

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. V.

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No. 3.

EDITORIAL.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

May I wish all readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE the old, old, wish—a Very Happy Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year. May we all, as Dickens says, try to bear in mind the stern realities of life and in our sphere—none is too wide, and none too limited for such an end—endeavour to correct, improve, and soften them. So may Christmas and the New Year be a happy one to you, happy to many more whose happiness depends on you! So may each year be happier than the last, and not the meanest of our brethren or sisterhood debarred their rightful share, in what our Great Creator formed them to enjoy.

MORRIS MOTORS A.C. VISIT OUR CLUB.

Members of Morris Motors A.C., Oxford, visited our Social Club recently. It was my privilege to be present and participate in a very jolly evening and the visitors were delighted with the cordiality of their reception. They expressed their admiration of the spirit of conviviality that obtained and hoped that would be by no means the last of such gatherings. By the way, the songs rendered by Mr. W. Turrell and the duet by two of the visitors were very fine and received with rapturous applause, as also was the vote of thanks proposed by the Chairman of the House Committee.

CAPABLE AND COURTEOUS.

Altogether there was a company of about 80 sitting down to supper. This was prepared by Mr. and Mrs. King, the courteous and hard-working steward and stewardess, and an excellent meal it was! This is only one of many such functions during the winter months and when we reflect upon the multitudinous duties which Mr. and Mrs. King have to perform, and how admirably those duties are always carried out, we must realise how fortunate we are in having such capable and conscientious servants.

"Lest We Forget."

THE FIGHTING FORCES OF THE EMPIRE 1914—1918

THE ROYAL NAVY.

Personnel, 15th August, 1914	147,667
Total Enlistments, 1914-1918	407,316
Dead	33,654

THE BRITISH ARMY.

Personnel, 1st August, 1914	733,514
Total Enlistments, 1914-1918	7,712,772
Dead	916,374

THE **7,712,772** MEN OF THE EMPIRE

who enlisted in the Army between 1914 and 1918 were comprised as follows:—

ENGLAND	3,987,804	NYASALAND	10,800	
WALES	272,924	NIGERIA	15,567	
SCOTLAND	557,618	GOLD COAST	10,287	
IRELAND	133,902	SIERRA LEONE	694	
JERSEY	5,478	GAMBIA	371	
GUERNSEY	}	MALTA	3,000	
ALDERNEY		4,915	CYPRUS	3,000
SARK		8,261	CEYLON	2,182
ISLE OF MAN	8,261	MALAY STATES		
CANADA	619,636	(Federated and		
AUSTRALIA	416,809	Unfederated)	2,393	
NEW ZEALAND	124,211	BERMUDA	360	
SOUTH AFRICA	136,074	WEST INDIES	}	
NEWFOUNDLAND	9,826	BRITISH GUIANA		15,950
INDIA	1,338,620	BRITISH HONDURAS		
RHODESIA	5,200	FIJI	680	
EAST AFRICA	26,300			

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE.

Personnel, 1st August, 1914	1,900
Total Enlistments, 1914-1918	293,522
Dead	4,080

GRAND TOTAL OF MEN WHO SERVED IN THE
NAVY, ARMY AND AIR FORCE
FROM AUGUST, 1914, TO NOVEMBER, 1918

9,296,691

OF THESE **1,066,468** DIED FOR
KING AND EMPIRE.

HEALTH WITHOUT WORRY.

A Harley-Street Specialist writing in that excellent picture paper the *Daily Mirror* gives the following valuable information:—

For manual workers beer may be said to be specially suitable as a beverage. Not only is it harmless but probably beneficial in our climate. At the end of a hard day a worker returning home tired on a winter's evening needs some stimulant and a glass of good beer with his evening meal is the very thing for him. With regard to sedentary workers, though the stronger beers are questionable for any man over the age of about thirty-five who does not get much exercise, for young people a glass of beer may be recommended as an excellent tonic. The best of frugal lunches is a piece of brown bread and butter, cheese, a glass of beer and an apple. This meal contains all that the body requires. To judge the value of the glass of beer, let anyone take the meal with water as a substitute. The difference in effect lies in the digestive qualities of the beer.

The above advice does not apply to the gouty or those who live "too well."

ORIGIN OF YACHTING.

Yachts came to us from Holland, and our first yachtsman was the Merry Monarch, though Queen Bess is believed to have had some kind of pleasure-boat built for her at Cowes.

In his diary for 1661 John Evelyn writes: "I sailed this morning with his Majesty in one of his yachts (or pleasure-boats), vessels not known among us till the Dutch East India Company presented that curious piece to the King."

But yachting as an organised branch of sport seems to be of Irish birth, for the Royal Cork Yacht Club is far older than our Royal Yacht Squadron, and will soon be celebrating a bi-centenary. Perhaps when the festive anniversary arrives there will be some relaxation of the sumptuary law which the first ascetic Cork yachtsmen enacted, that "no admiral do bring more than two dishes of meat for the entertainment of the Club, or presume to bring more than two dozen of wine to his Treat."

THE JOLLY ANGLER'S SONG.

The fine old Jolly Angler Song, published in our last number, was very much appreciated. It was kindly lent by Miss Brett of Summervale, Fairworp, Sussex, whose father was a very enthusiastic and skilful angler. He was manager of all the Refreshment Rooms belonging to the L. & S.W. & S.E. Railways during the time our Directors were Lessees, now some years ago.

RENEWING ACQUAINTANCESHIP.

During the war Mr. W. Bowyer, who has recently taken over the duties of Home Trade Manager, at Reading, was in the Civil Service Rifles. While carrying out his duties in the town and elsewhere he has come across many former comrades-in-arms and, over a bottle of "S.B." renewed acquaintanceship. Mr. Bowyer is "hail fellow well met," with a wonderful capacity for making friends—and keeping them. While at the Woolwich Branch Mr. Bowyer collected nearly 200 Regimental Badges. He has very kindly presented them to our Social Club and, nicely framed, they are the subject of much interest and educational value. They are well worth a visit to the Club to see.

THE TYPEWRITER.

A typewriter is quite an exceptional thing says G.B. in the "Sunday Dispatch," because—

It can keep a straight course without moving, has a lot of keys that can't open anything, shows a perfect figure without having one, consumes paper, lives on the alphabet without being able to spell, rings a bell without ever getting an answer, comes to a stop without stopping, wears a ribbon that is not intended for decoration, hops and skips without altering its position, gives the result of a sum without being able to add, lives without food and drink, and yet is always (or should be) well oiled.

FROM FATHER TO SON.

Here is a funny school story.

One by one the young scholars had struggled through their share of the reading lesson. At last it came to little Tommy's turn.

Tommy picked up his book and began to read from where the last boy had left off. Presently he came to the word "heirloom," and he paused, unable to pronounce it correctly.

The teacher, however, kindly assisted him with the pronunciation, and then said: "Do you know what the word 'heirloom' means, Tommy?"

The boy shook his head.

"Well," smiled the teacher, "it means something that is handed down from father to a son. In other words, a relic."

Tommy's eyes opened wide with surprise.

"Oo!" he exclaimed. "That's the funniest name I've ever heard for a pair of trousers!"

BEER THE ELIXIR OF LIFE?

Is beer the elixir of life? If a Bristol nonagenarian's views are to be believed, it is, for he puts down his longevity to hard work in his younger days and beer later on. He is Mr. Benjamin Pym, of Cleveland Road, Marlborough Hill, Bristol, and he has celebrated his 96th birthday.

Another case comes from Tonbridge, where Mr. and Mrs. R. Field, 55, Shipbourne Road, Tonbridge, have celebrated their golden wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Field still enjoy excellent health, and the former is proud of the fact that he has never needed the services of a medical man since he was vaccinated. He is a non-smoker, but not an abstainer, for he enjoys a glass of beer with his lunch and supper. Mr. Field recalls an interesting conversation he once had with a well-known medico who, commenting on his fit appearance, inquired what tonic he took. His reply was, "The only tonic I take is beer." "Well," replied the doctor, "you had better drink lots of it."

EPITAPH.

The following epitaph can be seen in Dagenham Churchyard, Essex:—

Here lies John Steer ;
When living he brewed the best of beer.
Turn to the right, go down the hill,
His son keeps on the business still.

WINE BY AEROPLANE.

When the Prince of Wales honoured the Spanish Club with his presence at the banquet to celebrate the 438th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus he had an opportunity of drinking sherry made from grapes grown in 1894, the year of his birth. A cask of this wine was sealed in a cellar three years ago after the Prince had signed his name on the cask during his visit to the vineyards, and the toast of the Prince's health was honoured in the wine.

ON THE MOVE.

Londoners are moving farther out, judging from season-ticket statistics. Seven years ago Reading had 6,291 season holders; now that figure is more than doubled. Slough's increase is from 4,775 to nearly 10,000, and Ealing's from 15,960 to 42,500.

WHITE ALE.

The funeral at Plymouth of Mr. J. J. Mitchell, described as "the last of the brewers of the famous white ale of South Devon," raises the interesting question whether the secret of the production of this once-popular beverage died with him. Its manufacture and sale have been discontinued in recent years, and though it may not be revived, it would be a distinct loss in an antiquarian sense if, like sack and mead, it should be gone beyond possibility of recall. The brew appears to have been confined to the South Hams district. According to White's "History and Gazetteer of Devonshire," Dartmouth and the neighbourhood had long been celebrated for it. It was said to have been first brewed in that town, but Kingsbridge appears also to have claimed the honour of its invention, for it is said to have been introduced there "some centuries ago" by a German regimental surgeon serving or established at Dodbrooke. When the "Gazeteer" was published eighty years ago white ale was extensively used throughout that district, and it is noted that at Dodbrooke it paid a small tithe to the rector. It was procurable at a few public-houses in Plymouth less than a quarter of a century ago, and there are no doubt many people who remember what it tasted and looked like, though they may not know how it was concocted.

OLD ALE MAKES THE OLD HALE.

"Your doctors may boast of their lotions
And ladies may talk of their tea,
But I envy them none of their potions
A glass of good stingo for me.
The doctor may sneer if he pleases,
But my recipe never will fail;
For the physic that cures all diseases
Is a bumper of good English ale."

WORTHY OF HIS MEMORY.

The Anderson Baptist Church, Reading, of which the late Mr. E. Bailey was one of the founders and Secretary, has decided to erect an organ in his memory. This will be a much-needed improvement and one of which he often spoke. A pipe organ has been secured which, when adapted, will be an instrument worthy of his memory. I feel sure that those who knew him would like to associate themselves with this effort and I invite them to contribute. Subscriptions can be paid into the Reading Savings Bank, London Street, made payable to E. Bailey Memorial Fund.

PRICE OF BEER.

The House of Commons rang with laughter over an amusing bout between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lady Astor as to the price of beer. Lady Astor had asked the Chancellor whether his attention had been drawn to the fact that certain brewers had increased the price of bottled ales in spite of the pledge given that the tax would not be passed on to the consumer. Mr. Snowden replied that the brewers were carrying out their undertaking. Lady Astor: Is the Chancellor of the Exchequer as frightened of the brewing Trade as he said our party was? Mr. Snowden said that question did not arise, but repeated that the brewers were carrying out their pledge. "Then why has it gone up," asked Lady Astor. Amid an uproar of laughter, Mr. Snowden replied: "The noble lady seems to be far better acquainted with the price of beer than I am."

FREE BEER AS COMPENSATION.

Oxford colleges have many customs likely to mystify those ignorant of their origin. Free beer as compensation for murder is the privilege of one well-known college. Once a year, as the anniversary of the killing of a Brasenose undergraduate by members of Lincoln comes round, an unobtrusive little door opens between the two colleges, and Brasenose troops for beer at the expense of Lincoln. But Lincoln has been too much for Brasenose. Faced with a heavy beer bill for their unwelcome guests, the authorities have medicated the beer with herbs, and it is a hardy soul who can absorb a pint of it. At New College free beer came near to being a commemoration instead of a penalty. A curious bequest to the college was free beer for its members at dinner, but the dons had other views regarding the bequest. Once a year, however, college dinner is relieved by mint julep, through the generosity of a former member.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

One of our Managers, assisting at the recent Municipal Elections, was surprised and amused when calling at a house, to hear the good wife exclaim to her husband, "Bob, come along! Taxi!!"

The same Manager, on his rounds, had been reflecting that the recent activities of the Firm were adding considerable business at the expense of, shall we say, Brown & Co., when he was misdirected across rough ground and, after very unpleasant experiences, came up to a licensed house he thought he was seeking but on closer examination he read:—

"The Live and Let Live" Inn (Brown & Co.)

NOVEMBER II.

Roll of Honour. In Memoriam.

HONOUR AND GRATITUDE
TO
THE GREAT AND NOBLE
COMPANY
OF
THE DEAD.
COMFORT THEIR KIN
AND
SUCCOUR THEIR LIVING
COMRADES.

*These, who desired to live, went out to death ;
Dark underground their golden youth is lying.
We live ; and there is brightness in our breath
They could not know—the splendour of their dying.*

—Lines written for the Liverpool University Roll of Service
by Lascelles Abercrombie.

RING DOWN THE CURTAIN.

After three months' well-earned recuperation, the Licensing Commission is again at work, grimly resolved to pursue its ponderous inquiry to the bitter end, says the *Morning Post*. It would be churlish to disparage the constancy of its members in "scorning delights and living laborious days" for no better purpose than to provide a care-worn Cabinet with a convenient excuse for omitting the "drink problem" from a succession of King's Speeches. Their appetite for knowledge is truly encyclopaedic and their inquisitory zeal is undeniably stupendous. With so admirable a display of collective virtue we have no quarrel. We may nevertheless be pardoned if we give expression to the fear that the results may prove too "dry" even for the palates of politicians. Fortunately, the luxury of a Licensing Commission is not enjoyed more than once in a generation. On the last occasion, in 1896, the Commission sat for three years and then its report was quietly ignored by Parliament. One might have no objection to this precedent being followed in the present instance, were it not for the expense. The Commission is costing over £8,000 a year; and in the existing state of national finances it can hardly be contended that it is cheap, even as a form of public entertainment. A wholly redundant inquiry is being quite needlessly prolonged, and we would strongly urge that the curtain be rung down on this mirthless comedy before further instalments of valuable public money are wasted on it.

