The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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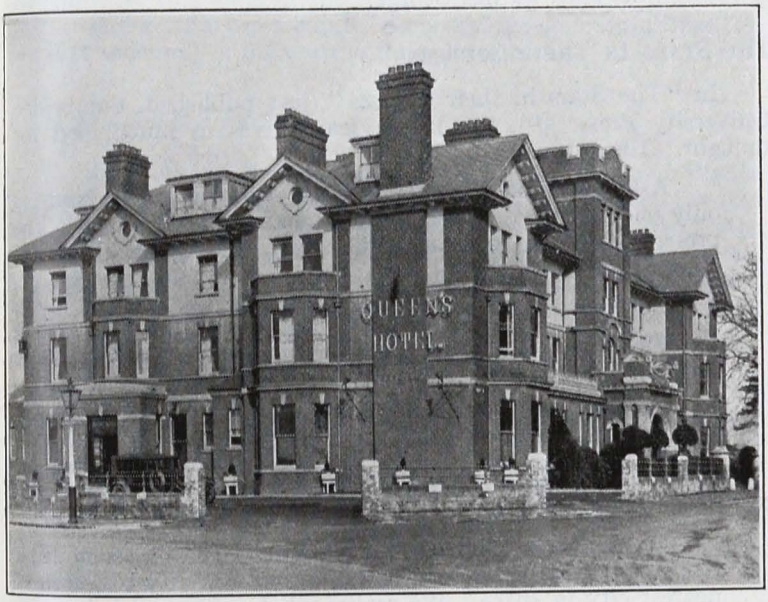
QUEEN'S HOTEL, SOUTH FARNBOROUGH.



The above photograph is of the Queen's Hotel, South Farnborough, the rendezvous of numerous military and county people. The cuisine is excellent, there is large and up-to-date garage accommodation, while the up-to-date service and well-appointed rooms leave nothing to be desired.

EDITORIAL.

AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT CLOCK.

At the George Hotel, Reading, that ancient but very up-to-date hostelry, is an "Act of Parliament" clock. In 1797, under the administration of the younger Pitt, a tax of 5/- per annum was imposed upon all clocks, and 10/- each on gold watches. Within a year this reduced the demand by one-half and nearly ruined the trade. Large clocks cost little more than small ones and no more in taxation and so there arose a type known as an "Act of Parliament" clock, with large dial and "drop" case. Tavern Keepers put up these clocks in prominent positions where they would earn their tax. Though the tax was withdrawn the following year (1798) "Act of Parliament" clocks are still to be found in old coaching inns such as the George.

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES.

In "The Stars in their Courses" (just published, Cambridge University Press, 5/-), Sir James Jeans gives us much food for thought. He says :—

> Astronomy has discovered that even this huge system is only one of a vast number of somewhat similar systems. The present situation may be perhaps summed up in the three statements :
>
> The earth is only one member of the sun's family.
>
> The sun's family is only one member of the Galactic System.
>
> The Galactic System is only one member of the system of star-cities in space.

There are at least "two million star-cities," sundered by terrific distances.

> On an average, light or a wireless message takes something like two million years to travel from one star-city to the next nearest city in space. We realise what ephemeral beings we are in the universe, when we reflect that to flash a signal from one star-city to the next and to get an answer back requires 60,000 times the span of a man's life.

A HEALTHY SIGN.

THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE'S good circulation. The demand for the little book grows greater each month.

A SUGGESTION.

With all these political resignations and excitements, in which everyone writes beautiful letters to everyone else, it occurs to me, says a writer in the *Morning Post*, that it would simplify matters for all concerned to have printed forms for sale at every Post Office.

It would be quite a simple document and purchasers could strike out alternative words (in parentheses) that are not applicable. It would run something like this :

"Dear——, —It is with (the greatest) regret that I (we) have to ask you to accept my (our) resignation (s), because I (we) feel that the party which you represent is too Socialistic (not Socialistic enough). At this time in the nation's history (crisis) (destiny) I (we) consider that immediate economy (vast expenditure on Socialist schemes) is imperative for salvation.

A SOURCE OF REVENUE.

"Please accept the assurance of my (our) personal thanks (gratitude) for your great kindness (es) to me (us) in the past (the dark days of the War) (the troublous times since the War) (the great days before the War). My (our) happy (pleasant) association (s) in the Party (Cabinet) (Shadow Cabinet) (Congress) (Conference) is (are) something which I (we) shall always look back on with pleasure (gratitude). Believe me, my (our) dear ——, I (we) remain, Yours (very) sincerely (truly), ——."

That, I think, would cover any political resignation. And to make it valid—like any other business document—it ought to be stamped (according to consideration received) at Somerset House. This would provide an entirely new form of revenue for the Exchequer.

STAB THE BEAST!

Two men went fishing. One of them was quite new to the sport and the other was an old hand. The new man kept asking the most ridiculous questions.

"What will I do now?" he asked, after he had wound his trout in until it was near the end of the rod.

"Oh climb up the rod and stab the beast!"

BEER RECIPE FOR LONG LIFE.

Mr. James Miles, of Southampton, is 100 years old. He has been making ladders since he started work at the age of ten.

"I never smoke, except a cigar on important occasions, and I never worry," he says.

"I think I have had a good innings, because I have drunk beer nearly every day of my life, and I keep cheerful."

THE THRUSH'S SONG.

The next time you hear a thrush in full song see if this is not what he says :—

Judy, Judy, Judy !
Bo-peep, Bo-peep.
How d'ye do ? How d'ye do ?
Ludovic ! Ludovic ! Ludovic !
Pretty knew it ! Pretty knew it !
Come and see ! Come and see !
Cherry sweet ! Cherry sweet !
Knee deep ! Knee deep !
Pity you ! Pity you !
To me ! To me ! To me !

COMING EVENTS—FLAT RACING.

Friday and Saturday, April 10th and 11th—Newbury.
Wednesday, April 29th—2,000 Guineas.
Friday, May 1st—1,000 Guineas.
Wednesday, June 3rd—The Derby.
Friday, June 5th—The Oaks.
Wednesday and Thursday, June 10th and 11th—Newbury.
Tuesday, June 16th-19th—Ascot.
Tuesday, July 28th-31st—Goodwood.
Wednesday, September 9th—St. Leger.

CALL FOR LOWER BEER TAX.

The Allied Brewery Traders' Association, at the annual meeting in London, passed a resolution appealing to the Government to reduce taxation on alcoholic beverages, "and thus assist in improving conditions in the various important industries, especially agriculture, in which members of the Association are vitally concerned." Mr. Cornelius Chambers, of Birmingham, said that it was time that some of the present abuses in reckless expenditure were remedied so that there would be no necessity to go to the taxpayers of the country to bear further burdens, but if further money had to be raised the Government should look somewhere else for it besides the brewing trade.

MISTOOK FIREMEN FOR POLICE.

The inability of a foreign resident in Oshawa (Ontario) to distinguish between a policeman and a fireman, resulted in a comedy which is still amusing the local fire-fighters, says the British United Press.

Summoned to extinguish a fire on the roof of a house in the Oshawa foreign section, the firemen were puzzled by the tantalising fumes of beer which were wafted to them as they played their hoses on the blaze.

When the fire was out they went to investigate. Then they discovered that the occupant of the house, seeing the firemen arrive in response to a call made by a neighbour, had mistaken the uniformed men for police officers and had poured his illegal hoard of home-brewed beer down the sink.

He had not even known that the roof of his house had been set on fire by sparks from a chimney.

TELL IT NOT IN GA(R)TH.

At the recent Garth Point-to-Point Races a genial representative of a famous Brewery had his little "flutter" and his fancy won. But when he went to collect his winnings he, and others, found that the bookmaker had fled. When I asked him if I could mention the fact and also his name in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE he said "No, tell it not in Ga(r)th." Better luck next time !

A BAD SHOT.

During the very cold weather experienced last month pigeons and other birds naturally became very hungry and not only did much damage to greenstuff in the fields but invaded many gardens. In the Earley district a friend found several of these birds helping themselves to his greens and, of course, devouring the choicest pieces. The nearest weapon at hand was an empty "S.B." bottle which he hurled at the invaders. The missile went very wide of the mark and just missed a gentleman in an adjoining garden who exclaimed "Here, less 'S.B.'" ! Such an exclamation is, I believe, unique in history.

INDIA CALLING !

Modern telephony was brought very forceably home to us a few days ago when Mr. C. E. Gough received a call from his daughter and son-in-law who are in India. Every word could be distinctly heard and the conversation lasted for about ten minutes.

TIP FOR CIGARETTE SMOKERS.

A correspondent writes as follows :—

> I am astonished to find when visiting England for the first time that although cigarette smoking is universal, not one person in a thousand knows how to smoke a cigarette so as to get the utmost enjoyment from it. In my own country no one thinks of smoking a cigarette without first making a small hole in the paper near the end that is placed in the mouth. The effect is not only to reduce the rate at which the cigarette burns thus giving a more lasting smoke, but also to make the smoking much cooler. Above all, the admixture of air that is obtained increases a thousandfold the fragrance of the tobacco.

THE IRISH SWEEPSTAKES.

Mr. Clynes gave an assurance that no proceedings would be taken against winners in England of prizes in the Irish sweepstakes.

This matter was raised by Dr. Hastings (Socialist, Reading), who asked whether Mr. Clynes would inquire as to the sources from which English holders of winning tickets in the Dublin Sweepstakes on the Grand National obtained their tickets with a view to instituting proceedings against those who purchased them in this country.

Mr. Clynes : It has not been the practice to institute proceedings against the buyers of tickets. I do not propose to suggest that the police should take such action.

A SOCIALIST COMEDY.

An amusing commentary on Dr. Hastings' attitude is provided by a correspondent of *The Daily Mail* who has purchased a ticket in a competition organised by the Reading Trades Council and Labour Party—the body responsible for Dr. Hastings' parliamentary candidature.

This contest is described on the ticket as the " 1931 May Day Bazaar Subscribers' Grand Free Holiday Competition."

" The Competition is Free," runs the announcement, and " This ticket acknowledges receipt of 3d. to the bazaar funds." But there are various money prizes for holiday expenses, and the ticket goes on to announce that " the draw will be made publicly in the Labour Hall, Minster Street, Reading, at 7 p.m. on Saturday, June 20."

Dr. Hastings' supporters will no doubt be glad to learn of the results of his parliamentary inquiries—especially if any of them are winners in this competition.

HUNTRODD'S EPITAPH.

The following is the inscription on a tomb in Whitby churchyard :—

> Here lies the bodies of Francis Huntrodd and Mary his wife
>
> Who were both born on the same day of the week, month and year, viz., September ye 19th, 1600. Marry'd on the day of their birth and after having 12 children born on them died aged 80 years, on the same day of the year they were born, September ye 19th, 1680. The one got above five hours before the other. Husband and wife that did twelve children bare, Dy'd the same day alike both aged were. 'Bout 80 years they lived five hours did part (ev'n on the marriage day) each tender heart. So fit a match surely could never be. Both in their lives and in their deaths agree.

