

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

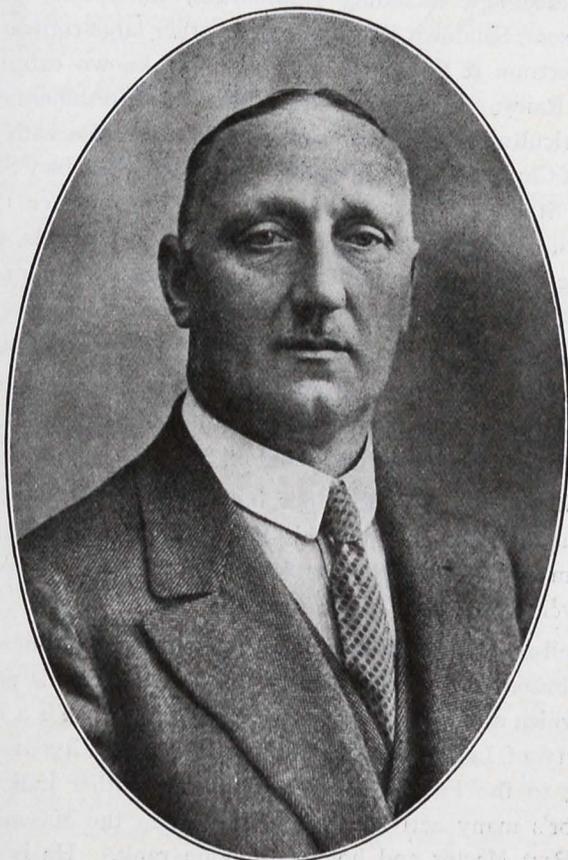
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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MAJOR F. J. JOHNSON.

MAJOR F. J. JOHNSON.

Major F. J. Johnson, whose portrait fills the front page of our GAZETTE this month, is Manager of our London Branch. Joining the Firm in April, 1900, Major Johnson soon proved his prowess as a man of outstanding business ability. He was appointed Manager of our Wimbledon Branch in 1903 (Branch closed April 16th, 1913) and subsequently became Manager of the London Branch on October 30th, 1910. In addition to the general London trade, Major Johnson has under his supervision our liquor contracts at Race Meetings, including Newmarket, Goodwood, Lingfield, Ascot, Epsom, Sandown Park, as well as other large contracts with Messrs. Bertram & Company, Ltd., the well-known caterers (the Southern Railway (Central Section) Station Refreshment Rooms, Royal Agricultural Hall, Kennington Oval, &c.), also with Messrs. Letheby & Christopher (the Football Cup Finals, Wembley Stadium, Wembley Stadium Greyhound Racing, Royal Air Force Pageant, Blackheath Cricket Ground, the Royal Hospital Grounds, Chelsea, &c.). The Firm's large contracts during the British Empire Exhibition in 1925 were also successfully carried out by Major Johnson.

The expansion of the Firm's London business necessitating larger premises, The Plough Brewery and Stores, 516, Wandsworth Road, S.W.8, were purchased and business transferred from 32, York Road and Sutton Street, London, S.E.1.

It will thus be seen that our indefatigable London Manager has his hands very full, but his fine organizing qualities make things run smoothly and thus keep our famous "Hop Leaf" brands ever before the London public.

An all-round sportsman, despite his many business cares, Major Johnson occasionally finds time to indulge in his particular hobbies which are riding, shooting and motoring. He is a Freeman of the City of London and a Liveryman of the City of London, belonging to the Felt Makers Company. Another indication of the Major's many activities is his interest in the Masonic Craft, being a Past Master and holding London rank. He is also the principal Founder of the Home County Lodge, Surbiton.

EDITORIAL.

ANTS' FIRE BRIGADE.

There appeared a very interesting report in a recent issue of the *Daily Mail*, which gave particulars of a remarkable example of insect sagacity given by a French woman scientist, Mme. Margu rite Combes, daughter of the botanist, M. Gaston Bonnier, who declares that red ants organise themselves into fire brigades in case of fire, and put the fire out.

Mme. Combes carried out a series of experiments at the Fontainebleau biological laboratory with the large colonies of red ants which are kept there. She placed a lighted cigarette on one of the ant hills, and immediately the alarm was given, the insect fire brigade swarmed around, and put out the fire by throwing formic acid on the smouldering tobacco.

EXPERIMENT REPEATED.

The experiment was repeated several times with a smouldering cigarette, and Mme. Combes then planted in one of the ant-hills a lighted taper, which the insect fire brigade also extinguished.

A lighted candle was finally substituted for the taper, and the ants put this out also in about a minute.

Twice over-keen ants which were in danger of being burned to death by approaching the flames too closely were seized by other ants and dragged into safety.

STOUT WITH OYSTERS.

A friend, fond of oysters when in season, put this question: Why is stout the favourite beverage with oysters? The answer is, that while oysters possess dietetic values (they are very easily digestible) they are of very small nutritive value. Stout, on the other hand, is rich in nutritive constituents—derivatives of starch and sugar, mineral salts (phosphates), and coagulated albumin from the albuminous material of the barley. In addition, stout contains about 7 per cent. alcohol. The test of experience proves the combination of oysters and stout to be physiologically beneficial, and is thus scientifically justified. Good beer is equally suitable, though less capable of making a digestible emulsion. Brandy is not necessary to hurry on the digestion of such an easily assimilated thing as the oyster. Our continental neighbours probably take brandy as a precautionary measure, and this in spite of the fact that the fishery laws have been in force for 500 years in Europe. Stout in association with oysters satisfies both appetite and taste. So does beer. For each his choice.

But be sure it's Simonds'!

GERMANS TO PAY MORE FOR BEER.

Germans are to pay more for their beer if the Minister of Finance, Herr Hilferding, who made his Budget speech in the Reichstag recently, gets his way. There is a deficit of £36,900,000 and of this sum he proposes to get £18,900,000 by additional taxation. The larger part of the amount is to be got from taxes on alcohol. The Minister pointed out that in England the tax on beer is five times as much as it is in Germany and the tax on spirits four times as much.

WARNING TO DEALERS AND RETAILERS OF WINE.

The Wine and Spirit Association have issued a warning to dealers and retailers of wine pointing out that it is illegal to sell, or expose for sale, sparkling wine made in Great Britain, under any label or with a general appearance or "get-up" which suggests that the wine is a genuine natural French sparkling wine. Traders who sell British sparkling wine, not conspicuously labelled as such, run a risk of contravening the Merchandise Marks Act, 1887.

FISH EVIDENTLY DO THINK.

"At Christchurch, Bournemouth, there used to be a natural history museum, all the exhibits collected and set up by the curator and owner, a most delightful Scotsman, who told you the history of any of them," says the *Morning Post*. "One was a monster trout, who had for a long time defied all attempts at capture, his lair being at the mouth of a big culvert. The said curator, who had had many tries, was there with his gun and shot a snipe, which fell into the water and was promptly gobbled by Mr. Trout.

"He shot a snipe again some days after, put it on his line as a bait, but angled in vain for the monster. This led to much thought, and next time he went fishing with a snipe as bait, as he made his cast he fired his gun, and the leviathan rose at once to the bait, a victim to a thinking brain. For this Mr. M. G. Cartwright of Stonehouse, Gloucester, vouches."

!!!

FOR WHICH HE WAS THE MORE FITTED.

At the laying of a foundation stone of a public library the builder was called upon to make a speech. Feeling that he could construct buildings better than sentences, and after considerable hesitation, he stammered:

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I am more fitted for the scaffold than for the platform."

FISHERMAN'S LUCK!

A gentleman connected with the Brewery spent Easter Monday angling at sea. He didn't have a bite! When I asked him how he got on he said he spent a pleasant day and everything was quite O.K. although he had no luck with the fish. Now I will not, of course, divulge his name though, as a matter of fact, I have already mentioned it in this paragraph. Have you spotted it?

WHO WAS HE?

Recently a friend was in Manchester and called in the railway restaurant for refreshment. There he noticed a gentleman, immaculately attired and evidently a man holding a big position. He took a seat, pulled from his pocket a HOP LEAF GAZETTE, which he read with evident interest. I wonder who he was! He certainly had good taste in dress and good taste in reading.

CHEERFULNESS.

Everything succeeds with people of sweet and cheerful disposition, said Voltaire. He looked on solemnity as a disease. People of sweet and cheerful disposition have a better chance to succeed because of the better effect they make on those with whom they come in contact. And nobody can deny that cheerfulness is a greater asset to oneself than moroseness. Montaigne wrote "the most certain sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness." But the question may be asked—How is one to be cheerful if one is not built that way? This is virtually the same as asking—How is one to be good, or clever? The answer is simply that the quality of cheerfulness, goodness or cleverness, must be cultivated just as a lesson is learned at school; so that in time it will have become a habit.

MILK STOUT ON A LONELY ISLE.

The news I was able to publish last month concerning Mr. Blackall-Simonds' gift of milk stout to the parson on Tristan da Cunha, the lonely isle in the South Atlantic, aroused a great deal of interest and also received a very wide publicity, being quoted in a number of newspapers. The only inhabitable part of Tristan, which is circular in shape and about seven miles across, is a small plateau upon which stands the settlement of Edinburgh, at an elevation of about 150 feet.

Another notable recent gift to the islanders was a wireless receiving equipment, so that for the first time the lonely folk can listen to the voice of the outside world via Chelmsford (5 S.W.) and other short-wave stations.

I expect there will soon be an "S.O.S." for "More Milk Stout!"

SAY S. B.
 AND
 BE S. SATISFIED.

MILD AND BITTER.

Spring opened with one or two mild days while at other times it was bitterly cold. In fact, if the poet-monk of Reading Abbey had experienced such an unkind Spring, he might have altered his famous lines to:—

Winter is y-cumen in
 Loudè sing tish-ù !
 Wyndës blo and snoeth sno,
 And al ys icë nu (sing tishù) !

Leggës tremble after bath
 And fyngrës turneth blue,
 Water freeseth, nosë sneeseth,
 Merie sing tish-ù,
 Tish-u ! Tish-ù !
 Wel singest thou Tish-ù !

CRICKET !

We shall soon be wielding the willow and trundling that little ball again. The Seven Bridges Cricket Club have a good fixture card and some enjoyable games are anticipated. We were all very sorry that Mr. Wadhams, who captained the side so ably last year, could not see his way to lead us again this season. However, in Mr. Bartholomew, the new skipper, we have an old hand at the game, who should carry on successfully and should have our utmost support. Mr. Hawkins rendered splendid service last year as C.O. of the second string and as he could not continue this season his place has been filled by Mr. Streams. It is very good of Mr. Croom to offer to be at the nets twice a week to give all who desire it the benefit of his experience. The younger generation, especially, should be keen on accepting this chance of free tuition. No Club can carry on successfully without a good Secretary and in Mr. Jelley we have a most competent and courteous gentleman for the job. We must all try and make his task as light as possible.

POPULAR SIGNS FOR INNS.

The names of animals, birds, and fabulous creatures have always been popular signs for inns, and hence we find many such names as the Bear, the Lion, the Horse (White and Black), the Pig, the Boar, the Bull, the Greyhound, the Dragon, etc., not forgetting the White Hart, subject of many a legend. "The Four Alls" is another curious sign; Taunton has a familiar example, and there are others in the country, but not many. Usually the sign shows four figures: A priest—"I pray for all"; a soldier—"I fight for all"; a workman—"I toil for all"; and John Bull—"I pay for all." A rather alluring sign, to my thinking, is that of "The Castle of Comfort," at Harptree and on the Quantock; and another inviting name is "The Friendship Inn"; while surely in "The Bull and Butcher Arms" there is appropriate conjunction. The sign of "The Cross Keys" is also often found on Somerset inns; but what of "The Cross Eye" at Crewkerne? One can imagine superstitious mortals in the ancient days crossing their fingers to ward off evil when seeing that sign.

Kings, Queens, Princes, and Dukes also enter largely into the naming of inns, as do also Crowns—*vide*, "Crown and Sceptre," and "Crown and Tower." "The Duke of Monmouth Inn" brings to our thoughts the direful after-days of the ill-fated rebellion, when Judge Jeffries meted out vengeful and cruel justice to many a Somerset man who had followed the cause of Monmouth. "The Bee Hive" I always look on as a rather pretty sign. A similar sign is to be found at a hostelry in Grantham, but here the sign is a "living one," for outside the hostelry is fixed a bee hive with a stock of busy workers.

"The First and Last" as a sign for an inn betokens that there is no opposition; but I have failed to note a "Gate Inn" or a "Hanging Gate Inn" in Somersetshire. Several are to be found in Gloucestershire; on the gate sign hung outside the following lines are usually seen:

"This gate hangs well,
 And hinders none;
 Refresh and pay,
 And travel on."

A SHORT REPORT *RE* PORT.

The magistrates evidently did the right thing when they granted Mr. T. Lawrence, of the Brewery Tap, Broad Street, a wine licence for there have been many calls for this form of refreshment since. That is why I am giving this short report *re* port. Many people were whining before they could obtain the wine!

THE DROUGHT AND TROUT.

