

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 9.



MR. J. M. HAMMOND.

MR. J. M. HAMMOND.

The portrait in our frontispiece this month is of Mr. J. M. Hammond, who has been connected with our military business in the Aldershot area for over twenty years.

Mr. Hammond commenced his career on the Firm as a Junior Clerk at Slough in 1893 and, after moving to our Branch at Worthing and staying there about two years, he was transferred to our Aldershot Branch, where he has served with distinction. His occupation at the latter Branch has brought him into touch with all descriptions of military units and he has gained first-hand and vast technical knowledge of this section of the Firm's business. The continual changes in the Units comprising the Garrison and the ever-growing competition during late years have contributed to the enormous amount of work entailed, and he has been a great asset in the smooth working of our business in Aldershot.

During the course of his work Mr. Hammond has witnessed a complete re-organization and transformation of the Fighting Forces, which, in turn, have necessitated changes in our organization to cope with the demands of a mechanized force which travels during training and manoeuvres more rapidly than before the Great War.

Mr. Hammond has always kept abreast of the times and, as a fast-moving Army in training must be supplied by equally swift transport by contractors, these and other reasons have made it necessary for our Military Staff to draw upon our Headquarters' transport and to make Reading the pivot of our military business. These changes have been made without disturbance of our large business in the Aldershot Command. To this Mr. Hammond has contributed in no small measure, and his supervision of accounts and endless detail continue with unabated energy and keen foresight.

Mr. Hammond shares with other old employees happy recollections of pre-war manoeuvres when a van and pair of horses formed a mobile canteen attached to each Unit and there were daily stocktakings and cash collections from twenty to thirty canteens under the supervision of one man. In those days movements during mimic warfare were made at night, so that work by day and travelling by night did not permit of many hours for slumber.

During the War Mr. Hammond saw service in Mesopotamia with the Royal Army Service Corps, a Unit to which his abilities were peculiarly suited by reason of his work on manoeuvres with Regular and Territorial Forces.

EDITORIAL.

CANDIDATES' PREFERENCE.

Suggestions as to what they would do when they were elected president were put forward by prospective candidates at a presidential debate for a mythical state at a gathering of the Oxford Junior Imperial League. Practically all the candidates dealt with the subject of beer. Mr. J. Ellis proposed to erect free beer fountains at every street corner, but, after a suggestion from another member, he agreed to laying it on to the houses. Mr. G. Woollard said his was a feeling of moderation in all things, and he would limit the supply of beer to one gallon per day. (Shame!) Mrs. Andrews said her salary would be her first consideration, but afterwards she would supply free beer. Miss G. Perrin suggested free port fountains, powder, rouge and lipstick.

TRESPASSERS' TRICKS.

Much can be accomplished by the grand manner. Now that the picnicking and general-trespassing season is beginning it may be well to recall the attitude successfully assumed by a persistent trespasser last summer.

"What are you doing here?" he was asked by a keeper as he strolled uninvited through a ducal park. "Who are you?" "I," replied the trespasser with dignity, "am his Majesty's liege subject."

"Oh, beg pardon, sir," stammered the keeper in confusion. "beg pardon. I didn't know!"

MULTUM IN PARVO.

Though some people can boast of several letters both before and after their names, there are not many who can claim, we fancy, much more than a moiety of the whole twenty-six. There is one fortunate gentleman, however, who has managed to secure for himself a complete monopoly. This is Mr. *Alphabet* Ayres, the genial landlord of the King's Head, at Prestwood. Mr. Ayres, who was born at Chalfont St. Giles, claims that his name is unique, and we are willing to believe him. "I'll give him a name," said his father, who was a bit of a wag, "that'll make him a marked man all his life, and no one'll be able to say that my boy's illiterate." "But it's an outlandish name and un-Christian," urged his mother, and for four years she was adamant against it. "Everything must have a beginning," argued her spouse, "and this begins everything and everything's contained in it, and comes from it. Besides,

there's Scriptural warrant for part of it at least." So he had his way, but what the parson thought about it has not been disclosed.

—From the *South Bucks Free Press*.

AN EMPIRE DAY THOUGHT.

If the British Empire has ridden the tempests of the centuries as no other World Power has yet been able to do, it has surely earned its place as a leader among the nations. If we conquered by the power of the sword, we hold by the power of disinterested justice; and the world is at peace to-day mainly because the British Empire is quick to right a wrong. When we salute our Flag we do not make obeisance to a tyranny; we acclaim the victory of freedom and law.

POISON IN POSIES.

Poison lurks about everywhere in some form or other. But who would suspect it in the common flowers? Yet, it is a fact that poison is to be found in the posies. For instance, the laburnum, which has been compared to a fountain of gold leaping into the sun, is one of the most poisonous things imaginable, inasmuch as it is poison in leaf and flower and seed. Even the grass beneath it is poisonous, by reason of its proximity to the innocent-looking blossoms overhead, and it has been found necessary to guard against cattle eating this grass for fear of fatal results.

The bulbs of such dainty and beautiful flowers as the narcissus, hyacinth and snowdrop secrete the most deadly poisons, not to speak of the oxalis, the monkshood, and the foxglove, all of which furnish noxious liquors sufficient to destroy life. Despite its innocent appearance, the laughing little buttercup is poisonous. Even the cow avoids it.

GOOD AND EVIL TREES.

Some trees are said to have peculiarities for which it is not easy to account. The "praying" tree, which according to popular belief is found growing only in the precincts of Buddhist temples, is reputed to bend its stately head down to the ground on solemn occasions. The devil tree in Madagascar has the habit of shaking down poisonous spikes on the wayfarer who tries to take advantage of its welcoming shade. In California there is a tree which has been called angry, for if a disturbing wind upsets its temper, the leaves shake and fill the air with an offensive odour.

HEARD THIS STORY?

"Now you must be very careful how you answer me," said the famous counsel, "and not say anything that is not strictly true. You drive a milk cart, don't you?"

"No, sir."

"You don't drive a milk cart?"

"No, sir."

"But I thought you did. What do you do for a living, then?"

"I drive the hoss wot pulls the milk cart, sir!"

PASTOR AS "A KID IN SHORTS."

Two amusing stories of his experiences in work among London youths were told by the Rev. J. Butterworth, of Clubland Church, Walworth, at a conference recently.

One day, he said, he was on the way home with the boys on a bus after a football match, dressed in a green jersey and shorts.

"I was so interested in talking about the match that I did not notice the conductor, who said, 'Don't try to dodge your fare. Pay up.'"

"One of my boys called out, 'Do you know that he is our parson?'"

"The conductor said, 'What! that kid in shorts?'"

On one occasion he found that the boys had taken the pew doors down, and when he reproved them they said that they had made trouser-presses out of them and had sold them for 7s. 6d. each.

"I told them what the trustees would say, and they asked who the trustees were. I told them 'Mr. So-and-So and Mr. So-and-So.'"

"The reply was, 'But those are the fellows we have sold them to.'"

SIR WILLIAM T. DUPREE, BART., D.L.

We were very pleased to learn that the recent reports regarding the health of Sir William have been grossly exaggerated. It is true that he has been indisposed, but not seriously, and he hopes shortly to resume normal activities.

DEATH OF S. M. J. WOODS.

S. M. J. Woods, the famous Somerset cricket captain and England Rugby international, died at Taunton recently at the age of 64.

Big of body, big of heart, big of soul, he was a born leader of men. His personality was magnificent. He galvanised scratch teams into giant forces. Tireless himself, no one with any self-respect could slack while Sam's keen, blue eye was upon him.

Upon occasions he employed a very caustic tongue with which to chastise an erring fieldsman. His ironic "Well tried, sir!" addressed to a certain mid-on who had dropped an absolute "sitter," made the unfortunate offender unhappy for a week.

C. B. Fry wrote of him: "The power in his huge thighs, long back, and knotted shoulders is colossal. . . . He is the Ajax of the cricket field and would defy any lightning."

Woods was born in Australia, but he came to England as a boy, and after leaving Cambridge made Somerset his permanent home.

READING AND DISTRICT CLUBS' BILLIARDS LEAGUE DINNER.

In his recent speech at the Annual Dinner of the Billiards League, Mr. F. A. Simonds was in extraordinary good form and during the presentation of prizes he could not resist one of his brilliant sallies at the expense of our Labour friends. When handing the presentation shield to the representative of the Trades Union Club, he remarked, "At last the Labour Party has achieved something without the aid of the Liberals!" Everyone present appeared tremendously to enjoy the witticism.

ABOUT MARRIAGE.

No man is so good but a good woman can make him better.

A golden wedding is when a couple have gone fifty-fifty.

Many a bachelorship has been wrecked on a permanent wave.

Marriage is a committee of two—with power to add to their numbers.

There are more Mormons in London than Salt Lake City, but their wives don't know it.

A husband should tell his wife everything he is sure she will find out, and before anyone else does.

THE LATE MR. "SOLLY" JOEL.

Mr. Solomon Barnato Joel, known throughout the world as "Solly" Joel, the multi-millionaire, racehorse owner, diamond magnate and world financier, died from heart disease at his Newmarket home, Moulton Paddocks, on Friday, May 22nd.

Few racehorse owners spent money so lavishly over such a long period of years, but few have enjoyed such phenomenal success. At various times he won nearly all the big races, including a war-time Derby at Newmarket in 1915 with Pommern. His most successful season was in 1928, when he was second in the list of winning owners with 42 firsts and a prize-money total of £24,871. In 1921, when he won 37 races, his prize-money totalled more than £33,000. He was one of the most lavish hosts the Turf has ever known, and his parties at Maiden Erlegh, his palatial establishment near Reading, on the Sunday before Royal Ascot, were world famous. They were also unique in that only men were invited, and that Mr. Joel, who had a wonderful memory for faces and names, unfailingly greeted each guest by his christian or nickname and the invitation "Have a glass of wine, my boy."

WHY BLUSH?

A cynical observer of the modern woman has declared that she no longer blushes, whatever the circumstances. This may be dismissed as the exaggeration of a misogynist, so, for the instruction of our fair readers, we copy the following recent scientific explanation of what really happens to them whenever they experience the sweet confusion of a blush:—

"According to a certain learned authority, a blush is a temporary erythematic or calorific effulgence of the physiognomy, superinduced by a reaction in the sensorium eventuating in a paresis of the vasomotor filaments of the facial capillaries, which, becoming invested with hyperelasticity, permit a superabundance of haemoglobin to turgidify the subepidermal vesicles, thus causing a suffused radiance to emanate from the countenance."

TACTLESS.

Was it the oldest and most tactful Foreman who, in addressing Mr. F. A. Simonds and Mr. L. A. Simonds recently, expressed it as his personal opinion that the bigger the boys the more useless they became?

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

TRAINING THE CHILD.

A child who persists in a thoughtless or selfish habit should be firmly dealt with. The longer he is permitted to continue in the habit, the more difficult it will be to break him of it. Patience is required when dealing with this trait. The child should be taken to any articles he has carelessly discarded, and obliged to pick them up and put them in their proper places.

A child must be made to assume such responsibilities from an early age. If he is in a hurry to meet playmates, he should be detained long enough to care for the things he has heedlessly discarded. To bring him back once is not sufficient. Parents may find it necessary to do so many, many times, but constant and determined effort will eventually achieve the desired result.

If he is careless of his personal appearance, scolding or "nagging" will not improve him. He must be made to return to his room and wash and comb his hair, or adjust his clothing when he has neglected to do so. Praise when he is properly groomed is also quite effective in most instances.

Articles should not be picked up for him. It is not wise to be lax in this respect. If detaining him to put things in their proper places results in his being late for school, he must not be excused. Rather, let him carry a note to his teacher to this effect. We feel sure it will not be necessary to do this very often. Being obliged to accept responsibility for his carelessness will discourage the habit.

Bringing mud into the house on muddy or wet shoes or goloshes is another very annoying trait, and one which is wholly unnecessary, and only tends to make the child selfish. If he is not thoughtful enough to realise that he is making work for his mother, the handling of the floorcloth with which he is obliged to wipe off the unsightly marks will make a greater impression than scolding.

NAVAL SLANG.

It is by slang, we are told, that a language is kept alive. The Navy has long been a cradle of slang from which phrases of common usage, such as "to know the ropes," "to toe the line," have grown. It will be news to many, however, to learn that the term "Jack Tar" was derived from the ancient habit of tarring a sailor's trousers to make them waterproof.