—Sent by Israel Wilkinson to *Christian Herald*, published March 5th, 1925.

IMAGINATION.

Nurse at Base Hospital : " Here's your soup."

Patient : " I don't want soup."

Nurse : " What do you want ? "

Patient : " Beer."

Nurse (determined to humour him) : " Now, look here—you drink the soup and imagine it's beer."

Patient : " No. You bring me beer, and I'll imagine it's soup."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A sorrow shared is but half a trouble.

The worst wheel always creaks most.

There is no bank account that can balance a sweet, gracious personality; no material wealth can match a sunny heart, an ability to radiate helpfulness and sweetness.

God does not measure men by inches.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean in my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.

—ISAAC WATTS, False Greatness.

Human nature is not a machine to be built after a model and set to do exactly the work prescribed for it, but a tree, which requires to grow and develop itself on all sides, according to the tendency of the inward forces which make it a living thing.

The best mirror is an old friend.

None knows the weight of another's burden.

An honest darn is better than debt.

Think much, speak little, and write less.

A MAN TO FORGIVE.

I can forgive much in that fellow mortal who would rather make men swear than women weep; who would rather have the hate of the whole world than the contempt of his wife; who would rather call anger to the eyes of a king than fear to the face of a child.

—W. C. BRAWN.

MRS. HUXLEY'S SALADS.

Mrs. Huxley, in spite of all her faith in her genius of a husband, could not bring herself to believe that matter and motion left to themselves could possibly result in such fine salads as she was wont to prepare for him.

PROFESSOR A. WOLF.

There is great force hidden in a sweet command.

Forget other's faults by remembering your own.

You cannot be optimistic with a misty optic.

You cannot climb a ladder by pushing others down.

Prosperity gives friends, adversity proves them.

An open enemy is better than a false friend.

Better go back than go wrong.

Man was born to sorrow—when he gets too old to fall in love, he gets gout.

Learning is worthless without mother wit.

A NATURE NOTE.

AN EARLY LONG-TAILED TIT'S NEST.

ARRIVAL OF THE CHIFF-CHAFF.

MONSTER PIKE.

(BY C.H.P.)

On Sunday, March 22nd, I heard the chiff-chaff, always one of the first migrants to arrive. It was early in the morning and he was singing in the trees where Cow Lane joins the Thames Promenade at Reading. Many of these birds build across the water, in the Warren, Mapledurham. The same day, much further afield, I found a long-tailed tit's nest. In a previous article I mentioned how I went to work, and by exactly the same means I found this nest on Sunday. For the last thirty years I have found nests near this spot and on this occasion I lit a cigarette, sat on a fence, and waited for the familiar note, zit-zit. I soon heard it, saw the birds, and noticed that they flew to one particular spot. Closer examination showed that they were gathering lichen. So the next thing to discover was where they were taking it? This was an easy problem to solve and it was just 20 minutes after first hearing the birds that I found their wonderful home—in a hedge, close to a road traversed by hundreds of people a day. I wonder if many others will discover this prize, for no other nest is more beautiful. By the same simple device I hope to find many other such nests this season. The nest is now finished and has eggs.

MAGPIES AND TOADS.

The nest is near a pond in which were hundreds of toads with their heads above water, uttering their peculiar croak, or scampering about, above and below water, having every appearance of being as mad as March hares in the ecstacy of their love-making. As I sat on the fence close to a pollard and behind a bush I was almost hidden from view and was curious to know what a pair of magpies were after. They came frequently to the pond and then returned to a wood. I did not have my field-glasses with me, but am inclined to think they were making meals of the toads. I hope to find out more about this on another occasion. In any case the magpies were chattering away contentedly and seemed more than pleased with life.

A SEAT OF MISCHIEF.

When about to alight from my coign of vantage, I discovered that I was, as it were, glued to my post! I was so interested in what was happening around me that I did not notice I was taking my seat on a miniature stream of liquid tar. But that is part of the price a student of Nature has to pay for his knowledge. True, I felt a bit annoyed, but there was no breech(es) of the peace.

WORKING WONDERS.

How the warm rays of the sun are working wonders every hour! Primroses are out by the thousand and I pick a large bunch. The wood or what was once a wood—for all the trees have been felled—is simply carpeted with these sweet blooms, and I walk ever so cautiously for it seems sacrilege to carelessly crush even one. Soon the carpet will be changed to pink-tinted white, of anemone or windflower pattern, and then to blue of the wild hyacinth design. Could anything be more beautifully wonderful than these ever-changing colours and designs—primrose, white and blue in the Springtime, and other colours and patterns just as entrancing in other seasons of the year?

I picked one white violet. How sweet its scent! How sweet, too, the scent of those first primroses!

Now I must hurry home to breakfast.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I expect many of you have noticed the rooks' nests in the grounds of St. Mary's Vicarage, Reading. I often watch the birds building and one pair started and completed their nest in three days—quick work that! While passing by St. Mary's Church on March 21st, Mr. E. A. Simonds saw a tortoiseshell butterfly.

Coarse fishing is now over until June 16th and it has not been a particularly favourable season. The fish do not like those cold winds, and not many anglers do, either. I was fishing at Goring one Saturday when it snowed a good deal and such conditions take a bit of "sticking," for angling does not provide much exercise for the body and muscles—exercise for the mind, yes! for if you fill your creel nowadays, you have to use much more than your rod, line and bait. I see that a pike has been caught on a gentle or maggot, that from the point of view of size and weight must be almost a record—it weighed half an ounce.

A friend of mine was fishing from a punt when a robin came and kept him company. While the angler was enjoying his lunch of bread and cheese, the robin perched on his thumb and helped himself to bread but did not touch the cheese. The bird wanted a little-bit-of-bread-and-no-cheese, as the yellow hammer says.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

We were a little late in making an appearance last month but everywhere the copies, when they came to hand, were eagerly snapped up and sold out very quickly.

MESSRS. ASHBY'S STAINES BREWERY LTD.

The supply of H. & G. Simonds' cask and bottled beers to the Houses of the above Company was started on the 2nd March and as in the case when supplies were started to the Houses of Messrs. Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd., everything has worked (and is working) very smoothly. It was a big proposition. The organisation of supplies was in the hands of our Transport Department and what one might term the domestic detail in the hands of Mr. C. Bennett. It has meant a good deal of thought, time and work and has been done expeditiously and well. Only those who have been in close touch with the changing-over process can have a really clear idea of what all this has entailed. The circularising of all the Tenants concerned (some 195 in all) giving details of the different qualities of beer to order, where to order, when to order, the arrangement of the different collection dates and general instructions as to the new procedure to be adopted has been a vast undertaking to tackle, yet it can truly be said it really is working well.

MR. W. J. FORD.

The above gentleman has been laid up for several weeks and has had a rather rough time of it. I am pleased to say he is now on the mend but nevertheless is rather shaky. He told me he has been full of pain practically all the time. It is to be hoped that the Spring sunshine will be the tonic he needs and that ere long he will be back to duty. It is safe to say the Bottling Department, of which he is in charge, will be having a particularly busy time this Summer, in view of the amazing growth of the bottled beer trade and all the extra Houses and customers we now serve.

MARCH.

This month has certainly lived up to its reputation of being a month with the "wind up" and the early part was particularly breezy. The searching winds have been somewhat trying to many of us and although we at The Brewery have not had many casualties quite a number have only just managed to "stick it." Whether it is wise is another matter. During one of the zero brand of days we had this month, on my arrival home my eldest boy came running in from next door where he had been playing and greeted me thus: "Dad, I got six." As he is rather keen on football I answered "What! goals?" "No," he replied, "Six runs, we've been playing *Cricket!*" Ugh!

FOOTBALL.

It is a matter of personal regret that I've not had a chance of writing very cheerfully about the doings of the Reading Football Club the whole season through and the position is "as you were," for they are still only one removed from bottom place. Quite a number think we shall just scrape through, but at the moment it is an open question and possibly Reading's fate will not be decided until the last match of the season. The matches that will probably decide whether they will keep up or go down seem to be those to be played against Bristol City and Plymouth Argyle, both in April and both away from home. We shall see! The Argyle do not seem to be playing any too well and by no means are yet out of the wood. The Reading Supporters' Club formed in December last is making steady progress and now numbers over 1,000 members. This Club should, in my opinion, do a lot of good and will continue to do so. Mr. G. V. Weait, of the General Office Staff, who has recently been elected on the Committee, has obtained a number of members from The Brewery and is willing to enrol many more. All you have to do is to pay 1/- to become a member and Mr. Weait will be only too glad to show anyone and everyone how to place their name on the dotted line, provided they bring along their aforesaid "bob." He will also inform anyone how to obtain season tickets for next season, or if anyone wishes to buy a share (or shares) he will also be duly informed by the genial George. We have such a lot of enthusiasts (and critics) at The Brewery that plenty should come along and do the necessary.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

I am sorry an error crept in regarding the initials of Mr. "Chub" Rider in our last issue. The initials should have been shown as "A. G."

Mr. A. H. Hopkins (Correspondence Office) is, at the moment, I am sorry to say, laid up and is having a rather painful time. Latest news is that he is on the mend and possibly by the time these lines are in print he will be back to duty once again.

I am glad to say that Mr. N. J. Crocker, who a short while ago underwent a rather severe operation, has made a wonderful

recovery and is now in excellent health and spirits. He tells me he is feeling better now than for years past.

Mr. A. W. C. Bowyer (Home Trade Manager) who joined us from Woolwich Branch in October last is making hosts of friends and his genial and cheerful personality impresses all who meet him in his business associations for the Firm.

Farnborough Branch was closed on the 31st March.

Mr. L. E. Browne (General Office) is at Slough Branch on relief duty.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

My blessed dog, no one knows what you meant to me, and of you they have said "It was only a dog!"

Is it foolish that my eyes grow dim when I think of you, and life seems all empty without you, and still more is it futile for me to believe that there is a place where you will go to where there is happiness for you and some reward for your gallantry, your faithfulness, and your love?

I think I base my belief on a life hereafter for you, not on my feeling, but on the look that came into your eyes when you knew I was in pain or in trouble. If I were God there would be green fields in which you should run, and endless bones which you could retrieve, and though (forgive me) I could give you no cats to chase, I would give you such happy days, such peaceful sleep, and at least the power to dream that you were out hunting in the woods!

—H. R. L. SHEPPARD.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

What bird is it that has two wings and two legs but can neither fly nor walk?

Why, a dead one of course!

Mrs. Smart, of the London Tavern, Reading, with the clock with which she was presented for her splendid work in connection with the local branch of the Women's Auxiliary Trade Defence Association.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Granny," asked little Reggie, who was sleeping with her, "what is that you have on your head?"

