

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 8.



MR. R. BIGGS.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

On the front page this month is reproduced a recent portrait of Mr. R. Biggs, who completed 50 years' service on the Firm on the 20th March.

In recognition of his long and loyal service, Mr. R. Biggs was presented by the Directors with a handsome silver Queen Anne teapot and cheque at the Board Meeting on March 31st. After the presentation, Mr. Biggs was honoured by being invited to luncheon with the Directors at the Brewery. Mr. Biggs was also the recipient of letters of congratulation and esteem from the Chairman and Managing Director, which he prizes not less than the handsome present. The inscription on the teapot reads:—

Presented to Ralph Biggs, Esq., by the

Directors of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., in recognition of
50 years loyal and faithful service, March 20th, 1930.

A presentation was also made by the Staff on the 26th March when the following articles were handed to Mr. Biggs by Mr. H. F. Lindars:—Mahogany Music Stool, an Eight-day Striking Clock, a case of Pipes and Book containing names of subscribers.

To the Music Stool was attached an engraved plate reading:—Presented to Ralph Biggs, Esq., by his Colleagues at Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., on the completion of 50 years' service with the Company, March 20th, 1930.

An account of the presentation and speeches appears on another page.

Mr. Biggs commenced his career in the Branch and Refreshment Department when the Firm were the contractors for the South-Eastern Railway Refreshment Rooms, which included London Bridge, also for Margate Jetty Extension, Hastings Pier and Folkestone Bathing Establishment. The work of checking the stock and percentage sheets fell to Mr. Biggs' charge, together with the other and varied details in connection with contract.

Later, when the Firm secured the contract for the South-Western Refreshment Rooms, a separate department was created and placed in the charge of the late Mr. J. Suddaby. Mr. Biggs then moved to the General Office and has remained in that Department to the present time, occupying various important positions in turn, including the responsibilities of Chief Cashier.

Mr. Biggs plays the violin and piano and has performed in many local orchestral concerts. For many years he was a member of the Philharmonic, Orpheus, and College orchestras. His favourite composers are Mendelssohn and Schubert.

EDITORIAL.

BEER IN BABYLON 7000 B.C.

Recent translations by Dr. Huber from the cuneiform texts of ancient Babylonia reveal the truth that beer-making, and the allied art of bread-making, had reached a high standard of perfection in Babylonia as far back as 7000 B.C. The vessels in use in a Babylonian brewery were of clay, usually cone-shaped, the brewing stove had an open fire above which the mash-tuns were hung up on hooks or beams. The storage chambers were underground. Gallons and half-gallons were the standard quantities for retail trade, and they were served in clay urns with stoppers. There are nearly two dozen different qualities of beer mentioned, one of which was more like a modern extract of malt, and was of a syrupy character, and intended to be diluted by the consumer to his own taste. The heavy syrupy beers were the most expensive, as they were held in storage for a full year, while the lighter kinds went into direct consumption. The Babylonian Empire was well supplied with public-houses, and these conformed to very strict legal regulations. The majority of them were under the management of women, who made them popular, as well as decorous places of public resort.

BUDGET IN BRIEF.

NEW TAXES.

Income Tax.—Increase of 6d. in the £, but rebates on small incomes.

Surtax.—Graduated increase on all income over £2,000 a year, making the initial rate 1s. instead of 9d. in the £, and raising the rate on incomes in excess of £50,000 a year from 6s. to 7s. 6d.

Death Duties.—Graduated increase on all estates over £120,000, making the rate 22 per cent. on estates between £120,000 and £140,000 to 50 per cent. on estates of £2,000,000.

Beer.—3s. a barrel, to be paid by the brewers.

CHANGES.

Betting.—Tax abolished.

Motor Vehicles.—From July 1st the weight of motor-cycles liable to a tax of £1 10s. od. to be increased from 200 to 224 lb.

Safeguarding Duties.—On lace, cutlery, gloves and gas mantles to lapse.

McKenna and Silk Duties.—Maintained, but to be repealed when possible.

ALREADY FAR TOO HIGH.

As *The Times* says, it is idle for Mr. Snowden to maintain, as he attempted to maintain in his peroration, that he has imposed no fresh burdens on industry. The new measures of taxation which he has introduced are bound in their degree to reduce the capital resources of the country from which industry derives its life-blood. However speciously he may argue that an increase in the income-tax and in the sur-tax is a proper method of balancing expenditure by revenue, he can hardly disguise the fact that the death duties are a direct raid on capital. Yet he proposes to increase the yield of these taxes, which are already far too high, by no less than £12,500,000 a year for the purpose of providing himself with current revenue. The amount of capital thus diverted from its proper uses—that is, in the case of landed estates, from the maintenance of agriculture—has already for a number of years greatly exceeded the sums effectively applied in such legitimate capital expenditure as debt redemption. Nevertheless, so far from putting an end to this unsound policy of frittering away the capital resources of the country on expenditure which should be met solely out of income, Mr. Snowden has deliberately extended it.

THE OLD ERROR OF SOCIALISM.

The fallacy which lies at the root of policies of this type is really the old error of Socialism that the poor can be made richer by making the rich poorer. If this proposition were true, then it would certainly make the position of any Chancellor of the Exchequer a great deal easier than it is. But unfortunately wealth is like heat. It is only when it is unequally distributed that it can be made to perform what the physicists have called work. The great principle of the conservation of energy holds good no less strictly in the economic than in the physical world. And the political effects are no less serious than the economic. The divorce of taxation from representation, which has increased so rapidly during these post-War years, is already one of the most disquieting factors in our political life. The steady growth of direct at the expense of indirect taxation, and the exemption of larger and larger classes from both, must inevitably sap the sense of responsibility of the electorate, since it leaves the great majority of voters free to exploit to their heart's content the resources of a selected few. There is literally no safeguard against panic measures unless the whole body of citizens, each according to his means, has some personal interest in counting the cost.

THE LATE LORD DEWAR.

We regret to record the death of Lord Dewar which occurred on April 11th.

Lord Dewar was famous for his generosity and public munificence, one of his most noteworthy benefactions being his presentation of the historic Kinnoull to his native city of Perth. He kept a successful racing stable for many years and was a popular figure on the Turf; but he never betted.

He was also interested in coursing, keeping a large kennel of greyhounds; and he contributed largely to raising the Sealyham terrier to its present height of popularity. But it was as an epigrammatist and after-dinner speaker that Lord Dewar was most widely known. His witticisms have been quoted by hundreds and have added the term "Dewarism" to the English language.

They ranged over all human activities. Each had its own particular sting, as:—

The goal of every man is to make money faster than his family can spend it—a few succeed.

When there is nothing more to be said, some fool always says it.

No man who can borrow money easily ever wants it badly.

Fish stimulates the brain, but fishing stimulates the imagination.

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

Life is made of trials, with an occasional conviction.

RHUM AND EIGGS.

Not always is the Mother of Parliaments sedate. Certainly, her sons—and daughters, too, under the new dispensation—find time for levity and excuses for quips. Following is a sample of the humour that arises from debates on national issues:—"Mr. Adamson (Secretary of Scotland), in answer to one of the numerous questions put to him, stated that there were three children of school age on the island of Rhum. Mr. Skelton (C., Perth) asked whether the new spelling of the name of this island had been adopted to meet the sensitiveness of the teetotalers. (Laughter). Mr. Macquisten (C., Argyllshire) asked how the number of small holdings in Rhum compared with the number in the adjoining island of Eigg. Mr. Adamson replied that he had received only one application from Rhum. Mr. Macquisten: Have you received any applications for holdings in Eigg? (Laughter, and an hon. member: 'Rum and Eggs.')

A "JEROBOAM," PLEASE!

If you ask for a "Jeroboam" it does not necessarily mean that the request has any reference to the first King of Israel. A "Jeroboam," from a liquid point of view, means two magnums, a quantity which you would hardly consume, singly, at one sitting.

A 5 LB. PERCH!

Over 30,000 roach and perch were turned into the Kennet recently. Several of the perch were over 3 lbs. and one specimen was easily over 5 lbs. This is a very exceptional weight for a perch. The roach were up to 2½ lbs. About 60 good grayling were also turned into this river. Grayling take the fly readily, so that devotees of the float and fly have excellent prospects of good sport.

BAD CAST—GOOD FISH!

And speaking of fishing reminds me of a bit of luck an angler had when fishing with bread paste in a pool at Arborfield. He cast too far with the result that a good part of his line, float and all were left dangling from the bough of an overhanging tree. The paste hung just above the water and had not been there long when a nice trout seized it. The angler experienced a good deal of difficulty in reaching his line but he eventually did so and got the trout as well—an unusual bit of good luck!

A NOR' EASTER.

I hope all readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE spent a happy Easter, in spite of the cold weather that prevailed. It was in fact a veritable Nor' Easter!

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY ON USE OF ALCOHOL.

The following is taken from the *Wiltshire Times* of February 28th :—

"Speaking of the basis of the C.E.T.S., the Bishop said that on the one hand they were not prepared to say that alcohol in itself was evil. Alcohol did not cease to be a gift of God because men had misused it. Alcohol was part of the creation just as much as the roses in their garden or the vines in the greenhouse. That being so, in an ideal world the use of alcohol would be part of the normal use of their life. It would brighten their table. As they were told in Scripture, 'Wine maketh glad the heart of man.' It did, if properly used."

The Salisbury & District Licensed Victuallers' Association have had these wise words reprinted and circulated.

A POPULAR GUEST.

In spite of his multitudinous duties, Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds finds time to visit the Social Club occasionally and he always receives a very warm welcome. He recently distributed the prizes won in the Winter Games Tournaments run under the auspices of the Club and, as Mr. Hawkes remarked, no one else could have done it more delightfully. His dry humour and sardonic wit created roars of laughter and we shall never forget his graphic description of Mr. Bird's team, "The Rest"!

EASTER TRANSPORT.

Despite the inclement weather, the demands made on our Transport department were greater than ever before, the total tonnage being a record for this holiday. The various loading stages at the Brewery presented a lively scene on the Thursday, the continual procession of ingoing and outgoing lorries being dealt with in a very efficient manner by all concerned. At one time during the day several on the Brewery thought that the Transport would not be equal to the demands thrown on it, but under the direction of Commander Simonds all went well and every delivery was made in record time.

