

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. IX.

APRIL, 1935.

No. 7



MR. H. W. GRIFFIN.

MR. H. W. GRIFFIN.

Wherever the name of Messrs. W. J. Rogers Ltd., of Bristol, is known, there also are recognized the sterling personal and commercial attributes of Mr. H. W. Griffin, whose progression from shorthand clerk to a seat on the Board of that Company is sufficient evidence of his inherent capacity for work and his complete mastery of every stage of his advancement.

Now that his energies are to be arrayed alongside of our own in the consolidation of our business in the West, it is fitting that his portrait should occupy the position of honour in our GAZETTE this month.

We feel sure that his numerous friends throughout the extensive area served by Messrs. Rogers will rejoice with us that he has, in all sincerity and with the utmost goodwill, accepted the invitation to continue to serve on the newly constituted Board of Directors. We extend to him a cordial welcome in the fervent hope that he may find complete happiness and firm friends amongst his new colleagues.

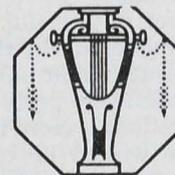
We trust that for many years to come we may count him a co-worker with us all in the cause which we serve. Under his example the process of unifying our efforts should be of short duration and our Bristol staff, together with those many friends in the trade who will market our joint products in that area, can rely upon our fullest support and sympathy in any suggestions to strengthen this new bond between us. Progress and confidence are closely related and with Mr. Griffin's hand at the helm we hope that the complete harmony and understanding which exist in all other districts will extend to our new friends and that the reward of success will crown our efforts.

Mr. Griffin entered the service of Messrs. W. J. Rogers Ltd. in 1889, and the following milestones in his career need no further words of ours in testimony of his abilities:—Secretary, 1898; Manager and Secretary, 1902; and Director since March, 1909.

Our interviewer had to give up the task of endeavouring to get him to talk about himself, and in view of his known dislike of publicity, we will at this early date refrain from giving a fuller

account of his extensive interests, of which there are many Press records and which cover not only the whole of the Western Counties, but extend to many parts of Wales, where the names of "Rogers AK" and Mr. Griffin are synonymous. We know he has occupied the Presidential chair at many L.V.A. functions, where his deep knowledge of all licensing matters, added to a natural gift for extempore speaking (a talent which we understand is exercised only too rarely nowadays by him) with a flair for quoting undeniable statistics, intermixed with racy comparisons and classical phrases, make his listeners feel the sincerity of the speaker, and the sound commonsense brought to bear upon the subjects dealt with.

May we express the hope that one day we shall be favoured with some of those interesting reminiscences of which he must have a store and which would make a strong appeal to all GAZETTE readers. Golf is said to be Mr. Griffin's favourite pastime, outside work, although many of the arts have claimed his attention, in addition to designing sportive posters for A.K. Beers.



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

EDITORIAL.

A BUSY MAN.

The busiest men always seem able to spare the most time in furthering those causes which have as their object the benefit of the community. One wonders how Mr. F. A. Simonds, for instance, finds time to fulfil so many engagements in so many walks of life. He has just accepted the Presidency of the Wellington Club, Reading, in succession to the late Mr. J. Herbert Benyon, Lord Lieutenant of Berkshire. The members of the Club are delighted to have Mr. Simonds at their head and to celebrate his acceptance of the office they recently entertained him at dinner.

THE SPIRIT OF TOLERANCE.

Mr. F. A. Simonds distributed the prizes at the annual prize distribution of the Reading Blue Coat School and spoke wise words to the boys. He congratulated the Headmaster and all concerned on the well-drilled and orderly manner in which the boys had come up to receive their prizes. He was, he said, an old neighbour of the Blue Coat School, having been born almost within a stone's throw of it. He knew that the boys who had passed through the school had done credit to it wherever they had been. The present occasion was one of the most peaceful functions he had attended in the Reading Town Hall. He had attended many others which were not so peaceful. When he came to look back on those old days he wondered why they had been so intolerant one with the other. The issues might have appeared to be of great magnitude, but they all seemed very petty nowadays. He supposed that unless they could introduce a more tolerant spirit it would go on for ever and aye. He wished he could induce the younger people to realise that, whatever views they might have, the other fellow's views might be inspired by just the same good intentions. They all had to grow up together and make the world a happier one.

HEAR THE OTHER SIDE.

He regretted as much as anyone perhaps that in years gone by there should have been feuds in the political life of Reading which had made bad enemies amongst many commercial and

professional gentlemen in the town. He begged them if they wanted to make their future happy, instead of shouting at their neighbour when he was in opposition to them, to keep quiet, hear what he had to say, and go home and think whether it was possible for him to be right and oneself to be wrong. Mr. Simonds went on to say that, in his opinion, Reading was destined to play an even greater part in the industrial Empire than it had done in the past. He therefore urged them to try and choose the best career for which they were fitted. He knew the Headmaster was doing his utmost to find round pegs for round holes, and certainly a good deal rested on their teachers to pre-destine the careers of their lads. Amid the loudest applause, Mr. Simonds asked that the school should be given two days' holiday—an extra day in view of His Majesty's Silver Jubilee—and also said he would provide a silver trophy for any purpose to which the school would like to devote it.

A vote of thanks was accorded the Mayor and Mr. Simonds, on the proposition of Councillor B. E. Wakelin, seconded by the head boy, J. Plumb. The latter presented Mr. Simonds with a silver ash tray and cigarette holder as a souvenir of the occasion.

ALL HAPPINESS TO YOU BOTH!

On the 30th of this month Mr. Louis Simonds is getting married and all of us, I am sure, wish him and the lady of his choice, long life, good health and all happiness. May God bless them both!

THE GLOOMY STAGE MANAGER.

A man journeyed to Manchester to stage-manage a pantomime. He had been up there three weeks and it rained every day. There were two performances daily and fifteen changes of scenery, and he was getting very tired and fed up with the job. One day about noon he went to the local inn to fortify himself for the day's work and ordered a treble whisky. Three of the locals were there discussing the *Daily Mail's* air propaganda. One considered the *Mail* was right as we had not enough aeroplanes and the foreigner could come over here and do no end of damage. "Suppose they got as far as Manchester!" exclaimed the pantomime man. "And they could and all," replied one of the locals. "Then how many bombs do you think would be necessary to blow up Manchester?" "About three, if they were big enough," promptly came the answer. The gloomy pantomimist finished his whisky, thrust his hand into his pocket and said, "I'll pay for one of the bombs."

A MAGERSFONTEIN MEMORY.

The disaster at Magersfontein, during the South African War, has, by most of us, been committed to the past as just one tragic episode in a struggle which is better forgotten.

But to the Scot, Magersfontein remains to this day a field of proud, if woeful, memory. Superb feats of heroism were performed on that fateful day, but surely none surpassed the valorous act of the wounded Highlander, the story of whom was recently narrated by one of the erstwhile enemy. The burgher who relates the story was one of those defending the Boer trenches against the Highland Brigade. During the fight, one of the Highlanders plunged into the Boer trench head first, shot through the chest just as he was on the point of leaping into the trench. He fell within a couple of feet of the burgher. The Highlander looked up at the Boer for a moment, then held out his hand, and said: "Well done." Next moment, still with a smile on his face, he was dead. The burgher, who is still living, says the incident made such an impression on his mind that he never fired another shot in the war.

THE ORIGIN OF "JUBILEE."

In Jewish history, every fiftieth year from the entrance of the Hebrews into Canaan—"The Promised Land"—was an occasion of national rejoicing—a jubilee. At its recurrence, all Hebrew slaves were emancipated and all alienated lands reverted to their former owners or their heirs. The actual word which signified this epoch came from "jubil," a ram's horn, as this great event was ushered in with the sound of rams' horn trumpets. On the other hand, a jubilee in the Roman Catholic faith signifies a year of special indulgence and is also known as the Annus Sanctus. As long ago as 1300 A.D. the Pope Boniface VIII instituted such a jubilee to be held every hundred years, which period was altered by his successors to fifty, to thirty and finally to twenty-five years. Thus, although we usually associate a jubilee with fifty years, it really denotes a period of thanksgiving and rejoicing which can be used in connection with any anniversary of importance. Where a monarch's reign is concerned, the principal occasions for celebration are the twenty-fifth, fiftieth, and sixtieth anniversaries of his accession, and these rank as his silver, golden, and diamond jubilees respectively. So this year we will celebrate the silver jubilee of King George.

