

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

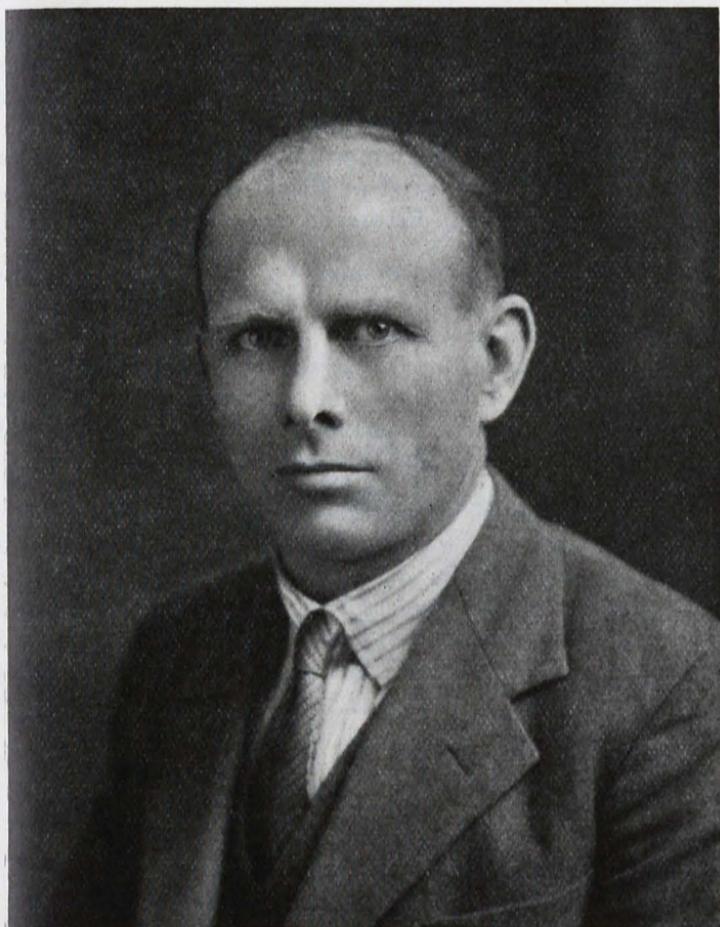
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. X.

APRIL, 1936.

No. 7



MR. E. E. HOCKINGS.

MR. E. E. HOCKINGS.

Mr. Ernest E. Hockings joined the staff at Ludgershall Branch as a junior clerk in February, 1909. In the summer of 1914 he was stationed for a short time at Salisbury Branch and early in the following year assisted in running a Depot at Bulford Station. Later he took over a Depot at Warminster and did excellent work in connection with the vast number of troops assembled at both these stations.

In August 1915 he joined the 3rd/9th Battalion The Hampshire Regiment and was for some time in billets at Southampton and afterwards moved to Fort Southwick on the Portsdown Hills, overlooking Portsmouth Harbour. From there he was drafted to the 1st/9th Battalion, The Hampshire Regiment at Bangalore, Southern India and also served at Rawal Pindi, Murree, Jutogh (the Hill Station for Simla), Ferozepore and Ambala.

In 1918 Mr. Hockings left Bombay for an unknown destination which eventually proved to be Vladivostock. The stay at Vladivostock was of short duration and within a week he was crossing Siberia, en route for Omsk, at which town he arrived on Christmas Day, 1918. At Omsk the 1st/9th Hants relieved the 10th Middlesex Regiment, commanded by the late Colonel John Ward, M.P.

After a few months the Battalion was again on the move to Ekateringburg and then back to Vladivostock. Afterwards the Battalion crossed the Pacific to Vancouver. From there they went over Canada to Montreal where they embarked for Southampton. They reached home in December, 1919, having had a trip practically all round the world. This was indeed a wonderful time and an experience which falls to the lot of very few.

On his return to England Mr. Hockings was soon back in harness and took up his old duties in the Ludgershall Office in January, 1920.

The valuable work which he has performed at Ludgershall in connection with various training camps and manoeuvres, both in the office and outside, has been highly commended, and it is recognized that the many years' experience which he has gained at

that Depot equipped him for higher office. As a result and as a reward for his work on Salisbury Plain he has just been promoted to the Chief Clerkship of Woking Branch.

Being especially fond of open-air life his recreation at Ludgershall was particularly centred in football, cricket, etc., at which sports he was no mean exponent. He can also be depended upon to put up a really good showing on the golf course. In the cultivation of his garden he has achieved wonderfully good results and this part of his outdoor activities has been as thoroughly carried out as the more serious duties of his business life.

In the new position to which he has been moved, his old friends at headquarters wish him every success and happiness.



EDITORIAL.

TO BE HUNG IN THE UNIVERSITY.

Mr. F. A. Simonds has offered to present to the Chancellor of Reading University his portrait in oils, by Sir William Rothenstein. The Chancellor has accepted the offer, and the portrait will be hung in the University.

A MUCH GREATER HEAT.

I see that 60 degrees is the correct temperature for the storage of pianos. We ourselves have consigned some of them to a much greater heat.

LOOKED SOBER!

Overheard in the gallery of the Old Vic:

"Who's that guy?"

"Oh, he's supposed to be Titus Andronicus."

"Well, he's a rotten actor. He looks as sober as a judge."

LOST AND REGAINED.

Professor: "Tell me one or two things about John Milton."

Plebe: "Well, he got married and he wrote 'Paradise Lost.' Then his wife died, and he wrote 'Paradise Regained.'"

IT FELL.

Newlywed (spearing a slab from the dish): "What's this, honey?"

Mrs. Newlywed: "Lucifer cakes dear."

Newlywed: "I thought you said you were going to make angel cake?"

Mrs. Newlywed: "I was, but it fell."

A CHILD'S IDEA.

Doreen, aged six, had been told to watch a silk dress, airing in front of the fire, while her mother went upstairs. Presently she called out: "Mummy, shall I turn it? It's lovely and brown on one side."

KING EDWARD AT THE FAIR.

It was an appropriate coincidence that the King's first public engagement since his accession should have been his visit to the British Industries Fair, because nobody has done more to encourage and stimulate British industry than he. The evidence he there saw of the Empire's industrial progress, its vitality, resourcefulness and initiative, must have cheered him with its assurance that his people have survived the trials of the depression, and have emerged even stronger and more adaptable than they were before. Lord Derby last month described His Majesty as our "No. 1 Travel Agent," which, in fact, he is. But the Americans pay him the compliment of regarding him as the Empire's Ambassador of Trade, and their most dangerous competitor in overseas markets. Their relief that his "commercial travelling" must now, of necessity, cease will be modified by the proof, which the Fair so abundantly provided, that his inspiration and enthusiasm have given to British trade a driving force which is far from being exhausted.

THE DONKEY.

Perhaps G. K. Chesterton's beautiful poem is appropriate at a time when we are all thinking about Easter:

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood,
Then surely I was born;
With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.
Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

IS MARRIED.

The man who gives way when he is in the wrong is wise; but the man who gives way when he is in the right is—married.

THE RULE.

It seems to be a rule. The more of a mess he makes of his own affairs, the more competent he feels to run the country.

THE ONLY OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER.

We have often wondered what was the history of the *London Gazette*, that official newspaper which is quoted so regularly in the daily press, yet we never see it on sale on the bookstalls. The *London Gazette* we now find owed its inception to the Great Plague of 1665, which drove the Court from London to Oxford. "There are no newspapers here," Charles II is said to have complained. "If we have not one we shall be cut off from the world, and if we import it from London it will bring the plague with it." So orders were given for the issue locally of a special journal, which was at first styled the *Oxford Gazette*, but which, when the Court returned to the capital, changed its name, and, as the *London Gazette*, has ever since been our one official newspaper.

A NEW COLD CURE.

A Surgeon Commander, R.N., writing to *The Times*, has given a cure for the common cold which, he says, he has found "to work like magic." Here is his cure :

"A heaped teaspoonful of ordinary soda bicarbonate (baking soda) taken in an ordinary (half-pint) tumblerful of hot water four times in twenty-four hours will speedily dispel an existing cold or ward off an incipient one."

ANOTHER GUESS AT THE WORLD'S AGE.

Dr. Ussher's calculation of the world's age is 5,938 years. But there is a newer theory! Through the discovery of ten grammes or uraninite (one of the rarest of all minerals) in a mine near Point du Bois, ninety miles north-east of Winnipeg, it is claimed that scientists have solved the secret of the age of Mother Earth. The age is placed at 1,725,000 years. By the study of these tiny pieces of uraninite, two groups of scientists, one in Vienna and another in Canada, have arrived at the same calculation, although they worked quite independently of each other. There is only a small matter of a million years difference between the two calculations!

UNOPPOSED.

Hearty congratulations to Mr. H. F. Dunster, F.S.I., on being returned unopposed as a Town Councillor for the Borough of Reading, for the Redlands Ward. Mr. H. F. Dunster, who is well known at The Brewery, is the brother of the writer of Brewery Jottings, Mr. W. Dunster.

JUST A GAME.

The village of Dharni, in the Himalayas, has just had its annual game of hurling stones. A satisfactory number were evidently injured. Once each year the male inhabitants of the village group themselves in rival parties at a distance of a hundred yards on the stoning field. Women dress in gay costumes and crowds come down from the mountains to cheer. Toward evening the ruler of the State arrives and the game starts. Each side is allowed to pick up rocks of any size and throw them at its opponents. Most of the stones miss their mark. When a satisfactory number of the players have been injured the ruler stops the game. There is no ill-feeling created by the sport, the men leaving the field as friends. The stone-throwing contest has come down through the centuries, the atonement for the death of a Brahmin who was murdered hundreds of years ago.

BEER IS BEST.

Lady to window-cleaner : "Will you have a cup of tea or a glass of beer?"

Window-cleaner : "Beer's best, mum. I allus finds it gives a better polish when I breathes on the glass."

WELL-SPOKEN BOY.

Boy to manager : "I observe, sir, that you have a vacancy for a respectable, well-spoken boy."

Manager : "Oh, yes, but it was filled yesterday."

Respectable, well-spoken boy : "Then you silly old josser, why the blazes don't you take the bloomin' card out of the blinkin' window?"

GROWTH OF SOBRIETY.