A LICENSEE TO HIS CUSTOMERS.

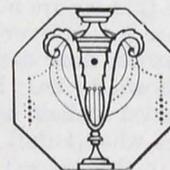
In God I trust; all others cash.

My beer is good, my measure just,
Forgive me, please, I cannot trust.
I have trusted many to my sorrow.
So pay to-day and owe to-morrow.

My clock ticks, but I don't.

2 Pints make.....1 Quart.
4 Quarts make.....1 Gallon.
1 Argument makes.....1 Quarrel.
1 Quarrel makes.....1 Fight.
1 Fight makes.....2 Policemen.
1 Magistrate.....20/- or 14 days.

Call frequently
Drink moderately,
Pay honourably,
Be good company,
Part friendly,
Go home quietly.



OUR LADIES' PAGE.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

By the time this book is in the hands of its readers we shall be, once again, in the last month of the year and Christmas will be looming in the near future. As children we thought a year with its 365 days a very long time indeed—at least I know that I did—and the Annual Festival occasions, such as Christmas, Summer Holidays, and Birthdays, very far apart; but as we grow older our aspect changes considerably. No sooner do we seem to have welcomed in the dawn of one New Year than it is time to do so for the next. I often think, especially at times when everything goes well with us, or when something out of the ordinary happens which gives special pleasure, what a pity it is that time is so short, hardly allowing for the pleasure to be appreciated to its full value before our attention is claimed by other events, which though not of such a pleasing nature, yet dim the glow of that which we would fain enjoy for a while longer.

And with the approach of Christmas, though we shall no doubt find plenty to occupy our time, I do think that the opportunity is here given us to express our appreciation of the many little kindnesses rendered to us by our friends, kindnesses that are often rendered quite unthinkingly and spontaneously. It does not necessarily follow that we must spend money on this; a Christmas card, or even a few lines of greeting at this season of the year will convey to them that they are in our thoughts and that we are not unmindful of the many, or it may be only few, occasions when they have been of service to us.

I often recall a sermon I heard a few years ago when the preacher stressed most emphatically that, on the whole, we were not sufficiently grateful for all the many blessings, etc., that are bestowed on the ordinary individual.

It is general knowledge that we are not, as a rule, a demonstrative race, neither do we care for an over-display of gratitude, but we should acknowledge it as our duty to be thankful for the many kindly acts and services shown to us. How often do we hear it said and we say it ourselves, "I shall do nothing more for so-and-so, he or she never appreciates what I do," little thinking that they or we are far from perfect in this respect.

As mentioned before, Christmastime does present the opportunity for us to show our appreciation, and if, when selecting our presents—and who is there that has not a friend to whom it is a pleasure to make a gift—we would only put a little more thought into the choosing of it, the pleasure will be all the greater. I often

wonder, in this giving and receiving of presents, who derives the greater pleasure, the donor or the recipient. Don't you think you experience the greater thrill when you know for a certainty that your gift has been the one thing your friend desired?—I feel sure you do. Of course, everyone agrees it is nice to receive presents and to know that we are not forgotten by our friends, but I do think that more often greater happiness is found in giving.

M.P.

GREASY BOTTLES.

To clean a greasy bottle, half fill it with sawdust, moisten with water, and shake well.

DAMP SALT.

If salt in salt shaker is damp, put the shaker on the back of the stove until the salt dries.

THE USEFUL SCISSORS.

Keep a small pair of scissors in the drawer with your knives. They will trim the edges of pie-crust much quicker and neater than a knife. Also they are very convenient for preparing bread sandwiches.

LEFT-OVER FOWL.

Left-over fowl can be sliced, diced and served in creamed or scalloped mixtures or combined with other ingredients for a loaf, timbales or a soufflé.

TO EASE A CORN.

If you have a painful corn, touch it with a little oil of peppermint and the soreness will be wonderfully eased.

LIKE NEW.

If your window blinds look dirty and worn on the bottom, reverse them by taking each off its roller and turning it upside down, stitching the top to make a hem for the bottom and tacking the erstwhile bottom to the top.

STOP THAT LADDER.

If a hole suddenly appears in your stocking, and no mending silk is handy, procure a piece of soap and rub this round the hole. This will keep the threads together, so that a "ladder" will not be started.

BEFORE BEGINNING TO FRY.

Before beginning to fry any foodstuff that has a very strong flavour, place one or two coffee beans on the top of the stove. The delicious aroma of the burning coffee will then predominate.

KINDNESS IN THE HOME.

Be kind. Make up your mind every morning that you will bring happiness into the home during the day. Help mother, help daddy; be gentle with your little brothers and sisters. Make kindness your motto, and work hard every day for kindness in the home.

SOME CHEESE SUGGESTIONS.

Scraps of cheese, or cheese that has become dry should not be wasted, but should be finely grated and kept in a well-corked bottle for future use. It can then be used in many ways—for making savouries, sandwiches or omelets; it is also used by some cooks for sprinkling into soups.

A large potato baked in its jacket is, for instance, much improved if grated cheese as well as butter be added to it.

 THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS.

The road that runs to happiness
 Is not so long;
 'Tis not a wide and gleaming street
 Where people crowd and throng.
 See the little road
 By your door that lies,
 Oh, that's the road to happiness,
 Right before your eyes!

Some seek this road in foreign lands;
 They wander far,
 But you may wisely find it
 In whatever land you are.
 'Tis the place you've always
 Known in work and play,
 Oh, yes, the road to happiness
 Is just the common way!

4TH DIVISION CONCENTRATION, EAST ANGLIA, 1930.

H. & G. SIMONDS' BEERS MUCH IN EVIDENCE.

SMART WORK BY MEN OF THE CANVAS DEPARTMENT.

(By W.B.)

When it was known that these trainings were to take place it was arranged by Mr. C. E. Gough that Mr. W. H. Wigley, our chief military representative, be asked to meet the writer at Saxmundham, to fix up a suitable spot for our Canvas Depot. Mr. Wigley is particularly well versed in this kind of business and he chose a very high pitch. This is a good tip to any of the staff who may be called upon in future years to carry out similar duties. The idea of choosing high ground is that, in the case of very bad weather, your depot remains high and dry, whereas if a lower spot were chosen there is every likelihood of the depot being flooded out.

Mr. Wigley's instruction and advice were also most helpful in arranging for the sleeping and other accommodation of the staff.

The advance parties arrived in the different camps on Monday, August 18th, and all troops were in camp by Monday, August 25th. There were round about 10,000 troops in the district which covered nearly 70 miles. There were camps at Framlingham, Hoxne Park, Wangford Park, Carlton Park, Saxmundham, and Friday Wood Farm, Colchester. Seventeen of our marquees were erected in the various camps and it may interest our readers to peruse the following list of Sergeants' Messes who kindly gave us their patronage during the training:—7th Queens Own Hussars; 5th Field Brigade, R.A.; 17th Field Brigade, R.A.; 18th Field Brigade, R.A.; 2nd Medium Brigade, R.A.; 3rd Light Brigade, R.A.; 2nd Battn. The Royal Fusiliers; 2nd Battn. The Northamptonshire Regiment; 2nd Battn. The Rifle Brigade; 2nd Battn. The Queens Royal Regiment; 2nd Battn. The Gloucestershire Regiment; 1st Battn. The Royal Sussex Regiment; 2nd Battn. The Black Watch (B.B. Spirits); 1st Battn. The Sherwood Foresters; 4th Divisional Signals, R.C.O.S.; 11th Company, R.A.M.C.; 21st M.T. Co., R.A.S.C.; 18th M.T. Co., R.A.S.C.; and No. 2 Squadron, R.A.F. A very large proportion of the officers messes trade was also dealt with.

ERECTION OF MARQUEES.

The erection of our marquees was commenced on Wednesday, August 20th, and two men, whom we may well describe as specialists, were sent from the Canvas Department at Reading, to carry out the work and were ably assisted by R. T. Kingwell, late Woolwich Branch and now undergoing a course of instruction in the Bottle

Beer Stores at headquarters, and A. L. Hiscock who was loaned from the Delivery Department and who also gave of his best. A 30-cwt. ballooned-tyred lorry did the greater portion of our deliveries.

The weather, to commence with, was all that could be desired and all troops appeared to thoroughly enjoy the out-door life, though work was at times necessarily very strenuous. The latter part of the training was carried out in very bad weather and on more than one occasion it was thought that the actual battles would have to be abandoned. It was, however, a source of satisfaction to all concerned that the programme was carried out in its entirety.

OFFICE AND STORE TENT.

The troops commenced to leave for home on Thursday, September 18th, and all camps were struck a few days afterwards. To enable us to dismantle our marquees the two men mentioned above were again sent to Saxmundham and we had cleared all the canvas and other materials by Monday, September 22nd. We had a 40ft. x 20ft. marquee erected at Saxmundham as an office and store tent, this being the Firm's headquarters for the supply of our customers in the whole division, which brought in troops from the Dover and Shorncliffe areas and also from Colchester. The many favourable comments passed by our customers proved that they were more than satisfied with the services we were able to render.

BEERS IN EXCELLENT CONDITION.

All supplies were sent by rail from Reading to Saxmundham station (132 miles) and the excellent condition of our beers won unstinted praise in all directions. This was all the more creditable to those concerned when the trying weather conditions are taken into consideration.

The various Sergeants' Mess caterers dealing with the draught beers gave us every assistance. They cut big sods of turf which they placed on the top of the barrels, keeping them moist and cool and thus obviating any damage which the heat might otherwise have done.

AN EFFICIENT RAILWAY STAFF.

The excellent services rendered by the railway staff at Saxmundham are well worthy of note and assisted very materially in making the distribution work smoothly. On only one occasion did we have cause for alarm and that was when the beer

did not arrive at the usual time. The Station Master phoned to various stations and discovered that the wheels of the truck conveying our beer had run hot. This necessitated the transfer of the beers to another truck and without any undue delay they reached their destination safely.

SAFELY GATHERED IN.

I don't think I can do better than conclude with the following amusing incident :—

A Rector in the area of recent Army manoeuvres hung a notice on a well-laden apple tree :

Please do not touch ; wanted for the Harvest Festival.

Next morning he found the apple tree bare, and the card reversed, bearing the following :

All is safely gather in
Ere the soldiers come agin.



R. T. Kingwell and A. L. Hiscock loading empties at Saxmundham for return to Reading.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Life would be too easy, heaven too lightly gained, if the victor's crown could be won by a single struggle. In that battle the heart's best blood must be drained; the wearied soul must stand to its arms again and yet again. There will be many an apparent truce, and perhaps many a sore defeat, before the end, which sometimes seems so far is won at last.

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY

1485 A.D.

Carriages without horses shall go,
 And accidents fill the world with woe.
 Around the world thoughts shall fly
 In the twinkling of an eye.
 Waters shall yet more wonders do,
 Now strange, yet shall be true.
 The world upside down shall be,
 And gold be found at root of tree.
 Through hills man shall ride,
 And no horse nor ass be at his side.
 Under water man shall walk,
 Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
 In the air men shall be seen
 In white, in black, in green.
 Iron in the water shall float,
 As easy as a wooden boat.
 Gold shall be found 'mid stone,
 In a land that's now unknown.
 Fire and water shall wonders do,
 England shall at last admit a Jew.
 And this world to an end shall come
 In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

THIS PROPHECY

was first published in England in 1485.

All events predicted have come to pass—with the exception of the last two lines.

BOOKS AND READING.

The old adage, "Tell me your company and I'll tell you what you are," applies to books as well as to persons. Tell me your book and I'll tell you what you are intellectually and morally, for the books we like best but express the desires of our heart and thoughts of our mind. The reading public now embraces about all that have come to the use of reason. Everybody reads, and the demand is supplied so well that something or other is always at hand. Fiction and the newspaper are usually the staple articles of diet, and they each in their own way reflect the age in which they appear, for they dominate the imagination, rule and fancy, and contain what is supposed to be of interest. They do not always present what is noblest in conduct and best in thought, and have had such an effect upon the popular mind that the book which would ennoble is apt to be dull and unattractive reading for a people whose excursions into the literary field do not extend beyond the popular novel or magazine.

In the matter of reading there is frequently a reaction from the serious and perhaps compulsory perusal of historical or biographical works. The current literature of the day is sought after, and, while it may not be positively noxious, it is usually negative for good. It furnishes too much food for the imagination and emotions at the expense of reason and will. The world is full of good books, but where is the good thing in life which the devil has not provided a bad thing to counteract it? Fiction and several newspapers now not only employ leisure but corrupt it. The country is flooded with malicious, debasing, frivolous reading matter.

There is so much good fiction in the world that it seems a poor economy of time to waste hours on books of mediocre calibre. The better the book, the greater its power for giving pleasure, so it is a mistake to think that, because a novel is a classic, its place is in the classroom merely. Some lives of great people—if they be well-written biographies—would seem to belong to the region of fiction rather than of reality, so great is their charm; some essays of the personal type, are most entertaining. Then, too, why should a slightly serious strain appal us in times of leisure. The greatest educational processes, often though unknown, are unobtrusively at work during the time spent in reading a good book.



SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE.

