

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

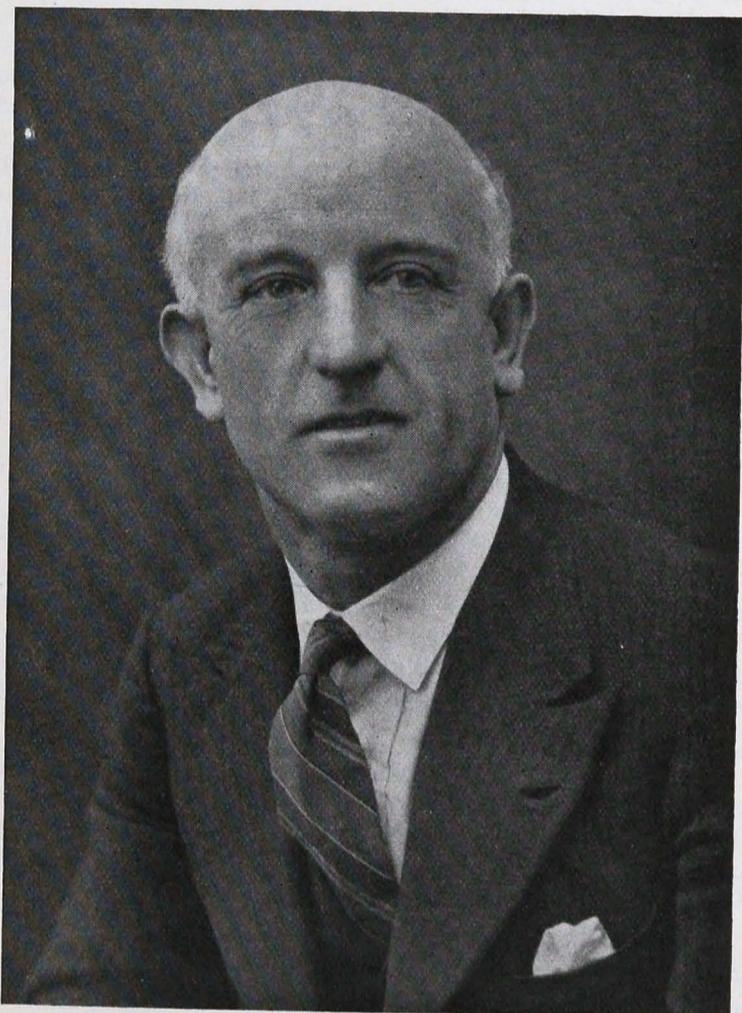
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Vol. XIV.

NOVEMBER, 1939.

No. 2

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MR. F. J. JONES.

## MR. F. J. JONES.

The page of honour this month is allocated to Mr. F. J. Jones, Manager of the Delivery Department at the Staines Beer Bottling and Mineral Water Factory, which was previously the premises of Ashby's Staines Brewery, Ltd., now merged into this Company.

Mr. Jones' experience in the Trade commenced with Messrs. M. & H. J. Ashby, Ltd., Wine and Spirit Merchants, of Staines, with whom he was employed for 4½ years before joining Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery, Ltd., in 1911, as a Ledger Clerk. Upon the acquisition of the latter Company, Mr. Jones was transferred from Staines to Reading, where he remained until returning to Staines in January, 1938. His long connection with Staines will ensure a hearty reception of his portrait in our frontispiece, not only amongst his many friends and associates in that town, but also at Reading where his old colleagues are now domiciled.

In the great expansion of the Staines beer bottling and mineral water business, particularly during the past summer, Mr. Jones has organised the work of delivery in a manner which commands the highest praise and has gained the respect and goodwill of the whole of the Staff, with whom he works in perfect harmony.

A visit to Staines convinces one that the *bonhomie* of the Staff is very real and exists throughout all departments.

Whilst working under the regime of Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd., Mr. Jones occasionally undertook the whole of the collections of Public House accounts and also carried out changes of tenancies. This work has been of material assistance to him in carrying out his present duties, by reason of his close contact with the Trade and the needs of our numerous tenants in the Staines area.

A Territorial before the Great War of 1914, Mr. Jones was called to the Colours immediately upon the outbreak of hostilities and served with the Middlesex Regiment, the Army Service Corps and the Army Veterinary Corps (now Royal Corps) for five years. After demobilisation he resumed his duties at Staines.

As in many similar instances of men who served throughout the last War, the call to outdoor life is strong, and Mr. Jones' most favoured pastimes consist of rowing and camping up-river and the cultivation of his garden.

*Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine oft infirmities.—The Bible.*

CHAT *from*



THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)

MUCH APPRECIATED BY ALL.

Brig.-General H. Simonds de Brett, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., R.A., who has been for some ten years Chairman of the Associated Company—Messrs. Simonds-Farsons Ltd., in Malta—came home on leave recently. He has decided to devote himself to lending a hand to the Directors of the parent Company, whose numbers have been sadly depleted owing to several members of the Board having been called up for service.

His experience will, no doubt, be of considerable value in his new surroundings and his assistance at this juncture is much appreciated by all with whom he is in contact.

PARENT COMPANY HONOURED.

The parent Company—H. & G. Simonds Ltd.—has been honoured by promotion to the dignity of its shares being quoted in the *Financial Times* daily under the heading of "London Closing Prices—Industrial Securities." This is a signal privilege and indicative of the position which this Company holds in financial circles today.

HERR HITLER.

The *Financial Times* of 26th October, 1939, contained the following paragraph :—

"The statement that Herr Hitler intends to go personally to the front was welcomed by those who argued that the direction of a modern army by an ex house-painter should be worth at least a couple of divisions to his opponents."

## FUNERAL EXPENSES.

The following notice displayed in the window of the Black Griffin, St. Peter's Street, Canterbury, is causing much amusement :—

“ Owing to arrangements being  
“ made for Hitler's funeral,  
“ the price of all beers is  
“ increased by 1d. per pint.

## HITLER'S "PEACE" THREAT.

As we go to press we are faced with the German "peace" threat, says *Our Empire*. Poland's appeal was the occasion of our going to war—it was not the main cause, but just one effect of a disease we mean to eradicate from the earth. The British Government's reply has been made, and our people have no need to worry about it. Hitler and Hitlerism must go. Poland's agony merely strengthens our determination to rid mankind of the "law" of the jungle and to fight on until men everywhere once again enjoy their birthright of liberty. Dark days may be ahead. Everyone of us will be called to sacrifice something we hold dear. But the price will be worth the paying—for we shall have saved our soul.

