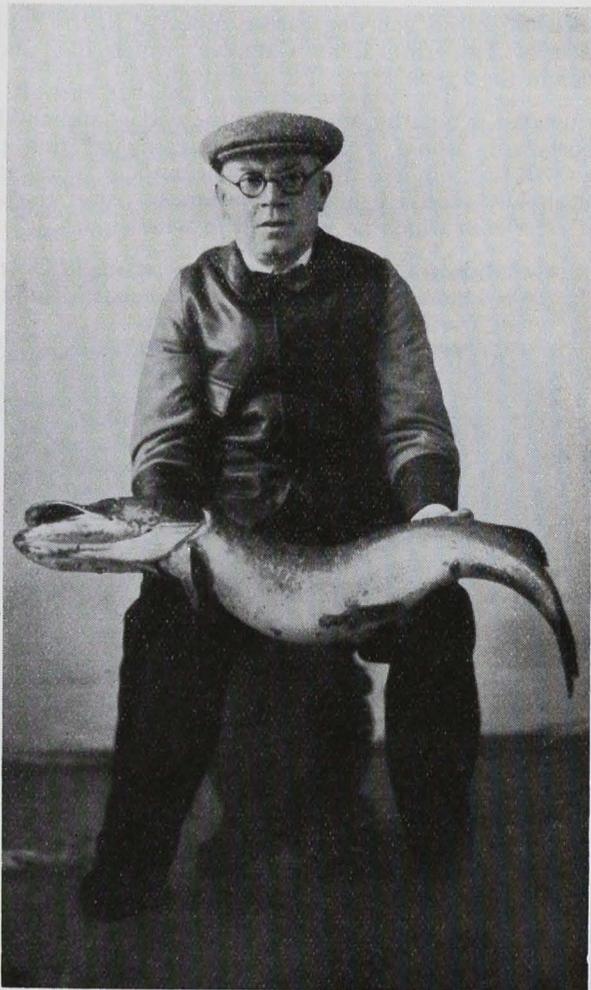
In this dreadful war there are so very many others situated like myself that I feel I am not alone in my sadness—and if all the deaths help in any small way to bring victory a little nearer and to make the world a better place for our children to grow up in, they won't have died in vain.

Thank you again for your letter, which I appreciated very much indeed.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) VERA M. LUDDINGTON."

WELL CAUGHT!



This fine pike was caught in the Kennet and Avon Canal near the "Bridge House," Theale, by Mr. J. Achmele, on February 1st. It weighed 21½lbs.

NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

STRANGE NESTING SIGHTS.

DETECTIVES OF THE WOODS.

During these winter months the starlings have indeed appeared in mass formation—thousands upon thousands of them. In the past few years, I suppose, the starling has been the most abundant bird in England. The house-sparrow must be a good second from a numerical point of view. Then, the rook, jackdaw, song-thrush, blackbird, and skylark. There has been also an obvious numerical increase in the ranks of the black-headed gull, a gratifying state of affairs due, as in the case of the lapwing, both to wise legislation and to an extensive appreciation of the economic value of the species concerned.

ABUNDANT BIRDS.

So abundant have been the starlings that, not long ago, there arose in certain quarters the suggestion that measures should be taken for the reduction of their numbers. However, in some districts where such measures were adopted, the result was a definite and unmistakable increase in the numbers of crane-flies, click-beetles, and certain other pestiferous insects.

Just as some species of wild birds became more generally in evidence during the last few years, so have some shown a numerical reduction. Amongst the latter may be mentioned the yellow-wagtail, the blackcap warbler, the corncrake and the nightjar.

STRANGE NESTING SITES.

The birds will soon be building now and, I doubt not, many will choose the strangest of nesting sites. Perhaps a wren will select a broccoli, or a robin the collar of an old coat hanging in the shed. Great-tits have been known to nest in an inverted flower-pot. I have found nests of the blackbird and redstart in cast-away buckets, and a grey wagtail once built her home in one of the gates of a lock on the Thames.

BLACKBIRD'S NEST ON THE GROUND.

According to the ancient folk lore of some rural districts, the nesting of blackbirds on the ground is said to indicate a hot, dry summer.

