

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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MR. F. J. GILBERT.

EDITORIAL.

MR. F. J. GILBERT.

As our frontispiece this month we publish the portrait of Mr. F. J. Gilbert, the Manager of our Portsmouth Branch.

Mr. Gilbert joined the Firm in October, 1879, as a junior clerk at our Oxford Branch, where he served with distinction until the year 1891. In the Summer of that year he was recalled from a holiday in North Wales by the late Mr. J. M. Dormor, who was then Manager at Oxford Branch, to accompany him to the Brewery for the purpose of an introduction to the Directors and to fill a position in the Branch and Audit Department under the late Mr. J. W. Lindars, who was then head of the Department. For seven years Mr. Gilbert remained at Reading; he was then appointed to the important position of Manager of our Gibraltar Branch, where he gathered around him a large circle of friends. In 1904 Mr. Gilbert was transferred to the Management of Portsmouth Branch, where by dint of sheer hard work and in the face of keen competition he has upheld and maintained the high business principles of the Firm.

Mr. Gilbert is a man of fine presence and his habitual courtliness, combined with good fellowship, have made him a popular figure in the district under his supervision, which includes Portsmouth, Southsea, Southampton, Bournemouth, Winchester, Weymouth, the Isle of Wight, as well as Jersey, Guernsey and Alderney. With so wide an area under his control, it can be readily understood that the social side of Mr. Gilbert's life has largely been found amongst the Naval, Military and business customers of the Firm. For many years his sole recreation was cycling and on one machine alone, an old green enamelled bicycle, Mr. Gilbert covered some 100,000 miles. Long before the advent of pneumatic tyres he rode the old "bone-shakers," "penny-farthings" and cushion-tyred cycles. Only recently has he taken to the use of a motor car for business purposes. In earlier days, whilst at Oxford, Mr. Gilbert took a great interest in sports of all kinds. He was a member of the Falcon Rowing Club for many years and was a powerful oarsman.

The appearance of Mr. F. J. Gilbert's portrait as our frontispiece coincides with the receipt of news of the marriage of his daughter, Miss Muriel Gilbert, to Mr. Stanley France on the 21st April.

Our hearty congratulations to Mr. Gilbert and the principal parties concerned in the event.

HERE LIES.

*The Body
of*

Benjamin Franklin, Printer

(Like the cover of an old book,

Its contents torn out,

And stripped of its lettering and gilding)

Lies here food for worms.

Yet the work itself shall not be lost,

For it will (as he believes) appear once more

In a new and more beautiful Edition

Corrected and Amended

By

The Author.

—Epitaph written by Benjamin Franklin.

TACT, PUSH AND PRINCIPLE.

True character in man or woman may be defined by three words: Tact, Push, Principle. It is essential in everyday life to use Tact in all one's dealings. The vicar in his parish, the solicitor in dealing with and advising his clients, and the business man or woman are bound to use Tact if they are to be successful. We must all Push honestly, whether in a profession or business. But Push must be coupled with Tact. The last word, Principle, is everything if we wish to gain the respect of mankind. And the combination of the three words is bound to gain the respect of all those with whom we may come in contact.

AS LIFE GOES BY.

What seems to grow fairer to us as life goes by is the love and grace and tenderness of it; not its wits and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge (grand as knowledge is), but just the laughter of little children and the friendship of friends; the cosy talk by the fireside; the light of flowers and the sound of music.

THE HUMAN TOUCH.

He was an old-age pensioner and after drawing his weekly ten-shilling note he called at one of H. & G. Simonds' houses and asked for "a pint of the best." He was promptly served, but when he felt in his pocket for the money, it was not there—he had lost the note! Naturally the poor old fellow was very agitated, but his trouble was not of long duration for no sooner had someone suggested a "whip round" than everybody was eager to give and the old-age pensioner recovered his ten shillings and a little bit besides. It was just typical of the good fellowship to be found in an inn.

BOTH WERE SPARED.

A western farmer was astonished to receive the following letter from his son at College :—

"Dear Father :—I am in a deuce of a hole ; kindly send me \$100, and oblige. Your loving son—PAT."

"P.S.—After writing this letter, I was so stricken with remorse that I ran after the postman and tried to get it back. I can only pray that it will not reach you."

But who could be more astonished than the son to receive this reply :—

"Dear Son :—Your prayers are answered. The letter did not reach me.—DAD."

"G.K.C." ON HATEFUL THINGS.

Hateful things have to exist in order to be hated ; they have to grow big in order to be universally hated, writes Mr. G. K. Chesterton in *G.K.'s Weekly*. But above all they have to succeed, in order to be hated by all who have loved them. Bolshevism is done for, not because the world is sick of it, but because the Bolsheviks are sick of it. For it never was anything but a gigantic fad ; and these fevers are never infectious after they have come out in spots. They generally do come out in spots, in the special sense of localities ; and by a local triumph they lose the world. The same can be seen in other large modern fads ; for instance, Prohibition.

NEVER AGAIN.

Prohibition will never again be the perfect and cleansing thing that it was before it existed. No Puritan will ever be able to believe in all simplicity that Prohibition is purification. There will always rise up roaring the gargantuan joke of Chicago ; a whole great city in a state of civil war between two millionaire organizations, armed to the teeth and fighting and killing in the streets, to decide which should have the monopoly of selling drink to that teetotal town. The sincere friends of sobriety and decency will grow colder and colder about the scheme. The only people left who enthusiastically support the law are those who break the law. Prohibition may be more and more supported by bootleggers. But Prohibition will be less and less supported by Prohibitionists.

A LANDLORD'S INVITATION.

An inn on the outskirts of Ipswich has the following quaint lines hung on the tap-room wall :—

Here's to Pa ! Nds Pen Das !
Oc., I.A., " L'Houri, NHAR."
" M. les Smirt' Ha ! N.D.F.,
Unle ; T.fr. Iends HIP.R.,
Eign, Beju., Stand ! Kin Dan
" Devil's Peak " OFNO !—NE.

Casual visitors are seldom able to make head or tail of the invitation. Many venture the opinion that the d—d stuff is Welsh. To the initiated, however, it is quite good English, as follows :—

Here stop and spend a social hour,
In harmless mirth and fun ;
Let friendship reign, be just and kind,
And evil speak of none.

WREN'S PECULIAR NESTING SITE.

Wrens build in strange places, but the strangest site on which the writer has ever known this little bird build is situated on Mr. Benyon's estate, at Englefield. The head keeper some time ago shot a sparrow hawk and with other " vermin " hung the hawk's body on some wire. It is in the skeleton that the wren has made her home ! You will often find a pheasant's nest in the most unlikely-looking place. A couple of underkeepers were once sent out to gather pheasants' eggs. They returned with very few. " Where have you been ? " asked the head keeper. " To all the likely-looking places," came the reply. " Then go and look in the unlikely-looking places," they were told. They did and found a great number of eggs.

ONLY A RUMOUR.

One of our Special Correspondents interviewed Mr. Jefferies, of the Canvas Department, concerning the rumour that the commodious canvas flat was going to be utilised as a hard court for tennis. Mr. Jefferies, smiling sardonically, said, " This is the first I have heard about it." Our representative saw he was " courting " displeasure and realising he would render the GAZETTE better " service " by letting the matter drop, quietly withdrew. It was all the " fault " of those who started the rumour which was a " base line " to take.

MR. ERIC SIMONDS.

We were all more than pleased to see Mr. Eric Simonds, our esteemed Managing Director, back at the offices again after his severe attack of influenza. He is much better.

THE REAPER: DEATH.

It is with great regret we record the death of Mr. George Powney, which occurred on Monday, April 23rd, at the age of 64. He had been with the Firm for upwards of thirty years. He was engaged in the Hop Loft and previously in the Cellars. Before coming to H. & G. Simonds he served with the Royal Horse Guards.

The funeral took place on Friday, April 27th, and a number of his colleagues attended the sad ceremony, also sending some beautiful floral tributes.

We also have to record the death of Mr. Walter George Hewins who became our tenant of the Roebuck, Binfield, in June, 1926, and quickly made himself popular with the customers of the house and others.

Before entering the licensed trade he was four years Stud Groom at the Garth Hunt, Bracknell, and previously with the Cotswold Hunt, Cheltenham, and Quorn Hunt, Barrow-on-Soar.

He was laid to rest on Monday, April 30th, 1928.

We very much regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Alfred John King, tenant of the Station Hotel, Twyford, who unfortunately suffered the loss of his wife in February last. Mr. King was formerly in the City Police Force, London, and he became tenant of the Castle Inn, Hurst, in October, 1901. During his stay at the house, he and Mrs. King were always most obliging, visitors were welcome, and good fare provided. He took great interest in the Bowling Green and surroundings, which were kept up well, and he was an excellent Bowler himself. During his stay many Bowlers visited the house from all parts, among them the late Dr. W. G. Grace. Mr. King on leaving the "Castle" took a Poultry Farm at Hurst, but as this was not quite to his liking, he applied for and was accepted as tenant of the Station Hotel, Twyford, in 1922, when he became very popular and managed the business in a way very satisfactory to all.

H. & G. SIMONDS' LORRY TO THE RESCUE.

One of our two-ton lorries rendered yeoman service in dealing with the fire at the residence of Mr. Francis Bate, Bucklebury. A fire engine jibbed at a steep hill just beyond Bradfield College. Mr. B. Hiscock, the driver of our lorry, was prompt to render help, and towed the fire engine to the scene of the conflagration. H. & G. Simonds' lorry was cheered along the route and particularly so on arrival at the fire, when there were loud calls of "More S.B.!" The driver only wished he could have supplied the demand that there was for this famous form of refreshment.

MR. WILLIAMS, M.P., SAVES TWOPENCE.

An amusing experience arising out of the petrol tax was told by Mr. H. G. Williams, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, at a Westminster meeting.

"I stopped at a garage in Putney," he said, "and asked to have my tank filled with National Benzole, two-thirds of which is petrol and one-third benzol, which is produced from coal in this country.

"When I asked the price the man at the pump told me it had gone up 4½d. a gallon. I said 'But a third of this is benzol, which is not taxed.'

"He said he knew nothing about that, and called the manager, who also expressed some doubt about it. I said, 'But I am a member of the Government, and I know.'

"The manager said, 'Oh! then it will be a penny less, sir.' I thought I might as well take as much advantage as I could get from being a member of the Government. Anyway, I saved twopence."

AN ANACHRONISM.

The discussion in the House of Lords about the prohibition of the importation of the feathers of certain rare birds, brought the comment from Lord Peel that feathers did not play an important part in the trimming of most women's hats at the present time. If women were not so wicked as to wear these plumes the importation would soon cease. The best—or shall we say the worst?—definition of the word anachronism, is to see a woman, with her hat "adorned" with the beautiful feathers of a rare bird, attending a meeting for the prevention of cruelty to animals (including birds of course).

A NATURE NOTE.

Will-o-wit pee-weet! All day long my friend and I heard the anxious call of the pee-wit—Will-o-wit pee-weet—as we searched the meadows, fallow fields, etc., for their nests. From early morning till the shades of night were falling fast we were at it, and we worked systematically. Keeping about six yards apart we struck a straight line across a field affected by these birds, and to and fro we went, to and fro, until we had scrutinised practically every yard of ground. In this way we found over a hundred nests. One had the full clutch of four eggs, a good number had three, many two or one, and many more none at all. Some of the nests were merely crude cups in the soil, others were very scantily lined, while several were quite respectable homes with a good quantity of straw and dried grass so arranged as to form a decent cradle. In a stony field where there was not much ordinary building material, we found a nest composed entirely of small stones.

NESTS OF THE MALE BIRDS.

Before "doing" some of the fields, from a distance we watched the pee-wits through our field glasses and marked the spots where a number were evidently sitting on, or very close to, their nests. In several instances it was the male bird who was in charge of the nest, and before now we have seen them building, perhaps with a view to enticing a lady to the home later on.

The wind was rather cold and we found that the strain on our eyes of searching so closely was considerable.

"AS MAD AS MARCH HARES."

We saw much more than pee-wits' nests, and one incident made us laugh right heartily. We should not be short of good boxers, for here were two hares engaged in a very lively bout and displaying the greatest speed and skill. They were on their hind legs for quite a long time, sparring vigorously, then they suddenly stopped. As suddenly they sprang up again, as though forced into the air by an explosion, and ran for many yards on their hind legs, boxing all the while. They were indeed as "mad as March hares."

WONDERFUL AERIAL EVOLUTIONS.

By the way, though bird-nesters both, we never take any eggs and certainly did not on this occasion. We were amazed at the aerial evolutions of the pee-wits. The stunts they did will never be equalled at Hendon. They ascended and descended, twisted and turned, as no other bird ever can do. Gaining a

considerable height they would descend at a tremendous speed to within a few inches of the ground and just as it seemed certain that they would be dashed to pieces they would, with the greatest grace and ease, swing round, ascend and describe another maze of twists and turns.

Will-o-wit, pee-weet!

C.H.P.



"And so thou art leavin' us I hear; whatever we shall do I don't know."

"You'll soon get a far better man Mrs. Briggs."

"Deed sir, an' I doubt it; we have had five curates in my time an' each one has been worse than the last."

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

THE FIRST BREAK.

The first break in the year's daily routine was awaited by all with anticipation mingled with trepidation. The weather (that subject which always gives us something to talk about) has for years past given us of its best at Easter and we hoped that it would again live up to its reputation and how fully were our hopes realised! During the week previous to this holiday, our spirits were buoyed up and then cast down and buoyed up again with the various newspaper forecasts. Finally, I think, the general portent was that the weather would be changeable and we were to be prepared with macintoshes and umbrellas if it was our intention to journey any distance from home. But one could almost say "put not your trust in newspaper forecasts," for from the Good Friday until the Bank Holiday evening an exceptional spell of good weather was enjoyed. The sun shone gloriously with a warmth that was good to feel and the accompanying winds were light and pleasant. Indeed, it was good to be alive and in England.

Judging from the reports in the press, one and all took advantage of the opportunity thus provided to get out and enjoy the fresh air. Seaside resorts boasted of record crowds, while football matches, race meetings, etc., were patronised by thousands. For those who are the lucky possessors of cars, cycle combinations, or even bicycles, it was an ideal day for a picnic in the country.

