

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

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*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

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MR. A. J. HALL.

## MR. A. J. HALL.

To our gallery of photographs which have appeared in the position of honour in this journal, we are pleased to add the portrait of Mr. A. J. Hall, whose whole work-a-day life has been devoted to the care of horses.

Recently Mr. Hall completed 36 years' service at the Brewery, prior to which he had been employed by Messrs. Sutton & Sons of this town. He is now foreman of all the stables and responsible for the care of the whole of our horses, which at one time numbered 100. During Mr. Hall's close study of our dumb friends over so many years he has acquired a vast and practical knowledge of the handling and treatment of horses which has been intensified by a great affection for the animals in his care. In these times, when special attention and extra care and air-raid precautions are necessary, Mr. Hall's natural fondness for horses makes him a willing watcher over their safety and it is no exaggeration to say that they return his devotion in the only way in which these highly intelligent animals can shew their appreciation. The prompt obedience to his call, the nuzzling of a soft nose, are demonstrations of returned affection which are only earned by animal-lovers.

Mr. Hall's practical knowledge of veterinary work is evinced by the almost entire absence of ailments amongst the horses and his success in this direction has been conspicuous over many years.

In the course of his career, Mr. Hall has won many First Prizes in Ploughing Matches and in Agricultural Shows in the district for the excellent condition of horses exhibited. Older members of the Firm will recall the beautiful pair of bays, "Capstan" and "Dragoon," which were awarded four First Prizes at local competitions. The horses were a perfect pair, each with four "white socks" and were great favourites for many years. In these competitions the condition of the harness and the handling of the horses were also taken into consideration in the awards.

In by-gone years Mr. Hall took part in the large scale manoeuvres for which the Firm contracted and recalls numerous incidents connected with various Cavalry Brigades to which his beer supply waggon was attached. On one occasion he was greatly worried by the loss of two barrels of beer during a night bivouac.

The barrels were found empty at the bottom of a hill, but the culprits were not discovered, although it was anticipated that the disposal of 72 gallons of beer would have led to gaps in the ranks at early morning parade.

Mr. Hall joined the Berks Royal Horse Artillery when that unit was first formed and went to camp at Churn and Salisbury Plain on various occasions. At the outbreak of the last Great War, he volunteered for service overseas, but was rejected three times; he eventually was accepted in 1916 and was sent to France to join the Indian Veterinary Hospital at Rouen. Later he was promoted to the rank of Sergeant and posted to the 23rd Division A.C. Subsequently he was transferred to "B" Battery, 102nd Brigade, Royal Horse Artillery, at West Hooter Camp, Belgium, and thence he went with the Division to Italy where he remained until the end of the war.

With a natural antipathy to the motor transport, the advent of which greatly reduced the number of horses employed, Mr. Hall humorously remarks that in the whole of his career he has never had to go out at night to pull a horse out of a ditch or to tow one home.



*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.)

R.A.F. OFFICER'S MOVE.

An interesting change of service has been given to Mr. Richard Pryce Lloyd, who, as an officer of the Royal Air Force on the Balloon Barrage since the outbreak of the war, has been transferred to the education branch of the R.A.F., says *The Carmarthen Journal*. There he will hold the responsible post of instructor in mathematics to cadets. This officer in civil life was on the staff of the London County Council. He is the elder of two sons of Mr. Richard Lloyd (now of New Quay), who, as a brewer in his younger days, and for years past the representative of a large brewing firm, Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., was well known and a welcome figure all over South Wales. The other son was the late Dr. T. J. Lloyd, who was medical superintendent of the City Lodge, Cardiff, and surgeon-lieutenant in the R.N.V.R. The new appointment for Mr. Richard Pryce Lloyd will give pleasure to the many friends of his father and of his sister Marie (now Mrs. Turner-Linton) who recently married and settled down at New Quay.

TRANSMISSION OF THE SPIRIT.

"Do you believe in transmission of the spirit?"

"Certainly—pass the Scotch."

A WONDERFUL EVENING!

Yes, it really was a wonderful party. Last thing I remember clearly was Bronson getting into Jones's grandfather clock and trying to telephone to his wife.

BOTH SORRY!

"I was sorry to see you come out of the Green Man last night, Tom," said the vicar.

"Aye, I were sorry meself. But you do have to come out some toime."

WHAT MORE?

"The green countryside in spring, a moonlit night, and a beautiful girl; what more could a sensible man want?" writes a romantic reader.

A competent lawyer, I should think.

THE CRY OF AN A.R.P. WORKER.

Bombs are bursting,  
I'm a'thirsting,  
Where's the nearest public house?  
Splinters flying,  
I'm half crying,  
Thirsty as a blinking louse.

Guns are firing,  
Never tiring,  
Gosh! My blasted throat is dry—  
Bombs may burst  
But I've a thirst,  
And I must quench it or I'll die.

PTE. A. R. STEED, in the R.A.C.S. Ltd.'s

*Journal Together.*

DREAMS AND DREAMERS.

An advertiser who announces that people are suffering from "blitz dreams," and suggests that they should avoid them by taking doses of "X," has raised the interesting question whether more dreams are being dreamed—and to better purpose—in war-time than in peace, says *The Times*. The Caesars are supposed to have turned their dreams to military advantage, and, according to Suetonius, a dream saved the life of the Emperor Augustus at the battle of Philippi; but examples of successful dreaming in modern warfare do not leap to the memory. It is true that an American correspondent recently informed *The Times* that he had dreamed that the Germans had tunnelled underneath the Straits of Dover, where their tanks were pouring out of a hole near the Kent coast—and the value of this particular dream may possibly be revealed in time. Certainly, if we believe John Aubrey, still more incredible prophecies have been fulfilled; for he tells us that "Lady Seymour dreamed she saw a nest with nine finches in it. And so many children she had by the Earl of Winchelsea, whose name is Finch."

## THE DREAMS THAT MATTER.

But the dreams of the rank and file can have little effect on the outcome of this struggle. It is the dreams of the executive that matter. And here it is pertinent to recall that Napoleon hardly mentioned the word dream until on his deathbed he dictated a memorandum on the utilization of Versailles, and another on the reorganization of the National Guard, and labelled these, rather pathetically, "Dream 1" and "Dream 2." The truth is that the born leader does not dream. He can do with a small allowance of sleep, and is capable of taking it when he pleases. The people who dream are those who lie awake worrying. If we could all follow the example of the Duke of Wellington, who said, "I make a point never to lie awake," and who covered his face with a newspaper at Quatre Bras and went to sleep immediately, we should get along very well without our doses of "X." And when Morpheus is particularly obstinate, we should follow the advice of a contemporary poet and not "dwell upon the form of Marshal Gœring,"

But think of things as round but more endearing—  
A puff-ball, or a large recumbent sheep,  
Or stately, solemn, lazy clouds appearing  
To wrap us in an eiderdown of sleep.

