

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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Mr. W. H. G. WIGLEY.

EDITORIAL.

Our frontispiece is a portrait of Mr. W. H. Wigley, the firm's Military Representative and Manager of our Farnborough Military Branch.

Similarly to many others of the Firm's successful men, Mr. Wigley joined the Firm at the bottom of the ladder commencing in the Cask Department at Reading and rising through the Home and Branch Departments to the Management of Ludgershall Branch, to which he was appointed on October 1st, 1902.

Mr. Wigley's first introduction to Military Trade was in the 1898 Manœuvres, when the Firm secured a large contract for the supply of the Northern Army. Subsequently, he was engaged on Military Camps each summer. Mr. Wigley witnessed the building of the Barracks on Salisbury Plain at such places as Tidworth, Bulford, Netheravon, Upavon, &c., and largely by his efforts our trade in that Area grew to a considerable volume. From 1904 to 1919 Mr. Wigley conducted the large Militia, Volunteer and Cavalry Camps on the Plain, as well as the Brigade and Divisional trainings, which entailed heavy mental and physical work. In 1914, on the outbreak of War, enormous numbers of Colonial troops arrived on the Plain and Mr. Wigley opened and staffed Depots at many points to cope with the business. In those days, beer arrived in truck loads and frequently in special trains at the Depot stations. Throughout the whole of his career Mr. Wigley has exhibited a wonderful faculty for organization and an aptitude in dealing with emergencies. An intensive worker, he spares neither himself nor staff when the Firm's interests are at stake. Greater ability for dealing with the intricacies of Military Trade would be difficult to find.

During his residence in Ludgershall Mr. Wigley was Churchwarden, Chairman of the Parish Council, and Overseer. He was also a member of the Pewsey Rural District Council and Board of Guardians. When the Border Lodge was formed at Ludgershall, in 1906, he was the first initiate and later W.M.

Mr. Wigley opened and organised our Salisbury Branch at the Fisherton Brewery, which premises he secured on behalf of the Firm.

Mr. Wigley was transferred to the management of our Aldershot Branch in 1919. He has a large circle of friends in all branches of H.M. Army and Air Force and his memory for faces and names is proverbial. He is a keen supporter of all forms of sport amongst

H.M. Forces and in his school days was one of those who formed the Old Kendrick's F.A. at Reading, of which Association he was Secretary.

MR. ERIC SIMONDS.

We have all felt the absence of Mr. Eric Simonds as a personal loss, and we eagerly look forward to seeing him back again from abroad completely restored to health. In the meantime, we hope the assurance that we are all carrying on to the best of our ability will act as a tonic to Mr. Eric and be some help to Mr. Simonds in her anxiety.

THE LATE LORD LINCOLNSHIRE.

By the death of Lord Lincolnshire we have lost a Peer who was a true democrat. He had a public career befitting his great name. He told the story himself of how, shortly after he succeeded to the title, an editor of an unimportant paper of the time wrote "some horrors" about his father. He promptly sought out the editor and gave him a sound horse-whipping. He was only a boy at the time. He was brought up at the police court and was sent for trial to the Central Criminal Court, where he was defended by counsel who were afterwards respectively Lord Chancellor and Lord Chief Justice. "I was told that I had done extremely wrong, but that, under the circumstances, they could not see what else I would have done." He was discharged without a stain on his character.

To the House of Lords and to his many political friends his death will cause deep sorrow, but to none more than to his many tenants, whose lives he made so pleasant when agriculture was at its lowest ebb.

THE HUMAN TOUCH.

A dramatic incident, unrealised by members generally, occurred while the President of the Board of Trade, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, was making an important speech on the work of his department in the House of Commons. When he had been speaking for about half an hour a note was passed to him along the Front Bench. He read it quickly. It announced the serious illness of his father in Yorkshire. For a minute Sir Philip paused and lost the thread of his argument. Then, with an effort, he picked it up again, and for another half hour continued an unflinching speech. Immediately afterwards Sir Philip left the House.

THE PRAYER BOOK.

The Archbishop of Canterbury utters some wise words for all concerning the momentous decision of Parliament in relation to the Prayer Book. He says:—

“The Prayer Book measure has failed to obtain full parliamentary sanction. Some of those who have eagerly supported it as a right step on the roadway to orderliness, to harmony, and to new freedom for active service at home and over-seas may be led by disappointment or irritation to advocate forthwith rash or irregular action.

“May we plead for quietness, for a little patience, and for abstention from any angry or unkindly word?”

The whole question is more grave than many realise and let us not make it graver by heated words which, after all, carry no argument.

COMELY IS AS COMELY DOES.

In the Daily Press there is a good deal of correspondence as to which county possesses the prettiest girls. But cannot every county in our glorious country produce the very flower of girlhood? The girl who possesses a sweet disposition and a kind heart has a radiancy and charm that a maiden who is only outwardly pretty can never have.

BANK OR PUB?

The Spread Eagle, the house magazine of Messrs. Barclays Bank, commenting on the Bank's Great Portland Street branch, has the following amusing passage: “The branch is often mistaken for a post office and sometimes for a public-house, but this, again, causes no surprise to those who know the building. The work of the branch is in many ways quite different from that of other branches. Many customers prefer their accounts to be conducted on an overdraft basis, which entails a large consumption of red ink. This is delivered weekly, in barrels, which, coupled with the similarity between the name of the bank and that of some famous brewers, may account for the branch being mistaken for a public-house, but it speaks well for the tact of the staff that many a man who has come in for a drink has gone out with a nice green deposit book.”

NEWBURY RACE-COURSE INNOVATION.

Newbury Race-course has provided an innovation by being the first in the world to install a Kleenglas machine, which at the rate of ten a minute not only washes and sterilises drinking glasses of any size, but dries and polishes them as well. It is claimed that, however great the rush, the use of this machine, which is British

BERKSHIRE'S HIGH SHERIFF AT THE ASSIZES.



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

Though he had by no means fully recovered from his recent severe attack of influenza Mr. F. A. Simonds attended the Berkshire Assizes, held in May, and is here seen, in his official capacity, preceding the Judge.

made and a British invention, will ensure that no one need drink out of a dirty or insufficiently washed glass. It is fitted in the members' bar.

OWNERS CLAIM MEMBERS' PRIVILEGES.

There is no better managed or more popular meeting known to racegoers than at Newbury. Its management, however, is questioned in the right asserted by the executive in refusing to allow certain owners entrance to the club enclosure if they are not members of the club. Newbury etiquette on the matter is stated very clearly. Unless owners have been regularly elected they cannot claim admission to the special stands. At other race meetings, as a courtesy, owners are allowed the privilege of entry, but Newbury refuses to acknowledge this privilege as a routine matter of right.

The position taken by the management seems all the stronger as, it is stated, some of the owners now protesting about the want of courtesy, etc., have actually been turned down when seeking election to be members of the club.

AN ABSURD LAW.

An old maxim laid it down that the law does not trouble itself about trifles, says Fellowship. But it often does nowadays, and the worst offender is "Dora." But really the time has come when steps ought to be taken to confine the prohibition of permitting betting and gaming to what is real betting or gaming. We say this in view of what has happened at Bordon, in Hampshire. There the proprietor of a hall organised a whist drive. Each player paid a shilling for admission, and prizes to the value of £5 were given to the successful competitors. The proprietor of the hall was proceeded against for having kept or used the room in contravention of the Betting Act of 1853. The local justices dismissed the summons, but on the application of the police, stated a case for the opinion of the High Court, and the King's Bench Division held that the justices were wrong and must convict. Of course, it is really absurd to call a simple whist drive betting, but the Betting Act calls it that, and so the farce goes on.

THANK YOU!

The Editor is constantly receiving compliments concerning the contents of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. "E. M." writes to a friend at the Brewery as follows:—

"Please accept our best thanks for so kindly sending THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE each month. It is very much enjoyed, especially by my wife who is delighted with its contents. I think myself the literary matter continues to improve each month. Surely an unknown author of renown (not unknown

but anonymous) writes some of the articles, especially the Nature Notes. The description of a day's fishing in the March number was splendid. I seemed to be accompanying my dear father again and could almost taste the pike à la Isaac Walton, when unfortunately the angler returned home with an empty basket which quite grieved me. The description was wonderfully real."

FROM TASMANIA.

And it is not too much to say that, as with the firm, the fame of the GAZETTE is world-wide. Captain T. A. Newton, representing the National Union of Manufacturers of Great Britain, writes from Launceston, Tasmania:—

"I am indebted to you or some one from the old home for a copy of your November issue. Would that it had brought a bottle of your October brew. I came here in 1921 and have not tasted English beer since."

Captain Newton encloses a leaflet giving many interesting details of this lovely land of constant summers. He mentions the damar Valley, with its orchards, its sheep runs and mixed farms and doubtless he wishes he had a Tamar Brewery there too!

PROMPTITUDE AND PROOFS.

While on the subject of the GAZETTE the Editor would like to warmly thank all concerned for their promptitude in sending in their copy last month. The result was that he had a comparatively easy time when away for a week in Devon where, by the side of the river Tavy, in the early hours of the morning, he read the proofs of the GAZETTE and attended to the numerous little duties devolving upon an Editor. Messrs. Bradley & Son, Ltd., our printers, were particularly prompt with their communications. It was while sitting by the river-side, lost in thought, that the writer nearly lost his balance also, for suddenly he noticed a hefty bull grazing close beside him. "But beyond casting a rather old-fashioned look at me, my bovine friend pursued the even tenor of his way and I completed my proof-reading though I did wonder, had he objected to my presence on his preserves, who would have crossed the river first. Though in one sense—and only in one sense—I should have taken the bull by the horns: I should have skedaddled as fast as my legs would carry me. A bull did chase me once and I should think I did the hundred yards in record time and vaulted a high gate at the finish, though the performance never appeared in the Press.

LEGALITY OF WHIST DRIVES.

Answering questions on the legality of whist drives, the Home Secretary (Sir W. Joynson-Hicks), in the House of Commons, said

he had gone carefully into the history of the matter, and he found that certain instructions had been issued to the Metropolitan Police by his predecessors, and he found himself in complete agreement with them. In 1913 the police were instructed not to take proceedings unless they had reason to believe the whist drive was for serious gambling or profit-making, and in 1921 were instructed not to interfere unless they had reason to believe actual harm was being done. He believed the matter could be better dealt with on these lines than by attempting an amending law, which would be highly controversial and would almost inevitably open up the question of gaming in all its aspects. He hoped notice would be taken of his statement by local authorities, and that they would act accordingly.

NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.

Commander Kenworthy asked: Had not the whole position been altered very rapidly from the administrative point of view by the imposition of the Betting Tax?

The Home Secretary said the Betting Tax had nothing to do with the subject. He added that he was not going to circularise his statement to other forces over whom he had no control. He hoped, however, when it was reported they would take note of it.

AN ILLUMINATING ADDRESS.

The address given below is illuminating from the fact that the addressee is either a very bad writer or his correspondent is very careless. Anyhow, the letter eventually reached its rightful owner addressed as under:—

Sidniy Bud Esq.
H. & G. Simard Soual Club
19 Budley St.
Reading
England.

It says something for the efficiency of the Post Office that the letter *did* reach its proper destination.

A SMASHING BLOW.

As *The Licensing World* points out, science has delivered another smashing blow at teetotal pretensions in the discovery of vitamins. One feels, or should feel, proud that this discovery was made in this country in 1920, and, as usual, where England leads, the work was taken up by scientific men in other lands. What are vitamins? Stripped of technical terms, necessary as these are in exact scientific work for the sake of definition and distinction, vitamins are minute quantities of substances found in certain foodstuffs. One definition is "accessory food factors."

VITALLY IMPORTANT.

As the name indicates (Lat. *vita*, life), they are vitally important in the proper nutrition of the body. Their absence from the dietary induces various forms of illness and disease. These diseases are known as "deficiency diseases." A dietary may consist of every variety of food material and varied as much as possible, yet if vitamins be absent, or if being originally present have been destroyed by food cooking, health cannot be maintained or regained. There are five classes of vitamins. Early on in this research yeast was found to be comparatively rich in the most important health-giving class. So successfully has the work proceeded that the yeast vitamin is now produced on the laboratory scales in quantities sufficient for the cure of ailments which have been brought on by a vitamin-deficient diet. If vitamins are present in yeast, it is a natural inference that they are present in beer. But science is not satisfied with inference alone. It is a scientific fact. The beer drinker has a double vitamin advantage. Vitamins are found in cereals, but only in the germ and outer skin, or cuticle. In the brewing of beer the whole grain barley is used, and the vitamin extraction takes place without injury to its vital properties. There are no roastings, or vitamin-destroying processes. Animals are incapable of producing vitamins. The vitamins in animal food-stuffs, such as milk and eggs, are derived from the plant or vegetable diet of the cow and the hen.

A STRANGE SITUATION.

Thus we see the development of a strange situation. The pale-faced, ailing, vitamin-starved teetotaler sees the cure for his ignorant folly in the vitamin extract from the yeast of the brewer and the distiller! In other words, the men whom the said teetotaler has denounced and opposed at every turn repay with the offer of the services of the good physician! In the light of this new knowledge for our benefit, we are going to say to our non-militant teetotal friends, try a glass for thine health's sake, and for thine oft-time fits of depression.

"And those who would this health deny,
Down among the dead men let 'em lie."

BALD-HEADED MEMBERS ONLY!

At one of our houses, not many miles from Southampton Street, a Club has been started and only those can join who are bald-headed. Already, however, there are over a score of members, a dinner is being arranged and everything points to the Club being a very thriving concern.

CRICKET AT EVERSLEY.

Our match with Commander H. D. Simonds' side at Eversley proved exceptionally enjoyable. The ground was situated amid charming sylvan surroundings, such as delighted the eye of Charles Kingsley. Mrs. Simonds favoured us with her presence and joined us at the al fresco tea—a little compliment that we all highly appreciated. So pleasantly did everything pass off that we hope this will be by no means our last visit to Eversley.

