

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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Our Well Beloved Monarch George the V, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, who passed away on the 20th January, 1936.

DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

The silver cord is loosed ; the golden bowl is broken. The life of England, the life of the Empire, pauses in the sacred hush of grief. In the cities and hamlets of Britain, on the frontiers of civilisation in Africa, in Australia, in Canada, in the shadow of the age-old temples of India, men and women stand in the shadow of personal bereavement, mourning their King.

All the meaning of that bereavement cannot be realised now, when the hearts of all King George's subjects are numbed by the sudden blow. Only when the nation turns back to its daily life without him will it be fully understood in what innumerable ways he had made himself an intimate part of his people's joys and sorrows.

Twenty-five years ago brave things were said of his Kingdom and his Empire ; and none knew then how much braver things there would be to say to-day. Twenty-five years ago it was foretold that he would make a good King ; and none could foresee the manner in which he would so round out the idea of kingship as to leave it, in all eyes but those of sheer anarchy, a nobler ideal than he found it. He made a good King indeed ; but that was not all. Kingship itself is the higher for his example and his achievement.

The last valediction is over, but of this "interred Friend" his faithful people will consent to take no "lasting Adieu." KING GEORGE rests from his labours ; but his works do follow him. For how long and with how much power they will continue to follow him in the lives of his former subjects and in the history of the great company of nations over which he ruled depends chiefly upon our living selves. The time of reflection is over. To-day the life of plain duties and ordinary cares starts anew. The least among us will do his work the better for cherishing

the memory and the example of the late KING. But the least of us can do more than that. Above the level of our common grief and effort stand two lonely figures, distinguished by the greatness of their loss no less than by their eminence in earthly dignity. The time will come (as none who knows her may doubt) when QUEEN MARY will take up again her burden of activity in the service of her people ; but she must take it up again without the chief support of her labours and the chief reward of her success. And KING EDWARD VIII, face to face at last with the drudgery and the responsibility which years of anticipation and preparation can have robbed of little of their threatening aspect—and feeling, perhaps, almost as diffident about matching his father's achievement as fortified and inspired by his example—he too must take up his burden and stand alone in the loneliness of kingship. To both the KING and QUEEN MARY every heart and mind will turn to-day with all the encouragement that sympathy and affection can give. But more than that can be done. In the spirit of King George the least of us can resolve to go on doing his best for his country in truth and justice ; and to do so is to stand beside the KING himself, to lighten his burden and to strengthen his hand.

NOTHING FOR TEARS.

"As I looked upon his face for the last time on Tuesday morning," says the Archbishop of Canterbury, "I saw that there lay upon it the most perfect tranquillity and peace. Truly,

'Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame—nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.' "

THE PRIME MINISTER'S MOVING ADDRESS.

Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, in a broadcast tribute to King George, said :

If there was one thing that our King had done it was to serve his own generation by the will of God, and because of that the news of the death of His Majesty has been heard everywhere with a personal grief, not only in this country, but also through the vast Empire over which he bore rule, and, I believe, far beyond its borders.

The tones of that well-known voice are echoing in our ears to-day as our thoughts turn to the widowed Queen and to the bereaved family.

I know every heart in the Empire is sore for Queen Mary this night. In a married life so perfect, so happy as theirs was, there has to come that inevitable day when one is taken and the other is left, and one of the two has to continue the pilgrimage to the end alone.

There are millions of hands which, if they could reach the Queen, would be stretched out to her.

There was no respite for King George during the past twenty-five years. The world has been what a great man of the sixteenth century called it—"a raving world"—and he played his part in it gallantly to the end, and I feel most thankful that after that illness of seven years ago he was spared to see his Jubilee year.

There seemed to be given to him a special strength to go through those weeks.

I rejoice to think that he—modest as ever, diffident as to his own powers, and often wondering what his people thought of what he had done and tried to do—had a most wonderful experience in having brought home to him that all he had done had sunk deep into his people's hearts.

The effect on him was great. He never referred to it without emotion. He was touched profoundly. He accepted that tribute with a thankful humility. I am indeed thankful that he lived to see it, and that during these last months he knew what he meant to his people.

But we knew that there was no strength to spare. I noticed in the months that followed the Jubilee that I have never known him so gentle, so calm—an increase in his customary consideration, his customary kindness, and I had a feeling, which I expressed to my friends through all the autumn, that he was ready for the long journey that he was so soon to take.

He was tired at times, and I used to contrast his lot with the lot of the politicians, for we can, and do, have our old age, if we live, to ourselves ; but a king's burden is never lifted.

I saw him for the last time when we were parting for the Christmas holidays. We were rejoicing together, for we both love the same kind of holiday, when we can spend it with our own children and with our grandchildren at our own home in the country.

There is one thing that I think I can tell you of with no impropriety. The King near the end was having brief intervals of consciousness, and each time he became conscious it was some kind inquiry or kind observation of someone, some words of gratitude for kindness shown.

But he did say to his Secretary (Lord Wigram), when he sent for him, "How is the Empire?"—an unusual phrase in that form—and the Secretary said, "All is well, sir, with the Empire." The King gave him a smile and relapsed once more into unconsciousness.

It was simply this—that during all that time, subconsciously and just coming to the surface at odd moments, love for his people, care for their well-being here and throughout the world, was with him to the end.

Great power, which corrupts weak natures, ennobled our King's character and made him subdue passion and will and energy to his duty to his country. He brought the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and the conduct of the Commonwealth, and not only in virtue of his office but also in virtue of his person was he the First Gentleman in the Land.

We can best honour the noble memory of King George by gathering round and sustaining the young King whom for so long we have delighted to know as the Prince of Wales. All eyes are upon him as he advances to his father's place.

He comes to his duties in the prime of his powers, and already known throughout the length and breadth of his Empire for his great gifts of mind and heart, which he is now called on to consecrate to his people.

The young King knows the confidence we all repose in him. He knows that he commands not only allegiance ; he knows that the understanding, the affection, and the prayers of the countless multitudes of his subjects are with him at this hour. May God guide him aright and God Save the King.

THE LIGHT BURNS ON.

(From "Punch.")

Among the winter woods by rain made dim
In his own lands the hour of resting fell ;
The Shadow that comes to all men came to him
Who had toiled long and well.

So quick a change from summer of last year—
The flag-lined streets and the trumpet's shouting
breath
To the slow steps of mourners moving here
And the pageantry of Death.

Duty and strife are ended : he who led
And, leading, served his Empire and his State,
Where the great names of England are written and read,
Shall be accounted great.

We knew his purpose and we knew his choice
And how he kept them swerveless to the end ;
We knew his peoples listened to his voice
And loved him as their friend.

We knew these things and on their faith rely
For consolation in remembering
That the lit flame of service held on high
Passes from King to King.

"ORDINARY SORT OF FELLOW!"

King George himself, speaking to me about all those overwhelming evidences of loyalty which the Silver Jubilee called forth, used some words so characteristic of his honesty and humility that I cannot refrain from repeating them, even in these surroundings. I seem to hear him say them now :—

"I am sure I cannot understand it, for, after all,
I am only a very ordinary sort of fellow."

—The Archbishop of Canterbury,
preaching in Westminster Abbey.

**MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
27th JANUARY, 1936.**

RESOLUTION.

It was decided, as a mark of respect to His late Majesty, King George the Fifth, who died on January 20th, to close the Offices and Brewery on January 28th, the day of His funeral, and strongly to recommend all our Tenants to close their Houses, except for the service of meals, until the permitted hours of opening in the evening.

It was also decided that the closing of the Offices and Brewery should in no way prejudice the pay receivable by any of the Staff or Employees.

Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine oft infirmities—The Bible.

EDITORIAL.

OUR LATE KING.

Elsewhere I have dealt, at some length, with the death of our beloved King, and nothing, I think, was more touching than the broadcast address by our Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin. It was a case of one great English gentleman paying tribute to another. Both were friends, with many things in common—the cares of State, love of hearth and home, the countryside, and particularly their faithful four-footed friends. Our hearts go out to Jock, the King's pony, and Bob, his dog, in the loss of their lovable and much loved master.

THE LAST TWO BULLETINS.

Shall we ever forget those last two bulletins? How eagerly we awaited them, hoping for the best and yet somehow knowing the sorrowful news that the second would convey.

The King's life is moving peacefully towards its close.

And then!

Death came peacefully to the King at 11.55 p.m. tonight in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Princess Royal and the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

How beautifully those bulletins were worded—"The King's life is moving peacefully to its close." None of us will ever forget the words; none surely have ever been more widely read nor sank more deeply into all our hearts.

While the bulletins were those of the three doctors in attendance the words were written by Lord Dawson of Penn, the first on the back of a card and the second on ordinary notepaper.

EVENTS IN THE KING'S LIFE.

Some of the principal events in the life of his late Majesty were:—

June 3rd, 1865—Birth of the King at Marlborough House.

March 10th, 1882—Attempted assassination of Queen Victoria.

June, 1887—Queen Victoria's Jubilee year.

January, 1892—Death of Duke of Clarence (King George's elder brother).
 July 6th, 1893—Marriage to Princess Victoria May of Teck.
 June 23rd, 1894—Birth of Prince Albert Edward of Wales (now Edward VIII).
 January 22nd, 1901—Death of Queen Victoria.
 June 24th, 1902—Grave illness of King Edward VII from appendicitis. Coronation postponed.
 August 9th, 1902—Coronation of Edward VII.
 May 6th, 1910—Death of King Edward.
 May 9th, 1910—Proclaimed King George V.
 June 22nd, 1911—Crowned at Westminster Abbey. Later in 1911 attended Durbar at Delhi, India.
 1914-1918—Great War. King three times visited Western Front.
 October 10th, 1919—Signed the Peace Treaty.
 November, 1928-February, 1929—Serious illness. Recurrence of illness in July-November, 1929.
 1930—Opened Naval Conference, Imperial Conference, and India Round Table Conference.
 May 6th, 1935—Jubilee of his accession.

DUKE OF YORK HEIR TO THE THRONE.

With the death of the King the 9-years-old Princess Elizabeth is now only two steps from the throne. Her father, the Duke of York, is heir to the throne, and Princess Elizabeth is next in order of succession. If the new King should marry and have a daughter, and no son, then that daughter would be the heir to the throne in place of the Duke of York. As the child of the Sovereign she would take precedence over the King's brother.

To-day the succession to the throne is as follows:—

- Duke of York.
- Princess Elizabeth.
- Princess Margaret Rose.
- Duke of Gloucester.
- Duke of Kent.
- Prince Edward of Kent.
- Princess Royal.
- Viscount Lascelles.
- Hon. Gerald Lascelles.

Princess Elizabeth would also become heir to the throne should her father die before the present King.

FEMALE PRECEDENCE.

Had the new King been married, then Queen Mary would have come second in order of precedence.

The order of female precedence therefore remains as it was before the King's death. It is as follows:—

- The Queen.
- The Princess Royal.
- Duchess of York.
- Duchess of Gloucester.
- Duchess of Kent.
- Princess Elizabeth.
- Princess Margaret Rose.

