

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. III.

DECEMBER, 1928.

No. 3.



MR. W. F. McINTYRE.

MR. W. F. MCINTYRE.

Following in the order of length of service of Branch Managers, Mr. W. F. McIntyre appears on our frontispiece with 33½ years to his credit.

Joining the staff at Plymouth Branch on the 4th June, 1895, Mr. McIntyre was transferred to the Branch and Audit Department at Reading about 4 years later and quickly came to the fore by reason of his all-round ability in the work of that Department. During the summer months he was placed in charge of various Volunteer and Territorial Camps, which were then held on a larger scale than at present. In Army Manœuvres and Training Camps, Mr. McIntyre also had many years' experience and was always pleased to participate in work of this kind.

On the 1st April, 1919, Mr. McIntyre was appointed Manager at Plymouth Branch, thereby returning to command the Branch where he had joined as a recruit. In the same year the firm purchased the Tamar Brewery, Devonport, from the late Mr. George Crake, with 27 public houses and other properties. Mr. McIntyre proved equal to the task of managing an estate and tenants and tackled the fine points of the licensing laws as though to the manner born. Later in the year the headquarters of Plymouth Branch were transferred to the Tamar Brewery and a large bottling store was created. The large expanse of trade under Mr. McIntyre's management has necessitated the creation of a new Bottling Store, now nearing completion, and which is four times as large as the old store. In addition, new and large offices have recently been built.

Since the acquisition of the Tamar Brewery, the firm has purchased the Tavistock Brewery and many other licensed properties in the Western district, where the Firm also has a very large connection with the Navy and Army in and around Plymouth. The district under Mr. McIntyre's control is the whole of Devon and Cornwall, which include such well known beauty spots as Clovelly, St. Ives, Falmouth, Newquay, Torquay, Paignton, Ilfracombe, Bude, Bideford and Exmouth.

Mr. McIntyre is justifiably enthusiastic regarding the natural beauties of these two counties and considers the climate unrivalled by any other part of England.

During the Great War, Mr. McIntyre served with the Hampshire Regiment, R.A.O.C. and Labour Corps in France and Belgium, where he did good work and obtained a commission. He spent three Christmas days abroad and was demobilised in February, 1919.

Possessed of a ready wit and an aptitude for repartee, Mr. McIntyre can add a liveliness to conversation and debate which makes him welcome in all circles.

Mr. McIntyre always says that his hobby is selling beer, but any spare time is filled by trying to play golf. Most of his customers easily beat him; the good ones always win!

EDITORIAL.

GENTLEMEN, THE KING!

There is only one toast that really matters during these anxious days and so raise your glasses, gentlemen, and drink to the health of our King. The high example which the King and Queen have set of public duty; the simple and affectionate circumstances of their private life; the swift sympathy always at the service of suffering or of want—all these qualities have endeared the King and the Queen to their subjects to an extent which even those subjects hardly realise until there intervenes a moment of sharp anxiety. It is no exaggeration to say that hardly an English man or English woman will feel completely relieved until they learn that his Majesty has sufficiently recovered to contemplate a long holiday in a sunnier climate.

Gentlemen, the King!

THE RECENT HEAVY GALE.

During the heavy gale on Friday, 16th November, a part of the Canvas Stores roof disappeared.

Under this particular spot, many canvas portions of marquees were housed for the winter. The damage was discovered by one of the staff as he was leaving work and it was reported to the office. By means of ropes, spars, tarpaulins and zinc pans, the heavy rain was prevented from doing any damage, but it was necessary for two of the men to keep watch through the night and no doubt "Tinker," the stores cat, was glad of their company.

Messages received from Woolwich and Farnborough state that the Firm's marquees erected in those respective districts prior to the severe gale were still standing next morning; which proves that anything bearing the name of "SIMONDS" will stand the most severe test.

The "Star," Denchworth, is an old thatched building and the large chimney stack at the rear of the premises caught the full fury of the gale and would have completely collapsed but for the huge oak purlin (a piece of timber that supports the roof).

"SLATE CLUB" SEASON.

Within the next few weeks about £1,000,000 will be distributed by "slate" and other dividing clubs throughout the country. An official of the National Federation of Dividing Friendly Societies, referring to the cases in which the secretary or treasurer is missing when the share-out is due to take place, says, "The sinner is more sinned against than sinning. A few simple precautions would avoid all the trouble." The safeguards recommended by the federation were:—

- Regular meetings of the committee;
- Presentation of the club's bank book at each meeting;
- Examination of the books by auditors, quarterly;
- Meeting of the committee after every audit.

VALUABLE TONIC TO THE HEART.

Alcohol in any of its forms is, in small quantities (which vary with different people) a valuable tonic to the heart; and it is, of course, entirely on the action of the heart that our life depends, writes Dr. Fraser Harris in the *Daily Sketch*. Take the case of an underfed person who has been out in the cold and is therefore liable to take a chill. You recommend that person to have a little whisky along with his first meal. In this case the alcohol acts both as a stimulant to the heart and as a heat-giving food, for here it is oxidised (burnt) like so much sugar. Many a fatigued and chilled person has warded off the serious effects of a chill by taking some whisky or brandy at such a time.

JUSTIFIABLE "BERKS."

What "Pharamond" writes in the *Sunday Referee* is always well worth reading, as indeed is the whole of this brilliantly conducted journal. Now I am going to take the liberty of quoting the following. On Sunday, November 25th, "Pharamond" wrote:—

Apropos the recent recital of my inability to purchase potted preserves across the counter of a West End restaurant after 2 p.m. on Thursdays, a Sunday Refereader of Reading (who was evidently stung by Reading it) has emitted the following Berks:—

I was pleased to read your protest against shop-selling restrictions, which are absurd, unjust, annoying and benefit nobody. Unfortunately the present so-called Tory Party has passed a new Act (Shops, Hours of Closing Bill), making all buying and/or selling after 8 p.m. illegal WHY? The restricted refreshment hours are an outrage and not even bona-fide travellers can now get a drink anywhere except during permitted hours. I am sixty-three and fond of walking, yet during the long spell of hot weather I could not buy a drink between 2 and 7 p.m.

We want pre-war hours and pre-war freedom and every member at the next election should be pledged to restore both and to reduce the unfair tax on alcohol.

My unknown correspondent, I may add, happens to be not a brewer's canvasser but a pharmacist!

KIND BUT LONG-SUFFERING.

By nature, cher ami (continues "Pharamond") the English people are, like Charity, kind but long-suffering. To-day, it is only the Big Noise which gets listened to. Collective cranks and axe-grinding agitators of varying shades of opinion (*all* capable of swinging votes) get a hearing while normal-minded individuals (unorganised for vote-swinging purposes) are left in the splendid isolation of the wilderness and ignored. If every sufferer from some of

OUR ULTRA-COMIC LAWS

would persistently pepper claimants for their political support at the next election with cayenne protests, freedom-lovers might possibly regain some of the territory they lost during the war. If they merely sit still and grouse, *sotto voce*, they are likely to lose more. Already I can scent piratical Pussyfoots lurking behind hedges waiting to drive further wedges into our restricted liberties and shrieking viragoes of the egregious Carrie Nation type, gloating over the opportunity to axe further chunks out of "This Freedom" which consists to-day very largely of the "canned" or "potted" variety. My pharmaceutical phriend will probably agree with "Pharamond" that the castor-oil treatment à l'Italienne has much to recommend it at times!

A LITTLE BOY'S GREAT GIFT.

On Poppy Day a little boy from Silver Street went up to a lady selling poppies and asked the price. He was told that the cheapest cost a penny. Tears came to his eyes as, opening his little hand, he disclosed a halfpenny saying "That is all I've got!" He was given a poppy by the kind lady who said "You can have that for nothing my little man." But the little man—and he *is* a little man—seemed much hurt by the suggestion and, pressing the halfpenny into the lady's hand said "Do take it Miss, I've saved it up for to-day." Of course the lady accepted the money. I wonder how many of us really gave more on Poppy Dav. That little ragged fellow set an example to us all.

A QUEER CHEQUE.

The staff of a well-known bank in the West End were in a quandary the other day. There arrived by special messenger from the Bankers' Clearing House the most cumbersome cheque ever

presented to the branch. It was drawn on a plain piece of note-paper, properly endorsed, to which had been affixed a twopenny stamp. But the paper had been firmly stuck on to the side of a champagne bottle. The explanation is that at a dinner party in the West End the man to whom the cheque was made payable reminded the drawer of a small loan. Promptly the cheque was drawn out and pasted on to a champagne bottle and sent by taxicab to the payee's address. Only a few weeks ago the same bank received a cheque written on a table napkin. It was duly honoured.

OPENING OF "BELL" INN, OXFORD ROAD, READING.

Make a note in your diaries of December 13th, for on that date the new "Bell" Inn, Oxford Road, Reading, is to be opened. The premises are commodious and convenient, the house itself is very attractive, while H. & G. Simonds' famous brands of beer will be on sale. Call in and "Say S.B.!"

OUR STALL AT THE TRADES EXHIBITION.

The picture of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. stall at the recent Trades Exhibition in the Town Hall was the subject of much interest, particularly to those living far away who did not have the opportunity of viewing the stall itself. Under the supervision of Mr. C. Bennett, Mr. S. J. Moore designed the stall, a very clever piece of work, calling forth much favourable comment. The stall was certainly one of the great attractions of the Exhibition and was responsible for much "dry" humour.

A RECORD CATCH.

Did you ever hear this yarn about the fisherman and his big catch? He had two flies on his trace and cast right across the river on to the other bank. There he hooked a hare, was hauling it across the water when he caught a huge trout. He was dragging both up the bank when he slipped and fell on a covey of partridges, killing eight. Some catch!

IN GREAT DEMAND.

Simonds' Concert Party is in very great demand and everywhere they go they create a most favourable impression. They are certainly a very talented body of artistes. The other night I was at the Gladstone Club annual dinner where Mr. Sid. Hinton, a member of the Concert Party, was singing. There were some extra good turns but none was better than that given by Mr. Hinton, whose fine songs were rapturously applauded.

AN ARTFUL DODGER.

A prominent Reading licensee went to London to see the Lord Mayor's Show. He is not tall of stature and found himself right at the back of the crowd. But he was not to be done. He limped into a big glove shop and asked for a chair as his "leg was awfully bad." A kind lady willingly provided him with a chair. This he took on to the pavement, stood on it and had a fine view of the Show. He returned the chair, thanked the good lady and offered to pay her for the loan of it. But on no account would she take anything, exclaiming "I *do* so hope you feel better!" Undoubtedly he did.

A FINE EPITAPH.

Probably the finest epitaph a sportsman could wish for, is to be found on the bronze memorial tablet erected at the Polo Grounds in New York recently to the memory of America's famous baseball pitcher, Christy Mathewson, who served as a captain during the War in the U.S. Expeditionary Force. The epitaph runs as follows:

"The Greatest Pitcher of his Era and one of the Finest Sportsmen of all time. On this field he pitched his way to fame in many stirring games, but his influence extended beyond any diamond (the pitch for baseball) and past the furthest boundaries of sport. For his courage and skill as a player, for his mode of life and conduct at all times, he stood forth as an example to his fellow players, and as an inspiration to all the youth of his country.

"He gained more than victories on the pitching mound. He won the admiration of his opponents, and the affection of a nation."

MIGHT AS WELL DRAW LOTS.

I think Lord Birkenhead was right when he said that it would be a dark day for this country and Empire if all which has been most instrumental in building up individual character were to be submerged by this new and perilous doctrine that all men are intellectually equal, and all men equally meritorious citizens. You might as well draw by lot the next team to represent this country at the Olympic Games. The result would be as ludicrous as disastrous.

THAT "FAREWELL FLAVOUR!"

In the Mansion House Police Court recently a witness said the wine left an after-taste—what he called a "farewell flavour"—(laughter) like a warm flat iron. (Loud laughter). When Sparkling

Moselle was mentioned the witness continued: "I should like a drink now." (Laughter).

The Magistrate: Have a drink, there will be no cross-examination upon it. (Loud laughter).

A bottle of Sparkling Moselle having been opened by an officer of the court, witness took a drink, wishing the magistrate and counsel "good health."

REFUSING AN OVERDRAFT.

A writer in the *Daily News* makes the following humorous comment on "The Bank of Friendship," 22, Harford Street, Stepney, E.I., of which Mr. L. Abrahams is the tenant: "A list of public-houses has been sent me by an East End correspondent, who draws attention to one with the name of the 'Bank of Friendship.' Certainly this is a bank where the cellar has plenty of liquid assets and a man can have a draught when he pleases. The manager of this bank is probably like managers of other banks in knowing when to refuse an overdraft."

ANTIQUITY OF BEER.

The fact that Herodotus (B.C. 450) described beer made from barley as the ordinary drink of the Egyptians of his day was one of the many interesting statements made by Colonel J. M. Porter, D.S.O., Head Brewer of the Newcastle Breweries, Ltd., during the course of a lecture delivered before the Fifty Club of Newcastle. Colonel Porter added that the Romans promoted the industry of brewing beer in Britain, and there were references to malt liquor in the laws promulgated by "Ina," the Saxon king of Wessex. All through the centuries beer had been the staple drink of the people of England.

THE WRONG VERSE.

A good story is told concerning Dean Inge.

Not long ago he sent a telegram to a girl on her wedding day, and the wire she received read: "John, iv., 18." On looking up the text she was horrified to find that the verse referred to was "For thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband."

The text which Dean Inge had sent to her was in the first epistle of John, but the Post Office had omitted the (I.), which made all the difference.

John I., iv., 18, is: "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear . . ."

A "FALSE" ALARM.

I am very sorry for the gentleman, not unconnected with the Brewery, who while crossing the bridge recently, coughed, and ejected his false teeth. In his effort to save them his hand, instead of clapping the teeth, sent them flying into the Kennet. Bad Luck!

IMPORTANT "FIGURES."

Again we welcome the arrival of Mr. J. J. Chaplin and his staff, as much for the genial disposition of these gentlemen as for the fact that their descent upon us coincides with the culmination of another year's work. Despite the exactions which the visit involves, the satisfaction of "something attempted, something done" is now evident amongst the staff, who will soon again breathe freely—and proceed to prepare further conundrums for the next Financial Year.

THE OLD, OLD WISH.

A very Happy Christmas to you all!

GLAD NEWS.

We are pleased to announce that Commander and Mrs. Henry Duncan Simonds have a son and heir, thus establishing the dynasty of the firm more certainly than ever.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A new-rich man bought a big place in the country and determined to devote himself to rustic pursuits. To a friend he confided some of his ideas. "I'm going to have a big lake and breed salmon." "Oh," said his friend, "you can't do that, old man. Salmon have extraordinary habits, you know. They've got to go down to the sea every year, or something like that." "What?" cried the rich man; "I don't mind taking the wife and the kids down to the seaside each year, but I'm darned if I'm going to cart a lot of salmon as well!"

* * * *

The bride of a chemist announces her intention of helping him to mix medicine for his customers. Well, that's one way of dispensing with a husband.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.)

I was privileged to be present the other day at a pheasant shoot. The morning was delightfully fine, the bright sun bringing out into bold relief the beautiful colouring of the autumnal tints. Much leaf was on the trees and though the woods were therefore to a great extent "blind" from the sporting point of view, they were all the more delightful to the discerning eye. The beech trees were at their best and on the branches were many bramblings finding food, for the beech nut is a favourite item on the menu card of this bird. I always look upon the brambling, a winter visitor, as one of our handsomest feathered friends. Bramblings associate with, and are very similar to, chaffinches.

THE ACTUAL SHOOT.

But the clock has struck 10 a.m. and I must begin to think about the actual shoot, for the beaters have already lined up and the guns are moving off to their appointed positions. A start is soon made and by the time the first covert has been "drawn" a good number of birds have been bagged.

The pheasants appeared exceptionally strong on the wing, flew high, and by reason of the great amount of leaf on the trees, the guns had to be on their best behaviour to bring down their birds. It was often a case of a second's flight across a small open space and you had to get your gun to your shoulder, aim and fire, in less time than it takes to tell.

A HUNDRED TO ONE CHANCE.

While crossing a meadow someone spotted a rabbit in its form and a gun's attention was drawn to the fact. He approached quite close before bunny was disturbed and as the gentleman was an excellent shot it was a hundred to one against the rabbit. The one chance the rabbit appeared to have was that he would bolt in the direction of a gate, near the road, where several spectators had gathered. But, sure enough, when bunny was dislodged he made straight for that gate and of course no shot was fired. In spite of the heavy odds I could have obtained I am glad I did not make a bet against the rabbit in this great race—for life.

LUNCHEON!