NAVAL HONOURS FOR "S.B."

The following letter is typical of the communications frequently received from Naval customers, and is an example of the breezy wording of business letters which bring into the office welcome reminders of the sea:—

"I have discovered on board one of your cases, but of the 'dozen' size only. It contains ten empty bottles. It should be noted that this ship is alongside at Rosyth Dockyard and shortly pays off into Reserve. I will keep your case until then, in case you should find it worth while to send for it, but on that day it will have to go and must disappear. It will be sunk, however, with full Naval honours—as it deserves!"

What more fitting end could befall one of the popular cases containing empty bottles whose contents had been put to the useful purpose of fortifying the Fleet!

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

During a heat wave a magistrate was discussing summer drinks with a few club friends, and he admitted that he did not know of a good thirst quencher.

"Have you tried gin and ginger-beer?" asked one of the group.

"No; but I've tried many people who have!" was the quick response.

* * * *

I 'ad a shock the other day. I discovered that me own lodger 'as been livin' under a consumed name.

* * * *

OLD SALT: "Bit of a swell to-day, Sir."

SEASIDE VISITOR: "Nice of you to say so, but you ought to see me on Sundays."

* * * *

YOUNG WIFE: "I am going to cook the dinner myself to-day, dear. What would you like?"

HE: "Er—cold beef and pickles, please, darling."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Friendship is the shadow of the evening which strengthens with the setting of the sun.

Let us not throw away any of our days upon useless resentment, or contend who shall hold out longest in stubborn malignity.

No man can answer for his courage who has never been in danger.

Smiles are the language of love.

Stone masons collected the dome of St. Paul's, but Wren hung it in the air.

Learn to say No! and it will be more use to you than to be able to read Latin.

Learn to labour and to wait.

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.

The valour that struggles is better than the weakness that endures.

Weave in faith and God will find the thread.

To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source;
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

Learn to be pleased with everything; with wealth so far as it makes us of benefit to others; with poverty, for not having much to care for; and with obscurity for being unenvied.

He presents me with what is always an acceptable gift who brings me news of a great thought before unknown.

He that is full of himself is very empty.

Truth does not consist in minute accuracy of detail, but in conveying a right impression.

He who reads a good book has made an unchanging friend.

The mere acquisition of a mass of facts or the parrot-like ability to repeat the laws of science does not constitute education. True culture is a broader thing. The educated man is a man with certain subtle spiritual qualities which make him calm in adversity, happy when alone, just in his dealings, rational and sane in the fullest meaning of the words, in all the affairs of life.

THE OLD-TIME INN.

The Rev. T. H. Tardrew, Vicar of St. John's, Newington, Hull preached before a large congregation on "Public Houses and Clubs," and referred to his support before the Licensing Justices of the transfer of a licence from a public-house in an area scheduled for street improvement. He said he knew that some of his parishioners resented his attitude. He wished it to be understood that he was not hostile to their views as total abstainers, but he wished everybody to have freedom within the limits of reasonably framed laws. He did not think anyone had the right to dictate to other people what they should do. What he wished to do, if possible, was to restore the spirit of good-fellowship of the old-time inn rather than to have drinking shops in back streets, in which the atmosphere was laden with smoke, and there was every temptation to do nothing but drink. What would have been the result if a licence had not been granted? A club would have been opened, for in Hull, as elsewhere, no sooner were public-houses closed than clubs were opened, clubs difficult of supervision which could be opened almost by anyone. Why was it that some "temperance" fanatics became almost like frenzied lunatics in their desire and attempt to suppress public-houses, and yet they left clubs alone? He could not understand it.

Four years ago I spent a week-end in the town of Niagara, and I saw more drunken men in the streets there during three days than I have seen in the streets of London for many years.—*Sir Henry Rew (Sunday Times, April 22).*

WHITSUN IN PARIS.

Whitsuntide is about the latest date in the season when one can comfortably visit Paris; after that date the heat is almost unbearable and it just isn't done! This year the heat wave arrived there at the same time as the writer and the newspapers recorded four deaths from the heat in one day.

Visitors to Paris privileged to be admitted behind the scenes of the British Delegation of the Reparations Commission in the Rue de Tilsitt would leave with the impression that the Staff was a very devout one, owing to the frequent and loving allusions made to "The Good Lord," but this refers to no higher Deity than the good Lord Blanesburgh—the richest bachelor in the Peerage—who since 1925 has been the British Delegate on that useful Commission, and who is so truly loved by all his Staff. It so happened that the Commission was sitting over the Whitsun holidays, so that one of his secretaries who was to be my guide, counsellor and friend was somewhat delayed in escorting me to the Forêt de Fontainebleau, where, however, we had taken the precaution of telephoning for accommodation.

Our party of three, having been unwise enough to invite the "baiser du soleil" not wisely, but too well, in the open spaces of the Forêt, contracted the inevitable result of a touch of sunstroke which rather cramped our style for the next few days, but a pleasant drive through the Forest in the evening's cool, a leisurely visit to the Chateau of Napoleon—that great palace where he lived with his second wife, leaving the faithful Josephine to eat out her heart at Malmaison—and a glimpse of the lake containing myriads of ugly and ancient carp—some of them over 100 years old—were enjoyed.

On the return to Paris the journey was broken at Moret-sur-Loing to visit the old monastery where is still manufactured the famous "sucre d'orge"—those little barley-sugar sticks so dear to the hearts of the French children—this industry has been carried on by the "religieuses Benedictines" since 1638. There is also an ancient moulin, a picturesque winding river flanked by well-worn kneeling stones, each one occupied by a good French femme busy with the family laundry, and a great deal of architectural interest as well.

Paris itself, noisier, hotter, more bustling and overcrowded than ever, struck the writer as having become wholly futuristic as to decoration, posters, flower-beds, signs, dress—all carried out in the most daring colour and design. The cost of living is everywhere dearer and wages correspondingly lower, so I was told by a courteous French bank clerk at Messrs. Barclays Bank, Ltd.—by the way,

what magnificent offices they have near the Opera! One noticed great changes everywhere, especially in the upper part of the beautiful Avenue des Champs Élysées which is now almost entirely devoted to motor showrooms, and there has arisen the fashionable "Lido" Swimming Baths in the Arcade there, where a band plays all day, an open-air American Bar, and teas are served along the centre—at a price!

A mammoth new hotel—the Napoléon—is almost completed in the Avenue Friedland, where, by the way, one of the things *not* changed is the quiet little Church of St. Jacques, in the porch of which sits the dear old blind lady with the saintly face and the sightless eyes awaiting the "petits sous" from her regular patrons, on receipt of which she raises her hand as in silent blessing—she was there in 1914 and she is there still.

Another comparatively recent innovation is the æsthetic Grande Salle Pleyel in the Fauberg Saint-Honore where we attended the Mozart Festival, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham—what a sad disappointed-looking man he is, and he still limps as a result of breaking his leg in America some few years ago. The artistic French musicians comprising the orchestra gave an interpretation of that composer which was "tres sympathique"—it would surely have satisfied even the critical taste of that musical genius amongst our revered directors at home, I thought!

Another note which struck a reminiscence of Reading was the great exodus for the dejeuner recess of the employees of the Burberry Waterproof Factory in the Rue de la Madeline. The next two evenings were spent at a private dinner party and a visit to the Horticultural Exposition at the Port d'Alma where the roses and other exhibits were magnificent, and the final evening was passed at the comfortable little Theatre Albert 1er in the Rue du Rocher, where the plucky little band of English Players, under the direction of Edward Stirling and Frank Reynolds of Birmingham, rendered really well Sir Gerald du Maurier's success "S.O.S." This little Company plods on manfully, year after year, patronised by the British Section but not to any large extent by the French themselves, though they do stage the latest plays and are extremely good.

The best day of all as regards weather was, as usual, the day on which one travelled home, and a delightful Channel crossing made a fitting finale to a short but pleasant trip.

E.M.D.F.

TIPS ON TENNIS.

Many people do not really enjoy playing tennis because they think more of victory or defeat than of the game itself. That is a great mistake. No one likes to see a player go all out to win better than I, but I like to see him also enjoy every stroke of the game, including his own bad shots and his opponent's brilliant drives.

And supposing you have a favourite shot which, though not according to rule, is effective, my advice is use it and, use it for all you are worth. A great deal too much emphasis is laid on "correctness of style." I know of more than one tennis player and more than one cricketer who is sacrificing effectiveness for style. Get your runs at cricket and get your points at tennis—that is *my* style.

The rules of lawn tennis are very simple and everyone should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest them. I watched a tournament not far from Southcote Road, Reading, recently, and one gentleman—with his partner, I believe, reached the final—very badly foot-faulted every time he served. I wonder no one pulled him up.

But I must not out-run my space. I will only add that if you play your very best and

If you can meet with triumph and disaster

And treat those two impostors just the same . . .

then lawn tennis will indeed be a game that you will thoroughly enjoy—and so will your partner!

C.H.P.

DARTS MATCH FINAL.

On Friday, the 8th June, at The Old Bell, Grazeley (neutral ground), a final darts match for a silver cup (presented by Mr. R. Grover of Spencers Wood) was played. The opposing teams were from The Elm Tree, Beech Hill, and The Four Horseshoes, Stratfieldsaye. The cup was won by The Four Horseshoes, the last game deciding the match.

The teams were accompanied by their respective landlords and a very enjoyable evening was spent ending with a good "sing-song."

H.G.

SOLILOQUY.

How man came into being is a much disputed point
 Where science and theology get badly out of joint.
 But since we've landed here and have not long to stay
 Why not make a certainty and back them both each way.
 Primeval man, historians say, lived in such direful state,
 We ought to feel right thankful we arrived a little late.
 They say he ate the reptiles raw and slaked his thirst with rain
 Which seems sufficient reason why he first experienced pain.
 Yet by the penalty of pain he taught himself to feed
 And chose from nature's bounty what satisfied his need.
 Then reason dawned and, by its light, the faculty to think ;
 He found within the luscious grape a most alluring drink.
 To quench his thirst, inspire his mind, and feed his body too
 And pussyfoot as yet unborn was not to cry taboo.
 For is it not recorded how Christians sat to dine
 And water in its virgin state was turned to grateful wine ?
 Now from the sun-kissed barley and fragrant tonic hops
 With milk from finest cattle that feed on British crops
 Science has evolved a drink to suit our native race
 Where modern competition makes the axles move apace.
 Then why risk disappointment with Jacko's thyroid gland,
 When sure rejuvenation is always close at hand,
 For concentrated energy without a shade of doubt
 Is contained in every bottle of Simonds' milk stout.

John Bung.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

" Does he ever break his word ? "

" No. He engages a lawyer to bend it for him. "

* * * *

" And have you any brothers ? "

" Three ; two living and one married. "

* * * *

OWNER OF AUSTIN-SEVEN (after collision with six-wheeler lorry) : " But do you mean to tell me that you could not see me coming on a straight piece of road like that ? "

LORRY DRIVER : " Sorry, guv'nor, fort it were a fly on me windscreen ! "

SIGNS.

WHEN THEY WERE A NECESSITY.

In these modern days, the signboard is as a rule an unimportant object, the old trade signs are fast disappearing and now signboards are mostly to be seen only gracing an inn. It was not always so. At a time when few people could read or write, signs were a necessity, not only for inns and taverns, but to denote where various crafts and trades were carried on. With trade signs we do not propose to touch, but it is as well to remember that it was a common practice in the middle ages for a trade to be carried on in the same premises as a tavern, and this accounts for some curious signs which show that a particular tradesman plied his calling at an inn or combined the two.

It is with the Roman era that we begin to have distant data and one of the earliest signs was that used for taverns only, " The Bush," of which numerous examples exist to this day. Amongst the ruins of Pompeii, many wine merchants' and inn-keepers' signs have been found and two of the most frequent are the one of two slaves carrying a cask of wine slung on a long pole (this corresponds to one which can be seen frequently now, generally under the name of The Jolly Brewers, which is often shown by two draymen carrying a barrel on a pole) and the other is of Bacchus pressing a bunch of grapes and is still shown on numerous houses which bear the sign of The " Grapes " or " Bunch of Grapes. "

It may be concluded that our forefathers adopted the sign-board from the Romans, and of these the Bush must be accounted the most ancient. Traces of its use as an inn sign are not only found among Roman remains, but during the middle ages we find traces of its use. The inns shown on the Bayeux tapestries are all denoted by the sign of the Bush. At a later period coats of arms, crests and badges began to be used, then the animal kingdom from the elephant to the cat, all sorts of birds and flowers were put under contribution and as quite a lot of these signs were painted by individuals whose talents and imaginations were limited, some weird and wonderful signs have been handed down to posterity.

Let me take some signs which will have interest to Brewery readers as being well known names owing to their associations with the Firm :—

The Jack of Newbury, one of the oldest inns in the country, is named after that well-known figure of the middle ages (Jack of Newbury) (or John Winchcombe, to give him his proper name). He was the biggest weaver and clothier of his time in England ; he kept over one hundred looms at his house in Newbury. There he entertained King Henry VIII and his first Queen, Catherine. He also restored Newbury Church. At the battle of Flodden in

1513, he joined the Earl of Surrey with a troop of Berkshire gentlemen, all equipped at his own expense. One of his daughters married the Lord Bolingbroke, who lived at Bucklebury, but this sturdy old tradesman refused all honour for himself and died as he had lived, just plain Jack of Newbury. He is buried in Newbury Church and his effigy in brass can still be seen, dated February, 1519. The Jack of Newbury hotel is built on the site of his house where he entertained King Henry VIII.

