

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

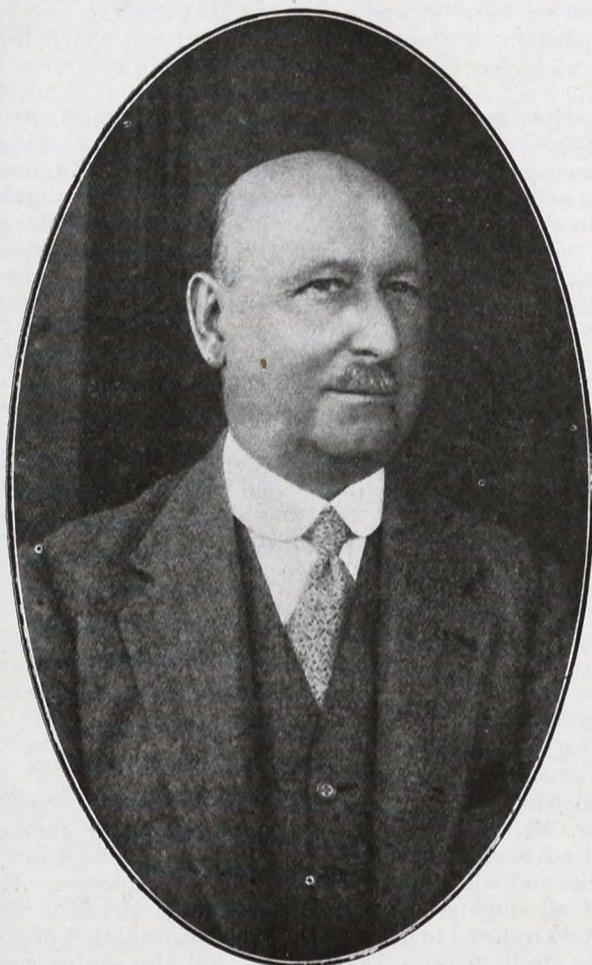
*The Monthly Journal of
H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.*

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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MR. J. W. HUTTON.

EDITORIAL.

MR. J. W. HUTTON.

The portrait on our frontispiece this month is of Mr. J. W. Hutton, the manager of our Gibraltar Branch. Mr. Hutton joined the Firm at Aldershot in 1887, and was transferred to Dublin in January, 1891, the year in which that Branch was opened. In the following year he was appointed to Gibraltar and succeeded to the position of manager on January, 1915, which he held to this date.

Mr. Hutton is a well known and popular figure on the Rock and is an indefatigable worker. To the knowledge of his biographer, he commences his working day at the Stores at 7 a.m. and finishes about 12 hours later. An indubitable trait, which has undoubtedly contributed to the success of his management, is Mr. Hutton's method of keeping in close personal touch with all customers and attending to their smallest as well as their largest needs. His ability to converse in Spanish is a great adjunct in conducting business in Gibraltar.

Our Gibraltar Branch having been closed, Mr. Hutton is now associated with Mr. E. M. B. Cottrell (the proprietor of Messrs. M. Baglietto), who has been given our sole agency for Gibraltar. Mr. Cottrell is a grandson of the late Major W. F. Cottrell, who at one time was Garrison Adjutant and Quarter-Master at Gibraltar and subsequently manager of our Aldershot Branch and it is a remarkable coincidence that Mr. Hutton, who was recommended for the appointment at Gibraltar by Major Cottrell, should now be associated with his grandson.

Mr. J. W. Hutton is a keen supporter of all forms of sport and an enthusiastic follower of football and cricket.

MR. F. A. SIMONDS.

Following the recent severe attack of influenza, our Managing Director, Mr. F. A. Simonds, has been ordered abroad by his medical advisers for a complete rest. He will be away for some six weeks and will be accompanied by Mrs. Simonds. The ardent wish of all employees of the Firm is that Mr. Eric will return completely restored to his former good health and that Mrs. Simonds, who has spent many anxious weeks, will also derive considerable benefit from the change.

THE LATE MR. B. MARKHAM.

We are deeply sorry to record the death of Mr. B. Markham, our Far East Representative, who passed away at Bangkok, Siam, on the 4th April. The sad news came as a great shock to those with whom his business brought him into contact on his periodical visits to this country. The remorse felt by his friends will be the measure of their sympathy with his relatives, to whom, by reason of his happy disposition and sterling good qualities, his sad and untimely end must be a crushing blow. The following paragraph appeared in the *Bangkok Times* of the 5th April, a copy of which has reached us:—

“The funeral of the late Mr. B. Markham took place yesterday evening in the Protestant Cemetery, the Rev. Cecil Simmons reading the funeral service both in the Mortuary Chapel and at the graveside. The place of interment was near the graves of the Captain and Chief Engineer of the *Kola*, who died from cholera a few years ago shortly after their vessel had left for Singapore. It was ascertained, after the death of Mr. Markham, that he was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and the attendance at the cemetery yesterday included the Acting Master of Lodge St. John, Bangkok, several Past Masters and Officers. There were a number of wreaths, and among those present were:—Messrs. A. G. Meade and A. T. Oldham from the British Consulate-General; Mr. H. Tyrer, Mr. F. D. Spencer, Mr. J. H. Jamison and Mr. J. C. Bullock (The Anglo-Siam Corporation, Ltd.); Mr. H. E. T. Scowsill and Mr. Edwardes-Evans (Katz Bros., Ltd.); Mr. C. S. Richardson (Nai Lert); Mr. A. M. Hamilton (United Engineers, Ltd.); Mr. F. d'Arcy (Harry A. Badman and Co.); Mr. H. Shakespear Hart (British Dispensary); Mr. H. C. Andersen, Mr. W. H. Cochrane, Mr. Viggo Th. Lund, etc.”

A SUCCESSFUL EVENING.

Representatives from the Brewery turned up in strong force at the annual presentation of prizes and trophies in connection with the Reading and District Billiards League and the evening proved a highly successful one. We heartily congratulate the H. & G. Simonds' Social Club team on winning the cup presented by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, the winning team including five of the players who won the cup four years ago. We all greatly regretted the absence of Mr. Eric, the President of the League, who was not well enough to attend.

A GROWING CONCERN.

From small beginnings the League has grown into a very big thing and has done a great work in cementing good fellowship

among the various Clubs. To run such a League so successfully has meant a vast amount of work and we extend to Mr. G. E. Boddington, the indefatigable Hon. Secretary, our warmest congratulations on the splendid success of his labours. A few years ago the League consisted of nine Clubs; now it has eighteen, while in the past season there were 270 players registered to participate in League games. When Mr. Boddington took over the Secretaryship the League possessed only £3; now it has about £80 standing to its credit. Truly, a growing and a going concern!

DRINK AND INSANITY.

In view of the oft-repeated assertion that drink is a main cause of insanity, it is worth notice that Sir Frederick Willis, at the Annual Meeting of the Mental After-Care Association, said that a point he wished to emphasise was that we were making no impression on insanity in this country. The incidence of insanity as compared with twenty-five or thirty years ago, and the recovery rate, revealed no improvement. Yet it is generally admitted that sobriety has increased remarkably in the same period.

"TWO YEARS AGO."

There is a good story told concerning the appointment, by Lord Palmerston, of Charles Kingsley as Professor of Modern History. Critics wanted to know what Kingsley knew about modern history, and Palmerston's reply was: "Well, he wrote 'Two Years Ago.'"

WORKING MEN AND WOMEN.

No particular class has the monopoly as to the application of the term "working men and women." Picking out, at random, "the events of the day" from a great newspaper we came across the following:—

The King and Queen leave for Aldershot.

The Prince of Wales presides at King Edward's Hospital Fund Meeting, St. James's Palace, 11.30; attends Harvey Tercentenary Conversazione, Merchant Taylors' Hall, 9.0.

The Duke and Duchess of York attend Conversazione, East London College, 8.50; reception, 7.0.

Prince George attends Ball for Friends of the Poor, Eresby House, Rutland Gate.

The Princess Royal at Church Army Alexandra Girls' Club Outing, Caen Wood Towers, Highgate, 3.30.

Princess Beatrice attends Meeting of Women's League of Service for Motherhood, Mitford House, Lennox Gardens, 4.0.

Truly, our beloved King and Queen, and other members of the Royal Family, are as hardworking men and women as any of us.

A PATHETIC COINCIDENCE.

Recently Mr. J. Stacey, who works at the Brewery, had a cask of beer for the wedding of his daughter. By a coincidence the cask bore the mark "WXS," which was the recognised mark to indicate that that particular cask was made by Mr. Stacey's son (formerly a cooper at the Brewery), who was killed in the War.

A MOVING INCIDENT.

"W.D.," whose notes are so welcome each month, has recently moved from St. Anne's Road to Kidmore Road. We hope he enjoyed the trip! By the way, Mr. Dunster has just received a "fiver" from *John Bull* for a clever "bullet." Well done!

EATING.

There is no doubt that most people eat far too much. It is interesting to learn how different folk feed and which are their favourite meals. Two friends were discussing the subject. One said his supper was his best meal, while the other never touched it. The former never eats breakfast, while the latter makes that his heartiest meal. Talking about breakfast, last Sunday the Editor set out on his push-bike soon after it was light and went for a quiet ride of a good many miles before breakfast. Calling at a farm he drank a pint of new milk, straight from the wood—we mean the cow. Then he pedalled gently along, arriving home about 9 a.m. And wasn't breakfast welcome! How much he ate is not fit for publication.

WEDDING.

We congratulate Mr. B. W. Brooker on his marriage to Miss M. B. Grantham, which ceremony was celebrated at St. John's Church, Reading, on the 5th May. Mr. Brooker is a member of the Branch Department Staff.

On the day previous to the wedding a handsome clock and a set of carvers were kindly presented to Mr. Brooker by Mr. C. E. Gough, on behalf of the staff. Mr. Gough's speech was specially suitable to the occasion and his words contained some sound advice and encouragement.

Mr. and Mrs. Brooker were the recipients of a letter of congratulation from the Borough Member of Parliament, Mr. H. G. Williams.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

THE HOP LEAF GAZETTES for the merry month of May were a few days late in appearing at the Brewery, but it was due to circumstances out of our control. The issue was full of interest to everyone and the different articles were duly appreciated; also our Brewery artist, Mr. W. Giddy, excelled himself in his sketch.

The Wireless Notes from "D.A.P.", Portsmouth, show he has a wonderful set, from the places he mentions he receives, and it is to be hoped he understands the language when he switches on to some of the foreign stations and that he can translate "Say S.B." when on to Brun (Czecho-Slovakia). We have an appreciation of Milk Stout hung up in the office written in Chinese, with translation.

The shooting yarn in Woolwich Branch Notes seems to out-distance in romance some fishing yarns, so our Editor—who at the moment of writing is in Devonshire for a week's holiday, trout fishing—will have to tell us a "tall one."

An advertisement in a daily paper reads "What is a Refresher?" The answer is given in the advert., but it should undoubtedly be "Mine's S.B."

"That's the best advertisement Simonds' have ever had," I overheard someone say the other night, pointing to the picture of the sailor on the presumably desert island, with the primitive wireless installation "S.B. to all Stations." It certainly is a picture which catches the eye.

Just where I recently lived, at the top of a hill in a suburb of Reading, buses run by all day from early in the morning until 11 at night, also every motorist and motor cyclist seem to think it the best plan to race up the hill at a fast pace, making quite a din and emitting clouds of smoke on occasions, but we have got fairly used to it after a number of years. However, just lately, we have another noise to put up with, viz., aeroplanes circling over at night, but there is the satisfaction to those who have had experience of past air raids that these terrors of the air are not bent on our destruction at the moment, and if you cannot sleep, you can at least rest secure in the knowledge that an immediate visit to the cellar (or wherever you keep the "S.B.") is not now necessary.

Mr. S. Josey, our Chief Wages Clerk, probably one of the best known on the Brewery and possibly one of the best liked on Fridays,

has had a very anxious time lately, as his wife has had to undergo two severe operations at the Royal Berkshire Hospital, but I am pleased to be able to state she is now much better and well on the right road.

