

# RICHINGS PARK

❖ SPORTS CLUB ❖

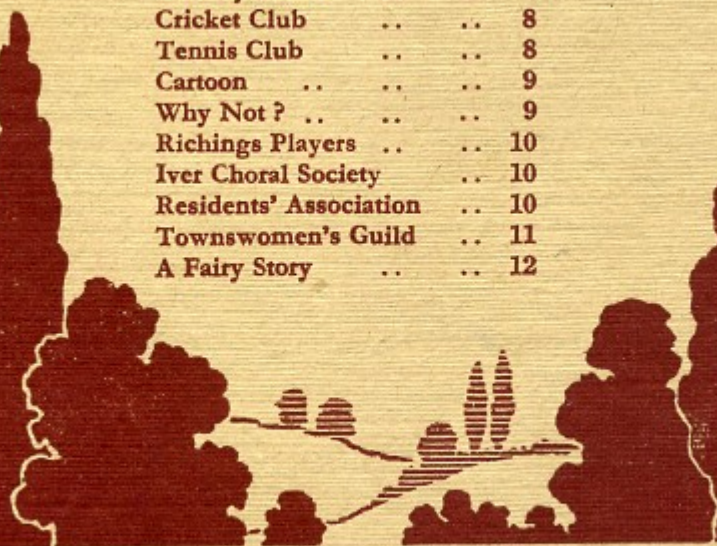
# MAGAZINE

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# RICHINGS PARK SPORTS CLUB



OUR Magazine No. 2!! No. 1 was not quite as large as anticipated, owing to an insufficient number of advertisers, but it was undoubtedly interesting, and we congratulate the sub-committee on its production. We should like to see even more interest taken in this magazine, as in all doings associated with the Sports Club.

Since the last issue we have had the Fête and the Annual General Meeting—the former was favoured by fine weather, and we were glad to see an increase in numbers over the previous year, and to notice the obvious enjoyment of everyone. The net profit was in the neighbourhood of £15.

The Committee wish to offer their thanks to Mr. Friend Sykes for the use of the Park and the lighting, and also to thank those in charge of each show with their helpers, too numerous to mention individually.

The Annual General Meeting, held on 14th June, was attended by about fifty members—this was rather a small number, and though we are inclined to flatter ourselves that we do our work to everyone's satisfaction, we should like a larger attendance than this at our

Meetings. Please come, even if it is only to rag us. We would welcome further ideas.

Our Treasurer's Balance Sheet was a masterpiece, and he is to be congratulated on it; by the way, his name and address was omitted from the first issue of the magazine—it is Mr. R. Smyth, Ashcroft, Wellesley Avenue. He is always pleased to give a receipt, in fact it is worth while paying him money to see his expression and to note his efficiency.

No new names were received for any office or vacancy on the Council; one change only was made in sectional Club representation—Miss Rogers taking the place of Miss Thorp as one of the representatives of the Ladies' Hockey Section.

In conclusion we would like to point out that it is to the interests of everyone on the Estate to support all our local Clubs and Associations, whether Social, Political, or Horticultural. None of us promise ninnepence for fourpence, but we *do* make good use of subscriptions and donations.

We would also like to appeal to parents to instil into the minds of their children not to damage the shrubs, etc., on the Recreation Ground.

