

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 11.



MR. A. BENNETT.

MR. A. BENNETT.

The position of honour in this month's issue is occupied by the portrait of Mr. A. Bennett, the Manager of our Woking Branch, and we believe his appearance will be a popular feature, particularly in the District under his supervision.

It is coincidental that Mr. A. Bennett joined the Staff of our Woking Branch as a junior clerk in April, 1904, and after being transferred to Farnborough in December, 1905, and from thence to Portsmouth in 1913, eventually he returned to Woking in 1927 to take charge of our business in and around that district. It is eloquent testimony to Mr. A. Bennett to record that he has successfully followed in the footsteps of his brother, Mr. C. Bennett, for the past twenty-five years: first at Farnborough, later as Chief Clerk at Portsmouth, and then as Manager at Woking, where he has earned many laurels. The remarkable resemblance between the two has led to many amusing incidents and even amongst friends of long acquaintance, after a lapse of time, cases of mistaken identity have occurred.

The area under Mr. A. Bennett's control is a large part of Surrey, to the borders of Hampshire, Sussex and Middlesex. A section of the trade includes the supply of about 150 clubs of various kinds, which necessitates a wide knowledge of the intricacies of Club Law and Management.

During the Great War, Mr. Bennett joined the Royal Engineers and served in France for three years, attaining the acting rank of Quarter Master Sergeant (W.O. Class 2). He was mentioned in one of Earl Haig's despatches, for which he received a diploma from the War Office.

Mr. Bennett was Chief Ranger of Court Alexandra (No. 4151) of the Ancient Order of Foresters, in 1911. He was also an enthusiastic campanologist, and, at one time, he was a performing member of the Winchester Diocesan Guild of Change Ringers, when, with two other members of our Farnborough clerical staff, he rang in the first quarter peal on record at Ash Church. He also participated in several quarter peals at Farnborough Parish Church. Nowadays, his sole hobby is work and in this, the noblest of all hobbies, he has also excelled.

EDITORIAL.

MISS GOUGH'S WEDDING.

The marriage of Miss Gough, daughter of Mr. C. E. Gough, to Mr. Mullin, proved a very popular event which is more fully reported on another page. Both families are well known and highly respected in Reading. The bride is a noted tennis player and has frequently represented Berkshire at the game. Her delightful disposition made her equally popular as a partner or opponent. She excels chiefly at the net where she kills any weak returns in very decisive fashion.

MOURNERS' DRINKS.

An eighteenth-century undertaker's account for a funeral in January, 1719, showing that 75 per cent. of his out-of-pocket expenses were incurred for liquid refreshments for the mourners, has just been discovered. The account is full of errors of spelling. It includes the following:—"6½ gallons of wine at 6s. 6d. per yard gallon, £2 2s. 3d.; 3 gallons of rum at 4s. 6d. per gallon, 13s. 6d.; a quartir of a hundred of sugar and spice, 15s.; a barrel of sider, 12s.; buiter and ches, 17s.; a Holand sheet, £1 os. 6d.; the cofing and digin the grafe, 19s. 6d."

GRIMSBY'S LEVIATHAN.

A giant codfish has just been landed at Grimsby. That port, which sees countless codfish, acknowledges this 5½ feet monster to be a local record. With a waist of 38 inches and a weight of 94½ pounds when cleaned he must be a noble fellow. But what a pity to have cleaned him before weighing!

I should be sorry for any fisherman of small stature who caught a cod like the Grimsby one. He could not show, by merely stretching his arms, how large it was.

AN ENJOYABLE MATCH.

And speaking of lawn tennis reminds me of the very enjoyable match which a team of six from the Brewery played on the courts near Loddon Bridge. Our opponents were a side got together by Mr. C. Bennett's son (Mr. L. Bennett) and representing the Barclays Banks (Camberley). Both Mr. and Mrs. Bennett were present and very generously dispensed a liberal supply of refreshments, both liquid and solid. I wondered who Mrs. Bennett backed seeing she is naturally interested in her son's side and also the Brewery team. Perhaps she had a "bob" each way!

THE BREWERY WON.

The Brewery players won by 5 matches to 4, 11 sets to 9, and 95 games to 78. The scores were as follows:—Messrs. Bennett and Palmer (Banks) beat Messrs. Langton and Doe 6—4, 6—3; beat Messrs. Prosser and Freeman, 6—1, 6—3; lost to Messrs. Perrin and Rider, 1—6, 4—6. Messrs. Scribbens and Twort lost to Langton and Doe 4—6, 6—3, 2—6; beat Prosser and Freeman, 6—0, 7—5; lost to Perrin and Rider, 1—6, 2—6. Messrs. Owen and Kemp lost to Langton and Doe, 3—6, 1—6; beat Prosser and Freeman, 8—6, 3—6, 6—4; lost to Perrin and Rider, 0—6, 0—6. Rider, an experienced player, put up a fine game for the Brewery. He did a lot of clever work at the net, while some of his hard drives down the "tram lines" were practically impossible to return. He and Perrin made a very strong combination. L. Bennett was in good form for the Banks, being responsible for some very pretty and effective shots. The games were played in a very sporting spirit and all participating enjoyed them immensely.

DANGEROUS WALKERS.

Strong comment on the heedlessness of pedestrians was made by Mr. Douglas Cowburn, the coroner, at an inquest at Camberwell, S.E. He said: I only hope this case will be a warning to others not to cross the road heedlessly. It has been held by his Majesty's judges that there is a duty on motor drivers to take due care. But there is a duty equally imposed on pedestrians to take reasonable care and not suddenly to dart backwards or forwards and give drivers no chance. In Canada can be found notices "Warning to pedestrians: Look! Listen!"

If some people did that in this country there would be far fewer street fatalities.

THE PRINCE'S BREW.

The first Brewery ever visited by the Prince of Wales was Messrs. H. & G. Simonds'. Recently he visited Burton-on-Trent and said his tour would not be complete without a visit to a brewery. The guests cheered, for they are proud of their beer in Burton—where in the 13th century the monks of the Abbey of Burton were noted for the quality of their "nut-brown ale." The most famous beer in Burton to-day is "King Edward's Brew," now 27 years old. Following in his royal grandfather's footsteps, the Prince visited a Bass's brewery and mashed a brew that will be known as "the Prince's brew." Two hundred barrels—of 36 gallons to the barrel—of this brew will be bottled and remain for several years, when it will not be sold but given away like gifts of rare wine. To mash a brew means to turn water on the malt in much the same way as tea is infused. The Prince turned a wheel, let in the water, and smilingly observed: "I'll bet that's good beer."

MR. CARPENTER'S CLEVER CAT.

Mr. E. Carpenter, who works at the Brewery, possesses a very clever cat. Only eighteen months old, it has already accounted for fifty-two rats. In the course of one half-hour it killed two rats, one sparrow and a fish—a little dace which it fetched out of the river.

WONDERFUL TENNIS ORGANISER.

No man has done so much for lawn tennis in Reading and the county as has Mr. Ben S. Clark. I was in a tennis tournament on the East Berks courts recently when a very pleasing little ceremony was performed. When going on a court to play Mr. Clark found himself followed by quite a large crowd. It was composed of many of his friends who thought they would like to give him some tangible token of their appreciation of his work for tennis. Mr. Clark, who was completely taken by surprise, was then presented with a gold cigarette case, and as he was handed the gift there was an extraordinary outburst of applause. To see Mr. Clark run a tournament is indeed an object lesson. He carries out these difficult duties in a manner that can only be described as the acme of perfection.

BEER.

Before the British Association Professor Dixon spoke as grateful Englishmen have spoken since Saxon times. He praised good beer. He went further; it would be better, he said, if we drank more beer and less tea and coffee. For there is a risk of narcotics, by no means all of them so innocuous, taking the place of mild and harmless beverages. For a thousand years beer has been our national drink, but to-day we consume about a quarter of the quantity found necessary by our forefathers. There is no agreement as to the second-best drink in the world, but the popular opinion declares that *the* best is beer. It charms; it refreshes; it promotes content. It does not suit everybody and many, doubtless, are better without it. But to those who like it the prospect of it sustains the parched and weary, and taken in moderation it has virtues to which generations of doctors have paid tribute.

BITTER NEWS.

After marching fourteen miles in Aberdeenshire the men of the London Scottish were informed that the beer wagon had broken down two miles away. Later the hurriedly-repaired wagon made an unexpected appearance and was greeted with cheers.

This sort of thing rarely happens with Messrs. H. & G. Simonds' wagons or lorries.

CRICKET.

The Seven Bridges cricket team are meeting with varying success. The match against Messrs. Sutton's side is always looked forward to with eager interest. We met them at Cintra recently and played on a perfect wicket. Owing to Mr. Clark's fine bowling we got our opponents out for a score which we thought we had every chance of at least equalling. But alas! we could do nothing right and were very badly beaten. Mr. Wadhams, for the Brewery, put in some very smart work behind the "sticks," and Mr. James' fielding was brilliant. Mr. Noel Sutton was among our opponents, while Mr. Leonard Sutton and Mr. E. P. F. Sutton were interested spectators, and their extreme kindness to us and our supporters was very much appreciated.

A POPULAR RENDEZ-VOUS.

The Island Bohemian Club is a very popular rendez-vous and it has proved particularly so during the very hot weather recently experienced. The Club is extremely well managed and here you may play tennis, bowls, etc., to your heart's content. Should you be an angler, there are eels, big pike, perch, etc., close at hand only waiting to be caught. Then, after a strenuous game or a little restful recreation with the rod, what is more refreshing than a bottle of "S.B.," which, with other of the same famous brands, can be obtained at the bar.

AS GOOD AS USUAL.

"I think it is an excellent number this month," said one member of the Brewery staff to another concerning last month's HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

"But that's nothing unusual" was the prompt rejoinder.

Thanks!

MUCH CHEAPER!

Most of us are looking forward to the football season again and wondering how Reading will fare during 1929-30. Many of the Brewery supporters of the Club have a fine knowledge of the game. Let us hope all know more about it than the good lady who came to Reading last season and witnessed a match for the first time in her life. "What is that man doing between the posts?" she inquired, and was told that he was there to stop the ball from going into the net. "And how much does he get for that?" she further inquired. When told he would receive something in the neighbourhood of £6 a week, she said "What! Six pounds a week and you could board it all up for about thirty bob!"

