

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 1.



MR. T. R. GARLAND.

MR. T. R. GARLAND.

As our frontispiece this month we reproduce the portrait of Mr. T. R. Garland, the Manager of our Branch in the City of Salisbury, known as the Fisherton Brewery Stores.

Mr. Garland has been connected with the Branch since the premises were acquired by the Firm in 1909. At that date, a small but complete Brewery was in existence and brewing books still at the Branch shew interesting records of the brewing operations conducted in those days, when there were numerous small breweries dotted about the country. When taken over by the Firm, separate brewing, of course, was unnecessary and the Brewery was converted into a bottling store. Mr. Garland was appointed traveller and, later on, he was made Branch Manager. In addition to supervising our local trade at Salisbury, Mr. Garland is responsible for the on-licensed premises attached to the Stores.

Mr. Garland has done trojan service for the Firm and has been ever ready to assist in any part of the business of the Branch, particularly in the trying years of 1914-1918, when labour was scarce and transport difficulties frequently arose. He has worked up a good connection amongst the clubs and famous old roadside hostels in the neighbourhood, extending to Brook, Romsey, the New Forest, Fordingbridge, Blandford and Westbury, where he is wonderfully popular.

In the course of centralisation of beer bottling, the department at Salisbury was closed and transferred to the parent Branch at Ludgershall, from whence all supplies of bottled beer for the district are now obtained.

In earlier days, Mr. Garland was a familiar figure in his trap, with his old cob, "Gaylad," between the shafts. Although parting with his old cob with the regrets of a companion, Mr. Garland is now abreast of the times in his two-seater car and his energy and interest in his work are as great as ever.

Mr. Garland is an excellent shot and nothing gives him greater pleasure than a good day's shooting.



EDITORIAL.

ALCOHOL AIDS DIGESTION.

Lord Dawson of Penn, the King's Physician, says:—

"Alcohol in moderation is beneficial. It aids digestion, and revives a man's flagging energies after a day's toil. There was no time in our civilisation when alcohol—properly taken—served a more useful purpose than now."

Sir Thos. J. Horder, the Prince of Wales' Physician, says:—

"No experiments yet devised prove that the moderate use of Alcoholic Beverages is injurious to health. Experience in fact, proves the opposite."

THE YOUNG CHAMPIONS.

The making of new champions goes on incessantly in the various fields of sport, says *The Times*. Every district has its arena for contests, where the victors, man and woman, boy and girl, paid and unpaid, men who toil and men of leisure, are hailed as champions. Soon, it may be, no age, no class, and no village will be exempt. The veteran who can barely struggle through the battle, the fiery youth full of daring, the middle-aged confident in long experience, and the boy and girl still more confident in immaturity, are all out to beat their fellows.

THE PREVAILING MOTIVE.

The desire to excel, to do better than one's neighbour, which would be crushed out of every-day life by the spread of the theories of a socialism reducing all to an ever-sinking mediocrity, has become more than ever the prevailing motive in the field of sport. To be a champion even for a brief moment, to win a medal, a cup, or a prize, is often a far more serious task to many people than the ordinary duties of life and business. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that these prizes bring with them at times a false notoriety and unmerited rewards. Still, there can be no quarrel with the desire to be first and best somewhere and at something. Nearly all that is prized in life has been won through struggle and effort. Men groan and travail in the hope of attaining to something better and of winning some advantage that will accrue to them in the end. If the struggle in the arena of sport has taught that lesson, it has accomplished something well worth while.

MR. HATRY.

An interesting phase in the home life of Mr. Hatry, whose name is now on almost every lip, is the fact that he had the replica of a room in an old country inn built to entertain his guests. This was exact in detail. Moorland scenes were painted on the walls of the corridor leading to it, and a sign, "Ye Olde Stanhope Arms. Free House," swung over the door. The place was lighted by candles and warmed by a log fire. Here cocktails were served.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

Mr. Tom Lawrence, of the Brewery Tap, has brought about a great improvement at the rear of his premises. Here you can sit in quiet and comfort in the open air and enjoy the scent and sight of the flowers which Mr. Lawrence has so successfully grown. By the way, Mr. Cecil Lawrence, the landlord's son, has won the Bartlett Challenge Cup at the Bohemian Club, in the tennis singles competition. The final was productive of a very keen struggle and Mr. Lawrence put up an excellent show. He also won the snooker championship at the same Club despite the fact that he had to start from the owe 30 mark. Well done!

LICENSING LAWS INQUIRY.

The full list of members of the Royal Commission to inquire into the licensing laws and report upon proposals for amending them has now been announced:—

Lord Amulree (formerly Sir William Mackenzie) is chairman of the Commission, and the other members whose names have already been published are Mr. Arthur Jenkins, Mr. A. H. Findlay, the Rev. H. Carter, Mr. A. Sherwell, Mr. T. Skurray, Mr. J. Morgan, Sir Edwin Stockton, Mr. B. T. Hall, Mr. G. Bryson, and Mrs. E. Barton.

The new members are:—

Mr. T. G. Arnold, of the Co-operative Wholesale Society; Mr. Walter D. Bentliff, treasurer of the National Union of Teachers; Mr. James Fitton, representing workmen; Mr. W. L. Hichens, chairman of Cammell Laird and Co., Ltd.; Mr. J. J. Mallon, warden of Toynbee Hall; Miss Edith Neville, a social worker; Mrs. E. D. Simon, wife of the Liberal M.P. for Withington; Sir John Pedder, principal assistant-secretary at the Home Office; Mr. Frank Whitbread, the brewer; Mr. Gerald France, a temperance worker.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND MARRIAGE.

The Prince of Wales's views on marriage are disclosed in a book just published, "The Biography of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales," by two young authors, W. and L. Townsend (Marriott, ros. 6d.). The publishers state that the manuscript has been read by Sir Godfrey Thomas, the Prince's private secretary.

One of the most interesting passages is:—

It is not easy to define H.R.H.'s outlook upon marriage. It is certain that he regards the sanctity of marriage so seriously that he will not be thrust into a marriage of convenience . . .

Retaining the best of the so-called old-fashioned beliefs in his creed of modernity, the Prince is a firm disciple of the belief that there is no use in marrying without love.

Because he has not yet experienced that emotion in its true intensity the Prince does not get married. That is all there is to it.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

Our young friend, E. C. Champion, who works on the stage at the Brewery recently noticed a pigeon which appeared in distress. Thinking it was thirsty he placed some water in his garden and the pigeon quickly came and took a long drink. The pigeon drinks just like a horse and does not sip the water as other birds do. Champion also provided food. The pigeon has since found a mate and both now eat and drink regularly at our kind friend's bird table.

AN IMPORTANT DATE.

October 1st is a very important date.

Pheasant shooting begins.

But of much greater interest is the fact that THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE first saw the light of day on that date.

THE THREE WORST WORDS.

What are the three worst words in the dictionary?

Why, "Time gentlemen please!" of course.

A TIMELY RESCUE.

Mr. A. T. Walsh (Branch Dept.), on holiday recently at Southsea, whilst bathing had an exciting adventure. A young lady, also bathing, got out of her depth and Mr. Walsh immediately went to her rescue and brought her to safety.

GET THE SNACK BAR HABIT !

If you go to the White Hart you will be sure to get the snack bar habit for here you may obtain snacks of the daintiest description. Only the best of food is used and Mr. Crisp, the genial landlord, is to be complimented not only on the excellence of the meals provided but on the prompt and efficient manner in which they are served.

WHAT WE HAVE TO CREATE.

What we have to create, says Lord Melchett, in this country is belief and faith in the British Empire, the vital importance of keeping it together in peace and in war, the essential fact that within its wide boundaries are resources, consuming capacity, markets and developments of so vast a nature that we have only touched the fringe, and no man can say where the limits will be.

If we align the potentialities of the British Empire we can create for the people of these isles an economic renaissance far greater than past generations have known or future generations have dreamed of.



The above photograph of a decorated raft was taken by a "Reading Boy" on H.M.S. "Wakeful" during sports held this summer. It reveals that "S.B." is still advertised afloat and is as popular as ever.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

During my holiday this past month I did much walking and cycling, had some very hot tennis and, of course, went fishing. Well the water is very low and thick with weeds and my creel was never filled. I spent one day with a friend, who has been an angler all his life, at Pangbourne. We tried minnows, gudgeon, gentles and worms but did not have one bite throughout the afternoon and evening.

EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT.

I was told of an extraordinary incident and, from its source, I know that it is true. A fisherman was trying his luck in the Hardwicke reach and got into a good pike which broke his line above the float. The next day the same angler was fishing in the weir pool at Pangbourne, about a mile and a half away, when, lo and behold ! he saw this self-same float bobbing about in the water. He tried to reach it but the pike, seeing him, made off like lightning.

Stranger still, our friend was, the following day, again fishing the Hardwicke reach and there, sure enough, was his float being dragged along in the water. The angler's efforts to secure his lost line and fish were without avail and from that day to this he has neither seen nor heard anything of his missing tackle.

A DELIGHTFUL SPOT.

I put in a whole day in this same reach, had one bite and one fish, a pike weighing about 4lbs. It is a delightful spot and I was fishing in about 9 feet of water which unfortunately contained about 6 feet of weeds. The weather was hot and as there was no one about and the fish were evidently off the feed, I undressed and had a refreshing swim. As I possessed no towel I had to let the sun and velvet breezes perform the work of that article and, under the conditions prevailing, they did indeed provide a luxuriant substitute.

BETTER ANGLER THAN I.

Away yonder I suddenly saw a number of small fish spurt out of the water and thought to myself that a pike was on the feed. But the cause of these frightened fish was a little grebe that was proving a more adept angler than I, for he was "landing" fish at almost every dive.

I frequently heard the shrill note of the kingfisher and saw many of these birds, while flying from tree to tree was a large family of long-tailed tits. Rooks and jack-daws were describing wonderful aerial evolutions high overhead and then a heron joined in the fun. Never before did I know that herons could cut such capers in the air. I have seen them swallow rats whole and I know they like a trout, but I have always looked upon them as staid and sober-minded birds and thought them quite incapable of such frivolity.