But holidays pass all too quickly, and Tuesday morning found us wending our way to the office once again. Perhaps we did not feel as refreshed as we should have done, for our unusual exertions of the day before tired us but, at any rate, we had breathed in a much larger quantity of fresh air than usual which would stand us in good stead for a while.

And how many of us were really appreciative of the good fortune that was ours on this, the first general holiday of the year, when rich and poor alike were afforded the opportunity of making a break in the general round of daily life?

Indeed, we have much for which to be thankful!

M.P.

THE PANIC OF LIFE.

A THOUGHT FOR BUSINESS MEN.

The Rev. Thomas Phillips, writing recently in a Parish Magazine, strove to show that to the writer of the twenty-third Psalm life was a green pasture by the side of still waters as he lived in an age when life was unhurried and peaceful, and the chief occupation of the peasant was the tending of sheep, but had he lived in this

age of industrialism, how would he have rendered that pastoral poem in the London tongue of to-day? The writer endeavoured to substitute the word "shepherd" by "tram conductor," "engineer," "doctor," "nurse," "merchant," "commissionaire," but finally settled on "banker," and he then re-wrote the well-known psalm to the following beautiful rendering:—

"The Lord is my Banker, therefore I shall not become bankrupt. He maketh me to lie down in security. He leadeth me by the still waters of tranquillity. He restoreth my credit. He maketh my business clean and my transactions square, for His Name's sake. I will fear no panic for Thou art with me. Thy guidance and care shall carry me through. Thou preparest a sufficiency of Trade for me in the presence of my rivals and competitors. Thou givest me gaiety and resiliency and my cup of gladness runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall do business in the name of the Lord for ever."

This may sound like sacrilege, but if, like Oliver Cromwell, one takes the golden image out of the sanctuary, it is only to mint it and circulate it on the Master's business.

No healthy virile man likes either to be, or to be thought "pi," but it is evident that all our troubles arise from fear and worry—fear of the future, of possible failure or want for ourselves or our loved ones, and this ensues from separating our secular from our religious life. Eternal life is the life here and now, the life of the business and the home, of work and the workshop; it is the selling of goods and the scrubbing of floors, mending clothes and typing letters, and the modern epidemic of worry will never be exterminated until we learn to make religion coterminous with all the activities of life.

No man's business or job is ideal, it has to be made ideal by the worker himself. The so-called inequality of our social system is no cause for worry, but rather a challenge to make us draw more heavily on the resources of God—Good. The loving All-Good Who made us to get a living won't let us down, He is faithful, reliable, trustworthy, and His Bank is always solvent. He does not promise us a perfect business, but only a perfect Bank. The business may be imperfect but the Capital of His Bank is always behind it. We may sum up this little treatise with a verse which is all TRUTH:—

"If you want to be rich—GIVE.
If you want to be poor—GRASP.
If you want abundance—SCATTER.
If you want to be needy—HOARD."

E.M.D.F.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

The GAZETTES came along nicely to time and we all had a treat when they did arrive.

What a disappointment for so many humorists (alleged and otherwise) that April 1st fell on a Sunday this year.

I would like to point out Mr. Editor that the article from "E.M.D.F." (whom we all know so well at the Brewery) should have come under the heading of Ladies Page. I also note that "E.M.D.F." writes of the "oil of gladness" (as mentioned in early days) as probably being laughter, with which sentiment I am in agreement, for I'm afraid "oils of gladness" (Hopleaf Brands) were not brewed in those far off times.

Easter time gives us all the pleasant feeling that the year is really starting. The General Office Staff in particular are much busier and also they are on overtime for the quarterly balancing. Having so often experienced that "Balanced-to-a-ha'penny-feeling" their labours were this time soon over, so that they are the more able to look forward with pleasant hopes to a nice Summer to recompense them for their "Something attempted, something done" efforts.

What a hardy race we are! Although the weather has been very cold and bitter, men wearing apparently thin jackets, in addition to the usual attire, have been "doing" Reading and district since just before the end of March on tricycles selling ice-cream. They must be super-optimists.

Hope springs eternal in the youthful breast, but what of the hope that lurks in the breast of a Launch Proprietor—who may not be very youthful—at Eastertime. He scans the weather forecasts and the skies hoping for the best. Fortunately, this Easter was fine and warm, so that the boats at Reading were fairly well patronised. Both our Launch Proprietors carry Hopleaf Brands on their boats during the season.

Holidays have started. Unfortunately for those on pleasure bent, the weather seems to be "straight off the ice." When first I started holidays at the Brewery I had the last fortnight in March and with an office colleague went to Cliftonville. It *was* cold, in fact we weren't warm all the time we were there. We used to walk along the front at night and not meet a soul. Yet on our return to the Brewery we were greeted with "You do look well!" Still a seaside resort early in the year is a barren sort of place. Now that the holiday season is approaching, should any of our

many readers wish to stay at Ryde I can give them the address of an excellent Boarding House. Any enquiries I will answer if addressed "W.D., c/o THE EDITOR."

A friend brought me a few books to read during a recent illness of mine with the following titles:—

"Melody of Death."—How cheerful, but quite an exciting book, by Edgar Wallace. (A few Barrel Organs played outside the house).

"Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow."—Quite appropriate.

"Short Cruises."—This applied to the length of illness, only it was a longer cruise than I wished for.

We had quite a good Easter as regards trade, with busy days. This is as it should be.

I was pleased one at least came along with some Wireless Notes, viz., Portsmouth Branch, and it is to be hoped this item will be continued. Not a day goes past but what you hear someone talking about the Wireless in the Train, Bus or Tram or whatever other mode of locomotion you are able to afford.

A friend of mine had a letter from America the other day and the lady writing stated how nice it was to switch on the Radio. Maybe in time we shall have it laid on like water, gas and electric light, but it might be awkward, when television becomes an accomplished fact, if your image was flashed over when you happened to be in your bath. Perhaps D.O.R.A. would put a stop to this.

Teetotal advertisements of the horrors of Alcohol just now appearing in Reading are all very well, but why don't they state that Intoxicating Drink is what they are up against. I have read very carefully through the latest advertisement issued by the Teetotal Party in Reading, yet it is all ALCOHOL. Who drinks it and where can you obtain a glass of it? The obvious inference after reading their advertisement is that a glass of beer is a glass of alcohol, which is by no means the case. I'm sure when I stand a round of drinks—not too often—I'm never lucky enough to find a few who require no liquid sustenance because they are Teetotalers.

The Football Season is rapidly drawing to a close and the raucous shout of "GOAL" will soon be replaced by the murmur in dulcet tones of "HOW'S THAT?" Both are fine games and we have room for both.

The Reading Football Club seem safe for another season of 2nd Division Football, but our friend the relegation bogey has been with us most of the time. Considering, however, the paucity of players the Reading Football Club have had all the season through for two Leagues—twenty-four is the highest number of Professionals, this including the Assistant Trainer who has played quite well—the players have done very well. The forwards have not developed enough scoring power, so it is to be hoped that this state of affairs will be remedied next season. First-class forwards are needed and will have to be obtained if Reading are to avoid relegation. Swansea are doing better. Portsmouth have been playing wonderful football. Plymouth Argyle will not finish second, apparently, for a change.

Mr. A. H. Hopkins, Secretary "H. & G. Simonds Savings Association," informs me there will be just about the same number of Certificates subscribed for as in the last "Cycle." There is still room for new members if they come along quickly.

W.D.

DRINK AND LONG LIFE.

A FAMILY RECORD AND A METHUSELAH VILLAGE.

A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* gives this account of his relatives which he thinks may interest Sir Thomas Barlow and other total abstainers:—"My grandfather was 86 when he died, my father was 84, and my eldest brother died at 83. I have a sister living who is 81, a brother (Vicar of Minsterly) who is 79, and I shall be 77 on the 18th of this month—none of us a 'total abstainer,' and all three living exceedingly active lives.

"I am in my sixtieth year of membership of my Territorial regiment, I am in my fifty-fifth year as a Freemason, and am a member of ten lodges (which I very frequently attend). I have been a 'Freeman of the city' for fifty-three years, and I put in fifty-three years' continuous service in H.M. Civil Service. This could never have been done on 'total abstention'—I feel sure."

The *Sunday Times* describes "the village of Methuselah"—Fewcot in Oxfordshire, where the average burial age is 80. The Vicar says:—"A fairly well-drained soil, stone brash on limestone, simple food, with now and again a pint of sound ale, and not much overwork for either body or mind; so why in nature should we not live long lives?"

JUST AN EPISODE.

No one likes being laid aside through illness. Yet this undesired state of affairs comes to one and all in due course. Illness is one of those trials that besets humanity at times of life, much against one's wish, and however soothing—when wracked with pain—it may seem to be in bed at the beginning, this feeling soon wears off after a day or so. §

I have been through an illness recently and do not wish it repeated. Having "stuck it" for a good while, I was beaten in the end and had to take to my downy bed—one feather slept on in turns—and what with pain and "breeze up," the doctor was quickly called in. After his examination, which was thorough, and saying 99 backwards, he delivered his verdict thus: "Stop in bed for at least a week, you haven't got pleurisy. I will send some medicine." Oh, yes, how nice! Just at the moment, feeling pretty seedy, the true significance of it all doesn't really sink in. You ruminate, having plenty of time to do it. Well, after all, a week isn't very long and it might have been worse.

You realise, glancing at the windows, it is ever such a nice day and, being a Saturday, Reading are playing an important match at home. The sun is shining and as the buses rattle past you notice all the top decks seem full-up with jolly and happy people. However, there is the fleeting thought that they are not all likely to be working out-of-doors in the sunshine and with twinges of pain and a drowsy feeling you forget all about it before long.

For several days you feel rotten. Medicine is taken at regular intervals, your diet is light and bread and milk disposed of, ugh!—visions of childhood days, but it wasn't "Grade A" then. Still there comes a time when the pain seems to be departing and your usual appetite puts in an overdue appearance, so that you can look a square meal in the face once again. You feel the urge to get up, but the doctor has different ideas and with "Yes, you are on the mend, you don't look so white and *interesting* as you did, but you must still stop in bed," he departs.

Eventually the time does come when you can get up. It is surprising to find your legs seem to have become very weak and although perhaps you sit by a fire for a few hours, really you are glad to get back to bed. Then for a day you go very steady, strength is gradually returning and life seems brighter. You console yourself with the thought that it won't be long before you return to work. This is the worst part of it for the doctor says "No you musn't go back yet for you've had a narrow squeak, take care."

Illness in my case had its compensations for many written messages of sympathy and good cheer came along from many friends at the Brewery, and official intimation not to return before being really fit and well. A new issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE came to hand and my cure was eventually completed. Then back to work once more, greetings and handshakes from so many friends. Such popularity makes you wonder if you will have to wear bigger hats in future.

This has been my recent experience for a week or so and yet only a few months ago I wrote that illness amongst the Brewery staff had been rare. I'm touching wood in future.

W.D.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me. This loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling towards the west. This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock; but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day.

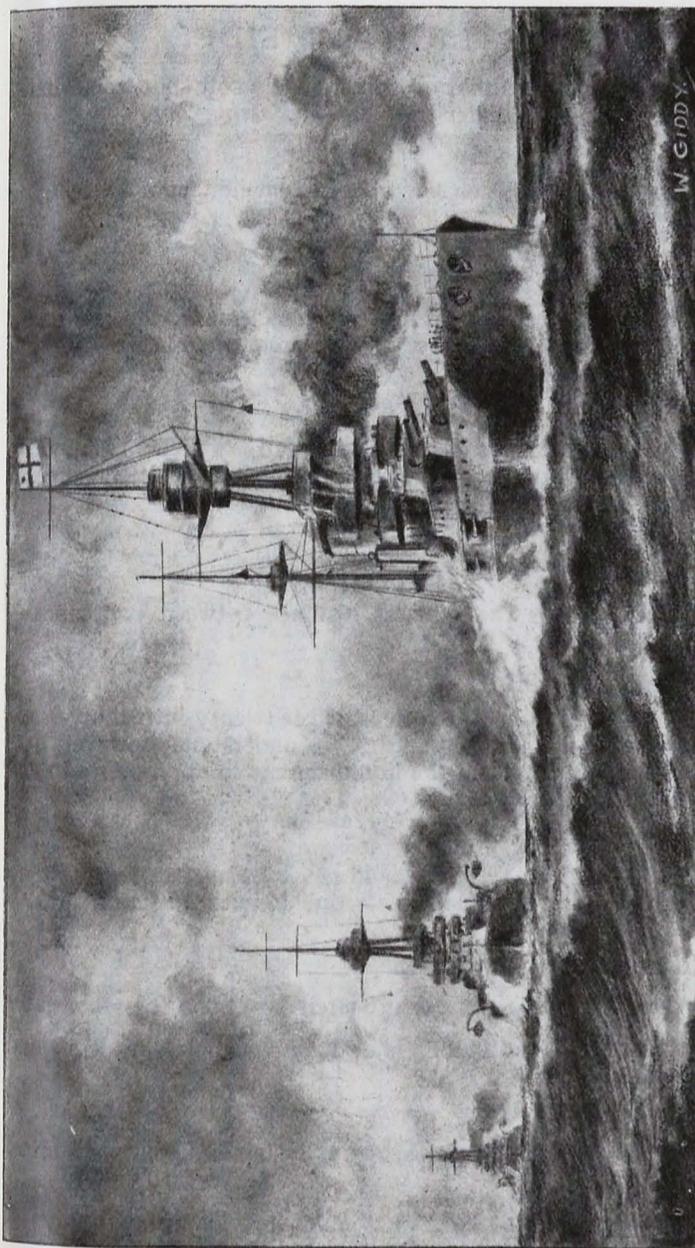
He loved the beautiful, and was with colour, form and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, the poor, the wronged and lovingly gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

He was a worshipper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. He added to the sum of human joy; and were everyone to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word, but in the night of death, hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, I am better now. Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

—Robert G. Ingersoll at his brother's grave.



"ENGLAND'S GLORY."
Another of Mr. W. Giddy's excellent sketches.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Lady Astor asserts that everybody has a soft spot somewhere. A lot of them keep it under their hats.—*Passing Show.*

* * * *

"Can any boy tell me how many elements there are?"

"I can, miss—there's two, beer and tea."

"Whatever made you say that?"

"Well, father always says he's in his element when he has a bottle of beer, and mother says the same when she's drinking tea."—*Passing Show.*

* * * *

The drink traffic in America is dead, says Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson. What worries America isn't the death, it's the funeral expenses.—*Everybody's Weekly.*

* * * *

Hic! Hic!

