

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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MR. P. T. HERRIDGE.

MR. P. T. HERRIDGE.

The portrait published on our front page is of Mr. P. T. Herridge, the Assistant Secretary of the South Berks Brewery Company, Limited, one of the Firm's subsidiary companies.

Following the usual procedure, a glossary of Mr. Herridge's association with the Firm is appended, which will doubtless recall him to the minds of old colleagues with whom he worked many years ago and with whom he may not recently have been in touch, through his transfer to another company.

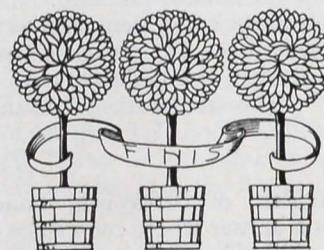
Mr. Herridge enlisted in the Firm's employ in 1899 and commenced in the Branch Department. In 1902 he was transferred to the Military Department at Ludgershall, which was opened a few years previously for the supply of the Salisbury Plain Troops. At that date the present Branch had not been built and, with the other staff, Mr. Herridge lived under canvas for two years, winter and summer, owing to lodgings not being obtainable, and with the aid of an old Army cook, carried out their own housekeeping and cooking. In the days of which we write military canteens were conducted by contractors and stocks were taken daily and cash collected. As no hard roads had been made, the only means of negotiating the journeys was on horseback. Being an accomplished equestrian, Mr. Herridge found this part of his duties very congenial and he became known under the pseudonym of the "galloping major." Mr. Herridge saw the completion of Bulford Barracks, also the building of Tidworth Barracks. He has vivid recollections of the happenings amongst the 2,000 navvies employed thereon, when disputes were settled by fisticuffs, and the fittest survived. Mr. Herridge took part in the 1913 army manoeuvres which was probably the largest concentration of troops in pre-war times. In 1914, at the outbreak of the war, large numbers of troops arrived on the Plain and Mr. Herridge was then placed in charge of the delivery department and was responsible for the despatch of all orders to the various camps. The hiring of sufficient transport, including traction engines and farmers' waggons, was a tremendous problem, and throughout the strenuous years which followed, Mr. Herridge worked with unselfish devotion in carrying out the almost superhuman task. His genius for organising the transport and handling the men earned high praise and subsequently a due reward.

After serving in the Great War Mr. Herridge returned to Ludgershall in 1919. The following year he was transferred to Reading and from thence in May, 1921, he was appointed to his present position at Newbury, where the study of Company work, licensing and tenancy matters brought a complete change from many years of military work.

Mr. Herridge joined the 5th Wilts Regiment in March, 1916, and after a few months training saw active service in Mesopotamia and fought in the engagements at the fall of Kut and Bagdad under General Maude. He was one of five out of his platoon to reach the Turkish lines at Kut after surviving a heavy barrage. He also saw a good deal of fighting around Bagdad and was amongst some of the first British troops with the Indian cavalry to march into the town. Although he received a sniper's bullet through his helmet and another through his pack, fortunately he was never wounded. He was demobilised in November, 1919, with two medals.

In 1904 Mr. Herridge joined the Royal Wilts Yeomanry and the first year won a silver tankard at the annual regimental prize shoot.

Mr. Herridge is an enthusiastic motorist and amateur gardener, to which pastimes he turns his leisure hours.



EDITORIAL.

NOT ALL WATER.

Gower magistrates at Penmaen recently granted an application made by Mr. L. M. Morris, licensee of the "Gower" Inn, Parkmill, for a licensing extension on the occasion of the Baptist Anniversary Festival at Ilston on June 9th.

HELP OUR HOTELS.

In every country in the world except this, hotels are encouraged as the mainstay of a valuable tourist industry. Our own hotels are handicapped by a preposterous licensing system and by a host of petty restrictions inimical to progress. Britain may justly expect this summer a large number of foreign visitors. Our hotels are anxious to satisfy their needs, and are capable of doing so if some of the obstacles to efficiency are removed.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

BEER AND APPETITE.

"Appetite is a function of the brain as much as or even more than of the stomach, and its importance in the physiology of Digestion and of Nutrition is very great. It is stimulated by the modern use of such a beverage as Beer."—*Sir Thomas Horder, Bart.*

PUBLIC HOUSE AS COUNCIL CHAMBER.

Absentees from meetings of the Rishworth District Council, which administers the affairs of this scattered West Riding area a few miles from Halifax, are extremely rare. The Council meets in a public house. It has met on licensed premises for as long as many of the Rishworth people remember, except for a brief period when a room at the local school was used. The members found that the schoolroom was not convenient, and went back to licensed premises. A room behind the bar becomes the Council chamber, and here, during the session, can be heard calls for "two bitters" or "a jug of mild." The smoke-room becomes the ante-room.

A PIOUS BREWER.

Mr. Richard Holden, of Blackburn, Lancashire, who died recently aged 91, was a brewer whose conscience once troubled him. He asked a cardinal of his Church if it was right to brew beer, and the cardinal replied that if he gave up brewing beer under the best conditions somebody else might do it under worse. So Mr. Holden went on brewing beer, was created a Knight of St. Gregory by Pope Pius X, opened church bazaars all over the country, and eventually became known as "the Bazaar King."

OUR "DRY" FANATICS.

The *Daily Mirror* states: "As if the dismal results of American Prohibition were not a terrible warning, our 'dry' fanatics hold up their heads in oblivious obstinacy. And it is singular when the world is crying out for the solution of real troubles that men can waste time in trying to abolish the working man's glass of beer. There is a 'wet' and 'dry' war going on in the Socialist Party. One hope of the 'Temperance' advocates is to prohibit the sale of drink in the House of Commons. Another is to make it well-nigh impossible for manual workers to drink in their clubs. We trust that common sense will prevail over fanaticism, but with the example of the Volstead Act before us, the noisy and indefatigable minority of 'drys' must be watched. The word temperance, in regard to beer, is a misnomer. It has become merely another expression for intolerance. May we assert that the bulk of men and women in this country are temperate, although they cherish the liberty to indulge when they feel inclined in a modest quantity of wine, beer or spirits? It is the prohibitionists who would inflict their tyrannical opinions upon us who are the intemperate. Theirs is the excess of egotism, and it does not impress us in the least that they prefer soft drinks to the national beverage."

PROHIBITION.

The biggest political sensation in America for years has been caused by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jun. The son of the oil magnate has thrown a bombshell into the ranks of the Prohibitionists, where for years he and his family have been prominent members, by openly declaring that Prohibition is a failure. Mr. Rockefeller sent a letter to Professor Nicholas Murray Butler, the famous American educationalist, known all over the world for his views on temperance, in which he expressed the hope that both political parties would adopt the "repeal Prohibition" plan. He declares that Prohibition has failed lamentably, and reveals, incidentally, that he and his father have subscribed £70,000 for Prohibitionist work. The letter has caused consternation among the "drys," who are bitterly resentful of an attack from their hitherto staunchest supporters. The "wets," however, are jubilant, and praise the courage of Mr. Rockefeller in coming into the open.

THE VILLAGE INN.

"As long as the world lasts, the village inn will be wanted." So spake the Rector of Foxley, near Malmesbury, with much practical wisdom, in an address recently, and the prominence given to his words would seem to suggest that a certain courage had been required to utter them, says the *Licensing World*. Yet why should

courage be needed to proclaim so obvious a truth? Can it be that the village inn has fallen into such grievous disrepute that it is not to be mentioned to ears polite, much less entered, whatever one's state of hunger and thirst? Must all our talk be of village institutes and village halls—mere glorified "parish-rooms"—when we discuss schemes for brightening village life, and are we to ignore, as though it did not exist, the old inn on the village green, whose sign has swung so bravely through all weathers? What heresy this is; what a repudiation of old sentiments and obligations, what a rude rupture with the past, and, if the truth be known, what a clumsy piece of hollow hypocrisy! The plain-speaking Rector of Foxley was expatiating on the various schemes for making village life more easy, more cheerful, and more tolerable in the future, and he said that while reading-rooms, lecture-halls, and even dancing saloons might attract for a season, none of these could hope to compete permanently with the village inn.

THE OAKS AS A PARK.

The Oaks estate, Woodmansterne, a beautiful wooded stretch of some 180 acres, formerly belonging to the Earls of Derby, has been purchased by the Carshalton Urban Council for £42,000. It is to be preserved as a public park and recreation ground for all time. The Oaks Stakes at Epsom Races get their name from this estate, from which the Earl of Derby rode to the first Derby in 1780. Of recent years the house has been used as a County Council home for epileptics.

A RARE ORCHID.

An orchid, known as the Military orchid, has been plucked in Berkshire. This flower, which is thought to be extinct in Britain, used to be found near Reading, but one has not been seen for many years. The bloom, which is a rich purple in colour, was sent to Kew Gardens, where the authorities agreed that it was a Military orchid. It is a close relation to the Monkey orchid, also to be found in Berkshire.

ILL-INFORMED CRITICISM.

Newspaper men never object to criticism of the Press—some of its most candid critics are to be found in the ranks of journalism—but it often happens that what passes for criticism is merely exaggeration or abuse, says the *Reading Standard*. The only criticism that is really helpful is that which is well informed, but unfortunately that is rather rare. In the course of an address at a temperance lecture in Reading on Tuesday, reported on another page of this

issue, Canon Sewell, of Bristol, had some remarkable things to say concerning our British newspapers. He did not hesitate to declare that the Press of this country is dominated by the liquor trade, and he wondered what certain widely-circulated newspapers would have to say if the iron and steel trade, the shipping, or any other trade, wielded a similar influence. He added: "The trade can put the screw on in this country, doctor the Press, and the Press acquiesces in a most extraordinary fashion. That is the state of things generally, but there are, of course, exceptions." It is regrettable that a man in Canon Sewell's position should, without attempting to give any evidence in support of his statement, bring such a grave accusation against British journalism, but happily it need not be taken too seriously. There is no more truth in the allegation than there is in most of the other dogmatic generalities indulged in by ill-informed critics of the Press. The newspapers of this country are not "dominated" by the liquor trade, and the suggestion that they are under its control cannot be allowed to go unchallenged.

[This particular Canon does not appear to be a very great gun, and his knowledge of the Press is, to say the least, limited. The next time he speaks I would advise him to go to the Press table and say, "Now, you fellows, report me fully and here's a fiver for your trouble." He would learn something.]

BOTTLE PARTIES.

The courts shortly will (says the daily Press) be asked to decide whether or not "bottle parties" are legal. In London these parties are now taking the place of night clubs. Everyone present—except, of course, the staff and orchestra, and the "host" who is giving the "party"—is a guest, and all drinks have to be ordered in advance. Each bottle of liquid refreshment is labelled on arrival with the name of the purchaser, and payment is made by the "guest" either to the shop supplying the drink or to the "host" on production of a receipted bill. Whether or not this procedure renders the "hosts" and "guests" immune from prosecution has yet to be settled.

CHAMPAGNE'S BIRTHDAY.

