

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 7



MR. A. B. BEASLEY.

MR. A. B. BEASLEY.

Mr. A. B. Beasley joined the Firm in May, 1895, as an apprentice in the Carpenters' Shop under his father, who was at that time General Foreman of the Building Department (he also was an employee of the Firm for 45 years and held the licence of the Tanners Arms, Mundesley Street, Reading, where the subject of these notes was born).

In 1921 Mr. Beasley was transferred to the Building Department of the Tamar Brewery, Devonport. The practical experience gained in his apprenticeship at Reading and throughout many years at the Tamar Brewery was turned to good account and he was appointed Inspector of the Building Department, where he has ample scope in which to display his talents. He travels several thousands of miles per annum, as, in addition to visiting our numerous Plymouth properties, he has to visit Exeter, Ilfracombe, Barnstaple, Torquay, Paignton, Brixham and travels as far as Truro in Cornwall.

We are very proud of the appearance of our Public Houses in the West Country, and Mr. Beasley sees that the houses are kept in as good a condition as the other properties of the Firm. His work is never ending and as we are often adding to our properties these have to be brought up to the "Simonds'" standard of excellence.

Mr. Beasley was a member of the 1st Volunteer Battalion The Royal Berkshire Regiment at the time of the Boer War (1899-1902) and volunteered for service in South Africa, but was rejected. He thereupon was offered service with the 3rd Battalion The Royal Berkshire Regiment for garrison duty in Ireland and spent nearly two years in that "distressful" country.

During the last war Mr. Beasley served with the Royal Engineers in Ireland and in France and Belgium.

Mr. Beasley's pastimes are billiards and soccer football. He remembers playing for the Royal Berks Volunteers against Wokingham Athletic when the latter won the cup many years ago. He was playing full back and his biggest worry was the centre-forward of Wokingham Athletic, who now holds a prominent position in our Firm at Reading.

Mr. Beasley's son is also employed in the Surveyor's Department, so three generations of his family have worked for H. & G. Simonds Ltd. This is another instance of one hundred years' service in the aggregate by one family.

Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine oft infirmities.—The Bible.

CHAT *from*



THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)

NO FEAR!

It is said to be the custom in the nether regions that each new arrival is greeted by the Devil himself, who rises from his throne and advances to meet him. One fine day (and what a fine day!) Hitler was ushered in, but the Devil, instead of rising to meet him, merely waved to him with his hand.

"But, Your Majesty," whispered the Devil's Prime Minister excitedly, "this is the great Hitler—you really ought to rise."

"No fear," replied the Devil. "The fellow'd take my seat at once."

OLD SOLDIER'S EXASPERATION.

An ex-cavalryman got a job as groom in a circus. The first horse he groomed knelt down every time its mane was combed. After this had happened about six times, the old soldier in exasperation sat down, lighted a fag, and said:

"All right, yer long-faced blighter! Get it over. God bless mother—God bless father—and make me a good 'orse."

SUPERCHARGED.

A young sergeant asked the sergeant-major for advice in framing a charge for which there was no informative example in King's Regulations.

"What was the man doing exactly?" asked the sergeant-major.

"Flirting with a girl in the Park."

"Well," said the sergeant-major, "charge him with impersonating an officer."

EXTENSIONS FOR "SUMMER-TIME."

The official advancement of "summer-time" this year necessitated licensing Justices in many districts re-adjusting the customary dates when the half-hour extension, granted to licensed houses and Clubs, shall commence and finish, says the *Conservative Clubs' Gazette*. This was done at the recent Brewster Sessions. Up to last year, extensions had been granted, either for the whole or part of the year, in 449 out of the 990 districts into which England and Wales are divided and it is gratifying to note that, in only a very few places, was any attempt made by the teetotal fraternity to bring about a reversion to 10 p.m. closing. This, in itself, shows that where the extension has been granted it has in no way been abused.

Those additional districts which, for the first time this year, are getting the extra half-hour are to be congratulated on the successful outcome of their persistent efforts. Amongst them, we are glad to see, is Watford where our Clubs briefed counsel to present their case for an extension for the summer months. This was granted—from May 1st to August 31st—despite the opposition of the "Free Church Ministers Fraternal"—whatever that may be—the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches, Free Church Council, and the presentation of petitions which had been exhibited in porches of churches and chapels.

In opposing the grant of the extension on behalf of this hybrid collection of prejudiced "Pussyfoots," counsel is reported to have said :

"All the matters which have been mentioned by the petitioners—the 'black-out,' allotments, gardens, and so on—are matters of equal interest throughout the Kingdom."

While this may be so, the Lord Chief Justice laid it down in the Wisbech case heard in the High Court that, in considering the matter of extensions, it is immaterial whether similar conditions do, or do not, pertain elsewhere. *What, he added, the Justices had alone to decide was whether the special requirements of the particular district with which they were directly concerned rendered the extension desirable.*

A JUDGE ON BEER.

"I am not here as a temperance preacher. I am not teetotal myself. Beer at the right time and in the right quantity is, in my opinion, a very good drink."—*Mr. Justice Stoble, at Manchester Assizes.*

THE FRIENDLY WORD.

A lonely Colonial visitor to London was bored with staying at the best hotels, and asked an agency where he could find homely surroundings, simple food, and a friendly word.

The agency sent him to a quiet hotel in Kensington. He arrived in time for high tea with bacon and an egg.

"This is just what I want," he said to the waitress, "homely surroundings, simple food—but what about the friendly word?"

The waitress obliged. "Don't eat the egg," she whispered in his ear.

TORCHLIGHT TATTOO.

After many drinks at a friend's house the colonel staggered into the black-out with the torch he had borrowed from his host.

Half an hour later he returned and knocked up his friend.

"I've come to return the torsh, ol' boy," he said, "I got home quite shafely, thanksh."

A ROYAL REGIMENT.

A General Order, dated October, 1885, says: "Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased in recognition of the gallant conduct of the 1st Battalion, Princess Charlotte of Wales, Berkshire Regiment, in the action of Tofrek on 22nd March, 1885, to approve of the Regiment being in future designated Princess Charlotte of Wales Royal Berkshire Regiment. Her Majesty has been further pleased to approve of the facings of the Regiment being changed from white to blue, which are the Royal facings." The designation of the Regiment was changed by an Army Order issued during 1920, when it became The Royal Berkshire Regiment (Princess Charlotte of Wales).

THIS BIRD STICKS TO BEER.

Pipper, a beer-drinking budgerigar, is the mascot of the Richard Andrews Inn, New Road, Southampton, and the friend of every customer, according to the *Evening Standard*. The bird flits across the bar, perches on the edge of any tankard of ale it sees, satisfies its thirst; then hops on to the customer's shoulder and whispers "thanks" into his ear. Mr. John Smyth, the landlord, said: "Sometimes the bird celebrates and becomes a trifle indiscreet in his consumption. After a beakful he slips off into a corner and talks to his reflection in the mirror."

PERCY CHAPMAN OUT OF THE ARMY.

A. P. F. ("Percy") Chapman, ex-England and Kent cricketer, has been invalided out of the Honourable Artillery Company—which he joined just after war broke out. Joking friends say he left because the Army could not get any boots big enough to fit him. He takes a size 13. For many years Mr. Chapman has had varicose veins. Army work has made them much worse. His father-in-law, wealthy New Zealander Mr. T. H. Lowry, has given £10,000 for a base hut for New Zealand troops wherever they may be, and Mr. Chapman and his wife will run it.

