

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. IV.

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No. 7.



MAJOR GUY ASHBY
recently appointed a Director of South Berks Brewery Co., Newbury.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

We wish to announce the recent appointment of Major Guy Ashby as Director to the South Berks Brewery Co., Newbury, a subsidiary company of the Firm.

Major Guy Ashby is the son of Noel S. Ashby, Esq., of Messrs. Ashby's Eling Brewery Co., Ltd., near Southampton. His mother (Mrs. Ashby) was a Miss May, a niece of Col. J. May of John May & Co., Ltd., Brewers, Basingstoke.

Major Guy Ashby was educated at Bradfield College, and was for $4\frac{1}{2}$ years an apprentice to the Engineering Trade with Messrs. John I. Thornycroft & Co., Southampton.

In 1913 Major Ashby joined the Regular Army and served with the Royal Garrison Artillery until September, 1914, when he went to Belgium with the 7th Division and served with the Royal Artillery through the first Battle of Ypres, but in December, 1914, transferred to the Royal Flying Corps as an observer, became Pilot in May, 1915, and acted as Instructor until September, 1915.

Subsequently Major Ashby went to France as Pilot, was wounded while fighting in the air, and was afterwards passed for Home Service only. He returned to duty as an Instructor and Station Commander at Chattis Hill, and was invalided just after the Armistice.

Major Ashby then took up the post as Manager to the Imperial Motor Works, Lyndhurst, and later embarked upon other enterprises in which he met with considerable success. He is very fond of motoring, hunting, tennis, golf and music.

He married the daughter of Mrs. Muller of Chieveley. Mrs. Muller was a daughter of Henry John Simonds, Esq., of the Rectory, Caversham.

(From our Newbury Correspondent.)

EDITORIAL.

BATH NIGHT!

The mother pondered. It was her children's bath-night and she was anxious to go to a meeting. Useless to ask her husband to see to them, for he was a diminutive creature of weak presence who could never enforce discipline. An idea struck her. There was a girl guide living not far off who would perhaps make the bathing of the children and putting them to bed her good deed for the day. The girl guide agreed to do so. All was peace when the mother returned from the meeting. "Only one of them gave me any trouble," the girl guide said. "He hated to be bathed and I had to chase him all over the house, but I mastered him in the end. It was the eldest of them—the ginger-haired one." The mother held up hands of horror. "Why good gracious, that was my husband!" she exclaimed.

LIQUID BANANAS!

The lecturer was extremely dry and long-winded in dealing with his two pet fads, teetotalism and vegetarianism. Finally, he asked for questions or remarks of approval or otherwise. One man got up and said: "All I've got to say is, I wish all drink was like bananas!" "Good," said the lecturer, "and why?" "Tuppence a skinful!" came the unexpected reply.

AN OLD LANDMARK.

One of Blackpool's oldest remaining landmarks, built over 200 years ago, at Blowing Sands, has been condemned as unfit for habitation, and is to disappear. Formerly it was the "Cross Keys" Inn, one of the first licensed houses, and the historian records that it was sold for £2 and a cow, the purchaser handing over the cow but failing to find the money.

J.P. PRAISES THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

At the Annual Dinner of the Licensed Trade Protection Society held at Palm Lodge, Reading, recently, Mr. Harry Hawkins, J.P., paid a very glowing tribute to THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. He said it was an extremely bright and entertaining little book of considerable literary merit, and he eagerly looked forward to his copy each month. Mr. Hawkins is a widely read gentleman and a very attractive speaker, and this unsolicited testimonial from him is very gratifying. By the way, the Dinner was very ably organised by Mr. George Smith, the popular landlord of the "Cheddar Cheese."

MR. FORD'S RULES FOR SUCCESS.

Mr. Henry Ford is not only one of the most successful men in the world; he also has a gospel of success.

Mr. Ford's maxims are always pithy and full of sound sense. Here are a few:—

Concentrate on a job and you attract all the things necessary to accomplish it. . . . A thing will build itself up if you keep your thoughts on it.

Mistakes are a source of experience; and it is the essence of experience that we call wisdom.

The best that education can do for a man is to put him in possession of his powers, give him control of the tools with which destiny has endowed him, and then teach him to think.

There never was a better time to be young. These times are richer in material for new combinations of knowledge, of grit and of power than any which this country has seen during the past fifty years.

The least difference in knowledge between you and another man may spell his success and your failure.

The best form of thrift is to increase your income.

The attempt to visualise what you want to do is a test of whether you really want to do it or not.

WELL MEANT, BUT—

I must tell you this little joke, though it is against myself. A certain lady was extolling the virtues of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE and made very kind references to my Nature Notes. "Why, Mr. 'P.'" she exclaimed, "loving the country as you do, you ought to have been a gentleman!"

TRUE FISHING STORIES.

Have you heard the story of the novice who was allowed to try his hand "dry fly" fishing? Out went the fly, line and all being huddled in a heap on the water. And yet, sure enough, the gentleman concerned caught the finest trout taken that day. So pleased was the novice with the result of his initial effort that he bought a house in the neighbourhood costing some thousands of pounds. But from that day to this he has not caught another fish! Another angler thought he was into a very big fish and summoned his friends to assist him land the prize, which turned out to be a kitchen fender!

AN EARLY NEST.

Zit-zit, zit-zit! Hearing the familiar note of the long-tailed tit out Tidmarsh way on March 9th, I kept observation on a pair of these birds and soon located their nest in the fork of an ash tree. Both birds were very busy building and for upwards of an hour, with the aid of my field glasses, I watched them at their work. The nest of the long-tailed tit is egg-shaped and covered with silver lichen—an exquisite work of art. May they rear their large family without molestation. Zit-zit, zit-zit!

THE MOTORING ADMIRAL.

A motoring Admiral caused some amusement by giving his evidence in nautical terms at Mortlake, S.W., when a lady was summoned for driving a motor car dangerously. Admiral James, who was wearing plus fours, said he was just getting under way when to his amazement the defendant pulled across him from astern. He had to go hard to starboard to avoid a smash. He mounted the pavement and his bows rested in the porchway of a public house.

BABYLONIAN BEER.

Professor A. R. Ling, Professor of Malting and Brewing and of the Biochemistry of Fermentation in Birmingham University, in a paper on "Brewing as a branch of science," read before the Royal Society of Arts, in London, said that, according to researches, the Egyptians obtained their knowledge of brewing from the Babylonians, who brewed beer in 7,000 B.C. "The manufacture of beer from barley," said Professor Ling, "is mentioned in the Westcar papyrus, which was probably written in the twelfth dynasty. From the earliest times it would appear that there was close connection between brewing and agriculture, and with the cultivation of barley and wheat, since bread and beer depend on grain and yeast for their manufacture, the bakers were in the early days also brewers."

A GLASS OF WHISKY.

A Glasgow magistrate recently decided that a glass of whisky is not necessarily half a gill. The magistrate, Mr. G. Smith, was concluding the hearing of a case in which a wine and spirit merchant was charged with a contravention of the Weights and Measures Act by supplying short measure. It was stated that an inspector of Weights and Measures ordered two glasses of whisky, which were found each to be deficient of one imperial half-gill by four fluid drachms. Another inspector who asked for half a gill received correct measure. The case for the prosecution was that when a

glass of whisky was asked for it was tantamount to ordering half a gill. For the defence it was contended that the Act did not apply to such a case as this, and that no imperial measure had been demanded. Mr. Smith said that, according to the evidence, it was not the general custom in the city to supply half a gill when a glass was ordered. The defendant was found not guilty.

"GONE TO EARTH."

The coffin containing the remains of Sir Francis Villiers Forster, Master of the South Staffordshire Hounds for forty-six years, was borne to the family vault at Longden, near Lichfield, on a farm wagon, preceded by huntsmen and hounds and followed by Sir Francis's favourite horse, on which he had hunted a week before his death. The hounds looked down on the grave while the burial service was being conducted. The head huntsman sounded on his horn the cry "Gone to earth" as the coffin was lowered into the vault.

"CAWS AND EFFECT."

During the alarming storms that raged not long ago hundreds of trees were blown down and I made it my business to examine many of these. I did not find one that contained a last year's nest of the rook. These birds rarely, if ever, build in a tree which cannot withstand the worst of winds. They are knowing creatures. I suppose it is just a case of "caws and effect."

"S.B."

SOUNDS BEST.

DOG CALLS "TIME"!

At the "Horn" in The Butts, there is a very intelligent dog. Directly the landlord gets the keys to lock up at 2 or 10 p.m., this dog barks furiously and sees that every customer leaves the premises promptly. If they do not hear the landlord call "Time!" there is no getting away from the stentorian voice of the dog.

REST AND RECREATION.

In the course of my fishing experiences during the past season I have frequently come across a gentleman who only took up the gentle art a year or so ago. He said that formerly he suffered very much from "nerves" and indigestion. Thanks to the rest and recreation in the open air, which fishing provides, he is a different man. He can now eat and enjoy a hearty meal and his "nerves" have vanished. There is much more in fishing than a good many think.

ASCOT FASHIONS.

Ascot, which begins on June 17th, is to be a pageant of women in flower-hued gowns of more sensible design than the strange creations seen last year. The gowns will be longer, but not as "fussy" as last season. Daffodil and spring green will be among the most popular shades; and artificial silk and cotton voiles and ninons from Lancashire will, to a great extent, replace the foreign fabrics which previously have been so widely used. There is a wide range of tulip, poppy and lily designs, and delicate printed fabrics with minute garlands of small blossoms. Pale shades, misty blues and colours taken from the summer seas and skies are among the tones which, it is predicted, women will prefer. The skirts of these gowns will fall 8 to 10 inches below the knee, with none of the bedraggled wisps and bunched flounces which appeared last season, and which women found were so uncomfortable to wear.

GOOD ADVICE.