I am afraid that the absence of rain is rather serious for the trout streams. I noticed that the river Pang is much shallower than it has been for some years and this makes angling very easy for the herons. People often miss goldfish from their little lakes through the same source. A good plan is to place life-size Japanese storks in the pool or tank. The heron is a solitary fisherman. He flies over, looks down, sees a likely-looking fishing pool, also notices the pool is already being fished by another "heron" and passes on. And if this bronze bird scares the heron successfully in the garden it might with advantage be tried in shallow rivers.

MR. ERIC CONTINUES TO IMPROVE.

It is very gratifying to us all to know that the health of Mr. Eric Simonds continues to improve. He was at the Garth and the South Berks point-to-point meetings, where many of his friends were delighted to greet him. It has also been a real pleasure to many to see him at the Offices on several occasions.

TIME TOO!

It is pleasing to notice that the improvements at St. Mary's Church, Reading, are nearing completion. The clock is also working, so that, without taking our watches out of our pockets we shall, as we pass down the Butts, be able to see the time too.

CAPITAL—AND INTEREST.

But for all its peculiarities, I doubt if anything beats English literature. I am afraid my book bill is very heavy and yet there is no finer investment. To read a really good story is a capital recreation for the mind and you get more interest than from any other investment—a case of Capital and Interest you see.

LEAVES FROM MY NATURE NOTE BOOK.

On Sunday, April 21st, I heard the nightingale singing beautifully at noon, at Tidmarsh. The previous Sunday I saw several swallows in the same district. Mr. F. C. Hawkes, a keen observer of birds, saw one at the Brewery on Saturday, April 20th. On the same day I saw a swift. It was on April 16th I saw and heard the cuckoo. Other migrants are here and when we hear the "creke creke" of the corncrake the bird choir will be complete. As early as March 10th I watched a pair of kingfishers "building" (more about this anon) and on the 29th of the same month I found a long-tailed tit's nest. When I last visited it the nest contained eight eggs. I found another similar nest on April 21st.

THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

English is difficult enough to Englanders; it must often seem like Greek to the foreigner. For instance:—

When the English tongue we speak,
Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say "sew," but likewise "Jew"?
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard";
"Cord" is different from "word";
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low;
"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."
And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"
Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?
We have "blood" and "food" and "good";
"Mould" is not pronounced like "could."
And, in short, it seems to me
Sound and letters disagree.

LADIES' LICENSED TRADE DEFENCE LEAGUE.

Under the auspices of the Reading Auxiliary of this League a Social and Dance was recently held at the White Hart Hotel, Mr. T. Crisp kindly lending a room. Mrs. Walters, late Vice-Chairman of the Women's Auxiliary, was handed a present by Mrs. Smart (Chairman) in acknowledgment of her good work, and Mrs. Walters thanked all for their kindly thought.

Mr. Emery, of The Grenadier, spoke in high terms of the splendid part the ladies were playing in furthering the best interests of the Trade and Mrs. Smart appealed to all to enrol as many new members as possible. The ladies were doing a lot of good work up and down the country for charitable institutions and in Reading the Philanthropic Institution, the Infirmary and Park Hospital had benefited by their efforts. She thanked Mr. Crisp and Mr. Tom Townsend for assisting them and generously giving prizes at their annual Ball. In conclusion she referred, in praiseworthy terms, to the hard work put in by the committee in connection with the various functions arranged.

On Tuesday, April 23rd, the Reading & District Women's Licensed Trade Association held a Supper-Dance at the White Hart Hotel. An excellent spread was provided while the company thoroughly enjoyed the dancing, thanks in a large measure to the excellent music provided by the Arcadian Dance Orchestra.

During the evening Mrs. Smart (Chairman) expressed her pleasure at seeing so many present and then presented Mrs. Hastings, the late Chairman, with a gold badge in recognition of her services as Chairman.

Mrs. Hastings suitably acknowledged the gift.

GREAT WAVE OF ENTHUSIASM!



Some say "any port in a storm," but this is a case of "S.B."

TERRIBLE MOTOR COACH ACCIDENT.

One of the worst road accidents of recent times occurred near Knowl Hill, on Saturday night, April 27th. It resulted in the death of five people and injuries to twelve others.

The cause of the accident is uncertain. A 26-seater motor-coach owned by Mr. A. E. Smith, of Mill Lane, Reading, and driven by William Roberts, of Beecham Road, Reading, was descending Knowl Hill, Twyford, with a party of football supporters from London, at about 9.30 p.m., when there was a grinding noise, a sound like an explosion, and an outburst of flames.

In less than twenty minutes four of the occupants were burnt beyond recognition and the vehicle was burnt to a mass of scrap iron.

Mrs. Emma Moore, aged 55, of Coley Place, Reading, died within a few minutes of being admitted to the Royal Berkshire Hospital, Reading, where she was rushed in a motor ambulance. The other dead are: Mr. James Morris, aged 54, of Elgar Road, Reading; Mrs. Ada Elizabeth Morris, aged 56, his wife; Mrs. Ada Bidmead, of Hosier Street, Reading; Mrs. Herbert, of Small's Court, London Street, Reading.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris were seen in the raging inferno of the coach. All that is known of Mrs. Bidmead and Mrs. Herbert is that they were missing from the roll of the coach party, and the remains, which were lying in an outhouse of a roadside inn at Twyford, may well be theirs.

The injured detained in hospital with burns, and all living at Reading, were: Mrs. Phyllis Benham, aged 39, of Cambridge Place; Mrs. Harriet Brown, aged 54, of Shaftesbury Road; Mr. William Newport, aged 58, of Highgrove Street; Mr. William Herbert, aged 45, of Small's Court, London Street; Mr. Alfred Green, aged 44, of Brunswick Street.

Seven others went home after treatment at the hospital. Two of them—Mr. Archibald Jones and his wife, Mrs. Louisa Jones, of Dover Street, Reading—were readmitted on Monday.

The tragedy occurred at the end of a day's outing which had been arranged by Mr. Alfred Green on behalf of his fellow employees of the Scalds Department at Messrs. H. & G. Simonds' brewery at Reading. The excursion consisted of supporters of Reading Football Club who had attended the match with Chelsea at Stamford Bridge.

The coach was filled and some of the men took their wives and others their sons. There were eleven women in the party. The coach had three doors, one on each side at the front and one on the near side at the back.

When almost at the foot of Knowl Hill there was an explosion. The driver at once brought the coach to a standstill. Those nearest the doors leaped out, while those in the centre pressed along the gangway either forward or backward.

LEAPS FROM WINDOWS.

The passengers were imprisoned in a circle of flame. They had to pass through a roaring furnace to get to safety.

Somebody smashed the glass windows, jumped, and escaped almost unhurt. Some pressed for the doors, which were quickly jammed, leaving others penned in the centre of the blazing coach.

It burned like a huge beacon. Flames, fed by petrol and the combustible material of the equipment of the vehicle, leaped high into the sky and the glare was seen three miles away.

People rushed from their cottages thinking a house was on fire; motorists sped along the road in the hope of rendering succour. Ten or twenty people gathered within a few minutes, but the leaping flames made an impassable barrier.

The crowd could only stand helplessly by and watch the death agonies of those trapped within the car. The ordeal was too much for many of them, and women who had hurried forward to give help added their moans of despair to the cries of anguish of those who, with clothes still burning, had escaped from the inferno.

From the coach there came not a sound—just the blind staggering of a man who seemed to be trying to shelter somebody from the fiercest flames. Then he collapsed and the flames leaped higher.

Mrs. Green, wife of the organiser of the excursion, said:

“I was sitting just behind the driver. As we neared the bottom of the hill I heard a grating noise which seemed to come from underneath the coach. I was frightened. Then there was a bang and almost immediately flames were around us. I do not know what happened, but I found myself by the roadside. I must have jumped from the coach at once. My husband was sitting by the driver, and he was terribly burnt.”

Many expressions of sympathy have been sent to the Brewery from all parts of the country.



Hurst Bowling Green, 1858.

Many famous bowlers have trundled the woods on this noted green and it is still a popular resort for devotees of this fascinating recreation. Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. presented a very handsome cup to the Hurst, Wokingham and District Bowling Club, and the winner received the trophy at a dinner. Mr. Lindars was unable to attend and he received the following letter from the Hon. Secretary (Mr. W. W. Wixen):—

Dear Sir,

I have been asked by the above Club to send to you and Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. a hearty vote of thanks for the splendid cup you presented, and while we were all sorry not to see you, we were all pleased at the splendid way Mr. C. Bennett represented you by taking the chair. He alone made the evening one we shall not soon forget and I am sure we all thank you and him very very much.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

It was a lovely evening, in the spring time of the year ; and in the soft stillness of the twilight, all nature was very calm and beautiful. The day had been fine and warm ; but at the coming on of night the air grew cool, and in the mellowing distance smoke was coming gently from the cottage chimneys. There were a thousand pleasant scents diffused around from young leaves and fresh buds ; the cuckoo had been singing all day long, and was but just now hushed ; the smell of earth, newly upturned—first breath of hope to the labourer, after his garden withered—was fragrant in the evening breeze. It was a time when most men cherish good resolves, and sorrow for the wasted past ; when most men, looking on the shadows as they gather, think of that evening which must close on all, and that tomorrow which has none beyond.

THE BLOOD FIEND.

He had already the blood of some half-a-dozen victims at his door that night, and in a most inhuman manner he was stalking his latest victim with a persistence worthy of a better cause.

A mere glance at his eyes would have revealed the unappeased lust for blood that seethed within his attenuated form.

Closer and closer he drew to his unsuspecting victim, who, all unaware of the nearness of his ghastly presence, was sleeping peacefully.

This vampire, in a different guise, flung himself on his innocent victim and plunged his weapon deep.

Then and only then was his blood lust sated, only, however, for a short while—but then, such is the nature of mosquitoes.

P.E.L.

DO YOU KNOW ?

One of the reasons for the amazing long life of the Californian big tree, the forest giant which reaches an age of 4,000 and sometimes even 6,000 years, was discovered a few weeks ago. Experiments with its bark, showed that it has a resistance to fire surpassed only by that of asbestos ! Consequently the great trees survive the forest conflagrations which destroy their more inflammable brethren. A piece of the bark, 12 inches square, was put in a wood fire in a lumber mill furnace, says *Popular Science*

Monthly, and remained for eight hours. At the end of the test the bark was no more than charred on the outside.

Who are the most frugal people on earth ? Mr. Paul Schebesta, in his fascinating travel book, "Among the Forest Dwarfs of Malaya," gives the honour to the Semang Dwarfs. The Adamans, the Actas, the Pygmies of Africa, he says, are all more fully and better equipped with the possessions of civilisation than the Semang, for whose backwardness the forest is responsible. These dwellers in the forest have not yet even reached the Stone Age. They live off the forest, wandering incessantly from place to place, seeking roots, plants, fruits, and edible animals. All their tools are made from bamboo.

That Bombay was a gift horse which Englishmen looked very discontentedly in the mouth when it first became a British possession as part of the dowry of Catherine de Braganza on her marriage with Charles II.

Pepys expressed the general opinion when he wrote of "the inconsiderableness of the place called Bombaim, it being but a poor place and not so as was described to the King in the draft of it, but a poor little island."

The diarist roundly declared that the King and his counsellors had been grossly deceived and defrauded, and Charles himself seems to have held a similar view, for he quickly leased all rights in "Bombaim" to the East India Company for £10 a year.

That nicotine derived its name from John Nicot who introduced tobacco to France in 1560.

THE WEDDING OF MR. L. WHITE.

On Saturday, April 27th, Mr. Lionel White, who was previously at the Wine Stores, Reading, and is now at Oxford, was married to Miss Mundy. The ceremony took place at the London Road Christian Church, and afterwards there was a reception in the Denmark Hall.

Mr. White previously played for the Seven Bridges C.C. and his many friends send him all good wishes for his future happiness.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.)

All plant life is now preparing for its great Spring offensive and if you choose a quiet corner of a wood, facing south, and pick out just one square yard of ground you will gain a good idea of the great struggle for existence going on, for nowhere is it keener than among plants. You will see a primrose shoving another fellow on one side and yet another plant trying to jostle the primrose. And so the fight goes on, almost every day now—some newcomer, anxious for the fray, putting in an appearance. All manner of devices they adopt to get a place in the sun, and some plants, finding they are not making much headway in the hand-to-hand battle on the ground, by reason of their late arrival on the scene or owing to some other handicap, solve the difficulty by climbing up a tree. There they thrive. Take the hop for instance. By the way, have you ever seen a hop climb up a tree or stick right-handed? Or have you ever seen a scarlet runner ascend left-handed? I should like to see the exception to this rule. Why do they always make their way in the world in opposite directions? It would, indeed, be an interesting study to try and trace the habit to its source.

BLUE AND WHITE AND GOLD.