An old rhyme says :

“ When rooks build high and blackbirds low,
A very fine summer it doth show ;
But if rooks build low and blackbirds high,
You must keep your weather eye on the sky.”

DETECTIVES OF THE WOODS.

Maybe, when you are sitting quietly in a wood you will suddenly hear the *pink pink* of chaffinches, the chattering of magpies and the harsh notes of the jays as they dart from tree to tree and again and again dive down nearly to the ground. They are telling you in the plainest possible language that some enemy is afoot in the shape of a stoat, fox or cat. Well do the keepers know the meaning of such sounds and the information laid by these winged detectives very frequently leads to the killing by the keeper of the four-footed intruders.

STOATS ATTACK MEN.

It is a common occurrence for stoats to “ pack ” at certain times of the year, and they have been known to show great daring when travelling in a “ pack.” My father, writes a correspondent in *The Times*, was once attacked by a number of stoats when driving along a lane in a cart. The animals were extremely vicious and actually mounted the cart. My father threw out the remains of his lunch, which diverted their attention and saved himself from being badly bitten. A groom on horseback was attacked on another occasion, his horse being severely bitten. The horse bolted and threw his rider, who was injured. This was perhaps more in the nature of a reprisal than an attack, as the horse had struck one of the stoats with his hoof as they passed across the road in a “ pack.” I believe the term used by country people is a “ drove.”

THE RABBIT STAMPS !

On the approach of danger rabbits stamp with their hind feet. This signal can be heard a long way off and when given it will cause the occupants of a whole warren to promptly disappear. The agitated twitter of a small bird denotes the presence of an owl and in less than no time dozens of little birds will appear from all quarters and give that owl such a scolding that he is glad to take shelter in a shed out of sight.

RECIPE FOR GAME PIE.

Here is a good recipe for Game Pie :—

Search for your game carefully and until you find it ; observe it well, and then leave it to the full enjoyment of life and its native haunts. You will soon have in a green dish of rarest design and ornamentation, with cover of radiant blue, a filling of happy memories, seasoned with vigour and beauty.

Every time the pie is opened these memories will begin to sing.

LOFTY, WIDE AND GRAND.

Spring is on the way ! And we shall soon be picking primroses, and other beautiful wild blooms, and be listening to the joyous songs of birds. The countryside at this time of the year is well portrayed in the following expressive lines :

I know a church, 'tis lofty, wide and grand ;
Its roof the cloud-specked sky, its light the sun ;
Its marbled columns, oaks, and stately elms ;
With leafy glades instead of flagged aisles ;
Its choir the sound of countless singing birds,
One glorious song of glad triumphant praise.

* * * *

The prayer, a wordless whisper, born of thought ;
The sermon, silence, and the preacher, God.

"TO ALL MY PALS."

My heart's chock full of gratitude to each good pal of mine,
Who one and all have stuck by me tho' fortune did decline ;
I just can't seem to find the words that really could define
My thoughts of you.

Day in, day out, for months and months you came and sat with me
After a hard day's toil and you'd no sooner had your tea
And had a wash and brush up than it's off you'd go to see
How's "old Bill doing."

Not in haphazard fashion did you just drop in to learn
How Bill was getting on to-day. I'm sure each took his turn,
And some one kept a duty roll, it's easy to discern
So regular were you.

'Twas not in words alone you proved your friendship to be real,
You all knew from experience when you'd had a rotten deal
That sympathetic words are nice, they wouldn't make a meal,
That's where you shone.

Some brought me grapes, some brought me eggs and some brought
spuds and greens,
Bananas, apples, pears and plums, some even "gave me beans,"
And (under God) I feel I'd be among the "once have been"
Except for you.

For many a time when first I had to lay my tools away
I doubted much if life would be worth living and I'd pray
To sink into that last long sleep, my very soul seemed grey,
And I'd lost hope.

You chaps will understand, then, what a useless log I seemed,
To feel that I was on the shelf, those aims of which I'd dreamed
All gone astray and through the darkness not one faint star gleamed,
And bitter thoughts

Surged in my heart because I knew that all my dear ones thought
In better days I hadn't been as careful as I ought.
('Twas easy come and easy go, the future mattered naught)
While all went well.

Yet slowly as the weeks crept on your never failing cheer
Bucked up my drooping spirits and once more I got in gear
(Not on the high gear where I used to drive without a fear)
But on the low.

