

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

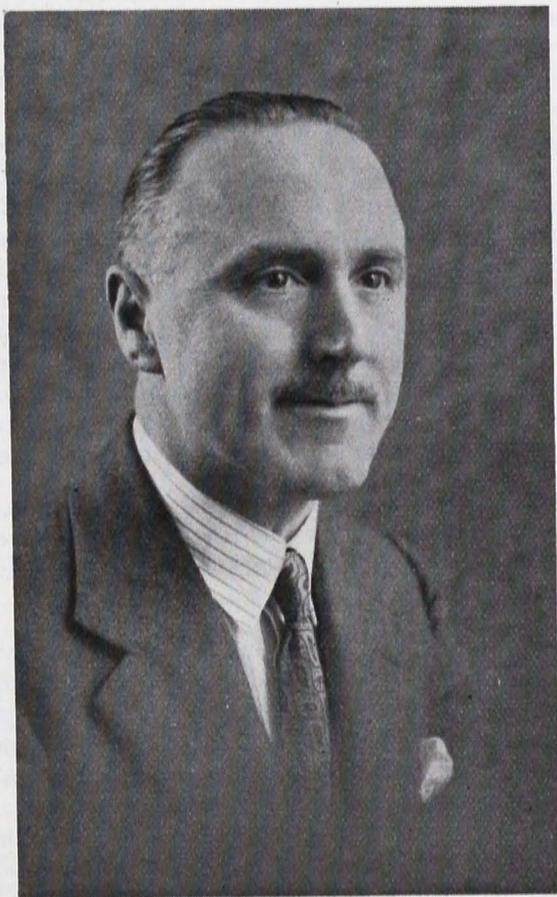
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XIII.

MARCH, 1939.

No. 6



Mr. H. H. STEVENS.

MR. H. H. STEVENS.

Although the late South Berks Brewery has passed into history, the name will remain in our memories as long as we still have in our midst members of the staff who came to us from Newbury when the old premises were finally closed down. We recall those early associations with much pleasure on account of the friendly atmosphere which prevailed from the beginning.

Prominent amongst those who witnessed the passing of the old Company was Mr. H. H. Stevens, whose portrait appears in this issue. His business career commenced in November, 1913, when he joined the South Berks Brewery Company Ltd., Newbury, as Cashier and Confidential Clerk, upon which work he was engaged until the outbreak of the Great War. It was in June, 1915, that Mr. Stevens enlisted in the Royal Engineers and was posted to the R.E. Training Battalion, Brampton Barracks, Chatham. He became an Instructor and later transferred to the R.E. Cadet Battalion at Newark. Upon going overseas he was posted to the 7th Field Company, R.E., 50th Division, and saw service on the Somme. Upon the close of hostilities Mr. Stevens returned home and took up his duties again, spending a good deal of time on the road as Collector. In the course of those duties he became acquainted with every tenant of the Company and gained their confidence, which is a tribute to his personality, tact and friendly disposition, valuable qualities which are all too rare in combination.

In 1933 Mr. Stevens was transferred to Reading in charge of the South Berks section, and when the Company was eventually liquidated he was moved to the Accounts Department, where he is now employed.

In earlier years Mr. Stevens indulged in the hardy forms of recreation, including swimming and hockey. His fondness for the aquatic form of athletics made of him an "all-the-year-round swimmer." For some peculiar reason, to quote his own words, he always got a special kick out of a swim on Christmas morning, which oftentimes was as warm as a summer morning. In those days Mr. Stevens was also a runner and enjoyed donning the "spikes" for sprints "from 100 to a quarter." Those pastimes having lost their charm, he is now content with a game of tennis, and motoring.

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

CHAT *from*



THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)

A POPULAR PRESIDENT.

Mr. L. A. Simonds is proving very popular as President of the Reading and District Licensed Trade Protection and Benevolent Association, and his conduct in the Chair at the 16th Annual Banquet and Ball contributed in no small measure to the marked success which attended the proceedings. As Mr. F. C. Riden (the Hon. Treasurer) aptly observed, Mr. Louis was known to most of them as one of the liveliest of live wires and he took the keenest interest in all matters concerning the licensed trade. An excellent portrait of Mr. Louis appeared on the finely produced programme. It was a happy gesture on the part of the members to present Mr. Louis with a little memento of their affection and esteem, and this took the form of a statuette. The presentation was followed by the hearty singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow." The Society, too, is fortunate in having such an able Chairman as Mr. H. S. Smith. Apart from his business ability he is an eloquent speaker and always has something to say that is worth listening to. Our Mr. F. C. Riden also puts in a great amount of work as Hon. Treasurer, and the Society is indeed fortunate in having two such efficient officers filling two such important posts. The best thanks of the members are due to them for all the work they do.

WHY DO SPARROWS PREFER YELLOW?

Mr. W. Dunster, whose "Brewery Jottings" have been such a pleasing feature of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE ever since its inception, asks in his notes this month if I can explain why sparrows show such a liking for yellow crocuses in preference to those of other colours. I do not know; but the birds, while not averse to blooms of various colours, do seem to like the yellow ones best. They are not, however, over particular concerning colours. Recently I planted six polyanthus roots, each of a different colour. Half-an-hour later I returned to my garden to protect the plants by means of black cotton, but I was too late. In that short time the sparrows had destroyed every bloom and bud—and I had been feeding the little wretches all the winter!

OUR REAL REPRESENTATIVE.

At the Annual Banquet of the Reading and District Licensed Trade Protection and Benevolent Association, on February 9th, Dr. A. B. Howitt, M.P., promised to do what he could in removing injustices pressing upon the licensed trade. Service, not self would appear to be our Member's motto. He is here, there and everywhere, lending his active support and influence to every good cause in the town. He does not spare himself and is indeed a real representative of the people whom he serves so well. Rarely has Reading had a more faithful servant and should the occasion arise we should not fail to register our grateful recognition of work well done.

MR. LIPSCOMBE'S GOOD WORK FOR ROWING CLUB.

In the Reading Rowing Club's annual report for the past year the Committee state with pleasure that the Club has had a very successful season. The crews were mostly composed of young members. An eight was formed early in the season and under N. H. Lipscombe's coaching made rapid progress.

During the past season, the report continues, the boat house has been put in an excellent state of repair, and although the cost was high, this has been met out of the general fund. This is largely due to the energetic work of N. H. Lipscombe in running very successful dances.

Our Mr. Lipscombe appears to be as successful on the river as he is "on the road."

"BITTER JUGS."

Catching an evening train from London, the Rt. Hon. W. S. Morrison, M.C., K.C., Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and Member of Parliament for the Cirencester and Tewkesbury Division, arrived at Cirencester on Friday, February 10th, in time to speak at the annual dinner of the Watermoor Unionist Club, which was held at the Foresters Arms, Cirencester. One of the comments of his speech was: "I see that a distinguished colleague of mine made a speech the other day in which he referred to this same aspect of affairs, and he spoke of what he called 'jitter-bugs,' meaning by that people who are affected by the 'jitters.' I believe 'jitterbugs' in the American language means an addict of a certain sort of ragtime music. It gives me great comfort to reflect that the people of this country, judging from what I see to-night, do not seek so much recreation in 'jitterbugs' as they do in 'bitter jugs'!"

(This referred to several of the guests who were drinking Simonds' "S.B." out of pint mugs.)

FORGOTTEN GREAT WAR STATISTICS

—THAT SHOULD BE REMEMBERED.

In the war of 1914-1918, throughout the world, there were:—

74 million men mobilised ;
 10 million killed ;
 3 million missing ;
 19 million wounded ;
 10 million disabled ;
 7 million prisoners ;
 9 million orphans ;
 5 million widows ;
 10 million men, women and children forced to flee from their homes ;
 6,400 men killed daily, and actual fighting went on for 1,567 days !

The Great War which began on August 4th, 1914, ended officially on August 31st, 1921. Consequently, it had a duration of 7 years 27 days.

Hostilities actually began on July 29th, 1914, when Belgrade was bombarded by the Austrians, and ended on November 11th, 1918, so that the period of actual fighting was 4 years 106 days.

THE FISH THAT GOT AWAY.

This is the story of the fish that got away—50,000,000 years ago. They call it the *Crossopterygii*. The last one caught seems to have been about 50,000,000 years ago, so there has been plenty of time for anglers to call the species extinct since then and get away with it. Until quite recently, says *The Daily Mail*. And then a Reuter message from East London, Cape Province, reported that one had been caught 120 feet beneath the sea. It is 5 feet long, weighs 127 lbs., and is—a bright blue. *Fishermen say that*. It hasn't got any bones. Its fins and scales are of the most primitive type, similar to those of mesozoic fossils, which are numerous in the Northern Hemisphere. *Scientists vouch for that*. In fact, the scientists are even more enthusiastic than the fishermen. They say the catch is "of absolutely incalculable value," and Dr. J. L. B. Smith, of Rhodes University College, is carrying out researches on it. For the benefit of those who desire further knowledge of *Crossopterygii*, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* observes:

Pectoral fins lobate, typically with all the radials articulating with the segmented metapterygium and none directly with the pectoral arch.

Even at that he might be good for tea, but—*what's he been doing for 50,000,000 years?*

TAILPIECE.

John and Mary had gone to Blackpool for annual holiday . . . full of fun and good spirits and John willing to do anything to please Mary, but he did bar them charries. . . . "No, Mary . . . I'll not take thee on them dangerous things. . . ." "Eh, John . . ." Mary taunted him . . . "thou art a coward." . . . "Coward . . . be bound . . . to prove it I'll take thee on a charry . . . but I tell thee . . . I'm nervous." . . . They boarded a fine big wide charry and Mary was full of glee and John shaking with nerves . . . At each corner the conductor put his hand well out and swung the great big wheel round . . . John getting more and more frightened . . . clutching on to Mary and seat. . . . In the end he could stand it no longer and after an even wider and bigger curve . . . he shouted out to the driver . . . "Eh . . . lad . . . you cop hold of that wheel with both blinking hands. . . . I'll tell thee when it's raining . . ."

WHY JITTER? EMINENT PESSIMISTS OF THE PAST.

The following handbill was being distributed recently in a London store :—

"THEY WERE ALL WRONG."

WILLIAM PITT said :—"There is scarcely anything around us but ruin and despair."

WILBERFORCE in the early 1800's said :—"I dare not marry, the future is so dark and unsettled."

LORD GREY in 1819 :—" . . . believed everything was tending to a convulsion."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, on the eve of his death (1851) :—" . . . thanked God he would be spared from seeing the consummation of ruin that is gathering around."

DISRAELI (1849) : "In industry, commerce, and agriculture there is no hope."

QUEEN ADELAIDE said she " . . . had only one desire, to play the part of Marie Antoinette with bravery in the revolution that was coming on England."

LORD SHAFTESBURY said (1848) :—"Nothing can save the British Empire from shipwreck."

We got through then—and shall do so again.

WHY JITTER?

MAGNIFICATION!

The ship was to cross the line next day and one of the lady passengers had asked the captain whether the "line" was visible. "Certainly it is," was the reply, "and if you come up on the bridge at 11 to-morrow morning I'll show it to you."

So at 11 the lady appeared. The captain handed her a telescope and told her where to point it. Then slyly he pulled a hair from his head and held it across the end of the glass. "Why there it is!" excitedly exclaimed the lady. "And," she added, "I do declare there's a camel walking along it!"