THE KING'S SILVER JUBILEE.

May 6th will prove to the world how real is the bond which unites the King with his people, says *Our Empire*. The spontaneous enthusiasm already displayed in the preparations for the celebration

of His Majesty's Silver Jubilee is an earnest sign of the depth of feeling which will mark the day itself. Elsewhere in this number we publish the programme of events that have already been arranged, and from this it will be realised how comprehensive will be the nation's tribute to its Chief. Every class in the community will have its part—Parliament, with the Empire's leaders, in Westminster Hall; the fighting services on or in their three elements; the church, in the thanksgiving at St. Paul's; the civic fathers of the Empire's capital, in the ball at Guildhall and the four rides through London's boroughs; the citizens of the big towns and the villagers of the hamlets in their local celebrations. Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland will pay homage to the King through one of his sons. Australia, India, New Zealand, Canada and South Africa will hear the King's own voice "on the air."

PRINCIPLE—AND PERSONALITY.

The very basis of the British Empire is loyalty, but that abstract principle could not by itself evoke so complete and wholehearted a tribute to the Sovereign as this programme indicates. Some part of the Empire's homage is without doubt tribute to the Principle; by far the greater part is tribute to a Personality. For twenty-five years the King has not merely reigned *over* his people; he has shared *with* them the joys and the sorrows, the hopes and the anxieties of both war and peace, and by the steadfastness of his devotion to duty has set an example to every one of them. It is no disparagement of other nations to declare that in no other country to-day would such a demonstration be possible—rather is it the measure of our good fortune. For the British enjoy a sense of *stability* in their national life such as no other people can approach—and that we owe mainly to the King.

BEER ON THE MENU.

Guests at the Master Mariners' Dinner at the Mansion House recently, over which the Prince of Wales presided, were surprised to find one unusual item on the menu, says the *Daily Mail*.

Among the list of lordly wines and liqueurs served there appeared quite simply the word: Beer.

It was the first time in the recollection of most of those present that this has appeared in such distinguished surroundings, and what, after all, could be better with the traditional baron of beef, which was one of the courses?

BELLS.

In the middle ages bells had attained a very prominent position in the service of the church and community. An old rhyme describes their general uses thus :

“ To call ye folk to church in time,
 We chime.
 When joy and mirth are on the wing,
 We ring.
 At the departing of a soul,
 We toll.”

AT THE TELEPHONE.

Professor Brown (at the telephone) : “ What’s that? You can’t catch my name? Spell it? Certainly. B for Brontosaurus; R for Rhizophoraec; O for Ophisthotelae; W for Willugbaeya; and N for Nucifraga.”

CAMPBOR BALL EPICURES.

The moths have most expensive tastes,
 They dine on furs and velvet waists
 And gnaw our evening trousers ;
 Though cotton does not please them much,
 They dote on woollens—they are such
 Extravagant carousers.
 By choice they make their cosy nests
 In moth-proof drawers and cedar chests,
 They thrive on naphtha vapour ;
 They lay their eggs in Paisley shawls,
 They play croquet with camphor balls
 On sheets of tarry paper.
 If anything that flies can beat
 A moth in finding just the meat
 It wants I haven’t met it ;
 So if “ the moth desires the star ”
 They’d better wrap the star in tar
 And then the moth will get it.

HAIL FELLOW, WELL MET.

“ I’ve only two teeth in my head,”
 Aunt Mary just had to admit.
 “ But there’s never a day
 I don’t find time to pray :
 Thank heavens the two of ’em hit ! ”

MILES FROM DUBLIN.

A young poet, travelling along a road, meeting a milestone and mistaking it for a tombstone, wrote underneath :

“ Here lies the bones of some great man,
 His soul has ceased from troublin’ ;
 He died at the age of one hundred and nine,
 And his name was Miles, from Dublin.”

APPLAUSE—MISDIRECTED.

Mayor Bryce B. Smith, of Kansas City, U.S.A., tells this one :

“ I was a member of the party of American mayors that visited France last year. In Paris I was called upon to make a speech. I spoke for fifteen minutes. There wasn’t a bit of applause. I sat down and another man delivered a fiery oration in French. He was applauded at every pause. I joined in the appluase until a neighbour whispered, ‘ I wouldn’t applaud so much if I were you, Mayor ; that man is interpreting your own speech.’ ”

UNNATURAL HISTORY?

Natural history seems to be becoming rather unnatural these days. High-climbing snakes with a method in their madness have been described by Mr. Edward Richards, an American geologist, on his return from an exploration trip in Venezuela. The snakes swallow alligator eggs whole, then climb to the top of a tree and drop off. The fall smashes the egg shells. From the Smithsonian Institute, in Washington, comes news of a weird Mexican toad capable of killing animals from a distance with a mysterious “ poison gas.” Although the exact nature of its “ poison gas ” is unknown, Dr. Remington Kellogg, of the Institute’s staff, declares that some accounts of persons who have come in contact with it indicate that it may diffuse a deadly gas when frightened or in pain.

THE LATE MR. A. H. SHORTER.

We are all deeply sorry for Miss Shorter, of the Branch Department, who lost her father, Mr. A. H. Shorter, after so brief an illness. I had the privilege of knowing Mr. Shorter very well, for we had often met on the cricket field and tennis court and occasionally in club life. His fine qualities of heart and mind endeared him to all. He was a clean, keen sportsman and always a gentleman. The beautiful floral tributes included those from our Branch Department Staff, Miss D. E. Gardner and Miss A. M. Prosser.

THIS IS WHAT THE CANDIDATES FIGHT FOR?

It is interesting to read what some of the most famous Parliamentarians thought of work in the House. There was Macaulay, for instance. After he had been a few years in the Commons we find him writing thus to his sister, Hannah :

"I begin to wonder what the fascination is which attracts men who could sit over their tea and their book in their own cool, quiet room, to breathe bad air, hear bad speeches, lounge up and down the long gallery, and doze uneasily on the green benches until three in the morning. Thank God, these luxuries are not necessary for me. My pen is sufficient for my support, and my sister's company is sufficient for my happiness."

But Parliamentary life, in spite of these drawbacks, which have hardly been mitigated, since Macaulay wrote, still has its fascination for some.

RULES FOR OARSMEN.

In the light of modern developments it is interesting to recall that a celebrated amateur sculler, Frank L. Playford, who was amateur champion of the Thames five years in succession, used sculls so light that no one else in his club would use them.

Yet he was a very tall and muscular man, and a perfect oarsman. His stroke was the embodiment of an old doggerel verse, which ran :

"Catch your stroke at the beginning,
Then let legs with vigour work.
Little hope has he of winning
Who his stretch loves to shirk.
Then with rigid arms extended
Be as straight as pokers two,
And until the stroke is ended,
Without jerking, pull it through."

CALL IT "SHEE."

Some correspondence has taken place in the daily press concerning the pronunciation of the word "ski." Ski-ing is a Norwegian sport of great antiquity, and in Norway the word is pronounced "she-ing." As the Norwegians are the oldest and leading exponents of ski-ing, their pronunciation should be taken as correct.

HAPPY EVENING AT THE SOCIAL CLUB.

The other evening I looked in at the Social Club when our members met the members of the Goring Club in a games tournament. Such events have to be organised and they mean time and trouble on someone's part. Personally, I spent a very happy evening and I think all present did the same. Those who make the arrangements to give us such a good time are deserving of our very best thanks.

THE ROYAL JUBILEE CALENDAR.

