

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 5



Mr. L. C. WHITE.

MR. L. C. WHITE.

Mr. L. C. White's early days at the Brewery were spent in the Wine and Spirit Department, which he first entered in September, 1914, whilst the rumblings of the Great War were making themselves heard. In that department he assisted in the general routine, learning the principles of blending and gauging, in which art he made such progress as to become certificated. His business career was abruptly interrupted upon attaining the age of 18 years, when he enlisted in the Royal Navy Air Service and was posted to Scapa Flow. We have no details of the chief items of interest which made up his war service, but it is recorded that he was demobilised in 1919 and returned to the Wine and Spirit Department in that year.

Assailed by a strong desire to see the world, Mr. White left the Firm's employ in 1925 for New Zealand, travelling via Panama. After approximately a year in that colony, he returned home via Australia and the Suez Canal, thereby making a very interesting round trip of the globe.

In 1926 Mr. White was re-engaged by the Firm and was appointed to the Branch Department, where he served until being posted to Oxford Branch. Later in the same year he was transferred to the Sub-Branch at 1, Cowley Road, Oxford, where he remained until the opening of the new premises at Headington in April, 1930. The great success of the new Branch is due to the energy and devotion to his work which Mr. White has displayed throughout his service with the Firm, and particularly to his close study of the needs of our customers in the district of which he is in charge.

Whilst at the Brewery Mr. White was a good supporter of the Brewery cricket team, and could be relied upon to give of his best when his side was hard pressed. He is a keen physical culturist and a regular early morning swimmer during the months of the year when bathing is possible.

Mr. White has made a great study of horticulture and viticulture and is a Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society. His record of prizes in county shows is 26 first, 7 seconds and 2 thirds. He is also a Gold Medallist, including the late King George V Jubilee Gold Medal. In the Royal Horticultural Society's Daffodil Show Mr. White has taken three third prizes. For five years he held the office of Secretary to the Royal Oxfordshire Horticultural Society.

The initiative and enthusiasm for any enterprise upon which he embarks is further reflected in the successful founding of the Oxford Branch Social and Athletic Club which is such a popular feature in the domestic life of the staff. Mr. White's other activities include participation in motor reliability trials and night driving with the South Oxon Motor Club. He has a clean motoring record of 18 years, of which he is justifiably proud.

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

CHAT *from*



THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)

OUR ANNUAL DINNER : A MEMORABLE OCCASION.

The annual dinner of our Social Club, held in the Large Town Hall on Saturday, January 21st, will ever remain a happy memory. It was indeed gratifying to see our Chairman and Managing Director (Mr. F. A. Simonds) being accorded such a wonderful reception as was given to him and his co-Directors as they entered the Hall. Again, as he rose to leave at a late hour, the spontaneous outburst of cheering, loud and long sustained, was a remarkable demonstration of affection and loyalty to a worthy and much-loved Chief. From start to finish the function proved enjoyable in the extreme. It was a triumph of organization and it must be very gratifying to our younger Directors, who have taken such an active interest in the Club, to see it progressing from success to success. It must be equally gratifying to those Officers of the Club who have served it with such loyalty and devotion over a long period of years. And here would I like to mention particularly Mr. F. C. Hawkes (Chairman), whose wise counsel and sound judgment at all times have meant so much; Mr. S. Bird, Hon. Treasurer, who gives up much of his spare time in the best interests of the Club; and last, but by no means least, Mr. Walter Bradford, the energetic Hon. Secretary, whose untiring labours and rare organizing abilities are appreciated by us all.

A great feature of the evening's entertainment was the music of the Brewery Band, so aptly described by the President as the "Brewery Fusiliers." Their artistry was of the highest order and gave a swing to the whole proceedings.

Nor, on this particular occasion, must I omit mention of the catering. Mr. H. C. Davis, Manager of our Catering Department, had a gigantic task but, all will agree, he carried it out with a consummate skill and competence that won the admiration of one and all. The service was prompt, the food was excellent and steaming hot, and there was plenty of it. I think he could easily win the Davis Cup for Catering!

MONKEY THEORY PROFESSOR DIES.

A famous anatomist, who had a theory that man was descended from tree-living monkeys, has died suddenly in University College, London. He was Dr. Herbert Henry Woollard, Professor of Anatomy at London University. He had just finished some research work, and was strolling in the College cloisters with other professors, when he collapsed. Dr. Woollard, an Australian, was 49. Previously he was Professor of Anatomy at St. Bartholomew's Hospital Medical School, and he had held a similar post at the University of Adelaide. He was brilliant in research, and had offered a new theory as to the origin of the human race. He suggested that man was of much greater antiquity than had been supposed, and that his ancestral tree was sprung not from the larger apes but from a distant stock of small primates that lived in trees. The sole living representative of this species is a little monkey with large staring eyes, known as the *spectral tarsier*. It is a denizen of the forests of Borneo, but is rarely seen.

[What a pity we cannot follow the example of our predecessors in at least one connection—use coconuts as weapons of war, instead of the fiendist instruments employed to-day !]

DEATH OF MAJOR ASHBY'S FATHER.

Our sympathy is extended to Major G. S. M. Ashby and his family on the death of his father, Mr. N. S. Ashby. Major Ashby is, of course, well known as a member of our Board of Directors.

SUBSTITUTE FOR WEEK-END !

A bishop was more than a little upset to receive on a Friday morning this note from a certain vicar in his diocese :

"My lord, I regret to inform you of the death of my wife. Can you possibly send me a substitute for the week-end?"

MAGIC TANKARD.

Mr. Theo. Gissing, landlord of the Old Bell, Grazeley, has an interesting novelty which often provokes some bewilderment, says the *Reading Gazette*. On entering the inn patrons hear what sounds like a musical-box being played at irregular intervals, but so far as they can see there is no instrument on view. There is only the landlord near the spot whence the sounds come, and he is putting down a tankard from which he has been drinking. In answer to questions Mr. Gissing again raises the tankard to his lips and a fragment of a tune tinkles forth. The tankard of polished pewter is responsible. It has a false bottom which conceals a mechanism wound by a key. When the vessel is tilted a catch is released and the mechanism set in action. The tune, which the tankard will produce in full, is "Here's a Health Unto His Majesty."

MR. C. E. GOUGH'S ILLNESS.

The many readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE will be very sorry to learn that Mr. C. E. Gough, who was recently operated upon for appendicitis, is seriously ill in a Nursing Home at Paignton. Mr. Gough, who retired two years ago, moved to Devonshire to enjoy a well-earned rest, and it is the sincere wish of all of us that he will have a speedy return to good health. We understand that, at the time of writing, there is a slight improvement in Mr. Gough's condition and that the doctor is satisfied with his progress.

PETTY CASH ACCOUNT.

			£	s.	d.
Jan.	8	To Advertisement for typist		2	0
	9	„ Theatre and chocolates for wife	17	6	
	10	„ Tea with typist	5	0	
	11	„ Lunch with typist	10	0	
	12	„ Typist's salary	1	10	0
	13	„ Present for wife	5	0	
	14	„ Supper and dance with typist	1	0	0
		„ Taxi for typist		7	6
	15	„ Chocolates for wife		2	6
	16	„ Lunch and tea with typist	15	0	
	17	„ Bus fare for wife			6
	18	„ Theatre and supper with typist	1	10	0
		„ Taxi for typist and self		12	6
	19	„ Typist's salary	2	10	0
	20	„ Expenses for business week-end	5	0	0
		„ Typist's rail fare		9	6
	21	„ Present for wife		2	6
	22	„ Lunch and tea with typist	15	0	
	23	„ Theatre and dance with typist	1	5	0
	24	„ Chocolates for wife		1	0
	25	„ Supper and dance with typist	1	10	0
		„ Taxi for typist and self		1	0
	26	„ Winnie's salary	4	0	0
	27	„ Fur coat for wife	67	10	0
	28	„ Advertisement for male typist		2	0

THE THREE LETTER CAR PLATES.

The introduction of the three letter system on car registration plates is leading to the discovery that many districts in various parts of the country are rather "touchy." Gloucestershire seems to have the most aggrieved car owners, for their number plates are conspicuous with CAD and BAD, while Southampton with COW and Croydon with COY are feeling a little sheepish. Some Birmingham owners with DOG on their number plates may feel like co-operating with those labelled CAT from Hull in protesting to the Ministry.

FELLOW FEELINGS.

Lord Horder, in a recent address in London, recounted a surprise which befell Sir Charles Sherrington, the authority on monkeys. On one occasion Sir Charles, after leaving some chimpanzees, wondered what they were doing when unobserved. Looking back through the keyhole, his eye met that of a chimpanzee, who apparently had the same thought about Sir Charles.

DARTS LANGUAGE.

The origin of darts is obscure, and so is an extraordinary vocabulary used by its followers. "Up in Annie's Room" means a score of 21; for 88, one says "Connaught Rangers"; "Kelly's Eye" means one; and "Bed and Breakfast" stands for 26—perhaps a colloquial item of social history of the time when a night's lodging cost half-a-crown.

THE PRESCRIPTION.

Members of the House of Commons are said to be laughing at the story of an Opposition speaker who left his notes for a speech on the counter of a chemist's shop where he had called with a prescription. He hurried back to recover them and was told that his eye-wash would be ready in a few minutes.

TOBACCO ADDICT.

Centenarians, it would appear, are a dubious tribe at best, and possibly the following rhyme, which we first heard a matter of fifty years ago, commemorates a gentleman as authentic in the matter of years as any other claimant to the century:—

Loo,
A Jew
Whom I knew at Corfu,
Tobacco would snuff, smoke and chew.
Said I to him, "Fie,
If you do that you will die,"
And he died—at one hundred and two!

MOTTOES FOR MOTORISTS.

Here are a few mottoes for motorists, which have had their origin in America:—

- "Pedestrians should be seen, but not hurt."
- "Say it with brakes and save the flowers."
- "Don't kid about safety. You may be the goat."
- "Time saved at a crossing may be lost in the emergency ward."
- "No domestic science course is necessary to enable a girl to make a traffic jam."

UNCONQUERABLE.

The great poet W. E. Henley wrote these stirring words many years ago. They are as full of inspiration in these days of stress as they were when they were first penned:—

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud:
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

* * *

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

THE ESCAPED LEOPARD.

In another page will be found a very interesting article, by R.F.G., concerning the leopard which recently escaped at Paignton. Incidentally it may be mentioned that Paignton has a population of about 20,000. There are four H. & G. Simonds "on" and one "off" licences, another "on" being in the course of erection, viz., The Waterside Inn. The zoo grounds are about 40 acres in extent.

POINT-TO-POINT RACE MEETINGS.

There is not a cleaner form of sport than that to be witnessed at a Point-to-Point Meeting, and those desirous of spending some enjoyable afternoons amid delightful surroundings should make a note of the following dates and places:—

Staff College	-	Feb. 25th	-	Ashridge, Wokingham.
Royal Engineers & Royal Signals		March 11th		Ditto.
South Berks Hunt		" 22nd		Hermitage, nr. Newbury.
Garth Hunt	-	" 28th		Ashridge, Wokingham.
Berks & Bucks Staghounds	-	April 8th	-	Ditto.
Vine Hunt	-	" 10th	-	Hannington, nr. Kingsclere.

SIMONDS' SOCIAL CLUB.

