

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XII.

JUNE, 1938.

No. 89



MR. J. V. HASKER.

MR. J. V. HASKER.

The publication of the portrait of Mr. J. V. Hasker, a member of the Chief Accountant's staff at Head Office, will undoubtedly give much pleasure not only to his friends at Reading, but also at Oxford and Woking.

Mr. Hasker joined the company in 1916 and was for a short time employed in the Cask Office before being transferred to the Branch Department. After seven years in this office he was selected to fill a vacancy which had arisen at our Woking Branch where he remained as second clerk until 1927. He was then chosen to undertake similar duties at the Oxford Branch.

During this time Mr. Hasker had, by his varied experience, acquired an extensive knowledge of the company's business and had gained a reputation for keenness, efficiency and reliability. It came as no surprise, therefore, when he was transferred back to Reading in 1931—after an absence of some eight years—to become a member of the staff of the Secretarial Department.

Consequent upon the enormous and rapid growth of our combine, the new Accountant's Department was formed in 1931 and Mr. Hasker became one of the first members of this department, it being fully realised that his past experience would prove invaluable in dealing with the detailed and intricate system of accounts of such a large concern. In his present position as a member of a specialised staff, Mr. Hasker has a variety of arduous tasks to perform in connection with the accounts at Reading, Branches and Subsidiary Companies and has participated in the many recent reorganisations at Reading and elsewhere. The manner in which these duties have been carried out and the assistance which, in various ways, he has given to our Chief Accountant—particularly in connection with the difficult work during the Capital Reorganisation Scheme, recently completed—bear eloquent testimony to his capabilities.

Mr. Hasker's duties have necessitated visits to many of the Company's depots and on these occasions his courtesy and tact have been greatly appreciated.

Mr. Hasker takes a keen interest in sport, having on numerous occasions played for the Brewery at cricket and tennis. He was also, at one time, a member of the Social Club billiards team. Nowadays, however, his activities are confined to tennis and motor-ing, the latter enabling him to indulge in his liking for the country. He is a real music lover and derives great pleasure from his favourite instrument, the piano.

He is noted amongst his own colleagues for a rare sense of humour.

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.)

A CAPITAL LETTER

(from a school-boy to his Uncle).

S.O.S., L.S.D., R.S.V.P.

A DELIGHTFUL BELIEF.

Experience during a long life leads one to the delightful belief that if you take an animal young enough as a pet you can love a soul into it.

SECOND TIME OF ASKING.

Peter (*saying his prayers*): "And please make Cyril give up throwing stones at me. By the way, I've mentioned this before."

ALCOHOL AND LONGEVITY.

"At every age from 30 to 100 inclusive the persons in the 'all moderate' class of drinkers, whether males or females, have a somewhat higher expectation of life than the persons in the 'abstainer' class of the same age. The two life curves are not widely different, but what advantage there is lies with the moderate drinkers. . . ."—*Professor Pearl, in the "British Medical Journal."*

ARCHAEOLOGICAL STUDIES.

"Charles," said his wife, in a rather ominous voice, "I found some queer-looking tickets in your desk this morning."

"Did you, dear?" replied Charles, meekly.

"Yes. One of them said, 'Rameses—100 to 7.' What does that mean?"

"Oh, my archaeological studies, dear," responded Charles. "Relic of a lost race."

CHARLES DICKENS AND READING.

At a recent meeting of the Reading John o' London's Literary Circle, Mr. E. M. Tull, of the *Berkshire Chronicle* spoke on "Charles Dickens and Reading." He recalled that Dickens was urgently pressed in 1841 to stand for Reading in Parliament; that Reading was one of the towns honoured by Dickens with a visit in 1851 from his famous "Amateur Company of the Guild of Literature and Art"; that "Pickwick Papers" was dedicated to a native of Reading, Sir T. N. Talfourd; that on Talfourd's death in 1854 Dickens succeeded him as president of the Mechanics' Institute; that Dickens on two occasions gave memorable readings of his works at Reading; that Sir Charles Russell and Sir George Russell, of Swallowfield Park, were great personal friends of Dickens; and that the most dramatic scenes in "Our Mutual Friend" were laid in the Henley district. Several interesting quotations from the old files of the "Chronicle" were read.

BROTHERHOOD THAT KNOWS NO BORDERS.

Earl Baldwin, opening the new £100,000 Harold Cohen Library of Liverpool University, said that no more delightful way of spending money could be thought of than the provision of, or the endowment of a library. A library was a heavenly pasture in which one could find sustenance and nourishment, and he was thinking particularly of "ordinary men" like himself. It was a comfort to note that there was a brotherhood of men and women who loved books, and that brotherhood knew no borders of class. Anyone could belong to it, and it recruited from all ranks, being a spiritual republic.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

A great deal of rubbish has been printed about Grey Owl, whose death we deeply deplore. A story has been put about that he was not really an Indian. What does it matter? He was a great man.

ENTERTAINING ENTERTAINERS.

Audley and Gower, entertainers at the piano, of 184 Oxford Road, Reading, are indeed up-to-the-minute topical. Their songs are written and composed entirely by themselves and their latest include "It's only a rumour" and "You must give credit where it's due." They are now working on a new number for next season entitled "It's going to take a long, long time." I hope it won't be a long, long time before I have the pleasure of hearing it. One of these twain performers is our Mr. Buckingham, who is so brilliant at the piano.

HOMES FOR ALL CLASSES.

One often hears of unusual places chosen by birds for their nests, but the following instance is surely exceptional. Mr. Knowles, of Knowles & Stradling, well known builders at Earley, has his office adjoining his garage, both being used every day. On one of the office shelves a pair of robins are rearing a family, their only means of exit being the window which has at no time been opened more than four or five inches. Mr. Knowles says his claim to provide homes for all classes is now fully substantiated.

AIR RAID WARDEN.

Under the auspices of the Air Raid Precautions Department, Reading, there was a distribution of badges to all trained A.R.P. volunteers, by the Mayor, in the Large Town Hall, recently. Mr. L. E. C. Brown, of our General Offices, was one of the recipients.

SOME MILK!

At a council meeting there was a discussion regarding the type of milk which should be provided for school children.

The chairman of the health committee made the following statement:—

"What this town needs is a supply of clean, fresh milk, and the council should take the bull by the horns and demand it!"

A POPULAR RENDEZVOUS.

The Post Office South Midland District Rifle Club, winners of the 3rd Division Berkshire League, recently had an enjoyable dinner and dance at the Grosvenor House Hotel, Caversham, and there was also a large company present at the luncheon to celebrate the jubilee of the firm of Hill & Sherwin, Ltd., poster advertising contractors, of Reading. On both occasions the admirable catering of Mr. and Mrs. G. Norrish was the subject of much complimentary comment.

MONSTER CRICKET BAT.

The Lamb and Wolf, two old inns on the village green at Norwood Green, Middlesex, will compete in a cricket match for a bat over 7 feet long on August Bank Holiday. Mr. Clements of the Lamb had the bat made, thus reviving a custom that has lapsed for some years. The winner of this monster weapon will hold it for one year. In order to wield this unwieldy willow a little boy had to stand on three of Simonds' beer cases!

USE OF BEER IN FOODS.

I have received a copy of a little book entitled "The Use of Beer in Foods." It is a cookery book compiled by H. C. Vicery and is published at the price of 1/- . It is a very entertaining and instructive little volume. The author says, "The use of beer as an ingredient of baked goods adds definite food value to such products. The resins of hops have a definite tonic effect and beer contains two elements which furnish energy and repair and sustain the human body—carbohydrates and proteins. Famous chefs from the principal London Hotels, Restaurants and Clubs have been very helpful and the book contains many excellent recipes published over their names." To quote a few :—

Noisettes of Lamb in Milk Stout.