## OUR GREATEST WEAPON.

Driving through Weston-super-Mare recently, the town's War Weapons Week, the King said to members of his party:

"This is our greatest weapon—the spirit of the people."

## EVERY DAY!

"Carry your gas mask every day, and be prepared in every way."

No gas attack need cause you fear with respirator always near.  
So take it with you all the time, and learn by heart this little rhyme:

"Carry your gas mask every day, and be prepared in every way."

## SIMPLE!

The Mellon Institute, Pittsburg, have announced the introduction of a powerful new drug called hydroxyethylapocupreine, and known as "Seventy-one" for short, which has been used effectively against pneumonia.

It is produced artificially from constituents of quinine, and was first developed at the Institute in 1935.

## "ALCOHOL BETTER THAN ASPIRIN."

Doctors experimenting with analgesics (substances which reduce pain) found that ethyl alcohol had a greater effect than aspirin.

"This remarkable advantage of alcohol over aspirin," says the *Lancet*, "is worthy of note by pharmacologists, who, in the laboratory, at any rate, have scarcely done justice to the virtues of a double whisky. Nevertheless, aspirin may reasonably be regarded as the best universal analgesic yet evolved."

## CRICKET.

With the constant calls by the Government for man power for H.M. Forces and work of National importance, it is becoming increasingly difficult to carry on with sport, writes J.W.J. What is the best thing to be done? That is a burning question! Many local clubs have had to put their sports gear in storage for the duration. Shall we do the same?

We have a splendid Sports Ground and it would be a great pity if we did not continue to make use of it as long as possible. The time may come when circumstances compel us to forego all our "Ball" games but, until the last moment, let us carry on. That, at least, is the opinion of the committee of the Cricket Club.

By the time that these notes appear in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, the annual general meeting will have confirmed or amended the recommendations of the committee, viz. :—"To run along on the same lines as last year." Then we had one team and all the matches were played on our own ground.

Our playing strength does not look very formidable at present, but one never knows. The hour often produces the man.

With the large influx of ladies on the staff, both clerical and manual, there may be quite a number who would like to take up cricket. With the extra hour of daylight this summer, we may be able to do something for them during the longer evenings, if the ground is not fully occupied by the club on Saturday afternoons.

By the time the summer season commences the ground should be in good playing trim as much hard work is being done on it, under the direction of an experienced groundsman, and the supporters of cricket and tennis should be well satisfied.

## RECIPE FOR OLD AGE.

Mrs. Mary Ann Jenner, who has died at Wallington, Surrey, at the age of 100, was the daughter of a man who lived to be 99 and the grandchild of a woman who was 102. But she said her own old age was due to hard work, plain food and a glass of ale with her supper.

## CARROTS AND BEES.

The suggestion, made in Parliament, that carrots should be sold by confectioners as an alternative to sweets for eating by children, is not so fantastic as some may think. One of the earliest uses of carrots, which are first mentioned as growing wild in Greece, was as food for bees, the insects relishing the sweetness of the carrot. Not till later on were carrots utilised as vegetables for human consumption. The ancient association between carrots and the insect which gives us honey, therefore, suggests some justification for the new classification of the familiar root as a sweet-meat substitute.

## SHAKESPEARE UP-TO-DATE.

The ingenious reader of Shakespeare can, if he cares, find plenty of quotations apt to the present struggle. For example:—

The careless fire-watcher.—“Thou hast wore out thy pump!” (*Romeo and Juliet*).

The petrol shortage.—“This Lapwing runs away with the Shell” (*Hamlet*).

Lifts for pedestrians.—“The nine-men’s Morris is fil’d up” (*Midsummer Night’s Dream*).

The torch-user.—“The battery once again!” (*Henry V*).

Road recklessness.—“O most wicked speed!” (*Hamlet*).

The bomb-crater.—“O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!” (*Julius Caesar*).

Summer time.—“It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.”

“The hours come back! That did I never hear.”  
(*Comedy of Errors*).

## THIS ENGLAND.

A poem by a canon of St. Paul’s was sung in St. Paul’s when the Royal Society of St. George held its St. George’s Day service in the crypt.

The poem, “This England,” may certainly be regarded as a war poem, although it was published by Canon Alexander just before war began; and it has acquired a deep significance in the light of after events. This is the poem:

O little isle of mountain and of meadow,  
Lady of heather, roses and grey sea,  
In this dim world of deepening storm and shadow  
Must not our hearts, O England, turn to thee?  
On thee, ere now acclaimed the queen of nations  
The tortured peoples wait to seek release  
From jealous fears and selfish aspirations  
Amid thy sheltered ways of ancient peace.

For the true path man’s troubled soul is groping:  
Be thou to him as tranquil lights that burn  
Far off to some tired traveller still hoping  
Homeward at last from exile to return.  
Crown the long magic of thy guided story  
With sovereign counsels generous and free,  
And let it be thy final page of glory  
That all men’s hearts, O England, turn to thee.

## THE ONLY ONE.

If you can keep yourself from going crackers  
At all the things that you’re advised to do,  
When Hitler sends his horrid air attackers  
With squibs and bombs to try and frighten you,  
If you can hear that hellish banshee warning  
Without a sinking feeling in your breast,  
If you can sleep in dug-outs till the morning  
And never feel you need a better rest,  
If you can laugh at every blackout stumble  
Nor murmur when you cannot find a pub,  
If you can eat your ration and not grumble  
About the wicked price you pay for grub,  
And you can keep depression down to zero  
And view it all as just a bit of fun,  
Then, “Sir,” it’s clear you’ll be a b—— hero  
And what is more you’ll be the only one.

