

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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MR. J. D. CARTER.

EDITORIAL.

MR. J. D. CARTER.

On our front page this month we give the photograph of Mr. J. D. Carter who, for fifty years, has rendered loyal and faithful service to the Firm. He is now Manager of our Slough Branch. On the completion of his half-century, Mr. Carter received handsome presentations from the Directors and from his colleagues, the Branch Managers. As our revered Chairman observed on this occasion, Mr. Carter is essentially a worker. He trusts his staff and they trust him. He combines with rare business acumen a charming personality and to work under him is a real pleasure. For thirty-seven years Mr. Carter has had the management of the Slough Branch, and it is hoped that for many more years he will be blessed with good health to carry on the important duties of the office which he so worthily fills.

A BUSINESS TRIP.

Since our last issue, Mr. A. R. Bradford has started on a business trip to Gibraltar and Malta. His colleagues and friends wish him a fair and safe voyage, also that his health will benefit by his visit to the Mediterranean. We hope, too, that he will have obtained some good "copy" for THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

ONE OF THE "OLD BRIGADE."

Death has taken toll of another of the "old brigade" of brewery workers, in the person of Charles Benham. According to the register, he started as far back as 1883 and was employed in the cellars. Later, he was attached to the stables department in connection with the malt cart with which he made almost numberless journeys to and from the maltings. In 1920, owing to failing health, he was granted a generous allowance by the Directors, who have always remembered those who have served them well.

THE BREWERY AND THE HOSPITAL.

Mr. E. Bailey, the energetic Hon. Secretary of the Brewery Branch of the Royal Berkshire Hospital Contributory Scheme, forwarded a HOP LEAF GAZETTE, containing a report of the Branch Annual Meeting, to Mr. Herman Burney, Secretary of the Hospital, and that gentleman has sent to Mr. Bailey the following appreciative reply:—

"Many thanks for your letter of the 10th, and for so kindly sending me the copy of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. I read the GAZETTE with great interest and in particular the account of your Branch of the Contributory Scheme. The position disclosed is most gratifying, and is one upon which

you and your helpers may be sincerely congratulated. May I add that I am very pleased to see that you are again nominated for election to a seat on the Board of Management."

MR. ERIC COMPLIMENTS THE POLICE.

Replying to "The Visitors" at the Reading Borough Police Dinner, Mr. Eric Simonds paid a very high compliment to these gentlemen to whom the town owes so much. He said the inhabitants of Reading loved and respected every individual member of the police force in the town. He himself was not sure which he admired more—their physique or their intelligence. He was amazed at the complexities of their duties—a policeman had much more to do nowadays, especially as regarded the regulation of traffic, which had increased to an extent never thought of by their forebears. It was a source of wonder to him how a policeman distorted himself into a whitewashed windmill at street corners. He was not a driver himself, but if he was he was sure he would not understand all the signals. But there were many drivers in the town, and they understood the signals, which he thought was a tribute to their intelligence. Mr. Simonds hoped to be more closely associated with the town and county police in the near future owing to the office which fell to his lot. The enjoyment of his tenure of office as High Sheriff of Berkshire would be somewhat made or marred by two things—firstly, the activities of criminal visitors to the county—there were no criminal inhabitants added Mr. Simonds—and, secondly, the ability of the police to bring those criminals to the Assizes. He hoped his duties would be light and his visit to the Assizes would not occupy more than one day. Concluding, Mr. Simonds said he was quite certain the police force would continue to live up to the splendid traditions they had held so long in Reading.

SUCCESS.

The Father of Success is Work,
The Mother of Success is Ambition,
The Oldest Son is Common Sense.
Some of the other Boys, are Perseverance,
Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight,
Enthusiasm, Co-operation.
The Oldest Daughter is Character.
Some of her Sisters are Cheerfulness,
Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy,
Sincerity, Harmony.
The Baby is Opportunity.
Get acquainted with the "Old Man,"
And you will be able to get along
Pretty well with the rest of the Family.

THE LONDON PUBLIC-HOUSE.

I peeped into pleasant public-houses, and less pleasant public-houses. I lingered in samples of both kinds, in order to savour them more sufficiently. In none of them did I meet with unpleasant people. The cheeriness, the good humour, the gaiety, and sometimes the hilarity were infectious.—The *Daily Herald* of December 17th, from its special correspondent's description of a tour of Hammersmith, piloted by Mr. James Gardner, M.P.

And the Reading and District public-houses are even pleasanter.

OUR POPULAR CONCERT PARTY.

A warm compliment is paid to Simonds' Pierrot Concert Party by Mr. Frank Lewis, of Church Lane, Three-Mile-Cross, who writes as follows:—

"I should like, through your interesting journal, to tender to the Simonds' Pierrot Concert Party my great appreciation of the very excellent evening they gave at the 'Mitford Hall,' Three-Mile-Cross, to the members of the 'Mitford Guild,' on January 24th, when some 400 people were present. I, who have been responsible for the arranging of the 24 Tuesday evenings for the Winter Session of the Guild, in which so many well-known Concert Parties have already participated to the delight of the members, have been inundated with congratulations from the people who were present on securing the services of your talented Concert Party, whose entertainment was acclaimed to be the most enjoyable arranged by the Guild so far. Mr. Arthur Russell, of Swallowfield Park, who occupied the chair on the occasion of their first visit to the 'Mitford,' was full of praise as to the excellency of the entertainment, and warmly congratulated the artistes. His words were received with great cordiality by those present."

THE LATE MR. J. TAYLOR.

We greatly regret to record the death of Mr. J. Taylor, the popular licensee of The Griffin, Caversham, and the representative of Caversham East Ward on the Reading Town Council. "Service before Self" appeared to be his motto and in many ways he did a lot of good for his fellow men. He took a leading part in hundreds of concerts for the benefit of our wounded soldiers during the war and his "turns" always afforded unbounded delight. He was content to do good by stealth and none of us will ever know the many kindly acts he performed for those less fortunate than himself. We know of one case, where a man, through no fault of his own, was down on his luck. During that period Joe Taylor gave him 5s each week. The gifts were made quietly and unceremoniously—it was typical of the man.

MR. F. A. SIMONDS, HIGH SHERIFF OF BERKSHIRE.

This month Mr. F. A. Simonds takes over the important post of High Sheriff of Berkshire and for a year he will take no part in politics. He has temporarily retired from the position of Chairman of the Reading Conservative Party, a position he has filled with so much distinction for the long period of sixteen years. His sound business qualities, combined with his geniality and love of fair play, admirably fitted him for the post and his presence on the political platform will be sadly missed. His enthusiasm for the cause was, and is, unbounded and no man has done more in Reading to keep politics clean. His greatest political opponents respected and even admired him for the way in which he always played the game. He worked like a Trojan and loved to win, but it was, perhaps, in defeat that we saw him at his best—saw so finely revealed those great traits characteristic of the English Gentleman. By the King's command he will, for one year, be carrying on other duties and at the end of that period he may rely upon a most enthusiastic invitation to again lead the Party, in Reading, as its honoured chief.

THE HUMAN TOUCH.

A lady was ill. The doctor thought that there was something more than her malady worrying her. Asked what this was, she eventually told him that she owed a certain gentleman a considerable sum of money and had little hope of redeeming the debt. The gentleman concerned learned of the good lady's distress and promptly sent her a receipt for the full amount due. He is a bookmaker and lives not many miles from Reading.

MOURNED BY AN EMPIRE.

It is not too much to say that the whole Empire mourned the death of Field-Marshal Earl Haig. He is gone, but his spirit lives on. From the beginning, Lord Haig was clearly destined to military distinction. The first note of real promise was sounded at Sandhurst 43 years ago. Soon after his entrance a visitor inquired of one of the officers whether there were any cadets who seemed to stand out from their fellows. "Well," was the reply, "there is a cadet here called Douglas Haig, a Scotch lad, who is top at everything—books, drill, riding, sports and games. He is to go into the cavalry and, what is more, he will be top of the Army before he has finished." The prophecy came true.

HIS LAST SPEECH.

In his last speech to the British Legion Boy Scouts at Richmond, the day before his death, the Field-Marshal said:—

"It is essential that the young should be taught the meaning of Empire, and the sacrifices that their fathers have made for it. I ask you, boys, always to play the game and to try and realise what citizenship and public spirit really mean. When you grow up, always remember that you belong to a great Empire, and when people speak disrespectfully of England, always stand up and defend your country."

O valiant heart, who to your glory came,
Through dust of conflict, and through battle flame,
Tranquil you lie : your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed by the lands you loved.

A MUCH RESPECTED BODY.

The great amount of respect shown the late Mr. Joe Taylor is only typical of the high esteem in which licensed victuallers are held generally. They play an important part in our national life and in many ways help to make the wheels of this good old world go round. A man who keeps a "public" is part and parcel of the life of that greater public, the people, and this would indeed be a dreary world but for the cheery atmosphere of the clean and comfortable inn.

SOUTH BERKS HOUNDS MASTERSHIP.

Widespread regret has been expressed at the announcement that Mr. Guy Hargreaves, for reasons quite unconnected with the Hunt, has been obliged to terminate his Mastership of the South Berks Hunt at the end of this season. The committee have received the announcement with the greatest regret, a regret which is shared by the Master. The name Hargreaves is well known and honoured among sportsmen, and the present Master of the South Berks has maintained the highest traditions. He has shown splendid sport, for which all who have enjoyed an exhilarating run with the local pack sincerely thank him.

IN A GARDEN.

Passing a stonemason's yard last week, we saw a workman engaged on the following words. Doubtless they are known to many, but they are well worth repeating :—

The kiss of the sun for splendour,
The song of the birds for mirth.
You are nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.

A NATURE NOTE.

While strolling down the narrow ride of a big wood a stoat came running towards me and the little fellow was carrying an old barn rat, larger than himself. The stoat was so absorbed in his prize that he came quite close to me before he was aware of my presence. Then he dropped the rat and made off, out of sight. I moved a little further on and watched events. Not many minutes had elapsed before out came the stoat again. He seemed loth to leave his prey and darted up to it ; then he, as quickly, darted off and out of sight again. He repeated this performance several times. The stoat now seemed quite aware of my presence so I moved still further away, completely concealed myself, but had, as it were, an even closer view of the rat, by the aid of my field glasses. I had not waited long before the stoat again appeared, gave the rat a savage bite, picked it up, dropped it, and scampered off into the undergrowth again. A few minutes later the stoat revisited the rat, seized it in his mouth, trotted gaily down the ride with it and was soon out of sight. Let us hope he enjoyed his meal. I certainly was not going to disturb him further.

AN EPIC FIGHT.

What a fight there must have been before the stoat gained so complete a victory over so redoubtable an opponent as a barn rat with teeth that one would think might easily have put paid to the stoat's account. Can't you picture the scene in the abode of that rat. A streak of fury, in the shape of the stoat, enters the rat's home, flies on to the rat's back and despite the violent struggling of the rat, stays there until he has completed his cruel work behind that old rat's ear. Why, the Dempsey *v.* Tunney fight could bear no comparison with it !

WAS IT FEAR ?

Or was it that the rat was overcome with fear ? Stoats appear to paralyse rabbits with dread. I have seen bunnies chased by these slim little evil-doers and the poor things seemed to be quite bereft of the strength or sense to escape. On one occasion, near Pangbourne, I heard a rabbit squeal and saw it running across a meadow in the direction of where I stood. Strangely enough, though I was in the middle of the road, that rabbit came up to within a yard of me. I don't think she sought protection ; she appeared too frightened for that. Then along came the stoat, seized the rabbit behind the ear and in front of my very eyes did poor bunny to death. Of course I stood as still as a statue, not moving even a muscle.

When eventually I did move, the stoat was off like a flash. I bagged that bunny.

A HORRID MEAL.

On another occasion, when out with a gamekeeper we came across a family of stoats. What romps they were having and how I yearned to watch them play, when bang! and mother stoat and two of her children were done to death. One little fellow was blown clean in two. The keeper went to his cottage for other cartridges. We had not been gone ten minutes, but when we returned, the remaining members of the little family were feeding greedily on their little brother that had been shot in two—before his blood was cold!

TELL-TALE TRACKS.

You can learn a great deal concerning wild nature's ways by tracking the birds and beasts. In this connection I have made many very interesting discoveries. Footprints have a great fascination for me. There is not much in this way that misses my eye, and walking through a wood with the keeper he suddenly became intensely interested in something that he had traced in the mud down the ride. For the life of me I could not see anything unusual. Off he went for quite a long distance with his eyes fixed on the ground. And there was I following close behind, quite at a loss to discover the reason for his keen interest, down one ride, up another, and then into the open we went.

At length I asked him what it was all about.

Pointing to the ground he exclaimed "See those! They're the footprints of my gov'nor; he's been round here this morning."

Those keepers are knowing fellows.

A RARA AVIS.

I had a very pleasant surprise while sauntering by the riverside. What an attraction a stream always has for me! In, on, or about it there is always something of interest. On this occasion, in a wild secluded spot, I was watching some snipe. I flushed several and with them rose a bittern. This, unfortunately, is a very rare bird, and it is always a delight to see one. Several years ago I had the same good luck in the very same spot. I believe there is a pair. At any rate I have seen a bittern near here since, on three different occasions. Whether it was the same bird or not I do not know. Bitterns are beautifully marked with a rust-red colouring and they wear a frill of long feathers down the front. Like the heron, they rise rather clumsily, but once well on the wing are powerful fliers.

SPRING'S GREAT OFFENSIVE.

Spring's great offensive has begun! The sap is rising in the trees, here and there is a splash of golden gorse, here and there a primrose is in bloom, on the sallow willow are silver silky buds, while millions of plants are fighting for a place in the sun. On all hands, indeed, there are signs and sounds of Spring. And with each burst of warm sunshine the lark soars aloft winding and unwinding his silver chain of song.

Thou soaring minstrel! Winged bard!
Whose path is the free air,
Whose song makes sunshine seem more bright,
And this fair world more fair!

C.H.P.

ALCOHOL A BETTER FOOD THAN MEAT.

SIR W. ARBUTHNOT LANE'S CLAIM FOR MODERATE DRINKING.

"OF GREAT VALUE TO MEN."