"TURVIT, TURVIT!"

Partridges in the stubble were continually calling "Turvit, turvit." There had been a shoot that day and perhaps this covey had been depleted and the surviving birds were calling for brothers and sisters that would never return. Anyhow, it was getting quite dark before they ceased and I only hope too big a toll was not taken of the family. "Turvit, turvit!"

BORNE BY THE BREEZE.

Thistle-down was being borne far and wide by the breeze. The gold-finches had been busy feeding on the thistles and as they dislodged these winged seeds many of them fell, light as air, upon the water and as they were trundled along by the gentle breeze, a fish would often rise to them, apparently thinking they were crane-flies, and then turn away in disgust. After travelling thus for considerable distances, some of the down would suddenly be lifted from the water by a puff of wind and carried still farther. No wonder the thistle plant appears in unexpected places for thus are the seeds spread.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The kind visitor to the lunatic asylum watched the angler patiently fishing with a walking-stick held over a watering-can. "How many have you caught?" asked the stranger, sympathetically. The lunatic regarded him shrewdly.

"You're the fourth," he said.

* * * *

SCHOOLMASTER (to village class): "If a man walking at the rate of four miles an hour gets an hour's start of a man walking five miles an hour, where will the second overtake the first?"

PROMISING PUPIL (without hesitation): "At the first public-house, sir."

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

TOPIC OF NEVER-FAILING INTEREST.

Dress! Is it not a topic of never-failing interest to the female sex in particular and to the world in general? One could almost wager that half the conversation of women is on this most engrossing subject. If they are not planning their own wardrobe, they are either criticising or envying that of another. Indeed, women of this age have every opportunity of dressing themselves to advantage. No one need look out of date, but can, if they have an aptitude with the needle, be smartly and becomingly attired if they take the trouble to select the style and material best suited to them and to the occasion at which they are being worn. Although I say we have every opportunity of dressing well it does not necessarily follow that it is an easy matter. The beautiful fabrics that are produced and the lovely colours that are obtainable do not facilitate matters when you go to shop. How often do we make up our minds for a dress or coat of a certain colour, only to have all our designs upset by being unable to resist something altogether different, and which perhaps in the long run is not nearly so advantageous to us.

I remember once reading in an article that almost every woman carries in her mind the picture of a hat she hopes one day to possess—a "dream hat" as it were—and I don't think I shall be far wrong in saying that this idealism would apply to a dress also, and we look forward to the day when we are able to realise our dream clothes. But I very much doubt if we should be entirely satisfied even then, and perhaps after all it is better that we should still go on anticipating, for are not anticipation and hope (in the right direction) two of the great joys of life? But to return to my subject, the one thing for which we should render most thanks is the sensibleness of our dress. No longer do we have to carry yards and yards of material on our bodies or to trail our dresses in the dust. What a time it must have taken our great grandmothers to fashion themselves a dress as compared with the much less elaborate creations of the present day—a sports frock often taking only a few hours to make.

And then the effects of dress on our spirits! Have you not often heard the expression "I don't like myself in this dress." I know I have often said it, and though the frock may be just as well made as any other in your wardrobe, you are somehow not quite comfortable when you are wearing it. On the other hand, you put on another dress for the first time and at once you feel it

is part of you and the sense of comfort this brings helps you to look, and often be, your best self.

It is by no means an easy task to keep within the limit of your income when buying a new outfit. The hat, the coat, the dress, stockings and shoes that we would have, are just each a few shillings more than we intended to pay, and it is very difficult to decide on something a little less costly. In fact, I think discretion is often thrown to the winds and the better article comes into our possession while we say to ourselves "it must last longer," and which perhaps it does do, for a thing we like has far more care taken of it than that for which we have no respect.

M.P.

HOP GARDENS OF SUSSEX.

I spent a most interesting afternoon the other day going through some of these gardens. They are situated on the side of the Sussex Downs amidst glorious scenery, Downs on one side and on the other as far as the eye can see (about 40 miles on a clear day) is farm land with its picturesque farmhouses dotted here and there. This year happens to be a particularly good one for the hops, and it is indeed a fine sight to look down these gardens with their acre after acre hanging thick with big clusters of hops. To hear of the great care that has to be taken of these vines during the different seasons and the way they are trained is most interesting. Small armies of "pickers," some 300 strong—men, women and children—come in from Portsmouth and the neighbouring villages. They combine work with pleasure, thus making it an ideal holiday and a remunerative one. What a treat it must be for these people who come in from the poorer parts of the towns where green fields are so seldom seen, to come to this lovely spot. They are all given numbers when they arrive and these correspond with the numbers on their baskets into which they pick. They are all well looked after, and have nice huts to sleep in. The siren goes at 7 o'clock in the morning, and not one is allowed to start picking before another. Workers come along and pull the hops down from their height of about 12 feet, and then the day's work commences, children helping, too, and it is surprising with what rapidity they work, so earning good money; only stopping when their six-bushel baskets are full enough for weighing. The hops are then put into sacks and taken down to the kilns for drying off. The kilns consist of huge furnaces underneath and the tops are like large ovens where the hops are dried on ventilated floors with the aid of large fans. The smell of the hops is most refreshing, and

one was almost afraid of being intoxicated. The next process is compressing them into large pockets about ten feet long and sewn up ready for transport. Samples of these have to be taken before despatching to see that they are all perfect. From here they go to the various breweries and perhaps into our famous "S.B." If more people were to see the hops growing under their ideal surroundings one feels sure they would appreciate more than ever the fine beverage in the production of which they are used, and for which Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. are noted.

E.M.C. (Southsea).

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. Kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you meant to send over their coffin, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them.

If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away full of fragrant perfumes and affection which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without flowers, a funeral without a eulogy, than life without the sweetness of love and sympathy.

Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"FULL UP."

Vouched for as true is the following reply sent to a gentleman who wrote to a West-country village for apartments this summer:

"Dear Sir.—I only takes weakenders, and I charges a ginny fer bed and breakfas they two days. We is full up, as it leaves me at present.—Yours turly." On the back of the scrap of paper on which this was written were the household notes:—"Beaf, 1s. 4d. Mutton, 1s. 7d. Vinniger, 2d. Tottle, 3s. 4d."

THE REAL TRUTH.

WHAT WE STAND FOR.

AND WHAT THE TEETOTALERS AIM AT.

Prohibition is the executioner of freedom. It is as un-English as the Pacific Ocean. Knowing this full well, those who are really out for Prohibition have artfully pretended to throw it over in favour of Local Veto or "Option." Actually they have done nothing of the sort. This is no fable. The facts are available for all to read. Here are extracts from the speeches of teetotal leaders that effectively prove this statement and also reveal the plot :—

"I would never use the word Prohibition. It is like a red rag to a bull. Let us go for Local Option."—*Mr. C. Terry* (United Kingdom Alliance).

The "Methodist Recorder" has frankly admitted that "the Temperance movement has become the Prohibition movement."

"Prohibition is our ultimate goal, but not our immediate goal, and we should never talk Prohibition for England."—*Dr. Chapple* (United Kingdom Alliance).

"I want a Local Option measure put on the Statute Book."—*Mrs. Moffat Clow*.

"I hope from the bottom of my heart that some time the people of England will come to Prohibition . . . and the working man will go 'dry.'"—*Lady Astor* (in the House of Commons).

"I want the abolition of the liquor trade—lock, stock, and barrel."—*Robert Crawford, M.P.*

"Local Option means Local Prohibition . . . I would close every public-house if I could. I would wipe the liquor trade out of existence."—*Rowley Elliott, M.P.*

THE SENSIBLE VIEW.

Trade organisations stand for :—

(a) Individual freedom (within the bounds of morality). The right to exercise our free choice of right or wrong, without which our actions in life can have no merit.

(b) Temperance. That is, self-control and moderation in the use of all things. We therefore believe that the moderate use of alcoholic beverages is in perfect harmony with the practice of Temperance.

(c) Abolition of drunkenness. Drunkenness is immoral; therefore, like all true promoters of Temperance, we condemn it and uphold the law which conforms with morality and punishes the man who goes to excess.

THE RIGHTS OF TRAVELLERS.

From *The Licensing World*.

The famous dictionary entry, "Snakes in Iceland," followed by the statement "There are no snakes in Iceland," is recalled when we read the correspondence in a contemporary on the subject of the rights of travellers. So far as our own country is concerned there are no rights of travellers, that is, in the sense that travellers can get their wants supplied at their own pleasure and convenience. Abroad, travellers have rights, unfettered and uncircumscribed. There are no foolish laws and insane regulations prescribing when and where a traveller may refresh himself at the inns and taverns of the country through which he is passing. There a man can eat when he is hungry and drink when he is thirsty, and that is why so many people of all countries spend their holidays in other lands than ours, refusing to be bullied in their private affairs, and preferring the social freedom of countries where licensing laws such as ours are unknown, and where men and women are treated as such and not as babes and sucklings.

FISHING WITHOUT A LICENCE.

The Bishop of Bradford, Dr. A. W. T. Perowne, who at Tenbury Wells, Worcestershire, was fined 6s. for fishing without a licence, said :

"The three small fish I caught were really rather dear, because they weighed only a little more than a pound. I have been fishing all my life, and I suppose I shall go on fishing."

"It was a case of absolute inadvertence. The fishing looked excellent, and I could not resist the temptation."

The summons was in respect of a breach of a local fishing bye-law regulating fishing in the Teme, a noted salmon and trout river.

Dr. Perowne wrote a letter to the Bench admitting his guilt and expressing regret.

The bailiff stated that he was walking by the river when he saw a man fishing on the banks. He did not know Dr. Perowne and asked him if he had a licence. Dr. Perowne replied, "No, I have not thought about one."

When he (the bailiff) said that a licence was necessary the bishop apologised and inquired where he could get one. The bishop had a trout in his basket.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

A NEW YEAR.