There is practically no drunkenness in this country to-day from beer-drinking, according to Sir Edgar Sanders, Director of the Brewers' Society.

"If, because there is a little drunkenness from other causes, beer is blamed in some quarters, it is either from lack of knowledge or from prejudice," he said, at the annual dinner of the Allied Brewery Traders' Association (Western Section). "Fortunately," he added, "the public is fair-minded, and freely acknowledges that beer is a beverage which has behind it the recommendation of ages, tested and approved by our forefathers, and which provides satisfaction and enjoyment to those who take it. Never, in my opinion, during the past 35 years, has beer been seen in a saner or

more truthful light than it is to-day. We all recognise the changed attitude of licensing benches towards the improvement of licensed premises, which are now admitted on all hands to fill a public want which is not supplied by any other agency."

"UNFAIR TO SHOPKEEPERS."

That "Dora" (Defence of the Realm Act) treats the public "in a way that even a naughty schoolboy would be justified in resenting" was the view expressed by Lieut.-Col. Sir H. Dennis Readett-Bayley, chairman of the Bench at Nottingham County Police Court. When obliged by the law to fine a shopkeeper prosecuted for selling a sixpenny packet of cigarettes five minutes after 8 p.m., Sir Dennis said: "All sorts of restrictions were put on during the war, and it is about time Miss Dora was killed. Now, 20 years after the war, we are still throttled by that Damnable Dora." Sir Dennis added, afterwards, "The present regulations are infuriating to the public, and grossly unfair to the small shopkeeper, who has a hard enough time to make ends meet without such interference. I am frequently having to deal with cases in which the local authorities send round junior members of the staff to buy cigarettes from small shopkeepers a few minutes after closing time to secure convictions. Such methods are degrading and contrary to British ideas of fair play. I do what I can by imposing the smallest fines permissible, but it is disgraceful that magistrates should be called on to administer regulations which bring the law into disrepute and are contrary to the most elementary ideas of British justice."

A LANCASHIRE ANSWER.

An excessively "clever" young man was seated in a railway carriage when a Lancashire lass, pretty, but with decidedly red hair, entered and took a seat opposite to him. For a few moments the youth glared at her with a cynical grin, and then, as he moved to the other end of the compartment, said, in a tone of mock apology: "'Scuse me, miss, but I'm afraid of being near you; I might get burnt!"

"Tha needn't fret, lad," the satirical maiden promptly returned, "tha's a deal too green to burn!"

"THE ROSE AND THISTLE."

The Rose and Thistle, Argyle Road, Reading, which is fully licensed, will from April 5th (inclusive) be open on Sundays. The popular proprietor, Mr. C. G. Absolom, has worked wonders in his garden. There are choice Rambler roses and other flowers in profusion and great credit is due to him for making his grounds so

attractive. Here, or inside the Rose and Thistle, you always receive prompt and proficient attention at the hands of both Mr. and Mrs. Absolom, who keep the place spotlessly clean and serve the famous brands of Simonds in the best condition. "Call in and see me sometimes," says Mr. Absolom.

I am sure many of my readers will accede to his request.

105 NOT OUT.

Mr. James Miles, of Botley, near Southampton, has just attained his 105th birthday. There were 105 candles on his birthday cake.

James—youngest of a family of twenty-one—was born when his mother was fifty-two. His father died aged 104 and 11 months. His grandfather lived to 112. One of his sisters died aged 102.

William IV was King of England when Mr. Miles was born at Ashford, Kent, in 1831. He remembers seeing about sixty people executed outside Maidstone Gaol. He married twice. His first wife, a London woman, had seventeen children, but she and eleven of the children died in an epidemic which swept Maidstone. He had six children by his second wife, who died in 1903. "Tell me, Jim," asked a reporter, "how does one live to be 105?" "I don't know," replied the agile centenarian. "But I can tell you this. *I drink a half-pint of beer every day. I don't smoke and I have never worried in my life. I always keep cheerful.*"

OXFORD BEER.

Since the earliest days of its foundation, Oxford has been noted for its drinks—particularly its beer. Only one college to-day, Queen's, still brews its own beer. Most of the others have special ale brewed for them by brewers. This beer is different from that usually served to the public. It costs no more, but it can be obtained only by undergraduates, senior members of the colleges, or their guests. Until recently New College and All Souls retained their brewers, but to-day Queen's College, which has a special brewers' permit, is the only place in Oxford, apart from a brewery, which brews its own beer. Some colleges have famous brews. There are, for instance, Brasenose ale—served after dinner on Shrove Tuesday with roast apples floating in it—the Chancellor Ale of Queen's College, tasted only by a few privileged people, of which one pint is said to make a man merry for the rest of the evening, and the famous ivy brew of Lincoln College. This special brew, in which ground ivy is steeped, is made from an old recipe. It is served annually on Ascension Day, and is a relic of an old feud between Lincoln and Brasenose. A Brasenose man was killed by a Lincoln undergraduate, and as a penance Lincoln College was

ordered to provide free beer on the anniversary of the murder to any member of Brasenose College who demanded it. Owing to the capacity of Brasenose men, the steward of Lincoln hit on the idea of steeping ground ivy in the beer to make it more potent. The centuries old recipe is still used to-day. Many other colleges have recipes which have been handed down for centuries. In addition, there are scores of other Oxford drinks, including Brown Betty, named after a former Oxford bedmaker, the Oxford Grace Cup, Rum Booze, Pepper Possett and Oxford Mull.

HAIL! AND FAREWELL.

It was indeed with sad hearts that we learned of the death of Mr. H. W. Colson, who had a fine record of service for the Firm. How we shall miss his frequent visits to the Brewery, for he was the embodiment of geniality and good fellowship. He seemed to greet everybody with a kindly word or cheery smile. There was nothing "little" about our late lamented friend. He was a great, good-hearted, generous gentleman. We feel his loss acutely, and what must that loss mean to those much nearer and dearer to him! Our hearts go out particularly to the widow and little one, for the former has lost an ideal husband and the latter a loving and much loved father.

With great regret, too, we record the loss of another old servant of the Firm, Mr. A. Lock, who died within a few days of Mr. Colson's demise. For over half a century he was one of the travellers, and it is sad to think that he did not live longer to enjoy his well-earned rest from the cares of business.

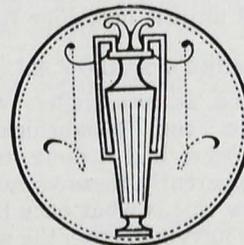
THE NIGHTINGALE.

A correspondent has heard the song of the nightingale, for the first time, each year on the following dates:—

1929, April 19.
1930, April 22.
1931, April 24.
1932, April 24.
1933, April 22.
1934, April 18.
1935, April 19.

THE PRINCIPAL RACES OF 1936.

Race.	Venue.	Date.
Queen's Prize	Kempton ...	April 13th
Great Metropolitan	Epsom ...	April 21st
City and Suburban	Epsom ...	April 22nd
Two Thousand Guineas	Newmarket	April 28th
One Thousand Guineas	Newmarket	April 30th
Victoria Cup	Hurst Park ...	May 2nd
Chester Cup	Chester ...	May 6th
Great Jubilee	Kempton ...	May 9th
The Derby	Epsom ...	May 27th
The Oaks	Epsom ...	May 29th
Manchester Cup	Manchester ...	June 4th
Newbury Summer Cup	Newbury ...	June 11th
Ascot Stakes	Ascot ...	June 16th
Royal Hunt Cup	Ascot ...	June 17th
Gold Cup	Ascot ...	June 18th
Wokingham Stakes	Ascot ...	June 19th
Eclipse Stakes	Sandown ...	July 17th
Liverpool Summer Cup	Liverpool ...	July 24th
Stewards Cup	Goodwood ...	July 28th
Goodwood Cup	Goodwood ...	July 30th
Ebor Handicap	York ...	August 26th
St. Leger	Doncaster ...	September 9th
Doncaster Cup	Doncaster ...	September 11th
Newbury Autumn Cup	Newbury ...	September 26th
Jockey Club Stakes	Newmarket	October 1st
Duke of York Handicap	Kempton ...	October 3rd
Cesarewitch	Newmarket	October 14th
Cambridgeshire	Newmarket	October 28th
Liverpool Autumn Cup	Liverpool ...	November 13th
Derby Cup	Derby ...	November 20th
Manchester November Handicap	Manchester ...	November 28th



A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

RABBIT ATTACKS STOAT.

MONSTER PIKE CHASES MOORHEN.

A very unusual sight was witnessed by Mr. F. A. Simonds the other day. He saw a rabbit chasing a stoat. It is only on rare occasions we see the tables turned in this way for, as a rule, it is the stoat that attacks and alas! kills the rabbit. Probably in this case it was a doe with young and we all know what "mother love" means. Mothers will risk everything, even life itself, in order to protect their children. The stoat and the weasel are often confused, but they should be easily distinguished. The stoat is the larger animal and has a tuft of long black hairs at the end of its tail. The weasel's tail is comparatively short and minus the long black hairs. Both stoats and weasels live largely on rats and mice and if they do occasionally attack game-birds and rabbits I think they do much more good than harm. They are very agile creatures and may frequently be seen climbing trees or swimming across rivers. Very playful, it is a delightful sight to see father and mother stoat romping with their children, boxing and turning somersaults. True, stoats and weasels kill, but they kill mercifully, biting at the base of their victim's skull, their sharp teeth piercing the brain so that death is practically instantaneous.

FISHING STORIES STRANGE—BUT TRUE.

While fishing between Mapledurham and Pangbourne the Cawston brothers witnessed a very fierce fight between two pike. They were big fish and for some minutes they repeatedly rose above the surface, disappeared, then rose again. They created a great commotion in the water, which seemed to boil as the battle proceeded. At length the bigger of the two seized the other across the back with its cruel jaws and dragged it down below. What happened then is matter for conjecture, but in all probability the victor was not satisfied until it had done its victim to death.

MOORHEN'S NARROW ESCAPE.