Braise the noisettes in butter and carrots and onions and a bouquet, a nice brown for about 15 minutes. Remove the vegetables and then add a bottle of milk stout and let it simmer for about 15 minutes, add a pinch of castor sugar and thicken a little before serving. Serve button mushrooms and new carrots cooked in a syrup made with lump sugar and served with parsley and butter.

Boiled Trout.

After cleaning and preparing the trout, put it in a deep pan with sufficient beer, vinegar and white wine to cover the fish. Bring slowly to the boil. To this mixture add the following flavourings: a small portion of sliced horse-radish root, thyme, pounded ginger and lemon peel.

Welsh Rarebit.

Lay hot toast flat on a well-warmed plate. Pour on hot stale ale from gravy boat. Add hot liquid cheese to taste.

Jellies, puddings, cakes, bread and sweets, vegetables, salads, etc. are all dealt with by those who have proved that they know how to prepare good and appetising food. It is evident that the food value and flavour of your dishes are enhanced by the judicious use of beer.

My advice is, read the book and try some of the recipes and you will be more than pleased with both.

CUCKOO PRONUNCIATION.

The cuckoo is with us again; but how many people pronounce his name correctly? The word is an onomatopœia, writes a correspondent, and ought to be pronounced as it is spelt—that is, cuck-oo, not cook-oo.

[*"Onomatopœia" means the formation of names or words that resemble those associated with the object or action to be named, or that seem naturally suggestive of its qualities.*]

"CICETER."

Foreigners who know her not
Say "Cirencester" all the lot;
To those who slight acquaintance claim
"Cicester" 's her usual name;
For those who live within her bounds
"Ciceter" 's the way she sounds;
Our Latton mile-stone "Ciren." says,
And "Ciren." she's to me always.
So fair a town she seems to me
A veritable Siren she.

S.C.T.

WHEN YOU DO WALK.

To walk abroad is, not with eyes,
But thoughts, the fields to see and prize;
Else may the silent feet,
Like logs of wood,
Move up and down and see no good,
Nor joy nor glory meet.

Are not men than they more blind
Who, having eyes, yet never find
The bliss in which they move;
Like statues dead
They up and down are carried
Yet neither see nor love.

Observe those rich and glorious things
The rivers, meadows, woods, and springs,
The fructifying sun,
To note from far
The rising of each twinkling star
For us his race to run.

THOMAS TRAHERNE.

ROSE AND THISTLE DARTS CLUB DINNER.

The annual dinner of the Rose and Thistle (Argyle Road, Reading) Darts Club was held on June 1st in the pretty garden adjoining the house. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Absolom catered for the members and music was discoursed by the Waltham St. Lawrence Prize Band. This alfresco function proved highly enjoyable, the host and hostess leaving no stone unturned to ensure the comfort and convenience of their guests. After the meal Mr. Jack Sloper, Captain of the Rose and Thistle Darts Club, thanked Mr. and Mrs. Absolom for the excellent food they had provided and the prompt manner in which it was served. One and all voted the occasion an unqualified success.

A BISHOP AND BEER.

The Bishop of London, speaking at the Society of Bellringers' tercentenary dinner said, "Although I am a lifelong abstainer, I am sure you deserve your glass of beer."

*Keep calm. The strongest steel loses its
temper when over-heated.*

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Quite recently we have had some boilers removed from The Brewery and I noticed on one of them resting on some blocks in the yard (preparatory to being taken away), some wag had chalked the words "King Kong's Kettle."

Nature Note! A swan has made a nest close to The Brewery wall and is now sitting on some eggs. No doubt a firm believer in "Beer is Best."

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. Clay on the birth of a son. Mother and baby are doing splendidly. Mr. "Jim" Clay, a very popular member of the Branch Department, has naturally received good wishes from his many friends.

The Brewery Fire Brigade, who turned out for the recent Hospital Parade, have been warmly commended for their smart appearance. They were personally congratulated by the Mayor and Mayoress of Reading and have also received a letter of thanks from the Hospital authorities for the amount collected by them. Many people have spoken about the splendid way in which they marched and their "Eyes Right" and "Eyes Left" were given with true military precision. Naturally they feel rather proud of themselves and they are a credit to The Brewery.

My notes are apparently *read* each month and I take this opportunity to thank those (30 in all) members of the staff who wrote me concerning my reference in May notes to the language of flowers. Regarding the latter I give below a cutting from the *News Chronicle* which is of interest—

"Miss Ann Bridge, novelist, told a parents' gathering in London recently that children should be allowed to learn the Latin names of flowers from the start.

"They were no more difficult, she said, than the English names.

* * * Latin names for some of the commonest flowers :—

Daisy : *Bellispermis*.
Buttercup : *Ranunculus*.
Honeysuckle : *Lonicera periclymenum*.
Hollyhock : *Althæa rosea*.
Virginia creeper : *Victis quinquefolia*.
Sweet William : *Dianthus barbatus*.
Stock : *Hesperis*.
Shepherd's purse : *Capsella bursapastoris*."

The football season has come to an end, the Reading team finishing in a good position in the league, but not high enough to win promotion or to suit the expectations of some people. Nevertheless, they had a wonderful record at home and throughout the whole of the leagues not many clubs could point to a better result—only six points lost at home. It requires some beating! Actually Reading have been, for the past few seasons, one of the best clubs on their own ground. Unfortunately, attendances at Elm Park have suffered—why I don't know, for surely a home winning team should draw a good gate *every* time—but there it is. I expect when the end of August comes round we shall have the same enthusiasm at the start of the new season as we have at Reading every year, and high hopes of promotion once again.

I suppose our Bristol friends were somewhat disappointed that Bristol City did not win the league—they appeared to have the best chance—but once again it was proved that matches in hand of the leaders are not *points*.

Portsmouth, after a most strenuous season, managed to keep in the 1st division of the league, but even then they were not "safe" until the last match of the season.

Plymouth finished higher in the league than at one time looked likely, so we shall not be seeing them at Elm Park next season.

I think that Brighton must have been the "dark horse" of our league; they did have a splendid chance of going up.

Of course as the year goes along we find that one and another of the staff is "missing" for a fortnight and when you eventually see them (looking the picture of health) you learn they have had a most wonderful time on their holidays. It is true that even the early ones this year have not had to complain about a surplus of rain. Reading has indeed been a very dry spot, so it seemed a little different when we heard from a member of the staff on his holiday that owing to the *rain* it had made it very good for fishing.

It was quite like old times to renew acquaintanceship with the Cricket Club. With the team and a few other friends we all went to the Royal Military College, Camberley, a few Saturdays ago and a splendid time was had by all. Apart from a perfect day, a win for the Brewery team, a right royal welcome and true hospitality, it was an afternoon to be remembered.

On the way home we made a stop at the Swan, Arborfield, where we were welcomed by Mr. E. R. Penniston who, in addition to having the beer in first class condition, took us all over his most wonderful garden in which it was evident he had put in a lot of real

hard work and in which he took a great pride. Like many others he was hoping for rain; however, in spite of the lack of this essential, I would advise anyone to give him a call and see for themselves. They will be well repaid for their visit.

Then to Reading and after a short while in the Social Club, where we heard many tales of battles won and lost on the cricket grounds of teams played in the days of long ago, home to bed.

Really a good outing.

The following changes and transfers have taken place during the past month and to all we wish every success:—

The Hare & Hounds, Lambourn Woodlands (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. S. Harris.

The Wellington Arms, Howard Street, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. Morris.

The Wheelwrights Arms, Aldershot (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. J. Snell.

The Golden Ball (Off Licence), Owlsmoor, Sandhurst (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. L. H. Wilcox.

The King Charles Tavern, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. Poole.

The Black Horse, New Haw, Addlestone (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. W. J. Guppy.

The Free House, Egham Hythe (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. F. J. Collins.

The Swan, Thatcham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. Ghys.