A zigzag line is the shortest distance between two pints.—*Everybody's Weekly.*

* * * *

There is to be a dinner to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Metropolitan Water Board. We understand, however, that toasts will not be drunk in the liquid that is so appropriate to the occasion.—*London Opinion.*

* * * *

Dogs, a scientist tells us, would never go mad so long as they got plenty of drink. Much the same applies to some men.—*Everybody's Weekly.*

* * * *

BOOTLEGGER: How was that Scotch I sold you the other day?

CUSTOMER: Wonderful! The chauffeur took one drink and eloped with my wife.

* * * *

The man who had been held up by bandits was very bitter about it.

"For a moment," he said, "my heart leaped with joy. I thought they said: 'Your money or your wife.'"

"In spite of Prohibition's failure, we must give it another chance," states an American. If at thirst you don't succeed, try dry again.

* * * *

"Do make yourselves at home, ladies," remarked the hostess affably. "I am at home myself and wish you all were!"

* * * *

Bates was out for a walk and met a man wearing a monocle.

BATES: "Why do you wear that little window?"

MAN: "Because I have a weak eye."

BATES: "Well, in that case why don't you wear a glass hat?"

* * * *

A doctor had a late night call and was just preparing to start out when the telephone bell rang, and a man's voice asked him to call at once. "I really must apologise for bringing you out on a night like this," he said.

"Oh, don't worry," said the doctor. "As a matter of fact, I have just had a call from another patient in your road, so I shall be able to kill two birds with one stone."

* * * *

Having closed the place for the night, an hotel proprietor noticed his latest bar assistant standing near the till with one hand suspiciously clenched. "What have you got in your hand?" he asked. "Only my fare home," was the reply. "Open your hand," demanded the proprietor, and then, "Good heavens! Where do you live—Australia?"

* * * *

WOMAN SHOPPER (to Assistant): "I say, young man, there's a ladder in these stockings."

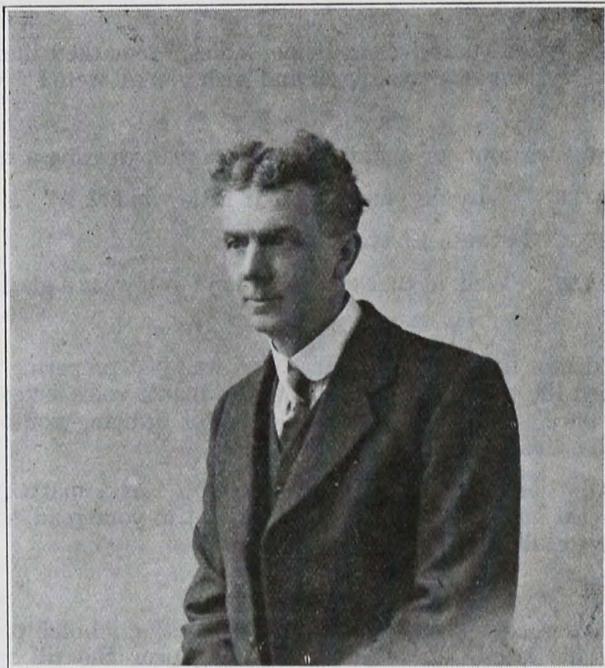
EXASPERATED ASSISTANT: "Well, what do you expect for 2s. 11d. A marble staircase?"

* * * *

A youth was applying for a post as a bookkeeper. "Of course," said the manager, "you understand double entry?" "Oh, yes, sir," replied the youth. "In my last place they had triple entry—one set of books for the boss, a second for the shareholders, and a third for the income tax people."

THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

No. 6.



MR. GEORGE HENRY KING.

(BY C.H.P.)

It is with the greatest pleasure that for my thumbnail sketch this month I give the record of Mr. George Henry King, the indefatigable steward of H. & G. Simonds Social Club.

At the early age of 14, Mr. King went to live at the Turkish Baths, Greyfriars Road, Reading, where he was Cooling Room boy for 2 years. Then he went as Page Boy at the Wellington Club, Reading. He only remained there a short time, and afterwards was engaged in private service. Going to Tidmarsh Manor in 1890, as Page, he remained there for 2 years; his next post being with the vicar at Caversham, the Rev. A. E. Molyneux, with whom he stayed 18 months. Footman-under-Butler at Wothayes, Highcliffe, Bournemouth, was his next post and it was here he made the acquaintance of his wife, she being there as housemaid.

After serving as Footman-under-Butler at Godmersham Park, Canterbury, for 2½ years, Mr. King returned to Reading where he did Waiting at different places for a short time. When the Berkshire County Club was opened he went there as head waiter and did the valeting for the gentlemen staying at the Club. While there, five High Sheriffs and their Chaplains stayed at the Club during Assizes. It was here Mr. King found his private service came in extremely useful and he was frequently highly complimented for the able service he rendered the different county gentlemen. Mr. King worked at this Club for over 8 years and then went to the Great Western Hotel as head waiter. He was in charge of the catering taking place away from the Hotel and had several dinners and banquets to attend at the Town Hall. The largest number of which he had charge was 250 when the great Agricultural Show was held in Reading and Mr. G. W. Palmer was President. The following day he was asked for at the Hotel and thanked for the successful way everything was carried out. On leaving the Hotel, he went as Steward at the Curzon Club where he spent some very pleasant times and with his good wife was responsible for some excellent rabbit and leg of mutton suppers which were greatly appreciated by the members. Venner and Breadmore were the Brewery draymen delivering at the Curzon then and they were among the invited guests.

Mr. King was at the Curzon 6 years and on leaving he and his wife were presented with an illuminated address, clock and cheque.

He was Manager at the Angel, Broad Street, when during the Great War he joined up in the R.M.E's. He was sent to the yacht *La Belle Sauvage* where he acted as waiter and attended to the Officers sleeping aboard. He remained on the yacht till the war was over. His wife carried on his work at the Angel during his absence.

Mr. King has been steward of H. & G.'s Social Club ever since it was opened. Both he and his good wife have always done their very best for all and their unfailing courtesy and efficient service have been very highly appreciated by all the members.

When a boy, Mr. King was in the choir at St. Peter's, Caversham, and used to take the *Morning Post* and *The Times* every morning to Mr. Henry John Simonds at the Rectory.

SOME MEMORIES OF A MODERN CRUSADE.

In transit to "JERUSALEM via JAFFA": how often one sees this on the shipping papers sent round to various departments on the Brewery by the Branch Office and perhaps the writer, with many others, will be pardoned if for a short while the memory harks back to those days, some years ago now, when the very thought of the Brewery had to be drowned in a gulp at the water bottle, and "S.B." with other brands of the "Hop Leaf" was only a dream, nay sometimes a nightmare. Those days and nights on the desert when the very mention of beer would raise such a howl of protest that pariah dogs, transport mules and orderly sergeant-majors were hushed into silence. Now in some well remembered spot in Palestine it is good to know that English ale goes gurgling down some thirsty throat and that on the bottle is the brand of the "Hop Leaf." Well it is an old and true saying, "Trade follows the Flag," and we know of no more welcome trade that could follow the Flag than a good drink of ale in such a thirsty place as Palestine.

Although at the time very few who took part in the campaign in Palestine gave much thought to the romantic side of the drama which was played to a finish out there, yet after reflections and reading we know that on those hills and plains was fought out what was perhaps an age-old destiny for every Britisher, for it was carried through exclusively by troops of the British Empire, over a country which is steeped in historical memories for the Britisher, the memories and romance of the old Crusades.

We can all without exception remember with what relish in our schoolboy days we devoured the tales of the Crusades and what names it brings back even now; who has forgotten the reading of Sir Walter Scott's novel "The Talisman," and the wonderful descriptions of the fights for the Holy City by Richard Cœur de Lion, the English King who almost lost his Kingdom for a vow to deliver Jerusalem from the infidel, and we can well be proud that centuries later that vow was kept by Englishmen to the very letter.

The more one thinks and reads of what is now known as the "Last Crusade," the more you are struck by the romance of it all; prophecies that for untold years had been handed down amongst the Arabs were fulfilled.

The Arabs have a prophecy that only by one who was "The Prophet of God" would the Holy City ever be freed from the domination of the Turk. When Sir Edmund Allenby was chosen

as Commander-in-Chief, the very name struck deep into the superstitions of the native for the Arabic translation of the name is "Alla Nebi," which means the "Prophet of God," and spelt backwards, "Ibn Allah," is the "Son of God"; this in itself was sufficient to send a feeling of awe throughout the native world which was intensified when the second prophecy was also fulfilled.

Another old saying handed down amongst the Arabs is that not until the waters of the Nile should flow into Palestine would the country be freed from Turkish rule. This was, on the face of it, a natural impossibility, but British Sappers proved it was not so, they ran a pipe line clean across the desert from the Suez Canal to El Arish in Palestine (this was extended later right into the country) and were soon pumping Nile Water into Palestine at the rate of 600,000 gallons every day, and so another prophecy was fulfilled.

The wonderful feats of the Royal Engineers and the way in which the natural obstacles of the country were overcome make a wonderful history in itself, but just a mention of a few of them may be of interest. After the unsuccessful attempt by the Turks on the Suez Canal in 1915 they withdrew their main forces across the Syrian desert to El Arish on the Palestine border and left as a natural defence between them and the British forces a waterless desert, 125 miles in depth, and secure in the thought that no large body of European troops could cross it, but they reckoned not of the Engineers.

In a few months El Kantara was transformed from a small fishing village consisting of a few mud huts on the bank of the Canal to a flourishing sea-port, the terminus of a railway, complete with repair shops and the base of supply from which the troops operating could be supplied, and by August, 1916, the railway was laid to Romani, 25 miles out into the desert. This railroad was continued as operations were completed, until at the finish of the campaign it was linked up with the Bagdad railway, so after all it was the British and not the Germans who helped complete the great project of the Kaiser's, the Bagdad railway.

Now came the task of marching infantry over a desert of shifting sands; this was got over by laying down and pegging on the sand, four strands of ordinary wire netting and on this strange road-bed marched the infantry, once again showing that the British Tommy could attempt and achieve the impossible with nothing much in the way of materials but wire netting and wooden pegs.

The next great problem was how to march three cavalry divisions across this waterless tract, complete with artillery and

transport ; all of the march had to be done on heavy sand, and when one considers the weight which is carried by the average cavalry mount, apart from the lack of water, this seems another case of the impossible, but by following the pipe line and taking advantage of the small quantities of water which can be obtained by digging near the sea shore, the job was done and the biggest force of cavalry ever gathered together (perhaps the last) was all ready and fit for the greatest cavalry drive and victory of all time.

During this time the railway had reached Deir el Belah, close to the main position of the Turks at Gaza, and was able to cope with the tasks of supply (although a great deal of help was received from the Royal Navy who landed supplies where possible along the coast), a truly gigantic task when one considers that everything down to the last button had to come from Kantara 200 miles away.

This article is now due to close, but we only hope that it will arouse some interest in a phase of the war that has perhaps been somewhat buried under events which took place nearer home. One also thinks of the ground over which it was fought, all full of Biblical and historical associations familiar to every one of us, and of some of the actions which took place in the campaign itself, actions which in less strenuous times would no doubt have received more attention.

If one wants to read of war in the old style, with cavalry charges and hand-to-hand fights, we can recommend them to read some of the excellent books which have been written on the subject and we can assure them of splendid reading.

F.M.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

During a certain grouse shoot two sportsmen were potting at the birds from butts situated rather closer together than is usual. Each of them was accompanied by his wife as loader.

After a sudden sharp report, a red and indignant face appeared above one of the butts, and its owner shouted angrily : " Confound you, sir ! Do you realise you almost hit my wife just now ? "

The culprit was visibly shaken. " Did I ? " he said aghast. " I'm frightfully sorry ! Er—er—have a shot at mine ! "

WORDS OF WISDOM.

It is best not to be angry ; and best, in the next place to be quickly reconciled.

Let us try what esteem and kindness can effect.

He must be a thorough fool who can learn nothing from his own folly.

Every man has a bag hanging before him in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him in which he stows his own.

He only is exempt from failures who makes no efforts.

Nothing is true but what is simple.

He knows the water best who has waded through it.

It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.

No one knows the weight of another's burden.

Who with a little cannot be content, endures an everlasting punishment.

Govern the lips as they were palace doors, the King within.

A word is dead
When it is said,
Some say.
I say it just
Begins to live
That day.

Someone once asked a famous Frenchman what good those old Greeks were and what they had done for the world.

Oh, they only invented beauty, he said.

Let us endeavour so to live that when we die even the undertaker will be sorry.

When man comes to the turnstiles of night all the crowds in the world seem to him wonderfully alike and colourless.

JEST KEEPIN' ON.

Sometimes it hardly seems worth while
 Even to smile!
 Looks as if I'd better quit
 And rest while.
 No use to keep a-goin'
 No use to try, I say:
 —Yet I dunno! I might be glad
 Fer keepin' on—one day!

The other folks who've reached the goal
 Of which I dream
 I 'spose had days like this,
 Without a gleam
 And *they* tried keepin' on!
 Guess its the only way!
 To-morrow *I* may reach the goal
 By keepin' on to-day!

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

WELFARE WORKER: "Is your husband a good provider, Mrs. Wiggins?"

MRS. WIGGINS: "I should say 'e was, ma'am! 'E's bin a-telling me for ten years that 'e'll buy me a new 'at—providing 'e can spare the cash from 'is beer money!"

FROM PORTSMOUTH TO SHANGHAI WITH "S.B."

BY G. H. DAVIES, R.N., 1897-1922.

One of the most pleasant journeys that happens to a seaman in the Navy is, no doubt, a trooping trip to China. There are very few irksome drills and many countries are visited in quick succession. I remember one such trip when we left Portsmouth in January and when winter was in full swing. She was only an old four funneller with 32 boilers (COAL). Within three days of leaving Pompey we were off Ushant and enjoying warmer weather. We passed through the dreaded "Bay" all smiles as the day was calm, much to the relief of the younger members of the crew. On the fifth day we arrived off Gibraltar which was described in a previous issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. We coaled ship and had a short run ashore to renew acquaintance with the Alameda Gardens—and Simonds' "S.B."