RECORD ATTENDANCE AT ANNUAL DINNER.

The Annual Dinner of Simonds' Social Club, Reading, was held in the Large Town Hall on Saturday, January 21st, and was an outstanding success, there being a record attendance, which included many influential gentlemen representing the public and business life of Reading. Mr. F. A. Simonds (Chairman and Managing Director, H. & G. Simonds Ltd.) presided, and among those present were the Mayor (Councillor W. E. C. McIlroy), Mr. J. H. Simonds, C.B., D.L., J.P. (Vice-Chairman of H. & G. Simonds Ltd.), Mr. Shea-Simonds (late Chairman), Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N., Retd., Major G. S. M. Ashby and Mr. R. St. J. Quarry (Directors), Mr. F. C. Hawkes (Chairman of the Social Club), Mr. S. Bird (Hon. Treasurer), Mr. Walter Bradford (Hon. Secretary), Commander Legge (Chief Constable of Berkshire), Deputy Chief Constable Sellwood (County Police), Mr. Clement Williams (Managing Director, Messrs. Huntley & Palmers Ltd.), Mr. J. T. Deeley (Huntley & Palmers Ltd.), Mr. H. H. Belsey (Royal Insurance), Mr. C. W. N. Sharp, Mr. C. B. Booth (Messrs. Cooksey & Walker), Mr. H. F. Dunster, Mr. John Hill (Messrs. Hill & Sherwin, Ltd.), Canon Kernan, Superintendent Osborne (Reading Borough Police), Mr. H. T. Palmer (Barclays Bank Ltd.), Mr. H. S. Paynter (Messrs. H. & C. Collins), Colonel Sharp, Commander Hassard Short (A.R.P.), Major G. O. Tayler (Messrs. Greenslades), Mr. Tom Vincent (Messrs. Nicholas), etc.

The President announced apologies from Mr. Redman and Mr. L. A. Simonds, two of our Directors. Mr. Louis Simonds was indisposed but wrote saying how much he wished he could be present—and I quite believe him, added the President. Mr. Keighley, another Director, could not attend as he left the previous day on a mission on behalf of the Firm with a view to expanding the "Hop Leaf" business. (Applause.) Mr. Duncan Simonds was indisposed, while Mr. Keevil of Coley Park was also unable to attend. They were very sorry Mr. Keevil could not be present as he (the President) would have welcomed the

opportunity of again thanking him for what he did for the Firm. (Applause.) Other apologies included those from Mr. R. Palmer, Mr. W. P. Colebrook, Mr. C. E. Gough, and other sick and sorry people.

GREAT PROGRESS OF THE SOCIAL CLUB.

After the loyal toasts had been duly honoured, the President, who received an ovation on rising, proposed "The Social Club." He said that it was a singular opportunity accorded himself on behalf of the Directors to tell them how much they enjoyed seeing the progress made year by year by the Social Club. Many years had rolled by since the Club was started. They had no doubt that it would be a success, but even the most optimistic had little idea that it would grow to the extent it had done during the past few years. There were darts, tug-of-war, dances, whist drives and a band, and he would like to congratulate the Band of the Hop



Among those present were (left to right) Major S. V. Shea-Simonds, Mr. Clement Williams (Managing Director, Huntley & Palmers Ltd.), Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N., Mr. J. H. Simonds, C.B., D.L., J.P. (Vice-Chairman, H. & G. Simonds Ltd.), Mr. F. A. Simonds (Chairman and Managing Director), and Major G. S. M. Ashby.

Leaf Fusiliers (laughter) on their magnificent first appearance that evening in uniform. (Applause.) The Club was now extending its activities and it was having a new sports ground. It was a great experiment but one which he was sure would be an outstanding success. The Directors thanked Mr. Quarry and the younger members of the Firm for the great interest they had taken in arranging the grounds to the best advantage. (Applause.) The Club was serving a most useful purpose. In it they could meet and spend their leisure hours to the best advantage. He would like to take that opportunity to express his heartfelt thanks to all members of the staff who had co-operated so loyally and enthusiastically with them year in and year out. No firm throughout the country was so loyally served as they in Reading and at their many branches. (Applause.) And in that connection he would like to say how delighted he was to see amongst them so many representatives of their branches and subsidiary companies. Some of them had travelled long distances to join them that evening and it showed a wonderful spirit of friendship. (Applause.) The previous day he started the thirty-eighth year of his business career with that Company and he did not recollect any time more difficult or menacing. He coupled with the toast the name of Mr. F. C. Hawkes (Chairman of the Club), and also paid tribute to the work of Mr. Walter Bradford (Hon. Secretary), whom he described as the Napoleon of organisers.

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.

GENEROUS BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

In reply, Mr. Hawkes thanked their beloved President for his kind remarks concerning the officials of the Club, and the success that had been achieved. He also thanked them all for the enthusiastic manner in which the toast had been received. That was very encouraging to himself and particularly to Mr. Walter Bradford, their indefatigable Hon. Secretary. They were very highly favoured in having such a generous Board of Directors who not only provided them with a very fine club, but had recently had it beautifully re-decorated and the club was now as good as

any of its kind in the county. (Applause.) The Club was being supported more than ever and it was in a very real sense fulfilling the purpose for which it was so kindly given to the employees. Their best thanks were due to Mr. Louis Simonds and Mr. Quarry for their efforts on behalf of the Club. It encouraged them to carry on, determined to make the Club even more successful in the future than it had been in the past. That gathering was a memorable one, a truly "Hop Leaf" meeting with "Hop Leaf" Band and "Hop Leaf" catering—and a very fine meal it was, too! (Applause.)

MOST EFFICIENT MAYOR.

Commander H. D. Simonds, the O.C. Transport, proposed the toast of "The Visitors," and said how glad they were to see the Mayor present, not only because he was Mayor, but because they liked him. (Applause.) He was a most efficient Chief Magistrate and was carrying out his onerous duties in a most able manner. They also welcomed Mr. Clement Williams, head of that great business, Messrs. Huntley & Palmers, and Mr. Deeley, who rendered them such valuable assistance in connection with their fete and in other directions. His old shipmate, Commander Hassard Short, was also present and he hoped all would do their utmost to support him in his most important A.R.P. work. They were also glad to see their late Chairman, Mr. Shea-Simonds. (Loud applause.) He would say nothing further concerning Mr. Shea-Simonds for the great applause spoke for itself.

In acknowledgment, the Mayor said that a memorable gathering like that brought home to a Mayor the importance of his office and responsibilities. He was wearing those responsibilities lightly as he was assured on all hands, and particularly that night, that they would support him in these difficult days to a man. (Applause.) Social clubs such as theirs did a great deal in helping them to understand one another and fostered true brotherliness. He wished their Club a great and lasting success.

THE MUSICAL PROGRAMME.

There was an excellent musical programme, and a very pleasant surprise was provided by the splendid music rendered

by the Brewery Band (Hop Leaf Fusiliers) during the dinner. They gave a very snappy and creditable performance which was praised by all. Many of their items received unstinted applause. The concert generally was most enjoyable, the first item being songs by Miss Nora Wood, who is a great favourite amongst the Brewery employees, and although we have heard her before, it is doubtful if ever to greater advantage than this time. Mr. J. Maxwell, who excelled all previous appearances, had the whole company rocking with laughter with his topical songs and amusing patter. It is a long time since we had a comedy turn which produced so much amusement. Mr. N. S. Evans (at the piano) and Mr. G. Pettengell (at the organ) gave a very clever duet which was highly appreciated. Then followed Mr. G. Cannings with one of his popular numbers, the chorus being well taken up by the audience, to the accompaniment of the band. Mr. Oswald Rae mystified the onlookers with some exceptionally clever tricks. It was most amusing to hear the people in the hall trying to offer solutions to his mysteries. Mr. H. Clark also appeared in a humorous turn of impersonations.

The community singing (Conductor, Mr. J. Gilkinson) was, as usual, one of the most popular items on the programme. The Brewery Band accompanied all the numbers and the Club members joined in most heartily.

It was a great disappointment to many that time did not allow for the solos which Mr. W. H. Hooper had arranged to give both on the 'cello and the violin. Mr. Hooper who has, through sheer hard work and ability, brought the Brewery Band to its present state of perfection, is a very talented musician and we hope that at some future date we may have the pleasure of hearing his solo rendering.

THE CATERING.

The Town Hall was not planned for catering functions. Indeed it could be said that the architect had no idea that it would be required for such an occasion as Simonds' Social Club Dinner with over 500 attending. The difficulties of providing a hot meal are very severe on account of the fact that there is no contact between

the large hall and the kitchen except by the use of runners. The corridors are draughty and all food has to be carried for a considerable distance from the basement, and the great worry is that by the time it reaches the table it will be nearly cold. Considerable thought was given to the problems which had to be faced, but the arrangements proved to be completely satisfactory. Due regard was also given to the fact that in catering for the staff of this Company those responsible were dealing with healthy he-men who enjoy first-class appetites, and in this direction full justification was done to the occasion as far as the size of the portions were concerned.

To give some idea of the volume of work and pre-arrangement, the following quantities of meals, equipment and food were provided :—

524 meals served, including staff ;
4,894 pieces of cutlery ;
4,548 pieces of crockery and glassware ;
700 feet of tabling and table cloth ;

and the approximate weight of the food consumed was just under 1 ton !

The majority of the staff engaged were local, and the supervision was arranged as follows :—

In charge of Kitchen	-	Mr. Caunt.
Head Waiter	- -	Mr. Chase.
Supervisors	- - -	Mr. Prescott and Mr. Ingham.
Service Control	- - -	Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Dowling.

All the staff of the Catering Department were proud to have this opportunity of proving their mettle, and it is hoped that all who attended the Dinner enjoyed the occasion as well as the staff enjoyed performing their service.

Mr. Davis, the Officer in Command, has been complimented on all hands on the excellence of the arrangements.



View of part of the great gathering present.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

KESTREL KILLS STARLING.

FLOOD REFUGEES.

While strolling around our fine new Sports Ground early the other Sunday morning, I had a wonderful close-up view of a kestrel killing a starling. The hawk was hovering high in the air; then she descended to within about twenty feet of the ground, hovered again for a few seconds, and then shot down to earth like a flash of brown and seized a poor starling. She struck the bird in the back with her powerful claws and carried it off triumphantly, passing within a few feet of my head. She flew into a tall elm tree in Coley Park and there commenced her horrid meal. I do not know whether the hawk found the starling bitter, for such these birds are supposed to be and they are certainly not fit for human consumption.

A MEAL TO REMEMBER!

I well remember when some children netted a number of sparrows, blackbirds, etc., and had them for dinner in the form of a pie. The pie included a couple of starlings and these very nearly cost the lady who ate them her life. She was very dangerously ill for several days suffering from ptomaine poisoning, her condition being definitely traced by the doctor to the consumption of the starlings.

Let us hope the hawk did not suffer in the same way for partaking of starling for breakfast.

BEAUTIFYING OUR SPORTS GROUND.

Much time and thought must have been spent in beautifying our Sports Ground, which is certainly a great credit to all concerned. The chestnut, beech and fir trees with which the ground is partly surrounded are already making wonderful headway and, when in full foliage, will add greatly to the appearance of these playing fields. Then there are the rose and flower gardens tastefully laid out by the approach to the pavilion and all who participate in the games owe our younger directors, and those who have assisted them, a great debt of gratitude for enabling them to take part in their recreations amid such delightful surroundings.