I see that residents of Portsmouth are called Portsmouthians. Reading people are generally known as Readingites, but with regard to Caversham, quite near, it is awkward to call the natives Cavershamites, owing to the fact that there happens to be Caversham Heights, and there especially it is usual to sound the aspirate "h." I live at Caversham.

Fancy going to the "Crooked Billet" and asking for a "Straight Pint."

Football is a topic that is still with us, and I hope for the peace of mind of some of our Brewery enthusiasts of the Reading Football Club that some new men are signed on before long. Of course we have had many rumours, in fact we get them every day.

W D.

HOWLERS FROM THE CLASSROOM.

If the horse wins, the jockey gets a lot of money and can have a good time, but the horse gets nothing. This seems unfair. But horses don't like beer.

* * * *

The horse you bet on is called a cert. If it loses, it's called a dead cert.

* * * *

Doctors say that fatal diseases are the worst.

* * * *

The cuckoo is a bird that lays other birds' eggs in its own nest, and *viva voce*.

* * * *

Scent is the sound made by hounds.

* * * *

(From *A Selection of Schoolboy Howlers*, compiled by C. McIlwaine.).

THE BREWERY TREE.

Have you ever noticed the Brewery tree? Passing daily on your way to work through the gates on the one side or through the Office doors on the other side of the road it maybe you have not paid particular attention to it. However, there it stands just inside the Brewery gates, a sort of "Monarch of all I survey." There may, of course, be other trees on the Brewery, but to my mind *the* tree is the one in Bridge Street. It seems to typify the Brewery: "I've-been-here-a-long-while-and-intend-to-stop-for-ever" sort of tree. From *our* office window we can see it quite easily. By the tree you can tell the seasons without the aid of a calendar. Just now it looks a picture, the leafy foliage of a beautiful green relieving the sombreness of the grey walls behind it. My colleague in the office for many years has called it his and reiterates at various times "My tree is coming out" or "My tree is beginning to look a little bare." *His* tree forsooth. Maybe some of you who have hitherto daily passed it by without a look or even a thought will do so in future. Considering the busy street in which the Brewery is mainly situated it is a relief, particularly on a hot day, to see the soothing green leaves swayed this way and that by every gentle breeze that blows. Long may it remain to remind us of past days!

W.D.

LIFE'S GREATEST ENEMY—FEAR.

Just as Love is the parent of all that is positive, attractive and vital, so is FEAR the root of all that is negative, repellent and devastating. From it every other ill, ignorance and evil springs, and it is a metaphysical law that we attract what we fear in exactly the same way as, by an opposite attitude of mind, we invite and draw the influences and conditions we desire. Men are slowly beginning to realise the fundamental law that we all draw to us by the force of mental attraction all the good and all the error which we experience, and this not so much by reason of *doing* good or evil as by *thinking* them, since thought precedes action. Positive thoughts bring positive deeds and consequent happiness, peace and prosperity, while negative thoughts produce *their* kind with unerring precision.

Subtle, but always working and all-powerful, are the operations of the thoughts and the emotions, but it is to *these* that we must look for the success or failure of our lives. A deeply psychological law was undoubtedly at work in the mind of Job when he said, "For the thing which I greatly *feared* is come upon me, and *that* which I was *afraid* of is come unto me."

Fear indicates lack of confidence in ourselves, our fellows and our circumstances. We must remember that by fear and worry nothing is ever to be gained, but much is always to be lost. By this negative attitude of mind we open the doors for the entrance of those very conditions which we fear to come upon us, such as sickness for ourselves or our loved ones, poverty, failure, old age, loss of position, etc.

The practical man or woman who is, perhaps by temperament, given to fear and worry, will ask: "But how can I avoid worrying when the petty cares and anxieties of life are daily cropping up?" There is only one way: not by dwelling upon, nor even by trying to shut out fear and worry; that only causes an inhibition or repression which later on will produce a "fear and worry complex," but by *transmuting* the tendency to worry. What does that mean? It means consciously, forcefully training the mind to substitute *its opposite* for every negative thought that enters the mind. This may take some little time to acquire, some great patience to attain, and a still greater will to achieve, but the result will be so wonderful to oneself and those around one that the reward will make the endeavour abundantly worth while.

The curious part about fear and worry is that so many of the things we have feared never happen. How many bridges we cross mentally that we eventually find we never have to cross at all! It is amazing to see the large number of people who have grown habitually timid in mind and spirit and whose bodies have been reduced to a low and sluggish state, as well as those who are living "below par," both mentally and physically, through the devastating agency of fear and worry. In addition to this general lowering of practically all bodily functions and powers, the effect of fear and worry localises in specific ailments and diseases, such as neurasthenia, stomach and digestive disorders, pulmonary troubles and a general debilitating of the tone of the system. Mind and body are closely inter-related and are constantly acting and reacting upon one another, since the body helps the mind as the mind builds the body. Shakespeare says, "'Tis the MIND that makes the body rich," and it was Maeterlinck who said, "The happiest man is he who best *understands* his happiness," and he who understands it best is he who *knows* that his happiness is only divided from sorrow by a lofty, humane, and courageous view of life.

The happiest heart that ever beat,
Was in some quiet breast,
That found the common daylight sweet
And left to Heaven the rest.

E.M.D.F.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Study to be what you wish to seem.

Success often costs more than it is worth.

Surfeit has killed more than hunger.

Temper is so good a thing that we should never lose it.

Too much rest is rust.

Would you have men think well of you, then do not speak well of yourself.

We ought not to seek too high joys.

We may be bright without transfiguration.

Tearless grief bleeds inwardly.

Strongest minds are often those of whom the noisy world hears least.

Stranger or countryman to me
Welcome alike shall ever be.
To ask of any guest his name,
Or whose he is, or whence he came,
I hold can never be his part
Who owns a hospitable heart.

"GETTING HIS OWN BACK."

This is a true story of a duel of words between a postmistress and a customer. The scene is a sub-post office of a country town, the lady in charge being of a very uncertain age, coupled with a decided vinegary disposition and a deep sense of her importance. The customer is an old friend of mine, blessed with a very humorous nature, and who, having been subject to this lady's hauteur on a

previous occasion, determined to exercise his "leg-pulling" propensity at her expense. Hence the following dialogue:

CUSTOMER: "Good morning, madam. Do you sell stamps?"

POSTMISTRESS (*very snappily*): "What do you mean? This is a post office."

C.: "Thank you! I should like to see some. What kind have you got?"

P.M. (*sharply*): "I've just told you this is a post office. What stamps do you want?"

C.: "Really, I don't quite know, but I should like some nice coloured ones. Have you any purple?"

P.M. (*witheringly*): "Are you trying to waste my time? Do you want any stamps or not?"

C.: "Yes, please. What prices have you? Have you any penny ones?"

P.M. (*decidedly*): "Of course."

C.: "Any cheaper if I take a dozen?"

P.M.: "Certainly not."

C.: "Then I'll have one penny one, please."

The postmistress produces a large sheet of stamps and prepares to tear one off.

C.: "Excuse me, but I should like the middle one: it looks a nicer colour than the others."

P.M. (*loudly*): "What are you talking about? They are all alike."

C.: "Sorry, but if I can't have the centre one I won't have that kind. Give me two halfpenny ones, please, and I should like them well gummed."

The postmistress hands them over with an alarmed look and finds herself without an answer.

C.: "Thank you. I must say you're not very obliging, and if you're not more so in future I shall buy my stamps elsewhere! Good morning!"

Exit the customer, leaving the postmistress with a "hopeless dawn" feeling.

A NATURAL FOOD.

In *The Daily Mail*, May 15th, 1928, Sir William Arbuthnot Lane expressed his opinion that alcohol, taken in moderation, is not only no poison, but "one of the most useful foods we possess." In saying this, Sir William does not rely solely on his own authority, great as that is. He shows that the majority of his colleagues in the medical profession give the best possible testimony in favour of moderate drinking—by example. Thereby they find "solace, rest, and comfort."

Sir William has the support of the head of his profession, Lord Dawson of Penn, who last year made a striking speech in the House of Lords vindicating British freedom in matters of drink by evidence of the nation's sobriety and health.

This is in accordance with expectation and common sense. Alcohol, like every other good gift, is pernicious in excess; but the avoidance of excess, in this respect as in others, is part of the proper responsibility of a free man. Wine, grossly taken, is capable of degrading the body and the soul. On the other hand, it may inspire a fine mind to such glorious creation as:

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!

To do away with that which could move Keats to such lyrical rapture would be to impoverish civilisation.—*Daily Mail*.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., AND PUSSYFOOT.

In an article in the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., the "Father of the House of Commons," describes his impressions of Prohibition. Here are some of them:—

"I will be asked, of course, my experiences with regard to the working of Pussyfoot. I will sum them up in the phrase that it seems to me all mischievous rubbish. I am, like most people of these islands, accustomed to a small amount of stimulant, strictly confined to the two chief meals of the day. The fundamental difference between English and American habits, which lies at the back of their different legislation, is that eating and the taking of stimulants are two separate acts in America, and in England are practically one.

Even men who are far from being teetotalers would lose social prestige by having a drink with a meal in a public place in America. You will see two or three young people in any of the great restaurants of the country with nothing beside them but a glass of iced water, but you may find that these ostentatious teetotal water-drinkers have loaded themselves up with one, two, or three cocktails before they entered the restaurant.

FORMS OF CAMOUFLAGE.

This is only one of the many forms of camouflage to which New York has been driven by Pussyfoot. The Governor of the State, Mr. Al Smith—he is also a formidable candidate for the Presidency—has refused all local aid to the carrying out of the Pussyfoot law. But even in this there is camouflage. Your hotel will not itself supply you with any alcohol; but it is not their business to prevent you having it by your own methods. The hotel proprietor looks on and sees everything, but he would neither help nor hinder you.

At the same time you have to live up to the camouflage. You bring from your room the bottle of whisky—it is quite easy to get good whisky, Scotch, Irish, Canadian, if you have friends who keep their own cellars or have a reliable bootlegger. The cost is high, and I daresay that the poor have either to go without whisky altogether or drink the poisonous stuff which is reported to have already killed or ruined the victim of the bootlegger.

You can order a dozen of whisky through a friend, and the stuff is good, if extravagant in price. A customer of a hotel brings down his bottle of whisky, but he pays homage to appearances by putting his whisky in a bottle of White Rock—the most popular form of mineral-water in America—calls for two bottles of the genuine White Rock and then calmly mixes the alleged White Rock with the genuine. The hotel-keeper looks on with a meaning smile, but nothing is said on the one side or the other."

TIPS ON TENNIS.

Lawn tennis is now in full swing and perhaps a few simple hints may not be out of place. In the first place you should obtain the best ground, the best balls and the best racquets that you can afford. On a bumpy court it is impossible to play good tennis and frequent mishits, through no fault of the player, are particularly disheartening to the beginner. If the balls are not of first-class

quality or have been played with a great deal they are lighter than the best article, with the result that a well-timed, accurate drive sends them right out of court. A really good tennis ball seems quite heavy as it comes into contact with the racquet.

When I am playing in a match, particularly singles, I immediately set to work to find out where the strength and weakness of my opponent lie. I toss a serve or a return to his forehand, then to his backhand, and then I give him a lob. If this costs me a game or so I have gained much valuable information that will serve me in good stead long before the first set is over. Having found which part of my opponent's armour is the weakest I hammer away at it for all I am worth.

In doubles a good net player and a good base-line player make a valuable combination. The net player should not be too eager and dash across for shots that are obviously out of his reach. By doing so he misses the ball himself and more than likely makes his partner do so, too. On the other hand, if you have time to dash across on to your partner's preserves and bring off a "kill" by means of a volley, whereas he could not possibly reach the ball before it pitches, have no hesitation in doing so. Always try to begin attacking as soon as possible. It is fatal to be content to act on the defensive. Get as many shots as you can into that corner of the court where your opponent has to make a back-hand return, and a difficult return at that. Then both go up to the net and the chances are ten to one that you or your partner will bring off a "kill." Your opponents will play just as well as you let them and, of course, vice versa.

A good service is very important and if you cannot get much pace on the ball try and put on some "screw" or send the ball to your opponent's backhand rather than to his forehand. A soft service generally means a hot return, often well placed and right out of your reach.