The primroses are out now (at the time of writing) though not in great abundance, and here and there, in sheltered spots, you may find anemones. There are golden patches of the marsh marigold and the lesser celandine and the bluebells are in bud. Soon the woods will be carpeted with blue and white and gold and a fit place for the fairies. Here the children will be seen gathering the fragrant blooms and making bouquets of infinite variety—some artistically arranged and others with string tied so tightly round the necks of the poor flowers that they must quickly wither and die. The fascination of flower finding, however, appeals alike to all. And were I an artist I would paint that picture of the little chap with boots down at heel, holes in his stockings and tattered garments carrying home a sheaf of bluebells almost as big as himself. He has gathered far more than he can need, and as many as he can possibly carry. The perspiration rolls down his face as he sets off to carry them home. When he arrives there he is thoroughly exhausted and yet there is a look of triumph on his manly little face as he lays down his burden, proudly, at his mother's feet. At first one is inclined to interfere and tell him not to gather so many, for will not a few suffice? And yet one does not do so, for would it not, as it were, be placing a smudge across this otherwise perfect picture of undiluted joy.

I wish I were an artist.

One is reminded of these lines:—

Gather the rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying
And these same flowers that bloom to-day
To-morrow may be dying.

A CHARMING TRIO.

Chiff, chaff, chiff, cheff, chaff. Yes, sure enough the little chiff-chaff has arrived. He is the first of the summer migrants to greet us and strange enough I first saw and heard him last year, in the same district, on the very same tree and on the very same date as I did this year, namely, March 23rd. He is the forerunner of many more delightful little visitors, and soon the woods will resound with their charming songs. Look out for the willow warbler, too. There is no voice more daintily sweet than his and we shall hear, as it were, hundreds of little silver vocal streams trickling from the tree-tops and helping to swell the great flood of summer song. The wood-warbler or wood wren is another charming little bird. His "tweet" uttered many times, is peculiarly sweet, the tremulous accents of the last notes of its little song being caused as the bird quivers its wings. And so the songs of the chiff-chaff, willow-warbler and willow-wren are distinctive; otherwise the birds are very much alike and one is frequently mistaken for the other. But they are a charming trio.

TO A FRIEND (AGED 7 YEARS).

You, with the meditating eyes,
That see no fault because they are so pure :
You, with the little trusting hand,
That quells deceit because it is so sure :
You, with the silken head so wise
Whose black is black and white is very white,
And what it cannot understand
Lives in the starry silence of the night.

The patter of your soft pink feet
Falls gaily on the road we flinching tread :
For you no flaming sword appears
To separate the living from the dead.
You come to learn of me ! Ah ! sweet,
Hard-won the truths that I can teach and few ;
Humbly I thank your God, with tears,
For all the priceless things I learn of you.

BEADED BUBBLES.

("This is to be a good champagne year."—News item).

When life is overfull of trouble I
Find that the safest thing to do
Is to consume a pint of "bubbly"
Or even two ;
Whereat affairs assume a far more roseate hue.

It costs six bob for half a bottle—
A deal too much, we all agree—
By when I've poured it down my throttle
Right merrilie,
Oh ! as the poet says, the difference to me !

I'll not pretend the stuff is precious,
As vintage port or claret are ;
Its single purpose is to enmesh us,
To light the star
Of hope for the tired soul that's feeling under par.

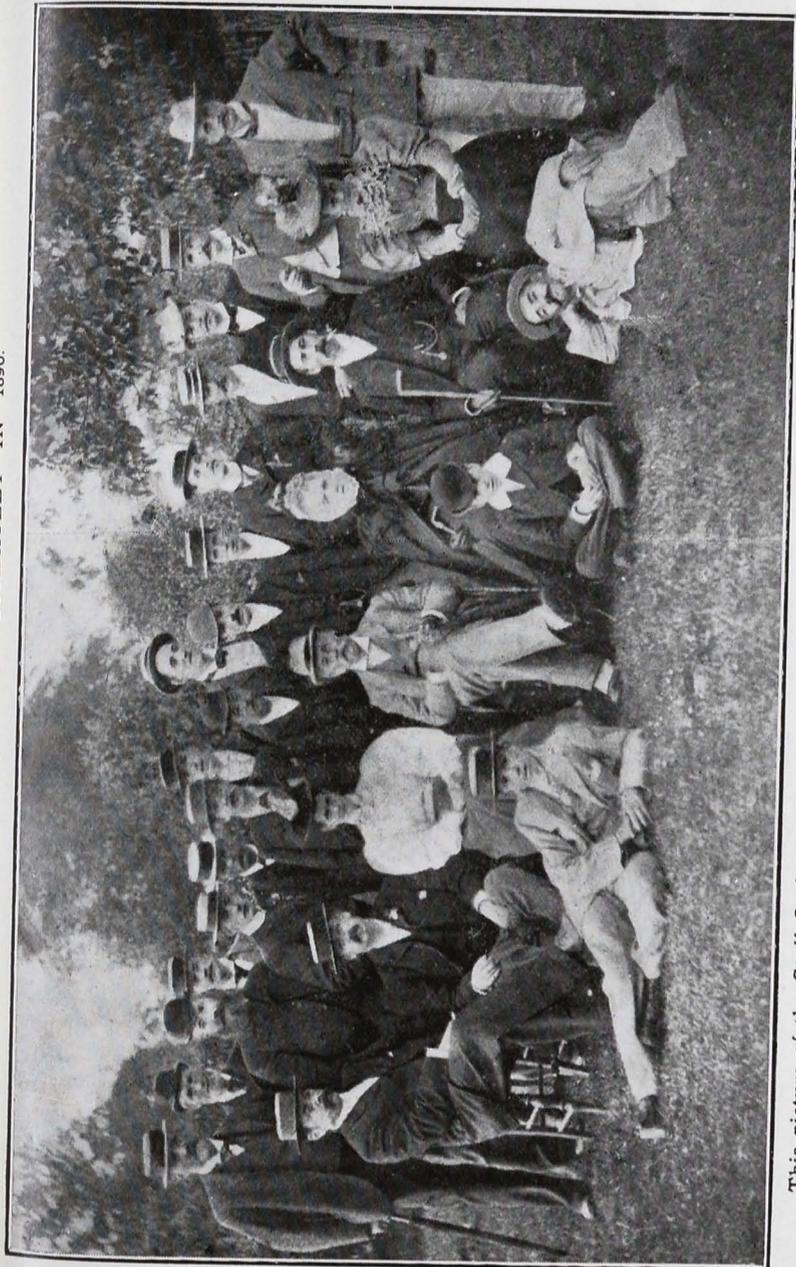
Red wine for such as woo the Muses :
White wine to stimulate the brain :
And the stout-hearted, if he chooses
May safely drain
The pale dry sherry wine that comes from Southern
Spain.

Attuned to all our moods and uses,
The gods have given some special wine,
For this the Rhone's ambrosial juices,
For that the fine
But austere grape that grows high-terraced o'er the
Rhine.

But when I have that flattened feeling,
When men seem fools and women plain,
And dismal thoughts come swiftly stealing,
And life seems vain,
Give me, if I've the price, a bottle of champagne.

—ALGOL, in the *Evening News*.

STAFF OUTING TO STREATLEY IN 1896.



This picture of the Staff Outing to Streatley, at the invitation of Mr. J. Arnold, will recall many happy memories, including the exciting experience of the punting party.

PROHIBITION A FAILURE.

THE VERDICT OF THE NATIONS.

TRIED AND FOUND WANTING.

Since 1914, the people of thirteen countries and provinces have given Prohibition a trial and have rejected it. Here are the facts:—

1914. *Russia* adopts Prohibition. Repealed in 1922. In 1925 sale of vodka at pre-war strength sanctioned.

1914. *Estonia* embraces Prohibition. 1920. The "Dry" regime overthrown.

1915. *Iceland* legislates for Prohibition. 1922. Prohibition abandoned.

1915. *Alberta (Canada)* embraces Prohibition by 58,000 votes to 37,000. 1923. Prohibition repealed by 96,000 votes to 64,000.

1916. *Ontario (Canada)* goes "Dry." 1926. Government returned to power pledged to State control.

1916. *Manitoba (Canada)* adopts Prohibition by a majority of 24,000. 1923. Rejects Prohibition by a 40,000 majority.

1916. *Norway* declares for virtual Prohibition. 1926. Prohibition overthrown in favour of State control.

1917. *Newfoundland* adopts Prohibition. 1924. Rejects it, and embraces State control.

1917. *Saskatchewan (Canada)* declares for Prohibition by 95,000 votes to 23,000. 1924. As the result of a plebiscite, Government sale of alcohol instituted the following year.

1917. *British Columbia*, as a result of a plebiscite, declares for Prohibition. 1921. By 75,000 votes to 29,225 the electors reject Prohibition.

1919. *Quebec (Canada)*: Prohibition in force. 1921. State control adopted, following upon a referendum.

1920. *Turkey* adopts Prohibition. 1924. Abandons Prohibition.

1920. *New Brunswick (Canada)* votes for Prohibition by a 20,000 majority. 1927. Sale of alcohol reinstated.

1927. *Denmark*: Royal Commission reports against Prohibition and in favour of a continuance of the existing Licensing Laws.

1928. *New South Wales (Australia)*, on a compulsory poll, rejects Prohibition by a 492,565 majority.

1928. *New Zealand*, on a free vote, rejects Prohibition by a majority of 144,325.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Lord Dewar, opening the London and North Eastern Railway poster exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries, Piccadilly, W., had some amusing remarks to make about things in general and advertising in particular. They included:—

Samson got some wonderful advertising results when he took two columns, and certainly brought down the house.

The lions of society are tigers for publicity.

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

Nothing deflates so fast as a punctured reputation.

Success is merely a matter of buying your experience cheap and selling it at a profit.

Many a false step is made by standing still.

Footprints on the sands of time are not made by sitting down.

No man, however insignificant he looks, questions your judgment when you tell him he looks distinguished.

An ounce of flattery is worth more than a ton of tombstone obituary.

The greatest mistake you can make in this life is to be continually fearing you will make one.

* * * *

She had been to a bridge party the previous night, and to her husband it seemed likely she had had more than ordinary bad luck. At any rate, breakfast next morning found her silent and depressed.

"Have a bad time last night?" asked the husband at last.

"Awful!" she snapped, as she beheaded an egg. "And it was your fault, too!"

"My fault?" he gasped. "Why, you know I wasn't playing."

"No, but you introduced me to a man who you said was a famous bridge expert, and——"

"Well, so he is, my dear."

"Nonsense; he's nothing of the kind. He's only an engineer."

* * * *

ALFIE: "Dad, what does it mean here by 'diplomatic phraseology'?"

FATHER: "My son, if you tell a girl that time stands still while you gaze into her eyes, that's diplomacy. But if you tell her that her face would stop a clock, you're for it."

A man I know—not too bad a fellow—was on a walking tour somewhere on the west coast of Scotland.

The quiet of utter loneliness was around him ; no sound save the sough of a gentle breeze through the heather. The sun was reddening in the west, which told him that before he reached the hearth of the cottage in which he was staying night would be far upon him ; indeed, by the time he had sighted the lone light of the cot way down in the valley he realized that he was London-bred and wondered what he would give just then for a taxi to take him there.

He had not shone well in the conversation he had had with the only soul he had seen upon the fells—a shepherd.

Shepherds were always given to philosophy, and my friend liked his little joke.

They were looking out to sea ; there was scarce a sign of the horizon ; the old dog stared in that direction also.

Here was a chance to get a rise out of the old shepherd.

" I suppose one can see a very long way from here on a clear day ? "

" Aye," said the shepherd.

" I dare say when it's very clear you can see America ? "

" Ye can see farther than that at night."

My friend was a bit taken back : " At night ? " he queried.

" Aye, at night, mon ; ye can see the stars then."

* * * *

On his way to school one morning Freddie saw a man repairing the gate over a drain. He stopped to watch him, and then remembered something. " That's the drain where my mother dropped a half-crown the other day." The workman showed signs of interest. " Is that so ? " he said, " well, run along to school, sonny, or you'll be late." When the boy was returning home for lunch the man was still there. " I say, sonny," he called out, " are you sure it was this drain that the half-crown went down ? " Freddie nodded. " Yes, 'cos I watched father getting it out again."

* * * *

The haughty Englishman was endeavouring to impress the importance of his family upon his host, a minister in the Highlands. " Why," he exclaimed, " my ancestors have had the right to bear arms for the last two hundred years ! " " Hoot, mon," replied the minister, " my ancestors have had the right to bare legs for the last two thousand years."

" Any complaints, orderly ? " asked the commanding officer.

" None, sir, except that the men would like some rhubarb."

" Very well, give it to them."

" 'Ere corporal " said the orderly, a few minutes later, " C.O. says we can 'ave rhubarb."

" Right, oh ! " said the corporal, and he proceeded to write it down.

" R-u—" he spelt audibly. Then he rubbed it out. " R-e-u—" he went on, and hastily abandoned that. " R-h-e-u—" he said in desperation. "'Ere," he concluded, " you can 'ave cabbage ! "

* * * *

One afternoon a recruiting sergeant saw a likely-looking young fellow leaning against the gatepost of an empty house, and above his head was a notice : " This house to be sold by Private Treaty."

" Ever thought of joining up ? " the sergeant asked.