Some of the nautical expressions are inexplicable. "Spliced" as a synonym for marriage one can understand, but a landsman would be nonplussed were he told to "take the snob to the cuddy" (Conduct the ship's cobbler to the skipper's cabin). All seamen ask for "bangers" when they want sausages; dumplings are "doughboys," and a bloater is humorously referred to as a "one-eyed steak."

As in the other Services, men with certain surnames always get a special nickname. Some names less known than the celebrated "Nobby" Clarke are "Jumper" Collins, "Cosher" Hines, "Bungy" Williams, "Pincher" Martin and "Knocker" White. These nicknames are traditional in the Navy. Why, nobody knows. Every landsman has heard of Davy Jones, but the expression "That's not the Charley Moore" would leave him cold. That means that a thing's cowardly and underhand, as Charley Moore was a sailor celebrated throughout the Service for his bravery.

And, of course, there is Barnacle Bill, immortalised in song and dance!

BLACK VERSUS WHITE.

The other day we heard a rather touching story of a rebuke given by a negro bootblack to a reviler of his race. It seems that a coloured servant of some kind had offended a white man. This person, while having his shoes shined, was pouring forth a torrent of abuse against the black race, punctuating his complaint with a variety of insulting epithets.

The coloured gentleman shining his shoes continued his work until, startled out of his silence by a particularly violent outburst, he raised his head, and, with tears streaming down his face, said: "Mister, did you ever thank God for being born with a white skin instead of being coloured as I am? There are lots of black folks trying to serve God just as well as you are. Don't you think it is hard enough to be born a nigger without having to listen to the things that you have said this morning?"

A hot blush of shame overspread the features of the reviler. He was more of a man than he seemed. The gentle rebuke of the negro had brought him to his senses. He apologised humbly and sincerely, saying that he had never thought of things in just that way before, that he would never again make such a fool of himself in the future. And going out, he pushed a handsome tip into the hands of the gentleman bootblack (for he was surely all of that). Here was one case at least in which the white face came out second best in its encounter with the black.

OLD SOLDIERS—PLEASE NOTE.

Amongst the amenities enjoyed by the rank and file in our Army of to-day the following short selection will make the pre-war and war-time soldier's mouth water :—

Menus are fixed by a messing committee on which four privates sit.

Infantry pay starts at 2s. a day, increased to 2s. 6d. after a year, and to 3s. after three years—this apart from possible promotion.

Barracks have hot baths and showers, dining halls (many centrally heated) and recreation rooms with billiard tables and easy chairs.

Unless actually on duty, a soldier usually leaves barracks on Friday night till Sunday night.

No pass is required to stay out after midnight at week-end. It is the rule not to keep soldiers in barracks against their wish unless on duty.

A month's furlough each year, besides four or five days at Christmas and Easter, and other long week-ends.

"Pack Drill" for defaulters is a thing of the past. A soldier sentenced to be confined to barracks, instead of spending the evening marching round the parade ground in full marching order, drilling to the orders of the corporal of the guard, is now given instruction in some subject affecting his branch of the service. King's Regulations have been amended to provide that minor defaulters should be given "special or useful instruction appertaining to their corps," rather than pack drill.

LESSON FOR THE PROHIBITIONIST.

Drunkness has been decreasing for many years in Great Britain. The latest Home Office figures show that the fall continues. There were 12,000 fewer cases in 1929 than in 1928.

What a contrast that is to the position of the United States! What a lesson for the Prohibitionists! The way to cure drunkenness is not to pass a law abolishing drink and thereby making it a glorious feat to beat the law, but to make drinking as free and easy and unexciting as eating, and to lay down as good conditions for consuming drink as for consuming food.

It is only hole-and-corner drinking that is done to excess. Under proper conditions people rarely drink too much.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

The cause of temperance is not going to be advanced by Prohibition, but by giving people sociability where they can eat

and drink together, as they do on the Continent. Wine and spirits are the gifts of God, and people will not abuse them so long as their liberty is not infringed.—*The Rev. Basil Bourchier, Vicar of Hampstead Garden Suburb.*

"WEEK-END" WHISKY.

Bootleg whisky is known as week-end whisky in America. This is because you drink it on Tuesday and the week ends at once.

THE DERBY.

MR. ERIC SIMONDS' CARNATIONS.

I was in the paddock just before the horses in the Derby left for the parade, writes "Quex" in the "News Chronicle." I was with Mr. Eric Simonds, the Wokingham brewer, who motored Mr. Arthur Dewar, the owner of Cameronian, to Epsom and became his unofficial A.D.C.

"Up in Arthur Dewar's flat in Dover Street two pictures by Orpen hang on the walls of his breakfast room," said Mr. Simonds. "He laughed when I said that was a bad omen. Then, when we arrived at the back of the Grand Stand and the crowd pressed round to see the owner of the favourite, and Arthur Dewar got out as quickly as he could, something did indeed occur that seemed like a bad omen. Arthur Dewar lost his cigarette case.

Cigarette Case Found.

"But now," he went on, "we may change the luck—and have you noticed that to-day En Garde, the winner of the first race, was 13 on the card? So was the winner of Tuesday's first race. And to-day the winner of the second race, Stanley Wootton's Mavine filly, was No. 26, a multiple of 13. My chauffeur has found the cigarette case"—he produced a case of plain gold—"and we will send it to Arthur Dewar straight away."

"White Pearl" Carnation.

Mr. Dewar was standing with other owners inside the ring where the horses, watched by hundreds of racegoers, were being walked round. First he talked with Lord Lonsdale, who, as usual, wore a frockcoat, a white satin tie and a shirt with pink horizontal stripes.

At the moment when we talked about the cigarette case, Mr. Dewar was having a final word with his trainer, Mr. Fred Darling.

Fred Darling sported a red carnation with his tail-coat. Mr. Dewar wore one of Mr. Simonds' "White Pearl" carnations. Mr. Simonds is a famous grower, and before the race he said to the owner of the favourite: "If Cameronian wins, and you have to lead him in before the King, I think you ought to be wearing a white carnation, because that is the flower His Majesty is sure to be wearing." Which was so.

THE BEAUTIES OF ENGLAND.

How refreshing it is to look about at this time of the year and see the delightful new green of Nature. Foliage has just burst forth and is so delicate in its colouring, being as yet unsoiled by dust. Have you ever considered the wisdom of Nature in providing green as her predominant colour, a colour restful and yet so pleasing to the eye. Can you imagine grass or foliage of any other colour; no, Nature is wise and provides that which is most suited to the comfort and well-being of man.

And again, what variety of shades of this colour are to be seen. I noticed this when taking only a very short walk the other day. There are lime trees, with their very delicate shade, elms, just a little darker, chestnut and sycamore, a little darker still. And then I came upon some evergreens, yew trees, and they seemed almost black in comparison with the new growth of the others. But to appreciate the real range of greens that are to be found in Nature, one wants to walk into the country, preferably where you get a wooded slope and then see the beauty that is provided for us, and yet never one green clashing with another, as is so often found in the colours manufactured by man. This land of ours, though small in size compared with many other countries is, however, fortunate in that it possesses a wealth of forest and pasture land, which is often envied by those who are constrained to dwell in lands where these features are far from plentiful. As an instance of this, I well remember, when spending my holidays in Cornwall a few years ago in early June, my friends and I went for a day's tour by charabanc. The seat next to me was occupied by a very pleasant person and we naturally fell into conversation. I noticed particularly how charmed she seemed with the landscape and how she repeatedly remarked on the beautiful greenness of everything. The reason for her delight was explained when she told me her home was in Canada and the scenery there was what one might term magnificent rather than beautiful. Her stay in England was but for a month or two, while her husband was conducting business in London, Berlin, etc., and she told me that, instead of travelling to other European countries with her husband, she was going to stay in England and see as much as she possibly could of the beauty of our land. She added that her daughter, who lived in Cairo, was joining her the following day, and said that when she had written her enquiring where she would like to spend her time in England, she had replied "I don't mind where we go, so long as I can see plenty of green: we never see the green in Egypt like it is in England."

Therefore, when looking across a stretch of country embracing woods and meadowlands, the words of my one-day companion flash through my mind, and I feel that it is indeed good to live in "England's green and pleasant land."

M.P.

ASCOT "TOTE" CATHEDRAL.

BIG BUILDING NEAR GRAND STAND.

Royal Ascot has been transformed, and the thousands who will attend the meeting beginning on June 16 next will scarcely recognise some parts of it.

Five big buildings have been erected and equipped for the totalisator. The largest is in the grand stand enclosure and is of such size that it has been nicknamed the "Cathedral." This contains the central operating station and its complicated mechanism.

Other buildings are in the 6s. stand grounds and in the paddock. They have been planned to harmonise with the surroundings.

The connections from the three indicating boards and the paying-in boxes to the central station are cased in 29 big cables containing many miles of wire. The paying-in and paying-out boxes number 360.

About 1,000 persons will be employed in working the "tote" during the four days of the meeting.

Experts have been busy testing the wires and machinery. The huge indicator boards glowed with rose-coloured lights giving the horses' numbers, and so on.

Bookmakers will occupy their old positions in the enclosure and despite the "tote" are expected to be as numerous as ever.



BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(By W. DUNSTER).

BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

Quite casually a friend of mine, in speaking of the May issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, stated he thought it was the best number that had been published. I duly passed this information on to the Editor who at first seemed to consider I was leg-pulling. However, as he was told the self-same thing (in the course of his wanderings) the same day, it was mutually agreed that apparently two great minds had been thinking alike, so I will leave it at that and refer you gentle reader to the heading of this paragraph.

H. & G. SIMONDS LTD. SAVINGS ASSOCIATION.

A new "cycle" (of 32 weeks) started at the beginning of this month and Mr. A. H. Hopkins, Secretary of the above association, tells me that a record number of certificates are being subscribed for this time, which is very gratifying.

THE BUDGET.

In spite of all the newspaper inspired information, before the event so to speak, our trade was left alone, at any rate as regards additional taxation on BEER, which is as it should be of course. All those people who had firmly made up their minds (so they said) not to drink any beer if the price was to be increased were able to breathe again more freely and, judging from personal observation, able to still carry on drinking their favourite beverage.

THE EDITOR'S NATURE NOTES.

I feel sure the monthly Nature Note by the Editor is perused by a great number of our readers with unfailing interest and his entertaining description of different birds, their nests and other characteristics never fails to please.

FOOTBALL.

At last Reading know their fate and Third Division football will be their lot, at any rate for next season. Naturally, in consequence, football at The Brewery is hardly ever mentioned, although the thick-and-thin supporter of the Reading Football Club will probably be at Elm Park at the beginning of the new season having forgotten all about the disappointments of the past. Nevertheless, it seems to be the opinion of many that this decline could or should have been avoided, but how, well that has not been satisfactorily decided yet. It is pleasing to learn that arrangements for a Brewery football team are well in hand and that a good team will be playing next season.

CRICKET.

A word of praise is due to both teams of the Seven Bridges cricket club bringing off a "double event" a few Saturdays ago by both of them winning handsomely. For the second team to start off their programme by winning is a novelty and well overdue. I sincerely hope they will continue their "winning ways" in many more matches this season. Apropos of their first match; two of the players after the match lost their ordinary boots, at least they couldn't be found. One of the members of the General Office staff who watched the game (as a spectator) came in for a certain amount of chaff regarding the boots and the writer rather put his foot in it by suggesting that this General Office staff spectator did not usually see the "Seconds" playing and he jocularly remarked, "Well I don't mind you saying I took the boots but don't say it's unusual for me to watch the second team for I often saw them play last season." So that's that.

WHITSUN HOLIDAY.

Owing to the somewhat cold weather we are experiencing at the moment the outlook is not promising for the above holiday, but orders have been plentiful and our transport has been busy for the last fortnight preparing for the anticipated rush of business. By the way, the article by Mr. F. Kirby entitled "Transport Up-to-Date" was a revelation to a great many of our readers. The fleet of lorries is, without doubt, an imposing sight and second-to-none.

ANNUAL HOLIDAYS.

These are now in full swing and it is a pity for the "early birds" that the weather has not been better and the sun shone on them a little more. The bronzed hero has yet to make his appearance at The Brewery on his return to duty. Probably they will make their respective appearances at the Offices later on.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Mr. L. E. Browne (General Office) returned back to Reading after a short stay at Staines.