NAVY'S "GROG" TO BE STRONGER.

After nearly two centuries the Navy's issue of rum is to be strengthened. Since 1745 it has been officially known as "three water rum." In other words, every part of spirit has been diluted with three parts of water. Following a request made by the lower deck, and after a period of trial, the Lords of the Admiralty have now agreed to dilution by only two parts of water instead of three. The name "grog" comes from Admiral Vernon, who, in 1745, ordered the issue of diluted rum instead of the neat spirit. The admiral, from his habit of wearing a cloak of "groggram," was known as "Old Grog."

MATTER OVER MIND.

The Christian Scientist met a little boy sitting under an apple tree doubled up with pain.

"What's the trouble, sonny?" he asked.

"Green apples," moaned the boy, "and my tummy aches."

"Your tummy doesn't ache," answered the Christian Scientist, "it's pure imagination; it's all in your mind."

The boy looked somewhat surprised when he heard these remarks, and replied quite positively, "You may think that's so, but I've got inside information."

ANYTHING YOU FANCY.

Well equipped with refreshment and every conceivable kind of bait, the angler strolled forth. Having spent the whole of the day without as much as a nibble, he packed up and quietly surveyed the stream. Putting his hand in his pocket, he brought out his coppers and threw them into the water. Addressing the elusive fish, he said: "Here you are; go and buy yourselves anything you fancy."

PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY.

At the King's Levee held at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday, March 7th, 1939, 2nd Lieutenant E. W. Kirby, 8th Battn. The Middlesex Regiment, had the honour of being presented to His Majesty King George VI. Mr. Kirby is a well-known member of our Staff at Staines.

BE KIND TO BRITAIN, OR—

The following pleasing little jingle in connection with all these attacks on Great Britain appeared in *Punch* :—

Please be kind to Britain !
 She's isn't very strong,
 Her Navy's inefficient,
 Her Army's all gone wrong,
 Her A.R.P. is useless,
 Her Air Force far too small,
 Her people so degenerate,
 She's no morale at all !
 She doesn't want to fight you,
 She's so convinced you'd win !
 She'll let you take her Empire
 If it will save her skin !
 She's old, decayed and senile,
 And you have strength and youth,
 So please be kind to Britain,
 Don't keep abusing Britain,
 Be nice to poor old Britain—
 Or you may learn the truth !

UPSTAIRS.

A middle-aged couple of foreign appearance boarded a bus in Baker Street, London, the other day. He was smoking and had to go upstairs. She, rather stout, remained downstairs. The conductor went up to her. She glanced hurriedly through a small dictionary and said, "The Lord is above." "You need a ticket just the same," replied the conductor. But another passenger gathered her meaning. She had translated literally from German into English. "Der Herr ist oben" (the gentleman is upstairs) means also "the Lord is above."

THAT TELL-TALE HAIR !

Two friends were walking down the street when they passed one of those musical fellows with hair down to his shoulders.

One said : "Doesn't long hair make a man look distinguished and intelligent ?"

"Not always," replied the other. "The missus found a long hair on my coat last night and it made me look an absolute fool."

CUCKOO !

Several cuckoos have already been observed this year—writing to the daily press !

THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

To apply for the Chiltern Hundreds is to vacate one's seat in the House of Commons. The custom grew up in the following manner :

In the Middle Ages, the Chiltern Hills and their forests were infested by bandits. To prevent their depredations a Crown official was appointed—the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds. When, with the passage of time, the post became meaningless, it took on a special significance. M.P.s who wished, without disqualification, to resign their seats, began to apply for the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. The custom, as we see, continues to this day.

LORD MAYOR'S RETORT.

Alderman Combe, Lord Mayor of London in 1799, was nicknamed by intimates "Mash-tub," being a wealthy brewer, says the *Daily Telegraph*. He gambled for high stakes. At hazard at Brooks' one night Beau Brummel, who was one of the company and the caster, asked him, "Come, Mash-tub, what do you bet?" "Twenty-five guineas," answered the Lord Mayor. Losing the throw, he continued play with the same stake till he had lost three hundred guineas, whereupon Beau Brummel, rising and making him a low bow while pocketing the cash, said : "Thank you, alderman ; for the future I shall never drink any porter but yours." "I wish, sir," retorted the Lord Mayor, "that every other blackguard in London would tell me the same !"

Some years before the war, a Mrs. Wildy lived in Pangbourne at a house which is now known as SUNFIELD. Her son and the son of a French family used to exchange holiday visits with a view to learning a bit of each country's language. The French boy came to Pangbourne one summer and Mrs. Wildy put the first tennis racquet into his hands that he had ever had. He got rather keen on the game and used to exclaim : "I will be champion of the world one day." That boy was JEAN BOROTRA !

Mrs. Wildy is still alive and lunches with Borotra whenever he comes to London.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Knowledge is wealth, perhaps the only true wealth. Great Scientists and Scholars are indeed wealthy—in the riches that matter most. I often think of renowned Naturalists, for instance, who undergo great hardships and risk life and limb, just to add to their knowledge, or wealth. They spend and are spent in this great endeavour. And their sole object in acquiring these riches is that they may share them to the full with others and give mankind the benefit of what they have gained. When the same noble incentive actuates our great commercial world in the acquisition of that other wealth and it is shared, without stint, we shall indeed have gone far towards the realisation of the true brotherhood of man and the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth.

We shall then assuredly have peace in our time—and for all time to come.—C.H.P.

A.R.P.

PROGRESS OF WORK AT THE BREWERY.

It is now approximately five months since the A.R.P. scheme at The Brewery, Reading, first began to take shape and therefore at this stage it might be as well to give a brief resumé of the progress made. Twelve shelters, sufficient to accommodate the whole of the employees, have been constructed in various parts of the Brewery. A number of these are of reinforced concrete and all have been equipped with electric lighting, seating, first-aid outfit, fire-fighting equipment, etc. A first-aid post and decontamination depot is also provided and fully equipped.

At 26 strategic points in the Brewery fire stations have been equipped with appliances for dealing with small fires and incendiary bombs.

The whole of the premises, No. 12 Bridge Street, have been adapted and utilised as an equipment store, the equipment including general service and civilian duty respirators, heavy decontamination suits, first-aid equipment and stores, protective clothing for first-aid party, special and gas wardens and the Brewery fire brigade; steel helmets for fire brigade, decontamination party, rescue and demolition party, special wardens and others who would be in the

open in the event of an air raid; Redhill sand containers, scoops and rakes, fire-fighting pumps and buckets, axes, saws, crow-bars, hurricane lamps, electric torches and the hundred-and-one other items required for the various duties.

The total number of volunteers is approximately 250, but a few more are required so that they may be trained ready to take over posts vacated through ill-health or employees leaving the firm. Names should be handed in to me at the Surveyor's Office.

A course of eight lectures has been prepared and these have been proceeding for some time, the lecturers being Commander P. F. M. Dawson, Capt. A. S. Drewe and Mr. H. Woolcott. Several parties have completed the whole course and it is hoped that every man will be passed as proficient during the next few weeks.

A further course of lectures and practical demonstrations is being given to the first-aid party by Mr. T. Kent, who is in charge.

Practical demonstrations also form part of the training and Capt. Drewe, in conjunction with Mr. G. Andrews, Chief Officer of the Fire Brigade, has been busy demonstrating the methods of dealing with incendiary bombs. Every member of the auxiliary fire parties will, in due course, deal with these bombs in a building erected for the purpose in the South Berks Brewery Yard.

It is proposed to build a gas chamber and all A.R.P. personnel will pass through this as one of their tests.

As soon as training is completed it is hoped to hold a number of black-outs under war-time conditions when the complete scheme will be tried out.

A booklet, known as the "H. & G. Simonds A.R.P. Handbook" has been prepared giving full details of the scheme and embodying a map showing all posts, shelters, etc., on the Brewery and each member of the personnel has received a copy.

Commencing with the next issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE a short resumé of the various lectures will be published, setting out the chief points from each lecture.

Should any employees, whether members of the A.R.P. or not, care to view the equipment stores, shelters or posts throughout the Brewery, the undersigned will be pleased to show them round.

C. G. LAWRENCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING THE FIRST A.R.P. TEST.



Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N. (Rtd.) with a Section of the First Aid Party.



Mr. T. Kent with the First Aid Party.



Removal of "Casualty" from Shelter S.2. to First Aid Post.



Arrival of "Casualty" at First Aid Post. Also in the picture are Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N. (Rtd.) and Commander P. F. M. Dawson, R. N. (Rtd).



Section of the Brewery Fire Brigade tackle the "Outbreak".



Firemen proceeding to their post S.11.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(By W. DUNSTER).

The photograph of Mr. L. C. White, which appeared in our last issue, recalled to many the time when he used to be at The Brewery, in the Wine and Spirit Department. Since those early days it will be seen from his record that he has been most active, and like another previous member of the Oxford Branch staff (Mr. W. F. Mercer), he had to "go places" and see a little of one of the Colonies.

Deep sympathy has been expressed to Mr. J. E. Beasley on the tragic loss of his son who was knocked off his bicycle by a motor car and fatally injured. A most promising lad of 16 years, he had only left his home a short while before he met with the accident and later died in the Royal Berkshire Hospital. Mr. J. E. Beasley, a well-known old member of our Cask Office staff, tells me it is an extraordinary coincidence that his boy was born in the same hospital. Naturally we are all very sorry.

Mr. George Wilson, of the Scalds Department, who has been in the Firm's employment for 51 years, retired on pension on the 20th February. A well-known and well-liked workman, all will wish him long life to enjoy his well-earned rest.

It would seem that February has been a bad month for sickness. Quite a number of the staff have had 'flu. It is pleasing to know that all are now back in harness again, after a fortnight's absence from duty, in some instances.

Congratulations to Mr. L. Pitts of the Catering Department staff whose wife presented him with a bonny son and, as the announcement read in the paper, "a brother for Jeannette."

The latest addition to the activities of the staff is the commencement of a Hiking Club and already two "hikes" have been undertaken. The other Sunday four members of the Correspondence Office staff turned up and had a most enjoyable time. Possibly they may all be taking notes of nature!

The Catering Department staff held a dance recently at the Grosvenor House, Caversham, and it was voted by all to be a great success. A fine muster of members of the staff at The Brewery were present and when the writer looked in for a short while he almost thought he was back there again.

The month of February will be remembered by those of the A.R.P. volunteers to have been a most strenuous one for all. They have had an average of two lectures or drills weekly and an Air-Raid demonstration as well. It would also seem that the bomb

demonstrations have attracted a large number of people who were, in some cases, under the impression they were fireworks displays. They were far from that!

Mr. Arthur Comley who is generally on duty in the Yeast House by the Brewery gates was taken ill and rushed to the Royal Berkshire Hospital in a rather serious condition. After a most anxious time we are glad to be able to report he is making good progress towards recovery.

Nature Note. Can Mr. Perrin tell us why it is that small birds (mainly sparrows) will persist in pecking the yellow crocus to pieces (apparently for sheer devilment) and leave the other coloured ones alone?

Mr. J. W. Jelley had a shock the other day that he is not likely to forget in a hurry. When he was preparing to leave his house the police ambulance arrived containing his son who had only just previously left home on his bicycle. Fortunately it turned out less serious than at first thought. Apparently he was knocked off his bicycle by a pedestrian and fell rather heavily on to the back of his head. After resting a day or two the boy is quite all right again, but what a shock!

