

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

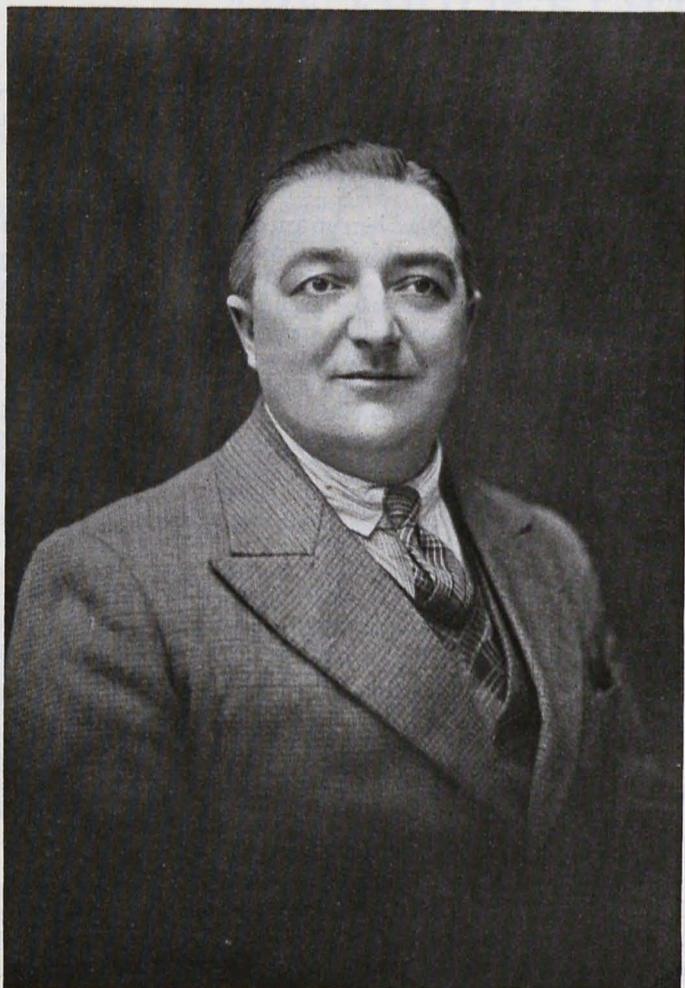
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XI.

JUNE, 1937.

No. 9



MR. J. H. WILCOCKS.

MR. J. H. WILCOCKS.

MILITARY REPRESENTATIVE IN MALTA.

When the position of Military Representative to Messrs. Simonds-Farsons, Limited, Malta, became vacant, by the retirement of Mr. A. B. Sant, Mr. J. H. Wilcocks was appointed as his successor, a position which he is discharging with conspicuous success. The Directors in Malta have formed a high opinion of Mr. Wilcocks' capabilities and it is to be hoped that he may have ahead of him many years of useful service in his new sphere.

A native of Reading and a scholar at the Reading Bluecoat School, he served with the Berkshire Royal Horse Artillery until leaving the town for Southall, where he was employed at "His Master's Voice" Gramophone Works at Hayes, Middlesex.

On the outbreak of war he returned to Reading to rejoin the Royal Horse Artillery, but this Unit was at full strength. Eager to do his bit for his country he enlisted in the Corps of Royal Engineers and after six months' training at Chatham proceeded to France, where he was posted to the 15th Field Company, Royal Engineers, 8th Division (commonly known as the "Shiny Eighth"). He saw much heavy fighting with this Division, the most important actions being at Neuve Chappelle, Loos, Ypres, Somme and the Aisne Canal. After the Armistice the Division moved on to Belgium and remained there until returning home in April, 1919. The Royal Engineers were sent to Roffey Camp in Horsham, Sussex, where new Companies were being formed for posting overseas. Mr. Wilcocks was then posted to the 24th Fortress Company and left England for Malta in July, 1919. In 1922, when it seemed that further trouble was expected in Turkey, the 24th Company was sent to the Dardenelles, and after spending twelve months there the trouble was smoothed over and the British Army evacuated, the 24th Company returning to Malta. On returning to England, Mr. Wilcocks served in Aldershot, Catterick, Pembroke Dock and Chatham. In 1930 he was posted again to Malta, where he served until he retired in 1936, with the rank of Company Sergeant-Major, and decided to remain in Malta. He is the holder of the 1914-15 Star, the General Service, Victory, Jubilee and Long Service and Good Conduct Medals.

Mr. Wilcocks is a keen follower of football, billiards, darts and card games. In his younger days he took an active part in football, but now he must be content with the games which do not call for so much exertion. As a Berkshire man he is keenly interested in the fortunes of the Reading Football Club.

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

CHAT *from*

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)



OUR LOYALTY AND LOVE.

On May 12th, amid the most impressive scenes, our young King and Queen were crowned. They are dedicating their lives to the service of their people, a service that can only be ended by death. A heavy burden rests upon their shoulders—a burden that seems almost too heavy for any man or woman to bear. But we can assure Their Majesties of this: that they will have to help them on their way the loyalty and love of the people, high and low, rich and poor, alike. As Mr. Stanley Baldwin so well said: "Let us dedicate—let us dedicate afresh if need be—ourselves to the service of our fellows, a service in widening circles, a service to the home, to our neighbourhood, to our county, to our province, to our country, to the Empire and to the world; no mere service of our lips, but the service of our lives, as we know will be the service of our King and Queen. God bless them!"

THE LATE MR. C. W. STOCKER.

In the death of Mr. Charles W. Stocker there passed to his rest one who was the soul of honour and a great English gentleman. A moving tribute to his memory and appreciation of his work and worth appears on another page and his many fine qualities of heart and mind do not require repetition here. He was a great leader of men and the qualities most to be desired in such a leader were well set forth by King George VI recently. How aptly they apply to Mr. Stocker. Here they are:—

"To my mind," said our King, "a leader must possess three great qualities, personality, sympathy, and, above all, idealism. Of sympathy I will just say this: its keynote is personal contact and understanding. Nobody can lead unless he has the gift of vision and the desire in his soul to leave things in the world a little better than he found them."

EULOGIES FROM MANY BUSINESS HOUSES.

Immediately after the death of Mr. Stocker the Firm sent out the following notice to many business houses with whom Mr. Stocker had business connections :—

THE BREWERY,
READING.

Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Limited,
The Brewery, Reading,
regret to inform you that Mr. Charles W. Stocker,
Head Brewer from 1896 to 1936, died on Sunday
the 9th instant.

May, 1937.

Numerous replies were received, all the writers eulogising Mr. Stocker's sterling character and emphasising the extremely happy business relations they had with this charming gentleman. They condoled with Mrs. Stocker and Miss Stocker in their great sorrow and sympathised with the Firm in their irreparable loss.

A TRI-COLOURED QUERY.

I am informed by F.G.B. that a young lady about 19 years of age called at a shop in the Slough district and asked if our Coronation Brew was in three colours!

The Management of one of our leading Licensed Houses in a Cathedral City took an immense amount of trouble to decorate the premises for the Coronation, and on all hands it was agreed that the scheme of decoration was the best in the City, and reflected great credit on the Management.

The prize, however, which was to be accorded for the best display, was not awarded to them by virtue of the fact that the decorations were on a Public House. This under the shadow of a Cathedral!!

FATHER THAMES CALLING.

Come and stay on the river bright and gay,
It's a place for lots of jolly fun,
With punting and canoeing
And a little bill and cooing
When your working day is done.
There's plenty of "go" at a river bungalow
And you're as happy as the birds in May;
So when this way you're tripping
You will find it simply ripping
On the river that's so ever bright and gay.

H. C. DENNIS, Staines.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

An American's Description of a Teetotaller.—"I once travelled through all the States of Maine with one of them are chaps. He was as thin as a whippin post. His skin looked like a blown bladder arter some of the air has leaked out, kinder wrinkled and rumped like, and his eye as dim as a lamp that's livin on a short allowance of ile. He put me in mind of a pair of kitchen tongs, all legs, shaft, and head, and no belly; real gander-gutted looking critter, as holler as a bamboo walking cane, and twice as yaller. He actilly looked as if he had been picked off a rack at sea, and dragged through a gimlet hole. He was a lawyer. Thinks I a mercy on your clients, you hungry, half-starved lookin critter you, you'll eat 'em up alive as sure as tha Lord made Moses. You are just the chap to strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel, tank, shank, and flank, all at a gulp."—*Extract from the "Suffolk Chronicle" of Saturday, May 6th, 1837.*

TOUR OF THE BATTLEFIELDS.

The impressive article published in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE last month entitled "An Easter Tour of the Battlefields" and written by Mr. A. G. Rider, M.C., was widely read as evidenced by the complimentary comments made upon it in many quarters.

THE LATE ALDERMAN L. E. QUELCH.

Many learned with great regret of the death of Alderman L. E. Quelch who for twenty-three years was a member of the Reading Town Council. For a score of years he was a J.P.

Political friends and foes alike admired him for his honesty of purpose and his life-long endeavour to serve his day and generation. The Mayor of Reading (Alderman Mrs. A. Jenkins) paid the following well-deserved tribute to her colleague: "The people of Reading have heard with regret of the death of Alderman Quelch. He was an outstanding figure, and had given practically all his life for the service of others. He had great qualities. He was tenacious, full of courage and absolutely sincere. He was as solid as a rock in his convictions; nothing could move him from the certainty of their truth. Men might, and did, disagree with him, but they did not fail to respect and like him. Personally I have lost a good friend, and the Town Council a hard-working colleague."

RESURGAM.

A.P. writes the following fine lines in the May issue of that excellent publication, the *Windsor Magazine* :—

Ah, weary months of dark and cold,
Of hope deferred, and leaden days,
You could not strip the gracious wold
Of all her glad, immortal ways!
In sleep she yielded, not in death,
Though all your winds should rage and shout,
For see! Her young green scorns its sheath,
And all her daffodils are out!

So, Winter, you who brought the wind
And snow of sorrow o'er my soul,
You could not kill the promise kind,
Though all your storms of doubt should roll.
For in my life the Spring has stirred,
The buds of hope unfold and start—
There's something calling like a bird,
And all the flowers wake in my heart!

BRAVO! TRANSPORT.

During the Coronation festivities and the Whitsuntide holidays an immense amount of work devolved upon the Transport Department, and all concerned are to be heartily congratulated on the promptitude and proficiency with which they carried out their exacting duties. The organization was perfect and, in spite of the many hundreds of deliveries that had to be made, there was not the semblance of hurry and not even a hitch. Again I say, Bravo! Transport.

