

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

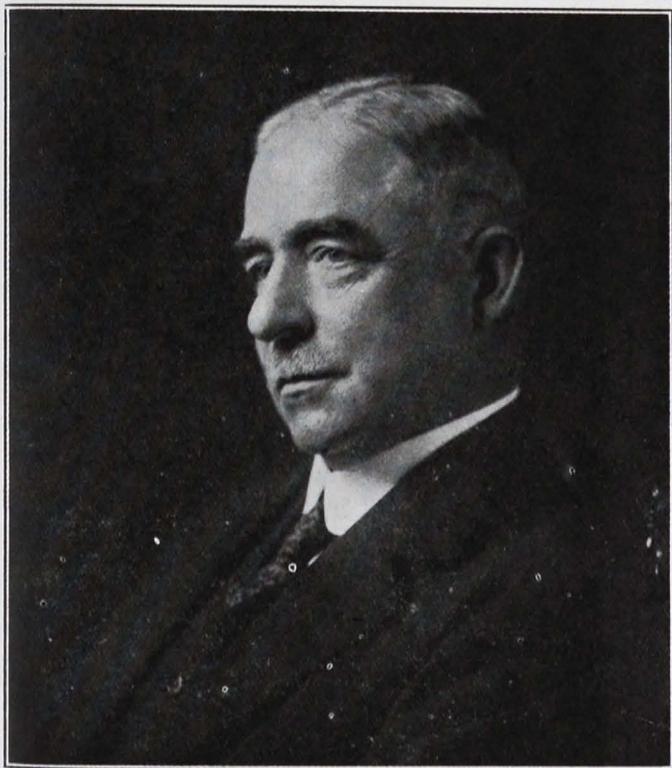
*The Monthly Journal of
H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.*

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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APRIL.

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Mr. A. GOODALL.

EDITORIAL.

MR. A. GOODALL.

Our front page this month contains the photograph of Mr. A. Goodall who has loyally served the Firm for fifty years. For the last thirty-seven years he has most successfully filled the position of Branch Manager at Farnborough Branch. His jubilee of service on the Firm was recently honoured by a luncheon given by the Directors, to which function several departmental Managers were invited. He was the recipient of handsome presents from the Directors and his colleagues the Branch Managers. The following words were spoken of him by Mr. C. E. Gough on this memorable occasion: "In my opinion, no member of the Staff ever has rendered, or will render, better and more successful service to the Firm."

Mr. Goodall is a competent authority on licensed property; the Firm's houses in the Farnborough area bear eloquent testimony to this fact. He is an all-round sportsman and is very popular in the district, being a member of many clubs. He has a wonderful repertoire of local sporting events. To prove his popularity, we would relate that some years ago there was constant friction on the Farnborough Urban District Council, and Mr. Harding and other Councillors requested Mr. Goodall to come on the council at the next election. There appeared to be no question as to his success at the poll, and they promised to put him in the Chair immediately, which would have given him a seat on the Aldershot Bench. This honour was refused by Mr. Goodall on the grounds that he could not serve two masters. He is a model for punctuality; he can truthfully boast that he has never missed his morning train at Woking, where he has lived for the last twenty years or more. He is held in great respect by all at Farnborough Branch who feel it is a great privilege to work under him.

MR. ERIC'S INDISPOSITION.

Mr. Eric Simonds has been suffering from a severe attack of influenza and though not quite well, yet we are very glad to know he is on the road to recovery. His absence is keenly felt in many directions and it must be nice to know when one is enforced to be absent from his customary duties, how much one is missed—or, in other words, how much one's presence is valued. Mrs. Simonds has also been indisposed and we are equally glad to know she, too, is making a good recovery.

SOLD OUT!

The last issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE was promptly sold out and, like Oliver Twist, many readers were asking for more. Mr. Giddy's fine sketch of one of our great battleships was very

favourably commented upon. One regular reader searched the book through to find the sketch without success. When shown the picture he exclaimed: "That? I thought that was a real photograph of a ship!"—not a bad compliment, and one thoroughly deserved. And didn't we all, too, enjoy that trip with "E.M.C." Many of us will want to do it again this summer and "E.M.C." will be wise to see that the supply of S.B.'s is augmented.

HOPS AND SLEEP.

A pillow stuffed with hops will often induce sleep—when other medicines are either useless or dangerous—owing to their pleasant soporific aroma. And a supply of the "Hop Leaf" brand inside the body makes sleep doubly sound!

A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE SOLVED.

The husband and wife had always been on the best of terms, but on one occasion when he came home to supper, the good lady appeared morose and miserable and used many a cross word to her husband. He could not guess the reason—it was, in fact, a cross-word puzzle to him. Then he suddenly remembered he had forgotten his wife's bottle of S.B. He as suddenly slipped out, obtained the famous beverage and on his return the wife's frowns were transformed into smiles—he had solved the cross-word puzzle!

THE HUMAN TOUCH.

A man who was down and out wandered into the Borough Police Station. The kindly officers took pity on him, had a "whip round," provided him with good clothes and paid the poor fellow's fare home. Yes, as we have pointed out before, the Reading Borough Police are a fine body of men.

TRADE'S CONTRIBUTION TO REVENUE.

At the coming-of-age banquet of the Allied Brewery Traders Association at the Savoy Hotel, London, Mr. P. G. H. Hannon, M.P., said that the great trade with which they were all identified was the substructure upon which, to the extent of one-sixth of its maintenance, the financial condition of this country depended. Every member of Parliament realised the wholesome and wholesale contribution which the brewery trade and its allied industries contributed to the maintenance of the country.

One great consideration which the Government must have for the brewing and allied trades, said the speaker, was the fact that they employed 1,640,000 people, and that the dependent industries employed 940,000. It was evident also to those who inquired into

the question that the public-house was becoming more and more a club and social centre—well conducted, well managed, cleanly, and wholesome—and that crime associated with drink had decreased enormously in the past 15 or 20 years.

BEER AS A HEALTH BEVERAGE.

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane said that what had impressed him most in reading the recently published letters of Queen Victoria was the intense and practical interest which she took in the health, happiness, and welfare of her people. She urged that they should have beer in abundance, and also that it should be good and cheap. She was not a Prohibitionist; she possessed the broad and generous spirit of the philanthropist, and was a real lover of the people. It was a pity that our politicians had not the same grasp and sympathy as Queen Victoria, and that instead of so taxing British beer as to handicap it seriously in competition with the German and other similar drinks, they would imitate her views and objects and render beer, the people's drink, as abundant, as good, and as cheap as possible. In that way they would teach the people the value of beer as a health beverage. He had seen Prohibition, gliding like a grim spectre through the land, accompanied by its hideous parasites, immorality, disease, discontent, and crime. Such a dread source of misery could never obtain a foothold in our common-sense community, particularly now that our health propaganda had spread broadcast to the people the immense part that diet plays in health, and the vital importance of being moderate in the use of alcohol, as well as of other foods, since in that lay health and happiness. Moderation was one of the fundamental teachings of the New Health Society, of which he had the honour to be president.

TIP TO FOLLOWERS OF HOUNDS.

The hunting season is now nearly at an end, but the following tips to followers of hounds may not be out of place:—

Ladies, don't wear red fox skins.
Fear God, 'ware seeds and honour the King.
Look long on life's fences; there's wire in them.
If you don't jump gates, shut 'em behind you.

MORE PRAISE FOR THE "GAZETTE."

We are constantly receiving very high compliments concerning THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. Its popularity is evidently world-wide. Our Slough correspondent writes saying that for the past six months Mr. P. A. Davies has been sending THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE to an old R.A.F. friend of his, Sergt.-Major Griffiths, who is stationed

in Iraq, and we can best give his opinion of it by quoting his own words:—

"The little Journal issued by Simonds is greatly appreciated here. As you know, most of the boys here come from the Uxbridge and Ruislip area, so that S.B. is no stranger to them. After reading the Journal myself, I pass it right round the Mess and the Members have come to look forward to its receipt. It's certainly very bright and chatty and its ramifications are so extensive that one reads it with avidity, even though one's only claim to being a member of the Firm is by absorption. It's about the only Journal that does not get destroyed immediately after receipt, which I consider sufficient criterion of the interest taken in its perusal."

RUTHLESS RHYMES.

So popular has motoring become among working people in England and America that one house magazine has given its readers rhymed warning of the fate that awaits reckless drivers, as follows:—

Easy payments—no deposit;
Broke his neck, not worth it, was it?

At ninety miles drove Edward John;
The motor stopped, but Ed. kept on.

Lies slumbering here one William Lake;
He heard the bell, but had no brake.

Speed records Johnny tried to bust;
Ashes to ashes—dust to dust.

At whirlwind speed drove Billy Grundy;
Relations note—his funeral's Monday.

STORY OF A SEA HERO.

We like that story told by the Premier at the banquet of the Company of Master Mariners.

He said he would like to tell a story, hitherto unpublished, about a trawler which was working in the north patrol in the war.

"They heard gun-fire," he said, "and the trawler went to investigate. They sighted two light cruisers, and, being a British trawler, it attacked. The cruisers paid tribute to our men by two broadsides and left the trawler to sink. The only man who was unhurt was the skipper.

"His mate—and I only know his name was Charlie—still alive, was pinned under a twelve-pounder. The skipper raised the gun, carried Charlie off, and placed him in a skiff. The lashings were cut just before the trawler sank, and all the rest of the crew were dead or dying.

SIX MONTHS IN BED.

"The men were picked up and Charlie went to Chatham for an operation and spent six months on his bed. He was invalided from Chatham Hospital with a disability pension. He went straight home to Fleetwood, where he lived, and was met by his wife. Before he left the station—there was a north-west gale blowing—he heard the lifeboat called by gunfire.

"He pushed his kitbag into his wife's hands, took his usual place in the boat, and helped to rescue a schooner's crew before he came home to supper.

"Let us never forget Mrs. Charlie. As the kitbag was pushed into her hands, in her husband's words, she said 'nowt.'

"I do not know Charlie's other name. I do not know whether he is alive, but if he is, and if he is listening, I should like to say that every man here takes his hat off to him."

A PROMINENT K.C.

Mr. Gavin Simonds, K.C., who represented the rich widow when bringing a charge against a young man of obtaining £19,500 by fraud, and who won his case, is the brother of Mr. Eric Simonds and Mr. Harry Simonds. The proceedings aroused great interest and were given world-wide publicity.

GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY AND THE "GAZETTE."

No less a personage than His Excellency The Right Hon. Sir Leslie Wilson, G.C.I.E., etc., Governor of Bombay, pays a very warm tribute to the GAZETTE. Writing to Mr. Eric Simonds recently, he says:—

"I like your HOP LEAF GAZETTE very much and always read it through. It is an excellent production. I am grateful to whoever is responsible for sending it to me."

DEATH OF MRS. BURRETT.

The sincere sympathy of our readers is extended to Mr. E. J. Burrett on the death of his wife, which sad event occurred on March 24th.

THE LADIES PAGE.

Spring is here once again. We feel it in the air, in ourselves even, that is if we give ourselves time to think about the wonderful works of nature, works which in these days of rush and tear and mechanism, one is only too easily apt to overlook.

The joys of being alive in the Springtime in this land of ours are manifold; we awake or are often awakened in the early morning by the joyous songs of the birds—delightful music if one listens carefully—the sun appears with a gentle warmth and we are met on our respective journeys to business with soft breezes.

But even if we do rhapsodize on this Spring of ours, we must remember the vagaries of the English climate, and if the calendar tells us we are in April wintry conditions will often thrust themselves in, bringing snow and cold winds in their train. Nevertheless, there is a lot to be said for the beauties of this time of the year, plants are pushing their way through the brown earth which has been barren for the last few months, trees are bursting into leaf where a little while ago we only saw dry twigs, and even the grass which had a drab appearance takes on a deeper shade of green; in fact, everything is pleasing to the eye.

Therefore, surrounded by all things bright and new, we now begin to run the rule over ourselves and decide that it is time we donned something fresh. Needless to say, the shop windows do their best to help us in this respect, displaying for our benefit new and becoming Spring wear, so that the temptation to array ourselves in new attire is almost irresistible.

Our homes appear to have a drab look in the Spring sunshine, so that "Spring-cleaning" is now the order of the day. We rejoice when this (I suppose it is necessary) operation is over, for we English are a very conservative race and we do not really like to be turned about.

Our thoughts also turn to outdoor recreations, cricket, tennis, etc., and we look forward to the time when we can again bring our rackets and bats into action, for we are not all so fortunate as to have the opportunity of keeping ourselves in trim on hard-courts during the Winter.

With all nature re-born, the drabness of Winter cast aside, the anticipation of again being able to participate in outdoor sports that were barred in the few past months, we feel cheered in mind and body. Our spirits rise and we go about as if we had a purpose in life as indeed we have, for is it not the duty of everyone of us to do our utmost to make our time on this earth a happy one?

M. P.

THE HIGH BEER DUTY.

ALLIED BREWERY TRADERS' PLEA FOR REDUCTION.

At the annual general meeting of the members of the Allied Brewery Traders' Association, the following resolution was unanimously passed, and instructions given for copies to be sent to the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and members of the Cabinet :—

“ That this meeting of the Allied Brewery Traders' Association, representing nearly 2,000 firms supplying materials, plant, etc., to the brewing trade, urges the necessity for a reduction in the present high duty on beer which is causing great unemployment in the brewing and all subsidiary trades, and, further, is the cause of great hardship to the agricultural community and the working classes generally.”

THE WELLINGTON ARMS HOTEL, STRATFIELD TURGIS.

AN IDEAL RENDEZVOUS.

As a countryside hotel, The Wellington Arms, Stratfield Turgis, would be very hard to beat. The establishment fulfills the conception of a first-class hotel without disturbing in any essential particular the air of homeliness and old-world charm which belong to the country hotel of tradition. So welcome is the discovery, that we feel impelled to tell all who motor to make haste to arrange a pleasant little trip, which from Reading may be taken with ease, even after the business of the day, through the most charming country famed as the Duke of Wellington's estate, until just before reaching Stratfield Turgis they arrive at the Wellington Arms Hotel. This fine old house has of late been renovated throughout and has a pleasantly cool and airy dining room and a newly furnished lounge overlooking a delightful rose garden. Later on, this will be aglow with the queen of flowers, the perfume of the roses mingling with the old-world mignonette, and all around you will find an air of undisturbed peace and restfulness such as one can never appreciate more fully than when motoring.