Another five days at sea, through the "Straits" and we smelt "Gozo," to the great delight of our Maltese canteen man. Coal ship and another trip ashore where Simonds' "S.B." is well represented at The Empire. Six more days and we reached Port Said, when the most interesting part of the journey started. Who can help enjoying the pleasure of going through the "Canal" on a glorious day and the excitement of "Gareing up!"

We anchored in the Billir lakes for the night, being in no hurry, and started off next morning for Suez at the southern end of the Canal. Fresh provisions and then a nice warm trip down to Perim Bay (opposite Aden) to coal. As we carried reliefs for Bombay, we went straight across the Indian Ocean (nine days) to that wonderful Port. A short spell ashore to the railway station, which is one of the finest in the Empire, and some "S.B."

More coal and a run down the coast to Colombo in Ceylon. By this time it was beginning to get warm. After coaling we left for Singapore, the most southerly point of our trip, and only a few miles from the "Line." More coal and just time to go ashore and try another "S.B."

Next morning, under weigh again for Hong-Kong in beautiful weather. We went up harbour during the forenoon when the harbour looked its best. We exchanged relief crews with the gunboats, then "coal ship" and a night ashore to visit a few of the old favourites where "Simonds'" can be had at 20 cents a pint. We finished up at the Blue Building.

As we had relief crews for the Yangtse gunboats we had to proceed to Shanghai which was quite a nice trip, though a little cooler than it had been and "on jerseys" was necessary.

It took us exactly six weeks from Pompey to Shanghai and at every port we called we were sure of finding Simonds', so that we could call the trip "From Pompey to Shanghai with Simonds' 'S.B.'"

ON EPSOM DOWNS.

(By our Racing Correspondent.)

At the very kind invitation of the Easter Brothers, members of H. & G. Simonds Retailers Society, with a few friends, spent a delightful day at Epsom on Wednesday, April 25th. Perfect weather obtained and the trip in the two smooth-running Silver Grey charabancs, carefully and competently driven, was greatly enjoyed.

We did not all back Priory Park, but we found plenty to interest and amuse us and we concluded our day on the Downs with a meat tea, very nicely served by Mr. Tucker.

The homeward journey was highly enjoyable too. We called at a place of refreshment and had a few songs, etc. Mr. Duguid very cleverly impersonated a bookmaker, a tick-tacker and a tipster. And what a tipster! He gave us the winners of every race—but this was hours after those races had been run! Mr. George Smith also gave us a couple of good turns and others contributed to the short programme.

Before parting, Mr. Duguid, as President of the Society, warmly thanked Mr. Easter for providing such a delightful trip, and Mr. Easter, who received musical honours, made suitable acknowledgment.

Mr. Adams, too, was accorded a very hearty vote of thanks for his admirable arrangements.

THE ANSWER SPLENDID!

THE MAGISTRATE: What do you do for a living?

THE MOTHER: *I stay at home to look after my thirteen children.*

SOCIAL CLUB.

BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

DIVISION I.

MONDAY, 2ND APRIL, 1928.

<i>Central Liberal.</i>		<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>	
A. Anderson 111	v.	A. Howard 150
C. Bundy 150	v.	R. Clement 40
H. Lampe 150	v.	A. Dalton 123
R. Adams... 150	v.	G. Boddington 123
S. Dowse 150	v.	R. Griffiths 73
R. Booth 150	v.	F. Braisher 108
	861		617
Scratch	Handicap 100
	861		717

Winning Team, Central Liberal by 144 points.

DIVISION II.

MONDAY, 26TH MARCH, 1928.

<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>		<i>Trades Union.</i>	
H. Davis 87	v.	F. Robinson 100
C. Weller 100	v.	E. Jones 90
W. Sparks 100	v.	S. Boyd... .. 50
A. Weight 68	v.	A. Boardman 100
C. Chapman 100	v.	A. Mellor 79
W. Hinton 52	v.	A. Tucker 100
	507		519
Scratch	Handicap 55
	507		574

Winning Team, Trades Union Club by 67 points.

MONDAY, 16TH APRIL, 1928.

<i>Trades Union.</i>		<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>	
J. Beaumont 91	v.	H. Davis 100
E. Jones 100	v.	J. Rumens 66
W. Millar 100	v.	W. Sparks 74
S. Boyd 100	v.	C. Chapman 74
A. Boardman 100	v.	A. Weight 96
A. Tucker... 100	v.	W. Hinton 57
	591		461
Handicap 55	Scratch
	646		461

Winning Team, Trades Union Club by 185 points.

The foregoing are the results of the final matches for this season in the Billiards Leagues and we are very proud to announce that we are the Winners of the Cup and Medals in the first division. This is undoubtedly a big achievement and reflects great credit on the players and the captain of the team (Mr. S. Bird) who has devoted a tremendous amount of time in arranging the team and attending every game throughout the season. The members who have played for the first division and who will be the fortunate recipients of gold medals, are Messrs. R. Clement, A. Howard, A. Dalton, R. Griffiths, F. Braisher, G. Boddington and R. Broad. The presentations will be made at Cross Street Hall on Tuesday, 8th May, and will be followed by a concert, and it is gratifying to know that the Simonds Concert Party has been engaged to provide the programme, so a very enjoyable evening is assured. Admission will be by tickets which are 9d. and members of the Club are asked to attend in good numbers to cheer their fellow Club members.

TENNIS CLUB.

It is hoped to open the season (weather permitting) early this month. There are still vacancies for a few more members, subscription 15/- for the season. Further particulars can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, c/o The Social Club, 19, Bridge Street, Reading.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to pressure on our space, several contributors have voluntarily withdrawn interesting articles which we hope to publish in a later issue.

Will correspondents please send in their copy by the middle of each month.

With regard to photographs for publication, these must be good, clear pictures. Otherwise they are useless for reproduction.

CRICKET.

The calendar, but not the weather, gives warning of the near approach of the cricket season and we have had to be guided by the former and get a move on.

The General Meeting was held at the Club on the 29th March and the weather tried its hardest to spoil the attendance. The rain simply poured down prior to the time arranged for the start, but some eighteen braved the elements.

The officials of the Club only show a few changes to those serving last season. Mr. J. H. Wadhams succeeds Mr. C. H. Perrin as captain of the 1st team, the latter asking to be relieved of the post owing to pressure of other duties and the meeting reluctantly had to accept his views and passed a hearty vote of thanks to him for his services in the past. We all wish Mr. Wadhams every success in the position. He will have the services of Mr. J. Rumens as his vice-captain.

Mr. F. S. Hawkins will again lead the 2nd XI, he having agreed to hold the position for another season. Mr. P. Luker will act as his lieutenant.

On the committee, Messrs. Perrin, James and Newport replace Messrs. Mancey, Wadhams and Clark, and Mr. Croom will be responsible for the tackle. Mr. Collins has, after many years, decided that Anno Domini is getting the better of him. Apart from the periods of the Great and Boer Wars he has served the cricket club continuously for 30 years. How many of us younger members will be able to say the same?

So much for the executive. What about our opponents for this season? Well, they are much about the same as last year. In addition to a match against Commander H. D. Simonds' team at Hackwood Park, we have arranged one at Bradfield against a team to be led by Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds. Both teams will, of course, have return matches at Reading.

Our fixtures for this month are against Factory "B," Wargrave "B," Camberley W.M.C. and Cold Ash for the 1st team, the first and third being on foreign soil. The 2nd XI meet Whitley Hall and Manor Farm on the last two Saturdays in the month, the first two being left for the footer enthusiasts.

It might perhaps be as well to give a word of warning now to our supporters. The Firm have again kindly placed a lorry at

the services of the Club, but as it is smaller than the one we have had formerly, we shall only be able to take fourteen on the country tours. We hope to be in a position to make arrangements for the transport of a few others on the occasion of the more important away matches, of which due notice will be given.

Practice nights will as usual be on Mondays and Thursdays and Mr. Croom will again be at the nets, so roll up and do justice to his coaching.

J.W.J.



The late Dr. W. G. Grace on the Hurst Bowling Green. Mr. Harry Meaby is the man in action.

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

PROGRESS OF PORTSMOUTH AND SOUTHSEA.

EASTER PRELUDE TO A SUMMER SONG.

Portsmouth is more and more dependent on Southsea for its prosperity in these piping times of Peace and a League of Nations. As for Southsea, it welcomes all, but frowns on none save the Clerk of the Weather ; nor need it do so, for its manifold attractions vie with any held out elsewhere—" and then some," as our Yankee friends are wont to put it.

What would not certain seaside resorts at home and abroad give for the shelter and the background that Southsea gets from the Isle of Wight on the one side and from Portsdown Hill on the other ; for the spacious wind-swept Common, free for ever from the raids of the speculative builder ; for the life and gaiety, afloat and ashore, to which the coming and going of warships and the mingling in social circles of Naval and Military officers and men so notably contribute ? They would give much, we may be sure ; but these are things that money cannot buy. They are Southsea's heirloom—a heirloom of which she is at long last beginning to make the most by advertising her unique attractions. Tell the world, and the world will listen and come. That is all Southsea wants for it has found from experience that coming once is apt to generate a habit.

Easter showed this, when the Clerk of the Weather smiled and the fun began. In the general rush to the sea which followed the rigours of a particularly trying winter, Southsea was not overlooked. Quite the contrary, in fact ; the railway and steamboat passenger traffic set up an Easter record, and visitors poured in by road as well.

Southsea was full ; but it was equal to the occasion, and sent everybody away well pleased with a cheery " Au revoir."

AMUSEMENT GALORE.

You will have to go far to find more in the way of amusement than Southsea and the rest of the city of Portsmouth can offer. For the athletic she offers, in the summer, safe sea bathing—and mixed bathing at that—golf, lawn tennis, hard-court tennis, cricket and what not. Music for open-air audiences is now discoursed from the new band-stand on the Common near the fashionable promenade known as the Ladies Mile, as well as on the two piers, where *al fresco* dancing is also in the daily programme.

Under cover, there is regular entertainment on the piers and the Theatre Royal, and in the three music-halls and picture houses innumerable.

There may even be a greyhound racing track on the outskirts of Portsmouth before long. It is true that the City Council have unanimously disapproved of the plans, but the promoters are going on with the construction of the track for all that, as they contend that the plans were in accordance with the bye-laws and ought not to have been rejected.

JACK TO SHOW YOU ROUND.

August is going to see a rare treat at Portsmouth Navy Week, as it is called, for this is going to be observed again from the 18th to the 25th. The scheme was inaugurated last summer, as a means of aiding Naval Charities, and was in every way an abundant success. The thousands of patrons considered that they had a bumper shilling's worth of sight-seeing.

This time the attractions will be greater than before. Not only will the old flagship *Victory* be on view, virtually restored by then to her Trafalgar rig, but also, it is hoped, the new battleship *Nelson*, flagship of the Atlantic Fleet, and the battle-cruiser *Renown*, in which the Duke and Duchess of York made their tour to Australasia last year. Other big vessels, including cruisers and destroyers, will be open to inspection, as well as half-a-dozen submarines. Divers will be seen at work and deadly submarine mines will be shown.

Best of all, Jack himself will act as guide—breezy, unconventional, generous-hearted Jack. For the crews of the vessels visited will be the cicerones, and so will be "At home" in a very real fashion. Bands are to play every afternoon, tea will be provided at a small additional charge, and motor car parks will be arranged. All the world and his wife are sure to look in, as they did last year.

FIRST IN SPORT.

As a naval port—we beg pardon, *the* naval port—and a garrison city, Portsmouth is naturally ever to the fore in the matter of sport. Just now, Portmuthians are delighted that Pompey (to use the pet name given indifferently to the place itself and to its professional football team) has escaped relegation as the outcome of its initial season in the First Division of the Football League. There was a time, not so many matches ago, when disaster appeared almost inevitable. But anxious thought was given to the matter, and no small amount of money was spent in securing new players ;

and lo, the tables were turned, and Pompey went up in the table. They went out of reach of relegation, and that so deservedly that a sporting scribe from Middlesbrough who accompanied his team to Fratton Park and saw them beaten in the game that made Pompey's position secure, wrote in quite a sporting way, "Portsmouth have the best side they ever had."

And not merely by her professional team is Portsmouth's banner flaunted in the world of sport. The Navy Football Cup has been secured for the city by H.M.S. *Excellent*, and the Army Football Cup by the Royal Army Ordnance Corps. Not since 1910 have these two trophies found a resting place together at Portsmouth. In the annual fencing tournament between the Navy and the Army, held at the port last month, victory rested with the Senior Service—and that, in effect, means Portsmouth again.

We are all very sorry to hear of the illness of Mr. F. A. Simonds and we hope he may speedily be restored to good health.

OXFORD.

On Friday, March 23rd, Oxford was honoured by the presence of King Amanullah of Afghanistan, when the degree of Doctor of Civil Law was conferred upon His Majesty in the Sheldonian Theatre, a very distinguished gathering being present to witness the ceremony.

A large crowd of sightseers assembled at the gates of All Souls College quite early in the day, and the route from the College to the Sheldonian Theatre was lined with people waiting for a glimpse of the Royal party which arrived from London by road about 11.30 a.m., and were received at All Souls College by the Vice-Chancellor of the University (Dr. F. W. Pember) and The Hon. Mrs. Pember, Lord Birkenhead, Lord Hugh Cecil, Sir Charles Oman and other notabilities.

The King having donned the head-dress and robes of a Doctor of Civil Law, a procession was formed which proceeded to the Sheldonian. At the head walked King Amanullah with the Vice-Chancellor, then followed Queen Souriya (much to the delight of an enthusiastic crowd) accompanied by Lord Birkenhead. The remainder of the procession consisted of Heads of Houses of the University and other distinguished people, King Amanullah's Staff, Ministers, etc.

The Royal procession entered the main doors of the Sheldonian (which was draped with the Afghan flag) to the strains of the Afghan National Anthem and the large assembly rose in welcome. While the audience still remained standing, the British National Anthem was played and Their Majesties were escorted to two thrones which had been erected specially for the occasion. As the Royal pair became seated they were warmly and loudly applauded by all present. They stood and bowed their acknowledgment, evidently much impressed by the warmth of their reception.

The Vice-Chancellor then proceeded with the ceremony of conferring the degree upon His Majesty, after having handed him a copy of the diploma, specially bound and translated into Persian.

The ceremony was, as usual, conducted in Latin, and the King and Queen followed the proceedings with evident interest.