I have received the following letter from Mr. T. E. Eustace, of 33 Orts Road, Reading :—

I am a regular reader of your interesting HOP LEAF GAZETTE, which my son brings home from the Firm, where he is employed. My son and I, whenever the weather is good, do a lot of cycling. Last Sunday we visited his great great uncle who is a farmer at Bull Lane, Swallowfield, or Riseley. In talking of old family matters the conversation turned to whom my son resembled. His uncle had no hesitation in saying, "Why he is like his great grandfather. And if he is anything like him as regards reputation he will be alright." He worked at Simonds' Brewery and christened the World Turned Upside Down when he took it over. He also mentioned that he was able to lift a 9-gallon cask up to his mouth and drink from it. His name was James Lovegrove.

ARMISTICE DAY.

At a first glance the only thing that strikes one about the following four names is that they were all prominent at the time of the war :—

K	A	I	S	E	R
S	E	R	B	I	A
J	O	F	F	R	E
F	R	E	N	C	H

But if a line is drawn down the middle, dividing the words into two columns, and the columns are read downwards, a curious coincidence is observed.

BREWERS' YEAST FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

"I understand that sandwiches filled with brewers' yeast are being given free to the school children of Glossop, Derbyshire. This yeast contains a high proportion of Vitamins B₁ and B₂, which maintain health and stimulate growth. According to recent statistics, a large number of the children have already benefited considerably from their daily allowance of ½-oz. of dried yeast. The prominence thus given to yeast reminds me of the following story: Towards the end of the war the German troops sometimes had their rations eked out with dried yeast—much to the bewilderment of our authorities when packets were found on some prisoners. Their first idea was that the Germans were sending over troops carrying packets of deadly bacteria."—*A correspondent in the "Wine and Spirit Trade Review."*

AN ODE TO YOUTH.

Mr. Noyes concluded his address at a Rally of Empire and Youth at the Albert Hall recently with an "Ode to Youth," which he specially wrote for the occasion. Mr. Noyes has written also two new verses for the National Anthem and they were sung at the end of the Rally:—

Lord God, in age and youth
 Help us to serve Thy truth,
 Truth that lives on,
 Ageless, where realms go by,
 Deathless, while kingdoms die,
 Strong in Thy strength on high,
 Till Time be done.

Let Thine unchanging word
 Rule all our nations, Lord,
 Round the Seas' ring!
 Deep in all hearts to-night
 Throne Thy strong law of right!
 Lord of all power and might,
 Save Thou our King.

DEPOT, THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGIMENT: ARMY AT HOME.

On Saturday, June 26th, at 2 p.m., the Barracks in Oxford Road, Reading, will be open to the public. All departments will be on view, a varied and interesting programme has been arranged.

Gymnastic displays and several original entertainments will take place, and the Band of the 1st Battalion will assist in making the afternoon bright and cheerful. At 7 p.m. the Band and Drums in full dress will beat Retreat; this is always a popular event. All members of the public are invited to come and see the Depot of the County Regiment on this day.

THE BEER-BOY.

Referring to the query raised by Mr. W. Castle Railton, certainly in the seventies beer-boys were in existence, writes A. W. Headley in the *Sunday Times*. They were generally the potmen at the local public house, and were familiarly known in the street as "potties." Orders were brought round in cans carried on a stick studded with nails to prevent the looped handles from shifting. But on Sundays "Potty" would appear in the street at one o'clock carrying two huge cans the shape of a hot-water can and with a hinged lid, and as he went on his rounds calling out "Beer-o-bee-er" customers came to their doors, and "Potty" measured off beer into their jugs.

TO THE GOD OF CRICKET.

The following is the epilogue to the 1937 handbook of the Mitcham Cricket Club. It is readily adaptable as a prologue to the forthcoming season, for therein lies the true spirit of Cricket:

"For the runs we have made; for the runs we have saved; for the wickets we have taken; for the catches we have held; for the matches in which we have striven and won; for the matches in which we have struggled and lost; for the comradeship of the cricket field; for the gathering together after the match of friend and foe—the friendly banter—the 'Goodbye, old man, see you next season'; and for the knowledge that when our playing days are over, these delicious clinging memories will remain."

MYSTERY SUM.

Here is a good mystery sum:—

Suppose the number of your house is	-	-	44
Double it	-	-	88
Add 5	-	-	93
Multiply by 50	-	-	4,650
Add your supposed age (47)	-	-	4,697
Add number of days in the year (365)	-	-	5,062

Subtract number of Members of Parliament (615) 4,447

The answer 4,447 is composed of the figures 44 and 47. The first two give the number of your house and the last two your age.

OUR CORONATION BREW.

The Firm's Coronation Brew in cans proved immensely popular, our sales exceeding all expectations. One hears many compliments concerning the high quality of the beer and the excellent preserving character of the cans. There are still a few dozens of the Coronation Brew available, and those desirous of sampling this unique and refreshing memento of an historic occasion should order the same without delay to avoid disappointment. The advertisements which appeared in the *Yachting World* and *Yachtsman* have, I am informed, met with a very ready response, consignments being sent to all the yachting centres in the country. The convenience of canned beers to yachtsmen is great. These beers take up a minimum of stowage; there is a great reduction in weight as compared with bottles; there can be no breakages, and there are no returns of empties because the cans can be pitched into the sea and sunk. Here indeed we have a very real case of

Canned Beers for C(a)nvenience.

CORONATION DECORATIONS AT THE BREWERY.

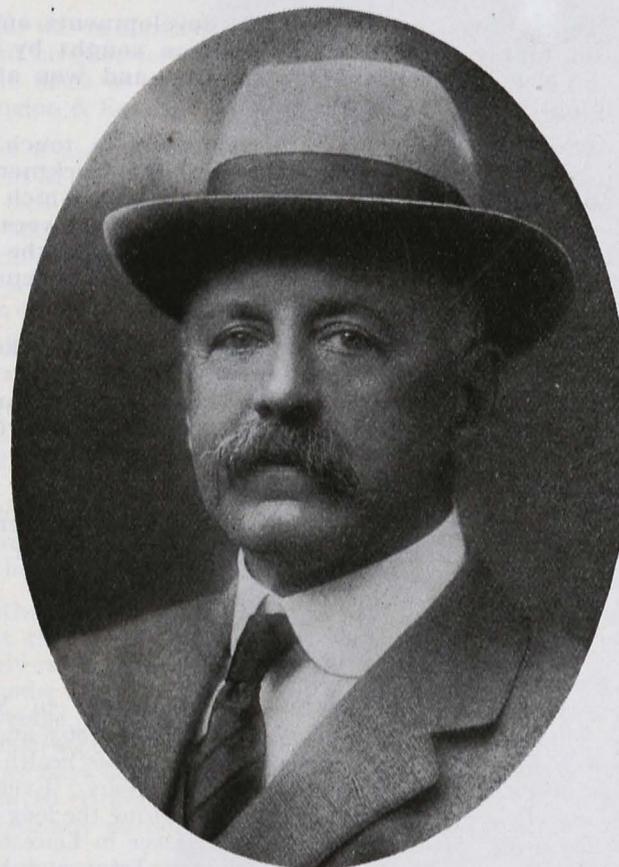
A transformation of the Brewery on the occasion of Their Majesties' Coronation was effectively carried out and admired by many. The scheme comprised bunting banners, in yellow and blue, with gold fringe and tassels, from the top of the Brewery offices to the first floor. At the base of each banner a laurel wreath with G VI R in the centre was fitted, the top of the banners being suspended from draped flag poles. The whole was floodlit at night from projector lamps erected at opposite sides of the roadway. Pelmetts of the same colour and material were fixed to the entrance of the Brewery offices and to the windows of the first and second floors. Similar banners were fixed to the Beer Bottling Stores, each banner being floodlit, with a large Crown and GR forming a centre-piece, which at night was illuminated with tubes filled with Neon and Argon gas, giving an intense red, blue and green light. The same scheme was fixed to the Excise Duty Warehouse outer wall but with the addition of six Crowns giving red, blue and green light at night, whilst the new bridge in course of construction was draped with banners and floodlit in the centre. Bunting pennants and trophies of flags linked the Surveyors' Department, Social Club, Transport Yards and other Brewery property with the main scheme. Decoration schemes were also supplied to Catering Houses under Management, Houses in Devonport Area under Management, Southsea Branch Offices and Plough Brewery, London. It is interesting to note that the whole work was made in Reading by the staff of ARDON Neon Signs and erected by their outside erectors. Eight hundred yards of bunting material, two miles of bunting pennants, four hundred assorted flags, half mile of lighting cable, were some of the material used, while four hundred Rawlplug holes were drilled in the stonework for fixing the decoration.

"KEEP FIT" FILM STARS AT ST. GEORGE AND DRAGON HOTEL.

Our well known river house, The St. George and Dragon at Wargrave-on-Thames, which was taken over by the Catering Department early this year, was the scene of unusual activity recently. The firm of film producers Associated Talking Pictures, Ltd., were on "location" in connection with a new film they are producing with the title of "Keep Fit." The star is the popular Lancashire comedian George Formby with Miss Kay Walsh as leading lady and they figure in many interesting episodes due to Mr. Formby's handling of a skiff with the Reading steamer *River Queen* heading up stream and eventually coming into collision with them. There were over sixty people engaged in the production work and they were supplied with lunch and tea at the hotel and, incidentally, when work was done they regaled themselves with Simonds' brews. Another day's work remains to be done and as the facilities offered by both the hotel and by Mr. Val Wyatt, a former Simonds' tenant who is now the proprietor of the Wargrave boat-house, proved so adequate, the company are looking forward to their return visit to the village.

THE LATE MR. C. W. STOCKER.

LOYAL SERVANT, DEVOTED FRIEND AND
TRUSTED CONFIDANT.



In the early morning of May 9th, there passed away in the person of Mr. Charles William Stocker a gentleman who had been intimately associated with the fortunes of the Brewery for some forty years, and who was in no small measure responsible for its pre-eminent position among the Breweries of the world.

Mr. Stocker, in his earlier days, was connected in turn with several Breweries where he assimilated that vast store of technical knowledge which stood him in such good stead

when he joined Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., whose trade was even then very wide spread and whose beers were required to suit so many different climates and so many varying tastes.

He kept abreast of all scientific developments and his advice on highly technical matters was sought by some of the biggest Brewers in the country and was always ungrudgingly accorded to them.

As Works Manager, he was constantly in touch with many problems affecting the welfare of the workmen and never failed to maintain the cordial relations which have always existed between the Directors and employees. He had the happy knack of finding the right man for the right job as evidenced by the successful selection of Foremen of the various Departments for many years past.

By the Directors, Mr. Stocker's death is felt most keenly. He had been the loyal servant, devoted friend and trusted confidant of four generations of the Simonds Family and to the end of his time he enjoyed nothing more than a visit to his home by one of his old Directors and a yarn over times that were, and latter-day developments.

The deepest sympathies of all ranks at the Brewery are extended to Mrs. Stocker and Miss Stocker in their great sorrow and bereavement.

AN APPRECIATION.