## ENCORE.

The war was over. Hitler's death had finished it. And the Corporal who had helped to lay well and truly the body underground was describing the scene.

“ The Germans put the coffin down twenty-five times,” he said.

“ Twenty-five times ! ” echoed his listeners. “ What for ? ”

“ Encores,” said the Corporal.

## BRITAIN'S GREATEST STRENGTH.

Mr. C. T. de Water, who recently resigned his post as South Africa's High Commissioner in London, gave the following message before his departure for South Africa. “ After many years of labour among this friendly and generous people, I leave England in the hour of her trial with a heavy heart, but with a deep and abiding admiration for her great qualities. I can testify to this country's patient and persistent effort to keep the peace of Europe. I can bear witness now to her steadfast determination in the presence of the calamity of war. Above all, I shall carry with me to South Africa a picture of a whole people absolutely united at the moment of their country's peril. That is Great Britain's greatest strength.”

## A POETICAL THOUGHT.

O Moon, when I gaze on thy beautiful face,  
Careering along through the boundaries of space,  
The thought has often come into my mind  
If I ever shall see thy glorious behind.

## A.R.P. PERSONNEL AT FULL STRENGTH.

I am pleased to report that up to the time of writing our A.R.P. personnel has not been called upon since the morning of September 6th. The respite has given us an opportunity to strengthen certain sections, writes Mr. C. G. Lawrence. A further supply of helmets has been received and issued, and every man has been supplied with a blue uniform, Wellington boots and a canvas bag to hold his equipment. The steelwork for Shelter S. 12 has arrived and the shelter is now practically completed. It is the only one of its type on the Brewery and is a semi-underground structure of concrete and curved interlocking steel sheets. It will accommodate the personnel of the Engineering, Electrical and Power House. The personnel is at full strength with a total of 248. It is to be hoped that our services will not be required, but should they be, we are prepared !

## A PROUD PUPIL.

How true is the old German proverb, “ Set a beggar on horseback, and he will outride the devil.” The devil should be proud of his pupil.

## AS CERTAIN AS DEATH.

“ As I think I told you once before,” said I, “ it is you who have been, in your greed and cunning, against all the world. It may be profitable to you to reflect, in future, that there never were greed and cunning in the world yet that did not do too much and overreach themselves. It is as certain as Death.”—DICKENS : “ David Copperfield.”

## IT'S A THOUGHT.

A firm of dyers and cleaners in Upper Street, Islington, displays in the window pictures of Hitler, Goebbels, Himmler and Ribbentrop with the words :

“ The only things we cannot clean. But they will dye ! ”

## THIS HAPPENED.

Appointed to superintend the newly-organised distribution of petrol in his district, he turned up at the office and found neither typist, nor telephone, nor any other preparation for his work—if any. He sat down, smoked cigarettes, read the paper and concluded that he had dropped into a very cushy job. Next day he received 67,000 letters.—AUTOLYCUS, in "Financial Times."

## PROMOTION WANTED.

This is a story of Nat Gubbin's Sweep—the man himself. He is real, says the *Daily Express*. They have given the Sweep authority. He is an air raid warden. He went into a pub to have one about two minutes before closing time—then they shouted "Time." "Cor stuff me. Wait till I get promoted. I'll keep this 'ere place open till five in the morning."

## LITTLE PAMELA KNEW.

Little Pamela was walking with her mother along an avenue near their home. The trees lining the road had been painted white to a height of 2 feet or so. Pamela looked at the trees with puckered brow. Then her face brightened. "Mummy, do you know why they've painted the trees white?" she asked. Curious to hear her daughter's explanation, Mummy said she didn't. "I do," said Pamela proudly. "It so's the little dogs will know the way in the dark."

## POSITIVELY BENEFICIAL.

"I have been long convinced that the moderate use of alcohol is harmless. It is difficult to bring statistics, but an American practitioner, Dr. Raymond Pearl, has published figures to show that moderate drinkers are long-lived, in fact longer-lived, than the non-drinkers. The moderate use of alcohol is not only harmless, but positively beneficial at times, and I express that opinion deliberately after a twenty-five years' study in the matter."—DR. ROBERT HUTCHISON, the well-known dietician.

## THE GREATEST MODERN NEED.

"The greatest modern need is for simplicity in food-stuffs. It would be a good thing to remember that the British Empire was built up on a diet of beer and beef."—DR. A. R. SOUTHWOOD, the well-known Australian physician.

## THE PEOPLE'S CLUB.

In these days, it seems to me, the British pub, the people's club, has justified its existence as perhaps it never did before, says a well-known writer. For, he adds, it has been the one human corner, a centre not of beer, but *bonhomie*; the one place where, after dark, the collective heart of the race could be seen and felt, beating resolute and strong.

## INTERESTING DATA.

	KAISER.	HITLER.
Born ... ..	1859	1889
Came to power...	1888	1933
Ruled ... ..	30	6
Age ... ..	59	50
	2 3836	2 3878
Fell ... ..	1918	1939

## MESS DECK SUPPER.

The annual Mess Deck Supper in connection with the Royal Naval Old Comrades Club, Reading, was held on Monday, October 30th, and proved a highly enjoyable occasion. All regretted the absence of the head of the organisation, Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N., who was abroad serving his country, and other "absent comrades" were not forgotten. The whole proceedings were delightfully informal and the boiled beef and carrots, with other items on the menu, were thoroughly enjoyed. The cooking arrangements were in the hands of the worthy Secretary of the Club, Mr. J. A. Nuccoll, assisted by Ship-mate Stan Barnes, and they carried out their duties in a most praiseworthy manner, the food being excellent. Our Home Trade Manager (Mr. W. Bowyer) and the writer of this note greatly appreciated the kind invitation extended to them to attend this delightful gathering.

## TENANT'S SHELTER.

Discussing the ownership of air-raid shelters installed by tenants, *The Law Journal* states: "So long as a chattel could be removed without doing irreparable damage to the premises, neither the method nor degree of annexation, nor the amount of damage that would be done to the premises by the removal, has any bearing on the right of the tenant to remove it."

## ON THE DOWNWARD GRADE.

"The temperance movement is at present under the weather. We cannot get the crowded audiences that we got a few years ago. We cannot create the same interest."—DR. A. SALTER, M.P.