The Grand Old Man of the medical profession, Dr. John Dixon, who is in his ninety-eighth year, is the oldest inhabitant of Bermondsey, S.E., where he has lived for seventy-five years. He has never had an illness. "Don't have fads," he says. "They were never any good to anybody. Fads kill people. Live sensibly; take a glass of wine—or, better still, a glass of beer—when you feel you would like one. Smoke if you want to. Even at my age I have sometimes smoked as many as eight cigars a day, but generally I get through about four."

BEER THE "PUREST DRINK."

Mr. Frank Nicholson, of Sunderland, giving evidence no behalf of the Brewers' Society before the Licensing Commission (which is inquiring into the supply and sale of liquor), said the Society contended that the quality of beer brewed in this country had never been better than at present. It stood unrivalled. He added: "The alcohol content of present-day beer is so low that it is not a correct description to call it intoxicating liquor. Beer is the purest drink manufactured and a great many not manufactured—and I do not exclude milk. It is made under the most hygienic conditions."

OUR SHORT STORY.

- CHAPTER 1—Glad eye.
 " 2—Green eye.
 " 3—Black eye.
 " 4—Nisi.

ALCOHOL AND ACHIEVEMENT.

"S," writing in the *Licensing World*, draws attention to the part alcohol has played and is playing in the lives of men of great achievement, both by hand and brain, which leads to some interesting questions and speculations. Had the authors of literary and poetic masterpieces, Greek, Roman, French, German, etc., been teetotalers, should we have had these masterpieces? Had the big men who did big things been teetotalers, would those big things have been done? On the face of it the answer is No. Is it that alcohol liberates genius that otherwise would lie dormant, inactive and unknown? Addison and Thompson, says Boswell, were equally dull till stimulated by wine. But for wine, the pen of that lovable, literary vagabond, Oliver Goldsmith, would never have given us the charming "Vicar of Wakefield" and the "Traveller." "We had a good supper and port wine," says Boswell, "of which Johnson sometimes drank a bottle." And Johnson gave us "Rasselas," contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, ran his paper, the *Rambler*, and completed that monumental one-man job, his *Dictionary*.

In one of his poems Johnson has the challenge:—

"Say, physicians of each kind,
Who cure the body and the mind,
What harm in drinking can there be,
Since punch and life so well agree?"

MR. ROSE'S ROSES.

Mr. G. Rose, the popular landlord of the Oxford Arms, Silver Street, is always doing something for the convenience, comfort or pleasure of his customers. Mr. Rose is an authority on homing pigeons and has won many valuable prizes. The other day when I called in to see him he took me to the back of the premises which, by the way, always look so spotlessly clean, and there I noticed he has prepared a most attractive rose garden. When the many carefully planted trees are in bloom they should make a pretty picture.

HAIL AND FAREWELL!

The world is the richer for Lord Balfour's life and the poorer by his death. Many years ago I had the honour of being introduced to him at the Albert Hall. It was at the close of a big Primrose League meeting and I shall never forget the few minutes chat we had together. The following day I received from him his photograph bearing his signature. It hangs over my desk and is always a source of inspiration as I read and write for THE HOP LEAF

GAZETTE. As has been well said, those who knew Lord Balfour little were attracted by the urbanity of his manner and the benignity of his temper; those who knew him well admired the many-sidedness of his intellect. Now, after a career of honour, full of years, and carrying with him the gratitude of his people, he has entered into his eternal rest. The loss of that superb intellect and endearing personality is a heavy blow.

Lord Balfour addressed a Reading audience in the Tramcar Sheds on the occasion of a memorable bye-election when the suffragettes were very much in evidence. A Reading Club is also named after the late statesman.

THANKS TO READING COLLEAGUES.

Mr. Burton, of the South Berks Brewery, Newbury, writes to me as follows:—

"We thank all of our Reading colleagues who have so kindly paid a visit to Reading Hospital and had a chat with our Mr. J. W. Cook. We are pleased to say he is progressing favourably and looking forward to an early return to his duties."

SOME SPECKLED BEAUTIES.

A trout came into my possession, on March 27th, which was in splendid condition and beautifully marked. It weighed about 2½ lbs. and made a delicious meal. What memories it conjured up! How that fish must have fought for its freedom and what skill the angler must have used to land it on his gossamer line. A couple of brace of these fine fish were given to Mr. C. Bennett by Mr. Wells of the Borough Arms, Hungerford and, with that thoughtfulness for others so characteristic of Mr. Bennett, he very kindly presented me with one and gave another to Mr. W. Dunster who is indisposed. I am sure the writer of the popular "Brewery Jottings" appreciated this table delicacy and the kindly thought that brought it, as much as I did. How I should liked to have had one of those fish on my line!

FREEDOM EVER—PROHIBITION NEVER!





THE LION IN THE FORBURY GARDENS.

The above is an example of the great sculptural skill displayed by the late Mr. George Blackall-Simonds. The work has been admired by people from almost all parts of the world.

THE DEW DROP INN.

Mr. W. Hebborn, the Slate Club Secretary, writes as follows :—

I would like to let you know how we are getting on at the "Dew Drop" Inn, Summertown, Oxford. Our Slate Club is still going strong. At our share-out, 77 members received £2 5s. 8d. each and 22 members £1 2s. 10d., after paying out £10 in death levies and £49 in sick pay. This year our membership has increased to 120.

Our Loan and Thrift Society paid out to 70 members the sum of £890. This is also a flourishing branch and entails a lot of work to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. L. Gascoyne.

On January 7th the Old Folks' Dinner was held, when 125 people, aged from 63 to 87 years, sat down to a hot dinner with a drop of "S.B." An entertainment followed. The Mayor of Oxford (Captain Button) occupied the Chair, and was supported by Councillor R. T. Alden, Chairman of the Watch Committee, and several other subscribers to the Dinner Fund.

During last August, 100 of the old people were taken by char-a-banc to Burnham Beeches. It is on the cards that we give them a trip again this summer. What about coming to Reading, seeing how the "S.B." is made and trying a sample?

On Monday, February 24th, the Annual Meeting of the "Dew Drop" Social Club was held in the Smoke Room. Mr. J. L. Dougan, M.A., occupied the Chair, supported by the Secretary (Mr. F. Deacon) and forty members of the Club.

Silver cups, which had been given to the Club by Mr. Vallis, the worthy landlord of the "Dew Drop" Inn, were presented to the undermentioned members :—

Billiards Handicap—Winner, Mr. E. Seivyer; Runner-up, Mr. W. J. Paine.

Table Quoits—Winner, Mr. Dennis Organ; Runner-up, Mr. Fred Johnson.

Swimming Club.—The winner of the cup in this section was very difficult to decide upon, but after a discussion it was agreed that Mr. Vallis was the best all-round competitor in long distance swimming and high diving.

Mr. N. Capel acted as Judge and Mr. C. Harris as Starter.

Mr. W. Webb, who is Secretary of the Swimming Club, made a very humorous speech and caused much amusement when he produced Mr. Vallis' bathing costume.

The Judge, in his comments, said that Mr. H. Stone was a good second in the long distance race, but being a keen fisherman stopped to see if there was a jack anywhere near!

Songs, etc., were given by Messrs. G. Gascoyne, J. Stone, G. Rose, T. Hutt, P. Simms and others. Mr. T. Vallis was at the piano.

WORTH WHILE.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the man who's worth while
Is the man who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the great is trouble,
And it always comes with the years.
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray,
When without and within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away.
But 'tis only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honour of earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered to-day
They are the failures of life.
But the virtue that conquers passion
And the sorrow that hides in a smile,
It is these that are worth the homage of earth
For we find them but once in a while.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

From March 15th to June 15th inclusive is the close season for coarse fishing and no good sportsman will begrudge them this rest during which the members of the finny tribe will be able to carry on, in peace, the important function of propagating the species. Some nice pike and perch have been taken but roach, as a rule, have been very much off their feed.

OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN VICE VERSA.

I had a rather curious experience. Last year, during the close season for coarse fish, I caught a good pike. And this year, at the very same spot, I landed a trout about 4 lbs. The coarse season was then open and the season for trout closed. Bad luck! But I shall be after that trout again in April and if he does not adorn somebody's breakfast table, it will not be for lack of trying on my part. At break of day I shall try and tempt him until, I hope, I get him.

THE POPE—AND PERSECUTION.

Early last month I landed a pope, a little fish which has been well described as an unwarlike, mild-mannered perch. Generally, the pope bears a marked resemblance to the common perch though its colour is very much the same as that of the gudgeon. No less an authority than Izaak Walton says "no fish that swims is of a pleasanter taste," and yet this little fish is cruelly persecuted. People from Sheffield and other large towns used to go in hundreds to a place well-named Crewell Bridge, where these fish were plentiful. Every pope caught had a cork impaled on its dorsal spine and was set free until the surface of the canal was covered with bobbing corks. The poor fish were thus doomed to a lingering death. I am ashamed to think that any man who calls himself an angler ever indulged in such an outrage.

HAPPY AND SAD RECOLLECTIONS.

The best of the Book of Nature is the fact that no sooner is one chapter closed than another opens. I am now paying particular attention to a trout stream—observing what kind of fly is "up" and how the mayflies of the future are progressing.

Is not the creature that in its early stages of life crawls along the earth as a grub, and that as a perfect insect comes up into the sunshine and unfolds its beauteous wings in the light of God's glorious day, to some of us a type of human life in its earthly and heavenly conditions, supplying us with hopes of a future state?

A VERY TENDER SPOT.

Well, as I stroll along the riverside such thoughts as these, and others, seem to come naturally to one's mind. Then I come to a spot, a very tender spot, where there is a bend in the river. It was here, some years ago now, that a very old friend and I reeled in after a most successful day's fishing. We had spent many, many happy hours together studying wild nature's ways; we had had many a full creel and I learned more about the gentle art of angling from him than from any other man. I say it was at this spot where we reeled in and parted—yes, parted for ever. He was taken ill and before I had another opportunity of seeing him he had journeyed across the meadows, away from the clouds of this life and into the sunshine of the Great Beyond. No kinder or more generous heart ever beat in a human frame.