"Alcohol is an infinitely better food than meat," said Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, speaking at the annual meeting of the True Temperance Association at Caxton Hall, Westminster, recently.

"The number of people who die in England from alcohol," he added, "must be infinitely small, but how many die from meat? Old men, professional men, and those with great brain strain know the value of alcohol.

"Although alcohol is the most important food we have, there are innumerable cranks in the country who would do away with it because some people take it in excess.

"I am certain that a moderate amount of alcohol is of great value to the human race, and used properly it does more to make the wheels of life go round than any other food taken in the same quantity."

The men who best survived Napoleon's march to Moscow, he pointed out, were not the troops drawn from Northern Europe, but those from the south, where red wine was drunk. Sun and red wine were as good a mixture as they could get for health.

He urged that the public-house should be reformed so that people could have a drink under the better conditions to be seen in Germany and France.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

He blushed a fiery red,
Her heart went pit-a-pat ;
She gently hung her head,
And looked down at the mat.
He trembled in his speech ;
He rose from where he sat
And shouted with a screech,
" You're sitting on my hat ! "

* * * *

SURPRISE FOR MR. JONES.

The elders of the village chapel held a special meeting and decided to appoint another man in place of Mr. Jones to take round the collecting plate in future.

" What's the reason for this ? " asked Mr. Jones when he heard of it. " Am I not capable of doing the work ? " " Quite," replied the chief elder. " But we've agreed to have a collector in future who has only one hand."

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CARNIVOROUS BEARS.

She was visiting a zoo, and gathering as much information about the animals as was possible in one short afternoon.

" Are these bears carnivorous ? " she enquired of a keeper.

" Well," replied the keeper, slowly, " they was when they arrived, ma'am, but they've been alright since we cleaned 'em down with carbolic."

* * * *

HENDRY : " I hear their cook has left them."

HARPER : " No wonder. They gave her an alarm clock for Christmas."

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We are told that next season there is to be an alteration in the betting rules. The Temperance Party are strongly in favour of the Tee-Totalisator.—*Bystander*.

* * * *

NEW VICAR'S WIFE : " Does your husband go to church, Mrs. Smith ? "

VILLAGER : " Well, mum, 'e went to chapel once and got converted, and since then 'e ain't been nowhere."

A BOY'S SPARE TIME.

A small boy applied for a job at a squire's house, where he could earn 5s. a week by making himself generally useful.

Squire : " Can you clean silver ? "

Boy : " Yes."

Squire : " Can you cook and light fires ? "

Boy : " Yes, sir."

Squire : " Can you clean bicycles and repair punctured tyres and tune pianos ? "

Boy : " Yes, sir."

Squire : " Can you mend electric bells and do plumbing and gas-fitting ? "

Boy : " Yes, sir."

Squire : " Then I think you will do."

Boy : " By the way, sir, is your house built on a clay soil ? "

Squire : " Why ? "

Boy : " Well, I thought you would like me to fill up my spare time by making bricks."

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TEACHER (sternly) : " Your essay on ' Our Dog ' is word for word the same as your brother's."

SMALL BOY : " Yes, sir ; it's the same dog."

* * * *

The dentist explained that it would cost ten-and-sixpence to extract with gas.

" Ten-and-sixpence ! " said the Jew. " I von't pay it ; I'll wait till daylight."

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BLOCK IN THE TRAFFIC.

In the depth of a London fog a safety first motorist felt that the only certain method of keeping on the right road was to follow the tram track. He did so successfully for a long time, but suddenly found himself in the middle of a traffic block of bewildering complexity. There were stationary trams all around him.

At last, after a long wait, he jumped out of his car to investigate. He was in the tram depot.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Fortune ! There is no fortune ; all is trial, or punishment, or recompense, or foresight.

He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

The small courtesies sweeten life ; the greater ennoble it.

He serves his party best who serves his country best.

Life is a long lesson in humility.

The snail sees nothing but its own shell and thinks it the grandest place in the world.

Keep always with you the company of great thoughts.

Success comes by energy, ability, ambition and keeping on.

The size of a business is less important than its policy.

Advertising does not mean self-praise nor puffery. It is a service to buyers, when well done.

Nature is the only book that teems with meaning on every page.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

The real man is one who always finds excuses for others, but never excuses himself.

The test of civilization is the estimate of woman.

MR. F. A. SIMONDS.

ABSTENTION FROM POLITICS FOR A YEAR.

CHAIRMAN FOR SIXTEEN YEARS.

A meeting of the Reading Conservative Association Political Executive was held recently.

Mr. F. A. Simonds (the High Sheriff elect of Berkshire), at the close of the meeting, said : " There has been a certain amount of discussion as to who should be your chairman, as circumstances will necessitate my abstention from politics for at any rate the next twelve months. I started my term of office sixteen years ago, when you or your predecessors did me the honour of making me the chairman of this executive committee. I venture to think that there are very few gentlemen in this room to-night who were present on that occasion." (Quite a few hands here shot up.) " I was proposed by Mr. A. S. Cooper and seconded by Dr. Walters. On looking through my Press cuttings I see that those were very anxious times. I was asked as a young man to come into the chairmanship after serving a short apprenticeship as chairman of my old ward—and, perhaps, my favourite ward, because I lived there—West Ward, and also as chairman of Basingstoke. I promised the party then that I would do my utmost to add dignity to the chair and to the traditions surrounding the office of chairman, and I trust and believe that I have not altogether failed in maintaining these traditions.

" If I have done nothing else, I have certainly put in a tremendous amount of time on behalf of the party during the last sixteen years. I cannot tell you how many meetings I have attended, and the amount of correspondence must have involved me in a great deal of time and anxiety, as much happens behind the scenes which nobody but the leaders of the party ever hears about, and which is not brought into the light of public inspection.

" I am not at this juncture going to offer my thanks in person to all my many friends in the party ; I must defer my ' Nunc Dimittis ' until March 9th, but I do resign from this chair with very real regret, as I know that I have made a host of friends in this town, not only amongst our own constituents, but also among Labour and Liberal people in the borough, and my work has brought me into touch with people whose goodwill I shall always value. I do not think I have made many bad friends, although I have run the risk of making many. I have met many people with whom I have had to differ very seriously on political issues, but have always parted the best of friends.

"I only hope that this executive will be as loyal and helpful to my successor as to myself. I do not know whom you may appoint, but I only trust he will have as sympathetic and helpful a body of ladies and gentlemen to work with as I have been favoured with during the last sixteen years.

"I shall not be very far away from you the next year, and when I have finished my next job of work, though I shall not be your chairman, I shall not lose touch with you all.

"I have during my chairmanship been through five General Elections, which I venture to think falls to the lot of few chairmen, and was lucky enough to have four successful efforts and one failure, but all have afforded me happy memories, and I hope that I have one or two sons to come along that will carry on the good work with your co-operation and sympathy. I feel sure that a change of leadership is for the good of the party. I am an awfully busy man, and it is a physical and geographical impossibility for me to go around to all the meetings and functions to which I am invited, so I hope you will find a gentleman with more time to spare from business than I have.

"May I again thank from the bottom of my heart all those ladies and gentlemen who have made my task such a pleasurable one, and one which I would gladly go through again if I had to do so!"

"BERKSHIRE CHRONICLE'S" TRIBUTE.

In their leading article on February 17th, the *Berkshire Chronicle* paid a well deserved tribute to Mr. Simonds. The article was as follows:—

The announcement of the temporary retirement of Mr. F. A. Simonds from the chairmanship of the Reading Conservative Party has been received with genuine regret and concern, only tempered by the knowledge that Mr. Simonds' services are not lost for ever, but will again be available after the lapse of a year. Mr. Simonds has been appointed High Sheriff for the county and he feels it to be his duty to abstain from politics during his term of office. No one is disposed to question his decision, but his guidance and help can ill be spared at the present juncture. Even if a general election does not come before he is free to take up active political work again, one is bound to be close upon us, and his absence from the counsels and leadership of the party may prove a big handicap.

Mr. Simonds comes of an old Reading family, various members of which have for many generations served the borough in many capacities. It is a tradition that a Simonds should be taking an

active part in the political fortunes of Reading, and it is a good thing that an influential family like this takes so much interest in politics. After all it is beneficial for the country that those who have a big stake in it and are interested in its welfare should take a share in helping to guide its destiny.

Mr. Simonds deserves well of his party. He has led it for sixteen years, during which period he has fought in five elections, in which his party has been victorious on four occasions. That is a record which speaks for itself in regard to a constituency like Reading, which has been served in turn by Conservative, Liberal and Labour, and which has an old Liberal tradition. The Conservative and Unionist Party of Reading owe a great deal to the sound advice, careful nursing and unfailing energy of their chairman. Apart from his watchfulness over the interests of his party, a large amount of his time has been expended in correspondence and meetings. Both in times of political good fortune or political adversity he preserves his geniality and is respected by foe as well as friend. He has accepted defeat in perfect good temper, whilst he is never unduly elated or overbearing in victory. His place will be hard to fill, even only for a short period, and those who believe that a powerful Conservatism is essential for the good government of the country earnestly hope that Mr. Simonds will take up the reigns again immediately his term as High Sheriff comes to an end.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

If a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds will separate between him and what he touches.

One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are!

If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations, the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown? But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile—Emerson.

THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

NO. 4.



MR. ALBERT WHEELER.

(BY C.H.P.)

Mine host of The Blue Lion, Coley, is Mr. Albert Wheeler who, besides paying close attention to his well-conducted house, finds time to do much other work of use to the community. He has been the genial landlord of The Blue Lion for five years. For $7\frac{1}{2}$ years previously, he had The Engineers Arms, Katesgrove. He has taken an active and very prominent part in the work of the A.O.F. Friendly Society for many years and is the Past District Chief Ranger of the Reading District which comprises practically the whole of the Courts in Berks and Bucks. He has been Treasurer of Court Merry Men of Sherwood Forest for the past 18 years. He

was chosen as delegate to represent the Reading District at the Birmingham and Manchester High Courts—a well deserved honour. He is also Treasurer of the Reading Amalgamated Friendly Societies' Medical Association of which body he has been a member for about twenty years. But Mr. Wheeler's activities do not end here for he is Chairman of the Reading Workmen's Coal Union, a position he has held since 1916. This Union has some 7,000 members and Mr. Wheeler has been one of them for a quarter of a century. He is also a past Chairman of H. & G. Simonds' Retailers' Society and still an active member of the Licensed Victuallers Protection Society.

Football is his favourite sport and the Reading Football Club has no keener supporter. While at The Engineers Arms, Mr. Wheeler was President of the South Reading Football Club, which won the 4th Division Temperance League, but which is now defunct.

Mr. Wheeler has a family of eleven. His wife, one son and one daughter render him splendid service in carrying on the business of The Blue Lion where you may always be sure of receiving a good glass of ale, a cheery welcome and the best of attention.

TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS FRIEND.

Though he that, ever kind and true,
Kept stoutly step by step with you,
Your whole, long, lusty lifetime through,
Be gone a while before ;
Yet, doubt not, soon the season shall restore
Your friend to you.

He is not dead, this friend ; not dead,
But on some road, which mortals tread,
Got some few trifling steps ahead,
And nearer to the end ;
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
You fancy dead.

Push gaily on, brave heart ; the while
You travel forward mile by mile.
He loiters, with a backward smile,
Till you can overtake ;
And strains his eyes to search his wake
Or, whistling as he sees you through the brake,
Waits on a stile.

READING BREWSTER SESSIONS.

MAGISTRATES COMPLIMENT THE LICENSEES.

At the annual Licensing Sessions for the Borough of Reading, the chairman (Mr. F. A. Sarjeant) said the Justices were glad to find that the licensed victuallers of the town had carried out their duties well. The town stood very high in the list of 31 towns, for sobriety. As far as the town was concerned, drunkenness was very small indeed. He thanked the Chief Constable for his report and congratulated him and the force upon the capable way they supervised the houses.

PROPOSED TRANSFER OF "THE BELL."

An application was made for the provisional removal of the licence of The Bell, Church Street, Reading, to premises to be erected in the Oxford Road, near the Corporation housing site.

Mr. Moresby appeared on behalf of the applicant and said the present house was in a congested area. If one took a circle of 250 yards round The Bell one found there were no less than 30 licensed houses. On the site it was proposed to build the new house no less than 502 houses had been erected under the Corporation housing scheme. If one took a conservative estimate of the population of that district he thought it would be some 2,000 people. There would be further development in the near future, and before very long there would be a large population. There were no licensed houses at present within a convenient and reasonable distance of the estate. It was proposed to erect an up-to-date handsome house with a wide and sweeping drive in order that motorists could get off the road. It would be a modern house with just a flavour of the antiquity of old English inns. A feature of the house would be a good club room. In conclusion Mr. Moresby presented a memorial with 750 signatures on behalf of the application.

After a short retirement the chairman announced that the application would be granted.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

MACGREGOR: "Did ye gie yon waiter a tip, Angus?"

MACTAVISH: "I did, Sandy."

"What did ye gie him?"

"Smiling Lass for the Lincolnshire Handicap."

Mr. J. Maslin, of the beer cellars, while fishing for roach at Goring landed a fine chub weighing 5lbs. 1½ozs. His bait was bread paste and the hook used was a No. 9.

THE LADIES PAGE.

The services of the Simonds' Concert Party have been in frequent demand this Winter and their shows have everywhere met with great success and requests for a repeat Concert, so that I think a few lines on one of the shows may not come amiss.

On Wednesday, 8th February, they were engaged to give a Concert at the Corn Exchange, Newbury, to the members of the Women's Conservative Association of that town. The concert was timed to commence at 6.30 p.m., which is rather an early hour for the artistes, some of whom do not leave business until 5.30 or 6 p.m., and further, there was the journey to be considered. However, all but one managed to be at Reading Station for the 5.55 p.m. train and arrived at Newbury about 6.25 to find to their great relief they would not be required to commence until 6.45—just 15 minutes in which to make the necessary change in dress, facial make-up, &c., but they were all ready when the call came. Apparently the items in the programme met with the full approval of the large audience for when I arrived with the remaining artiste at about 7.30 we were greeted with the noise of the enthusiastic applause.

