

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 6



MR. J. H. WADHAMS.

MR. J. H. WADHAMS.

The rapid development of the Firm in the last decade, by the absorption of other Breweries, has brought in its train a relative increase in the work which devolves upon the Secretarial Department and, in consequence, it was necessary to strengthen the staff to cope with those duties. In January, 1925, Mr. J. H. Wadhams was selected to fill the office of Junior Assistant Secretary and in January, 1931, he was promoted to Assistant Secretary of the parent Company and also of The South Berks Brewery Company Limited. The care and exactitude which he has displayed in this position of trust and confidence has proved him to be a fitting occupant. He has made a close study of the specialized knowledge required in secretarial work and has devoted himself to mastering the fundamentals with an earnestness which only fires those imbued with an ambition to make a success of their job.

Mr. Wadhams commenced his service in the Delivery Department in 1908 and after three years was transferred to the Branch Department where he gained experience which equipped him for higher office.

Upon the outbreak of war in 1914, Mr. Wadhams enlisted in the 2nd Line of the Berkshire Yeomanry and in 1916 he responded to the call for volunteers for transference to the 3rd Bn. The Worcestershire Regiment and was sent to France. In the following year he saw another change of service by being moved to the Royal Corps of Signals, where he gained a Signalling Instructor's Certificate, and in which unit he remained until being demobilized in 1919.

Since joining the Firm Mr. Wadhams has always been a reliable supporter of The Seven Bridges Brewery Cricket Club and has been of considerable help to the club in the many hard contests which they have experienced. He played regularly for the club prior to the war and has been a member of the executive committee since 1922. He also captained the 1st XI in 1928 and 1931. Keen on football, he has also played for the Brewery Club in past years. He is a member of the Brewery Tennis Club, which now forms a prominent feature of the social life of the staff. Less strenuous pastimes in which he indulges consist of reading and gardening.



EDITORIAL.

BRANDY NOT A DRUG.

The Burnley Insurance Committee have again debated whether brandy is a drug within Health Insurance regulations. It had previously been held by the Committee that brandy was a drug, and was entitled to be prescribed. Now a divergence of opinion was reported. The Ministry of Health had ruled brandy was not a drug, but the Pharmaceutical Committee had not expressed any definite opinion. The Clerk said the Pharmaceutical Committee had agreed to the usefulness of brandy, but said it was a proper thing to be called for from chemists. Few chemists held spirit licences, however, and no new ones were being granted, the authorities not agreeing that the profession was the proper channel for selling preparations of this nature. It might be argued, they stated, that if brandy was ordered, why not champagne?—The Ministry said brandy was not included in the British Pharmacopoeia, and the Advisory Committee ruled brandy had never been a drug.

A LICENSEE'S OFFER.

Mr. Reg. W. Giles, of Swansea, writing to the *Western Mail* states:—After reading so much about the "great evil" caused by drinking alcoholic beverages, I am almost converted to the cause of "temperance" but would like a little further proof before taking the final plunge. If any of your readers can prove that the greatest men in the world's history—in religion, art, literature, science, engineering, exploration, on battlefields, on sea, and in sport—were total abstainers, then I will give up my business as a licensee and devote the rest of my life to the cause of "temperance." The most notable people the "temperance" associations produced within my recollection were the conscientious objectors when our beloved country was in real danger, and Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson.

PRIDE.

The improvident colonel had purchased an ancient hunter from the livery stable on the instalment plan. A week after the deal had been completed he rode over to see the owner of the stables.

"Hyde," he began, somewhat peremptorily, "I am not entirely satisfied with this animal."

"Oh," said the other. "What's wrong?"

"She won't hold her head up," the colonel complained bitterly.

The dealer grinned up at his client.

"That's only her pride," he said smoothly. "You just wait till she's paid for, and then see."

IN THE POT.

The regular customer, a veteran with a taste for good gossip and good ale, walked into a local club and asked for a pint in a pot. A pot was taken down from the shelf and filled. The veteran picked it up and prepared to drink deeply, but the first mouthful perplexed him. He rolled his tongue round and round, muttering: "This is pretty bad ale." Another mouthful and something was left on his lip which he flicked off with his tongue. The manager, with a horrid suspicion in his mind, thought it was time to inspect. He took back the pot and poured out the ale, which, indeed, must have been pretty bad, for floating about in it were slips of paper bearing the name of every team in the First Division of the Football Association. The preparations for his weekly sweepstake had gone astray.

CHAMPION LIARS.

There is a Liars' Club in Burlington, Wisconsin, U.S., where Ananias would look like an uninspired amateur. The club's rubber medal for 1934 has been awarded to Mr. B. Ceresa, of Langeloth, Pasadena, for stretching the truth with the following yarn:—

"My grandfather clock is so old that the shadow cast by the pendulum as it swung backwards and forwards has worn a hole through the back of the clock."

Mr. Ceresa won the lying championship from 2,500 contestants.

The runner-up was no less ingenious. His story was that:—

"A fog which blanketed his home one day while he was tiling the roof was so thick that he laid tiles on the fog ten feet beyond the edge of the roof without knowing it."

Another unblushing stranger to the truth reported that he remembered the winter of 1863, when, he said, San Francisco Bay froze over so fast that all the frogs were caught in the ice with their legs up. He bought a lawn mower, mowed off the frogs' legs in two hours, shipped seventy-five shiploads to France, and made a net profit of £3,000,000 os. 4d.

BREWERS' COMPANY.

The Worshipful Company of Brewers achieve this year (states *The Times*) the 500th anniversary of their first cutting of livery cloth. The "Brewers' Old Book," which is the oldest of the City Companies' chronicles, records the incident thus:—"These parcell (expenses) bin of an dinner made at Brewers' Hall, in the first day that we did cut our cloth of livery." The entry goes on to show that about 100 liverymen received portions of the cloth, and that one man was so pleased with it that he bought a few yards extra for his wife. The livery has remained the same throughout those

500 years—a chocolate-coloured gown, faced with blue, and, as an alternative to a fur collar, a collar of yellow braid. The same background of chocolate and blue is to be seen in the banners hanging at Brewers' Hall, where they have found a resting-place after long service on the company's barges, which, like much else, have departed from the life of London's river.

TEETOTAL MAGISTRATES.

Why should a magistrate who is an avowed teetotaler be allowed to sit as a member of a licensing committee, while one who has any interest in a brewery company is debarred from so doing?

LORD HORDER ON BEER.

"Appetite is a function of the brain as much as, or even more than, of the stomach, and its importance in the physiology of digestion and of nutrition is very great. It is stimulated by the moderate use of such a beverage as beer, and at the same time a zest is given to life which results in larger and richer activities."—

LORD HORDER (*Physician to the Prince of Wales*).

THE MAGIC OF "S.B."

At the annual dinner of a local printers' social club recently, a very clever conjuror (Mr. Reg. Wright) mutilated a sheet of paper and, after rolling the pieces into a ball, asked one of the audience who had been imbibing "S.B." to breathe on the ball. Having done so, the performer immediately produced a perfect, unorn sheet with the rather witty remark: "It's marvellous what Simonds' can do!"

Rumour hath it that subsequently a certain gentleman tried the experiment on a pair of football shorts he had torn during a hectic match he had taken part in as "goalie." Unfortunately, the expected result did not materialize. Why? *He had forgotten to drink the "S.B.'s" before breathing on the shorts!*

THEN THERE WERE THREE!

A man went to market and bought two fish but when he reached home he found there were three. He had two mackerel and one SMELT!

SPONTANEOUS OFFER.

I was passing a large London brewery as the employees were leaving at 6 p.m., writes M. R. Howard, of Emmer Green, in a London newspaper. One of them had a large bottle in each coat pocket, and was greeted by an acquaintance with: "'Ello, Erb, want any 'elp with yer 'omework!"

DEATH OF MR. CHARLES GARDNER.

Our sympathies go out to Miss D. E. Gardner, a member of the Branch Department Staff, who suffered the loss of her father on Thursday, 1st March.

Upon being informed, Mr. F. A. Simonds' remark that Mr. Charles Gardner was "One of Nature's Gentlemen" eloquently expressed the esteem in which he was generally held.

The local press states:—

"Mr. Gardner was one of the most popular and generous figures on the turf, and a prominent bookmaker at all the principal race meetings. Mr. Gardner, who was 69, had a seizure in the Wellington Club some weeks ago.

"During the war Mr. Gardner worked on behalf of the Prince of Wales' Mutual Relief Fund, and every year he collected a considerable amount at racecourses for St. Dunstan's.

"Mr. Gardner leaves a widow, five sons and four daughters."

"CHUCKER-IN."

The chairman of the Leeds licensing magistrates, speaking at the Brewster Sessions, said that the all-round decrease in drinking and drunkenness had altered many one-time habits of the Trade, as illustrated by the story of the man who applied for a job as "chucker-out." "Chucker-out," said the licensee. "I don't want a 'chucker-out,' my lad. What I want is a 'chucker-in.'"

HOTEL HUMOUR.

In a certain hotel in Scotland the following notice is exhibited to patrons, according to Mr. Philip, the London manager of John Dewar and Sons, Ltd.:—

Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb waiter.
Don't worry about paying your bill; this house is supported by its foundations.

If the room gets too hot, open the window and see the fire-escape.

Guests wishing to get up without being called can have self-raising flour for supper.

If your electric bulb goes out, take a feather from the pillow; that is light enough for everybody.

PRAYER FOR RAIN.

Probably the old Duke of Cambridge expressed the average man's opinion as to the efficacy of prayer to end a drought. When asked in church to pray for rain, he responded: "With all my heart—but we shan't get it till the wind changes."

THE DEATH OF MR. R. A. WALKER.

We record with considerable regret the passing away of Mr. R. A. Walker, of Messrs. Cooksey and Walker, Auctioneers and Estate Agents, of this town, which occurred on Tuesday, February 20th. The late Mr. Walker had a long and close business association with the Firm and was so frequent a visitor at the Offices that he almost seemed to be one of our officials. His kindly and cheery disposition made him extremely popular with all with whom he came into contact. There was a large attendance at St. Giles' Church on Saturday, February 24th, representing the principal businesses of the town, including Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds, Mr. F. A. Simonds, Mr. J. H. Simonds and other prominent members of the Firm.

OUTSPOKEN VICAR.

"I have never been able to understand why it should be considered sinful to drink a glass of beer, and perfectly virtuous to consume quantities of that poisonous liquid called strong tea," said the Rev. Verney L. Johnstone, Vicar of St. Gabriel's, Newcastle. Mr. Johnstone was commenting on the rejection by a bench of forty-one justices of an application for a licence for an hotel which it is proposed to erect at High Heaton, Newcastle, on a site within 200 yards of St. Gabriel's Church. "I think strong tea must do much more harm to a person's system than a glass of beer," said Mr. Johnstone. "For myself, I much prefer the good-fellowship of men at a pub to the evil scandalmongers of the average tea-table. To try to stop a man having a glass of beer if he desires it is to interfere with his liberty. There is nothing wrong in a glass of beer, and a public house can be made into a pleasant place of good-fellowship."