The Hatch Gate, Burghfield (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. R. W. Crocker.

The Nags Head, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mrs. L. Bason.

The Jolly Anglers, Yiewsley (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. T. J. Williams.

The Pin & Bowl, Wokingham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. A. A. Proberts.

The Fox & Hounds, Donnington, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. O. Yeates.



A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

DELIGHTFUL DAYS IN DEVON.

TRYING FOR TROUT IN THE TEIGN.

TWO MEN IN A BOAT—AND A SALMON!

The delights of Devon are well known. I have just returned from a week's fly-fishing for trout on the River Teign. For miles and miles, either side of Fingle Bridge, my friend and I wandered each day amid the most charming and ever-changeable scenery where the silver music of the stream, the numerous birds and blooms, including the golden gorse, and the varied greens of oak and elm and beech contributed to the completion of a scene that was equally delightful to the eye and ear. Amid such sylvan surroundings as these we tried our luck with the wily trout. The rain experienced in these parts over the week-end had freshened up the water and the fish, and we enjoyed excellent sport. The trout were, for the most part, on the small side and we returned a large percentage of our catch to the water to provide sport for another day. But we got into quite a nice number of real beauties and these adorned our breakfast table and also proved much to the liking of other guests at the little hotel where we were staying. "We never imagined freshwater fish were so delicious!" they exclaimed. "Do go and catch some more"—and we did, and were as pleased to hand them over to others as they were to receive them.

ONLY THE FINEST TACKLE ANY GOOD.

There was not enough rain to do much good and on the second day's fishing the water was indeed as clear as gin. You had to fish with the finest tackle, and cast far ahead. My trace was tapered to 4X and I found a blue dun, a little alder and a small march brown more killing than any of the many other flies I tried. And so did my friend.

How stealthily you had to approach the fish! Though you hid behind the bushes and the trunks of trees you could see the fish darting away into deeper water and seeking seclusion behind the rocks. One such fish dashed off from some fairly shallow water in the centre of the stream when I was about thirty yards away. I saw that he was a fine fellow and I carefully marked the stretch of water where he had lain. Returning about two hours later, on hand and knees and with some bracken strung over my head and shoulders by way of camouflage, I tried my luck. Swish! Swish!! Swish!!! Away went my fly, alighting on the water

as light as air, just at the end of a stickle. Hardly had the fly touched the water before the eager trout rushed at it. I struck as quick as lightning, but ever so gently, remembering the gossamer character of my gut. The trick was done, and all that remained was to carefully play the fish, which I did, until he was tired. Then I quietly lifted him from the water and he was mine! In the pink of condition, beautifully marked and weighing $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb.—a good-sized fish for this water—he was indeed a thing of beauty, a rare prize, and the envy of many another ardent angler to whom I showed the trout with pride. Where did you get him and what fly did you use? they asked, and for once in a way I told them the truth. But I deserved that fish and did not realise that the grass was so wet until I found that the moisture had penetrated right through my thick breeches to my knees. I have often wondered since how I looked crawling through that herbage with the bracken dangling over my face and shoulders. Evidently I appeared very, very strange for, though intent on my fishing, I did notice that a party of hikers were highly amused. And I heard one of them say, pointing to her head, for it was a lady, "Poor fellow—a little bit 'touched,' I'm afraid." But perhaps, under that bracken, there was a little more—but what does it matter? I only hope she and they were enjoying their holiday half as much as I was enjoying mine.

OUR DELIGHTFUL DINING ROOM.

Well, on this particular occasion—and one day was typical of another—we wandered back to where we had started, and at 2.30 p.m. were more than ready for the sandwiches which we had brought in my dear friend's car. Our dining room was indeed one of rich, rare beauty. The carpet was of red and white and blue. It was patterned with orchids, pink campion, bluebells—including very many white ones—stitchwort and primroses. All these flowers were in great abundance and I was rather surprised to see so many primroses at this time of the year. The ceiling was the azure blue sky with fleecy clouds floating by, while the singing of the bird choir made an appeal to the hearts and minds of my friend and me such as we shall never forget. The willow warblers warbled their little streams of silver song from the twigs of a tree only a few feet over our heads. There were the thin small voices of many gold crests and numerous wood wrens were also singing. If you spin a shilling on a plate you will get some idea of the notes of the wood wren. With quivering wings a tree pipit, or tit-lark, ascended from the topmost branch of a tree about as high again as the tree and then, with outstretched wings, he descended slowly, singing all the while. Wagtails seemed to be everywhere. The deep mellow song of the garden warbler and the cheery notes of the

white throat who, like the tit-lark, sings while on the wing, were other sweet voices in this delightful choir. Nor must I forget the song of the dipper, or water ouzel, sweet and low. The dipper, a charming study in black and white, is equally at home in or out of the water. While perched on a rock in the river he will repeatedly jerk his tail upwards at the same time dipping his head. Of very similar build to the wren, the dipper is, of course, much larger, and his pure white throat and breast are a striking feature of this bird with its captivating ways. In striking contrast to these notes emanating from the river came a strange and plaintively weird voice from high overhead. It was that of the common buzzard and sounded something like the mew-i-o of a cat. This broad-winged hawk floated about in the air with the greatest grace and ease, and though his voice might not be exactly melodious it added a distinctive feature to the bird choir that went to make our humble meal one fit for kings; for who could dine, accompanied by more delightful companions, their infinite variety of habit and song, making them all the more entertaining?

An additional touch of animated colour was lent to the scene by innumerable sulphur, peacock and other butterflies fluttering hither and thither and sipping nectar from the flowers. Never before have I seen such an abundance of "brimstones."

SANCTUARY FOR BIRD AND BEAST.

Such is a very poor pen picture of this little bit of England wherein I was privileged to spend a very happy week. It was a sanctuary for bird and beast. The birds showed not the slightest fear and reared their families in an atmosphere of peace and plenty. Even the rabbits only just trotted out of your way as though they had never been molested. There was peace and beauty, gay colour and sweet song all around. Below, the music of the river, beloved of trout and peel and salmon; above, rocky hills, 500 feet high, imparting a sense of great grandeur; the whole completing an animated picture such as only the one great Artist could paint and give it life. He has filled this earth with such scenes as these and surely, O surely, there is enough and to spare for all—enough to eat and drink and be merry, enough to give health and strength to the body and peace and joy to the mind.

As I sit amid such scenes I think why, O why, do men want war.

And I cannot understand!

CONTRETEMPS.

But I must not wander too far from the Teign. Let us hasten back to it in mind as well as body. A fisherman by no means has it all his own way; there are always little contretemps to contend with. Perhaps you get your tackle hitched up in an alder or elm and lose your best fly and trace. Perhaps, in your eagerness, you strike too hard when a fish rises, and you lose a specimen trout. Perhaps, keeping your eye on the river, you do not see a little ditch, step into it, and fall headlong into the bush-laden bracken. Perhaps the moss-covered rock lets you down in more senses than one and you bark your shins or bruise your ankle. But it is all part and parcel of the sport and you must take the smooth with the rough, for it is the unexpected that always happens and which heightens the fascination of the gentle art of angling.

THAT BOX OF FLIES!

Here, for instance, is a little incident that happened, and added to the fun of the fair, though, let us hope, it will not prove of too frequent occurrence. We had wandered down the stream some miles and my friend and companion of over fifty years made a change of fly occasionally. He was about to make another change and on looking for a particular box of flies failed to find them in his bag. The box contained several dozen special flies and he thought he must have left them by the riverside when last he put on a wickham's fancy. Well, we retraced our steps, searching every nook and cranny over miles of the river bank. But we reached our starting point without having come across the missing link. Naturally, my friend, and also I, were somewhat concerned, for good flies are expensive items, but the only thing to do was to take the matter philosophically and we were soon at it again fishing as keenly as ever. Luckily I had a good supply of flies with me with which to replenish my friend's stock should he run short.