Not only is there this restful environment, for the service leaves nothing to be desired. Mrs. Barker, mine hostess, hails from Yorkshire, perhaps the most hospitable county in the land, and with good homely food, delightfully served, she well knows how to cater for the requirements of the inner man. There are home-grown vegetables and fruits, home-fed poultry for luncheon or dinner and, for tea, milk direct from the cow, and home-made pastries. The genial hostess is ably assisted by her son and daughter-in-law. Mr. Barker has revelled in all the thrills of

airmanship and yet finds real interest and pleasure in helping to make the visitors' sojourn a source of great delight. His good wife, too, studies in every way the comfort and convenience of all who call at the Wellington Arms Hotel which it is not too much to say is an ideal rendezvous.

Another point about this Hotel is that the public can always find refreshment of the famous “Hop Leaf” brands—and they are always the best!



The Wellington Arms Hotel.



Mrs. Barker, the popular proprietress.

LAUGHTER THE LIBERATOR.

Laughter is a surer indication of a sympathetic and understanding heart than are tears, and it is often because one feels so deeply that one laughs and not because one feels lightly. Laughing *with* another is a sign of friendship and harmony which laughing *at* another can never denote. Practise this and see how many friends you will make.

Then cultivate the good habit of laughing *at* and *with* yourself ! If you waken feeling blue and depressed on one of those mornings which we have experienced recently, when the snow covers the ground and fog envelops the earth and you feel positively surrounded by weather, take a deep full breath and laugh long and heartily and you will then realise the full significance of the title of this article. Such a practice does literally liberate one from depression and brings a feeling that life is not half so bad after all, even on a foggy morning.

If you have *any* sort of a sense of humour, cultivate and stimulate it all you know how—it will stand you in good stead. Perhaps the place where one most needs—and appreciates—a sense of humour is on a Brewery, for it helps one keep one's poise and mental balance and to adjust oneself to the many and various temperaments and foibles of a large staff.

The writer, whose privilege it is to have been on the staff of an inimitable Firm like H. & G. S. Ltd. for 14 years, long ago made it a daily principle never to allow a caller to leave the private office without a smile on his face ; no matter on what business a colleague had entered he was never allowed to leave it without a hearty laugh—or if he was a *very* exalted personage, at least a suppressed one—for the good of their souls. This applied to all and sundry—unless of course it was a Director, and even then there *are* cases on record of “mistaken identity” which must have caused even the most sedate and dignified Director to twist his mouth once outside !

Learn to *enjoy* a good hearty laugh : it fattens, oh ! yes, there is no doubt about that fact, it is epigrammatic “laugh and grow fat,” but it may be that laughter is what the Psalmist referred to when he spoke of being anointed with the oil of gladness above one's fellows, for surely the “oil of gladness” must be laughter, and it is the oil that one pours on the troubled waters of depression and trouble and sadness if it is the right kind of sympathetic laughter.

According to Professor Darwin, we are most in sympathy with those people whose sense of humour most nearly approximates to

our own, and you will find it an interesting character study to find out the *type* of humorous sense possessed by your friends and colleagues—some will find real mirth in the subtle and cryptic, others merely in the bizarre and ridiculous, and others only in the crude and obvious, but with all, bear in mind that if you laugh with them you are friends with them, for laughter is a sign of friendship and comradeship, producing only good fellowship, and therefore it can indeed be designated THE LIBERATOR.

E.M.D.F.

A REMINDER.

O plaining heart !
The balm was never grown to heal thy smart ;
But others sigh the same ; up, sow for these,
And grow the herb of grace to give them ease—
“And heal my own wound also ?” Haply so ;
Or—haply never ; that I do not know ;
’Tis not for that we sow !

* * * *

O dreaming brain !
Thou never shalt possess thy plot in Spain ;
But in thy languid hand lies power to do
Deeds whereby dreams of others shall come true ;
“And see fulfilled my own fond visions ?” Nay,
It is not promised. Still—what seer can say ?
There lies no nearer way.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Each one of these men we honour, man by man, has won imperishable praise, each has gained a glorious grave—not that sepulchre of earth wherein they lie, but the living tomb of everlasting remembrance wherein their glory is enshrined, remembrance that will live in the deeds of their countrymen the world over.

For the whole Earth is the sepulchre of heroes ; monuments may rise and tablets be set up to them in their own land, but on far-off shores there is an abiding memorial which no pen or chisel has traced ; it is graven, not on stone or brass, but on the living heart of humanity.

Take these men for your example. Like them, remember that prosperity can be only for the free, that freedom is the sure possession of those alone who have courage to defend it.—Funeral oration of Pericles.

A NATURE NOTE.

Most fishing stories are taken *cum grano salis*, but there will be no reason to doubt the truth about my "catch" recently. It had rained all night and it was still pouring in the morning when I set out for my destination about fifteen miles away. There is only one criticism I have to make as to my journey on the G.W.R. line and that is that the company made it too warm and comfortable, thus accentuating the contrast when I stepped out of the station and into the sleet and slush. But with a good mackintosh and a pair of stout boots I was impervious to the worst of weather.

In the district to which I had gone the meadows were covered with snow, which the cold rain turned into a kind of plastic ice which clung to the soles of my boots with a tenacity that was irrepressible. Therefore it was with the greatest caution that I crossed the narrow bridges—one consisting of a rounded tree-trunk—spanning the deep and dirty ditches.

I came out for fresh air, and my word! I had an abundance of it. There was no over-crowding here. From the time I left the station to the time that I returned, when the shades of night were falling fast, I did not see a single soul. Sitting on my little camp stool I soon had my tackle all ready. The sleet which covered the ground would cling to everything. If I put down a rod the snow fastened to it with wonderful persistence. The water, too, was icy cold, and as I took a likely-looking roach from the bait can and attached him to my snap tackle, my fingers tingled with the cold. Finding an eddy just below where the water rushed angrily over a shallow I cast out my bait and waited, but as no fish was on the move I put another rod together and ledgered with a gudgeon.

KINGFISHER AS COMPANION.

I sat patiently waiting for an hour and practically concealed behind a little bush, when a kingfisher came and kept me company. On the wire of a fence which spanned a shallow stream perched this jewel of a bird, which makes up in beak what he lacks in tail. He, too, was angling, for so intent was he on the small finned occupants of that little stream that he never glanced at me, but he would have done had I moved a muscle. I was beginning to think that if he did not move soon I must, in order to maintain the circulation. Then, all of a sudden, down he dived and returned to his perch with a small fish which was soon directed down that lane whence no traveller returns. He had caught the first fish, and presently, as this shaft of azure blue sped down stream close by

me he called "Tit-chu, tit-chu," which I interpreted as "Look at you, look at you!" for I am sure there was something sarcastic in his tone. I almost shouted back at him, "Ah, well! you've taken a fish undersize, and that is more than I have ever done."

Hardly had the kingfisher been lost to view than I heard the "music" of my reel, and looking up saw the top joint of my rod keep dip, dip, dipping into the water. At last! I thought to myself as I gathered up my net and made post haste to the spot—at last! I shall be even with that kingfisher.

I clutched the snow-clad butt as the reel was whizzing round and directly I felt the "fish" I struck. Imagine my feelings when I found that I was into a good-sized bough which, as it was trundled along by the stream, came into contact with my tackle.

A CONTRETEMPS.

Thinking it about time to make a move, laden with a big bait can, two rods and other paraphernalia I proceeded up-stream, and had gone about half-a-mile or so when I had to cross another ditch. The plank not thick was covered with a coating of snow and ice. I had got just beyond the middle when it bent, then creaked and cracked, and as the thing gave way I sprang and landed safe enough—but not on my feet. I fell on to the top of the bait can, which overturned, and the little fish seemed to enjoy a game of hide-and-seek with me in the snow. But eventually I recaptured the lot, and was congratulating myself on escaping the necessity of testing the depth of that dirty ditch when the thought struck me—how was I to get back? I went quite a long way up-stream, then followed the course of the ditch, but came back with the conviction that by hook or by crook I *must* return the same way that I had come. The ditch was quite wide enough to jump unencumbered, but with bait can and rods, to clear it was out of the question. So I had to do an acrobatic performance on the single rail running alongside of the broken bridge. The sleet-snow made my task no easier and was very cold to the touch. So by means of my right hand—the other holding the bait can—and two legs, I got across that bar and at the conclusion of my feat puffed like a steam engine, but oh! my hands were cold! Then I had to return and in the same way recross with my tackle. Then my cap fell in!

Having settled down once more I "began to feel, as well I might, the keen demands of appetite." A good hunk of bread and cheese and a large Spanish onion soon put me on good terms with myself, and during the meal I had a charming little companion in

the person of a great-tit. The bird came and perched on my haversack as it lay on the ground and I saw that it had a good meal of cheese and monkey nuts. Close behind me the blackbirds and thrushes were feasting on red berries and the many meadow pipits were busy searching for food on the land. I was greatly interested in a wagtail which alighted on floating leaves from which it gathered insects. As its weight gradually sank one leaf the bird sprang off and on to another, and showed not the slightest fear of me as I sat watching only a few yards away. Then I heard again the "tit-chu," "tit-chu" of the kingfisher, and as I saw the arrow of blue darting down-stream towards me I turned away my head for I had had enough of that bird's cheek.

PHEASANTS' BED-TIME.

The day now began to draw in and I had not had a "run." At 4.10 p.m. I heard the "cuck-up, cuck-up, cuck-up" of the pheasants all around as they went to bed. I marked one go and perch on a dead branch here and another there, while one gay cock went to roost in a tree close to where I was sitting, and when I moved and he flew off he kicked up such a noise that I thought the keeper would be sure to come and see what was amiss. The rascal disturbed other pheasants, and they, too, joined in the choral commotion. The numerous pigeons left their roosts in the wood close by, the whirr and flapping of their wings and the alarm notes of the disturbed blackbirds making such a din that I began to think it was about time I sought pastures, or rather water, new.

But quiet was soon again restored and not till I could scarcely see my float did I wind in, reluctant to leave the water with an empty basket. Yet that was what I had to do, and much worse than not having a single fish was the fact that throughout the day I did not have one bite.

So I packed up my traps and wended my way to the station, which I reached about 5.30 p.m. The next train did not leave till 7.40, and so having strolled up and down the platform of the darkened station, the only glimmer of light which shone through the mist and rain issuing from the signal box, I was more pleased when 7 p.m. arrived and I was able to visit the village inn and partake of the glass that cheers—particularly under such circumstances.

C. H. P.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Most things go when they get wound up, but a bore isn't one of them.

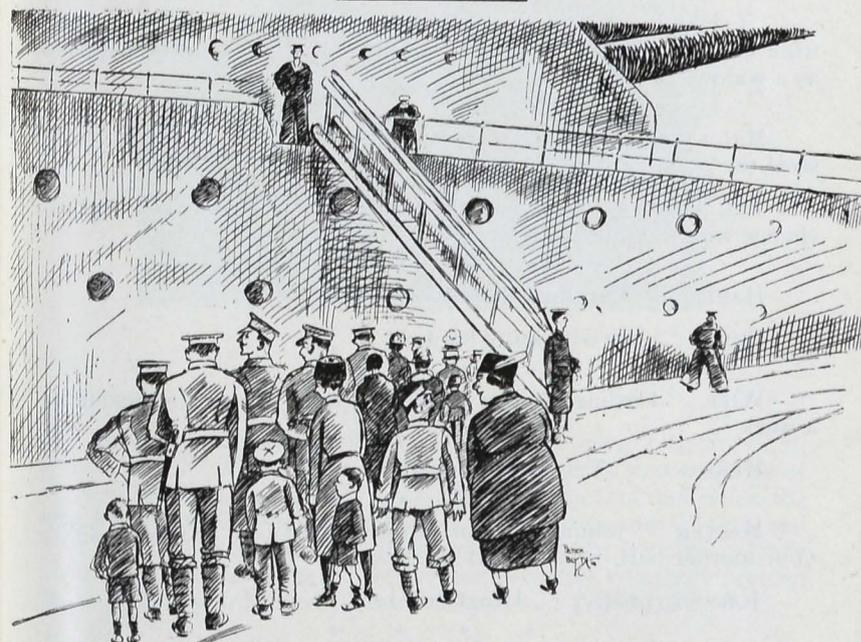
Bearers of tales are more mischievous than wearers of tails.

Poverty is no disgrace, but that is all that can be said in its favour.

To go without—and look as if you like it—is one of the first things to be learned in this world.

Burning thoughts never come from hot heads.

Half truths make whole troubles.



The married families visit H.M.S. "Nelson" at Gibraltar.
Stout party to husband: "Now mind, Albert, directly you get on board make a dash for the Captain's cabin and tell him how partial I am to a drop of navy rum with a slice of lemon!"

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

It's a cowardly coin that turns heads—when you call tails.

* * * *

An optimist is a cross-eyed man who is thankful he isn't bow-legged.

* * * *

A successful man is one who can make more than his wife can spend.

* * * *

The rain it raineth every day
Upon the just and unjust fellah,
But chiefly on the just, because
The unjust takes the just's umbrella.

* * * *

"Then you deny," said the magistrate, "that you were rude to the policeman when he asked to see your licence?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the motorist. "All I said was that from what I could see of him, I was sure his wife would be happier as a widow."

* * * *

MAGISTRATE (kindly): "Now, tell us about it—why did you steal the purse?"

THE THIEF: "Your honour, I was feeling ill and thought the change would do me good."

* * * *

HARRY: "Why does Jack wear a beard?"

PETER: "His wife knits his ties."

* * * *

WIFE: "Darling, do you think you could live on three pounds a week?"

HUSBAND: "Yes, but no longer."

* * * *

MASTER: "Johnny, if your father earned £4 a week and gave your mother half, what would she have?"

JOHNNY (briefly): "Heart failure."

* * * *

MATE: "Why do you close your eyes when you drink your beer?"

CAPTAIN: "The doctor told me I must not look at beer."

THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

NO. 5.



MR. C. B. DUGUID.