* * * *

I do not feel like travelling farther by the waterside to-day and my fingers falter as I write—more next month!

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Fame has no present, popularity no future.

A parapet which gives way when you lean upon it is more dangerous than no parapet at all.

Be yourself; never be affected.

A great man is always willing to be little.

Our lives are only poor in opportunity because we think them so.

He is my friend that helps me, not he that pities me.

Lovely flowers were the smiles of God's goodness.

Nothing endures which is not founded upon truth.

He that wrongs his friend wrongs himself more.

The only way to find friendship is to send friendship out to look for it.

Don't go uphill to meet trouble.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

With a serene and just beauty the lives of Lord and Lady Coventry have ended within four days of one another. They had lived together through sixty-five happy years. They had won the patriarchal benediction of seeing their children's children to the third and fourth generation. Death has not parted them and to-day they will be laid in the same grave.

In spite of all the facile criticism of traditional ideas and institutions, and of marriage not least, it is lives such as these that the world still admires and longs to emulate. The sentiment of the old story of Darby and Joan, of the old song of "John Anderson, my jo," still rings true, still moves the heart. After sixty years of married life Lord Coventry could declare publicly that whatever he might say of his true helpmate would fall short of the truth. Such utterances show us that the basis of the human affections is no illusion and help us to think nobly of the soul.

—Daily Mail, March 17th.

SUCCESSFUL DANCE.

Under the auspices of the Reading and District Women's Licensed Trade Association a highly successful dance was held at the "White Hart" Hotel, Reading, on March 4th. Music was supplied by the Symphonic Dance Orchestra, and, owing to the admirable arrangements made by Mrs. Smart (President) and Mrs. Moss (Secretary), the evening proved thoroughly enjoyable. Mr. Crisp very kindly lent the room.

MR. LOUIS ADOLPHUS SIMONDS.

It is interesting to learn that Mr. Louis left Auckland, New Zealand, on March 25th, on board s.s. "Niagara." He joins the s.s. "Narkunda" at Sydney, Australia, on April 1st, calls at Melbourne on April 9th and reaches Colombo on April 23rd. After paying visits in Ceylon he will leave on the s.s. "Cathay" for England where he is due on May 30th.

His long sojourn of about a year and a half in New Zealand will, it is hoped, have been of great advantage to his health and will give him a wonderful outlook upon life generally. It is impossible to travel extensively, particularly in the wide open spaces, without obtaining a corresponding breadth of vision which will be of immense advantage to him in later life.

SOME FRESH HOWLERS.

A Red Indian's wife is called his squaw and his children squawkers.

* * * *

People go about Venice in gorgonzolas.

* * * *

The imperfect tense is used (in French) to express a future action in past time which does not take place at all.

* * * *

Julius Cæsar was slain by the multitude because he would not listen to Antony's oration over his dead body.

* * * *

M.A. is what a B.A. becomes when he gets married.

* * * *

There are only two crimes visited with capital punishment, murder and suicide.

* * * *

A sincere friend is one who says nasty things to your face instead of saying them behind your back.

* * * *

Ambiguity means having two wives living at the same time.

* * * *

The punishment of bigamy is seven years and two mothers-in-law.

* * * *

A gherkin is a native who runs after people with a knife.

* * * *

A brunette is a young bear.

* * * *

A chukker is a man who is no-balled at cricket for throwing.

(From "Fresh Howlers," By H. Cecil Hunt. Price 1/6. Ernest Benn, Ltd.)

MR. AND MRS. R. H. MULLIN IN CALCUTTA.

The Indian mail brings us the following snapshots, giving glimpses of home-life in Calcutta. The first of these photographs shows that THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE is enjoyed in India; likewise the second one reveals another daily habit.

We understand that these "snaps" were not posed for, but just informal photographs taken during the daily routine.



Mr. and Mrs. Mullin in Calcutta.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH SINGLE.

After reading the recent article on "How to be Happy though Married," and recovering from the shock of discovering that an article on such a complex subject was penned by a single man, another single man is immediately assailed with a desire to burst into print on the subject of "Single Happiness," or at least to put down his thoughts, even if they do not attain the dignity of print.

But there's the rub. In spite of the whole wealth of literature on the subject of marriage, and the advice of the church and the legislation of the state, our writers and essayists have ignored the state of single blessedness for the position can be summed up in one sentence:—ALL SINGLE MEN ARE HAPPY!

True there are phases, from the calf love of the smitten schoolboy to the more serious sorrows of the disappointed lover, when the single man has the illusion that he is the most miserable of mortals. But, being illusory, this passes, and soon he is enjoying the company of some fresh charmer. *En passant*, he kisses the girl because he likes to, not because a fellow Rotarian advises him to! For the happy single man enjoys female society—like the bee, he flits from flower to flower. And if only he enjoys his single state long enough, yet finally succumbs to woman's wiles, he really makes the happy marriage, for his flirtations have given him great experience of woman's whims and caprices.

So being single and holding the key to happiness, and knowing that nothing so delights a girl as to change the gay bachelor into the meek married man, I will take refuge behind the anonymity of

BACHELOR.

 THE PLEASURE WAS MUTUAL.

Mrs. Curry, the Colonel's lady, was giving a dinner party, and sent out several invitations, including one to an officer in the regiment, which ran: "Mrs. Curry requests the pleasure of Captain Chutney's company at dinner."

The following reply rather startled the lady: "Except for one man sick, four on leave, and one in the guardroom, Captain Chutney's company has much pleasure in accepting Mrs. Curry's kind invitation."

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

THE POPULARITY OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Nowadays, one can scarcely pick up a daily paper, or for that matter a weekly one, without finding somewhere in its pages a cross-word puzzle.

It is really wonderful how this class of puzzle has attracted the fancy of the public at large and I would hazard a guess that it is the most popular type of puzzle ever conceived. I well remember when they were first introduced to the newspapers which are taken daily and weekly by my family and how badly we caught the fever of solving them. 'Tis true, we do not now talk about them so much, perhaps because they seem to have become an established feature, but they are, none the less, still exceedingly popular with one and all.

There is a certain fascination about them which one cannot resist and the task of getting the words to fit is by no means an unpleasant pastime. You can pass many a spare half-hour solving the clues, and can well be surprised when you look at the clock to notice how quickly the time has flown.

I have noticed that each paper has its own particular class of puzzle, some specialising in geographical puzzles, another in historical, and others perhaps in "Ask me another," the answers to which one would no doubt term "General knowledge." Such puzzles as these for those no longer at school should prove exceedingly interesting, for they recall events which may have slipped the memory and also keep one well versed in that very necessary branch of knowledge termed "General." Then again, they bring us into touch with words such as we do not use every day, so that we obtain a more extensive knowledge of our own language and a truer understanding of the meaning of the words which we use. Thus we see, that apart from being a pleasant pastime, the solving of cross-word problems is of considerable educational value. Also, they are a means of making you use your brain, for often a good deal of hard thinking is required before you can arrive at the correct solution.

And if the solving of these puzzles means using your brains, how much more does the person who compiles them have to tax his or her brain. Some of the clues that are provided are exceedingly well conceived and could not possibly be of a moment's inspiration but the result of deep and careful thought.

It is therefore to be hoped that they will retain their popularity and continue to occupy their position in our papers.

M.P.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE for the month of March was up to the usual high standard and full of good things. Apart from the regular features there were quite a number of entertaining articles and many items of interest.

MR. F. W. FREEMAN (BRANCH DEPT.).

Nothing like starting the month well. Mr. Freeman's wife presented him with a daughter on the first day of March, and it is pleasing to record both are doing well.

THE LATE MR. JESSE CHARLTON.

Many of us well remember the time when Mr. Jesse Charlton used to preside over our daily destinies at the Bar and were sorry to learn he passed away on the 4th March. He had been in ill-health for a long while and "on pension" for some years. Altogether he was at the Firm for thirty-nine years before having to give up work. He was for seven years on pension.—*R.I.P.*

MR. F. HAWKINS (BUILDING DEPT.);

After a five weeks' enforced vacation, owing to fluid on the knee, Mr. Frank Hawkins resumed his duties in Captain A. S. Drewe's office at the beginning of the month. He tells me he had to spend most of the time in bed and was very glad when he was at last able to get down to the Brewery to start work again. He seems to be progressing nicely now and has been able to discard the stick which helped him along.

MR. J. H. TIFT (BRANCH DEPT.).

Having secured an appointment in the office of the Borough Surveyor, Reading, Mr. Tift left us on the 13th March to take up his new post on the following day. He was called by quite a number "Young Alf" and "Messer," this being due to his remarkable likeness to Alf. Messer, the captain of the Reading Football Club. All wish him every success in his new position. He was well liked and had been at the Brewery for the past six and a half years.

MR. S. J. MOORE (TRAVELLER).

Mr. Moore resumed duty on the 17th March. He had to give up just before Christmas owing to leg injury and was unable

to move. After treatment, mainly electrical, he has now got strength back again and is able to get about once more. He has been in great pain at times, but says he is at last making real progress towards recovery which we all hope will be permanent.

MR. J. COOK (SOUTH BERKS BREWERY CO., NEWBURY).

We were sorry to learn our old friend was in hospital at Reading with leg trouble. (Legs seem to be figuring conspicuously in these notes this month.) The request to visit him—mentioned in Newbury Notes—has been taken to heart and several members of the Reading Staff of H. & G. Simonds have been up to see him, to cheer him on his way. For one who used to cover the ground swiftly in days gone past—he was a well-known local runner and athlete—it is hard luck to be laid aside like this. We hope with the treatment he is receiving, and the prospect of better weather, he will soon be on his feet again.

