

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

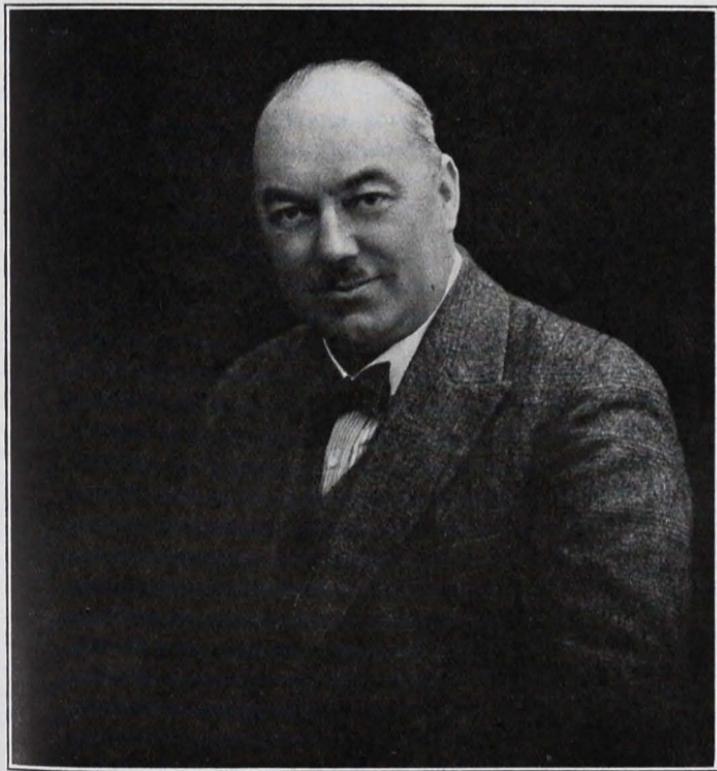
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. III.

APRIL, 1929.

No. 7.



MR. W. J. NICHOLSON.

Mr. W. J. NICHOLSON.

As our frontispiece this month we reproduce the portrait of Mr. W. J. Nicholson, who occupies the important position of Manager of our Branch establishment at Malta, where the Firm has large business interests.

Mr. Nicholson has had a brilliant and interesting career inasmuch as he is another example of a junior clerk rising to the status of manager. Of Irish descent, Mr. Nicholson joined the staff of our Dublin Branch in 1896 and was appointed Chief Clerk three years later, holding that position until 1919, when he was appointed Manager. For five years previous he had been left in charge of our business in Ireland during the absence of the Manager. When Southern Ireland was declared a Free State and the British Troops were withdrawn between October and December, 1922, the necessity for our Branch in Ireland no longer obtained, and in March, 1923, Mr. Nicholson was transferred to our Ludgershall establishment. His stay in the Salisbury Plain area, however, was of short duration, as he was called upon to proceed to Malta at short notice to relieve our Manager there, Mr. F. Hunt, on account of illness, which regretfully proved fatal within a year. It was therefore in January, 1924, that Mr. Nicholson took control at Malta, and although he found the climate very trying for the first two years, he gradually became acclimatised and settled down to the task of following a very able and popular personality. In this, Mr. Nicholson was eminently successful and soon he, too, gained the confidence and esteem of our numerous customers in the Island. His past experience, his Irish wit and naturally friendly and obliging manner contributed to this end and trade increased under his regime. In an entirely different environment, it was a commendable fact that he quickly adapted himself to the new circumstances and thereby proved his ambassadorial qualities and the judgment which selected him to fill the post. Here it might be fittingly mentioned that the wonderful characteristics and disposition of the Maltese, who are a superior and clever race and are akin to the English, proved a great factor in Mr. Nicholson's success as Manager in Malta.

Very few of our Branch Managers have had such a diverse experience of military business at home and abroad as Mr. Nicholson, who carried through the supplies to the British Army in Ireland during the troublous times in that country between 1916 and 1922, when thousands of troops were garrisoned there. He has vivid recollections of the rebellion which occurred and the reign of terror which overhung the country all too long and at a time when every possible man was required to strengthen our defence in France and Belgium. It was a well-deserved reward that he

should afterwards be appointed to the peace-loving island of Malta. The contrast between Dublin, particularly in Easter week, 1916, when the city was a blaze of fire and rioting at its height, with the tranquillity of the Mediterranean, can only be fully appreciated by actual experience. On another page we publish a graphic account of his adventures in Ireland and also a photograph of Mr. Nicholson's residence, "Villa Berkshire," which was completed last year.

Amidst his strenuous work Mr. Nicholson occasionally finds time to indulge in the sports and social life for which Malta is famous and particularly the sea bathing during the summer, which alone makes existence possible under the intense heat of the sun. In the summer months, Mr. Nicholson takes his dip at 5.30 a.m., as his devotion to work will not allow him to study his personal comfort at the expense of duty. He is a keen supporter of football and thoroughly enjoys the matches arranged between the Navy, Army and Maltese teams. When opportunity permits, water polo and the horse races, of which there are six to eight meetings during the season, also form a diversion from the exactions of business.

 EDITORIAL.

TEETOTALER SNUBBED.

At the adjourned meeting of the Licensing Justices at Hendon, Sir Alexander Carlyon (Chairman) said that since the last sitting Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, Secretary of the National United Temperance Council, had adopted a most improper course in writing a letter to every Justice in the Gore Division with regard to business coming before them. "In a fairly long experience," said the Chairman, "I have never known anything of this sort to occur." Mr. Spurgeon's letter, he continued, was a protest against the decision of the Bench to remove the restriction from off-licences where beer could not be sold in less than six bottles, and he expressed the opinion that such a course would result in an increased consumption of liquor, and that children would probably be sent for single bottles of beer during their dinner hour or at night. "Mr. Spurgeon has no right to state as a fact that for which he has no evidence whatever," the Chairman declared. "He writes to us as though we were mere children. He does not seem to know that this matter has been considered by this Bench and by other Benches for at least two years. We have taken some trouble to inquire from the only people who can give us any real evidence as to the facts, and all the senior police officers whom we have

consulted are of opinion that the removal of the restriction tends to decrease the sale, for people who want a bottle of beer object to having six bottles forced upon them. Mr. Spurgeon's letter is very improperly written, and I want to impress upon him that we cannot permit this sort of thing to be repeated, or we shall have to take some very much stronger course to protect ourselves."

THRIFT.

Sir David Milne-Watson, Governor of the Gas Light and Coke Company, told a story, at the Dinner in London of the Institute of Metals, of a Scottish bride and bridegroom travelling south on their honeymoon.

The happy bridegroom, he said, bought a box of chocolates and gave his wife one. After travelling about an hour she asked him if she could have another.

The bridegroom, looking thoughtful, said, "No, Jeannie, I think we had better keep the rest for the bairns!"

ANOTHER CROSS WORD PUZZLE.

When skating was in full swing a party motored to a well-known lake. On arrival, one of the menfolk discovered that he had forgotten his skates. The expressions of disgust uttered by the gentleman concerned made his male companions roar with laughter. The ladies were at the time some distance away and were anxious to know what were the remarks that caused so much mirth. They are still enquiring as to what actually were the cross words used.

But they are never likely to know!

SWEET RECIPROCITY.

Sir James Crichton-Browne is publishing his reminiscences in the *Glasgow Herald*. He writes: It used to be told of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, that most zealous "temperance" advocate and author of the Permissive Bill, that when the Bishop of Carlisle paid him a visit at Brayton he said to him on his arrival: "I know you take a little wine, but it would be contrary to my principles and demoralising to my servants to have it on the table, but here is the key of a little cupboard in your bedroom, where you will find what you want." When Sir Wilfrid paid the Bishop a return visit at Rose Castle, the Bishop when greeting him explained that he and his family took a little wine or beer with meals, "but, of course," he went on, "I know that you cannot partake of these, so here is the key of a tap in your bedroom, where you will find an abundant supply of cold water."

"THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE" IN PERSIAN GULF.

I have often pointed out that THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE has a world-wide circulation. A sailor, whose father works at the Brewery, has just received a letter which contains the following:

"Thanks very much for THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. It has travelled round the Mess deck and 'the lads go all the way on it.'"

And Jack Tar knows a good thing when he sees it!

AMERICAN STREET AND SHOP SIGNS.

There is a certain amusing bluntness about street and shop signs in America. "Keep off!" and "Look out!" are frequent substitutes there for our "Please keep off the grass" and "Beware of the trains."

But a restaurant in Montana which was visited by an Englishman of my acquaintance who is making a motor tour has surely won high place for originality for the following efforts, writes "A.D.C." in the *Daily Mail*:—

Use only one spoonful of sugar to a cup and stir like h——.
We don't mind the noise.

Our spoons are not medicine. They must not be taken after meals.

Try our milk. Cream ain't in it.

Don't make fun of our coffee. You may be old and weak yourself some day.

At the entrance to the town, on the main road, was the notice: "Be careful. This town is full of cars."

EASY!

Sydney Smith was present at a meeting of clergy who were considering the question of placing a wood pavement around St. Paul's Cathedral. After listening to their proposals he said in his most matter-of-fact tones: "If my reverend brethren here will but lay their heads together the thing will be done in a trice!"

BOAT RACE DRINKS.

Rowing in a race, and especially the Boat Race, is one of the most severe tests of physical endurance to which a man can be subjected. Yet beer is, usually, the alcoholic drink allowed, with port or champagne occasionally. College crews are sometimes given champagne the night before the bumping races begin to take away any feeling of staleness.

THE PRINCE AND TRANSPORT.

The Prince of Wales, speaking at the annual dinner of the Institute of Transport in London, referred to various methods of transport and said:—

“I have travelled very extensively and I suppose that I have travelled by every kind of transport that is known.

“I have ridden elephants and have been chased by them. I have ridden camels, I have even descended to riding a bicycle. I have flown. I have also tested the reliability of the rickshaw and the palanquin, but I doubt whether this Institute would have awarded to the rickshaw coolies or the palanquin bearer the Road Transport Gold Medal.” (Laughter.)

These observations will probably appeal to Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N., who so ably organizes our great transport system. I should say that there are very few vehicles used for transport that have not, at home or abroad, conveyed H. & G.'s famous brands from place to place, including those mentioned by H.R.H.

WHISKY FOR THE PATIENTS.

Here is an extract from the Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune* of January 2nd, 1929, published under the heading “Whisky for Flu Patients”:—

“The ravages of the influenza epidemic have melted the hearts of the officials of the Prohibition Department at Washington, and physicians throughout the United States will be allowed to prescribe whisky to patients in excess of the present limit of one pint every ten days. The concession will last until the epidemic has subsided.”

MR. ERIC BETTER.

We are all very pleased to know that Mr. Eric Simonds is making excellent progress after his serious illness.

LAWN TENNIS.

The tennis season is with us once again—at any rate so far as the hard courts are concerned—and I have already had some good knocks. We at the Brewery have been unable to get a court for this season, which is a great pity. I am looking forward to the time when we shall have a hard court of our own. We could then maintain good form practically all the year round, and in our ranks there are certainly some very promising players.

CLOSE SEASON FOR COARSE FISHING.

From March 15th to June 15th inclusive is the close season for coarse fishing. The cold winds that have prevailed have been dead against good “bags,” for fish will not bite under such conditions. I have been out most week-ends but during no winter have I landed fewer roach. I did get into a couple of pike on the last Sunday of the season. By the way, wasn't that a fine pike, 21 lbs. 10 ozs., which Mr. Lane landed! He was in a boat and the fact that he had neither net nor gaff makes his achievement all the more meritorious. It took him about half-an-hour to “land” the prize. There are few finer fishermen than Mr. Lane and, certainly, with the roach rod he has not many equals.

SKATING.

Not for many years have we enjoyed such good skating as was to be had almost everywhere during the intensely cold weather recently experienced. Hundreds enjoyed this exhilarating recreation on Whiteknights, at Kingsmere (Wellington College), Bulmershe and on Mr. Benyon's lake at Englefield. There is something very fascinating in being able to glide along with such utter ease as you can on skates. I often wonder why roller-skating is not more in evidence. It is certainly a fine exercise and not at all a bad substitute for the real article.

“ROLLS-RICE.”

At the wedding of a Hampshire restaurant keeper the bride and bridegroom left the church under an archway of long rolls of bread and were well pelted with rice. In fact, they left the church in a “rolls-rice.”

ANOTHER OUTPOST FOR MILK STOUT!

Mr. G. Blackall-Simonds, our revered Chairman, who is enjoying a trip abroad, called at the Island of Tristan d'Acunha, in the South Atlantic, and the parson in this out-of-the-way place is, as a result, a happier man, for Mr. Blackall-Simonds very thoughtfully made him a present of some milk stout. As a result, the reverend gentleman now pursues his responsible duties with a much “stouter” heart, to the benefit of all concerned.

REALISTIC SKETCH.

The Navy Estimates have been passed and immediately appears another of H.M. ships from the pencil of Mr. W. Giddy, who has a great forte for portraying warships. In the actual drawing, which appears on another page, the wash of the waves and the spray are so realistic that one can almost smell the sea!

GAZETTE AGAIN QUOTED.

Excerpts from THE GAZETTE are now frequently quoted in other Journals. *The Andover Advertiser* on the 8th March devotes over half a column of their valuable space in reprinting our sketch of Mr. F. L. Shrimpton's career on the Firm. For such a reputable newspaper to describe our paragraph as a "pen portrait," of Mr. F. L. Shrimpton is a tribute to our GAZETTE.

DEATH OF MRS. WIGLEY.

Our deepest sympathies are extended to Mr. W. H. G. Wigley in the loss he has sustained by the death of his wife, which occurred on Friday, 1st March. Mrs. Wigley was well known at Ludgershall and Farnborough, where her death came as a shock to her numerous friends. The funeral took place at Brookwood on Wednesday, 6th March, and a large number of floral tributes were received.

ROUND THE HALLS OF THIRTY YEARS AGO.

Listening-in from 2 LO the other evening I heard a medley of old favourites being sung, including "The Dandy Coloured Coon." The singing of these old songs brought back the memories of the good old days when the Music Halls ran their shows on the one-house-a-night plan. And shows they were in those days! The unhappiest on the bill were "first call" and "last call." The popular Halls at that time were The Tiv., The Met., London Pavilion, The Oxford, The Alhambra, Gatti's and the Old Canterbury; also the Old South London, when Frank Egerton was Manager, and when his little daughter "Miniature Marie," as she was starred on the bills, sung.