1	P	R	O	H	I	B	I	T	I	O	N	6
O		S		T	A			D		O		
	8	H	I	S		10	C	A	P	O	N	12
	13	R	E	L	I	C		15	A	L	E	
16		17	R	A	S	H	E	R	S			18
19	20		21	V	I	A				22	P	A
23		24		25	S	N	E	E	R			T
28			29			A		30	R	O	E	
	32	D	O	E		33	L	O	R	D	S	
34				35	A	I				E		36
37	D	E	P	U	T	A	T	I	O	N	S	

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

FRIENDLY GOLFER (to player searching for lost ball): "What sort of a ball was it?"

CADDIE (butting in): "A bran' new one—never been properly 'it yet!"

* * * *

"The type of caretaker I want," said the manager, "is naturally a man of high moral character—one who can win the confidence of those above him; industrious and anxious to please."

"I'm your man, sir," the applicant assured him. "I got three months off my last sentence through being like that."

INDUSTRY'S CALL TO ALL PARTIES.

ONLY WAY TO PROSPERITY.

"The country's prosperity at the moment is the plaything of the politicians," state the executive committee of the National Council of Industry and Commerce, of which Sir William R. Morris is chairman, in a statement issued a few days ago.

The committee "would remind the British people of the simple truth" that:

We can live and pay our debts and prosper only by producing goods and by rendering services in return for the production of others; and

The country's wealth can be measured only by its production and services.

The statement continues:

"Partly because we have failed to remember this plain statement of fact, and partly for other reasons, Great Britain to-day is in a state of depression surpassing all previous crises.

"All efforts of both capital and labour will be fruitless and unavailing, and the present appalling conditions will continue until disaster overtakes us, unless the Government and the Opposition discard party politics in favour of sound economics."

PROBLEM OF WAGES.

The committee state that they observe with "serious apprehension" the failure, on its economic side, of the Imperial Conference.

"They would point out," they say, "that this failure was inevitable, because the Government subordinated economics to politics, actually announcing in advance that fiscal discussions along certain lines would be definitely ruled out. In other words, the economic proposals were not considered on their merits.

"In the King's Speech it seemed that the Government realised the urgent importance of giving immediate effect to measures calculated to improve trade and increase employment, whereas the measures introduced for discussion by Parliament—excellent perhaps in their way—can only add to the present burdens. The

outstanding problems of unemployment and trade recovery are entirely ignored.

“Unemployment is increasing so rapidly that soon it will be unmanageable ; production shows a continuous decline, but the burden of taxation grows heavier. Our national income is being fatally reduced, while the claims on our income are being steadily increased.

“Workers should realise that even the ‘dole’ must be paid out of production and services rendered, unless it is to be paid by money from the printing press, with a steadily declining value and ultimately no value.

“The constantly increasing overhead costs of production must be reduced. The national council in principle are opposed to wage reductions and are in favour of good wages, but good wages can be paid only out of money earned—*i.e.*, wealth produced. The price of keeping people in idleness is paid by the people in work.

“The committee urge that the Government of the day shall deal with these questions of unemployment and taxation at once and on a strictly non-party basis.

“The time is long past when parties can or should be considered at all.”

The committee urges the British people “not to wait for a general election but to force their view *now* on sitting members of Parliament of all parties, and to demand that the Government and Parliament shall definitely put aside all thought of office or party and act.”

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

An admiral had a terrifying habit of pouncing upon his “middies” with the most unexpected and sometimes un-nautical questions to test their alertness and intelligence. The “middies” became fed-up with this unnerving habit and determined to discourage it.

One day “the old man” happened to choose the coolest of the youngsters, to whom he fired this question: “What animals eat grass?”

The “middy,” quite unmoved, replied politely, “I don’t think any of them do, sir.”

“What! You say no animals eat grass?”

“Ah, I beg your pardon, sir ; I thought you said ‘admirals.’”

A NATURE NOTE.

A DECEPTIVE STARLING.

TALE OF TWO TENNIS SHOES.

(By C.H.P.)

It is very unusual to hear the short sweet song of a willow warbler in November, but on several mornings I was convinced I did hear it and on Sunday, November 9th, I kept watch in my back-garden, armed with my field-glasses. For a considerable time, with ear and eye alert, I listened and looked for my little friend. Eventually I was almost positive I heard his notes, just like a little silver vocal stream trickling from the tree-tops. But I could not see the bird, not even with the aid of my field-glasses. The notes, however, were uttered again and again and there was no mistaking the direction, or the tree, from which they proceeded. Then I solved the problem. An old starling it was that was deceiving me! These birds are marvellously clever imitators and this starling was certainly reproducing the little migrant’s song so accurately that it would have deceived anyone.

A SUNDAY MORNING TRAGEDY.

By the way, my close attention to bird-life had a rather disastrous result. My daughter had gone to church—doubtless to pray for father—and had requested me to keep an eye on some soup that was simmering on the gas stove. Earlier in the morning I had carefully blanco-ed my tennis shoes and placed them in the oven to dry. Had I paid the same attention to the soup as I did to the birds all would have been well, but I forgot all about it and when I returned much of it had boiled over, and not only boiled over, but had found its way into my tennis shoes—what a mess! I believe that if I had had a gun I should have shot that starling.

BEWARE OF THE BULL!

The Reading Town Council have done a good piece of work in opening up Cow Lane. This leads straight from Salisbury Road to the Thames and the improvement would appear to have been made specially for my advantage. I can get to the river-side, on foot, in a quarter-of-an-hour easily and have made a number of journeys there, before breakfast, since the road was made up. A brisk walk, in the early morning, as far as Keel’s and back, acts as a tonic and the worse the weather the better I like it. I generally take a Blenheim orange apple of which I am very fond. Mr. Dunster, of “Brewery Jottings” fame, kindly provided me with a supply, but, as I have since informed him, they are not keeping at all well

as their number is rapidly diminishing! You can almost always see herons in the meadows down this way and through my field-glasses I have learned much concerning their habits. One of these birds seemed particularly busy the other morning and I was making a bee-line to the spot when I noticed a hefty bull, not many yards away. He looked at me in a very old-fashioned manner, to say the least, and coward! I did not proceed further to unravel what that heron was devouring, but discreetly retraced my steps. Concerning my bovine friend, or enemy, it was with *me* a case of "distance lending enchantment to the view."

THE TALL AND SHORT OF IT.

In addition to this heron—and the bull!—I saw a little bat-mouse that had been tempted out of his winter slumber by the mild weather and was very busy hawking for flies. We often hear the phrase "as blind as a bat," but few creatures have more wonderful eyesight and as this little winged mouse darted and dived no doubt he frequently seized insects much too small for me to see.

WHEN CHAPMAN WAS DROPPED.

(From *The Nation*: C.M.G.)

"The sensational dropping of Percy Chapman from the English side put our team in great spirits . . . we could have wished for no better tonic."

—Don Bradman, in *The Star*, November 8.

We may have lost the Ashes at the Oval and at Lord's,
But does it really matter, when our history records
That we kept our reputation as the most quixotic pack
Who ever fought a battle with one hand behind their back?

Who can doubt that when we dropped him we had done "the sporting thing"?

Gratitude from worthy foemen robs defeat of all its sting;
Does it matter if our prospects of a victory were dished
When we know we gave the "Cornstalks" *just the tonic that they wished?*

MACFLECKNOE.

THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

As members, and prominent members, of the British Empire, it is really extraordinary how little we in England know of that very great land of India and its countless inhabitants. Beyond the mere vague fact that it lies in the East, and is peopled by a coffee-coloured race wearing turbans and who subsist mainly on rice, the knowledge of the "man in the street" is very limited. The following figures and brief description would no doubt astonish a good many of the public who are quite content to remain in blissful ignorance of the great questions which are now occupying members of the Round Table Conference.

The Indian Empire covers over 1,800,000 square miles, more than all Europe excluding Russia. It contains some 320 million people, about three-quarters of the British Empire's total population, and one-fifth of the total civilised population of the world. Over 220 different languages are spoken, whilst 68 per cent. of the people are Hindus, 21 per cent. Moslems, and the remaining 11 per cent. Buddhists, Christians, Sikhs, Jains, Parsees, and Animists. Upon consideration of this and the many difficulties occasioned by their peculiar customs, it is obvious that the government of such a land is a matter of extreme difficulty and supreme importance. Speaking at a meeting recently held in Reading, the Rt. Hon. Sir Leslie Wilson, formerly Governor of Bombay, made several statements regarding the existing state of affairs in India. He said that the "Untouchables" totalled between 60 and 70 millions with 22 castes of their own. They performed all manner of useful work such as labouring and scavenging. Yet these unfortunate people must have absolutely nothing to do with the high caste Indians. Again, the Hindus, believing it wrong to take life, were responsible for 14,000,000 useless animals in India. The food consumption of these beasts approximated £100,000,000 during a period of six years.

A further statement by Sir Leslie was, however, of a somewhat more hopeful nature. It was to the effect that 85 per cent. of the population were not politically-minded, which meant that these people were quite content to carry on as before. Those who *were* politically-minded were generally well-educated and for the most part occupied high positions in the country. They not unnaturally desired a greater say in the Government than they had at present, but another difficulty was occasioned by the Mohammedans' fear that the Hindu Brahmins would gain supremacy over themselves in this manner.

The growth of the caste system came about in the following manner. Many years before even Abraham was born the Aryans invaded India from the North-West mountain passes and made

themselves lords of the Hindustan lands. Most of the conquered inhabitants were kept as hewers of wood and drawers of water. They were of the lowest caste . . . the "Untouchables." The other three great castes were the Brahmins, or men of learning; the warriors, known as Rajputs; and those who followed occupations of a less honourable nature.

The Aryan people, having conquered India and founded great Kingdoms, were subjected to invasion by the Persians, about the time of King Darius. The Kings of the Punjab, or the Land of the Five Rivers, were forced to pay tribute to their conquerors, who were followed 150 years later by the Greeks under the command of Alexander. This great warrior defeated Porus, Prince of the Punjab, but gave him back his kingdom owing to his valiant conduct. He was, however, still subject to the Greeks. Upon the breaking up of Alexander's empire they were again free, and there arose in Hindustan that famous ruler Asoka. Under his wise and just rule the Buddhist faith was spread about.

A thousand years later they were again invaded, this time by the Mohammedans, who set up kingdoms all over Hindustan. The next great name we hear is Akbar. This king came to the throne two years before our Queen Elizabeth and reigned for fifty years. Upon his death he left an empire stronger, more prosperous, and better governed than had been known since the days of Asoka. He was succeeded by his son Jehan Gir who was visited by the English Ambassador, Sir Thomas Roe. Jehan Gir's rule, however, was not so successful owing to his selfishness, but upon his son, Shan Jehan, coming to the throne the outlook was again bright. Shan Jehan was responsible for the magnificent Taj Mahal which he built as a memorial to his wife, Mumtaz Mahal.

Shan Jehan's son, Aurungzebe, ruled for nearly fifty years and overthrew the great kingdoms of the Deccan. After him the British began to gain influence, and thus, after Hindu and Mussulmans, the rule passed to our hands, we who are of the same stock as the Brahmins and Rajputs.

From this period the history is more or less familiar to us. Of how Dupleix and Clive struggled together, of the "Black Hole of Calcutta," of the final French defeat and more later the terrible Mutiny of 1857, after which Queen Victoria became Empress.

The geographical features of India are of interest owing to the way in which they contrast with one another. Up in the great mountains are found enormous glaciers which represent the sources of the rivers, and these, together with the eternal snow, present scenes that are truly arctic. Lower down, at the foot of the mountains, stretch great tropical forests inhabited by all manner of wild animals together with many kinds of noxious insects and

snakes including the dreaded cobra. There are also to be seen countless monkeys, beautiful butterflies, and birds with the most brilliant plumage such as parroquets. The terrible heat of the plains has proved so trying to Europeans that they have had to build health stations amid the foot-hills of the mountains. The most famous of these is Simla, to which the Government is moved from May to October each year. Farther East is Darjiling, noted for its wonderful view of the Himalayas with Mount Everest towering in the distance. This town, standing in the midst of extensive tea-plantations, is readily accessible to the plain of the Ganges. On the Jumna, a tributary of the Ganges, stands Delhi, the present capital of the country. It is the centre of the railways of North India, is a great place of business, and is particularly noted for its beautiful mosques, of which the most famous is the Pearl Mosque, an exquisite structure of marble.

The productions of India are enormous, ranging from wheat, barley, and maize, to opium, sugar, and minerals such as coal, gold, salt, silver, lead, and mica. Jute is grown and made into ropes and carpets, whilst the cotton industry, centred chiefly around Bombay and Ahmedabad, is of extreme importance. The Deccan is particularly noted for its timber which includes the sweet-scented sandalwood, bamboos, and the famous teak-tree which is capable of resisting the attacks of ants and other destructive insects.

One of the most curious facts about India is the simplicity with which the great majority of the people live. Their clothing consists of cheap cotton cloth and their homes of mud huts thatched with straw or palm leaves. In Bengal the chief article of food is rice; millet, maize and wheat being favoured elsewhere. Hot spices vary the diet and the Hindus frequently smoke both tobacco and opium. The lack of a spirit of enterprise amongst the peasants is unfortunately responsible for occasional famines upon the failure of the rain-fall with the consequent lack of crops upon which to live. They are, however, capable of facing any such disaster with wonderful stoicism and patience.

At present the some 72 millions of the people are ruled by their native princes, known as Rajahs or Maharajahs. At each court a British agent is placed to advise generally and represent British interests. The remaining 250,000,000 are under direct British control, though they are allowed a very free hand with their own affairs. The whole country is governed by the Governor-General at the head of a general Indian legislature. The question of the success of this system is now being thrashed out at the Round Table Conference, and in view of the importance of the whole question it is to be hoped that a settlement satisfactory to all sides is reached.

H. W. KIRBY.

SOCIAL CLUB.