- May 6 (Accession Day.) Morning : The King and Queen, with members of the Royal Family, drive to St. Paul's Cathedral and attend a Silver Jubilee Thanksgiving Service. Evening : The King broadcasts a message to the Empire.
- " 8 The King receives representatives of the Diplomatic Corps and of the Empire at St. James's Palace.
- " 9 Morning : Their Majesties drive to Westminster Hall to receive Addresses from both Houses of Parliament. Evening : State Dinner at Buckingham Palace.
- " 11 Their Majesties drive through residential London. The Prince of Wales visits Cardiff. The Duke of York visits Edinburgh. The Duke of Gloucester visits Belfast.
- " 12 Thanksgiving Sunday.
- " 14 State Ball at Buckingham Palace.
- " 18 Their Majesties drive through residential London.
- " 20 Second State Dinner at Buckingham Palace.
- " 22 Their Majesties attend a reception and ball at the City of London Guildhall.
- " 25 Their Majesties drive through residential London.
- " 31 Levee at St. James's Palace.
- June 8 Their Majesties drive through residential London.
- " 13 Second State Ball at Buckingham Palace.
- " 25 Their Majesties hold a Court at Buckingham Palace.
- " 26 Their Majesties hold a Court at Buckingham Palace.
- July 6 The King reviews the Royal Air Force at Mildenhall and Duxford.
- " 9 Investiture at Buckingham Palace.
- " 10 Investiture at Buckingham Palace.
- " 13 The King holds a review at Aldershot.
- " 16 The King reviews the Fleet at Spithead.
- " 20 The King holds an inspection of the Police in Hyde Park.
- " 25 Their Majesties give a Garden Party at Buckingham Palace.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' FUND.

The Prince of Wales' National Thank-offering Fund has been inaugurated by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, in connection with the Silver Jubilee of His Majesty the King, for the purpose of assisting established voluntary organisations of proved worth to extend their activities in connection with the welfare of boys and girls, especially those in their "teens" who leave school early. In particular, the Prince of Wales mentions such bodies as Boys' and Girls' Clubs, Brigades, Scouts, Guides, Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., and others. The Mayor of Reading (Dr. G. H. R. Holden) has opened a local fund in this behalf and the preliminary list of subscriptions included £105 from Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.

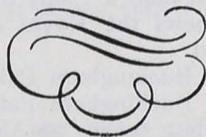
TERRORS OF TEA.

The condemnation of tea-drinking at the Sanitary Inspectors' Conference recalls the violent diatribes against the beverage delivered in the eighteenth century.

Jonas Hanway declared that tea-drinking destroyed beauty and caused scurvy, insomnia, and indigestion. Its use threatened the future of England, which, "as a wise, active, and warlike nation would least desire to imitate the most effeminate people on the face of the earth—the Chinese—who are at the same time the greatest sippers of tea."

And that grand denouncer of so many things, Cobbett, asserted that tea-drinking was a "destroyer of health, an enfeebler of the frame, an engenderer of effeminacy and laziness, a debaucher of youth, and a maker of misery for old age."

Beer is Best!



WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

"I don't care a fig" has nothing to do with fruit. It is the French "faire la figue," which means snapping the fingers. Thus, "I don't care a fig" means that one doesn't care "a snap of the fingers."

Again, "humble pie" has nothing to do with humility.

"Humble" is a corruption of the word "umbles" or "numbles," the coarser parts of a deer killed in hunting which, made into a pie, were formerly the rations of the lower hunt servants.

A "tuft-hunter" was originally any undergraduate at Oxford or Cambridge who obsequiously courted persons with titles. At the university young noblemen wore a peculiarly formed cap with a tuft.

"Worth his salt" really means worth his salary.

Many of the most familiar phrases have stories attached to them. For example, of "cooking his goose," we learn that a King of Sweden, on approaching a hostile town, excited the contempt of the inhabitants by the smallness of his army. To express this they hung out a goose for him to fire at, whereupon the King set fire to the town to "cook their goose." The phrase now applies to anyone who is ruined by his own act.

A "kettle of fish" is really a "kiddle of fish," a kiddle being a sort of trap placed across a river for the purpose of intercepting fish going down stream.

READ DOWN—AND ACROSS!

The following has been copied literally from a broadside posted against the parlour wall of a country inn in Gloucester. The verses are susceptible of two interpretations—being Catholic if read in the columns, but Protestant if read across.

I hold as Faith	What England's Church allows
What Rome's Church saith	My conscience disavows
Where the King's head	That Church can have no shame
The flock's misled	That holds the Pope supream
Where the altar's drest	There's service scarce divine
The people blest	With table, bread and wine
He's but an Asse	Who the Communion flies
Who shuns the Mass	Is Catholic and wise

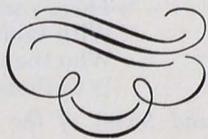
(From Bell's "Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England," published 1877.)

LADIES' AUXILIARY LEAGUE OF THE LICENSED TRADE
OF HIGH WYCOMBE AND DISTRICT.



The above is a photograph of the Committee. From left to right the ladies are as follows :—Mrs. Colborne, Mrs. Poulter, Mrs. Green (Chairman), Mrs. Bender (Vice-Chairman), Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Peedle, Mrs. Griffith (Secretary and Treasurer).

The League was formed in August, 1926. Since that date several whist drives and dances have been held and out of the proceeds contributions have been given to various charities, including the High Wycombe and District War Memorial Hospital, Nursing Institution, St. John Ambulance Brigade, Children's Welfare, Waifs and Strays, Orthopaedic Society, and the Central Aid Society, amounting to the sum of about £150. The League also subscribes £5 5s. od. annually to the Licensed Victuallers' School at Slough.



A GREAT THOUGHT.

It is impossible to mingle in conversation without observing that there are tempers of mind which are envious, idle, peevish and thoughtless concerning the man or woman who is rising in the esteem of his neighbours.

One of the greatest meannesses which a person can be guilty of is that of detraction. The first appearance of excellence is met with opposition arising from the most unexpected places and from the lightest-equipped persons.

As soon as a person rises above normal achievement, he is the target of a multitude of eyes and numberless tongues, ready to wound his reputation and derogate his present worth. If he came into the world under the same advantages as they and up to a certain time was regarded as an equal, they are inclined to be envious that he has left them behind and arrived at a place of merit and distinction. It piques their pride that they have not enjoyed the same good fortune and success, and they endeavour to dwarf his reputation by innuendo and false stories of the past.

Those he has left behind are envious that he has become superior to them, and those who were once considered his superiors resent his presence as an equal. Such is the state of the world and the jealousy among men. Their pleasure is in pulling down what has been built up by those who are more capable and worthy. If they can discover any weakness or shortcoming, it is broadcast to the world always in exaggerated form. If they are unable to discern a weakness, they will create one to suit their imaginings and give it out as authentic. Their exaggerations are without effect on the listener, except those who are credulous and mistake confidence for knowledge, and the timorous who are awed by a convincing manner of speech.

How willingly will detractors offer a bit of gossip which will blemish a character! In secret pride they distort a flaw which they credit themselves in discovering, with the aim and intention of drawing commendation on themselves for their superiority. They will use all the secret springs of detraction to appease their envy. There seem to be no rules of honourable hostility with which these persons make their thrusts.

SIR J. SIMON ON SOCIALISM.

"NOT DEMOCRATIC OR BRITISH."

Sir John Simon declared recently that the present was a time when all men who valued our Constitution should be prepared to work together to defend it.

Sir John was speaking at the Constitutional Club—the first occasion he had been present there. His subject was "Preserving the Constitution," and he referred to the dangers of Socialism.

His main objections to the Socialist doctrine, he said, were that it was essentially non-British in character. It appeared, far from being a development of democracy, to lead to an exact denial of all that was best in our constitutional development.

The present Socialist party had lost the leadership of its wisest and most experienced heads. The policy of the Socialist party had entirely changed. The new Socialists said that they were going to make a complete break with the whole of those slowly-developing constitutional traditions.

"It was not by accident," said Sir John, "that one of their leaders the other day declared that if the Socialist party won the election we should have a first-class financial crisis the next day. That is true, but I think Sir Stafford Cripps has said something much more significant.

"He and the Socialist League have been declaring that if the Opposition were to win at the election then Parliament would meet as seldom as possible, leaving the Socialists to carry on.

WORKING TOGETHER.

"There is one thing I am not prepared to do—to see this ancient constitutional tradition cut off in order to substitute a new conception of government which is neither parliamentary, nor democratic, nor British at all."

There was a great deal of work to be done to defeat this. If there were one great party in the State which was confident it could do the work, he would raise no objection. But he thought that, as at the time of the General Strike, so now was a time when all men who valued the Constitution should be prepared to work together.

"I know that is the view of men like my colleagues, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Neville Chamberlain. It is no secret that when the time comes—and it is not come yet—it is on that basis that we shall fight the General Election."