## CLUBS AND SOCIETIES.

- The Sports Club.* Hon. Secretary: F. A. Berendt,  
Subscription 5s. "Belvoir," Old Slade Lane.
- Crickets Section.* Hon. Secretary: F. W. Elliott,  
Subscription 25s. "Fair Glen," Wellesley Avenue.
- Ladies' Hockey Section.* Hon. Secretary: Miss Rogers,  
"Rosslair," Somerset Way.  
Subscriptions, under 18, 7s. 6d.; over 18, 15s.
- Men's Hockey.* Hon. Secretary: H. J. Forty,  
"Northleach," Syke Ings.  
Subscriptions, under 18, 15s.; over 18, 25s.
- Tennis.* Hon. Secretary: A. J. Bayly,  
Subscription 2 gns. "Brendon," Wellesley Avenue.
- Table Tennis.* Hon. Secretary: R. McGregor,  
Subscription 6s. "Maxhame," St. James'.
- In addition, there are inclusive subscriptions, entitling members to play in any or all of the present Clubs at the following rates:—  
Man and Wife, £5 5 0; Men, £4 4 0; Ladies, £2 12 6.
- Richings Residents' Association.* Hon. Secretary: F. C. A. Barton,  
Subscription 5s. "Ranmore," Wellesley Avenue.
- Townswomen's Guild.* Hon. Secretary: Mrs. M. E. Lee,  
Subscription 2s. "Cavendish," Wellesley Avenue.
- Richings Players.* Hon. Secretary: P. L. Leah,  
Subscription 5s. "Strathmore," Richings Way.
- Iver Choral Society.* Hon. Secretary: W. H. Weston,  
Subscription 2s. "Lorina," Wellesley Avenue.
- Infants' Welfare Centre.* Hon. Secretary: Mrs. E. J. Dodson,  
Subscription, 3d. each meeting. "St. Boniface," Richings Way.

# Gardening Notes

By "PICKAXE."

SINCE the publication of our Garden Notes last May, the most noticeable feature of the Estate has been the wonderful improvement in the gardens generally. When our first number appeared it might truthfully be said that there was hardly a flower to be seen. Since then roses have bloomed in profusion and lawns have called for the efforts of a corps of odd men. Far be it from us to claim credit for all this. The coming of summer may have had something to do with it, but it is strange, all the same, that it should have followed so closely the issue of our magazine. It was our intention to deal exclusively in this article with pests—garden pests, of course, not the neighbours you dislike—but as August is the month you enjoy your gardens by commencing the annual holiday at the seaside, a general talk would, perhaps, be more appropriate.

We were highly delighted at the reception of our Garden Notes. A reader, whose literary effort is a little confusing, writes:—"I read your Garden

Notes to the wife just before she went for her holiday. Can you tell me how to get rid of my slugs." We know this reader to be a serious individual, otherwise we should suggest he reads the article to his slugs. However! My uncle went seriously into this subject, and improvised an arrangement that, but for an unfortunate accident, would have placed him among the elite of insect destroyers. It was a cute little arrangement of strings and bells. Every-time a slug climbed on to the string he rang a bell, and my uncle used to creep out at the dead of night and hit him with a hammer. Unfortunately the slugs, probably the younger members of the tribe, thought making the bells ring was a fine lark, and one night, after he had made—according to my aunt's computation—about two thousand journeys to the garden, he caught cold, and lost his interest in gardens generally. It was a pity, of course, because had he lived I think he would have triumphed.

Another informative article next year.

## Your Side Line—Poultry

By GERALD FOX.

A MAN without a hobby is like a ship without a sail. Why not take up a profitable hobby, one both interesting and remunerative?

In pre-war days it was generally thought that poultry required considerable space, that they were a source of unpleasant odours, and that they made the garden generally unsightly. An even greater objection, perhaps, was that they were considered to be a "tie," so that one could not leave the place for a whole day.

Modern development of the industry, improvements in housing and feeding methods, and the "intensive" system, have done a great deal to minimise these objections; they are, in fact, negligible to-day.

Another objection cited against poultry is that of crowing cockerels early in the morning, disturbing one's neighbours. Egg production is in no way helped by the presence of a cockerel.

One may purchase a perfectly elegant looking poultry house, built on modern

hygienic lines, for a few pounds; then there are wire netting, posts, a dry mash hopper, a water container, and a food storage bin to be procured before selecting the birds. The size of the house will depend upon whether the intensive or semi-intensive system is to be used. For the former one requires about eight square feet floor space per bird, so that a house eight feet by six feet would accommodate six birds. For the semi-intensive system, in which the birds are let out into a limited space in good weather, approximately double the number could be kept in the same sized house. The house should have a wooden floor, and should be erected fourteen inches from the ground upon either logs of wood or bricks. This little extra trouble is very definitely worth while; it not only ensures the floor always being dry, but also it avoids providing a house for rats. There is no need to have these vermin where you have fowls. The writer has three hundred birds, and has not seen more than one odd rat per annum.