Major Kaye and Mr. Millard inform me that the only cry since Easter has been from our numerous customers to clear all empties—healthy sign.

ILLNESS OF MRS. C. E. GOUGH.

It is pleasing to announce that the operation which was performed upon Mrs. Gough at Lima House Nursing Home, on the 26th March, has been pronounced completely successful. Mrs. Gough has now returned to her home after staying in the nursing home nearly a month. It will probably be several weeks before she regains her usual vitality and strength, but all hope her restoration will be speedy and complete.

Out of consideration for Mr. Gough (upon whom it was not wished to bring a shoal of correspondence) this announcement was deferred until the above good news could be published.



A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

I was sorry, for the sake of others, that Good Friday morning was so cold and wet, but, personally, I enjoy the wind and the rain. I went for a walk up the promenade above Caversham Bridge and the elements had such an effect on my face that there was no need for artificial colouring. Nature's rouge is the best! Well, you have not to go far to see and hear the snipe drumming. There is a pair in the meadows just above Caversham Bridge. They will ascend right over your head and as they descend you can clearly see their tails spread fan-wise for thus is the peculiar sound, termed drumming, produced.

HERONS.

In these meadows, too, you will invariably see one or more herons. There they stand, as still as statues, watching for their prey, in the shape of frogs and water voles. They are very fond of fish, too, and you can trace their foot-prints in the shallow waters of the Thames. You may frequently see them going to and from the heronry at Coley Park. It is not every town that possesses a heronry. I have spent many an hour watching these big birds building their nests and feeding their young. At times when they return home they fly at a great height and appear little more than mere specks in the sky before descending to disgorge some dainty food for their young. This, I am sorry to say, often takes the form of trout. I like to watch the herons, but if I had a trout stream they would be anything but welcome guests.

KINGFISHERS' NESTS OF FISH BONES.

But I am wandering from the promenade. If you are at all observant you cannot walk from Caversham Bridge to Keel's without seeing or hearing kingfishers. They are building now. You may observe them pecking a hole in the bank if they cannot find a suitable one ready made. They will excavate to the extent of a yard or more and they construct their nests of fish bones. If you have the curiosity to peep into one of these holes you will find that the smell is unpleasant in the extreme. No wonder that the kingfishers, when building, or at other times when they visit their nest, frequently take a dive afterwards, doubtless to cleanse themselves. The kingfisher is wise to build in a hole, out of sight, otherwise its brilliant colours would advertise its whereabouts and make it an easy prey to all sorts of enemies.

MOORHENS, COOTS AND GREBES.

Up this stretch of water you may also see moorhens, coots and grebes and a pair of wild ducks frequent the islands by the Fisheries. Probably they have their nest there. The nest of the wild duck is the embodiment of cosiness, lined as it is with down from the bird's own body. This bird generally builds on the ground but I have found nests quite high up in trees. On one occasion, down the Loddon, I was fortunate enough to see a mother duck push her children from a pollard into the water—a fall of about ten feet! But they did not mind a bit, in fact they seemed in their element once they were in the water and had rare fun together. When I came out of my place of hiding they disappeared like lightning. One hid under a weed. Its body was wholly submerged and there was only just a point of his bill above water; another hid under the bank, another under a log of wood, and so on. Meanwhile the mother pretended she was hurt and flapped about in the water just out of my reach. I allowed her thus to lead me away and when I had travelled some distance she suddenly rose from the water, circled high in the air, and then returned to her little family. I returned, too, though she did not know it, and, by the aid of my field glasses I watched the ducklings reappear, one by one, as if by magic. Mother and children were together again—and what a happy reunion!

AFTER THE RAIN.

I always think the songs of birds sound sweeter after rain. It may be only my imagination. On this occasion (Good Friday morning) the flute-like notes of the blackbird were more flute-like than ever; there seemed even more silver in the song of the skylarks, more meaning in the joyous singing of the thrush. Most of our little songsters from over-seas have now arrived and how welcome are they all! By the time these notes appear many a nightingale will, day and night, be flooding the copses with their matchless music.

MIRACLES NOT YET CEASED.

I like what Izaak Walton says about the nightingale:—

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles had not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hath thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on Earth!

pARTICLES.

The other day when I was quietly engaged in the pastime of wrapping myself around a "Simonds'" the Editor hailed me with a terse "Hi! I want an Article from you." By the time I was fully awake he'd gone. I simply had no opportunity of saying a word. Of course, it worried me. If the Editor wanted an Article he must have an Article. But what? when? where? I certainly was worried and I kept pondering and wondering about the business until at last a brilliant idea occurred to me. You know—one of the IDEAS, the once-in-a-lifetime idea. I just toddled to a well known Store, expended 3d. and bought him a China Ornament, viz., an Article. I was pleased to think I'd done the right thing by him. He wanted an Article and there was the Article. So that's alright. It was the last occasion I was pleased, though. I'd always thought myself lacking slightly in the intellectual department, and after the Editor had finished saying just that which he did say, I was certain I had thought correctly, also, I'd been flattering myself. Anyhow it wasn't *the* Article he wanted and I had to worry all over again. What the dickens *does* he want when he says an Article? Aha! Again we are smitten. Of course, a drawing is the thing. So laboriously I take up pencil and fetch into being the picture of a young "dear" being tickled by a pair of antlers and called it "Harttickle." To make sure I drew another of a young man being invited by a young woman to visit her and entitled it "Artycall." But, and would you believe it, that Editor man was NOT satisfied. He—Oh well, don't let's think about it! I get frightfully warm under the collar even now when I recall the one occasion upon which I was introduced to myself. One fact did emerge anyway. The Article he required was something in ink. So taking time by the forelock I fetched a bottle of the fluid, and being rather hurt in my feelings, I told him, then and there, that this was going to be the last time I intended trying to help him by getting his silly old Article and he could take or leave it. Just then I stumbled and of course the cork was not in the bottle. You have guessed what happened. He had to take it. The bottle of ink picked him out as a parking ground and made a most unhappy landing.

We haven't spoken to each other since.

A. R. TICLE.

[You see I'm very p Article r—ED.]



IS FLIRTATION THE KEY TO HAPPY MARRIAGE?

The bachelor author of the article on "How to be happy though single," does well to take refuge behind the anonymity of his pseudonym!

That the scholarly, dignified contribution, "How to be happy though married," which appeared in the March issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, should prompt the writing of such a flippant effort on single happiness is truly amazing. But this amazement gives way to other feelings when one considers the author in the light of the sentiments he expresses.

He writes, in capital letters, ALL SINGLE MEN ARE HAPPY! What utter nonsense!

He then goes on to justify the male flirt who, in my opinion, is an even more despicable character than the female of the species. Apparently he thinks flirtation an amusing pastime. It is certainly much in vogue to-day, but I do not think ultimate marriages are any the happier for it. To the contrary, previous flirtations have the unhappy property of creeping into home affairs and I think a husband is more entitled to domestic happiness if he has no "old flames" and no recollections of "days it were better he should forget" to worry his conscience.

Of course, if he has no conscience, it is another matter.

I think any man would prefer his wife to come to him in all her girlish simplicity, free from bruising and buffeting from an unsympathetic world and from the handlings of such persons who think they may flit, like the bee, from flower to flower, bestowing rather doubtful attentions as they do so.

Similarly, I think a girl would prefer—and, indeed, is entitled to expect—that her husband comes to her free from amorous recollections of past experiences.

I gather the author of "How to be happy though single" is under the impression that a man really makes the happy marriage if he can embark upon married life with fore-knowledge of its intricacies obtained from his bee-like career. This is a doubtful advantage unless, of course, such a man marries a woman with similar views.

One must expect bee-like actions when one meets a bee-like mind.

The flirt—whether male or female—does not deserve to be happy in either a single or a married state. When "Bachelor"

really falls in love, I think he will change many of his present opinions.

Although I do not propose to reveal whether I am married or unmarried, nor in which of these states I consider happiness to be found, I join with the anonymous writer of the first article in this series in suggesting that a married reader should contribute an article on "How to be happy in the single state"—if he can and if he dares!

C.A.M.

THE SOLDIER AND HIS PACK OF CARDS.

The following interesting story was brought from India by a soldier fifty years ago:—

There was a soldier by the name of Richard Lee who was once taken before the magistrates of Glasgow for playing cards during divine service. A sergeant led him to an English Church, and when the minister had read the lessons and prayers he took the text. Those who had Bibles took them out, but the soldier had neither Bible or Prayer Book, so he pulled out a pack of cards. He spread them before him. He first looked at one card and then at another. The Sergeant of the Company saw him and said "Richard Lee, put up the cards, this is no place for them." "Never mind that," said Richard. When the service was over the constable took Richard in charge and brought him before the magistrates next day. "Well," said the baillie, "What have you brought the soldier here for?" "For playing cards in church." "Well, soldier, what have you got to say for yourself?" "Much, sir, I hope," replied the soldier. "Very good; if not I will punish you severely." "I've been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march; I've neither Bible nor Common Prayer Book, I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intentions." Then, spreading the cards before the Baillie, he began with the Ace. "When I see the Ace it reminds me that there is but one God; when I see the Deuce it reminds me of Father and Son; when I see the Three it reminds me of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; when I see the Four it reminds of the Four Evangelists that preached, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; when I see the Five it reminds me of the Five Wise Virgins that trimmed their lamps, there were ten, but five were foolish and were shut out; when I see the Six it reminds me that in six days the Lord made Heaven and earth; when I see the Seven it reminds me that God rested from His great work on the seventh day; when I see the Eight it reminds me of the Eight Righteous Persons that

were saved when God destroyed the world, viz., Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives; when I see the Nine it reminds me of the nine Lepers that were cleansed by one Simeon, there were nine out of the ten who never returned thanks; when I see the Ten it reminds me of the Ten Commandments which God handed down to Moses on the tables of stone; when I see the King it reminds me of the King in Heaven, which is God Almighty; when I see the Queen it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon." "Well," said the magistrate, "you have described every card in the pack except one." "What is that," said the soldier. "The Knave," replied the Baillie. "Oh, your honour must know well that represents the first and greatest of all knaves, Satan. When I count how many spots there are in a pack of cards I find 365, as many days as there are in a year; when I count how many cards there are in a pack I find 52, the number of weeks in a year; I find there are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year; and on counting the tricks I find thirteen, the number of weeks in a quarter. So you see a pack of cards serves for a Bible, an almanack and a Common Prayer Book.