A few minutes before 8 o'clock were snatched in which to partake of a cup of coffee and a sandwich or so, and then on with the second half of the programme, which was as enthusiastically received as the first, concluding about 9 o'clock with a Comedy Burlesque, entitled "Breach of Promise Case," which never fails to bring the house down.

Then came the final rush of the evening. We gathered from the time table that a train leaves Newbury for Reading at 9.11 and the next one not till 10.35, therefore if we failed to catch the first the result would be a wait of 1½ hours which naturally did not appeal to us. With amazing rapidity, colouring was rubbed off faces, clothes changed, hats and coats slipped on, cases banged to and with a fleeting glance round the dressing rooms to see that nothing was left behind we left the building at about 9.6, running all the way to the Station, arriving there with two minutes to spare. Something for the party to congratulate themselves on, especially as they had given a full two hours programme entailing hard work and also had performed in Reading the evening previous.

We were amply compensated for the rushing time when we received a letter from the Secretary of the Newbury Conservative Association to say how much the Concert was enjoyed.

We are a happy band of artistes, each one putting into his or her several parts their heart and soul, and we always say that if the people enjoy our shows, we on our side thoroughly enjoy our part

in them. We still have three engagements now to fulfill and we are optimistic that these will go with the same swing as those of the past.

M.P.

As Lady Clerk at Portsmouth, I have been asked to contribute to the Ladies Page of our popular HOP LEAF GAZETTE. I think it must have been so named for more reasons than one, for this little book certainly "hops" around very quickly as soon as it reaches here.

I do not know that there is much I can say about the actual work at this Branch (only that there is a tremendous amount of it), for all Branch work is more or less alike. My own personal work is on the Journals. There are seven of us in the Office, and I think it would be hard to find a more congenial one; we are all the best of friends and happy. Some of you who have not been down to "Sunny" Southsea (I do not know where the sun is at present) ought to make up your minds and come here for your holidays. Some of the many attractions are, good Theatres, splendid Dance Halls (of which I think the Esplanade Assembly Rooms is the best, with its glass floor and excellent orchestra). Then there is the New Savoy with its three dance floors; this is the *rendez-vous* of hundreds daily. You would have to go far to find finer shops than in Southsea. One of the many is Handley's, where one can buy anything from motor cars to pins, and as for their hats and gowns, well—they just make one wish one could win a Football Competition! In the Summer the gardens look very gay along the Front, and there are numerous hard and grass public Tennis Courts.

Now I must tell you that, although I say all this of Southsea, I do not live here. I journey to and fro every day to the Office, some 14 miles, from a little village in Sussex, called Westbourne. I expect my readers think that it is very quiet living in the country, but this is not so. We have many things to fill our spare time, such as all kinds of sports, tennis, golf, hockey, etc., numerous dances, and we think nothing of going thirty or forty miles to these.

Now I am very proud of my home county, which is one of the most historical in the South, so I am going to take you for an imaginary drive to show you some of the quaint old Villages and beautiful Downs. Before we pass by our old Church on the left, I must show you its avenue of very fine old yew trees. These were planted some 600 years ago, the Church was rebuilt in the 15th Century. There is no outstanding feature in the actual Village, but the surrounding districts are more interesting. Now we must start off, as we have about eighty miles to travel. We will go along the main road about six miles into the little old village

of Bosham. This is very quaint, a place artists love to visit, and it was here that King Canute commanded the waves to go back, and the remains of his daughter lie in the chancel of the ancient Church. Three miles further on, and we come into the City of Chichester. I could tell of many traditions of this old city, but space is limited. As we enter, on our right is the beautiful cathedral, and facing this, on our left, is the Dolphin Hotel. This hotel is in old-fashioned style, in keeping with the City (we supply our noted Milk Stout here); and now we pass by the very fine old Market Cross, one of the few now left in England. Leaving Chichester behind and passing through many tiny hamlets, we find ourselves in Bognor. This town is situated right on the Coast, and was originally called "Golden Sands." It is a noted summer resort and the sands are very fine; a summer holiday here is one well spent. We will now take the coast road and run into Angmering-by-Sea or the "Garden City by the Sea," and as one looks around it is difficult to believe that one is in England, for the roads are flower-bordered, with palms dotted here and there. The sands here are quite good, but not so nice as at Bognor. We may, if we wish, take tea at the Lido Café with its balcony overlooking the sea.

We will now go North-west on the road to "Glorious Goodwood," where thousands flock at race time, and if we are lucky enough to go there on a fine clear day it is indeed a glorious view. We enter by Goodwood Park, with its stately old cedar trees. On the left we pass Goodwood House, the residence of the Duke of Richmond, where large Royal House Parties are entertained during the week of the Races. We have now come up a very steep incline, and before entering the Birdless Grove we will stop awhile and look around. From the top of this Hill we have a wonderful bird's-eye view of the coast along for many miles, and beneath us is the noted Goodwood Golf Course which runs for miles. Starting off again, we pass by the Grand Stand, now a very different sight to when the Races are on, and we will climb another little hill called the Trundle. We are facing North here, and looking down upon the little villages of Singleton and East Dean, which lie nestled amongst the purple-coloured woods, making a picturesque sight. I must point out to you on the way back, on our right, Kingley Vale, a fine spot for picnics. The tradition goes that the large green mounds are the tumuli or burying places of mighty dead Vikings, and that King Edeluach lies there.

After travelling a few more miles, we are back in Westbourne again, safe and sound.

Good-bye Girls, I hope you have enjoyed your little run.

E.M.C.

THE LATE MR. J. TAYLOR.

On Monday evening, 13th February, entering the Griffin Billiards Room as is my usual custom I was greeted by an office chum with "Joe's dead!" "Joe who?" I asked. "Why Joe Taylor," I was informed. I couldn't believe it. Then we two began comparing notes, recalling the last time we had seen him. We remembered he had stated in answer to our query as to why his hand was bandaged (on an evening in the previous week), that he had knocked it.

The sad news gave me the shock of my life, for I was totally unaware that he was ill, and so were many others. We remembered we had not seen him for a few nights, but this was not so remarkable a fact at this time of the year as it would have been at another, for he was concerned in so many things outside his business sphere, and concerts, &c., are many and various just now.

The news was a great shock, the zest for a drink seemed to have departed, and when we filed out to go homewards (there was no need to call "Time"), it was a reverent and subdued number who all realised their helplessness in the face of death. A more reverent crowd never left a Church.

He's gone! It hardly seems true even now.

On the Monday in the previous week (seven days before he died) he had played his Billiards Handicap against quite a good player and won fairly easily in the end, although owing 100 in 150 up. In fact, everyone remarked that Joe was in good form, which he was. After the game, he spoke to the one mostly responsible for getting the Handicap up (the second, by the way, this winter), and suggested he should owe more in his next game. It was decided that he should owe 200 for the remainder of the Handicap, to which he agreed, saying to "Fred" (who had arranged most of the details of the two Handicaps), "Whatever you arrange, Fred, I am agreeable to, for I *know* it will be fair."

In THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE for January, under Thumbnail Sketches, were particulars of Mr. J. Taylor, and last month there were photos of the Griffin as it used to be and is now, also a note in Brewery Jottings.

His passing away so suddenly caused consternation in many quarters. He will be missed; he was always the same and always had a cheery greeting and a smile. You never saw him upset, he was calm and unruffled. We shall miss his cheery good-night as he used to put his head round the Billiards room door at 10 p.m. "Gentlemen I am sorry the Old Dutch Clock has fallen off the shelf. Anyone going up my way? Time please."

His life has been a very active one, and he truly died in harness. He never refused his services in the entertainment world for those who he thought most needed it and was a particular favourite with children. An ideal landlord; there were no complaints.

We from the Griffin Billiards Room sent a wreath on the day of the funeral, the colours being red, white and green, symbolising, as far as possible, the colours of the Billiards balls and table. This floral emblem bore the inscription:—"In remembrance, from all his Pals in the Billiards Room." (Seventy-six wreaths were sent in all, I understand).

We tender to Mrs. Taylor and family our deepest sympathy in their great sorrow. R.I.P.

W. DUNSTER.

"CALAMITY CORNER."

The old road along which the coaches used to rattle, but where Reading trams now sway and clatter to a much less pleasing tune, has no great general interest now. Here and there a little old house of mellowed brick stands cheek by jowl with modern shops, and the old stone bridge nearer the town strikes a pleasing note of contrast with the ugly factories on either side; but for the most part the old-time associations of the road are gone.

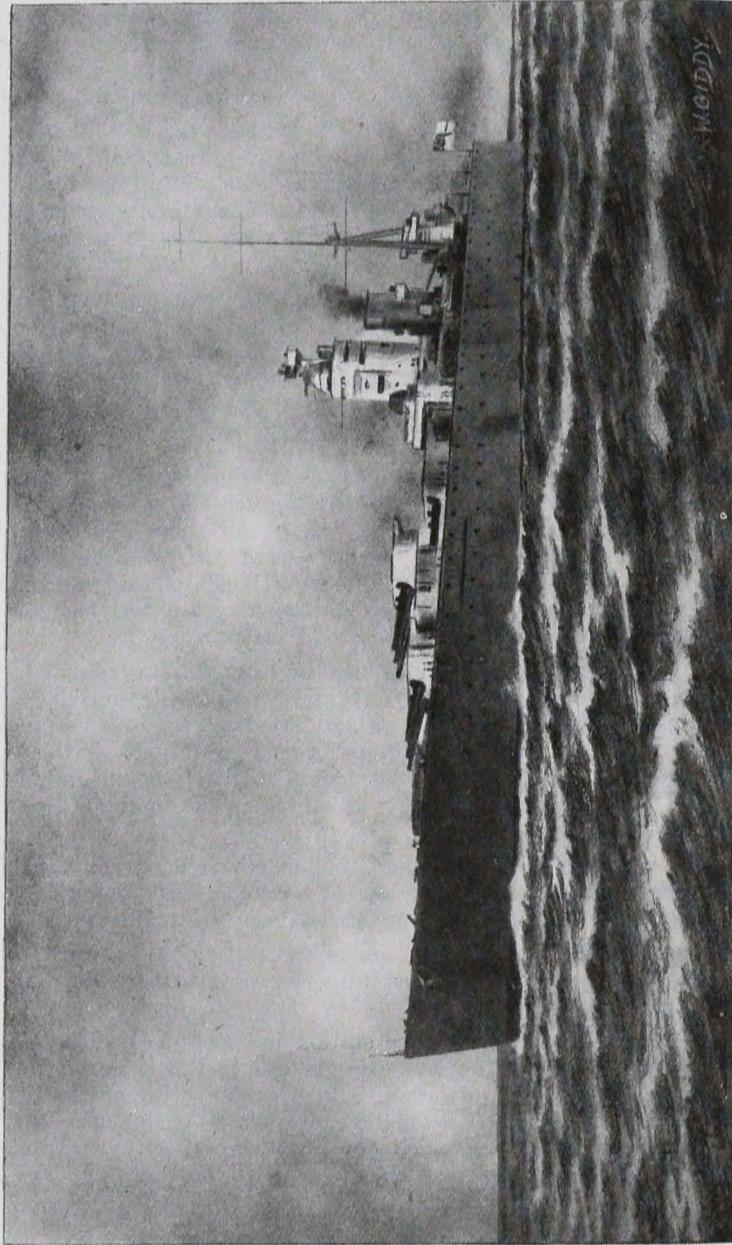
Yet, just beyond the point where the old road curves sharply after passing over the first of its two bridges, a constable is needed at most times to guard the way. There are cross-roads here, and whichever way you come, buildings obscure your view. It is a dangerous spot—a place where accidents might happen, and no doubt did happen even in the days when trams and motor vehicles were quite unknown.

But that is not why the place was called, as it is still called, "Calamity Corner." It was so named by some witty fellow long years ago because of a strange concatenation of circumstances.

Westward the road led to the police station; northward to the gaol; southward to the hospital; eastward to the cemetery itself. Bad luck everywhere!

They have moved the police station in recent years, though if you should ever have the ill-fortune to ride in Black Maria, you will still go by that westward road. But the fear of the northward passage is a thing of the past, for the gaol is closed. None the less, Calamity Corner is a place which you should approach with care, whether the constable stands at his post or not.—*The Evening News*.

[The writer evidently refers to what is now known as Cox's corner.—Ed. H.L.G.]



H.M.S. "NELSON."

HERE AND THERE.

Mr. F. A. Simonds, who has been honoured by being appointed the next High Sheriff of Berkshire, paid a well deserved tribute to the Reading Police recently at their annual dinner. They are indeed a fine body of men, and residents and visitors to the town speak in high terms of their courtesy and tact. Mr. W. S. Gilbert in *The Pirates of Penzance* has written, "A policeman's life is not a happy one," but that certainly does not apply to the Reading force, who seem to be all good humoured and happy. The high efficiency of the force is due, in a great measure, to Chief Constable T. A. Burrows, who rose from the ranks to the important position he now holds, and who had considerable experience amongst the criminal classes in the great city of Liverpool prior to coming to Reading.

The Berkshire Operatic Company are to be congratulated on their delightful performance of *Miss Hook of Holland* at the Royal County Theatre. This bright and tuneful play was presented in an admirable fashion, the singing and acting of principals and chorus alike reaching a high standard. Reading is indeed fortunate to have such talented amateurs in their midst. If it were possible, I should like to see them in *The Toreador*. Mr. E. E. Langston, whose versatility is wonderful, would revel in the part played by the late Mr. Teddy Payne of the Gaiety Theatre. It is pleasing to note that two of the Brewery Staff played in *Miss Hook*: Mr. E. R. Kelly and Mr. G. Wait, both of whom have delighted audiences at the Social Club. While on the topic of stage matters, it is interesting to record that Reading has supplied some well known members of the profession. Mr. Owen Nares was educated at Reading School, and used to reside at Somning; the famous Grossmith family lived in Castle Hill, and the late Mr. George Alexander was once lessee of the Royal County Theatre.