It will be recalled that on the death of the late King Edward, Queen Alexandra became second lady in the land.

THE KING IS DEAD, GOD SAVE THE KING.

The new King, who accedes to the throne at the age of 41, is a bachelor, the first to sit on the throne of England since the reign of Edward VI, which ended in 1553. He is the most travelled Sovereign who has ever ruled our own or any other land. During his journeys he has visited almost every part of the Empire and many foreign lands. He was christened by the names of Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David.

Well do we remember his visit to Messrs. H. & G. Simonds. It was his first visit to an English brewery and he was given a right royal reception.

Many of his most recent activities have been efforts to encourage and help in the most practical way the victims of unemployment, and by long tours in various parts of the country he has pressed home his appeal to the public to "co-operate as we did during the war."

Typical of his interest in the youth of the country was his devotion of the King George Jubilee Fund, raised in response to his broadcast appeal, to their special interests.

He has been aptly termed the Prince of Sportsmen and the Ambassador of Empire.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Good men, in all ages, have triumphed over death, and led it captive ; converting its physical victory into a moral victory for themselves—into a seal and immortal consecration for all that their past life had achieved.—*Carlyle*.

OUR ANNUAL DINNER.

This event, which is fully reported in other pages, was again held in the Large Town Hall and was, in every way, a pronounced success. Everything went with a swing—could it be otherwise with our beloved President, Mr. F. A. Simonds, in the chair ? The large and distinguished company appeared to enjoy every minute of the proceedings and I must congratulate Mr. W. Bradford on the wonderful way in which he organised the great event. In chatting with Mr. Hawkes, the Chairman of the Club, afterwards he spoke in very complimentary terms of Mr. Bradford's wonderful work and expressed the fear that he had not made adequate acknowledgment of it when responding to the toast of the Social Club. In spite of the bad weather the following parties journeyed long distances, thus showing their keen interest in the function :—Ludgershall, 24 ; Oxford, 21 ; London, 13 ; Portsmouth, 4 ; South Berks Brewery, Newbury, 10 ; Ashby's Brewery, Staines, 41. There was an excellent musical programme. Mr. H. Jay gave songs at the piano ; our old friend, Mr. J. Maxwell, was as entertaining as ever ; and Mr. G. Cannings sang with great acceptance. The handbells selections by Messrs. A. Higgs and Sons proved popular, as did the selections by Mr. Wren's Concert Party. There was community singing led by another old friend, Mr. J. Gilkerson, and excellent music was discoursed by Mr. E. W. Sherwood's Orchestra. The organist was Mr. S. L. Worman. And then one must not forget the hard and very efficient work of Mr. and Mrs. King behind the bar in the Small Town Hall.

POINT-TO-POINT FIXTURES FOR 1936.

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|------------|-----|---|
| March 14th | ... | Royal Engineers and Royal Signals : Ashridge Wood, Wokingham. |
| ,, 21st | ... | Staff College and Mounted Infantry Club : Arborfield. |
| ,, 25th | ... | South Berks : Mortimer. |
| April 1st | ... | Garth : Arborfield. |
| ,, 9th | ... | Old Berks : Faringdon. |
| ,, 11th | ... | Berks and Bucks Farmers : Lordlands Farm. |
| ,, 13th | ... | Vine : Hannington. |

“Now's YOUR CHANCE !”

Old Syme and his nephew, Henry, visited London to see an important football match. After the game they called at an inn.

The barmaid was a flirt, and made quite a fuss of Henry. Presently, hearing a newsboy shouting “Football results,” Syme went to buy a paper, leaving Henry and the barmaid alone. Leaning invitingly towards him until her lips were enticingly near, the girl whispered : “Now's your chance !”

“So it is,” replied Henry—and quickly drank his uncle's beer !

UBIQUITOUS ALCOHOL.

“We may as well face the inevitable ; it may be assumed that social life will never proceed very far without *the aid of some form of exhilarating beverage*. Disguise it as we will, alcohol, in some form or other, will enter into the background of our gregarious activities in every social level from the palace to the slum. There is no use adopting an ostrich policy. It is here, always has been, and ever will be.”—Professor D. F. FRASER-HARRIS, M.D., etc., in the *True Temperance Quarterly*.

THE FIRST “SLIMMER.”

Vegetarians and those who are slimming should remember Dr. George Cheyne, the eminent physician, who is generally regarded as founder of the modern cult in this country.

In middle-age he gained fame not only by his professional skill, but by his enormous bulk. He weighed over 32 stone, and after trying all manner of other methods of slimming, determined to abandon flesh foods and live only on milk and vegetables.

The wits became busy at his expense, and a fellow-practitioner wrote :—

“Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass ;
The one for babes alone is food,
The other for an ass.”

Cheyne, however, had last laugh, for he succeeded in reducing himself to a normal dimension and lived to a healthy old age. He died in 1742.

IN ANCIENT TIMES.

PROFESSOR : "Can you give me an example of a commercial appliance used in ancient times?"

STUDENT : "Yes sir, the loose-leaf system used in the Garden of Eden."

A PRAISEWORTHY PUBLICATION.

I have received a copy of *The Morris Mirror*, the official organ of the Morris Motors organisations. It is the first issue and a great credit to the Editor and all concerned. The reading matter is excellent, as also are the illustrations. *The Morris Mirror* is indeed entertaining from beginning to end. Hearty congratulations!

DIDN'T SAY "PUSH."

A very good little girl was hurrying to school the other morning in a state of extreme agitation.

"Please God, don't let me be late," she murmured as the school bell began to ring in the distance.

At that moment she tripped over a stone and fell flat.

"Please God," she exclaimed in an injured voice as she got up and dusted herself, "I didn't say 'push'!"

BOUGHT A PUB.

The temperance reformer was hard at it.

"Have you noticed who the people are with money, ladies and gentlemen? The publicans! Who is it that can afford to buy furs? The publican's wife. Who had the most money to spend at Christmas? The publicans." He paused to regain his breath and then went on again: "And who is it that pays for all their pleasures? You, ladies and gentlemen. You. They lead a life of luxury on your money."

A fortnight later a husband and wife met the lecturer and thanked him for his splendid advice. "Ah," he said, "I'm glad then, that you've given up drink."

"Oh, it isn't that," said the husband. "We've bought a pub."

THOUGHT HE SAID "CLARET."

The slightly deaf old sportsman, feeling run down, consulted his doctor who, after examination, prescribed carrot and plenty of it.

"How shall I take it?"

"Any way you like and as much as you like."

A month later the patient returned in bursting health.

"Capital," said the doctor; "carry on with the carrot."

"The what?"

"The carrot."

"Carrot? Good heavens, I thought you said claret. I've been drinking three bottles a day for the last four weeks!"

INTO THE DEPTHS.

"We must get to the bottom of this."

"What is it?"

"A bottle of Scotch."

THIS IS WHAT YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM!

In view of the human weakness that makes so many persons love to talk about their ailments, especially if their disease is of an uncommon character or has an impressive name, an American paper gives a list of medical terms for the ordinary aches and pains, and suggests that readers may secure increased consideration by using them.

Thus earache should be referred to as tolagia; headache as cephalgia; toothache as odontalgia; whooping cough as pertussis; and near-sightedness as myopia.

Difficulty in speaking is dysphonia, and of swallowing dysphagia; loss of appetite is anorexia, and if you blister it is vesication.

Even our failings of character may be made to sound almost like virtues by a judicious employment of the proper technical terms; for instance, a bad disposition seems almost respectable when spoken of as a cacoethic condition, or laziness when referred to as atony.

THE LIGHT AND DARK BLUES.

The familiar Boat Race colours, which will soon be much in evidence in the buttonholes, were adopted almost by accident.

In 1836, just as the Cambridge boat was putting off for the race, it was noticed that none of the crew wore any distinctive colour, and one of their friends dashed off to the nearest drapers to remedy the defect. The best thing available was a length of Eton Blue ribbon, with which he ran back and decorated both the boat and the oarsmen.

As it seemed to bring them luck, Cambridge adopted light blue as a permanent emblem, and Oxford darkened their shade of blue to emphasise the contrast.

HUGGERY AND EMBRACERY.

The curious-sounding charge of "conspiring with a company to commit champerty and barratry" recently before the courts is a reminder of other unusual charges occasionally heard of within the law.

One such is that of "embracency," which is not so romantic as it sounds, but involves attempts to influence a jury. Another is "huggery," which has been defined as "the practice of courting an attorney with a view of obtaining professional employment," an offence against professional etiquette.

THE SCHOOLBOY SCORED.

A corpulent teacher was giving a lesson to a class of small children on a canary.

TEACHER : "Can any boy tell me what a canary can do and I can't?"

SHARP BOY : "Please, Miss, have a bath in a saucer!"

A DECALOGUE ON DRESSING.

Here are "Ten Commandments" on how to be well dressed, given by an Austrian designer :—

- (1) Avoid fripperies.
- (2) Invest only in fabrics of good quality.
- (3) Dress to suit yourself, not your best friend.
- (4) Shun "noisy" clothes.
- (5) Don't be a slave to fashion edicts.
- (6) Don't worry about the price!
- (7) Don't try to be the "last word."
- (8) Don't strive for a larger wardrobe.
- (9) Avoid cheap-looking accessories.
- (10) Don't try to be different.

They are all pretty good except No. (6), which is a bit difficult at times.

SOCIAL CLUB.

RECORD GATHERING AT READING.

THE TOWN AND BREWERY DEVELOPMENTS.

WARM TRIBUTES TO THE PRESIDENT.

There was a large and influential gathering in Reading Town Hall on Saturday, January 18th, the occasion of the fifteenth annual dinner of Simonds' Social Club. The event proved highly pleasant. Mr. F. A. Simonds, President of the Club, was in the chair, and others present included Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds, Mr. J. H. Simonds, J.P., Commander H. D. Simonds, Mr. L. A. Simonds, The Mayor (Mr. W. H. Bale), the Deputy Mayor (Dr. G. H. R. Holden), Mr. R. H. R. Palmer (High Sheriff of Berkshire), the Rev. H. Bonsey, Canon Kernan, Mr. L. Victor Smith (Huntley, Boorne & Stevens), Colonel W. Sharp, Mr. D. Turquand Young (Turquand Young & Co.), Captain D. E. Ward (Huntley & Palmers, Ltd.), Mr. W. H. Soundy (S. M. Soundy & Son), Mr. H. H. Belsey (Royal Insurance Co.), Mr. W. P. Colebrook (Colebrook & Co., Ltd.), Mr. C. B. Booth and Mr. C. W. N. Sharp (Cooksey & Walker), Mr. H. F. Dunster, Supt. Osborne, Mr. E. S. Phipps, Mr. F. C. Hawkes, Mr. C. E. Gough, Mr. C. Bennett, Mr. W. H. Wigley, Mr. F. L. Shrimpton (Ludgershall) Mr. P. F. Knapp, Mr. A. G. Richardson, Mr. S. Bird, Mr. A. W. C. Bowyer, Mr. J. B. Biggs, Mr. W. H. Davis, Mr. H. C. Davis, Mr. F. Josey, Mr. A. D. Lidington, Mr. S. T. Warner, Mr. J. H. Wadhams, Mr. W. Bradford. The dinner was admirably organised by Mr. W. Bradford, the energetic Hon. Secretary of the Social Club.