Two hundred and fifty years ago on the 28th of last month champagne was first discovered. They are celebrating the anniversary at Rheims, the birthplace of its discoverer, Dom Perignon. The archbishop will crown his statue with vine blossoms, and several English guests have been invited to the banquet which is to follow. Although Dom Perignon is recognised as the discoverer of champagne, there were, says the *Manchester Guardian*, several coarser but

somewhat similar brands known in both England and France before his own became so popular. During his exile in France Charles II learned to appreciate champagne as a light wine, and it was at his court that it first became fashionable. There is frequent reference in the literature of the Restoration to the new champagne. What Dom Perignon actually discovered was the value of cork as a bottle-stopper. He found that his new champagne would not keep for long in bottles stoppered, as was the custom then, with tow dipped in oil. After endless experiments, he decided that cork gave the best results, and it has been used in the wine trade ever since.

THE JACKDAW DID NOT FORGET.

Some years ago a friend of mine found a jackdaw that was injured. He took the bird home, tended it with great care, and succeeded in nursing it back to strength. He took the bird about with him and it soon became a favourite with the children. My friend does not believe in keeping wild birds in cages, and the cage door of this bird was always left open. The call of nature is strong, and one spring the jackdaw responded to it. But it has not forgotten its kind-hearted benefactor, and often, when he is in his garden, even now, he hears a familiar "caw caw," and, sure enough, there is his old friend the jackdaw sending down greetings as he passes along overhead. No, the jackdaw has not forgotten, and it is with very real pleasure I record this little story of kindness well repaid.

ANOTHER FISHING STORY.

I have given one good fishing story in another page under my Nature Notes. Here is another: A fisherman, who had only a licence for trout, was having a go for salmon when along came the water bailiff. The fisherman immediately pretended he was a novice at the art of angling, and repeatedly sent his line into the water all of a heap and in a manner that would frighten any fish. "Do you know you are using a salmon fly?" asked the bailiff. The fisherman pleaded ignorance, and with the help of the bailiff replaced this lure with a much smaller one and started to whip the water again in the crudest fashion. "Ah! I can see you don't know much about it," exclaimed the bailiff as he pursued his way upstream. He had not gone far before he found a fine salmon in the water firmly secured to a stake by means of some cord. Returning to the fisherman he said: "Here, how about this?" "Oh, that's all right," replied the angler, "the demmed fish kept taking my fly so I tied him up!"

TENNIS PLAYERS' GOOD PROGRESS.

Thanks to the valuable services of the coach, combined with the keenness of the players themselves, there has been a very marked improvement in the tennis of the players at the Brewery. I could not get up in time to play myself the other evening, but I was greatly impressed by the performance put up by my colleagues, and shall have to be on my best behaviour to keep pace with them. Good! It was very thoughtful of Mr. Louis to arrange for the coach to come, and it must be gratifying to him to know that his "services" are bearing such excellent results.

PLAYED 20, WON 17, LOST 3.

The Dart Team representing "The Two Brewers," Easton Street, High Wycombe (landlord Mr. E. R. New), returned the above figures in winning for the second year in succession the "King George V" Dart League Cup, with the following members: Messrs. W. Pearce (Capt.), W. Stacey (Vice-Capt.), E. R. New, G. Robertson, H. Youens, J. Money, W. Bristow, W. G. Witts, H. Cabbage, P. Wooster, A. Gardner, J. McDermott and C. Blinko. A really wonderful achievement considering the keen rivalry and high standard of play throughout the whole league.

STAFF OUTING.

The staff outing to Hindhead last month was an unqualified success and another instance of the fine organizing powers of Mr. W. Bradford. We all thoroughly enjoyed the wonderful Surrey scenery, but the outstanding feature of the day was the cricket which we indulged in on arrival at our destination. Major Kaye's performance behind—and in front—of the sticks was certainly unique. Many spectators watched the game with evident enjoyment and some of the Major's amazing feats produced loud and prolonged applause and roars of laughter. His fame as a wicket keeper has spread far and wide and I hear it whispered that he has received telegrams from some of the leading clubs of the country asking him to sign on. And strict disciplinarian that he is he would have no arguments. If he said a man was out, out he had to go no matter what the umpire said. Mr. Wigley gave us some idea of the prowess of his younger days, several of his shots being perfect drives all along the carpet. Mr. Colson also wielded the willow with good effect.

FOOTBALL AND TENNIS TOO.

After dinner there was also football and tennis in the grounds of the Royal Huts Hotel. Nothing seemed too much trouble for

Mr. W. Pooley, the popular landlord. He certainly provided us with an excellent meal and did all in his power to make us happy. We encountered a little rain on the return journey which, nevertheless, was exceedingly pleasant and we arrived home in good time, all of us having had a thoroughly enjoyable day. Thank you, Mr. Bradford!

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

With regard to our new premises, 188, High Street, Slough, Messrs. E. T. & C. Bowyer are the architects, Mr. H. D. Bowyer is the builder, Mr. F. G. Bowyer is the tenant and Mr. E. R. Bowyer (builder's son) was the first customer.

WHY NOT A FISHING CLUB?

The coarse fishing season opened on June 16 and a number of keen anglers at the Brewery have been trying their luck with varying success. Mr. James, of the Branch Department, landed a fine roach the other morning about 5 o'clock but that was his only catch. With so many enthusiastic fishermen connected with the Firm it would not be a bad idea to add a fishing club to the Brewery's other forms of recreation. Those with a long experience of the art would, I am sure, be only too willing to pass on the advantage that experience to the young disciples of Isaac Walton.

SEEN FROM THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, FARNBOROUGH.

One morning, about 7.30 a.m., I heard the peculiar cry of magpies. On looking out, I saw across the main Farnborough Road, a ginger cat creeping along through the grass and being attacked by two magpies.

First one would swoop down, then the other, the cat making no attempt to defend itself. By the way it was creeping along, it seemed to know it had done wrong.

After following for about 50 yards one of the birds flew back to a clump of trees, the other still following and attacking the cat until it went out of sight round a building 100 yards away.

I have never heard of magpies doing this before. Is it unusual?

G. HAWES.

H. & G. SIMONDS' FOOTBALL CLUB.

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS TO FOOTBALLERS.

On the above auspicious occasion, in the Social Club on Friday, July 1st, Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds presented the Brewery team, winners of the Reading & District League, Div. II, with their medals.

Major H. Kaye presided for the first time since his recent unanimous election as chairman of the Brewery football club. He congratulated the team on its wonderful performance. It was not every team, he said, that could carry off the laurels and win promotion in its first season. This showed that every man played the game with the team spirit. That was necessary, not only on the field, but in everyday work, and good footballers were necessarily good workmen (applause). Major Kaye went on to say that although there were a number of good footballers who up to the present had not come forward to help the team, he hoped they would do so this coming season and keep up the fine record that the club was so justly proud of.

In conclusion, he reminded those present that Mr. Shea-Simonds was one of the Directors who made the football club possible, and who gave much of his time to assure its success, and he asked him to present the medals (applause).

Mr. Shea-Simonds said that Major Kaye had made some very relevant statements. Whether a man was a good cricketer, a good footballer or a good billiards player, if that man was a sportsman, then he was a good fellow and no doubt they had some of the best with them that evening. Let them play the game for the game's sake and keep the ball on the ground. Next season would prove a much harder one than last, and all must pull their weight if they were to succeed again. He was sure the talent they had on that firm could hold its own with any other firm in the town (loud applause).

Mr. Shea-Simonds then handed each player his medal, adding some very appropriate and witty remarks, and congratulating them in turn. He concluded with a promise of the continued support of the Directors for next season, and an invitation for everybody present to drink the health and success of the team with him (prolonged applause).

Mr. W. Bradford proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Shea-Simonds for giving so much encouragement to the club.

Mr. Shea-Simonds replied by proposing a similar vote for Major Kaye who, he said, was an old yeoman and a keen sportsman and would carry out his duties as chairman with the utmost enthusiasm.

So ended a very pleasant evening.

PLUNDERS.

The grace of running water,
The texture of the mist,
The lightness of the thistle-down.
And sheen of leaves sun-kissed,
The tints of pearl and opal,
The perfume of the rose
Are gathered by the elves to make
Exquisite fairy clothes.

The pansy's purple velvet
They capture for a shoe—
A shoe they deck with sunlight's gold,
And glimmerings of dew ;
While stars are robbed of twinkles,
And gleams of silvery white,
To fashion shimmering coronets
For fairy folks' delight.

FRITZ DECIDED TO TRANSFER

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

I had come off the guns and was making my way back to the billets at Maroc. On the outskirts of the village a man stepped from behind a heap of broken masonry. It was almost dark, and I naturally thought he was one of my battery ; so I called out, "Hello, Gunner !"

To my surprise I received the following answer : "Pardon, Herr Officer"—(I'd one "dog's leg" up)—"Can you please tell me ver ist mein regiment ?"

It was a Fritz, and a very small one at that, as I could see when I put a torch on him.

"Hello !" said I, "what the devil are you doing here ?"

"Please, I haf mein regiment lost," replied Fritz.

"Who do you belong to ?" said I ; "the Prussian Guard ?"

"Nein," said the Kaiser's last hope ; "Dis morgen I vos der Saxon Regiment, but ve fight mit you Englanders, so I dransfer to der Phimph Nordumberlant Vussillers, yah."

I chewed this information over for a second ; then it dawned on me. "Oh ! you've been taken prisoner by the Northumberland Fusiliers, eh ?"

"Yah, Herr Officer, I dransfer meinsel a brisoner. Ver ist mein regiment, dank you ? I loose him."

Just at that moment up came a Private of the 5th Northumberland (a real fruity Cockney, by the way). "Well, I'll go to 'ell," said the Northumberlander from Mile End. "There yiare, are yer ? Wot d'yer mean by a-going and a-getting of yerself lorst like this ? Blinking fine time I've 'ad of it, a-chasing yer all over France this last 'alf-hour. Come on, we'll have to hop it quick to catch up with the others." Then to me : "'Ow did you get 'old of 'im, Bomb ?"

"Oh, I just found him knocking about spare," I replied.

"Well, fanks for keeping 'im safe, Bomb," says the Private.

"'Ave a pull of this . . ."—Yes, it *was rum*, a whole water-bottle full. I had a pull. "Good luck to the Fifth," I said.

The Private took a pull. "Good luck to the Gunners," he toasted ; and then, "'Ere, Fritzie, you can have a swig."

The German's eyes sparkled. "Prosit," he cried, "to mein regiment, der Phimph Nordumberlant Vussillers."

And then they trotted off down the road, the Cockney happy in having his lost lamb back in the fold, the Fritz happy because he'd found "his Regiment" ; and I was happy because I'd had a most unexpected and very welcome drink.—*The Evening News* (London.)

ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

The Social Club annual flower show will be held on Saturday, August 20th. In addition to the usual prizes a silver cup will be given to the member gaining the highest number of awards, and will become the property of the member who wins it for three years in succession.

Schedules of prizes can be obtained from the club or any member of the Committee.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

A poor Arab, going through the desert, met with a sparkling spring. Accustomed to brackish water, a draught from this sweet well in the wilderness seemed, in his simple mind, a suitable present for the Caliph. So he filled his leather bottle, and, after a long, weary tramp, laid the gift at his sovereign's feet. The monarch, with a magnanimity that would put many a Christian to blush, called for a cup, drank freely of the water, and then with a smile thanked the Arab, and presented him with a rich reward.