NEARLY HAD A STROKE.

Here is a case of Scot meeting Scot. An old gentleman and his daughter hired a taxicab to Waverley Station, Edinburgh. On arrival he tendered the taxicab-driver a halfpenny tip. The driver, his face convulsed, was about to utter forcible words when the daughter sweetly intervened.

"Daddy is old," she whispered, "and the money values have changed a lot since his early days. Here, my man, take this!" And she thrust a coin in his hand.

The driver saluted acknowledgment, but nearly had a stroke when he beheld the second tip. It was a penny.

PIKE OR TROUT?

In the river by the Brewery yard I am told there is a big fish which has been seen near the water's surface, basking in the sun—or was he on the look-out for food? Some say it is a trout, others a pike, and yet others a barbel. I have not yet succeeded in getting a glimpse of our friend and so cannot express an opinion as to which tribe the fish belongs.

LIKELY TO "RE-COVER."

In spite of the serious injury to Mr. Dunster's umbrella, caused by fire, as reported in last month's GAZETTE, I understand that the gingham is likely to "re-cover."

HORS DE COMBAT.

Swans are fierce fighters and one, which had evidently been seriously assaulted, sought rest on the same patch of ground. The bird was in a very sorry plight with many of its feathers torn and its neck badly bitten, but thanks to kind friends who have fed the swan it is now making wonderful progress towards recovery. At one time it looked as though the poor bird's number was up.

LOOKING BRONZED AND WELL.

When Mr. Eric looked in at the Brewery the other day all privileged to meet him were very pleased to see him looking so bronzed and well. We all hope that with a little more bracing up he will soon be completely restored to health and back again in harness carrying out his numerous and very important duties.

Commander H. D. Simonds has made a good recovery from his operation and is as busy as ever again with the transport organization, etc.

TELEPATHY ?

While Mr. S. Bird was spending a well-earned holiday in the Lake District he had rather a strange experience. He was deeply interested in his daily paper when suddenly something seemed to impel him to look up. And there, strange enough, was A.G.T. from the Wine Stores who on his push-bike was "doing" the Lake District too. The cyclist was travelling too fast for Mr. Bird to attract his attention.

A.G.T. gives an account of his holiday in another page.

RIVER-SIDE GARDEN.

Near the same spot Mr. Cannon has cultivated a patch of ground and here may be seen sweet peas, gladioli, dahlias, etc. There are also some healthy-looking tomato plants. It was a happy idea on the part of Mr. Cannon to beautify the river-side like this.

JEWS AND THE SABBATH.

Recently a Jew was ordered to break his Sabbath rule by signing his name at an inquest. The strictly orthodox Jew is forbidden on the Sabbath to do the following :—

- Transact any kind of business.
- Spend or even handle money.
- Carry anything, even a handkerchief in his pocket.
- Travel by train, tramcar, bicycle, or any mechanical form of conveyance.
- Shave or trim his hair or beard.
- Smoke.
- Cook a meal.
- Light a fire.
- Play games indoor or outdoor.
- Play the piano or any other musical instrument.
- Tune in a wireless set or use a gramophone.
- Write.

In short, he may do little else than attend synagogue, read, walk, eat, and sleep.

ALWAYS TRY AND FIND IT.

"There is always five per cent. of good in the worst fellow if only you can find it. In the Scout movement our job is to find it and to cherish it until it develops into a hundred per cent." So says Sir Robert Baden Powell concerning that noble movement of which he is the honoured chief.

EVIDENTLY !

The Birdless Grove is evidently not a "Good-wood" for birds!

A JUDGE ON INTERFERENCE.

(From *The Licensing World*.)

The old saying, "As wise as a judge," conveys the fact that, generally speaking, what a judge says is necessarily wisdom. It follows that a man whose whole life has been spent in the hearing and sifting of evidence, and whose professional duties have brought him into regular contact with all manner of men and things must be one whose judgment is not subject to the common prejudices of mankind and whose pronouncements are, therefore, entitled to be regarded as conclusive and deserving of the fullest respect and consideration. When, therefore, Mr. Justice Eve, at a Livery Dinner at Carpenter's Hall, in proposing the toast of "The Company," delivered himself upon the subject of legislative interference with the private affairs of traders and the liberties of the individual, he said some wise things that were very pertinent not only to the occasion but to the times in which we live. The objects which led to the formation of the City Companies, he said, was the desire to secure the right to maintain and manage their own affairs without statutory restrictions. To those who were convinced that the best Government was that which governed least, it was alarming to contemplate the increasing scope of legislative interference in those matters which, in the past, had been considered the private affairs of the citizen :—

"Legislative interference was sometimes supported by attractive pretexts preceded by certain harmless intrusions, and if they were tolerated and ignored the attack would become more aggressive, the advance more permanent and more rapid, and individual liberty and corporate activities would find themselves hampered by unnecessary restraint. The insatiable appetite to control other men's affairs was often evinced by those whose capacity to manage their own affairs was in inverse proportion to their desires."

These are sentiments to which all our readers will cordially subscribe. They should be written in the proverbial letters of gold and indelibly impressed upon the minds of every true friend of his country at a time when the drift of things is in that disastrous direction of abolishing the few rights and the little liberty that are left to us.



OUR LADIES' PAGE.

THE BENEFIT OF SPORT.

To the young people of the present day the fact that recreative sport was not indulged in by the working classes even at the beginning of the present century, might seem almost incredible, but nevertheless such was the case. To-day, one and all take up some form of sport whether it be football, cricket, tennis, swimming, rowing, golf, etc.

And we have only to regard the nation as a whole to notice how great is the general improvement in its health, and perhaps this improvement is most noticeable in our girls, for rarely now does one come in contact with an anæmic girl, whereas in Victorian days this was a common complaint. A pleasant evening of tennis, cricket, swimming or whatever sport may take our fancy, when the stress of the day's work is over—what could be nicer?

Also every encouragement is provided: Borough and County Councils do their utmost in the furtherance of this good work by setting aside open spaces for the playing of games, also numerous clubs are in existence and it is not difficult to find a club whose membership fee fits one's pocket. And from playing games ourselves we find that our interest in the outside field of sport is quickened, and we naturally find tennis players following their respective heroes and heroines through the Wimbledon contests. Cricketers have the same enthusiasm as regards the county and test matches and so we could continue through every class of sport.

It is difficult to define which is the most popular game played; by this I mean the one that the majority take actual part in (we are all aware that football attracts the most spectators) but I would hazard the guess that tennis leads as regards participation. If you are feeling the need of a little strenuous exercise you have only to find a friend so like-minded, wend your way to the courts with the necessary racquets and balls and you can make one another run about to your heart's content. It is, of course, more entertaining to belong to a club for there you meet other players, many of whom may be better players than yourself. This gives you the opportunity of improving your game, but on the other hand, do not look askance when asked to play with learners for remember we were all in that category once.

It is also a matter of congratulation that the playing of games forms an important item in the education of the children of the

present day. They do not only profit physically from such games for there is at the same time instilled into them the spirit of give and take which goes far to carry them through the battle of life.

Moreover, a good sportsman never lacks friends or a helping hand.

M.P.

BEER THE SOOTHER.

TEA AND COFFEE THE BANE OF CIVILISATION.

"Civilisation has been responsible for many new diseases," said Professor W. E. Dixon, in his presidential address to the Physiological Section of the British Association at Cape Town. The Professor went on to put down the modern drug-taking tendency and the neurotic character of modern individuals to the substitution of tea and coffee for the beer of the old days.

"Civilisation," said Professor Dixon, "is associated with wealth, indoor life, luxury, and sometimes excessive mental exercise. These are conditions which lead to exaggerated nervous sensibility, and this is a much commoner feature in those engaged in a mental indoor life than in those engaged in an outdoor physical life. It is not difficult, then, to understand the excessive use of tobacco in some of these people, since one effect of tobacco—and perhaps its most beneficent effect—is to increase the threshold of sensation in those who are supersensitive. When this supersensitiveness reaches extreme limits, these people are referred to as 'neurotic.'"

Beer, from its essential oils and alcohol, he went on, was a soothing beverage; it depressed the higher faculties of mind, it did not exaggerate their activity. Caffeine, on the other hand, relieved drowsiness and fatigue by direct stimulation of the brain cells; it facilitated sensory impressions and the association of ideas. With the diminution of beer-drinking was associated a truly enormous increase in tea and coffee drinking. To him it seemed not unlikely that this substitution of tea for beer was not wholly unconnected with the tendency of highly civilised nations to become supersensitive and neurotic, for that was the groundwork upon which drug addiction was built.

DINNER TO FIRST VICE-CHANCELLOR OF READING UNIVERSITY.

SOME INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.

The following highly interesting letter, signed "Senex," appeared in a recent edition of the *Reading Standard* :—

"The Dinner given to the first Vice-Chancellor of Reading University on his retirement was unquestionably one of the most memorable and entirely satisfactory functions in the history of the Borough. The occasion was unique. The three speeches were worthy of the event, graceful and sustained upon a high note. Approximately a moiety of the company was of the sex whose peace services during the Great War won its equality, and now constitutes the better half of the electorate.

"That a jubilant chord should be struck was right and fitting, and our eyes directed to future achievements; but, to a few, a very few of the whiter heads among the guests, visions were given of the years of struggle before 'The College' was started, when no human brain deemed 'a University' within the range of things possible. (That was the goal to which Lord Haldane pointed us in the fat and prosperous times before the War; the wreath which he promised we should win and wear—he is no longer with us, alas!—but I can still see his small white hands tossed up in the energy of exhortation, the red silks of his doctor's gown flowing about his shoulders!) And there were others, helpers and leaders of a still earlier day, whose presence at the high table last Thursday would have graced our rejoicings, a few of those Oxford Extension Lecturers whose stimulating utterances fired the zeal of young Reading in the 'Eighties and 'Nineties for the humanities.