The Rose at Wokingham was a favourite resort of Pope and Gay. Pope's chair and Gay's portrait were, until recently, objects of interest to visitors and the inn itself still shows signs of its Tudor origin and is well worth a visit. Opposite this house is The Bush. This has traces of the Tudor period; it was at this house that a challenge to a duel was issued by a Mr. Standen of Arborfield in 1713, because some of the London gentlemen staying at the house opposite had written some verses which were the reverse of complimentary to the landlord's daughter.

The King Charles Head at Goring Heath was a favourite resort of that unfortunate monarch. Whilst held a prisoner at Caversham, he used to ride there under escort to play bowls and this was chronicled in the following lines under the original sign-board.

" Stop traveller, stop, in yonder peaceful glade
His favourite game the royal martyr play'd.
Here, stripp'd of honours, children, freedom, rank,
Drank from the bowl, and bowl'd for what he drank ;
Sought in a cheerful glass his cares to drown,
And changed his guinea 'ere he lost his crown ! "

The Jolly Farmer at Sandhurst was originally called the Golden Farmer, after one of the old landlords who always paid in gold for everything he bought. The source of this wealth was a mystery of local residents for some time, until he was at last taken and hanged for a highwayman, when it was discovered that he had terrorised Bagshot Heath for years.

The Whitley Grenadier on the Basingstoke Road is unique and the verse under the painting of a Grenadier with a foaming pot may be worth quoting :—

This is the Whitley Grenadier,
A noted house for famous beer,
My friend, if you should chance to call,
Beware and get not drunk withal ;
Let moderation be your guide
It answers well where'er 'tis try'd.
Then use, but not abuse strong beer,
And don't forget the Grenadier."

F.M.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

It is pleasing to record that the June issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE was published well to time; in fact it came to hand on the 31st May. It was well up to its usual high standard and the articles of real interest. Our Brewery artist has certainly found his forte (or is it fifty) in his sketches of British warships, and as I had an opportunity of seeing his last sketch before being "reduced" for publication, can truthfully say, even although a faithful reproduction appeared in our paper, the original is even better. I think I am on safe ground in saying one of our latest staff Newlyweds has been given the original sketch for framing.

Weddings amongst the younger members of the staff seem to be the vogue at the moment. One event took place last month, one already this month (at the time of writing) and another is due very shortly. Our Brewery humorist also states that he knows of a few members of the H. & G. S. staff who are "holding hands," so we shall have more interesting announcements to make in due course.

I notice the Editor commented on the fact that I had recently moved. One of our "movers" was Mr. J. Saunders ("Jim") who was caretaker of the Brewery when I first started there, and we naturally had an interesting chat over the old days. Seeing him again recalled to my mind an incident that took place in the Correspondence Office. We used to copy letters, invoices, &c., in "Letter Books" with the aid of damp cloths, in a large copying press of ancient lineage, and as a matter of fact it is still in our Office even though we use it not. One evening, just before 6, the press became "stuck" and all our efforts to turn it were unavailing, so an S.O.S. to various Departments to send up to us "strong men" was sent out and they duly arrived, but the Press could not be turned and things were becoming desperate for there was a lot of "copy" to "copy." However, quite by accident, "Jim" Saunders came in and asking if he could "have a go" and on being informed he could, took hold of the two ends and with a firm twist quite easily loosened the Press and the situation was saved. As Jim is of slim build—tall but wiry—it seemed all the more remarkable for we had had some very hefty men who had failed in their purpose.

"Jim" recalled the fact that he was caretaker for 5 years 3 months and the memory of Brewery doings he related with enthusiasm. Mr. and Mrs. Saunders were good friends to me, for at the time I was "Post Boy" so on overtime, once a year, when we used to have our tea on the premises, in consequence of having to deliver the bag to the Post Office and take the Farnborough letter to the Station. I used to have my tea last. However,

Mrs. Saunders took compassion on me and I used to have my meal in the kitchen with the caretakers, which was much more congenial than eating alone.

Mr. F. Kirby, a well-known member of our staff, had a pleasant surprise the other day. His schoolboy son had a letter addressed to "Master Kirby" which he endeavoured to keep secret. Later on his father learnt it was a letter from the Editor of a weekly paper stating he accepted the boy's article on "Famous Explorers" and would welcome other articles from him. The article was written and sent off quite unbeknown to Mr. F. Kirby, so father *was* pleased.

Apropos of my win recently in "Bullets," it was due to the Editor of our GAZETTE that I entered the Competition. I thought out a line and showed it to Mr. C. H. Perrin who remarked "That's ever so good, send it in," and I did so, with three other lines. However, my "gem" didn't catch the judge's eye, but one of the others did, so now you know. I really had the "fiver" and truth to tell I have spent about £7 of it so far. Will wellwishers kindly note. The holiday season as regards the staff is now in full swing. Some think the seaside air the best and visit various resorts, others have a "bike tour," some motor cycle tours, others vegetate in "truly rural" parts, and others visit "foreign parts." However, they all seem to have a good time. We have yet to learn of one of our employees having an aeroplane holiday. We all hope one and all benefit by their holidays and come back full of vim.

First of all, the Derby really did cause a good deal of excitement; the Brewery was not immune and owing to the good offices of Mr. H. Shepherd our Resident Clerk we learnt in a "flash" (due to his wireless set) "the first three." No one won or lost a fortune at the Brewery. Then we had Ascot race meeting once again. The last paragraph in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE for June by no means escaped observation or comment. A case of the sting being in the tail. The point raised, a football conundrum as to why one of Reading's last season's forwards (several were tried and found guilty by the critics) did not find the net more often than the one transferred was a "bone of contention" for the bar critics for quite a long while and really it isn't forgotten even now. No definite decision was ever reached on the point, but it may be of interest to note the transferred forward scored less goals for his new club than the other two forwards (who filled his place on and off) did individually during the same period. However, its a long LANE that hasn't a pub, so perhaps next season the club will have surmounted its difficulties in this direction. As usual, many rumours of new players signed, and old ones transferred, have been heard at the bar, but it is generally a case of "as you were" when the local papers are published.

A FEW ITEMS.

Mr. Joe Penn resumed work a week or so ago after a lengthy spell of illness and is "sticking it" well.

Mr. S. Murton, pleased to say, is on the up-grade and back in harness once again.

If we have Summer time, why cannot we have a Summer? Perhaps it is waiting until I start my holidays.

Our second team of cricketers only lost by 5 runs on Saturday last. Keep it up boys.

Mr. A. Rider sprained his ankle whilst playing Tennis. A Tennis "Tip." Hard lines, Ascot week too.

Mr. George Smith has taken over the "Cheddar Cheese," Broad Street, Reading, from Mr. T. R. Ravenscroft who has taken a house at Westgate (Margate). Mr. T. R. Ravenscroft has made a host of friends who regret his departure, due to the ill-health of his daughter.

Mr. Teddy Hanney, the popular ex-Reading footballer, has taken the "Russell Arms," vacated by Mr. G. Smith.

W.D.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A lawyer was defending a man accused of housebreaking and said to the Court:

"Your Honour, I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the window open and merely inserted his right arm and removed a few trifling articles. Now, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish the whole individual for an offence committed by only one of his limbs."

"That argument," replied the judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the defendant's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses."

The defendant smiled, and with his lawyer's assistance unscrewed his arm, and, leaving it in the dock, walked out.

* * * *

An extremely respectable old lady noticed the unsteady behaviour of an intoxicated man and exclaimed: "Dear me! How gauche!" The inebriated one smiled at her sweetly and said: "Shplendid, thansh; how geosh it with you?"

A GREAT THOUGHT.

When I am in a serious humour I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations, but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones.

When I look upon tombs of the great every emotion of envy dies in me. When I read the epitaphs of the beautiful every inordinate desire goes out. When I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone my heart melts with compassion. When I see the tombs of the parents themselves I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.—JOSEPH ADDISON, buried in the Abbey.

SEVEN BRIDGES BREWERY BURIAL CLUB.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Brewery Burial Club was held at the Brewery on Friday, June 8th. The meeting, presided over by Mr. A. Grove, was very poorly attended. Out of a membership of 399, only 36 were sufficiently interested to put in an appearance. The following Departments were not even represented at the meeting:—Bottle Stores, Union Room, Yard, Canvas Dept., and Maltings.

The Secretary (Mr. E. Bailey) presented the annual report, which shewed an increase of 16 members. Thirteen death claims had been paid to the total value of £219 12s. od. The yearly contributions per married member were only 12/- and for single members 6/-, or less than 3d. and 1½d. per week respectively. When it is considered that the benefits in the case of a married man or his wife have averaged over £18 and for a child over £9, it will at once be seen what an excellent insurance the Club provides. The balance in hand, placed to Reserve Account, is £38 10s. 7d.

Mr. C. W. Stocker and Mr. E. Bailey were unanimously re-elected Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively for the

ensuing year. The retiring Committee were also re-elected with the exception of Mr. Nash *vice* Mr. Holloway (Cellars) and Mr. Cannon *vice* the late Mr. Powney (Brewery).

The usual votes of thanks were accorded to the officers of the Club.

It was decided that special attention be drawn to the following

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Employees at the Reading Brewery who are not members of the Burial Club and who were in the Firm's service prior to October 9th, 1925, are reminded that, in accordance with Rule 4, they must make application for membership to the Committee not later than October 8th, 1928.

It should also be stated that the three years' grace applies to all intending members, dating from the time of their employment by the Firm.

E.B.

A CAREER FOR OUR BOYS.

Among the many employees of H. & G. Simonds and the readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE there must be many who have been troubled when their boys are nearing school-leaving age by the question, "What shall I do with him?" One of the finest careers open to a boy to-day who has not got rich parents to pay premiums for him, is the Royal Navy, and I want to try and point out a few of the advantages that are not generally known to most people.

(1) From the day of joining he does not cost his parents or guardians a penny-piece.

(2) After joining he has a living until he is forty years old and then a substantial pension and a recommendation that will very easily see him settled down in civil life.

(3) If he has been to a secondary school and can pass a First School Examination Certificate, or a Day School Certificate (Higher) and joins the Royal Navy as a boy (15½ to 16½) he will be at once put in the Advanced Class and start to qualify for the higher branches of the Service. In fact, a large proportion of Advanced school boys become Warrant Officers and Mates, and get commissions.

The principal qualifications for a successful career in the Royal Navy are ambition, an adventurous spirit, and that mysterious

call which some boys have that makes them feel they are never happy unless near the sea or out in a boat on the river.

I do not recommend sending any boy to sea either in the Navy or Merchant Service who does not whole-heartedly want to go. The biggest failures and most miserable men I have seen have been those who have been "put to sea" against their own wish and inclination.

A pamphlet can be obtained from any Post Office called "How to Join the Royal Navy," where full particulars of pay and service will be found.

If the pay seems small at first remember it is practically all pocket-money with no deductions for lodgings or clothes, and as a matter of fact fifty per cent. of boys manage to make an allotment home, either towards helping the old folk or towards their keep during holidays.

G.H.W.

"CARRY ON, BOYS, CARRY ON!"

The following fine lines by J. F. McMilan appear in that excellent monthly, *Our Empire*, and indicate that the late Earl Haig still watches us from the Shadows:—

Great is our loss, old comrades, yet he taught us to understand
Our stay in the ranks of the Living is ruled by the Higher Command;
For Haig, our belov'd Field-Marshal, has answered the Final Call,
With the Deathless Army he takes his place, and we mourn them,
one and all.

He never stooped nor faltered, but with courage staunch and true
He gave us strength to "Carry on" and see those dark days through,
He could read our hearts like an open book, and with pride we still
recall

How we served with Haig in those grim War days, when backs
were to the wall.

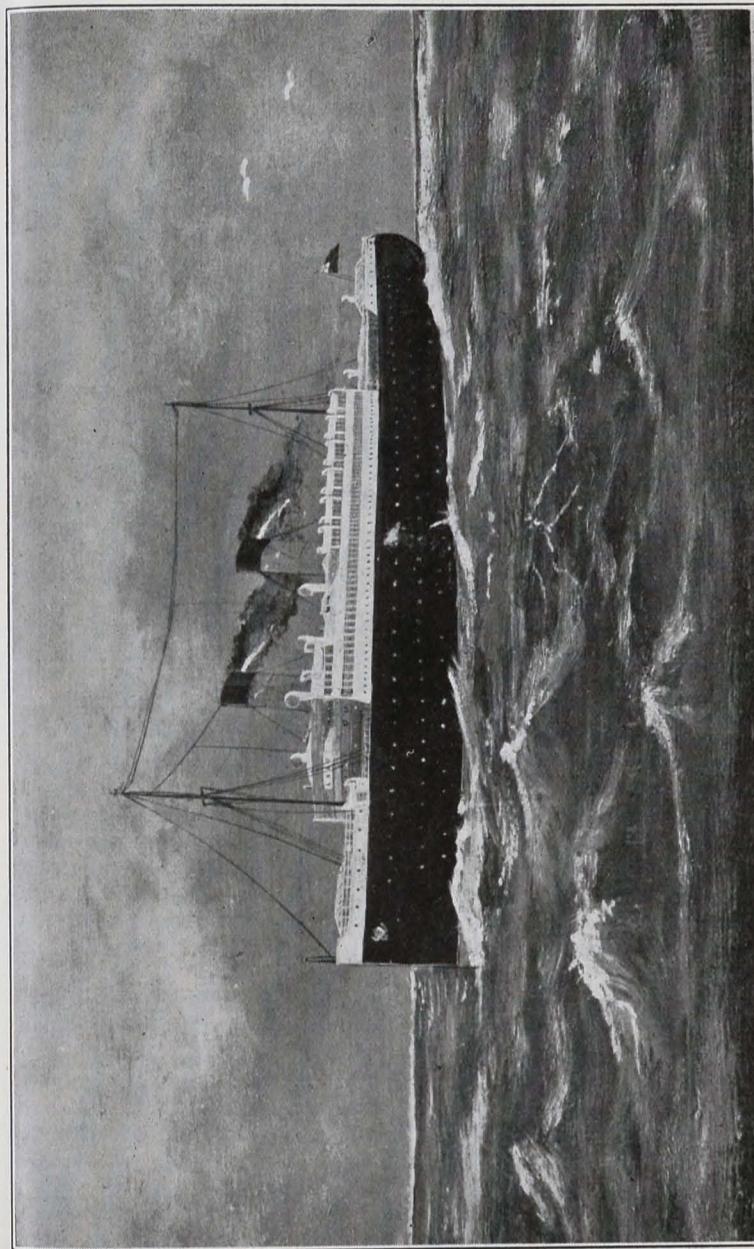
He was known as "Haig, Field-Marshal," but up in the old Front
Line,

When he passed that way, you could hear men say, "Why, he's a
pal o' mine."