CUSTOMERS SUBSCRIBE FOR DART BOARD.

Customers of the Rising Sun, Oxford Road, Wokingham, have generously subscribed to the *Daily Mirror* Cassandra Fund. The tenant, Mr. Harry Brittain, had heard that a Training Company of the Royal Engineers were without a dart board and arranged for a board, with a plaque inscribed with the name and address of the house attached to be sent, through the fund, to the unit. The Company is shortly going abroad and the board will be included in its equipment.

91—NOT OUT!

Mr. Fred Josey, of 96 Wantage Road, Reading, celebrated his 91st birthday last Sunday. He is well known in Reading and district, having worked practically all his life for Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, for whom he was a traveller. He retired just after the last war. His wife is 83 years of age, and he has seven sons. Mr. Josey is still in fairly good health, and was last week able to spend a considerable amount of time in his garden, of which he is particularly fond.

THE REAL THREAT!

The Rev. W. F. Geikie-Cobb, the Divorce Reform advocate, of the church of St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate, in a statement pleading for "no unnecessary restrictions" on the use of inns in war-time, says:—

"Inns from being the drinking shops of twenty-five years ago have become social centres, where rest, recreation, and food for all are provided and where drunkenness is practically unknown.

"Any social observer who knows how useful are a quiet glass of beer and a chat in an inn in preserving a good social temper will agree that the real threat to-day is not excessive drinking, but excessive check on the right to reasonable relaxation."

OUR WONDERFUL LORRY DRIVERS.

It should be placed on record, for the information of all concerned, the wonderful work of our lorry drivers, most of whom are now on active service. For the year just ended no less than 45 medals and diplomas have been awarded to them by the National Safety Association. The awards are as follows:—

- 16 gold medals (10 years without accident).
- 1 silver medal (5 years without accident).
- 14 bars to silver medals (9 years without accident).
- 14 diplomas (one for each year up to 5 years).

—
45
—

Indeed a fine record!

But for the fact that 20 other drivers joined the Forces before completing 44 continuous weeks of driving, they would have received the following awards:—

- 10 gold medals.
- 8 silver medals.
- 2 bars to silver medals.

ENTRIES FOR NEW DERBY.

The New Derby, which is to be run at Newbury on June 12th, has attracted seventy-eight entries, a number which certainly exceeds general expectations, says *Our Empire*. Among the fresh entries are M. Boussac's Djebel and Lord Derby's Lighthouse II who were trained in France last season. It will be recalled that Djebel easily beat Tant Mieux, rated the best two-year-old in this country, in the Middle Park Stakes at Newmarket last November. Lighthouse II joined the rest of Lord Derby's horses at Newmarket shortly after the outbreak of war. These two colts both had some good form in France, and may well prove too good for our somewhat moderate lot of three-year-olds. The Aga Khan has entered Stardust, Turkhan, Jindani and Moradabad. The other war-time classics have also been well supported—the Oaks receiving 57 entries, the Two Thousand Guineas 64, and the One Thousand Guineas 42.

PICTURESQUE EASTER EGG.

At Easter I was shown a hen's egg with one of H. & G. Simonds' double-horse drays with the famous "Hop Leaf" painted on it. The picture was indeed an excellent one and was the artistic work of Mr. S. A. Thompson, one of our lorry drivers.

TOFREK DAY CELEBRATIONS.

The celebration of Tofrek Day took place recently. Tofrek was the battle which first gained the Regiment the title of The Royal Berkshire Regiment. The following is from an official extract: "On March 22nd, 1885, the 1st Battalion was part of a small mixed force operating against the troops of the Mahdi in the Soudan. While the men were engaged in cutting brushwood to form a zareba, the force was suddenly rushed by an overwhelming force of Soudanese. There was no time for orders and the troops stood to their arms and gave such a good account of themselves that the enemy, who were magnificent fighters, broke and fled, leaving 1,500 dead. It was a hand-to-hand struggle against a terrible enemy and the success of our arms was due to the courage, discipline and training of the rank and file."

"THEY GROW NOT OLD."

One humble word of consolation to those who have already given the Empire more than themselves. Their dear ones have made the supreme sacrifice, at sea or in the air. But, thanks to them, this England is still free—and their own free spirits live on.

"Who dies, if England live?"

A great gloom was cast over the Brewery on Saturday, April 6th, when it became known that Mrs. Louis Simonds had died suddenly the previous day, after an operation. Captain L. A. Simonds, one of our Directors, was serving his country in France at the time. He and all nearest and dearest to the lady who has been called to rest, in the prime of life, have our profound sympathy.

Mrs. Louis Simonds was an ideal wife and model mother. She was frequently to be seen at social and other functions connected with the Brewery, distributing prizes, or in other ways contributing greatly to the success of those gatherings by her gracious manner and personal charm.

Her untimely death seems too tragic for words, but God in His own inscrutable way, often calls to Himself those whom we seem least able to spare—calls them, we doubt not, to higher service.

May He be ever present with the bereaved husband, parents, and relatives, and solace them in their great sorrow, not forgetting the little daughter left behind bereft of the fond care of a devoted mother.

NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

A CHARMING TRIO.

ARRIVAL OF THE MIGRANTS.

Brimstone butterflies, and birds from overseas, were present to greet us this Eastertide and Mr. Eric was among the first of the Nature lovers to hear the little chiff-chaff. In spite of the long continued cold weather these welcome little visitors arrived to time and our worthy Chairman and Managing Director saw accompanying the chiff-chaff, on the same tree, a nuthatch and a tree-creeper—a charming trio. The two last-named birds, of course, remain with us all the year round. The tree-creeper rarely, if ever, alights on the ground but may frequently be seen flying to the base of trees and working his way up, with mouse-like motion, in search of insects, every now and again uttering his cheery “cheep.” The nuthatch is a bluish bird, little larger than a sparrow, and he creeps by starts up the tree trunk repeatedly disappearing from one side and reappearing on the other. In the woods at Audleys Wood this winter I noticed many nuts wedged in the bark of trees. In most cases the kernel had been extracted and this was doubtless the work of the nuthatch or some of the tits. The nuthatch is not a sociable bird but as a combatant I should think that his beak, that can crack open a nut, would prove a powerful weapon. He utters a note, “twee-twit” and whistles in the spring. As I have said, in addition to these two very interesting birds Mr. Eric saw, keeping them company, the little chiff-chaff singing “chiff, chaff, cheff, chiff, chaff,” more than likely meaning to say “here I am again all the way from South Africa!”

It was indeed a charming trio.

THE EARLY BRIMSTONE BUTTERFLY.

Brimstone or sulphur butterflies were also in evidence this Easter. They fluttered down the lane like pieces of paper propelled by the wind. Mr. Hawkes was among those who had a view of this, one of the earliest and also one of the most delightful of our

English insects. The Brimstones we see at this time of the year emerged from their chrysalis the previous autumn and have hibernated during the wintry weather. So wonderfully shaped are the wings of the Sulphur that when the insect takes a seat it represents a replica of the surrounding leaves, thus practising the “protective resemblance” in a very marked degree.

DATES OF OVER-SEA ARRIVALS.