After about three hours in the open air and enjoying excellent sport a halt was called for luncheon. Everything is done well here and there was plenty of the best of food. Our appetites were whetted by the keen air and as hunger is the best sauce, you can well imagine what inroads some of us made into the steaming hot

Irish stew, rabbit pudding and other appetising dishes, not forgetting thirst-quencher in the form of the best brand of beer.

OPERATIONS RESUMED.

The inner man fully satisfied, a chat, a pipe of baccy, and then shooting was resumed. Rain fell most of the afternoon, at times heavily, and this did not tend to improve conditions, especially for the beaters. For instance, the sugar beet looked excellent in the sun but seemed not half so attractive a crop when one had to wade through it after or during the rain. But it was all part of the day's sport and the men made merry over such incidents.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

The birds generally were in a very contrary mood, for many of them went where they were least expected to go. They flew high and fast, too, and one witnessed some excellent shooting. One woodcock was included in the "bag," the only one seen during the day.

By the way, there are two feathers in a woodcock's tail which are whiter than snow. That seems rather an extraordinary statement to make, but the next time you bring down a woodcock and the snow is on the ground, compare the two and I will bet you any odds that I am right.

A woodcock has often been seen carrying its young through the air to water, holding the baby between its thighs pressed close to its body.

Their plumage, mottled with chestnut, yellow, rust-red, black and silvery white is so similar to the undergrowth that it is very difficult to distinguish the birds from it. And well the woodcocks are aware of this fact for they rarely rise until the beaters are close upon them. Woodcocks never perch on the branches of trees.

PIED AND "BLACK" PHEASANTS.

A brace of pied and one "black" pheasant were included in the "bag." The black bird was not exactly black but its plumage was very dark and extremely beautiful.

A big shoot like this means an anxious time for the head game-keeper and I wonder how many miles he covers on such an occasion. I had the privilege of being with him for most of the time on this particular day and together we must have covered a considerable distance. I admired the quiet and competent manner in which he went about his work. The fact that I fell headlong into a big bed of bushes while retrieving a bird and was rescued by the keeper, only added to the delights of the day.

It was an occasion that will certainly linger long in my memory.

THINK IT OVER.

If you think you're beaten, you are ;
 If you think you dare not, you don't ;
 If you like to win but think you can't,
 It's always a certainty you won't.
 If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
 For out in the world, we find
 Success begins with a fellow's will,
 It's all in a state of mind.
 If you think you're outclassed, you are ;
 You've got to think high to rise ;
 You've got to be sure of yourself before
 You ever can win a prize ;
 Life's battles don't always go
 To the stronger or faster man,
 But soon or late the man who wins
 Is the fellow who thinks he can.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

One grand purpose the ocean is always promoting, and this is, that it kindles irresistibly in every mind which views it the emotion and sentiment of sublimity, a feeling of vastness of extent and moving power, a perception of grandeur combined with the most attractive beauty, when its radiant waters are slumbering in the sunny calm ; and of terrific majesty and awe, when the storm throws up its waves and hurls their foaming masses with resistless fury, as if destruction was acting in a living form, and rustling determinedly to overwhelm us. Nothing more fully impresses man with a conviction of his personal helplessness and comparative feebleness, than the confronting him with the forces surrounding nature ; nor more compels him to feel that power, infinitely greater than his own, is ever subsisting above and about him, to feel which he is completely subjected, and against which he is impotent to struggle. He may give this never-dying power what denomination he pleases ; but it forces him, by the ocean tempest, by the aerial whirlwind and by the appalling thunder, to feel the certainty of its existence, and the tremendous possibilities of its agency. If he be wise, he will recognise it as the herald and representative and proclaimer of the Deity himself, and as the sensorial proof that He exists, and reigns, and actuates, and providentially governs ; for the more terrible the agitation of the winds and waves and lightning appear, and by their effects prove themselves to be, the more evidence they give to our eyesight and judgment how speedily they would spread ruin and desolation through material nature, and over man's human world, if no superintending and controlling mind watched and limited their agency.

LADIES LICENSED TRADE ASSOCIATION.

SUCCESSFUL DANCE.

Under the auspices of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Licensed Trade Association, a very successful dance was held at Olympia recently. The stage was very tastefully decorated with artificial flowers by Mrs. Smart, which she herself had made, the room was well filled, while everyone spent an enjoyable time, thanks in a large measure to the admirable manner in which Mr. Oliver Bridges carried out his duties as M.C.

This Auxiliary, of which Mrs. Moss is the indefatigable secretary, is a very flourishing concern and those ladies in the Trade who have not already joined should hasten to do so. Members of the Committee served behind the bar.

The prizes for the various competitions were distributed by Mrs. Smart who, with Mrs. Nunns and Mrs. Moss, judged the contests.

Two first fancy dress prizes were awarded to Miss M. Lawrence and Miss M. Stockwell, representing "Nippy and Bob" (best advert.). A prize was awarded also for the second best advert. to Mrs. Arlett. The most original dress prize was won by Mr. Wylde who represented a Tyrolese ; a second prize was awarded to Mrs. Gibbs as a "Brigand" ; and a third prize to Miss Pyner as a "Newspaper Boy." Two other prizes were secured in order of merit by Miss Jacoby who was dressed as a "Powder Puff" and a lady representing "Dick Whittington." All the costumes being very original and picturesque, the judging was extremely difficult.

Lucky spot prizes were secured by Mrs. Ayres and Mr. Rosier. Lucky balloons were captured by Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Gibbs. There was also a prize awarded for a lady occupying a lucky chair.

A foxtrot competition was judged by the M.C. (Mr. A. Oliver Bridges) whose decision was given to Mr. Bunce and Miss Ferris, the result being very popular.

The Committee of the Ladies Licensed Trade Association desire to thank the generous donors of the prizes ; two were received from Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, two from Mrs. Smart, one each from Mrs. Waters, Mrs. Moore, Messrs. Cooksey & Walker, the Licensed Victuallers Trade Association and the Licensed Victuallers Retailers.

Prizes for foxtrot competition were provided by Mr. Oliver Bridges.

Mr. and Mrs. Constable, in the M.C.'s opinion, provided a "star turn" as Valeta dancers.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

It is the secret of the world that all things subsist, and do not die, but only retire a little from sight, and afterwards return again.

Let us do the work of men while we bear the form of them.

Measure your cloth ten times; you can cut it but once.

Men who make money rarely saunter; men who save money rarely swagger.

Power is according to quality not quantity. How much more men than nations.

The soul is not where it lives but where it loves.

SOME AFTER DINNER SAYINGS OF LORD DEWAR.

Most men are believers in heredity, until the son makes a fool of himself.

Four-fifths of the perjury of the world is expended on tombstones.

There are more Mormons in London than in Salt Lake City, but their wives don't know it.

If husbands went everywhere their wives told them to go, there would be fewer divorces but more widows.

A man's reputation is that which is not found out about him.

A man who hides behind a woman's skirts to-day is not a coward; he is a magician.

There are no idle rich; they are dodging people who want their money.

Motor cars are increasing by leaps and bounds. Pedestrians are surviving by the same process.

The codfish lays a million eggs, and the helpful hen lays one; The codfish never cackles to tell us what she's done; And so we scorn the codfish, and the helpful hen we prize, For it indicates to you and me that it pays to advertise.

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

PETS.

Besides being a "Nation of Shopkeepers" we are also very essentially a nation of animal-lovers, and I want the time to come when we shall neither shoot, fish and hunt just "for the fun of it." But it seems we have a long way to go yet and though we have advanced upon the cock-fighting days and entered upon the electric hare era there is still much work for the N.S.P.C.A. But—we *are* animal-loving in our contradictory way. Compare our solicitude for the stray and sick dog in comparison with the treatment all curs receive in Oriental countries where the dog is despised.

Dogs, as pets, take precedence in this country and it is very fitting that John Bull should always be represented with his bulldog.

Women rather especially adopt the toy variety of canine pet (though many women nowadays own, breed and show the more vigorous breeds as well) and a lap-dog is not necessarily the nincompoop he is often represented as being by our writers of cheap humour.

There *are* women who violate all sense of proportion in permitting their dogs the freedom and luxury they would deny their children, yet, on the average, the love of the human for a beast of any kind is anything but contrary to commendable. When we remember the faithfulness and devotion with which our dumb friends repay our care, it is love well spent, for many a human receives our affection with but poor gratitude in comparison.

Pascall once said, and Madam de Staël delighted in quoting: "The more I know of men, the better I like my dog."

Observers of animals have always been at a loss to tell exactly how far this intelligence extends. Such men as E. Kay Robinson state emphatically their inability to concede intelligence whatsoever to an animal, and call it instinct. But instinct and intelligence are so closely allied that it is difficult to say where the one leaves off and the other begins. It is extremely difficult to draw the line of demarcation, for the one merges into the other and the difference is not so much of *kind* as of *degree*. E. Kay Robinson avers that animals have no *conscious* feeling, that is to say, when an animal is hurt, such as a dog for instance, it cries out as a result of a kind of mechanical or physical impetus, as the sensitive plant when it responds to human approach by closing its petals.

I suppose it is very hard to know or believe that conscious feeling is present in the world of beings whose language is not ours, whose environments, heredity, nurture and nature are so vastly dissimilar.

It is hard to decide as to whether, when we tread on a worm, it turns out of *conscious* reproach.

I have never been an animal to my *conscious* knowledge (though, goodness knows, my ancestors may well enough have climbed trees for all I can see to the contrary!) so that it is impossible for me to give an authentic opinion. I only know, watching my own little dog, that I like to feel that he knows my gentle pat means I love him and that all that by-play of his in which he stands with his soul in his eyes is not just mechanical cause and effect!

Professor Arthur Thomson relates the story of the chimpanzee—Sally at the Zoo (I believe she has “passed over” now, hasn’t she?) “who learned to give you the number of straws up to five.” She doubled them to save time! “This was clever enough, but was it not cleverer than when she was refused the reward because she had not played the game, she used to straighten out the doubled straw and pick up another one? For that,” says Professor Thomson, “there is no word but Intelligence!”

There are many more stories of the kind. The Elberfeld horses will be remembered as mathematical miracles. A. C. Benson adduces the behaviour of the starlings wherein a whole rout “will execute a simultaneous wheel when on the wing without the smallest sign of confusion or dislocation. It is all very well to say it is instinctive, though I suppose that a young starling when he joins the territorial force finds these evolutions perfectly easy. But the whole thing implies an extraordinary number of mental processes, quick observation, rapid inference, instantaneous calculation, and the most complete subordination to some sort of guidance.”

All this seems to suggest to me that we only require a common language with the birds and beasts in order to understand more than is dreamed of in our philosophy. Some animals, such as the dog, certainly can understand the intonation of the voice and they have a language by which they can make themselves partly intelligible to us and probably entirely intelligible to each other, and when we remember that man’s language as it is to-day, but evolved from growls and guttural sounds in the throat, it will not seem too far-fetched to suggest that some day these beasts may articulate their desires, in probably some very primitive way at first but nevertheless a way with which we shall become cognizant if we will only take the trouble.

W.L. (Swansea).

THE APPROACH OF CHRISTMAS.

SHOP EARLY.

One seems hardly able to realise that once again it is December, the month that closes yet another year and also brings with it the festive season of Xmas. In conversation with one’s friends all seem to have the same thought, “Surely it can’t be Christmas yet!” Perhaps it is the speediness of the age in which we live that seems to bring the years round so quickly, for it certainly does appear that no sooner is one year begun with all its new resolutions and aspirations than it is ending and we are looking forward to the next New Year. And again, this year is perhaps a little more exceptional for the lovely autumnal weather lasted well into November and then when the rough weather set in it was indeed very rough. Nevertheless, if we cast our thoughts back we can recall many mornings in November when the weather was almost spring-like, the sun shone brightly and the birds were singing almost as if nature were awakening instead of resting. Also we recall even more vividly those tremendous gales, some of worst experienced in this country of late years, and the damage and destruction which they caused, apart from the more serious loss of life. We should consider ourselves fortunate however, that we live in England and thereby escape many worse happenings such as earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, tornadoes, &c.

But putting aside thoughts of the elements we cannot escape from the knowledge that Christmas is only four short weeks ahead. The shops are all tastefully decorated with seasonable articles so that there is no excuse for one to put off the purchase of their presents. And if we were to give a little thought to those whose business and work is almost a perpetual rush during the week preceding Christmas, I think we should all make a point of doing the main part of our shopping as early as possible. Also, do we not experience more fully the joy of giving when we know that this or that present is the one thing our friend desired and how glad we are in knowing that we have anticipated their wish?

And in concluding these few lines I would like to wish all readers of this interesting GAZETTE—A Very Happy Christmas.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

“Herbert,” said the teacher, “answer this: Do we eat the flesh of the whale?” “Yes, sir,” said Herbert. “And what do we do with the bones?” was the next question. “Please, sir, we leave them on the side of our plate,” faltered Herbert.

THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

(No. 13.)



MR. WALTER PEARCE, of The Reindeer, Southampton Street, Reading.

(BY C.H.P.)

My thumbnail sketch this month concerns Mr. Walter Pearce who, since 1902, has carried on so successfully as landlord of The Reindeer, Southampton Street, Reading. For 21 years he served in the Royal Artillery and in 1882 took part in an engagement in Egypt for which he received the medal, clasp and Egyptian star. Keenly interested in mounted sports he showed great prowess in tent pegging, lemon-cutting and tilting the bucket. On leaving the Army he received the Good Conduct medal. He then took a house at Basingstoke. For 26 years he has been at The Reindeer.

The house is always spick and span and a great credit to him and his good wife, both of whom are among the pleasantest of people to deal with.

For over a quarter of a century Mr. Pearce has been connected with H. & G. Simonds Tenants Society. He was one of the founders of that body and has been on the Committee since its inception. He was also one of the founders of the L.V. Stores and is now Chairman of the concern. His work is his hobby and he gives the closest attention to the smallest detail. Cleanliness would appear to be the watchword of both Mr. and Mrs. Pearce and the house is splendidly conducted.

Their second daughter is the wife of Mr. Moorcock of the Rose and Thistle. Mrs. Moorcock has been in the business ever since she left school and her experience has naturally been invaluable to her husband in his work. Mrs. Littleworth, another daughter, often lends a hand at the same house, while Mr. F. Pearce, son, serves in a similar capacity elsewhere—a very useful trio.

NO ROOM IN THE INN.

Augustus Cæsar at the time of the first Christmas must have enjoyed about as much popularity as all our Chancellors of the Exchequer rolled into one, for they only levy burdensome, if necessary, taxation on our own peoples, whereas this First Roman Emperor sent forth a decree that "all the world" should be taxed. He achieved marked popularity by his reform of abuses, and in particular by his reform of the administration of the provinces, but whether his appointment of the blood-thirsty Herod the Great as King of all Judea can be looked upon in the light of a "reform"—in view of the massacre of the Innocents and other atrocities—must for ever remain a moot point.

At any rate, Augustus Cæsar was one of the greatest statesmen the world has ever seen. His taxation decree necessitated that every man made a journey to his native city to be enrolled for taxation, and this naturally strained the accommodation of the local inns very considerably. An Eastern inn—usually called *khan*—at that time was an enclosed space, paved and having structures against the inside of the surrounding wall, which were the apartments occupied by travellers. Animals were kept in the open space enclosed. Usually the inn was by a well. Sometimes a natural cave was used as a halting place. It was in such a natural shelter at Bethlehem, ordinarily used as a stable, that the World Teacher was born, for when Joseph arrived there with Mary all the apartments were full, and only the stable left, since all the visitors were on the same errand, viz., the registration or enrolment for taxation, if not the actual payment of the tax itself.

Bethlehem even in those days was a thriving Christian town of 5,000 inhabitants, on a chalky ridge with olive groves, and there still remains there the Church of the Nativity containing the manger in which the Christ was born. One wonders how many of our Pussyfoot and fanatical friends realise how very nearly the Great Friend of Publicans and Sinners was born in an inn? It was the merest chance—humanly speaking—that the inn was full and that therefore the cattle manger had to be converted into the cradle of the King of Kings on that starry Christmas night. How chagrined the landlord must have felt later, when he learnt the significance of the birth of the Child, that he had not had a spare apartment to offer to the young couple who had journeyed on the ass all the way “from Galilee out of the City of Nazareth into Judea unto the City of David.”

But the night was warm and starry and there was nothing but joy for the young parents as for the shepherds and the wise men.

Alfred Noyes gives us a most intimate glimpse into the heart of the young mother in his beautiful poem “Slumber Songs of the Madonna,” the following extracts from which reveal the exultation and pathos, the fear and gladness all intermingled in her breast :

I.