GREAT VARIETY OF BIRDS.

Those so inclined have here rare opportunities of studying bird life, for in and around the grounds a great variety of feathered friends may be seen, including the little owl, kestrels, pigeons, rooks, jackdaws, partridges, greater and lesser spotted woodpeckers, larks, linnets, meadow pipits, pied wagtails and sand martins, to mention only a few. And during the winter I have frequently seen the stonechat, a charming little study in black and white and red, the male being an exceedingly handsome bird with his black head, red breast and patches of pure white on the wings. This bird probably derived its name from the fact that its note of alarm is very much like that caused when two pebbles are struck together. The stonechat should not be confused with the whinchat, a near relation, with prominent eye-stripes, though the hen-birds are very similar in appearance. In spite of the fact that these two birds are closely related the whinchat is only a summer visitor and arrives in May.

ANIMALS SEEK REFUGE FROM THE FLOODS.

We have heard a lot about retreats and refugees lately and many animals who lived in the Thames' banks had to beat a hasty retreat and seek refuge on higher ground during the floods. I saw rats, voles, moles and shrews swimming for dear life and they sought shelter in a bank some distance from the river. One mole dug himself into the ground and was well out of sight in less than a couple of minutes, his powerful front feet acting as both pick and shovel. He proved quite a strong swimmer too. When the light was failing the weird call of the seagulls, the plaintive notes of the plover, and the harsh voice of the heron seemed in keeping with the desolation all around. No, those otherwise fine lines of Sir John Denham's do not apply to the Thames at flood-time:—

O! could I flow like thee and make thy stream
My great example as it is my theme,
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full.

THE INSTINCT OF FISH.

Though I covered many acres of flood land in my waders, I did not see the sign of one fish that had gone astray. When the water is deep they probably make excursions over meadowland, but instinct evidently tells them when the recession of the water begins for it is a rare thing to find a fish stranded in a meadow that has been flooded. For many years I have looked out for such stranded fish but only on one occasion did I find a member of the finny tribe that had left the return journey to the river too late.

ROOKS BEGINNING TO BUILD.

On Sunday, February 5th, the rooks were very busy choosing their nesting sites in the tall elms in Coley Park and two birds were busy building. Mr. A. B. Taylor, of Thomas & Co., the well-known hairdressers in Cross Street, writes:

"On January 31st I and a member of my staff observed with some measure of astonishment a pair of starlings carrying material for a nest in the roof at the back of our premises. Surely this is very early!"

MIGRATING BIRDS FLY $3\frac{1}{2}$ MILES UP.

One of science's greatest mysteries—how even small birds are able to fly for hour after hour over oceans and desolate country—has been partly solved. Pilots on the Pan-American Airways routes through the United States, South America and across the Pacific were asked to take notes of the speed and the height of the birds they saw. These notes, now correlated, prove that migrating birds do not fly low, near the ground, at fairly small speeds, which was the usual theory. They fly in clouds through the lower stratosphere at 15,000 to 22,000 feet (three and a half miles) above the ground. This explains how great distances are covered comparatively quickly. At these heights constant winds blow, at up to 100 miles an hour and more, always at the same speed, always in the same direction. The birds use the winds to aid them. With little effort they sail along at the same speed as the wind. Pilots saw swallows travelling at 90 m.p.h.

"GRANNY" GOOSE DIES NEAR CALLINGTON.

Known as "Granny," a goose has just died near Callington in its 27th year. Described by a local resident as a "remarkable and tough old bird," "Granny" was quite domesticated, and "answered to her name like a dog." Every caller at the farm to which the goose belonged knew her, and she was the subject of much attention. When her laying and hatching period was over, she insisted on adopting all the orphan goslings hatched in the farmyard, and many a brood was placed in her care.

COMMOTION AMONG ROOKS AT NIGHT.

On February 3rd, about 7 p.m., Mr. F. C. Hawkes tells me, there was a great commotion among the rooks in a wood close to his home at Mortimer. He wondered what all the noise was about—and so do I! Perhaps foxes were fighting, or on the prowl, or could it have been caused by the presence of a poacher? Birds seem very sensitive to earth tremors and I am glad their

anxieties did not prove to indicate an earthquake. In the daytime I have often seen stoats and weasels climbing trees and being mobbed by birds which have created a great din, but I do not think one of these little creatures would have caused such a commotion among the rooks.

There must, however, have been *something*, for rooks rarely speak without "caws"!

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Life's real heroes are those who not only bear their own burdens bravely, but give a helping hand to those around them.

Do not monopolise the conversation. God gave us one mouth and two ears; perhaps this indicates the ratio of the 1 to 2 which should prevail between speaking and listening.

The secret of happiness is to think as little as possible about yourself and as much as possible about others.

Pray to God and hammer away, says an old proverb.

The sense of fellowship that is the basis of any true social life depends on the flowering of mercy on the stem of justice.

Run in the race—train for it—do your best—if you come in last do not worry; somebody must be last.

This world is simply the threshold of our vast life, the first stepping stone from nonentity into the boundless expanses of possibility. It is the infant school of the soul. The physical universe is spread out before us, and the spiritual trials and mysteries of our discipline are simply our primer, our grammar, our spelling dictionary to teach us something of the language we are to use in our maturity.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

The photograph of Mr. C. B. Cox which appeared in our last issue was generally commented upon as being a very good likeness. He is a splendid and likeable fellow, and the writer has known him for many a long day. Being of a most generous nature and having a keen and kindly wit—in this respect he has a way of his own—he always manages to get along with everyone in a most agreeable way. Wherever you go on the Brewery, the name of "Cyril" seems to denote the one and only C. B. Cox. W.D. recalls many happy times spent with him and hopes for many more in the future.

It is pleasing to record that Mr. F. W. Freeman is making good progress towards recovery to his normal state of health. A day or two after his return to duty following the Christmas holidays he more or less collapsed and on arriving home it was found he had pneumonia. After a distressing and most anxious time he is gradually getting stronger and has been down to see us at the Office.

The early days of January found the General Office staff back on overtime for the Quarterly Balancing; after a week or so the missing "bob" was found and they balanced to the proverbial ha'penny. This was very pleasing, especially after the Christmas rush.

Fashion Note.—One remarkable thing, it seems to me, during the spells of Arctic weather we had at Christmas and since, is the headgear worn by the ladies and footgear by the men. Ladies cover their heads with scarves of different colours and various materials, and the men wear gumboots, waders and goloshes, the latter having been seen at the Brewery. Maybe after all this cold weather we shall have a *Summer*.

Miss M. E. Handley, just before she left the Firm for Lancashire, was presented by Miss A. M. Prosser, on behalf of a number of friends on the staff, with a dressing table set as a memento of the happy days she had spent at the Brewery. A letter of thanks has been received from Miss Handley.

Casualties have not been particularly heavy amongst the staff this winter—fortunately nothing like an epidemic—nevertheless there have been some who have had to lay up for short spells, viz. :—Mr. S. Josey, who has been away for a week or so, although latest reports of him are very encouraging; Miss A. M. Prosser, who was away for a short while due to a sudden attack of 'flu;

and our first-aid expert, Mr. T. Kent, laid up with a very heavy cold.

Mr. W. H. Curtis—"Bill" to everyone—who has been working at the Brewery since 1902, has just retired on pension. Of a most likeable nature, his many friends will miss him and hope he will be spared for many years.

Another old campaigner, Mr. F. Collins—"Lottie" to all and sundry—has just recently retired on pension after working at the Brewery since 1899. A familiar figure on his bicycle for numerous years, many will miss him "sailing" down Bridge Street. Some while ago he met with rather a severe accident whilst cycling and has never been quite the same since. A stalwart of the old Seven Bridges cricket team, in his heyday he was a bowler to be feared; also many a tale he could tell of his exploits in the Army as a cricketer. We all hope he will now be able to enjoy his well-earned retirement.

Sincere congratulations to Mr. A. T. Walsh, whose wife presented him with a bonny daughter. Naturally father is very pleased. Mother and babe are going on very nicely.

Congratulations also to Mr. R. F. Gooch, of our Wine Stores, Paignton, whose wife has presented him with a son. Both Mrs. Gooch and the baby are doing well.

It really does seem that Reading's promotion hopes will now have to keep for another season, as they have too much lee-way to make up and they have been rather disappointing, especially at home.

Aldershot are having a really good season and, in spite of transferring two of their stars, are still going strong and should finish the season in the highest position they have ever occupied in the league. With a few of the ex-Farnborough boys at the Brewery there is a certain amount of leg-pulling over Reading and Aldershot. At the moment Aldershot supporters seem to have the better of the argument.

Although Plymouth Argyle do not seem in any particular danger of going down, they are rather an inconsistent side, to say the least of it.

Portsmouth had a narrow squeak last season of keeping up and at the moment things do not look any too good for them.

Our Brighton friends, I suppose, are pleased with their team, and they certainly are doing pretty well.

Another "cycle" of the H. & G. Simonds' Savings Association has just been completed, so if this should meet the eye of anyone desirous of starting will they please get in touch with Mr. A. H. Hopkins (Correspondence Office), who is the Secretary, and he would be pleased to supply any details required.

What a difference! One member of the staff a few weeks ago had to wait for a whole week to learn the result of a football pool in which he had obtained one point off the maximum and at the end found he was entitled to the sum of £5 os. 6d. ! (Naturally beforehand opinions differed as to what he was likely to receive from, say, £100 downwards.) Another member of the staff who fills in his coupon by numbers like, say, 1, 11, 21, 31, wins over £15 for sixpence by this method. Better be born lucky than rich!

The following changes have recently taken place and to all tenants we wish every success:—

The Bee Inn, Windlesham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. John Smith.

The Bell, Oxford Road, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. McAinsh Ashton.

The Blue Lion, Wolseley Street, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. T. J. Blake.

We very much regret to record the death of Mr. Henry Cadwell, tenant of The Falcon, Thame, since 1919, and our deepest sympathy is hereby expressed to his relatives. The following extract from *The Thame Gazette* gives a full account of his interesting career:—

"It is with great regret that we have to record the death of Mr. H. Cadwell at The Falcon, Thame. Deceased had been under the doctor's advice recently, but he had led a very active life and was in his usual good spirits when his death occurred suddenly as the result of a stroke, causing great shock to all who knew him.

Harry, as he was known familiarly, was a great-hearted footballer. He started his career with Thame St. Mary's, and was afterwards with the Town Senior Club. He was 'spotted' by outsiders and played for Maidenhead Norfolkians, and while with that team they won the Oxford Hospital Cup twice. He also played for Aylesbury United in the Great Western Suburban League and during his time with this team he often cycled to and from Aylesbury to play. After Aylesbury he was taken on by Reading as an amateur and distinguished himself by playing beside that great player, Mr. Herbert Smith. He also came to the notice of Oxford City and while with this team he obtained a runners-up

medal in the Amateur Cup. Harry was a great favourite at Oxford with his spectacular kicks and tackles. Whilst with Thame he obtained all honours (including County decorations) but never possessed a Junior Shield medal. During the war he left his business as a farrier and was a Sergeant-Farrier in the Royal Naval Division. Whilst serving his country he still kept his sporting career and carried off several medals.