MRS. C. WHITE WINS FIRST PRIZE FOR FANCY DRESS.



Mrs. C. White, wife of the landlord of The Beehive, Russells Water (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.) in her "Johnny Walker" costume with which she won first prize at a fancy dress dance on February 8th.



DRUNK 60FT. UNDER THE SEA.

DIVER'S CAROUSAL.

How a diver, at work on a wreck, found whisky and air 60ft. under the sea and got drunk, was told by Sir Robert Davis, speaking on "Deep diving and underwater rescue" at the Society of Arts, says the *Daily Telegraph*.

The diver, "Tom," said Sir Robert, had sent up no cargo for a couple of hours, and everybody became anxious about him. At last he shot suddenly to the surface, and was dragged to the ladder. Then it was seen that he was tight!

"Yet he went down as 'sober as a horse at a funeral,'" added Sir Robert, who went on to relate how the chief salvage officer cleared up the mystery.

As the ship sank she had heeled over slightly to one side. Some of the air in the hold, instead of escaping out of the hatch when the water poured in, had been trapped in the angle formed by the side of the ship and the 'tween deck. When the cargo was worked out of this side more air was released. Some of this, instead of making its way up the hatch in bubbles, was also trapped under the 'tween deck.

This was supplemented by the air from the escape valve of the diver's helmet, until a pocket of air, perhaps 18in. deep, was formed in the angle. The diver, working under the 'tween deck, suddenly discovered that his hands were out of water. Not long afterwards he discovered the cases of whisky.

WATER AN INCH AWAY.

After carrying up a case and broaching it he sat on top of the cargo, and, with water within an inch of the bottom of his mouthpiece, and 60ft. of water over his head, unscrewed the mouthpiece and knocked the neck off a bottle.

To avoid interruption from the surface, and to defeat any attempt made from the diving-boat to pull him up unexpectedly, he took a turn with his life-line round a convenient stanchion.

He was then free to enjoy himself—with the knowledge that if he slipped, if there was any sudden movement in the water, if for any reason the air should escape from under the 'tween deck, or if he had miscalculated his own capacity and failed to screw his mouthpiece on again, he would be drowned like a rat in a trap.

"But, then, divers cannot afford to suffer from nerves," concluded Sir Robert.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

AN OVER-EAGER ROOK.

LOVE AND WAR.

For some weeks now the rooks have been busy building. Early in March I was very much amused by the antics of a male bird. It was he who was in a hurry to get on with the building. He seized first one twig and then another and used every endeavour to persuade his wife to accept them and get on with the good work. But she steadfastly refused, no doubt thinking that the weather was not good enough. For half an hour I watched Mr. Rook and when I had to reluctantly leave the scene he was still gathering a variety of sticks and offering them to Mrs. Rook who, however, remained obdurate, doubtless thinking "what fools men make of themselves at times."

And yet, as I write, Mr. Rook has had his way for the nest is well on the way towards completion.

LOVE AND WAR.

Many fierce fights are taking place now between the male birds—and it is all because of the ladies! At times the fights prove fatal. When they are engaged in these battles you can get quite close to the combatants, for so intent are they on the struggle that they see or hear little else for the time being. I have caught them before now when thus engaged and I was interested in the description of such a fight which a writer gave recently in the *Daily Mail*. Here is what he said and I can quite believe every word:—

"Very early in the morning while I was taking my usual walk, two blackbirds flew down in front of me fighting desperately. They were so filled with the fire of battle that I was able to walk up and separate them with my hands; however, they at once fell into a clinch again and again I separated them with my hands. Finally I had to order them to 'break' a third time and parted them as before, when they at last flapped away exhausted out of reach. I wonder if many of your readers have officiated as a referee in such a fight."

GULL DIVING.

We seem to get many more seagulls inland now compared with the numbers we saw but a few years ago. Then to see the gulls suggested rough weather at sea. Now you can see hundreds of them throughout the winter season no matter what the weather

may be. For the first time in my experience I saw a gull dive in the Thames a few days ago. He hovered over the water for a little while and then dived down right under it. I could not quite identify what he seized but it looked like a small fish. Whatever it was he gulped it down with evident relish before I could fix my field glasses on him. Then he dived down for more but at the second attempt was unsuccessful and flew away.

POCHARDS.

This occurred while I was taking my usual early Sunday morning walk up the Thames side. Here, in addition to kingfishers, crows, dabchicks, moorhens, coots and herons, I have recently had under observation a dozen or so pochards, a bird similar to the tufted duck but with deep chestnut coloured head and neck and greyish-white body. The male is a finely dressed fellow but the female is much more sombre looking. I have watched one pair of these birds in the district for weeks past and I hope they decide to make their home, and rear a family, in the locality. I shall find it if they do, and already I have a shrewd suspicion where that nest will be.

THAT LITTLE WORK—A BIRD'S NEST!

Fancy, the little chiff-chaff will soon be with us once again, well before this month is out. And then there will come the swallow and the cuckoo too. The next time you have the opportunity pause and listen to the delicately sweet song of the swallow. It is not often noticed but no little vocalist appeals to me more. The song seems to speak of the sun and summer and happy days in the meadows where the king cups grow.

And then among the other delights of this very beautiful world we shall have the nests. How wonderful is the nest of a little bird! Let Shelley express what I feel in my heart:—

It wins my admiration
To view the structure of that little work,
A bird's nest. Mark it well within without.
No tool had he who wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join: his little beak was all!
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hands,
With every implement and means of art
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another!

A GREAT THOUGHT.

There's no other dog like mine. YOU know . . .

He's knowing—knows me better than I know myself.

Many's the time I've discovered my mood from him. Like most vain fellows, I've protested that I am not a moody fellow. But that pal of mine has soon told me the truth.

It's an artful way he has of telling me about my moods. Of course, I call them my temperament, but he pretty soon makes me realise that it's just a temper or liver. And it hurts . . . horribly.

If I come down to breakfast scowling—not knowing it—and sit down without a smile for him, he seems to vanish within himself. I have no word for him. He knows that I'm in that black mood. Suddenly I realise that he's quiet; no tail wagging; just an attitude of regret and sadness.

What a boor I am! . . . He's watching me, I know, quietly—sadly—a little fearfully. Then a surge of regret comes over me . . . I snap my finger. Up like a shot he jumps, a nose on my knee, a look of love in those poignant, deep, tender eyes. And his tail a-wagging.

We talk a while. I tell him I'm sorry, desperately sorry. I won't be a rotter again.

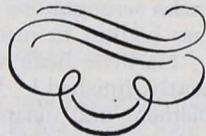
Let's go down to the village. Oh, that bark . . . He dashes out to the kitchen for his collar. Bark, bark, bark! Back he comes, the light of Heaven in his eyes. He lays his collar at my feet.

Oh, that tail!

And so, just pals, we go down to the village.

He's my dog . . . YOU know.

—G.H.G. in "The Daily Express."



GALLANTRY REWARDED.

SCOUT SILVER CROSS FOR STAINES YOUTH.

An act of gallantry performed at Staines as long ago as May, 1932, was publicly acknowledged recently, when Rover Scout Burge, son of Mr. T. W. A. Jackson, proprietor of The Angel Hotel, Staines, was presented with the Scout Silver Cross for Gallantry. He rescued two ladies from drowning in the Thames. Mr. Burge, together with several members of the Staines and Egham Swimming Club, was on Church Island, the Club's headquarters, when a punt, caught in the swirling waters of the flooded river, crashed into the Lammas end of the island and overturned. Its six occupants, the Misses J. Wilkinson, D. Campbell and N. Dew, and Messrs. E. Fidgeon, W. Wilkinson and J. Young, all of Clapham, were at once precipitated into the water. Their shouts for help attracted the attention of Club members, and Mr. Burge at once dashed into the water, fully clothed, and managed to bring two of the ladies ashore. The remaining four occupants of the punt were assisted to safety by other members of the Club.

The presentation of the Silver Cross to Rover Scout Burge took place at the Sunday morning service at Staines Parish Church, the ceremony being performed by District Commissioner J. P. De Salis, and in the presence of Rover Burge's Troop, the Staines (St. Mary's) Scouts.

In making the presentation, Mr. De Salis said the Silver Cross was awarded by the Chief Scout, and there was also a certificate. Speaking to the assembled Scouts, the District Commissioner said that it was a thing that might have happened to any one of them, and it was fortunate that Rover Burge was there at the right time and able to help the two ladies. They must remember that a Scout had to be prepared. The presentation of the Cross was an honour, not only to the individual, but also to the Troop, he added, and being an honour to the Troop, it was an incentive to them to keep up their good standard.

Rover Burge then went forward and the medal was pinned on his breast by the District Commissioner.

Mr. F. C. Ede (of the St. Mary's Troop) said Mr. Burge's act might never have been known. No one in the Troop learned anything of it from Mr. Burge himself, but it was brought to his (the speaker's) notice by Mr. W. Bissett.

During the service the ceremony of renewing the Scouts' promise was gone through.

The Vicar (the Rev. J. R. James, M.A.) said they were delighted to see that Rover Burge had got his medal, and he was pleased that they had Mr. De Salis to make the presentation. He (the Vicar) had spoken of it to a friend and had been told, "It is just what we expect from a Scout."

THE GLORY OF ETON.

A TRADITION TO LIVE AND DIE FOR.

Roughly speaking, the world is composed of Etonians and non-Etonians, and the former again are divided into Collegers and Oppidans, to which names time and the wall game, which is played each St. Andrew's Day, have accustomed us for generations. But such knowledge as the public have already gathered of that glorious school, which King Henry VI founded in the 15th century, is carried steps forward by Mr. Eric Parker's "College at Eton" (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net). For here we have the story told of schoolboys in all the stages of education that word implies, namely, under influences which brought out faculties such as make and mould the essential Englishman. First, those 70 scholars whom Long Chamber housed certainly endured hardness. Then, with the passing of the Public Schools Act in 1868, and the erection 26 years earlier of New Buildings, College had become a self-conscious institution existing side by side with Oppidans, who lived in houses held by masters and paid liberally for the tuition, which they shared with the Collegers. Lastly, these boys became under great headmasters from Waynflete to Alington, and associating with their learning College Pop, the river, and the yearly epic of the wall game—and still become—heirs of a tradition so great and imperishable that when one of them, L. C. Leggatt, fell fighting in France on the 31st of July, 1917, he was found wearing his college wall colours as the symbol of his faith. "In every respect," he had written before the battle, "I am simply what Eton made me. What am I fighting for? Not at all England with its follies and conceits; simply for about a hundred friends and a few acres of elms and turf by a river, some red-brick buildings and a grey chapel, and, above all, for the most tremendous tradition I shall ever know." Here is the gentil parfit knight needed as much for peace as in war, and Englishmen who read this book and from its pages learn what that great school has done, and is doing, for our country, will reverently re-echo the closing prayer—"Floreat Etona."

