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Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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MR. A. W. C. BOWYER.

MR. A. W. C. BOWYER.

On our front page this month we give the photograph of Mr. A. W. C. Bowyer. He joined the Firm at Slough Branch, September, 1900, was transferred from Slough to Sandgate in 1905, from Sandgate to Newbury in 1907 and from Newbury to Reading in 1912. He remained attached to Headquarters, Reading, until April, 1919, when he was appointed Manager of the Woolwich Branch.

During his attachment to Headquarters, 1912-1919, in the summer months prior to the War, he was to be found at Ludgershall as a relief for the busy period on Salisbury Plain.

At the outbreak of the War he was posted to Seaford Camp, where he stayed for about six months, all troops at that time being under canvas. From Seaford he was posted to Warminster to assist Ludgershall Branch in looking after supplies for the troops in that district.

In November, 1915, he joined The Civil Service Rifles (15th London Regiment), and to his surprise, in August, 1916, he was discharged from the Service as medically unfit.

He again returned to the Brewery, after his short stay in the Service, and was sent to Winchester, where the Firm supplied most of the camps in the district. On his return from Winchester he was posted to Woking Branch for a short period. Returning again to the Brewery he worked for short times in the Branch, General, Cask and Order Offices, also again renewing his acquaintance with our Newbury Depot, at that time at The Queen's Hotel, Newbury.

The districts coming under the control of Woolwich Branch are as follows:—Colchester, Warley, Biggen Hill, Kenley, Gravesend and neighbouring towns as far as New Cross Gate and Dartford.

One incident of his career he well remembers was during the General Strike. A 'phone message came from the Port of London Authority, King George V. Dock, informing him that a barge load of our beer, ex Reading, had missed the boat for Malta, and in consequence he was asked if it was possible for the beer to be handed over to the P.L.A., as the docks had been manned by Undergraduates, Marines and Guards and were without the necessary "national refreshment."

He could not deal with the matter, so he 'phoned Mr. Gough at Headquarters, who gave him particulars of the consignment, numbering round about 70 barrels, and permission to sell the beer to the P.L.A. The latter say to-day that the order given on that occasion was a record.

Mr. Bowyer is very fond of billiards and cricket, and is fond of watching a good game of football. Since being in Woolwich he has won several billiards prizes, and during the summer months he often visits the Old Charlton Cricket Club, of which he is a Vice-President.

He is also a Freemason: his interest in the Craft extends to several Lodges and his popularity in this sphere is generally recognised.

EDITORIAL.

THE KING AND HIS PEOPLE.

From the south coast of England, where the sea breeze was gradually restoring his much-tried strength, the King-Emperor has sent out a message that has stirred the hearts of his people in every quarter of the Empire. As *Our Empire* truly says, it is not merely a courteous, gracious acknowledgment of the world's solicitude for him and his during the months of anxiety which are now so fortunately past; it is a Message from the Throne such as no King of England had ever previously pronounced—a "human document" that will make the world the better for its publication.

"It was an encouragement beyond description to feel that my constant and earnest desire had been granted—the desire to gain the confidence and affection of my People. My thoughts have carried me even further than this.

"I cannot dwell upon the generous sympathy shown to me by unknown friends in many other countries without a new and moving hope. I long to believe it possible that experiences such as mine may soon appear no longer exceptional: when the national anxieties of all the Peoples of the World shall be felt as a common source of human sympathy and a common claim on human friendship."

By a happy coincidence the King's letter was published on St. George's Day—the day upon which all good Englishmen toast the memory of their Patron Saint; of William Shakespeare, the bard of the English-speaking peoples; of the heroic episode which engraved the name of Zeebrugge among the battle honours of the British Navy. But, in the future, that anniversary will surely bear an even deeper significance. Linked with the name which is both that of England's Patron Saint and of England's King, may it not recall the birth of "a new and moving hope" that the common bonds of human sympathy and friendship may speedily conquer the evil spirit of international animosity and suspicion?

Our King to-day knows well what his people have known for years—that he has won their confidence and affection. With him we humbly pray that out of his own dire affliction and the universal solicitude it evoked, there may arise the beginnings of an Age of International Understanding—an age wherein men of all creeds and races will realise their essential kinships, and will find in the troubles of their neighbours the opportunity not for self-aggrandisement, but for sympathetic and disinterested service.

THE TRIALS OF A HOSTESS.

Here is a good story concerning the trials of a hostess: she had a new maid, who arrived on the night of a dinner party. On being asked whether she knew all about serving for a party she replied confidently that she did.

All went well until the dessert was being brought on. Then the maid appeared with the dessert plates and put one in front of each guest. Next came the finger bowls, empty.

The maid then disappeared, and there were some anxious moments. She reappeared finally, bearing in her hand a huge watering can from the garden, and quite solemnly walked round the table filling the finger bowls completely to the brim.

The hostess was equal to the occasion. "I am glad she took the rose off," was all she remarked.

DREAMING OF HEAVEN.

Last month I received several communications dealing with party politics. These are all right in their proper place but not in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. I was also sent an article supporting a certain section of the religious community. That, too, I necessarily had to refuse. But talking of religion reminds me of the lady who dreamed that she was visiting heaven. She noticed that houses were being built in all directions. Coming upon a beautiful mansion, with noble rooms, pictures and treasures everywhere, she asked: "Who is this for?" "This," replied the builders, "is for your gardener." "For my gardener!" exclaimed the astonished lady. "He is a poor man, a dear, good man, quite content and always happy in the little cottage I have allowed him. How absurd! . . . But what nice buildings these little houses are. They are just what is wanted for the poor. Look at that little house. Now that would just suit my gardener." "That is for you," said the builders. "For me! I have always lived in a palace. I cannot live in a place like that!" "We are very sorry," said the builders, "but it is the best we can do with the materials you have sent up here."

THE BEST AMBASSADOR.

"Alcohol makes for the happiness of nations, for it is the best ambassador that the world has produced. You cannot dine with a man and quarrel with him. I have seen the misery and disease that has resulted from Prohibition in America, and I believe the English people are too wise to consider it. For one person that alcohol kills, meat kills hundreds," says Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane.

SQUIRREL *v.* STARLINGS.

In a letter to *The Times* Mr. Arthur B. Palmer, West Wing House, Reading School, says:—As I was walking round the garden I heard a great noise coming from the old walnut tree, which is nearly hollow, and I saw a squirrel coming out of a starling's nest with two blue eggs between its paws. When it saw me it ate one of the eggs and ran off to its nest and ate the other. A starling who was in the tree and had been watching the proceedings began to squawk. In about one minute six other starlings came and held a meeting; about two minutes later the starlings flew to the squirrel's nest, and by pecking it and flapping it with their wings made the squirrel leave the tree.

SO MUCH FOR SAME.

One of the commonest faults in the average business letter is the use of the word SAME as a pronoun. "We beg to acknowledge your cheque, and enclose our formal receipt for SAME" is wrong; ". . . and enclose our receipt for it" is both simple and correct.

The use of the expression THE SAME is equally objectionable. "We thank you for your order, and beg to advise that THE SAME is being despatched to-night" is ugly. "Your letter addressed to Mr. Smith has been handed to the secretary of the company, who has been instructed to deal with THE SAME," is another example. Why not say "with it" or "with the matter"? There is no virtue in forcing a word out of its station in grammatical life. SAME is an adjective; it can never be made to do the work of a pronoun.

THE TERRIBLE MOTOR COACH TRAGEDY.

Truly, in the midst of life we are in death, and the terrible motor coach accident again reminded us of the fact. I delayed the publication of the GAZETTE a few days last month in order to give the details. I can only now add that the suffering and the bereaved have the sincerest sympathy of us all. Our Directors were the first to express their sorrow in a very practical form.

OUR "MUTUAL" FRIEND.

The General Election is over, thank goodness. It has provided its fun. I was talking to one young lady who has just had the vote for the first time and asked her on whose behalf she was going to use it. "Oh!" she said, "I don't know nothing about politics and so shall be *mutual*."

WHERE HE FOUND DELIGHT.

It was the famous Dr. Johnson who said :—

As soon as I enter the door of a tavern, I experience an oblivion of care, and a freedom from solicitude : when I am seated, I find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to my call : anxious to know and supply my wants ; wine there exhilarates my spirits and prompts me to free conversation and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love. I dogmatise and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinions and sentiments I find delight.

CUCKOO CALLING !

Writing in *The Times*, Miss E. R. Bland, Inglethorpe Manor, Wisbech, Cambs., makes the following interesting observations concerning the call of the cuckoo :—

Happening to be awake in the early hours of Friday, I counted the number of calls a cuckoo made between 1.57 and 2.31 a.m. It was 412. In the first quarter of an hour the calls averaged 13 to the minute, subsequently they were repeated with slightly longer intervals. The moon being only just over a week old, the night was not a very bright one. In all my observations here during the last 35 years I have never noted a cuckoo calling for so long on end so early in the morning.

CRICKET AT EVERSLEY.

The Brewery Cricket team spent a delightful afternoon at Eversley on Saturday, May 25th, when they played Commander H. D. Simonds' XI. Incidentally, the visitors scored their first win of the season. The sylvan surroundings make an ideal setting for the game and when not in the field some of us went bird-nesting, and a beautiful chaffinch's nest was included in our "bag." No wonder Charles Kingsley wrote good "copy" at Eversley more than "Two Years Ago."

CONGRATULATIONS.

Our hearty congratulations are extended to the Revd. A. V. Hurley, a former member of the clerical staff, on his appointment as Deputy Governor of H.M. Royal Borstal Institute, Portland.

MR. ERIC.

We are more glad than we can say that Mr. Eric continues to make good progress and we hope and pray that a thorough rest abroad will completely restore his health.

THE ROYAL ARMS.

We are all proud to see the Royal Arms placed over the entrance to the Brewery offices. One tenant in the district evidently felt particularly proud. He was known to his customers as "Jim" and one evening he was being called by the popular appellation when, to the great surprise of his customers, he suddenly turned round and addressed his audience somewhat as follows : "Gentlemen, I've given my order in at the Brewery this morning and as I entered to do so I passed under the Royal Arms. To mark the importance of this event I demand to be addressed in future as Mr. ———, no longer 'Jim,' gentlemen !"

HOW TO TIME BOILING EGGS.

An Archbishop while staying at a house of some friends was greatly impressed by the fact that each morning before breakfast he heard someone singing "Nearer my God to Thee." On congratulating his hostess on having such religious servants he was told : "O, that's the cook's hymn for boiling eggs—three verses soft, five verses hard."

HAD HIS "BAT."

"Hullo, are you going to play golf, I see you've got your bat ?"

A greeting to the Editor the other day as he was setting off for tennis with his racquet.

BISHOPS BEHIND THE BAR.

Why is it that the Balfour Club continues to be such a popular resort ? Is it because Bishops serve behind the bar ? The steward and stewardess at this Club are Mr. and Mrs. Bishop—and right well they do their work !



THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Why is the funny-bone so named ?

Because it borders on the humerus.

* * * *

A lady, sitting next to a boy who was sniffing and sniffing in the train, said, "Have you got a handkerchief?"

The boy replied, "Yes, but I don't lend it to strangers"—and went on sniffing.

* * * *

An elderly woman, visiting the grave in which her third husband had lately been laid with the other two, was accosted there, with an expression of condolence, by a man who had been one of her earliest sweethearts. He had gone not further than: "Ah'm reyt sorry, Sarah," when, pointing to the tombstone, she cut him short with: "Ah want noan i' *thy* sympathy. If tha'd a' been hawf a man, thy name 'ud 'a been t' first o' them three."

* * * *

"It says here," said the wife, "that a nautical mile is nearly one-seventh more than a land mile. How can that be, John?"