# Pilgrimage

By "ESSESHUU."

IT seemed as we left the Menin Gate behind us, that the echoes of the guns still lingered in the quiet morning air. Once again we felt the eerie grip of expectancy that descended upon us in those days and years of yesterday, and we knew again that strange sensation of waiting which brooded over the Salient on quiet mornings. "The Boche is quiet this morning, ominously quiet, but any second now will bring a salvo about our heads." Suddenly it dawned upon us that instead of the desolate ruins, new villas were dotted along the road. Realisation came swiftly as a blow. Gone was the gaunt black landscape of other days. Gone, too, were the desolation and sickening stench of death. The Salient—which we loathed and dreaded, yet which in some dim unrealised way seemed embodied in us, a part of our very soul—was no longer a shambles. Life had blossomed anew in this corner of a dead country, and, looking back quickly along the road, we saw in the distance the first reflections of the new born sun on the windows and spires of a new born City. Ypres has risen again from her ashes and her agony.

Eastward from the ridge along which we were driving, a vast plain lay shimmering in the heat of noon-day. Borne upon a soft wind, there came to us the whir and rattle of crank and shaft at work; and in the distances, clouds of dirty smoke belched from newly built stacks and pithead buildings and hung over the giant slag heaps. Surely in our dreams or in some horrible nightmare we had gazed on this vista before. Hulluch! Loos! Lens! The names flame out in the consciousness of the mind. There is still a lingering desolation in some corners of this vast plain, and miners, when sinking new shafts and pits, sometimes strike stranger and grimmer things than the natural deposits of earth. But prosperity is evident, and the heart of Industrial France beats steadily as the ringing hammer upon the anvil.

Arras lay gleaming below us in the early afternoon sun as we swiftly drove up a high hill. A haze hung over the distant countryside as from our O.P. at the top we viewed the enemy lines. "Surely the Boche has an unusual number of 'Sausages' up to-day: some stunt must be on. Look! There go our cavalry in the last mad, futile effort to

break through." All that is finished. A new arterial road, baby-poplar lined, runs over the place where they fell as ripe grain before the sickle, and for their monument a petrol station stands guard at the foot of Telegraph Hill.

The large new town just left behind us looked spick and span to the outward eye, but if you know where to look, you may find many scars. The old billet appeared much the same, but the outer wall was aggressively red; and across the road a new suburban villa has replaced the lofty ruin which for four years defied the leaden hail. The old estaminet, too, has gone, but the ghosts of other days still linger. Looking back just now in the golden haze of evening, it seemed for one brief second that from the Cathedral top the figure of the Virgin still leaned and yearned over the place. Albert, too, has risen from the ruins.

The last motor coach has departed, and the last sightseers have gone; we are alone under the gathering night. Somewhere behind us, out of sight, is Mesnil—with its completely restored church—and in front of us, across the Ancre, lie Thiepval and those other famous heights of the Somme. It is remarkable how this, to us, particular bit of trench has escaped filling in. "Was it yesterday in this traverse in the corner of the wood that P. K. took it through the head? Its funny how one's best pals passed over. Ah! What's that in front on the right, man?" Only the gentle sway and rustle of a field of wheat in the sweet summer air. Upon our reverie there breaks the creaking and rumbling of limber and lorry. More big guns coming up to-night. Another big offensive soon, we suppose. But no! Just the last load of hay going home along the lane that skirts the wood. The silence is suddenly rent by the harsh sound of Klaxon horns, and involuntarily we catch our breath as the air is sickly sweet about us. "Gas, man! Where's your mask!" We relax, and breathe deeply, for it is but a car shrieking through the distant village; and the honeysuckle, ragged robins, and poppies profusely growing everywhere are exuding so sweet a scent. In the far distance towards the Happy Valley, we can make out in the soft light of the rising moon the shadowy shape of some great monument. You will find many such standing guard in the vast cemeteries of France.

# Our Sporting Shortcomings

By "L.E.N."

