

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 6.



Mr. P. F. KNAPP.

Mr. P. F. KNAPP.

Mr. P. F. Knapp, whose portrait fills our front page this month, is the Second Brewer at our main Brewery at Reading, where he has completed twenty-five years' service with the Firm. During this time the Brewing Industry has made striking advances in adapting itself to the requirements of the public, particularly in the production of the present day sedimentless bottled beers.

An enlightened public nowadays require a bottled beer which does not need such careful handling as the older style of bottled beers which became thick when disturbed. This has been a special study of our Brewing Department and it is now generally recognised that our bottled beers are as near perfection as can be expected.

Mr. Knapp retains lively recollections of brewing in War-time when everything was "controlled," even to the pounds of coal and units of electricity used per barrel of beer brewed. For a long time the weekly brewing operations went on continuously day and night to meet the enormous demands of the British Army as well as Colonial Troops who were brought to this country for training. Throughout this period regular hours of working were scrapped and almost superhuman efforts were needed by the Brewery Staff to cope with the trade. In those strenuous days Mr. Knapp proved his real value to the Firm in carrying out his exacting duties.

For several years Mr. Knapp was a member of the Reading Cricket Club and also played for the Brewery, when he earned a reputation as a bowler. He has now retired in favour of the younger members and contents himself with an occasional game of mild tennis.



EDITORIAL.

"SOME OTHER DOG . . . BUT . . ."

The other month I quoted a verse from "My Dog and Yours," a charming book by Joe Walker. Several readers wrote expressing their appreciation of the lines. Here is another verse:—

Master, I'm getting very old. Somehow I know
That soon I'll have to leave you. When I go
Will you feel sad to find that Jock's not there
Waiting, till you come down, beside your chair?
Our walks, and those long evenings by the fire,
Just you and me—what more could I desire?
But soon I'll have to leave you. Don't forget . . .
After a while . . . another dog . . . and yet . . .
(I wonder if you understand just what I mean)
Some other dog . . . but . . . *not* an Aberdeen.

A SAD LITTLE CEREMONY.

And speaking of dogs reminds me of a sad little ceremony I witnessed the other day in a village not far from Reading. A certain lady and gentleman are very fond of dogs and they kept six of different kinds—now there are only five. The mastiff has died and it was his funeral that I am referring to. There were the master and mistress of the household and their children, personal friends, servants, and five dogs following the coffin which was lowered into a grave in a meadow. And as the remains of the poor old dog were being laid to rest, up trotted a horse, which had been on the friendliest terms with the mastiff and seemed determined to pay his last tribute of affection. As I have said, it was a sad little ceremony. As the sorrowful procession moved slowly back to the house I moved away slowly, too, and as I did so I recalled those words quoted above—with a slight variation:—

Don't forget . . .
After a while . . . another dog . . . and if
(I wonder if you understand just what I mean)
Some other dog . . . but . . . *not* a mastiff.

VISIT TO MORTIMER MEN'S CLUB.

The other Saturday evening I was privileged to accompany other members of our Social Club to meet the members of the Mortimer Men's Club. An excellent series of games was played and chief interest centred in the billiards match, Sir George Mowbray v. Mr. Clements. Both gave an excellent display, Sir George proving the winner by a very narrow margin of points. By the way, what a charming gentleman he is! He played games, chatted and joked with many of us. He seemed to enjoy our company. We certainly

enjoyed his. As he played so well to win at Billiards, some wag presented him with a prize. It was carefully wrapped up in paper and when Sir George opened the parcel he found—a big Spanish onion! It was not its intrinsic worth that made the onion so acceptable, but its "scent"-imental value. The joke went down well with the audience and so did the onion with the sandwiches.

POVERTY AND WEALTH.

The following wise words by Andrew Carnegie are worth repeating:—

"I was born in poverty and would not exchange its sacred memories with the richest millionaire's son who ever breathed. What does he know about mother or father? These are mere names to him. Give me the life of the boy whose mother is nurse, seamstress, washerwoman, cook, teacher, angel and saint, all in one, and whose father is guide, exemplar and friend. No servants to come between. These are the boys who are born to the best fortune. Some men think that poverty is a dreadful burden, and that wealth leads to happiness. What do they know about it? They know only one side; they imagine the other. I have lived both, and I know there is very little in wealth that can add to human happiness beyond the small comforts of life. Millionaires who laugh are rare. My experience is that wealth is apt to take the smiles away."

ANOTHER FISHING STORY.

"Is your husband still so absent-minded?"

"Worse than ever. Yesterday he brought a pike back from shooting, and to-day he brought a hare from fishing."

"CLAMP AND DAMMY."

The village schoolroom had recently been re-decorated and the occasion was celebrated by a meeting of the parishioners. Just as it was about to commence, the nervous young curate entered and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, as the schoolroom is somewhat clamp and dammy, the meeting will be hauled in the hell beneath."

DESERVES A BETTER JOB!

The phantasma of the average "sandwichman" is not always fully appreciated. His profession must be rather wearisome. But recently a bright idea illumined the mind of one of these itinerant placardmen. A wedding was taking place at Christ

Church and the bride and bridegroom were walking down the churchyard to the waiting motor car. With a twinkle in his eye, the sandwichman halted and stood facing the procession, with his board in full view. On the poster, in large type, appeared:—

FOR
KITCHEN UTENSILS
AND
HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES
AT
LOWEST PRICES

GO TO TIMOTHY WHITES, WHITLEY STREET,

A keen man and worthy of a better job.

FROM GLASGOW!

Among 500 applications for 25 posts in the Southend police force were two from Glasgow sent in the same envelope.

SHERRY AS AN APPETISER.

William Arbuthnot Lane, the health expert, says:—

"If a person desires an appetiser before a meal, sherry is easily the best drink. If you drink good sherry you know where you are. It does not spoil your taste or your stomach. I believe that when a man is down or out of sorts, alcohol is one of the most wonderful things in the world. It is absorbed at once in the stomach. I have the greatest belief in alcohol used judiciously."

THE COMMON COLD.

The United States Public Health Service asserts that, after all, draughts may help to cause colds. That was good Victorian doctrine, and it would be a pity to see it swept aside by modern science and the tendency to blame everything on germs. Draughts chill the blood vessels, the heating system of the body goes wrong, and then the germs begin to perk up. That, in brief, is the modern theory, but there is a good deal of mystery about it still. If just feeling cold made you catch cold, then the thousands of people who watch football matches should all be in hospital by now. There must be other factors, some of which are still hidden. Perhaps the four-year research on which experts are working may reveal them. The main thing is to build up resistance by keeping fit and warm, and the best way to do that is to drink Simonds' nourishing stouts and beers.

"GEE! IT IS GREAT."

"Gee, but it is great to be in this country and to be able to have a drop of real wine with a meal," said Mr. Ralph P. King, a cameraman for Fox News, when interviewed on his way to join an expedition to the north-west of Australia. "Prohibition in America," Mr. King added, "is a farce. Nobody wants it, and its results are harmful. People pay exorbitant prices for liquor which is really poison. Two drinks of bootleg liquor and you are sending telegrams to yourself!"

"THE HAMPDEN ARMS."

The passing of the seventh Earl of Buckinghamshire recalls that he was the licensee of a public-house, the "Hampden Arms." This tiny inn, with its partly thatched roof, would pass as a pleasing specimen of a Chiltern cottage, were it not for its proud heraldic sign and notice revealing the identity of its distinguished licensee.

DRINK AND CRIME.

Delivering his charge to the Grand Jury at the winter assizes for the City of Norwich and County of Norfolk on February 4th, 1930, Mr. Justice McCardie said:—

"I hope that the Grand Juries of this county take an interest in considering the causes which lead to crime. More than once I have had occasion to refer to the topic recently, and I venture to repeat what I have said before. It is this: As I look into the records of my Assizes I am struck—profoundly struck—by the fact that poverty has little to do with the cause of serious crime, and I am still more struck with the fact that drink, contrary to common supposition, has very little to do indeed, nowadays, with the serious crimes which are committed. The real causes of crime to-day are, as I have said before, the fundamental faults of human nature—lust and greed, and anger and jealousy. I mention these things because I should rejoice that all citizens of the county take an active, vigilant, and sympathetic interest in the administration of criminal justice of the realm."

A SPORTING RETROSPECT.

"The coming of February 1st, the last day of shooting, makes one look back 50, 60 years," writes Mr. George Manners, of Little Haddon Hall, Woodbridge, in *The Times*. "I recall the fat old keeper at Cheveley Park, now alas! demolished—the beautiful old walled garden a desert, the lovely and historic terrace, dating from Charles II, dismantled, its unique vases, 250 years old, scattered—a veritable tragedy.

To return to the keeper, with his stiff bowler hat, his velveteen coat with capacious pockets, his trusty "Joe Manton" under his arm, his powder flask slung over one shoulder, his shot flask slung over the other, one pocket full of wads, and a small outside one full of caps. The beaters—all good fellows—in pleated smocks, looking jolly and hearty and keen for the day's fun, and a good feed with some real good home-brewed ale, clear nut brown with a sparkle in it—none of your 1930 swipes.

At last all is ready and the start is made, the curly-coated retrievers frisking about and wagging their tails with delight. And what a business it was when the game began to show! A cock pheasant gets up. Off goes one barrel of the old muzzle-loader. The other has to be half-cocked. The powder flask is produced and the charge measured out. Then a wad is put in and rammed down by the ramrod, which is produced like a bayonet. Then the shot flask measures out its charge, another wad is introduced, and again the ramrod performs its duty, this time with a final plunge down which gives a metallic, musical sound as it bounces upward and is restored to its proper position. The last touch is the fitting of the cap; and on we go again. The insertion of a cartridge, and its ejection, is quicker than all this; but it did not take as long in practised hands as it sounds. And then at the close, as we stood by the lodge gates, the charges either had to be drawn (a slow and troublesome process) or they had to be fired. So there was generally a grand fusillade to finish with.

We enjoyed ourselves quite as much as, perhaps more than, we do in these days of tax collectors and telephones and general worries. May the day be far off when the fair face of England fails to produce its sport, which is healthy and invigorating, and brings all classes together in a common interest.

FIVE THOUSAND TIDDLERS.

The schoolboy anglers of London should have a wonderful season this year: two of their favourite ponds on Hampstead Heath and Wandsworth Common have been stocked with five thousand good fat tiddlers!

The dearth of tiddlers in the London ponds has caused great concern for some time. Last year some M.P.s tried to get the Government interested in the question—but without result.

When, however, the Thames Angling Preservation Society heard how poor the fishing prospects were in the parks their hearts were touched and they at once offered to supply some thousands of tiddlers. The London County Council gladly accepted.

And so one cold Sunday morning several members of the T.A.P.S. took their big net to the quarry lakes at Ham and hauled up a fine catch of tiddlers (bleak) which, they doubtless hope, will encourage the schoolboy Waltons to follow the peaceful art.

BOIL IT DOWN.

I commend the following lines, by an unknown American author, to the attention of any would-be contributor:—

If you's got a thought that's happy—
Boil it down.

Make it short and crisp and snappy—
Boil it down.

When your brain its coin has minted,
Down the page your pen has sprinted,
If you want your effort printed—
Boil it down.

Take out every surplus letter
Boil it down.

Fewer syllables the better—
Boil it down.

Make your meaning plain. Express it
So we'll know—not merely guess it;
Then, my friend, ere you address it—
Boil it down.

Cut out all the extra trimmings—
Boil it down.

Skim it well—then skim the skimmings—
Boil it down.

When you're sure 'twould be a sin to
Cut another sentence into,
Send it on, and we'll begin to

BOIL IT DOWN.

BRIEFS.

"Every time I pass a public house I have a feeling of great sorrow," says a "temperance" lecturer. So have we—if it is not open.

"Prohibition in America seems to encourage everything crooked," says a returned traveller. Except the corkscrew!

Statistics show that two out of every three salmon on some Canadian rivers are canned. Which explains the origin of the expression "drinking like a fish"!

Prohibition enforcement is producing staggering results.

A Scotchman is a man who eats salted peanuts on the way to his friend's house for a drink.

"Put temptations behind you," urges a reformer. Americans do—in their hip pockets.

LIFE.

Man comes into this world without his consent, and leaves it against his will. On earth he is misjudged and misunderstood. In infancy he is an angel; in boyhood he is a devil; in manhood he is a fool. If he has a wife and family he is a chump; if a bachelor he is inhuman. If he enters a public house he is a drunkard; if he stops out he is a miser. If he is a poor man he has no brains; if he is rich he has had all the luck in the world. If he has brains he is considered smart but dishonest. If he goes to church he is a hypocrite; if he stays away he is a sinful man. If he gives to a charity it is for advertisement; if he does not he is stingy and mean. When he comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him; before he goes out everybody wants to kick him. If he dies young there was a great future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age everybody hopes he has made a will. Life is a funny proposition!

PARLIAMENT AND THE TRADE.

"For the purposes of this Act 'pure beer' means beer made from barley-malt and hops, mixed with water and fermented with yeast, to which sugar may be added to an amount not exceeding 15 per cent. of that total," is the description of beer given in the operative clause of a Pure Beer Bill. Introduced in the House of Commons by Mr. Smith-Carington, Conservative member for the Rutland and Stamford Division, "backed" by Colonel Acland-Troyte (Conservative), Tiverton Division; Captain Bourne (Con.), Oxford; and Sir Joseph Lamb (Con.), Stone Division of Stafford.



A CLEVER DRAWING BY MR. W. GIDDY.



"WELCOMED EVERYWHERE."

With apologies to H. & G. Simonds Ltd. latest poster.

BREWERY TENANTS' DANCE.

HAPPY EVENING AT OLYMPIA.

About 400 dancers were attracted to Olympia, Reading, when Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Retailers' Society held their ninth annual dance.

A thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent, the music being provided by the Symphonic Orchestra. Mr. Street was an efficient M.C. A number of prizes were given for spot dances and lucky tickets, and dancing was continued until two o'clock in the morning.

The officials who were responsible for the arrangements consisted entirely of local licensed victuallers, and included the following: President, Mr. W. Pearce; vice-president, Mr. A. Wheeler; treasurer, Mr. F. Bargery; committee, Messrs. A. Froome, George Warner, T. and G. Lawrence, C. B. and L. Duguid, H. Hazell, W. Moorcock, W. A. Constable, H. Smart, H. Tucker, H. Pennell, G. H. Davies, A. Blake, J. W. Arlett, H. Britton, E. Benger and R. Bryant, and the hon. secretary, Mr. J. T. Adams.

Prizes were won by the following, all of whom reside in Reading:—Ticket: 1, Miss Blake, The Bell, Oxford Road; 2, No. 490, not claimed; chair: 1, Mr. Winterburn, "Highbury," Basingstoke Road; 2, Miss Rosier, 83, Albert Road; spot dance: 1, Mrs. Palmer, 92, Cholmeley Road, and Mrs. Watkins, 83, Highgrove Street; 2, Mr. and Mrs. Cole, 1, Amity Road; lucky "S.B." bottle: Mr. MacPherson; lucky oatmeal stout bottle, Mrs. Waite, 25, Wolseley Street; cloak room ticket: Miss Marlow, 84, Rupert Street.

The prizes were handed to the winners by Mrs. A. Wheeler, of The Blue Lion, Coley, Reading, the wife of the vice-president.

THE LADIES OF THE BARGE.

A thrilling rescue took place alongside the Brewery early last month. A horse which was towing a barge along the canal, was suddenly towed by the barge, with the result that he took an impromptu dive into the icy cold water. The promptness with which the ladies lassooed the poor animal and thereby kept its head above water, whilst manipulating the barge to the bank, was deserving of the highest commendation, and it is hoped their gallant action met with due reward.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

In last month's HOP LEAF GAZETTE I wrote of a day's fishing under ideal weather conditions. How different was the following Sunday, January 26th! A biting north-east wind was blowing and why, I do not know, but fish will not feed, as a rule, with the wind in that quarter. From a "catch" point of view I knew it was little use going, but I like to fish under adverse conditions occasionally, for you are bound to learn something. Well, I tried my luck in the Thames. I paternostered for pike with a little bleak and settled down, endeavouring to entice the roach in a likely-looking swim. I did not have a single bite. Not only was a strong icily-cold wind blowing, but heavy rain was falling, too, and when the water began to run right through my cap and down into my back I thought it time to pack up.

"STICK IT CHARLIE!"

I did not realise how cold I was until I went to tie my rods together. My hands were much swollen with the cold, and as for my fingers, they were so numbed that I had completely lost the use of them and I had to use my teeth before I could tie my rods together.

On my way home I passed a brother angler whom I know well and he exclaimed "What, Charlie, not going to stick it, I am surprised!" I wished him luck, but noticed that he overtook me on his bicycle before I had reached the end of the promenade. And HE had not had a bite!

132 ANGLERS—12 FISH!

The other Wednesday, 132 anglers from the London General Omnibus Company Sports Association participated in a fishing competition. The string of fishermen extended from Caversham Bridge nearly to Keel's and they caught twelve fish between them! The biggest weighed just over 11 oz. and this fish won for its captor a valuable prize. Some of the anglers had some very expensive tackle, but the whole outfit of this prize-winning angler only cost him 2s. 9d., and he was by no means an expert at the art. It was interesting to study the different modes employed by these disciples of Izaak Walton. They used all kinds of bait—worms, hempseed, boiled wheat, bread paste, tiny crusts of bread, elder-berries, gentles, and St. Ivel cheese. And what a feed the fish must have had, for I should think at least half-a-hundred-weight of ground bait must have been thrown into the Thames. I noticed many of the anglers had by their sides large bottles of "S.B." These were *not* for the fish!

WHAT A DREAM!

They were a jolly lot of fellows. One laid his mackintosh on the grass, made himself comfortable and went sound asleep. He awoke with a start and when asked what was the matter, jocularly replied that he dreamt someone had caught a fish!

On January 8th I caught a couple of pike in the Hardwicke Reach, Mapledurham, though the wind was again in the wrong quarter. I was fishing from the bank. A brother angler, in a punt, landed one about 9 lb. on very light tackle. He handled the fish splendidly and had to coax it for a long time before he got it alongside the boat and a friend gaffed it.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

On this occasion I was particularly interested in a pair of tufted duck. It was the black and white of the male bird that first attracted my attention. He was a wonderful diver and remained under water so long that I took out my watch and the next time he dived I timed how long he was actually out of sight. It was exactly 1½ minutes. He was diving in deep water.

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Fancy, by the time these notes appear it will be March and we shall soon be looking out for our little friend the chaff-chaff and finding the nest of the long-tailed tit. Of all seasons, I think Spring is the most wonderful. It is the resurrection time for Nature, and is it merely a coincidence that Eastertide is in Spring-time too? Whether by meadow, wood, river or pond, what wonders are being unfolded, what countless miracles wrought! Trout will be rising in the rivers, the birds will be busy building in the woods, cuckoo flowers and king cups will be carpeting the water meadows with mauve and gold. And then the ponds! Here you may watch the water-boatmen swimming on their backs with two oars spread cross-wise. Oxford and Cambridge crews could learn much from them. Nor will you ever see such wonderful skating as that performed by the pond skaters, those little creatures that it seems impossible to submerge. Look out also for the grub of the large dragon-fly. He fills his funnel-like hinder-parts with water, spirts it out again and thus propels himself along. You will also see the little red grubs of the mosquitoes spinning around, twisting and turning. Later on they will cast off their coats and then set sail on these fragile craft before taking flight, perhaps to settle on your leg and give you a "gnat bite."

But I must not take you farther to-day or you will be tired—in more senses than one!

TRUE TEMPERANCE MONOGRAPHS.

WHAT EMINENT MEN SAY.

There is a valuable little book entitled True Temperance Monographs. In it eminent men deal with questions relating to fermented beverages and from it I make the following extracts:—

A DEAD, UNJOYOUS WORLD.

Mr. C. A. Mercier, M.D., F.R.C.P., etc., writes as follows:—

“A world of total abstainers might be a decorous world, a prim and proper world, a world perhaps a little too conscious of its own merits and too tolerant of the prig, but there is no evidence to make us believe that it would be an uncontentious or unprejudiced world, or a world from which intemperance of speech, intolerance of opinion, or absurdity in reasoning would be banished; and there is some evidence to make us anxious lest it should be a drab, inartistic, undecorated, unjoyous world, a world without poetry, without music, without painting, without romance; as destitute of humour as of logic, taking sadly what pleasures it allowed itself, and rather priding itself on its indifference to the charms of wine, woman and song.

WHAT WE OWE TO ALCOHOL.

Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., says:—

“None of the great masters of medicine and surgery in modern times, much less in ancient, have joined in the outcry against alcohol, or have despised its aid in the practice of their calling. Sir James Paget, great surgeon and wise man, wrote as follows: ‘My study makes me as sure, as I would ever venture to be on any such question that there is not yet any evidence sufficient to make it probable that a moderate habitual use of alcoholic drinks is generally or even to many persons injurious, and that there are sufficient reasons for believing that such an habitual use is on the whole and generally beneficial.’ Lord Lister, one of the greatest benefactors of his species, reared in the Society of Friends, ordered wine for his patients when he thought it needful, and took wine himself. He told me that in his later years he could not comfortably get through a dinner party without a little wine. Sir William Jenner, that accomplished clinician, although devoted to tea, of which he partook without detriment three or four times a day, also indulged in wine, and used it skilfully in his practice. Sir Andrew Clark, a medical philosopher inclined to stoicism and at one time denunciatory of alcohol, modified his views, and in his mature years sought refuge from some of the little

worries of life in a glass of champagne with dinner. Sir William Broadbent, that sagacious practitioner, adhered to the old custom of taking a glass of port after dinner and used alcohol as an indispensable tool in his art. Sir Lauder Brunton, the beloved physician, somewhat grudgingly admitted that ‘alcohol may be very good when properly used.’ Deprecating its use by the young and the strong, except as an occasional luxury and especially as a pick-me-up by those who have to work in spurts, he allowed that in those who are past middle life and whose strength is declining with advancing years, in those who are debilitated by unfavourable external circumstances, or in those who are prostrated by disease, alcohol most clearly exerts a most beneficial action, and, when properly used, becomes as powerful for good as it is for evil when abused.

“Surveying the whole history of alcohol, and estimating the good and the evil it has wrought, an unprejudiced examiner must, I think, conclude that there is an enormous balance of good to its credit. We owe it a grudge, but we owe it a heavy debt of gratitude also. It has thrown down, but it has built up on a far larger scale. It is somehow bound up with human destiny. It has been abused and subjected to abuse, as if it were possessed by a devil, but it still holds its own, and in a multiplicity of ways ministers to the well-being and happiness of mankind. Our aim should be to avail ourselves of the gracious services it offers and to prevent its prostitution.”

THE OLD PUBLIC-HOUSE AND THE NEW.

The late Mr. George R. Sims wrote:—

“The change for the better that has taken place in the drinking habits of the English people during the past fifty years is entirely due to the improved environment in which they have been able to eat and drink and enjoy themselves. It is this improved environment that is the great aim of the advocates of the new public-house which is to take the place of the old. And this new public-house, if the idea of the propagandists be effectively carried out, is to be a place of refreshment which will be socially useful, proper for both sexes and all classes, a gain to the amenities of life, and a *real* encouragement to Temperance.”

DRINK AND INDUSTRIAL UNREST.

His Honour Judge Parry contributes the following:—

“True temperance will be served by encouraging the building of large open houses of resort, in which the sale of drink is merely one of the incidents of the entertainment,

and where a man can spend some of his leisure in pleasant surroundings, and not necessarily apart from his wife and children. There have been very many hopeful experiments of this nature made by the Public-House Trust, but, as the law stands, these efforts are hampered by restrictions which make them unnecessarily expensive, and the old-fashioned licensing authorities give them little encouragement. The new generation will require that the whole subject should be treated with less respect for monopolies and vested interests, and on lines laid down by the people themselves, and not dictated by well-meaning self-appointed moralists. Artificial restrictions and meddling regulations have been tried for many years, and each succeeding licensing scheme has been a greater failure than the last. Education, and a greater leisure for the cultivation of the higher pleasures of life, will bring about more temperate habits of the people, but it is both improbable and undesirable that the English people will in any age that we can foresee give up their accustomed right to good drink. The authorities whose duty it is to guard against industrial unrest must not only see that this is provided in the necessary quantities, but if they are wise rulers, seeking the happiness of their people, must deliver their goods amidst wholesome surroundings, remembering the practical wisdom of that great Englishman who tells us, 'There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.' "

PROHIBITION AND TEMPERANCE.

The Dean of Exeter (H. R. Gamble, D.D.) observes :—

"Experience, then, seems to show that real Prohibition is impossible; it does not, and cannot, work; but even if it were possible, and even if it produced the results which its advocates pretend that it produces, we should still be opposed to it as fatally injurious to the character of any people. In the words of the Bishop of Durham (Dr. Henson), who also writes from 'the Christian standpoint,' 'Prohibition is a "throw-back" to the discredited method of coercion. It violates civic self-respect. Its brutal simplicity insults and destroys liberty. It can but breed in England what it has bred in America—arrogance, hypocrisy, and discontent'; while we may also quote the famous words of Archbishop Magee in which he declared that if there were a choice between the two, 'I would distinctly prefer freedom to sobriety, because with freedom we might in the end attain sobriety; but in the other alternative we should entirely lose both freedom and sobriety.'

"Here, indeed, is the crux of the whole matter. If it were possible to make the whole population sober by force (just as we make a man sober by putting him into prison—so long as he is there), we should gain nothing from 'the Christian standpoint.' For temperance means self-control—not control by others—and there can be no true temperance without freedom. No doubt freedom has its own risks, but experience shows that the risks are worth running, and if any permanent good is to be achieved, it can only be by treating men and women neither as slaves nor as children, but as free and responsible human beings. This does not mean that no restrictions are to be imposed, for there are reasonable restrictions as well as unreasonable; we are not writing in the interests of the drunkard, who can be treated on his own merits or demerits; but we are contending for something quite different—the right of sober men to drink soberly."

A MOTORING BALLAD.

F. Woolworth, once, and Henry Ford, were walking up and down,
(The latter had a worried look, the former wore a frown).

"Would you agree, then," Henry said, "to make it half-a-crown?"
"Impossible," the other cried, "you'll have to bring it down!"

"Good heavens!" Henry Ford exclaimed, "it really can't be did."
But Woolworth obdurately said, "You know the limit, Kid,
I've never charged the public more than sixpence—God forbid
That I should overcharge them now—you're talking through your
lid.

Why, half-a-crown to you or me, to many's half-a-quid."

Still Henry stuck at two-and-six—"My bottom notch," he said,
But Mr. Woolworth pursed his lips and gravely wagged his head,
Till Henry, watching him, despaired, and bitter tears he shed,
And blubbered, "Well, I don't know, but you *are* the limit, Fred!"

"I'm sorry," Mr. Woolworth sniffed, "I wish we could agree,
But if you won't reduce your price, I fear it's not to be—
If we sold things at half-a-crown, we'd soon be up a tree,
A sixpence is our Maximum—and Vive la compagnie!"

Then Henry dashed his tears away—he yelled, "You horrid fake!
Don't you imagine I'm asleep—I'm blinking-well awake!
What! Sell my cars for sixpence each! I'll say that's your mistake,
I want a bit of profit. Hell! *They cost me that to make!*"

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Are the baths here really as wonderful as stated?" "Yes, sir. Absolutely! Look at that lady over yonder; when she came here she walked with two canes and now she walks with two lieutenants."