The courtiers pressed eagerly around for a draught of the wonderful water which was regarded as worthy such a princely acknowledgment. To their surprise, the Caliph forbade them to touch a drop. But after the simple-hearted giver had left the royal presence with a new spring of joy welling up in his heart, the monarch explained the motive of his prohibition :

"During the long journey, the water in his leather bottle had become impure and distasteful, but it was an offering of love, and as such I accepted it with grateful pleasure. I feared, however, that if I allowed another to taste it, he could not conceal his disgust. Therefore it was that I forbade you to partake, lest the heart of the poor man should be wounded."

BRITISH EMPIRE TOAST.

Success to you, likewise to me,
To Britons true on land or sea,
To friends of yours and friends of mine,
In cider, spirits, beer, or wine ;
If alcohol you wish to ban,
Take then the next best drink you can.
Now friends, "drink hearty," here's to all
Who answer to our Empire's call ;
Our Colonies are staunch and true,
Stand firm by those who stand by you.
Don't idly talk of "woulds" and "shoulds,"
But work in deeds—BUY BRITISH GOODS !

H. E. Wade

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE DERBY.

A TOAST TO THE GLORY OF RACING.

The Twelfth Earl of Derby gave a dinner-party at his place, Lambert's Oaks, overlooking Epsom Downs, in the year 1780. There was a great deal of cheerfulness, and many toasts were drunk, of which the chief was to the glory of horse-racing.

In the same year, and as the outcome of that dinner, the first Derby was run—a race for three-year-old colts and fillies. It was won by Sir Charles Banbury's Diomed.

There had been thirty-six subscribers, but only nine horses competed. The stakes were worth 1,125 guineas.

Since those days the Derby has progressed from fever-heat to fever-heat of national excitement, and has provided a grand festival for which Parliament used regularly to adjourn.

The first royal victory belonged to the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV), who owned Sir Thomas, in 1788. But the Derby did not come to be regarded as really respectable until the visit of the young Queen Victoria with her Prince Consort, in 1840. That was Little Wonder's year ; and it is prettily recorded that the minute jockey, Macdonald, when asked his weight by the Queen, replied, "If you please, ma'am, my master says I must never tell my weight to no one."

There has been some astounding betting. Mr. Merry—an appropriate name—won £500,000 on Thormanby in 1860. Mr. Chaplin (later a viscount) won some £140,000 on his horse Hermit, and Lord Hastings lost £103,000 over the same race.

Lord Hastings was a tragic figure, and, possibly, the most reckless gambler that ever lived. When Hermit was offered for sale, he and Mr. Chaplin bid for it—and not without some personal animus, Mr. Chaplin's fiancée having jilted him for Lord Hastings. The price was forced up to a thousand guineas.

A few days before the race Hermit broke a blood-vessel, and the betting went back to 66 to 1. He went to the start looking the picture of misery. Then he won by a head, and Lord Hastings, who had plunged heavily against him out of pique, was almost ruined. Very soon his ruin was complete, and he died, broken in health and heart, at the age of twenty-six.

An extraordinary swindle was exposed over the race in 1844, when a horse, falsely described as Running Rein, came in first. It was proved by Lord George Bentinck to be a four-year-old named Maccabeus, and was disqualified.

IN PRAISE OF BEER.

VIEWS OF A FAMOUS PHYSICIAN.

At the annual meeting of the Women's True Temperance Committee (affiliated to the True Temperance Association), held at the Grosvenor House Hotel, Park Lane, under the presidency of Mrs. Arthur Shadwell, the following resolution was carried unanimously: "That it is desirable in the interests of True Temperance that the Government should avoid any measures the effect of which is to impair the quality and cost of malt liquors, and should repair any mischief already wrought at the earliest possible moment."

Proposing the resolution, Sir James Crichton-Browne, the famous 92-years-old physician, said that there were three facts in connection with the action of alcohol which were very important, well established, and indubitable. The first was that alcohol was rapidly absorbed by the tissues, and was a true food to the body, sparing the consumption of carbo-hydrates, fats, and proteins; secondly, in relation to the nervous centres, it acted as a means of relaxation, quickening the emotional responses of individuals, and it therefore helped them to bear the troubles and anxieties which beset them in these strenuous modern times; thirdly, in connection with fatigue it revived the fagged pulse, stirred up generally the action of the system, and was a true stimulant. By depriving the working classes to some extent of an accustomed relief and an easily assimilated food, the Government might have increased unemployment in a way that had not been considered by the House of Commons. They had considered the increased duty from the revenue-producing point of view, but the physiological point of view had been ignored altogether. The decreased consumption of beer by the working classes owing to the increased cost and the decreased nutritive value of beer owing to its reduced quality would increase fatigue, encourage a state of debility, and possibly result in sickness which would lead to unemployment.

It was earnestly to be hoped that the increased tax on beer would be remitted as soon as possible. Out of loyalty to the Government it had been maintained, but it was practically condemned on all sides, and even Mr. Chamberlain himself had little to say in its favour. Objection to its remission was only forthcoming from a small fanatical coterie, and in view of the fact that there was so much prejudice and misrepresentation about, he would like to quote the considered judgment of Professor Starling, who was regarded as the greatest British physiologist of the twentieth century, and who had expressed his conviction that the abolition of alcoholic liquors would be contrary to the best interests of the race, and if enforced by law would be a national calamity. He (the speaker)

also trusted that no further steps would be taken in the direction of Prohibition, which was a fight against human nature, and therefore most undesirable. In the words of Sir Archibald Reid, the drunkard and not drink must be eliminated.

In seconding the resolution, Mrs. Baillie Reynolds said beer was the finest and most wholesome beverage obtainable. It was essentially national, and she knew of no more delicious meal than bread and butter with cheese and beer. Happiness was a great thing, and it could be found in the truly temperate licensed house more frequently than at the "movies."

The annual report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

THE HAUNT OF THE DIPPER.

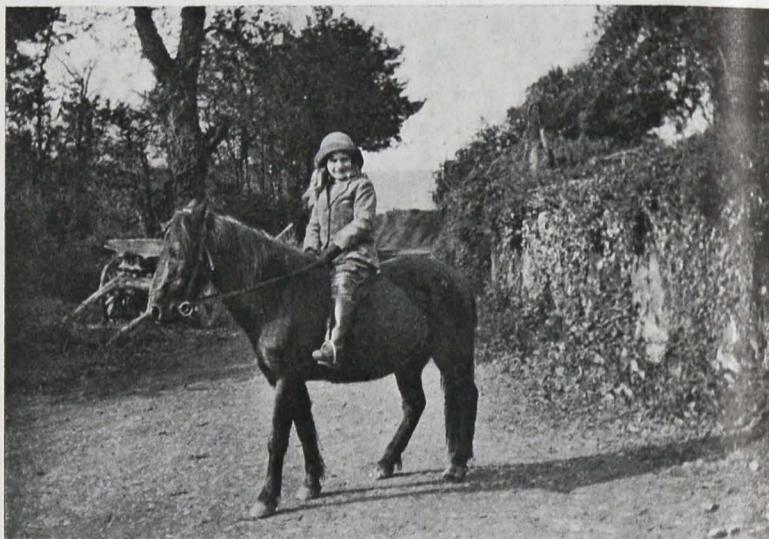
EXCITING TIME WITH A SALMON.

A thrush bursts forth into joyous song, a cock crows and the cuckoo calls. It is 4 a.m., and thence onward the bird choir gradually increases in strength. There is the cheery twitter of the house martins, the delightful songs of goldfinches, the piping of the bullfinch and the ever-pleasing notes of linnets, yellowhammers, chaffinches, blackbirds, whitethroats and a host of other birds as I sit by my bedroom window in a farmhouse in mid-Devon. A pair of goldfinches are busy building. One gathers a large feather and with that still in her beak takes some sheep's wool from a fence and, loaded with this material, flies to an elderberry tree where she places it, ever so cleverly, in her nest, making it, oh, so cosy. The nest is only a few yards from the window where I sit, and I watch the little builders at work with the keenest delight, being amazed at their industry and wonderful skill. What a delightful home and what a delightful little family there will soon be to occupy it, and, later on, to cheer us with their delicately sweet song. Goldfinches, like big butterflies, when hovering over, or feeding on, thistles are always a charming sight.

THE NEST OF THE BUZZARD.

Before breakfast my friends and I take a stroll down the meadows and we come across another nest not so small and cosy and by no means so artistically made. It is that of the buzzard. Through

our field-glasses we can see mother buzzard on her nest. We approach quite close before she rises, and we are much impressed by her great expanse of wing as she takes flight to join her mate on an oak tree some hundreds of yards away. There the two birds sit and watch us. But we do not disturb the nest, which is in an oak tree and only about fifteen feet from the ground.



Little Mary.

Mary, the charming little daughter of our kind host and hostess, delights in coming bird-nesting with us. One morning I was with her and we found quite a lot. My friends were waiting for me to set off on a fishing expedition and I told her I must hurry along. "Don't go yet," she said; "there's another thousand fields I want to show you!" "We will do those to-morrow morning before breakfast," I told her—and we did do some of them, with equal success. Mary is a clever little pony rider, bare-back or otherwise, and to see her round up the sheep was indeed a picture.

DISTRESSING NEWS.

Since leaving Devon I was grieved to hear that our little friend had met with a serious accident. She was knocked down by

a motor car, and for days lay unconscious. But now she is making progress, and I do hope her recovery will be speedy and complete.

Be quick and get well again, Mary, for we have that other thousand fields to search another year.

FLY-FISHING.

The main object of our holiday was fly-fishing for trout, and from Fingle Bridge we fished for miles up and down the river Teign amid scenery of such varied beauty and grandeur that made every minute of the day delightful. The river abounds with salmon-pel and trout, and we had good catches of the last-named fish, which were delicious for dinner.

THE FASCINATION OF THAT FIRST CAST.