## A POPULAR RENDEZVOUS.

During one of my visits to our Social Club I was agreeably surprised to see so many members present, a large number of whom were on Fire Watchers' duty. Amongst the company were the two Wardens for the night, Mr. E. S. Phipps, the Company's General Secretary, and Mr. A. G. Richardson, our worthy Chief Accountant and Chairman of our A.R.P. Committee. They were enjoying a game of billiards and both displaying excellent form. Others, including ladies, were indulging in an impromptu dance, our popular Stewardess, Mrs. Holmes, obliging at the piano. The Steward was very busy at the bar seeing to the wants of the inner man. Our Social Club is in a very real sense fulfilling its mission—providing social intercourse and healthy recreation for all who desire it, and we owe the officials who run it so successfully a deep debt of gratitude.

## A FEW SMILES.

"Sir, what shall I put loss of working hours during air raids down to?"

MANAGER: "Overhead Expenses."

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Getting up early, says a doctor, is merely a matter of will-power. The triumph of mind over mattress!

\* \* \* \*

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER: "The enemy are as thick as peas. What shall we do?"

CAPTAIN: "Shell 'em; shell 'em!"



## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

The photograph of Mr. W. Venner which appeared in our last issue was an excellent likeness and everywhere favourably commented upon. He is well liked and well known everywhere on the Brewery and no doubt has a most arduous job—particularly at the moment—in arranging for the prompt despatch of lorries. But he does it all with a smile. It is also worth recording that he has three sons in the Transport department, although just now two are away serving in H.M. Forces. So it is left for the youngest to carry on the family tradition.

Mr. A. Marple, one of our war-time staff who used to live in the south-east district very near the sea, heard the news that his house had been destroyed by enemy action. Mr. Marple's comment was, "It was as well the wife and I were not there at the time," a remark everyone will agree with. He took his ill-luck with a smile and said, "It will be alright after the war."

Mr. V. Mundy, of our Secretarial department, has a son of whom he is well proud owing to his prowess at the recent Reading School sports. This boy, P. W. Mundy, won the 100 yards Junior School (open), the 220 yards Junior School (open), and running particularly well in the relay race had the pleasure of greatly assisting his House to win this event.

Football still flourishes at Reading, for the team, or rather teams—for we have an amateur side who are doing remarkably well—are winning most of their matches and over London XI's, too. In spite of many difficulties, the "boys" are putting out every effort and are pleasing all those who see them play and gates have been quite good.

The call-up of several of the staff who have been waiting for some while has now taken place. We have lost Messrs. S. Brunson and F. W. Clark to the Navy, and "young" Fullbrook, of the General Office staff, has joined the R.A.F. There are quite a large number of youngsters who have volunteered for the R.A.F. and are daily expecting their call-up notices. Now with the registration of the "forties" and over we may be losing even more. Of course, there are also a number of the ladies who will have to register shortly. Mr. G. V. Wait, whose boy is in the R.A.F., somewhere in Canada, writes glowing accounts of that country and the hospitality of the folks there. Mr. F. Drury has a boy also in the R.A.F., in Canada, and he has good news of that glorious country as well.

Unfortunately, Mr. F. W. Freeman has been laid up again, but I am given to understand the trouble has been successfully diagnosed and he is expected soon to be back with us. He certainly has been having a rough time lately but we all wish him a speedy recovery. There are a few others who have had short spells off duty owing to illness, but there has been nothing like an epidemic this winter as on other occasions in the past.

The first aid post has proved its worth in many ways and the personnel on duty lately have proved their worth as well. Miss P. Hammond has passed the Home Nursing Test of the Red Cross.

It's an ill wind, etc. Whilst on overtime looking for an elusive shilling to balance, Mr. Tom Kent, O.C. of our first aid party, was called out to an accident. During the time he was away his partner, Mr. R. Broad, with whom he had been "calling" prior to the aforementioned accident, being on his own so to speak, had a look round and after a very short while found the missing "bob" and the "all clear" for overtime was sounded once again.

Mr. A. H. Hopkins, Hon. Secretary of the H. & G. Simonds' Savings Association, tells me that as well as a record number of certificates being subscribed for, he is also selling a large number of savings stamps, and every week shows an increase in this respect.

Mr. H. V. Rivers, who has been a member of the Travelling staff since June last, has now left us, having been called up as a Lieutenant in the R.N.R. We all wish him every success.

The employees of our branches situated in towns which have been "blitzed" are sticking it well and deserve every congratulation for the way they are carrying on in such difficult and trying circumstances. They are often in our thoughts.

We had a visit a short while ago from Mr. F. Biggs, of Southsea Branch, and if he will pardon me saying so, he appeared larger than ever. He looked well, and we were all very pleased to see him.

The following changes have taken place recently and to all tenants we wish every success:—

The Carpenters Arms, Hayes (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mrs. L. Grimsey.

The Grey Horse, Sunbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. J. Stroude.

The Prince of Wales, Feltham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. H. Johnson.

The North Star, Slough (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. F. W. Motteram.

The Griffin, Caversham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. L. W. J. Duguid.

(Mr. L. Duguid is well known at the Brewery, having been on the staff for some years, and a previous tenant, so he is now renewing old associations.)

The Crown, Lower Basildon (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. C. Middleton.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. C. Mitchener, of the Jolly Gardener, Holyport, the widow of the late Mr. Frank Mitchener, who had been tenant of this House since October, 1915.

#### SERGT.-PILOT TUBBS.

The funeral of Sergt.-Pilot Albert William Tubbs, R.A.F., eldest son of Major and Mrs. A. Tubbs, of the Red Lion, Whiteleaf, took place at Monks Risborough Parish Church.

Sergt.-Pilot Tubbs, who was 27 years of age, was killed in a flying accident on March 4th. He had been for 11 years in the R.A.F., and he was one of the first British pilots concerned in the raid which led to the destruction of Stavanger aerodrome in Norway. A member of the coastal command and then the long range fighter squadron, he had five enemy machines to his credit. Last July he was shot down in the North Sea with a wound in the leg, but was picked up and rescued.

A very keen sportsman, Sergt.-Pilot Tubbs boxed for three years for the R.A.F. as a heavyweight and was more than once runner-up in the R.A.F. boxing championships. He was also a playing member of the Aylesbury Rugby XV.

He was educated at the Royal Grammar School, High Wycombe, which he left to go into the R.A.F.

His father, Major Tubbs, served in the last war in France in the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry and has been chairman of the Monks Risborough British Legion since 1926.

In a letter to our Mr. C. Bennett, Major A. Tubbs writes as follows:—

"It was very nice of you to write about our boy and we realise by the number of letters received from people all over the country who had met him, how he endeared himself to them everywhere he went."

"It is also a small world; we did not know until we saw Mr. Ashby's photo in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE that he was in the same Flight as my son when a Sergeant."