It was late in the evening when we returned home. When we did so, there, sure enough, on the table, was the missing box of flies.

My friend had forgotten to take them! But, you bet, I shall see to it that it will be many years before I allow him to forget the incident.

TWO MEN IN A BOAT—AND A SALMON!

While in Exeter we heard of a rather amusing story, strange but true, and told to us by a great fisherman and a very fine shot who has won numerous championships at clay pigeon shooting. He is an artist with the rod and I have also seen him at work with

the gun. His accuracy at smashing the rapidly flying discs was simply amazing. As I watched him scoring a "bull" at almost every shot I thought to myself, what chance would a poor partridge or pheasant have did he have a go at them. However, to return to the story referred to, it concerned two young men in a canoe—and a salmon! While on the Exe in this light craft the two fellows were suddenly confronted with a 17-lb. salmon that leapt into the canoe to keep them company. The rightful occupants of the canoe could not swim, and the huge fish created such a commotion that they feared it would result in upsetting the boat. Try how they would they could not force nor entice the fish back into the water. They shouted for help. At length this was available and the upshot of the story was that all three occupants of the canoe were safely landed.

The salmon was sent to the hospital!

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Never mind a stumble while climbing up life's hill,
It shows you're making progress; no one falls while sitting still.

Good intentions are fine things, but a good deed is finer.

There is no proposition so convincing as a good life.

Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket; and do not pull it out and strike it, merely to show that you have one.

If it's right, get it done.

Admonition and advice are all very well, but assistance is better.

If you make rough weather with your tongue, your own boat will be tossed about.

There are souls in the world who find joy everywhere; they have the gift of leaving it behind them wherever they go.

Be wiser than others if you can; but do not tell them about it.

It is possible to be sincere, as well as kind, and a recollection of our own faults will often teach us a lesson of long-suffering and charity towards our neighbours.

Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrow which the world knows not, and oft-times we call a man cold when he is only sad.

Slightest actions often meet the sorest needs,
For the world wants daily, little kindly deeds.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

To persevere in one's duty and to be silent is the best answer to calumny.

In still retreat a thoughtful talent thrives, but in the stream and current of the world the character grows strong.

If sorrow never claimed our hearts
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die and hope depart,
Life would be disenchanted.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

The true art of being agreeable is to appear well pleased with all the company, and rather to seem well entertained with them than to bring entertainment to them. A man thus disposed, perhaps, may not have much learning, nor wit; but if he has common sense and something friendly in his behaviour, it conciliates men's minds more than the brightest parts without this disposition; and when a man of such a turn comes up to old age, he is almost sure to be treated with respect. It is true, indeed, that we should not dissemble and flatter in company; but a man may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence where he cannot concur, and a pleasing assent where he can. Now and then you meet a person so exactly formed to please, that he will gain upon every one that hears or beholds him: this disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world and a man's complete command over himself.

THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGIMENT'S ANNUAL DINNER.

The Annual Dinner of The Royal Berkshire Regiment was held at the Army and Navy Club on Thursday, June 2nd. General Sir Felix Ready (Colonel of the Regiment) presided, and Mr. F. A. Simonds had the great distinction conferred on him of being the guest of the Regiment.

THE FIRM'S FIRE BRIGADE PARTICIPATE IN HOSPITAL PARADE.

Included in the Fire Brigades participating in the Royal Berkshire Hospital Annual Parade was that of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., and the smart appearance and action of our men were very favourably commented upon by the many thousands of people who lined the streets, while our worthy Mayor and Mayoress (Councillor E. E. Langston and Mrs. Langston) added their mead of praise.



The Brigade in full swing proceeding from the Market Place. The tractor belonging to the engine can be seen.



Chief Officer G. F. Andrews figures in the centre of picture, with gloves in hand.

BORN IN A PUBLIC HOUSE AND 42 YEARS A LICENSEE.

Born in a public house 72 years ago, Mr. Clayton Turvey, mine host of the Hatch Gate, Burghfield, is about to retire after 42 years licensee of the same house, says the *Evening Gazette*.

Looking much younger than his age and proud of the fact that "there is not a grey hair in my head," he comes of a family which has many associations with licensed victualling. His wife, a Norwich woman, also has connections with the trade.

Mr. Turvey's sister has lived in The Plough, near Hartley Court, Three Mile Cross, for 68 years. His late brother was in the World-Turned-Upside-Down for 42 years.

LICENSEE FAMILY.

Mrs. Turvey's father, a grey-bearded, 82-year-old, former farmer and gamekeeper, once held the licence of a public house for 16 years and he is now living in the Hatch Gate with Mr. and Mrs. Turvey, and Mrs. Turvey's brother has taken over the licence from her father.

Mr. Turvey is a member of the Reading Licensed Victuallers' Association. He is retiring because of ill-health and but for that, he told an *Evening Gazette* reporter, he would still stay on. He and his wife will still be staying in Burghfield.

He has always lived in Berkshire, and before taking this house he was for 20 years gardener to Mr. William Isaac Palmer.

KEEN GARDENER.

He is still passionately devoted to gardening. His one regret is that though he has a large garden with the house in which he will live when retired, he is doubtful if his health will enable him to pay proper attention to it.

He is a keen domino player and is one of a school of enthusiasts at the Hatch Gate who will miss his company when he leaves.

He was presented with a medal, struck in the village and subscribed to by friends, when he had completed 40 years there.

The Hatch Gate is an ancient public house, as its old oak beams indicate.

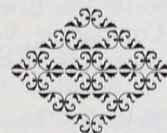
Asked if their customers' requirements had changed during the 42 years they had been in the trade, Mrs. Turvey said, "The present generation still drink beer but not so much as they used to. There is a bigger demand for gin-and-limes and sherries than there used to be."

TO GILBERT WHITE.

Along a straggling village-street
What joy untold 'twould be, to meet
(Some shadow-haunted moonlit night)
The ghost of genial Gilbert White!
For I, unknown, and he, so great,
In love, for Nature, passionate
(The love of sight and scent and sound)
Could meet on kindred, common, ground;
—To Woolmer Forest could repair
And watch, upon the waters there,
The mallard in a moveless sleep
Where rustling willows bow and weep:
Or, in the nearer beech-groves high,
Provoke the startled owlet's cry;
Or note, among the shadows dark,
The glow-worm's phosphorescent spark.

But Gilbert White would be surprised
To see old England modernised.
For where, along the branches, stole
A black and golden oriole,
Or where the bearded reedling swung
Beneath the sedge, and softly sung,
—Advertisements to cure sore throats,
And little fussy motor-boats
With petrol fumes to fill the air,
And noise and hustle everywhere,
And men (to Nature's beauty blind)
In roaring racing cars, he'd find.
So, Gilbert White, 'twere surely best
Within your quiet grave to rest;
Deep in that peace which ever broods
About the hanging Selborne woods.

S. E. COLLINS.



H. & G. SIMONDS LTD.

OFFER TO STOCKHOLDERS.

Our Directors have resolved to make an offer to the holders of the existing ordinary stock of the company of the right to subscribe for new ordinary shares (to be converted into ordinary stock when fully paid up) at the rate of one new ordinary share of £1 nominal value for each £20 of ordinary stock registered in their names in the books of the company on May 24th. No rights will be given to subscribe for fractions of shares, but stockholders who would otherwise be entitled to subscribe for a fraction greater than a half of a share will be given the right to take up an additional share, and smaller fractions will be disregarded. Renounceable letters of rights will be issued on May 28th, and will be open for acceptance until June 16th, 1938.

The new ordinary shares will be offered at the price of 60s. per share, payable as to 20s. per share on acceptance, and as to the balance of 40s. per share on or before September 28th, 1938. The shares will carry full dividend rights in respect of the financial year of the company commencing October 1st, 1938, but will not carry any right to dividend in respect of the current financial year.