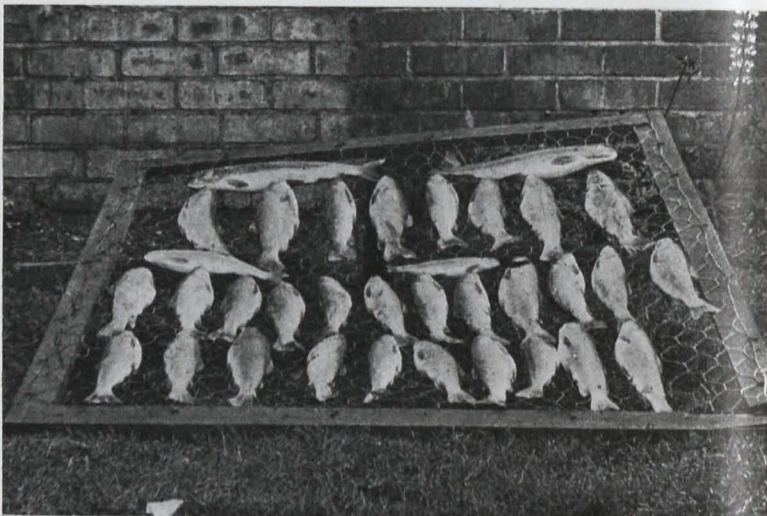
If you are a fly-fisherman you know the fascination of that first cast of the season. With what little thrills you put your tackle together, a Hardy rod, with strong line and gossamer trace, at the end of which is an artfully-tied little fly. You see a rise, and swish, swish, away goes your fly, alighting on the water as light as air. It reaches the very spot, and you almost tremble with excitement as the little feathery yacht sails over the speckled prize. He rises, but rises short, and you miss him. After a little while you try him again. He comes at the lure in more decided fashion; you strick swiftly, but gently, in the nick of time. Discovering his mistake the trout rushes upstream, but your hand has not lost its cunning. Holding your rod almost erect, letting your top joint do the work of playing the fish, you have little difficulty in gaining the mastery, and he is soon safely in your creel. And so the day proceeds with its little thrills and successes and its little failures. You espy a rising trout in a spot almost out of reach and surrounded by overhanging trees. But you try your luck, and by virtue of a perfect cast you secure your fish at the first time of asking. How proud you feel. But how you are humiliated if in your eagerness you hit a fish too hard, or, not observing the tree behind you, get hung up.

But were it not for these successes and failures, the art of fly-fishing would not be what it is.

THE DIPPER.

A trout stream holds much more than trout. The Teign, for instance, is the haunt of the dipper or water ouzel. I saw a pair, and was determined to find their nest. I told my friends I would do so within an hour. Well, these dippers led me a long, long way

upstream, but eventually I found their nest where the bank overhung the river. The structure was very similar to that of the wren, and the birds, though much larger, are also very much like the wren. I noticed that each time the dippers left the nest they dropped straight into the water and swam some yards away before taking wing. It is pleasing to watch them dipping into and under the water in search of succulent morsels. They would not visit their nest while I was near. They were extremely cautious, and it was only when I concealed myself about fifty yards away that they regained confidence, and then for nearly an hour I watched these birds in their white waistcoats, as they sped to and fro, finding food in the river bed and bringing it home to their little family.



A Good Catch.

A GOOD STORY.

We made many friends while down Devon way. There was one local character who has few equals in the art of salmon and salmon-peel fishing. He seemed to take to us as we took to him, and he vouches for the accuracy of the following story. He got into a big salmon just above Fingle Bridge one day, and the fish dashed away for seventy yards or so. His line got hitched up in the rocks and he called to a fellow on the other side of the water to come and gaff the fish for him. On his way round by the bridge this

fellow had spread the exciting news, and he was followed by quite a little crowd, including one elderly lady. Immediately above where the fisherman was standing were rocks thirty feet high, and along the top of these runs a path. It was here the little crowd gathered. The excitement was intense as the angler continued to struggle with his would-be prize. The rocks are not sheer, but on the slope and studded with oak saplings. The fisherman was shouting instructions to the man with the gaff as to what to do, when all of a sudden a fox terrier disturbed an owl that was sitting on its nest. With an alarming screech the bird flew upwards and got entangled in the old lady's skirts. With a wild scream she fainted clean away. A young man was leaning against a sapling, the sapling broke, and he rolled down twenty feet into the water. The man with the gaff became excited, too, he lunged at the fish, missed, lost his balance and went headlong into the stream almost on top of the salmon—and the salmon died of fright!

At least, the fisherman laid down his rod and with little difficulty lifted the exhausted fish from the water.

And then people say fishing is a dull pastime!

WORDS OF WISDOM.

An understanding friend makes easier the uphill road.

A gentleman is one who is ever mindful of the wants and feelings of others.

In every efficient firm scientific knowledge is taking the place of guess-work.

To see the humorous side of one's troubles is often to lose half of them.

The more we give happiness the more we have left.

Happiness is a flower growing by the highway of usefulness.

Business is the art of finding and keeping customers.

Facts are not stubborn. It is the man who wont face them who is.

It pays to humanize a firm. It pays in dividends and happiness

Courtesy! How much it is!

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

BY W. DUNSTER.

Mr. F. H. Biggs, whose photograph appeared in our last issue, is well-known to many of us at the Brewery. It would be interesting to know who was the tallest of Mr. E. Thornbery (now chief clerk at Ludgershall Branch), Mr. Callister (who used to be in the Branch Department) and Mr. F. H. Biggs. They were indeed a tall trio, and what might be termed a fine body of men. Mr. F. H. Biggs, with Mr. E. Thornbery, camped for many years up the river, just by a spot known as the Fisheries. He was a fine sculler. I have no doubt he recalls with pleasure the many arguments and talks quite a number of us used to have at what was known as East's Boathouse, just before going up the river to camp. The writer, who also used to camp up the river, has on many occasions heard Mr. Biggs's cheery "Good-night, Willie," across the water.

ASCOT, 1932.

The weather, this year, for the Ascot Races was of the perfect kind. Naturally, we were rather busy preparing beforehand, and also during the meeting, doing our best to supply the wants, in the way of liquid refreshment, of the many people present.

HOLIDAYS.

Many of those who have had their holidays in June this year, have been very fortunate, and in consequence have returned to work with the tan that won't come off, for wherever they have been (and their destinations have been various) they all have had splendid weather.

DEATH OF MR. J. H. WARR.

I am sorry to record the death of Mr. J. H. Warr, who was a very old servant of the firm. He had been ailing for some while. He was employed in the Delivery Office, and was well known at the Brewery. R.I.P.

STAFF OUTING.

On Saturday, June 25th, an outing of the Staff took place and was an immense success. Some years ago a Staff outing used to be a regular feature each year, but for some reason or other was allowed to drop. However, at the early part of the year Mr. T. W. Bradford (Secretary of the Social Club) decided that something

ought to be done about it, and he organised the whole thing from the outset, and he deserves every praise for the splendid way he carried it through. I am sure all will agree it was one of the jolliest and happiest Brewery gatherings that ever took place. Of course, holidays prevented a number from going, but there seems no reason (to my way of thinking) why we cannot muster twice as many another year. Just about forty went in two motor coaches. Our destination was a secret one, and was pretty well kept, although perhaps a few of us had an inkling of where we were going—intuition, I suppose. Leaving the Club just after 1.30 p.m. we moved off and stopped at the Lamb, Eversley, for a little refreshment and *sandwiches*. From there we went on to Newlands Corner, and after drinking in the scenery and drinking out of glasses, moved on and arrived at the Royal Hut Hotel, Hindhead, just about 5 p.m. Dinner was at 6 p.m., so to fill in the interval most of us had a game of cricket that amused everyone, especially the spectators. Some of the work of the gentlemen behind the stumps was little short of miraculous. At the dinner, Mr. W. H. Wigley was in the Chair. After Grace we proceeded to do justice to an excellent repast. The toast of "The King" was proposed by Mr. W. H. Wigley in an excellent little speech. Mr. H. W. Colson proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. T. W. Bradford for his hard work in connection with all the details of the outing. This was most enthusiastically endorsed by all present, and everyone promptly proceeded to drink his jolly good health. Mr. W. H. Davis thanked Mr. Wigley for presiding, and Mr. T. W. Bradford made a pleasing little speech. After dinner a football match was played by a number and caused a rare lot of fun. The work of the outside left, Mr. W. H. Killford, was deadly, so deadly, I thought, that I had fears for the safety of our motor driver, who was Mr. Killford's "opposite number," but there was no damage done to anyone. Mr. "Jimmy" Wild performed brilliantly in one of the goals. There was plenty of "chaff" from the spectators (I was one of the spectators). At 8.20 p.m. we moved off from Hindhead and it just started to rain, but this did not in any way damp the enthusiasm or the spirits of the party. After a trip through some of the loveliest scenery, we stopped at Farnborough for a short while. Aboard once more we had a pleasant trip home and arrived outside the Club just about 11 p.m.

It was a pleasant thought in asking our old friend Mr. "Sam" Murton to be one of the party, and he thoroughly enjoyed himself. It is very gratifying that the outing was such a great success, and I am sure Mr. T. W. Bradford can feel, with every degree of confidence, that it was a credit to him. Everyone was jolly, everyone was pleased, and "Look at 'em laughing!"



1.—A section of the company. 2.—Major "Struddy" Kaye in characteristic attitude behind the sticks. 3.—The Editor hits out. 4.—Watching the play from the front stalls.

Photos by Mr. F. W. Freeman.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

The following changes and transfers have taken place during the month, up to the time of writing, and to all we wish every success :—

The Axe and Compasses, Newbury (South Berks Brewery Co., Ltd.)—Mr. W. C. Harris.

The Duke of Wellington, Hatton (Ashby's Staines Brewery Co., Ltd.)—Mrs. E. Payne.

The Royal Tar, Brentford (Ashby's Staines Brewery Co., Ltd.)—Mr. A. N. Jolliffe.

The Three Horse Shoes, Meadle (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries, Ltd.)—Mr. H. H. C. Harvey.

The Phoenix, Staines (Ashby's Staines Brewery Co., Ltd.)—Mr. Herbert Musgrave.

The Union, Old Windsor (Ashby's Staines Brewery Co., Ltd.)—Mr. Chas. Gladstone.

The new Oatsheaf Hotel, Broad Street, Reading (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. Will Musgrave.

The Three Horse Shoes, Feltham (Ashby's Staines Brewery, Ltd.)—Mr. C. R. Winter.

Off Licence, 466, Oxford Road, Reading (H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.)—Mr. A. Gerrish.

Cricklewood Off Licence, 104, The Broadway, Cricklewood (Ashby's Staines Brewery, Ltd.)—Mr. A. C. Sears.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

I understand Mr. Norman Crocker has had another operation and is making steady progress towards recovery.

I regret to record the death of Mrs. Rosier, wife of the Tenant of the Marquis of Granby, Brightwalton.

Miss E. N. Durman, after a severe spell of illness, has now returned to work, and is feeling much better.

Mr. J. Hillier (Branch Department) has returned to The Brewery after doing relief work at Brighton Branch.

Mr. W. Giddy left us at the beginning of the month, on the closing down of Slough Branch, and his many friends are sorry.

From all accounts both the Brewery Cricket teams are playing some good games, and the success of the Second Eleven is very pleasing.

CIDER—THE BEVERAGE FOR ALL.

(From *Country Homes and Estates*.)

From the Middle Ages onwards cider has been one of the typical English beverages, and it is quite certain that there exist very few Englishmen who do not find this delicious and health-giving drink very much to their taste. Moreover, there is one great fact about cider which is not true, to the same extent, of any other beverage, namely, that whilst extremely pleasing to the palate, it also has a profound health influence, both in the correction of wrong chemistry within the body, and in the prevention of many ills to which the flesh is otherwise heir.

It is a pity, therefore, that there are so many inferior ciders on the market, in which neither palate nor quality are at their best. Cider, in fact, ought always to be bought by the name of the firm which produces it; and the buyer should assure himself that that name is one of a house which for many years has been noted for sound British cider. There is more than one such firm, indeed, whose name is internationally known.