In asking them to drink the health of the King, the President (Mr. F. A. Simonds) said he knew they would do it with the greatest possible fervour that night, when the whole world was waiting with rapt attention for further news of the progress of his Majesty's illness. He was gravely ill and everybody sent their heartfelt wishes to the Royal Family for the King's speedy recovery. They in the Royal county more particularly felt for his Majesty, and waited with the greatest possible anxiety for better news. "I do ask you," concluded Mr. Simonds, "to rise and drink with all the fervour at your command to the health of his Majesty the King."

The toast was drunk with a subdued and affectionate enthusiasm.

In proposing the toast of the other members of the Royal Family, the President said they would all bear in mind their great anxiety, and they all felt most deeply for them. Might God bless them all!

This toast, too, was drunk with the greatest fervour.

DIRECTORS REGARDED AS FRIENDS.

The Rev. Hugh Bonsey proposed "The Directors." He said he looked upon it as a very great privilege to propose that toast. He felt it an honour to be given the title of "Chaplain to the Brewery," though he did not quite know what his duties really were. To propose that toast was apparently one of them, and it was a particularly delightful duty. All present had the highest regard for the Firm and those who had the responsibility of directing it. The name of Simonds was held in the highest esteem far and wide, not only in England but overseas. But that night they looked upon the Directors not so much as those controlling the interests of that large business, but as friends. (Loud applause.) He certainly felt that himself. When he came to the parish of St. Giles', which included the Brewery, he was welcomed as a friend, and the Directors had extended to him great kindness on more than one occasion. "I often think," added Mr. Bonsey, "though I have never had any connection with any business, that there must be a tremendous responsibility upon those who hold the office of directing and controlling business, not only responsibility from the business side but from the larger side, for over and above the question of producing a large turnover there is that which counts far more. (Applause.) There is the spirit existing between all engaged in a common enterprise, the spirit of relationship between the Directors, the whole staff and the body of the employees. I have had many opportunities of seeing unofficially the wonderful spirit of goodwill which exists throughout the Firm." (Applause.) That spirit, added Mr. Bonsey, was exemplified when their President rose, as he did, and asked them to take a glass of wine with them with his love. That was the keynote existing in the happy relationship throughout the Brewery. That real fellowship, that spirit of comradeship, no matter what their particular occupation might be, was what mattered most. They seemed to carry on in the nature of a large family rather than having the distinction of employer and employed. (Applause.) He was sure that all connected with the Firm looked upon their President and his fellow Directors as their elder brothers. (Applause.) That meant such a lot. It meant so much in things they could not estimate on a cash basis, but in those higher and deeper things which meant so much in life. It gave him the greatest pleasure to propose that toast, and he wished the Directors and all associated with the Firm all prosperity in the coming year.

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm, and Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds, whose name was associated with it, responded. He said he was very much struck with the proposer's remarks as to the team spirit at the Brewery. The Directors had always tried

to foster that spirit, and would continue to do so, and support everything that tended towards the welfare of their staff and employees.

SUCCESSFUL FOOTBALL AND CRICKET TEAMS.

Mr. L. A. Simonds proposed "The Social Club." He gave a short résumé of the activities of the main branches of the club during the past year. The football club had met with unbounded success, and that year were promoted to the premier division of the league, in which they remained unbeaten. (Applause.) They had defeated motors, biscuits and other breweries, which all went to prove conclusively that beer is best, and that Simonds'—(Laughter). He would like to mention the name of Mr. Smith, the captain, whose hard work kept the team together so well. (Applause.) The cricket club again had a good season, captained by that veteran, Mr. Wadham, who for so many years had taken such great interest in cricket at the Brewery. With regard to the tennis, last year he had a rather sorry tale to tell, but this year they had done very much better, having played five matches, won two and lost three. Their thanks were due to Mr. James, their secretary last year, who worked very hard, and Mr. Huddy, who was taking over those duties this year. Last year they were unfortunately unable to have a fete, but this year they were to have one on August 22nd. On the last occasion when they held their fete they received wonderful help from all parts of the Brewery. He appealed to all to go even one better this year, and make the fete an even greater success than the previous one. As to the team spirit, nowhere was that more exemplified than at the Social Club, which was the heart of the Brewery during its play time. He must refer to Mr. Bradford, who worked so hard for the club, and Mr. Hawkes, Chairman of the Committee, without whose efforts the club could not be the successful institution it had undoubtedly proved to be. (Applause.)

Mr. F. C. Hawkes, whose name was coupled with the toast, thought they would agree that the club was functioning and carrying out to the fullest extent the benefits for which it was so kindly provided by the Directors. Mr. Simonds' kind speech and their generous response would prove a great encouragement and provide a further incentive to the Committee to carry on the work. For fourteen years—on one occasion he was prevented from being present—it had been his privilege to respond to that toast. They always bore in mind on those occasions that it was due to the kindly thought and generosity of the Directors that they had such wonderfully commodious premises in which to have their recreations. Their club was a very great aid in promoting the team spirit for which the firm had been so noted. Long might that happy state of affairs continue! (Applause.)

BEER, BISCUITS, BEEF AND 'BACCY.

Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N., proposed "The Visitors" and at the outset congratulated Mr. Bradford on his "bag" that night. They seemed to get better and better every year. They were very honoured in having with them his Worship the Mayor. (Applause.) They were honoured not only because he was the Mayor, but because he was such a thoroughly good fellow. Reading had always been a very up-to-date place, but, of late, they were getting a little behind the times. Other towns had been producing quins and quads. The Mayor, in his spare time, was interested in the tobacco trade, and with the assistance of Mr. Colebrook and the representatives of Messrs. Huntley & Palmers, they were able to produce the quadruplet "B's" which made life worth living, viz., beer, biscuits, beef and 'baccy. (Applause.) But, speaking seriously, he did not know how many of them knew what the work of a Mayor was. Among other things he was an ex-officio member of every committee and sub-committee of the Town Council. But Mr. Bale stood the strain extremely well and was a most efficient Mayor. They were also honoured by the presence of the High Sheriff of Berkshire, Mr. Reggie Palmer. In addition to holding that office, Mr. Palmer played a prominent part in the great firm of Huntley & Palmers, he was a Master of Hounds, and, what always went with that, a master of language. (Laughter.) They also had the Deputy Mayor with them. They were glad to see him well after his strenuous year of office. The manner in which he carried out his duties reflected infinite credit on him. (Applause.) He would not count their Chaplain as a visitor, because he was one of them. They were glad to see the Army represented by their old friend, Colonel Sharp, who was always a welcome guest wherever the Hop Leaf flew. Other guests included Mr. Turquand-Young and many from their allied companies. That made them feel they were all one happy family, and that they hoped they would long continue to be. (Applause.)

A TOWER OF STRENGTH.

The Mayor responded and said they would agree that it was no easy matter to reply adequately for such a distinguished company of visitors. No one who took an interest in the progress and development of that town could be insensible to the great part which Messrs. H. & G. Simonds had taken in that development. In the past few years that part had been intensified, due, he was confident, in no small measure to the very hard work of their President, Mr. Eric Simonds. (Applause.) He was a tower of strength to the firm. The town of Reading had a great deal to thank H. & G. Simonds for. They had only to look round and see the great improvement which the company had made and continued to make in their houses. That provided a great amount

of employment. They were also developing their business by the acquisition of smaller breweries. Had they not done so they themselves might possibly have been absorbed, and that would not have been for the benefit of Reading. Commander Simonds rendered most valuable assistance on the Town Council. His wonderful knowledge of engineering and transport was of enormous benefit to the committees on which he served.

Mr. J. H. Simonds proposed "The President," and said he knew they would drink with the greatest enthusiasm the toast of Mr. Eric. (Loud applause.) What his value was to that firm and its employees no one could say, and they all knew what a very great interest he took in every individual member of the staff and everything connected with their welfare. There was only one thing he would have liked to have had there that night besides Mr. Eric and that was the beautiful portrait presented to him by the shareholders, and which was now on view in the board room at the Brewery.

The toast was received with the utmost enthusiasm and the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow."

"EMPLOYMENT WOULD BE IN READING."

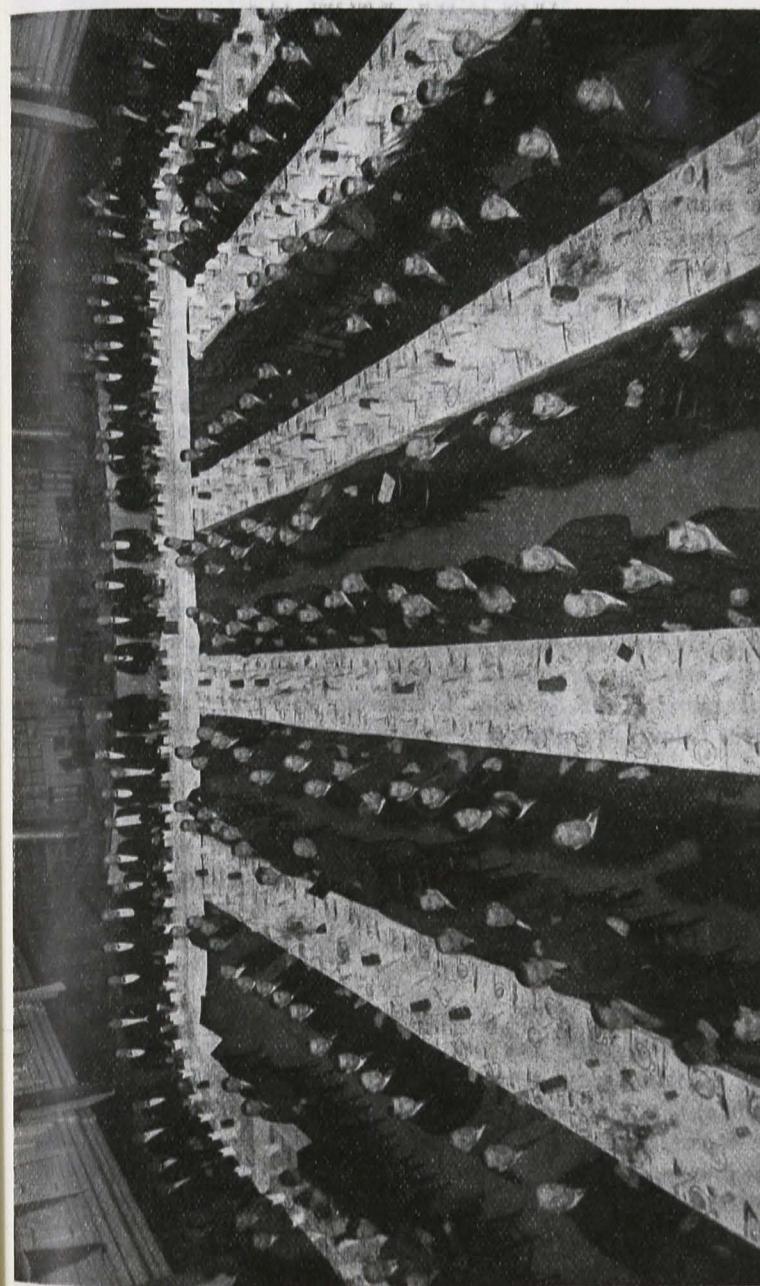
Rising to respond, Mr. Simonds received an ovation. He thanked them for the princely manner in which they had received the toast. He did appreciate that one great annual gesture of their great friendship and loyalty. Mr. John Simonds had referred to that magnificent gift presented to him by the company. That would be treasured by himself, and, he hoped, for generations to come, most highly as a very happy gesture of the company's goodwill to him. (Applause.) That was as great a gathering as ever and reminded him of the gatherings held many years ago in the upper room of the Crown Inn, Crown Street. Might he mention one or two outstanding events of the past year? First of all there was the acquisition of that business at Bristol, by means of which he hoped to be able to blaze the trail of the Hop Leaf from London to Penzance and through South Wales. (Applause.) The Mayor had alluded to what might have happened if someone had swallowed them instead of them swallowing other people. It would have meant much less employment in Reading, though perhaps more employment in London and Bristol. But now that employment would be in Reading. (Applause.) Thanks to the abominable elements in September, the canvas in connection with their military department was put to the greatest strain to which it had ever been subjected. They suffered considerable loss, but they carried on in a manner which added greatly to their prestige, and their thanks were due to the men of the canvas and transport departments for the admirable manner in which under such difficult circumstances