Sleep, little baby, I love thee ;
 Sleep, little king, I am bending above thee !
 How should I know what to sing
 Here in my arms as I swing thee to sleep ?
 Hushaby low,
 Rockaby so.
 Kings may have wonderful jewels to bring,
 Mother has only a kiss for her king !
 Why should my singing so make me to weep ?
 Only I know that I love thee, I love thee
 Love thee, my little one, sleep.

* * * *

III.

See what a wonderful smile ! Does it mean
 That my little one knows of my love ?
 Was it meant for an angel that passed unseen
 And smiled at us both from above ?
 Does it mean that he knows of the birds and the showers
 That are waiting to sweeten his childhood's hours,
 And the tales I shall tell and the games he will play
 In his boyhood's May
 He and I, one day ?

IV.

For in the warm blue summer weather
 We shall laugh and love together ;
 I shall watch my baby growing,
 I shall guide his feet
 When the orange trees are blowing
 And the winds are heavy and sweet !
 When the orange orchards whiten
 I shall see his great eyes brighten
 To watch the long-legged camels going
 Up the twisted street,
 When the orange trees are blowing
 And the winds are sweet.
 What does it mean ? Indeed, it seems
 A dream ! Yet not like other dreams !
 We shall walk in pleasant vales
 Listening to the shepherd's song,
 I shall tell him lovely tales
 All day long :
 He shall laugh while mother sings
 Tales of fishermen and kings.
 He shall see them come and go
 O'er the wistful sea,
 Where rosy oleanders blow,
 Round blue Lake Galilee.
 Kings with fishers ragged coats
 And silver nets across their boats,
 Dipping through the starry glow,
 With crowns for Him and me !
 Ah no !
 Crowns for Him, not me !

V.

Ah, see what a wonderful smile again !
 Shall I hide it away in my heart,
 To remember one day in a world of pain,
 When the years have torn us apart,
 Little babe,
 When the years have torn us apart.

VI.

Clenched little hands like crumpled roses
 Dimpled and dear,
 Feet like flowers that the dawn uncloses
 What do I fear ?
 Little hands will you ever be clenched in anguish ?
 Little white limbs, will you droop and languish ?

I hear a shouting, far away,
You shall ride on a kingly palm-strewn way
Some day!

But when you are crowned with a golden crown
And throned on a golden throne,
You'll forget the manger of Bethlehem town
And your mother that sits alone
Wondering whether the mighty king
Remembers a song she used to sing,
Long ago,
"Rockaby so,
Kings may have wonderful jewels to bring,
Mother has only a kiss for her king!"

Ah, see what a wonderful smile, once more!
He opens his great dark eyes,
Little child, little king, nay hush, it is o'er
My fear of those twin deep skies—
Little Child,
You are all too dreadful and wise!

VII.

But now you are mine, all mine,
And your feet can lie in my hand so small,
And your tiny hands in my heart can twine,
And you cannot walk, so you never shall fall,
Or be pierced by the thorns beside the door,
Or the nails that lie upon Joseph's floor;
Through sun and rain, through shadow and shine,
You are mine, all mine.

E.M.D.F.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Dear old General Tucker, known and loved throughout the Army as "Damnation Tucker," from the strength of his language, once told his galloper to ride beside him and note down his remarks for embodiment in his subsequent report. "And mind you get every word!" he barked. In the evening he called for the notes. "What was my first remark?" he demanded. "Your first remark, sir," was the reply, "was: 'as usual, six —— umpires, and not one of them any —— good!'"

* * * *

"That's a good idea, ma'am," said the new servant, "having soda and water in them bottles with squirts. I've done the scullery floor in no time, and there's three left out of the dozen yet."

GLIMPSES OF THE BERKSHIRE DOWNS.

A lonely road perhaps, but yet something of England, on all sides the hills purple grey in the distance, checkered out with corn, sheep pens, and over all, the sky, just unchanging, and one can think of it as being just the same when Saxon fought Dane and another step was taken in history. The road goes on, here and there a solitary dwelling, the bark of a shepherd's dog, then suddenly you come to Aldworth church with its wonderful yew trees reported to be eight centuries old, older than the church. Then into the church and there one steps right back to the Middle Ages. You know that week by week the villagers assemble there for prayer, but the wonderful tombs of the de la Beche family which lie there take you back to the Crusades. These tombs have all decorated stone canopies of wonderful workmanship. There are eight of them and all are in a splendid state of preservation, with the exception of the figures. Some vandal's hand has defaced these, probably during the Reformation. Some of the effigies of the knights have only the feet crossed while others, besides the crossed legs, have the sword drawn and the theory is that those with the sword drawn were presumably engaged in the Crusades, but the others gave only aid in money or kind.

About four miles away lies another village, East Ilsley, noted for its sheep fairs and numerous inns. This again, is typically Berkshire and yet quite different to some others. Perhaps the barter that used to go on has left a trace, but between fairs East Ilsley sleeps, the only modern touch being the racing stables around.

The main street of Ilsley seemed a few years ago to consist entirely of public houses and although the number has been reduced of late years there are still quite a few and one is led to wonder how they all got along and what sort of people kept them going. It was not the villagers but the great sheep fairs that were responsible for them. The sheep fair of East Ilsley is one of the most ancient in England and exists under a charter granted by Henry III. If you would like to see sheep in the mass, pay a visit to the village in August and also catch a glimpse of one of the oldest Englishmen, the shepherd, there to be seen in all his glory with the old English sheep dog as his companion, just the same as in our forefathers' time.

Coming up from Ilsley we find ourselves on the famous Icknield Way, better known to the locals as the Ridgeway, probably the oldest highway in the country, and here the very air is full of history. Those barrows here and there tell of ancient British deaths and burials, while the deep ditches point out a tribla

boundary. It has known the clash of arms and the shouts of warriors from the earliest days of our history and the spell seems still to be there.

Blewbury is another village which will well repay the wanderer for a visit and viewed as one walks into it from the Downs presents a really wonderful picture of an English village, surrounded as it is by rich orchards and running waters—a picture so well beloved by some of our best known artists.

The town of Wantage is famed as the birthplace of King Alfred.

The Berkshire Downs have an attraction not only for the old visitor, but for the newcomer. They have space and prospect, whilst to walk on their unrivalled turf is a sheer delight. The air is full of the fragrance of the tiny flowerets peculiar to chalk downs, thousands of which grace the grass.

One great writer aptly sums up their fascination: "I think I see new beauties every time I traverse them."

F.M.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"I hear you advertised for a wife. Any replies?"

"Yes. Hundreds."

"Good! What did they say?"

"Oh, they all said: 'You can have mine.'"

* * * *

LOUIS: "Prohibition will tend to bring sunshine into many homes."

VILLE: "Yes; but it will bring 'moonshine' into the majority."

* * * *

Two men, having got into conversation at a private dance, became very friendly.

"There are ways and means of getting into these private dances unasked," remarked the younger man. "Now, I had no invitation."

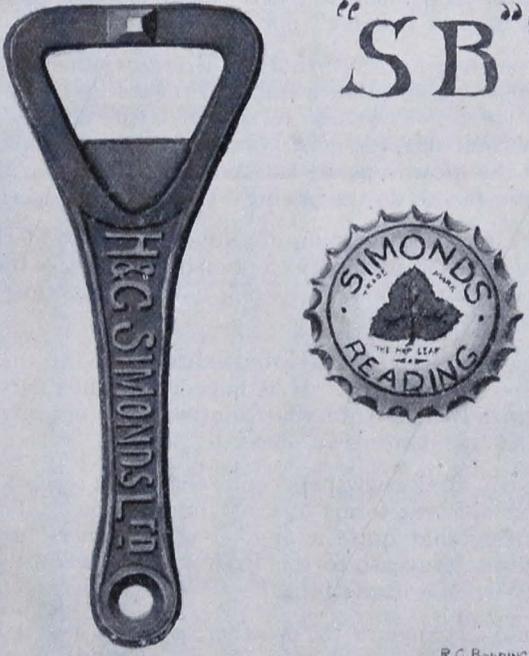
"Neither had I," replied the other.

"Really? How did you manage it?" asked the young man, in a surprised tone.

"I'm the host," came the reply.

"THE KEY"
TO A BETTER BEER!

ASK FOR
"SB"!



R. G. BODDINGTON

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

KEEN WIFE (to husband, in cinema): "Those film actors don't always do those wonderful tricks. I'm told they have a double."

BORED HUSBAND: "I don't blame them. I'm going out to have one myself in a few minutes."

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE has become—like the usual Reading Football Club away-from-home defeat—such a regular and well established feature of our life that we now take it for granted. The magazines come in from the Printers invariably to time now, they are distributed both near and far with alacrity and “sold out” very quickly. In fact, we generally get enquiries for more. This is more or less due to the reason that there are now a regular band of contributors who are kept well up to time with their various effusions, so all the Editor has to do—he does it well—is to write his own interesting contributions, wield his blue pencil and see that all is bliss at Bradley’s our printers.

It is pleasing to record that the Brewery suffered no casualties on November 5th and that a full staff turned up the morning after the night before. It is safe to say that this date is becoming a more important one, for most youngsters seem to have a firework night and the grown-ups are not averse to joining in the fun even if they have also to do the paying—I write from experience.

Soon after the beginning of November most of the overtime for the staff finished, with the exception particularly of the Secretarial Department who have been having a very busy time for quite a long while.

We have had a visit from the auditors who, at the moment of writing, are still with us. It is hoped that their labours will be crowned with success and that another year of progress will be audited and found correct.

In nearly all the newspapers nowadays you read of the wonders effected by different forms of yeast preparations. It is therefore not surprising that quite a number of customers bring jars and other utensils for yeast to the Brewery. It will be remembered that the Wise Men came from the (Y)East.

With the change in the weather, we have had a few cases of illness amongst the staff. Mr. A. H. Hopkins (Correspondence Office) has had a nasty spell of “Flu,” &c. and Mr. H. Shepherd (Resident Clerk) has been away for a while.

The day and night of the gale caused a good deal of damage. The Brewery Tree swayed in the wind in alarming fashion but weathered it O.K. A large elm tree in the garden of the “Griffin,” Caversham, was blown down. Fortunately no one was hurt, but a Boathouse was partly demolished. Mrs. Taylor (our Tenant) informed me they were all very frightened when it crashed and waited till the next morning before surveying the damage.

Simonds’ Concert Party are enjoying extraordinary popularity just now, having to refuse engagements. I should imagine their experiences would cause considerable amusement if recorded in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE in the same racy way as related to us by Mr. E. H. Kelly, one of the popular members of the Party. Shows at Farnborough, Welford Park (near Newbury), Inkpen (highest point in Berkshire, please note) and Wallingford in one week is very good going.

Should anyone still be desirous of joining the new Cycle of the H. & G. Simonds’ Savings Association which has just started and will call at the Correspondence Office they will be quickly enlightened as to the benefits and even more quickly relieved of their surplus cash.

Football has been a burning topic and the critics have discussed—some may even have “cussed”—the position in all its phases. I will not venture into the realms of prophecy myself, but still have hopes of improvement being shown.

We shall see.

W.D.

SOCIAL CLUB.

Saturday, 3rd November. We paid our first visit to the Comrades Club at Sunninghill, when a Tournament of all games was held and the trip was greatly enjoyed by all who went. Mr. C. Bennett kindly assisted in conveying some of the party to and from the village and stayed the evening.

Friday, 16th November. We had the pleasure of entertaining Members of the Salisbury Club, Reading, in a Tournament of all games. A good muster of both teams turned up and a convivial evening was spent.

Thursday, 22nd November. A “feast” of Billiards was provided for our Members when a Billiards Team from the Conservative Club, Windsor, paid us a visit. Although we suffered a heavy defeat, we all thoroughly enjoyed the evening and look forward to our return visit early in the New Year. At the conclusion of the games, Mr. Blake gave a most wonderful demonstration of what can be done on the billiards table which caused much amazement and applause.

The results of the games were as follows:—

<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>			<i>Windsor Conservative Club.</i>		
A. Howard	...	82	v.	W. Blake	... 200
R. Clement	...	200	v.	A. J. Spiller	... 173
A. Dalton	...	90	v.	T. J. Bolton	... 150
F. Braisher	...	96	v.	F. C. Huckler	... 150
R. Broad	...	100	v.	P. Harrison	... 92
J. B. Doe	...	129	v.	W. Butler	... 150
H. Davis	...	142	v.	A. J. Butler	... 150
C. Weller	...	72	v.	W. Wheatley	... 100
<hr/>				<hr/>	
911				1165	

DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

FRIDAY, 9TH NOVEMBER, 1928.

<i>Games.</i>	<i>CELLARS.</i>		<i>COOPERS.</i>	
	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Points.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Points.</i>
Billiards	D. Rose	...	R. Griffiths	...
"	W. Curtis	...	C. Weller	...
"	J. Rumens	...	W. Sparks	...
Dominoes	H. Nickless	...	C. Latimer	...
"	W. Wheeler	...	H. Plank	...
"	H. Holloway	...	T. Williams	...
Crib	H. Holloway	...	A. Dolton	...
"	J. Benford	...	G. Kelly, Junr.	...
"	A. Simpkins	...	C. Latimer	...
Shove Halfpenny	W. Kirke	...	F. Oliver	...
"	J. Gough	...	A. Weight	...
"	J. Maslen	...	G. Kelly, Junr.	...
Darts	J. Wetherall	...	G. Kelly	...
"	A. Shiers	...	A. Weight	...
"	D. Rose	...	C. Weller	...
Shooting	H. Shiers	...	T. Bartholomew	...
"	J. Salisbury	...	H. Clements	...
"	W. Kibble	...	W. Sparks	...
		<hr/>	<hr/>	
		9	9	

FRIDAY, 23RD NOVEMBER, 1928.

<i>Games</i>	<i>REST.</i>		<i>THE OFFICES.</i>	
	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Points.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Points.</i>
Billiards	S. Bird	...	H. Davis	...
"	F. Braisher	...	L. Brown	...
"	F. Cross	...	R. Broad	...
Dominoes	J. Edgington	...	C. Perrin	...
"	F. Collins	...	F. Josey	...
"	H. Stanbrook	...	W. Bradford	...
Crib	C. Thatcher	...	F. Josey	...
"	J. Croft	...	H. Shepherd	...
"	W. Newport	...	H. Davis	...
Shove Halfpenny	G. Humphries	...	C. Cox	...
"	A. Nash	...	H. Shepherd	...
"	J. Howell	...	H. Osborne	...
Darts	G. Humphries	...	R. Broad	...
"	J. Cannon	...	W. H. Wild	...
"	F. Shipton	...	L. Browne	...
Shooting	J. Croft	...	H. Osborne	...
"	H. Prater	...	S. Moore	...
"	F. Jones	...	H. James	...
		<hr/>	<hr/>	
		10½	7½	

BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

DIVISION I.

MONDAY, 29TH OCTOBER, 1928.

<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>		<i>Curzon Club.</i>			
A. Howard	...	150	v.	C. Beasley	... 145
R. Clement	...	109	v.	E. Alexander	... 150
A. Dalton	...	150	v.	E. Holmes	... 127
G. Boddington	...	150	v.	J. Gatenby	... 148
F. Braisher	...	100	v.	J. Smith	... 150
R. Griffiths	...	150	v.	E. Parkins	... 65
Handicap		...	50	<hr/>	
		859			785

Winning Team, H. & G. S. Social by 74 points.

MONDAY, 5TH NOVEMBER, 1928.

<i>Curzon Club.</i>		<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>			
E. Alexander	...	150	v.	A. Howard	... 142
J. Gatenby	...	150	v.	R. Clement	... 72
E. Holmes	...	150	v.	A. Dalton	... 28
J. Smith	...	150	v.	G. Boddington	... 99
J. Rose	...	150	v.	F. Braisher	... 92
E. Parkins	...	150	v.	R. Griffiths	... 112
Handicap		...	50	<hr/>	
		900			595

Winning Team, Curzon Club by 305 points.

MONDAY, 19TH NOVEMBER, 1928.

<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>		<i>Caversham Constitutional.</i>			
A. Howard	...	94	v.	E. Hall	... 150
R. Clement	...	150	v.	T. Abull	... 124
A. Dalton	...	146	v.	G. Willoughby	... 150
G. Boddington	...	150	v.	F. Rideout	... 97
F. Braisher	...	150	v.	A. Knight	... 133
R. Griffiths	...	150	v.	J. Jackson	... 107
Handicap		...	75	<hr/>	
		840			836

Winning Team, H. & G. S. Social by 4 points.

DIVISION II.

MONDAY, 29TH OCTOBER, 1928.

<i>Earley W.M. Club.</i>		<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>			
A. Lewington	...	100	v.	R. Broad	... 40
E. Lavell	...	100	v.	H. Davis	... 83
H. Bungay	...	72	v.	J. Doe	... 100
A. Bailey	...	100	v.	C. Weller	... 89
A. Mileham	...	100	v.	E. Palmer	... 79
A. Taylor	...	100	v.	W. Sparks	... 88
Handicap		...	25	<hr/>	
		597			479

Winning Team, Earley W.M. Club by 118 points.