We have lost our Pal, our hearts are sad, and things don't seem
the same,

Yet memory lives for ever, and he's calling, "Play the Game!"

"Work, for the Night is coming; I have blazoned the path to tread,
Look after your broken comrades, honour your glorious Dead,
Carry your burthens bravely, though the way be drear and long,
From the Shadows I am watching—Carry on, boys, carry on!"



From an oil painting by Mr. W. Hadley, of the Wheelwrights' Department.

SOCIAL CLUB. FLOWER SHOW.

The Annual Flower and Vegetable Show will be held on Saturday, 25th August, and members of the Club are earnestly requested to use every effort to make as many entries as possible. The event has always been a success, and it is hoped with united enthusiasm this year's show will be a record one.

Members' wives are reminded that there are four classes of special interest to them, viz. :—

- Class 30. One dozen Eggs (New Laid).
- Class 31. One dish of Boiled Potatoes.
- Class 32. One specimen of Needlework.
- Class 33. Prizes will be given for the best entries of Needlecraft (open to lady relatives of members).

The Committee look forward to a far greater increase of entries for these classes.

MR. J. B. DOE'S WEDDING.

On Saturday, 9th June, Mr. J. B. Doe's marriage to Miss Rule was celebrated at St. Giles' Church, Reading.

The day previous Mr. F. C. Hawkes presented to the bridegroom a handsome oak chiming clock, a set of carvers and an oak biscuit barrel, subscribed for by the Clerical Staff of the Brewery.

Mr. Hawkes made a happy little speech to which Mr. Doe suitably responded and thanked all for their kindness.

There was a good muster of the Staff present to wish him good luck and happiness.

It was indeed a happy thought on the part of the bridegroom to ask to act as best man, Mr. C. B. Cox of the South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd., Newbury, who was for many years in the General Office at Reading. Speculation ran high as to how he would acquit himself in this capacity and the one regret expressed was that reporters were not present to record his speech at the wedding Breakfast.

Mr. and Mrs. Doe wish to very warmly thank the Clerical Staff for their handsome presents, which were highly appreciated.

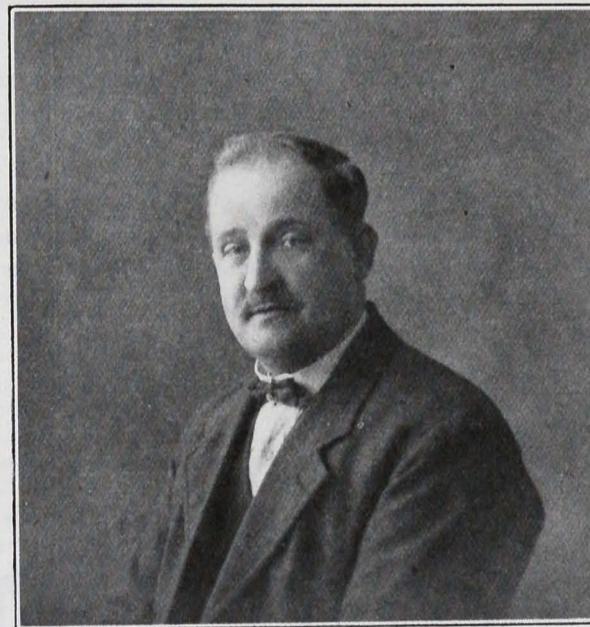
Another presentation was made on Friday, 22nd June, 1928, the recipient being Mr. T. Landsey (Cask Office). Mr. F. C. Hawkes, who officiated, congratulated Mr. Landsey on his forthcoming marriage and wished him all happiness.

Mr. F. Josey associated himself with all that had been said, which was received with acclamation by the large number present.

The gifts took the form of a handsome clock and silver cruet.

THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

No. 8.



MR. G. ROSE.

of The Oxford Arms, Silver Street, Reading.

(BY C.H.P.)

Few Licensees know so much about racing pigeons as does our friend Mr. G. Rose, of The Oxford Arms, Silver Street, Reading, and he has carried off many valuable prizes for the fine performances of birds he has bred. His pigeons are much sought after by well-known fanciers and it is a common thing to see a score or more of these gentlemen at his house. Mr. Rose has won prizes for flights from Bournemouth, Weymouth, Jersey, France, etc., and in 1923 he carried off the Borough of Reading Flying Cup. Quite recently,

he won the premier award in the Reading Racing Pigeon Clubs second race of the season from Dol (France). He keeps about 180 of these birds and when I visited the lofts recently, I was much struck by the wonderful cleanliness of the birds' homes. And it was the same in The Oxford Arms itself. Everything was spotlessly clean.

Mr. Rose has' been at The Oxford Arms about 19 years. Previous to that he was a chimney sweep and at one time he cleaned the boiler flues at The Brewery.

But it is as a boxer that Mr. Rose is perhaps best known. He is the holder of the 10st. 4lbs. and 10st. 6lbs. Championships of Berks, Bucks and Oxon, and was runner-up of the Berks, Bucks and Oxon and Hants 10st. 4lbs. in 1911.

At The Oxford Arms the beer is always of the best and the unfailing courtesy of both Mr. and Mrs. Rose bring to the house an ever-increasing number of customers.



Where very valuable pigeons are bred,

CRICKET.

Since our last report we have had a little more success, having won two, drawn one and lost one, and in this case also, it is a case of the first being last and vice versa.

Our first venture was against Cold Ash on Prospect Park and here we came to grief. Our team was not up to standard and consisted of ten sound men and a "Hop-along." Still as we had to field, we put on our smiling faces and commenced with a good will, getting a wicket in the first over. The opposing skipper, R. Childs, filled the breach and to some purpose too, for he made 48 before Croom got through his defence. The fourth wicket fell at 74 and the next six only put on another 17. Croom took 4 for 26 and Broad 3 for 13. One was run out and one l.b.w., the others all clean bowled. Our opening pair not being available, Lottie faced the music, but was unfortunately run out before scoring and for a time it was more or less a procession; in fact, only Osborne was comfortable and he made 16 before being caught. We only batted 10 men and the last wicket fell at 59, so we retired beaten but not downhearted.

Our next opponents were Mr. Harry's team. Here we had a great disappointment, as we were told that no pitch was available at Hackwood Park, where so many stirring games had been fought out between the Brewers and the merry men of Sherwood—I should say, Hackwood. Fortunately, Mr. Harry was able to fix up a match with Eversley Street and a twelve-a-side ensued. Skipper Wadhams guessed right and naturally elected to have first knock. The writer guessed wrong at his second ball and the first wicket fell at the noble score of one. One of our new recruits, John Hillier, tried his hand and kept his end up for a time, making several good shots. Then "Chub" was run out and things began to look black: three for 14 and five for 29. However, Charlie Perrin and Harry Osborne became associated and carried the score along merrily and when it reached 91 the latter did not get hold of the ball properly and was caught. Tea, kindly provided by Mr. Harry, followed and just afterwards Perrin, having completed his 50, our innings was declared closed the score then being 112 for six. The pitch itself was quite good, but the outfield was rather long grass, otherwise our score would have been much higher.

Time did not permit of a definite finish, but at the close the score read 78 for eight. S. Leversuch who opened the innings had to retire when he had made 13, owing to business reasons. Mr. Harry was presented with a "duck," he just touching one into the slips where Croom made a fine catch. Wickets were coming our way quite satisfactorily until C. Leversuch and E. Taylor became partners, the former being not out at the end of the game, having made 25

We were all delighted to see Mrs. Harry present at the match and hope to see her at our future games against Mr. Harry's team, which in all probability will be at Eversley.

The following Saturday we entertained the Farnboro' Branch team. They could only muster ten men, but we lent them a Lott. The weather was inclined to be showery. The Branch commenced operations, as our deputy skipper called wrong. Croom started with a "maiden" and with Broad also bowling well at the other end runs were hard to get. Our fielding, too, was quite good and in all four catches were held, the best being by cover point. I'll not mention our genial Editor's name and so save his blushes. Incidentally, later on, with one stump to aim at he scored a "bullseye." Altogether, the Stores collected 63, R. Coleman being top scorer with 13. Lottie had a good day, taking six for 16. Our vice-captain, who had to make an early departure on personal grounds, also did the same thing for an entirely different reason. He played one ball on to his pads from whence it trickled on to his wicket. The next pair put on 21 and then H. Osborne treated us to some lively batting, finishing up with 32 not out. Having made 75 for five, and time being called, Perrin, Bartholomew, Collins and Langton, the last named having had the misfortune earlier in the game to twist his knee, were not called upon. This was our first win of the season and as the Farnboro' men had won handsomely the week previous—scoring over 160 runs—we were "Tails up." By the way, see the Farnboro' notes for their version of the match. There are always two sides to every wall.

Our next match was also at home, where we received the Bradfield Branch of the British Legion, a side which later in the season we hope to see Mr. Shea-Simonds lead on the field at Bradfield. This week he was away from Reading and so was unable to be present.

We had the luck of the toss and naturally elected to bat. We found the bowling and fielding very keen and runs were hard to obtain. We looked like having another bad day, for wickets were falling and few runs being added; in fact, only Wadhams and Rumens reached double figures, the former got to the unlucky 13 when he did not catch one properly and was caught. This by the way is the third time in this narrative when batsmen left at this score. Broad and Croom opened the bowling and our Bradfield friends found run-getting just as difficult as we did. In fact, more so, for as three wickets were down for 21, the last one fell at 32. Collins again headed the bowling averages, his five wickets only costing four runs. One man was run out. Trying to sneak a run the ball was brilliantly fielded and thrown in by Croom. Broad also bowled well, taking four for 18. Croom only had 8 runs

scored off of him in 8 overs, but was exceedingly unlucky, missing the stumps on several occasions by the proverbial coat of varnish.

THE JUNIORS.

Now for a few words on the Juniors. As the writer is otherwise engaged on Saturdays, only the score book remains to use for the "write up." Four matches have been played since our last GAZETTE and no victory has been registered.

Manor Farm claimed the victims first and although Skipper Hawkins is diligently seeking new talent, he has been unable to unearth any really good bats and it is there that he is mostly handicapped, although on this present occasion his "star" bowler was holiday-making and two men reached the thirties. The formidable total of 107 faced our men, which proved far too high as ours only reached 24.

The next event was Reading "B." Here we batted first and made the same total as the previous week and out of that Varnell claimed 15. Green peas ought to have been a necessary adjunct to eight of our Sunday dinners. The opposition reached this total for the loss of two wickets and then made merry to the tune of 94, five getting into the double figure column.

One of the country trips next, viz., that to Knowl Hill. Unfortunately we are unable to reciprocate this season, owing to the clash of fixtures. We had the pleasure (?) of batting first and found the outfield also against us, the grass being on the long side. However, we added five to the last week's score. There was only one duck the player being caught this time and as that "lucky" person went out as a visitor and found himself pressed into service, "Nuff said." We started better in the field, Streams capturing one wicket in the first over; the next wicket, however, won the match and they eventually made 91 all out. Streams took five wickets for 40 which was quite good under the circumstances.

Our next match was the best of the season so far, we only being beaten by 5 runs. It was a great day for J. Hillier, who was assisting the 2nd XI. We batted first and after a maiden over lost our No. 1 in the next over. Hillier then went in and played right through the innings. Unfortunately, with the exception of Streams, who made 8, he could get no one to stay with him and carried his bat with his personal score at 33 and a grand total of 58. The struggle was keen and although we were beaten at the fall of the seventh wicket, no further runs were scored.

Our next month's matches are as follows:—

1st XI.—July 7th, Sutton's "A" (Away); July 14th, Cold Ash (away); July 21st, Camberley W.M.C. (home); and Wargrave "B" (away).

2nd XI.—July 7th, Whitley Hall (away); July 14th, Bradfield (home); July 21st, Reading "B"; July 28th Earley 2nd XI. (home).

Our remaining fixtures for June were noted in last month's GAZETTE. Will readers please note that August 4th, Hackwood Park stands for the 1st team and the following matches are arranged for the 2nd team:—June 23rd, Earley 2nd XI. (away); July 28th, Earley 2nd XI. (home); and August 11th, Serpell's (home).

There is still room at the Practice Nets on Mondays and Thursdays and the Secretary has still a few more cards to release.

J.W.J.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

HE: "Drink broke up my home."

SHE: "Couldn't you stop it?"

HE: "No, the darn still exploded."—*Judge.*

* * * *

NEW AUTHORITY.

A commercial traveller complains that he never gets any orders. He should marry.

* * * *

SHOWN UP.

Silk stockings, declares a clergyman, are a fraud. Most girls agree that they deserve to be exposed.

* * * *

JUDGE: "The jury having acquitted you of the charge of bigamy, you are free to leave the court and go home."

PRISONER: "Thank you, your Honour, but I want to be on the safe side—which home?"

* * * *

The dusty tramp was "broke" as usual. All he possessed was a penny and a gigantic thirst. After wandering up and down for some time he entered a public house where a customer had just ordered whisky. "I'll bet you a penny I can drink your whisky without your seeing me," he said. "Done," was the reply. Whereupon the tramp picked up the glass and drained it. "Ah, but I saw you drink it," said the other. "Yes," replied the thirsty one as he made for the door, "here's your penny. You've won the bet."