SUCCESSFUL READING DANCE.

One of the most successful social functions the Reading Women's Licensed Trade Association has yet organised was a dance held in Olympia, Reading, there being a large and merry throng of dancers.

The event was in aid of the Licensed Victuallers' School, Slough, and a goodly sum should have been raised. Mr. Billy Rendall was the M.C., and Mrs. Smart (president of the association) presented the prizes, the donors of which were the Mayor of Reading (Councillor R. J. Venner), Messrs. H. and G. Simonds Ltd., Mr. P. T. Crisp, Mr. Townsend, Messrs. Cooksey and Walker, Messrs. Higgs, Mr. J. Locke, Mr. J. Powell, Mrs. Blake, Mr. Bob Duguid, Mr. Jacoby, Mr. J. Stocker, Mr. Scruff, Messrs. Phillips, Messrs. Drew, Mr. Easter, Messrs. Tunbridge, Jones and Co., Mrs. Ham, The Premier Society, the Retailers' Society, the Licensed Victuallers' Association Committee, Messrs. Simonds' Tenants' Association and others.

The dance was organised by the committee of the association, of which Mrs. Moss is the hon. secretary.

Mrs. Smart decorated the stage most tastefully and a friend sent her a beautiful bouquet of tulips which was displayed on the platform.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"When Dives found himself in Hell," the temperance orator exclaimed with fervour, "what did he ask for? Did he ask for Beer, or Whisky, or Brandy, or Port, or even Champagne? No, he simply asked for water. What did that prove?"

"It proves," said an unrepentant at the back, "where you bally teetotallers go to."

* * * *

CURATE (calling on washing day): Ah, Mrs. Brown, that's what I like to see—cleanliness; it's next to godliness, you know!"

MOTHER OF EIGHT: "It's worse than that, sir. With kids like mine, it's next to impossible."

* * * *

A distinguished personage was seated in an ordinary railway compartment when a fellow-passenger leaned forward and said:

"Pardon me, sir, but I seem to know your face."

"Ah, yes, no doubt," said the other. "I'm travelling incog."

"Really?" said the inquisitive passenger, "I'm travelling in jam."

* * * *

A Scot married a very wealthy woman, and after the ceremony a friend congratulated him.

"Congratulations," said he, "I hear it's worth £50,000 to you, old man."

"People do exaggerate so," said the Scot.

"But I thought she had that amount of money."

"She has. But I had to pay sixteen and threepence for the ring."

* * * *

FATHER: "Why were you kept in at school?"

SON: "I didn't know where the Tigris was."

FATHER: "In future, just remember where you put things."

* * * *

The following advertisement appeared in a country newspaper: "Mrs. Smith having left off clothing invites inspection."

* * * *

PASSENGER: "Why are we late, porter?"

PORTER: "The train ahead, sir, is behind, and we was behind before besides."

An Aberdeen lady was buying a birthday present for her husband. In the gent's department of a big store she asked for a collar, size sixteen. The assistant quickly found the appropriate box in which the collars were housed, and inquired in a mild surprise:

"Only one, madam?"

"Yes, certainly, only one," said the lady, haughtily, "do ye think I'm a bigamist?"

* * * *

"Say, Mom, was baby sent down from heaven?"

"Yes, son."

"I guess they like to have things quiet up there, huh, Mom!"

* * * *

That fearless, old-fashioned and practical New Jersey judge who prescribed spanking for one of the young reds who came before him certainly struck a blow at the seat of Communism.

* * * *

THE MISTRESS: "Oh, Mary, how did you go and break that vase?"

MARY: "Very sorry, mum—I was accidentally dusting it."

* * * *

"What the devil do you mean by bringing me an odd pair of boots?" demanded the enraged master, displaying one black and one brown.

"Indade, sorr," said the new Irish valet, "'tis a quare thing. But the quarest thing is, there's another pair down below just like them!"

* * * *

The best cure for insomnia, says a doctor, is to sleep with all the bedroom windows open. This is one of the few sleeping drafts that can be obtained without a doctor's prescription.

* * * *

"Mary, didn't I warn you not to tell my wife what time I came home this morning?"

MARY (the maid): "I didn't, sir. I merely said I was too busy getting breakfast ready to notice the clock."

* * * *

"Why have you left your wife alone in that cave?"

"She's trying to have the last word with the echo."

NO USE TEMPTING FATE.

Grim was the reply of the Scottish grave-digger when a certain niggardly farmer was haggling about the charge for his wife's interment. I well remember the grave-digger recounting the incident. I had asked him if he ever had had any difficulty in getting payment for his rather trying work.

"Only yince," he said. "It was when Ewan Swan buried his wife. Ye mind her with the guid gaun tongue. Efter I had raised my kep, as a signal to the mourners to gang, Ewan stayed ahint. Says he to me, 'What will I be aw'n ye, John?' 'Seeven and six,' says I. 'It's ower much,' says he, 'in licht sandy soil like that,' and he hands me a croon. 'Sandy soil or hard clay, it's seeven and six,' says I, 'and doon with another half-croon or up she comes! And I nivver seen a half-croon come sae smert oot o' a fermer's pooch.'"

* * * *

MOTHER: "Come, Freddie, and kiss your Aunt Martha."

FREDDIE: "Why, Ma, I ain't done nuthin'!"

* * * *

WIFE (to Scots farmer who has fallen down well): "Ye're no hurt, Jock? I'll rin and fetch the lads to help ye oot."

VOICE FROM DEPTHS: "Na, na, dinna tak 'em off their work, lass. I'll bide here till their dinner-hour."

* * * *

IRATE MASTER (to negro servant): "Rastus, I thought I told you to get a domestic turkey. This one has shot in it."

RASTUS: "I done got a domestic turkey, sir."

MASTER: "Well, how did the shot get in it?"

RASTUS: "I 'specks they was meant for me, suh."

* * * *

"You hit your husband with a chair? Pray tell me, why did you do it?"

"I did it," sighed the lady, "because I could not lift the table."

* * * *

"You say you are going to marry a woman with £500 a year income, and try to persuade me it is a love match?"

"It is—I love money."

* * * *

Last year there were 14,086 books published in the British Isles. A few of these were *not* by Mr. Edgar Wallace.

DOUBLE EXTINGUISHER.

JACK: "What did the landlady do when she found that you had left the light burning for three days?"

SPRATT: "She turned us both out."

* * * *

Isaac and Mac were indulging in a round of golf. Mac drove off with a real beauty, right up the fairway. His opponent, however, sliced badly into the rough. After slashing away wildly for about three minutes he managed to get on to the green.

"Hoo mony?" asked Mac.

"Three," replied Isaac.

"Three!" echoed the canny Scot. "Why, ah counted ten masel'."

"Vell," came the retort, "was it my fault that I should have to kill a snake?"

* * * *

A witness before the Commission had it that "the drink problem is curing itself." Nowadays a man may enter a public-house optimistically, confident that he is not going to come out misty optically.

* * * *

LITTLE BOY (to mother): "Mother is your hair permanently waved?"

"Yes, dear. Why?"

"Well, couldn't I have my neck permanantly washed?"

* * * *

A Tavern-keeper named his resort "Nowhere," so that when his married customers went home late, and their wives wanted to know where they had been, they could safely tell the truth.

* * * *

One of the witnesses before the Royal Commission suggested that the present-day public-house would have to take a back seat. At this we take affront.

* * * *

Soviet authorities have prohibited the ringing of church bells in the Moscow area. But the wringing of necks is still going strong.

* * * *

The following notice has been posted at an electric station in Ireland:—

Beware! To touch these wires is instant death. Anyone found doing so will be prosecuted.

Snakes, so we read, are growing in popularity as pets in the West End of London. Before long we may have to face the domestic serpent problem.

* * * *

"What's the matter with this coffee, waiter? It looks like mud!"

"Yes, sir, it was only ground this morning, sir."

* * * *

Mrs. BUSYBODY: You know, cleanliness is next to godliness, Mr. Snooks, and we are trying to tidy up our town. Now I want you to join our Anti-Litter Brigade.

FARMER: No good to me. I'm no going to keep our old sow just to look at, I tell you.

* * * *

In the Club they were "swopping" fishing stories. "The fish was so big," said the first angler, "that the others would not let me haul it into the boat for fear it should swamp us."

"The same thing happened to me once," broke in a quiet little man in the corner, "in the Mauretania."

* * * *

A boastful American had been admitted to Heaven, and was talking of the wonders of his home country. There was nothing in the world to touch Niagara Falls he claimed. An old man, who was standing near, sniggered audibly on hearing his remark.

"Perhaps, sir," exclaimed the annoyed American, "you don't consider 8,000 cubic feet of water a second a lot of water? May I ask your name?"

"Certainly," replied the other, "Noah!"

* * * *

There was a load of bricks on the edge of the football ground in readiness for some reconstruction work. A very keen supporter of the team came up. He gazed at the bricks for a few moments, and then turned to the club secretary, who was standing by.

"Why didn't you get half-bricks?" he demanded. "They would have been much handier."

"Handier?" said the secretary, "I don't understand. We couldn't rebuild the pavilion with half-bricks."

"Oh—the pavilion!" cried the supporter, "I thought they were for the referee."

"Will you buy a flag for the hospital?" asked the fair young damsel of the motorist.

"No, thanks," came the surly reply. "I contribute regularly to the hospitals."

"Ah," put in the girl, sweetly, "but we're collecting money to-day, not pedestrians."



The above interesting photograph of a dog taking his first lesson in the management of draught beer is sent to us by Mr. J. B. Crawley, of the Bush Hotel, Wokingham. Our canine friend evidently appreciates the importance of proper attention to the vent peg.