Mr. P. Ruffles, of our first aid party, has just received his certificate from St. John Ambulance Brigade stating that he has been re-examined for the third year in Air Raid Precautions and First Aid for Air Raid Casualties, and satisfied the examiner.

During the last few weeks excellent work has been put in on behalf of the Red Cross and the Royal Berkshire Hospital. In the first place a prize of 3 lbs. of onions was on show in the bar and all were asked to join in and win them, the cost being one penny per ticket. The sum of £1 3s. 4d. was realised for this effort. The next week a mystery prize was offered—this was a pair of glasses—and over £1 was obtained. The third prize offered was 3½ dozen eggs; actually, the prize was split up into three, thus, 1st, two dozen eggs; 2nd, 1 dozen; and 3rd, half-a-dozen. The excellent sum of £2 6s. od. was realised and duly forwarded to the Royal Berkshire Hospital. The donor of the eggs, Mr. J. Hyde, Glencove, Nine Mile Ride, Wokingham, in addition put in the sum of 5/- to swell the total—a splendid gesture, all will agree.

#### “ DAFFODILS.”

The poets have sung their praises  
With every year's young dawn :  
And chanted their resurrection  
By river and lake and lawn.

Among the mounds of the churchyards  
Where slumber our holy dead,  
Like emblems of life eternal  
—Like touches of glory they spread.

They nod in the growing grasses  
Where finches and thrushes sing :  
They fill the garden with fragrance  
—The Spirits of glad new Spring.

They enter the toiling city :  
And he who a moment stops  
May fill his soul with a beauty  
That flashes from stalls and shops.

God gathered gold from the sunset  
—A glint from a rippled rill :  
Then borrowed a bell from the fairies  
And gave us—a daffodil !

S. E. COLLINS.

## NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

### ARRIVAL OF THE MIGRANT BIRDS.

#### PARTRIDGES ARE IDEAL PARENTS.

It was on Thursday, March 27th, this year, that I first heard that little olive-green, primrose-yellow bird, the chiff-chaff. There was no mistaking the notes, chiff, chaff, chaff, chiff, chaff. Since then I have heard and seen scores of them. On Sunday, April 6th, I strolled a dozen or so miles along the banks of the Kennet and Holy Brook and, as I neared Reading I was delighted to have my first glimpse of a swallow. Then I noticed six or seven more. With them were a number of sandmartins. The wind was bitterly cold and these birds had their work cut out to catch a good meal of flies. They repeatedly picked the insects off the water. One swallow seemed particularly pleased to catch a caddis which emerged from the rushes and took what was probably his first—and last—flight in this world. In their eagerness to find food, the steel-blue swallows, and mouse-coloured martins, with their white throats, took little notice of me and I could clearly hear them snap up an occasional fly within a range of only a few feet from where I was standing. During my ramble I was also very pleased to hear the short sweet song of the willow warbler; it was a little silver stream of song, trickling from the tree-tops. The willow wren's song is somewhat as follows: “Tip-tip—twee-twee—twee-twee—tway—tway—tway—tway—tway”; the wood wren's “Tit-tre-eeeeee.”

The missel thrushes seem to sing the louder the stronger the wind that blows and they were voicing their spring feelings in joyous fashion. A song-thrush, too, occasionally burst forth into song, saying :

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 !

## BUTTERFLY, AND BIRD'S NEST.

As early as March 18th, a large cabbage white butterfly emerged from its chrysalis. I had kept it in a box since it was a caterpillar in the autumn and had watched, with great interest, its various stages of development into the beautiful perfect fly which I have before me as I write. My word! what an effort he had to make to free himself from his chrysalis case and when he had completed the task I thought how wonderful it was to have those expansive wings folded up in the tiny case without crease or damage of any kind. Truly the days of miracles have by no means passed!

On Sunday, March 23rd, I found a hedgesparrow's nest and the following Sunday it contained the first blue egg.

## BEAUTIFUL NESTS.

Speaking of nests, I think the long-tailed tit's comes easily first from the point of view of artistic skill and beauty. Oval-shaped, the nest is composed of wool, moss and spiders' webs felted together in marvellous fashion. It is lined with hundreds, if not thousands, of feathers, while the outside is silvered over with lichens. The chaffinch's nest is a good second. Cup-shaped, the nest consists of much the same material as that of the long-tailed tit's and is lined with feathers, down and hair. There is one such thing of beauty in our Sports Ground and I do hope those who find it will leave the nest unmolested.

## THOSE OLD RASCALS—THE ROOKS!

I have spent some more interesting hours watching the old rooks in Coley Park. As I mentioned last month, there is laxness in the domestic doings of these birds and on my last visit to this housing estate in the trees I was more than ever convinced that, morally, the rooks are old rascals.

## NESTS IN CENTRE OF THE TOWN.

Right in the centre of Reading, in the Vicarage grounds of St. Mary's Church, there are about a dozen of these nests.

Birds do indeed select strange sites in which to build. There is a blue-tit's nest in Gun Street.

## FOX CUBS AND PARTRIDGES.

There are many little fox cubs about by now, and to watch them play is one of the most amusing and delightful "movies" to be witnessed at this time of year in the countryside. As a rule, baby foxes are born on one quarter day, March 25th, and partridges on another quarter day, June 24th.

## IDEAL PARENTS.

By the way, partridges are ideal parents. The hen bird carefully covers up each egg as she lays them. When sitting, and she leaves the nest, the eggs are allowed to be exposed so that they can absorb the oxygen so essential to them. The cock partridge is a very gallant gentleman. While his wife is sitting on the nest he is ever close at hand throughout the long nights to see that no harm befalls her. And when the first chicks are hatched father partridge takes charge of them, allowing the mother bird to carry on in comfort until the whole family comes forth. Even then, like the little gentleman he is, father continues to share the responsibility of caring for the children.

You are worthy of the highest praise, Mr. Partridge, and many a Mr. Man would do well to follow your fine example!

## GATHERINGS OF BIRDS.

Most of the birds have, of course, paired by now and the list of the migrants that come to us for the summer will soon be complete. You see but few birds flocking together now, though I did see about a dozen goldfinches feeding in company. Perhaps I should have said a "charm" of goldfinches, for that is the correct name for a gathering of these birds. And, I suppose—though it does not matter much to me—we should say, concerning a gathering of snipe, a wisp; woodcocks, a fall; plovers, a congregation; starlings, a murmuration; nightingales, a watch; larks, an exaltation; herons, a sedge; curlews, a herd; and sheldrakes, a dopping.