(BY C.H.P.)

The subject of my thumbnail sketch this month is Mr. C. B. Duguid, of the Three Tuns, Earley. Mr. Duguid was a farrier at H. & G. Simonds Ltd. before the advent of motors and when the firm had a hundred horses working. These were out on the road by 7 a.m., and often did a journey of forty miles, returning home about 11 p.m. Mr. Duguid well remembers such country draymen as Sawyer, Ballard, Slade, Jacob, Adams and "Dead Eye."

The subject of our article first became a landlord when he took the King's Head, Thatcham, nineteen years ago. He subsequently became mine host at the Hop Leaf, Southampton Street, Reading, and later took over the Three Tuns, Earley, succeeding

Mr. A. W. A. Webb. He was in the old Three Tuns for two years and has occupied the present fine premises for nine months. The old house was historical and stood on the Common where highway robberies were often committed. Parts of the house were three hundred years old. The new palatial premises are built on the old garden. The architect was Mr. Sainsbury who has been very highly complimented on the excellence of his work. The quaint fire-places are particularly worthy of note. There is a very nice lawn with seats to accommodate 250 people and ample sheltering should rain fall. In front of the premises is a most convenient "draw-in," large enough to accommodate ten chars-a-banc at a time. The Reading Corporation have now started a fleet of buses which will run every quarter-of-an-hour between the Roebuck and the Three Tuns. This will be highly appreciated by the many Reading and district residents desirous of a stroll around the picturesque neighbourhood of the Three Tuns. It will also be a boon to those participating in games on the Sol Joel Playing Fields which are close to the Three Tuns.



The old Three Tuns.

For the first time in memory, the South Berks Hounds recently met at the Three Tuns. This proved an immensely popular event—it was in fact a record meet from the point of view of numbers and the froth was blown from many a tankard of invigorating ale. Mr. Duguid was Farrier-Sergt.-Major to Mr. Guy Hargreaves, the Master of the Hunt, when in the Berkshire Yeomanry.

Though his business is naturally his first consideration, Mr. Duguid takes a very active interest in other spheres of life. He is an energetic member of the Reading Philanthropic Institution, the Reading Athletic Club, and the Berkshire Athletic Association, and is a Vice-President of the Workmen's Rowing Club. He is also Vice-President of the Earley and District Football Club and Chairman of H. & G. Simonds Retailers Association. He previously held this office in 1913.

Particularly keen on the "noble art," he promoted, with the late Sid Evans, many boxing contests and is a strong believer in encouraging youngsters to take part in this strenuous form of recreation. He has been a shareholder and supporter of the Reading Football Club since its inception.

Mr. Duguid is also a keen golfer and an excellent shot.

And he did his bit in the Great War. Joining up on Aug. 6, 1914, in the Berkshire Yeomanry he was transferred to the R.F.A. and served in France for two years, attaining the rank of Warrant Officer.

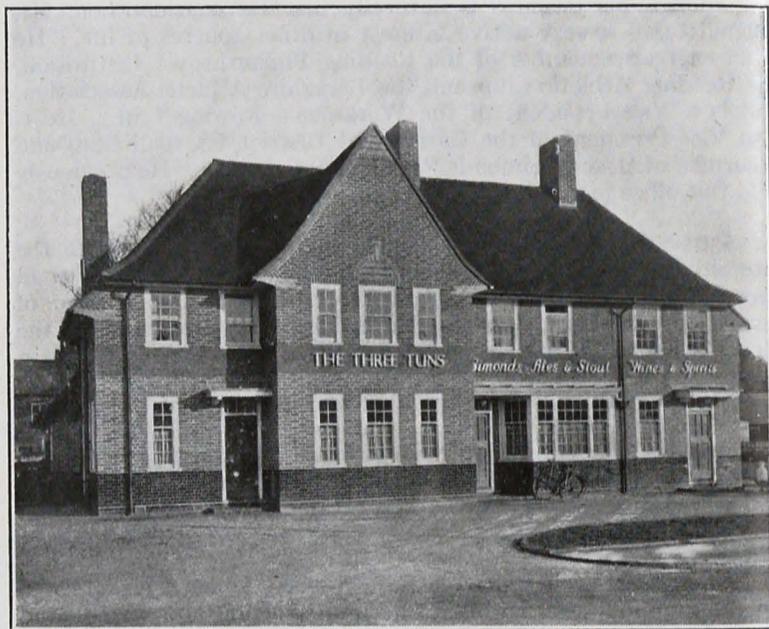
On one occasion when his Battery went forward he returned for some ammunition to his former gun position and who should he see but Venner, another Brewery employee, in the same position as his gun had occupied. Venner mentioned that he had just received the Military Medal and Mr. Duguid congratulated him on the fact. Champion, well known to all at the Brewery, was also out there at the same time.

Mr. Duguid's brother Alec was apprenticed at the Brewery as a cooper and is now the licensee of the Sailors' Home, West Street. His brother Leslie was in the Delivery Office for a good number of years and is now licensee of the Salisbury Arms, Salisbury Road.

It is by dint of downright hard work and close attention to detail that Mr. Duguid has progressed as much as he has done. He has now a most attractive house, with the equally attractive "Hop Leaf" brands, and all who call at the Three Tuns may be

sure of a cheery greeting, prompt and efficient service, and rest and refreshment amid surroundings that lack nothing in the form of comfort and convenience.

Nor must I forget Mrs. Duguid. She has played a splendid part in bringing about the success which her worthy husband has undoubtedly gained.



The new Three Tuns.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

MR. NULL : " I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me."

MR. VOID : " And you found it ? "

" Well, I'm in a hole now."

* * * *

AGITATED WIFE : " I'm positive that that was a man we ran over."

MOTORIST (in the fog) : " Good ! Then we're still on the road all right."

HYPOCRISY AND GRAFT.

The Bishop of Aberdeen and Orkney, the Right Rev. F. L. Deane, D.D., has paid a four months' visit to America, moving from city to city and talking with all manner of important persons. He says, in an article in the *London Evening News* of February 9th :

" Prohibition is producing a contempt for the law which has no parallel in our modern world. It has created a vast band of law-breakers—daring, impudent and resourceful—who laugh at all attempts to put them down. It has produced a most unpleasant hypocrisy in religious, political and social life.

" It has caused lads and girls in vast numbers to drink, out of sheer bravado. It has led to a system of graft, corruption and bribery which is a poison in the body politic. Those enforcement officials who cannot be corrupted are guilty themselves of law-breaking in the enforcement of the law, and their methods are often as criminal as the methods of the bootleggers themselves.

" I should hate to sneer at an experiment which has behind it the strongest moral forces in America and the hopes of a great multitude of lovers of their fellow men. But I cannot help feeling very doubtful. Prohibition is the biggest attempt to expel human nature with a pitchfork that ever has been made.

" The French Parliament in the days of the Revolution passed a law that after a given date God no longer existed. But it did not make the desired change in the constitution of the universe.

" The Americans have decreed by law that alcoholic beverages shall no longer exist. But the bootleggers carry on their roaring trade, and shakers for making cocktails are everywhere. Neither good nor evil can be overthrown merely by passing laws. And after all, the question remains : are alcoholic beverages evil ? Millions of Americans refuse to be converted, and they answer that question with an emphatic No."

THIRTEEN TRUMPS.

A player at a whist drive at Wallingford held all thirteen trumps, the suit being diamonds.

A defective washer in a tap, causing it to drip constantly, will waste as much as 150 gallons of water a day.

THE OLD BATH ROAD.

In writing of the Great Roads of England, there is one big handicap and that is the wealth of the subject. It may be approached from so many sides and in this lies the danger of an apparent lack of unity in the telling. To attempt the full story of English Roads would be to write the social history of England for four centuries, a task which far more accomplished hands have already undertaken, but we can pick out a few tit-bits here and there which may be of general interest. We will bind ourselves to neither time nor place, but like the stage coach traveller of old, go where we like and try to catch a glimpse of the social life and characters which pass to and fro over the old roads by coach.

Think of our ancestors of all ages, dressed in all kinds of costumes—trunk hose, doublet and ruffles, periwigs and many caped coats, beavers and top boots and busy at all the things which go to make up the life of a traveller. A motley crowd of kings, queens, statesmen, generals, highwaymen, fine ladies and coachmen, all started from the posting houses to arrive at one of those fine old English inns for which we were (and are still, if the trouble be taken to seek) famous. There is something that appeals to every Englishman in the thought of one of these old coaching inns, with the cosy bedrooms, sheets smelling of lavender, the snug bars, the famous crockery and above all their peerless ales.

The Bath Road alone, in those days, held sufficient of adventure for the average person who took the journey, say from London. As late as 1800 the road surveyor of the time reported that, during the winter, there was only one passable track on it, of less than six feet wide and that was eight inches deep in fluid mud. Dryden, the author, in a description of the journey from London to Reading in those days, of which he wrote to his wife, is full of anger at the state of the road, which he described as a bog infested with cut-throats and highwaymen. He tells of the relief it was to arrive at "Ye Lower Ship Inn" at Reading, "a place of good cheer." We do not know with what detail he wrote to his wife of the journey, but we do know what the present Dryden (of the Brewery) would say about the road if it was like it now! It could not be told to anyone's wife. Still, perhaps he would, like his namesake, take comfort in "Ye Lower Ship." The part of the road around Reading is the seat of many stories with which the travellers of those days used to delight to frighten each other, and one of the best known is of the King and Abbot who haunted the road between Reading and Twyford.

The story goes that one day King Henry VIII was hunting deer in Windsor Forest and got so far astray that, as night fell, he took refuge in the house of the Abbot of Reading. The Abbot who took him for one of the gentlemen of the King's Guard, invited him to dine at his table. The King by this time was hungry and only too pleased. He laid on with a good will and polished off, amongst other things, a sirloin of beef and half a gallon of wine. The Abbot who wished to show how abstemious he was, contented himself with a glass of water and dry bread, but he carried the joke too far when he told his guest that he would give a hundred pounds if he only had an appetite as lusty. The King did not forget this on his departure the next morning and shortly afterwards had the Abbot committed to the Tower, where he was kept for some weeks on a strict diet of bread and water. This, combined with his anxiety as to how he had incurred the King's displeasure, left the Abbot in a very low state. One morning he was taken to a room in which was a table laden just like the one at which he had entertained the King and he was left to himself. The good old Abbot soon proved that the Church was equal to the State, at any rate on this occasion, and just as he finished his meal the King appeared and claimed the hundred pounds for providing the Abbot with an appetite. Too replete to argue the Abbot laid down the coin and returned to Reading. But the loss so prayed on him that on his death he is said to have haunted the road near Reading and in front of him rode the King in Lincoln green, waving a bag of gold, whilst behind rode the Abbot with his hand where his dinner ought to be.

To retrace our steps a bit, it was at Maidenhead that Charles the First was allowed to see his children for the last time and he was taken by a guard of Ironsides to the Greyhound at Maidenhead to meet them. The family dined there and then proceeded by coach to Caversham where they spent a few days together before the final parting. As they passed through Reading, the streets were strewn with flowers and decked with green boughs.

Reading has a whole coaching history to itself and many are the tales told of its famous inns, nearly all of which are still in existence: the Ship to which reference has already been made, the Bear, the Crown, the Sun, and the George. By the way, the George was noted for a well known drink which every one who stopped at the house were supposed to partake of. We give the recipe for what it may be worth, perhaps someone would like to try it:—A tumbler of fresh milk, one lump of sugar, four table spoonfuls of rum and just a thought of nutmeg grated on top. This was known, far and wide, as "Reading milk." It sounds good enough to keep the cold out.

Passing on through Reading we come to Calcot Park, once the seat of the fair Miss Kendrick, famed as the Berkshire Lady, the story of which has already been told. A few miles farther on, at Ufton Nervet, lived Arabella Fermor who was made famous by Pope, as the heroine Belinda in "The Rape of the Lock." The fair Belinda must have travelled through Reading many times on her way from Ufton to Hampton Court.

Bucklebury was once the residence of Bolingbroke, the famous statesman.

Next we come to Thatcham and the King's Head, noted by all travellers for its excellent fare. Four miles farther on and we reach Speenhamland. Here we are on historic ground; two battles were fought in 1643 and 1644 by the King's forces against Cromwell, when the best blood of England was poured out on Speen Hill, Charles the First was stopping at Shaw House on the eve of the battle and they still show the marks of the cannon balls which hit the bow window of the room in which the King was dressing, also the gateway which Lord Carnarvon measured with a sword to see if it was tall enough for the Earl of Essex to pass through as a prisoner, only to be brought through it himself a few hours later, dead.

The famous inn at Speenhamland was the Pelican, and someone has written a verse which tells its own story.

"The famous inn at Speenhamland
That stands below the hill,
May well be called the Pelican
From its enormous bill."

This has brought us as far as Newbury, where we will stop for the present.

F.M.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

SHIPWRECKED SAILOR: "Why does that big cannibal look at us so intently?"

HIS COMPANION (cheerfully): "I expect he's the food inspector."

* * * *

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

TAKE

STEPS

TO OBTAIN

S.B. PALE ALE

READING

SIMONDS

LTD.

The advertisement features a central illustration of a waiter in a white uniform and bowler hat, carrying a tray with a lit candle. To the left is a circular logo for 'READING S.B. PALE ALE' with a hop leaf and the text 'THE NEW YORK S.B. COMPANY' and 'BOTTLED BY H. & G. SIMONDS, LTD. 10, CANTONMENT ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.'. Below the waiter is a rectangular tray containing two more beer bottles, one of which is labeled 'SIMONDS S.B. PALE ALE'. The background is dark and textured.

MESSRS. H. & G. SIMONDS LTD. RETAILERS SOCIETY.

Under the auspices of the above Society a very successful Fancy Dress Carnival Ball was held at Olympia, London Street, Reading, on Wednesday, 7th March. Some 300, mostly members of the trade, were present, the general arrangements for their convenience in the lounge and hall being much appreciated. The success of the evening undoubtedly was due to the hard-working committee, who were generous enough to supply the ten valuable prizes presented for best fancy dresses, lucky tickets, lucky chairs and lucky spots. The carnival novelties also caused great fun, and added a realistic touch to the enjoyment of the evening.