When the proceedings were finished and the Convocation dissolved by the Vice-Chancellor, the party made its way through closely packed and cheering crowds via the Divinity School to the Bodleian Library, over which famous institution they were conducted by Dr. A. E. Cowley (Bodley's Librarian). They then proceeded to Wadham College where they were entertained to lunch by Lord Birkenhead. Lord Birkenhead proposed the health of King Amanullah and His Majesty replied in Persian.

After the luncheon, the Royal party visited Exeter College and were highly interested in the celebrated tapestry in the Chapel. The Queen then paid a visit to the rooms in this College used by her brother who is a member of the University. They then proceeded to Christ Church, crossing Tom Quadrangle to the famous Dining Hall after which the Cathedral was visited, His Majesty displaying interest in the Bible which was open upon the lectern. After having inspected Christ Church Library, they proceeded to Magdalen College and among other things they inspected the rooms used by the Prince of Wales while an undergraduate of this College.

The party then, after a short stay at the Vice-Chancellor's residence, motored back to London.

On the subject of birds, the following (culled from the issue of the *Oxford Times*, dated Friday, April 13th), may be of interest to readers who are not fortunate enough to see a copy of that excellent publication:—

"When an extra coach was required for holiday traffic at Watlington Station, it was found that a thrush had built a nest on the top step at the end of the reserve carriage and laid two eggs. The bird flew round in distress and left the station when the train started but returned to the station when it came back. The carriage was then shunted back, and the bird returned to the nest. On Monday night the carriage had again to be pressed into service, and it was then found that another egg had been added. The bird again followed the train, and on its return the carriage was placed in the shed again to give the bird a chance of hatching its eggs. It was discovered that two eggs had been laid on the buffer stop in the shed."

Mr. C. G. Adams very interesting article in the Brighton contribution to the GAZETTE for the last month, telling of our trip, in the company of Mr. W. J. King, revives memories of my salad days, and I well remember the excellent time we had, thanks to the generosity of our then Chief Clerk.

On Friday, March 30th, accompanied by Mr. Roland Powell, ex-Sheriff of Oxford, and his son, Mr. Frank Powell, we spent a very pleasant evening at the Sergeants' Mess, R.A.O.C., Didcot.

We received a very hearty welcome from the President and Members. Some of us joined in the dance and those of riper years passed the evening in conversation and anecdotes.

THAME.

Events in Thame have moved quietly for some little time past, but still plenty of enjoyment has been obtained from various sources of social functions. The anticipated Easter Holidays have come and gone and left in their wake pleasant memories of fine weather and the visit of pleasure seekers who find this somewhat old-time town a welcome change from other more congested areas. The advance of Spring is well exemplified by the gradual increase of the weekly Tuesday Market for which Thame is noted, also for the general activities associated with usual Summer Sports. The Cricket Club has held its annual meeting and the Secretary (Mr. G. Holland) produced an exceptionally fine fixture list for both Thursday and Saturday teams. Mr. "Joe" Bailey and Mr. A. Higgins were chosen captains respectively. By the way, "Joe" Bailey, the well-known Reading footballer, is running a very successful drapery business in Thame. The Sports Club commenced operations on Good Friday and with tennis and bowls and incidentally fine weather are looking forward to an enjoyable season.

The Urban Council Elections resulted as was practically anticipated. Out of six candidates the following five were successful: Messrs. P. J. Bailey, J. Webster, F. D. Brett, J. Fothergill and H. Walker. Mr. G. Walker was the unsuccessful candidate.

The Thame Urban Council has just recently had printed a very interesting little Guide to Thame which is quite a useful compendium of information. Photographs of its chief historical attractions are produced, and needless to say the "Birdcage" comes in for its share of recognition. One fact, however, we think might have been included and this is that "S.B." seems to be one of the staple beverages of those "in the know."

Obituary.—We are sorry to include in our contribution a note of sorrow on the loss of one of our most respected townsmen, in the person of Mr. W. H. Lowndes, junior partner in the firm of Messrs. Lightfoot & Lowndes, Solicitors of this town. Mr. Lowndes was motor cycling at Boscombe when he had a sudden heart seizure and falling from his machine expired almost immediately. He was well-known for his geniality and the interest he took in the advancement of sport and the general organisations of the town. He will be greatly missed, and much sympathy is felt for his widow and young daughter.

We recently had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. "Billy" Faulkner, who some years ago left Thame for Reading, and his meeting with some of the old footballers and cricketers with their reminiscences proved very interesting. Some of their tales of past happenings were quite "wonderful."

EASTER IN THE COTSWOLDS.

(By *Two of the Tramps*).

Our annual pilgrimage to that delectable tract of country known to Shakespeare as "Cotsall" became an accomplished fact on the Thursday evening preceding Easter. "Morris" provided the means of progression and after an exhilarating run in the moonlight we dropped from the road, climbing west over the middle of the Cotswolds to the twin villages that shall be nameless. On our arrival at the "Trout" Inn we were greeted by our kindly hostess and a Gargantuan meal to which we did our best.

After the repast, our friend my lord's chief ranger joined us and descanted in the broadest of scotch on the gentle art of casting the fly and of his varied experience in hunting the fox, the otter, etc. A ground bass was provided by the hum arising from below, where the "Trout's" constant patrons were in session. When

our friend the chief ranger had departed we retired to the downiest of beds and slept until aroused by the feathered orchestra of the locality at dawn.

According to established ritual we two strolled down to the bridge before breakfast to taste the morning air. This bridge spans the stream that divides the two villages. They regard each other from opposite sides of the combe and are built of the old gray local stone with no modern excrescences to mar the exquisite beauty of the old structures, mellowed by age and thrown about in haphazard fashion to the utter satisfaction of the discerning eye.

While on the village, the mill must not be forgotten for it is one of those ancient buildings that have been in the same family for generations, grinding, ever grinding the grist with the old stones and propelled by an ancient water wheel which in turn transmits the power to equally primitive machinery.

Good Friday, as usual, justified its name as regards weather, and we set out under ideal walking conditions. The little gray villages of the valley seemed steeped in utter peacefulness and solitude. After leaving two or three of these behind us we crossed the stream and climbed to a wind-swept hamlet perched on a summit that commands the country for miles. We duly paid our respects to the quaint and tiny church, an interesting example in the transitional style, which is the main attraction of the place. The other attractions, by the way, do not include a hostelry of any kind and solicitous inquiry of a native elicited the fact that the nearest was in the neighbouring village two miles away. Accordingly we set our faces in that direction, for it was high noon. Our informant must certainly have meant Cotswold miles, and we discovered a distinct sympathy for the male populace of Shipcotton-the-Height—shall we call it—before we eventually brought that promised village and pub to bay. But it is an understatement to say that the home-brewed cider made amends; it was able and willing to do much more. Here it was that we had an agreeable encounter; two pairs of lady pedestrians, maiden Pilgrims, refreshing signs of the season and the times too.

Our way back was a footpath, and for miles we saw no living creatures but hares, pheasants and plovers—we seemed to have happened upon the very Paradise of these creatures. It was decidedly "soggy" in the bottoms, but there were also dry banks where we could let the sun soak into us and offer him incense in return. On one of these we had our lunch. We were back at the "Trout" in the late afternoon after a delightful first day. One was never out of the sound of some eager little stream and

rarely out of sight of perhaps the most wayward and charming of all Cotswold rivers.

In the evening our friend from Birmingham arrived—another devotee of the simple life and the unspoilt countryside, a man who resides in the Midland metropolis chiefly for the pleasure of constantly leaving it behind him. Mr. Standfast is congenitally modest about his capabilities, especially pedestrian. However, we refused to listen to his self-depreciatory remarks. By the way, the fair pedestrians had also found their way to the "Trout," where we found them staying. Of the other pair, one was referred to by our hostess, with ambiguous compliment, as the man-girl! Certainly her breeches exercised a chastening effect on us.

Saturday we walked to the two very picturesque villages we will call Upper and Lower Letchford. The trout stream narrowly divides them and the two churches are but a stone's throw apart, with the little stone bridge striding the current between. Even in this land of beautiful villages, these two must be hard to surpass.

The way was over a bit of typical Cotswold country—broad upland scrawled over by stone walls and diversified by clumps of beech and fir and larch, some of which contain tumuli. Space alone forbids us to expatiate on the prospect from the bridge we presently crossed—the gracious sweep of water and green slope where the valley swings round on itself.

Another lunch of bread and cheese and cider fortified us for the return. The Letchfords are evidently parishes of sound principles, for when the member for Birmingham proposed to stand one of the natives half a pint, the latter steadfastly declined to deal in half measures of any kind. No doubt this is the spirit that made England what it is. There is too much of that weak-kneed inclination of compromise about nowadays.

But there is no modern compromise about the fare at the "Trout," and we were ready for the usual excellent dinner by the time we got back. Here another reinforcement was installed—three knights of the road hailing from Spiretown whose acquaintance we had made the previous year at the same place. Erb, Alf and Alec have pervaded the roads of England together for thirty-five years; their pedals are still in rotation, and while there is grease for wheels obtainable they look like continuing to be so. We heard legends of the heroic age of cycling that night, of Homeric champions who subdued hundreds of miles on solid tyres and sallied forth—seldom in vain—in quest of adventure on those mettlesome mounts, the old penny-farthings. Erb is the humorist of the party, Alec the more austere philosopher, while Alf—but the quality of Alf is too elusive for the pen to seize. Enough to say that he figures as the hero in many of their sagas.

There was, for instance, the time when, very distinctly on a return journey, he dismounted at a certain well-known bridge and leant his bicycle against where the parapet should have been. "Some demmed fool's been and moved the — bridge," was his aggrieved explanation when his comrades came up and asked what the trouble was. On another occasion, two of them had to support a disabled member home, and it was not till the victim was free-wheeling uphill, after eight miles of it, that one mildly remarked, "I should think you get a bit tired sitting still, don't you?" Alec and Erb had pursued their peregrinations across the channel, but old England was good enough for Alf. "It's when it bends in the middle and throbs," he said feelingly (when referring to the Channel crossing). There was another time when Yes, those were the days.

The next day, Easter Sunday, was assigned to "oondermentin'" rather than serious tramping. After the threat of rain had evaporated, we saw the three Spiretonians off in quest of a church, open for service—probably acting on previous wifely instructions—then speedily left the roads behind us and came upon another mill that delightfully detained us for above an hour. The miller himself proved most genial and showed us all round. The spot is idyllic and the machinery, etc., as ancient as in the mill in our own village. Mr. Standfast was only able to tear himself away after he had ordered several dozen of the miller's fresh eggs. His excursions into the country have something of the character of a raid. It is his practice to return with his saloon car freighted with baskets of eggs, home-cured hams, sections of honey, carcasses of Cotswold mutton, and the like.

Outside a farmhouse, built as an Elizabethan manor, we encountered its lady, with the inevitable result—when we are concerned—that we were invited in to look round. The interior though was less interesting than the fine gabled front. Still, we took away quite pleasant impressions, though not any of the chatelaine's collection of china and other articles of vertu that she exhibited.

Lunch to-day was again in the open, for we were unable to make any port before two o'clock. Still another pair of girl foot-sloggers crossed our track. We looked about for some romantic and sequestered grange we could repair to, as the nucleus of a brotherhood dedicated to the contemplative life, the last retreat of intimidated man. As A. E. Housman might have put it:—

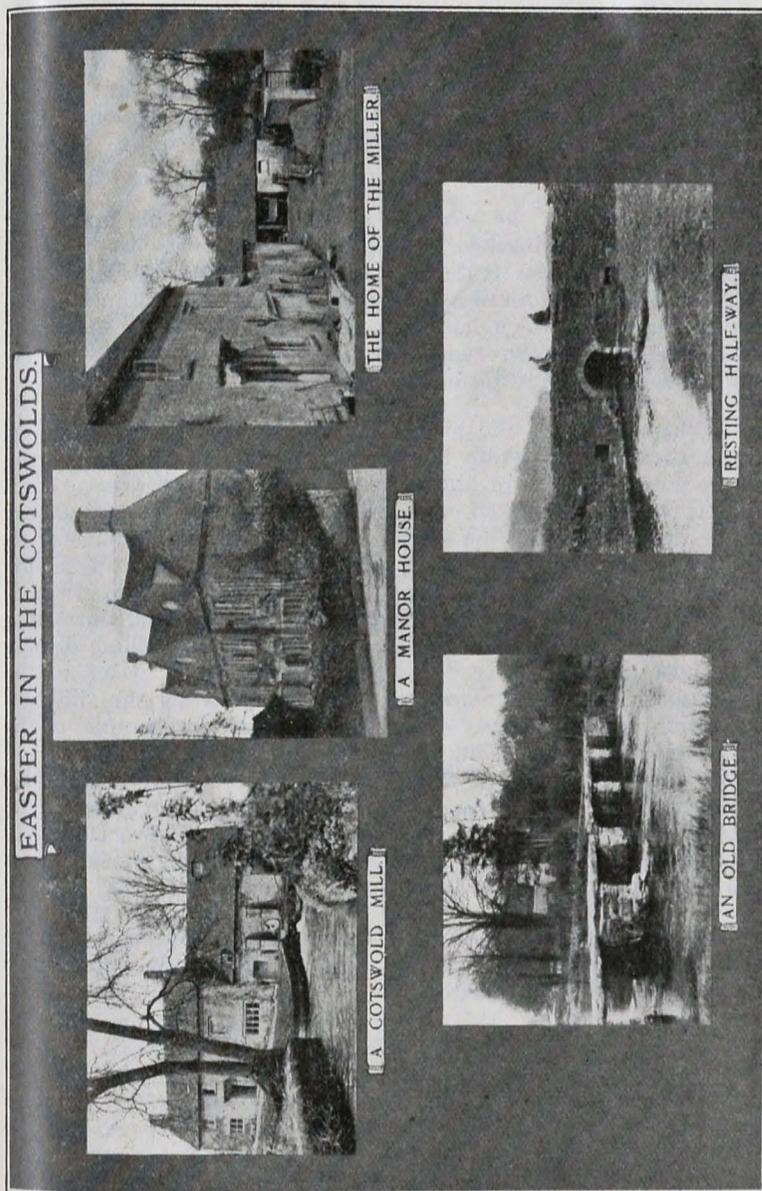
In a quiet place where Eve's daughter
With her breeches and beams cannot come,
Where skirts may grow longer or shorter
And little 'twill matter to some.