Last Armistice I little thought I'd stand upon Parade,
Beneath the Standard BLUE AND GOLD, and see the Poppies laid,
Or say the Exhortation for that glorious brigade
Who grow not old.

And now altho' I'm not Mark I and may be classed "part worn,"
I put a silent prayer up every night and every morn
For the zest of life's returning, and my fading hope's reborn
Because of you.

God knows for just how long I'll be allowed to carry on,
But this I know that while I have such pals to call upon
I'll envy no one for no wealth could buy what I have won
And you have given.

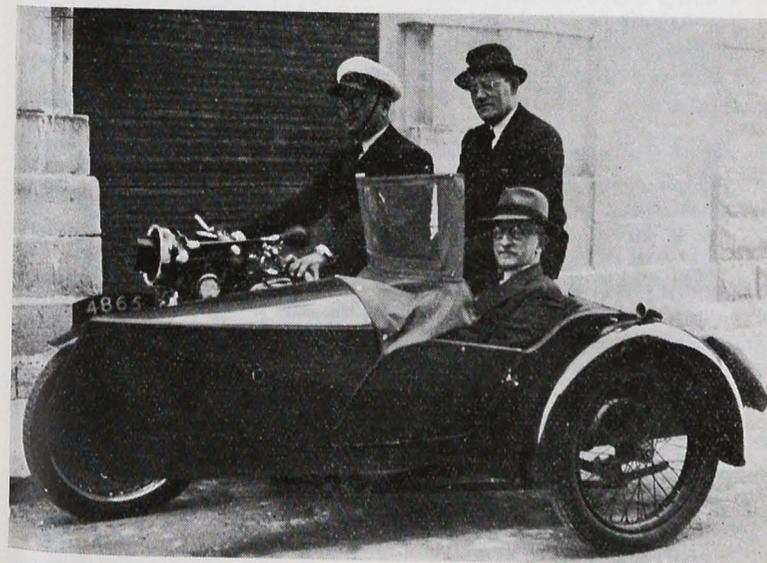
And now may GOD protect and keep you each and every one,
From dusk till dark, from dark till dawn, from dawn till setting sun,
And may you each have pals as good as mine till life is done
And we pass on.

W. J. MEDLAM,

Ash Branch, British Legion.

Armistice Sunday, 1940.

MALTA.



Brig.-General H. Simonds de Brett, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., R.A., and
Mr. Lewis Farrugia in the motor-cycle combination, by the use of
which the transport problem was solved.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Short commons, I am afraid this month, owing to the writer having a spell of illness which has put him out of touch with most of the Brewery news. Thanks to all those friends who have asked so often concerning myself and have shown themselves to be so pleased on my return to duty. It was only last month I mentioned that illness amongst the staff had been very little this year so far, when the weather decided to be rather severe and it found some weak spots right away. However, it has been a good winter for the staff in the main and nothing like it was this time last year. As the winter is going along pretty fast now, may it continue.

Instead of balancing in January we have skipped a month this year and a start on overtime was made in February instead. This duty will be rendered all the better if it can be managed to balance first time. Although this may seem too much to expect, I sincerely hope the labours of the staff will be crowned with early success.

I had a letter recently from Mr. Harry Swain, of Toronto, who, being a Reading man, knows quite a number of Breweryites. He says "please remember me to all who know me." Should this catch the eye of anyone who does recollect Harry Swain, will they please note.

Of course, owing to the run of successes of the Reading team, football has been more of a topic of interest than usual; gates at Elm Park have been good and to beat Arsenal twice, home and away, will surely stand as a record for all time. In addition, the team have been very consistent in spite of several changes of players (inevitable it seems in war time football) and, at the moment, have an excellent chance of appearing in the semi-final of the London Cup. It must also be borne in mind that Reading are running an amateur side and they are doing very well too.

The other day we had a visit from one of our lads in the R.A.F. He is now a Sergeant and his name is B. K. Nicholls. Before joining up he was employed in the Delivery Office and will be remembered as a player of the cricket team. The most interesting thing he told me was that he had taken part in over 30 bombing raids on enemy territory. His talk was most entertaining and very encouraging too. Apparently the chief trouble they have to face is the weather (so he says) and it is a job to keep warm all the time. He paid a fine tribute to the workmanship of our machines which,

he said, is wonderful. Well, here's wishing him every success and a safe return.