The offer will not be underwritten. Any of the new shares offered which are not subscribed, together with the shares resulting from the exclusion of fractional rights, will be sold by the company's brokers at the discretion of the directors. The Board also intend to sell on the market about 7,200 shares identical as to dividend rights with the shares now being issued, which will bring the total issued ordinary capital up to £800,000.

The proceeds of the issue of the new shares will be utilised to finance part of the cost of acquisition of Lakeman's Brewery, Brixham, and of R. H. Stiles and Co., Bridgend, Glamorgan, to which reference was made in the speech of the chairman at the annual general meeting of the company held in December last.

CRICKET.

"The old order changeth, giving place to new" might well be taken as a heading to the commencement of this season's records. For many years we have borne the title of "The Seven Bridges Brewery Cricket Club." Coronation year saw the "Eighth" bridge span Bridge Street and now it has been decided that we shall henceforth be known as Simonds' Cricket Club. Gone, too, are the days of our travelling by a lorry. That was one method of showing the flag, but it was felt that something more dignified and comfortable was called for, and so charabancs will from now on be used to visit our friends in distant parts.

One change is impossible this year, and that is the site of our home matches. The new Sports Ground is not yet ready for cricket and it was necessary to make use of Prospect Park for at least this season.

Practice in the nets is held on our own ground, and we are having the services of a coach once a week during the month of May. Good attendances have so far been the rule and it is to be hoped that the results will justify the experiment. Naturally, it is only by assiduous practice and by taking note of the hints given by Mr. Caryer that improvement will accrue.

Now let us look at the results of the games up to date. The "A" team have played three, a win, draw and defeat in the reverse order being the outcome. The "B's" in their three games have one win to their credit, the others being lost.

The details are as under.

May 7th. "A" TEAM 71 v. HECKFIELD AND MATTINGLEY 114 for 5 (declared).

We opened the season on Prospect Park and met our old friends from Heckfield in traditional May weather. That is to say it was none too warm, although the drought still continued.

The visitors were lucky with the spin of the coin and elected to bat. We started off promisingly, but C. Budd (28) and W. Stratford (48) put a different complexion on the game. The latter batsman started rather shakily, but afterwards began to hit out, until he snicked an "off" ball to Tigar in the slips. R. North was not out 23 when the innings was declared closed.

Tigar bowled unchanged and his figures were 3 for 34. Gigg, who only had 2½ overs, returned 2 for 14.

Our start with the bat was poor, two wickets falling for 3 runs. Then Busby and Tigar each reached double figures. A minor slump then ensued and it was left to Gigg and W. Greenaway to make our score look respectable; the latter in his twenty scored 16 in one over and this spoiled the bowling analysis of W. Denton, whose figures had been 6 for 9, then ended at 6 for 25.

May 14th. "A" TEAM 75 FOR 4 v. HOOK AND NEWNHAM 108 for 8 (declared).

We welcomed these new opponents on Prospect Park and had a closely contested game, which was somewhat marred by showers. As countrymen, no doubt our friends were glad to see the rain but, like us, probably wished it had fallen elsewhere.

Hook won the toss and we took the field. C. Gregory had the first knock and soon showed his prowess and although the wickets at the other end fell at fairly regular intervals, he kept going and it was to a very fine catch by Greenaway in the deep he departed. When the innings was declared, E. Bone was not out with 21 to his credit, after using the long handle to good effect.

Tigar bore the brunt of the bowling and his 3 for 38 represented 11 overs of good work. Crutchley took 2 for 23 and Tozer came out with the best average of 2 for 16. The fielding was quite good, not much being given away.

We made a promising start, putting 20 on the board before Cardwell mistimed one and was caught. Then a minor collapse and two more wickets fell at 23. Crutchley came in to save the hat trick and remained to carry his bat for 31. Neville was then associated with him and had made 14 when time was called and we had made 75 for 4 and a very creditable draw.

May 21st. "A" TEAM 107 for 4 (declared) v. MESS STAFF, R.M.C. 70.

We had the pleasure of batting first on the lovely Camberley ground, but for some time the situation did not look pleasant from our point of view. Three wickets were down for 18. Then came a stand which realised some 89 runs and everything wore a rosy hue. Tigar and Crutchley batted extremely well, although from the spectators' point of view there were a number of balls which ought to have been put well out in the field. Crutchley at one time caught up his partner, but just after tea Tigar completed his 50 and was caught one run later and the innings was closed, Crutchley then being 45 not out. The Mess Staff tried eight bowlers, three of them taking one wicket each.

On the Staff commencing to bat they met with a very early disaster, Tigar taking a wicket with the first ball bowled. Only two men reached double figures, viz., Ricketts, who went in first and carried on well down the list until Tigar had him, caught and bowled, and Faxford who made 13 when he had to retire to attend to the claims of duty. The last wicket put on twelve runs and was broken by a run out, Thorne doing a diving act to reach the crease but just failing.

Tigar 4 for 23, Crutchley 2 for 7, Busby 1 for 7, Hedgington 1 for 26 took the wickets. If Busby will keep on with his spin bowling seriously he should be a real acquisition. It certainly does require plenty of nerve to pitch up "slows."

As mentioned previously, the "B's" have not had a successful series. The first match was very close and ended in their favour by four runs. Their games have been :—

May 7th. "B" TEAM 51 v. PULSOMETER ENG. CO. 47.

We commenced the season by entertaining the Pulsometer on Prospect Park. The visitors batted first and owed a lot to Summerville (14) and Goodfellow (11). E. Greenaway bowled well, taking 4 wickets for 22 in 10 overs. Farmer with 3 for 6 had the best figures. Whitmore (2 for 9) and W. Benham (1 for 3) also had a share in the good work.

Our batting had a most disastrous start, two being out for no runs. E. Barrett stopped the rot and made 10, but seven were down for 26 and the prospects of a win had faded. Benham, however, used the long handle and scored 17. By the time the ninth wicket fell we were just home and with the total at 51 all was over. A really keen game, with the balance just in our favour.

May 14th. Y.M.C.A. 2ND XI 101 for 4 (declared) v. "B" TEAM 39.

The scores recorded above speak for themselves. Y.M. batted first and we started in a rather auspicious style—one down for 4, but it then read 2 for 36, 3 for 62, 4 for 73 and Cook (51) and Caulfield (10) were not out when the innings was declared closed. A bad day for bowlers; even then Greenaway had 3 for 24 and bowled 15 overs.

Against the bowling of Dollimore, our batting failed, although G. Kelly hit the first ball for six. E. Greenaway did his best as skipper in being the only man to reach double figures. Dollimore finished up with 6 for 20.

May 21st. "B" TEAM 56 v. MORTIMER 2ND XI 70.

By a casual look at the score book, this match might be classed as one of dashed hopes. We are registered in the *Berkshire Chronicle* bat scheme—the writer does not know if our opponents are or not—but there must have been two disappointed men, when someone else snatched a wicket.

Mortimer had the first knock. The first over was a maiden and then Whitmore took a wicket with his first ball and went on to take the following five. Greenaway spoilt the effort by taking two in the next over. Whitmore had the next and Farmer finished off the innings. But a word about the batting and fielding. H. Bealds (No. 2) made 16 and nine wickets were down for 29. The last wicket, batting just after tea, put paid to all the good work

previously done. The bowling, as shown above, was good, as was the ground fielding and catching. The last men, with 16 and 23 not out, added 41.

When our turn came to bat, we found A. Bushell right on top of his form. First ball a wicket and then seven more right off the reel; Anderson then took the ninth and Bushell finished up. Very hard luck in losing the coveted honour, when so close, bat or no bat.

Of our batsmen, E. Barrett (13) and Farmer (22) did good work. They put on 19 for the second wicket, no one else reaching double figures.