Mr. N. J. Crocker returned to duty and assures me he really is feeling very well now.

A really laughable incident occurred when one of the football meetings took place at the Social Club, Mr. W. Bradford's dog having a sort of joy day (or rather night) with his owner's bowler hat and after making the hat a sorry mess came along wagging his tail and with a what-a-good-boy-am-I sort of expression on his face.

A London paper has been booming milk lately and the slogan adopted seems to be "Drink More Milk." Of course our advert. "Drink More Milk Stout" has been on the hoardings for a long while. Which is the more popular drink I leave our readers to decide for themselves. I have no doubt which I prefer.

The sound of hammer and chisel has been rather prevalent at The Brewery during the office structural alterations and our own men have been augmented with electricians, hot water engineers, telephone men, gas company men and plasterers, all of whom seem to have a little noise of their own.

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF DIRECTORS AND MANAGERS.

The Annual Conference between the Directors and Managers was held at the Ship Hotel, Reading, on the 5th May and was probably the largest and most representative gathering ever held in the history of the Firm.

Mr. F. A. Simonds, Managing Director, occupied the Chair, and in an opening speech reviewed the changes in the personnel of the controlling staff which had taken place during the past twelve months. He welcomed the newcomers to the Conference, including our new Director, Mr. A. J. Redman, and Major Guy Ashby, both of whom are Directors of Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery, Ltd., and Mr. L. A. Simonds. Mr. Eric also referred to those who had retired and who no longer held a place in these yearly meetings. Then proceeding to survey the Firm's activities in all branches of the business at home and abroad, the Chairman commented upon the amalgamations which had been successfully carried through during the past year and reviewed the trade generally. Not one small section of the Firm's business escaped mention in his summarisations and the allusions gave evident pleasure to those concerned.

After the business of the Conference was finished, the Directors entertained the Departmental Chiefs and Branch Managers to luncheon, at which Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds, the Chairman of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. and subsidiary Companies, presided. The cordiality of the Directors and the evidence of their goodwill were never more apparent than on this occasion.

The Firm was toasted and healths were drunk, including those of Mr. F. A. Simonds and Mr. C. E. Gough. In proposing the toast of "The Firm," Mr. H. F. Lindars, who joined in 1866, referred to the long line of Directors under whom he had served for so many happy years in close association. He mentioned the names of Mr. Henry Simonds, Mr. Henry John Simonds, Mr. Henry Adolphus Simonds, Mr. Blackall Simonds, Mr. Louis de Luze Simonds, Mr. Arthur Simonds, Mr. George Blackall-Simonds, Mr. Caversham Simonds, all of whom have passed over, right up to the present Directors, and it seemed by his recital of those names that they again lived and were amongst us in the persons of the present Directors who perpetuated and handed on those revered Christian names. It was stirring and impressive when this venerable gentleman, who was called to his feet without previous warning, calmly quoted the names of the Directors under whom he had served sixty-three years ago.

This spanning of the ages and linking the past with the present by one who is still serving and in full possession of all his faculties created a spell of admiration. It is a long stretch from Mr. Henry Simonds, 1868, to Mr. Louis Adolphus Simonds, 1931, but the time seemed shortened in those few minutes of Mr. Lindars' speech. There was no "bridge of sighs" over the passage of years on the part of this veteran. "Frank" he was spoken of in a subsequent response by Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds, who, in commenting upon Mr. Lindars' service under him, reversed the order of things by saying that he "had always served under Frank, as he always followed his advice."

Continuing his speech, which was in his usual vein, Mr. Shea-Simonds provoked considerable merriment by his witticisms, which drew repartees from Mr. Eric. There is no doubt that when these two gentlemen commence bantering one another, wit of the highest order flows spontaneously, to the intense delight of their listeners. This occasion lacked nothing in this respect and the serious side of the Conference was rounded off by sparkling humour and that bonhomie on the part of the Directors which has done so much to kindle and keep burning in their responsible officers the spirit of devotion to the interests of the Firm, which contributes in no small measure to prosperity.



Directors and Managers who attended the Conference held at the Ship Hotel, Reading, on May 5th, 1931.

SOCIAL CLUB.

DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

On Friday, 22nd May, Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds presided, supported by Commander H. D. Simonds, and presented the silver cups to the captains of the winning teams in the departmental tournaments at the H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Social and Recreation Club.

As was shown in last month's issue the TRANSPORT were successful in winning the "DIRECTORS'" CHALLENGE CUP and THE REST the "H. F. LINDARS'" CHALLENGE CUP.

Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds in making the presentations kept the audience in laughter with his many witticisms. The members were wholehearted in their appreciation of the presence of two of the Directors and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

An excellent concert was provided by the "Revelation Concert Party" and was very much appreciated. The Chairman spoke of the advantages of these tournaments in bringing all grades of employees together, thus creating that camaraderie so essential in such a great firm as ours.

Commander Simonds also spoke expressing his pleasure at being present and was pleased to see the department of which he was in charge had been successful in carrying off the premier prize.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

Great satisfaction is being expressed, on all sides, at the knowledge that a football team is to be run in connection with The Brewery.

Preliminaries are already well in hand, and backed by Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds and his co-Directors, and the sporting spirit which always prevails on the Firm, the promise of several well known amateurs, who have shown fine form in the local leagues, to sign on for the Brewery team, also the able services of Mr. Jack Smith (late outside right for Reading), a successful team is assured.

Mr. P. Hendy (Wine Stores) is the Hon. Secretary and will be pleased to give any information.

CRICKET.

Brighter cricket is the motto for this year: at least the "Dailies" are continually making frequent use of this slogan.

We, for our part, are quite willing to do our share, but brighter weather would help considerably.

So far the "A" team have played two matches, drawing one and winning the other. "B" team have made a good start, they having won the only match played.

To take the "A's" first, let us look at May 2nd when Heckfield came to Prospect Park. The weather was far from seasonable but the afternoon was, at any rate, fine. The visitors had first knock and made 78 for 7 when they declared. The rate of scoring was quite slow, in fact it was some time after tea that the declaration was made. Croom took the first wicket at 9 runs, Rumens holding a good catch low down. A stand was made which added 25 and then four more wickets fell for a further 15 runs. Another stand produced 29 more and then we had a knock. We did very poorly against the bowling of G. Hathaway and C. Bartlett and when time was called we had only got 35 on the board, but 7 wickets had fallen by then. Croom was gallantly holding his end up and had got 9.

The next week found us journeying out to Ipsden and it was a real day for cricket. The opposition had the best of the call and chose to bat. Our opening bowlers found the pitch to their liking and Croom and Clark for a time were almost unplayable, their analyses showing 3 for 21 (10 of these were scored off the last over) and 4 for 13 respectively. We were giving a second trial to L. Atkinson and he had a couple of overs and secured two wickets for 6 runs—quite a creditable showing. F. Butcher was the only batsman to top the double figures: he, taking full advantage of a "life" went on to compile 34 and carried his bat in the bargain.

Our first wicket fell with 2 runs on the board, but a new member, J. J. Cardwell and J. Hillier took command of the situation and made 26 before a separation was enforced. Tom Bartholomew then had a go and reached the unlucky figure when he was well caught, but by that time we had passed our opponents total. The final figures were Ipsden 47 and "S.B." 75 for 4.

The next Saturday the Basingstoke Liberal Club came over to visit us, but unfortunately Jupiter Pluvius took a hand and a water can and not even a stump was pitched. We entertained our friends to the best of our ability, but cricket was out of the question and we can only look forward to August 15th when we are due to go travelling in Hampshire.

The outlook for the "Seconds" seems more promising this year. C. Main, the captain, with "Father" Hawkins are getting to work and to get some idea of the playing strength an evening

match was arranged. A sort of Probables *v.* Possibles with a bit of "A" stiffening was played prior to the first match.

The talent seems to be there, if it is only possible to get the best players to co-operate and play whenever possible.

To encourage the younger players it is hoped to run a series of evening matches and two have been arranged with All Saints, viz., June 9th (away) and July 7th (home). Will members please note these dates, as they do not appear on the fixture cards, which are now in the hands of the executive. The Hon. Sec. will be pleased to supply any member with a card if approached and the member, prospective or otherwise, if unable to get in touch with any other member of the Committee.

The only match the "B's" have played up to the time of writing was against Barndale and resulted in a good win. To meet the convenience of J. Smith and E. G. Crutchley who found it impossible to journey to Ipsden these two players assisted the "B's" and were largely instrumental in forcing victory. We batted first but were doing very poorly until H. Deverall joined Smith and played the right game by holding his end up while his partner got the runs. Deverall had the satisfaction of reaching double figures and Smith made 43; our total reached 76. On our friends batting, little could be done with the bowling of E. G. Crutchley who took 6 for 11, and the whole total only reached 25.

The next Saturday we were down to play the C.W.S. 1st XI. but the weather prevented any game.

The matches remaining for May are Eversley Street and Frimley W.M. Club, both away, for the "A's" and G.W.R. Clerical Staff and Whitley Hall, at home and away respectively, for the "B's." A summary of the games will appear in next number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, together with some of the June matches.

May I, while not setting myself up in any way as an authority on the game, offer a few hints to our players which may prove useful and are the outcome of observations made whilst games have been in progress.

FOR BATSMEN:—

Back up.—That is, as soon as the bowler has delivered the ball, start off your crease in readiness for a run if the striker makes contact, or if a "bye" is possible.

Call.—Give your partner a clear indication if a run is possible. The striker calls if the ball goes in front of him; the other if it goes behind the striker's wicket either off the bat or for a bye.

If a definite call is made it is the duty of the other batsman to respond. Occasionally, of course, discretion must be used when an immediate call in the negative must be made.

Runs.—Be sure and take the first run quickly, as it is often possible to gain a second if this is done.

If the ball goes behind the striker let him look to his partner and not turn round to see where it has gone. Many runs are lost through this habit—Remember Lot's wife.

FOR FIELDERS.

Watch the batsman's stroke and be ready to move off sharply if the ball is struck your way. Go after the ball quickly; remember a run saved is as good as one made. Move towards the ball—do not wait for it to come to you.

Keep a watch on your captain and the bowler; a silent instruction can then be acted upon.

Do not pick out a particular blade of grass and stand on it all the time. Study the batsman's strokes and try to cut off any particular ones in your direction.

Return the ball sharply, for preference to the wicket-keeper. Remember he is protected and the bowler has to take a certain care of his hands. If possible, return the ball so that the receiver can take it on the bounce ready to break the wicket.

Back up, *i.e.*, when the ball is travelling either from the bat or back to the wicket, in case the particular fielder misses it.

Except in the case of a catch, when the catcher should make the appeal "How's that?" leave other appeals to the bowler or wicket-keeper. They are in a better position to see "l.b.w."

FOR BOWLERS.

Firstly, bowl within your strength. If your style is slow, do not try "expresses," the odds are the length will be bad and prove expensive.

Set your field according to your bowling. It is logic for a fast bowler to have several slips and perhaps a fine leg. Such a field would be hopeless for a slow man.

See that your field and the batsman are ready before starting your delivery.

Do not make appeals to the umpire unless you feel your appeal is genuine.

Be ready to follow up your ball, for the half cock shot, which may mean a c. and b.

Be also ready to get behind the stumps in readiness for a return from the field.

No doubt there are many more hints that could be given and I am certain those above could be put better, but if my meaning is clear and the suggestions prove of use, I shall be more than satisfied.

J.W.J.

CAUGHT!



The coarse fishing season will soon be here again. The picture shows an ardent young angler who has been "caught."

"PATRIOTISM."

(By E. W. KIRBY).

In this country of ours the celebration of "Empire Day" awakes feelings and thoughts of a great ideal, set up and consolidated by some of the bravest and finest men and women the world has ever known. The very phrase "Empire Day" can conjure up for us a wealth of history, romance, tales of valour and courage unequalled; all of which unite to form a foundation steeped in tradition upon which we, together with our children, must build our lives, striving not only to emulate but to surpass those achievements of our forefathers. Our Empire is the greatest in the known history of the world. It extends over a quarter of the globe and contains more than a quarter of the world's population, embracing every race, creed and colour. It is, therefore, very obvious that such a mighty unity of peoples must have great influence in all the affairs of this world, so that each one of us, as an individual representative of the whole, must put his or her shoulder to the wheel and strain every effort in an endeavour to better both the spiritual and material conditions amongst men. Useless though it is to deny the presence of grave evils in this so-called civilisation of ours, hopeless as it seems to accomplish anything in a brief lifetime, yet it is up to us to give of our best in the sacred name of Progress. No matter how negligible the results of our efforts appear, we must bear in mind the fact that "every little helps"; that it is the behaviour of the atoms which determine the constitution and properties of any substance.