At one time he was a member of Thame Fire Brigade and those who remember the great fire at the Jolly Sailor will recall that he rescued the cash box only just before the room in which it was collapsed.

After the war he became the Licensee of The Falcon, which he held until his death. Deceased leaves a widow and a daughter.

The funeral took place at the Parish Church, and members of the British Legion dropped poppies on the coffin."

DEATH OF MR. E. J. BURRETT.

We regret to hear of the death of Mr. E. J. Burrett who passed away on January 9th at the age of 77. Mr. Burrett, who was connected with our Firm for 53 years, was attached to the Brewing Room in 1877 and was at that time working under his father, who was Head Brewer. After fifty years' service Mr. Burrett was presented with a silver tea service in recognition of his work, and a few years later, on his retirement, he received a clock.

Mr. F. C. Hawkes was among those present at the funeral representing the Firm, and the floral tributes included those from "The Directors of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds," "His Old Colleagues in the Brewing Room," and "Old Friends on the Staff of the Brewery."

We also regret to record the death of Mr. L. Paintin, who was for a great number of years in our Transport Department.

Mr. Paintin served in the Labour Battalion during the Great War. Of a quiet disposition, he was a very conscientious worker and was very keen on his favourite hobby, gardening. The funeral service was held at Whitley Hall, Reading, and the following attended from the Brewery:—Messrs. F. C. Hawkes, F. Kirby, H. Davis, C. Josey, A. Randall, R. Broad, H. Green and C. Knight.

There were numerous floral tributes, including one from his "Old Colleagues."

A GREAT THOUGHT.

There are few things in life more difficult than acceptance. Oh, it's easy and pleasant enough to write, in reply to a party invitation, "I have much pleasure in accepting . . ." but the things life imposes upon us often seem only worth kicking violently about! We can't accept them any old way, much less with pleasure.

Yet half the misery, the irritability, the discontent and the small ailments of every day come from these inward rebellions, these refusals to recognise our limitations. Because we all have one or two "crosses"—to use an old fashioned word—which we cannot remove and must therefore learn to shoulder.

They are of many kinds.

Circumstances may force us to live alone, when we hate solitude. We can't do the work we long for. We're not pretty and to-day beauty seems so very important. Love has passed us by. Being a mother seems to cut all the pleasures out of life and leave only drudgery and sacrifice. It's impossible, however well we work, to get promotion in our job.

Oh, there are dozens of common crosses! You know the special one that bows your shoulders and makes you think that life isn't worth while.

Perhaps you feel just like that, believe that existence is nothing but struggle and defeat, can't think why you get so irritable or depressed? Then the chances are, not that Fate has a grudge against you, but that you are spoiling your chances by not accepting your cross.

"But," you say, "is it right to lie down under bad conditions and never make an effort to improve them?"

Well, now and then in life, each one of us must accept defeat. Some happenings—the death of a loved one, for instance—can't be evaded or fought or coaxed; they can only be endured. A wise man has written, "We cannot have calm seas all the way . . . We must be willing sometimes to accept the storm and take it lying down, setting on one side both will-power and desire." Trying to alter things can become too trying; brave acceptance will bring peace.

Recognise that everyone is defeated sometimes and that occasional failures is the common lot and not personal to you. Then difficulties will not make you bitter and unattractive.

But most of the time, even if there is no remedy for your cross at the moment, there will be later. And meanwhile, once you have thought things over and made certain that they are out of your power to alter, try to find the reason and advantage of your cross.

A good plan is to think of your disability as a lesson to learn. At school, when you had mastered a book or a subject it was dropped. So, in life, when you have learnt your lesson it will disappear.

Perhaps you are plain so that you will be forced to develop charm, which beats mere good looks any day of the week. Then study the ways of charming people. Alter the traits in yourself which prevent people from loving you, and presently you will find that beauty, though pleasant, is unnecessary.

Promotion won't come? You've worked hard, taken evening classes to qualify in extra subjects and still—no progress. What's the lesson here? Perhaps that personality is more important than brains, or adaptable disposition than good certificates. The man or woman who can take responsibility, work harmoniously with others, smooth down ruffled customers, is much more sure to rise than the most capable of routine workers. Why not try again from this new point of view?

Say, "I accept . . ."—perhaps not with pleasure, but with courage and a smile.



FALKLAND ISLANDS.

(From a correspondent).

SIMONDS BEER AND STOUT AMONG THE PENGUINS IN THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

In the Falklands penguins breed in colonies or Government protected rookeries. Some of the colonies are huge and contain thousands of birds. The principal families are the Gentoo, the Rock-Hopper and the Jackass. (Last year you had some Jackass photos and their beer. This year the photos are of the Gentoo family.)

Penguins are noisy, quarrelsome, amusing, gossipy, smelly birds. They fight and steal from each other either the eggs or the stones and few twigs that form their nest. During my visit to them in the end of November when the chicks were coming out I was greeted with lots of noise, a few pecks and a few sharp blows of their flippers about my legs.

They have disgusting manners and live in squalor which makes them dirty, but see them in the water and they swim and pop up and down like jack-in-the-boxes.

As you approach a rookery you can hear and smell them a mile away. The nest is a depression scraped in the earth or peat lined with a few small stones and tail feathers—prizes of many fights. The young grow very quickly after hatching.

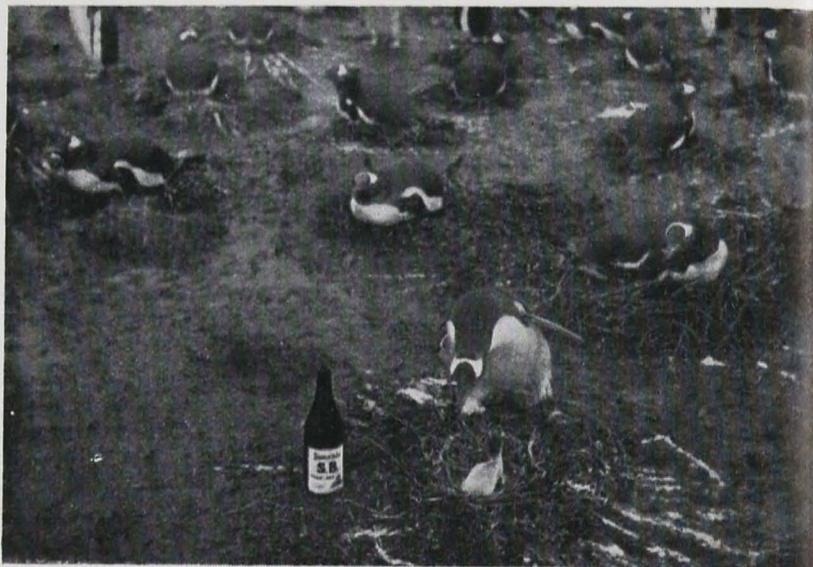
The Jackass burrows in the peat, scoops out two large holes a few yards apart, which meet under ground. They have no lining in their nests and are well behaved towards each other.

The Gentoo is a resident of the Falklands; the Rock-Hopper and Jackass are pelagic during the winter.

The Gentoo is known as the best farmer in the Falklands and improves the pasture in the vicinity of the rookeries. He is a fine up-standing bird, but most careless as a family man. His rookeries are near the sea.

Their behaviour to the bottles was at first one of curiosity and they did not seem to mind the taste of the stout or beer. The chicks were only just out of their shells so they had to be content with a drop!

My companions would not allow me to experiment very much with the contents of the bottle as beer and stout are much too precious a fluid to waste on Penguins.



A young Gentoo chick.



A Gentoo Rookery in the Falkland Islands.

SIMONDS BEER AND STOUT AMONG THE SEA-ELEPHANTS OF SOUTH GEORGIA.

These seals are members of a large family, the Weddell seal, the Crab-eater seal, the sea-Leopard, Ross seal and the fur seal.

They (the sea-elephants) are mildly bored at the advent of human beings on the shores of certain bays in South Georgia, and refused to be disturbed and, when politely but firmly asked to swim, they did most reluctantly. When I visited them in November their young pups had arrived in the world. Old Papa seal was very proud of his harem of ladies and pups. They looked mildly astonished, opened their mouths and said "Ah" as if a doctor had asked to look at their tonsils.

The seals were not irritated in any way. They posed for their photos in the best Hollywood manner and liked the taste of Simonds beer and stout. They were only allowed a limited amount as the refreshments could not be spared.

The whaling stations in South Georgia are the "Compania Argentina de Pesca" at Grytviken, where these photos were taken and Messrs. Salvesen (a British firm) at Leith Harbour.

The sea-elephant grows to quite a large size and the males are no oil paintings, being ugly and battle-scarred. They move awkwardly on land but once in the sea they look like old Colonel Blimp flopping about in the water, but when they swim they are wonders of agility. They are used for oil, 10,000 per annum is the limit allowed by the Falkland Islands Government to the two whaling factories that operate the whaling industry in South Georgia. As you know whale and seal oil is used in the manufacture of soap, margarine and for the gelatine in high explosives. The sea-elephant is killed by firing a bullet through the roof of his mouth and the blubber, flesh and bones is put in a digester and oil extracted. A fertiliser (guano) is also made from his carcass.

South Georgia is a Dependency of the Falkland Islands and lies 790 miles south-east of the Falklands in latitude $54\frac{1}{2}$ south and longitude 36-38 west and is presided over by a Resident British Magistrate. It was sighted and taken possession of by Captain Cook, for Great Britain, in 1775.

Sir Ernest Shackleton (the great explorer) lies buried at Grytviken, where he died on his way South in the *Quest* in 1922.



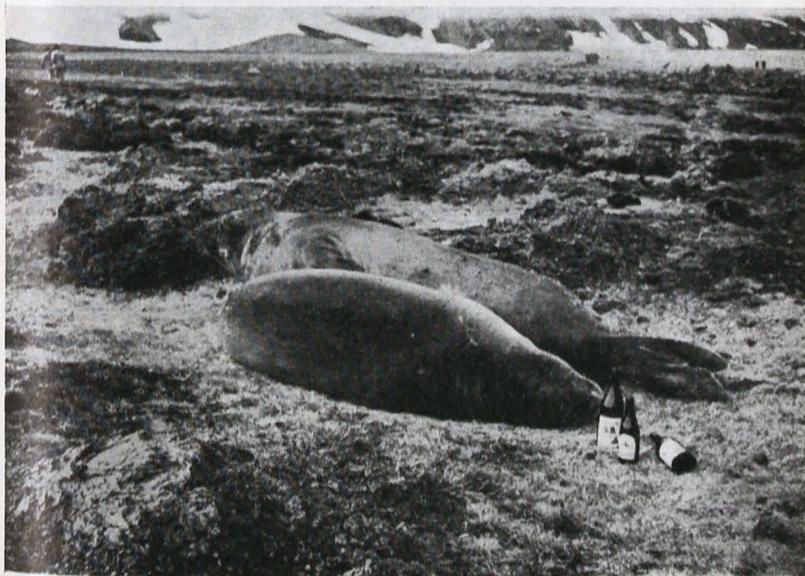
Colonel Blimp. A Sea Elephant rampant.



