

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

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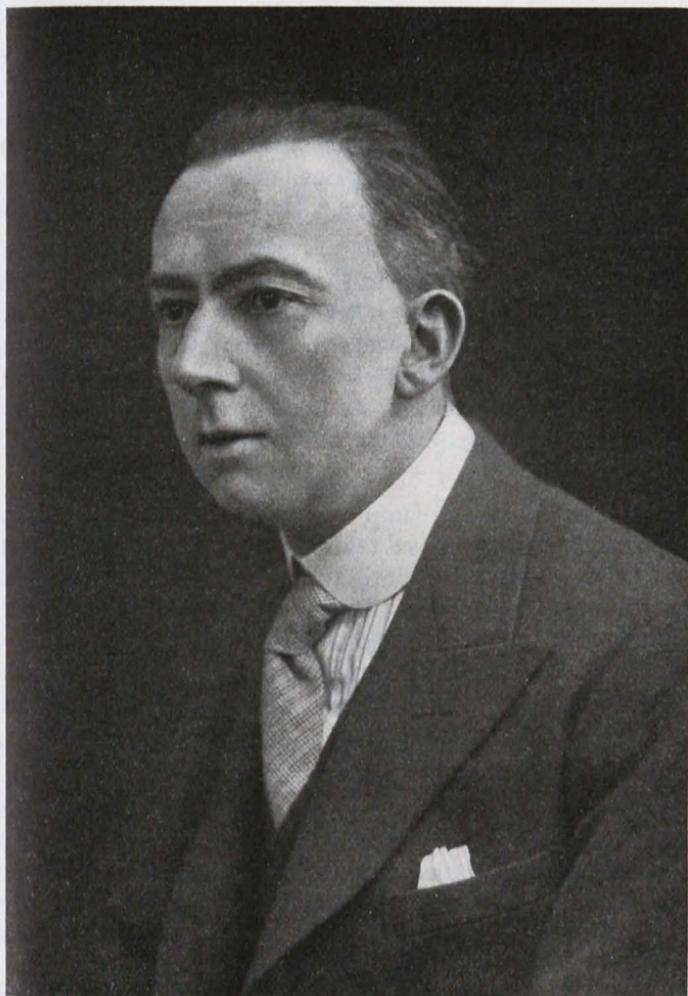
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MARCH, 1933.

No. 6

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MR. E. H. THORNBERRY.

## MR. E. H. THORNBERRY.

Mr. Thornberry commenced his career with the Firm at Reading in May, 1902, when he was employed as a junior clerk in the Cask Office. Two years later he was promoted to the General Office where he served for five years. He was then transferred to the Branch Office and remained in that department until the outbreak of the Great War. His steady progress towards his present office is distinguished by a record of good solid work in the various positions he has filled and also by his reliability. His wide experience, imperturbability and fortitude have fitted him for the extraordinary demands which are made upon organization and endurance during the concentrations of the Military upon Salisbury Plain and which, for various reasons, will be particularly heavy during the forth coming trainings. He holds a difficult position and holds it well.

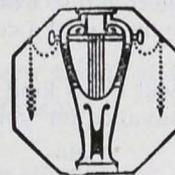
During his term of service in the Branch Office, Mr. Thornberry experienced a good deal of relief work at Aldershot, London, Ludgershall, Salisbury and Swansea. From October, 1914, until 1916, he was acting as Chief Clerk at Salisbury. In October, 1919, he was appointed second clerk at London Branch. He held this post until December, 1925, when he was promoted to Chief Clerk at Ludgershall.

His first experience of camp work was obtained at Ludgershall in 1908, when he was employed taking canteen stocks and collecting the cash daily. From then until 1913 he was sent to Ludgershall to assist with the camp work. During the big manoeuvres in 1913 he was attached to the Aldershot Staff with the 1st and 2nd Divisions. From 1914 until 1916, while employed at Salisbury Branch, he assisted in the running of Codford and Fovant Camps.

Mr. Thornberry's war service was unique by reason of the fact that he was the only member of our Clerical Staff to serve with the Guards. In October, 1916, he joined the Coldstream Guards at Caterham and after ten months' training at the Guards Depot and with the Reserve Battalion, he proceeded to France. He was engaged in the first battle of Cambrai in November, 1917, and was invalided home in December of that year. After six weeks in hospital and a short leave he returned to France and joined the 3rd Battalion. He saw a good deal of open fighting and was eventually taken prisoner near Merville on April 13th, 1918, after being

completely surrounded for forty-eight hours. He returned to England on the first British ship which entered Hamburg after the war. The homeward journey took no less than eight days owing to the fact that the German minefields had to be negotiated. Frequent changes of German naval pilots had to be made and progress was only possible in good light. He holds the General Service and Victory medals.

During the years he spent at Reading, Mr. Thornberry was a keen riverside camper and, with a colleague, kept a camp at the Fisheries, Mapledurham. Sculling was his favourite pastime and during both summer and winter he spent most fine week-ends on the river. After the war, during the time he was at London, he kept a camping boat at Kingston-on-Thames and during most of the summer holidays he would scull up the Thames, with old camping friends, to the Reaches above Oxford. Although keenly interested in sport of all kinds the camping season at Ludgershall leaves but little time for recreation.



## EDITORIAL.

## APPRECIATIONS OF "THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE."

THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE more than maintains its popularity and is eagerly awaited each month at home and abroad. I receive numerous and very gratifying evidence of this. A gentleman living in Swindon, who for many years has been interested in journalism, writes :—

"I think THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE is an exceptionally good number and I like the tone of it."

I have also received the following letter :—

100, Sda. Zecca,  
Valletta,  
Malta.  
9th February, 1933.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I am one of the many customers you have in Malta and one of the employees of the above mentioned Branch gives me free of charge your monthly Journal of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., that is, THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

Your gazette is very interesting, it helps me in my studies and every month I wait anxiously for it. When I am among my friends I relate them some puzzles of your lighter side and they like them so much that they all seek my friendship and ask me to relate them these puzzles.

To-day I went to the premises of the Malta Branch to have THE HOP LEAF of January but, unfortunately, all copies were given away and there was not one left for me. This news was a source of heartfelt regret and so I decided to write to you and ask you to send me by next mail a copy of THE HOP LEAF for January.

I hope that you will be so kind to comply with my wish and I thank you in advance for your kindness.

I am,  
Yours faithfully,  
JOE BALDACCHINO.

## LOST AND FOUND.

Mrs. Ross, of The Albion, Hammersmith, recently visited Reading and called at the "Cheddar Cheese" for food. She left her ring, valued at over £80, upstairs. Later in the day she missed it and hastened to the hotel to inquire about the ring. It was promptly handed to her and she expressed her thanks in handsome fashion to the maid who found it.

## WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM.

At the "Hatch Gate," Burghfield, the popular landlord, Mr. Clayton Turvey, exhibits the following notice :—

## WHAT HAPPENED TO THREE CUSTOMERS.

One said : I will see you tomorrow.  
He's blind.

Another said : I will pay you next week if I'm alive.  
He's dead.

The other said : I will pay you on Saturday or go to Hell.  
He's gone.

## PROHIBITION A DAMNABLE THING.

"Prohibition is the most damnable thing ever introduced into the United States. The harm caused outweighs the good a thousandfold."—Archdeacon Dodshon, president of the United States Church Temperance Society.

"I am glad to be here, because it gives me an opportunity to demonstrate in a definite manner that the Church does not stand for Prohibition. The drinking of alcoholic liquor as such is not, as it is often strangely supposed to be, inconsistent with the Christian religion."—The Rev. K. C. Scott, M.A., vicar of St. Peter's, Morden, when he laid the foundation stone of a new licensed cafeteria on the L.C.C. housing estate, Rosehill, St. Helier, Morden.

## MRS. MISSES.

*Dialogue between a solicitor and a wife at Tottenham police court recently :*

"You say your husband threw things at you?"

"Yes."

"But he says you threw things at him."

"Yes—but that was different."

"Different?"

"Yes. I missed. He didn't!"

## SMART TRANSPORT.

That the transport system of the firm of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. is one of the most efficient and up-to-date in the South of England is generally admitted, and this was amply proved on the terrible inclement Friday of February 24th. Despite the great snow blizzard and the awful conditions of the roads, the lorries arrived home safely on time. The drivers are to be congratulated for the manner in which they emerged from a very trying ordeal.

## SUPER-MAN REQUIRED.

A certain Isolation Hospital required a caretaker.

His wages were to be £2 a week, and, in addition to his care-taking duties, he was expected to :

Cultivate the garden.

Supply vegetables and flowers in season when required.

Cut the grass.

Keep the gardens, grounds, and walks neat and tidy.

Maintain and repair the motor-ambulance.

Convey patients to hospital.