Never wait, but get on to the ball as quickly as you can. Always volley when possible, even if it means a great effort, for in this way you may, when your opponents are disorganised, whip a shot across in an apartment that is "to let" and leave them guessing. Use your head and your feet to good purpose, as well as your racquet.

Never dispute the umpire, and even in a friendly, when a point is in doubt, give the benefit of the doubt to your opponents.

C.H.P.

A VISIT TO GIBRALTAR.

Tell us about Gibraltar! Is it beautiful? Would you like to live there? Many similar requests and questions have been put to me since my visit to Gibraltar. Is Gibraltar beautiful? In truth, my answer must be in the negative. I am constrained to give this reply in view of the generally accepted interpretation of natural beauty. Actually, the rugged magnificence of the Rock, on whose surface rise terraces of houses, closely grouped together, appealed to me in all its bold outlines and insular prominence. Its natural strength as a fortification seems an ideal home for the mammoth ships of our Fleet, and as a spectacle of naval and military predominance there must be few sights to compare. What the Rock lacks in the æsthetic sense is more than compensated by the stupendous majesty of its general outline. Rising directly out of the sea and towering above the mainland of Spain, the Rock resembles a crouching lion, a fitting symbol of the outpost of the Empire and a sentinel of the Straits which it commands. As a fastness and an impregnable fort, however, Gibraltar has served its purpose. With the arrival of the long range gun and aircraft, the occupation of the Rock would be made untenable in a very short time. This is generally recognised by the authorities as the Batteries have nearly all been dismantled, although the Rock proved of inestimable value as a base during the Great War. The vast engineering work which gave Gibraltar its impregnability, is indeed a monument of past labours. The Rock is literally honeycombed with passages and galleries hewn out of the solid stone and in these huge chambers our soldiery, in past years, have maintained perpetual duty and vigilance. There is a legend that Gibraltar was one of the two Pillars of Hercules and that a vast shaft is sunk perpendicularly through the Rock and connected by a subterranean passage with the other Pillar, known as Apes Hill, across the Straits in Morocco. It is supposed that it was through this passage that the famous Gibraltar monkeys made their way from Africa. I might mention here that the apes are now very few in number, and a strict order exists against feeding them by the population, apparently to discourage their excursions into the inhabited parts of the town.

The huge sandbank which once formed a part of the eastern side of Gibraltar has now almost disappeared and in its place has been erected a very large "catchment," for the collection of rain water, which forms the only source of fresh water supply. This catchment consists of a sloping corrugated area connected to reservoirs hewn out of the heart of the rock and of considerable extent. The collecting areas cover about 40 acres and the reservoirs have a total capacity of about 7,000,000 gallons, the largest holding 2,000,000. I visited this last tank by travelling on a trolley through

a tunnel, about a quarter of a mile in length. The water was so clear and the bottom so plainly visible that, at first sight, it appeared to be empty. As may be imagined, the temperature of the passage to the reservoir was extremely low and before we had gone far I was shivering.

The town itself is divided into two sections, the north and south. The north is the most important part and consists of the Main Street and Irish Town and with streets connecting them. The whole of the houses are built in tiers on the sloping rock to a height of about 250 feet above the sea. In the northern part of the town is situated the Moorish Castle which dates back to the year 742. The southern part comprises the Admiralty Quarters and Barracks, and the two sections are divided by the Alameda and Public Gardens. Amongst the vegetation in the Gardens can be seen Mimosa, Acacias and Magnolias and a large variety of wild flowers.

Life in Gibraltar is not dull and the social side is enlivened by dances which are frequently held on board H.M. Ships in harbour and which are attended by local residents. As may be supposed, the life of the inhabitants largely centres round the Fleet and Military Units stationed there, which give continual interest to the business fraternity and to visitors. Two of the most enjoyable evenings spent by me were at the boxing tournaments between various Units of the Garrison and representatives of the Fleet. There were some very fine bouts and these have been referred to in a previous issue. It was a matter of congratulation to the M.C. who carried through the ceremonies as though to the manner born. Not only is that gentleman able to M.C. a boxing tournament but he can tell some good drawing room stories. I must see if there is space available under the "Lighter Side." Many friends of the Firm were present, amongst whom was I/C S.S.-Major Peter Blythe, whose excellent sketches appear so frequently in this Journal. It was with a real sense of pleasure that I was able to meet, on the occasion of my visit, so many of our supporters exiled in the course of duty. There was no mistaking the warmth of welcome accorded by the members of various Messes and Officers of H.M. Ships, and through these columns I would express regret that the short time at my disposal, due to business matters, made it impossible to spend more time with them.

In the Gibraltarians *amor patriae* is strong and was demonstrated to me by a local lady connected with the Firm one day, when after a climb nearly to the top of the Rock I produced a piece of stone from my pocket and remarked that it was for my museum. I thought I detected a little resentment in her tones when she said "You are not going to take a piece of my Rock to

England?" I replied that as I was leaving a large chunk behind, I hoped she would spare me this memento.

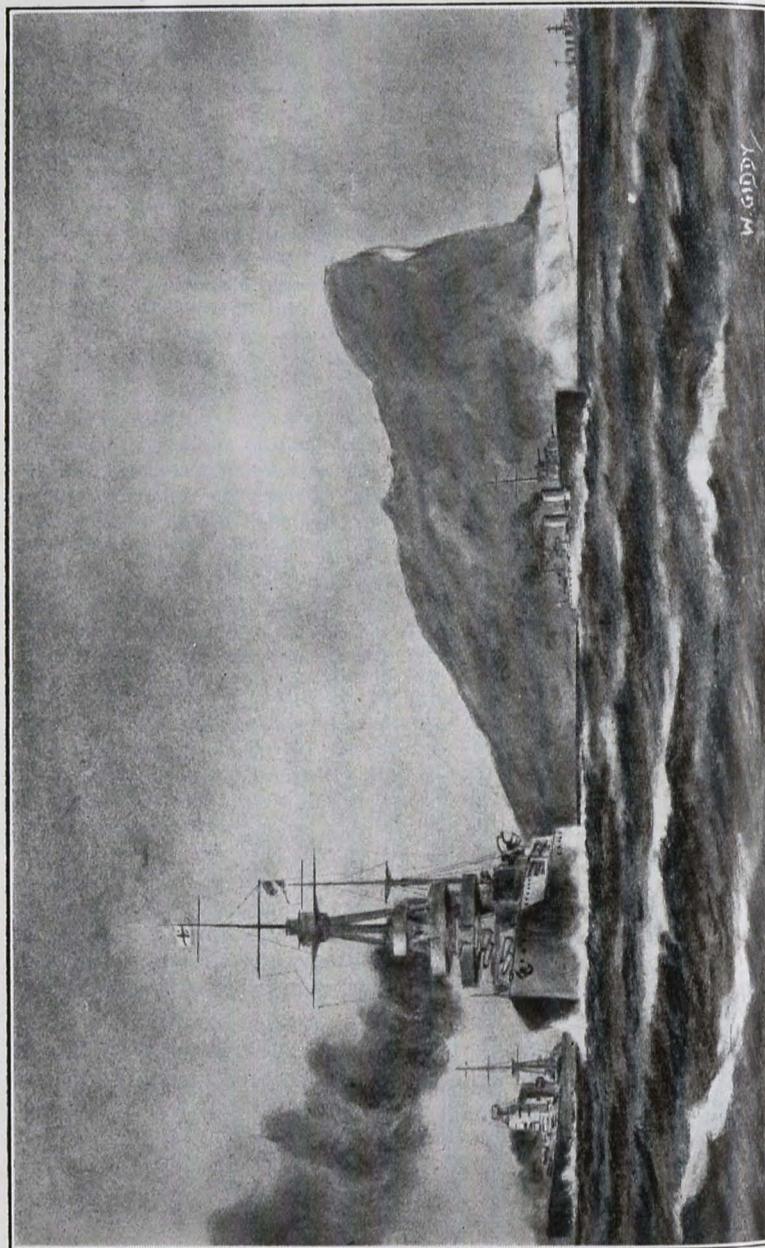
The hospitality of the residents is proverbial and many were the stories I heard of generous labours performed on behalf of the sick and wounded during the War.

Although the weather was not on its best behaviour during my stay and I experienced a spell of the Levant and heavy rainfall, I learned that for the greater part of the year the climate is all that could be desired except perhaps during the summer, when it is a little oppressive. The Levanter arrives with the East wind, when a dark grey mist or cloud hangs over the Rock. There is no doubt that a very healthful holiday could be spent at Gibraltar and the facilities for excursions into Spain, the land of sunshine and flowers, would make for a change of atmosphere as entirely different to this country as imagination is to reality. There are many caves, some of which are supported by beautiful stalactite pillars and of vast dimensions. Other places of interest are the old Moorish Castle, the Galleries, Alameda Gardens, Catalan Bay, the English and Catholic Cathedrals. From the galleries can be viewed La Linea Campamento, the Queen of Spain's Chair, &c. A legend runs that when the Spanish and French troops were invading Gibraltar, the Queen of Spain sat in the chair and vowed she would not leave until the Spanish flag waved over Gibraltar. By the gallantry of the English Governor, the Spanish flag was waved over the ramparts and the Royal Lady was thereby released.

In the last day of my stay at Gibraltar, my business having been accomplished, I paid a hurried visit to Algeciras and took tea at that most lovely of all Spanish Hotels, "Reina Cristina." The hotel stands in its own grounds of about 20 acres and is the last word in beauty. Spring flowers, in full bloom, were in profusion. Shady trees, with tea tables nestling in unexpected corners, large airy lounges furnished with all that is luxuriant in easy chairs surround a quadrangle in which grow palm trees and a wealth of gorgeous creepers. The fame of our Managing Director having preceded me throughout my trip, I was not surprised to have an enquiry as to his well-being from a gentleman at this Hotel; indeed, he appeared to be just as well known round the Mediterranean as he is at home!

In concluding, I would like to thank all those who, by acts of courtesy and good fellowship, made my stay at Gibraltar a pleasure beyond expression. Amongst those friends stand out the figures of Mr. J. W. Hutton, the manager of our late Branch, and the newly appointed agent of the Firm, Mr. E. M. B. Cottrell, to each of whom I wish unlimited success in their association.

A.R.B.



THE ROCK AND HARBOUR. [Reproduced from drawing by W. Giddy.]

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A policeman on his beat two nights running noticed that a certain house was illuminated in every room until early in the morning. On the third night, discovering the same phenomenon, he knocked on the door and pointed out this fact to the householder. "Oh, no," said the owner, "it's quite intentional, my dear chap. You see, my wife has been away for a fortnight, and I've written to her to tell her of the lonely evenings I've spent at home, and now I am just making sure that the meter doesn't give me away."

* * * *

"I hear that your son has taken up a profession, Mr. O'Casey," remarked the visitor to the house.

"He has indade," rejoined the host. "He's phwat they call a 'cross-examiner.'"

"And phwat's a cross-examiner?"

"Sure, it's a fellow who gives you questions, an' you answer the questions, an' then he questions the answers," he returned easily.

* * * *

A doctor returned from a hunting trip and said to his wife: "Well, my dear, I didn't kill anything."

"Serves you right for going off and neglecting your business," she said.

* * * *

A Scottish Quaker coal merchant saw a man stealing a large lump of coal from his yard. He stopped him with the remark: "Dost thou know, friend, that thou wilt have to pay for this at the Last Day?"

The thief replied: "That's long credit. I'll just take another lump while I'm at it!"

* * * *

HE: "Darling, wouldn't you like to sail away on a silvery moonbeam—just you and I together—toward those twinkling stars where all is infinite, even love. And we could dwell in eternal bliss far from—"

SHE: "Oh, I couldn't, Jimmy, not to-morrow. I have an appointment with my hairdresser at four."

* * * *

"Can you define matrimony?"

"Yes! You go to adore, you ring a belle, and you give your name to a maid—and then you're taken in!"

A little man on the fringe of a great football crowd could not see what was happening, but he realised that the game had been held up. "Wot's up, mate?" he asked a tall neighbour who could survey the field of play with ease. "Is there a man 'urt?" "Naw," returned the big fellow scornfully, "it ain't a man—it's the referee."

* * * *

A youth with a vacant expression sat in the dentist's chair.

"I'm afraid we can't give him gas," said the dentist.