But the next day was that anticipated most earnestly. At 10 a.m., we met the afore-mentioned chief ranger by appointment, and under his guidance plunged into what might really be primeval forest. To be explicit, he took us several miles across country through his own demesnes—through bog, brake, plantation, woodland, scrub. An altogether unsuspected tract this, for the roads give it a wide berth and the contours hide it. Where the trees had fallen there they lay. Needless to say, we encountered pheasants, rabbits, pigeons, jays, foxes, badgers—most of them at least and traces of all—and should hardly have been surprised to meet a brown bear or a grey wolf or even a brontosaurus or other specimen of a still older fauna. Our guide, who is about six feet in height, forged ahead with unhurried lanky strides, and dropped desultory scraps of information concerning wood-lore and kindred subjects and generally dispensed the right atmosphere.

In one valley we came upon another old mansion, just in time to add our weight to a rope and bring a tree-falling operation to a more fortunate close than it otherwise might have had. When at length we struggled up the last bank on to a road, the wayside inn there was truly a heartening sight. Of all the drinks we tasted during the week-end that was the sweetest.

Home by another route, but still through the wilds, and then a strenuous half-hour getting ourselves and our shoes clean. But it was worth it. After tea, there was time for a run to the nearest town, just to touch the fringe of civilisation again, and then the last dinner and the last symposium round the blazing fire and the pooling of the day's experience. Erb, Alf and Alec had found much of note of course, among other bizarre phenomena, a wedding. But they failed lamentably in the matter of dress description, to the chagrin of the ladies, whose start-off on a motor-cycle had been disastrous; woman-like they had paid little heed to our warning of the temper of Cotswold roads after a shower. In due course they retired, and then—"Shall I not take mine ease at mine Inn?" as Erb put it, quoting Falstaff. If we did not attain to Wine, Women and Song, at least we had Wit, Wisdom and Beer. And so to bed.

Tuesday morning, the inevitable, with more than a hint of rain in the sky, and the mixed feelings of the morning of departure. We bade god-speed to the Spiretonians and a little later to our Birmingham comrade and our kind hostess. The two ladies were able to give a lift for the first three miles. Soon the land of enchantment was slipping behind as the telegraph poles dipped on the Oxford road. Three or four more unique days were relegated to an abiding place in memory. *Vale sed redibimus.*



SOUTHSEA.

KING AMANULLAH AT PORTLAND.

King Amanullah of Afghanistan finished his programme of sightseeing in this country by witnessing a naval demonstration arranged in his honour in the English Channel and "staged" by the Atlantic Fleet.

Unfortunately, the weather proved unfavourable and H.M. the King, who embarked in H.M.S. *Nelson*, flagship of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Hubert Brand, Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, was robbed by bad visibility from seeing a spectacular Naval panorama which had been arranged. He however saw a good deal of the many-sided activities of the Navy in unit instalments at intervals during the day.

When the King and his suite arrived at Portland by special train, there were "white horses" on the sea, and most of the ships of the Fleet were hidden by a grey mist and driving rain. As His Majesty embarked in the *Nelson*, which was lying at anchor inside the breakwater, the scarlet Afghan standard was hoisted on the mainmast of the flagship, which fired a Royal Salute. Somewhere in the Channel were the rest of the ships detailed to participate in the demonstration. All these vessels of greatly contrasting shapes and sizes had arranged to give the King a thrilling display and most of them succeeded in contributing their items to the programme, although on account of the bad weather the different squadrons of the flotillas could not see what the other units of the Fleet were doing and King Amanullah himself was unable to get a bird's-eye view of the "battle" which had been prepared for his edification. At one period, early in the afternoon, the Battle Cruiser Squadron, the Third Battle Squadron, and the two Destroyer Flotillas were all visible at the same time and this was the most the King saw of the Fleet together.

If the conditions had been better the *Nelson* was to have steamed between two lines of ships, whose crews would have manned the sides and cheered.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The one thing harder than work is to be denied all privilege of toil.

When the misfortune of illness takes us away from our work, we begin to appreciate the blessings of work.

If the happiness of your life is at the mercy of every wind that blows, then look to the foundation on which you have built it. The real trouble is there.

It is not enough to dream of heavenly mansions, we must build them and the material that goes into them we must gather here below.

We often fail to help others because we begin by trying to apply the cure before making a diagnosis of their trouble.

Further to my notes on the topic of Wireless, in last month's issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, I am giving a list of Wireless Stations which I can receive on my set at a moderate strength generally:—

	<i>Wavelengths.</i>
Eiffel Tower, Paris (France) ...	2,650 metres.
Wolff's Bureau, Berlin (Germany) ...	2,525 "
Huizen (Holland)	1,870 "
Radio-Paris (France)	1,750 "
Daventry (5XX)	1,604.8 "
Motala (Sweden)	1,380 "
Königswusterhausen (Germany) ...	1,250 "
Kalundborg (Denmark)	1,153.8 "
Munich (Germany)	535.7 "
Vienna (Austria)	517.2 "
Brussels (Belgium)	508.5 "
Lyons (France)	477.7 "
Daventry (5GB) Experimental ...	491.8 "
Langenberg (Germany)	470 "
Brünn (Czecho-Slovakia)	441 "
Frankfurt-on-Main (Germany) ...	428.6 "
Kattowitz (Poland)	422 "
Berne (Switzerland)	411 "
Hamburg (Germany)	396 "
Toulouse (France)	391 "
Manchester	384.6 "
Stuttgart (Germany)	380.7 "
Madrid (Spain)	375 "
Leipzig (Germany)	366.3 "
London (2LO)	361.4 "
Cardiff	353 "
Barcelona (Spain)	344.8 "
Königsberg (Germany)	330.3 "
Bournemouth	326.1 "
Breslau (Germany)	322.6 "
Dublin	319.1 "
Newcastle	312.5 "

The above list does not include Stations Unidentified. Many a dull evening may be passed by "switching on" the Wireless, and if the programme transmitted by one station does not appeal to the listener, there are plenty of other stations "on the ether" to revert to. What more does one want?

D.A.P.

BRIGHTON.

Has anyone seen a bear strolling about?

One escaped from a private menagerie on the outskirts of Brighton some three weeks ago, and although reported as having been seen on more than one occasion roaming the downs, has not yet been caught, although several search parties have been on its track, or thought they had.

Easter, which brought with it some welcome sunshine, also brought an unusually large number of visitors to Brighton, which from a business point of view we wish might happen every week.

Our local paper tells us that over 440,000 passengers came in and went out of Brighton Station by train during the holidays, 227,000 of these on Easter Monday. Add to these the thousands who came in by road, and one gets an idea of how Brighton tradesmen have to look ahead to cater for such an influx. H. & G. S. had a good share of the extra business occasioned by this large number of visitors.

With his wonderful powers of raising money for hospitals, Mr. Harry Preston arranged his annual Boxing Tournament in the Brighton Dome on the 14th of April, and presented the large audience with quite a galaxy of stars in the boxing world.

Chief amongst these was Tom Heeney, the heavyweight champion of New Zealand, who is to meet Gene Tunney in June for the championship of the world. Heeney gave an exhibition spar with Capt. E. V. Chandler, ex-British amateur heavyweight champion.

Among other contestants were Len Harvey, Joe Rolfe, Johnny Smith, bantamweight champion of Scotland, Johnny Croxon, Johnny Ryan, Josh Laxton, and many other leading lights of the profession.

Mr. Preston hopes that he will raise over £3,000 from this tournament for the local hospitals: truly a good work.

HYPHE.

We have nothing very sensational to report from Hythe this month. We have had no dinners or tea parties and everything has been pursuing its normal course. The Optimists have given two entertainments, the Football team has won two and lost two matches and we have entertained two Clubs to games tournaments, both of which we lost, of course.]

We might mention here how sorry we all are to hear of Mr. Eric's indisposition and we trust he will soon be restored to his usual health and vigour, and be amongst us again.

FOOTBALL.

We are glad to report that our first team has at last turned the corner, and returned to winning vein. On successive Saturdays we beat the R.A.O.B. from Ashford by 3 goals to 2, and Ashford Invicta by 4 goals to 3, both on our own ground, thus securing four valuable points. We have also played the Ashford Manor team twice, in both of which we went down, at home by 4 to 1 and away by 2 to 0. Ashford Manor are the leaders of the league and we were not disgraced in either match. We finish the season exactly midway in the League table, four clubs being above us and four below, and taking all things into consideration we consider this an excellent result for a first season. There are several promising players in the reserves, who we all hope will be with us when football starts again and who will help us to build up a strong and useful side.

The Reserves have had a full season, having played 19 matches, won 6, drawn 4 and lost 9. This is not a bad record, as they too are in their first season and some of the teams they have met have been much older and heavier.

Now for Cricket. Our first match takes place in the first week in May. We are sorry to say that we have lost our star bowler, F. Blackman, who has left the Brewery to try his luck in one of the local hotels, but we are hoping to discover someone to take his place amongst the younger members. We hear that there is great enthusiasm amongst them, and that they are all eager to make a start. Our general meeting is not until near the end of the month, so we cannot give a list of officers for inclusion in the May issue, but we are all hoping that Mr. Cole will again be captain and Mr. Mullin vice-captain, and that they will play as often as possible.

THE OPTIMISTS.

During the past month our Minstrel Troup have visited the Elham Union, where they gave an entertainment to about 250 of the inmates. It was much enjoyed by the old people, the Fairphone

especially causing much amusement. Gifts of tobacco, snuff, tea, sugar, etc., which had been subscribed by employees were distributed during the evening and were much appreciated.

They have also given an entertainment at a meeting of the Hythe Conservative Association, and all items met with enthusiastic applause.

A dance was run by the Optimists at the Institute on April 4th in aid of the Sports Club, but being the week preceding Easter it was not such a success as it otherwise might have been; however, a small profit was made.

We were very glad to see Mr. Davison back in the troupe again. We feel sure his return to the fold is very welcome. It comes at an opportune moment, in view of the departure of Mr. Moore. He is a great pianist and will make a splendid deputy for Mr. Head. Mr. Dale, another Optimist, has left the Brewery, which has made room for Jack Carpenter and his fiddle, who we feel sure will prove an acquisition.

We look forward to big things from the Optimists next Winter.

HONOUR CONFERRED UPON A H. & G. SIMONDS OLD BOY.

Mr. Frank Seager, a prominent Auctioneer and Estate Agent in Folkestone, who has just been made a Justice of Peace, started his business career in the office of H. & G. Simonds at Brighton some 40 years ago. In an interview accorded to our representative a few days ago, Mr. Seager attributed a great deal of his success in life to the training he received in that office. He stated that he well remembered "S.B." and was very pleased when it was introduced into this neighbourhood.

Mr. Seager combines with a lovable personality an intense energy for doing good, and he has earned fame as one of the originators of the Cheerful Sparrow movement, of which he has been Honorary Secretary since its inception. The Cheerful Sparrows have been the means of collecting over £35,000 for the Hospital and other local Charities during the last few years. The honour conferred upon Mr. Seager is well deserved and is a small recognition of the great and good work he has done for his poorer and less fortunate brethren in Folkestone and district.

Probably there are still some on the Firm who will remember Mr. Seager and who will join with us in congratulating him and wishing him many happy years in which to enjoy his success.

PRESENTATION OF THE MACKESON SHIELD.

The Shield presented for competition between the Oddfellows' Clubs of Hythe, Cheriton, Folkestone and Dover and which has

been won this year by the Folkestone Oddfellows Club, was presented by Mr. Beattie at a smoking concert held on Monday, April 16th.

This is the fourth time since the war that it has been won by this Club, and whilst congratulating the winners we wish the losers better luck next time.

MR. A. MOORE LEAVES HYTHE TO TAKE UP APPOINTMENT AT SINGAPORE.

Many at Reading will no doubt be glad to hear of the good fortune of Mr. A. Moore, who it will be remembered spent some months at Headquarters in 1926, gaining experience in the Wine and Spirit Department. He has gone out to Singapore as head of the Wine and Spirit Department of Messrs. John Little & Co., Ltd., Eastern Merchants.

We, at Hythe, were all very sorry to lose him as he was a good sport and could always be relied upon both at work and at play, but we are glad of his success and our best wishes go with him.

It was only known in the Brewery a few days before he actually sailed, so there was no time to get up a subscription for a parting gift from all employees, but Mr. Freddy Peacock had a run round amongst his more intimate friends and his fellow Blackamoers in the Minstrel Troupe, and they presented him with a very useful travelling clock only about half-an-hour before he left to catch his train for London, from whence he sailed in the P. & O. s.s. *Nargunda* on April 4th.

We welcome Mr. R. C. Mison in Mr. Moore's place and hope he will prove a worthy successor.

MARGATE STORE RE-OPENS.

Our Margate Store, which is under the management of Mr. Ticehurst, under the watchful eye of Mr. Beattie, re-opened for the season at the beginning of April and record business was done during the holiday. Given fine weather it is anticipated that all records will be broken in the Isle of Thanet this year. Vast sums of money have been spent by the Corporation of Margate and by private enterprise in catering for holiday makers so that Margate can fairly claim to be the Blackpool of the South. The recuperative powers of Margate air and Milk Stout are synonymous terms and we look forward to a very busy time at the Hythe Brewery during the next four or five months in keeping Margate stocked up.

ADDITIONS TO THE FAMILY AT HYTHE.

Congratulations to Mr. Fulluck who, whilst on a business tour in Germany, had his stock increased by 50 per cent.; his managing director having announced a bonus issue of one for every two.

ANOTHER DAUGHTER.

On March 25th, 1928, at 13, Fort Road, Hythe, to Mr. and Mrs. Willmore—an Austin. A very fine child, bigger than the usual "baby" 12 horse power.

Over this latter event, Mr. Willmore is keenly disappointed, he was hoping that it would be a Trojan.

We wonder who will be the next; Mr. Hollands, having had a ride with Mr. Mullin, is on the look-out for something with a bit of speed, and we are sure Mr. Whiting would find a car most useful.

Mr. Fairhead is in strict training for the Olympic games, so we cannot look for a surprise in that direction just yet. We are all wondering which event Mr. Fairhead is getting ready for, is it the sprint or the marathon? We understand that he has put up some remarkable times between No. 1 and No. 2 Malt Houses and has issued a challenge to Mr. Chipperfield for a race. This, however, would not be a fair test for Mr. Fairhead as, since Mr. Chapman left, the latter has done no training, so the result would be a foregone conclusion.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Who is digging the allotment for Charlie this year, and whether he is not afraid he will have to go short of vegetables next winter?