LAYING THE GHOST.

Is it not about time the spectre of "Chemicals in Beer" was laid never to rise again? We hear a lot about publicity in connection with both food and drink, such as "Eat more Fruit," "Drink more Beer," "Bovril prevents that sinking feeling," and many other pithy sayings. We hear vague rumours of a Pure Beer Bill being brought before Parliament, which never gets any more definite than a rumour, and if it did come to a head what would it be? Something to the effect that all beer must be brewed from Malt and Hops and a percentage of Sugar, which is precisely what ninety-nine per cent. of the beer is brewed from to-day, and yet the public will not believe it and would rather say that beer to-day is made with chemicals. Why?

Because some ignorant person has seen carboys of Bisulphite of Lime or Sulphuric Acid or Caustic Soda being delivered into breweries, not troubling to satisfy himself, or herself, as to what purpose they were to be put to; preferring to believe that they were put into the beer, instead of which they are used for cleansing and sterilizing the vessels, pipes and barrels.

We occasionally hear a statement made in public to the effect that beer is purer than milk, but we are sure to see a very indignant reply published in the same daily paper the next day. On the other hand, how often do we see the ever-recurring remark that beer is brewed from chemicals and the statement goes unchallenged except in the Trade Journals that are never read by the general public or teetotal fanatics.

Again it is often said that "there is very little malt in present-day beer." If that is so what becomes of the 3,500,000 quarters of malt that is made in a period of twelve months as stated in the Government Returns, which figures are obtained from the manufacturers themselves and absolutely reliable.

There was an article in a weekly paper recently describing a visit to a brewery, at the end of which the contributor refers to the brewery as a "Palace of Beer." That is certainly a step in the right direction, but all these false statements that are published in the press which do so much harm to the already overburdened trade, ought to be challenged at once, and the writers asked to prove their statements or withdraw them.

Surely there is a branch of the Brewers' Society that would take this duty in hand and deal with it in a satisfactory and convincing manner.—*From the Brewery Record.*

SOCIAL CLUB.

DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

MR. S. V. SHEA-SIMONDS DISTRIBUTES PRIZES.

There was large company present when Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds attended at the Social Club to distribute the prizes won in connection with the Departmental Tournaments, one of the many popular features of the Club during the winter season.

Mr. F. C. Hawkes (the Chairman of the Club) extended a very hearty welcome to Mr. Shea-Simonds and called upon him to give away the prizes.

Mr. Shea-Simonds had a word to say to each of those who received the prizes and his brilliant wit caused a great deal of laughter. In asking Mr. Bird to accept the Directors' Challenge Cup on behalf of the "Rest," Mr. Shea-Simonds congratulated him and his team on the prowess they had shewn.

Mr. Curtis received the cup presented by Mr. Frank Lindars on behalf of the Cellars (runners-up). Mr. H. Davis was the recipient of a barometer being the winner of the snooker handicap, Mr. H. Osborne receiving the second prize.

At the conclusion of the proceedings Mr. Hawkes cordially thanked Mr. Shea-Simonds for presenting the prizes. No one else could have done it in such a delightful and friendly way (Applause). His heart and soul were in the Club and had been since its foundation and whenever he crossed its threshold he knew he would receive the heartiest of welcomes (Applause). They thanked him from the bottom of their hearts for coming amongst them in the friendly manner in which he always did.

Mr. Shea-Simonds thanked Mr. Hawkes for his very kind words and mentioned that he as Chairman of the Company felt a great and heavy responsibility on his shoulders. But whatever he could do, whatever influence he had got, his first thought would be to get justice and fair treatment for their staff and tenants (Loud Applause).

There was an excellent concert to which the following contributed:—Mrs. Gladys Fullbrook (songs at the piano), Messrs. S. Hinton, G. Weait and J. Champion (songs), Miss Vera Bradford and Mr. W. Good (piano and violin solos). Mr. P. James did some clever conjuring tricks.

Below is the table showing the position of the different Departments at the conclusion of the Tournaments :—

Team.	No. of Tournaments played.	No. of Games played	Won.	Lost.	Drawn	Points.
REST ...	5	90	58	32	—	58
CELLARS ...	5	90	45	44	1	45½
TRANSPORT ...	5	90	42	48	—	42
BUILDING ...	5	90	41	47	2	42
COOPERS ...	5	90	41	48	1	41½
OFFICES ...	5	90	40	48	2	41

CRICKET.

The Annual General Meeting of the S.B.B. Cricket Club was held at the Social Club last month and a good muster of members put in an attendance.

In the unfortunate absence of Mr. S. Bird, Mr. F. Josey conducted the business and several lively discussions took place.

After the Minutes of the last general meeting were confirmed, the Secretary read the Annual Report and Balance Sheet, the latter showing a balance in hand of £11 4s. 11d. against £15 11s. 6d., the drop being mainly due to the heavy expenditure on teas and a liability for bats being repaired, which would usually be charged against the ensuing season's finances.

The Officers of the Club show little change from the last season. Mr. T. Bartholomew will be captain of the "A" team, with Mr. J. Rumens vice-captain. Mr. C. Streams will lead the "B's" and the old veteran (Mr. F. Collins) will be at his right hand to give the benefit of his valuable experience. It is hoped that this blend of youth and age will be of great service to the second string.

The umpires will be the same again, although Mr. Thatcher expressed a doubt of being able to carry on entirely throughout the season, but Mr. J. Benford volunteered to fill the gap when occasion demanded.

Practice nights will be on Mondays and Thursdays. The opening night was on the 28th April and net work began on Thursday, 1st May, in preparation for the "A" team's opening match with N.A.L.G.O. on the 3rd May.

The fixture list is nearly filled and several new teams will be met. The cards will soon be in print and when ready will be in the hands of the various officials, who will be pleased to collect your shillings and hand the membership cards over. The Secretary will be pleased to do the needful if anyone cannot find a distributor in his particular Department.

The Firm have again kindly placed a lorry at the service of the Club and we are greatly indebted to them for this concession and also for their financial assistance. Our hearty thanks are tendered to the Directors accordingly.

There is plenty of room for recruits in the Club and with two teams running throughout the season, there are more opportunities for getting a game. The matches are played in a friendly spirit and our welcome everywhere plainly shows that our teams are "Sports" in the true sense of the word.

J.W.J.

BILLIARDS.

READING AND DISTRICT LEAGUE.

The final positions of clubs forming the above League for season 1929-30 are as under :—

DIVISION I.				
	Plyd.	W.	L.	Total Pts.
Y.M.C.A. ...	120	76	44	16468
Balfour ...	120	71	49	16276
Central Liberal ...	120	71	49	16079
West Reading Liberal ...	120	56	64	16063
Henley Liberal ...	120	69	51	16042
Pangbourne Constitutional ...	120	69	51	16029
H. and G. Simonds' Social ...	120	53	67	15580
Trades Union ...	120	56	64	15150
Caversham Constitutional ...	120	52	68	15099
Gladstone ...	120	44	76	14850
Curzon ...	120	42	78	14204

DIVISION II (Section "A").				
	Plyd.	W.	L.	Total Pts.
Beaconsfield ...	120	74	46	10843
Reading Catholic ...	120	77	43	10771
Reading Territorial ...	120	76	44	10695
Curzon ...	120	79	41	10642
Trades Union ...	120	66	54	10465
West Reading Liberal ...	120	48	72	10035
Central Liberal ...	120	60	60	10010
Caversham Social ...	120	51	69	9850
Caversham Constitutional ...	120	45	75	9757
Gladstone ...	120	45	75	9734
Balfour ...	120	41	79	9595

DIVISION II (Section "B").

	Plyd.	W.	Lost.	Total Pts.
Reading Gas Co.	108	79	29	10177
Y.M.C.A.	108	73	35	9981
Earley Working Men's	108	69	39	9802
N.A.L.G.O.	108	64	44	9656
Berks Mounted Territorial	108	53	55	9584
Curzon	108	43	65	9129
St. Anne's	108	41	67	9055
Reading Tramways Social	108	50	58	8955
H. and G. Simonds' Social	108	41	67	8616
Comrades	108	26	82	7534

ANNUAL DINNER AND PRESENTATION OF PRIZES.

This took place in the Cross Street Hall, Reading, on Wednesday, April 30th.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

All my life I believed from my heart the words of Browning, "All service ranks the same with God." It makes very little difference whether a man is driving a tramcar or sweeping streets or being Prime Minister, if he only brings to that service everything that is in him and performs it for the sake of mankind.

I learned instinctively and unconsciously another very useful lesson, and that is that a man is a gentleman by what comes from within, and I have known many in my life in all walks.

If you do not scheme and plan your life, and if you leave it perhaps in higher hands than yours, and you look back, you will see how wonderfully the little things which you never noticed at the time all seem to fit in to the ultimate scheme, and that the preparation for life which you have had, which you did not understand at the time, turns out to have been the very best preparation that you could have had.—STANLEY BALDWIN.

DEATH OF MRS. PECK.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. W. Peck, wife of Mr. Peck, of the Beer Cellars, which occurred suddenly on April 11th.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

All human things of dearest value hang on slender strings.

That which is accomplished too quickly has no deep roots; time hallows only that which he has himself made.

Nothing preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.

Revenge of a wrong only makes another wrong.

Shallow streams make most din.

Swift kindnesses are best : a long delay
In kindness takes the kindness all away.

A crowd is not company.

But words are things and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

Knowledge of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.

All battle is misunderstanding.

Man's grand fault is, and remains, that he has so many small ones.

Take the showers as they fall,
Enough if at the end of all
A little garden blossom.

The heart sees farther than the head.

The loftier the building the deeper must the foundations be laid.

FIFTY YEARS OF LOYAL SERVICE.

PRESENTATIONS TO MR. R. BIGGS.

On the occasion of Mr. R. Biggs completing fifty years of loyal service with the Firm, the Office Staff thought they would like to celebrate the event and also take the opportunity of showing Mr. Biggs the high esteem in which he is held. This they did by presenting Mr. Biggs with some handsome presents in the shape of a mahogany music stool, an eight-day striking clock, a case of pipes and a book containing the names of the subscribers.