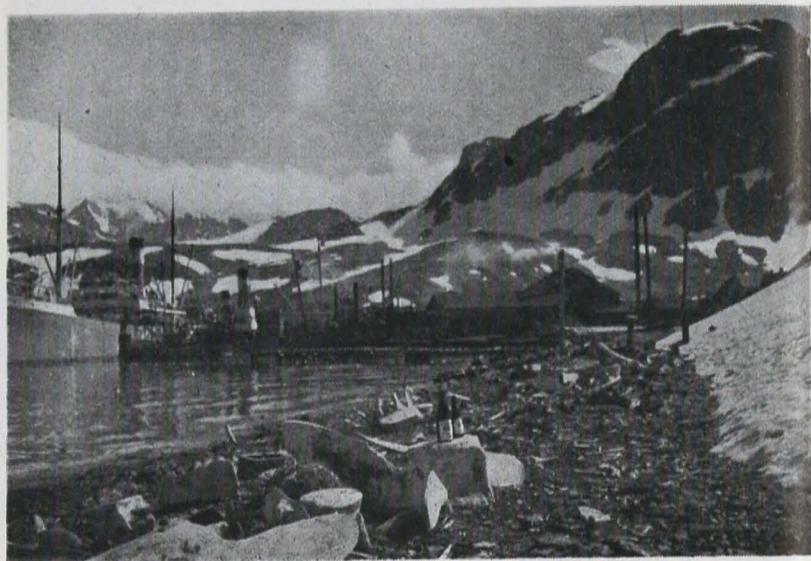
At Grytviken, South Georgia. A baby Sea Elephant samples Milk Stout. He asked for more!



Grand Pop Sea Elephant won't be happy until he has his Simonds' Ale. His harem are indifferent! This photo actually taken in Strömness (South Georgia) which was once a whaling station.



At Grytviken, South Georgia. After their drink of Simonds' Beer and Stout, Sea Elephants sleep happily.



At Grytviken, South Georgia. Note the two bottles resting on the backbone of a whale.

THE LEOPARD!

REAL FRONT PAGE AND RADIO NEWS.

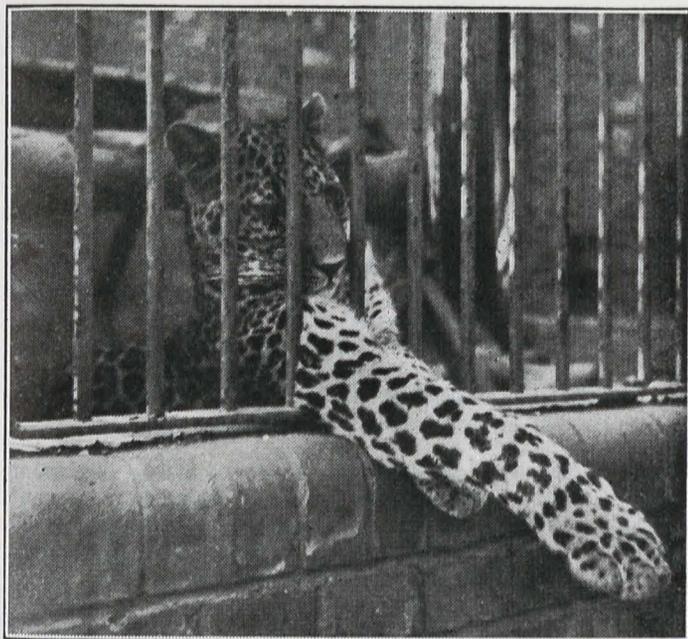
On the 10th January, Paignton awoke from its winter sleep and for once became news, front page at that, and radio news. What an advertisement, but not quite the sort the town's publicity manager would have liked; an extra special elopement, or the discovery of a mermaid would probably have suited him better.

Normally at this time of the year Paignton is seething with about as much life and excitement as the wilds of Scotland. Everyone seems to forget the little town tucked in the centre of Torbay. At first, even the papers headed their columns, and the radio announced—Paignton, near Torquay. This is about the best way of really offending a Paigntonian. (Overheard in The Torbay Inn, my port of call, after the first broadcast, "Tarkey—ne'r yerd o'v 'er.")

The cause of all this trouble was Benny, a magnificent specimen of a fully grown male jungle-bred Indian leopard, about 200 pounds of solid bone, muscle and sinew. Hardly the playful little kitten that some people would have us believe.

Benny escaped from his cage at the private Zoological Gardens of Herbert Whitley, Esq., Primley, Paignton, on the 10th January, late in the afternoon, after mauling his 67-year-old temporary Keeper, who, crawling to the Keepers' quarters, gave the alarm, but master Benny was away. A search was made at once, but with the gathering dusk the task was a hopeless one, and to make matters worse the heavens opened and it rained as it can only rain at Paignton.

As usual in these cases the animal was seen, heard and shot several times at various places; in fact, he was definitely netted once, but got away, so we were told.



[By courtesy of "The Paignton Observer."]

"Benny."—He looks harmless enough.

The order was—"shoot on the spot," and an old yokel, with whiskers round the moon, from out Yampton way arrived breathless at the police station carrying a rusty old musket, and zed "'e'd zeened 'er!" When asked why he hadn't shot the h'animal, I think it must have been a courtesy cop, 'e zed "'e dinna know which zbot to aim at!"

Next morning his spoor, the leopard's, not the yokel's, was seen in the zoo grounds, so a trap was made for him, baited with a nice tasty piece of meat and a pigeon or two, but no, Benny would not oblige.

In the meantime the police, I nearly said policeman, but remembered we have more than one now, carried out an armed search, assisted by Territorials and local shots. They didn't ask me to help, although I sometimes put a bit of dust shot behind, or in front of a rabbit. The search went on all day, 11th January, and a skeleton staff at the zoo was kept on all night, but not a sign was seen of the leopard, although he was suspected of being in some very dense woodland within the grounds.

Early on the 12th he was seen for the first time since his escape, by two zoo employees, slinking along a hedge near the wood. From what I can gather they did not stand and admire him. The alarm was given and a systematic search was made under police supervision in that part of the grounds. A drive was made through the wood, which in parts is so dense that it is practically impossible to raise a gun to the shoulder. The beaters had to lie down continually and look under the entangled vegetation. Then Major Yorke, who was in charge of the Territorials, had to lie down as a thick bush was in his path. He thought he saw something about three feet away: was it a rabbit or the leopard, were his eyes deceiving him? Then a mouth moved and a tail twitched and he knew, but he called the regular keeper to make sure; he peered under the bush, "Yes, it was Benny!" What a thrill, even Major Yorke, who was once a member of The Royal Canadian North-West Mounted, must have had a shiver go down his spine.

Mother nature is very cruel, but also very kind—she had given the leopard, in common with other animals, birds, fish and reptiles, a natural camouflage, that made it practically impossible even for the highest form of animal life to distinguish it in the half-lit undergrowth, which was its natural hiding place.

The line of fire was cleared and Major Yorke and Mr. Lester, head of the reptile department, laid down with their rifles, but master Benny had moved and it was some minutes before he was picked out again. They crawled closer until the animal's head was sighted. Major Yorke fired with his service rifle at 6 feet range; the beast rolled over with not so much as a yelp, but no chances were taken and a second bullet was put in his neck.

The greatest animal hunt the west had ever known was over. Benny had paid dearly for his 42 hours of precious liberty. During this time he really did frighten people living within the vicinity of the zoo, and put Paignton on the map for a day or two. He stole

a few bones from a heap in the grounds and felt the hot blood of six sheep run through his mouth—what paradise this must have been for him, I expect it was his equivalent to six large "S.B.'s."

After all, an animal that can slaughter half-a-dozen sheep in one night is hardly a fireside pet.

Good night—we are going back to our winter sleep again.

R.F.G.

TO E. V. LUCAS.

On whatsoever your roving fancies light
—A foreign salad, or a Folkestone street,
You, with a charm inimitable, write
And with the manner of a Master treat.

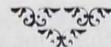
—A little village in the Sussex Weald
In words, that bear no blemish, you have drawn :
—An Ashdown forest-track ; a farm ; a field ;
—A Sussex dewpond in a Sussex dawn.

We visit Surrey woods, decoyed by you,
To hear the nightingales, in concert, sing :
And, on your page, we catch a clearer view
Of Horsham or of Chanctonbury Ring.

And then across the sea you carry us
In sentences nor commonplace nor vague :
And there before a feast you tarry us
—An old "Jan Steen"—A "Rembrandt" at The Hague.

Oh, hundred men may write a hundred books
In paper wraps, designed seductively ;
But some ask finer fare than outward looks :
And, for their wants, there's only one "E.V."

S. E. COLLINS.



WHITHER BRITAIN?

WISE WORDS BY OUR BOROUGH MEMBER.

"All the recent unrest of this country shown in the press and all the nervous chatter in the streets and in the clubs is carefully reported to the watching dictators," declared Dr. Howitt, speaking at Reading Toc H headquarters in the first of a series of talks entitled "Whither Britain?"

He went on: "So recently ago as September and October I had the feeling that I was immensely proud of my fellow countrymen. But lately I have been feeling uneasy. Where is that sense of calmness which has been ours before?"

TOO MUCH SUSPICION.

"To-day there is far too much of the 'jitters' about; there is far too much suspicion and criticism and a perpetual badgering of the man at the helm. That keen and perpetual report of how we are reacting to the latest 'stunt' is always going back to the dictators.

"I don't think we are showing universally that unity which we should show if we are going to be a strong nation. I think there is a very great duty on us to stop this uncertainty, these rumours and these 'jitters,' which also prevent our industry from getting along and so swell unemployment.

"We should show that spirit of calmness at home as of old, and we should make it evident that we are going to keep in with France and the United States. I believe peace can only be assured by the world knowing we are determined to defend what our people stand for in the world—justice and peace.

"I think there are too many Foreign Secretaries in this country to-day. To my mind there are millions of them. We should leave a great deal of the defence of this country and its foreign policy to the leaders who have been elected for the country; because we can't know all the intricacies of foreign affairs.

LOST SENSE OF SECURITY.

"If it is known abroad that we have the same spirit we showed during the crisis, that will do much to stabilise the world and bring peace. If we will use our energies to get a further unity in our empire, that will be a great thing for the stabilisation of the world.

"To-day is undoubtedly a time of very anxious perplexity. It is not easy to be able to see what is the best thing to be done.

"We have got to make it known in the world that we are a peace-loving nation strong to uphold our ideals.

"Don't let us be everlastingly criticising other countries and telling them how they should be run. That only brings out in them those qualities which we dislike most. Let us show them just how a true Christian democracy should be run.

"If there is a great moral rearmament in this country, in Scandinavia and in America, this will help to bring world peace.

"Let everybody know that the mentality and morale of this country is as good to-day, and will be during the coming months, as it has been in the past; that we are as calm and as prepared to face anything, even as we were in the time of crisis."

ROYAL NAVAL OLD COMRADES.

RE-UNION DINNER AT READING.

At Palm Lodge, Reading, on Saturday, January 14th, some 250 sailors, their wives and friends sat down at the second annual dinner of the Reading and District branch of the Royal Naval Old Comrades' Association.

The president, Admiral Dashwood F. Moir, presided, and there were also present The Mayor (Councillor W. E. C. McIlroy), Admiral Mark E. F. Kerr, the Ven. Archdeacon A. D. Gilbertson, former chaplain to the Fleet, Commander H. D. Simonds (chairman), Commander and Mrs. Dawson, etc.