## FOOTBALL AND SOCIAL EVENING.

On Saturday, October 29th, we entertained a Royal Engineers XI from Wallingford, several of them being our own boys from the Brewery. After a good sporting game they beat us by 5 goals to 3. In the evening they were invited to the Club for a "Social," and in using the Sergeant-Major's own words it was "an evening they will never forget." Mr. Pusey would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who assembled at the Club to give these lads such a grand time, also those who provided the musical items. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes deserve every praise for the cheery and efficient manner in which they handled the enormous amount of "calls" at the bar. At 10 o'clock the "roll call" was made and, with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," the boys made their way back home. The musical items were rendered by Mrs. Pusey and Mr. S. Bradfield (songs), Mrs. Holmes and Mr. N. S. Evans (piano), Mr. Hooper (violin), Mr. W. Mortimer (drums), and three of the Royal Engineers (a soloist, pianist and drummer).

## A CLIMBING CONUNDRUM.

A snail has to climb a 20ft. wall; he climbs 3 feet during the day and falls back 2 feet during the night. How long does the snail take to climb the wall? In 17 days he has climbed 17 feet and on the 18th day is at the top and would be foolish to fall off then, wouldn't he?

## GREAT WORK BY CATERING DEPARTMENT.

During the past financial year over a quarter of a million meals have been served in the hotels under the control of our Catering Department, and over 20,000 sleepers have been accommodated.

## MATTER OF SIMPLE ARITHMETIC.

Dr. Merrill Moore, Havard psychiatrist, in *New England Journal of Medicine*, says:—

It is a matter of simple arithmetic. Since alcohol is uniformly distributed throughout the body, the greater the weight of the subject the less the effect of a good dose will be.

## A GOOD EXAMPLE.

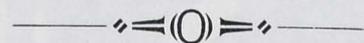
Customers of the Rose and Thistle, Argyle Street, Reading, have generously provided two footballs for the troops and also contributed towards the purchasing of darts boards for the amusement of our fine fellows who are serving their King and country.

## HIS GRACE—THE DUKE!

"Is that you gran'pa?" inquired a sweet voice over the telephone.

"No, you are speaking to the Duke of Edinburgh," replied the popular landlord of the hotel in Caversham Road that goes by that name.

"O, how nice!" exclaimed the fair enquirer. "I had no idea I should have had that great honour."



## MR. F. H. V. KEIGHLEY MARRIED.

The wedding took place quietly at Greenham Church on Tuesday, October 31st, of Mr. F. H. V. Keighley, of Wellesley Cottage, Upper Basildon, son of Mrs. Keighley and the late Colonel Keighley, and Miss Biddy Forbes-Robertson, daughter of Lady Dunlop, of Sandleford Grove, Newbury. The bride was given away by her step-father, Sir Robert Dunlop, and the honeymoon is being spent in Devon.

Mr. Keighley, who is a director of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd. has a commission in the Tower Hamlet Rifles.

Mr. F. A. Simonds, our Chairman and Managing Director, and other members of the Directorate, attended the ceremony, and also the reception at the Chequers Hotel, Newbury.



[Photo by permission of the "Reading Mercury."]

**The Bride and Bridegroom leaving the Church.**



[Photo by permission of the "Reading Mercury."]

**A group taken after the Ceremony.**

#### WARNING.

If you have occasion to "stay away" for the night you will be well advised to fix up hotel accommodation in advance or, any way, as early as possible before black-out time. Even in some of the old country towns where before the war one could always depend on finding a room, it may be near to a "somewhere in England" centre and hotels full of brass-hats.

One of my colleagues had occasion shortly after the outbreak of war to motor through Gloucestershire. He arrived just about "black-out time" at Cirencester, and endeavoured to obtain accommodation for the night at one of the best-known hotels in the town. He was informed, however, that this hotel in common with all other hotels in the town had been taken over by the Government. He was further advised to travel as fast as he could to some other town while there was still sufficient light.

Undaunted, however, my colleague tried some of the smaller hotels and found that the story of *all* the hotels being taken over by the Government was by no means true. He eventually stayed at Ye Olde Crown Hotel and says that in contrast to the somewhat casual treatment from the larger establishment which he first

approached, the consideration which he received from the Crown was noteworthy. Mr. and Mrs. Griffin who run the place went to great pains to make him comfortable and to give him a lot of interesting information about the hostelry which has, apparently, many historical associations. He subsequently found, too, that the food was good and the tariff very reasonable.—*The Autocar*.

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“STUBBLE.”

Oft has the chronicle been told  
Of how the elms are tipped with gold  
When Autumn comes along  
—or how the leaves drift down the lake  
And so, methinks, 'twere wise to take  
A new theme for my song.

I'll sing October skies blue-steeled  
As setters, in a turnip-field,  
Go foraging for game :  
Whilst every wood is flushed with pride  
And all the hills of God are dyed  
In colours none can name.

Of leverets and hares I'll sing,  
Or noisy pheasants on the wing  
And empty cartridge shells :  
—Of gunners going home at night  
With loaded bags, and spirits light,  
'Mid sound of village bells.

And I will sing the hour of bliss  
(What better hour forsooth than this?  
Or which has greater charms?)  
When gaitered legs by logs are stretched  
And glasses clinked—and ales are fetched  
Within “The Sportsman's Arms.”

S. E. COLLINS.

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NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

SWALLOW SEEN ON OCTOBER 15TH.

AN AMUSING MEMORY.

Though most of the swallows had taken their departure by the end of September, I saw one as late as October 15th. It was on a Sunday morning at Mapledurham and the bird appeared to be enjoying the heavy cold rain. The following Wednesday I saw a dragonfly and on the 24th October a comma butterfly, the latter taking their name from the golden commas to be seen on the underside of their back wings. This is unusually late for this beautiful butterfly to be about. As to the dragonfly, this tiger of the insect world, he was cruising along the waterside, stopping now and again to preen himself on the blade of a rush. These fierce fairies take a heavy toll of lesser winged life, but it is a mistake to think they sting for they can be handled with impunity, having no instrument in their construction with which to inflict injury on the human being.

A MEMORY.

And it was near this part of the Thames about which I am writing that a rather amusing incident occurred many years ago—amusing after the event, though anything but that at the time it took place. A friend and I had pulled a fishing punt from Caversham Bridge up the river nearly as far as Keel's boathouse. Here we settled down to pike fishing. It was bitterly cold when we started, and before long a fierce gale blew, accompanied by sleet and snow. After a few hours had elapsed we decided to pack up, and never shall I forget rowing that boat back to Cawston's, at Caversham Bridge. The gale was blowing upstream and at times we were quite powerless to make the craft even move. First I had a turn at the oars and then my friend had a go. But very little progress was made, so we each took one oar and pulled for all we were worth. Despite the cold, beads of perspiration ran down our faces and when we eventually reached Caversham Bridge we were both thoroughly exhausted.

