

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. VI.

APRIL, 1932.

No. 7.



MR. L. J. TRANTER.

MR. L. J. TRANTER.

The appearance of Mr. L. J. Tranter, the manager of our cider factory at Paignton, heralds the approach of the cider season, when that increasingly popular beverage will be in great demand.

Mr. Tranter has spent all his life in Devonshire, the county in which, by reason of its climate and geographical position, the best ciders are produced. He has managed the business of Messrs. N. P. Hunt & Son since 1914, having spent his earlier years in the office of the late Mr. Hubert A. Fulford, the well-known valuer and auctioneer, &c., of Exeter. Mr. Tranter also assisted in a similar business at Newton Abbot and through these years he acquired valuable and extensive knowledge which has served him in good stead whilst filling his present position.

The factory and orchards of Messrs. N. P. Hunt & Son, which business was established in 1805, were acquired by the Firm in January, 1930, together with 29 licensed houses, amongst which are some of the most valuable premises in the South Devon Area. Recently the cider factory has been re-built and re-equipped with the most up-to-date plant in the country, including presses of 200 tons pressure, apparatus for washing apples before pounding and a number of huge vats each containing thousand of gallons of cider. The works and premises are encircled by acres of orchards and a further large acreage has recently been laid out with some of the finest trees procurable. Mainly for the purpose of keeping the orchards in good condition, a small farm of ewes, lambs, bullocks, pigs, &c., is maintained at Crabbs Park where the factory is situate.

Mr. Tranter has exhibited a thorough mastery of the whole business and the ciders which he is now producing have been pronounced by connoisseurs as perfect in flavour and condition.

During the Great War Mr. Tranter served three years in the Royal Field Artillery, being made Instructor in Signalling after a course at Amiens. The first experience of France was on the Somme.

In the beautiful countryside surrounding his home, Mr. Tranter is able to indulge his favourite pastime of motoring. He is an enthusiastic follower of football and is connected with a number of clubs in the district, recently being re-elected chairman of the Paignton Conservative Club.

EDITORIAL.

CUCKOO'S REGISTER.

Concerning the cuckoo's register and how the notes change, Mr. Oliver E. Fleet Cobb writes the following informative letter to the *Daily Telegraph* :—

The late Sir Hubert Parry made many notes at Highnam (Gloucester), recording instances of a cuckoo on April 22 calling a whole tone, E flat, D flat. On May 26 it gave E flat, C (a minor third). On May 29 the call was a major third, but F sharp, D.

In June the variations recorded were remarkable by introducing grace notes before the first of the two notes of the call and in extending the interval of the call to a fourth, and on one occasion dropping a sixth. On June 1 he noted "two cuckoos singing the same (quaver E and crochet D), with very different timbre, one like a topped diapason and the other like a gamba." June 10 that year (probably about 1910) was the latest date he heard the bird call, "a major third, weak and indefinite."

NEVER SERVED MORE USEFUL PURPOSE.

"Alcohol in Moderation is beneficial. It aids digestion, and revives a man's flagging energies after a day's toil. There was no time in our civilisation when alcohol—properly taken—served a more useful purpose than now."—LORD DAWSON OF PENN, the King's Physician.

DIDN'T CARE A FIG.

We are all gratified to know that the Marquis of Reading is recovering from his recent serious illness. It may encourage budding lawyers to recall that he began his brilliant career by losing his first important case in court.

He was briefed to defend a fruit merchant, sued by a street trader who alleged that he had been sold a consignment of bad figs. Roused by Mr. Rufus Isaacs' cross-examination, the plaintiff swept aside legal cobwebs and challenged: "Try some of 'em yourself, then, and if they don't make you sick I'll give in."

The judge backed the suggestion, but Mr. Isaacs murmured that the proper person to make the test was the defendant.

"What'll happen if I refuse?" whispered the merchant, anxiously. "Judgment will be given against you," said Mr. Isaacs.

"Then," said he, decisively, "I'd rather lose."

ORIGIN OF "NEWS."

Few people connect the word "News" with the initial letters of the points of the compass—North-East-West-South—yet they are just that, and that is the origin of the name given the subject matter of our daily papers. The first news sheets always carried the symbol of the compass on the front page, and it was supposed to convey the idea that the paper printed events that took place in every corner of the globe. The transition from the sign to the word of four letters was simple enough, and so a new word was coined.

THE GRAND NATIONAL

drink is Beer, preferably Simonds'.

TOPSY-TURVEY.

Some 35 years ago there was an inn on the outskirts of Reading called "The World Turned Upside Down," writes a correspondent in *The Times*. It was kept by one Turvey, and his daughter was named, appropriately, Topsy.

[Mr. A. Turvey is still the popular landlord.]

THE GREAT DROUGHT OF 1893.

Your reference to the Great Drought of 1893 recalls to my mind an amusing experience of that year, writes W. M. Crook in the *Morning Post*. One Saturday (I think in May) I left Waterloo between one and two o'clock and travelled down to Haslemere and walked across country over Hindhead, and through Wolmer Forest and Selborne to Alton, whence I returned to town late at night. It was a glorious day, warm and sunny. At a little inn on Hindhead I noticed the landlord calling his fowl and giving them beer to drink. I asked him why on earth he did this. He replied that the water supply on Hindhead had run out, and that water, which had all to be carried up on men's backs from below, was much more expensive than beer. The fowl seemed to enjoy the latter drink and licked their beaks (or should I say their lips?) as they held up their heads to swallow it. I thought their walking was slightly unsteady afterwards. The London suburb which has since sprung up on the top of Hindhead was not then in existence, and the present water supply had not yet been obtained by boring artesian wells. As soon as it was obtained, celebrities such as George Bernard Shaw and the late Hugh Price Hughes began to inhabit the place. Their only forerunner then was, I think, Professor Tyndall, who had erected "Tyndall's Folly" on the top. If my memory is not at fault, the landlord told me that the drought had lasted five months.

TO KILL AN ASSOCIATION.

1. Don't come to the meetings.
2. If you do come, come late.
3. If the weather doesn't suit you, don't think of coming.
4. If you attend a meeting find fault with the work of officers and other members.
5. Never accept an office, as it is easier to criticise than to do things.
6. Nevertheless, "get sore" if you are not appointed on a committee; but, if you are, do not attend the committee meetings.
7. If asked by the Chairman to give your opinion regarding some important matter, tell him you have nothing to say. After the meeting tell everyone how things ought to be done.
8. Do nothing more than is absolutely necessary; but when other members roll up their sleeves and willingly, unselfishly use their ability to help matters along, howl that the association is run by a clique.
9. Hold back your dues as long as possible, or don't pay at all.
10. Don't bother about enrolling new members. Let do it.

THE PRICE OF BEER.

Much is being said concerning the forthcoming budget and what the Chancellor of the Exchequer is going to do with regard to a reduction in the price of beer. But we must not expect too much. Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest what the *Morning Advertiser* says in the following pithy paragraph:—

"There have been put in circulation rumours that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is contemplating arrangements which would result in a far greater diminution in the price of beer than the mere repeal of the extra duty would warrant. We are able to state, without qualification, that these rumours have no foundation. We suspect that they have been purposely put about to raise false hopes which may result, perhaps, in angry disappointment. We earnestly hope that no attention will be paid to them."

A GOOD "FEAT."

The wife of a friend at the Brewery was making her child a pair of slippers out of some old felt. The initials of the child are "B. S." and the mother intended placing the "B" on the right shoe and the "S" on the left. When she had completed her work she found she had accidentally reversed the initials and there they were—"S.B." Good!

NOT A DESERTER.

A couple of actors met in the street not far from a hostelry well esteemed by the profession.

Said one, "Well, what about a bottle of beer?"

"No," answered the other stubbornly, "I've decided not to pay another penny on the pint."

"Quite right," said the first, and then, after an uneasy pause, he said, "At the same time, old boy, I question if it is right of us to desert the old country in the moment of her direst need."

"Well," said the other, "if you put it like that, I'm damned if anyone will call me a deserter. Come on in."

THE GENERAL WILL SHAVE BRITISH.

As soon as General Sir George Jeffreys, the new G.O.C. the Southern Command, arrived in Poona from England he went out to buy some new shaving gear, says Reuter.

They showed him American things in the first shop.

"I want British," he said.

"Sorry," he was told, "we have no British goods."

"Then I'm sorry," he retorted. "I must have British goods."

And so saying he left the shop.

This decisive action by the new G.O.C. is likely to lead to the awakening of British officers and others in India who hitherto have generally taken whatever has been offered them, without bothering whether it was British or not.

OWL ATTACKS DOGS.

While Mr. Louis Simonds was exercising his two charming little Sealyhams the other evening, an owl swooped down and made vicious grabs at them. The dogs were naturally a bit scared at such an unlooked-for attack.

LAWN TENNIS.

There is every prospect of some very enjoyable tennis for devotees of the game at the Brewery. Mr. Louis Simonds continues to take a very active interest in the doings of the club and attractive fixtures have been arranged. A meeting was recently held under the genial chairmanship of Mr. W. Bowyer and capable officers were elected.

EGG WITHIN AN EGG.

When Mr. H. Trueman of the Royal Oak, Sunningdale, was having an egg for breakfast, he found inside it another egg, shell and all. The latter was about the size of a partridge's, and very much the same colour.

THE "S.B." SYNDICATE.

We were able to congratulate the members of the Staff who formed the "S.B." Syndicate in the recent Irish Hospitals Grand National Sweep. They were fortunate in drawing Glangesia and became entitled to a prize of £729.



THE CASE FOR LOWER TAXATION.

A *Sunday Times* correspondent writes:—

A reduction of the beer tax would not only benefit John Citizen but also all the allied trades of John Barleycorn. There is that large section of the agricultural industry which cultivates barley; there is the little army of hop-growers who use about 25,000 acres of land; and many other trades include sugar-refining, machine manufacturers, maltsters, bottling and cork-making, all of which are suffering as the result of the extra duty imposed on beer last September by Lord Snowden. A reduction of the tax would also reduce unemployment in the building trade, for, naturally enough, in the face of heavy losses, public-house improvement schemes remain in abeyance. The fact that the brewers have in the last few years spent over £12,000,000 in rebuilding and reconstruction gives some idea of the difference it is making in employment in the building trade. As to the Trade itself, the great decline in beer drinking since September has led to the dismissal of large numbers of brewery hands, of barmen and barmaids, and, of course, the same thing has happened in all the kindred trades. Now, if ever there was a "goose" that laid, in increasing numbers, golden eggs for the national exchequer it has been the beer tax. It was 7s. 9d. a barrel in 1914, and now it is 13s., subject to a rebate of 20s., and yields £85,000,000 annually. But this savage taxation has at last upset the working man. His popular beverage is now too dear for him. Even workers who could possibly afford it, decline on principle to pay the extra burden, and have gone without their beer. Since last September, when the extra 31s. tax was imposed, beer-drinking has declined by millions of barrels, and instead of the anticipated additional revenue of £4,500,000 by the end of the financial year the Chancellor will be lucky if he gets not less than one-half of that sum. These things are as indisputable as the Gospels. The tax has not only hit heavily the poorest class of wage-earners, agricultural labourers, to whom, as to the average working man, beer is a food as well as a drink, but has thrown many of them out of employment. The additional beer tax is, in a word, a failure. It has yielded only a portion of that anticipated, and has been responsible for most damaging consequences to industry at a time when home industry stands in need of every encouragement.

SOCIAL CLUB.

FOOTBALL.

The second or reserve team completed their league fixtures with a nice victory over the strong Whitley United side by 3 goals to 2 after a very exciting and hard game. The second team have

done very well during the season, considering that they were entered into a fairly strong league, composed mostly of well-seasoned players, while they are nearly all young lads. They proved themselves good sportsmen throughout and continued in good spirit, despite the fact that their team was frequently called upon to make sacrifices to supply the first eleven. Then the Emergency Budget has been a further cause of them losing some of their men. They have, therefore, every reason to be proud of their first season's performances, and everything shows great promise that next year they will be even more successful, as they have now had the advantage of this year's experience.