"I, who write this, remember two, still living, whom we should all have risen to greet. One, now the Primate of All England—Cosmo Cantuar—who, when a slim young lawyer, inhabiting Toynbee Hall, used to run down to lecture to us here upon the Puritan Revolution, and what a mess the Stuarts made of their opportunities. Little did we, who then used to meet him at the station and stand him high tea, foresee his splendid career and its august consummation. We appreciate the restrained learning of his periods and the candour of his admissions ('I don't know' to some student's question which a lesser man might have fenced). But we did not glimpse the aureole above young, brown locks now worn thin and white by an Archbishop's mitre! How we would have welcomed him on Thursday!

"Nor less welcome would have been 'E.V.O.E.' of *Punch*, the (then) Professor E. V. Kurx, and later M.P., stern censor of redundant 'papers' written up after his lectures on the French

Revolution. How we admired and feared him! How well he taught! But not one of us, nor did he, foresee his destiny to tickle unborn millions by his delicate humour.

"Could neither of these great contemporaries, each eminent in his own domain, have been induced to honour by their presence the amazing and almost impossible success of an institution of which they sowed the seed?"

THE SERVICE OF MY LOVE.

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,
The love that asks no question: the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best:
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know—
We may not count her armies: we may not see her King—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"My wife does nothing but ask for money. It's a pound one day, thirty shillings the next, and so on."

"What does she do with all that money?"

"Nothing. I don't give it to her."

* * * *

Harold (showing Granny his wireless set): "Of course, you know who invented wireless, don't you, granny? It was Marconi."

Granny: "Harold, Harold, how disrespectful! You should say Mrs. Coni."

* * * *

Man giving evidence in an accident case at Bow County Court: I asked the injured man if he wanted me to take him to hospital or a doctor, and he said, "No, take me to a pub."

HERE'S THE VERY BEST.

A visit was paid by the Prince of Wales to the Woolwich branch of the British Legion in Wellington Street. He was received by Lieut.-General Sir C. E. Bethune, Chairman of the Metropolitan area of the British Legion, and Mr. W. J. Manley, Hon. Secretary of the Woolwich Branch, and in the bar had a glass of beer drawn from the barrel with General Bethune and the club officials. The Prince gave the toast, "Here's the very best."

BRANDY IMPORTS.

Mr. Snowden has given the quantities of brandy imported into Great Britain and Northern Ireland from France and the Union of South Africa during the six months ended June 30, 1929, as 213,155 proof gallons and 1,582 proof gallons respectively.

MR. CARPENTER BETTER.

Mr. C. Carpenter, of the Cooperage department, who recently retired, owing to ill-health, is now much better, and we were very glad to see him about again.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A racegoer, usually pretty hard-up, was noticed driving round Town after the Derby in an expensive limousine. "Had a good win at Epsom?" he was asked. "No," he replied, "sweepstake." "What, did you win one?" "No—I ran one!"

* * * *

There was a cricketer—not in first-class cricket—whose wife was exceedingly keen about his performances, and always insisted upon ironing his flannel trousers in order that they should have immaculate creases down the front.

One Saturday evening, on his arrival home after playing in an "away" match, she greeted him with: "Well, darling, and how did you get on?"

"Nicely, thanks, dear," he replied. "Had a great time fielding, but that fool of a captain put me in to bat *in the middle of a hat trick.*"

CHAR-A-BANC TRIP TO STOKENCHURCH.

A party from the Cellars and Brewery recently went for a char-a-banc trip to Stokenchurch, and they are here seen near the Waterloo Hotel, Moulsoford, where they drew up for refreshment.



Party from Cellars: Char-a-banc trip to Moulsoford.

MARRIAGE OF MISS EVELYN GOUGH.

PICTURESQUE CEREMONY AT ST. JAMES' CHURCH, READING.

A considerable measure of interest was aroused locally in a picturesque ceremony which took place at St. James' Church, Reading, on Tuesday, July 16th, when Miss Evelyn Gough, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Gough, of "The Ridges," Christchurch Road, Reading, was married to Mr. Reginald H. Mullin, of Calcutta, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Mullin, of Denmark Road, Reading. The Rev. Father F. J. Kernan officiated and he was assisted by the Rev. Father R. Scantlebury. The interior of the church was beautifully decorated and was filled with relatives and friends of the bride and bridegroom. Glorious weather prevailed, which served as a happy augury for their future happiness.

The bride, who was given away by her father, was charmingly attired in a mediæval dress of parchment satin, embroidered with diamanté and pearls, and a train of silver encrusted lamé lined with flesh pink chiffon. The veil of parchment net trimmed with old Brussels lace was held in place by a wreath of orange blossom buds. She carried an ivory prayer book. The little train-bearer, Miss Jean Short, wore a mediæval gown which was an exact replica

of the bride's dress, with a Juliet cap of silver and pearls. The bridesmaids, Miss Tess Bloomfield (cousin of the bridegroom) and Miss Marjorie Port (friend of the bride), wore picturesque dresses in pink and mauve tulle embroidered with amethyst and crystal stones, with mauve and pink tulle picture hats trimmed with silver and mauve ribbon, and carried beautiful bouquets of sweet peas. The best man was Mr. J. C. Mullin (brother of the bridegroom), and Messrs. Dudley Tudor, S. H. Wheeler and P. S. Sparling acted as ushers.

The bride's mother wore a becoming ensemble in black and cream ninon trimmed with black lace and cream fox fur, with a black picture hat of straw and tulle trimmed with ospreys. The bridegroom's mother was becomingly attired in a handsome gown of pale grey moiré embroidered, with a black hat of felt and ciré straw.

THE RECEPTION.

The service was followed by a reception and wedding breakfast, which was served in the picturesque dining room of the Caversham Bridge Hotel, Reading. The bride and bridegroom, with their parents, the best man, and the Rev. F. J. Kernan, were seated at the head table, the guests being accommodated at a number of smaller tables, which with their charming floral decorations gave a very pretty effect. The handsome wedding cake was also much admired.

TOASTS HONOURED.

Following the repast several toasts were honoured, that of the bride and bridegroom being proposed by Mr. A. W. Tudor, who in a few well chosen remarks wished the newly-married couple every happiness and prosperity. The bridegroom made a happy response and said how pleased they were to have such a large number of their friends present that day.

Mr. J. C. Mullin also spoke and read a number of telegrams of congratulation from friends, these being received from India and other parts, wishing them every happiness.

The Rev. F. J. Kernan also said a few words and spoke of his long friendship with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Mullin. He congratulated the bride's father on having gained such a worthy husband for his daughter.

Following other speeches, the bride and bridegroom were accorded musical honours. The bride subsequently cut the beautiful wedding cake, and later in the afternoon the newly-married pair left for their honeymoon, which is being spent motor touring in the South of England. The bride travelled in a café au lait ensemble of crepe romaine trimmed with fox fur and a picture hat and shoes and stockings to match.

The bridal gown, the train bearer's, the bridesmaids' gowns, those of the bride's mother and bridegroom's mother, were designed and executed by Messrs. Heming and Tudor, of Reading.

The floral decorations in the church, at the reception and wedding breakfast, were in the hands of Messrs. Phippen, of Reading, who also supplied the bouquets.

THE WEDDING PRESENTS.

Amongst a large number of useful and valuable wedding presents were a cheque from the Directors of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.; a silver salver from the Departmental Heads at the Brewery and Managers of Branches; a suede leather travelling clock from the Staff of the Branch Department and others; a silver-mounted glass rose bowl from the Canvas and Harness Department; and individual gifts from others at the Brewery and Branches.

A photograph of the silver salver above-mentioned, and showing the inscription, is given below:—





Photograph of Family Group taken in the Gardens of the Caversham Bridge Hotel, where the reception was held.

SOCIAL CLUB.

FLOWER SHOW.

The Committee beg to announce that the Members' Annual Vegetable and Flower Show will be held at the Social Club on Saturday, 24th August, when it is hoped that all members who have gardens, large or small, will make a special effort to exhibit as many items as possible. It only requires interest and enthusiasm amongst our own members to make our Show one of the best club shows in the town. It has been proved over and over again that our fellow employees are capable of turning out garden produce second to none in the district. If you have only one or two articles which you think are good enough to show, please do not hesitate to do so. It has often been heard said during the inspection that "I have got some better than those." Do not be too modest about your own productions; even if you do not take a prize, no one will think any the less of you, but admire you for your sporting spirit, and you will at the same time have helped towards the success of the event. Each year shows a greater interest in the ladies' sections, and the lady judges have had a very difficult problem to solve as to which is the best work: so we do hope that the ladies' classes will be well patronised. Then, lastly, we have the Children's Wild Flower Class, and we do think that an even greater number of children should do all they can to gather a bunch of wild flowers, and have a good try at winning a prize. The Committee are aware that this season has been very dry, but equally dry for all, and if the drought has affected your crops it has done the same for others.

Schedules and entry forms can be had on application from any member of the Committee, Hon. Secretary, or Steward of the Club.

W.B.

CRICKET.

In my opening paragraph last month I mentioned the pendulum had swung over in our favour and had much pleasure in reporting five consecutive victories.

Since then the clock of fate caused the said pendulum to oscillate a little more freely, we having three losses to one win.

Factory "B" entertained us on June 29th and batting first on a perfect wicket put on exactly 200 for seven wickets and then declared. We have only our own weak fielding to thank for this

immense score and, while not detracting from our opponents' batting strength, to drop one man four times only deserves a big score. This one in particular had the pleasure of making his first fifty. Croom bowled well and took five for 61 in 14 overs. Our batting was like the Curate's egg. Four for 55 was not any too rosy, but six for the same total made things look very grey, and while the next wicket put on 26 the remaining three only added 5. Rumens and Bartholomew with 18 each were our top weights.

We had to journey to Heckfield with a depleted team and took the field in time to be welcomed by a heavy shower of rain that caused a temporary stoppage. Heckfield made 75 for six when an interval for tea was called during which time a further shower fell, delaying the start. As the hour was getting late we were put in—and, out. It was not an exhibition of which we could feel at all proud, being nothing else but a procession. Bartholomew scored 12, the whole side 20. Let us pass on.

Our "Band of Brothers" from Farnborough visited us next, hoping to have revenge for the beating we gave them in June. They had a good try, but were not quite good enough on the day. Thanks to good innings by Herrington (24) and R. Paice (22) with assistance from several others a total of 66 was made. Croom took six for 22. We made a poor start and it was not until Bartholomew and Croom became associated that things began to look a little rosier for us, the latter carried his bat for 31. Our "Tom" got 18 and Rider, Kirk and James all topped double figures. In all we got 106 and so scored a "double."