On Saturday, 8th November, we had the pleasure of a visit from the Morris Motors Athletic Club of Oxford and, as dealt with by the Editor elsewhere, a very enjoyable evening was spent. We are looking forward to the return visit with enthusiasm.

Yet another good evening was that of Saturday, November 22nd, when we entertained the Sulhampstead and Ufton Club, and on Saturday, 6th December, we are paying the return visit.

Below we give the results of Departmental tournaments held since last going to press and also position of teams as on November 21st.

The Billiards tournament of 100 up, for the prize which is given annually by Mr. C. W. Stocker, has now reached its concluding stages. The draw for the semi-final resulted as follows:—

R. Broad *v.* R. Griffiths
W. Sparks *v.* J. Benford.

The prize for the "runner-up" will be given by the Club.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

CHILDREN'S XMAS TREAT.—This event will be held on Saturday, 3rd January, 1931, and all members of the Club who have children eligible to attend are requested to hand particulars, on the forms provided, to the Steward of the Club, not later than Saturday, 27th December, 1930.

CLUB DINNER.—This function will take place at the "Olympia" London Street, on Monday, 12th January, 1931, under similar conditions to last year. Tickets can be had on application to the following:—

Mr. W. Curtis	for Brewery.
" C. Chapman	" Building Department.
" F. H. Braisher	" Canvas Stores.
" W. Sparks	" Coopers and Scalds.
" A. O. Taylor	" Fitters' Shop.
" H. Davis	" Loading Stage.
" S. Bird	" Maltings
" R. Broad	" Offices.
" F. H. Braisher	" Stables.
" G. Marsh	" Transport.
" E. Palmer	" Wine Stores.
" J. Stone	" Wheelwrights

or from the Club Steward.

The price of tickets to employees will be 2/- each and early application is strongly urged and must be booked not later than Monday, 5th January, 1931.

DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

Friday, 31st October, 1930.

Games.	REST.		SCALDS.	
	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.
Billiards ...	A. J. Dalton ...	1	R. Griffiths ...	0
" ...	F. Braisher ...	1	W. Sparks ...	0
" ...	E. Palmer ...	0	C. Weller ...	1
Dominoes ...	A. Comley ...	1	H. Plank ...	0
" ...	T. Osborne ...	1	F. C. Collins ...	0
" ...	J. Croft ...	1	W. Newport ...	0
Crib ...	T. Osborne ...	1	W. Sparks ...	0
" ...	W. Humphries ...	0	F. Oliver ...	1
" ...	F. Weedon ...	1	W. Newport ...	0
Shove Halfpenny ...	A. Nash ...	1	J. Kirk ...	0
" ...	A. Comley ...	1	G. Kelly Junr. ...	0
" ...	A. J. Nash ...	1	J. Read ...	0
Darts ...	F. Weedon ...	1	G. Kelly Junr. ...	0
" ...	A. J. Nash ...	0	A. F. Weight ...	1
" ...	A. Franklin ...	1	G. Shipton ...	0
Shooting ...	H. Prater ...	1	T. Holmes ...	0
" ...	A. Whiting ...	1	F. C. Collins ...	0
" ...	J. Croft ...	1	F. Cross ...	0
		15		3

Friday, 14th November, 1930.

Games.	BUILDING.		TRANSPORT.	
	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.
Billiards ...	W. Hinton ...	0	H. Goodwin ...	1
" ...	C. Chapman ...	0	H. Mealing ...	1
" ...	J. Chard ...	0	A. Mulcock ...	1
Dominoes ...	W. Judd ...	0	H. Hinxman ...	1
" ...	E. Bailey ...	0	F. Hutchins ...	1
" ...	P. Maynard ...	1	G. Smith ...	0
Crib ...	B. Smith ...	0	A. Grove ...	1
" ...	F. Warner ...	0	F. Hamilton ...	1
" ...	J. Keats ...	0	G. Marsh ...	1
Shove Halfpenny ...	C. Dobson ...	1	F. Jones ...	0
" ...	F. Warner ...	1	A. Hiscock ...	0
" ...	T. Stacey ...	0	H. Pickett ...	1
Darts ...	P. Miles ...	1	C. Dibley ...	0
" ...	B. Eymore ...	1	H. Mealing ...	0
" ...	A. Mills ...	1	G. Boniface ...	0
Shooting ...	W. Sewell ...	0	A. O. Taylor ...	1
" ...	J. Chard ...	0	J. Champion ...	1
" ...	H. Mitchell ...	0	F. Whiting ...	1
		6		12

Friday, 21st November, 1930.

Games.	OFFICES.			MALTINGS.		
	Name.	Points.		Name.	Points.	
Billiards ...	F. C. Riden ...	0		S. Couzins ...	1	
" ...	J. B. Doe ...	1		G. Nunn ...	0	
" ...	H. Davis ...	1		J. Everett ...	0	
Dominoes ...	C. Langton ...	0		H. Stanbrook ...	1	
" ...	C. H. Perrin ...	0		A. Everett ...	1	
" ...	J. W. Hillier ...	1		E. Smith ...	0	
Crib ...	L. E. Browne ...	1		W. Strong ...	0	
" ...	T. E. Stevens ...	1		J. Streams ...	0	
" ...	W. Bradford ...	1		W. Gilkerson ...	0	
Shove Halfpenny ...	C. B. Cox ...	1		T. Howell ...	0	
" ...	E. Crutchley ...	0		E. Hodder ...	1	
" ...	J. H. Wadhams ...	0		R. Heath ...	1	
Darts ...	J. Clay ...	1		B. Streams ...	0	
" ...	W. H. Wild ...	0		H. Gibson ...	1	
" ...	R. Braod ...	1		J. Streams ...	0	
Shooting ...	R. Broad ...	½		E. Parker ...	½	
" ...	H. Osborne ...	1		G. Lailley ...	0	
" ...	H. Shepherd ...	½		G. Boyles ...	½	
		11			7	

RESULT OF GAMES PLAYED TO WEEK ENDING 21ST NOVEMBER, 1930.

Team.	Number of Tournaments played.	Number of Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
Transport ...	3	54	30	23	1	30½
Maltings ...	3	54	25	26	3	26½
The Rest ...	2	36	24	11	1	24½
Offices ...	2	36	18	16	2	19
Building ...	2	36	14	21	1	14½
Coopers and Scalds ...	2	36	11	25	—	11

MR. F. L. SHRIMPTON.

We were pleased to observe from the *Southern Daily Echo*, published on the 3rd November, that Mr. Shrimpton was elected to the Andover Town Council during the recent Municipal Elections. It was Mr. Shrimpton's first bid for municipal honours and he is to be congratulated on securing the second highest number of votes amongst nine candidates.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

The visit of H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught was of a private nature, nevertheless a goodly crowd of sightseers very quickly congregated in the vicinity of The Brewery, possibly owing to several policemen being on duty near the gates and entrance to the Offices.

H. & G. Simonds Ltd. have been highly honoured by two visits by Royalty within a fairly short space of time, viz., first by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales and now by H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught. Although the visit was of short duration the Prince covered a good deal of ground.

R.U.R.

These initials are by no means mysterious, although at first sight they may appear to be so. They stand for Reading University Rag. Every year the students of the University organise various schemes for the collection of spare cash (if any) from the inhabitants of Reading. Tuesday, October 28th, 1930, was the date and although not the best of days from a weather point of view, a record sum of money was collected (or collared) and local charities will benefit considerably as a result of the efforts of the students. *The Rattler* (the unofficial organ of the Students Union) was the chief medium used for obtaining cash and they were all sold. The following appeared therein and is worthy of mention:—

His wife called out "Herb"
As he stepped off the kerb
Absorbed in the newspaper leader.

* * * *

As he lay in the gutter
His wife heard him mutter
"Thank God I'm a registered reader."

H. & G. Simonds Ltd. lent a lorry, complete with driver and mate, for the day, many empty casks of various sizes, bottles, tables, &c. A procession of decorated lorries took place, and our lorry represented life (or death) in Chicago. One large card carried thereon read "Why commit suicide? Come to Chicago."

HAPPY EVENT.

Mr. T. W. Bradford has been heartily congratulated on being presented with a bonny daughter. Glad to say that both Mrs. Bradford and the baby are thriving and father is bearing up quite well.

MR. N. J. CROCKER.

Mr. Crocker, Foreman of the Union Room, was taken ill rather suddenly and had to undergo an immediate operation at the Royal Berkshire Hospital. He has since been removed to the Blagrove Hospital and I am glad to learn he is making excellent progress towards complete recovery. He is a most conscientious worker and will be welcomed back to duty when fit and well once again.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

The Transport Department have had two casualties recently, Mr. T. E. Stevens breaking a bone in his shoulder by a cycle mishap and Mr. T. Millard tearing a ligament of his leg. The former is back at work with his arm in a sling and the latter walking with a pronounced limp.

MR. F. JOSEY.

Mr. Josey, in charge of the Cask Office, has had a severe spell of illness and he narrowly escaped pneumonia, being laid up for three weeks in consequence. He is back at work now but does not yet seem any too fit. It is quite an event for him to be away from business owing to illness and it must be many years since he lost a day from work owing to this reason.

MR. J. ETHERINGTON.

Mr. Etherington, who is undergoing treatment at the Royal Mineral Water Hospital, Bath, I am informed, has received a good deal of benefit. All his friends at The Brewery (they are numerous) and at the Branches will be glad to hear this pleasing news.

ARMISTICE DAY, 1930.

On November 11th the two minutes' silence was faithfully observed at The Brewery. The gates in Bridge Street were closed and the silence seemed almost uncanny. Somehow or other it seems to me that Armistice Day was more than ever vivid this year.

ANNUAL BALANCING.

Overtime in connection with the above was of longer duration than usual this year. However, finally the missing ha'penny was found and everyone was pleased. We have the Auditors with us at the moment and Mr. J. J. Chaplin in commenting on Brewery Jottings paid the writer the compliment of saying he was a modest young man.

HELP YOURSELF.

The "Help Yourself Annual" issued by the Stock Exchange Dramatic & Operatic Society in aid of their Xmas charity fund

inaugurated to assist recognised hospital and charity organisations has been on sale at The Brewery at the price of 2/6. Mr. A. J. Rider, Secretary of H. & G. S. Ltd. Contributory Scheme, has been O/C sales and a very effective salesman he has proved himself. He has also received help in other directions and he tells me over 200 copies have been sold by him and his helpers. Every purchaser participates in a draw when very valuable prizes are given. The Royal Berkshire Hospital will benefit.

FOOTBALL.

As regards the Reading Football Club they are in the same position as last month, viz., bottom of the Second Division, keeping all the others up. Although all hope of Reading "keeping up" and avoiding relegation has not yet been abandoned by the red hot enthusiast, the outlook is not particularly bright. It seems strange that Plymouth Argyle, at the moment, are our companions in misfortune. There would seem to be every prospect of a lively match on December 13th when Plymouth visit Elm Park. May the better team win and may that team be Reading.

MESSRS. WHEELER'S WYCOMBE BREWERIES LTD.

Mr. C. Bennett has now completed the round of visiting each of the 137 houses of the above and seeing every tenant, notifying them of the various rules to be adopted as regards ordering supplies and giving advice on many matters that would otherwise have entailed a considerable amount of correspondence. It is a service which has been greatly appreciated by the tenants and many points which naturally would appear obscure owing to the change of supplies have been straightened out and satisfactorily dealt with first hand. Everywhere in the district our beers are in excellent condition. The transport arrangements are working smoothly and effectively.

Many British Legion dinners and suppers have been held in the High Wycombe district and as aid to quenching individual thirsts of those present at these functions beer has been presented by the Firm to the following branches of the Legion, viz. :—

Holmer Green
 Wooburn Green
 Lane End
 Flackwell Heath
 Tylers Green

and appreciative letters of thanks have been received from the various Secretaries.

Mr. A. T. Walsh (Branch Dept.) wishes to thank his friends at Oxford Branch for their kind reference and congratulations on his engagement.

A Happy Xmas to all our readers.



Apropos the coming contest between Plymouth Argyle and Reading at Elm Park, our artist has produced the above cartoon of two players wishing each other "good luck on the thirteenth."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Satan knows well that if he can separate religion from instruction, he has cut through the roots of the Christian civilisation of the world. For that reason, all the art, all the wiles, all the frauds, all the false politics of our day are directed to what is called secular education, national education, imperial education—anything you like, only not Christian education.—CARDINAL MANNING.

Harsh words are like hailstones in summer which batter down the tender plants on which they fall.

False friendship is as the chrysanthemum, whose beauty dies with the first shower. True friendship is as the lowly mint, whose fragrance grows as the rain falls.

BEGGAR OR KING.

Whether a beggar or a king
To God you're but the same ;
'Tis not the crown that makes the man,
Nor gold that makes the name.

And though thy life is unproclaimed,
Ne'er curse the man thou art ;
No throne can sway the will of God :
He judges by thy heart !

Get wise when you make a mistake. The only crime in making a mistake is making the same one twice.

It is true that :—

" For Mercy, Courage, Kindness, Mirth,
There is no measure upon earth.
Nay, they wither, root and stem,
If an end be set to them.

" Overbrim and overflow,
If your own heart you would know ;
For the spirit born to bless
Lives but in its own excess."

Gentleman is a term which does not apply to any station, but to the mind and the feelings in every station.

Real sorrow is almost as difficult to discover as real poverty. An instinctive delicacy hides the rays of the one and the wounds of the other.

Striking manners are bad manners.

There are many troubles which you cannot cure by the Bible and the hymn-book, but which you can cure by a good perspiration and a breath of fresh air.

There is a great discovery still to be made in literature, that of paying literary men by the quantity they do not write.

Those who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock.