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

MY LADY NICOTINE.

Now that women have taken so wholeheartedly to smoking, it may not be out of place to discuss the "Witching Weed" in a ladies page such as this. Opinion is divided as to whether smoking for women is not only unhealthy, but if it is altogether "quite nice." We can, at the outset, of course, entirely dispense with the theory that a woman who puffs a cigarette is "de trop don't you know." To say that so-and-so indulges in tobacco proves nothing, for many commendable women smoke in this modern age. But not only in this modern age; it has always been a well-known fact that women of the Romany Tribe enjoyed their clay-pipe and tobacco. I want to point out that smoking was known amongst society women long before the so-called "modern craze" set in. In the time of George Washington "Women and girls behaved with a freedom that would stagger our Post-Victorian Standards" (and that's saying something). "The elder women smoked pipes crammed with the strong tobacco that was the staple industry of the State."

I am not entering into the question of its being hygienic or unhygienic for women. I only know that smoking in moderation acts as a soothing balm to the nerves and who suffers from nerves if a woman does not? 'Tis said that smoking to excess tends to turn the eyes green as it turns the fingers yellow: so, ladies—beware! unless you are ambitious of the vampirish variety, for in that case, you will do well to acquire green eyes as we are assured that that is essentially the colour of an adventuress's eyes. And talking of adventuresses reminds me that Lola Montey, the famous adventuress, the one who captivated Liszt and numbered Dumas among her admirers, was said to be probably the first woman to smoke in public, though I personally think this is incorrect, for I read accounts of smoking among women long before that time.

Be that as it may, opinion will continue to be divided among men and women as to the rights and wrongs, merits and demerits of smoking at all as when the "young man called John" in the "Breakfast Table" thoroughly agreed with the lady in bombazine when she denounced tobacco and said it ought to be burnt. He had just had a box of cigars given him and he was going to burn them. He was going to "burn 'em one at a time! Little end in my mouth," said he, "big end outside!"

W.L. (Swansea).

THE CHARMS OF ASCOT.

As everyone knows, the middle of June is that time of the year when the town of Ascot in Berkshire comes into its own and

given fine and warm weather one would have to go far to find so fair a scene as that which meets the eye at this particular spot of England during this period. It is at all times a beautiful spot, but its beauty does seem to be enhanced during the race week. Indeed everything is done to make the scene as charming as possible—the Royal Box is lavishly decorated with the choicest flowers that can be procured, the racecourse is always a fresh green, a colour retained throughout the week no matter what happens. And here amongst this peaceful setting congregate the thousands of English race-goers, adding a gaiety and liveliness that one can hardly realise if visiting Ascot at any other time of the year. More especially is this a Meeting where the feminine sex carry off the honours. The choicest of materials and the most exclusive designs devised by the dressmakers are here to be found and for this sight alone many think a visit worth while. But perhaps the most pleasing spectacle of all is that of the Royal Party driving in semi-state up the course, while the band on the lawn plays the National Anthem. Everyone is eager to obtain a glimpse of the procession, but many are disappointed, for it is not possible for all to secure a fortunate position.

M.P.

A NATURE NOTE.

Seeing the May-fly up in thousands on the Thames at Reading, I set out on my bicycle to the little Berkshire trout stream some dozen miles away for a day's fishing. But on arriving at my destination not a May-fly was to be seen!

Meeting as good a fly fisherman as one would find in a day's march, he informed me that I had come too early, that only now and again did a May-fly make its appearance, and that that was in the late afternoon. This set me thinking seriously, but I said to myself: The trout must make their first rise at the May-fly sometime, and why should not that first rise be at my fly if presented properly?

And so I set to work, but with little success for the first hour. Then I moved a good fish. He came within a foot of my lure and then turned tail. But it was encouraging to have enticed him thus far. Half-a-dozen more casts and I was into a fish no bigger than a sprat, but beautifully marked, and as I placed him back very gently into the water I thought to myself, what a dainty morsel for a pike!

ON THE FEED.

Where the water ran swiftly down a deep and fairly wide channel between two beds of weeds I espied a fine fish on the feed.

He rose as if he meant business and thrice in as many minutes he came to the surface. I applied a little oil to my May-fly to make it sit up well on the water and, creeping up stealthily to within casting distance, away sped my fly, alighting on the very spot where the fish had risen. But there was no response. Again and again I tried to tempt the trout, but without avail. Then I changed my tactics. Thoroughly wetting my fly I sent it on its errand once again, let it sink just below the surface, and by a series of very gentle jerks, drew it slowly through the water. And so presented, the lure evidently proved irresistible, for the trout rushed at it and, after letting him have his way for a few minutes, I had mine, and placed into the creel my first fish, a pounder.

A RISE—AND FALL.

Up stream I saw another good rise, and as I approached with eyes fixed on the spot I did not notice a big bough almost hidden in the luxuriant undergrowth and I sprawled headlong into a bed of nettles! But I caught that trout. He, too, fell a victim to the artificial May-fly jerked gently through the water.

I tried the dry-fly again on several occasions, but to no purpose, and so I settled down to wet-fly fishing. I met with success at almost every turn and before the close of day I had filled my creel with lovely trout, the smallest of which weighed $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and the largest $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb. All were beautifully marked and in perfect condition.

A STATELY YACHT.

It was 5 p.m. before I saw sailing down the river, like a stately little yacht, one of those flies whose advent sets anglers agog with excitement. Every moment I thought the little winged boat would be attacked by a trout submarine, but away it sailed in safety right over a rising fish and under some bushes, where more than one pounder lurked. I followed it for fifty yards and then a swallow dipped and made a May-fly meal.

I had a thrilling moment with a trout that must have gone well over 2 lb. A fine fellow, he was feeding on "smuts." I tried him with a wet and dry May-fly, but they were evidently not on his menu card that day. Then attaching the finest "point" to my trace I tempted him with a tiny fly which an expert lady angler gave me "for luck." At the third time of asking the speckled beauty rose in most leisurely fashion and sucked in my fly! I struck and pricked the beggar, but my small hook became detached. It made little impression on the fish, however, for he simply sank and sulked at the bottom of the stream.

STALKED MY PREY.

I attribute my good "bag" to the fact that I never allowed my presence to be known to the fish. Where there was no herbage to screen me I kept well away from the water. At other times I crept along in beds of nettles—and well I knew it—or stalked my prey from behind bushes. I invariably threw my fly so that it dropped just above the fish and a little to the side from which I cast. Then the trout did not see the line. To cast right over a fish and drag gut and fly across his nose is telling him in the plainest possible language, "this is only an artificial fly and not the real article."

During the day I lost one fly in a tree and two in trout. One cast stood the strain of the whole day's fishing and at the close was as good as new.

CORN-CRAKE AND CUCKOO.

All day long the cuckoos were calling and the snipe, after drumming in the air, would perch in the oaks as is their wont during the breeding season. As I cycled home the grasshopper warbler unwound his reel of song, the nightjar jar-r-r-ed, the nightingales flooded the copses with their matchless music, while also far into the night could be heard the "creke-creke" of the corn-crake.

C.H.P.

BARMAID: "'Ere, you! I don't like the ring of this florin!"

SHADY CUSTOMER: "What do you expect for two bob? A peal of bells from St. Paul's!"

* * * *

"What caused that horrible bump on your head? Did the accused strike you?"

"Yes, Sir! 'E 'it me with a bottle full of beer, an' it would 'ave served 'im right if 'e'd broken it!"

* * * *

A prisoner confessed to the Willesden magistrate that he had beer for breakfast. Ale, smiling morn!—*The Brewery Record.*

* * * *

We hear that a convivial gentleman who was found embracing a lamp-post in Hyde Park, assured the constable that he had known the girl all his life.—*The Brewery Record.*

* * * *

BRANCHES.

WOOLWICH.

We greatly regret to have to report the death of Mr. T. Bowyer of Slough, father of Mr. A. W. C. Bowyer, Manager of this Branch, who passed away on the 11th May after a long illness. We here, who knew him, will greatly miss seeing the old gentleman on his periodical visits to Woolwich.

We also regret to report the death of Mr. E. H. Wright, F.A.I., F.S.I., architect of this Branch office. Mr. Wright's was a very sudden death: he was examining some old buildings which were being repaired, when he stepped on to the end of a piece of temporary scaffolding which tipped up and he fell about 12 feet to the ground. He was picked up unconscious and died the same evening. His funeral at Woolwich Cemetery was attended by some two hundred local people, including a wide circle of personal friends from Bexley Heath. Mr. Bowyer represented the Firm, who also sent a floral tribute.

The passing of the late Mr. Wright is indeed very sad, as he had just completed 21 years as an Architect, on the occasion of which he entertained his Family and Staff to Dinner in London, afterwards going to Drury Lane Theatre to see "The Desert Song."

It may interest some of the Reading licensees to know that Mr. J. J. Stafford, late of the Railway Hotel, Twyford, has recently married. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Stafford, through this medium, every happiness in the future.

During Derby week, we had the pleasure of supplying the "R" Division Metropolitan Police Sports at Lee Green. Unfortunately the weather was not too kind, but the Sports were quite a success and the "Hop Leaf Brands" well to the fore, although no doubt if Fairway had won we should have had a telephone call for "More S.B."

We are glad to see our County (Kent) at the top of the Cricket Table, and hope that they are there to stay.

Below is a copy of a letter which has come into our hands, and we hope many readers will buy shares in this "flourishing concern."

A SOUND BUSINESS!

Universal Providers,

Dear Madam or Sir,

Wigan.

Knowing you are interested and always open for an investment in a good live business proposition, I take the liberty of presenting

to you what seems to me a most wonderful business, in which no doubt you will take quite a lively interest, and perhaps advise me per return how many shares you will take. The object of the Company is to operate a large Cat Ranch near Manchester, where land can be purchased cheap for the purpose. To start with we want 1,000,000 cats. Each cat will average 12 kittens a year, the skins selling from 6d. for the white ones to 2s. 6d. for the pure black. This will give us 12,000,000 skins per year to sell at an average price of 1s. 6d. each, making a profit of £2,500 per day.

A man can skin about 12 cats a day at 5s. per day, and it will take a few women to operate the ranch, so that the nett profit will be about £2,470 per day. We feed the cats on rats and start a Rat Ranch. The rats multiply four times as fast as the cats. If we start with 1,000,000 rats, we would have four rats per day per cat. Then we will feed the rats on the carcasses of the cats from which the skins have already been taken, giving each rat a quarter of a cat. It will thus be seen that the business is self-supporting and automatic throughout. The cats will eat the rats and the rats will eat the cats, and we shall have the skins.

Awaiting your reply,

Yours faithfully,

A. S. WINDLE.

P.S.—Eventually we will cross the cats with snakes and they will then skin themselves twice a year, thus saving the men's wages for skinning and also getting two skins from one cat.

SLOUGH.

The Games Contests in the Slough and District Games League are now finished for last season and we are able to announce the winner of the H. & G. Simonds Silver Challenge Cup. For the first time since the Games League was formed, six years ago, the Cup has left Slough; in fact till the season just ended, only one Club has succeeded in winning it, namely, The Slough Working Men's Social Club.

The Eton Ex-Service Men's Club finished "Top Dogs" this year and we must congratulate them on their splendid performances throughout the season.

Messrs. Noakes & Co., of Windsor, present a Shield to the runners-up and this has gone again to our old friends The British Legion Club, Slough. We heartily congratulate them and sincerely hope they will go one better next year.

The presentation of the trophies, which is held alternately at Windsor and Slough, took place this year at the Slough Working Men's Social Club. Our Mr. J. D. Carter was in the Chair and presented the Firm's Challenge Cup. He was supported by Mr. Younghusband (Messrs. Noakes & Co.) and members of the staffs of both firms. Delegates and members of all the Clubs concerned were present and as may be imagined a very enjoyable evening was spent.

We have to report the marriage of Miss J. V. Harris. For the past eight years Miss Harris has been a very able member of our office staff and we were all sorry to lose her. Her marriage to Mr. W. A. Hollman, of this town, took place on 19th May at St. Mary's Church, Slough, and a reception was held afterwards at the Town Hall which was attended by Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Carter and members of the staff.

Among a large number of presents was a tantalus presented by the Manager and office staff, and an oxidised fire-screen from the out-door staff, Slough Branch.

SWANSEA.

ANOTHER DAY FROM MY BAR ROOM WINDOW.

I can see a thin trail of smoke. Seen from this distance it seems to be travelling slowly, though in reality it is an express train winding its way through banks of coltsfoot and ragged robin, heedless of time and place, yet making for both—a mad rush through the stillness of the quiet countryside suggestive of the progress of modern civilisation, cutting its boisterous way even through the quiet primitiveness of rural life and of pastoral beauty and calm.

Some people say to me—"I am tired of all this," flinging their arms out with a gesture intended to embrace their particular point of vantage and to convey monotony. "I see nothing but the same thing day after day."

It is not the same thing day after day. It is something infinitely different! The prospect seen through a pane of glass, 4ft. x 6ft., if it comprises nothing but roof and chimney with only one tree or a patch of sky is sufficient to throw the reflected glory of the sun with its rising and its setting upon the retina of the eye, alert for change of shade and colour.

Though Richard Jeffries says—"I continued in my old mind while the Summers went away. . . . Not till years afterwards was I able to see why I went the same round *and did not care for change.*" (italics mine). "I want the same old and loved things."

But Richard Jeffries knew of the light and shadow that plays across the corn. I have seen a field of un-ripened corn, in actuality, perfectly green appear a perfect reddish brown at sun-set. He knew "the hues, the shapes." "Every day the grass painted anew." We only envy other people their outlook when we have failed utterly in making the most of our own.