There was a real danger threatening the British Constitution, and they would not preserve it unless they bestirred themselves and worked together. On those conditions he was most confident it could be done.

"What sort of an Englishman would he be at the present time who did not feel proud that we have preserved this heritage? In various foreign countries new systems of Government have sprung up suddenly. I don't know whether they are good for them, but they would be bad for us."

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

BURIED NAMES.

The following sentences contain eight names—four girls' names and four boys' names:—

- 1—In Italy the grape-terraces are beautiful.
- 2—His pyjama belt was torn.
- 3—I like jam, especially damson jam.
- 4—Bring your banjo and your fiddle.
- 5—He looked smart in his new suit.
- 6—She bought a special ice-chest.
- 7—He left the river bank at eight o'clock.
- 8—Stop your car if red light shows.

Solution.—1, Peter; 2, Mabel; 3, James; 4, Joan; 5, Martin; 6, Alice; 7, Kate; 8, Fred.

WORK IS PRAYER.

I do not pray as other people do—
 Words are so halting, difficult and few,
 But at my household tasks the whole day long
 My heart in thanks lifts up a humble song.
 With sweeping motions of the mop and broom
 Leaving in spotless order every room,
 With soap and suds upon the washing board,
 My sturdy muscles magnify the Lord.
 Bright, polished pots and kettles shine for me
 Upon clean shelves, as 'twere, a litany;
 Divinity might rest in beds like mine—
 Immaculate with linen smooth and fine.
 'Tis thus this house is served with earnest zeal
 To manifest the joy of life I feel.
 A woman and her home! God understands
 The loving worship of my toil-worn hands.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

"Conscience makes cowards of us all," so 'tis said. I wonder if this is the explanation of the following. A colloquial name for gout is "Salmon Trout." Thus someone walking not too well in the Offices is greeted with the query, "Hallo, Salmon Trout?" and you reply "No, Chilblains"; and, although perfectly true in this case, your reply is received with considerable doubt and the chief doubter just chaffs you about "Chilblains" whenever he has an opportunity. However it is, shall I say, poetic justice, that later in the day he finds he has a few twinges in his own foot and it is NOT chilblains in his case.

Have you noticed lately how the newspapers are "featuring" literary contests, as they are called. As the Sunday newspapers are running these competitions some of our Brewery staff are going in for them during the week-end. I wish them every success, but believe me these competitions are by no means easy, for I speak from experience. Our Mr. F. Kirby, who has had considerable experience in this form of competition, will testify to this. Nevertheless he has been awarded two prizes recently and like all keen entrants feels he is on the right track.

I was glad to see Mr. A. Jordan back in the Offices. He tells me he has been away for three months with leg trouble and has had a very distressing time. He feels much better now and we hope he is properly "set on his feet" once again. He managed to see Christmas through and "went down" on December 27th.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Miss Shorter in the sad loss of her father, which occurred with such dramatic suddenness after a very short illness. Mr. A. H. Shorter had been at Messrs. Sutton & Sons, Ltd., for many years—all his working life—and held an important position in that well-known establishment. He was a most likeable man and will be greatly missed. Possessed of an even temperament, he had a fine outlook on life. He was very fond of sport in its many branches and a devotee of bowling in the summer months. Of our Firm he had a high regard and we shall all miss a good friend. *R.I.P.*

Congratulations to Mr. J. B. Doe on being a happy father, his wife having recently presented him with a daughter. I am informed everything is going on very nicely.

Mr. G. V. Weait, of St. Laurence Dramatic Society, took the principal role in their presentation of "Minick," the production reaching a high standard for amateur acting. His role was a most

difficult one, but he carried out the part of a 72-year-old father very effectively. His son, Arthur Weait, also appeared in this play, as did our friend Mr. Sidney Hinton. Both played their parts very well indeed.

Sincere congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jelley on the coming-of-age of their son, John William Harry. A delightful party was held at their home to celebrate this event and a large number of guests were pleasantly entertained. Mr. J. W. H. Jelley was the recipient of many valuable presents.

Mr. M. Adams, who used to be a member of the General Office staff and was transferred to our subsidiary, A. S. Cooper, 29 Market Place, Reading, is leaving the Firm, having joined the Police Force and takes up his duties at Exeter. We all wish him every success in his new venture. He will be missed by the tennis section and it will be remembered he was the winner of the tennis cup last year.

We have given up thoughts of promotion this season at Reading for it seems, at the moment, that Charlton will be certain winners of the Southern Section. Nevertheless Reading have had a very good playing season, in spite of a rather big crop of injuries to players since Christmas.

As regards the Brewery team they seem certain of winning their league and they have had a splendid season, thus bringing more honour and lustre to the Firm of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. The team have been most consistent and it reflects great credit on all the players.

Plymouth Argyle are doing very well now and have an excellent chance of finishing high up in the league table.

Brighton is not Reading's lucky ground and once more they defeated our team.

Aldershot came to Elm Park quite recently and gave us quite a shock. The score was the highest aggregate for the day.

It seems strange to find that Portsmouth are in the danger zone, although I do not think they are likely to descend to a lower Division.

Now that the Firm have Bristol connections we shall be taking a larger interest in the doings of the two Bristol football teams.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

The following changes have taken place during the month of March and to all tenants we wish every success :—

The George and Dragon, Three Mile Cross (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. Lewendon.

The Cricketers, Stockcross (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. D. Dickerson.

The Grey Horse, Sunbury (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. W. P. Graves.

The Cambridge Hotel, Farnborough (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. S. Waldron.

The Sun Inn, Bishopsgate (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. A. Howes.

RE-UNION.



Above is a group of those attending the re-union dinner of the late officials of the Reading Women's Auxiliary of the Licensed Trade Protection Association.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.)

LONG-TAILED TITS' NEST.

JOY AND BEAUTY—TRAGEDY AND DEATH.

It was during my walk on Sunday, March 3rd, that I found a long-tailed tits' nest. I always find several this month, but never, previously, do I remember finding one so early. The nest was by no means completed, and I have since been watching the birds build. To and fro, to and fro, they go, bringing moss and lichen and wool, wool and moss and lichen. On Saturday, March 9th, though it was intensely cold, these long-tailed tits continued their building operations. I wondered how such frail little bodies could withstand the piercing winds. For an hour I stood within a few feet of the nest watching the charming little artists at their work felting the materials together with wonderful skill. Then I realised that if they were warm I was not, and made a move. You may often see, when brooding, the male keeping his wife company in the nest at night and the tips of the long tails of both birds protruding from the nest. Last year this pair of tits built their exquisite nest in the same privet hedge about half a dozen yards from where the present one is situated and safely reared their family. The old nest still remains. On Sunday, March 31st, the nest was completed and contained one egg.

CHAFFINCH AND THRUSH IN FULL SONG.

The chaffinch and thrush are in full song. The former sings "Beer, Beer! G-g-ginger-beer," while the thrush says :—

Pretty knew it, pretty knew it,
Come and see, come and see,
Knee-deep, knee-deep,
Cherry-sweet, cherry-sweet,
To me! To me! To me!

Butterflies are now on the wing and a number of migrant birds have arrived, including the chiffchaff, willow warbler and sand martin. Many nests of the blackbird, thrush, robin and hedge sparrow may now be found with their full clutches of eggs.

PEACE AND JOY AND BEAUTY AND—

During my early morning walk on Sunday, March 31st, I was listening to the bird choir and noting the wonderful shades of green on the fast growing foliage. All around seemed peace and joy and beauty. And then, further on, I came across little bunches

of feathers held together by tiny pieces of flesh. The feathers were those of the meadow pipit which had evidently been done to death by a cruel hawk, the feathers being the remains of his horrid meal. Peace and joy and beauty, tragedy and death. But it was ever thus!

A DEAD DACE.

And, strangely enough, a little further up the towpath I noticed evidence of another tragedy. A fine dace, just killed, was lying on the grass. Part of its flesh had been torn away. I continued my journey and returning about an hour later found that only a few bones of the dace remained. The fish had apparently been devoured by rats or crows. Probably a heron caught the fish, was disturbed and left it for others to feast upon.

"THE BLEATING OF A GOAT."