Take charge of clothing.

Maintain in proper working order the disinfecting apparatus.

Carry out disinfection required.

Stoke the furnace.

Carry coal to the wards.

Remove the ash buckets.

Chop firewood.

Clean the windows.

And, in his spare time, he was to make himself generally useful!

## A FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

How an angler caught a nice pike, laid it on the path while he continued operations, and how a youth came along, examined the fish, saw that it was alive and innocently returned it to the water is well described by Mr. N. Bennett in the following letter which appeared in the *Reading Standard* :—

Pike have been evasive this season. I got my first fish over the week-end. The day was bitterly cold, even for angling, but my luck was in. Fully five pounds he went when I landed him from the Clappers pool. Not a specimen, but a fine fish all the same. I had no bag with me so I laid him on the path with a four-foot fence to separate him from the drink. Some of your readers must have seen and admired that fish the while I sought his mate. My attention was attracted towards my catch. A lad of twelve, complete with school cap and badge, was interested. He had it by the tail—judging its weight? The fish gave a spasmodic kick, and was promptly released. Amused, I went on fishing. A splash, and I looked with alarm towards the lad—he was peering over the four-foot fence whither he had “yanked” my fish. “I didn’t know it was yourn” he said. “Didn’t know it had been caught,” he added. So Esox Lucius lives on, but I should like to congratulate the proud father of that promising youth.

This is a story that takes a bit of beating!

## A TROUT FISHER'S SOLILOQUY.

Just one more cast, and then, dear stream, farewell!  
Until the weary winter months are past  
And I renounce my hibernating spell,  
Again to cast.

One final cast as o'er the Styx we glide,  
Good Charon grant this boon ('twill be my last)  
Before you land me on the further side—  
Just one more cast!

—H.J. in the *Fishing Gazette*.

## FORTHCOMING POINT-TO POINT MEETINGS.

- March 25 Staff College, Ashridge Farm, Wokingham.  
„ 28 Garth, Remount, Arborfield.  
April 5 South Berks, Beech Hill, Mortimer.  
„ 15 Berks and Bucks Staghounds, Sonning. (*Easter Saturday*)  
„ 17 Vine, Kingsclere. (*Easter Monday*)

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The employer was reading through his typist's letters before signing them. “By the way, Miss Smith,” he said, “I see that you have spelt ‘received’ with ‘ei’ in one letter and ‘ie’ in another.”

“I’m sorry, Sir,” the girl apologised, “one of them was a slip.”

“Well, you’d better correct it before you send the letter.”

“Yes, Sir—by the way, which one shall I correct?”

“Why—er—why, the one that’s wrong, of course,” stammered her employer.

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Two cavalry officers were invited to judge a show of costers' donkeys. During the course of the afternoon they overheard some lurid and picturesque language from the entrants, and at last, when they were on their way home, one said: “Well, Bill, it’s a long time since I heard such real full-blooded cussing as we did this afternoon.”

“That’s true,” commented the other, “I haven’t heard anything like it since I left the Holy Land!”

## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Our appearance for February was a little belated but one heard, on all sides, that it was a "good number."

### HELP.

I would like to thank all those who came to my rescue with a copy of the March, 1932, issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. It would seem that Brewery Jottings are read.

MR. JAMES WRIGHT.

Many of those now at The Brewery remember the above when he was a member of the Transport Department and owing to depression in our trade was "put off" some while ago. Well to cut a long story short, he has taken the Brewers Arms in Bridge Street, quite close to The Brewery, so there will be a fine opportunity for his friends to support him. Personally, I have known "Jim" Wright for many years and wish him every success in his new undertaking.

### TEST MATCH.

The game played at Brisbane was followed with close interest by cricket enthusiasts at The Brewery. The match was remarkable for its fluctuations, first one side having the best of it and then the other, although in the end England won very convincingly.

### FOOTBALL.

At the moment, Reading are in the "first three" in the league and it would appear that only one of four clubs in the running has a chance of "going up." Whether Reading will win the league this time is likely to be undecided until somewhat later on; nevertheless, it must be realised that Reading have an excellent chance for we have to meet Brentford twice and Exeter at Elm Park. The critics, however, do not seem to be over-pleased at some of the matches, in spite of wins. The match at Aldershot was a thrilling affair and quite a number from The Brewery saw the game. I think the result was fitting and as eight goals were shared, everyone had value (or goals) for their money.

The doings of the Brewery 1st XI. have been very good of late and it would seem they have an excellent chance of winning another league.

By the way, what is the matter with our Plymouth friends, viz., Plymouth Argyle? After their splendid exploits of last season and their early promise of this season they seem to have fallen from grace very badly. Probably they will come again and then there will be rejoicing in the West country.

### WHERE HE FOUND HIMSELF.

(From *The Ilkley Gazette*.)

It popped out of the door-window of a two-seater saloon car and said, piteously, "Excuse me. Can you tell me where I am?"

"Ilkley," I replied promptly, and courageously refrained from quoting the local guide book.

"Where?" asked the face, which belonged to a man.

"Ilkley," I said again, and then added brightly, "baht 'at." Nearly everybody recognises that, but he looked more puzzled than ever.

"Not Keighley?" he said in a bewildered fashion.

"No," I replied firmly. "This is Ilkley, a watering place situated on the south bank of the River Wharfe . . ." I was just going to tell him we hadn't any baths when I really noticed his car. What a mess! The wheels were absolutely covered with mud, and parts looked as though he had been fording a river.

"Where have you been?" I asked.

His reply was simple and to the point:

"In H—L.

"Really," I replied, "it must have been nerve-wracking."

"I'm a Southerner," he said, and that to a thorough-bred Northerner explained a great deal, because to a Northerner there is very little difference between men who think they are Napoleon and Southerners.

But he really had something on his mind.

"Listen, brother," he said, and unfolded this sad story:—

"I'm a traveller, and the man who usually does this round is down with 'flu. I was told to find Bradford and then go on to Keighley, and be in Sunderland to-night. I found Bradford all right—you couldn't dam well miss it—and then I set out for Keighley. On the way I met a policeman. Some day—(this very, very bitterly)—I shall meet him again. He said I was at Mukden and I was ready to believe I was in China."

"It would be Morton," I interrupted.

Wearily, he replied. "Have it your own way," and continued:

"He turned me off on to a road the Romans must have scheduled as an ancient monument. Some of it was sand, some of it was muck, there were rocks in the middle, and water rushed all round. Then I came to a hill. What a blinking hill! I could hardly see anything but sky, it was so steep. And then I nearly broke my neck and something inside me cried 'enough' as the back wheel found a pot hole. To crown it all there was a stream that looked like a young river in flood rushing down the middle.

"'This must be the bad place,' I said to myself. But it wasn't. It was higher up. There was a mist on top, and then things started moving about in front of me. I knew I hadn't touched a drop, so I thought it must be the end. Then one of 'em bleated and I knew it was a sheep. As I came down this side matters were worse and there were more sheep. And what cheeky beggars they were. I had to keep getting out to kick the beggars out of the way. Anyway, I got down at last. That 'cop' must have thought I was taking part in a reliability trial. Silly fool . . . And so I haven't got to Keighley after all?"

"No," I replied. "You've just come over the famous Ilkley moor. Ilkley is sometimes called 'a gem set in heather.'"

"Do you know any more funny stories?" he asked, and then continued, somewhat breathlessly, "Has anybody ever done it before?"

He wanted to be a pioneer!

"They have," I said, "but not as a pastime."

"You've heard that travellers can swear?"

He could!

R.M.G.

#### CHANGES OF TENANTS.

The following changes and transfers have taken place during the month and to all we wish success:—

The Crispin, Denmark Street, Wokingham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. G. Smith (late of the Printers Arms.)

The Three Tuns, Staines (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. E. Whitaker.

The Railway Bell, Hampton (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. A. S. Hamaton.

The Wheatsheaf, Wantage (The South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. H. J. Splatt.

The Nag's Head, Newbury (The South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mrs. E. Foale.

The Bell and Bottle Hotel, Littlewick (The South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. C. L. Foreman.

The Sailor's Home, West Street, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. M. W. Duguid.

The Kitcheners Arms, Windsor (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. H. H. Beatwell.

The Merry Maidens, Shinfield Road, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. G. B. Oxlade.

The Cricketers Inn, Stockcross (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. B. Berry.

#### DEATH.

We very much regret to record the death of Mr. Alfred Reed of the Elephant and Castle, Chesham, on February 12th. Mr. Reed had been tenant of the above house since September, 1924, and our sympathies are hereby tendered to the relatives in their sad bereavement.

#### THE BERKSHIRE OPERATIC CLUB.

The above club presented at the Palace Theatre, Reading, the "Arcadians," during the week commencing February 6th and the following members of our staff took part, viz., Miss M. Hayter, Mr. E. H. Kelly, and Mr. L. Buckingham. From all accounts it was a great success and good houses the order of the week.