THREE or four years ago, when the "growing pains" of Richings Park Estate were more evident than now, suggestions were invited from residents regarding the facilities for recreation to be provided. The ideas submitted ranged from a steam roundabout (this from Smith Minor, home for the holidays) to a shove-halfpenny board. Fortunately we have managed to steer a middle course between these two delirious excitements, although sometimes when we hear —'s loud-speaker (No names, no pack-drill.—Ed.) we are almost persuaded that Smith Minor's fondest hopes have been fulfilled.

Nevertheless, we feel conscious of a certain lack of variety and novelty in the sports and diversions presented for our edification. Take Cricket, for instance. I brought an American friend down to see one of our matches. This democrat's previous knowledge of King Willow had been acquired from an old print in his possession depicting a match played in the seventeen-eighties, wherein the players wore stove-pipe hats and festoons of face-fringe. After ten minutes of spectating my friend from the country that won the war cried himself to sleep. Presently he awoke and politely enquired, "Say, when do these guys put their goatees on?" I am convinced he hit upon the answer to the eternal question, What's wrong with Cricket? Remember, the greatest player of them all wore whiskers.

Then there's Throwing the Discus. The Estate boasts only one discus-throwing team, which consists of the discus-thrower and all the small boys who haven't seen discus-throwing before. Sometimes when the discus has been hurtled an unusual distance the thrower reminds one of Casabianca as he stands on the empty "Rec." whence all but he have fled. But one cannot help thinking that his pirouette prior to propelling the polished pancake would

gain in effect were he to wear a little ballet-skirt.

Therefore, what is wrong with—

Cricket? No whiskers.

Discus-Throwing? No skirt.

Now take Hockey—(I'm sorry—all the Hockey members to a man either buy or borrow the Magazine. If I insert your criticisms they'll *all* borrow it.—Ed.)

We will now turn to Bowls, the game that a famous sailor found so much more interesting than singing the King of Spain's beard. (Whiskers again!—Ed.) Goodness knows why, as it's only a variant of the much more ancient game of Marbles. It lacks the colour of the older game—you can't compare the sombreness of a "wood" with the polychromatic splendours of an "alley tor." Bowls is regarded more or less as an old man's game, which probably explains the absence from these parts of the necessary square of Cumberland turf, for Richings residents refuse to grow old.

And now for Lawn Tennis. The game is played in a wire cage. The wire cage is no reflection upon the dispositions of the players inside, but is merely put there as a convenient receptacle for the occasional "sixers" hit from the adjacent cricket-pitch. The suggestion has been made that we should have brighter tennis if we had be-whiskered belabourers of the bouncing ball. But think of the tragedy of entangling one's face-fungus in the wire cage—and then stopping a "sixer."

Then there's Catching the 9.4. This game involves a good deal of strenuous training (loud laughter, which is instantly suppressed), and could be improved by the addition of a little extra banking on the track by Plaza Corner. I know a player who nearly missed the train one morning—and a be-cautiful "abundance" hand into the bargain.

Lastly, let's discuss Golf. I have heard quite a number of fourteen-handicap men, after slicing a drive, say—(This is a family magazine.—Ed.).

## OUR ADVERTISERS

The Magazine Committee remind readers that the main revenue of any journal is derived from advertisements, and our advertisers, who are obviously the most enterprising on and near the Estate, merit the support for which they ask in our advertisement pages.

# Rambles Round Richings

By "WIP."

"Oh, hullo, where are you going?"

"Round the triangle," once again, I suppose. This is an uninteresting place for short walks, don't you think? One really does need a car."

Now the people who live in Balham have a perfect right to voice the cry of the multitude for a car to enable them to spend a day in the country—but we are the lucky ones who live there, and a spirit of adventure is all that is needed to discover veritable little beauty spots within walking distance of the Estate.

Are you one of those people who simply cannot resist leaning over a bridge? Do you know the little wooden one across the Thorny Weir, where the banks are edged with masses of musk? If you follow this stream clumps of forget-me-nots are found edging the ribboned water as it threads through the West Drayton fields. Have you rested a while on the railway bridge along the West Drayton Road when the fields are painted yellow with buttercups? Have

you listened to the foaming, splashing water that tumbles from under the Bridge by the disused paper mills at West Drayton? On a sunny day the view from any of the Canal Bridges is worth at least one moment's pause.