I heard an unsolicited testimonial to the high quality of our famous S.B. at the Reading and Leicester match. It was pouring with rain, and a Leicester enthusiast arrived and greeted his friends in the ring seats. "Well," said one, "What do you think of Reading?" "I don't think I'm quite acclimatised yet," said the other, "but I had a lovely drink up the road, 'S.B.' they called it. It was champion." That exactly describes it, and our Leicester friend will have some happy memories of our town, although the "Spurs" conquered the "City" last Saturday.

It was at the Law Courts. Counsel was cross-examining an over-dressed newly-rich witness. "And are you Mr. Dash," he asked. "I ham," replied the witness. "And a very well dressed ham, too," commented the counsel drily.

The King, when visiting the British Industries Fair at the White City, showed that he was an expert in matters relating to wireless. Whilst talking to the manager at the stall, he mentioned that when tuning in to the Continent, London always came in stronger and spoiled it all. His Majesty has a 7-valve set, and no doubt listens in with interest when the Prince of Wales broadcasts at the numerous functions he attends. The Prince has an ideal voice for the ether, and his eloquent speeches are a real pleasure to listen to.

F.K.

THE PESSIMIST.

Nothing to breathe but air !
 Nothing to eat but food !
 Nothing to wear but clothes
 To keep us from being crude !

Nothing to do but things
 Quick as a flash they're gone ;
 Nowhere to fall but off !
 Nowhere to sit but on !

Nothing to quench but a thirst !
 Nowhere to sleep but in bed !
 Nothing to have but what we've got !
 Nothing to bury but dead !

Nothing to weep but tears !
 Ah, me ! Alas and alack !
 Nowhere to go but out !
 Nowhere to come but back !

Nothing to comb but our hair !
 Nothing to wed but a wife !
 Only to suffer and bear—
 What is the value of life ?

"GOOD OLD CAIRO!"

How often does one hear in these days of gales and rain the remark "I wonder what it's like in good old Cairo now," and you know at once that someone who has soldiered out East still has a kindly feeling for "good old Cairo." Strange but true, whilst for quite a number of other places in which it was the lot of a good many of us to be stationed during the war the ex-soldier is the reverse of complimentary, yet for Cairo we all have a good word and a longing just to be back once again. We often wonder why, after so many years, the impression of the place should still be so plain. Alexandria does not seem to bring back so clearly any recollections. All one seems to remember of it, is as a place which was passed through, a sort of clearing station for other things; but Cairo has never lost its grip and can always be relied on to bring out a full chorus of "Do you remember?" To the soldier, his first glimpse of the place was bewildering; the cosmopolitan crowds, the different languages, French, Italian, Greek Arabic, and all dialects of English. The babel of it all knocks down the preconceived idea of Egypt as the place of pyramids, palms and deserts, and leaves, at first, a disappointment. It was not what you expected, and it was some time before you found out that beneath all the noise and hurrying there was an old Cairo which would give you a sight of all that one had been led to believe of it.

Drive to the races at Gezireh; passing over the Nile by the Kasr-el-Nil bridge, one will catch a glimpse of the Pyramids in the distance. At the races, you think again nothing much in this; seen it before, Hurst Park or somewhere; but as you are leaving look over the city and see the background: the palms, an age old citadel commanding it all from bright sand cliffs, the domes and minarets all shining in the sun, and you get a picture which will live in the memory.

Take a donkey-ride to the Muski, to see the bazaars, and if one has picked a good guide, there you will see the native life in its old form—a donkey-ride through the narrow streets, winding in and out of a motley crowd, men, camels, gharries, all jumbled in one vast pushing throng. Add to this the cries of the various vendors of wares, the shouts of the gharrie drivers, donkey boys, not forgetting the voice of the donkeys. You have never before known of what a donkey is really capable until you have heard a Cairo one in full "song." All this goes to make an experience which will never be forgotten. To explore the Muski properly is a task not to be lightly undertaken, as the place is a maze of narrow alleys in which you can see the native at work. Here no modern machinery has yet invaded, the crafts are all worked by hand and some primitive tools which were the despair and wonder of many an English mechanic.

The brass bazaar was always a favourite spot; the air resounds with the clang of hammers and the click of chisels, and the red-fezed workmen keep up a constant chatter as they ply their calling.

Take another drive over the Kasr-el-Nil bridge on the way to Mena and the Pyramids. This is a lovely drive along a splendid avenue, only spoiled by the passing of the trams which run alongside, right to the foot of the Pyramids. A strange mixture—trams and Pyramids. We wonder what the builders of these structures would think if they could see it all. A visit to the Pyramids again stamps a wonderful picture on the mind and leaves a feeling of awe with one. On the way back one should pay a visit to the splendid Zoological Gardens for rest and refreshment, it will be well worth the time spent.

We must not forget that father of rivers, the Nile, and one can never tire of it. From the Kasr-el-Nil barracks you could see on the opposite shore the palms and lebbek trees of Gezireh, with a line of dahabiyehs moored to the side, all decked out in various bright colours, and from our seat on the barracks wall, one could watch the endless procession over the bridge: camels with huge loads of doura or sugar canes, donkeys with packs of fruit and vegetables, motor cars and gharries with pleasure-seekers going to the skating rink or cafes, the women with their water pots going for water, all wearing yashmaks and casting coy glances at the English Tommy, not always in vain, perhaps. But a yashmak does not always cover beauty.

One must close now, but we should like our friends in Cairo to know that there are some at the Brewery who would like to see the sun rise just once again over the Nile and that "good old Cairo" still has a place in our hearts.

Do you remember? I'll bet you do.

F.M.

ENGLAND UNDER D.O.R.A.

(From the *Daily Express*.)

You can buy soda-water up to 10 p.m. Saturday and 9.30 on other week-days, but you cannot buy milk after 9 p.m. Saturday or 8 p.m. on other week-days.

You may buy newspapers after 8 p.m. (9 p.m. on Saturdays), but you may not buy writing paper and envelopes at the same counter for the purpose of sending news to your friends.

You may buy boiled beef any time to-night, but you may not buy carrots after eight o'clock.

You may buy a boiled egg any time to-night, but you may not buy raw eggs after eight o'clock (9 p.m. on Saturdays).

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

Last month's HOP LEAF GAZETTE was a good number for a good number. Snatches of conversation overheard outside the Brewery prove in no uncertain fashion the popularity of our monthly journal. Thus the other evening: "See who they have in the HOP LEAF this month?" Reply, "No!" "Why old George Smith," who really isn't old. His deserved popularity as a landlord is an undoubted asset to the Russell Arms, and he is known throughout Reading as a good sort. And again, one of my office colleagues tells me he was appearing at a Concert in the town—nothing to do with the Brewery—and his wife, who was in the audience, heard another lady say "I wonder if they will put this in the next HOP LEAF GAZETTE." This, of course, led to an unofficial introduction, and it transpired that this lady, although totally outside the Brewery and its activities, received a copy every month and was very enthusiastic concerning it. By this time, everyone looks forward to the beginning of the month for their literary appetiser. To those who are far away, who are lucky enough to receive a copy, it must be like a message from home.

Naturally with the unpleasant and variable weather experienced lately, a few have fallen by the wayside. Nevertheless, we at the Brewery have been particularly fortunate, and no serious case of illness has been reported. There have been a few absentees for a day or so, but they have soon been back in harness again. You see, the air at the Brewery, filtered pure, is so bracing and the smell of the spent Hops when "upon the wing," may be an additional cause of the vitality of the employees.

Entering a house of refreshment the other evening, a friend of mine wearing an unusual (for him) article of attire—a bowler hat to be precise—knew he created amongst the assembled audience a minor sensation, although nothing was actually said. A little while after, an old friend came over to him and whispered the words of a well-known song in his ear, viz.:—"We don't care what you used to be but we know what you are to-day."

Co-incident with the departure of Mr. C. B. Cox to Newbury, was the arrival of news from The South Berks Brewery Co., under the *nom-de-plume* of "Nemo," and thereby hangs a tale. In one of the early issues of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE I wrote an article and adopted the above-mentioned pen-name, but as it soon leaked out who had written it, I had to put up with a considerable amount of chaffing in consequence, so decided that for the future "W.D." would suffice. However, there is apparently no copyright in the

name and we shall welcome news from Newbury all the more now that one of our late colleagues is shedding his light before men in that illustrious town.

The death of Earl Haig came with dramatic suddenness, and ex-service men rightly feel that they have lost a really good friend. During my army career I spent some of the time at G.H.Q. (Montreuil-sur-Mer), and I know every nook and corner in the place, although I should not like to say every cafe and estaminet for they are very numerous. It is a quaint place—grass grows in the streets during peace time, I was informed—and has ramparts running all the way round it. The Scotch Hut mentioned in the papers, where Earl Haig used to worship, I visited almost daily whilst there. General Headquarters was mainly situated in a military school, and although a large place, it was full of offices with seemingly mysterious letters and numbers on the various doors.

The Hythe notes for last month were very entertaining. The Chess Correspondence Club proposal ought to stir feelings in some savage breast of an exponent of the game. One of the R.S.M.'s I served under during the War had what he called a pocket set, and would play on the slightest provocation. I often regretted that I had not learnt the game. Also the idea of advertising the seaside towns where the Firm have interests and where it is easy to obtain their products, is good. The one thing that really wants getting used to at most seaside towns, is the local brew, and it takes more than a fortnight to like it. In fact you generally feel that their beer education has been sadly neglected. I remember going to a seaside town some years ago that boasts a wonderful air—which is perfectly true—but as for discovering a beverage faintly reminiscent of "Hop Leaf" brands, this seemed an impossible task. As the tang of the sea air gave me an extra sort of thirst, it was almost disastrous. However, owing to the kindness of a friend who put me wise, I found the house he recommended in a side street, and judging from the number always present during opening hours I should consider it to be about the most popular place in—and no wonder.

As we have so many wireless enthusiasts at the Brewery and doubtless at our Branches, perhaps one of them could write a few notes on this subject every month. This is just a suggestion.

Miss Hook of Holland, presented and performed by the members of the Berkshire Operatic Club at the Royal County Theatre, Reading, was a great success, full houses being the order of the week and the funds of the Berkshire Hospital will, it is expected,

considerably benefit from the result of their endeavours. Miss M. Hayter (Correspondence Office), Mr. E. Kelly (Traveller), Mr. G. V. Weait (General Office), Mr. G. Smith and Mr. A. Wilkinson did their bit right nobly and well.

Mr. "Lottie" Collins returned to duty a week or so ago and has made a wonderful recovery from his accident. Considering how badly he was injured, he has pulled round very quickly. Perhaps it is his cricket for so many years that has kept him so fit.

Football notes for this month are not so joyful, for Reading had their Cup-Tie hopes dashed to the ground by Leicester City. One thing in passing: in spite of what many of our readers may have seen published elsewhere, it was not a dirty game (except for mud), for not one of the players of either side during the whole of the game required the services of the trainer. *Verb sap.* Since then the League programme has been continued with nothing particularly startling happening, and at the moment of writing Reading are in a safer position. However, there are some stiff home matches ahead. Plymouth Argyle seem to be getting better, and if they have a successful Easter, may win the League even yet. Portsmouth are having a hard struggle and in spite of new players do not seem to be making much progress. They may manage to keep in Division I, but at the moment it looks somewhat doubtful.

An Englishman stood an Aberdonian a breakfast, he stood him a dinner and stood him a tea. The Aberdonian stood 5 feet 6 inches.

W.D.

BEER.

Twinkle, twinkle, little Beer,
Glad am I to see you here.
In your tankard shining bright
You are simply a delight.
In the glass your amber sheen
Carries joy to all I ween.
Those who would your fame decry,
May they go for ever dry.

—From *The Brewery Record*.

WOMEN'S LICENSED TRADE ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. Hastings, who has been the chairman of the Reading and District Women's Licensed Trade Association for the past three years, was presented with a gold badge in recognition of her work, at the third annual general meeting of the Association which was held at the White Hart Hotel, Reading. The presentation was made by Mrs. Smart, who succeeds Mrs. Hastings in the chair, and Mrs. Hastings briefly thanked the members for the gift. Besides Mrs. Smart, other officers elected were:—Vice-chairman, Mrs. Walters; treasurer, Mrs. Constable; and hon. secretary, Mrs. Moss. An address was given by Mr. Fred Little, district agent of the National Trade Defence Association.

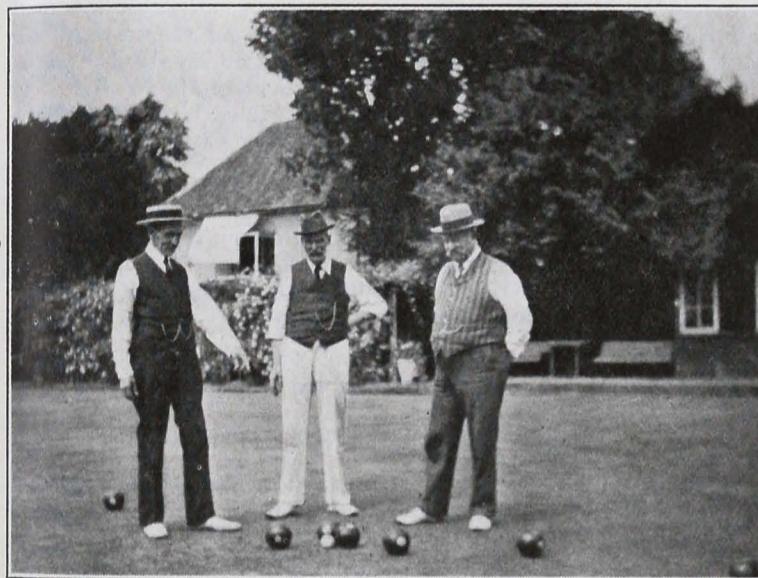
THE LATE MRS. KING, OF TWYFORD.



We greatly regret to record the death of Mrs. King, of the Royal Station Hotel, Twyford, the sad event taking place on

February 11th. For sixteen years, Mr. and Mrs. King were at Church House, Hurst, and entertained many of the best bowling clubs in the country. The late W. G. Grace often participated in a game on this famous green and our Mr. Lindars has also figured in some important matches on the same ground.

Many bowlers will learn with regret of Mrs. King's death, for she was ever indefatigable in looking to their comfort and convenience.



A corner of the Bowling Green at Hurst.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Some Americans have still a little, and the others have a little still.