#### HOPE.

According to *The Daily Express* there is no doubt that there will be a reduction of the Beer Duty in the next Budget.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer speaking at Edinburgh said: "I ask you to believe that, as soon as I believe that taxation can reasonably be reduced, it certainly will be."

#### ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Nearly all the seaside resorts are applying for extension of licensed hours, and it is pleasing to note in most cases the applications are being granted, in spite of the usual unreasonable opposition of the so-called Temperance Party.

A new use for bagpipes was revealed at Reigate the other day when a street musician was found to have his bagpipes full of beer. Must have been liquid notes whilst he was playing.

Can our Editor beat this? Councillor Harry Ford of Brighton was fishing at Knepp Castle near Horsham, and caught two pike with one bait. The larger fish weighed 15 lbs. and the smaller one between 5 and 6 lbs. According to him he was fishing with a live Thames dace and he was able to see exactly what happened. Pike No. 1 (the smaller) made a dash for the dace and seized it, when along came Pike No. 2 (the larger) with open jaws. The larger pike couldn't stop and the smaller one disappeared head first into his mouth. The story is vouched for.

Test match cricket is apparently mentioned in Shakespeare for in "Measure for Measure" it is written "the faithful Verity." In Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam" reference (surely it fits) of body-line bowling thus:—

"The ball no question makes of eyes and nose  
But right or left, as strikes the player, goes."

It is also rumoured that Mussolini has been heard to exclaim "Viva, Voce."

There's truth in this. An elderly Vicar reproved the Curate for preaching too short a sermon. "My dear young friend," he said, "You must give the people the milk of the word." "Yes, Sir," he replied, "but these are the days of condensed milk."

Heard at The Brewery on a particularly cold day:—"Rather cold this morning," says one. "Yes," was the reply, "Cold enough for a straw hat."

The carnival dance organised by Simonds' Athletic Football Club was a great success and on the morning after everyone seemed particularly pleased.

The present cycle of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Savings Association will soon be completed, so if anyone is desirous of joining in the next one, will they please enquire at the Correspondence Office for full details which will be willingly given.

I wonder what is the record time for drinking a half-pint of beer and also a pint. I was informed the other evening that the record is two and two fifths seconds for a half-pint and five seconds for a pint, and my informant said he knew of several people who could do this.

## WHEELER'S WYCOMBE BREWERIES.

### HOUSES REMODELLED AND REBUILT.

Since Messrs. H. & G. Simonds took over the control of the Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries, great strides have been taken in order to bring the licensed houses in that area up to the high standard typical of the firm.

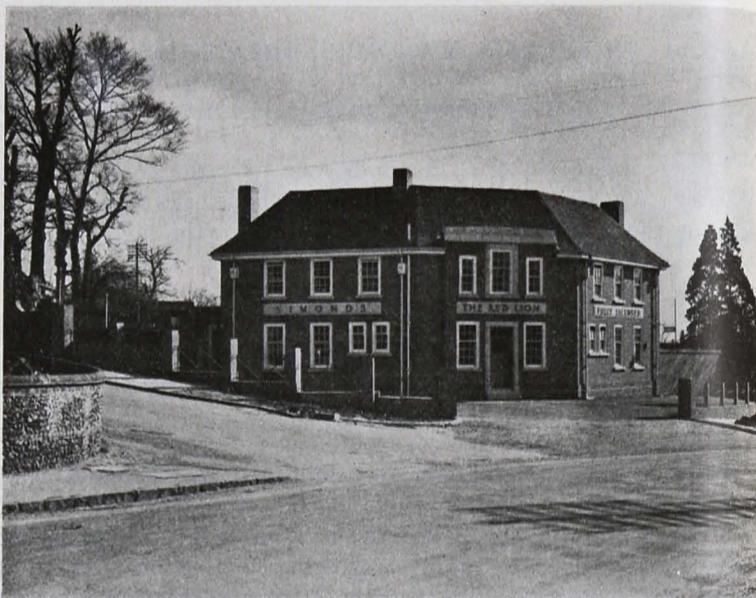
Following the modern cry of "Fewer and better licensed premises," several houses have been closed, others remodelled, whilst a number have been entirely rebuilt on the old sites or removed to more congenial areas.

Among those rebuilt are The Bull, The Red Cross Knight, The Morning Star, The Iron Duke in High Wycombe, The Swan, West Wycombe, and The Three Pigeons, Gerrards Cross, while The Roundabout, High Wycombe, is nearing completion. All these houses are designed on modern lines, giving the maximum of comfort for the public and tenant, including central heating and indoor sanitation—whilst central serveries ensure easy service and supervision.

On the next page we give two of the latest to be opened, viz., The Iron Duke, High Wycombe, and The Red Lion, Wycombe Marsh, which were remodelled under the supervision of the Surveyor's Department from the designs of our Architect, Mr. John J. Cardwell, A.R.I.B.A. The difference between the new and the old is most striking.

Already The Red Lion, with its "beam" floodlighting, has become known as "The Hotel Cecil of the Marsh."

Both these jobs reflect great credit on the builders, respectively Messrs. G. H. Gibson & Son, High Wycombe, and Messrs. W. A. James & Son, Maidenhead.



The Red Lion, Wycombe Marsh.



The Iron Duke, High Wycombe.

2010 MILES THROUGH ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND  
(continued).

WEDNESDAY, 20TH JULY, 1932.

The morning broke fair and we were early astir, a short stroll for an appetiser, with a look at the car and back to the hotel for breakfast, over which the day's programme was discussed, our objective being Invergordon. The hospitality in the northern hotels was all one could desire, the quality of food excellent, with a great variety to choose from and the most exacting individual could be satisfied. As the "kirk" clock is striking 10.45 a.m. we bid farewell to Elgin and proceed via Alves, Forres, over Findhorn Suspension Bridge, Brodic Station (here we ran into a severe rain storm, but luckily it was of short duration), Auldearn to Cowdor, where a short halt was made to check our "times." On again to Croy and thence across Culloden Moor, the famous battlefield, where in 1746 was the scene of the defeat of Prince Charlie. Cumberland's Stone and ruins of the King's Stables and the Well where the dead were placed are among the chief objects of interest. In about another six miles we reach Inverness at about 1.5 p.m.

This short journey, 42 miles, is along a pleasant tourist route and with the exception of Culloden Moor there is nothing of special interest.

The car is parked and we stroll through the busy streets of Inverness in brilliant sunny weather. The cathedral on the banks of the river Ness is an imposing building. The trim kept banks of the river and the three graceful suspension bridges are very pleasant to see and are in the centre of the town.

After lunch we decided to make the trip to Invergordon, the famous naval base during the Great War. Leaving at 3.10 p.m. we follow the coastal road, skirting Beaully Firth by way of Muirtown, Lentrane Station, Bogroy Inn, Beaully, Muir of Ord, Conon Bridge (here are the Falls of Conon), Maryborough, Dingwall (remains of castle), Evanton, Alness to Invergordon.

On arrival our first object was to ascertain if a memorial had been erected to the memory of the crew of the ill-fated H.M.S. *Natal* which blew up in the harbour with so many valuable lives, including a personal friend of L.L.E., early in 1915. The wreck is visible at low water. Our trip was in vain, there being a very fine memorial to all branches of the services and not to any in particular.

When we visited Invergordon, unemployment was unknown, there being plenty of work, chiefly agricultural, and it was said then that farmers had never had such times, despite the hard times one reads they are experiencing in the south.

This was our farthest north, and after tea we retraced our road back to Inverness. Arriving about 7 p.m. we spent the evening on some of the "off the beaten track" lanes, just wide enough in some parts to squeeze through, to pass another vehicle would have been impossible; as it happened we met with nothing worse than a shepherd and his dog here and there. Rain again began falling as we made our way back to Inverness where the night was spent at the Royal Hotel.

One thing that first strikes the visitor is the length of the days; we were actually reading a newspaper (the London dailies arrive about tea time) in the street at 10.30 p.m. without artificial light, lighting up time being about 11.15 p.m. Notwithstanding the daylight, the local folk seemed very conspicuous by their absence from the streets after about 9 p.m., but they were not about as early as we expected the next morning.

It was still raining when we retired for the night and it was the worst day we had experienced so far.

Our usual daily reading:—day's run, 108 miles, petrol consumption, 4 gallons=27 m.p.g. Total mileage, 761 miles.

THURSDAY, 21ST JULY, 1932.