* * * *

"Well," said the Commander-in-chief, "what do the revolutionaries' truce party want?" "They ask, Excellency," replied his staff officer, "if we will exchange a couple of their generals for a tin of condensed milk."

* * * *

The dentist is a glum person because he is always looking down in the mouth.

But he is thorough because he always gets to the root of the trouble and he has some crowning triumphs!

* * * *

An appropriate epitaph for a dentist:—

"Stranger, approach this spot with gravity,
For here lies John Jones, filling his last cavity!"

* * * *

HE: "To avoid being an old maid, would you go so far as to marry a darned fool?"

SHE: "This is so sudden!"

* * * *

CIRCUS MANAGER: "What's wrong now?"

INDIARUBBER MAN: "Every time the Strong Man writes a letter he uses me to rub out the mistakes."

* * * *

"Literary people rarely commit crimes," says a writer. He evidently doesn't read many modern novels.

* * * *

"But, my dear, whatever do you want with another new coat?" "A new hat."

* * * *

ACTOR (after his first film): "It is wonderful to see oneself on the screen."

MANAGER: "Yes, now you know what the audience has to put up with."

MRS. SMITH: "When my husband comes home at night he always sits in an easy chair and puts his feet up on the mantelpiece."

MRS. BROWN: "Isn't it dreadful!"

MRS. SMITH: "Not so very. When he goes to bed I always find some small change on the chair."

* * * *

The visitor was an ardent prohibitionist. The farmer listened patiently to his impassioned plea.

"And," concluded the visitor, "liquor ruins the body. You can see its evils reflected in the face of the many who drink."

"Well," said the farmer, "my old man just died a while ago at the age of 105. He drank a quart of good corn liquor every day of his life, and say, after he was three days dead he looked better than you do now."—*Boston Transcript*.

* * * *

OFFICER: "How can you tell that prisoner had been celebrating too freely?"

CORPORAL: "Because, sir, 'e was standin' outside 'is tent at twelve o'clock argyfyin' with the sergeant, sir."

OFFICER: "That is no proof that I can see. Scotsmen always argue."

CORPORAL: "But there wer'n't no sergeant there, sir."

* * * *

A farmer is to publish his memoirs. They will take the form of a cereal story, the opening instalment dealing almost entirely with wild oats.

* * * *

After a hurried rush through the night the doctor found his patient in a very bad way. "My dear sir," he said, slowly, "I have been attending you for nine weeks, and have done my best, but I'm afraid that your end is near. Have you any last wish to express?" The patient drew a long breath. "Yes, doctor," he replied, in a faint voice, "I wish I had had another doctor."

* * * *

PERSISTENT WOMAN: "What would you do if you jumped out of the aeroplane and your parachute would not open?"

FED-UP AVIATOR: "Go back and fetch another."

* * * *

HE: "Did I tell you of the fright I got on the links yesterday?"

SHE: "No, but I saw you with her."

HONEYMOON SALAD.

A newly-married couple stopped for lunch at an hotel where the manager was over-attentive. For the tenth time he strode up.

"And what can I do for you now, sir?"

"Some honeymoon salad, please."

"You have me there, sir," replied the manager. "May I ask what it consists of?"

"Just lettuce alone."

* * * *

The new curate had called just about tea-time and had, of course, been asked to stay for the meal. The unfortunate man had an extraordinary large nose, and the mother was obliged to warn her small son, who was both observant and talkative, that no remarks were to be made. During tea the boy's eyes were fixed on the curate's face for such a long time that the mother frowned on the child, whereupon he shouted:—

"It's all right, mother. I'm not going to say anything. I'm only looking at it."

* * * *

All the stage dresses belonging to a revue chorus were stolen just after the last performance.

The police are anxious to trace a man who was seen to leave the theatre carrying a small black bag!

* * * *

A centenarian says that eating raw onions is the secret of his good health. He must be careful not to breathe a word.

* * * *

"This soup tastes strange." "Yes, my old cook has a very bad memory—she began with a chocolate blancmange and ended up with turtle soup."

* * * *

OLD SCHOOL FRIEND: "What do you miss most now you are married and settled down?"

WIFE: "My husband."

* * * *

Statistics show that the average woman eats about the same amount as the average man. This just goes to show how figures can lie.

* * * *

OLD MAID: "I have no doubt you think yourself very wise, young lady, but I could give you a wrinkle or two."

YOUNG MAID: "You could, and you'd never miss them."

A recruit wearing 14's in boots was enlisted in the Army. One night he was included in a rounding-up party and when the roll was called afterwards he was "*non est*." "Has anyone seen O'Halloran?" said the sergeant. "Sir," said a voice, "he's gone up to the cross roads to turn round!"

* * * *

LANDMARKS.

A well-known temperance lecturer arrived in a strange town one evening, where he was to give a lecture. He did not know his way about, so he went to a man, and said, "Could you direct me to the Temperance Hall, please?" "Yes," replied the man. "Goo along 'eer till yer gets ter th' 'Blue Pig,' on th' corner. Turn down th' street till yer gets ter th' 'Hen an' Chickens.' Then goo down th' road opperzit till yer comes to a big br'wery. Turn down th' street by it till yer comes to th' 'Pig an' Whistle,' an'——" But the lecturer fled in despair.

* * * *

FATHER (to daughter who has arrived home with the milk): "Good morning, daughter of Satan."

DAUGHTER: "Good morning, father."

* * * *

I realise that in a matter of this sort every man is inclined to look at the question from his own personal standpoint.

In the course of his sermon a preacher once asked the question: "In time of trial what brings us the greatest comfort?"

"An acquittal," shouted a low-brow, who should never have been admitted by the usher.

* * * *

CUSTOMER: "I should like to try that frock on in the window."

ASSISTANT: "Sorry, madam, but the management will not allow that. Would you care to try it on in our private fitting room?"

* * * *

Along the Mexican border, soldiers were searching vehicles which pass close to crossings into Mexico. One evening a car, full of young people, was stopped and the usual procedure of examining the bottom of the car was in progress, when one young lady asked:

"What are you looking for?"

"Arms," the sergeant replied.

"Why," remarked the flapper, "it's all legs down there."

MEN'S WORK.

Two pretty girls met in a bank lobby the other day and kissed rapturously. Two men watched the meeting.

JOHN : " There is one of the things I hate."

ED. : " What's that ? "

JOHN : " Women doing men's work."

* * * *

Two Scotsmen were climbing a difficult peak in the Highlands. One succeeded in reaching the top, but his companion became wedged in a bad place. The man at the top said, " You hang on there, Sandy, and I'll go back to the village for a rope." An hour after the rescuer returned and shouted, " Are you there, Sandy ? It's no good. They want half-a-crown for the rope."

* * * *

" We have come to report, sir, that we are very sorry, but we've shot our company-sergeant-major."

" Good heavens, how did that happen ? "

" It was an accident, sir."

" What do you mean ? Did you mistake him for a German ? "

" No, sir, we mistook him for our platoon sergeant."

* * * *

MRS. BROWN : " How do you always manage to have such delicious beef ? "

MRS. JONES : " I select a good, honest butcher, and then stand by him."

MRS. BROWN : " You mean that you give him all your custom ? "

MRS. JONES : " No ; I mean that I stand by him while he is cutting the meat."

* * * *

Two small girls were playing together in the park one afternoon.

" I wonder what the time is ? " said one of them at last.

" Well, it can't be four o'clock yet," replied the other, " because my mother said I was to be home by four—and I'm not."

* * * *

An elementary school teacher had a pupil who always said " I have went."

He was told to remain after class and write one hundred times, " I have gone."

In the morning the teacher found this note : " I have wrote ' I have gone ' one hundred times and now I have went home."

The Browns were expecting a visit from their vicar. It was his stupid custom to ask small children three questions—their name, age, and where bad little children went. Little Susie had received full instructions from her parents and been carefully rehearsed.

The pastor arrived and asked : " What's your name, little girl ? "

This was the answer he got : " Susie, sir ; five years old ; go to hell."

* * * *

An American visitor was discussing sporting matters with a patriotic Briton. He remarked : " Why, in our country we have some marvellous athletes. One Kentucky man ran thirty miles and finished up by jumping a five-barred gate ! " " Well," contended the other, " that's nothing. Look at the run he took."

* * * *

A North Country profiteer bought a big country estate and decided—chiefly because of its social advantages—to take up golf, a game of which he had no idea, and to join the local club.

He had his first round with one of the members, and strolled on to the tee, after a sumptuous lunch, with a fully-equipped bag of clubs and a caddie.

" High tee, sir ? " asked the caddie, as he took the ball to prepare for the opening drive.

The profiteer stopped swinging his club.

" It's got nothing to do with you whether I 'ave an 'igh tea or a fish supper. Put t' ball on t' ump and let's get on wi' t' game."

* * * *

The taxi came to a halt. The fare descended a trifle uncertainly, and proceeded to search his pockets slowly and deliberately while the driver looked on suspiciously. " Sorry, old thing," said the fare, finally, " but I haven't a bean ! " Then, seeing that the driver was not taking the information too well, he added : " That's the position, old thing ; and you know you can't get blood out of a stone."

" No," agreed the taxi-driver, rolling up his sleeves ; " but what makes you think you're a stone ? "

* * * *

A violinist went into a small country music shop and asked for an E string.

" Yes, sir," said the girl behind the counter, " but will you please pick one out of the box for yourself ? I never can tell the E's from the she's ! "

THE BETTER HALF: "I know a shop where I can get the dinkiest little hat. Let's go buy it."

THE OTHER HALF: "Yes, we'll go by it."

* * * *

Scotland Yard was hunting for a murderer, and had no picture of him other than a long "Photomaton" strip of eight photographs. This strip was sent to a provincial town, and shortly afterwards the following telegram reached the Yard:

"Have found six of the men you want; hope to lay hands on the other two soon."

* * * *

The landlady of the country inn had organised a "sweep" among her regular customers. When the blacksmith called for his "usual," he asked the good lady the result of the draw.

"Oh!" said she, "I drew first prize, my old man drew the second prize, and my son the third. Aren't we lucky? And by the way, you haven't paid for your ticket."

"No," replied the smith; "Ain't I lucky?"

* * * *

MAGICIAN: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, the next is the most spectacular of all my repertoire. In this feat I make a human being dissolve into a puff of smoke, and vanish before your eyes. Completely off the earth does the body journey to spend some time among the spirits. Is there anyone in the audience who would like to submit himself to this experience?"

MALE VOICE: "Can you wait a couple of minutes while I go and get my mother-in-law?"

* * * *

A negro Pullman porter was thrown from his car when the train was derailed, and flew ten feet before he hit head first against a concrete post. He lay in a daze, rubbing his head, when the conductor came running up. "Great Scott, man!" cried the conductor, "ain't you killed?"

"No," said the porter, getting to his feet, "that concrete post must a broke ma fall."

* * * *

USHER (*to cool, dignified lady*): "Are you a friend of the groom?"

THE LADY: "Indeed, no; I'm the bride's mother."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

I wonder why it is that we are not all kinder than we are. How much the world needs it! How easily it is done! How instantaneously it acts! How infallibly it is remembered! How superabundantly it pays itself back; for there is no debtor in the world so honourable, so superbly honourable, as Love.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

SOMEBODY TO FOCH: How did you win the war?

FOCH: By smoking my pipe, not getting excited, and reserving all my strength for the task in hand.

Let us go forth to fill our various offices; and in a subdued, peaceful, and happy temper to encounter our trials. So shall largeness of mind, abhorrence of strife, clemency of criticism, absence of suspicion, tenderness of compassion, and love of the brotherhood be to us a tower of strength and a fount of consolation now, in death and in the days of eternity.

Where you see no good silence is best.

I will give but a word of advice, but remember it well. We often busy ourselves in being "good angels," but in the meantime we forget to be good men and women.

—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

What we call Luck is simply Pluck,
And doing things over and over;
Courage and will, perseverance and skill,
Are the four leaves of Luck's clover.

Life is so fashioned that, whilst we can all see the value and necessity of trying to become experts, yet the hours teach us that more precious than any skill of service we shall ever attain unto is the simplicity of our faith and the depth of our patience.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part the kindness should begin on ours.—TILLOTSON.

Service is the rent we pay for our room on earth.
—DOROTHY BEALE.

Music is an unfathomable speech which takes us to the edge of the infinite, and for a moment lets us gaze into it.

Ingratitude is the world's recompense; but sooner or later merit will be rewarded by God.

SUCCESS.

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration and whose memory a benediction.

Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best.

THESE KEEP WITH YOU.

Keep always with you, wherever your course may lie, the company of great thoughts, the inspiration of great ideals, the example of great achievements, the consolation of great failures.

So equipped you can face without perturbation the buffets of circumstance, the caprice of fortune, or the inscrutable vicissitudes of life.—LORD OXFORD.

Let us remember that while we have principles of our own, others have principles of their own.—BISHOP OF CHELMSFORD.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.—LONGFELLOW.

If you can smile when your rival is praised, you have tact.

Speak gently to the angry, quietly to the troubled.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain,

Would the grim, external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Would we help where we now hinder?
Would we pity where we blame?

A duty is no sooner divined than from that moment it becomes binding upon us.

SAFETY FIRST!

Of late years, many new problems have arisen to confront us, owing to the great revolutions of science. One of the most conspicuous is that of our ever-increasing traffic and the multitudes of people who now crowd our streets. The menace of this is brought home to us when we learn that in the year 1929 no less than FIFTEEN THOUSAND persons lost their lives in various accidents, the vast majority, of course, happening on our roads. It is fairly safe to say that these tragic occurrences are mainly due to carelessness and selfishness on the part of those concerned, and it is our duty to think more of others and to stamp out all signs of negligence liable to cause harm to our fellow-beings.