"A night-cap, sonny, to keep my head warm!"

Reggie seemed to be pondering this, and at length he said: "Well, that's funny. Grandpa told me that *he* took a night-cap to keep his *tummy* warm."

* * * *

Little Lawrence was untidy. Though his mother made every effort to encourage him, he seldom folded or hung his clothes after he had undressed for bed.

One day his mother came into his bedroom and saw his clothes scattered all over the floor.

"I wonder who it was who did not fold his clothes before he went to bed?" she asked.

Little Lawrence pulled his bed-clothes over his head and answered: "Adam!"

* * * *

The teacher at an elementary school noticed during the Scripture lesson that a small boy at the bottom of the class seemed to be finding the questions too difficult.

"Now, Jimmy," she said, "I'll give you an easy question: What do you know about the Ark?"

"Please, miss," answered Jimmy, after a moment's thought, "it's what the 'erald angels sings."

* * * *

A Scottish society (poor old Scotland) were holding their annual dinner, and at the end of the function the cloakroom attendants were communing. "How're we doing, Bill?" asked the one who was fetching coats from the interior. "Rotten," groaned Bill; "even the decoy tanner's gone out o' the plate."

* * * *

TEACHER: "If I take a potato and divide it into two parts, then into four parts, and each of the four parts into two parts, what would I have?"

LITTLE EMILY: "Potato salad!"

* * * *

During a thunderstorm the young parents thought their child might be awake and afraid, so they visited the nursery.

The boy was a bit restless, and presently opened his eyes and said: "What's daddy doing with his wireless now?" and dropped off to sleep again.

Little Mary ran into the house crying as though her heart would break.

What's wrong, dear?" asked her mother.

"My dolly—Billy broke it," she sobbed.

"How did he break it, dear?"

"I hit him on the head with it."

* * * *

POLITICAL CANDIDATE: "In order properly to carry on the government of this great and glorious land, we require men with real convictions. The question is, where shall we find them?"

EX-LAG: "In quod, guv'nor!"

* * * *

UNCLE: "Now, Billy, you will always find birds where there are trees and worms where there is earth. Can you tell me what you expect to find where there is fish?"

BILLY: "Chips!"

* * * *

THEATRE ATTENDANT: "I shall have to ask you to leave if you persist in hissing the performers, sir."

SMITHERS: "Hissing! I w-w-was s-s-simply s-s-saying to S-S-Sandy that the s-s-singing was s-s-simply s-s-superb."

* * * *

LUCY: "When Grace married that wealthy old man she gave her age as twenty-five. She's older than that."

SYLVIA: "Oh, I suppose she took one-third off for cash!"

* * * *

A Kentucky rural postman—or mailman, to be exact—blew his whistle outside a small house.

A woman appeared, and then, to the mailman's distress, the postcard he had for her could not be found.

"I must ha' lost it," he said, "but it's all right. Your daughter Beth, she's getting on fine, hopes to visit you this summer, and says her husband's bought a new flivver."

* * * *

"Pat, what in the world is the matter?"

"I just got out of the hospital—was operated on for appendicitis."

"What's that got to do with the lump on your head?"

"Why, it's got a lot to do with it. They ran out of ether."

The young undergraduate was taking his father to the big game of the football season—Dear Old Whoozis *versus* Dear Old Whatzis. As they entered the stands he clapped the pater elatedly on the back and cried :

" And now, Dad, you're going to see more excitement for ten bob than you ever imagined existed before."

" Mebbe," said the old gentleman dubiously, " but now I come to think of it, that's just about what my marriage licence cost me."

* * * *

They were in a very dark corner of the hall.

" Give me a kiss," he pleaded. No answer.

He asked four times and got no answer.

" Are you deaf ? " he shouted.

" No," she said. " Are you paralysed ? "

* * * *

A coaching enthusiast running his coach between London and a Surrey town had one day as box-seat passenger an inquiring American.

" Say," he said, pointing to the piebald off-side leader, " What sort of horse do you call that ? "

" Oh, that's what I'd call a flea-bitten grey," responded the driver.

The Yankee was silent for a moment and then, indicating the near-side leader, a dapply grey, he said : " Well, say, what in Hades bit that one ? "

* * * *

Mrs. Grampus was suddenly awakened in the dead of night by a creaking sound downstairs. She prodded her husband and whispered tensely in his ear :

" Ed, ther're burglars in the house. Go down and throw them out right away."

To her immense surprise, he offered no opposition, but slid into his slippers and went down. A little later he returned, with the report that there was not a single intruder on the premises.

" Oh, Ed," she sobbed, " and to think I never appreciated you before ! I never realised you were of an heroic nature."

" Well, it isn't so much that," grumbled Mr. G., rolling under the blankets again. " It's just that after all these years I've come to realise that you're almost always mistaken."

The outer covering of young eels, says a nature note, is so thin that you can almost see through them. They do not, however, cross their legs in street cars, too.

* * * *

" Allow me to introduce the man who has written more nonsense than any other man I know."

" What is he, a journalist ? "

" No, shorthand writer to the House of Commons."

* * * *

The young son of a parson in the Midlands was taken down a coal mine one day as a great treat. On his return home he was so excited and full of his experiences that he immediately corralled his mother to come and play at " coal mines." He ran to the top of the stairs and leaning over shouted down, " Hoi, mate, send up that ruddy bucket, can't yer ? "

* * * *

A diminutive husband had been hauled before a magistrate and charged with wife desertion. " Are you a deserter ? " he was asked.

" No, your worship," replied the husband tearfully, with a side-long glance at his tall, angular wife, " nothing of the sort. I'm not a deserter ; I'm a refugee."

* * * *

A reporter was sent to interview a British heavyweight boxer. He arrived early in the morning and put his request before the pugilist's wife. " You'd better come back later," she said gloomily. " He always lays in bed till the clock strikes ten. 'Abit, I expect."

* * * *

A man entered a West End fruiterer's shop and asked for a peach. It was wrapped up in silver paper and handed to him.

" How much is that ? " he asked. " Seven and sixpence," said the girl.

The man handed over a ten-shilling note and proceeded to walk out of the shop. The girl ran after him, and said : " Here's your half-crown change."

" You can keep that," said the man, " I've just trod on a grape."

* * * *

DAD : " Well, yer see, ther cow belongs to ther Missus, an' I know she'll sob 'er 'eart out if I sells 'er."

BUYER : " Righto, we must call it off."

DAD : " Make it another quid an' we'll let 'er sob."

At one of London's smartest and most expensive restaurants a gentleman found a large piece of rubber tyre in his hash.

Calling the head waiter, he said : " This place is going to bits. What's this tyre doing in my hash ? "

" Sir," replied the head waiter, " the motor car is replacing the horse everywhere to-day."

* * * *

The country parson stopped to talk to one of his parishioners. " Why are you looking so glum, George ? " he asked.

George, who was noted throughout the village as its most cheerful inhabitant, nodded sadly. " Got a new hat," he returned.

" But I should have thought that would be a matter for rejoicing," ventured the parson.

" Ah, maybe, sir," said George ; " but every time I larf it falls off ! "

* * * *

A very keen bridge player was invited out one evening and, although his hostess and host were obviously tired by midnight, he suggested just one more " rubber " on several occasions. At last, at a very early hour, he rose to go.

" I hope I haven't kept you out of bed ? " he said.

" Not at all," said the host politely, " we should have been getting up quite soon now anyhow."

* * * *

Two Lancashire pitmen were walking along the road when one of them picked up a small package of cocaine which had dropped out of a doctor's car.

" Ba goom," said one of them, " this is the stuff that folks snuff up their noses to make them feel fine."

" Let's have a try at it," said the other.

They both did so.

" Feel any different ? " asked the first man.

" Noa," said the other meditatively, " except that I think I'll go and buy all the coal mines in Lancashire."

" Noa tha won't," said the other complacently, " for ah'm not sellin' 'em."

* * * *

SOMETHING TO SMOKE, MAYBE.

MODERN CHILD (*seeing rainbow for first time*) : " What's it supposed to advertise, dad ? "

A school inspector said to a pretty teacher :

" Do you teach observation ? "

" Yes."

" Then I will test the class. Now, children, shut your eyes and sit still." The inspector made a slow, chirping sort of noise and followed with : " Now, children, what did I do ? "

One little boy piped out : " Kissed teacher."

* * * *

MAGISTRATE : " Thirty days."

PRISONER : " Hath September, yer washup."

MEMBERS OF WOMEN'S INSTITUTE VISIT THE BREWERY.

On Tuesday, April 7th, about 40 members of the Chieveley Women's Institute visited the Brewery. They came at the invitation of Mrs. Muller, eldest daughter of the late Mr. H. J. Simonds, of Caversham, who is a very ardent worker and an eloquent speaker on behalf of the Conservative cause.

The party visited various departments of the Brewery, including the fermenting room, union room, cellars, bottling stores, cold room, malt houses, and the wine and spirit stores, and were greatly impressed by all they saw.

Tea at the Social Club concluded a most interesting afternoon.

" OLD HORSE."

No sudden jerk of the reins
To your tired defiant head ;
No sound of galloping hoofs is heard
In the silence of the dead.

Sleep well old horse and if
The charioteers on high,
Driving their cars of flame
In splendour through the sky,

Call one immortal steed
Softly by thy old name,
I shall remember once there died
An old horse tired and lame.

AVERYL EDWARDS, in *Country Life.*

ALCOHOL INDISPUTABLY A FOOD.

The amount of alcohol contained, for example, in one quart of beer, is very completely burnt in the human body. The energy thus liberated can be used to its full value in place of a corresponding quantity of sugar or lard. (Extract from Report made to the Government by a Committee of the Royal Society in 1916).

CHEERS FOR CHESTERTON.

An audience of 6,000 people in San Francisco cheered Mr. G. K. Chesterton (who is on a lecture tour of the United States) when he gibed at Prohibition.

SOCIAL CLUB.

Below are given the results of games played during the past month; also the position of the teams. The last game of the season will be Transport *v.* The Rest. This tournament will be of special interest, in view of the fact that both teams have an equal number of points and it is anticipated that a large number of members will be present that evening to watch the progress of the games, the results of which will decide who are to hold the Directors' Challenge Cup for the current year.

DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

Friday, 6th March, 1931.