The first thoughts: what is to-day going to be like? From local reports received while on our short stroll before breakfast, we were informed it would be fine and warm; the prophecy turned out to be correct. Back to the hotel and after having a hearty breakfast we bid adieu to Inverness at 11.10 in a heavy shower. However we soon ran into fairer weather and proceeding by the road to the south of the Loch Ness (Caledonian canal) via Dores, Inverfarigaig Pier (the road keeps the Loch in sight, and delightful scenery was passed), Foyers Hotel (here we came upon a road which called for greater care in driving: very sharp ascents and descents and awkward hairpin bends), Mill Bridge, Whitebridge Inn to Easter Drummond. The view from the vantage point was wonderful; one could see four Lochs and wild mountain scenery on all sides, with ever-changing colours on their slopes. Large pleasure steamers were plying both ways on the delightful Loch Ness, the trip from Inverness to Fort William being a favourite with tourists. Fort Augustus being only eight miles distant we push on and meet with more hard climbing, some being up to 1-6, but still U.D. 1692 never faltered. Arriving at 2.5 p.m. we pull up at the Caledonian Hotel for lunch, for which we are thankful. No waiting, within a few minutes our wants are supplied; a fine lunch well served, and with glorious views from the dining room window. We get going again feeling well satisfied, by way of Suspension Bridge to Invergarry.

This portion of our tour took us through narrow roads, some under reconstruction, which is being carried out on a grand scale. About Fort Augustus it is very hilly with long slopes and stiff gradients up to 1-6 (as before mentioned) and altogether one of the prettiest runs.

Continuing we leave by way of the road past the Fort and we pass Laggan Bridge, Stronenaba, Spean Bridge to Fort William, arriving at 5 p.m.

A few words about the road on this section of our journey. There are long stretches of concrete and macadam; on the bends, which are of macadam, it is banked, in fact everything is done for the comfort and safety of the motorist. When the road is completely finished from Inverness to Fort William it will be more like a racing track than an ordinary road.

(To be continued.)

#### A BISHOP ON PROHIBITION.

The Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. W. S. Swayne, speaking recently at St. Martin's Church, Lincoln, referred to the "dangerous results" of prohibition in America. "Wise temperance advocates," he said, "have always been quite clear that it is along the lines of reasonable legislation and good education that the problem must be attacked. First, I should like to see benches of licensing magistrates make up their minds as to what their policy is. They seem to have fluctuated between two policies—one of reducing the opportunities of getting alcoholic drink as narrow as they can in their area, a policy of reduction which in the minds of some is meant to end eventually in total prohibition. There is another policy, and that is coming to the front to-day, a policy not so much of restriction as a policy of encouragement—encouraging owners of public-houses to improve their premises. It is high time benches of magistrates made up their minds whether it is to be a policy of mending or a policy of ending. I confess I am on the side of mending. We have abundant evidence across the Atlantic of the extremely dangerous results which may follow the policy of prohibition." Remarking that he had worked for seventeen years in a London parish, Dr. Swayne said, "I suppose that there was wine in every house in that parish; but the one thing which it was not necessary for me to speak to my people about was drunkenness."

## DON'T RACE A COLD ENGINE.

(From *Our Empire*.)

An owner-driver, after having carefully "run in" his engine for the first few hundred miles, will often rush carelessly off, first thing on a cold morning, little recking that he is undoing much of the good work he put in by driving slowly when the car was new. Again, he may, on a cold morning, "race" his engine violently to hasten the "warming-up" process, with the idea of having a tractable, nicely-warmed power unit by the time he ventures on to a public road.

To cause a cold engine to run fast is an expensive display of ignorance. Although no obvious or immediate harm may result, damage is, nevertheless, almost certainly being done; without any actual "trouble" being experienced, the engine will show signs of wear sooner than it would have done had it been better treated on those winter mornings.

Why should it be bad for an engine to "race" it when cold? When the ignition was switched off and the car put away for the night, the oil was warm and fluid. Consequently it drained away from the cylinder walls, camshaft, valve guides, etc., and accumulated, to become, as it cooled, a sticky, viscous substance, in the bearing oil-grooves and the passages and galleries provided for the circulation of the oil. If, then, the engine is suddenly started up and run fast, there is the grave risk of there being no oil, or an insufficiently fluid lubricant, at the very points where it is most required. A close-fitting piston, for example, moving rapidly up and down in a practically dry cylinder, will generate heat. It is hardly likely that the oil will have drained away so much that a seizure occurs, but undue heat, and therefore wear, is almost bound to occur before the lubricant will have warmed sufficiently for it to circulate freely.

Much the same applies to the main and big-end bearings, not omitting the gudgeon pin or little-end bearings. The oil, having drained into the grooves cut in the white metal, does not at once flow all over the bearing surfaces, and there is the risk that the heat engendered will cause the "skin" or surface of the metal to run slightly. In any case, the bearing surfaces may become roughened by this harsh treatment—a condition into which the piston skirt and cylinder walls may also be reduced. The valve stems, if drained of lubricant, will wear their guides rapidly, and this, in the case of the inlet valves, will lead to the upsetting of the slow-running mixture and difficulty in starting. Undue wear of cams and tappets is another possible result of speeding-up an engine before the oil has reached a suitable state of fluidity.

## BURDEN OF THE BEER DUTY.

WHAT THE COUNTRY IS LOSING.

Lieut.-Col. Sir Mervyn Manningham-Buller, M.P., writes in the *Daily Telegraph* as follows:—I am glad to see that attention is being drawn to the damage which is being done by the present scale of the beer duty to agricultural interests. The evil, however, great as it is in that direction, extends very much further.

From the farmers the barley passes to the maltsters, and the malting industry provides one of the few industrial assets in the agricultural areas of Great Britain. This industry employs large numbers of workers and consumes a quantity of coal. Indeed, the amount expended on coal is nearly equivalent to its wage bill.

The barley has to be conveyed to the maltings, and from the maltings to the breweries—a traffic which is of no inconsiderable importance to the road, rail and water carriers of the country.

The maltings employ in their upkeep large numbers of men in the building and engineering trades, and so forth. All these industries are very severely affected by the decline in the beer consumption, for which this duty is responsible.

## INCREASED DISTRESS.

It is estimated that there is an annual loss in production and work in agriculture and allied industries which cannot amount to less than £2,500,000.

To this must be added the cost of maintaining alive all dismissed workers, which must bring this figure to at least £3,000,000 in the allied industries alone—apart from the far greater losses incurred by the breweries. As it is unlikely that any considerable revenue will accrue from the increase in the beer duty, it will be seen that this imposition does not mean profit, but great loss to the State.

This is a grave reflection upon the application of the proper principles of taxation, which are thus being carried to limits which increase distress rather than relieve it.



## WHISKY TAX TYRANNY.

(From the *Evening Standard*.)

Once again, as the time comes round for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to consider his Budget, hope revives in various breasts. The hope of the direct taxpayer is a withered and sickly plant, suffering from prolonged hardship and discouragement. But there are other taxes than income-tax and sur-tax of which the public feels each year as Budget time approaches that surely something must be done to give relief.

It has indeed reason for feeling this in the cases in which it can be shown that heavy taxation is defeating its own object. The increased beer-tax has, as has been frequently demonstrated in these pages, resulted in a loss to the revenue. Whisky is another commodity which is returning less and less to the State simply because the State attempts to take too much from it. We are killing the goose which used to lay such golden eggs by a protracted death and, if we continue, soon it will lay no more.

What eggs they were is shown by the fact that in 1895-6 the spirit duties provided no less than 19 per cent. of the total revenue. But taxation has changed all that. At first indeed it seemed to produce additional revenue, and between 1920 and 1921, when the rate was 50s. per proof gallon, the receipts went up from under £60 millions to £70 millions. But in the latter year the duty was raised to 72s. 6d., and since then the decline has been steady. By 1931 it was down to £40 millions, and last year it did not reach £35 millions.

The unhappiest result of this crushing burden on whisky is that it encourages the consumption of "loaded" foreign wines, to which our system of taxation actually gives a preference. They can be cleared for consumption at once, whereas whisky may not be sold until it has been properly matured for at least three years in cask. Liquids containing 40 per cent. of raw spirit come into this country under the guise of wine at a duty of only 4s. a gallon. But whisky, produced at home and giving employment to our own people, pays at the same strength no less than 29s. a gallon.

As a result the distilleries in Scotland and Northern Ireland are idle, and unemployment stretches much further than that. The output of the cooperages is only one-tenth of what it was ten years ago, and barley-growers have been deprived of an important market for their products. The national finances thus suffer in two ways from this foolish policy, besides the direct loss of revenue from spirit duties. We get less from income-tax, and we have to pay more for the relief of unemployment.

There are, of course, other motives at work beside the financial. Any proposal to put a heavier tax on drinking is sure of support from the strongly organised teetotal minority, and any proposal for reduction is equally sure of opposition from the same quarter. But we have already paid enough for our weakness in giving way to this minority, and we ought to free ourselves from the tyranny which it exercises. Were there no other argument, it would yet be sufficient to say that we can no longer afford to submit to it.