Meeting a working man friend, he asked me if I could hear a goat bleating and he pointed to a spot in the meadow whence he thought the sound emanated. I soon convinced him that the sound did not come from the ground as he had indicated. And when I pointed out to him that what he mistook for the bleating of a goat was the drumming of a snipe in the air he was very greatly surprised. The snipe produces this peculiar "drumming" by ascending high into the air and then descending rapidly, the stiff feathers of the outspread tail causing the strange sounds, similar to those made when you place paper over a comb and blow through it. Over the meadows by the Thames-side you may now see the snipe giving wonderful aerial displays and "bleating" like a goat.

DUCKS AND DRAKES.

The spotted woodpeckers are now busy drilling holes in the trees for nesting purposes, the kingfishers are quarrelling over brides, moorhens are mating, while to and fro, to and fro, across the water fly many birds with building material in their beaks. And, near some islands, where a few days ago two ducks and two drakes were keeping company, only the drakes are on show now, and handsome fellows they are, too. The ducks are doubtless sitting on a cosy nest of eggs.



WORDS OF WISDOM.

Thinking over our own faults makes us talk less about those of other people.

A truly wise man always bears in mind that there are many who know at least as much as he.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

There are extraordinary possibilities in the most ordinary people.

Let no one deceive himself. No one can ever excel in great things who does not first excel in small.

By the perfect exercise of one virtue a person may attain the height of all the rest.

Many people expect a fancy price for doing their plain duty.

It matters little how we are judged by men, and especially by men who judge of matters before they understand them.

He who stretches a point is always in danger of impaling himself on it.

Neither let mistakes nor wrong directions, of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many, discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding we were wrong.

Let a man try faithfully, manfully, to be right; he will grow daily more and more right. It is at bottom the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves.

Blessed is the nobody. His feelings aren't hurt when somebody forgets how important he is.

A HOME SONG.

I TURNED an ancient poet's book,
 And found upon the page :
 " Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage."
 Yes, that is true, and something more :
 You'll find, where'er you roam,
 That marble floors and gilded walls
 Can never make a home.
 But every house where Love abides,
 And Friendship is a guest,
 Is surely home, and home, sweet home ;
 For there the heart can rest.

Henry Van Dyke.

At 20 we don't care what the world thinks of us ; at 30 we worry about what it thinks of us ; at 40 we discover it doesn't think of us at all.

Memory goes back to the time when there was nothing conspicuous about a girl's fingernails. And we declare girls were just as lovely then as now.

The more modern novels you read, the more you wonder why people feel sorry for illiterates.

What's the use? By the time you know just how to run the world, you begin to get old and learn better—

Ideals, like stars, are often visible to anyone—but how few follow them! Those few travel far.

A democracy is fast becoming known as a land that entrusts its affairs to men who couldn't make a success of their own.



FOX HUNTING.

For the first time in memory the Vine Hounds met recently at "The Pelican Inn," Pamber Heath, when the genial host, Mr. Jack Benham, gave the followers of the chase a hearty welcome.

This is a very convenient meeting place on the extreme boundary of the Vine country, the main road dividing from the South Berks' territory. Close by is the renowned Pamber Forest of about 1,000 acres. Here several foxes were at home and many people on foot had the experience of viewing Reynard.

W. J. ROGERS LTD., BRISTOL.

On March 26th at the offices of Messrs. Clarke, Sons & Press, 23 Broad Street, Bristol, the completion was effected of the transfer of the share capital of Messrs. W. J. Rogers Ltd. to Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.

Messrs. T. P. Rogers, G. P. V. Rogers and D. H. Kirkpatrick retired from the Board which was reconstituted as under :—

Commander H. D. Simonds (*Chairman*).
 Mr. F. A. Simonds (*Managing Director*).
 Major G. S. M. Ashby.
 Mr. L. A. Simonds.
 Mr. H. W. Griffin.
 Mr. J. H. Watts (*Secretary*).

Mr. H. W. Griffin has been associated with Messrs. Rogers as manager for a great number of years, and it is anticipated that his experience and intimate knowledge of the trade in Bristol and district will continue to be of great service to the new Board of Directors.

Mr. J. H. Law, late assistant manager at The Tamar Brewery, Devonport, has been transferred to Bristol, and his experience with Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. should be most helpful to him in his new sphere of activities.

Brewing operations will be carried out under supervision of headquarters at Reading.

THE BRITISH LEGION "EMPLOYMENT WEEK,"

MARCH 25TH TO 30TH.

The message from Lord Jellicoe which appeared in the February issue of the British Legion Journal, made such a stirring appeal to Branches of the Legion on behalf of ex-service men, that we feel a

reprint will supplement the efforts we have already made to render assistance, in the wide distribution of posters throughout the large area covered by our business organization :—

“ My warmest good wishes are with the British Legion in its forthcoming effort to bring to the minds of our people in Great Britain the fact that, in spite of the fine organisation built up within the Legion during the last few years to place ex-service men in employment, there are still very many thousands of the fine fellows who answered their country's call during the Great War unable to obtain work.

“ I sincerely hope that every Branch of the Legion in the country will do its utmost during the forthcoming National Employment Week to make it clear to all residents in its district how great is the need, and how clear is the duty which lies before us, to repay the debt which is owed to ex-service men.

“ Preparation is necessary and much hard work will be entailed, both in preparing the lists of unemployed men in their categories of trades, and in arranging Public Meetings and visits to Employers. I feel sure that our Branches will rise to the occasion.

“ The Legion has unquestionably satisfied those Employers to whom they have sent ex-service men, and some idea of our Organisation may be gathered from the fact that 45,000 men have been placed in vacancies during the last 12 months.

“ But in spite of all the efforts made by the Legion in past years there still remains this large body of unemployed ex-service men.

“ I would appeal to Branches in Districts where there is happily little or no unemployment, to take the opportunity of helping your Comrades in less fortunate districts. Do your very best to find the openings, and the Legion will provide suitable men to fill the posts.

JELLICOE, A. F.”

The cause of the ex-service men has always received our greatest possible support and in reviewing our lists we find that nearly sixty per cent. of our men over 21 years of age have seen service with H.M. Forces. Our efforts in this very worthy cause have met with the reward of a loyalty of service above the average and a recognition on the part of employees of the necessity of pulling their weight and assisting in the numerous large and small ways in which it is always possible to help in the interests of the Firm.

SIMONDS' DART LEAGUE.

1934-35.



G. F. Haige (Secretary).
W. Constable. H. Tucker J. Arlett T. Lawrence.
(Vice-Chairman). (Chairman). G. Bishop.

The Committee of H. & G. Simonds' Retailers Society Dart League with the handsome cup (won by The Rising Sun, Wokingham) and the shield (won by The Bell, Oxford Road, Reading), presented by L. A. Simonds, Esq. The League was most successful and the Committee hope tenants wishing to enter a team for next season will inform the Secretary, Mr. G. F. Haige, of the Black Horse, as soon as possible.



THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Johnnie was gazing at his one-day-old brother, who lay squealing and yelling in his cot.

"Has he come from Heaven?" inquired Johnnie.

"Yes, dear."

"No wonder they put him out."

* * * *

Mrs. Newrich was riding in her expensive car down a steep hill when the chauffeur became alarmed.

"Madam," he explained, "the brakes refuse to act."

"Then stop the car immediately," said Mrs. Newrich. "I'll get out and walk."

* * * *

BROWN: "What kind of a watch have you?"

KELLY: "A wonder watch. Never heard of the brand? Well, it's one of those that every time I look at it I wonder what time it is."

* * * *

A commercial traveller staying at a small hotel wished to catch an early morning train, and asked the proprietress for an alarm clock.

She produced the clock and remarked: "We don't often use it, sir, and sometimes it sticks a bit, but if it doesn't go off, just touch the little hammer and it'll ring all right."

* * * *

A teacher was running over a number of common phrases to make sure that his pupils understood their meaning.

"Now," he said, "what do you understand when we say that a man has been working like a nigger all day?"

"Please, sir," replied a small boy, "he was so busy that he hadn't even time to wash his face."

* * * *

"You know, I think my pal was drunk last night."

"How's that?"

"Why, he came in and jumped on the bed."

"Well?"

"The bed wasn't there."

* * * *

Said the teacher to an exceedingly backward boy: "If I say 'I have went,' that is wrong, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," agreed the boy.

"But what is wrong about it?"

"Well, sir, you're still here."