Many thanks are due to them for the keen interest shown throughout the league games, also to some of the first team players, who have so willingly turned out with the second string on several occasions, particularly Jack Smith, who was always prepared to give them assistance, especially when they were having a bad time. His help frequently gave them encouragement and confidence, and it shows his true sportsmanship in playing in a minor league. Mr. R. Boddington (Delivery Office) proved himself a true friend of the team, acting as trainer manager. His task was very difficult at times, especially when his men were taken for the first eleven, but, however, he very successfully overcame the numerous obstacles and kept the team spirit amongst them. We hope he will continue next season.

DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

FRIDAY, 4TH MARCH, 1932.

Games.	MALTINGS.		THE REST.	
	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.
Billiards	S. Couzens 0	A. J. Dalton 1
"	J. Everett 0	E. Palmer 1
"	G. Nunn 0	W. Mileham 1
Dominoes	T. J. Day 1	F. Braisher 0
"	A. R. Bowyer 1	A. Comley 0
"	A. J. Everett 0	T. Osborne 1
Crib	S. Bird 0	C. Clark 1
"	— Parker 0	F. Lawrence 1
"	W. Gilkerson 0	E. Palmer 1
Shove Halfpenny ...	F. Taylor 1	A. Comley 0
"	B. Streams 1	A. Whiting 0
"	F. Hodder 1	G. Lott 0
Darts	H. Gibson 1	T. Wheedon 0
"	J. Streams 1	A. J. Nash 0
"	G. Boyles 0	A. Franklin 1
Shooting	G. Boyles 0	H. Prater 1
"	S. Couzens 0	A. Whiting 1
"	G. Lailey ½	J. Croft ½
		7½		10½

FRIDAY, 18TH MARCH, 1932.

Games.	OFFICES.		BUILDING.	
	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.
Billiards	P. Hendy	1	C. Chapman	0
"	J. B. Doe	1	J. Chard	0
"	H. Davis	1	A. Ayling	0
Dominoes	S. Brunsden	1	P. Maynard	0
"	C. Langton	0	W. Judd	1
"	G. Weait	1	H. Mitchell	0
Crib	R. Paice	0	F. Warner	1
"	W. Bradford	0	A. Ayling	1
"	F. Freeman	0	N. Wells	1
Shove Halfpenny ...	W. H. Wild	1	T. Stacey	0
"	C. B. Cox	0	C. Dobson	1
"	H. Davis	1	J. Hopkins	0
Darts	V. Saunders	1	P. Miles	0
"	R. Broad	1	C. Chapman	0
"	J. Clay	0	A. Mills	1
Shooting	P. Hendy	0	H. Mitchell	1
"	R. Broad	$\frac{1}{2}$	J. Chard	$\frac{1}{2}$
"	J. Hillier	0	W. Sewell	1
		<u>9$\frac{1}{2}$</u>		<u>8$\frac{1}{2}$</u>

DRUNKENNESS A "LOST ART."

"Drunkenness in this country is a spent force, or, if I may express it more delicately, I should say it is a lost art."

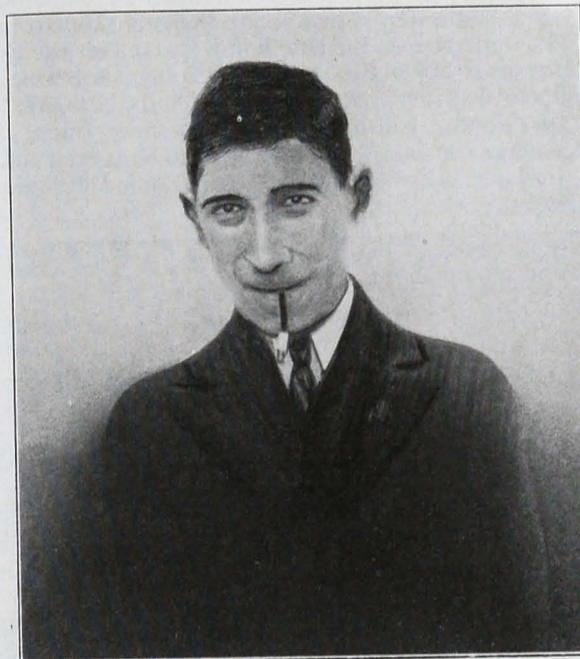
This was said at the annual dinner of the Licensed Victuallers' School, held at the Connaught Rooms, by the Earl of Birkenhead, in a speech singularly like, in form and candid criticism, many delivered by his late father.

As his father's biographer, he said, he had no doubt as to what his father would have thought and said about the present Royal Commission on Licensing. The trade was menaced by a cluster of antagonisms which it had done nothing to deserve. It had been mercilessly exploited to satisfy the fiscal exactions of the State, and had to cope with the posturings of cranks and faddists whose ambition appeared to be to transform England into a larger Dartmoor, without even the diversion of occasional rebellions. (Laughter.)

Mr. Snowden's extra tax on beer had miserably failed, and in common sense and fairness it should be removed.

The Royal Commission suggested that public houses in towns should close at ten o'clock, and in the country at nine o'clock, while they were prepared to allow clubs and restaurants to continue selling champagne to anyone who came in. "I do not believe," he concluded, "that a more monstrous or snobbish proposal, or one more calculated to promote class antagonism has ever been put forward at the public expense."

FUNERAL OF MR. H. G. STONE.



The funeral of Mr. Hedley G. Stone took place on Saturday, March 5th, at Carey Baptist Church, the service being conducted by the Rev. A. G. Parry. The coffin was borne into the church by four of the deceased lad's workmates at Messrs. H. & G. Simonds' Brewery (Messrs. S. Higgs, G. Hills, A. Choules and L. Comley). The mourners included the parents, the Misses Effie and Evelyn Stone (sisters), Mr. F. Clements (uncle), Mrs. R. Raymond (aunt), Mr. B. Lawrence, Mr. J. Gough, Mrs. Kingswell and Mrs. Taylor.

Among those at the church were representatives of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Major H. Kaye, Messrs. J. Ford, F. Drury, A. Groves, F. Jefferies, W. Wheeler, F. Hall, H. Killford, E. E. Bartlett, F. Edwards, P. Mainard, A. Cox, W. Parsons, E. Higgs, A. Butt, W. Sewell, T. Brown, D. Elder, Mrs. Larkham, Mrs. Cairns, Miss Fordham, Mrs. Owen, Miss Cox, Miss McCarthy, Mrs. Bird, Mrs. L. King, Miss Green, Mrs. B. King, Mr. W. Prior, Mr. Wilder, Mr. Foster, Mr. J. Foster, Mr. J. Brooker, Mr. T. Green, Mrs. H. T. Lawrence, Mrs. W. G. Cotterell, Mr. W. Mitchell, and many others.

Wreaths were sent from "Mum and Dad"; "Effie, Evelyn, Jack and Stanley"; Uncle Frank and Aunt Isabel; Uncle Reg. and Aunt Nell; Uncle Walt. and Aunt Mary; Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N.; the Transport and Delivery Department, the Wheelwright Department, the Building Department, the Engineers' Department, the Heads of the Departments, and the Stables (Messrs. H. & G. Simonds); Friends at the Offices; Mr. B. Laurence; Friends at Valentia Road; Edith McCarthy; Fellow Imps; Reading Conservative Association (Battle No. 2); Mrs. Kingswell and family; Miss P. Jordan; "Ernie"; Miss Green and Maitland House; Mrs. E. Higgs.

Mr. Stone received many expressions of sympathy from the Directors and his numerous friends.

HOW CATS BECAME DOMESTICATED.

Once upon a time cats did not stay in the houses of people; there were only wild cats which lived in the bush. One of these wild cats was a friend of the hare and they used always to go about together, but one day a duiker quarrelled with the hare and killed him with his horns; so the cat, having lost his friend, decided to travel with the duiker.

However, later the buck was killed by a leopard, so the cat started following the leopard; but not for very long, for the leopard met a lion one day and they had a fight and the leopard was killed.

So the poor cat then made friends with the lion and travelled through the forests with him, until one day they met a herd of elephants and the old bull elephant tackled the lion and killed him.

Our cat then said: "Well, surely if I were a friend of this big animal there would be nothing strong enough to kill it."

But its troubles were not over, for one day along came a native hunter who killed the elephant with a poisoned arrow.

The cat now did not know what to do—it had never seen anything like this strange two-legged animal before, but it decided that as he was strong enough to kill an elephant it would be best to make friends with him, and it felt sure in future it would be safe.

It followed the hunter back to his kraal and when the hunter went into his hut the cat sat on the eaves of the roof. It heard a noise of people quarrelling inside the hut, then suddenly it saw its brave hunter friend run out, with a woman chasing him and hitting him with a porridge spoon.

The cat thought: "Now I have found the boss of all animals," and that is why it now stays at home with the woman.

THE "WHITE LION" AT EGHAM.

As was mentioned at the Annual General Meeting of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., a considerable amount of money has been spent in rebuilding and reconditioning the licensed properties connected with the Firm's recently acquired subsidiary companies. And there is a striking example of this at Egham in connection with one of the houses of Ashby's Staines Brewery, Ltd., viz., the "White Lion," which has undergone a complete transformation and is now one of the most up-to-date and well appointed houses in the locality. The accommodation has been enlarged and a new saloon, luncheon and coffee room are among the additions. Apart from luncheons and teas there is residential accommodation and the hotel makes an ideal retreat for a riverside week-end or even a longer period. Spacious garage room for cars, including lock-ups, and a park in which they can be left during the day, are also provided for the convenience of visitors.

In addition to being much frequented by outside pleasure-seekers, the "White Lion" is an extremely popular local place of call. Its large clubroom is used for meetings of the football club, the Freemasons, the Buffs and other organisations. Four years ago the place was taken over by Mr. G. E. Held, late of the City Police, and nothing is too much trouble for him and his wife in their efforts to ensure that their guests have every comfort and convenience.



The Coffee Room.



The "White Lion," at Egham.

The cuisine is of a particularly high order and everything is done by the genial host and hostess to make the "White Lion" not only an hotel, but, as it has been so aptly described, a "Home Away From Home"; and they are always delighted to cater for parties, large or small, visiting the district or passing through the town.

Then, too, we must not forget that Runnymede lies at Egham, close to the boundary of Middlesex and Surrey. On this spot King John signed the Magna Carta or Great Charter which meant so much to the people and may well be summarised as a solemn protest against the evils of arbitrary arrest and arbitrary taxation. Virginia Water, one of the best-loved beauty spots in the Home Counties, is also close at hand.

The district around Egham is typically English and will well repay a visit. Then there could be no more fitting close to a day in the open air than a visit to the "White Lion" for rest and refreshment.



The Bar Lounge.

“FORESTERS’ ARMS” SHOVE HA’PENNY CLUB.

On Thursday, March 10th, a very enjoyable evening was spent at the “Foresters’ Arms,” Egham. It was the occasion of the Shove Ha’penny Club dinner, and Mr. Bert Brooking presided over a good attendance of members. Mrs. Rix, the very popular hostess, provided a splendid dinner. The tables looked very imposing inasmuch as in front of each diner were two pint bottles of Messrs. Simonds’ famous “S.B.” Ale. These made a very fine array. The dinner was followed by a concert, several talented artistes appearing, each item receiving unstinted applause.

During the evening opportunity was taken to present the winner and runner-up of the tournament with silver cups. The presentations were made by Mrs. Rix, who, in a few well-chosen words, congratulated the winners on their success. For services rendered as Secretary, Mr. Brooking was also presented by Mrs. Rix with a cup and, as this was unexpected by everyone, this graceful act was loudly cheered.

Votes of thanks to the artistes, followed by the Chairman stating that he would be glad to enrol new members, brought a fine evening to a close.



Shove Ha’penny Club Dinner at The “Foresters’ Arms,” Egham.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A STEADY PURPOSE.

In whatever you engage, pursue it with a steadiness of purpose, as if you were determined to succeed. A vacillating mind never accomplished anything worth naming.

There is nothing like a fixed steady aim. It dignifies your nature, and ensures your success. Who have done the most for mankind? Who have secured the rarest honours? Those who were steady in their purpose.

The more you try to explain civilisation, the more respect you have for the ancients who blamed everything on the planets.

Perseverance is necessary ; with it we cannot fail to gain much.

When some people pay a compliment they act as though they wanted a receipt for it.

A proud man is seldom a kind man. Humility makes us kind, and kindness makes us humble.

You can cut people by ignoring them. Isn’t it a pity you can’t treat the lawn in the same way?