The little ceremony, which was very largely attended—a tribute to Mr. Biggs' popularity—took place on April 2nd.

TANGIBLE EXPRESSION OF GOOD FEELING.

As the doyen of the Staff, Mr. Frank Lindars said that they had met to congratulate their friend Mr. Biggs on completing his fifty years of service with the Firm (Applause). Mr. Lindars spoke of the times now long passed and mentioned that at about the time Mr. Biggs arrived on the scene there was an election in Reading. He (Mr. Lindars) was commandeered to help and Mr. Biggs also rendered assistance, but they did not get their candidate returned though he was successful six years later. Mr. Biggs and he were the only two left who had worked at the Offices for fifty years. Mr. Biggs had rendered valuable service to the Firm. He was very thorough in everything he undertook (Hear, hear). They could not let the occasion pass without showing Mr. Biggs some tangible expression of their good feeling towards him (Applause). The timepiece would remind him of that happy occasion and when Mr. Biggs, who was an accomplished musician, sat down on the music stool, he would be reminded of the harmonious feeling which always existed between all associated with him (Applause). They all trusted Mr. Biggs would enjoy many more years of health and happiness (Renewed Applause).

AN EXAMPLE ALL SHOULD FOLLOW.

Mr. C. E. Gough said he would like to associate himself with the remarks of Mr. Lindars, "the father of the flock." On the occasion of that presentation to their old colleague his greatest wish was to see Mr. Biggs with them for many years longer (Applause). He had known Mr. Biggs for forty-one years and had been very closely associated with him in business. As one who looked upon work as a duty, he did not think he could put before them a finer example than Mr. Biggs (Applause). It was an example they should all endeavour to emulate. Duty first, and then your recreation—that was Mr. Biggs' motto. Mr. Biggs was

very thorough in everything he did and he (Mr. Gough) was always glad to take the benefit of his advice. Mr. Biggs' perseverance and the perfection of his work had been recognised by the Directors and Mr. Biggs appreciated very highly the kindly words they had said to him in acknowledgment of his long and loyal service to the firm. "I should like to shake hands with our old chum," concluded Mr. Gough, and he promptly turned the wish into the deed, amid very hearty applause.

MR. BIGGS' THANKS.

Mr. Biggs, who was most cordially received, said he could only thank them all very much for those handsome presents and the kindly thought which had prompted the gifts. He would like also to thank Mr. Lindars and Mr. Gough for the extremely nice things they had said about him (Applause).

The company then viewed the presents and personally conveyed to Mr. Biggs their hearty congratulations.

SOUL BEFORE SYNTAX.

[These wretched grammars! What was a man advantaged who said, "It is I" over one who said, "It's nae me"? He did not believe in grammar: he believed in soul.]

Away with school, academy, and down with every college.
It is the soul that makes the man, and what's the use of knowledge?
A man's a man although perhaps he asks you "how you be?"
And 'stead of saying "It is I," he answers, "It is me."

And while he's got the strength and will to lift and wield "an ammer"

And smite "a hanvil" for his bread, who cares about his grammar?
Or who will blame him if he use ill-chosen words and rough?
He knocks the iron into shape and maks THAT smooth enough.

To always place one's words aright we need be sly as foxes.
A butcher is a butcher though he calls his oxen oxes!
A poult'rer is a poult'rer though he changes geese to "geeses,"
A hawker is a hawker though he calls out "water creases."

And, rest assured, the honest man who coins a word like "worser"
May in his language put to shame the educated curser.
And why should he who partial is to words with endless s's—
"I runs," "I goes," "I says," to wit—be blamed for such excesses?

For they can do the soul no harm and can't be called offences,
For what the dickens has the soul to do with moods and tenses?



The above photograph of our Brighton Branch Offices is inserted for the purpose of assisting visitors to Brighton during the coming season in obtaining their supplies of choice Wines, Spirits and Bottled Beers. Patrons are assured of the most courteous and prompt attention to all orders, whether large or small.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Owing to illness my copy of last month's HOP LEAF GAZETTE was brought to me from the Brewery by a friend and was naturally all the more welcomed by myself. It was quite a good number. It contained two items about which I had intended to write, viz., Competitions and a list of the Firm's houses, particularly at the seaside where the Firm has Branches or interests. "M.P." wrote an article on crossword puzzles and the names of our new houses in Cornwall and Devon were mentioned in the Plymouth Branch notes. I am under the impression the Editor has the matter of crossword puzzles appearing in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE under consideration. Quite a number of our Brewery holiday-makers spend their annual vacation in the West, so they will have an extra inducement this year to again visit this part of the country.

OVERTIME.

Quarterly balancing started at the beginning of April and was very soon over. In fact, it was nearly a "first-time" balance. This reflects credit on all the staff concerned and possibly they may have given themselves "A Pat on the Back" at the conclusion of their labours.

MR. R. BIGGS.

It is a matter of personal regret that owing to being "laid up" I was unable to be at the Offices when the presentation (in commemoration of his 50 years' service with H. & G.S.) to the above gentleman took place. From all accounts it was one of the largest gatherings of a like nature that has ever taken place at the Offices of the Firm. Mr. Biggs is very proud of his music stool and it is a gift that has given him great pleasure.

MR. H. M. RANDALL'S MARRIAGE.

On April 19th a pleasing little ceremony took place when Mr. Harold M. Randall, who has been with the Firm for over 15 years, was presented with a striking clock by his colleagues. Mr. Randall, who hails from Aldermaston and is well liked and well known at the Brewery, was married on Easter Monday. We should like to express our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Randall and wish them every happiness in the future.

COMPETITIONS.

Practically every paper nowadays runs a competition. It is therefore not surprising that many Breweryites indulge in the pleasant pastime of trying to win some of the prizes offered weekly.

I have yet to learn of any of our employees winning a big prize but their turn may come. Mr. J. Farley, one of the junior members of our staff, was fortunate enough to win the prize in the competition offered in the magazine of his old School. Many, I know, regularly compete in the crossword puzzles and it is giving no secret away to say the wives of many of our colleagues at the Office are ardent competitors (one colleague, one wife, is meant of course). Then there are those who go in for literary competitions, like "Bullets" which is a regular feature of "John Bull." The following "Bullet" submitted by one of our staff won for him the somewhat small sum of 2/6 and was undoubtedly clever:—

Example : First Man.

"*Bullet*" : Gave Rib—Took Ribstone.

We all thought the effort deserved a bigger prize but naturally there are many thousands of competitors.

THE BUDGET, 1930.

This was awaited with considerable interest and anxiety. Once again extra taxation has been placed on our trade and it would seem that although BEER is considered by some to be a terrible beverage (the drinking of it is considered to be even more terrible by misguided fanatics who probably have never tasted it) it seems to be a certain "way out" for many Chancellors of the Exchequer. Maybe one day someone far-seeing enough will find that the way to *increase* the revenue of the country will be to *reduce* the tax on beer.

FOOTBALL.

At the moment of writing Reading seem none too safe for another season of Second Division football. The season has been somewhat disappointing especially as Reading Football Club started off so well. It will not be so very long before we shall be looking forward to and discussing the prospects of another season. However, the cricketers want to have their innings, so here's hoping the Brewery teams will have a successful season and that England retain the Ashes. Congratulations to Plymouth Argyle on winning the League at last; their fortunes have been watched by Reading enthusiasts all the season and we shall welcome them at Elm Park once again. Brighton and Portsmouth both have had much better times so it maybe they will finish up champions of their respective Leagues next season. Our Office supporter of Plymouth has been wearing a very happy expression lately after his many anxious times. I understand at London Branch they are keen supporters, particularly of Millwall, and naturally our lorry drivers have had to stand a certain amount of "chaffing" owing to Reading's lowly

position. By the irony of fate Reading have done very well against the London teams in the Second Division, so our men have had a chance of "hitting back" now and again.

TROUT OR BLOATER ?

The Editor in his notes in the April HOP LEAF GAZETTE mentioned that Mr. C. Bennett kindly gave me a trout which was very nice indeed. This gives rise to the following:—

My youngest son, whose birthday was imminent, was asked by a friend what he would like as a present. He said he would like something "alive." (By the way, his elder brother who had celebrated his birthday a few weeks earlier, had been given four goldfish in a bowl by the same friend.) Later on he said to his mother, "Mummy, I know what I would like for a present." He was asked what it was and his somewhat startling reply was, "I would like a live bloater like Mr. Bennett brought Daddy."

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

THE LESSON OF EASTER.

Another Easter has come and gone and once again has been given to us the opportunity to recall and consider in all sincerity the wonder of the Resurrection. But in these days one feels that many of us miss the lesson which this season should teach us owing to worry and anxiety (for such it appears to be) of how best to get the most enjoyment from the holiday. This Feast, set in the Spring of the year, coincides with the re-birth of Nature, a truly amazing feat, if we give ourselves the time to consider. But then, again, the rush and stress of present-day existence is not conducive to quiet reflection. However, Nature never fails us; year after year she sets forth in all glory the beauty of her realm and none can stay her. The hardest Winter fails to deter her, and with the lengthening of the days and the increasing warmth of the sun to encourage her, she is ever faithful.

The feathered world knows instinctively when the Spring of the year arrives and even though the early hours may be chilly and perhaps damp, the birds are not dismayed but do their utmost to waken us with their glad songs, and I do not think we are at all displeased if our sleep is disturbed. We rather rejoice in yet another sign that Winter is being left behind, giving place to brighter days.

From time honoured custom we have come to regard the Easter Holiday as the first opportunity of getting out into the country and seeing for ourselves the wonders that are happening: the beautiful new green of the leaves which are just showing on the trees and hedgerows, and the woods with carpets of spring flowers of which we cannot resist gathering a few. The birds too, do not escape our notice, busy as they are in gathering together the material for their nests.