On another occasion as two anglers were sitting quietly in their punt, waiting for a "run," a dabchick appeared just beyond their floats. And no sooner had it done so than a pike was seen to rise and take it. Apparently these voracious fish are partial to moorhens too. Anyhow this is what once happened. A moorhen was seen hurrying and scurrying across the water. A peculiar kind of wave appeared to follow it. And one did not have to wait long for the explanation. Half flying and half running along the water's

surface the distressed bird eventually reached the bank and scrambled up it. No sooner had it done so than the greedy pike, who was following the moorhen, made a fierce grab at the bird but missed it. In its eagerness to have a moorhen meal the pike came right out of the water, struck its head against the bank and fell back into the water stunned. There the fish lay! but only for a few seconds and then, with a mighty swish of its powerful tail it was off and seen no more. My word! That moorhen had a narrow escape.

Pike, too, are very fond of ducklings for dinner.

RED-LEGGED PARTRIDGE COMES TO TOWN.

A red-legged or French partridge recently visited the Brewery premises. Apparently it had a damaged wing for after it had been caught and an attempt was made to give the bird its liberty it fell into the river and was with difficulty rescued. Then it posed for its photograph which duly appeared in the *Evening Gazette*. Later it was taken to the open fields and given its liberty.

The French partridge is much more brilliantly coloured than the grey, but what, in comparison, it gains in brilliancy, it loses from the food value point of view, for the flesh of the common species is far superior to that of the bird with red legs.

AN INTERESTING DOCUMENT.

An early 18th century "Exemplification of a Bill" has recently been given to the Reading Museum. It concerns the Chancery proceedings touching the disputed will of Sir Robert Rich of Sonning who died in 1724. An interesting fact which has come to light from the transcribing is that two of the Chancery Commissioners, Richard Potenger and Thomas Blgrave, took the depositions of witnesses at the *Three Tunns*, Reading (Earley). This is the passage in full:—"Depositions of Witnesses (were) taken by Richard Potenger Esquire and Thomas Blgrave Gentlemen at the house of Jonathan Gardner called the *Three Tunns* in Reading in the County of Berks on Tuesday the Twenty Eighth day of April in the Third year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord King George the Second."



DEFINITION OF WINE.

The following letter has been received from the Secretary of the Wine and Spirit Association :—

6th March, 1936.

Dear Sirs,

I am instructed to inform you that at a Meeting of the General Committee of this Association held on the 4th March, the following resolution was passed :—

“ That in the opinion of this Committee the following definition of the word ‘ Wine ’ should be adopted by the Wine Trade of this country :—

“ Wine is the alcoholic beverage obtained from the fermentation of the juice of freshly gathered grapes the fermentation of which has been carried through in the district of its origin and according to local tradition and practice.”

This definition was evolved after a great deal of research by two well-known members of the Association, and I hope to hear that you are in complete agreement with it and the proposal that it should be adopted and widely circulated.

MR. A. GROVE EXPRESSES THANKS.

23 Kensington Road, Reading.

The Editor,

Sir,—Will you please allow me a space in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE to tender my thanks to the 91 subscribers for the wonderful present given to me on February 28th. It is impossible to thank everyone personally, but I feel I must express my gratitude to all by some means and I think this the best way. To those who attended the presentation gathering I am most grateful and I only hope I did not bore you too long with my very elementary speech of thanks. But I can assure you I was too full at heart to say as much with my tongue as I would have wished. I think it was a poor response to such a gathering.

I have been asked by Mrs. Grove to thank you all for the magnificent dress ring we had the pleasure of selecting.

For both presents we again say “ Thank you, very much.”

I should also like to be allowed to thank all those who have so kindly enquired after me during my illness. I am most grateful.

In passing, I should like to especially thank Mr. Waite (“ Reg.”) for all the hard work he did to bring this presentation to such a fine result.

Hoping I have not taken too much space with this letter and wishing the “ Hop Leaf ” every success in the future,

I remain,

Yours, etc.,

A. GROVE,

Au revoir but not Goodbye.

THE POOR MAN'S DOG.

Just a common lurcher—that's 'is breed,
Doin' what I asks 'im—that's 'is creed.
Like cement we stick together,
An' we've faced all sorts o' weather—
E's a 'ide like Cardiff leather,
But 'is heart's set level, *that's* true eighteen carrit gold
An' the only trouble is e's gettin' rather old.

'Im an' me's divided many a crust,
Sometimes, too, we've dined just fit to bust.
Pawned my coat a time or two
When 'is licence 'as come due ;
“ Why? ” you ask, because I knew
If I'd asked he'd ha' giv' his very life for me,
And 'is life's as sweet to 'im as yours an' mine is—see?

All Carnegie's millions wouldn't buy
This old lurcher with 'is one blind eye.
Tho' I grant wealth ain't amiss,
It can buy us 'eaps of bliss,
And—no, not a pal like this ;
Pals like this are preschus, they aren't picked up every
day,
If they were there'd be less thorns to prick us on life's way.

H. & G. SIMONDS' TENNIS CLUB.

COURTS IN SPLENDID CONDITION.

The general meeting of the above was held at the Social Club on Friday, March 20th. Mr. L. A. Simonds has again kindly consented to be chairman and Mr. R. St. J. Quarry team selector. The onerous task of Hon. Treasurer will once more be in the capable

hands of Mr. T. W. Bradford, Mr. R. Huddy is Hon. Secretary, and the Committee will consist of Miss A. M. Prosser, Mrs. R. Huddy, Messrs. W. A. Harvie, P. James, C. L. Langton and C. H. Perrin.

Considerable attention has been given to the Courts during the winter and they should be in splendid condition when the season opens on May 1st. The subscriptions will be as last year, viz., Members of the Firm, 17/6; Co-opted members, £1.

Any member of the Firm desirous of joining the Club will be made exceedingly welcome and should any further particulars be required, the Secretary and all members of the Committee will be pleased to give these at any time.

WAR DEPARTMENT CONSTABULARY, BRAMLEY, HANTS.

The first public entertainment in Bramley Camp since the death of His Majesty King George V was given on 20th March in the Garrison Theatre by the War Department Constabulary. These W.D.C. functions are among the most popular of the Camp entertainments, but the attendance far exceeded all expectations. There were 24 tables for whist and, peculiarly, almost an equal number of ladies and gents. Twenty-four hands were played, with a break at the half-way stay, when refreshments were provided. Competition was very keen, and consequently scores were rather low, prizes being won as follows:—Ladies: 1st, Mrs. Mendham, score of 173; 2nd, Miss Card, 170; 3rd, Mrs. Gault, 169; 4th, Mrs. Jones, 168. Gents: 1st, Mr. Gault, score of 170; 2nd, S/Sgt. Mead, 170; 3rd, Mr. Crossman, 168; 4th, Mr. Wadham, 168.

Mrs. Handley, wife of Chief Inspector Handley, kindly presented the prizes. Dancing commenced sharp at 10 p.m., and by this time the attendance had reached a total of over 250. A programme of dances to suit all ages, including such old timers as Boston Two Step, Berlin Polka, Valeta, Lancers, Palaise Glide, were danced to music admirably played by the "New Invicta Band" of Reading, until 2 a.m., when the programme was brought to a close by singing "God Save the King." Credit for this admirable show must be given to the W.D.C. for their enterprise, and to their Secretary, M.C. and Committee for their untiring work, although everybody, guests in particular, seemed to keep the enjoyment at top pressure to the end.

Our next Social event will be on 23rd April (St. George's day)—Whist Drive and Carnival Dance—when we hope to see our contemporaries from Didcot in full attendance.

DARTS BRING IN BUSINESS.

VIEW OF CHAIRMAN OF SIMONDS RETAILERS' SOCIETY.

The important part which darts competitions play in public houses in obtaining new business and keeping the general trade, was emphasised by Mr. H. Tucker, the chairman at the annual meeting of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Retailers' Society, held at The Shades, Gun Street, Reading, says the *Evening Gazette*.

Mr. Tucker said that the darts league was still flourishing and he hoped that all licensees would realise what a great help it was to them in drawing new custom. The membership of the Retailers' Society, he said, had gone up slightly, but was still far below the representative figure. He appealed to eligible licensees to join the society. By joining, members obtained very material benefits, and the society was ever vigilant in safeguarding their interests.

Mr. W. Constable, past vice-chairman, automatically became the chairman of the society for the coming year, and other officers were elected as follows:—Mr. W. C. Breakspeare, Horse and Jockey, Castle Street, hon. secretary; committee, Messrs. Tom Lawrence, W. H. Foster, George Bishop, E. G. Spong and W. Warner.

The balance sheet was regarded as being satisfactory, and was adopted on the proposition of Mr. Tom Blake. Mr. W. H. Foster seconded.

The meeting adopted a resolution to the effect that in future all licensees whose houses were represented in the Darts League must become members of the Retailers' Society.

It was announced that a special committee had been called to consider the appointment of an official collector. Members will be notified when the appointment has been made.

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS!

HERE ARE SOME STAGGERING FIGURES ABOUT OUR EVERYDAY VOCABULARIES.

It is a fact that the number of modern language words are rather limited. They count from 50,000 to 100,000 words in English and other European languages. New words are regularly coined and gradually embodied in the dictionaries. In 1823 no more than 32,000 words were listed in French dictionaries; yet to-day that number has been raised to about 80,000. Not so very long ago 40,000 words marked the limits of the English vocabulary.

Yet despite new accessions the literary languages of Europe never use as many as 100,000 words. Naturally the vocabulary of the individual is very much more limited. A scholar would do exceedingly well if he had a command of 10,000 words. Common people on the other hand can get through life with a vocabulary of 800 to 1,000 words.

Yet the possibility of formation of new words is so great that it staggers all conception. If we transpose twenty consonants and ten vowels into words, of from two to ten letters, the number of possible words would reach without duplications of the same word the enormous sum of 50 billions, 887,215 millions, 685,690.

If we discard the above restrictions and admit the formation of words consisting of one letter and more than ten letters with duplications, the number of possible words will be 1391 quintillions, 724,288 quadrillions, 877,252 trillions, 99,425 billions, 125,495 millions, 402,200.

These staggering figures of possible words bring home to us the limitations of the human mind. The languages formed and spoken since the times of Adam have not been able to compose the few consonants and vowels into one million words.

We boast about the perfection of our language. But what are our thousands of words when we compare them with the millions, the billions, trillions, quadrillions and quintillions of possible words! To all appearance mankind will never exhaust the full content of possible words, even though the number of different languages may become ever so large. Under present conditions, however, the increase of the vocabularies will always remain comparatively very small; the standardizing of the literary languages will not allow any great changes, whilst the creations of the dialects and local idioms with their new formations of words will not be so numerous as to supplant the vocabulary of the literary languages.