It must be remembered that there is more in Patriotism than is usually accredited to it. It does *not* mean the mere glorification of one's country alone. Our nation is but one among many, and although we occupy the proud position of being the most powerful and foremost in worldly matters of the whole conglomeration, we must bear in mind the fact that the correct procedure for us is to reach out and help our less fortunate brethren. Whilst upholding our own status and flaunting our supremacy we should never let it develop into a superiority complex.

Ruminating in this manner, is it not apparent how aptly we may compare the group of nations at present known to a group of human beings? Each with his or her own characteristics, beliefs, and customs; each copying, envying, loving, hating, or quarrelling with the other. Treating the subject in this fashion, how much easier it is to discuss. We are dealing now not with myriads of people but with a small group, each individual of which represents a complexity of his kind, so that instead of patriotism we substitute the word self-respect. Now we can get to the bottom of this question. A man who directs too much attention upon himself becomes self-centred, an egoist. Patriotism "over-done" here

forms the analogy. Or again the man who misuses his strength in order to browbeat his weaker contemporaries we term a bully. An apt example here would be our late opponents in the Great War who acquired the reputation of being swaggering, sabre-rattling militants who rode roughshod over us all until their bluff was called. And so we may go on, all the faults shown by the individual become common property and are finally merged, thus forming one great wave the spirit of the mob. Similarly the virtues of a nation are built up upon the personal feelings of all its members.

But to return directly to the subject of Patriotism. Assuming as we have done that the nation is analogous with the individual, we may very well say that as a man should uphold himself and take a pride in all he does, so should the nation hold up its head and endeavour to produce good fruit from all its undertakings. And again, like ourselves, care should be taken that no selfishness creeps in. We must live for one another. So we Britons should not think entirely of our magnificent trade and the victorious battles we have fought, but also of the great reforms in which we have led the way. The abolition of the slave-trade, the democracy shown in our governing systems, the formation of institutes for the betterment of our poorer brethren or for the protection of the helpless, have all pointed the way to advancement not merely in a material sense, but in a more spiritual fashion as well. The commandment "Love Thy Neighbour as Thyself" can and should very well apply to us as a whole. It will be a far happier world when Peace and Goodwill towards men is a more wide-spread doctrine than it is to-day. And it is by appealing to the masses that will produce the best result. Let us do our best to aid and sympathise with those around us. If we all direct our energies along this channel we shall very soon be able to extend our scope with the result that international relations will become far less hostile. This is an aim which is attracting great attention nowadays as will be realised when the efforts of the League of Nations are remembered. World Peace is undoubtedly a long way off as yet, but if it is ever to be brought about, it can only be done when all nations are absolutely free from malicious feelings of any kind. The way in which we can help to bring this happy state of affairs about is by putting forward and, most important, living up to these ideals of brotherhood. If only we start to practise them among ourselves the movement will soon spread abroad to the benefit of the world in general.

So Patriotism, therefore, means living for our countrymen. We, as members of the greatest and most widespread Empire in the world, should take this to heart as part of our duty, for if by our united efforts friendship and peace are spread abroad, the results will be universally great. It is for us to turn Patriotism to a great and noble ideal and by setting an example to all men to sow the seed of future Peace upon Earth.

A NATURE NOTE.

THE DELIGHTS OF DEVON.

WATCHING THE BUZZARDS.

(BY C.H.P.).

I am writing these notes during a break while fly-fishing on the River Teign in mid-Devon. The country is wonderful. I have wended my way hence by way of a lane on either side of which were many campions and herb roberts which looked very pretty amongst the stitchwort. I found a number of nests, too. These included that of the missel thrush, which was built in the bank. That is unusual. Unusual, too, is the fact that it was built mainly of wool and lichen and lined with cow hair and fine strands of hay. It contained four eggs and later the bird, with her fine speckled breast, was sitting.

And talking of birds' nests, one of the charming little girls at the farmhouse where I am staying was very anxious to show me a nest that she had found. We tramped quite a long way; and then she pointed out to me the nest which I thought, to say the least, looked a bit dilapidated, and the reason was not far to seek for my little friend added, "You know, the little birds flew away last year."

WATCHING THE BUZZARDS.

But to return to the trout stream. There is a high hill towering over me as I write, and high over the hill are several buzzards whose great expense of wing enables them to glide and plane and literally float upon the air. I have been watching them through my field glasses as well as by means of the naked eye, and I don't think that ever before have I seen such ease and grace of movement. I have spent hours in watching them and lost more than one trout because I kept my eye on the buzzards. Though belonging to that tribe the buzzard appears to have neither the spirit nor the daring of the noble falcons.

The sun is shining warm and bright to-day and a tortoiseshell butterfly comes and settles on a piece of bracken close beside me, opening its beautiful wings to catch the full benefit of the warmth. Just behind him alights an admiral—a rear-admiral, so to speak.

The bracken is just unfolding its handsome fronds and though it is nearing the end of May many primroses are in full bloom, the ground is carpeted with bluebells and the heather gives promise of a rare display later on. Birds are building, some have eggs and others young. A marsh tit is feeding her babes in a hole in the

stump of a tree. Not far away are ten little wild duck. They are darting hither and thither catching flies for food. A big may-fly rises out of the water. Three little ducks make a dash for the dainty morsel and the lucky one gobbles it up with evident relish. In their eagerness for food they come quite close to where I am sitting. Then one sees, what is no doubt to him, an ugly monster. He scampers off in a great fright and his little brothers and sisters follow him. Then mother joins them and away down river goes the little feathery flotilla at a surprising speed.

HAUNT OF THE DIPPER.

This is the haunt of the dipper and these birds may be seen flying up and down the river all day long. They are about the size of a blackbird and the shape of a wren and they have white throats. They fly very low, just above the water's surface, alight on a boulder in the middle of the stream, disappear under water and return with some succulent morsel of food.

THE TOP OF THE HILL.

The heather is just bursting forth into bloom, primroses and other flowers are going to seed, some birds are busy building, while many are busily engaged rearing their families. On every hand there is something of interest and much of beauty. Spring-time is passing and everywhere there is progress, a great march forward to a fuller and richer life. It is the same, isn't it, with everything and everybody. In the great scheme of things, "Forward is the watchword," and we are all ever progressing up and onward towards the summit from which height and in the eternal Sunshine we shall see quite plainly and understand things we could not comprehend as we journeyed along the road with its little ruts and hills and thickets; its little difficulties and misunderstandings. How small they will all appear when viewed in their true perspective from the Top of the Hill up which we are all climbing.

SWISH! SWISH!! SWISH!!!

But I must not get too serious. I must catch that trout that is rising in a little eddy just behind a rock in midstream. Swish! Swish!! Swish!!! My blue upright alights on the water a few inches above the nose of the little speckled beauty and just this side of him. Plop! The little lure is seized, there is a little struggle and one more fish is added to my bag. He weighs about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., which is quite a good trout for the Teign. Three of us were spending the day together, though we were often very far apart, and we each had a very successful day.

AN ORIGINAL BAIT.

While examining the fronds of some bracken I noticed how much the points as they were being gradually unfolded appeared to be exactly like caterpillars. I wondered whether the trout would think so, too. So I tried some of these frond ends as bait and the trout preferred them to the fly. I also fished the Taw and the Mole, and in each of these rivers there are salmon, peel (sea trout) and smolts (young salmon). I only had a licence for trout, but—I must be careful what I publish in so widely read a magazine as THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

GRAND PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY.

On Wednesday, May 27th, we journeyed about fifty miles to fish in North Devon. And what a thunderstorm we experienced! We were in a very wild spot which no doubt enhanced the grandeur of the pyrotechnic display. I had never before seen such lightning. It was dazzling in its brilliance, while the peals of thunder were terrific. And the rain! We dared not risk sheltering under trees and had to "stick" it out in the open. Eventually it cleared, but we had not resumed operations on the stream long before more angry clouds gathered and there was another grand "fireworks" display—and more rain. The little ditches dashed down their dirty, red-coloured water into the Mole, which soon ran red and any more fishing was out of the question. So we wended our way through the long wet grass in the water-laden meadows to our car. The rain continued to come down in torrents and how our friend who drove the car saw which way he was going puzzled me. But he has a wonderful eye. I saw him clay-pigeon shooting—48 "bulls" out of 50 shots! But, then, for three years in succession he has been the champion clay-pigeon shot in England, while his home is loaded with trophies denoting his prowess.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

I chatted with an aged son of the soil and learned much from him. He told me how he had mowed as much as an acre in one day, before tea. "There's lots of nice young men about to-day," he said, "but they won't tackle it as we used to do. They think too much about wages and too little about their work."

RARE SPORT.

I have not given many details of my actual fishing as I have already exceeded my space. I hope to tell of my wonderful success in a future issue and, perhaps, give a photograph of some of the fish. I have been a trout fisherman all my life but never before have I landed so many fine fish in a single week.

DEATH OF MR. A. FROOME.

LANDLORD OF THE "JOLLY ANGLERS."

We regret to record the death which occurred at Worthing on Tuesday, May 12th, of Mr. Albert Froome, of the "Jolly Anglers," Kennet Side, Reading, at the age of 64. Mr. Froome, who had been in ill-health for some time, had gone to Worthing to recuperate and his death came as a great shock to his many friends.

Mr. Froome led a very active life. After serving for 35 years at Messrs. Huntley & Palmers as a clerk, he became the licensee of the "Jolly Anglers" in 1919. For many years, Mr. Froome took a keen interest in Friendly Society work. As a life member of the "Princess Alexandra" Lodge of Oddfellows, he passed through the Chair twice, while for some years he was a Trustee of the Juvenile Society of Oddfellows. He also served on the Committee of the Amalgamated Friendly Societies Medical Association and was twice President. Mr. Froome had also been on the Reading Workmen's Coal Union Committee. During the time that he was landlord of the "Jolly Anglers," Mr. Froome had taken a great interest in Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., Retailers' Association, being Secretary for four years. He also served as Secretary of the Reading and District Licensed Trades Protection and Benevolent Association and was President of that body in 1928. He was a life member of the Schools and Benevolent Institution. In 1900 Mr. Froome joined the Reading Philanthropic Society and had been an active member.

He leaves a widow.

A large congregation was present at the funeral service at St. Stephen's Church.