MR. R. BIGGS (GENERAL OFFICE).

This gentleman completed fifty years of faithful service at the Firm on the 20th March.

AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

The Times states that the King has appointed Maurice Alan Cassidy, Esq., C.B., M.A., M.D., B.Ch., F.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., to be Physician to His Majesty's household, in the room of Herbert French, Esq., C.V.O., C.B.E., M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P., resigned, the appointment to date from March 1st.

The eminent physician and surgeon who has thus been honoured was Mr. F. A. Simonds' medical adviser during his long illness and was largely responsible for his restoration to health.

It was good to see Mr. F. A. Simonds' name in the list of guests present at the Pilgrims' Dinner, held at the Hotel Victoria, on Tuesday, March 4th. It is excellent testimony to his present fitness that he should again be taking his place at these important gatherings.

IN PRAISE OF BEER.

In a recent article in the Press under the heading of "A Brewer's Confessions," it is refreshing to read some candid confessions as to the purity of beer. A few days ago the proceedings of the Licensing Commission were enlivened by a brewer testifying, firstly, that British beer was never better than now, and secondly, that it was not correct to call it an intoxicating liquor.

Our grandfathers would have found it difficult to have heard this without smiling, nor could they have told whether the second was meant seriously or not. But as to the stainless purity of modern British beer there can be no question whatsoever, and as to its complete innocuousness, all who remember what pre-war beer was like, and whose palates know nothing of the heroic ages, will agree at once that the witness before the Licensing Commission, if anything, understands the truth.

The following lines in praise of beer are translated from an article by Doctor Bellin du Coteau, reproduced in *Le Petit Journal du Brasseur* :—

"As far back as three hundred years before our era the Egyptian priest Manathos stated that beer had been drunk in Egypt for more than a thousand years. In the first century, Tacitus noted its production in Germany, while the ancient 'cervoise' of Gaul had been known for a long time and with mead was the principal drink of our ancestors. These drinks had naturally only very distant affinity with the foaming and delicate modern beer. Nevertheless, its beneficent properties were already proclaimed. Listen to what was said in flowery language by Jehan de Milan, Professor at the medical schools of Salerno, about the year 1100 :—

"Beer thickens the lymph, gives strength, enriches the blood, is a diuretic, allays stomach-ache, helps and lightly refreshes the stomach.' They did not speak in those days of enzymes, or pepsin or vitamins. Reduced to its simplest terms, without the principals and scientific data which have made of it what it is to-day, medicine had nothing but experience to fall back upon. We must recognise that very frequently it approached the truth. In regard to beer it attained it. In fact, on account of its nourishing, digestive, tonic and refreshing properties there is no more healthy drink than beer, there is none which better suits all temperaments. It is nutritive on account of the assimilable substances which it contains : proteins, carbohydrates, sugars and mineral acids. It is tonic thanks to its bitter, its aroma, and to the alcohol and ferments which its manufacture introduces or which are developed during fermentation. It is digestive on

account of the mixture of the various substances which, suspended in a large quantity of water, exist in a suitable condition to react with each other in the stomach, and form there, with the help of gastric juices, various new compounds. It is refreshing thanks to its content of CO₂ which—contrary to some erroneous views—makes it a particularly light drink.

"Truly, beer contains alcohol, but so little and so diluted that this small amount, far from being harmful, is regarded by all hygienists as having a real and appreciable nutritive value. Beer is made from nutritious materials of the highest class, which makes fraud impossible—beer is never found in the statistics of fraud. Their partial or complete transformation, far from impairing the active principals, in many cases increases them by solubilisation or assimilation. It is, consequently, not astonishing that gynæcologists recommend beer to nursing mothers, that doctors prescribe it for debility or anæmia. What is more, its preventive value for many diseases is recognised. Thus it is prescribed in certain deficiency conditions due to lack of living products, as in scurvy and rickets. It may be an invalid's drink because, slightly alcoholic, there is no attendant risk to the organism."

When it is added that modern brewing gives it a very satisfactory stability, it may be concluded that beer, a complete food, a pure food, complying with every demand of hygiene and toxicology, stimulating, digestive, comforting, energising, is a drink which should not only be permitted, but recommended for daily use.

THE ANCIENT ART OF BREWING.

There is not a single industry in which man employs his hands and brains that has not a romantic history attached to it. The making of bread, pottery and clothes, the tilling of the fields, the manufacture of cloth and all domestic articles, has each a place in the ancient chronicles handed down to us. Amongst them is one of outstanding interest : the manufacture of a beverage which can claim to be the most popular among men of all times. Beer has been the drink of kings, noblemen and the artisans, and is both palatable and beneficial.

It may surprise the man in the street to learn that mention of beer is made in ancient Egyptian records, thousands of years old. A papyrus of the time of Seti I, 1300 B.C., gives an account of the drinking of "hega" which was made from red barley or malt. Again, Siculus writes that the ancient Britons drank on festive occasions a fermented liquor made from barley and honey. The

Hebrews, too, are said to have had a weakness for a strong drink prepared from barley, and a tradition states that during their captivity in Babylon, the Jews escaped the scourge of leprosy by reason of their drinking a bitter beer manufactured with the aid of hops.

The Romans, during their occupation of Britain, improved the making of ale to a great extent, and the Saxons who raided our shores after the departure of the Romans were enabled to adopt this improved method. The monasteries which were built in many places during early times had each their own brewery, and it is stated that Netley Abbey in Hampshire numbered as many as four brewers amongst its fraternity at one period.

The flavouring of beer with a bitter astringent (usually the bark of the oak or other trees) was at first strongly opposed. There were also many quarrels between the authorities and the brewers, who were looked upon with contempt. In 1445, however, the latter adopted a protective measure by forming the "Brewers' Company," and this body helped to produce a much better feeling between the two classes. Prior to the eighteenth century a great proportion of the brewing was carried on by the housewives, but from then onwards they troubled themselves less with this task and relied more upon the professional brewer.

So many kinds of beer were being brewed in Edward VI's reign, that the London brewers decided that only two kinds of ale, single and double, should henceforth be sold. In the manufacture of the latter, it was decided that from a quarter of grain, four barrels and one firkin of liquor should be obtained, and twice the amount of single ale.

In the reign of Charles I a tax on malt was raised, but repealed a little later. This was again instituted in Queen Anne's reign, together with a tax on hops. Sugar was taxed in 1850, but in 1880 all three duties, together with the brewer's licences, were repealed, and a licence duty imposed on the sale of beer.

One of the most famous brews is that of porter which was introduced in 1722. The liquors chiefly in use at this time were ale, beer and "twopenny," and it was customary for the buyer to ask for a pint of the three mixed together. This necessitated the unfortunate publican visiting three casks in turn, and to avoid this trouble a mixture of the three was placed on the market ready for use. On account of the large number of porters who consumed this beverage it received its name, "Porter." It has now been almost entirely replaced by mild ale.

The rapid strides of the past 30 or 40 years have resulted in the satisfactory brewing of light beers, which are much more

wholesome than the old heavily-hopped beers formerly drunk. Another innovation is the bottling of beer which has shown great improvement since 1918. The rapid transport now in use, together with the fact that bottled beers may be consumed immediately upon receipt, are both important factors in the sale of this commodity which is now in great demand.

Altogether, the art of brewing and the tale of the industry are both subjects of great interest, and one might well spend a profitable hour or so in studying them with the aid of one of the many excellent text-books which have been written in this connection.

KIRBY JUNR.

DEATH OF MR. C. O. FOX.

It is with great regret we record the death of Mr. C. O. Fox, Landlord of the "Duke of Edinburgh Hotel," Caversham Road, Reading. Mr. Day, the father of Mrs. Fox, became the tenant of the house in February, 1890. After his death, Mrs. Day carried on the business until August, 1903, when she made it over to her son-in-law, Mr. Fox. So the business has been in the same family for forty years.

The late Mr. Fox was highly respected and his numerous customers will miss his cheery welcome to the house where they were always made to feel comfortable.

We understand that it is the desire of Mrs. Fox to carry on the business, and she is exceptionally well qualified to do so.



THE TRAVELS OF A TRAVELLER.



Last year Mr. E. H. Kelly spent his summer holidays abroad and in the picture he is seen feeding some pigeons outside St. Mark's Church, Venice.

PRESENTATIONS TO MR. R. BIGGS.

A full report of the presentations, etc., made to Mr. R. Biggs, on the completion of fifty years' service at the Firm will appear in next month's issue of the GAZETTE.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Much nonsense," says Mr. George Lansbury, "is talked about Hyde Park." But nothing like so much as is talked in it.

Recruits to the Metropolitan Police are so thoroughly trained that they are even taught the best way to blow their whistles. It has not, however, been found necessary to instruct them how to wet their whistles.

* * * *

Owing to lack of accommodation, the jury at a recent inquest had to sit on each other's knees. Now that women sit on juries this sort of thing should go far to popularise what is usually looked upon as an unpleasant duty.

* * * *

A well-known barrister, writing on celebrated cases of mistaken identity, states that every man has his double. And it's a curious fact that an Englishman's double is very often Scotch.

* * * *

A little boy had heard a pathetic story and remained unmoved.

"And that poor little boy has not got a father," said the mother. "Would not you like to give him your bunny?"

"No," shouted the little boy, "let him have father."

* * * *

HE: "What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable body?"

SHE: "The newspapers pay out the insurance money, I suppose."

* * * *

MAGISTRATE: "Are you sure he was intoxicated?"

POLICEMAN: "No, sir, not positive; but his wife says he brought home a manhole cover and tried to play it on the gramophone."

* * * *

FIRST SAILOR: "Do you know I've got a six-inch chest expansion?"

SECOND SAILOR: "That's nothin'. See that black spot on my chest? When I takes a breath, that's a four-masted schooner."

* * * *

A lady saw donations being handed to a man who looked as if he had seen better days. She gave him a shilling "for charity," and next day he handed her back a pound, whispering, "Charity won!"