To write the sum total of possible words would be a task vastly surpassing human powers. If a man would continue to write without any interruption four thousand words an hour for a whole year, he could not finish more than 35 millions. At that rate he could put on paper within a million years just 35 billions of words which would constitute not quite one quadrillionth a part of all possible words. Truly a task beyond human powers.

HONESTY OF PURPOSE.

Whilst one frequently hears very jarring expressions from our friends the enemy, known to many as the "untiring opposition," it is refreshing to learn that there is still an abundance of splendid

feeling and goodwill emanating from patrons of "Beer is Best," who regularly meet for social and friendly intercourse at their respective houses of choice. The topics discussed therein are very varied and interesting, but as an instance of real endeavour the following extract from the *Bucks Free Press* of 3rd January last will compare very favourably with anything of the same nature that has come to our notice:—

WYCOMBE NURSING SERVICE.

"The new voluntary contributory scheme in support of a nursing service in High Wycombe will soon be launched. We understand that the sub-committee appointed to formulate the scheme has almost completed its task, and will submit the proposals to the general committee at an early date, probably next week. It is important that, when the scheme is prepared, the fullest publicity shall be given to it, and we are prepared to co-operate in this, believing that the scheme will be welcomed in the town. The general public has awakened to the fact that the small number of nurses now working devotedly among a population of over 33,000 is totally inadequate, and that a scheme such as was outlined at the recent town's meeting convened by the Mayor will enable their numbers to be increased, and the benefits of the nursing service greatly extended. An example of the emergencies with which the nurses have to cope, and the long hours often involved, came to light last week-end. One of the nurses had just sat down to enjoy her Christmas Day dinner when an urgent call was received. Pushing aside the dinner that had appeared so appetising, the nurse donned her coat and hat, cycled a distance—and remained in constant attendance on a patient until five o'clock the following morning!

"There has also come to notice this week an interesting story of how the funds of the Nursing Institution have benefited from a "jest" that became "earnest." Some years ago a customer in the Queen Hotel, High Wycombe, "for a bit of a joke" passed round an empty tobacco tin and suggested that a collection be made for charity. The tin was quickly filled, and from that "bit of a joke" sprang a custom, with the result that since October, 1931, a weekly collection made among the patrons of the Queen Hotel has yielded £100. This is claimed as a record for any licensed house in the borough. The tobacco tin served its purpose for a time, then one of the contributors presented the collector, Mr. George Buckingham, with a box. This is still in use, and is opened every fortnight. The average contribution is 10/- per week. The story has a moral, and the new voluntary contributory scheme should go far towards establishing in the borough a nursing service adequate to meet whatever demands are made upon it."

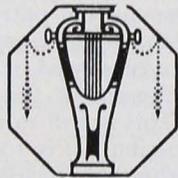
We congratulate our very popular and respected host of the "Queen" upon possessing such a homely clientele and our best wishes are extended to the HIGH WYCOMBE NURSING SERVICE whom we trust will always command the attention and support this praiseworthy and commendable body richly deserve. *Who's next? Who knows!*

S.J.M.

THE WHITE BLACKBIRD, LOUDWATER.



Extensive alterations have been carried out recently at The White Blackbird. Mr. J. B. Cox, who was a Q.M. Sergeant in the Royal Engineers, has held tenancy for 13 years. He took over from his father. There is good accommodation for char-a-bancs.



A GREAT THOUGHT.

Every day we are getting older and some day we shall be really old—too old to DO things. What then? We shall have to live on memories; and now is the time to collect our memories, to make our minds into storehouses, filled to overflowing, so that in days to come we shall not lack.

One of the most illuminating of poems is Wordsworth's "Daffodils"; and the most arresting line of it is—"they flash upon the inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude." Wordsworth had learned the value of memories.

Some of us are so busy that we never have time to look into our storehouses and see what is there, and some of us are so busy over things that don't matter at all, that we do not have time to fill them. For memories do not come from mere living, but from living deeply.

Deliberately remember. That is, impress your mind so deeply that it will be impossible to forget.

For instance when you come suddenly upon a lovely blossom tree at a bend in the road, say to yourself that it is going to be one of the pictures you are storing, and every now and then, as the months pass, recall it until it becomes part of yourself.

Perhaps you see a group of singing children, and the words of their song strike you as amusing. Memorise the words, fix the scene in your memory.

It does not matter how stupid and dull you may be, you can always make one book, your book of memories, a book for yourself alone.

And no life is so uninteresting, but that something worth remembering is seen and heard.

If you live in a grimy town, you can find some beautiful pictures, even if they are only the dull blackened trees of a sooty garden, or the vista of endless roofs.

Read books with the same idea in mind. Store up lines of poetry, bars of music, scraps of conversation. Trivial things often have a deep meaning through association or emotion.

And another thing. Make your minds storehouses of remembered acts of kindness that people have done you. There is nothing like

remembering an act of kindness for driving away some of the bitterness that is apt to accumulate after contact with the world.

There is a text in the Bible that is applicable to many things, and here we may apply it to things of beauty, whether tangible or otherwise :

" Gather up the fragments that remain lest they be lost."

Above all make your minds storehouses of things of the spirit—the things that are going to matter right on into the next world. It is worth while.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The kinder your thoughts are of others, the kinder will be their thoughts of you.

The real treasures of a nation are the energies and creative vision of the people rather than the reserves of gold deposited in the banks.

Inspiration is watered by intelligent perspiration.

Revenge hurts no one so much as the person who indulges in it.

Be courageous enough to own up when in the wrong ; if we do so, we may be sure we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday.

In certain cases, it is better to be silent than to speak ; when the truth avenges itself sufficiently she does not need to be defended.

Don't regard your neighbour as a failure merely because he fails to make money. Man is something much more than a cash register.

It is safer to be attacked by some men than to be protected by them.

Those that endeavour to kick a fallen brother are but trying to bring him down to their own still lower level.

If the power to do hard work is not a talent, it is the best substitute for it.

Well-earned praise wisely bestowed makes life more worth living for praiser and praised, and the world better off for both.

The men and women who are lifting the world upward and onward are those who encourage more than criticise.

Wisdom does not lie in not talking, but in speaking only when necessary and to the purpose ; and again, in holding one's tongue at the proper time and place.

He that plants thorns must never expect to gather roses.

When a good idea comes into your mind, do not give it a seat ; put it to work.

Those who have least of this world's goods are always the most generous in giving to others.

Never despair of the wastrel or the prodigal. There is a tender spot somewhere beneath the hard crust of evil in even the worst of malefactors.

SLIPPING DOWN.

Catch hold of something higher
 When you feel you're slipping down ;
 Dismay is but a liar,
 And Despair is but a clown ;
 The strong thing is above you
 And the weak thing is below ;
 With the hosts of God to love you
 Up, and smite a hero's blow ;
 For Dismay is but a liar,
 And Despair is but a clown,
 So catch hold of something higher
 When you feel you're slipping down.

If people would return to a simpler mode of life, much of the present discontent would cease. A high standard of material comfort is often detrimental to happiness, because it converts luxuries into necessities. Live plainly and live within your income. Pay as you go along, and don't expect too much.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

BY W. DUNSTER.

At the Brewery during the past winter, fortunately, the staff, as a whole, have enjoyed very good health. However, during the last month a few have been laid aside for spells of illness. Mr. H. Shepherd, our Cashier, has been away for a short while feeling anything but his usual cheery self, but I am glad to say his illness yielded to treatment and he is now back to duty. Mr. H. E. Marston, of the Estates Department, has had a breakdown in health which has necessitated his going to a nursing home for a while. It is hoped that he will soon be amongst us once more, fully restored. Mr. H. Treadgold, of the Catering Department, has had to go to the Royal Berkshire Hospital for a while, but I understand he will soon be back again.

The H. & G. Simonds Savings Association has started another "cycle" and, although definite figures are not available at the moment, it is thought it will be a record on this occasion. Throughout, the Association has maintained a steady average and many members can testify to its beneficial results. One gentleman, who has been a regular supporter since its inception in 1934, is loud in its praises and informs one and all that if it was not for the Savings Association he would not have saved "anything." Should this meet the eye of anyone on the Brewery who would like to join the "merry throng" of savers, please get in touch with Mr. A. H. Hopkins of the Correspondence Office, who will advise and give full details.

We have to mourn the loss of a good servant of the Firm, viz., Mr. H. W. Colson, our Slough representative, and his tragic death seemed a knock-down blow to all of us at the Brewery. Every Friday, without fail, he used to visit us and he was always genial, cheery and bright. He always enquired "how are you," and it is indeed hard to realise that he has gone for ever. A fuller account of his passing is given elsewhere in this issue, so I will content myself by saying how sorry we are at his death and to his relatives our sincere and deepest sympathy is hereby expressed.

Another death we have to mourn is that of Mr. A. Lock, who retired from the Brewery a few years ago. An old and valued servant, he spent many years "on the road" as representative and ambassador for the Firm. He never met one unless he asked how trade was and without a doubt his heart and soul were in the Firm of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. He was most persevering and obtained many orders by his powers of persuasion. Give him a lead and let him know we had a choice parcel of wine to dispose of, generally

speaking, he would do the rest. His passing was unexpected and came as a shock. Although it was understood he had not been very well for some little while, we did not realise he was gravely ill. Our sincere sympathy is tendered to his relatives in their loss.

The other evening at the Grosvenor House Hotel, Caversham Heights, we were entertained by Mr. Tom Reece, of billiards fame, and a splendid evening's enjoyment was given to a crowded audience. It was voted by everyone as splendid and congratulations are due to the Marker for letting everyone know how the games were going, shot by shot, or is it score by score. Two exhibition games of billiards, then snooker, was followed by trick shots. It is pleasing to know that Mr. Reece is likely to pay a return visit.

Owing to the welcome improvement in form by the Reading football team, there seems after all (at the moment of writing) a distinct possibility of promotion. There may be a few ifs and buts, nevertheless, it would seem to many enthusiasts that there is a good chance. After all the "ups and downs" of the season it would be a splendid achievement to win on the post. To make any definite forecast would be asking for trouble perhaps, so we shall all have to possess our souls in patience until the end of April—possibly Easter will sort the sides out a little more and we shall know just after then which is the most likely team to go into the Second Division.