Mr. Charles W. Stocker, late Head Brewer to Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., was born on February 12th, 1863, and went to school in France, but at the age of fourteen his health broke down and he was ordered complete rest for two years. Eventually brewing was chosen as a healthy occupation during the long period of convalescence. After a few years' experience in Leicestershire and Bristol, he decided to go to Burton-on-Trent and become associated with larger breweries, so, when the first vacancy occurred there, he at once telegraphed his application and in due course was appointed fourth Brewer to the Burton Brewery Company.

At the expiration of six months Messrs. Charrington & Co. offered him the post as second Brewer in their Burton Brewery, and after five and a half happy years with this famous firm, Mr. Stocker was approached by the Burton Brewery Company with a view to his returning to them as Head Brewer. This post he filled for three very strenuous but wholly successful years, at the

expiration of which Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. required a Head Brewer, and on the recommendation of the late Dr. Horace T. Brown—a man with a European reputation as a scientist and the greatest brewing expert of his day—Mr. Stocker was appointed.

This was in March, 1896, and Mr. Stocker was always the first to admit his good fortune in having been associated with two such eminent firms as Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. and Messrs. Charrington & Co.

His unassuming modesty was of the kind associated with confident ability, which invariably displayed itself, not only in his highly technical responsibilities, but also in his capacity as General Works Manager. In this difficult position, requiring patience, tact and firmness, with all of which he was thoroughly equipped, he gained nothing but respect and friendship from all with whom he came in contact. To every employee under his control he invariably meted out impartial justice and, whenever necessary, advice and help.

After his retirement from the position of Head Brewer in April, 1936, he was retained in an advisory and consultant capacity, and, though seriously handicapped by illness, he kept in close touch with everything concerning the various and extensive operations in progress at The Brewery, and up to the date of his death retained a loyal solicitude for the welfare of the Old Firm which he had served so devotedly.

Although he once won both the snooker and billiards challenge cups at the Wellington Club with a low handicap, Mr. Stocker modestly rated himself as only a "fairly useful player on an easy table under strong lights." He admitted to being slightly above the average at bridge. For several years he was a croquet enthusiast, a game the finer points of which he studied methodically. In earlier days he took an interest in many branches of sport, and once played cricket for the Firm, but he never had time to devote himself to any particular game.

There can be no doubt but that this kindly great-hearted gentleman will be sadly missed by all whose privilege it was to know him.



“DEDICATED TO MINISTRY OF KINGSHIP.”

King's Broadcast to Empire.

The King broadcast to the Empire on Wednesday night, May 12th, sitting in his study on the first floor at Buckingham Palace. He was alone with two microphones on the desk before him. His Majesty's message was as follows :

- “It is with a very full heart that I speak to you to-night. Never before has a newly-crowned King been able to talk to all his peoples in their own homes on the day of his Coronation.
- “Never has the ceremony itself had so wide a significance; for the Dominions are now free and equal partners with this ancient Kingdom, and I felt this morning that the whole Empire was in very truth gathered within the walls of Westminster Abbey.
- “I rejoice that I can now speak to you all, wherever you may be, greeting old friends in distant lands, and, as I hope, new friends in those parts where it has not been my good fortune to go.
- “In this personal way, the Queen and I wish health and happiness to you all; and we do not forget at this time of celebration those who are living under the shadow of sickness or distress.
- “Their example of courage and good citizenship is always before us and to them I would send a special message of sympathy and good cheer.
- “I cannot find words with which to thank you for your love and loyalty to the Queen and myself. Your goodwill in the streets to-day, your countless messages from overseas and from every quarter of these islands, have filled our hearts to overflowing.
- “I will only say this: If in the coming years I can show my gratitude in service to you, that is the way above all others that I should choose.
- “To many millions the crown is the symbol of unity. By the grace of God and by the will of the free peoples of the British Commonwealth, I have assumed that crown.
- “In me, as your King, is vested for a time the duty of maintaining its honour and integrity.
- “This is, indeed, a grave and constant responsibility; but it gave me confidence to see your representatives around me in the Abbey and to know that you, too, were enabled to join in that infinitely beautiful ceremonial.
- “Its outward forms come down from distant times, but its inner meaning and message are always new; for the highest of distinctions is the service of others, and to the ministry of kingship I have in your hearing dedicated myself, with the Queen at my side, in words of the deepest solemnity. We will, God helping us, faithfully discharge our trust.
- “Those of you who are children now will, I hope, retain memories of a day of carefree happiness such as I still have of the day of my grandfather's Coronation.
- “Some of you in the coming years will travel from one part of the Commonwealth to another and, moving thus within the family circle, will meet others whose thoughts are coloured by the same memories whose hearts will unite in devotion to our common heritage.
- “You will learn, I hope, how much our free association means to us; how much our friendship with each other and with all the nations upon earth can help the cause of peace and progress.
- “The Queen and I will always keep in our hearts the inspiration of this day. May we ever be worthy of the goodwill which, I am proud to think, surrounds us at the outset of my reign.
- “I thank you from my heart, and may God bless you all.”

CORONATION OF THEIR MAJESTIES.

UNIQUE HONOUR FOR MR. F. A. SIMONDS.

Mr. F. A. Simonds was accorded the great privilege of an invitation to Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the Coronation of Their Majesties on May 12th last, by virtue of his office as President of The Royal Warrant Holders Association.

This was the first occasion on which the Royal Warrant Holders Association had received such a mark of Royal recognition, and Mr. Simonds was very fortunate that this should have occurred in his year of office.

Mr. F. A. Simonds was also one of the few privileged persons admitted to the private view of the Imperial State Crown and Her Majesty's Crown after the beautiful jewels had been entirely remounted for the Coronation ceremony.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

There seems to be more enjoyment derived from the apparent results than the realities. Such is the joy of anticipation which is a special visioning of results before the actual work has been undertaken. The vision is one of fine colour, satisfying to the eye and giving joy to the heart. Anticipation ever takes a cheerful note and dwells with optimism on projects of the future. The result, the achievement, the finished project, the daring undertaking, all are linked with success. The picture as viewed in anticipation is an easy one to behold. The eye sees no marks or smears upon the canvas. The imagination gives no room to difficulties or failures. To be sure, the wise man counts on a certain measure of problems he must solve before he achieves his result; but in anticipation they are never sufficiently big to thwart his aim. He reckons that he is master over a limited surface and can cope with presented difficulties. Anticipation gives him the picture of the joys and the pleasure which he will derive from his achievement. It presents him with courage and optimism to plan and carry out his project. Anticipation is a worthy tool of the builder when it is used with discretion. It is a tool which furnishes fuel for the fire. Ambition and progress are greatly aided by the dreams and pictures of future realizations.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

RABBITS' FIERCE ATTACK ON STOATS.

MOORHENS GIVE AQUATIC DISPLAY.

During springtime strange things happen in the woods and other quiet places. One minute there is love-making, and peace and joy, the next there may be a great commotion, small creatures attacking big ones, and the weak doing fierce battle with the strong. The ordinary run of things is often reversed. Only the other day, for instance, a stoat came hurriedly up the ride of a wood, evidently in a state of agitation. Then another appeared. They did not seem to be, as is their wont, on murder bent. And as events turned out, instead of being the pursuers, they proved to be the pursued. Only a few more minutes elapsed before these two stoats were followed by two rabbits. One thought that now the fun would be fast and furious. And such it proved to be. But instead of the stoats setting about the rabbits, the rabbits set about the stoats and with such ferocity that the little fellows were only too glad to beat a hasty retreat. One of the rabbits dealt one of the stoats a terrific blow with its hind leg, hurling it for yards. Similar treatment was meted out to the other stoat, which was knocked clean into a ditch. The bouts were short, but by gum! the pace was great. The rabbits evidently had young and were protecting them from these little murderers. Rabbits do occasionally attack stoats at this season of the year but rarely at other times.

MOORHENS AT WAR.

Early the other morning I saw a couple of moorhens engaged in fierce battle on the Thames and before I had discovered what was happening I wondered what all the commotion was about. They threw themselves right back and were almost lying on their backs on the water before striking at each other with their feet. They did not use their beaks in the battle which lasted a considerable time. On one occasion they both disappeared under water still holding each other in fierce embrace. Then two more moorhens came along and joined in the fray. Feathers flew, and so did the water! Thinking it about time "cease firing" was sounded, I strolled up quite close to where the birds were fighting and they then ended the battle and swam towards a bed of reeds uttering their note, "crek-crek-kek," as they went. The female moorhen is more brightly coloured than the male.

And then there came along a little feathery flotilla in the shape of a wild duck with six young. How happy they appeared as they scampered about on the water chasing flies.

It seemed just like a little bit of real peace after the great war I had just witnessed between the moorhens.

AN ANIMATED BUNDLE.

It was very early morning and as I proceeded up the towpath I came across another peaceful scene. In the wet grass by the side of a fence I saw what appeared to be just a bundle of old newspapers and rags. But suddenly it moved and I was rather taken aback but proceeded to examine the bundle closer. Then I saw that it was a poor old tramp sound asleep. I did not disturb him but noticed that his face was weather-beaten and he looked as if the world had nearly beaten him in a far sterner way—and perhaps through no fault of his own. Considering all the rain we had had the previous day and night I wondered how he kept the damp from his body, for his clothes were little else but rags and his only other covering was newspapers.

Perhaps the few coppers and the remains of my tobacco pouch that I left beside him helped to cheer him on his way.

The following morning I examined the spot where the poor fellow had lain. He was evidently a man of fine literary tastes for in addition to the *Times* and other journals, he left behind a copy of the January issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

THE POOR MAYFLIES.

The sandmartins, like little winged mice, fly ceaselessly to and fro, uttering their pleasing twitter all the while. Swifts, like aerial arrowheads, fully justify their name by the speed at which they fly and which seems to almost annihilate space. Though not so fast, much more graceful are the swallows as they wing their way in search of flies, describing the most elegant aerial evolutions as they go. A feather is wafted on the breeze and a swallow seizes it and carts it off to form a cosy lining for her nest. There are one or two mayflies about. One suddenly rises from the water but has not proceeded many feet before a pied wagtail makes a meal of him. The next mayfly is grabbed by a young starling, who by no means proved himself an artist at fly-catching for he was clumsy in the extreme and missed the target several times before succeeding in his quest. And then, as if to show one how to catch flies, a spotted flycatcher, seated on some wire fencing, darts out and snaps up another mayfly with the utmost ease and greatest accuracy of aim.

I only saw three mayflies and all three were done to death before they had flown half a dozen feet. These poor ephemeral insects had perhaps taken two years before reaching the perfect stage and their wings could hardly have been dry before they were forced down that lane whence no traveller returns.

But such is life—and death!

VOICE LIKE BUBBLING WATER.