"Why?" asked his assistant.

"We shan't know when he's unconscious."

* * * *

An old actor, after his fourth, was telling of his more prosperous days. "Aye," he said, "maybe you wouldn't think it to look at me now, but once upon a time I used to plead at the bar."

"Ah, yes," said his friend, "but they would never give you anything after eleven o'clock, would they?"

* * * *

An old farmer and his wife were standing by their pigsty looking at their only pig when the old woman said: "It will be our silver wedding to-morrow, George. Shall we kill the pig?" And George replied: "What's the good of murdering the poor pig for what happened twenty-five years ago?"

* * * *

A judge had concluded a hearing with a terse decision: "Assault. Ten dollars."

Some days later the defendant, a mechanic, concluded some repairs upon the magistrate's car and rendered an equally terse decision: "Battery. Twenty-five dollars."

* * * *

"It's rough luck on Bill being so shortsighted, ain't it?" remarked one navvy to another. "Why?" asked the second, "yer don't need good eyesight for our job!" "No," replied the first, "but 'e can't see when the foreman ain't looking, so he has to keep on workin' all the time."

* * * *

BRIGHT YOUNG MAN: "I sent you some suggestions advising you how to make your paper more interesting. Have you carried out any of the ideas?"

EDITOR: "Did you meet the office boy with a wastepaper basket?"

BRIGHT YOUNG MAN: "Yes, I did."

EDITOR: "Well, he was carrying out your ideas."

A young and inexperienced wife attempted to take the temperature of her husband who was slightly indisposed. In her excitement the amateur nurse rushed to the telephone and rang up the doctor, exclaiming, "Come at once, my husband's temperature is 136." The physician replied, "If what you say is correct, the case is beyond my skill. Ring up for the fire engine."

* * * *

There had been a motoring accident and one of the victims recovered consciousness some time later in a hospital. The poor fellow was a bit dazed and, observing a stranger—the doctor—bending over him, he inquired, "Who are you?" The doctor, wishing to humour him, said with a smile, "Oh, my name's Peter." The patient clutched the sides of the bed and gasped out, "Not Saint Peter?"

* * * *

The engaged girl said to her fiancé, "When we are married, dear, we must have a hyphenated name—it's so much smarter. What would go well with Eaton?" Here her small brother, who was *not* a snob, called out: "Moth!"

* * * *

The solicitor had conducted a trifling case for his client and the client called to pay his fees.

"How much do I owe you?" asked the client.

"Your father and I were old friends," said the solicitor, "let's say £30."

"Thank heaven you did not know my grandfather," said the client.

THE PUGILISTS SONG.

A nose that's flattened in,
Two optics black and blue,
A slightly twisted chin,
A jawbone that's askew,
A battered lip that stings,
Two cauliflower ears,—
I count these little things
Among my souvenirs!

A.L.L., in *Life*.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Our hold of the Colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron.

As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply the more friends you will have! the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain! they may have it from Prussia. But, until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. Deny them this participation of freedom and you break that bond which originally made and must still preserve the unity of the Empire.

Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits, and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, your instructions and your suspending clauses are the things that hold together the great contexture of the mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Deed instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the Empire.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine that it is the Land Tax Act which raises your revenue, that it is the annual vote in the Committee of Supply which gives you your army, or that it is the Mutiny Bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No; surely no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their Government from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy and infuses into both that liberal obedience without which your army would be a base rabble and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together.—EDMUND BURKE.

READING AND DISTRICT CLUBS' BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

SUCCESS OF H. & G. SIMONDS' SOCIAL CLUB TEAM.

The annual presentation of prizes and trophies in connection with the Reading and District Clubs' Billiards League took place during the interval of a Smoking Concert held in the Cross Street Hall, Reading, on Tuesday, May 8th. In the absence, through indisposition, of the President (Mr. F. A. Simonds), the Chairman (Mr. C. B. Major) presided over a large gathering. Apologies for absence were received from the President and from Councillor F. A. Sarjeant, who is a Vice-President of the League. Among those present were Mr. F. C. Hawkes, Mr. C. Bennett, Mr. A. R. Bradford, Mr. W. Bradford and the Hon. Secretary of the League (Mr. G. E. Boddington).

The Silver Cup presented by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., was won by the H. & G. Simonds' Social Club team, who gained it four years ago. It is interesting to note that in this year's winning team were included five of the players who helped to win the Cup on the former occasion. Y.M.C.A. were winners of the Second Division. It was announced that, as a result of the Royal Berkshire Hospital Fund Billiards Handicap, a sum of £24 10s. 6d. will be given to the Hospital authorities, this making an approximate total of £350.

THE WINNERS.

The Chairman presented the trophies and prizes to the following:—

Division I.—Messrs. H. & G. Simonds' Cup and Gold Medals to H. & G. Simonds' Social Club (Messrs. A. Howard, F. Braisher, A. Dalton, R. Griffiths, R. Clement, G. Boddington and R. Broad); *Daily Express* Shield to runners-up, Central Liberal Club.

Division II. (Sections A. and B.)—H. Josling Cup and Gold Medals to Y.M.C.A. (Section A.) (Messrs. G. Nicholson, W. Young, E. Adkin, L. Mead, D. Oliver, E. Champion and J. Davis); S. Rudland Shield and Gold Medals to winners of Section B. and runners-up in the Division, Balfour Club (Messrs. A. Owens, G. Bingham, A. Sopp, A. Venables, F. Maskell, H. Prince and A. Negus).

Highest Break Scores (League Games).—1, A. Andrews (Central Liberal Club), 64; 2, J. D. Davis (Y.M.C.A.), 57.

Royal Berks Hospital Sportsmen's Fund Billiards Handicap.—1, T. Abell (Caversham Constitutional Club); 2, P. F. Rose (Borough Police Athletic Club); 3 and 4 (equal), W. Pell (Central Liberal)

and A. Negus (Balfour); 5, 6, 7 and 8 (equal), R. Davis (Curzon), E. Melmouth (Curzon), G. Sopp (Balfour) and J. Birkett (St. Anne's).

It was unanimously decided to send a letter to the President wishing him a speedy recovery.

TRIBUTE TO THE CHAIRMAN.

Mr. F. Hawkes proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman for distributing the trophies and prizes. They all regretted the absence through illness of the President, but there was no one they would like more to take his place than Mr. Major, who took such a keen interest in the welfare of the League of which he was so admirable a Chairman. (*Applause.*)

The vote of thanks to the Chairman was passed with acclamation, and Mr. Major suitably responded.

Mr. Dowse, in moving that the thanks of the League be accorded to the Hon. Secretary, referred in eulogistic terms to the valuable work Mr. Boddington had done. He was untiring in his efforts for the League and the game, and devoted much of his spare time in working for it. (*Applause.*)

Mr. C. B. Major seconded the motion and said it was owing to the work Mr. Boddington had done that the League was the success it had been. (*Applause.*)

PHENOMENAL GROWTH OF THE LEAGUE.

Mr. Boddington, in a brief speech of acknowledgment, said the growth of the League had been really phenomenal. A few years ago it consisted of nine clubs, but now it had eighteen clubs, while in the past season there were 270 players registered to take part in League games. (*Applause.*) The financial position had improved wonderfully; when he took over the Secretaryship the League possessed only £3, but at the present moment it had something like £80 standing to its credit. (*Applause.*) After liquidating all liabilities, there would be £30 or £35 to carry forward for next season—a very satisfactory state of affairs. (*Applause.*) One of the primary objects of the League was to cement friendliness between Clubs, and that object had been achieved. (*Applause.*) Concluding, Mr. Boddington expressed his gratitude to the Club Secretaries for the assistance they had always been so ready to give him.

As the *Reading Standard* says, the Concert was admirably staged by the H. & G. Simonds' Social Club Concert Party, and

every item on the programme received well-deserved applause. The Concert Party consists of a group of talented and versatile artistes, whose performances are of a very high standard. The members of the Party are Messrs. S. Hinton, R. Kelly and G. Weait, and the Misses K. Curtis, F. Palmer, Burnett and Wheeler, with Mr. C. Lawrence as accompanist. An exceedingly clever conjuring display was given by Mr. P. James.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The following advertisement appeared in a local paper recently, under an Estate Agent's name:—

£500 or Small Cash Payment—Close to Reading, amongst pretty country surroundings; near 'buses; bathroom; large garden.

We assume the idea is to spend an evening in the garden, have a bath and then take the 'bus back home. It seems rather an expensive way of doing things—we should prefer to have a house attached to the bathroom.

* * * *

BEHIND THE COUNTER.

CUSTOMER: I want to take a photograph of my baby on the swing. What plates would you recommend?

ASSISTANT: That is a rather difficult subject and you would require some "Extra Special Rapid" plates.

CUSTOMER: I'll take a dozen. Then (confidentially) added:—

"I tried to take him in his bath last week, but just as I pressed the trigger he moved, but the bath came out "Top Hole."

* * * *

CUSTOMER: Have you any empty tea chests, please?

ASSISTANT: If you will kindly wait a moment, I will go and see.

CUSTOMER: Well, if you have one, I want two.

SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

Well, we have only lost one! It is true that up to the time of writing two only have been played, and perhaps it would be better to take things in their chronological order. The enthusiasts who don flannels cogitated on the 5th May whether to take their sweaters out of "Uncle's"—sorry, the drawer. We were being treated to a foretaste of summer as it ought to be. After getting our kit in order, we journeyed down to the King's Meadows to try our maiden hands against Factory "B." Skipper Wadhams guessed wrong and naturally we had to field. We did much better than the corresponding match last season, for we did get nine of their wickets. Unfortunately our bowlers could not get through the opposition defence often enough and the score gradually soared higher and higher. W. Drown was our stiffest proposition, for out of a total of 185 for 9, he was responsible for 86. Going in first wicket down, he looked like carrying his bat until Collins got him "guessing" and effected a good "caught and bowled." Altogether six catches were held, two of them being off F. Clarke, who bowled quite well. We were only left about an hour and a quarter to get the runs and, as we carry no Jessops with us, it was an impossibility to win. However, we scored at a pretty good rate, thanks to C. H. Perrin, who was on top gear all the time and made his 58 not out with some fine forcing shots and never seemed in any difficulty. When time was called we were 87 for 4. As we were 1 for 0 and 2 for 4 this was pretty good, and some batsmen likely to score runs were still in the pavilion. Mr. Rowland only had five minutes so we were not able to see him going.

Our next venture was on Prospect Park, where we entertained our sporty rivals, Wargrave "B." We were again unlucky with the spin of the coin and were set to field in a dull light, quite different to the previous week. For a time we were doing exceptionally well and had 5 wickets down for 43; then F. J. Dewe and C. Froud became associated and carried the score to 87 before Croom held a sharp one in the slips: a good catch this. The pendulum swung over again and the next three men only added 17, but the skipper, J. Reynolds, helped Mr. Dewe to put on another 38, when we adjourned for tea, and their innings was declared closed. Whether it was the tea, the light, nerves or bad luck—we must not suggest keen opposition—that upset our batting, I can't say, but the fact remains that only P. James (12) and J. H. Wadhams (16) reached double figures. The former went in first wicket down and played the bowling safely, even if not forcing the pace, which under the circumstances was the right policy. Our skipper, as usual, gave us some lusty hits, including one 6, to liven things up but did not stay long enough to put us within a striking distance of

Wargrave's total. The remaining batsmen failed to live up to their reputations, and we hope the brighter weather will enable them to warm up a bit. Clarke came out with a good analysis with the ball, securing 4 wickets for 29 runs. Croom had the longest spell, but only took one wicket. The bowling was constantly changed in the hope of dissolving partnerships.

"Just another day wasted away." No, we did not visit a palais de danse on the 19th, but Camberley in order to see our rivals from the Working Men's Club there. A 'phone message was sent to the Brewery to the effect that the pitch had been flooded during the dinner time by a severe thunderstorm and that no play would be possible. At that time, however, we were on the great highway, so had to wait until we were at our destination before we received the news. To show we bore no animosity, we visited the Club, where we spent the afternoon in games. We also tried to keep our end up when tea was served, and later on promised our opponents a much warmer time when they came to Reading.