To further these ends, a society has been formed by many prominent members of our nation, its operations being conducted under the name of "The Safety First Association and Road Fellowship League." To obtain its objects, it proposes to make awards to drivers of our road traffic in order to encourage them to take a pride in their work and avoid spoiling their reputations by foolish or careless conduct of their duties. It also has a scheme for distributing propaganda in such a way as to induce everyone to take a certain interest in this subject.

Yet it is not the question of transport which alone occupies attention. Myriads of little everyday accidents, the toll of the factories and the mishaps of every manual worker, though often in themselves quite harmless, may easily lead to complications if ignored. The most simple and effective remedy in these cases is of course to ensure that the wound is well cleaned. The simple act of applying an antiseptic may mean a difference of life and death. The chances of accident are many and great. The handling of loads, the control of machinery, or the use of tools, are all matters

in which caution is essential, and in factories or places where work of any kind is done, it is only right that all forms of First-Aid apparatus should be in order and ready for use.

The "Safety First Association" has been by no means idle. Proof of this is evident by the number of branches that have been formed in the towns and cities of the United Kingdom, including our own town of Reading. The objects held in view are those of Schools Propaganda, by which children are instructed in all forms of caution in the interests of their own welfare, Industrial Safety and Public Safety. The last-named concerns the dangers of the road, and it is in this connexion that certain medals and diplomas are to be presented to drivers of the local firms or members of the association for immunity from accident during stated periods, in which the blame cannot be laid on the shoulders of the applicant. Naturally, this is of interest to such a firm as Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, with its great fleet of lorries, and every driver in their employ has been duly entered for the competition. Commander H. D. Simonds who is responsible for the building up of the Firm's fine transport system, has taken a keen interest in the whole question and is in full agreement with its views. Major H. Kaye and Mr. W. Venner have been chosen to serve on the local committee, the former being well known in his capacity of transport manager and the latter as one of the most skilful drivers.

It is to be hoped, in view of the ever-increasing dangers with which we are faced, that all will take these hints with regard to their well-being to heart. Think by all means of one's own self, but let the thought of any danger that might be incurred by other people come first. There are countless little incidents daily enacted whereby lives might be lost. Fortunately, harm rarely comes of them, yet these risks still exist and it is up to us to banish them as far as possible. These thoughts of other people will serve to produce a finer spirit amongst us of unselfishness, and that is what is so greatly required to-day. So may we all take a better view of this problem and spare a little more thought to those amongst whom we are destined to live.

KIRBY JUNIOR.

SEVEN BRIDGES BREWERY BURIAL CLUB.

On January 28th, Mr. F. J. Day, of the Malt House Department, lost a daughter at the early age of 15 years; and on February 12th, Mr. J. Cannon, of the Hop Room, lost a son, aged 12 years. Our deepest sympathy is extended to them in their sad bereavement.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED.

It was in my Club that the Editor's request reached me. My first exclamation concerns none, but what followed it does.

"Look here, you fellows, what can I write about," I said. "Suggest a title."

I asked for it and I got it. "How to be happy though married!" said a singularly happily married man; and here I am committed to the subject.

To quote a Co-optimist: "A bachelor gay am I"—though my gaiety is not that implied by the singer—and "I look around and see my pals who've got that married look," and by reason of that remark in the Club I am to tell them how to attain the heights of wedded bliss.

Of course, you who read will smile and wonder at my impudence. Yet possibly I may be able to give a few hints to those who are launched on Matrimony's seas, for even the most married among my readers must admit that those waters are not without their squalls.

Were it not that anonymity must perforce cloak my identity, I could give reasons for essaying such a venturesome task. Suffice it to say that I stand on the shores watching the frail craft setting out, often giving them the initial push, and many times lending a hand when they seem about to be wrecked.

That all is not plain sailing for those who so embark is made increasingly clear to us by our daily papers; else why are these topics so much written up? Why are we treated morning, noon and night to articles on Marriage and Divorce? A lady or gentleman writes a book—not necessarily a good one—the sale of which runs into thousands and tens of thousands, or wins a tennis tournament, or in some way blazes his or her name before the public. Forthwith the celebrated author or player is asked to give an authoritative statement on topics of national importance. No, not on cancer or tuberculosis: for these you need a specialist or an expert; but on Marriage or Divorce or Religion because, well, after all, anybody can talk about those subjects.

I have interviewed many young people anxious to plight their troth and have experienced the strong wisdom of the old saying: "Love is blind." One ventures to point out the rocks ahead, not always plainly visible but more often submerged just below the surface, but all in vain. Youth smiles its assurance. "My Johnny is so different to other boys. I am sure that he will be all right"; or "Mary is such a good girl, you need have no fear

about her." They are all the same, all with the same old story. Possibly it is as well that love is blind.

Yet you married readers who now smile down upon me with such a superior air, tell me: Are you to each other now what you were before you joined hands? Have you not rather a few shattered illusions?

"Love is not love
That alters when it alteration finds.
Oh, no, it is an ever fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken."

Only Shakespeare could thus enshrine the sacred theme. "Love is not love that alters when it alteration finds." Apply this test to married life. Alas! too often Courtship and Marriage are totally different states. The politeness and courtesy, the readiness to obey the loved one's behests, the little fond thoughts which anticipate even desire in the object of one's love, all so apparent when one is wooing disappear when one is wed.

Two Rotarians were discussing their married life. "I suppose, George," said one, "you kiss your wife when you go to the office in the morning and when you return at night." "No," said his friend, "I never do." "You should, you know. They really look for it. Besides Good Fellowship begins at home and every Rotarian should strive to foster it." "Thanks for the hint. I won't forget it this evening." That evening George came home in high spirits, cheerfully took his wife in his arms and kissed her. To his amazement she burst into tears. "What's the matter, dear?" asked the perplexed husband. "Oh, George, everything has gone wrong to-day. First the boiler burst, then cook gave notice, and now you come home drunk!"

No need to stress the point of this story. Obviously the little attentions that every wife desires had been lacking until then. All is not well when courtship ceases on marriage. The husband should be always the lover and a wedded couple should be Romeo and Juliet to each other until the end. This is possible only if there is a certain amount of "give and take," a certain elasticity in the relations between husband and wife. Each must live for the other.

To see a person casually from time to time and to live with a person every day of one's life are totally different propositions. Unsuspected faults and hidden qualities alike make their appearance in married partners. Allowances must, therefore, be made.

However perfect and charming a lover may seem we should do well to remember that perfection is not of this world.

"Love's perfect blossom only blows
Where noble manners veil defect.
Angels may be familiar; those
Who err each other must respect."

And now that my task is ended I venture to suggest that a married reader should, in the next number, contribute an article on "How to be happy though single."

ANON.

IMPROMPTU SERVANTS' BALL.

Master and mistress went to the ball of the Devon and Somerset Staghouls at Minehead, and did not expect to get home till moderately late in the morning. However, they changed their minds, and, as a result, they now need a whole houseful of servants.

For the servants—maids and men—decided that they too would have a ball.

They invited their guests and gave them a good dinner in the dining-room with plenty of master's whisky, port and cigars.

After dinner they cleared a large room and danced to the music of a gramophone and a wireless set.

Master and mistress, coming home before their time, heard sounds of revelry as they came through the garden.

And when they entered the "ballroom" mistress saw, to her horror, her new georgette dance frock below the plump shoulders of cook and a new Paris model decorating the neat figure of the parlourmaid.

The servants' ball stopped, but the servants didn't. Within a few hours there was not one left.

BIRTH.

ADAMS.—On January 24th, 1930, at Marlborough House Nursing Home, to Phyllis (*nee* Salter), wife of A. S. G. Adams, 466, Oxford Road, Reading—a daughter.

PRINTERS' (AND OTHER) ERRORS.

Typists generally know how easy it is to misread their notes and get a word, generally an easy one, mixed up, with results which greatly differ from the dictation. Again, too, although the proper letters of a word may be typed, yet the operators' fingers sometimes get, like "Tishy's" legs, crossed and then the rendering may be very amusing—that is, if the letter does not go too far.

Take the rather frequent mistake of typing *now* for *not* or vice versa. Quite a simple slip to make when the shorthand is not above suspicion, yet what a vast deal of difference to the text of the letter.

Another last letter slip completely altered the sense of a letter and it looked as if it had been misdirected. A certain gentleman dictated "My *car* wants overhauling," and the perverse imp of mischief crossed the fingers of the typist so that the letter read "my *cat*, etc." The Vet. did not get the letter.

If the typist, who is translating his or her own notes, can make slips of this nature, what about the printer who has to try and decipher another person's handwriting, and the greater the genius the more illegible is his "fist."

It is said that the deadliest mistake is that which works the greatest confusion with the least distortion: that which is the most difficult to detect and does the most mischief when undetected.

Let us take a few examples of the different causes of these "printers'" errors. First of all, a slip in spacing which must have caused dismay to the speaker and glee in the opposite camp. An unofficial member of the Federated Malay States was describing a change in the system of classification in the Annual Budget and expressed his appreciation in the following phrase: "A gain in efficiency resulted." The spacing of the printed report gave a totally different rendering, viz., "Again inefficiency resulted."

Then there is the crossing of the fingers when setting up—that is the letters are not in the proper sequence.

Quite an amusing one was in a Syllabus of a Leather Tanning School. A course of instruction was to be taken on the "methods of *filtration* and estimation of results." Unfortunately it appeared as the "methods of *flirtation*, etc." One can quite imagine a mixed class turning up for the first lesson.

A pretty little rhapsody on "Summer and the fully blown roses" was absolutely destroyed by the printer turning the "r" into an "n" in the roses.

"N" seems to be a favourite letter with the printers. There is many a true word spoken in jest, but whether the issuing company agreed with the printer in this instance is not known, but it is hardly likely. The prospectus announced the issue of "six thousand *snares* of five pounds each."

Another case of the substitution of "n" for "h" was at a political meeting when the audience received the speakers with welcoming *snouts*.

During the Russo-Japanese War a reference was made to certain delicate *negotiations*. This may have been in the earlier stages of the combat.

Staying out East for a while, let us travel in the old one-horse tramcars in Central Japan and read a notice displayed therein, viz.: "All *parsons* who are lunatics, infected, or intoxicated, are not allowed in here." Our clerical travellers must be more careful. Of course, with the spread of western civilization the notice or the tram may have been brought up-to-date.

The omission of a letter will oftentimes lead to a perversion of the truth. An advertisement of a firm of stained glass artists appearing in a certain Church newspaper perpetrates the following: "Painted *widows* make the best war memorial."

The mention of widows leads to another travesty of justice. When Mr. Winston Churchill introduced a Budget providing pensions for widows, a lady of the Labour Party in Australia wrote objecting to the scheme, as she thought pensions should only be given to those unable to earn their living. The letter appeared "denouncing Mr. Churchill for unnecessarily *poisoning* able-bodied widows."

The opium traffic has again appeared in the Press lately. On a previous occasion in a Parliamentary report of a debate on the topic the printer caused a Member to raise the question: "How the dog was produced from the puppy." What he really discussed was: "How the drug was produced from the poppy."

From the present day to the Star Chamber is a far cry, but a quotation from Catherine Macaulay's "History of England" was maltreated by a typist into a rather gruesome treatment. The quotation was: "The Constitution of this country has never been purged from the venom with which it was infected by the creation of the Star Chamber," which was translated as "from the *vermin* with which it was *infested*, etc."

There is a certain amount of excuse for a printer when one considers the script he has to work from, but it does seem as though

at times he resembles the musician who kept playing a false note, which on examination proved to be a dead fly, and then, when remonstrated with, replied: "I don't care, it was there and I played it." As an example of such translations and the lack of an intelligent reading, what can one say when a paper stated that the "*Express Engine* was seriously indisposed," in place of the "Empress Eugenie, etc."

Another such was, when in a preface to a translation to the "Divina Commedia," the writer spoke of Dante as "one of the most sublime and moral, but certainly one of the most obscure, writers in any language." The printer, however, in place of *obscure* set up *obscene*. Had that happened in more recent times it might have led to a rush for his works.

To have a book dedicated to one "in remembrance of a long equable sunny friendship" must be very gratifying, but if his highness, the printer, varies it to read "long *squably*" the dedication does not seem quite so kind.

Space will not permit of further illustrations of such slips, but there must be many similar to the above known of or read by our readers. In any case the writer hopes that the above collection will give a little amusement to one and all.

J.W.J.

FRIENDSHIP.

Make new friends but keep the old ;
Those are silver, these are gold.
Make new friends, like new made wine,
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test,
Time and change, are surely best.
Brows may wrinkle, hair turn grey,
Friendship never owns decay ;
For 'mid old friends kind and true
We once more our youth renew.
But alas, old friends must die ;
New friends must their place supply.
Then cherish friendship in your breast ;
New is good, but old is best.
Make new friends but keep the old ;
Those are silver, these are gold.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

As if to introduce the Firm's new "S.B." poster, the new Airship R 100 flew over the Brewery a short time ago, whilst on its trial trip. There was much speculation as to whether the nose of the gas bag actually did dip in silent salute, or whether it was just an optical illusion. Certainly for a few moments it appeared to be about to descend. Apparently the crew were attracted by the ascending aroma of boiling malt and hops from the Brewery, or they spotted the stacks of casks.

H. & G. SIMONDS LTD. SAVINGS ASSOCIATION.

A RETROSPECT.

Since the particulars given in the issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE of January, 1928, four more "cycles" have been completed and it is pleasing to report that the steady progress made during the period covered by the first five "cycles" has been well maintained—in fact, the eighth "cycle" proved to be a record—329 certificates being purchased.