Among those present were members of the "Princess Alexandra" Lodge of the Oddfellows, including P.G. T. Chesterman, Bro. F. Simmonds (Senr.), Bro. F. Simmonds (Junr.), P.G. A. D. Cullum (Secretary of the Lodge), also Prov. C.S. H. Bristow, P.G. Spencer and C. F. Mills, P.G. E. Adams (Crown of England), P.G. Snow (St. Peter's), and P.P.G.M. G. W. Bowsher (Crown of England), Mr. T. Hancock (representing the Salisbury Club), Mr. E. B. Deadman, Mr. Fincher and Mr. G. W. Durman (Ancient Order of Foresters), Mr. S. Croxford (President, Reading Licensed Trades Protection and Benevolent Association), Mr. H. S. Smith (Secretary), Mr. H. Tucker (representing the Committee), Mr. J. Healey (Past President), Mr. J. E. Edminson, Mr. C. B. Duguid (representing Messrs. H. & G. Simonds' Retailers' Association), Mrs. J. Lofthouse (Reading Women's Trade Association), Mr. M. Goddard, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. H. Mustoe, Mrs. Page, Mr. E. Purdue,

Mr. G. W. Manning, Mrs. Hawker, Mrs. S. Love, Mrs. Golding, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. May, Mrs. Gardiner, Mrs. Holly, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Dibley, Mrs. Eamer, Mr. H. G. Butler, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. E. Waite, Mrs. G. Wheeler, Miss R. Wheeler, Mrs. Bradbury, Mrs. Horne, Mr. D. J. Cook, Mrs. Fidler, Mrs. R. Eamer, Mrs. Hopson, Miss Butcher, Mrs. Tuttle, Mrs. Ostridge, Mr. S. Bevan, Mr. C. F. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ham, Mr. W. A. Smith, Mrs. F. Pearce, Mr. J. Wheatland, Mr. G. J. Greenaway, Mr. G. Rose, Mr. H. Bretton, Mr. J. W. Arlett, Mr. H. J. Hazell, Mr. E. Benger, Mr. W. H. Earls, Mr. T. Swaine, Mr. E. Allen, Mr. H. Rex, Mr. J. Lofthouse, Mr. F. W. Bargery, Mr. A. L. Nunn, Mr. W. J. Hutchins, Mr. and Mrs. J. Speakes, Mrs. Emery, Mrs. Blake, Miss Slade, Mr. F. Sharpe, Mr. M. Maber, Mr. J. C. Durman, Mr. C. H. Perrin, Mrs. Harrison, Mr. T. Lawrence, Mr. A. E. Prince, Miss Durman, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Witts, Mr. and Mrs. G. Warner, Mr. H. Smart, Mr. H. D. Pennell, Mr. H. Waters, Mr. T. A. Fisher, Mr. J. Earley, Mr. J. Forrest, Mr. W. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. C. Walters, Mr. and Mrs. J. Durman. The following represented the Reading Workmen's Coal Union: Mr. A. Wheeler (Chairman), Messrs. H. Clark, A. Cowdrey, W. Pyke, A. Dawson, S. Jones and H. Cooper (Committee), Mr. W. E. Brunson (Auditor), Messrs. W. Tucker, H. Hambling, J. Fox, H. Fullbrook and F. Benger (Collectors), and Mr. T. A. Rivers.

The mourners were Mrs. Froome (widow), Messrs. A. Froome, Wallace Froome, Walter Froome (brothers), Mrs. Southcote (sister), Miss A. Froome (sister), Mr. and Mrs. Harding, Harold and Gladys, Mr. and Mrs. Byard, Jack and Ida, Mr. and Mrs. Durman, Mr. and Mrs. Legg, Mr. and Mrs. Moore.

There were many beautiful floral tributes.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

AUTHOR: "Have you read my book?"

FRIEND: "Yes."

AUTHOR: "What did you think of it?"

FRIEND: "Well, to be candid with you, I think the covers are too far apart!"

* * * *

BRIDE: "You must not expect me to give up my girlhood ways all at once."

BRIDEGROOM: "Certainly not, my dear. Go on taking an allowance from your father as if nothing had happened."

COMES DOWN THE GLITTERING RAIN.

All day the low-hung clouds have dropped

Their garnered fulness down;

All day that soft grey mist hath wrapped

Hill, valley, grove, and town.

There has not been a sound to-day

To break the calm of nature;

Nor motion, I might almost say,

Of life or living creature:

Of waving bough or warbling bird,

Or cattle faintly lowing.

I could have half believed I heard

The leaves and blossoms growing.

I stood to hear—I love it well—

The rain's continuous sound.

Small drops, but thick and fast they fell

Down straight into the ground.

For leafy thickness is not yet

Earth's naked breast to screen,

Though every dripping branch is set

With shoots of tender green,

Sure since I looked at early morn

Those honeysuckle buds

Have swelled to double growth; that thorn

Hath put forth larger studs;

That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,

The milk-white flowers revealing.

Even now upon my senses first

Methinks their sweets are stealing

The very earth, the steamy air,

Is all with fragrance rife;

And grace and beauty everywhere

Are flushing into life.

Down, down they come—those fruitful stores!

Those earth-rejoicing drops!

A momentary deluge pours,

Then thins, decreases, stops;

And ere the dimples on the stream

Have circled out of sight

Lo! from the west a parting gleam

Breaks forth of amber light.

But yet behold—abrupt and loud

Comes down the glittering rain;

The farewell of a passing cloud,

The fringes of her train.

—Geoffrey Chaucer.

POPULARITY OF BILLIARDS.

CONTINUED PROGRESS OF THE READING AND DISTRICT CLUBS' LEAGUE.

CELEBRATING A SUCCESSFUL SEASON.

The continued growth and progress of the Reading and District Clubs' Billiards League was referred to at the Annual Dinner held recently when the President (Mr. F. A. Simonds) presided over a large gathering of officials and members of affiliated Clubs. Amongst those present were Mr. C. B. Major (Chairman), Mr. A. J. Foster (Vice-Chairman), Alderman F. A. Sarjeant (Vice-President), Mr. S. Rudland (Hon. Treasurer), and Mr. G. E. Boddington (Hon. Secretary).

A SUCCESSFUL SEASON.

The toast of "The Reading and District Billiards Clubs League" was proposed by Mr. C. Bennett, who congratulated the officers and members of the League on the successful season they had enjoyed. They had had a wonderful year and the success they had attained had not been accomplished without a vast amount of thought, labour and energy on the part of the Secretary and the other officials. The League was a very strong and healthy body, and each year since its formation had seen it grow in a remarkable manner. They had attained the three objects they had set out to attain, namely, to provide a medium through which wielders of the cue could meet in friendly rivalry and social intercourse, to promote a spirit of sportsmanship amongst players, and to do something for benevolent orders in the town. In 1919 the League was inaugurated with a membership of seven clubs and at the present moment there were 32 teams and 22 clubs. In the season which had just drawn to a close there had been 330 players registered and 3,600 games had been played. That was a wonderful record and one of which the League could feel proud. The Royal Berkshire Hospital Sportsmen's Fund had been helped to the extent of £300—a very laudable effort on the part of billiards players in the district. The clubs were a solidly established and growing feature of the social life of the county—they were a distinctly British institution and had no exact counterpart elsewhere. In Reading they had many flourishing clubs and, he was sure, one of the most important activities in which they engaged was billiards. The League was still growing and there was every hope that future years would see more and more clubs joining.

Mr. H. Hamilton briefly responded, and spoke of the success which had attended the League's activities during the season.

A POPULAR PRESIDENT.

The health of the President was enthusiastically drunk on the call of Mr. A. J. Foster, who said that it was eleven years since Mr. Simonds had been elected to that office. He was not surprised at the continuity of Mr. Simonds' tenure of office, for no organisation could have a better leader. One of the objects of the League was the promotion of sportsmanship, and they could have no greater sportsman to lead them than Mr. Simonds. "Eleven years ago I described him as one of the most popular sportsmen in the district," Mr. Foster concluded, "and the years which have passed since then have proved how true were my words." (Applause.)

MR. SIMONDS ON THE FREE TRANSFER LIST.

The President, responding, remarked that he had been mixed up with sport in Reading for many years, but recently business responsibilities had made him sacrifice or curtail some of his club and social activities. One of the posts he had been most delighted to hold was that of President of the Billiards League. "I am on the free transfer list," he remarked, amidst laughter. "If you feel you would be better served by another President, you can place me on the free transfer list, and I shall not take umbrage as is done in other spheres sometimes." Billiards, continued Mr. Simonds, were an integral part of club life, and in their turn well-conducted clubs were an asset to the social life of the country. The clubs in Reading were well officered and conducted in an admirable fashion.

Before distributing the prizes, the Chairman presented to Mr. C. B. Major a cigarette case as a token of affection from members of the League and a tangible expression of their gratitude to him for being such an excellent Chairman since 1911.

Mr. Major briefly acknowledged the gift.

The health of the prizewinners was drunk on the proposition of Captain A. Henson, the captains of the winning teams replying.

The company were entertained by Messrs. Wren and Robin, banjoists, Mr. P. G. Merrett and Mr. W. E. Masser (accompanist).

THE PRIZE-WINNING CLUBS.

Division I.—Winners: Curzon Club (Messrs. C. C. Beasley, L. H. Richardson, F. Richardson, H. W. Smith, J. S. Hogg, J. Smith and H. L. Beasley). Runners-up: Trades Union Club.

Division II.—*Section "A"*—Winners: Reading Territorial Club (Messrs. A. G. Rider, E. G. Wilder, A. C. Masters, C. A. Wallis,

A. J. Venables, R. H. Eves and A. Wark). Runners-up : Beaconsfield Club. Section "B"—Winners : Earley Working Men's Club (Messrs. O. Lewington, A. Hutchings, W. Hart, E. Lovell, T. Bailey, A. Wells and H. Bungay). Runners-up : Balfour Club.

Highest Breaks.—Division I. : R. E. Smart (Henley Liberal) and G. K. Nicholson (Y.M.C.A.), 64 each. Division II. : E. A. Wilder (Reading Territorial Club), 73.

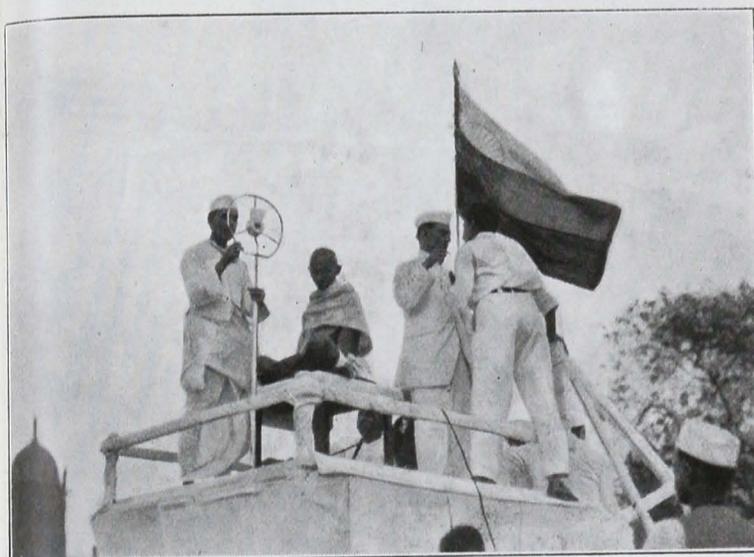
Royal Berkshire Hospital Sportsmen's Fund Handicap.—1, E. C. Walker (Reading Catholic) ; 2, E. G. Wilder (Reading Territorial) ; 3 (equal), W. Fenton (Caversham Social) and E. Lovell (Earley Working Men's Club) ; 5, G. E. Boddington (Salisbury), C. A. Wallis (Reading Territorial), R. Brind (Trades Union), H. Bungay (Earley Working Men's).

INDIA.

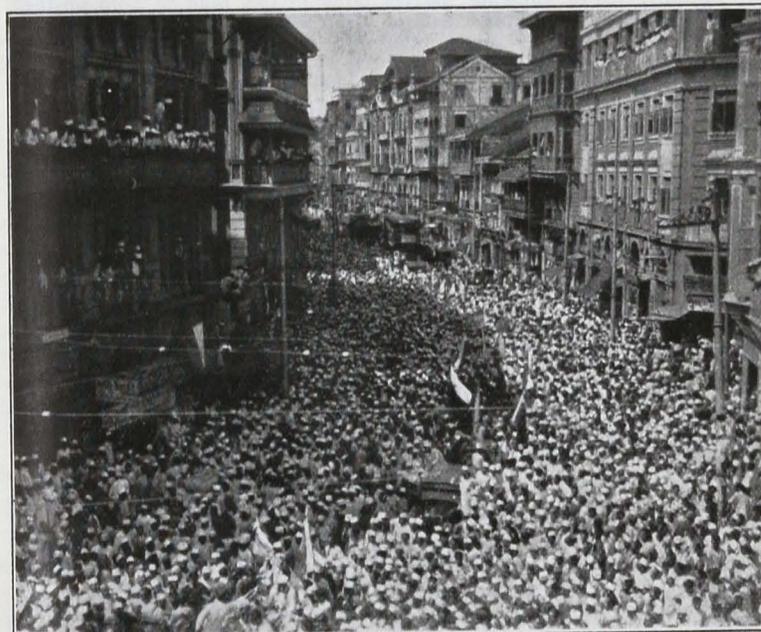
Our Representative for India has sent us the following interesting photographs shewing actual scenes taken during the recent disturbances in India and figures prominent in the demonstrations.



GANDHI.