Well I remember her in her song "They Walk Like This in the Best of Society." She was the merriest of little artistes with brown curls and all smiles. Every London Hall had its own style of programme and audience. The big stars in those days worked two or three Halls in one evening, dashing from one to the other in record time. The bands worked hard too. They had no break for refreshments unless there was a sketch in the bill. The old-time chairman was resplendent in evening dress and wearing a large diamond ring. I think the last of the old chairman was "Old Bob," at the South London, London Road, and there was many a shout for Bob if any delay occurred in the show.

Listening to the wireless brought back those days of long ago and those old songs. Where are those entertainers now? Hardly one is left; they drop out one by one, their places never to be filled.

M.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

"Let me have your 'copy' early!" Thus the Editor, and he goes on to remind one that Easter is fast approaching; also that our Printers have holidays.

Easter will be welcomed by all as a forerunner (it is hoped) of more genial weather, especially by those who suffered during the "Great Freeze"—when the plumber and his mate came into their own—from burst pipes and other inflictions. Those that have returned to work after attacks of "flu" and have that can't-shake-it-off-properly feeling will be glad when the weather becomes warmer. I write from experience.

I was taken to task (more in sorrow than in anger) for writing in our last issue that no department of the Firm had been immune from illness. It appears that the Maltings have had a full complement of workers all the time this "flu" epidemic has been attacking all and sundry, so place this fact on record for all to read, mark and inwardly digest. Another time we shall know what to do in like circumstances—transfer to the Maltings.

Practically all of the office staff who have been laid aside by illness have now returned to business, ready for the spring and summer "push" which it is hoped will be a busy time for all.

We shall soon know whether the Budget will give our trade much needed relief, but judging from what we read in our daily papers reduction in taxation is not likely for us this year.

In some ways it is nice to know that all the Test matches have finished, for to remember the many daily scores called for a "Pelman"-like memory. Interest was particularly keen at the Brewery and well maintained, and the morning cry of "What is the latest?" will not be heard for a considerable while now. The last Marathon Test match must have been a real good thing for the "Close of Play" editions of the papers on sale in the vicinity of a certain office window (not a hundred miles from the Brewery!) about 10 a.m. each day. Although the last match was lost, it is worth noting Mr. A. P. F. Chapman has yet to captain a losing side for England in Test matches. The stirring deeds of all the members of the M.C.C. side "down under" have given English cricket a much-needed fillip.

The Editor, who finds fishing so exciting, had a fine catch the other day and proudly displayed it to us at the Brewery.

Owing to the decline of Reading Football Team, particularly since their dismissal from the Cup, the voice of the critic has been loud and unless a welcome overdue improvement soon takes place, his voice will be even louder I am afraid. The position on the League table at the moment is not of the best, but after the Easter matches have been played possibly a lift up the table may have taken place. It would be a great pity if Reading had to descend to the "lower regions," so we will hope for the best.

Some while ago I wrote in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE a suggested motto for the Reading Football Club as follows:—"Let *Forwards* be our watchword." The same motto is equally true to-day.

Amateur gardeners—we have quite a number at the Brewery—are eagerly looking forward to the time when they will be able to get "on the land," and no doubt this Easter holiday will see quite a number using those brightly burnished implements that delight their hearts.

May they all prosper in their annual tussle with Mother Nature.

BREWERY OFFICE STAFF FOOTBALLERS, 1911.



Back row—E. Phipps, F. Millard, S. Turner, A. Smith, S. Josey, A. A. Bradford.
 Centre row—E. Stevens, J. Beasley, F. Kirby, H. Marston.
 Front row—J. Cook, L. Duguid, J. Wadhams, H. Killford.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.)

I don't suppose there is any other body of men which has to put up with so much "chaff" as do the anglers. But they don't mind, for they know that to be a successful angler requires a wonderful amount of skill and experience—skill and experience that can only be gained by long years of close contact with Nature. And let me say at once I know no body of men who live more wholesome lives, or who are, generally, finer fellows. If I held a high position, employed men, and an applicant came to me for a job, if I knew he was a good angler and never took an under-sized fish, I should have no hesitation in engaging him.

A GOOD-HEARTED BODY.

And again, you never met a better-hearted body of men. Only recently the following little incident occurred. It was a little incident, but it conveys much: A certain devotee of the gentle art baited a swim over-night, and the next morning when he arrived he found that another angler, quite ignorant of the fact that this particular spot had thus been so carefully "prepared," settled down with the intention of remaining for the day. The other fisherman came along, passed the time of day and wished the man at the spot he had baited the best of luck, adding, "You ought to pick up one or two, for I put in over a gallon of groundbait last night." The other angler replied, "I'm sorry, old man, I had not the slightest idea of that. "He thereupon reeled in, and packing up his traps, said to his companion, "I wouldn't for the world take advantage of your trouble to tempt the fish: you carry on and reap your due reward."

It was a bit of true sportsmanship, and I am glad to say that both had a good day—and they both deserved it!

MUCH MORE THAN HIS FLOAT.

A good angler sees much more than his float. On a Saturday in February I spent the afternoon with rod and line near the Fisheries, Mapledurham. I wished I were an artist for, as I watched my float, I saw reflected in the water, as in a mirror, the trees and birds and passing clouds. I had no need to look skywards to see what was going on in the air. Still looking in the water I saw a skein of duck flying high overhead; they were winging their way in V-shape formation, thereby cutting through the air the more easily. Then I saw, in this same mirror, a spotted woodpecker. I knew it was a spotted woodpecker by its undulating flight. It flew from tree to tree and jerked its way up the branches eagerly seeking food.

A DEPLETED FAMILY.

A family of long-tailed tits next appeared in my big looking glass. It was, I fear, a depleted family, for not long since I saw what I believe was the same happy party of father, mother and children. Now there were only six. Then there were nine. Doubtless three had been done to death by the severity of the weather. How such little bodies retain any warmth at all during such Arctic conditions as we have recently experienced I often wonder. These are just a few examples of the things I saw in my mirror.

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

I believe that every year more and more seagulls come far inland. In a meadow near the "Moderation" there is a heap of rubbish and here hundreds of seagulls gather, endeavouring to find food. Their raucous notes are unmistakable as they squabble over some dainty morsel—it is the "call of the sea." After foraging amongst this rubbish the gulls adjourn to the river and have a thorough good wash, like clean little birds. I always think there is something particularly elegant and easy about the flight of a seagull. No human aeronaut can do such stunts as I saw two gulls doing. One had found a tit-bit of food and the other was making a bold bid for it. Hendon produces no such wonderful aerial evolution as these two birds went through, much to my delight.

STARLINGS AND REDWINGS.

Close by where I am fishing are hundreds of starlings feeding. They are very badly behaved at table, and apparently never cease quarrelling. Amongst them are a number of redwings. They are very similar to the song-thrush, but can easily be distinguished by the light stripe over the eye and the bright-red under wing-coverts—hence their name.

ONE OF NATURE'S SECRETS.

I throw in some more ground bait, a little of which falls close by the water's edge. No sooner has it done so than many small fishes come and make a meal. Some of them are not much thicker than a pin and not half as long. The water is icy cold and has been for weeks. What is the nature of the "fire" that burns in these wee things and keeps them alive under conditions that no human being could stand for long? Nature seems to have many secrets that will never be solved.

A CURRANT TOPIC.

Another reason why I like this spot where I am fishing is that a robin never fails to come and keep me company. We are fast friends and I always give him some of my bread paste. I always, too, take in my pocket a few cooked currants. I am afraid that is the chief reason why robin redbreast displays such an affectionate regard for me, though I doubt not he is friendly with other fishermen. He is a good little bird and after every meal always sings his grace.

WILD FOWL IN A FOG.

Towards evening quite a thick fog makes its appearance, but this has its advantages, for wild fowl come much closer to you than they would otherwise do. Dabchicks come and feed within a few feet of me. Moorhens also appear unaware of my presence, and even come and have a look at my float. By the way, why is it that the female moorhen is more brightly coloured than the male? Coots, too, apparently take me for a tree stump and feed a few yards away. They may be easily distinguished by their naked white patch on the forehead. Because of this they are often called bald-headed coots. I hear the whistle of wings and a number of tufted duck descend and splash in the water right in front of me. They spot me and are off like lightning, creating quite a commotion as they rise.

NO FISH, BUT QUITE CONTENT.

The light is failing fast, the fog is thickening, and as I can hardly see my float I pack up and wend my way home without one fish, but quite content, and only too eager to go fishing again. Yes, I am a bit cold, but a brisk walk home, a round of toast thickly spread with good beef dripping, a bright fire, a book, and then to bed.

After all, the simple life is the best.

Good night!

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A Chicago gangster boarded a tramcar and refused to pay his fare. At the corner of the street the conductor pointed out the tough individual to a policeman.

"That man doesn't want to pay his fare. Will you get him out of this car?" asked the conductor. The policeman took one look at the gangster. "I'll pay for him myself," he said.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

The Aga Khan tells a fine story of Sir Lloyd Matthews, the man whose character so impressed the people of East Africa that it was said that wherever his foot had trod any Englishman might follow.

He was just a young naval lieutenant when in 1877 he was sent to the Sultan of Zanzibar, who had asked for someone to raise and train an army. Lloyd Matthews raised a splendid force, and, commanding it himself, suppressed the slave trade, kept order on the coast, and consolidated the Sultan's dominion.

But our story deals with 1889. The leaders of the various communities in Zanzibar came to the Aga Khan saying they wanted to erect a statue of Lloyd Matthews in the most important part of the city.

"We wish to do him honour while he lives," they said. The Aga Khan was delighted, and went to Matthews to ask his consent. To the Aga Khan's surprise Matthews refused it absolutely, though he was grateful to those who thought of the thing. The Aga Khan asked for the reason of the refusal, and Matthews made a characteristic answer.

A small sect of Mohammedan puritans regard any sort of statue as wicked. Now the Aga Khan is the spiritual head of the Indian Mohammedan community, yet he had not thought these extremists worth considering. After all, they were only a bigoted handful.

But Lloyd Matthews, who could be stern as rock when he was dealing with wrong, would never hurt the feelings of the humblest person where matters of religion or race were concerned. No arguments moved him. After his death his friends remembered, and instead of erecting a statue they built a leper hospital in his memory and raised an obelisk by the roadside. The words it bears are truer than many inscriptions: Write me as one who loved his fellow-men.

BEAUTY.

The seed of beauty is in all things sown,
There is no ugliness that will not bring
Its meed of beauty when the time has grown
Ripe for its harvesting.

Nothing uncomely that will ever stand,
That will not yield to beauty in the end;
Nothing is shapen that the magic hand
Of beauty shall not mend.

Do we lose heart that ugly things abide,
That we are passing ere the change begin?
Have we not eyes to see the endless tide
Of beauty sweeping in?

THE "DEW DROP" INN, OXFORD.

I know you always welcome anything of interest from any of your houses and as it is now two years since I sent you the last paragraph it is about time you heard from us again.

We had our usual Old Folks' Christmas dinner, when 125 people sat down to a good spread. This year we were honoured by a visit from the Chief Constable (Mr. C. J. Fox) and also the Deputy Chairman of the Watch Committee. We are looking forward to a suggested summer outing of our old folks and if we reach Reading we may pay you a visit.

Our billiards handicap and table quoits handicap were played off during the latter part of last year and early this year. In each handicap there were 32 entries. After keen competition, Mr. H. Williams won the cup presented by Mr. J. H. Vallis, and Mr. E. Scivyer was the runner-up.

In the table quoits the winner was Mr. T. Vallis, son of the landlord, and the runner-up was Mr. F. Johnson.

In presenting the silver cups to the winners, Mr. Frank Deacon spoke of the kindly feeling amongst the customers at the "Dew Drop" Inn.

Mr. Williams thanked Mr. Deacon for acting as Chairman and the proposal was accorded musical honours.

A rather surprising little item was the presenting of medals to the "Dew Drop" Swimming Club.

Mr. W. Webb, who has been training this Club for about twelve months, assisted by Mr. C. Harris, spoke very highly of the Members, some of whom could not swim a stroke, including our worthy landlord.

The 45 yards distance swimming was won as follows:—1st, Mr. Hutt; 2nd, Mr. Dougan; 3rd, Mr. Williams.

Twenty-five yards:—1st, Mr. E. Pulker; 2nd, Mr. Gascoyne; 3rd, Mr. H. Stone.

The most amusing part of the evening was the high dive, where I think there was an error of judgment. Our Host was the first off the board, but as a critic, I say it was not a dive—it was a "fall" in. And being such a good living chap, as he fell in the water was knocked out and so the other events could not be held!

I hope to be able to tell a little more about our swimming club later.

W.H.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

All things come to him who waits, but the fellow who goes after them gets the pick.

Small kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations, habitually practised in our social intercourse, give a greater charm to the character than the display of great talents and accomplishments.

"Take your needle, my child, and work at your pattern; it will come out a rose by and by." Life is like that; one stitch at a time, taken patiently, and the pattern will come out all right like the embroidery.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

Self is a very poor centre to work from.

Help someone worse off than yourself and you will find that you are better off than you thought.

We should always keep open and free a corner of our head in which to make room for the opinions of our friends. Let us have heart and head hospitality.

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.

A great scholar, returning home from a large party, was asked: "How did you like your company?" He answered: "If they were books I should not read them."

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

He who cannot bear humility cannot wear honour.

The day of death is the birthday of eternity.

Gossip means putting two and two together and making five of them.

Remember that in this world every mountain-top of privilege is girded by the vales of lowly duty.

A woman's strength is most potent when robed in gentleness.

Do good to thy friend to keep him, to thy enemy to gain him.

If you'd learn patience superfine
Go you to fish with rod and line.

The closer a man, the more distant his friends.

Some men would rather hug delusions than embrace opportunities.

It is a good thing hens do not know how much bricklayers get for laying bricks.

The more one approaches great men, the more one finds that they are men.