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder," and as Ruskin says—"Loveliness of colour, wonderfulness of structure are precious to all un-diseased human minds."

If you want to know what I mean about colour, just bend down and view the scene at the back of you from beneath your own body. If you do not see the colours then, I'm sorry, I'd thought you were only colour-blind and your vision dulled by familiarity.

If I were an artist, I should be a painter of skies. No wonder Turner was a painter of "sun-colour" with his airy, fairy filminess. "He would walk from twenty to twenty-five miles a day" to "watch the sky." He died, in a little house at Chelsea—a little house with a "railed-in roof from which he could observe sky effects."

The effect of atmospherics is something beyond the power of words to describe; its appreciation is of the soul and cannot be bartered for all the wealth in the world. I should like to employ an artist just to catch the tints of the everchanging sky through my window. If I could find enough to pay him, I could find enough for him to do.

J.L.

BRIGHTON.

The celebrations in connection with the inauguration of "Greater Brighton" fully occupied the week ending June 2nd.

On Wednesday, the 30th May, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York visited the town and had a full day, motoring first through the beflagged streets to a spot on the main London-Brighton road where the new borough boundary is to be marked by two handsome pylons. Their Royal Highnesses each laid a foundation stone of these structures, returning to lunch in the historic Dome.

In the afternoon they visited the Children's Hospital, and from thence they motored to another of Brighton's recent acquisitions, the Devil's Dyke, where one of our esteemed Aldermen had had erected a substantial stone seat on a prominence commanding a wonderful view of the weald of Sussex with the Surrey hills beyond.

The week was filled up with a Military Tournament, in which our friends of the 8th Field Brigade, R.A., took a prominent part, a Horse Show, Fire Brigade Displays, Historical Pageant, Competitions for decorated motor vehicles, horse-drawn vehicles, and in the evenings, Firework Displays. After dusk, several tramcars on the different routes were illuminated, and the public gardens and buildings were lit up with thousands of electric lamps and flood lighting, the latter giving a wonderful effect. The piers were also specially lit up.

Thousands of visitors were attracted to the town, but business was rather more disorganised than enhanced by the gaieties.

Several Territorial units have come into Sussex earlier than usual this year for their annual training, and this month (June) we have been supplying liquors to the 103rd (Suffolk) Brigade, R.F.A., at Seaford, the Suffolk Heavy Brigade, R.A., at Newhaven Fort, and the 133rd (Kent and Sussex) Infantry Brigade at Arundel.

Next month (July) we shall be catering for a large influx of Territorials at Arundel, Worthing, and Seaford.

Visitors to Brighton may like to be reminded that their requirements of the "Hop Leaf" brand can be obtained from the Royal Oak in St. James' Street, not far from where motor-coaches land their passengers. Mrs. Breach will give any visitors a hearty welcome.

OXFORD.

We were glad to hear that Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Social Club team were successful in carrying off the Cup presented by the Firm in connection with the Reading and District Billiards League and send our hearty congratulations to them, and also to the indefatigable League Secretary, Mr. G. E. Boddington, from whose efficient efforts, by all accounts, the League is now in a prosperous condition.

We were also interested in "A.R.B.'s" vivid description of Gibraltar in last month's issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, and have now come to the conclusion that the Rock is a place worth a visit.

We also send our very hearty congratulations to the athletes at Farnborough, Messrs. Crutchley, Siggery, Bridger and Co., and hope that the "Doctor" is proud of his "patients" and that he still perseveres with the 11 o'clock treatment.

Further, we send "Thoday Bill" a pat on the back for making the top score against Camberley Working Men's Club on May 12th.

Now we wish to change the theme from congratulation to criticism, so far as to point out Mr. Editor, if you please, that our article on "May Morning at Magdalen Tower," in last month's GAZETTE, was rendered a little innocuous by the printer substituting "quite" for "quiet" in one place. Nevertheless, we hope you forgive him, as we do.

We have nothing of any particular moment to report this month, except that Trade continues good, and that all departments at Oxford are working at top pressure in order to keep thirsty "S.B."-ites supplied with their favourite beverage.

His friends at Oxford Branch send their felicitations and best wishes to Mr. J. B. Doe of the General Office on the occasion of his recent marriage and wish him success and prosperity.

The Oxfordshire Constabulary Sports were held on Thursday, June 7th, at Messrs. Morris Motors Sports Ground at Cowley, and Mr. J. H. Baines, mine host at the Crown Hotel, Woodstock, was entrusted with the catering arrangements. The adverse weather on the morning of the sports affected the "gate," but nevertheless a very successful meeting was held.

PORTSMOUTH.

A WATERSPOUT AT SPITHEAD.

A curious and ominous phenomenon was seen from the Southsea front on Monday, June 11th. Tons of water from a black cloud that overhung the entrance to Spithead crashed into the sea in a vertical column. Spray rose high in the air, like a cloud of smoke ascending to meet the cloud above and dispersed when half-way on its journey. It lasted some three or four minutes, and a steamer that was due to leave South Parade Pier was held up for a short time so as to safeguard against any eventualities. The volume of water that descended was enormous, as the falling column, which was estimated at between 500 to 1,000 feet in length, was almost black in colour. It is a question whether such a sight has ever before been seen in this country. It occurred about seven miles out between the end of the Isle of Wight and the South Parade Pier. The fall took place at the end of the cloud. There was another fall later, but this was just a taper, like a piece of ribbon floating down towards the water, and was nothing very much, but the first one was a tremendous thing, and the spray was like smoke from a huge fire.

The commencement of this extraordinary sight was a heavy dark cloud, which overlay the water at a considerable height. From this cloud to the surface of the sea there extended a vertical

column of water, almost black in colour. As the cloud moved over the head of the column followed it, giving a somewhat sinuous effect. After several minutes the column dissolved at the junction with the cloud, and disappeared slowly along its length. The spray subsided and then nothing was visible after a time.

Mr. H. Stroud, the Manager of the Southsea Beach and Publicity Committee, who saw this unusual happening, said the sea seemed to rise in the air. The height of the column, he added, must have been about 100 feet, though it would be difficult to give an exact estimate. It was a most extraordinary sight.

THE WATERSPOUT.

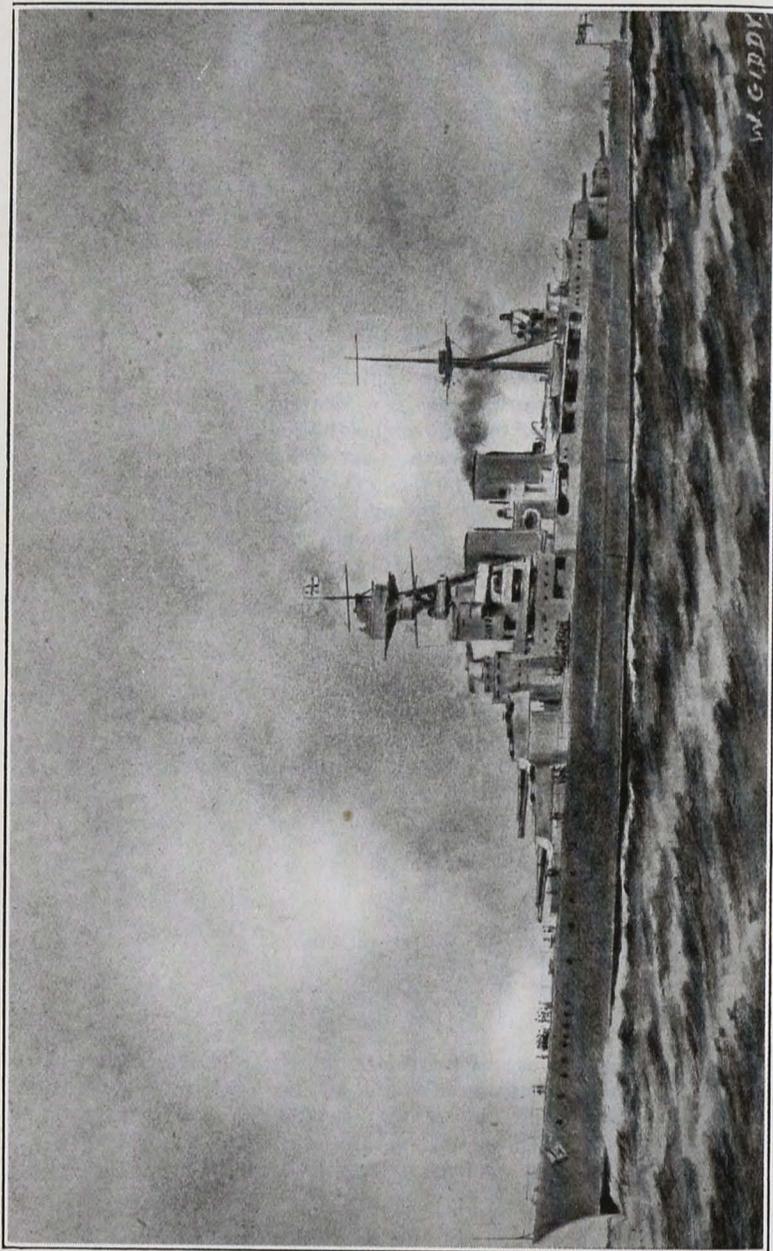
The trippers gay of England
Are crowding Southsea out,
Till each man asks his neighbour :
"What's all the fuss about ?"
From Liverpool and Sheffield,
From Bristol, Bow and "Brum,"
From Billericay and Mayfair gay
The cry is, "Here they come !"

They come from Rhyl and Reading,
From Lincoln, Liss and Loo,
From Waterloo and Wapping,
A merry cockney crew.
The men from Wales and Scotia
All help to swell the sum :
From Pennycomequick and Hampton Wick
The cry is "Here they come !"

Why come they in their legions
To blot our Southsea's beach ?
When other spots (none fairer)
Are easy to their reach.
Some places boast attractions
Which ought to take the plum,
But in Southsea gay, the cry to-day
Still echoes "Here they come !"

They come not for the balmy air,
To cure them of the gout ;
We don't expect a tidal wave,
(Which might have caused a rout).
They come to feast a jaundiced eye
On Southsea's waterspout !

(With apologies to "G.H.")



Another of Mr. W. Giddy's fine sketches: H.M.S. "HOOD," "Cock of the Fleet," the world's largest warship; length 860 ft., beam 105½ ft., 41,200 tons, complement 1,440, h.p. 144,000, armament 8 15" guns, 12 5.5", 4 4" A.A., 4 3-prs.

CHICHESTER.

SUSSEX REGIMENT COLOURS: PRESENTED BY DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

Thousands of people witnessed an imposing military spectacle at Chichester Barracks when H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, K.G., G.C.V.O., presented new Colours to the 1st Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment.

There could have been no more ideal setting for such a ceremony, the Depot of the Regiment possessing in their sports ground as fine a parade space, probably, as any military depot in the country. The weather was brilliant, and the whole ceremony went through without a hitch.

The Duke of Gloucester, who was wearing his uniform as a Captain of Hussars, was received at the main entrance by the Lord Lieutenant of Sussex (Lord Leconfield) and the Colonel of the Sussex Regiment (Brigadier-General W. L. Osborn, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.), and first inspected a guard of honour drawn from five local Branches of the British Legion. He was then escorted to a platform on the south side of the parade enclosure, where his attention was at once attracted by three Chelsea pensioners—old warriors of the Sussex Regiment—with whom he chatted and shook hands. The Mayor of Chichester (Dr. A. H. Bostock) and Aldermen and members of the Chichester Corporation were presented to H.R.H., together with the City Recorder (Mr. Barrington Ward), the Town Clerk and other civic officials.

A great gathering of prominent residents included the Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, the Duke of Norfolk, the Duchess of Norfolk and Lady Rachel Howard, the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, General and Mrs. Gilbert, General and Mrs. Glasgow, General Sir George and Lady Kemball, Major-General Sir George and Lady Barker, Major-General N. Walter, and others.

About half the Battalion was on parade, together with the Band and Drums of the Battalion, the whole being under the Command of Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Bond, C.M.G., D.S.O., the Commanding Officer of the Battalion. The impressive ceremony of trooping the old Colours, which were presented to the Battalion at Meerut in January, 1860, was first gone through and the dedication and presentation of the new Colours followed.

AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY.

The Consecration Service was conducted by the Right Rev. Bishop Southwell, C.M.G., D.D., assisted by the Rev. C. P. N. Rowband, C.F., and the Rev. R. G. T. Gillman, C.F., the Battalion being formed into three sides of a square facing south for the ceremony and the new Colours being piled on the drums in a central position.

After the Service, the Duke of Gloucester presented the Colours to the escort which consisted of Capt. W. Holderness, M.C., Lieut. R. E. Le Mesurier and 2nd Lieut. T. F. S. Church.

In a short address, His Royal Highness spoke of his pride at having been deputed by the King to present the Colours and pay a tribute to the high traditions of the Regiment and the worthy manner in which these traditions had been upheld both in peace and war.

His remarks were briefly and suitably acknowledged by Lieut.-Colonel Bond.

After the new Colours had been given the "General Salute," the Battalion marched past in Company formation, afterwards advancing in review order to give three rousing cheers for the Duke. A pleasing feature was the presence of the 4th and 5th Territorial Battalions, who came specially from Arundel Park, where they are training, and who marched past his Royal Highness after the ceremony proper had been concluded.