Who Cobbet is going to play for this year, for or against us?

How Mr. Gubbins got the measles? We should have thought he would have been above such things.

Why Mr. Saltmarsh is keeping his motor bike when he is doing away with the necessity of riding it?

What the "Cop" meant when he advised "Bunny" to keep off the grass, and if he has taken his tip and sold his motor bike?

What grudge "Kruger" has against the trombone?

If the young lady can distinguish between "Trolly" and "Pansy" in the dark? They are both "Blackmans."

Who calls "Darkie" in the morning?

Isn't "Spud" nervous of Llewellyn being on holiday whilst he is working?

If the camera that Taylor borrowed to take the photograph of the team with was damaged, and if they all contributed towards its repair?

If the object of the Cooper-Benford-Sherwood combine is to teach us all to dance? "Twip" now performs well.

WEDDING OF MR. SALTMARSH.

In our opening paragraph we mentioned that we had very little of importance to report for the past month, but important news has come to hand since we penned those lines. We refer to the marriage of Mr. Stanley Saltmarsh to Miss Thoroughgood, of Felstead, Essex. The wedding took place at The Parish Church, Great Lees, Essex, on Saturday, the 28th ultimo, and the honeymoon is being spent at Eastbourne.

We hear that the Parson told Miss Thoroughgood that it would be impossible for her to change her name for a better one, but, as Shakespeare says, "What's in a name—a Rose by any other name would smell as sweet," so we all join in wishing the happy couple a long and prosperous life together.

Mr. Saltmarsh was presented with a handsome clock in oak case by his fellow employees.

SWANSEA.

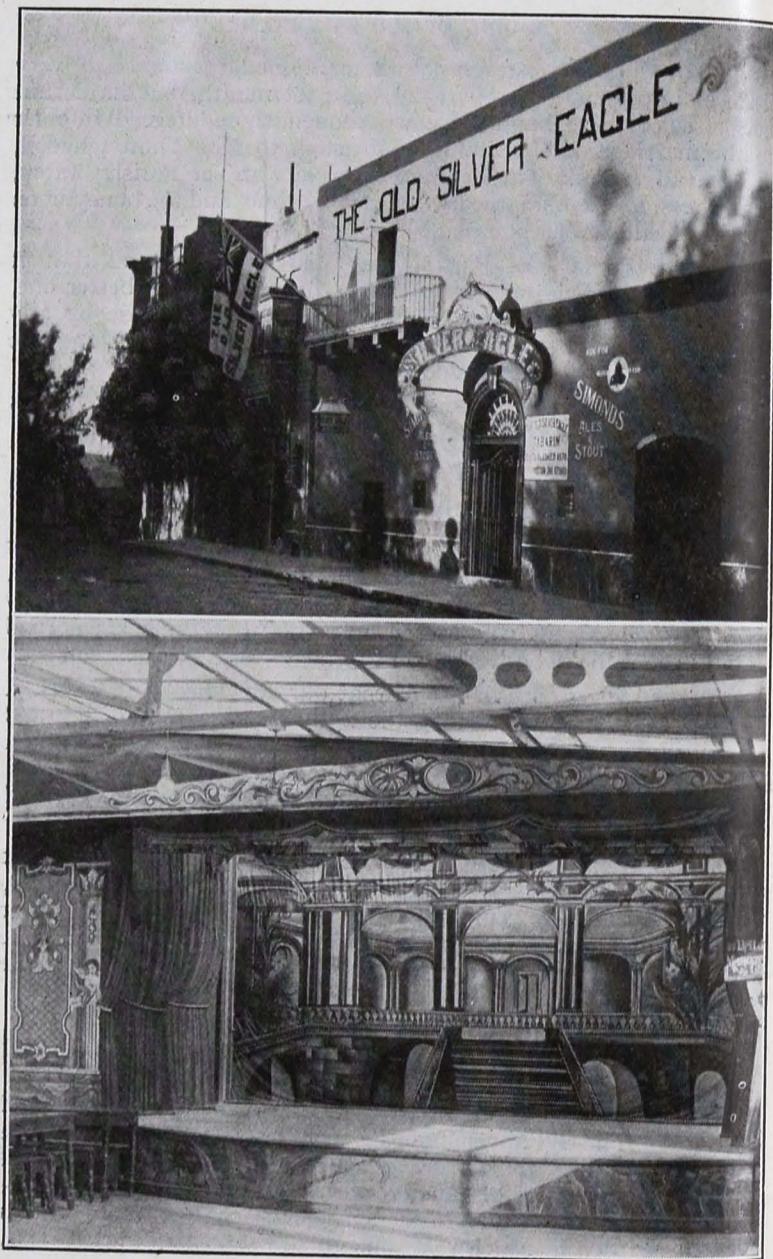
We were very sorry to read in last month's issue of the GAZETTE that our popular Director, Mr. F. A. Simonds was indisposed, suffering from an attack of influenza, and sincerely trust that by this time he has fully recovered and able to resume his normal duties; the same good wishes we extend to Mrs. F. A. Simonds.

We are very sorry to record that our late Foreman, Mr. B. J. Rees, passed away on Sunday the 25th March, after a long and painful illness. Mr. Rees, who was 49 years of age, served under the Firm at this Branch for the considerable period of 32 years, and during that time was a most loyal and faithful servant and very popular with his fellow workmen.

His loss has been greatly felt by all at Swansea. The interment took place on Thursday the 29th March at Danygraig Cemetery, when the Firm were represented by Mr. H. W. Colson and other members of the Swansea Staff. Numerous floral tributes were sent, amongst them being one from the Firm. We extend to the relatives our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement.

MALTA.

The following photographs are views of the exterior and interior of "The Old Silver Eagle." The Proprietor is Mr. Guiseppe Attard, who takes the utmost pride in his establishment to the consequent welfare of his numerous customers. The Silver Eagle is equipped with a modern dancing hall, concert room and a beautiful garden in which refreshments are served.



NEWBURY.

The accident at Newbury Bridge, resulting in a considerable portion of the balustrading being damaged and forced into the river, has called for the necessity for immediate expert inspection. Arrangements had been made some time previously with the Thames Conservancy to send a diver to examine the foundations, and this had only been delayed by bad weather and the strong stream of flood water flowing under the Bridge. The accident expedited matters, and a skilful diver was engaged.

He took the opportunity to inspect the foundations of the Bridge. From an interview with the Borough Surveyor (Mr. N. S. Bowes), *The Newbury Weekly News* learns that it is not a barrel bridge, as many supposed, and that it was built on timber piles, surmounted by a three inch decking, upon which the whole structure rested. The diver discovered that on the north side there was a cavity of 1ft. 9in. between the piles and the masonry, and this extended laterally for nine feet. On the south side there was a cavity of three to six inches, extending about four feet inwards. This demanded instant attention to ensure the safety of the public, and it has been found necessary to prohibit the passage of heavy traffic until temporary repairs have been undertaken.

The matter is of national importance, as Newbury Bridge occupies a strategic position, being the only crossing point for north to south traffic for several miles east and west of the town. The town authorities have been in consultation with the Ministry of Transport and the Berks County Surveyor, and arrangements made for the safety of the public.

The matter of the bridge being unsafe necessitates all goods for our Stores and the South side of Newbury in vehicles above five tons having to make a circular tour from Midgham via Brimpton and Crookham—a very trying journey. A local wit states it is the increased transport to our Stores with "S.B." that has done the mischief.

The Hocktide at Hungerford is looked for with much eagerness by us at Newbury, having somewhat large interests in the town, and the celebrated punch has been from time immemorial prepared at our house the Three Swans Hotel. From hear-say, the "mixture" was never better than at the present time, which is a fine testimonial to our present genial and enthusiastic tenant.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

We are not in a position to give any football reports this time owing to the small number of matches played, but hope to present a better innings in the next issue. Our trouble at Devonport is the same as at Hythe, no cohesion in the ranks of players and supporters although we have pointed out that Unity is Strength.

In the next issue of THE HOP LEAF we hope to announce the result of the Billiards Competition for the "Sealey Cup," which has kindly been given to the Club by Mr. W. G. Sealey.

Result of the only Billiards Match played this month:—

<i>Catholic Young Men's Club.</i>				<i>Simonds Social Club.</i>			
Mr. Abell	100	v.	W. Mills	...	64
„ Donelly	100	v.	A. E. Ellis	...	83
„ Keaton	31	v.	J. Clough	...	100
„ Hawkin	94	v.	F. Pierce	...	100
„ Whiting	100	v.	R. Mills	...	69
			425				416

The Brewery team losing by 9 points.

WOOLWICH.

Woolwich was honoured by a visit from His Majesty The King on March 27th, when he inspected the Royal Artillery, also visited different places of interest in the Garrison for the welfare of the men of the Regiment. He also inspected the men of the Woolwich Branch of the Old Contemptibles Association. His Majesty took lunch with the Officers of the Royal Regiment.

Another Royal visitor during March was King Amanullah, who appeared very interested in all he saw. During his visit he inspected the Royal Artillery, also the Barracks; from here he went to the Royal Arsenal and viewed the main workshops.

We understand the Sergeants' Mess 2nd Loyal Regiment's Easter Ball was a very great success, there being over 500 people present, and by all accounts the inhabitants of Gravesend will be sorry to lose this popular Regiment.

Our customer, the Charlton Liberal Club, held their annual dinner on March 10th, and our Manager was one of the three guests invited, which included the Mayor of Woolwich. A very pleasant evening was spent and it is interesting to record that this Club was one of our first Club customers at this Branch. Charlton

Liberal Club is the second oldest Working Men's Club in South East London; Woolwich Radical Club, another of our customers, being the senior by a few months.

Police Inspector on Parade: I want three volunteers to step forward to assist to raid a local Public House.

(Shuffle of feet).

Inspector, sharply: I said three, not all the squad.

WOKING.

Eastertide once again maintained its glorious weather traditions, and the many beauty spots in Surrey were besieged by thousands of holiday makers from the Metropolis and elsewhere. Although we in Woking did not experience the congested road traffic as those towns and villages on the main thoroughfares to the Southern Coast, the influx of visitors was very noticeable, and happy picnic parties could be seen on all sides. The traffic through Guildford reached tremendous proportions and was almost one continuous stream throughout the holiday period.

We had the usual Easter Camps for detachments of Territorial Battalions. The 5th and 6th Battalions of the East Surrey Regiment were at Bisley, and one would find it difficult to select a more delightful spot at this time of the year. The 22nd London Regiment were quartered at Stoughton Barracks, Guildford, occupied by the Depot The Queen's Royal Regiment, and the 24th London Regiment were accommodated at Inkerman Barracks, Woking, occupied by the 1st Battalion The Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

The Woking Football Club are very successfully holding their own in the Isthmian League. They have at present gained twenty-two points in twenty-one games. It was found impossible to arrange a foreign tour this year, but an interesting match was played against the Swansea Corinthians on Easter Monday. Woking, after a good game, managed to win by four goals to three. On Saturday, 14th April, we witnessed an interesting struggle between Woking and Tufnell Park on the Kingfield Ground. Woking won the toss and gained the advantage of a strong wind which enabled them to score four of their goals in the first half. The final score was 5-2. The outstanding player was W. J. Price, who scored three brilliant goals for Woking.

We meet either Dulwich Hamlet or Summerstown on May 5th in the final of the Surrey Senior Cup, and hope to create a record by winning the trophy two years in succession.

SALISBURY.

On Tuesday, March 20th, Salisbury was given the opportunity of welcoming King Amanullah and Queen Souriya of Afghanistan. The royal party, escorted by motor cyclists of the Wilts Constabulary and two armoured cars, motored through the town on their way from Bulford, where they had made an inspection of the latest arm of the British Forces—the mechanised units.

A civic reception was accorded the King and Queen at the Southern Railway station, prior to their departure to London. Flags were hung across the principal streets along which people had gathered to see the Royal visitors.

The King having expressed a wish to see the Cathedral, the procession proceeded through the Cathedral Close, stopping on the north side for a few minutes, during which the King alighted to view the Cathedral. The station was reached via High Street, Bridge Street, and Fisherton Street, the King replying to the cheers of the people along the route by a wave of the hand.

At the station, the Mayor (the Hon. Lady Hulse) was presented to the King and Queen, and then the Town Clerk read an address of welcome which was interpreted by Sir Francis Humphrys. The address had been beautifully engraved on an illuminated scroll of vellum, was surmounted by the civic arms, and bore the Corporation seal.

We were all very pleased that the clerk of the weather proved kind for the first great open air holiday of the year, Easter. At Salisbury the people took full advantage of the good fortune and everybody appeared to be out enjoying the welcome sun. Numerous excursions were run, both by railway and charabanc, and were well patronized.

An impressive spectacle was a procession made up of the combined choirs from St. Edmund's, St. Mark's, and St. Thomas' Churches.

On Saturday, 30th March, we said goodbye to a former member of our staff, Mr. S. Fullarton, who left Salisbury to try his fortune in Canada. He was presented with a suit case, a parting gift from the other members of the staff here. We all wish him the best of luck in his new country, and hope he will find health and prosperity.

THE LONG ARM OF COINCIDENCE.

A Salisbury antiquarian contributes the following to a local contemporary:—A friend, Mr. A., a well-known archæologist, was lately excavating a prehistoric (Early Iron Age) site on the Downs. Mr. B., a neighbour, helped him in the spade work one morning.

A. by way of a joke, secretly "salted" B.'s plot with a small brass ring. After a few minutes digging, B. ran excitedly to A. with a ring of the same size, which to A.'s confusion proved to be a genuine gold finger ring of, say, 500 B.C.

The second coincidence is related by a Chippenham reader in the following terms:—"We were beating a bank of long grass. A hare got up in the front of G., the centre gun; he killed it and when the keeper went to pick it up he found a dead partridge beside it, killed by the same shot. 'Quite an ordinary coincidence' your shooting readers may say, but here follows the coincidence. After lunch we were walking the same bank in the same order. A single partridge rose before G., flying low. He killed it, and when the man picked it up he found a dead rabbit beside it, killed by the same shot."

FARNBOROUGH.

It is announced that the 17/21st Lancers will in due course move from Aldershot to Hounslow to relieve the 10th Royal Hussars, moving to Egypt. The 14th/20th Hussars will come to Aldershot from York. We welcome the latter Regiment as old business friends at Tidworth and elsewhere.