MONDAY, 5TH NOVEMBER, 1928.

<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>			<i>Earley W.M. Club.</i>		
R. Broad	100	<i>v.</i>	A. Lewington ...	75
H. Davis	100	<i>v.</i>	E. Lavell ...	67
J. Doe	100	<i>v.</i>	G. Polden ...	67
C. Weller	100	<i>v.</i>	A. Bailey ...	86
W. Sparks	53	<i>v.</i>	A. Mileham ...	100
E. Palmer	100	<i>v.</i>	A. Taylor ...	92
				Handicap ...	25
		553			512

Winning Team, H. & G. S. Social by 41 points.

MONDAY, 12TH NOVEMBER, 1928.

<i>Balfour Club.</i>			<i>H. & G. S. Social.</i>		
C. Snow	39	<i>v.</i>	R. Broad ...	100
C. Cooper	100	<i>v.</i>	H. Davis ...	45
P. W. Short	90	<i>v.</i>	J. Doe ...	100
F. G. White	100	<i>v.</i>	C. Weller ...	66
F. H. Hill...	98	<i>v.</i>	G. Poole ...	100
A. Ireland	100	<i>v.</i>	W. Sparks ...	62
Handicap ...		35			
		562			473

Winning Team, Balfour Club by 89 points.

COMING EVENTS.

Monday, December 3rd	Billiards League, Div. I. <i>v.</i> Caversham Constitutional (away).
	Billiards League, Div. II. <i>v.</i> Caversham St. Anne's (home).
Wednesday .. 5th	Partner Whist Drive.
Friday .. 7th	Departmental Tournaments. Coopers <i>v.</i> Building.
Monday .. 10th	Billiards League, Div. I. <i>v.</i> Central Liberal Club (home).
	Billiards League, Div. II. <i>v.</i> Caversham St. Anne's (away).
Wednesday .. 12th	Partner Whist Drive.
Friday .. 14th	Trade Union Club Visit (home). Tournament of all games.
Monday .. 17th	Billiards League, Div. I. <i>v.</i> Central Liberal Club (away).
Wednesday .. 19th	Partner Whist Drive.
Friday .. 21st	Departmental Tournament. Beer Cellars <i>v.</i> The Rest.
Monday .. 31st	Billiards League, Div. II. <i>v.</i> Berks Mounted Territorial Club (home).

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

The Club Annual Dinner will be held on Monday, January 14th, 1929, at which Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds has promised to preside. All Members wishing to attend should make an early application for tickets as the number, as in previous years, will be strictly limited.

Further details in our January issue.

OUR SHORT STORY.

A Thrilling Narrative by F.K.

Mr. Septimus Blendle walked home under the stars to his trim little villa at Bankstead, filled with a spirit of ineffable complacency! And well he might be, for had he not reached the height of his ambition? That very evening he had been elected Vicar's Warden at the fashionable church of St. Cuthberts, and incidentally scored over his cousin, Malcolm Dent, who had openly boasted that Septimus would not have a ghost of a chance and he himself would be the favoured candidate.

Mr. Septimus Blendle was a solicitor in the city. In his suburban home his neighbours looked upon him as a God-fearing man, in fact, a model citizen, a man of whom no evil could be said. Punctually at 9 o'clock in the morning his elderly manservant, Marlow, drove him to the city, and punctually at six in the evening he returned. Some people said that he was a woman hater. He was never seen talking to one and he had no female servants. Marlow was cook, valet and chauffeur at the Grange, and had been with his employer for twenty-five years, serving him faithfully and well.

Twenty years before, Blendle had fallen in love with May Stafford, the daughter of his partner, Elton Stafford. He worshipped the very ground she walked on, and although she did not return his love, she liked his company, for he was so gentle and courteous, unlike other men she knew. Her father, when approached by Septimus for his daughter's hand, was delighted and told May it would be a splendid match for her. At last, she consented and Septimus was in the seventh heaven of delight until one unfortunate night at his house he introduced her to Malcolm Dent. May was fascinated by the debonnaire Malcolm, who seemed to exercise some extraordinary influence over her, and a month later she broke the tidings to Blendle that their engagement must end; she was marrying Dent in a month's time. Septimus, sorely stricken, mastered his great grief. Outwardly, he was the same punctilious calm business man, but in his heart there burned a hatred of Dent which nothing could quench, and although May had died a year ago his hatred of the man who had robbed him of happiness still existed.

Septimus was greatly perturbed one stormy night in March when Marlow, always so punctual, did not arrive at the offices of Stafford and Blendle to take him home. After waiting an hour, he decided to go to Bankstead by train. Hurrying home from the station, he was met at his door by Mrs. Brown, Marlow's widowed

sister, who in agitated tones told him that her brother had fallen whilst pruning a tree, broken his leg and had been taken to hospital. Could she help him in the house at all?

Mr. Blendle, greatly upset, thanked her and said he would be glad of her services whilst Marlow was away, but she must not sleep in the house, but return home each evening. After getting Mr. Blendle's dinner, and tidying up, she bade her new employer good-night, saying she would be there at 7 o'clock next morning. Blendle retired to his study after dinner. He was tired. The events of the day had upset him and he fell into a deep sleep which was broken by a ring at the doorbell. Opening the door, he saw Malcolm Dent. "I should like a little talk with you, Septimus," he said, "but where is the faithful Marlow?" "He has had an accident," replied Blendle, shortly, leading the way into his study. He motioned his visitor into a chair and said abruptly, "Well, what is it you want with me." Dent, with a sneer on his thin lips replied, "I congratulate you on your election, which I should have won but for some scandal circulated about me." "And who, pray, would trouble about doing that," said Blendle calmly. Dent, with his face suddenly distorted with passion, shouted, "It was you, you hypocrite. You have always hated me, ever since I won May from you." At the mention of his lost love's name, Blendle saw red. Snatching a heavy paper weight from the table, he smashed it on Dent's head with all his force. There was a crash: Dent staggered back and fell in an inert heap on the floor. Blendle bent over him "Speak to me, Dent," he cried in his agony, but the figure remained horribly still, with the blood trickling down from his head on to the carpet. He was dead! How he stared, thought Blendle. He must get away from those eyes. He must think out what to do. Covering the dead man's face with his handkerchief, he tiptoed to the door, switched off the light, and groped his way to the dining room. How horribly still everything was, the clock on the mantelpiece ticked loudly, seeming to say "You did it!" "You did it!" Mixing himself a stiff glass of whisky, he sat down and tried to think. If he could only get the body into the garage, he might get it into the car and drive it to some lonely spot where it would be found. No suspicion would rest on him. They would think Dent had been assaulted and robbed. Yes, he would take his watch and chain and turn out his pockets. He could explain the blood away on the carpet to Mrs. Brown by saying he had cut his finger. He poured a tumblerful of whiskey out and drained it at a gulp. He must make haste.

Moving silently along the hall, he came to the dreaded room. Grasping the handle of the door he swung it open and turned on the light. Taking the dead man's chain he broke it in halves

leaving a portion in the buttonhole, and then took the watch and placed it in his own pocket. He took a wallet from the breast pocket and turned the other pockets inside out. Yes, it would look like a case of robbery, he thought. Now to get the body to the garage. How heavy it seemed! A peremptory knock came at the door. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Had any one seen him? He noticed the blind was not quite down at the bottom. Hurriedly switching off the light, he went into the hall, and turned on the light there. Another knock echoed through the house. Should he take flight at the back? No, perhaps nothing had been seen. He put his hand on the latch and boldly flung open the front door. A burly policeman stood there. Blendle's face blanched and he swayed unsteadily. "Beg pardon, Sir," said the policeman, "I should like to see you on a little matter, but you don't seem very well." "No," replied Blendle in a hoarse whisper, "My servant has had an accident, and I feel upset. What is it you want." "Well, seeing a light in your window" said the policeman, "I took the liberty of calling and seeing if you would buy a ticket for the police concert." "Yes, yes," said Blendle, feeling in his pocket. "Give me a dozen." He fumbled with the wallet in his hand. Good heavens, it was Dent's wallet. He reeled and lurched forward into the policeman's arms. "'Ere hold up Sir," said the constable, but Blendle had fainted for the first time in his life. The burly policeman carried him into the first room he came to, and striking a match, found the switch and turned on the light. "How do you feel now Sir?" he said, bending over Blendle. Blendle murmured feebly "What has happened?" "Well Sir," began the policeman "you— why what's this?" He lifted the handkerchief from the terrible staring eyes of the body on the floor. "Why he's dead!" He turned and looked curiously at the drawn face of the other man, a face wet with perspiration.

Taking his handcuffs out he approached Blendle.

"Are you coming quietly?" he said. Blendle held out his wrists and the two men went out into the night.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

An Old Age Pension officer was questioning a woman regarding her affairs. "Have you ever been in the hands of the police?" he asked. She hung her head. "Come along, you must tell the truth." "Well," she said, "in my young days I was a cook, and you know girls will be girls. But still," she added proudly, "he was a sergeant."

THE GEORGE HOTEL, READING

Great improvements are being carried out at the George Hotel, Reading. These include a new dining room upstairs, called the George V. room, a new dining room downstairs, and a fine new entrance hall and lounge. There is also a modern kitchen with all the latest improvements. Mr. Robinson is the manager of this ancient inn. Both he and his wife are deservedly popular and attract an ever-increasing number of customers to this famous hotel.

A few words concerning its history may prove interesting.

In this busy age there is little time or inclination to study or try to picture what the life of a town like Reading was 400 years ago. It had its parish churches, St. Mary's and St. Giles', but the services and ritual, as at the Abbey, were then being carried out within their walls. The Grey Friars were in Friar Street, then called Gutter Lane, where Greyfriars' church and schools now stand. There were several mills (one of which, the Abbey Mill, is still in use) and businesses owned by the Guild Merchants, who provided for the wants of the inhabitants and also for those of the Abbey. There were few streets; Reading in those days was little more than a village, the population being only about 2,000. The "George Hotel," remotely known as "The George Inn," was established in 1506, in the 21st year of the reign of Henry VII., who founded Reading School in 1485. He reigned 24 years, died in 1509, and was succeeded by Henry VIII. The old Yield or Guild Hall, at the back of Minster Street, forming part of the property now in the occupation of Messrs. Wilder, was then, and up to nearly the end of the 16th century, used as the Town Hall. No map of the town then existed, and not until a century afterwards, when John Speed produced his about the year 1610, was there anything of the kind. This was very small and quaint in appearance, having the houses as well as other buildings, churches, etc., marked upon it. Reading was not paved until about the middle of the 16th century, when flints and round pebbles were used for the purpose. No doubt the greatest event which occurred in Reading in the 16th century was the dissolution of the Abbey. So much has been written of late years respecting the Abbey that people are now much better enlightened as to the mode of life carried on within its walls than they were formerly. It is a matter of regret that no picture exists showing the church and the vast buildings it comprised in its palmy days. The State papers for 1539 (Henry VII.) contain a report of a conversation which took place at "The George Inn" at Reading on the Thursday before Palm Sunday of that year, between Sir Thomas Brown, Vicar of

Tilehurst (then called Tylars), and another clergyman, named Grauntham, and others, when a complaint was made against the Bishop of Lincoln, that he prayed not for the King, nor spoke against the Bishop of Rome. This took place a few months before the dissolution of Reading Abbey, which occurred in the autumn of that year.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A man, who smelt badly of whisky, ran all the way home, so as to be out of breath when his wife met him at the door.

The following howlers are the actual experience of one of H.M. Army Schoolmasters with whom we came into contact at one of the Military centres:—

"The Indian Mutiny was fought at Ladysmith, where Lord Roberts went to the relief of Livingstone."

"The *Birkenhead* was commanded by Sir Walter Raleigh and was wrecked off the coast of India owing to icebergs."

"White Australia derives its name from the mountains in the central plains which are covered with snow all the year round."

"I do not believe in the principle of Local Option, which, in my opinion, is a much more vicious principle than Prohibition. Even a majority has no right to impose upon a minority its views about moral action, individual habits, general politics, or anything else essentially personal."—*Mr. Montague, the Labour M.P. for West Islington.*

Never put off till to-morrow the beer you can have to-day.

VISITOR (speaking of little boy): "He has his mother's eyes."

MOTHER: "And his father's mouth."

CHILD (loudly): "And his brother's trousers."

The prim old lady was dining one evening, and while the waiter was standing by the table she asked him to find out the title of the piece the orchestra was playing.

Other duties claimed the waiter for a time, and when he returned, the lady had completely forgotten her request. Imagine her confusion, when he bent towards her, and softly whispered: "What Can I Do to Make You Love Me?"

BRANCHES.

GIBRALTAR.

We are now in the transition period of the weather lords, changing rapidly from summer to winter. After an absence of six months, the rain has come along and those who have lived on the Rock know how welcome that is; it saves our purse and also our tempers, for in the summer, with so many calls on his services, the man who supplies the water is often late. Our friends in England would appreciate our situation, no doubt, for while we often have a plentiful supply of the famous brands in our cellar, we are often very short of water, and who wants a bottle of ??? in the early morning; besides a very eminent medical authority in one of the leading daily papers advises us to drink plenty of water and for health's sake one must follow that advice. Although, in our little domain where one relies on the rainy season to fill one's tank to keep the supply going for the remainder of the year, one must be temperate even with water. Still, dear reader, do not think we are complaining; we can still purchase two bottles of "food" cheaper than you can get one in the Old Country.

With the change of weather we are commencing the racing season, which should prove very interesting and provide some extra good sport. We have several new ponies and they appear promising. We are now anxiously awaiting to see our favourite colours pass the post, and our ticket exchanged at the Box for fairly good odds. Needless to mention, the "Tote" is very much in evidence here, and we do not see the gentleman with the famous bag and the smile on his cigar-decorated mouth.

Polo has given way to hunting. Football and hockey are in full swing, except, of course, when our dear old friend Haywards sends the old familiar message: "All grounds are out of play."

His Excellency General Sir Alexander John Godley, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., A.D.C., accompanied by Lady Godley and Lieutenant G. H. W. Baird, Seaforth Highlanders, A.D.C., arrived in the P. & O. S.S. *Ranchi* on October 16th. The Governor's barge came alongside Ragged Staff about 10.30 a.m. and, as His Excellency stepped ashore, a salute of seventeen guns was fired by the Royal Artillery. The Royal Artillery also furnished a Guard of Honour at Ragged Staff, and the "Royal Salute" was given on the arrival and departure of His Excellency.

The route from Ragged Staff to Government House was lined by the Royal Navy, the Royal Marines, the Army, the Dockyard Police, the Girl Guides and Boy Scouts. Outside Government



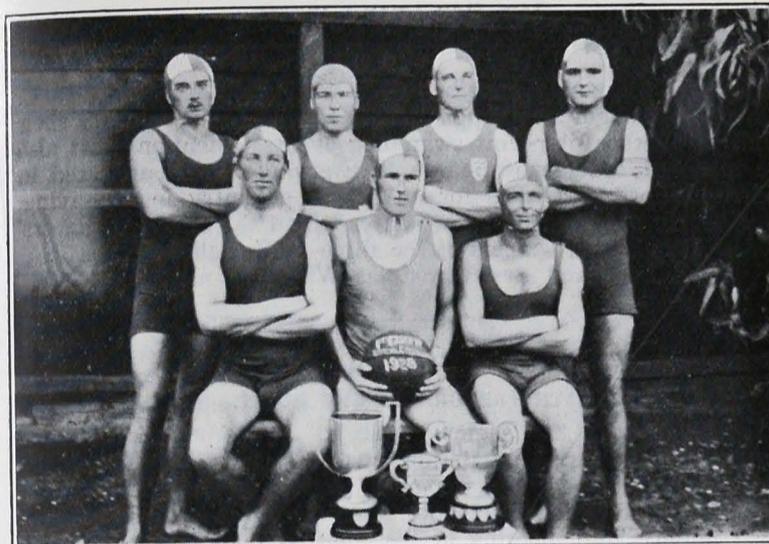
Photograph taken at Government House on the occasion of an official visit paid by His Excellency General Don Mario Muslera, Governor of Algeciras, to His Excellency the Governor of Gibraltar and the Rear-Admiral in Charge and Admiral Superintendent of H. M. Dockyard. (8/11/28)

House, a Guard of Honour was mounted by the 2nd Battn. East Surrey Regiment with Band and Drums under the command of Captain G. R. P. Roupell, V.C. After inspecting the Guard of Honour, His Excellency entered Government House and was duly installed as Governor and Commander-in-Chief. The Chief Justice of Gibraltar, His Honour Sir Sydney C. K. F. Nettleton, Kt., administered the Oaths of Allegiance to Office, and this fact was communicated to the public by a further salute of seventeen guns fired by the Royal Artillery from the Saluting Battery.