The following figures may prove of interest and will show at a glance what the Association has achieved with regard to the purchase of Savings Certificates:—

	Members.	Total Certificates. purchased.	Cash value represented.	
			£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1st "cycle"*	30	84	67 4 0	
2nd "	39	146	116 16 0	
3rd "	42	195	156 0 0	
4th "	47	240	192 0 0	
5th "	50	271	216 16 0	
		936		748 16 0
6th "	48	274	219 4 0	
7th "	51	280	224 0 0	
8th "	53	329	263 4 0	
9th "	53	297	237 12 0	
		1180		944 0 0
		2116		£1692 16 0

* Period of 32 weeks.

For the information of the employees of the Firm who are not yet members of the Association (the younger ones in particular), I would like to draw attention to the fact that although the tenth "cycle" commenced on February 14th, there is still time for new members to be enrolled.

A.H.H.

THE READING AND DISTRICT CLUBS' BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

This League was formed in 1920 and consisted of nine teams, from as many clubs. The trophy for the winners was a Silver-Mounted Shield (presented by the *Daily Express*), to be competed for annually, with Gold Medals for each of the winning team.

The following year the number of clubs was reduced to eight. This year a Solid Silver Cup was given to the League by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., to be competed for on the same lines as the Shield. The Cup was awarded to the winning club and the Shield to the runners-up.

In 1922 there was a great revival in the games, the number of clubs entering being 16 and represented by 22 teams. The welcome increase gave the executive ground for thought and it was decided to form two divisions, viz., Division I seven teams and Division II fifteen teams; some clubs running a team in each division. Another Solid Silver Cup was given to the League by H. Josling, Esq. for the winners of the second division and a Silver Mounted Shield, the donor being S. Rudland, Esq. (now the Hon. Treasurer) for the runners-up. Thus Cups and Shields were provided for each division, with Gold Medals for each winning team.

The primary object of the League was to foster a better feeling among the various clubs, to enable an exchange of visits on easier lines. It will be seen that in the short space of three years the League was firmly established and its success assured, for besides increasing in numbers it also grew financially sound.

Season 1923-24 saw further improvements; the Hon. Sec. (G. E. Boddington) was delegated to visit various clubs in the North of England and ascertain their mode of working a similar league. The result of this visit was a system of handicapping which was introduced and proved entirely satisfactory, especially to the smaller clubs, giving them a more equal chance of success against the larger and therefore stronger clubs.

In 1926, Division II so increased in numbers that it was found necessary to sub-divide it into two sections, "A" and "B," the total strength of the teams taking part now being 30.

The present season sees the number of teams increased to 32. This season another Solid Silver Cup has been given by the well-known local sportsman, W. Winch, Esq., and it is hoped before the close of the season to obtain a Silver-Mounted Shield, so making the awards alike for each section.

The following is a list of the officers:—

F. A. Simonds, Esq. (*President*); F. A. Sarjeant, Esq., H. Josling, Esq., S. Rudland, Esq. (*Vice-Presidents*); C. B. Major, Esq. (*Chairman*); A. J. Foster, Esq. (*Vice-Chairman*); G. E. Boddington (*Hon. Sec.*).

With such a genial and good sportsman at the head, a chairman in a class by himself for thoroughness, and our funds in such safe keeping, the future success of the Reading and District Clubs' Billiards League is indeed bright.

G.B.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

We are not all equal, and never shall be; the true postulate of democracy is not equality but the faith that every man and woman is worth while. Beyond all the external trappings—whether it is a Rolls-Royce, or a donkey-cart, that the human being travels in—and through all the pain and tragedy of life, there is a human soul that you have to get into touch with, a human soul which,

Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,

Yet do their best to climb.

Try to put back into the pool as much as or more than you have taken out. Make up your mind that that shall be your attitude towards life. Opportunities will be shown you, as life goes on, how you may best do your part. Look out for those opportunities and stretch out your hand to meet them.—STANLEY BALDWIN.

CLOSING OF PRISONS.

The Home Office recently issued the following statement:—

"The prison population has declined considerably in recent years, and twenty-five local prisons have been closed since 1914. The only prison to be closed shortly is the small prison at Plymouth. So far as can be foreseen, there is little likelihood of any considerable number of prisons now in use being sold or closed in the near future."

The Home Secretary stated in Parliament that he would be prepared to consider an offer from a housing authority to purchase Pentonville Prison, and he has also been approached by Kent County Council with an offer to purchase Maidstone Prison.

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

TRIPS ABROAD.

Whilst reading a very interesting book a little while ago, the scene of which was Italy, and Rome in particular, it occurred to me that, given the opportunity of a short trip abroad (which would necessarily mean Europe), what place would be one's first choice? Putting monetary considerations on one side, it would for some be difficult perhaps to decide, but others may already have in mind a particular spot they wish to see for themselves.

From reading books, and from films shown at cinemas, one forms their own conception of what these neighbouring countries provide in the way of beauty and interest. Facilities nowadays for foreign trips are such that no one need embark on the journey with fear. The many reliable Touring Societies now in existence, are only too glad to render all necessary assistance and information. Having the time and money and the Travel Bureaux to help us, the next thing is to decide where to go—shall it be France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland or either of the other countries of Europe? France is our nearest neighbour so let us first consider what attractions she has to offer. First, I suppose, one thinks of Paris, the Mecca of the world of fashion. But it is not for clothes that we are taking this trip but rather to see the aspect of the country, its notable buildings and beauty of landscape. Truly, Paris is not lacking in beautiful and wonderful buildings; to name one or two—Les Invalides, the Cathedral of Notre Dame, La Tour Eiffel, L'Opera, and within a short distance is Versailles, with its wonderful museum, formerly the palace of Louis XIV, and its beautiful park.

Travelling south, there is the Riviera, the famous Winter resort, which embraces Nice, Cannes, Mentone, Monte Carlo, etc., all providing the traveller with beautiful and colourful scenery.

It may be, however, that our tastes lie in grander scenery, such as is provided by Switzerland, and we may like to see for ourselves the snow-clad Alps and enjoy the Winter sports, which are world-famous. This, of course, if we are taking our trip in the season. Wonderful air, glorious health-giving sunshine and beautiful scenery to gladden our vision, could one wish for better?

Neither is sunny Spain lacking in providing interest for the tourist. She also has marvellous architecture to show, of a different standard to that of France perhaps, but nevertheless wonderful in its formation.

I think, after all, Italy would be my first choice; Rome, Florence, Venice, Naples, Milan, the more one reads about them the greater the longing to see them in reality. Their attraction

seems more insistent or perhaps they are more alluringly portrayed. One cannot tire of reading of the magnificent spectacles to be found in this country, St. Peter's of Rome doubtless holding first place. It must indeed be a wonderful structure and one can well imagine that tourists cannot resist its fascination, for given the opportunity you do not pay one visit but go again and again. Venice has a particular charm of its own, all its streets are waterways and you travel by gondolas instead of cars.

Naples, with its famous Bay, must I think yield scenery of surpassing beauty, judging from the well-known phrase "See Naples and die."

But then, you may say, why go abroad: is not your own country rich in all these pleasing features? Undoubtedly, but it is good for one's outlook on life to know something of the ways and temperaments of the peoples of the countries of the Continent of which England, though of greatest importance, forms but a small part. For though the surface area may not be so great as that of the other Continents, no country is alike, the difference in speech and temperament in many cases being particularly marked.

And after having made the trip on which we set our heart, on our return to everyday life what pleasures we should be able to recall and discuss with our friends: the items which have appealed strongest to our senses, for when one has travelled a topic for conversation is never lacking.

WHEN BUTTER FREEZES.

In frosty weather we find butter very difficult to spread. If dropped into a basin containing water with the chill off it, it will become soft, though not greasy.

STOCKING DARNING.

A friend who has many stockings to darn has become quite expert at mending large holes. Either she inserts a piece from another stocking of the same shade, or she whips round the edge of the hole, then tacks on a piece of net, and darns in and out of the holes.

M.P.

The problem that confronts the Prohibition Bureau is how to get the enforcement agents on the side of law and order.—*Springfield Union*.

The alleged immunity of beer-drinkers from cancer is being investigated in France with the view to establishing this theory.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

MR. F. R. JOSEY.

The portrait of Mr. F. R. Josey, the Manager of the Cask Office, which appeared in our last number, must have brought to the minds of many of his "ex-boys" who commenced their days "number snatching" at the Brewery in the Office over which he so ably presides, memories of past experiences that will never be forgotten. It would be interesting to have a list of all those who started their office careers in the Cask Office and who have made good in other departments and branches of the Firm. Quite an entertaining list would be the result.

FEBRUARY ISSUE.

This proved to be of more than usual interest for, apart from the regular features—which apparently are appreciated—there were some particularly good articles that caused one "furiously to think." Our trade has to meet a lot of criticism, mainly prejudiced and unfair, from fanatical reformers whose sole object seems to be to make everyone "good" by restrictions. These articles were very timely and necessary.

LICENSING MEETINGS.

Our Estates Department have been very busy just lately in consequence of the above. As the Firm have numerous licensed houses in many districts in the South of England, naturally it is a period of anxiety until all the meetings are over. It would seem from the reports that the Licensees have received many a pat on the back for the splendid way in which they have carried out their duties and conducted their businesses. Probably Licensees are the most law-abiding citizens in the whole of the country, for no one has to observe so many laws, framed presumably to protect the human element from the alleged evils of drink. It seems totally unfair for teetotal champions to be allowed to oppose the granting of licences and also take up so much of the time of the Licensing Justices in airing their views on Temperance.

A TRUE STORY.

A gentleman, not unconnected with the Brewery, so I'm told, retired to bed at 10 p.m. for he had to be at work quite early the next morning. After a while he woke up, saw the bedroom clock showed 5.30 a.m., so up he got, went downstairs, filled the kettle with water and put it on to boil and then started to get himself

ready for work. After a while, however, glancing at the kitchen clock he found it showed 12 o'clock (midnight). Confirming the time really was midnight, he went back to bed again and was greeted by his wife with "Where's my cup of tea?"; explanations duly followed. Moral: Always wind the clock up at night before peacefully slumbering.

OUR CHIMNEYS.

Two of the chimney-stacks at the Brewery have recently been polished up by two steeplejacks and their work has been a matter of considerable interest, but there are few (if any) who wish to emulate their example. Certainly it is a job where you start at the bottom rung of the ladder and eventually get to the top. A few days spent up aloft working as they have been, in spite of biting cold winds, should qualify them for Polar Expeditions minus overcoats. However, the chimneys look much better for their early Spring clean.

LESS CASUALTIES.

Possibly owing to this Winter, so far, having been so much milder than the last one, illness amongst the staff has been practically non-existent. The offices are also disinfected every morning with an anti-flu liquid, which would appear, judging by results, to be doing what is claimed for it.

"MERRIE ENGLAND" AT THE ROYAL COUNTY THEATRE.

The Berkshire Operatic Club have been giving performances of the above Opera from February 17th to 22nd to crowded houses and enthusiastic audiences. The Brewery are well represented in the cast as follows:—Mr. G. V. Weait (a Tailor), Mr. E. H. Kelly (a Lord), Miss M. Hayter (first Royal Page) and Mr. A. Wilkinson (first Soldier). Various local charities have benefited by the productions of the Club in the past—each year better than the last and from all accounts this year will be better than ever. Knowing how much time all and each have to devote to preparation of each play or opera presented, it is good to find their efforts so well supported and crowned with success.

FOOTBALL.

Reading are still struggling at the foot of the League Table and the prospects of keeping up in the Second Division, at the moment, are by no means bright. A big improvement will have to soon take place and some goal-scoring forwards found or else Third Division football will have to fill the bill next season; that is the general opinion.

SOCIAL CLUB.

PLENTY OF ENTERTAINMENT.

During the month of February, plenty of entertainment has been provided for members of the Club. Whist drives, departmental tournaments and the billiards league have been carried out according to the programme.

On Friday, 14th February, the Annual General Meeting was held, when Mr. F. A. Simonds was re-elected President. Mr. F. Simonds, Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds, Mr. J. H. Simonds, Mr. H. D. Simonds and Mr. C. W. Stocker were re-elected Vice-Presidents. Mr. F. C. Hawkes (Chairman), Mr. F. H. Braisher (Vice-Chairman), Mr. S. Bird (Hon. Treasurer), Mr. T. W. Bradford (Hon. Secretary), Mr. T. E. Stevens, Mr. W. Taylor, Mr. J. Benford were elected on the Committee.

The Hon. Treasurer was able to announce that the past year had been satisfactory. We were able to pay our way, with just a small margin to the good, in spite of the fact that our refreshment receipts were very much smaller than the previous year. We are, however, looking forward with confidence to a more successful time this year, as our membership has considerably increased, and we hope that still more members will take an interest in the Club's activities.

On Saturday, February 15th, we paid a visit to the Mortimer Men's Club, when a most enjoyable evening was spent. Our party numbered 28, and we were well received and entertained very liberally by the members of the Mortimer Club.

The departmental tournaments are now drawing to a close and the following are the results of games played during February, together with a table showing the position of the teams up to the time of going to press:—

DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

FRIDAY, 7TH FEBRUARY, 1930.