Bristol has been a somewhat happier hunting ground for points for Reading this season and to gather three points from the two clubs there on their own grounds has been very heartening.

Aldershot also have been doing Reading a good turn by drawing with Luton, possibly poetic justice, for Aldershot defeated Reading at Aldershot when most of the critics and prophets thought that Reading were likely to win.

Plymouth Argyle seem to be playing much better and hold a good position in the league, although it is not likely that they will win through to the First Division this season.

Brighton seem to be a good team, but are not exactly a promotion hope. They always seem to get hold of some first class players and possibly the beneficial seas breezes they get there help them to keep fit and put up splendid games, at any rate when they are playing at home.

I am sorry to see by the Brighton Branch notes that funds of the Sussex cricket club are not so good as they might be. As the writer suggests, I have a soft spot for Sussex cricket club and I think they always play a very attractive game in a sporting spirit.

My only chance of recent years is to see them in action at Hastings against their old rivals, viz., Kent, and what a splendid match this always is. I do recollect, however, that for many years funds have not been too good and the maintenance of the professional staff during the winter months has generally been a hard job. I hope Sussex will have a really successful season during the summer of 1936.

The following changes and transfers have taken place during the past month and to all Tenants we wish every success :—

The Red Lion, Longwick (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Miss L. E. Chapman.

The Four Points, Aldworth (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. V. H. Lay.

The Iron Duke, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Miss G. E. Short.

The Armstrong Gun, Englefield Green (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. I. R. T. Eastman.

We regret to record the following deaths during March, and to all relatives our sincere sympathy is extended :—

Mrs. Smith, wife of our tenant Mr. E. G. Smith of the Rose and Crown, Newbury.

Mrs. Bull, wife of our tenant Mr. F. Bull of the Home Sweet Home, Roke.

Mrs. Blake, wife of our tenant Mr. E. Blake of the Waterloo Hotel, Cholsey.

Mr. G. B. Grove, who has been appointed as our representative for the Slough Branch in the place of the late Mr. H. W. Colson, paid us a visit and was introduced all round to the staff. We at Reading wish him every success in his promotion.

Mr. A. Grove, who visits us every Friday, says he is feeling a little better and trusts that when the warmer weather really comes that he will make progress and regain his former state of health.

Mr. F. Josey, senr., a really marvellous old man, still occasionally calls to see us at The Brewery and keeps remarkably well. I think I am correct in saying his age is 87, and he is still going strong.

Mr. H. James also is a regular visitor to us on Fridays and, although he is well over 70 years of age, still uses his "bike."

I am informed that very shortly or at any rate within the next few months, two members of the staff will be married, so this is to give due warning. Both of these members seem to be taking quite an interest in gardening, so apparently this recreation goes hand in hand with marriage.

Easter is fast approaching and we are hoping for somewhat better weather than that of last year—our sales should then show a considerable upward trend, the forerunner of busy summer times.

I saw in the paper the other day that a certain gentleman, viz., a Bishop, had had a new car and the registration letters were ALE and that he was keeping the car. Somehow I thought this sort of thing would arise now that we have reached three letters for registration purposes. Already I have seen ALF (awkward if the driver's name is something else). Possibly we shall have TED in time and other names suggest themselves. BUL I have also seen, so possibly in time we shall have COW. Nowadays we are all apt to abbreviate with initials instead of names, like O.K. and so on. I am waiting, however, to see the letters NBG, and I am afraid if this ever does happen it would hardly be a popular registration.

O. & B.L.I. MEMORIAL SERVICE AND DINNER.

5th (Service) Bn. Oxford & Bucks L.I. Eighth Reunion at Oxford, Saturday, May 16th, 1936. Memorial Service, Christ Church Cathedral at 6.30 p.m., followed by Dinner. Full particulars from Capt. G. T. Arlett, D.C.M., 38 Stockmore Street, Oxford.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"That's very sporting of you to cheer the team that gave you such a handsome beating," said the stranger to a burly member of the village football team.

"Oh, aye," said the burly one with a smirk. "We can tak' a whackin' wi' t' best."

"So I see. By the way, where's the referee?"

"Referee? Oh, he's in t' canal!"

* * * *

COOK: "Did they say anything about the cooking?"

NEW MAID: "No, but I noticed them praying before they started eating."

DEATH OF MR. H. W. COLSON.

BUSINESS AND SPORTING INTERESTS.

CONNECTION WITH SLOUGH.

Mr. Henry William Colson, of "Charlton," Langley Road, Slough, died in a Windsor Nursing Home on Tuesday, March 17th, at the age of 47 years. He leaves a widow and an infant daughter. Mr. Colson was district representative for Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., and well known in the business and sporting life of the town. In 1930 he became a member of the Inglefield Lodge of Freemasons, and his interests in the craft were well known to his brethren. He



The late Mr. H. W. Colson.

was also a member of the Herschel Chapter and Mark Lodges. His association with Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. began in 1903, when he joined the Woking branch as junior clerk. In 1908 he went to Dublin as relief clerk, and in 1911 he was transferred to Woolwich, where, in 1920, he was promoted chief clerk. He first came to Slough in 1924, as assistant manager to the late Mr. J. D. Carter, but left at the end of the following year to become manager at Swansea. The Swansea branch covered the whole of South Wales, and Mr. Colson worked the district successfully, in spite of the troubles in the mining centres. His abilities were particularly well displayed during the Coal Strike of 1926, when transport by rail was impossible. Supplies had to be sent by road from Reading, and the problem of allocating and distributing small supplies of beer became acute.

When the Swansea branch closed Mr. Colson spent a period in the company's service on the South Coast, and eventually he returned to Slough as manager, about six years ago.

Mr. Colson's war record included service in the R.A.O.C. and the Essex Regiment. He served in Palestine with the 1/5th Battn. of the Essex Regiment from November, 1917, until November, 1919. Following the Armistice he was attached to the Army Printing and Stationery Depot, Egyptian Expeditionary Force, Alexandria, as Sergeant-in-charge of the Stock Department.

After being a widower for some years, Mr. Colson married for a second time in 1934, and his child by this marriage is about nine months old.

He was a good vocalist, and always ready to give his services when called upon. Although not taking an active part, he was a keen follower of cricket and football.

Until recently he had been in fairly good health. He died at the nursing home following an operation for peritonitis.

The funeral took place at Langley Church on Saturday, March 21st, with full masonic ceremonies, and was attended by a large number of the members of the various organisations with which he was associated.

The mourners were: Mrs. H. W. Colson (the widow), Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Colson (father and mother), Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Colson (brother and sister-in-law), Mr. F. G. Colson (brother), Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan (brother-in-law and sister), Miss B. E. Colson (sister), Mr. W. E. Hancock (brother-in-law), Mr. and Mrs. Newcombe (father and mother-in-law), Mr. and Mrs. Newcombe (brother and sister-in-law), Mr. G. Newcombe, Mr. S. Newcombe (brothers-in-law), Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bowyer, Mr. F. J. Bowyer, Miss K. Bowyer, Mr. T. W. Bowyer and Mr. G. Hayes.

There were also present : Mr. and Mrs. W. Bowyer, Mr. Frank G. Bowyer (hon. secretary of the Slough and District Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society), Dr. and Mrs. I. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Grove, Mr. and Mrs. West, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Bacon, Mrs. C. Hopkins, Mr. F. C. Bayley (chairman of the committee of the Slough Club Trust), Councillor A. G. Trevener, Mr. W. Wall, Mr. W. H. Elan (representing the Slough Greyhound Racecourse), Mr. George Bennett, Mr. J. Harman, Mr. H. Bott, Mr. J. T. Holloway, and Mr. J. C. Overbury.

The Firm was represented by Messrs. C. E. Gough, C. Bennett, F. C. Hawkes, A. W. C. Bowyer, W. H. Davis, F. Josey, J. H. Wadhams, V. W. Mundy (representing Ashby and Wheelers), E. Gosney, and G. B. Grove, F. G. Bowyer and W. West (Slough district).

The following were the Freemasons in attendance : Mr. H. D. Bowyer, Councillor E. T. Bowyer, Messrs. G. Dewley, W. R. Andrews, A. W. Deverill, P. J. Deverill, W. Wigglesworth, E. E. Slater, E. A. Ward, C. A. Warner, J. Pickett, A. Lee, R. Peel, T. Bushell, E. A. Ashwell, J. R. Walker, C. E. Stone, S. Bambridge, A. J. Springett, C. Hewitt, E. Ford, A. J. Smith, J. R. Johnson, A. Lucas, O. H. Barrett, W. Terry, jun., R. E. Bacon, A. Hill, G. L. Trinder and W. Jones.

The members of the Slough British Legion present were : Messrs. Coleman (chairman), F. R. Whiteman (secretary), J. Farrant (steward), H. Batty, F. Smith, G. Payne, T. Mackenzie, W. Sherlock, F. Kirby, J. Sable, A. Josey, P. Hodson, W. Grover and T. Mariner.

Among others in attendance were : Messrs. H. Shand (secretary of the Slough Working Men's Social Club), H. Distin (vice-president of the Chalvey Working Men's Social Club), A. W. Blay (secretary), A. Watts, P. H. Fisher and S. T. Lucas.

FLORAL TRIBUTES.

The floral tributes were very beautiful, and included those from the Directors of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. and Subsidiary Companies, Departmental and Branch Managers of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., Staff of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gough, Master and Brethren, Inglefield Lodge of Freemasons, No. 4238, Herschel Royal Arch Chapter, No. 1894, W. Master and Brethren, Herschel Mark Lodge, No. 376, Slough Conservative Club, Slough Conservative Trust Ltd., Southall Conservative Club, British Legion Club, Maidenhead, British Legion Club, Slough, Hedsor Social Club, Chalvey Social Club, Slough Greyhound

Racing Club, Slough Working Men's Social Club, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bowyer and family, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Bowyer, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Bowyer and Marjorie.



Above is a photograph, taken by Mr. Freeman, of the beautiful floral emblems placed on Mr. Colson's grave.

DEATH OF MR. A. LOCK.

Within a few days of the death of Mr. Colson another old servant of the Firm, Mr. A. Lock, passed to his rest. He was, for over fifty years, a traveller, first in the town of Reading and then in the country where, with his cob and trap he was, many years ago now, a very familiar figure.