This number coincides with the beginning of a new financial year for H. & G. S. Ltd. Looking back we know THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE has had a good year and we all hope that the Firm has had a good year, too. We have had a preliminary visit recently from our Auditors and a good deal of "turning up things" has happened in consequence.

MR. W. A. BURTON.

Our frontispiece of last month showing a photograph of this gentleman recalled to the writer a ten days' visit (or thereabouts) he spent at the South Berks Brewery Co., Newbury, some years ago on relief duty, and if he may be allowed would like to add his tribute to Mr. Burton's unfailing geniality, kindness and charm, and, to use a well-known expression, he is a "jolly good sort." Although we only see Mr. Burton occasionally at the Brewery, everyone has heard his cheery "Good morning" and seen his sunny smile.

ANNUAL BALANCING.

September 30th ends our financial year for 1929, and the 1st October will see a goodly number of the staff starting on the balancing trek which at its "Journey's End" culminates in a pleasing state of mind, when we hear that wonderful phrase "Balanced to a ha'penny." Those cryptic words reserved for such an annual event "through the work of the 30th," reappear once again. Many of us recall with joy the good old days, or rather nights, when we used to have our tea at the Brewery on "overtime." A colleague of mine also reminds me now and again that beer used then to be "tuppence" a pint! How many can remember the cigar that was given us at the end of the day?

THE EDITOR'S MORNING SALUTATION.

Mr. C. H. Perrin greets "M.P." and myself practically every morning with the tidings "Only —— more days," this being his way of informing us the number of days we have left before he requires our monthly "copy." He starts doing this soon after the beginning of the month up to the 20th generally, which is "zero" day in the ordinary course of things. However, it so happens that he was away on holiday on the 20th of *this* month, teaching worms to swim or something of the sort. Naturally we

appreciate his enthusiasm for THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, for unless this Magazine begins to look a little ship-shape some time before publishing date we are "out" a little late and the Editor soon knows all about it.

HOLIDAYS.

Everyone at the Brewery has been remarkably lucky this year as regards the weather whilst on holiday, whether at Brighton or the Lido, and all report on their return to duty, looking brown and fit, "Lovely weather, hardly any rain," etc. It is to be hoped that everyone has benefited so that they may go through the forthcoming winter better than they did the last one, for in a good many cases weak spots were found in the armour of the Brewery personnel owing to the severity of the weather then experienced.

SPEEDING-UP.

"M.P.'s" entertaining article on the above gives rise to the following. Just across the river at the Brewery are some sheds in which the odoriferous and succulent onion is stored by the men who are known—quite erroneously, I believe—as the "Spanish Onion Men," whose stock-in-trade (besides the onions) seems to be "Verra sheep," and knowing "how many beans make five." Some of them have ideas of speeding-up apparently for they vend their wares by the aid of bicycles that may be past their prime but are nevertheless trustworthy enough to convey the riders and aforesaid "fruit" to different parts of Reading and district.

FOOTBALL.

The Reading football team are doing much better and at the moment of writing are nearly top of the League. At this stage, in former seasons, they have been at, or adjacent to, the bottom, so naturally are being praised by the Brewery critics. In fact, a certain amount of we-shall-be-in-the-First-Division-next-season feeling is in the air. We shall see. We all hope that this early promise will be maintained and that the men who are now wearing the blue and white shirts (or is it jerseys?) will have a good season and be the means of placing Reading on the map.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Mr. G. Poole (General Office) was married on the 31st August and was presented the day previous with a clock subscribed for by the Office staff. Mr. F. C. Hawkes, in a pleasing speech, made the presentation and Mr. Poole suitably replied.

The Rev. A. V. Hurley (who used to work in the Estates Office at the Brewery), the Oxford "Soccer Blue" and Corinthian footballer, who is now Deputy Governor of Portland Borstal Institution, was recently married to Miss Jenny Drummond Sansom, a well-known tennis player.

Mr. J. E. G. Rowland, one of the Firm's staff of brewers, was married on the 14th September to Miss G. E. M. West.

Sorry to say the three following gentlemen have not been in the best of health recently, viz., Mr. A. C. Kingston, Mr. W. J. Roberts and Mr. S. Murton, and we all hope they will soon improve.

A remarkable happening. Mr. J. H. Tift (Branch Office) was writing with a hard copying ink pencil when the point snapped off and lodged in the corner of his eye. He was taken to a nearby chemist and had an "eye-bath" and was advised to go to the Hospital, which he did. After attention there he returned to work apparently none the worse for his somewhat alarming experience.

We were talking one night of how foreigners quickly "pick up" English expressions and particularly our slang. A lady vouched for the following. A friend of hers whilst living in India was surprised that one of the black servants did not come to work one morning. Later on a note was received from the missing servant, which read something like this:

"Sorry I no come to work to-day for the hand that rocks the cradle has kicked the bucket."

HOME'S HEROINE.

Not any of our soldiers brave
Possess more courage true
Than Mother. Soldiers ne'er are tried
Like her a life-time through.

When trade is bad, when worries come,
She does not pine nor fret;
She simply says: "Well never mind,
'Twill all come out right yet."

When sickness comes, for days and nights,
With patience none can match,
She fights against its fatal course,
Her loved from death to snatch.

She's never tired, she ne'er complains;
Her smile is always sweet;
For courage true, the wide world through,
You'll find her hard to beat.

SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

The football season is once more with us and so far Reading are doing remarkably well, being at the time these lines are written second on the table. May good luck go with them. I'm afraid I have wandered off the track as this is supposed to be the final record of the S.B.B. Cricket Club for the 1929 season, so get out the score books and let us set off along the right trail.

Two matches of the "A's" and one of the "B's" remain to be commented upon.

The first of these was with Bradfield, who paid us a visit to Prospect Park. We had the first knock and did fairly well, thanks mainly to A. E. Croom (24) and P. James (14). The batting was fairly evenly distributed and our total amounted to 86. Our friends could not get on against the bowling of Croom and Clark, and the first six men only made 10 between them. J. Butler and R. Laford then made a stand and carried the score along to 44 before the former was bowled. Croom then took the remaining three wickets in his next over for no further runs, but did not achieve the "hat trick," and his final figures were six for 13.

Our last match was with Ipsden and as Reading F.C. were starting with a "home" match we had a job to muster a representative team. We did not win, neither did we lose, but the resulting draw was certainly in favour of our opponents.

Ipsden batted first and promptly collared the bowling, the luck not being with us at all. The first wicket fell for 30, the second at 40 and the third at 94, when W. Butcher retired with his own score at 43. The total was carried to 103 for four (five if one counts the retired man), when tea interval was called, and after that Ipsden called on us to bat. Our first wicket fell at 4, but we then gradually crept along until we were 77 for six, and "Mr. Umpire" announced that the agreed time had been reached and we had made our only draw of the season. Croom and Jelly with 16 each, and Hendy and G. Kelly (Jnr.) with 11 each, reached the double notch.

The "B's" finished off their list with a visit to Tadley, but the journey was too trying and they could only make 16 runs all told against the bowling of R. Saunders (four for 11) and A. West (five for 5). On taking their turn with the willow Tadley made 73, although Streams took three wickets in his first over. A. West made 32 and W. Rose 15 not out. Our boys were told afterwards that Tadley had not been beaten for four years. Our second string

were obviously not up to the required strength to give such a team a good run for their money, and next season matches will have to be arranged with teams against whom we have a more even chance.

Next month I hope to give a brief resumé of the season, together with the full list of averages for both teams.

J.W.J.

We are now entering on what is known as the "Club Season" and the Committee have long since been considering the Winter Programme.

It is hoped that the Departmental Tournaments will create the usual interest and enthusiasm, as these are the foremost events for bringing the various departments together for a very friendly and enjoyable evening. The matches for this month are as follows:

Friday, October 4th	...	The Rest v. Cellars.
" "	11th	Transport v. Coopers.
" "	18th	Cellars v. Building.
" "	25th	Transport v. The Rest.

Then we have the Billiards Handicap of 100 up which is now being formed, for which the first prize is, as usual, offered by Mr. C. W. Stocker; also the Annual Dinner, when we look forward to having several of our Directors with us; the Children's Xmas Treat; and Home and Home Tournaments with other Clubs.

Other events will be arranged as the opportunities arise and which the Committee are always alive to take up.

Any suggestions for Social events are always welcomed and carefully considered by the Committee.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The captain of a small trading vessel wanted to land some contraband at a certain port. Approaching the Customs officer, he said, "Joe, if I put a ros. note over each eye, could ye see?"

"I could not," said Joe. "And if I had one in me mouth I couldn't speak."

* * * *

Mary had not heard from Bill for a long time. Months passed, and finally there arrived on her doorstep a very large box. Mary fainted when she read the label. It said, "Bill inside."

STAG HUNTING ON EXMOOR.

Many articles have recently been published in the press *re* the above, so the writer who has been spending a holiday at Minehead, in Somerset, accepted an invitation to attend a meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds at Cloutsham.

Leaving Minehead at 9.30 a.m. we proceed by road through the quaint old town of Dunster, with the old Yarn Market, built in 1609, in the foreground, and on past the Farmhouse (which may be of interest to cinema patrons), where "The Farmer's Wife" was filmed, to Wheddon Cross, the highest village in Somerset, through Dunkery Hillgate to Cloutsham with Dunkery Beacon in the background, crowned with its cairn of stones, 1,707 feet above the sea level.