On July 20th we went up to Cintra to do battle with Sutton's "A." We achieved a certain amount of success. Clark held a beauty, just off the ground, to dismiss G. Sayles for a duck. A very similar chance offered by Mr. Cottrell at the other end was not accepted and he went on to make 73 before he was stumped off Rumens. W. Higgs and B. Day also batted well, making 39 and 17 respectively.

Clark had taken a wicket with his first ball of the over and the score stood at 131 for four when "Tea" was called. On the resumption the next ball was stopped and then two wickets fell with successive balls. The hat trick was thus nearly accomplished. After tea, Clark took five for 6; his figures for the match were six for 42. The grand total was 152 and we patted ourselves on the back for forcing the whole team to bat. There we stopped, for our batting was lamentably weak. In fact, only Croom got double figures and then made a poor shot at a long hop and was bowled. We all felt the wicket was pitched too far away from the Pavilion

and the journey back seemed miles long for seven of us. We were sorry the Directors of Messrs. Sutton's did not get a little more excitement from the match, for we ought to have at least made a draw, but we could not even hold our end up long enough to play out time. The pitch and ground were in fine condition considering the drought and there was quite a crowd of spectators. We did have a few supporters, but barring the bowling and fielding, which were quite good, we did not give them much to enthuse over.

Now for a few words for the "B" team. We have got one little crow to announce. One match has been won and another was fairly close although the result was against us.

To take the matches as played, let us start with Talbot-Serpells. A single match only was arranged with this team, it being impossible to fix up a return. We played on Prospect Park and batting first could only total 20. Four of our opponents' wickets were down for 18, but the next partnership put on 60 runs. T. Bennett made 51 and H. Hilliard 27, Talbot-Serpell's total being 109.

Then we come to our only win, so far, and we were hoping the luck had at last turned. Playing on the King's Meadows we met Whitley Hall, and batting first made 65, of which J. Venner claimed 34. F. Titterton bowled well for the visitors, taking five for 26. Then C. Streams, backed up by keen fielding, got busy and we dismissed our friends for 51. Streams took six for 20 runs in nine overs. L. Atkinson took two and two were run out. This is the first time we have beaten Whitley Hall in five years.

The following Saturday we went to Knowl Hill where we were beaten by 13. We were doing well up to a point, having made 41 for four. Then a collapse occurred and only another six were added by the remaining six men. Again we made a good start in the field, the first five wickets falling for 38, two more at the same total, then a stand took place and 22 runs were added during the next partnership. A change of bowling then had the remaining two wickets out for the same total. C. Streams did the hat trick and again took six for 20.

We then entertained some new opponents, *viz.*, Tadley, and they came over in full force, about 26 altogether deciding to pay a visit to Reading, and extended an invitation for us to do likewise in August. The question will more likely be: Can we raise a team, or will the claims of football prove too strong? Well, as that match does not take place until the 24th August, there is plenty of time before us, so we will get on with the match just

played. We had the pleasure of batting first and although 18 runs were put on the board for two wickets the next eight men could only get 10 between them.

Then we were treated to a fine exhibition of batting. Going in first, B. Greenup stayed and made 60 not out, placing the ball splendidly. We certainly got two down for 20 and then the score went to 85 before the next wicket fell and the next added 33, making a total of 118 for four.

Our next ventures are with Wargrave "B" and Reading "B." For the results, see our next issue, if they do not previously appear in the "Locals."

My attention has been called to a slight injustice I did to A. E. Croom when reporting on our first match with Farnborough. I said he had four maidens in nine overs, whereas it should have been seven out of nine, with four wickets for 7 runs.

J.W.J.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

One passage in your letter a little displeased me. The rest was nothing but kindness, which Robert's letters are always brimful of.

You say that "this world to you seems drained of all its sweets!" At first I had hoped you only meant to intimate the high price of sugar, but I am afraid you meant more.

O, Robert, I don't know what you call sweet. Honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets, are yet in the Earth. The Sun and Moon yet reign in Heaven, and the lesser lights keep up their pretty twinklings. Meats and drinks, sweet sights and sweet smells, a country walk, spring and autumn, follies and repentance, quarrels and reconciliations, have all a sweetness by turns.

Good humour and good nature, friends at home that love you, and friends abroad that miss you—you possess all these things and more innumerable, and these are all sweet things. You may extract honey from everything.

—Charles Lamb to Robert Lloyd.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

On Sunday, June 30th, I spent a delightful day on the Thames. I was surprised to find, thus late in the season, so many nests of the little grebe, or dabchick. The nests are just bunches of weeds and the eggs, a dirty white, are very plain to see, though I doubt if one occupant in a hundred of the numerous boats that pass have any idea that they are so near a nest. The dabchick, when disturbed, before leaving its nest takes the precaution to cover its eggs with some of the weeds of which the nest is composed. This it does with a few hurried strokes of its feet.

ALL IN A ROW!

Practically all birds have their young now and on this occasion I was interested to see six little kingfishers, all in a row! They were perched on a twig just above the water and at frequent intervals the parent birds would come to feed them with fish.

TWO BROODS IN ONE NEST.

At Lower Woodley a pair of thrushes has reared two broods of young—and each family has been brought up in the same nest which has undergone no alteration at all.

In the meadow adjoining, a little owl flew from a withy tree. I climbed the tree in search of the owl's nest which I did not find. But I *did* discover a gooseberry bush from which I gathered over 2 lbs. of luscious fruit, and there is at least another 1 lb. left.

COCK PHEASANT SITTING.

On an estate not far from Reading a very unusual incident has occurred—a cock pheasant has been sitting. There was only one egg in the nest but Mr. Pheasant had been observed to sit on it for over a fortnight. Many other male birds assist in the task of nidification but this is the first occasion on which I have known a father pheasant take a part in this domestic duty.

THE KEEPER CROSS.

I look upon gamekeepers as some of my best friends. I met one the other day whom I had not seen for some time. He told me of a pair of hawks which had been doing a lot of damage among the young partridges and pheasants. At length, he added, he located the birds' nest and did the depredators to death. When I informed him that I had watched the same pair building and

had been keeping observation on them since, he was exceedingly wroth to think that I had not given him the tip. Hawks, with young, do a terrible amount of damage among the baby partridges, etc. But wicked as I know they were, I miss my two hawks. Their nest was near a trout stream and quite close to the road.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A promise is a debt.

As we advance in life we learn the limits of our abilities.

Do it now.

Great knowledge, if it be without vanity, is the most severe bridle of the tongue.

He who does not think too highly of himself is more than he thinks.

It is far easier to make a great rush than to plod steadily on through life.

It is nobler to become great than to be born great.

Little pigeons can carry great messages.

Nothing can be beautiful which is not true.

Say nothing good of yourself, you will be distrusted; say nothing bad of yourself, you will be taken at your word.

BE TRUE.

Whatsoe'er I be or do,
 Let me honest be and true;
 Never wear a false pretence,
 Never speak with double sense,
 Claim a grace I have not got,
 Or look the thing that I am not.

THE LIGHTER SIDE

WEDDING GUEST: "This is your fourth daughter to get married, isn't it?"

MACDONALD: "Ay, and our confetti's gettin' awfu' gritty."

* * * *

EMPLOYER: "I hope you don't sit and twiddle your thumbs when I'm not in the office."

TYPIST: "Oh, no; I have my embroidery, Mr. Jones."

* * * *

"Let sleeping husbands lie" is a writer's advice to married women. When they are awake they don't need permission.

* * * *

"I live by my wits."

"I thought you looked half-starved."

* * * *

"Jack was held up by two men last night!"

"No, really?"

"Yes, all the way home!"

* * * *

"I would like a rise in salary for two reasons."

"Those are?"

"Twins."

* * * *

In the course of the proceedings against a man for fishing in private waters, the owner said that only a blind man could fail to see the notices warning the public against trespassing. The trespassing angler, while not pleading blindness, obviously had a "cast" in his eye.

* * * *

Some of the younger women tennis "stars" are playing this year without stockings. The more mature players can't bare that sort of thing.

* * * *

At a Territorial drill hall a batch of recruits were undergoing musketry. They were not a very bright lot, and the fiery Sergeant-Major noticed a particularly uninterested-looking private yawning. Striding up to him he snatched the rifle from his hands and gave him a lengthy instruction of its various parts.

"Now," said he, on finishing, "you look just as dull as before. What's your trade?"

"Gunsmith," was the private's meek reply.

AMERICAN TEACHER: "What is Boston noted for?"

JOHNNY: "Boots and shoes."

AMERICAN TEACHER: "Correct. And Chicago?"

JOHNNY: "Shoots and booze."

* * * *

"Aren't you ashamed to be seen—four of you—hitting one boy?"

"It is quite all right; he told us to go and steal apples out of an orchard, and we are giving him his share of what we got."

* * * *

A RESCUE AT SEA.

We were crowded in the night club
Of a liner on the deep;
Though 'twas thirteen bells or later,
Not a soul would go to sleep.

As we drained our foaming flagons
In our rich upholstered chairs,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted
As he staggered down the stairs.

"What is wrong? Oh! are we sinking?"
One and all in haste implored;
"Worse!" he cried, "The pantry steward
Dropped the corkscrew overboard!"

But a pretty hostess whispered,
As the vessel gave a heave,
"Never mind, I have another,
In my sea-chest, I believe."

Then we cheered that thoughtful maiden,
Gave the little girl a hand;
And the Coast Guards found but empties
When we safely reached the land.

* * * *

MRS. MAY: "What is your husband's average income?"

MRS. DAY: "Oh, about 1 a.m."

* * * *

A Glasgow dentist, just retired, gave a nip of whisky after each extraction. He always had plenty of whisky, but some of his patients ran out of teeth.

A Soviet is a cloth used by waiters in hotels.

* * * *

A critic says that to tell a Scotch story successfully, a man should be Scotch. Or at least have some Scotch in him.

* * * *

RESIDENT: "Look here, Mrs. Merrydew, I'll bet you've been at my whisky again!"