And this year, unless we were exceptionally hardy and brave, we received rather a disappointment, for the elements decided to depart from their usual custom of providing warm sunshiny weather for the holiday and instead we were given cold winds (with snow in many parts) and heavy showers, so that, for the majority, country trekking was out of the question, and perforce we had to solace ourselves by reading our newspapers and learning from them that England was not the only sufferer, but that visitors to the Continent were in most cases experiencing similar conditions.

The dull skies and uncertain weather did, however, bring gain to a certain section of the community, viz., those who cater for indoor amusements. To see the crowds flocking to such entertainments as cinemas, theatres, etc., must have given satisfaction to the proprietors of these concerns. For we English people have the reputation of taking our disappointments bravely and deprived of one pleasure we do not give ourselves up to despair but quickly look round for other means of spending happily the hours of holiday that come our way.

M.P.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A young man wearing a "loud" purple suit, a white hat, a tie of blinding colour mixtures, and yellow boots hailed a taxi in Piccadilly. The driver stared at him for some moments, half in amusement, and half in bewilderment. Then he said seriously:

"Begging your pardon, sir, but you don't happen to be in mourning for anyone, sir, do you?"

* * * *

The pretty young kindergarten mistress had been telling her pupils all about the winds, their power, different effects, and so on. "And, children," she went on enthusiastically, "as I came to school this morning on the top of the 'bus something softly came and kissed my cheek. What do you think it was?"

"The conductor!" cried the children, joyously.

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

SHAMROCK V. LAUNCHED AT GOSPORT.

On Monday, April 14th, the eyes of two continents were focussed upon Gosport where Sir Thomas Lipton's America Cup challenger, Shamrock V., was launched shortly after noon. Gosport was proud that Gosport brains, craftsmanship and labour had been requisitioned to produce the hope of Britain in the contest for the blue ribbon of yachting, the most coveted trophy in the world, the America Cup. Gosport's reputation is staked in this new green cutter which bears upon its bows a gilded four-leafed Shamrock, an emblem of luck as well as her name. The war was blamed by those recollecting the last contest for the fact that Shamrock IV. did not bring back the trophy. There is, however, a united opinion that Shamrock V., with Captain Ted Heard in command, will change the resting place of that Cup and there is a deep note of sincerity in the wish "Good Luck to Shamrock V." The High Street of Gosport was festooned with bunting on this occasion and the Gosport Council of Commerce displayed a green banner near the shore in honour of the yachting industry and wishing "Good Luck to the Shamrock." A triumphal archway was constructed at the ferry landing and was the work of two young artists, Messrs. Cavendish and Concord Morton. In the harbour bedecked with flags and with a green shamrock flag at the masthead was Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, Erin, in which he had steamed the previous day from Southampton. The syren of Sir Thomas' yacht Erin maintained a prolonged screech until the Shamrock had come to anchor and the band of the 1st Welch Regiment played "Rule Britannia" followed by "Dear little Shamrock."

Under the universal rule which has been adopted for this contest, the yachts must be built to Lloyds class and there is nothing abnormal in their hull construction, whether they are of bronze or composite. Shamrock V. is composite built with mahogany planks bolted to steel frames whilst her deck planking is a little more than two inches thick. This compares with a three-ply shin and a deck of five layers of wood, together less than an inch thick, in Shamrock IV. The new challenger's accommodation which has been fitted temporarily, consists of a small saloon, two aft state rooms and a bath room and a small companion-way. To the ordinary persons dimensions convey but little. It is, nevertheless, interesting to note that Shamrock V. will have a displacement of 134 tons with a water line length of 81 feet, a beam of 19.62 feet and a draft of 14.66 feet. Her mast will be more than 150 feet high and the area of her mainsail will be

approximately 5,000 square feet. Her total sail area will be in the region of 7,500 square feet.

There was a distinguished gathering on the launch platform to witness the ceremony of launching, amongst whom were the Mayor and Mayoress of Gosport (Alderman B. A. Kent, J.P. and Mrs. Kent), Col. and Mrs. Sloane Stanley, Lieut.-Col. G. Fleming, D.S.O., and Mrs. Fleming, Commanding Officer of the 1st Battn. Welch Regiment. Sir Thomas Lipton arrived, accompanied by Lord Shaftsbury and the Countess of Shaftsbury. Mr. Charles Nicholson removed the bouquet from the champagne bottle and with a bow presented it to the Countess. In the meantime the gang on the wedges got busy, Sir Thomas made a gesture to the waiting throng and immediately there was a hush. In quiet tones the veteran sportsman introduced the Countess of Shaftsbury as the lady who launched Shamrock IV. She is again showing her interest by launching the new Shamrock—Shamrock V. With a swing the Countess broke the bottle of champagne over the emerald bow of the boat. Like all good children, Shamrock V. was unwilling to leave her birthplace. In the first minute the boat moved an inch and then gathering impetus she slipped away, taking the waters of the Harbours with a graceful swoop.

A cornet player from somewhere in the offing played "Dear little Shamrock" and the crowd burst into full-throated cheering. This was answered by the throng outside. The firm's works siren gave an accompaniment.

BRITISH LEGION CLUB DINNER AT PORTSMOUTH.

On the occasion of the anniversary dinner of the British Legion (Portsmouth No. 2) Club, Lieut. Norman Harrison, R.A. (retd.), the President, was in the chair and was supported by the Lord Mayor (Councillor J. E. Smith, J.P.), the Commander-in-Chief of Portsmouth, Admiral of the Fleet (Sir Roger J. B. Keyes, K.C.B.), Brig.-Gen. Sir R. A. W. Colleton, Bart., C.B., and numerous other distinguished guests.

Mr. Butt proposed the toast of our Patron, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, which was heartily received.

Mr. F. B. Whitfield next submitted "The Lord Mayor and Corporation," and the Lord Mayor in response expressed his delight at renewing the acquaintance with the wonderful spirit of brotherhood and friendship which characterized the British Legion. He went on to speak of the efforts in progress to popularize Southsea. He was confident that in 1930 they would reach the harvest of an industrious sowing. He spoke of the forthcoming brass band contest, bowling week, Navy week, a great tattoo week, the civic

week and the giving of a good time to children. He said he was prepared, as Lord Mayor, to do all he could for the British Legion and he asked members of the Legion to give him all the assistance they could in the schemes on foot.

Sir Roger Keyes responded for the "Crown Forces." The most important part of his speech had reference to his association with Lord Haig when he (Sir Roger) went to Dover in the last year of the war. He was soon called upon to see Lord Haig who said he was rather concerned about his left flank. "You are the left flank of the British Army" said Lord Haig, and from January 1st, 1918, he was very proud to think that the great Commander-in-Chief considered him the Commander of the left flank of the British Army. The monitors and ships provided the Belgian Army with support, and Marines and Naval Batteries provided light artillery and we had a magnificent Air Force.

Mr. C. F. J. Holland, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, acted as M.C. for the concert, the programme of which was contributed to by the Misses Dorothy Courtney, Betty Hales, Madge Dutton, Daisy Sillence and Mary Gates and Messrs. Norman Courtney and Wilfred Dutton. They were thanked by Mr. J. Grant, a past President.

Miss E. M. Comber, a member of the Portsmouth Staff, recently ceased her employment with the firm. The day of her departure was made the occasion of a presentation of a piece of silver, subscribed to by all the members of this Branch, and wishing her all happiness in the future.

SLOUGH.

ROYAL AIR FORCE DEPOT, UXBRIDGE.

The members of the above Sergeants' Mess deserve the warmest congratulations on the arrangements they made for their Eighth Annual Ball. Although some 300 dancers arrived they found ample accommodation and comfort. We feel sure that S.M.I. Metz and his able Committee of brother N.C.O.'s were amply rewarded by the way in which their guests enjoyed themselves, also by the sum of money which accumulated for the benefit of Air Force Charities. The two large rooms adjoining were thrown into one for the benefit of dancers, and another was turned into a Lounge for those who desired a rest from the gaiety. Sergt. Preston and the R.A.F. Band also deserve commendation for the way in which they carried out their task of providing the music. Their excellent playing and the number of "old favourites" they

rendered, undoubtedly helped to make the evening so great a success. Some half-dozen prizes were awarded for the Fancy Dresses, which were well deserved by those who won them.

NO. 2 WING, R.A.F., HALTON CAMP.

On the same evening, March 14th, the Sergeants' Mess of the above held their Annual Ball, the members of the Sergeants' Mess, No. 4 Wing, joining forces with them for this occasion. Although we have no actual details to hand, we understand that here also great success was achieved, and to S.M.I. Greener and his able Committee we also offer our hearty congratulations.

WARRANT AND N.C.O.'S MESS, ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (THE BLUES), WINDSOR.

March was evidently a month of jollity for here again we report another Annual Ball. This was held in the large Dining Hall of the Canteen in Combermere Barracks on Friday, March 28th. Those of the 250 guests assembled who had previously attended similar functions were agreed that this was the most successful ever held by the Mess. S.C.M. Dawkins and his Committee deserve great praise for making the evening so thoroughly enjoyable, which must have entailed an extraordinary amount of hard work. The M.C.'s, F.C.M. Wright, F.C.H. Berryman and C.O.H. Turner, made themselves very popular by the number of "Old Time" dances they included in the programme. The music was supplied by musicians of the Regiment under the direction of Trumpet Major Evans who carried out their duties in a most delightful and efficient manner. C.O.H. Leaney earned everyone's praise for the tasteful way in which the decorations were arranged.

On Monday, March 31st, Windsor was all agog with excitement, people lining the streets to welcome home the King to his stately Castle in the Royal Borough, and every day since one sees, with pride and joy, the Royal Standard fluttering from its flagstaff high above the Round Tower. When their Majesties are in residence, crowds flock to the Castle daily to watch the changing of the Guard, and on Sunday afternoons the East Terrace is the rendezvous of all who can possibly manage to assemble there to listen to the Guards' Bands playing selections of music. Since the return of the Court to Windsor Castle our beverages have been in great demand, and especially has our "S.B." enjoyed wonderful popularity in the Servants' Hall.

SIMONDS' CHALLENGE CUP PRESENTATION.

The Slough, Windsor and District Games League held their Annual Smoking Concert and Presentation of Trophies at the Slough Working Men's Social Club, William Street, on Friday, April 11th.