Football in Reading has been more talked about lately owing to the improvement in results, with the consequence that the Club are nearer to the top of the table. However, I do not think we shall be able to overhaul Newport County, who seem pretty certain of "going up," yet you never know. Brighton may be the chief challengers to Newport for they are playing very well. Plymouth Argyle are inconsistent but do not appear to be in any danger of relegation. It is a different tale with regard to Portsmouth for although they are still in the cup (at the moment of writing) their position in the league is somewhat serious.

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

The Three Horse Shoes, Kintbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. J. Ash.

The Hare & Hounds, Lambourn Woodlands (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. J. H. Haydon.

The White Lion, Cryers Hill (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. W. Mead.

The Morning Star, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. P. J. Search.

The Falcon, Thame (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mrs. M. E. Cadwell.

The Bridge House, Theale (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. F. Thorpe.

The Royal Oak, Addlestone (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. W. Burrows.

The Royal Tar, Brentford (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. T. Hills.

We regret to record the following deaths and to all relatives our deepest sympathy is hereby expressed:—

Mrs. Tull of the Adam and Eve, Newbury, who died on the 6th February, was the wife of Mr. C. E. Tull, our tenant of the above House since December, 1934. Mrs. Tull was the daughter of Mrs. Harris, a previous tenant for many years.

Mr. Ernest James Downs of the White Hart, Bagshot, who died on the 13th February and had been tenant of this House since September, 1929.

Mr. William Richard Martin of the Royal Standard, Egham, who died on the 17th February, and had been tenant of this House since January, 1936. Previous to taking over the tenancy Mr. Martin was steward, for many years, at the West Byfleet Social Club.

NEW LANDLORD OF THE ST. GEORGE AND DRAGON, WARGRAVE.

Latest old soccer player to turn mine host is Jim Atkinson, who played for Bolton, Brighton and Exeter, and later became player-manager of Barrow. Jim is the "guv'nor" of a nice little inn at Wargrave (The St. George and Dragon) says the *Daily Sketch*.

He has some good stories to tell about old players and incidents of the past. He reminded us of that famous Manchester City-Bolton Cup Final in 1904, when the hotly-disputed winning goal was scored by none other than the famous Billy Meredith.

Billy told Jim some time later that when he scored he was "miles offside."

It was Meredith who once said that all goalkeepers were "daft" . . . "If they're not 'daft,'" Billy maintained, "they're not good goalkeepers."

Atkinson is half inclined to agree with Meredith on this point. "There was one famous goalkeeper in my day who always wiped his boots on his clean shorts before he went on the field," said Jim.

Jim can tell you his name, but we're saying now't!

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

TWO DAYS' FISHING—STRANGE CONTRASTS.

POCHARDS' FINE DIVING DISPLAY.

The coarse fishing season closes from March 15th to June 15th inclusive. The conditions during the past winter have been indeed best mixed. At the outset the water was low and as clear as gin; then we had torrential rains, floods, snow, frost, and the bitterest of winds. For a period we anglers had perforce to "down tools." But there is a silver lining to almost every cloud and conditions gradually improved. So much so, in fact, that by dint of much perseverance most of us eventually found a lucky spot and were rewarded by well-filled creels, or rather keep nets. These latter are a great advantage for you can let them overhang the bank into the water and there the fish will remain unharmed throughout the day. At the conclusion of "hostilities" most of us return them to the water, perhaps retaining one or two as evidence that we *have* had a "bite"! A friend of mine had his keep net thus hung in the water. It contained a lively lot of little fish. Suddenly he noticed a great commotion and, going to the net, which was a few yards from where he was sitting, you can judge of his surprise when he saw a big pike helping himself to the contents. This net had seen many years' service, was too weak to withstand the assault made upon it, with the result that the freshwater shark had no difficulty in tearing it to pieces and escaping with his booty.

Perhaps a brief description of two days' fishing—one when the conditions were none too good and the other when they were very favourable—will not be out of place.

UNFAVOURABLE CONDITIONS.

I set out on one of the coldest days I have ever experienced, when the north-east wind seemed to go right through you and out on the other side. The floods had not sufficiently subsided and the stream was very strong. However I found what was only an

apology for an eddy and settled down for the day. Instinct seemed to tell me that there was nothing doing and such proved to be the case. It was one of those days that our worthy Mayor must have been thinking about when he observed at a dinner that anglers rarely seemed to catch anything. And his opinion would have been more than confirmed had he been with me on this occasion. Two hours passed without the semblance of a bite. Flotsam and jetsam carried down by the swift flowing current kept knocking my line above and below the water, but the experienced angler can distinguish between these and the characteristic "touch" of a member of the finny tribe. Then suddenly there was a real tap, tap, and, like lightning, my float disappeared. My hands were by now so cold that I could hardly feel the rod when they came into contact with it. But I managed to strike and hooked a nice chub of about 1lb. This was the only bite and fish I had throughout the day. Then the wind began to blow more fiercely than ever and icy-cold rain fell thick and fast. I donned my oil-skin leggings, wrapped my mackintosh closely around me, stuck it for another couple of hours and, thinking enough was as good as a feast, was not sorry to pack up and take a brisk walk home—unhampered by the weight of my catch!

No, under such conditions, I must, very reluctantly, agree with our worthy Mayor, that angling does not always exhaust you with excitement.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

But there is another side to the picture. For instance, I was out on one of the mild days in February and had a really delightful time. How different were the conditions! Within half-an-hour I caught a little roach which I attached to my jack tackle and threw the lure well out into the river to await results while I continued fishing with little red worms. I caught several nice roach, about a dozen perch and four pope or ruffes. I was paternostering. For some inscrutable reason this effective mode of fishing is thus named. However, to paternoster is to fish with a running line to which is attached a gut trace with a lead at the end

To the trace are looped a couple of hooks about a foot apart and baited with, say, a worm on the lower hook and a minnow on the upper. There is not a more effective way of fishing and, as I say, on this occasion I enjoyed excellent sport. Though they run small, pope are very interesting members of the finny tribe. They average only about 3 or 4 inches in length and bear a marked resemblance to the common perch, with a similar hog back and a spinous dorsal fin. If you happen to prick your finger with one of these little spines it is very painful, as I know to my cost. The coloration of this attractive fish is a mottled light olive and in general hue it resembles the gudgeon. When swimming in dark water, the pope changes its colour to a darker hue; in the lighter water of a chalk stream, the skin is changed to a lighter colour. It is a pity that the little fellow does not assume larger proportions for Izaak Walton says, "No fish that swims is of pleasanter taste." Because there was conferred upon it the title "pope," in Protestant England this harmless fish was at one time subjected to fiendish cruelty.

But strange things often happen under the cloak of religion!

BETTER THAN SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

To get back to the river bank. I was watching carefully for a tug at my paternoster line when there rang out the music of my jack rod winch. How sweet that sounded to me over the air. No strains from the B.B.C. symphony concerts could with it compare! I sprang to attention, seized my rod, gathered up what little loose line there was, and when I felt I was in direct contact with my fish, I struck. Yes, sure enough, I had hit him at the psychological moment, for I knew immediately I was well into him. The fish fought valiantly for his liberty and I had to handle him most carefully as I was using very fine tackle. But within a few minutes I got the net under him. He weighed $4\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. and was in prime condition.

I wished Mr. McIlroy had been with me then, for great and fair-minded man that we all know him to be, I am sure he would have readily admitted that I had now got on even terms with him.

FINE DIVING DISPLAY.

A fine diving display was given, specially for my benefit I thought, by three pochards. They dipped down under the water with the utmost grace and ease and remained submerged for a surprisingly long time. There were, too, coots, grebes, moorhens and wild duck. Then a little wren ran up and down a fallen willow tree with mouse-like motion. In shape he reminded me of a miniature partridge. In the course of his search for food he disturbed quite a big moth which flew out into the middle of the river and alighted on the water. The wren followed him; with a deft movement picked up the insect from the water, flew back to the willow close beside me, and made a meal of the moth. And my word, how that wren enjoyed his dinner!

Then I saw a thrush fly across the water with what I took to be food in her beak, but I did not take particular notice. But when she came again and again with something in her beak, and each time flew in the same direction, my curiosity was aroused. I kept close watch and discovered that she was visiting an ivy-clad fence. I went to the spot and there, sure enough, was the bird's nest, the interior of which was being lined with cow-dung and mud.

TWO'S COMPANY NOW!

Hearing "Zit-zit," the note of the long-tailed tit, I quite expected to see a family of these interesting little birds winging their way from tree to tree, like a flight of arrows. But I soon discovered there were only two, husband and wife. I had hoped that, like the thrush, they were building their exquisite nest. But no, I kept my eye on them for a considerable time and saw no sign of nesting. They generally begin to build in March and they were close to where I found their silver-plated egg-shaped home last year. Doubtless it will be there in the same hedge this season. The female long-tailed tit sits closely and the tip of her long tail may be seen protruding from the entrance to the nest. When brooding, husband keeps his little wife company in the nest at night time.

A TOUCH OF BRILLIANT COLOUR.

A wild shrill cry denoted the presence of a kingfisher and a bit of rich rare colour was added to the scene as this shaft of emerald, azure and gold sped away down the river, at only a slight elevation above the water. He did not travel far before alighting on a willow. From his coign of vantage he suddenly shot out, hovered over the water for a few seconds, then dived into the river and returned with a silvery fish. This he tapped on his perch several times, till life was extinct, and then swallowed the fish head first, and whole.

The kingfisher builds in a hole in the bank about a couple of feet deep and the nest is composed, for the most part, of disgorged fish bones. White droppings near the nest often betray its whereabouts.

"THE SPORT OF KINKS."

Whatever may be the politics of the writer of this paragraph, which appeared in the *Evening News*, one cannot help thinking it is a master-effort in descriptive writing :—

The elimination of Sir Stafford and his bobbery pack may take some of the zip out of the hunt for the National Government's brush, but it will enable the T.U.C. whippers-in to give the party a run for its money instead of sitting back while Sir Stafford and company make Labour politics the sport of kinks.

R.A.O.B.

The members of the Duke of Connaught Lodge 7073 are holding their sixth annual dinner on Tuesday, March 21st, at 7.30, at the Three Mariners, High Street, Bagshot, when they will be supported by the surrounding Lodges, and all will be sure of an enjoyable evening. There is no need to say they will have a good dinner, as the caterers are H. & G. Simonds Ltd.

Tickets can be obtained from the Secretary or at the Three Mariners at 3/- each.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

WISDOM THAT IS 2,500 YEARS OLD.

In the year 551 B.C. there was born Confucius who was to be the founder of a religion that has 35,000,000 adherents among the peoples of the East, says *The Optimist*.

Confucius began life as a Chinese civil servant ; but during the years of secluded mourning for his mother, prescribed by custom, he devoted himself to study, and thought out a rough-and-ready code of living which even during his lifetime attracted thousands of enthusiastic followers.

The astounding thing about the teaching of Confucius is its up-to-dateness. The following examples are as applicable to-day as when he uttered them nearly 2,500 years ago.

If we could all be courteous for a single day, the hatreds of humanity would turn to love.

If the world were governed by the right men for 100 years, injustice would vanish and wars would cease.

Men are very much alike at birth. It is their way of living that makes them different.

Listen much. Keep silent when in doubt. By doing that you will make few mistakes.

For a gentleman there is no other name. He is always a gentleman.