they carried out their contracts. During the fogs and frosts about Christmas time their entire transport fleet came out of the ordeal with the greatest possible credit. (Applause.) Not a single delivery was missed, and he must make special reference to Commander Simonds and the whole of the transport staff on their great achievement. Now he would allude to a matter of more general interest to the brewing trade.

BREWERY TRADE AND HOME-GROWN BARLEY.

In 1903, owing to the damage caused by the Snowden Budget, the brewing trade got into very low water, and they struck a bargain—a gentlemen's agreement—with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that under certain conditions the brewing trade would undertake to use an increased quantity of home-grown barley in the brewing of their beers. He was Chairman of the Brewers' Society at the time and was responsible for making that gentlemen's agreement. The agreement had been carried out most religiously and to the letter by the whole of the brewing trade. The trade had been attacked from many ignorant quarters, and they had been told they had not kept to the agreement. Over and over again they had produced irrefutable figures proving that the agreement had been kept, and it was their intention to continue to keep the agreement. Mr. Simonds went on strongly to criticise a letter by Mr. Douglas Vanderstegen published in *The Times*. They of the brewing trade, he added, would never sit down willingly to any legislation imposed upon them necessitating using any materials which they did not think were the best for brewing beer suitable for their customers and which would not maintain the best traditions of English brewing. They had yet to learn why the farming industry should arrogate to themselves the right to make bacon out of free imported barley from Persia and Denmark, if the brewers were restricted from using foreign barley where they thought it necessary in order to maintain the high qualities of their beers. They did not see why they should be compelled to use the husks which the swine would not eat. Perhaps they were open to criticism in that they had been able by their efforts to make some bigger profits than in the past. They had made some bold financial moves acquiring other businesses, and that had been for the benefit of Reading, and not to the disadvantage of any of their employees. That policy they would continue to pursue. He had completed 35 years' service with the Firm when he started his 36th year on Monday, and he hoped that would be the beginning of another very happy year for the company. (Loud applause.)

Mr. F. A. Simonds had to leave before the conclusion of the proceedings, and Mr. F. C. Hawkes succeeded him in the chair, and took the opportunity of thanking the artistes, Messrs. Parslow and staff, and all who had contributed to the success of the evening.



Photograph of the gathering at the Annual Dinner of Simonds' Social Club in the Large Town Hall, Reading, on Saturday, January 18th.

DON'T WE KNOW IT?

If you would get a favour done by some obliging friend,
And want a promise, safe and sure, on which you can depend,
Don't go to him who always has much leisure time to plan,
But if you want your favour done, just ask the busy man.

The man with leisure never has a moment he can spare,
He's always "putting off," until his friends are in despair.
But he whose every waking hour is crowded full of work
Forgets the art of wasting time ; he cannot stop to shirk.

So when you want a favour, and want it right away,
Go to the man who constantly works sixteen hours a day.
He'll find a moment sure, somewhere, that has no other use,
And help you while the idle man is framing an excuse.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Discretion is the look-out on the hill of life. It enables man to see the noblest and best of life and points out the proper means of attaining it. It broadens man's vision along his horizon, and he is better able to choose his path with his eyes so opened. He gathers strength in its exercise, and the more he cultivates discretion, good sense and proper balance are developed.

The discreet man does not look at a problem as it affects him in the present moment. He looks ahead to the future, and scans the possibilities which may arise. He has foresight and good judgment.

He looks at life without magnifying or minimising its importance. He acts with constancy according to his belief, and resists advantages and opportunities presented to him which are out of tune with the noble principle of honour.

In every path of life discretion finds the best and the right way to attain one's goal. The struggle between reason and temper is won when discretion plays a part, for it sets us the proper balance in every action of man. He knows and considers the value of life ; he is aware that at best it is short, and for the time allotted to him he is accountable. The contemplation of this truth keeps him alert and on guard against the temptations of the world. He does not lose sight of the purpose of his creation.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Charity does not grudge the happiness of others.

If all the good people were clever,
And all the clever people were good,
The world would be nicer than ever
We thought that it possibly could.
But somehow, 'tis seldom or never
The two hit it off as they should ;
The good are so harsh to the clever,
The clever so rude to the good.

The best preaching is example. Humility is the secret.

A firm superior gets things done quickly. A gentle one gets them done well.

To preserve our cheerfulness amid sicknesses and troubles is a sign of a right and good spirit.

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot !
Rose plot, fringed pool, ferned grot—
The veriest school of peace . . .
Not God in gardens when the eve is cool?
Nay but I have a sign ;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

Men never get too big or busy to listen while you tell them how wonderful they are.

It may be better for you to have but little rather than much, for your pride to feed on.

To try to be bright and amiable when our hearts are sore—what an act of love that is !



THE LATE MR. THOMAS HARRIS.

His many friends in Newbury and District were much grieved to learn of the passing away on December 23rd last of Mr. Thomas Harris, who was for many years the licensee of the Castle Inn, Northbrook Street, Newbury. The shock was greater because of the suddenness of his death, also as it occurred practically on the eve of Christmas.

Mr. Harris was a soldier by profession, having enlisted in the 3rd Dragoon Guards in April, 1890, being transferred to the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards in 1899. He saw much service in India and Africa, and proceeded to France with his regiment in August, 1914, where he took part in the epic retreat from Mons. It is recorded that, at great personal risk, he volunteered to convey food, etc., to the front line trenches. He was a great favourite with all ranks in his regiment because of his fearlessness on active service, his consideration for his men at all times, and his fairness and helpfulness to all ranks. He was invalided home in 1916 and demobilised in April, 1919, with the rank of Warrant Officer. It can safely be said that he lived and died a soldier. His conversation was full of his military experiences, and of his great loyalty to King and country. He would, on all notable anniversaries and national events, fly a large Union Jack and he always expressed the wish to be wrapped in this flag and be buried in that national emblem. This wish was complied with. A representative body of the British Legion was present at the graveside.

During his tenancy at the Castle Inn, he established a reputation for generosity, and never turned a man away without help and refreshment.

His service brought him into contact with our Military Managers, to whom he was well known. Having been a great supporter of ours in the Army, it was fitting that his business career should have brought him a further association with us.

To his widow and family we extend our deepest sympathy.

R.I.P.



HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To prevent milk from boiling over in just that very second when you take your eye off it, before putting it into the saucepan, rub the edge of the saucepan with butter.

* * * *

Moisten a pound of sawdust with enough turps to make it form easily into little balls. Two or three of these and some newspaper with small coal on top form an easily lit fire.

* * * *

Turps cures *corns*, and is the best thing to apply to sprains and muscular pains, and is good for rheumatism. Mix it with equal parts of olive oil and methylated spirits for this purpose.

* * * *

Old socks serve a useful and labour-saving purpose like this. Place a small quantity of soft soap in the foot of an old sock and use in place of a scrubbing brush for washing floors, especially lino. The dirt comes away without much rubbing, and the pattern of lino is not scrubbed off!

CABARET JOYS AT THE HEIGHTS.

GROSVENOR SHOW TO BE A REGULAR FEATURE.

The joys of a cabaret were introduced to dancers at the Grosvenor House Hotel, Caversham Heights, for the first time on January 15th, says *The Evening Gazette*.

The "bill" was a double one, the first half consisting of cartoons and singing by Rupert Harvey. His skill at "taking off" famous likenesses with a few lightning strokes was uncanny, but what his audience really liked was when he picked on someone in the room as a victim of his art.

The Luxton Sisters, who followed, were equally good in a very different style. They gave an excellent display of tap and acrobatic dancing.

Captain Foreman told *The Evening Gazette* that cabaret is to be a regular feature of entertainment at Grosvenor House and that he intends to make it a habit on Wednesday evenings.

On January 22nd Kenneth Jackson and Anita provided entertainment in song, dancing and illusions.

THE CUP TIE.

READING LACK PUNCH.

Reading.....1 Manchester United.....3

There was little skill in this match at Reading, but the home side had enough of the match to suggest that a draw would have been a better result. But against that their play was the kind that does not create openings, nor had they a forward who could shoot.

Manchester United did at least make three goals in their few attacks, but one had the feeling that if their defence had been pressed a lot of trouble might have followed.

The Manchester defence was slow, even against a forward line that tried to tip-tap the ball on a heavy ground, but Reading never realised that their great opportunity was to swing the ball about.

Had not Reading wisely gone all out in attack late in the game, when the score was 2-1, we might not have seen the brightest incident of the match. Eight Reading men were attacking when a long clearance sent Mutch, the United centre-forward, clean away. He was fouled just outside the penalty area. McKay took the kick, and instead of blindly banging the ball—a wall of defenders was set up—he merely passed to Mutch, who could not help scoring. That, at least, was clever.

MUTCH'S FINE RUN.

The first half was a peculiar affair. Manchester United did not attack more than a few times, yet they scored twice.

It is hard to tell what happened to the Reading defence. Each time there did not seem to be opposition. Manley was completely unmarked when he scored, and Mutch ran more than 50 yards with the ball before shooting through.

Pateman scored Reading's goal when he was at centre-forward. Tait was off just after the interval, and when he returned he played at outside left. But I doubt if this was any handicap. Reading's only handicap was their tactics. Inside forwards too far back and no punch or life in attack.

ON NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

MAKE THEM—WHETHER YOU KEEP THEM OR BREAK THEM.

Grandmother stuck to her point. "I think New Year's resolutions are good," she said, "even if some are broken."

"But the trouble is, Mother," put in Uncle Ted, "that they always are broken."