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision ; yield with graciousness, but oppose with firmness.

Were it not for a man’s faults he might live and die without ever hearing his name mentioned.

The voice of a well-known political speaker was drowned by the high wind recently. There is something to be said for the English climate after all.

If you dig with a spade that’s labour. If you do it with a niblick that’s sport.

Anger is a bad guide to action.

One trouble with many of us is that our necessities are too luxurious and our luxuries too necessary.

Those who awoke and found themselves famous did a lot of hard work before going to sleep.

There is no honour like possessing a good character.

The way the will becomes strong is by doing small things you have made up your mind to do, however much you do not want to do them at the time.

The character of the man, not the nature of his achievements, gives abiding value to his work. A man's character is more revealed by what he tries to do than by what he succeeds in doing. His abiding influence is expressed by his aspirations rather than by his achievements. His most fruitful heritage is, generally speaking, his temper, his attitude towards life.

The mother is the greatest social factor in the world. Her power, example, and influence are more far-reaching than any other social force.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the hour of need.

Be thou prepared to fight if thou desirest to gain the victory.

Every gift, even though it is small, is valuable if you give it with a kind intention.

True charity asks us that we take painful offices upon ourselves, and relieve our neighbour of them when occasion offers.

Humility and ebnegation, being sisters, must always be together and never separated.

It is only the humble that are never jealous.

Zeal without knowledge is often more dangerous than useful.

A magistrate should lend one ear to the oppressed and the other to the oppressor.

It is difficult to say which is guiltier, he who retails scandal or he who listens to it.

Light another's candle, but don't put your own out.

" Give me a sense of humour—
The grace to see a joke ;
To get some happiness from life—
And pass it on to folk."

A GREAT THOUGHT.

There are several things in life which, costing nothing, may be possessed and dispensed by rich and poor alike, and which go further toward helping our fellowmen than all the free libraries in the country. Chief among these is sympathy. Man, being by nature a social being, has a natural need, at times, for fellow-feeling, for sympathy.

All of us have experienced such need, all of us have felt the awakening hope, the renewed strength, that was summoned up within us in our time of need by the expression of rational feeling on the part of others. It may have been a hearty clap on the shoulder, or an expression of faith in our powers when we had failed in the struggle and had gone down to a distressful defeat, but whatever it was it carried in the action that sympathy which showed us the silver lining behind the cloud when the days were dark and dreary and the skies hung low.

It was, indeed, little to give but much to receive. It cost the giver but little, but how much it has helped us ! The habit of saying a kind sympathetic word when it is needed is well worth cultivating, on account of the good it will accomplish.

We say that we love our neighbour, yet do we not occasionally let slip an opportunity to prove the truth of our words ? Are we always on the alert to help the poor person who is trying to climb upwards, yet, for various difficulties, finds it ever so hard.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE EMPIRE.

(From "Our Empire.")

Apart from the Homeland, the component parts of the Government of which are the King, the Legislature (House of Lords and House of Commons), the Executive (appointed by the Sovereign and responsible to Parliament), and the Judicature, the Government of several Dominions, Colonies, etc., which comprise the British Commonwealth of Nations may be briefly described as under :

1. *The Indian Empire.*

India is governed by the King as Emperor, acting on the advice of the Secretary of State for India, responsible to and representing the authority of Parliament. The supreme executive authority in India is the King's direct representative, the Governor-General, and his Executive Council, with a legislature of two houses—the Council of State and the Legislative Assembly.

2. *Dominions.*

Where "Dominion Status" is enjoyed, the executive is entrusted to political chiefs who are responsible, not merely or mainly to the Crown, but to the elected legislature of the Dominion. The Dominions thus governed are Canada, Newfoundland, Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, the Irish Free State and Northern Ireland. Malta, Southern Rhodesia and Northern Rhodesia have "responsible government," but certain powers are reserved.

3. *Colonies.*

(a) Where there is government by legislative assembly, wholly or partly elected, and an Executive Council nominated by the Crown or the Governor, representing the Crown. In this class may be placed the Bahamas, Barbados, Bermuda, British Guiana, Jamaica, Leeward Islands, and Mauritius.

(b) Where there is government by a Governor acting with an Executive and a Legislative Council, the councils being nominated by the Crown or a Governor representing the Crown. Dominions so governed include Ceylon, Falkland Islands, Fiji, Gambia, Gibraltar, Nigeria, St. Vincent, Sierra Leone, Straits Settlements, Tanganyika, Trinidad.

(c) Wherein both legislative and executive powers are invested in the Governor alone. In this class are Labuan and St. Helena, where power is also reserved to the Crown to legislate by Order in Council. Bechuanaland, Basutoland, and Zululand are governed in substantially the same way, but no power is reserved to the Crown.

4. *Protectorates.*

The Protectorates are countries which, as regards their foreign relations, are under the exclusive control of the Crown. The Protectorates of the British Empire include Kenya, Nyasaland, Somaliland, Swaziland, Uganda.

5. *Spheres of Influence.*

A "Sphere of Influence" may be described as an area wherein other Powers undertake not to attempt to acquire influence or territory by treaty or annexation; such British spheres exist in the Persian Gulf and in Arabia. In addition to the Spheres of Influence are—

6. *Mandatory Spheres,*

where the responsibility for securing good government and a reasonable development of natural resources is confided to an already established government by mandate from the League of Nations. Such British spheres are parts of the former German Colonies in West Africa, and the former Turkish governments of Palestine and Mesopotamia.

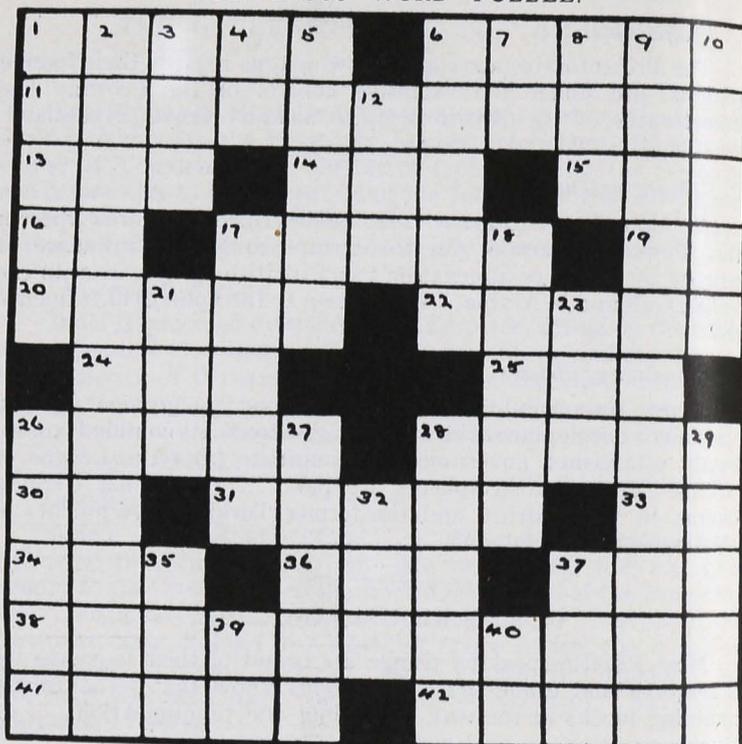
OUR CURIOUS LANGUAGE.

Most English-speaking people are proud of their language for its majesty and grandeur, but all boys know that it has many stumbling blocks in the way of spelling and pronunciation.

Here is an old-fashioned rhyme, which sets them forth :

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes ;
 But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes ;
 Then one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
 Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese !
 You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,
 But the plural of house is houses, not hice !
 If the plural of man is always men,
 Why shouldn't the plural of pan be pen ?
 If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
 And I gave you a boot—would a pair be called beet ?
 If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,
 Why should not the plural of booth be beeth ?
 Then one may be that, and three would be those,
 Yet hat in the plural would never be hose ;
 And the plural of cat is cats, and not cose !
 We speak of a brother, and also of brethren,
 But though we say mother we never say methren !
 So English is, I fancy you all will agree,
 The funniest language you ever did see.

OUR CROSS WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

- 1 Lean.
6 Coagulates.
11 Disaster.
13 Exists.
14 French coin.
15 Ocean.
16 Right (abb.).
17 Gem.
19 Else.
20 Nymph.
22 Ogles.
24 Vehicles.
25 Inlet.
26 Teeth.
28 Fissures.
30 Ad Libitum (Init.).
31 Ox.
33 The Thing.
34 Undermine.
36 Force.
37 One-Spot.
38 Traditive.
41 Legal bar.
42 Inscription.

DOWN.

- 1 Wound marks.
2 Details.
3 Consumed.
4 Egyptian god.
5 Prussian town.
6 Merciless.
7 Behold.
8 Roman goddess.
9 Not practical.
10 Cauterises.
12 Coarse flax.
17 Tweaks.
18 Fulcrum.
21 Headland.
23 An eternity.
26 Palate.
27 Denude.
28 Pardon.
29 Column.
32 Erode.
35 Filty.
37 Insect.
39 Suit.
40 Old Ireland (Init.).

FIFTY YEARS' SERVICE AT THE BREWERY.

PRESENTATIONS TO MR. A. LOCK.

On March 27, 1932, Mr. A. Lock completed fifty years' service with the firm of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., Reading. During that long period he has worked hard and successfully and "persevere" has always been his motto. By the Directors, by his colleagues and by those with whom he does business, he is held in the highest esteem and he has been warmly congratulated on all hands on completing his half century of good clean honest "cricket." And it is gratifying to know that he is still batting strongly.

HANDSOME GIFTS.

The Directors marked the occasion by presenting him with generous gifts, including a clock, and extending to Mr. Lock their heartiest congratulations. The clock, an English grandmother striking clock, was inscribed as follows:—

Presented to A. Lock, Esqre. by the Directors of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. in grateful recognition of 50 years' loyal service.—*March 27, 1932.*

The clock was supplied by W. Austin Balsom, Reading.

His colleagues, too, wished to give him some tangible tokens of their esteem and on Tuesday, March 29, they presented him with a handsome Chippendale bureau, an electric lamp and a barometer. The bureau bore the following inscription:—

Presented to Mr. A. Lock from his colleagues at the Brewery on his completing 50 years' service with Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.—*March 27, 1932.*

The pleasing little ceremony took place in the Waiting Room at the Brewery, on Tuesday, March 29, and many of Mr. Lock's colleagues were present to extend to him their personal congratulations.

A FINE RECORD.

Mr. C. E. Gough presided and said the present was one of those remarkable occasions when they recognised 50 years' hard work of an old comrade (applause). He apologised for the absence of Mr. H. F. Lindars who was slightly indisposed and who had hoped to make the presentation. Mr. Lindars asked him to congratulate Mr. Lock and wish him long life and happiness. That jubilee was the fifth they had had in those same offices. Shakespeare said: "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones. So let it be with Caesar's." He likened Mr. Lock to Caesar, with one exception—he had no evil to live after

him (laughter and applause). Caesar was a great man, and so was Mr. Lock. Caesar was ambitious, and who was more ambitious than Mr. Lock? Caesar brought many prisoners home to Rome whose ransoms did the general coffers fill. The numerous orders obtained by Mr. Lock went a long way towards filling the coffers at the Brewery. Fifty years on the road—what a record! No one knew, except those who had had the experience, what that meant and how easy it was to go down-hill, how hard to keep straight. But Mr. Lock's strength of will and moral courage had served him in good stead and they saw him present that day strong and full of vigour and they hoped he would carry on for many years to come (applause). Wherever they went they learned that Mr. Lock enjoyed the affection and esteem of all who knew him. He (Mr. Gough) had been associated with him for 43 years and he was proud to call him his friend (applause). Mr. Lock had been through a rather trying ordeal that day, but to know that he had gained the esteem and high regard of the Directors must be very gratifying and a rich reward for his fifty years' service ("hear hear"). Mr. Gough then asked Mr. Lock's acceptance of the gifts from his colleagues whose affection and esteem he enjoyed. Might he have many years to carry on with good health and happiness (loud applause).

Mr. R. Biggs, who recently completed fifty years at the Brewery, added his congratulations and expressed his great pleasure at being present on that auspicious occasion.