Those who desire to drink cider which is in itself delightful to the palate, and represents many years of sound manufacture, cannot do better than to sample Hunt's Sparkling Devonshire Cider, which is produced by that very well-known firm, Messrs. N. P. Hunt & Son, of Crabbs Park, Paignton, Devon, and which was founded in 1805. Finding production in a county which is famous for the quality of its ciders, this particular brand is well-known as representing unusually high standards, and is one which we can recommend with every possible confidence to the most critical of drinkers.

Experience is the dominant note in the production of this excellent brand. For many years, the firm have been closely studying all those thousand and one details which make for betterment in cider production, with the result that they are turning out consistently high-grade results. Pure, wholesome and appetising, these ciders are also of the highest quality from the health point of view, their methods of manufacture having developed these valuable qualities to the fullest degree.

The price, too, is right, and all goods are well matured before issue.

THE CASE FOR LOWER TAXATION.

A *Sunday Times* correspondent writes: "A reduction of the beer tax would not only benefit John Citizen but also the allied trades of John Barleycorn. There is that large section of the agricultural industry which cultivates barley; there is the little army of hop-growers who use about 25,000 acres of land; and many other trades, including sugar-refining, machine manufacturers, maltsters, bottling and cork making, all of which are suffering as the result of the extra duty imposed on beer last September by Lord Snowden. A reduction of the tax would also reduce unemployment in the building trade, for, naturally enough, in the face of heavy losses, public-house improvement schemes remain in abeyance. The fact that the brewers have in the last few years spent over £12,000,000 in rebuilding and reconstruction gives some idea of the difference it is making in employment in the building trade. As to the trade itself, the great decline in beer-drinking since September has led to the dismissal of large numbers of brewery hands, of barmen and barmaids, and, of course, the same thing has happened in all the kindred trades. Now, if ever there was a 'goose' that laid, in increasing numbers, golden eggs for the national exchequer, it has been the beer tax. It was 7s. 9d. a barrel in 1914, and now it is 134s., subject to a rebate of 20s., and yields £85,000,000 annually. But this savage taxation has at last upset the working man. His popular beverage is now too dear for him. Even workers who could possibly afford it, decline on principle to pay the extra burden, and have gone without their beer. Since last September, when the extra 31s. tax was imposed, beer-drinking has declined by millions of barrels, and instead of the anticipated additional revenue of £4,500,000 by the end of the financial year the Chancellor will be lucky if he gets not less than one-half of that sum. These things are as indisputable as the Gospels. The tax has not only hit heavily the poorest class of wage-earners, agricultural labourers, to whom, as to the average working man, beer is a food as well as a drink, but has thrown many of them out of employment. The additional beer tax is, in a word, a failure. It has yielded only a portion of that anticipated, and has been responsible for most damaging consequences to industry at a time when home industry stands in need of every encouragement.



THE NEW "OATSHEAF."

A POPULAR READING RENDEZVOUS.

It has been increasingly evident these post-war years that the Directors of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds have had in mind the gradual improving of all the more important of their houses, so as to bring them into line with modern ideas of comfort. One thing the writer likes is that their recent new public houses are not standardised. The exigencies of site have, of course, much to do with this, but all the same one is glad to be spared a monotonous similarity so evident in some towns.

The new "Oatsheaf" in Broad Street, Reading, is the latest of Reading's new public houses, being opened as recently as 9th June last. The public rooms are all panelled, and to be noted is the utterly different atmosphere one gets in the Saloon Bar to that obtained in the Lounge. My own preference is whichever room I happen to be in at the moment.

The Lounge on the first floor is approached by an oak staircase. At the top of the staircase are cloakrooms for both sexes.

The Lounge is nearly 40 feet long and at either end are open fireplaces. This is a delightful airy room in the summer, and I imagine it is going to be warm and cosy in the winter. This is a room where surely even the most ardent Prohibitionist could forget his sorrows.

The tenants, Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave, although new to Reading, are already becoming well-known. I am not surprised at this, as they are very obviously all out to make their customers thoroughly at home and comfortable. One can imagine Mr. Musgrave as "mine host" of an hostel in the old coaching days.

It has already been mentioned that the rooms are panelled. The Saloon Bar is in mahogany, including counters and fittings whilst the other rooms are all in toned oak. There is ample cloak-room accommodation, all with tiled walls and floors. The entrance court also has green tiled walls and marble mosaic floor.

Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave have given great attention to the furnishing of the public rooms, and should be repaid by the success of their efforts and their customers' appreciation.

The kitchen and offices are on the first floor, conveniently behind the Lounge Bar, so that snacks can be easily served.

The remainder of the domestic accommodation is on the second floor.

The electric lighting arrangements are, of course, extremely modern, even to the point of having the fittings behind the counters floodlighted. The "Neon" lighting on the Broad Street front is being used with very decided success. This relates especially to the ever welcome sign of the "Hop Leaf" at the top.

The front is of artificial stone and granite plinth with hand-made bricks to first and second floors.

The old "Oatsheaf" is still partially in existence as the new roof is composed of the fine old tiles from the old building.

The site was an extremely complicated one and many difficulties with regard to the same must have required much attention during the course of erection. The result is definitely a credit to the Architect, Mr. F. G. Sainsbury, L.R.I.B.A., of Friar Street, Reading, who was also responsible for the design, amongst other public houses, of the "Jack of Both Sides" and the "Four Horse Shoes" in Reading, two very successful public houses.

The builders were Messrs. Collier and Catley.

2ND BATTN. THE QUEEN'S ROYAL REGIMENT
(WEST SURREY).

To satisfy the wish of the members of the Sergeants' Mess to look round The Brewery, Mr. W. H. Wigley recently arranged a visit for us, with the result that a party of about 25 spent a most enjoyable and interesting afternoon. Few, if any, had visited a brewery before, and the general impression was that we should see lots of tanks with hops and water being boiled, barrels and bottles being filled by pretty girls, and huge draymen being filled with beer by huge mugs (mugs of the earthenware type are intended). However events proved to be much more interesting. On arrival we were met by Mr. L. A. Simonds, who immediately took command of the party in a manner somewhat similar to a sergeant major—only he was nice about it.

Commencing from the Malt Mills Store and Mash Tuns and going right through each stage to the Cellar, everything was explained so very clearly, with just sufficient technical jargon to make it interesting, and not too much to make it boring, that, although no brewing was going on, we all considered that we could start a brewery to-morrow.

The bottle washing, and filling, stoppering and labelling machines seemed most intricate contrivances until our instructor elucidated the various functions, when everything was shewn to be

ordinary and elementary. But this did not detract from our admiration for the military precision with which the bottles were stoppered and labelled and marched off to their cases.

We were greatly impressed with the care that is taken to ensure cleanliness, especially in the bottles and barrels. We thought at first it was a "clean up" for our benefit, but we really cannot flatter ourselves that so much activity in this respect was done for us. It obviously was routine work.

We afterwards visited the Social Club, where we found everything well up to Simonds' standard, even the sociability. Then came the evening, when Mr. W. H. Wigley rose to the occasion and gave of his best—which is undoubtedly good.

The beer trade is not flourishing at present, but should it get too bad we can place our "instructor" at once. Good instructors are getting rare in the Army!

W.W., R.S.M.

MRS. "JOLLY" TELLS A SECRET.

WALSHE HOUSE CLUB STEWARD'S ROMANCE.

The Walshe House Club, Cedars Road, Clapham, has not been quite the same since Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. "Jolly" have left, after thirteen years' service.

No one ever thinks of referring to Mr. A. N. Jolliffe as anything but "Jolly," and his wife naturally becomes Mrs. "Jolly." The name suits them.

Mr. Jolliffe became steward at the club when it opened thirteen years ago, and he and his wife have watched the club grow up from its small beginnings to its not inconsiderable position to-day. Many of the improvements are the outcome of the endeavours of this devoted couple—devoted to the club and devoted to one another.

Mr. Jolliffe served for twenty years in the Royal Artillery, and, as he himself puts it, "was knocked about a bit during the Great War."

A SECRET.

Mrs. Jolliffe told one of our reporters a secret.

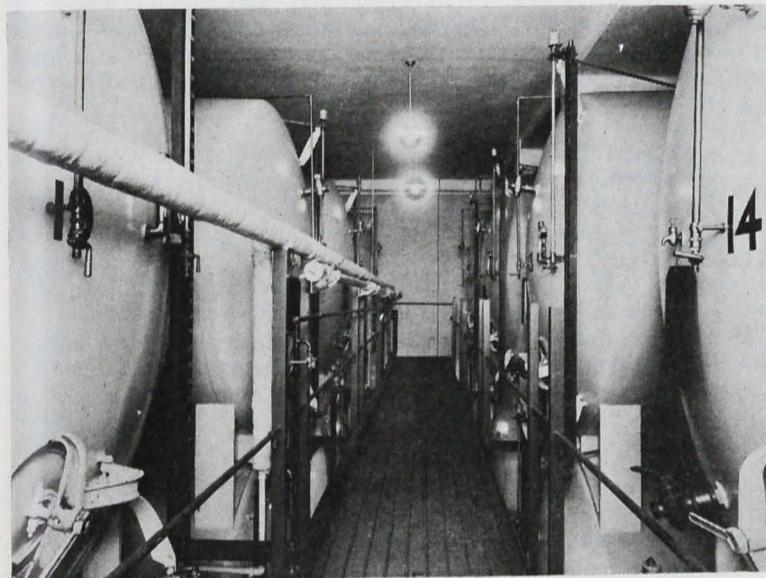
"We never saw one another until we were married," she said. "We wrote to one another for about five years, but never met until we were married at Putney on August 4, 1915. Then my husband went back to the army from his short leave, and I didn't see him for another three years.

"And it's all turned out very happily," said "Jolly." And the way he said it showed it was so.

In future, Mr. and Mrs. "Jolly," will be found at the "Royal Tar," High Street, Brentford, a small public house which Mr. Jolliffe has taken.

Before leaving, they were made a presentation by members of the club.

A TRIP ROUND THE BREWERY—*continued.*



Conditioning and Storage Room.

Last month's article terminated with the beer leaving the fermenting vessels and passing on to the next stage, where it was stored in cask or in tanks according to its ultimate destination; with this article we are showing a small part of the enormous storage room, or conditioning room as it should correctly be called. This room contains 26 tanks each holding 150 barrels and also eight smaller ones of 100 barrels capacity, making the formidable grand total of 4,700 barrels of beer or an approximate weight of 783 tons of beer in the whole room. All these tanks are glass

lined throughout, glass being an ideal surface for contact with the beer at this stage, when it is very nearly in the finished state; also it is a perfect surface to keep scrupulously clean.

In these tanks also the "S.B." is "dry hopped"; that is to say into each tank is mixed a quantity of the very best hops picked the previous season. These hops should not be confused with the hops that are boiled in the copper, but are additional to give "S.B." that little something extra in the way of palate which other beers have not got.

In order to keep the beer at an almost constant temperature all the year round, this vast room had to be very carefully designed and constructed, and it has been built with hollow walls and supplied with steam pipes running all round the walls on the inside of the room to raise the heat in the winter to the average temperature of the whole year and the temperature most favourable for the conditioning of beer.