There is a bird voice like the sound of bubbling water. It is the mating call of the female cuckoo and it is promptly responded to by several males. As one approaches he is mobbed by a number of swallows who mistake him for a hawk. A nightingale utters a few of his rich liquid notes in yonder wood, a host of other of the migrants are in full song and with the "creke-creke" of the corncrake, apparently becoming rarer as the years go by, the company of the bird choir is about complete.

"I VISIT THE ANTIPODES."

The above is the title of a book by Cherry Kearton.

One of the most wonderful things described in the book is his visit to a cave inhabited by glow-worms. He says, ". . . we glided away over the black water into the mysterious darkness, and the intense silence of the cave seemed to petrify our tongues, for we could not have spoken if we had wished to, and thus we entered wonderland and found ourselves floating beneath a luminous sky of glow-worms, for the entire roof was lit by a myriad living stars, creating a pale-blue diffused glow that was just sufficient to enable us to see the magical formation of the caves. The winding stream was bordered by mud banks on which small flies breed and upon these the glow-worms feed."

One paragraph in the book will please all animal lovers. Mr. Kearton says that he receives as many letters from children as from adults, and he goes on: "I came to the conclusion that in most instances the youngsters were as well informed as their elders in natural history, which showed the great progress made in modern education. I am a great believer in training the minds of the young to be kind to animals, and I am certain that there will be far less cruelty in the future if this is done throughout the world."

The book is well illustrated with Mr. Kearton's photographs.

CRICKET.

LARGE ATTENDANCE AT ANNUAL MEETING.

A large number of members attended the Annual General Meeting of the Brewery Cricket Club on Friday, May 7th. Mr. A. G. Rider was in the Chair.

The Report and Balance Sheet were presented and adopted. The balance carried forward showed a decrease owing to several heavy items on the expenditure side, but the Club is still financially sound.

The election of Officers was again keenly contested, and the following members were chosen for executive positions:—

Mr. E. G. Crutchley—Captain, "A" Team.

Mr. C. R. Josey—Vice-Captain, "A" Team.

Mr. G. Kelly, Junior—Captain, "B" Team.

Mr. E. C. Greenaway—Vice-Captain, "B" Team.

Messrs. J. J. Cardwell, S. Collins, L. Farrance, F. S. Hawkins, J. Hillier, A. G. Rider, W. Sparks and H. S. Tigar—Committee.

Messrs. G. Gigg and S. Treacher—"B" Representatives.

The duties of Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary were amalgamated and placed in the hands of Mr. J. W. Jelley.

Mr. W. J. Greenaway was again elected as Assistant Hon. Secretary.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL LEAGUE.

S. V. Shea-Simonds, Esq., honoured the Club by his presence and on behalf of the members the Chairman gave him a hearty welcome, recalling the fact that he was the third Director to attend to present the trophy, F. A. Simonds, Esq., and Commander H. D. Simonds having been present on the previous occasions.

Mr. Rider then asked Mr. Shea-Simonds to present the cup to the winners of the League last season, viz., the Surveyors and Building Department.

Mr. Shea-Simonds handed the cup to Mr. J. Hillier, the captain of the winning team, and congratulated the Department concerned, more especially as he was keenly interested in that particular sphere of the Brewery.

Mr. Hillier suitably responded, and when the health of our distinguished visitor had been drunk, the Chairman proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Shea-Simonds, which was carried with acclamation.

The meeting then discussed the future of the League, and it was decided to reduce the number of clubs from five to four for the ensuing season; the teams will now be:—

Surveyors and Building.

Rest of Brewery.

Offices.

Delivery, W. & S. B.B. Loading Stage, Cask Office and A. S. Coopers.

The matches will again be played on King's Meadow Recreation Ground, on Tuesday evenings unless found unsuitable.

During the general business, Mr. Crutchley proposed that a letter be sent to Mr. C. E. Gough expressing the appreciation of the members of his support of the Club for many years and the hope of long years of pleasant retirement from business life.

A hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman for his services in the Chair during the evening ended the meeting.

MATCHES.

Up to the present both teams have played two matches with, for us, unfortunate results.

The "A" Team should have commenced the season on May 1st with a match against Cove. It was, however, found impossible to raise a team and most reluctantly we had to scratch it. Our apologies are again tendered to our opponents.

May 8th. "A" TEAM (59) *v.* READING AERODROME (65).

This game was played on Palmer Park on a cold and depressing afternoon. It was, however, full of interest, the fortunes of the sides fluctuating until the fall of the last wicket.

We batted first and made a deplorable start, four wickets falling for 9 runs. The next partnership, between A. Hedgington and E. Crutchley, added 16 and the score gradually rose until we had made 59. Mr. Crutchley indeed played a captain's innings, batting confidently until an extra good ball beat him with his score at 19.

The Aerodrome made a better opening, the first wicket putting on 19 before being separated. The runs at the fall of the wickets afterwards tell their own tale, viz., 23, 32, 35, 36, 40, 44, 47, 54 and 65.

The game was undoubtedly won by the "runner" at the end of the match, for he took chances and made runs at every opportunity.

The wickets were shared fairly equally amongst four of our bowlers, although Farrance came out with a good analysis, he getting three for 9. Dunn was the success of the Aerodrome bowlers, taking six for 16.

May 15th. "A" TEAM (24) *v.* HECKFIELD AND MATTINGLEY (113 for five wickets).

Played at Heckfield, our opponents batting first. We had a fairly good start, taking four wickets for 40. Three of these were due to good catches held by Hedgington. Then came a stand by C. Budd (42) and F. Parrack (29 not out) which altered the game completely. The former must have held a charmed life, for he was dropped on several occasions and then our fielding generally deteriorated. Well, one must pay the penalty for lost opportunities!

The least said about our batting the better, for all concerned. By the look of the score book, many nights at the nets are indicated.

Now for the "B" Team.

May 8th. "B" TEAM (19) *v.* WOKINGHAM LONDON ROAD (120).

Played at Wokingham, this game ended in a rout for the "B's." Both teams played ten aside. Wokingham batted first and soon made their presence felt, 40 being on the board before a wicket fell. E. Gough made 61 and Eamer was 21 not out when the last wicket fell. Of our bowlers Farmer did well, taking three for 32, although G. Kelly actually had the best average with two for 11.

Our batting was very poor and no one was able to withstand the onslaught of L. Dance (four for 6) and H. Hambleton (five for 10).

May 15th. "B" TEAM (37) *v.* PULSOMETER ENGINEERING WORKS (149 for ten wickets).

We were hosts in this encounter, but were not good enough to give our opponents a struggle. Batting first we made 37, G. Kelly being top scorer with 12 not out. Ingledew and Rolfe bowled unchanged, the former taking four for 17 and the latter six for 17.

Ingledew was No. 1 bat in the full sense of the phrase, making 59 before being bowled by Farmer. Cusden was next on the

honours list with 32. Although we tried six bowlers no material effect was caused by anyone. B. Farmer did the best, his three wickets only costing 16 runs.

As our reports have to be in the Editor's hands in good time, the other matches for the "merry" month of May must appear in the next number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

It is hoped that the fixture cards will be in the hands of the Committee for disposal before this report is circulated. May I ask, therefore, that all members will take their cards and pay their humble shilling as soon as possible. Such promptness will lighten the duties of the Committee and the Secretaries very considerably.

J.W.J.

HERE'S HEALTH UNTO THEIR MAJESTIES.

DRUNK WITH SIMONDS' CORONATION BREW.

Simonds' Coronation Brew was much in evidence before, during, and after the Coronation of our beloved King and Queen, and here you may see pictorial evidence of this in some particularly interesting snapshots. It is very evident that the Brew found equal favour among those at home and those who came from overseas for the great occasion.



"Here's to the King and Queen."



"Fine stuff this Simonds' Coronation Brew" they would appear to be saying.



Equally popular with all.

DEATH OF MR. G. J. STANBROOK.

18 YEARS WITH H. & G. SIMONDS LTD.

By the sudden death of Mr. George John Stanbrook, of 89, Craven Road, Newbury, a familiar figure will be missed not only in the town itself, but for many miles around.

Mr. Stanbrook, who was aged 54, was the son of the late Mr. Edmund Stanbrook, of Reading. He was educated at Christ's Hospital and for a number of years was employed at Reading. He saw active service during the war and afterwards came to Newbury, where he worked for the South Berks Brewery. When Messrs. H. & G. Simonds took over the business in 1920, he was transferred to Reading, where he remained for three or four years. He returned to work in Newbury as chauffeur to the Collector. Altogether, he had a total of 18 years' service with the Brewery.

"Jack," as he was familiarly known to the tenants and customers in his area, was especially popular among the children. He was of a quiet and reserved nature. He was a careful driver and knew the whole district well. His place in the Brewery will be hard to fill, for he was a most loyal and devoted servant and much respected by all. Even on the day previous to his death, Mr. Stanbrook did his usual round to the Marlborough and Pewsey district.

The first part of the funeral service was at Newbury Parish Church and the interment at the Municipal Cemetery. The Rector, Canon W. L. Cooper, officiated.

The family mourners were Mrs. Stanbrook (widow), Mr. Harry Stanbrook (brother), Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Millard (sisters), Mr. B. Carter (brother-in-law), Mrs. Brown, Mrs. B. Rawling (sisters-in-law), Mrs. Juniper (aunt), Mr. B. Dove, Miss F. Woodage, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. H. Durrant, Mr. and Mrs. E. Durrant.

Employees of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds in attendance were Messrs. Walter Burton, J. W. Cook, W. J. Plant, A. Turner, F. Turner, R. Record, W. Mathew, W. Hester, J. Griffin, J. Thorn, A. Crocker, E. Crocker, W. Day, A. Minchin, F. Cullum, G. Smith, A. Anderson, D. Shepard.

Wreaths included those from : His loving wife ; brothers and sisters ; his pets ; Directors of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. ; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burton ; Mr. and Mrs. J. Cook ; his workmates.

Mr. Walter Burton wrote a letter of sympathy to Mrs. Stanbrook and received the following reply :—

89, Craven Road,
Newbury, Berks.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Burton,

I must thank you very much for your kind expressions of sympathy with me in my great loss. I need not say what a help and comfort it has been to me to receive the sympathetic messages from those who knew my husband and those whom he served. His chief thought was to do his duty, and to do it well, and I do thank you for realising this as you do.

Thank you also for the lovely wreath you sent.

I am,

Yours respectfully,

EDITH STANBROOK.

DEATH OF MRS. M. E. HAM.

We regret to record the death, which occurred recently, of Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Ham, wife of Mr. D. H. Ham, licensee of The Moderation, Caversham Road, Reading. Mrs. Ham, who was 61, had been ill for about a year. She was a native of Ivybridge, South Devon, but came to Reading eleven years ago from Edinburgh, with her husband. For some time she was a member of the Devon and Cornish Association (Reading Branch). Mrs. Ham frequently worshipped at St. Peter's Church, Caversham. In addition to the husband, one son, Mr. Kenneth Ham, of Brighton, is left.