LANDLADY: "Pardon me, Sir, but I never bet."

* * * *

The following is told of Winston Churchill when working at the Admiralty. An American journalist was granted an interview.

"I've turned down seven of your compatriots this morning," exclaimed Winston, nodding towards a pile of visiting cards.

"I know. I'm them!" replied the American.

* * * *

CUSTOMER (facetiously): "You mustn't speak to me like that; I'm a clergyman's son."

PERT BARMAID: "Yes, I always thought you were a clerical error."

* * * *

This is the tale of two sad-looking men who happened to meet accidentally one evening.

One of them explained that he had been asked to make himself scarce for an hour or two as his wife had some women friends to tea.

"Oh, so your wife is entertaining, is she?" quoth the other.

"Not very," was the dry comment. "But how's the world treating you these days?"

"Very seldom," replied the other, with a thirsty look. "Very seldom indeed!"

* * * *

A country farmer walked into the little general shop in the village with a firm and decided step.

"I want," said he, "that tub of margarine, and that lot of bacon, and all the other foodstuffs."

"Good gracious!" said the recently bereaved widow who kept the shop. "Whatever do you want with all them things, Mr. Giles?"

"I dunno," replied the worthy farmer; "but you know I'm the executor of your husband's will, and Lawyer Styles said I was to be sure and carry out all the provisions."

Doctor McTavish had worked hard to put his boy, Sandy, through a medical school. When Sandy graduated and returned home, the old doctor turned his practice over to the boy and took a well-earned vacation.

Upon his return he was greeted by Sandy at the station, who said :

" Father, I've made some marvellous cures. I even cured Mrs. MacGregor's stomach trouble after you had treated her for four years ! "

" What ! " exclaimed the old doctor, " I'll have you to know that Mrs. MacGregor's stomach put you through college ! "

Mr. Snowden, with his delicate conscience, regards the trade in alcohol as an " evil " ; but so far from relieving the Exchequer from its " corrupting " association with " drink " he is credited with a desire to nationalise the thing. Mr. Snowden is celebrated for his remorseless logic. Will he explain why it is immoral to tax betting, but noble to tax beer ? My logic may be weak, but I see nothing more degrading in taxing the means of communication of bookmakers than in walking over Westminster Bridge, which was constructed out of the proceeds of a State lottery.—*Mr. A. P. Herbert, Hammersmith, W.*

BUILDING DEPARTMENT OUTING.

On July 6th members of the Building Department went by char-a-banc to Southsea. They had breakfast at Liss and spent a very enjoyable day by the sea. Returning, they dined at Liss, and had a " sing-song " at the Jolly Farmer, Sandhurst. It was altogether a delightful day.



BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

The amount of interest shewn in our monthly magazine grows apace and the number of good things said about it proves it to be very welcome. Somehow—or so it seems to me—this has been particularly so with regard to the last issue. I was even appealed to the other day as one of the Editors of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. Such is fame !

A PROUD PARENT.

Mr. F. Kirby, whose son gave us such an entertaining article about the Aldershot Tattoo, tells me his boy (he is at the Reading School) wrote it in bed before he got up in the morning ; also, he wishes to become a journalist in time and from his well-written description of the Tattoo he ought to do well. Father is naturally very proud of his son.

NEWS FROM CANADA.

Mr. W. Pullen's letter was excellent. It took us back a good many years and it is pleasing to know that he still has many happy recollections of his days spent at the Brewery. Unfortunately, some of the gentlemen he mentions have died, in particular, Mr. J. W. Lindars, Mr. J. Suddaby and Mr. T. Hasler, three splendid men.

QUARTERLY BALANCING.

June quarter balancing started at the beginning of July and it is pleasing to record that after just over a week our overtime exertions were crowned with success and we were all once more restored somewhat earlier at night to the bosoms of our respective families. We also had a short visit from the Auditor, Mr. Chaplin.

MR. H. COTTON'S VISIT.

Early in the month Mr. H. Cotton (Chief Clerk at Brighton Branch), who was spending his holidays at Reading, paid us a visit and as he some years ago used to be in the General Office (O/C Beer Book), this led to tales of long ago. He was looking well and welcomed by all those who knew him.

H. & G. SIMONDS LTD. SAVINGS ASSOCIATION.

The new cycle has commenced and as there are not quite so many certificates being subscribed for this time, should this meet the eye of anyone who wishes to belong, if they will at once notify the Secretary (Mr. A. H. Hopkins, Correspondence Office) he will do the needful, *i.e.*, if they let him have the necessary cash every Friday.

CARAVAN HOLIDAY.

I have written before of the different ways in which our staff spend their holidays and Mr. H. Killford's caravan camp holiday close to the sea near Brixham is the newest form of holiday-making that I've heard of. Possibly, if in time to come he should visit this place again he might say "That's where my caravan has rested."

OUR EDITOR.

Mr. C. H. Perrin, whose athletic prowess is well-known in Reading, recently, with the help of his partner, won the Mixed Doubles (Open) Tennis Tournament at Reading; also when representing Reading Lawn Tennis Club he and his partner were the only pair who won all their sets against the Biscuit Factory Lawn Tennis Club.

His daughter, Miss M. Perrin, has reached and won the Final (Singles) in the Kendrick School "Old Girls" Competition, thus proving father's tuition and coaching have not been in vain.

FOOTBALL.

During this heat wave is hardly perhaps the time to think about football, but an office colleague greeted me: "Bill" (my maiden name), "only another eight weeks." We are all hoping for the best for next season and possibly every other football enthusiast of every other club is thinking the same. At the annual meeting of the Reading Football Club, I note from the report in the *Berkshire Chronicle*, the Chairman (Mr. J. Phillips) said: "They thanked Messrs. Simonds for the loan to enable them to pay off the builders and save interest and Canon Gillmor for interviewing that Firm for them."

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Walking home I saw a newspaper placard which read "Selections for Salisbury." Instinctively the thought crossed my mind "Copy for Ludgershall."

Mr. R. J. Bartlett (Salisbury Branch) I am informed is being married on August 27th. Hope I've got the date right. Mr. Bartlett was for a number of years at the Brewery and all his friends wish him the best of good luck.

No one has inaugurated Dress Reform at the Brewery yet but it has been warm enough for someone to take the plunge.

Congratulations to the 2nd XI. of the cricket team on their first win of the season.

All for now, am on holiday.

MARCH OF THE ROYAL BERKS.

COUNTY'S WELCOME TO 2ND BATTALION OF THE REGIMENT.
FIRST VISIT FOR HALF A CENTURY.

After many years' absence on foreign service the 2nd Battalion The Royal Berkshire Regiment is paying a fleeting visit to its home County. The Battalion has been carrying out a marching tour through Berkshire. In its two centuries of existence the Regiment has played a noble part in the building up of the Empire, and the people of the villages and towns of Berkshire have lined the roads to voice their welcome and to pay their tribute to a Battalion of a Regiment which has brought such honour and credit to its County in all quarters of the globe. It is 150 years since the Regiment became the County Regiment of Berkshire, but comparatively few are the occasions on which one of the Regular Battalions has visited the County. It is nearly half a century since a Battalion has marched through Berkshire.

The Battalion, nearly 400 strong, has been given civic welcome at the towns and villages it has visited and the officers and men have been entertained by the residents.

The Mayor (Alderman J. Rabson) expressed Reading's welcome to the Battalion when it visited the town at noon and the officers and men were entertained to dinner at Olympia as the guests of the town.

(See also pages 622-623).

TOURING IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

ENJOYABLE HOLIDAY ON MY PUSH BIKE.

This year I decided to spend my summer holiday touring in the Lake District. To tour, of course, means to walk or cycle, and inasmuch as the cyclist is a super-pedestrian and may walk and cycle just as the fancy takes him, the cycle was the obvious choice. I will not describe the ride there, so that I may not take up too much of the space which the Illustrious One has to offer. Let it suffice to say that I left Reading at 6.15 in the evening of Saturday, June 15th, and on the following Tuesday, about 3 p.m., you could have seen the author of these notes riding into Kendal. After a look round, I proceeded to explore Long Steddale, a pretty sequestered valley, after which I had tea and rode on over the Shap Fells to Shap, where at the "Greyhound" I stayed for the night. Next morning I rode through Bampton to Hawes Water, and back through Askham to Penrith. After lunch here, I made for the edge of Ullswater Lake at Waterfoot, and continued along

the shore of this most beautiful lake to Patterdale and, stopping for tea near Brothers Water, I then essayed the Kirkstone Pass with its 1 in 8 ascent. At the summit there was a thick mist, so I could see very little, and taking the left fork I soon made the descent to Troutbeck and Windermere, where I found it was raining, and so to Bowness where the "Albert" gave me rest. On the following morning (Thursday), I went away towards Ambleside, the weather now being fine and very warm. Just short of Ambleside I took the road round to the west side of Lake Windermere and followed lanes and by-ways right along the edge of the lake. Here no motors or chars-a-banc could penetrate, and for some time I had sole possession, and it was all very nice indeed. After a light lunch in the open, the ride was continued further along the lake-side to Newby Bridge, and on, for a glimpse of the seaside, to Grange-over-Sands, where I enjoyed a stroll along the promenade. Tea over, and a bumper tea it was, I pedalled away through Cartmel and Ulverston to Bardsea, where there is a nice coast run to Baycliff. Hereabouts villages seem few and far between, and at nearly 10 p.m. I looked like being left out for the night, when I found a new road not marked on the map, which eventually ran on to a promenade, where there was an hotel waiting for me, so all was well. The next day I sped off through Barrow-in-Furness, Broughton and the Duddon Valley, to Ulpha, thence over the fells into Eskdale, and after tea at Santon Bridge, went along Wastwater Lake and back to Gosforth, where I called a halt for the night. The following morning (Saturday) I had two more glimpses of the sea at Ravenglass and Seascale, looked in at St. Bees and came inland through Egremont to Ennerdale Water and Loweswater. I went to Cockermouth for the night and returned in the morning to ride alongside two lovely lakes in Crummock Water and Buttermere, then came back again to Lorton, where I lunched, and afterwards climbed up over the Whinlatter Pass to Portinscale, and so to Derwentwater. From the road which I now followed round Derwentwater the views were magnificent, and I was loath to move away, but along I went through Borrowdale to Seatoller, where I left my cycle and walked to the top of Honister Pass for more magnificent views. Descending again to Seatoller, I rode on round the east side of Derwentwater and finished up at Keswick.