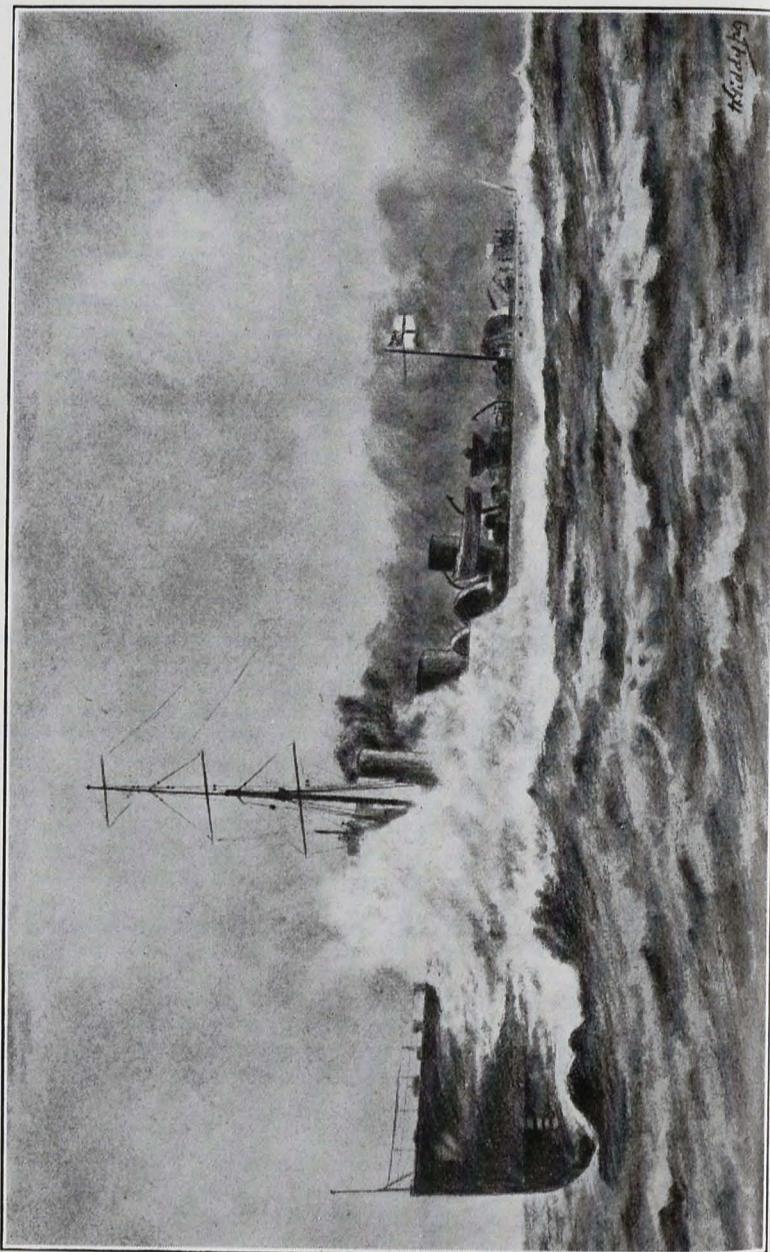
There are too many cranks in the world and too few self-starters.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

AN AMERICAN PRAYER.

Lord, give me grace to go abroad
So that even I
May have a drink of Real Old Scotch,
Just one before I die.

H.M. DESTROYER "LARNE."



Another of Mr. Giddy's realistic sketches.

BEER!

THE WINE OF THE COUNTRY.

The Brewers of this country produce the purest and most beneficial beverage available for man or woman. Taken in moderation it never hurt anyone; on the contrary its use is of immense advantage to the health and stamina of the people; to some an appetiser, to others a pleasing addition to a meal, whilst in all heavy trades—and for miners, ironworkers and dockers especially—it is indispensable if health, morale and output are to be maintained.

For ninety years teetotal organisations have been decrying beer and denouncing their fellows as a nation of wasters and drunkards. Yet in time of stress we have stood the racket fairly well; have shown as much endurance, as much fortitude and resource as others: and on the average not one adult per 100,000 is found guilty of drunkenness per day. One could have no clearer proof that there is vastly more enjoyment than abuse. And England, all the while, is foremost in the Councils of the world, its people a great people, industrious, intelligent, responsible.

These teetotalers' aim is not temperance but prohibition; they would make it illegal to manufacture, sell or consume a glass of beer, would ride rough-shod over the habits and necessities of millions, would standardise the nation upon the capacity of the unstable and the unfit. As well might we all be placed upon the diet and control found expedient in dealing with convicts and lunatics.

Failing Prohibition there is a constant striving for more stringent legislation, for the closing of more and ever more public houses, for hours and facilities even less suited to the public need than at present. They would dispossess all engaged in the trade, would despoil all with money invested in it. To them it is nothing that people are inconvenienced, that one on-licence in five has in recent years been abolished.

		No. of On-Licences in England and Wales.	
1900	102,000
1929	79,000

It is now admitted that in many areas reduction of licences has gone far enough, that the requirements of the publican's customers must be protected, that overcrowding is a curse.

At present there is one law for the well-to-do, another for the poor. Those who stay in hotels can purchase and consume liquor at any hour of the day or night; others must conform to hours, varying in different places, imposed not by Parliament but by local licensing committees. And so we have a whole string of new crimes.

It is a crime to consume or be served with a drink in one place when elsewhere, with another Bench, it is not; it is a crime in one town to be served on market day at an hour permitted in another; for hours daily it is a crime to serve or be served with a glass of beer at railway stations and elsewhere, though you may just have come from a long and tedious journey.

In many places it is a crime to ask for or be supplied with a drink after 10 o'clock at night (and everywhere during most of Sunday) no matter how far you are from home—a crime that was no crime in 1914—a ridiculous crime, one contrary to the dictates of common sense and imposed by men who can have given no real thought to the question.

Drink is said to be responsible for practically all the crime in the country, but no one can reconcile this with the fact that in Great Britain, with decreased consumption, the number of persons found guilty of the more serious offences increased by nearly 17,000 (over 28 per cent.) in the thirteen years 1913-1926.

1913	77,427
1926	94,225

Prohibitionists look away, talk twaddle about our drunken nation, would persuade us it is because of their intemperate work-people that British manufacturers are shut out of foreign markets, and refer to the moderate drinker as this nation's worst enemy! In the same period the convictions for drunkenness diminished by over 65 per cent.—one case instead of three.

Prohibition is forced upon many people by the severe taxation upon beer—a hardship and a smouldering grievance. There are those who hold that the heavy Beer Duty is largely to blame for all the strikes since 1918. In 1914 the tax on a pint of beer varied from one to three farthings; to-day it is ten times this.

This differential taxation is peculiar to beer. Buying tea or tobacco, whilst tastes and pockets differ, the tax is uniform whatever quality is purchased. Taken as some do tea is positively harmful and it is by no means established that we shouldn't be infinitely better without it. Compare the revenue derived from the one and the other.

REVENUE FROM TEA AND BEER.

Year.	Tea.	Beer.
1913-14	£6,499,000	£13,655,000
1927-28	£5,781,000	£77,000,000

Politicians are busy telling us there must be a "free" breakfast table; what about a "free" dinner table? It would gladden the heart of man—and woman.

Profiting by this taxation and glorying in it, teetotallers heap abuse upon the consumer; he is told he cannot afford to spend any of his earnings upon beer—that the country is on the down grade because he does so. Let us take stock of the real position.

There is deplorable unemployment, but this is not because the people are drinking too much beer; it is something the average unemployed man and woman is helpless to remedy, a problem politicians and business men alike have found themselves unable to solve. But what of the people generally? They are earning better wages, are spending more, and despite all that teetotallers tell us of the "Drink Bill," they have more put by for a rainy day.

Take Savings Banks, for example. In thirteen years, 1900-13, the cash in Savings Banks increased by 52 millions sterling; in the next thirteen years, 1913-26, the increase was 133 millions. In Building Societies the rate of growth in these two periods was still larger and the monies in Friendly, Co-operative and Provident Societies increased enormously. To these must be added the value of War Savings Certificates.

In 1900, these savings averaged £8 12s. 3d. for every man, woman and child in Great Britain; in 1913, £10 7s. 1d.; in 1926, £30 1s. 7d. With the properties paid for through Building Societies since 1913 and the growth of Industrial Insurance Funds it is safe to say that through these agencies, quite apart from other savings, the wealth per head since the war has quadrupled. No teetotal organisation has ever announced this. The parrot cry with them is "the people cannot afford a glass of beer."

	1900	1913	1926
	(In million £'s)		
Savings Banks Deposits	181	233	366
In Building Societies	46	66	193
In Friendly and other Societies	89	129	303
War Savings Certificates	—	—	493
	316	428	1355

These are cheering figures and are very far from bespeaking a nation out at elbows, thriftless, indifferent, or given over to debauch. What they do show without any question is that since 1913 the people's savings have increased at six times the rate experienced in the previous thirteen years.

The rival teetotal organisations all seek to place upon the people of England and Wales the burden of voting as to whether there shall be licences or not—"Local Veto"; some of them would add to this a vote as to whether all public houses shall be run by the

State, would sweep away all grocers' licences, and would prohibit the sale of beer everywhere on Sundays. But not its supply in Clubs.

It is mere childishness to pretend that the people of this country have any desire to vote as to licences or licensing; most of them shirk voting upon anything. And apart from teetotallers who don't use them, it is equally ridiculous to profess that there is any wish to dehumanise the public house, to replace existing licensees by State officials with neither thought for nor interest in their patrons' comfort and convenience.

But with regard to licensing there is still clearer proof before our eyes in Scotland. There, Parliament gave them this power: once in three years the different areas have the right to demand polls and to vote as to whether there shall be no licences or fewer licences. And in 1928, of 770 areas having the right, only 16 exercised it. It is now seen that what we are really witnessing is a propaganda campaign conducted at the expense of the rates and that the cry that Scotland was clamouring for this vote, that women everywhere would demand polls and vote and carry No Licence, was a hoax.

Notwithstanding this experience Englishwomen are still represented as at the beck and call of the teetotal organisers, as longing to sweep away every licence in the land, as resenting even the present limited licensing facilities when they move up and down the country. There is, of course, not the smallest warrant for this appropriation of woman or the women's vote.

Women know quite as well as men that the fruits of the earth are for the enjoyment of man and woman; that if abuse is intolerable there was never less than to-day; that there was never a higher standard of behaviour and control than at the present time; that the arid areas of no-licence afford no evidence of superior morals or conduct. And their votes are their own.

There is no purer beverage than beer, none more wholesome, none more acceptable or beneficial to the average normal man and woman worker. The experience of centuries gives it a paramount position as the national beverage and the more widely it is enjoyed the better will it be for the nation's prosperity and wellbeing. And we shall still sing "Rule Britannia."

OUR SHORT STORY.

A LOVE SET.

THRILLING GAME OF TENNIS: AND HOW IT ENDED.

(BY "A PLAYER.")

Marjorie Wainwright was quite a good tennis player, but she had in Jack Braintree an ideal partner: cool, brainy, tireless, and one who played solely for the love of the game. Win or lose, he was always the embodiment of good sportsmanship and everybody enjoyed a game with, or against, him.

Marjorie had a fault—and a very big one. Unlike Jack, she thought much more about winning than she did about the game itself and was a very bad loser. It was due, in the main, to Jack's wonderful court-craft and consistently good play that the pair had won so many matches. He certainly liked Marjorie—that was all—but Marjorie apparently thought much more of his tennis than of Jack.

It was early in the season when a new member joined their Club, in the person of Edward Willoughby. He wore a flash blazer, had with him four racquets, and did not fail to tell the members of the many tournaments he had participated in and the prizes he had won. He could certainly put up a good game, but he obviously "played to the gallery," for his tennis was too spectacular to be very effective.

It did one thing, however: it fascinated Marjorie, and though Jack Braintree naturally took it for granted that she would be his partner at the great tournament the following week, she coolly told him, when it was nearly too late to get anyone else to play with him, that she was partnering Willoughby.

Fine sportsman that he was, Jack simply said, "I wish you the very best of luck," and he sincerely meant it.

The last day for receiving entries arrived and Jack was still without a partner. He was very disappointed that he, apparently, would be unable to play, and thought he would do the next best thing and help the Secretary to run the tournament.

He called upon the Secretary and with a "Hullo, old man," asked what he could do to help him. "Put me on to umpire as often as you like," he added.

"Thanks awfully, I am so glad you called for you can help me in a very real way," replied the Secretary. "Yesterday a Miss Winifred Wakefield arrived and is staying with friends in the

neighbourhood for a month. She is keen on tennis and, hearing of our tournament, wished very much to play. Could I find her a partner? Why, you are the very man, Jack. And if her play is half as good as her looks you won't be disappointed. Besides, she seems as good a sport as yourself."

Jack was very pleased at this bit of good fortune. He and Miss Wakefield fixed things up and arranged a game or two together so that they would have some idea of each other's play before competing in the tournament.

The first day of the tournament arrived and Jack and Miss Wakefield disposed of their opponents comfortably. In fact they remained unbeaten until the last day, when they found that they had reached the final.

And who were their opponents? Why, none other than Marjorie and Edward Willoughby!

The match created an immense amount of interest and a large crowd assembled to witness it. Jack was at the top of his form; in fact all four were playing excellently and a ding-dong struggle ensued. Willoughby and Marjorie won the first set 7-5. Jack and Miss Wakefield took the second 6-4. In the third set Jack and his partner were leading 6-5, and 40-15 was called in their favour.

Poor Marjorie! Once or twice she had shown a little temper and now she seemed terribly distressed. Jack noticed it and was really sorry. She sent over a weak return. Jack could easily have "killed" it and finished the match. But what did he do? He purposely sent it just out of court! He was afraid of breaking the heart of his old partner.

Willoughby and Marjorie gained the next three points and the score was 6-6.

Jack and Miss Wakefield lost the next two games—and the match.

Later in the day Jack told Miss Wakefield how he purposely placed the balls just out and gave the other side the victory. "Under the circumstances," he said, "I hope you don't mind. I know I have let you down badly, but I believe you will understand."

"I didn't mind in the least," she promptly replied. "I think it was very sporting of you. It was solely due to your fine all-round play that we reached the final. I *did* enjoy the game and I should just love to play with you again."

"So you shall," said Jack. "Though we were whacked it was, at any rate from my point of view, a love set, and I am going to ask you to be *my* partner, not only in the next tennis tournament, but for life."

Miss Wakefield readily accepted the proposal and they were shortly afterwards married.

They continued to play tennis together a great deal and though they won numerous tournaments they won much more—the affectionate regard of all with whom they competed, for a pair of more delightful players never knocked the ball over a net.

MESSRS. H. & G. SIMONDS LTD. RETAILERS' SOCIETY.

(Founded March 3rd, 1909).

This Society consists of an unlimited number of members connected with the Firm of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., and its Associated Companies.

The objects of the Society are the protection and defence of its members against frivolous, vexatious, or malignant prosecutions, informations and actions, and to restrain and oppose all fresh exactions and restrictions upon the Trade.

To offer reward to persons giving such information as shall lead to the conviction of persons defrauding any member of the Society, and to afford legal or other assistance for the detection and prosecution of the offenders, also the protection of the persons of its members in the prosecution of their business in cases of assault and outrage, and also in cases of stealing glasses, etc., and to cultivate a spirit of good feeling and mutual interest among its members.

The subscription fee is 5/- per annum, due in January of each year.

The Annual General Meeting of the members of the Society (of which due notice will be sent by circular to every member) will be held at an early date in each year on such a day and at such time and place as the Committee deem it advisable, when a balance sheet and report of the proceedings of the Society and of the business transacted during the previous year shall be laid before the meeting.