		Offices.		Coopers and Scalds.	
Games.		*Name.*	*Points.*	*Name.*	*Points.*
Billiards	... ...	W. Bowyer ...	0	R. Griffiths ...	1
,,	... ...	J. Doe	1	W. Sparks	0
,,	... ...	R. Broad	1	C. Weller	0
Dominoes	... ...	C. H. Perrin ...	1	H. Plank	0
,,	... ...	J. Hillier	0	W. Newport ...	1
,,	... ...	W. Bradford ...	1	E. Carpenter ...	0
Crib	... ...	W. Bradford ...	0	C. Latimer	1
,,	... ...	F. Josey	0	C. Weller	1
,,	... ...	F. W. Freeman ...	0	W. Newport ...	1
Shove Halfpenny	...	W. H. Wild ...	0	T. Holmes ...	1
,,	...	E. Crutchley ...	1	J. Read	0
,,	...	J. H. Wadhams ...	0	E. Carpenter ...	1
Darts	... ...	J. Clay	0	F. Shipton	1
,,	... ...	V. Saunders ...	1	A. Weight	0
,,	... ...	R. Broad ...	1	F. Cross	0
Shooting	... ...	H. Osborne... ...	½	T. Holmes	½
,,	... ...	S. J. Moore... ...	1	A. Weight	0
,,	... ...	H. Shepherd ...	½	W. Sparks	½
			9		9

Friday, 13th March, 1931.

		Buildings.		Maltings.	
Games.		*Name.*	*Points.*	*Name.*	*Points.*
Billiards	... ...	C. Chapman ...	1	G. Nunn	0
,,	... ...	W. Hinton	0	S. Couzens	1
,,	... ...	J. Chard	1	E. Everett	0
Dominoes	... ...	P. Maynard ...	1	A. Bowyer	0
,,	... ...	W. Judd	0	A. Everett	1
,,	... ...	H. Mitchell ...	0	G. Boyles	1
Crib	... ...	J. Keats	0	W. Gilkerson ...	1
,,	... ...	A. Ayling	1	J. Streams	0
,,	... ...	N. Wells	0	B. Streams	1
Shove Halfpenny	...	C. Dobson	1	E. Plumridge ...	0
,,	...	F. Warner ...	0	R. Heath	1
,,	...	C. Chapman ...	1	J. Howell	0
Darts	... ...	T. Stacey	0	J. Streams	1
,,	... ...	A. Mills	0	F. Taylor	1
,,	... ...	W. Sewell	0	H. Gibson	1
Shooting	... ...	J. Chard	1	G. Boyles	0
,,	... ...	H. Mitchell ...	1	S. Couzens	0
,,	... ...	W. Sewell	0	G. Lailey	1
			8		10

Friday, 27th March, 1931.

		Offices.		Building.	
Billiards	... ...	J. B. Doe	1	J. Chard	0
,,	... ...	F. C. Riden ...	1	W. Hinton	0
,,	... ...	W. Bowyer	1	C. Chapman ...	0
Dominoes	... ...	C. H. Perrin ...	0	W. Judd	1
,,	... ...	W. Bradford ...	0	W. Sewell	1
,,	... ...	H. Osborne	0	H. Mitchell	1
Crib	... ...	F. W. Freeman ...	1	F. Warner	0
,,	... ...	F. Josey	0	F. Keats	1
,,	... ...	H. Shepherd... ...	0	C. Chapman ...	1
Shove Halfpenny	...	W. H. Wild	0	C. Dobson	1
,,	...	C. Langton	0	T. Stacey	1
,,	...	J. Wadhams... ...	1	F. Warner	0
Darts	... ...	R. Broad	1	A. Mills	0
,,	... ...	J. Clay	0	B. Eymore ...	1
,,	... ...	H. Davis	0	P. Miles	1
Shooting	... ...	H. Shepherd... ...	1	H. Mitchell	0
,,	... ...	A. G. Rider ...	1	W. Sewell	0
,,	... ...	H. Osborne	0	J. Chard	1
			8		10

RESULT OF GAMES PLAYED TO WEEK ENDING 28TH MARCH, 1931.

Team.	Number of Tournaments played.	Number of Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
The Rest ...	5	90	58	31	1	58½
Transport ...	5	90	58	31	1	58½
Building ...	6	108	51	56	1	51½
Maltings ...	6	108	48	56	4	50
Coopers and Scalds ...	6	108	41	65	2	42
Offices ...	5	90	40	46	4	42
Cellars ...	5	90	40	49	1	40½

VISIT FROM HIGH WYCOMBE FRIENDS.

A very interesting time was spent on the evening of Saturday, March 7th, 1931, when the Roundabout Air Rifle Club from High Wycombe visited the Club for a shoot. We have every reason to congratulate ourselves on putting up such a good show against this Club, taking into consideration that they hold a wonderful record, being champions of the district, and have not lost a point in their last 46 matches.

The "Captain's" target, for his shoot in the tournament, was most interesting as he made a possible 25 for 5 shots, completely cutting out the "bull's eye."

We hope to pay them a visit in the near future. The following is the result of the tournament :—

H. & G. S.				*Roundabout Club.*	
W. Sparks	19	*v.*	R. White Senr. ...		21
J. Champion	23	*v.*	A. Clarke		22
S. Whiting	19	*v.*	W. Youers		16
H. Mitchell	18	*v.*	F. Atkins		23
C. Rosum	19	*v.*	C. Pearce		21
F. Hamblin	23	*v.*	G. Coltman		21
C. Briggs	17	*v.*	R. Coltman ...		22
H. Prater	16	*v.*	F. Williams ...		20
H. Osborne	17	*v.*	R. White, Junr. ...		21
A. G. Rider	23	*v.*	G. Osden		21
S. Moore	22	*v.*	W. Sexton (captain)		25
	216				233

TRIP TO PLYMOUTH.

Arrangements for the trip to Plymouth on Saturday, 18th April, the occasion of the football match Plymouth *v.* Reading, are well in hand, and Mr. G. Marsh, one of our most indefatigable workers, is having a very busy time collecting instalments towards the cost of the trip.

We look forward with much pleasure to renewing the acquaintance of our Tamar friends, also to an enjoyable evening of various club games.

THE JOY OF LIFE.

Have you ever felt what a joy it is to be alive, writes? "M.P." Often and often on my way to business, particularly in the springtime, it does occur to me what a wonderful beauty there is in the world around us. My way takes me across the River Thames and as I come up the slight incline to the bridge which spans the river, enjoying the while the warmth and brightness of the sun, I cast my eyes over the panorama which is spread before me, a truly pleasing scene. I reflect for a brief moment on the tranquility of the river with its gentle flow, disturbed at this hour only by the swans gracefully sailing along, and I feel that the world is indeed a good place to be in, despite the many assertions of pessimists to the contrary.

And then consider, that to enjoy the sunshine, the freshness of the air, and the beauty of nature, embracing the growing and living world, the glorious spectacle of wide open spaces, the wooded hills, the valleys and rivers, one does not need to be endowed with the richness of worldly goods but has only to take deep draughts of that which is so freely and generously provided for our pleasure.

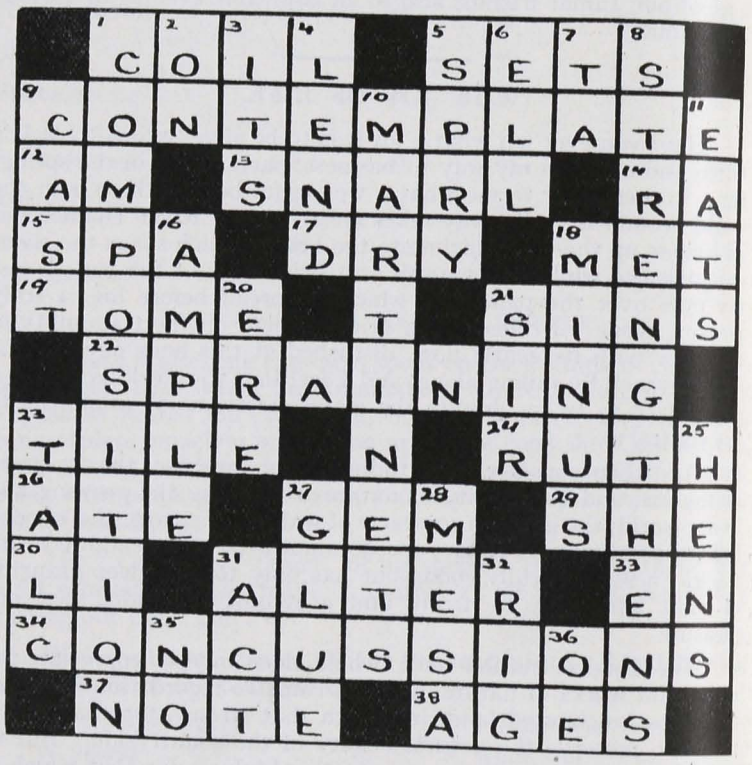
The English nation as a whole does indeed appreciate the wonderful works of nature, and has come to regard this Island as an almost enchanted land, insomuch that strong steps have been taken to preserve the natural beauty of the countryside. But to be able to respond with a sense of thankfulness for that which is so generously provided for our pleasure should not be the only reason which makes it a joy to be alive.

No doubt you have heard that we are put into this world for some purpose, though as to what that purpose may be, I fear we often have but a dim perception.

Still, occasions do arise when a particular piece of work is well done, timely assistance or encouraging words given just at the right time, and we have done just that thing for which no one else within our ken could have spared the time at the particular moment.

To sense the value of friendship, to know that people have pleasure in our company, to enjoy healthy exercise, to work with a feeling of pride and pleasure in that work, are just a few instances in which we do feel that there is a joy in being alive.

SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE.



Mr. Fred Hearne, of the Transport Department, who recently lost his wife, after a long illness, wishes to thank all his friends at The Brewery for their kind sympathy towards him and his children in their bereavement.

"Beer to-day is probably one of the safest drinks in the world."—*Mr. C. J. H. Stock*, Durham County Analyst (1928).

BRANCHES.

GIBRALTAR.

I claim no credit for prophesying that the Garrison would beat the Atlantic Fleet in the annual leather-chasing competition for the Nurse's cup, but so it happened. Up to half-time the Fleet held their own, and but for a brilliant goal early in the second half the tale might not be so sad; encouraged by the spectators, who in turn, were encouraged by bottled beer of a brand I dare not specify, the Army piled on four goals without reply. It was a great victory, and worthy of the hundreds of dozens of "S.B." that must have been consumed in the course of the celebration that night.

We have also witnessed some fine boxing, when the Atlantic Fleet Championships were fought off, but unfortunately, many of the better known service boxers were not present, as they were too busy entertaining our American cousins at Panama. Of course, as an onlooker, I preferred the boxing, but I can well imagine that some of the boxers would have preferred the entertaining.