Warm your body by healthy exercise, not by cowering over a stove.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

MAN (buying a dog) : " I want a fidgety sort of animal ; one that will make my wife keep saying, ' George, I think that dog wants taking out for a run.' "

* * * *

He gave up betting, gave up beer,
Girls and smoking, too,
He's living quite a simple life,
And he's two more years to do.

* * * *

" Women, in my opinion, are different now from what they used to be."

" How's that ? "

" There's my daughter, for instance—she's taking up the law, whereas her mother always lays it down."

" Think of something very nice," said the dentist as he started to drill, " then you won't notice the pain." The patient did not move. " Splendid ! What did you think about ? " " Well, I thought my boss was here in my place."

* * * *

THE BOSS : " Didn't you tell me you wanted to get off yesterday on account of a death ? "

THE BOY : " Yes, sir."

" And you went to a cricket match, I understand ? " " Yes, sir ; I heard they were going to kill the umpire."

* * * *

INSPECTOR (taking class) : " There are parts of the world where men eat each other. What do you call them ? "

SMALL BOY : " Greedy, sir."

* * * *

" Were your bees a success last summer ? " " Excellent. We didn't get much honey, but they stung the tax collector most thoroughly."

* * * *

" The time is not far distant when we shall have our food concentrated in tiny round tablets," a scientist declares. We are afraid that this will mean the end of the square meal.

* * * *

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

MOTHER : " And his father's mouth."

CHILD : " And his brother's trousers."

* * * *

A young man took a girl for a ride in his new car. On a particularly deserted stretch of road the engine went " dead."

While waiting for help the young man began to make love to his companion.

" My kisses," he said passionately, " will put new life into you."

" Then for goodness sake kiss the car," said the girl practically " and let's get home."

* * * *

Two yokels stood talking in a country lane when a motor coach passed, closely followed by a " baby " car of the same colour.

" Well, Garge," said one, " oi've seen a good many o' them things, but that's the first oi've seen wi' a pup."

The man in the private car managed to get past the slowly-crawling lorry at last. He turned to shake his fist, with the withering remark, "What are you doing on the road? You ought to be pushing a blinking pram."

"Oho," cried the lorry-driver. "And you ought to be strapped in it."

* * * *

A motorist was taking a small boy out in his car. The small boy tried the controls one by one, asking what they were.

"What's this?" he asked, touching the light switch.

"That's the lights," the harassed motorist told him shortly.

Then the motorist let in his clutch.

"What's this?" inquired the boy, touching the accelerator.

"Heaven," said the driver; and, picking up a harp, he flew away.

* * * *

An American motorist who was exceeding the speed limit through a small village famous for its "S" bends, was stopped by the local constable.

"Didn't you see the warning board?" asked the policeman, referring to the usual "Dead Slow" sign placed at the outskirts of the village.

"Sure I did," replied the offender, "but I thought it referred to this little village of yours."

* * * *

It was a dark night, and after the breakdown the motorist emerged from beneath the car, struggling for breath. His helpful wife, holding an oil-can, beamed on him.

"I've just given the cylinder a thorough oiling, Dick, dear," she said.

"Cylinder!" he howled. "That wasn't the cylinder: it was my ear!"

* * * *

The young man drove his very ramshackle old car into the garage, and asked for information about a general overhaul. The foreman gave the car a long and searching look and finally blew the horn, which responded nobly. Turning to the owner, he said:

"That's a nice hooter you've got there, sir. Why not jack it up and run a new car under it?"

* * * *

MAYOR (presenting a clock and a purse): "The contents of the purse will, in time, inevitably disappear, but (laying his hand on the clock) here is something that will never go."

"You go into a tobacconist's shop," bawled the anti-tobacco crank, "you place sixpence on the counter, you get a packet of cigarettes—and you get more! For in the wake of those cigarettes come beer, wine, whisky, brandy, and——"

"Lumme!" interrupted one of his audience, "who's your tobacconist, gov'nor?"

* * * *

A boy asked his father, "How do you tell a lady worm from a gentleman worm?"

"Easily," said his father. "The lady worm never signals when she turns."

* * * *

The Church Conference was over and the ladies were returning from seeing the visitors off. "Whom did you have, Mrs. Jones?" asked one of the hostesses. "Oh, quite a nice clergyman; whom did you have?" "I had two locust preachers," said the other. "You mean local preachers; locusts are those things that come in swarms and eat up everything." "That's right," said her friend; "I had two of those."

* * * *

A school teacher encountered difficulties with her car at cross-roads, and, somewhat flurried, descended to investigate the mysteries within the bonnet. As she did so the policeman on point duty raised his hand to signal traffic.

"Put your hand down," said she; "I'm far too busy to attend to you now!"

* * * *

"Let me see, Jenkins," said the languid young man, wearily, "wha' time did I come home las' night?"

"Four o'clock this morning, sir," replied his man.

"And—and wha' time did I get up yesterday morning?"

"Eight o'clock last night, sir."

* * * *

BUTCHER: "Feller at No. 27 threw me out because I tried to kiss the cook this morning."

MILKMAN: "'Course he did! The lady of that house does her own cooking."

* * * *

On a cold day in the depths of winter, a small errand boy crossing Sloane Square beheld a busy doctor covering the bonnet of his "Henry" with a rug.

As the youngster came alongside he called out: "It ain't no good, gov'nor. I've seen it!"

"Daddy, what did the Dead Sea die of?" asked Peggy. Her father was reading and he answered vaguely, "I don't know, dear." "Daddy, where do dreams go when you wake up?" was the next question. "Oh, I don't know," came the answer irritably. "Well, why did God put so many bones in the fishes?" asked the little girl. "I don't know that either," said her father. "Goodness, Daddy, who made you an editor?"

* * * *

FIRST OFFICE BOY: "Don't you ever have a day off for your grandmother's funeral?"

SECOND OFFICE BOY: "What! And me working for the Registrar of Births and Deaths!"

* * * *

It was a very wild night, with rain falling in torrents, and outside a house stood a swaying figure. A policeman happened to pass by and said, "Why don't you go inside out of the storm?"

"Shtorm? Shtoim?" came the answer. "My wife'sh waiting for me in there and you call *this* a shtorm!"

* * * *

A waiter in a small restaurant was having a trying time with a fractious customer. His patience reached its limits when, coming back from the fifth journey the presence of the man had occasioned him, the customer mumbled, "Waiter! What on earth's wrong with these eggs?"

"I don't know, sir," said the waiter, glancing mildly at the man, then at the offending articles. "I only laid the table."

* * * *

The golf novice had driven his ball along the fairway, but unfortunately it had disappeared down a rabbit hole.

"Which club will you take now?" asked the caddie with a grin.

The novice looked puzzled. "Have you got one shaped like a ferret?" he asked.

* * * *

DINER: "Waiter, just look at this piece of chicken; it's nothing but skin and bones."

WAITER: "Yes, sir; d'you want the feathers, too?"

* * * *

BOB: "I hear that you and Agnes are a happy married couple."

JOB: "Yes, Agnes is happy—and I am married."

MISTRESS: "Jane, I don't want your sweetheart to be always on our doorstep."

MAID: "No, ma'am. I told him to come straight in."

* * * *

LITTLE BERTIE: "My dog's got a pedigree."

LITTLE BOBBY: "That's nothing. Mine's got six pups."

* * * *

"A Burglar broke into my place last night."

"Did he get anything?"

"Rather! You see, my wife thought it was me."

* * * *

Love is blind to the best interests of the gas company.

* * * *

FOREMAN: "Now, you know, Jim, you're not allowed to smoke while working."

JIM: "That's why I stop working when I smoke."

* * * *

There is no race so easy to the bookmaker as the human race.

* * * *

"Why is Betty so angry? The papers gave a full account of her wedding."

"Yes; they put: 'Miss Black was married to the well-known collector of antiques.'"

* * * *

TEACHER: "What is mostly raised in damp climates?"

CHILD: "Umbrellas."

* * * *

EPITAPH.

Bill Muffet said
His car couldn't skid;
This monument shows
That it could and did.

* * * *

TEACHER: "Herbert, what are the two genders?"

HERBERT: "Masculine and feminine. The feminines are divided into frigid and torrid, the masculine into temperate and intemperate."

* * * *

Butter is made at a Kent public-house, and new-laid eggs are sold at the bar. There is said to be a remarkable eagerness among married men of the district to run the domestic errands.

Dinner had finished, and the three men were settled in the smoking-room of the hotel.

"Yes," said the Englishman, "my family is fairly good. I have traced some of my ancestors and found that one held up Queen Anne's train."

"Speaking of trains," put in the second man, "it isn't so many years ago that my grandfather held up a mail train in Texas."

"Begorrah, and we all seem to be in the hold-up business," put in Pat, the Irishman. "My father manufactures suspenders."

* * * *

No British ship with beer on board is allowed to enter an American harbour. Abandon hops all ye who enter there.

* * * *

NEW CURATE: "And what sort of a batsman is our friend the blacksmith?"

NATIVE: "Wunnerful, zur! 'E treats the ball same as 'e do 'is beer—one swiipe an' it's out o' sight!"

* * * *

A telegram of congratulation was sent by a clergyman to a bride on her wedding day. It ended "See I. John, c. 4, v. 18."

The verse in question is, "There is no fear in love."

Unfortunately the telegram was received with the figure "I," changed to "S," thus making it read, "See S. John, c. 4, v. 18."

The bride was horrified when she turned up the reference; it reads, "Thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband!"

* * * *

"My razor's awfully blunt, dear. I can scarcely shave with it."

"Why, Charles, you don't mean to tell me that your beard is tougher than the linoleum!"

* * * *

"Hullo, where have you been?"

"To the station to see my wife off for a month's holiday."

"But how black your hands are!"

"Yes, I patted the engine."

* * * *

SUITOR: "Sir, I have an attachment for your daughter."

HER FATHER: "Young man, when my daughter needs accessories I'll buy them for her."

* * * *

Referring to a local centenarian, a country paper says: "He never uses glasses, but is not a teetotaler." There is, of course, a great deal to be said for a pint pot.

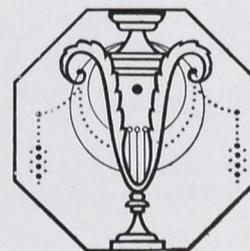
* * * *

"Hev 'nother bottle beer, Georgsh?"

"No thanksh, I've had twelve—hic—an' I'm shoo—shoopertishus!"

* * * *

A well-known temperance advocate is in England once again. On landing he strongly objected to a storm which was brewing in the neighbourhood.



BRANCHES.

OXFORD.

His friends at Oxford extend their best wishes to Mr. V. W. Mundy and wish him all success in his new sphere at Staines.

We are also glad to hear that Mr. F. Kempton, Farnborough Branch, is on the road to health again; we wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

We glean the following from the "Oxford Week by Week" column of the *Oxford Times*, dated November 14th:—

"A good story concerns a party of policemen who boarded a London train for Oxford the other morning. 'What on earth is up this morning?' a railwayman is said to have asked. His colleague scratched his head and, after some hesitation, replied, 'I don't know.' Then his face brightened and he exclaimed 'I know! The Brewers' Exhibition is on!'"

From the same excellent newspaper at the end of the "Farming Notes and News" over the nom de plume "Farmers Boy" we cull this yarn:—

"One Jew meeting another in the street stopped him and said: 'Ikey, I am very sorry to hear about the fire you had last Thursday.'

'Shush,' said Ikey, 'it's *next* Thursday.'"

MAUDLEN BRIDGE, OXFORD.

There was an amusing incident recently at the House of Commons when a member was questioning Mr. Morrison, Minister of Transport, as to details of the transport vehicles which pass through Oxford daily.

The Minister, during his reply, quoted from a traffic census taken at what he described as Mag-dalen Bridge, Oxford.

"Maudlen, Maudlen," shouted Conservative Members opposite—and for once the nimble-witted Minister was temporarily taken aback. Then he replied "I don't come from Oxford, but from 'Oxton.'"

The point of the foregoing will be patent to all Oxonians for whose benefit it is reproduced.

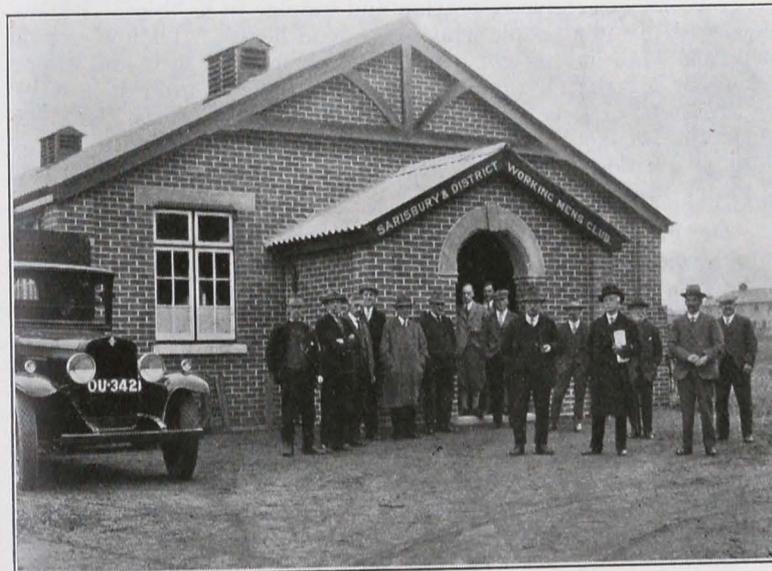
May we conclude by wishing all our friends at the Brewery and Branches a very merry Xmas and prosperous New Year.

PORTSMOUTH.

SARISBURY AND DISTRICT W.M. CLUB.

The annual dinner of this club was made the occasion of the opening of the new club premises and was a great success. Mr. G. E. Parker, J.P., C.C., presided over a gathering of about 170.