Our old offices in the Alexandra Road, South Farnborough, recently purchased by Mr. T. Jones, have been converted into a Masonic Club, which has been a long-felt want.

In addition, Mr. Jones has built a Masonic Temple and a Masonic Hall. He is to be very much congratulated on his enterprise and brethren in the district wish him all success. The club was informally opened on the 14th instant.

Troops are now busily engaged on their musketry courses, weapon training courses, etc. It has been wintry under canvas.

Col. B. N. Sergison-Brooke, C.M.G., D.S.O., has assumed Command of the 1st Guards Brigade, Aldershot, and Col. J. G. B. Allardyce, C.M.G., D.S.O., is now the C.R.A. 1st Division.

The 11th Hussars have held their last Mounted Parade prior to becoming an Armoured Car Regiment. Their horses have been handed over and the men will start courses at Wool and Lydd very shortly. The men part with their horses with regret. They retain their old title, as at present. The famous Cherrypickers will pick no more.

Congratulations to Capt. T. G. Upton, O.B.E., D.C.M., on winning the Cavalry Cup. He must feel very gratified. On the other hand we know that R.S.M. Young must be very disappointed. He quite thought it was all "tickety vous."

The 3rd Medium Bde. R.A. have arrived at Longmoor from Shoeburyness and are now settling down.

ARMY FOOTBALL.

The Command Central Ground, Aldershot, has recently been the venue of different cup-tie finals.

THE RUGBY CHALLENGE CUP.

The finalists in the Army Rugby Challenge Cup were the 1st Bn. South Wales Borderers (Lichfield) and the 1st Bn. The King's Own Royal Regiment (Aldershot). The former team created a record which will take some exceptional team, and a long time, to equal.

By defeating the King's Own on the 14th March they won the Army Rugby Union Challenge Cup for the fourth year in succession. The score was five tries (15 points) to a goal, a penalty goal, and two tries (14 points). Last year the Borderers also won by a single point, then defeating the Royal Engineers.

The game was an exceptionally good one for a final [tie, and the play throughout was clean and keen. An exciting finish was seen when the King's Own secured a try two minutes from time. It was a very difficult angle and Sergt. Whelpton failed with the kick.

The cup and medals were presented by Lieut.-General Sir R. D. Whigham, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., President of the Army Rugby Union.

We have pleasure in publishing a Special Battalion Order issued by the O.C. 1st Bn. The South Wales Borderers, as follows:—

"Whittington Barracks,
Lichfield,
16th March, 1928.

I wish to congratulate Captain C. A. Baker, M.C., and all members of the Rugby XV on winning the Army Rugby Cup for the fourth year in succession.

This is a great achievement and one of which the Regiment may well feel proud.

The cup was won by the combination of generalship on the part of the captain of the team and loyalty on the part of all members of the team to themselves and to their leader.

I take this opportunity of thanking all those who, directly or indirectly, assisted in establishing this record in Army Rugby Football.

This is the last occasion that the 1st Battalion will figure in these contests before going on foreign service. The Battalion will leave England with a record of never having been beaten on the Rugby field in a cup-tie during the last four years. This is a record which is not likely to be beaten for many a long year. If in the future this fine record of sustained effort is lowered, may it be by the effort of the 2nd Battalion, on whose shoulders now falls our mantle in this important branch of sport.

Since the Great War the Welch Regiment, the Welsh [Guards and the South Wales Borderers have resisted all efforts to wrest the cup from Wales, and these teams together have, each in their turn, done much to raise the standard of Rugby Football in the Army.

The following congratulatory telegrams have been received:—

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales (Colonel-in-Chief):—Heartiest congratulations.

General Sir A. S. Cobbe, V.C., G.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O. (Colonel of the Regiment):—Heartiest congratulations.

Maj.-General G. Paton, C.M.G. (late Colonel of the Regiment):—Very hearty congratulations.

2nd Battalion:—Heartiest congratulations.

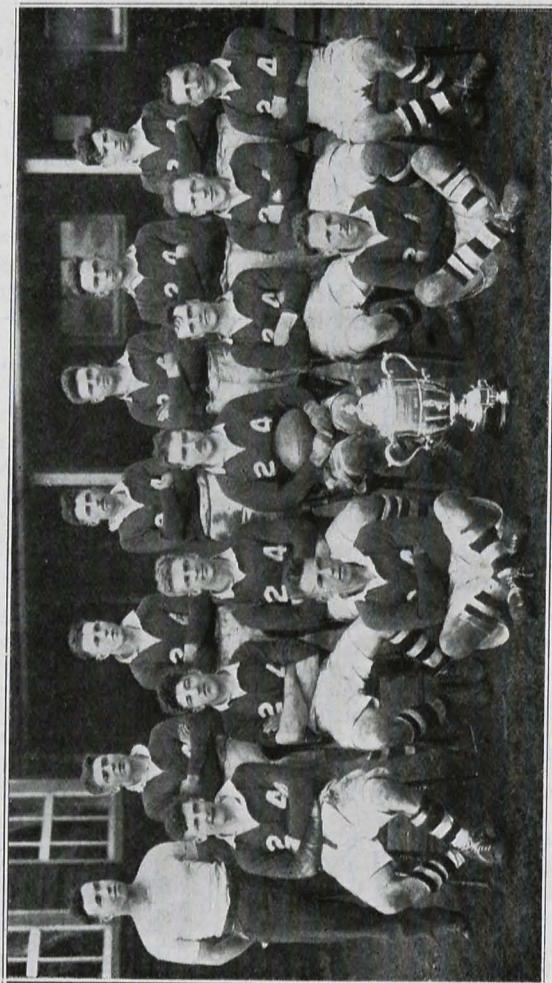
Depot:—Well done. Hearty congratulations.

And in addition messages have been received from the following:—Brig.-General A. J. Reddie, C.M.G., D.S.O.; Maj.-General Sir P. O. Hambro, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G.; 2nd The King's Regiment; Depot South Staffordshire Regiment; Major E. C. Partridge; Lieut.-Col. F. G. Lawrence, D.S.O., O.B.E.; Stoneygate Rugby Football Club; Lieut.-General Sir C. D. Shute, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.; Col.-Commndt. W. A. Blake, C.M.G., D.S.O.; Depot North Staffordshire Regiment; 2nd Hampshire Regiment; Major Paunceforth Munday; Col. L. I. G. Morgan-Owen, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O.

R. F. GROSS, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col.,
Commanding 1st Bn. The South Wales Borderers."

The 1st Bn. South Wales Borderers are for Foreign Service.

The 2nd Bn. come home from Aden to Portsmouth.



1st Batt. South Wales Borderers, winners of the Army Rugby Championship.

CAVALRY CUP FINAL.

Played on Command Central Ground, Aldershot, on Wednesday, March 28th, between the 11th Hussars (Aldershot) and the 3rd/6th Dragoon Guards (Tidworth), and won by the 11th Hussars in the last minute of the game, two goals to one.

All the excitement was packed into the last half hour of the game, in which all three goals were scored. Generally speaking, the defence of both teams was greatly superior to the attack, and

the two goalkeepers gave a sparkling display. It was an extremely level game in which the Hussars managed to secure the spoils. Trooper Anderson opened the scoring for the Dragoons with a good header from a centre. Ten minutes later, Trooper Larke equalised from close range, Boy Harvey making the opening which led to the goal. Immediately afterwards, L.-Sergt. Gunnill wasted the best scoring chance of the game by shooting over the bar. Christmas, the Hussars goalkeeper, made several fine saves. Anderson for the Dragoons sent the ball against the foot of the upright and Taylor nearly put through his own goal during determined attacks by the Dragoon Guards. Three minutes from time, clever work by S.S.M. Jerden on the wing brought the winning goal for the Hussars, Gunnill heading through from the centre.

The Dragoons made a valiant attempt to draw level but were unsuccessful.

The cup and medals were presented by Lieut.-General Sir David Campbell, K.C.B., General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Aldershot Command.

The 11th Hussars are one of the two Cavalry Regiments selected to be mechanized. It is interesting to know that they will retain their present title and be eligible to again play in the Cavalry Cup.

THE ARMY CUP FINAL.

The Army Cup Final, an Easter Monday annual match, attracted a very large crowd to the Command Central Ground, when the finalists were the 1st Bde. R.H.A. (Aldershot) and R.A.O.C. (Hilsea), in which the Command's Horse Gunners were defeated by two goals to one.

The Ordnance deserved their victory, but doubtless the R.H.A. will greatly profit by the experience in the future.

Had the 1st Bde. R.H.A. won it would have been a most popular victory and R.S.M. "Tommy" Young would have been overwhelmed with congratulations. He has taken the greatest interest in the welfare of the team.

At the conclusion of the match Lady Campbell presented the cup to the winning captain, also medals to both teams.

It was disappointing to many visitors that H.M. the King was unable to be present as is his wont.

It is announced that Their Majesties the King and Queen hope to be in residence at the Royal Pavilion, Aldershot, from May 15th to 21st. We understand that the provisional programme does not include a Royal Review of the troops in the Aldershot Command this year.

LUDGERSHALL.

No doubt most of your numerous readers are aware that the social side of Salisbury Plain is somewhat limited. At the same time our Military friends on the spot endeavour to make the best of a bad job.

During the last few weeks, the main topic has been the various Point-to-Point meetings, namely, the Royal Artillery, the R.A. Harriers, the R.A.S.C. and R.E., which were held at Shipton Bellinger, and the 2nd Cavalry Brigade and the Tedworth Hunt meetings which were held at Penton.

These Point-to-Point meetings are quite a feature in the district and from a purely sporting point of view we can recommend them to those of your readers with a leaning in this direction.

On Friday, March 30th, on the invitation of Regt.-Sergt.-Major E. Bolt and the members of the Sergeants' Mess R.A.F., Old Sarum, we managed to scratch up a team to go down to the Mess for a series of games of Billiards.

The results of the games were as under, and we are pleased to record another victory. Regt. Sergt.-Major Bolt was naturally the "Star turn." As previous champion of Egypt, we could not hope to compete with him, although Flemington made a very good show.

<i>Sergeants Mess, R.A.F., Old Sarum.</i>			<i>H. & G. S.</i>		
R.S.M. E. Bolt	...	100	v.	T. Flemington	44
F/S. Notley	...	79	v.	E. Hockings	100
F/S Fraser	...	69	v.	J. Mitcheson	100
F/S. Whitehead	...	70	v.	J. Lazzari	100
F/S. Broad	...	83	v.	H. Nuttall	100
F/S. Simpson	...	90	v.	F. L. Shrimpton	100
F/S Han	...	98	v.	E. Pearce	100
		589			644

The whole of the Staff are very much indebted to R.S.M. Bolt and the members of the Sergeants Mess R.A.F., Old Sarum, for their very kind hospitality and a most congenial evening.

The 2nd Somersetshire L.I. held their annual "Jellalabad Ball" which was very well attended and there is no doubt the guests, amongst whom were several members of our staff who had received and accepted invitations, very much appreciated their hospitality.

It was unfortunate that owing to illness Regt.-Sergt.-Major Cooke could not take his usual active part, but we were very pleased to see him discharged from hospital and able to attend this most enjoyable function.

Below we give you a "snap" of a few of the members of the Sergeants' Mess 2nd Somersetshire L.I.

From the expressions on the faces of these gentlemen, it is apparent that they are very well satisfied with the "goods delivered."

The voice of the gentleman in the centre, with the "decoration," is no doubt known to various members of the Somersetshire L.I.



Members of the Sergeants' Mess, 2nd Somersetshire L. I.

GIBRALTAR.

The Atlantic Fleet came back in due course accompanied by the Mediterranean Fleet, quite a sight for aching eyes. Toward the latter part of their stay they had glorious weather, but as the Mediterranean Fleet sailed to-day (6th April) it must rain. The departure of the Mediterranean Fleet was delayed owing to the Courts-Martial of Commander Daniels and Captain Dewar. It seems that the Fleets and the rain are so close friends that they take it with them wherever they go. When the Atlantic Fleet is mentioned at Gibraltar, one's thoughts instinctively turn to "Macs." The wet season of the year coincides with the Fleet's annual visit, but the hard-bitten (this is true, especially in summer, both by day and night) Britisher does not pair January, February or March with the rain; no it is the Fleet that is blamed for it.

The coming of the Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets slows up the Garrison games somewhat. Naturally with such a short time here they make the most of it and the grounds are beginning to show signs of wear, especially those of the Navy. Many good games have been played, but none enjoyed so much as H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* v. H.M.S. *Ceres* for the semi-final of the Malta Cup, so the writer was given to understand, in which the winners qualified to meet the Devon Regiment. "Q. E." won the match 2—0. The members of the Senior service certainly do not spare themselves, indulging in good hefty charges which appalled us. Gravel rashes are quite easy to get without that kind of thing and once got, take a long time to clear up. It is rare, however, to see a game between two teams from the Navy finished without all the eleven of each team on the field, so gravel rasnes apparently cannot do them any harm.

The Garrison played a local Spanish team "Balompedica" and were soundly beaten in the first game 3—2. In the second game the Garrison won. Some say they were lucky, admittedly, but one must add they were also plucky, being overplayed and a goal down five minutes from time. But they played up strongly enough to get two goals and win the match.

The Mediterranean Fleet and Garrison have met on the football field, in a somewhat disappointing game, Garrison being the winners 3—1. The Atlantic met the Mediterranean Fleet and beat them, so that on the football field, at least, the Mediterranean Fleet have not many pleasant memories of their visit to Gib.

Now that the Fleets have gone there is the Governor's Cup to be settled in which some good games should be seen. There is also the Inter-Company Cup. In the semi-final the "Sappers" play the "Medicals" and the winners of this should carry off the trophy.

The individual Billiards championship was won by Cpl. Stuart of the E. Surrey Regiment. By his consistent play throughout the tournament he has deservedly won it. His opponent in the final, Q.M.S. Jewell, Royal Artillery, played up pluckily and was the first to congratulate the winner. Two breaks of note by Cpl. Stuart in the final were 57 and 36, quite formidable propositions in 350 up. Col. L. A. E. Price-Davies, V.C., C.B., etc., presented the prizes of the Individual Championship and the Senior and Junior Leagues on the conclusion of the final. Among the prizes were two presentation cues, kindly presented by Messrs. Thurstons of Thurstons Hall, London.