Proposing the toast of "The Guests," Commander Simonds expressed their pleasure at having with them the president of the association, Admiral Mark Kerr. They also had with them a number of members from other branches, including Newbury and Basingstoke.

In proposing the toast of "The Branch," Admiral Mark E. F. Kerr said up to the end of last year the Royal Naval Old Comrades' Association had increased to 80 branches and over 7,000 members. When it started about four years ago, at the first meeting he attended, there were only about 40 members. He congratulated all the members of the branch who had worked so hard to increase their membership.

The organisation was a wonderful thing. It was not only for the pleasure of meeting old comrades, but in the good they could do for the world at large. They had travelled about the world and had seen different countries. They knew that at the bottom

human nature was the same everywhere. Those who did not travel thought that foreigners were strange people. There were so many people in this country who thought that.

One of the things for which we had to be thankful for was that they had a Prime Minister who, in his youth, had travelled about the world. He had seen foreign people and knew that those people had the same feelings and the same love for peace as others. There was one thing they must all remember. Understanding was the seed from which sprung the tree of peace, and the fruit of that tree was prosperity.

The response to the toast was made by the secretary, Mr. Nuccoll, who said that during the past twelve months the branch had made wonderful strides. At the last annual dinner they had 82, but since then they had grown till now they were 208 strong. Judging by the way new members were coming in, by the end of this half year they would have over 300 members. Considering, however, he continued, that Reading was second only to Southampton in recruiting for the Navy there was no reason why their branch should not be the biggest in the association.

Commander C. H. Varley proposed "The Sister Services, the R.N.R., R.N.V.R. and the R.N.A.S.V.R.," Captain J. R. Henstead replying.

NOW—AND THEN!

AN INTERESTING JOURNEY ON FOOT.

THE MERRY MAIDENS, THE BLACK BOY, THE MAGPIE AND PARROT,
BAR BILLIARDS, AND ALL THAT.

If we could put the hands of the clock back for thirty years, and then find ourselves at the Great Western Railway Station at Reading, with a journey to Arborfield in front of us, how different would we find things from what they are at the present day. I remember a morning just about so many years ago when I found my wife and myself in the above predicament.

No Thames Valley buses in those days, taxis few and out of reach of my pocket; nothing for it except Shank's pony or a ride in a horse-drawn carriers' wagon, wherein for the sum of sixpence C.I.F. one might find oneself ensconced on a bag of flour, or a flich of bacon maybe, ready to set out on the perilous journey into the hinterland of Berkshire.

Consigning my better half to the carrier's wagon, and having seen her provisioned and watered for the journey, I set out on foot

and after passing through the principal streets of the town and climbing Kendrick Hill, found myself practically free of Reading, with a nice walk to Arborfield ahead.

There was no Ribbon Development then, no Shinfield Housing Estate either, and I had nothing to keep me company but what seemed an interminable line of black iron fencing which carried on for nearly two miles. But what is this I am approaching set at a road junction? A house of call admirably placed for the needs of travellers and bearing the uncommon name of the MERRY MAIDENS. Worth while investigating this, I thought as I entered, but if merry maidens in still life and virtuous pose were prominent outside, I was discouraged to find none within. However, a cheery greeting from the host, and a glass of Simonds' best ale, helped to overcome my disappointment and I set out refreshed against the next stage of my journey. Here I would like to say *en passant* that these self same merry maidens are more or less nocturnal birds, as I have since seen in later years, and on numerous occasions quite a goodly number of maidens (ahem!) assembled there after sunset.

The first part of my trek had been uphill and against the collar, but having crested the ridge of the Thames Valley at the Maidens, I found myself descending towards the Loddon, through a pretty countryside, well wooded on the west, with glorious views to the east and south, where the finely timbered heights of Bear Wood and Farley Hill dominate the horizon.

On this stretch of the road and just about a mile from my first stop I came upon the BLACK BOY INN, another well-known house of Messrs. Simonds. The house is ideally situated near the road junctions of Cutbush Lane and Brookers Hill, but at the time of which I write it was more isolated, with just a farm, a smithy and one or two houses round about. The Black Boy has not changed its character much since I first entered it, except perhaps for the introduction of gas and a piped water supply. The beer is also piped on the hydrostatic principle, but may also be had drawn from the wood on request, Bear Wood, Whitley Wood and Spencers Wood being all on tap! Ladies and gentlemen over six feet in height are requested to mind their heads on entering, and especially so when leaving, as at the time this house was built, shortly after the Flood, there was great economy in the building trade throughout the country and lofty ceilings were strictly taboo.

Leaving the Black Boy where he still stands (poor boy, he has been out in all this cold weather!) I set out on the third spasm of my hitch hike and proceeded through Hollow Lane down to

School Green, where the road bears round left (E) and carries on through flat lushy meadows not much above river level. Here in this delectable spot some distance removed from the haunts of men stands another old-fashioned roadhouse with the "Hop Leaf" sign, the MAGPIE AND PARROT, a veritable house of rest for the weary traveller. No innovations are to be found here. No gas or electricity; lighting effects are by Messrs. Alladdin & Co. and the Standard Oil Co. of New York. What was considered good enough for the "Arabian Nights" was still considered good enough for the Magpie and Parrot. However, help is at hand and in a short space of time they may be "all light" up with electricity.

Mr. Frank Priest and his daughter, Miss Gladys, look after the welfare of travellers in this year of grace 1939. This house of wide fireplaces, low ceilings and solid comfort will well repay a visit. I might mention that, for gents only, there is a maze of ornamental brickwork to traverse which is without equal in the South of England.

After some refreshment here, I pushed on over the bridges and within two hours of leaving Reading found myself breasting the slope leading to Arborfield Cross and at my journey's end. It would only be polite to mention for the benefit of our lady readers that some hours later my wife drove up in her limousine, very disgruntled that she could not have accompanied me on my walk. But, well, husbands will understand!

BAR BILLIARDS.

We have now reached the end of our Bar Billiards Tournament, and the Black Boy team have won the First Division League championship with a score of 44 points (played 14 games, won 12, lost 2).

Our first defeat was at the hands of our old opponents, the Magpie and Parrot, another Shinfield team who take second place with 38½ points, the Grenadier being third with 38 points.

It is a source of satisfaction to the Black Boy players and supporters that the Magpie's team has done so well, for several of their players learned the first rudiments of the game, and received valuable coaching, on the Black Boy table. Well done, the Maggies.

T.M.

PAGES IN SAILOR UNIFORM.

AT A BEACONSFIELD WEDDING.

Small pages dressed in the uniform of H.M.S. *Amphion* were a feature of the wedding at Beaconsfield on Boxing Day of Mr.



Mr. F. A. Cox and his bride.

Frederick Albert Cox, to Miss Dorothy Emma Ann Brown, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Brown, of Malthouse Square, Beaconsfield. The bridegroom was in naval uniform.

Mr. Cox is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cox, of the White Blackbird Inn, Loudwater. The wedding was conducted at the Beaconsfield Parish Church by the Rector (the Rev. R. F. R. Routh).

Miss Brown made an attractive bride dressed in a full-length gown of ivory satin with a beautiful train of Brussels lace. She wore the conventional veil with a wreath of orange blossom, and carried a shower bouquet of white chrysanthemums and white heather. Her jewellery consisted of a crystal necklace and a gold wrist watch.

Two sisters of the bride, Miss Marian Lavinia Brown and Miss Freda Ruby Brown, were the bridesmaids, and the two pages were Patrick Webber, the bride's cousin, and Francis Wright, a friend. Carrying gold cushions, the two boys were dressed in the uniform of H.M.S. *Amphion*, the flagship of the South Africa Station, from which the bridegroom obtained leave after two years' service in South



The Bridal Party.

African waters. The bridesmaids wore red velvet gowns with gold girdles and gold Juliet caps, carrying bouquets of gold chrysanthemums. They also wore gold chain necklets with a red pendant given them by the bridegroom.

The bride's mother wore a brown marocain dress with coat and hat to match, and Mrs. Cox wore a blue dress with blue hat and coat.

The bride's father gave her away, and after the ceremony more than seventy guests attended the reception which was held at the Old Rectory at Beaconsfield. Mr. J. W. Cox, the bridegroom's elder brother, was best man. His father, the licensee of the White Blackbird, was also present. The bridegroom, in choosing the Navy for a career, is carrying on a tradition of service to the country, for his father was formerly Q/M-Sergt. of the Royal Engineers, and his brother, best man, is a sergeant of the Royal Bucks Hussars Yeomanry.

Mr. Cox, while serving on the South African Station regularly had THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE sent to him by his father. This was eagerly looked forward to each month by a great number of the crew of H.M.S. *Amphion*. It was handed round and finished up "well thumbed."

SIMONDS BEER

is

SUPER B

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

He had come home very late indeed, and stumbling upstairs, he encountered Mrs. Thwackum, who was on the look out for her husband. Without asking for any explanations, she fell on him with the rolling-pin and administered heavy punishment.

Then suddenly she realised her mistake. "Gracious me," she exclaimed, "it's Mr. Henpeck—the tenant on the floor above! I really am very sorry."

"So am I," murmured the wretched Henpeck, "especially as I shall have to go through it all again in a moment."

* * * *

The regiment was trekking through the desert: it was arid and parched and not a drop of water was to be found. One recruit sat sadly on a stone, his head in his hands.

SERGEANT: "What's the matter with him?"

PRIVATE: "Home sickness."

SERGEANT: "We've all got that."

PRIVATE: "Yes, but his is worse than for most of us—his father keeps a pub!"

* * * *

The two travellers had wandered far from civilisation and had fallen into the hands of a savage chief. The day following their capture the chief ordered them to go out and gather fruit.

The first returned, bearing a plentiful supply of grapes.

The chief commanded him to swallow them whole.

The traveller burst into laughter, and the chief demanded to know the reason.

"Sorry," apologised the prisoner. "I was just thinking of my pal. He's bringing coconuts."

* * * *

"I've worked for the same boss twenty-three years!"

"I can beat that—it's my silver wedding next week!"

* * * *

"It looks like a storm. You had better stay to dinner."

"Oh, thanks. But it's hardly threatening enough for that."

* * * *

VISITOR: "What nice furniture."

LITTLE JACK: "Yes, I think the man we bought it from is sorry now he sold it; he's always calling."

The passer-by stopped and looked at the man struggling vainly with his broken-down car.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, "but perhaps I can help you. There are one or two things I can tell you about your make of car."

The owner straightened himself up and looked at the other.

"Please keep them to yourself, old chap," he remarked warmly, with a glance towards the occupants of the car. "There are ladies present."

* * * *

"You're looking bad, old man. What's the trouble?"

"Domestic."

"But you always said your wife was a pearl."

"So she is. It's the mother-of-pearl that's the trouble."

* * * *

"My wife says she'll leave me unless I give up golf."

"Good lord—that's awkward!"

"Yes, I shall miss her."

* * * *

GEORGE: "What was the worst storm you ever encountered?"

WILLIAM: "Oh, it raged at about two hundred and eighty words a minute."

* * * *

"And now, doctor, that I've told you I am going to marry Anne, there's one thing I want to get off my chest."

"You just tell me about it, my boy."

"A tattooed heart with Mabel on it."

* * * *

"Ah ha!" said the Customs officer, finding a bottle of whisky, "I thought you said there were only old clothes in this trunk?"