As to the arrival of the chiff-chaff, this year I first saw and heard one on March 21st.

In 1939, on March 19th.

1938, March 19th.

1937, March 20th.

1936, March 20th.

So it would appear you can rely on seeing this little bird in this district on practically the same date each year. On Saturday, March 30th, I saw two sand martins flying over the Thames. Last year on Good Friday, April 7th, a large company of them were to be seen flying around the sand pits which adjoin our Sports Ground and where they made their nests. The swallows will doubtless be heard round about April 10th and the swifts during the first week in May. Of course the cuckoo comes this month. I have never seen or heard him before April. Not till May shall we hear the matchless music of the nightingale.

SAND MARTIN, HOUSE MARTIN, AND SWALLOW.

The sand martin is the first of the swallow tribe to arrive. It is a mouse-brown little bird with white belly and breast, and it builds in sand pits, railway cuttings, river-banks, etc. Sand martins dig their own tunnels in the sand. At first they peck away a little hole which they gradually enlarge and lengthen, making a cosy little bowl at the end for the nest. They make good use of their feet in the course of excavation and I notice that both father and mother take their turns at the work.

Their cheery little chatter, while on the wing, is always a delight to hear.

The house martin is steely-blue about the head with white tail-coverts and rump. This bird does not arrive, as a rule, till April and builds under the eaves of houses, barns, etc.

The swallow also arrives this month and may be easily distinguished by its long and much-forked tail. This bird's favourite nesting site would appear to be the rafters of barns. Their warbling notes are very soft and sweet.

PRIMROSES AND ANEMONES IN ABUNDANCE.

On Sunday, March 31st, I went for a long walk out Theale way to the south of the Kennet. Here I watched the redshanks engaging in their rapid, wavering flight and uttering their plaintive notes. While in flight they have a peculiar habit of quickly jerking their wings.

For many years now I have found, in March, in this district, the nest of the long-tailed tit, but on this occasion I looked and listened for the little birds in vain. Had the Arctic weather killed them, or was it the fact, that the foliage of the hedges was so belated in its appearance that they had decided to postpone the building of their exquisite egg-shaped, lichen-covered nest, until there was more green to hide their homes?

But I shall be on the look-out again before long.

A week ago there were but few primroses and white violets and not an anemone was to be seen. But on March 31st the woods were carpeted with primroses and anemones, there were a few violets, and the bluebells were in bud. Blackbirds and thrushes were busy building and I found one thrush's nest with four eggs. There was also the frequent crow of the old cock pheasant, followed by the drum-beat of his wings denoting courtship in the woods.

NATURE MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME.

Though in many ways the season is belated, there are many indications in bird and bush that Nature means to make up for lost time and only a few days of warm sunshine are needed to transform the countryside. What a changed world it will be!

CHAFFINCH WITHOUT CHIVALRY.

Only a few weeks ago birds were "skating" on the ice-bound walls and trees where they could not maintain a footing, and to see them attempt to fight for food was ludicrous in the extreme. On my window sill there was one old cock chaffinch, with an appalling lack of chivalry, actually doing battle with a little hen bird of the same species. I wonder what the attitude of that lady will be to him now when he makes overtures to her. Will she remember that he did not play the man when days were cold and dark and dreary, and food was scarce, and treat him with the contempt that he deserves? I sincerely hope she will, for you will all agree it would just serve him right!

WHEN IT "RAINS" BIRDS.

And, with regard to the feeding of birds, if I had no other means, I think their behaviour would give me a very true idea as to the temperature. I go out with their usual supply of food. One or two birds are waiting on a near-by tree, and no sooner do they come down to feed than it simply rains birds—they appear to drop out of everywhere in all directions—blackbirds, thrushes, starlings, sparrows, tits, greenfinches and robins to mention only a few of the species. Do the sentinels that wait and watch give the others a signal, I wonder, or do the other birds take up their positions in high places so that they can have a bird's-eye view of what is going on all around and, directly a meal is placed ready for them, dive down to receive it? Such behaviour of the birds denotes hard weather. On warm and sunny days just a few come to the dining table and the rest are nowhere to be seen, though you may hear some of them singing not very far away.

THE CHIFF-CHAFFS ARE HERE.

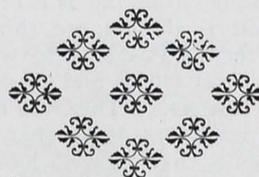
I am indebted to Mr. Eric for many valuable tips to help me with my Nature Notes, and he very kindly drew my attention to the following admirable article which appeared in our great national paper, *The Times*, on March 29th:—

"From many corners of England correspondents are writing to reassure *The Times* that though the coltsfoot—that golden signal of the advance of spring along the waysides—was late this year, and small blame to it, yet the first migrant birds are arriving strictly to time-table. More letters than could possibly be printed have announced the coming of the chiff-chaffs (mostly about March 22nd in Southern England). Other writers have noted the sad, sweet, little dropping cadence of the willow-warbler, or the sight of a party of sand-martins—the first of the swallow kind to reach our island. One of our correspondents adds, with understandable pride, that he has seen a stone-curlew, or thick-knee, indeed an aristocrat among migrants (though he is occasionally a resident too), a sight of whom would surely justify the recital of the trinomial pomp of his scientific name, *Oedichemus oedichemus oedicnemus*. War-time or not, the summer birds, unlike other visitors whom in happier years we are glad to welcome, will come to England as usual. There is no meat rationing for birds, since (as yet other correspondents have written) the long hard frost of last winter is unlikely to have done any harm to insects and—whatever may be the case with grub—grubs in the plural will certainly be as usual.

"The widespread passion of the English for natural history, and for birds in particular, is an odd manifestation for which there is more than one reason. To some people birds are a matter of serious study, but these, the true ornithologists, are necessarily in the minority. To others, birds are like early English water-colours, or Greek elegiacs, or book-bindings, something to sharpen the wits upon, and at the same time something which affords an aesthetic pleasure from the beauty of the objects with which it is concerned. To another class, it must be confessed, the appeal is on a slightly lower mental level—on that, let us say, of the crossword, when the pleasure is in the mere solution, and every bird seen, or heard, and correctly identified is no more than another clue solved in the morning's puzzle. And beyond all these, and perhaps comprehending some of them, there is another fascination, that of watching a world of beings which live alongside mankind, but yet are divorced—

happily so, it may seem at moments—from all that controls human thoughts, emotions, and actions. Man knows hardly anything of a bird's motives, has only in the last few years made the first plausible guesses as to why it sings, and can say nothing, save by way of conjecture, as to what it is that leads it safely upon its immensely long and arduous migrations.

"Why the summer migrants are coming back to England is an unsolved mystery, but that this year, as in every other year, the wonder is taking place is a pleasure and a comfort to folk in many walks of life. The Briton is not a demonstrative person. He does not, like his neighbours across the Channel, celebrate the annual miracle even upon inn-signs, such as *Au Retour du Rossignol*, which veterans of the last War may remember by the Cassel-Ypres road. He refreshes himself at *The Wheatsheaf*, not at *The Wheatear*. But he is very glad to see the summer birds returning again, and, even with ear cocked for one kind of warbling note, listens for other and more pleasing warblers. The chiff-chaffs are back. Hail to the chiff-chaffs!—and may it not (our climate being what it is) be hail *upon* them."



BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(By W. DUNSTER.)

The photograph of Mr. W. Wheeler in last month's issue was quite a pleasing likeness of one who is well known throughout the Brewery both for his expert knowledge and also for his undoubted wit. In dealing with the management of beers, on and off the Brewery, his experience of all the many problems that arise stands him in good stead. Many times the writer knows how well he has dealt with quite a number of our customers who have not had things "just right" and they haven't forgotten to thank him for his advice, readily given and in the right way. One of his chief assets is tact and he does know how to put things right. Personally I am never sorry to be in his company for he is most entertaining and to hear some of his war tales recounted in his own way is a most happy experience for everyone.

Easter was welcomed more than ever this year for with the extra daylight it gave everyone a chance to get out and about after a long winter "stay-in," probably the longest ever for a good number. The start of the month of March saw the Offices getting back to a normal staff once again, for many of the invalids returned to duty then, after, in some cases, long spells of illness. At the moment we are busy—in one way—in working off last year's holidays, and those of the staff who were unlucky to miss them owing to the outbreak of war, are hoping for good weather now.

We had quite a number of visitors from the Forces who were fortunate enough to get Easter leave and they all seemed to have wended their way to the Brewery. I was told by one of our employees who was home from the B.E.F. that the best way of helping the boys—that is if you are thinking of sending, say cigarettes—is to send them a Postal Order which they could change for cash at the Army Post Office and then obtain whatever they wanted at the Army Canteens. This was his advice and is given just as mentioned to me. One thing that seems to strike me in regard to these visitors is that they all look well and are in good spirits, although they wouldn't be sorry to be back at work once more.

This Easter saw many people (staff as well—I hope) start "Digging for Victory" and I am sure we shall all be gardening during the year and doing our part. In consequence we shall hear, perhaps, many tales of progress and maybe "whoppers"

as well. Of course I mean "whopper" marrows and such-like. However, I do not suppose it will be all vegetables that will be grown and we shall see our fair share of flowers sported by members of the staff in their button-holes. Yes! a start has been made already.

Football seems to have staged a "come-back" and attendances considerably improved during Easter, at Elm Park although the play was not perhaps so good as hoped for. Still one cannot have everything. A scheme is in being at Reading of instructing the minor footballers in the many arts and knacks of play which can be taught if you catch them young enough, at least that is the idea. It is working very well, I understand, for we have some very promising boys in Reading and district.

The Minor team at the Brewery are still playing most Saturdays and recorded a very good win a few weeks ago, in which they played exceptionally well. I had inside information of this match for my boy was playing against the Brewery, and Simonds Football team won. Now you know! I also am informed that the Ladies' Hockey team have won a match. Of course our lady staff is increasing as the male staff is being called up, so the Hockey team will have more members and maybe unearth some "internationals" in the making.

I expect the game that will flourish will be Bowls this year, as the majority of the members of that game are not likely to be called up, although I know many of them are engaged in war work of various kinds. Nevertheless, they will find time for a game now and again, so let us hope the weather will be kind to them all. We have several keen Bowlers on the Firm. Also cricket and tennis will be calling; hiking also interests a number of our staff, of both sexes.

The start of April sees the General Office staff on their quarterly balancing duty so they will want to see this job through quickly with the promise of better weather and more daylight.

We regret to record the death of Mr. George Wilson, on the 25th March, who was employed on the Firm, in the Scalds Department, for 51 years, and had been on pension since February, 1939. Also Mr. Tom Poulter, who recently died, and had been an employee of the Firm in the Building Department for 53 years, before being placed on pension in 1934. We tender our sincere sympathy to all relatives on the deaths of these old servants of H. & G. Simonds.

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

The Plough and Harrow, Heathrow (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—
Mr. F. J. Boswood.

The Jolly Farmer, Hurst (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J.
Newport.

The Royal Exchange, Wokingham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—
Mr. J. T. Freeman.

The Beaufort Inn, Wootton Bassett (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—
Mrs. E. E. L. Light.

THE CROWN AND HORNS, EAST ILSLEY.

In the village of East Ilsley, in the heart of the Berkshire training country, stands the Crown and Horns, a public-house where racing men foregather in the evenings to talk over the mysteries of their craft, says the *Evening Standard*.

The man behind the bar who serves them has neither the height nor the girth of the traditional country innkeeper. He is a tiny slip of a fellow, weighing under eight stones.

For the landlord of the Crown and Horns now is Harry Graves, the only publican-jockey riding under Jockey Club rules.

Graves is a "free-lance" jockey, and has been riding for the past 15 years, both on the flat and under National Hunt rules.

"I have not been riding this winter, but I have taken out my jockey's licence for the coming flat season, and I am hoping to get a mount for the opening day, Easter Monday," he told me to-day.

"I have only been at this house for a fortnight, and when racing begins my wife will be able to take charge while I am away.

"But, of course, with the reduced war-time list of fixtures, I shall have a fair amount of time for business, although I am hoping to ride pretty regularly."

Graves, who is 40 years old, won the Chester Vase on Hectare in 1928 and the Duke of York Handicap on China King in 1932.

In the latter year he dead-heated on China King with Denbigh in the Liverpool Autumn Cup. One well-known horse which he rode in several races was Delius.

Graves has a son and two daughters.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Few there are to-night who, looking back on these last seven months, would doubt that the British and French peoples were right to draw the sword of justice and retribution. Fewer still there are who would wish to sheathe it till its sombre, righteous work is done.—*Mr. Churchill*.

Many are hungering for a crumb of appreciation. Don't be crusty.

WHY REPINE ?

Why, why repine, my pensive friend,
At pleasures slipped away ?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass ;
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer as they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
To call them back : 'twere vain :
In this, or in some other spot,
I know they'll shine again.

Walter Savage Landor.

I used to go to Farm Street and listen to Father Bernard Vaughan preach on the "Sins of society," but, despite constant attendance, the eventual decision was mournfully arrived at, namely, that folks in Society sin exactly in the same way as folks out of society.—*Lord Castlerosse*.

Let us by all means devote every power and every influence that we possess to the effort to avoid war, but do not let us be so blind to the teaching of history as to believe that great possessions will be permitted in the future of the world to soft peoples. They never have been ; they never will be.—*Lord Birkenhead*.

Brave admiral, say but one good word ;
 What shall we do when hope is gone ?
 The words leaped like a leaping sword :
 Sail on ! Sail on ! Sail on ! and on !

Neither the 100 per cent. men nor the 100 per cent. women are well adapted for married life, or, indeed, for life in the world generally. A man's constitution is all the better for a dash of woman, and a woman's for a dash of man.—*Havelock Ellis.*

Women can keep a secret just as well as men, but it takes more of them to do it.

To bring joy to those at home is your duty. Make it also your pleasure.

It is the temper of the highest hearts, like the palm tree, to strive most upwards when it is most burdened.

Little waves with their soft white hands efface the footprints in the sands.

Praise God more, and blame neighbours less.

Talent alone cannot make a writer. There must be a man behind the book.

The course of nature is the art of God.

OUR FRIEND THE DOG.

CAN DOGS DISTINGUISH COLOURS ?