* * * *

What is a republic? A country that has to bring back the pubs.

* * * *

A friend from over the "pond" bemoans the fact that whilst his early teaching caused him to put a bit away for a rainy day, nothing was said about a dry one.

RACING.

ALDERSHOT BONA-FIDE MILITARY MEETING.

Many sportsmen will be pleased to learn that The Aldershot Bona-fide Military Meeting, 1928, will, after reorganization, be held at Tweseldown Racecourse, Aldershot, on Friday and Saturday the 9th and 10th of March.

There is a most attractive programme each day and everything points to highly successful meetings.

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales is patron and the stewards are Lt.-Gen. Sir David G. M. Campbell, K.C.B., Col. The Hon. A. G. A. Hore-Ruthven, V.C., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Col. F. W. L. S. H. Cavendish, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Lt.-Col. The Lord Dorchester, M.F.H. Captain A. W. Wingate, M.C., is the Clerk of the Course and Stakeholder.

The fact that Messrs. Bertram & Co. Ltd., the well-known caterers, will be responsible for the whole of the refreshments, and that the beers supplied through them will be the popular Hop Leaf brands of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., is sufficient guarantee that everything will be of the very best.

 THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The best precautions against infected drinking water, says an authority, are first to boil it and sterilise it. "Yes," agrees Arid Alf, "and then drink nothing but beer."

* * * *

It is said that there are more divorces in the U.S.A. than has ever been recorded in the history of the world. Shows what a nation can do when it abolishes drink and sobers up.

* * * *

HOST: Will you have a "spot"?

GUEST: Make it a "rash" if you don't mind.

* * * *

The American visitor was "doing" a provincial town in Kent.

"Well," he said, "the place is all right, but I don't see any building that we couldn't beat in our little home town."

"How about that?" asked the native, pointing across the road to the local brewery!"

SOCIAL CLUB.

SUCCESS OF SOCIAL CLUB'S BILLIARDS TEAM.

It should afford considerable satisfaction to the members of the Social Club that their First billiards team (at time of going to press) heads the list in the Reading and District Billiards League. Although in the last match the lead was somewhat reduced, it will make the final result a very close and sporting one. It is still hoped that we may shortly be able to congratulate our players on their skilful efforts, which not only redound to the credit of the Club but bring in a useful amount of revenue for a deserving cause, namely, the Royal Berkshire Hospital. The second team have not been so fortunate. Better luck next year.

Incidentally, our Mr. G. E. Boddington has been the Hon. Sec. of the League since its formation and it now has three divisions running, thus denoting that it is a very live institution.

BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

DIVISION I.

MONDAY, 30TH JANUARY, 1928.

<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>				<i>West Reading Liberal.</i>			
A. Howard	150	v.	H. Snow	...	140
R. Clement	150	v.	J. Ellis	...	119
A. Dalton	150	v.	J. Webb	...	111
G. Boddington	150	v.	J. L. Webb	...	121
R. Griffiths	150	v.	T. Cambridge	...	127
F. Braisher	146	v.	E. Redgrove	...	150
			896				768
Handicap			100	Handicap			100
			996				868

Winning Team, H. & G. S. Social by 128 points.

MONDAY, 13TH FEBRUARY, 1928.

<i>West Reading Liberal.</i>				<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>			
H. Snow	150	v.	A. Howard	...	99
J. Ellis	95	v.	R. Clement	...	150
J. Webb	148	v.	A. Dalton	...	150
L. Webb	146	v.	G. Boddington	...	150
T. Cambridge	150	v.	R. Griffiths	...	84
E. Redgrove	150	v.	F. Braisher	...	105
			839				738
Handicap			100	Handicap			100
			939				838

Winning Team, West Reading Liberal by 101 points.

BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

DIVISION II.

MONDAY, 6TH FEBRUARY, 1928.

<i>Balfour Club.</i>			<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>			
A. Owens	...	100	v.	H. Davis	...	74
A. Sopp	...	100	v.	J. Rumens	...	37
H. Prince	...	100	v.	W. Sparks	...	68
A. Negus	...	100	v.	C. Weller	...	61
G. Bingham	...	100	v.	C. Chapman	...	26
F. Maskell	...	100	v.	W. Hinton	...	53
		600				319
Handicap	...	20		Handicap	...	30
		620				349

Winning Team, Balfour Club by 271 points.

MONDAY, 13TH FEBRUARY, 1928.

<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>			<i>Tilehurst Constitutional.</i>			
H. Davis	...	100	v.	J. Marshall	...	94
A. Jacobs	...	64	v.	R. Witchelow	...	100
C. Weller	...	100	v.	<i>Default</i>	...	50
C. Chapman	...	100	v.	O. Parr	...	84
W. Hinton	...	90	v.	R. Matchwick	...	100
A. Weight	...	92	v.	R. Aitken	...	100
		546				528
Handicap	...	30		Handicap	...	70
		576				598

Winning Team, Tilehurst Constitutional by 22 points.

MONDAY, 20TH FEBRUARY, 1928.

<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>			<i>Balfour Club.</i>			
H. Davis	...	62	v.	A. Owens	...	100
C. Weller	...	99	v.	A. Sopp	...	100
W. Sparks	...	49	v.	H. Prince	...	100
C. Chapman	...	76	v.	A. Negus	...	100
A. Weight	...	100	v.	O. Bingham	...	92
W. Hinton	...	100	v.	P. W. Short	...	88
		486				580
Handicap	...	30		Handicap	...	20
		516				600

Winning Team, Balfour Club by 84 points.

DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

FRIDAY, 27TH JANUARY, 1928.

			REST.	OFFICES.			
<i>Games.</i>	<i>Name.</i>		<i>Points.</i>	<i>Name.</i>		<i>Points.</i>	
Billiards	...	F. Braisher	...	0	G. Boddington	...	1
"	...	S. Bird	...	1	R. Broad	...	0
"	...	G. Cross	...	0	G. Poole	...	1
Dominoes	...	H. Stanbrook	...	1	W. Bradford	...	0
"	...	W. Newport	...	1	H. Davis	...	0
"	...	W. Gilkerson	...	1	W. Wild	...	0
Crib	...	C. Thatcher	...	1	L. Browne	...	0
"	...	J. Morris	...	1	T. Stevens	...	0
"	...	T. Osborne	...	0	F. Josey	...	1
Shove Halfpenny	...	A. Nash	...	0	J. H. Wadhams	...	1
"	...	A. J. Nash	...	1	C. Cox	...	0
"	...	J. Morris	...	0	J. T. Flook	...	1
Darts	...	A. J. Nash	...	1	R. Broad	...	0
"	...	T. Weedon	...	1	H. Davis	...	0
"	...	F. Shipton	...	1	W. Wild	...	0
Shooting	...	H. Prater	...	0	S. Moore	...	1
"	...	J. Croft	...	1	H. Osborne	...	0
"	...	F. Jones	...	1	J. James	...	0
				12			6

FRIDAY, 3RD FEBRUARY, 1928.

			TRANSPORT.	COOPERS.			
<i>Games.</i>	<i>Name.</i>		<i>Points.</i>	<i>Name.</i>		<i>Points.</i>	
Billiards	...	H. Bell	...	0	A. Weight	...	1
"	...	D. Gilbey	...	0	C. Weller	...	1
"	...	J. Champion	...	0	R. Griffiths	...	1
Dominoes	...	J. Embling	...	1	C. Latimer	...	0
"	...	C. Gunn	...	0	H. Plank	...	1
"	...	E. Hopkins	...	0	T. Williams	...	1
Crib	...	G. Marsh	...	0	H. Page	...	1
"	...	W. Curran	...	1	A. Dolton	...	0
"	...	F. Hamilton	...	1	F. Oliver	...	0
Shove Halfpenny	...	H. Hinxman	...	1	E. Taylor	...	0
"	...	F. Brown	...	0	E. Carpenter	...	1
"	...	D. Witts	...	1	W. Sparks	...	0
Darts	...	H. Taylor	...	1	W. Sparks	...	0
"	...	F. Adey	...	1	A. Weight	...	0
"	...	E. Champion	...	1	C. Weller	...	0
Shooting	...	S. Whiting	...	0	F. Drury	...	1
"	...	J. Maxwell	...	1	F. Bartholomew	...	0
"	...	H. Taylor	...	1	— Clements	...	0
				10			8

FRIDAY, 10TH FEBRUARY, 1928.

Games.	BUILDING.		THE REST.	
	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.
Billiards ...	C. Chapman ...	0	F. Braisher ...	1
" ...	W. Hinton ...	0	S. Bird ...	1
" ...	G. Cook ...	1	G. Cross ...	0
Dominoes ...	A. Ayling ...	0	W. Newport ...	1
" ...	P. Maynard ...	1	J. Edgington ...	0
" ...	W. Tate ...	0	H. Stanbrook ...	1
Crib ...	N. Wells ...	1	C. Thatcher ...	0
" ...	W. Seward ...	1	J. Morris ...	0
" ...	A. Barley ...	0	T. Osborne ...	1
Shove Halfpenny ...	W. Seward ...	1	A. J. Nash ...	0
" ...	C. Dobson ...	1	F. Humphries ...	0
" ...	T. Stacey ...	0	R. Sloper ...	1
Darts ...	B. Eymore ...	1	A. J. Nash ...	0
" ...	E. Tate ...	1	T. Wheedon ...	0
" ...	W. Sewell ...	0	F. Shipton ...	1
Shooting ...	H. Mitchell ...	0	H. Prater ...	1
" ...	W. Sewell ...	1/2	J. Croft ...	1/2
" ...	A. Baldwin ...	1	F. Jones ...	0
		9 1/2		8 1/2

THE TENANTS' "PUN"-ISHMENT.

Not since "Adam's" day has any team had such a shock as the Retailers' Society experienced at the Club on Thursday, 23rd February.

Although "Smart" work was put up by the Committee to rally their members, they were compelled to call in outsiders to fill the "Breach." Their supporters came "Froome" various places and each "Rose" nobly to the occasion. It was quite an easy thing for us to "Pearce" their defence and the "Moore" games we played, the more "Nunns" appeared on the scoring sheet against the visitors. In fairness, it must be said that they took their defeat like "Brittens-s," but we recommend them a course of "Bengers" before attempting to meet us again. Good conduct was maintained throughout the evening by the presence of a "Constable." We give them a "Warner" that a heavier defeat awaits them on their next visit. After reading the results, we know of one Tenant who will "Bob" down.

W.B.

SIMONDS' SOCIAL CLUB v. RETAILERS' SOCIETY.

THURSDAY, 23RD FEBRUARY.

The return Tournament of Games was held on this date with the Reading and District Retailers' Society at which there was a splendid muster. The games went off with a good swing and much merriment.

Although the evening was a very happy one for both teams, the result of the Tournament, as shown below, was not quite so pleasant for the visitors; their defeat however, was taken in a very sporting spirit, which is one of their characteristics.

BILLIARDS.		DARTS.	
Social Club.	Visitors.	Social Club.	Visitors.
R. Broad ...	1	W. Collins ...	0
A. Dalton ...	1	H. B. Burrows ...	0
R. Clement ...	1	A. Smith ...	0
C. Weller ...	0	C. E. Forrest ...	1
W. Hanks ...	1	G. Davies ...	0
S. J. Moore ...	0	B. Breach ...	1
	4		2

SHOVE HALFPENNY.		SINGLE CRIB.	
Social Club.	Visitors.	Social Club.	Visitors.
F. Adey ...	1	W. Constable ...	0
C. Chapman ...	1	G. Rose ...	0
T. Smith ...	1	J. Adams ...	0
A. Lake ...	1	L. Duguid ...	0
H. Prater ...	0	T. Lawrence ...	1
W. Curran ...	1	S. Moore ...	0
T. Stacey ...	0	G. Davies ...	1
	5		2

SHOOTING.		WHIST.	
Social Club.	Visitors.	Social Club.	Visitors.
A. Prater ...	1	A. Duguid ...	0
A. Baldwin ...	1	G. Parr ...	0
C. Chapman ...	1	G. Rose ...	0
S. J. Moore ...	1	H. Rex ...	0
T. Stevens ...	1	L. Duguid ...	0
	5		0

DOUBLE CRIB.	
Social Club.	Visitors.
A. Dalton and T. Osborne ...	0
E. Taylor and C. Latimer ...	1
C. Latimer and E. Taylor ...	0
W. Curran and W. Sewell ...	0
S. Bird and A. Dolton ...	0
H. Shepherd and A. O. Taylor ...	0
	1

WHIST.	
Social Club.	Visitors.
R. Clement and S. Bird ...	1
A. Lake and J. Cannon ...	1
T. E. Stevens and H. Osborne ...	0
	2

WHIST.	
Social Club.	Visitors.
T. Lawrence and H. Britten ...	0
A. Froome and W. Constable ...	0
F. Bargery and H. Smart ...	1
	1

DOUBLE CRIB.	
Social Club.	Visitors.
H. Smart and F. Bargery ...	1
E. Benger and W. Pearce ...	0
G. Warner and W. A. Smith ...	1
A. Wheeler and J. Wheeler ...	1
A. Wheeler and A. Froome ...	1
H. Smart and F. Bargery ...	1
	5

DOMINOES.

<i>Social Club.</i>		<i>Visitors.</i>	
C. Gunn and S. Whiting	... 1	F. Pilgrim and W. T. Nunns	... 0
W. Curran and T. Stacey	... 1	W. Pearce and H. Britten	... 0
H. Stanbrook	... 0	G. Davies	... 1
C. Gunn	... 1	H. Britten	... 0
	—		—
	3		1

SUMMARY OF GAMES PLAYED.

	<i>H. & G. S.</i>	<i>RETAILERS.</i>
	<i>Points.</i>	<i>Points.</i>
Billiards	... 4	2
Crib (Single)	... 8	3
Crib (Double)	... 1	5
Whist	... 2	1
Darts	... 6	4
Shove Halfpenny	... 5	2
Shooting	... 5	0
Dominoes	... 3	1
	—	—
	34	18

Mr. J. T. Adams, Hon. Secretary of the Retailers' Society, proposed a vote of thanks to the Club Committee for the admirable arrangements made for their pleasure and comfort, this was seconded by Mr. A. Froome and endorsed by Mr. T. Lawrence. Mr. W. Bradford (Hon. Secretary) replied on behalf of the Club and Mr. G. W. Cook (Vice-Chairman) also spoke. Messrs. J. Benford and T. Osborne were to the fore, as usual, in attendance at the supper table, a duty which they always carry out so expeditiously.