" Not me ! " growled the lounge. " What d'you get out of it, anyway ? Nothing at all, I reckon."

" Indeed ! " exclaimed the sergeant. Then, pointing to the notice : " How comes it then, my lad, that Private Treaty has a house for sale ? "

The lounge stared open-mouthed at the board, then, as the possibility of owning a house by joining the Army grew into certainty, the country secured another recruit.

* * * *

SMALL BOY, as express engine rushes by with rapidly-moving connecting-rods : " Mummy, look at that engine scratching itself."

* * * *

LADY GLOW-WORM : " I never want to see you again ! "

MALE GLOW-WORM : " All right. You glow your way and I'll glow mine."

* * * *

Witness at Shoreditch County Court : The collision would not have occurred if the other vehicle had not been there.

* * * *

While fishing the other day a Worcestershire man hooked a basket containing two bottles of pre-war whisky. He has been inundated with inquiries as to what particular bait he was using at the time.—*Punch*.

PRETTY NURSE: "Every time I take the patient's pulse it gets faster.

DOCTOR: "Blindfold him!"

* * * *

HERE'S LUCK!

Beefsteak when you are hungry,
Whisky, when you're dry,
Fivers when you're busted,
Heaven when you die."

* * * *

Kilts were invented by an Aberdeen lady who won a girl's skirt in a raffle, but whose only child was a boy.

* * * *

In America, where they still make jokes about intoxication, a policeman went up to a man who was staggering along a street. The policeman tried to persuade him to walk on the pavement.

"Pavement?" said the drunken man, "What do you take me for? Blondin?"

* * * *

If *and* were *but*, and *but*, *and*, "*and* and *but*" would be "*b ut* and *and*," and "*but* and *but*" "*and* and *and*," and "*and* and *and*" "*but* and *but*"; but if *and* were *but* *and*, "*but* and *and*" would not be "*and* and *and*" but "*but* and *and*," "*but* and *but*" would be "*but* and *but*," and "*and* and *and*" "*and* and *and*"; and if *but* were *but* *but*, "*and* and *but*" would not be "*and* and *and*" but "*and* and *but*," "*and* and *and*" would be "*and* and *and*," and "*but* and *but*" "*but* and *but*."

* * * *

Jim's girl is tall and fast,
My girl is short and slow;
Jim's girl wears silky things,
My girl wears calico;
Jim's girl has wit and fun,
My girl is dull and good:
But d'you think I'd change my girl
for Jim's,
By gosh, you bet I would.

* * * *

HUSBAND: "A woman is as old as she looks—a man is as old as he feels. Personally, I feel like a two-year-old."

WIFE (sarcastically): "Horse or egg."

* * * *

A pre-holiday want ad. in a local newspaper reads as follows:—
"Wanted a sales girl; must be respectable till after Easter."

Women, says a fashion note, are carrying handbags this season made of fish skin. Women must by now have skinned every living creature, including man, for the gratification of their vanity.

* * * *

A "Temperance" advocate states that if all the beer drunk annually in Great Britain were gathered together a million people could swim in it. And it would have more body in it than usual.

* * * *

MAID: "The lady cannot see you, she's in her bath."

AGENT: "O, that's alright, I am selling soap."

* * * *

Young Hopkins obtained an appointment in a Government Department and after he had served there about twelve months he was asked by his Uncle "How many people work in your office?"

"About half of them," replied Hopkins.

* * * *

RHYME OF THE TIME.

Half an inch, half an inch, half an inch shorter;
The skirts are the same of mother and daughter.
When the wind blows, each one of them shows
Half an inch, half an inch, more than she oughter.

* * * *

Witness in the King's Bench Division: "I have added a cordial to my will."

* * * *

"My dear fellow, it is always best to begin at the bottom of the ladder."

"Nonsense! How about when you are escaping from a fire?"

* * * *

Mrs. AYRES: "How did it happen, Ellen, that you never saw finger-bowls before? Didn't they use them in the last place you worked?"

ELLEN: "No, ma'am, they mostly washed themselves before they came to the table.

* * * *

Mr. BOREM: "I am opposed to alcoholic liquors as a beverage. Yet I believe that liquor rightly used is a benefit to humanity. I am fully convinced that whisky was once the means of saving my life."

Miss CUTTING: "Perhaps it did; but I fail to see how that proves it a benefit to humanity."

The silly ass was holding forth on Tariff Reform in the smoke room, and, said he, "Take whisky, for instance"—when the crowd, as one man, howled, "Don't care if I do"; and drinks were ordered all round.

* * * *

"How much beer do you drink in a day, my man?" a teetotal reformer asked a British worker who had a real honest thirst. "Oh! a gallon, gov'nor—perhaps two!" was the reply. "Two gallons!" said the reformer, "why, I couldn't drink that much water." "Well, gov'nor," said the working man, "if it comes to that, neither could I."

* * * *

A Scotsman and an American struck up acquaintance in an hotel lounge.

After the former had had several drinks at the American's expense, he said to him: "Well, will you have a drink wi' me?"

"Sure," replied the other blandly. "I guess I'll have a glass of champagne."

For an instant the Scotsman was staggered.

"Aye, well, you can guess again," he said at last, "and guess nearer saxpence."

* * * *

FLORA: "Jack tried to kiss me last night."

DORA: "What in the world did you do?"

"I was up in arms in a minute."

* * * *

YOUNG MAN (taking singing lessons): "Do you think I could use my voice in public now?"

DISHEARTENED TUTOR: "Oh, I suppose so. You might cheer at a football match."

* * * *

THE MAID: "Miss Brown is not in."

VISITOR: "May I leave my card?"

"Never mind, she saw who it is."

* * * *

PROFESSOR: Do you believe in the Darwinian theory, Mr. Smythé?

Mr. SMYTHE: I am inclined to go further than Darwin did, and believe that some members of the species have started on the return trip!

Sandy had signed the pledge, and the news spread quickly.

"D'ye mean tae tell me, Sandy," said a friend, "that ye're no goin' tae have another drink as long as you live?"

"Aye, that's so," came the reply.

"D'ye mean tae say," went on his friend, "that if ye were standin' in a lake filled with whisky right up tae yer knees ye wouldn't be caught bendin'?"

"Yes," said Sandy.

"Well, if it was right up tae yer chin," said the other, "an' it's Simonds' Special Liquor Scotch whisky I'm talkin' aboot, would ye no sip it?"

Sandy began to waver, the prospect was too alluring.

"Well," he answered, "I'm no sayin' I would, min' ye, but I might make a wee ripple wi' ma hands."

* * * *

A correspondent writes to the *Times* to announce that he saw a double sun on April 3rd. An American visitor says that on his first night in England he saw three moons, seven comets and a meteor.

THE LATE MR. BEN EYMORE.

After being ill for eighteen months Mr. Ben Eymore, late foreman labourer to Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., passed peacefully away on April 7th. He commenced work for the Brewery after the contractor had completed the new loading stage in 1901. He was a very conscientious man and known to his fellow workmen as "Benny." When war broke out he at once offered his services in the Labour Corps, R.E. After twelve months in France he was badly wounded in the Battle of the Somme, and sent home.

Having worked at several of our Stores he was known by many.

SOUTH BERKS BREWERY, NEWBURY.

It is gratifying to be able to announce that Mr. W. H. Burton, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia and appendicitis, is making excellent progress. It is hoped that the present improvement in the weather will be to his benefit and will also assist our other convalescents in recovering good health.

Mr. Burton wishes to take this opportunity of thanking sincerely all his friends and colleagues at Reading and the Branches for their kind and sympathetic enquiries during his illness.

LEISURE HOURS.

WHERE TO FIND THE BEST FRUITS OF HUMAN GENIUS.

Dean Inge, in a pregnant phrase, says "The soul is dyed the colour of its leisure thoughts," and we may add that it is in our conversational hours that the dye is rubbed off, or better perhaps, suffuses itself into the drab monotony of everyday life. Time was when conversation was interesting, but in modern life it is almost a lost art; how often are we bored by the man who can do nothing but babble about the latest football match or the sensational headline in the evening paper. We are told in season and out of season that ours is an age of progress and that modern inventions have brought much into man's life. At the risk of being considered old-fashioned and early Victorian we would venture to add that by those same inventions much also has been taken out of man's life. Possibly this is but putting into other words the old saw that there are two sides to every story.

We should be the last to decry the advantages of the many triumphs of human genius which our age has witnessed, but we cannot help seeing also their disadvantages. How is the present working-day rounded off? Is it not with the cinema, the wireless, and the watching of athletic games? Possibly some will object that in this we are not far removed from the ancient Romans who clamoured for their *panem et circenses* (bread and the games), but there is a difference. To-day the cry is for speed, more speed, and still more speed and in the haste of the hour there is but little time for real leisure. In our leisure hours to-day we are passive, not active: we look around for others to amuse us and while away the hours for us who sit and look on. The venerable and hoary classics are known to the modern generation through the medium of the cinema, often in a version which the authors themselves would fail to recognise, but how many people to-day have read the story about which they wax enthusiastic after a film show? It is almost with surprise and delight that one engages in conversation with a man who can talk intelligently about the writings that time has made immortal.

Gone are the days of apt quotation when speakers in our Houses of Parliament could colour their argument with lines from famous authors and find joy in the recognition accorded by their fellow members and even receive a Roland for their Oliver. Ours is an age of hackneyed phrases and threadbare quotations. In these mechanical days men must have their reading supplied in tabloid form, in snippets from this or that organ of the Press; in the hustle of the moment there is little time to think and we are in danger of allowing the newspapers to do our thinking for us.

Our dread of the classics, as they are called, is perhaps a relic of schoolboy days when masters urged the reading of this or that masterpiece of literature. The present writer confesses that but a few days since he was given a copy of Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer," a book he had always shunned on account of that same insistence of schoolmasters. He began reading it in the train on the way to Paddington and continued reading it in the various tubes in his meanderings about Town, and as he finished it on the homeward journey at night wondered how it could have remained so long unknown to him.

Not all the fruits of human genius, or even the best, are to be found in the mechanical advances of our day: there are many of exquisite flavour hidden between the covers of a book awaiting our discovery, and we hazard the thought that the soul's colour would be a deeper and a faster dye if more leisure hours were spent in the perusal of their pages.

Many a modern taking Shakespeare in hand would confess, with the *naïveté* of the old lady who read the Bard for the first time, that "he liked it because it was so full of quotations!"

WORDS OF WISDOM.

In taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing it over he is superior.

There is a better thing than the great man who is always speaking, and that is the great man who only speaks when he has a great word to say.

There is great force hidden in a sweet command.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance.

He knows the water best who has waded through it.

He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.

Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent;
but a true gentleman is what one seldom sees.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

We had a big surprise when the April number of our magazine arrived in time for us all to have a copy before we left for the Easter holidays.

A very good number, was the general opinion, and although the Editor rushed matters (and contributors) it was quite up to the usual high standard.

The photo of the "Brewery Office Staff Footballers, 1911" caused quite a little comment and doubtless much memory searching. I believe I am right in saying they were Good Friday footballers. It is also pleasing to write that out of the 14 shown in the group (excluding the dog), ten are still working in the Brewery Offices at Reading and one (Mr. J. Cook) is at Newbury on the staff of the South Berks Brewery Co.

Mr. W. Giddy's sketch was particularly fine and without a doubt he excels in these sea pictures. He may be "hung" at the Royal Academy even yet, but do not read this in the literal sense, please.

Our Short Story written by "A Player" was surrounded in mystery as regards whom the author might be, but I feel sure most of us made a pretty shrewd guess and guessed right. It is nice to know the principals made a "match" of it in the end and it is to be hoped that they did not "live snappy ever after." Of course the cynic might say that if the outcome of playing tennis together was marriage, it might be a better plan to play a less exciting game, such as "Snakes and Ladders."

Mr. W. J. Nicholson (Manager at Malta), whose photograph appeared in the April number, has had a varied experience in different countries and different climes which does not fall to the lot of many who work for the Firm. From his letter it would seem to have been very "hot" in Ireland whilst he was there, as well as Malta.

"P.J." who wrote such an entertaining account of the Magicians' Dinner he attended is well-known at the Brewery and has before now done some very good "sleights" with a cricket ball when playing for the Brewery team. If, as suggested by the Editor, "P.J." was able to produce bottled beers from empty cases his name would be "made" for all time. However, for a start, I would suggest he should practise trying to produce a crown cork opener when this handy adjunct has been left behind, say when you are "miles from anywhere" up the river on a hot day with a case of the latest vintage of "S.B." crown corked to be sampled.

"M.P." in writing her article on ladies' dress, &c., writes: "What's in the Air to-day"; certainly not men's heads when a feminine vision of delight passes by clothed in the very latest Summer creation that was by no means "What mother made for me."

Easter being on its best behaviour, trade began to look up and we had quite a busy time. Overtime started for the General Office immediately after Easter Monday and was soon over, for the books (as well as the Staff) were well-balanced for March Quarter. Incidentally, the Bills were despatched with their usual promptitude. It is pleasing to state the Offices can now report "All present and correct" after such a devastating Winter from a health point of view.