Early in June the Inter-Departmental League matches will commence and it is hoped enjoyable games, played in a keen and sporting manner, will ensue.

Two other evening fixtures are shown on the cards, which are now in circulation. The Committee are hoping to dispose of far more than was the case last year.

We took a number of visitors to Camberley and shall continue to welcome the support of members of the club whether the matches are played in the country or on Prospect Park.

J.W.J.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Do you remember when we first met in the revolving doors at the post office?"

"Yes, but that wasn't the first time we met."

"Well, no; but that's where we began going around together."

* * * *

The Irish convict had missed an article of his personal kit. He demanded an interview with the Governor. The interview was conceded.

"Sorr," began the convict, loudly, "there's a thief in this prison!"

* * * *

"The witness said you were driving your car as quick as thought."

"Yes, I know the witness—he is a very slow thinker."

MONSTER TROUT CAPTURED NEAR THE BREWERY.



It falls to the lot of few anglers to land a 9½ lb. trout. But this is what Mr. J. Legge succeeded in doing while fishing in the Kennet just outside the Brewery stables. The fish was 17½ inches in girth and its length was 25 inches. Mr. Legge was fishing with a lively little dace as bait and his rod was a roach pole. Two years ago Mr. Legge caught a trout in the same locality and it weighed 7 lbs. 2 oz. He was fishing for baits with paste and had a roach pole and roach tackle.

To land a fish of this size on such tackle was indeed a fine performance and such as only could be effected by an experienced angler, for trout are very game fish and will fight to the finish.

STAINES AND DISTRICT DARTS LEAGUE.

For the first time in the history of Staines and District Darts League the champions have beaten The Rest. This was on Tuesday, May 10th, at the British Legion Clubroom, Staines, when the champions, The Bell (Bedfont), played the Rest of the League and beat them in two straight games.

In the first game R. Le Bas (captain of The Bell) scored 120 and Thomson 126. F. Harding, requiring 48 to finish, made a 16 and a double 16.

The second game was ended by R. Deacon, who secured a "first timer" double one.

Teams from the White Lion (Egham) and The Beehive (Staines) played to decide the runners-up of the league, and the White Lion were successful in the first two games. In the first, R. Lency finished with a double two, and R. Howard ended the second with a double 18.



White Lion (Egham) team, runners-up of the League.

The Chairman (host of The Robin, Thorpe, the champions for the past two preceding years) challenged the present champions with his old championship team. He led his team to victory to the accompaniment of loud cheers.

Afterwards a number of individuals played friendly games, notable among which were seven played by seven-years-old Irene Hovell, of Stadium Lodge, Wraysbury Road, Staines, who shone brilliantly in winning six (all against league players). The first game, she lost however to Mr. L. R. C. Knight, who secured his winning shot when the girl needed only five to make. In a game of "200 up" with R. Deacon (one of the principal players of the championship team), she won, leaving her opponent with only 88 on the board.

CUP PROMISED FOR BEST DARTS PLAYER.

After the match Mr. P. Martin (league chairman) presented trophies to the champions and runners-up.

He said it was a great pleasure to officiate as The Bell team had been worthy winners, and the White Lion side equally worthy runners-up. He then handed the challenge shield to Mrs. A. G. Roweson (hostess at The Bell), and a cup to the White Lion captain. He pointed out that the league had been a financial success during the past year, and he hoped the same number of entries for matches would be made next year. The league had always arranged really sporting competitions.

Mr. L. R. C. Knight (vice-chairman of the league) thanked all for their attendance that night. He knew he had some friends in the league, but he did not know he had so many. The members should accord a hearty vote of thanks to the secretary (Mr. P. Page) as he had done all the work and had cycled hundreds of miles to give information to members. The league competition would be run as usual next year, with the addition of an individual championship for which there was to be a challenge cup.

WHITE LION (EGHAM) LADIES' DARTS CLUB.

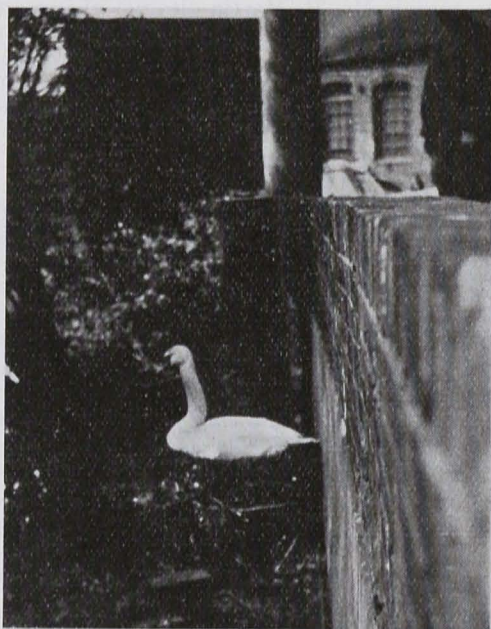
Another successful game was played by the members of this club on Thursday, when they visited The Bell, Shepperton, and met the ladies of that house. The match was won by the White Lion by two games to one. The Bell finished the first game on the double 11, but the visitors took the next two, on the double 7 and double 17 respectively. The highest score of the evening was 114, which was made by one of the White Lion players. The match created considerable interest, and there was a large gathering to watch it.

A singles was played between the two hostesses, and Mrs. Scutchey (White Lion) proved to be the winner.

In connection with the Club there is to be a competition for a set of silver darts given by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., and the runners-up will receive a cup presented by the Host (Mr. C. A. Scutchey).

The ladies' success is no doubt inspired by the men's team at the house; last week they won the runners-up cup in the Staines and District Darts League. We understand the ladies have challenged the men to a game, and, if accepted, this should be an interesting match.

SWANS' NEST AT THE BREWERY.



A pair of swans have built their nest on the side of the Kennet just over the wall that separates the river from the Brewery yard. The female bird has been sitting for some weeks and a little family of cygnets are expected to arrive at any time now. There is another swans' nest on the Kennet-side by the Brewery stables. Swans, as a rule, waddle their way along but rumour has it that these birds progress by "hops"!

Kingfishers, grey and pied wagtails are among other birds that frequent the precincts of the Brewery.

The above photograph was kindly taken by Mr. F. W. Freeman.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"I painted something for last year's academy."

"Was it hung?"

"Yes, near the entrance where everybody could see it."

"Congratulations! What was it?"

"A board saying: 'Keep to the left.'"

* * * *

MOTHER: "You must not hit little girls—you must always treat girls gently."

TEN-YEAR-OLD SON: "I am sorry, mummy, that our ideas of life do not coincide."

* * * *

FOND MOTHER: "Will the photograph be anything like him?"

FED-UP PHOTOGRAPHER: "Yes, madam, but we can easily alter that."

* * * *

BRIDE TO BE: "But do you think we'll want the chairs as well as the settee, George?"

SALESMAN: "Oh yes, madam, you'll want those for quarrels."

* * * *

The football fan had taken his fiancée to see his favourite team in action. "Dash it," he exclaimed, as he saw how the rain had affected the ground, "there is a big patch of water right in the centre of the pitch."

"Yes," replied the girl brightly, "I suppose that will be one of those football pools they talk about!"

* * * *

They sat at the table facing each other. He mechanically consumed the food which she placed before him.

"Oh," she said, "I am so glad you like it. Mother says that there are only two things I can make properly—potato salad and marmalade tart."

"Indeed," said he, "and which of the two is this?"

* * * *

DOCTOR: "You've got a bit of a chill. Go straight home and have a good stiff whisky."

PATIENT: "Er—would you mind letting me have that in writing?"

"A bit of putty and a coat of paint cover a lot of mistakes," remarked the doctor, watching old George repairing the gate.

"Ay, doctor, an' so do a pick an' shovel."

* * * *

The talkative navvy was holding forth to an admiring audience in the village pub. He was explaining that even in his job, which people might think dull enough, there was sometimes quite a lot of excitement.