While the First XI. were cooling their heels as aforementioned, the Second team opened their programme. They were at home to Whitley Hall. Owing to the claims of the First and other causes it was a weak team that had to take the field. All told, our boys could only make 13 runs, which, of course, was quite inadequate, as we also suffered from a dearth of bowlers. Still, 7 wickets were down for 42, then another 8 were added before the rain cried "Finis." Porter for the visitors took 7 for 6.

By the time this is in print the 1st XI. will have received Cold Ash and the 2nd XI. visited Manor Farm, the results of which—if the weather permits play—will be published in our next issue.

Our June fixtures are Mr. H. D. Simonds' team, Farnborough Stores (home and away), British Legion, Bradfield and Heckfield (home and away) respectively. The Seconds have Reading "B," Knowl Hill, Junior Conservatives and the return match with Manor Farm. June 23rd has yet to be filled.

The fixture cards are now on sale by members of the Committee or the Secretary, who will be only too pleased to see the last one go.
J.W.J.

MORE HOWLERS.

Henry V. declared war upon France because his *tile* was insecure.

* * * *

The people of Tyre and Sidon depended upon Judea for their *corns*.

* * * *

Horizons are prayers and petitions.

BEER.

AN APPETISING AND ANCIENT DRINK.

We wonder how many of the goodly company who enjoy their glass of beer have ever thought that it is one of the most ancient drinks known in history. Four thousand years ago, if the old inscriptions on papyri do not lie, there was almost a revolution in Egypt because a certain body of persons in authority wished to suppress the beer shops. Think of it, in 2000 B.C. the "Pussyfoot" busybodies were active! A great statesman once said that it took at least twenty years for any idea which would change an Englishman's way of living to be thoroughly appreciated. Now, after forty centuries, we think the "Pussyfoots" can decide that their propaganda has not much chance amongst us.

As far as can be traced beer was first introduced into this country by those hardy adventurers who came to the shores of Britain in search of gain. They initiated our forefathers into the mysteries of grain-growing, and the Druid priests soon discovered the art of brewing that beverage which in all the years has been the drink of Britons.

"Of true British growth is the nectar we boast,
The homely companion of plain boiled and roast,"

wrote an Oxford poet whose name has been forgotten.

All sorts of stories, songs and customs have grown up in connection with beer and its proper drinking: some grave, some gay. Perhaps just a description of a few may help to amuse and interest.

The following obituary notice, which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1810, may be taken as a sample of our ancestors' devotion to beer:—

"At Cine's farmhouse, Yorkshire, aged 76, Mr. Paul Parnell, farmer and grazier, who, during his lifetime, drank out of one silver pint cup £2,000 worth of Yorkshire stingo, he being remarkably attached to stingo tippel of the best quality."

Sunday closing seems to be no new cry as the following extracts from the records of St. Giles' Parish, London, show:—

1641.	Received of the Vintner at the Catte in Queene Streete for permitting drinking on the Lord's Day	£1 10 0
1644.	Received of three men for drinking on the Sabbath daie at Tottenham Court	12 0

1646.	Received of Mr. Hooker brewer for brewing on a Fast day	4 0
1655.	Received of a Scotchman for drinking at Robert Owens on the Sabbath	2 0

The Scotchman, as usual, seems to have got off at half-price!

The standard casks for size as we know them now—barrels, kilderkins, firkins—were fixed by law in the year 1531, and the Warden of each "Guild of Coopers" was empowered by Act of Parliament to inspect every cask to see that they contained correct measure, and after each cask had been passed by him it had to be marked by "St. Anthony's Cross" (X). This is supposed to be the origin of what is now the brewers' mark for different strengths of beer, although another authority has it that these marks are derived from the following words:—

Simplex	X
Duplex	XX
Triplex	XXX

There are countless poems and songs in praise of beer, and we will quote just a few of the shorter ones.

A Brasenose College Ale Poem.

A Grand Cross of "Malta," one night at a ball,
Fell in love with and married "Hoppetta the Tall."
Hoppetta, the brilliant, best of her sex,
By whom he had issue—the first "Double X."
Three others were born by this marriage—"a girl,"
Transparent as Amber and precious as Pearl.
Then a son, twice as strong as a Porter or Scout,
And another as "Spruce" as his brother was "Stout."
Double X, like his sister, is brilliant and clear,
Like his mother, tho' bitter, by no means severe:
Like his father, not small, and resembling each brother,
Joins the spirit of one to the strength of the other.

Another, from a Brasenose College butler, written, no doubt, as a tilt at the beer tax of the day; we in modern times will try to live up to it if ever there should be a reduction.

Yet beer, they tell us, now will be
Much cheaper than before;
Still, if they take the duty off,
In duty we drink more.

There is an old song which we have heard only in the villages of the Berkshire Downs:

He who drinks small beer, goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do fall, that fall in October ;
He who drinks strong ale, goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to live, and dies a jolly fellow.

George Arnold, the American poet, has written just one verse in praise, with which we will close :

Beer.

Here
With my beer
I sit
While golden moments flit.
Alas !
They pass
Unheeded by :
And, as they fly,
I,
Being dry,
Sit, idly drinking here,
My beer.

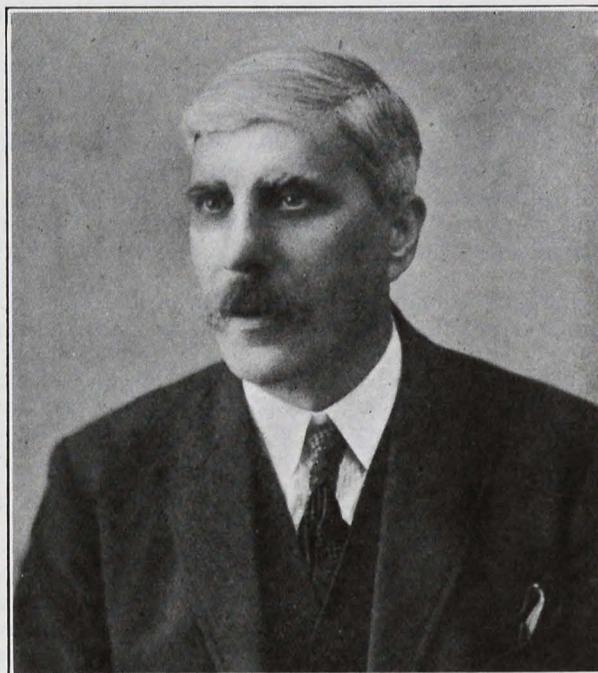
F.M.

THAT FUNNY LITTLE FELLOW.

'Twas a Funny Little Fellow
Of the very purest type,
For he had a heart as mellow
As an apple over-ripe ;
And the brightest little twinkle
When a funny thing occurred,
And the lightest little tinkle
Of a laugh you ever heard.
He laughed away the sorrow
And he laughed away the gloom
We are all so prone to borrow
From the darkness of the tomb ;
And he laughed across the ocean
Of a happy life, and passed,
With a laugh of glad emotion,
Into Paradise at last.
And I think the angels knew him,
And had gathered to await
His coming, and run after him
Through the widely-opened gate,
With their faces gleaming sunny
For his laughter-loving sake,
And thinking—*What a funny
Little angel he will make !*

THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

No. 7.



MR. F. W. BARGERY.

Few realise that mine host of the Royal Oak, Broad Street, Reading, and the subject of my sketch this month, has been a very clever footballer, for few could give a better account of themselves in goal.

He is just completing a quarter of a century with H. & G. Simonds, Ltd. For 15½ years he was landlord of the Wynford Arms, King's Road, and for over 8½ years he has been at the Royal Oak, where he and his good wife are deservedly popular. Mr. Bargery has been on the Committee of the Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society for eighteen years and was President in 1927. One of the founders of H. & G. Simonds Retailers Association, he acted as Secretary for two years and is still an *ex-officio* member of the Licensed Retailers Protection and Benevolent Association. He has represented the premier Association at conferences at Birmingham, Margate, Bristol, etc., and has been a member of

many deputations to the Firm. He speaks in the highest terms of the extremely kind and courteous manner in which the Firm always receive these deputations. Neither Mr. Bargery nor his wife now enjoy good health and this prevents him from being so active in the interests of the Trade as he otherwise would be.

It was as a goalkeeper that Mr. Bargery shone so much on the football field. He represented the Reading Football Club as their custodian the season before they turned professionals. He was succeeded by "Micky" Cannon, who afterwards spent some time working at the Brewery. Previously, Mr. Bargery figured in the Castle Institute team. While in London he played for the London Devonians, an amateur side of considerable repute, and during his stay in Maidenhead he kept goal for the Maidenhead Town team.

Mr. Bargery is fond of most wholesome outdoor sport, and the Reading Football Club have in him an ardent supporter.

It is a pleasure to call in at the Royal Oak and talk over old times with Mr. Bargery, who always accords you a cordial welcome and not only serves you with a glass of good beer but imparts to you a wealth of anecdote concerning the days that are gone.

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

On Saturday, 5th May, I had the opportunity of attending the Unveiling of the Caversham War Memorial, a ceremony rendered most impressive by its simplicity. It is almost ten years since Peace was declared and there are many who may think that to erect a Memorial after such a lapse of time is rather out of place, but judging by the goodly number who gathered to witness this ceremony, this is evidently not the sentiment of all. Indeed, I have reason to believe that a Memorial would have been erected several years ago but that a suitable site for it was difficult to find. The position now selected would seem to be an ideal one. The Memorial stands in a charming spot of grassland at the entrance to the promenade which has been recently made along the north bank of the River Thames, with a group of trees in the background. The Memorial takes the form of an obelisk fashioned in cream-coloured stone, three-sided and very similar to the Cenotaph in Whitehall, and the names of the fallen are engraved on the three sides.

The afternoon of the ceremony was one of cloudless sunshine, in fact an ideal spring day, and the sun scintillating on the river in the foreground gave it the appearance of a silver ribbon.

The officiating clergy in their robes, of whom the centre figure was the Rector of Caversham; General Eden, who unveiled the Memorial; the Mayor; the Buglers and the Choir of men and boys from the Caversham Churches all tended to make the scene one of reverence and impressiveness. Three beautiful hymns were sung by the Choir, and at the conclusion of the Service the Buglers sounded the "Last Post" and the "Reveille."

For the July GAZETTE Miss Comber, of Portsmouth Branch, has promised to contribute another article, and I am sure our readers will welcome her contribution to the Ladies' Page of this splendid paper. Most favourable comments were passed on her last article and I am confident her next will be as enthusiastically received.

TENNIS CLUB.

We have not made any great strides with tennis as yet, the chief reason being that the weather (at time of writing these lines) is so very cold and, further, heavy showers prevent us from venturing to the court. Those members who have not been on the field of play of late will doubtless be pleased to hear that we are endeavouring to make arrangements for two matches, one with the R.E.'s Club in Reading, and the other a gentlemen's match with a party of friends of Mr. L. Bennett: the latter is one of our most staunch supporters and we are sorry he is not playing for our side.

M.P.

A NATURE NOTE.

This short article is being written by the side of the river Tavy, Devonshire. I give my fly-rod, which has been doing good work, a rest for the time being. Two dippers, or water ouzles, come to keep me company. They are like big dark-coloured wrens with a white waistcoat. There they are in mid-stream, quite close to me, flitting from stone to stone. And then, by way of a change, they dip into the water, out of sight, and return with some succulent morsel. They are charming little companions and I was so attracted by them that I missed more than one fish in consequence.

I am staying at a quaint old house on the banks of the Tavy. It is a combined mill and farm, with plenty of ducks and dogs, geese, chicken, cows—and cream.

Early each morning I set out for a two-hours jaunt before breakfast to study the flora and fauna. I like the "hedges."

They are made-up banks of earth with beech, hazel, hawthorn, etc., growing on the top, while the banks themselves are carpeted with a wealth of beautiful blooms—blue and white, purple and pink. The birds around are all adding to the joy of life. I have, however, listened in vain for the nightingale.

But now to breakfast! That does not take long, for my heart is on the Tavy where I swish, swish, swish until night.

Then supper, a game of bridge, and bed.

Just outside my bedroom window runs the Tavy. Here there is a stickle and the silver music of the river soon lulls me to sleep.

Good night!

C.H.P.

BRANCHES.