The funeral service was conducted at St. Peter's Church, Caversham. Among those at the church were : Messrs. H. Smith (Secretary), W. Hutchins and H. Wise (representing the Reading and District Licensed Victuallers' Protection and Benevolent Association).

The interment was at the Municipal Cemetery, Henley Road, Caversham.

The wreaths included those from Caversham Bowling Club, the Licensed Victuallers' Trade Protection Association, the saloon bar at The Moderation, the long bar and the ladies' bar.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Our Coronation number (May) appeared quite early and naturally everyone was pleased.

With two holidays in less than a week, May has been a very busy month for us all. For many Coronation Day must have been a wireless holiday, nearly everyone I have asked how they spent the day replying, "I stopped in and listened to the wireless." However, there were some brave ones from The Brewery who got to London early and saw the Coronation procession.

It made quite a lot of us "jump to it" during the rush of orders that were received, and I believe some records were broken. It is to be hoped that we shall now have, and enjoy, a good summer, then things will begin to boom!

The death of Mr. C. W. Stocker, who was Head Brewer for so many years, came as a great shock. Of those who came in contact with him at The Brewery, there surely isn't anyone but who has some remembrance of his kindness and never-failing courtesy. A splendid gentleman in every sense of the word, we all feel we have lost a true friend. His passing is deeply and sincerely regretted.

The twenty-first "cycle" of the H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Savings Association has just finished, and the twenty-second is now in full swing. By a coincidence, the twenty-first "cycle" has finished in the twenty-first year of the National Savings Association. Mr. A. H. Hopkins, Secretary, informs me our Association was formed on the 8th August, 1924, and since that time 6,075 Certificates have been purchased. The average number of Certificates obtained during these twenty-one "cycles" is 289, although the first "cycle" kicked off with a modest 84. As explained before, a "cycle" is thirty weeks, and sixpence a week entitles one to a Certificate at the end of that period. Of course there is nothing to prevent anyone subscribing more, but it must be in multiples of sixpence. Everyone has a number for each Certificate subscribed for and a ballot takes place every week, and immediately your number is drawn that entitles you to a Certificate. Since the start of the scheme there has been a lot of work placed on the shoulders of Mr. Hopkins, which he has carried out very well indeed.

A presentation took place in the Waiting Room on the 14th May to Mr. W. J. Clay on the occasion of his (then) forthcoming marriage to Miss M. Dann. Mr. Clay, a well-known and well-liked member of the Staff for a good number of years, was employed

in the General Office and has recently been transferred to the Branch Office.

Mr. A. R. Bradford commenced the proceedings and wished Mr. Clay and his future wife long life, good health and happiness. Mr. Clay had been a good worker in his Department but he (Mr. Bradford) suggested that Mr. F. C. Hawkes should make the presentation and he hoped Mr. Hawkes would acquiesce in this. (Applause.)

Mr. F. C. Hawkes then went on to say that all were gathered there for a purpose which was customary on those occasions. It was usual to show their regard by subscribing for gifts, which the recipient could always treasure and for him to know in what regard and esteem he was held by his colleagues at The Brewery. Mr. Clay had proved very efficient and hard working whilst in his Department. He did not know whether it was because now Mr. Clay was in an office on a higher floor and somewhat near to the telephone exchange and the batteries which surrounded it that he had decided to take this step (laughter); nevertheless it gave him much pleasure to ask his acceptance of a canteen of cutlery, a striking clock and a set of sandwich dishes. (Applause.) He hoped that both Mr. Clay and his future wife would enjoy a successful and happy married life.

Mr. Clay then replied and in a few well chosen words thanked them all for their wonderful presents to him. (Applause.)

Another presentation took place on the 20th May, to a lady member of the Staff, viz., Miss M. Hayter, who was leaving that day and who will also shortly be married. Mr. F. C. Hawkes presided over a well attended assembly of the Staff.

He commenced by remarking that they all knew for what purpose they were there that evening. He referred to the splendid services of Miss Hayter whilst she had been in the employ of their great Firm, and mentioned that their loss was someone else's gain. Humorously mentioning that the ladies changed their names on being married, and that the name Miss Hayter would soon take was COOK (which suggested a domestic duty), he paid a warm tribute to Miss Hayter on the efficient and clever way she had always carried out the work assigned to her. He wished her all success in her forthcoming married life, with good health and every happiness. He then asked her acceptance of an oak Tudor gateleg table and cut glass vase and fruit dish, which would always remind her of the days she had spent at The Brewery and of the good wishes of all of them. (Applause.)

Mr. A. W. C. Bowyer then spoke of Miss Hayter's good work and he was glad to have that opportunity of supporting Mr. Hawkes and expressing their good wishes and appreciation. He hoped she would have a most happy and long married life. (Applause.)

Miss Hayter in reply thanked Mr. Hawkes and Mr. Bowyer for their kind words. She had had a most happy time during the years she had worked at The Brewery and she could only say to everyone, "Thank you all for your wonderful presents." (Applause.)

Congratulations to Mr. G. Poole, now of the Catering Department Staff, who has recently been presented with a daughter. Both mother and baby are going on very well.

Wherever you go you hear good accounts of Coronation Brew and it really is a splendid drink. Try it.

From the *Evening Gazette* :—

When next football season arrives Simonds Athletic will take possession of their new ground at Coley Park. It is whispered, too, that E. Crutchley, their cricket captain, may be tempted to put on soccer boots again. He was one of the "big noises" in the Farnborough district a couple of years ago, and, I believe, held the record total of goals in his league.

Another more than useful footballer who plays cricket for The Brewery club is young A. Hedgington, the Battle Athletic boy, who has signed amateur forms for Reading.

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

The Horse and Jockey, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. W. Slade.

The Prince of Wales, Tilehurst (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. C. Breakspear.

The Sawyers Arms, Lambourn (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. F. G. Millard.

Mr. Millard, who was at The Brewery for over thirty years, is well known to all of us and I am sure everyone wishes him well in his new venture. Personally I think he will make a great success of it, so here you are, Frank, "All the best!"

The Red Cow, Wooburn Green (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. A. G. Abrams.

The Nag's Head, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. E. E. Heaney.

The Royal Oak, Ecchinswell (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. B. Harfield.

The Stag and Hounds, Knowl Hill, Virginia Water (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. W. Myles.

The Happy Man, Englefield Green (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. B. Jordan.

I regret to record the following deaths during the month of May, and to all relatives our sincere sympathy is hereby expressed :—

Mr. S. H. Gaunt, of the Bird Cage, Thame, who had been a Tenant there since 1919.

Mr. C. Hewett, Carpenters Arms, Windsor, on the 20th May. Mr. Hewett went to a private shoot at Winkfield for pigeon shooting and as he did not return by dusk Mrs. Hewett organised a search party. Eventually he was found lying dead at the foot of a giant oak tree. Apparently he had died either from a fall or sudden heart attack. An inquest is to be held. Mr. Hewett was a crack shot and it was customary for him to go out alone. He was well known throughout the licensed trade in the South of England and took a prominent part in many affairs at Windsor.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The boss related one of his pet jokes to his office staff, all of whom laughed uproariously—except Jones.

"You don't find my little joke very amusing, Mr. Jones?" asked the boss ominously.

"I don't have to—I'm leaving to-morrow," came the reply.

* * * *

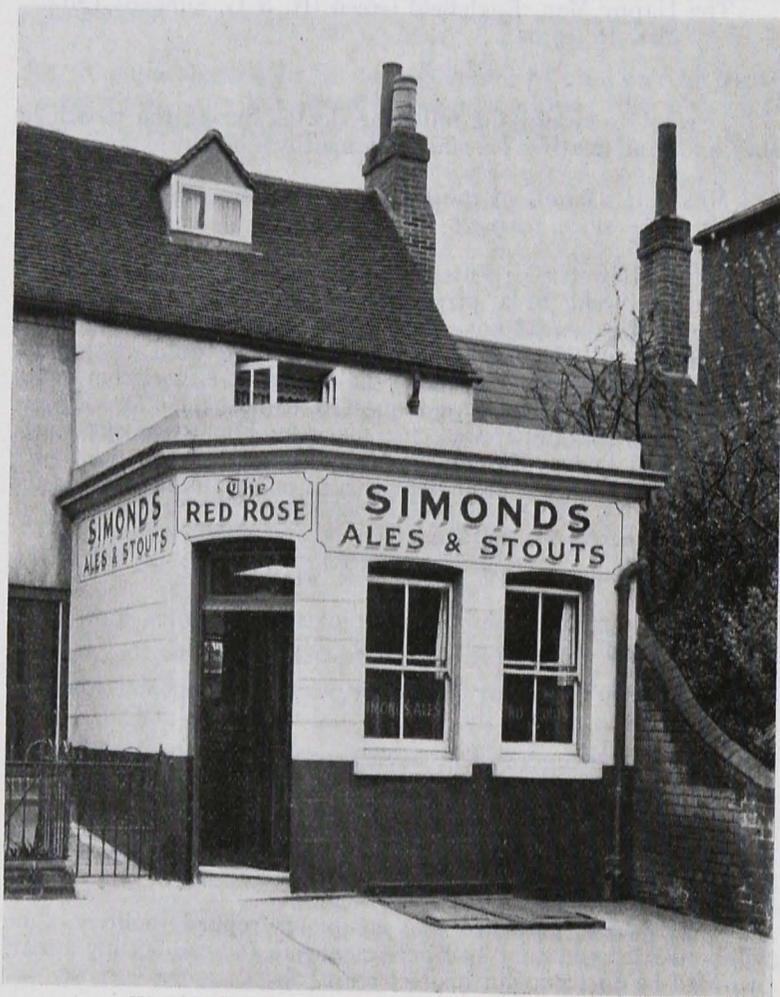
"I suppose," said the lady to the tram conductor, "if I pay the fare for my dog he will be treated the same as other passengers and be allowed to occupy a seat."

"Of course, madam," the conductor replied, politely, "he will be treated the same as other passengers and can occupy a seat, provided he does not put his feet on it!"

THE RED ROSE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, READING.

Following upon the photograph of Miss Jack which appeared in the last issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, we now reproduce below a photograph of the Red Rose, Southampton Street, Reading: the "House of Good Words."

It is interesting to record that Miss Jack's father served with the then 1st Battalion, Berkshire Regiment at the Battle of Tofrek on March 22nd, 1885. It was at this battle that the Regiment was awarded the title of "Royal" for its splendid gallantry and thus became known as The Royal Berkshire Regiment.



The Red Rose, Southampton Street, Reading.

KENNET VALE.

I cannot write of Wiltshire's Downs as Richard Jefferies could
(He'd make you smell the very scent of bracken in the wood !);
I cannot paint in vivid words (as Thomas Hardy, say);
So thro' my own dear Kennet Vale I'll wend my quiet way.