A dog-owner was recently puzzled by the behaviour of her canine friend, a rather stand-offish representative of his race, who had suddenly developed an affection for a lady—a complete stranger—whom they frequently met during their walks abroad, says the *Farnham Herald*. Even if she happened to be on the other side of the street the dog would rush up to her with his entire frame a-wag, and generally behave in a manner in extraordinary contrast to his usual frigidity with strangers. His owner was puzzled until it occurred to her that the dog's new-found friend's coat and hat were of the same colour as a favourite outfit of her own. Whereupon she came to the conclusion that the dog's acute colour sense was at the root of this "alienation" of his affections. But other possible explanations occur to us: the coat and hat may (perish the thought!) have been exact replicas—in design as well as colour—of those worn by the dog's "own goddess" herself; or the other lady's features and build may have deceived the dog into thinking she was his mistress's twin sister.

But we are rather doubtful of the dog's colour-sense. A famous breeder used to give exhibitions for charity in which one of the most effective items was a display of "colour discrimination" on the part of a trained team of dogs. Six kennel-maids each with a dog took a bunch of six handkerchiefs, each girl's half-dozen being of a particular colour. One handkerchief was tied round each girl's neck and the remaining five of each set—that is thirty in all—were mixed and laid in a heap on the floor. Then the dogs were commanded to bring five handkerchiefs of the proper colour to their own special maid. Unfailingly they sorted out the right colours and carried them to the girls one by one until each girl's half-dozen was complete. The apparent infallibility of these dogs' colour-sense was uncanny, but the real secret was that they were able to distinguish the right handkerchiefs—which had been previously handled only by their special attendant—by their sense of smell alone.

I asked the Secretary of the Canine Defence League whether he thought that dogs could distinguish colours.

"It is one of those things that cannot be proved or disproved," he said. "But in any event a lack of colour-sense in a dog would not be a great disadvantage. For example, it would be useless to try to deceive him into thinking that a 'beef-steak' made of papier-mache and paint was the genuine article. Any deficiencies in a dog's colour-sense are amply compensated for by his acute sense of smell."

GROWTH OF "BOTTLE PARTIES."

OUTCOME OF TOO-RESTRICTED HOURS : HOME SECRETARY
WATCHING DEVELOPMENT.

What are termed "bottle parties" are a war-time excrescence, confined, almost exclusively, to London. They have sprung into existence largely through the restrictions placed on hotels, restaurants, and Clubs, all of which have, by law, to "close down"—so far as the supply of alcoholic refreshments is concerned—at what many regard as an unreasonably early hour. To circumvent the licensing laws, ingenious brains devised the "bottle party" to which friends of the promoter could repair by invitation and drink, to their hearts' content, through the stilly watches of the night. In theory, the guests were assumed to bring a bottle of their favourite potation with them for self-consumption or to share with friends whom they might encounter, or make, at the "party."

In practice, it neither worked out, nor was intended to work out, in that way. As the relatively small fee charged for admission would be entirely inadequate to meet overhead charges (cost of band, cabaret, etc.), the promoters frown on the idea of guests bringing with them their own refreshments and arrange to order these in the guest's name at neighbouring wine and spirit merchants during permitted hours, for delivery when required. There is nothing illegal in all this, provided the parties are private (i.e. the general public are not admitted) and the promoter makes no profit out of the drink transactions. It is merely a slim device to circumvent the "permitted hours" restrictions, and the requirements incumbent on holders of a music and dancing licence.

DANGER TO CLUBS.

Instances have come to light where guests at "bottle parties" have had to pay exorbitant prices for the bottles of wines and spirits ordered in their name, and many recent prosecutions have revealed that the promoters have taken a hefty "rake-off," thereby justifying the heavy fines imposed on them for selling intoxicating liquor without a licence. Again, the police, cunningly disguised and glib of tongue, have experienced little difficulty in gaining admission to these so-called "private" parties on payment of the admission charge. Where they found music and dancing being indulged in, and no licence, the coast was clear for the institution of proceedings by the County Council with consequent swinging fines. For these offences many "bottle parties" are properly paying the penalty.

The existence of such promotions is not without latent danger to Clubs. Already the cry has gone up in Parliament that restrictive legislation should be introduced or an Order issued under the Emergency Powers to terminate "bottle parties." In view, however, of the frequency, and success, of prosecutions there would appear to be no necessity for this. In the House of Commons last month it was stated that the Home Secretary was watching carefully the situation created by the growth of "bottle parties" and, if necessary, would consider whether any special war-time measure was called for to deal with it. Should legislative, or other, action be taken, great vigilance will have to be exercised to ensure that it is confined strictly to "bottle parties," and care taken to see that the rights of bona fide Clubs are in no way interfered with.

—*Conservative Clubs Gazette.*

FISHERMAN'S FINE CATCH.

Fishing in one of the best known lakes at Frimley Green, exceptional sport was enjoyed by Mr. W. G. Greenfield, a well-known Frimley Green business man. He started fishing at 9 a.m., and by 11.30 had caught three fine pike. The first was 7½lb., the second 8½lb., and the third a very fine fish weighing 14½lb. Mr. Greenfield was fishing unaccompanied, and landed the three fish entirely without assistance. Mr. Greenfield went back in the afternoon and caught three smaller fish, which he put back.

The slenderness of the tackle with which Mr. Greenfield brought off this feat speaks volumes for the skill he must have used in playing his catches. He was using a light caster rod with No. 3 Lincoln line, and Allcock Stanley check reel. He only just managed to bring off his performance in time, for the close season started two days later.

Mr. Greenfield fished this particular water for the first time this year on the previous afternoon, when he also caught several small fish. He commented to our representative, "It was the first time I had fished it, but I was skating on it three weeks ago."

It was absolutely the best catch he had ever had, said Mr. Greenfield. His previous best was a 12lb. pike taken in the Arun near the end of the last war.—*Camberley News.*

MR. S. COLLINS AND HIS BRIDE.



Mr. S. Collins, of the General Office Staff, is seen in the above picture with his bride, Miss Jones, a nurse, whom he met while in hospital for an operation for appendicitis last year. The best of health and all happiness to them both.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

The destruction of a good name is no small crime. A good name, the Scriptures tell us, is better than much riches. It is the jewel of one's soul, and it is the natural instinct of a human heart to preserve it.

Wealth and honours without a good name soon lose their glamour, even though in misery and want, a man who has retained his good name unsullied is a king in exile—he may have lost the accidentals of his royalty, but his real claim to greatness remains unaltered—his good name is his title deed to respect.

Hence to rob a man of this possession is to inflict on him the most serious injury that can befall him.

One of the Commandments given to Moses was :—" Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." And nothing has happened in the course of ages to lessen the force of that edict.

The harm that slander may do can never be properly computed or remedied in this life. No matter what may be done to counteract its influence there will always remain a residue of doubt and suspicion. The life of most men is far too short for the rebuilding of a ruined reputation.

TENNIS.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

In the absence of Captain L. A. Simonds, Mr. C. Weller (Vice-Chairman of the Social Club) was in the Chair when the Tennis Section of the Sports Club held its general meeting on Friday, 15th March.

Officers and Committee—Captain L. A. Simonds (Chairman), Mr. T. W. Bradford (Hon. Treasurer), Mr. R. Huddy (Hon. Secretary), Miss A. M. Prosser, Mrs. R. Huddy, Miss M. W. New, Messrs. L. Farrance, J. Hillier, C. L. Langton and C. G. Lawrence.