## CUCKOO!

At the time of writing (April 11th) I have not heard the cuckoo. I suppose no bird has had so much written about him as the cuckoo. A schoolboy once said that the cuckoo was a lazy bird and did not lay her own eggs! Well, we won't take that statement too seriously, but there is still a great deal to learn yet about the cuckoo. This much, I think, however, you can take as the truth: the cuckoo is a great egg-thief and after stealing an egg from a nest she will often fly off with it before devouring it. She has frequently been seen carrying these eggs in her beak, hence the idea has gained ground that she was conveying her own egg to a nest. As a matter of fact, the cuckoo lays her egg in the nest of a fosterer in the same way that any other bird does.

## SO MUCH YET TO COME.

The countryside is indeed looking very beautiful just now. The season is a bit behind, but Nature never looks back and there is progress everywhere. It is more than ever refreshing, particularly during these dark days, to choose a quiet spot in the heart of the country and there to sit and think, letting your thoughts wander just where they will—and sometimes they wander very far afield. Richard Jefferies expresses admirably just what I wish to convey when he says: Consider the grasses and the oaks, the swallows, the sweet blue butterfly—they are one and all a sign, a token showing before our eyes earth made into life. So that my hope becomes as broad as the horizon afar, reiterated by every leaf, sung on every bough, reflected in the gleam of every flower. There is so much for us yet to come, so much to be gathered, and enjoyed. Not for you and me, now, but for our race, who will ultimately use this magical secret for their happiness.

## TAKE FROM ALL THEIR BEAUTY.

Earth holds secrets enough to give them the life of the fabled immortals. My heart is fixed firm and stable in the belief that ultimately the sunshine and the summer, the flowers and the azure sky shall become, as it were, interwoven into man's existence.

He shall take from all their beauty and enjoy their glory. Hence it is that a flower is to me so much more than stalk and petals. When I look in the glass I see that every line in my face means pessimism; but in spite of my face—that is my experience—I remain an optimist. Time, with an unsteady hand, has etched thin crooked lines, and, deepening the hollows, has cast the original expression into shadow. Pain and sorrow flow over us with little ceasing, as the sea-hoofs beat on the beach. Let us not look at ourselves but onwards, and take strength from the leaf and the signs of the fields. He is indeed despicable who cannot look onwards to the ideal life of man.

Not to do so is to deny our birthright of mind.

## TENNIS.

## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

In the absence of Captain L. A. Simonds, Mr. C. H. Perrin was in the Chair when the Tennis Section of the Sports Club held its general meeting on Friday, 28th March.

Officers and Committee:—Captain L. A. Simonds (Chairman), Mr. T. W. Bradford (Hon. Treasurer), Mr. R. Huddy (Hon. Secretary), Miss A. M. Prosser, Mrs. R. Huddy, Messrs. C. H. Perrin, L. Farrance, J. Hillier and C. G. Lawrence.

Representatives elected to Sports Club Committee:—Miss A. M. Prosser, Messrs. L. Farrance and R. Huddy.

Subscriptions this year will again cover the cost of supplying balls for six months (April to September) and the fee for wives of members of the Sports Club will be 12/6 as last season. A limited number of "outside" members can be accepted, the subscription being 22/6.

It is hoped the grass courts will be available for use early in May.

All members are asked to pay special attention to the rules of the Club, and, if further details are required, to apply to any member of the Committee, who will be pleased to explain any point.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

Life would be intolerable if we knew everything.

Unpunctuality is slackness—nothing else.

Rebuke with soft words and hard arguments.

Envy hates the excellence it cannot reach.

To live with angels would be a trying business.

There is nothing little to the truly great in spirit.

There are no riches above a sound body, and no joy above the joy of the heart.

This I think charity—to love God for himself, and our neighbour for God.

They who but slowly paced are  
By plodding on may travel far.

Who is the happiest man? He who is alive to the merit of others, and can rejoice in their enjoyment as if it were his own.

You must not fear death, my lads; defy him, and you drive him into the enemy's ranks.

You must lose a fly to catch a trout.

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.

Sorrow has ever produced more melody than mirth.

The conversation of a friend is a powerful alleviator of the fatigue of walking.

The civilised savage is the worst of all savages.

The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

The man who has imagination without learning has wings without feet.

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

The worst wheel in the waggon creaks the loudest.

## LORD MAYOR'S RED CROSS FUND.

Details of our contributions for March :—

	March, 1941.			Total Collected.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Beer Cellars ... ..	2	0	8	12	6	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Bottling Stores ... ..	7	5	$\frac{3}{4}$	11	10	9 $\frac{1}{4}$
Brewery ... ..	8	2	$\frac{1}{2}$	8	2	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
Building ... ..	13	2	$\frac{1}{2}$	12	14	2
Cooperage and Scalds ... ..	6	4	$\frac{1}{2}$	5	10	8
Delivery Office ... ..	2	7	$\frac{1}{4}$	4	8	10 $\frac{3}{4}$
Engineers, etc. ... ..	14	5		13	11	4
Maltings ... ..	1	2	6	11	12	0 $\frac{3}{4}$
Offices (Ground Floor) ... ..	1	7	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	18	1	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
Offices (1st and 2nd Floors) ... ..	19	3		12	4	6
Social Club ... ..	—			1	18	1 $\frac{3}{4}$
Stables ... ..	2	2	$\frac{1}{2}$	2	0	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sundries ... ..	—			6	5	$\frac{1}{2}$
Surveyors ... ..	10	8		5	19	2 $\frac{1}{4}$
Transport ... ..	10	2		8	1	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Wheelwrights ... ..	6	11	$\frac{3}{4}$	5	8	4 $\frac{3}{4}$
Wine Stores ... ..	8	9	$\frac{1}{2}$	6	7	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
	£10	0	11 $\frac{3}{4}$	£140	5	1 $\frac{3}{4}$

## PRICES OF WINES, ETC., IN 1898.

I found, recently, the enclosed press cutting in an old piece of furniture; it is from a newspaper published in Bermondsey on 1st January, 1898, writes Mr. C. R. Josey. I thought you might be interested in the price list of wines and spirits: those were truly "good old days"!