* * * *

"Are you content to spend your life walking round the country begging?"

"No, lady," answered the tramp. "Many's the time I've wished for a car."

* * * *

"An abstract noun is the name of something of which we can think, but which we cannot touch," said a teacher to a pupil. "Give me an example."

"A red-hot poker, sir!"

* * * *

TEACHER: "Unselfishness is voluntarily going without things we need. Give a good example of it, Johnnie."

JOHNNIE: "Me. I go without a bath when I need it."

* * * *

"And your age is——?" asked the woman lawyer.

"About the same as yours," replied the woman witness.

The orator, mounted upon the usual platform, was trying to convince a small and unenthusiastic audience of many amazing facts.

"What would you say," he demanded, "if I told you that the rivers of the world were drying up?"

From the back of the crowd came a voice: "Go thou, and do likewise."

* * * *

LITTLE BOY (from next house): "Please may I have my arrow?"

LADY: "Yes, with pleasure. Where did it fall?"

LITTLE BOY: "I think it's stuck in your cat."

* * * *

A dictionary on golfing terms is to be published. If it's complete it will be banned.

* * * *

URCHIN (with his foot on a threepenny piece): "It's mine."

SECOND URCHIN: "It's mine, I dropped it."

"Garn! Yours ain't got a hole in it."

"Yes, it has."

"Well, this one ain't."

* * * *

Whereas it formerly was illegal to transport whisky, it is nowadays illegal to try to carry more than you are able.

* * * *

The mistress was interviewing a prospective applicant for the position of cook, and concluded: "Well, Jane, you seem quite suitable in every respect, and I have decided to engage you. The work will be light and easy, and you will find that the master is very easily pleased."

"Yes, mum," replied Jane, "I thought the same the moment I saw you!"

HOUSE-OWNER: "I'm glad you stopped complaining about the plaster falling."

TENANT: "It's all down now."

* * * *

PATIENT: "Oh, doctor, I am so sick. If I could only die."

DOCTOR: "I'll do the very best I can for you."

* * * *

He was a new recruit to the Navy, and had joined it to fulfil his youthful ambitions of a life on the sea and travel to distant lands. But at first he was sent to a training school, and at the end of two weeks he had spent most of his time digging ditches and filling up holes. Finally he sought his commanding officer.

"You see, sir," he complained, "when I joined the Navy they told me I should see the world, and here for two solid weeks I've been down nothing but rearrange it."

* * * *

FAMILY PHYSICIAN (after consultation): "Mr. Smith, I congratulate you most heartily."

PATIENT (excitedly): "I will recover, doctor?"

FAMILY PHYSICIAN: "Well—er! Perhaps not exactly that, but—er, well, after consultation we find that your disease is entirely novel, and if the post mortem examination should prove this to be a fact, we have decided to name the disease after you."

* * * *

A husband was seeing his beloved wife off for a holiday. "Ellen, dear," he said, "hadn't you better take some fiction with you to while away the time?"

"Oh, no, William," she said, "you'll be sending me some letters."

* * * *

SMITH: "That's an awful looking hat you have on. I told you before that these new styles—"

THE MRS.: "Oh, you dear! I'll go right down and buy one—this is last year's hat."

They were discussing the school lesson on anatomy.

"I've got about eight hundred bones in my body," said Bob.

"But teacher said there were only about two hundred in the human skeleton," protested Peter.

"Yes, I know; but I had sardines for breakfast."

* * * *

"It is eminently essential," shouted the political speaker, "that our party should hang together."

"Hang together is right," yelled a harassed taxpayer.

"I mean," spluttered the speaker, "that we should hang together in accord."

"That's what I mean," replied the heckler, "and in a mighty strong one, too."

* * * *

SMALL SON: "What are diplomatic relations, father?"

FATHER: "There are no such people, my boy."

* * * *

POLITICAL CANDIDATE: "I am willing to trust the people."

INTERESTED LISTENER: "I wish you'd open a grocery shop in this part of the town."

* * * *

"I can't imagine what's the matter with me, doctor; I'm continually thinking about myself."

"Tut, tut! You must stop worrying over trifles."

* * * *

SUITOR: "I seek your daughter's hand in marriage, sir. I love her devotedly and I would suffer deeply if I caused her a moment's sorrow."

FATHER: "You're dead right, young fellow. You sure would suffer. I know that girl."

He sent a letter to his sweetheart, every line breathing of his undying devotion; but he rather spoiled the effect by finishing up as follows:—

"May heaven cherish and keep you from your John."

* * * *

Oh, my!" exclaimed the excited woman who had mislaid her husband. "I'm looking for a small man with one eye."

"Well, madam," replied the polite shopwalker, "if he's a very small man perhaps you'd better use both eyes."

* * * *

CITY BUSINESS MAN: "The younger generation seems fairly eaten up with pride."

WIFE: "What makes you say that, dear?"

CITY BUSINESS MAN: "That was our senior office boy who just passed, and the insolent young cub cut me dead!"

* * * *

HE: "You look nice enough to eat."

SHE: "Well, I do eat. Let's go!"

* * * *

"What kind of a stone is Jane's engagement ring?"

"A rolling stone. I had it once."

* * * *

WIFE: "John, I gave you this letter to post a month ago, and I've just found it in your plaid coat pocket."

HUBBY: "I remember. I took off the coat at the time for you to sew a button, and it isn't sewn on yet."

* * * *

"Oh, he's all right if you take him in the right way."

"Perhaps so, but I don't like people who have to be labelled like medicine bottles."

* * * *

MRS. BONES: "And how is your poor husband to-day?"

MRS. HOLMES: "Oh, very poorly. He's got a terribly expensive disease. The doctor says he's got to be kept in good spirits!"

Two men, meeting in a club, began to exchange confidences.

"Do you know," said the young man, "my wife is absent on a pleasure cruise, and she writes me from every port she touches."

"You're lucky," replied the elder man. "My wife is also absent on a pleasure cruise, but she touches me from every port she calls at."

* * * *

POLICEMAN: "Now then, miss—you've had this car stood here for twenty minutes. Get a move on, please, you're obstructing the traffic."

FAIR DRIVER: "I know, constable. I'm awfully sorry, but I've got my text books mixed up somehow. Instead of bringing my 'How to Drive a Car' I've brought out 'Thirty-five Different Fruits and How to Preserve Them'!"

* * * *

THE POET: "Some people thirst after fame, others after wealth, others after love."

PERT MISS: "And there is something all people thirst after."

THE POET: "What's that?"

PERT MISS: "Salt fish."

* * * *

The teacher had told the class all about Diogenes, emphasising the fact that he lived for many years in a tub.

"I'll bet my dad wishes he was Diogenes," Tommy remarked.

"But surely your father wouldn't like to live in a tub for years, Tommy?"

"Sorry, miss," Tommy replied. "I thought you said pub."

* * * *

In the course of a football match in the North the referee gave one or two doubtful decisions against the home side. The wrath of the spectators was kindled against him and he had to have police protection at the end of the game. Back in the dressing room he warmly thanked his escort.

"Don't thank us, mister!" said the biggest policeman bitterly, "we always look after a blind man!"

The works welfare committee had decided to found a band, and those wishing to join were instructed to complete a form, giving name, department, and instrument preferred, and deposit in a box at the lodge. In due course the welfare official collected the forms and, after classifying them, went to interview the blacksmith.

"I see you would like to join the band, and would prefer a cornet," he said. "Have you any particular qualifications?"

"No," said the blacksmith, "but I'd like to learn, and I could put in a good bit of practice."

"The funny thing is," said the official, "that I have forty names here, and you are the only one who wants to play the cornet. All the others have asked for the big drum."

"Well, don't spoil your band for me," said the blacksmith. "Just give me a drum as well!"

* * * *

Simpkins was one of those pitty-patty people who, when they see a piece of cotton or thread on a person's clothes, cannot resist the temptation to pick it off.

He was in the theatre one night; saw a piece of wool on a girl's collar. He reached out and picked it off, and kept on pulling until he found that he had a large ball of wool in his hands. Quickly he dropped it on the floor and vanished from the theatre.

The next morning the victim of Simpkins' attentions said to her sister: "A funny thing happened at the theatre last night—I lost my vest."

* * * *

"I don't think my wife understands me. Does yours?"