Mr. F. C. Hawkes also paid a warm tribute to Mr. Lock's work and worth. He had a fine record and was still prepared to carry on. He hoped he would look upon those tokens of their affection and esteem for many years to come. He (Mr. Hawkes) had set the barometer at "Fair." Might it always be there and not go up to "Very Dry!" (laughter).

Mr. W. Bowyer endorsed what the previous speakers had said concerning Mr. Lock. He met him every morning and it was always a pleasure to do so and to have him on his side of the Brewery. He always tried to help Mr. Lock, following as he did in the footsteps of Mr. C. Bennett who also appreciated his association with Mr. Lock. They all joined in wishing Mr. Lock many more years of life, usefulness and all happiness (applause).

MR. LOCK'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mr. Lock, who was loudly cheered on rising to accept the gifts, said how proud he was to see so many of his colleagues present and he knew that the words spoken had come from the hearts of those who uttered them (applause). The kind words said about him were far more than he deserved. They all tried to pull together and to

do the best they could. In the early days he remembered the ravens which used to nip the legs of the boys when they came for small quantities of grain or yeast. He began in a very small way but his orders gradually increased and after four months' work he took 41 orders in one day which made him the proudest man in Reading. The ground he covered soon included Tilehurst and then he went still further afield and did good business with his pony and trap and tricycle. On one occasion his pony ran away, on another his trap stuck fast in the mud in a flooded area, while with regard to his tricycle, that ran into a pond (laughter). When he went to the late Mr. Louis for help to cope with his increasing business he was told that his case would be taken in hand. It was, and was promptly and very satisfactorily dealt with. What a blessing for all concerned that the late Mr. Louis' mantle fell on such a worthy son as Mr. Eric! (applause). In conclusion Mr. Lock thanked them all from the bottom of his heart for those handsome presents. He appreciated their kindness more than he could express in words (applause).

The gifts, which were much admired, were supplied by Messrs. Holmes & Sons, St. Mary's Butts, Reading.

PAGEANT OF THE FIELDS.

In Spring the fields of promise brownly lie
Furrowed and waiting for the eager grain,
Sub-benisoned and gently watered by
The gray cloud chalice of the silver rain.

Green and unresting as a billowed sea
The Summer fields, when combing winds go through;
Changeful as Youth, as fair, as strong, as free,
As heedless of what passing time may do.

Fields of fulfilment harvest acres are;
Proud for a moment ere they must be shorn
Of all that glory which man needs must mar,
Leaving them, in their wistful age, forlorn.

So ends the pageant, and the Autumn yields
Nature's last rite—a snowy, windy sheet;
Serenity's quintessence, Winter fields,
When all the lovely cycle is complete.

SEVEN BRIDGES BURIAL CLUB.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. W. T. Peck of the Beer Cellars.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

THE INTELLIGENCE OF FOXES.

HOW A ROBIN ASKS FOR FOOD.

Should you have the opportunity of watching fox cubs at play, don't miss it, for it is a sight once seen is never forgotten. Certainly it is the most amusing "movie" I have ever witnessed. How they romp, and what capers they cut! No wonder their little limbs soon grow strong. And then mother fox teaches them all kinds of tricks, teaches them, too, how to hunt—and kill—in preparation for the time when they will have to fend for themselves.

I do not know which is the more appropriate adjective, cunning or clever, to use in regard to foxes. They are certainly possessed of both those qualities in a high degree. And when they have their young they are particularly cunning—or clever—and adopt all sorts of devices in order not to advertise the whereabouts of their home. For instance, they do not hunt or kill in the vicinity of their earth, but take every precaution to maintain its privacy.

DID NOT LIKE THE "HUMAN TOUCH."

To give a case in point. Near Wokingham a kind-hearted farmer—fine fellows, those farmers!—had a family of cubs on his land, and thinking he would give them a good meal he killed one of his fowl and placed it near the foxes' home. Then he kept watch. Presently mother fox made her appearance, went up to the fowl, sniffed it and evidently thought to herself "the human touch" may be all right in other directions but not where I am concerned. She became very suspicious and being convinced that this was some sort of a trap she refused to touch the food herself and strictly forbade her cubs to do so either. And not only this, for she led her little family away from this man-frequented spot and found for them another home.

She thought herself quite capable of finding food for her bairns without the assistance of mere man. And no doubt fowl have figured on her dinner menu card on more than one occasion since.

WHY THE CHICKEN CACKLED.

Just one other instance of the knowing ways of foxes. My friend, Mr. C. J. Howlett, of Earley, tells me that in his grounds where he keeps chicken he had a quantity of old timber. On several occasions when the birds were on or near the timber they

cackled loudly, but at the time he did not take particular notice of the fact. But when he was moving some of the wood he saw something brown and beautifully marked. At first he thought it was a couple of pheasants, but closer examination proved it to be a fox, which soon beat a hasty retreat. From inquiries he learned that for months this fox had been sleeping under this wood throughout the day, and despite the fact that fowl were all around our four-footed friend, he never attempted to touch one. You see it was too near home and he did not wish to leave behind any unnecessary traces of his whereabouts.

Intelligent creatures these foxes! Often when hunted they will run across a field with manure, sometimes roll in it, with the object of robbing hounds of their scent. And they adopt many other equally clever devices by means of which both huntsmen and hounds are defeated.

ROBIN'S UNIQUE TRICK.

No, the human kind do not by any means possess all the intelligence, instinct, or call it what you will. There is the great problem of the migration of birds, for instance, a problem that has never been satisfactorily solved. And talking of birds reminds me of a robin, not far from Reading, that adopts a method of asking for food that I think must be unique. This bird is in the habit of calling at houses and rattling the flap of letter boxes until the occupants come and throw it crumbs. If there is no reply at the first place of call this bird does not wait long, but flies to the letter box of the next house and "knocks" again. It has been known to visit three houses in succession and repeat the performance. But as a rule at the first time of asking the robin is given a meal, for he is naturally a very welcome visitor. Who would not like to feed such an intelligent little bird?

A WORD FOR THE BLUE-TITS.

At this time of the year you will doubtless see blue-tits on your fruit trees. But do not think they are after the buds, because that is not the case. They are after the little caterpillars which they devour by the thousand, thus rendering an invaluable service to fruit growers. True, they take caterpillars from the buds, but that is a very different matter from eating the buds. Besides, if the caterpillar were allowed to remain in a bud, that bud would be doomed. I cannot do better than quote Dr. Walter Collinge, of the Yorkshire Museum, whose investigations for the Ministry of Agriculture on the economic status of wild birds are well known. He says: "I am tired of contradicting these statements about tits

(consuming buds). I have had specimens sent in 'taken in the act' and when opened have found their stomachs full of tiny caterpillars."

Of course, bullfinches do feed on buds. Fortunately, for the fruit grower, this bird in most districts is not too plentiful. He is a shy bird, shuns society and does not believe in large families. The male bullfinch is a very handsome fellow, a delight to the eye, while his piping notes are always pleasing to the ear. I only wish he would confine his attention to the buds of other than fruit-producing trees.

TWO'S COMPANY.

It's a question of two's company, three's a crowd, now. Search around the whole countryside and you will not find a covey of partridges. They are all in pairs, man and wife, now. The same thing applies to other birds. The sorting out process was not such a peaceful affair as one might imagine. When there are two or more suitors to one lady, fights fierce and long may be witnessed, and it is a case of the survival of the fittest. Some ladies in birdom would appear to succumb to sheer swank. You should see the young fellows, and shame on them! old ones too, bedecked in their spring attire parading in front of their would-be wives with all the airs imaginable. Snipe drum high up in the air and perform aerial evolutions with almost meteoric speed, greenfinches fall into space from the tree-tops and cut the most absurd capers in the air, and apparently the one that makes himself appear the most ridiculous wins the precious prize, a sombre-looking female greenfinch sitting on the hedge near by and judging with a critical eye these extraordinary performances. Other birds woo and win in other ways. Hares and rabbits, rats and voles are all affected by the same great impulse, as are the minutest insects, for Spring is in the air!

THE MIGRANTS ARRIVE.

Many birds are now building their nests, and on Sunday, March 20, I saw a willow warbler. It was the first of the migrants that I have observed, but I have since heard the chiff-chaff and seen several other of our little foreign visitors. How welcome was the recent rain! I love to feel it beating full force in my face imparting there a glow that no artificial concoction can produce. On Sunday afternoon, March 27, I was strolling up the Thames-side in the rain and had a pleasant little surprise. I was watching a red-pole feeding in the rushes when I espied a fine daffodil in full bloom. I suppose the bulb had been washed ashore when the

river was in flood. That was one little "find," but I saw and heard much more that was bright and beautiful and of which I hope to write on a future date.

ONLY JUST ACROSS THE RIVER.

Below I give a photograph of myself and a very old and dear friend. The picture was taken by the side of a trout stream still a favourite haunt of mine. Here we spent many many happy days together, dipping deep into the pages of the great Book of Nature. He has now crossed to the other side of the stream and I doubt not that in the perpetual Sunshine which he enjoys all the little puzzling problems of the river and the greater problems of life in general are made abundantly clear to him—while I still struggle, hopefully, along!

But we shall meet again.



C.H.P., with a very old friend, studying wild nature's ways.



INDIA—AS I SAW IT.

ALLIGATOR SHOOTING ALONG THE GANGES.

The early morning sun was just showing over the distant hills as we came down the Mess steps, after a hasty "chota hazri" (small breakfast). Only the Mali (gardener) and Bhisti (water carrier) were about. With water bottles and haversacks full, wearing spine pads and glare glasses, equipped with modern rifles of high velocity powers, and very necessary field glasses, we at least looked the parts which we hoped to play during the day—that of big game hunters.

A mile or so to the north was the mighty Ganges, where, if rumour lied not, much sport could be had by those who had the patience and luck to stalk the hungry monsters which inhabit its sacred waters. Feeling rather like "having a shot at it anyway" after dinner on the previous evening, my companion and I hurriedly arranged the necessary details, and here we are ready for the fray!

Leaving the cantonment, we strike off across the rifle ranges, through a thick and broken jungle patch, and soon emerge into the sunlight where in a long backwater a busy dhobi is, as Kipling puts it, endeavouring, like the supreme optimist he is, to break great boulders with "memsahib's" fragile garments—that he eventually succeeds is another story. We gravely return his "salaams" as we pass, and soon see ahead of us the bend which brings us to the near bank of the river. Hearing a commotion on our left in a nearby nullah, we approach the opening, only to beat a hasty retreat, as we disturb scores of huge hungry vultures sprawling over, and around, what had once been a camel—an unappetising sight at any time. At this hour more so. A dangerous feast to disturb, too! We swallow hard and fade out.

On we go, the foreground now opening out until we reach the edge of that glistening stretch of sand which broadens out to the shining river, and beyond it as far as the eye can see. The river itself, now but a shadow of its autumnal greatness, looks calm, yet deadly ominous even at this picturesque hour. Not many weeks ago, a raging torrent roared over the spot upon which we stand. Now, even in midstream, tiny elongated sandbanks appear. On a distant one of these, a lazy young crocodile making an early toilet, but keeping his weather eye open, hurriedly departs to his abode of love, as we appear within his orbit—a very extensive one. A few stray turtles, sunning themselves on the far bank each waddle lifting so early in the day, they need have had no fear for their tough hides being pierced. Steadily moving downstream for a

couple of miles, we approach a typical Indian village which, with its gleaming minarets and Jain temple, presents a wonderfully satisfying picture to the eye. The early ablutions are in full swing, and up and down, to and from the river, a busy procession, with shining brass "chattis" on their heads or balanced on their hips, in their reds, blues and browns, give a bizarre yet entirely artistic effect to the whole scene—a true Eastern one, where time stands still, despite nearby civilization, and years are not! Otherwise, as far as we can see is one vast desert, pierced only by the almost unruffled sacred stream winding along to the far distant bend, far from all human interference, near where the mightier Jumna joins it in their united rush to the far away ocean—at that point we hope to get our sport.



Alligator shooting along the Ganges.

The sun's rays are now more in unison with our geographical position. Many whitening bones lie scattered around us, sticking up through the sand, cemeteries which the receding waters have left high and dry. One gruesome specimen we study acutely—some village Hampden maybe? "Alas poor Yorick," quotes my comrade, as with a callous expression he drives the relic deeper into the merciful sand. My thoughts wander . . . Away solemnity!! This is the East, its ways are not our ways. After all, these dry tokens are but a minute part of the countless millions of simple souls whose whole Heaven was reached when the sacred waters of Mother Ganges closed over their poor emaciated bodies. Did they count in the great Scheme of things? Who can tell us?