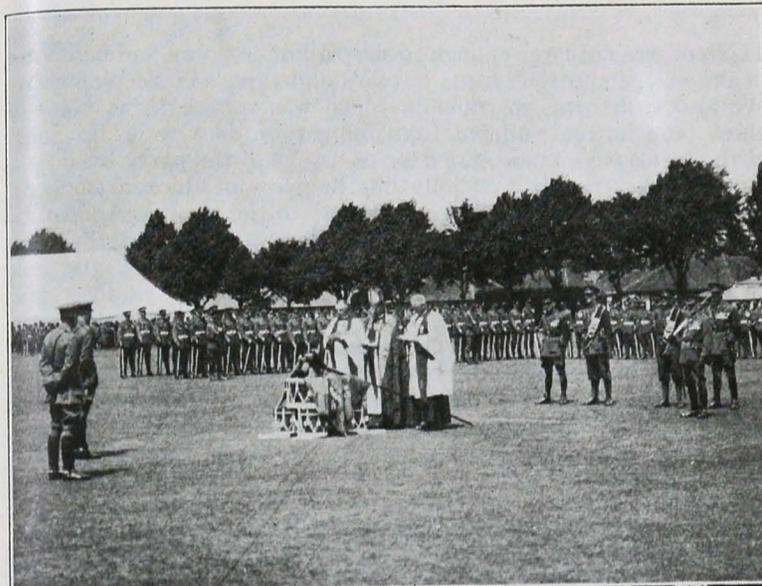
A distinguished company afterwards met the Royal visitor at luncheon, which was served in a spacious marquee.

Old Officers who formerly commanded the regular Battalions of the Regiment, with their wives, as well as the widows of former Officers, lunched at the same table as the Duke.

When I promised to contribute to this month's HOP LEAF GAZETTE, I had dreams of drawing a horse in the Calcutta sweep-stake: I could then have written an article on "What it feels like to have won a fortune!" But, as I drew a blank, you must excuse the following.

A CAMPING HOLIDAY.

Now that summer is really here I am sure most of our thoughts fly to holidays, which one and all of us think we have well earned even if we have not. To have a real holiday, and something different from our every-day life, should be our aim, so we must cast all cares and business worries aside and forget that word that is so small but means so much—Work. When we start to think of holidays our first thoughts are naturally how shall they be spent and where shall we go—country, town, or by the sea? Why not a camping holiday? I once spent a holiday like this by the sea and it was ideal. I will tell you about it, and perhaps some of my readers would like to spend a similar one. About six of us started on this particular one, and at the week-ends our little "family" grew very considerably. First of all we selected a piece of ground fairly sheltered and just at the top of the seashore at a very small rental from a local farmer. We then hired an Army bell tent at quite a reasonable cost. Our furniture consisted of two camp beds, a few deck chairs, folding table, oil stove and cooking utensils.



Reproduced by kind permission of "The Sussex Daily News."

Presentation of new Colours to Sussex Regiment at Chichester.

The Chichester and District British Legion formed a guard of honour at the gates of the Barracks. With the Duke are, on the right, Lord Leconfield and, on the left, Brig-General W. L. Osborn, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Colonel of the Regiment.

The top illustration shows the Dedication Service.

The tent was not large enough to sleep all of us, so we had bedrooms in the village and took turns in two's and three's in sleeping there. We also took turns in cooking, which was very light as you can guess (and no one suffered from indigestion as a result!) Some of the meals were made easier for us as one of the party lived on a farm and her people sent jolly fine hampers of chicken (cooked), butter, eggs, cream, etc. Being so close to the sea it was ideal for getting a "dip" before breakfast. We used to spend the days boating, shrimping, and playing such games as tennis and golf on the sands. We were as happy as the proverbial sandboy, and the end of the day found us tired and ready for bed. We soon made friends with the fishermen, who are always ready for a joke and a chat, and they would often take us out fishing and to bring in the crab and lobster pots. It was most interesting watching the fish being weighed and packed to be sent direct to London and other parts "all alive-o." Fine shell-fish they were, too. The small crabs the fishermen called "Fliers," and these they sold us very reasonably, and their wives would cook them for us. Although these fish are smaller they are certainly sweeter, and many were the delightful suppers we had off of these. We were extremely lucky in having good weather, and altogether spent a real happy holiday. Many were the sighs we all gave when the time came to "strike" camp and pack up. Good luck and good weather for those who try such a holiday this year. E.M.C.

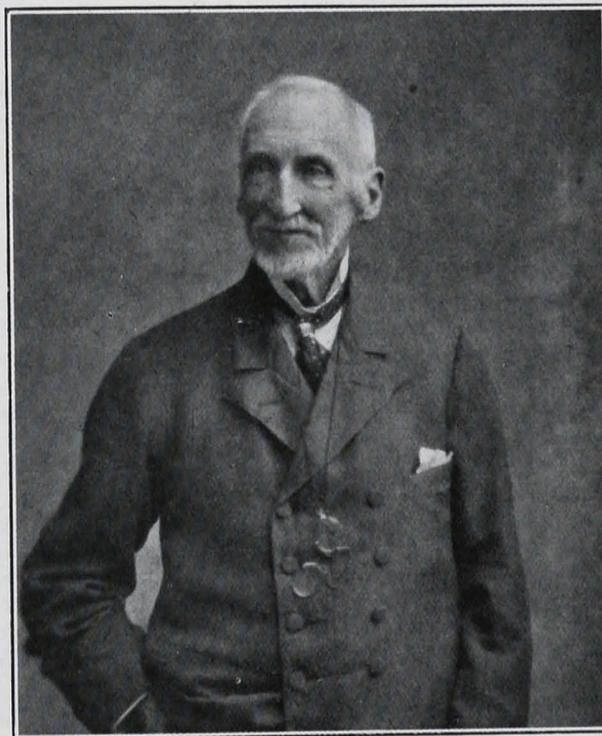
WOKING.

The second Annual Sports Meeting was held by the Woking Railwaymen's Athletic Club on the Woking Football and Sports Ground on Whit-Monday. This was a wonderful holiday attraction, and the large attendance must have been very gratifying to those who put in so much effort to ensure, not only the success of the Meeting but to provide "somewhere to go" for the residents and visitors of Woking on the Bank Holiday. The programme comprised 33 events, and as quite a number of them were "open," several well-known athletes competed. A fine exhibition was given by the winner of the two miles walk handicap (E. F. N. Presland), who is also the holder of the English 10 mile walking championship.

Some very keen contests were witnessed in the cycling events, included in which were the one mile and five miles Surrey Grass championships.

Excellent music was provided during the afternoon by the Band of the 4th Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment (T.A.), and also for the dancing during the evening. Glorious weather prevailed, and by no means an unimportant feature of the day was the refreshment supply with which we were entrusted through our tenant Mr. W. E. Liley of the Fox Inn, Pirbright.

This event was quickly followed by the Royal Counties Agricultural Show, which was held at Gatton Park, Reigate, the residence of Sir Jeremiah Colman, Bart. There was an excellent attendance on each of the four days allotted to the Show, and the weather was excellent throughout. In the list of prize winners were several names of local interest, including Sir Edward Stern, Bt., Fan Court, Chertsey, the Earl of Iveagh, Pyrford Court, Woking, and Laurence Currie, Esq., of Minley Manor, Farnborough. We were called upon to make several visits to the Show Ground to supply the needs of Mr. F. G. Godwin, Reading, who is a very popular caterer at such events. Among the various trophies on view was a beautiful solid silver rose bowl, presented at the Bath and West of England Show to Mr. and Mrs. Godwin to commemorate their silver wedding. This was subscribed for and presented by the herdsmen and stockmen who regularly attend the Royal Counties and other large Agricultural Shows.



Mr. HENRY GRAY.

We are permitted to reproduce a photograph (taken a few weeks ago) of one who is probably the Firm's oldest customer, viz., Mr. Henry Gray, Ashbury, Walton-on-Thames. Born on March 31st, 1831, Mr. Gray is still quite active, and regularly rides his tricycle at Hershams and Walton-on-Thames, where he is a familiar figure and held in high esteem. One important reason to which he attributes his wonderful age is the fact that he regularly partakes of Simonds' India Pale Ale, of which he keeps a supply at his private house. Mr. Gray was postmaster at Pimlico for a number of years, and an alderman of one of the London Boroughs. He is still Vice-Chairman of the Trustees of St. Martin's Charity Trust. He recalls meeting a Mr. Simonds at Yorktown in 1856, when the firm purchased the freehold of William the Fourth, Yorktown, and again in the following year when the firm purchased a licensed house at Frimley, Surrey.

In each instance, Mr. Gray bought the adjoining property, so he can truly be said to be closely associated with the "Hop Leaf" for a considerable number of years.

Mr. Gray is a keen connoisseur of wines and possesses some very rare vintages of remarkable age.

May he continue to maintain his wonderful activity, and long may Woking Branch be honoured with his patronage.

HYTHE.

Although nothing out of the ordinary has happened at the Brewery during the past month, several interesting events have occurred in the neighbourhood. The most important is the first County Cricket Week at Folkestone, which was held from June 2nd to the 8th, Kent meeting Northants and Gloucester, and winning both matches. Mr. Chapman, who was out for 9 in the first innings against Northants, put up a fine performance in the second innings, knocking up 40 not out on a rotten wicket, which was a great factor in winning the game for Kent.

Mackeson's had the honour of supplying the whole of the drinks for the week and this must have proved an excellent advertisement for the Firm. Mr. Beattie, who was in charge of the arrangements, had a very busy time, but everything went off without a hitch. The "gates" were not so large as we should like to have seen, but considering that it was rather early in the season for Folkestone, they were not too bad for a start.

On the Saturday after the close of the Cricket Week the Kent A.A.A. Championships were run off, several Kent records being beaten.

The tercentenary celebrations in London of Dr. William Harvey were of great interest to Folkestone, as the great physician was born in that town. There is a very fine statue on The Leas commemorating the fact. Another prominent Folkestone boy who has recently been in the news is the Right Hon. Sir W. Hall-Jones, the late Prime Minister of New Zealand. Sir William is now in England and attended a dinner of the Association of Kentish Men and Men of Kent at the Royal Pavilion Hotel, Folkestone, the other day.

CRICKET.

Our cricket team has certainly improved since we last wrote. We have won two matches and lost two. We lost to Saltwood, a game which we certainly ought to have won, as we got our opponents out for 13 in the first innings, against our 50 odd, and instead of making them follow on we batted again and were dismissed for just over 30. Saltwood then knocked up sufficient to just beat us on the post.

Against New Romney, which is one of the strongest sides we meet, our side did quite respectably; although we lost we had nothing to be ashamed of. New Romney batted first and scored 137 and we replied with 88. Rose got 29 of these and took 4 wickets for 34. Sibbald scored 18 of the remainder.

In our return game with the Demonstration Platoon, Rose scored 44 and took 7 wickets for 19. We won this game easily.

Rhodes Minnis were our visitors in the fourth game and this we won comfortably, Middleton scoring 61 and E. Blackman 30. George Dray took 4 wickets for 35.

There has been a fifth game, but of not quite so serious a nature, the Bottling Store challenging the Rest. This was played off one evening, the Rest just winning before rain put an end to play. Scores appended:—

<i>Bottling Store.</i>				<i>The Rest.</i>			
C. Taylor, b Rose	0	H. Rose, b Sherwood	17
B. Johnnings, b Godden	9	Chester, b Blackman	5
E. Blackman, b Godden	4	Godden, b Sherwood	2
S. W. Blackman, b Godden	5	Sibbald, run out	0
G. W. Blackman, b Godden	0	L. Hollands, not out	7
A. Sherwood, b Rose	0	Mison, not out	3
J. Farwell, b Rose	2				
A. Blackman, b Godden	0				
J. Channon, run out	5				
H. Blackman, b Godden	3				
M. Johnnings, not out	2				
Extras	6	Extras	7
			<hr/>				<hr/>
			36				41
			<hr/>				<hr/>

This was a very interesting game and we look forward to a return. Undoubtedly the "star turn" was Godden as a bowler—a new discovery. The proceedings were marred by the loss of a pad. Our Secretary, L. Hollands, had a busy time looking for it; he found it, however, before he went to bed: he had forgotten to take it off! This naturally caused much amusement.

Mr. W. H. Vicary, our representative in North Kent, made an interesting discovery in his travels the other day. He has been calling upon Mr. W. Fox, of the Globe Hotel, Gravesend, for several years, but it was only on his recent visit that he found out that Mr. Fox was a N.C.O. of the 2nd Life Guards and that his grandfather kept the Dreadnought Hotel (a H. & G. Simonds' house) at Reading for some thirty-two years, retiring about forty-five years ago. Mr. Fox of our story has lively recollections of spending his holidays at Reading fifty years ago and the riotous fun they had at the Regatta is especially engraved upon his memory. One of the industries which he assisted in was rod-stripping for basket-making. Mr. Fox on leaving the Army took over the above hotel, where he is very popular.

BORN 1911 AND STILL GOING STRONG.

Mr. Hollands has fallen! We have been expecting it for some time. All the other car owners on the Firm are green with envy. Mr. Hollands has only been biding his time: he has been waiting for something bigger and faster than any of the others to come along and we hear that he has got it. It is a super-superior Napier, 1700 horse-power, born 1911 and never been known to go wrong! It is big enough to take his whole family or the rest of the population of Pedlindge if necessary, and like those "put up settees" can be used as a spare bedroom in case of emergency. Mr. Hollands has sold his motor-bike; this will be bad news for some who were hoping to secure it for pottering about on.

A TESTIMONIAL.

Reading in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE what a charming place Hythe is and its surroundings, Mr. and Mrs. Mullin came to see and spent the Whitsun week-end here. We hear that they were so delighted with the place that they are coming again shortly for a longer period.

There is no doubt that Hythe and Folkestone are two of the best seaside resorts in the British Isles and we can thoroughly recommend them to those contemplating holidays and who have not yet made up their minds.

"MILK STOUT."

A charming young Swedish lady who has recently come to England to learn the language has been staying at the Seaview

Hotel here. The first words she got hold of were "Milk Stout": very important ones, no doubt, but as she thought they applied to every kind of liquid, it caused much amusement in the hotel when she wanted Milk Stout for breakfast and Milk Stout for tea. She will, no doubt, learn differently in time, but we hope she will agree that, although other beverages have other names, "Milk Stout" is the "Best of All."