The Delphian Dance Band, and M.C.'s (Messrs. G. and W. A. Smith) are also worthy of special mention, as the music and control of the dancers was perfect.

Mrs. C. B. Duguid, the Three Tuns, Earley, and Mrs. H. Smart, the London Tavern, Broad Street, Reading, graciously consented to present the prizes, which the winners and all concerned greatly admired.

 THE LIGHTER SIDE.

It was the young barrister's first case, and he was bubbling over with pride and enthusiasm as he stood in court.

"Now," said he, addressing the defendant, "you say you came from Liverpool to London merely to look for work? I put it to you there was another, a stronger, motive that brought you all this distance?"

"Well," hesitated the defendant, "there was——"

"Ah!" cried the barrister, triumphantly. "And what was it?"

"A locomotive!"—*Tit Bits*.

* * * *

Face powder may catch a man, but baking-powder is the stuff to hold him.

* * * *

FIRST YOUTH: "Why are your socks on wrong side out, Bob?"

SECOND DITTO: "My feet were burning, and I turned the hose on them."

A VOYAGE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Gifted writers and philosophers have long striven to convey by means of cold print the glorious beauties of nature and the indefinable human sense of "enjoyment." All have failed to transmit to others the same delights which they themselves have felt. Small wonder then that in endeavouring to describe the first stage of my voyage to the Mediterranean, I find it difficult to express the delights of the mind in their true perspective.

Arriving at the docks on the morning of the 4th February, the train was met by a swarm of lascars from the ship, who, dressed in pale blue uniform and red pill-box hats, gave the first touch of the colourful southern climes to come.

On boarding the S.S. "Nagoya," I made a brief survey of the ship, which seemed very small in comparison with other vessels in the same dock. These consisted of the S.S. "Shropshire," S.S. "Glenbeg," S.S. "Nortonian" and other huge liners whose names were familiar. The work of storing cargo in the holds was carried out by the English members of the crew, whilst the lascars proceeded to sort out the passengers' baggage and deposit it in the cabins. Although I had packed my trunks to obviate embarrassment in the event of the loss of either and endeavoured to keep them in sight from the train to the ship, they disappeared whilst my back was turned for a few seconds. However, they arrived in my cabin quite safely. My cabin steward then presented himself and, although he was a native, he proved a very excellent fellow, polite, attentive, punctual and intelligent. Later, I learned that he conducted the religious ceremonies of the lascars on board.

Escorted by the pilot, we left the R.A. Dock and at 7 p.m. dropped the pilot off Dover whilst a gale was blowing and a heavy sea running. I could not help wondering how he would reach the harbour in such rough weather, but apparently he had no qualms about it as the steamer scarcely stopped whilst he clambered over the side. There was no abatement in the wind that night and by the time we reached the Bay, a large number of passengers were confined to their cabins. The ship was now rolling and pitching heavily and the Purser was, no doubt, the happiest person on board!

After leaving the Bay, we were running close to the coast of Spain and several towns, including Corunna, Vigo and the entrance to Villagarcia were plainly visible. It will be recalled that it was at the latter spot that the destroyer "Serpent" ran aground and foundered with all hands.

On Tuesday, 7th February, we reached Cape Finisterre and were therefore out of the Bay, to the delight of everyone on board. For my part, I did not mind the rolling of the ship in the Bay—it was the “corkscrew” which nearly brought about my undoing. Let me here explain that the “corkscrew” consists of a simultaneous pitch and roll of the ship and even old travellers and also naval officers on board complained that they did not feel at all well and said that they were sometimes seasick. This was news to me as I always understood that when a sailor had once found his “sea legs” he no longer suffered from *mal-de-mer*.

In the afternoon of the same day we were in glorious sunshine and in the evening there was dancing on deck to the music of the Purser's gramophone. Wireless communication was established with the S.S. “Tasmania,” S.S. “Oronsay” and S.S. “Arlanza,” and we also received news of the opening of Parliament by the King.

At breakfast time on Wednesday, 8th February, we passed Lisbon, and the houses and monuments were plainly visible. The sea was fairly calm and the sky matched the sea in deepest blue, with not a cloud in sight. Under these conditions we passed Cape St. Vincent, and by the courtesy of the Captain, our ship drew as near as possible to the coast for the benefit of passengers. That night, whilst strolling on deck, a spectral shape appeared on our starboard. It proved to be the German rota ship with two huge towers, which revolve and form the motive power of the vessel. The apparition attracted everyone on deck and for the remainder of the evening there was a continuous promenade.

The sea was now quite calm and the following morning we were able to play deck tennis. This game consists of a court marked out as for ordinary tennis and the “ball” is made from a length of rope spliced to form a ring about six inches in diameter and covered with canvas. Rackets are not used, but the ball or “quoit” is served and returned by hand. Considerable force is sometimes used in the returns and one had to be quick of eye and foot when pitted against an old exponent of the game. The sport is a fine means of taking the exercise which one needs so much on board steamer where space for other forms of exercise is limited.

It was on the morning of Thursday, 8th February, that we passed Cadiz and later Gibraltar. The latter presented a very fine spectacle, with the mighty Rock forming a background to the Fleet in Harbour. Amongst H.M. Ships which were discernible, were the “Hood,” “Furious,” “Eagle,” “Nelson,” &c., and I shall never forget the magnificence of this first of our Nation's outposts.

We did not stop at Gibraltar but continued our way along the coast of Spain. The wonderful scenery presented to our view will never be forgotten by me. On our starboard the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, and to port the enchanting coastline, with its background of hills and snow-capped mountains, glistening in the bright sunshine, with here and there, as we proceeded, hamlets dotted amongst the hills. An excellent view of Mulahacen, the highest peak on the Sierra Nevada and 11,660 feet above sea level, was obtained. We enjoyed exceptional visibility, considering that we were about 50 miles off land and the Nevada range about 30 miles inland.

Leaving the coast of Spain we were now approaching the African coast and at 4 p.m. on the 10th February we passed Algiers in a perfectly calm sea and brilliant sunshine. The buildings stood out beautifully white against the background of dark mountains, the distance adding charm to the vista and presenting a restful sight.

The following day opened cold and overcast, with the sea running behind us and assisting the ship to pick up some of the time lost at the commencement of the voyage. We made good progress and at 6 p.m. were approaching Tunis, that city which still retains the true characteristics of the East in its mode of life and costumes.

On Sunday, 12th February, we came in sight of Gozo and Malta and, reaching the Grand Harbour after nightfall, a scene which it had never previously been my lot to witness was presented to view. Imagine, if you can, the Harbour of Malta full of H.M. ships, whose outlines were brilliantly illuminated with a myriad of electric lights. Probably some of our readers have seen such a sight in home ports, but under the southern sky, with its clear atmosphere and twinkling stars, which seemed multiplied and so much nearer *terra firma* than at home, the sight will form a lasting memory. Dropping anchor was the signal for a swarm of gondola-shaped boats to come out from shore, each paddled by two men in the bows, shouting and gibbering as they approached to take off passengers disembarking. These boats are called “Dghaisas” and are very picturesque. The speed which they manage to attain by the vigorous application of the paddles is really amazing.

Mr. Nicholson, our Malta Branch Manager, very kindly came on board to meet me and by his assistance I and my baggage were speedily transferred from the steamer to the Custom House and thence to my hotel.

This account of the sea journey by a P. & O. liner would not be complete without a reference to the extreme courtesy and bonhomie of the whole staff of the ship, including the Captain and Officers, (in which are numbered the Purser and Wireless Operators), as well as the Dining Room and Bar Stewards, whose efforts to provide for the comfort of passengers left nothing to be desired.

Having described the first stage of my voyage, I will relate incidents of my stay in the Island, illustrated by views, in a later issue of the GAZETTE. For the present, may I say that the spontaneous welcome which I received from the many good friends whom I had the pleasure of meeting, will be an abiding memory. Not for a moment did I anticipate such a warmth of kindly greetings, not only from my own countrymen, but from the local inhabitants whose friendliness and sterling good qualities were soon revealed.

It was good to realise by close association that one of our oldest Colonies had produced a race of the highest culture whose life and customs maintained the best traditions of our Empire.

A.R.B.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

SENSE IN HUMOUR.

Sir,—Hell hath no fury like a woman's corns. If we closed all our public-houses to-morrow, we should have to find about £200,000,000 in taxation from somewhere. A man who drinks a barrel of beer a year contributes about £5 towards the Exchequer, so he might as well have a drink with it. It is time the Government presented all good Lancashire men with one of those small barrels as a token of appreciation. If that £200,000,000 had to be found by direct taxation, it would drive us all back to drink.—Yours, etc., MAINLY MILD: BITTER INTERVALS.—*A Letter to the Editor, in the "Blackpool Gazette."*

* * * *

IT DOES SEEM STRANGE.

This is a French view of an Englishman and his whisky: "You English always drink in ze contradictions. You drink ze whiskee. He is strong. You put in water to make 'im weak. You put in sugar to make 'im sweet, ze lemon to make 'im sour. Then you say, 'Ere's to you'—and you drink 'im yourself."

OUR SAVINGS ASSOCIATION.

There is very little by way of news to report this month, so these notes will be somewhat of the nature of an appeal.

By the time these lines are perused by our readers, our Sixth "cycle" will be nearing conclusion, during which period 274 National Savings Certificates will have been purchased, bringing the gross total since the formation of the Association in August, 1924, up to 1,210 with a cash value of £968.

A new "cycle" will be started on April 13th, and it is hoped the steady progress already made will not only be maintained but improved, especially as regards membership and an increase in this direction is looked for with a consequent rise in the number of Certificates purchased.

It is the ambition of the writer to make the 7th "cycle" a real record and it is hoped that the number of Certificates purchased during this period, as compared with the first, will be quadrupled (so far, they are trebled).

Our Association at present numbers 50 members. Surely on a great Firm like H. & G. Simonds Ltd. we can do better and at least double this number. What about those New Year's resolutions to save—here's the very opportunity afforded for putting into practice those resolutions. Join the H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Savings Association and start paying in your contributions on April 13th.

All employees at the Brewery are eligible, and it would be a pleasing feature to see more Departments represented.

These notes were begun in the hope that they would be the means of bringing the Association to the notice of those who are not already members; let us hope the appeal for increased membership may meet with a ready response.

A.H.H.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

Owing to the continued popularity of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, shall we have to do as the big daily newspapers do: advise all our readers to become registered in order to ensure being able to obtain their monthly copy? For some reason or other, a day or so elapsed after the due date before THE HOP LEAF appeared for March and the week-end intervened before the bulk arrived on Monday, March 5th. They were disposed of quicker than ever after arrival.

English people are said to take their pleasures sadly. Perhaps they do sometimes. Nowadays the big newspapers are apparently out to beat one another in the matter of circulation, by various free insurance benefits, and if not cheerful reading it is startling to find on the placards "Killed at work. *Daily* ——— pays another £100" or "*Daily* ——— pays two more death claims to-day," and again "Claim for Croquet Elbow settled by *Daily*——." Doubtless all these things are for our benefit, but it isn't everyone who wishes to be reminded of the fact, is it?

One of our staff, who had reason to visit a friend in a district where there had been some recent burglaries, had quite a shock the other evening. He left his friend's house with a fairly large box under his arm, just in time to catch the last bus home. He was promptly spotted by a man in blue who gave him, as our American friends say, the "once-over" and followed him. Our office colleague was never more thankful than when he boarded the bus, and it is considered only his angelic countenance—he having sung in the choir—saved him.

The other day I met an old employee of the Firm, Mr. Joe Penn, who has been laid aside with illness for some months, and although wishing to be back once again he is unable to do so. I know for a long while he has stuck it like a Briton—he is one of the uncomplaining sort—but his ill-health has beaten him for the time being. If we had some real good settled warm weather he would soon be much better. We all wish him the best of luck and hope he will soon be on the mend and back again.

In the early days of the War, we of the Brewery used to drill on the flat roof by the Canvas Stores and one of our Instructors was Sergt. J. Penn, who put us through our paces in no uncertain fashion. We were "England's last line scorning the foreign yolk" sort of fellows and were in deadly earnest. Our other Instructor was Mr. A. G. Bowler, who left the Firm some while since to join in a business whose liquid products may cheer the weary but never inebriates.

Just at this time of the year, quite esteemed members of the Firm's staff are burnishing up their various gardening tools (and those they have been able to borrow) in order to start their Spring offensive upon Mother Earth. In the past I have heard of sugar boxes on wheels being pushed along the roads to the allotment by staid members of the staff. After the Winter's hibernation, the aforesaid cabbage patch generally resembles a refuse dump of the local town council and it is surprising to learn that so many Firms nowadays sell their various products in tin—beer excepted.

The clearing of the ground, the elimination of the weeds, particularly the deadly nightshade, the hunt for the sluggish worm, the tilling of the soil, the planting of the seeds right side up and the task of putting the potatoes "eyes right," is a pleasure which thrills the real enthusiast. I'm not a devotee, but I just love to hear the tales they tell of their wonderful successes. They deserve it. One good thing about gardening is that one can obtain a wonderful thirst after one's labour, in fact the other well-known aid for this purpose, viz., sucking a small piece of rocksalt, can be utterly dispensed with. May all the Firm's amateur gardeners' efforts prosper this year.

Mr. W. Giddy's sketch of H.M.S. "Nelson" was much admired. I showed it to a Chief Petty Officer of the Navy whose comment on the boat was: "Isn't she nifty." So now you know. This C.P.O. regularly receives a copy of our little magazine and hands it round to the boys, who think a lot of it and remind him (the C.P.O.) promptly if the usual copy doesn't come along to time.

We are hoping the Firm's First Team will be able to win Division I. of the Reading & District Billiards League and hold the Cup for a second time. At the moment they are on top, but the lead is rather on the small side. We wish them every success in their endeavours.