We, however, halt a moment or two longer to watch, behind us, at a respectful distance, the "interment" of such a one. Borne on a rude charpoy of bamboos, with green leaves and boughs interwoven, the body is carried reverently from the village to the water's edge, and with the feet lapped by the cool stream the service is held. Sealed vessels, containing food and money for the soul's sustenance during its long sojourn, can be plainly seen tied at each end of the bier, as its bearers now wade out into deeper water, splashing and shouting for their own safety as they do so.

We hurry away, not feeling equal to the sight of watching the waiting denizens of the deep fighting for a share. Ye gods and little fishes!! Undoubtedly East is East!

A mile on, we negotiate a sharp bend, and disturb, on the near edge of the water, half a dozen turtles busy round a partly consumed crocodile. One great fellow of several cwts., and possibly centuries, cranes his long neck sideways at our approach in a most comical attitude like a jack in a box labels us "dangerous," and with a series of terrific splashes, all dive out of sight. We take a deep breath and hurry by. Stagnation on every hand!—Who could be anything but a fatalist here? A little further along, we notice more signs of life on the opposite bank. Hundreds of sun bathing turtles, noiselessly slip into the water as we get nearly opposite them, although the river is quite 500 yards wide. Wonderful Scouts! but a darned nuisance when we are after bigger game. A sleepy-eyed croc. could not fail to smell danger. We decide to leave the bank and strike across country for a few minutes to take cover until the alarm has subsided. The short rest is needed, too, for walking ankle deep in powdery sand is no light job. We wonder if after all our energies will have been wasted. A suitable spot is made for, a short breather taken, and we raise our heads to observe the last few Scouts disappearing from view in their native element. This is excellent! We require no advertising agents here. Presently we raise ourselves and focus our glasses on a

particular stretch of smooth sloping sand about half a mile on. Sure enough there is a lightish grey pencil line at the far edge! Master Alligator is there, and by his tinge has been out of the water some time—on a hot day the lower parts soon get nearly white—and probably enjoying a siesta, with one eye often open. This is splendid! Our hearts are filled with expectations of being able to get within shooting distance without being observed. No other signs of life are to be seen, so half stooping, half crawling, we leave the river behind, but strike a parallel course to bring us opposite the spot where his majesty lies. No time to be lost either! In a few minutes we strike a favourable nullah which eventually lands us very nearly opposite where we calculate he should be. Taking our topees off (rather a dangerous procedure, but necessary here), we peer over the top of the cover and to our joy, and amazement, there in his splendid isolation, right across, is our quarry, as yet serenely unconscious of our presence—but at least 500 yards off! We anxiously measure the long stretch of sloping sand between us and the near water's edge (200 yards at least), notice a favourable dip, and decide it must be reached. Fortunately, the breeze is in our faces, so with an unspoken signal, the most difficult part of the business is commenced.

Rifles held well ahead, flat on our stomachs, Red Indian fashion, we advance yard by yard, the merciless sun and burning sand scorching us. Our ears listen for the splash that will inform us of vain efforts . . . At last, covered with slime, sweat and sand, and when the peak of human endurance has been reached, we silently collapse into our "journey's end." A silent sign, and presently in an almost prayerful hope, we raise our heads—an empty stretch of sand? We stifle a cry of joy! He is there still, tho' now a trifle restless. What a size! At least 15 to 20 feet.

"At 300," I whisper; "Ready!" Our eyes speak. A steady aim, just behind the immense head and below the spine. I count slowly—"one, two, three," then a four-second pause, as arranged, to make sure, and we press our triggers. Bang! Bang! almost simultaneously, awakens the neighbourhood, and goes echoing up and down the river, disturbing flocks of birds for miles around—and, joy of joys—he is still there. A fraction of an inch higher or lower and, however mortally wounded, he would by now have vanished.

Again we fire, observing the hits as we each do so. With sand everywhere, a miss is easily recognised, and we know that success is ours at last! But the river has to be crossed. No boats about, so far downstream. We toss as to who shall go back to the village. I stay! My comrade hurriedly departs, minus all kit, while I count the passing minutes anxiously.

Presently, looking through the glasses, I notice to my alarm that the narrow bit of sand between our "kill" and the edge of the water is rapidly growing visibly less, owing to its crumbling under such a huge dead weight. Even now he is slowly but surely slipping away from us. Will the boat never arrive? Every second seems a minute to me, but at last I see in the distance a sturdy flat bottomed boat, rowed at full stretch by lads in khaki, who it transpired had heard our shots, and thought it worth investigating. I wave them to hurry, and soon I scramble in and we make for the far bank to find our prize within an inch or two of the water, but quite dead. With murmurs of admiration, and much puffing and blowing, we lever the carcass into the boat. My companion and I again toss—whose is the head, whose the skin? I take the latter, bad luck!

As it is now only mid-day, we decide to drop the troops on the other side and to proceed further downstream for a meal and a very necessary drink, in the shade. Who knows, later on, coming back, we may even have another chance for a shot, after the locality has recovered; and this we do.

It is about 4 p.m. as we slowly commence the return journey, keeping well over on the far side, that our second opportunity arises—a twin brother! We cautiously approach to within range, our topees kept well under the gunwale of the capacious boat. Drifting to the bank, and sighting our rifles at 350, we adopt the same procedure as before, and to our delight again score "bulls"!! "Tik goli" (good shot) "Sahib!" shouts our thoroughly excited boatman, as he springs to his oars and, despite a fearful fall, drives his craft across to just below where our second trophy lies. I quickly jump out, and run along a high bank until I am standing right over where the gnashing jaws are frantically endeavouring to chew the burning sand. A rapid aim just behind and all is still.

Once again, but shorthanded now, we laboriously manage to get a huge brute into the now heavily laden craft and turn our bows to the distant village, as we do so, passing a poor broken body drifting down to the far ocean, like a straw on a millstream.

A slip, or a push down an overhanging bank—or maybe a poor dhobi woman too venturesome to retrieve a garment. The thought of its insignificance is intensified by the lack of interest shewn by our assistant, whilst the remark of my companion drives all sentiment from my mind:—"No fish for me to-night, anyway!" Such is life—or death here.

Crowds are now running along the bank to meet us, and rush to the village ford to help. Bullock wagons are engaged to load our "catch" upon, and with the populace "salaaming" low on

all sides, we move off to the Mess, where an amateur photographer, who afterwards sold hundreds of prints, records our success, and exertions for the day being over, filthy and weary, but happy, we call for two "burra" pegs, and sink into a well earned rest.

Tales of many gruesome objects in the huge containers of our trophies reached us later, but needless to say, no inquests were held. Our feat was for many days "the talk of the town," but looking back on this most successful day's sport, the one burning question in my mind as I to-day gaze at the particularly fine specimen which adorns my "baronial hall" is this: Did my partner ever get the necessary twenty rupees to redeem his, from the local taxidermist? Perhaps one day he may scan these lines and, through the Editor of the GAZETTE, satisfy an old friend's curiosity.

Strangely enough, it is the trivialities of India which one remembers best. Its realities, if seen, are mostly forgotten. I wonder why?

"MOONRAKER."

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

Mr. W. H. Killford, whose photograph took "pride of place" in last month's issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE is generally known to all his friends at The Brewery (and they are many) as just "Harry." Being of such a genial disposition he is well liked by everyone. Owing to his duties he naturally knows many more outside Bridge Street than most of us in the other offices, and they all like "Harry." Although I know he was by no means keen on his war services being mentioned, I felt very pleased when reading his record in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE that they were so prominently given. Personally, I wish he would set down his experiences in writing for they are very entertaining and would perhaps become a "Best Seller." They say "Old Soldiers never die, they only fade away" but Mr. Killford, at the moment, seems in no danger of this happening. May his shadow never grow less. He is a tremendous reader of books. His experiences since he has been at The Brewery are full of interest also, and possibly one day he may be induced to put them into writing. By the way, the Estates Office may have the best war service of any office on the Firm, that is including present members and those that were there when the war started.

MR. A. LOCK.

Since our last issue the above-named gentleman has completed 50 years service with the Firm. His photograph which appeared

in the March number can truly be said to be a "speaking likeness," for it was a splendid reproduction. Mr. Lock has been a good servant of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. and if it is at all possible to obtain an order you may be sure he will get it. He is full of the doings of The Brewery and could "a tale unfold" of days of long ago. I am sure everyone hopes he will be spared for many years.

FOOTBALL.

Reading are still continuing on their winning way and promotion is really seriously being talked about (this is written before the Easter holiday matches, please bear in mind). The form of the players has been very consistent since the early days of January and an excellent team spirit has helped them quite a lot. The followers of the Reading Football Club have every confidence in the Manager, Mr. Joe Smith, and the Trainer, Mr. Clancy. Unfortunately the playing staff is rather meagre and a crop of injuries may dash to the ground the hopes of the management. However, at the moment, we are rather hopeful of their chances and if the present form can be maintained there should be no reason why Reading should not finish top of the Third Division. The standard of the football in the Third Division games at Elm Park has been very high and for the benefit of our Brighton Branch friends everyone was pleased with the display of the Brighton team who, by their record, however, are not apparently very consistent. Plymouth Argyle seem to be always able to win at home, but away are not so formidable as they were at the start of the season. Nevertheless, up to the present, they have had a very successful season and they seem to be one of the best supported sides in the Second Division outside London.

The Brewery football team are still playing with promotion hopes and in the last two matches have displayed something like their proper form. They are not out of the hunt for winning the league and no one would be more delighted, I feel sure, than our friends, Mr. "Mick" Brashier and the Trainer, Mr. Joe Benford.

THE IRISH SWEEP.

On the morning of the 14th March "a certain liveliness" (as per the war bulletins) could be observed "on the Home front," especially when it was known that a Brewery ticket had drawn a horse. However, in spite of a large horseshoe (right side up so that the luck wouldn't drop out) being displayed in the office, the horse drawn did not win. Still a few members of the staff will share a nice consolation prize.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

The following changes and transfers have taken place during the month of March, up to the time of writing, and to all we wish every success:—

- The Barley Mow, Hungerford (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. William Albert Perdue.
- The Royal William, Ealing (Ashby's Staines Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mrs. E. L. Beer (widow of the late Mr. Chas. Beer).
- The Windmill, Windlesham (Ashby's Staines Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. Henry John Moore.
- The Horse & Jockey, Brimpton (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. Frederick James Sheen.
- The Furze Bush, East Woodhay (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. William Henry Warren.
- The Harrow Inn, Hughendon Valley (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. Charles Meeks.
- The Cock Inn, Wycombe Marsh (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. Frank Healey.
- The Eagle Inn, Abbots Ann, near Andover (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mrs. F. M. Ross (widow of the late Mr. B. R. Ross).
- The Royal Oak, Chinnor (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Capt. John William Maun.
- The Iron Duke, Crowthorne (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. T. E. Edwardson.
- The Fox, Winkfield Row (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. William James Turner.

DEATHS.

- I am sorry to record the following deaths during March:—
- Mr. W. Hoe (Ashby's Staines Brewery Co. Ltd.)—The "Armstrong Gun," Englefield Green.
 - Mrs. Brake (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.) wife of our tenant, Mr. W. F. Brake, of the "Bull" Inn, Riseley.
 - Mr. Walter Henry Beckford (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—The Row Barge, Woolhampton.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Congratulations to Mr. R. J. Bartlett (of Salisbury Branch and who is well known at The Brewery) on being presented with a son, on the 6th March.

Congratulations also to Mr. W. B. Adams of The Swan Hotel, Pangbourne, on the gift of a daughter.

Mr. R. Biggs has not been very well during the last few weeks but is gradually getting better.

Easter trade has certainly bucked things up a bit, but the crushing Beer Tax is still hitting us very badly.

This month all eyes and thoughts will be upon the Budget when it is hoped our Trade will receive the relief so necessary. That and a good summer we all hope will make things hum.

The other day a friend of mine told me he had been a regular customer of the Firm for forty years for our draught beers, during which time he had only complained of the beer on two occasions, and he very generously added: "I expect it was my fault—not looking after it properly."