BRIGHTON.

Visitors to Brighton at Whitsuntide who could prolong their stay had plenty to occupy their time, for during that week Brighton celebrated the extension of its boundaries.

Greater Brighton, as the Borough is now called, will now include the "Devils Dyke," Patcham, Rottingdean, and Ovingdean.

Ovingdean, a little hamlet nestling among the Downs, has been made historical by Harrison Ainsworth's exciting novel, "Ovingdean Grange," which book also includes the legend of the "Devils Dyke."

Rottingdean is perhaps better known and has "nursed" some famous men and women, amongst whom may be mentioned Rudyard Kipling, and Burne Jones the artist.

The Duke and Duchess of York came down to take part in the ceremonies of Unveiling, etc., as also the Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson Hicks, and other notabilities.

The ceremonies were centred round the Royal Pavilion, and when any of GAZETTE readers visit Brighton we can strongly recommend a visit to this Royal Palace, which is open each week-day for a small charge. The Royal Pavilion was used during the War as a hospital for wounded Indian soldiers, and the gateway on the right of the photograph was erected as an appreciation by the Indian Government.

Professional football is over for the season, but we are pleased to record that Brighton Boys defeated York Boys in the semi-final for the English Schools Shield.



Royal Pavilion and Indian Memorial Gateway, Brighton.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

We extend hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Innes on their marriage on the 28th April, 1928, and wish them the best of Health and Luck. Mr. Innes has been on our Staff for a number of years and is well known and respected by all his colleagues.

Congratulations are also offered to Mr. and Mrs. P. Tucker on the birth of a daughter.

The football season being now ended, we hope to be able to muster a cricket team to play several Plymouth clubs in friendly games. At the end of last season our football team was placed eleventh on the Devon Minor League, having won 12 games and lost 18, with 44 goals for and 95 against.

We are sorry to say that we shall not have the pleasure of seeing the Reading players at "Home Park" in the coming season, as Plymouth Argyle are still in the Third Division, but we hope to see them the season after next.

In the last issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE it was stated that the result of our Billiards League would be published this month, but we find that it will not be finished until six or eight months time.

THE TAMAR HOTEL, CROWN HILL.

The British Legion (Crown Hill and District Branch) opened their Club Rooms at the above on Saturday, April 28th.

The opening ceremony was performed by Brigadier-General Wallace D. Wright, V.C., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., in the presence of the Chairman, Paymaster Rear-Admiral R. B. Hosking, C.B., Vice-Chairman, Mr. A. E. Coombe, the Committee and Members of the Club.

After the opening ceremony a Concert was held and in the course of the interval the Vice-Chairman proposed a vote of thanks to Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. for placing the premises at the disposal of the Club, which was seconded by the Chairman, Rear-Admiral Hosking. Mr. W. H. Davis replied on behalf of the Firm.

FARNBOROUGH.

Farnborough Branch Staff has been busy collecting medals during the football season just ended.

E. Crutchley has won two medals—both winners—one playing for Cove in the Frere Hospital Cup at Fleet. Cove defeated Alton Battery 6—0 in the final. The other medal was gained when playing for the North Farnborough "Imps" against the Eversley "Imps" in the final of the Wolmer Cup. The score was 3—2; Crutchley, who was captain, scored the equalising and winning goals. Other medals have been won by A. Siggery, W. Bridger and R. Herrington, who all played for Frimley Green Reserves in the Division III. of the Ascot and District League. Occasionally during the season both Bridger and Herrington assisted the Frimley Green first eleven. All through the season great interest has been evinced at this Branch in the doings of Frimley Green F.C. On the Staff here there are no fewer than nine past and present players for the "Green," in addition to the trainer, "Dr. Kent." The "Green" have had a record season, winning Divisions I. and III. of the Ascot and District League, the Surrey Junior Cup, the Rayner Hospital Cup and Camberley and District Mid-week League, and were runners-up in the Surrey Mid-week Cup and the Connaught Hospital Cup. The winning of the Surrey Junior Cup was a most meritorious performance: there were over 280 entries. One of their players, A. Dawes, scored over 160 goals during the season, and was chosen to play for the Surrey Juniors on five occasions.

Farnborough Branch Annual Outing this year will take place on June 16th to Southsea, when fifty of the Staff will make the journey by road.

The cricket season is now in full swing. Farnborough Branch C.C. played their first game on May 12th, against the Camberley Working Men's Club C.C., and in an exciting finish lost by 29 runs. During the game W. Gale took 9 wickets for 57, and W. Thoday surprised everybody by making top score of 27. We all hope he will continue this form during the season, and at long last our tail will begin furiously to wag.

The scores on Saturday, May 12th, were as follows:—

<i>Camberley Working Men's Club C.C.</i>	<i>H. & G. Simonds' (Farnborough Branch) C.C.</i>
A. Puttick, c Gosney, b Gale ...	9
C. Hardy, c Gosney, b Gale ...	3
C. Hunter, b Paice ...	14
A. Lyford, b Gale ...	5
G. Cox, b Gale ...	0
F. Sandcraft, b Gale ...	16
L. Sharman, b Gale ...	38
C. J. Elsegood, b Gale ...	23
W. Baldwin, b Gale ...	0
H. Cope, not out ...	13
A. F. Evans, b Gale ...	0
Extras... ..	5
126	
G. Lancaster, c Puttick, b Elsegood ...	3
E. Gosney, c Evans, b Baldwin ...	0
L. Coleman, b Elsegood ...	15
W. Gale, b Evans ...	20
J. McCulley, b Baldwin ...	1
R. Paice, b Baldwin ...	0
G. D. Lupton, c Lyford, b Baldwin ...	2
S. Harding, b Evans ...	2
W. Thoday, b Baldwin ...	27
R. Coleman, not out ...	20
A. Hurst, c Sharman, b Cox ...	1
Extras... ..	6
126	97

FORTHCOMING FIXTURES.

May 19th	North Farnborough	Away
" 26th	Cove Social Club	Home
June 2nd	Sergeants' Mess, 1st A.A. Bde, R.A.	Home
" 9th	Seven Bridges Brewery	Away
" 23rd	Seven Bridges Brewery	Home

We congratulate the H. & G. Simonds' Social Club on winning the First Division of the Reading Billiards League.

The Farnborough and Cove War Memorial Hospital Box still makes its weekly visit round the Stores and when recently opened the sum of £1 4s. 9d. was handed over to the Hospital Treasurer.

On the completion of the new Barracks at Smallshot, the Canteen for Sir Lindsay Parkinson & Co.'s workmen was closed. This Institute was known as the Smallshot Working Men's Club. We received a letter of appreciation from them, thanking us for the careful attention they had received and stating it had been a pleasure to do business with us.

SWANSEA.

Apropos of our notes in the March number of our ever-popular HOP LEAF GAZETTE, the 2nd Battalion East Lancashire Regiment, Llanion Barracks, Pembroke Dock, have followed up their fine performance in winning the Young Soldiers Cup and Shield for Shooting by almost (although unfortunately not quite) annexing the Army Boxing Championship, being narrowly defeated by the Royal Signals, Aldershot, by 21 points to 20 points.

We have great pleasure in printing the photo of the 2nd East Lancs Regimental Boxing Team, which, although defeated, "died gloriously."

In qualifying for the final the "Royal Signals" defeated the 2nd Loyal Regiment, whilst the 2nd East Lancs defeated the 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers. The results were as follows:—

OFFICERS' EVENTS.

LIGHT.—Capt. H. A. Spencer (Signals) beat Lieut. M. Manlove (E. Lancs), the Referee intervening in the first round.

MIDDLE.—Lieut. D. C. P. Hall (Signals) beat 2nd Lieut. J. C. L. Davidson (E. Lancs) on points.

HEAVY.—Lieut. E. S. Cole (Signals) beat Lieut. L. R. Thatcher (E. Lancs), who was withdrawn by the Referee in the third round.

OTHER RANKS.

BANTAM.—Dmr. Bennett (E. Lancs) beat Sgmn. Hogg (Signals) on points.

FEATHER.—L/Cpl. Holcroft (E. Lancs) beat Sgmn. Thomas (Signals) on points.

LIGHT.—1st String.—L/Cpl. Grainger (Signals) beat Pte. Jupp (E. Lancs) on points.

LIGHT.—2nd String.—Sgmn. McCreeth (Signals) beat Pte. Ramsden (E. Lancs) on points.

LIGHT.—3rd String.—Driver Baker (Signals) beat Boy Quilter (E. Lancs) on points.

WELTER.—1st String.—L/Cpl. Wheeler (Signals) beat Pte. Mason (E. Lancs) on points.

WELTER.—2nd String.—Pte. Bailey (E. Lancs) beat Cpl. Langley (Signals) on points.

WELTER.—3rd String.—Cpl. Head (E. Lancs) knocked out Driver Benjafield (Signals) in the first round.

MIDDLE.—1st String.—Cpl. Benson (E. Lancs) beat L/Cpl. Howard (Signals), who was disqualified in the second round.

MIDDLE.—2nd String.—L/Cpl. Papworth (E. Lancs) beat Sgmn. Taylor (Signals) on points.

LIGHT-HEAVY.—L/Cpl. Rodda (Signals) beat Cpl. Langton (E. Lancs) on points.

HEAVY.—Sgmn. Stuart (Signals) beat Dmr. Kennedy (E. Lancs) on points.

The issue was in doubt right up to the last fight as up to that point the score was 19 points all. This last event (Signalman Stuart *versus* Drummer Kennedy) proved the most interesting and exciting bout of the whole evening. Drummer Kennedy felled his opponent to the boards in the first, and again in the second, round, but in the third round Signalman Stuart made a wonderful recovery, boxing like a master, and finally won the bout by a very narrow margin of points.

The runners-up trophy shewn in the accompanying photograph now holds a conspicuous place in the Sergeants' Mess amongst the large number of other trophies held by the 2nd East Lancs Regiment.



2nd East Lancs Regimental Boxing Team.

FROM MY BAR-ROOM WINDOW.

How I have realised to-day that we *see* what we *look* for. I have thought that if ever I were confined to my bed for any length of time I would like to have my bed moved down into my Bar-room. I could look out through my window upon barely six square miles of landscape and seascape and see something new every day.

This morning I saw a cornfield ripening in the sun; it is not there now for the shadows play across it, but throw up into strong relief the red-bricked roof of some cottages abiding on the hillside, and beyond that again the green fields mount ever higher to the

horizon, marked off by a darker green—the hedges which enclose them. How curious the law which decreed that the green sward should be planned off into fields, some square, some triangular, others narrow and oblong, some oblique but never round: corners are no eyesore to nature.

I can see the yellowy strip of yellowy-golden sand which stretches along the margin of the Bay ("The English Naples" they call it) and I know that the objects that appear but specks there are living souls that laze, play, think, dream upon them. Oh, my view is wonderful to see; I am particularly blessed, for it comprises town, country and the sea. That so much could be crowded into one picture.

The woods are touched with a mystic beauty, half their foliage lies in shade and not a breath appears to disturb the grandeur of their calm elegance. They stand together—solid and reposeful. The curling smoke rises tall, and coiling into the sky along which grey and white clouds float, and a bird goes sailing by—a big looming object, for it is so near. What a peculiar thing is perspective and the eye that is capable of taking in tiny objects and large, near and far, altitude and latitude. At the summit where the earth meets the sky is another field of corn.

The brow of the hill: how inviting it looks; it seems to beckon one on to an adventurous vagabondage of quixotic discovery. What mystery lies beyond—what beauty, what romance, what new joy? To be upon its eminence that seems so near the dome of azure blue and to stand with clear vision seeing life steadily and seeing it whole, surveying the place from whence we sallied forth and beyond to the land of new delights of unknown raptures whither we now go—an adventure of the soul.