I'll wander slow, by Calcot Mill, to Theale, where punts lie moored,
Or, by Marsh Benham's reedy mere, to old-world Hungerford.
I'll pause, at Aldermaston Wharf, to watch a passing train,
And, by Woolhampton's shaded lock, take shelter from the rain.

I know where lurk the stealthy trout; where pike grow large and
rank;
Or where white water-lilies bloom beside the further bank.
Great golden iris I shall find, and (if I've any luck)
Around a sudden bend, shall see a wild and blue-winged duck.

Some gather joy and happiness from Music or the Arts,
Whilst others make it their delight to visit foreign parts;
Give me the sun, good English beef, pure bread, and clean-brewed
ale,
And nothing better will I seek than mine own Kennet Vale!

S. E. COLLINS.

READING PLANE CRASHES IN DEVON.

MR. GAVIN A. SIMONDS INJURED.

Mr. Gavin Alexander Simonds, a son of Mr. Justice Gavin Turnbull Simonds, was injured when an aeroplane in which he had flown from Reading Aerodrome crashed at Starcross, near Dawlish, Devon, on Whit Monday. The pilot of the plane, Mr. William G. Bruce, of County Down, Ireland, was killed, and another passenger, Mr. G. E. Ford-North, of Woking, was injured.

The party had set out from Reading Aerodrome to see Mr. Simonds' horses run at Buckfastleigh races, and it is believed that the pilot, unable to locate Haldon Aerodrome, where a car was waiting to take them to the racecourse, tried to land in a field. The injured men were taken to Dawlish Hospital.

All three were undergraduates from New College, Oxford, and Mr. Simonds lives at Dean House, Sparsholt. He is a nephew of Mr. F. A. Simonds and Commander H. D. Simonds, and early this year his father was appointed one of the Justices of the High Court in succession to Mr. Justice Eve.

H. & G. SIMONDS' TENNIS CLUB.

Willems Barracks, Aldershot, was the venue of our first match of the season on May 22nd, when we visited the Sergeants' Mess of the Queen's Bays and were right royally entertained.

Unfortunately King Sol failed to accompany us and it was not until after a splendid tea had been taken that play commenced, but after only an hour's tennis rain came again and put to an end any further play. At that stage we were leading by three sets to one, our team being Messrs. C. L. Langton, P. James, R. Huddy, W. A. Harvie, R. Pitts and L. Knight. We returned to the Mess and there spent several delightful hours playing table tennis, snooker, etc. with these fine sportsmen of the famous regiment.

Mr. W. H. Wigley, our chief military representative, whose popularity in Aldershot is still increasing (if possible), accompanied our party and in a brief speech thanked R.S.M. Dolby and all concerned for their wonderful hospitality and added that the thoughts of their meetings would always bring pleasing memories. (The Queen's Bays are moving to Tidworth in October). Mr. R. Huddy also thanked the members of the Mess for a most enjoyable time and hoped they would have as happy a day when they visited Reading for the return match in June.

Our other fixture in May was staged at the Grosvenor House, Caversham, the following Wednesday when we entertained Barclays Bank T.C. We were represented by Mr. R. St. J. Quarry, Capt. A. S. Drewe, Messrs. P. James, C. L. Langton, H. J. Scott and S. Richards, and after some splendid tennis the Bankers retired worthy victors by 102 games to 44.

With regard to our own tournaments, the first rounds of the Ladies' and Gent's singles competitions will be played shortly and, as the improvement in our tennis is still being maintained, some really good games should be witnessed.

THE BELL AND BOTTLE, SHINFIELD.

This old country house of Messrs. Simonds at School Green is deservedly popular over a much wider area than Shinfield, and numbers amongst its clientele many friends from Reading and other towns and villages in the neighbourhood. The licence of this House has been held by members of the Fisher family since January, 1907, and some of the readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE may still remember Mr. John Fisher, who held the licence from the above date until his decease in January, 1924.

Mr. John Fisher was succeeded by his daughter, Miss Kate Fisher, who kept the flag flying until May, 1935, when she had to relinquish the tenancy under medical advice. The licence was then transferred to her brother, Mr. William Fisher, the present landlord. Before coming to the Bell and Bottle, Mr. W. Fisher was for 26 years a member of the Berkshire Constabulary, during which period he did duty at Chilton, Bradfield and Streatley.

It is no exaggeration to say that the standard of conduct of this House has always been maintained at a very high level, and none the less so than during the years that Miss Kate was landlady. Miss Fisher was greatly missed when she left Shinfield, after spending so many years there; she took part in all the social activities of the village and was a firm friend to all. She was a great favourite with the school children who patronised her little shop for sweets and lollipops, full measure pressed down, and running over.

The House does not carry a full licence, but the ales and beers drawn from the wood are always of super quality. The House is also licensed for Bar Billiards.

SHINFIELD IN SUMMER.

In Shinfield where the roses bloom
Potatoes fight for elbow room ;
Where peas and beans grow thick and fast,
And flowers so tall their shadows cast
A welcome shade upon the path
That winds down to my favourite Inn—
That ancient hostelry of fame,
The Bell and Bottle is its name.
(The landlord, Mr. William Fisher,
A better sport you couldn't wish for).
Where one can rest and drink at ease
Those *better* beers that always please.
Those beers that you can only find
Beneath the famous HOP LEAF SIGN
Which amplify the well-known slogan
For each and every occasion.
When'er you put them to the test
You'll find that Simonds' BEERS ARE BEST.

T.M.



WORDS OF WISDOM.

An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with.

A ragged colt may make a good horse.

A simple manly character need never make an apology.

A small unkindness is a great offence.

Distinction is the consequence, never the object, of a great mind.

Fear God, honour the King.

God estimates us not by the position we are in but by the way we fill it.

He that can be won with a feather will be lost with a straw.

If you say nothing nobody will repeat it.

Many good purposes lie in the churchyard.

Roses grow among thorns.

Increased means and increased leisure are the two civilizers of man.

If, in the coming years, I can show my gratitude in service to you, that is the way above all others that I would choose.—*H.M. The King.*

They were crowned in Westminster Abbey but are enthroned in the hearts of the British people everywhere.—*Mr. Fraser (New Zealand).*

The Monarchy of this country is not a prop for any party, but the pinnacle of our democratic Constitution.—*The Lord Mayor of Manchester.*

Our Commonwealth of Nations is the largest peaceful unit that has ever existed in the world.—*General Smuts.*

Without the Crown, Great Britain would be like a lighthouse without a light.—*General Sir Ian Hamilton.*

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

Let brotherly love continue. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.—*Hebrews xiii, 1.*

Music's the medicine of the mind.

Just pride is no mean factor in a State;
The sense of greatness keeps a nation great.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A very wealthy gentleman, whose fortune was made between the years 1914 and 1918, possessed a magnificent diamond ring of which he was very proud. He was wearing the ring one day when he met an old friend, whom he had known in less fortunate days, and, wishing to make an impression, he held out his hand and said: "Tell me, George, wot would yer do if yer 'ad a ring like that?"

"Well," said his friend, "if I wos you, an' I 'ad a ring like that, I'd sell the wretched thing and buy a nail-brush."

* * * *

When I am dead, I hope it may be said:

"His sins were scarlet, but his books were read."

—*Hilaire Belloc.*

* * * *

Asterisk from the *Star* :—

The Guy who Fawkes out—Father.

* * * *

"But I thought you said your wife was a pearl?"

"I did. It's the mother o' pearl that's the trouble."

* * * *

I hope there are not many children like a little girl who was seen surreptitiously burying a sheet of notepaper. It proved to be a letter: "Dear Devil,—Please come and take Aunt Jane. Yours affectionately, Molly."—From "*More Lay Thoughts*," by Dean Inge.

* * * *

MAGISTRATE: "You're a danger to pedestrians. You'll not be allowed to drive for two years."

DEFENDANT: "But, sir, my living depends on it."

MAGISTRATE: "So does theirs!"

* * * *

Asked by his schoolmaster, in the course of a Scripture lesson as to who said, "All men are liars," a little boy stammered out, "Please, sir, I don't know—it wasn't me." The reply so amused the master that that evening he related the story at the dinner table, whereupon one of the company, after laughing uproariously, remarked, "I'll bet the little bounder did say it."

* * * *

A Scottish sergeant-instructor, lecturing on gas, said: "Take care of your respirators, your varra life may depend on them and what's mair important, dinna lose them, for if you do you'll have to pay for them."

* * * *

An artist of advanced ideas showed a friend a landscape he had painted, and said he was in need of a suitable title.

"Why not call it 'Home'!" his friend suggested.

"Why 'Home'?"

"Because there's no place like it."

* * * *

From a Schoolboy's Essay: "The Fire of London did a great deal of good. It purified the city from the dregs of the plague and burnt down eighty-nine churches."

* * * *

A pessimist is a man who goes to a palmist to have his misfortune told.

* * * *

ORATOR: "But, ladies and gentlemen, I fear I have kept you too long."

AUDIENCE: "Go on, sir, go on. It's still raining."

* * * *

A little girl was examining a draper's catalogue. "Mummy," she said, "why do they make pictures of ladies who are not quite ready?"

* * * *

When the celebrated preacher, Hugh Price Hughes, visited New Zealand, notice was sent round to various remote places that "the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., would preach there next Sunday." One of the church officials who received this gave it out to the congregation as follows:—

"The pulpit of this chapel will be occupied on Sunday next by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes's ma, and I hope there will be a large congregation to give the old lady a hearty welcome."

* * * *

This notice was posted up some years ago in an East End dancing-hall. It was quoted in *Punch*:—

"The Management reserve to themselves the right to expel any lady they think proper."

* * * *

An office-boy said to his employer, "Mr. McTavish wishes to see you, sir."

"McTavish? I don't know a McTavish. Hasn't he a card?"

"Yes, sir. He showed it to me."

* * * *

A street preacher who had been obstructing the traffic found himself in the police court. "Is the defendant professionally represented?" inquired the magistrate, when the case was called. The defendant piously folded his arms and looked at the ceiling. "My help comes from above," he replied. "I'm afraid," said the magistrate, "you will not find many solicitors there."—From "*The Bedside Book*," by Arthur Stanley.

* * * *

"Are you and your husband on good terms?" a lawyer asked a witness, who replied:

"Oh, yes; he's a model husband—though not exactly a working model."

* * * *

A house-to-house salesman, who had done exceptionally well, was asked to what he attributed his success. "Very largely to six words," he replied, "'Is your mother at home, miss?'"

* * * *

SCHOOL HUMOUR.

Henry the Eighth was the world's greatest widower.

The pig is properly so called because of its uncleanly habits.

Where was Caesar born?—Caesar was born in triumph to the Capitol.

