

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

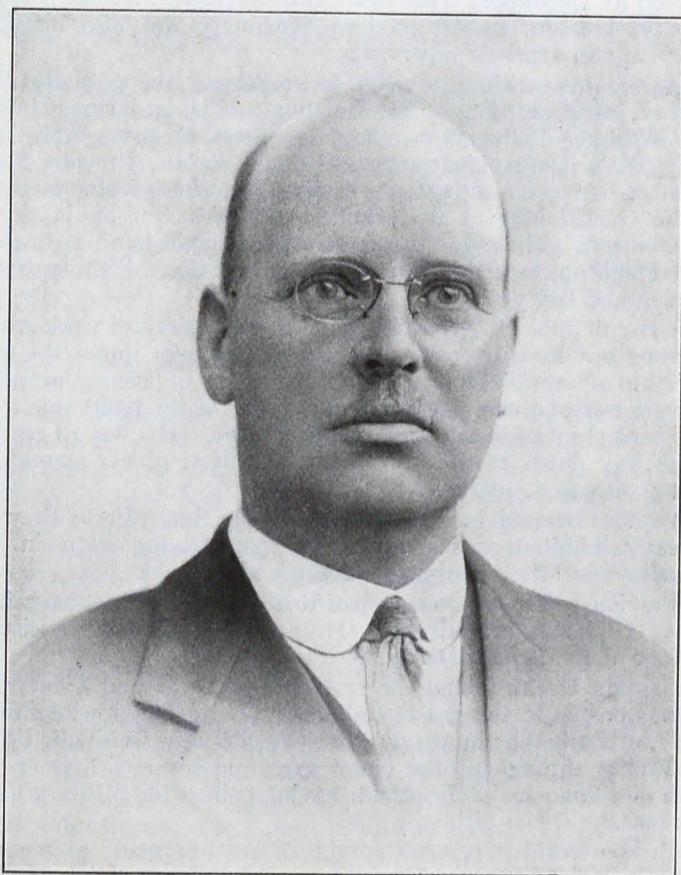
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. IV.

JUNE, 1930.

No. 9.



CAPTAIN A. S. DREWE, M.C.

CAPTAIN A. S. DREWE, M.C.

Our front page contains a portrait of Captain A. S. Drewe, M.C., the head of our Building Department, which is a considerable and important section of the Firm's business. The necessity for keeping the numerous and extensive properties in good repair, the rebuilding of out-of-date licensed houses, the alterations, improvements and renewal of plant at the Breweries and Branches will convey an idea of the ramifications of our Building Department.

It will be within the recollections of many readers that Captain Drewe played a large part in the erection of the new Bottling Department at the Chief Brewery at Reading, which was chronicled in this journal. He also rebuilt the offices and equipped the Tamar Brewery at Devonport with new bottling plant. At the Plough Brewery, London, similar modern machinery was also installed under Captain Drewe's supervision.

At the present time there are in progress at the main Reading Brewery, large additions to the Bottling Stores, an increase in the Cask Washing Plant, new offices for the Transport and Cask Departments, a new laboratory and offices for the Brewing Staff, as well as extensive alterations designed to give greater facilities for the conditioning of beers and larger areas for an increased barrel output. There are also large alterations in hand at Crabb's Park, Paignton, to bring up to date the new Cider Factory which was acquired last year.

These details will give a glimpse of the variety of work which is carried out by a live and energetic department under the able leadership of Captain Drewe. In the valuation of licensed property there are few who can give a closer estimate of the real value from a Brewer's point of view, than Captain Drewe. His way of getting straightway down to the vital facts is typical of his manner in dealing with most matters.

Captain Drewe joined the Firm when The South Berks Brewery Company, Limited, was acquired in 1920, having been in the service of the latter Company for some 12 months.

Previously he was a member of Reading University and gained various Diplomas in Dairying. He afterwards became Assistant Manager of the British Dairy Institute.

Captain Drewe joined the reserve in 1913 as 2nd Lieutenant and was posted to the 3rd Battalion The Leicestershire Regiment, when war broke out in 1914. He saw service in Gallipoli, Egypt and France throughout the Great War and his record is one of which he should be justly proud, having gained the Military Cross in France.