The discussion had arisen around the dinner table on Christmas Day. Aunt Belle began it. She had been teasing her friend, Martha Blake, for admitting that she had made several resolutions for the New Year. Five-year-old Billy had just asked what resolutions were, when Grandmother announced her views.

"Of course they are broken, Ted," she addressed her bachelor son. "They were made to be broken. If they were not, many of us would be angels before our time. But"—and she neatly slipped her napkin into its silver ring—"a good resolution that is followed even for a while has its good effects."

"And if you break it, you can always take it up again," Martha smiled across the centre-piece to Ted. "Haven't you done that millions of times when you've broken other rules, or done things you're not proud of?"

"But it sounds so portentously serious to be making New Year's resolutions," Ted objected. "The trouble is most of us take ourselves and our problems too seriously. We probably would not have these trade depressions or so much of them if we knew how to throw off things a little more. What I want to do is to establish a more cheerful attitude towards everything. We've had enough of gloom."

Grandfather flicked the ash from his Christmas cigar. "There's your chance, son," he laughed. "Let's all try to take ourselves and our troubles less seriously next year? What do you say, Grandmother?"

No one could resist Grandfather's infectious gaiety. It was a large part of his charm that he gave the impression of never having had a dull moment in his life.

Without doubt, William Shakespeare hit the nail on the head when he said "there's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so." Some of our unhappiest moments are caused not by external conditions, but by our attitude towards those conditions.

This is proved by the fact that often those who go through life with a serious handicap maintain a sweeter, cheerier, saner outlook—Helen Keller, for instance—than normal persons with faculties unimpaired.

As many philosophers have pointed out, the greatest slavery is the slavery to bad moods. If we allow ourselves to become upset by little things we shall soon develop an attitude, or state of mind, or habit, that will totally unfit us to meet the great crisis of life which none can escape. This does not mean that we cannot have our moments of seriousness, but it is foolish and wrong to allow such moods to overwhelm us. "Into each life some rain must fall," but a rainy day can be enjoyed. Grandmother and Grandfather were right. The cultivation of a cheerful frame of mind is a fine subject for a New Year's resolve.—*From "The Morris Mirror."*

FLACKWELL HEATH PARTY.

POPULAR HOST AND HOSTESS.

Thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Ball, landlady of the Magpie, a party was recently well entertained in the Magpie Hut, Flackwell Heath, to a supper and concert. The chair was taken by Mr. William Strange, who kept the programme merrily going, to the enjoyment of the sixty guests. Songs were rendered by the Brothers Ludgate, Granny Oxlade, and the singing of "Grace Darling" by Mr. Jim Smith was one of the star turns.

Speeches were made by both Mr. and Mrs. Ball, and some of the guests paid tribute to the esteem in which the donor and her husband were held in the village. A special round of cheers were given for Miss Dolly Ball.

The evening wound up with "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King." Mr. Frank Stone was at the piano.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Smith was waiting for Bailey as the latter came out of his house on the way to the station.

"Look here, Bailey," he said fiercely, "I'll lose my temper with your boy one of these days. Haven't you spoken to him about mimicking me yet?"

Bailey looked hurt. "Why, of course I have," he returned. "I told him yesterday not to act like a fool."

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

The start of the New Year saw the General Office Staff engaged on their quarterly balancing task and, after the usual alarms and excursions, this was completed with satisfaction.

Although the winter has been of a mixed variety, and no doubt colder than the previous one, the staff have weathered it very well; sickness has been an exception and only a few have had periods of not feeling up to the mark, fortunately not of a lengthy nature.

Up to the present at Reading we have had several spells of floods and the River Kennet, right alongside the Brewery, has been higher than for many years.

Once again the Annual Dinner has been held and voted a huge success. The numbers seem to increase each year and the contingents from the Branches and Subsidiary Companies help to swell the merry throng. It is also nice to see quite a number of old friends and swap yarns. Saw amongst others my old friend, Mr. E. Thornbery from Ludgershall, and, of course, he had to talk about the river, where he and I spent many happy days in the time before the War. Mr. Eric's tribute to the Transport Department for making every delivery, in spite of snow and ice on the roads and fog all around, was very pleasing and the transport workers in particular showed by their loud cheers that they appreciated it.

I have been informed that the Offices are running very strongly in the Inter-Departmental Tournaments at the Social Club. They had a famous victory of 11 events to 1 the other evening and this without the aid of the captain. The Offices since this have also won again, and at the moment are top.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Moorey, who have been caretakers, etc., for nearly nine years, are leaving us very shortly and naturally we are sorry, for they have been very much liked by all of us. They both are assured of our good wishes for their future welfare.

Mr. G. B. Grove, who has been our Engineer for many years, I am sorry to say has been in indifferent health recently and I hope he will soon be much better.

Mr. G. E. Boddington, who has been a member of the Branch Department for very many years, has been transferred to the new Catering Department, which continues to grow and the number of houses brought into this scheme is becoming larger each month.

Our sympathies went out to our friend Mr. C. B. Cox, who lost his father rather suddenly. His father was a dear old sort and a good friend of the Firm. Our sincere regrets are hereby recorded.

Reading Football Club have had rather a disastrous month both in cup and league. Naturally the critic has had a busy time telling us what is the matter with the team and all the rest of it. Promotion by no means seems so certain now. However, the finish-up of the league will be (or should be) rather exciting. Injuries have played havoc with Reading and not having good enough reserve strength has told its inevitable tale. The worst part of it all is that support is likely to fall off during the remaining matches. At one time Reading, with a five points lead, seemed certain of promotion.

Aldershot are by no means playing very convincingly, but will probably be "all out" in the return match shortly at Elm Park.

Plymouth are finding London a happy hunting ground for points in the league, although they met their Waterloo at the hands (or feet) of Chelsea. One great source of satisfaction for Plymouth "fans" must be the splendid return to form of Sammy Black, their outside-left.

Portsmouth are having a fairly successful time but I feel they do not like Manchester City, who defeated them at Manchester in the cup and then followed this up by defeating Pompey at Fratton Park.

Brighton are well up in the league and have a centre-forward who can score goals. Oh! Law.

Both Bristol teams seem much of a muchness and one is never certain what they will do next.

The Brewery First Eleven have been having a very successful time and they are a distinct credit to their league.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

The following changes and transfers have taken place during January, and to all tenants we wish every success:—

The Fir Trees, Cold Ash (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. K. E. Hamblin.

The Royal Oak, Knaphill, Woking (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mrs. M. Searle.

The Harrow, Langley (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. C. D. Straughen.

The Crown, Woodstock (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. D. Skene.

The Plough, Horton (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. M. F. Ralph.

The Royal Standard, Egham (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. W. R. Martin.

The Brickmaker's Arms, Moor Common (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. T. J. Woodhouse.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

SIGNS AND SOUNDS OF SPRING.

FOX AND PHEASANT.

Though we are still experiencing cold winds and sharp frosts there are many sounds and signs of spring. The buds are gradually shedding their greatcoats in which they have been wrapped so warm during the winter months, here and there you may come across a flower in bloom, while many birds are mating. The chaffinches which, throughout the winter, go about in companies of males and females have already sorted themselves out for the summer season and now you will rarely find a lady chaffinch who is not accompanied by a gentleman of the same species. Soon many of the migrants will be here.

NATURE'S RAT-CATCHERS.

Once again quite recently I saw a heron catch and devour a water rat or vole. Perhaps at the mention of Nature's rat-catchers, we may think first of all of dogs, cats, stoats, weasels, and ferrets. Truly, these animals rank high amongst the successful enemies of rats; but there are other creatures which are not one whit the less determined and capable. There is the fox, for instance. Reynard is a clever rat-catcher; his dietary is composed very largely of rats.

Then there is the badger. Brock, in search of rats, will dig most assiduously. It is his partiality for rats which, sometimes, leads him to the farmyard.

Next there is the otter, as skilful in the capture of rats as in the art of securing eels and coarse fishes from the streams and ponds. Amongst birds, many besides the heron assist in keeping

down the rat population. Owls of all species, peregrin falcons, sparrow-hawks, kestrels and, where they are resident, ravens and buzzards, are determined enemies of rats, and merit our protection.

STOATS AND RABBITS.

There is an interesting letter in *The Field* concerning stoats and rabbits. The writer is satisfied from his observation that rabbits are not mesmerised. "It may not be generally known," he adds, "that rabbits travel a long way when hunted, and I have myself followed a hunt upwind for a mile. This can be confirmed if the rabbit is picked up just after the kill, because it quickly becomes rigid. At the end of the run the stoat hamstrings its victim. I have on several occasions witnessed this. Thus if the stoat is shot or driven off before it has time to get at the neck, the rabbit will be found quite unable to move and must be destroyed. Stoats, except when they have young, usually hunt in the early morning when rabbits have returned to their earths or to a form. The selected quarry is driven from the form and killed far from its fellows, who are ignorant of the tragedy. A stoat will thus live among a colony of rabbits, who will continue to feed even while it is playing about near them."

A CUNNING FOX.

The cunning ways of foxes are well known. A friend of mine tells me he was out shooting the other day when he saw a fox hanging about just outside the covert that was being shot. And it seemed that what that fox had been waiting for soon appeared in the shape of a wounded pheasant. Though "winged," the bird could run like a hare; but it had no sooner left the wood than the fox gave chase and there, right in front of the gun, caught the pheasant and carried it off triumphantly.

STRENGTHENS THE **B**ODY

STIMULATES THE **B**RAIN

SIMONDS ATHLETIC FOOTBALL CLUB.

ANNUAL *Carnival Dance*

will be held at

THE OXFORD BALLROOM
on

Friday, February 21st, 1936,

8 p.m. to 2 a.m.

THE OXFORD SYNCOPATORS

Under the leadership of Miss Gladys Keep.

WALTZ & FOX-TROT COMPETITIONS

Judged by

Mr. Derrick Franklyn and Miss Vera White.

PRIZES FOR LUCKY SPOTS, Etc.

TICKETS, **2/-**

Dress Optional.

AT THE DOOR **2/6.**

Right of Admission Reserved.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

JOHNSON : "So you gave up trying to teach your wife to drive the car?"

WILLIAMS : "Yes. When I told her to release her clutch she let go of the steering wheel."

* * * *

THE PARENT : "If Shakespeare were alive to-day wouldn't he be looked upon as a remarkable man?"

BRIGHT BOY (decidedly) : "He'd be more than three hundred years old."

* * * *

He was, in fact, the absent-minded professor, and he was strap-hanging in a tram. The other arm clasped half a dozen bundles. He swayed to and fro. Slowly his face took on a look of apprehension.

"Can I help you, sir?" asked the conductor.

"Yes," said the professor, with relief. "Hold on to this strap while I get my fare out."

* * * *

A teacher had been giving the class a lecture on motor cars. At the conclusion she inquired: "Now, children, which of you can tell me the most dangerous part of a motor?"

"I can, miss," promptly answered a small boy. "The driver."

* * * *

WIFE : "Isn't it wonderful how the waves keep rolling in, darling?"

HUSBAND : "Yes, they remind me of the household bills at home, dear."