There was an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman; they were asked to a party and they were each asked to bring something with them. The Englishman brought a ham, which was very useful; the Irishman brought a bottle of whisky, which was still more useful; and the Scotsman brought his brother.

* * * *

A creditor wrote to the partners in a small business, complaining that their account was long overdue. The reply he got to his request for prompt payment was: "At the end of every month we place all our unpaid accounts on the table in a pile. Then we draw six out. These six are paid. If we have any more of your impudence you won't be in the shuffle at all next month."

* * * *

Golf has been defined as the pursuit of pale pills by purple people.

* * * *

The man who leaves his wife much while he is alive, will probably leave her very little when he is dead.

* * * *

Though rabbits are said to multiply quickly, they are a poor substitute for a ready reckoner.

* * * *

The golf club's best grouser at the nineteenth hole was complaining of the worm casts on the greens and through the fairways. In strolled the captain, to whom the grouser turned and said:—"By the way, isn't this the time of year to treat worms?"

"Yes," the captain admitted, "what will you have?"—*Tit-Bits.*

* * * *

MOTHER: "I can't think where Fritz got his sweet nature from."

FATHER: "It must be from you."

MOTHER: "Flatterer!"

FATHER: "I still have mine myself!"—*Faun, Vienna.*

* * * *

FATHER: "Are there half fares for children?"

CONDUCTOR: "Yes, under fourteen."

FATHER: "That's all right. I've only five."

* * * *

In our selection of socks and ties there is something to suit the most fastidiots. (Quoted in *The Humorist*.)

A Sunday School teacher, who was preparing her class for a lesson on the ark of the covenant, said: "Now, children, you have all read of the ark built by Noah, but that is not the only ark mentioned in the Bible. Can you tell me of another?" "Yes, miss," said one little girl. "There's the 'ark the 'erald angels sing."

* * * *

"And how is your husband getting on with his reducing exercises, Mrs. Nuequids?"

"You'd be surprised—that battleship 'e 'ad tattooed on 'is chest is now only a rowing boat!"

* * * *

"I didn't marry beauty, my boy; I didn't marry wealth or position; I married for sympathy."

"Well, you have mine."—*Tit-Bits.*

* * * *

"Weel, Jock, Ah thought ye said ye were goin' to gie me a turkey for Christmas."

"Aye, Donald, but it got better."

* * * *

A male quartet will sing: "I Need Three Every Hour."—*From an American Church Magazine.*

* * * *

"Hello! old man, you're looking very cheerful to-day."

"Yes; my wife's just gone for a three months' trip to the West Indies."

"Jamaica?"

"Oh, dear, no; it was quite her own idea."

* * * *

As a good example of presence of mind in a theatre, a well-known author used to tell the story of a violinist who was sitting in the stalls of a crowded theatre in New York, when someone shouted "Fire!" The violinist at once left his seat, snatched a violin from a member of the orchestra, and began to play a familiar melody. The audience was held spell-bound, panic was averted, and everyone was burnt to death.

* * * *

HUSBAND (feeling a twinge in the back while he is tuning in the wireless receiver): "I believe I'm getting lumbago."

WIFE: "What's the use, dear? You won't be able to understand a word they say."—*Tit-Bits.*

SON : " Father, why was Adam made first ? "

FATHER : " To give him a chance to say a few words. "

* * * *

FIRST LOAFER : " 'Aven't seen yer for twelve months. What yer bin doin' ? "

SECOND LOAFER : " Twelve months. "

* * * *

" Don't you see the resemblance ? " asked the proud mother, exhibiting her baby. " Just look at our faces side by side. " " Nothing could be plainer, " replied the guest absent-mindedly.

* * * *

" What makes you think she doesn't like you ? " " She told me she thought there was a fool in every family. " " Well, what of that ? " " I had told her a moment before that I was an only child. "

* * * *

The late Lord Cockburn . . . was sitting on the hillside with his shepherd one day, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, he remarked :

" John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill. "

" Ah, my Lord, " said the shepherd, " but if ye was a sheep, ye wad hae mair sense. "

* * * *

" What your team needs, " said the loyal supporter of the home side to one of the visitors, " is a really good coach. "

" And what your team needs, " remarked the other, " is a really good reliable hearse. "

* * * *

An American woman is reported to have won the world's beer-drinking contest recently conducted in a Parisian bar. 'Ale Columbia !

* * * *

The commercial traveller was explaining why he insisted on smoking a certain brand of cigarettes.

" You see, when I collect five thousand of these coupons I get a grand piano. "

One of the company promptly replied : " My dear chap, if you smoke five thousand of those things you'll want a harp. "

George, whose only means of support was his rich father, was being married. Everything went well until the bridegroom had to repeat the words : " With all my wordly goods I thee endow. "

The congregation was then startled to hear a moan from his father. " Gracious ! " he muttered, " There goes his bicycle ! "

* * * *

During the trial of a man charged with wife-beating, a neighbour present during the assault was called as a witness for the prosecution. He described the blows in detail and the wife's helplessness.

In astonishment the judge turned to the witness and asked : " Do you mean the Court to understand that you stood by and saw this man strike the poor woman again and again ? "

" Yes, I saw it all. "

" And you made no effort to interfere ? "

" I couldn't. "

" Why not ? "

" I was filling my pipe. "

* * * *

The film star had already had three previous husbands. On the day of her fourth marriage the parson arrived in the church quite ten minutes late.

The bride was more than a bit angry, and gave the padre a big bit of her mind : " If ever this occurs again, " she said quite sharply, " I'll take my custom to another church. "

* * * *

The Bishop was being shaved by the rather unsteady hand of the village hairdresser, his own man being on the sick list, when suddenly his chin was cut badly and began to bleed profusely.

As the village hairdresser had the reputation of being a heavy drinker, the Bishop could not refrain from observing testily : " There, now, that's what comes of drinking too much liquor. "

" Yes, my lord, " answered the barber respectfully, " *it do make the skin tender, don't it ?* "

* * * *

" Does my practising make you nervous ? " the man in the corner who was learning to play the cornet asked his neighbour.

" It did when I first heard the people round about discussing it, " replied the long-suffering friend, " but now I'm getting so hardened I don't care what happens to you. "

The strong man on vacation in the West Country rode out on horseback to challenge a farmer whose great strength had gained him a reputation. He entered the farmyard, tied up his horse, and approached the farmer.

"Hey," he said, "I've heard a lot about you, and have come a long way to see which is the better man."

Without answering, the farmer seized the intruder, hurled him bodily into the road, and returned to his work.

When the loser had recovered his breath, the farmer growled, "Have you anything more to say to me?"

"No," was the reply, "but perhaps you'll be good enough to throw me my horse."

* * * *

"An yo' say dat little twin baby am a gal?" inquired Parson Jones of one of his coloured flock.

"Yessah."

"An' de other one. Am dat of the contrary sex?"

"Yessah. She am a gal, too."

* * * *

A commercial traveller entered the shop of a grocer named March and said: "March, on the 1st of April the price of tea is going up."

"I'm sorry to hear that," replied March.

A few days later a wholesale salesman came in and said: "March, on the 1st of April the price of sugar is going up."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said March.

Later on the landlord came in and said: "March, on the 1st of April I must put the rent up."

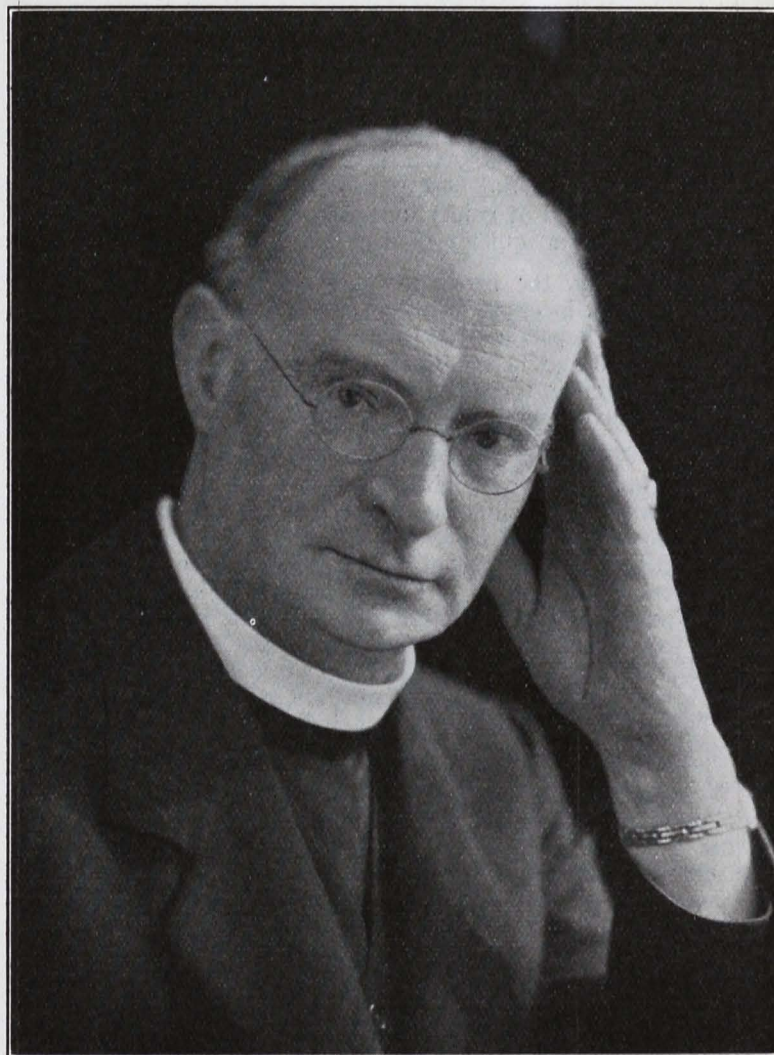
"I'm sorry to hear that," said March.