"Well, m'dear," replied the husband, "you know how things swell in the water."

* * * *

The Sunday School teacher was talking to her class, in a poor district, about Solomon and his wisdom.

"When the Queen of Sheba came and laid jewels and fine raiment before Solomon, what do you think he said?" she asked.

One small boy replied promptly: "'Ow much d'yer want for the lot?"

* * * *

Smith met Brown in the street and asked for a match. Brown obligingly went through six pockets and from each produced a bottle of aspirins.

"Great Scott," said Smith, "are you becoming a drug fiend?"

"No," said Brown. "I've been trying to buy a body-belt all the morning, and every time I go into a chemist's shop a girl comes forward to serve me."

The parrot, sent home by their naval nephew, caused great concern to the two maiden ladies by its choice flow of language. During the Vicar's call, each Sunday afternoon, its cage was covered by an old shawl, and the bird learnt to keep silent.

One Tuesday afternoon the new curate was seen approaching the door. "Quick, Alice," cried Matilda, "cover the canary!"

Matilda rushed to the drawer, got the shawl and flung it, just in time, over the cage as the door opened. Unfortunately one side of the shawl caught on a projecting piece of wire half-way up the cage, and the astounded curate was just in time to hear Polly say: "Shiver my timbers, but this has been a damned short week!"

* * * *

The lecturer's subject was "The Women of To-day," and the speaker was pointing out the improvements that had been made in the last few years in women's dress. "We are continually being told," she said, "that women are dressing in an outrageous way, but it may interest you to know that since the short skirt has been adopted for general use the number of accidents in the streets has been reduced by at least fifty per cent." A young man in the audience leapt to his feet. "Excuse me interrupting," he said gravely, "but why not do away with these accidents altogether?"

* * * *

Into the doctor's surgery walked the two small boys, each wearing rather a nervous expression on his face.

"Ah," began the doctor, "let me see. Vaccination for you two, isn't it? Left arm, sonnie, please."

A look of extreme dismay stole over the lads' faces at this.

"I knew it, Alf," one said, turning to his chum. "Just our our luck, an' we've both been and washed the right 'uns!"

* * * *

"Ah, sir," said a seedy-looking individual who got into conversation in a railway carriage, "I've seen some changes. I was once a doctor with a large practice, but owing to one little slip my patients began to leave me."

"What was the slip?" inquired the other.

"Well, sir," he replied, "in filling in a death certificate for a patient that had died I absent-mindedly signed my name in the space headed 'Cause of death.'"

"I'm afraid you won't suit us," said the superintendent. "What we require is a watchman with big, powerful muscles, a watchman who'll always be alert, somebody who can sleep with both eyes open, and isn't afraid to tackle anything that comes along!" "No, p'r'aps I wouldn't suit yer if yer want all that," said the applicant thoughtfully; "but I knows the very person for the job." "Good!" exclaimed the superintendent, "Who is it?" "My wife," was the ready reply.

* * * *

"Now," said the school inspector, "let me see if someone can ask me a good question."

"Please, sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?"

"H'm—yes—quite so. Now is there any boy who would like to answer that question?"

* * * *

A certain lady had occasion to object to the number of blouses her servant sent to the wash. "Why, Mary," she said, "my own daughter doesn't send six blouses a week to the laundry." "And perhaps she don't," replied the servant, "and perhaps she don't walk out with a sweep."

* * * *

Two Jews were invited to a big dinner for the first time in their lives. As they stood behind their respective chairs waiting for the chairman to be seated, they were much impressed by the display of plate. Solomon whispered in Samuel's ear: "Look at the lovely thilver thpoons. I'm going to have one for a thouvenir!" "For the love of Moses!" cried Samuel in great agitation, "leave the thpoons alone. I've thlipped one in my boot already. Two would be missed."

* * * *

Solomon felt he had been "had," and pondered as to how he could revenge himself on his friend. Later on in the evening he was asked to make a speech, and an inspiration flashed upon him. "Mr. Chairman!" he said, "I will commence by performing a little feat of sleight-of-hand." Suiting the action to the word, he continued; "You thee this beautiful thilver thpoon! Vell! I place it in my pocket! Then I place my hand upon it, and I say, 'Presto!' And you will find it in my friend Samuel's boot!"

* * * *

"Avay with melincolly, as the little boy said ven his school-missus died."

The wealthy Jew and his poorer acquaintance were discussing the question of motor cars. "Vell, ma poy," said the plutocrat, "I gotta Rolls nowadays, and in the morning I rolls to the office and then I rolls 'ome to dinner, and after that I rolls out to the theatre, and then I rolls 'ome to bed." "Ah, Abe," said the other enviously, "you are lucky. Look at me. In the morning I vaux'all the vey to the office, and at night I vaux'all the vay 'ome again." "Ah," said the other, "that's a good car too."

* * * *

A party of tourists in a motor coach were being driven among the mountains in Switzerland. The inquisitive old lady who sat next to the driver said, "Where did those large rocks come from?" "The glaciers brought them down," replied the driver. "But where are the glaciers?" was the next question. "They have gone back to fetch more blinking rocks," was the weary reply.

* * * *

A certain young man was far too good for this earth. He didn't drink, or smoke, or indulge in any of the vices common to mankind. But in spite of all, he got rather run down in health and had to consult a doctor, who prescribed stout twice daily. After a fortnight, as his health didn't improve, he saw the doctor again, who seemed surprised that he was not much better. "I can't understand it," he said, "I suppose you are following the treatment I laid down for you? Are you taking the stout twice a day?" "Yes," said the young man, "I take a teaspoonful night and morning."

* * * *

"Now, I want Albert to have a thoroughly modern and up-to-date education," said his mother, "including Latin."

"Yes, of course," said the headmaster, "though Latin is, as you know, a dead language."

"Well, all the better. Albert is going to be an undertaker."

* * * *

A man with a sense of humour found himself the father of twins. As they were girls he christened them Kate and Duplicate. A few years later another pair of twins arrived, this time boys. He named them Peter and Repeater. Still another pair of twins came on the scene at a later period. These he christened Max and Climax. Asked by a friend if by this final nomenclature he had not stumped himself in view of future possibilities, he replied: "Certainly not. Because if there are any more twins at our house, the next names will be for me—and thy'll be Hugh and Cry."

CUSTOMER: "Do you make life-size enlargements from photographs?"

POMPOUS PHOTOGRAPHER: "Yes, sir; that's one of our special lines."

CUSTOMER: "Well, do this one for me. It's a snap I took of a whale."

* * * *

Yes, she assured him that she was passionately fond of literature.

"Then you must have read Scott," he said.

"I think he's just delightful," she exclaimed.

"Isn't the 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite?" he asked.

"Perfectly lovely!" was her ardent reply. "I have read it a dozen times."

"And 'Marmion' and 'Peveril of the Peak'?"

"Wonderful," she breathed.

"And Scott's 'Emulsion'?" he asked, getting somewhat suspicious.

"I think," she said, "that it's the best thing Scott ever wrote."

* * * *

The hard-up actor was looking for rooms in a small provincial town. He knocked at last on the door of a house where he had seen the notice "Apartments."

"Could you give me your lowest terms for actors?" he asked of the landlord.

"I could," was the reply, "but my missus is just behind me, and she doesn't hold with bad language."

* * * *

Sergeant Simpson was talking seriously to a new recruit.

"Under comradeship," he continued, "we put all that one man would do for another. For example, Smith, what would you do if your chum had his breakfast on the table, his buttons not cleaned, and the bugle went for parade?"

Smith had grasped the situation in a second, and had the answer ready.

"Well," he said, "I'd eat his breakfast so's he could clean them buttons all right!"

HE (at seaside boarding-house): "I think my landlady must be a very good woman." "Why do you think that?" "Oh, because everything she cooks for us is either a sacrifice or a burnt offering."

* * * *

A burglar broke into a house in Wembley Park and got away with money, food, and a set of gold artificial teeth. The theft of the teeth was, of course, merely incidental.

* * * *

TRAVELLER: "Has anyone here any brandy? A lady in the next carriage has fainted."

GENTLEMAN: "Yes, here you are."

TRAVELLER (taking a good draught): "Thank you—I feel so ill when I see anything like that."

* * * *

"How do you find marriage?" a man was asked by his friend.

"It's like this," he replied: "During courtship, I talked and she listened; after marriage, she talked and I listened; now we both talk and the neighbours listen."

* * * *

BACHELOR (sadly): "I dreamt last night that I was married and the alarm clock woke me up."

BENEDICT (more sadly): "I dreamt last night that I was single, and the twins woke me up."

* * * *

MINISTER: "Why is it that I never see you in church on Sundays, William?"

WILLIAM (a gamekeeper): "Well sir, I do not want to drive the congregation away."

MINISTER: "What do you mean?"

WILLIAM: "Well, sir, if I was in church, half the people would be out poaching!"

* * * *

IRATE DINER: "I'll never have another meal in this restaurant. The meat's high and they've diluted the whisky."

CLERGYMAN: "Ahem! How true it is that the flesh is strong but the spirit is weak!"

"I hear you're keeping a keg of beer in your room."

"Yes, I'm taking it to gain strength."

"Any results?"

"Marvellous! When I first got the thing I couldn't even move it, and now I can roll it all around the floor."

* * * *

"There's Dorsett, now; would you call him a patient man?"

"All depends."

"On what?"

"Whether he's fishin' or waitin' for his supper."

* * * *

DEPARTING HOLIDAYMAKER (whose bill contains many unexpected extras): "There's a little oversight here, Mrs. Jones."

LANDLADY: "Really, sir? What is it?"

DEPARTING HOLIDAYMAKER: "You've forgotten to charge us for the stationery this bill's made out on."

* * * *

"Women," says an American dramatist, "are intoxicated by dress." Would the teetotal party attempt to cure it by Prohibition?

* * * *

An omnibus which collided with a motor-car at East Dulwich ran on to the pavement and came to rest in a garden. As a rule, it is only jobbing gardeners who "come to rest" in gardens.

* * * *

In the making of women of ev'ry degree

Two animals certainly share,

That they're catty their greatest admirers agree,

And more than half of them's bare.

* * * *

Dr. Leonard Hill, who considers men to be over-clothed, suggests that they should take to wearing the kilt. The suggestion has not, however, met with masculine approval; in fact, the verdict is "Not kilty."

* * * *

A Scottish angler is reported to have caught a salmon so large that he had to send for his Rolls-Royce to carry it away. Contrast to this incident is provided by the case of another angler, who caught a minnow so small that he was able to take it home in his Baby Austin.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Strip the bishop of his apron, or the beadle of his cocked hat and gold lace, what are they? Men, mere men. Dignity, and even holiness too, sometimes, are more questions of coat and waistcoat than some people imagine.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honour lies.

Away, away from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs—
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.

The great man is he who hath no disposition or occasion for any kind of deceit, no reason for being or for appearing different from what he is.

There is no wisdom that can take the place of humanity.

The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead season's bier.
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brake,
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Time is infinitely long, and every day is a vessel into which much may be poured, if we fill it up to the brim.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth.

THREE LITTLE THINGS.