This conditioning room works in conjunction with a cold room adjoining it and with a similar cold room in the bottled beer stores. This cold room is also full of glass-lined tanks similar to those in the conditioning room and has a capacity of 1,700 barrels. The temperature of this room is maintained at about 32° by means of cold air which is pumped into the room by a large fan after being driven over a portion of the large refrigerating plant which plays a very important part in the ultimate success of the beers of this brewery and of which we shall see more in a later issue.

The construction of the cold room calls for a special mention as it is somewhat interesting. The entire room is lined with cork four inches thick in order to preserve as much as possible of the cold which has been generated by the vast and expensive plant referred to previously. Cork is used as being the finest non-conductor of heat that can be considered in any way suitable for this purpose.

No visitor to The Brewery could fail to be impressed by these rooms, vast halls as they appear, all finished in spotless white, or by the mammoth tanks, glistening white outside and so perfectly clean inside as to satisfy the most severe taste or test for cleanliness. Nor could he fail to come out otherwise than somewhat awed after a very brief visit in the cold rooms, although the air in these rooms is so dry that it in some measure takes away the effect that would be produced by the terrific cold were the room otherwise than dry.

L.A.S.

SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

At last we have had some real cricket weather, but it came after the matches mentioned at the conclusion of last month's notes.

The "A" team were to have made a journey to Camberley to play the W.M. Club, but as the ground was waterlogged we were notified in time to cancel the arrangements.

The "B" team were down to play Lower Earley, but we were unable to procure a pitch, so that game was also off. Incidentally, on this Saturday the authorities cancelled all games down for Prospect Park on account of the sodden condition of the ground. A fact which tells its own tale.

Now for the matches that have been played.

On the glorious Fourth of June, so dear to Etonians, we entertained the Mess Staff of the Royal Military College, Camberley, and had the luck to bat first, but runs came slowly and wickets fell quickly. We were all dismissed for 42. J. Rumens was the only wielder of the willow to reach double figures, and was run out after making 15 by a rather lucky throw at the wicket.

We made a great start, F. Clark taking a wicket with the first ball down. The runs crept along, thanks mainly to E. Final and W. Prentice, who made 14 and 15 respectively. Forty runs were on the board at the fall of the sixth wicket, and a double change was made. After giving 6 away, and thus losing our chance, the writer aided by 3 good catches in the slips, got the last five wickets, and the Mess Staff gained a victory by 10 runs.

A trip to Wargrave was made the following Saturday, and here a very close game ensued, which ended in our favour by 7 runs.

Our opponents won the toss, and it being a nice day thought we ought to take advantage of being in the field altogether. We got Mr. Pope's wicket for the cost of a bye, and the Secretary followed without any addition. Then a jump up to 24, and another wicket at 25. A. Brown (16) was batting confidently, although given a life, and was joined by J. Loughton, and they carried the score to 49 before being parted. 69 on the board for 8, and the same score all out. E. Greenaway, a promising young man, got the eighth wicket, and L. Atkinson the last two in one over.

A promising start was made, 19 runs being scored before a wicket fell, but our visions of an easy win were soon dispelled, and

several wickets were down without any great change on the board. J. Rumens was No. 6, and he stuck it out well and had the satisfaction of making the winning hit, but it was a close call, as, when the last man—L. Atkinson—went in 12 runs were needed, and he was "instructed" to play the balls and let "Joe" hit. The programme was carried out and he had the satisfaction of carrying his bat for 1, and Rumens was 29.

Another journey—this time to Eversley, to cross bats with Mr. Harry's team. We had the first opportunity to show our batting strength, and T. Bartholomew saw them right away and made 26 before a hit that was not quite as intended. Clark and James also reached double figures and our grand total read 83.

A delightful tea, taken alfresco, was enjoyed by all, and Mr. Hawkins thanked Commander Simonds for his hospitality and for this much-looked-for annual match. Mr. Harry replied to the effect that as long as he was at Eversley he hoped the matches would continue.

We then took the field, and it was soon evident that our attack was hardly strong enough to force home, and several batsmen reached double figures before retiring to the pavilion.

Mr. L. A. Simonds shaped well and scored a couple of singles, before he was out to a fine left-handed catch by Josey. Our host made 4, but then missed a good one from E. Greenaway.

The seventh wicket fell with the scores level, but the next partnership carried the total to the century, when time was called.

Wargrave "B" came to Reading on the 25th, and a drawn game, rather in favour of our visitors, ensued.

We had to field first, and again Clark took a wicket with the first ball bowled, but afterwards bowled splendidly though without much luck. Out of 16 overs, 7 were maidens, and his 3 wickets only cost 10 a-piece. D. L. Don took the chief honours, making 30 before he fell to the combination of Rumens and Bartholomew. J. Rumens came on with the ball rather late in the game, but in 4 overs took 3 wickets for 15. Wargrave then declared, their total being 94 for 9.

Bartholomew was No. 1, but did not see the ball well and did not have the opportunity granted him to knock the cover off. James found the boundary, once over the tent, and had made 15 before touching one into slips.

The remainder of the team made a few, and when time was up our score was 49 for 7. By the way, we had quite a big crowd

watching this game. Was it the cricket served up, or the fine weather?

The "B" Team commenced this month's fixtures with a visit to Barndale, and brought off a good win, mainly due to good bowling by Mileham and Main, also some safe hands in the field. The first named took 7 for 5 and the latter 3 for 5, and with two extras the score against us was 12.

Our batting was rather patchy, but the fourth wicket saw the opponents' total passed, and we finished up with 37 all told, out of which J. Deverall claimed 14.

To make an afternoon, it was agreed to have three-quarters of an hour's batting each, and Barndale made 23 for 6, and we got 41 all out.

The next week we met opponents of a different calibre, and got a trouncing. Pangbourne was the venue and our opponents knocked up 98. I hear they had been over the century in previous matches. Mileham again did well with the ball and took 5 for 44, which was pretty good considering, and also took the batting honours with 12 out of a total of 31. Eggs seemed to be plentiful on or near the Pang.

Another win followed. This time it was All Saints who provided the feast.

They batted first and Mileham and Main bowled unchanged and had a total of 27 to face. The first-named analysis read 8 overs, 4 maidens, 13 runs, 7 wickets.

For some time things did not look any too rosy, as 6 wickets were down for 14, but J. Giles opened out and reached the unlucky 13 before being bowled. All told we managed to get 38, and so were 11 to the good.

The last game in the present series was so tight, neither side could claim to be master, and the score was 38 all.

Whitley Hall Y.M. Institute were our hosts and batted first. As the "A" team had made calls on the "B," including their latest "Demon" bowler, Mileham, the bowling was in the hands of R. Main and J. Deverall, and the latter had the satisfaction of claiming 5 of the wickets for a cost of 15. Main got 3 for 15 and two men were run out. At one time the board showed 7 down for 11; the next wicket carried the score to 38, and there it remained.

Our batting was worse, we were 6 for 6, then 7 for 18, 8 and 9 for 32, and 10 for 38. The fight for the decision was quite exciting, but neither could do the necessary.

The fixtures for July look interesting, especially a visit from Turquand on the 9th. This is the name adopted by Messrs. Turquand, Young & Co., Chartered Accountants, of London, who approached Mr. F. A. Simonds, on one of his periodical visits, for a match with us.

J. W. J.

ROYAL COUNTIES' AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT GUILDFORD.

The above show was opened at Stoke Hill Park by the Mayor of Guildford under rather indifferent conditions, the weather remaining cold throughout the four days. Prior to the opening day, hard work was entailed owing to the very heavy rains transforming the tranquil turf into a much-ploughed area. Several exhibitors were unfortunate enough to be caught in the morass with their exhibits, particularly the heavy varieties of machinery, etc. with the result that extra energy was necessary to extricate the sunken lorries. Heavy draught horses had to be requisitioned, and caustic were the comments of their drivers (who were very proud of their charges) at having been brought in to succour the petrol steeds. We had our share of stranded lorries; but these troubles were eventually conquered by sheer grit and determination, coupled with good humour, as befitted the occasion. However, we were all ready to time on June 1st.

Once again we erected our floral Cider Show, which had not seen the light since the show held at Prospect Park, Reading, two years previously, and although we have effected frontal improvements, it was easily recognised by our many friends and always used as a guide and meeting-place. We were particularly fortunate in securing an excellent position in the main avenue, being also at the entrance to another Broadway leading to the refreshment tents, cattle, etc., exhibits. We therefore commanded many angles of viewpoint.

On this occasion our stand was under the supervision of Mr. Albert Bennett, Manager of our Woking Branch, who displays considerable Hop Leaf energy in the Surrey area in normal times, and this gave him the opportunity he desired to meet his many business friends, often on a collective scale, and lead them to our noted brands of cider which were always put to the full test. Varied in calling were the many new friends we made—amongst whom were naval and military officers, police officers of high rank, sportsmen, literary men, clergy and connoisseurs and several Show officials. We were also honoured by visits from the Mayors of the surrounding towns, and many interesting minutes were spent to advantage. In

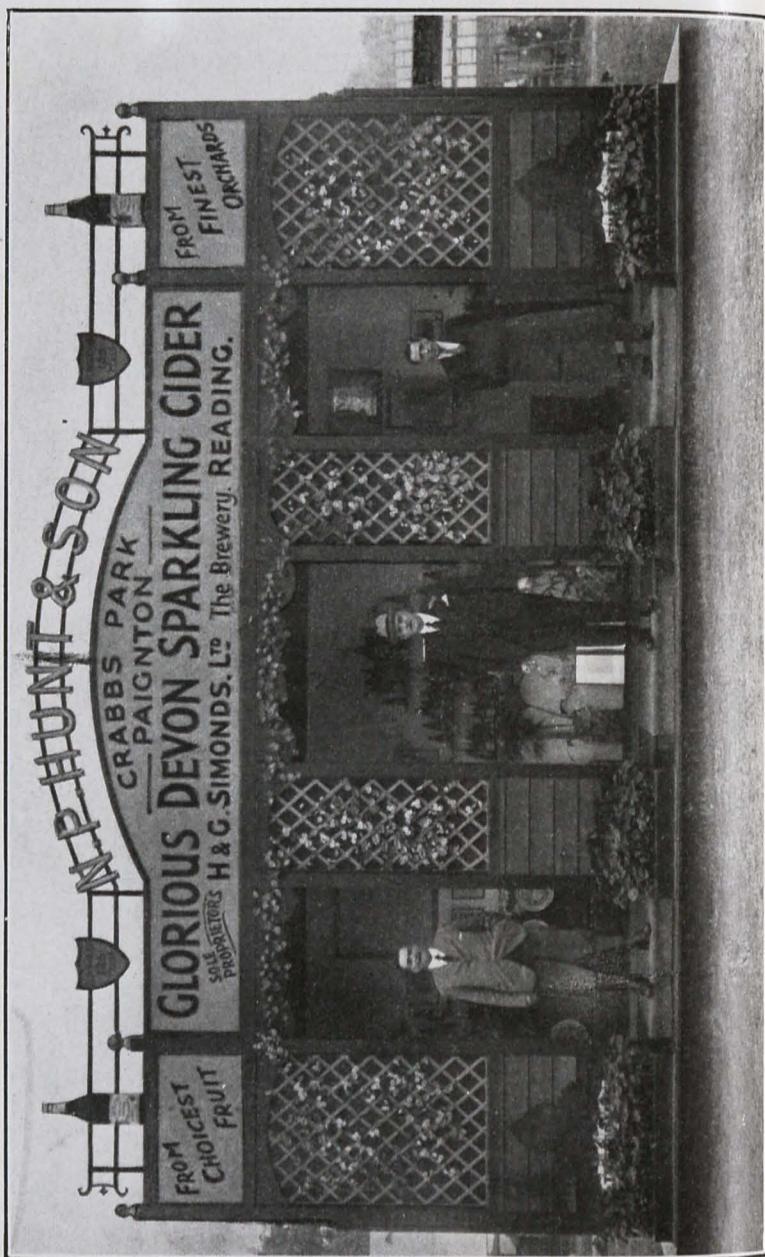
most cases these terminated with orders being left for either draught or bottled cider. The highest opinions were bestowed on our products, and already "repeat" orders are arriving, which show the excellent qualities are being well maintained. The stand was again tastefully decorated, and the centre of attraction was a fine exhibition model depicting a large glass of cider which was electrically effervescing all day long, the juice being dropped through the centre of a suspended apple into the glass, which never ran over. As this was cunningly introduced, many were kept guessing how it all worked. Enquiries were numerous, and came from representatives of several counties, some of which are already covered by our branch departments.