An "asterisk" from *The Star*. A Farmer says he understands the language of sheep. Sez ewe.

Two Irish stories from the *Sunday Graphic* and *Sunday News* :—

An Irishman relating an experience of hardship in the jungle.

"Ammunition, food and whisky had run out," he said. "We were parched with thirst."

"Was there no water?" asked a listener.

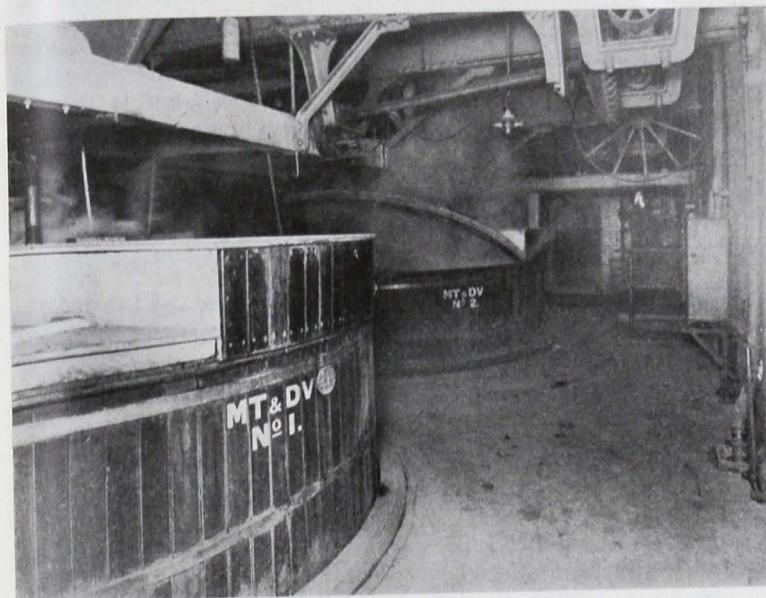
"Shure, but it was no time to think of cleanliness" replied the Irishman.

"Give me something for the Inebriates' Home, Mrs. Murphy" said a door-to-door canvasser.

"I can't give you anything now" replied Mrs. Murphy, "but come back at six, and you can have Murphy."



A TRIP ROUND THE BREWERY.



Mash Tun No. 1.

For the diversion of our customers, publicans and all friends who have never so far been able to take a trip round our works at Reading, we are proposing to publish each month a short illustrated description of the brewing process.

Starting at the commencement of the manufacture of the beer we are showing an illustration of two of the mash tuns. These are four in number but we regret being unable to show a photograph of more than two at the same time. The other pair, however, are similar.

A short description of the mash tun may serve best to illustrate its purpose. It is a circular vessel approximately six feet deep and fifteen feet across, having two hinged lids folding upwards, and is fitted with a false bottom which is perforated with many very thin slots. Into this mash tun is fed the grist which is nothing more than malt ground in the mills. It drops into the mash tun through the masher, a funnel which has a form of a four-armed rake driven round inside it, churning up the grist and mixing it up with the correct amount of hot water. Under the roof of the mash tun is

the sparge arm, a perforated pipe suspended at its middle point which swings round over the top of the mash spraying it with further hot water which washes all through the mash soaking out the "extract" or the valuable properties of the grain. This water, together with the water which came into the mash tun, through the masher, gradually filters through the mash and out in the form of a malt extract through the perforations in the false bottom of the tun and thence away for the next stage through large holes in the real bottom of the mash tun. The remaining grains which are now worthless to the brewer are shovelled through a large hole which is opened in the false bottom. They are sold as cattle food to the neighbouring farmers in a wet or dried condition.

Next month we will continue this series of articles and follow up the next stage of the "wort" as the liquid we have so far produced is called.

L.H.S.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

PRESIDENT OF BOXING CLUB: "Now there is the question of colours. Any suggestions?"

MEMBER: "I suggest black and blue."

* * * *

The young man at the seaside hotel who was boasting of his wonderful Arctic explorations gazed at the girl he was trying to impress.

"Just imagine," he said dramatically, "an enormous ice floe!"

"Yes. I'd like an ice," she replied, absently, "but my name isn't Flo!"

* * * *

TEACHER: "What is your father's occupation, Jimmy?"

BOY: "He's a worm imitator."

TEACHER: "What is that?"

BOY: "He bores holes in furniture for an antique dealer."

* * * *

MRS. NOSEY: "I suppose when you have been flying for a few years it becomes second nature."

AVIATOR: "Rather! Why I'm getting so used to it I often feel a craving for worms and bird seed."

"And how are your two sons getting on?"

"Fine."

"In spite of the trade depression?"

"Yes, one's an official receiver and the other's a bailiff."

* * * *

POLICE COMMISSIONER (questioning applicant): "And now, how would you disperse a mob?"

APPLICANT: "I would pass around the hat."

COMMISSIONER: "You'll do. See about your uniform."

* * * *

The teacher warned his scholars not to kiss animals or birds. If they did so, he said, there was great danger of their taking some deadly disease.

"That's true," said Jack. "My aunt used to kiss her little dog."

"Well," said the teacher, "and what happened?"

"The little dog died," said Jack.

* * * *

SMALL GIRL (entertaining her brother's fiancee): "Is 'Disaster' your Christian name or your surname?"

FIANCEE: "What on earth do you mean?"

SMALL GIRL: "Cos I heard daddy telling mummie that that was what Reggie was courting!"

* * * *

DINER: "I don't know what I want to eat to-day. I'd like a little of everything."

WAITER: "Very well, sir; the hash will be ready in a few minutes!"

* * * *

JONES: "You're looking seedy to-day, old man. What's the trouble?"

BROWN: "I've got noises in the head."

JONES: "Don't worry about that; it must be the band on your hat."

* * * *

FRIEND: "Which of your works of fiction do you consider the best?"

AUTHOR: "My last income tax return."

MANAGER : " After my death this firm will realise what I have done for it."

FOREMAN : " Well don't worry, sir. You'll be out of harm's way then."

* * * *

On the notice board of a wayside chapel it was announced : " On Saturday at 8 p.m. the annual mince-pie supper will be held. The subject of the sermon on Sunday morning will be ' A Night of Horror.' "

* * * *

BINKS (relating experiences in a Turkish prison) : " For three years I hadn't a shirt to my back."

THE OTHER : " However did you manage about a hole for your collar stud? "

* * * *

" I hear your sister has made up her mind to marry a struggling young barrister."

" If she has made up her mind he may as well stop struggling."

* * * *

TEACHER : " Now, Tommy, spell needle."

TOMMY : " ' N-e-i-d-l-e,' needle."

TEACHER : " Wrong. There is no ' i ' in needle."

TOMMY : " Well, ' taint a good needle, then."

* * * *

PROFESSOR : " The difference between a poor man and a millionaire——"

STUDENT : " Yes, I know all about that. One worries over his next meal and the other over his last! "

* * * *

" Eavesdropping again," said Adam when his wife fell out of a tree.

* * * *

" It was my ambition that egged me on," said the would-be actor.

" Yes; but I understand it was the audience that egged you off."

* * * *

HOTEL MANAGER : " You must please pay in advance, sir. Your luggage is too—er—emotional."

VISITOR : " Emotional? "

HOTEL MANAGER : " Yes—easily moved."

The serious young man wrote to his prospective father-in-law :

" I hope my recent appointment to the curatorship of the museum of antiquities will induce you to trust your daughter to my care."

* * * *

" Do you play golf? " he asked.

" No," she replied demurely. " I don't even know how to hold a caddie."

* * * *

HER DAD : " Don't think for a minute you're going to marry my daughter."

HER CALLER : " Fine—you get me out of this mess and I'm your friend for life."

* * * *

Mr. Smith had just finished putting the seeds in the garden. " How about the birds eating them? " queried Mrs. Smith. " Hadn't you better put up a scarecrow? "

" Oh, that doesn't matter," was the reply. " One of us will be always in the garden."

* * * *

WIFE : " You say you are in debt, and yet when I married you you said your affairs were as right as clockwork."

HUSBAND (sadly) : " So they were dear—tick—tick—tick—tick."

* * * *

THE DOCTOR : " Mrs. Brown has sent for me to go and see her boy, and I must go at once."

HIS WIFE : " What is the matter with the boy? "

THE DOCTOR : " I do not know, but Mrs. Brown has a book on ' What to do before the Doctor comes,' and I must hurry up before she does it."

* * * *

PATIENT (angrily) : " The size of your bill makes my blood boil."

DOCTOR : " That will be five pounds more for sterilizing your system."

* * * *

STEEPLEJACK'S WIFE (to aviator about to take off) : " If you are passing the spire, mister, would you mind tellin' my Jack his dinner's ready? "

HOUSEWIFE : " Your milk has been of very poor quality lately."

MILKMAN (indignantly) : " Allow me to tell you this milk has been paralyzed by the city anarchist."

* * * *

" Since you intend to jilt me, please tell me my rival's name."

" Good heavens! Do you mean to kill him? "

" Oh, no, I just thought I'd sell him the ring I bought for you."

* * * *

MANAGER : " You received a tremendous ovation : they're still clapping. What did you say? "

ACTOR : " I told them I would not go on with my act until they quieted down."

* * * *

WAITER : " Mr. Brown left his umbrella again. I believe he'd leave his head if it were loose."

MANAGER : " I guess you're right. I heard him say only yesterday he was going to Switzerland for his lungs."

* * * *

MASTER : " Can any boy tell me what is meant by the Yellow Peril? "

BRIGHT BOY : " Please, sir, a banana skin left on the pavement! "

* * * *

" What's the idea of the Greens having French lessons? "

" They have adopted a French baby and want to understand what it says when it begins to talk."

* * * *

" My husband has no idea what I go through when he snores."

" Mine never misses his small change either."

* * * *

" I want," said the house-hunter, " a house in an isolated position—at least five miles from any other house."

" I see," said the agent, with an understanding smile. " You want to practise the simple life? "

" No," answered the house-hunter grimly, " I want to practise the cornet."

* * * *

BROWN : " I believe in being master in my own house."

JONES : " Oh, indeed! And how long is Mrs. Brown going to be away? "

THE LITTLE ONE : " My neighbour is telling everyone that he lives next door to an idiot! How can I put a stop to it? "

THE OTHER : " Move! "

* * * *

The young naval officer was showing a pretty girl round his ship. " Awfully interesting," was her verdict. " And tell me, do they close the portholes when the tide rises? "

* * * *

" I took a walk yesterday," said the bore, collapsing into a chair. " Take another, old man," said the candid friend. " It will do us both good."

* * * *

Johnny was picking up apples under the trees, and I called to him to look out for the worms in them. " When I eat apples," he called back, " the worms have to look out for themselves."

* * * *

FIRST LADY (viewing resplendent, pompous gentleman) : " What? A *Baronet*! How did he get it? "

SECOND LADY : " Oh, tobacco."

FIRST LADY : " Gosh! How many coupons? "

* * * *

" My wife is very keen on this raw food stunt."

" So is mine—she doesn't like cooking either."

* * * *

Mrs. Brown : " Yes, I heard a noise and got up, and there, under the bed, I saw a man's leg."

MRS. SMITH : " Good heavens! The burglar's? "

MRS. BROWN : " No; my husband's. He'd heard the noise, too."

* * * *

BUDDING VIRTUOSO (after playing violin selection to famous critic) : " Well, what do you think of my execution? "

CRITIC : " I think it's inevitable."

* * * *

After middle age, the woman powders, the man puffs.

* * * *

SON : " Father, I've decided to become an artist. Have you any objections? "

FATHER : " No, provided you don't draw on me."

SHE : " Have you ever had a lesson by correspondence ?

HE : " You bet ! I never write to women now."

* * * *

IRATE CUSTOMER : " I say, waiter, how long will that sausage be that I ordered ten minutes ago ? "

WAITER : " Well, sir, I should say about four inches."

* * * *

WIFE : " Do you think the children are making progress in their singing ? "

HUSBAND : " They must be ! At first only the man next door complained, but now it's the whole neighbourhood."

* * * *

WIFE (seeing husband attacked by bees) : " Run, honey, run ! "

HUSBAND : " Don't call me honey, for heaven's sake ! You are making 'em desperate ! "

* * * *

Two young men, who had been having a night out and had lost the last train home, turned up at a hotel in the early hours of the morning.