A belt of green above the lower reach of trees entices my eye, but is gone the instant my gaze rests upon it, for once again the sun has tricked me and retired provokingly behind a cloud, and when again it emerges I know it will be to rest upon yet another object of beauty, never the same one twice in any consecutive ten minutes. But presently the mists rise in the valley and the landscape is no more, the rain begins to fall slowly but surely, and the hills are blotted out by a thin hazy mist and only a faint dark ridge which I know to be them is discernible—and my landscape is gone, the view from my window hidden by a miracle of nature. But ah! soon the mists begin to lift and the sun to rise in the foreground and only the far away lies enshrouded. The rain is ceasing, the birds begin to twitter and chirrup, and the pattering of the rain-drops upon the green leaves—a sound which reaches me distinctly through my wide open window—grows fainter and fainter,

slower, till presently the benign sun breaks forth once more and covers the luxurious earth with glory, casting its radiant spell upon the soil. How soon the mists gather and are gone, the transition is indeed a thing of exquisite mystery, and I never cease to wonder at its coming and its going. Of course, that is not nearly all, including the ever-present, ever-changing glory of the sea, but were it only this, caught in a framework four feet by six feet and that again enframed in a hollow ball—the eye—about an inch in diameter, life would seem very wonderful to me from my Bar-room Window.

J.L.

FARNBOROUGH.

Aldershot was honoured by Their Majesties the King and Queen going into residence at the Royal Pavilion from the 15th to 21st May.

During their stay arrangements were made for matters of interest, from a military point of view, to be shewn the King and Queen. These included demonstrations by mechanized first-line transport and other vehicles, whilst visits to the Army Vocational Training Centre and the Army School of Cookery were made. One notable feature of the programme to entertain Their Majesties was the "Retreat" by the massed Bands, Drums and Pipes stationed in the Command. This took place on the Command Central Ground and aroused considerable enthusiasm.

Their Majesties also paid a visit to the new and well-equipped Barracks at Smallshot, the home of the Royal Corps of Signals. Her Majesty, who appears at all times to be interested in welfare work, paid visits to the Orthopædic Clinic, Farnborough, Queen Mary's Home for Children, and Queen Mary Wing, Louise Margaret Hospital, which is reserved for Officers' families.

Great activity is now shewn in the training of the troops in the Command, culminating with Inter-Divisional training in Sussex during September, which means, as in the year 1927, that the whole of the troops will be away from the Command for over three weeks; in fact, the 1st Cavalry Brigade leave Barracks about the 22nd August and are not expected to return from the Inter-Divisional training area until the end of September, 1928.

The following table shows how the troops will be encamped during the Inter-Divisional training between the 1st and 24th September, 1928:—

1st Guards Brigade	Cuckfield.
*2nd Infantry Brigade	Middleton Park.
*3rd Infantry Brigade	Maresfield Park.
4th Guards Brigade	Warnham.
*5th Infantry Brigade	Cowdray Park.
*6th Infantry Brigade	Parham Park.
*1st Cavalry Brigade	Lavington Park.
*1st Air Defence Brigade	} Hickstead.
2nd Batt. Royal Tank Corps	
Armoured Car Company	
1st Divisional Cavalry	

The troops will move by road to standing camps, through staging camps as last year.

Our Firm has been selected to attend to the needs of the thirsty in those camps marked *.

It is to be hoped that the Command will be more fortunate with the weather than it has been for the last year or two.

The ceremony of Trooping the Colours of the 1st Batt. The York and Lancaster Regiment, to commemorate St. George's Day, took place at Bordon on the 23rd April, before a large gathering.

The Salute was taken by Colonel F. P. Lousada Lloyd, C.B. (late The York and Lancs Regiment).

Lieut.-Colonel T. W. Parkinson, D.S.O., was in Command of the Parade, with Major (Brevet Lieut.-Colonel) A. B. Beauman, D.S.O., Second in Command.

OXFORD.

Each year, on the morning of the first of May, an ancient custom is still observed in Oxford.

The Choir and certain dignitaries of Magdalen College mount the many stairs of their famous and beautiful bell-tower to sing a Latin hymn upon its pinnacled roof, in celebration of May Day, at 6 o'clock in the morning!

This year the crowd of sightseers began to assemble a few minutes after 5 a.m., pedestrians being in the majority, but there was also a large number of cyclists, and a good many drove up in cars. At a few minutes to 6 o'clock the famous old High Street and the bridge spanning the River Cherwell (which flows almost under the eastern face of Magdalen Tower) were packed with a

dense and noisy throng of people. The crowd was a very cosmopolitan one, many nations being represented in the hundreds of University students and tourists assembled, not to mention citizens of both sexes and of all degrees of life.

Presently the musical Magdalen bells began to chime preparatory to sounding the hour of six. Immediately the noise of the crowd was stilled as if by magic, and the dropping of the proverbial pin could have easily been heard. Then, following the sixth stroke of the hour, there came upon the morning air notes of the beautiful old hymn. In a quite as impressive, if not so solemn as that other national one we all observe, verse after verse of that ancient tune floated down to the quiet, listening crowd below.

The hymn finished, and still the quiet reigned among the assembly. Then suddenly the bells began to ring and in a few moments they were pealing their May Day celebration to arouse the lie-a-beds in the old city and in the villages around.

The crowd soon commenced to disperse and in a short time traffic was passing up and down the High Street as usual, though the bell-ringers were still doing their best to make the Tower rock.

At the farther extremity of the High Street the white-clad Morris dancers were dancing the traditional measures to their well-known tunes, and later in the day the "Jack in the Green" and his attendant mummers were to be seen extracting largess from the benevolently disposed and many children paraded the streets with their May garlands of wild flowers with a like object in view.

WOODSTOCK.

Mr. J. H. Baines, the popular host at "The Crown," Woodstock, reports that "The Crown" shove-ha'penny team have again won the Frank Gray Cup and Medal, and in doing so lost only one game of the series, a fine performance upon which they are to be congratulated.

According to report the captain sticks to one beverage and even when playing "away" at neighbouring hostleries was wont to take a bottle of "S.B." with him to provide himself with the necessary stimulus to put that important "one in the top bed" at the critical moment. But one match evening, being in a hurry, it is whispered that the all-important bottle of "S.B." was forgotten and the one game of the season was lost! But the moral was not lost, however, for when the team reached the rendezvous for the next "away" engagement, *several* bottles of our speciality were seen to be protruding from various coat pockets.

The repute of "The Crown" "ha'penny pushers" has reached Oxford and a challenge has been issued, the result of which will be a needle match between the Frank Gray Cup holders and the winners of the Oxford City Cup. We hope that the men from Woodstock won't forget their bottles on this occasion, and may the judicious use of the "season brewed" assist them in their "great push" to victory.



The "Crown" Shove-ha'penny Team, Woodstock.

PORTSMOUTH.

GOSPORT BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

Enthusiasts of the leather-tipped cue at Gosport gathered round the tables at the Liberal Club on Wednesday, April 18th, for the final "match" of the season—that of matching their appetite against an excellent menu provided for the Annual Dinner. The President, Councillor Lieut. Frank Buckland, R.N. (ret.), and now on our staff here, broke off in the traditional manner with the loyal toast. Then, "chalking his cue" afresh, he went on to score heavily by remarking that the League finances were in a sound state and that the past season had been very successful. The Unionist Club had won the Orme Shield for the third year in succession, and thus claimed the trophy as their property.

The President proceeded to explain that the claiming of the trophy by the successful Club did not leave the League with a "double baulk" so far as next season was concerned as the donors had promised another Shield provided eight teams entered the competition. It was hoped that the Sergeants' Mess of the Welch Regiment would enter next year.

Mr. R. J. Baston, a Past President of the League, was the next to visit the table, and without any "side" he distributed the awards.

The "break" of the evening was made by a Concert Party, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. J. Douglass, who gave an all-round scoring display.

ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT IN A ROWING BOAT.

The younger members of the Southsea Rowing Club made a fine pull round the Island on Sunday, May 6th, in a six-oared galley, taking 11¾ hours, the previous record being 12 hours. The crew were as follows:—J. K. Bowerman (Captain), S. E. Apps (Vice-Captain), E. G. Brown (Assistant Secretary), A. T. Paynter, E. J. S. Triggs, F. W. Gilroy and L. G. Purkis.

The party left the boathouse on Clarence Esplanade at 9.30 a.m., reached Bembridge Ledge at 10.45, where the first change was made; Ventnor Pier 12.30 (ten minutes' stop); St. Catherine's Point 1.15; through the Needles 3.30; landed at Alum Bay 4 p.m.; left 5.7; Fort Victoria 5.35; Yarmouth 6 p.m.; Cowes 7.35, where there was an "easy" until 7.53; Gilkicker Point 8.50; home 9.15 p.m. By straight course, this is approximately seventy miles, and the oarsmen were indebted to Mr. J. K. Bowerman for the pilotage, the timing at certain points being important owing to having to allow for tides.

The last time the course was rowed was in 1913, and the records of the Club show that the feat has only been accomplished six times before.

The same boat was rowed that took the course thirty-three years ago.

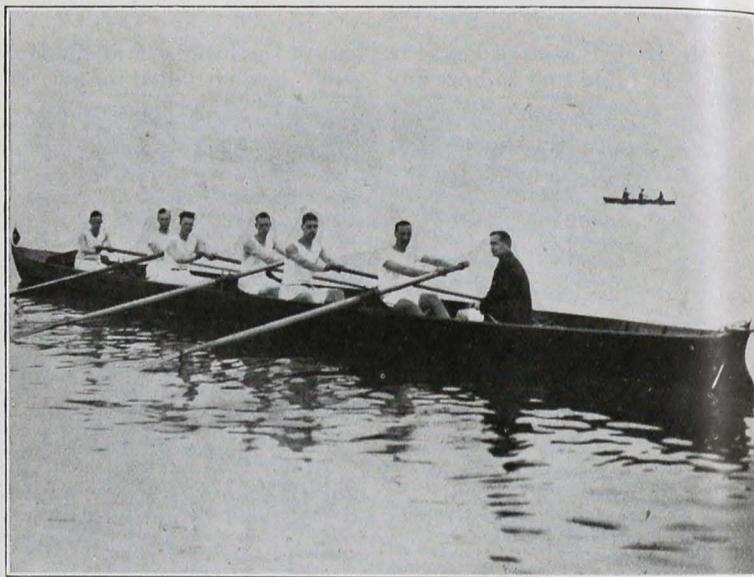
He that knows not, and knows not that he knows not,
Is a fool—SHUN him.

He that knows not, and knows that he knows not,
Is a child—TEACH him.

He that knows, and knows not that he knows,
Is asleep—WAKE him.

He that knows and knows that he knows,
Is a wise man—FOLLOW him.

The kind remarks under the Editorial heading in our May issue, in respect to the marriage of Miss M. F. Gilbert and the hearty congratulations conveyed, are much appreciated by the family and all interested.



Younger members of the Southsea Rowing Club who pulled a six-oared galley round the Isle of Wight.

[By kind permission of Mr. Stephen Cribb. Southsea.]

HYPHE.

How the months flow by! We no sooner get our notes off for one month than the next is upon us.

The writer has been severely reprimanded for revealing the athletic abilities of Mr. Fairhead. Mr. Fairhead, we understand, desired this to be kept strictly secret. We cannot quite understand his point of view, but the writer tenders him his sincerest apologies for the indiscretion.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Simonds have been staying in the district for nearly three weeks, recuperating after their recent illness. We understand that they have greatly benefited from the change, and we hope that the improvement will continue.

Mr. Eric will, we feel sure, endorse our views that Folkestone and Hythe are ideal places in which to spend a holiday, both from

a health point of view and entertainment. There is also magnificent scenery, but, above all, the right stuff is obtainable without any trouble.

We must apologise for the error in the last issue, which saddled Mr. and Mrs. Fulluck's baby daughter on to Mr. and Mrs. Willmore. Mr. and Mrs. Willmore have a "Baby" Austin, extra large size. Mr. Fulluck says he would not change his baby for any Austin, but he would consider an exchange for "Morris." That child does get on his nerves a little!

Our notes had to be sent in last month too early to include a report of our General Sports Meeting.

This was held at the Star Inn, by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Ransley, on Tuesday, April 24th. We regret to say, however, that there was only a poor attendance.

Officers elected for the cricket season were as follows:— Captain, Mr. J. C. Mullin; Vice-Captain, Mr. George Dray; Committee, Messrs. S. Middleton, L. Blackman, W. Hymers, H. Rose, H. Wood, T. Smith and G. Wood; Chairman and Treasurer, Mr. A. Chipperfield; Vice-Chairman, Mr. E. Hollands; Secretary, Mr. L. Hollands; Umpire, Mr. H. Beal; Scorer, Jack Carpenter.