Here the Master, Colonel Wiggin, with the huntsman, Ernest Bowden, and about twenty-five couples of hounds await the rest of the field (between three and four hundred riders). The huntsman having kennelled the pack inside the farm, he selects four or five couples of hounds as tufters (or, in other words, to rouse the deer). They are taken to the thick plantation between Webbers Post (a well-known landmark this) and the village of Luccombe, where three stags are reported to have been seen. Shortly afterwards one is viewed going away towards Hanney Combe, but hounds are stopped and taken back to try conclusions with a much larger brother. After much skirmishing about the Master decides to send for the rest of the pack, and to a thrilling "View Halloa" at the end of the plantation and the huntsman's cry of "Hark forrard," the big dog hounds crash through the thick undergrowth, across the heather and fern (now looking at its best) into the valley below, and up the Combe below Cloutsham Farm. The quarry (or, as the Cockney was heard to say, the animal with a hurdle on his head) is viewed up over the thick wooded part and across Parsonage Side he goes. He now turns right-handed, down again in the Horner Valley. Here the stag takes to the water (almost a sure sign the end is near) and close to Horner Farm he is finally accounted for, and at 1.30 p.m. Ernest sounds the "Mort," and so ends another day with the "Devon and Somerset."

N.B.—The carcase of the deer is taken into the farm, the venison being distributed among the farmers in the district, the Master claiming the head.

S.H.J.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Difficulties are ladders for thinking men.

Go as far as you can see and then see how far you can go.

Intellect is not speaking and logicising ; it is seeing and ascertaining.

Is it not strange that men should be so ready to fight for religion and so reluctant to obey its precepts ?

Make a crutch of your cross.

People who are too sharp cut their own fingers.

Look for the best in everybody and your discoveries will surprise you.

Nature takes as much pains in forming a beggar as an emperor.

Never write what you dare not sign.

People who are always taking care of their health are like misers who are hoarding up a treasure which they have never spirit enough to enjoy.

Sport is the bloom and glow of perfect health.

Study to be what you wish to seem.

Success tempts many to their doom.

The cure for false theology is mother wit.

The most certain sign of wisdom is continual cheerfulness.

The more we do, the more we can do ; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have.

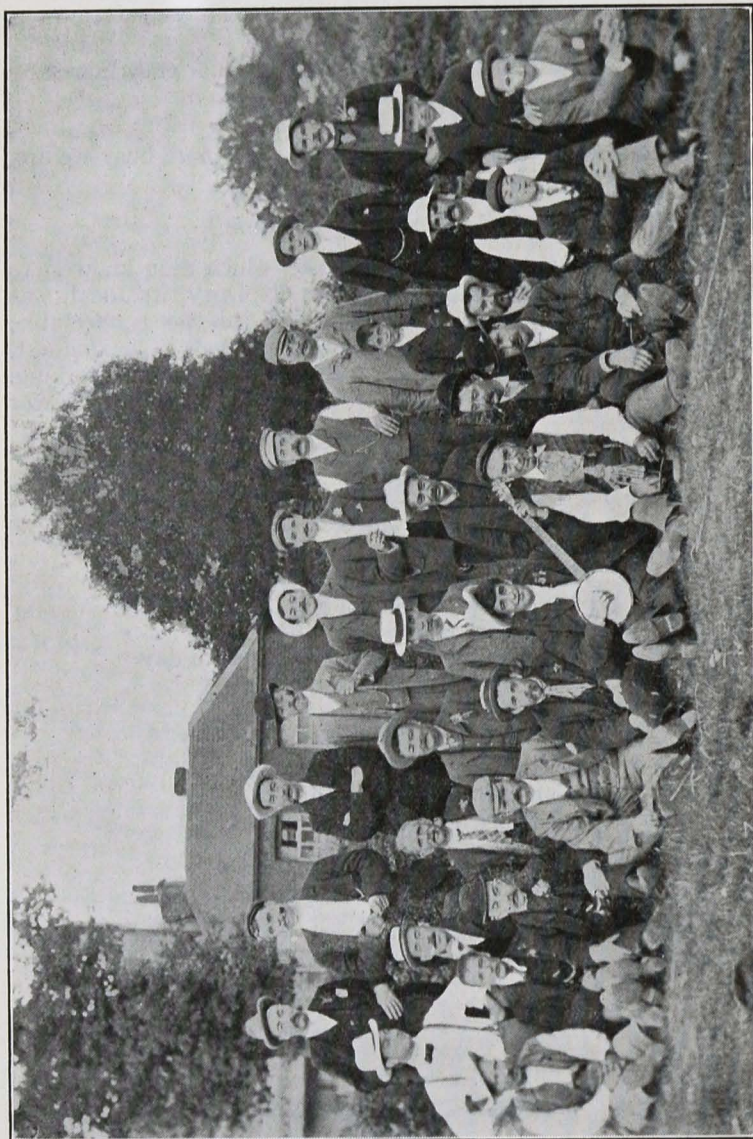
Do the Duty which lieth nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a Duty. The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal : work it out therefrom ; and working, believe, live, be free. The Ideal is in thyself.—CARLYLE, Sartor Resartus.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward ;
We climb like Corals, grave by grave,
That pave a pathway sunward.
We are driven back, for our next fray
A newer strength to borrow,
And, where the Vanguard camps to-day
The Rear shall rest to-morrow.

Beer, happy produce of our isle,
Can sinewy strength impart,
And wearied by fatigue and toil,
Can cheer each manly heart.

Whatever your opponents may be or say, treat them as gentlemen.





Building Department Outing years ago when a visit was paid to the Victoria Arms, Binfield.
Mr. C. Gunn, who is seen standing fourth from the right, was the landlord.

CURIOUS INCIDENT AT THE OVAL.

Although the South African cricketers did not achieve a great deal of success in their series of Test matches in England, they have impressed everybody with whom they came into contact by their excellent spirit of sportsmanship. They have the satisfaction of having many pleasant memories upon which to dwell, and there is not the slightest doubt that they made a popular appeal to the cricket and sport-loving public of the British Isles.

The concluding scenes of their last Test match, played at The Oval, were unusually remarkable. Members of the South African team indulged in friendly rivalry to secure possession of single stumps as souvenirs of their memorable visit. I doubt if anyone can ever recall a similar incident in connection with the national game. Those stumps will be treasured for many years.

There was, however, even something more startling and revolutionary. The crowd of Britishers would not be content until Deane addressed them from the pavilion. After he, with his natural modesty, had appeased their appetites they suddenly developed another one which only the appearance of Carr, the English captain, could satisfy. After these informal speeches the South African captain made more history. He reappeared with a small cricket bat and before throwing it among the crowd he made it perfectly clear what it was all about. "Here is a souvenir for you. Whoever catches the bat can have it."

It does not require much imagination to picture what a gigantic struggle there was to secure possession of the small piece of willow. It was eventually retained by the man who actually caught it, and he turned out to be Mr. G. V. Edge, a visitor from New Zealand. On the bat were inscribed the names of the team, and you could not buy the bat from Mr. Edge no matter how much you offered him.

BISHOP AND HIS DOG.

DIOCESAN LETTER TRIBUTE.

The Bishop of St. Albans, Dr. Furse, in his diocesan letter states that his dog Peter is dead. He says:

"I cannot close without a word about a dear friend and most constant understanding companion of my wife and myself in Africa and England of some 14 years' standing who has now passed on.

"The last year or so he aged a good deal in body, but never in spirit. We knew we could not have him with us much longer, but

we both looked forward to one more holiday with him, for he had the holiday spirit as much as any human being I have ever known.

"He slept in my dressing-room, and when he saw me put on golfing clothes he would never let me out of his sight until the time came to be off for play. Later 18 holes were a bit too much for him, so when we came to the turn he would just walk back to the car and wait.

"Whatever time I got back home at night he would be there to welcome me just as if he had not seen me for months, and if by chance he had gone upstairs to bed when he heard me come in down he would come and not go to bed again until I did.

"A very big heart and a little gentleman. He leaves a great gap in the home, but, my goodness! we have a lot to thank God for to have had such a friend for all these years.

DEWARISMS.

"A brain-worker of to-day is one who is trying to maintain a motor car without having to raise a mortgage on his house."

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless lawyers mourn—for more of it."

"The first intimation of broadcasting in the Bible was given when Adam gave a spare part which developed into a loud speaker."

"Clothes may not make a man—but well-cut clothes keep some men out of prison."

"The man who does nothing 'does' somebody."

"In the past we used to look to the future. To-day we look to the tax collector."

"Some men electrify their audience. Others only gas them."

"Where there's a will—there's a lawsuit."

"The slowest motion picture to-day is represented by the taxi-driver undressing himself endeavouring to find change."

"If you want to take the conceit out of a man lead him to a mirror in his bathing suit."

"Train up a housemaid in the way she should go—and the first thing you know she's gone!"

"Avoid the pessimist—he always grumbles because there is not enough gloom to go round."

"We have been making laws for a thousand years, but we have not yet been able to beat the Ten Commandments."

ENGLAND A SOBER NATION.

BIG DECREASE IN DRUNKENNESS.

LICENSING FIGURES FOR 1928.

GROWTH OF CLUBS.

The licensing statistics for England and Wales for 1928, which have been issued by the Home Office as a Blue Book (H.M. Stationery Office, Cmd. 3,393, price 3s. 6d. net), show a very marked decrease in the number of convictions for drunkenness as compared with the previous year. The total was 55,642, a level which had only previously been lower in the two war years of 1917 and 1918, when millions of men were serving with the Forces abroad, and supplies of alcoholic liquor for the home population were drastically curtailed.

60 PER CENT. DROP IN 15 YEARS.

In 1913 the number of convictions recorded was 188,877, but there was a sharp decline between 1914 and 1918, until in the last year of this period the figures had fallen to 29,075. In 1919 the convictions, under more normal conditions, rose to 76,988, and in 1924 they numbered 79,082. Since then there has been a yearly decrease, and that for the year under review is 9,524, or 14.6 per cent. on the 1927 total of 65,166. Decreases occurred in every month of 1928 except February. In England the convictions decreased by 9,034, and in Wales there was a decrease of 490. Alike in England and Wales, the statistics show that some 60 per cent. of the total arrests leading to convictions for drunkenness took place at week-ends. In England (excluding Monmouthshire) the figures for Sunday are 9 per cent. and Monday 12 per cent., while for Wales and Monmouthshire, in which there is Sunday closing, the corresponding figures are 5 per cent. on Sunday and 14 per cent. on Monday.