By the time these lines have appeared we shall have said "Au revoir" to the Fleet until next year, unless they are sent to Switzerland for the Spring Manoeuvres. It is wonderful how quickly these few short months from January to April pass. I have often wondered what it is that makes the Fleet so popular in Gibraltar, and have as yet been unable to fathom it. Perhaps if I kept a cafe or an Indian bazaar I might come to understand, but as a mere harmless "native," I am still puzzling. I know that while the sailors are here I have to wait in a queue for a drink, and then, when I at last catch the ear of a sympathetic waiter, his eyes alights on a merry "Matlow" who is gasping, and once again I have to begin my pleadings. Can anyone tell me also, why it is that Jolly Jack is always buying a new duck cap? On Saturday evenings, especially in the earlier part of the evening, one always sees him carrying a new duck cap in a neatly folded bag, together with a bottle of "4711" and a suitable present for his best girl. Yet, at 11 p.m., when Jack is talking chattily to the Officer of the Patrol, he still has the paper bag, it is true, but alas, no longer neat, while its lean sides betoken that the cap, service pattern, duck, one in No. has flown, or rather, swam away. No, he is not wearing it, because at this time of the evening—possibly he thinks his little round duck cap looks ludicrous—Jack is wearing a sombrero, borrowed from the gentleman who sells watches, real Spanish lace and shawls, and other curiosities at a truly bargain price. Indeed, so self-sacrificing are these vendors, that it would be a hard heart that could refuse them, let alone Jack, who is renowned for his tenderness of heart. No, the vendors are not of the opposite sex, either. It would be

more understandable if they were. I have never yet realised until now what a family man Jack is. To see him enter an Indian shop, and, with critical eye—at least he assumes a critical air—buy yards and yards of silk and hundreds of garments, one would imagine that the Fleet were going to Tangier to finish off the cruise. But no, such is not the case, he is merely buying presents for the "Girl he left behind him." I have it on his own unimpeachable authority. I ask you, how many soldiers, away from their wives, would think to buy such intimate little gifts. Truly Jack is noble-hearted.

By the way, I forgot to say that towards the end of the month it is unnecessary to go to a shop to buy curios. Jack will always sell you some at cut prices.

Enough. Rumours are afloat of certain annual events known as "Bucks" outings, which are to materialise after the departure of the Fleet. For the benefit of the uninitiated, I will explain that a Bucks outing is an outing into the country and which is for males only, and is usually attended by the married men who have been successful in spinning a yarn to their wives. The single men rarely attend, as they are too busy courting. In a country so rich in history and romance as sunny Spain, a Bucks outing is eagerly looked forward to, as it provides an all too rare opportunity of studying ancient Moorish and Spanish architecture at close range, while the peaceful countryside provides restful vista after the busy turmoil of the Rock.

Social events have been comparatively few this year. Fortress Headquarters provided us with an evening's capital amusement at the Assembly Rooms, when they presented "BRALTAR BRIGHTONED"—a topical and amusing skit, which was well attended. Several old friends were to be seen on the stage, and in the "bar" at the interval. I seem to be full of questions this month, but why, after the Sailors, should the members of the R.A.S.C. always be served first?

H.M. Ships *Warspite*, *Malaya*, *Centaur*, and vessels of the 6th Destroyer Flotilla have all done their bit towards brightening things up, by holding dances at the Garrison Gymnasium and the Assembly Rooms. Each dance was well attended and provided a social success at any rate. Among those present were myself and some dozens of bottles of "S.B."

I might mention that H.M.S. *Renown* has caused a stir on the Rock by bringing out a talkie machine. Of course, we "natives" have never yet heard or seen a "talkie," and the demand for tickets to witness the shows has been greater than the supply. It is another curious fact that the greatest demand has come from

married soldiers. Why the deuce a married man should want to hear a talkie I cannot understand, unless it is that you don't have to ask the "talkie's" permission to clear out of it when you have had enough.

Those who read these lines, and who have passed through Gibraltar and consequently visited the Royal Engineers W.O's. and Sergeants' Mess, will remember one member of the Mess at least, to wit, Sergeant (Charlie) Eaton. I was a spectator at a presentation made to him the other day, when Sergeant Major Burd presented him with an oak clock and a silver dustpan (I think it was a dustpan) on behalf of the Mess members and other friends, as a slight token of their appreciation of the act he committed in getting married. It is true that he is not seen in the Mess so much as formerly, with the result that it is now possible to get a game of billiards without putting one's name down two days beforehand. Perhaps that is what the appreciation was for. A few well chosen words by Sergeant Major Burd when making the presentation, concluded with a joke which probably many have not heard before, to the effect that "May all his troubles be little ones." The victim, in reply, thanked the subscribers for their kindness, and added that every time he looked at their gifts, they would be an awful warning never to let it occur again. As he showed every sign of repentance, he was merely cautioned, and given a bottle of the "Hop Leaf" brand.

NAUTICUS.

A TOUR TO GIBRALTAR

(Concluded).

A short distance from San Roque, and we begin to enter the Cork Woods, picturesque picnic spots beloved by the inhabitants of Gibraltar, although, alas, many of the trees have been sadly depleted by the ravages of the charcoal burner. The woods are many miles in extent, and situated some distance in the interior we come to Almoraima, a Moorish name signifying "Payment of Fines." Almoraima is noted for its beautiful convent, which was founded in 1603, and can usually be inspected by casual visitors. A service is celebrated in the ancient chapel on the 3rd May of each year, and is attended by thousands of people from the surrounding district, including Gibraltar, after which the shady woods offer every facility for a picnic to end up the day.

Doubling back on our tracks slightly, we come to Algeciras, which is about 14 miles by road from Gibraltar, although only half an hour's ferry boat trip across the Bay. Algeciras was built by the Moors, and at one time was a place of considerable importance,

and was eventually taken by the Spaniards in 1344. In this connection it is interesting to note that the King of Spain is also King of Algeciras, a relic of its once former greatness, it being one of the keys of the Moors to Spain. The commercial importance of Algeciras is increasing daily, and a considerable amount of cork is exported from there, although the town itself is of little importance except for the constant sieges it has undergone by Moslem and Christian.

Our next stop, Tarifa, is 28 miles from Gibraltar, and has no railway communication. It is the most southerly point in Europe, and shows greater traces of its Moorish occupancy than does any other town in Andalusia. The ride thither from Algeciras is glorious, affording as it does wonderful views across the Straits. The town itself contains about 12,000 inhabitants, and its narrow and tortuous streets are enclosed by Moorish walls. The chief feature of the town is the Alcazar, or genuine Moorish Castle, which is in an excellent state of preservation and worthy of a visit.

Cadiz, the culminating point of our journey in this direction, is too well known to need much description. It is a spacious, well laid out town, and a naval base. The buildings, both ancient and modern, are of a fine style of architecture, and though the streets are narrow in the majority of cases, yet the parallel lines in which they are laid out constitutes it a capital in miniature.

Alas, our all too short holiday at Gibraltar is nearing an end, and we have but two more days to devote to ourselves. To-day we have planned a trip to Malaga, the capital of the province of that name, and after a run of about two hours along a glorious motoring road, we arrive at Estepona, a quaint fishing village, and the approximate half-way point of our joourney. The village was built in 1456 from the ruins of an old Moorish town, and but little trace of its origin remains. The surrounding country provides abundant fruit, but otherwise there is little to recommend it, except for providing the opportuunity of stretching our legs.

The run from Estepona to Malaga is now practically entirely along the coast, with the rugged but beautiful country on our right hand, and the shimmering blue waters of the Mediterranean on our left, and before long we are entering Marbella, one of the prettiest villages in the south of Spain. Passing Marbella, Fuengirola is reached very shortly, and then Torres Molinos announces our rapid approach to Malaga. Torres Molinos, with its innumerable residences of varied and pleasing architecture and its entrancing scenery, is extremely popular, and is greatly in favour as a summer resort when bathing is possible. Indeed, the beach all the way from Estepona to Torres Molinos is greatly in favour for bathing picnics during the summer months.

We soon enter the outskirts of Malaga, which is both an important seaport and busy railway terminus. The popularity of this important town is daily increasing, the climate being of the best and enabling invalids quickly to recuperate. There are most up-to-date hotels, sea bathing establishments, cafes, etc., while attractions for both summer and winter are provided by a "Committee of Propaganda," who cater for the wants of visitors.

It would be futile to close this article without some reference to "the mysterious Orient," which is also within easy reach of Gibraltar. Possibly the best known place to tourists is Tangier, in the International Zone, and the sudden transition from the manners and customs of the West to those of the East, which are here to be seen in perfection, is both curious and startling. The steep and tortuous streets are crowded with magnificent Moors in their picturesque costumes, who stride haughtily along through the cosmopolitan throng, with Jews, of whom there are great numbers, and who may be easily recognised by their curious dress, with slaves of every sort of tinged complexion, and with wild looking men from the Riff Coast, with their uncovered heads entirely shaven with the exception of one lock, which, it is said, is to pull them up to Heaven. The market place outside the walls is most curious. Here may be seen clusters of goat skin tents, with dirty and faded carpets, caravans of weary camels with enormous loads arrived from the interior; strings of the pretty little Barbary donkeys, patient and uncared for, who also have their heavy burdens; the Arab musician, with his pipe and tom-tom, the snake charmer, with his gleaming eyes and wicked looking playfellow, and the story teller with his circle of attentive listeners. Moorish women, closely veiled, sit patiently in groups waiting for their masters, while the Moorish soldiers in their blue cloaks and red peaked caps stroll casually by. The motley crowd of Europeans, who are rapidly becoming predominant, strike an incongruous note in this motley scene.

The modern European quarter, which is rapidly in course of construction, shows the development which is taking place, while a port is also being prepared and will be an enormous boon to travellers.

Casablanca, farther down the coast, has grown enormously within the last few years, and has earned for itself the name of "Petit Paris," due to the efforts which have been made by the French Government, who have spared nothing to introduce the latest improvements of modern science in Morocco. Casablanca is easily reached by sea from Gibraltar, in addition to which there is a direct railway line running from Tangier.

Ceuta is 15 miles distant from Gibraltar across the Straits, and is a Spanish possession. Ceuta itself has a very checkered history

and has undergone capture by both Moor and Spaniard on several occasions. The town is clean and well laid out and has a beautiful cathedral. It has been said that Ceuta was one of the first three cities in the world, the others being Salernum in Italy and Salem in Judea, and in any case, it is rich in history and romance.

Tetuan, some 18 miles by rail from Ceuta, is a walled Moorish town, which has not yet succumbed to Western influence to the extent that Tangier has. There are several fine mosques to be seen, and though the streets are narrow and dirty, they are typical of the East, and standing in the market place it is difficult for one to realise that Gibraltar and modern civilisation is such a short distance away. Indeed, there can be but few places such as Gibraltar, which, historic and picturesque in itself, offers so many facilties for seeing a number of varied and different places, both in picturesque Spain and oriental Morocco, within such a short radius, and where one can always return to the amenities of English life—and, what is more important after a trip to Morocco—a hot tub and unlimited soap.

BRIGHTON.

Periodically since the War, the trade in Brighton have made futile applications to the Brighton Licensing Magistrates for permission to keep their houses open till 10.30 during the summer months. At this year's Licensing Sessions a similar application was again turned down after a four hours' sitting of the Bench, and when a strong case was put forward by the licensees.