"I don't think so. I never even heard her mention your name."

* * * *

Elmer, thirteen, was puzzled over a girl problem, and discussed it with his pal Joe. "I've walked to school with her three times," he told Joe, "and carried her books. I bought her ice cream sodas twice. Now do you think I ought to kiss her?"

"Naw, you don't need to," Joe decided after a moment of deep thought. "You've done enough for that girl already."

The golf professional was asking for the hand of the wealthy man's daughter, and certainly displayed assurance and confidence.

"You want to marry my girl Doris!" said the surprised parent. "Why, man, you were caddying for me only a year or so back."

"Oh, there's not much in that," said the applicant. "I don't see why a poor golfer shouldn't make a decent sort of father-in-law."

* * * *

A little man and his wife visited the Zoo. When they halted before the hippopotamus he remarked, admiringly, "Darned curious fish, ain't it, ma?"

"That ain't a fish; that's a reptile."

So the argument began. It progressed to a point of such violence that the old lady began labouring the husband with her umbrella. The old man dodged and ran, with his wife in pursuit.

A keeper had just opened the door of the lions' cage, and the little man popped in. He crowded in behind the largest lion and peered over its shoulder at his wife, who, on the other side of the bars, shook her umbrella furiously.

"Coward!" she shouted. "Coward!"

* * * *

A man rushed into a police station and said he wished to give himself in charge, as he had assaulted his wife with a poker.

"Did you kill her?" asked the officer on duty.

"Not quite," was the reply, "that's why I'm here now."

* * * *

"Look here," said a disgruntled visitor, bursting into the editor's den, "I wan't to see you about this paragraph announcing my resignation from the Town Council."

"What about it," retorted the editor, "it's quite true, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's true enough," admitted the caller. "But I should like you to explain why you've printed it under 'Public Improvements.'"

* * * *

FIRST FOREIGNER (airing his English): "How are you, I hope?"

SECOND FOREIGNER: "Thank you, no doubt."

A man found himself at a teetotal banquet. He suffered patiently until the dessert arrived, when a neighbour pressed him to have some grapes.

"No, thank you," he growled, "I don't take my wine in pills."

* * * *

Two boys were teaching a friend to ride a bicycle. After getting him into the saddle they started him off downhill. As he didn't return, they went in search of him, and asked an old lady they met if she had seen a boy on a bicycle.

"No," was the answer, "I've seen no one except a boy sitting in a ditch mending umbrellas."

* * * *

The negro preacher had successfully concealed the fact that he had served a term in prison, but years of upright living had not destroyed his fear of exposure.

One Sunday on rising to begin his sermon his heart sank on seeing in one of the front pews a former cell-mate. Quick thinking was necessary. He fixed his eye on the stranger and delivered himself slowly and impressively:

"Ah takes mah text dis mo'nin' from de sixty-fo' chapter and de' fo' hundre'th verse ob de Gospel ob Saint John, which says, 'Dem as sees me n' knows me an' says nothin', dem will Ah see later.'"

* * * *

The chief salesman had a very loud voice. One morning when the manager arrived at the office he heard a terrible noise coming from the salesman's office.

"Who is that shouting?"

"That's Mr. Hill talking to Edinburgh," replied the secretary.

"Then tell him to use the telephone."

* * * *

One afternoon in Hyde Park, London, a speaker, having bored his audience for some time, was tackled by one of his patient listeners.

"On such occasions," he replied in a pompous manner, "I always ask myself a question——"

From the back of the crowd came a voice: "And I bet you get a silly answer!"

A coloured preacher was talking to his congregation about salvation. Finally his sermon was finished, and then he said: "Now, Brother Smith, will you take up the collection?"

At this point an old darkey got up and started for the door, saying: "Parson, ah thought you said salvation was free—free as the water we drink."

"Well, brother," replied the preacher, "salvation is free and water is free, but when we pipes it to you, you have to pay for the piping."

* * * *

HUBBY (over the phone): "Is that you, dear? I'm afraid I won't be able to get home to dinner to-night, as I am detained at the office."

WIFE (in sympathetic reply): "You poor dear, I don't wonder. How you get anything done at all, with that orchestra playing in your office, is more than I can understand."

* * * *

During the recent census the collector for Central Australia, who had travelled since daylight without seeing a soul, espied the glow of a camp fire in the distance. He hurried along to it and found a solitary white man cooking his evening meal. Dismounting, he approached and entered into conversation with the stranger, and after ascertaining his name, address, and a thousand and one other particulars required for the census papers, they struck up a conversation.

The stranger told the collector that he was the first white man he had seen for many years, and asked him: "Who won the war?"

"We did," replied the collector.

"I thought we would," answered the stranger. "I knew the Boers never had a chance."

* * * *

The adjutant had arrived at the Great Beyond and passed through the Pearly Gates. He was looking around curiously when suddenly his face grew pale, and he rushed to St. Peter and gasped: "Surely this isn't Heaven!"

"I can assure you that it is," said St. Peter. "But what makes you doubt it?"

"I am sure it can't be," said the adjutant, "because that angel over there used to be my old colonel."

BRANCHES.

BRIGHTON.

We have recently had a visit from Mr. Louis Simonds, and were very pleased to see him and to know that he received benefit from the springlike weather which prevailed during his stay. We hope that he has by now fully recovered from his indisposition.

There must be something about the air and surroundings of the South Coast resorts, His Majesty the King having again chosen this part for his spring change. Eastbourne is an ideal centre, from which place the Queen has made several trips to adjacent places of interest.

Reading football team received a setback at the Goldstone Ground, being beaten by Brighton and Hove Albion by the only goal scored.

The "bad luck" might mean that Reading will be runners-up instead of top of the league. Better luck next season.

* * * *

A visitor to a seaside resort noted for its recuperating qualities for patients suffering from mental breakdowns was surprised to see a man standing near a flower bed in one of the gardens with a fishing rod, dropping the baited line amongst the flowers. The onlooker, after watching for some time, asked the "fisherman" if he had had a bite. "Yes," he replied, "you are the ninth this morning."

Going further on the visitor met a man dangling about two feet of dog chain in front of him. This man stopped the visitor, and said: "Have you seen the Invisible Man?" "No," was the reply; to which the other replied: "I only asked you because I have an invisible dog."

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

We are very pleased to hear that the Firm have strengthened the chain in the West Country by acquiring the well-known brewery of Messrs. Rogers, of Bristol. The "Hop Leaf" will be seen all the way from London to Penzance, and as motorists have now to amble along at 30 miles per hour they must realise that when they see one of our famous signs they are in a controlled area—controlled by "Simonds"!

The only fly in the ointment is that Mr. J. H. Law, who has been our Chief Clerk for seven years, has been taken from us. He has been most popular both at the Tamar Brewery and with tenants and customers generally. We all wish him joy in his promotion and hope he will be as happy at Bristol as he has been with us. Mr. McIntyre presented him with a very fine English clock on behalf of his colleagues at the Tamar Brewery, so he cannot say that he has not the time to "call and see us sometime."

Mr. L. J. Tranter, our late Manager at Crabbs Park, has now been appointed to the staff here, and we all give him a hearty welcome. Mr. S. H. Spurling has been appointed Chief Clerk.

TAMAR SOCIAL CLUB.

The annual general meeting was held on February 23rd, and the Chairman, Mr. F. Pierce, was able to report good progress and a first-class balance sheet. It was unanimously passed that Mr. F. A. Simonds be requested to continue as President, and the other Directors and heads of departments Vice-Presidents. We greatly appreciate the kindness all these gentlemen have shown—we could not get on without them.

The Ring League has certainly been a great success and by the time our notes are in the hands of the printers the knock-out challenge cup will have been won and lost. Plymouth Argyle object to winning more than one round of the Football Association challenge cup, so we have to arrange other modes of excitement. We shall have a stronger league next year. Some of our tenants were of the opinion that the league would be a "frost," but they now realise that teams and followers get quite a lot of sport and entertainment, and the tenants also get sport, entertainment, etc.

Good luck to the "Hop Leaf" Ring League and the energetic officials who were responsible for its birth.

Everyone at the Tamar Brewery wishes Mr. Louis and the future Mrs. Simonds good health, happiness and all the good luck that is about.

PORTSMOUTH.