Do you know that yellow water lilies and yellow irises grow by the Canal, that cowslips peep from the fields that abound in the West Drayton district, and that the fattest blackberries are to be found in the "little laughing lanes" between Shredding Green and Iver Heath?

For a short "field" ramble, take the path through the cabbage field from Sutton Lane, cross the railway bridge, and clamber over the newly-made stile, where you can find the village road either by way of the canal or by following the path that edges the field.

The most delightful all-day tramp is undoubtedly that to Denham, across fields from Iver Heath, a most picturesque village, well worth a visit.

## Paths

By "BILL."

MANY more or less practical ideas suggest themselves for "blazing a trail" through weeds to the door of "Chez-nous." If you are newly wed you merely keep your eyes glued to the kitchen keyhole and watch little wife mixing the ingredients for her surprise cake. Take careful note of quantities and times, then sneak back to your sitting-room and whistle innocently.

Next day you make an appointment with Mr. Woolworth, who will supply you with cake tins of varying shapes and sizes. On reaching home you send the wife to the pictures and get busy making cakes to fill the tins.

When the cakes are "nicely browned," separate them from the tins with whatever implements you have and with your full flow of language, hide the tins for future use, open the windows to get a breath of fresh air and to remove all traces of your work, then spread the cakes out to cool. These can then be laid from the front gate in any design to suit your taste—*et voila*, your path.

This method may prove a little on the expensive side, perhaps, but you can easily cut down the number of eggs per mixing.

Rubber flooring is now very popular, and why not rubber paths? These are much cheaper than the cake paths and far less trouble. All you need is a

large suitcase and a fixed determination.

You leave your office at lunch time, carrying the suitcase. Don't worry about the remarks of your colleagues, but proceed to Maison Joe's and collect all the "Yorkshire Pud. per por." These "pors." can be found on the edge of the plates of all those who have eaten their "Beef, roast." After the first day collecting the "pud" will be easy—you will find some of the lunchers will willingly dispatch theirs to you from one side of the room to the other.

Laying the slabs is simplicity itself as all "pors." are exactly the same size. The utility of this path is wonderful. It will last as long as the house itself and will choke the most virile weed.

Then there is the concrete path. This means work and money, for you have to buy the cement—unless your neighbour has bought some and leaves his garage unlocked. Gravel abounds in Richings Park and, given a dark night, a barrow and muffled spade, you can always make a good haul. The quality of the gravel is highest near the station.

Paths can also be made from pure gravel—but the weeds usually win.

Crazy paving is popular, but the snag is that the pieces are inclined to buck and tilt and, after the 11.30 train, they take a stroll around the garden, leaving you to walk on the grass.





# HOCKEY CLUB

SEASON - - 1930-1931



THE 1930-1 season will commence on Saturday, 20th September. On this day and the following Saturday (27th September) special coaching practice has been arranged, and practice games for all members will be played on Sundays, 21st and 28th September.

New members can be assured of their share of games, and we shall be glad to welcome them. Will intending members kindly get into touch with the Secretary as soon as possible.

We take this opportunity of thanking our many supporters, and we are looking forward to seeing them on the touch line again.

We are anticipating a very successful

season, as several stronger clubs are included in the fixture list.

The first month's fixtures are as follows:—

1ST XI.		
Date.	Opponents.	Ground.
Oct. 4	Sandersons	Home
" 11	Surbiton "A"	Away
" 18	Rickmansworth	Away
" 25	Windsor	Home

2ND XI.		
Date.	Opponents.	Ground.
Oct. 4		Away
" 11	Frays	Home
" 18	Rickmansworth II	Home
" 25	Windsor II	Away



# Ladies' HOCKEY CLUB

SEASON - - 1930-1931



THE Ladies' Hockey Club will begin activities in September. A number of matches have already been arranged, and we are hoping to have a coach down from the Ladies' Hockey Association to train us before we enter the conflict. Will all those who wish to join next season come to the first practices. If they will let me know their names I will send them the date of the first practice, and all particulars of the

arrangements for the season. Please join.