Yes, we still keep busy, and trade is quite good. If we could only get all the items to sell we should like, what a business we could do. Well, that good time will come after the war is over, we hope.

Mr. H. C. Davis, who was laid up with bronchitis for a short spell, had a very disturbing time during his illness. His father, who had been bombed out of London and lost everything in a raid, came down to Reading to stay with him. What he had been through so upset the poor old man that he died whilst Mr. H. C. Davis was ill, and the latter gentleman was unable to go to his funeral. Misfortunes seldom come singly and the baby was very ill for a while, although much better now. Mr. Davis has been back to duty for some while and many have expressed their sincere sympathies to him during this very trying experience. Many will remember his son, Geoffrey (he was at The Brewery in the Catering Department for a while) and will be glad he is doing very well in the Navy somewhere out East. One who remembers him well, especially his cricket prowess, takes the opportunity to wish him a safe return.

All friends of Mr. S. Hinton will be glad to hear he has made a wonderful recovery from his recent mishap and is back at duty as cheery and obliging as ever.

The following changes have taken place and we wish every success to the new tenants:—

The Shades, Gun Street, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—
Mr. W. C. Lock.

The Red House, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. E. Seymour.

We regret to record the death of Mr. W. G. Grimsey, who had been tenant of the Carpenter's Arms, Hayes, since 1939, and sincere sympathy is hereby extended to all relatives.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

And who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?—1 *Peter* 3, 13.

Strength is not won by miracle or rape,
It is the offspring of the modest years,
The gift of sire to son.

THE WINDS.

The South wind brings wet weather,
The North wind wet and cold together ;
The West wind always brings us rain,
The East wind blows it back again.

Old Rhyme.

The theories and hypotheses that float about the atmosphere of human intellectual life—the wise man gives a courteous ear to all, and leaves it to fools to reject, and condemn before they have listened.

The first to end a fray is the best man, I say.

Praise God more, and blame neighbours less.

The hand that gives, gathers.

Pray to God, sailor, but pull for the shore.

The best men are but men at the best.

Our conversation need not always be *about* grace, but it should always be *with* grace.

Selling at a great sacrifice usually means sacrificing customers.

Somebody will grumble at the weather today.

The finest diamonds must be cut.

Shallow streams make the most din.

Nothing is so strong as gentleness ; nothing so gentle as strength.

Now is now here, but tomorrow's nowhere.

Men make houses, but women make homes.

Mrs. Chatterbox is the mother of mischief.

The man who knows most knows his own ignorance.

Quarrel only at twelve o'clock and get it over at noon.

Straight forward is the nearest way.

Rest and let rest ; bless and be blest.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

When Holman Hunt painted his famous picture of "Christ Knocking at the Door," he was very anxious to get the opinions of other artists about it. A few days before it was to be hung in the Academy, he invited a large number of the more prominent artists to his studio. They were enraptured. The conception of the Christ was wonderful. The critics were loud in their praises. Not a derogatory note was heard.

Finally Mr. Hunt said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I did not call you here for the sake of approbation. I want constructive criticism. The picture is not perfect. There must be something about it which might be improved. Won't you please criticise it?"

No one replied. All were under the spell of the portrayal of the pictured Christ.

Mr. Hunt appealed again. This time a young artist, with long hair and a flowing Oxford tie said, "Pardon me, Mr. Hunt, but I see a very serious mistake in your picture."

"What is it?" eagerly asked the great artist.

"Why," said the young man, "you have omitted to paint a handle upon that door."

Holman Hunt very reverently bowed his head and quietly answered, "Young man, the door at which Christ knocks can be opened only from the inside."

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

DINER : " How long will these sausages be ? "

WAITRESS : " Just about the usual four inches. "

* * * *

MABEL (*romantically*) : " Gerald has character ; you can see it in his eyes. "

FATHER : " Humph ! If I see him hanging round here, I'll soon blacken his character. "

* * * *

ANOTHER HOWLER.

Cardinal Wolsey invented motor cars and then discovered underwear.