MOTORIST (who has had the misfortune to run over a dog)—“I'm afraid the dog is quite dead; if madam will permit, I will replace it.”

LADY (icily)—“Sir, you flatter yourself.”

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

ISLAND BURIAL OF ADMIRAL SIR JOHN DE ROBECK, BART., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.

There was a very distinguished gathering of Naval and Military Officers both at Portsmouth and in the Island to pay their last respects to a distinguished colleague, and the funeral procession from the Royal Naval Barracks to the Vernon establishment in the Gun Wharf was almost unique in its solemnity and impressiveness.

Business was suspended at Bembridge, where the Admiral had close family ties. Lady de Robeck is the daughter of the late Colonel McDonald Moreton of the Hillgrove Estate, Bembridge, and a recent purchase of the Admiral's was Balure, which was under reconstruction as his new home in the Island.

The procession from the lych gate was headed by the Rev. Knight-Adkin, O.B.E., Chaplain Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth, who officiated, and was assisted by the Rev. C. W. Gwenap-Moor, Vicar of Bembridge.

The McDonald family vault near the lych gate being full the actual interment was at the Bembridge Cemetery, some half a mile from the village. This took place in a new vault, on which it was found necessary to work by electric light throughout the whole of the previous night.

A firing party, fifty strong, under Commander W. B. Hynes, of H.M.S. *Excellent*, fired over the open grave and the Commodore's “Salute” and the “Last Post” were sounded by six buglers of the Royal Marines from Whale Island.

BRITISH LEGION APPEAL AT CHICHESTER.

Through the generosity of Mr. Tichborne, of the Directors of the Picturedrome at Chichester, collections on behalf of the British Legion were made at each performance of the “Somme” during the first half of the week. Amongst the speakers were Brig.-Gen. W. L. Osborne, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Major E. G. Sheppard, Major Bailey, Mr. Bunt, Rev. N. Cox and Rev. G. T. Gillman, and the success of their efforts was well exemplified by the fact that £50 6s. od. has been collected for the fund as a result of these performances. One £5 note was put in the box and smaller paper money was also present. The speakers expressed the debt of

gratitude that the Chichester Branch of the British Legion owed to Mr. Tichborne and the Management of the Theatre for allowing the collections to be made.

Thanks were also given to Colonel C. E. Bond, C.M.G., D.S.O., and other Officers of the Royal Sussex Regiment for allowing the Band of the 1st Battalion to come down to Chichester and support the showing of the "Somme."

An analogous example of their generosity will be recalled when "Mons" was shown at the Picturedrome. On both occasions the bands paraded the streets before the performances.

(Photograph on page 1091).

THE BEST-KNOWN SIGNAL IN HISTORY : TRAFALGAR, OCTOBER 21ST, 1805.

The British Fleet was advancing slowly off Trafalgar in the light wind and within about a mile and a half of the enemy when the idea occurred to Nelson of giving a general signal of encouragement. He was walking with Captain Blackwood on the poop of the *Victory*, when he said: "I'll now amuse the Fleet with a signal," and asked him if he did not think there was one wanting. Blackwood answered that he thought the whole of the Fleet seemed clearly to understand what they were about, and to vie with each other which should first get nearest to the *Victory* or the *Royal Sovereign*. Nelson, however, thought otherwise, and going up to his flag-lieutenant, said: "Mr. Pasco, I wish to say to the Fleet, 'England confides that every man will do his duty'; you must be quick, for I have one more signal to make, which is for close action." To this Pasco replied: "If your Lordship will permit me to substitute 'expects' for 'confides,' the signal will soon be completed, because the word 'expects' is in the vocabulary and 'confides' must be spelled." "That will do, Pasco, make it directly," said Nelson quickly—with seeming satisfaction, wrote Pasco in his letter, which is the authority for this.

And then Roon, the signalman, ran up the red and white diagonal telegraphic or number code flag to the yard-arm, and, with Pasco putting the numbers on the slate, sent up in succession to the main topgallant masthead: 253 for ENGLAND; 269 for EXPECTS; 863 for THAT; 261 for EVERY; 471 for MAN; 958 for WILL; 220 for DO; 370 for HIS; and then, "Duty" not being in the vocabulary, he had to spell it, and up went 4 for D, 21 for U, 19 for T, and 24 for Y; regarding which it may not be out of place to remark that in flag-signalling you can give no emphasis, and it was left for an American author to point out that in this case the emphasis should be on "every" and not on "duty." When the twelve successive

hoists had been duly answered by a few ships in the van, down came the telegraph from the yard-arm, and up to the masthead went No. 16 from the general code, meaning "Engage the enemy more closely," which by Nelson's orders was kept up until it was shot away.

Such was the best-known signal in history; and when the *Victory* returned to Portsmouth, never to leave it again, these flags, in the order given, were hoisted rainbow fashion over her laurel-crowned masts every Trafalgar Day.

It is said that, as he saw the flags go up, Collingwood, who was Vice-Admiral of the Blue, remarked half-peevisly to his flag-lieutenant: "I wish Nelson would make no more signals; we understand what we have to do." When, however, the signal was reported to him, he was delighted, and ordered it to be announced to the ship's company, by whom it was received with the greatest enthusiasm. On board most of the ships of the Fleet, it was similarly announced and similarly received; but in some the Captains thought it unnecessary and nothing was said about it.

When the Spanish Admiral in the *Santa Ana* commenced the engagement by opening fire on the *Royal Sovereign*, the ships of both fleets hoisted their colours, the English all flying the White Ensign, to avoid the confusion which Nelson thought might arise from the use of different flags; for whilst he himself was Vice-Admiral and Lord Northesk Rear-Admiral of the White, Collingwood was Vice-Admiral of the Blue. In addition to the ensign, each ship flew two or more Union Jacks in different parts of the rigging. The Admirals flew their proper flags whilst, as mentioned above, the *Victory* flew "Engage the enemy more closely" at her masthead.

This month we are sorry to be losing the services of Mr. L. Maskell, who joined the office staff here some two years ago from Reading, and has now been appointed to Oxford Branch as third clerk. We wish him success, and sincerely hope that he will be happy in his new sphere.

HYTHE.

MR. CHAPMAN LEAVES HYTHE.

Mr. Chapman left Hythe at the end of February to take up another appointment. This is, without doubt, a great blow to us all, and he will be very much missed in Hythe, especially at the Brewery. We take this opportunity of congratulating him and wishing him every success in his new sphere. We understand that it means great advancement for him, which he so richly deserves, and we hope that it will lead to still higher things. There is one thing we wish him, which we know he will appreciate, and that is, that he will not have to start at 6 a.m.

Mr. Chapman's colleagues at Hythe have presented him with a handsome cigarette case.

THE BREWERY TEA PARTY.

Another milestone in the history of the Hythe Brewery has come and gone. We refer to the tea party given by the Directors to all employees and their wives and children each year. It was held as usual at The Institute and about 210 sat down to a most enjoyable tea. The good things having been disposed of, the tables were cleared and each child was then given a present by Mrs. G. L. Mackeson. Much amusement was caused when, apparently, every family had been gone through, there still remained a great pile of parcels on one of the tables and Mr. Eric announced "Now we come to the Dray family." Charlie Dray comes in for a great deal of good-natured chaff each year, but he still goes on his way smiling, looking the picture of health and doing his duty to his country. Another amusing item was when Mrs. Mackeson called for Alphonse Chapman, and Mr. Chapman went up to the stage carrying the latest addition to his family, and received a neat parcel which we found out afterwards contained a bugle. We hope the neighbours have had no cause to complain.

During the evening, Mr. Eric read a telegram from Reading in reply to one sent from Hythe the previous day, on the occasion of the annual dinner at Reading. This read "Many thanks for telegram, best wishes to you all, from a very proud parent."

Mr. Eric went on to move a very hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Mackeson for so kindly coming there that night and presenting the gifts. She came to that event every year she was in England and he need not say how much it was appreciated. Mrs. Mackeson was known personally to all of them, and he asked them to give her three hearty cheers. This was done with enthusiasm, with three extra for Mr. Mackeson.

Mrs. Mackeson said in reply that she did not deserve any thanks for coming there when they knew how happy it made her

to be amongst them. She noticed that the family had increased tremendously, not forgetting a pleasant addition to Mr. Chapman's household. She wished them all a very happy New Year if it was not too late.

Mr. Mackeson also thanked them and said it was a great pleasure to him to be there, and he hoped they would all meet together on many future occasions.

There was a conjuring and shadowgraph performance to follow, which was very good, and much applauded, but the event of the evening was undoubtedly the turn that occupied the second half of the programme. We refer to the performance of the Brewery Minstrel Troupe. We had heard such wonderful reports of the dark doings on the Brewery stage and at "The Duke" that we were all looking forward, with the keenest interest, to see what sort of a show they would put up. We were not disappointed; they were really excellent, and fully deserved all the praise that was showered upon them. We cannot single out any particular member, they were all very good. The characters were:— Bones, Freddy Peacock; Sammy, "Shrimp" Sherwood (corner men); Massa Johnson, Arthur Moore (centre man); Rastus, Tommy Dale; Pete, Jack Middleton; Tambo, "Pingham" Rose; Rufus, Norman Standen. At the piano, Billie Hoad.

The *piece de resistance* of the show was undoubtedly Middleton's playing of the "Fairphone." To those who do not know what a Fairphone is, we should explain that our expert, Mr. Fairhead, says that it dates back about 5,000 B.C. He is of opinion that it was brought to this country during the reign of Queen Elizabeth from Spain, and our specimen, he thinks, may have been recovered from one of the ships of The Armada, some of which may have been wrecked off Hythe, which was even then one of the leading Cinque Ports. Great credit is due to Mr. Alden who, recognising that he had a find when digging out the foundations for the new Bottling Store, immediately handed it on to Mr. Fairhead. As is well known, all maltsters are musical, and we can quite picture our first foreman in that department whiling away the close time on the wonderful "Fairphone." Unfortunately, all early records have been lost, so how it came to get on the scrap heap no one knows. We do know that it will prove a very great asset to our Optimists. Under the able tuition of Mr. Fairhead, Jack Middleton, who, by the way, is one of his assistants (only maltsters can play this instrument), put up a creditable performance and quite deceived the whole audience.

Credit is due to Mr. Peacock. We believe it was through his initiative that the troupe was started, and but for his enthusiasm would have died an early death.

The Optimists are giving a performance at one of the local halls early in March in aid of the Sports Club, and it is hoped that they get all the support they deserve.

Another epoch-making event in the history of the Brewery that comes off before these lines appear in print, is a Leap Year Carnival Dance at The Institute on the 29th. Mr. Chapman has promised to act as M.C. and a very large gathering is expected. The proceeds are to be divided between the Kent Fields Playing Association and our Sports Club.

FOOTBALL.

On the same day that Reading succumbed to Leicester by 1-0 in the English Cup, the Hythe Brewery eleven lost to Charing in the Ashford Charity Cup by the same margin. The Brewery boys were playing away from home, however. Like Reading, they had very hard luck and should not have lost; they were without doubt the more scientific team and for quite three parts of the game had most of the play, but training told in the end and Charing scored in a break away.

Our boys were terribly weak in front of goal, and they should have been quite three goals up at half-time. Benford missed a penalty in the first half, kicking the ball well outside.

The team cannot complain of the support they received, as we think most of the boys from the Bottling Store were there to cheer, and they did cheer, the Charing spectators not getting a look in. Mr. Mullin, Mr. Chipperfield, Mr. Spencer and Mr. Andrews also accompanied the team hoping to take part in a triumphant return.

Charing confirmed the form in the following week, again beating the Brewery by 5-3 in the Ashford League. We think we must now say good-bye to any honours coming our way this year, but taking all things into consideration we have not done so badly for the first year, and we still hope to finish nearer top than bottom of the League. Like the Brewery Minstrels the whole team and those connected with them are still Optimists.

On Saturday, February 11th, we were at home to the 42nd Brigade of Field Artillery, in the Hythe Charity Cup and were very fortunate in scraping home by the odd goal. All that we have said about the team before applies equally to this match—failure to push an attack home. It was a very lucky goal that gave us the game, F. Blackman breaking away and scoring in the first half. During the second half both goals had very narrow escapes but nothing resulted, and we are now in the semi-final.

We are up against a very stiff proposition in this round, having to meet the winners out of Lydd and Red Car Company, who played off on the 18th. Both of these teams are in much better class football than we are, but the unlikely very often comes off.

MR. CHAPMAN'S XI.
A. P. F. Chapman's team *versus* Small Arms School in aid of the Kent Playing Fields Association.



Names reading left to right—F. Blackman, J. C. Mullin, H. O. Hackney, D. E. Lester, A. P. F. Chapman, "Geordie" Hymers, E. Blackman, E. Cooper, G. Benford, E. Chester, —, Johnnings. On extreme left cut out of picture, L. Blackman and —, Rose.

We understand that the sum of £21 7s. 0d. was realised and handed to the Kent County Playing Fields Association.

TWO HEROES.

Ben Channon and Charlie Jones are their names. This pair won the only game in our Games Tournament against the Odd-fellows Club, Folkestone, and so we think they should be mentioned in despatches. The score against us was 16 to 1. We were going to say that things are going from bad to worse, but it is a long lane that has no turning, as the saying goes, as on Saturday, February 11th, against the Saltwood Working Men's Club, we put up quite a respectable show, almost making a draw of it, the final figures being 16 to 12 against the Brewery. We do not think there was any outstanding feature, unless it was that Mr. Hollands lost at billiards, on what we think is his home table, and the Brewery Billiards Champion, Benford, also met his match. We think, however, that he was still suffering from shock at missing that penalty at Charing. Mr. Matthews and "Rabbits" gave a good performance on the drums.

Mr. Mullin briefly thanked the company for the excellent entertainment they had given us, and Mr. Fairhead humorously said that if they would only lend us their Club and Table to practise on, he felt sure he would beat any of them, as he had been a great billiards player in his day.