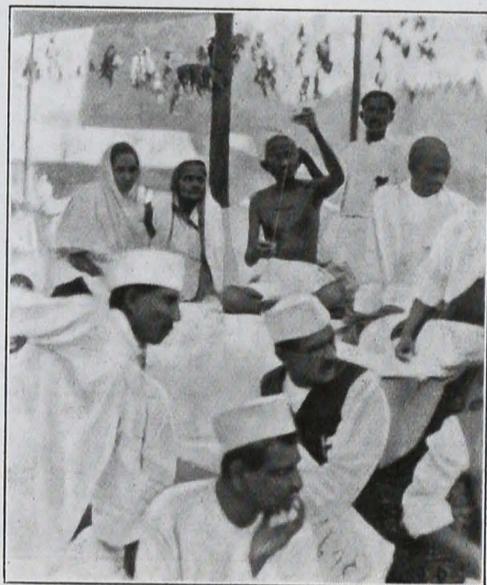
Gandhi broadcasting.



Princess Street, Crawford Market, Bombay.
Gandhi in motor car on his way to speak to his followers.



Another photo showing natives lying in the road to hold up the traffic opposite Victoria Station, Bombay, with the native police keeping the crowds back.



Gandhi spinning.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

These are the closing words of Professor Lowes Dickinson's book, "After 2,000 Years," in the form of a dialogue between Plato and a modern young man. The book is published by Allen and Unwin.

PLATO : *Open the eye of imagination and view from above the world of sense the poet sings, and the world of abstraction the man of science measures. See how the whole Universe is peopled with crowds of spirits.*

YOUNG MAN : *Plato, what are you saying?*

PLATO : *What? Do you suppose that while your little planet pululates and swarms with living creatures, among which you men move like trees, sparse and disconnected for all your crowding, while they without ceasing flow around and over and within you, an ocean of perpetual generation—do you suppose that nowhere else in the vast expanses of infinity is anything at all that is alive?*

YOUNG MAN : *We think it likely that our planet alone has the elements and the temperature and the gravity wherein and whereby life is possible.*

PLATO : *Say rather wherein and whereby bodies like yours could come into being and endure. But do you conceive, you little men, that the subtle fire of life can inhabit no other integuments than those that so grossly close you in? Or that senses so few and crude as those you possess can prescribe how higher souls may live and have their being? No! the world is full of gods, ascending the golden stairs, although your feeble vision cannot see them. Rising out of the abyss the long ascent of life reaches up into the heaven of heavens; and of that chain you, on your little step, are but one small link. For the whole Universe groans and travails together to accomplish a purpose more august than you divine, and of that your guesses at Good and Evil are but wavering symbols. Yet, dark though your night may be, and stumbling your steps, your hand is upon the clue. Nourish, then, your imagination, strengthen your will, and purify your love. For what imagination anticipates shall be achieved, what will pursues shall be done, and what love seeks shall be revealed.*

YOUNG MAN (entranced) : *What is it I see? What is breaking in upon me? Whither am I rapt away? I am a song—I am an eye—I am a prayer—*

PLATO : *He sleeps. And now he is gone. O thou great Power, revealed and yet unknown to him and to me, keep him true to his purpose in that dark world to which he has returned, and bring him back, faithful and strong, to rest awhile here until he sets forth to greater and clearer tasks.*

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Roast duck is said to be good for rheumatism. It sounds like a quack remedy.

* * * *

MARJORIE : " She is one of the hardest worked girls in London ! "

TOM : " Why, what does she do ? "

MARJORIE : " Follows the directions in the ladies' papers showing how to make her face beautiful ! "

* * * *

WAITER : " Mr. Brown's left his umbrella again. I believe he'd leave his head if it were loose. "

MANAGER : " I dare say you're right. I heard him say only yesterday he was going to Switzerland for his lungs. "

* * * *

The outer covering of young eels, says a nature note, is so thin that you can almost see through them. They do not, however, cross their legs in street cars, too.

* * * *

" The stiff collar ought to disappear and never come back, " says a doctor. Our laundry seems to be of the same opinion.

* * * *

MOTHER : Kenneth, what d'you mean by locking nurse out of the bathroom ?

KENNETH : " Well, she won't let me in when she's having a bath. "

* * * *

LADY TO TRAMP : " And you say you are an educated man ? "

TRAMP : " Yes, ma'am. I'm a ' roads ' scholar ! "

* * * *

MARIE : " Just think of the nerve of the fellow to propose to me. "

JULIA : " Nerve ? Why, it was absolute bravery. "

" And her mean husband thinks she's extravagant ! "

" Why ? "

" Just because she insists on having Fido's monogram stamped on his dog biscuits ! "

* * * *

" Hello, Jack ! What are you doing ? " " I've built a shed out of my own head. " " Out of your own head ? " " Yes, and there's plenty of wood left for a dog-kennel. "

* * * *

" My fiancee spends too much money on flowers ; every day he comes with an expensive bunch. I wish I could get him out of it. " " Never mind ; you'll soon be married. "

* * * *

A widow, who intended to succeed her husband as the manager of a country hotel, advertised the fact in the local papers after this manner : " This hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Higgins, who died last summer on a new and improved plan. "

* * * *

HOUSEHOLDER : " Come right in. "

TRAMP : " Does your dog bite ? "

HOUSEHOLDER : " I don't know. I want to test him. "

* * * *

MANAGER : " What fool gave you this job ? "

OFFICE BOY : " You did, sir. "

MANAGER : " Then take a week's notice for calling me a fool. "

* * * *

" I can't think why they make so much fuss about Miss Smith's voice. Miss Jones has a much richer voice. " " Yes, but Miss Smith has a much richer father. "

* * * *

CUSTOMER : " What does this mean ? There's a fly in the bottom of my tea-cup ! "

WAITRESS : " How do I know ? I'm a waitress, not a fortune-teller ! "

MISTRESS : " Be careful with those books. Several go back to George the First."

MAID : " Yes, ma'am, and I see several should go back to the library."

* * * *

WIFIE : " I've brought you a beautiful surprise for your birthday—it has just arrived."

HUSBAND : " I am curious to see it."

WIFIE : " Wait a minute and I will put it on."

* * * *

TEACHER : " Willie, can you tell me how matches are made?"

WILLIE : " No, ma'am, but I don't blame you for wanting to know."

TEACHER : " What on earth do you mean?"

WILLIE : " Mother says you've been trying to make one for years."

* * * *

A near-sighted man lost his hat in a strong wind. He gave chase. A woman screamed from a near-by farmhouse : " What are you doing there?" " Getting my hat," he replied. " Your hat," exclaimed the woman. " That's our little black hen you're chasing."

* * * *

LEN : " So your engagement to Eva is off. And I thought she doted on you." " Yes, she did. But her father proved to be an antidote."

* * * *

" Why did your aunt throw up her part in the amateur operetta?" " Well, you see, she's a strict teetotaller, and all the women in the cast had to wear corkscrew curls."

* * * *

FAIR CLIENT : " Have you a circulating library?"

BOOKSELLER : " No, madam. I am afraid we are quite out of them. But I can show you a revolving book-case."

* * * *

BROWNE : " I hear Briggs finally got one of the plays on the boards."

TOWNE : " Yes ; the property man tore up his manuscript and used it in a snowstorm scene."

ARTIST : " Do you think I have depicted the horrors of war strongly enough in my new picture?"

CRITIC : " Yes, I have never seen such a horrible picture."

* * * *

MRS. GRUB : " I wonder why so many people put their valuables under their pillow before going to sleep?"

MR. GRUB : " I don't know ; perhaps they like to have a little money to fall back on."

* * * *

AT THE BOOKSHOP : " What has become of that assistant you had here?" " I had to fire him. A man came with his bride to buy a book for reading on his honeymoon, and the stupid assistant offered him ' Travels with a Donkey.'"

* * * *

" Why do you insist on having the biggest piece of pie, Harry?" asked the mother of a small boy. " Isn't your older brother entitled to it?"

" No, he isn't," replied the little fellow. " He was eating pie two years before I was born."

* * * *

BUSINESS MAN (to his barber) : " Your confounded hair restorer has made my hair come off more than ever!"

BARBER : " Ah, you must have put too much on, sir! Made the hair come right out instead of half way."

* * * *

DINER : " Waiter, there's a button in my soup."

WAITER (ex-printer) : " Typographical error, sir ; it should be mutton."

* * * *

WOMAN SHOPPER (to Assistant) : " I say, young man, there's a ladder in these stockings."

EXASPERATED ASSISTANT : " Well, what do you expect for 3s. 11d. : a marble staircase?"

* * * *

JACK : " Never despair ; somewhere beyond the clouds the sun is shining."

JILL : " Yes, and somewhere below the sea there's solid bottom. But that doesn't help a man when he falls overboard."

True, the poet was famous, but the landlord wanted his rent ;
 " And I want it to-day," he said. " If I don't get it, people
 will be pointing out this house tomorrow as the place where you
 once lived."

* * * *

MISS VANE : " I know he was talking to you about me. Now,
 wasn't he ? "

MISS SPITE : " Well, yes."

MISS VANE : " I thought I heard him remark that I had a
 thick head of hair."

MISS SPITE : " Partly correct. He didn't mention your hair,
 however."

* * * *

" The full fury of the storm burst upon us so suddenly,"
 related the tornado victim, " that in an instant the house was
 demolished and scattered to the four winds of Heaven. How I
 escaped being torn to pieces I don't know——." At this point a
 meek little man among the listeners sprang to his feet. " That
 reminds me," he said, " I quite forgot to post my wife's letter!"

* * * *

A young wife, a Yorkshire girl, sought to please her husband
 by giving him some home-made bread for his breakfast. After he
 had gone to bed she set to work and made the dough, using equal
 quantities of flour and yeast. Some little time later her husband
 awoke on hearing a commotion downstairs and called over the
 banisters, " What's the matter, lass ? "

" It's t'bread!" wailed the unhappy wife.

" What's the matter with tha bread? Can't tha keep it in
 t'oven? "

" Keep it in t'oven? Eh, lad, I can't even keep it in t'kitchen."

* * * *

The new maid had just been engaged, and the mistress was
 explaining her various duties. " Can you serve company?" she
 asked.

" Oh, yes, mum," replied the girl brightly, " I can serve them
 both ways."

" Both ways? "

" Yes, mum—so they'll come again, or so they'll stop away."

" You maintain that you threw your wife out of the third
 storey window through forgetfulness?" asked the magistrate
 incredulously of the man charged with assaulting his wife.

" Yes, your worship," returned the prisoner; " we used to live
 on the ground floor and I forgot that we had moved."

* * * *

Hush-a-by, baby, hush you to sleep,
 Daddy's gone golfing to win the club sweep.
 If he plays nicely—I hope that he will—
 Mother will show him her dressmaker's bill.

Hush-a-by, baby, safe in your pram,
 Daddy's come back, did you hear the door slam?
 Snuggle down closer, baby of mine,
 Daddy went round in a hundred and nine!

* * * *

At a meeting of a certain rural district council a deputation of
 farmers asked to be received. They wished to complain about the
 state of a main road just outside the village. They found, however,
 that their arguments were not received very favourably. At last
 the chairman managed to get a word in. " Look here," he said,
 " the road is fairly good as a whole."

" Yes," replied the spokesman of the party, " but we want to
 use it as a road."

* * * *

" Have you an ear for music?" asked the girl. " No,"
 replied the matter-of-fact young man. " I use one of my ears for
 telephone communications and the other as a pen-rack."

* * * *

Bill had had a nasty fall from the scaffolding at work, and his
 pals flocked round to see him when he got better. They were
 curious to know what the sensation was like. With some imagination,
 he described all he had felt.

" But what I wants to know," said Alf, " is whether it's true
 that all your sins flashes before you. Did yours? "

" Talk sense," said Bill. " I fell thirty feet, not thirty miles."

* * * *

" I am sorry," said the dentist, " but you cannot have an
 appointment with me this afternoon. I have eighteen cavities to
 fill." And he picked up his golf bag and went out.

A young man in a Soho restaurant, wishing to show off before his escort, said in a loud voice : " Waitah ! I say, waitah ! We'll start with some Vittorio Spinosi."

WAITER : " Escuse, but zat ees not to eat. Eet ees ze name of ze patron ! "

* * * *

Levi was showing his friend around his magnificent riverside cottage, which was rather near the bank. " I've insured it against fire and burglary for £3,000," said the proud Levi, as they made a tour of inspection.

" And vot about floods ? " asked the friend. " You're very near the river, you know."