It is desired to inform you that the Society is recognized by the Directors of the firms under whom we serve, and we urgently appeal to all to become members by applying to the Secretary,

J. T. ADAMS,

The Oatsheaf,

Broad Street, Reading.

MR. E. J. BURRETT RETIRES.

HANDSOME GIFT FROM HIS FRIENDS.

After 54 years' faithful service in the Brewing Room at Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., Mr. E. J. Burrett has retired, and as a mark of their esteem his friends presented him with a handsome chiming clock.

The gift was accompanied by the following letter:—

26th February, 1929.

DEAR MR. BURRETT,

Many of your friends in the Brewery and Offices having heard of your retirement feel that they cannot allow the occasion to pass without showing some mark of the high esteem in which you have always been held, and the pleasure has been accorded me as being the one at the Brewery who has known you longest (now over 54 years) to convey our hearty good wishes and to ask you to accept the clock which accompanies this letter as a memento of the pleasant associations that have existed between us.

We trust that you will live long to enjoy the leisure you so richly merit.

I remain, dear Mr. Burrett,

Yours sincerely,

H. F. LINDARS.

Mr. Burrett acknowledged the gift in the following terms:—

I, LORNE STREET,
READING.

March 2nd, 1929.

DEAR MR. LINDARS,

Many thanks for your letter and kindly wishes to me. I should be glad if you would be good enough to convey to my friends at the Brewery my sincere thanks and appreciation of their kindness in presenting me with the memento on my retirement, which I shall always value very highly.

Yours sincerely,

E. J. BURRETT.

LIFE-LONG ASSOCIATION WITH THE BREWERY.

Mr. Burrett has had a life-long association with the Brewery and was carried to and from it when he was too young to walk. His father was there from 1856 to 1884. Mr. Burrett was appointed junior in the Branch on September 17th, 1875. The Branch then consisted of the Manager, the late Mr. T. J. Pullen, and Mr. W. H. Hinckley. Mr. Burrett went to the Brewing Room, under his father, who was then head brewer, on February 5th, 1877, and

remained there until his retirement, February 5th, 1929. He had been there fifty-two years to the day, a coincidence he did not notice till looking over some old papers since.

Mr. Burrett never indulged in much sport, but he used to be very fond of a day's spinning for pike and has landed fish by this means up to 14 lbs. He made his own rods and spinners. On one occasion, while spinning, he caught a seagull. Most of his spare time, however, since leaving school, he spent at his bench and lathe. He was never happier than when "tinkering" with wood or metal, and was clever at this work.

When he had been at the Brewery for fifty years he was given a beautiful silver tea service, inscribed:—

Presented to Edwin John Burrett by the Directors of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., Reading, on the completion of fifty years' loyal and valuable service to the Firm, September 17th, 1925.



Mr. BURRETT.

BEER AS FOOD.

A MAYOR'S INTERESTING SPEECH.

At the annual dinner of the Windsor and District Licensed Victuallers' Protection and Benevolent Association, held at the "White Hart" Hotel, Windsor, the Mayor of Windsor (Lieut.-Col. Stephen Wright, C.B.E.) said he had been referred to as an expert on food, and he said, without fear of contradiction, that one of the greatest foods in the country was beer. (Applause.) It was thirty years since he said that a moderate meal should be associated with a glass of beer. At that time he knew not why, but he knew that if one gave a man a haversack ration of bread and cheese it went nowhere if he had a drink from a water bottle. The meal was stagnant, and probably not a meal at all. But give the man a glass of beer and bread and cheese and it was a perfect diet. (Cheers.) He did not know then that within a few years medical science would bring into their midst the question of vitamins. There were vitamins in yeast. Why did beer give one a perfect meal? It had yeast in it which broke up and assimilated the whole of the food one ate. "Take a glass of beer," said the Mayor, "and you whistle and sing." He desired to tell them a little story. A pint of beer to-day cost more than it did to keep a soldier daily from the year 1660 to 1796. (Laughter.) It was remarkable that in the year 1660, when King Charles II. was allowed a nucleus army of 5,000 men, an Act of Parliament was passed by which there was allowed for the maintenance of a soldier, 8d. per day. There were no barracks in those days, and all soldiers had to be billeted on innkeepers and victuallers, who were allowed 4d. per day for lodgings, fuel, and beer, and that was all they were paid for keeping a soldier for twenty-four hours, and they had to give the soldier three quarts of beer a day! No change took place in the conditions of soldiers' lives as far as billeting was concerned for about 160 years. At the time of the mutiny at the Nore, at the end of the seventeenth century, great changes were made with regard to the Army and Navy. When considerable difficulties were taking place in connection with the mutinies, it was recorded that the way the men were pacified was by raising their allowance of beer from three to five quarts a day. It was an awful pity to see the price a man had to pay now for his beer and tobacco. In the old days a man used to go home on Saturday and have his "pint," and he would put away 2s. to last him the week for half an ounce of tobacco a day and his pint of beer at night. Those were the men who put the pick into the ground with a will and worked hard for the country. But this could not be done now. "Bring back to this country," he said, "a cheap half ounce of tobacco and a cheap pint of beer, and you will have a man in loyalty as solid as ever you would have any man in the world." (Loud applause.)

MR. W. J. NICHOLSON'S EXPERIENCES IN IRELAND.

The following extract from a letter written by Mr. Nicholson, whose photograph appears on our front page, gives a graphic account of events in Ireland during the years 1916 to 1922 and recalls the terrible experiences through which he, his family and staff, passed in that troublous period:—

Our Dublin Branch was situated in the heart of the city with its offices, stores, stables and Manager's residence ideally grouped together. The business conducted from the Dublin Branch took in all Ireland, all goods being despatched from there. Practically all our trade was among the Military. During the years 1916-22 we were well garrisoned with British troops, and particularly so in 1921-22, when thousands began to pour into all parts of the country and we had the honour of supplying the majority, especially Sergeants' Messes. Before the troublesome times, during the summer months, we had Brigade and Divisional training and manœuvres all round the country, which entailed the erecting of marquees and supplying the necessary equipment, in which I am pleased to say I took my part. The camps often distanced from 3 to 8 miles from the nearest railway station, which journeys I principally did on my push bicycle, meaning some uphill work; but I took a keen interest, and enjoyed the change from the office. These were the very happy years of my time, but I must now recall some of the thrilling ones.

Easter Week, 1916, when Dublin was a blaze of fire and rebellion at its height, when business was impossible and all means of transport suspended, set one thinking of the best way to get supplies to our customers in outlying districts, but nearing the end of the week things began to get somewhere near normal and it was not very long before H. & G. S. had a hired motor lorry scurrying along the road to Curragh Camp to quench almost a week's thirst of some of our old customers. After a storm there came a calm, but unhappily not for long, as during the years 1920 and 1922 there was renewed trouble. During these years I can never forget my experience of the difficulty of travelling and transport. Endeavouring each week to visit our customers—either North, South, East or West—was an art; arriving at the different stations in the early morning, very often finding no trains running, lines blown up further down. What's best to do? Try another line! Lucky in the start; but before many miles were covered, all turned out, and get to one's destination whatever way possible. Posting was another big difficulty. I have frequently taken my letters from Dublin to Kingstown—some six miles by tramcar—to ensure them catching the night mail.

I, too, have had the horrible experience of an ambush. It was on the morning of 18th June, 1921. On arriving at Kingsbridge Station, Dublin, to catch the 8.20 a.m. train to Newbridge or Kildare, for Curragh Camp, the train had left the station only five minutes when it was ambushed. I can tell you it caused considerable commotion amongst all passengers, but, on reaching the next station, all being turned out, happily it was found there were no casualties. Many and many were the happenings, too numerous to mention, and although buildings were blown to atoms within a few yards of our premises, not one member of our staff nor our premises suffered any loss. Considering the continual sniping from housetops right opposite our doors I can tell you, taking all things into consideration, "It's a marvel we're alive to tell the tale." But I must not speak as if I were the only one of our Staff involved. I would like to kindly mention Mr. J. Lazzari, now at Ludgershall, who then represented us for the South of Ireland and who also had some very exciting experiences and difficulties. Also our Dublin Branch Foreman, A. Woodward, now at Reading, who, together with our carters, James Nolan, Christopher Chambers, and William Osborne (the latter now at Ludgershall), worked splendidly, arranging their loads and delivering their orders when bullets whizzed round about them.

"BEHIND LOCKED DOORS."

The above was the title given by *The Daily Mail* to a paragraph in that paper reporting a Magicians' Dinner held in London at a West End restaurant on the 3rd March. The occasion was the Dinner of the International Brotherhood of Magicians, and I, quite a nonentity in the conjuring world, was invited to attend. I did so with great pleasure and saw many fine and startling things. Perhaps if I detailed a few of these it might be of interest to some readers.

After the Dinner and the observance of the loyal toast, we had a programme and the artistes were entirely magicians.

Mr. Oswald Rae opened up with some novel effects and sleights with thimbles and finished by finely presenting a rope trick, in which a length of rope is cut in the middle and then completely restored and, just to show us how it was done (?), he did it again with equal success.

Next on the list came Prof. Bofeys and he did some good things. One of his effects was producing a glass of milk from some paper shavings and, placing it under a cardboard tube, he made it disappear and then produced it from another tube which he had just shown empty.

Mr. T. H. Chislett then obliged with some very interesting effects. One of his best, I think, was when he showed a glass frame empty and then taking a cover of a magazine, on which was a girl's picture, rolled same up into a small ball and, on re-opening, found the girl's picture had vanished and had arrived quite safely in the frame.

Mr. Nelson Denys did some original effects. I liked his trick with a one pound note, but enough said about this as, perhaps, one day at the Social Club this effect may be done—that is, of course, if a one pound note can be borrowed (?).

We then had an interval and talked "magic" for some little while.

"Dleisfen," a Yorkshire magician, was next on the programme and amused us with some sleights with thimbles and also did a very good handkerchief trick. For the latter, a handkerchief is borrowed, placed in a paper tube, which is then cut into small pieces with the handkerchief still inside. The little effect is then finished by producing the handkerchief undamaged and tied very securely at the end of some string from cardboard case.

Mr. Sid Lorraine, a Canadian magician, showed us some fine things with a pack of cards and, to put it in the words of *The Daily Mail*, he "hypnotized the pack of cards." He then showed us a little effect of "Find the Lady" with four cards. This was quite good and (who knows?) might one day be shown also in the Social Club.

The last item was by Mr. George Davenport, who showed us some stock tricks.

This concluded the programme, but not the talking. Oh, no! This went on until the early hours of the morning.

I, personally, thoroughly enjoyed the evening and, although not able to teach much (if any), was able to learn quite a lot. I did not envy the artistes in the least, as it very difficult to show magic to other magicians, but I think they deserved to be congratulated on their respective shows and, speaking for myself, I was completely mystified at some of the things I saw.

P.J.

[The contributor of the above paragraph is quickly making a name for himself in the world of conjuring. He should prove very useful during the summer months to produce bottled beers from empty cases or someone's hat if we happen to run short.—*Editor, H.L.G.*].

INNS AND ALE.

THE CENTRES OF GOOD FELLOWSHIP.

The English inn, ale and good fellowship, are they not inseparable? Its swinging sign teems with history to the traveller who understands, for it is the traveller who really loves his inn. Does it not hold out to him rest and refreshment—ale? The story of the inn has come right down to us from the earliest days and there is no period in English history in which mention is not made of the inn. Modern transport has perhaps driven some of the older ones off the main highways or they have been rebuilt with too little attention for tradition and memories. But the seeker after the picturesque can still find it, if not on the main roads at least in the lanes and byways, which are still the great charm of the English countryside. Search in the little hamlets and you will find nestled by the grey old church the old inn, good ale and good friends. Along the highway we may have come to seek our rest and there, in some low-ceilinged room, from gleaming pewter or foaming glass, make Time our servant and not master.

An innless England is inconceivable, for it is certain that inns made their appearance in this country from the earliest days of its civilisation, although the history of ale goes back very much farther. Evidence of brewing as a skilled industry has been found in Egypt dating back five thousand years, and it is certain that ale has come in with civilisation. It required settled habits to deal with the growing of grain and brewing therefrom and prehistoric man with nomadic habits had no time for this, and no doubt contented himself with drinks made from wild fruits. Brewing was an industry cultivated in most of the great English monasteries and in mediaeval times the office of Cellarer was much sought after.

The Abbey at Burton-on-Trent was noted in those early days for its good ale, and some local wit of those times who knew his Abbot has left the following amusing rhyme:—

“The Abbot of Burton brewed good ale,
On Fridays when they fasted;
But the Abbot of Burton never tasted his own
As long as his neighbour's lasted.”

For many centuries the inn played many parts in the social life of this country, and the inn as a place of resort and a common meeting ground for people at large served for a variety of purposes. Their use as markets and other forms of trading is a very ancient one and fulfilled a useful purpose. How much local and public business was once conducted in a village inn! At one time inns must have been the parish council chamber. A few generations back the company at a village inn included all the village “fathers”

who assembled there, not only for conviviality, but to discuss and arrange public affairs. On other occasions they have been used for a less worthy object, and it is a matter of history that the Gunpowder Plot was started at a meeting of conspirators held at the “Red Lion” at Dunchurch. Another meeting which marked a great change in English history took place in a Derbyshire inn called the “Cock and Magpie,” at Whittington, for it was there that the then Earl of Devonshire called a meeting which brought William Prince of Orange to the throne of England and the “Plotting Parlour,” as it was called of this house, was for years a great show place.

The inn has been used as a prison on numerous occasions and royal captives have been held in duress in them. Mary Queen of Scots was a prisoner at the “Bull” Inn, Coventry, and Charles I. was confined in an inn at Maidenhead before being brought to Caversham to await trial.

The inn is beloved of the novelist and references to them can be found in all the works of Fielding, Smollett and Dickens. Dickens was without doubt a lover of the English inn and all his works have vivid descriptions of life and manners at the posting houses and inns of the times. He knew that the first desire of the traveller was good fare and comfort, which could only be found in the village ale house or inn, and all the Dickensian inns were drawn from reality.

The inn sign is of great antiquity and many are derived from local legend or from national events. The bush was probably the first sign and was at one time the universal token for an inn. There are many survivals of this ancient sign: others have names which plainly denote their origin and tell their own story, while another class, from the heraldic emblems, owe their existence to their proximity to the lands of some ancient house and have taken all or part of the coat of arms as their sign.

F.M.

 THE LIGHTER SIDE.

CONDUCTOR (to passenger who has brought in a heavy sack with him): “Fourpence, please.”

PASSENGER: “What for? I thocht the fare was tuppence.”

CONDUCTOR: “So it is, but there's another tuppence for the sack.”