THE POPULARITY OF MOTORING.

We have a Cricket Club, a Football Club, a Games Club, and we now think we shall have to start a Motor Club. Nearly everyone on the Brewery seems to be getting a Motor Car or Motor Bike of some kind or the other.

We have another recruit to the Leather Saving Brigade this month. He has just become the proud possessor of a Rols Joyce or a Trols Rance or some such name as that. Any way we know the name means strong and plucky, and it is one of the best cars on the market, and to be found in every millionaire's stable. They are noted for being very brainy cars. Several renowned scientists have had them under observation and state that they have more, much more of the grey matter than any other they have inspected. Our friend has already proved this statement to be correct. We believe he had some trouble to start it going, but what could one expect? It had not got to know him and did not recognise him as its new master. Luckily, some one who knew the car in the old days came along, and after giving it a pat, it started off in good style and soon knew that a kind and sympathetic friend had hold of the reins. Now where these cars prove that they have a brain is that one does not have to worry about the steering wheel;

in fact, it can be left quite on its own whilst one does little jobs, reads a book, dresses or undresses. There is no fear of it getting into trouble. These cars have also wills of their own as our friend found out the other day. He wanted it to stop at a certain spot, but Rols Joyce said "No, it is time we were getting home," and on it went. On the way, however, it began to feel sorry, and as it was passing a field in which a relative of its new master was, it thought, to make up for its previous unkindly action, it would just dodge off the road across the field so that he could shake hands and say "How do you do?" It was too late in the run, however, and the Aintree hedges and ditches beat it and it came down at Beechers. We can picture the poor creature lying there in the ditch, rolling its eye round and looking at its master as much as to say "I'm sorry, I've done my best." We do hope its new owner treated it kindly when they eventually got home together, and that he gave it something a little extra for supper.

GIBRALTAR.

The Royal Navy Commissioned and Warrant Officers stationed in Gibraltar held their Annual Dinner in the Pavilion on the evening of the 7th January, 1928. The Pavilion was tastily decorated for the occasion and a goodly gathering of members, honorary members and their friends attended. The menu was provided by the well known caterer of Gibraltar, Mr. J. Cunningham. During the dinner, a small band of the 2nd Bn. East Surrey Regt. discoursed music which added flavour to the excellent repast that had been provided. |

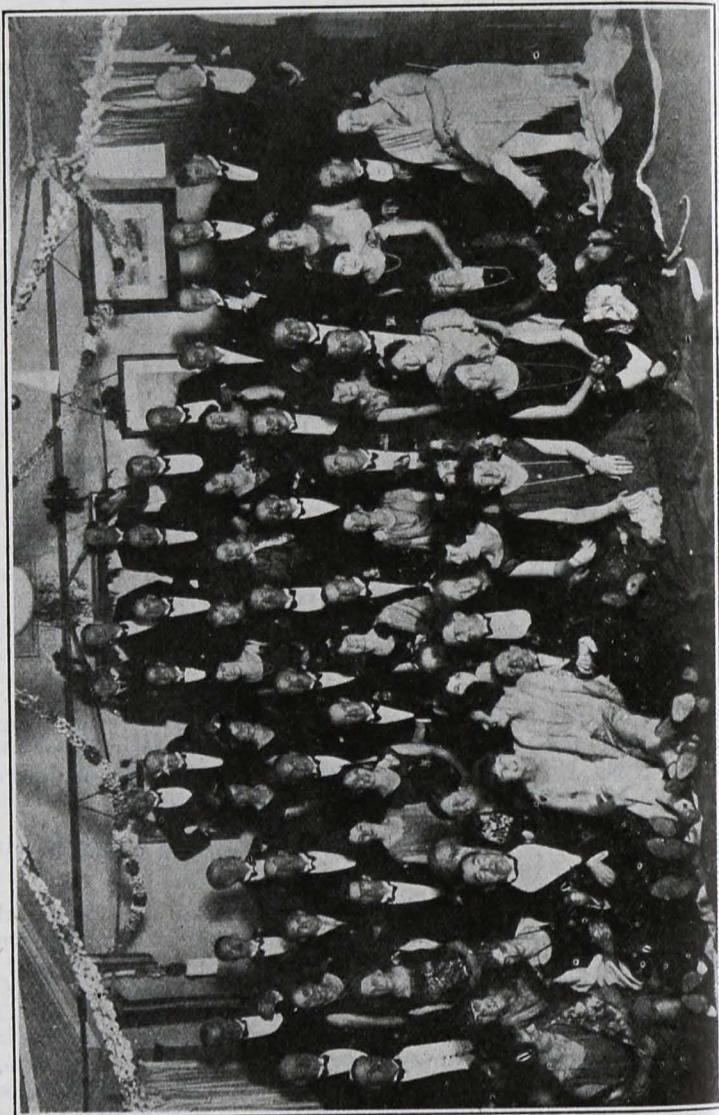
The toasts of the evening were as follows:—"The King," Mr. Hadley, R.N., President; "The Honorary Members," Mr. Willey, R.N., Hon. Secretary; "The Committee," Mr. Hubbard; "The Ladies," Mr. Quainton, R.N., Vice-President.

The response to the ladies' toast was wittily delivered by Mrs. Hubbard.

The dinner being ended, the Pavilion was cleared and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing, interspersed with musical items. The latter were provided by the vocal talents of Mrs. Ryder, Messrs. Quainton, Hubbard and Budgen.

The enjoyment was carried on till a late hour, but like all good things eventually came to an end and all departed to their various homes with eulogistic expressions to those who had helped to provide such an evening full of mirth and merriment.

The Committee are to be highly complimented on their efforts, and it can only be said in justice to them, that one wishes such evenings occurred more often than once a year.



Commissioned and Warrant Officers' Pavilion, Gibraltar. Annual Dinner, January 7th, 1928.

Outdoor sport, after being held up by rain in December and early January, is now having a good run, the North Front Grounds being fully extended to pull up overdue matches. Conditions at "Gib" are altogether different from Home; whereas rain does not usually interfere with football in England, it would not be practicable here. The grounds are for the most part, composed of a mixture in which clay predominates; consequently rain-sodden grounds are not played upon, as if they were used while wet, they would resemble a ploughed field when dry.

Football Leagues to date show the Staff & Departments and the East Surrey Regiment level in the Senior League. When these teams met before the result was a goalless draw. The match was, unfortunately, played in a high wind, which made good football impossible. The next meeting of these teams is looked forward to with interest as the Championship depends on the result.

The Junior League is nearly completed. The R.A.M.C., winners last year, seem to have made their position as Champions of this section fairly safe.

Hockey. The Senior League has not got far and it is hard to predict the eventual winners. The three teams at present leading are the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers and East Surreys, in the order named.

The Junior League, composed of 18 teams, is progressing at a good rate. The League leaders stand as follows:—

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
12th (M) R.A. ...	11	9	0	2	20
Black Wing, E.S. ...	8	8	0	0	16
8th (M) R.A. ...	9	6	2	1	13
"C" Coy., E.S. ...	10	5	3	2	12
"B" Coy., E.S. ...	9	5	3	1	11
"A" Coy., E.S. ...	9	5	3	1	11
White Wing, E.S. ...	7	5	2	0	10

The League table speaks well for the Medium Batteries, Royal Artillery and the East Surreys. These units have the top part of the League to themselves.

The Billiards Leagues have been completed. Royal Artillery North were worthy winners of the Seniors, with the East Surreys as runners-up. Royal Artillery South won the Junior League, with the Royal Engineers as runners-up. The individual championship commences this month (February) and some good matches are anticipated.

Apropos of the visit of the Atlantic Fleet, already mentioned in these notes, we are glad to have the opportunity of seeing H.M.S. "Nelson." The name brings forth many memories closely associated with the "Rock." The Trafalgar Cemetery, still well kept, is adjacent to the Assembly Rooms, H. & G. Simonds' Establishment. Many interesting epitaphs can be read on the existing gravestones which, in the majority, are in a good state of preservation.

OXFORD.

We Oxonians were greatly interested in the February issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE by reason of the editorial article concerning Mr. C. E. Gough, and the excellent portrait accompanying same. We are justly proud of the fact that such an important part in the Firm's activities as that of Manager of the Branch Department is so ably administered by a son of our own city.

Now that Term has commenced once more, the arrival of the members of the University has given a welcome fillip to trade, following the comparative quiet of the Xmas aftermath, and we are glad to put it upon record that things are looking up.

The rowing fraternity are devoting themselves seriously to training for the forthcoming Torpid Races, or "Toggers," to use the Varsity vernacular. These races are more or less a means of selecting unknown rowing talent from among the freshmen who "came up" last October, for the more serious races which take place during Eights week in the Summer Term.

The river is very high at present and a strong stream is running. This, combined with the south-westerly gales we have experienced lately, makes the lot of the rowing man far from pleasant. One crew collided with a danger-post near Iffley Lock last week, with the result that their boat was stove in and sunk, and the crew had to swim for it. Luckily there were no casualties among these particular "wet-bobs."

The Oxford Crew itself is also busy with its preparation for the annual struggle with Cambridge.

We may be excused for mentioning the death of one of Oxford's most eminent men, in the passing of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig, for whom the whole British Empire is mourning. Our late Commander-in-Chief was a member of Brasenose College, Oxford,

prior to his going to Sandhurst for the final preparation to the commencement of his distinguished career. Lord Haig was also a Freeman of this City.

After perusing C.H.P.'s very interesting Nature Note in the February issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, we are tempted to relate our own experiences of bird feeding during the recent cold snap. We have made a point all through the bad weather of putting a supply of crumbs and other odds and ends out for our feathered friends, and have had our regular customers for these tit-bits. During the really severe weather we were literally besieged by the sparrows and starlings, who were always to be seen perched along the trellis-work in rows, as soon as it was daylight, patiently waiting for their daily ration.

There was also a piece of suet or a bone suspended on a string for the special benefit of the tits; of these, we had four regular visitors, a pair of great tits and a pair of blue tits. The amusing antics of these "nature's acrobats," as they hung suspended upside down from their breakfast, was highly diverting, and consequently the hands of the clock always seemed to move round faster at breakfast time, with a result that it was generally a scramble for us to get to the office in good time. We, too, were favoured with visits from blackbirds, missel-thrushes, one hedge-sparrow, chaffinches, and of course our own robin. We haven't yet decided whether we own this latter bird or if he owns us. He evinces great interest in all we do and is highly indignant if other birds approach. He is tame enough to perch on our spade if we pause for a rest while digging, and away in the summer, while the writer was enjoying a Sunday afternoon siesta in a deck-chair, our redbreast took a walk across the toe of a slipper and then perched upon the chair top thinking, no doubt, that the occupant was asleep.

We have had one other visitor of note to our garden this last autumn. One fine morning we discovered a full-grown hedge-hog taking a constitutional down the path; he was evidently looking for a convenient place to tuck himself away in for the winter. As we thought he might argue the point with our pet toad, we rolled him into a bag and dropped him under a convenient hedge.

SLOUGH.

Should one have chanced to enter the Slough Public Hall on February 8th, between the hours of 6 and 10 p.m., they would immediately have been whirled into a bedlam of juvenile frolic. It was the occasion of the Slough British Legion Club Children's Party. About 600 children of the members were entertained by the Club to tea, after which they enjoyed an excellent concert, dancing and organised games. It was a very tired but happy party that wended its way homeward, armed with cups and saucers—the gifts of the Club. In passing, we might add that this Club is a very great friend of ours. Our relations with it go back to its inauguration. In Mr. F. R. Whiteman it possesses an excellent Secretary, who is assisted by an able and energetic Committee.

We are pleased to say that the licences of all the Firm's houses in this district were renewed without any trouble at the various Licensing Sessions. This fact speaks highly of the way in which our tenants conduct their businesses. Plans were submitted to the Licensing Justices for the rebuilding of The Plough, Horton, near Colnbrook. Messrs. Edginton & Spink of Windsor are the Architects and Mr. Spink explained to the Magistrates the details of the plans, which were approved by them without any opposition. The house is being remodelled to meet the growing needs of the public, and is the last word in public house improvements. We hope to give a fuller account of this house in the near future.

Great excitement now reigns in the Clubs connected with the Slough & District Clubs' Games League. Official figures are not to hand, but we understand that three Clubs are running neck and neck for prime honours. May the best team win the "Simonds' Cup."

A few weeks ago we read that a well-known French cleric and astrologer had predicted the return of the seasons to the old order. We have certainly noticed that March has slipped back to February. The recent gales have caused much havoc in the neighbourhood, not only having razed trees, fences, etc., but houses also. However, we are still optimistic.

Some months ago we made mention of the Road First Aid Services Scheme being worked by the Slough Division St. John Ambulance Brigade and part of an official film being devoted to this effort. We are now pleased to add that this scheme has been adopted by the S.J.A.B. Headquarters, and at Easter about 10,000 men, all volunteers, will be patrolling the main roads of England,

to assist the unfortunate victims of any accidents that may occur. Naturally the local Division is very proud of the fact that their humble efforts were the nucleus of this great scheme.

SWANSEA.

It was with sincere regret we read of the demise of the Reading Football Team in the fourth round of the F.A. Cup, and, as fate wiped their name off the scroll of fame for the 1927-28 season, all eyes here in South Wales looked toward Cardiff City to repeat last year's performance and thus keep the coveted trophy in Little Wales.

It gives us very great pleasure to mention for the first time in the pages of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, a Battalion stationed away down in the south-west corner of Wales—the 2nd East Lancashire Regiment, Llanion Barracks, Pembroke Dock, this being the old 59th Foot, now affectionately known as the "Lily-whites."

They are very justly proud of the fact that the Young Soldiers Cup and Shield for Shooting have been won by the Battalion, the same being competed for throughout the Army. The Aldershot Command Championship for Boxing (Miniature Shield) is also held by them. Also, as the boxing team is still in the running for the Army Championship, having just recently defeated the Duke of Wellington's Regiment by 26 points to 19, they hope to annex the Army Championship this year.