Several interesting and spectacular military events have taken place since His Excellency's inspection of the various Units in the Fortress. The visit of His Excellency General Don Mario Muslera, Governor of Algeciras, and, of course, the Armistice Ceremony at the Cross of Sacrifice. This is a most impressive ceremony carried out, as we believe, in a manner somewhat similar to that which takes place at the Cenotaph in London, but, of course, on a much smaller scale. However, the writer is perfectly certain that all those who were able attended this most important annual ceremony to do honour to "Our Glorious Dead." We in the Colony cherish their memory, and join with the Mother Country in immortalising those who gave their all that civilisation might live.

On the social side, events have been multitudinous—Dances, Whist Drives, Dinners, Tombala, etc. The most important to chronicle was the 2nd Battn. East Surreys' Dance at the Garrison Gymnasium. Carried out in the East Surreys' way, the Dance was a huge success, about 400 being present. An orchestra from the Regimental Band supplied the music. The Entertainment Committee and the M.C.'s carried out their duties very efficiently and earned the gratitude of all. The Surrey's Dances are social events not to be missed in Gibraltar, and we look with regret to this Regiment's departure for the United Kingdom, which we now understand will take place in May next.

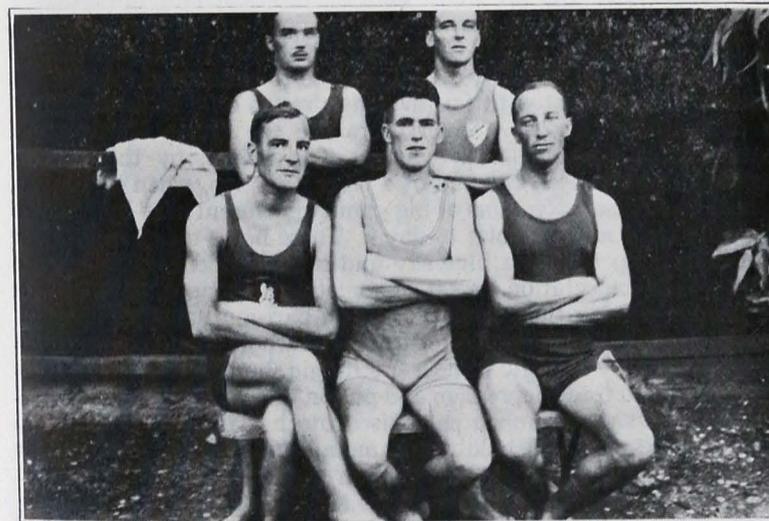
It is laid down that the Romans were highly skilled in engineering, but that is apart from the topic. What we should like to know is whether "Simonds" had anything to do with the favourable report of the Royal Engineers in the Sports Circle this summer. To demonstrate may probably take up all available space in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, but we would like to mention that the outstanding feature of the Garrison Aquatic Sports was the success of the 1st (Fortress) Company Royal Engineers, who carried all before them in the individual and Inter-Unit competitions, thereby retaining the Challenge Cup with 34 points out of a possible 40—a most creditable performance. Corporal Hunt, L/Corporal Estorffe and L/Corporal Joyce were responsible for the success in the



R.E. GIBRALTAR WATER POLO TEAM.

Winners 1928: Palestrino's Cup, Inter-Company Cup, Inter-Regimental Cup.
Standing, left to right: L.-Cpl. Joyce, Spr. Tindall, Spr. Maule,
L.-Cpl. Duddridge.

Sitting, left to right: Lieut. Loftus-Tottenham, Cpl. Hunt, Spr. Oxley.



ROYAL ENGINEERS

Winners of the Gibraltar Garrison Aquatic Sports Individual Prizes and Challenge Cup, 1928.

Standing, left to right: L.-Cpl. Joyce, Spr. Maule.

Sitting, left to right: L.-Cpl. Estorffe, Cpl. Hunt, Lieut. Loftus-Tottenham.

individual swimming contests, and with Lieutenant H. T. L. Loftus-Tottenham and Sapper Maule gained the verdict for their Unit in all the Inter-Unit swimming events. Mention must also be made of L/Sergeant Sharpe, R.E., whose name appeared in Garrison Fortress Orders for an act of gallantry in life-saving. Our hearty congratulations are extended to the Royal Engineers' Water Polo Team, winners of the three 1928 challenge cups.

Good Luck and Best Christmas Wishes to all readers.

MALTA.

THE RETURN OF THE FLEET.

"The Fleet!" Magic words to two hundred thousand industrious and thrifty inhabitants struggling for a living in a water-bound island of sixty square miles. There is very little chance of one forgetting the exact date when the Fleet is due to return, each mighty ship mooring at her allotted buoy, transforming a bleak but magnificent harbour into a great beehive, busy all day long, with shoals of gondola-shaped boats with funny fishes painted on their bows and still more funny names, such as "Mary, Upshegoes," plying to and fro as if their very existence depended upon it.

With Jack Tar on shore and the approach of Christmas a brilliant social season begins. Everyone finds amusement according to his lights. The Royal Opera with its imported Italian artists is very much patronised by all officers and the galaxy of resplendent uniforms in contrast with fair evening dresses on a Saturday night is a sight for the eye. Then there are the Horse Races every Saturday on the Marsa racecourse. The Marsa, by the way, is reputed to have been the bed of a river ages ago, when Malta was joined to Africa. Remains of big game were found near-by. There are only frogs and tadpoles to-day! These horse races, in brilliant sunshine tempered by a blue sky and a cold wind that leaves one with a keen expectation for tea or something stronger, draw crowds of people, staking their little bit on the pari-mutuel system, which does not seem to bring much return. The whole island comes to life as if touched by a magic wand. Lethargic shopkeepers forget to be surly owing to trade depression and put on their best selling manners. Every cycle shop, so much patronised by the sailor, patches up old relics of the past and boldly informs all and sundry, through the medium of some patchy lettering on a piece of cardboard, that "First-class cycles and motor cycles let out on hire." The refractory motor cycle provides more excitement as it is generally pushed half of the way, and when it does go does not give timely warning of its good intentions. Trade, in general, takes on a stimulus that is gladdening even to the uninterested and uninitiated; those who

somehow never seem to find any amusement in work and are content to watch life, in its endless stream, from street corners. The shaky "garry," known better as a "carozzi" here, whose owner is learning how to handle gears and steering wheels to keep pace with modern changes, rattles gaily along on asphalt streets at all hours of the day and night full of rollicking sailors whose apparent ambition in life is to spend as much as they can, leaving the rest to luck.

Malta is busy: busy reorganising and transforming herself from an old fortress with old, old buildings into a centre for the tourist, to take her place in the world as a "Key to the Mediterranean" should. The traffic problem has arrived, too, and to meet it wide roads are being constructed with better lighting and better side-walks. The old oil lamp has had its day and looks forlorn and solitary in the very villages where it once held sway. That old bugbear, dust, so much to the fore here, is being firmly eliminated by tarring the roads. Rapid bus transit to all parts of the island at cheap rates is distributing the population and relieving the congested towns. Waste land is being bought and converted into workmen's dwellings, houses, garages and shops. There seems to be plenty of money. Perhaps the idea of safely lodging it in a bank, so much the custom here, is changing into something more enterprising to the benefit of all. But—a big "but"—the Fleet is the mainstay, and this year we are wondering if all the big ships and flotillas of smaller units will find room in the harbour. Some are sure to go to the outer bays, which are not so sheltered but serviceable. We are looking forward to brisk business and—a Happy Christmas.

Through these columns we wish to our Directors, the Staff at the Brewery and Branches, and all readers, the heartiest of the Season's Greetings.

W.M.H.

PORTSMOUTH.

THE ROYAL PORTLAND HOTEL.

The "Long Bar of the Troc." is, we all know, the Mecca of returned exiles, both Service and Civil, who have been doing their job of work in one or another of the outposts of our British Empire. But there is another Mecca in England to which the thoughts of such exiles turn in the midst of their loneliness, or when the ship which brings them home on their "spot of leave" nears England's shores. Not so well known as the "Long Bar" perhaps, not so much in the midst of the glaring noisiness and turmoil which means

civilisation to the exile, not so pretentious ; but, rather is it homely, a spot where one can greet old friends and exchange quiet reminiscences whilst pledging their healths with draughts of good, honest English ale.

The Royal Portland Hotel, Southsea, which stands modestly back amidst the trees which flourish so pleasantly in Kent Road, has been intimately connected with all branches of our fighting forces since it was first built about 1850 ; and many are the distinguished officers who have at some time or other spent a cheery hour or two in the cosy little smoking-room.

It is safe to say that there can be few spots on the globe where Englishmen have occasion to meet, which have not heard voices speaking longingly of "The Portland," of the excellence of the liquor sold there, of the hospitality of its host (Mr. Winten Wainwright), recently retired. The popular and genial young Mr. Leslie Yeowell is now the proprietor with the former owner's nephew, "Jimmy" Wainwright, as his able and versatile manager.

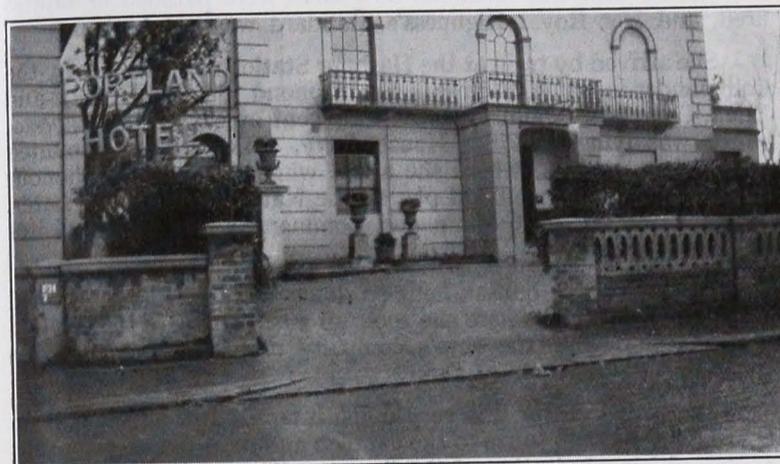
During the war "The Portland" was *the* rendezvous in Portsmouth and Southsea for officers of the Army and Navy, and it is sad to think of the many who said "Cheerio" in there over a glass of English beer for the last time. But, happily, there were many who returned to give the old greeting, some with the ribbons of the V.C. and other coveted distinctions upon their breasts.

The clientele of "The Portland," however, is by no means limited to those who serve the God of War. The disciples of the Moloch of Commerce know the house well and for decades the hotel has been a "home-from-home" to many a weary commercial traveller in pursuit of elusive orders. As a matter of fact, it is as a commercial house that "The Portland" excels ; its spacious stock rooms, the excellent catering, its comfort and, last but not least, the fact that "S.B." is sold there make it the inevitable stopping-place for the majority of travellers who visit the town.

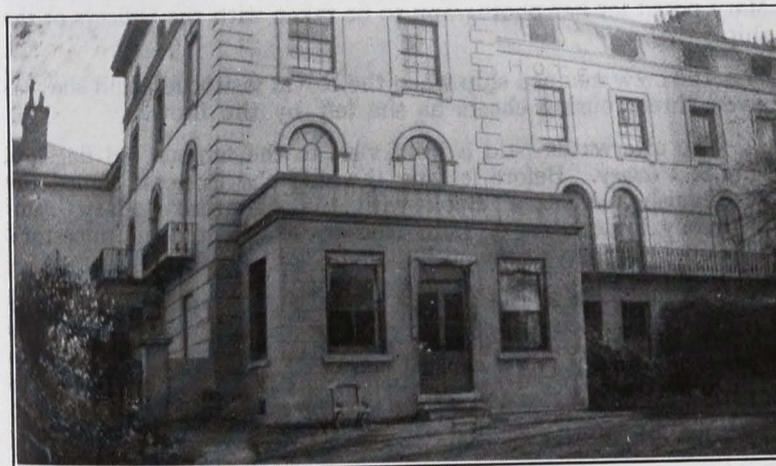
If war and commerce have had their share in making the hotel famous, so also have the three arts, for in the past days world-famous musicians, singers and actors have given of their best in the old Portland hall. Its walls have echoed to the eloquence of famous authors and poets. There have been fine art exhibitions there and not a few well-known artists have stayed at the hotel. Captain Bruce Bairnsfather for a period used to entertain friends with swift-drawn caricatures of smoke-room habitués.

In the hall also many prominent politicians have thundered forth their soul-stirring appeals and whispered their never-fulfilled promises to packed and, at times, stormy gatherings.

We could tell you more—considerably* more—about this favoured hostelry, but space is limited. Visit the place next time you go to "Pompey" and discover for yourself its many attractions and do not forget to sample *the* beer.



Front entrance of the "Royal Portland Hotel," Southsea.



Side view of the "Royal Portland Hotel," Southsea.

PRIVATE VISIT OF PRINCESS MARY TO PORTSMOUTH.
H.R.H. Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles honoured Portsmouth by paying a private visit to the city to inspect the new

Australian cruiser, H.M.A.S. *Canberra*. This vessel was launched last year on the Clyde by Princess Mary and will leave England for Australia early in December.

As the visit was unofficial no guards were paraded or salutes fired, and Her Royal Highness's Standard was not broken.

She arrived by train at the Harbour Station and was met by the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Osmond de B. Brock, and Lieut.-Com. L. F. Gilling, R.A.N., and went by car to the *Canberra*, which was lying at Pitch House Jetty. The Princess mounted to the quarter-deck, where she stood while the guard of honour saluted and the ship's band played the National Anthem. Later, accompanied by the Captain and Commander, the Royal visitor inspected the ship.

After spending half-an-hour so doing Princess Mary returned to the quarter-deck, where she took up a position with the Captain and Officers, while the ship's company marched past with the band playing "Hearts of Oak."

The Royal visitor was very much interested in all she saw on board from torpedo tubes to the canteen and mess decks, where she expressed her admiration of the flowers. The modern bakeries on board attracted her as much as anything. Before lunch Princess Mary posed for her photograph to be taken with the Officers of the ship.

The crew manned ship when the Royal visitor left and she was given three rousing cheers as she left by the brow.

She afterwards paid a brief visit to the famous old flagship, H.M.S. *Victory*. Before leaving the ship the Princess signed the Distinguished Visitors' Book with the signature "Mary" immediately under that of Lord Nelson, who visited his ancestor's flagship a few days previously.

A brief visit to the cockpit and the galley followed and the Princess expressed her thanks to the Officers with the words "Thank you very much; it has been very interesting" as she was "piped" over the side. She then entered the waiting car for a hurried ride to the Harbour Station to catch the 2.55 p.m. train for London.

PRESENTATION TO GRAND MASTER HEATHER.

The great part played by Oddfellowship in the founding and development of the benevolent movement in the Royal Navy was recalled in a speech by Bro. E. Heather, Grand Master of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, at a Dinner given in his honour

at the Oddfellows' Hall, Kingston Road, Portsmouth, by the Royal Naval Lodge of Oddfellows, of which Bro. Heather is the Secretary.

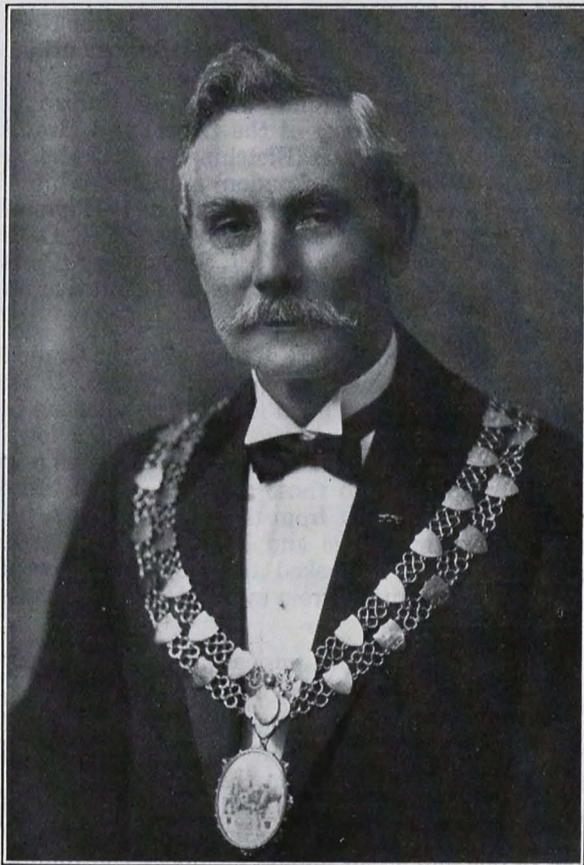
Four hundred guests were presided over by Bro. David Sholl, Noble Grand of the Lodge, who was supported by Bro. Heather and Mrs. Heather, Sir Bertram Falle, Bart., M.P. for North Portsmouth, Sir Harry Foster, M.P. for Central Portsmouth, Bro. The Rev. Hedley Burrows, Vicar of St. Stephen's, Bro. Major C. H. Hannington, J.P., Deputy Grand Master, A. Culpan (Halifax), Bro. H. A. Andrews (Secretary of the Order) and Mrs. Andrews, Past Grand Master B. Ashdown (Bletchingley) and Mrs. Ashdown, I.P.G.M. Herbert White (South London) and Mrs. White, Director T. R. Morgan (Reading), Director S. Barnes (Plymouth) and Prov. G.M.L. Lloyd Evans, P.P.G.M., Prov. D.G.M. F. O. Goodman, Prov. C.S. R. D. Gawn, I.P., D.G.M. F. S. Duxbury (Portsmouth), P.P.G.M. McDonald of Australia, and a representative number of local Oddfellows.