PASSENGER (opening sack): “Oh! is there? Sandy, ye'll better come oot and pay yer ain fare.”

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

"What's in the air to-day?" Hearing these words being sung a few days ago the thought came to my mind how applicable are they to this season of the year, the answer without hesitation being "Spring." We here, in this pleasant land of ours, cannot but notice that winter is, though perhaps slowly, receding into the background: early mornings and nights may still be distinctly on the cool side, but even frosts become less severe as the days go by, and Nature must necessarily come into her own.

Members of the feathered world are now very early astir and quite a chorus greets me every morning when I awake, and how busy they are gathering material for their nests! Taking a walk into the country quite recently I was surprised to notice how great strides had taken place: trees were beginning to show buds and much growth could be seen in the sheltered hedgerows, while a lark was trilling forth her welcome to the spring far up in the air. And in what short space of time has this transformation of the earth taken place. Only a few short weeks ago we were shivering in the grip of an icy wave—some of the severest weather experienced in this country for many a year—when it was really a difficult problem to keep warm, and yet March, which can also mete out some very cold weather, has broken records with high temperatures, some of which have reached summer level.

One and all have been quick to take advantage of this glorious sunshine for is it not impressed upon us almost daily in the Press how valuable to our health are the sun's rays? Thus, with all Nature being resurrected, we await with expectancy the forthcoming festival of Easter, hoping that weather conditions may be such as will afford us further opportunities of getting out of our houses into the fresh air so that we may enjoy to the full the benefits of our temperate climate.

The feminine mind is somewhat disturbed by the change in the weather as with the advent of bright and warmer days fresh clothes must seem to be a necessity. Therefore fashion books, shop windows and the like are eagerly scanned in the endeavour to find the latest style and to solve such problems as "Will pleats remain in favour, or must they give way to flares?" etc., etc. The mere man, of course, is not troubled to quite such an extent. His clothes are more uniform and although it is sometimes stated that women's dress is tending that way, too, the fairer sex will never escape from the desire of change. Therefore each succeeding year will bring in its train the many problems and interests of fashion and dress.

M.P.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

An eminent Scottish divine met two of his own parishioners at the house of a lawyer who was known to be a very sharp practitioner. The lawyer ungraciously asked: "Doctor, those are members of your flock; may I ask, do you look upon them as white sheep or as black sheep?" "I don't know," answered the divine, dryly, "whether they are black or white sheep, but I know if they are long here they are pretty sure to be fleeced."

* * * *

In a cathedral city, the annual dinner of a charitable organisation was being arranged. When it came to making out the toast list the new secretary asked: "Is it customary to toast the bishop?" "Oh, yes," replied one of the committee, "the bishop is always drunk at this dinner."

* * * *

A certain very nervous young curate had to discourse one morning upon the vicissitudes of Jonah and the whale. "And for three days and three nights," he began, "Jonah was in the——." He blushed, stammered, stopped, and then started again. "For three days and three night Jonah was in the——." Once more he was covered with confusion, and once again he stopped and mopped his face with his handkerchief. Then he gathered his courage in both hands and with a mighty effort he finished triumphantly: "And for three days and three nights Jonah was in the society of the whale."

* * * *

MINISTER: "I wish to announce that on Wednesday evening next week the Ladies' Guild will have a rummage sale. This a chance for all the ladies of the congregation to get rid of anything that is not worth keeping but is too good to be thrown away. Don't forget to bring your husbands."

* * * *

The following story is told of a famous bishop. On a certain golf course one of the holes is known as "Hell," and players who are unfortunate enough to get into the bunker at "Hell's Hole" usually pick out and lose the usual stroke. The bishop got into the bunker and asked his caddie what he ought to do. The caddie informed him that the wisest thing to do was to pick out, but the bishop asked for his niblick. By a great stroke of fortune he got the ball completely over the bunker. "There, what do you think of that?" he asked the caddy in triumph. The caddie thought a moment. "Well, sir," he replied, "if I was you I should take that niblick with you when you die!"

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The curate's bride had been very venturesome and essayed to cook a turkey for the first time. "I don't know how it is," remarked the husband, "but this bird's got bones all over it. Just listen to the knife on them." "Oh, how silly of you, dear," exclaimed the wife. "Those aren't bones; those are shells!" "Shells?" queried the curate in surprise. "Yes, dear," she replied, "You said you liked turkey with oyster stuffing!"

SOCIAL CLUB.

BUILDING DEPARTMENT GOING STRONG FOR CHALLENGE CUP.

Mainly owing to the prevalence of illness amongst the members of the Club our activities have had to be considerably curtailed. This included the postponement of two tournaments with other Clubs, viz., the Trades Union and Salisbury; also the Departmental Tournaments were likewise affected. However, the matches are now nearing completion and much interest and enthusiasm still prevail. As will be seen by the table given below there is not a lot of difference between the teams. The Building Department are certainly going very strong and are holding great hopes of winning the Challenge Cup for this season.

The postponed matches with the Trades Union and Salisbury Clubs will be held later, probably in the early part of next season, when we hope that the situation will have resumed its normal state.

DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

RESULT OF GAMES PLAYED TO WEEK ENDING 15TH MARCH.

Team.	Number of Tournaments played.	Number of Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
Building ...	5	90	51	37	2	52
Transport ...	4	72	40	30	2	41
Coopers ...	5	90	40	50	—	40
Rest ...	4	72	33	37	2	34
Cellars ...	4	72	33	38	1	33½
Offices ...	4	72	32	37	3	33½

FRIDAY, 15TH MARCH, 1929.

Games.	COOPERS.			TRANSPORT.		
	Name.	Points.		Name.	Points.	
Billiards ...	R. Griffiths ...	1		E. Champion ...	0	
" ...	C. Weller ...	1		A. Dalton ...	0	
" ...	W. Sparks ...	1		J. Champion ...	0	
Dominoes ...	H. Plank ...	1		H. Hinxman ...	0	
" ...	C. Latimer ...	0		G. Marsh ...	1	
" ...	T. Williams ...	1		J. Embling ...	0	
Crib ...	C. Latimer ...	0		F. Hamilton ...	1	
" ...	G. Kelly, Senr. ...	1		G. Marsh ...	0	
" ...	A. Dalton ...	1		A. Grove ...	0	
Shove Halfpenny ...	A. Weight ...	0		F. Adey ...	1	
" ...	G. Kelly, Jnr. ...	0		H. Taylor ...	1	
" ...	F. Middleton ...	0		F. Hamilton ...	1	
Darts ...	A. Weight ...	0		H. Price ...	1	
" ...	G. Kelly, Senr. ...	1		H. Taylor ...	0	
" ...	C. Weller ...	0		T. Tame ...	1	
Shooting ...	T. Bartholomew ...	0		E. Champion ...	1	
" ...	W. Sparks ...	0		S. Whiting ...	1	
" ...	H. Clements ...	0		J. Champion ...	1	
		8			10	

READING & DISTRICT CLUBS BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

DIVISION I.

MONDAY, 25TH FEBRUARY.

Henley Y.M.C.A.

H. & G. S. Social.

T. Tranter ...	149	v.	A. Howard ...	150
G. Blackham ...	86	v.	R. Clement ...	150
W. Akroyd ...	150	v.	A. Dalton ...	109
W. Sharpe ...	150	v.	F. Braisher ...	71
R. Wood ...	150	v.	R. Griffiths ...	92
A. Carpenter ...	150	v.	S. Bird ...	101
Handicap ...	50			
	885			673

Winning Team, Henley Y.M.C.A. with 212.

MONDAY, 4TH MARCH.

H. & G. S. Social.

Pangbourne Constitutional.

A. Howard ...	150	v.	R. Nicholls ...	105
R. Clement ...	122	v.	J. Harper ...	150
A. Dalton ...	150	v.	F. Nicholls ...	110
F. Braisher ...	106	v.	E. Stone ...	150
R. Griffiths ...	150	v.	F. Pym ...	126
S. Bird ...	51	v.	G. Stone ...	150
			Handicap ...	50
	729			841

Winning Team, Pangbourne Constitutional by 112.

MONDAY, 11TH MARCH.

H. & G. S. Social.

A. Howard	150
R. Clement	140
A. Dalton	150
G. Boddington	44
F. Braisher	102
R. Griffiths	121

Reading Y.M.C.A.

G. Nicholson	67
E. Aitken	150
G. Garry	127
E. Champain	150
F. Mead	150
D. Oliver	150

707

794

Winning Team, Reading Y.M.C.A. by 87.

MONDAY, 18TH MARCH.

Reading Y.M.C.A.

G. Nicholson	150
E. Young	150
E. Aitken	150
E. Champain	150
F. Mead	96?
D. Oliver	150

H. & G. S. Social.

A. Howard	105
A. Dalton	23
G. Boddington	81
F. Braisher	52
R. Griffiths	150
J. Doe	129

846?

540

Winning Team, Reading Y.M.C.A. with 306.

DIVISION II.

MONDAY, 25TH FEBRUARY.

Caversham Constitutional.

A. Moss	100
E. Withers	74
J. Carey	66
O. Howard	62
J. Hinton	100
J. Carr	100

H. & G. S. Social.

R. Broad	96
H. Davis	100
J. Doe	100
E. Palmer	100
C. Weller	99
G. Poole	95
Handicap	25

502

615

Winning Team, H. & G. S. Social by 113.

MONDAY, 4TH MARCH.

H. & G. S. Social.

R. Broad	100
H. Davis	100
J. Doe	100
C. Weller	100
E. Palmer	100
G. Poole	100
Handicap	25

Caversham Constitutional.

A. Moss	78
J. Carey	50
F. Withers	56
F. Crane	79
J. Hinton	70
J. Cross	52

625

385

Winning Team, H. & G. S. Social by 240.

CRICKET.

PROSPECTS FOR COMING SEASON.

With the tour of the M.C.C. team in Australia and the retaining of the "Ashes" by the English team, interest in cricket has been maintained at home throughout the winter. We at the Brewery have been showing great keenness in the Tests, and the *Daily Mail* bulletins which were exhibited during the earlier ones were eagerly examined by all and sundry to see how we stood.

Well, that is now over, and we can come down to earth again, and it is hoped that the same keenness will be shown by all Breweryites in their own Club.

Two teams will again take the field and the Executive of the Club are hoping that sufficient interest will be shown to make those teams thoroughly representative, so that the honour of the Firm and the Club can be carried on with success and give our opponents good and keen games. That can only be done by all the cricketers on the Firm pulling together and backing up the captains of the two teams.

Before we start playing we have to select the captains and officials of the Club, and that will be done at the Social Club on Friday, April 12th. The Chair will be taken at 8 o'clock and all the members of the Cricket Club and those who wish to join our ranks are cordially invited to attend.

We have plenty of good tackle, a good bank balance, a lorry to take us out to our country trips, and it only needs the men to wield the willow, bowl the ball and generally back up in the field, to ensure a happy and successful season.

BOWLING AT THE CASTLE INN, HURST.

With the advent of Spring and the near approach of "Summer Time" the thoughts of many sportsmen are turning, with pleasurable anticipation, to a renewal of activities on the bowling greens of the district, and a large number will seek and find that well-known rendezvous of bowlers, the Castle Inn (sometimes known as the Church House Inn) at Hurst. The bowling green at this house is situated amidst surroundings of exceptional beauty and charm. It was relaid in 1902, and a pavilion was erected, and all who gather there can forget for a while the stress and strain that modern conditions of life impose upon busy townsmen (and women). One can at once feel a pleasing sense of restfulness and an old-world peace, reminiscent of the antiquity of the house and its historical associations, and can gain refreshment of body and mind; and,

of course, the "Hop Leaf" brands that are dispensed by mine host, always in excellent condition, assist in a wonderful way in this good work.

The green itself is now in splendid condition and, consequently, is ready for the first match of the season, which is to be played on Wednesday, April 24th, by a team to be taken to Hurst by Mr. John Foster (Bull Hotel, Reading), Secretary of the Berks County Bowling Association, the players to be selected from the various Clubs in the County that are affiliated to the English Bowling Association.

The game of bowls, as played during the past twenty years, is very different to that played by our forefathers. During the years 1868 to 1901, when there was only one bowling club in Reading—in Crown Street—Mr. Thomas Blea was tenant at the house, and a team of bowlers from Reading played matches every year, and the green was anything but level. On three sides it had high sloping banks and it was a common thing to see the bowls roll up the bank and back towards the jack (this was all part of the game) or out of play into the flower border. Reading players will remember meeting on the green the late Mr. Andrews, Mr. Isaac Lewis and Mr. H. Meaby, who were all excellent players, and possibly some will remember the following who played for Reading:—J. Arnold, R. Arnold, G. Finey, H. Kidgell, H. F. Lindars, C. Moffatt, J. Neale, J. Portsmouth, J. Suddaby, W. H. Simonds and H. Wright.

Last year the Hurst and Wokingham Bowling Club became affiliated and made their headquarters at the Castle Inn Hurst. With the assistance of the glorious summer they enjoyed a very satisfactory season and all the arrangements of the Committee and their capable and energetic Secretary (Mr. W. W. Wixen) met with a large measure of success. Home competitions and friendly games were all much enjoyed. The handsome challenge cup, presented by the Directors, was won, and will be held for one year by Mr. Painter.

At the close of the season a Dinner was held, all arrangements being carried out by the genial tenant, Mr. W. W. Wall, to the full satisfaction of all who attended. Mr. C. Bennett was in the Chair (in the regretted absence of Mr. H. F. Lindars) and also presented the cups and prizes.

Mr. David Goddard, with his "Cheerio" Concert Party, gave an excellent account of themselves in the musical part of the programme.

It is hoped that a goodly number of bowlers and their friends will enjoy at least a few happy hours at Hurst during the summer of 1929.

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

It was with feelings of the deepest satisfaction that all the Staff at this Branch heard the good news that Mr. F. A. Simonds was progressing favourably after his serious illness and we all sincerely hope that he may be speedily restored to good health.

Our hearty congratulations are given to Mrs. F. A. Simonds, O.B.E., on the well-merited honour shewn her in the New Year Honours List; also our sympathy during the anxious time she has recently passed through.

The March issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, containing the announcement of the Royal Warrant appointing the Firm Brewers to His Majesty the King, marks another milestone in the splendid history of the Firm. To everybody connected it was a matter of the keenest delight, and from this Branch we also extend our congratulations to the Directors.

In connection with the arrival at the Portsmouth Garrison of the 2nd Battn. of the South Wales Borderers from Aden, it is interesting to recall that Bandmaster O'Donnell, who served with the Battalion at one time, had three sons born into the Regiment. They all inherited his gifts and are now musical directors, one with the Portsmouth Division of the Royal Marines, one with the Plymouth Division of the Royal Marines, and one with the Wireless Military Band. This Battalion arrived home at the time Portsmouth was suffering from some of the coldest weather experienced for years; following this there was an outbreak of burst water pipes, which, if anything, was worse than the cold. However, the welcome accorded them to some extent, we hope, made up for the unkindness of the weather.