He was supported by Mr. V. T. Keen, J.P., C.C., Rev. J. Banbury, Dr. Mackie, Capt. Buckland, Mr. A. J. Palmer, Mr. F. H. Biggs, Capt. A. Long, Mr. J. Letheren and Mr. A. Toulson. The Chairman having instanced a hearty welcome to visitors and members declared the new building open. He heartily congratulated the Committee on their enterprising spirit and hoped the members would spend many happy hours of social intercourse in their new surroundings. After the usual loyal toasts the chairman proposed "The Club and its officials." This toast was received with great enthusiasm and was suitably responded to by Mr. Letheren, Mr. A. Toulson and Mr. F. J. Gingell (Secretary). "The Visitors" was then proposed by Mr. Toulson and the Vicar responded. Mr. A. Knapp proposed the toast of "The Steward" and Mr. Goulter returned thanks. The Chairman then called attention to the way in which the work of building the Club had been carried out and proposed the health of Mr. G. Hoare. Mr. Stanley Hoare suitably responded. Mr. V. T. Keen in an eulogistic speech proposed "The President" who in his reply said he hoped the Club would continue to prosper. An excellent musical programme was gone through, songs being sung by Messrs. Burgess, Matthews, Capt. Long, Martin and Y. Davenport. The Committee responsible for the arrangements were Messrs. Toulson (Chairman), G. Powell, H. Epps, K. Smith, N. Bevin, Sen., E. Hayes, F. Loader, P. Cull, W. Coles, G. Hickson, E. Eldridge, W. Peagram and the Secretary, Mr. F. J. Gingell.



Sarisbury and District Working Men's Club.

Dr. H. Farncombe of Southsea, addressing Portsmouth Trades Council, on behalf of the Industrial Health Education Society, on "Good Health and how to keep it," gave amongst others some of the undermentioned useful tips :—

"The right time to eat is when you are hungry and the right time to drink is when you are thirsty. This helps to lead to painless middle age and probably happy old age.

"I think afternoon teas are the most dreadful things possible. A new tea shop means new business for the doctor. Miss a meal occasionally. Food stunts are good sometimes but do not be led away by them and injunctions not to eat this or that. Keep an open mind. Do not follow the herd.

"I think a glass of beer or a glass of wine is good for us all, especially when we get older and provided it is taken in moderation.

"We all know instinctively what suits us best.

"We must have fresh air if we want clean blood. Cool fresh air is most important.

"I do not believe that a pipe of tobacco after breakfast, dinner and evening meal or a couple of cigarettes do a single bit of harm, but to smoke on a empty stomach is no good.

"Work well, have recreation and indulge in hobbies. I know of no wealthy idle people who enjoy good health. I know crowds of people who, having got a job, take an interest in it and afford very poor support for the doctors. If we have an interest in what we are doing, I defy bad health to come along. Have the right conception of mouth hygiene. Many mouths have gone to pieces through overdoing it with a hard tooth brush. Use a soft brush in rotary fashion."

Dr. Farncombe, who also explained the digestive system and emphasized the importance of proper mastication of food, was asked if he believed in the old saying that an onion a day kept the doctor away, and replied that he thought there might be a good deal of truth in it.

The Welch Regt. in their Army Cup match were very unfortunate. They were drawn against the R.A.O.C., and in the early stages of the game on the New Barracks ground, they lost the services of Cpl. Williams, who broke his arm. At that time, however, the Corps were one goal up, but the accident robbed the home team of any chance of winning. Gibbs, Wyborn and Dennis

(3) scored for the Corps and towards the end the Welch Regt. reduced the lead with a goal from a melee close in. Result :— 1st Welch Regt., 1 v. R.A.O.C. (Hilsea), 5.

SOUTHSEA WAVERLEY BOWLING CLUB BALL.

A large and happy company attended the first of a series of dances to be held during the winter season at the Esplanade Assembly Rooms, Southsea, arranged by the entertainment committee of the Southsea Waverley Bowling Club. Supper was partaken of in the annexe at 10.45 p.m. and after an enjoyable repast the toast of the "President," (Mr. Ben Isaacs) was given by Mr. B. Shepherd, who eulogized the President's ability in organizing social entertainments in connection with the Club and the City generally and these sentiments were enthusiastically received by the dancers who accorded him musical honours. The President briefly thanked all present and finished with the apt remark, "On with the Dance." In addition to the President the following were responsible in helping with the success of the evening: Messrs. A. E. Brookman, C. Kendall, G. F. Preston, W. Skipton, F. P. Spier, A. E. Leonard, B. Shepherd, A. Worley, H. Marchant, E. Barker and S. E. White, with Mr. George Bore as Secretary.

BOXING AT WHALE ISLAND—H.M.S. "EXCELLENT" v. R.N.B.—(Draw).

By kind permission of Capt. G. C. C. Royle, C.M.G., H.M.S. *Excellent* opened their boxing season with a match against the Royal Naval Barracks. The canteen was packed with a very appreciative audience and the boxing was of a very high standard and should prove a great help to the selectors of the Royal Navy for teams required for the forthcoming engagements. Commander Gunner F. W. Potter, D.S.C., was responsible for the general arrangements, assisted by W. G. Francis (P. & R.T. Instructor) who also carried out the duties of M.C. successfully.

Petty Officer Muggridge (P. & R.T. Instructor), is to be congratulated on the splendid talent he has got together in the Royal Naval Barracks. Several bouts of various weights were decided the result being a draw, each team gaining 12 points. In a special middle-weight contest arranged with the object of selecting a middle-weight to meet the Aldershot Command, A.B. Thompson (R.N.B.) beat A.B. Holloway (H.M.S. *Vernon*) on points.

Commander W. G. Agnew before presenting the prizes congratulated all concerned on their splendid spirit exhibited during the boxing. He considered it was one of the finest shows he had ever seen and proved that the great spirit and sportsmanship of boxing had greatly improved in the Royal Navy.

H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE ATTENDS UNITED SERVICE LODGE CEREMONY.

On October 28th Prince George paid a visit to the United Service Lodge at Portsmouth and although he came to the City exclusively to fulfil a Masonic engagement, the presence of His Royal Highness in the City leaked out soon after he arrived and a large crowd of citizens watched and waited to catch a glimpse of him and give him a cheer. His Royal Highness was accompanied by his Equerry (Major H. Butler) and proceeded to the Masonic Hall, Lake Road, to attend the installation meeting of the United Service Lodge (No. 1428). The Prince is the present Senior Warden of the Navy Lodge (No. 2612) and his visit was the sequel to a series of fraternal calls between members of the two Lodges and originated from the presence of representatives of the United Service Lodge at one of the ceremonies at which His Royal Highness took one of his degrees. The Prince was accompanied by a number of past and present members of the Navy Lodge and was welcomed by a number of the principal officers of the Province of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight in addition to a big muster of members of the United Service Lodge, and the Masters of all Lodges in Portsmouth, Gosport and Havant. Owing to the size of the assembly the subsequent banquet was held in the Empress Rooms, the brethren being taken from the Club to North End in a fleet of private cars and Corporation 'buses. Over 400 brethren were present at the banquet which was the largest gathering held by an individual Lodge in the history of the Province. The Earl of Malmesbury welcomed the Prince to the Province of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight and congratulated the Lodge on that most memorable and auspicious occasion.

May we take this opportunity of conveying to all readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, seasonable greetings for Christmas and the New Year.



BRIGHTON.

The chief matter of interest since our last issue was the visit to Brighton on the 29th October of His Royal Highness, Prince George.

Princes in these democratic times play many parts. A little over a year ago H.R.H. Prince George came to Brighton to open the new Aquarium. He was the chief figure of a splendid pageant, carried through with military and naval splendour, and in the presence of tens of thousands of cheering people.

On this last visit he went into a back street. He went, in fact, to a turning off Edward Street, where not so many years ago it was not thought safe for a policeman to patrol by himself. The Prince walked into a room where a number of boys were hammering away delightedly at a punchball, or, even more delightedly, at each other. In that small room, in a back street, were brought together, without the least embarrassment on either side, the extreme differences in social planes.

The son of the King talked to the son of the fisherman on the premises of the Brighton Boys' Club. It was, indeed, with the object of showing his interest in the Boys' Club and all the great social work for which it stands that Prince George came to Brighton.

But that is not all he did during his visit. He also unveiled a commemorative tablet at the Throat and Ear Hospital, attended a ceremonial opening of a new wing at Brighton College, visited the New Sussex Hospital for Women, where he unveiled another tablet, and, in between, took the chief seat at a luncheon at the Grand Hotel where were assembled a large gathering of men representing the business of the town. Here the Prince made a very neat speech asking for monetary assistance for the Boys' Club, to which a generous response was made. Fortunately the day was fine, for the Prince toured the town in an open car, and received a cordial welcome on every hand.

Another anniversary of Armistice Day has come and gone, and a vast concourse assembled round the War Memorial for the solemn moments which were duly observed with a befitting short service. Hardly anyone could be seen but was wearing a poppy, and over £2,000 was collected in Brighton that day for the British Legion funds.

Our football team are showing better form, and their performance against Notts County away from home was very creditable. The supporters club have raised sufficient funds to enable a start to be made in the erection of a covered stand at the north goal end, the popular side.

Owing to the fine performance of the Albion in the English Cup last year, they are exempt from the first round just drawn.

We shall soon be thinking about Christmas, when we hope to have a busy time, and hope all other branches will also help along the old firm, who we believe are always busy at headquarters, where there is no "season" which we get, more or less, down south.

With the coming of the festive season, we send greetings to the Directors, the staff at home and abroad, and all customers, for a very happy Christmas, and flourishing New Year.

SLOUGH.

By the time this number of our ever-popular HOP LEAF GAZETTE is in the hands of most of its readers the Xmas season will be rapidly approaching once again, bringing with it the ever old, but most welcome new spirit of Goodwill and Hearty Greetings to one another. May we take this opportunity to wish the Directors, all members of the Firm, and readers at home and abroad, a "Merry, merry Xmas and a happy New Year."

On the 1st of November we welcomed to our midst Mr. S. W. H. Eager who was transferred to us from Portsmouth Branch and we hope that now he is getting nicely settled down he will feel truly happy in his new surroundings.

Mr. Eager filled the vacancy in our office caused by the loss of Mr. F. D. Fidler who severed his connection with us to try his luck in a different field of activity. We wish him every success in his new employment.

A cutting from an old number of the *Sunday Times* :—

"GLORIOUS BEER,"

Sir,—The Scots verse in praise of beer reminds me of an English version with which I have been familiar nearer seventy than sixty years. It ran as follows :—

Him as buys meat buys bones,
Him as buys cherries buys stones,
Him as buys eggs buys shells,
But him as buys beer buys nothing else.

H. HOWARD CURTIS.

Lavant, Chichester.

The following little testimonial in rhyme in favour of the Firm's XXXXX was handed to the writer by a good Club friend of ours :—

Give me the foaming glass of beer
That drives away all care,
When ten I've had quite brave I feel
And any deed I'll dare.
I want no whisky, gin or rum,
These only make me queer.
When thirsty to the Club I'll come
And drain my glass of beer.

I much admire the "Hop Leaf" Brand,
Its merits I confess,
But best of all I take my stand
By the brew of old Five X.
Who e'er inviteth me to drink
Refusal need not fear,
So never ask me yea or nay,
But straight way, Buy me beer!

"TIT FOR TAT."

CUSTOMER (to tailor) : "I've brought that last pair of trousers to be re-seated. You know I sit a lot."

TAILOR (to customer) : "Yes, I hope you have brought the account to be receipted. You know I've stood a lot."

"BAD FOR TRADE."

CUSTOMER : "So you've got rid of that pretty assistant you had?"

CHEMIST : "Yes! All my gentleman customers kept saying that a smile from her was as good as a tonic."

LUDGERSHALL.

It will no doubt interest a good many to hear that there is a movement afoot to form a Salisbury Plain Race Club.

This Club will take over the various Point-to-Point Meetings which for many years have been held at Penton and Shipton Bellinger.

During the months of March and April, 1931, the under-mentioned bona fide Meetings under National Hunt Rules will be held :—

2nd Cavalry Brigade.
Royal Artillery (Salisbury Plain).
Tedworth Hunt.
60th Rifles.
Royal Artillery Harriers.

The site selected for the new course is Windmill Hill, in close proximity to Tidworth Barracks.

There is no question that it is an admirable place and a decided improvement on the old courses.

It is to be hoped the Club will have the support of the public to make the Meetings a success.

At the invitation of R.S.M. Egelton and the members of the Sergeants' Mess, The Queen's Bays, our staff spent a most enjoyable evening in playing a series of games of billiards. Results:

<i>The Queen's Bays.</i>		<i>Messrs. H. & G. S., Ltd.</i>	
R.S.M. Egelton	... 95	v. Mr. F. L. Shrimpton	... 100
Sergt. Dolby	... 69	v. H. Nuttall	... 100
Sergt. Bull	... 100	v. E. Hockings	... 98
S.S.M. Godbold	... 57	v. J. Lazzari	... 100
Mr. Sidwell	... 100	v. E. Pearce	... 92
Sergt. Popplewell	... 56	v. T. Flemington	... 100
	477		590

It is always a great pleasure to visit the "Bays" and we are always sure of a cordial welcome.

A Happy Christmas and Prosperous New Year to all.

WOKING.

ST. JOHN'S WORKING MEN'S CLUB.

The eighth annual dinner of the above club was held on Wednesday, 12th November, Mr. A. Bennett presiding, being supported by Mr. W. A. Slocock, Mr. L. H. Cobbett (President), Mr. A. Hockley (Vice-President), Mr. W. Hawkins (Secretary), and members of the Committee. Following an excellent repast, Mr. Slocock proposed the toast of "The Club" and said the continued growth and prosperity of the club was all the more remarkable

considering the trade depression through which we were passing, and he felt this happy state of affairs was due in no small measure to the efforts of the Committee. Mr. Cobbett in reply, said they were very much indebted to Mr. Slocock for his valuable help, and especially for his presence there that evening, as they understood from the Chairman that Mr. Slocock had come away from an important function in London to attend their dinner in fulfilment of his promise.