"Why, I can remember once when a gas explosion tore up a main street where I was working."

"And what did you do?" asked one of the customers.

"Ah," replied the navvy, "I tore up a side street."

* * * *

When the navvy had finished, a quiet little ex-Service man in the corner related this experience during the War.

"While watching the German lines through my field-glasses one afternoon, I saw a German on duty, guarding an ammunition dump. Picking up my rifle, I adjusted the sights and fired a quick shot, knocking the cigarette lighter that he was holding out of his hand. Realizing the opportunity to exercise my marksmanship, I took careful aim and fired again—but I'm almost ashamed to tell you the rest of the story. I had to shoot five times more before I spun the wheel on the lighter, lit it, and blew up that dump!"

* * * *

A ventriloquist decided it might be profitable to become a spiritualistic medium.

At a seance a lady asked him if he could help her to speak to the ghost of her departed husband. He succeeded in producing a voice which she professed to recognise; she thanked him and asked for an appointment for another seance.

"Splendid, madam," he said. "Thursday afternoon will suit me very well, if we have favourable conditions." Then professional pride, not unmixed with avarice, overcame him. "And for an extra shilling," he added, "I'll do the whole business, drinking a glass of water at the same time!"

* * * *

MOTORIST (*protesting to magistrate*): "But I wasn't doing forty-five, nor thirty, nor even twenty-five . . ."

"I must warn you," interrupted the magistrate, "that you are in danger of backing into something."

SIMONDS GREAT FÊTE

COLEY PARK, READING.

ALTERATION IN SOME OF THE ATTRACTIONS.

BABY SHOW.

BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN COMPETITION.

(In conjunction with the "*Berkshire Chronicle*.")

LADIES' BEAUTY COMPETITION.

(In conjunction with the "*Berkshire Chronicle*.")

(Open).

Judging by well-known Film Stars.

LADIES' ANKLE COMPETITION.

(Open).

GREAT DARTS TOURNAMENT.

(Teams of Seven.)

(Open).

TWO HOURS' EVENING (FLOODLIT) OPEN-AIR HEALTH AND FITNESS DISPLAY

By many Local Organisations.

BAND OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

SIDE-SHOWS AND ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR.

Admission on the day, 6d.

Tickets purchased before the day, 4d.,
bearing many Lucky Prizes.

FIREWORKS.

BRANCHES.

CIRENCESTER.

The new offices, shop and flats above are rapidly taking the place of the old wine and spirit stores and are now nearing completion; great excitement prevails as the moment approaches for the move to the new premises.

Judging by the appearance of the partly-finished shop-front, the new building will make a striking and impressive addition to the main shopping thoroughfare of the town.

Faced with local stone, with Bath stone coining, it is admirably in keeping with the local theme, and the two slightly rounded windows of old English type with small panes should be well suited for the display of bottled beers and wines, etc.

Much as some of us regret the passing of the old brewery, we are none the less extremely grateful to the firm for providing such convenient and well arranged accommodation for the office staff. No efforts will be spared on our part to further the firm's interests and to widen the circle of Simonds' "fans" in this area.

Turning to sport, we are glad to say that the Brewery Rifle Club has "weathered the storm," notwithstanding the considerable changes that have taken place during the past year. Modesty(?) forbids us to mention the club's position in the local league; suffice it to say that there is plenty of room for improvement, and with the enthusiastic support of present and past employees we should make headway next season.

Recent changes in tenancy in the area:—

The Crown Inn, Cerney Wick—Mr. G. Giles.

The Twelve Bells Inn, Cirencester—Mr. V. Gillman.

The Prince Albert Hotel, Gloucester—Mr. J. Williamson.

We much regret to record the death of Mr. C. E. Iles, of the Rolleston Arms Hotel, Swindon, which took place on the 21st March. His widow, Mrs. E. L. V. Iles, will, we are sure, worthily maintain the high traditions of this house.

A NEW INTERPRETATION.

The genial landlord of the Greyhound Inn, Siddington, Mr. F. P. Winmill, who is Hon. Secretary of the Cirencester Homing Pigeon Society, has discovered a new interpretation for those magic letters "S.B." known to scores of thousands of people throughout the South of England.

At a recent meeting, after opening the timing clocks, one of the Society held up a bottle of "S.B." with the remark "Slow Bird."

Obviously he had not trained his bird on "S.B."!

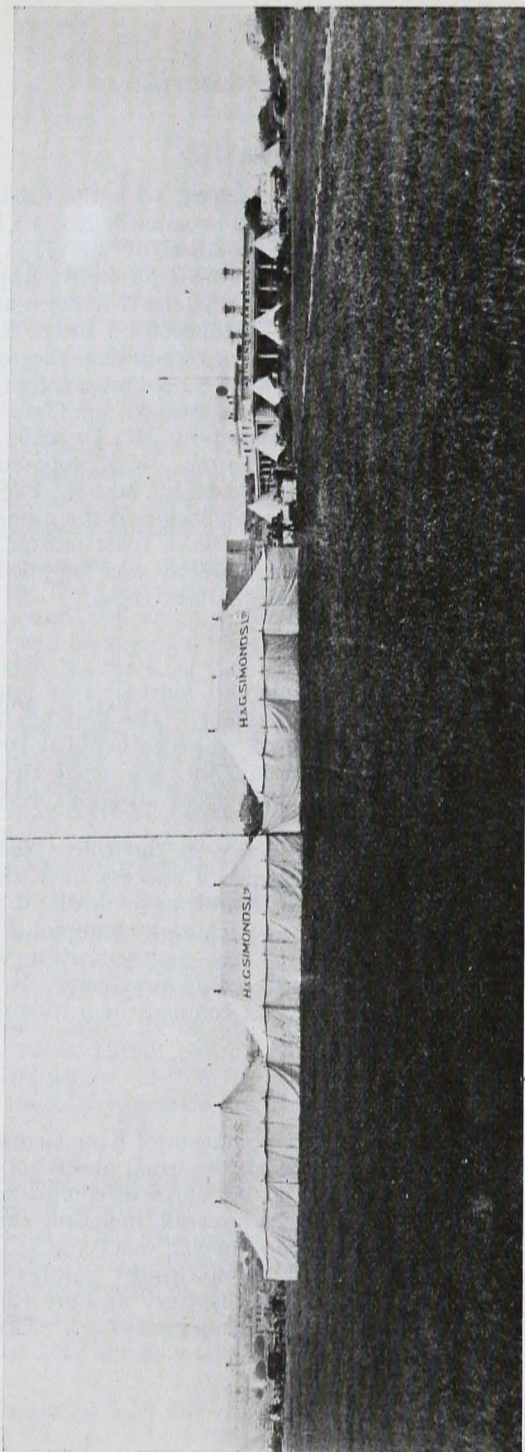
PORTSMOUTH.

Mr. W. J. Gunning, Acting President, took the Chair at the annual dinner of the British Legion (Portsmouth No. 2 Club) this year. In responding to the toast proposed by Mr. J. C. Pearce, "The Branch and Clubs," Admiral H. Bone R.N. (Retd.), appealed to all members to assist in every possible way the A.R.P. organisation. During the toast to "The Services," proposed by Mr. C. R. Martin with Boatswain J. M. Kirkcaldy, R.N., responding, the sad death of Capt. Buck, the first president of the branch, was sympathetically referred to and a minute's silence was observed. "The President, Officers and Committee" were toasted by Mr. Driscoll, and Mr. J. H. Mitchell responded. "The Visitors" was proposed by Mr. T. O'Reilly and the response was made by Mr. H. Page of the British Legion No. 1 Club. At the conclusion of the dinner a vote of thanks was proposed to Mr. F. H. Budd, toast master. About 80 attended the dinner and entertainment was supplied by the Southsea Revellers and the Globe Trotters Band.