* * * *

It may be true that a fool and his money are soon parted, but what some of us would like to know is where the fool got it from first.

* * * *

" You don't seem to have a thought for anything but motoring. Why don't you put your wife before your car sometimes ? "

" I'm scared of being found out. "

* * * *

" What's the matter ? Ill ? "

" I've been disappointed in love. "

" But I thought you married Sylvia. "

" I did ! "

* * * *

SANDY : " It's all over the town. "

JOCK : " What is ? "

SANDY : " The sky of course. "

* * * *

Charles Darwin was the originator of the human species.

* * * *

The spies who brought a report of the City of Jericho said the land was flowing with milk and honey, and brought a big bunch of grapes to prove it.

A BIG BREAK.

" Smashed crockery in billiards saloon. "

* * * *

DONALDSON : " Smith says he's working for all he's worth. "

DAVIDSON : " That's just his way of saying he's earning ten bob a week. "

* * * *

DAVIDSON : " Tell me a true story of one of your adventures. "

OLD CAPTAIN : " Right, I'll tell you of the time I was eaten by cannibals. "

* * * *

JACK : " I slept like a log last night. "

JOHN : " It sounded like a sawmill to me. "

* * * *

" I thought your father looked very distinguished with his grey hairs. "

" Yes, dear old chap ! I gave him those ! "

* * * *

" I'm afraid to go home to-night, the wife will smell my breath. "

" Hold your breath. "

" Can't . . . It's too strong. "

* * * *

An Aberdonian met a friend and invited him to have a drink.

" What'll you have ? " he asked when they reached the bar.

" A glass of whisky and a pint of beer, " was the reply.

" Here, " said the startled Aberdonian, " less of that careless talk ! "

* * * *

Speaking of kids, I saw one in our street with a pink patch on the seat of his pants.

" Oi ! " I said. " Why doesn't your mother put on a patch the same colour as your trousers ? "

" That's not a patch, " he said. " That's me ! "

A passenger on a bus having offered twelve halfpennies for a sixpenny ticket, the conductor surveyed the coins in his hand. Then the expression of perplexity vanished from his face as he said "'Ats orf, gents, the shove-'apenny champion's aboard!"

* * * *

There were three men shipwrecked on a raft in mid-ocean, an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman.

Seeing themselves in difficulties the Irishman offered up a prayer, the Englishman took off his hat in reverence, and the Scotchman thinking he was going to hand his hat round for the collection dived overboard.

* * * *

An old lady was waiting for an omnibus, eccentrically dressed in old-fashioned bonnet and mantle.

An omnibus approached, and she turned to a messenger boy and said: "My lad, am I right for the Museum?"

He looked at her: "Yes, mum, you'll do," he said.

* * * *

A boy applied for a situation in reply to an advertisement. The advertiser asked him to go and get his character. The boy came back the next day and the man said, "Have you got it?" The boy replied "No, but I've got your's and I'm not coming."

* * * *

As the car drew up at the cross-roads two hands were thrust out, Mrs. Driver's signalling a turn to the left, Mr. Driver's a turn to the right.

"What do you two want?" said the policeman, strolling up. "A separation?"

* * * *

Two women met in the street. One was carrying a parcel and was asked what it was.

"Oh, it's some ham," was the reply. "I always buy ham at Sandy's Store. My husband is very particular and likes Sandy's ham best."

The other thought she would try the ham and off she went to Sandy's Store.

"I want some ham," she said.

"What kind?" asked the shopkeeper.

"Oh, the same as Mrs. M'Donald gets."

The shopkeeper smiled, and leaning confidentially over the counter, asked: "Whaur's yer bottle?"

The commanding officer of a bomber squadron was anxiously awaiting the return of his aircraft from an important bombing flight over Germany. All came back safely.

Approaching the last man in, he said: "Everything all right?"

"No, sir," answered the sergeant-pilot concerned.

"I'm sorry," said the C.O. "What went wrong?"

"The coffee was cold, and the sandwiches were very hard, sir," answered the pilot.

* * * *

The leader of the Auxiliary Fire Service called at the house across the way.

"Pardon me, but are you the lady who was singing?"

"Yes, I was singing. Why?"

"Well, lay off the top notes, please. We've had the blooming fire engine out twice!"