At the 17th annual dinner of the Southsea Sea Angling Club held recently, Councillor W. S. R. Pugsley, following Sir Harold Pink in replying to the toast of the Lord Mayor and Corporation, mentioned with regard to the Southsea Sea Angling Club that it was yet another asset to the city as an attraction to visitors and he

hoped for its success in the future. "The Southsea Sea Angling Club" was submitted by Mr. R. Gurd, chairman of the Southampton Sea Angling Club, and Mr. G. Rourke, chairman of the local club, replying, commented upon the friendly rivalry that had existed between the clubs last season. He hoped that the association between the clubs would be a feature of ensuing activities. "The Visitors" was proposed by Mr. L. Williams and responded to by Mr. F. G. Robson. Mr. Robson said that the offer of free tickets for admission to the South Parade Pier to be competed for by members of the club would be renewed and three would be available for this year.

Mr. G. A. Rourke, who presided, was supported by Alderman Sir Harold and Lady Pink, Alderman and Mrs. W. A. Billing, Councillor and Mrs. W. S. R. Pugsley, Mr. F. G. Robson, manager of the South Parade Pier, Mr. H. W. Rawnsley Gurd, chairman of the Southampton Sea Angling Club, and Mr. L. Williams (toast-master).

During the evening prizes were presented by Lady Pink.

We congratulate Mr. T. Davies (Chief Constable of Portsmouth) on his having conferred upon him the title of life Governor of the Royal Life Saving Society—the highest honour that the Society can bestow. The certificate and badge of the order will be presented to Mr. Davies at the annual meeting of the Society in London on May 4th, when the presentation will be made by Lord Desborough, the President of the Society. The honour has been conferred upon Mr. Davies "for services rendered in the cause of life saving." "The Chief" has been actively connected with the Society since 1902. One of the features of the Portsmouth City Police Force is that every member must qualify for the Society's life saving certificate.

H.M.S. *Victory* after a big struggle have ended their run in the A.F.A. cup and can now devote their attention to the championship of the United Services League. Their replay with St. Albans City in the third round at St. Albans resulted in a win for St. Albans of 2-0. St. Albans will now play the Royal Marines at Eastney in the fourth round on March 30th. A very keen match was seen at Fratton Park when the Royal Marines met H.M.S. *Excellent* once again in the final of the U.S. Challenge Cup. The Marines won the trophy last year and at the interval there was every appearance of this cup departing from Eastney. The *Excellent* had scored twice through Reynolds and A. Woodford and the Marines attack seemed to be well held by the *Excellent's* defence. A surprise was caused immediately after the change of ends by the dash of the Marines. Within ten minutes they were on equal terms, Anderton and Turner

scoring. Turner netted again to put the *Excellent* in arrears and Lund added another goal, making the final score 4—2 for the Marines.

Overheard at a Club Bar :—

FIRST CLUBMAN : " Do you know the Shaws ? "

SECOND CLUBMAN : " What Shaws ? "

FIRST CLUBMAN : " Thanks, a Bitter. "

WOKING.

WOKING AND DISTRICT CLUB STEWARDS.

THE ANNUAL DINNER.

The eighth annual dinner of the Woking and District Club Stewards' Association was held on Wednesday, 13th March, at the Wheatsheaf Hotel, Woking. Mr. A. Bennett again presided over a large gathering of members and guests.

The loyal toast received special attention this year in view of the function being so close to the King's Silver Jubilee. The chairman said that such an event as the annual dinner gave them an opportunity to express their loyalty to His Majesty, and their sense of gratitude for his beneficent reign, which, although incidental with the most tremendous events in the history of the world in general, and of our country in particular, had nevertheless been marked by a unity of the nation, a stability of institutions, and a national recovery unequalled by any other country. It would be fitting to mark the anniversary in a very special way, as a tribute to His Majesty's courage, his wisdom and his understanding humanity.

In proposing the toast of the " Woking and District Club Stewards," the chairman extended a hearty welcome to all members of the Association who were present that evening, and said he was especially pleased to see such a goodly number of guests.

Referring to club matters the chairman said that, generally speaking, the year had been one of steady progress and consolidation. No great changes had been thrust upon them by the incidence of taxation. The reduction in the beer duty, of which they had now had a full year, had been a benefit to individual members, as consumers, rather than to club finances.

Fortunately, economic conditions had somewhat improved, and the spending power of the members had been better accordingly, and that factor had been of material assistance to those responsible for the financial position of their institutions.

The year had been marked by a tremendous onslaught upon clubs by various bodies all over the country, but an analysis of the situation revealed that the real aim and object of the attacks was to suppress the one-man proprietary club which was bogus in every sense of the word. Fortunately they were not troubled with such clubs in Woking and district and certainly none was represented in their Association. Their institutions were all bona-fide members' clubs which complied with the law in every respect and were fulfilling a useful purpose in their various localities. It was pleasing to find that most of the responsible men and women in the attacking army admitted frankly, when confronted, that such clubs as their own were not being aimed at. It behoved them all therefore, to see to it that the present high state of conduct was fully maintained in order to avoid confusion with the spurious growth which was really causing all the trouble.

The excellence of all local Police reports and the observations of the Licensing Justices were very gratifying, and certainly reflected the greatest credit on all concerned.

The Club and Institute Union, also the Association of Conservative Clubs, as well as the British Legion, were watching closely the present campaign, and could be relied upon to do everything possible to protect all legitimate interests and freedom.

The Licensing Act of 1934 gave wider powers to Licensing Justices respecting " permitted " hours, with special regard to the later closing hour in the evenings during summer time. Some districts had been successful in obtaining that concession, whilst in other areas they had not been so fortunate, being unable to prove to the satisfaction of the Justices that there were special requirements in their area as would render an alteration desirable.

He hoped they would all enjoy the evening's entertainment, and that in their several spheres of activity they would experience a successful year, with smooth and harmonious working, together with happiness among their members and themselves, and to the satisfaction of their committees.

Responding, Mr. C. Austin (Woking Liberal Club) said the annual dinner became more popular every year, and it was gratifying to the committee that it was so well supported. Their duties as Stewards did not enable them to visit neighbouring clubs as often as they would wish, and they had much to thank Mr. J. Holloway and Mr. S. M. Wareham for, in making the event known. They also owed a great deal to Mr. E. Loughnane, who was responsible for the inauguration of the Association, and who had been their Honorary Secretary from the time of its inception.

The toast of "The Visitors" was given by Mr. F. Pendry (Chertsey Firemen and Social Club) who said that the entertainment of visitors formed part of a Steward's duties, and therefore gave him particular pleasure to propose such a toast that evening.

Mr. E. G. Abley (Chobham ex-Service Men's Club) responded. He hoped the annual dinner would always be arranged, as it gave them the opportunity of meeting at least once a year under congenial circumstances; in fact, he wished they could meet more frequently. He wished success to the Association and prosperity to all the clubs represented.

Mr. W. R. Martin (West Byfleet Social Club) in his own inimitable way proposed the toast of "The Chairman," and said it was the eighth year in succession that such a pleasure had been afforded him.

Mr. A. Bennett briefly responded.

After the dinner an excellent entertainment was provided by Mr. Frank Wood and Mr. W. Colman (entertainers), Mr. F. Gold (selections) and Mr. S. Sterk (ventriloquist). Mr. Stanley Slough was at the piano.

A vote of thanks to the artistes, proposed by Mr. O. G. Parker, brought to a close a most pleasing and successful function.

SALISBURY.

The Radnor Arms, Nunton, is situated 4 miles S.E. of Salisbury. Mr. J. H. Chown, a very staunch customer of ours is the proprietor.

With the arrival of our new Bedford motor van, the horse and cart was purchased by Mr. Chown for his business. "Carbine," to give the animal its registered name, is a lovely chestnut cob, getting on in years perhaps, but not too old to play tricks.

With the passing of the horse (which we hope will live to deliver many cases of "S.B." etc., for its new owner), H. Vann, a loyal and faithful old servant of the Firm who has really done his "bit," was placed on the pension list. He was very popular with one and all who knew him, and we hope he too will live to enjoy his eventide of life.

We take this opportunity to convey our sincere wishes to Mr. Louis Simonds on his forthcoming marriage to Miss Rosemary Lang. May they enjoy perfect happiness, long life, good health and the best of luck.