## MISTAKES PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS MAKING.

Dr. Clark Trotter, Medical Officer for Islington, said at a Ministry of Agriculture inquiry that the ordinary Londoner, when buying "Canterbury Lamb," thinks it comes from Canterbury in Kent.

*Canterbury lamb comes from New Zealand.*

Here are a few more of the popular fallacies which science and the spread of education have failed to drive from the public mind—

That ostriches can digest nails.

*Ostriches eat nails, glass, and other hard substances for the same reason as a common fowl eats grit, to aid digestion.*

\* \* \* \*

That brown eggs have a richer food value than white ones.

*The chemical composition of all eggs is the same.*

\* \* \* \*

That moths eat clothes.

*It is the larvae, or grubs, of the moth which destroys cloth and fur.*

\* \* \* \*

That a cheque dated on a Sunday is void.

*The Bills of Exchange Act (1882) provided that cheques, agreements, or receipts are not invalid because they bear the date of a Sunday.*

\* \* \* \*

That fat children are the healthiest.

*The more fattening the foods given to young children the less likely are they to develop into muscular men and women.*

\* \* \* \*

That twins are always alike.

*Extreme dissimilarity between twins is as common as moderate likeness.*

\* \* \* \*

That tortoises clear a garden of slugs and insects.

*Land tortoises are strict vegetarians.*

\* \* \* \*

That a man has one rib fewer than a woman.

*Both have twelve pairs of ribs.*

—The Sunday Express.

To these we might add, on the authority of Dr. E. F. Armstrong, F.R.S., Lecturer to the Society of Chemical Industry at Bristol University :

That whisky is the national drink of Scotland.

*Whisky was first manufactured in Ireland, and was not introduced into Scotland until the 12th century. Seven hundred years after the English discovered it, although the chief distilleries are still North of the Border.*

#### RELATIVE RANK.

The following table of relative rank between officers of the three Fighting Services of the Crown may prove of interest to many readers. All rank with one another according to seniority and date of appointment as shown below :

Royal Navy.		Army.		Royal Air Force.
1. Admiral of the Fleet	...	Field-Marshal	...	Marshal of the R.F.A.
2. Admiral	... ..	General	... ..	Air Chief Marshal
3. Vice-Admiral	... ..	Lieut.-General	... ..	Air-Marshal
4. Rear-Admiral	... ..	Major-General	... ..	Air Vice-Marshal
5. Commodore (1st & 2nd Cl.)	... ..	Brigadier	... ..	Air-Commodore
6. Captain	... ..	Colonel	... ..	Group-Captain
7. Commander	... ..	Lieut.-Colonel	... ..	Wing-Commander
8. Lieut.-Commander	... ..	Major	... ..	Squadron-Leader
9. Lieutenant	... ..	Captain	... ..	Flight-Lieutenant
10. Sub-Lieutenant and Mate	... ..	Lieutenant	... ..	Flying Officer
11. Commissioned Officer	... ..	Second Lieutenant	... ..	Pilot Officer

from Warrant Rank

#### SIMONDS' ATHLETIC FOOTBALL CLUB DANCE.

A carnival dance, under the auspices of Simonds' Athletic Football Club, was held at the Oxford Ball Room on Wednesday, February 22nd, and proved a tremendous success, over 250 people attending. It is extremely gratifying to know that this venture on behalf of the football club met with such a good response. We were all very pleased and proud at the presence of Mr. L. A. Simonds and Mr. R. St. J. Quarry who, it is not too much to say, made themselves exceedingly sociable and popular. Mr. L. A. Simonds, assisted by Miss Plumb, acted as judges for the fox trot and waltz competitions. They had an extremely difficult task as there were so many competent dancers present, but their decisions met with general approval.

Others present were Messrs. A. G. Richardson, Major H. Kaye, J. H. Wadhams and Mr. W. Bradford, the Hon. Secretary of the Simonds' Social Club, who also worked hard in order to ensure the success of the occasion.

The following very kindly gave prizes for the various competitions, F. A. Simonds, Esq., S. V. Shea-Simonds, Esq., Commander H. D. Simonds, Major G. S. M. Ashby, L. A. Simonds, Esq., R. St. J. Quarry, Esq., Messrs. E. S. Phipps, C. Bennett, A. G. Richardson, J. H. Wadhams, W. H. Davis and H. L. Chaplin.

Thanks are also due to Mr. R. Boddington, the Hon. Secretary of the Football Club, and all the members of the dance committee, sellers of tickets, those who exhibited bills, and for the publicity given in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. Mr. C. Langton acted as M.C. and carried out his duties very efficiently. The Oxford Syncopators played for dancing.

#### THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A young gentleman was engaged to a lady who ran slightly to embonpoint. He had promised to take her to see a much-discussed play, and one day the girl said, "Have you secured the seats, Harry?"

"Come, come," smiled Harry, who had an unfortunate sense of honour, "you aren't as heavy as that, my dear."

\* \* \* \*

The music hall manager was listening to the efforts of an aspiring singer who sought a place on the bill. Concluding triumphantly with a note many kilometres beyond her compass, the singer said triumphantly, "That last note was B flat, sir."

"Yes," murmured the manager thoughtfully, "it certainly was."

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

The most perfect and best of all characters, in my estimation, is his who is as ready to pardon the moral errors of mankind as if he were every day guilty of some himself, and at the same time as cautious of committing a fault as if he never forgave one.—Pliny.

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

There is truth in the saying that, whereas a few people are turned into saints by the cultivation of their souls, millions are turned into sinners by the neglect of their bodies; and the guess may be hazarded that, when the spiritual values of our various cultural activities come to be added up on the Day of Judgment, that which has concerned itself with the liberal education of the body will be found not far from the top of the list.

He that ceases to be a friend never was a good one.

An old warrior is never in haste to strike the blow.

Death but supplies the oil for the unextinguishable lamp of life.

Envy is ignorance.

Friendship is love with understanding.

Soldiers there are of the ploughshare as well as of the sword.

There is great force hidden in a sweet command.

## A GREAT THOUGHT.

*It is a great thing to be fair and just. Much misery is often caused by unfairness and injustice, and this applies just as much to boys and girls at school as to grown-up people, and judges and juries.*

*In the eighteenth century a crowd gathered in a French town, and in the crush one man trod upon another man's foot. The sufferer was a person with a hasty temper, and without inquiring whether the other man could help it, he turned and struck the offender a hard blow on the head.*

*This man did not retaliate. He said quietly, "Ah, sir, you will be sorry for what you have done when you know that I am blind." It was Antoine La Motte, the famous French poet and playwright. No wonder the hasty man blushed with shame and offered a profuse apology.*

*In still more recent times an Italian general walking in the streets of Rome passed a private who did not salute him. The general was exceedingly angry, and stopping the man spoke to him roughly, and demanded how he dared to pass a general without saluting.*

*The private, who had just returned from the wars in Abyssinia, shook back his cloak, and the general could then see that he had lost both his arms. Of course, the general was exceedingly sorry that he had been so unfair to the wounded soldier.*

*Stories like these, which might be multiplied, show how important it is that we should get ourselves into a frame of mind in which we can be fair and just to our fellows at all times.*

## A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

BEHOLD! ANOTHER YEAR.

THE BEAUTY OF A BIRD'S NEST.

"The flower opens, and behold! another year." I thought of these words during one of my recent rambles when I came across the lesser celandine, a little bit of glistening gold, nestling on a sun-bathed bank. I think wild flowers are always very beautiful but perhaps that beauty is intensified when we only come across one here and there in this early season of the year. How thankful then should we be when woodland and meadow are carpeted with thousands upon thousands of beautiful blooms, each one a jewel in itself.

## EXQUISITE STRUCTURES.

And the birds, too, will soon be building. The rooks are already hard at work. A bird's nest is indeed a thing of beauty. First the foundation of, perhaps, sticks and straw and then gradually, bit by bit, the structure is made into a cosy cradle of exquisite design and workmanship. In it there will be laid delicately coloured eggs from which young birds will appear. By an ingenious and beautiful provision, the yolk of the egg is so suspended in the albumen, that, however turned, the vital spark, or embryo of the future bird, is always kept uppermost, so as to receive the greatest heat from the bird's body. Yes, miracles are being wrought by the million, even to-day, for is not a nest built by a one-year-old bird, without any previous tuition, a miracle and will there not soon be, in almost every hedge and bank, evidences of this wondrous work? What pleasant surprises meet one at almost every turn during a long ramble in the spring and summer months!