" I say," protested the manager, pointing dramatically to the less coherent of the pair, " you can't bring that man in here he's intoxicated, and this is a temperance hotel." " 'S'all ri', ole man," said the other, soothingly ; " he's too far gone to notice that."

* * * *

YOUNG LADY (entering tobacconist's shop) : " I want some cigarettes for my aunt."

SHOPKEEPER : " Yes, madam, Virginia ? "

YOUNG LADY : " No, Matilda."

* * * *

Cohen was in a taxi when something went wrong with the works and the car sped along at terrific speed.

" Vat's de matter ? Vat's de matter ? " he shouted.

" I've lost control of the car," returned the driver. " I can't stop her."

" Vell, for heaven's sake," cried Cohen, " turn off de meter, anyway."

During the hearing of a case a man began clattering about in the back of the courtroom, pushing over chairs and generally upsetting things.

" Young man," said the judge, who had a reputation for ironic wit, " you are making a great deal of noise."

" I have lost my overcoat, your worship," said the agitated young man.

" Well, well," retorted the judge, " people often lose whole suits here without half as much disturbance."

* * * *

After a football match a disgusted enthusiast went across to the referee and asked sarcastically : " How long can a man live without brains ? "

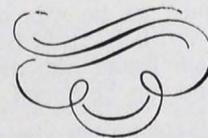
" I don't know," replied the referee ; " how old are you ? "

* * * *

A burly footballer noted for his quick temper figured in a fight following a match and was arrested. His team, anxious to have his services in the approaching cup-ties, engaged a clever lawyer to plead for him. On the day of the trial the counsel for the defence made a moving speech asking for leniency to one who was probably the most brilliant outside right in the country. " It's no good," said the magistrate dryly, " he'll be left inside for the next month."

* * * *

A crowd of youths were playing football on the village green on Sunday afternoon when the vicar passed. Calling one of the delinquents to his side, the clergyman said, " William, I'm ashamed of you. Playing football on Sunday. Whatever would your father say ? " " Well, sir," replied William meekly, " you can go and ask him. He's keeping goal for the other side."



BRANCHES.

GIBRALTAR.

We are pleased to welcome the 2nd Bn. Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry who arrived on the Rock last January after an exceptionally rough passage. 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."

We regret to have to announce the departure from the Rock of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. W. Tomlinson, who leave very shortly for home. During the long period they have been here they have become exceedingly popular, and their departure will be felt very keenly, not only by the Royal Engineers, but by the many friends they leave behind. We wish them every success and happiness for the future.

We also take this opportunity of welcoming Lieut.-Col. N. T. FitzPatrick, D.S.O., M.C., R.E., and hope that his stay on the Rock will be a very pleasant one.

MR. J. W. HUTTON'S RETIREMENT.

It was with great regret we heard that Mr. J. W. Hutton finished his association with Mr. Cottrell at the end of February, but we are pleased to hear, however, that after a well merited holiday in England, he intends returning to Gibraltar where he proposes settling down in his retirement.

Although we shall lose "John" officially, his many friends in Gibraltar will be pleased to hear that we shall still have him amongst us, we hope, many years.

On Monday the 29th February, at Library Street, in the presence of all the staff, Mr. Cottrell presented Mr. J. W. Hutton on his retirement with a gold cigarette case, suitably engraved, and in a few words said how sorry he and all the staff would be to lose Mr. Hutton. His association with the Firm during the last four years had been a most happy one and he was very sorry to be losing such a good, keen and experienced associate. He purposely omitted the word "friend" as he was pleased to say that Mr. Hutton, after a well deserved holiday in England, was returning to Gibraltar, so that although losing him as an associate he would retain him as a good friend for, he hoped, many years to come.

Mr. Hutton in reply said he felt the time had come when he might be allowed to shake off business harness and take a needed

rest, making room for younger blood. He wished Mr. Cottrell and his staff every luck and prosperity and hoped that with the introduction of the new bottled beers the business would flourish still further and that, as in the past, "SIMONDS" would always remain the favourite on the Rock.

The presentation was then made and his health drunk and Mr. Hutton left wishing everybody an official goodbye only.

THE LATEST GOSSIP.

Two Members of the ——— Sergeants' Mess.

A. Have you heard the latest news?

B. No, what is it?

A. That we are going to have "S.B." in Gib.

B. I wish that were true, but I'm afraid it is impossible.

A. No it isn't; I was talking to Mr. Cottrell yesterday and he told me that he had secured a new lease for the Assembly Rooms Bar and Stores, was erecting a roof over the yard and that in a few weeks time an up-to-date bottling plant would be installed. An expert is coming out from Reading to start them off, and it will not be long before "S.B." will be bottled locally.

B. By Jove! I am glad to hear that; just fancy next time we read THE HOP LEAF we shall also be having an "S.B."

WOKING.

THE QUEEN'S DEPOT, GUILDFORD.

"AN ATHLETIC CAMEO."

The sun shone upon the white tents, the track seemed a black riband coiled upon the green sward, and a white line marked the start. We lined up, eight in number, and the engrossed spectators were busy commenting upon the slim graceful build of the man in blue and gold and upon the fine drawn appearance of the man in white.

As I examined my opponents during those few preparatory moments, my mind envisaged forebodings of defeat, but this feeling quickly disappeared as memories of my former achievements returned. At the starter's word we positioned ourselves, some crouched for a leaping start, others poised as on a sphere. I had drawn No. 8, and my chief rival No. 7.

The pistol cracked! As one man we were in our stride. Could I reach that bend first? I did, and settled down to crack my opponents in the first lap. Mistaken tactics! The result proved that my confidence had outweighed my strategy.

Fast as the wind we sped around the track, our spikes churning the cinder with a spattering crackle. At the first bell, I still held the lead, running strongly, but at my elbow strode untiringly the man in blue and gold.

One lap! Two laps were done and my pace increased. It seemed that Mercury himself inspired me with winged feet. The third bell clanged, and white and blue and gold were both out ahead of a hopelessly toiling remainder.

I spurred in a desperate effort, but still that man was there, forcing me to stride faster and even faster in strenuous endeavour. Gone were the plans of careful coaching—my tutor's example and precept were alike forgotten. I raced on in a last desperate attempt to shake off my pursuer, but still he remained, the patter of his shoes singing a remorseless song of speed.

I rounded the bend and saw my goal—the tape! I could not hear the frantic cheering of the crowd, I could not see my trainer's signs—I saw only a devil in blue and gold, who was mastering me. A sudden leap and he was ahead—one pace—two paces he gained and usurped my place striding down in a blaze of speed to the tape. I forced my unwilling body in a frantic urge and for a space I seemed about to regain my advantage. It was my final effort, however, and was soon spent.

I staggered, I reeled, there was a beating in my ears like drums, spots obscured my vision and all became dark as I collapsed a yard beyond the finish.

A few moments and consciousness returned. I was beaten! I heeded not the ecstasies of my comrades, nor the excited comments of the spectators. My world was finished! Wonderful time mattered not to me, my mind was intent only on a furious but futile anger.

A second's struggle, however, and I was persuaded to congratulate my conqueror, who with a noble gesture sought to alleviate my disappointment. This he did in practical fashion later, by seeking my company and introducing me to the "BEST," whose mellowing influence completed the good work and taught me that although defeated, we may yet triumph.

R.J.C.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

Favoured by exceptionally fine weather, the joint Point-to-Point Meeting of the Lamerton Foxhounds and the 2nd Bn. Rifle Brigade, which was held at Kilworthy, Tavistock, during March, attracted a record crowd. "Hop-leaf" banners gaily fluttered in the breeze, and our catering staff were kept continually hard at it administering to the requirements of a "crowded house."

The Tavistock area contains many loyal friends, and it was evident from early on that they were there in force—"S.B." being easily the most popular item on the board, but fortunately this had been foreseen by our caterer, and supplies were equal to the demand. "When in doubt, say 'S.B.'" is now accepted by West country crowds as a safe call, the result of experience.

The racing was very keen, and in most of the events close finishes were witnessed. In the Hunt Members' Event, Mr. Mark Patrick, M.P. for the Division, failed to secure a place (one can't always be top!) on "Biddy"; Capt. J. C. Lethbridge winning appropriately on his own "Reveille," the natural favourite.

The Rifle Brigade Light-Weight Cup was won by "Hereford," owned and ridden by Major G. V. Troyte Bullock, whilst the Regimental Heavy-Weight Challenge Cup fell to Mr. R. D. Poole's "Precaution," another "safety first" choice, and favourite.

Unfortunately, two bad falls marred the second race, Capt. W. P. S. Curtis and Mr. D. J. Purden being badly hurt when their mounts failed to surmount a hedge and rolled on to them, the former sustaining multiple injuries. We trust both gentlemen will soon be in the saddle again, and able to take part in that typical English sport which still holds a tremendous fascination for most of us. The hounds in full cry is a common sight in these parts, and it never fails to gather interested, even excited, onlookers, who heedlessly waste their own, and probably in many cases, their employer's time also, in a prodigious manner, when their senses re-act to the call which their forebears answered in like manner when the "view halloa" was a'ringing in their ears—and who shall blame them?

Here's "a very good health" to this wonderfully thrilling sport. One which still produces the type of man and woman of the older generation—cool in emergency, and willing to face the odds straight in front without a tremor. Our hearty congratulations go to the combined forces responsible for an enjoyable time, not forgetting the very deserving weather clerk who was directly responsible for such a memorable day.

A few more events of a like nature where the Sign of Perfection will be displayed, and where we hope the said gentleman will be on his best behaviour :—

The Eggesford Hunt Point-to-Point Meeting.

The Torquay Races (two days).

The Kingsbridge Agricultural Show.

A little alleviation from the right quarter during April, and all our cups will be full !

We sincerely regret to record the sad bereavement sustained by our club chairman, Mr. R. Rymell, during March, in the sudden death of his twelve-year-old son after an urgent operation. To see him apparently strong and well in health one day and to yet lose him within a few hours was a terrible ordeal, and our deepest sympathies go out to the parents in the loss of a most lovable boy whose future was full of promise.

Verily the great Gardener hath many secrets !

The presence of the Devonport units of the Channel Fleet has caused a certain liveliness throughout the life of the City, and is evidence, if any were needed, of the benefits which accrue to traders and other folk when Jack's ashore.

Stocking orders for the ensuing cruise have played no small part in our Easter arrangements, and the increasingly confident demand for "Hop Leaf" beverages is at least a favourable sign of their popularity when our boys are away from us. Not a case of out of sight, out of mind, anyway !!

BRIGHTON.

Should the glorious sunny weather continue another fortnight, we shall hope to see Brighton liven up with a big influx of visitors at Easter, both on holiday bent and perhaps some to regain strength after winter ailments.

Those who come will be in time to hear some of the closing performances of the Municipal Orchestra which will be disbanded at the end of March.

Much agitation has been in the air the past few weeks since the Licensing Bench at the recent Brewster Sessions turned down a worthy application for the extension of the present opening hours during the summer months. The application had a very strong support from the trade, in addition to which, amongst witnesses called in support of the extra half hour was a vicar of a Brighton parish, a Catholic priest, and a strong backing from the Town Council, the latter of course representing the ratepayers. The Bench had evidently decided on their verdict before the case came on, for before evidence was fully heard on both sides, they stopped the case and refused the application.

Brighton is sorry that summer visitors must therefore be limited to 10 o'clock for their last drink, and prominent Brightonians have made strong protest at the action of the Bench, both by way of after-dinner speeches, and by letters in the press.

The action taken by the Brighton Licensing Bench cannot be conducive of enticing foreigners here, when they can take advantage of the liberty they have in their own countries of taking their drink when they wish. This interference with the liberty of the Englishman at the bidding of certain narrow-minded magistrates should surely be remedied, especially as certain south coast towns have the extra half hour for the public to consume alcoholic liquors during the summer months.