An interesting and enjoyable evening was spent when the members of the Sergeants' Mess, 1st Welch Regiment, Gosport, were entertained by the Royal Marines Sergeants' Mess at Eastney Barracks, the programme consisting of Billiards, Whist and a Smoking Concert, the Welch Regiment winning the Billiards and the Marines the Whist. Great fun was caused by a practical joker substituting a "wobbly" ball for another on the table during the game, unnoticed by the players concerned. The players watched the peculiar movements of this ball, and it was some considerable time before the real cause of its unorthodox movements was discovered.

Q.M.S.I. Peasnell (President of the Royal Marines Sergeants' Mess) made a speech of welcome to the members of the Welch

Regiment, and said he hoped that this would not be the only time they would meet in social events. In reply the President of the Welch Regiment spoke of the pleasant evening spent and said they could claim a close relation to the "Royals" as they had fought in naval engagements in Nelson's Days and so had the naval pattern crown in their colours. Musical items were rendered by several members of the Mess, who also performed a burlesque entitled "The Understudy," which caused great laughter. The evening was brought to a close by the band playing "Land of My Fathers," "Auld Lang Syne," and the National Anthem. The arrangements were carried out by a committee under Colour-Sergt. Jones.

PORTSMOUTH F.C. AND THE ENGLISH CUP.

The question that is probably being asked more than any other in the Football world at the present time is: "Can 'Pompey' win the Cup for the South?" There is no doubt in the minds of Portsmouth F.C. supporters that the team is capable of the feat, providing the players produce the form shown in recent cup matches. In the Third Round Charlton Athletic gave "Pompey" a fright at Fratton Park. Playing a very fast and open game they scored first and retained their lead until well into the second half. "Pompey" then put on "full steam" and scored twice, the winning goal coming near the call of time. This game was probably the hardest of "Pompey's" matches in the Cup competition so far this season, although their subsequent opponents were much bigger lights in football circles. In the Fourth Round, Bradford City were beaten two goals to nil, "Pompey" thus avenging the defeat in the Cup competition inflicted on them by Bradford City a few seasons ago. (On that occasion, "Pompey" were actually leading by two goals when the referee stopped the game owing to weather conditions; in the replay Bradford City were the winners.) Chelsea were next drawn as Cup opponents and the teams met in the Fifth Round at the fine ground at Stamford Bridge. Here "Pompey" played a really great game and the London papers gave them credit for the performance in playing their favourites to a draw, Chelsea being lucky in escaping defeat. In the replay at Fratton Park the Londoners were a well-beaten side at the finish, although the score against them was only one goal to nil. This goal was disputed by the Chelsea players as being scored from an offside position. As a matter of fact, the player who scored was behind the ball and to the right of the mix-up near goal, from which the ball emerged after glancing off a Chelsea defender. The former point was unnoticed by a great many, although the latter placed the scorer onside, of course. The crowd at this replayed

tie numbered a little short of a record for the ground. West Ham United were the next opponents to be met and the famous London side were fancied as winners by the experts. For this match at Fratton Park the record crowd of nearly 40,000 people gathered and thousands could not obtain admission to the ground. The "Hammers" brought a big crowd of supporters with them, who made themselves much heard. The game opened in a sensational manner, "Pompey" scoring a beautifully-worked-for goal in forty-five seconds from the start. The ball travelled swiftly from one Portsmouth player to the other, being finally centred from the left wing for the inside right to score with a brilliant first-time shot. This early goal naturally had an exhilarating effect on the home team and they completely outplayed their opponents in every department of the game and led at half-time by three goals to nil. In the second half "Pompey" seemed to be content with their lead and West Ham, playing hard, nearly pulled the game "out of the fire" by scoring two good goals. However, "Pompey" were worthy winners and on this form have nothing to fear in the semi-final round, which they have reached for the first time in the Club's history. Their opponents this time will be Aston Villa, to whom Reading gave a hard game in the Fifth Round. The position of "Pompey" in the First Division of the League is causing a lot of heartache to their many supporters; but it is still thought that if the players keep their present form, and keep free from injury, they can maintain the Club's place in the highest circle of football and win the English Cup this season. The writer feels sure that all football followers who are also readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE will wish them success, as the last hope of the South, in this season's Cup competition.

[Well played, "Pompey"! It was a great achievement to beat Aston Villa. Now for the Cup. Bring it South!—*Editor, H.L.G.*]

SERGEANTS' MESS, 1ST BATTN. THE WELCH REGIMENT.

A very successful Ball was held at New Barracks, Gosport, on St. David's Day, 1st March, 1929. The Gymnasium was very attractively decorated by the energetic President of the Entertainment Committee, ably assisted by his understrappers, who were untiring in their efforts to make it a success, which no doubt it was. Our thanks are due to the splendid assistance given by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., Portsmouth Branch, for providing us with four marquees and supplying the wants of the dancers with the usual "S.B." beverage. Dancing commenced at 9.30 p.m. and continued till the small hours of the morning. During the evening the custom of eating the leek took place; this is done by new members who have joined the Mess since the previous March.

Really everyone wanted to be a new member. After this ceremony had taken place the cry was: "Give me an 'S.B.'"—no doubt they required it. Supper was served from 11 p.m. onwards and after more dancing and "S.B." the happy but tired guests departed.

Some few weeks since, the Corporals also held a most successful Dance, at which everybody appeared to be having the best of times. The photo below is a flashlight photo taken in the Gymnasium at this Dance.



Corporals' Mess, 1st Battn. The Welch Regiment.
A group of the Dancers.

HYTHE.

By the time these lines appear the first Festival of 1929 will be over, and with it the first quarter of the year. Very few of us will be sorry to see the end of the first period as it has been a very difficult time. Trade is never too good in these parts from Christmas to Easter, but this year it has been deplorable. Ours is not the only trade to suffer; everyone else has been complaining that it has been the worst time they have known. It is quite understandable, however, as apart from the building trade we have no industries of any kind to keep money circulating, and directly the bad weather came all building ceased and things were at a standstill. All that is over now and we are looking forward to brighter days. We are all optimists at Hythe and so we are looking forward to a record season. There are two snags on the horizon to be surmounted: first we shall have the Budget and we are all wondering if Mr. Winston Churchill will show our trade any favour this time; then we have the general election to follow.

There has been a great deal of discussion lately as to the merits and demerits of the Channel Tunnel and we think that the concensus of opinion is that we stand to gain as it taps a much bigger population on the other side than ours, many of whom would like to pay us a visit but will not risk the channel crossing.

During the past month we have held our annual dinner, and our football team have fought their way into the semi-final of another Cup, which comes off on the 16th and we hope to give the result in a later note.

ANNUAL STAFF DINNER.

Another annual dinner has come and gone and it is acknowledged on all hands that it was the best of the series. It was held in the new restaurant at the railway terminus and the catering was in the hands of Mrs. Farmer, who is to be congratulated on the excellent menu and the way in which everything was served.

The following account is taken from the *Hythe Reporter*:—

In the unavoidable absence of any Director of the Firm, the chair was taken by Mr. H. Cole, the Secretary, who during the dinner read a telegram from Mr. Shea-Simonds much regretting his inability to be present owing to illness. A letter of regret was also read from Mr. H. Mackeson.

In proposing the toast of "The Firm," Mr. J. C. Mullin said they were proud to belong to such a world-famous Firm as Simonds. They all very much regretted that no Director was present as they always welcomed them, and they were very sorry to hear that Major Shea-Simonds was prevented from coming through illness. They would all be sorry to hear too that Mr. F. A. Simonds had been ill, but a letter had come to the Brewery that morning saying that he was a little better.

They were all very pleased in these days of amalgamation when big firms were swallowing up the smaller ones, that they were one of the big firms, and there was no fear of them being blotted out. Just as in the old days Folkestone was a limb of Hythe they could look upon themselves as a limb of Reading, and as now Folkestone had outgrown Hythe so, perhaps, some day they might outgrow their parent.

He hoped that the Chairman would convey to the Directors that they had a perfectly loyal staff in every sense of the word at Hythe.

PAST CHANGES.

They had had a few changes during the past year. Mr. A. P. F. Chapman was one, because he wanted something stronger than beer, and from what they could hear he seemed to be doing

very well on it. In his place they had to welcome Mr. Pike, and now, on the eve of the dinner, they welcomed Mr. Colson, who came from Swansea. The Brewery had had quite a good year on the social side. Their cricket team did very well, although the Elham Police beat them. Their football team had been very successful and were in the final for a cup which was being played off on Good Friday. The Brewery Optimists had also been very much in demand. As regards their Chairman, he found it very hard to say much about him, as he did not seem to have had a past. As they would remember he was absent last year, which they were told was probably due to the "Cole shortage." Although most of them did not see so much of him as they did of the speaker he could assure them he always worked hard in the office for their benefit, and should the pension scheme, which the Directors were considering, come to fruition, they might rest assured that Mr. Cole would see that they all received proper consideration. (Applause.)

TEAM-WORK THAT PAYS.

The Chairman in his reply said: It is a matter for much regret that we are without the presence of one of our Directors. I am sure, however, that they will appreciate the expressions of loyal sentiment which have been uttered, and I am equally sure that I shall be voicing your feelings if, when informing the Directors, I also express, on your behalf, a wish for the speedy and complete recovery of Mr. Eric. (Hear, hear.) May I say also, it gives me great personal pleasure to see the social spirit that prevails here. After all, it is team work that pays, whether in sport or business, and in these days of fierce competition (and we have to meet our share of that), there is no room for business for internal friction. A firm is like a machine, and every employee is a wheel working in with another wheel. Internal friction is simply so much sand in the machine, and it makes the wheels run harder for everyone. As I said before, it is team work that pays.

Mr. Mullin referred to a possible pension scheme. I can only say that if the Directors are able to apply a scheme of this nature to Mackeson & Co., then they will find in me a strong supporter of it, as I am a great believer in such things. Then there is our connection with Reading. Nowadays, business shows a tendency towards the creation of corporations, trusts, amalgamations and mergers, possibly on the basis of unity being strength, and in our case it should give us more confidence and increased strength to know and feel that if we find things difficult, we have a firm so very much larger and stronger than ourselves on whom we can fall back.

Mr. Mullin and gentlemen, I thank you for the enthusiastic manner in which you received the toast. (Applause.)

THE VISITORS.

The toast of "The Visitors" was humorously proposed by Mr. Fairhead, Police-Sergeant Burren and Mr. Bates responding. Mr. Bates, representing the Folkestone Police Cricket Club, said that he hoped they would be able to bring down a stronger team this year, and that they would turn the tables on the Brewery eleven. He thought that the good old game of cricket was the finest game for cementing friendship.

A vote of thanks to the artistes was proposed by Mr. A. J. Beattie.

Our best thanks are due to the artistes who entertained us during the evening. Mr. Colson, Mr. Beattie, and Messrs. J. Middleton, J. Carpenter, Gubbins, George Austin and Fairhead all assisted in the good work. Mr. Colson proves a great acquisition to the Brewery staff from the entertainment point of view as he has an excellent baritone voice. We expect that his long sojourn in Wales has something to do with it. Mr. Gubbins too was a pleasing surprise and we expect to hear great things of him in the future. It was very unfortunate that Billy Wigg could not attend through illness, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Davison could not see his way to come. We all congratulate him on winning a first prize at the music festival held at Folkestone recently, however, and trust that he will give us the chance of hearing him another time. Mr. Fairhead was as usual all merry and bright. The treat of the evening was, however, Mr. G. Austin with his West Country dialect songs. We must reproduce one verse which he inserted into the song "Buttercup Joe":—

"We have got a cellar in our farm
It holds about ten barrels;
It's chocked right full of Mackeson's ales
And it saves a lot of quarrels.
We have XXXXX, M.S., and P.A.I.,
You might think I'm a liar,
But if old Churchill pays our rates
You can all come round and try 'er."

A very pleasant evening came to an end about 11.30; all too soon, as we had a great deal more talent which there was not time to get in, including Mr. Tom Smith who we know had been practising assiduously for some time.

STOP PRESS.

Hythe Brewery	...	2 goals
Charing	...	Nil.

We are now in two finals and hope to win both.

LONDON.

It is with great pleasure that we at London Stores note the steady improvement in the health of Mr. F. A. Simonds, and trust that now winter is behind us his progress will be accelerated, and he will benefit by the more equable weather that we hope will follow.

Our hearty congratulations to Mrs. F. A. Simonds, O.B.E., on the occasion of the well-deserved honour recently bestowed upon her.

The monthly frontispiece still holds great interest for us, and we noted with pleasure the inclusion in last month's issue of the photograph of another of our Reading departmental managers, Mr. F. C. Hawkes.

It was very gratifying to know of the Firm securing the Royal Warrant, and we are anxiously waiting the arrival of the coat-of-arms to be erected outside these Stores.

We are now at the commencement of a great season of sport in and around London. We hope to see many of our friends in London for the cup final at Wembley Stadium, where if able to approach the bars, they will obtain the "Hop Leaf" brand that Messrs. Letheby & Christopher, Ltd., will dispense. Please say "More S.B.!"

The various racecourses are now being prepared for the ensuing season, and we hope that flat racing will have a more successful season than that which has prevailed during the jumping period. Once again the Lingfield meeting had to be cancelled owing to the bad weather conditions, but we hope the Epsom Spring Meeting on April 22nd, 23rd and 24th and the Newmarket Spring Meeting on April 30th, May 1st, 2nd and 3rd, will prove successful. We hope to renew acquaintanceship with many of our catering friends at Epsom.

It was during 1924 that builders, mechanics, etc., first commenced operations in these premises, and it is now Spring, 1929. It is still necessary to state, when inquiring, whether it is the builders' foreman or our own that is required. In fact, if the workmen were to completely evacuate we should feel as if something was needed to fill in the gap, they having seemed to become component parts of the Stores. Even now we are waiting for a detachment of ladders to take up position. We anticipate their arrival with mixed emotions.

Our Mr. N. J. F. Nulty attended the Annual Dinner of the Leyton and District Trades Hall and Institute, Ltd., held at the Club premises at 452, High Road, Leyton, E.10, on March 5th. It was a most enjoyable and successful function, there being about

150 members and lady and gentlemen friends present. Mr. A. W. Baker presided, and during the evening the popular Secretary, Mr. W. G. J. Cole, proposed the toast of "The Visitors," to which our Mr. N. J. F. Nulty suitably responded. The dinner was followed by a concert and dance, which added greatly to the pleasure of the evening.