A traveller on a dusty road
 Strewed acorns on the lea ;
 And one took root and sprouted up,
 And grew into a tree.
 Love sought its shade at evening time,
 To breathe its early vows ;
 And age was pleased, in heights of noon,
 To bask beneath its boughs.
 The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
 The bird sweet music bore :
 It stood a glory in its place,
 A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
 Amid the grass and fern ;
 A passing stranger scooped a well
 Where weary man might turn.
 He walled it in, and hung with care
 A ladle on the brink ;
 He thought not of the deed he did,
 But judged that toil might drink.
 He passed again, and lo, the well,
 By summer never dried,
 Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues
 And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
 That thronged the daily mart,
 Let fall a word of hope and love,
 Unstudied, from the heart ;
 A whisper on the tumult thrown,
 A transitory breath,
 It raised a brother from the dust,
 It saved a soul from death.
 O germ ! O fount ! O word of love !
 O thought at random cast !
 Ye were but little at the first,
 But mighty at the last.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Remember, too, on every occasion which leads thee to vexation, to apply this principle : that though this be a misfortune, to bear it nobly is good fortune.

There is no greater sign of a general decay of virtue in a nation than a want of zeal in its inhabitants for the good of their country.

PUTTING OUR PROHIBITIONISTS IN THEIR PLACES.

Mr. A. P. Garland, writing in the *Daily Express*, says :—

A recent remark by a prominent Liberal statesman, in which he bewailed the iniquity of our spending £288,000,000 every year on alcoholic drink, has given a timely stimulus to the Temperance or Prohibition section of the community ; the fiery cross has gone round ; and armies of enthusiasts are being assembled throughout the country to fight what they call " the drink evil."

Some of the leaders are ingenuous and confess that Prohibition is their goal ; others dishonestly suggest that a certain reform of " the drink traffic," or else some comic solution, such as " the sane public house," would meet their demands.

Both sides, however, have combined to indulge in a little political blackmail of parliamentary candidates. It is tantamount to this : " You may vote which way you will on questions involving the national existence. All we ask is that you stand by our programme of temperance reform, and we will vote for your election. There is only one problem in the world—the drink problem. Solve that, and the land will be flowing with milk and honey, and flowers will bedeck the constable on point duty at Charing Cross."

Now, as a man in the street, who has no financial or other affiliations with brewers or distillers, I challenge the whole of this movement, its methods, and its aims.

Take, for example, the statement mentioned above in regard to the millions spent on alcoholic drink—one of the readiest weapons in the Prohibitionist's armoury. Could anything be more flagrantly unscrupulous ?

Of the £288,000,000, no less than £124,000,000 goes to the Treasury in taxes, and yet it is suggested that this sum is spent in drink. Temperance leaders all over the country constantly use the larger figure to point their moral, knowing, as they must do, that the statement, as it stands, is a lie.

No doubt, even the net amount of £164,000,000 seems a large sum to employ on alcoholic absorption, and some of it certainly could be better spent in other directions. But what of the vast national expenditure on tea, silk underwear, jewellery, cinemas, and a host of other luxuries ?

There are many teetotalers, enormously proud of their ascetic ways, who think nothing of going to the " pictures " twice a week.

Yet nobody suggests to them that the money they thus spend should be devoted to better purposes than gazing on half-naked girls disporting in erotic plays. Sin, it appears, steps in with the glass of beer or the tot of whisky.

The truth is that the organised temperance movement is now hysterical and unbalanced. It has lost the high motives that once characterised it, and which were called forth by the urgency of the problem of drunkenness, as it then existed. The pioneers in temperance reform were touched with spirituality in their crusade; their modern successors have sunk to the level of the common scold.

The problem of drunkenness is gradually solving itself. Official figures show that each year the amount of alcoholic drink consumed per head of the population is declining. Apart from that, common observation shows how greatly public taste and habits have changed in this respect.

But a few years before the war, drunken men were a commonplace in the streets. Nowadays a man who has obviously drunk too much is looked on with some surprise and much disgust. In those days music-hall artistes sang hilariously of the joys of "going on the razzle," and their audiences listened, if not with approval, at least with amusement. Now an artist who tried to recreate that theme would be hissed off the boards.

One cause of this is the ever-growing cult of physical fitness. Men have come to realise that over-indulgence in strong drink not only impairs their health and appearance, but also militates against their "doing their job."

Moreover, the increasing popularity of golf, tennis, bowls, and other out-door games among the middle-aged is convincing proof that the old lethargic ways resulting from heavy drinking are no longer in favour with the modern man.

Another factor in this reform is the emancipation of woman from pure domesticity and her vastly greater association with man, not only in his work, but in his play. The advent of the cheap motor-car has led to families taking their outings together; husbands and wives travel in company more often than ever they did before; and mixed tennis, badminton, and other clubs have sprung up everywhere. And one of the most hostile influences to heavy drinking is the presence of women.

It is time, then, for the moderate drinker to stand up in his own defence. Not only that—he can justifiably hit back. He can tell his temperance critic, "For decades you have been maligning me; you have formulated your own moral values, and,

because I did not conform to them, you have attributed to me every form of iniquity; you have denounced alcohol as a plague, yet you have batted on its contributions to the national purse; you have fostered lawlessness and made the United States the laughing stock of the civilised world."

As I have said above, drunkenness is on the wane. The evidence lies plainly before us. But there is always a danger of reaction. This will come if the temperance fanatics have their way, if further restrictions in regard to the sale of alcoholic drink be imposed, if the privacy of men's clubs is to be invaded by the handmaids of Pussyfoot, the arch-enemy of individual liberty.

Then an incentive to heavy drinking, as a gesture against tyrannic legislation, will be provided, and much that the country has gained through its self-inspired restraint will be lost.

There are many worthy causes that needs support in Great Britain. Let the temperance crusaders devote their great energy to these, instead of seeking to set the clock back on real temperance reform, such as now holds sway in this country.

HOWLERS.

Pupils in a London elementary school are responsible for the following "howlers":—

After the Battle of Worcester, Charles the Second fled disguised as a "pheasant."

Nelson was born a weak and sickly man. He grew up to be a weak and sickly boy. Unfortunately he had his eye shot out by Napoleon. He is now a statue in Trafalgar-square, and he has his hand out saying, "Lest we Forget."

The Mediterranean Sea is very fertile. It goes in and out round the edges.

Concerning Scotland:—The climate of the crops is thickly populated.

An insect has three parts to its body, namely, the thorax, abdomen, and the doxology.

INNS AND THEIR SIGNS.

"There is nothing that has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good inn," wrote Dr. Johnson. The learned Doctor's remark might provide a text for a most interesting evening in a Debating Society. It would most certainly provoke to whole-hearted condemnation those who advocate Prohibition and similar drastic policies, but not a few would be surprised if some of the disputants delved down into the history of the inn and unearthed the origin of that wayside institution. Can you not see the pained expression, not unmixed with horror and astonishment, that would flit across the features of many a goodly dame when told that the inn owed its birth to the Church and moreover that that august institution also presided at its christening? Yet such is in truth the genesis of the inn. The public-house developed from the Church House and Church ales.

When St. Benedict gave an impetus to the monastic system in the Western world his rule told the monks that "guests are to be received as if they were Christ Himself." This law was obeyed to the very letter and hospitality was meted out to all alike, rich or poor, learned or illiterate, who came as strangers to the monastery gate.

In those far-off days when travel was a dangerous adventure, roads bad and highwaymen not infrequent, the weary traveller would, as night fell, espy with glee the monastery tower of a nearby town which betokened both comfort and safety for him. There he knew food, drink and lodging awaited him. For two days he could tarry in the Guest House, be housed and fed and know that the Guest Master would not demand of him a single penny for the hospitality afforded.

As will readily be surmised, such open-handed generosity was freely used. Instances are given of more than five hundred guests arriving at the same time, but apart from these instances the increasing number of daily travellers called for more accommodation than the modest Guest House could afford and thus it came to pass that the Monks founded and licensed inns on their estates.

Not all these inns have disappeared. Often beside the stately ruins of England's ancient abbeys will be found a monastic inn. To the outward eye there is nothing to distinguish it from its fellows, but the earnest observer will note the repetition of the sign "The George." Thus there is "The George" at Glastonbury, founded in 1489 by Abbot Selwood to provide accommodation for pilgrims for two days free of charge; at Winchcombe, near Birmingham, another "George" built for pilgrims who came to visit the shrine

of St. Kenelm; "The George" at Norton St. Philip was the property of the Carthusians, built and licensed by the Monks in 1397. At St. Albans, "The George" was founded by the Monks in 1401 and had attached to it an oratory or small chapel of its own. A variation of this popular sign of St. George and the Dragon is to be found at the "Green Dragon" in Wymondham, Norfolk; this inn was originally a pilgrim hostel dependent on the local Benedictine Abbey.

Inn signs are often themselves a clue and a testimony to the origin of the inns. Before Parliament had decreed that houses should bear numbers the various shops were distinguished by signs, a very necessary measure in days when people could not read. The subject of the sign or picture might be taken from popular legend, from the coat of arms of local nobility (hence the So-and-So Arms), from history or even from religion, and in this last case religious subjects were often treated with a familiarity which puzzles people unacquainted with the simple faith of our forbears.

That old sign "The Bull" has little to do with cattle. It is a relic of the days when the local monastic authority licensed a public-house. The deed conveying the licence was known in Latin as *Bulla* (a seal), hence "The Bull" as an inn-sign simply meant that the inn was licensed under the seal of the local abbey.

Scriptural allusions were, and are still, frequent: the "Adam and Eve," for instance, needed little explanation; or "The Flaming Sword" which told of the angel posted at Eden's gate; or again the "Noah's Ark" and "The Dove and the Rainbow" which reminded their *habitués* of the story of the Flood.

"The Angel" and its variations, "The Golden Angel," "The Guardian Angel," etc., are mostly remnants of pictures of the Annunciation which were wont to swing creaking in the wind outside the hostelry. The allusion is still more marked in "The Salutation," a sign indicative of the original picture of the Archangel Gabriel saluting the Virgin, and which in places has been slurred into "The Soldier and the Citizen" with an accompanying change of the picture into a soldier and a citizen gravely bowing to each other, or even into a diminutive form of two clasped hands. A similar transformation is apparent in "The Cat and the Wheel" which was originally "The Catherine Wheel," a reminder of the martyrdom of St. Catherine.

Other signs wherein the Virgin figured still survive without alteration: "The Golden Heart," "The Bleeding Heart" or "The Wounded Heart," though occasionally "Heart" is even here transmuted to "Hart."

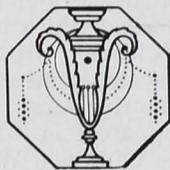
New Testament allusions are still to be found on surviving signboards, viz. : " The Baptist's Head " and " The Three Kings." Oxford with " The Lamb and the Flag " and Eastbourne with the " Lamb Inn " recall the Paschal Lamb.

" The Cock " is usually a religious sign, a reference to St. Peter and a playful gibe at his inconstancy, though often it merely represents the spigot or cock of a barrel, thus " The Cock and Bottle " at Leeds tells of beer on draught and in bottle within. Other signs which in a marked manner relate to St. Peter are " Peter's Finger," a finger raised in apostolic blessing ; " The Cross Keys," the symbol of the power of opening and shutting Heaven's gate bestowed upon St. Peter ; and " The Three Crowns and Sugar-loaf " an emblem of the papal tiara and its three crowns, the sugar-loaf being apparently what the tiara looks like without its three crowns.

Among the monastic inns which survive, several are known as " The Star," an abbreviation either of the Virgin's title *Stella Maris* (Star of the Sea) or else of The Star of Bethlehem.

Enough has been said to show the wealth of historical knowledge or folklore that lies hidden beneath even such trivial things as Inn Signs. Their very quaintness harks back to the days when England was Merrie England, when our fore-fathers could quaff their sack, mead and mulled ale, and when Pussfoot had not as yet cast his shadow

" In England's green and pleasant land."



NEW HOTELS FOR LORRY DRIVERS.

AN ENTERPRISING READING BREWERY PROVIDES MAIN ROAD ACCOMMODATION FOR DRIVER AND MACHINE AT NOMINAL PRICES.