All three Services played splendid football this year in the Inter-Services championship tournament. The matches produced a high standard of play and the crowds which gathered at Tottenham, Reading and at Villa Park, Birmingham, saw what the Services can do in the football world. Three great struggles were played,

two ending in a draw and the Navy in the third securing the championship with a narrow margin of success over the Army. Some fine goal getting in this last match gave thrills in plenty to the Birmingham people who were watching a championship match for the first time. They delighted, too, in the way in which the Army fought back after being three goals in arrears. It was only a strong final rally by the Navy that enabled them to win by 4—3 and retain the championship cup.

The first anniversary of the Coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth was celebrated with the usual observances by the Services in Portsmouth this year. All ships in commission in the Dockyard and Spithead were dressed overall, including the *Victory*, the Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert* (which was lying at the South Railway Jetty) and the *Iron Duke* at Spithead. Salutes were fired of 21 guns from the Naval Saluting Battery at Fort Blockhouse, and from the Military Saluting Battery at Long Curtain, Old Portsmouth, at noon.



Photos taken during the Malta Command Athletic Sports, showing the Marsa Pavilion and the Marquees erected by Messrs. Simonds-Farsons, Limited, for Bars and Teas.



Marsa Pavilion, Malta.

OXFORD.

The following letter was received from Mr. L. B. Davy, manager of The Evenlode House, Eynsham By-Pass :—

Mr. H. J. Timms,
Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.,
67-68 High Street, Oxford.

Dear Mr. Timms,

I enclose the cutting from the *Oxford Mail* for May 13th as promised.

It is interesting to note that of the nine Houses entered for this competition, four were Hall's, one Morrell's, one Clinch's, one "Free" and two Simonds'. The two finalists, Mr. E. Edwards and Mr. J. Perry, were representing the two Simonds' Houses.

Just another instance of what "S.B." will do for you !

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) LESLIE B. DAVY, *Manager.*

The cutting from the *Oxford Mail* reads :—

EYNSHAM DARTS.

KEEN PLAY IN THE FINAL MATCH.

An audience of over 230 darts enthusiasts filled the Institute Hall, Eynsham, on Wednesday to watch the final contests in the darts competition organised by the Eynsham Playing Fields Association Darts Sub-Committee.

The preliminary rounds were played during the winter in licensed houses, nine of which entered for the competition, and the finalists for each house were the competitors last night.

Mr. R. Lulham, chairman of the darts sub-committee, presided, and introduced Mr. R. H. Donaldson, chairman of the association, who had presented a challenge cup for the competition.

This was won by E. Edwards (Queen's Head), who beat J. Perry (Evenlode House) in an exciting final match. Each player won one game, and in the deciding contest both needed double one to win, Edwards throwing the winning dart after each had made several unsuccessful efforts.

Mr. Donaldson thanked the competitors and the landlords for the support they had given to the darts sub-committee and Capt. L. Davy (Evenlode House) replied for the licensees.

Each of the competitors received a medal for winning his section competition and thus qualifying for the final.

The results were :—*Preliminary round* : H. Cox (White Hart) beat H. Evans (Swan). *First round* : E. Edwards (Queen's Head) beat G. Hall (Jolly Sportsman) ; Cox beat J. Treadwell (Board Hotel) ; J. Perry (Evenlode House) beat A. Fleet (Railway Inn) ; S. Floyd (Talbot) beat J. Titchell (Red Lion). *Semi-finals* : Perry beat Cox ; Edwards beat Floyd. *Final* : Edwards beat Perry. A special prize for the best loser in the competition was won by A. Pimm (Railway Inn).

SIMONDS' CUP BILLIARDS CHAMPIONSHIP, 1938.

Once again the final of this most interesting competition is now but a very pleasant memory. Games have been fought out in a real good sporting spirit of friendly rivalry.

In the first place, I feel mention should be made of one player who was forced to retire from the competition during the semi-final stage. Mr. Aubrey Bowen, who has been the holder of this trophy on two previous occasions, must have been terribly disappointed. He was keen to win it again for the third time, and we all appreciate

the fact that but for his unfortunate illness he would have had a big say in the matter. Better luck next time, Aubrey. We hope by now you are fit and well, and may you soon be back in harness again.

Mr. Frank Austick was another very noticeable absentee this year. I am pleased to record that he is back with us looking very little the worse for wear after a nasty argument with a motor car.

Some very good performances were put up in the earlier rounds. J. Wilson was very fortunate to win his first round. His opponent played a real sterling game and fought a good fight, only to lose by a very small margin. Odds were certainly against him, while Jimmy Wilson enjoyed a series of glorious flukes. Once again I say J. Wilson was very fortunate to win, seeing his opponent was myself, and I hope readers will forgive me for my unblushing modesty.

Another notable contender for the coveted trophy was Mr. J. Ryan, of Tool Room. Once again Mr. Ryan failed to clear the first hurdle and came a cropper to W. Smith. Jimmy Ryan has as much chance of winning the Simonds' cup as I have of becoming Prime Minister, and yet the draw would seem incomplete without his annual challenge. Hats off to Mr. Ryan : would that we had a few more like him. I look forward to the day when his dream will become reality, and I shall have the greatest pleasure in filling the cup well and truly for him.

Harry Sims, our "B" team captain, had a very good run this season and swept all before him to the semi-final where he met the ultimate winner. Harry felt more than satisfied, for he won the cue and case offered as a prize for the highest break in this competition. Satisfied he should be, for both the finalists made bigger breaks but our rule is, only one prize per man, so in this case the third highest received it.

Mr. G. Oram just failed to hold the lucky fellow who put me out, wanting two only for game—a nice cannon, or a pot white on—but instead of playing either he made doubly sure by playing both, missed, and let Jimmy Wilson in to run out winner.

I have already said enough about J. Wilson and his amazing performance over me, but Mr. C. C. Cobden caught him one night, gave him a hiding, and sent him home. Mr. Cobden had a walk-over semi-final owing to the indisposition of Aubrey Bowen and met Mr. A. Pocock in the final. This game was very interesting. Both players for some time had been training secretly and keeping a watchful eye on the other's form—so, as expected, we had a real good start. Away went Cobden, leaving Pocock well in arrears ; he was all out as he had brought his little brother along to see him win.

I made spasmodic notes during the game under trying conditions. Mr. Timms was there again asking me questions with such simple answers; just two letters suffice and Mr. Timms calls them up.

Having delved through the archives of Morris Motors Billiards I can only assume that my wife has been spring cleaning again; my notes are no more, so I must rely on my wonderful memory. I beg you to forgive me if this statement is not exactly the truth, but you must remember I had more than billiards on my mind with Mr. Timms about.

At the interval Mr. Cobden was leading by 100 (I believe). He looked a good winner, but after the interval began to steadily lose ground. One of his loyal supporters seeing this gave him a lucky charm to put in his pocket, but Cyril straight away miscues and offers the lucky charm back. Anyhow, on second thoughts, back in the hip pocket Cyril put the charm, but it brought him no luck at all because he lost the match. He gave me back my lucky charm, and now my conscience pricks me, for I had that darned lucky charm in my pocket when I lost my first round with Jimmy Wilson. Mr. Alf Pocock thus won the Simonds' cup for the first time. Congratulations to the winner and my sympathies for the loser.

Mr. Turrell introduced Mr. Timms, and the cup was duly presented for the eighth time. The game was refereed by Mr. R. F. Hobbs (Hon. Sec. of the Oxford and District Billiards League). Our heartiest thanks to Mr. Hobbs who is always willing to oblige us with his services at these finals.

Thanks to Mr. Timms for the interest he shows in our activities and, last but not least, our thanks must go to the Directors of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., the donors of our ever popular billiards championship trophy.

A. VEAR,

Hon. Sec., M.M.A.C. Billiards.