This refusal brought about an application to the King's Bench Division for orders to be served on the Brighton Licensing Justices to show cause why their decision should not be quashed. So far was this application successful that the Judges granted the rules "nisi" asked for.

The chief point was an affidavit made by the solicitor for the Brighton Licensed Victuallers' Society that three of the Justices who adjudicated on the application for the extension must be regarded as biassed against it, on the ground that they are connected with bodies who strongly opposed the application. The Judges ordered a re-hearing with a differently constituted bench. We now await events.

At the same bench the Justices altered the mid-day hours of Sunday opening from 12.30-2.30 to 12-2. This relieves an anomaly whereby, in the past, houses in the adjoining borough of Hove opened at 12, and a licensee who gave evidence for the change, stated he had a house on the boundary, and on Sunday mornings in the summer crowds alight from the 'buses outside his house and form a procession into Hove, where he had the doubtful satisfaction of seeing them entering three neighbouring public houses over the boundary.

Mr. Ramsey MacDonald's hope, almost amounting to certainty, that Gandhi will come to England this year has inspired the suggestion that he will "repair to the Thames Embankment to make salt." But according to an Indian paper the Mahatma is to tour the South Coast and stop at Brighton for salt-making purposes. When and if he comes, we shall treat him with the respect due to a remarkable personality.

Still, though the Thames is a tidal river, it is a poor (and dirty) thing for salt production compared with the Sussex sea, and if Gandhi should visit Brighton he will be warmly welcomed.

The other day a Sussex poultry keeper, who of late had suspected rats of stealing eggs, visited his chicken runs and saw a rat disappearing through the partition. Running round to the other side of the building he was just in time to see the rodent disappear down a hole tightly holding an egg in its front paws. Returning to the nest boxes, the farmer was surprised to find the china nest egg had gone. He could not refrain a hearty laugh, hoping the rat had a good feed.

As has happened in past years the Brighton and Hove Football team seem to be "fading away," being beaten on their own ground by Thames and Notts County teams, and their chance of moving up this year has gone.

The Brighton boys' team have been playing some good football, but were beaten by Islington boys on the Arsenal ground in the seventh round for the English schools shield. They seem to be suffering from the same weakness in front of goal as the Brighton and Hove Albion team.

We were pleased to see Mr. Bradford's picture and write-up in the March number. How does he find time for all his activities?

OXFORD.

We tender our apologies for failing to contribute to THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE last month Mr. Editor, pleading extra pressure of business and hoping to be excused for what we believe to be our first lapse since its inception.

DEATH OF MR. ERNEST CLINKARD.

The death occurred on Saturday the 28th February at "Tullyhunco," Oxford Road, Abingdon, of Mr. Ernest Clinkard. It is with deep regret that we place this on record, as Mr. Clinkard only retired from active service with the firm in October, 1929, after a long and useful career. He commenced his connection as a traveller in 1890 and, until a year or so after the commencement of the late war, was actively employed as such. He then forsook the "road" for less arduous duties in the office until he retired.

He was 66 years of age at the time of his death and had been ailing for some time. He was well known in sporting circles as well as in business in Oxford, and was one of the original members of the Cowley St. John cricket, bowls and tennis club, in which he has held several offices. He was a keen cricketer in his younger days and later took to bowls, but preferred friendly to competitive games. He was a member of the Bertie Lodge of Freemasons and sang for some years in the choir of St. Peter in the East Church, Oxford.

We extend our sincere sympathy to his widow and family in their bereavement.

The funeral took place at Abingdon Cemetery on Tuesday, March 3rd. The mourners were :—Mrs. Clinkard (widow), Mr. T. Clinkard (brother), Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Martin (son-in-law and daughter), Mr. and Mrs. Drew Organ (son-in-law and daughter), Mr. R. Clinkard (son), Messrs. Alec, Frank and Arthur Clinkard (nephews), Mrs. J. Birt (niece), Mr. R. P. Stanford, Mrs. David Organ, Capt. and Mrs. Weston-Stevens, Mr. F. Lay, Mrs. J. Rogers, Mr. C. E. Gough and Mr. H. J. Timms (representing Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.), Representatives of the Bertie Lodge of Freemasons, Messrs. J. S. King, F. G. Owens, A. Bunce, G. Sims and F. O. Pickering (representing St. Peter's choir), Mr. F. J. Fowler (Cowley St. John cricket, tennis and bowls club), Mr. L. White, Mrs. Lapworth and Miss Hodgson.

The service was conducted by the Revs. R. C. MacKeown (Vicar of Abingdon) and A. H. Stanton (Vicar of St. Peter in the East, Oxford).

Among the many floral tributes sent were wreaths from the Directors, Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., and the Staff and Employees at Oxford Stores.

The late Mr. E. Clinkard.

E.C.—AN APPRECIATION.

A short while after his retirement, an old and faithful servant of the Firm has passed away. Although his health was not robust in later years, he, nevertheless, bore his ailments with commendable fortitude. In his business relations he was conscientious to a degree, unflagging in his zeal. His leisure hours were spent in the pastimes of bowls and fishing ; while as a young man he acquired some local fame as a cricketer of talent. He was well known and greatly respected throughout the district. We mourn his loss and our sympathy goes out to all the members of his family. R.I.P.

H.J.T.

BICESTER AND WARDEN HILL HUNT POINT-TO-POINT MEETING.

We were once more entrusted with the liquor supplies for the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Point-to-Point Meeting at Troy Farm, Somerton, Oxon, on Wednesday, March the 4th. Messrs. J. Salter, of Salisbury, were the caterers at this meeting and this well known firm fully upheld its traditions despite the adverse weather conditions.

Miss E. C. Gardner, who joined the Oxford Branch clerical staff in April, 1821, left on Friday, March the 13th, to take up nursing work. We shall miss the expert assistance of Miss Gardner after ten years conscientious service, but nevertheless, we wish her every success in her new career.

Miss Gardner was presented with a suitably inscribed silver wrist-watch, by her colleagues at Oxford, as a mark of their esteem.

E.G.—A TRIBUTE.

After ten years service this member of the staff is leaving for another sphere of usefulness. Her place will indeed be difficult to fill, but our loss is another's gain ; they are fortunate. We shall miss that morning smile and kindly greeting, that honest and undeviating purpose, that cheerful acceptance of every task. Not readily shall we find another so single-minded, so firm in decision, so inflexible in all cases of conscience.

We wish her well !

H.J.T.

COWLEY CONSERVATIVE CLUB.

CAPTAIN ALLEN'S CINEMA " AT HOME."

Novel attraction was well represented in an enjoyable few hours spent recently at the Cowley Conservative Club.

Captain Allen, host to his many workpeople, friends and members of the club, presented several films taken by himself at home and abroad, during his travels in connection with the well known firm of John Allen & Sons (Oxford), Engineers.

The films, taken in 100 feet lengths (and afterwards very cleverly joined), showed scenes during the steamer trip to New York, the approach and arrival at New York, with its towering buildings, and even the advertisement lighting of Broadway by night. The pictures of the American and Canadian Falls were extremely interesting.

From this lighter side of the travel, the object of the visit was eventually reached, that of seeing huge trench cutters at work. These monster machines, under their own power, dig themselves in and cut with ease about seven miles of trench per day, a task which, undertaken by manual labour, would mean months of arduous work. Evidence of the progress made in modern machinery.

Later films showed the activities during 1929 and 1930 at Messrs. John Allen and Sons, Cowley, in the construction of trench cutters, road tractors and waveless rollers which originally were imported to this country and are now made at Cowley to suit requirements here at home.

This is the fruitful outcome of Capt. Allen's combined business and pleasure trip to the States.

These Tractors and Backfillers were later seen in action in various parts of England. Tractors cleared lands, literally tearing trees up by the roots, and hauling them away to required positions ; whereas other scenes depicted gravel washers and screens at work, again proving engineering accomplishments indeed.

A most enjoyable evening altogether : to the mechanically-minded, a real treat, and, incidentally, a great tribute to Capt. Allen's skilful photography and capable projection of the finished work.

Our well known refreshments, supplied at the request of Capt. Allen, were available during the interval.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, FARNBOROUGH.

FARNBOROUGH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE DINNER-DANCE.

The Farnborough Chamber of Commerce dinner, held in the Queen's Hotel on Wednesday night, was not the first dinner organized by a Chamber of Commerce in Farnborough, but it was the first held for many years, and rather than being a revival it

struck a new note. The idea of a dinner-dance was a distinctly novel and happy one that brought together about 60 people—many of them from Aldershot—and enabled them to spend a few social hours under the happiest circumstances.

Dinner was perfectly served at a number of small tables decorated with spring flowers, the arrangement of the room adding greatly to the enjoyment of the guests. Music was provided during dinner and dancing by Mr. Aneurin Parker's trio.

Most of those present remained to dance in the ballroom until 2 a.m., Mr. Walter Hill carrying out the duties of M.C.

A HAPPY AFFAIR.

The function was easily the happiest and most successful held in Farnborough, and should, in future years, attract an even bigger attendance.

Mr. Max Turk, the President, and his charming young wife, received the guests. Supporting them at dinner were Mr. W. Jordan, President of the Aldershot Chamber of Commerce, and Mrs. Jordan, Mr. A. H. J. Stroud, a past President of the Aldershot Chamber, and Mrs. Stroud, and Mr. R. D. McLaurin, J.P., Chairman of the Farnborough Urban District Council.

The after-dinner speeches were brilliant and witty and due appreciation was paid to various members of the Association.

WOKING.

FOURTH ANNUAL DINNER, WOKING AND DISTRICT CLUB STEWARDS.

The Red House Hotel, Woking, was the venue of an enjoyable evening on Wednesday, March 4th, the occasion being the fourth annual dinner of the Woking and District Club Stewards. Mr. A. Bennett presided.

After proposing the loyal toast the chairman referred to the absence owing to illness of Mr. E. Loughnane (Westfield) and Mr. E. Wells (Woking Constitutional), and all would wish them a speedy restoration to health. It was also a matter of regret that such enthusiastic members as Mr. J. Sale (Chertsey Constitutional), Mr. W. F. Robbins (New Haw), Mr. E. W. Wall (Weybridge Constitutional), and Mr. J. Tucker (Ripley British Legion) were prevented from being present owing to other social functions being held that evening, in some instances at their own clubs. It was exceedingly difficult to arrange an evening when all could attend as their duties must always take first place.

The chairman then submitted the toast of the evening, "The Club Stewards of Woking and District." He said it was the fourth occasion on which they had met as members of their association,

and each year he had been asked to preside—an honour of which he was deeply sensible. It was good to meet them away from their usual spheres of activity and responsibility, which he knew did not grow less year by year. The past year had been a difficult one owing to the depression in industry and its consequent toll of unemployment. Members were as keen as ever to support their clubs, but they had less money to spend. This condition reflected itself in the many balance sheets which he had handled, almost all of which revealed a decrease in the turnover. Such periods added to the responsibility of Stewards and it needed men of the highest character to conduct their businesses happily and successfully, with satisfaction to the members and with credit to themselves.