The chair was kindly taken by Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds, and he was supported by Mr. L. N. Younghusband of Messrs. Noakes & Co., Ltd., who acted as Vice-Chairman. Also present were Mr. H. W. Colson and other members of the Slough Staff of the Firm and of Messrs. Noakes & Co., Ltd., and the following representatives:—Slough Working Men's Social Club (the hosts): Messrs. J. N. Huggins (chairman), S. C. Walden (secretary), F. Smith (treasurer) and A. E. Shand (the club's representative of the League). The Games League: Messrs. H. Pardy (president) and H. Shand (secretary). Chalvey Working Men's Club, Slough: Messrs. A. H. Goody and R. Stevens, etc., etc.

There was also a considerable attendance of members, and the company were entertained with a bright programme of music and humour by Messrs. Jimmy Purrett, Bert Evans, Wee Ronto, George Allen and Chris Cantwell.

The health of "The Chairman" was proposed by Mr. Young-husband, who said that the name of Simonds was one to conjure with in the South of England. Beer was the true British beverage, and one of the principals of one of the principal brewing Firms was a man of standing in the land.

The toast was drunk with musical honours, and, in replying, the Chairman, Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds, mentioned that his family had lived within a radius of seven miles of Reading for 700 years. He spoke in complimentary terms of the firm of Noakes & Co., and said that the rivalry between them was an extremely friendly one. Speaking of the Games Tournament, he said that four years ago there were more Clubs taking part, and he was very sorry to see that there had been a great falling-off in the number of Clubs. He was told that whereas they used to have ten Clubs in the tournament, there were now only five. He had to ask the Slough Working Men's Club to formally surrender the Cup presented by his Firm, which they had held so many times, and to receive in its place the small replica to keep in the Club. The Cup was handed over by Mr. Ivall (Captain of the Slough Working Men's Club), and was presented by Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds to this year's winners, the Chalvey Working Men's Club, whom he congratulated on their success.

Mr. Wilder, who received the Cup for the Chalvey Club, amidst applause, expressed the pride his Club felt in holding the Cup. They were the baby team of the League, he said, and he thought the players had done well to take the trophy during their second season in the League. It was the result of their keeping their team together. Chalvey had now won the Games Trophy, the McCloskie Shield and the Grenfell Shield—an honour Chalvey had never had since the War.

The runners-up Shield, presented by Messrs. Noakes & Co., was handed back to Mr. Younghusband by Mr. Sears, representing last year's holders, the Eton Ex-Servicemen's Club, and was presented to Mr. Huggins, of the Slough Working Men's Club, who are this year's runners-up.

Mr. Huggins, accepting the Noakes Shield, congratulated the Chalvey Working Men on winning the higher position. It was the first time Slough had held the Shield, but they had had the Cup for six years, and were very pleased to see it go the rounds. Next year he would like to see their friends over the water have the honour of holding it.

The toast of "Success to the League" was proposed by the President of the League, Mr. Pardy. He was sorry, he said, that its success had not been quite so brilliant this season as in past seasons. It was formed for the purpose of comradeship, friendship and sportsmanship, and he hoped they would all do everything they could to bring other Clubs into the League. The trophies were well worth fighting for, and the games enabled the players to form friendships they would never form otherwise. It had brought him many good friends.

The toast was acknowledged by the Chairman, Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds, who urged them all as clubmen, whether they belonged to Working Men's Clubs or to Conservative or Ex-Servicemen's Clubs, to stand shoulder to shoulder to defend the Clubs against any interference with their rights and liberties.

An enjoyable evening was spent at the Slough British Legion Club on Saturday, April 12th, the occasion being that of the Presentation of the Billiard and Snooker Trophies. These are in the form of two handsome Cups which had been given to the Club by two old friends. The Chairman of the Club presided over a gathering of some 250 members who received the efforts of their own Concert Party "The Hut Revellers" with much applause. This applause was very much deserved, for these half-a-dozen members of the Club who banded themselves together a short time ago, have done great things in helping along the social side of the Ex-Service man's life in Slough. Everyone were agreed that it was a most enjoyable evening.

We also understand that on the same evening the Chalvey Working Men's Social Club, Slough, held their Annual Presentation under festive conditions, celebrating as they did the "Homecoming" of the Simonds' Challenge Cup referred to above. Unfortunately, we must confess to a lack of details, but from previous experience feel sure that everyone present enjoyed a real good time.

Naturally, our well known "Hop Leaf" Brands were very much to the fore and greatly enjoyed during all the social events recorded above.

To Mrs. V. W. Mundy, the wife of our Chief Clerk, we tender our deepest sympathy in the loss she has sustained in the passing away of her mother. Those of us who knew Mrs. Shepperd and her kindly and endearing personality can only slightly realise this great loss to Mr. Mundy's family.

GIBRALTAR.

Once more the combined fleets have been here only to depart again after an all-too-brief stay. Fortunately, the weather has been kind during the major part of their visit, and thus enabled all the sporting fixtures to be played off. The Atlantic Fleet were twice successful in defeating the Garrison, but the Mediterranean Fleet could only draw with them after a fine sporting game, whilst in the annual match between the two Fleets, a score of 2—2 was a fitting result to a closely contested match.

As was predicted in our last issue, we have been living a hurricane life for about a fortnight, with a succession of dances and entertainments that only the most hardened "night-bird" could have attended. In this connection, it is interesting to note that, with the exception of two dances only, the whole of these functions were catered for as regards the bar by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Not only does this reflect very creditably on the popularity of the famous "Hop Leaf" brand, but also speaks volumes for the keen business instincts of our local representatives.

Dark rumours are afloat in the R.E. Sergeants' Mess of an outing to "Malaga" in the very near future. Should it materialise, it is possible that THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE will make interesting reading in our next issue—especially for the wives of some of the aforesaid Sergeants.

Although the Fleets have left, we are not to be entirely deserted by the Navy for a little while. *H.M.S. Dragon* is expected in the very near future and will remain for some time, while the

3rd Destroyer Flotilla will follow here at a very short interval and will also stay for about a month. With the best time of the year rapidly approaching we can look forward to some pleasant excursions into "Sunny Spain."

Although I cannot think that it was directed at me, a little poem entitled "Cut it Down" which was published in our last month's issue is continually running through my head. I have endeavoured to "Cut it Down" to the best of my ability, and leave the rest of the pruning to the Editor.

NAUTICUS.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

"THE TWINS."

Devonport Dockyard has in its long history seen many ships of His Majesty's Navy launched upon the waters of the Hamoaze; but on April 10th an unusual little ceremony took place, when the twin sloops *Penzance* and *Hastings* were gradually raised and floated by the inlet of water, as they lay side by side on the stocks, instead of following the usual custom, by which ships are impelled from above down to their native element.

The ceremony, however, lacked none of its usual interest or picturesqueness, and both vessels were duly named, floated and towed down harbour to where they are to be completed, without a hitch—a tribute to those responsible for their construction, and to the many who superintended and carried out the arrangements for their baptism.

The return of the Atlantic Fleet to Home Waters for Easter Leave, and the sight of so many of our Navy "Boys" around us again made us realize that "its own" had come to Devonport once more.

Alas! 'twas but a short respite from duty and by the time these lines appear many of these friendly faces will have vanished from our sight into the mists of the Channel. We wonder what the feelings of many of them must be, as they pass by the "Tamar" on their way out? We can guess their remarks when, after a lengthy cruise, proceeding up harbour, they catch sight of the "S.B." sign at the water's edge. This we do happen to know a little about!!

Many aboard will be thankful at least for one little solace which Devonport provides for her own sons—"S.B." and "Milk Stout." Having been privileged to supply the Fleet for a very

long time past, we can safely vouch for the accuracy of our claim to this little service. The best of luck and a safe return to them all!

"DOGGED DOES IT."

Sorry Oxford! We must however "pat you on the back" for the gallant efforts your crew made to break the spell. Had you done so, Cambridge would have been among the first to pay you tribute. It is that spirit which on Boat Race day makes us all one huge family. Its a long lane, etc., so keep on trying!

And what shall we say to our Brighton friends for the very nice way they treated our boys in green and black on April 2nd? If promotion has been won by the time these notes appear, the best we can wish them is that they may do likewise next season, so that we may renew the very sporting struggles of the past years.

We hear the Brightonian spectators and commentators set a high example to others who follow the soccer code, and we have pleasure in recording our thanks in this way for the excellent all-round hospitality shewn.

Our Elm Park friends have by now (we hope) put their house in order, ready to give us a real Berkshire roar next season. We, on our part, will be delighted to renew old friendships again. We hope the Brewery Thrift Club will be benefiting considerably during the next few months, and that our prophecy of a few months ago will to-day be an accomplished fact.

After seven despondent years, one is rather chary of counting the chickens, etc., as far as the Argyle are concerned, but the team have come along at the right time "just on the post," to use a racing phrase, and with the whole of the West Country behind them almost to a man, should have achieved their ambition. In any case, the sterling quality of their play has earned them fame, throughout a very trying season, as many of their opponents will readily acknowledge.

Our old colleague, Mr. W. H. Wigley, paid a brief visit during April to the "Tamar Brewery." We were glad to find him looking as young as ever, and hope he has pleasant recollections of the few hours spent in our midst.

With the opening of the Military Training Centres at Roborough Down, Tregantle Fort and Okehampton, the 1930 season may be said to have fairly commenced. The typical weather experienced so far has made conditions anything but ideal, and the early birds are catching their share of stormy weather.

The demands for "Hop Leaf" beverages continue unabated, with the Services' most popular call for all weathers—"S.B." well to the fore.

THE WILTSHIRE REGIMENT.

Our old friends of the 1st Battalion who left for Egypt during the past month, left behind a record of service which has never been excelled in this garrison. Lieut.-Col. Rowan, D.S.O., and every officer and man under his command were a credit to their county and calling, and their departure is a distinct loss to the city.

It is fitting, therefore, that the 2nd Battalion of this fine County Regiment should be the first chosen to fill its shoes. We can at once tell them that their task is no sinecure, but knowing a little about the "good old 99th," we have no fear as to the popular verdict after they have once settled down among us.