—E.E.S. in the *Berkshire Chronicle*.

THE CRIME.

Quietly I closed the door and advanced upon my victim, who seemed quite unaware of my presence and intention. Now was the time—no one was about to see the deed done—I'd get it over and be away from the scene of the crime whilst the coast was clear.

How nicely he was arranged. Had I been able to place him as I wished, I should have made no change.

With a sudden step forward and a quick grip I had him by the neck—forcing him groundwards.

With a few struggles I had him in the position I desired—between my knees with my knotted hands about his neck. No sound came from him as yet—my grip was too tight.

Heavens! How I'd waited for this moment! No I intended enjoying it to the full! Lower still I forced him—then with my one hand gripping him tight I commenced to twist the other.

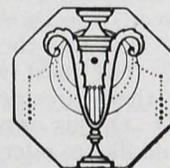
How he squealed—like a thousand fiends in torment; but I was implacable. Strange to say, as his gurgling squeal reached my ears I thought how like wringing a fowl's neck it was.

Then I realised that the noise might bring listeners hurrying to the scene, which was the last thing I wanted, so instinctively I tightened my grip and twisted still harder.

His squealing changed to a low, gurgling sound and then with my last convulsive effort to a choking sob.

Every ounce I possessed I put into a last twisting pull and with a loud plop I drew the cork from my last bottle of whisky.

—C. E. T. MILNER in the *Passing Show*.



SOCIAL CLUB.

GOOD PROGRESS IN DIFFICULT TIMES.

MR. F. A. SIMONDS' SILVER WEDDING.

The annual dinner of H. & G. Simonds' Social Club was held in the Large Town Hall, Reading, on Monday, February 19th, and proved a most successful function. There was a very large attendance, including representatives of various branches from London, Oxford, etc. Mr. F. A. Simonds, the president, was in the chair, and those present included Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds, Mr. John Simonds, Commander H. D. Simonds, Canon Gillmor, T.D., Mr. A. W. Tudor, Mr. Harry Hawkins, Mr. L. A. Simonds, Mr. R. St. J. Quarry, Mr. C. E. Gough, Mr. F. C. Hawkes (chairman of the club), Mr. S. Bird (hon. treasurer), Mr. T. W. Bradford (hon. secretary), Mr. E. S. Phipps, Mr. C. Bennett, Mr. A. G. Richardson, Mr. A. W. C. Bowyer, Mr. H. W. Colson, Mr. H. L. Chaplin, Major H. Kaye, Mr. W. H. Davis, Mr. J. B. Biggs, Capt. A. S. Drewe, Mr. H. Shepherd, Mr. F. Josey, Mr. J. H. Wadhams, Mr. H. H. Belsey, Mr. F. Simonds, Mr. A. J. Redman, Major G. S. M. Ashby, Capt. L. N. Sutton (High Sheriff of Berkshire), Mr. T. A. Burrows (Chief Constable of Reading), Comdr. The Hon. Humphrey Legge, D.S.O. (Chief Constable of Berkshire), Mr. Geoffrey Palmer, Mr. R. H. R. Palmer, Mr. C. W. Stocker, Mr. C. E. Hayes, J.P., Mr. W. H. Wigley, Mr. F. L. Shrimpton (Ludgershall), Major F. J. Johnson (London), Mr. H. J. Timms (Oxford), Mr. A. Bennett (Woking), Mr. R. A. Walker, Supt. Osborne, Mr. H. F. Dunster, etc.

The chairman made sympathetic allusion to the tragic death of the King of the Belgians, which, he said, had cast a gloom over the whole civilised world. Old soldiers at that gathering remembered the name of the dead King, and held him in the highest honour and esteem.

The Belgian National Anthem was then played on the organ, all the company standing.

After the toast of "The King, Queen and Royal Family," Canon Gillmor, T.D., proposed "The Directors," and created much merriment by his humour. That was the 14th annual dinner and he had attended them all. The toast was a very easy one to propose, for they all knew their directors and held them in the highest esteem. (Applause.) On his own behalf and on behalf of that record company he would like to offer a word of congratulation to the chairman on his silver wedding, which he celebrated on Saturday. (Loud applause.) They also extended their good wishes to the lady who had been the greatest help to Mr. Simonds during those twenty-five years. (Renewed applause.)

On rising to respond to the toast, Mr. Shea-Simonds had a hearty reception. He said that the directors endeavoured to keep the team spirit going throughout every department of the firm. They favoured sport and were gratified to see the footballers doing so well. Before long there seemed the possibility of their turning into a professional team, with a little brewery attached to it. (Laughter.)

MEMBERSHIP OF 400.

The toast of "The Social Club" was proposed by Mr. C. Bennett. They would understand that the past year had not been without its difficulties and anxieties for those responsible for running the club. He was privileged to handle a large number of balance sheets and statements of accounts in respect of licensed premises and clubs throughout the south of England. Therefore he was in a special position to be able to estimate the devastating effects of the Snowden Budget. They got relief in April, 1933, and that relief was indelibly associated with Mr. Eric Simonds and his year of office as chairman of the Brewers' Society. They could not thank him sufficiently for all he did to get that relief. (Applause.) In spite of the difficulties, the membership of the club remained at about 400, and the balance sheet showed a small balance on the right side, proving that the club was supported in bad times as well as good. (Applause.) They thanked Mr. Hawkes for his good work as chairman. That position called for special qualities, and those qualities had been supplied by Mr. Hawkes in full measure. He had been ably backed up by Mr. Curtis, the deputy chairman, and Mr. Bird, the hon. treasurer, and the steward and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. King, who by their industry and ability had paid a great contribution to the success of the club for many years. But the main burden of running the club had again rested upon the shoulders of Mr. Walter Bradford. Owing largely to Mr. Bradford's efforts the club was such a prominent feature in the life of Reading and district. (Applause.) Mr. Bennett paid tribute to all that Mr. Louis Simonds did in furthering the sports side of the club, particularly in regard to lawn tennis. He showed the finest sportsmanship, and often at great inconvenience to himself attended and participated in meetings, matches, etc.

MANY ATTRACTIONS.

In responding, Mr. F. C. Hawkes said he had been proud to hold the office of chairman since the formation of the club. That gathering was convincing proof to the directors that the members appreciated their generosity in providing that excellent club, which had been carried on now for fourteen years. From a social and sports point of view the club offered many attractions, under the able guidance of Mr. Bradford.

Mr. Louis Simonds responded in a humorous speech. He gave interesting details of the sports section, and hoped new members would join the tennis club. They were not a "tied" house in that connection, and would welcome players introduced by members of the staff. They would be equally welcome whether experienced players or beginners.

Comdr. Simonds proposed "The Visitors." They were very much honoured by the presence of Councillor Tudor, who, following his term of office as Mayor, had won a great name for himself by the manner in which he had cared for the unemployed. They were also pleased to welcome once again their worthy chaplain, Canon Gillmor, Mr. Harry Hawkins and Mr. Belsey.

Mr. Tudor made brief acknowledgment.

Mr. J. H. Simonds proposed the health of "The Chairman," which, he said, was a very pleasing and simple task, as they all had the highest possible opinion of their chairman. (Applause.) He had the great privilege on Saturday of dining at the chairman's house in celebration of the 25th anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Simonds' wedding. He and others had the pleasure of conveying to Mr. and Mrs. Simonds all the affection and good wishes which they entertained for them. (Applause.) He knew those present that night endorsed those good wishes. (Applause.) They were very proud of their managing director. The work he did as chairman of the Brewers' Society last year, and as vice-chairman the previous year, was inestimable. Few, if any, of them knew of all the outside work which Mr. Simonds performed.

The toast was drunk with musical honours, nor was Mrs. Simonds forgotten.

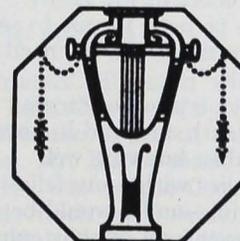
MR. F. A. SIMONDS' ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF GIFT.

Mr. Simonds, who was evidently touched by the great cordiality extended to him, thanked them all from the bottom of his heart. He only wished his good wife were there to listen to the manner in which they had responded to that toast. He thanked the speakers for the very kind reference they made to the great occasion of last Saturday. He knew very well that a married man owed much of his success in his business career and public life to the inspiration and encouragement of his wife. (Applause.) He knew full well that he had received that encouragement and inspiration in his home life, and he had had that large measure of leave which had enabled him to do a great deal on behalf of the firm and on behalf of the public and political life of Reading. He was looking through a book the previous day which contained the names of many members of the firm, staff and employees who contributed a very handsome present, which was now one of his most treasured

possessions, on the occasion of his wedding. The social club was the hub of the social life at the Brewery. It was an off-shoot of the great cricket club, in connection with which he enjoyed many matches. It was a great pleasure to see so many present from the branches, particularly their London staff. He had just returned from Malta, where there was a very flourishing brewery in which their firm had a very large interest. He only wished members of the staff at Malta could have been present to see what fine parents they had in Reading. Through THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE he sent greetings to their friends and staff in Malta. He welcomed so many of their tenants. Last year he told them that in his capacity as chairman of the Brewers' Society he would do his best to see that they got some relief from the terrible burdens which affected them. He did not say the price of beer in the public-houses was reduced to that figure at which the working man was entitled to buy it; the price was far too high, and, for his part, and those associated with the leadership of the Trade, they would do their best to get that price reduced to a proper level, and tenants would be able to sell it at a remunerative figure and at one which the working man could afford. In conclusion, Mr. Simonds thanked the artistes, Mr. Parslow and staff for the excellent dinner, and last, but not least, Mr. Walter Bradford and Mr. Bird for making that such a happy party. (Applause.)

Those contributing to the musical programme were Mr. C. Wilkins, Miss M. K. Hayter, Mr. J. Balfour Thompson, Miss Nora Wood, Mr. S. Dent, Mr. G. A. Cannings, Mr. A. L. Worman (organist) and Mr. Will Lewis and Mr. L. Buckingham, A.T.C.L. (accompanists).

All were grieved to learn that Mr. Gilkerson, who on previous occasions had lead the community singing with such gusto, was lying seriously ill in hospital.



THE BREWERY FOOTBALL TEAM OF OTHER DAYS.



Back Row—W. Caudle, W. Cox, H. Osborne, F. Millard, — Seabrooke, A. S. Smith, — Seabrooke, S. Josey.

Middle Row—W. Boshell, J. Beasley, F. Kirby, T. Stevens, B. Hopkins.

Front Row—L. Duguid, J. Wadhams.

EVERY MORNING RESOLVE.

(BY GRACE NOLL CROWELL).