And small wonder ! for we had not only been pulling against a great gale, we had been dragging along the bed of the river, all the way, one of the heavy weights used to hold the boat in position when fishing, and which one of us had forgotten to haul into the boat when we started on our journey home—a never-to-be-forgotten journey, so far as I am concerned. And if there is any hard labour harder than that I should like to know what it is. My hands were sore with blisters many days afterwards.

My friend and I often used to joke about the incident afterwards but he has since taken his last long journey to that Far Country where, let us hope, we shall *all* meet again—and won't that be a happy reunion !

#### THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Some interesting and valuable reflections are presented to us by the fall of the leaf. According to the fanciful language by which we speak of the "bare skeleton" of the forest, or the "naked trees," exposed to winter's pitiless blasts, it may seem as if the tree were stripped of its clothing when most in need of it. Here, however, we perceive one of the unmistakable evidences of a wise adaptation to the necessities of the season. During the sudden gales occasionally experienced in early autumn, while the trees are still in full blossom, we see on a limited scale the effects which would be produced on the park and forest by the winter's storms, were the trees to encounter them clad in the full foliage of summer. The former rarely pass over without strewing the lawn with broken branches, and tearing up some tall and vigorous tree by the roots, while the more enduring storms of the winter sweep unresisted through the naked branches, and leave the trees unconquered by their violence. Different causes have been assigned by the vegetable physiologist for the change and fall of the leaf ; but whatever be the immediate cause, the process is manifestly consistent with the operations of nature throughout the whole process of vegetation, wherein we see leaves, flowers, seed-vessels, and finally the whole season's foliage, wither, and fall so soon as their functions are fulfilled. Wisdom is exhibited under varying forms of manifestation

in every aspect of nature. The animal is prepared for its state of hibernation by an accumulation of fat which clothes it, and provides a supply to be slowly absorbed and applied to the maintenance of its slumbering vitality. The tree, on the contrary, is stripped of its whole external clothing, and sinks into its wintry state of torpidity, with its naked branches spread exposed to the blast. It may then be taken from its native soil and transplanted to any distance without injury, if its roots remain unharmed, and to all appearance the vital powers of nature are then entirely suspended. But this is not so. The autumn bud continues throughout the winter safely protected from the frosts which would blight the expanded leaf ; and the lethargy of the plant is no more than a healthful sleep, from which the genial voice of spring will awaken it to renewed life and vigour, for we know that :

He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,  
And blunts his pointed fury ; in its case,  
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ  
Uninjured, with inimitable art ;  
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,  
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

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#### BINDING OF VOLUME XIII.

The September issue having completed Volume XIII, we are prepared to undertake the binding of this volume for any of our readers at a charge of 3/- each. If desired, covers can be supplied at 1/- each, where it may be more convenient for the binding to be done locally. Readers should send complete sets to the nearest office from which the journal is delivered, or to the representative for the district.

## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

How do you start the day? Most of us, when we get to The Brewery in the mornings, have to take down the black-out shutters with perhaps now and again, under our breath, a little cuss for the man we think responsible for it. At the finish of the day a lot of us, wending our way home at 8.30 p.m. and after, must resemble a torchlight procession, with our hand torches shewing us the way to go home. And haven't some of the nights been dark!

We get occasional visits from a number of the boys who were in the Offices before the war and they all look fine and bonny in their khaki. Perhaps one of the "unkindest cuts" of all was a member of the staff greeting a few of these khaki-clad lads with the remark: "Thank goodness we've got a Navy." However, they enjoyed the joke. Owing to the encouragement given them by the Firm, we have a truly large number of our boys in different units in the Territorials and during their usual 48 hours' leave they give us a call at The Brewery. They are certainly all very cheery. May good fortune bless them all; they deserve it!

Although the war has made differences at The Brewery, those left behind are augmented by a staff of lady clerks getting on with the work. There has been plenty to do, which happy state of things we hope will continue. And Christmas is on its way, when we are always very busy.

Football is having a thin time compared with what it should have been. Nevertheless, at Reading, we have been lucky in regard to the attendances, particularly in the friendly matches, which preceded the present Regional Tournament. It seems proved that Reading have a good team and are doing really well. In the ordinary way we should have been in for a good time and maybe promotion at the end of it. However, events have put that out of the question for now. Happier times should be in store for the club when we are able to start real league football once again. As we have quite a number of enthusiasts at The Brewery they are to be seen at Elm Park most Saturday afternoons enjoying themselves.

It is pleasing to record that the health of the staff is keeping so good and that "casualties" have been very few so far, which happy state of things we hope will continue throughout the winter.

One of our staff, Mr. T. W. Kent (our first-aid expert), had an alarming experience a little while ago. He fell down the stairs of a shelter but, fortunately, he escaped with only bruises and was little the worse for it.

Naturally, at this time of the year, we are all engaged in the gentle art of balancing and, of course, the yearly audit is the biggest job of the lot. Considerable progress has been made and will continue to be made during the greater part of November.

Owing to the general mildness of the weather, flowers are still sported by some members of the staff in their buttonholes and this does, of course, result in a few leg-pulls. One gentleman says that the only thing that grows well in his garden is the "deadly nightshade." [Nothing to do with the black-out, I believe.—ED.]

The following changes and transfers have taken place recently and to all we wish every success:—

The Western, Slough (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—  
Mr. W. J. Knight.

The Blue Ball, Kintbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. R. C. Cocksworth.

The Nag's Head, Slough (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. H. Wingrove.

The Golden Eagle, Slough (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. E. Baldry.

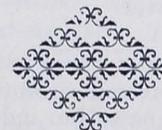
The George Inn, St. Mary Bourne (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—  
Mr. Norman Shipton.

The Jolly Farmer, Egham Hythe (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—  
Mr. A. V. Ashdown.

The Carnarvon Arms, Whitway (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—  
Mr. E. T. Hunt.

The Crown & Horns, East Ilsley (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—  
Mrs. O. D. Mount.

We much regret to record the death of Mr. C. Viveash of the Victoria, Hayes. He had been tenant of this House since July, 1903.



## WORDS OF WISDOM.

The best preacher is the heart ; the best teacher is time ; the best book is the world ; the best friend is God.

Hope is a good breakfast but a bad supper.

No man can be happy without a friend ; nor be sure of him till he's unhappy.

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy.

*The worlds in which we live are two—  
The world " I am " and the world " I do."*

The worlds in which we live at heart are one,—  
The world " I am " the fruit of " I have done " ;  
And underneath these worlds of flower and fruit  
The world " I love " the only living root.