The Show was honoured by a visit from the Duke of Gloucester, who displayed keen interest in the live stock and other general exhibits. Time did not permit, however, for an extended inspection to our stand, although we were ready with a warm welcome. A continued interest was maintained in our exhibits, a leading feature of which was a good collection of framed photographs portraying the various phases of the manufacture of our products from pure apple juice at Crabbs Park, Paignton, the cider from this source having a reputation for excellence extending over 125 years. Recent developments and extensive replenishments and planting of new stock have been effected in order to carry on efficiently and maintain our usual high standard, and we have every confidence that our brands will more widely appeal to a very discriminating public. We have no doubt that before long our cider will prove as popular a beverage in the Home Counties as it has so long done in Devon.

Although the attendance fell from the usual standard, we are well satisfied with the results attained, and have added many new customers to our long list.

In conclusion, a few words of praise are due to the Woking staff on the stand, who displayed at all times keen ability and attention to business details; also to the delivery staff, who are to be congratulated on the good spirit they showed under depressing circumstances due to the bad weather. They were never beaten by these conditions. Thanks are also due to the various departments who helped in the erection of the stand, and to Paignton for materials displayed.

This report would not be complete without a well-deserved tribute to Mr. S. J. Moore, our worthy Reading representative, who designed the stand with such artistic taste, and was in constant attendance throughout the Show.



Our attractive Cider Stand at Guildford.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A lady was standing at her door very early one morning enjoying the sunshine after a long spell of winter. The doctor passed and said, "Good-morning, Mrs. Smith, what are you doing up so early?" "Oh," said Mrs. Smith, "I'm just having a little sun and air." "Good heavens," said the doctor, "that's a very strange place to be having it, isn't it?"

* * * *

The father caught his son kissing the maid and said, "My son, it would be far better if you spent your time at your studies of Greek and Latin."

"But, dad, I prefer living tongues to dead ones!"

* * * *

At the end of each month she and her husband would go over the accounts together. Every once in a while he would find an item, "L.O.K., £1," and a little further on, "L.O.K., £2."

Finally he said, "My dear, what is this—'L.O.K.'?"

"Lord Only Knows," she replied.

* * * *

"In modern life there is a place for everything," we read. Except, of course, the horse we happen to back.

* * * *

"Talking of coincidence. It was the eleventh of the month, I lived in No. 11, and I backed the eleventh horse on the card."

SECOND SPORTSMAN: "And your horse won?"

FIRST SPORTSMAN: "No, he came in eleventh."

* * * *

"What do they mean by 'superfluous,' Bill?"

"Aw, somethin' unnecessary. Like the 'Will yer?' in 'Will yer have a drink?'"—*Bulletin*, Sydney.

* * * *

THEATRE ATTENDANT (as local vicar appears at the entrance to the stalls).—"Ilda, show this gentleman the way to 'L.'"

"My shaving water wasn't very hot this morning, Mrs. Jones," said the boarder.

"Shaving water? That wasn't shaving water, that was your early cup of tea."

* * * *

"I hear you advertised for a wife. Any replies?"

"Yes, hundreds."

"Hundreds! What did they say?"

"They all said: 'You can have mine'."

* * * *

SHE: "You have kept me waiting—a whole box of powder and lipstick."

LAGGARD LOVER: "But the other day you kept me waiting—four cigars and ten cigarettes."

* * * *

"Willie," asked the teacher, "what is the plural of man?"

"Men," answered the small pupil.

"And the plural of child?"

"Twins," was the prompt reply.

* * * *

"Well, boys," said Uncle Dick, "how are you getting on at school?"

"I'm first in arithmetic," Jackie replied.

"I'm first in spelling," said Bobby.

"Fine! Now what are you first in, Tommy?"

"I'm first in the street when it is time to go home."

* * * *

"Are you going to take this lying down?" boomed the candidate.

"Of course not," said a voice from the rear of the hall; "the shorthand reporters are doing that."

JONES (to Smith): "How are you getting on in your new eight-roomed house?"

SMITH: "Oh, finely. We have furnished one room by collecting soap coupons."

JONES: "Why not furnish the other seven rooms?"

SMITH: "I can't. They're full of soap."

* * * *

"Well, Sambo," said the judge, "so you and your wife have been fighting again. Liquor?"

"No, sah, she licked me dis time."

* * * *

Her eyes were black as jet,
This charming girl I knew,
I kissed her, then her husband came,
Now mine are jet black, too.

* * * *

An undertaker retired from business and settled down in a fashionable health resort. When asked what he was before he retired he replied, "I followed the medical profession!"

* * * *

"Were you the only sober man there?"

"Certainly not!"

"Then who was?"

* * * *

A well-known politician, famous for his ability rather than his education, found himself at a big banquet next to a visitor from the Orient. Always willing to be sociable, he turned to his neighbour as soon as the dinner started and asked: "Likee soupee?" A dignified and blank silence was the only response to this observation.

Half-an-hour later, to his surprise and consternation, the guest from the East stood up and, in cultured accents, delivered a really brilliant speech. Amidst long and enthusiastic applause he sat down, and turning to the discomfited politician, blandly inquired: "Likee speechee?"

FOREMAN (testing wall in new house) : " I'm speaking quietly, Bill. Can you hear me ? "

BILL (on the other side) : " 'Ear yer ? Lumme, I can see yer in three places. "

* * * *

A disgusted motorist sent a couple of empty petrol tins with a sarcastic note to a firm of motor manufacturers : " Make me one of your famous cars with these, " said the note. Next day the car was delivered. An accompanying note said : " What shall we do with the second tin ? "

* * * *

Trade was bad, very bad, and Buggins, the grocer, found his takings becoming smaller every day. All his old customers seemed to be leaving the neighbourhood. Even old Mrs. Robinson, whom Buggins had supplied with the necessaries of life for many years, had not been near the shop for weeks.

One morning, however, she appeared again, and Buggins, delighted, hastened to attend to her.

" And what may I get for you ? " he enquired.

" A pennyworth o' soap, " came the reply.

Buggins's face was wonderfully expressive of outraged feelings ; so was his answer.

" A pennyworth of soap ? " he retorted. " Certainly. I suppose you'll be washing the canary this afternoon ? "

* * * *

A disagreeable-looking individual was making a tour of an antique shop.

" Huh ! " he snorted. " I suppose this portrait is what you call art ? "

" Pardon me, sir, " said the dealer, " but that is a mirror. "

* * * *

A hatter in a certain town put up this advertisement :

" Our felt hats fit so well that they are not felt. "

Whereupon his neighbour, a carpet merchant, took the hint, and advertised as follows : " Our carpets are sold by the yard, but do not wear by the feet. "

LADY : " Have you seen my dog Rover this morning, Mr. Burge ? "

MR. BURGE : " Seen him ? I should think I 'ave ! Came in 'ere, stole a leg of 'am, bit me in the leg, and then upset a customer into some eggs. "

LADY : " Really ! Well, I wonder if you'd mind putting this ' Lost ' notice in your window ? "

* * * *

There was a loud crash, a splintering of glass, and the motor car finally finished up with its front wheels half-way up a lamp-post. The driver was quickly pulled out of the wreckage and carried to a near-by doctor's surgery.

" The doctor's out, " said the attendant, " but Mr. Jones, the veterinary surgeon, is here. Perhaps he can do something. "

" Yes, he'll be all right, " put in the injured motorist. " I was a jackass to think that I could drive a motor car. "

* * * *

An Englishman was driving a dilapidated grunting car in the Pyrenees, where he met a mule. " Hello ! " said the mule to the car. " What are you ? "

" A motor car, " replied the car with dignity. " What are you ? "

" A horse, " said the mule ironically.

* * * *

Two friends met in a country inn after the lapse of many years. Explained one : " I've settled down in this quarter, you know. Got married and taken up pig-rearing. Got a number of beauties coming on just now. Look up and see me some time. "

A few days later the other took advantage of the invitation and his ring at the door bell was answered by a young woman.

" How do you do ? " said the visitor affably ; " I've just come along to see the little swine. "

" Oh, " said the woman, in a distant tone, " I expect you'll find him hanging about ' The Farmer's Arms, ' as usual. "

The chief salesman of a certain London firm had a very loud voice. One morning when the manager arrived at the office he heard a terrible noise coming from the salesman's office.

"Who is that shouting?" asked the manager.

"That's Mr. Hill talking to Edinburgh," replied his secretary.

"Then why on earth doesn't he use a telephone?" asked the manager.

* * * *

BRIDEGROOM (after their first "tiff"): "Now that we are married perhaps I might venture to point out just one or two of your defects."

BRIDE: "Don't bother, dear. I'm quite aware of them. It was those defects which prevented me from getting a much better man than you are."

* * * *

A certain male golfing enthusiast was graphically describing to a friend the various joys afforded him by the game.

"Do you know," he wound up by saying, "I'd rather play golf than eat."

"But," inquired his friend, "whatever does your wife say to that?"

"Oh," came the reply, "as a matter of fact, she's rather relieved; she'd much sooner play bridge than cook."

* * * *

The circus was doing badly, and the funds of the concern were very low. It came as no great surprise, therefore, when one day the cashier announced that the artists' salaries would in future be paid as funds permitted, and that they would be paid in the alphabetical order of their name. Next day Zero, the strong man, called on the cashier.

"I have come," he said, "to tell you that I have changed my name."

"Indeed!" replied the cashier. "And what is it to be now, pray?"

"Ajax!" was the reply.

He was a drayman at a brewery, with a well-matured taste for the products of the firm, but one day he turned up wearing a blue ribbon in his buttonhole.

"Heavens, John!" said the manager, "have you signed the pledge?"

"Looks strange, doesn't it?" said John, a twinkle in his eye.