* * * *

An Englishman touring Canada was staying in a wayside hotel. One night it was very cold, and the Englishman, feeling it pretty badly, came downstairs early next morning to get warm. At the same time a trapper, who had been out looking at his traps, came in at the door. Icicles were hanging from his moustache, and with a pitying expression the Englishman looked at him and exclaimed:—

"By jove, old man, what room did you sleep in?"

* * * *

On Christmas Eve Jones was discovered by Brown trying to shove a horse on to his doorstep.

"Give a hand, old man," he pleaded. Brown, wondering, did so. They pushed the horse into the hall. "Now just let's get him up the stairs." So they pushed and shoved. "Now into the bathroom," said Jones.

When they had got the horse in, Jones closed the door softly. "Why, why, why?" asked Brown. "I'll tell you," said Jones. "I've got a brother-in-law who lives with us and knows everything. But when he goes up to bath to-morrow he'll shout down: 'Hey, there's a horse in the bathroom,' and for the first time I'll be able to shout back: 'Yes, I know.'"

* * * *

Last week I sent a lovely poem to an editor. It was called, "Why Am I Alive?" This is the letter that came back:—

"Dear Sir,—You are alive because you sent your poem by post and did not deliver it personally."

The soldier was explaining the theory of shooting to his girl friend.

"You see, we have to calculate the distance of the object we want to hit, and then allow for the power of attraction of the earth."

"But suppose you are shooting over water?"

"Oh, that's more than you would understand—besides, I'm not in the Navy."

* * * *

Two negroes were boasting about their family descent.

"Lemme tell you," said Rastus, "I kin trace ma ancestors back to the fambly tree."

"Dat so?" exclaimed Mose. "Waal, dere's only two kinds ob things dat lives in trees—dem's birds and monkeys. And you ain't got no feathers!"

* * * *

When the train stopped at a station, the guard came round the carriages calling in at the window, "Is there anyone here with a box in the guard's van?"

A clergyman answered that he had. "And in it," he said, "are some valuable books containing very useful information."

"Well," said the guard, "you had better come along; your information is leaking."

* * * *

"Mary, that chair is covered with dust."

"It may well be, it is three weeks since anyone sat on it."

* * * *

A crowd had gathered on the beach. A sealed bottle was bobbing shoreward and visions of some romantic message from some castaway on a desert island filled their minds.

At last the bottle was cast upon the sand and eager hands broke the seal, extracted the cork, and drew out the single sheet of paper. It read:

"Please send this bottle to my brother Jock McNab, 16 Sporrans Street, Glasgow, and tell him to take it to the Ginger Duck. There's twopence on it."

* * * *

To a chemist came a small girl and asked for a box of pills. "Anti-bilious?" inquired the chemist. "No, but uncle is," was her solemn reply.

Little Willie had been very tiresome, and his mother made preparations for a thrashing, but Willie escaped and hid himself under a bed upstairs. He defeated his mother's effort to dislodge him, and when his father came home she gave him an account of Willie's bad behaviour. His father went upstairs, and very quietly and gently lifted the valance but what was his surprise to hear a cheery voice exclaim, "Hullo, dad! Is she after you, too?"

* * * *

Have you witnesses that your husband uses bad language at home?—If walls could speak, they would support me.

* * * *

My husband is known as a mumper—one who goes into a public-house, smiles at all and sundry, and hopes someone will stand him a drink.

* * * *

My husband only came back last time because, he said, he liked prison even less than living with me.

* * * *

A young man was making his confessions to the priest. After a while the priest said: "Pardon the interruption, young man, but I must remind you that this is a confession—you're boasting!"



BRANCHES.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

We much regret that Mr. W. G. E. Luddington was killed in action at sea whilst serving in the Royal Navy. Mr. Luddington, who was our chief Naval Representative and was based at the Tamar Brewery, was very popular in his business and in rugby football circles. He had the honour of representing England on thirteen occasions and played in first-class rugby football for twenty-nine seasons until he was forty years of age. He captained the Royal Navy side on one occasion, when he had the honour of presenting his side to His late Majesty King George V.