Only those who have wielded the cue and attained a fair amount of proficiency can fully realise the amount of keenness entailed in a billiards contest. We all know the player who is never upset, but watch him in a very close game and it is surprising how he keeps "missing 'em," especially when the other fellow keeps "fluking." Say what you like of this wonderful game in which skill invariably prevails, temperament is also a big factor to success.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

Reading are apparently consolidating their position in the League, and unless a collapse takes place should finish up about

the same as last season. Brighton are well in the top half of Division III. (Southern), but will not join Reading yet awhile. Portsmouth are doing well and have risen at the moment of writing to such a dizzy height of seventh from the bottom. Of course, Reading are not very much higher in Division II., but have been in their present position somewhat longer, so presumably the dizziness in their case has worn off. Our Plymouth Argyle supporter is down in the dumps about them, but is optimistic enough to believe they will finish second once more. Perhaps he will be a supporter of, say, Huddersfield next season.

Swansea are not the power they used to be, but are in a good position and from all accounts are playing well.

W.D.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

HOW TO LIVE ON £1 A WEEK.

Certified and agreed Account.

<i>Income.</i>	£ s. d.	<i>Outgoings.</i>	£ s. d.
Self	15 0	My Beer	8 0
Wife, Professional		Wife's Beer	6
Charlady	5 0	Boot Polish	2
		Tobacco	1 9
		Kippers	4
		Bookie	1 6
		Wife's winter clothes (must keep up appear- ances)	1 11
		Charity	3
		More Beer, self	2 0
		Rent, pay next week ...	—
		Baker, likewise	—
		Butcher, ditto	—
		Grocer, same as before ...	—
		Football Coupons	10
		Cinema	1 0
		Extra Beer, self... ..	2 0
	<hr/> £1 0 0		<hr/> £1 0 3

In adding, I find I have exceeded our joint income by 3d. This can easily be remedied by allowing wife 3d. instead of 6d. for beer.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Work is the mission of man on this planet.

Words are like leaves, and when they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

Pardon is the choicest flower of victory.

The longer we live and the more we think, the higher value we learn to put on the friendship and tenderness of parents and friends.

The man who has no enemies has no following.

The material wealth of a country is the portion of its possessions which feeds and educates good men and women in it.

Pay without fail, down on the nail.

Real happiness is cheap enough, yet how dearly we pay for its counterfeit.

Religious contention is the devil's harvest.

Crosses are ladders that lead to heaven.

People who are too sharp, cut their own fingers.

Religion is not a dogma nor an emotion, but a service.

Criticism is like champagne, nothing more execrable if bad, nothing more excellent if good.

SOCIAL CLUB.

DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

FRIDAY, 2ND MARCH, 1928.

Games.	CELLARS.		THE REST.	
	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.
Billiards ...	W. Curtis ...	1	F. Brashier ...	0
" ...	J. Rumens ...	1	S. Bird ...	0
" ...	G. Moss ...	1	F. Cross ...	0
Dominoes ...	W. Wheeler ...	0	J. Edgington ...	1
" ...	H. Nickless ...	0	W. Newport ...	1
" ...	H. Holloway ...	1	H. Stanbrook ...	0
Crib ...	J. Benford ...	0	C. Thatcher ...	1
" ...	H. Holloway ...	0	J. Morris ...	1
" ...	G. Lunnon ...	0	T. Osborne ...	1
Shove Halfpenny ...	D. Rose ...	1	A. J. Nash ...	0
" ...	J. Gough ...	0	A. Nash ...	1
" ...	W. Taylor ...	0	T. Howells ...	1
Darts ...	C. Bull ...	0	T. Weedon ...	1
" ...	J. Cannon ...	1	F. Shipton ...	0
" ...	D. Rose ...	1	A. J. Nash ...	0
Shooting ...	J. Cannon ...	1	H. Prater ...	0
" ...	A. Shiers ...	1	J. Croft ...	0
" ...	J. Salisbury ...	1	F. Jones ...	0
		10		8

FRIDAY, 9TH MARCH, 1928.

Games.	OFFICES.		COOPERS.	
	Name	Points	Name.	Points.
Billiards ...	G. Boddington ...	1	R. Griffiths ...	0
" ...	H. Davis ...	1	W. Sparks ...	0
" ...	R. Broad ...	1	C. Weller ...	0
Dominoes ...	W. Bradford ...	1	H. Plank ...	0
" ...	F. C. Hawkes ...	0	F. Oliver ...	1
" ...	G. Smith ...	0	T. Williams ...	1
Crib ...	T. E. Stevens ...	1	G. Page ...	0
" ...	H. Shepherd ...	0	A. Dolton ...	1
" ...	A. G. Rider ...	1	C. Latimer ...	0
Shove Halfpenny ...	J. H. Wadhams ...	1	A. Weight ...	0
" ...	C. B. Cox ...	1	E. Carpenter ...	0
" ...		0	E. Taylor ...	1
Darts ...	R. Broad ...	1	W. Sparks ...	0
" ...	H. Davis ...	1	A. Weight ...	0
" ...	W. H. Wild ...	1	C. Weller ...	0
Shooting ...	S. Moore ...	1	T. Bartholomew ...	0
" ...	H. Osborne ...	1	F. Drury ...	0
" ...	A. G. Rider ...	1	H. Clements ...	0
		14		4

BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

DIVISION I.

MONDAY, 12TH MARCH, 1928.

<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>		<i>Central Liberal.</i>	
A. Howard ...	134	v.	C. Bundy ... 150
R. Clement ...	150	v.	A. Anderson ... 145
A. Dalton ...	150	v.	H. Lampe ... 91
G. Boddington ...	112	v.	E. Taylor ... 150
R. Griffiths ...	125	v.	R. Adams ... 150
F. Brashier ...	140	v.	S. Dowse ... 150
	811		836
Handicap ...	100	Scratch ...	836
	911		836

Winning Team, H. & G. S. Social by 75 points.

DIVISION II.

MONDAY, 12TH MARCH, 1928.

<i>Reading Gas Co.</i>		<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>	
F. Ansell ...	100	v.	H. Davis ... 51
F. Shepherd ...	100	v.	C. Weller ... 92
J. Crawley ...	100	v.	W. Sparks ... 83
F. Gardener ...	100	v.	C. Chapman ... 99
R. Clifford ...	95	v.	A. Weight ... 100
E. Mills ...	100	v.	W. Hinton ... 87
	595		512
Handicap ...	55	Scratch ...	512
	650		512

Winning Team, Reading Gas Co. by 138 points.

MONDAY, 19TH MARCH, 1928.

<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>		<i>Reading Gas Co.</i>	
H. Davis ...	93	v.	F. Ansell ... 100
C. Weller ...	97	v.	F. Shepherd ... 100
W. Sparks ...	98	v.	J. Crawley ... 100
C. Chapman ...	100	v.	F. Gardener ... 60
A. Weight ...	56	v.	L. Clifford ... 100
W. Hinton ...	97	v.	E. Mills ... 100
	541		560
Scratch ...	541	Handicap ...	55
	541		615

Winning Team, Reading Gas Co. by 74 points.

Two very enjoyable evenings were spent by Members of the Club, when on Friday, 16th March, we visited the Salisbury Club, and Thursday, 22nd March, the St. Anne's Club at Caversham. Both events were thoroughly appreciated.

DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

PRIZE DISTRIBUTION BY MR. SHEA-SIMONDS.

The Departmental Tournaments were concluded for this season on Friday, March 9th, when the Offices played the Coopers. The result of this tournament (Offices 14, Coopers 4) was instrumental in putting the Offices in the position of "runners-up," a place which was considered quite safe for the Beer Cellars. The heavy defeat of the Coopers was a great surprise for them and a still greater surprise for the Offices. The final position of the Departments was as follows:—

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Total Points
Transport and Engineers...	90	59	30	1	59½
Offices	90	47	43	—	47
Cellars	90	45	44	1	45½
Building	90	39	49	2	40
The Rest	90	39	49	2	40
Coopers	90	38	52	—	38

The winners of the "Directors Cup" were, as last year, the Transport and Engineers, the Offices securing the "Frank Lindars Cup."

Friday, March 23rd, was chosen for the presentation of the Cups and other prizes won during the season, and Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds very kindly attended to perform this pleasing ceremony. He was supported on the platform by Mr. F. C. Hawkes, Mr. S. Bird, Mr. C. Bennett and Mr. W. Bradford (Hon. Secretary). The room was well filled and as each prize was handed to the recipient he was given a very hearty cheer.

Mr. Shea-Simonds' presence always delights the members of the Club and his very witty remarks to the various prizewinners caused roars of laughter, the large company present enjoying his jokes immensely.

The various recipients all paid tribute to their opponents and spoke of the good sportsmanship that characterised the tournament generally.

Mr. Hawkes heartily thanked Mr. Shea-Simonds for so kindly attending and presenting the prizes in the very able way he had done (*applause*). They appreciated his presence very much, particularly as he was suffering from a heavy cold: but he made the promise to come and kept his promise (*applause*). He asked one and all to pass to Mr. Shea a very hearty vote of thanks.

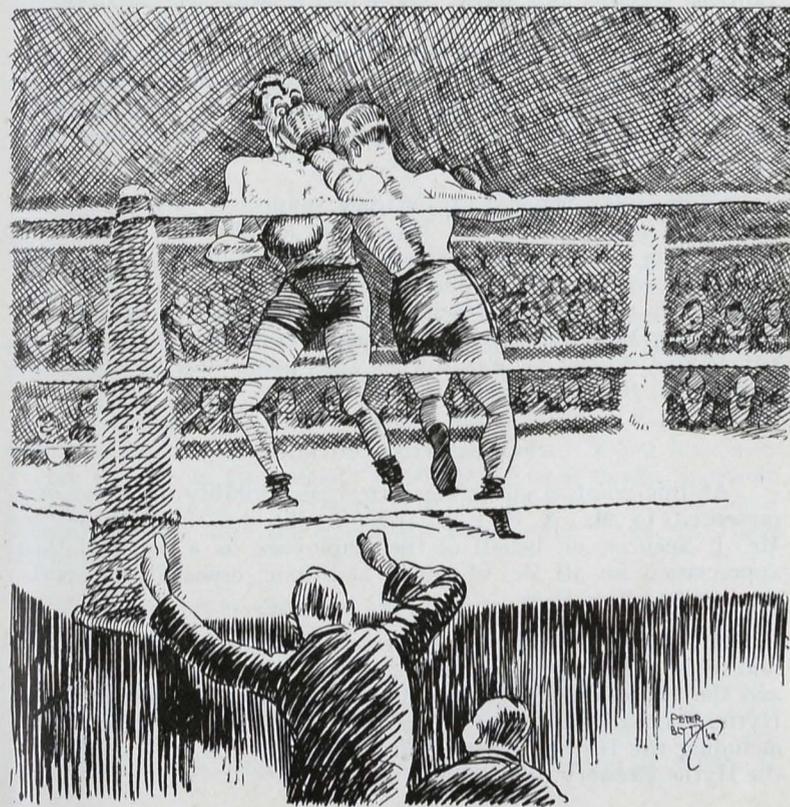
The vote was carried with acclamation.

Mr. Shea-Simonds briefly acknowledged his cordial reception. Mr. A. O. Taylor (Captain) received the "Directors Cup" on behalf of the Transport and Engineers.

Mr. H. Davis (Captain) received the "Frank Lindars Cup" on behalf of the Offices.

Other prizes distributed were as follows:—Mr. R. Clement, winner of the Billiards Handicap, barometer; Mr. W. Hinton, runner-up, clock; Mr. A. Weight, winner of the Snooker, clock (given by Mr. Stocker); Mr. A. Dalton, runner-up, clock.

An excellent programme was arranged. The first half was given by the following well-known artistes:—Miss Boseley (soprano), Messrs. J. Champion and J. Maxwell (comedians), Mr. T. Hancock (paper-tearing), Mr. P. James (conjuring); Mr. Good was the violinist and Miss Vera Bradford was the accompanist. The second half was given by H. & G. Simonds' Concert Party, and all the items were thoroughly enjoyed.



Excited Enthusiast: "Go on Bill, paste him, but whatever you do don't kill him, we've had two funerals in our street already this week."

BRANCHES.

HYTHE.

BREWERY EMPLOYEES AT DINNER.

MR. A. P. F. CHAPMAN'S DEPARTURE.

The annual dinner of the Hythe Brewery employees was held recently at the Town Hall, when Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N., (one of the directors) took the chair. There were over 60 employees present.

After the loyal toast had been honoured, the health of the Chairman was proposed by Mr. W. R. Williams, who spoke of his valuable services as a naval officer of the war. He also referred to him as being an intrepid motorist. He drove his car at over 20 m.p.h. and last, but not least, he had recently embarked upon the sea of matrimony. He went on to say how pleased they were to have Commander Simonds with them on that occasion. Concluding, the speaker wished the Chairman and the Firm another year of prosperity.

Commander Simonds, responding, expressed his pleasure at being with them that night. He usually felt, he said, at that sort of gathering, rather in the position of a mother-in-law, but on that occasion, owing to Mr. Williams' very nice speech and the way he had been received, he was sure he was regarded as a friend. He must make Mr. Eric Simonds' apologies for his inability to attend, but as they knew, he was a very busy man, and he could not possibly get there that night.

PRESENTATION TO A.P.F.

At this point, a silver cigarette case, suitably inscribed, was presented to Mr. A. P. F. Chapman, who has left Hythe, by Mr. J. Spencer, on behalf of the employees, as a mark of their appreciation for all Mr. Chapman had done, especially in sports, since he had been there.

Mr. Chapman, replying, expressed his thanks for the gift and said he hoped that the cricket matches between the Hythe Police and the Folkestone Police would continue after he had left. The Hythe Football Club must go on too, and must win every match, including the Hythe Charity Cup. The same, he said, applied to the Hythe Brewery Cricket Club.

Two of the guests, P.-Sergt. Burren (of the Hythe Constabulary) and P.-Sergt. Rowe (of the Folkestone Police), said they would do everything in their power to keep the annual cricket matches going for they were very much looked forward to.

Great thanks are due to the gentlemen who added to the enjoyment of the evening by entertaining us. Mr. Jaxson of Ashford, who was known to most of us, was as good as ever, his monologues creating roars of laughter. Sapper Palmer, whom Mr. Fulluck went to great trouble to secure for the evening, was also exceptionally good. The tale of his motor car, a Trojan, which he ultimately sold to Mr. Williams, went down very well, and no one more enjoyed the joke than Mr. Williams himself.