For some time past Mr. Lock had retired from work and it was hoped that he would enjoy many more years of well-earned leisure. But that was not to be and he passed over rather suddenly after a short illness.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, March 25th, the first part of the service being held at St. Mark's Church and the interment at Reading Cemetery. Representing the Firm at the funeral were Mr. F. C. Hawkes, Mr. W. Bowyer, Mr. E. S. Phipps, Mr. C. H. Perrin, Mr. S. J. Moore, Mr. F. R. Josey, and also Mr. F. Josey who, by the way, is in his 87th year.

The beautiful wreaths included one from H. & G. Simonds Ltd., the firm for whom Mr. Lock had worked so long and devotedly.

AN INJUNCTION IN RESTRAINT OF AN EX-TRAVELLER.

ACTION IN THE CHANCERY DIVISION.

In the interests of the parent Company, its subsidiaries and the Trade generally, the Firm recently sought an Injunction through the High Court of Justice to restrain a discharged traveller from canvassing their customers in the area allotted to him under the terms of his engagement, as set out in the agreement signed by both parties. A report of the main points and the result of the case are chronicled hereunder :—

In the Chancery Division before Mr. Justice Farwell on the 11th ult., Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Limited, brewers and wine and spirit merchants, of Reading, claimed an injunction to restrain Mr. Sydney Geo. Fletcher, of Bexleyheath, who until August, 1934, was their traveller for an area stretching from Deptford and Greenwich to Gravesend and Grays, from canvassing their customers on behalf of a rival firm.

According to the plaintiffs Mr. Fletcher was appointed in 1926 under an agreement which contained a covenant that he would not for five years after the termination of the appointment canvass any of the plaintiffs' customers within the district for the sale of goods that might compete with the plaintiffs' goods. The appointment was terminated in August, 1934, and plaintiffs alleged that since that date defendant had canvassed certain of their customers on behalf of another firm.

Mr. J. L. Stone, for the plaintiffs, said they employed about 100 travellers, all of whom were engaged on a service agreement similar to that in the present case. The defendant's appointment terminated on August 20th, 1934. On October 2nd he entered the employ of Reffells Bexley Brewery, Ltd., who were competitors of the plaintiffs, and it was afterwards discovered that he had canvassed customers of the plaintiff company on behalf of his new employers.

Mr. Michael Hoare, for the defendant, contended that the period of five years was too long and the area too big to be reasonable.

Mr. Stone pointed out that the agreement did not restrain defendant from trading in the district, but only from canvassing the plaintiffs' customers.

Mr. Justice Farwell, giving judgment, said it was evident that the defendant was a successful canvasser and earned a reasonable sum in commission. A service agreement, went on his Lordship,

must not be contrary to public policy and unreasonable, and it must be reasonably necessary for the protection of the employer. This particular agreement did not prevent defendant after the termination of his employment from entering the service of a similar business in the district. The only restriction was that he should not take orders from customers of his former employers. Therefore the agreement appeared to be perfectly reasonable. No objection could be taken to the area specified because that was the area in which the defendant had been employed and the only question was as to the period specified—namely, five years. He had had some doubts as to whether the period was longer than reasonably necessary for the protection of the plaintiffs, but taking into account the narrow scope of the protection, he had come to the conclusion that the period was not longer than reasonably necessary. Therefore the plaintiffs were entitled to the injunction sought, and there would be judgment for them, with costs.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A very pompous and would-be clever school inspector entered a classroom and put the following poser : " If a road is 100 yards long and 20 yards broad, how old am I ? "

After the usual silence, Johnny put up his hand and replied : " Forty-four, sir. "

The inspector asked how on earth he arrived at the answer, and Johnny replied : " Well, sir, my brother is twenty-two, and he's only half-daft. "

* * * *

In the train on the way to London was a Cornishman who produced a large pasty, which he devoured with gusto. Some time later he began to double himself up and straighten himself from the waist, with an expression of acute pain on his face. He was asked what was wrong.

" It's that pasty, " he groaned. " My wife put some nuts in it, and I think she must have forgotten to shell them. "

" Great Scott ! " exclaimed a fellow-passenger, in amazement, " can you crack them just by bending ? "

* * * *

The two friends met in the queue at the Labour Exchange.

" How goes it, 'Erbert ? "

" Rotten. If I backs a horse the owner scratches it, and if I backs a dorg 'e stops 'alfway round to scratch 'imself. "

An elderly lady had had an Eton crop. When her little grandson came to pay her a visit for a day or two he looked curiously at the short hair and said, "Ye dinna look like an auld woman noo, grannie."

Grandmother, rather pleased, asked, "And whit dae I look like noo, Jimmy?"

"Ye look like an auld man," replied the boy.

* * * *

"Mother, do missionaries go to heaven?"

"Why, of course, dear."

"Do cannibals?"

"No, I'm afraid they don't."

"But, mother, if a cannibal eats a missionary, he'll have to go, won't he?"

* * * *

A certain club had replaced its familiar black-coated male staff with young and, in some cases, pretty waitresses. One day a member who had been strongly opposed to the change arrived at the club for lunch.

"How's the duck?" he asked an attractive waitress, rather gruffly.

"Oh, I'm fine!" she replied, perkily. "And how's the old porker himself?"

* * * *

Although we have a rooted objection to puns, we cannot forbear to inflict this last example on you:

"Are you the boiled cod, sir?" asked the dilatory waiter.

"No," replied the weary customer. "I'm just a lonely sole with an empty plaice and I want to fillet."

* * * *

"Well, sonny," said the old boatman, "and what are you staring at?"

"Dad says you're an old sea dog and I want to hear you bark," was the reply.

* * * *

"When did you first become acquainted with your husband?"

"The first time I asked him for money after we were married."

* * * *

MRS. SMITH (on her first visit to Niagara Falls): "Oh, Reginald, that reminds me! I forgot to turn off the water in the kitchen sink!"

"To what do you attribute your great age, Uncle John?" asked the newspaper reporter.

"To the fact," said Uncle John, "that it's such a long time since I was born."

* * * *

GROCER: "Life is strange, lady. For instance, I used to be a pugilist."

LADY: "I can quite believe it. Lightweight champion, I suppose?"

* * * *

MRS. BARNES: "I don't believe in these faith cures brought about by the laying on of hands!"

MRS. BROWN: "Well, I do; I cured my little boy of the cigarette habit that way!"

* * * *

TEACHER: "Your little girl seems backward in her reading."

FATHER: "Backward, eh! I suppose she takes after her mother; she always reads the last chapter first."

* * * *

FIRST VOTER: "How long did the candidate speak, Bill?"

BILL: "About an hour and a half."

FIRST VOTER: "And what was it all about?"

BILL: "He didn't say."

* * * *

FOREMAN: "What is all that arguing about down the road?"

LABOURER (*indignantly*): "Why the man running the steam-roller wants us to call him a chauffeur."

* * * *

"Really, gentlemen," said the election candidate, "with all this uproar, I can hardly hear myself speak."

"Well, cheer up," shouted the heckler, "you aren't missing much!"

* * * *

MISTRESS: "I think I'll take one of the children to church this morning."

MAGGIE: "Yes, ma'am."

MISTRESS: "Which one do you think would go best with this dress?"

Bill had been a pugnacious individual. A few days after his funeral his widow was hanging pensively over her front gate when a neighbour stopped to condole with her.

"Poor Bill," she remarked. "'E'll be 'itting the 'arp with the hangels now."

"Not 'e," said the widow, "more likely 'e'll be 'itting the hangels with the 'arp."

* * * *

Most girls can be pretty if they try, says a writer. And all can be trying.

* * * *

"I'll give you sixpence if you will not say 'Confound it!' while we have company to-night," said the anxious mother to her little son who had developed the bad habit.

After the party the boy collected the sixpence from his mother, who was pleased that he had behaved himself.

Pocketing the sixpence, the boy said, "Mother, I know a word worth two shillings."

* * * *

MOTHER: "You were very naughty to disobey me, and I have punished you to impress it on your mind."

SON: "Mummie, aren't you mistaken in regard to the position of my mind!"

* * * *

"I told your father that I just dote on you."

"And what did he say?"

"That I had better find an antidote."

* * * *

"Dear teacher," wrote little Bobby's mother, "kindly excuse Bobby's absence from school yesterday afternoon as he fell in the river. By doing the same you will greatly oblige."

* * * *

BEGINNER'S LUCK.

SYMPATHETIC FRIEND: "Good gracious! Your car is certainly smashed up and you are a sight! Did you hit something?"

BEGINNER: "No. I turned out to let a bridge go by and a big tree came tearing towards me and bumped right into me."

* * * *

TOM: "Didn't you have any luck in the big race?"

HARRY: "Luck! When my horse passed me I had to lean over the rails and shout to the jockey, 'The other horses went up that way!'"

A crocodile is harmless as long as he is occupied, says an explorer. But who wants to be the occupant?

* * * *

Many office boys are fired with enthusiasm. They probably deserve it.

* * * *

FRIEND (*gazing aloft*): "Aren't you worried when you see your husband looping the loop?"

AVIATOR'S WIFE: "Oh, no. You see I remove all his loose change from his pockets before he goes up."

* * * *

"There is no difficulty in the world that cannot be overcome," declared the teacher.

"Please, sir," cried little Harry, "have you ever tried squeezing the tooth-paste back into the tube?"

* * * *

CUSTOMER: "What did you think of the Bishop's sermon on Sunday?"

HAIRDRESSER: "Well, really, sir, there was a gent sittin' in front of me as 'ad 'is 'air parted that crooked I couldn't 'ear a word!"

* * * *

During the lecture a baby began to cry, and its mother carried it towards the door. "Stop!" called the lecturer, "The baby is not disturbing me."

"Oh, 'e ain't, ain't 'e? Well, you're disturbin' 'im."

* * * *

A Scottish lady one day said to her gardener, "Man, Tammas, I wonder you don't get married! You've a nice house, and all you want now is a wife. You know, the first gardener that ever lived had a wife."

"Quite right," said Tammas, "but he didna keep his job lang after."

* * * *

SMITH: "Are you a believer in vaccination?"

JONES: "Assuredly. It kept my daughter from playing the piano for nearly a week."