Another cutting from the same paper contains a paragraph stating that the French naval authorities had issued blue glasses to sailors to prevent eye trouble caused by the "intensity of the new electric light used on men-of-war." This had caused eye complaints and, in some cases, led to blindness. Quite a contrast to the present day when most eye trouble is caused by lack of light.

Appended is the price list referred to:—

**BURGUNDY.**

	s.	d.
BURGUNDY, Sauvignon ... ..	2	0
Cabinet ... ..	1	6

**HOCK.**

HOCK, Neirsteiner... ..	2	6
Half Bottles ... ..	1	6

**SPARKLING MOSELLE.**

SPARKLING MOSELLE (Medium) ... ..	3	6
Half Bottles ... ..	2	0
Sparkling Moselle Muscatel ... ..	5	0
Half Bottles ... ..	2	6

**BRANDIES.**

J. HENNESSY'S (*) ... ..	4	6
Ditto (**) ... ..	5	0
Ditto (***) ... ..	5	0
MARTELL'S (*) ... ..	4	6
Ditto (**) ... ..	5	0
Ditto (***) ... ..	5	6
OUR OWN BOTTLING ... ..	3	6
Ditto ... ..	4	0

**SPECIAL IRISH WHISKIES.**

WHISKY, Own Bottling ... ..	2	6
Very Fine Irish ... ..	3	0
John Jameson ... ..	3	6
Dunville ... ..	3	6
McConnell's (***) ... ..	3	6
Bann ... ..	3	6
Kinahan ... ..	3	3

**SPECIAL SCOTCH WHISKIES.**

WHISKY, Own Bottling ... ..	2	6
Very Fine Scotch ... ..	3	0
John Walker ... ..	3	6
Ditto Special ... ..	4	0
Ditto Extra Special (Guaranteed 12 Years Old) ... ..	4	6
John Dewar ... ..	3	6
Claymore (Greenless Bros.) ... ..	3	6
Lorne (Greenless Bros.) ... ..	3	3
Buchanan ... ..	3	6
Peter Dawson (Perfection) ... ..	3	6
Uam Var (Innis and Grieve) ... ..	3	6
O.V.H., 10 years old (Greer and Co.) ... ..	3	6
Gordon (Pattison and Co.) ... ..	3	6
Glencoe (Littlewood and Co.) ... ..	3	6
Bonaccord ... ..	3	6
Haig and Haig's (Fancy Bottles) ... ..	6	0

**RUM.**

RUM, Fine Old Jamaica ... ..	2	3
Superior Old ditto ... ..	2	6
Gold Ruby Rum (Extra Quality) ... ..	3	0

**GIN.**

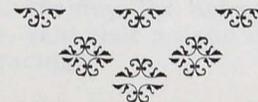
GIN, Strong Mixing ... ..	2	1
Old Tom ... ..	2	3
Unsweetened ... ..	2	3
Sloe Gin ... ..	3	0

**HOLLANDS.**

HOLLANDS, J. de Kuyper and Sons ... ..	3	0
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**BOTTLED BEERS.****Dauke's and Foster's Bottling.**

	per doz.
BOTTLED BEERS, Bass's Pale Ale (pints) ... ..	4 9
Ditto (half-pints) ... ..	2 10
Guinness's Stout (pints) ... ..	4 9
Ditto (half-pints) ... ..	2 6
Benskin and Co.'s Light Dinner (Ale pints) ... ..	2 6
Holt's London Stout (pints) ... ..	2 6



## HIS WAR EFFORT.



There is no air raid siren in one of the tiny Berkshire villages, but the inhabitants are warned when enemy planes are in the vicinity by a young boy who rides round on his pony and blows a trumpet.

*Think before you ink.*

## AIRMAN IS GRANDFATHER.

Aircraftman Fred Headings, who was in the R.A.F. in the last war and is now on active service in this war, has become a grandfather. His son, Cpl. Victor Headings of the R.E.'s has recently become the father of a sturdy boy. Great-grandmother is Mrs. Wyeth, the 77-year-old licensee of the Barley Mow, Reading. She has been licensee of this house for 35 years and has raised a family of 10 children.

## QUAINT LINES.

The following lines adorn an inn, now a farmhouse, in Scotland :—

Ere' Metal Brig or rail were thout on,  
 Here Honest Will the Boatman wront on.  
 Gentle and simple he did guide  
 To either Scotch or English side.  
 Wi them o' horseback he did ride,  
 An boat the footman.  
 An none did ever dread the tide  
 Wi Will the boatman.

Now tho' Will's work is done  
 An Will himself lies quiet,  
 Yet lives his SPIRIT here, Step in an try it.  
 Nor Brig nor rail can half  
 So pure Supply it.

## IF RACING IS STOPPED.

Earl Winterton, opening the debate on Agriculture in Parliament recently, said that a good deal of nonsense had been talked about racing.

"If all the oats fed to race-horses were used instead in feeding poultry, it would produce one egg per head of the population every four years," he added.

## A GREAT THOUGHT.

"It is too great an undertaking," said Grangousier, "and, as the proverb is, 'He that gripes too much, holds fast but little.' The time is not now so to conquer kingdoms, to the loss of our nearest Christian brother. This imitation of the ancient Herculeses, Alexanders, Hannibals, Scipios, Caesars, and other such heroes, is quite contrary to the profession of the gospel of Christ, by the which we are commanded to preserve, keep, rule, and govern every man his own country and lands, and not in a hostile manner to invade others; and that which heretofore the Saracens and Barbarians called prowess, we do now call robbery and wickedness."—RABELAIS.

## A SONG OF WATER.

I'm very fond of water  
And I drink it noon and night;  
Not Rechab's son or daughter  
Had therein more delight.  
I breakfast on it daily,  
And nectar it doth seem,  
When once I've mixed it gaily  
With sugar and with cream.  
But I forgot to mention,  
That in it first I see,  
Infused or in suspension,  
Good Mocha or Bohea.

At luncheon, too, I drink it,  
And strength it seems to bring;  
When eating food, I think it  
A liquor for a King.  
But I forgot to mention—  
'Tis best to be sincere—  
I use an old invention  
That makes it into beer.

I drink it, too, at dinner,  
I quaff it full and free,  
And find, as I'm a sinner,  
It does not disagree.  
But I forgot to mention,  
As thus I drink and dine  
To obviate distension  
I join some sherry wine.

And then, when dinner's over,  
And business far away,  
I feel myself in clover  
And sip my "can sucrée."  
But I forgot to mention,  
To give the glass a smack,  
I add, with due attention,  
Glenlivet or cognac.