Monday morning saw me making my way round Lake Bassenthwaite, thence through Uldale to Caldbeck, over the fells to Threlkeld, where I had tea, and down the Vale of St. John to Lake Thirlmere. Then I came to pretty Grasmere and Rydal Water, where I was pleased to linger for a while. I moved on eventually to Great Langdale, and was fortunate in finding a resting place for the night, almost at the foot of the stately Langdale Pikes. How nice it was to wake up in the morning and look out at the gorgeous mountain scenery: what a tonic before breakfast! Later, I walked

out to find Dungeon Gill, which ranks as the finest waterfall in the Lake District. I returned to get my cycle and then climbed over the Blea Tarn Pass into Little Langdale.

I appeared to be the only one going over in this direction, but coming from the opposite way I met two walking tourists, another lone cyclist, and then a full coach and horses, dashing madly downhill, quite in the old style. From Little Langdale the tour was continued down Yewdale, round both sides of Conistone Water to Hawkshead, where I finished up for that day. The next day (Wednesday) I followed the road round Esthwaite Water, and thence by way of Satterthwaite, Greenodd and Newby Bridge, to the east side of Lake Windermere. Here I loitered, for this was my last day in the Lake District, and I was unwilling to leave. Very nice it was, too, by the lakeside, listening to the soft lapping of the waves, and the rustling of the leaves of the trees in the wind, and all the time the summer sun was glowing over land and lakes. Still, I had to go, and I went along as far as Bowness to buy some postcards, and then made my way back to Kendal and over the hills to Sedburgh. Thursday morning came and I sped off through Yorkshire, via Wensleydale, to the Great North Road, arriving home at Reading on Saturday night, June 29th.

This jaunt just reached the thousand miles and, strange to say, it felt easy. The low mileage per day in the Lake District itself no doubt accounted for this. It was only on the last day, when I covered a mileage of 120 or so, that there was any suggestion of "mile-eating."

Since writing the above I hear that Mr. Bird, who was also spending his holiday in Lakeland, spotted me when I was riding round Ullswater.

There is no escaping a Bird's-eye!

A.G.T.

A NOTE FROM OUR LATE CORRESPONDENT AT HYTHE.

It was upon the suggestion of our representative, Mr. W. H. Vicary, who had THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE in mind at the time, that a photograph of the following two letters was taken, and we are greatly indebted to Mr. J. H. Aitken, Senior Naval Stores Officer, H.M. Dockyard, Chatham, for the loan of it. [Unfortunately, the photo was not clear enough for reproduction.—*Ed., H.L.G.*]

Beer at a 1d. a quart, eh? Who wouldn't be a "Poor Workman" on those terms? The concern of the Government of that day in seeing that their employees should have cheap beer is very interesting. How different the Governments of these times look

upon this question. Things have completely turned round. Jenks is the Government now, and "Times are out of joint," as our national poet has it.

Another interesting point about these letters is that they were written exactly thirty years after the firm of Mackeson & Co. was established in Hythe. We cannot claim the distinction of having supplied the Dock Yard Taphouse for all of that period, but our beers have been very popular in Chatham now for some considerable time.

Below are translations of the letters:—

Admiralty Offices.
June 16, '99.

Sir,

The Lords of the Admiralty having received an information of some exorbitant rates exacted from the Workemen at Chatham for the Drink they have from the Taphouse there; Their Lordships have directed me to send you the inclosed Copy of the sd. Information, & to signify their directions to you, to make enquiry into the matter and give them an acct. how you find the same to be.

I am,
Your most humble
servant,
(Sgd) J. Burchett.

To Sir Edwd. Gregory, Chatham.

One Jenks that keeps ye Taphouse in his Maj. Dock Yard which was designed only for ye conveniency of poor Workemen, that belong to ye Yard, to drink at as their necessary Occasions required, and ye Beer was formerly sold for a Penny a Quart, but now this Jenks admitts of Gameing in the Tap-house aforesaid and sells his Beer a little more than a full Pint for Three Pence so that poor Workemen are forced to go to ye Pump and drink Water by reason they have not money at all times to give at so dear a Rate for beer to refresh themselves with all, I humbly beg that your Lordships would take it into consideration, and that such Irregular Practices may be rectified and Poor Men not so much abused which is ye Desire of your Honours most humble Sevt.

Chatham.
30 May 99.

BRANCHES.

BRIGHTON.

At the time of writing Brighton, like the rest of the country, is in the midst of a heat wave, tempered by sea breezes, and visitors have for several days past been lining up for accommodation at the bathing machines.

Unlike many towns, not so fortunate as Brighton, we have so far an ample supply of water both inland and on the shore, so that the daily ablutions of inhabitants and visitors need not be curtailed.

It is a very usual thing for the annual Sea Regatta to have to be postponed owing to the deterring elements, but this year the day appointed was an ideal one, and there was much excitement and interest in the sailing, rowing and swimming competitions.

The new Aquarium is attracting a large number of visitors, and one evening recently the *Daily Express* organised a community singing event, at which it is estimated that over fifty thousand persons took part. This was to have been on the Aquarium terraces, but the vast concourse overspread on to the sea front adjoining.

We have also had a reliability test of motor cars, which brought palatial cars from all parts of the country, some of the cars *de luxe* being a wonderful tribute to the coachbuilders' art.

At the office we are preparing for a large influx of Territorials from London at the end of the month, which will tax the resources of the Branch to its uttermost.

On the 18th July the 8th Field Brigade, R.A., from Preston Barracks, held their Annual Sports on the Downs outside Brighton, the members of the Sergeants' Mess generously supplying refreshments to visitors in one of the Firm's marquees.

OXFORD.

We are, at the moment of writing, in the throes of another heat wave, and the local authorities are enjoining us to be careful not to use too much water. They do not, however, prescribe any kind of substitute so we have told them all about the Royal Appointment, and further, have pointed out that as a quencher for a genuine heat-wave "four setts" thirst, a bottle of "S.B." is to be recommended. Of course, we admitted that water is more convenient for shaving purposes!

Talking of heat, our office thermometer recently made its highest score this year, having registered 86° F. Needless to say, the majority of our staff will favour the movement on foot to

abolish such restrictions as collar studs, etc., if our temperature recorder does not soon behave itself.

Sorry the Dark Blues didn't win the cricket match, Plymouth, after our confident prophecy last month!

We are glad to learn that the Farnborough Branch Cricket Club is still flourishing and that they are getting some good games again this season, and also that several players are consistently getting double figures.

Our Mr. L. J. Lardner again obtained the medal for the highest score in Young Soldiers' Competition at the Annual Rifle Meeting of the 4th Battalion Oxon and Bucks L.I. We hope to report greater things of him at Bisley one of these days.

Mr. D. A. Hope, another member of our staff, was recently successful in getting a certificate from the Royal College of Music for proficiency in the grammar of music.

The Prince of Wales was the guest of honour at a Banquet presided over by Mr. Stanley Baldwin and which was held at the new Rhodes House, Oxford, on Friday, July 5th. The Banquet was part of the festivities inaugurated to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the Rhodes Scholarship system and also to celebrate the opening of the new Rhodes House.

His Royal Highness made an excellent speech, of which there is an outstanding paragraph which appeals to us as appropriate to be passed on. The Prince said:

"I know what a very great help in my life it has been, first of all, to have been at Oxford, then to have had the opportunity during the War, which so many of us of my generation had, of rubbing shoulders with men whom we would not otherwise have had the opportunity of meeting—men from many other parts of the world. I know what a very great value my travels throughout this great Empire and my two or three all too short visits to the United States have been to me.

"Men and women can never understand a foreign point of view unless they have had the opportunity of seeing other countries and of meeting and of getting to know the people of those countries as well."

With regard to the foregoing extract from the Prince's speech, as Mr. Dunster, in his "Brewery Jottings," says: "See England first"; but by the time we have had a good look round the Old Country the air char-a-banc fares for week-end trips to America and other places may be within the reach of our modest pockets, and then we may be able to enjoy the privileges specified.

SHIPTON-UNDER-WYCHWOOD.

The ancient township of Shipton-under-Wychwood, and more particularly the "Crown" Hotel, which is probably as old as any other building there, was recently the rendezvous for the outing of the Managers and Staff of the Shropshire, Worcestershire and Staffordshire Electric Power Company. The party of upwards of about 100 persons, after inspecting some of the local scenery, repaired to the "Crown" for lunch, which was served in good old-fashioned style under the capable supervision of our friend the landlord, Mr. Edwin Medcraft, and his good lady.

From what we hear it is evident that the party enjoyed their outing; full justice was done to the fare provided and, needless to say, our bottled "S.B." received approbation as an appropriate adjunct to a meal served in the old-fashioned way.

We expect Host Medcraft will be again welcoming the electricians another year under the hospitable roof of the "Crown"; we feel sure they will want to repeat the dose.

WOKING.

It would be difficult to describe in the space allotted to us the whole of our experiences in connection with the Army Rifle Association and National Rifle Association Meetings at Bisley this year. We look forward to these meetings year by year, not only from a point of view of business, but also because it gives us an opportunity to renew our association with many friends who come from all parts of the Globe to compete in the various events.

Bisley, as a village, lays no claim to importance during the main part of the year, but just prior to these National and Empire shooting competitions tents spring up in their scores, and it becomes evident to the most casual observer that an enormous influx of visitors is expected. All branches of the Services are represented, and a general survey of the area brings back memories of the large part that this centre played in training musketry instructors during the Great War. Here we meet representatives from South Africa, Gold Coast, Tanganyika, Canada, India, the Malay States, and generally from all the Dominions, Unions and Dependencies of the British Empire.

Although the trophies to be won at the National Rifle Association Meeting are numerous, and certainly very handsome, the coveted honour is that of winning the King's Prize and Gold Medal. The eliminating rounds of this important contest are still in progress, and the grand finale will not be staged until later, and as these notes have to be in early we cannot name the winner in this edition. The annual competition for "The Rajah of Kolapore's

Imperial Challenge Cup" is always followed with very keen interest, particularly by competitors from overseas, and this year the trophy was won by the Canadians.