May we digress here by offering an apology to Mr. Williams for carelessly omitting to mention in our paragraph on "The popularity of Motoring" in last month's issue, that he is the proud possessor of the wonderful car.

To get back to the Dinner—Mr. Freddy Peacock was in his usual form, and an item of "Furgy" Middleton's, a topical song in which he mentioned the stentorian words of command issued by Engineer Smith and the shining light of Mr. Hollands, received rounds of applause.

Young Jack Carpenter gave us an excellent violin solo, which we all enjoyed. He should prove a great acquisition to the "Optimists."

Norman Standen's song "Parted" was very good and well rendered, and "Doctor" Chester's rendering of two Irish songs proves that he is an artist of no mean merit.

Mr. George Wood let us down rather badly. We were all expecting him to sing that famous song of his "When it's Good Friday Tuesday in Timbuctoo" but he failed us at the last moment and but for "Doctor" stepping into the breach we should have been in the cart, and the committee would never have heard the last of it.

Mr. Hoard put in some real hard work at the piano and deserves our best thanks.

We cannot understand the modesty of some of our members; two of the best items we could possibly have had were not staged until after the show was over and the majority of the company gone home. The songs of Joe Bull and the conjuring tricks of

Mr. Smith would have proved the star turns of the evening. Another year we shall know that it will not be necessary to go outside for entertainers. We have a wealth of talent in the Brewery. One unfortunate point is, however, they do not seem able to rise to the occasion until very late in the evening.

It was a splendid evening and all enjoyed themselves. We hope to see everyone working at the Brewery there another year. All the staff from Dover were present, and Mr. Warner senr. and Mr. Warner junr. from Ashford, as also were Messrs. Smith and Son, the Maltsters at Canterbury, and Mr. Ticehurst from Margate. Unfortunately, Mr. Green of Hastings was in the dentist's hands and was prevented from coming; otherwise every branch would have been represented.

BREWERY DANCE.

A GREAT SUCCESS.

The dance arranged by Mr. A. P. F. Chapman in aid of the Kent Playing Fields Association and the Hythe Brewery Sports Club, which was held at the Institute, proved an enormous success, and there were as many as 140 people present.

The hall was profusely decorated with flags, streamers and flowers, and presented a very gay appearance. Those contributing to the success of the dance included Mr. Etchells, who kindly provided the spotlight apparatus, Mr. P. Bushell and Mr. Diggins the flags, and Mr. C. Duruz the loan of the plants. Most impressive effects were produced by the spotlight shining on the revellers with their motley paper caps and novelties.

Towards the conclusion of the evening, Mr. Chapman warmly thanked the band and the Committee for making the event such a delightful one, and the people for so well patronising the dance which was in aid of such a good cause.

Mr. Hoad's orchestra, augmented, supplied musical items, and Mrs. Middleton arranged the catering.

The following were the winners in the competitions:—Spot fox-trot, Miss Gibson and partner; unspot fox-trot, Mr. F. Stickle and Miss Cobbett; unspot dance, Mr. C. Taylor and Miss D. Fisher; waltz competition, Miss Noakes and partner; and lucky draw, Mr. Chipperfield and Miss Middleton and Mr. A. N. Other.

It is hoped to run another of these dances shortly.

Mr. Rose, the Jazz Drummer, wishes it to be known that he is fully in agreement with the Prince of Wales over the question of boiled shirts and studs. He also finds great difficulty in getting studs into a stiff one and if he wears a soft one the d—n things are always dropping out. It is up to Birmingham now to do something in the matter.

THE BREWERY OPTIMISTS.

Our Optimists have made quite a reputation for themselves.

They have been invited to supply half the programme at a Conservative Meeting and Entertainment on the 16th March, and on the 19th they are entertaining the inmates of the Elham Union. Both very laudable objects. We hear that there is a rush to become members of this enterprising party.

OTHER SOCIAL ACTIVITIES DURING THE MONTH.

The Sports Club have paid two visits since we last wrote, one to the British Legion Club, Hythe, and the return with the Saltwood Club, whom we entertained on their own premises. We are not so fortunate as our friends at Reading, who we believe possess palatial club premises, to which they can invite their neighbours. We manage very well, however, as the local Odd-fellows Club most generously loan us their premises whenever we wish to entertain. Having a friend at court is most useful in this respect, and we owe great thanks to Mr. Spencer for using his influence in obtaining for us this valuable concession.

In the case of the Saltwood Club, we visited them twice as they are a new Club and have been to great expense in putting up a splendid building, which cost, we hear, in the neighbourhood of £1,200. It is, without doubt, a great acquisition to the village of Saltwood.

About 30 of our members made the journey up the hill, amongst whom we noticed Mr. Mullin, Mr. Beattie, Mr. Whiting, Mr. Hollands and Mr. Spencer.

We lost again, this time by 18 to 14.

Mr. Dale, the secretary of the Saltwood Club, thanked the members of the H.B.S.C. for the enjoyable evening they had had, and also for the refreshments supplied, and Mr. Mullin replied on our behalf.

We lost to the British Legion by 15 games to 12.

One outstanding feature of this inter-club match was the fact that we never lost a game of billiards, new talent coming to light in the shape of Mr. Whiting and Mr. G. Wood. Mr. Whiting plays a very good game, and toyed with his opponent the whole game through. He kept about a score behind until the last street was reached, when he forged ahead and won by 15. As regards G. Wood, he is a dark horse and if ever we have a Brewery Championship he will have to be reckoned with. Mr. Whiting is to be congratulated in winning every game in which he took part; whist and crib (twice), besides billiards. We notice that we lost every game of "Push Penny" Evidently pushing barrels puts our men off their stroke.

FOOTBALL.

Of the doings of the Football team we have nothing to our credit to report this month. We lost to Willesborough on their ground by 5—1, in the Ashford League, and by 8—2 against the South Staffords, in the Hythe Charity Cup. In connection with this latter match we see that we made a mistake in our notes last month. We were misinformed as to the team we had to meet after beating the Royal Artillery.

We could hardly have expected to have done better against a team with the reputation of the South Staffords. Their first team won the Army Cup last year and were in the semi-final this year, and although they did not put their actual Army Cup team out against us, they played a very strong side.

Our boys started off very well and quite held their own for some time, the scores being 2—2 just before half-time, when the soldiers netted from a corner, Swan our goalie being impeded by one of our own players. We crossed over one down. During the second half, however, our side fell all to pieces; it was the old tale of not being able to stay the course. The superior training of the soldiers soon told and they put on another 5 goals very quickly.

We hope another year the members of our football team will take matters a little more seriously and turn up for those training runs which make all the difference. Another thing that militates against good play and which has crept in just lately, is dissension in the ranks. Players must support their committee loyally. No Club can carry on if the committee allows itself to be dictated to by any one player. We may not all agree with what they do, nor with the team they pick, but we must abide by the majority, otherwise chaos and final extinction can only follow. The proper course for any member who does not agree with the committee is

to turn up at the general meetings, and either get put on the committee himself or see that the right people are put there. It is no use being apathetic at the time and grumbling afterwards. We are convinced that the whole of the committee are thoroughly keen and have only one object in view—the best team to win matches, and never under any circumstances, we think, can they be accused of showing any favouritism.

OTHER JOTTINGS.

We were very glad to notice that our note regarding the advertising of Hythe and similar places where the genuine product can be obtained, received comment by the writer of Brewery Jottings.

Another good idea which one of the junior members of the staff mentioned to the writer, not knowing then who the Hythe Correspondent was, and which goes to prove that one thing does lead to another, was that views of Hythe should be printed on our Calendar instead of the usual stock subject. We pass this idea on as we think it an excellent one.

We are glad to report that all of our invalids are going on well. Mr. Saltmarsh, who met with a nasty accident a few weeks back and had to be taken to Hospital with injuries to his head, has fully recovered and returned to work on the 8th.

We hear that there are several motor bikes for sale now.

Mr. Cole, our popular secretary, has so far recovered that he has resumed work. He has been convalescing at St. Leonards after a bad bout of pleurisy, and we all hope the change has done him good and that he is quite himself again.

We were very pleased to receive a visit from "Blower" the other day. He was looking very well and manages to walk a little way with the aid of a stick. Tom Taylor, who having reached the age limit has just retired, takes him out in a bath chair, and we trust that now he has made so much progress he will soon be fully recovered. We shall have to go a long way to find another umpire like "Blower" and the match of the year, that with the Police, would not be the same without him. So he will have to be fit by the middle of May.

SWANSEA.

EATING.

Eating has generally been considered an epicurean feat dependent upon a healthy animal appetite, an instinct which we share with the beasts. Fasting, on the other hand, was ever associated in the minds of the ascetics with the preparation for spiritual vision and uplift. Eating being certainly of the flesh and not of the soul, they no doubt thought that food for the body meant starvation for the mind in the belief that a full stomach does anything but contribute to keenness of metaphysical perception by causing that mental laziness which comes with sensual satisfaction and corpulent complacency.

"A sane mind and a healthy body" is the ideal of some who deem it wise to follow the admonitions to "plain living and high thinking."

The task of eating can give different kinds of pleasure: that of the epicurean which is largely one of choice, taste, faddyism, etc., and of the gormand which is one of gluttony. It is perfectly true that as a nation we eat too much. More people die from the effects of over-eating than from starvation.

Most of us never think of giving our organs a rest. A great man once advised leaving the table still wanting more, and the same man, a famous politician I believe it was, advised a certain number of chews to every mouthful, thus ensuring thorough mastication and sound digestion.

The poets do not write much upon the subject of eating, considering it crude and unbeautiful, though prose writers have done so.

David Grayson devotes a chapter in his "Great Possessions" to the joy of eating—an apple! "So I bit into it, a big liberal mouthful which came away with a rending sound such as one hears sometimes in a winter's ice-pond . . . Like some of the finest of wines and the warmest of friends, it was of two flavours," and he goes on to describe them at some length, and concludes . . . "One does not quickly arrive at souls either in apples or in friends." This is the description of an epicure. Some people with a simple repast—and little at that—can regale themselves as majestically as any prince and be by far the greater epicures if they know how to eat an apple as Grayson did, or indulge in "milk, vegetables, eggs and brown bread with tolerable wine." He calls this "abstemious" and then . . . "I do not know but I am wrong to call this abstinence, for with my pears, new cheese, bread and some glasses of montserrat wine, which you might have cut with a knife, I was the greatest of epicures." And this represents a rustic

repast of his time. Luxury is relative to the customs of the time in which one lives.

That well-known writer who is known under the nom-de-plume of "Alpha of the Plough" assures us that he could very well recollect the precise flavour of a certain gooseberry "small, hairy and yellow," forty years after he had tasted its "delicate flavour." This also is epicureanism. Gluttony may be represented by all men who gorge!

Old Khayyam loved the good things of this world in the matter of purely sensory pleasure and yet we find him qualifying the pleasure of banqueting and boiling it down to "a loaf of bread beneath the bough, a flask of wine"—providing there is also present "A book of verse . . . And thou, beside me singing in the Wilderness, and Wilderness is Paradise enow."

Hotels and restaurants have long been catering for the palate and causing certain music to be played, said to be conducive to digestion, though Mr. J. H. Thomas tells us he very much more enjoyed his piece of steak in the old days fried on a shovel than all the banqueting and fine dinners he has since attended.

Whether it be the "Boars Head" and the roast beef of old England or the rich man's board with its luxury and splendour it is certain that we could not live without this—the will to eat.

SLOUGH.

For the past six months our Mr. P. A. Davies has been forwarding THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE to Sergt.-Major Griffiths at Iraq and he sends the following interesting news:—

"We have had considerable excitement here during the course of the last ten days. Memories of the insurrection of 1920 were brought into prominence by the arrest of Shaikh Dhari of the Zoba tribe who was responsible for the murder of Colonel Leachman in 1920. After the murder a reward of 10,000 Rupees was offered for the apprehension of the murderer and a very enterprising Armenian set himself the task of earning the reward. For close on seven years he dogged his footsteps and eventually in the guise of a taxi driver, in the vicinity of Mosul, he managed to get Dhari into his taxi, drove him several miles outside the town, overpowered him and brought him back triumphantly to Mosul.

"His arrest and subsequent trial created a terrific uproar and it was feared that trouble would be the result, and so far as can be ascertained it was only narrowly averted. In his defence, old Dhari pleaded that he was an old and dying man and his words were truly prophetic for two days after

being sentenced to imprisonment for life, he died. His subsequent funeral was attended by thousands of Arabs, including about three thousand women mourners who went through the usual business of wailing, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, etc.

"We of course were forbidden to go anywhere near the place, and quite rightly too, for there would bound to have been trouble."

After another month's fixtures, three Clubs are still running neck and neck for the Slough & District Clubs' Games League Championship, and the Simonds' Cup. They are :—

The Eton Ex-Service Men's Club.

The Slough Working Men's Club.

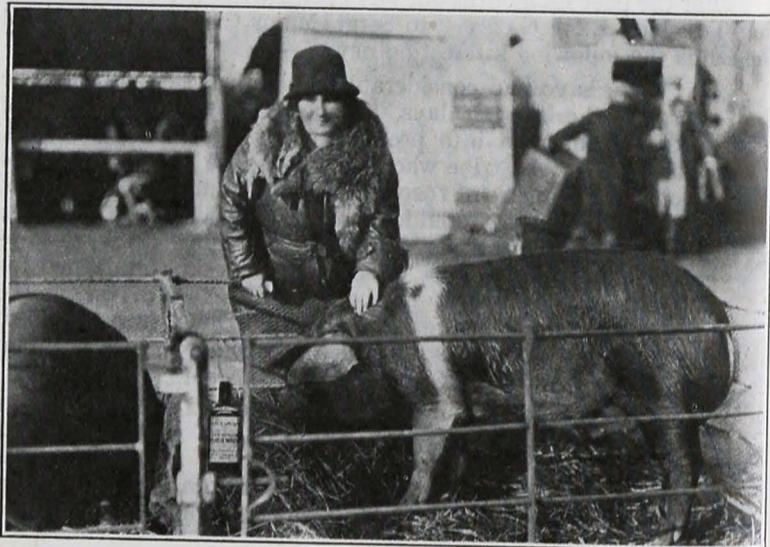
The Slough British Legion Club.

Again we voice the sentiment, "May the best team win."