The distribution of convictions between males and females was 46,798 in the case of males and 8,844 in the case of females. The male convictions represented 40 per 10,000 and those of females 7 per 10,000 of the population aged twenty-one years and upwards. Under the provisions of the Criminal Justice Act, 1925, 1,254 convictions were recorded for drunkenness while in charge of a mechanically-propelled vehicle. The figure compares with 1,438 similar convictions in 1927.

Cases of convictions for drunkenness reported to have been due to the drinking of methylated spirit increased by 4 per cent., from 428 in 1927 to 446 last year. The largest number of convictions (49) for one area was in Liverpool.

FEWER ON-LICENCES.

The net decrease in on-licences in 1928 is expected to reach a total of 470. Three hundred and ninety-seven renewals of licences were refused with compensation; three were refused without compensation, and according to provisional figures 222 licences lapsed from various causes. To set against this total of 622, new licences were granted to the number of 152. The number of on-licences on January 1, 1928, in England and Wales was 78,803, as compared with 103,341 in 1895, ten years before the provisions of the Licensing Act, 1904, with regard to the extinction of redundant licences, came into operation. The estimated net decrease of 470 during the year would reduce the total to 78,333 at the beginning of 1929. While the yearly decrease since 1907 has shown a gradual decline, the Blue-book states that it must not be overlooked that during the same period the population has increased. In 1928 there was one on-licence for every 501 persons.

While the reduction of on-licences proceeds there has been a steady increase in the number of clubs. Over the whole period since 1904 clubs have increased by 6,404, as compared with a decrease in on-licences of 20,675. There were 12,775 registered clubs at the beginning of 1928, and it is estimated that during the year the number was further increased by about 347. Since 1924 the number of off-licences has also shown a small increase from 22,135 to 22,189.

THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY RACE.

In view of the great interest shown by everyone in this greatest air race of the world, and considering the extensive preparations made, it is surprising that such perfect weather resulted. Our climate seems to take a delight in upsetting our arrangements, but for once it decided to be patriotic and not to spoil our sport or our chances in this international contest.

The day was beautiful, sunny and warm. Possibly there was too much glare upon the calm surface of the sea, but the visibility was good, and one could see for miles. From East Cowes, although a view of the whole course was not attainable, the greatest thrills of the race could be seen, for the destroyer bearing the black and yellow checked pylon which marked the sharpest turning point of the whole race lay out in the roads. There were, too, yachts of all shapes and sizes bunched together, and also there could be seen the mighty bulks of a great P. and O. liner, the battleship *Iron Duke*, and the great aircraft-carrier *H.M.S. Furious*. The coloured dresses of women showed up on these floating grandstands and in the distance the white sheds of Calshot gleamed.

At two o'clock a puff of smoke and the distant boom of a gun made us aware of the commencement of the race. Over by Calshot a speck of foam on the water which changed into a dot soaring over the anchored vessels showed us that Waghorn was in the air. Away he streaked and disappeared behind the trees in the direction of Ryde, from whence he made his flying start. A few minutes later he reappeared, having almost completed his first lap of 31 miles. As he flew over the shores of the mainland his great speed became visible, and so fast did he go that it appeared as if he piloted a soundless machine, whilst his engine could be heard coming up behind.

Then as he approached the turning point he slackened speed, heeled over until he almost stood upon his port wing-tip, and then slid round with the smoke belching from his exhaust. Almost at once he regained speed and roared past with the sun glinting on the blue and silver paint.

Three such laps he completed when upon the firing of another gun the Italian, Dal Molin, in his blood-red plane, started off. Round he came in his turn with Waghorn close upon his heels, and then in the next lap, amid tumultuous cheering, Waghorn's slender racer overtook the Italian and screamed ahead.

With his last lap completed, Waghorn came round the mark-boat with his propellor just ticking over, and glided slowly down upon the water.

Next up was Greig, our old hero in the veteran plane, S.5. Round he flashed behind the others, turning beautifully and flying high. After him came the Italian, Cadringer, and he it was who provided perhaps the greatest thrill of any. Approaching the turning point he flew far past it before changing his course, and this brought him low over the spectators' heads with an ear-splitting roar. Twice he did this and then he appeared no more, having been brought down by engine trouble.

Next in the air was Atcherly, who, although disqualified on account of his failure to round the mark off Bembridge properly, achieved the greatest speed of any in the race. He had a novel way of getting round the marks. Flying low, he rose as he approached them, turned, and then gathered speed in a mad dive.

Last came the Italian, Monti, but he completed only one lap when a broken fuel pipe forced him down, badly burned.

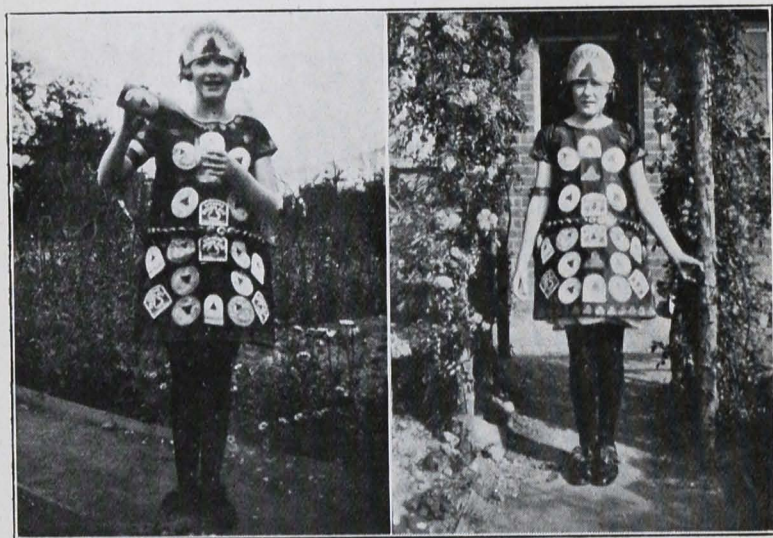
Thus Atcherly was left to finish alone, and at last, upon completing his seventh lap, he glided down towards Calshot to be picked up by a motor boat. And so, after barely fifty minutes it

was all over. The race had been won again by Britain, and the trophy had not left our hands. The watching crowds after having finally inspected the score-boards drifted away to tea, whilst the traffic out on the waters was resumed.

It is almost unbelievable that those flashing dots moved at such colossal speeds, and people will remember to their dying day the thrill of that race.

Yet, although we honour Waghorn and his team for their fine efforts, we must not forget the fight put up by the heroic yet unfortunate Italians.

ERIC KIRBY.



Miss M. Cobby, of 2, Newlands Cottages, as she appeared at the Fancy Dress Ball, Bear Wood, last season.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

EQUITATION INSTRUCTOR: "What! You ain't ridden before?"

NERVOUS CAVALRY RECRUIT: "No, sir."

EQUITATION INSTRUCTOR: "Well, 'ere's a 'orse what's never been ridden before, so you can both start together."

* * * *

A man left his umbrella in the stand at an hotel. Being a cautious person he attached to it a note, saying: "This umbrella belongs to a man who can give a punch like the kick of a mule. He will be back soon." On returning he missed the umbrella, but his eye fell on a card pinned above the place where the umbrella had been. On the card was written: "This card was left by a man who can run twenty miles an hour. He won't be coming back at all."

* * * *

A chorus girl was a guest at a smart party, and was pleased to find that an old flame of hers—a man with a title—was also present. She decided to pique him by treating him with lofty contempt, and upon being introduced by their hostess, looked at him with studied indifference, and murmured: "Sorry I did not get your name."

"No," was the tart reply, "I know you didn't. But that wasn't your fault. You tried hard enough."

* * * *

An old gentleman entered a barber's shop the other day, and owing to his hair being rather thin on top, he remarked to the barber: "Look here, you ought to cut my hair cheaper, as there's nothing much to cut."

"In your case, sir," said the barber, "we don't charge for cutting your hair at all. What we charge for is having to look for it."

* * * *

The early morning bus from Croydon to London was crowded. In the front seat sat a small man, and when he was approached for his fare it was evident that he was in something of a fix. Eventually he had to inform the conductor that he had left his purse at home and all that he could tender for a penny ride was a three-halfpenny stamp.

The conductor accepted this with reluctance and turning to the next traveller he said with sarcasm: "And wot 'ave you brought, a couple of jam jars?"

An old lady stepped up to the captain and asked why the ship had stopped. "Can't get along on account of the fog," he replied. "But I can see the stars overhead," said the old lady. "Yes," replied the captain, "but we are not going that way, unless the boilers bust."

* * * *

Never before had there been such commotion in the little flat, and the most excited person present was the sister of the young mother who had just presented her husband with twins. Auntie was wildly delighted at being auntie in a double sense, and rushed to the post office for stamps to spread the great tidings.

"Stamps," she jerked, as she reached the counter.

"How many, miss?" inquired the clerk. "Two," she said, joyously.

"What kind?" "A boy and a girl," she returned rapturously.

* * * *

Overheard at the Zoological Gardens:

CHILD: "That's a heagle, muvver."

MOTHER: "You higorant child, that's a howl."

KEEPER: "Excuse me, miss, but you're both wrong. It's a nawk."

* * * *

The whole regiment knew that the colonel was a bad horseman, and when the order to move off was given, the band struck up the regimental march.

The colonel's horse was not fond of music, and everybody was interested in its antics—so interested that the front rank of the first company bunched up in the middle.

"Ease off," shouted the captain of the first company.

"No 'e ain't," shouted a recruit, "but 'e soon will be."

* * * *

"H'm," the optician murmured, "you say these glases I gave you have not improved your sight? You still see what you call spots before the eyes?"

"That's right, sir," his client replied, "although I must admit that since I wore the glasses, I can see 'em much clearer than before!"

It is pointed out that many war-time restrictions remain in force to-day. In Scotland, for instance, the "No-Treating" Order is still faithfully observed.

* * * *

A Scotsman accused of being drunk was stated to have been offering to give money away. In the face of this overwhelming evidence he pleaded guilty.