The younger members in the clubs had new habits and it became more difficult each year to effect a reconciliation between the surplus on trading and the sum required for the social activities of the club. This was a very real problem which confronted all clubs to-day. A good Steward, however, always helped his club in the altered circumstances, and he knew the district was excellently served in that respect. The local authorities looked to Stewards to see that the law was strictly observed, and were always ready to back up a good man in the discharge of his responsible duties, as they regarded a Steward as being in a similar capacity to that of a Licensed Victualler, which calling demanded men of exemplary character. He was glad to say they did not look in vain for the widest and fullest measure of co-operation and support from all those present that evening.

Continuing, the chairman said he must refer to the passing of Mr. B. T. Hall, who until his retirement last year, held the office of Secretary of the Working Men's Club & Institute Union and was probably the greatest authority on club matters in this country. As they all knew, the late Mr. B. T. Hall was a member of the Royal Commission and his handling of the evidence could only be described as masterly. The Report of the Commission was awaited with interest.

In conclusion, the chairman said he was glad to see such a representative assembly, and hoped that 1931 would witness a return to prosperity, and that he would have the pleasure of meeting them all at a similar function next year.

Mr. H. T. Crocker (Woking Working Men's) responding, said that being comparatively a newcomer to the district, it was the first occasion on which he had had the opportunity of attending such a function, and he therefore felt privileged on being invited to acknowledge the toast. It was unfortunate that so many Stewards had been prevented from being present, but he hoped to see a considerable increase in their numbers next year. He would be pleased to do anything in his power to foster the success of their organisation.

Mr. G. Lowrey (Woking British Legion) submitted the toast of "The Visitors" and Mr. S. Would (West Byfleet) in reply said how much he and his friends enjoyed being present that evening. A Steward needed many qualities, not the least of which was adaptability, particularly in these days of changing habits.

Mr. W. R. Martin (West Byfleet Social) in his usual capable manner proposed the toast of "The Chairman" to which Mr. A. Bennett briefly responded.

On the suggestion of Mr. T. B. Froud (Walton Constitutional) it was decided to send an autographed menu card to Mr. J. Holloway with earnest wishes for a speedy recovery from his illness.

The musical programme was in the hands of Mr. E. Bailey, to which a number of the company contributed, including Mr. J. Maguire (Walton), Mr. R. V. Kemp (St. John's), Mr. R. Buckingham (Woking) and Messrs. W. R. Martin, S. Would and W. Cockall (West Byfleet).

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The face of Red Devon has lately assumed a ruddier hue where the busy plough has scored its way through the dull mush of winter.

Hedgerows and woods are once again donning their fresh apparel, and on every hand along the broad highway, there is daily new evidence that a more congenial season is upon us. Dotted here and there bent figures can be viewed, where for many a long day life has been stilled. The clink of spade and rake is heard even in our midst, as the modern Adam with sweated brow prepares his plot of earth for fruition.

In short—spring is hard by, and it is with a feeling of relief and anticipation that most of us prepare ourselves for the glorious, but all too few days ahead, when purer air, sunnier hours, rarer joys, and, thank goodness, brighter trade appears!

May the 1931 season prove a happy and most satisfying one to the Firm, and to those gardeners, sportsmen, and other lovers of the open spaces who share with us the hopes of April.

The pleasing addition to our GAZETTE gallery of the frontispiece in our March issue, is one which Mr. A. R. Bradford's colleagues, both near and far, will value highly.

Our thanks Mr. Editor.

The following events are already occupying our minds and it appears that "Simonds" will be the rule rather than the exception when the season is in full swing :—

Torquay Race Meeting.
North Cornwall Point-to-Point.
Braunton Show and Pony Races.
Kingsbridge Agricultural Show.
Yealmpton Agricultural Show.
Plympton Agricultural Show.
Lydford Pony Show.

"S.B." to all Stations!!

THE BELL INN, KINGSTEIGNTON.

The above house, situated in a very favourable part of Devon, on the Teignmouth-Newton Abbot road, is well worthy of notice, and in Mr. A. Batchelor, who has lately taken it over on our behalf, the visitor will find a host who will give him, or her, every satisfaction. Mr. Batchelor, who as a former steward of the Royal South Western Yacht Club, Plymouth, is well known locally, and has served us well at the Royal Oak, Cargreen (on the banks of the Tamar) for some time past, has had a long and varied experience of life, and with Mrs. Batchelor to help things along, he should give to this very popular Bell Inn a real "Simonds" ring. Kingsteignton, tho' small, is famed locally for its sporting opportunities, and, moreover, for the visitor it is quite near to most of the noted South Devon resorts.

Look out for it on your next trip this way please!

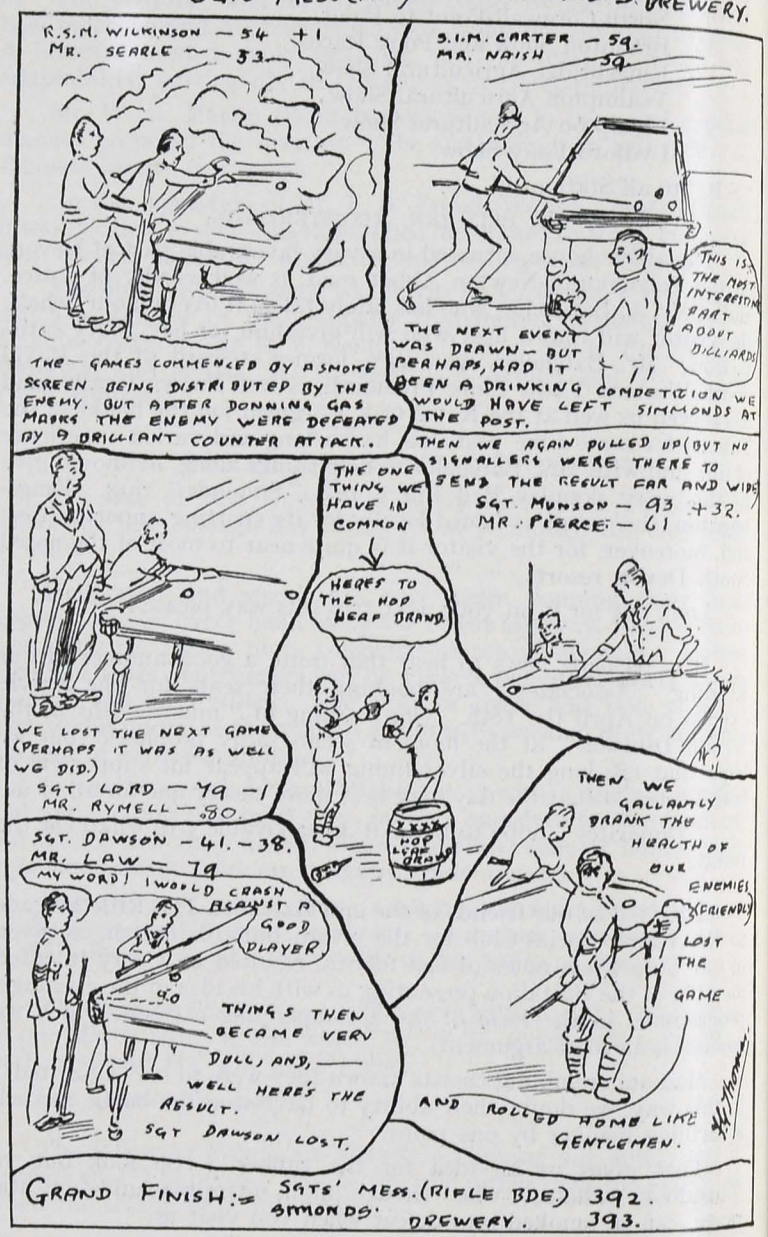
It is pleasing news to hear that quite a good number of our Reading "Associates" are booking their seats for the Argyle express on April the 18th. Our warning of "nine months in the Second Division" at the moment seems sadly prophetic, but we hope that ere long the silver lining will appear for supporters of both Clubs, so that the day may be a more cheery one for all of us.

"Tamarites" hope to make it an enjoyable trip whatever the result.

The visit of our friends of the 2nd Battalion The Rifle Brigade to the Tamar Social Club for the return billiards match, as given in our Stop Press notes of last month, resulted in a very talented member of the Battalion presenting us with his idea of the evening's programme, in the form of the accompanying cartoon, which we confess is beyond argument.

Had our trembling cueists known they were to be "Gazetted" in this way, we doubt their ability to have won the battle in such a thrilling manner by one point.

That gives us an idea for the rubber!! So look out ye "bundook wallahs," who, though nigh unapproachable on the range, can be smoked into defeat when you visit us.



The presence of the 2nd Battalion Norfolk Regiment among the Plymouth Garrison has very early been followed by success in the inter-unit events. The road race resulted in Cpl. J. Hubbard and Pte. Suffolk of the Battalion being placed first and second respectively—a notable performance by the wearers of the "Britannia" badge. We look forward to further laurels when the Command and Army championships come along.

The trooping of the Colours of the Norfolks, which took place on the parade ground, South Raglan Barracks, on February the 23rd, with imposing ceremony and confidence, and in a manner highly creditable to all ranks, was the annual commemoration of a great feat of arms by this Battalion in 1917, when under a heavy fire, the Tigris in full flood was crossed, and a position occupied to cover the crossing of other units which had failed.

Those of us who knew the wearers of the yellow "flash," and those other boys of the Dorsets and Oxford & Bucks in those days realized their prowess, as did their G.O.C., Lieut.-Gen. Sir R. G. Egerton, who, in his appreciation of the operations, wrote, "I raise my hand to salute the gallant Norfolk Regiment in particular, for a performance which will, I believe, live in history as unique in the annals of the Army."

Forward the Norfolks!!

WELL DONE THE "DUKES"!

The winning of the Army rugby cup by the "Iron Dukes" has delighted the whole of the West Country, where the Battalion is so well known and appreciated. We have, up to this issue, made no comment on their wonderful record in pursuit of the trophy during the past few years, knowing the ill-fortune which dogged their steps whilst they were stationed here. Evidently a change was necessary for victory. We are sorry we were unable to see the match as, needless to say, is our Military Representative.

A well earned reward for valiant effort!

THE "SIMONDS" BILLIARDS CUP.

The above trophy is producing some very keen competition among the Service teams of the Garrison, who comprise the Plymouth & District billiards league. Two teams from the Royal Naval Barracks, four of Police, six from the Regular units, and one Territorial unit are competing in home and away games for the honour of its possession.