You may be sure that a man is worth knowing if the good men of the neighbourhood like him and the bad ones hate him.

A gentleman considers what is right. Those who are not gentlemen always ask themselves : If I do this, will it pay ?

To know what is the straight and honest thing to do, and not to do it, is sheer cowardice.

The duty of young people is to work hard and leave the wine and cakes to their elders.

A cultured man is quick and fond of learning, and not afraid to learn from those beneath him.

Too much government throws a country into confusion.

Don't worry if you are not famous. Strive to be worthy of fame.

I love the past, but I often doubt whether it is as good as the future.

I would rather have a big burden and a strong back, than a weak back and a caddy to carry life's luggage.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

TO LUCY KEMP-WELCH.

Orchard boughs with blossom heavy
 Orchards wet with April dew
 —Would to Heaven I could levy
 For my art such beauty, too.
 —Levy such enchanting toll
 —Bough and blossom, mare and foal.
 Yours the may-thorns, thickly standing,
 Scenting all the forest air :
 Yours the forest colts for branding
 Ready 'gainst the Lyndhurst fair :
 —Forest ponies, forest colts,
 In their harried herds, poor dolts !
 —Timber-felling, down at Burley,
 —Fetlocks, in the roadway sunk,
 —Horses patient, horses surly,
 Pulling each at prostrate trunk ;
 —Traces taut, and plunging feet,
 —Flying turf and moss and peat ;
 —Vanners, at the halter straining,
 —Troopers, tethered in a line,
 Strong, courageous, uncomplaining,
 Lovable and brave and fine ;
 —Stable ; battlefield ; and farm ;
 —All are vested with your charm.

S. E. COLLINS.

ASSESSMENT APPEAL AT READING.

QUESTION OF TWO SYSTEMS OF VALUATION.

BREWERS' COMPETITION FOR FREE HOUSES.

Many Reading licensees followed with close interest the course of an important appeal heard before Mr. St. John G. Micklethwait, K.C., the Recorder, at a special sitting of Reading Quarter Sessions on Monday, February 20th. The appeal, made by Mr. Leonard John Westall, licensee of The Crown Hotel, Crown Street, Reading, was against the decision of the Reading Assessment Committee, which upheld the local rating authority's proposal to re-assess The Crown from £115 gross and £92 rateable to £220 gross and £180 rateable. The Crown is one of 160 public houses in the district which have been issued with proposals of re-assessment.

The differing features of the Bradford and Robinson systems of valuation were dealt with during the hearing, and one witness said he regarded Bradford as "being dead and buried."

Mr. Michael E. Rowe, who, with Mr. Clive Tottenham, appeared for the appellant, said it was the first case in the borough to come up in connection with the Robinson decision. The result of that decision was that one had to assume that the house concerned, and also others, were vacant and to let, and then decide what brewers in competition would bid for it. Somewhere between 90 and 95 per cent. of public houses were already controlled by brewers, and free houses consequently had a scarcity value.

"It would be wrong to put on a vast increase because of brewers' competition in Reading," Mr. Rowe continued. "We suggest that there are reasons for saying there is less competition in Reading than in other places—not because the houses are any less desirable, but because Messrs. H. & G. Simonds have already got a very large proportion of the total houses in the district."

Mr. Rowe went on to say that, after a Bradford valuation was arrived at, a calculation had to be made to represent the additional money a brewer would be prepared to give up to include rent, extra rates and licence duty in the re-assessment. They put that figure at 2/- per barrel, and suggested that their valuation was a reasonable one from all points of view.

Referring particularly to The Crown Hotel, Mr. Rowe said it was situated in a working-class area. It was a tied house with yearly rent of £36, tenant paying rates and duty, owner doing repairs. It was owned by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, and there were three other fully-licensed houses within 200 yards. The house did quite a reasonable trade—takings being £4,000 and a tied gross

profit of £840. Free gross profit would be £908, and, after allowing for working expenses, tenant's share and other items, gross value was calculated at £135. The sum fixed at the last valuation was £115. The barrelage of the house was 481, which, at 2/- a barrel, gave a Robinson gross valuation of £158—£24 over and above the free figure.

LICENSEE'S EVIDENCE.

Mr. Westall said he had held the tenancy of The Crown Hotel since 1933, and his family had held it since 1915. He and his wife worked in the premises, and a woman came in every morning to do cleaning. She was paid 15/- a week. An old age pensioner was paid 8/- a week to do additional cleaning. Mr. Westall said his father and mother came in every evening to assist in the house. He paid them nothing, but, if it were not for their help, he would have to employ a barman at about £2 10s. a week. He ran a darts club at the house, and the team of eight players competed in home and away matches in a local league. He went with the team for away games, and he estimated his expenses in connection with darts at £30 a year. From the point of view of trading it was worth it.

Mr. Sidney Motion, senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Sidney H. and D. Motion, chartered surveyors, said he had had 40 years' experience, particularly with regard to licensed houses. He said there had been a good deal of competition between brewers for the trade of free houses because of the scarcity of free licensed houses. If all houses were on equal terms the brewers could not possibly give the same discounts they were giving to-day. For the scarce houses he understood that the average discount on draught beers was ten per cent. No discount was given on the brewers' own bottled beers, but there was discount in respect of other proprietary bottled beers. He said in the case of The Crown Hotel, 90 per cent. of the draught beer trade was for the 4d.-per-pint quality—the cheapest. It followed in the licensing trade that the better the quality of beer sold, the more room there was for competition by way of discount.

"DREADFULLY HYPOTHETICAL."

He gave the valuation of the house to a free tenant at £135, and added: "In a Bradford valuation I assume that there are not only a reasonable number of licensed premises vacant and to let in the market, but also that they would be free houses and would continue to be free houses. With Robinson I would assume the vacant houses as before, but it would no longer be true to say I would consider them as free houses, but that the brewers would get them. It is a dreadfully hypothetical state of affairs."

Mr. Henry Frank Dunster, surveyor and valuer, of Reading, also gave evidence, and said he thought local brewers would not compete unnecessarily among themselves, but would come to some mutual arrangement.

For the respondents, Mr. Frank N. Eve, chartered surveyor and valuer, said he estimated The Crown barrelage at 550. His method of valuation was to apply 8/- per barrel, taking into consideration the trade of the district. It was wrong, he said, to take a Bradford valuation and then add something to it. "In my view, Bradford is dead and buried," he said.

The Recorder said he would arrange to meet counsel for arguments in London at a convenient date, and would give his decision at the Reading Adjourned Quarter Sessions on April 20th.—
Berkshire Chronicle

AFTER-DINNER STORIES.

TOLD AT BATH BUTCHERS' BANQUET.

Some good stories were told at the annual dinner of the Bath Butchers' Association. According to Councillor W. M. Huntley, an old Bath tradesman died and went up to the pearly gates of heaven and knocked. He had been a very mean man all his life. A messenger came and opened the door, asked him to wait, and went to look him up in the register. He came back to say he was sorry but they could not let him in as he had never done anyone a good turn. "On the contrary," said the tradesman, "I once gave sixpence to a blind beggar." The messenger said he would go back and consult the committee. He returned later to say "We have decided to give you your sixpence back."

The Chief Constable (Mr. H. P. Hind) remarked, when his turn came to speak, that he had heard the story in a different form. According to his version, the man who approached the portals of heaven in these circumstances was an ironmonger, and the gates were of gold, and not of pearl. As in Councillor Huntley's story the messenger went to look in the register, and when he came back the golden gates had gone.

One also very much liked Mr. A. E. Napier Morgan's story about the farmer who went to market with his daughter, the two of them driving in a horse-drawn trap. They were attacked on the way home by robbers, who stole the horse and trap. When the robbers had departed, the farmer's daughter opened her mouth and took out the family funds, which she had concealed there. Whereupon the farmer said, "What a pity we did not bring your mother. We might have saved the horse and trap."

LICENSED TRADE INJUSTICES.

DR. HOWITT PROMISES HELP IN REMOVAL.

MR. L. A. SIMONDS AND INCREASED ASSESSMENTS.

A hundred per cent. membership and a hundred per cent. efficiency were ideals which it was stressed at the annual banquet of the Reading and District Licensed Trade Protection and Benevolent Association at the Town Hall, Reading, on Thursday, February 9th, should be the aims of the Association. Dr. A. B. Howitt, M.P., said he could be relied upon for help in removing injustices pressing upon the licensed trade. Mr. L. A. Simonds, President of the Association, presided, and the large attendance included the Mayor and Mayoress of Henley (Councillor and Mrs. Chalcraft), Alderman Mrs. A. Jenkins, Councillor J. E. Edminson, Councillor H. F. Dunster, Mr. F. A. Simonds, Mr. R. St. J. Quarry, Mr. H. S. Smith (Chairman and Secretary of the Association) and Mrs. Smith, Commander the Hon. Humphry Legge (Chief Constable of Berkshire), Mrs. Westall, Major J. R. Gales, Mr. C. Bennett, Mrs. J. Lofthouse (Secretary of the Women's Association), Mr. H. G. Hawkins, Mr. E. T. Norman, Mr. F. G. Milton, Mr. A. W. C. Bowyer, Mr. F. C. Riden (Hon. Treasurer) and Mrs. Riden, Mr. and Mrs. H. Tucker, Mr. A. Oxlade (Vice-Chairman), Mr. H. Wise (Assistant Secretary), and the following members of the Committee: Messrs. J. Healey, G. S. Cherry, J. Morris, E. Palmer, W. Rands, G. Roe, G. Pratt, T. Kersley, H. Tucker, W. Hutchins, R. S. Muttelbury, G. Rose, E. Benger, G. Bishop, C. Clover and F. Cloke.

The toast of "The Association and the Trade" was proposed by the President, who referred to the trend towards increased assessments, which operated against the increased betterment of public houses throughout the land as brewers found that with assessments increasing there was little encouragement to carry out renewals and renovations. Brewers were employing the finest brains to fight demands for increased assessments. It was encouraging to find that there appeared to be chaos in the offices of many people responsible for making the assessments, for there seemed to be no common factor throughout the country in regard to them. Brewers were doing their best to shoulder their burden and help themselves and the licensed victuallers, but it could only be done if the licensed victuallers' associations were a hundred per cent. strong and stood solidly behind the brewers. The Reading Association was doing splendid work under its Chairman, Mr. Smith, a virile and busy man, and it could do a great deal towards countering the club menace, which was recognised as a national scandal.

A TRADE WITH A "GROUSE."

Responding to the toast, Mr. Smith said that in 1938 the membership of the Association increased by 26, but they had a long way to go to reach the hundred per cent. mark. He appealed to members to bring non-members to the meetings so that they could see for themselves what the Association was doing. If any trade in the world had a right to "grouse," it was the licensed trade. Twelve years ago the then Chancellor of the Exchequer realised there was a reduction of the licence duty due to the retailer, but before that came into operation there was a change of Government, and the reduction never came. For years there had been a reduction of hours in the licensed trade, other benefits had been lost, but charges had been increased so that they were paying more money and getting less for it. The clubs offered very unfair competition to the licensee. Anyone could open a club in cellar, attic, rat-infested premises or fire-traps. That was all wrong, and magistrates, the Royal Commission on Licensing, and police chiefs had asked for some legislation against clubs. The Government had no time to deal with it, yet it had found time to deal with remedying conditions affecting criminals. The Milk Bill had been dropped because of the outcry against it, and he believed that if the licensed trade would give enough prominence to the injustice under which it was labouring, the Cabinet would take up the case of the trade and give it a square deal. But to achieve that end the licensed traders must be a hundred per cent. strong in organisation.