* * * *

In Peterborough a sheep jumped through a smoke-room window. Evidently mistook it for a baa parlour.

* * * *

During a mutiny on a rum-running ship from Bermuda the crew threw overboard 17,000 cases of spirits—whisky and splash.

* * * *

A small restaurant was kept by a man who prided himself on his cooking. He was amazed to hear a young salesman criticize a pie one day.

"Pie, young feller? Why, I made pies before you were born."

"Well, why sell 'em now?"

* * * *

Two friends who had been married about the same time met in the street after a lapse of several months. One asked the other how he liked married life.

"Fine," was the reply, "my wife's a perfect angel."

"You always were lucky," said the other, "I've still got mine!"

* * * *

"Americans make bad confidants," remarked a well-known psychologist recently. Yet most of them can keep a secret still.

* * * *

Witness at Tower Bridge: "When I stopped him and told him he had no rear light he came down, looked behind the lorry, and said, 'Darn the rear light; where's the trailer?'"

* * * *

A Schoolmistress was conducting an examination in mathematics. Turning to a bright-eyed Scot of six, she asked, suddenly: "Johnny, what's three times eight?"

Like lightning came the reply: "Twenty-four."

"Very good, Johnny, very good indeed," said the teacher.

"Very good?" said Johnny, contemptuously. "Dammit, it's pair-r-fect!"



H. Killford, a popular member of the Estates Dept. Staff, on holiday "bent."

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

THE LORD MAYOR.

By the unanimous choice of the Portsmouth City Council, Mr. J. E. Smith, J.P., C.C., the first Lord Mayor of the City to hold office for an entire year and the first Salvationist Lord Mayor ever elected anywhere, is to serve in that capacity for another twelve months. He and the Lady Mayoress have won golden opinions on all hands, and are as popular with the Service element as with the civic. Portsmouth is to be congratulated on having secured their acceptance of a renewal of office.

Councillor Smith is a business man with strongly developed local patriotism, who knows right well how to conduct the affairs of the community at this critical transition time, when the Navy and Dockyard are declining and Portsmouth has to look round for other sources of revenue if it is to live and flourish. The enhanced attractiveness of Southsea this summer, particularly in the matter of the illumination of the sea front and the Common, owes much to his initiative. He is in constant touch with local public affairs in general, and it will not be his fault if the officials and workmen of Portsmouth who may be dispossessed of their appointments and their incomes by Dockyard reductions in the near future fail to be treated by the Government of the day with the generosity that the peculiar nature of their case deserves.

On the social side the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress are never found wanting. They have the happy knack of making their guests, whether local, national or international, feel at home, and give them the sort of entertainment to which they are accustomed, showing real broadmindedness in the process. The name of "Smith" is much and deservedly honoured throughout this great and growing city.

THE CITY SPREADING OUT.

This growth of Portsmouth, by the way, is quite remarkable, and has by no means reached its limit yet. Even ratepayers' associations, bodies of inveterate grumblers as they are apt to be, find themselves at times forced to admit the forethought and enterprise of the City Fathers. Like Balaam of old, one of these associations will now and again set out to curse and remain to bless. This is partly because the Council rejoices in some spokesmen who may be trusted to take care of its interests. They are frank

speakers, downright and forthright, not at all of the meek, martyr breed. They bring chapter and verse for their contention that the Council is doing its best with the means at its disposal, and is quite economical. When grumbling ratepayers hit out, these Councillors hit back. They have been known to put a querulous ratepayers' association on the defensive; and one of these associations on the defensive is a sight for the gods.

What is happening? The advantages of absorption into Portsmouth, when weighed against the disadvantages, turn the scale with a bound. Cosham is glad enough to have come in a few years ago. In the matters of education, policing, housing sanitation, road approach and whatnot, Cosham has improved out of knowledge: and for all these benefits not Cosham, but Portsmouth in general, has paid. The Parish of Farlington stayed out, suspicious and fearful. Now, Farlington is almost part of Cosham, but it chose to be left alone by Portsmouth, and left alone it has been in all the matters mentioned; for the City Council is indifferent and the Rural Council slow to act. A galling reflection for the Farlington people is that they are paying rates at least as high as if they were living in Portsmouth under up-to-date conditions. A still more galling reflection is that they have themselves to blame. The residential district of Drayton, in Farlington Parish, has now voted for absorption. Portsmouth's reply is that Drayton must wait, for these big gulps of territory must be followed in each case by time for digestion.

Hayling Island would like to come in, too, and Havant on the one side and Portchester on the other are chewing the end of the same idea. It seems pretty certain that Portsmouth is destined to grow amazingly yet, and is to become one of the biggest cities in the country.

SOUTHSEA AS NEST-EGG.

The remarkable thing is that this expansion should be underway, when it seems inevitable that further disarmament on a big scale must come, with the inevitable sequel of a further great cutting down of Portsmouth's main source of revenue in the past. One can only account for the seeming paradox by acknowledging that the affairs of the city, the vital decisions that must take place for its future, are in the right hands—in the hands of men who refuse to admit that Portsmouth's star is setting, who believe that when one door shuts another will open, and who are pushing it open.

Southsea is the new door. While Portsmouth went on in its old and more or less jog-trot way, relying for its livelihood on

the fact that it was the premier naval port and an important garrison town—what need was there for any worry or much provision?—Southsea was there, to be sure, and was growing up, like Topsy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but Southsea was left very much to look after itself. When, however, the garrison was reduced to a shadow of its former self and the axe began to fall with great and growing insistence on the port, the official eye of Portsmouth became concentrated more and more on Southsea as the nest-egg of the future.

A large portion of the big, breezy Common—a hinterland that other watering-places might envy—was purchased from the War Office and promptly converted into a thing of beauty. Money was spent freely in order that more money might be attracted, conferences were invited and fresh provision was made for sport and entertainment. Southsea, in fact, was awakened, and proved to be the veritable Sleeping Beauty. She will never be allowed to go to sleep again.

GIBRALTAR.

The rains have commenced, and this is September. Are we in for a long winter? However, the rain will do good. We need it as drinking water as well as to clear the air. It is to be hoped that the mosquito will now retire to his dug-out and give us a rest from his continual buzzing and stinging.

Nothing exciting has happened during August, only just a fire or two. One sees the same old flower-girl, the same vegetable vendors, taxi drivers and shops, day after day. Five years of this is a long, long time, longer than any ordinary five years.

The Orient fortnightly mail steamer brings in goodly numbers of emigrants. They are full of vigour and spirits. Such spirits should help them along in the land of their choice.

We must congratulate the 27th Battery, Royal Artillery, on winning the Company Cricket Cup.

Our congratulations are also extended to i/c S.S.M. W. A. B. Bartholomew and to S.Q.M.S. W. Jay on promotion: the former to commissioned rank (Quartermaster), the latter to W.O. Class 1.

A hearty welcome is extended to the ship's company of *H.M.S. Whitshed* which has arrived here. A very cheery company! We hope that they will have a pleasant time during their stay.

There have been some wonderful water-polo matches between the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers. Two good teams! They kept the crowds of spectators on tenterhooks during the games. The R.E. combination was particularly good, and in Sergeant Pulford the R.A. have an excellent player; his shooting is a marvel of accuracy and strength.

The R.A.S.C. Sergeants' Mess runs some pleasant whist drives and dances every Saturday fortnight. The whist fiends arrive in their numbers, some with whist faces and others without. It is really too hot for dancing, but one forgets the heat in the excitement of the moment. A "small top," and it is on with the dance again.

We hear that the Gibraltar Operatic and Dramatic Society are producing the musical play "The Rebel Maid" this winter, and that Staff Sergeant Kendall, R.A.S.C., of "Brighter Braltar" fame is to have a leading part. Staff Sergeant Kendall is a fine vocalist.

Information reaches us that some of our old friends of the East Surrey Regiment are keen on gardening and mushrooming. We understand that they are having quite a gay time in the Military Village of Catterick, making their own recreation grounds. Now digging, especially in cold weather, is a good exercise, tending to promote warmth, and a general feeling of well-being. In providing the East Surrey Regiment with such excellent back-aching employment, the authorities are to be congratulated. After all, some one has to be the pioneer.

To those of our readers who are familiar with the old "Rock," we might mention that all the places of interest are now being indicated by painting, in large letters, the particular Bastion, Front, etc., which they represent in the Fortress. This is, we understand, particularly for the information of visitors, and it is a happy thought.

This old fortress should be of particular interest to visitors, and it is indeed helpful to them to have places of interest clearly indicated for their information.

The burning question is, who is going home on the first trooper? Some want to get out of 'Gib. as quickly as possible, and *must* have a passage on the first boat, others are not so keen, preferring to arrive in the United Kingdom when the worst of the winter is over. But who will go on the first boat has not yet been decided. All concerned are showing remarkable patience, however. At the same time, the ladies are particularly nice to the individuals who have something to do with these moves. The languishing looks!

BRIGHTON.

With the break of the wonderful sunny weather we have enjoyed this summer, a record holiday time for Brighton has now practically come to an end. Since the middle of July, Brighton has been crowded with visitors, more especially on the sea front where motor coaches have brought in hundreds daily. To these are added those who come by rail for a longer stay, and which of course the boarding house keepers and hoteliers more particularly welcome. From a business point of view we wish this influx would continue for the twelve months.

The new Aquarium has been a great attraction for visitors, and always looking ahead for attractions for them, the Corporation have a scheme in hand for a bathing pool to cost some £175,000, but this project may not go through. If it does, it will do away with Volks' Electric Railway along the coast, which we believe was the first of its kind in England.

On September 14th we again supplied the malt liquors to Messrs. Boyce & Son, who catered at the Findon Sheep Fair, near Worthing. To this fair sheep are sent from long distances, and more were penned this year than ever, some 11,000 keeping the auctioneers busy.

The Sussex County Cricket Club made history at the end of a successful season by their sensational defeat of Yorkshire at Hove, which match will be long remembered.