We hope our colleagues at Brighton enjoyed our notes of last month. We have not been hibernating during the winter season, but have unsuccessfully been trying to glean some news that the popular daily press had not already broadcast.

Most of our staff have during the past three months had a dose of the inevitable 'flu, but we are pleased to note that we are once again attaining our full staff, and hope that the approaching Summer will fully recuperate all those who unfortunately went "down."

BRIGHTON.

It was very gratifying to read in the March GAZETTE, and to hear subsequently, that Mr. Eric was recovering from his recent illness, and we sincerely hope that he will soon regain sufficient health and strength to be back at the Brewery. Perhaps a sojourn on the south coast would benefit him, as it has His Majesty the King, who has made such good progress towards convalescence since being at Craigweil House.

Easter will soon be upon us, and we hope that many visitors will follow the example of the King and come South for health and sunshine.

This year we especially are glad to herald the approach of Easter, for the past two months in Brighton have been exceptionally dull, no doubt due to the severe weather, and also illness, keeping likely visitors at home.

On Monday, March 11th, we had a visit from Her Majesty the Queen, who motored over from Craigweil House, Bognor. Her Majesty whilst here visited many antique shops, for which Brighton is famous, and made many purchases. A suite of furniture in one establishment, which was used by King George IV. when at the Royal Pavilion, greatly interested Her Majesty. The late King Edward, when staying at Hove, paid many visits to the antique shops of Brighton, he being a keen collector.

Visitors to Brighton will see many changes since their last visit. The new Aquarium is nearing completion, and it is hoped it will be open to the public by Whitsuntide. The old-time swimmers will miss Brill's Baths, which are now practically razed to the ground to make room for a super-cinema.

Thus, relics of Brighton, as other towns, have to go to make room for modern improvements, and Brighton's motto is "Ever Onward!"

The Corporation have also in hand a scheme for an open-air bathing pool, which it is supposed will be another attraction for the town. Also they have a big scheme, already under way, for the widening of the main streets, a very costly undertaking, but which in these days of increasing traffic has been rendered necessary.

Also some of the members of the Council who like to talk in millions, are trying to get an undercliff road to Rottingdean, but the feeling of the ordinary ratepayer is that we have enough to go on with at present without such Utopian ideas. Perhaps it will come, but we hope in the time of another generation of ratepayers.

The landlord and customers of the Ferry Arms, Shoreham, have distinguished themselves in the Shoreham and District Whist and Cribbage League by winning for the third time the two cups given by Major Sexton. The cups now become the property of the Ferry Arms Club. Host Laker says his team is trained on brown ale!

We should like to congratulate our Directors on the honour conferred on them in being appointed Brewers to His Majesty the King. What about a Royal brew?

WOKING.

WOKING AND DISTRICT CLUB STEWARDS.

The second annual Dinner of the Club Stewards of Woking and District was held at the Red House Hotel, Woking, on Wednesday, 6th March, when a large assembly of Stewards and friends participated in a capital repast served under the personal supervision of Host and Hostess Smith. Mr. A. Bennett presided.

The Loyal Toast having been duly honoured, the Chairman said they had received the sad news that day of the passing with such tragic suddenness of Mr. Edward Wheatley, who was not only one of Woking's prominent footballers, but was one who, by his life and example, had always worthily upheld the highest traditions of sportsmanship. As an assembly they would like to pay their respectful tributes to one they knew so well, and also to express their sympathy with his wife and relatives.

The Chairman then submitted the toast of "The Woking and District Club Stewards." He said it was a great honour to him to again be invited to preside over such a representative gathering

of the Club Stewards of the district. It was good to be able to see them all again, and under conditions of temporary freedom from the responsibilities which normally rested upon their shoulders. He hoped they would all spend a very happy evening, and carry away with them many pleasant memories of such an occasion. He was particularly pleased to see so many Stewards from outside the Woking area, and it was the wish of the promoters of that event that a very cordial welcome should be extended to them. In common with Clubs all over the country, the Clubs in the district had, during the past year, experienced a more difficult period than had been the case for some time past. Money had been rather less free in circulation, and unemployment had been somewhat severe in parts.

Proceeding, the Chairman said there was one subject to which he particularly wished to refer on that occasion as it had been somewhat prominently before the eye of the public of late, and that was the question of Night Clubs. It could not be too widely known that they as Club Stewards had nothing in common with the so-called "Night" Clubs, which were often run by aliens for their own individual gain, and whose aims and objects were as far removed from the great ideals and standards of the Club movement as truth was from falsehood. He had thought fit to mention this as some misunderstanding and misconceptions might arise in the minds of some people, and in their judgments and criticisms all Clubs might unhappily be "tarred with the same brush."

The authorities looked to the Stewards to uphold and maintain a high standard of conduct in the Clubs, and he was sure that they would always see to it that such a confidence was fully justified. The various Committees also looked to the Stewards to assist in securing a successful result on the business side of the Club, and this in itself called for many personal qualities: qualities of industry, integrity and ability.

Continuing, the Chairman said he hoped they would all enjoy good health during the year, and that 1929 would bring to the Clubs they represented a reasonable amount of prosperity. He hoped there would be few changes, and that he would be privileged to meet them and other friends under similar conditions early next year.

Mr. E. Wells (Woking Constitutional) responding, said how grateful he was to see such a good gathering that evening. There was much sickness in the district, due to the influenza wave, and he knew that some Stewards had unfortunately been prevented from attending, owing to that reason. He hoped they would speedily be restored to their usual health.

Mr. E. Loughnane (Old Woking) in submitting the toast of "The Visitors," said how encouraging it was to have so many visitors with them on that occasion. He most cordially welcomed them and hoped they would enjoy the function, and that next year even more visitors would favour them with their attendance.

Mr. R. Gough (Woking British Legion), in responding, said the Stewards had now held two functions, and he had been privileged to be present on both occasions. It was a very real pleasure to be in such congenial company. A good Steward was a valuable asset to a Club at all times.

Mr. W. R. Martin (West Byfleet Social) submitted the toast of "The Chairman," to which Mr. Bennett responded.

An exceptionally fine musical programme was given under the direction of Mr. Comber (Brookwood) and was quite a feature of the evening.

W. J. Price, the former Woking, Isthmian League, and Amateur International inside left, now playing as a professional with Fulham, has advanced another step towards gaining the highest individual honours possible for a footballer to obtain. On Monday, 11th March, he figured at Tottenham in the "Rest" team against the England eleven and contributed in no small degree to the side's success by two goals to one.

"Well played, Johnny!" Woking footballers look forward to your success in gaining your first full international cap.

Congratulations to the 1st Battalion The Royal Warwickshire Regiment (Woking) on reaching the final of the Army Cup. We shall follow the course of this match on Easter Monday with added interest.

WOOLWICH.

By the time these lines appear in print the Easter holidays will be over once again, and we hope trade at Headquarters and all Branches will be good. Of course, the weather will no doubt play a very important part.

All here were very concerned to hear of the very serious illness of our Managing Director, Mr. Eric, and we are indebted to Mr. C. E. Gough for keeping us posted with the good news that he is now progressing favourably.

Most of us here have been victims of the 'flu epidemic, but glad to say that only one or two have been confined to their rooms.

The very severe weather (good and bad) has caused trade to be very difficult. In this district there has been a general moan regarding business: even the publicans have been complaining. Still, with the better weather conditions approaching (probably) everything should brighten up once again.

Our Games Team (entire staff) visited the Woolwich Invicta Social Club on Thursday evening, February 21st, and received a hearty welcome from the Chairman, Secretary and all members.

A most enjoyable evening was spent, some of the games, especially the darts, causing considerable excitement, as in the game of 3,005 up a double-five on each side was required to decide the winners. Just imagine our disappointment when our Foreman missed the double-twenty and game by a "short head."

The results of the games were as under:—

DARTS.			
<i>Invicta Club.</i>		<i>H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.</i>	
Mr. Budd 395	Mr. A. W. C. Bowyer...	... 390
" Gilbert 435	" R. T. Kingwell	... 395
" Cullen 450	" S. H. Spurling	... 285
" Faulkner 340	" S. G. Fletcher	... 375
" Miller 375	" E. Bates	... 385
" Terras 300	" G. Skinner	... 415
" Buggins 380	" F. Thurston	... 315
" Huson 330	" S. Kingwell	... 435
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	3,005		2,995

BILLIARDS.			
<i>Invicta Club.</i>		<i>H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.</i>	
Mr. E. Baker 100	Mr. A. W. C. Bowyer...	... 82
" Jarvis 100	" S. G. Fletcher	... 94
" Reed 100	" S. H. Spurling	... 30
" Terras 100	" S. J. Corlett	... 80
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	400		286

CRIB.			
<i>Invicta Club.</i>		<i>H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.</i>	
Mr. Farrugia 1	Mr. G. Skinner	... 0
" Stanfield 1	" A. W. C. Bowyer...	... 0
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	2		0

RIFLE SHOOTING.			
<i>Invicta Club.</i>		<i>H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.</i>	
Mr. Jefferys 19	Mr. S. G. Fletcher	... 9
" Hillman 17	" F. Thurston	... 0
" Jarvis 19	" G. W. Oram	... 14
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	55		23

DOMINOES.

<i>Invicta Club.</i>		<i>H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.</i>	
Messrs. Hillman and Beazley...	108	Messrs. G. W. Oram and S. J. Corlett	120
Messrs. Knowles and H. Baker	119	Messrs. R. T. Kingwell and S. H. Spurling	120
	227		240

DRAUGHTS.

<i>Invicta Club.</i>		<i>H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.</i>	
Mr. H. Baker	1	Mr. S. J. Corlett	0
„ Hyslop	0	„ S. Kingwell	1
	1		1

We are due for a return match with the Invicta Club on Thursday, March 21st, and all are looking forward to the fixture.

On March 26th the team are due to visit the N.C.O.'s Mess, Military Police, in response to a kind invitation from all members. So next month we hope to give you details of both these fixtures, which we hope to win.

Mr. H. W. Colson, late of Swansea Branch, gave us a call recently and we were delighted to see him looking so well. He has our staff's best wishes in his new appointment.

LUDGERSHALL.

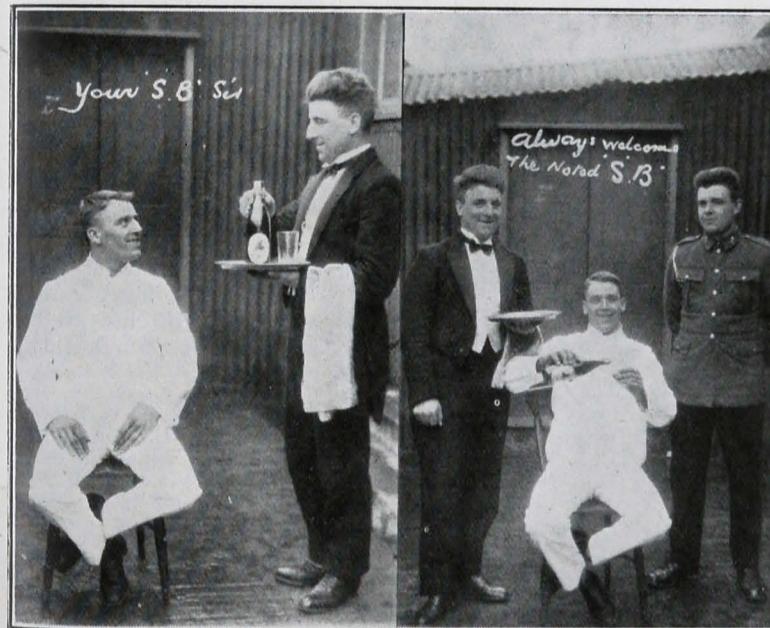
Usually at this time of the year several point-to-point meetings are held in this vicinity, but unfortunately, owing to the Arctic conditions prevailing recently on Salisbury Plain, several of these meetings have been postponed.

It was a great shock to the members of the staff to learn of the death of Mrs. Wigley. She will always be remembered by the older members of the staff. During the many years that Mr. and Mrs. Wigley were resident at Ludgershall they were always exceedingly kind to the members of the staff who were sick or in need of assistance. Nothing was too much trouble to help anyone in need, and very many kind actions will always be remembered. We all tender to Mr. Wigley our sincere sympathy in his bereavement.

The 2nd Field Brigade R.A., stationed at Larkhill, are very old customers of ours and the members of the staff are always sure of a hearty welcome from R.S.M. W. Kelly and the members of the Mess. Below we give you a couple of snapshots of the waiters of the Mess, which will be of interest to many artillerymen who have come in contact with the Brigade. No doubt the faces of the waiters will be familiar to many.

Needless to say, all the members of the staff are very gratified to hear of the progress made by Mr. F. A. Simonds, and we are glad to know he is well on the road to recovery from his serious illness.

It is also a source of pleasure to learn of the honour bestowed on Mrs. F. A. Simonds in the recent New Year's Honours List. This is indeed an honour well earned and worthily deserved.



Waiters of the Mess.

OXFORD.

Since we wrote up the last budget for THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE we have experienced some weather of all sorts. During the recent cold spell there was plenty of skating to be had here, and the roads to the local water (?) meadows were thronged with appropriately-clad enthusiasts of both sexes bent on enjoying themselves as long as the ice lasted. We are glad to state that, considering the numbers who availed themselves of the opportunity of indulging in that exhilarating form of winter exercise, accidents were comparatively few. On the ice on the Long Meadow (which is flooded each winter in the hope of such conditions prevailing as we have recently experienced) some really fine skating was witnessed and envied by those of us who were not so efficient, and some very fast games of ice hockey were organised by the Oxford University Skating Club. We fear that the attendance at lectures and the like was poor while there was skating to be had.

Then followed those beautiful warm days which were described by the Press as a mild heat wave. And what a difference in the conditions: overcoats and hats were forgotten for the nonce by Oxonians of both sexes and even river parties were organised. There was quite a mid-summer look about our river Isis on the Sunday with the parties of boaters clad in white flannels and an enterprising ice-cream man on the towing path.

But we are enjoying seasonable weather once more, and the "north-easter" has held the many weather vanes on Magdalen's pinnacles in that direction for some days now. We are living in hopes of a fine Easter, however, and the corresponding fillip to trade, and we shall be glad of it.

Referring to the Nature Note in last month's GAZETTE, Mr. Editor, we also observed reed buntings among our hungry garden visitors during the cold weather, but we are fairly close to the river here and so, perhaps, there was nothing very wonderful in receiving a call from *Emberiza schoeniclus*.

The present term is now drawing to a close and the various competitions are being completed. On Wednesday, Balliol secured the Rugby Cup by beating Keble in the final, the score being 15 points to 5.