Representatives elected to Sports Club Committee—Miss A. M. Prosser, Messrs. L. Farrance and R. Huddy.

Subscriptions this year will again cover the cost of supplying balls for six months (April to September), and the fee for wives of members of the Sports Club will be 12/6 as last season.

The three grass courts are in perfect condition, thanks to the splendid work of our groundsman, and will be available for use

this season. It is hoped to open them for play on May 1st (weather permitting).

With regard to matches and tournaments, no fixture list is being compiled, but matches may be arranged with units of H.M. Forces.

All members are asked to pay special attention to the rules of the club and, if further details are required, to apply to any member of the Committee who will be pleased to explain any point.

RULES.

1. The Club shall be called "Simonds' Lawn Tennis Club."
2. The Rules of Play shall be the Rules of the International Lawn Tennis Federation.
3. The Club shall be managed by a Committee, which shall consist of the Officers of the Club and seven Members (three ladies, four gentlemen) who shall be elected at the Annual General Meeting of the Club.
4. The Committee shall meet at such times and places as it may from time to time decide. Notice of every meeting shall be sent to each member of the Committee prior to such meeting.
5. The Officers of the Club shall consist of a Chairman, an Honorary Secretary, an Honorary Treasurer and Team Selector. All officers shall be elected at the Annual General Meeting and shall hold office for one year following their appointment and shall be ex-officio members of the Committee. Any officer or member of the Committee shall be eligible for re-election.
Any casual vacancy occurring in the aforesaid offices may be filled by the Committee at their discretion.
All male members of the Committee shall be drawn exclusively from the staff and employees of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.
6. A General Meeting of Playing Members of the Club shall be held each year, before the month of April, at a time and place fixed by the Committee.
7. Application for membership shall be made to the Honorary Secretary, in writing, for consideration of the Committee, who shall have full power to accept or reject an application without assigning the reason.
The Committee reserve full power to refuse to renew a membership and to call on any member to resign who, in the opinion of the Committee, has justified such action.
8. Subscriptions shall be fixed at the Annual General Meeting.
9. No member shall be entitled to use the courts until his or her subscription for the previous year has been paid to the Honorary Treasurer.

10. No employee of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. shall be entitled to use the courts unless he or she is a member of the Sports Club, or has been registered as a playing member of the Tennis Section.
11. A member may introduce a visitor at a charge of 6d. per session, but only one visit each week will be allowed between April 1st and September 30th. The name of the visitor must be entered in the Visitors' Book by the member introducing and the fee paid by such member to the Honorary Secretary or Honorary Treasurer.
12. The Financial Year shall close on the 31st day of December in each year, and a statement of accounts for such year shall be prepared and completed by the Honorary Treasurer as soon as possible thereafter.
13. No member shall be allowed to smoke when playing on the courts.
14. Suitable attire, preferably white, shall be worn by all members when participating in any game on the courts.
15. Players shall wear shoes without heels, spikes or nails, and no shoes shall be worn that, in the opinion of the Committee, might damage the courts.
16. The Committee shall be empowered to close the courts for any special purpose.
17. The club shall provide balls during the six months, April to September, and a charge of 6d. will be made for each ball lost, the fee to be defrayed by those players responsible for the loss.
18. Members shall not occupy the courts for a second set if others are waiting to play. Any member of the Committee present shall have power to regulate the play in any manner that appears to be desirable.
19. A Membership Card shall be supplied by the club to every member, and any member of the Committee, or the Groundsman, shall be empowered to request a member to produce such card for inspection at any time.
20. An Extraordinary General Meeting may be convened, subject to fourteen days' notice being given to the Honorary Secretary in writing and signed by not less than thirty members.
21. No alterations of these rules shall be made except at a General Meeting. Any such alterations shall date from the first day of the month following that in which the General Meeting is held.

The following paragraph appeared in *The Brewer and Wine Merchant and Brewers' Guardian* for March, 1940—

"In the churchyard at Stratfield Saye, near Reading, there is a stone eulogising the life of one John Boyle who died near the end of the eighteenth century. We learn that:—

His only sin
Was that he loved a drop of gin,
And when his favourite was not near,
Contented, took his horn of beer.

"THE SPORTING LIFE."

A PRIZE OF £1 will be given to the reader who submits THE MOST SUITABLE SLOGANS to incorporate in our title space advertisement of the above newspaper, which will be issued on Derby Day and Oaks Day, June 12th and June 13th respectively.

It is hoped that real "snappy" suggestions will be sent in for consideration before the closing date—
April 30th.

As an example we quote various captions which have appeared in past issues of "The Sporting Life":—

<p><i>THEY'RE OFF!</i> ... to the bar for their SIMONDS Pale Ale and Stout.</p>	<p><i>A</i> <i>SAFE DOUBLE—</i> SIMONDS Pale Ale and Stout.</p>
<p><i>GOOD</i> <i>JUDGES</i> <i>BACK . . .</i> SIMONDS Pale Ale and Stout.</p>	<p>SIMONDS PALE ALE The above have arrived! And are in perfect condition!</p>

FLATTERY SOMETIMES PAYS!

Success often depends on flattering people on those points where they like to be flattered, especially in the matter of vanity.

St. John Bosco had need of large sums of money to support his many orphanages and a considerable part of his time was spent in going about the country begging for their upkeep. Amongst his benefactors was a lady who gave him a thousand francs each year. This good soul, although she had a grown-up daughter, refused to grow old, and used all the artifices that the fair sex do to conceal the passing of the years and the ravages of time.

One day Don Bosco met her in a railway carriage. "Good-day, my dear Madeleine," he said. "How are you? And how is your dear mother, who is always so kind to me? I did not know that she would let you travel by yourself."

The lady, who was in her fifties, was, of course, delighted to be mistaken for her daughter. We do not know whether she told the holy man that it was the mother and not the daughter he was speaking to. At any rate, the next time he went to her house for his subscription he received two thousand francs.

Madeleine was surprised at the amount being doubled. "I am full of esteem," her mother said, "for this man of God. He can read the hearts of people and he is doing a wonderful work, and I do like to show my appreciation for what he is doing for the poor orphans."

BRITISH RED CROSS.

In response to the appeal made by the Lord Mayor's Mansion House Fund, collecting boxes have been circulated to all departments of the Firm. The following is the result of the first month's collection.

Some departments have contributed very generously, while in others there is considerable room for improvement. Perhaps this list will be the means of bringing to the notice of some that they are letting their department down by not subscribing.

	£	s.	d.
Beer Cellars	16	10	½
Bottling Department	1	10	11
Building	1	8	8½
Cooperage and Scalds		9	6
Head Offices	2	4	9
Maltings			11
Mechanical Repairs, Engineers and Electricians	1	0	2
Stables		4	2
Social Club	11	7	½
Transport	14	9	½
Transport Office		8	7
Union Room, Malt Stores, &c.	18		0
Wheelwrights		6	6
Wine Stores		8	5
Sundries		6	5½
	£11	10	4½

THE CANADIANS "SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND," 1914.



TO T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.

Cattle in splendid groups—and sheep
 Beside the brooks where willows weep,
 You painted in their colours warm :
 —Or massive bulls, from coming storm
 Serenely sheltered in the lee
 Of tallest hedge or taller tree :
 —And companies of ewes and lambs
 Guarded by patriarchal rams :
 —And meadows where the yearlings low
 Thigh-deep, in waters winding slow :
 —Or, on the cliffs, a flock of goats :
 —And fords, where herdsmen, scorning boats,
 Across the flood their rabble urge,
 Till fifty kine together surge
 And scramble up the other bank
 With lowered head and steaming flank.