Our first matches are:—

Date.	Opponents.	Ground.
Oct. 25	Nobel 2nd XI	Away
Nov. 1	St. Helens	Away
" 22	Cygnets	Home
" 29	Slough 2nd XI	Away

The matches are evenly arranged, and should prove really interesting contests.

V. I. ROGERS.

## THE SCHOOL.

THE School Sports were held on 26th July. In spite of inclement weather, a large company of parents and friends were present.

Among the prize winners were Lambert and Archbold of the seniors; Boswell M., Musgrave G., and Musgrave B. among the juniors, and of the kindergarten, Boswell J., Smythe, Holman, Boswell K., and Forty.

Many others showed form that must be victorious some day, and we believe that in the next few years we shall produce some outstanding boy athletes.

Mrs. Lambert kindly presented the prizes.

## 2nd IVER BOY SCOUTS.

THIS troop was represented at the Coming-of-Age Jamboree of the Slough District Association.

The camp in connection with this was held in the grounds of Langley House during the last week-end in June, and the Scouts were inspected by Lord Desborough.

The Troop was formed about a year ago, and consists of two patrols of about eight boys each. During the past few months they have had the advantage of some lectures by ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and this year's camp is held at Clacton-on-Sea, in conjunction with the 1st Iver Troop.



# CRICKET CLUB



## NOTES

SPACE does not permit of going into details concerning the matches played up to date. It is gratifying to note that in view of having played stronger elevens this year the first team have won six matches, lost five, and drawn two, whilst the game on Sunday, 20th July, had to be abandoned owing to weather. Total games to date, fourteen.

The run-getting in the 1st XI has been shared by a greater number this season, nevertheless, F. Elliott and C. Welch still head the list with 210 and 205 runs respectively to date.

With the exception of one or two lapses the fielding in the 1st XI has shown great improvement, and, in fact, at times has been brilliant. The bowling has varied considerably, from very good to very bad, and as was the case last year, Messrs. Yeabsley and Elliott have had to do the most of it.

The second XI have played eleven

matches, of which four have been won, six lost, and one drawn.

They, likewise, have been meeting stronger sides, and in spite of this, have on one or two occasions put up really good scores.

They have been at a disadvantage during the first half of the season, having to forfeit men continually to the 1st XI owing to a shortage of players, but fortunately two or three useful new members have been found lately, and we therefore hope to see the 2nd XI better equipped in all departments of the game for the remaining matches. The new players unearthed are Mr. W. Crowther, Mr. A. G. Welch, and Mr. W. Perceval Webb. The first two are useful with the bat; the latter is a bowler.

Both sides return thanks to their many friends who have followed all matches, and thanks are due in particular to the ladies who have helped to prepare and serve tea on each occasion.



# TENNIS CLUB



## NOTES

THE Lawn Tennis section is gathering strength as the season progresses.

Several new members have joined us, but there is still plenty of room in the Club, and we hope that others will come along quickly before the present season is much older. There are unlimited opportunities for play, and newcomers will receive a warm welcome. The Tennis Year ends on the 30th April, 1931, and includes a winter season as well as a summer one. New members joining now can therefore be assured of getting their money's worth. The Secretary will gladly supply all particulars upon application.

A start has been made with the Club Tournaments, and it is hoped to hold the Finals Day at the end of August or beginning of September. This day, as last year, will be made a special feature,

and we invite all members, residents, and friends to support us on that day. Particulars will be advertised about the Estate at a later date.

Particularly interesting matches have been played against Brentham (Men's) and Admiralty Laboratory (Mixed). The former resulted in a win for Brentham by eight events to one, and the latter was won by us, the ladies winning four events, the men one, and one mixed. These matches were most enjoyable and provided much needed experience. The return fixture with Brentham will be played at Ealing on 30th August.

While thanking the Ladies' Committee for serving teas on various occasions, mention must be made of Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Wicks and Miss Taunton.

Correspondence on any matter of local interest will be welcomed by THE EDITOR, K. B. BATCHELOR, at Richings Park School. Writers of letters must add their name and address, not necessarily for publication.