Then he put up this sign in his window: "The first of April will be the end of March."

SEVEN BRIDGES BREWERY CRICKET CLUB.

The annual meeting of Seven Bridges Cricket Club will be held at the Social Club, on Friday, April 11th, at 8 p.m. sharp.

All members are requested to attend.



Canon F. J. C. Gillmor, T.D., the popular Vicar of St. Giles, Reading, and Hon. Chaplain of the Brewery, Reading.

BRANCHES.

GIBRALTAR.

At the time of writing these lines the Atlantic Fleet is away, engaged on the combined Fleet manœuvres, and we are therefore enjoying a spell of comparative quietude and "getting our breath back" ready for the onslaught when both Fleets return. As we expected, the visit of the Atlantic Fleet came fully up to our expectations, and for the best part of a month we have been plunged into a whirl of gaiety and amusement which makes the temporary spell seem quieter than ever.

Unfortunately, the first part of the stay of the Fleet was marred by almost incessant rains, and it was not until the Sunday previous to their departure that the first of the Atlantic Fleet *versus* Garrison football matches could be held, resulting in a win for the Navy by three goals to two, although, on the run of the play, a draw would have been a better result.

To the Chief and Petty Officers of H.M.S. *Nelson* we are doubly indebted for two delightful Dances which they held at the Garrison Gymnasium, while the Chief and Petty Officers of H.M.S. *Furious* also entertained us at the same place after the majority of the Fleet had departed. Outstanding among the other functions were Dances held by the ship's company of H.M.S. *Malaya* and H.M.S. *Centaur*. At all of the above events the provision of liquid refreshment, etc., was entrusted to the capable hands of Mr. E. M. B. Cottrell, and the fact that he has given every satisfaction to the various committees is instanced by the repeat orders which have been handed in. In fact, it is a case of "S.B. calling all Stations"!

We regret to have to announce the departure from the "Rock" of Colonel and Mrs. L. A. E. Price-Davies, who left our midst a short time ago. During the long period they have been here, they have become exceedingly popular, and their absence will be felt for some time to come. We wish them every success and happiness for the future.

Our friend the Levanter, like the poor, is again with us, and it is to be hoped that "he" will leave us when the Fleets return. Both Fleets will be here together for a week, and every indication is given that we shall again have to crowd into one week enough hectic amusement to last us normally for at least a month.

The two new Battalions appear to be "shaking down" all right, and it is to be hoped that they will take up the cudgels when the Fleet has finally departed and help us to while away our involuntary exile. Their first impression, which usually counts for

so much, cannot have been very favourable, but we can assure them that when the sun shines, as it should do very shortly, there are many worse places than "Gib."

The first round of the competition for the Governor's Cup has started, and the Royal Artillery "drew first blood" by defeating the Royal Engineers by three goals to one. This came as a slight surprise to most of us, as the Royal Engineers are usually to the forefront in matters sporting, but, at the same time, they do not begrudge their opponents the victory.

We are again to be treated to the spectacle of a Naval Review, when the Mediterranean Fleet arrives, and are looking forward to what is now becoming an annual event. Last year about 4,000 officers and men of the Mediterranean Fleet were on parade, and the sight then presented was not easily forgotten.

The "Hop Leaf" brand continues to flourish as well as to nourish, under the guiding hands of Messrs. Cottrell and Hutton. Which reminds me: the last-named gentleman has asked me to try one, which must be my excuse for knocking off. *A Dios* till next month.

"NAUTICUS."

PORTSMOUTH.

THE WELCH REGIMENT CELEBRATES ST. DAVID'S DAY AT GOSPORT.

On the morning of St. David's Day the bugles of the 1st Welch Regiment sounded the popular call of "No Parade to-day." With the exception of fatigue men the Regiment held a general holiday in celebration of the festival of the Patron Saint of Wales, St. David. The annual cross country run of the Battalion was held at Gomer, where every man under the age of thirty had to don running gear and the field which faced the C.O., Lieut.-Colonel G. Fleming, D.S.O., who acted as Starter, totalled 320. The course, over about three and a half miles of rough country, started from Gomer Halt, and skirting in an anti-clockwise direction, the woods behind Fort Grange and from there over plough to Browndown, returning by the railway. The holders of the trophy, Headquarters Wing, had their hopes raised when they had the first man home, Pte. E. G. Hallam, in 17½ minutes, but they were beaten in the subsequent placings by the Machine Gun Company. Pte. Hallam was followed by Pte. D. J. Regan (Machine Guns), Pte. A. Hopkins and L/Cpl. T. S. Johnson (both "B" Company), and Pte. L. Pople (Machine Guns), in that order. The team placings were: 1, Machine Gun Company, 739; 2, Headquarters, 1043; 3, "A" Company, 1161; 4, Band and Drums, 1207; 5, "C" Company, 2070; 6, "B" Company, 2361. The officials were: Starter, Lieut.-Colonel

Fleming; Judges, Major C. A. S. Carlton, D.S.O., Major G. S. Brewis, D.S.O., Major the Hon. W. Somerset; Timekeeper and Organizer, Capt. P. Ayres, M.C.; Checker, R.S.M. J. H. Jones.

The men were congratulated upon their performance by Lieut.-Colonel Fleming. Mrs. Somerset presented the prizes and was thanked for her services by a round of cheering.

To finish the day an Invitation Ball was given, under the auspices of the Sergeants' Mess, in the New Barracks, Gosport, and a large number of Gosport and other visitors joined in the festival with great enthusiasm. The members of the Mess, with Sergeant-Major A. C. Priest (President) as their leader, deserved the great success gained because of the completeness of their arrangements. The welcome extended to their guests was reflected in the decorations, the scheme of which cleverly concealed the usual purpose of the gymnasium. The height of the building was hidden by a close web of many-coloured streamers stretched from one side to the other and the gauntness of the walls was masked by flags and bunting artistically draped and festooned. Attractive ante-rooms for those who preferred sitting out the dances were made by large marquees, a transformation being effected by the use of palms and other foliage plants. The marquees were furnished with settees and armchairs, whilst one of them was set aside as a supper room and refreshment buffet. There were two bands giving a programme of the non-stop order, the Battalion Band, under the direction of Bandmaster A. E. Shaw, alternating with Mr. J. Arnold's Orchestra. The duties of M.C. were ably carried out by Sergeant-Major Priest and Lance/Sergeant Williams. Amongst those present were Major-General Sir Thomas O. Marden, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., Colonel of the Regiment; Lieut.-Col. G. Fleming, D.S.O., Commanding the Battalion; Lieut.-Col. B. E. Crocker, D.S.O., who formerly commanded the Battalion; Lieut.-Col. W. F. Packe, D.S.O., a past Officer; and Major A. G. Lyttleton, D.S.O., Commanding the Depot at Cardiff; as well as Officers of the Battalion. Dancing was continued until well into the small hours of the morning, but in the last few minutes prior to midnight, homage was paid to the Patron Saint of Wales. Trumpeters sounded a fanfare and the hall was momentarily plunged into darkness. Spotlights were concentrated on one corner and St. David, impersonated by Sergeant Davis, stepped on the floor. He sang the Welsh National Anthem, "Land of my Fathers," in his native tongue and the Welshmen joined in the refrain with true Celtic fervour. As the figure of St. David disappeared from view the lights were thrown upon the Battalion trophies, a splendid collection of silver surmounted by a device bearing the words "Cymru Am Byth," which means "Wales for ever."



By kind permission of the "Portsmouth Evening News."

Mrs. Somerset, wife of Major the Hon. W. Somerset, presenting to Private E. G. Hallam the trophy won in the Welch Regiment's cross country run at Gosport.

POUR BOIR.

The *Aquitania* is taking back with her to America a charming little lady who would be utterly crestfallen if she knew the *faux pas* she had committed just before she left London. Armed with liberal letters of credit to one of the leading London Banks, she has spent several weeks in London before returning home to Chicago. During her stay she had occasion to pay several visits to the bank where a temporary account had been opened in her name. She always went to the same cashier and was treated, of course, with invariable courtesy and kindness. Before she left London she paid a special visit to the bank and made her acknowledgments. She thanked the cashier very prettily for the attention he had shown her and—left five shillings on the counter. The cashier assured her he was very glad if he had been of any service to her and called her attention to the five shillings. "Oh," she said, with an ingratiating smile, as she pushed the change across to him, "that's all right; that's for beer."—(Extract from *Portsmouth Evening News*, dated Monday, March 17th, 1930.)

BRIGHTON.

The following stories which were told at the recent annual dinner of the Brighton Deep Sea Anglers may be new to our readers.

One of our representatives at Westminster told that, whilst tarpon fishing in Florida, he heard a story of fishing in Australian waters when some Maoris had heard of a marine monster that had been paying some visits to their coast. A party with some strong tackle went out to capture this fish, and eventually hooked something abnormally large, which succumbed after being "played" for some forty-eight hours. It turned out such a monster that some of the party decided to settle down on it, which they did and called it New Zealand.

A proud mother near the banks of the Arun had presented her husband with a bonny son and was anxious to know its weight. When the infant was fit to take its first airing, the father, a keen angler, took it to the local hostelry where fishermen's catches were weighed in. The landlord was only too happy to oblige, and rigged up the clock scale, and in went the baby. The hand immediately recorded 56 lbs.!

Football! Brighton and Hove Albion have recently secured some players from Reading Football Club, and their first display was exceedingly promising. The Albion are all out for the League championship.

Plymouth and Brentford have played so well that the issue will be undecided until the last match of the season.

Brighton is now preparing for the summer months, when we hope once again to see some Reading friends here browned by our sea air. We always have plenty to offer our visitors by our wonderful sea-front, the Downs, and amusements to equal any outside London.