* * * *

A little girl, trying to thread a needle, was having a difficult time. "Can't you see the eye?" her mother asked. "Yes," replied the child, "but the silly old cotton can't."

* * * *

There is a true story of a vicar who called on an aged couple and found the husband very ill. "Do you think he would like a few prayers?" he asked the wife.

"No, thank you," replied the old lady, who was hard of hearing, "it's very kind of you, but the only fruit he ever eats is bananas."

* * * *

"Never go to law. If you win you lose, and if you lose you're lost."

* * * *

"Has she made him a good wife?"

"I don't know. But she's made him a good husband."

* * * *

OFFICE HUMOUR.

"Isn't Miss Smith here this morning?"

"No, sir. She's sprained her ankle."

"Bah! Lame excuse."

* * * *

A motorist was detained overnight in a small Scotch town owing to a leaking radiator. He dined in the one unpretentious hotel that the place boasted, and after he had fed he said to the landlord, "what's on at the theatre this week?" "Bless yer sowl, sir," replied the innkeeper, "there's nae theatre in a wee place like this." "Oh, what about the movies then?" "There's no pictur'-house either." "Well what can one get to do in a dead-end like this?" The native scratched his chin thoughtfully. "Man," he said with a burst of inspiration, "if ye wait till about nine o'clock ye'll see them shuntin' the trains."

A young man who was anxious to learn swimming made very little progress owing to his panic in deep water. "You know," suggested the instructor helpfully, "you ought to get a pair of wings." "I expect I s-shall" panted the beginner as he clung desperately to the side of the bath, "and a h-h-harp as well old boy."

* * * *

MARY: "Edna says she's going to furnish her home entirely with antiques."

MAVIS: "A splendid idea! A house should always be like its mistress."

* * * *

The young son of the house had met a few friends one evening and had stayed out late, a fact which aroused ire in the paternal breast. On appearing at breakfast next morning looking a trifle wan, his father eyed him sternly. "Well, young man?" he said. "No, sir," replied the culprit, "not particularly."

* * * *

"Did you object when he printed a kiss on your lips?"

"No, because I rather liked his type."

* * * *

"Absent from parade—anything to say?" asked the commanding officer.

"Yessir. One of my mules kicked the quartermaster, an' I 'ad to fix it, sir."

"Fix it?"

"Yessir, the mule's 'oof, sir."

* * * *

The commander-in-chief had been making an inspection of the front line trenches on the right flank of the British line. Coming to the last man in the trench he said to him:

"Private, I salute you. You are the right-hand man of the right-hand platoon of the right-hand company of the right-hand battalion of the right-hand brigade of the right-hand division of the right-hand corps of the right-hand army of the British Expeditionary Force in France."

After the commander-in-chief had gone, Tommy turned round to his pals in the trench and said, "That was a bit of orlright, bein' saluted by a bloomin' general."

"Not so blooming orlright as you think," said his saturnine sergeant. "One of these fine days the Commander-in-Chief will give the British line the order to left-wheel, and you will spend the rest of your blinking life at the double."

The portly man was trying to get to his seat at the circus. "Pardon me," he said to a woman, "did I step on your foot?"

"I imagine so," she said, after glancing at the ring. "All the elephants are still out there. You must have."

* * * *

There was a clash between the lawyer and the magistrate. The latter ordered the lawyer to sit down, and as the lawyer, being deaf, didn't hear him and went on talking, the magistrate fined him £10.

The lawyer leaned toward the clerk of the court and cupped his hand behind his ear.

"What did he say?" he inquired.

"He fined you £10," explained the clerk.

"What for?"

"For contempt of court."

The lawyer shot a poisonous look toward the bench and thrust a hand into his pocket. "I'll pay it now," he said. "It's a just debt."

* * * *

"I want 300 loaves, please," said the circus attendant, entering the baker's shop.

"Giving a party?" inquired the baker.

"Party be blowed. The mule's kicked the elephant and I want to make a bread poultice."

* * * *

A clergyman stayed at a hotel frequented by practical jokers. The guests used their artillery of wit upon him without eliciting a remark.

At last one of them said in despair, "Well, I wonder at your patience! Have you not heard all that has been said to you?"

"Oh, yes, but I'm used to it. I'm the chaplain of a lunatic asylum."

* * * *

Sambo had a watch given to him. He thought a lot of the watch, but one day it stopped. On opening the back he found a dead fly.

"Ah," said Sambo. "No wonder de watch won't go—de driver am dead."

* * * *

Even when the fighting was hottest, the colonel of an Irish regiment noticed that one of the privates was following him everywhere, with apparently much devotion.

At length he called the man to him and said: "You've stuck to me well to-day, Private Rooney."

"Yis, sor," replied Rooney, saluting smartly. "Me ould mother sez to me, sez she: 'Patrick, my bhoys, stick to the colonel, and ye'll be all right; them colonels nivir git hurt.'"

* * * *

To the large publishing house came a manuscript with a note from a woman who requested that her story be read immediately. "I must have a decision very quickly," she wrote, "because I have several other irons in the fire."

A few days later her manuscript went back with the following message: "We have read your story. Our advice is to put it alongside the irons!"

* * * *

The club bore had been holding forth as usual, and after discussing politics, golf, income tax and motor cars he had worked round to insomnia.

"... and d'you know, old boy," he said. "I just can't sleep at nights?"

"That's bad," said one of his unwilling audience, stifling a yawn, "but have you ever tried talking to yourself?"

* * * *

A mother walked into the nursery one day and found her young son tying a bandage round his finger.

"My poor child," said the mother, "what have you done to your finger?"

"I hit it with the hammer," was the child's reply.

Mother looked surprised. "But I didn't hear you crying," she remarked.

"No," came the bland reply; "I thought you were out."

* * * *

There had been a series of "talks" at the village institute on keeping fit. At the end of the talks the Chairman said: "Our speaker is an example of what he preaches: he's three score and ten and he could tire out many a man far younger than himself."

"And he certainly did," came a weary voice from the gallery.

BRANCHES.

BRISTOL.

Bristol's Coronation celebrations were fully in keeping with its position as the Metropolis of the South-West. A carnival spirit infected the whole of the city and its inhabitants throughout the week, and an ambitious programme of parades, competitions and fun fairs gave the young people of all ages much to occupy their leisure hours, to say nothing of the picturesque ceremonial arrangements which our city fathers so traditionally preserve as a heritage of their now ancient trust.

Vast crowds were entranced by the wonders of flood lighting and the attractive and lavish scheme of decorations which transformed Bristol into a veritable fairyland, all complete with its newly crowned King and Queen set in bowers of wondrous beauty and design.

Our own premises in Old Market Street, with its colour scheme of exterior lighting and neat decorative design, attracted more than a small share of attention, the effect being decidedly pleasing, even to the most critical eye.

Cans of Coronation beer, with the Hop Leaf inscribed thereon, were to be met with on every hand. "Gentlemen! The King!!" being the oft repeated toast throughout the celebrations, coupled of course with the name of that most gracious lady who, by her every act, has so soon endeared herself to the Empire at large. May their reign be full of peace and progress—for us all!

OUT-OF-DOOR EVENTS.

Hop Leaf beers in the Bristol area are much in demand at many out-of-door events this year, and on the basis that every new customer recommends another one (taking the average) we are constrained to feel that before long our brewery will not only have to be full, but almost "running over" to provide for the future requirements of an ever-increasing friendly circle throughout the Empire, most of whom visit Bristol at some time or another, and look for a "Simonds" sign. With the friendly and familiar words "S.B., please," the visitor soon feels quite at home, and Bristol seems a better place—as no doubt it is!

In any case, the following list of contracts does show that Hop Leaf brands are appreciated both in city and county:—

- The Cheddar Coronation Carnival and Dance.
- The Wedmore Coronation Festivities.
- The North Somerset Agricultural Show, Ashton Park, Bristol.
- Chepstow Races (May meeting).
- Bath Races (May meeting).

Keynsham Flower Show and Sports.
 The Civil Service Assoc. Carnival and Fete (Bristol).
 The Hospital Carnival and Fete (Bristol).
 The Ideal Homes Exhibition (Bristol).

Many thanks to all concerned for the confidence thus shown to us.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The West Country cities, towns and villages were decorated in a very pleasing manner for the Coronation of their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. The Royal Naval Barracks made an exceptionally good effort and the ships were covered in bunting and illuminated. The Military Barracks were also well decorated.

On Plymouth Hoe a review was held and the Royal Navy, Royal Marines, Army, Royal Air Force and Territorials gave a fine parade.

A number of teas were provided to old people and children in almost every part of Devon and Cornwall, and bonfires and firework displays could be seen from every hilltop. Dances were held and greatly enjoyed by all classes of the community.

In the list of Army Reliefs for the next Trooping Season we shall be losing from this Garrison the 2nd Bn. The King's Regiment (who are for Gibraltar) and the 1st Bn. The Suffolk Regiment (for Malta)—we are very sorry to lose two such fine Battalions and they will be missed very much by Plymouthians. Both Battalions are excellent sportsmen. The 2nd Bn. East Yorkshire Regiment are joining the Garrison from Palestine and so we shall be one Battalion short unless other movements are arranged.

We had the supply of the St. Budeaux Horse Show, through our Tenant, Mr. James Ponsford of the Tamar Hotel, Crownhill. It was a beautiful day and broke all records.

At the time of writing the Devon County Agricultural Show at Paignton is running and the weather is "set fair." Our Reading friend, Mr. F. G. Godwin, is the Caterer and, as usual, he is supplying our beers.

We were very grieved to learn of the passing of Mr. C. W. Stocker, who was greatly respected by us all at the Tamar Brewery. He was so very interested in everything that happened here and we always looked forward to his visits. Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. and Miss Stocker.

It was a great shock to hear of the terrible accident which occurred at Dawlish to Mr. Gavin Simonds, the son of Sir Gavin Simonds (the Managing Director's brother) when one of his friends lost his life in the aeroplane accident on Whit-Monday. We trust Mr. Gavin Simonds and Mr. G. E. Ford-North are not so seriously hurt as was at first thought and that they will have a speedy recovery.

We are very pleased to say that our Social Club billiards team were successful in winning the 5th Division of the Plymouth and District Billiards League, after a very keen fight with the Astor Institute, by one point. The final placings of the teams were in doubt up to the last match but a smashing win of five games to nil secured the championship for our team. We have entered for the past nine seasons so it was about our turn to win.

The cup, together with five replicas, were presented at the Plymouth Social Clubs' smoking concert.

The record of matches played was a remarkable one, for our team played 26 matches, winning 22 and losing the remainder by the narrow margin of 2—3 in each case. The total of the games played was 91—39, this securing the winning total of 91 points.

The success of our team is due in no small measure to our captain, Mr. E. Webber, who, out of 26 games played, won 23 and lost the remaining three, while the remaining players all did extremely well.