## FISH OR FUR?

But though there are many signs and sounds of spring we have experienced some very wintry weather of late and the floods have been serious though not without their interest. Where do all the water voles and old barn rats that have their homes in the river banks go to at such times as these? And what happens to the moles? I was trying to gather information of this subject recently when high overhead I espied a heron. Suddenly he turned round, descended and seized something in the flooded meadow, a rat or fish, I believe, but I could not clearly see. The bird made off with his prey and I hope he enjoyed his meal of fish or fur.

CROW *v.* GULL.

The seagulls do not seem to mind the floods so long as they can find some food. On this same occasion a gull had found what was evidently some form of acceptable food and was making short work of it on an unflooded part of the meadow when an old crow made up his mind to share the meal. He swept down at a terrific pace and I feared a fatal collision when up rose the gull. The crow followed, but by means of exceedingly rapid and very graceful aerial evolutions the gull had little difficulty in evading the crow, who soon gave up the chase, and the gull, alighting not far away, finished his meal in peace.

## THE BIRD CHOIR.

Many birds are now in full song including the blackbird, thrush, missel thrush, chaffinch and lark, and this month the cheery little chiff chaff, among other migrants, will arrive. What can be more delightful than an early morning walk in spring, listening to the bird choir. There is the silver song of the lark as he rises sing, sing, singing all the while, until he appears a mere speck in the sky. Legend has it that one day a lark rose so high that he could hear the angels singing in heaven and that was the origin of this sweet song that appeals so strongly to us all. Then there are the flute-like notes of the blackbird, the merry music of the thrush, the piping of the bullfinch, the exuberant out-bursts of the little wren, the cooing of the doves—each and all delightful in their way. What a shame it is to cage such songsters. I know of friends who have such birds and bestow upon them every care and attention, but the practice generally is to be condemned.

## THE POOR LITTLE PRISONER.

I am glad to see that Lord Buckmaster and Lord Howard of Penrith have framed a bill to be presented to the House of Lords prohibiting the caging of wild birds. Man, with his boasted Science, can now climb into the sky in a clanking, roaring machine, and instantly has used it to drop death and horror upon women and children. But the birds that fly by God's grace in their adorable beauty, and with the songs only of love, man, with his cruelty, and for sordid gain, entraps with fraud and imprisons with cold malignity. Alfred Noyes, that fine poet, has expressed for us all most poignantly the infinite sorrow of the little prisoner in its cage:

"Beat, little breast, against the wires,  
Strive, little wings and misted eyes  
Which one wild gleam of memory fires,  
Beseeching still the unfettered skies,  
Whither at dewy dawn you sprang  
Quivering with joy from this dark earth and sang.

Beat, little breast, still beat, still beat,  
Strive, misted eyes and tremulous wings,  
Swell, little throat, your 'Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!'  
Through which such deathless memory rings,  
Better to break your heart and die  
Than, like your gaolers, to forget your sky."

## MR. L. F. PITTS MARRIED.

PRESENTS FROM HIS COLLEAGUES.

A pleasing little ceremony took place in the Waiting Room, on February 24th, on the eve of the wedding of the above member of the Estates Office Staff, for the purpose of presenting to him a case of cutlery, salad bowl and servers, and a fruit set.

Mr. C. Bennett in making the presentation said they were there that evening for the purpose of presenting to Mr. Pitts the gifts which had been subscribed for by his colleagues in the various departments of the Firm. Mr. Pitts had been a member of the staff for a number of years. It seemed to him the occasion was somewhat like dealing with an applicant for the tenancy of a licensed house. First of all they asked the applicant if he had sufficient capital and Mr. Pitts, on this point, assured him that he had. Next was the question of references. Firstly the late Mr. H. F. Lindars (whom they all so dearly loved) gave Mr. Pitts a splendid reference. Secondly Mr. H. Killford, who had worked with him ever since he had been in the employ of the Firm, also spoke well of Mr. Pitts and, thirdly, during the time he (Mr. Bennett) had been in the Estates Department, he had found him a good worker and could, therefore, give him a good reference. The references being so satisfactory they would pass on to the next item, viz. :—experience. On this matter, Mr. Pitts had told him he had been "walking out" with his future wife for six years which fulfilled the requirements in that respect. They all wished Mr. Pitts and the future Mrs. Pitts every happiness in their married life. They would probably find that stresses and troubles would come to them as they had come to most of them, but if Mr. Pitts at any time felt rather "rough," when he saw the case of cutlery it would remind him of his friends at the office and that should stop him making any "cutting" remarks. In conclusion, on behalf of all the staff, Mr. Bennett wished him every success and said that although he was entering a new estate he would still be a member of the old Estates.

Mr. L. F. Pitts in reply thanked all present most sincerely for the kind gifts given for him and his future wife. He would also like to thank Mr. C. Bennett for the kind words he had said about him.

With hearty hand-shakes and expressions of "All the best," &c., the ceremony concluded.

W.D.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Isaac was arrested, and on receiving sentence was requested quite curtly to strip and take a bath.

"Vot," he cried aghast, "go right under der vater . . . no, no!"

"But it's got to be done," said the warder uncompromisingly . . . "By gum! you need one, too. How long is it since you had a tub?"

The prisoner lifted his hands to high heaven. "I've never been arrested before," he sobbed.

\* \* \* \*

An Englishman was appointed manager of an Aberdeen business which had been declining. So successful were the methods of the newcomer that, at the end of the year, the profits showed an increase of 200 per cent.

The manager was sent for and the gratified chairman of directors addressed him as follows: "Well, Mr. Jones, we have decided to make you a present of this cheque for £100, and, furthermore, I am authorised to say that, if at the end of our next trading year we maintain our present level of profits, we shall have much pleasure in dating and signing it."

\* \* \* \*

An old lady who was wintering in Egypt was being shown round the Pyramids.

"Madam," said the guide impressively, as they halted opposite one of the mightiest specimens, "it took nearly two thousand years to build this."

"I can quite believe it," rejoined the visitor vigorously; "our workmen at home are very nearly as bad."

\* \* \* \*

An actor who had had a slight motoring accident and had sticking-plaster on his nose as a result, was called upon to interview the local income-tax inspector.

"Had an accident to your nose?" the latter asked, sympathetically, as he entered the room.

"No," said the actor, "I've been paying through it for so long that it has given way under the strain."

Dinner had proved to be too much for the pantomime comedian. When he arrived at the theatre his gait was noticed to be a trifle unsteady.

"Look here," said the manager wrathfully, "you can't go on to-night; you're tight."

"Tight," echoed the actor indignantly; "jush wait till you've seen my understudy!"

\* \* \* \*

A music hall star who had been touring the provinces found it necessary to stay at rather humble diggings in a town in the North of England. However, no matter how poor the apartments were, the landlady was a real gem, and she treated the actor with the greatest of kindness.

Before he left he endeavoured to thank her, but the landlady waved aside his praise. "Bless yer 'eart, that's all right," said the good woman, "I allus try to be kind to theatricals, for I never know what my own children may come to yet."

\* \* \* \*

Meagre audiences have been the cause of laughter as well as tears. There is on record the farewell speech of a certain fit-up manager who had experienced a very bad season.

"I have to thank you one and all," he told his gaping house, "for the noble way in which you have rallied to this—er—Temple of Thespis. I thank you for the kind manner in which you have patronised our efforts." Then, after a reflective pause, he added: "But, God help me, if I had opened a season on the Goodwin Sands I should have had more support from the shipwrecked sailors."

\* \* \* \*

The pretty young actress was being taken a motor run by a shy but eligible bachelor one chilly day. Finding her companion utterly uncommunicative, the favourite of the "gods" remarked in sprightly fashion, "How cold it has turned. My hands are just like ice. Feel them."

"Oh," stammered the man at the wheel, "you ought to have brought a muff with you."

"Yes," sighed the lovely lady, "but I have."

At a small Irish music hall one of the turns announced that if a member of the audience would call out the name of any of Shakespeare's famous female creations he would endeavour to portray that character.

There was an uneasy silence for a moment, and then a diffident voice suggested "Florence Noightingale."

The actor's brow grew stern with wrath. "Luk here," he announced trucently, "don't ye try to make a gossoon o' me. I said Shakespeare, not Dickens!"

\* \* \* \*

A cautious Aberdeenshire farmer, who wished to investigate the alleged huge profits of the middleman, sold a consignment of eggs to a London firm in June. On one of the eggs he wrote, "I received three halfpence for this egg. How much did you pay?" Below he added his name and address.

Shortly after Christmas he received a reply written upon the notepaper of a well-known London theatre. "Dear sir," it read, "I received your egg absolutely gratis."

\* \* \* \*

A Scottish land-owner was giving a dinner to his tenants to celebrate his daughter's wedding. He gave instructions that a magnificent repast was to be served, and there was to be no stinting of champagne.