Bro. Lloyd Evans, proposing the toast of "The Grand Master," recounted a story of his meeting with one of Bro. Heather's old shipmates who knew him as a good fellow in the Persian Gulf forty years ago. Bro. Heather was a good man in Oddfellowship then and now he had risen to the Admiral's post. He was a wonderful asset to them and a help to those who were down. Bro. Evans asked Bro. Heather to accept from the Naval Lodge a painting of himself and an Austin-Twelve and Mrs. Heather a grandmother clock and silver ware. He asked their Grand Master and Mrs. Heather to accept the gifts as from every individual member of the Lodge.

The toast was drunk with musical honours and cheering.

Bro. Heather, who on rising to reply was received with loud cheering, said it was difficult for him to express what he felt. He had been very deeply touched by Bro. Evans' remarks. His career in the Navy was a long one and in the long commissions of years ago they used to form some very real friendships. He felt they realised they were doing him a great honour. To be Grand Master of an Order of one and a half million members, controlling approximately £24,000,000 and sending out in benefits £2,000,000 yearly, in addition to big sums for benevolent purposes, was a great honour indeed. Bro. Heather gave a short history of the Naval Lodge. In 1870, he said, the *Captain* foundered, and between 500 and 600 men were lost. There were some eighteen survivors. In those days there were no pensions for the widows and it was decided that it was about time the naval men had a Lodge of their own. The Directors of the Manchester Unity were approached, and on March 11th, 1871, the Naval Lodge came into being. Since then it had

done great benevolent work in the Navy and to-day was the largest and wealthiest Lodge in the Manchester Unity. He had been a member of the Lodge for forty-five years and Secretary for twenty-one years. The Lodge had accomplished a great deal in the Navy.



Bro. E. Heather, Grand Master of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows.

To-day there was scarcely a rank or rating in the Service without its Benevolent Society.

The Order had a wonderful future. It was now their mission to infuse the spirit and soul of the voluntary order into the National Health Insurance. This year had seen the political emancipation of women, said Bro. Heather, and the Order wanted them in its

ranks. In conclusion, he thanked them for their gifts and their reception.

Mrs. Heather also responded.

Bro. Major Hannington, J.P., testified to the splendid work of the Naval Lodge and in submitting "The Royal Naval Lodge," Major Hannington said he had been a member of the Lodge for eighteen years. Bro. Heather had said it was the biggest and wealthiest Lodge of the Order; he would add that it was the best managed. Their fund had reached the vast sum of £90,000. In the fifty-seven years of its existence it had done an enormous amount of good in fostering the virtue of thrift.

Bro. Sholl briefly replied.

"The Visitors" were toasted by Bro. A. G. Francis (Vice-Grand) and responded to by Bro. A. Culpán (Deputy Grand Master of the Order).

Instrumental music during the evening was provided by an Orchestra from the Royal Artillery (Portsmouth) Band. Miss Gladys Voile and Mr. Rex Burchell, Musician A. E. Stevens and Miss Jean Wells were the entertainers.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ARMISTICE IN PORTSMOUTH.

A great gathering of people numbering at least 25,000 assembled in the Portsmouth Guildhall Square on Sunday morning, November 11th. There were present the Senior Officers of H.M. Navy, Army, and Air Force in the Port, also the new Salvationist Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and Civic Authorities. The Service was conducted by the Lord Bishop of Portsmouth. Many beautiful wreaths were laid around the Cenotaph. For two hours after the Service there was a queue of people, regulated by the police, waiting to place their floral tributes in position.

A most impressive Memorial Service was held in the afternoon at St. Matthew's Church, Southsea, organised by the British Legion (Portsmouth Branch). The members of the Legion with their Band marched to the Church from the Guildhall. Many prominent people were amongst the congregation, including the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and the Commander-in-Chief of Portsmouth (Admiral Sir Osmond de B. Brock, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O.). The Lord Bishop of Portsmouth gave an appropriate address. The "Last Post" was sounded by the buglers of the Royal Artillery at the close of the Service. Wreaths were then laid before the Church War Memorial by the Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Legion and the Chairman of the Women's Section.

We send to our Directors and all at Reading and Branches the happiest of Christmas greetings.

NEWBURY.

SYDMONTON COURSING MEETING.

The above event took place last month and for the first time for several years under ideal conditions. One of my confreres and myself, never having witnessed a Coursing Meeting before, decided we should like to go. Unfortunately, we did not make up our minds until after the trains and bus had left, so the question of getting there was a problem to be solved if we were to see any of the sport. Neither of us being one of the "One in Twenty-three" or "One in Four" American motor-car owners, we finally decided to go on borrowed push bikes. Those who have any experience of hired bicycles will know what to expect. After having proceeded a few miles, I was coasting down one of those hills when I was surprised to hear my colleague shouting behind, and after dismounting, to my regret, I saw my companion on shanks' pony and carrying his bicycle on his shoulders. I was bursting with laughter, but he could not see the joke until after the puncture was mended. What he said would discolour the pages of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, so, Mr. Editor, I do not think I had better record them; but at the same time you will guess right. That affair being put right, we rode on until we came to the scene of the Meet at lunch-time. Next item was locating our van—our Company having again succeeded in obtaining supplies for the Meeting. Perhaps it is not widely known that the licence granted for the Meeting is an Occasional Licence for Boniface's Hundred Acre Field. After scouring over a couple of ploughed fields—and thus missing the entrance fee—we saw the luminous and happy face of "Bert" (our drayman). How that beer and pork pies (the latter we had thoughtfully taken with us) did go down, equal to a good lunch at the "Jack." I am not belittling the "Jack," but it was a glorious lunch. We had scarcely finished when the signal went to recommence the sport of the day. I cannot give you much description of coursing, but we only saw two hares who will provide, perhaps, some of the sport next year. Their lives were only saved by the "Slipper" failing to get the hounds sighted and away in time; in fact, the hounds were never slipped. We overheard one sportsman say he had been to Wembley once, but never again. I suppose there is really more thrill in open coursing than the electric hare; but the hare does not stand a "dog's chance." We did not get enough excitement of the coursing to keep us warm as did, perhaps, those financially interested, so we had to, between heats, recourse to F.O.S. The scene of the coursing lies on the Hampshire Downs on Lord Carnarvon's Estate, in one of the prettiest surroundings one could wish to see and, upon such a day as we were fortunate enough to have, requires some beating. What wonderful pictures nature paints at this time of the year. We rode home in

the dark and, needless to say, experienced trouble with lamps, and on one occasion pulled up just in time on the bank of a stream. Hailing a figure in the gloom, who materialised into "Bert," the drayman, he told us we had come a long way round, but soon remedied this by directing us to a short cut and we arrived home safe and sound. The fact of our Beers, etc., being at the Meeting, we were informed next day, there were no returns except casks and empty bottles—some said it was due to our presence.

After the extra work entailed through the annual audit we much appreciate our Secretary's kindness in granting us the necessary leave to enjoy such a glorious day in the open.

MR. G. H. DAVIES GOES TO THE "AXE AND COMPASS,"
NEWBURY.

Mr. G. H. Davies, who took over "The Axe and Compass," at Newbury, on November 23rd, has been at "The Five Bells," Riseley, for nearly five years, during which time it has become very popular both because Mr. Davies always served up "Simonds" in the best of condition and Mrs. Davies could always put up a real good country tea with plenty of "rabbits food." Mr. Davies served four years on the Committee of the Reading L.V. Association, and also on H. & G. Simonds' Retailers' Society. He has been active as a member of the R.A.O.B., having reached the degree of



The "Axe and Compass," Newbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Davies.

K.O.M., and is a Past P.G. Trustee of Reading Provincial. He is also very keen on Masonic work, being a member of the Landport Lodge, Portsmouth. He has for the past two years been Secretary of the Riseley Village Hall and was presented with a parting gift from the Committee on leaving the village.

Mr. Davies, who was born in Newbury, hopes to meet many old friends of his younger days in the town, where his father was at the old London County Bank, now the Westminster Bank.

Mrs. Davies has had a good share in her husband's work as she had to "carry on" when he has been away on various committees, etc., and all may feel sure of a welcome when calling at "The Axe and Compass," Newbury.

Mr. Davies has written several articles for THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE on naval subjects and has promised some more, and as he served in the Royal Navy for twenty-five years he knows his subject.

OBSERVANCE OF REMEMBRANCE DAY IN NEWBURY.

Owing to the Sunday cessation of all week-day tasks, the commemoration of the Tenth Anniversary of the Armistice brought a very large gathering in the vicinity of the War Memorial, enabling all Newbury to join in the act of homage with more fervour than ever before. Mothers, wives, fathers and relations of the glorious dead were present in large numbers, wearing the medals of their lost loved ones. A large number of beautiful tokens were placed at the foot of the Memorial, where also gathered around were the Mayor and Corporation with the symbols of civic state, the clergy and choir in their surplices, and in front paraded some 150 ex-soldiers wearing medals telling of service given to their country. The stillness of the Sabbath made more intense the solemnity of the Two Minutes' Silence, which was impressively observed. Many hearts were full, many heads bowed and eyes were laden with tears of remembrance while thoughts went back to the battlefields to meet old comrades in spirit. The important act was the dedication by the Rector of a new standard of the Newbury Branch of the British Legion, handsomely designed in blue and gold with the Union Jack in the top left quarter. The standard was dipped during the Silence.

The Last Post is sounded. We descend again to the Land of the Living, and move among young men of to-day who did not go through the fire. We must help them to remember the sacrifice of the men who died, and only in such remembrance can we redeem that sacrifice which has brought us peace and we hope a better world for the future.

SOME SEASONAL QUOTATIONS.

Heap on more wood, the wind is chill
But let it whistle as it will
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

* * * *

England was a Merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again,
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale,
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

—Scott.

* * * *

At Christmas play and make good cheer
For Christmas comes but once a year.

—T. Tusser.

* * * *

Never a Christmas morning,
Never the old year ends,
But somebody thinks of somebody,
Old days, old times, old friends.

—Anon.

* * * *

So now is come our joyfull'st feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.

—Anon.

* * * *

La façon de donner vaut mieux que ce qu'on donne.
(The manner of giving is worth more than the gift.)

—Corneille.

S.B.B.

NEWBURY.

It is ten weary hours since I left our old town
In old "Lizzie" the country to roam,
And how I long to return to the dear "Atlas Tap"
With little Mary and bag weighted down.
Last night as I slumbered I had a strange dream
That the pubs were now open all day,
I dreamt that the pint cups were made twice as big
And that beer was all given away.

I saw the "Five Alls" and they had run out
 'Twas a sight that made me wear a frown,
 But I listened with joy when a frothblower's boy
 Said "Your dray is now up at the "Crown."
 "Lizzie" was off in a second,
 Then came a sight that banished all sin
 For "Colonel" had got all the empties out and the full ones in.

I saw the dear landlords so happy and gay
 With bills they all knew they'd to pay,
 One of them said "If its causing no trouble
 The South Berks are so good I will pay you just double."
 He thought for a moment his head well bent
 Then suggested he paid me next year's rent.
 My eyes were shining brightly
 We had put down all the S.B. and Stout
 For the bells were ringing the barmaid in
 To clear all the empties out.

Yes, it was only a dream,
 And when I awoke I was down on my knees,
 And the landlord was shouting "Time gentlemen please."

* * *

Now boys take my tip, you get plenty of nectar
 When you touch for the job of a Brewer's Collector.
 Charles Hide & Seek.

* * *

Joe who has recently returned from "doing time."
 PAL: Well Joe and 'ow are yer gettin' on?
 JOE: Not too bad, but still thirsty.
 PAL: Plenty of beer I suppose where you bin stayin'?
 JOE: No, you only got to keep it out of yer mind, and they
 will blank blank keep it out of yer mouth.

* * *

A Happy Christmas to all.

BRIGHTON.

We have very little to chronicle in these dull days for, although if there is any sunshine in England Brighton gets its full share, just now it is conspicuous by its absence.

Saturday, November 10th, fortunately brought a nice sunny morning, which no doubt enhanced the sale of Flanders Poppies,

for in Brighton and Hove all previous records of the amount collected were beaten, all for the benefit of that admirable cause, the British Legion.

Sunday brought crowds to our War Memorial, where the usual solemn Service was held. At such times one wonders if the spirit of the Armistice is being carried out, especially as there are more men in the allied countries under arms now than in 1914. One can but agree with Lord Dewar, who said: "Disarmament can only be achieved by making warships, etc., payable by public subscription." But it is up to those of us who went to Flanders, or other battle arenas, to see that the coming generation are spared the horrors we went through.

An enquirer in the October GAZETTE asked if the first type-writing machine used in the Brewery was an Oliver. Mr. Adams cannot say positively that it was that make, but he believes it was. Mr. Bailey, now of the Forwarding Department, can no doubt give the necessary information, for whilst Mr. Adams was borrowed from the Branch Department to get on with some special correspondence, Mr. Bailey was taking a course of lessons in shorthand and type-writing preparatory to taking on that department.

Sussex has many things peculiar to itself, amongst which are tidemills, which unfortunately, like windmills, are left to decay as they get old, being replaced with modern machinery. A fine example of one of these mills was at Bishopstone, between Newhaven and Seaford, which, as its name implies, relied on the tides to drive the waterwheel, the incoming tide driving the wheel in one direction, and the reverse clutch being put in when the tide was on the ebb. The water supply on the flowing tide had to be gridded off to keep seaweed and fish out of the waterwheel, and at certain seasons of the year quantities of fish were thus netted, including very big eels in their season. It was a Mr. William Catt who experimented in the harnessing of the tides for the benefit of his mills at Bishopstone, in the middle of the last century, and he was also interested, with his sons, in the West Street Brewery at Brighton.

Football is not very popular just now in these parts.

George Buchan, the international, visited the Brighton Boys' Club recently and gave a talk on "How to play the game." This Club for working boys is an admirable institution, and has been visited by Royalty, and sportsmen of all kinds support its good work.

A Happy Christmas to our Directors and all fellow-workers.

SLOUGH.

The winter session having commenced, the Clubs in the Slough district are again fighting for the Simonds Cup, presented by the Firm to the Games League. No results are to hand, but we understand that things are very even at present. Through the Eton Ex-Service Men's Club wresting the trophy from the Slough Working Men's Club, who had previously been the only holders, the other Clubs now realise that it is possible to become the champions, with the result that extra keenness is being shown this year. Then, again, new "blood" has come into all the Clubs, through new Firms opening and bringing much of their own labour with them. This has added interest to the competitions.



The "Queen's Head," Spital.

The thought of new Firms brings to the mind the Slough Trading Estate, the old "white elephant" of war days. No longer may it be regarded as a "white elephant," for now it is a very progressive estate. Neither is it such a blot on the landscape. The drab fencing has given place to open fencing, and the roads have been properly laid and tree-lined. The old lorry dumps are gradually disappearing, making room for more model factories. A Central Welfare Department looks after the needs and interests of all the workers, and a Central Dressing Station attends to the more serious casualties. A model Garden Village has been built on the outskirts of the property, and here hundreds of the workers are housed. The Firm has just acquired the Farnburn Off Licence.

which is in the village, so we may now regard ourselves as being connected with the life of the estate. Of course, the growth of the Trading Estate is assisting in the growth of the town. Recently a leading "daily" described Slough as the English Chicago! Well, maybe, but thank goodness we have no gunmen!

Our photo is of the Queen's Head, Spital. It is situated next to the King Edward VII. Hospital and opposite the Cavalry Barracks. The present building, a great contrast to the old Queen's Head, has been standing nearly three years. The landlord, Mr. S. Martin, is quite a jovial fellow, with a cheery smile and a joke for everybody. Should any of our readers be in Windsor and drop into the Queen's Head, if they mention the "Hop Leaf" they will receive a warm welcome.