Football is now in full swing, and Brighton & Hove Albion are beginning to show goal-scoring powers. We shall not be satisfied until we see Second Division football on the Hove ground.

During the holiday season, we have had the pleasure of seeing many members of the staff from Reading and Branches, and some pleasant friendships renewed.

These wise people, choosing Brighton for their holiday, looked as though the sun and sea air had given their complexions a lasting healthy hue.

MY TRIP TO SWITZERLAND.

One evening during last winter I visited a friend and the conversation turned to summer holidays. My friend showed me some views of Switzerland and told me of the charm of the "Playground of Europe." I was so impressed by his conversation that I decided to take a trip during my next holiday. I sent to Messrs. George Lunn's Tours Ltd., of London, who supplied me with their

"Holidays Abroad, 1929." This interesting book, full of information upon continental travel, made me decide upon a ten day Lucerne Tour. Having decided to take advantage of the long days in June, we, my wife and I, started our trip on June 11th. Taking the boat train from Brighton we were on board the S.S. *Paris*, at Newhaven, by eleven o'clock. This gave us a pick of position on the boat before the arrival of the London train. Messrs. George Lunn's representative came aboard and introduced himself and saw to our comfort, then on the London train's arrival gave us over to the representative who was taking us through to Lucerne. The day was fine, and the boat made a fine crossing, doing the trip well under schedule time. During the crossing the sea was as calm as a lake and we never saw anyone suffering from sea-sickness. Having arrived at Dieppe we were quickly landed, passed through customs, and on board the Paris train awaiting us. Leaving Dieppe at 15.24 we had a beautiful run to Paris arriving at St. Lazare at 17.58. Messrs. George Lunn's representatives were awaiting us and escorted the various parties to awaiting char-a-bancs: Paris and the south in one, and Montreaux, Lugano and Lucerne in another. Our party was driven to a restaurant opposite D'Est Station where we enjoyed dinner, at which we had a bottle of Chateau du Pupi, a fine red Rhone wine of character. We then proceeded to D'Est Station and were put on board the Bale train, compartments being especially reserved for "Lunn's Party." We were able to hire pillows for 3 francs each for the night journey. Leaving Paris at 21.15 we were soon well on our journey eastwards. We found great comfort in putting on our slippers and occasionally walking the corridor. Our first stop was Troyes where we obtained some excellent hot coffee. The next stop was Belfort, a well known name during the late war. Then on till we arrived at Bale at 5.52. Here we passed through the Swiss customs and partook of rolls and coffee at the station buffet. After a walk around we boarded the train at 7.20 and arrived at Lucerne at 8.48 after a delightful journey. At the station we were met by the hotel porter and conveyed to our hotel. Having decided to stop at "Hotel Felsberg" we found an excellent view of the lake with the mountains in the background from our windows. After lunch we rested, then down to promenade under the chestnut trees along the lakeside. Having arrived on Wednesday, June 12th, we decided to take advantage of a trip to the top of "Pilatus" next day. We started out, with mist and rain, for the Pier where the lake steamer took us to Alpnachstad to commence our journey up "Pilatus," 6,993 feet above sea level. This railway was built in 1888 and is one of the boldest conceptions of civil engineering; its rack railway climbs gradients up to 48 per cent. After an hour and twenty minutes journey we reached the top, but were disappointed owing to the mist obscuring our view. We took lunch, then the party engaged

in dancing and buying souvenirs. We then commenced our journey down the mountain and when half way down, the mist having cleared, we got out of the train and were charmed with the views obtained. In one place we were above the rainbows, which added to the splendour. On reaching the bottom we took tea and then proceeded back to Lucerne in time for dinner.

The following day, Friday, turned out beautiful, so we decided to go to Engelberg in the afternoon. We proceeded along the shores of Lake Lucerne to Stans, thence through idyllic and characteristic mountain villages, passing high above the foaming river Aa to Engelberg. We visited the church of the Benedictine monastery, founded in 1120, which is the most beautifully decorated in Europe. The view from Engelberg is grand, the "Titlis," 10,627 feet, dominating the valley. After tea we proceeded on our downward journey and arrived back at our hotel for dinner.

The following day, Saturday, two friends from Brighton arrived, so after lunch we took the tram to Sonnenberg, the latter part of the journey being done by funicular. The view of Lucerne and the surrounding country—being a clear day—was wonderful. We had an hour's walk through the pine forest to Gutsch. As the weather now seemed settled we decided to go to Grindelwald next day. We proceeded on a fascinating motor tour over the Brunig Pass to Meiringen for a visit to the wild and romantic "Gorge of the Aare," one of the wonders of Europe. Then on to Interlaken where we had our first view of the classic "Jungfrau," 13,667 feet high. We then proceeded to Lauterbrunnen and saw the beautiful "Staubbach Falls," then on to the unique "Trummelbach Falls," the most wonderful falls in Europe. Here we partook of a fine lunch, and a bottle of Asti, a sparkling Italian wine. We then resumed our journey to Grindelwald where fine views of the upper glaciers were obtained. Our homeward journey took us back through Interlaken, a fine town, over the Brunig Pass to Lucerne.

The following day, Monday, we started on the famous and most wonderful drive in Europe, to the great "Rhone Glacier." Starting from the Eden Hotel at seven in the morning we followed the lake to Weggis and Brunnlen, then proceeded along the famous Axenstrasse to Fluelen, then to Altdorf where the famous William Tell monument stands. We then started the mountain climb to the St. Gothard Pass with its famous tunnel, over the Devil's Bridge, passing the Russian monument and a bridge built by Napoleon's troops during the French Army's crossing of the Alps. Andermatt, Hospental and Realp were passed, then the last climb, the "Furka Pass," 8,000 feet high, and arrived at the Hotel

Belvedere where lunch was taken. After lunch we went into the Rhone Glacier, a grotto having been cut out, and viewing this most wonderful sight we were forced to make the return journey over the same ground as the "Grimsel Pass" was not open, being snowbound. Still, the return was very interesting and the mountain flowers were glorious.

The following day, Tuesday, we visited the Glaciers Gardens, Lion Monument, the Bridge of Death and various places of interest in Lucerne. Having to return on Wednesday by the 21.5 train, we had a restful day by hiring a small boat on the lake. We were taken by car in good time to the station and were soon once again on our homeward journey. As is generally the case, the return journey quickly passed and we arrived in Paris very fit and were escorted by Messrs. Lunn's man to St. Lazare Station and put on the boat train for Dieppe. The train being late we were quickly aboard the boat, the *S.S. Paris*, and again made an excellent crossing, arriving Newhaven 16.40 and Brighton 18.2 With thankful hearts we look forward to another such holiday in that wonderful country.

N.V.D.



The Aquarium, Brighton.

OXFORD.

This being the third anniversary of the inauguration of our ever increasingly popular HOP LEAF GAZETTE we wish it, and also all concerned with its production, many happy returns.

All at Oxford wish to express their sincere, if tardy, sympathy with Messrs. J. W. Jelly and A. T. Walsh in their recent bereavements.

We are sorry to hear that a humble bee succeeded in putting "Chub" out of countenance; judging by what we have seen of him on the cricket field we assert that the bee succeeded in doing more than lots of bowlers have failed to accomplish.

Mr. Chas. Purvey, who is employed at our Bottling Stores, was the victim of a nasty accident some weeks ago and as a result has been a patient at the Radcliffe Infirmary for some time. He is now convalescent and called to see us at the office yesterday, telling us that he will be glad to be at work again soon.

We note from the September HOP LEAF GAZETTE that a char-a-banc trip was recently arranged by which the patrons of "The Bugle" enjoyed an outing to Steventon.

Now we don't possess a "Bugle" at Oxford and further we hope that we shall not be accused of blowing our own trumpet when we venture to suggest that on the occasion of their next outing the "buglers" will extend their trip and visit our old city, which is not much farther along the road.

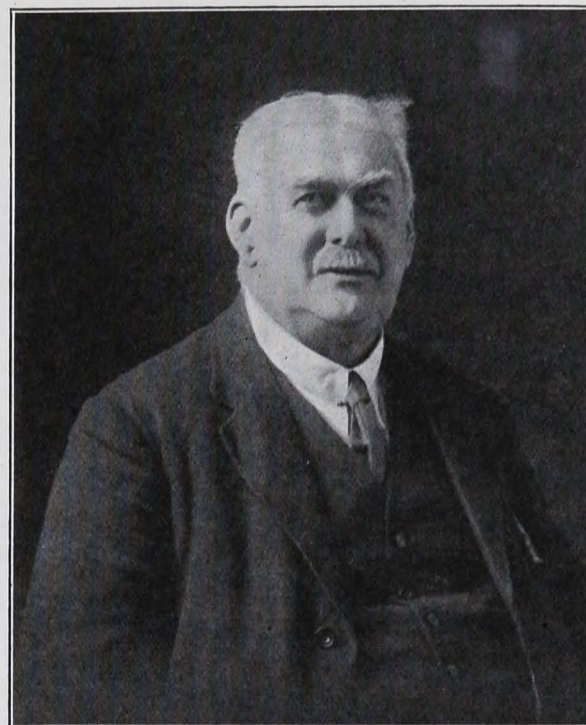


WOKING.

We at the Woking Depot very heartily wish "Many Happy Returns" to our HOP LEAF GAZETTE, which with this issue celebrates its third birthday. Eagerly looked forward to by all readers and contributors alike, it is a bright and cheery production, and has firmly established itself in the hearts of a great number of Club members and well-wishers throughout this district. That it is a cementing link between all members of the "Hop Leaf" family has been amply proved time and time again. Warmest congratulations and best wishes for the future are associated with our sincere birthday greetings.