The scene in the camp at the moment is one of great animation, and on all sides one witnesses a steady stream of competitors going to and from the ranges. Cleaning, sighting and testing rifles are being carried out with meticulous care, and those of us who during the war were taught to take care of our rifles, would certainly learn a lesson from the way in which these are handled at Bisley, where everything is adjusted to a hair's breadth. Passing through the camp one hears expressions such as "Going to Siberia—Stickle-down—and the Century": but these are merely the names of some of the ranges. Some of the "crack" shots of the British Empire can be seen on these ranges, and "bulls' eyes" are registered at 1,100 yards with astonishing frequency. An "inner" is considered by them to be most disappointing even at that distance, and to have a "magpie" recorded is a most regrettable incident. The team spirit is much in evidence in these contests and there is keen rivalry for the honour of being selected. The Canadian team is chosen many months ahead, and competitors travel thousands of miles in order to represent their country in these great Imperial competitions.

By the time these notes appear in print many of those with whom we have come into contact will have returned to their homes. To them all we would say that their stay at Bisley has brought us considerable pleasure, an opportunity to meet many old friends, and lastly, but by no means the least, it has been a privilege to cater for the needs of those who year by year favour us with their patronage. To those returning overseas we bid "Bon voyage" in all sincerity, and trust to meet them at many more Bisley meetings in the future.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The Royal Arms, now set over our main entrance, give a quiet dignity to the whole place; its significance no one can miss. All of us, as we proudly gaze upward, realize too that this "hallmark" has not been earned by one generation, and that nigh a century-and-a-half of time is encompassed within this mark of approval. A century-and-a-half of commercial integrity and progression which has in our generation found due recognition. Consideration and loyalty, together, can accomplish much!

Well done, Oxford! But go one better than honours even next time. We hope, writing athletically of course, that 1930 will "fade out" in a mist of deeper blue than so many of its predecessors.

Thanks for your good wishes for Navy Week. If any member is down this way, please look us up. (Also other Branches of our Royal "Hop Leaf" tree please note.)

Apropos of our July notes, "'S.B.' in a Lion's Den," Mr. Ponsford informs us that the lion so recently shot near Lyme Regis under such exciting circumstances, was the identical restless animal that so entirely disapproved of being ignored when the bottles of "S.B." were being handed round in his cage. Mr. Ponsford feels deeply grieved to think that any action on his part should have brought this noble animal to such a tragic and untimely end, but salves his conscience by blaming the "More 'S.B.'" posters for the occurrence. Even "Rajah" could not, when the opportunity occurred, resist their call.

EVENTS TO NOTE.

Plymouth Regatta	August 21st.
Navy Week	August 17th-24th.

On July 18th, in the presence of a very distinguished company, our new "Cathedral City Class" cruiser, H.M.S. *Exeter*, was launched.

Lady Madden, wife of the First Sea Lord, performed the traditional centuries' old ceremony with a bottle of Empire Wine. With mallet and chisel she deftly cut the cord which lay across a Royal-crested pad, the weights were released, and the *Exeter*, scenting that expanse of ocean which she is to help watch and guard, like a highly strung racer began to speed towards it.

Out into the glorious sunshine she leapt. The blue waters of the Hamoaze received her, and the torrents of cheers, which echoed on the air long after she took the water, was not only a very pleasing compliment to the charming lady who so successfully named and launched her, but was also a well-earned tribute to those British workmen who planned and built this splendid vessel for our Royal Navy.

It is, moreover, a fitting compliment to them that a ship bearing this grand old name should be launched in Devon's waters. The *Exeter* of to-day is to carry but six 8-inch guns, but is expected to develop a speed of 33 knots.

We earnestly echo the wish of Lady Madden that "blessing may rest on her, and all who sail in her."

The roads between Okehampton and Devonport are traversed day by day at this season of the year by "Hop Leaf" lorries, and "S.B." and other beverages are in great demand, not only at the Royal Artillery Practice Camp Institutes, but in Okehampton

itself. All the popular houses have now awakened to the fact that SIMONDS' must be stocked, summer and winter alike.

Mr. Frank Boyden, A.O.F.B. Vat., the proprietor of the "Pretoria" (shades of "Bobs"), is one who looks after all and sundry alike. He can also keep them interested. Here are a few of his broadcasted hints to callers, which might interest others:

"Use no language in this house that you would scorn to use at home."

"My beer is good, my measure just,
Forgive me tho', I cannot trust!
I've trusted many—to my sorrow;
So pay to-day—I'll trust tomorrow."

or

"A man is kept to do all the swearing,
A dog is kept to do all the barking,
The barman is an excellent shot,
The undertaker calls daily."

"Some tradesmen do not study customers—that's a mistake.
"Frank Boyden likes to make new friends—that's business."

We feel sure a visit to the "Pretoria" will be well worth your while.

It is pleasing to notice that, apart from the ones we occasionally tap as we set forth from our baronial halls in the mornings, glasses are at last "beginning to rise," increasingly, with the belated arrival of summer—we whisper the latter word, Mr. Editor, lest it should run away before publishing time.

Those who bear the burden and heat of the day in our producing and transport departments are entitled to a word of praise for their efforts. We believe no one is more pleased than they are themselves to work once again at high pressure.

Another little bit of news for our H.M. and D. columns:—One of our Transport Staff, Mr. G. Harris, has become the happy father of twin boys. We congratulate him. Their ultimate names we do not, at the time of writing, know. Among the many we have heard, he should certainly find no difficulty in making a selection.

Workmates are notoriously fond of their little jokes, and "Tamarites" are no exception.

We are told that "two is company." Whether that is correct in every case we doubt, but in this one we trust the two little Devonians will prove to be jolly good company for a very long time to come.

NEWBURY.

VISIT OF THE 2ND BATTALION OF THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGIMENT.

The above visit took place on July 10th, and the people of Newbury and district turned out in their thousands in order to give the Battalion that enthusiastic welcome that Newbury can and do give to the military when, on rare occasions, they visit the town.

Although the Battalion had marched from Wantage, some 16 miles, with only one stop, they arrived in splendid trim and condition, with their Colours, the Band giving of their best as they swung into The Broadway.

The "stop" mentioned took place in the vicinity of our house, The Swan Hotel, Shefford, and the remark made by the Company Sergeant-Major, the oldest man both in years and length of service—who, by the way, is a Newbury man bred and born—namely, that what was appreciated by the men more than anything else was that the good people of Shefford provided them with beer with their dinner, and that it was Simonds' beer, too, goes to show how popular our beers are with the Army.

The Battalion were given a civic reception in the Market Square on their arrival, the Mayor and members of the Corporation, including the High Sheriff of Berkshire, being present.

After the reception a Company of the Battalion, with an escort bearing the Colours, together with the Band, marched to our local War Memorial, where the buglers sounded the "Last Post" and the Band played a hymn. A wreath also was placed at the foot of the Memorial by Lieut.-Colonel J. Robinson, the Officer in Command. "The Reveille" was sounded, the tribute being most impressive to all present.

The Battalion then marched to the Drill Hall, where they encamped during their three days' stay.

During their visit Newbury appeared quite a military town and everything possible was done by the townspeople to give the welcome visitors a happy time.

An inspection of the Battalion by the High Sheriff of Berkshire (Mr. A. S. B. Tull) took place on the 11th July, and he took the Salute at another of our houses, The Jack Hotel, and in the afternoon the Battalion were entertained at Benham Park by Mr. H. C. Sutton.

The Band, in the evening, played a selection of music in Victoria Park, to the delight and enjoyment of the townspeople.

Our lorry in attendance on the Battalion *en route* was again proof that almost everywhere the British Army are, Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. are in close attendance.

"Rasher" was in great evidence in charge of the latter, and with his milk-white coat and medals was looked upon by our juveniles as quite as an important a person as the Officer in Command.

Much to our regret, the Battalion left Newbury on Friday morning, July 12th, for Aldermaston, where we are informed, they were again entertained splendidly by the Squire, Capt. C. A. Keyser.

W.H.B.

"ONE" FROM NEWBURY MARKET.

"Hello, Scotty, what brought you to Newbury to-day?"

"I brought that old perambulator to be sold."

"My word, it is an old one."

"Yes, but they are fetching good prices now there is so much of this Milk Stout being sold."



This fine Regiment is supplied with the finest of beverages as the above picture indicates. The photograph is that of the lorry which was in attendance on the battalion *en route*.

GIBRALTAR.

The King's Birthday was celebrated on the North Front on 3rd June. His Excellency the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, accompanied by His Excellency the Governor of Algeiras and their respective Staffs, proceeded, mounted, to the Parade Ground.

The 1st Battalion The Lancashire Fusiliers carried out the old-time ceremony of Trooping the Colour. This was a magnificent performance and was much appreciated by the great crowd of spectators.

The Garrison Sports have come and gone, the majority of events being won by the Lancashire Fusiliers.

Cricket and water polo are now in full swing. As to tennis, "fights" are taking place on the courts most afternoons—and it is hot work.

Cork Woods has been the scene of much revelry lately. It is a lovely shady spot, just the place for the youngsters. And what fun there is in riding the donkeys! Saddles are unknown. Piles of sacking are used as a substitute, and such piles of it are placed on the donkeys' backs that it is quite impossible to obtain the grip necessary. It is a case, therefore, of balance. To illustrate the difficulty of riding the Cork Wood donkeys, imagine a rough rider falling off! And a rough rider is supposed to be SOME rider.

The Garrison Staff and Military Foot Police had their Outing to Sandy Bay this year. Now, Sandy Bay does not boast of much shelter, and how the sun and salt water will "get you" was amply illustrated in the Garrison Quartermaster-Sergeant the following day. His face!

We wonder how our old friends of the 2nd Battalion The East Surrey Regiment are faring at Catterick Camp. Do they pine for the sun and excellent sea-bathing the old "Rock" is blessed with? Would they care for a little Levant? If so, we would gladly send them all of it for we are having our share as usual. And with the Levant there are livers, heads and "Gib. tummies." And the cause of these ailments? Why, the Levant!



1st (Fortress) Company, Royal Engineers, Tug-of-War Team.