The toast of "The Visitors" was proposed by Mr. W. Hawkins, who said their guests were mainly drawn from their old friends of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Warwickshire Regiment, who had come prepared to assist in the musical programme. They were a fine sporting Battalion, and he was sorry they would soon be lost to Woking and district, as they were due to go abroad very shortly. Sergeant Sutton in a neat speech responded to the toast. Several members of the club and also Mr. F. V. Kemp (Steward) contributed to the programme, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

WOKING WORKING MEN'S CLUB.

There was a large gathering of members at the Woking Working Men's Club on Friday, 14th November, the occasion being the annual Armistice Smoking Concert in aid of St. Dunstan's, as a result of which £6 was handed over to that most deserving Institution. Mr. H. Quartermaine (Chairman of the Woking Urban District Council) presided, and was supported by Mr. H. Trevor Wilson (Vice-President), Mr. A. Bennett, and Mr. J. H. Burden (Chairman of Committee). Mr. H. Quartermaine in his opening remarks said he always had a kindly feeling for the Woking Working Men's Club. It assisted its members in bad times, and was always ready to help a good cause, and it was in the spirit of remembrance that they had met that evening. He knew of the many appeals which came to them, particularly during these difficult times, but he was sure that any effort for St. Dunstan's would receive their sympathetic support. Mr. H. V. Kerr, a war-blinded representative of St. Dunstan's, addressed the company during the interval. He said he felt it a great privilege to be associated with the work of St. Dunstan's of which the late Sir Arthur Pearson was the founder. Nearly 2,000 soldiers and sailors were blinded during the war, and if St. Dunstan's had to close down through lack of funds it would be a national disaster. He wished to thank the Committee on behalf of St. Dunstan's for their valuable and practical help, particularly the club's entertainments committee under the chairmanship of Mr. T. J. Baleham. An exceptionally fine musical programme was staged by Mr. R. H. Squire's vaudeville entertainers.

WOKING AND DISTRICT CLUB STEWARDS' ASSOCIATION.

A party of Club Stewards and friends from Woking and district visited the Brewery at Reading recently, and a very enjoyable day was spent. Unfortunately Mr. C. Bennett, who had been looking forward to this event with considerable keenness, as it would have given him the opportunity of meeting many old friends from Surrey, was suddenly called away that morning on important business. However, Mr. F. Josey undertook the pleasing duty of conducting the party over the Brewery, and after a visit to the beer cellars, the company adjourned to the "Cheddar Cheese" where Mr. George Smith provided an excellent luncheon at short notice. At 2.30 p.m. a return was made to the Brewery, where the visitors inspected the scalds, mashtuns, hop backs, coppers, tun room, union room, bottling stores and cooper's shop.

The stewards and friends were greatly impressed by all they saw, and warmly thanked Mr. Josey for making their visit so pleasurable and instructive.

SERGEANTS' MESS, DEPOT THE QUEEN'S ROYAL REGIMENT, GUILDFORD.

October 31st, 1930! A cold night with a dreary drizzle of rain, but within our gymnasium all was fun and gaiety. The occasion was our annual "GHELUVELT" Ball, held in commemoration of an eventful 1914 day, when 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Regiment had fought side by side for the first time.

The number of guests exceeded 300, and the hall was tastefully decorated with bunting, ferns, streamers and gaily coloured balloons. The stage arranged for the band, draped in Regimental Colours, looked so inviting that our tame comedian was only restrained from enlivening dance intervals by many gratuitous offers of "liveners." The joke, however, was not entirely on other members as his share of the expense showed. Dances were varied, both old and young being catered for by a truly "selective" programme. Refreshments as usual consisted of the "Hop Leaf" brands, and many of our guests previously unfamiliar with the "Best" remarked upon the excellent quality and flavour. Interval refreshments were served by the Mess staff who catered splendidly, and excellent music was provided by the Saxonia Dance Band from Dorking. The whole evening was an unqualified success, and our guests departed tired but happy.

Woking Branch send hearty Xmas and New Year wishes to all readers of the GAZETTE.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The 2nd Battalion Devon Regiment had an enthusiastic send-off from their native shire, on their departure for Bordon Camp from Devonport. Crowds of West Country folk invaded the precincts of the Southern Railway Station to bid them au revoir, and the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" which the bands of other units of the 8th Infantry Brigade played as the trains steamed out, mingled with the cheers of the friends they left behind. We wish them the very best of luck and have no doubt that our Aldershot friends will find them, whether in pastimes or in any other fields of fame, real "Sons of Devon."

The 2nd Battalion Norfolk Regiment, commanded by Lieut.-Col. R. H. Brudenell-Bruce, D.S.O., reached Devonport from Aldershot during the early days of November and were met at the Station by Major-General H. H. S. Knox, C.B., D.S.O., G.O.C., 3rd Division.

No doubt they have by now quite worn off that "strangers in a strange land" feeling and are quite prepared to accept West Country folk, as we are them, without question. We take this opportunity of giving the wearers of the famed "Britannia" badge a warm welcome to Plymouth, as the only British Regiment thus allowed to show to the world their old time naval prowess; it is fitting that such an historical corner of Britain as this is should receive them.

Casting our minds back to those momentous days of 1914-15, as many of us do occasionally, we cannot but associate these men with that gallant band, who in the land of "all promise," known as "Mespot," formed part of that famous Sixth (Indian) Division; the pioneers who set out to conquer the unknown lands as did the crusaders of old. It was an impossible task, which only men of iron could have even attempted; but they held on grimly until the full blast had passed over them, but at what a price! How many of these "old boys" are able to answer the roll-call to-day?

One "Tamarite" has very pleasant memories of many, all too fleeting, friendships formed with messmates of the Norfolks, Dorsets and Oxford and Bucks in particular.

We raise our hats to their memory and any services we can render to their brothers-in-arms during their term of duty amongst us, to smooth out any rough places, we shall be happy to endeavour to accomplish.

THE TAMAR BREWERY SOCIAL CLUB.

Undoubtedly the outstanding item of interest to all "Tamarites" this month is the contemplated trip to Reading on

December 13th, the occasion of the Reading *versus* Plymouth Argyle football match—their first meeting since the season 1925-26, the year the Elm Park side won promotion from the "Pilgrims" by a narrow margin only. We sincerely hope history will not be repeating itself at the other end of the table later on. Quite apart from the game, however, the outing will fulfill the more useful purpose of making known to many of us that great centre of the Firm's activities, which few, as yet, have had an opportunity to view.

For many weeks past a sum has been put by in anticipation of the event, so that this defect can be remedied, and if only this result be achieved, the necessarily protracted labours of our Social Club Secretary, Mr. W. G. Sealey, will not have been in vain.

With the very essential help of those in authority, who have the problems of supply and demand to solve, it has been made possible for a large percentage to take advantage of this unique opportunity; and the sponsors of the trip are grateful for the all-round help which they have had towards the success of the venture, which now seems assured.

Rather a significant date, the 13th!—we feel sure it will be an unlucky day for somebody. May the better team win!! A great pity it must be such a desperate affair, owing to the points (? pints) at stake. We hope our one or two supporters at Headquarters will join "the ranks of Tuscany" on that occasion, and not "forbear to cheer" when the Reading goalie ruefully stoops to retrieve the ball from the net. We shall hear!! A super-imposed "Hop Leaf" on our rosettes would cause a wee bit of fun at Elm Park on that day. How about the suggestion ye eleven o'clock critics? "Tamarites" look forward to seeing the "Mark of perfection" exhibited by H. & G. S. men amongst the crowd, and no doubt many acquaintances would be struck in this unique way, which should be to the common good of all of us.

A visit to Messrs. Sutton & Sons has been arranged, and by the very kind invitation of the Brewery Social Club a series of billiards matches will take place between the two Clubs.

Our opponents are promised a sporting game—no "pot the white and swallow the cue" business with us. If we get it "in the neck" at the Club, we shall hope to get our revenge during the afternoon with the ball that bounces more often than not—altho' in our case, it must be said we manage to get over many hurdles even with the smaller ones occasionally. Having lately, however, been able to dispense with our "Bradman's" services, we must be considered at least promising, tho' humble, disciples of Wizard Lindrum. It should at least be an educational day for everyone.

Leaving North Road Station at midnight on the 12th, we hope to arrive at Reading about 6 a.m. on the 13th. Breakfast at the "Colonnade Cafe" and then to see what Reading can show us. We are hoping a few of our Tenants this end, despite the day being Saturday, will be able to join us to mark a memorable occasion, and we know our Reading confreres at The Brewery will be only too ready to help us in any reasonable way.

Results of matches in the Plymouth & District Billiards League:—

Played November 4th.

<i>Social Club.</i>			<i>St. Mark's.</i>		
F. Oxenham	...	78	v.	Lockwood	100
W. Mills	...	79	v.	Humble	100
S. Naish	...	100	v.	Debnam	95
E. Webber	...	100	v.	Young	49
T. Watkins	...	100	v.	Mabin	93
457			437		

Social Club won three games to two.

Played November 18th.

<i>Saltash Stars.</i>			<i>Social Club.</i>		
L. Ellis	...	125	v.	W. Luscombe	46
Harnell	...	125	v.	R. Mills	58
Tibbs	...	125	v.	A. Ellis	72
Beer	...	37	v.	P. Tucker	125
Nonscawen	...	125	v.	F. Pierce	86
537			387		

Saltash won four games to one.

Played November 18th.

<i>Social Club.</i>			<i>Plymouth Y.M.C.A.</i>		
T. Watkins	...	49	v.	Martin	100
W. Mills	...	57	v.	Wild	100
F. Oxenham	...	70	v.	Stevens	100
S. Naish	...	66	v.	Weir	100
E. Webber	...	100	v.	Chadda	51
342			451		

Y.M.C.A. won four games to one.

The whole of the Tamar Staff unite in sending loyal Xmas greetings to the Directors and hearty wishes for a real merry Christmas to all friends at Reading and Branches. We hope the New Year will bring in its train increased prosperity to all.

GIBRALTAR.

I am afraid that it is once again my duty to record a month almost devoid of interesting happenings—it hasn't even rained yet, if one can call that interesting. The weather has continued sunny and mild, with the exception of an occasional Levanter to enliven things a little, and it wasn't until well past the middle of October that the Royal Navy and the Garrison changed into winter uniform. Really, it is quite refreshing to pick up the daily newspapers and see the snow that has fallen in the North of England, and makes us feel that Christmas really is coming, although we have had that idea for some time because of the number of pathetic appeals in the Sergeants' Messes, urging us to pay 2/- and win a prize in the Christmas raffles.

The even tenor of our way was somewhat disturbed recently by a visit from Count de Jordana, the Spanish High Commissioner in Morocco, who paid a 48-hour visit to His Excellency The Governor during which time he availed himself of the opportunity of inspecting the Lincolnshire Regiment on the Alameda Parade Ground. His Excellency the Spanish Governor expressed himself as highly delighted with the efforts made to entertain him and his staff, and was lavish in his commendation of the bearing and deportment of the troops on parade.

Although by no means cold, the weather is now such as to make dancing thoroughly enjoyable, and full advantage has been taken of the dances given by the R.A.S.C. Old Comrades Association, and the indefatigable efforts of S.S.M. Hewitt and S.Q.M.S. Taylor did much to ensure the success which the function deserved. H.M.S. *Anthony* and H.M.S. *Whitley*, who are refitting here at present, have also held dances at the Assembly Rooms, both of which were given the patronage which was their due. H.M.S. *Shropshire* which has been on a visit here for about ten days, preparatory to returning to Malta via Algiers, also held a highly successful dance at the same rendezvous on Armistice Night, and helped us to dispel, for a while, the sad thoughts of the morning.

As usual, a most impressive ceremony was held at the Cross of Sacrifice on the morning of Armistice Day, which the high wind that was blowing at the time could not detract from. Sentries from the Royal Navy, Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, and the 2nd Bn. The North Staffordshire Regiment were posted at the Cross, whilst Guards of Honour were also provided by the Royal Navy and the 1st Bn. The Lincolnshire Regiment.

11 a.m. brought the first salvo of guns, and during the ensuing two minutes silence it was difficult to imagine that it was 12 years ago since that happy day when peace was declared—or, rather,

that truce was called in that great slaughter and wanton bloodshed. Looking down the ranks of the soldiers and sailors present, it was easier to imagine the long period that has elapsed since then, by reason of the fact that comparatively few of them were wearing war medals and decorations. The busy clangour of cars and other vehicles ceased, and the silence was broken only by the soft moaning of the wind as it blew across the Bay, carrying, as it were, a message from those who had passed but yet were living in our memories. A curt word of command, and the Guards of Honour are at "Present Arms" while the strains of the "Last Post" and "Reveille" are borne on the wind back to Flanders in answer to the unspoken thoughts of those present.

Following the National Anthem, His Excellency The Governor and Commander-in-Chief, followed by the Rear Admiral in Charge, and members of public bodies, proceeded to the Cross and deposited wreaths, whilst the massed bands played "O God our Help in Ages Past" and other hymns.

A march past the War Memorial by all troops on parade, completed a ceremony which, at once simple but impressive, had served again to send our thoughts fleeting back over more than a decade, and the hundreds of eyes which glistened only served to show how well the ceremony had accomplished its work. Surely these simple ceremonies on the 11th November each year are the finest argument that could ever be put forward against War and all its horrors—far more efficient in its pathetic appeal than all the talk of disarmament and reduction of fleets.