* * * *

The young lady entered the stationer's and asked for a pound of wax.

"Wax, madam?" echoed the shop assistant.

"Yes," answered the girl. "Wax for polishing the floor."

"Oh," replied the other, "we are stationers. The only wax we keep is sealing wax."

"Bother!" exclaimed the maiden, sharply. "That's no use at all. We're having a dance, and I want to wax the floor, not the ceiling."

An Irishman got a job at a railway station. When the first train came in, however, he forgot the name of the station, so he called out: "Here ye are for where ye are going. All in there for here, come out!"

* * * *

A very corpulent man was walking one day in the East End of London, when a little girl ran round a corner and charged into him. She fell down, and the man stopped and picked her up. "There, there, my dear," he said, trying to stop her tears. "You will soon be all right. You are more frightened than hurt. What is your name?"

"Mary," she sobbed out.

"Ah!" said the man, kindly, "I have a little Mary."

"Not 'arf yer ain't," cried the child, "and it 'urts!"

* * * *

"Couldn't I go as a milkmaid, mummy?"

"I'm afraid you would be too small, dear."

"But I could go as a condensed milkmaid, mummy, couldn't I?"

* * * *

A schoolmaster was giving a lesson on wasted energy to a class of boys, illustrating his subject by various examples as to how energy could be wasted.

At the conclusion of the lesson the master asked the boys if any of them could give an example of wasted energy.

Instantly a hand shot up.

"Well, Wilkins, can you give me an example?"

"Please, sir, telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man!"

* * * *

WIFE (doing crossword) : "What is another name for a female sheep?"

HUSBAND : "Ewe."

And that started the unpleasantness of the evening.

* * * *

VISITOR : "And what is your name, my little man?"

BOY : "Henry, sir."

VISITOR : "Why did your parents name you Henry?"

BOY : "I'm the eighth, sir!"

EMPLOYER (to applicant) : "What are you? Worried or single?"

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Kohan were touring in Italy. When they arrived in Pisa, Mrs. Kohan pattered her 260 pounds up the spiral stairway of the famous Leaning Tower, leaving her husband below.

She leaned far out from the topmost rampart, waved a scarf at her husband, and shouted : "Hi! Come on up."

Kohan looked up to the top of the tower for the first time, and shouted : "Becky, Becky, get back! You're bending the building."

* * * *

A youth walking towards Piccadilly Circus approached a chauffeur who was standing by a beautiful limousine. The youth had noticed on the back of the car the letters E Y on the number plate. He asked the chauffeur, "What's E Y?"

"About 'alf a ton," was the Cockney's proud reply.

* * * *

SUITOR (sighing) : Well, since you don't want to marry me after all, perhaps you'll return my ring?"

GIRL (acidly) : "If you must know, your jeweller has called for it already."

* * * *

GOLFER : "Hi, caddie! Isn't Major Pepper out of that bunker yet? How many strokes has he had?"

CADDIE : "Seventeen ordinary, sir, and one apoplectic!"

* * * *

In the morning the pastor will preach on "Three Philosophies of Life," and Mrs. Smith will sing "The Lord knows Why."

* * * *

An English lord was talking to an American boy about his ancestors. "My grandfather was a very great man," he said. "One day Queen Victoria touched his shoulders with a sword, and made him a lord."

"Aw, that's nothin'," the American boy replied. "One day Red Wing, an Indian, touched my grandfather on the head with a tomahawk, and made him an angel."

The manager of the furnishing firm had written a strong letter to his client, from whom several instalments were overdue.

"Sir," wrote the distressed debtor in reply, "I have numerous bills to settle, so each week I put them all in a hat and draw six—these I pay. It may be your turn next week, but no more of your threats or I won't put you in my raffle!"

* * * *

Uncle Rupert had been lunching at his club, where a party of the members had been discussing the Darwinian theory, and he came back chuckling over an incident that had occurred. A page boy was waiting in the room, and one of the members said to him jokingly :

"And what do you think about the theory, my lad?"

"I don't think about it, sir," observed the page. "Maybe you gentlemen have come from monkeys, but I know that both my parents came from Wicklow."

* * * *

The foolish man will go on his knees to a girl, but the wise one will see that she is sitting on them.

* * * *

The little man dashed along the platform terminus as the train was moving out, and made for the last compartment at the window of which a woman was waving her handkerchief. He was about to grasp the handle of the door when a porter pulled him back.

"You mustn't board the train while it's moving," said the porter. "Besides, that compartment is engaged."

"Engaged!" shouted the little man, dancing about in his rage, as he watched the train disappearing. "Of course it's engaged; I engaged it myself, and that's my wife at the window, off on her honeymoon."

* * * *

"So you're a salesman now, eh, Sambo? Do you stand behind the product you sell?"

"No, sah, I sho don't."

"Why, Sambo, I'm surprised at you. You should always stand behind your product. What are you selling?"

"Mules!"

The angler had hooked his first fish and had wound it in until it was jammed against the end of the rod.

"What do I do now?" he asked his bored companion.

"Climb up the rod and stab it!" was the retort.

* * * *

A youth had just driven home from college at the close of the term.

"Did you pass everything?" asked his mother anxiously.

"Everything but two motor cycles. They must have had aeroplane motors in them."

* * * *

The inspector, examining a class, began with Johnny Jones, the star pupil.

"Well, can you tell me what a blizzard is?"

"Yes," replied Johnny. "The inside of a duck."

* * * *

"Can you give me a job where I can keep dressed up and won't have too much work?" said the applicant.

"I'll keep you in mind," said the office manager, "and when I find two jobs like that you can have the other one."

* * * *

SMITH: "My wife mistook that hair restorer you sold me for furniture polish."

BARBER: "Then you want another bottle?"

SMITH: "No, I want you to shave the whiskers off our hall-stand."

* * * *

MISTRESS (to maid under notice): "Haven't you finished cleaning the brasses yet?"

MAID: "Yes, madam, all except your rings and bracelets."

* * * *

"What was the first thing that struck you about France?" asked the travelling acquaintance of the bragging tourist.

"Oh, I think it was those French peasants singing the 'Mayonnaise'!" came the reply.

* * * *

An old negro was asked what breed of chickens he considered the best.

"All kinds has dere merits," he replied. "De white am de easiest to find, but de black am de easiest to conceal."

* * * *

A young bride had four umbrellas given her as wedding presents, and decided she would change one of them, the gift of a Scots friend, for a walking stick for her husband.

She took the umbrella to the shop whence it came, and asked that it might be changed. The assistant said he was afraid it could not be done.

"But why?" asked the bride. "The name of your shop is on that label."

"Yes," said the assistant, "but that's a label for re-covering."

* * * *

The place was crowded. It wasn't exactly a fashionable wedding, but both bride and bridegroom had been much in the public eye—she as an actress, he as a conjuror.

Everything went well until the clergyman asked for the ring.

The bridegroom plunged his hand into his pocket and brought out a rabbit. Then the horrified look in the clergyman's eyes and a startled exclamation from the bride made him realise that something was wrong. He looked down and saw the rabbit.

"Pardon!" he said. "Wrong act."

* * * *

BILL: "Beats me why they call these cinema attendants ushers, Emma."

EMMA: "Don't be silly, Bill. Don't they 'ave to tell people to keep quiet?"

* * * *

Lane, the commercial traveller, entered the restaurant and espied his friend at a nearby table. As soon as he was seated he became aware of his friend's scanty fare.

"What's the matter, old boy?" he asked. "On diet?"

The other commercial traveller shook his head sadly. "No," he replied, "on commission."

The parliamentary candidate had thundered through an impassioned address at his opening meeting. "And," he shouted, "if a lie has passed my lips this evening may a thunderbolt from Heaven fall on my head!"

As he spoke the platform, a fragile affair, collapsed in a cloud of dust, and the orator disappeared from view. The audience sat spell-bound. After a few tense moments, the speaker slowly emerged from the wreckage.

"Gosh!" exclaimed a voice from the rear of the hall, "it's missed him!"

* * * *

Solly became involved in an argument. The high words drew the usual crowd that gathers on such occasions, and before it was over Solly had suffered some damages, including a broken nose and two black eyes. The police interfered. His assailant escaped, but Solly was dragged, protesting, to the police station.

The next morning, when the magistrate had sifted the evidence, and decided that poor Solly was not to blame, he said to him: "Why didn't you explain the matter to the constable at the time?"

"Exblain?" cried the injured innocent. "How could I exblain? Dey handcuffed me before I could say a vord!"

* * * *

A suburbanite who had lost his last train home observed outside the station an acquaintance in a slightly part-worn condition, so he approached him and said, "Would you mind giving me a lift home?"

"Thatsh all ri', ole boy. Step in."

The other tactfully offered to drive and in half-an-hour's time they were home.

"Now," said the driver, looking at his acquaintance's home, "where's your garage?"

"Don't have a garage, ole boy."

"Then where do you keep your car?"

"Don't have a car, ole boy."

"But, good lord, when I saw you outside the station in town, you were leaning against this car."

"I know, ole boy, but when you feel as I do, you got to lean against something!"

* * * *

BETTY: "Heaven sends us our daily bread, doesn't He, mummy?"

MOTHER: "Yes, dear."

And Santa Clause brings the presents?"

"Yes, dear."

"And the stork brings the babies?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then what's the use of having daddy around?"

* * * *

"Mummy," asked Betty, the same little girl, "when I die and go to Heaven, can I take my best dolly with me?"

"No, dear," replied her mother.

"Well, can I take my second best?"

"No, darling. There are no dollies allowed in Heaven. You'll be so happy there you won't need to play with them."

The child pondered on this for a moment. "Very well," she said at last, "I'll take my golliwog and go to hell."

* * * *

Three married men met over a reunion dinner and talked and wined until the hour was very late. Feeling remorseful, each decided he would return home and obey his wife's first command, it being understood that if one failed to do so he would pay for the next dinner. The next week they met to retail their experiences.

Said No. 1: "When I got home I was unlucky enough to stumble against the old grandfather clock in the hall, and my wife shouted down to me, 'That's right, break the clock!' so I took up a croquet mallet and jolly well did break the clock."

"That's curious," said No. 2. "I fell against the hat-stand, and my wife shouted, 'That's right, break the hat-stand!' so, of course, I did."

"That's funny," said No. 3. "When I was creeping upstairs I was unlucky enough to slip back a few steps, and my wife called out, 'That's right, break your neck!' and so—well, the dinner's on me."

* * * *

Anxious to give his wife a Christmas present, a man went into a store and explained his wants. "Well, now, sir," said the assistant, "would you be interested in something nice and new in silk stockings?"

The customer coughed. "Er—let's get this matter of the wife's present disposed of first, shall we?"

The magistrate glowered at the man in the witness box. " You say this man robbed you ? " he said, heavily. " Can you pick out any of your property from this heap of articles found on the prisoner ? "

" Yes, that's my handkerchief with 'B' in the corner," said the witness.

" But that is no proof, my man," snapped the magistrate. " I have a handkerchief with 'B' in the corner."