The above photograph shows the 1st (Fortress) Company, Royal Engineers, who were the winners of the Command Tug-of-War, 1929. Under the able supervision of Sergt. Dugmore, the team has something to be proud about in defeating all other units on the "Rock."

PORTSMOUTH.

THE "LONDON TO COWES" BRITISH MOTOR BOAT CLUB'S RACE.

Of the twelve starters in this interesting test for motor boats not one failed to reach Cowes in good time despite the fact that in many instances the pilots were quite novices at navigation and had never been over the course before. The twelve boats were at Southend Pier on the morning of the race, Saturday, July 6th, ready to start. One of the twelve was called *Waterbaby*, a 30ft. 7.5-knotter, driven by twin Thornycroft motors developing 18-h.p., and owned by Mr. L. Yeowell, the popular host of the Portland Hotel, Southsea.

Little *Waterbaby*, the smallest of the entrants (being only 30 feet overall) arrived at Cowes shortly before 1 p.m. on Sunday, July 7th. Her declared speed was $7\frac{1}{2}$ knots and her delayed arrival gave rise to speculation as to whether she had broken down or put into some port west of Dungeness. G. T. Morris, piloting *Margaret Mary*, said he had kept close company with the *Waterbaby* as far as Dungeness, when she altered her course to the southward, and disappeared in the direction of the French coast. Owing to

compass error it appears that *Waterbaby* hauled off the coast at Dungeness, passed to the southward of the *Royal Sovereign*, and failing to pick up the Owers, turned inshore again.

In the early morning visibility was bad, and when her pilot did make his landfall it was only to find himself approaching Bognor. He had therefore to turn south again in order to pass the Owers on his starboard hand according to rules. Nor was this the *Waterbaby's* only trouble, because her navigation lights failed her as darkness fell owing to a "short" in the electric cables. To rectify this she had to heave-to whilst the binnacle oil lamps were fitted into her port and starboard side lamps. Her owner took his bad luck very sportingly. "Well, I got here somehow—sometime," he remarked, laughingly, to the owner of *Margaret Mary* on landing, "and, anyhow, it's the first time I have been over the course."

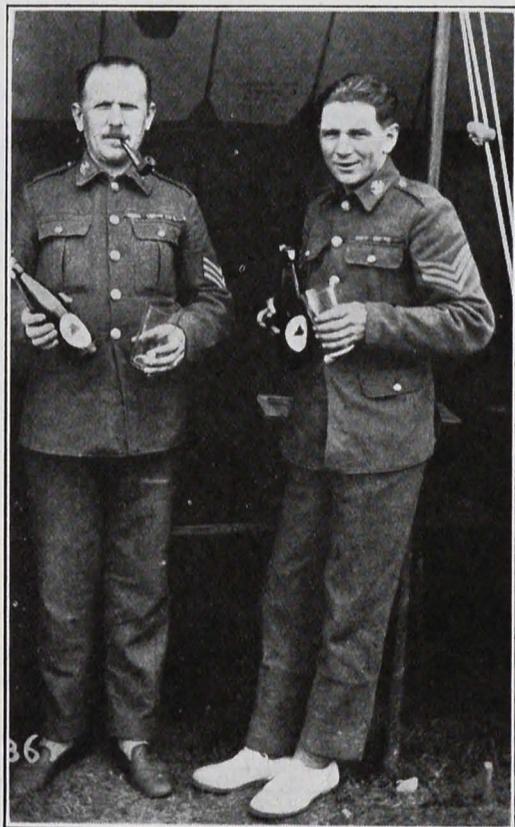
A sporting event like the London-to-Cowes race invariably provides its thrills and its humorous incidents. This year the latter were exemplified by the fact that every skipper on approaching Cowes was searching for the No. 1 Fairway Buoy, the penalty for not passing it on the port hand being the order to proceed into the Solent again, and do so under pain of disqualification. *And there was no No. 1 Fairway Buoy.* Some ship had collided with it and sank it weeks ago without anyone being notified!

Mr. Yeowell is the owner and pilot of the *Waterbaby*, and although quite a novice at this kind of sport, he was presented with a bronze medal for the very creditable performance of completing the course in thirty hours.

THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR VISITS PORTSMOUTH.

Travelling from London by road on Thursday, July 4th, the Sultan of Zanzibar was greeted by a salute of twenty-one guns when he reached Nelson's old Flagship, the *Victory*. The Standard of Zanzibar was broken over the Admiral Superintendent's House, and in the afternoon was transferred to Submarine L5, in which the Sultan made a trip to Southampton. The Royal visitor fired a torpedo from the Destroyer *Wrestler*. He was accompanied by his son and a Sheikh, and all looked picturesque figures in flowing Eastern costumes. At 2 o'clock the Sultan and his party, accompanied by the Admiral Superintendent and a Senior Submarine Officer, went on board Submarine L5, which is in command of Lieut.-Commander C. B. Allen. His Highness's Standard was transferred to the submarine and another salute of twenty-one guns was fired. The sun shone after the early morning rain and dulness, and the sea was just ruffled. The Destroyers, *Tilbury* and *Tribune*, escorted the submarine out of harbour. In the submarine the Sultan made his journey to Southampton to inspect the big

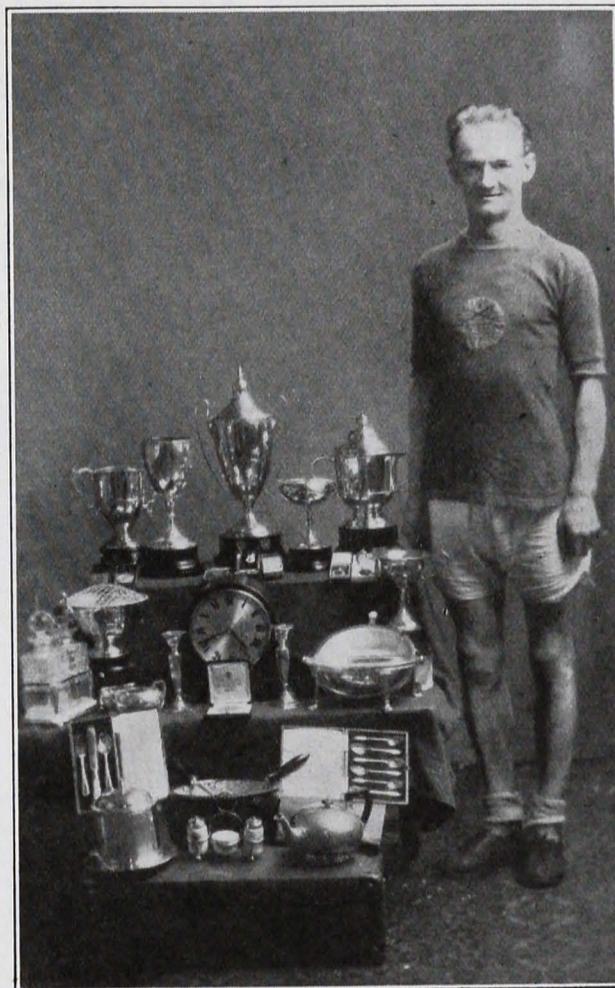
Cunarder, R.M.S. *Berengaria*. On the way the submarine dived and made an "attack" on the *Wrestler*, which acted as a target ship.



Two members of Sergeants' Mess enjoying an "S.B."

THE 1ST BATTALION WELCH REGIMENT.

This Battalion is at present under canvas at Lyndhurst, where the heat has been very severe. The photo is of two of the members of the Sergeants' Mess enjoying some much-needed "S.B."—refreshments which they appear to find much to their satisfaction.



Mr. T. W. Green, England's Junior Long Distance Walking Champion.

Above is a photo of Mr. T. W. Green, a well-known member of one of the Clubs we supply at Eastleigh. He is England's Junior Long Distance Walking Champion, and as will be seen overleaf, his long list of successes and the cups, etc., he has won, proves him to be very keen on this form of sport. He has given us permission to say he attributed his success to strict training and the beneficial results he obtains from a course of Simonds' Luncheon Stout, which is his sole beverage.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL WALKING EVENTS WON.

1926.—Winner Worthing to Brighton walk, 12 miles, November; winner, Croydon to Godstone and back, 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles, December.

1927.—Winner Shoreham to Brighton, 7 miles; winner National 10 Miles Championship; 2nd, Leinster Mercury, 20 miles; winner Belgrave Harriers, 7 miles open walk; winner Croydon to Banstead and back, 12 miles; winner International 25 kilos. track walk, Stamford Bridge (presented with Special Gold Medal by Mussolini, Italian Premier); 2nd, London to Brighton, 52 miles, beaten by Italian champion; winner of Chamber of Commerce Walk, 7 miles; was England's long-distance walking champion in 1927.

1928.—Winner Belgrave Harriers, 10 miles championship; winner Shoreham and Brighton, 7 miles (two years in succession); 2nd, Nottingham to Birmingham, 55 miles; 2nd, Belgrave Harriers 20 miles' walk; was one of the British representatives in Holland four days' endurance walk.

1929.—Winner of both 10 and 20 miles, Belgrave Harriers Championships; winner Shoreham to Brighton, 7 miles (for three years in succession); 2nd, Sunderland to Darlington, 32 miles; 2nd, Bradford Walk, 32 miles; winner 50 kilos. Walk (beat previous world's record by 5 mins. 22 secs.); winner National Railway Championship, 10 miles. Also won considerable number of events at shorter distances all over the country.

A chill has been thrown over the City this month by the news of the submarine disaster, which has befallen the British Navy, the first of a serious character that has occurred since November 12th, 1925, when the M1 dived, and was never seen again, during exercises off Start Point. The H47 belongs to the Sixth Submarine Flotilla and is a tender to the *Vulcan*, depot ship for submarines at Portland. The L12 is one of the reserve submarines attached to the Fifth Submarine Flotilla, Portsmouth. Both vessels are manned from the Portsmouth Depot. The Sultan of Zanzibar embarked with his party on Submarine L5. She carried out exercises and throughout these she kept up both periscopes so that the Sultan could see what was going on at the surface.

We all from this Branch heartily congratulate Mr. C. E. Gough's daughter on the occasion of her marriage and wish the bride and bridegroom health and happiness in their future life.