If thou seest ought amiss in another, mend it in thyself.

A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;  
For then both parties nobly are subdued,  
And neither party loser.

There is a great deal of self-denial and manliness in poor and middle-class houses that has not got into literature, and never will, but that keeps the earth sweet.

Many may tire themselves in a labyrinth of search, and talk of God : but if we would know Him indeed, it must be from the impressions we receive of Him ; and the softer our hearts are, the deeper and livelier those will be upon us.

Life is to be fortified by many friendships.

It must be somewhere written that the virtues of the mothers shall occasionally be visited on the children, as well as the sins of their fathers.

Justice is as strictly due between neighbour nations as between neighbour citizens. A highwayman is as much a robber when he plunders in a gang as when single ; and a nation that makes an unjust war is only a *great gang*.

A word in earnest is as good as a speech.

There is more pleasure in building castles in the air than on the ground.

The soul is dyed the colour of its leisure thoughts.

## A GREAT THOUGHT.

*There is a very beautiful old history, which some may have read, concerning the way in which Christianity was first introduced into the northern part of this realm of England. When the holy missionary who brought it had delivered his message in the hearing of the King of the country with all his court, one of the principal nobles said :—*

*" O King, this short life of ours, the few years which as mortal men we spend here on earth, reminds me, when I think of it, of what sometimes happens when we are here feasting with you in time of winter. The room being all warmth and light, while the rain or snow is raging without, it will sometimes happen that some small bird will fly in at one door and out at the other. Just for the time that it is in the hall, it feels nothing of the wintry storm, but in a moment, having hurried through that calmer and warmer space, it passes again into the bleak air from which it came, vanishing out of thy sight. So this life of men appeareth for a little while ; but of what followeth or went before, we are quite ignorant. Wherefore if this new doctrine brings surer foundation, well may we follow it."*

## MY INN.

(BY H. C. DAVIS).

My inn is real Elizabethan and it stands in the old world village of ———. It is difficult to realise that some hundreds of years have passed since first Mine Host dispensed his hospitality to passing travellers and now, although times have changed again and again, Mine Host still awaits, with pleasurable anticipation, the tired traveller, or the townsfolk who, weary of the glitter, rush and tear of a business life seek diversion in the quietude of English pastoral surroundings.

The inn itself radiates a welcome to you. The exterior is colourful, yet restful, nothing new or "jerry-built" here, something seems to suggest to you that here is the place where rest, recreation and refreshment are to be obtained in the best tradition.

And you are not disappointed. On entering you note that indefinable "something" about the place—a suggestion that you are expected. In the winter, a log fire of large dimensions cheers and warms you no less than the greeting of Mine Host himself. In the summer the cool clean atmosphere, rich with the scents of flowers from the garden, pervades the place, suggesting to you rich new milk, an abundance of cream, honey and all the good things which come to you fresh from farm, field and orchard.

When you enter "My Inn" you can put yourself and your comfort safely in my hands. You can leave your car safe in the garage, and trust me to provide for the accommodation of your chauffeur, if you have one. But it is not only that—there are a hundred and one small services which can be rendered by a host of long experience, which only personal trial will reveal. There is an art in obliging.

You are hungry; in a few minutes during which you refresh yourself in a modern bathroom with definitely hot water, a meal is ready for you. It is served in an oak-panelled room, with faultless napery and glittering cutlery. Everything is calculated to keep your appetite whetted for the good things to be placed before you.

In such a setting it would be sacrilege to serve other than real English food. Thus you have no difficulty in reading a menu upon which you find such simple and yet what delectable dishes, when properly cooked, as pea soup, turnip soup, or a vegetable soup which surpasses minestrone, lobster and salmon salads, roast beef and yorkshire pudding, steak and kidney pudding, jugged hare, haricot oxtail, roast duck and peas, apple tart and cream, fresh fruit salad, pancakes, jam roll, tart, etc.

And what a relief to find a hostelry where drinks are properly understood, where the ales are in first class condition, where the wines are all carefully chosen and served at the right temperature and where, moreover, they know how to mix a cocktail.

Afterwards delicious coffee, served maybe in the garden whilst the sun is setting over the distant downs.

Then to bed. You find your bedroom sufficiently warm, yet airy. Here you can find rest indeed, never was there such a perfect bed or such a perfect inn.

You may well ponder how it is all done. It is simply the result of years of study and practical experience—knowing exactly what YOU want and the enthusiasm in the vocation of innkeeping.

Much time and money have been spent in what is chiefly "reversion to type," making my inn what it was originally meant to be—a national obligation to travellers—a community house for local people without any stigma attached. A place where ladies and children also may resort and their needs understood and catered for.

And this wonderful inn is as difficult to find as the perfect wife, who

"Never grumbles, never growls,  
Never is forlorn,  
Never asks for money,  
And she's never yet been born."

## GOLF.

A WAR-TIME PRESENT.

There is naturally not much talk of golf in these days, but this week I heard one little conversation on the subject having, as I thought, an appropriate sadness.

This was between two friends of mine, one of whom offered the other a bagful of old clubs for the artisans who play on his course. Was this offer, I asked, the result of the War? The answer was that he had meditated the gift for some time, and the War had just turned the scale. Apart from the circumstances he had found it a sad wrench. As he picked up one club after another, and with a waggle of farewell had resolved to let it go, each of them had called up for a moment some pleasant scene, some modest

triumph. There can be no golfing heart that will not sympathise, for old clubs are full of memories, and though they have all with their owners been through dark hours they are like sundials and count only the sunny ones. Even an old niblick, its shaft warped and its head dented, is no depressing companion. Rather it is an inspiring one in days of gloom, since it talks to us not of imprisonment but of escape. Not of the deplorable mistake, but of the ensuing recovery wherein it helped us

From the fire undaunted snatch  
With steadfast heart and nerve of steel  
That desperate hole that won the match.

There is no such thing as a club that is happy in having no history. Each one has had its magical hour, however brief. Old Tom Morris used to talk of the music in a shaft and in a fanciful moment we may believe that every old club has still vibrating in it some little song of victory, however faint and far away, and audible only to its owner's ear. If, indeed, the club was a putter, we may listen to that music a little cynically, since in the matter of putters their early promise is as sure as their ultimate treachery. Still for one day, or even perhaps for one round, the ball did go flying in.

#### LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

I do not know exactly how old were those clubs that my friend gave away, nor whether the shafts were of wood or steel. If they were of wood so much harder must have been the parting, for in that case it is likely that each had a separate birthday and a separate life story. To-day when we are apt to buy our clubs half-a-dozen at a time there can scarcely be such a romantic feeling as to their origin. It was a different matter when they were picked up one at a time. Some came, as old Charlie Hunter used to say, "in a present"; others by a lucky chance or a lucky exchange, or by an act of brigandage bordering on dishonesty; others again only after careful forethought and friendly talks and pipes in company with a master craftsman. I played one day this summer with a golfer who had had quite clear in his mind for a long time the picture of the ideal driver. It was almost as if it had come to him in a dream, and for weary months he never could find it. Then suddenly he saw it in a shop window and before he had even waggled it he knew that he had met his fate. That was love at first sight with a vengeance, but unlike some lightning matches this one has proved an unqualified success. Crude and unsympathetic persons might liken the shaft—it is a steel one—to an eel or a piece of chewed

string, but then in other lifelong attachments the choice of some fellow creatures is often a mystery. For its owner at least that driver represents the perfect and enduring romance.

Meanwhile my friend, having got over the parting, may justifiably feel the inward glow produced by a good deed. Each of those clubs will now start afresh and be a source of joy and excitement to its new wielder, who will begin the first chapter of its story with how he got it from kind Mr. So-and-So. It is to be hoped that they will all do their part well in those early rounds on Sunday mornings and on dewy greens, which are, perhaps, all that their possessors will be able to play during the winter. Golf in the competitive sense is for the moment dead, but golf as a game is undying and the occasional friendly round, which is perhaps all for which anyone will have either time or desire, can have no effect that is not good and cheerful. The rough may grow more matted, the bunkers unraked, the greens smaller. Some of those old clubs, setting out on their second career, may find the game more like it was when they were young, and none the worse for that. Good luck to them and their owners.—*By courtesy of "The Times."*

#### MR. PUNCH WATCHES THE GREAT WAR,

1914—1918.

THE BULL-DOG BREED.

*Scene: The English Shore.*

OFFICER: "Now, my lad, do you know what you are placed here for?"

RECRUIT: "To prevent the henemy from landin', Sir."

OFFICER: "And do you think that you could prevent him landing all by yourself?"

RECRUIT: "Don't know, Sir, I'm sure. But I'd have a damn good try."

TIME AND TASTE.

THE PESSIMIST (*morbidity*): "I tell you wot it is. This 'ere war's goin' to last five years."

THE OTHER: "Why not make it fifty and thoroughly enjoy yourself?"

## SHOPPING IN FRANCE.

SUBALTERN : "Donnez-moi, s'il vous plait, du pain, de la beurre et de la fromage, pour la messe."

MADAME : "Pour la messe! Mon Dieu, quelle religion."

## MAKING THE MOST OF IT.

COSTER'S LADY (*pointing to a friend who has just passed*) : "Yes, she's off to the cinema again, and I don't blame her. Make the most of it, I say. Who knows? We may be 'aving peace upon us any moment."

## FAITH IN FORCE.

MISTRESS : "Well, Cook, if you and the other maids are at all nervous of the Zeppelins, you can have your beds removed into the basement."

COOK : "No, thank you, ma'am. We have every confidence in the policeman at the gate."

## AN AWKWARD SITUATION.

YOUNG LADY VISITOR (*at private hospital*) : "Can I see Lieutenant Barker please?"

MATRON : "We do not allow ordinary visiting. May I ask if you are a relative?"

YOUNG LADY (*boldly*) : "Oh, yes! I'm his sister."

MATRON : "Dear me, I'm very glad to meet you. I'm *his mother*."

## TOLD OFF.

PET OF THE PLATOON : "I didn't half tell off our Sergeant just now. I called him a knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, swivel-eyed monkey, and said he ought to go to a night school."

ECSTATIC CHORUS : "And what did he say?"

BILL (*after a pause*) : "Well, as a matter of fac', I don't think he quite heard me."

## FIDO DOES (WITHOUT) HIS BIT.

ANGRY LADY (*on being told that Fido's favourite biscuits are now unobtainable*) : "Nothing but these! Really, this war is getting beyond a joke!"

## CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

MEDICAL OFFICER (*London practitioner in private life, addressing military patient*) : "Would you come to me with such a trivial complaint in private life?"

PRIVATE : "No, Sir, I should send for you."

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Brown is going to retire from business for five years."

"Oh, I've heard him say that before."

"This time the judge said it."

\* \* \* \*

As the ship was about to leave the harbour an old lady was knitting on deck.

"Cast off there," shouted an officer.

"Thank you," said the old lady, tartly, "but I'm quite capable of doing my own knitting."

\* \* \* \*

"How late do you usually sleep on Sunday morning?"

"It all depends."

"Depends on what?"

"The length of the sermon."

\* \* \* \*

Jackson met an old school friend whom he had not seen for a number of years.

"Hallo, old chap," he said, heartily. "I hear you've been engaged for nearly a year. Who is the woman in the case?"

"I don't think you know her," replied Jackson. "She's a Miss Terry."

The other shook his head gravely.

"I understand, old chap," he replied. "I've been married to one for ten years and she's still a mystery."

IRATE HOUSEWIFE : " Aren't you the same man I gave a mince pie to last Christmas."

TRAMP (*bitterly*) : " No, mum, I'm not ; an' wot's more, the doctors say I never will be again."

\* \* \* \*

" Would you advise me to marry a beautiful girl or a sensible girl? "

" I'm afraid you'll never be able to marry either, old man."

" Why not? "

" Well, a beautiful girl could do better and a sensible girl would know better."

\* \* \* \*

At a special service called for the purpose of interceding for rain, a Negro preacher began his sermon by saying : " De lack ob faith among you niggahs is appalling. Heah are we met to ask de Lawd to send us rain, and not one ob you has brought an umbrella to go home with."

\* \* \* \*

Old grandpa Briggs, who had fought in the South African War, was relating a few of his thrilling experiences to his young grandsons.

" Let me see, now," he said thoughtfully, " it must be well over thirty years when a bullet last grazed my head."

One of the youngsters looked up at the old fellow's bald head.

" There isn't much grazing left now, is there, grandpa? " he ventured to remark.

\* \* \* \*

" I say, old man, I'm sorry I called you a rhinoceros yesterday."

" That's all right—you said it in the heat of the moment."

" Yes. I read in the papers to-day that a rhinoceros is worth £500."

\* \* \* \*

The hunter was showing his trophies to an acquaintance. He pointed proudly to the wonderful collection of heads around the wall, tiger skins on the floor.

" Very interesting," muttered the guest, peering at them through his spectacles. " Perhaps you'll drop in some evening and see my butterflies."