Holidays have started and it is to be hoped for the sake of the early ones the weather becomes warmer or else they will return with blue faces instead of that sunburnt complexion which denotes the handsome man.

Football for Reading "fans" has taken a turn for the better and Second Division League Football will fill the bill again next season at Elm Park. This season, for the ardent enthusiast, has been one of ups and downs, for the Reading Football Club have not been out of danger of relegation all through the season. Nevertheless, we shall all start again at the end of August wending our way to Elm Park full of optimism. Signing-on news is the thing at the moment at the Brewery but unfortunately, the rumours we hear have not yet been officially confirmed in the Press.

As seems usual, the Budget has not given our Trade much needed relief; in fact something has been put on, which is also as usual.

Mr. Eric has been to the offices several times now and we all hope he will soon be restored to complete good health.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Mr. L. E. Browne (General Office) has become engaged.

Congratulations to Mr. V. Saunders (General Office). His wife presented him with a son on April 8th, both doing well.

Mr. A. R. Bradford (Branch Office) left for Malta on April 9th.

I forget the date, but during the early days of this month a telephone call from Gibraltar to the Brewery came through, and an order was taken down. I am told the call was ever so good and clear.

Mr. F. W. Freeman (Branch Office) is being married on June 1st. Congratulations!

Mr. E. Hurlock (General Office) follows suit on June 30th. More congratulations!

Have you heard this one:—

The train is brought to a sudden standstill, with a horrible grinding of brakes, in the wilds. All is confusion, but no one is hurt. An agitated young man asks the Guard "What's the matter?" The Guard replies "Someone pulled the communication cord, the driver put on his brakes quickly, a carriage has left the rails and we shall be here for hours." The agitated one says "Oh! how awful, I'm due to be married in an hour's time." The Guard thereupon looked the young man up and down and said "Say! You ain't the guy that pulled that communication cord are yer?"

Mr. R. M. Eggo, Reading Football Club's captain for several seasons, will shortly be "Mine Host" of the "Saracen's Head," King's Road, Reading.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Nature is the only book that teems with meaning on every page.

The words of men are like the leaves of trees; when they are too many they hinder the growth of the fruit.

The greater men are, the humbler they are, because they conceive of a greatness beyond attainment.

Bethink you of what great service is a good example. Then know that the memory of great men is of as great benefit as their presence.

To add a library to a house is to give that house a soul.

Some friends as shadows are,
And fortunes as the sun;
They never proffer any help,
Till fortune hath begun.

Nature sings her most exquisite songs to those who love her.

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

PREPARING FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

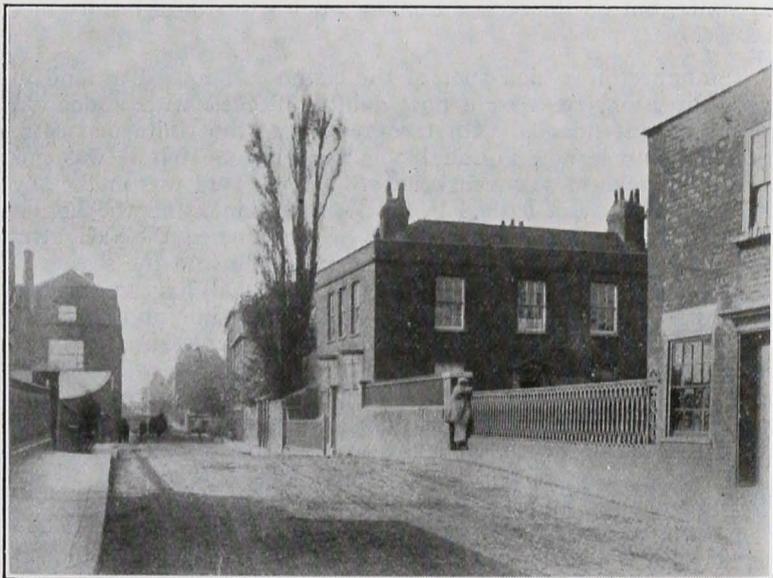
With what remarkable rapidity do the weeks, months and years go by! When we pause in the course of the business of everyday life and take stock of the various events and occurrences of, say, twelve months, one can hardly realise that such and such a thing only happened perhaps three months ago. And yet what tremendous strides take place in a short space of time; Dame Nature emphasising this point most of all. I have just recently spent two succeeding week-ends at the pleasantly situated village of Peppard and there, not unduly touched by the hand of man, nature runs riot. Taking a walk on the first Sunday, I noticed that trees were showing tips of green, while fruit trees, on which the bloom appears before the foliage, were full of buds just exposing the white, but on the second Sunday what a wealth of beauty met the eye.

Standing on a high spot of the common I looked around in every direction, trees were now daintily flecked with a delicate green and intermingled with the green were the white masses of the cherry trees now in full bloom; indeed one felt it was not possible to take in so much beauty. Not a cloud was in the sky and everything was bathed in glorious sunshine, and the houses nestling here and there seemed only to enhance the delightful scene. All this indicates that we are now well into the season of Spring and before we can realize the fact we shall have sped along into Summer and foliage will take on a darker hue and fruit will replace blossom. And we, too, follow on in our pleasures as befits the seasons. Only a little while ago it seems since we were making preparations for the Christmas holidays and now we are all anticipating our Summer vacation. First, there is the task of fitting in the times with our fellow workers so that one and all are suited as far as it is possible to do so. Then there is a second difficulty in selecting that particular spot on the earth's surface in which to pass the holiday time, and if choice falls on a place not previously visited, the anticipation is all the more pleasant. Indeed, I often think there is a great deal of pleasure in anticipation, for often realisation brings disappointment, although one hopes that this is rather the exception than the rule as regards holidays, for we do need to return to our everyday life with fresh vigour and interest, feeling refreshed by the change of scene and air and not to have that depressed feeling which follows on disappointment. And in the preparations for the holiday there is the subject of attire: this I expect affects the ladies more particularly than the men. How often do we say "I shall not take so many dresses this year"; but when the time for packing comes, without a doubt

there will be the usual number with, perhaps, one or two in addition and if any remark is made you can almost rely that the reply will be "Oh, well, they are all very light and will take very little room in the case." And so the years succeed one another with a surprising quickness, each bringing its annual events with almost as much regularity as the seasons, and it therefore behoves us to be on our guard that we do not get into a groove but rather that we should keep ourselves alive by taking an interest in the world at large and the opportunity to increase this interest is afforded us during our holidays when we have the facilities to visit places that were previously unknown to us.

M.P.

BRIDGE STREET IN BY-GONE DAYS.



This illustration is reproduced from a photograph which was presented to the office by Mr. A. P. Tee, and depicts Bridge Street about 50 years ago. By the absence of any traffic it was evidently taken in the early morning, or possibly on a Sunday. What a contrast to present-day conditions! It may be of interest to point out that in the basement of the private house in the foreground of the picture were the first bottled beer cellars; also in the distance may be seen the row of old cottages by St. Mary's Churchyard, long since demolished.

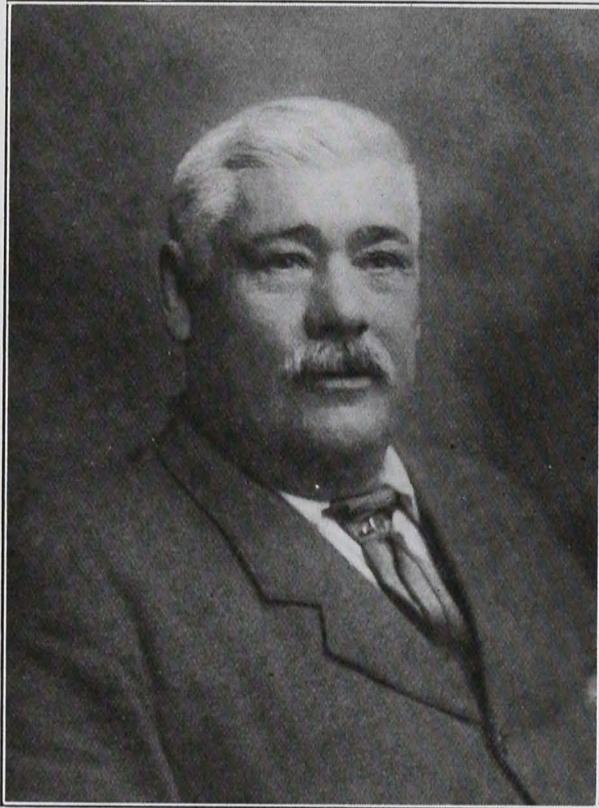
FIFTY YEARS AT THE BREWERY.



Mr. Charles Fryer, who started work at the Brewery in 1879 in the engine house stoking the old boilers. The Directors congratulated him on scoring his half-century and presented Mr. Fryer with a handsome clock.

THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

No. 16.



Mr. W. AMOS.
(BY C.H.P.)

Mr. W. Amos, of the Golden Lion, Watlington Street, Reading, has had thirty-five years' experience in the Trade, and for thirteen years has been at the Golden Lion. He has also been landlord of the Queens Arms, Hosier Street; the Bricklayers Arms, Coley; and the Little Crown, Southampton Street. Few men know more about horses and it was our good friend who used to run Ye Olde Bus from West Street to the Queens Head, Christchurch Road, before the advent of the trams in 1903. At one time Mr. Amos had fourteen ponies and traps, which he let out on hire while at the

Little Crown, where, by the way, he looked after as many as thirty lodgers at a time. "I worked very hard and made a bit in those days," he told me, adding, "but things are not quite so rosy to-day."

Work is his hobby and he is an ideal landlord; knows his job from A to Z, and is a very genial host, but firm as a rock when the necessity arises. He believes in calling a spade a spade, and is noted for his transparent honesty. He loathes hypocrisy.

The fact that he keeps his beer in such good condition and everything in the house is so spotlessly clean probably accounts largely for the fact that he has so many regular customers.

May the numbers continue to increase!

 WORDS OF WISDOM.

One problem for the modern man is to live luxuriously enough to make the neighbours jealous and humbly enough not to rouse the suspicions of the income tax department.

Life has a way of evening-up things. For every woman who makes a fool out of some man there's another who makes a man out of some fool.

A lot of people are carried away by enthusiasm and then have to walk back.

Never lose an occasion. Opportunity is more powerful even than conquerors and prophets.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

There is nothing that attracts human nature more powerfully than the sport of tempting the unknown with a fishing line.

It is the little things that bother us. You can sit on a mountain but not on a tack.

Work is its own reward, "Work" being understood to mean every endeavour of man to reach a definite goal.

SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

By the irony of fate the evening selected for the Annual General Meeting of the Cricket Club proved to be the identical one chosen by Jupiter Pluvius to send a sample of winter weather. No doubt the severe snow, sleet and rain held many members to their own fireside. It certainly was not a night to induce one to travel very far. However, some eighteen members braved the elements and business proceeded fairly satisfactorily.

The adoption of the Report and Balance Sheet was the first business of importance, and the latter showed the Club to be in a flourishing position. The balance to be carried forward amounted to £15 11s. 6d., as against £10 6s. 4d. at the beginning of last season.

The appointment of officials for the ensuing season was then discussed. Naturally, the Directors of the Firm were again elected as our Presidents and the Vice-Presidents will show little change. Unfortunately, death carried one of our old Vice-Presidents out of our ken, viz., Mr. E. Bailey, and a change of business took Mr. N. G. H. Stone from amongst us.

Mr. Tom Bartholomew will be in charge of the First Eleven, as Mr. J. H. Wadhams was unable to accept the office again this year. He will have the assistance of Mr. J. Rumens, who again fills the post of Vice-Captain.

When it came to the selection of the leader of the Second Eleven, things were not quite so easy to arrange. Mr. F. S. Hawkins, although willing to play whenever possible, was unable to hold the position of Captain again, and there were only a few members of the juniors present to give a range of selection. After a lengthy discussion, it was decided to ask Mr. C. Streams to hold the post, which he subsequently confirmed. Mr. P. Luker will act as his deputy.

The Treasurer and Secretary will again be Mr. C. E. Gough and Mr. J. W. Jelley respectively, and Mr. Wadhams displaces Mr. F. Josey on the Committee, the only change on that body.

Mr. W. Sparks will act as Scorer for the first team and J. Edgington for the second; Umpires as before.

With the exception of the "tackle man," the officials are now dealt with and, of course, there was only one man for that job, viz., Mr. A. E. Croom, who so ably kept the "stuff" in order last year, in addition to the good work he did at the nets.

The mention of "nets" naturally leads the writer to "practice," and ere these lines are published we hope that our usual nights (Mondays and Thursdays) will have seen many members opening their shoulders. Mr. Croom will be as happy as a dog with two tails if he can only see a big muster on those nights. He is willing to give his valuable services as coach and it only remains for members, especially the juniors, to take advantage of them. I am not going to say the seniors are not in need of practice, but it is to the younger members that we have to look if the Club is going to continue to flourish. We have run two elevens for the past seven years and it would be a great pity if one of them had to be dropped.