It was decided at this Meeting that a present should be made to Mrs. Ransley, for kindly loaning us a room for our weekly meetings during the past football season and also for letting us have accommodation for our visitors to change before and after matches.

It was very lucky that we had friends like Mr. and Mrs. Ransley so near to the ground as the new pavilion on the sports ground has not been available until recently.

Fortunately, it is now open and we are finding it most useful for cricket. It is splendidly fitted up, gas and water being laid on, and we are now able to "do" our own teas, which is effecting a great saving for the Club.

There are few teams of our calibre, we should think, that are so fortunate in having such a splendid ground. It is quite equal to many county cricket grounds, and is certainly worthier of better cricket than the Brewery XI. has shown so far.

We have played two afternoon games and lost both, and two evening matches, winning one and losing the other. We sadly miss our "star" bowler of last year, F. Blackman, who, by the way, is in great form again this season. Playing for Hythe Green on May 9th, against the Police, we noticed that he took 6 wickets for 10 runs. It is also unfortunate that one of our best bats, "Tipper," cannot play yet as he is in the maltings and cannot be

spared. He is also our regular wicket-keeper. In our first game, against the United Banks, Mr. Fulluck unfortunately strained a muscle when bowling and took no further part in the game. He was doing very well at the time so his loss made a great deal of difference to us. Gubbins and Rose took turns at wicket-keeping and did very well under the circumstances. Sherwood and Mison shaped well with the ball and will take wickets after some more practice, while that all-round sportsman, McCann, showed quite good form in the field.

In our match against the Southern Railway, we were delighted to see we were supported by the opposite sex from Mr. Andrews' department (so were Chester, McCann, Sherwood, etc., by the way they monopolized one corner of the pavilion). Talking of support, we were pleased to see Mr. Whiting stroll along and stay for a little while at each match; it would be much appreciated if more of the staff turned up and showed interest in the team's doings.

We must congratulate ourselves in getting Mr. H. Beal to act as umpire for us for the season, and our best thanks are due to Mrs. Hollands for so kindly coming forward to do the teas for us at our home games. It is no small order cutting sandwiches, bread and butter and cake for twenty-six hungry cricketers. Volunteers are needed to help in this good work.

Below we give full details of our match with the United Banks:

<i>Hythe Brewery.</i>		<i>Folkestone United Banks C.C.</i>	
H. Rose, c Munge, b Smith ...	2	G. B. Munge, b Mison ...	16
— Taylor, c Davis, b Munge ...	2	W. Baker, lbw, b Sherwood ...	3
M. Fulluck, b Munge ...	3	— Sandcock, b Sherwood ...	0
W. Gubbins, b Baker ...	10	R. T. Smith, c Rose, b Sherwood	43
A. Tugwell, c Walpole-Smith,		H. C. Charles, b Gubbins ...	51
b Smith ...	17	A. G. Godefroy, c Rose, b	
E. Cooper, b Smith ...	1	Gubbins ...	0
F. McCann, lbw, b Smith ...	12	J. S. Davis, b Cooper ...	11
T. Sherwood, not out ...	1	E. W. Smith, c Mison, b Fulluck	7
S. Hollands, c Davis, b Smith	3	— Rees, b Mison ...	9
H. Wood, c and b Smith ...	2	C. J. Foster, not out ...	1
— Mison, b Munge ...	2	S. T. Woodruff, b Mison ...	0
Extras ...	4	Extras ...	6
Total ...	58	Total ...	147

Bowling Analysis.—Mison, 3 wickets for 36 runs; Sherwood, 3 for 31; Fulluck, 1 for 17; Gubbins, 2 for 13; Cooper, 1 for 5.

Our two evening games were against the Demonstration Platoon, which is camping on the ranges here. We lost the first and won the second. In the first match we scored 64, to which our opponents replied with 85. Our top scorers were Middleton and Mison, who made 12 each. Rose and Sherwood shared the honours of the bowling, each taking 5 wickets. We must not forget to

mention Smith, who scored 3 before being caught. In the second match we made 94 for 9 wickets declared, Middleton scoring 36 and L. Blackman 20. The Platoon score was 64. Rose again bowled well, taking 5 wickets. We again had the help of Smith, who carried his bat; he is very proud of the fact that he has not been bowled yet this season.

PRESENTATION OF MACKESON SHIELD AT MARGATE.

A large company of enthusiastic dart-throwers was presided over by Mr. Ticehurst, who is in charge of our Margate Branch, at a Dinner held at the Arcadian Hotel, Margate, on Wednesday, May 9th. The dinner was arranged by the Isle of Thanet Dart League, which comprises some twenty clubs, for the purpose of presenting the leaders of the League with the Mackeson Shield. The winners this year were the Ramsgate Labour Club, who hold the Shield for a year. Each member of the winning team was presented with a silver medal, also given by the Firm, and the runners-up were presented with bronze medals, kindly given by Mr. Ticehurst. The runners-up were the Broadstairs British Legion Club, who tied with the Ramsgate Labour Club, but lost in the play off.

We are all glad to see Rust, the younger, back cooperating after his bad attack of rheumatism. We hope to see him out wielding the willow before very long.

The whole of the cricket team was fearing that the services of Jack Wall would not be available this season as he has been suffering with one of his eyes. Luckily, this is now on the mend, and we hope he will soon be fully recovered and that we shall have his assistance when required.

Mr. Pike has joined us from Headquarters and promises to become a popular member of the staff.

The Kent A.A.A. Championship Sports Meeting is being held at Folkestone this year on June 9th. The only entry from the Brewery we can hear of up to the time of writing is Mr. Beattie. He has entered for every event to be held there during the summer, and we hope he scores a winner every time!

GIBRALTAR.

EAST SURREY BALL.

The 2nd Batt. The East Surrey Regiment, very old friends and customers of ours, held their Regimental Day on April 23rd. The day is to commemorate the meeting of the two Battalions in Ypres on April 23rd, 1915. The day is observed as a general

holiday and the Sergeants give a Ball in the evening. This year, the one we were privileged to witness, the various functions certainly enhanced the reputation of the 2nd East Surreys here. They have a wonderful name for doing things well and, by jingo, the Ypres Day arrangements were excellent.

In the morning the Inter-Company finals of tug-of-war and bayonet fencing took place at North Front. H.E. The Governor and Commander-in-Chief was present and presented the various cups to the winners of Inter-Company and Inter-Platoon competitions during the previous twelve months.

The evening saw the sixth annual Ypres Ball, given by the Sergeants of the Battalion, and it was the show of the season. In the years one can connect with the dear old Rock there never has been an equal; it was really a super-show. The Garrison Gymnasium was beautifully decorated, the Colours of the Battalion, under a Guard in pre-war uniform, added to the splendour, and the numerous coloured lights gave one a glimpse of Fairyland.

About 350 persons were present, including His Excellency the Governor and Lady Monro, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Townsend, the Bishop of Gibraltar, Captain Burgess Watson, R.N., Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Minogue, and the Officers of the Battalion.

Dancing commenced at 8 p.m., and the Regimental Orchestra supplied the music.

Supper was served at 11 p.m. in Buena Vista Officers' Mess, where 350 members and guests were seated in a very few seconds. A well-organised scheme for seating was arranged beforehand. Each programme had the guest's name, and on the back of the programme, in addition to the menu, was the number of the seat and the letter of the table at which one sat—a very novel idea. A capital repast was served by Mr. James Cunningham, whose reputation for catering is well known on the Rock.

Dancing was resumed about midnight and went on gaily until 2 a.m., when the National Anthem ended a glorious evening. The Ball Committee, under the presidency of the R.S.M., worked like Trojans and are to be congratulated on their efforts. The M.C.'s were indefatigable in their attention on the comfort of the guests.

These shows are all too rare and even now we are looking forward to the next.

In conclusion, may we say our famous "Hop Leaf" products were very evident and supplied that joy to the soul, which combined with the "Froth Blowers' Anthem" in the "Paul Jones," made all hearts light and brought youth to those of riper years.

Football is dying hard on the Rock. The Inter-Company Cup and Governor's Cup have been settled, but there is still the Dewar Cup to be won.

In the Inter-Company Cup the R.A.M.C. beat the R.E. 3—2 in the semi-final, an encounter which should rightly be called a bullfight, certainly not what was intended—football. However, these teams have met since and have proved that what occurred in the Inter-Company Cup was not true to either of them. In the final of this competition the "Medicals" rather overplayed Black Wing, 2nd Batt. East Surreys, winning by 4 goals to nil.

The Governor's Cup (the senior trophy) went to the Staff and Departments. The Sappers beat the Royal Navy 4—2 in the first round; beat the Gunners 3—1, after extra time, and so reached the final. The Staff and Departments beat the 2nd Batt. East Surreys 2—0 in the semi-final after a very good game. The first game for the final between the "S. and D." and the Sappers resulted in a goalless draw after extra time. On the replay, the Sappers scored about half-way through the first half and it was not until twenty minutes from time that the "S. and D." equalised. The winning goal was scored five minutes from time. Both teams are to be congratulated on the clean, strenuous display, and whilst praising the winners, one must commiserate with the losers on their gallant show.

The Dewar Cup, for all teams in Gibraltar, has reached the semi-final stage, in which the 2nd East Surreys play "Europa" F.C., and the Staff and Departments play the "Calpe American" F.C.

SALISBURY.

First of all we should like to congratulate the Brewery billiards team at Headquarters on winning the League and the H. & G. Simonds' Cup which goes with it.

The sports page of the Reading papers is always well read here and the doings of the Brewery teams eagerly looked for.

While on this subject it was also noticed that our worthy Editor made a splendid start with the bat this season, and it is hoped he will keep up that form.

On Saturday evening, 28th April, at the invitation of the Bemerton Conservative Club, the writer had the pleasure of witnessing a good display of billiards. The opponents were Mr. W. Whitehorn, amateur champion of Salisbury, and Mr. G. Cooper, runner-up in the Boys' Championship of All England, and the game was 750 up. Although the play from the commencement went in favour of Mr. Cooper, Mr. Whitehorn played an excellent

uphill game. Both players made some fine shots, which were thorough appreciated. Mr. Cooper's best breaks were 53, 47 and 49, also many more of over 20, while Mr. Whitehorn made breaks of 20, 26 and 55. At the conclusion, Mr. McMahon complimented the players upon their performances and expressed the hope that at an early date he might be able to arrange an exhibition game in Salisbury in aid of the Infirmary between Mr. Cooper and his conqueror in the recent championship game open to the boys of all England. The game ended in a win for Mr. Cooper by 750 to 279.

The New Zealand bowlers, many of whom were accompanied by their wives, who are on tour in Great Britain, visited Salisbury on Thursday, 3rd May, to play a match against the Wiltshire Association. They arrived about noon and were received by the Wilts County President, Mr. J. M. Tudman, and the County bowlers. Afterwards, at the Guildhall, the Mayor (the Hon. Lady Hulse) welcomed the visitors.

Mr. J. W. Hardley, President of the New Zealand team, thanked the Mayor on behalf of the tourists. They had heard of Salisbury and its great associations and memories, and they were proud to visit the city. They were all British-born, he said, and they looked upon the citizens of Wiltshire as brothers. "We from God's own country," he concluded, "thoroughly appreciate the welcome you have given us."

After luncheon and the usual toasts the visiting ladies were taken to the Cathedral and the Close, and then to the green at the Park for tea. The players went straight on to the match. This was played under excellent conditions, but the green was on the slow side. At the fifth end the visitors were leading by four points, but at the tenth Wiltshire had gained a nine points advantage. New Zealand again led by six points at the fifteenth end, but in the end honours were even, each side scoring 126.

It was no doubt very pleasing to the followers of the Reading Football Club to know that there will be Second Division football again at Elm Park next season, but they had none too much to spare in the end, and we hope that the Club will do better next time and perhaps be "in at the death" at the top of the table instead of the bottom.

By the way, can our Editor tell us if any definite decision has been arrived at, at the eleven o'clock service at the "Bar," as to why a certain forward scored as many goals in a few weeks for the Biscuit Boys as it took another player the whole of the season to accomplish?