Not only when the New Year's footsteps sound
 Upon the threshold of my door, shall I
 Make resolution. . . Every flaming dawn
 Shall find me waiting earnestly to try
 To live the glorious hours of one brief day
 Simply and serenely at my best ;
 To serve, if there be need for me to serve ;
 To rest, if there should be the need for rest.

And I shall always try to be sincere :
 To search for truth and find it where I can ;
 I shall be charitable, knowing well
 The good that lies within my fellow-man.
 I would be cheerful—and I would be brave
 Beneath whatever load or chastening rod ;
 And oh, these two things I shall try to keep :
 A steadfast faith—a childlike trust in God.

DEATH OF MR. E. S. THOMAS.

ASSOCIATED WITH HIGH WYCOMBE FOR 40 YEARS.

The death has occurred of Mr. E. S. Thomas, who has been well known and respected in High Wycombe for the last 40 years.

Mr. Thomas, as a youth, forsook the lawyer's office to join the Royal Horse Guards (Blues) and after fourteen years in the Blues, having attained the rank of Corporal-Major, transferred to the Royal Bucks Hussars at High Wycombe, where under the late Lord Burnham, Lord Chesham, Lord Rothschild, the brothers Grenfell and other famous officers, he proceeded to make the Bucks Yeomanry one of the crack regiments of the country.

The squadron for whose training he was responsible was specially commented upon for their turn-out at the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and he was the recipient of great praise for the efficiency of the contingents of Imperial Yeomanry he trained for service in South Africa.

After 32½ years' military service, he retired to the Saracen's Head Hotel, where he rapidly earned the respect of all concerned. On leaving the Bucks Hussars he was presented with a handsome cheque.

He has been in failing health for the last few years and died at Bognor Regis, leaving a widow, one daughter and three sons.

All his family, his only surviving sister (Mrs. Blathwayt) and Mrs. Bowes (sister-in-law), together with Alderman R. T. Graefe, C.C., Messrs. A. Newell, W. H. Bell, F. V. Saunders, W. Mayhew, Wootton and Norman were present at the funeral. Among the numerous wreaths sent were tokens from the Saracen's Head Slate Club, the customers of the Saracen's Head and the Old Bucks Comrades' Association.

DEATH OF MR. L. L. EARLEY.

His numerous friends will learn with deepest regret of the death of Mr. Leveson Lewis Earley, of 15, Bridge Street, Caversham, which occurred on February 23rd, at the early age of 43. Of a very genial disposition, Mr. Earley made many friends and he will be greatly missed. He was on the Committee of the Caversham Social Club and did much hard work in connection with its rebuilding. One of Mr. G. E. Boddington's best friends, they spent their holidays together, interesting accounts of their journeys being published in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

When the fox preaches beware of your geese.

First be just, then you may be generous.

Trust not the man who promises with an oath.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

When alone, we have our thoughts to watch ; in our families, our tempers ; and in society, our tongues.

Busybodies rarely have much to do.

When the tree is fallen, every man rushes to it with a hatchet.

Working is better than thinking about it.

“ Be found upon the workers' roll,
Delve, sow, or reap, or plough,
Bend to some task with heart and soul,
Be *something—somewhere—NOW.*”

“ And if this high ambition seem
Like ploughing desert sands,
Yet still the vision and the dream
Your constancy demands,
For faith, and faith alone, is sure
That hate must die, and love endure.”

Smiles cost less than electric light, and they make the home much brighter.

The modern girl may be a little witch, but she doesn't know much about the broomstick.

A pat on the back is just as easy to give as a dig in the ribs.

When some people pay a compliment, they go on as if they wanted a receipt for it.

WEDDING OF MR. E. T. GIBBS.



To mark the occasion of the wedding of Mr. E. T. Gibbs, a pleasing ceremony took place in the Waiting Room on Friday, February 9th, when Mr. F. C. Hawkes presented to Mr. Gibbs, on behalf of the staff, with three gifts that had been subscribed for by his friends at Reading.

Mr. F. C. Hawkes said it was the usual custom on occasions of this nature for the staff to gather together for the purpose of showing their good wishes in a practical way and it was his pleasant duty to present Mr. Gibbs, on behalf of his colleagues, with a

mahogany chiming clock, a biscuit barrel and a sandwich set. Mr. Gibbs had been on his staff at Reading for two years, since the closing down of Slough Branch. He had proved himself a thoroughly willing and splendid worker. Mr. H. W. Colson was unfortunately unable to be present as he had to go back to Slough that afternoon. Mr. Hawkes wished both Mr. and the future Mrs. Gibbs long life and happiness in their married life.

Mr. A. W. C. Bowyer added a few words of congratulation and good will.

Mr. E. T. Gibbs in reply thanked everyone from his heart for their kind gifts to him and his future wife. He would always cherish the presents and could only say "Thank You."

The pleasing ceremony then ended with personal good wishes from everyone and hearty handshakes.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"So you want a divorce from your wife? Aren't your relations pleasant?"

"Mine are, but hers are terrible."

* * * *

"Better get on board, dear," said old Mrs. Green, seeing her niece off at Southampton. "Both funnels are smoking now—and they wouldn't want both funnels just to get lunch."

* * * *

Keen but friendly rivalry existed between two neighbouring ranches in the Wild West, and when Buckskin Bill met his rival, Hairy Mike, they argued fast and furious as to which camp had the fiercest "he-men."

"Why, you red-whiskered apparition," said Bill, "just you come along to our saloon bar. There's a Christmas concert on, and you'll hear some of our war songs. They'll settle the point!"

Mike accompanied him to the hut, crammed with ranchers. On the platform stood a huge cowboy bawling out a wild and blood-curdling ditty, which sent the audience half crazy. They heard it through, then Bill said: "Well, what dy'e say now?"

Hairy Mike looked at him calmly. "What's the number of that hymn?"

INNKEEPERS AND THEIR RESPONSIBILITIES.

THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE LAW.

(Continued.)

An innkeeper **MUST** receive the goods of his guests, and is liable for their safe custody, but, under the Innkeepers' Liability Act, 1863, such direct liability is limited to £30 for loss or damage to a guest's effects upon his premises, except—

- (1) Where such goods or property shall have been stolen, lost, or injured through the wilful act, default, or neglect of the innkeeper, or any servant in his employ.
- (2) Where such goods or property shall have been deposited expressly for safe custody with the innkeeper.

In the latter case (2), the innkeeper may, if he thinks fit (as a condition of his liability), require that the articles shall be deposited in a box or other receptacle and be fastened and sealed by the person depositing the same.

In order to claim the benefit of the above-mentioned limitation of direct liability (of £30) the innkeeper must have had exhibited in a conspicuous place in the hall or entrance to the inn at least one copy of the first section of the Act of 1863, printed in plain type.

This limitation does not apply to animals, harness, carriages or motor cars, and, in these days of motoring, it is important to note the exclusion. It is recorded in one case that the innkeeper was held responsible for the safety of a car left on a drive or parking place adjoining and belonging to the inn. In another case a car was damaged by the water freezing in the radiator; the garage supplied was suitable under ordinary weather conditions, but unsuitable for housing a car with water in the radiator during hard frost, a fact which the owner should have realized when he accepted the accommodation, and it was held in the court that it was his responsibility to arrange for the water to be drawn off. Therefore, the liability for the resultant damage did not rest upon the innkeeper.

LIEN.—An innkeeper has a lien on his guests' goods for an unpaid bill, which must be reasonable. Under the Innkeepers' Act, 1878, if a guest leaves in debt for board and

lodging and has left on the premises goods, carriages, horses, wares or merchandise, the innkeeper may sell the goods, etc., but only by public auction, and only after six weeks have elapsed. Also, such sale must be advertised one month before the sale in one London newspaper and one country newspaper circulating in the district where the goods, etc., were left, the advertisement giving the name of the person who left the goods and a short description of the items intended to be sold. After satisfying his own accounts the surplus, if any, must subsequently be returned to the owner, if demanded.

REGISTER.—The Aliens' Order, 1920, controls the requirements in this direction. Under that Order every innkeeper (that is, every licensee who receives persons to lodge on his premises) has to keep a Register of the persons who stay with him. So far as British subjects are concerned the requirements are very simple. A British subject has merely "to sign when so required, a statement as to his nationality." Much more elaborate are the requirements of the Order in the case of guests who are Aliens. Article 7 of the Order gives full particulars and innkeepers should make themselves acquainted with same. The Register kept must, at all reasonable times, be open for inspection by any police officer or by any person authorized by the Home Secretary.

DOGS.—Under the Dogs Act, 1865, an innkeeper is liable for an injury caused by the dog of a guest staying at his inn.

SIX-DAY LICENCES.—An innkeeper holding a six-day licence may supply intoxicating liquor to guests on Sundays, but not to anyone else.

LIABILITY.—Amongst the recorded cases are two that are interesting, (1) a man supped at an inn on the way home and his coat was stolen while he had his meal; the innkeeper was held liable; and (2) a hockey club hired a "changing room." While the match was in progress a thief entered the room and stole the watches of the visiting team; the innkeeper was again held liable.

INSURANCE.—In view of the direct, also the contingent liabilities to which an innkeeper is subject, he will naturally seek to obtain cover by means of insurance. An innkeeper, like a common carrier, has an absolute liability at common

law for the safety of his guests' effects, unless the loss or damage is occasioned by an Act of God, by the King's enemies or by the negligence of the guest. This absolute liability has, however, been modified by the Act of 1863, as explained above. The indemnity required by a prudent innkeeper falls under the following headings:—

- (a) Accidental personal injury and damage to property of third parties, including customers.
- (b) Food and drink risks.
- (c) Liability for loss of guests' effects.
- (d) Liability for loss of or damage to guests' motor cars.

Fire risks are usually a matter for separate insurance.

All the leading Insurance Companies are prepared to quote reasonable terms for the above risks, and a call upon your Insurance Manager or Broker will result in the provision of adequate cover being offered for a very moderate premium, and this course of action is strongly recommended.

C.B.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

CHU CHIN CHOW.

The Berkshire Operatic Club produced the above musical play at the Palace Theatre, Reading, during the first week in February and it was a great success, with crowded houses throughout the run of the play. Members of our staff taking part were Mr. E. H. Kelly, as Mukbil, the Auctioneer, and Mr. L. Buckingham in the chorus.

FOOTBALL.

Reading are still in the running for league honours, although perhaps not making the progress some of us would like in view of the lead held by Norwich City. However they (Norwich) have to come to Elm Park yet! Owing to the severe injury sustained by Newton against Gillingham, Reading have not yet solved their centre forward problem. Without a doubt his injury has been a severe blow to the club and until his return I am afraid Reading's forward line lacks a considerable amount of punch. I have no doubt our Portsmouth friends are feeling very optimistic concerning

the chances of Pompey reaching the final at Wembley this year, but their next hurdle is a somewhat stiff one. It seems to me that if their forward line was as good as their defence they would stand a good chance of winning the cup. (By the way Leicester City managed to get five goals past Pompey's "cast iron" defence at Fratton Park of all places and it would be interesting to know the last team who did this on that ground). Well I am sure all southerners, outside London, hope to see Portsmouth at Wembley.