The fixtures for both teams are nearly complete and it is hoped a full programme will be carried out. Home and away matches have been arranged with Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds' and Mr. H. D. Simonds' Elevens at Bradfield and Eversley Street respectively.

It is hoped the fixture cards will be in the hands of the Committee and officials ere the season commences and that there will be a big rally amongst the members to take over possession of one each. The ordinary membership is only a shilling—not enough to "break" anybody—the sport is good, and comradeship amongst the teams could not be better.

The Executive would welcome more supporters at their home matches, as it does give the players encouragement to know that some of their own pals are watching their efforts against keen opposition. They are sorry that more accommodation is not available for outlying matches, but the lorry and licence are, of necessity, not of an elastic nature.

The meeting, after having passed hearty votes of thanks to our late skipper, Mr. Wadhams, and the Chairman of the Club, Mr. Bird, then dispersed, happy to find the snow had ceased falling.

J.W.J.

DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

PRIZES DISTRIBUTED BY MR. SHEA-SIMONDS.

ENJOYABLE EVENING.

The prizes won in connection with the Departmental Tournaments were distributed by Mr. Shea-Simonds at the Social Club on Friday, April 26th, when a large company assembled. Mr. Shea-Simonds' presence is always greatly appreciated by the members

of the Club and on this occasion he caused much amusement by his very apt and witty remarks as he handed the prizes to the various recipients.

Among those present were Mr. F. C. Hawkes (Chairman of the Club), Mr. S. Bird (Treasurer), Mr. W. Bradford (Secretary), Mr. and Mrs. C. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Kingston and Mr. and Mrs. S. Murton.

H. & G. Simonds Concert Party were in great form, their clever performances being greeted with roars of laughter and round upon round of applause. The only regret was that Miss Rex, a very fine vocalist, was prevented from taking her usual place in the Concert Party.

After a number of very enjoyable turns, Mr. F. C. Hawkes called upon the Firm's esteemed Vice-President (Mr. Shea-Simonds) to distribute the prizes as follows:—

"DIRECTORS" CHALLENGE CUP.

Winners—Building Department (Capt. : Mr. C. E. Chapman).

"FRANK LINDARS" CUP FOR RUNNERS-UP.

Winners—Transport Department (Capt. : Mr. A. J. Dalton).

BILLIARDS HANDICAP—100 UP.

First—Mr. E. Palmer (Wristlet Watch).

Second—Mr. W. H. Wild (Set of Carvers).

SINGLE CRIB TOURNAMENT.

Winner—Mr. C. Weller (Tea Tray).

DARTS TOURNAMENT.

Winner—Mr. H. Price (Cheese Dish).

SHOVE HALFPENNY TOURNAMENT.

Winner—Mr. F. Adey (Set of Jugs).

DOMINOES TOURNAMENT.

Winner—Mr. T. Stacey (Water Jug Set).

In receiving the Cup on behalf of the Building Department, Mr. C. E. Chapman remarked that it was rather a big one, whereupon Mr. Shea-Simonds at once told him to take it downstairs and get it filled at his expense—an offer that, naturally, was appreciated by all.

Continuing, Mr. Chapman said it gave him very much pleasure to receive the Cup and referred to the fine spirit in which all the games were played. His team were very keen and though on the occasion of the last match it was snowing hard, one man came from Spencers Wood, one from Shinfield and one from the further end

of Tilehurst, thus showing the great interest they took in the competitions. (Applause).

Mr. Shea-Simonds said he saw Mr. Lindars that day and he was very sorry he was unable to attend and present his Cup to the winners whom he (Mr. Shea-Simonds) warmly congratulated.

Mr. Dalton, on receiving the trophy, said they had had a good run for their money and were not in the least disheartened because the Building Department beat them. The very best of feeling was displayed throughout the tournament.

Perhaps the most amusing incident of the evening was when Mr. J. Embling was presented with a wooden spoon, in token of his prowess with the dominoes. This item in the evening's programme came as a great surprise to all and not the least to the recipient himself.

Mr. Shea-Simonds congratulated each recipient of a prize and caused no end of fun by his exceedingly witty remarks.

In moving a vote of thanks to him, Mr. Hawkes said how very good it was of Mr. Shea-Simonds to spare the time to come amongst them and distribute the prizes in the able way he had done. They very much appreciated his presence and sincerely hoped he would see his way to attend their functions for many years to come.

The vote was most heartily passed, the whole company rising and singing "For he's a jolly good fellow."

In acknowledgment, Mr. Shea-Simonds said that it gave him very great pleasure to attend that night and he wished he could come amongst them oftener. Were he not so busy he would certainly participate in the billiards contests. He would like to tell them that Mr. Eric, who about six weeks ago was near death's door, was now convalescent and probably they saw him at The Brewery about a week ago. They had all had a most anxious time but so long as they all stuck together they would prosper in spite of everything that was levelled against them. He thanked them most heartily for their cordial reception and would also like to thank those officers of the Club, Mr. Hawkes, Mr. Bradford and Mr. Bird who worked so whole-heartedly to make the Club the genial centre that it undoubtedly was. (Applause). That was what they desired—the right spirit and good comradeship.

Mr. Shea-Simonds then expressed his regret at having to leave and Mr. Hawkes succeeded him as Chairman of the proceedings.

DETAILS OF THE TOURNAMENTS.

APPENDED ARE DETAILS OF THE FINAL RESULTS OF THE DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

TEAM	Number of Tournaments played	Number of Games played	WON	LOST	DRAWN	POINTS
Building ...	5	90	51	37	2	52
Transport ...	5	90	49	38	2	50
Offices ...	5	90	45	42	3	46½
Rest ...	5	90	41	46	2	42
Coopers ...	5	90	40	50	—	40
Cellars ...	5	90	38	51	1	38½

BILLIARDS LEAGUE DINNER.

Though the Brewery team did none too well in the Reading and District Clubs' Billiards League (season 1928-29), the Brewery was well represented at the ninth annual dinner which took place in Cross Street Hall on Wednesday, April 24th.

The occasion was a great success and the League continues to flourish, thanks in a large measure to the fine organizing powers of the hard-working Hon. Secretary (Mr. G. E. Boddington).

All greatly regretted the absence—and the cause of it—of Mr. Eric Simonds, the popular President.

It fell to the lot of Mr. C. Bennett to propose the toast of "The President." He made very feeling allusion to the serious illness from which Mr. Eric is now happily recovering and referred to his many activities and the affectionate regard in which he was held by all who were privileged to know him. Although unable to be present at the various matches, through the medium of the Press Mr. Eric followed the fortunes of the League with the keenest interest. The toast was drunk with a great sincerity of feeling.

The dinner was excellently served and Mrs. Ward's able supervision of the bar was all that could be desired.

THE LURE OF OLD BERKSHIRE.

How many of us give a second thought to our county of Berkshire, its historical associations and famous men; yet even a short delve into its history will leave one astonished that we have not given more thought to the subject. From the very earliest days of mankind its story can be traced and some idea of the advance of the people who once lived and had their being in its valleys and downs can be gathered from a visit to any of the wonderful collections of ancient weapons and utensils which have been found and are now exhibited in the museums of Reading, Maidenhead and Newbury. The earliest of Berkshire folks must have inhabited the swamps along the Thames and from the relics which have been found must have led a nomadic life and if they had homes at all, must have lived in caves, as people who live by hunting must perforce follow their game from place to place. As the people left the valleys for the higher ground of the downs the art of domesticating the wild animals to provide them with food and clothing began to make headway and all along the downs have been found traces of a pastoral tribe who must have been the possessors of large flocks and herds, and the remains of the banks and ditches which can still be seen on many hill-tops are the enclosures in which the cattle were kept as protection from wild animals more than as refuges for humans in time of war.

These camps can be seen along that most ancient road known to us as the Ridge Way and there is no doubt that this famous highway owes its origin to the Briton and not to the Romans as is commonly supposed. It was their main trade route from east to west.

The earliest trace of the Romans in Berkshire was 55 B.C., when a Roman legion landed in Kent and making their way up the Thames found that the Britons had reached a certain state of civilisation and were in trade communication with the Gauls in France. It was not until a century later that the Romans took up a permanent residence and after they had subdued the inhabitants the county was turned into an armed camp by them and their headquarters were built at what we now know as Silchester, but called by them Calleva. At other places garrison towns were built by them, notably at Speen, near Newbury, and at Windsor. Their knowledge of strategical points stood the test of time. For ever after, when war has made its way into the county, it is at these points that the fiercest battles have taken place. The roads which the Romans built can still be seen and a glance at the map will show that where any can be traced they nearly all run straight without any obstacle for the various camps, but all have some connection with the main camp at Calleva.

After the Romans left, came the Saxons, and they have left the most lasting impression on the county, as a glance at Berkshire place names will prove. The King of the Saxons who conquered Berkshire was Cerdic, from whom our own King is descended. He founded the kingdom of Wessex and his dynasty gradually conquered all England till at last, after the defeat of the Danes, King Alfred became the King of all England.

The first mention of the Danish invasion in the county is in 871 when they sailed up the Thames and formed an armed camp at the junction of the Thames and Kennet; the pleasure gardens which we know as the Forbury were included in this and was probably the headquarters. From this camp they marched to Englefield where the Berkshire men gave battle and drove them back to Reading. After the attack on the Danish main camp the Saxons, under Alfred, withdrew along the Ridge Way followed by the Danes, but at Ashdown under White Horse Hill, Alfred stood his ground and there was fought the historic battle which broke the power of the Danes and marked a turning point in English history. The county is full of the lure of King Alfred. He was born in a royal palace at Wantage and died in another at Faringdon. He held his parliament at Shefford in the Lambourn valley and left behind an example of devotion to duty which is still followed by his direct descendant, our present King George.

The Normans were the next who descended on Berkshire and many references to it are made in the famous Domesday Book which forms our principal source of knowledge of England under Norman rule. The Norman castles have gone, but Windsor Castle and the ruins of Reading Abbey remain to show us the power of Church and State in those times.

Under the reign of the Tudors the county made vast strides in commerce, the staple industry being cloth-making and such famous men as John Smallwood, "Jack of Newbury," who was the biggest cloth maker in England, John Dolman of Newbury, who built the great house at Shaw which saw some of the worst of the fighting during the civil war are recalled. Reading was noted for clothiers and Sir Thomas White, the founder of St. John's College at Oxford, was Lord Mayor of London, whilst the name of John Kendrick is well known to all as the founder of the schools which bear his name.

All down through the ages Berkshire has had a bearing on English history, and one can only touch the fringe of the subject in a short article. Perhaps at some future date it can be enlarged upon.

F.M.

BRANCHES.

HYPHE.

Easter has come and gone, and we do not suppose anyone can remember a better one as regards weather: it was just perfect. Huge crowds filled all of the seaside resorts in our vicinity and we had a fairly busy time. It was very unfortunate that it came just at the end of the month, as many customers tried to scrape through on as small a stock as possible. One landlord we know ran out of a certain brand quite early. It is a great mistake to cut things as fine as this.

The Budget, as we anticipated, affects us very little. The problematical amount which the Brewers will receive through derating is to be taken away, with perhaps a little extra besides, by the increase on the manufacturing licence. Off-licences are to be allowed to sell half-bottles of spirits—a long-needed reform—but we understand that this will not come into operation until October.

FOOTBALL: THE BREWERY WIN A CUP.

Last month we were able to report that our football team had fought their way into the final of two cups. The first of these, against Wye, was played off at Ashford, on Good Friday, before over 1,000 spectators. It was a good bustling game of the cup-tie order. Wye scored after about twenty minutes' play, and although we pressed up to the interval there was no scoring and Wye crossed over leading by the one goal. After change of ends, Hymers sought to improve his forward line by bringing up Cooper from back, but it was within two minutes of time before Rose equalised from a corner. "Time" was called with the scores level at 1-1 and extra time was ordered. During this period the Brewery attacked incessantly, but were very weak in front of goal, and it was almost in the last minute of the game when Johnnings netted after a miskick by one of the Wye backs, thus giving us the victory.

In the second final, played off on April 17th, on the same ground, our opponents were Ashford Manor, a team we had met on several previous occasions but never beaten. They were a much different proposition to Wye, and we lost by 4-1. We are speaking without reference, but we think this is the biggest margin by which they have ever beaten us. In our opinion a great mistake was made in weakening the defence by moving Cooper from back to the forward line. With Cooper at back we think that our defence is better than any team in the district

in our class of football. Our half-back line could not be improved upon. They work hard and feed their forwards splendidly. Our forward line is our weakness. Individually, they are very good, but failure to combine has proved our undoing. We learn by our mistakes and we hope that we shall do better next year.

A great many supporters went from the Brewery and there was without doubt a bigger crowd on the ground than at the previous match.

Many of us are now looking forward to cricket. We have a splendid list of fixtures arranged by our indefatigable Secretary; now all that we want is fine weather and plenty of enthusiasm.

BRIGHTON.