The present leaders are the Metropolitan Police, followed by the 2nd Bn. Wiltshire Regiment and the C.P. Officers, Royal Naval Barracks, who, as holders, are making strenuous efforts to retain the cup on their sideboard. The remaining fixtures should produce some excellent games.

The donors of this handsome prize are not forgotten by their many Service friends, and "S.B." and other Hop Leaf beverages are well to the fore in practically every Mess.

We wish the league and its members continued success.

Our Social Club billiards second string have been at least holding their own with other Clubs, and when the tournaments are due, a few of our Departmental stars will be eclipsed by the "Reserves" if they are not careful. Results :—

H. & G. S. Second String.			*St. Phillips Old Boys 2nd Team.*	
Oxenham	100	*v.*	Waldron	44
Watkins	100	*v.*	Parr	88
Mills	98	*v.*	Wilch	100
Webber	100	*v.*	Tharpe	56
Naish	100	*v.*	Northcott	64

Simonds won by four games to one.

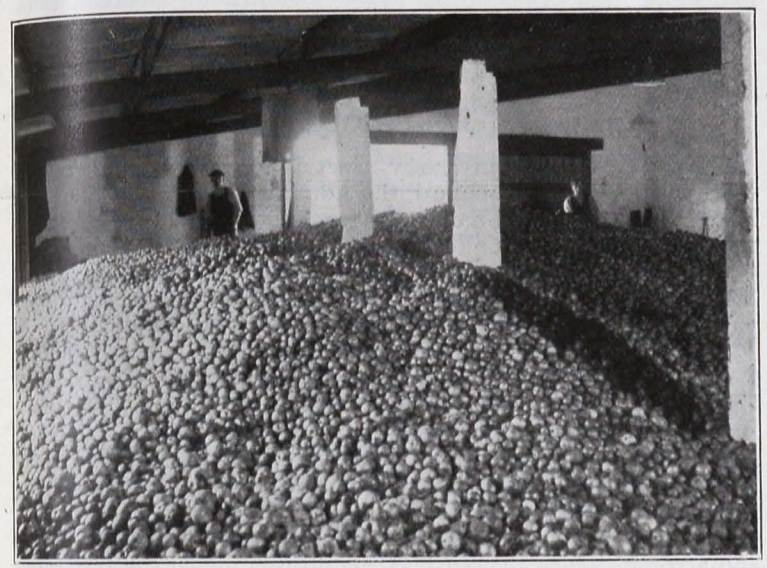
H. & G. S. Second String.			*Central Hall.*	
Oxenham	44	*v.*	Burden	100
Watkins	100	*v.*	Whitelock	69
Webber	100	*v.*	Baine	73
Mills, W.	93	*v.*	Westcott	100
Naish	94	*v.*	Kitt	100

Central Hall won by three games to two.

CRABBS PARK, PAIGNTON.

A very successful dinner and dance was held at the Commercial Hotel, Newton Abbot, by the Women's Trade Defence Association recently, which was catered for by our well known host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. W. Dadd. The necessary extension of licence was obtained for the occasion, and the after-dinner speeches were most interesting, being somewhat humorous and witty. The very able President, Mrs. Farley, thanked the Secretary, Mrs. Gurr, and the committee for their valued assistance, and said she hoped it would be possible during the ensuing year to arrange a pleasurable occasion for the inmates of the Infirmary. Councillors Edworthy and Frost (representing the Torquay Licensed Victuallers Association) said they would certainly be pleased to support the ladies in their happy thought by recommending assistance from their branch. Mr. A. E. Bibbings in responding to the toast of the chairman expressed the sincere wishes of all present that Mr. J. Parnell Tucker would soon be restored to good health.

Great praise is due to the orchestra for the delightful music rendered. Every hope is put forward for such another enjoyable evening to be arranged in the near future.



A corner of the Apple Store at Crabbs Park, Paignton.

The above photograph is that of a corner of the apple store at Crabbs Park, contaaining some of Devon's choicest cider-fruit ready to be elevated to the mills after washing. Here they are prepared for the presses which extract the juice that is now being sent out from Crabbs Park in prime condition labelled "Hunt's Glorious Devon Cider."

Although we have acres upon acres of orchards at Crabbs Park, it is not sufficient to meet the demands of our trade. We have, therefore, to purchase hundreds of tons of cider apples from farmers in this district for miles around. The stream of lorries, wagons and carts laden with Devon's finest fruit in the autumn is a sight which many pay us a visit to witness.

Numerous praises are reaching us from satisfied customers in favour of this season's apple juice.

We are pleased to report our Mr. Johns has recovered from his attack of influenza, and we hope he will now enjoy a lengthy spell of good health. Our sympathy is extended to our Mr. Parnell, who is also down with influenza, and by way of advice, why not

try Hunt's cider with ginger as a remedy? Our former invalid tells us he derived great benefit, in fact, he attributes his recovery to this medicine. Whilst sympathising with the invalids we would extend our well wishes to the Argyle and Reading Football Clubs, who appear to have had some bad luck.

PORTSMOUTH.

At the 100th anniversary meeting of the United Service Institution held on March 3rd, the Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Roger Ketes, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, presided. He recalled that on March 3rd, 1832, the first annual report of the Council was presented to the members of what was then called the Naval and Military Library and Museum. At the close of this meeting some 70 members sat down to an excellent dinner at the Thatched House Tavern in St. James' Street. They were addressed by Sir John Hobhouse, the Secretary of State for War and it was recorded that "great conviviality and cordiality prevailed until a late hour." Although the name had been changed from time to time, the general aims and work of the Institution had continued from the beginning, the promotion and advancement of naval and military science and literature and the assistance of officers in the efficiency of the services. The chairman moved the adoption of the reports and accounts which shewed that 207 officers joined the Institution and there were 124 withdrawals during the year, the total membership being 5,741. The Gold Medal and Trench Gascoigne Prize for Essays on the Problems arising out of the Greater Mobility of Military Forces as a result of Mechanization, was awarded to Capt. D. W. Bocleaw, R.A.S.C. The second prize was given to Capt. G. C. Shaw, R.A.O.C.

WELCH REGIMENT AND ST. DAVID'S DAY BALL.

The Sergeants of the 1st Bn. Welch Regiment on Saturday, February 28th, held their annual ball which has now become one of the events of the year to look forward to by the visitors as well as the members. The new barracks gymnasium at Gosport, alive with decorations, made an excellent setting and the Battalion band added to the gaiety of the occasion. The fun, of which the leek-eating episode is always included, never flagged, but there was one solemn moment. At midnight the hall was plunged into darkness with the exception of a light focussed on the gleaming letters of the National Motto. The band sang "Land of my Fathers" in Welsh, followed by the English version by Brigadier Patterson, who led the whole assembly in the chorus. The decorations were wonderfully carried out. The stark gauntness of

the building had been dispelled by thousands of paper streamers festooned in a close web from the centre of the ceiling to the walls where they were secured with paper bows in the Regimental colours, green, red and white. Fairy lanterns with their soft glow added glamour to the scene whilst bowers of palm gave a sense of completeness. The trophies and cups, the property of the Mess, were displayed on a specially built stand. During the evening a visit was received from Brigadier G. W. Howard, C.M.G., D.S.O., Commanding the 9th Infantry Brigade and Mrs. Howard and Colonel F. H. Linton, D.S.O. (Commanding the Battalion) and Mrs. Linton. They were accompanied by Major G. D. Melville, Major and Mrs. G. S. Brewers, Capt. G. A. Daniel, D.S.O., M.C., Capt. and Mrs. F. W. Ford, The Hon. and Mrs. W. F. Somerset, Capt. Sir L. Vavasour, Bart., R.N., and Commander The Hon. and Mrs. Carson. The arrangements were carried out by a very able committee consisting of Colour Sergeant E. A. Wood (President), Sergeants Jacob, Rees, Saunders, Fuller, John, Williams and Beazley. The weather, unfortunately, proved unfavourable, as during the early evening a severe blizzard was experienced and it says a lot for the enjoyable time experienced by everybody that this did not in any way interfere with the festivity. We are sorry to say that owing to the exigencies of the service, we shall not have the pleasure of looking forward to this very enjoyable event on St. David's Day next year, at Gosport.

R.A O.C. WINNERS OF UNITED SERVICES FOOTBALL CUP.

The R.A.O.C. (Hilsea) have won the United Services challenge cup for the third time. Last season they were finalists and lost to H.M.S. *Victory* by a single goal. This year the *Victory* and the R.A.O.C. again met in the final and the R.A.O.C. displaying their old time form won by three goals to one. It proved to be an exciting game. Quite early Stevens missed an open goal for the *Victory*. Shortly afterwards the Ordnance Corps scored, Gibbs putting in a first time shot. There was a spell of great excitement and in the course of seven minutes there were three goals and a missed penalty. Chapman equalized for the *Victory* with an awkward oblique shot within four minutes of the success of the Corps, but a minute later Dennis netted in fine style for the Corps from a centre from Kelly. Then Wyborn failed to score from the spot, Dawson making a good save. A quarter of an hour before the interval, Dennis scored again for the Corps and this ended the scoring. The trophy was presented to Staff Sergeant Smith at the close of the match by Colonel H. W. Man, Commanding Officer of the R.A.O.C. Depot. He also presented medals to the players, both winners and runners-up.

The *Hood* after being out of commission since May, 1929, was commissioned here for trials early in March (the *Hood* is the world's largest warship). During the time she has been in dockyard hands, repairs and re-constructions have been carried out at an estimated cost of £587,074 and she is now fitted with a catapult for launching aircraft. On her trials she will be under the command of Capt. B. G. Washington, late in command of the *Royal Sovereign*, and on completion of her trials the *Hood* is scheduled to complete to full crew on May 12th for service as flagship of the Battle-Cruiser Squadron. Capt. J. F. C. Patterson, O.B.E., will take command of the *Hood* before she commissions for service. At the end of March he was relieved as Director of Naval Ordnance by Capt. F. T. B. Tower, O.B.E., from Chatham Gunnery School, after being in command of the *Excellent* Gunnery School, and his last service afloat was in command of the cruiser *Melbourne* in the Australian Navy, 1925-27.

Extract from the Naval Chronicle of the *Hampshire Telegraph and Post*, Friday, March 13th, 1931 :—

THE BOOBY PRIZE :—Till quite recently the Royal Marines had a musketry "booby prize" which was awarded to the lowest scorer in certain "shoots." It was called a "jewel," but was really a pewter medal to which "bars" were attached for each winner. It now hangs in the Mess at Deal and will not be awarded this year, because some of the previous winners felt a little sensitive on the subject, says the *Morning Post*. Besides it has now an historical interest and value. It was lost for many years, because the 1914 winner, who kept it in his kit, was serving in a ship which was torpedoed while entering Sheerness Harbour. When the ship was ultimately salved, the booby prize emerged from a heap of salved rubbish.

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