(By kind permission of *Motor Transport*).

" Bed and breakfast, 2s. 6d. Covered-in garage, 1s."

This sets out the programme embarked upon by Messrs. H. and G. Simonds, Ltd., of the Brewery, Reading. A number of similar castles have been built in the air, but at last one has materialised. This is the newly rebuilt " Bell and Bottle," at Knowle Hill, opposite the site where stood the gibbet tree famous in Dick Turpin's days, and on the main Bath road, nine miles on the London side of Reading. At the side of the hotel is a wide entrance to a spacious yard in which vehicles can easily be manoeuvred into a covered-in garage with a frontage of forty feet and a depth and height to give a long and lofty load full protection. Having parked his lorry, a driver, on turning to the hotel, is confronted with a door labelled " Lorry Drivers' Entrance," immediately inside which are two wash bowls with a constant supply of hot and cold water, and a lavatory, the use of all of which is free.

SPECIAL SITTING ROOM.

Adjoining the wash-house is a large room, with many tables and chairs, in which radiators maintain a constant temperature, whilst in very cold weather a fire is also kept burning. Exclusive to this room is a coffee bar, at which tea, coffee and other soft drinks, biscuits, cheese and so forth are always available at prices to suit drivers' pockets. Nowhere is there any apparent sign of the public and saloon bars of the hotel, and as the coffee bar is not licensed a driver requiring alcoholic drink has to pass out of the drivers' quarters and enter the hotel by way of another door. Drivers, therefore, who like a glass of beer but abstain from it whilst on the road, feel under no obligation to drink anything other than tea or coffee for the sake of sociability.

A separate stairway in the drivers' quarters leads to the sleeping rooms, on the first floor. The stairs, passages and bedrooms are all comfortably furnished, and equal in quality to those at hotels where the charges are very much higher. A bathroom on the same floor is available for free use by drivers, so that, although dirty on arrival, they need not hesitate to go to bed in between sheets which, it may be mentioned, are changed every night. Arrangements are made whereby a driver can be called in the small hours and breakfast served immediately, so that he can continue his journey at an early hour. Breakfast is provided in

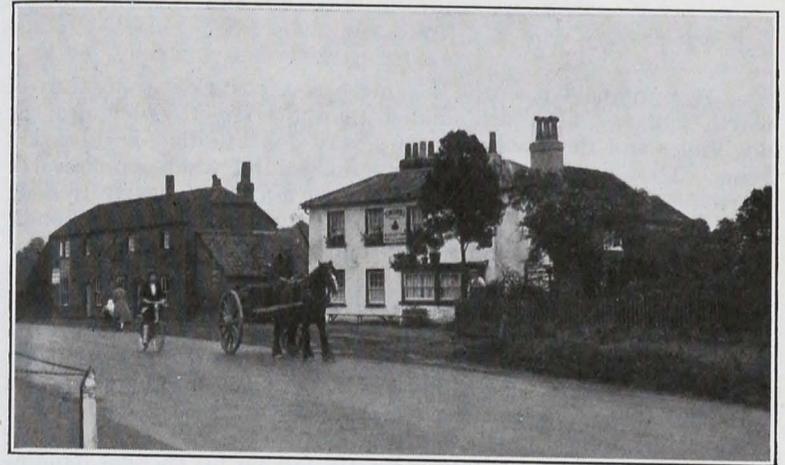
the coffee room, or, as it may be termed, the lounge, and consists of good, wholesome food. Drivers will most certainly wonder how it is possible to obtain such value for the small sum of half-a-crown. It should be pointed out that at the "Bell and Bottle" there is accommodation for eleven men, some in single-bedded rooms and others in rooms containing two beds, so that a driver and mate need not separate. Presumably the cost is low in anticipation of wholehearted support by lorry drivers, and for the reason that it is easier to cater at a cheap rate for eleven than for one or two men. Small profits will, of course, accrue to the management from the purchase of such items as odd drinks, cigarettes and so forth. The staff room is exceedingly bright and cheerful, and at night time electric light is provided in every room by a plant on the premises. As there is a petrol filling station within a few hundred yards of the hotel no provision has been made in this direction, as H. and G. Simonds are not desirous of intruding into other people's business.

FUTURE DEVELOPMENTS.

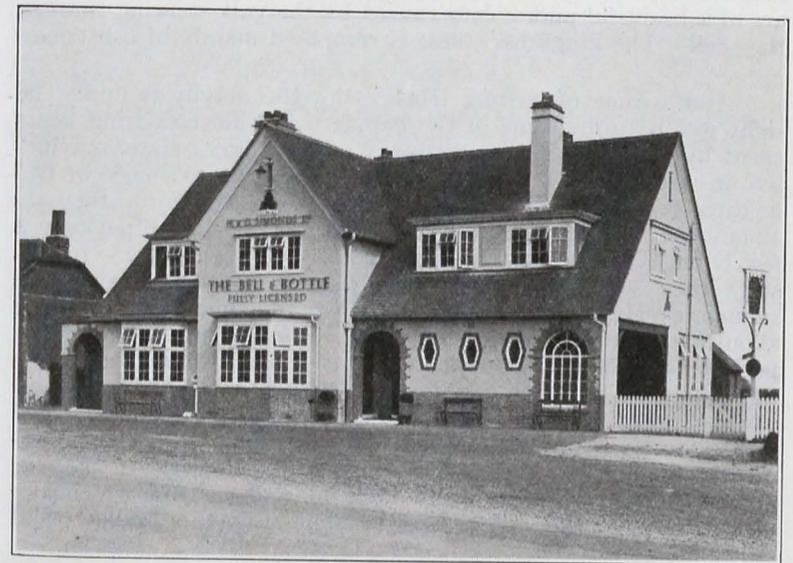
It is satisfactory to note that the second hotel designed on similar lines to give the same facilities at the same prices is to be opened during the next few weeks at Brands Hill, where the Colnbrook by-pass joins the Bath Road some eighteen miles from London. The accommodation offered at this second hotel—the "Plough"—is more limited but of the same high standard, and the covered-in garage, unlike that at the "Bell and Bottle," will have roller shutters, presumably on account of its proximity to several main roads and to London, and the consequently increased traffic. Yet a third similar establishment is to be commenced shortly at Shepherds House Hill. This house, to be known as "Shepherds House," is at a point two miles out of Reading on the Twyford by-pass.

The spade work being done by H. and G. Simonds is such as should be appreciated by all drivers using roads between London and Bath, Bristol and other towns in the West Country. The main appeal is sure to be to drivers bound for London who arrive at one of these points during the evening, and have not to deliver their goods in London until the following morning. They will do well to take advantage of the exceptional accommodation offered, and, after making an early start, arrive in London sustained by a good night's sleep and breakfast.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.



The old "Bell and Bottle."



The handsome premises of the "Bell and Bottle" since rebuilding.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

At Burghfield recently, I came across countless thousands of marsh violets. They are smaller than the sweet violet and the dog violet and the flowers are of a very delicate lilac, with darker veins. They are to be found in marshes and where you see the marsh violet you often see the snake or adder. I nearly trod on one of the latter. By the way, I hear that Mrs. H. D. Simonds' beautiful Irish wolf-hound was bitten by one.

As I pointed out in a previous article, I watched two kingfishers "building" in the Tilehurst district. They were hard at work digging, by means of their powerful beaks, a hole in the river bank. The hole is about as long as my arm. First one bird would take a turn and then dive into the water to wash its beak. Then the other would follow suit. And so they worked day after day for hours at a time. The nest is partly hidden by an over-hanging piece of earth, though kingfishers generally betray where their home is situated by white droppings near the entrance. The eggs are of a beautiful pink colour caused by the yolk showing through the shell. The kingfisher's nest is composed mainly of fish bones.

At the time of writing (May 27th), the mayfly is up! The sight recalls to me some of the happiest and most exciting hours spent by the side of a trout stream. In the larva state, mayflies live in wet places or under water, and enjoy an existence of two or three years. But when they attain their perfect form, they are among the most fleeting of living creatures, existing often only a few hours, and propagating their species before they die. In this state they sometimes appear suddenly in myriads during fine summer evenings by the water-side, where they may be seen flitting about and balancing themselves in the air. Having reached their perfect form they crawl up a water weed, hang themselves out to dry in the sun, and then take flight. Often as not they are gobbled up by a swift, swallow or flycatcher before they have proceeded many yards. And what wonderful marksmen are the above-mentioned birds! They rarely miss their object. It is very different with such birds as the starling and sparrow which also love a mayfly meal. These are as clumsy as the swallows and swifts are clever.

I heard the notes *chit chit* near the Pang out Bradfield way and as I thought they emanated from the dipper or water ouzel, I kept

a sharp look-out and very soon saw a pair. The dipper has white throat, black shoes and stockings. Apart from the white, it is not unlike a blackbird. It dips and dives into the water. I noticed a pair in the same district last year, but it is only in recent years they have taken up their residence here.

I do hope they will be allowed to stay, for they have charming ways and sing a sweetly pretty little song.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

I could there sit quietly, and, looking on the waters, see fishes leaping at flies of several shapes and colours. Looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves. Looking down the meadows, I could see here a boy gathering lilies and ladysmocks, and there a girl cropping columbines and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May.

As I thus sate, joying in mine own happy condition, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the Earth.—Isaak Walton.

BIG BOXING BOUT.

Lovers of the noble art should make a note of the date, June 18th, for on that evening Jim Carr meets Jim Brooks, of Windsor, in the Cattle Market Hall.

Both men are winners of numerous fights and a battle royal is sure to be witnessed.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A little more kindness, a little less creed,
A little more giving, a little less greed.
A little more smile and a little less frown,
A little less kicking a man when he's down.
A little more We and a little less I,
A little more love and a little less cry.
A little more flowers on the pathway of life,
And fewer on graves at the end of the strife.

OUR LADIES PAGE.

The Whitsuntide holiday this year was a real feast of sunshine and reports from all over the country are unanimous in stating that the maximum was enjoyed. And I think we, one and all, have the feeling that Whitsun is the real commencement of Summer sport. Of course, when it is a late season, many official openings of cricket and tennis clubs have taken place prior to this holiday, but somehow we do expect that after Whitsun the weather should provide the correct temperature for Summer games. Easter-time may often herald the approach of Summer, but the Clerk of the Weather too often has the knack of sending cold and almost wintry spells into those six weeks that divide the two holidays. Neither were we slow to take advantage of this glorious weather; everyone seemed to be out of doors and many and varied were the attractions offered for our amusement. For those energetic people who like to participate in sport, many race meetings were held, such as the R.A.C. sports at Palmer Park, Reading, cricket matches and tennis tournaments were also the order of the day, whilst full use was made of the sports section of the Public Parks. All these foregoing also provide interest for those who are of a less energetic nature and prefer to be spectators rather than participators. Then of course there are the usual fetes with their side shows and competitions, some of the latter being quite original, for at one fete held in the neighbourhood, I was told there was a "calf show." This quite puzzled me, for knowing the kind of fete it was, I could not think there would be any kind of cattle show in connection with it, and then it was explained that the "calf show" meant a competition for the best pair of ladies' legs or calves of the legs. Ankle competitions of course are now quite a common feature, but it was the first time I had heard of "calf shows." At a fete which I visited on Whit-Monday, the bun and treacle race (for boys only) caused roars of laughter. Buns tied on strings and suspended from a line are not exactly easy to get into one's mouth when it is forbidden to put hands to it and the job is not exactly helped when the bun is well coated with golden syrup which runs from it in a sticky stream.