Returning to England from service in China on April the 4th, the Battalion, under the command of Colonel C. A. Barker, O.B.E., are no doubt glad to be home again after so long a spell of foreign service.

Only nine members of the present Battalion were in its ranks when, on French soil, it formed part of the famous old Seventh Division, in the early days of the War.

Four officers and 60 men still remain of those who in 1919 sailed for Hong-Kong, the officers being Capt. E. L. Betts, Capt. R. M. P. Beaven, Capt. T. D. James, M.C., and Lieut. A. R. Moore, M.M. The Battalion, however, are veterans in appearance if not in service.

Eastern service conditions quickly make hardy campaigners of the very rawest of material. If that bronzed appearance is still the hallmark of manly beauty, then the 2nd Wiltshires must indeed all be very handsome men!

The Hon. Colonel of the Regiment, General E. Evans, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., met the Battalion at Southampton, and Plymouth was reached during the afternoon.

There, old acquaintances were renewed, old reminiscences exchanged, and new friendships sealed. Nothing narrow about these men in khaki. Come friend, come foe—'tis all in the day's work. In peace or war, playing the game. Despite fatigue, still cheerful. We left them with regret but with the cheering knowledge that the dust of conflicts, together with the more recent dust accumulated en route to Crownhill, had in a good many instances been mellowed down with the satisfying draughts of good old English Ale from "Simonds."

We take the opportunity of wishing this Battalion of the "Moonrakers" a happy time in our midst, and if their past records in sport are any guide to their present prowess, then our good old friends of the "Devons," "Dukes," and "Worcesters" will soon have something serious to think about.

Forward the "nines"!

For many weeks past, one of our Staff, Mr. James Clough, has through illness, been unable to be with us.

As driver of the old "12A Dennis" and as our Poet Laureate, he was on several occasions a contributor to these notes.

We sincerely trust he will soon be restored to his former health to enliven us with more of his droll parodies on current events.

FARNBOROUGH.

Farnborough Branch billiards team have two more matches to report. The first with the British Legion Club, Sandhurst, resulted as follows:—

<i>Sandhurst British Legion Club.</i>				<i>Farnborough Branch.</i>			
H. C. Smith	125	v.	W. H. Davis	...	75
H. A. Cope	125	v.	E. Gosney	...	50
T. Foy	125	v.	R. Paice	...	109
O. A. Webber	125	v.	A. Siggery	...	70
<hr/>				<hr/>			
500				304			

O. A. Webber was no less a person than the famous "Razor" Webber of Sandhurst Working Men's Club fame, and in defeating Mr. Siggery was delighted in obtaining his revenge on an H. & G. player. "Razor" did not put in an appearance until after Mr. Davis had played, otherwise Mr. Davis would certainly have taken the opportunity to prove that his victory of the previous week was no fluke.

Our next outing was to the Frimley Green Working Men's Club and the following were the results:—

<i>Frimley Green Working Men's Club.</i>				<i>Farnborough Branch.</i>			
J. Hogg	101	v.	A. Siggery	...	125
F. Hill	125	v.	E. Gosney	...	119
W. G. Greenfield	125	v.	W. H. Davis	...	22
A. Penhallow	125	v.	R. Paice	...	74
<hr/>				<hr/>			
476				340			

In his game with Mr. Davis, Mr. Greenfield only visited the table four times and ran out with a break of 60 unfinished. When he heard of the result "Razor" Webber would hardly credit it; his one ambition now is to meet Mr. Greenfield.

April 17th was the seventieth anniversary of the famous prize ring battle between Tom Sayers and the American, John Heenan, in an open field at Farnborough, and it is still considered the greatest championship contest ever fought.

The holding of prize fights was prohibited and great precautions were taken to keep the place of the "merry mill" a secret. In spite of this, the police learned of the intended fight and the country within fifteen miles of Farnborough was patrolled by armed constables.

The boxers arrived, however, and the fight began before a crowd of 1,200. Sayers was first to take his stand, his enormous shoulders shining in the early morning sun, but Heenan's bulk forced the "fancy" to back "a horse to a hen" that he would win.

The early rounds were in favour of Heenan, who, in the second round, lifted Sayers and threw him to the ground. In the third round Heenan swung a left to Sayers' nose to score the first knock-down in the fight.

Again in the fourth and the fifth rounds Heenan's hammer-like blows sent the English champion sprawling. Here, however, Sayers' wonderful stamina began to tell. The round lasted thirteen minutes. Though Sayers did his best, it was Heenan who scored the knock-down. Tom rolled over laughing.

It took twenty minutes to decide the eighth round and at the end of it both were much distressed, yet they continued to fight with the utmost gameness.

After two hours twenty minutes of severe fighting, the contest was stopped in the thirty-seventh round by the police. With the ground in the possession of the police the contest was never finished. The prize was a mere £200 plus a championship belt.

Sayers fought with a broken arm from the fourth round against a man considerably heavier and 4½ inches taller. He dug his nails into his chest to keep the limb in position for the rest of his single-handed fight, yet he was so strong at the finish that he declared he could have fought for another hour.

Heenan's face was not recognisable as a face after Fighting Tom's punishment: both eyes were almost closed yet he leaped from the ring and, to prove his fitness to continue, sprinted 100 yards.

The Albert Social Club, Fleet, are in possession of an excellent old print depicting this historical contest. The print was presented to the Club by Mr. G. Holt, who for many years was on the Staff at Farnborough Branch.

Our western friends will no doubt be interested in the few lines below:—

There was a young girl named Bianca,
Who retired while the ship was at anchor,
But woke with dismay
When she heard the mate say:
"We must pull up the top sheet and spanker."

OXFORD.

REMOVAL OF SUB-BRANCH LICENCE.

The removal of the off licence from our old-established sub-Branch at No. 1 Cowley Road, Oxford, to Headington, has now been confirmed by the Bench and our sub-Branch Offices and Stores in Oxford City's newly acquired suburb are now open and already feeling the effects of a mild "rush," consequent upon the influx of Easter orders.

Headington, recently included in the area of the City of Oxford, is a rapidly developing district, approximately situated some two miles to the East of the City itself on the main London road, and where before the war there was a small village is now a community of about 10,000 inhabitants.

We venture to think that our staff at Headington will find ample scope for their activities in what is practically virgin territory and wish them every success.

May we offer our hearty congratulations to Mr. R. Biggs on his attainment of half a century's service with the Firm. We hope also that he may be spared for many a useful year yet.

We regret that the dark blues failed to pull off the boat race this year after our most confident prophecies to this end. We note, however, with satisfaction that the critics are unanimous that Oxford, though beaten, was not disgraced.

BRIGHTON.

Easter has now passed, and entailed some busy days the previous week, stocking our customers with estimated requirements for the holiday.

Unfortunately the weather was not what one usually expects of Brighton in April and had the effect of reducing the numbers of visitors who often come at this season for a stay of several days. Easter Monday brought a goodly number of day visitors who found sunshine down south. In fact, on each of the days from Good Friday we had some sunshine, but it could not be called an ideal spring holiday. However, there are plenty of amusement houses in Brighton, which benefited by the chilly weather.

Our friends at the West Tarring Club have at last completed their Billiards season, the finals only being played last month. The prize presented by the Firm was won by the youngest member, Mr. E. Stringer, and the final game was one of the most exciting played at the Club.

Mr. Stringer was up against one of the "First Team," Mr. E. W. Sparks, and was heartily congratulated on his win, and will now be registered as one of the "challenging team."

The Firm's prize for Snooker was won by Mr. A. Triggs, who had a hard fight for it. All were pleased that Mr. Triggs won this prize, as after coming out top a few years ago in previous tournaments, he has of late been unfortunate.

In our last issue we mentioned that Mr. Nat Vaughan would be pleased to cater for visiting parties, but omitted to say he was to be found at the New Ship Hotel. No doubt Reading readers will remember him at the Great Western Hotel, Reading, some years ago.

For a country drive, the Castle Inn, Pevensey Bay, near Eastbourne, would be a very good objective, where Mr. and Mrs. Croucher serve up the Hop Leaf brands in excellent style.

Mr. Edwards, of the Crab Tree, Lower Beeding, has now our ales on draught as well as in bottle, and this can be recommended

as a good house of call not far from Horsham, on the Brighton Road.

The accompanying photo is of some of our N.C.O. friends of the 8th Field Brigade, outside their Mess at Preston Barracks.



Some of our N.C.O. friends of the 8th Field Brigade enjoying a glass of the best of Beers.

WOKING.

Quite a gloom was cast over Inkerman Barracks, Woking, on the 7th April when it became known that C.Q.M.S. G. Brown of the 1st Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment had passed away at the Cambridge Hospital, Aldershot, after a very brief illness. "Topper" as he was affectionately known in the Sergeants' Mess, was very popular with the Regiment, having served a considerable portion of his twenty-six years service with the 2nd Battalion, and

of more recent years with the 1st Battalion. Of a quiet and unassuming manner, the most eloquent tribute that can be paid to his memory is the fact that practically the whole Battalion was present at the funeral which took place on Friday, April 11th, at the Military Cemetery, Aldershot, after a very impressive service at St. George's Church, Queen's Avenue. It seemed fitting, after a life spent in the Service, that his last resting place should be amidst such surroundings, and where the bugle notes of the "Reveille" and "Last Post" come floating over the breeze daily from that great Military Centre. His memory will long be cherished by the Regiment, and by all those with whom he came into contact.

It is also our sad duty to record the death of Mr. A. H. Woodley, who until some twelve months since, when illness overtook him, was a member of our Transport Staff. Conscientious to a degree, he was a loyal servant of the Firm, and our numerous customers in Surrey will learn with profound regret of his passing which took place on Easter Sunday. Although of a retiring disposition, he was both a competent driver and a skilled mechanic, and his many acts of kindness to those in difficulties marked him as "a gentleman of the road." Reluctant to give up his work which he seemed to love, he suffered silently for a long time, even though it was apparent to us all that his health was failing. He was a member of the Addlestone Ex-service Men's Club, and was popular with a wide circle of friends in that area.