" Well, I'm not surprised, I lost two handkerchiefs," retorted the witness.

* * * *

On one of his many prison visits the chaplain found one of the prisoners, who was undergoing a sentence for burglary, very upset. " What is the matter, my man ? " he inquired.

" I've got bad news from 'ome, sir."

" I'm very sorry to hear that ; what is it ? "

" My brother, sir," replied the man, bitterly, "'e's gone into the work'ouse, sir ; the first of our family to disgrace us."

* * * *

A parson who was finishing a round of golf got bunkered at the eighteenth. In the process of extracting his ball he got some sand in his eye.

The eye continued to trouble him when he went into the clubhouse and ordered a glass of milk. When he tasted the beverage he looked approvingly at the steward and said : " This is jolly good milk."

" Well, sir," grinned the steward, " it ought to be ! I put a dash of rum in it when you winked."

* * * *

The lecturer was giving an informal talk on physiology. " Also," he remarked, " it has recently been found that the human body contains sulphur."

" Sulphur ! " exclaimed the girl in the blue and white blazer. " And how much sulphur is there, then, in a girl's body ? "

" Oh, the amount varies," said the speaker.

" Ah ! " returned the girl. " And is that why some of us make better matches than others ? "

A young woman, while not conspicuous for beauty, is by no means so homely as she pretends to be. A young man had been devoting much time to her, and one evening he said : " Do you believe you could learn to care for anybody well enough to marry him ? "

She caught her breath, and answered in a low tone : " Yes, I'm sure I could."

" Have you—have you anybody in your mind for whom you could care in this way ? "

" Yes."

" Tell me, am I that person ? "

She looked at him narrowly for a moment, and then said : " First answer me one question. Are you doing this for a bet ? "

* * * *

A member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals went to Spain to open a branch in Barcelona.

When all the officials were gathered together at a meeting, he asked one of the Spaniards present what would be the best way to raise money for the maintenance of the branch organisation.

" A jolly good bullfight," said the Spaniard.

* * * *

A motorist was being charged with dangerous driving along a country lane.

" Is it a fact," asked the magistrate of the policeman in the witness box, " that the defendant's car went round the corner at thirty miles an hour ? "

The policeman nodded. " Yes, sir, it must have been quite that."

" And what gear was he in ? " was the magistrate's next question.

At this the policeman scratched his head and looked puzzled. " He was travelling too fast for me to see properly, sir," he said at last, " but I remember he had a bowler hat and a green scarf on."

* * * *

Mrs. MacTavish came running into the street. " My little boy has just swallowed a two-shilling piece ! " she exclaimed to a neighbour.

" Gracious ! Is the child in danger ? " the other asked.

" No, thank goodness," replied Mrs. MacTavish. " His father's gone to London for the day."

Five brothers lived in Aberdeen. The eldest, Sandy, heard that there was money to be made abroad, and packed his bag and departed.

Ten years later, having made his pile, he returned to Aberdeen, after first wiring his four brothers to meet him at the station. But when the train drew in to his home town he failed to recognise the four heavily-bearded strangers who stood waiting on the platform. Then they made themselves known to him and, peering closely behind their face fungus, he realised that they were indeed his brothers.

"Oh, and why hae ye grawn sich bonny whuskers?" he gasped in amazement.

"Dinna fash y'sel, laddie," one of them answered, "ye should never hae packed the razor when ye went awa'."

* * * *

A Scotsman, notorious as a sceptic, had erected a massive mausoleum for his final rest. One day he noticed an elder of the kirk gazing at it.

"Strong place, that, David," he said. "It'll tak' a mon some time tae rise up 'oot o' that on the Day of Judgment."

"Hoots, mon," replied David, "ye can gie yersel' little trouble aboot risin' when that day comes. They'll tak' the bottom oot o' it and let ye fa' doon."

* * * *

A Scotch commercial traveller sent his wife a cheque for a million kisses as a birthday present. He was considerably upset when a few days later he received the following letter: "Dear Jock—I can't begin to express my appreciation of the cheque you sent me on my birthday. I presented it to the milkman this morning and he cashed it."



FARNBOROUGH MASONIC CLUB.
THE FOUR "JOLLY SAILOR MEN."



W. H. T. Cunningham
(*Jim Johnson*)

A. C. Yeoman
(*Will Weatherley*)

E. J. Whiting
(*Bill Blake*)

J. Yeoman, Senr. ("And Me")

The above "jolly sailor boys" have provided much merriment at various concerts and raised large sums for various charities in the district.

BRANCHES.

BRIGHTON.

With the nation generally, we in Sussex particularly mourn the death of Rudyard Kipling, our great Empire poet, who made his home for many years at Rottingdean, and later at a charming Sussex spot, Burwash.

He was a great lover of Sussex, as is evidenced by the following stanza from one of his poems :—

“ God gives all men on earth to love,
But since man’s heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove,
Beloved over all.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fall’n to me,
In a fair ground—in a fair ground.
Yea, Sussex by the Sea.”

Exit Brighton & Hove Albion, and Reading teams, from the English football cup. Both teams have been overcome by quality football. Now Reading, go for it, we want to congratulate you on the league championship.

Christmas at the Ferring Grange Hotel, near Worthing, was celebrated in the good old-fashioned style, as would be expected from this well-managed old-style hostelry. The house was full and the visitors were kept well entertained. The poetical effusion on the Christmas dinner menu was quite out of the ordinary, each item being described in verse.

OXFORD.

WAR DEPARTMENT CONSTABULARY CANTEEN, DIDCOT.

Entertainment for the month of November ended on a top note with the visit of the Wallingford Branch of the British Legion. The programme commenced with two matches on the miniature range. In both of these we were successful, “ A ” team of five members winning by 450 points to 363, and “ B ” team of six members scoring 446 points to 394. P.C. Harris, shooting in “ B ” team equalled record for this range by registering 107.

Our appetites for success having been whetted by this auspicious start, we continued the good work on the billiards table, scoring 400 points to 162, P.C.’s Lightfoot and Thomas compiling breaks of 33 and 28 respectively.

A miniature Partner Whist Drive for the ladies, supervised by Mrs. Barnes, showed Mrs. Dixon and Mrs. Thomas as prizewinners.

The “ Board ” in the Fell Inn again provided plenty of amusement and our “ feathered ” experts continued the good work by puncturing the doubles, trebles and centre and only one “ singles ” game was lost.

The evening finished with a mixed social and dance, to which our guests contributed a great deal, a section of their band, under the direction of Mr. F. Rust, playing concert items and dance music in fine style.

Mrs. Clark reached her usual high standard in her polished singing of favourite ballads, Mr. Moody kept us in excellent humour with some clever patter, monologues and comic songs, Mr. Nunn contributed light and serious ballads and P.C. Clark finished up by being impertinent. Piano accompaniments were by Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Coles and Mrs. Moody.

Light refreshments were issued under the supervision of Mrs. Brading. Our steward was, of course, kept busy dispensing his wares, the Legion showing us that “ Old Soldiers ” do not fade when there’s some work to do and previous set-backs to wipe off the slate.

At the close Colonel Morrell, President of the Legion Branch, thanked us for a splendid evening and our own President replied in a similar happy speech.

Our miniature range handicap for a miniature cup given by a member resulted in a win for P.C. Pullen (handicap +20) who recorded 119. The donor of the cup challenged the winner for a pint of the BEST and lost as his score (handicap +8) was only 110. Top actual scores in this competition were 102 each by P.C.’s Lightfoot and Clark. In the Vauxhall Camp M.R. league we defeated the R.A.O.C. Sergeants by 546 to 356, Lightfoot again topping scores with 107. We, however, “ caught a tartar ” in the Privates R.A.O.C. team who beat us by 581 to 568. P.C. Pullen contributed 106 to our score and the Privates’ aggregate score is a record for this competition.

In the Milton Hill & District billiards league we were successful against Marlborough Club II by 600 to 356, Lightfoot again deserving mention for breaks of 30 and 29. We, however, received a set back at Sutton Courtenay, this team proving too good for us by scoring 575 to 486.

On December 11th a small party of members and wives visited the Wallingford Branch British Legion, as guests at a band concert. The band, conducted by Mr. F. Rust, showed a good balance and the conductor's own arrangement of an entracte, "Thirsa," and a Community Medley were the outstanding items. The Non-Pessimists Concert Party showed up well in a variety of numbers, the whimsicalities of Mr. Moody, the singing of Mr. King and the clever setting for Mrs. King and Jean King's version of "The General's Fast Asleep" all being attractive. The Rhythm Two played hot and sweet music in an effective manner.

Our children's Christmas tea and party on December 21st was a triumph of organisation, and the happiness of the boys and girls well repaid P.C. Brading for his hard work in arranging and directing the function and in decorating our room. The number seated to tea was 130 and this meal was excellently provided by the N.A. & A.F.I. After tea, games and competitions were held in our club room and adults as well as the children joined in heartily. So many prizes were won that pressure of space prevents publication of the long list. The laughter and jollity reached its climax when Father Christmas appeared in a sleigh drawn by "Kellsboro' Jack." Inspector Barnes made a genial Santa Claus and P.S. Withey and P.C. Lightfoot occupied the skin of the gallant quadruped (our secretary is still doubtful regarding "Kellsboro' Jack" and is compromising). P.C. Rogers acted as "Drabbie" but was compelled to use a succulent root vegetable to persuade the "mule." The gay procession proceeded gaily round the room to the accompaniment of tumultuous cheering and much laughter, stopping awhile to pick up the Fairy Queen (Renée Clark) and eventually arrived at the "Tree." Father Christmas then distributed the gifts from the tree, followed up this beneficence by circling the room again, distributing toys and "silver," and finally returned to his sleigh and, to the strains of "He's a jolly good fellow," rode majestically back to where the good fairies remove the soot for his Christmas Eve journeys. During the evening the ever popular "Aces" provided music for competitors and dancing. A very happy evening for all ended with a neat speech by Inspector Barnes, who expressed the appreciation of all members to the Entertainments Committee and gave some good advice to all.

Our private Xmas Draw took place on Monday, December 23rd. Prizes again were so numerous that our secretary got mixed (some say with his own prizes) and mention of names is therefore omitted. The draw was followed by a social and dance and again we found the "Aces" holding a Royal Flush, for they played concert numbers equally as well as dance music. Singers who were all in excellent voice were Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Belcher, Mr. Goodge of the Aces, P.C.

Dixon, who found his latch-key, and P.C. Clark. The last-named on this occasion was not impertinent. Mr. Nicholas of the Aces provided both melody and humour with violin and—whisper it!—A COMB! Mrs. Barnes, Mr. Goodge and Mr. Spindler accompanied at the piano, with Mr. Nicholas playing violin obligatos.

The Christmas entertainment ended with a splendidly attended dance on Boxing Night, our good friends the "Aces" again providing music. An innovation this evening was the showing of a Charlie Chaplin film and winter sports scenes from the movies operated by Mr. G. Page. The pictures were clear and Charlie's artistic clowning brought down the house.

P.C. Brading was the successful organiser for all these diversions and his popularity as M.C. continues. Mention should be made of the private generosity of our President, Inspector Barnes.