Anyhow, one boy with not a little ingenuity at last got the string of his bun in his mouth and then, giving it a sharp tug, broke the line on which they were all suspended so that they fell to the ground. This considerably simplified matters, but the next difficulty was to see who could eat his bun the quickest. Hands were of course still barred, and it was a comical sight to see the lads picking up the buns from the ground with their mouths. I only hope they were not unduly chastised by their parents for any

damage to their clothes. They certainly provided a very amusing turn.

And for those fortunate people with cars who can pack their luncheon and tea baskets and run out into the country, what an ideal day Whit-Monday was for picnics! To select a quiet and shady place, perhaps by a brook or in a wood, to while away the time with an improvised cricket match, gramophone or portable wireless set, what could be nicer?

But in whatever manner we may have passed the Bank Holiday, Tuesday morning finds us at our posts of duty, feeling refreshed for the break in our usual routine.

M.P.

 BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

The Editor said "As good as usual" (referring to the last number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE). I thought he said "Late as usual" (referring to the fact that our magazine was a day or so late in appearing). I replied "Yes!" and then mutual explanations followed.

SUCH IS FAME.

An office colleague whose name appeared recently under "interesting events" was somewhat surprised when a friend informed him he had seen his name in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. When they compared notes, he (the friend) said he considered the GAZETTE the best book he read and also the cheapest penn'oth on the market. He wasn't far wrong in the latter contention.

ERRATA.

I was promptly informed that I had made a mistake in a date in our last issue and that June 30th was a Sunday, the date given as Mr. E. Hurlock's forthcoming wedding day. The correct date is June 29th and I hereby make amends. One good thing, it shows what is written is read and one has to be very careful in consequence of the Brewery critics. We have our share although they mean well.

MOTOR COACH DISASTER.

A wave of horror struck the Brewery when it was learnt that so many of the Firm's employees were involved in this terrible accident. Many anxious enquiries were made as to the welfare of the survivors in hospital and it was sad to realise that two others of our men died in the Royal Berkshire Hospital. I understand all the survivors are now going on well, although the horrors experienced will last them as long as they live. It is to be hoped that such an accident never occurs again. We had quite a number of sympathetic letters from Firms who do business with H. & G. S., and telegrams and letters from our Branches. Such an awful end to a day's outing seemed to stir the country and when we found it was our own men and their wives it was brought home to us all the more. The sympathy of all at the Brewery is tendered to the relatives of the victims in their great sorrow.

WHIT-SUN-TIDE.

The weather being nearly perfect, everyone had a happy time during the holiday and red faces (due to the exposure in the air and for no other reason) was the rule on the Tuesday after the Great Day when the staff resumed their normal activities. We welcome the weather for it means increased trade and that is what we require now to make us all happy, and given a fine summer we shall forget all about the winter that no one appreciated at the time or since.

NEWSPAPER INSURANCE.

For all those who insure in the above way it would be as well to turn up their policies and in some cases (if not all) it will be found that this Insurance has to be renewed *every year*. I give this tip for what it is worth, for I find that quite a number thought otherwise, myself included.

THE DERBY.

Possibly it is the near approach of this wonderful sporting event that induced the Editor to ask "Is your KOPI ready?" There are no prizes for a correct solution.

I have yet to learn of anyone at the Brewery who has drawn a "Gee-Gee" in any of the various sweepstakes that are run for philanthropic and other purposes.

THE ELECTION.

All is quiet as regards arguments at the Brewery, presumably because we are all of one way of thinking. Possibly we shall liven up before the 30th May. Quite a number are working hard and we shall soon know all about it. It is to be hoped that all who have the vote exercise the privilege given them.

FOOTBALL.

We are hearing plenty of rumours as to budding internationals being signed on and quite a fair number of new men will be seen in due course wearing the familiar blue and white colours of Reading next season. At this time of the year we are all optimists and it takes a season of football to prove that, in some cases, we were wrong. Once again we shall see. Although late to mention it, we at the Brewery were looking forward to Portsmouth bringing the F.A. Cup south and from all accounts, although defeated, they made a gallant fight of it. Perhaps Reading will win the Cup next season. You never know.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Mr. J. H. Wadhams (Secretarial Dept.) was presented with a bonny daughter on May 9th. Mother and baby both doing well. Hearty congratulations.

The Coat of Arms has been placed over the entrance to the Brewery Offices and has pleased all.

Our famous Dark Ale is now on sale at all our Licensed Houses in Reading and district. Will intending "subscribers" kindly note for future guidance and necessary action.

Mr. W. F. McIntyre and Mr. W. Davis of the Tamar Brewery, Devonport, looked in at the Brewery a few days ago. Both looked ever so well and had a short chat with a few of the Staff, also they made some pleasing remarks about THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

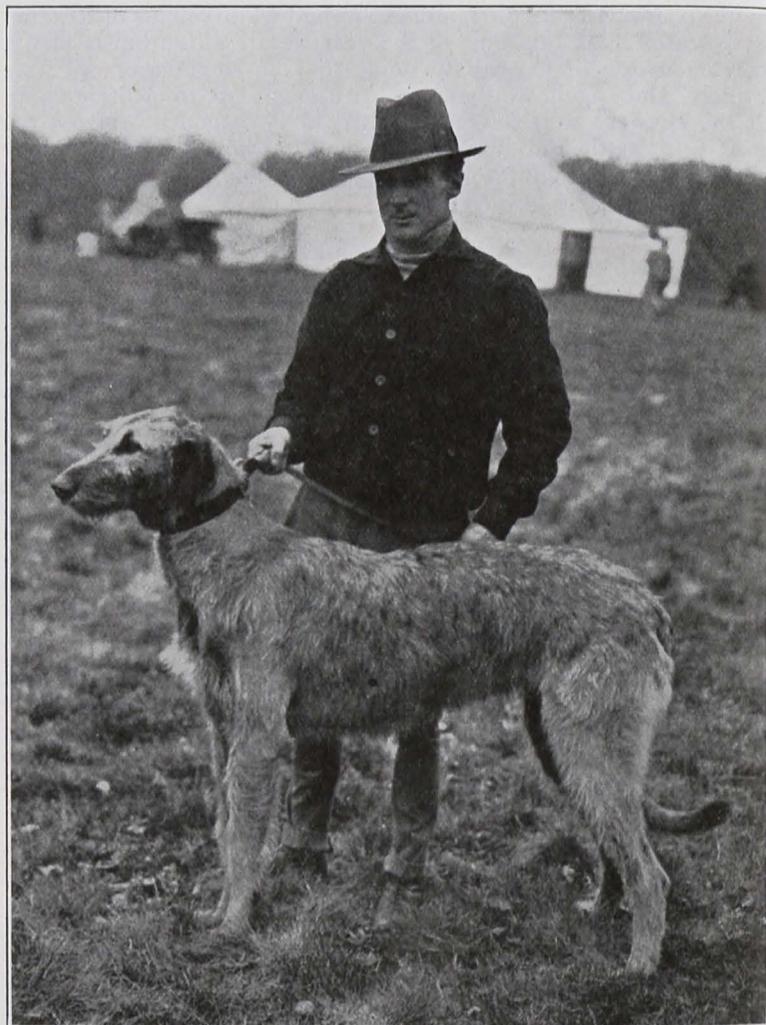
After this month, presumably, Hythe notes from Messrs. Mackeson & Co. will not be forthcoming. Their notes have always been full of interest and we hope that all at the Hythe Brewery will retain pleasant memories of their association with H. & G. S. Ltd. for the last nine years. We feel sure they will and wish them well in the future.

We hope one of the cricket teams of the Brewery will soon register their first win.

Have you heard this one:—

An Englishman and a Scotchman had been to an International match together. Having a long railway journey before them, they entered the Refreshment Rooms and the Englishman enquired the price of a bottle of whisky (FINE OLD SCOTCH). Being informed it was 12s. 6d. he went through his pockets and found he only had 12s. 4d., so he asked Sandy to lend him 2d. "What for?" enquired Sandy. "For a bottle of whisky" answered the Englishman. "Here's 4d." said Sandy, "get two bottles."

MRS. H. D. SIMONDS' IRISH WOLF-HOUND.



At the Vine Gymkhana Dog Show, Mrs. H. D. Simonds' fine Irish Wolf-Hound took first prize in the class for any breed of dog. Michael Beary, the famous jockey, is seen holding the dog—his latest mount.

SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

The summer season is once more with us and brings in its train the spell of the open air, with its attendant out-of-doors games. Those who favour the old lure of cricket have had some surprises, when examining the score sheets of the County teams—very low scores, followed by a few centuries by the masters of the craft, leading up to a good total being amassed by their respective sides.

The alterations to the rules, as affecting the size of the wickets and that bone of contention the l.b.w., have not yet been brought into force for Club cricket.

For our part we should want two sets of wickets, the old style (or even smaller) when we are batting and the larger ones for our bowlers. Does that sentence convey any impression to our readers? It should!

Up to the time of writing, the 'A' Team has played three games and the 'B' team one. The results have all been the same, viz., lost.

We started the season with some new opponents, Woodcote 1st XI visiting us at Prospect Park and soon showing us a sample of "League" keenness, but without the bickering spirit which so often accompanies the fight for points. Beyond expressing profound satisfaction at seeing Joe Rumens make his fifty, the less said of our batting the better, as the rest only made 26.

Our new friends made a poor start, losing one for 1 and the next for an additional 17, but the score after that kept going on steadily, our bowlers not being able to hit the pegs and the fielders not yet having got the feel of the ball, several catches being dropped. The early part of the season and the biting cold wind, no doubt, had a good deal to do with it. Woodcote's score read 79 for five wickets when time was called.

On the 14th we renewed our acquaintance with the Messrs. Higgs and their colleagues at Ipsden. On this occasion we took the field and had a long spell there too. The ground is by no means up to County matches, the grass in the outfield being quite long and (when one knew how to find them) the boundaries close. From 3 down for 21 the score jumped to 4 for 110, thanks to a stand by Mr. Roy Higgs and Mr. Sharpe, the former retiring with his score at 48 and the latter had made 61 before being out to a really splendid catch by Croom. Here, again, mistakes in the field helped the batsmen. Three wickets fell with the total standing at 119 and the last two wickets carried it along to 131. After the tea interval, we went to see how close we could get to that total,

but failed lamentably; 13 for one and then 16 for the next three wickets was anything but good. The score crawled along slowly but the batsmen's stays were short and in the end we had only made 50 all told.

There is an old saying that the third time is not like the rest and we were hoping that would prove so in our case. It certainly did in one respect, and that was the weather was more like cricket, although it was not wise to discard one's sweater when fielding.

Here our very old friends from Heckfield provided the opposition and although we were assured they only had a weak team on duty, we found it too strong for us.

Batting first, the initial wicket put on 10 runs, the second a further 11 and from that point it was more or less a procession. In fact only "Chub" was able to offer any resistance and he carried his bat right through the innings for 14 runs; Mr. Extras was next highest with 8 and the total read 47 all out. One cannot pass without a word of praise to Mr. Hathaway who took 9 wickets for, I believe, 21 runs.

We started off in the field as if that poor score of ours wanted catching, Clark getting the first wicket with only one run on the board, the next fell at the so-called unlucky 13, then a stand was made, adding another 18 and the match was won ere the next wicket fell. Clark bowled extremely well, having 10 overs, 2 maidens, 3 wickets and only 20 runs knocked off him.

Our next venture is against Commander H. D. Simonds' team at Eversley, but as this report has to be in the hands of the Editor before the match takes place, the recording of our first win (?) will have to come in the July issue.

The 'B' team had no matches on the first two Saturdays in the season. Consequently there is only one match to note. Unfortunately the writer has not the score book available, so is unable to dwell upon it at length.