Plymouth Argyle seem to be slipping a little. Nevertheless they still have a good chance of "going up" if they can win a few more games away from home. Now, Grimsby have defeated Argyle at Home Park. Possibly they might do it with their reserve team, for I believe I am correct in saying that they are the only undefeated professional side in the country.

Brighton did not defeat Reading this year for a change and I hope our Brighton friends saw a sporting game. If the professional side are not quite the power in the land they might be, nevertheless they have a fine schoolboys team and judging by the "gate" when they defeated Birmingham boys (I believe it was) they are even better supported than the Pros.

After Aldershot were defeated by nine goals to two by Clapton Orient I was told by one of our Farnborough representatives that this was made into a stock joke, viz., "One over the eight." By the way, Aldershot are the next visitors at Elm Park and up to the present Reading have not succeeded in beating them. Perhaps this year it will be different.

Now follows a piece of ancient history concerning Reading; it is from the *Berkshire Chronicle* and written by Mr. Harry Matthews and should be of particular interest to our many Aldershot friends:

LANDMARKS IN THE HISTORY OF THE READING F.C.

"... Another incident. We were regularly playing a sturdy inside right named Jimmy Stewart of the King's Own Regiment, Aldershot. Stewart was a very fine forward, and it caused us great concern when it became known that owing to a breach of military discipline Jimmy was confined to the guard room and would be unable to assist us in a very important F.A. cup tie *v.* Southampton St. Mary's (now Southampton). The ever-ingenuous Horace Walker, however, actually managed by a series of cabs at North Camp, and with the assistance of Jimmy's Sergeant Major to get him temporarily out of the guard room up to Reading (Caversham). Stewart changed in a growler, played the game, in which he scored the winning goal, and immediately after its finish returned to North Camp and the guard room. Knowing that the

player was confined to barracks, Southampton protested against the result on the grounds that Stewart could not have played in the match. The protest was lost but there were ructions at Aldershot."

ANNUAL SOCIAL AND CLUB DINNER.

As this event is fully recorded in this issue I will content myself with saying what a wonderful function, both from the point of view of numbers and good cheer. Owing to many being present from the Branches it was probably a record attendance. Mr. H. Ward of London Branch told the writer it was the happiest gathering he had ever attended and then said he knew of a better football team than Reading—an amateur team too!

Of our friends from Oxford it was pleasing to see colleagues who spent some little time at Reading, viz., Mr. Maskell, Mr. L. White and Mr. W. Mercer, the latter telling me it was eight years ago when he was at the Brewery.

ILKLEY.

The following extract from the *Star* should please our friend Mr. A. G. Richardson, and it certainly does put Ilkley "on the map":—

ILKLEY-ON-SEA.

FUSTIAN TOPOGRAPHY BY AN M.P. FROM LANCASHIRE.

Ilkley, parish and inland watering-place, with railway station, L.M.S. & L.N.E., West Riding of Yorks, on River Wharfe, 9 miles south-east of Skipton; population 9,098.—*Bartholomew's Gazetteer*.

Now you know more about it than Mr. Rhys Davies, M.P. for Westhoughton (urb. dist. & par. with rly. stn., L.M.S., south-east Lancashire; 5 miles east of Wigan by rail; pop. 15,592—says Bartholomew).

A Parliamentary Committee on the Licensing Bill was discussing the closing hours of public-houses, and Mr. Lockwood rose to point out that a telegram had been received "from the Chief Constable of Yorkshire."

"*A Town Called Ilkley.*"

Mr. Rhys Davies (of Westhoughton, 5 miles from Wigan) knew better. "There is no Chief Constable of Yorkshire," he said. Yorkshire has three Ridings and each has a Chief Constable.

"I want to be fair," replied Mr. Lockwood, looking at the document. "It is from the police superintendent of a town in Yorkshire called Ilkley." (Laughter.)

"Leave Yorkshire to me," remarked Mr. H. Holdsworth (of Bradford, 17 miles from Ilkley) when the laughter had subsided. "There is no police superintendent at Ilkley. He is at Otley."

The Inland Sea.

"Does Ilkley exist?" asked another member.

"Ilkley," replied Mr. Rhys Davies (of Westhoughton, 5 miles from Wigan, by rail) "is a seaside resort in the heart of Yorkshire. It is a place where the people of Leeds go for the week-end, and some people from Bradford who can afford it."

** Ilkley is on the Yorkshire moors, a pretty spot many miles from Wigan by road or rail. Its celebrity rests on its charm and the song "On Ilkla moor baht 'at," sung by Lord Snowden and other people.

Wigan (Bartholomew again) is a county borough. . . . Its manufactures consist chiefly of calicoes, checks and fustians.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

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

The Royal Exchange, Wokingham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. T. Warr.

The Royal Oak, Whitchurch (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. H. Foster.

The Queen's Hotel, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. A. Spiers.

DEATHS.

I much regret to record the following deaths during the past month :—

Mr. J. Lake, Star, Denchworth, Wantage, who had been a tenant at this house since 1921.

Mr. J. W. Tow, The Victoria, Egham, who had been a tenant for 30 years.



THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Dialogue overheard on the beach at a South Coast resort :—

Small boy to his mother :—

"Mummy, may I go in to swim?"

"Certainly not, my dear, it's far too deep."

"But daddy is swimming."

"Yes, dear, but he's insured."

* * * *

The train had stopped on the line, and the guard was tired of answering stupid questions.

"What's the matter, guard?" came yet another query.

"The signalman up there has got red hair," replied the guard, "and we can't get the engine to pass the box."

* * * *

INQUISITIVE VISITOR : "Now, you aren't one of those sailors who have a wife in every port, are you?"

SAILOR : "Well, not exactly, missus. F'rinstance, I've never bin to Bombay."

* * * *

DAUGHTER : "But, daddy, why do you object to my becoming engaged? Is it because of my youth?"

DADDY : "Yes, he's hopeless."

* * * *

"Be kind to insects," says a writer. We never lose an opportunity of patting mosquitos on the back.

* * * *

"I'm sorry I ever became your wife," she said, bitterly.

"Oh," he flung back, "you were no young bird when I married you."

"No," she retorted, "but considering what I got I was an early bird."

* * * *

"What's this, darling?" said Mrs. Youngbride's husband, as he speared a slice from the dish.

"Lucifer cake, dear."

"I thought you said you were going to make angel cake."

"I was, but it fell."

* * * *

The doctor was summoned by telephone to the author's house.

"Come at once!" came the agonised voice at the other end. "My little boy has swallowed my pencil!"

"All right," said the doctor, "I'll come immediately. What are you doing in the meantime?"

"Using my fountain-pen."

* * * *

At the conclusion of the Scripture class the teacher asked: "Now all those boys who want to go to Heaven, put up their hands."

The expected response came from all but one.

"Well, Tommy," said the teacher in surprise, "don't you want to go to Heaven?"

"Please, teacher, I can't," said Tommy, blushing vividly, "Mummy said I was to be home early, so's we could all go to the pictures."

* * * *

What a change one little woman can make in a man's life—and what a heap of change she requires when she's doing it!

* * * *

Gradually the feminine gender is changing to the nuder gender.

* * * *

We keep reading here and there that the horse is coming back. Maybe that will mean more stable employment.

* * * *

"I want to come in."

"No, you can't come in."

"Why can't I?"

"'Cause mother says boys should not see little girls in their night gowns."

Short silence.

"You can come in now. I've taken it off."

* * * *

NURSE: "I think he's regaining consciousness, doctor; he tried to blow the foam off his medicine."

* * * *

"Just think, children," said the missionary, "in Africa there are six million square miles where little boys and girls have no Sunday school. Now, what should we all strive to save money for?"

"To go to Africa!" cried the chorus of cheery voices.

* * * *

MUSICIAN (after much pressing): "Well, all right, since you insist. What shall I play?"

HOST: "Anything you like. It is only to annoy the neighbours."

* * * *

POLICE OFFICER: "Here, where did you get that jar of honey?"

TRAMP: "Sergeant, I won't deceive yer, I bin collectin' it from the flowers."

* * * *

The head of the house was reading a newspaper article very carefully. Presently he remarked to his wife:—

"Do you know, dear, I think there's something in what this article says—that the cleverness of the father often proves a stumbling block to the son."

His wife heaved a sigh of relief. "Well, thank goodness," she said, "our Bobby won't have anything to fall over."

* * * *

Mac arrived at the office half an hour late. "What's this mean?" inquired the chief.

"Well, it was like this," replied Mac. "I squeezed the tube of toothpaste too much, and it took a good half-hour to get the stuff back into the tube."

* * * *

A vicar offers to give away a large pot of honey to every couple he marries. This may be taken either to portend a future filled with sweetness or to symbolise that somebody is getting stung.

* * * *

We are told that if women used their undoubted influence armaments would very soon be abolished. But what woman would want to be without some arms about her?

* * * *

"What will the working man do if he can't get his beer?" growls an orator.

"Get bitter."

LITTLE SON : " Mother, father wouldn't murder anybody, would he ? "

MOTHER : " Why, certainly not, child ! What makes you think that ? "

LITTLE SON : " Well, I just heard him down in the cellar saying, ' Let's kill the other two, George. ' "

* * * *

LITTLE BROTHER : " Ha ! ha ! I just saw you kiss my sister. "

SUITOR : " Here. Keep still. Put this shilling in your pocket. "

LITTLE BROTHER : " Here's sixpence change. One price to all, that's the way I do business. "

* * * *

The old countrywoman with her basket made herself comfortable in a first-class carriage.

" Are you first-class, my good woman ? " asked a porter.

" Begor, I am, an' thank you ; an' how do you feel yourself ? "

* * * *

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER : " Who was the mother of Moses ? "

LITTLE MARY : " Pharaoh's daughter.

S.S.T. : " But she only found him in the bullrushes. "

L.M. : " That was her story. "

* * * *

BLEEKER : " Haven't you found that you can avoid trouble by giving your wife a definite percentage of your salary each week ? "

MEEKER : " Yes, ever since I've been giving her a hundred per cent. we haven't quarrelled about it. "

* * * *

" America faces drink shortage. " Beer to-day and gone to-morrow.

* * * *

The unemployment figures show a decrease in the number of those out of work, but we are still living in the good dole days.

* * * *

It makes many a man nervous to have someone looking over his shoulder—especially when his wife is looking for blonde hairs.