Mr. Luddington (Ludds to all his friends) will be greatly missed by us here. He was known everywhere on the rugby grounds in the West of England and Wales. Since he retired from playing he often refereed and was always willing to instruct youngsters as to how rugby should be played. He was recognised as one of the best forwards who ever handled and kicked a rugby football, and one often sees references to him in articles in the Press when rugby matters are discussed.

Our sympathy goes out to Mrs. Luddington and his ten-year-old son.

We are very pleased to record that Mr. C. D. Hancock, Chief Supply Petty Officer in H.M. Royal Navy and formerly of the Anchor Inn, Kennford, has been mentioned in despatches on account of his services on one of His Majesty's ships when at Dunkirk and we congratulate Mr. Hancock on this honour. Since leaving Kennford, Mr. Hancock has been in charge of the Camel's Head Inn, Devonport, but, as he is serving in H.M. Navy, he has recently relinquished his position. Mrs. Hancock had successfully managed the Camel's Head Inn since the commencement of hostilities and we hope to renew our associations when the war is over in one of our houses in this part of the country.

Mr. P. J. Barrett has taken over the Camel's Head and we wish him every success in his new undertaking.



Mr. C. D. Hancock, late of Camel's Head, Devonport.

We receive many cheery letters from those who have left the Tamar Brewery and are serving in H.M. Forces stationed in various parts at home and abroad. We send them our heartiest greetings for a speedy and safe return.

PORTSMOUTH.

TIT FOR TAT.

"One good blitz deserves another," as a Pompey airman said to his pilot when he was releasing H.E.'s over Cologne.

LICENSEE'S TRAGIC END.

Great sympathy is felt for the family of the late Mr. George Stacey Barton, licensee of the Bedford in Chase, who recently met with a tragic death through enemy action. The Bedford in Chase, situated on the historic Common Hard, Portsea, was well within the famous—or should it be infamous—area once dubbed by a local fanatic as the "Devil's Acre" because there were so many licensed houses in a row and practically next door to one another. Mr. Barton was a highly popular "mine host"; he took a keen interest in all matters concerning "The Trade" and had many friends in all parts of the city. The Portsmouth and Gosport Licensed Victuallers Society has lost an esteemed member by his regretted death.

POMPEY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

Portsmouth Football Club were naturally very disappointed at being left out of the new London cup competition. As F.A. cup holders, Pompey has done everything to keep the flag flying at Fratton Park in these difficult and dark days and considered that their loyalty to kindred organizations in the south entitled them to favourable consideration from their London confreres when the applications for entry into the competition were being reviewed. That they should have been cold shouldered, on what are considered singularly flimsy grounds, came as a great shock, especially as they had done their utmost to meet the wishes of the Service authorities by providing week-end entertainment for our gallant Navy, Army and Air Force boys.

However, the directors of the club decided not to take their undeserved rebuff lying down and, mainly through their initiative, the new Football League South was organised and six of the clubs left out of the London cup have been provided with Saturday home and away fixtures. Mr. Jack Tinn, Pompey's manager, has high hopes of the new effort and we wish him and his club success.

FRIENDLY RIVALRY.

Our lively little contemporary, *The R.A.O.C. Gazette*, referring with regret to the loss of the submarine, *Rainbow*, recalls that when this vessel was stationed in the Far East it so happened that her

commander was a brother of the then officer commanding R.A.O.C. on the same station. This coincidence, says the writer of a note in the Gazette, led to the air becoming thick with challenges, and *Rainbow* personnel during their stay in port played the Hong Kong section, R.A.O.C., at almost every conceivable game—outdoor and indoor. Mysteriously enough these shows invariably ended in a draw, and a definite decision had to be reached by the two skippers engaging in the ancient and honourable game of "ukkers," to the detriment of beautiful boiled shirt fronts which were found useful as scoring pads. Perhaps some of our readers who were serving in the Far East at the time will remember these memorable and unforgettable contests.

NOTHING NEW!

There was apparently profiteering in Portsmouth—and elsewhere—as far back as 1690. If not, why should it have been necessary for the Mayor and Aldermen of those far off days to meet and solemnly "ordaine and constitute that no water carte man or sellar of well water" should charge more than two pence the cask of half hogshead for his wares? The penalty for each breach of the order was three shillings and four pence. Incidentally, "halfe of ye forfeitures were for the use of ye Mayor and half for the Corporation."



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