At last, when evening closes,  
With something nice to eat,  
The best of sleeping doses  
Is water still I meet.  
But I forgot to mention,  
I think it not a sin,  
To cheer the day's declension  
By pouring in some gin.

## BEER IN THE SCHOOL SHOP.

The following letter appeared in *The Meteor*, issued on the 17th February:—

"May I suggest that the sale of beer in the school shop would be welcomed by a large majority of Rugbeians? I fail to see any reasonable argument against it; indeed, there are excellent reasons for it—it has a large food value, it is less expensive than many of the insipid quasi-alcoholic drinks already sold there. Obviously, the slightest lack of sobriety cannot be tolerated, but may I point out that the alcoholic content of beer is often as low as 2 per cent. It is practically impossible to become in the smallest degree inebriated under the influence of beer alone. Also, the introduction of beer would revive the old traditions of drinking which have been lost through the misplaced zeal of teetotallers."

It is with grief, and "bitter" tear,  
We say farewell to bitter beer.  
The barley's short, the brewers say,  
So drink your health in R.P.A.

From Mrs. Edith Norris,  
The Rising Sun,  
Wokingham.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The President of a famous railway was sitting in his office when a burly fellow entered without knocking.

"Me name's Casey," he bellowed. "I want a pass. I wu-rk in the yards."

The President objected: "That's no way to ask for a pass: you should introduce yourself politely. Come back in an hour and try again."

At the end of an hour the caller returned. Doffing his hat, he inquired: "Are yez the President?"

"I am."

"Me name's Patrick Casey. I've been wurkin' in the yards."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Casey. What can I do for you?"

"Yez can go to hell. I've got a job elsewhere!"

\* \* \* \*

The temperance orator lifted his hand and cried, "I wish all the pubs were at the bottom of the sea."

VOICE FROM THE BACK: "Hear! Hear!"

ORATOR: "Ah, there speaks the true teetotaller."

VOICE: "You're wrong. I'm a diver."

\* \* \* \*

'ARK! ARK!

The fact that the *Ark Royal* has not been sunk again recently seems to indicate that there has been considerable improvement in the German filing system.

\* \* \* \*

SMALL SON: "How much longer are we going to wait for Mummy?"

DADDY: "Not long now, son. They're just taking the last hat out of the window."

\* \* \* \*

A German family put the following notice in a paper following the death of their grandfather:

"In loving memory of Herman Schmitt, who has gone to a better world."

Next day the Schmitt family were arrested for criticising the Nazi regime.

\* \* \* \*

A distinguished American asked an old negro to tell him the secret of that never-failing cheerfulness under severe trials which made him so honoured in the community. "It's like dis, sah," replied the negro, "Ah allus co-operates wid de inevitable."

\* \* \* \*

A Mexican prisoner was being questioned by the police.

"Can you read and write?" asked the officer.

"Can write—but can't read," replied the prisoner.

"Write your name on this," the officer commanded, handing the Mexican a pencil and paper.

The prisoner scrawled several crooked scratches across the sheet and handed it back.

"What is that you wrote?" inquired the puzzled officer.

"Don't know," said the Mexican, "Don' I tol' you me no can read?"

\* \* \* \*

WIFE: "Henry, how is it that there's a long fair hair on your coat, when mine is golden brown?"

HUSBAND: "Darling, you forget that I haven't worn this coat for three months."

\* \* \* \*

"Oh, yes, Sybil has often been asked to marry."

"By whom?"

"Her mother and father."

\* \* \* \*

"The postal authorities are not so sharp as many people make out."

"How's that?" "I sent a letter addressed to the biggest fool in London and it came back to me!"

\* \* \* \*

FATHER (*at son's twenty-first birthday party*): "You are of age now, and ought to help me a little."

SON: "Yes, dad. What can I do for you?"

FATHER: "You might pay the last three instalments on your perambulator."

\* \* \* \*

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

\* \* \* \*

"Have you seen a chap with one leg called Innes, about here?"

"Well, what was the name of the other leg?"

\* \* \* \*

TEACHER: "I will use my hat to represent the planet Mars. Are there any questions before I go on?"

TOMMY: "Yes. Is Mars inhabited?"

\* \* \* \*

"My wife quarrels at the slightest provocation."

"Lucky man. My wife doesn't need any provocation."

\* \* \* \*

PROUD SUBURBAN LADY: "You know my husband plays the organ."

DEPRESSED ACQUAINTANCE: "Well if things don't improve, my husband will have to get one, too."

\* \* \* \*

"Oh, sir, come quickly! They are giving your daughter artificial respiration!"

MR. NEWLY RICH: "I never heard of such impertinence! As if I couldn't afford to pay for the genuine thing!"

\* \* \* \*

GROCER: "My goodness, laddie, you're the slowest boy I've ever had. Isn't there anything you are really quick at?"

BOY: "Yes, I am good at getting tired!"

\* \* \* \*

"You were talking in your sleep, John."

"Well, I've got to talk some time, haven't I?"

\* \* \* \*

"Do you know why we call sailors 'tars'?"

"Because they are used to being 'pitched.'"

\* \* \* \*

WIFE: "I thought, James, you were only going out for a second."

HUSBAND: "Yes, dear, and I've had it."

\* \* \* \*

It had been a bad voyage so far, and most of the passengers were ill. A kind-hearted steward tried to cheer up one sufferer.

"Don't worry, sir," he said, brightly; "seasickness never killed anyone yet."

"Don't say that," pleaded the stricken passenger. "It's only the hope of dying that's kept me alive so far."

\* \* \* \*

MAJOR (*testing Tommy as to his military knowledge*): "Now suppose an imaginary enemy were firing imaginary bullets at you from behind that imaginary hill yonder. What would you do?"

TOMMY: "Why, sir, I'd lie down right here."

MAJOR: "What! In this open space?"

TOMMY: "Oh no, sir. Behind this imaginary rock."

\* \* \* \*

His wife, determined to cure him of his evil ways, transformed herself, with the aid of a sheet and an electric torch, into a fair resemblance of a ghost. She went in and shook the drunkard.

"Whash that?" murmured the toper.

"This is the devil," came the answer in sepulchral tones.

"Shake hands, old horse; I married your sister."

\* \* \* \*

Fred's wife took her hat and dashed it against the floor.

"What's the matter?" asked Fred.

"Matter? Why, you asked our hostess how her husband was standing the heat and he's only been dead three weeks!"