The toast was also responded to by Mr. E. T. Norman, of Bristol. He urged the importance of hundred per cent. efficiency as well as membership.

The toast of "Our Guests" was proposed by Mr. Oxlade, and replied to by Dr. Howitt, Alderman Mrs. Jenkins and Commander Legge.

Dr. Howitt said he felt they were the guests of ideal hosts. "I know everyone will realise," he continued, "that I am not really responsible for the laws of this land. There are some laws of which I do not approve. Your Chairman knows I am in entire sympathy with the difficulties of the licensed trade. If I can help in any way to remove injustices which I know to be injustices, you can rely upon my support to do what I can." Concluding, Dr. Howitt referred to the National Service rally which was to take place in Reading on March 1st, and said he hoped the entire National Service movement would be enthusiastically supported in the town. "Let it be known," he said, "that now as always in Reading, no sacrifice can be asked in vain of the citizens."

A PROUD TITLE LOST.

Alderman Mrs. Jenkins expressed regret that Reading had lost its title as the most sober town in England. "That is not the fault of any of you present," she added, amid laughter, "but it is due to strangers coming into the town and drinking stuff that is not good for them. As a magistrate, I admire the way you are carrying on your trade. You do not want people to abuse drink and you go on making your houses suitable for men and women, and that makes the men behave themselves better." Speaking of National Service, she said it was very important that people should have training for the service they would render.

Commander Legge, in a reference to trade hours, said that, apart from law, the trade itself would find an economic time when it would be policy to serve drinks and when it would be policy to stop.

Proposing the health of "The Ladies of the Licensing Trade," Mr. Hawkins expressed the opinion that nine-tenths of the success of the licensees depended upon the characters and abilities of their ladies. Public houses in the town were extraordinarily well conducted.

Replying to the toast, Mrs. Lofthouse spoke of the responsibilities of the wife of a licensee.

The President presented Mr. Smith with the Chairman's Jewel, and on behalf of the Association, Mr. Riden presented the President with a statuette.

Toasting the health of the President, Mr. Riden thanked Mr. L. A. Simonds for his great generosity to the Association and his kindness in presenting souvenirs for the ladies that evening.

The banquet was followed by a ball. Music was by the Savannah Band, under the personal direction of Teddy Hale. The toastmaster and M.C. was Mr. Colin Symons.—

From the "Berkshire Chronicle."



THE ACTION OF ALCOHOL ON THE HUMAN BEING.

REVISED EDITION OF A VALUABLE TEXT BOOK.

(From "Ridley's Wine and Spirit Trade Circular.")

A third edition of the book entitled *Alcohol: Its Action on the Human Organism* has been published at the low price of one shilling by H.M. Stationery Office. The first edition was prepared in 1916 by an Advisory Committee of nine doctors and scientists appointed by the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic). On the dissolution of the Board, the Medical Research Council took over the Advisory Committee, who prepared the second edition of the book in 1924. The five surviving members of that Committee have now prepared the third and revised edition. Their names are as follows:—

Sir Henry H. Dale, C.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S., Director, National Institute for Medical Research.

Professor M. Greenwood, D.Sc., F.R.C.P., F.R.S., Professor of Epidemiology and Vital Statistics at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine.

Sir Edward Mellanby, K.C.B., M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S., Secretary of the Medical Research Council.

C. S. Myers, Esq., C.B.E., M.D., F.R.S., Principal, National Institute of Industrial Psychology.

Sir Charles S. Sherrington, O.M., G.B.E., M.D., Sc.D., F.R.S.

ALCOHOL AS STIMULANT OR NARCOTIC.

In their concise revise of the state of scientific knowledge in the year 1938 (as compared with that of 1924 and 1916) regarding alcohol in its several aspects as a food, a drug and a poison, they emphasise that the word "drug" really does not imply a necessarily harmful action. To call alcohol a narcotic (as the Teetotal Party is careful to do) should not imply an adverse judgment as to its value in all circumstances. As the existing scientific evidence points to alcohol being a narcotic and not a stimulant, the Committee, in the interests of right reason, remind the public that there is nothing intrinsically good about a stimulant and nothing intrinsically bad about a sedative. Each has its proper utility under given conditions.

They consider that it is proved from the physiological and pathological investigation they have made that alcoholic beverages are truly both food and medicine, and only if taken to excess

over a long period of time are they to be classed as poisons. They qualify the danger of alcohol becoming a poison to the normal individual as follows :—

The main conclusion that we arrive at is, that there are two essential factors in the causation of chronic alcoholism ; first, the drug must be taken in sufficient quantity to exercise an injurious action, and second, that action must be more or less continuous. Excess of dose without continuity of action does not give rise to persistent tissue changes ; as we have already seen, an isolated bout of drunkenness does not leave any lasting after-effects. Again, the regular use of alcoholic beverages does not induce chronic poisoning so long as only moderate doses are drunk ; this is a matter of common experience, and we can see evidence of it on a large scale in the absence, or extreme rarity, of chronic alcoholism in communities where, as in the non-industrial populations of Southern France, Spain and Italy, alcohol is part of the ordinary dietary, but is drunk in moderation and in the form of natural wines of low strength.

FUEL FOR THE BODY.

With regard to alcoholic beverages under the aspect of food, the Committee state that, as a fuel which the body can use as a source of energy, alcohol is the only important constituent in an ordinary dietary which can serve as a fuel available for immediate use to help in maintaining the body's fuel reserve. That function is performed by alcohol owing to its capacity for reducing the need of the body to draw upon its ordinary fuel reserve obtained from carbo-hydrates (fats). As alcohol is burnt in the body, energy is liberated and the human body is able to derive one-fifth of its total energy from the oxidation of alcohol.

Consequently, alcoholic beverages can not only take the place of fats in the diet, but can protect from oxidation what fat is taken so that the latter can be stored in the body as reserve supply of fuel energy. Alcohol can even save the protein in the dietary from being used by the body merely as a source of energy. However, the Committee consider that sugar and lard can take the place of alcohol in the ordinary dietary from the nutritional point of view, and they feel that the universal demand for alcohol arises not from the public attaching much weight to its food value, but from their liking for the agreeable flavour of alcoholic beverages, and above all for a harmless drug action.

The Committee continually emphasise that alcoholic drug action is not deleterious to normal persons. Only poison action resulting from habitual excess is harmful and indeed wholly bad

in its effects on the human organism. To avoid the drug action of alcohol passing into poison action, the Committee strongly recommend the following precautions :—

(i) To avoid a continued action on the tissues, such an interval should elapse between the times when alcoholic beverages are drunk as will prevent the persistent presence of a deleterious amount of the drug in the body.

(ii) To avoid direct injury to the mucous membrane of the stomach and to decrease the risk of inebriation, alcohol should not be taken in concentrated form and without food.

ACTION OF A DRUG.

The Committee define a drug as a substance which temporarily modifies the activity of the bodily organs (including the brain and nervous system) in some other way than by increasing the supply of available energy. They hold that alcohol, when properly used, is a genuine therapeutic agent, and that, even if its use in other connections were unknown, it would still be a valuable item in the pharmacopœia. They instance the rum ration in trench warfare. Emergencies arise where an individual imagines he needs to be braced up nervously when in point of fact he needs to be relaxed from nervous tension. Hence the rum ration as a sedative instead of a stimulant. Hence also the universal demand for alcoholic beverages for the relieving of mental tension and irritability arising from worry, care, anxiety, despondency or overwork.

The Committee point out again and again that the drug action of alcohol and the agreeable effects which the majority of people experience from the use of alcoholic beverages in moderate doses, if taken in adequate dilution and at sufficient intervals, involves no appreciable risk to physical or mental health in normally constituted persons.

They write :—

The temperate consumption of alcoholic liquors in accordance with these rules of practice may be considered to be physiologically harmless in the case of the large majority of normal adults ; this conclusion, it may be added, is fully borne out by the massive experience of mankind in wine-drinking and beer-drinking countries. On the other hand, it is certainly true that alcoholic beverages are in no way necessary for healthy life ; that they are harmful or dangerous if the above-mentioned precautions are not observed ; further, that they may be definitely injurious for children and for most persons of unstable nervous system, notably for those who have had severe injuries of the head or who have suffered from attacks of mental disorder, or from nervous shock.

THERAPEUTIC VALUE OF ALCOHOL.

In sickness, where the promotion of the patient's comfort and his relief from mental strain may be an essential element in the treatment of his disease, the Committee maintain that alcohol may be an important factor owing to its special position and value as being at once a narcotic and a food. The Committee are firm in their judgment that moderate drinking cannot be shown, either by medical science or by statistics, to be deleterious.

EXCESS AND MENTAL DISEASE.

The Committee note the fact that as knowledge of the toxic action of alcohol has grown, so have the pathological conditions ascribed *directly* to alcohol as a poison diminished in number. The part which alcoholic excess plays in the causation of the ordinary forms of mental disease is now considered to be of secondary importance. Patients suffering from so-called "alcoholic" peripheral neuritis have recovered while still drinking their accustomed amounts of alcohol, when an adequate amount of vitamin B in relation to their caloric intake was provided.

EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS.

We need hardly add that the Committee refuse to accept without considerable reserve conclusions drawn by research-workers from animal experiments with alcohol when such conclusions are applied to human beings. They write:—

Numerous investigations have been made to determine whether the continued administration of the drug to rabbits, guinea-pigs and other animals will produce in their tissues morbid changes similar to those found in chronic alcoholism in man. There are obvious limitations to this method: its conditions are necessarily very artificial, and moreover, the differences between man and other animals, especially in regard to the development of the brain—the organ on which alcohol exercises its most important action—are enormous.

Similarly enormous is the difference between the latest edition of this valuable book, *Alcohol: Its Action on the Human Organisation*, and the average teetotal pamphlet!



BREWERY HIKERS' CLUB.

ENJOYABLE JAUNT FROM ALDERMASTON TO GORING ON SUNDAY,
FEBRUARY 26TH.

(By E.M.L.).

At 8 a.m. on Sunday, February 26th, the weather looked very black: it was raining and the sky was overcast, but gradually it brightened and at 9.45 a.m. the sun broke through the clouds. We met at Reading Station at 10 a.m., by which time the sun had become much stronger and there was a mild breeze blowing. There was a touch of early spring in the air, and it proved an ideal day for walking.

At 10.20 a.m. we caught a train to Aldermaston, arriving there about 10.35 a.m. From here we walked along the main road for a short distance, striking off through a copse (where we found our first primroses and some hazel catkins) to Beenham Village. We stayed on the village green for a brief rest and then continued across a field, passing Butler's Farm and Clay Hill and through a small common to Stanford Dingley.

We were all feeling a little thirsty, so we decided to call in at the local inn for light refreshment; here we were entertained by Mr. Strudley on the piano. Some of the party played darts but, unfortunately for them, they had to play on a Reading board and they lost four games. That was enough, so off we set again.