Games.	REST.		OFFICES.	
	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.
Billiards	E. Palmer	0	H. Davis	1
"	F. H. Braisher	0	J. B. Doe	1
"	S. Couzens	0	F. C. Riden	1
Dominoes	G. Marsh	0	H. Osborne	1
"	A. Comley	1	J. Clay	0
"	H. Stanbrook	1	V. Saunders	0
Crib	C. Thatcher	1	W. Bradford	0
"	W. Newport	1	H. Shepherd	0
"	T. Osborne	0	F. Josey	1
Shove Halpenny	F. G. Hodder	1	J. H. Wadhams	0
"	T. Howell	1	J. B. Doe	0
"	W. Humphries	1	W. Wild	0
Darts	J. Cannon	1	W. Wild	0
"	F. W. Shipton	1	R. Broad	0
"	H. Gibson	1	J. Clay	0
Shooting	H. M. Prater	1	R. Broad	0
"	J. Croft	1	H. Osborne	0
"	H. T. Holmes	1	H. Shepherd	0
		13		5

Result of games to week ending 21st February, 1930:—

Team.	No. of Tournaments played.	No. of Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
Rest ...	5	90	58	32	—	58
Cellars ...	5	90	45	44	1	45½
Transport ...	5	90	42	48	—	42
Coopers ...	5	90	41	48	1	41½
Offices ...	4	72	33	38	1	33½
Building ...	4	72	31	40	1	31½

BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

DIVISION I.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3RD, 1930.

Gladstone Club.		Simonds' Social.	
A. Allaway	100 v.	R. Clement	150
D. Oliver	95 v.	A. Dalton	150
A. Franklin	125 v.	G. Boddington	150
A. Howman	150 v.	F. Braisher	103
S. Sawyer	150 v.	R. Broad	136
P. Hodges	150 v.	R. Griffiths	103
	770		792

Winning Club, Simonds' Social by 22 points.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 10TH, 1930.

Simonds' Social.		Trades Union Club.	
R. Clement	150 v.	E. Gingell	74
A. Dalton	139 v.	H. Marriott	150
G. Boddington	111 v.	G. Hancock	150
R. Griffiths	150 v.	— Brind	145
H. Davis	102 v.	R. Hardement	150
C. Weller	130 v.	R. French	150
	782		819

Winning Club, Trades Union Club by 37 points.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17TH 1930.

Trades Union Club.		Simonds' Social.	
H. Marriott	126 v.	R. Clement	150
E. Gingell	113 v.	A. Dalton	150
G. Hancock	110 v.	G. Boddington	150
— Brind	68 v.	F. Braisher	150
R. French	146 v.	R. Broad	150
F. Robinson	93 v.	R. Griffiths	150
	656		900

Winning Club, Simonds' Social by 244 points.

BILLIARDS LEAGUE.
DIVISION II.

MONDAY, JANUARY 27TH, 1930.

<i>Reading Tramways Social.</i>				<i>H. & G. Simonds Social.</i>			
H. B. Stone	100	v.	S. Bird	...	18
C. Goodall	95	v.	W. Curtis	...	100
F. Lewington	60	v.	H. Davis	...	100
S. Beale	97	v.	C. Weller	...	100
W. Dowler	84	v.	E. Palmer	...	100
C. Mundy	100	v.	E. Taylor	...	78
536				496			

Winning Club, Reading Tramways Social by 40 points.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3RD, 1930.

<i>H. & G. Simonds Social.</i>				<i>Reading Tramways Social.</i>			
J. Doe	50	v.	H. B. Stone	...	100
W. Curtis	77	v.	F. Lewington	...	100
H. Davis	66	v.	S. Beale	...	100
C. Weller	90	v.	C. Mundy	...	100
E. Taylor	100	v.	C. Goodall	...	78
E. Palmer	100	v.	F. Povey	...	58
483				536			

Winning Club, Reading Tramways Social by 53 points.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 10TH, 1930.

<i>H. & G. Simonds Social.</i>				<i>Reading Gas Co.</i>			
J. Doe	100	v.	T. Dennet	...	91
W. Curtis	89	v.	F. Ansell	...	100
H. Davis	96	v.	J. Crawley	...	100
C. Weller	95	v.	F. Shepherd	...	100
E. Palmer	58	v.	S. Dainton	...	100
E. Taylor	42	v.	L. Clifford	...	100
480				591			

Winning Club, Reading Gas Co. by 111 points.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17TH, 1930.

<i>St. Anne's Catholic.</i>				<i>H. & G. Simonds Social.</i>			
G. Cooper	100	v.	H. Davis	...	33
A. L. Norris	97	v.	W. Curtis	...	100
R. Bowsher	89	v.	C. Weller	...	100
H. Rickets	100	v.	E. Palmer	...	89
H. Crunden	80	v.	W. Sparks	...	100
E. Cooper	95	v.	E. Taylor	...	100
561				522			

Winning Club, St. Anne's Catholic by 39 points.

BRANCHES.

GIBRALTAR.

The North Staffordshire and Lincolnshire Regiments arrived here in a tropical downpour and their first impression of Gibraltar cannot have been very favourable under the circumstances. Let us hasten to assure them that there are very many worse places and express the hope that their stay with us will be happy.

We have also to record the departure of the Lancashire Fusiliers, who left by the transport that brought the other two Regiments. Amongst other departures of note was that of R.Q.M.S. Cole, Royal Engineers, who is shortly leaving the Service. It was with the greatest regret that we said "Good-bye" to him, for his huge bulk and expansive smile have endeared him to the hearts of many. "Adieu, 'Tim,' and may the very best of luck and prosperity attend you!"

The Fleet have been making their presence felt and life has been one long round of dances, concerts, football and boxing matches, etc. By the time these lines are in print both Mediterranean and Atlantic Fleets will be upon us, and for one crowded week our placid existence will be greatly disturbed.

Prominent among dances given by the Fleet was that of the Chief and Petty Officers of H.M.S. *Nelson*, who held an extremely successful dance at the Garrison Gymnasium. *Malaya*, *Frobisher* and *Hawkins* have all followed their example and with equal success.

The Brass Band of H.M.S. *Argus* entertained the Sappers and Sergeants, Royal Engineers, a short time ago, and once again demonstrated the good fellowship which exists between the two Services.

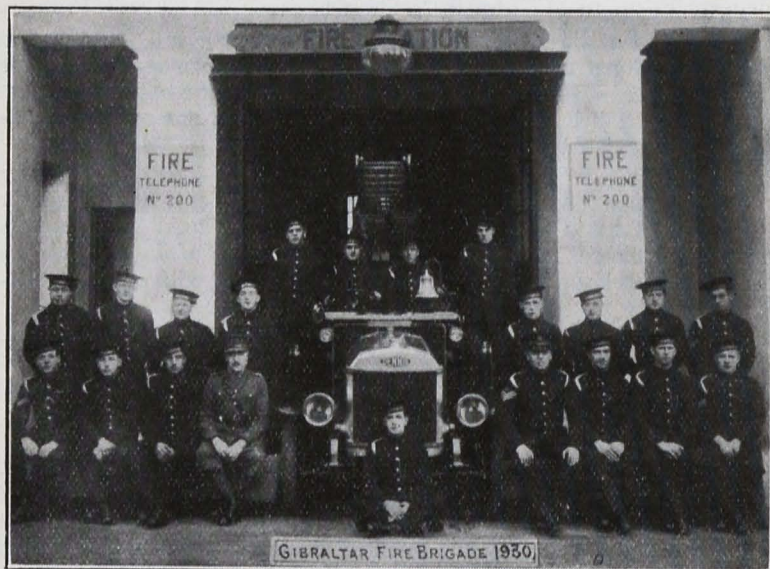
The massed Marine Bands of the Fleet also gave an orchestral concert at the Theatre Royal in aid of the dependants of those who lost their lives in the foundering of H.M. Tug *St. Genny*. The theatre was packed, and the musical treat was greatly appreciated by all those who attended.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather the Fleet v. Garrison football match, the sporting event of the year, has had to be postponed for the time being, but we are all hoping that we shall be afforded the pleasure of seeing this game before the departure of the Fleet.

The Fleet boxing at the Royal Naval Cinema drew packed houses at every session, and we were privileged to witness some stirring fights between Fleet champions. It is much to be regretted that there is no building on the "Rock" large enough to accommodate all those who were anxious to witness this event.

The photograph shown is of the Gibraltar Fire Brigade, which under their popular "Skipper," Sergeant Hatton, have performed valuable service when occasion has arisen.

All is well on the "Hop Leaf" front, the Navy returning to the charge again and again. Now that we have two regiments here to assist them, it is to be anticipated that Mr. Cottrell will need to call up all his reserves. Let us hope so!



BRIGHTON.

Although there is very little to chronicle regarding events during February, the dulllest month of the year for Brighton, it behoves us to send something up for the GAZETTE, so we have called upon the writer of that interesting article on his Swiss holiday which appeared in a recent number.

At this time of the year walking on the Sussex Downs appeals to many. Walking is not played out, and one doubts if it ever will become old-fashioned. The recent marvellous developments in the art of motion—in annihilating time, in bridging space, in knitting world-wide humanity in closer and quicker ties—have done relatively little to impede or curtail our inborn propensity for examining our surroundings afoot. Man is an inveterate pedestrian in spite of encroachments upon his historic, and pre-historic, rights as a foot-passenger; in spite of disturbance and inconvenience, and of the polluting of the very air he breathes; he mainly relies upon pedestrianism to aid him in holding his own. And mainly he is right. Speed is an auxiliary, plodding will remain fundamental. Walking endows one with the valuable advantage of being able to look upon, and into, Nature with the necessary calm, and in the presence of such varied natural magnificence and loveliness as Sussex possesses this advantage is enormous.

A small army of workmen is still engaged in the scheme for improving the sea front in the vicinity of the Palace Pier, which, when completed, will quite alter the aspect of that end of the town. No doubt by the time summer holidays commence the present appearance, as of a builder's yard after an earthquake, will have assumed a different form.

FOOTBALL CUP-TIE.

And so the Brighton team pass out of the chance of appearing at Wembley. The Cup matches have given Brighton and Hove Albion a chance to retrieve their financial position, and have also brought some of the players into the limelight. Now the League must be their problem, either to be Leaders or Runners-up.

An enterprising hotel keeper tried to organise a trip by air to Newcastle to see the match there, but it was not sufficiently taken up to justify going by such an up-to-date route. One Brightonian, however, walked to Newcastle from here, taking a fortnight en route.

OXFORD.

Concerning our remarks with regard to an airship last month, from recent football results it would appear that a consignment of new talent *was* delivered somewhere in Berkshire, but we haven't noticed any new players' names in the accounts of matches.

After a perusal of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE for February, we must agree that the Brewery Social Club's Annual Dinner was a great success and that credit is due to those responsible for its organisation.

If the glorious weather we are now enjoying is any criterion it seems unlikely that we shall get any real winter weather this season, but the pessimists inform us that there is plenty of time for a "plumbers' harvest" yet. We sincerely hope that we do not experience any such rigorous weather as was our lot about this time last year.

In the way of local news the *Oxford Times* of February 14th informs us that:—

"The latest scheme of a party of undergraduates is to form a ballooning club, and they are seeking to purchase a dirigible balloon. They claim that ballooning is 'one of the most healthy and safe forms of sport, being virtually fool-proof and at the same time highly instructive,' and they declare that one object of the scheme is 'to counter-balance the craze for speed,' such balloons providing the slowest means of aerial navigation."

We venture to think that whether the scheme is a success or not there will be certainly a great waste of "gas" of one kind or another.

OXFORD CENTRAL CONSERVATIVE CLUB.

The Annual Dinner of the above Club was held at the Club premises on Tuesday, February 11th, the chair being taken by Mr. H. E. Maplestone, Chairman of the Committee. There were present Alderman J. Rhodes, Councillor Blagrove, Captain C. B. Farey (Conservative Agent) and a large number of members.

Captain R. C. Bourne, the Member for Oxford City, was unfortunately unable to be present.

The speakers were Mr. J. C. Warland, Alderman J. Rhodes, Captain Farey, Mr. H. E. Maplestone and Mr. A. E. Bennett.

An excellent programme of music was provided by Messrs. V. Eyles and G. Eyles, F. Barnes, M. Jones, D. Donaldson, F. M. Bayzand, V. Smy and G. Warwick. "Jack Stylton's Band" was a great attraction, as was also that celebrated beverage "S.B."

We heard a yarn recently which sounded new and will bear repetition:—

The farmer's young first-born son had been escorted upstairs to see the new arrivals—twins. After looking at his new relations for some little time and knowing what had recently happened to a family of kittens, he turned to the nurse, pointed to one of the infants, and said: "I should keep that one."

We are informed that Oxford University Cricket Club will use the larger wicket for their matches during next season.

PORTSMOUTH.

GREAT RE-UNION OF THE HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT AT THE
PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL.

At this event nearly seven hundred old comrades from all parts of the county attended. The tables were arranged so that, as far as possible, the company should be seated in Battalions. The Colonel of the Regiment (General Sir R. C. B. Haking, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.) headed the list. On taking the chair he was supported by the Lord Mayor (Councillor J. E. Smith, J.P.) and Rear Admiral L. A. B. Donaldson (Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard). Amongst others at the top table were Colonel H. A. Man, C.B.E., D.S.O., Colonel G. R. Curtis, T.D. (Commanding the 6th Battalion), Lieut.-Colonel H. H. Gribbon, D.S.O. (Commanding the Depot, Winchester), etc., etc. The Re-union was organised by the Comrades' Association, and ex-regular, war-time volunteer and present day recruits were represented in the muster. During the Dinner the Band of the 6th Battalion, under Conductor A. Adams, played selections.

General Haking, who addressed the meeting as "Comrades of the Hampshire Regiment," said it was a pleasure to him to be present and to see so many faces he knew in the old days. This was the first time they had held a Re-union Dinner at Portsmouth.

but he hoped it would not be the last time. Whether it was or not depended entirely upon themselves. They had a Regimental Committee which did its utmost, first for the serving Battalions and secondly for those who were in the Service Battalions, such as the 14th and 15th, which were recruited in the Great War from Portsmouth.