"Yeah, that's my night cap."

* * * *

A man bought a parrot and tried to teach him to talk. Going over to the bird, he repeated for several minutes the words, "Hello, hello."

At the end of the lesson the parrot opened one eye and answered drowsily, "Number's engaged."

* * * *

The modern bus, says a writer, can pull up within a few feet. But not, of course, if you signal to it.

How can one get rid of garden pests? asks a correspondent. Just refuse point-blank, to lend them a darned thing.

* * * *

"Yes, I would marry your sister Elsie but, to be frank, she is too stupid."

"I quite understand—you need a wife who has intelligence enough for two."

* * * *

SHE: "Henry, dear, we've been going together now for more than ten years. Don't you think we ought to get married?"

HE: "Yes, you're right—but who'll have us?"

* * * *

The quack was selling a tonic which he declared would make men live to a great age.

"Look at me," he declared. "Hale and hearty, and I'm over 300 years old."

"Is he really that old?" asked a listener of the youthful assistant.

"I can't say," replied the assistant. "I've only worked for him 100 years."

* * * *

SMALL BOY: "Pa, what is discretion?"

PA: "It's something, son, that comes to a person after he's too old for it to do him any good."

* * * *

Mr. Smith came down to breakfast in a very bad temper.

"It's no good!" he stormed at his wife. "I'm going to give that new chauffeur notice. That's twice he's nearly killed me."

"Oh, darling," said his wife, "couldn't you give him another chance?"

* * * *

A little boy was taken to London for the first time. After being shown some of the sights, he expressed a wish to see the "Thames Station." "Don't be silly," said his mother, "there's no such place." "Oh, yes, there is," persisted the child. "I say every night in my prayers 'And lead us not into Thames Station.'"

* * * *

Here come the troops. Where's Aunty?"

"She's upstairs, waving her hair."

"Goodness, can't we afford a flag?"

A doctor told a negro patient to take equal amounts of whiskey and honey for a "hurtin' in the chest."

A week later he met him in the street and asked him how he was getting on with the medicine.

The negro replied: "I'se gettin' along fine, doc., but I be two days behind on de honey."

* * * *

ANNOUNCER: "The orchestra will now play together."

VOICE: "It's about time they did."

* * * *

"What is the chief river of Egypt?"

"The Nile," answered Rebecca, brightly.

"That's right," said the teacher. "And what are its tributaries?"

"The juveniles," answered Rebecca.

* * * *

WIFE: "It's the furniture people come for the piano."

HUSBAND: "But I gave you the money for the next instalment."

WIFE: "Yes, I know, dear; but don't say anything. I'm going to pay them as soon as they get it downstairs, because I've decided to have it in the sitting-room."

* * * *

It was the rush hour at the railway station.

"Over the bridge for Brighton," shouted a busy porter, loudly. "Over the bridge for Brighton."

An old lady tapped him on the arm.

"Which is the train for Brighton, my man?" she asked.

"Over the bridge for Brighton," he replied.

"But I have a tin chest," she answered.

The porter clenched his teeth.

"Madam," said he, "I don't care if you have a brass back, copper legs, and iron feet, it's over the bridge for Brighton!"

* * * *

DUMB: "Do you know that seventeen thousand twelve hundred and eighty-two elephants were used to make billiard balls last year?"

DUMBED: "My, oh my, isn't it wonderful that such big beasts can be taught such exacting work?"

A well-dressed young man presented himself at a recruiting office and expressed his wish to enlist in the Army.

The sergeant in charge asked him the usual questions and duly entered the answers on his sheet. "Occupation?" he enquired.

"Well," said the young man, "I hardly know what to say for that. You see, my gov'nor died and left me a pot of money a year ago and I've just run through the lot. That's why I'm here."

"I see," replied the sergeant, and sat thoughtfully biting his penholder for a few minutes. Then a broad smile broke over his face, and he entered in the necessary column, "brass finisher."

* * * *

The workmen were removing paint from the top of the tower when the foreman called to them from below. The painter leant over to listen and as he did so brought the full blast of the blow lamp against his mate's ear. The mate took no notice for a moment and then said, "Somebody ain't 'alf talking about me, Alf."

* * * *

A chap who had been out of work for some long time met a pal who said to him: "How are you getting on, Bill?" To this Bill replied: "I've got a job as a postman; it's better than walking round the houses."

* * * *

A boy made an application to a football manager for a position as half-back. The manager replied: "You are too young. Come and see me when you are older." Some time later he applied again, but the manager said: "I told you you are not old enough." The boy replied: "But I've seen the local team play and it has put years on me."

* * * *

The worried-looking man addressed the chemist.

"I want some arsenic for my mother-in-law."

"Have you a doctor's prescription?" asked the chemist.

"No, but here's a photograph of her."

* * * *

At a New Year's Eve dance the local doctor, a gay Lothario, most unpopular in the town, addressed a pretty girl: "Ah, I've caught you under the mistletoe."

"No, doctor," replied the girl, as she released herself from his embrace, "there's only one thing you'll ever have a chance of kissing me under."

"And what's that?"

"An anaesthetic."

The actor was telling a confrere that he had got a part upon a novel financial arrangement. "The manager said," explained the actor, "that at the end of the week I'd be paid whatever they thought my services were worth, and what do you think I got?" His face reddened with wrath as he exploded, "Thirty bob."

"But," said his alleged friend, maintaining a straight face, "what was the extra quid for?"

* * * *

"The dinner was delicious. You must have an old family cook."

"Yes, indeed, she's been with us ten or twelve meals."

* * * *

A Cockney went for a trip in an aeroplane. When he came down he said to the pilot: "Thanks for them two rides."

"But you've only had one," replied the pilot.

"Listen to me," continued the Cockney, earnestly, "I've 'ad two—the first and the larst."

* * * *

CUSTOMS OFFICER: "What is your name?"

CHINESE EMIGRANT: "Sneeze."

CUSTOMS OFFICER: "Is that your real name?"

CHINESE EMIGRANT: "No, me translate it to velly good English—Ah Choo, real name."

* * * *

After being dumb for ten years a man recovered his speech when run into by a motor-car, says a news item. We understand that his opening remarks struck the motorist speechless.

* * * *

There is no thrill to rival that of pillion-riding, says a motorcyclist.

In fact, it makes ones whole being vibrate.

* * * *

The stage manager was trying frantically to prevent the stubborn, unfunny comedian from going in front of the curtains to take his bow.

"Listen to them booing," said the manager.

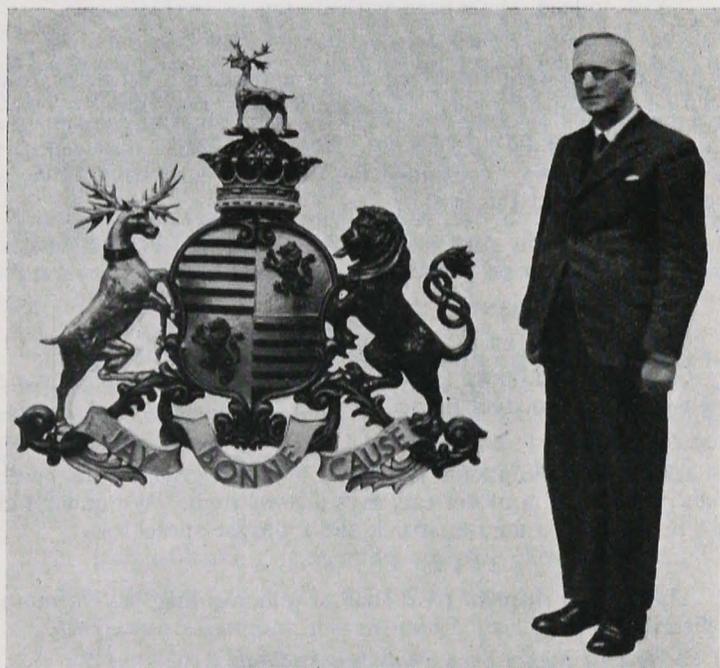
"But there's some clapping among the booing," retorted the unperturbed comedian.

"Yes," retorted the exasperated man, "but that's for the booing."

BRANCHES.

BRISTOL.

By very gracious permission of the Marquess of Bath, K.G., the Thynne Coat of Arms, as here reproduced, is now proudly borne above the entrance to the Bath Arms Hotel, Cheddar, thus linking up this most modern of our road houses, and its time-honoured Wessex associations, from the early fourteenth century, with the romantic pages of Somerset's history.



Even in feudal times these uncharted woodlands and green hills held a deep-rooted fascination for the nobles of that age who, with their retinue, came ariding with befitting pageantry through the leafy bowers and unspoiled solitudes of the Mendips, as have so many of the bravest and fairest in our land of every age; and as though still conscious of its proud heritage through the years, this rare gem of old England even to-day never fails to radiate that air of dignified charm to all beholders—a serene indifference to the march of time and the clamour of life.

Gazing across, from the Bath Arms to the old market cross which still guards the junction of the Wells-Axbridge-Bristol road, one can in fancy picture the colourful and ever-changing scenes which this famous highway has witnessed; in a long procession of blue-blooded gallants and their ladies who daily sought the warm hospitality of the old house, and rubbed shoulders under its rafters with their less favoured contemporaries who also found comfort and good cheer within its walls.

To preserve that road-comradeship will be our earnest endeavour, so that the new Bath Arms may in its fullest sense live up to the illustrious past, and with "Good Reason" may long continue to give to lovely Cheddar, and to those who visit her, a standard of service worthy of its time-honoured name and the County of Somerset.

DESCRIPTION-HERALDIC.

(Shield ... First and fourth quarters. Gold field with barry of ten.

Second and third quarters. Silver field, red lion rampant.

Dexter ... Reindeer statant, collared sable.

Sinister ... Lion rampant, tail nowed and erect, crest on a wreath of colours, "I have good reason."

Surmounted by coronet with reindeer gorged.)

Cast in solid bronze (and weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ cwts.), with its colours in rich enamel, the Coat of Arms is a delight to the eye, and a triumph for the designing skill of Messrs. Gardiner, Sons & Co., Ltd., Bristol, whose chief sculptor, Mr. C. F. Oakes, prepared the special model in plasticine. Our deep appreciation to the College of Arms and to the Private Secretary to the Marquess of Bath should also be recorded for their help towards the accomplishment of the rare honour which has been conferred upon this ancient, yet very modern, member of the "Hop Leaf" family.

PORTSMOUTH.

Group Capt. J. C. Russell, D.S.O., commanding the R.A.F. Station at Thorney Island, has been promoted to Air Commodore in the New Year List. Since the war he has served in India. He was mentioned in despatches for operations in Waziristan and in Palestine. He has also commanded the R.A.F. Stations at Aldershot and Scampton. Air Commodore Russell played Rugby football for the R.A.F. for several years and was captain of the team between 1924 and 1930.

Fog obscured the view of relatives of the crew when H.M.S. *Berwick*, the 10,000-ton cruiser, sailed from Portsmouth for the West Indies station, where she is taking the place of the *Apollo*, which has been renamed *Hobart* and transferred to the Royal Australian Navy. In March she is due to relieve the *York* as flagship of the Commander-in-Chief (Vice-Admiral Sir Sidney Meyrick, K.C.B.). Last October the *Berwick* was commissioned at Chatham, where she has undergone extensive repairs. She is commanded by Captain L. M. Palmer, D.S.O.