For some years past the juvenile labour question has been very acute in Slough, only about one-third of the necessary amount being available. This has now been somewhat eased by the bringing into the town of a number of Welsh lads from the mining districts. We were successful in obtaining five of these boys, who much appreciate what has been done for them.

In closing we would wish all our fellow readers every happiness for the coming festive season.

FARNBOROUGH.

On Thursday, October 25th, the employees of Farnborough Branch visited the Sergeants Mess, 1st A.A. Brigade R.A., Blackdown, for a social evening. Interest was not lacking and the games were contested amidst much enthusiasm. The Sergeants ran out winners when the results were all counted. At darts, shove halfpenny, dominoes and the various card games we held our own, but at billiards our hosts swept the board, winning all six games.

The Sergeants waited on us at supper, a fact which we much appreciated. At the conclusion of the evening, R.S.M. A. C. Godwin commented upon the enjoyable evening that had been spent. He also thanked Farnborough Branch employees for the fine way in which his invitation had been responded to, and added that he hoped it would not be our last visit of this kind to the Mess. He also remarked on the splendid way in which the Firm always looked after their comfort when in camp. One of the visitors briefly responded, thanking R.S.M. A. C. Godwin and the members of the Mess for the excellent evening and assuring them everybody thoroughly enjoyed the visit.

* * * *

We were all looking for "Ben" next morning.

* * * *

On Monday, November 19th, Simonds' Concert Party visited Farnborough. During the evening they gave an interesting entertainment to the members of the Jubilee Hall Club and the members' friends. The Hall was a "full house" and everybody was delighted with the "show." The writer does not wish to flatter the Brewery Concert Party, but he would like to let them know that on all sides it was agreed it was the best party they have had at the Jubilee Hall.

* * * *

Heard in the Jubilee Hall Club next evening:—

"What did you think of it last night 'Erbert?"

"Jolly fine 'Orace, only one thing I missed and that was the conjuror."

"Conjuror? 'Erbert."

"Yes 'Orace, I heard that Simonds' Concert Party had a conjuror with them and he produced S.B. from a hat for the audience and I went without my beer all day yesterday, waiting for it."

* * * *

All at Farnborough send the best of good wishes for Christmas to their respected Directors and all staffs at home and abroad.

HYPHE.

Hythe pursues the even tenor of its way and nothing happens to disturb our equilibrium at this period of the year.

There has been one notable event during the past month, however, which deserves special mention. We refer to the wedding of Mr. H. Wood ("Hoggy" to all of his friends). H. W. is a very popular member amongst the staff, and he had, according to all accounts, a very fine send-off on his career through life in double harness. He was presented with a handsome dinner service by the staff, a most useful present. We feel sure that Mrs. Wood will not turn out like "Mrs. Jiggs" of *Daily Sketch* fame, or else he will be wishing that they had given him something different. We shall watch for the sticking plaster. Joking apart, we all join in wishing both him and his wife a very happy and prosperous future.

THE GREAT GALE OF THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH AND 16TH.

During the great gale that raged over almost the whole of England for nearly two days, the Hythe lifeboat had to put out

to a large three-masted Dutch schooner which was sheltering in Dungeness Bay and which it was thought was dragging its anchors and looked like being driven ashore.

It was launched at 8 a.m. when the sea was almost at its worst, and quite a large crowd watched the tiny vessel's progress from the promenade.

The schooner was eventually reached after a great battle with sea and wind but the crew refused to leave, so the lifeboat stood by for over an hour when she began to drag her anchors and they beckoned to them to come and take them off, but fortunately at that time the wind veered a little and blew off the land so that the Dutch boat was able to put a safer distance between herself and the shore and the crew remained. The lifeboat crew stood by until they had seen that all danger was past, when they attempted the return journey to Hythe. This was found to be impossible, so the only thing to do was to run for Folkestone Harbour which was reached about 2 o'clock.

Mr. Mark Godden, who has worked at the Brewery for a long time and is employed in the rolling room, was a member of the crew. He tells us that they were all agreed that it was the roughest sea that the Hythe boat had ever been launched in, and that the waves were breaking right over it the whole time. He says they were sitting up to their waists in water not many minutes after launching and were drenched to the skin the whole time.

The Hythe lifeboat crew attended the funeral of the Rye heroes on the following Tuesday.

THE BREWERY OPTIMISTS ASSIST BRITISH LEGION AT GODMERSHAM.

On Wednesday, November 14th, the Brewery Optimists gave their first show of the season when they visited Godmersham to help the British Legion to raise funds to pay off a loan on their hut, and we think their efforts were well rewarded.

There was a large and appreciative audience present and the witty sallies and comic items of the Brewery Black Boys were well received.

The concert was under the distinguished patronage of Lord Lewisham.

Great thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Beak of the "Man of Kent," Crundale, for the part they played in making all the arrangements for the comfort of everyone concerned.

As regards the programme—the opening chorus, the words for which were written by Mr. Peacock and the music by Mr. Davidson, brought great applause, and these two gentlemen are to be complimented upon their effort. We hope to hear it in

Hythe shortly. "Rastus," Mr. Cooper, was excellent in his two songs, "Together" and "Without you Sweetheart," as was also "Toney," Mr. Davidson, in "Worrying" and "Ole man River." We must compliment both "Rastus" and "Toney" on having good voices, and when they have had a little more practice in singing before an audience and gained a little more confidence, they will be quite equal to many we have heard in professional concert parties.

The "Highwayman" was disguised as "Bones." He was very good and very funny, as was his sparring partner "Pete." This pair nearly did come to blows during the evening, but as they were both afraid of getting hurt they shook hands instead. This part of the programme was very amusing and went down well with the audience, as did Pete's turn on the Fairphone. "Sammy" with his Banjolele deserves special mention, his two duets with "Bones" being excellent.

Mr. Head acted as accompanist and seemed to enjoy his part as much as anybody. We must not forget the "Rose" that blushed unseen, our jazz drummer who performed valiantly behind the piano.

We have not mentioned Mr. Peacock. He filled the role of "Massa Johnson" and did it very well. Freddy is the life and soul of the party and we do not know how they would get on without him. We are all looking forward to their next concert which takes place in Hythe early in December.

FOOTBALL.

We have not done quite so well as expected during the last few weeks, but the difficulties which contributed to this have now happily passed and we are looking forward to better results.

We have only played one League game and that was away from home on November 3rd against Willesborough, where we lost by 2 to 1. We ought to have won this game easily.

On Saturday the 10th we entertained New Romney in the first round of the Hythe Charity Cup (Saturday Section) and, after a very game fight, were beaten 3—1. It was a very meritorious performance, for the Marshmen are playing capital football this season. Prebble got though for the Brewery, and F. Carey and G. Philcox for New Romney, the winners' third point being obtained when a Hythe player put through his own goal.

On Saturday the 17th we were up against Willesborough again, but this time in the Ashford Charity Cup. We were at home and were able to put out our full strength, and eventually ran out easy winners by 5 goals to 1.

The whole team played a splendid game and it would be unfair to name any individual player.

All at the Brewery are following the doings of our cricket team in Australia with great interest and we are all glad to see how well they have performed up to the present. We hope it will continue. A message has gone from here addressed to Mr. Chapman at Brisbane, which he should receive just before the commencement of the first test match, to wish him and the rest of the team the best of luck.

"ALL THE WINNERS."

We see that Brighton has its Wireless expert! So has Hythe; a very keen worker who puts in nearly all of his spare time building up sets and taking them to pieces again. His reputation extends to the remotest parts of Hythe and when the churches were considering broadcasting the late Archbishop of Canterbury's final sermon, he was immediately appealed to for help which was as readily forthcoming. We hear that all his evenings during the preceding week were spent at home building up a set worthy of the occasion and, having it completed by Saturday afternoon, the opportunity was taken of installing it in the church. The Vicar and organist and several members were there to watch proceedings. The job completed, the venerable gentleman proposed that they should have a try-out and all proceeded to the bottom of the church. Our labourer for love then switched on and eventually got Daventry. To his great surprise and alarm, however, the voice from the loud speaker blurted out all the winners at the race meeting for that day. On realizing what was happening he immediately switched off and tried to get another station, which he did, but to his dismay a band playing one of the latest Jazz pieces was the result. We believe the Vicar here interposed saying that he thought it would be alright. We should think that this is the first time that the winners have been announced in church.

All at Hythe send the Season's Greetings to their Directors and all friends at the Brewery and Branches at home and abroad.

OXFORD.

On Thursday, October the 25th, the Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Oxford dedicated at the Church of St. Peter in the East, Oxford, a tablet which reads:—

"To the memory of James Sadler
of this City"
1753-1828."

The first English aeronaut. He made
his earliest ascent at Oxford, October 4, 1784."

Thus an interesting link with the past is commemorated exactly a century after the death of James Sadler, who lies buried in the ancient churchyard of St. Peter in the East. Sadler was born in Oxford on February 27th, 1753, and was of humble parentage, his family being engaged in business as pastrycooks and confectioners in the High Street (a stone's throw from this office).

To quote Mr. J. E. Hodgson's own words from an account of James Sadler's life recently published in the *Cornhill Magazine* :—

"This much at least must be allowed—that to James Sadler belongs the honour of having set his countrymen, for all time, the initial example of air travel: a method of transportation the full significance of which few have the imagination to conjure up, and the immense importance of which, in terms of the British Empire, no man can as yet fully comprehend."

Below is given a photograph showing a happy group of Dark Ale devotees at the Canteen, Cowley Barracks, Oxford. The expressions on the faces of those members of that famous regiment, the Oxford & Bucks Light Infantry, who are portrayed in the photograph speak volumes and therefore further verbiage is, to say the least, superfluous.



Happy Group of Dark Ale Devotees.

DIDCOT.

The Ivy Lodge of the R.A.O.B. held their annual dinner at the White Hart Hotel, Didcot, on Monday, October 22nd. A

company of some forty sat down to dinner under the chairmanship of Bro. W. H. Miles, and judging from a glance at the menu, we can endorse the statement that an enjoyable evening was spent. We hear that the musical items which followed the dinner were also appreciated by all present.

The Didcot and Wallingford Group of the British Legion held a successful meeting at the White Hart, Headquarters of the Didcot Branch, on Wednesday, October the 24th, when members from the Blewbury, Cholsey, Didcot, East Hagbourne, Harwell, Sutton Courtenay and Wallingford Branches of the Legion foregathered for the opportunity of listening to speakers from Headquarters on the Legion's activities. The speakers were Capt. W. R. Birrell, M.C. (Organising Secretary of the South-Eastern area) and Mr. E. Pearce (Administrative Agent of the United Services Fund and the British Legion Benevolent Fund, South-Eastern area).

The chairman was Mr. Rowland Sharp (Berks County Secretary of the Legion) and under his direction a very instructive evening was spent by those present.

Mr. C. Wilcher was elected Chairman of the Didcot and Wallingford Group of the Legion and Mr. R. Mills (Cholsey) is the new Hon. Secretary.

May we wish the Directors and all connected with the Brewery, A Very Happy Christmas.

LUDGERSHALL.

On the kind invitation of Regt. Sergt.-Major A. Cook and the members of the Sergeants' Mess, 2nd Somersetshire Light Infantry, we had the opportunity of once again playing them at billiards.

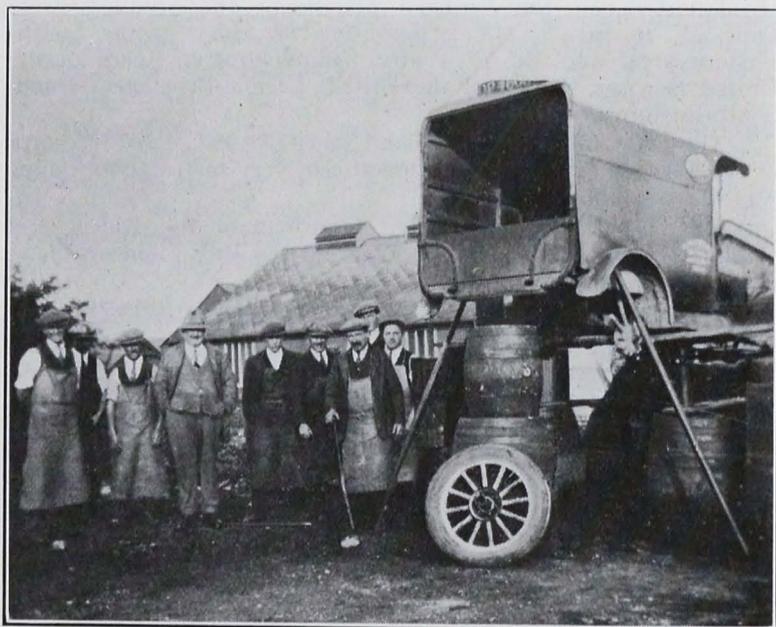
Needless to say this was a most enjoyable evening and we are deeply indebted to the members of the Mess for their hospitality.

As will be seen from the undermentioned scores we were not successful in recording a victory, as the Mess was a little bit too strong for us.

We also had an invitation from Regt. Sergt.-Major W. Likeman and the members of the Sergeants' Mess, 2nd Light Brigade R.A., to play them a series of games. We were again defeated. Apparently this was due to our very weak "tail."

<i>2nd Somersetshire L.I.</i>		<i>H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.</i>	
R.Q.M.S. Lambourn...	85	v. H. Nuttall ...	100
Sergt. Langmead ...	100	v. J. Mitcheson ...	66
Sergt. Bray ...	100	v. T. Flemington...	80
Sergt. Hobbs ...	89	v. J. Lazzari ...	100
Sergt. Holt ...	100	v. E. Hockings ...	41
Sergt. Wiscombe ...	100	v. F. L. Shrimpton ...	95
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	574		482
	<hr/>		<hr/>

<i>2nd Light Brigade, R.A.</i>		<i>H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.</i>	
R.S.M. Likeman	64	v. F. L. Shrimpton	100
Sergt. Cordy	90	v. H. Flemington	100
Q.M.S. Baverstock	72	v. J. Lazzari	100
Q.M.S. White	89	v. E. Hockings	100
Sergt. Pearce	100	v. H. Nuttall	62
Sergt. Brown	100	v. E. Pearce	98
Sergt. Clover	100	v. J. Mitcheson	76
Sergt. Dean	100	v. A. Fraser	46
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	715		682
	<hr/>		<hr/>



The old "Tin Lizzie," a legacy from the South Berks Brewery Co.

We attach a couple of snapshots of our old "Tin Lizzie," taken just prior to her departure for pastures new.

This old car was a legacy from the South Berks Brewery Co.

The old bus has done wonderful work and ran right up to the last, but on the final journey she simply dissolved partnership.

All at Ludgershall send hearty Christmas greetings to the Directors and Staffs at Reading and other Branches.

WOKING.

Club life has been very active in the Woking area of late, due in the main to Armistice functions.

The St. John's Working Men's Club held their Annual Dinner on Wednesday, 7th November, in which approximately 120 members participated. Mr. A. Bennett presided and was supported by Mr. H. Withers (Chairman of the Club), Mr. H. Slocock, Mr. A. Slocock, Mr. Francis and Mr. Curley (Chairman and Games Secretary respectively of the North Lambeth Liberal Club) and Mr. J. Woolf (Secretary, South-East Branch of the Club and Institute Union).

Mr. Bennett expressed the very great pleasure of the members in having with them that evening the two Mr. Slococks. They were large employers of labour in the district, and their presence at that function indicated that they were keenly interested in the welfare of the Club and the members generally.

Mr. Withers suitably responded, and spoke of the friendly relationship existing between those interested in the growth of the Club. The attendance that evening was very gratifying to those responsible for the management, and he hoped that happy state would long continue.

Mr. Bennett then submitted the toast of the "Club and Institute Union," and made particular reference to the Convalescent Homes controlled by that body which were monumental works of priceless value.

Mr. Francis, of Lambeth, responded. Mr. E. Bryan (Trustee) submitted the toast of "The Visitors" in his usual able and jocular manner, and after a brief address by Mr. Woolf, the remainder of the evening was taken up by a musical programme of a most interesting and varied character. Mr. Curley, of North Lambeth, was very warmly applauded for his efforts in this direction.

On Wednesday, 17th November, the Chobham Ex-Service Men's Club held their third annual Armistice Dinner, the chair being taken by the President of the Club (Mr. W. A. Stearns).

Following the toast of "Armistice Day," the whole company stood in silence for a few moments as a tribute to those who fell in the war. Much credit is due to Mr. W. F. Hudson (Secretary) and Mr. C. W. Dockway (Hon. Treasurer), as well as to a large band of willing helpers for the splendid manner in which the proceedings were carried through. Everyone was pleased to see the Rev. G. W. Grundy at this Dinner, and to note that his health has been completely restored.