As is usual at this season of the year we have quite a number of agricultural shows and ploughing matches to cater for, the first of which was the 92nd annual event promoted by the Chertsey Agricultural Association, held at Fan Court Estate, Lyne, on Wednesday, September 18th, by kind permission of the President (Sir E. D. Stern, Bart., D.L.). Ploughing was carried out under severe difficulties owing to the drought and the consequent hard state of the ground, but the results achieved were very creditable. The corn exhibits were excellent, and the roots were surprisingly good considering the lack of moisture. Lyne Club was the scene of a happy gathering on that day, when a large company sat down to lunch on the invitation of the President of the Association. The weather was all that could be desired, and as usual the event received the highest support from those resident in Chertsey and surrounding districts, particularly by those interested in agriculture—the oldest of all industries.

It is with a feeling of deep regret that we record the death of Mr. William Short, of the Sun Inn, Chobham, one of the Firm's oldest tenants. He was 75 years of age, and has held the same tenancy for the past forty-two years. His large circle of friends deplore his passing away as they were always sure of a smile and a cheery word. He was a typical landlord and enjoyed a wide popularity. He loved his business and his customers, and his customers loved him. He had a style which was at once simple, honest and direct, reminiscent of the character of "mine host" as portrayed by Dickens, and to spend a few minutes at his house and in his company was to be happily transported from the wear and tear of modernity to the more peaceful hours of earlier periods. We shall all miss him, and to his widow and family we extend sincere sympathy.



The late Mr. William Short.

We also have the sad duty to chronicle the death of Mr. Henry Alfred Moulding, Steward of the Woking British Legion Club, at the early age of 49. As recently as Saturday, August 31st, he was playing cricket at the annual match arranged for its members by the Woking Branch of the British Legion Club on the local recreation ground. His passing away under such tragic circumstances has been a severe shock to his numerous friends at the Legion, who feel they have lost a staunch and loyal comrade. His efforts for the Legion and its members were invaluable, and his devotion to his task prompted him to help along the movement by every means within his power. He knew the Club in less fortunate days, and has been proud to share the duties and responsibilities of building up the institution, and he leaves behind him a fine Club. He loved efficiency and was always striving firmly to establish the Legion as a permanent and prominent feature in the organised activities of the town and district. We join with all who mourn his loss, and offer sympathy and condolence to his widow.

MALTA.

Mr. Arthur Rizzo, the renowned swimmer, whose photograph appeared in the GAZETTE last year, recently made an attempt to beat his own endurance record of 57 hours 11 minutes in the sea. He entered the sea at 7 a.m. on Friday, September 13th, and left the water at 9 o'clock Sunday night after swimming for 62 hours. He is a fine specimen of Maltese manhood and obviously is improving in physique. We hope that his contemplated visit to England for the purpose of swimming the Channel is an event which we may look forward to next summer. We have no misgivings regarding his ability to reduce the record of all previous attempts.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The dwindling hours of light, the consciousness of a very perceptible "nip in the air," and the rustling of dead leaves around us as we walk, where but a few weeks before the bursting bud peeped forth, makes us reluctantly admit that winter's advent is not far off.

Our bats, racquets and summer "glad rags" we ruefully put out of sight, though not out of mind, and we grouse at our inadequate share of summer delights. The crack of that perfect cut or the echo of that "Well held, Sir," still rings in our ears, and we as good sportsmen, knowing that all good things must end, bow gracefully to the inevitable, and "draw stumps."

Moreover, we are audibly conscious of the fact that many around us have been almost kicking their heels off for weeks past, and have now entered the arena for their share of the fun.

How then, you "Biscuitmen," you "Brightonians," "Pompey-ites," and "Pilgrims," what fare have you to offer us to-day?

Here, we are by now well insulated against short circuits arising whilst trying to catch the elusive hare of promotion. The wearers of the green and black jerseys can be depended upon to give many of their opponents "Black" days, and although Brighton took a point home, they were lucky boys. Still, that is the spice of the game, and we hope to more than return the compliment later on, so look out "London-by-the-Sea"!

Whilst congratulating our Reading comrades on the success of their men, we hope, if only for the sake of renewing old acquaintanceship, they will at least manage to stay in their present sphere this year—the year the Argyle are to join it, of course.

Once again "Pompey" are demonstrating how hard it is to keep a permanent place among the "elite" of the football "society." We hope to see them very soon collecting those very necessary points. Now then, all together, the "Pompey Chimes."

Several thousands, in beautiful weather, attended the Morice Town Sports and Swimming Gala on Wednesday, September 18th. Many gaily bedecked boats bore testimony to the excellency of milk stout and "S.B." ale, and Tamar Canal and John Street were a real delight to those who are still youthful enough to follow where King Carnival leads.

A youthful member of our staff, W. Penrose, was elected as King Tamar, and with his Queen (Miss Northcroft) gave a dignified charm to the proceedings. After the official opening and procession, competitive events filled the programme until dusk, after which the front of the Brewery was converted into an open-air ballroom to the enjoyment of hundreds of dancers. The Helston floral dance was a back number in this respect. Verily "whether they knew one another, I know not, whether they cared for each other, I care not." As to whether they kissed each other as they danced along, we leave that to others to record. All had a real good time we know, and paid their "tribute" to the funds of the Royal Albert Hospital, and to the promoters of the event.

The same road made an excellent track for the many foot races for the boys and girls of Tamar Town, and these, from under twelve to over sixty, ran or trotted for the many prizes so generously given by Devonport friends and patrons.

Even Dockyard pensioners had their 50-yard event, and it was a moving sight to see them get along.

Races for watermen, swimming and diving displays and water polo matches were also included, and last but not least, the greasy pole for a leg of pork, shoulder of mutton and joint of beef. Our Mr. A. E. H. Collier, of the Freemasons Arms, made an excellent starter, and his stentorian voice and the tumult of yells and shouts as each race was run made the calculation of figures and the checking of entries a very laborious task for the time being. There was no possibility of things falling flat. John Street saw to that!

With Messrs. F. Painter, A. E. H. Collier and E. G. Seldon on the hard-worked Committee, we were well represented, and the enthusiasm shewn augurs well for future years.

Major L. Hore-Belisha, M.P. for Devonport, spent two hours at the Gala and paid tribute to the Committee's work and to the Hospital whose funds were helped that day.

We also add our quota to his remarks, and endorse the hearty congratulations which he offered.

The fixing up of our programme for the Social Club winter season is now well under way ere the end of the financial year closes upon us.

A friendly billiards match played at the Clubroom with St. Chad's Club on Monday, September 2nd, resulted as below:—

<i>St. Chad's Club.</i>				<i>Simonds' Social Club.</i>			
Wills	76	v. Tucker	100
Worth	67	v. Pierce	100
E. Wills	29	v. Webber	100
Flood	100	v. Oxenham	63
Moorshead	92	v. Ellis	100
<hr/>				<hr/>			
364				463			
<hr/>				<hr/>			

Simonds' Social Club won by four games to one.

No fluke, this one! Keep it up, "Tamarites."

We have also commenced our League matches, under the Plymouth and District Billiards League, our first match which took place at home resulting in our defeat by Virginia House by two games to three.

Here's wishing ourselves—for charity begins at home—and all whose task it is to prepare the way for a fresh (and, we hope, healthy) page in our Firm's history, the best of luck in their labours, and may we and they, like a well-trained tug-of-war team, pull together in one steady heave and find our balances correct "first time." Too good to be true! Or, as one of our revered Directors used to remark under such circumstances, "There's a mistake somewhere."

For a few days after the departure of the Atlantic Fleet for the autumn cruise, Devonport bore a very deserted look. At the Brewery we were particularly favoured in the matter of supplies during the stocking up period, and our famous brews will, we have no doubt, be highly appreciated when duty is done and the watch hours are over.

The cheery faces of our Jack Tars reflect the happy-go-lucky natures within, and typify the very nature of our Senior Service. We wish our Fleet "Bon voyage" and a safe return.

By a happy arrangement, or chance maybe, our "Khaki boys" returned from their wanderings over Salisbury Plain not long after their comrades in arms had left us. Glad enough to be "home" again by all accounts. The West Country has a particularly warm corner in her heart for the Battalions of the 8th Infantry Brigade now here, and we, in common with all, are glad to see them, to renew many old acquaintances, and to have them again taking their great part in the various sports amongst us, upholding the great traditions of those Regiments and Counties who claim them as their sons.

Now, ye "Iron Dukes," how about that Rugby Cup?
And what of the double, ye Wilts and Devons?
Come, then, ring up the curtain.

We congratulate Mr. W. White, one of our delivery staff, on the birth of a fine son and are glad to hear that both mother and heir are doing well.

We much regret the illness of Mr. F. Painter, the genial landlord of the Tamar Inn, and wish him a speedy recovery. We missed him on Sports Day.

The contracts for supplying refreshments at the Plymouth Races, Plympton Show and Kingsbridge Show were duly carried out to the satisfaction of the various Executives concerned.

Despite glorious weather and good business, we fear the first named event was not the success it should have been. The hard ground made most of the racing a three- or four-horse affair, and larger fields are necessary at such meetings if the public interest is to be maintained. We hope future meetings will be favoured with better conditions for all. The demand for "S.B." nearly overwhelmed us at times and the well-known Simonds' banners drew winners and losers like magnets towards them. Wonderful what inspiration and comfort it gives!

With these summer contracts now ended, we look forward, we hope, to a very busy time ahead.

We have had the pleasure of greeting Mr. Fred Simonds on his return yachting cruise and last week Commander H. D. Simonds visited the Tamar Brewery. They, as usual, brought us good weather.

SALISBURY.

On 17th August a very interesting little ceremony took place at the office here. Mr. Bartlett was leaving for his annual holiday, in which he took the plunge into matrimony. To mark this event, and on behalf of the whole staff, he was presented with a handsome entrée dish, with expressions of good wishes for the best of luck and every happiness in the future.

Mr. Bartlett was married at Reading on 21st August and amongst the numerous presents he received were a cheque from Mr. F. L. Shrimpton and a very nice biscuit barrel from the staff at Ludgershall.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett wish to thank all at Salisbury, Ludgershall and Reading for their good wishes. The telegram from the Branch Office was very much appreciated.

T.R.G.