Sports Club Ties at 3/- each and Blazers at 21/9 each are available. Please send orders (with order for blazer give chest, length of coat at the back, and inside length of sleeve measurement) to Mr. F. Berendt, Belvoir, Old Slade Lane.

# HAYES 2<sup>nd</sup> V Ours

THAT RUMOUR  
THAT ALL THE OLD MEN  
GET PUT INTO THE 2<sup>nd</sup>  
ELEVEN AT THIS MATCH



LOOKED LIKE BEING  
DISPELLED. THEY OPENED  
FEELING MINUS AT LEAST  
30 YEARS - AS THE GAME  
PROGRESSED HOWEVER



THEY  
BEGAN TO  
SAG SLIGHTLY AT  
THE  
KNEES.



I SHOULDN'T  
BE SURPRISED  
IF WE WIN



HAYES  
WERE  
VERY  
CONSIDERATE  
HOWEVER  
AT THIS  
STAGE  
THEY  
KNOCKED OUT THEIR  
OWN KEEPER



CARRYING  
THE COURTESY STILL  
FURTHER THEY KNOCKED OUT  
THE MAN WHO TOOK HIS PLACE



PROBABLY THINKING OF  
THE 10 LITTLE NIGGER  
BOYS A SPECTATOR  
THEN GREW SUDDENLY  
OPTIMISTIC



WE HOWEVER  
PRODUCED A  
NEW BOWLER -  
HE SETS THIS FIELD HIMSELF



HIDES BEHIND THE  
UMPIRE AND THEN  
BOWLS INTO THE  
CRUSH



A WORD FOR  
THE ACROBAT  
WHO CAUGHT  
OUR  
WORTHY  
CAPTAIN  
AND ONE FOR



THE CAPTAIN  
HIMSELF -  
HONESTLY  
HE  
DESERVES  
IT!

HARRY JOHNSON

## Why Not?

**I**n our first issue we humbly suggested the possibility of a Camera Club, a Ramblers' Club, and a Garden Club. One reader, secretary of a big photographic society, wrote and offered his services in connection with the first idea. If our suggestions bore any more fruit than this one reply, we have yet to hear of it. However—

Monthly Concerts or "Sing-Songs" have been proposed to us for insertion on this page. Could not the Choral Society do something for those of us whose musical accomplishments hardly rise to the Alleluiah chorus.

Why not "John Brown's Body"?

A local section of the Rotarians results from another cerebral undulation. We only need one of those organising geniuses to forsake hockey or cricket for a time and the thing would be done. And why not?

Long winter nights will be upon us before our third issue goes to press.

Team managers are already building up their Bridge quartettes. The Sports Club would welcome a Chess Section, complete with fixture list. Whist players could combine for Drives at intervals. Wireless fans might meet regularly for mutual torture.

Why not?

### OUR NOTABILITIES.

**W**HAT residents owe to Mr. Frank Berendt, the popular and painstaking secretary of the Sports Club, can never be adequately expressed or realised. He never spares himself, and he and his car are always on duty. The amount of time he devotes to public work and the extraordinary trouble he takes to perfect all arrangements are only equalled by the success of his efforts and by his courtesy and tact. For all he does and for all he is, grateful thanks are hereby rendered.

## THE RICHINGS PLAYERS

WHILE there are many to whom a performance by the Richings Players is a red-letter day to be carefully noted and looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation, there is an even larger number who fail to avail themselves of the really enjoyable evenings which are provided for their enjoyment from time to time during the winter months. In an endeavour to widen the interest in the Society amongst residents on the Estate and in the immediate neighbourhood, an ambitious programme has been decided upon for the first half of the forthcoming season. On 24th and 25th October next, the drama "Outward Bound," by Sutton Vane, will be presented at the Tower

Arms Hotel, and on the 5th and 6th December the venue will be changed to the Hall in Iver Village, where "The Limpet," a comedy by Vernon Woodhouse and Victor MacClure, will be given. It is sincerely hoped that both these performances, which are widely different in character, will be well attended, when arrangements will be made for further shows to be given at both places in the latter half of the season.