\* \* \* \*

" What's the matter, Tommy? " his mother asked.

" I think I've lost sixpence," he said.

" That was silly of you. How did you do that? "

" Well, I wanted a shilling, but I only asked daddy for sixpence, and he gave it to me at once."

\* \* \* \*

" I'm going to publish a volume of my poems under the name of George Smith."

" Well, that wouldn't be quite fair."

" Why not? "

" Just think of the thousands of innocent men who will be suspected."

\* \* \* \*

" No," snapped the old man, as he scanned the restaurant menu. " I won't have any mushrooms, waiter. I was nearly poisoned by them last week."

The waiter leaned confidingly across the table.

" Is that really so, sir? " he said blandly. " Then I've won my bet with the cook."

\* \* \* \*

At the end of an examination the master gathered up all the papers. Among them he discovered one sheet which, instead of being covered with facts and figures bore merely a crude drawing of a tombstone on which was written : " Sacred to the memory which always deserts me on occasions like this."

\* \* \* \*

Late one afternoon an insurance agent secured admittance to the office of a big business man by dint of perseverance.

"You ought to feel flattered, young man," said the business man. "Do you know, I have already refused to see five insurance agents to-day?"

"Yes, I know," replied the agent. "I'm all of them."

\* \* \* \*

From the bedroom of the twin boys came the mingled sounds of loud weeping and hearty laughter, so father went up to investigate.

"What's the matter up here?" he inquired.

The joyous twin indicated his weeping brother.

"Nothing," he chuckled, "only nurse has given Tommy two baths and I haven't had any."

\* \* \* \*

MRS. HARRIS: "Why, you're home early from the Police Court this morning."

MRS. JONES: "Yus, they put me out for applauding when my husband got six months."

\* \* \* \*

LADY: "Well, I'll take a pound of those sausages. Are they British?"

BUTCHER: "Yes, madam. The good old Bulldog Breed."

\* \* \* \*

BOSS: "When you called up my wife and told her I would be detained at the office, and would not be home until very late, what did she say?"

SECRETARY: "She said: 'Can I depend on that?'"

\* \* \* \*

That a certain young man is wise beyond his years was proved when he paused before answering a widow who had asked him to guess her age.

"You must have some idea," she said.

"I have several ideas," said the young man, with a smile. "The only trouble is that I hesitate whether to make you ten years younger on account of your looks, or ten years older on account of your intelligence."

\* \* \* \*

It was a dark and stormy night when the weary husband returned home.

"I've been to every shop in town, and they can't match that bit of ribbon for you anywhere, dear," he said to his wife.

"Splendid!" she cried. "I just wanted to make sure that it really was unique."

\* \* \* \*

The Negro preacher was exhorting his congregation to repent before the Day of Judgment. "Ma bredren," he said, "when yo' hears Gabriel sound his horn yo' wants to be ready to jump."

"Ma goodness!" exclaimed one of the gathering, "am he a-coming in a motor car?"

\* \* \* \*

"Just what good have you done to humanity?" asked the judge before passing sentence on the pickpocket.

"Well," replied the confirmed criminal, "I've kept three or four detectives working regularly."

\* \* \* \*

NURSE (*in mental home*): "There's a man called who wants to know if we've lost any male patients."

RESIDENT DOCTOR: "Why?"

"He says someone has run off with his wife."

\* \* \* \*

TEACHER : " What insect requires the least nourishment ? "

PETER : " The moth—it eats holes ! "

\* \* \* \*

If a woman washes dishes for a pound a week, it's slavery. If she does it for nothing, it's romance.

\* \* \* \*

Corporal Jones had *really* done a good job of work. The sergeant even praised it. But a week of Corporal Jones praising it had well fed " A " Company up to the teeth.

So one morning Corporal Jones received a telegram : " Congratulations, George R.I. " He purred.

Came a second telegram : " The Army is proud of you—Gort. " His chest expanded another inch.

It was a third telegram, three days later, that made him see the light. It read : " For Heaven's sake turn neutral—Hitler. "

\* \* \* \*

The " All Clear " had sounded and people were filing from the air raid shelter.

" Lot of frightened sheep, " scoffed a sceptical young man. " All dashing in there as fast as their legs could carry them. Why I was in bed when the siren went. I shaved, washed, dressed and then strolled down to this shelter. "

" Is that so ? " said the Bright Young Thing. " But aren't your legs cold without your trousers ? "

\* \* \* \*

#### INSCRIPTION ON A MEMORIAL.

Erected in memory of Miss — who was killed by lightning on this spot by her sorrowing sister.

\* \* \* \*

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# Mix your Christmas Puddings with Archangel Stout

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## BRANCHES.

## PORTSMOUTH.

The well-known Portsmouth family of Colonel Sir Arthur Holbrook, K.B.E., V.D., J.P., is again on Active Service. The fighting tradition of the family is being maintained by Sir Arthur's six sons and eight of his grandsons, all of whom are now with the Services. Sir Arthur himself is unable to repeat his action of the Great War when he did service by pretending that he was only 49 instead of 64. His fourth son, Commander Norman D. Holbrook, R.N. (Retd.), is the hero of a great exploit, for which he was awarded the V.C. Commanding the Submarine B. 11, he dived under the five rows of mines in the Dardanelles and torpedoed an enemy battleship.

The Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert* has now been paid off in accordance with the precedent set in the last war, when the officers and crew were transferred to one of the ships of the Grand Fleet; serving in her throughout hostilities. This time, instead of being sent to one ship, they have been distributed among the ships of the fleet.

To-day the navy shoots with cameras as well as guns, and there is in existence a self-contained school of photography—the navy's own Hollywood—where they can do everything from enlarging a "snap" to making a complete sound film of the working of some new weapon. Photographs recording the fall of shot in practice shoots, or in action, so far have formed the most important part of this newest branch of the British navy, but now naval ratings are being trained to work with the fleet air arm, taking "pattern" photos from the sky.

The annual dinner of Ye Olde Georgians of Portsmouth, an organization founded to honour the memory of Lord Nelson at the George Hotel, from which he set out for the Battle of Trafalgar, had to be cancelled this year. The Vice-President (Lieut.-Commander E. Cuff) has been recalled to service in the Royal Navy, many other brethren are also away on service, and as more are on A.R.P. work it was deemed practically impossible to hold this historic function. Since the revival of the old Order, it has been customary to hold annual dinners on or near to Trafalgar Day at the George Hotel, Portsmouth. It is hoped that in brighter days it will again be renewed.