* * * *

TOM : " Do you know anything about flirting ? "

TED : " I thought I did, but the girl I tried my system on married me. "

* * * *

JURYMEN : " Sir, I desire to be excused from jury duty, as I can only hear with one ear. "

JUDGE : " Oh, you'll do ! We only hear one side of a case at a time. "

* * * *

A man, slightly inebriated, was leaving a club in Pall Mall. Standing at the door of the club was a man in uniform.

" Hi, Commissionaire, gesh me a taxi ! " called the inebriated one.

" Confound you, sir ! " cried the other indignantly, " I'm a naval officer ! "

" Alri', admiral—gesh me a yacht. "

* * * *

They were entertaining the vicar to lunch, and the guest remarked to the small son of the house : " Don't you ever say prayers before your meals, my child ? "

" Oh, no, " said the child. " Dad says our cook's pretty reliable. "

* * * *

The wireless dealer had just succeeded in selling the most expensive all-mains radio-gramophone on the stand, and was mentally spending the commission on the deal when his customer's voice brought him back to earth.

" There's just one little adjustment I'd like you to make, " she said.

" Yes, madam ? "

" We're not fitted with electricity, " she told him, " so will you have it converted, please, for gas ? "

* * * *

The new recruit passed by an officer without saluting. " Here, my man ! " called the officer, " do you see this uniform I'm wearing ? "

" Yes, " replied the recruit, as he came forward and inspected the officer's attire. " And just look at this darned suit they gave me ! "

* * * *

Isn't Nature wonderful? Millions of years ago she didn't know we were going to wear spectacles, yet look at the way she placed our ears!

* * * *

A harassed-looking man entered a gramophone shop and inquired for some modern light music, preferably dance records. "Very well, sir," said the assistant. "I understand perfectly. By the way, didn't you buy some records of operatic music here last week?"

"That's right," said the customer, miserably; "but my wife doesn't care for them—she wants something really snappy."

The assistant took down a number from the shelves. "Have you had 'Seven Years With the Wrong Woman?'" he asked, naming a popular piece of music.

"No, twelve!" snapped the customer. "But anyway, what the blazes has that got to do with you?"

* * * *

The wealthy old bachelor finished his lonely dinner and rang for his butler. "James," he said angrily, "when that traveller person who sold us this port comes for more orders, throw him out on his neck."

The butler grimaced. "Very good, sir," he replied. "I should have thrown him out even if you had not mentioned it."

* * * *

A popular East End referee was M.C. at a large charitable boxing display and appeared for the first time in evening dress.

When the first bout was due to start, he jumped into the ring and slowly turned with outstretched arms to demand silence. As a deep hush settled over the audience, a Cockney cried out: "It fits yer all right, Mike. What abaht buying it?"

* * * *

A rather stout woman was making her self a nuisance in the big shop which was holding its annual sale. Nothing, it seemed, would suit her, and the unfortunate shop assistant was beginning to get a little weary.

"Haven't you anything ready-made that will fit me?" asked the customer at last.

"Yes; the umbrellas and the handkerchiefs are downstairs, madam," the girl replied.

* * * *

"My dog is most intelligent."

"I have noticed it. He always gets behind a tree when you shoot."

A speaker, engaged to lecture in a small town in the Midlands, arrived in the afternoon. The place seemed poorly provided with bills, and he thought he would find out if people knew anything about what was in store for them. He entered a grocer's shop.

"Good afternoon!" he said to the man behind the counter. "Any entertainment going on here to-night? Anything that will help me to while away an evening?"

The shopkeeper gazed at his interrogator, wiped his hand, and then replied, slowly: "Well, I expect there's going to be a lecture. I've been selling eggs all day."

* * * *

Is this supposed to be a fast train? The advertisements said it was," remarked the excursionist to the guard.

"Yes, of course," answered the guard.

"I thought it must be," said the passenger. "Would you mind my getting off and seeing what it is fast to?"

* * * *

"So you actually admit that you saw the man in the dock strike the victim and then take to his heels, while you made no attempt to stop him?" said the magistrate to the witness.

"That's right, sir," said the man, without the least hesitation.

"But don't you consider that a very unmanly action on your part?" asked the magistrate.

"I was more interested in the victim," went on the witness, evading the question. "I was wondering whether the attack would prove fatal."

"Was that of any great importance to you?" asked the other.

"It certainly was," replied the witness. "I happen to be marrying her daughter next week."

* * * *

The caustic rivalry between those two great billiard players, Inman and Reece, is well-known, and neither loses an opportunity to score off the other—in more ways than one.

It is related that, some years ago on the evening of the day when the late Lord Chief Justice Alverstone sentenced Crippen to death, he presented the Championship Cup to Inman. Reece, naturally, was expected to say a few words. They were few, all right, but they were certainly expressive.

"The Lord Chief," he said, "has made an error of judgment; he ought to have presented the cup to Crippen and sentenced Inman to death!"

* * * *

The owner of the fruit stall was trying hard to make a sale. "We have some very nice alligator pears this morning," he remarked to a customer. "How silly," laughed the very young housewife. "Why, we don't even keep a goldfish, mister."

* * * *

Two wholehearted enthusiasts were attending the local "Derby." During the whole game, the smaller of the two used his drill-sergeant voice to urge his pet team to victory.

As the final whistle blew, he turned to his pal and remarked: "Blimey, mate, I believe I've lost my voice." Back came the reply: "Don't you worry, mate; you'll find it in my left ear."

* * * *

A suburban young lady was about to emerge from the bathroom clad in a dressing gown when she heard the bell ring and saw standing at the open front door a Chinese hawker. Quickly retreating, she called out to her sister:

"There's a Chinaman at the door. You go, Ella." This was too much for the Celestial, who stuck his head well into the hall and shouted indignantly:

"You go 'ella yourself," and departed in high dudgeon.

* * * *

"Does my practising make you nervy?" asked the man who was learning to play a saxophone.

"It did when I first heard the neighbours discussing it," replied the man next door, "but now I don't care what happens to you."

* * * *

Jones gazed critically at his friend's car. "What did you give for that?" he asked.

Smith shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing," he replied, "I took it for a debt. A fellow owed me two hundred pounds."

Jones looked at the car again. "H'm," he murmured, "do you stand much chance of getting the other hundred and ninety-nine pounds?"

* * * *

An inspector once visited a school, and in one of the classrooms found the children kicking up a disturbance. He went up to one lad, a bit bigger than the rest, and evidently the head and fount of the trouble, and, taking him by the scruff of the neck, pitched him out.

About ten minutes later a little urchin approached the inspector and said, "Please, sir, you've thrown our teacher out!"

BRANCHES.

WOKING.

OLD WOKING AND DISTRICT RECREATION CLUB.

In the presence of a large company of members, and representatives from almost every club in the district, the new premises of the Old Woking and District Recreation Club were formally opened on Saturday evening 20th January. The club was founded in 1919 by the late Revd. F. Wilson, and was originally housed in a wooden hut on the same site as that occupied by the present brick-built structure. The opening ceremony was performed by Mrs. Wilson, who has been closely identified with the club since its inception.



(Reproduced by kind permission of "The Woking News & Mail")

Mr. A. Bennett presided at the proceedings, and was supported by Mr. E. T. Wise (president), Mr. H. J. Fox (secretary) and Mr. F. Warde (hon. treasurer).

The chairman said that that important event in the history of the life of the club represented a development and the realisation of an ideal that had been in their minds for some years past, and consequently they were grateful to all those who had helped to bring about such a consummation. Their thoughts turned naturally with the greatest thankfulness and respect to Mrs. Wilson, who, in conjunction with her late husband, had first conceived the idea of

a club in the district as a memorial to their son. In spite of the many delays and disappointments she must have experienced before witnessing the full realisation of that ideal, she had never looked back or lost heart, and they all rejoiced with her in the present development in which she had been so very generous and helpful. They owed a debt of gratitude to the older members of the club, as it was largely owing to their loyalty and support that they had been able to overcome very great difficulties and to make a fresh start under new and improved conditions. It was a stroke of exceedingly good fortune that had brought their excellent friend Mr. Wise to the district, and they were under a big debt to him for the interest, guidance and encouragement they had always received at his hands. His business experience had been invaluable in guiding the affairs of the club, particularly on the financial side. They all admired the rich humanity of his character.

Mr. Bennett added that the present traditions had been established in spite of enormous difficulties, and their maintenance should be a task of lighter character. If they all co-operated in a spirit of "each for all and all for each" the success of the club would be assured. On behalf of the club the chairman then presented envelopes containing cheques to Mr. N. N. Nowlan (architect) and Mr. H. J. Fox (secretary) in recognition of their valuable work.

Mr. Wise thanked the chairman for his kind remarks and said it was a pleasure for him to attend the opening ceremony. The completion of the building had come at least two years before he had expected it. He had always hoped he would live to see the new building erected, and he wished the club every success.

Mrs. Wilson said it was a very unusual privilege for a woman to be allowed to speak at a club for men, but she was there to take the place of her late husband who was the founder of the Institution. A good start was of great value, but it was even more important to have a good leader such as they had in Mr. Wise. They also had a helpful committee, and a good secretary in Mr. Fox, and a high standard of club life had been attained. It was up to every member to see that good things were not turned into bad things by misuse. Club life rubbed off sharp corners and enabled a member to appreciate the good qualities of his fellow men as well as raising his own standards of right and wrong.

Later in the evening an enjoyable entertainment was provided by Messrs. W. Sturt, Ted Bailey, F. Summers (comedians), R. Waters (tenor), Miss Head (songs) and an orchestra, under the direction of Mr. E. Schuth, with Mrs. Cobbett as accompanist.

PORTSMOUTH.

Since the last issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, the 1st Bn. The Rifle Brigade, have taken up their quarters at the New Barracks, Gosport, after a term of service in India and the Sudan. It is many years since the light infantry step has been seen in Gosport, but the smartness of it is striking. On the regiment arriving at Gosport, Lieut.-Col. O. C. Downes, D.S.O., M.C., Commanding the Battalion, was greeted by Brigadier W. Green, D.S.O., Garrison Commander, with whom was Brigade-Major N. McMicking, D.S.O., M.C. The unit was met at the entrance to the New Barracks by a detachment of "old timers," members of the Old Comrades Association, who were under the direction of Sgt. Sullivan, a Metropolitan policeman who left the battalion in 1910, although he rejoined for the war period. Amongst the detachment of 50 old comrades, the oldest was Mr. A. Whitehead, aged 71, of London, who joined in 1884 and left in 1905. Mr. W. Clay, aged 67 years, also of London, was formerly in the London Irish but served in the "Rifles" during the war, while Mr. A. James of Brighton, who is 62 years of age, completed his "twenty-one" with the Battalion in 1908. A pathetic feature in connection with the home-coming of the battalion was the absence of Band-Sgt. Seabrook whose father, Mr. E. E. Seabrook lives at 85 Leesland Road, Gosport. Band-Sergt. Seabrook was the victim of a bathing accident at Khartoum. He broke his neck through diving too steeply into the Nile and striking his head on the bottom. He was buried with full military honours on May 8th last year, at Khartoum.



[Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. J. C. Lawrence & Sons, Photographers, Gosport.]
1st Batt. Rifle Brigade marching into New Barracks, Gosport,
February, 1934.

A very enjoyable evening's boxing was witnessed when teams representing H.M.S. *Excellent* met the Royal Air Force Base, at Gosport. The result was a draw, each team claiming four victories, and with the team result always in doubt, interest was sustained right to the end. Marine Stockley, who has grown into a feather-weight since leaving the Boys Ranks a few years ago, chose the shortest route to win against A.C. Milner, and A.B. Jordan, the light-heavy-weight, who is well known in service circles, was too strong for A.C. Sanders, whom he beat in the first round. A.B. Holland and L.A.C. Sherlock who met in the welter-weight division, put up one of the best exhibitions of the evening and, at the end, when the Referee, Commander Mount-Haes, awarded the fight to Holland he complimented the boxers on putting up a "good old-fashioned scrap." The officials were:—Referee, Commander A. E. Mount-Haes; Judges, Lieut. Cobb, R.N., and Flight Lieut. Davey, R.A.F.; Timekeeper, Lieut. March, R.N.; Organizer, Commissioned Gunner L.A. Sherwin.

About 200 in all sat down to the first annual dinner of the Portsmouth and District Royal Marines Old Comrades' Association which was recently held at Kimbell's Cafe, Southsea. Before reading greetings from Association Branches at Greenwich, Chatham and Birmingham, the President of the Local Association, General A. G. Little, C.M.G., read a telegram received from H.M. The King as follows: "Please convey to the members of the Portsmouth and District Royal Marines Old Comrades Association assembled at their first annual dinner, the King's sincere thanks for the loyal message which His Majesty, as Colonel-in-Chief, greatly appreciates.—Private Secretary."

Entertainment items were supplied by Miss Irene Selwood, Mr. S. Dacombe, Mr. P. Duley and Berdon's orchestra.

BRIGHTON.

The Brighton staff wish to take this opportunity of extending to Mr. F. A. Simonds and Mrs. Simonds their congratulations on having recently celebrated the 25th anniversary of their wedding, and wish them many more years of health and happiness.

The Brighton and County Licensed Victuallers held their annual banquet in the Brighton Dome on the 14th February, when Major F. S. Moller, M.C., D.F.C. (a director of Messrs. Hooper Struve & Co. Ltd.) presided over a gathering of some 350 members and

visitors. The Firm was represented by Mr. S. M. Penlerick. Some very interesting speeches were made touching on trade topics, including a very able one from the Mayor, Miss Hardy. The evening finished up with dancing in the handsome rooms of the Royal Pavilion.

We are very sorry to record the sudden death on the 14th of February of the wife of Mr. C. R. Vincent, the popular secretary of the West Tarring Working Men's Club, and extend to Mr. Vincent our sincere expressions of condolence.

FOOTBALL.

The fears of the writer of "Brewery Jottings" are realised, and Brighton's exit from the cup was due entirely to some excellent football displayed by the Bolton team. They have a cup-winning side and, by their defeat of Liverpool, we hope they will figure at Wembley in the grand finale.

A SPLENDID TRIBUTE.

Many so-called honours fade before that accorded Mr. Cater, of Franklin Road, Portslade, Sussex, by his now deceased friend, Mr. Charles Gunham. In his will Mr. Gunham alluded to Mr. Cater as:—

"My pal, the best and straightest one could have as a friend and pal."

The testator bequeathed a monetary legacy also, but this verbal recognition of a friend takes pride of place from its intrinsic value.

So many folk are friends when it suits them to be so, but like base metal, they cannot stand the test of life's furnace. One is better without such, because they make one bitter. To both the grateful testator and his "pal" are due salutations of all who admire loyalty and friendship.

CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY.

He was a Brighton road-sweeper, and resting momentarily from his labours, he found himself opposite a huge poster which dwelt upon the virtues of Beer, and ended with the assurance in large type "beer is best." Leaning his arms on his broom he seemed literally fascinated by the poster and as he turned almost reluctantly away to resume his labour, his attitude made one think of the expression, "carried unanimously."

CRABBS PARK, PAIGNTON.

At a fancy dress dance held at the pretty little village on the Dart, known as Stoke Gabriel, organised by the Torquay Conservatives under the auspices of the Stoke Gabriel Women's Section, the winning costume for children was worn by Miss C. C. King.



Miss C. C. King in her "winning" costume.

The winner is the daughter of Mr. A. King, who has been employed on transport at Crabbs Park, Paignton, for some years. The dress was very unique, and showcards of "Hunt's Glorious Devon Cider" added to the beauty of the attire.

A most convivial evening was enjoyed by those present, and everyone spoke highly of the way in which the event had been organised. Little Carol King looked very charming, and the photograph reproduced above hardly gives full credit.

It was indeed very gratifying to hear at so many of the local Brewster Sessions recently held, that the visitors to this part of the country, as well as the residents, will again be privileged with an extra half hour in which to consume their alcoholic refreshments, the Licensing Justices having granted an extension of opening hours from 10 to 10.30 p.m. for the months of June, July, August and September.

OXFORD.

Mr. John Wixon Birt, who took over the tenancy of the popular riverside rendezvous, the "King's Arms" Hotel, Sandford-on-Thames, Oxon, on January 29th last, has, in consequence found himself compelled to relinquish the post of Honorary Secretary to the East Oxford Conservative Club.

The following lines, culled from the February number of *The Conservative Clubs' Gazette*, will testify to the valuable work Mr. Birt has done for his club during the eleven years he served it as Honorary Secretary:—

A LOSS TO EAST OXFORD.

At the annual dinner of the East Oxford Conservative Club, Mr. J. M. Eldridge, proposing the toast of "The Club," paid a glowing tribute to the work on its behalf of Mr. J. W. Birt, the retiring secretary. He said that, for the past eleven years, Mr. Birt had been absolutely untiring in his duties and in looking after the interests of the club. He had seen the club grow in the size of its building during that time, and he had also seen the club grow considerably in numbers. Whatever the increase of business and responsibility thrown upon him all those years he had never failed them. He had shown the qualities which the King mentioned in his message to the nation on Christmas Day—unshakable sanity, invincible patience and tireless goodwill. There was not the slightest doubt that the increasing success of the club during the last few years had been largely attributable to the work Mr. Birt had done as their secretary. He wished him every success in his new sphere.

Mr. Birt, replying to the toast, which was accorded musical honours, said it was with the deepest regret that he found he had to discontinue his work for the club and the members. During the time he had been associated with the club he had seen it increase in numbers and prosperity, and it would always be a gratification to him to feel that he had been able to take a small part in helping to make the club one to which any man might feel proud to belong.

(Mr. Birt was recently co-opted a member of the Governing Body of the A.C.C. as representative of the Wessex Area. His new duties precluding him from filling that position, he has resigned the appointment.—EDITOR, "C.C.G.")

We wish Mr. Birt and his good lady all success and prosperity in their new venture, hoping that all their old friends and lots of new ones will call to see them at the "King's Arms" Hotel, where they will be sure of a hearty welcome and excellent fare.

THE "SIX BELLS," CHALGROVE, SAVINGS CLUB.

A social evening was held on Tuesday, January 23rd, at the John Hampden Hall, Chalgrove, Oxon, in aid of the funds of the "Six Bells" Savings Club. Our friend, Mr. G. W. Plumpton, landlord of the "Six Bells" and Honorary Secretary of the Savings Club, has very kindly sent us a report of the proceedings from which we learn that 200 persons paid for admission and spent a very enjoyable evening.

The programme was as follows:—

Miss Knowles	Song (accompanist, Miss Dobinson).
Mr. A. Spicer	" (" Miss Higgs).
Mrs. A. Steptowe	" (" " ").
Miss S. Spicer	" (" " ").
Mr. W. Broadway	" (" " ").
Mesdames A. Steptowe and S. Spicer	Duet (" " ").
Miss Olive Atkins	Selection of dances (accompanist, Miss Higgs).

FANCY DRESS PARADES.

CHILDREN UNDER 8 YEARS.

1st Prize ...	Miss Mary Nudds (Japanese Lady).
2nd Prize ...	Miss Frances Wise (Bo Peep).

CHILDREN UP TO 14 YEARS.

1st Prize ...	Master Gordon Hurst (Gipsy Girl).
2nd Prize ...	Miss Muriel Jones (Fruit Seller).

ADULTS.

Ladies' 1st Prize ...	Mrs. B. Wise (Simonds' Milk Stout).
" 2nd Prize ...	Mrs. Nudds (Witch).
Gents' 1st Prize ...	Mr. S. Spicer (Mother).
" 2nd Prize ...	Mr. T. Spicer (Baby).

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin, of the Versatile Players, were the judges and they also presented the prizes. Consolation awards were made to those juvenile competitors who were unsuccessful as prize-winners.

Dancing followed, to excellent music provided by Mr. A. Higgs, with Miss Lucy Higgs at the piano. The spot dance prize-winners were Mrs. Shepherd and Mr. Britton.

Everyone voted the social a great success, and also agreed that great credit was due to the organisers.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

Every "Tamarite" desires to be associated with the many tributes and sincere tokens of pleasure which the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding day brought to our Managing Director and Mrs. Simonds, from near and far. Other West Country folk also warmly join with us in wishing them "very many happy returns of the day"!

We again are privileged to place on record the fact that many ships of H.M. Royal Navy still continue to show their high appreciation of "Hop-leaf" beverages, and that "S.B.", Milk Stout, and other well known specialities in bottle can be obtained by our friends in the senior service not only in home waters, but wherever those grey steel walls of Empire plough the waters around our many overseas possessions.

From the Mediterranean to Colombo, from Panama and Bermuda to Belfast, the SIMONDS slogan is heard—a tribute which only makes us the more keen to merit a confidence thus shown in our products.

During the past few weeks the following units of our Royal Fleet have so honoured us:—H.M.S. *Rodney*, *Furious*, *Devonshire*, *Norfolk*, *Danae*, *Ormonde*, *Malaya*, *Centurion*, *Lucia*, *Montrose*, *Tiverton*, *Mackay*, *Cygnets*, *Emerald*, *Westcott*, *Terror*, *Guardian*, *Harebell*, *Orion*, *Dart*, *Warwick*, *Calyпсо*, *Scotsman*, *Kempfenfelt*, *Shikari*, *Caledon*, *Exeter*, and also many auxiliary vessels which daily leave our shores almost unnoticed and unknown.

Our thoughts to-day are with these many kinsmen now on the seven seas of Britain mid scorching sun or freezing blast. We wish them a safe return—in duty's good time.

SUMMER CAMPS.