For any parties anticipating coming to Brighton we can recommend our friend Mr. Beech, of the Aquarium Restaurant, to look after the creature comforts of any party, large or small. Another friend, Mr. Nat Vaughan, is also to be recommended to well look after the needs of small parties.

WOOLWICH.

We must apologise for not having contributed to the GAZETTE for the past few numbers. However, we have been enjoying what others had to say immensely; with these remarks we trust we are pardoned.

Since our last write-up our old friends, the 1st Battalion The Suffolk Regiment, have moved from Colchester to Blackdown. We sincerely hope they have now happily settled down in their new surroundings. We are happy to report the Regiment gave the Firm their full support on the move and we were able to pass on the Officers' and Sergeants' Mess trade, also that of the Regimental Institutes.

The 2nd Battalion The Black Watch have taken over Meeanee Barracks, Colchester; they relieved the 1st Suffolk Regiment.

We are very pleased to make the acquaintance of this Regiment and we trust our business relations will soon equal that of other customers in the garrison. We can assure them that we are anxious to do all in our power to maintain the Firm's high standard of service.

As usual at this time of the year many Clubs hold their annual dinners. Our friends, the R.E. Old Comrades' Club, held theirs on February 8th, and by all accounts the function was the usual R.E. success.

The Well Hall Ex-Service Men's Club held their dinner on February 19th, and we are glad to report a very successful evening. Mr. W. Bowyer was invited to attend and he was delighted with the reception accorded him.

The weather of late has rather made us look forward to the summer; there is one thing, our wishes will soon be gratified.

Mr. S. H. Spurling, who is in hospital undergoing operations for a mastoid abscess in the ear, also the removal of his tonsils, is, we are happy to say, progressing favourably and we hope that by the time these lines appear in print he will be out of hospital and well on the road to recovery. A copy of last month's GAZETTE was sent to him, and from what we have heard it was greatly appreciated not only by himself but by several others in the ward who knew the Firm well.

A brother of our foreman, Mr. S. C. Kingwell, who was with us at this Branch some years, has now passed his driving test and has been taken on by the London General Omnibus Company. We wish him every success in his new position.

WOKING.

WOKING AND DISTRICT CLUB STEWARDS.

The Red House Hotel, Woking, was the venue of a convivial evening on Wednesday, 5th March, the occasion being the third annual dinner of the Woking and District Club Stewards, when a

large assembly of Stewards and friends sat down to a splendid repast served under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Smith. Mr. A. Bennett presided.

Following the toast to "The King," which was honoured in the usual manner, the Chairman submitted the toast of the "Woking and District Club Stewards." He said it was the third occasion on which they had assembled under the auspices of their growing association, and the third occasion on which he had been honoured by being asked to preside. The past year had been a difficult one, largely due to the rising tide of unemployment and adverse economic conditions generally, and many Clubs had found it difficult to show a balance on the right side. The altered habits of the rising generation, too, had increased the difficulties, for they demanded more and more in the way of comforts and social functions, which entailed more work on the Stewards, and made it increasingly necessary that the Clubs should be successful on the business side.

They were to be congratulated on the good name which they enjoyed amongst the authorities, police, councils, and all those communities of thought and action which went towards making up the full measure of organised society.

They were at present under the shadow of the Budget, and the shadow of possible legislation as the result of the Royal Commission now sitting. He hoped those shadows would soon pass and leave the Clubs their freedom to develop along their own lines, as any new burdens imposed would be a serious handicap. He wished again to refer to the question of "Night" Clubs, because in the minds of some people it might be interpreted that the good name of the Club movement had become somewhat besmirched by the happenings at those assemblies, and to which some publicity had been given. They had nothing in common with these so-called "Night" Clubs, and he wished to reiterate this fact.

For the future he was sure they would do all in their power to keep abreast of the times, although perhaps they would find it increasingly difficult to make their Clubs a success both on the social side and from a balance sheet point of view. He was sure, however, that they would be successful and continue to uphold the high reputation with the authorities and the community in general.

Mr. E. Wells (Woking Constitutional), in response, said he was more than gratified to see such a good muster that evening, as it was an event to which the Stewards looked forward with very real pleasure. Since they last met they had sustained a great loss by the death of Mr. H. Moulding, late Steward of the Woking British Legion Club, and he desired to express their sympathies to the widow.

The toast of "The Visitors" was again entrusted to Mr. T. Loughnane (Old Woking), who extended a cordial welcome to all those who had come from near and far to join them that evening. He gave some interesting figures regarding the growth of their happy assembly, and hoped they would continue to receive such encouraging support.

Mr. H. Burge (Essex), in a pleasing speech, responded and said that as a visitor to the district he had been struck by the courtesy extended to him from the Clubs in the neighbourhood. He had always found a warm welcome, and during the course of his remarks paid a tribute to the social activities of the Clubs with which he had come into contact. He wished on behalf of the visitors to express the great pleasure which they experienced on being invited to such a gathering.

A capital musical programme followed, and amongst those contributing were Miss Constance Head, Mr. "Billie" Sturt (always a great favourite), Mr. E. Gallagher, Mr. P. Foster, Mr. E. Hollingdale (Weybridge), and Miss Gladys Waters, who proved an able accompanist.

LUDGERSHALL.

During the past month several members of the staff have formed a football team and have had a couple of very enjoyable games with a team selected from the staff of Messrs. G. Rawlings & Sons, coal merchants and haulage contractors, of this village. It was certainly a case of "Fuel" v. "Beverage," and on both occasions "Fuel" was successful. Messrs. Rawlings' team won the first match by 5—3 and the second 3—1. Below we give a photograph of our team.



H. & G. Simonds' Ludgershall Football Team.

Recently we have had a couple of very enjoyable billiards matches, but in both cases we were compelled to "bite the dust."

Our first game was against the Sergeants' Mess, 9th Field Brigade, Royal Artillery, and we are all very grateful to R.S.M. Aucock and the members of the Mess for giving us such a pleasant evening.

Our game with the Sergeants' Mess, 3rd Divisional Royal Engineers, was a little more successful from our point of view as we were only defeated by the narrow margin of 27 points, whereas in our match with the 9th Field Brigade R.A., we failed by 65 points. Below we give you details of the scores.

R.S.M. Ashwin and the members of the Royal Engineers' Mess made us all very welcome and we must thank them for a very pleasant evening.

9th Field Brigade, R.A.

			<i>H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.</i>		
B.Q.M.S. Higgins	...	95	v. Mr. F. L. Shrimpton	...	100
R.S.M. Hazel	...	100	v. E. Hockings	...	78
Sergt. Clamping	...	100	v. J. Lazzari	...	46
Sergt. Stapleton	...	100	v. J. Mitcheson	...	69
Sergt. Arnold	...	100	v. T. Flemington	...	93
Sergt. O'Loughlin	...	76	v. E. Pearce	...	100
<hr/>			<hr/>		
571			476		

3rd Divisional R.E.

			<i>H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.</i>		
Sergt.-Major Ford	...	79	v. J. Lazzari	...	100
Sergt. O'Connell	...	95	v. E. Hockings	...	100
Sergt. Bradshaw	...	61	v. T. Flemington	...	100
Sergt. Curtis	...	100	v. H. Nuttall	...	83
Sergt. Miller	...	100	v. F. L. Shrimpton	...	69
Staff Sergt. Light	...	100	v. E. Pearce	...	56
<hr/>			<hr/>		
535			508		

We have recently had several point-to-point meetings in this district. The Tedworth Hunt Meeting was held at Penton and the Royal Artillery, Salisbury Plain Meeting, was held at Shipton Bellinger. For the information of some of our military friends we give below details of the latter meeting:—

2nd Field Brigade Race.—Captain C. P. Wilson's Duke (Owner), 1; Mr. R. S. Baker's Desmolody (Owner), 2; Mr. G. P. W. Dunphie's Lucky Girl (Owner), 3. Won by a length. Eight ran.

9th Field Brigade Race.—Mr. J. P. M. Haslan's Dick (Owner) finished alone. Three ran.

2nd Light Brigade Race.—Mr. J. L. Proudlock's Mary (Owner), 1; Mr. H. B. M. Wright's Janet (Owner), 2. Won easily. Only two finished. Seven ran.

26th Field Brigade Race.—Mr. G. Marche-Phillips's Red Girl (Owner), 1; Mr. R. W. Sorbie's St. Claire (Owner), 2; Mr. E. A. L. Oldfield's Honeywood (Owner), 3. Won by a length. Twelve ran.

1st Medium Brigade Race.—Mr. F. W. Houghton's Fethard (Owner), 1; Major I. N. Clayton's Wall Eye (M. Shelder), 2; Mr. F. W. Houghton's Jingle (Mr. Turner), 3. Won easily. Eight ran.

CAVALRY CUP ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL FINAL.

The above was contested by the 1st King's Dragoon Guards and the 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars on the Tattoo Ground at Tidworth on March 14th. After a most interesting game the 1st King's Dragoon Guards were the victors by 2 goals to nil.

The 7th Hussars brought practically the whole of the Regiment down from Colchester to witness the game, and we were all very pleased to see such old friends as R.S.M. Nichols, the Bandmaster (Mr. Spencer) and S.S.M. Tom Wallis, and many others.

It is some years since the Cavalry Cup came to Tidworth and it is rather a coincidence that the last time it was held by the 2nd Cavalry Brigade was when the 7th Hussars won it at the time they were stationed at Tidworth.

The enclosed photograph is of a few of the Queen's Bays, who are evidently very good judges of a good beer.



Few of the Queen's Bays—rare good judges of a good beer.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

We wend our way homewards during these evenings of early spring with the radiating influence of the sunlight warming the hearts of even the most doleful among us, bidding us tread less heavily, as we think of the golden months ahead, when summer fragrance fills the land.

However, for the moment, we are as content with "the promise of merry sunshine," as we are with the flowers of spring—those

merry harbingers of the feast of good things ahead—the time of carnival and frolic, of glorious days, wandering on—content to linger, yet eager for the horizon. Of golden hours 'mid moor and fen, of memorable holidays, of restful days, of moonlit peace.