Whitley Hall were met on the South Reading Recreation Ground and proved to be 10 runs better than our Juniors, the scores reading 54 and 44 respectively. From information received, it appears that the 'B's' were very keen and their new Captain, Mr. Streams, kept them on the move. We hope to be in a position to record a series of wins in our next and following reports.

For the time being Mr. Sloper is acting as Umpire and I know he will be only too happy when he can hand over those duties to Mr. Newport, to whom our sympathies are extended. We all wish him a speedy return to normal health and strength, after his terrible experiences.

WINE AND SPIRIT TRADE BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

AMUSING SPEECH BY BARON DE LUZE.

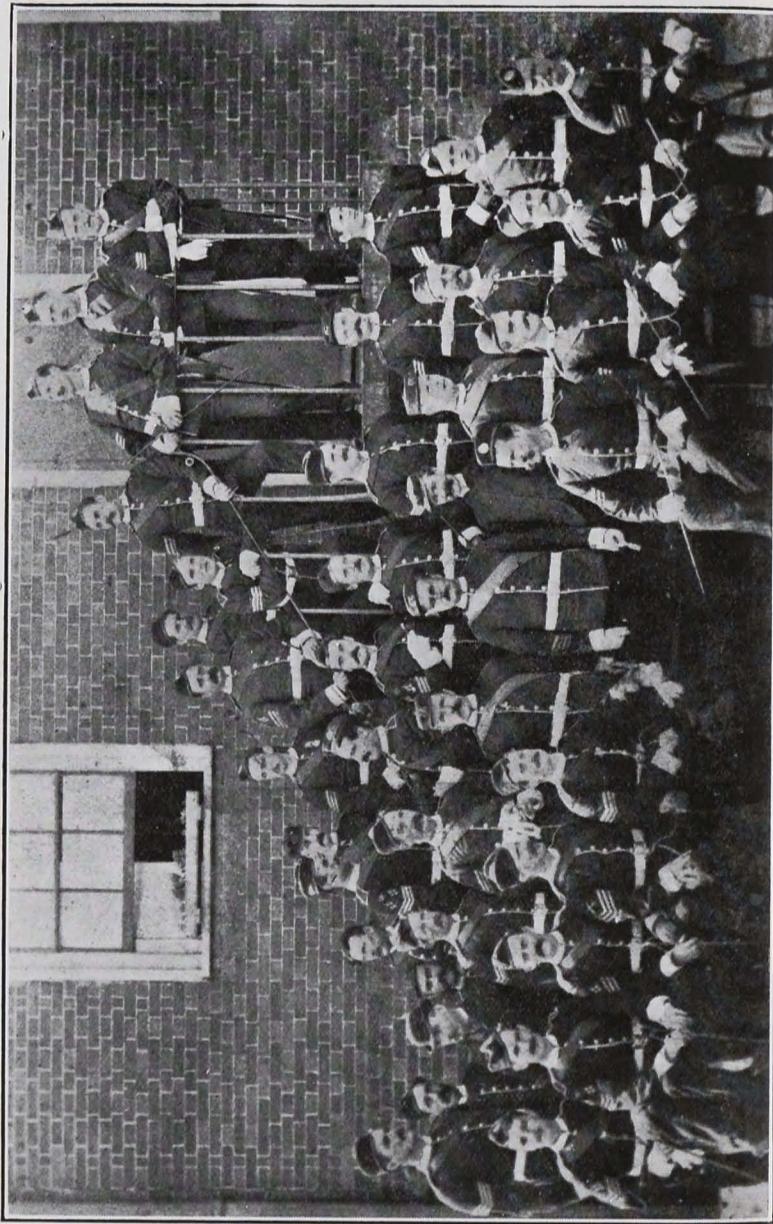
Donations totalling considerably over £10,000 were announced at the annual banquet of the Wine & Spirit Trade Benevolent Society in the Connaught Rooms, London, recently, when a crowded audience, including the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, attended.

THE SCRATCHED SPEAKER.

Baron Raymond de Luze (who is related to Mr. Eric), proposing "The Visitors," said:—"To-night I claim to be the scratch speaker, because before I left France a week ago to attend this dinner, I had to submit to a certain slight abrasion on my upper arm, in order to secure my return home.—(Laughter). Well, after all the warnings as to the fearsome conditions in England, judge my surprise to find no red ribbons on your arms, nor blue ribbons in your button-holes.—(Laughter). On behalf of the Society I extend to all our guests to-night a most hearty welcome, and I couple this toast with the name of a great champion of true temperance—Sir William Arbuthnot Lane. Like many other leading members of his noble profession, he not only recognises that the temperate use of wine, and other most wholesome alcoholic beverages, is a blessing to mankind, but he has never been afraid to express his opinions to the world. Our thanks as a trade are due to him.

AMERICAN ADVENTURES.

"When last year I had occasion to visit the United States in a quite private capacity, I was introduced to a celebrated millionaire, and a great captain of industry. I went all over his works, and when afterwards, in his office, he learnt that I was in the wine trade and that I occupied the position of chairman of the International League against Prohibition, he waxed eloquent as to the wonderful benefit his country had gained by the Prohibition Law, claiming an increased output, and more prosperity throughout the country, and expressed his fervent hope that the Act would never be repealed. To end up with, he pressed a button on his desk, and when the butler came in, he asked me:—"Say friend, what are you going to have to drink?" I was astonished at such a proposal after such strong comments, and I absolutely declined, although very thirsty, to break the law of the country in which I was a guest.—(Laughter). His reply was:—"Say friend, don't be silly. Prohibition has never been meant to apply to you or to me, but to the others—to the masses." Well, indeed, it is the general view I found all throughout America, and I came to the conclusion that the Statue of Liberty (which, I may mention, was designed at my grandfather's house at Bordeaux, during the great war of '70, by his friend the sculptor, Bartholdi) had to be re-modelled with a boot fitted to each leg and a cocktail-shaker substituted for the guiding light it holds aloft; the statue, of course, always pointing to the bar.—(Laughter). You, gentlemen, thank God, still live in a land of liberty. Fill your glasses and drink with me to the health of your guests to-night, coupled with the name of Sir William Arbuthnot Lane."—(Applause).



Warrant Officers and Sergeants of the 66th. 1881.

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF PORTSMOUTH.

Admiral Sir Roger John Brownlow Keyes, Bt., K.C.B., K.C.V.O., C.M.G., D.S.O., LL.D., D.C.L., Oxon, at 8 a.m. on Monday, April 29th, on hoisting his flag in the battle cruiser *Renown* saluted the flag of his predecessor, Admiral Sir Osmond de Beauvoir Brock, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., who later returned the salute from the same battery. Sir Osmond's flag was hauled down in *H.M.S. Victory* at sunset and Sir Roger's flag was transferred to the port flagship the next morning. Admiral Brock issued a farewell order wishing the officers and men in the Portsmouth Command good-bye and good luck. In November, 1921, Sir Roger succeeded Sir Osmond as Deputy Chief of the Naval Staff and in June, 1925, he followed him as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, which post he relinquished in June last. Altogether this is the third occasion on which Sir Roger Keyes has followed Admiral Brock in an appointment. Sir Roger at the commencement of the War was Commodore of Submarines at Portsmouth and commanded these craft in action at Heligoland and in the Cuxhaven raid. As Chief of Staff at the Dardanelles he exhibited great energy and resource and received the C.M.G. In April, 1917, he was promoted Rear Admiral and while in command of *H.M.S. Centurion* in the Grand Fleet he was made Director of Plans at the Admiralty and in January, 1918, took over Command of the Dover Patrol. In the War Honours List he was created a baronet and awarded a grant of £10,000. Since the end of the War he has been in command of the Battle Cruiser Squadron Atlantic Fleet. Admiral Brock hauls down his flag after the customary three years in command of the Port, having succeeded Admiral Sir Sydney Freemantle in April, 1926. He commanded the *Princess Royal* in the action off Heligoland Bight in August, 1914. He became Rear Admiral commanding 1st Battle Cruiser Squadron in March, 1915, and was transferred to the *Iron Duke* as Chief of Staff to the C. in C. Grand Fleet in November, 1916. For services in the Dogger Bank action he received the C.B. and C.M.G. for the battle of Jutland, being mentioned in despatches.

ENJOYABLE REUNION MARKS THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEASON
AT THE WAVERLEY BOWLING CLUB.

The Southsea Waverley Club Bowling Green, which was looking very fit and playable, was formally opened for the 1929 season by the President, Major B. Isaacs, on Wednesday afternoon, May 1st, in the presence of a large number of members, players and non-players. At 2.30 p.m. precisely, the Club's flag was unfurled and

the President in an interesting speech welcomed old and new members and wished them a happy and successful season on the green. He paid a fitting tribute to Mr. J. H. Slater who had undertaken to keep a keen eye on the green. His untiring work in connection with its upkeep and preservation during the past winter was also warmly eulogised.

A six-rink match was played between the President's and Vice-President's teams with the result that the first-named team scored 92 points against 107 by the latter—a victory for the Vice-President's rinks by 15 points.

At 5.30 p.m. the President entertained about 90 of the members to a high tea in the Club Room and at its conclusion the result of the match was announced by the President, who complimented the Vice-President on the success of his team. In replying, Mr. J. Morey referred to the President's interest in the Club's welfare and asked all present to give him their support during his year of office.

The health of the President was proposed by Mr. Frank Weston who thanked him on behalf of the members for his hospitality at the tea table. The Captain, Mr. W. H. Johnson, seconded the vote of thanks and urged the members to practise assiduously and so give keen games to friend and foe alike and keep the Club's bowling fame to the fore.

After passing the resolution with acclamation the President in response hoped the Club would be even more successful in their matches than heretofore.

ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT, MEMORIAL SERVICE AT CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

On St. George's Day, the Royal Sussex Regiment held their annual memorial service in Chichester Cathedral, and as in previous years it was carried out with impressive ceremonial. Under the command of Major C. J. B. E. Massy, M.C., and headed by the band and drums of the 1st Battalion from Bordon, a big detachment of troops marched from the Depot to the Cathedral where they swelled an already considerable congregation. Amongst Officers present were Hon. Brig.-Gen. W. L. Osborn, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (Hon. Colonel of the Regiment), Lieut.-Col. Charman, D.S.O. (C.O. of the 1st Battalion), Major Wigley, Lt.-Col. Warren (C.O. of the 4th Battalion) and Colonel Inkson, V.C., D.S.O. Before the service started, the band was established near the pulpit and rendered several voluntaries, afterwards accompanying the singing. Brig.-Gen. Osborn read the lesson and Bishop Southwell gave a typically inspiring address. The hymn "O Valiant Hearts" was

sung during which there was a procession of clergy and military to the Regimental Memorial Chapel of St. George's. Here a brief ceremonial took place and the procession returned, while Kipling's "Recessional: God of our Fathers" was rendered. The Dean pronounced the blessing; the National Anthem closing the service; and as the congregation was leaving the band played the "March Pontificale" (Gounod).

THE ENGLISH CUP FINAL.

"Pompey" put up a great battle with Bolton at Wembley and have the consolation of knowing that, although on the losing side, they participated in one of the best Finals, from a purely football point of view, witnessed since the War. The first half of the game was all in favour of "Pompey" and with a little luck they would have held a lead at the interval. They were unlucky to lose Bell, their left back, in the latter part of the game. He had been playing fine football until he was injured and the first goal for Bolton came when "Pompey" had re-arranged their team. There was, however, no doubt that Bolton were the better team at the end and deserved their victory. So once again the Cup has been won by a northern Club. "Pompey's" supporters feel sure that the team will make a bold effort to go one better next season, and the Club's Directors are "all out" to strengthen the side.



The Waverley Bowling Club. Opening of the season.

"COMMERCIALS."