Congratulations to Mr. P. Blackman, the popular full back of the Brewery football team, on his marriage.

THE LOCAL CRICKET DERBY.

Tuesday, June the 19th, opened with grey skies and a threatening outlook, and all eyes in Hythe and district were turned upwards, and "Would the day be fine?" was on every one's lips. Hythe Brewery *versus* the Police is, without doubt, the event of the year and reporters from all of the more important papers turn up in force to chronicle the doings of the two teams. It is most unfortunate that it clashed with Ascot this year, otherwise the inimitable Tom Webster would, we feel sure, have liked to have been present. He would have found some excellent material for his pencil. We believe the deciding factor was that Fairway was at Ascot. Rain kept off and it was a fine afternoon when, Mr. Mullin having won the toss, put the Police in. The Brewery picked their strongest side, but we regret to say that Charlie Dray's lorry was carrying too much weight and failed to get him to the post in time to be included in the list of starters. Tom Smith, our firework cricketer, was there however. Every dog has his day they say, but it was not Tom Smith's; we presume it was because Christmas was such a long way off.

P.C. Holman and P.C. Setterfield put up the best scores for the Police, making 17 and 18 respectively, and Rose was our most successful bowler, taking five wickets for 36 runs. Our opponents made 87.

The Brewery made a good start, Rose shaping well in making 25; Tugwell 11, George Dray 23, and Mr. Mullin were the only other Brewery batsmen to score. We had made 79 for five wickets, when Tom Smith went in and every one thought the result was then a foregone conclusion. The excitement was intense as each single was scored. The score board showed 81, then Mr. Mullin was cleaned bowled, Sherwood went the same way with almost his first ball, and everything then depended upon Tom. He stopped about five balls but then his wicket went, and gloom settled on all of the Brewery supporters. We knew we had lost. Chester's wicket went with Sergt. Burren's next ball and it was all over. Five for 79, ten for 81. Of course it was the Police

turn to win. They won in 1926, lost in 1927, win again in 1928, so we must see that we win in 1929. We hope that Mr. Eric will be fully recovered then and will be able to assist us as in past years. Another face we missed was "Blower's," our umpire for a great number of years. Harry Beal has stepped into the breach and promises to become as great an umpire as his predecessor.

Mr. Whiting did his work very well as scorer.

Amongst those present we noticed Mr. G. L. Mackeson who seemed keenly interested and we were also pleased to see Major Johnson there too.

Full Scores :—

POLICE.		BREWERY.	
P.C. Holman, b G. Dray	... 17	H. Rose, b Burren	... 25
" Clark, b H. Rose	... 4	Middleton, lbw Burren...	... 2
" Green, b Mison	... 6	Fulluck, b Burren	... 0
Sgt. Burren, b H. Rose	... 8	Tugwell, b Burren	... 11
" Waters, c & b H. Rose	... 10	G. Dray, c Langdon b Holman	23
P.C. Baker, b H. Rose	... 2	Mison, c Baker b Burren	... 0
" Saunders, lbw H. Rose	... 0	J. C. Mullin, b Holman	... 9
" Setterfield, not out	... 18	Sherwood, b Burren	... 0
" Langdon, b Fulluck	... 8	Tom Smith, b Holman...	... 0
" Green, b Mison	... 0	Chester, b Burren	... 0
" Woodward, b Fulluck	... 8	H. Wood, not out	... 0
Extras...	... 6	Extras...	... 11
	87		81

Bowling analysis—Rose, 5 for 36 ;
Mison, 2 for 24 ; G. Dray, 1 for 13 ;
Fulluck, 2 for 8.

Bowling analysis—Holman, 3 for
24 ; Burren, 7 for 23 ; Green, 0 for
13 ; Clark, 0 for 10.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

"BLACK FRIDAY."

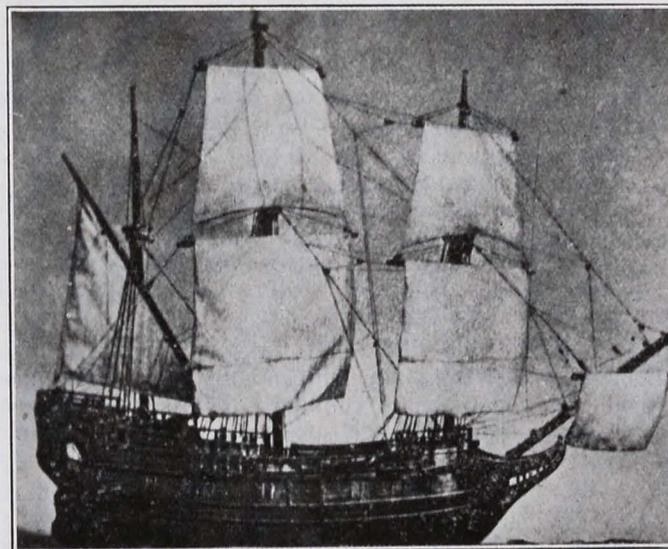
The happenings at the Brewery on a recent Friday should make all and sundry here watch their steps for some considerable time to come. One member of our Staff badly buckled his "Dandy little Morris" up, in a bumping match with a lorry laden with coal. Indeed, a load of trouble for all concerned.

Also what might have been rather a serious mishap befell another member who, whilst bearing those little weekly bags of joy to their owners, met a bucketful of trouble, which appeared from the Heavens, as it were, upon him and his bags. We understand that he had an appointment with his hairdresser later on the same evening and to this he owed his escape. We hope he will, ere this appears in print, find less inconvenience from the impact than he does to-day, and that he will be able to be trimmed in comfort.

The third mishap took place when one of our drivers in starting up, badly twisted his arm, owing to a backfire. He has been unable to drive since. We are glad it was no worse and sincerely hope it will be a very long time before we get a return visit from that little black imp who evidently was in Devonshire on the 8th of June.

"THE MAYFLOWER."

When the Founders of the New World on September 6th, 1620, stepped from the Barbican of Old Plymouth into their now famous craft, they, of all folks, probably least thought how famous, even hallowed to their descendants, those cobblestones would become, and how the footsteps of the race they were to found would re-echo year by year around the spot they then made historical, which to-day is marked by the "Mayflower Stone" as, of course, everyone knows, or should know.



"THE MAYFLOWER."

Only a few days ago when Sir Alan Cobham, that dauntless pioneer of British aviation, arrived here upon the completion of his wonderful 23,000 mile world flight, from the front of the "Mayflower Hotel," hard by, we were privileged to watch his seaplane come to rest in the Cattewater, and to be present when his feet "Again pressed Britain's soil" on the "Mayflower Steps."

The "Mayflower Hotel" has now been acquired by the Firm and it is particularly pleasing to know that this building, standing amid such associations on the Barbican of the old Castle Walls of Plymouth, will in future be of personal interest to us all. One can imagine many of those weather-stained fisher-folk eyeing with quick appreciative glances the "Sign of Excellence" as they round the pier walls at the entrance to Sutton Pool. We have no doubt but that in time it will be a real haven to many of our hardy sons of the sea, and without prejudice to our sporting editor's fishing tales, which we hope to hear in due course, we can easily imagine the monsters that will be brought to life again when the tankards of "S.B." and "I.P.A." are being replenished at that evening hour when "the glittering landscape fades upon the sight" and the spirit of comradeship is amongst us.

The "Mayflower Hotel" and its surroundings are well worth a visit. The right brands are now on sale, and we venture to look forward to yet another era of progression in the land which those Sons of Britain—Drake, Raleigh, Hawkins, Cook, Cavendish, Oxenham, Vancouver, and now Cobham—have made so famous.

RACES, SHOWS, ETC., IN DEVON AND CORNWALL.

During the past few weeks our malt liquors were in great demand at the following social events in the West:—

Royal Cornwall Agricultural Show, Bodmin.
Yealmpton Fat Stock & Agricultural Show.
Lamerton Hunt Point-to-Point Meeting.
East Cornwall Hunt Point-to-Point Meeting.
North Cornwall Hunt Point-to-Point Meeting.
Mr. Spooner's Hunt Point-to-Point Meeting (Two Bridges).
St. Budeaux Horse Show.
St. Budeaux Hunter Trials.

Looking at the above names it can truly be said that good ale and good horses have again combined to give that harmonious pleasure which one and all feel after a good day spent in their company. What joys some folks do miss in life!!!

LONDON.

We trust that by the time these lines are in print our esteemed Managing Director, Mr. F. A. Simonds, will be so far recovered in health that he will be contemplating an early return to his former many activities and that Mrs. Simonds has also benefited by her stay abroad.

Business in the London Area continues to increase. Unfortunately, the weather has not been suitable for outdoor catering. Kennington Oval has suffered particularly in this respect. We were expecting good business to commence the season, there being

18 successive days of first-class fixtures. Attendances have been poor owing to bad weather and trade has suffered in consequence. We are looking forward to fine weather and better business.

Greyhound Racing continues to be popular at Wembley Stadium as also does "S.B.", which is the popular call at the bars.

Our friends, Messrs. Letheby & Christopher, Ltd., are again catering for the Royal Air Force Pageant, which takes place at Wembley on Saturday 30th June. Our beers will be on sale.

Amongst the many Sports and Fetes that we have supplied was Harrods Amateur Athletic Association, which took place on their Sports Ground at Barnes.

The following are some of the principal events at which the Firm's products will be on sale:—

Messrs. Barker's Sports, Southfields.
Messrs. Smiths, Ltd., Engineers Sports, Cricklewood.
Southern Railway Sports, Raynes Park.

The Epsom Summer Race Meeting was favoured with good weather this year and business was correspondingly good.

FARNBOROUGH.

Mr. R. V. Goodall is to be commended for the clever advertisements he exhibits in his wine shop window. The one at present on show is called "Simonds' in the East" and is a replica of a typical eastern scene. In the foreground is an Arab camel caravan, all the riders of which are armed. It is noticed that each camel is loaded with a cask of beer and among the labels can be discerned "S.B.", Milk Stout, XXXXX, etc., altogether a goodly consignment. Also in the foreground are a few date palms and the travellers are approaching a river, presumably the Tigris. In the distance can be seen a native village, complete with the inevitable minarets and domes. The sky is lit up with innumerable stars and the moon is also shining.

The whole show is illuminated by electric "blinkers" and is proving a great attraction and we trust a lucrative advertisement. It was made and fitted up by Mrs. Goodall's brother, Mr. L. Coker.

Since sending our last notes, the Farnborough Branch Cricket Club have played four matches, winning one and losing three. Against North Farnborough, although confident of winning, we came to earth with a "big bump," losing by a large margin; the scores were: North Farnborough 69 for eight, Farnborough Branch 26. Our next game was at home to Cove Social Club, resulting in a win for the visitors by 36 runs. Scores: Cove Social Club 116, Farnborough Branch 80. E. Crutchley scored 32 not out, R. Paice 17, W. Thoday 12: W. Gale took four wickets for 47, B. Lancaster three for 35 and E. Crutchley three for 11. The third

match was also at home to the Sergeants Mess, 1st A.A. Bde., and ended in a win for Farnborough Branch by 71 runs. We rattled up a score of 162 of which the last three wickets made 111. The chief scorers were E. Gosney 51, B. Lancaster 36 not out, G. Lancaster 14, R. Paice 14 and L. Coleman 12. We dismissed the Sergeants for 91 after their third wicket fell at 70, W. Gale taking most wickets: four for 29. On June 9th we paid our annual visit to Reading, which we look on as one of the tit-bits of the season. Our Captain won the toss and decided to bat. Our first wicket fell at 20, decidedly the best start this season, but in spite of this we were all out for 63; the only batsmen to reach double figures were R. Coleman 13 and L. May 10. The Brewery passed our total with six wickets in hand and with their score at 75 for five, stumps were drawn. This was the Brewery's first win this season, and for this they were chiefly indebted to F. Collins who took six wickets for 16 runs in our innings and to H. Osborne who scored 32 not out. On this occasion E. Crutchley proved our best bowler, taking three wickets for 11 runs.



Farnborough Employees visit Southsea.

June 16th was the "Great Day" for the employees at this Branch: it was Outing Day. 50 of the Staff journeyed by road to Southsea, leaving here at 7 a.m., making a short halt at Petersfield for refreshments ("S.B.") and eventually arriving at their destination at about 10 o'clock. When we started off the climatic conditions did not look very promising, but the clerk of weather suddenly remembered it was Farnborough Branch Outing and by the time we reached Southsea he had caused the sun to shine and

the zephyr breezes to blow. I don't know if we were a handsome crowd, or whether it was a purely business deal, but before we were allowed to dis-embark we had to smile and "watch the dicky-bird." Result below.

Some of our drivers seemed to be spending a "busman's holiday," for they were to be frequently seen guiding a car round the "Custer Car Track." After spending a thoroughly enjoyable day we met again at 7.30 for the return journey, reaching home just before 11 p.m.; so ended a perfect day.



- PAT:—"An' the bullet went in at me chest an' came out through me back entoirely."
 MICK:—"Bedad, an' if it did your heart would have been hit an' you dead."
 PAT:—"An' you're quite wrong, for me heart was in me mouth the whole time."

THE "CHEDDAR CHEESE."

We wish Mr. and Mrs. Ravenscroft, who have just left the "Cheddar Cheese," Reading, every success in their new home. It was sad that "Rags," their little dog who has collected so much for the Royal Berkshire Hospital, was run over and killed by a char-a-banc recently.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Smith, who have taken over the "Cheddar," are already making a good impression. The fact that Mrs. Smith has had such a wide experience in high-class catering should be of great benefit to the house.

The thirteenth of this month is the anniversary of the death of our old friend, Mr. W. J. Morgan, of the "Duke's Head," Reading. The house is now being very satisfactorily carried on by his son-in-law, Mr. W. Constable.