Two farmers were just partaking of their fifth glass of the finest champagne when one of them turned to the other and whispered: "I say, Donald, I wonder when the whusky is comin' round. These foreign mineral waters are very lowerin'."

\* \* \* \*

MANAGER: "A customer has made a complaint that the coffee tastes like mud."

COOK (facetiously): "Tell him it was ground this morning."

\* \* \* \*

"How are you getting along?"

"Very well. I have a good job in a domino factory."

"Then how is it you can be out walking at ten in the morning?"

"They are making double blanks to-day."

Things looked very busy at the office of Messrs. Solomon & Cohen. For three days the partners had been poring over books and feverishly adding up columns of figures. Then at the end of it all, a wail of despair escaped the lips of Mr. Solomon.

"Ach, Cohen," he cried, "vot a vaste, vot a vaste! Ve have given the book-keeper a veek's holiday and his books vas right after all!"

\* \* \* \*

Two Yorkshiremen in the railway carriage eyed one another steadily for some time.

At last one blurted out: "What are tha' staring at?"

The other replied: "Thee, bai gum—tha art ugly!"

Slightly incensed, the other replied: "Ah know ah'm ugly. But Ah ca'ant do anythin' abaht it!"

To this the first one replied, sadly and thoughtfully: "Oh, yes, tha can—tha can stop at hoam!"

\* \* \* \*

Son in college was applying pressure for more money from home.

"I cannot understand why you call yourself a kind father," he wrote his dad, "when you haven't sent me a cheque for three weeks. What kind of kindness do you call that?"

"That's unremitting kindness," wrote the father in his next letter.

\* \* \* \*

"So you told Mrs. Brown, did you? And what did Mrs. Brown say?" defending counsel asked the witness.

The opposing counsel objected to the question as irrelevant, and a long and heated argument took place between the two lawyers. At last the judge intervened and allowed the question to be put.

"Now," exclaimed the triumphant counsel, turning again to the witness, "what did Mrs. Brown say?"

"Nothin'," was the reply.

\* \* \* \*

George was sitting reading a newspaper when his wife entered the room. "George," she said, "what do you think? Mother wants to be cremated."

"Right!" said George briskly, throwing the paper on one side and springing to his feet. "Where is she? Tell her to put her things on."

## BRANCHES.

### PORTSMOUTH.

#### H.M.S. "NEPTUNE" LAUNCHED AT PORTSMOUTH.

It is now some four years since Portsmouth has witnessed a launching ceremony similar to the launching of the *Neptune* which took place at the beginning of February this year, although in the meantime the dockyard has floated two destroyers and a flotilla leader. The *Neptune* is a vessel of 7,000 tons displacement, authorised in the 1930 naval building programme, and she is the third ship to be built at Portsmouth bearing the name in the last 100 years. Mrs. Euan Wallace, wife of Capt. Euan Wallace (Civil Lord of the Admiralty) performed the naming ceremony.

#### ARMY BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

In the first round of the Army inter-unit team boxing championships held at the New Barracks Gymnasium, Gosport, the 1st Bn. The Manchester Regiment, met the 26th Field Brigade, R.A., from Bulford. Some good fighting was witnessed. Brigadier-General Morgan Owen, Commanding the 9th Infantry Brigade, congratulated the Manchester Regiment on winning by 25 points to 16. He said that they had seen some good, sporting and clean boxing. The Royal Artillery, too, were congratulated on the excellent show they had put up, this being the first entry of the 26th Field Brigade in the competition. As Commander of the 9th Infantry Brigade he hoped the Manchester Regiment would go far. He also thanked the officials, who were: Lieut. Redmond, R.N. (H.M.S. *St. Vincent*) (*referee*); Lieut. Hill (1st York & Lancs. Regiment) (*time-keeper*); Lieuts. Lovegrove and Neame (H.M.S. *St. Vincent*), Lieut. Denaro and 2/Lieut. Walker (1st York & Lancs. Regiment) (*judges*). The second round of the competition saw the 1st Bn. Royal Welch Fusiliers and the 1st Manchester Regiment together at the New Barracks. The Welchmen came down with a reputation as fighters. The Manchester Regiment were not far behind them in this respect. A splendid evening's boxing was the result, each of the 15 bouts being fought at a great pace and the team aggregates ran neck and neck throughout the evening. The Fusiliers eventually won by the narrow margin of 23 points to 21 points and at the end of the contest the Manchesters cheered and wished them luck in their succeeding fights. The band of the 1st Manchester Regiment played selections under the direction of Bandmaster Grey, playing immediately before the fighting, as a compliment to the visitors, "Men of Harlech."

Some good stories were heard at the annual dinner of the Portsmouth Motor Club held recently. The President (Alderman Walter Gleave, J.P.) set the ball rolling and it never really stopped all through the dinner. Alderman Gleave, for example, in his dry, droll way told the following:—"A friend came into the Police Court a few years ago and found, very much to his surprise, Alderman Gleave on the Bench in the chair. A fine of 10/- was imposed. He appeared to think, however, that having a friend in court (in every sense of the word) he ought to have been let off and told the Alderman so. "My dear fellow," was the reply, "if I hadn't been on the Bench they would have fined you £1."

Another story told by Alderman Gleave of a motorist summoned after being mixed up in an accident:—"A policeman estimated his speed at 35 miles per hour and another said it must have been at least 25 m.p.h. The motorist called some witnesses who happened to be at the back of the car. The first put the speed at not above 20, the second said about 15 and the third went on to say it could not have been more than 10 miles per hour. Then the Magistrate interposed, saying that he thought he had better impose a fine of £5 before the car started going backwards."

Still another one was:—"An American touring England asked a yokel if he was going all right for Mr. William Shakespeare's country. 'Yes, you're all right' was the answer, 'but I wouldn't hurry if I was you, he's dead.'"

The annual dinner of the Club and Institute of the Gosport Railwaymen was held this year at the Clarence Hall, Gosport, the Chairman (Mr. F. E. Stretch) presiding. "The Club and Institute" was proposed by Mr. H. Saunders, who paid tribute to the sociability of the members, the high tone of the club and the excellent work of the officers and the committee, also to the Steward (Mr. F. Allen). The chairman, in responding, particularly mentioned the good work of the Hon. Secretary (Mr. W. H. Bowles), and said that the club was second to none. It was financially sound. The committee responsible for the arrangements were: Messrs. Stretch (chairman), Bowles (hon. secretary), C. H. Dennett, J. Coleman, C. J. Paul (vice-chairman), A. Discombe, E. Cox, J. Elliott, E. Elliott, E. Prior and R. C. Wright.



## BRIGHTON.

## THE RIGHT CATEGORY.

It is one of the benign offices of the Brighton Publicity Department to advise strangers as to accommodation available in Brighton.

One man wrote this week from the Midlands in the following style:—"I am told there is room for an astrologer in Brighton. Will you advise me as to where I can get a good shop on your sea front, with living accommodation over, for £30 a year."

To which the Publicity Manager replied: "If you can get what you ask for at £30 per annum, you are not merely an astrologer, you are a magician."

## SUSSEX COUNTRY LORE.

A piece of West Sussex lore, that would not be countenanced by scientists, came under a local journalist's notice this week. It has real pathos. Passing through a Sussex churchyard, he noticed three fresh graves, two open, dug within a few inches of the footpath.

The sexton was in one of the graves digging. "Why," the observer asked him, "do you dig these graves so very close to the pathway when there is plenty of other space?" The sexton stood and rested on his mattock. "Its like this," said he, in the soft sing-song burr of West Sussex. "These are all children's graves, and we always put children's graves close to the path. The mothers think the children won't feel so lonely if they are close to the path, where the people go by."

## FOOTBALL.

Before this gets to the reader, we hope Brighton will have won the cup match against West Ham on 18th February. We also hope to see Reading at the top of the league in their division.

## OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHY.

Misfortune has befallen our new foreman, Mr. J. House, in the loss of his wife, which occurred on Monday, 20th February, following a period in hospital.

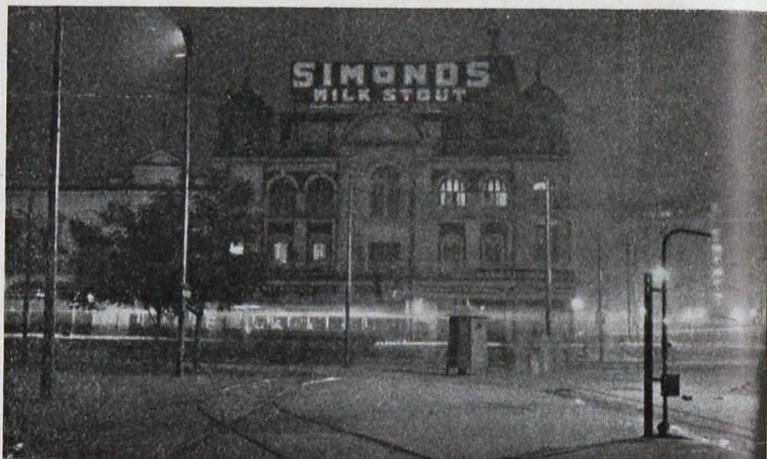
We extend to Mr. House and his relatives our deepest sympathy in their bereavement and we are sure that all his old friends at Reading will be very grieved to hear of his sad loss so soon after joining our staff.