(A contribution from Portsmouth and District, with apologies to all concerned).

Who are these with anxious faces,
Seen in towns and busy places,
Journeying with weary faces
Carrying attache cases ?

Some are short and some are tall,
Some have large bags, others small,
Some are dressed in style, ye Gods,
While some are down at heel, poor yobs.

But they all have anxious faces,
As they walk with weary paces,
In the towns and busy places,
Carrying attache cases.

Watch them and you'll see them stopping,
Into shops they keep on flopping,
Then before your eyes can flicker
Popping out again much quicker.

What, pray tell us is their mission,
That they go with such precision,
Who are these poor hapless guys ?
Listen and I'll put you wise.

These, let me inform you Sirs,
Are commercial travellers,
And their mission, it transpires,
Is pursuing men called " Buyers,"
Who although not blind at all,
Cannot see them when they call.

So they walk with anxious faces,
In the towns and busy places,
But pity not their lot my brothers,
Their reward is not others.

When is ended their life's mission,
They won't go down to perdition,
That's a fate reserved for Liars,
Thieves, Sales Managers and Buyers.
No, their path on earth was rough,
They were punished quite enough
When they walked with anxious faces
In the towns and busy places,
Journeying with weary faces,
Carrying their attache cases.

EPILOGUE.

When these poor benighted mortals,
Knock at the celestial portals,
Show their cards and tell their story
Ope' will fly the gates of glory.
They have wiped out their transgression,
And they'll have a grand Procession,
Led by Angels playing lyres,
And last of all the thousand Buyers,
All by forcible persuasion
Brought from " H " for that occasion,
To march behind them several paces
Carrying attache cases.

BRIGHTON.

The cricket season has again come round, and the Sussex team seem full of promise, having made a capital show in their opening match, against Gloucestershire, when Hammond was got out for a duck in his first innings and stumped for eight in the second. Bowley and Parks made a record first wicket stand in the same match.

On Saturday, May 4th, the new cruiser *H.M.S. Sussex*, which had recently been commissioned, paid a visit to Brighton, anchoring as near the shore as was safe for such a large vessel. The visit was out of compliment to the Sussex people, who had subscribed to give the ship a solid silver bell and other silver plate.

Whitsuntide is upon us, and making us busy, after which we presume business will be unsettled with the General Election pending, and we are anxiously waiting to see how the ladies record their vote. By the way, besides being the largest constituency in Great Britain, there are more lady voters per cent. of the electorate in Brighton than any other town. Is this any inducement for male readers to come to Brighton ?

The members of the Sergeants Mess of the 8th Field Brigade, R.A., gave the last of their winter series of Whist Drives and Dances at Preston Barracks, on May 7th, to which events invitations are generously sent for members of our staff. On this and previous dates some have been able to attend, and on the latter occasion a really enjoyable time was spent. B.S.M. Wescombe made an able M.C. During the dancing, Lieut.-Col. Pawson, who is leaving the Brigade, and other officers, came to join the happy throng. Lieut.-Col. C. E. B. Bartley-Denniss, D.S.O., is shortly taking over command. He comes from the 23rd Indian Mounted Brigade, R.A.

Early in June, Prince George is coming down to open the new Aquarium, and also visit the Sussex Agricultural Show which is being held in Preston Park. The latter is always a popular event, so if readers who are taking an early holiday want somewhere to go, we can recommend a visit to Brighton just then.

We are very pleased, and grateful, that Mr. Eric is about again, and sincerely hope that the rest cure he is shortly undergoing will give him back his old vitality and good health.

WOOLWICH.

The old saying, "March Winds, April Showers, etc.," has, like most other things, got out of date, as during the past week or so we have experienced March, April and May weather all at once. Naturally, the seasons being so unsettled, trade has suffered in consequence; however, we hope "when" the summer session decides to commence, trade will brighten up accordingly.

The Woolwich Branch of the British Legion held a Grand Fete and Carnival on Woolwich Common during the week commencing April 20th and ending April 27th. All the usual Fair attractions and side shows were to be seen, and from what we gather all who visited the Common had a happy time. We, through our friend, Mr. W. O. Glenn, supplied what no doubt appealed to a great number of visitors as the best entertainment—The Bar—where the various "Hop Leaf" Brands were obtainable.

Admiral Earl Jellicoe was present at the opening of the Fete and Carnival, and many distinguished people visited the Common during the week.

The Cadets from the Royal Military Academy were given permission to visit the Fair and things did certainly hum when they got going.

As intimated in our last write-up, we have now played our return games with the members of the N.C.O.'s Mess, Military Police, also the members of the Woolwich Invicta Club, and we regret we cannot report anything very startling regarding our performances. Against the Police our form was well below par and in consequence they beat us rather easily. However, against the Club members we showed improved form, and after an interesting evening the games resulted in a draw.

We have omitted to give you the scores as they would take up a considerable amount of space, and another thing figures are a little too illuminating.

The outcome of our series of games with the Military Police was a special billiards match of 500 up being arranged between Garrison Sergeant Major E. W. Cook and Mr. Bowyer. Mr. Bowyer, we are happy to say, finished on top by a "short head," after a very exciting and close game.

Football has once again had to give way to our Summer sports, but we here can look back on the past season with great satisfaction, as our local team (Charlton Athletic) have obtained promotion to Football League Division II., and next season will entertain old rivals in Millwall, Reading, etc.

Enthusiasm reached its height on Saturday, May 4th, when it was learned that Charlton had beaten Walsall and so made promotion certain. The members of the team were given a great reception on their return from Walsall, and were taken to the Woolwich Town Hall where a Supporters Dance was being held, and so concluded a very successful season.

SLOUGH.

With the advent of Summer Time, came the close of the indoor games season and the final event of the Slough & District Clubs Games League, the presenting of the trophies. This took place on Friday, April 19th, in the Gladstone Hall at Windsor, where the arrangements were carried out by the League committee in conjunction with the committee of the Windsor Liberal Club. The concert, staged by Jimmy Purret, an old favourite in the district, was enjoyed by a large audience. During the evening the Simonds' Cup was presented to the winning team, The Slough Working Men's Club, by Mr. J. D. Carter, on behalf of the Firm. This is the sixth year that the Slough club has won the Cup, wresting it this time from the Eton Ex-Service Men's Club by a narrow margin of points. The team also created a record for the tournament, by winning every match during the season. We offer them our congratulations, at the same time hoping that their opponents will get into training and give them a good fight next season.

The winning of the cup was celebrated by the Working Men's Club in their own Hall at Slough on Friday, May 3rd, when an excellent supper was provided by the Club's popular steward, Mr. J. Rodgman. The tables were tastefully decorated by a number of the members' wives, who also attended the assembly which sat down to enjoy the repast. Here again, Jimmy Purret was called upon to provide the concert, which he did with his usual success. The participants in the league games were presented by the chairman with medals, as an appreciation of their efforts. Two members

were also honoured by the president of the Windsor & District Billiards League. They were Mr. J. Bowen and Mr. G. Box who received medals as the individual champions of the district.

With all His Majesty's subjects we rejoice in his recovery from his so serious illness. To-day Windsor is *en fete*, the inhabitants are lining the streets, they are welcoming their King to the Royal Borough, where it is hoped his convalescence, assisted by the sea air at Bognor, will be completed by the congenial atmosphere of the Castle surroundings.

WOKING.

NATURE NOTES.

At this season of the year it can be said with a measure of truth that one can almost see things grow. At the time of writing, although in the middle of May we are experiencing those "April showers," for which all amateur gardeners—and I am one of that fraternity—have been waiting so long. And now that we have the rain, we are wondering if we shall escape those dreaded late frosts which play such havoc with the fruit trees, and shatter our hopes for a rich harvest.

It is not only the elements that cause us some disquietude, but we have to take into account those creatures which we commonly refer to as garden pests. In this respect I had a somewhat extraordinary experience last year. I had been much perturbed to find that morning after morning some garden peas that I had tended with much care, and which were just peeping through the ground, were receiving the unwelcome attentions of a visitor. I suspected field mice, and by setting break-back traps was successful in catching quite a number. I continued however for some time to set these traps, but was perplexed to find that each morning the traps had been sprung, and the whole of the bait had vanished. Who or what was the perpetrator? I was determined to find out. One night before retiring to bed I went out armed with an electric torch, and there, beside the mouse trap, I discovered the miscreant. I had been setting a mouse trap to catch a hedgehog!

And now to turn to another aspect of the garden, and that is the wonderful variety of bird life here. Thrushes, blackbirds, great-tits, blue-tits, chaffinches, bullfinches, wrens and robins all abound, but do not interpret this as meaning that I am placing the birds under the heading of garden pests. One has only to study the amount of insect life these birds consume daily to realise the valuable work which they perform; they are indeed a great factor in restoring the balance of nature. And what of their joyous

song? How they herald the approach of dawn! Soon after four o'clock each morning, a thrush, which makes its abode near my house, rouses the feathered world with its call to "wake up, wake up," and gradually the other birds in the trees and hedgerows respond, and in a few minutes a mighty choir is formed. One can hear the trill of the thrush, and the rich notes of the blackbird; truly the soprano and the contralto of the feathered world. As the light strengthens the birds gradually disperse in search of food, and all is comparatively quiet again.

And how the birds will respond to a little kindly treatment. For over two years a song thrush has been a daily visitor to my house, and will even come indoors for the few tasty morsels which are specially saved for it from the breakfast table. During the Winter months I have often watched this bird come from a distance on hearing the clink of the plate.

This is the nesting season, and it brings to my mind certain peculiarities of the feathered world which I experienced last year. A missel-thrush built in one of my fruit trees, and although it had four young ones, the mother bird gradually discarded them, by turning them out of the nest one by one, long before they were ready to fly, until it came to the last one, and on which the mother seemed to concentrate her whole attention. Thinking I was doing a kindly action I picked up one of the unfortunate ones, and attempted to put it back into the nest, when the mother bird came hissing at me in the manner peculiar to these birds, and I had almost to beat it off. Within a couple of minutes the unwanted youngster was on the ground again and soon died; the mother appearing to be quite indifferent to its fate. I watched a similar occurrence the previous year.

I was speaking to a friend of mine at Horsell just afterwards, and related the incident, and he told me the following story. A song thrush had a nest with four young ones within a few feet of his back door. His wife, with the best of intentions, attempted one day to feed the young birds with a few soaked crumbs. The mother bird came quickly on the scene, and was furious to find her young ones being fed in this manner, and showed her disapproval in no uncertain manner. The good lady of the house thought it prudent to retire from the spot, but was surprised to find that the bird followed her indoors with open mouth, apparently indicating to her that she was never again to attempt such a thing.

A.B.

It is with considerable regret—though with a consciousness that his sufferings are now over—that we record the death of Mr.

Herbert Sydney Bannister, which occurred on Friday, May 17th, after a long and painful illness. He joined the Woking outdoor staff some fourteen years since, and was employed in the delivery department, first with a horse-drawn vehicle, and later with a Foden steam wagon. During the War he joined the Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surrey) and served with his unit in France for some time.

Dark of complexion, accentuated at times by the fact that he was employed with the steam wagon, he was affectionately known among his fellow employees, and to a large number of our customers, as "Darkie." Quiet and conscientious, he always sought to be of service, and the many kindly enquiries received from customers during his illness were an eloquent testimony to his popularity. In truth it could be said that he never grumbled or complained.

The funeral took place at Brookwood on Wednesday, May 22nd, and his memory will long be cherished by a wide circle of friends including his colleagues at Woking Branch.



The late Mr. H. S. Bannister.

WOKINGHAM.

INTERESTING FOOTBALL MATCH.