* * * *

PROFESSOR (*after lengthy explanation of philosophical theory*): "And now are there any questions?"

VOICE FROM REAR: "Yes, what time is it?"

Old nurse, to newly-married couple, after viewing the wedding presents : " Well, my dears, you ought to be very 'appy. There ain't a thing amongst 'em as a pawnbroker wouldn't be pleased to 'andle ! "

* * * *

" That letter don't seem to have pleased you any," said the trainer to the heavyweight champion.

" It ain't," said the boxer, tearing the epistle up. " It's from a firm what wants to place an advertisement on the soles of my shoes."

* * * *

FRIEND : " There wasn't a very big account of your daughter's wedding in the papers this morning."

PARENT (*sadly*) : " No—the big account was sent to me ! "

* * * *

" I say, Brown, have you got that umbrella I lent you ? "

" No. I lent it to a friend. Are you wanting it ? "

" Not exactly, but the chap who lent it to me says the owner wants it."

* * * *

" Can you serve company ? " asked the housewife when she was hiring the servant.

" Yes, mum ; both ways."

" What do you mean ? " asked the puzzled one.

" So's they'll come again, or stay away."

* * * *

A TENSE MATTER.

The class was having a lesson in English grammar.

" ' Has,' " said the teacher, " is the present tense ; ' had ' is the past tense. For instance, if I say, ' John had an apple,' what tense is that ? "

" Past, Miss ! " chorused the class.

" And," continued the teacher, " if I say ' Mary will have a doll,' what tense is that ? "

" Future ! " was the united response.

The teacher noticed that little May was not paying attention to the lesson.

" Now, May," she said, " what tense would you be using if you said ' I have some money ' ? "

" That would be pretence," said May soberly.

At the grave of the departed, the old darky pastor stood, hat in hand. Looking into the abyss, he delivered the funeral oration.

" Samuel Johnson," he said sorrowfully, " you is gone, and we hope you has gone where we 'spects you ain't."

* * * *

A swollen-headed young actor was told that an interviewer wanted to see him.

He gave the visitor full particulars of his new contract, mentioning an enormous weekly sum as the salary he had been persuaded to accept.

" And what paper do you represent ? " he asked.

" No paper," said the other, cheerfully. " I represent the income-tax commissioners."

* * * *

The small boy had been upstairs and had kissed his newly-arrived sister. When he got back to the drawing room, nurse asked him : " Are you glad to have a nice little sister ? "

" No," he answered. " I would rather have a brother."

" Then we shall have to send her back and change her for a brother," said the nurse.

With a sneer of contempt for the nurse's ignorance the boy answered : " How can we change her now ? We've used her."

* * * *

TENANT : " You've called for the poor rate, have you ? What is the poor rate may I ask ? "

COLLECTOR : " It's for the benefit of the people without means, sir."

TENANT : " Ah, then, you mean you've called with it, not for it ! "

* * * *

JOHNNY : " Grandpa, can you help me with this sum ? "

GRANDPA : " I could dear, but I don't think it would be right."

JOHNNY : " I don't suppose it would, but have a shot at it, anyway."

* * * *

In a quarrel about precedence the half-crown taunted the threepenny-piece about its small size.

" But I am a more respectable coin than you," retorted the threepenny-piece, " because our master takes you to the theatre, while he always takes me to church ! "

The foreman in the quarry was rather suspicious of the increased bulk of one of his workmen leaving off for the day. "Hoi! Pat, what's that lump in your waistcoat?"

"Hush! It's dynamite. Every time Murphy sees me he slaps me on the chest and breaks me pipe. Well, the next time he tries it he'll blow his bloomin' hand off."

* * * *

A woman motorist managed to run into the back of a motor lorry. It was a case of bad driving, but not wishing to admit it, and lacking the courage to shift the responsibility on the lorry driver, she said to him: "I can't understand how it happened; I was driving properly."

This angered the lorry driver, and he turned to her and, with withering scorn, replied: "Madam, there's only one thing women drive properly—and that's men balmy."

* * * *

A popular boxing referee was M.C. at a charitable boxing display, and appeared for the first time in evening clothes. When the first bout was due, he went into the centre of the ring, and, with his arms outstretched, turned slowly to secure silence.

As a deep hush settled over the audience, a Cockney cried out:

"It fits all right, Mike. What abaht buying it?"

* * * *

S.O.S.—Will Donald MacDonald Gordon, presently believed to be in London and who is reported to have given away £50 to a charitable institution, kindly go at once to Aberdeen Royal Infirmary, where his wife Jeannie Macgregor, his son Thomas, and his daughter Maggie are suffering from shock.

* * * *

"A three-ha'penny stamp, please," said the old lady to the assistant in the post office. "And, by the way, haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

"Yes," said the assistant. "I was the man who rescued you when you fell into the river last summer at Richmond."

"Well, well," exclaimed the old lady, "in that case, I'll have twelve three-ha'penny stamps, six penny ones, and a postal order for five shillings."

* * * *

CONCEITED YOUTH: "I wonder why that young girl over there looks at me so much?"

YOUNG LADY: "She has weak eyes, and the doctor told her to relieve them by looking at something green!"

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

In the photograph of the Sergeants' Mess of the 2nd Bn. The Queen's Royal Regiment herewith, the uniforms worn of different periods are interesting. It was taken at the Royal Tournament Pageant 1935. The Olympia period is described in the Journal of The Queen's Royal Regiment for November, 1935, as under:—

"Practically all of us were dressed up in old time uniforms, and we performed the drills and evolutions of the period to which we belonged. It looked very amusing. All our clean shaven members dressed up in fierce South African moustaches, looked like boys of the old Brigade and others dressed up in curls and grease paint looked equally surprising. Promotion was very quick. Lord Roberts Staff Officers (C.S.M. Dodds and Clr./Sergeant Wells) were greatly impressed by the manner in which the present day army saluted. As a matter of fact they got the salutes and those who should did not. Sergeant Jones was footman to Charles II on the back of the coach and hung on very well. In the mock tournament, Sergeant Churcher as "Venus" surpassed himself. He had the elegance, but not the beauty."

When Read-Admiral Geoffrey Layton, D.S.O. relinquished command of the Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth, he was succeeded by Captain L. E. Holland, who in accordance with custom will have the rank of Commodore second class. Commodore Holland recently returned from the Eastern Mediterranean where he was chief Staff Officer to Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Forbes, K.C.B., D.S.O. and Second-in-Command in the Battleships *Valiant* and *Revenge*. He last served at Portsmouth as executive officer to the Gunnery School, Whale Island, 10 years ago. Since his promotion to Captain in June, 1926, he has been Deputy Director of the Staff College at Greenwich, Flag-Captain in the 2nd Cruiser Squadron, Home Fleet and Naval Adviser to the Greek Government. Rear-Admiral Layton becomes Director of Personal Services at the Admiralty.

At the annual general meeting of the Locksheath Workmen's Social Club this year, Mr. A. Greenaway, the Vice-President, who was in the chair, spoke of the death of Mr. Walker, the Club's President and of the serious loss the club had sustained thereby. He also mentioned that during the year the club had also lost by death two other much respected members. The meeting stood in



SERGEANTS MESS. 2ND BATTN THE QUEEN'S ROYAL REGIMENT AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT, OLYMPIA, 1915.

silence as a tribute to their memory. The Auditors, Mr. A. J. Palmer, in making his report on the accounts, congratulated the members on the continued success of their club and on the improvement during the last year. The net profit shown was £69 15s. 6d. He was thanked by the members for his lucid remarks. The election of officers then took place. Mr. L. T. Grinstead was elected President, Mr. A. Greenaway, Vice-President and Mr. J. H. Sparkman was re-elected as Secretary.

A satisfactory year was recorded by the Southsea Waverley Bowling Club at their annual general meeting, and there was plenty of optimism for the coming season. Mr. A. E. Brookman (President) was, upon his retiring from that office, presented by Mr. B. H. Matthews, his successor, with a silver candelabra as a token of the appreciation of the members for valuable services rendered to the club. Mr. Matthews's election was unanimous and the other officers elected were as follows:—Vice-President, Mr. P. A. Preston; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. J. Morey; Captain, Mr. W. Skipton; Vice-Captain, Mr. H. J. Head; Hon. Secretary, Mr. S. E. White; Committee, Messrs. W. Coates, E. M. R. Hutchings, S. Osborne, H. W. Preston, F. Chivers, W. Kent, F. P. Spicer, J. R. Taylor. The finances disclosed a satisfactory state of affairs.

OXFORD.

WAR DEPARTMENT CONSTABULARY CANTEEN, DIDCOT.

DIALOGUE

By Patrick and Michael.

"And phwat's the need for the titivating of yourself, Pat?"

"Bedad, Michael, it's not yourself shure, that's forgotten our Pathron Saint's Day and that the club's after holding a dance."

"And ye mane to teel me that ye're going to thrip around and around with the colleens, Pat."

"Shure, Michael, there'll be fiddlers and trumpeters an' all and the stewards will provide the foinest 'Liffey Wather' to slake me own thirst the whiles I'm not dancing."

"Thin it's meself that'll be after accompanying ye, Pat, for it's a rale deloight to watch ye pirouetting upon your toes wid your arms around the waist of Mrs. Murphy, for shure, she's a shape nature designed for that same purpose."

"Och, Michael, and phwat would Oi be after clasping the widdy for, when her darther is only biding for me to pop the question."

"Shure, the colleen's pretty, Pat, but she's after assisting nature in her beauty an' 'tis said she laves her mark upon the men."

"Marks! Michael, there's no mark upon me body or sowl that can't be washed away wid a bit sup of Simonds' Stout, for it's shure a solace to a disappointed man and has a zest to spur ye on if it's encouragement ye're needing, an' it's meself that's as full of grace as Father O'Flynn himself, whin Oi've supped awhile of Archangel."

"'Tis no doubt ye're a foine wheedler, Pat, and since ye're ready we'll take a step and whiles ye cavort upon the flure, it's meself that'll be sampling the dhrink that's famous from the Mountains of Mourne to the Hills of Donegal, and remember that Archangel's a superior angel."

"'Tis not, Michael, 'tis a famous port in North Russia."

"Indade, Pat, 'tis a famous and superior stout and whiles ye rest after your reels and your dithers, 'tis an angel of a dhrink to restore your energy and here's your healt' in a glass of it."