Levi looked thoughtful. Then he asked : " How do you make a flood ? "

* * * *

" Sambo, you have been drinking again," said the parson reprovingly. " Yes, sah, dat so', an' powerful stuff I had. It was dat dere chicken hooch."

" Chicken hooch ! " exclaimed the other, " I've never heard of that ; what is it ? "

" Wal, you know sah, chicken hooch means one drink an' you lay."

* * * *

A young city couple had just moved into the suburbs, and from the upper window the wife was exercising a new pair of field glasses. " John," she cried, " that estate agent who told you our house was only a stone's throw from the station is getting off the train now ! " " Well," answered her husband grimly, " hand me a stone, and I'll do my best."

* * * *

On festive occasions a certain clubman had difficulty in enunciating clearly. One evening he was endeavouring to give his address to a taximan, but as he met with no success a friend descended the club steps to help. " It's all right, driver," he said. " this gentleman wants to go to Monkton Mansions." As the cab was about to move off the fare leaned out of the window, and, addressing his friend, said : " You're dam-fine elocutionist."

A young man having celebrated a racing success over-lavishly felt very unwell next morning, and so stayed in bed. Feeling a little better about seven in the evening he telephoned to his chief and frankly explained his absence from the office. " I hope I haven't inconvenienced you," he ended humbly. " Not at all, my boy," came the genial response. " Don't you know this is Sunday, anyway ? "

* * * *

A hotel chambermaid was tipped half-a-crown not to give away the fact that a couple just arrived were newly married, following upon her having looked in their room and found them disposing of the confetti.

Going along the corridor, a gossiping old lady guest stopped her and queried : " Honeymoon couple in the end room, aren't they, Mary ? "

Loyal to the half-crown, Mary replied : " No, madam, you're quite wrong. They're just friends."

* * * *

" Now this word 'unaware.' Can anyone tell me what that means ? " asked teacher.

" Please, miss," said Bobby, " it's the last things you take off when you go to bed."

* * * *

" I want to bring young Wivelspoon home to dinner to-night," said the harassed husband over the phone. " We'll be home about the usual time."

" Bring him to-night ! " shrieked his wife. " You know that Mary's left without notice, and the baby's cutting his teeth, and I've got a cold, and the butcher says we can't have any more meat till we pay the bill. . . ."

" Yes, I know *all* that," he interrupted. " That's why I want to bring him home. I like the young fathead, and he is thinking of getting married."

* * * *

Dora was in love, and was anxious to hear the news.

" So you've seen daddy, darling ? Did he behave like a lamb ? " she asked Billy.

" Absolutely ! Every time I spoke he said, ' Bah ! ' " declared her sweetheart grimly.

A doctor was called in to see a very testy aristocrat.

"Well, sir, what's the matter?" he asked cheerfully.

"That, sir," growled the patient glaring, "is for you to find out."

"I see," said the doctor thoughtfully. "Well, if you'll excuse me for an hour or so, I'll go along and fetch a colleague of mine. He's the only chap I know who can make a diagnosis without asking questions—he's a vet!"

* * * *

John rushed round looking for his coat. "What do you want it for, dear?" asked his wife.

"That fellow Smith across the road has just 'phoned to ask if I can lend him a corkscrew."

"Well, what do you want your coat for? Surely there is no need to go out? You can send Mary with it."

John turned upon her more in sorrow than in anger. "My dear," he said. "Your last remarks sum up the whole reason that women cannot lead armies, control nations, or take anything but a subordinate part in the affairs of the world."



BRANCHES.

WOKING.

With the approach of summer many of our readers will be taking to the open road, and doubtless the famous beauty spots of Surrey will make their usual appeal, particularly those that lie off the main routes. Pirbright can hardly claim to be famous, but being the summer camp of the Brigade of Guards it is certainly a place of considerable interest, and its wide expanses of common land give it a rural charm and make it a pleasant rendezvous for motorists and pedestrians alike. Pirbright lies five miles from Woking, and a similar distance from Guildford, and its proximity to these towns gives it a significance for road users. In keeping with the general environment of the village, the Fox Inn, Pirbright, is noted for its remarkable array of flowers more or less all the year round, and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Liley are justly proud of their house and the good name it enjoys. All lovers of nature will find this a delightful spot as well as a convenient halting place.

Guildford will need no introduction to our readers, and its famous High Street—referred to recently at the Surrey Archaeological Society as being one of the finest streets in Europe—is quite a landmark to tourists and motorists in the South of England. To mention all the historical places of interest to be found in Guildford would require a complete edition of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, but all visitors should make a point of viewing the old Castle grounds. A return to High Street, and a little refreshment at that old established hostelry The Guildford Arms, more familiarly known as "Under the Clock," by reason of its situation, makes a fitting conclusion to a day well spent in Surrey.

This month it is our pleasure to extend a cordial welcome to the 2nd Battalion The Royal Warwickshire Regiment who recently arrived from Khartoum to succeed the 1st Battalion in the occupation of Inkerman Barracks, Woking. With happy recollections of our associations with the latter Battalion which left for Palestine in January last, we do this with warm sincerity. That they will ably maintain the traditions set up in the sporting circles of Woking by their predecessors we have not the slightest doubt. Birmingham made football history at the close of last season, thereby adding to the fame of Warwickshire, and we shall therefore follow with added interest the various qualifying rounds of the Army Cup in which the 2nd Battalion The Royal Warwickshire Regiment will in due course be engaged.

We are very pleased to state that Mr. S. C. Saunders of the Woking clerical staff is making excellent progress following his recent illness necessitating an urgent operation. He is now undergoing a short period of convalescence in the Isle of Wight and hopes to resume his duties at an early date.

PORTSMOUTH.

A large number of citizens from Portsmouth and surrounding districts will regret the departure of Major-General G. W. Howard, C.M.G., D.S.O., P.S.C., who recently retired from his Command of the 9th Infantry Brigade, Southern Military Command. He was succeeded by Brigadier L. I. G. Morgan-Owen, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O.

General Howard, besides his great keenness in military matters, took a very active interest in Portsmouth generally as well as in the welfare of the troops, their games, amusements, etc. He was associated with the Rotary Club, the Brotherhood and many other useful civilian movements and in all his activities he has been considerably assisted by Mrs. Howard. This lady was interested in welfare work for soldiers in the Soldiers, Sailors and Air Force Families' Association, in the Girl Guides and Brownies (she started the local branches and worked them up to the present efficient standard), in the Mothers' Union of the Army, which she encouraged to such an extent that the local Branch grew considerably in membership and effectiveness, and she organised charity shows and entertainments to raise money for various charities.

The new Brigade Commander, Brigadier Morgan-Owen was gazetted 2nd Lieutenant in the South Wales Borderers in February, 1900; Lieutenant in 1902; Captain in 1909; Major in 1915; Brevet Lieut.-Colonel in 1917, and Colonel in 1921. In the South African War he received the Queen's medal with three clasps and the King's medal with two clasps. In the Great War he served at Gallipoli from July 18th, 1915, to January 9th, 1916, in Egypt from January 28th, 1916, to February 14th of the same year, and then in Mesopotamia until October 31st, 1918. He was mentioned in dispatches five times, was awarded the 1914-15 Star and the British War Medal and Victory Medal and received the C.M.G. and D.S.O. While with the Waziristan Force, 1919-21, he was mentioned in dispatches and received the C.B.E.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY'S VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH.

Large crowds waited at the station and in the Guildhall Square for the arrival of the London train which was bringing H.R.H. Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, accompanied by a Lady-in-waiting (Miss Kenyon Slaney) for the opening ceremony of the £17,000 Dame Sophia Wintz memorial extension to the Sailors Rest. Lady Patricia Ramsay, with her husband, Commodore the Hon. A. R. M. Ramsay, D.S.O., had arrived a few minutes before to receive the Royal visitor. Smiling in acknowledgement of the cheers of the crowd the Princess entered the waiting motor car with

Lady Patricia. Commodore Ramsay and the Lady-in-waiting followed in another car and were driven quickly to the Anchor Gate House, the Commodore's official residence in the dockyard, for lunch. After lunch, at the opening ceremony there was a distinguished gathering on the platform. Much cheering signalled the arrival of the Princess at the Buckingham Street entrance where her Royal Highness was received by the chief officials of the Rest and the Civic and Naval heads. Miss Honor Johnson presented the Princess with a bouquet of crimson roses and lilies of the valley. In opening the proceedings Rear Admiral Sir H. H. Stoleman, Chairman of the Trustees, said that 57 years ago two noble ladies with true vision devoted their lives to the well-being of the men of the Royal Navy and adopted the motto "For the Glory of God and the good of the Service." The work done by Miss Weston and her lifelong friend, Miss Wintz, early received recognition and encouragement from Queen Victoria, who bestowed the title "Royal" on the institution and endowed a cabin at Devonport. King Edward and Queen Alexandra both took a personal interest in the work of the institution and endowed cabins. To-day, King George V. honoured them by being their patron and moreover two cabins bore the inscription "Presented by the King and Queen of England." The Prince of Wales had personally inspected the establishments and endowed cabins at each of the Rests. All the company stood while her Royal Highness performed the opening ceremony with the words "I have much pleasure in declaring the memorial block open." A vote of thanks was accorded with enthusiastic applause and Princess Mary afterwards made an extensive tour of inspection of the old building, visiting the cabins and signing the visitors' book.

NAVY'S UNKNOWN WARRIOR.

A unique ceremony was recently performed at Portsmouth when the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, Bart., unveiled a memorial to Portsmouth's unknown stoker. The Nation has its unknown soldier who was buried with the highest honours in Westminster Abbey. Portsmouth, the home of the British Navy, now has its unknown stoker. The memorial is in the Navy's Cathedral, St. Anne's Church, Portsmouth Dockyard. The unknown stoker was a member of the crew of the cruiser *Vindictive*, which came to a glorious end in the famous raid on Ostend on May 9th-10th, 1918, when Sir Roger Keyes was in command of the operations which form one of the most glorious episodes in the glorious history of the British Navy. Ostend was blocked when the *Vindictive* was sunk at the entrance to one of the canals, and after the action two officers and a number of men were not accounted for. When Ostend was retaken on October 17th, 1918, the graves of these naval men were found in the German Military Cemetery and all were identified by the Germans, who

marked the graves with wooden crosses. The unknown stoker's cross bore the inscription "Ein Unbek Engl., Heizer Kreuzer *Vindictive*." When the wooden crosses were replaced by stone, the Admiralty directed that this cross should be placed in St. Anne's Church where it has been imbedded in stone and let into the pavement of the church on the South side of the pulpit.

Pulling the cord which removed the White Ensign from the cross, Sir Roger Keyes said: "I unveil this memorial to an unknown member of a very gallant band." The Chaplain of the Fleet then pronounced the dedicatory prayer and after the singing of Kepling's "Lest we Forget," the Rev. F. M. Jackson, temporary Chaplain, R.N., who was serving in the destroyer *Warwick* in the blockading operations on Ostend, preached. Speaking of Zeebrugge and Ostend, he said such happenings raised the whole moral tone of the Nations, they enriched our history, enriched the character of our people and had fortified the manhood of our land.

ONE BETTER.

The application of a little warm beer improves the appearance of oak furniture, says a contemporary.

The application of a little cold beer will often improve the appearance of the whole world.

OXFORD.

MORRIS MOTORS ATHLETIC CLUB, COWLEY.

FINAL OF BILLIARDS CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE "SIMONDS" CUP.

Having received an invitation from the Committee to present the "Simonds" billiards championship cup to the winner, and gold medals to the winner and runner-up respectively, we duly presented ourselves at the Club for this purpose on the evening of Friday, May 8th.

We were very cordially received by our many friends, including Messrs. F. W. Turrell, G. R. Stone, F. T. Gillman, R. Tompkins, etc., and arrived in the billiards' room in time to see the finalists string for break. The contestants were two well known local players, Messrs. F. Austick and W. G. Bradbury, and the game was 400 up. After a skilful exposition of safety tactics and fine billiards, Mr. Bradbury finally reached his 400 with his opponent at 262. Mr. Bradbury won this trophy last year, the first time it was put up for competition, and he has also held the Oxford City championship.