The Lord Mayor, replying to the toast of "The Visitors," said that the fact that they had such a large meeting should induce the Association to hold the Re-union in Portsmouth again next year. One of the proudest military records was furnished by the inspiring fighting history of the Hampshires, who were known as "second to none." The young men of to-day failed to realize the tremendous amount they owed to the Territorial Army, otherwise there would not be a shortage of recruits in the 6th Battalion as at the present time. He appealed to the young men of Portsmouth to join the 6th Battalion and to obtain the benefit of drill and physical exercise which were bound up in military training. He understood the Camp this year would be held in the Isle of Wight from September 7th to 21st, and he hoped that by that time a large number of recruits would have qualified to attend.

In addition to its musical programme the Band led the singing of war-time songs, and there was plenty of time in which to obtain many "recruits" for the Comrades' Association.

The attention of Portsmouth is at present centred on the Five Power Naval Conference, now taking place in London. As all the world knows informal discussions on the subject had taken place and the stage was reached when it was thought there was nothing to prevent the Nations concerned coming to an agreement of some sort. The Conference is of special interest to Portsmouth as an agreement to reduce the size of the navies and the abolition of some of the vessels would, no doubt, be ultimately detrimental to the welfare of Portsmouth. Portsmouth is mainly responsible to the Navy for its "bread and butter," and, of course, reduction in the size of the Navy would not only mean that less sailors would be wanted but also less men would be required to keep the ships in repair. So Portsmouth, with its kindred naval ports, is anxiously waiting the result of the Conference, although we realise that the reduction of armaments is a necessary step towards World Peace. What of the future for Portsmouth?

Soon people, if they have not already done so, will be asking themselves two questions: firstly, "When shall I have my holidays?"

and then, "Where shall I go?" Whatever the answer to the first question the answer to the second should be Southsea. The popularity of Southsea as a pleasure—as well as health—resort is rapidly growing, and every year more and more people are coming here for their holidays. The attractions are always "new," the once desolate Common is now a mass of colour in the summer months, the Rock Gardens are matchless, while the Golf Links, numerous Tennis Courts and Bowling Greens are voted as some of the finest. Another point that is gaining Southsea its popularity is its situation. Just across the Solent, a matter of four or five miles, is the Isle of Wight, and a journey of less than ten miles will bring the holiday-maker into some of the lovely country that Hampshire and Sussex are noted for. So if the reader is in a dilemma where to go for his holidays, may we respectfully recommend Southsea; and remember that there is always plenty of "S.B." (undoubtedly Southsea's Best) to be had in splendid condition.

What is probably the first Naval Tattoo will take place at Whale Island at the end of July, lasting for a week. This will mark the Centenary of the Gunnery School, and in the magnificent Arena at Whale Island, a thrilling display should be witnessed. This Tattoo will, of course, not be so large as the Aldershot Tattoo, but there will be many items of interest and as it is the first of its kind large crowds are expected. There will be field gun displays, and a special feature will be a scene portraying the visit of the Royal Family to the Review at Spithead in 1794. In addition to this special function there will, of course, be the usual Navy Week in August.

Well played, Brighton! Proud Pompey has had to bow the head to Brighton. Our Cup Final visions have been dashed to the earth and we are no longer "winning Cup-ties in the air." The whole game can be summed up in these few words, *i.e.* on the day's play, Pompey were well beaten and the better team won. Brighton deserved better fate than to be drawn away to Newcastle in the next round, but the form of the latter has been so unconvincing of late that it would not come as a surprise to us if our conquerors did the trick at Newcastle and passed into the next round. Pompey's League form has fortunately not been affected by their Cup reverse and, with eleven points collected out of the seven games played since Christmas, Pompey are working their way up the League into safer regions. May Reading follow in the steps of Portsmouth. One thing we should like to know concerning football is: "Who is going to win the Championship of Division 3,

Southern? Will Plymouth have the honour or will Brighton slip in towards the end of the season and take the honour from them? Brighton are certainly securing more points lately.

The wish of our friends at Plymouth has been granted and the hopes of the Rugby "fans" in Portsmouth dashed. Although the first game was a draw, the "Dukes" well and truly beat the South Wales Borderers in the replay.

SOUTH BERKS BREWERY.

TRANSFER OF LICENCE AT HUNGERFORD.

An interesting transfer of licence took place at Hungerford Licensing Bench on February 5th last.

Mr. G. A. Wells, our respected tenant of the "Borough Arms," Hungerford, transferred his licence to his son, Mr. G. A. Wells Junr. Mr. Wells Senr. became tenant of the "Borough Arms" in August, 1913, and for the past seventeen and half years has conducted his house in a very efficient manner. In his earlier life from 1891 to 1902 he was serving with the Great Western Railway, at Reading; from here he was transferred to the Gold Coast to serve on the Colonial Government Railway, where he remained until 1913. "Father," the name by which he is called by many of his Hungerford friends, has many interesting stories to tell of his experiences of the Gold Coast and has also a very excellent collection of curios, which is well worth a visit to the "Borough Arms" to see and of which he is very proud and willing to exhibit to anyone interested. Such things as native drums, the heads of which are made of human skin, and beautifully carved ivory are among the collection.

In 1914 Mr. Wells donned khaki with the National Reserves, serving throughout the war. Now at the age of 69 and still hale and hearty has decided to take a well-earned rest, and we wish him a happy and peaceful one, with the source of pride and gratification of being able to hand the business over to his son.

Mr. G. A. Wells Junr. is a very worthy successor to his father. He has assisted in the business for several years and will endeavour to profit by his father's lessons and we are sure will use his exertions to emulate his example.

Mr. Wells Junr., like his father, has travelled a good deal, having spent four years in Canada and during the Great War served in the West Indies with the Artillery. He is very popular in Hungerford and all his friends are wishing him every success.



Mr. G. A. Wells Senr.—who is retiring—with Prince.



Mr. G. A. Wells Jnr., who succeeds his father.

BUFFALOES' DANCE.

A dance was organised by the R.A.O.B. Colthrop (Thatcham Branch) in aid of a fund to take eighty Thatcham school children to the seaside in the summer. This was held in the Newbury Corn Exchange and the gathering numbered some 350, including parties arranged by the R.A.O.B. Lodges at Lambourn, Kingsclere and other villages in the district.

A licence was granted to our tenant of the "Axe and Compass" (Mr. G. H. Davies) for the sale of "S.B.A." and other well-known brands of our bottled beers and stout, and the combined efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Davies, who also supplied tea and sandwiches, contributed to the comfort and happiness of the party and a very convivial evening was spent. Dancing was kept up without a break from 8 p.m. until 2 o'clock in the morning, the Lyricals and Denzu Bands playing in relays of half-an-hour. Balloons and novelties being freely distributed added to the gayness of the scene, and the Committee are to be congratulated on the success of their arrangements.

BRITISH LEGION.

The Thatcham Branch of the British Legion, which has only been in existence for a few months, held a successful Church Parade on Sunday afternoon, February 2nd. About 300 ex-service men assembled at the Broadway, Newbury, and, headed by the Thatcham and District Brass Band, marched through the principal streets, the gathering including members with their banners from Newbury, Mortimer, Pangbourne, Kingsclere, Woolhampton, Midgham and Aldermaston. A notable feature of the Parade was the placing of a beautiful artificial wreath of poppies on the War Memorial. This was carried by Mr. B. Brooks (Hon. Secretary of the Thatcham Branch of the Legion), Messrs. Potts, V.C., and P. Thomas, D.C.M., acting as escort, and two buglers from the Royal Berkshire Regiment. The wreath was inscribed:—

"In proud memory of our comrades, who gave their lives for their country."

"They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old,
Age shall not weary them, nor the passing years condemn,
At the going down of the sun, and in the morning, we will
remember them."

The service at St. Mary's Church was conducted by the Vicar, the Revd. R. C. Moore, who is Chairman of the Thatcham Branch.

The following extract from the *Newbury Weekly News* may interest our local readers.

PHOTOS OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TREASURES.

In the office of the *Newbury Weekly News* there is a complete set of *The Times*' photographs of the treasures found in the tomb. The late Lord Carnarvon gave *The Times* the sole right of taking these photographs, but he paid the *Newbury Weekly News* the compliment of making a proviso that the proprietors of that journal should supply a complete set free of charge to "his" paper. The photographs, which are beautifully done, are valuable as well as unique, and the *Newbury Weekly News* think they should be preserved by the Town in honour of its High Steward, who discovered the tomb, so they propose to have them put into a portfolio and hand them over to the Newbury Museum.

We very much regret to announce, at the time of going to Press, that our Collector, Mr. J. W. Cook, who is so well known amongst the Reading staff, has been compelled to go into Reading Hospital for treatment to his legs.

We would like to appeal to his many friends at the Brewery to give him a look up when possible. It would be very encouraging, and their kindness in so doing would be much appreciated.

Just a friendly grip of the hand, a little chat and a joke, or perhaps a little bit of "bacca," would go a long way towards keeping our old pal in good cheer during his enforced rest.

We sincerely trust and hope that the treatment will effect a cure, and that he will soon be amongst us again.

WOKING.

BOXING.

The Eastern Command Recruits' Boxing Tournament (Group "C") was held in the Gymnasium at Stoughton Barracks, Guildford, on the 13th February. The officials were as follows:— Captain W. P. Bradley Williams, D.S.O., Chief Instructor, Army School of Training (*Referee*); Lieut. T. V. Beer, The Somerset Light Infantry, Lieut. E. Hudson, The Middlesex Regiment, Lieut. R. Littlehales, Essex Regiment, Lieut. D. R. E. Shaw, Royal Sussex Regiment (*Judges*); Lieut. H. A. V. Elliott, Depot, The Queen's Royal Regiment (*Time-keeper*); R.S.M. S. Tedder, D.C.M., Depot, The Queen's Royal Regiment (*M.C.*).

The accommodation for seating of spectators was limited only by the size of the gymnasium. A marquee was placed at the disposal of the Depot by the Firm, and the lighting arrangements were in the hands of Mr. A. Grove, Guildford. Teams from the Depots, The Queen's Royal Regiment, The East Surrey Regiment, The Royal Fusiliers, The Middlesex Regiment, The Royal Sussex Regiment and the 17/21st Lancers competed.

Two sessions were held, a preliminary series being fought out in the afternoon. The evening session was well attended by spectators and the programme commenced with a very interesting, instructive and amusing demonstration of Army boxing methods given by Dusty Miller, late Army Physical Training Staff, and C.S.M.I. Hartigan, Army Physical Training Staff, and directed and explained by Captain W. P. Bradley Williams. This was well received and the enthusiasm of the audience was stimulated to a high pitch at once.

The boxing proved to be excellent, the friendly rivalry between the units, allied to enthusiastic support and good sportsmanship, producing some hard and earnest fighting, in which both winner and loser worthily upheld the reputations of their respective units. Many of the men showed ability above the average and their units are to be congratulated upon having in their ranks men who are at once full of the fighting spirit and the temperament to both win and lose well.

The tournament resulted in a win for the Depot, The Queen's Royal Regiment, with 21 points, the other places being as follows: 2nd—Depot The Royal Fusiliers, 19 points; 3rd—17/21st Lancers, 17 points; 4th—Depot The Royal Sussex Regiment, 16 points; 5th—Depot The Middlesex Regiment, 13 points; and 6th—Depot The East Surrey Regiment, 8 points.

Two special 4-round contests were held during the evening. Major-General H. Peck, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Area Commander, and Major I. H. Whiteing, D.C.M., The Loyal Regiment, presented the prizes for the special contests; the Area Commander, in an apt speech, congratulating all the boxers on the excellence and cleanliness of the fighting. He thanked the officials for the able manner in which they carried out their duties and the Commanding Officer of the Depot The Queen's Royal Regiment for the hospitality extended to the visitors and the excellence of all arrangements.

The results were as follows:—

AFTERNOON SESSIONS.

Queen's, 10 points. Sussex, 8 points. Lancers, 8 points. R. Fusiliers, 8 points. Middlesex, 9 points. E. Surrey, 6 points.

EVENING SESSIONS.

2nd Series—Bantam weights.

Tpr. Hitch (17/21st Lancers) *v.* Pte. Towell (Queen's). Hitch won on points.

Pte. Cook (Royal Sussex) *v.* Pte. Tostevin (Middlesex). Cook won on points—a good fight.

2nd Series—Feather weights.

Pte. Hawkins (Royal Sussex) *v.* Pte. Horseman (Middlesex). Hawkins won on points—a good fight.

Fus. Whiteing (Royal Fusiliers) *v.* Pte. Blackburn (Queen's). Whiteing was much cleverer and won fairly easily.

Light weights.

Pte. Elliott (E. Surrey Regt.) *v.* Fus. Parker (Royal Fusiliers). Parker won on points after a hard fight.

Pte. Barrier (Queen's) *v.* Pte. Armitage (Middlesex). Barrier knocked out Armitage in the 1st round.

Intermediate weights.

Fus. Cooper (Royal Fusiliers) *v.* Pte. Mason (Queen's). Mason was a very plucky loser to a stronger lad.

Pte. Mizon (Middlesex) *v.* Tpr. Bates (17/21st Lancers). Bates won after a good fight.

Welter weights.

Tpr. Redman (17/21st Lancers) *v.* Pte. Lewcock (E. Surrey). Redman won on points.

Pte. Fountain (R. Sussex) *v.* Pte. Newman (Queen's). Newman out-pointed Fountain who tried hard.

SPECIAL 4-ROUND CONTESTS.

Bantam weights.

L/Cpl. Driver (Royal Berks) *v.* Cpl. Webb (Beds. & Herts). Webb won on points—a fast and clever bout.

Feather weights.

L/Cpl. Sheppard (Royal Berks) *v.* L/Cpl. Nulven (K.O.S.B.). A good fight in which Sheppard won well.

FINALS.

Bantam weights.

Pte. Cook beat Tpr. Hitch.

Feather weights.

Fus. Whiteing outpointed Pte. Hawkins.

Light weights.

Pte. Barrier knocked out Fus. Parker in the 3rd round.

Intermediate weights.