We passed through a beech wood, gradually gaining higher ground and, on the top of Burnt Hill, we ate our sandwiches and rested for a short while. We set out again and soon came to Ashampstead Common. Here we found a few snowdrops and saw two grey squirrels leaping from branch to branch with amazing speed and agility, whilst two rabbits darted from their burrows into the undergrowth as we approached. At the edge of the Common we descended a very steep hill, meeting the main road again. We branched off almost immediately and climbed a footpath to Quicks Green and Hill Corner. From here the path became a little difficult to follow as it had not been used for some time, but we eventually discovered it and proceeded across a field and through a small copse to Tomb Farm, where we stood watching some pigs and feeding those that came near enough to us. From here we followed the footpath to Manor Farm and in a copse nearby we startled another grey squirrel and a blackbird broke into its beautiful song. We continued through Bennet's Wood to the foot of Streatley Hill, finding the latter rather a stiff climb, and much mirth was caused when two of the party slipped up. Everyone

made it an excuse for a rest, but eventually we reached the summit and here we ate the few remaining sandwiches left from lunch.

The view was wonderful, the river seeming to be so very far below. We could, however, hear a muffled roar and, after a slight argument, decided it was caused by the several weirs. After studying the lovely stretch of landscape for quite a while and noticing points of interest we descended the hill into Streatley, calling at the Bull Hotel for tea. From here we crossed Streatley Bridge to Goring Station and caught the 6.25 p.m. train back to Reading.

Although we were feeling rather tired and were somewhat dusty, we sang very cheerfully (if a little out of tune) on the train journey home.

When we dispersed at Reading Station everyone agreed that it had been a very enjoyable day.

READING LICENSEES ALARMED.

PROBABLE RESULT OF NEW ASSESSMENTS.

SUMMER TIME EXTENSIONS.

Considerable alarm was expressed by members at the annual meeting of the Reading and District Licensed Trades' Protection and Benevolent Association at the possible results of the re-assessments of licensed premises in Reading. The meeting was held at the George Hotel, Reading, on Tuesday, February 21st, under the Presidency of Mr. Harry S. Smith (Borough Arms, Reading), the retiring Chairman.

The report of the Committee on this matter stated: "Considerable apprehension is felt by licensees within the Borough of Reading owing to the greatly enhanced rateable values expressed in the new proposals issued as a result of the House of Lords judgment in what has become known as the 'Robinson' case. Unwarranted increase of expenses to tenants is threatened, and considerable alarm regarding the effects of this is expressed."

At the meeting it was pointed out that the effect might not stop at them having to pay additional rates. It might ultimately result in an increase in Schedule "A" assessments, and through that to a much larger licence duty. Several members asserted that it would mean many licensees going out of business.

The report also stated: "It is very encouraging to note a considerable further increase in membership during the past year. This year's figure stands at 289, showing an increase over 1937 of 26, and over 1936 of 68. This is certainly encouraging, but we are still a long way short of one hundred per cent. of the licensees in the district. The list of members in the various licensing districts is:—Reading Borough, 135; Newbury Borough, 31; Basingstoke Borough, 2; Reading County, 26; Forest, 64; Newbury County, 10; Henley, 19; Wantage and London, 1 each. We also have 33 honorary subscribers.

"Summer time extensions were obtained in all Courts with the exception of Newbury Borough; this is the result of many years of patient effort on the part of the Association. It now remains for us to make an attempt to obtain an increase for the period over which the extension operates, to apply for the whole of summer time in all the divisions, with especial attention to Newbury Borough. It is also hoped that the Justices will make a permanent order, thus obviating the necessity for costly applications each year.

"The Benevolent Fund has again proved valuable in certain cases, and the sum of £17 10s. has been disbursed during the past year. It is hoped members will continue to accord us their full support in this branch of our activities. The Hospital Bed Endowment Fund has now fulfilled its object and endowed a bed at the Royal Berkshire Hospital. A new fund has been formed, known as the Hospitals and Benevolent Fund of this Association, and it is hoped shortly to re-organise the distribution of collecting boxes in connection with this important scheme."

The report was approved.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:—Chairman, Mr. A. Oxlade (Merry Maidens, Reading); Vice-Chairman and Assistant Secretary, Mr. H. Wise (Mitre, Reading); Hon. Treasurer, Mr. F. C. Riden (Reading); Secretary, Mr. H. S. Smith; Hon. Auditors, Messrs. Cook, Sutton & Co. (Reading); Solicitors, Messrs. Blandy & Blandy (Reading); Official Collector, Mr. H. F. Woodroffe (Reading); Trustees, Messrs. F. C. Riden and J. Healey (Prince of Wales, Caversham); Committee, Messrs. G. Rose (Oxford Arms, Reading), J. Healey, W. Hutchins (Plough, Tilehurst), G. S. Cherry (Elephant, Reading), E. Palmer (Retreat, Reading), H. Wise, T. Kersley (Rupert Arms, Reading), E. Bengier (Bricklayers Arms, Reading), A. Oxlade, G. Pratt (Britannia Tavern, Reading), W. Rands (Duke's Head, Wokingham), G. Bishop (Jolly Brewer, Reading), J. Morris (Wellington Arms, Reading), F. Cloke (Borough

Arms, Newbury), R. Muttlebury (New Inn, Kidmore End), C. Clover (Lands End, Woodley), G. Roe (Wheatsheaf, Reading), F. Lawrence (Pheasant, Winnersh), W. Constable (Railway Hotel, Twyford), and J. Bond (Sailors' Home, Reading).

A discussion took place on the varying wholesale prices charged by the different brewers for proprietary brands of whisky. It was decided to approach the brewers in an attempt to obtain a uniform price throughout the district.

The Secretary has circulated to members a memorandum which states: "The Committee announce with the greatest possible pleasure that, after many years of effort, the licensing justices have approved certain suggested amendments to the conditions under which music licences are granted to licensees in the Borough of Reading. The effect is that where an ordinary extension of hours is granted to licensed premises, providing such extension terminates at or before midnight, any music held in respect of those premises automatically comes into force, thus obviating the necessity of making application for extension of music licence, with the consequent charge of 5/-."—*Berkshire Chronicle*.

ADJOURNED MEETING.

The adjourned meeting of the holders of the 3½ per cent. redeemable debenture stock of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. was held on Monday, February 20th, to consider a resolution to combine the operations of the two separate sinking funds applicable to the redemption of the stock. The meeting had been adjourned on account of the necessary quorum not being present. A quorum was now present, and the resolution was passed unanimously.

The GRAND NATIONAL Drink
is BEER.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

WITNESS (at Clerkenwell): "He is a foreman, which means that he looks on while the other man works."

* * * *

An inquisitive old lady was always waylaying the new minister in the street to ask him questions. One day she stopped him and said: "Mr. Brown, would you please tell me the difference between a Cherubim and a Seraphim?"

The young minister thought wildly for a moment or two. Then he replied, with an inspiration: "Well, they did have a difference, I believe, but they have made it up."

* * * *

A school teacher encountered difficulties with her car at cross roads and, somewhat flurried, descended to investigate the mysteries within the bonnet. As she did so the policeman on point duty raised his hand to signal traffic.

"Put your hand down," said she; "I'm far too busy to attend to you now!"

* * * *

The most truthful man that ever lived was George Washington, and it is said that a lie never passed his lips. That's why the Americans talk through their noses!

* * * *

Have you heard the one about the excitable fellow who threatened to commit suicide every time a certain girl turned him down?

She refused him again the other night, and the next morning a messenger boy called at her house with this note:

"Darling,—By the time you read this, my body will be floating down the Thames. Life without you is not worth while, so I cannot live any longer. Shed no tears over me, but just remember that I have always loved you. Good-bye for ever."

The girl went as white as chalk and nearly fainted away.

"He has killed himself!" she squawked.

Then she noticed that the messenger boy was still standing there, so she asked: "What are you waiting for?"

He said: "The gentleman what gave me the note said I was to wait for a reply."

When Smith walked into his friend's office he found him sitting at his desk, looking very depressed.

"Hullo, old man," said Smith, "what's up?"

"Oh, just my wife," replied the other sadly. "She's gone and hired me a new secretary."

"Well, there's nothing wrong about that. Is she a blonde or a brunette?"

"There's plenty wrong. *He's bald.*"

* * * *

The patient was recovering from pneumonia. He had asked repeatedly for food, and finally the nurse served him a mere spoonful of rice.

A few moments later the patient called her and said: "Now I want to read a little. Bring me a postage stamp."

* * * *

A Frenchman who was very proud of his knowledge of English, at the conclusion of an afternoon visit, rose, bowed politely to his hostess, and said: "Now I must go, madame. I cannot cockroach upon your time longer."

Sweetly the lady corrected him: "Ah, no, m'sieur! 'Encroach,' we say."

He looked at her sadly, and said: "Alas! One t'ousand pardons. 'Encroach,' of course, when one speaks to a lady. I always mix up ze English genders."

* * * *

EMPLOYER: "Personal appearance is a helpful factor in business success."

EMPLOYEE: "Yes, and business success is a helpful factor in personal appearance."

* * * *

The farmer was in an unusually pensive mood, and his wife offered him a penny for his thoughts. "I was wondering, my dear," he said, "what epitaph I should put on your tombstone."

As his wife was in excellent health she naturally resented this undue thoughtfulness. "Oh, that's easy," she replied. "Simply put 'Wife of the Above.'"

At Waterloo Station an American, arriving by the boat train, engaged a taxi to drive him to his hotel. Steamer trunks, hat boxes, despatch cases, overcoats, and walking sticks were piled on the taxi. The driver peered out through a crack in the mountain.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Yes," said the American, "that's the lot."

"Well, well," replied the driver, "I suppose they wouldn't let you bring the Statue of Liberty."

* * * *

A judge, after calling at the office of a brilliant lawyer friend, left a law book on the lawyer's desk—quite unintentionally. The lawyer ordered his clerk to take the volume back to the judge.

"Ask him," he said, jocularly, "what he meant by bringing me a law book!"

The clerk delivered the book and the message.

"Ask him," responded the judge, "how he knew it was a law book!"

* * * *

"Is Kathleen going to marry that magistrate?" asked Elsie, with interest.

"I don't know," replied Betsy. "He proposed last night."

"Well, didn't she accept him?"

"No; she asked for time to think it over."

"Yes?"

"And he gave her fourteen days!"

* * * *

The driver of a high-powered luxury motor car suddenly heard from behind the sound of a hooter. He looked back and saw a baby motor car apparently trying to pass. This was too much for his dignity. He accelerated to 45 m.p.h.

Again he heard the sound of the hooter.

He accelerated to fifty. To his surprise impudence was still treading on his heels. He accelerated to fifty-five and thought that the absurd contest was ended. The next thing he saw was the baby car running level with him and a voice shouted: "Excuse me, Sir, but I am a bit of a novice. Can you tell me how to get into top gear on these cars?"

Sandy had just finished his first round on the golf course near his new home, and was very interested to notice that a certain field—very emphatically out of bounds—received a tremendous number of sliced drives. Leaving the club-house, Sandy strolled round to the nearby farm, and soon made friends with the farmer. After a pleasant chat, during which he had heartily admired the whole farm, he prepared to go. Then he stopped short and turned back.

"It has just occurred to me," he said, "that you will probably have a number of balls belonging to me."

"I have a whole lot picked up in my field," agreed the farmer, "but how shall I know which are yours?"

"They have my name on them," replied Sandy.

"And what is your name?"

"Dunlop," said Sandy.

* * * *

A widower, going through his departed wife's possessions, decided to keep as a memento a hat he had always admired. It was placed carefully on a shelf and was not disturbed until it was discovered by his second wife, who was told that it was kept in memory of his first wife.