Pat thereon departed and was soon tripping lightly with his charmer in a whirl of reels, jigs, waltzes and fox-trots, while Michael remained in the 'Fell Inn,' luxuriating in a cosy armchair and exploring the depths of a glass of his favourite stout. And, so, the Donaghadee Twins attended the St. Patrick's Night Dance held by the W.D.C., Didcot. They were assisted in their diversions by many guests and musical inspiration was imparted by our very good friends, "The Aces," under the direction of James Seymour. Inspector Barnes and P.C. Brading carried out the duties of M.C.'s.

Billiards news is a mixture of success and failure. In the final tie for the Glyn Challenge Cup, the R.A.O.C., Didcot (1) showed superiority with cues to defeat us by 130 points, P.C. McIntosh being the only representative of ours to win his game. Scores were as follows:—

<i>R.A.O.C. Didcot.</i>				<i>W.D.C.</i>			
Sgt. Clarke	100	v.	Dunn	...	66
S.Q.M.S. Dixon	100	v.	Lightfoot	...	50
Sgt. Raper	100	v.	Rallison	...	72
S.S.M. Hill	100	v.	Thomas	...	94
Pte. Cornish	68	v.	McIntosh	...	100
Pte. Ritchie	100	v.	Rose	...	56
			<hr/> 568				<hr/> 438

Our final league match versus East Hendred (away) also ended in a victory for our opponents by 552 points to 521. This defeat, however, did not affect our position at the head of Division II of the Milton Hill and District Billiards League, and completed table is as follows:—

	<i>P.</i>	<i>W.</i>	<i>L.</i>	<i>D.</i>	<i>Aggregate P.C.</i>	
W.D.C. Didcot	...	12	9	3	—	1090.16
Sutton Courtenay	...	12	8	4	—	1087.16
R.A.O.C. Didcot (II)	...	12	8	3	1	1078.5
East Hendred	...	12	8	3	1	1064.66
Vauxhall C. & S.C.	...	12	5	7	—	1020.33
Marlborough (II)	...	12	4	8	—	917
East Hagbourne	...	12	1	11	—	881.16

The Individual Championships were played off on the Abingdon British Legion tables on 18th March and our sole representative, P.C. McIntosh won the Division II championship by defeating A. Wells (East Hagbourne) 100 to 56, M. Woodham (Sutton Courtenay) 100 to 82 and lastly J. Swadling (East Hendred) 100 to 67. The last-named opponent made a break of 33.

The final shoot of the Individual Championship of the Vauxhall Camp Miniature Rifle League was fired off on 19th March, and P.C.'s Lightfoot and Jefferies secured second and third prizes respectively. Finalists who survived the qualifying round and their scores were as follows:—

Pte. Fraser, R.A.O.C., Didcot	...	210	(1st)
P.C. Lightfoot, W.D.C.	...	200	(2nd)
P.C. Jefferies, W.D.C.	...	196	(3rd)
P.C. Clark, W.D.C.	...	195	
P.C. Rallison, W.D.C.	...	191	
Lieut. Strong, R.A.O.C.	...	188	
Condr. Butler, R.A.O.C.	...	185	

The spoon competition under sealed handicap conditions was also won by Pte. Fraser from scratch with a score of 104. Other scores in this were P.C.'s Lightfoot and Clark (both scratch) 102 and P.C. Jefferies (scratch) 101.

BRIGHTON.

We heard with deep regret of the sudden passing away of Mr. H. W. Colson, and tender our sincere sympathy to those left to mourn him. His cheery personality made him popular with one and all, and his short stay in Brighton in 1929 will be remembered by all with whom he came into contact.

The 300 or 400 inhabitants of Bramber, near Brighton, are much perturbed owing to the fact that Bramber Castle, built during the Norman conquest, is for sale. Only a small portion of the Castle walls remain, but owing to its antiquity it still attracts thousands of visitors each year. About three hundred years ago, this hamlet returned a member to Parliament.

The following is taken from an old Brighton Journal of 1811:—

“PILLORY.—On Thursday next this town will exhibit a spectacle unknown in the annals of its history. John Fuller, the huckster, who was convicted at our last Quarter Sessions in having passed ‘two penny’ for two pound Bank of England notes, will undergo that part of his sentence which adjudged him to stand in the pillory.

“The novelty of the event, no doubt, will attract a great multitude of spectators, in expectation of which a most formidable posse of constables from the different hundreds in the vicinity of this place, as well as our headboroughs and other officers, will attend for the purpose of preserving public order during the execution of the sentence.

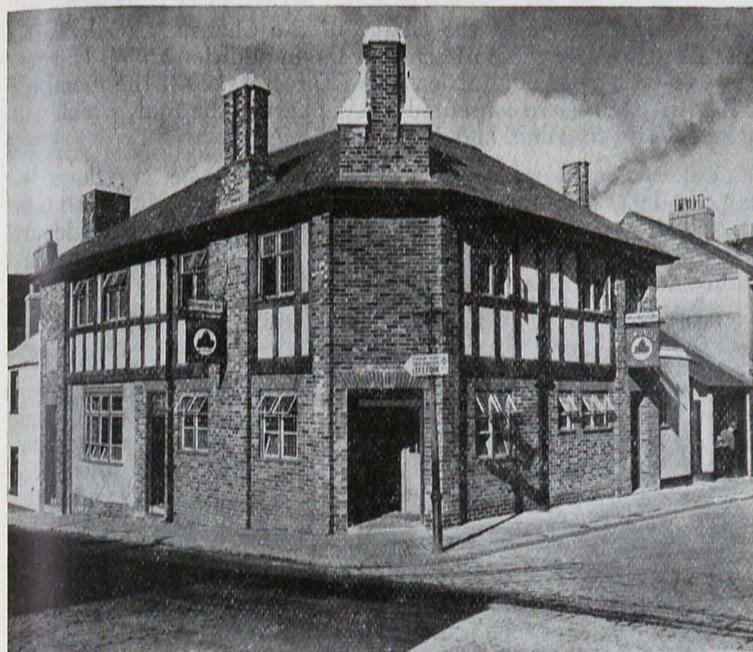
“It is, we believe, an illegal act to pelt at a man while suffering the disgrace of an exhibition in a pillory; besides, it is at once cruel and unmanly. We understand that it is the determination of the Sheriffs to take into custody anyone who shall, by this or any other means, commit a breach of the peace. The machine will be erected in Castle Square.”

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The Plymouth Licensing Justices have granted an extension of hours to 10.30 p.m. during the months of June, July and August, for the first time. In granting the application, the Chairman said that he placed the licensees on their honour that the privilege was not abused as the granting was an experiment. If the Chief Constable's report was adverse, the extension would not be again sanctioned. We have every confidence that the Justices will be satisfied that the concession is to the advantage of the citizens and our thousands of visitors from all parts of the world.

STEAMBRIDGE INN, DEVONPORT.

In granting the removal of the Full Licence of the Tamar Inn, adjoining the Tamar Brewery, to the recently rebuilt Steambridge Inn, Devonport, the Licensing Justices expressed the approval of the type of house the Firm had erected. They were much impressed by the up-to-date lavatory accommodation and the general layout of the premises. They also congratulated the Owners, the Architect (Mr. Chas. Cheverton, F.R.I.B.A.) and also the Builders.



The Steambridge Inn,
Corner of Ferry Road and Moon Street, Devonport.

The bars are controlled by a central servery, and the acquisition of a wine and spirit licence will be greatly appreciated by the “locals” and the many visitors. The house is situated on the main Plymouth road to the Torpoint Ferry, which is the principal road to Cornwall. The name “Steambridge” is, of course, taken from the steam ferry which crosses the river Tamar. One can see from the photograph that it is a most attractive building and is a credit to H. & G. S.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearce have had a great deal to put up with during the rebuilding, but have borne their discomforts with a smile. They realise however that they have a nice house and that the discomforts were worth while.

Plymouth Argyle have decided to visit Malta at the conclusion of the season. At their meeting on the 24th March the Argyle Directors accepted the invitation of the Malta Football Association to make the trip and play a series of five matches against the pick of the civilian and service population. The players will leave Plymouth on May 9th and return to London on May 28th. The

party, which will be in the charge of the Chairman (Col. T. R. McCready) will comprise fifteen players, in addition to W. Harper, who will be trainer, and at least two Directors. All the members of the first team have consented to take part in the tour, which will include visits to Tunis and Marseilles.

Col. McCready stated that the itinerary will be as follows:— May 9th depart Plymouth; May 15th arrive Malta; May 16th first match; May 24th leave Malta; May 25th arrive Tunis and depart at midnight; May 27th arrive Marseilles and depart in the evening of the same day; May 28th arrive London.

The team ought to feel at "home" and not "away" when they see the name "Simonds-Farsons."

The Argyle have done fairly well this year, and but for a few bad home slips, would have been worrying the leaders of the 2nd Division for promotion to the 1st League. We were hoping that Reading would have shown us how to play the game down here next season, but apparently they will have to kick hard and often for the few remaining matches.

At the general meeting of the Devonport Mercantile Association, Sir William Mounstephen, the Hon. Secretary, reported a very successful year of progress, and mentioned that the Association had been very useful in bringing Devonport matters before the City Council; and a number of Councillors were welcomed as Members of the Association. On the proposition of Sir William Mounstephen, Mr. W. F. McIntyre—who had been on the committee for some years—was unanimously elected as Vice-Chairman of the Association. In acknowledging the honour of being elected, Mr. McIntyre said it would give him great pleasure in carrying out the duties conferred on him, and that he would do his utmost to enhance the objects of the body.

The annual dinner was a huge success under the presidency of the Member for Devonport—the Right Hon. Leslie Hore-Belisha, M.P. (Minister of Transport). The principal guest was Dr. Leslie Burgin, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, who gave a most interesting speech. Also present were the Right Worshipful the Lord Mayor (Councillor H. M. Medland, J.P.), the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral the Hon. Sir Reginald A. R. Plunkett Ernle-Erle Drax, K.C.B., D.S.O., Brigadier W. G. Holmes, D.S.O., Commanding 8th Infantry Brigade, Commodore R. B. Davies, V.C., D.S.O., A.F.C., Commanding Royal Naval Barracks, and Wing Commander P. S. Maitland, M.V.O., A.F.C.