One of our "Knights of the Road," Mr. F. H. Chambers, has come out with a contribution to the GAZETTE:—

After perusing a copy of the "Guide to Berkshire," which should prove a very useful book to road users and holiday-makers during the coming season, one is apt to draw comparisons with our own County, Sussex-by-the-Sea. Whilst our Downs and country scenery can, in places, give points even to Berkshire, there is one thing missing, *i.e.* the sign of the famous "Hop Leaf" over our Sussex wayside hostelries. However, for the information of our numerous Berkshire visitors during the coming summer, we can recommend at least three houses in the charming district south of Horsham where one can obtain their favourite beverage, "S.B.," and other refreshments.

Between Horsham and Brighton travellers should not miss calling at the Old Crab Tree, where the genial landlord, Mr. J. W. Edwards, can be relied upon to do the necessary, both as regards solid and liquid refreshment.

This house is much in demand for outing parties, as Mr. Edwards has a large garden and grows everything from cabbage to chicken.

Two other houses on the Horsham-Worthing road where good attention is guaranteed are the Tabby Cat and Burrell Arms, West Grinstead, both houses stocking "Simonds in Bottle."

No doubt many of our readers served during the war in the Royal Sussex Regiment. These, when in the neighbourhood of

Horsham, should not fail to look in at the Royal Sussex Club, in Denne Road, Horsham. This is no doubt the finest and most up-to-date Territorial headquarters in the South of England, having a drill hall which can easily be converted into a ballroom, and often is during the winter months. The supervision of the refreshment department is in the hands of R.S.M. Raynsford, late of the Sussex Regiment, and all old friends are sure of welcome there, especially old comrades in arms.

Amongst the amazing figures of the Budget the Chancellor of the Exchequer has again had resource to another tax on the Trade. Also he has at last given the off-licence holder the privilege of selling a half-bottle of spirits, which, in the case of a town like Brighton, where visitors making but a short stay often want a small quantity of spirits, is a much-wanted concession. The Off-Licence Holders' Association, of which there is a live branch in Brighton, have been hammering away at successive Chancellors and their local M.P.'s for this concession for many years, and at the annual conferences Brighton has always brought the matter to the front.

Through their Chief Constable, Mr. C. Griffin, Brighton has again given a lead in traffic control by a system of signalling at busy thoroughfares, and traffic experts from London have been down inspecting the system in vogue. It is understood that at Ludgate Circus, one of London's most congested spots, a similar device to that used at Brighton will be tried.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Two more notes on American street and shop signs:—

Exhibited outside a hatter's is the following: "Slide over here and put the lid on"; and on a menu card in a restaurant: "If wife cannot cook, don't divorce her: keep her as a pet, and come here for your meals."

SCHOOLBOY HOWLER.

TEACHER: "What is the feminine for bachelor?"

BOY: "A lady-in-waiting."

A successful Whist Drive and Dance was held in the Hydesville Institute by the members of the Social Club on Saturday, April 6th.

The prizes were very kindly given by the Vice-Presidents and Officers of the Club, and all members helped in some way to enable its promoters to embark confidently upon its first social event this year.

The first three Whist prizes were won by :—Messrs. C. Goss, P. Tucker and J. Clough, all "Tamarites" of long experience with the artistic paste-boards. While we congratulate them on their success, we also pay a compliment to the Club's Officers, who guided their preliminary arrangements to so successful an issue.

"LEST WE FORGET."

An old servant of the Firm has just departed from our midst, and we regret its passing. Modern trade conditions, however, demand a very high standard of reliability in the Firm's road transport, and after ten years faithful service our old Dennis Lorry, No. 12a, has departed from us.



An Old-fashioned Lorry with Old-fashioned Ways.

Its last years of usefulness are to be spent on the more sheltered and less rugged roads of our city, a fitting close to a life of real usefulness. As the one who has guided its destinies for some long time past, our "Poet Laureate" feels justified in once again emerging into the glare of publicity, as all good poets do from time to time we believe! He is to be seen on the left of the photograph:

Just an old-fashioned lorry,
With old-fashioned ways,
But she's been a good servant—'tis true.
Her first ninety thousand she passed with a smile,
And she's had a few drivers and crew.

Though her gearbox is old,
Yet her heart's "good as gold,"
And I know for her "S.B." she'll pine,
And she'll start with a groan; yet she'll ne'er be a drone,
Will that old-fashioned "Dennis of Mine."

Now Millbrook and Cawsand she'll ne'er view again,
Nor Widdecombe Moor will she climb,
'Cause she's getting too old,
So she has to be sold,
Has that old-fashioned "Dennis of Mine."

A most excellent epitaph!

OXFORD.

ACCOUNT OF MR. J. V. HASKER'S WEDDING.

As the above title bears out the rumour set afloat in the March HOP LEAF GAZETTE we must now publish the official confirmation of this interesting event, for which we thank the *Woking News and Mail* from whose pages we cull the following:—

"MISS P. M. MASON—MR. J. V. HASKER.

"Another very interesting wedding took place at the Woking Wesleyan Church on Wednesday morning (April 3rd), when Miss Phyllis Mary Mason was married to Mr. Jack Valentine Hasker in the presence of a large congregation of friends. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Mason, of 'Coniston,' Boundary Road, Woking, and the bridegroom the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Hasker, of Reading. For many years the bride's family have been closely associated with the Woking Wesleyan Church, Miss Mason having been a popular member of the choir. She is also exceedingly well known in local tennis circles.

"Miss Bessie Hayter, who presided at the organ, played appropriate wedding music, both prior to and after the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. J. O. Warburton, Minister of the Church.

"Given in marriage by her father, the bride was charmingly attired in a becoming dress of white lace over blush pink georgette, her veil being surmounted by a wreath of orange blossom. She also wore a string of pearls and carried a bouquet of white and pale pink carnations.

"The only bridesmaid was Miss Lilian Goldsmith, an old friend of the bride, who wore a picturesque frock of flowered georgette, trimmed with beige, with a beige picture hat, and beige shoes and stockings to tone. She also wore a string of pearls and her bouquet was composed of pink and red carnations.

"Mr. F. L. Maskell and Mr. Herbert Mason (brother of the bride) carried out the duties of best man and groomsman respectively.

"There was a reception at the house of the bride's parents following the ceremony, at which the happy couple received the congratulations of a large number of well-wishers. They were also the recipients of nearly a hundred useful and handsome wedding gifts.

"Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Hasker are spending their honeymoon at Bournemouth, the bride travelling in a blue printed ninon dress with hat to match, and a navy blue silk coat trimmed with beige fur.

"They are to make their future home at Oxford."

Before we broke up at Oxford for the Easter holiday Mr. Hasker was informally presented with an oak eight-day striking clock of Jacobean design, with the very best wishes and the heartiest congratulations of the staff. He briefly, but suitably, expressed his thanks and appreciation.

And now we must apologise to the Plymouth Brethren in that Oxford did not win the boat race.

We are seriously thinking of engaging Major Segrave as an extra coach next year, or failing that, we might borrow his motor boat, "Miss England"!

A suggestion was mooted in this office the other day that Cambridge might row the race next year a man short and then if they win again they might turn out the following year two men short and so on until we find out what our handicap really is.

It has also been whispered that the Oxford entrance exams. are more difficult than those for Cambridge, which fact, if it is a fact, may account for the preponderance of "matter" over "mind" in a mere athletic event. But there are *some* brainy people at Cambridge also. A Cambridge professor was talking over the radio recently and the subject of his talk concerned the inter-stellar space, or to be a little more prosaic, the space between the stars, and what this space contained. After listening-in for a minute or two we decided that the subject was too "highbrow" for us, quite "over our heads" in fact, so we raised our hats to Cambridge and tuned in to the Children's Hour at another station!

We were fortunate in the weather for the Easter holiday period this year, and as is usual when the weather is fine at this season, Oxford was crowded with visitors and sightseers who had arrived by every kind of road conveyance. All the car parks were full and the restaurants and hotels must have had a busy time.

It is now vacation once more, but the men will be shortly arriving for the commencement of the summer term, which if blessed with summer weather is always the best of the year, both from an academic point of view and also for trade.

—
DIDCOT.

DARTS MATCH.

On Thursday, April 11th, the White Hart were the honoured guests at The Marlborough Club. We suffered defeat by the narrow margin of eight games to six, but we do not feel down-hearted in the least about it, as all our players believe in the old proverb, viz., "After a big defeat comes a great success."

We wish to express our thanks to Mr. Brotherton and his fellow clubmates for the convivial and happy evening spent at the Club; hoping in the near future to play the Club at the White Hart when I sincerely trust the result of the match will be reversed.

PORTSMOUTH.

Under the Chairmanship of the Lord Mayor (Councillor J. E. Smith, J.P.) there was a great re-union of ex-Service men at the Guildhall, Portsmouth, when a demonstration in connection with the Portsmouth Branch of the British Legion was held. Before the meeting took place 200 "Old Contemptibles," headed by the Portsmouth Battalion Band, and under Capt. E. H. Coulter, paraded the principal thoroughfares of the city.

The Guildhall was comfortably filled for the demonstration and enthusiasm was worked up by community singing, old time war songs being extremely popular.

The Lord Mayor, who was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, said that he had the privilege of introducing to them one whom they all regarded with honour, admiration, affection and gratitude for the services he had rendered to the country—the Earl Jellicoe, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., President of the British Legion. All present were earnestly desired to support the Legion's work by adding their names to the roll of membership. He pointed out that there were 25,000 ex-Service men in Portsmouth and yet to-day he understood that only 1,600 were members of the Legion.

He was sure they would all realise after Earl Jellicoe's speech what the Legion was doing for the ex-Service men, and the small membership was unworthy of the greatest naval port.

Earl Jellicoe, replying, said that he need hardly say what a pleasure it was for him to be there in Portsmouth, because it brought him into contact with his comrades of the Legion, with many ex-Service officers and men whom he had had associations with in the past, with some who were not yet members of the Legion, but who, as the result of that meeting, would join him and help in the work of the ex-Service men. He said he had come down to appeal to ex-Service men generally and to ex-naval men particularly to join up and help with the work of the Legion.

He went on to pay tribute to the work done locally by General Sir Robert and Lady Colleton, and then referred to the aims of the Legion and the work already accomplished. The aim first and foremost was to maintain in peace-time that splendid comradeship which was in evidence during the war, and which led to victory—comradeship between all the Services and between all ratings and all ranks. That comradeship, he said, was perhaps more necessary now to carry out the Legion's work for ex-Service men in need of help and for the widows and orphans of those who gave their lives in the Great War. There were great numbers of ex-Service men,

there were hundreds of thousands of widows and orphans who needed help and he had no hesitation in saying that without the British Legion a great many who were now receiving help would not be receiving it. The distress among ex-Service men and their dependents, great and acute as it was, would be greater and far beyond comprehension but for the work of the British Legion.

Earl Jellicoe went on to instance the work that had been done in connection with employment, a phase of the Legion that had given more anxiety than any other. In Portsmouth, he said, the Branch Employment Bureau had, in 1928, placed 10 men in permanent work and 44 in temporary work. Branch work, however, in this connection had to be guided by headquarters' information. This phase cost money; for instance, they made advances for men to take small businesses and £18,000 was placed out in this way. He was glad to say that a large proportion of the loans had been repaid.

Although with regard to sport the one topic of conversation is the Cup Tie and Portsmouth's chance of winning same, which we all believe to be a very good one, on Wednesday evening, April 10th, there was some exceptionally good boxing at the Royal Naval Barracks. Chatham's long list of successes was interrupted by Portsmouth, when the Royal Naval and Royal Marine Championships were concluded at the Gymnasium. At the end it was announced that Portsmouth had won the Ratings Competition, which form the chief events of the meeting, by 42 points, Atlantic Fleet being runners-up with 36 points, Chatham third with 29 points and Devonport last with 27 points.

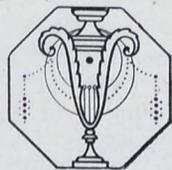
The Atlantic Fleet won the Officers' Championship with 16 points, Portsmouth being second with 12 points and Devonport third with 5 points.

It was an evening of fine boxing, and at the close the Commander-in-Chief of the Port (Admiral Sir Osmond de B. Brock), who was supported by a number of distinguished Officers, said that since this would be the last occasion for him to present the prizes at such a meeting at Portsmouth, he was glad to be able to present the championship trophies to Portsmouth, who had won the Ratings Championship for the first time. He congratulated the organizers and the competitors upon a very successful evening.

QUEEN'S VISIT TO SOUTHSEA.

On the afternoon of Thursday, April 11th, Her Majesty the Queen motored from Craigweil House, Bognor, to Portsmouth,

and called upon the Commander-in-Chief (Admiral Sir Osmond de B. Brock) and Lady Brock, at Admiralty House. Later Her Majesty proceeded to Southsea, where she visited several antique shops. She shewed great interest in the fine collection of antiques, which were shewn her at the premises of Messrs. A. Fleming (Southsea), Ltd., Castle Road, and afterwards called at the firm's Palmerston Road branch. Her Majesty made several purchases, including a specimen of Tunbridge ware work table and some Indian coloured prints. She displayed great interest in the models of old ships made by the French prisoners from 1800 to 1810. On leaving she requested the manager to send several articles which had pleased her to Admiralty House for further inspection. Afterwards she called at the shop of Mr. C. S. Morton, Castle Road, and displayed great interest in a pair of early Georgian figures and other antiques. A large crowd of shoppers at Southsea soon became aware of the Queen's presence and crowded round the entrances to the premises at which she called. They also cheered lustily when Her Majesty appeared to enter her motor car, and the expressions of loyalty were graciously acknowledged by the Queen. On her way back to the Dockyard Her Majesty stopped at the premises of Messrs. Bastable in Middle Street; Seaford's, Marmion Road; Wheeler's in the Strand; Ashby's in Albert Road; and Mrs. Dowe's, Fawcett Road; and after another brief call at the Admiralty House, she left the city for Bognor.