On January 18th last, the Sergeants' Mess held their Annual Dinner to which Mr. R. Brannan, the Regimental Sergeant-Major, kindly extended a cordial invitation to our Mr. H. W. Colson, which was gratefully accepted and duly attended by him.

Some 50 Warrant Officers and Sergeants sat down to a splendid dinner, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Mr. Brannan proposed the toast of "the King" and, following one or two short speeches, tables were cleared in readiness for the arrival of the ladies.

From 9 o'clock until 2 o'clock, music, dancing and fun reigned, and thus ended a most delightful evening.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS (*continued*).

To-day I have been wading through one or two old diaries of my own. I had the mood upon me, and besides, my article on "New Year Resolutions" should have been continued last month, but unfortunately it was not. Now this was not because the "pump had run dry." As a matter of fact, it never does; like most writers of an inflicting nature, I invariably find that I am constrained to boil my mss. down.

I waded through my diaries, I tell you, with the express intention of following up the idea of cheerfulness as it had gradually permeated my life and influenced my actions, ideals and habits. I discovered an alteration and I find it recorded to this effect: "My Toast is now always to happiness, never to wealth, for if I wish you wealth you may not be happy, and what then would be the use of wealth?"

A man is only really happy accordingly as his wants are few.

"My portion is not large indeed,
But then how little do I need,
For nature's calls are few—
In this the art of living lies;
To want no more than my suffice
And make that little do."

Thoreau shows in "Walden" how much it is possible to do without and be not only happy but *happier*. I think it is he who suggests that if it is too much trouble to dust an ornament and thus cause the reverse of pleasure dusting it—do away with the ornament. What sound advice. Why load ourselves with unnecessary happenings?

E. F. Benson, in one of his books, describes the pains with which we struggle to put in our rooms, in our mouths and on our backs mere incumbrances and are none the happier.

Do you question why my toast is now to Happiness?

Besides, happiness is easier to acquire than wealth. It is much more likely that you will be happy than wealthy, for happiness is a matter of temperament and therefore cultivatable, much more desirable, and I verily believe that it is our "first duty."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way
And merrily hint a stile-a.
The merry heart goes all the way,
The sad tires in a mile-a."

What's the use of New Year Resolutions? This is the use of them: a thought becomes a desire, a desire a resolution, a resolution a habit and a habit a destiny, as someone greater than I has said.

J.L.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The only match played by the football team since going to press for the February issue was:—

	<i>Goals.</i>		<i>Goals.</i>
February 4th	St. Budeaux A.F.C.	2	v. Simonds' A.F.C.
			3

With reference to the match at Lee Moor on December 3rd, which was abandoned, as reported in the January issue, the West Devon Area Committee suspended our Captain for seven days for calling the team off the field.

BILLIARDS.

The Transport Section, after their win against the Staff on November 24th, challenged the Brewery to a match on January 26th, the scores of which were as under:—

<i>Transport.</i>				<i>Brewery.</i>			
R. Rymell	125	v.	P. Tucker	...	80
S. W. Naish	125	v.	F. Oxenham	...	113
A. E. Ellis	125	v.	W. Mills	...	82
J. Clough	125	v.	R. Mills	...	116
			<u>500</u>				<u>391</u>

and then gave the Staff a return match on February 4th, when the following were the scores:—

<i>Transport.</i>				<i>Staff.</i>			
S. W. Naish	125	v.	W. H. Davis	...	96
A. E. Ellis	98	v.	J. H. Law	...	125
R. Rymell	125	v.	R. E. Wright	...	63
J. Clough	125	v.	C. F. Goss	...	75
E. Lilleyman	103	v.	F. Pierce	...	125
			<u>576</u>				<u>484</u>

Their win by 92 points this time proves the Transport to be the more skilled in the art of "handling the cue." Rymell was not quite so lucky on this occasion, however.

We are very sorry to lose Mr. R. T. Taylor Hawkins, who has left us to go to Headquarters.

We have to congratulate Jerry Hanley, the brother of Miss S. Hanley, our tenant of the "Morice Town Wine and Spirit Vaults," the popular Captain of Plymouth Albion Rugby team and forward for England, who has been awarded the Civil Service "Warren Fisher Cup." This Cup, which is presented annually for the best individual sports performance of the year, was given by Sir Warren Fisher, the Secretary to the Treasury.

Mr. Hanley has received a letter of congratulation from the Duke of York, in which the latter expressed the hope that Mr. Hanley "may lead the Service side to victory on many occasions and form a member of the English pack for many years to come."

The Annual Banquet of the Devonport Mercantile Association was held on February 1st at the Royal Hotel, Devonport. The Chairman of the Association, Mr. Charles Cheverton, presided, and among those attending were the Mayor of Plymouth (Mr. W. H. J. Priest), Brigadier-General The Lord St. Levan, C.B., C.V.O., Mr. Herbert G. Williams, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, Major L. Hore Belisha, M.P., Right Rev. The Bishop of Plymouth, Rear-Admiral Oliver Backhouse, C.B., Captain E. C. Boyle, V.C., Royal Navy, Lieut.-Colonel E. Hewlett, C.M.G., D.S.O., O.B.E. (Commanding 2nd Battalion The Devonshire Regiment) and Mr. F. A. Simonds. There were over one hundred attending the banquet.

Mr. Williams was the principal speaker; he gave us a wonderful speech and the members of the Association have not yet ceased to talk of it. We are very pleased Mr. F. A. Simonds was able to accept the invitation to attend as it gave him an exceptional opportunity of meeting a number of the principal professional and business inhabitants of Devonport.

Six-years-old Gladys awoke at two o'clock in the morning. "Tell me a story, mamma," she pleaded. "Hush, dear," said the mother, "Daddy is now coming home and he will tell us both one."

Two travellers were discussing the careless way in which luggage was handled by some railway companies. "Once I thought of a way of preventing that," said one; "I labelled each of my

trunks 'China with care.'" "And did it have any effect?" asked the other. "It did," was the grim reply, "they shipped the whole lot to Hong-Kong!"

A man, on his way home from work, saw a notice "Litter of Pigs for Sale." He knocked at the door and a lady answered. "Good evening," he said, "may I see the little swine?" "I'm afraid not," she answered, "he doesn't get home until half-past five."

WOKING.

The passing of Field-Marshal Earl Haig cast quite a gloom over this area. The activities of the British Legion, of which the late Field-Marshal was President, are very pronounced in Surrey, and receive most enthusiastic support. All Branches of the British Legion in the Woking, Guildford, Godalming, Byfleet and district areas honoured the memory of their great leader by taking part in the special memorial services, and by placing wreaths of poppies on the War Memorials in the respective districts. Truly the British Legion will always stand as a living memorial to his great work, and as a tribute to his unceasing care in the interests of all ex-service men.

Members of the West Byfleet Social Club subscribed towards a wreath of poppies, and Messrs. Webb, Matthis and Hennell, on behalf of the Club, laid a wreath at the foot of the Byfleet Memorial Cross.

WOKING FOOTBALL CLUB.

Owing to Cup-Ties, very slow progress has been made with League fixtures. The Club, after a keenly contested game with the London Caledonians, lost by the narrow margin of one goal. For the sixth time this season we have to meet the Casuals, the latest being in connection with the Surrey Senior Cup. Our very popular player, W. J. Price, gave a good account of himself in the match between England and Ireland. Woking were represented by four players in the County match between Surrey and Wiltshire, played on the Kingfield Football Ground, Woking. On Saturday, 11th February, in our match with the Casuals, played at Kingston, we were assisted by T. M. R. Briggs, the Scottish Amateur International and Army International, who has been away for the first part of the season in Germany.

SALISBURY.

There is very little to report from this Branch during the past month. It is a period in between the seasons and therefore only natural in a small town.

There is one thing however, which is usually in evidence at this time of the year, and that is the annual Club dinners.

Although not able to attend the Brewery Social Club dinner, which from the account in last month's GAZETTE was such a great success, we have had the pleasure of attending a number of excellent Club dinners here, which were very much enjoyed.

Salisbury is only a comparatively small town, but it can make quite a big noise as far as Club life is concerned, and among others are the Fisherton Conservative Club, St. Paul's Conservative Club and Fisherton W.M. Club and Institute. All these have held their dinners during the past week or two and they were very well attended.

It is of course unnecessary to add that none of these functions would have been quite such a success had not our well-known Trade Mark been well to the fore.

At the dinner of the Fisherton W.M. Club, Mr. Cook, in a short speech, remarked that "It was always pleasing to him to have at this time of the year someone who always reminded him of the summer." By this he was referring to Mr. Garland, who attended, and replied to the toast of "The Visitors."

Solos played by Dr. W. G. Alcock on the organ at Salisbury Cathedral have just recently been recorded for the gramophone.

The record was made by a mobile recording outfit, which consists of a recording studio mounted on a special motor chassis. The van when visiting Salisbury was drawn up outside the Cathedral, and then by means of a microphone and wires, Dr. Alcock's playing was conveyed to it.

The pieces recorded included Lemare's "Reverie" and "Interlude" (Guilmant).

It was noticed from the Reading papers that the Brewery Billiards team are at the top of the league table. May we offer our congratulations and hope that they will stay there until the end of the season.

FARNBOROUGH.

Like Oxford Stores, we have started on the marriage stakes. We have to report the wedding of Mr. B. Lancaster to Miss May Giles, 44, Somerset Road, South Farnborough. The ceremony took place at St. Mark's Church, South Farnborough. Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster received many serviceable presents, including a dinner service from the staff of H. & G.'s Farnborough Branch.

Scene. A Garage just outside Reading on the London Road.

A motorist in an Austin Seven drives up and enquires the distance to London. When told about 35 miles he orders two gallons petrol and one quart oil and is sure he will get there. The next caller was the driver of a Daimler and he asked the same question and received the same answer. His order was three gallons petrol and one pint oil which he assured the garage proprietor would get him to London.

Presently the garage proprietor heard a tremendous rattle and shaking of mudguards, etc. On going out he found a Ford, whose driver asked the same question as the previous callers and received the same answer. His order was two gallons paraffin and one quart water, and instructions to hold the car while he jumped in.

WOOLWICH.

Many of our readers will have, no doubt, read in the daily press of the subsidence in Plumstead Road, Woolwich, which has caused considerable inconvenience to vehicular traffic, Plumstead Road, at this point, being a centre of bus and tram stops.

The hole, which was 12 feet wide and 7 feet deep, is midway between the Royal Arsenal Wall and the Royal Arsenal Reference Library, which was in the old days a Chapel, and one of the theories of the occurrence is that an underground passage utilised for bringing convicts employed in the Royal Arsenal to Chapel had caved in. The road at this point is still closed, officials making inspection, so as to avoid any further subsidence.

As usual at this time of the year many of our Clubs have had their Annual Dinners and all report very satisfactory evenings.

Our customers, the Royal Engineers Old Comrades Club, Woolwich, held their Dinner on January 14th, and we heard that the general opinion was that it surpassed all other like functions.

We extend a hearty welcome to the 17th Field Brigade, R.A., from Bordon, who are now stationed at Colchester. The Barracks of this Garrison are now fully occupied and after the usual furloughs we look forward to doing a good steady trade there. We might say the "Hop Leaf" brands are in good demand, deliveries to this district being four or five times weekly at present.

BRIGHTON.

Unfortunately, our special correspondent is ill and away from business, so our contribution this month comes from another pen.

Visitors to Brighton this summer will find that during the winter months the Corporation have made several alterations for their enjoyment and benefit.

Chief amongst these is the rebuilding of the Aquarium, which, however, will not be completed this year. It has been already a colossal task, involving the drilling out and excavation of hundreds of tons of concrete, which showed as rocks in the old fish tanks. Though this work of demolition was commenced in October, it is still in progress, but some of the steelwork of the new structure is being erected, so we shall soon see the new buildings grow.

The new Aquarium will consist of a spacious shelter hall for visitors in wet weather, a large concert hall and restaurant, and some of the tanks of marine specimens, that have interested thousands, will be retained and reconstructed.

On entering Brighton from the direction of London, improvements will be noticed there, for a scheme is in hand to remove the ugly Victorian railings round Preston Park, and open a pleasing vista of flower beds and lawns for different games.

It is also probable that the Devil's Dyke will shortly be purchased by the Corporation with a view to keeping it from the hands of the jerry-builder, who, by the erection of unsightly buildings in different parts of the country, is spoiling some of the beauty spots of England.

With this idea in view, if the Corporation buy the Dyke they will be the freeholders of some twelve miles of downland stretching from the Dyke eastward to Rottingdean, which they mean to preserve as open country.

Another scheme was recently brought before the Council to provide a large bathing pool on the beach, but they came to the conclusion that they had enough commitments to go on with, so that project has been shelved for further consideration.

BRITISH LEGION APPEAL AT CHICHESTER.



By kind permission of Messrs. Malcolm McNeill & Co.

Band and Drums of the 1st Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment.

LICENSED TRADES PROTECTION ASSOCIATION.

DISCIPLINED FORCES OF OUR OPPONENTS.

The Annual Meeting of the Reading and District Licensed Trades' Protection and Benevolent Association was held at the White Hart Hotel, Reading, on Tuesday, February 28th, when Mr. G. W. Smith (Secretary) presented an admirably prepared report, which contained the following :—

In presenting the Forty-third Annual Report of the Association, the Committee have to announce that 1927 has been just as strenuous as its predecessors, and directs the attention of all Members and all Licensed Holders to the wide extension of the disciplined forces of our opponents, and the unscrupulous nature of their attacks now concentrated on the Licensed Trade. The old-fashioned teetotal controversialist, whose love of fair play in an argument was a pleasant feature of public life, has almost disappeared. He has had to give way to the bigot, the liquor trade suppressionist, and the fanatic. With his disappearance, honesty of purpose, impartiality of action, and strict adherence to the truth appear to have been abandoned as useless virtues. The state of affairs to-day discloses a lamentable lack of honourable antagonism. Under the pretext of a religious movement a campaign of misrepresentation and deceit is being fostered and developed to injuriously affect and, if possible, entirely prohibit the production and consumption of alcoholic beverages. Theories due to prejudice are advanced by religious sectarians who have not individual knowledge of the public-house or its customers, and who, with rare exceptions, make no effort to obtain that knowledge.