At the conclusion of the game, Mr. F. T. Gillman (Hon. Sec. Billiards Sub-section), called upon our Mr. H. J. Timms and informed the company present of the reason for his attendance that evening. Mr. Timms then presented the cup and medals to the finalists, remarking that he must congratulate Mr. Bradbury on winning the "Simonds" cup for the second time and Mr. F. Austick for the fight he put up. He went on to say that he thought the best thing to do with a cup like that was to fill it; this was accordingly done amid applause.

We thank the executive and members of Messrs. Morris Motors Athletic Club for a very enjoyable evening spent in their company.

STANFORD-IN-THE-VALE BRITISH LEGION AND WORKING MEN'S CLUB.

On Friday evening, May 15th, on the invitation of Mr. W. Spinage, the indefatigable Hon. Secretary, we attended a smoking concert at the above Club's headquarters and, needless to say, spent a jolly time. Our friend Mr. T. Luckett presided and under his genial chairmanship the time passed all too quickly. The Chairman opened the proceedings with a presentation to Mr. H. A. Collins, an old member of the Club who had resided in Stanford for the past 22 years and had now gone to live in Oxford.

The presentation was a very handsome silver cigarette case, subscribed for by the members as a mark of their esteem for the sterling services rendered to the Club in the past by Mr. Collins and as a token of their regret at his leaving the village.

Mr. Collins accepted the cigarette case amid loud and prolonged applause and with well chosen words said how grateful he was to feel that whatever he had been able and privileged to do for them was so highly appreciated.

Mr. Collins brought with him his son-in-law, Mr. Harry Wilsdon, who very ably rendered the song of the "Little Red Fox." Other songs were sung by the following members:—Messrs. J. Spinage, F. Norton, W. Chadbund, G. Strong, H. Norton, T. Wenman, W. Hook and W. Russ.

Altogether a most pleasant evening was spent. We are looking forward to another visit.

OXFORDSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SHOW, 1931.

The above Show was held at Thame, Oxon, on May the 13th and 14th, and taking into consideration the inclement weather conditions, the attendance was as good as could be expected.

The catering was again entrusted to Mr. F. G. Godwin of Reading, and it goes without saying that the arrangements were excellent. Our well known "Hop Leaf" specialities were appreciated by all and sundry who partook of liquid "nourishment" on the show-ground.

BRIGHTON.

Brighton is the venue of many conferences and during May the Federation of Off Licence Holders met here to deliberate on matters appertaining to their, and our, trade. The Brighton Off-Licence Holders, with monetary assistance from many trade friends, entertained the delegates who came from all over England, some from as far north as Barnsley and Stockport.

Many interesting debates took place on matters connected with the business, and we in the south sometimes had difficulty in following the dialects of the northern and midland representatives.

The conference over, a motor coach trip to Beachy Head and Eastbourne was much enjoyed by the visitors, who rarely get a blow off the channel as they did that day, and elicited such remarks as "Ay mon, an' its grand," or "Ba goom, hauld on tha bonnet."

Several were so charmed with Brighton that they expressed their intention to come down for a holiday. We hope they will.

A musical festival has just finished and during seven days some 5,500 competitors were adjudicated as to their prowess in either singing, elocution, folk dancing, or taking part in band contests. Only a few years ago, when the first festival was held, there were but 500.

Our friends at the West Tarring Working Men's Club have now finished their winter games tourneys, and the cigarette cases presented were won by G. Webber (for billiards) and J. H. Searle (for snooker).

This Club has now started a cricket club and a rifle team, both of which are going strong.

A member of the West Tarring Club, J. Williams, who is over 80, has had a boy recently presented to him by his wife. We wish them all good health.

SLOUGH.

THE BRITISH LEGION CLUB, SOUTHALL.

We deeply regret to record the passing of an old friend in the death of Mr. Edwin Baker, M.B.E., which took place on Monday, 11th May, at St. George's Hospital, London, at the age of 72.

Mr. Baker, who was affectionately known as the "Major," had been Secretary of the above Club for some twelve years and a resident of Southall since 1903.

Enlisting at the age of 14, Mr. Baker was 23 years in the Army in the 4th Battalion Gloucester Regiment, in which he rose to be the Regimental Quartermaster. He saw active service in the Afghan campaign, also in the Zulu War, and again in India in 1884. Following his retirement from the Service he was for a short time in the licensed trade, but gave up his public house and started as a clerk at the War Office, where he rose to be a senior clerk and became Superintendent in the Territorial Force Branch. After 21 years' service he was due to retire, but remained longer owing to the Great War, during which he volunteered for active service, but could not be released from his duties in the War Office, where he earned many testimonials of commendation from his chiefs, the seal of high approval being shown in the fact that he was one of the very early recipients of the M.B.E.

Since his retirement from the War Office, Mr. Baker has been an indefatigable worker on behalf of ex-Service men, being the Southall representative of the United Services Fund. In public work he had been a member of the Employment Exchange Committee, where his advice was most eagerly sought. As a sportsman he had in the old days played cricket for the Surrey Colts and he was in the Gloucester Regimental team, subsequently being a member of the Committee of the Southall Football Club, and for several years was Hon. Secretary of the Southall Bowling Club. He was a prominent member of the R.A.O.B. and reached Primo rank in December, 1913.

The funeral took place at 9 a.m. on Saturday, May 16th, and was most impressive. There was a large gathering along the route from the house to St. Anselm's Church, where the Requiem Mass was said by the Rev. W. M. Buckle, B.A. With Father Buckle and Servers in the procession to the Church gate to meet the funeral cortège, there was a large attendance of men and women of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, and they passed through a Guard of Honour formed from the Committee and members of the British Legion Club, numbering 60 in all, with whom were also 30 members of the Women's Section. The local R.A.O.B.

Lodges were represented, together with a considerable number of ex-Service men. The Rev. F. Hurd, M.A., H.C.F. Chaplain, and Mr. G. A. Creese, Vice-Chairman, and members of the local Branch of the "Old Contemptibles" were present. The "X" Division of Special Constables were represented by Sub-Inspector Creese and Sergeant Hatch. Chief Officer Albert Smith, J.P., was also present for the Southall-Norwood Fire Brigade. In particular the attendance of Sergeant Clark with a firing party of the Royal Fusiliers from Hounslow gave added dignity to the occasion.

The chief mourners were Mr. Ernest Baker (son), Mrs. Smith (daughter), Mr. Edgar Baker (son), Mrs. E. Roberts (daughter), Mr. Vic Baker (son), Miss Catherine Baker (daughter), Mr. Sidney Baker (son), etc., old friends being represented in Mr. Gower, Mr. W. Bousfield and Mr. George Smith. Mr. H. W. Colson represented the Firm.

The dipping of Colours inside the Church gates and the firing of the three volleys at the graveside by the firing party of the Royal Fusiliers, and the sounding of the "Last Post" was a singularly touching final salute to a departed soldier and gentleman.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

With the weather as variable as a daughter of Eve, the success of many of our out-of-doors events is seriously affected. The North Cornwall Point-to-Point was clean "washed out." Haytor Meeting was likewise, but fortunately the re-arranged day was a particularly fine one. About Newton Abbot—least said, soonest mended—Manchester could have done no worse!!

We are therefore looking forward to June in the hope that more congenial conditions may prevail. The "Hop Leaf" marquee will probably be present at all the following Meetings and Shows, and we expect will be the Mecca towards which many weary "pilgrims" will turn:—

Braunton Show and Pony Races.
 Plympton Agricultural Show.
 Sheepstor Pigeon Shoot and Sports.
 Yealmpton Show.
 Launceston Agricultural Show.
 Paignton Agricultural Show.
 Kingsbridge Agricultural Show.
 Lydford Pony Races.

'S.B.'-ites in the West Country are knowing folk!!

The appointment of Mr. J. Rowland as our assistant brewer is a very pleasing one. The move from Reading, we trust, will be a very happy one for him. Although his own Berkshire will no doubt still hold his heart, "Glorious Devon" will do her best to make his days not too trying—and she has much to offer!

The Social Club Departmental League for billiards, rings, etc., has been responsible for much entertainment in its so far brief existence. It is not possible yet to predict the ultimate winners, for with everyone so keen to win the necessary points for his side, the results have been very open, and in some events very surprising.

This emulation of H. & G. S. club tournaments is going to be a source of strength to those responsible for the success of the Tamar Club from now onwards.

The prevailing sentiment in our expressions of sympathy to our Elm Park friends is, that "it might have been—us."

Which, tho' extremely selfish, is modern philosophy anyway!

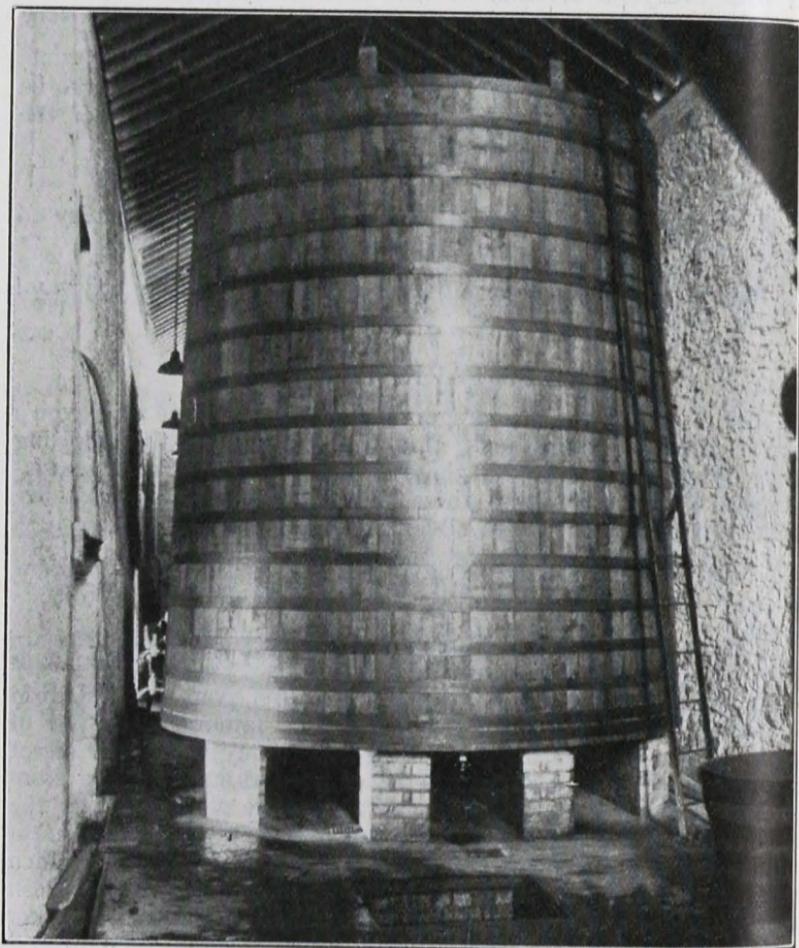
CRABBS PARK, PAIGNTON.

One of a battery of storage vats containing some of Devon's glorious cider at Crabbs Park, Paignton, is shown on the following page. The juice is stored in these immense vessels after fermentation, each vat containing thousands of gallons. The vats are made of English oak with silver-plated taps.

We were very pleased to have Mr. Eric with us, and to know he was very favourably impressed with the modernized factory.

The many visitors to Paignton at this period of the year are greatly interested in the beautiful beach we possess, and the lovely surroundings of the district appeal to all. Even as Paignton townsmen once knew how to concoct the famous white-pot of ingredients to suit all tastes, so Paignton to-day knows the secret of preparing for its visitors a feast of good things, ranging from cinemas and concerts to a zoological garden, whilst it has the distinction of having been the scene of the first production of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "The Pirates of Penzance," which fact naturally endears the town to lovers of this perennially fresh opera. So far as history is concerned, Paignton became a market town in 1294, and a 17th century document records that "Paynton" was anciently a Borough town, and "It is sayd held her charter by a white pot which was to be 7 years making, 7 baking, and 7

eating." Actually, the pudding took three days to cook—and presumably still less to consume. The ingredients of one made in 1809 give some idea of its size : 400 lbs. of flour, 170 lbs. of beef-suet, 140 lbs. raisins, and 240 eggs. This particular pudding was paraded round the town on a decorated waggon drawn by eight oxen. The pudding made 50 years later was so enormous that it took twenty-five horses to drag it through the streets, and since that day there was no baking until September, 1930, when the ancient custom was revived as a feature of the carnival.



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