The Prince of Wales has become a member of the Ditchling Bowling Club. This was the surprise which greeted the members of the club when they met recently for their annual meeting. Ditchling is a modest hamlet about six miles north of Brighton, under the shadow of the famous Ditchling Beacon, the highest point of the east part of the Sussex Downs, but evidence of Ditchling's royal associations and antiquity is soon found. Hard by the duck-pond and the War Memorial, there is in the churchyard a stone with this inscription "Alfred the Great—Lord of the Manor of Ditchling." Opposite the church is Anne of Cleve's house, a beautiful fragment, gabled and timbered, of a Tudor Palace, given to Anne by Henry VIII. This manor was numbered among the several royal manors of Sussex.

A visit to Ditchling from Brighton via the downs makes a favourite Saturday afternoon walk, which is well repaid by the glorious view to be obtained from the top of the beacon.

OXFORD.

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

There was a large and fashionable crowd at the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Point-to-Point Meeting at Troy Farm, Somerton, near Bicester, Oxon, on Saturday, March 5th, and an excellent day's racing was witnessed.

As heretofore the catering arrangements were entrusted to Mr. J. Salter of Salisbury; the good offices of the efficient staff under his able direction were highly appreciated by all present, and needless to say our famous malt liquors were in great demand.

ST. PATRICK'S DANCES.

At the Sergeants' Mess, R.A.O.C., Didcot, a very successful and enjoyable dance was held on St. Patrick's Day, and on the very kind invitation of the President and Members of the Mess we were privileged to be present.

We also attended a St. Patrick's dance at the Sergeants' Mess, R.A.F. Station, Heyford, on March 18th, at the cordial behest of our friends there and we spent another enjoyable evening.

These happy foregatherings with our Service friends are highly appreciated and much enjoyed.

All at Oxford tender their congratulations and good wishes to Mr. A. Lock in the attainment of his half century with the Firm. Cheerio Mr. Lock!

PORTSMOUTH.

Some 200 delegates recently attended a conference of Conservative & Unionist Clubmen organized under the auspices of the Association of the Conservative Clubs, at the Portsmouth Guildhall. Mention was made to what was termed the adverse affect of the beer duties on clubs and the urgent need for the instant removal of the tax. Representatives were present from affiliated clubs in Hampshire, The Isle of Wight, Wiltshire and Dorset, and were addressed by Mr. Herbert G. Williams, M.P., a member of the Governing Body of the Association of Conservative Clubs. He described the position of clubs in relation to taxation. "At the moment," he said, "those in charge of clubs are having a difficult time." He went on to say that of all the taxes that had had the more adverse affect on clubs, the beer tax stood by itself. Before

even this tax had been imposed the taxation on beer had been too high. He said: "I don't think that any of the consumers of beer made any violent protest at the time. They realized that there was a grave national emergency, but on the other hand it is only fair to say that the taxation was excessive. Mr. Williams then spoke about the opinions some people had about clubs. There is a large number he said, that think clubs are merely "pubs" of a different kind. "We, who are clubmen, are strongly against that conception. You cannot enter a club without being elected and it is a most exclusive place, entry to which is not allowed unless the applicant pledges himself to comply with the conditions and is a desirable person. Yet you have some people who want police inspection placed upon clubs and the same number of hours applied to them as to public houses. In my experience the freedom allowed to clubs has not been accompanied by licence." During the discussion a resolution, for which no notice had been given, was read by a delegate from the Bitterne Park Club, Southampton, protesting against the beer tax. The delegate said he thought it was most unfair and on behalf of his club he requested that everything should be done to remove the tax at the earliest possible moment. He also proposed that there should be an attempt to make beer cheaper, if possible, as well as remove the tax.

1ST MANCHESTER REGIMENT'S ANNUAL BALL.

In commemoration of the part that the Regiment took in the Relief of Ladysmith thirty years ago, the Warrant Officers, Staff Sergeants and Sergeants of the Battalion held their annual ball in the gymnasium of the New Barracks, Gosport, and in response to their invitations members of practically every Service Mess in the district, as well as a large company of civilians, joined in the celebration. The gymnasium had been tastefully decorated and the Regimental colours, green and gold, having been woven with telling effect into a web of streamers which concealed the gaunt height of the building, whilst lights of all tints were cunningly placed so that a softened glow was thrown over the whole scene. The Battalion band, under the direction of Bandmaster Gray, A.R.C.M., played a programme of popular dance numbers, and at each end of the room was an illuminated device representing the fleur de lys, the badge of the Manchesters. The silver trophies belonging to the Mess were also much admired.

The President of the Ball Committee, C.S.M. T. Quinn, welcomed the guests who numbered about 400 and amongst those present were Col. B. C. Freyberg, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O. (late Commanding Officer of the Battalion), and Mrs. Freyberg, Lieut.-Col. Bostock, O.B.E., M.C. (Commanding the Battalion), Major

R. H. R. Parminter, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Parminter, Major N. Clowes, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Clowes, Captain and Adjutant B. H. Churchill and Mrs. Churchill and other officers of the Regiment, C.S.M. F. Heard and Sgt. J. Riley were the M.C.'s. There were a number of novelties included in the programme, but the greatest was when the Battalion drums, under the direction of Drum-Major Smith, marched on to the floor and gave a smart display. Supper was served in the main building of the Barracks. The Committee in charge of the arrangements were C.S.M. T. Quinn (President), C.S.M. F. Heard, C.Q.M.S. W. Fray, M.M. Sgt. J. Riley, Sgt. F. Cooke and Sgt. Jones.

Our congratulations are given to Chief Superintendent W. C. Johnson of the Portsmouth City Police who we understand is to be recommended to the Plymouth City Council for the appointment of Chief Constable of Plymouth. He was one of the 86 applicants who included titled men, barristers, ten chief constables, civil servants and other police officers. Chief Superintendent Johnson was educated at Willowfield Higher Grade School, Eastbourne, and in 1913 was for a short period in the office of the Superintendent-Registrar at Eastbourne. In October, 1914, he joined the Royal Engineers and was promoted Sergeant. He was afterwards gazetted second-lieutenant in April, 1918. During his commissioned service he was Divisional Officer, R.E., being responsible for the erection of bridges, etc., and being in charge of a section of the Labour Corps. He was promoted full Lieutenant in September, 1919, and demobilized in October of the same year. He joined the Portsmouth Police in 1920 and was promoted Sergeant in 1924 and became Inspector and Chief Clerk in January, 1929. Two years later he was appointed Superintendent. He succeeds Mr. A. K. Wilson, formerly Chief Constable of Carlisle and now appointed Chief Constable of Liverpool.

WOKING.

WEST BYFLEET SOCIAL CLUB.

PRESENTATION TO LATE PRESIDENT.

To lay down the reins of office in his 85th year, after being President of the Club since 1920, is the proud record of Mr. J. Atfield.

At a smoking concert held at the Club on Friday, March 18th, Mr. W. Webb presided and was supported by Mr. R. A. Charman

(President), Mr. F. A. Burr (Secretary), Mr. C. Holdforth (Games Secretary) and Mr. A. Bennett.

Mr. Webb said they were assembled to do honour to their late President, Mr. J. Atfield, whom he referred to as the "Grand Old Man" of the Club. It was felt that his retirement from office should receive suitable recognition, and that Mr. Bennett would later be invited to hand Mr. Atfield a cheque as a mark of their esteem and affection. It was also the wish of all the members that their late President should be presented with a life membership of the Club. Mr. Webb added that he hoped Mr. Atfield would retain his wonderful health for many years.

In making the presentation Mr. A. Bennett said that Mr. Atfield could truly be looked upon as the father of the Club. He was a man of real quality, and it was a joy to work with him, particularly at the Club's Flower and Vegetable Show each year. He had always taken a real interest in the happiness and prosperity of the Club. His ripe experience had always been at the service of the institution, and he had added a dignity to the office which could only come from one of mature years. He was earnest and upright in character, and evidently came from the Yeoman stock of old England who formed a valuable part of the community, and who were ever loyal, always reliable, and some of the finest of our race. He was a great worker and a keen sportsman, and won golden opinions of all who came into contact with him by his sense of fairness and equity. He commanded our respect, earned our admiration and claimed our affection. The members wished to show their appreciation in a tangible way, and he had the greatest pleasure in presenting him with a cheque for £5 5s. od. on their behalf. Actually the best monument to Mr. Atfield's period of office would be to determine to maintain the Club at its highest standard of usefulness and social service, and to hand it on in due time with the same excellent reputation. He was more than pleased to know that Mr. R. A. Charman had succeeded to the Presidency, thus ensuring a maintenance of the high traditions which had become attached to that office.

Mr. J. Atfield in reply said he appreciated the action of the members and would also retain very pleasant memories of his term of office. They had had their difficult times, but he had always been encouraged by the harmonious co-operation of his fellow committeemen. He had been blessed with wonderful health and strength, but would have to be considered a "fair weather" member in the future. The gratitude he felt was really beyond his power of expression.

Mr. Charman also paid a tribute to their late President, and an excellent musical programme was then the order of the evening and was much enjoyed by all present.



Mr. J. Atfield, late President West Byfleet Social Club.
(Photograph taken at the age of 83).

LONDON.

THE SOUTH WIMBLEDON CLUB JUBILEE, 1882-1932.

The Jubilee dinner of the South Wimbledon Club was held at the Baths Hall, Latimer Road, Wimbledon, on Thursday, March 3rd, a company of about 220 participating. Owing to the regretted absence of the President, Mr. T. C. Summerhays, J.P., the chair was taken by Mr. J. G. Wheeler, a Vice-President and one of the first members of the Club.

The function received civic recognition by the presence of the Mayor, Councillor J. W. Ramshall, and the Deputy Mayor, Alderman Shirl Mussell. Among others who attended were Mr. T. Garwood (chairman of committee), Mr. T. W. Nicoll (assistant secretary of the Working Men's Club & Institute Union, Ltd.), Mr. B. Baldwin (chairman Democratic Club) and Mr. Walton (Manor Club).

Mr. F. W. Grimshaw acted as a very capable toastmaster.

Following the usual loyal toast, Mr. Grimshaw proposed the toast of the President; he said they all appreciated Mr. Summerhays' value as a good president and wished him a speedy recovery back to health and hoped he would long be spared to occupy the position as president.

Mr. Wheeler took the company right back to the time when the Club was first started over a shop fifty years ago, and touched on many important incidents in the Club's history in a very interesting speech.

Submitting the toast of the Club Mr. Grimshaw said it was in a very sound position, as good as any in or around London. The Club's path had not been smooth. In 1924 there was a very heavy debt hanging over its head, but the Committee were determined to see the organisation through and, as a result of their efforts, the debt was eventually wiped off.

Responding, Mr. Garwood, on behalf of the Committee, thanked the members for their loyalty. The South Wimbledon Club today, he said, was a place to which no one need be ashamed to bring a friend.

Replying to the toast of "The Visitors," the Mayor thanked the Club for the magnificent reception that had been accorded them and wished it every success for the future.

During the evening the Vaudeville Players gave a most enjoyable concert and songs were given by several club members.

The evening was a great success and the Entertainment Committee deserve the thanks of all for their excellent work.

The Fifth East Surrey Regiment, Wimbledon, have lost one of their oldest members by the death of Sgt. W. J. Hawkins, who passed away on March 5th at the age of 59.

Sgt. Hawkins joined the Battalion in 1900 and served in the South African War between 1900 and 1902, and during the Great War in the Royal Defence Corps. He had spent many years in the Engineering Department of the Southern Railway and for some time had been Steward of the Boys' Club, the Drill Hall, Wimbledon.

Over 200 mourners were present at the funeral at Wimbledon Cemetery, and a party of Territorials under the command of Capt. F. Hill and Sgt. J. Bunce acted as pall bearers.

Within five minutes' walk of Piccadilly Circus Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Clark have for over 31 years carried on business at the White Hart Inn, Lexington Street.

The age of this house is unknown, but to step from modern Piccadilly into the "White Hart" is a gaze into the past.

The top part of the premises has for safety been demolished and the "pub" alone now stands. It comprises two small bars only with the original wooden forms and tables and sawdust on the floor. The walls are adorned with advertisements for porter in old time script and beyond modern lighting and modern prices it is an example of an old time public house, the like of which is now seldom seen.

Mr. Clark prides himself on the quality and condition of his beer and makes a speciality in the winter time of XXXXX from the wood.

He will be pleased at any time to welcome any members of H. & G. S. who may be passing through London and can assure them of a "Simonds" worthy of the name. Don't crowd him too much on football final night.