In due course the second wife departed this life and another hat was placed beside the first one. Time softened the second loss, and a third wife arrived in the household.

She also was curious when she found the millinery, so the husband again gave an explanation.

"That's all right," she replied, "but the next hat that goes up there will be a bowler."

* * * *

Mose had entrusted a small sum of money to a white man who was to buy a quart of gin and bring it back to Mose on his next trip from the city. When they next met, Mose complained that he had not received the gin. And his white friend explained that he had given it to Mose's nephew to deliver. The old negro was crestfallen.

"No wonder I ain't got de gin, Colonel," he said, mournfully. "You might jes' as well try to send lettuce by a rabbit."

* * * *

WALTHAMSTOW WOMAN (*giving evidence*): "There was not a soul in the street—the rent collector was expected every minute. . ."

A physician recommends skipping as a sure method of keeping young. Most women, of course, manage to skip a few years—and without a rope.

* * * *

At the annual Army and Navy Rugger match at Twickenham last year, a big spectator with a very loud voice kept shouting, "Up the Navy!" at frequent intervals, to the discomfort of a little man in front. During a lull, the latter turned round and said, "Pardon me asking, my good man. You've served in the Navy, I suppose?"

"Blimey, yes," bellowed the loud-voiced man, "I served on one of those 'hush, hush' ships."

"Ah," murmured the little man, "thank Heaven you didn't serve on H.M.S. *Thunderer*."

* * * *

A typical Dublin beggar-woman was following a tall man asking for alms.

"Give us a shilling, Colonel." "No."

"Give us sixpence, Major." "No."

"Give us thrippence, Lootenant." "No. Go away to——" and we regret to say that he advised the old woman to go to a destination which, though it might be warm, would certainly have been lacking in comfort.

"Oi will," she answered. "Have you any messages fur your relations, Corporal dear?"

* * * *

A doctor declares that the secret of good health is to eat an onion every day. How to keep it secret is another secret.

* * * *

It happened in an Irish police court. An old offender was summoned for being drunk and disorderly.

"Ten shillings or a fortnight," said the magistrate.

"But, sir, I've only got two shillings in the world," said the prisoner.

"Well, you must go to gaol. If you hadn't spent the money on drink you would have been able to pay the fine."

An institution announces that it is now compelled to buy its bedding on the instalment system. In fact, so much down and the rest tick.

* * * *

FATHER : " I'm sorry I brought you here, Dorothy. This is hardly a play for a girl of your age."

DAUGHTER : " That's all right, Dad. It'll liven up before the end."

* * * *

" How's the baby ? " asked a neighbour. " Fine," replied the proud parent.

" Don't you find that a baby brightens up the house wonderfully ? "

" Yes," was the answer, " we have the light on most of the night now."

* * * *

A cow-puncher ordered a steak at a restaurant. The waiter brought it in looking almost raw. The cow-puncher looked at it and demanded that it be returned to the kitchen and cooked.

" It is cooked," snapped the waiter.

" Cooked—nothing," replied the cow-puncher. " I've seen cows hurt worse than that and get well."

* * * *

The dear old lady had recently called at the radio shop and asked for a man to fix a wireless in her house.

" Are you the wireless man ? " she said, as she stood at the door of her house.

" Yes, ma'am," replied the electrician.

" Now I want you to be careful while you're doing your work ; my floor is highly polished."

" Oh, don't worry about me, ma'am. I shan't slip. I've got nails in my boots ! "

" What have you been doing to your hand, my man ? "

" Hammered my thumb, mum."

" Dear me, how did you come to do that ? "

" Hammering, mum ! "

* * * *

Said Mrs. Brown : " You think of nothing but sport. I believe you have even forgotten our wedding day."

" My dear, I remember it distinctly," replied her husband. " It was the day Arsenal beat Everton four-nil."

* * * *

It was in the Penzance-London train. A Cornishman produced a large pasty and proceeded to devour it.

Soon he began to double himself up, an expression of acute pain on his face.

" Lummy, it's that pasty," he said, groaning, to a fellow passenger. " My wife puts nuts in her pasties, and she must have forgotten to shell them."

" Good gracious ! " said the other passenger, " and can you crack them just by bending ? "

* * * *

Mrs. Green crept up to her neighbour's fence and called softly, " Lizzie, have you heard— ? "

Lizzie dashed out at top speed, ears pricked up in eager anticipation.

" Have you heard the latest scandal about Mrs. Jones ? " whispered Mrs. Green.

" No. I ain't heard anything," said Lizzie, excitedly.

" No ? Then there can't be any," said Mrs. Green, and she went back to her wash-tub.

* * * *

SHE : " I'd like to see any man try to kiss me."

HE : " No doubt, but you shouldn't admit it."

The angler decided to rise very early. As he walked along the main street he heard the village clock strike five.

"Well, I've always heard a lot about the early rising of country folk," he thought to himself, "but there's no one about yet."

Presently he saw a farm labourer.

"Grand morning!" he called out.

"It is now, sir," replied the labourer, "but it was very cold first thing."

* * * *

The vacuum cleaner man, having finished his demonstration, turned with a beaming smile and showed the housewife the amount of debris which had been extracted.

"Oh, my goodness, isn't that awful!" said the woman. "I'll have to get rid of that carpet and put down linoleum."

SIMONDS BEER

is

SUPER B

BRANCHES.

OXFORD.

DEPOT OXFORDSHIRE AND BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY,
COWLEY BARRACKS, OXFORD.

DEPARTURE OF R.S.M. H. LAY, D.C.M., M.M.



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R.S.M. H. Lay, D.C.M., M.M.

We are sincerely sorry to record that our very old friend, Regimental Sergeant-Major H. Lay, has now terminated his military career and, incidentally, his contact with all who knew him—and took pleasure in doing so—at Cowley.

We retain many happy memories of Mr. Lay during the years we have had the privilege of knowing him, and we hope that he and Mrs. Lay will be happy in their new sphere.

We cannot do better than quote a very excellent tribute to Mr. Lay which appears in the January issue of the *Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry Journal*, with our respectful acknowledgments to the Editor and also to the writer of the article in question:—

"We bade adieu to R.S.M. Lay on December 14th last, after nearly 27 years long and faithful service in the Regiment, to take up an appointment in the offices of Colonel the Earl Fitzwilliam, K.C.V.O., C.B.E., D.S.O., in London. He will always be remembered

for his cheerfulness, tact and hail-fellow-well-met disposition. His many friends will, we feel sure, wish us to express our sorrow at his departure, but after all, age in the service is always the deciding factor and one cannot remain for ever.

On the eve of his departure from the Regimental Depot, the Sergeants gave him a farewell dinner and presented him with a plated lighter and heater combined, and to Mrs. Lay a silver teapot. The Bucks Battalion and civilian friends at Aylesbury a pair of silver cuff links inscribed with the regimental badge and Mrs. Lay a travelling set. Friends of the Pressed Steel Company a silver cigarette case. At a sherry party in the Officers' Mess, at which some of the wives were present, he was presented by Major C. R. Horley, M.C., with a silver ash tray.

In bidding farewell we wish them both every prosperity and many years of good health, and shall look forward to seeing them at many of the regimental functions.

R.S.M. Lay enlisted at Oxford on March 13th, 1912, promoted Sergeant December 5th, 1915, C.S.M. June 14th, 1918, and Regimental Sergeant-Major April 24th, 1929. He was discharged to pension on December 14th, 1938.

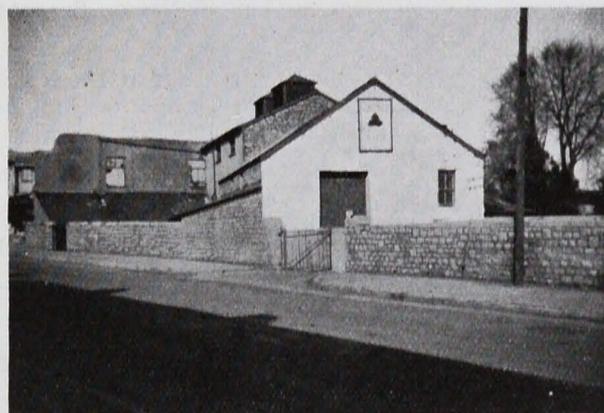
He served throughout the Great War with the 52nd, was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal on June 3rd, 1919, the Military Medal 1916, and the Bar to this medal in 1917. He was in possession of the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, King's Silver Jubilee Medal, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth's Coronation Medal, 1937."

BRIDGEND DISTRICT.

South Wales, like other parts of the country, experienced very severe weather during January, many roads being impassable for several days through snow drifts. The bad weather was indeed a hardship to our transport drivers in view of the fact that we inaugurated road deliveries to the various valleys east of Bridgend on January 1st, so that, in addition to finding their way over new ground, they also had bad weather to contend with. However, we are pleased to report that supplies were maintained without undue difficulty.

It is with regret that we have to record the passing of Mrs. M. E. Hooper, our much respected tenant of the Lamb Inn, Neath. Mrs. Hooper succumbed on January 27th after a short illness. Our sympathies are extended to Mr. G. Hooper and his family in their sad loss.

Very soon we shall be in the throes of re-building. Plans have been prepared for new Offices and Stores to replace the remains of the old Brewery, which is our present home. We have gazed on the plans with admiration and thoughts of what is to come, and are now looking forward to watching the new building taking shape. Two photographs of the remains of the old Brewery are reproduced below. To Bridgendonians, Tondy (pronounced Tondee) Road will surely present an unfamiliar sight when the old Brewery passes into posterity. However, the new building will add to the dignity of the town and replace another silent reminder of the depression through which this part of our country has passed.



Mr. F. W. Lawrence's many friends at Headquarters and Branches will be pleased to know that he has now settled down comfortably here, and that with guidance from his colleagues in

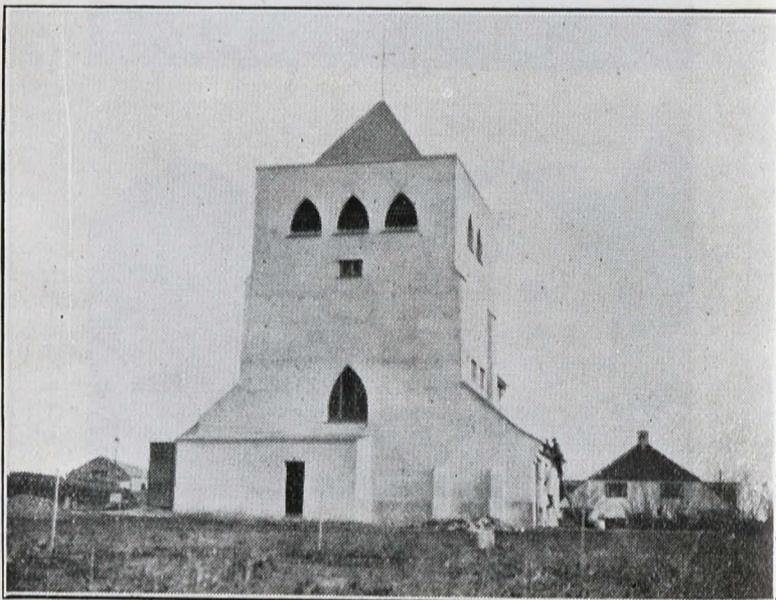
the office is slowly mastering the art of pronunciation of the divers place names. The double "L" is quite in keeping with what it conveys phonetically—it is! [I understand that this double "L" difficulty is a "catching complaint." A member of the Chief Accountant's Staff—of all people—after a visit to Bridgend, recently wrote "Llandlords' Fixtures." *Editor.*]

On January 16th Mr. C. H. Ham took over the tenancy of the Angel Hotel, Brecon. We wish both Mr. and Mrs. Ham every success in their new surroundings. A visit to South Wales is not complete without a call at Brecon (and the Angel Hotel) which is in the midst of some of the grandest scenery to be found in this part of the country; the views from the famous Brecon Beacons being second to none.