Out-dated pictures these—and yet
 Upon occasion they are met,
 All dim and tarnished, in the gloom
 Of some long dusty auction room :
 —Or on the walls they cast their spell
 Of some respectable hotel,
 Where country cricket-clubs (I'm told)
 Their annual business meetings hold ;
 Or Farmer Jones to Farmer Giles,
 Winking an eye, complacent smiles
 And says—" Now that 'ere mighty beast
 " —I've got one quite as good at least
 " And when you comes around my way
 " I'll let you see 'un any day
 " —A darned fine cow she be—I know
 " —I'm sending her to Bicester Show."

S. E. COLLINS.



"N.A.A.F.I."—No. 1: THE NAVY.

NAVY, BRITISH NAVY—you've got a lot of jobs to do,
 NAVY, BRITISH NAVY—and you never let them worry you.
 NAVY, BRITISH NAVY—from whatever part of Empire you come,
 You are always to the fore, from Plymouth to Singapore,
 And have the measure of the prowling Hun.

NAVY, BRITISH NAVY—we take off our hats to thee,
 NAVY, BRITISH NAVY—for your action 'gainst the pirate ship
Graf Spee.

NAVY, BRITISH NAVY—it was not altogether fun;
 Neither was it easy work, but the job you did not shirk,
 Though you fought with smaller ship and gun.

NAVY, BRITISH NAVY—the way you put the U-boats down!
 NAVY, BRITISH NAVY—no wonder that you make the Nazis
 frown.

NAVY, BRITISH NAVY—you've made them very angry with you,
 For in a Norwegian fjord, you the *Altmark* leaped aboard,
 And from the "Hell" ship released the British captive crew.

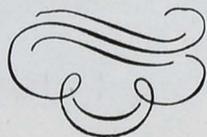
NAVY, BRITISH NAVY—what a lot we have to thank you for!
 NAVY, BRITISH NAVY—on the high seas your word, is, justly,
 law,

NAVY, BRITISH NAVY—and the keeping of the freedom of them too.
 From Newfoundland to the 'Bight, you hold the enemy tight,
 For he dare not face the likes of you.

Refrain:

So BRITISH NAVY, BRITISH NAVY. Keep on smiling through,
 For it keeps the "Boche" in place,
 When he knows he has to face,
 Such gallant fighting men as you.

E.D.O.



LIGHTER SIDE.

Hitler once entered a cinema incognito. In the course of a newsreel his own image appeared on the screen. Instantly everybody rose and cheered. Only the Fuehrer remained seated. His neighbour thereupon poked him in the ribs.

"You'd better stand up, my friend," he said under his breath.
 "We all feel the same way as you, but it's not safe to show it yet."

* * * *

A man, obviously much distressed, rushed into the bar of his club, and ordered and drained two double whiskies. Asked what troubled him, he said:

"My wife's just eloped in my car with my best friend."

"Good heavens," said a fellow member sympathetically,
 "not your *new* car?"

* * * *

"And has your husband started work again, Mrs. Murphy?" said Mrs. O'Hara.

"Sure, and he has," said Mrs. Murphy. "It's hard work, and it's killing him, but thanks be, it's permanent."

* * * *

EPITAPH.

John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
 A carrier who carried his can to his mouth well;
 He carried so much and he carried so fast
 He could carry no more, so was carried at last.

* * * *

When the new recruit arrived at his unit the officer examined his papers, and said: "I see you're described as a carrier. I suppose you drive a motor lorry?"

"No, sir."

"What then? A horse and cart?"

"No, sir."

"Then what kind of a carrier were you?"

"Typhoid, sir."

* * * *

For twelve months the curate had been a regular visitor to the house; and for at least six months the family had anticipated that he would be seeking permission to marry Grace, the elder daughter. Then one evening he dropped in, and was asked to stay to dinner. As the family sat down, he rose, and with folded hands said: "I am going to ask grace."

And little Laura said: "Well, it's about time. We've been expecting you to ask her this last six months."

* * * *

The regiment had just arrived in India and were being given a few "do's" and "don'ts" by the Irish colonel.

"The trouble is," he said, "lots of fellows come out here and do nothing but eat and drink and then die. Then they write home and say the climate has killed them. Of course people die in India. Tell me a country where they don't, and I'll go and end my days there."

* * * *

It was a strange happening, but three men, all named Smith, opened shops almost at the same time next door to each other. The signwriter had painted the name "Smith" over the doorway of the shop on the right. A few days later he put the name Smith over the shop on the left.

Then he approached the centre shop Smith. Would he like his name over, too?

"No," said the middle Smith. "Just paint the words 'Main Entrance' over my door."

* * * *

Two dairies were engaged in an "advertising war." One hired a daredevil race driver to drive a car round the town for a hundred hours without sleep. The car carried large placards: "This daredevil drinks our milk."

The rival company came out with a placard twice as big. It said: "You don't have to be a daredevil to drink our milk."

* * * *

A Scotsman wishes to join the Royal Air Force because he has heard that every cloud has a "silver lining."

* * * *

Collecting fares in the black-out, the bus conductor was kept waiting while a woman made sure her pennies were not half-crowns.

"Feel the edges, madam," said the conductor. "You can always tell that way."

She thanked him. Getting out, she pressed a coin into his hand, saying, "That tip's worth knowing. Get yourself a packet of cigarettes."

The conductor thanked her. When she had gone he felt the edge of the coin. It was a farthing.

* * * *

A dandy swaggered into a restaurant and, in a superior tone of voice, called to the waiter and said, "Waiter, bring me an egg." After he had got it he said, "Waiter is this a good egg?"

The waiter replied, "How the devil should I know—I only laid the table."

* * * *

Hitler complains he is very short of coals. So Winston Churchill has offered him a couple of scuttles.

* * * *

The small boy was crying outside an undertaker's, and a policeman asked him what was the matter. He explained, between his sobs, that "the man in there (pointing to the undertaker's) had clouted him behind the ear."

Into the shop went the policeman. "What's the idea hitting that boy behind the ear?" he asked the man.

"Hit him behind the ear?" said the undertaker. "I'll knock his blinkin' head off if he comes in here asking for empty boxes."

* * * *

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

Hampshire Freemasonry has suffered a severe loss in the death of Commander Hubert Gavvey Giles, R.N. (Retd.), who was in his 90th year when he died. Initiated into the Yarborough Lodge in 1877, he joined the Prince Edward Lodge and the Phoenix Lodge at Portsmouth and served as Master in 1891 and 1909 respectively. He was also founder of the Richard Clows Lodge and in 1902 was appointed a Past Grand Deacon of England. Appointed Provincial Grand Registrar of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight in 1894 he became Provincial Grand Secretary four years later and held that office until 1923. In 1915 he was appointed Past Deputy Provincial Grand Master and in 1918 Deputy Provincial Grand Master, thus holding the dual offices of Deputy and Secretary in the Province for five years. Commander Giles himself was continuously in office from 1898 to last year, either as Secretary or Deputy Provincial Grand Master and, altogether, his length of service is distinctive.