The Toast List included the names of Mr. W. A. Stearns, Rev. G. W. Grundy, Mr. E. Metzler, C.C., Mr. N. S. Brettell, Dr. Caldicott, Mr. K. H. Power, Mr. C. W. Dockway, Mr. W. F. Hudson, Mr. F. Budd, and Mr. A. Bennett.

The Woking Liberal Club held their Armistice function on Tuesday, November 13th. The Chairman of the Club (Mr. F. Jeffrey) presided, and was supported by the Vice-Chairman (Mr. G. Hewerdine) and the Hon. Treasurer (Mr. H. Andrews). Mr. W. Patrick's Concert Party from Guildford was responsible for the musical programme which much enjoyed by the large number of members present. As usual the Committee spared no efforts to ensure the success of the evening.

The Woking Working Men's Club held their Armistice function on Friday, November 16th, when a Grand Concert was arranged by the Entertainments Committee, of which Mr. T. Baleham is Secretary. A pleasing feature of the evening was the attendance of Mr. H. Trevor Wilson (Vice-President) who kindly presided.

The "Palestinians" (a very talented Company) were responsible for the excellent musical programme provided. A break was made in the programme to permit a representative of St. Dunstan's (Mr. H. V. Kerr) to address the gathering on the work of the great organisation founded by Sir Arthur Pearson in aid of Blinded Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen, after which a collection was made among the members for St. Dunstan's, resulting in over £5 os. od. being received for that most excellent cause. Mr. Kerr, who is blind as a result of war service, being badly wounded at Ypres, gave a most interesting address on the work of St. Dunstan's. Mr. E. Buckmaster (Chairman of the Club) expressed the pleasure of the members on having with them that evening Mr. H. Trevor Wilson, and warmly thanked the members for the generous response made to the appeal on behalf of St. Dunstan's.

The hand of sickness has fallen somewhat heavily upon the outdoor staff of this Branch of late—H. Churchill, A. Woodley and H. Bannister all having to undergo an enforced absence from their respective duties. Happily all are making good progress, and the report received to-day from the Woking Hospital regarding the first named, who has been suffering from pleurisy and pneumonia, was of a re-assuring character.

The Woking staff send seasonal greetings to all members of the "Hop Leaf" family, both at home and abroad.

SALISBURY.

On Wednesday evening, November 7th, our friends at St. Paul's Conservative Club held a very successful dinner at Victoria Hall, in celebration of the coming of age of their club. This club was formed by two or three enthusiasts twenty-one years ago, and is now one of the most popular clubs in the city. About 400 persons attended the dinner; these including members and their wives and members of various other clubs in the district. Two

of the founders of the club, Mr. C. Scamell and Mr. E. H. Major, were amongst the many distinguished visitors present, which included Mr. Hugh Morrison, M.P. for Salisbury, and the Earl and Countess of Pembroke.

After the dinner and one or two short speeches, the company were kept entertained by the Wags concert party from London, and with the additional help of some of our excellent beverages, enjoyed a very successful evening. Not the least popular of the various musical turns was that of the Hon. George Herbert, who sang "The Vly be on the Turmots."

We add our congratulations to the St. Paul's Club and heartily wish them many happy returns of the day.

On the 8th November, members of our staff here enjoyed a very pleasant evening at the annual concert arranged by the Nunton Slate Club.

Our friend Mr. J. H. Chown, who is mine host of the Radnor Arms, Nunton, was a most able commander-in-chief of affairs, and it was largely due to his untiring energy that such a successful entertainment was possible. Mr. Webb admirably conducted the duties of chairman.

We were treated to some of the older songs which are very rarely heard now-a-days, but which never fail to be thoroughly appreciated, especially by the country folk.

After the original programme had been carried out, a few extra turns were given by members of the audience, and one of these, by a member of our staff, nearly brought the house down. I will refrain from mentioning his name, but if the Brewery concert party require strengthening they might do worse than enlist this talented artist.

Excellent refreshments were supplied which included another sparkling display by our well known firm.

A rather crowded, but none the less enjoyable, dance concluded the evening.

Remembrance Day observance in Salisbury was as deeply impressive as on any of the preceding anniversaries of the signing of the Armistice. There was the customary service at the War Memorial conducted on much the same lines as last year, and afterwards, the day being Sunday, the remembrance service was continued in the Cathedral. Within the reserved enclosure at the memorial were the Bands of the Salisbury branch of the British Legion, the Salvation Army, the 4th Battn. Wilts Regiment, and the R.A.F., Old Sarum, and there were also present the Salisbury and Wilton detachments of the 4th Wilts Regiment. Around the memorial several thousand people assembled, and the singing was

led by a choir composed of members of the Salisbury Musical Society, the Salisbury Amateur Operatic Society and the various church and chapel choirs, conducted by Mr. Edgar Dyson. The numerous floral tributes were very beautiful.

A Very Happy Christmas to all!

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

THE 8TH INFANTRY BRIGADE.

Is it perhaps not an inopportune occasion to include in our monthly jottings a few brief paragraphs of the Battalions of the British Army who are with us from day to day in this corner of Britain. Their names are inscribed in golden letters across many of the world's historical pages and it requires no words of ours to bring their deeds to the notice or memories of GAZETTE readers. Rather we would here strike a more personal note, it being our high privilege to have served Britain's "Thin Red Line" in many corners of the earth, and to therefore have an intimate knowledge of most of the wearers of their famous badges, both past and present.

We are sure no one will quibble if we mention our own 2nd Battalion first, of whose record we are so justly proud. We quite recently had a taste of their quality when we met them in a league combat on the green (baize) field. Led by R.S.M. G. Davey and Bandmaster G. A. Herniman, the attack was too well directed to fail. In fact it was a rout. One point of the R.S.M.'s cue was enough for our set of balls anyway. We all know what the Sergeant-Major told the Private. Evidently the balls knew it too, for they disappeared with fearsome "Tom Webster like" glances into every available pocket. Luckily, the chalk was anchored to the ceiling! It, nevertheless, looked shaky at times to many of us. His opponent mingled with the onlookers most of the game and our fatigue party on the "touch lines" were kept as busy as Regimental Sergeant-Majors usually keep them.

In the Bandmaster's hands, by way of a perhaps natural contrast, the cue seemed but an outsize baton, and "hazards" and "nursery cannons" answered to the tiniest movement of his stick as readily as we have no doubt his clarinets, cornets and drums do. Indeed, it was delightful to watch how, with a minimum of effort and without a semblance of a quaver, those usual crotchet ivories were conducted to the end of the piece. To avoid being out of tune, our representative judiciously disappeared from time to time towards the place where consolation prizes in the form of bottles of "S.B." were being distributed to "deserving cases." His was very much so! Still, we thoroughly enjoyed their visit, and the exhibition they gave us.

If, as we are told, excellence at this game denotes a "mis-spent youth," then indeed must these jovial cueists of the 2nd Bn. Devonshire Regiment have been "bad lads."

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The 1st Bn. Duke of Wellington's Regiment must be one of the finest Units of the British Army, if keenness and sporting proclivities both on and off the field count for anything. Under the inspiring eye of their Commanding Officer, Lt.-Colonel F. H. B. Wellesley, and with such Officers as Lieutenants C. K. T. Faithful and W. F. Browne ("Horsey" Browne, as the Services will have it), both of International fame, to lead them, they only lost the Army Rugby Cup last year by a head, so to speak. This year we hope to see the Dukes reach the Final and bring the trophy to Devonport. Then, indeed, will musical honours be accorded and "Horsey keep your tail up" be the accepted march past. They are going great guns at the moment and their players are to be found in County and Club sides week by week, playing against the pick of the English Rugby Clubs. A Battalion that can turn out a dozen Rugby XV.'s at once must be in excellent fettle, and capable of dealing with anything it is called upon to tackle.

The spirit of the old "Contemptibles" is not yet decadent in our midst, despite the croakers; and the Dukes to-day give it the direct lie.

If training, skill and clean sportsmanship can win the Cup, then it must be theirs. We shall follow their course through each round with the deepest interest and their success will be our pleasure.

* * * *

And what of the 1st Battalion Wiltshire Regiment?

The "Moonrakers" are old firm friends of ours. We have looked after their comforts in many odd places, and they continue to show that steadfastness which is the hallmark all our County Regiments still bear, despite the changes in personnel of the past ten years.

To all fields of sport they still supply their quota and represent a source from which the County Selection Committee are only too pleased to draw. One can remember the not far distant days when the Army Association Football Cup almost formed part of the Wilts Mess Inventory. We should like to see it again in Plymouth. "Now then you 'Wiltshire Poachers,' can it be done?" Lately they have been simply "eating up" the local league elevens and will obviously be a force to be reckoned with again this year when the Army Cup-ties come along, if either the players or their

popular Sports Officer, Lieutenant E. S. C. Parsons, M.C., have a say in the matter. And what one of their keenest supporters, R.S.M. T. E. Brewer, would say, if the Cup came once again to the good old "62nd," we leave those who know him best to guess. One of their players has just helped himself to seven goals against Truro City in a League match. Quite a "Dexter"ous performance, and one we heartily applaud. One of our staff at the Tamar Brewery wore the Maltese Cross during the war years, and recalls with a feeling of gratitude the many good fellows he was privileged to serve with and under, and who were at one time in the 1st or 2nd Battalions. Their password and countersign was "Simonds." Ask R.S.M. "Maggie" Liddiard, "Dobbie," good old Jack Flitters, or any others of the old Brigade?

The old and young soldier to-day knows that sobriety in all things stamps every true gentleman, and the Wiltshire "boys" and their comrades in arms are a standing credit to their profession and to any Garrison.

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And now come the 2nd Bn. Worcester Regiment from their Watch on the Rhine; glad no doubt to be back in "good old Blighty" again. May we in a very few words, extend sincere greetings to its Officers and all ranks, particularly to one who served under the "Hop Leaf" banner, and who we remember as keeping a most excellent cask ledger at our Ludgershall Branch a few years prior to 1914? We refer to C.S.M. Chas. Law; and whilst we take this opportunity of congratulating our old friend on his progress in such an honourable profession, we also trust his term of duty in the West Country will be a happy one.

To fill the shoes of the 2nd Bn. Hampshire Regiment will be no sinecure, especially in the matter of Weapon Training, but we have no reason to believe, unless rumour is very much wrong, that the Worcesters will fail in this, or in any other comparison with our Hampshire friends. With Lieut.-Col. F. P. Dunlop, C.B.E., D.S.O., in command and Major B. C. S. Clarke, D.S.O., son of a former popular Colonel of the Battalion, as second-in-command, we anticipate the "Hearts of Oak" (who fought as Marines under Lord Howe in 1794) making the remainder of the 8th Infantry Brigade "jump to it," in order to withstand their challenges in the near future.

Their trophies on the Rhine include the Rhine Army Cross Country Championship three years in succession, Hockey finalists twice and Cricket champions in 1927.

Their Warrant Officers and Sergeants won the Rhine Army Indoors Games Tournaments, together with the Astoria Billiards Cup.

In the Rhine Army Small Arms Championship the Battalion were joint holders with the Royal Fusiliers. In short, whether on or off parade or striving for the honour of the Battalion in the various fields of sport, the 2nd Worcesters were "there."

Our memory carries us back to the old 3rd Battalion and the marksmen contained in their ranks! If Worcestershire can still breed and train riflemen and sportsmen as they did in those days, then we are promised some real thrills in the days ahead.

Now then Worcesters! Double March!

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Before the next issue appears, we shall (D.V.) once more have passed through the throes of our Christmas trade. We do hope, however, that any "snowing up" this year will take place in a Department which we can cope with, and that last year's disorganization of the roads will not be repeated for a very long time.

Then, with our lorries cheerfully (at least we hope so) bearing their extra burdens and our youthful "Tamarites" tripping the jocund dance in and around the new Beer Bottling Department (at least they hope so) until customers cry enough and the M.C. closes down, shall we feel satisfied, and depart to the festive board. All our readers know from experience that this is one of the "joys" of the season of holly and mistletoe, and is quite a necessary part of our Xmas, so that we may enjoy all the good things that follow with a feeling of work done. We hope it will be so in all our Depots this year.

May we respectfully wish the Directors and the many Members of our Firm, highest and lowest, a Happy Christmas and close with the sincere hope that 1929 may reveal yet further successes for the House of Simonds; an industrial team which progress has stamped as her own for nigh on a century and a half. As Henry Newbolt puts it:—

"This is the song that year by year
Bear like a torch in flame,
And falling, fling to the hosts behind,
Play up—and play the game."

"TAMARISMS."

(1) Who was the player in a recent billiards match, of 100 up, who scored 4? and why?

What his opponent thought a day or two later when almost the same treatment was meted out to himself?

If they both contemplate retiring from the game?

- (2) Whether the representatives of Simonds "Athletic" Billiards Team altogether appreciated the "dryness" of the atmosphere recently, when spending an evening on premises other than their own?

If the beverages sold there were really only fit for folk with the acquired taste?

Whether the Committee contemplate introducing "S.B." as "a drink for all," when the return game is due to be played?

And who'll pay?

- (3) Are Billiards players "Athletes"?

And if so, when?

And last but not least:—

Will the "Argyle" and "Reading" appear in the same section of the Football League next Season? And which?

P.S.—*There are no prizes!!!*

A very happy Christmas to the Directors and all connected with the Brewery.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

He woke up with a "morning after the night before" head. So he rang up his employer's private number and said, "I'm afraid I shan't be at the office to-day, I'm feeling very unwell."

"You needn't have troubled," came the reply. "It's Sunday."

"I don't mind having 'rings on my fingers,'" he said, as he limped from the dance, "but I'm hanged if I can stand 'belles on my toes'!"

SARCASTIC DINER (to Modern Girl): "Do you mind my eating while you're smoking?"

GIRL (sweetly): "Certainly not—so long as I can hear the band playing."

FROM "THE ROYAL."

SUPERIOR AMERICAN (as "Flying Scotsman" dashes through station): "Say—can you beat it? I guess that thing's what you call an 'express' in this country?"

COCKNEY PORTER: "Express, guv'nor; not bloomin' likely! E'll be back in a minute—only doin'a bit o' shuntin'."

WIFE (at 3 a.m.): "There's a—a burglar downstairs—get a light, George, and go down at once!"

HUSBAND (a quick thinker): "I'll go straight down my dear. It's probably the girl-burglar who has been robbing houses about here—a sweet-looking little thing who always kisses her way out of trouble when she gets caught. I'll go down."

WIFE (sharply): "George, your place is with me! You stay here."

A man was charged with throwing a bottle of beer at a policeman. How dangerous! He might have broken the bottle.

TYPOSIUM.

We'll begin with box; the plural is boxes,
 But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
 One fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
 Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese.
 You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice,
 But the plural of house is houses, not hiee.
 If the plural of man is always called men,
 Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
 The cow in the plural may be called cows or kine;
 But a bow, if repeated, is never called bine;
 And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.
 If I speak of a foot and you show me two feet
 And I gave you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
 If one is a tooth and the whole set are teeth,
 Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
 If the singular's this, and the plural is these,
 Should the plural of kiss ever be written keese?
 Then one may be that, and the two would be those,
 Yet hat in the plural would never be hose.
 And the plural of cat is cats, and not cose.
 We speak of a brother, and also of brethren,
 But though we say mother, we never say methren.
 Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, and him,
 But imagine the feminine she, shis, and shim!
 So the English, I think you all will agree,
 Is the funniest language you ever did see.

—*Inland Printer.*

OFFICE RULES.

1. Gentlemen upon entering, will leave the door wide open or apologise.

2. Those having no business should remain as long as possible, take a chair, and lean against the wall; it will preserve the wall, and may prevent its fall upon us.

3. Gentlemen are requested to SMOKE, especially during office hours. Tobacco and Cigars will be supplied.

4. Talk loudly or whistle, especially when we are engaged; if this has not the desired effect, sing.

5. If we are in business conversation with any one, you are requested not to wait until we get through, but join in, as we are particularly fond of speaking to half-a-dozen or more at a time.

6. Profane language expected at all times, especially over the telephone, and on Monday mornings.

7. Put your feet on the tables, or lean against the desk, it will be of great assistance to those who are writing.

8. Persons having no business with this Office will call often or excuse themselves.

9. Should you need the loan of any money, do not fail to ask for it, as we do not require it for business purposes. If you can't tell a good tale, a few tears might be successful.

Our hours for listening to Solicitors for benevolent purposes are from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., Book Agents from 1 to 3 p.m., Beggars, Pedlars, and Insurance Agents, all day. We attend to our business at night.