It is very necessary that if the Society is to extend its operations, as it is hoped, new Acting Members should be forthcoming, and if you and your friends will only come along the success of the "Players" will always be assured.

## IVER CHORAL SOCIETY

THE Annual Social is being arranged for Friday, the 26th September, in the Village Hall, and it is hoped that members and friends of the Society will rally in good numbers to ensure an enjoyable and successful evening.

Rehearsals, held each Friday during the winter at the Church Institute Hall, will commence on the 3rd October. It is proposed to depart this year from the usual programme of arranging a January concert, and instead to give a grand concert in April at which the Society will render the complete concert version of Edward German's "Merrie England." First-class artistes will be engaged, and a musical treat is expected.

The Society, by so doing, is endeavouring to provide more adequately for the tastes of all musical friends in the district, and, as the effort is larger than any

previously made and the expenses are expected to be heavier, the Committee have decided to enrol Honorary Members. They urgently invite all friends of the Society to associate themselves more closely in this way. No special subscription has been fixed, but Honorary Members will be entitled to concert tickets free of payment (except for Government tax) to the extent of their individual subscriptions. Concert tickets are usually priced 3/-, 2/- and 1/- (plus tax).

Our active membership roll is not complete, and new voices will be welcomed, especially altos and tenors. The rehearsals, which fit in with the 'bus service to the Village, are always most enjoyable, and the secretary will be glad to give fuller details to those interested on application at "Lorina," Wellesley Avenue.

## RESIDENTS' ASSOCIATION

AS the members have recently received the report of work for the half year the Committee has no further information to give, but would draw the attention of non-members to the advertisement contained in this issue. The Association has made application for a stamp-issuing machine to be erected

on the estate, and it is understood that this will shortly be available for the convenience of residents.

No further news being available, the Association has great pleasure in utilising the space allotted to urge all residents to join the Sports Club.



# A Fairy Story

By "TIMOTHY."

ONCE upon a time there lived a Big Fairy in a large castle on the edge of a wood. One day he called together all the elves and gnomes of his court and held a great feast, and when everyone was full of Elysian cow and Bucking vintage, Big Fairy clapped his hands for silence so that Right-Hand Harristus (who also lived in the large castle with him) might disclose to the fairies his great idea. So Right-Hand Harristus told them how Big Fairy had dreamed of a beautiful land for all the fairies of the earth to come and live in, even down to the Littlest Fairy, who only earned twenty-five thistles per moon tapping knobs for a Big Ogre in the town. There were palaces for Fairy Princes and Large Business Men, and Baby Bungs for the Littlest Fairy and others of her calling—and Jester Erictus slapped his thighs, and tossed his blocks, and laughed right merrily at such a golden prospect for the fairies.

Big Fairy frowned on Jester Erictus and said this was not the time for frivolous block tossing, but they must all work hard together with the elves and gnomes

(and even the imps could help) and build the beautiful homes with grass verges, main drainage, and Company's water and light.

So they gathered in a Suntrap and schemed and built the Lovely Land of Big Fairy's dream, and all the pixies, fire-sprites, ogres and djins of the earth came and paid their deposits to secure the best sites.

Big Fairy, however, was not completely satisfied, so he held another great feast and Right-Hand Harristus told them this time that Dam Screamee, the Giant Gnome, was to build yet another palace for Big Fairy, where all the residents were to gather twice nightly to hear wonder music and see magic movies. Jester Erictus slapped his thighs again, tossed his blocks, and laughed right merrily that all the world was to be so happy, and all the gnomes and elves worked harder and harder, so that the supply should meet the demand. The land grew and grew and the fairies of the earth came and lived happily ever after in the Land of the Beautiful Dream.

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3. Direct representation on local Councils.
4. Free legal advice on property matters.
5. The Association's past record.
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*Application Form for Membership below.*

### The Richings Estate Residents' Association.

To F. C. A. Barton, Esq., Hon. Secretary,  
Ranmore, Wellesley Avenue, Iver.

Dear Sir,

Will you please place my application for membership before your Committee at their next meeting.

Subscription of 5/- enclosed.

Signature.....

Address.....

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