In the world of sport Captain Drewe has made prowess in golf, tennis and hockey. He was captain of the Reading Hockey Club for two years. He spends other leisure hours gardening.

EDITORIAL.

THE RETURN FARE OF THE CORPSE !

Lord Macmillan, speaking at the 72nd Anniversary Dinner of the Railway Benevolent Institution, related the story of a man from Aberdeen who turned up at the traffic superintendent's office in London and said : " Would you tell me what is the return fare for a corpse from London to Aberdeen ? "

He looked up the old schedules and said : " We have a rate which we can quote you for a corpse from King's Cross to Aberdeen, but we have no return ticket. We have not been asked for a return. Why do you ask for such a rate ? "

He said : " That is a very fair question ; it is just this way. My friend is an Aberdeen man, and he died in London, and all his folks are up in Aberdeen, and they want to see him before he is buried, and we thought it would be cheaper if we brought the corpse to Aberdeen and back " (*laughter*).

Such is the enterprise of railway companies that there was at once added a new exceptional rate, London to Aberdeen and back !

EVIL OF CRAMPED DRINKING.

The *Manchester Guardian*, impressed by the fact that there are three times as many arrests for drunkenness in Glasgow as in Manchester, has sent a " special investigator " to the Scottish city to discover first causes. He reports that Glasgow has only half as many public houses and off-licence shops as Manchester. The remedy is obvious. Under-licensed areas, leading to overcrowded public houses, is one of the biggest follies of the Redundancy Act and a fruitful cause of intemperance.

NECESSITY OF BEER AS A BEVERAGE.

The point of view of the working man in regard to the necessity of beer as a beverage was well illustrated by a defendant in Ammanford Police Court who, when asked why he did not drink water, said it would give him colic. He added that he had been drinking beer since he was a boy, and could not stop it now ; when a man had been working hard he must have something. He added, amidst laughter, that his capacity was not more than five pints ; he would not give thanks for it after that.

ALE ONE SHILLING A BARREL.

Three cupboards which had been concealed for years by numerous layers of wallpaper have been discovered in the "White Swan" Hotel, near Berwick. There was a variety of goods in the cupboards, including old newspapers dating back to 1722, children's clothing of the styles in use in the early part of the Eighteenth Century, rent receipts dated 1812, and various other articles of clothing. There was also an interesting account of a number of articles which had been purchased for the licensed premises, and it appears that eight barrels of ale and porter could then be procured for about eight shillings, while thirty barrels of beer could be secured for nine shillings. The inn, which has recently undergone reconstruction, is believed to have been built about 400 years ago.

NIGHTINGALE AND TENNIS PLAYERS.

Members of the East Berks Lawn Tennis Club are highly honoured. Each evening they play to the accompaniment of a nightingale. Perched on a bough only a few yards from the courts the bird pours forth its matchless music, not showing the least fear, unless a ball is sent astray in its direction. Then there is silence for a time.

VICAR'S GOOD WORD FOR THE PUBLIC HOUSE.

A good word for the public house was spoken by the Rev. E. B. Whalley, Vicar of Slade Green, Erith, Kent, at a meeting in connection with St. Agnes Church, Kennington Park, S.E. Many people, he said, would be shocked if they saw a priest or bishop coming out of a public house. "But a priest is human and has a thirst like an ordinary man, and if he wants a glass of beer why shouldn't he visit a public house? If a glass of beer makes a man pleased and happy, let him have it." Public houses, the Vicar went on, could be made decent places even under present conditions. Generally speaking, they were better lighted and warmed than many churches and so men were attracted there by the glare.

In Slade Green a Committee composed of customers of a local public house looked after the upkeep of the war memorial and organised annual war memorial services in the church. He thought Slade Green was the only village in England where each public house had a crucifix on the bar counter.

A LONG TRAMP—AND A GOOD TEA.