## INDIA.

The accompanying photograph portrays an electric advertisement sign displayed over Messrs. Firpo's Restaurant, Calcutta, by our Agents for India, Messrs. Spencer & Co., Ltd.

This very effective advertisement shows the enterprise of our representatives for India, who are to be congratulated upon selecting an excellent position.

The photograph reveals modern India, replete with up-to-date restaurants, flood lighting and all the latest devices for making the city attractive by night. It also shows artistic ability in night-time photography.



Messrs. Firpo's Restaurant, Calcutta.

## THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

All Devonians are pleased to know that the practice camp at Okehampton will once again be the centre of activity in the South-West for the annual firing of our Regular R.A. Units; while we, in particular, are delighted that H. & G. S. have been accorded the signal honour of supplying these staunch "Hop Leaf" supporters for the period of training—from May to September. The Royal Regiment of Artillery will find many new and old friends in the West Country, during their few spare hours, and at the "Pretoria Wine and Spirit Vaults," just off the main Exeter road, one of the "Old Brigade" is now installed as mine host—Mr. W. A. Gerry who took over this well equipped "SIMONDS" house in August of

last year. Here our service friends will find all their needs readily catered for, with a cheery word, and a friendly greeting. With very spacious bars, bagatelle and ping pong rooms, also an extensive dance room with full size stage, etc., the "Pretoria" is well worth a call, while its local reputation, which Mr. Gerry has built up in a few months, is a pretty sure sign of his attention to the things which matter.

We highly commend this roomy and comfortable house to all ranks in need of refreshment and rest, "when the long day closes."

Congratulations to Mr. S. H. Spurling on his new family arrival—an heiress—to whom we wish all the best things of life. We trust the task of guiding her footsteps will year by year become a greater joy.

The first year is usually the worst!

We deeply regret to record that on Saturday, January 28th, one of the most promising members of our clerical staff, Mr. A. E. Harris, passed away after a brief illness which was little thought to be more than a chill. Pleurisy and pneumonia however developed, and the end came with startling suddenness. Never, unfortunately, possessed of a robust constitution, Mr. Harris joined us at the "Tamar" in March, 1922, and for a number of years held the position of senior correspondence clerk. In December, 1931, when the rebuilding of the Commercial Hotel, Paignton, was completed, he was appointed to the charge of its Off Licence Department and Wine Stores, and with youthful courage and natural ability he quickly demonstrated that a wise choice had been made. The steady advance under his administration is at least very sound evidence of the value which this adjunct to the Firm's business interests would have been, had he been spared to develop its potentialities.

Alas, it was not so, for at the age of 27, when his rare qualifications were bringing a due reward, he passed from us, mourned by all.

Borne on the shoulders of six of his oldest friends at the "Tamar"—Messrs. R. E. Wright, L. S. Innes, C. Goss, L. Gruitt, G. Pearce and S. W. Naish—an esteemed privilege to them we need scarcely add—our old confrere was laid to rest at the Old Cemetery, Plymouth, on Friday, February the 3rd, following the service at St. Andrew's Parish Church, Plymouth. Mr. W. F. McIntyre, and as many of the staffs at Devonport and Paignton as possible attended, and if grief for the passing of this promising life was the dominant thought in our hearts, it was also mingled with the sure and certain hope that a good and faithful servant had entered into the greater life.

While our deepest sympathies go out to his sorrowing parents and their family circle in this sudden bereavement, may we also

express the fervent hope that, both in these darkest days and in the years to come, the many tributes which they received, will, in some measure, be a source of pride and solace to them in our mutual loss.



The late Mr. A. E. Harris.

LONDON.

TOOTING CONSERVATIVE AND UNIONIST CLUB, 12 ASHVALE ROAD,  
S.W.17.

The 13th annual children's party took place at the above club on Wednesday, 1st February, when 250 children were entertained to a tea and concert. The arrangements were very ably carried out by the Hon. Entertainment Secretaries (Messrs. Allen and Hendry).

After tea the children enjoyed community singing for a short time, and at 7 p.m. were entertained to a first class marionette show and conjuring exhibition which occupied the stage for 1½ hours. At 8.45 each child was presented with a toy and a bag of

fruit and sweets, and also, to their great delight, with a new sixpence. At 9 p.m. they went to their respective homes, tired but happy.

A dance was then arranged for members and their friends and they appeared to enjoy themselves with the same zest as the kiddies.

Thanks are due to the following members:—Messrs. A. and C. Williams and J. Ward who with their usual generosity gave a large selection of toys, also Messrs. A. and C. Williams, A. Venus, J. Ward and R. Davis who generously gave several cases of apples and oranges. Thanks are also due to the lady helpers and those members who were asked to assist and willingly did so. Also the chairman, Mr. J. Youngs, and his wife, and the secretary, Mr. H. Redhouse, and his wife.

We must also specially mention Mr. W. Griffin, the steward and his wife, who gave, as they invariably do, their time and energies to make the function a success, also the staff who assisted admirably.

In conclusion, everything went off **SuperB**.

SOUTH WIMBLEDON CLUB—ANNUAL DINNER.

The members of the South Wimbledon Club—one of Wimbledon's oldest institutions—met for their annual dinner and concert at the club, Russell Road, on Wednesday, 18th January, and spent a memorably enjoyable evening. There was an attendance of about 130, presided over by Mr. T. Garrood (chairman), and the company included Messrs. J. H. Wheeler, W. Brady C. Butler, T. White, B. Sabey, C. Hough, G. W. Woollard, A. Davis, N. MacNaughton, R. Clark, H. P. Clark, F. Murray, H. Hodgkinson and C. Marchant. Mr. F. Grimshaw was in his familiar and successful role of toast-master.

An excellent dinner was served by Johnstons, of Wimbledon, under the direction of Mr. C. W. Hough, and following this there was a first-rate concert provided by Amy Hart, Ernest Bray, Peters and Carlton, Alex Manders, Buck Shine, and Alf Helliwell.

The toasts of "The King," "The President" (Mr. T. C. Summerhays, J.P.) and "The Club" were happily proposed by Mr. Grimshaw.

"GOING ON SMILINGLY."

Replying to the toast of "The Club," Mr. Garrood referred to the satisfactory attendance, and expressed the hope that it would become increasingly satisfactory as the years went on. He paid a tribute to the work of the entertainment committee, who had arranged the dinner. The club, he said, was "going on smilingly." They were financially sound, and as long as the members remained loyal the club would continue in that state.

The committee, he assured the members, were out to do everything for the welfare of the club, and if they had any money they would spend it for the benefit of the members, but they would always get twenty shillings for the pound.

#### LOYAL MEMBERS.

The committee, however, could do nothing without the loyalty of the members, as long as all the members "hung" together the club would prosper. He could see the day when the end wall of the hall would have to be knocked down and the hall enlarged to accommodate the members, but the committee would not borrow money to do that.

"A great many clubs to-day would like to be in the financial position of the South Wimbledon Club" concluded Mr. Garrod.

It is with regret that we report the death of another old and loyal employee of the Firm in the passing away of Mr. J. R. Wilcox on the 29th January, 1933, in his 80th year. He was the last of the managers connected with the Firm's catering business. During his service he was in charge of Margate Jetty during the summer season and in the winter months, at London Bridge Station (S.E. & C. Railway).

After 35 years' service he retired in 1914.

The late Mr. Wilcox was a gentleman of the old school, being thoroughly loyal to the best interests of the Firm and just and courteous to all who worked with him.

During his retirement he occasionally called to see us and to gather the latest news of the Firm and to chat over old times. He was always pleased to learn of fresh developments, but his thoughts were of the old members of the Firm and the times of the past.

He passed his leisure hours in country rambles, and his principal hobby was photography.

The burial took place at Norwood Cemetery on Thursday, 2nd February.

We regret to record the death of Mr. E. Golding at the early age of 46 years, from pneumonia following influenza. He had spent 30 years in working at the "Plough" Brewery, commencing in the employ of Messrs. T. Woodward & Sons and remaining when the Brewery was taken over by H. & G. S. Ltd., seven years ago.

He was a very conscientious and useful man in keeping the bottling machines in good running order.

A family of eight children are left, four of whom are still attending school.

He was popular with his fellow employees and will be sadly missed.