With regard to inter-varsity fixtures and with last month's tentative enquiry from Plymouth rankling in our breasts, we may state for the edification of those interested that Oxford were defeated by Cambridge this term in the annual small bore rifle match, but Oxford won the boxing, the result being Oxford 4 events, Cambridge 3 events, which goes to prove that if we aren't much good at a distant target we have managed for once to score bull's-eyes at close quarters.

And now, specially for our brethren of Plymouth, we volunteer the information that Oxford has got a good crew this year, a statement that is endorsed by the local watermen—and they are slow to praise. Therefore, if we don't go so far as to win the boat race we hope to give the Cantabs a run for their money.

We are proud to say that we have again this year been entrusted with the supplies for the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Point-to-Point Races at Somerton on April 3rd next, and also for the South Oxon Hunt Buffet Tent at the Point-to-Point Meeting at Poppett's Hill on April 13th.

All at Oxford were glad to hear of Mr. F. A. Simonds' convalescence after his illness, and we hope that he will soon be well and fit enough to take up the reins once more.

DIDCOT.

The following notes were kindly forwarded to us by Mr. J. W. Dunsdon, mine Host of the "White Hart" Hotel, Didcot.

DARTS MATCH.

The largest darts match to take place in Didcot was held at the "White Hart" Hotel, Didcot, when a party, consisting of the first and second teams of the "Fox and Hounds," Oxford, played a friendly match. It must be mentioned that the "Fox and Hounds" are well in the running for the Oxford and District League championship, so the Didcot players' chance was not an easy one. The match consisted of 26 games and resulted in a win for the "White Hart" Hotel, Didcot, by 14 games to 12. The match was played on two boards. The winning team was represented by Messrs. O. Goodall (Capt.), J. W. V. Dunsdon, A. Hastings, J. Spurrett, A. Drewitt, L. Slade, B. Winkworth, J. Wigley, Senr., G. Drew, F. Knapp, P. Steele, G. Wright, R. Cooper and F. Hitchman. I am sorry to admit that the names of the Oxford team are not to hand, except their captain J. Underwood whom we wish to thank on behalf of the visiting team. The evening concluded with an enjoyable smoking concert, songs and recitations being given by the Oxford party. We are visiting the "Fox and Hounds" on Thursday, March 21st, for the return match, the result of which we hope will be duly shewn in the pages of the next issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

The evening terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. V. Dunsdon.

"Longun."

P.S.—In the near future we have great hopes of forming a Didcot and District Darts League, so will all players please concentrate and give a little timely help when a meeting is called.

"Longun."

THE MIGHTY ATOM.

There's a Dart Club called the "Fox and Hounds,"
 Which climbs the League table by leaps and bounds.
 All of them think they're very hot,
 And the Landlord's proud of his little lot.
 But they came to Didcot, don't you see,
 And the "White Hart" that night was all aglee.
 They brought in numbers just twenty-eight
 And the biggest half of them met their fate.
 It didn't take long to test their mettle
 The "White Hart" players were in good fettle.
 We whitewashed the "Fox," the "Hounds" as well,
 They couldn't get the scent, so dare not yell.
 To finish the match it didn't take long,
 So we retired to music and had a song;
 We started off with Misery Farm
 And another little drink won't do us any harm.
 We finished up this rollicking time
 With shaking hands and Auld Lang Syne.

A supper and concert were held at the "White Hart," Didcot, on Monday, March 4th, under the auspices of the R.A.O.B. An hour's extension was granted for this function and those present spent a very enjoyable evening.

A meeting of British Legion delegates was held at this House on Monday, March 11th. Mr. Rowland Sharpe of Reading was in the chair. There were also present delegates from Reading, Wallingford, Cholsey, Pangbourne, Blewbury, Hagbourne, and Harwell.

GIBRALTAR.

During the visit of the Fleet social life in Gibraltar goes to the top rung of the ladder; you have no need to worry, there is always something on. The usual routine is to get into a boiled shirt and dinner jacket, not forgetting the remainder of the regalia of course, walk out of the house and get into a taxi. The driver says "Yes Sir," or words to that effect in Spanish, and all you know is that you arrive there, and are more than surprised to find yourself in bed the following morning—drastic stuff, that lubricant known as "Lizzie" or the more familiar "Mothers' Ruin." Some of our readers will remember the pre-war call "Half a quartern and two out." Still, in spite of all, we had biz in the foreground, and made our daily rounds collecting orders for the famous "Hop Leaf" brands.

The most important item to record is the production of a bright, breezy topical revue by Military Headquarters "Brighter

"Braltar," which occupied the stage at the Assembly Rooms for five nights and in the opinion of the writer could have gone on much longer. It was organised for charity and was a gigantic success. The principal roles were filled by military officers of the Garrison, ably supported by a few lady friends. There was not a dull moment in the whole show. The songs were very topical, and those who are of note on the Rock got it in the neck in a humorous way. The author, the honorary secretary, and those who gave their services in this show are to be congratulated, their efforts producing one of the finest shows Gibraltar has seen for some years. The orchestra from the Band of the 2nd Battn. East Surrey Regiment, under the able baton of Mr. W. H. E. Jenkins, added to the lustre of the revue. Entertainments of this kind are rare on the Rock and we anxiously await the next effort of M.H.Q. and their talented performers.



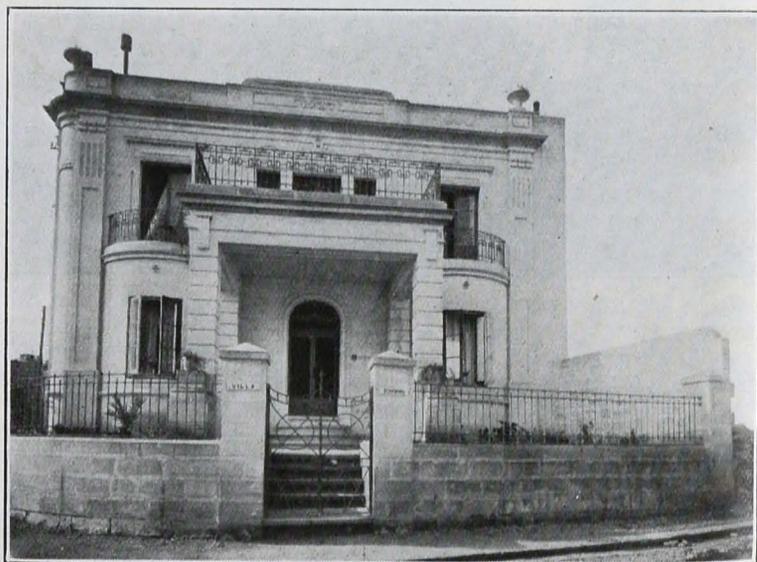
Gibraltar Fire Brigade.

On the 27th and 28th of February we went to the Surreys Boxing Tournament and saw a capital show. The boxing was of a very high standard and some very good keen bouts were witnessed. The stars of last year had not lost their prowess: in most cases they had considerably improved. The arrangements were excellent. Captain C. A. Clark D.S.O., M.C., was the referee, and the Committee responsible for the arrangements were:—Lieut. E. A. R. Porch, C.S.M. A. Sweeney and Sergt. W. Marsh. At the conclusion of the Tournament the prizes, very handsome cups, were presented to the winners and runners-up of the various weights by H.E. The Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Sir Alexander J. Godley,

G.C.B., K.C.M.G., A.D.C. The duties of M.C. were ably carried out by R.S.M. S. J. Thompson and his whistle. Of course, it goes without saying we were not allowed to talk; during the rounds we behaved (had to) like mice.

With this "write up" we publish a photograph of the Gibraltar Fire Brigade. The Brigade, under supervision of Captain H. N. Bousfield, ably assisted by Sergt. "Jack" Shepherd, is furnished by the troops in the Garrison. It is a very popular and efficient combination. I think the insurance companies would testify to this, and we are only sorry to learn that they leave us in May for a station where it rains six days out of seven; hence fire brigades have a thin time. We hope "Jack" will take to Catterick many happy memories of his tour with the Gibraltar Fire Brigade. Without doubt we shall remember him and the way we rush to find shelter when is at the wheel of the engine breaking all speed records. The m.p.h. of the Rock engine is not given away, but an experienced mathematician might perhaps work it out. The problem is:—Fire station to Catalan Bay, 1 minute $7\frac{2}{5}$ seconds; "Jack" driving with his toes, find the m.p.h. and the number of civilians requiring "Phospherine."

The various activities of both Fleets will be described in the next edition.



The home of Mr. W. J. Nicholson whose photograph appears on the front page.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

We were all proud to hear that the Firm had been appointed Brewers to His Majesty the King. Many of our greatest commercial undertakings would give almost half their kingdoms to-day to be able to use this sign of approbation.

It is, indeed, an eloquent testimony to that consistent excellence which for so many years past has marked all products which are sold under the "Hop Leaf" label, and which have attained to such a high place in the markets of the Empire.

While expressing our sincere gratification at so splendid an achievement, may we also offer our hearty congratulations to the Firm's Directors who have guided its progress to so memorable a day.

With our new plant installed and extensions practically completed, we confidently look ahead, knowing already the advantages of added space and more up-to-date machinery.

Oiling the intricate gears of production and supply, looking over new departmental screws and nuts: in short, preparing for the storm of orders, which we hope the better weather will bring. Old Jack Frost has had a terribly long innings this year, and we are quite sure he is no friend of ours now. Still, perhaps the kind gentleman who is responsible for our national exchequer will make up for all his past sins of omission and throw us a crumb of comfort. It would indeed be a most popular missile.

Loud cheers from all parts of the House!

And "S.B." to all Stations.

We have again been nominated by the Executive Committee of the following Meetings for the sole supply of malt liquors:—Mr. Spooner's Harriers Point-to-Point, the Lamerton Hunt Point-to-Point, the North Cornwall Hunt Point-to-Point, the East Cornwall Hunt Point-to-Point, the Torquay Races.

And with so many other out-of-door events coming along, we hope to once again keep the "Sign of Perfection" in the public eye.

Most of our invalids, we are glad to say, are now in the ranks again. Mr. F. Pierce, who unravels our transport difficulties, (and endeavours to satisfy those many patrons from near and far who cannot wait) has had rather a bad time of it. We hope he

will soon feel quite fit again. As our Billiards Captain we have missed his assistance. No doubt, by the time these lines appear, he will be breaking the hearts of some of our budding cueists with his twenties and thirties.

Talking about billiards, we regret to announce that the donor of the bottle of whisky prize in the 200-up tournament has been defeated. All the thirsty losers are now anxiously watching the semi-final round, and the play of their own "pal" in particular. There is no question of the prize being unsuitable, whoever gets it!

Our Club is still forging ahead, and with the improvements in hand is likely to be of even greater value to its members in the future. Looking back over its brief life, we are more than satisfied at the progress made.

The comradeship of "Tamarites" has been a marked feature of its work since its inauguration took place in 1926. THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE made us realize the possibilities of having our own Club, and from the Clubroom at the "Barley Sheaf" to our present premises was but the first step in its advancement. The GAZETTE is still eagerly awaited month by month, and keeps us in touch with our confreres at Reading and the Branches. If we were not aware of the time which the production of this little volume entails we should seriously have to ask our Editor to consider giving us a more frequent edition. As there are limits to even his endurance, we must forbear. [Why not suggest a "daily"?—*Editor, H.L.G.*]

In the enforced absence of Mr. H. E. Pike, who, we are sorry to say, has been ill for some weeks and is now recovering health amid the healing breezes of Torquay, we have had the assistance of Mr. V. Richards, from Reading, as our brewer. He is no stranger to us, and we hope he will find time to explore still further his knowledge of the West Country whilst he is with us.

He must, however, be cautious when invitations to view its beauties "from the air" are floating around. The gravities of "S.B." and other beverages present no difficulties to him, we know. We hope, therefore, he will be satisfied and not seek to probe further into the law of gravity. We should partly feel responsible if a sudden drop occurred whilst he was doing so.

HARD LUCK.

For the second year in succession the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment have failed at the critical moment to grasp that very elusive trophy, the Army Rugby Cup.

As last year they were defeated by the winners, the 1st King's Own Royal Regiment, on this occasion by a narrow margin.

The "Dukes" in this game appeared to have temporarily lost that dash and love for the game (which so characterised that Irish victory at Twickenham last month) and which has so marked their play in the preceding rounds. The result of too much Rugby maybe.

To use an "Irishism," our Brewery "prophets" are at a loss for the moment—to account for the result.

We hope the figure 3 will bring the 33rd their due reward next time, although we know they will be the last to "grouse" if it doesn't. Well played "The Dukes"!

THE "MOONRAKERS."

We are extremely sorry to learn that the autumnal moves of the current year will cause the transference of the 1st Battalion (Duke of Edinburgh) Wiltshire Regiment from our Garrison to Egypt in the near future.

Speaking from long experience of this famous Regiment, both at home and abroad, and with knowledge of its Battalions whom we have had the honour to serve both in peace and in war, we can truthfully say that it has been a pleasure and a privilege which we highly prize.

It is particularly pleasant, however, to know that its link with the County of Devon will be unbroken, as the 2nd Battalion from China are to replace the 1st Battalion at Crownhill Hutments.

The wearers of the Maltese Cross have during their stay been an example to the Garrison, and we have no fear that the Battalion coming to us will prove any less worthily representative of their County than the 1st Battalion have proved themselves to be. We are sorry to lose such an admirable unit of His Majesty's Army, and wish them all good fortune when the time comes for their departure from us.

"A peaceful station and a safe return, when duty is done."

GLORIOUS DEVON!

Those of us who wander along the broad acres of our County at this season of the year and notice the bursting leaf, the sunlit hedgerows, with every nook and corner awaking to the call of

spring ; those who roam along the by-paths, through the aisles and avenues of the woods, now ablaze with their golden glories half hidden in the shade, or strain their ears to catch those halting cadenzas and arpeggios of the feathered world who flit around us as we walk.

(Nature is waking all around us ! The promise of life is everywhere !) And we who traverse the countryside endeavour to solve its mysteries. We know what Browning felt when he yearned for the sights and sounds we see and hear every day, and how his

" Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's here "

strikes a responsive chord in the heart of every true lover of our land. Spring has come ! The open road beckons to its countless thousands, and old and young eagerly face its ever-increasing dangers for its many more delights.

Some of us oil our bats, overhaul pads, tend racquets, take out our licences, and get out into the sunshine.

Many of us maybe cast our minds back with mixed feelings to those other Aprils, not so long ago to us, when we would have given much for one glimpse of that little bit of " Blighty " which we held sacred. Yes, we know what Browning meant now ! Perhaps that is why we understand, and can see to-day, how wonderful is—" England now."