It is gratifying to know that Okehampton, Willsworth, Roborough, and other centres of Military Field Training in our county will be again busy this year, and that H. & G. S. are to have the privilege of supply to most, if not all, of the units taking part. These old stretches of moorland in the shadows of the many Tors, are very familiar spots to most of our staff, and not a few friendships have been renewed in the past there. We therefore anticipate the coming season with interest.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

The "Sign of Perfection" is again well to the fore in catering for the needs of the experts who arrange and attend these functions. Favours have already been bestowed upon us in connection with the 1934 programmes of the following executives :—

- The Tetcott Point-to-Point.
- The Launceston Show.
- The South Devon and Haldon Harriers Point-to-Point.
- The Yealmpton Agricultural Show.

Also many others are in the "incubator" stage, but are expected to produce results much above our 1933 output, which is, to say the least, not discouraging. Here's to these cheery yeomen and showmen of 1934!!

STAINES.

ITS PAST AND PRESENT.

UP-TO-DATE MINERAL WATER FACTORY.

It is a frequent custom when dealing with any particular place to give an account of its historical associations, and when we come to consider the town of Staines, now justly famed for the production of Ashby's mineral waters, we find ourselves particularly fortunate as regards such data.

The episode most likely to spring to mind in our consideration is the signing of Magna Carta at Runnymede, which lies about two miles upstream from Staines. Contrary to traditional belief this historical act did not take place upon an island but in a meadow by the side of the Thames, whilst the Charter itself was not signed but sealed with the Great Seal of England. The suggestion that the Magna Carta was signed upon an island can be traced to an historian's blunder whereby Magna Carta was confused with another Charter signed by the same King John at a later date upon an unspecified island in the Thames.

One very noticeable feature in the Staines district is the Causeway Bank, which now forms the footpath of the main road between Egham town and Staines bridge. This bank is elevated above the roadway to the height of several feet and was originally intended to prevent the encroachment of the river in time of flood. In winter the approach to Staines bridge was frequently rendered impassable owing to the floods, and during the reign of Henry III a wool merchant by the name of Thomas de Oxenford constructed the Causeway in order to ensure that his goods would have a safe passage all the year round. In after years this work provided reason for considerable contention between the local communities, both Egham and Staines repudiating liability for its upkeep; and, in addition, there is a traditional story to the effect that the inhabitants of Wraysbury on the opposite bank adopted a very hostile attitude towards its construction, as they considered that

the floods' waters were driven over to their side. At all events, the Egham end of the bank is now known as Bowman's Walk and is supposed to have derived its name from the fact that it became necessary to station a cross-bowman there in order to repel would-be attackers from Wraysbury who desired to damage the structure.

With regard to historical buildings in the district, perhaps the most prominent is that early 17th century mansion known as Great Fosters. As Queen Elizabeth died in 1602, the story of her imprisonment in the building obviously cannot be entertained, and neither is there any evidence that Sir Francis Drake was ever connected with the house, although he has been credited with the erection of the quaint old sundial in the garden. This house was never the home of any great family for any period, and no family held it for more than two generations. There is one episode of interest which occurred in 1715, at the time of the Jacobite rising, when the house was searched for horses and arms on account of the then owner, Sir Charles Orbery, Bart., being a Jacobite, having been created a baronet on account of his services to the Stuarts during their exile.

In addition to Chertsey monastery there were two nunneries quite close to Staines known as Broomhall and Ankerwyke, the former being a Benedictine priory dedicated to St. Margaret and the latter, also a Benedictine house, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene. As far as can be ascertained, both houses disappeared during the general suppression.

THE OLDEST INN.

Of special interest is the old "Catherine Wheel" Inn at Egham, which is apparently the oldest inn of that town. In 1507 it was the property of Chertsey monastery and was leased to a certain Robert Adamson for 200 years, becoming the property of the Crown in 1708 when this old monastic lease expired. In 1650 a Parliamentary survey indicated it as being the most important hostelry in the town, possessing stable accommodation for fifty horses or more.

Amongst prominent personages associated with the district was Warren Hastings, who, upon his return from India in 1785, purchased Beaumont Lodge at Old Windsor so that he might reside near the King at Windsor Castle.

In 1815 the poet Shelley took a cottage near Bishopsgate where he wrote "Alastor" and where his son William was born. He apparently enjoyed his residence there to the full, but it was cut short when his creditors discovered his retreat and in less than a year he was on his way to the continent.

Two fairly recent buildings which deserve some mention are the Royal Holloway College at Englefield Green and the Holloway Sanatorium at Virginia Water. Both these establishments are due

to the generosity of Thomas Holloway, who amassed a considerable fortune through the manufacture of pills and ointments. They were built in the French Renaissance style and the college, which is now numbered amongst the great educational establishments of the kingdom, possesses a magnificent collection of paintings by eighteenth and nineteenth century British artists valued at £80,000.

If we turn our attention now to the probable origin of Staines we find ourselves whisked right back to the Roman era. It is very probable that the Roman military station known as "Ad Pontes," and which served to guard the passage of the river, stood on the site now occupied by the modern town. This river-passage was designed to carry the London-Silchester road which started at the Forum in Roman London. After following the line of present-day Oxford Street and the Bayswater Road, this ancient highway traversed the North bank of the Thames until reaching Ad Pontes. Having crossed the river the road followed on past Sunningdale and Bagshot until it reached the Romano-British city of Calleva Atrebatum (the city of the Atrebates) which is now usually recognized as the Silchester ruins.

These ruins are of particular interest to the people of Hampshire and Berkshire, and a visit to Reading museum, where all the movable objects revealed during the work of excavation are now housed, always serves to bring home to the visitor the height to which civilisation had risen under the Romans and also the importance which must have attached to this city of the Atrebates in the heart of the forest of Spinae.

Amongst Berkshire folk the London-Silchester road is familiar under its romantic designation of the "Devil's Highway" which originated many years ago when the yokels, unable to guess the origin of this mysterious roadway which constantly disappeared and re-appeared across their land, came to the conclusion that it could only have been the handiwork of the Prince of Evil.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF STAINES.

It is believed that the name Staines has been derived from "Stane" (a stone), which probably indicated the presence of a Roman milestone at the site of the river crossing.

We find definite reference to Staines in the Saxon Chronicle of 993 when a Danish raider by the name of Aulaf plundered the town, having sailed up the river with a fleet of ninety-three ships. Again in 1009, the Danes burned Oxford and then made their way to Staines, plundering as they went. It was at this time, too, that they sacked Chertsey Abbey, killing the Abbot, Beocca, and ninety monks.

Further reference is made during the Western Rebellion of 1549 when the rebels were approaching London. It was decided to destroy the bridge in order to impede their advance, but the townsfolk succeeded in preventing this drastic step being taken by

pleading that it would have disastrous results, both for themselves and the surrounding country. They promised instead to "send owte a scowte to descrye if any Armye be comyng that way," but fortunately the rebels did not reach Staines.

Later in 1642, after the Battle of Edgehill, Prince Rupert arrived in the district and sent a detachment of cavalry to attack Windsor Castle. As they were unsupported by infantry and artillery they found themselves unable to accomplish anything and drew off. Prince Rupert accordingly made his headquarters at Egham. Having attended the conference at Colnbrook together with the King, Prince Rupert left a few days later, crossed Staines bridge and proceeded to Brentford where he routed the enemy, after which the Royalist forces retired to Kingston.

CHIEF FEATURE OF INTEREST.

Coming to the present day, the chief feature of interest is of course centred in Ashby's Staines Brewery, Ltd. Although no brewing is done now that H. & G. Simonds have taken over, there is still considerable activity on the premises which are now used as the centre of the bottled beer distribution for the Staines area. Quite apart from the large beer bottling plant which is employed, there is another new and interesting line of business at Staines Brewery which calls for some attention. This refers to the mineral water manufacturing plant which is rapidly becoming more and more busy as the excellence of its products is broadcast. During the past year a splendid new factory, with an absolutely up-to-date set of machinery, has been opened and the substantial increase in sales has provided ample proof of the necessity for such a step.

As seen to-day, the factory consists of a large central hall containing the filling and bottle-washing installations, whilst at one end is situated the syrup room, at the other an extensive storage department, and in the fore a large covered loading-bank which provides accommodation for the everlasting output prior to its despatch by road.

The beginning of the process of manufacture is located in the syrup room which occupies an elevated position. Here the basic ingredients, composed in every case of the very best quality, undergo the mixing process which results in the production of the syrup necessary for the lemonade, ginger beer, or other products that are to be bottled. First, the required quantity of pure white cane-sugar is placed in the sugar boiler from which it passes to the syrup pans beneath. In these receptacles the other ingredients such as the essences, headings, etc., are added and the whole mixed and filtered into additional pans situated below. From these last containers the prepared syrup is conveyed by glass piping to the filling machine in the room beneath, to which we may now turn our attention.

The first stage of the bottling process occurs in the passage of empty bottles through the washing machine. Here they are thoroughly cleansed in a caustic solution at about 120° F., and after being rinsed, conveyed by mechanical methods to the filling machine. As already stated, the syrup is connected directly to this machine, and here the bottles are filled and fitted with crown corks, rinsed again and then conveyed still by the mechanism to the automatic labeller. After having received the finishing touches, applied by this mechanical wonder, which carry with them outward indication of a sound and excellent refreshment, the full bottles are removed by hand and boxed, being now ready for delivery.

QUALITY AND QUANTITY.

The variety of mineral waters produced in this establishment is of a range to cater for all tastes. Apart from the most popular lines which include lemonade, ginger beer and grape fruit, a varied assortment comprising dry ginger ale, soda water (for which there is a separate syphon washing and filling plant), tonic water, sweet ginger ale, kola, limejuice and soda, lemorang, etc., is available in varied sizes to meet public taste. With all these goods the utmost care is of course taken to ensure absolute purity and cleanliness in production. As stated before, the very best ingredients are used in manufacture, whilst the extensive mechanical means employed obviate handling and necessarily guarantee absolute freedom from impurities.

It is impossible to conclude without mention of the keen personal interest evinced by Major G. S. M. Ashby, to whose efforts the improved means of production are so largely due. The increase recently observed in these mineral water sales is due in no small measure to the power of being able to meet the wide and pressing demands adequately, and where Ashby's mineral waters are concerned the terms "quality" and "quantity" go hand in hand.

E. W. KIRBY.

CHILDREN'S PARTY.

The annual children's party given by the members of Runnemedde Lodge, R.A.O.B., was held in the Victoria Hall on Saturday, when a company numbering about 75 spent a happy time. Tea was first served, after which games and other amusements were indulged in. Each child also received a gift from a gaily decorated Christmas tree, Bro. D. Irwin, K.O.M., acting the role of Father Christmas and making the distribution. An interesting ceremony was a presentation to Mrs. Rix, of The Foresters Arms, Egham, from the officers and brethren of the Lodge in recognition of the many valuable services she had rendered.

[The Editor regrets that the photograph sent is not clear enough for reproduction].