WOKING.

The glorious weather experienced at Easter came as a welcome relief after such a severe winter, and it was no small wonder that the beauty spots of Surrey again made their appeal to those resident in the Metropolis and elsewhere who came in their thousands to catch their first real glimpse this year of the countryside. Unhappily, the recent fires had transformed many beautiful stretches of heath and bracken into blackened wastes, and the charred remains presented a very different spectacle to that usually associated with the countryside at Easter.

As is usual at this season of the year we were favoured with visits from detachments of Territorial units, a feature of Eastertide to which we look forward with real pleasure. The 19th London Regiment (T.A.) were quartered with the 1st Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment at Inkerman Barracks, Woking, and the 24th London Regiment (T.A.) were accommodated at Stoughton Barracks, Guildford, occupied by the Depot, Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surrey). The 5th and 6th Battalions of the East Surrey Regiment again made their rendezvous at Bisley Camp.

It is with considerable regret that reference is made in these notes to the passing of Major A. C. Watkins, D.C.M., late King's Royal Rifle Corps, and until quite recently President of the Woking Branch of the British Legion. His inspiring work for the latter, and his untiring interest in the ex-Service men's cause generally, will stand out as a memorial to him for all time. He was also a member of the Woking Urban District Council, which office he held until the time of his death. His special knowledge of the French language and his all-round ability to organise brought him into prominence some few months since when he was selected to act as Billeting Officer for the South-Eastern area of the British Legion in connection with the pilgrimage to the battlefields. The funeral took place at Brookwood Cemetery on Tuesday, 2nd April, and was attended by a very representative gathering of his fellow Councillors and members of the British Legion with standards from many parts of the County.

On 16th March the Walton Comrades Club held their Fancy Dress Dance, and we are permitted to reproduce a photograph of Mrs. W. Woodroff, of Walton, who was successful in gaining the first prize. The novelty of the design called for considerable admiration that evening, and we have the greatest pleasure in repeating our congratulations to Mrs. Woodroff on her dexterity, and are grateful to her for kindly allowing us the use of this photograph.



Mrs. Woodroff in her First Prize Fancy Dress.

We have to record an interesting ceremony which took place at Christ Church, Woking, on the 14th April, the occasion being the wedding of Mr. A. J. Cribb, of the Woking office staff, to Miss V. R. Norris, also of Woking. The Service was fully choral, Mr. Cribb having been a member of Christ Church Choir for a number of years.

The indoor and outdoor staffs marked the event by presenting him with an eight-day striking clock.

In making the presentation Mr. Bennett said that if the clock as faithfully recorded the minutes and hours as he had successfully performed his duties as a member of the Woking staff, then it would indeed be a valuable timepiece. His colleagues and friends wished him and the bride-elect every happiness, and he hoped that the future had health and prosperity in store for them both.

Mr. Garside, in associating himself with Mr. Bennett's remarks, added his personal congratulations, and those of the office staff in general, and said that the blessings of good health were of considerable importance at such a juncture in one's life.

Mr. Cribb said how grateful he was to receive such a handsome present, and for the kindly expressions of goodwill. The clock would always serve to remind him of very happy associations with his colleagues at Woking.

GUILDFORD AND DISTRICT CLUBS GAMES LEAGUE.

In spite of the very inclement weather experienced on the evening of Friday, April 12th (snow, sleet and rain), a very happy evening was spent at Tarrant's Sports Club Hall in connection with the annual presentation of trophies. A goodly body of Club members from the district assembled for the event, with specially large contingents from West Byfleet Social Club (winners of the Shield), Guildford Trades and Labour Social Club (winners of the Cup), and the Woking Working Men's Club.

Mr. George Reading (President, Guildford Trades) occupied the Chair, supported by Mr. C. Bennett (Reading) and Mr. A. Bennett (Woking), and the League delegates. The proceedings were opened with an excellent programme of instrumental and vocal music, which was much enjoyed. During the interval Mr. Reading gave a resumé of the activities of the League and congratulated West Byfleet Social Club on winning the Shield, and his own Club's team on again securing the Cup. He appealed for a larger number of entries next season so as to make the contests

more strenuous, as well as more interesting. He spoke of the benefits to the individual to be derived from engaging in these inter-Club games, and the large amount of enjoyment they provided for the Club members generally, and said they were productive of the better understanding of each other which was so necessary in the complex machinery of modern organised society.

He then called on Mr. C. Bennett (Reading) to carry out the presentations. Mr. Bennett warmly thanked the League members for the honour they had done him in again asking him to be present, which gave him much pleasure as it afforded him an excellent opportunity of meeting some of his friends in Surrey. He supported the Chairman's plea for more entries, and associated himself with the congratulations to the winners of the trophies, and said the main aspect of such tournaments was the promotion of a high standard of sportsmanship with the power to win well, lose well, and accept a decision in the right spirit. He reminded the company that they were in the centre of a district where club life was strong and healthy, and with good traditions, and he hoped they would aspire to maintain those splendid traditions, both from a social and a business point of view. He hoped they would long continue to be as happy a family as at present.

Mr. H. G. Misselbrook accepted the Shield on behalf of West Byfleet Social Club, and Mr. A. Peto the Cup for Guildford Trades and Labour Club, and both recipients made very happy speeches in reply.

Mr. A. Bennett (Woking) then addressed the gathering, and thanked them all for their continued friendship, loyalty and support on all occasions, and said the present standard of sportsmanship in this country, whether in international, national, or local games, was a treasured possession which we should do our best to continue to cultivate and maintain at its present high level, as it produced men who knew how to be good comrades as well as responsible citizens. Social intercourse was one of the great objects of club life, and inter-club games and contests gave a much wider field of activities in that respect.

Mr. T. Perry (League Secretary) also spoke of the work of the League, and thanked the members for all support received, and bespoke a large volume of interest for the future.

The musical programme was in the hands of Mr. W. H. Mathis, Junr., and he was able to call on many local favourites, with Mr. Gettins at the piano.

The catering arrangements were carried out by Mr. W. R. Martin, with assistance from the Committee and members of the West Byfleet Social Club. The Club was heartily thanked for their hospitality and general arrangements. Mr. Reading was also thanked for his services and suitably replied.

The evening will long be remembered by all who participated as a very happy one—bright, breezy and brotherly.

FARNBOROUGH.

On Monday evening, April 16th, the second final of the Border Billiards League Championship was played off at the Jubilee Hall Club, Farnborough. Although only inaugurated last year, this competition has aroused great interest among local club members, and the final tie this year attracted nearly 300 billiards enthusiasts. Those of our readers who know the Jubilee Hall will no doubt wonder how so many people were able to comfortably witness a game in this building, but thanks to H. & G. S., who loaned platforms and stools, which were suitably arranged, nobody had cause to complain. The finalists were E. P. Conolly, Aldershot Conservative Club, and J. Bispham, Cove Social Club. The game was 500 up, Conolly running out winner by 500—434. In a few words the game can be summed up thus. Bispham lived up to his reputation for making a poor start, and early in the game was 145 behind, but towards the end of the game was only 6 behind, but could not catch his opponent.

It was not until Conolly was nearly 200 up and his opponent less than 50, that Bispham was able to get the balls together to compile a series of useful breaks. At 231 Conolly broke down for some time, and it was during this period that Bispham advanced his score by 127, whilst the Aldershot player was adding only 40. The game really reached a dramatic stage when the score stood at 413—407 in favour of Conolly. The highest break of the evening was 62 put together by the winner; Bispham's best effort was 37.

At the conclusion of the game congratulations were offered to the winner and runner-up by Councillor R. D. McLaurin, the President of the league. He also thanked the Press for the space given to the league reports and specially thanked H. & G. S., whom he stated, owing to the regretted illness of Mr. Geo. Lloyd (Secretary of the league), had helped admirably with the arrangements.

The magnificent cup was then presented by the donor, Councillor T. H. Jones to E. P. Conolly, together with a miniature replica. A silver cup was presented to J. Bispham—a gallant loser.

In addition to winning the Individual Championship Cup, the Aldershot Conservative Club, after an exciting tussle with the Camberley Working Men's Club, have won the League, and therefore become the possessors of the "Simonds Cup" for one year.

The General Annual Meeting of the Farnborough Branch Cricket Club was held on March 27th and the following officials were duly elected for 1929:—

<i>Captain</i>	...	Mr. B. LANCASTER.
<i>Vice-Captain</i>		Mr. E. G. CRUTCHLEY.
<i>Secretary</i>	...	Mr. A. S. SIGGERY.
<i>Treasurer</i>	...	Mr. E. GOSNEY.

With the addition of Mr. R. PAICE the above are to form the Committee. The finances of the Club are on a sound basis; we commence the year with a good credit balance and plenty of useful tackle.

Our new Secretary has arranged the following games for the coming season:—

May	11th	...	S/Mess, 1st Anti-Aircraft Brigade	...	Away
"	18th	...	S/Mess, 1st Anti-Aircraft Brigade	...	Home
"	25th	...	Camberley Working Men's Club	...	Home
June	1st	...	S/Mess, 3rd Bn. Grenadier Guards	...	Away
"	8th	...	S/Mess, 3rd Bn. Grenadier Guards	...	Home
"	22nd	...	Seven Bridges Brewery C.C.	...	Home
"	29th	...	Camberley Working Men's Club	...	Away
July	6th	...	Frimley Green II.	...	Home
"	13th	...	Seven Bridges Brewery C.C.	...	Away
"	20th	...	S/Mess, 2nd Bn. The Royal Berks	...	Home
"	27th	...	S/Mess, 2nd Bn. The Loyal Regt.	...	Away
Aug.	3rd	...	S/Mess, 2nd Bn. The Loyal Regt.	...	Home
"	10th	...	Frimley Green II.	...	Away
"	17th	...	Aldershot Police	...	Home
"	24th	...	S/Mess, 2nd Bn. The Royal Berks	...	Away

We are looking forward to an enjoyable season and especially the meetings with our Reading opponents.

NEWBURY.

Our well-known hostelry The Jack Hotel, Newbury, has been honoured recently by a visit from Mr. Ramsey Macdonald, accompanied by Lady Cynthia Moseley and Sir Oswald Moseley.

It is with pleasure that we have to relate that after dining simply and well, they departed with an "at peace with the world expression upon them."

It is gratifying to know that from the time of Henry VIII, who visited the Hotel with Queen Katherine, its reputation is so well known and has been so well maintained throughout the length and breadth of England, that celebrities still make it their halting place to satisfy their creature comforts.

Amongst its recent visitors can be numbered the Duchess of Atholl, Lord Westmorland, Air-Marshal Sir John and Lady Salmond, Dame Madge Kendal, Clarice Mayne, Seymour and Betty Hicks, Violet Vanbrugh, and in the Cinema World, Miss Joan Lockton.

The Jack Hotel has an old-world character and charm, with a homely atmosphere and no pretentiousness that, sad to relate, many of the country hostelries of to-day in an effort to move with the times are fast losing.

CRAVEN HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACES.

One of the principal sporting events for Newbury & District took place on the 20th April, at Shefford Woodlands.

There was a larger attendance than ever, the Meeting becoming more popular every year, and both the owners of hunters and the general public take the keenest interest in the day's sport.

The Course is one of the finest that can be found in the Craven Hunt area and includes some splendid jumps. The Committee comprises most of the leading residents and farmers of the district, and the success of the Meeting is always assured.

A pleasing incident took place at the close of the Meeting this year, namely a presentation to Arthur Dowdeswell, who has for several years hunted the Craven hounds and who is so well known to all of us.

In making the presentation the Chairman of the Hunt said that all those who had hunted with the Craven during the last eight seasons would regret "Arthur's" retirement. His unflinching cheerfulness and good manners had won him a very warm place in the hearts, not only of the actual hunting folk, but also of those other good sportsmen: land owners, tenant farmers, covert owners and keepers, without whose good wishes and active support fox-hunting would be impossible.

Mr. Corbett then made the presentation which consisted of an illuminated address and a cheque, subscribed for by all interested in the Craven Hunt, as a mark of appreciation of "Arthur's" services, together with their best wishes for his future health, happiness and prosperity.

"Arthur" now becomes our tenant of The Craven Arms, Enborne, which is situated practically in the centre of the Craven Hunt country and if popularity has anything to do with it, his success is assured.

Our beers were again supplied for the Meeting and, needless to say, were in fine condition and very popular.

W.H.B.