In another page is a picture of the "Four Points" public house, Aldworth. On a recent Sunday my friend, "Chub" Rider, and I called there and were served with a very nice tea. We consumed three new-laid eggs each and both Mr. Moore, the tenant, and his daughter extended to us the utmost courtesy. They did not, at the time, know we hailed from Reading. Three eggs may appear a lot; but we had been on the tramp all day. We took a bus from Reading to Cholsey in the morning. Then we walked to Blewbury, on to Churn, where we saw some shooting practice, thence to Aldworth. After tea we resumed our journey through Ashampstead Common and up Buckhold Hill to Upper Basildon, where we had a pint of the best at the "Red Lion," and then took the 10.15 p.m. bus back to Reading. Altogether a delightful day.

A BIG SOUL.

The death of Mr. W. J. Henman will, to the generality of Reading folk, appeal as the passing over of a great sport, and it will probably be widely quoted of him that he held what, surely, is a world's record, in that he followed the hunt for as many as eighty years, says "Observer" in the *Reading Standard*. This sounds like an exaggeration, but is the bare truth, for his father presented him with a pony on his fifth birthday, and he had followed the sport consistently ever since. But to an exceptionally wide circle of friends the passing will be of a big and kind-hearted English gentleman who was the holder of a singularly sweet and simple faith. A story has been told to me on the countryside that I love so well, that was typical of the man, and I repeat it as a tribute to his memory. Just upon half a century ago—the older of my readers will recall the great blizzard of 18th January, 1881—the village in question was, as were so many country districts, practically isolated, and the residents came to be in sore straits by reason of lack of bread. The problem was more than a serious one; it bordered on the tragical, and would so have been but for the subject of this testimony. Many details of the exploit have escaped my memory, but I recall that, mounted on a sturdy cob, Mr. Henman braved and surmounted what, to an ordinary horseman, would have been the insurmountable difficulties of the country roads and brought relief to what, but for him, would truly have been a stricken village. I have often felt that I would have liked Mr. Henman to know that there were yet those on the countryside who remembered and talked of his brave and sacrificing effort, and I nearly stopped him to tell him so on the last occasion that I met him outside the Town Hall. I wish now that I had done so. But I'm hoping he knows.

ALL UNSURPASSED.

Some of the writings recently appearing about the Great War ought never to have been printed. Let us get back to the outstanding facts such as those so well described by the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig. He knew what he was talking about, and he said:

"In the course of the greatest war in history the British peoples mobilised, equipped and trained and put into the field the finest force the world has yet seen. The discipline and quality of its rank and file, the leadership and initiative of its regimental officers, the organisation of its supply and medical services, the competence and reliability of its Staff and Intelligence, all alike were unsurpassed. . . .

"I am keenly concerned for the honour and reputation of the gallant officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Empire of whom that splendid army was composed."

"S.B." SAVES THE SITUATION.

The other day a motoring party were in a sad plight for their car suddenly refused to go when they were many miles from any human habitation. The radiator needed a "drink," but there was no water near at hand. Then someone was struck with a great idea and exclaimed "'S.B.'!" They had a supply in the car; the radiator was given a good long "drink" and, evidently refreshed, the car soon got going again—"S.B." had saved the situation. The pleasant smell of the beer as it became heated added to the enjoyment of the drive.

A PROMISING BOXER AND FOOTBALLER.

The Licensing World of April 26th says: "'Bob' Attwood, youngest son of Mr. A. Attwood, of the Swan Inn, Thatcham, Berks, met 'Gipsy' Smith in a boxing match at Oxford last week. After one of the best fights of the evening Attwood, who is only just 18, won on points in a six-rounds contest."

Young Attwood is also a prominent footballer and played at Elm Park in the recent amateur trial match at centre-half and created a good impression. He has since, I understand, been invited to sign amateur forms for the Reading Football Club. Standing 6 feet in height and scaling 13 stone, he gives every promise of making his mark.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The views of others may not be our own, but they may be none the worse for that.

Happiness may be thought, sought or caught, but not bought.

It is not so much what we *do* in the world as what we *are*.

They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

Do not be afraid of going slowly, but of standing still.

Lots of things that couldn't be done have been done.

Religion is to live by, not to quarrel about.

The gardener asked, "Who plucked this flower?" The Master said, "I plucked it for Myself"; and the gardener held his peace.—*Epitaph in Sellack Churchyard.*

One ought every day at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if possible, speak a few reasonable words.