After losing five fights in succession a team representing a Southern Royal Air Force Station recovered to defeat the Royal Marines by one point in a boxing contest, the final scores being R.A.F. 16 *v.* Royal Marines 15. No fewer than six of the eleven bouts were won on knock-outs and Group Captain E. O. Grenfell summed up the exhibition when he described it as a hard-fought display. They, of the Royal Air Force, he said, appreciated the fact that the Royal Marines had arrived in no fewer than five double-decker 'buses: that he thought showed their sporting interest. Colonel S. F. Burn, R.A., who presented the prizes, echoed these words. The officials were:—

Referees : Capt. T. D. Cartwright R.M., and Lieut. M. J. A. O'Sullivan, R.N.

Judges : Commander A. M. Rundle, R.N., and Lieut. T. B. Wood, R.A.

Timekeeper : W.O. H. C. Fuller.

M.C. : W.O. W. Harrop.

Vice-Admiral Sir James F. Somerville, K.C.B., C.B., V.S.O., whose broadcasts so many of us enjoy, resides at Curdrige Croft, near Botley. As a young Lieut.-Commander, Sir James Somerville served as Fleet Wireless Officer at the Dardanelles and commenting

on these wireless duties, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes once said: "By tact, blarney and force of character, he simply ruled the ether." He was promoted to flag rank in 1933 while Commodore of the R.N. Barracks, Portsmouth, and was placed on the retired list on July 31st last year for reasons of ill-health.

It appears that Southsea this year is going to be as popular as ever for holidays. Applications for guides are reaching the Publicity Bureau from all parts of the country. Also requests for information *re* facilities for annual outings, conferences, etc.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

Mr. R. Dunstan, of our Transport Department, has been very busy recently owing to the increased trade. Incidentally his wife was presented with a daughter on March 2nd, at North Friary Nursing Home, and we hope mother, father and Valerie will continue to enjoy good health.

Owing to our late tenant, Mr. H. G. Johns, having been called to the Service the licence of the King's Arms Inn, Tamerton Foliot (the pretty little village of flowers) has been transferred to Mr. "Pat" Glover. Mr. Glover was a centre-forward for Plymouth Argyle and Grimsby Town and has played for Wales on several occasions.

We are sure that Mr. and Mrs. Glover and family will be happy in their new surroundings and we wish them every success.

There was a large attendance at the Torquay Races on Easter Monday, and we had the sole supply of liquors through the caterer, Mr. J. W. Wood, of the Rising Sun Inn, Torquay.

The weather which was fine encouraged the crowd to roll up in great numbers but after the first race the scene changed into "No Man's Land," the rain having turned the glorious red soil of Devon into a quagmire, and the majority of the spectators returned to their homes in a very pink condition. Probably their discomfort was counter-balanced by the bookmakers and the "Tote."

Our tenant of the Tamar Hotel, Crownhill, Mr. "Jim" Ponsford, is "digging inn." He has ploughed up the field at the back of his hotel and has promised to supply vegetables to all the Staff at the Tamar Brewery. We hope he will not expect our depleted Staff to do the weeding as well as the harvesting of the crops.

We are sorry to say that Mr. F. Denford, of the Brewery Staff, who has been employed at the Tamar Brewery for the last 40 years, was knocked down by a car during the "black-out." He has now fully recovered and we are pleased to welcome him back.

We give our heartiest congratulations to two of our Staff who have recently been married and wish them first of all good health, then happiness and all the joy of life.

The employees concerned are Mr. W. Cornish, who was married to Miss D. Porter on the 20th March, and Mr. J. Cunningham, who was married to Miss J. McClelland on the 8th March.

Both Mr. Cornish and Mr. Cunningham have been employed at the Tamar Brewery for some considerable time and were the recipients of gifts subscribed for by the Staff. Mr. Cunningham has since joined H.M. Army.

It is with regret we record the death of Mr. D. Daw, of the Seale Arms Inn, Dartmouth, who has been with us for a number of years. He was well liked by everyone and will be very much missed in the district. Our sympathies are extended to Mrs. Daw and family.

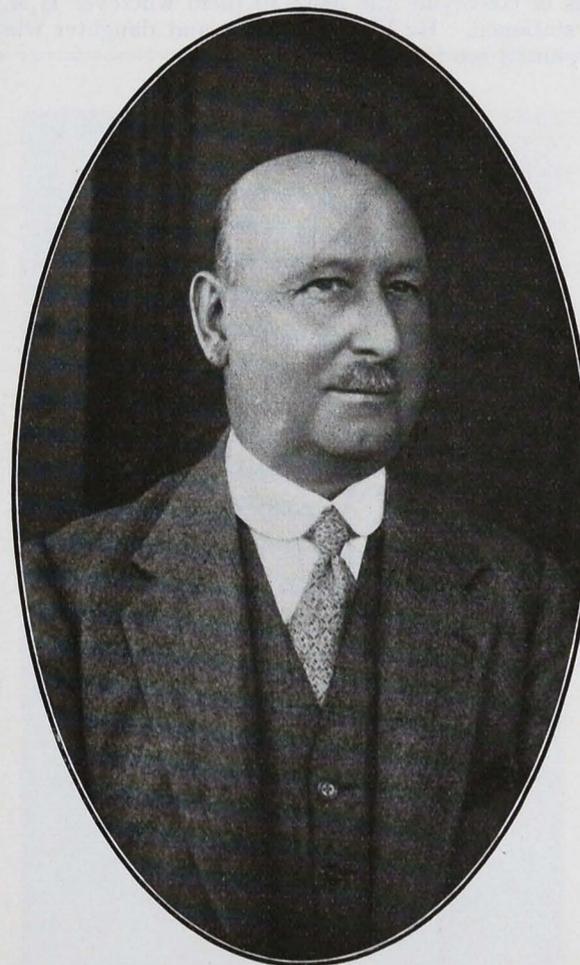
The sudden death of Mr. H. T. Keith-Gillon of the Garland Ox Inn, Bodmin, came as a shock to many people in Devon and Cornwall. Mr. Keith-Gillon was a member of the Bodmin Town Council, a great sportsman and very popular, and in his passing we have lost a very good friend. Mrs. Keith-Gillon has our sincere sympathies.

We have also to record the death of Mr. F. H. Kemp of the Transport Department. He was a good worker and will be greatly missed by his colleagues and our customers. We all condole with Mr. Kemp's family.

GIBRALTAR.

THE LATE MR. J. W. HUTTON.

We regret to record the passing away of Mr. J. W. Hutton at Gibraltar on the 11th March, after a short illness. Mr. Hutton retired on pension at the end of April, 1928, and has since resided on the Rock, where he was a well-known figure.



Joining the Firm's employ at Aldershot in 1887, Mr. Hutton was transferred to Dublin in January, 1891, the year in which that

Branch was opened. In the following year he was appointed to Gibraltar and succeeded to the position of Manager in January, 1915, which he held until 1928. He was subsequently associated with Mr. E. M. B. Cottrell who, as Proprietor of Messrs. M. Baglietto, was our sole agent for Gibraltar.

Mr. Hutton's many friends in military circles will learn with much sorrow of his demise, and the report in this journal will be the means of conveying the news to them wherever H.M. Forces are now stationed. He leaves a widow and daughter who are in Gibraltar, and a son in America.