\* \* \* \*

EVA: "When I was ten years old my father gave me a very valuable ring. Would you care to see it?"

EDNA: "Rather! I just adore antiques."

\* \* \* \*

"Come in and tell me what you think of my loud speaker."

"I should love to, old man, but I promised faithfully to meet mine at seven sharp."

\* \* \* \*

FLOWER WOMAN: "Flowers? Yes, sir, what kind would you like? Some nice chrysanthemums?"

REVELLER (*purchasing peace-offering*): "No, no—something a little easier to shay—giv'sh bunch v-violets!"

\* \* \* \*

"The doctor told my wife she should take exercise."

"And is she doing it?"

"If jumping to conclusions and running up bills can be called exercise."

\* \* \* \*

VISITOR (*early in morning after week-end, to chauffeur*): "Don't let me miss my train."

CHAUFFEUR: "No danger, sir. The mistress said if I did it'd cost me my job."

\* \* \* \*

STERN PARENT: "Now, just you go straight to your room, lock yourself in, and then hand over the key to me."

\* \* \* \*

HE: "Darling, I'm so happy I could kiss the whole world."

SHE: "Now we are engaged you must give up those bachelor habits!"

\* \* \* \*

FILM STAR (*newly married*): "And is this your home?"

BRIDEGROOM: "It is, precious."

"Say, it looks mighty familiar. Are you sure I haven't married you before?"

\* \* \* \*

FATHER: Mary, I've just had a visit from Harry, and I've consented to your marriage.

MARY: Oh, but father, I don't want to leave mother.

FATHER: Don't let that worry you; you can take her with you.

\* \* \* \*

A young man asked an old actor to have a drink. As soon as it was served it was gone.

"I say," said the host, "that was quick work. Have another?"

"I will, laddie," said the actor.

The drink came, and went in the same rapid fashion. The young man was fascinated. "You'll pardon me," he said, "but would you mind telling me why you consume each drink so rapidly?"

"Laddie," said the actor, "I had one knocked over in '96."

\* \* \* \*

KID: "Mother, does God give us our daily bread?"

MOTHER: "Yes, dear."

KID: "And does Santa Claus bring toys at Christmas?"

MOTHER: "Yes, dear."

KID: "And the stork brings babies?"

MOTHER: "Certainly, dear."

KID: "Then what's the old man hanging around for?"

\* \* \* \*

Wishing to get married, a couple went to a minister's house just as he was ready to leave for his service. The preacher explained what he considered a way out of the difficulty.

"You two come to the service, and at the close come forward and I will marry you."

They agreed to this, and when the minister had completed his sermon, in order to give them the cue to come forward, he announced: "All those desiring to be married, come forward."

Thirteen women and one man started for the altar.

\* \* \* \*

As the major inspected the cavalry squadron, he stopped before a new recruit and said:

"Now, my lad, have that saddle and harness brighter in the morning." Turning to the sergeant-major, he said: "See to it, sergeant-major."

Next morning the offending saddle and harness were as dull as ever. "I thought I told you to clean 'em for to-day?" the major roared.

"No, sir," corrected the "rookie"; "you told the sergeant-major to see to it."

\* \* \* \*

He had no time for his brother-in-law, and was always threatening him. At last his wife took him to task. "It's ridiculous for you to talk like that. You know it will cost you a ten-pound fine if you touch him."

When a month had elapsed and he hadn't mentioned the name of his brother-in-law once, his wife expressed her pleasure.

"So you've given up the idea of hitting Jim?"

"Given up!" he snorted. "I'm saving up!"

\* \* \* \*

One of John's best friends had died, so he called on the widow to express his sympathy. "John and I were friends," he said. "Isn't there something I could have as a memento of him?"

She raised her velvety brown eyes, which a few seconds before had been wet with tears. "How would I do?" she asked.

\* \* \* \*

## BRANCHES.

### WOKING.

#### WOKING AND DISTRICT CLUB STEWARDS' ASSOCIATION.

More than twenty clubs were represented at the 14th annual dinner of the Woking and District Club Stewards' Association which was held at the Woking Railway Athletic Club on Wednesday, 12th March.

In spite of the renewal of the unwelcome attentions of the Luftwaffe, a company of about 80 assembled to spend a most enjoyable evening. Mr. A. E. Wake presided, supported by Mr. T. Loughnane (Hon. Secretary), Mr. R. Binsley, Mr. J. Holloway and Mr. S. M. Wareham. Mr. Binsley deputised at the last moment for Mr. C. Austin (Chairman of the Association) who, unfortunately, was unable to be present.

In proposing the toast of the "Association," Mr. Wake said that it spoke a lot for the spirit of good fellowship that pervaded throughout the Association that their committee had been able to arrange the dinner at a time when the organising of such an affair was beset with so many difficulties, and he was in full agreement that it would have been a thousand pities if they had allowed Messrs. Hitler & Co. to prevent them from getting together for their annual bit of fun.

He said (to the accompaniment of the drone of 'planes) that it would be rather disconcerting to the Nazis if they could see the members and their friends merry and bright, full of high spirits, enjoying themselves and not, as fondly imagined by the Boche, awaiting in fear and trepidation the arrival of the German army to take over their clubs as billets—those clubs which were a living symbol of the principle of democratic governing—and just as the dictatorship of a club's affairs by one man would not be tolerated, we would certainly not, as a nation, tolerate the dictatorship of any one nation over our affairs. He congratulated the stewards upon the part they had played in again enabling such a good report to be made at the last General Licensing Meeting, especially after such a hectic twelve months, during which there may have been many excuses for a little over-indulgence in stimulants with more powers of rejuvenation than those possessed by tea.

The toast of the "Visitors" was proposed by Mr. Binsley (St. John's W.M. Club) and responded to by Mr. F. McKay (Secretary, West Byfleet Social Club) who expressed the appreciation of all for a very pleasant interlude in the very serious affairs of the

day. The "Chairman" was proposed by Mr. T. Loughnane, who included an appreciation of all who had helped to make possible the holding of the affair. Mr. Wake thanked the Association for the honour they had again shown him in asking him to officiate, and said that he thought Messrs. Wades of Chertsey (the caterers) were owed special congratulations for putting on such a good menu which, befitting the urgency of the times was, for the most part, of unrationed food.

A concert followed, given by the Maximum Merit Concert Party and, after a spell of community singing, the party broke up to the tune of Auld Lang Syne.