Fus. Cooper beat Tpr. Bates.

Welter weights.

Pte. Newman beat Tpr. Redman.

On the conclusion of the performance the Sergeants and trainers of the various teams adjourned to the Sergeants' Mess, where all were entertained and introduced to "Simonds' products." The supporters of all units were thus able, in the case of the winning team to celebrate the occasion regally, and in the case of losing teams to recoup their spirits (liquid and otherwise) in a manner which decreased the measure of their disappointment.

1ST BATTALION THE ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT.

Congratulations to the 1st Battalion The Royal Warwickshire Regiment, Inkerman Barracks, Woking, on again reaching the penultimate stage of the Army Football Association Cup. On Monday, 17th February, the team met the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards at Burton Court, Chelsea, in the fifth round, and after an interesting game, at which many of the Warwick's supporters were present, ran out victors by two goals to one. This fine sporting Battalion has a great record in army football circles, and reached the semi-final in 1927, the fourth round in 1928, the final in 1929, and are now drawn against the 1st Battalion The Sherwood Foresters in this year's semi-final.

Their record for the present season is:—

1st round.—1st Battalion The King's Own Yorkshire L.I. Won 6—3.
2nd round.—10th Field Brigade Royal Artillery. Won 4—3.
3rd round.—2nd Battalion The Beds & Herts Regiment. Won 4—3.
4th round.—5th Battalion The Royal Tank Corps. Draw 2—2. *Replay*,
won 2—1.
5th round.—1st Battalion The Coldstream Guards. Won 2—1.

Well done the Warwicks!

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The premature Spring weather we have been enjoying during February in the Western Counties happily coincided with the visit of Mr. F. A. Simonds, who was looking, to our mind, much fitter than for a very long time.

The elements for the time being ceased to "rage so furiously together" and "tho' the keen tooth of the moorland breeze down along 'o Haytor" is not too trustworthy at this time of the year, we hope it did Mr. Eric no harm but rather added its quota to that measure of fitness which we were delighted to notice as almost a reality.

No place quite like Devonshire to complete a cure!

The Annual Meeting of the Social Club took place at the Club Room on Thursday, February 6th, Mr. F. Pierce, in the absence of the Chairman (Mr. R. Rymell), presiding. The Secretary

(Mr. W. G. Sealy) reported a successful year during 1929, and in his supplementary remarks appealed for a little more support from each department of the Tamar Brewery.

During the past year successful Dances, Whist Drives and Billiards Tournaments have been held and enjoyed.

The Hon. Treasurer's report was unavoidably held over until the next meeting, but we have no reason to be pessimistic regarding its state of health.

For the ensuing year our President (F. A. Simonds, Esq.) was unanimously re-elected, as were the Club's Vice-Presidents. For the office of Chairman Mr. R. Rymell was re-elected, the Vice-Chairman being Mr. F. Pierce. Other officers were as follows:—

Joint Hon. Treasurers—Messrs. W. G. Sealey and C. F. Goss.

Hon. Secretary—Mr. W. G. Sealey.

Auditors—Messrs. R. E. Wright and A. E. Harris.

Committee—Messrs. A. E. Ellis, S. Naish, P. Tucker, W. Luscombe and F. Oxenham.

The retiring Hon. Treasurer (Mr. R. E. Wright) was thanked cordially for his past valuable services to the Club by the acting Chairman, which vote of thanks was seconded by Mr. S. Naish and supported by Mr. W. G. Sealey, who desired to be associated with the motion for the great help he had personally received from the late Treasurer during the past year. Mr. R. E. Wright, in his reply, thanked all those members who, by their willing help at all times, had made his task so much lighter than it might have been.

The invaluable assistance given to the Club, financial and otherwise, by the Directors and Departmental Managers since the Club's inauguration was referred to by the Chairman, and a vote of thanks unanimously passed for their many kindnesses; after which the meeting closed, the hour being late and the legislators dry.

Our billiards athletes go from strength to strength! "More 'S.B.'" being their war-cry, no comment is necessary on the following results:—

JANUARY 28TH, 1930.

Devonport Y.M.C.A.					Simonds' Social Club.				
Harris	92	v.	A. E. Ellis	125	
Richards	125	v.	S. Naish	59	
Godslund	67	v.	F. Pierce	125	
Trundle	117	v.	F. Oxenham	125	
Biles	125	v.	P. Tucker	101	
526					535				

Simonds won by 3 games to 2.

FEBRUARY 11TH, 1930.

<i>Simonds' Social Club.</i>				<i>St. Mark's.</i>			
A. E. Ellis	125	v.	Lockwood	...	90
S. Naish	125	v.	Johns	...	100
P. Tucker	125	v.	Hancock	...	107
F. Pierce	125	v.	Maben	...	114
F. Oxenham	114	v.	Truscott	...	125
614				536			

Simonds won by 4 games to 1.

To glance at the local league tables is to marvel no more at the continued successes of such Clubs as the Bulwark Club, the Hyde Park Club, the Empire Services Club, the Friary Club, and many others whose members insist on "Hop Leaf" products.

We hope the "Saints" won't mind this little hint from us. Also other Clubs might copy.

Congratulations to Mr. T. Huxham on the acquisition of a bonny daughter, and to Mr. A. Wise who now rejoices in the possession of a son and heir. May they both be a blessing to their respective parents is our earnest wish.

Our deepest sympathy is with Mr. E. Lillyman of our Transport Department on the death of his father.

Sorry to have to record that the "Dukes" again fell almost at the last hurdle in their attempt to carry off the Army Rugby Cup. Under such circumstances as at Bristol, it was, however, a very gallant defeat. Practically all the Duke of Wellington's fifteen are of the rank and file, and to meet, and defeat, a combination which contained so many experienced first-class players of commissioned rank, would have been almost a presumption on their part. Nothing like a "good try." Ask the "Dukes" who scored the first good one at Bristol. We wonder if the officiating referee could now answer this question correctly.

Well done, Brighton! The prestige of the Third Division is considerably raised by your effective team work and, though now among the "left behinds" on the road to Wembley, we salute you from the place where even Drake used "to keep the ball rolling."

Bearing in mind how one wee son of Caledonia caused you such a heap of trouble not many days ago, we look forward to a repeat dose on April 2nd, when the "Pilgrims" are due to visit you. It will probably be a "Black" day for one of us. Why

not you? Don't forget we treated you rather kindly a few months ago.

We part from our staunch friends, the 1st Battalion (Duke of Edinburgh's) Wiltshire Regiment with very sincere regrets on their departure to Egypt. We have in the past paid this fine Battalion many tributes, and we are proud to take this final opportunity of respectfully thanking the Commanding Officer (Lieut.-Colonel P. S. Rowan, D.S.O.) and the Officers and men under his command for the confidence placed in us during the many years of our service to them.

We wish the "good old 62nd" God speed, the very best of fortune, and a safe return home when duty is done.

The appointment of one of our staff, Mr. J. Jinks, to the Chief Clerkship at Paignton is one on which all "Tamarites" congratulate him. We wish him good health—this should be no difficulty there, surely!—and a successful and happy time in his new surroundings.

Our friends at Okehampton are now able to get their "Simonds" at all times—during opening hours that is, of course—owing to the recent purchase by the Firm of the old-established licensed property, the "Pretoria Wine and Spirit Vaults."

Situated in North Street, near the centre of the town, it will, we know, fulfil a long expressed wish, not only to residents of that salubrious neighbourhood, but to the very many friends of ours of the Royal Artillery, who annually visit the adjacent Practice Camp.

Mr. L. E. Hall, who is now installed as mine host at the "Pretoria," can offer a galaxy of attractions to his patrons, Music, a Miniature Theatre, Dance Hall, up-to-date Billiards Room, Bagatelle Room, Ping-Pong Room, Skittles, etc., being but a few of the frills which surround his main object—that of supplying good sound liquors and refreshments to all those who need them. His extensive premises can offer many comforts out of the ordinary. Call in one day and try them.

The appointment of Mr. S. H. Spurling from Woolwich Branch and Mr. M. Rickards from Salisbury to our Clerical Staff is welcomed. We wish them both a very happy and progressive period of service at the Tamar Brewery where, we have little doubt, they will soon settle down and be quite at home.

FARNBOROUGH.

CHARGE OF RAMNUGGUR.

In the January issue we recorded the recent Ramnuggur Ball, given by the Sergeants' Mess, 14/20th Hussars, at Aldershot. The following particulars of these brilliant charges may be of interest to our readers.

The Charge of Ramnuggur took place on the banks of the Chenab on the 22nd November, 1848. The 14th Light Dragoons—now 14th (King's) Hussars—took the field with Lord Gough's Army of the Punjab in the second Sikh campaign and which ended in the fall of the Sikh power and the annexation of the Punjab. Here the Regiment, led by their gallant Colonel, William Havelock, K.H., made those brilliant charges against overwhelming numbers of the enemy, which have since become matters of history. The memory of that glorious day has ever since been held sacred by the Fourteenth and, as year by year comes round, the anniversary is celebrated, especially in the Sergeants' Mess, under whose auspices a Ball takes place.

Past and present Officers and friends and guests are invited, and on these occasions it is the time-honoured custom to revive old memories and stirring scenes long past by toast and libations freely taken from the celebrated "Ramnuggur Cup," a handsome silver bowl presented to the Sergeants' Mess many years ago by the gallant 5th Light Cavalry, who shared in the glories of that day and charged along with the Fourteenth as brave and trusty comrades. The Cup is emblematic of the occasion and bears a suitable inscription engraved upon it, with a glorious list of the actions in which the Regiment has been engaged with the enemy in their campaigns in the Peninsula, Punjab, Persia and Central India, numbering no less than twenty-eight.

The gallant chief of the Fourteenth fell in one of the attacks. Colonel Havelock's body was found and fully identified, though headless, some twelve days after the engagement. It was lying with the bodies of nine troopers of the Fourteenth heaped upon it, showing that his men had rallied around and fought for their chief. His left arm and leg were nearly severed, as well as the thumb of his right hand.

JUBILEE HALL CLUB.

The Jubilee Hall Club, Farnborough, held their Annual "Ladies' Night" on February 24th. The evening proved an unqualified success, everybody being delighted with an excellent

programme. The first part of the evening was devoted to games, at which several ladies surprised their hosts with their expert demonstrations.

Following the games the "Impossible Concert Party" from Farnham was the chief centre of interest. The Party gave a splendid show, every item being well received.

After the concert the rest of the evening was occupied in dancing; no doubt, for several of the younger members, this proved the best part of "Ladies' Night."

ALDERSHOT.

R.A. ANNUAL BALL.

The members of the Sergeants' Mess of the 3rd Brigade, R.H.A., and the 11th Field Brigade, R.A., held their Annual Ball in the R.A. Theatre, on Friday, February 14th.

This Ball is always popular, and the six hundred guests enjoyed themselves during the long and pleasant evening.

A carnival spirit was introduced by the distribution of all kinds of novelties, and the M.C's., B.S.M. Hinton and B.S.M. Cocks, saw that there was not a slack moment during the whole evening.

Great hilarity was caused when the "Lancers" was danced, everyone taking part with the full joy of life. The ballroom was tastefully decorated, a fine piece of work being a Union Jack formed by small pieces of coloured paper which hung over the centre of the dancing floor. The stage was a profusion of flowers and plants, set off with blue and red lights.

Full advantage was taken of the comfortably warmed marquees supplied by us, and great credit is due to R.S.M. H. C. Benfield, R.S.M. H. Callow, D.C.M., R.Q.M.S. Andrews and the Committee who saw that everything went off without a hitch.

Amongst those present were Lieut.-Colonel P. G. Yorke, D.S.O. (Commanding 3rd Brigade, R.H.A.), Lieut.-Colonel W. Meade, D.S.O., M.C. (Commanding 11th Field Brigade, R.A.) and a large number of the officers of both Brigades, together with representatives of every unit in the Command.

PAARDEBURG BALL.

The members of the Sergeants' Mess, 2nd Battn. D.C.L.I., held a Ball in the Malplaquet Concert Hall on 18th February, 1930, to commemorate the Battle of Paardeburg, which took place in 1900.

It was a tremendous success as about four hundred guests, representing nearly every unit in the Command, attended.

Great credit must be given to R.S.M. W. B. Fife and his energetic Committee who were responsible for the beautifully decorated ballroom and the organization, which made the dance go with a swing from beginning to end.

A special feature was the Ladies' Cocktail Bar, which proved a great attraction, and nothing was lacking for the comfort of those partaking of these well-known beverages in the tastefully furnished marquees provided.

The Battalion's excellent dance orchestra provided a varied programme of music, which was thoroughly appreciated.

A large number of the officers of the Regiment and many old friends were present.

Friday, 21st February, 1930, saw the members of the Sergeants' Mess, 2nd Battn., K.S.L.I., celebrating their Paardeburg Ball in the Wellington Lines Gymnasium.

Colonel J. C. Hooper, D.S.O., and Lieut.-Colonel R. E. Holmes à Court, together with the other officers of the Regiment, and their ladies, attended. "Better than ever" was the verdict of the guests present.

The ballroom was most tastefully decorated with flags and bunting, and great interest was taken in the beautiful display of the Mess silver trophies arranged on the stage, surmounted with the Regimental Badge, which was illuminated with electric lights.

The band, under the direction of Band-Sergeant Peplow, played popular dance music, and the dancing went with a rare verve. Two items on the programme, viz.: the "Palais Glide" and the "Canadian Crawl," brought reminiscences of the Rhine as many of the guests were renewing "auld acquaintance." About four hundred attended the Ball, and amongst those were a number who had been present at the Battle of Paardeburg in 1900. An excellent supper was provided for the guests, and R.Q.M.S. J. Coulthard and the Committee must be congratulated on the splendid arrangements that gave all present a most enjoyable time.