A very enjoyable evening was spent at the Social Club when we had a visit from our good friends the Octagon Brewery Social Club. The competition in the darts match was very keen and we held our visitors down to a draw, the results being:—

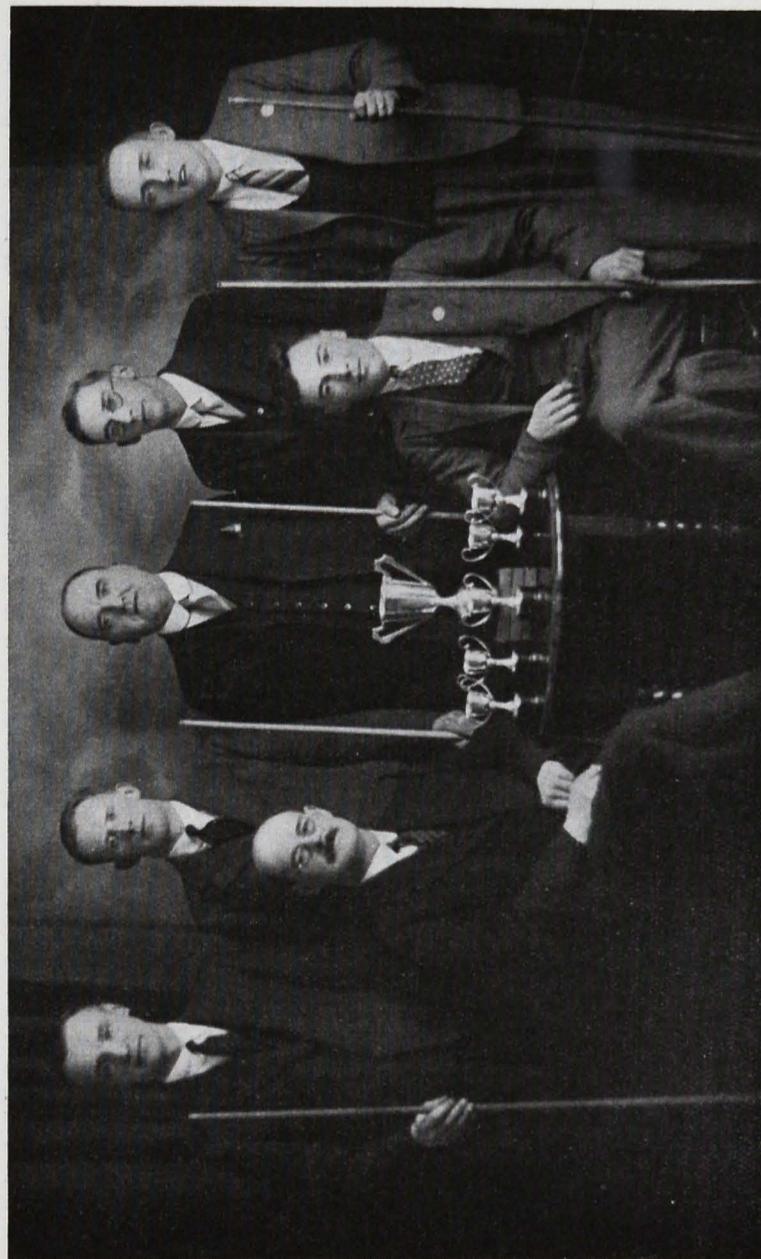
<i>Simonds' Social Club.</i>			<i>Octagon Social Club.</i>		
Mr. Holman	...	Lost	Mr. Frost	...	Won
Mr. Gorman	...	Lost	Mr. Roach	...	Won
Mr. Harris	...	Won	Mr. Duke	...	Lost
Mr. Webber	...	Lost	Mr. Kettle	...	Won
Mr. Luscombe	...	Won	Mr. Wadlan	...	Lost
Mr. Mills	...	Won	Mr. Scantlebury	...	Lost

The billiards match was a great attraction and our team were in fine form, which will be noted by the result which was as follows:—

<i>Simonds' Social Club.</i>			<i>Octagon Social Club.</i>		
Mr. Balkwill	...	72	Mr. Duke	...	45
Mr. Naish	...	78	Mr. Winter	...	23
Mr. Pedrick	...	169	Mr. Tapper	...	49
Mr. Goss	...	100	Mr. Raussue	...	43
Mr. Bevan	...	87	Mr. Robinson	...	19

We look forward to another visit by our very friendly and sporty business rivals.

H. & G. SIMONDS LTD. SOCIAL CLUB.
WINNERS OF THE PLYMOUTH AND DISTRICT BILLIARDS LEAGUE, DIVISION 5, 1936-1937.



Back Row—A. Goss, F. Pedrick, H. Balkwill (Vice-Chairman), S. Naish, F. Williams.
Front Row—F. Pierce (Secretary), E. Webber (Captain.)

OXFORD.

It is with regret that we announce to our readers the death of Mr. Sidney H. Gaunt, tenant of our house, the Bird Cage Inn, Thame, Oxon, since 1919, who passed away on Monday, the 17th May, at the age of 62.

Mr. Gaunt was popular in Thame and was, before becoming a licensed victualler, editor of the *Thame Gazette* for many years. He was Chairman of the Princes Risborough and District Licensed Victuallers' Association last year and did good service for recruiting during the Great War.

He leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter, to whom we extend our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

PORTSMOUTH.

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

You had to wear a large rosette in your hat and carry a peeled hazel stick in your hand to enable you to qualify for a free glass of beer on Whit-Monday at the White Hart at Harting. Whit-Monday is Harting Club day, the annual parade and dinner of members of one of the very few ancient friendly societies which still exist. The ceremonial dates back from before William the Conqueror, and so old are some of the customs, that even the Club records or the oldest member can throw no light on their origin. Members pay in their subscriptions all the year and get sick and death benefit when needed, but on every Whit-Monday a feast day is held. The Vicar (The Rev. A. J. Roberts) preaches a sermon, for which he is paid £1, and duly gives it back as a donation. This has been the practice for years.

It is not often that Home and Mediterranean Fleets get a chance to meet at cricket, but during their visit here for the Review they met on the U.S. (Officers) ground. After the Mediterranean Fleet had knocked up 268 for 7 they declared. This good score was largely due to a brilliant 96 by Sub.-Lieutenant G. W. Vavasour. The Home Fleet could not make any showing against the bowling of Surgeon Lieut. A. MacDonald Watson, the Somersetshire player and Commander R. S. Warne, fast and slow respectively, and both these bowlers came out with splendid figures of under three runs per wicket. Even Lieut. J. E. Manners, the Hampshire and Navy batsman, was unable to put up a score against them and the only stand of the innings came when Commander H. A. Taylor and Sub.-Lieutenant D. B. A. Wildish made a desperate 29 for the ninth wicket after 8 had fallen for 33. Eventually the Mediterranean Fleet won by 190 runs.

Colonel (temporary) Brigadier G. T. Raikes, D.S.O., the Commander of the 9th Infantry Brigade and Officer Commanding Troops, Portsmouth, since June 1st, 1936, has recently been promoted to Major General. Major General Raikes succeeded Major General W. Green, D.S.O., at Government House, Portsmouth. He is a native of Breconshire and has had a very distinguished military career. Major General Raikes is an elder brother of Rear Admiral R. H. J. Raikes, C.V.O., D.S.O., who is Rear Admiral in command of Submarines, flying his flag at the Submarine Base, H.M.S. *Dolphin*, Fort Blockhouse.

Mr. Jack Warner, who has recently retired from Portsmouth Football Club, has now returned to his native Preston. He has served Pompey as player, captain and trainer-coach for a period of 31 years. The club's right-half, Abraham Smith, was recently married to Miss Irene Harvey. Lew Morgan, Portsmouth right-back, was the best man, and Miss Mary Warner acted as bridesmaid.

BRIGHTON.

Evidently anticipating that London would attract the holiday crowds for the Coronation, Brighton lacked making any special preparations for the attraction of visitors, the only outdoor event arranged by the corporation being a service in Preston Park, where a royal salute of guns was fired. Otherwise the money voted for celebrating by the corporation was utilised in decorating the streets, giving the children teas and Coronation mugs, and entertaining the old people.

Hove went one better with an historical pageant and a fine display of fireworks, which latter rather clashed with similar displays from the two piers.

An innovation was the number of streets that held their own celebration in the form of outdoor teas in the streets, where the children had a good time. Even in Chapel Street, where our stores are, the inhabitants arranged for a tea for the children in a garage kindly lent for the occasion.

Whitsuntide trade at Brighton suffered from the inclement and cold weather, and also by the counter attractions in London, only an hour's run by electric train, Brightonians going up to see the decorations and Londoners staying there for a similar purpose.

A WHITSUNTIDE ADVENTURE.

Just before Whitsun I received a letter from a friend saying that he hoped to come down to Brighton on Whit-Monday, arriving by the 11 o'clock train, but that if he did not come by that train he would be spending the day elsewhere. Whit-Monday morning found me making my way to Brighton Station, arriving about 10.50. Whilst waiting the arrival of the train, one noticed several people passing and re-passing then gazing earnestly into a newspaper. Alas my friend did not arrive by the 11 o'clock train so I made my way to the refreshment rooms and obtained and enjoyed a S.B.A. A gentleman stepped before me and removing his hat, bowed, saying "Monsieur, pardon, you are —, I claim the prize." Somewhat surprised I quietly informed him he was mistaken and invited him to enjoy a glass of good English beer while we chatted about his native France.

Leaving the refreshment rooms with the French gentleman's profuse thanks ringing in my ears, I made my way to the station exit. A charming blonde stepped forward and stammered "You are Mr. —," but as she did not claim the prize I walked on. Then it entered my mind to enjoy the position and walking slowly down Queen's Road an old lady, evidently from the north, addressed me: "Sure lad, I've caught ye this time." It was a hard matter to assure this bright good natured being that I was not a newspaper man. Then reaching the Clock Tower I took a packet of cigarettes from my pocket, depositing the carton in a wastepaper container and, whilst lighting up, noticed one or two people carefully emptying the container to see if they could discover a card value ten shillings. On reaching the sea front a sea of faces greeted me on the promenade, many armed with a newspaper which they periodically consulted. Entering the crowd one walked towards the Palace Pier and every few minutes strangers from all parts of England greeted me with the hopes of obtaining Ten Pounds but, none so far as I can remember, in their haste to obtain the money gave the correct salutation. Then thinking it time to enjoy another S.B.A. and a pleasant lunch I went on to the Aquarium Sun Terrace where the crowd was packed tight to catch the elusive man. The salutations of the ladies at times was embarrassing and I was pleased the wife had decided to remain at home. After a refreshing S.B. at the Sun Terrace bar I entered the crowd again to be greeted by the announcement—caught at Brighton.

A keen sense of humour is a gift.

V.D.