## BRISTOL.

The first call to arms has resulted in the disappearance, only temporary we trust, of many familiar faces from among our everyday confreres and friends. Had any one of us attempted but a few short weeks ago to foretell the world-crashing events of to-day, what a flight of imagination it would have seemed.

Black-outs, petrol rations, fantastic taxation figures, a necessary tightening up of the vital machinery of supply and the limiting of demand, with its dislocation of normal trade, is a severe test for those who but stand and wait; but one hears of few who grumble even when they have lost almost all that makes life worth the living—only a spirit of supreme calm and confidence could preserve those rare qualities in the face of danger and so doubly ensure our capacity to see it through without blinking at the disappointments or boasting over the achievements.

With what seems like half the population in uniform, of one kind or another, the passage of time, amid the evolution of our national desires for a just and right solution of the world's trouble, seems of little consequence. Those vacant places among us, and the all too significant signs around us seem almost to be part of another sphere of existence, though they serve to remind us of the duties and responsibilities which are being faced everywhere so that the normal life of the community may as far as possible be preserved until brighter days dawn for the world.

A few brave spirits among the "Hop Leaf" fraternity in Bristol are even planning a short winter season of skittles, darts and whist matches among their customers as a brief respite from the hazards around them. No serious league matches, however, are being played, all being of the real friendly nature.

With our Surveyor, Mr. A. W. Bold, among the first to answer the call as a member of the Royal Gloucester Hussars (21st Armoured Car Co.) our skittlers lose, for the duration, a very popular chairman, and the league's activities are being suspended for this season. He is now able to give his expert advice to the rapid solving of those constant problems which are of necessity a feature of our tank units, both on the move and at rest. With him is our assistant brewer, Mr. C. M. Ausden, and under the expert guidance of such judges of our national beverage as these two "Hop Leaf" stalwarts, the Royal Gloucester Hussars will have no need for outside assistance when sampling whatever brew may be available.

Others of our staff who are "doing their bit" so nobly are :—

- Messrs. M. Ridler, R.E. (Sales Records Office).  
 J. Uren, R.A.F. (Transport Department).  
 E. James, R.A. (Bottling Department).  
 G. Hodges, Royal Tank Corps (Bottling Department).  
 E. Thornbury, Royal Navy (Bottling Department).  
 L. Cornock, Royal Navy (Fermenting Room).  
 G. Bennett, Royal Navy (Bottling Department).  
 K. Edgecombe, Royal Navy (W. & S. Department).  
 F. Tanner, Auxiliary Fireman (Cellars).

Here's to their safe return to us, when the job is done !

During the past few weeks several transfers of licences have taken place in this area. A list of the various changes is below :—

- The Colston Arms, St. Michael's, Bristol—Mr. R. G. Bennett.  
 The White Hart, Lr. Maudlin Street, Bristol—Mrs. D. B. Seddon.  
 The Bridge Inn, Lr. Ashley Road, Bristol—Mr. W. G. Wedlake (Brentford).  
 The Colston Arms, Lodge Street, Bristol—Mr. W. C. Clark (Brighton).  
 Off Licence, 111 Oxford Street, Bristol—Mrs. L. F. Lukins  
 The Paxton Arms, Easton Road, Bristol—Mr. A. M. Brown.  
 The Hop Pole Inn, Limpley Stoke—Mr. C. G. McCann (Blewbury, Berks).

Personality counts, even in these days, and we look with confidence to each to carry the "Hop Leaf" flag with every credit in their own little "social centre."

#### THE YEARS BETWEEN.

(*"They died that we might have peace!"*)

MIGHT HAVE PEACE—Ah, there's the "rub" !

What great inflexible truth lies buried here? How profound a mystery for millions of every tongue whose memories of "last time," and of the brave hearts they knew, are still fragrant and green. How do they reconcile the sacrifice with the stewardship?

Is it beyond solution?

The question is as yet unanswerable, for civilisation has been waiting in the gloom of all those bitter "years between" for an inspired "evangelist" to lay bare the fundamental truths which lie far below the selfish superficialities of our day and generation.

And now we of Britain and our Allies beyond the seas have set our hands and hearts towards the unravelling of this seeming miracle—to restore those simple but hidden truths. To re-erect national friendships on sincerity, justice and permanent foundations. To see that intolerance, persecution and national deceit are buried deep down below. To ensure that generations yet unborn shall "dwell together in unity." Let there be no MIGHT about this when the next memorials are inscribed! Let us see that mankind does not repeat its omissions, its waverings, its misunderstandings and mistakes when the moving finger of that day begins to write! Let us not again be "found wanting," when its manifestation is upon us.

Let us pray that that "Easter morn" may bring us inspired leaders who will be granted the vision and power to see clearly down the ages of time the evolution of their new order among men. Let RIGHT and not might be its gospel, so that the whole creation, now groaning and travailing together, may arise to praise its truth—a miracle indeed!!

Then, and only then, can it be written that the years between were not barren, and the sacrifices not in vain. Our opportunity is here to redeem ourselves to the gallant souls of every age who have fought for FREEDOM and THE RIGHT.

So with lips firm and eyes steady—even in our "Gethsemane hours," let us not falter on the course that is set before us. In sublime faith and with unassailable courage let us press forward to the dawn.

BY "THE RIGHT"—MARCH!!!

"201141"  
(1914.)

STAINES.

A very enjoyable evening was spent on Saturday, October 21st, the occasion being that of a Social and Dance at the Phoenix Hotel, Staines, attended by some 150 employees of the Company and their friends.

The opening number was a song and dance by Miss P. Rogers; dancing then followed to the music of the Staines Harmonica Band,

conducted by Mr. A. Poulter, this band consisting chiefly of Brewery employees. Next on the programme we heard "The Whistling Waltz," rendered by Mr. S. Smale, followed by "Cinderella Sweetheart," by Mr. A. Johnson. Another spot of dancing by Miss P. Rogers, then Madame Dunbar's girls appeared into the limelight, with some snappy step dancing which caused much applause, after which Madame Dunbar was presented with a bunch of carnations by our worthy secretary. After Miss J. Page had given us another song, dancing was in full progress until the end of the evening.

The following members of the Staff were present during the evening, Mr. W. F. Mercer, Mr. E. Brown, Mr. L. Cowdray, Mr. K. Mackinnon, Messrs. J. & P. Benham and Mr. K. Cleversley.

All arrangements were admirably carried out by Miss H. Brooks and Mr. A. Johnson (secretary).

We would like to convey our thanks to Host Musgrave on the quality of our beers served during the evening.

The proceeds of this entertainment were duly handed over to the British Red Cross.