"It does. And why do you do it?"

"Well, it's like this. I wear the ribbon because it makes men tempt me, and when they tempt me—well, I fall!"

* * * *

Quite a crowd of people were staring in amazement at the advertisement in the local tobacconist's shop. It read: "Each customer will be given a cigar-lighter and a coat-hanger with every article purchased."

Hundreds of packets containing the free gifts were in the window.

"Well that looks good enough to me," said one of the onlookers. "I'm going in to get something." He entered the shop.

When he came back the crowd pressed near to see the gift. He opened the packet with a flourish. "A match and a nail!" he exclaimed in astonishment.

* * * *

A best-seller author was walking with a friend when they passed a house which bore a tablet to commemorate the fact that a poet once lived there.

"I wonder what they'll put over my door when I die?" said the author, musingly.

"House to Let," replied his friend, promptly.

* * * *

The Scottish partners called the manager into their office. "We find," said one, "that last year's trading was the best since we went into business. We know how much hard work you have put into the firm, and as a mark of esteem we are making out a cheque for £100 in your favour."

The manager stammered his thanks.

"Yes," went on the other partner; "and if next year's business is as good as this, we'll sign it!"

SHE : " But how do I know you love me ? "

HE : " Why, I can't sleep at nights, thinking of you. "

SHE : " That proves nothing. Pa can't sleep at nights thinking of you ; but I hardly think it is love. "

* * * *

The English sportsman prided himself on his accuracy with the gun. One day while on the moors he said to the boy who had the job of loading his guns : " I'll give you a shilling for each bird I miss. "

At the end of the day the boy returned to the village. " Well, Bill, " said one of his young friends, " how did you get on to-day ? "

" Not bad, " returned Bill. " I made ten shillings. "

" How did you do that ? " asked his friend.

Bill explained, and then added : " And I could have made double that, but I hadn't any more blank cartridges. "

* * * *

LITTLE GIRL : " If I was a teacher, I'd make everybody behave. "

AUNTIE : " How would you do that, my dear ? "

LITTLE GIRL : " Very easy. When girls was bad, I'd tell them they didn't look pretty. And when little boys was bad, I'd make them sit with the girls. And when big boys was bad, I wouldn't let them sit with the girls. "

* * * *

He had just had a trial with a professional team, and had returned to his native village, where he was accosted by an old friend, who said :

" Hello, Bill, how did you get on against Biffem Rovers ? "

" Well, we gave 'em a good run for their money, even though they beat us in the end, " was the proud reply.

" You played goal as usual, I suppose ? "

" Yes ; and I don't mind telling you that if I hadn't been we would have lost by about twenty to nothing. "

" Good old Bill ! I always said you were a born goalkeeper. But what was the score, anyway ? "

" Nineteen-nothing. "

BRANCHES.

STAINES.

The carnival procession in connection with the 1932 Staines carnival and Empire shopping week took place on Thursday evening, May 19th, and we were fortunate to have warm and brilliant weather. The huge crowds which thronged the streets saw a large and excellent array of entries. Headed by the Carnival Queen the procession, after touring the principal streets, came to rest at the Ashby Recreation Ground where it was assembled and the judging of the entries took place.



Miss E. Ottwell.

The photo shewn is of one of the bottling staff, Miss E. Ottwell, who wore rather an original costume and which was very favourably commented on by the crowd.

Our tenant of the "Beehive," Staines, Mr. P. A. D. Smith, very ably looked after the refreshment side and the Firm's marquees were thronged during the evening with thirsty people sampling our well known products.

U.W.M.



Staines Staff.

PORTSMOUTH.

THE "IMPLACABLE" COMES TO PORTSMOUTH.

The old two-decked "Implacable" arrived at Portsmouth from Falmouth in June and was berthed in the harbour for use as a holiday training vessel for Sea Cadets and Sea Scouts. Going back to before the battle of Trafalgar we see how service and misfortune helped to shape the destiny of the "Implacable" and to place her in British hands. From French naval records the fact is established that she was the third vessel named "Duguay-Trouin" to be built in the French navy, being laid down at Rochefort in 1797 and launched three years later. She will now be berthed in the same harbour as the "Victory" which fought against her at Trafalgar. She will take on board about 300 cadets from the Portsmouth establishments, Royal Naval Barracks, "Excellent," "Vernon," "Dolphin" and Eastney.

On Wednesday, June 1st, the Royal Air Force, Gosport, were playing the United Services on the United Services ground here. The Services took first knock and were batting during the early part of the afternoon. Shortly before 3 p.m. when the "Derby" was due to start, play was stopped and the players gathered round a portable wireless set brought into the ground, to hear the broadcast of the big race. At the end of the broadcast, play was resumed. Robinson and Woodburn made 43 for the first partnership, but half the side were out for 104. The Services reached a total of 176 in their innings. The Rev. Cox, R.A.F., who bowled throughout the innings, claimed 7 wickets for 76 runs. The R.A.F. had two and a quarter hours to get their runs. Four wickets however fell for 53 runs and it was not until the partnership of Berridge and Fletcher that the Air Force looked like winning. This pair added 49 before Berridge was stumped. The rate of scoring then decreased and the match finished as a draw, the R.A.F. making a total of 130 for 6 wickets.

On Friday, June 17th, Mr. A. Perryer retired from the Firm's service and we all wish him good health and happiness in his well earned rest. Mr. Perryer had nearly 53 years' service with the Firm, all of which time he was attached to the Portsmouth Branch, being foreman here for many years. He had a large experience during this time of canvas work and was a well known figure at most of the camps in this District. His experiences are interesting and would fill pages. When he started, Sir William Dupree (now of the Portsmouth and Brighton United Breweries, Ltd.) was in charge of the Firm's Branch here. As a mark of their appreciation of his excellent and faithful services the Directors presented him with a cheque which was handed to him on their behalf by Mr. F. H. Biggs. This cheque was in addition to his pension. Mr. Perryer was also handed a silver plated tea service from the staff of Portsmouth Branch, and Mr. Biggs, in making the presentation, gave him a list of subscribers and mentioned that the list included every member of the Portsmouth Branch. Mr. C. E. Gough also wrote a personal letter of appreciation of which Mr. Perryer is naturally very proud.



THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

THE HOME FLEET IN WESTERN WATERS.

For the benefit of any readers who may contemplate visiting the West Country in the near future, we give below the official programme for H.M. Ships, and the various resorts where they will call or assemble, before dispersing for summer leave :—

H.M.S. <i>Rodney</i> Torquay, July 15th-21st. Plymouth, July 21st.
H.M.S. <i>Malaya</i>	... Plymouth, July 21st.
H.M.S. <i>Dorsetshire</i>	... Torquay, July 1st-8th. Plymouth, July 15th.
H.M.S. <i>Norfolk</i> Seaton, July 15th-21st. Plymouth, July 21st.
H.M.S. <i>Exeter</i> St. Ives, June 29th-July 7th. Plymouth, July 15th.
H.M.S. <i>York</i> Falmouth, July 1st-8th.
H.M.S. <i>Furious</i>	... Teignmouth, July 1st-8th. Falmouth, July 15th-21st. Plymouth, July 21st.
H.M.S. <i>Lucia</i> and Second Submarine Flotilla	Torquay, July 15th-21st. Plymouth, July 21st.

No doubt many thousands of visitors and townfolk will take the opportunity, usually so pleasingly granted by our naval authorities, of going aboard these ships of war, and thus getting first hand information of our senior service and its methods—a very useful lesson, to all of us.

TAMAR BREWERY CRICKET CLUB.

In an endeavour to emulate those confreres who have their being near the banks of the Kennet, we recently found it possible to form a Tamar cricket eleven, and if early promises are fulfilled, it is going to be a very successful one!

The first "trial," naturally, was Offices *versus* The Rest, and the latter, without the genius of the Assistant Brewer, just failed to do the trick—by two runs. The "Penmen," batting first, scored 65, Messrs. L. Luke, with 25 (retired) and R. E. Wright 16, being top scorers, with C. Goss 8 not out; to which the "Bungs and Bottles" replied with 63, Messrs. C. Wotton 15, W. Loughlin 10, W. Patton 10, leading the way. For the Offices, L. Luke took

five wickets, and his bowling was a source of constant worry to the opposing batsman, many of whom, however, were not quite in practice. Later on they may take their revenge.

The first match, *versus* Devonport Y.M.C.A., was lost by Tamarites by the same margin—two runs, the scores being 35 against 37, very moderate totals 'tis true, but to dismiss seven Y.M.C.A. batsmen for the total of six runs speaks well for our bowlers. A few steady batsmen are apparently required. Any budding Sutcliffes hiding their lights under bushel or barrel will be welcomed by the Committee.

We congratulate a junior member of our Clerical Staff, Mr. L. Luke, on his prowess not only on the cricket field, but also on the running track and elsewhere. At the Devonport Y.M.C.A. sports recently, he won the 100 yards flat race and silver cup, whilst at the Devonport High School annual meeting the 220 yards trophy was captured by him.

Not many weeks ago he figured in a Devon football cup final, in which his team were successful. It requires few words of ours to encourage this young all-rounder. Results speak for themselves. We however wish him further successes in his future efforts on track and field.

BRIGHTON.

If one wants to live healthily to a good old age, we can recommend coming to Brighton after retirement, and take an example from the life of one of our old customers.

Mr. William Charles Hodgkinson, of 2 St. Luke's Road, took his daily dip in the sea one morning in May, following the practice he adopted when a boy, and now, after this his 81st birthday, he emerged from his bathe as fit and full of vigour as he has been for many years.

Mr. Hodgkinson has been a good swimmer all his life, and he attributes the good health he enjoys to his daily routine. Summer and winter the veteran has carried out the practice of a sea bath, and although in latter years he has chosen the mid-day hour rather than the early morning for his plunge, nothing would deter him from the practice.

He has been a member of the Brighton Swimming Club for so many years that he has now become its "Father," and proud as Mr. Hodgkinson is of the honour, he displays even more pride in his

possession of the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal and certificate for having endeavoured to save life from drowning on 12th June, 1923. It was a gallant attempt, which brought shoals of congratulations upon him, but that piece of parchment and its accompanying medal are dearer to him than all the praise bestowed upon him nine years ago.

Just before last Christmas he accepted the challenge of a member of a prominent London Swimming Club to swim the Serpentine, and so admirably did he fulfil the task that a gold watch was the reward of the octogenarian's feat in the chilly waters.

Besides his swimming activities, Mr. Hodgkinson has always been a keen pigeon fancier, and has carried off a number of prizes for long distance races. Even to-day he has a number of birds—some of them survivors of the war—and he bestows upon them quite a fatherly affection. Every morning the birds are released for their exercise and tended by Mr. Hodgkinson, who knows every distinguishing feature of the birds, their habits, and their haunts.

Apart from these two hobbies, Mr. Hodgkinson devotes a good deal of time to his garden, and although he has retired from the occupation of a builder, he maintains the active career he has always followed by continuing his interest in an Insurance Agency. Truly a busy and interesting life for a gentleman of such mature age.

Our regular contributor to these columns is now on holiday, so we shall hope for some of his experiences in our next issue.