BRIGHTON.

No doubt the Firm get many testimonials for their different commodities, but the appended photograph may be unusual.

One of our good friends, and customers, Mrs. Tippen of Bognor, had an ailing sow whose life was despaired of, but wonderfully revived on "Simonds Liqueur Scotch," and was soon after well enough to occupy a pen at the adjacent market, Barnham Junction, where it was photographed with its owner and life-saver.



Whilst being entertained recently at the house of a member of the Reading staff, I was shown several old-time photographs, one of them being taken at a camp at Churn many years ago in which Mr. Timms and the writer figured, and which brought to mind the incidents leading up to that snapshot.

There being little to chronicle for Brighton this month for the GAZETTE, perhaps I may relate :—

On a Saturday afternoon in the summer of somewhere about 1894, as the clerks at Oxford branch were leaving the office (we worked Saturday afternoons then), the head clerk asked two of the juniors if they would like to go for a walk with him the following day.

Knowing Mr. King's fondness of long walks, Timms and I were rather hesitant, but when Mr. King said he would not take us far we fell in with his arrangement to meet him at the railway station the following morning at quite a reasonable hour.

The train took us via Didcot to Churn where there was a big military camp and where "Simonds" were very prominent. Mr. Gough was in charge of that department at Churn, and we soon made his acquaintance, and willingly accepted his kind offer to give us some dinner later on.

Whilst this was in course of preparation, we walked all over the big camp, and being our first such experience were much interested with the details of camp life, and I remember particularly the beautiful horses of the Scots Greys. Mr. King took several snapshots with his camera and the pictures came out very well. This can be vouched for, for we tried them through Mr. King's lantern in the office one winter's afternoon, with pinned-up blotting paper for a screen.

This last episode is perhaps fresh news to Mr. King, and I hope he will now forgive the liberty we took with his property.

Returning to Churn, and to Mr. Gough's store tent, where I believe Hart of the canvas store was the chef, we sat down to some welcome food for which we were quite ready, as also for some liquid refreshment.

After a short rest, we were quite prepared to entrain for Oxford, but Mr. King suggested we should stroll over the Ilsley Downs to Streatley, just a mile or so.

Neither of us lads felt like it, but on we trudged in Mr. King's wake for we were not able to keep to his pace, and after padding along for hours were delighted to get a glimpse of the river at

last, and a very beautiful panoramic view too, and sat down to take it all in.

Descending to Streatley, where evidently Mr. King had been before, he took us into the Bull Hotel and arranged for tea in the garden.

After a refreshing wash, I remember we did good justice to the cold duck Mr. King had so generously provided, with the etceteras.

Having rested, and being rather footsore, we asked how far to the station, when our host suggested that as there was some considerable time to wait for a train, we might as well stroll along the riverside to Pangbourne, where we could catch the same train home. That was about the last straw and we preferred to wait at Streatley station.

This however was too slow for Mr. King who trotted us around to see the interesting sights of the neighbourhood, and in doing so no doubt we covered as much ground as if we had walked to Pangbourne.

The Oxford train at last arrived, and we reached home tired and footsore, and that night slept the deep sleep of he who toils, as indeed we had that day.

Perhaps at the time, and especially at the end of the day, we did not realise the beautiful day's outing Mr. King provided for us, but the fact of the remembrance of it being imprinted on my memory after so long a space of time will, I hope, show Mr. King how it was appreciated.

C.G.A.

PORTSMOUTH.

CELEBRATION OF ST. DAVID'S DAY BY 1ST WELCH REGIMENT AT GOSPORT.

The Sergeants' Mess of the 1st Battalion Welch Regiment celebrated St. David's Day with a ball at the Gymnasium at New Barracks. A very large number of guests was invited and given a most enjoyable time, which lasted until the small hours of the morning. The gymnasium was beautifully decorated, the walls being richly embellished with flags, whilst a canopy of streamers had been woven from a central point in the ceiling to the sides, balloons and floral devices adding to the general charm of the

decorations. The silver trophies and plate of the Mess made a rich display in an alcove at one end. The Dolphinians Band was placed on a dais in the centre of the floor and gave a popular programme of the latest dances.

During the evening great fun was perpetrated at the expense of the new members of the Mess who were called upon to stand before the assembly and eat a leek.

R.S.M. J. H. Jones ably supervised the arrangements, assisted by a committee consisting of the following:—C.S.M. Crean (President), Staff-Sergeant Messenger, Sergeant-Drummer Radmore, Colour-Sergeant Haughney, Sergeant Huxtable and Sergeant Davis. Staff-Sergeant Messenger proved a very capable and hard working M.C.

To the regret of everyone, the Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Col. G. Fleming, D.S.O., was unable to be present as he, with four other Officers of the Battalion, was in France on special duty.

In addition to the Gymnasium, four large Marquees (40ft. x 20ft.) were erected as Cloak Rooms, Dining Rooms, Bar, etc.; the latter especially proved very popular, there being an unlimited supply of the much-needed refreshment of the "Hop Leaf" variety.

DEATH OF MAJOR G. MILLER, R.M.L.I.

This month we regret to announce the death of Major George Miller, M.V.O., Music Bac., Cantab, which sad event occurred on Thursday, March 8th, at his residence, 10, Grand Parade, Portsmouth, at the age of 74 years. He held the appointment of bandmaster and music master at Sandhurst Military College in 1880, and was subsequently musical director of the Portsmouth Division of the Royal Marine Light Infantry for 32 years, during which time he and his band became famous all over the country.

While at Sandhurst, Major Miller was a personal friend of Sir Arthur Sullivan, the famous composer of the Nineteenth Century, and in 1884 he secured the position of Royal Marine Bandmaster out of 115 applicants; Sir Arthur Sullivan and the Duke of Connaught, who was Colonel-in-Chief of the Marines, both gave him excellent references. He was invalided from the Service in March, 1917, when, in spite of the fact that he had been a bandmaster for more than 40 years, he had seen service in France during the War. The interment took place at Christ Church, Portsmouth Hill, and was preceded by a service at St. Thomas' Cathedral.



A group taken outside the Sergeants Mess, 2nd Battalion Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, at Fort George, Guernsey.

It is regretted that Regimental-Sergeant Major E. W. Johnson did not appear in this photo but on the occasion he was the operator.

We congratulate Mr. W. Toms, who on the 25th March reached the age of 89 years. His health is good and we hope to see him on many more of his birthdays.

Being a wireless enthusiast at Portsmouth Branch, I am writing a few notes on this subject in time for the April Number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

I have a two-valve straight set, and can receive a large number of wireless stations in Europe. B.B.C. stations are received very well, and although foreign stations on low wavelengths cannot be received well until late in the day, the reception is excellent. Morse is a little troublesome here, but is not heard on the "high waves" very much. I "listen in" to stations in many countries, including France, Belgium, Spain, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Austria, and Holland, and although I am "at sea" with the different languages, I think it is a novel experience to bring to the fireside, concerts, operettas, etc., which are being transmitted from foreign countries. I have noticed that on some occasions, foreign stations relay B.B.C. stations, and the programme comes through quite well.

I have also noticed that some stations are received well in the summer, but when winter arrives it is most difficult even to tune in to them, or *vice versa*. Such is the case with Eiffel Tower (France) on 2,650 metres. Last summer this station was received wonderfully well by me, and I could enjoy its programmes without any trouble, but at the time of writing (being winter), it is difficult to tune in. Have any other enthusiasts experienced this?

D.A.P.

LUDGERSHALL.

Since last sending any note to you, the Staff have played a couple of Billiards matches.

We are much obliged to R.S.M. A. Chetland of the 5th Field Bde., R.A., Larkhill, for his very kind invitation to us to take a Billiards team to visit them. Below we give the result of the game.

This was a very excellent night and we are all much indebted to Mr. Chetland and the members of the mess for giving us such a really good time.

5th Field Bde. R.A.				H. & G. S.			
Sergt. Bailey	88	v.	T. Flemington	...	100
Q.M.S. Austin	100	v.	J. Lazzari	...	77
R.S.M. Chetland	57	v.	F. L. Shrimpton	...	100
Q.M.S. Jones	64	v.	H. Nuttall	...	100
Sergt. Chambers	71	v.	E. Hockings	...	100
Q.M.S. Dean	100	v.	E. Pearce	...	46
			480				523

We also spent a most enjoyable evening at The Enham Village Centre on February 18th, and succeeded in winning by 788 points to 621. Particulars of the games are as under:

Enham Village Centre.				H. & G. S.			
Mr. Bird	20	v.	J. Lazzari	...	100
„ Tarrant	82	v.	E. Hockings	...	100
„ Griffen	62	v.	T. Flemington	...	100
„ Canning	95	v.	J. Mitcheson	...	100
„ Cox	84	v.	W. Annetts	...	100
„ Barter	78	v.	F. L. Shrimpton	...	100
„ Tomlin	100	v.	A. Smeeth	...	94
„ Guest...	100	v.	H. Nuttall	...	94
			621				788

The final of the Billiards Challenge Cup was played on this night, and the Cup was presented to the winner and a medal to the runner-up by Mr. Shrimpton. This was a very enjoyable function and we always look forward to an evening with our friends at Enham.

Since writing you last, we have to deplore the loss of an old employee, Fred Fordham, who worked at this Branch as a carpenter. Poor old Fred Fordham was quite a character and was always respected by everybody with whom he came in contact. He lived to the ripe old age of 75. He was buried at Pewsey and several members of the Staff attended the funeral.

OXFORD.

Since last we contributed to our ever popular HOP LEAF GAZETTE, we have been concerned in "Dark" dealing which has, however, no hint of any "shady" practice about it. To be a little more explicit, we have been introducing to the local public a commodity already well known to some branches though quite a novelty to our customers here—Simonds' "Dark Ale" to wit. We are delighted to say that yet one more "Hop Leaf" speciality has caught on. Repeat orders for this Ale are *pouring in*, and as a natural sequence, discerning Oxonians are *pouring out*—"Simonds' Dark." To put the matter in a nut-shell: instead of doing any broadcasting we tell our customers to keep it Dark!

To hark back to our remarks concerning the Oxford crew last month, we understand that it is above the average this year and, therefore, we are optimistic enough to think that we shall arrive at Mortlake before Cambridge on the day of the race. Then we can tell the critics to "go to Putney."

We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. F. L. Maskell, who recently arrived here from Portsmouth Branch to take up a position on our staff. Mr. Maskell informs us that he likes our old City and we wish him every success in his new sphere.

Cricket enthusiasts will be interested in the following extract from *The Oxford Times*, dated the 16th March:—

The Freebooters C.C. (Wadham College, Oxford) profess to have adopted the following rules:—

1. The batting order to be decided by drawing for places.

2. No bowler shall bowl more than three consecutive overs without taking a wicket.
3. While the Club is batting, no batsman shall play a full over without scoring. Penalty: the batsman who fails to score has to stand the bowler a drink.
4. (a) Any member who misses two or more catches in the same match shall have to stand the captain a drink.
(b) Any member holding two or more catches in one match will be stood a drink by the captain."

We leave any comment upon the above set of rules to C.H.P.; words fail us. [C.H.P. is in absolute agreement with 4 (a) but is strongly opposed to 4 (b).]

We had the pleasure of supplying the malt liquors for the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Point-to-Point Meeting at Hillesden on March 7th. Despite inclement weather, there was a large and distinguished attendance, including His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Our popular Prince rode second in his race and was unlucky not to win.

We enjoyed our evening with the members of the Milton Heights Working Men's Club on Saturday, March 3rd. The occasion was a concert to which a cordial invitation was kindly extended to us by Mr. Secretary Woodage and the Committee. Songs and other items were rendered by the members, which, interspersed with sundry potations of "S.B.," made the time to depart come round all too quickly. We repeat that we had a good time at the Heights.

We are indebted to *The Oxford Times* of March 16th for the following:—

UNDERGRADUATES' SILLY PRANK.

"A party of undergraduates, after celebrating the University College crew's successes in the Torpids, decided to place what has been described as 'an unorthodox ornament' on the statue of Queen Anne which adorns the front of the college. They did this without being noticed, and the 'decoration' remained until after nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, when a pedestrian drew the attention of a college official to it, and with the aid of ladders it was removed.

"The incident recalls the feat of the undergraduate who, some time ago, scaled the Martyrs' Memorial. On that occasion the ladders belonging to the Fire Brigade were brought into use."

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The Football Team have not been very successful in the last three matches played, the results being:—

		Goals.	v.		Goals.
February 25th	Millbrook A.F.C.	5	v.	Simonds A. F.C.	2
March 3rd	Plymouth & Stone- House Gas Co.	5	v.	Simonds A.F.C.	2
March 10th	St. Judes	6	v.	Simonds A.F.C.	2

BILLIARDS.

FEBRUARY 21ST. AT SIMONDS' CLUB ROOM.

<i>H. & G. S.</i>			<i>St. Michaels.</i>		
J. H. Law	...	100 v.	Mr. Warren	...	71
F. Pierce	...	100 v.	White	...	52
H. Balkwill	...	100 v.	Rockett	...	78
P. Tucker	...	100 v.	Williams	...	48
J. Clough	...	100 v.	Brenton	...	92
R. Mills	...	100 v.	Williams	...	52
		<u>600</u>			<u>393</u>

MARCH 8TH. AT SIMONDS' CLUB ROOM.

<i>Catholic Club.</i>			<i>H. & G. S.</i>		
Mr. White	...	100 v.	P. Tucker	...	87
„ Cavener	...	100 v.	W. H. Davis	...	53
„ Keton	...	100 v.	F. Pierce	...	96
„ Reddoni	...	100 v.	J. H. Law	...	82
„ E. Tucker	...	125 v.	R. Rymell	...	80
		<u>525</u>			<u>398</u>

MARCH 15TH. AT SIMONDS' CLUB ROOM.

<i>H. & G. S.</i>			<i>“Western Evening Herald.”</i>		
J. H. Law	...	100 v.	Mr. Aitkins	...	67
H. Balkwill	...	100 v.	„ Connett	...	95
R. Mills	...	42 v.	„ Hutchings	...	100
F. Pierce	...	95 v.	„ Manning	...	100
A. N. Other	...	100 v.	„ Rowe	...	60
		<u>437</u>			<u>422</u>

PING-PONG.