We are looking forward to another enjoyable evening for the New Year's dance.

A GLASS OF ALE.

There's a comfort within, a content without
An ill or other mar,
Without a lack or irksome doubt.
A harmony at par
With peace and rest from roustabout,
In a glass from the bar.

O ! Glass of Ale, of gravity sincere,
Of glowing warmth and zest,
Of joyous froth and fragrant cheer,
Come ! Give of your best.

'Gainst Winter's cold or Summer's heat,
A glass doth provide
An antidote, both apt and meet
And refreshment beside.
Where blizzard, hail and sandstorm beat,
Ale doth help and guide.

O ! Glass of Ale, to my hand clasp now,
Come ! Cheer me tonight.
A vision entrancing, your depths endow
A draught to delight !

BRISTOL.

During the past few weeks the following changes have taken place in the tenancies of our licensed houses in this area :—

The Mayor's Arms, Bristol—Mr. C. T. Waters, Bristol.
 The Old Crown, Bristol—Mr. H. Oakley, West Hampstead.
 The Bath Arms Hotel, Bristol—Mr. J. Rowsell, Bristol.
 The Glass House Hotel, Bristol—Mr. A. Rhodes, Shirland.
 The Phoenix Hotel, Bristol—Mr. A. L. Douglas, Yeovil.
 Off Licence, 20 Oxford Street, Bristol—Mrs. S. A. Hathrill, Bromyard.

We wish these new tenants of the Company all future success, and we look to them to re-vitalise these several centres of Bristol activity in the fullest sense. By good service and initiative they can each make their places worthy of the public's confidence—and in whatever capacity our help is needed it is theirs for the asking, as our older tenants are aware.

Our sympathy is extended in these trying days to those "eleven o'clock regulars" at the Brewery who are perhaps like ourselves sorely puzzled at the in-and-out form of the Elm Park boys since Christmas.

Of late years their usual custom has been to delay every promotion effort until the half-way stage has been passed, and then just miss the prize by a hair's breadth. This year the usual order appears to have been reversed, for after holding the proud position of leaders for so long, they are now losing ground rapidly, and we fear for their chances of promotion, especially in view of the fact that two visits have to be made to Bristol in the near future.

Both teams here are in need of points, and already our Jacob Street "fans" are suggesting that those vital points are as good as in the bag. In fact, they suggest that the G.W.R. coaches from our Berkshire centre could, in keeping with our now close relationship, quite truthfully bear a couple of our well known streamers amended to read—"Reading league points for Bristol." It would show a nice friendly spirit anyway in these hard times!

We merely pass the suggestion on to the proper authorities and, meanwhile, we are counting on meeting many of our Reading friends on both days, whatever the results.

Don't forget the dates :—

Feb. 15th v. Rovers
 March 28th v. City

and may the best teams win !

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

Christmas passed very quietly with so many of our warships at the Near East and very nearly the whole of the garrison on Christmas leave. The weather was much milder than in other parts of the country, with so little frost that our transport had no difficulties, and on Christmas Eve we were comparatively slack. We have had no snow except on the most exposed parts of Dartmoor. We have had, however, plenty of rain and slight floods. In our gardens, roses are still in bloom and to-day we saw one Red Hot Poker in bloom and also in sheltered spots, primroses. Our herring fishing season has been the worst on record. A number of East Coast drifters came to Plymouth, but they have not paid their expenses. Tremendous gales have waged from Portland to Land's End, and smaller steamers were wrecked with a deplorable loss of a number of lives, including some gallant Plymouth sailors.

Mr. James Ponsford, our tenant at the Tamar Hotel at Crownhill, gave his usual treat to a number of orphan boys of the district. He took them to the Plymouth Palace Theatre pantomime, and afterwards to tea at a restaurant. The boys eagerly look forward to this hospitality and consider him their good fairy. "Jim" was, not many years ago, the Services champion middle-weight, and if he could obtain a couple of new ears, a nose and hands, he could well "make up" as a fairy ! His heart, however, is perfect and always was.

We are very sorry to see that the Reading Football Club has not done well lately. A few weeks ago it appeared that they were certain for the Second Division again. We are all looking forward to an excursion to Reading to see them play Argyle, and to enjoy the hospitality of headquarters. We have not forgotten how you entertained us some three or four years ago, and on the return match we tried to reciprocate. We are not sure whether we were not rather glad that you lost your cup tie so that you could concentrate on the league, but we see you have let Queen's Park Rangers steal your home record in the league ! Please do buck up, there is still time.

Plymouth Argyle are not doing too well ; they have had an enormous number of casualties and hardly ever play the same men in successive matches. They have a lot of travelling ; through the Christmas matches they visited Tottenham, Newcastle, Norwich and Manchester in less than eight days. They beat Stockport away (another long journey) and are now down against Chelsea away. The nearest Second Division team to Plymouth is Southampton, and that journey takes six hours by train.

We have only one change in our houses this month :—

White Hart Inn, St. Marychurch, Torquay—Mr. J. Wright.

Mr. Wright is a son-in-law of Mr. R. F. Evans, our tenant (Messrs. W. J. Rogers, Ltd.) of the Union Hotel, St. Marychurch, Torquay, which was recently handed over to us. Mr. Wright was formerly goalkeeper of the Torquay United A.F.C., and when he performed at Elm Park gave a fine display between the sticks.

The Wine Stores, Paignton, in a national shop window display, obtained a diploma of merit in the recent competition. They would have obtained a prize but the window was dressed with various products, and that precluded the entry for the prize list. The window was most attractively dressed and great credit is due to Mr. Gooch and Miss Elliott. The latter certainly has the gift of tasteful design and we think that the windows are as attractive as any in the West Country.

Among the many delighted spectators of "Hit the Deck" by the Reading Royal County Operatic Society (of which Mr. F. A. Simonds is President) were two members of the Paignton Amateur Operatic Society, who made the journey to Reading specially to see the show, in view of the fact that the Paignton Society are producing the same musical comedy in March.

They were Mr. F. Cooper Pittman, Hon. Treasurer of the Society, and Mr. E. S. Higgs, the Editor of the *Paignton Observer*, who is to take the part of "Bill Smith" in the Paignton production.

Their opinion of the show was that it was one of the very finest amateur shows they had ever seen. They could not find a weak link anywhere in the production, and everyone, from "Loo-Loo" to the smallest chorus part, were excellent.

After the show they were given a hearty welcome (enhanced by a bottle of "S.B.") by the company in the dressing rooms, and this was highly appreciated by the visitors from South Devon, who gained some valuable data for their own show.

PORPSMOUTH.

The New Year's dinner of the "Old Georgians Society" was this year a bigger success than ever. Among the guests were Councillors G. W. Post, J.P., H. G. Cook and H. C. Pratt. The dinner was held at the headquarters of the Society, The George Hotel, Old Portsmouth, Lord Nelson's last billet. The meal was excellently served by the genial manager of the "George," Brother Cattermole. Subsequently a programme of instrumental and vocal solos, humorous songs, dancing, acrobatics, etc., was provided by

Madame Dorothy's All Star Concert Party. The Grand Master, Brother S. Thompson, proposed the loyal toast and explained to the guests the origin and purport of the Order, which was formed 130 years ago to keep alive the memory and the ideals of Lord Nelson, who left the hotel in which they were meeting to embark for the battle of Trafalgar. He hoped that the Order would survive the years to come and that comradeship engendered by ideals and conviviality would spread for the betterment of all concerned. He said there would be no more wars if men throughout the world similarly met in true comradeship and took a long vision of international well-being, with an appreciation of duty towards the human race as a whole. The Chaplain welcomed the visitors and a number of new members, thanked the artistes and the staff and proposed the health of the Grand Master, which was drunk with great enthusiasm.

In the first round proper of the Amateur Cup at Pitt Street, the *Victory* did well to defeat St. Pancras (Bristol). The visitors were a smart combination, and opened the game with great dash, causing early anxiety to the *Victory* defence. The sailors, however, endured the pace and in the end established a distinct superiority, scoring twice in the last eight minutes and eventually winning 4—1. Rigger Coates was back in the *Victory* team and his skilled work was of great assistance. It was he who initiated the movement that led to the first goal scored by A.B. Carrington after 33 minutes play. Bristol equalized a few minutes after the interval through their centre-forward, Giblett, who had been making many efforts to elude the *Victory* backs. L.S. Fry restored the lead to the *Victory* and A.B. Mugliston scored the last two goals.

At the annual New Year meet of the Isle of Wight Foxhounds at Mottistone Manor, Isle of Wight, the followers of the hunt were warmly welcomed by Lord and Lady Mottistone and their family. His Lordship led off to the hunt riding his famous charger, "Warrior," which is 25 years old and carried his master throughout the Great War. "Warrior" had so many narrow escapes from death during the war, that he became known as "the horse the Germans could not kill."

WOKING.

By the time these notes are printed we shall have experienced a change in our Office staff which cannot be regarded otherwise than of a far-reaching character. At the end of January, Mr. F. G. Garside will retire on pension, and Mr. E. Hockings from Ludgershall Branch will take over the important position of Chief Clerk at Woking Branch.

Of Mr. Hockings it is at present sufficient to say that he will be given a warm welcome by all members of our staff, and we are sure that our numerous patrons, with whom we are so closely associated, will extend to him the hand of friendship so that he will soon feel at home in his new sphere of activities, and will also quickly feel that he is an integral part of our local organisation.

Of Mr. Garside, our remarks must necessarily be in reminiscent vein. In THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE for December, 1931, he occupied the position of honour, when his photograph appeared, and many interesting details were given regarding his long service with the Firm, and we claim a measure of justification if on this occasion there is some repetition of that excellent record. Mr. Garside joined the Firm on 9th November, 1888, so that he has over 47 years' service to his credit. He has done duty at London, Farnborough, Salisbury Plain and Reading, in addition to 34 years at this Depot, and has consequently had a very wide experience in our business.

Recent years at Woking Branch have been very strenuous, and greatly increased demands have been necessary on all the staff, and the larger responsibilities have involved hard work and often long hours, and in consequence the position of Chief Clerk has been arduous. It is often the fact that as length of service extends, the demands on the individual become greater. The relief from the burden and anxieties of modern business will, no doubt, be welcome, although we are sure that Mr. Garside will always look back upon his participation in our organisation with much satisfaction. It is the team spirit that counts, and when that spirit is present in every member of the staff, good results are bound to ensue.

Mr. Garside has always been proud to be associated with our great Firm, and as he will continue to reside in this locality, we hope we shall see him often, and through the medium of this GAZETTE be able to keep him informed of the developments that are always taking place in the Firm's business, and the fortunes of his numerous friends at Reading and Branches. We all trust that he will have the blessing of good health, and that he will live long to enjoy his retirement. He is very grateful to the Directors for the provision they have made for his future welfare. Needless to say he will carry with him the best wishes of us all.

On the eve of his retirement Mr. Garside was presented with a smoker's cabinet, together with a list of subscribers, on behalf of the whole of the indoor and outdoor staff of the Woking Depot.