However, to return. The "Rock Hotel" is proceeding apace, but it will be at least a year before we shall see this structure nearing completion, chiefly due to the amount of digging and blasting that is necessary to clear the ground and provide a foundation of suitable area. Our only hope is that, when completed, the Company building the hotel will receive the patronage which such a venture deserves.

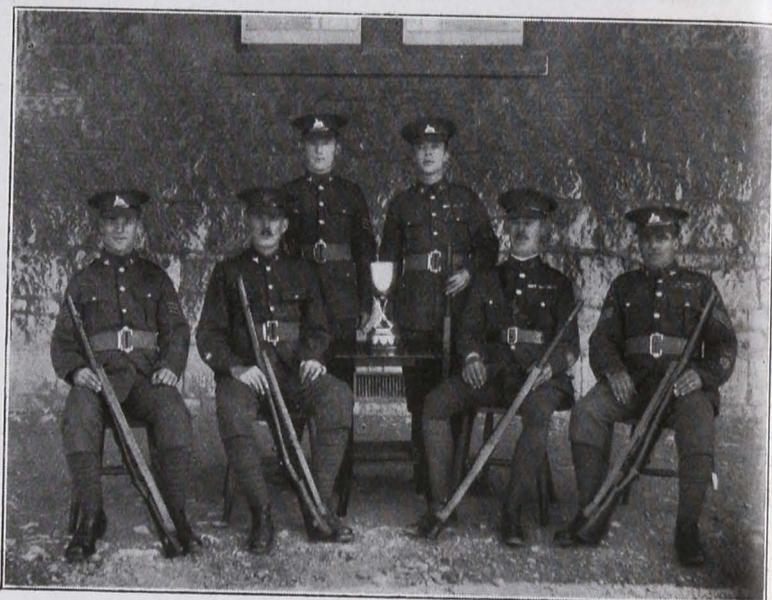
We wish to congratulate Lieut. F. W. Rice, Royal Artillery, on his appointment as Garrison Adjutant, in succession to Capt. R. McL. More, and express the hope that his period of office in this capacity at Gibraltar will be a happy one.

Congratulations also to the 1st Bn. The Lincolnshire Regiment on their recent success in the Garrison Rifle Meeting, when they carried off the Ferrary Cup, and, incidentally, registered the highest score in this competition yet recorded.

I cannot conclude my notes without wishing the Directors and Staff of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, and all imbibers of the "Hop

Leaf" brand, a very happy Christmas, not forgetting the fact that the "Happy Christmas" can be ensured by ordering a good stock from the Reading Brewery beforehand.

"NAUTICUS."



Members of the 1st Bttn. The Lincolnshire Regiment, winners of the Ferrary Cup, Gibraltar, 1930.

Standing:—Sgt. J. Goulding, Sgt. E. Kitchen.

Sitting:—Sgt. E. Malpas, C. M. S. J. Ottley, R. S. M. C. J. Wormald, Sgt. H. S. Godbold, D. C. M., M. M.

A TOUR TO GIBRALTAR.

In this, and the articles to follow, I hope to take the readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, in imagination, to the first of the Empire's outposts—Gibraltar—that little Rock, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles by $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, which probably contains more history and romance to the square inch than any other British possession. The story of its vicissitudes, of its sieges and captures, is in itself a whole volume, but I will endeavour to pick out the salient features and outstanding items, both historical and otherwise. To those readers who have already visited the Rock, I apologise for re-awakening their memories, while to those who have never yet travelled thus far, I

hope this little history will awaken the desire to see something of one of our colonies which is within easy reach of England, and can be visited at little greater cost than a trip to Blackpool or Brighton.

Imagine that we are on board one of the P. & O. Company's magnificent vessels, and that Tilbury, Gravesend, Sheerness and the Isle of Sheppey are astern. We are still well in sight of the chalk cliffs of Old England, and the first incident of the voyage does not occur until we drop the pilot off Dover. It is not until then, perhaps, we at least realise that we are bound for seas gladdened with "smiles from other skies." The channel here is at its narrowest—17 miles between Dover and Cape Grisnez—which explains its popularity with the Channel swimmers and the earlier Channel fliers—as well as bad sailors and travellers in a hurry.

Outward bound, and once clear of the English coast, the first land that is made is Ushant, or the Isle d'Ouessant, twelve miles away from the mainland. It has some 3,000 inhabitants, and it is said that the women early set an example to their sex by cutting short their hair as well as their skirts, and in proposing marriage to men. It is because of this latter clause, that mariners take no risks and pass outside the Island, giving it a wide berth.

The Bay of Biscay seldom lives up to its fearsome reputation, and its terrors are usually a figment of the imagination, especially to those on big liners. Vessels of lesser size may, and do, pitch and roll, snowy spray screening their bows, but the slow Atlantic swell is scarcely perceptible on our vessel.

The ship's course is a direct line to the north-west corner of Spain from the north-west corner of France, and the time passes so quickly on board that it is not long before land is sighted. Cape Finistierre—a name familiar to most—rises on our port bow out of the haze. Those interested in naval annals will recall that off its storm-lashed rocks, and indeed all along this rugged coast, British victories of undiminishable victory were won. Cape Finistierre was the scene of the greatest triumph over the French in 1747, of Lord Anson, while in 1805 Sir Robert Calder gained what might be called a "Moral" victory, for which he was court-martialled. In any case, it served to make Admiral Villeneuve sail south instead of north, thus frustrating Napoleon's carefully laid plans for an invasion of our "tight little Island."

North of Lisbon are the Burling Islands, near Cape Carvoeiro—an exceedingly dangerous group of islands. The lights here are brilliant and far-reaching—a precaution that is highly necessary in view of the dangerous nature of the islands.

Only those whose vivid imagination carries them away will dare assert that they can see, afar off, the mouth of the Tagus, where Lisbon lies hid, with an approach from the sea almost unrivalled in loveliness. To the south, the rock of Lisbon, 470 feet in height is conspicuous. Its Portuguese name is Cabo da Roca, and its Roman name—for the Romans knew all the capes and named them—was Promontorium Magnum.

Given ordinary luck, our way lies through fleets of Portuguese fishing boats, whose sails are quaint in the extreme. They are less familiar though than the feluccas, with their huge swallow-like lateen sails, which we shall meet later, unchanged from the days of the Barbary pirates.

The third day out sees us nearing Cape St. Vincent, and we cannot sight this noble promontory without recalling Browning's "Home Thoughts from the Sea":—

"Nobly, nobly, Cape St. Vincent, to the north-west died away,

Sunset ran, one glorious blood red, reeking into Cadiz Bay:

Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay,
In the dimmest north-east distance, dawned Gibraltar,
grand and gay."

In these waters, four naval battles of great magnitude have occurred against French, Spanish and Portuguese—each redounding to England's credit.

Historic and beautiful Cadiz cannot be seen, which is our loss. This wonderful old town was founded some 3,000 years ago by the Phoenicians.

We are now rapidly approaching that most historic of all places—Trafalgar. It is only beautiful to the British patriot, while to others it is a low sandy point. The light from the lighthouse is visible 19 miles out at sea, while 24 miles away is the lighthouse maintained by the Great Powers at Cape Spartel. The whole scene here is hallowed, for it is that of the Battle of Trafalgar when, on 21st October, 1805, Lord Nelson engaged the Franco-Spanish fleet, half of which eventually struck their colours. Nelson himself, whom the Spanish Commander described as "The greatest man the world has ever produced," was wounded in action on board H.M.S. *Victory*, his flagship, at 12.45 p.m., and within four hours was dead. He was only 47 at the time of his death.

Tarifa, a few miles distant, is the southernmost town of Europe, and is five miles south of Europa Point at Gibraltar. Its

name tells of its history, and of how, when in possession of the Moors, its rulers levied duties on all who entered, and from this little Spanish port is derived the word "tariff."

And now for Gibraltar. There is no British possession that more stirs the imagination. It is approached through a bay seven miles long by four to five miles wide, which affords but indifferent shelter. The Rock itself, from north to south is two-and-a-half miles long by one-and-a-half to one-and-three-quarter miles broad. The Rock is saddle-backed in shape, the highest point being 1,396 feet above sea level. The rugged outline and the apparent bareness of the Rock are most impressive, and it is only with glasses (shortly before the ship anchors) that vegetation can be discerned.

Gibraltar, 1,309 miles from London, is our stepping-off point, while to others, who are going farther East, it means merely a brief excursion on shore. A tender comes alongside, and in a few minutes takes its crowd of passengers to the Old Mole.

(To be continued).

The following paragraph appeared in *El Annunciador* on the 21st October, the influential and important Gibraltar newspaper:—

GACETA "SIMONDS."—Ha llegado a nuestro poder y lo recibimos con tanto gusto como a los que le han precedido, le número correspondiente a octubre actual de la importante y curiosa revista THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE que, como es sabido, se edita por la importante y poderosa firma "H. & G. Simonds Ltd.," productora de las requisimas y universalmente apreciadas cervezas Simonds, de la que es aquí insustituible agente depositario e importador, la antigua y acreditada razon social "M. Baglietto."

Este número es de tanto mas interés para nosotros los calpenses, cuanto que nos cabe la inmensa satisfacción de que la información que en casi todos los números dedica a nuestra ciudad, sea esta vez de una extensión tal, que alcanza dos páginas to la revista y se ocupa de los hechos de actualidad más sobresalientes.

Además contiene informaciones muy valiosas de otras ciudades y se ocupa en muy buenos artículos de deportes, clubs recreativos, vida publica, etc., etc., sección de chascarrillos, chistes y versos, curiosas noticias sueltas de la actualidad inglesa y gran profusión de fotograbados de eminentes personalidades y de curiosa información gráfica.

Por este envío, damos una vez más las más expresivas gracias a los ya citados señores "M. Baglietto," agentes, como se ha dicho

de las exquisitas cervezas Simonds, y propietarios del tan concurrido Bar Alameda establecido en los Assembly Rooms, donde además a estas cervezas pueden saborearse muy buenos café y té, refrescos, fiambres, etc.

FOLLOWING IS A TRANSLATION :—

“SIMONDS” GAZETTE.—The October number of the important and interesting HOP LEAF GAZETTE has been sent to us and we have received it with as much pleasure as with past issues. As one already knows it is published by the important and well known firm “H. & G. Simonds Ltd.,” owners of the delicious and universally appreciated Simonds Beer, for which the Sole Agents for storing and importing here is the old established and renowned firm “M. Baglietto.”

This number is even more interesting to us, as to our immense satisfaction the news about our city, of which there has been some in nearly every issue, is greatly extended and covers two whole pages of this review and recounts interesting present day facts.

Besides this it contains information about other cities and well written articles on sports, recreation clubs, public life, etc., etc., selection of jokes, witty sayings and verses, outspoken and interesting news of the present state of affairs in England and numerous photographs of eminent people and clever graphic information.

For this number we reiterate our best thanks to the above-mentioned firm, M. Baglietto, Agents, as already mentioned, of the delicious Simonds Beer and proprietors of the well known meeting place, Bar Alameda, established in the Assembly Rooms, where, besides this beer, one can regale oneself with excellent coffee and tea, refreshments, cold buffet, etc.

FARNBOROUGH.

BILLIARDS.

The first game we have to report in the December issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE was *versus* the British Legion Club, South Farnborough, and resulted in a win for our hosts by 155 points. Scores :—

<i>B. Legion Club, S. Farnborough.</i>		<i>H. & G. S., Ltd.</i>	
A. Abslom	125	v.	R. Paice 63
W. Furness	125	v.	F. Russell 82
A. Dexter	125	v.	W. H. Davis 107
E. Bradley	125	v.	F. Grenham 108
R. Still	125	v.	E. Gosney 92
F. Wells	107	v.	A. Siggery 125
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	732		577

The following week saw us at the Metropole Working Men's Club, Deepcut, one of the youngest clubs in the district.

The match ended in a victory for the home team by 125 points.

Scores :—

<i>Metropole W.M. Club, Deepcut.</i>		<i>H. & G. S., Ltd.</i>	
F. Weir	75	v.	A. Siggery 69
A. Dowle	75	v.	F. Russell 35
E. McLaughlin	75	v.	W. H. Davis 71
J. Kemp	75	v.	E. Gosney 68
T. Cummings	75	v.	R. Paice 43
E. Liddle	75	v.	T. Kent 39
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	450		325

It was very thoughtful of the club to put their “physical jerker” on first; his lessons on balancing on the banister were very helpful and much appreciated. After his display at billiards we were not able to see our way clear to accept “Tom's” challenge to a snooker game.

Our next game was at Crookham, where we were entertained by the Crookham Street Social Club, on this occasion we were successful in obtaining our first win of the season by 8 points. Scores :—

<i>Crookham Street Social Club.</i>		<i>H. & G. S., Ltd.</i>	
J. White	75	v.	W. H. Davis 58
J. Gaines	66	v.	A. Siggery 75
P/Sergt. Askell	75	v.	F. Grenham 71
H. Irving	75	v.	F. Russell 23
P.C. Rogers	43	v.	R. Paice 75
H. Young	35	v.	E. Gosney 75
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	369		377

This outing was thoroughly enjoyed by our party and we were very pleased to make the acquaintance of Farmer White and his village friends; in the musical interlude it was very refreshing to hear such an excellent rendering of the “Village Pump.”

The next venture was at Fleet, where we visited the Albert Social Club. Four games of billiards were played, leaving our hosts winners by 78 points: Scores :—

<i>Albert Social Club, Fleet.</i>		<i>H. & G. S., Ltd.</i>	
A. Silver	75	v.	F. Grenham 64
W. Houghton	75	v.	E. Gosney 14
M. Troy	75	v.	W. H. Davis 61
T. Scofield	67	v.	R. Paice 75
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	292		214