The two English bowlers, K. I. Cross (the English singles champion) and his father, C. P. Cross, both members of the Cosham Bowling Club, have been eliminated from both the singles and pairs events in the New Zealand Bowls Championship. K. I. Cross reached the last 11 in the singles. Father and son were partners in the pairs and survived the qualifying stages, but were beaten in the competition proper.

For the first time the Fleet Air Arm is to have a depot and supply ship specially designed for the purpose and one of the oldest names in the Royal Navy has been chosen for this vessel. She will be called H.M.S. *Unicorn*, a name which has been in use for four centuries and has been borne by ten earlier ships. The first *Unicorn* in the Royal Navy was built by the Scotch and captured from them off Leith by the fleet under Lord Lisle in 1544. She was sold in 1555 for £10. There were two *Unicorns* at the Armada. The last *Unicorn* was built 115 years ago and is still in service, for she is now serving as a drillship for the R.N. Volunteer Reserve. When the new ship is completed the old will probably hide her identity under the name of *Unicorn II*.

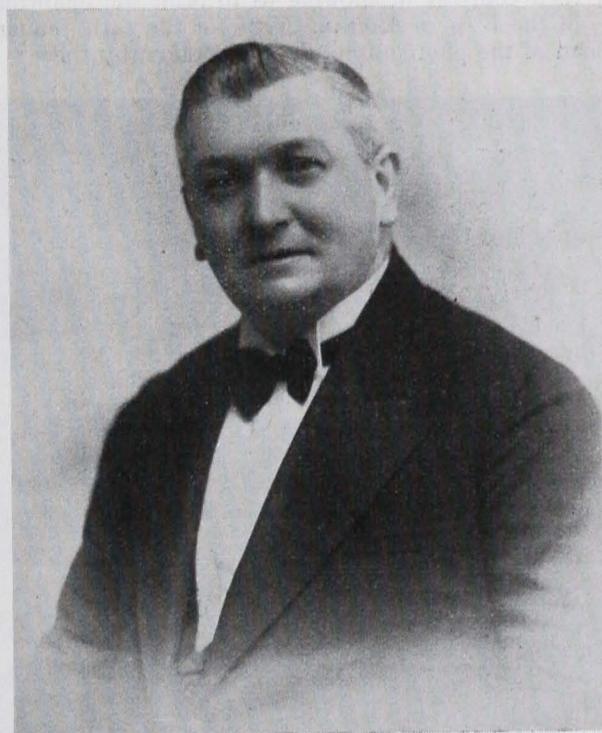
From the Portsmouth *Evening News* "Daily Smile": "The bus was crossing Westminster Bridge. 'Say, conductor,' called the American, looking over into the Thames, 'what do you call this stream here.' 'Darn it,' replied the conductor, 'the radiator must be leaking!'"

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

We have many advantages over watering places in various parts of the English coast and Paignton is the only one in England that can offer Big Game Hunting. A Leopard escaped from the Primley Zoological Gardens and was at liberty for two days. A number of sportsmen went after it and it was at last shot and the owner of the Zoo allowed Major S. A. Yorke, who "spotted" and

killed the Leopard, to retain the skin. Quite a unique trophy to own a skin of a Devonshire Leopard!

Mr. F. Preston, the manager of our Wine Stores at Brixham, was presented with a gold watch by the Brixham Constitutional Club on his resignation as Honorary Secretary. He held this position for a great number of years and was most popular with



Mr. Frank Preston.

the members of the Club and Party. Mr. Preston greatly appreciates a letter he has received from Mr. Charles Williams, the Member of Parliament for the Torquay Division, thanking him for his great help.

Mr. Preston is also Hon. Treasurer of the Brixham Amateur Operatic and Dramatic Society.

The Antony Farmers' Union annual dinner was held at the Commercial Hotel, Millbrook, on the 13th January. Mr. R. G.

Paynter presided and made a most interesting speech. Among those present were Sir John Carew Pole and Messrs. F. M. Jesty (Secretary, Cornwall Farmers' Union), R. Maddever, J. Rundle, F. Passmore, A. C. West, A. E. Lyne, H. Hutchings, A. Smith, S. T. Roseveare, F. Giles, W. J. Jolliffe, H. J. Haines, W. R. Sobey and the Rev. B. W. Benskin, Vicar of Antony.

Mr. W. H. H. Mogridge is our tenant at the Crown & Anchor, Brixham, and we are indebted to the Western Morning News Co., Ltd., for their courtesy in allowing us to print the following from the issue of the *Western Morning News* for the 14th January and for the loan of the photograph, especially taken by them:—



[Reprinted by kind permission of The Western Morning News Co., Ltd., Plymouth.

Coxswain W. H. H. Mogridge.

"It is announced that the Royal National Lifeboat Institution has awarded its silver medal to Coxswain W. H. H. Mogridge, of the Torbay Lifeboat, its thanks on vellum to each of the seven members of his crew, a money award of £3 8s. 6d. each to Coxswain and crew, a letter of thanks to the honorary secretary, Mr. H. M. Smardon, and letters of thanks to others.

"The Institution's awards have been made in connection with the rescue of two men of the crabber *Channel Pride*, of Dartmouth, on December 9th, 1938. A gale was blowing, the crabber was dragging her anchors, and the lifeboat, guided by a beacon on the top of the cliffs, went alongside in the darkness and rescued her two men, when the crabber was only 30 yards from the cliffs, with heavy seas breaking clean over her.

"Coxswain Mogridge has now won a medal for gallantry three times. He was awarded the bronze medal in 1935 and a second-service clasp to his bronze medal in 1937. On each occasion the members of his crew were awarded the Institution's thanks on vellum. Coxswain Mogridge's first award was granted in connection with a lifeboat service to the Cherbourg trawler *Satanicle*, when her skipper-owner was rescued, and the second medal award was in connection with the rescue of 54 men from the British steamer *English Trader* at the entrance to Dartmouth harbour during a severe south-south-east gale.

"The two fishermen who were rescued are named C. Courtney, of Beesands, and A. Tucker, of Dartmouth. After they were rescued the men were taken to Brixham. The crew of the lifeboat were W. H. H. Mogridge (Coxswain), W. Pillar (Second Coxswain), R. T. Harris (motor mechanic), E. Lamswood (assistant mechanic), F. C. Sanders (bowman and signaller) and Lifeboatmen F. Tucker, C. Bickford and F. Lamswood."

The National Lifeboat service has been very much in the news this month and we greatly regret the terrible loss of life in the St. Ives Lifeboat disaster. We tender our deepest sympathy to the bereaved ones.

The storms have been most terrific and the West of England has suffered greatly. A number of wrecks have occurred, with numerous casualties. Our harbours have been full of distressed ships which have had to put in for shelter. The big liners have also had a rough time and the passengers were tipped out of their beds and bunks.

This is the worst winter we have had for a great number of years.

GIBRALTAR.

By the time these notes appear in print the year 1939 will have commenced, and it will be pleasant to know that through the medium of the GAZETTE we shall be wishing the Directors, members of the Staff and all readers at home and overseas a really prosperous New Year in every respect.

The Xmas season passed by in the old accustomed way with all social gatherings enjoying it to the full ; our Agents here having experienced a very busy time trying to cope with the many demands thrust upon them, "Simonds Ale" being considered necessary by all Messes and places of enjoyment to make the festive days complete. Very good work indeed, and a good record on the part of the Firm's popular representative, Mr. E. B. Cottrell.

One of the outstanding events during the Xmas was the Farewell Regimental Ball given at the Assembly Rooms by the Warrant Officers and Sergeants of the 2nd Bn. The Royal Norfolk Regiment who are leaving for home this month, after spending two years at the Rock. The occasion was a great success, over 300 guests being present, including H.E. the Governor and Lady Ironside. A very enjoyable evening due to the untiring efforts of the "departing committee" under C.S.M. Cockaday. Many friends of the battalion will be missed when they say farewell on the 18th and we wish them bon voyage and the best of luck in the Home Country.

The newly formed Mess of the Warrant Officers and Sergeants of the R.A.P.C. scored a record at their Xmas Draw and Xmas Party. The Commanding Officer, who visited the function, was surprised to see the wonderful array of Ale, Wines and Spirits that were displayed in the hall. Only their first show, so our local Agents will have to be prepared.

At the R.A.S.C. Mess we have welcomed a new arrival, S.S.M. Farmer out from home and who has already been elected Mess President. Several enjoyable evenings have been spent lately and great things are expected from him during his term of office.

H.M.S. *Inglefield* has already left us to return to Malta, after a happy sojourn at the Rock, and we are trying to brave the forthcoming event of saying goodbye to H.M.S. *Vanoc* which completes her service on the station on the 20th after two-and-a-half years as the Local Defence Destroyer. The Ships' Company took the opportunity of saying goodbye at the Farewell Dance held on the 11th December. A grand evening and a busy time for the Brewer!

Already there are signs of the approaching Spring Cruise, looked forward to so much in order to greet our friends from over

the sea. *Centurion, Shikari, Ark Royal, Wren* and the new cruiser *Liverpool* have given us a call bringing with them much activity to an almost deserted harbour, but next week the squadrons will be here and there are busy times ahead.

The renovations of the Agency Offices and Warehouse are now nearing completion and the vast improvements are noticeable both to customers and staff alike. We very much hope to shew our readers in the homeland, by means of a photo, that we too, try to keep abreast of the times.

May we end these notes in offering our congratulations to the Firm's representative and Mrs. Cottrell on the arrival of a baby son.

NEWBURY.

The many friends of Mr. J. W. Cook will be pleased to know that he has recovered from his recent illness and is now back at work. During his absence, which lasted for nearly two months, the remainder of the Staff worked willingly to meet the extra demands made on them and dealt with many matters relating to our numerous Houses in this district most efficiently.

With their usual enterprise the Committee of Newbury Conservative Club have persuaded Joe Davis and Tom Newman to give an exhibition of snooker at the Club during the early part of February. Members are assured of an interesting evening by these two great exponents of the game. The hard-working and conscientious Honorary Secretary, Mr. F. E. Chivers, is expecting a "bumper gate" and no doubt the genial and popular Steward, Mr. A. V. Watson, will be kept fully occupied serving our draught and bottled beers.

Newbury Rugby Club are having one of the best seasons ever. Since last February the 1st XV have only lost one match. Truly a magnificent record. Three regular fifteens are fielded every Saturday and occasionally four. Our Mr. F. H. Adnams is captain of the club and the headquarters are at The Rokeby Arms, Newtown Road, where Mine Host, Mr. George Kinch, dispenses the hospitality for which the club is renowned. Perhaps local prowess in this particular sport may be connected with the fact that rugby football was first played in the town in 1873. The club's roots, therefore, are deep and firm and, judging by the flourishing state of its "branches," embedded in fertile soil.

OXFORD.

I enclose herewith a photograph of a bobtailed Sheep Dog named "Lassie," which has reached me in the form of a Christmas

Card from a customer, Mr. E. Durham of 4 Beaumont Street, Oxford. I also enclose a further photograph of the dog.

Mr. Durham assures my traveller that "Lassie" is very partial to Milk Stout and I thought the enclosed might make an item of interest for readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.



"Lassie" saying grace.



"Lassie" sups.