We have also to report a change of tenancy at The Royal Dock Hotel, Briton Ferry. Mr. E. Griffiths took over on January 31st, and our good wishes are extended to him and Mrs. Griffiths in their first venture in the Licensed Trade.

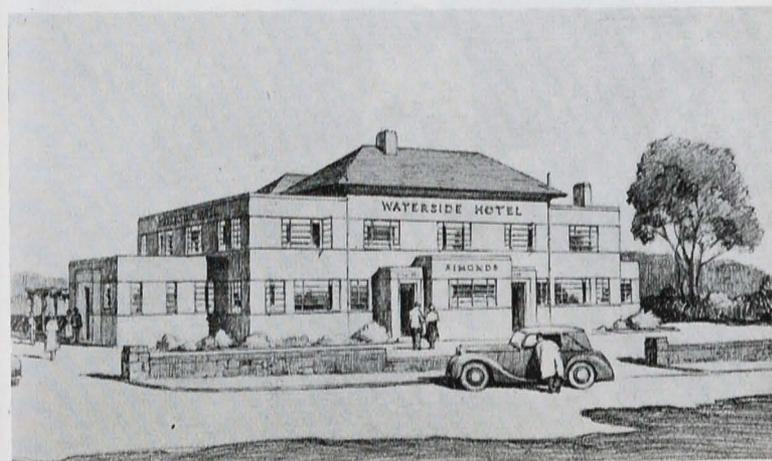
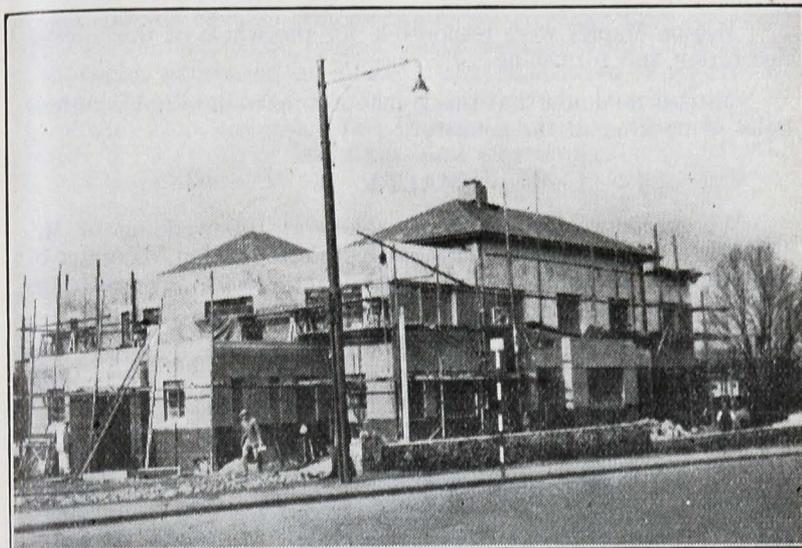
WATERSIDE HOTEL, GOODRINGTON, PAIGNTON.

(The following photographs and report are reproduced by the very kind permission of the "Paignton Observer.")



GOODRINGTON DEVELOPMENT.

Needs of soul and body are being provided simultaneously in the rapidly-growing Goodrington district. On page 302 is the new St. George's Church, rapidly being completed, and which will be dedicated on March 25th (Lady Day). Beneath is a view of the new Waterside Hotel for Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, being erected in close proximity to the church, and which it is expected will be ready for next season. Both contracts are being carried out by Messrs. Willcocks & Barnes, Paignton.



Above is the artist's impression of the exterior of the Waterside Hotel, which is opening in March. The position of the hotel is

Broadway, Three Beaches, Paignton, standing on the main Dartmouth Road, only 200 yards off the sands. It may be claimed that the hotel is as near as experience and capital can make it, perfection in miniature. There are ten letting bedrooms and most spacious public rooms.

Mr. and Mrs. Trestrail have been appointed to the management of the Waterside.

Messrs. Maples were responsible for the whole of the interior decoration and furnishing.

There is no doubt that this is the most up-to-date and luxurious hotel of its kind in the country.

MALTA.

We reproduce a photograph taken at the wedding of Mr. Thomas J. Paterson, jun. and Miss Kathleen Carolan, daughter of Captain W. J. Carolan, Royal Army Ordnance Corps. The marriage took place in Malta on the 23rd January, 1939.

The bridegroom is the son of Mr. Thomas J. Paterson, the popular proprietor of the Rose & Crown, Floriana, so well-known to members of H.M. Forces and visitors to the island.



[Reproduced by kind permission of the Photographer, J. Cassar, Esq., Hamrun, Malta.]

PORTSMOUTH.

The passing of the 6th Battalion (D.C.O.) Hampshire Regiment from infantry to artillery was celebrated by a dinner at the Savoy, Southsea. The Battalion has now been reorganized as the 59th Anti-Tank Regiment, R.A. Colonel Sir Arthur Holbrook, who presided, toasted the Regiment's memory, addressing them as "Connaught's Own." Among the many greetings from members who were unable to be present was a message from the Duke of Connaught, expressing his pleasure that they were henceforth to be the 59th Anti-Tank Regiment, of which he would be proud to remain Hon. Colonel. The Dinner Committee members were Major W. S. Tanner, T.D., Capt. and Quartermaster S. J. Howe, R.Q.M.S. H. Townley, Mr. A. Campbell, Mr. J. Belton and Mr. F. Summers.

Sergeants of the Royal Air Force (Lee-on-the-Solent) held a ball at Lee Tower in order to bid farewell to their many friends at Lee. In a short time the majority of the present personnel at Lee Base will be transferred to another part of the country, when Lee will be taken over by the Fleet Air Arm. Between 400 and 500 guests were received and danced to music provided by Billy Bennett and his Carlton Band. An "elimination dance" was won by Sergeant-Major Reavett and partner, and Mr. and Mrs. Tetheridge were winners of a spot waltz. Flight-Sergeant W. B. Jones, R.A.F., was M.C. Among the guests were Lady Bowhill (wife of Air Marshal Sir Frederick W. Bowhill, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.), Air Commodore T. E. B. Howe, Wing-Commander W. J. Seward and other Officers of the Coastal Command.

Commander H. G. Hopper, who has recently taken up duty at Portsmouth as Maintenance Commander and Physical and Recreation Training Officer in succession to Commander R. C. Harry, has served during the past three years as Executive Officer of the cruiser *Cumberland* in China. He is a former Navy and Inter-Service middle-weight boxing champion, and was Secretary of the Sports Control Board for some time. He was also a member of the United Services Rugby XV.

TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT:

Plymouth Argyle are not doing too well at present and their unexpected victory over Manchester City at Manchester upset all the football coupons, and incidentally wrecked Manchester City's promotion hopes. Spectators at the match tell us that Argyle were at the top of their form and were sound in all positions. Over 1,600 Plymouthians journeyed to Manchester to see the match, on an excursion organised by the Plymouth Argyle Supporters' Club. The vocal support given the team undoubtedly spurred them to great heights.

Whilst on the subject of football we are told by one of our friends recently returned from the Fleet at Malta that the men are keen footballers. Aboard the Devonport-manned H.M.S. *Barham* (which by the way is well stocked with our products) the football rallying cry was "Beery, beery, beery." But about two months ago, when *Barham* played the *Hood*, in a competition between the various ships, the Captain of *Barham* announced that he objected to the "Beery" call and the boys had to drop it. But the *Hood* supporters didn't let it go at that. They shouted all through the game "Milky, milky, milky." And *Barham* were beaten 3—0. So now the *Barham's* forces sing this doleful song to a hillbilly tune :—

Oh the *Barham* isn't Beery any more,
There's lemons where the *Farson's were before,
The ship of hooch and riot
Is now all peace and quiet,
For the *Barham* isn't Beery any more.

* A reference to our Subsidiary Company, Messrs. *Simonds-Farsons, Ltd.*

Plymouth was honoured by a visit from their Royal Highnesses The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester recently when they inspected the latest addition to the Royal Navy, H.M.S. *Gloucester*, which the Duchess launched some eighteen months ago. The Duchess presented the ship with a magnificent silver trophy, a set of silver ash-trays for use in the Wardroom, and two silver-framed portraits of herself.

The Duke and Duchess, after a tour of inspection of the ship proceeded, with the Commander-in-Chief and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, to Admiralty House to watch the *Gloucester* pass down the harbour on her maiden voyage. As the ship passed

Mount Wise the Duke and Duchess took the salute while the trumpeters of the Plymouth Division Royal Marines sounded a fanfare and the ship's band played "God Save the King."

Good luck, *Gloucester*, and all who sail in you!

GIBRALTAR.

During this time of the year when the Home Fleet is temporarily based at the "Rock," Gibraltar experiences a period of activity, both from a commercial and social point of view. Our local agency is having a busy time, for the Navy remembers the popular "S.B." when ashore. The various Squadrons of the Fleet have been carrying out exercises since their arrival and most of the units have visited Mediterranean ports. During the spells in harbour, football, rugby and hockey matches between the ship teams and those ashore have provided excellent entertainment. H.M.S. *Nelson*, with the Commander-in-Chief, and the cruiser *Aurora* have paid a visit to Malta during the cruise, and H.M.S. *Newcastle* was selected to take the Governor (General Sir William E. Ironside) on an official visit to Morocco. The Navy continue to come ashore in the evenings, filling places of amusement and causing an increase in trade in the town.

The 2nd Bn. The Somerset Light Infantry arrived from England in the transport *Somersetshire* last month and have not taken long to settle down in their new station. The agency have found the Officers' Mess good customers, and the members of the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess are already becoming very popular. W.O. Hazel, who is Acting R.S.M., is known as "the man who gets things done," and the Mess' opening night proved a great success. The band and buglers of the Battalion performed their first "Ceremony of the Keys" and hundreds of people were attracted to the ceremony. They seem to be past masters at this, for they have done similar duty at the Tower of London. No doubt the Battalion will be very much liked at the "Rock."

The Warrant Officers and Sergeants of the Royal Army Pay Corps held a farewell social evening on the 14th of February to say good-bye to S.Q.M.S.'s Owen and Booth and Sergts. Caterham and Nice who leave for home after four years' stay at the "Rock." The best of luck to them in the homeland; they leave many friends behind! Their successors have arrived from England and have been welcomed to Gib.!

The Royal Army Service Corps also lose two of their Mess members at the same time, S.S.M. Wheeler and Sergt. Adams, who have completed their service here.

The members of the Dockyard Social and Athletic Club (old supporters of our local agency) scored a great success at their annual ball, the arrangements throughout, from the dancing to the catering, being an improvement on previous years. The Committee (Messrs. Stevens, Clark, Derrick, Barry and Osgood) all from the Dockyard departments, deserved the congratulations conveyed to them for such a great show. Rear Admiral A. E. Evans was a distinguished guest.



STILL THE BEST.