Or of thrilling moments in our games—the ecstasy of making that perfect drive, or the issues resting on that final over. How we all enjoy these moments!

Even to-day how many are endeavouring to unwind the tangled skeins ahead of us? Will "Argyleites" be elated or "Elm Parkites" deflated? Can Oxford win, can England capture the Open, rout the invaders at Wimbledon or retain the Ashes?

These are but a few of the good things for life's convivial souls! Verily for those who care to mingle with the crowds on its highway, the "Summer Time" of 1930 has much to offer.

While on the subject of recreation Mr. Editor, may we, for the benefit of those readers of the GAZETTE who may be contemplating a visit to these Western shores during the holiday season, give a, necessarily curtailed list of those "Simonds" houses situated amid the favoured spots of Devon and Cornwall—places where thirsty travellers may assuage their thirst, and even rest for the morrow.

All work and no play is dull going, and even the highest has occasionally to lay aside the cares of State, to seek renewed health and strength for their daily tasks.

Here, under the "Hop Leaf" sign, our friends can be sure of every comfort and attention, while to complete their needs, viands and beverages of the very best quality are at their commands.

Plymouth is not included in the list, as obviously no difficulty will be experienced in finding "Simonds" houses there.

CORNWALL.

Antony:—The "Ring of Bells" Inn.

Kingsand: The "Devonport" Inn and the "Rising Sun" Inn.

Millbrook: The "Commercial Hotel" and the "Mark of Friendship" Inn.

Launceston: The "Newmarket Hotel."

DEVON.

Brixham: The "Burton Hotel," "Platels Hotel" and "Queens Hotel."

Dartmouth: The "Seale Arms" Hotel.

Dawlish: The "White Hart" Inn.

Newton Abbot: The "Commercial Hotel" and "The Dartmouth" Inn.

Okehampton: The "Pretoria Wine and Spirit Vaults."

Paignton: The "Devonport Arms" Inn and the "Commercial Hotel."

Teignmouth: The "Market House" Inn and the "Royal Oak" Inn.

Torquay: The "Rising Sun" Inn and the "White Hart" Inn.

Totnes: The "Albert Inn" and the "Dartmouth" Inn.

A word to the wise: Book early—No time like the present! At least, will you call in for a friendly chat when that way?

We are already forging ahead with our summer trade arrangements, and apart from the supplying of the Military Camps at Okehampton, Willsworthy and elsewhere, we have also secured nomination for the following events:—

Torquay Races.

North Cornwall Foxhounds Point-to-Point Meeting.

Yealampton Show.

Kingsbridge Show.

The "Hop Leaf" banners will therefore be once again making a "brave" show, and "S.B.ites" will be vying with each other in their hurry towards the refreshment tent.

"The more the merrier," say we.

A disastrous fire occurred at the "Commercial Hotel," Paignton, in the early hours of the morning of February 26th, the premises being almost entirely destroyed, together with seven motor cars in an adjoining garage.

It was evident from the first that nothing could be done to save the latter, which was soon a raging inferno, and efforts were then concentrated on preventing the Hotel becoming involved.

Unfortunately, so fierce was the blaze and so terrific the heat, that the rear part of the "Commercial" soon ignited, and the whole of this spacious property's living rooms, billiard room, lounge bars and stores were practically destroyed before the fire was subdued.

Providentially, although Mr. Harry Carter, Mrs. Carter and their Staff had to hurriedly escape in the scantiest of attire, and had no chance to save any personal belongings, no one was injured, and Mr. and Mrs. Carter and their helpers are to-day courageously carrying on under many difficulties.

The Paignton Fire Brigade, under Chief Officer Huggins, worked heroically for two trying hours, in their fight to subdue the conflagration, and our sincere thanks are due to them and their colleagues in blue for the magnificent efforts they made. Also to those other ready helpers who so generously assisted to minimize the after effects of the disaster.

The old "Commercial" was a favourite rendezvous at Paignton, and it is pleasing to record that its friends are still to be found there—a tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Carter.

We hope that from the ashes of the old, will rise a greater "Commercial," to ultimately take its place as representative of the best we can offer to Paignton.



The "Commercial Hotel," Paignton, destroyed by fire February 26th 1930.

OXFORD.

For the benefit of our service friends at various stations, we cull the following item of interest from the *Oxford Times* of February 28th :—

"BRAVERY AT AERODROME FIRE.

"At Bicester R.A.F. Station on Monday afternoon (February 24th), Air-Vice Marshal Sir J. M. Steele presented the medal of the Military Division of the Order of the British Empire to Ex-Sergt. (Pilot) Maurice Edward Hearn for meritorious service rendered on the occasion of a fire at Bicester Aerodrome on January 3rd, 1929.

"The fire broke out in one of the hangars, and Sergt. Hearn immediately climbed upon an aeroplane, sat on the petrol tanks and sprayed on the burning parts fire extinguishers handed to him from the ground.

"Vice-Marshal Sir J. Steele, who was received with the Air Salute, said the courage displayed at the fire was a credit to the Squadron."

POINT-TO-POINT MEETINGS.

We were this year once more entrusted with the supply of malt liquors, etc., at the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Point-to-Point Meeting at Somerton, Oxon, on Wednesday, March 5th, and also at the South Oxon Hunt Point-to-Point Meeting at Poppets Hill, Tetsworth, on Friday, March 14th.

The catering for both these meetings was again carried out by our friend, Mr. J. Salter, of Salisbury, with his usual excellence and efficiency.

OXFORDSHIRE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' CENTRAL PROTECTION SOCIETY ANNUAL DINNER.

The above dinner was held at the Clarendon Hotel, Oxford, on Tuesday, March 18th under the chairmanship of James H. Morrell, Esq., M.A., J.P., who was supported by Captain R. R. Henderson, M.P., The Sheriff of Oxford City, Councillor Maurice Butler, and a large gathering of representatives and friends of the Licensed Trade in Oxford.

After a menu of the usual "Trust House" excellence was discussed and enjoyed there followed a rather formidable toast list. The speeches were interspersed with musical items, which were well applauded by an appreciative audience.

The following appears at the foot of an article on Farming Notes and News in the issue of the *Oxford Times* for March 7th :—

"While preaching, the Bishop of ——— was disturbed by a woman who entered in the middle of his sermon and proceeded up the central aisle, hiccoughing violently. After bearing it for a while the Bishop asked the warden to escort the lady out of the church. Everyone expected a scene, but the lady walked out quietly with the warden. Addressing the warden in the vestry afterwards, his Lordship said: 'It was really wonderful how you handled that lady. What did you say to her?' 'I just whispered in her ear, *Come out and have one with me,*' replied the warden."

FARNBOROUGH.

In the February number of our popular journal THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, it was with regret we reported the closing of the Farnborough Branch Cricket Club. Farnborough Branch Staff have survived this particularly unpleasant shock, and from the remnants of our cricket club a billiards team has arisen.

We note our friends at Headquarters compete in games of six per side, and the "Tamar" play five per side; at Farnborough we sally forth four strong.

Our first venture was at Basingstoke against the Basingstoke Liberal and Radical Working Men's Club, and from the following scores our readers will note the auspicious start we made :—

Basingstoke Liberal and Radical Working Men's Club.

A. H. Hewitt	...	58	v.
F. Gibbons	...	86	v.
J. Ward	...	100	v.
W. Honner	...	100	v.

344

Farnborough Branch.

W. H. Davis	...	100
E. Gosney	...	100
R. Paice	...	39
A. Siggery	...	84

323

Mr. J. Ward, of the Liberal Club, possesses a wonderful cue, it has never been known to fail him and is capable of exercising an evil influence over his opponents. Mr. Paice was no exception to the rule. It is rumoured the club are starting a museum and this marvellous billiards cue will be the first exhibit.

Our second outing was to the Sandhurst Working Men's Club, the games resulting as follows:—

<i>Sandhurst Working Men's Club.</i>				<i>Farnborough Branch.</i>			
S. Rance	125	v.	W. H. Davis	...	108
M. Daborn	125	v.	R. Paice	...	95
H. Burlton	125	v.	A. Siggery	...	96
W. Webb	125	v.	E. Gosney	...	96
<hr/>				<hr/>			
500				395			
<hr/>				<hr/>			

After this match, Mr. Davis was challenged to a game by "Razor" Webber, the club champion, who unfortunately was too late to be included in the club's team. To the consternation of his ardent supporters, "Razor's" colours were lowered, Mr. Davis achieving a most popular and convincing win. "Razor's" excuses were of no avail, he had to pay.

Future matches are to be played against the Sandhurst British Legion Club and the Jubilee Hall Club, Farnborough.

ALDERSHOT.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The 8th Royal Irish Hussars observed St. Patrick's Day by beginning the festivities at "reveille," when the band marched round the barracks playing Irish airs.

During the morning the annual football match between Officers and Sergeants took place, the result being a win for the Sergeants.

In the evening the Sergeants held a St. Patrick's dance at the Cavalry Club. All the guests, which numbered about three hundred, were handed a spray of shamrock on their arrival. Great interest was taken in the balloon dances and spot dances, for which prizes were given. The Regimental Band, under the direction of Cpl. Maynard, supplied a very fine programme of music, and dancing continued right merrily until the early hours of the morning.

Amongst those present were:—Major D. Pope, M.C., Major and Mrs. E. A. Staniland, Capt. and Mrs. H. S. C. Crawshay, and all the Officers of the Regiment, together with a number of Officers of the 11th Hussars and 14th/20th Hussars.

The decorations were much admired, and S.S.M. C. O'Shaughnessy and the committee are to be congratulated on the very fine arrangements made for the comfort and pleasure of everyone. A special word of praise is due to Cook-Sergeant R. C. Hicks, who successfully carried out the catering.