FEBRUARY 21ST. AT SIMONDS' CLUB ROOM.

<i>St. Michaels.</i>			<i>H. & G. S.</i>		
Mr. Williams	...	43 v.	E. Webber	...	56
„ Brenton	...	60 v.	A. E. Ellis	...	33
„ Rockett	...	60 v.	L. Gruitt	...	42
„ Warren	...	58 v.	H. Loughlin	...	50
„ Watts	...	60 v.	R. Smith	...	35
„ Jenkins	...	57 v.	L. Loynes	...	49
		<u>338</u>			<u>265</u>

MARCH 15TH. AT SIMONDS' CLUB ROOM.

<i>“Western Evening Herald.”</i>			<i>H. & G. S.</i>		
Mr. Becker	...	57 v.	H. Loughlin	...	50
„ Connett	...	52 v.	A. E. Ellis	...	52
„ Allsford	...	60 v.	L. Loynes	...	39
„ Rowe	...	60 v.	G. Netten	...	33
„ Atkins	...	60 v.	E. Webber	...	20
„ Manning	...	56 v.	L. Gruitt	...	55
		<u>345</u>			<u>249</u>

GIBRALTAR.

We were pleased to extend a welcome to Mr. A. R. Bradford on his initial visit to the Rock. He arrived from Malta per the S.S. “Malwa,” on Sunday the 4th of March and left for Home per the S.S. “Rajputana” on the 11th of March. His time was fully occupied whilst here in connection with the business part of the Firm. Nevertheless, he was able to snatch a few moments in which to visit our Naval, Military and Civilian friends and partake of a glass or two of the “Hop Leaf.” His stay was all too short, but we trust he had a pleasant homeward voyage and that the time will not be long before we see him this way again.

GIBRALTAR GARRISON BOXING TOURNAMENT.

This annual event took place on the 8th, 9th and 10th of March in the Garrison Gymnasium, under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency The Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Sir Charles C. Monro, Bt., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G.

Three capital evenings' sport was arranged by a very capable committee under Major R. A. M. Basset, M.C., who are to be congratulated on their efforts. The boxing was of a very high

order, the bouts were fought in a spirited, determined and sportsman-like manner. The contestants appeared very fit and even those who were not awarded the honours gave a good account of themselves.

The programme consisted of an open competition for the various weights, a novices welter weight competition, and a number of novices contests. In the open competition, which is inter-unit, in addition to the prizes for each weight a cup, presented by His Excellency in 1924, is competed for, each competitor gaining points towards the cup for his unit. We are pleased to say our old friends, the 2nd Bn. The East Surrey Regiment, won the Cup with a very large margin.

Among the audience we were pleased to notice Mr. Bradford, a representative of the "Hop Leaf" Firm from Reading, and were able to show him that, although a thousand miles or so from the Old Country, we are still adherents to the noble art of self defence. We hope he has carried back pleasant memories of his evenings at the Garrison Gymnasium, and the couple of yarns the R.S.M. of the East Surreys told him in the BAR after the show.

The results of the open competition are as follows:—

Fly Weight	Winner	Drummer Baker	...	2/E.S.R.
8 stone	Runner-up	L/Cpl. Milne	...	2/E.S.R.
Bantam Weight	Winner	Pte. Norris, York	...	2/E.S.R.
8 stone 6 lbs.	Runner-up	Pte. Axford	...	2/E.S.R.
Feather Weight	Winner	Pte. Norris	...	2/E.S.R.
9 stone	Runner-up	Pte. Shemmings	...	2/E.S.R.
Light Weight	Winner	Cpl. Larcombe	...	2/E.S.R.
9 stone 9 lbs.	Runner-up	L/Cpl. Huckfield	...	2/E.S.R.
Welter Weight	Winner	Pte. Birmingham	...	2/E.S.R.
10 stone 7 lbs.	Runner-up	Pte. Diboll	...	2/E.S.R.
Middle Weight	Winner	Pte. Tewson	...	2/E.S.R.
11 stone 6 lbs.	Runner-up	L/Cpl. Leader	...	2/E.S.R.
Light Heavy	Winner	Pte. Miles	...	2/E.S.R.
12 stone 7 lbs.	Winner	Sapper Duddridge	...	R.E.
Heavy Weight	Runner-up	Drummer Moore	...	2/E.S.R.
(catch weights)	Winner	Drummer Butler	...	2/E.S.R.
Novices Welter	Runner-up	Drummer Knight	...	2/E.S.R.
Weight				

At the conclusion of the competition, His Excellency presented the prizes and congratulated the recipients.

The officials for the competition were:—*Referee*: Lieut.-Commander W. N. T. Beckett, M.V.O., D.S.C., R.N.; *Judges*:

Major F. B. Hitchcock, M.C., R.A., Lieut.-Commander W. A. Floyer, R.N., Capt. C. A. Clark, D.S.O., M.C., 2/East Surrey Regt., Capt. E. N. W. Birch, R.A.S.C., Capt. H. G. Dewey, M.C., R.A.; M.C.: R.S.M. S. J. Thompson, 2/East Surrey Regt.

Outdoor sport has continued without much interference, and some of the Leagues are now completed.

The "Medicals" won the "B" League Football. The "A" League finished up with a needle match, 2/East Surreys v. Staff and Departments. The defence of the East Surreys played magnificently and prevented all the S. & D. attempts to score. The Surreys attack was by no means idle and got a goal in each half. The East Surreys ran out winners 2—0. This gave them the championship to the "A" League.

Both Hockey Cups were won by the Royal Artillery.

The Fleet have participated in two games of football with the Garrison, both being drawn. The last of these two matches was for a Cup to be competed for annually by the Garrison and the Atlantic Fleet. Full time came with the score 2—2. The Navy scored again in the first half of extra time and the Garrison equalised shortly after, the game being drawn. His Excellency the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Sir C. C. Monro, witnessed the game and is going to present the Cup. It is understood that a replay cannot be arranged before the departure of the Fleet, which is regretted as we anticipated seeing another good game. The Cup is being held for six months by the Fleet and the Garrison.

Billiards goes on apace, the second round now being completed. Last years finalists (Sergt. Hazledene, R.E., and Cpl. Stuart, East Surreys) are still in. The latter on normal form should appear in the final again.

The Atlantic Fleet have been very acceptable and agreeable visitors and make a pleasing break in the monotony of the Rock. They have sailed again and on their return bring with them the Mediterranean Fleet, among whom we know are several of our very good friends. We hope the eather keeps fair because Malta, although not as bad as England, has had a cold winter, much more so than Gibraltar.

One realises Britain's might on sea when the two Fleets are seen together, which sight, it seems, is kept exclusively (speaking of U.K. and the Colonies) for Gibraltar.

LONDON.

It is regretted that we have not contributed to the recent issues of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. They have however been much appreciated by all at London Branch.

Many calls have been made by our numerous Club customers for our travellers to attend their Social functions. Of the many such affairs we are recording one or two, but our friends who have not been mentioned must not feel aggrieved at what might seem an omission. We must offer apologies concerning those functions we are unable to report.

The Committee of the Southern Railway Trade Union Co-operative Society (Nine Elms) Ltd. held their annual dinner at Kennington Oval on the 3rd January. Owing to the indisposition of Mr. G. W. Betteridge, the Chair was taken by our Mr. W. Miller. Among those present were the President of the Society, Mr. W. Meaton, Mr. R. J. Spackman, Secretary, and Chief Inspector S. Saint (Nine Elms Station). The catering was very successfully carried out by our friends Messrs. Bertram & Co., Ltd., under the capable supervision of their Manager, Mr. C. Sutton. An enjoyable entertainment was provided by the Nite Lights Concert Party.

The Edmonton Social Club, 147, Hertford Road, Edmonton, N.9, held their first annual dinner at above address on the 1st March. About 60 members were present. Mr. Bert Williams, on behalf of the Club, thanked the firm for the attention given them. Our Mr. N. J. F. Nulty, who was a guest of the Committee, suitably replied on behalf of the firm, expressing his pleasure at being amongst their Company. Mr. Nulty was also called upon to reply on behalf of the Visitors. The Dinner was followed by an excellent Concert.

The Leyton Conservative Club, 500, High Road, Leyton, E.10, held their 7th annual dinner at the Club premises on Saturday the 25th February. Seventy members and friends were present. Mr. J. D. Cassels, K.C., M.P., occupied the Chair. Our Mr. N. J. F. Nulty attended at the invitation of the Committee.

The Streatham Conservative Club, Blegboro Road, Streatham, held their first annual dinner on Saturday the 3rd March. Mr. H. Barnes, President, occupied the Chair. Our Mr. H. Ward attended at the invitation of the Club; also Mr. W. Miller, who is an enthusiastic member of the Club, was present. The Secretary, in the course of his remarks, referred to the great assistance given to the Club by the Firm and trusted that the cordial

relationship would be continued for many years. Mr. H. Ward who responded on behalf of the Visitors, took the opportunity of thanking the Secretary for his kind remarks regarding the Firm. The pleasure of the evening was greatly enhanced by the presence of ladies. The dinner was followed by a very good concert.

FARNBOROUGH.

On Monday, March 19th, the final of the Individual Championship of the Border Billiards League was held at the Jubilee Hall Club, Farnborough. This is the first season this competition has been fought out and all doubts the promoters may have held concerning its success were quickly dispelled. From the very beginning it has proved a huge success, culminating in the remarkable scenes of enthusiasm witnessed on Monday evening. From a structural point of view, the Jubilee Hall Club was the ideal club of the league to stage this event. One of their billiard tables was dismantled and re-erected in the Hall over the club, where, thanks to the liberal use of platforms and stools, accommodation was found for upwards of 300 to see the game in comfort.

The finalists were V. Cudlipp, Camberley Working Men's Club, and A. Yeomans, South Farnborough Working Men's Club, and the game 750 up. Cudlipp ran out winner by 750 to 600, after a well fought game, containing some thoroughly interesting billiards. No very large breaks were made: Cudlipp made eleven breaks of over 20, his highest being 39, whilst Yeomans made five breaks of over 20, his highest being 32. At the conclusion, Cudlipp was presented by the donor, Mr. T. H. Jones, a well known local sportsman, with a very valuable silver cup and a suitably inscribed medal. Yeomans also received a similar medal. The cup becomes the property of Cudlipp's club (Camberley W.M.C.) for one year. We understand, to commemorate his being the first winner of this trophy, V. Cudlipp is to be given a miniature replica of the Championship Cup.

Visitors were welcomed from every club in the district, and among those present were Mr. Goodall and several members of the Staff at Farnborough Branch. We congratulate the committee of the Border Billiards League on their well-thought-out plans for Monday evening and the splendid manner in which they were carried out, and we wish them all prosperity another season. In addition to lifting the Individual Championship Cup, the Camberley Working Men's Club have also won the league, after a good tussle with the Farnborough British Legion Club and the Aldershot

Conservative Club, and are therefore the holders of the "Simonds Cup" for one year. In a speech at the close of the programme on Monday evening, Mr. R. D. McLaurin, the President of the League, mentioned that thanks were due to H. & G. S. for the loan of platforms, stools, and the temporary bar erected to meet the demands of so large a crowd.

With the renewal of the licence of the Waggon & Horses, Hartley Wintney, at the Adjourned General Annual Licensing Sessions at Odiham, all H. & G. S.'s houses in this area have once again met with the approval of the local licensing benches. Plans were passed at Farnham for extensive alterations to the Criterion Inn, Yorktown.

In the subjoined photograph appears the late Mr. J. D. Hammond who was for many years Chief Clerk at Farnborough Branch. An account of his almost sudden death was given in our February issue.



WOKING.

GUILDFORD AND DISTRICT CLUBS' GAMES LEAGUE.

The annual presentation of the Shield (for winning Club) and the Cup (for runners-up) took place at the Woodbridge Hill Club, Guildford, on Wednesday evening, March 21st.

There was a good attendance of members and representatives of Clubs interested in the League.

Mr George Reading, President of the Guildford Trades and Labour Social Club, occupied the chair, in the regretted absence, through illness, of Councillor W. R. Pullinger. Mr. Reading made sympathetic reference to Councillor Pullinger's indisposition and wished him a full and speedy recovery. He appealed for a larger measure of support for the League next season.

After congratulating Woodbridge Hill Club on again winning the Shield and his own members on again receiving the Cup, he said that all present would agree that Club life, Club contests, and especially inter-Club contests, taught us many excellent lessons and yielded a rich reward to all who participated in the right spirit. He then called on Mr. C. Bennett (Reading) to make the presentations.

Mr. Bennett warmly thanked the members of the League for the honour they had done him, particularly as it afforded him an opportunity to renew acquaintance with many of his Surrey friends and especially those in Guildford. He said the Club movement was very strong in Surrey and Guildford Clubs were worthily upholding its best traditions. He instanced the courage that had been necessary to build up, on solid foundations, from very small beginnings, several of the large and prosperous institutions now enjoyed by Club members in Guildford. He thought the members had learnt citizenship, comradeship and sportsmanship in their Clubs, together with many personal social qualities. He associated himself with the congratulations extended to both winners and runners-up and hoped they would carry on the good work and enjoy another successful year, on the social side as well as on the business side, in their Clubs.

Mr. A. Chandler replied on behalf of Woodbridge Hill Club and Mr. R. Roker on behalf of Guildford Trades Club.

Mr. A. Bennett (Woking) was invited to address the gathering and thanked the members for the solid support he had received during his first year in the District and said he had made many friends, whose help and kindness he would always value and appreciate. He thought it was difficult to estimate the value of a real sportsman such as the Clubs produced, and men who could win well, lose well and accept a decision in the right spirit were a valuable asset to the community in almost every important phase of our national life.

Mr. M. Driscoll, Secretary, Guildford British Legion, added his testimony to all that had been said and thought that the real comradeship of the War was being well maintained in the Guildford Clubs.

Mr. T. Perry, League Secretary, was thanked for his services and similar expressions were made to Mr. Reading for presiding and to Woodbridge Hill Club for their arrangements, also to Mr. C. Bennett and Mr. A. Bennett for attending.

Musical items interspersed and the evening's programme was altogether a very enjoyable one.