A most enjoyable evening was spent on the Wokingham Town Football Ground on Wednesday, April 24th. A football match was arranged between the Crispin Inn (Crisponians) and The Victoria Arms (Victorians), the proceeds, which amounted to £7 13s. 1d., to go in aid of the local clinic.

A really good game was witnessed, play being clever, very fast, and full of interest right through. This was all the more creditable considering both teams were scratch elevens.

A very fair result was a draw: Victorians (Case 1, Bass 1), 2; Crispionians (T. Smith 2), 2.

OXFORD.

May we state briefly, but sincerely, that the sympathy of all at Oxford Stores goes out to both the bereaved and those who sustained such terrible injuries in the recent motor-coach accident. We hope that the latter are all now on the road to recovery.

We extend our hearty congratulations and best wishes to Mr. L. C. White, the latest member of our Staff to join the Benedicts.

To commemorate the occasion, Mr. White was presented with an eight-day timepiece by his colleagues at Oxford. We wish both Mrs. White and himself all happiness.

Oxford is all agog with excitement at the moment, as the glorious weather we are now enjoying gives promise of a successful "Eights Week." When the weather is fine for this—one of the red letter weeks of the academic year, both from the point of view of the "wet bobs" and also from the social standpoint—trade gets the necessary fillip. The boatmen are busy; punts, canoes and every other variety of pleasure craft will be put to their full use and will be loaded to capacity by the sisters, aunts, cousins, etc., who have come up to beautiful old Oxford to see their particular nephew, cousin or brother (as the case may be) row his hardest for his college in the eight-oared bumping races, which are known to all and sundry as "The Eights."

Then of course if the weather is fine, what a marvellous display of summer frocks and of the latest examples of the millinery art; also good for trade.

Then again, if the weather is fine *and warm* all these enthusiastic Eights Week visitors will get thirsty—*verb. sap.*

Also think of the bump suppers and parties that are part and parcel of this gala week and say quietly to yourselves along with the rest of the revellers—"More S.B.!!"

"Familiarity breeds contempt," runs the saw, and naturally enough "Eights Week" does not inspire so much enthusiasm in us mere natives, who have known many such a week, and now the 'Varsity can have it all to themselves for all we care, we've seen it all so many times before. But even those of us who are not getting excited in anticipation of rushing down to the tow-path each evening from next Thursday onwards to see the races, even we have something to occupy our minds. Isn't there to be a General Election soon? This gives many of us plenty to talk about.

HYTHE.

By the time that the June number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE is in the hands of subscribers, Hythe and Reading will be treading different paths, and it is with feelings of deep regret that we all feel the parting of the ways has come. Some of us have thought for some time that a closer working arrangement with some of our competitors would come about, but that Reading would part with Mackeson & Co. none of us thought of for a moment.

Mackeson & Co. have belonged to and been controlled by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds for the matter of some nine years, and, as far as the employees are concerned, it has been a very happy association, and the majority of us are very sorry that the change has come. No doubt there are very excellent business reasons for the handing over of this Firm to another more nearly situated; in any case it should lead to more economical working as the houses of Messrs. Jude, Hanbury & Co. and ourselves all lie within the same district.

It is the day of amalgamations and the formation of combines in every kind of industry, as it is only by avoiding duplication and the cutting out of senseless competition that we can hold our own and compete with the foreigner in open markets.

To everyone whom we have met and to all those who have not been fortunate enough to visit this charming little village by the sea, situated in the prettiest corner of England's Garden County, we should like to take this opportunity of saying "Bon Voyage"; may their journey with the parent ship continue smooth and unruffled. If at any time anyone should find themselves stranded in these parts we trust they will look some of us up, we can promise them a cordial welcome.

We see that the cricket season has started off well at Reading and we must congratulate Mr. Wadhams on being one up. May he keep the average up for many years to come.

It has been a very pleasant task writing the monthly notes for the GAZETTE and no one regrets the change more than the writer as these will be the last, we suppose, that will appear from Hythe. If we have pulled anybody's leg we trust we are forgiven, there will be no more leg-pulling through the medium of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE; all at Hythe may now rest in peace.

Before we lay down our pen and write "Finis" we should like to say how pleased we are to hear such excellent reports of Mr. Eric, and we trust he will go on improving and soon be quite restored to health.

GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

We are now able to express our pleasure in the knowledge that Mr. F. A. Simonds is well enough in health, and active enough in body, to be in the firing line again.

We echo the hope that ere long he will have entirely recovered from his recent serious indisposition, and once more enjoy that measure of physical fitness which is not only so essential for his own personal happiness and well-being, but is also so vital to such as he who have so many arduous duties to perform. All ranks at the Tamar Brewery hope that the trying time he has had of late is the end of the chapter, and that the pages to come contain nothing but "good health (y)" reading for him.

We extend our deepest sympathy to all those who were involved in that terrible motor coach disaster near Knowl Hill on April 27th, a disaster that we know cast a gloom over the whole of Reading, and most particularly at The Brewery, from whence the trip was arranged, and where Mr. Alfred Green, Mr. Morris and Mr. Wm. Herbert, who lost their lives in the accident, were employed.

Such an ending to a long anticipated and an enjoyed outing is, we are thankful to say, an extremely rare occurrence, and we more fortunate ones trust that those who have suffered so terribly will have the strength and courage to win through to health again. The knowledge that all England feels for them in their sorrow to-day must at least help to salve their wounds, which time alone can heal.

We are now in the midst of the out-of-door season of the year and an almost daily sequence of Military Sports, Agricultural and Horse Shows, etc., keeps us active but still able to manage a few more orders if fortunate enough to get them. The spell of sunshine, which was so late in its arrival that even we in the Western Area had begun to think the Clerk of the Weather had gone to sleep, or had forgotten to tear a few months from his office almanac, has helped us in many more places as well, and we look ahead, Micawber-like, hoping that the Summer of 1929 will make up in many ways for the wretched months which preceded it.

Talking about sports, the 1st Bn. Wiltshire Regiment and the 2nd Bn. Devonshire Regiment each had their sports meetings during the first half of the month, and with their usual liberality gave all their guests a right royal time. The catering was of the best, the "S.B." was divine, and the events were thrilling! On a fine afternoon what more could man desire?

Also, on Whit-Monday, in ideal weather, we looked after the requirements of the many who attended the 20th Annual St. Budeaux Horse Show, and the citizens and country-folk were not backward in calling for "More 'S.B.'". Our floating banners could not be missed, and the continuous "long, long, trail" to and from the marquees paid a by no means silent compliment to the cooling beverages to be obtained therein.

Other functions in the future for which we are favoured are :—

The Yealmpton Agricultural Show,
The Kingsbridge Agricultural Show,
The Plympton Agricultural Show,
The Plymouth Races,

not to mention many others which annually come along and for which we have the privilege of catering.

Our Social Club this summer are ambitious enough to enter upon a programme of cricket and tennis matches. Whether these will take place at the Whitsands on a duly appointed Sunday we know not at the time of writing, but doubtless several of those all-rounders who have been "getting their eye in" lately at that weekly rendezvous, will be only too ready to show us how it should be done.

No doubt challenges will now be coming along.

The billiards season came to an end last month, and its close found our "Athletes" in an undignified position at the foot of Division I. In this particular case, relegation is no bogey, and perhaps in a Division where the cream of local talent is not met,

we shall be more at our ease. Players who annually enter for the Amateur Billiards Championship are not in our class (they wouldn't wish to be perhaps) and the only pleasure we find, is in watching them perform.

During the last few weeks, the interior of the Club premises has been "done up" in preparation for a more extensive programme later on, when Clubs come into their own.

Messrs. W. Bradfield and F. R. Oxenham have put in many hours hard work, and their labours have made a wonderful difference to the appearance of the premises. It is now up to all Tamarites to show their appreciation of such efforts made on their behalf, and we look forward with expectation to the future.

We hope to give the names of the fortunate winners of the Cue and Case, Bottle of Whisky, etc., 200-up Billiards Tournament in our next contribution to the GAZETTE. Early holiday arrangements and sickness have rather played havoc with the evolution of this competition, but with the cueists concerned now back in harness again, we hope to finish it off and fix up our usual Summer handicap to help things along.

In keen expectation of a roaring time to come, and conjuring up visions, in early June, of many thirsty souls and mellow spirits gathering together with uplifted glasses, toasting themselves, and the victors, in cooling draughts of "S.B." and "I.P.A." and knowing by experience the feelings engendered thereby, we, on the Tamar, in common with our comrades on the Kennet, Thames, Avon and elsewhere, close our pages and await the call.

DIDCOT.

On Thursday, April 25th, a very interesting triangular contest took place at The White Hart, The Marlborough Club being our guests for the occasion. The match consisted of the following games: darts, dominoes and crib. The White Hart won handsomely at darts by the margin of 11 games to 3 and was also successful at dominoes by 6 games to 4. The Marlborough Club had the consolation of defeating us at crib, 8 games to 3. I heard one of the White Hart players mention that revenge is sweet. I guess that gentleman got a whacking when he visited the Club. Everyone seems to have spent a very enjoyable evening and we hope to have other and more matches in the near future. I must propose a, vote of thanks to the Host and Hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Dunsdon also to Mr. Hugh Clargo who so very ably performed at the piano.

"Longun."

LUDGERSHALL.

At the invitation of R.S.M. Likeman, 2nd Light Brigade, R.A., Bulford, a team visited the Mess to play them a series of games of billiards. The scores are given below from which you will note that we were defeated by a matter of 30 points.

We now stand one game each and at some future date we hope to have an opportunity of playing the rubber.

<i>H. & G. S. Ltd.</i>			<i>S/Mess, R.A.</i>				
H. Nuttall	111	v.	B.S.Maj. Stevens	...	150
F. L. Shrimpton	148	v.	R.S.M. Likeman	...	150
J. Lazzari	87	v.	Q.M.S. Baverstock	...	150
T. Flemington	150	v.	Sgt. Pearce	...	90
E. Hockings	100	v.	Sgt. Cordy	...	86
			596		626		

On April 19th at the invitation of R.S.M. Eggleton, we visited the Sergeants' Mess of the Queens Bays and succeeded in winning by a matter of 43 points. We take the opportunity of congratulating R.S.M. Eggleton on being appointed Regimental Sergeant Major of the Queen's Bays to succeed our old friend R.S.M. Charles Hills. We are greatly indebted to R.S.M. Eggleton and the members of the Mess for a very jolly evening and we trust it is only a fore-runner of many more pleasant evenings.

<i>The Bays.</i>			<i>H. & G. S. Ltd.,</i>				
S.S.M. Tenant	82	v.	T. Flemington	...	100
Sgt. Broadhurst	41	v.	J. Lazzari	...	100
R.S.M. Eggleton	100	v.	F. L. Shrimpton	...	90
Sgt. Godbold	100	v.	H. Nuttall	...	98
Sgt. Dolby	100	v.	E. Hockings	...	78
			423		466		

The camping season is now in full swing. We have once more been selected to supply the beers to the Gun Practice Camps at Larkhill and Tilshead.

In addition, Windmill Hill Camp is occupied by the 55th Wessex Field Bde. R.A., and the North Somerset Yeomanry.

The Honourable Artillery Company are also under canvas at Larkhill. In all these camps our beers are on sale.

In the course of a few days the 42nd (East Lancs.) Division will also be under canvas at Windmill Hill, Tidworth Pennings, Tidworth Park and Bulford Fields. It is to be hoped that after the long spell of dreary weather experienced on Salisbury Plain the weather will improve for these camps, but at the present time we are sorry to say the outlook is far from promising.

The members of the Ludgershall Staff tender their sincere sympathy to the relatives of the victims of the deplorable char-a-banc accident in which members of the Reading Staff were involved.