He who sows courtesy reaps friendship; he who plants kindness gathers love.—*On a gardener's trowel.*

There is no wealth but life—life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is the richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

THE COURSE OF THE RIVER THAMES.

My daily journeys to and from the office oblige me to cross that very important waterway, the River Thames, and, pausing a few minutes on Reading Bridge recently, the thought occurred to me, what an interesting course the river has, from source to mouth. From mountain side, through open country, villages, and small and large towns, culminating with that greatest of all cities, London, and from thence emptying itself into the North Sea.

The river rises in Gloucestershire, three miles south-west of Cirencester and has many tributaries both on the right and left banks. It is connected with the River Severn at Lechlade by means of the Severn Canal. The course of the Thames is 225 miles and winds considerably, in fact, I think I am correct in stating that nowhere has it straight stretches of greater length than approximately a mile of which, the Regatta Course at Henley which is 1 mile 550 yards long, is undoubtedly the best known. On this is rowed annually very keen contests for supremacy in the various events. Foreign and Colonial countries interested in rowing frequently send their crews to compete, but rarely do we find the coveted trophies leaving our country. And how delightful is the landscape at that particular stretch of the river! Commencing from that charming spot, Temple Island, the course brings us up under Phyllis Court Lawns, where everything appears to be so restful and typical of a riverside garden until it ends just in front of Henley Bridge, an old, weather-beaten stone structure, well in keeping with the scene. I noticed in the Press only a few days ago, that there is a project being put forward to demolish this Bridge, as the construction of it tends to keep back the flow of water in times of floods.

And while at this particular part of the river the beautiful show (in season) of rhododendrons, in the grounds of Greenlands, is deserving of mention. When in bloom these shrubs provide a scene of great beauty and it is a real delight to stand on the opposite bank of the river and feast one's eyes on such a delightful landscape.

Continuing the course of the river we shall in due time arrive at Windsor with its famous castle overlooking the Thames. This castle has been a residence of English sovereigns for many centuries and even before the Norman Conquest, English Kings possessed a Hunting Lodge at this spot. At a short distance from Windsor is the island of Runnymede, famed in English History for the signing of Magna Charta by King John. Hampton Court, formerly a Royal residence—it was built by Cardinal Wolsey and presented

by him to Henry VIII—is nearer London, and stands on the banks of the river surrounded by charming grounds, which are well worth a visit.

Soon we come to another stretch of the river, famous for the annual Boat Race of the rival Universities, Oxford and Cambridge. The course is from Mortlake to Putney, and is by no means an easy one to row.

We are now almost in London and river traffic has swelled considerably. We notice that the bridges are more numerous, the most interesting of all being, without doubt, Tower Bridge. This is the nearest bridge to the sea and is constructed in two parts which meet in the middle and when necessary these are tilted by machinery, thus making a passage way for the larger vessels. From here to the sea the banks of the Thames are taken up with immense docks, where cargoes of all classes of goods from all parts of the world are discharged.

And now just a few words on the stream itself: how varied are its moods, according generally with the Seasons and elements. On a quiet summer's day how peaceful it seems, flowing along tranquilly, the rays of the sun reflected in its gentle movements. But how different the aspect in winter, say when we have experienced heavy rainfalls and rough winds. No calm stream then, but a swirling rush of water, on which no small boats can ride. I well recall the serious state of things last November when the river was in full flood, and the destruction caused by the huge volume of water as it took its course to the sea. Nevertheless, on a moonlight night the scene was a beautiful one but at the same time awe-inspiring.

M.P.

 MR. L. A. SIMONDS.

The impetuosity of youth was responsible for giving our Managing Director a mild shock on Friday, 23rd May. Upon arriving at his hotel in London that night, Mr. F. A. Simonds found his son, Mr. Louis, in possession of his room. Mr. Louis was due to arrive home from New Zealand on the 30th May on board the *S.S. Cathay*. Apparently being wearied of steamship travel he boarded the air liner at Marseilles and arrived in London a week earlier than his due date. It is a good augury for his future that Mr. Louis should make an impromptu change in his plans and grasp the modern and quicker method of travel at the moment it presented itself.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

As we were late in putting in an appearance for the month of May it was suggested that it ought to be termed the "May-not-be" number. However no time was lost in the distribution when received from the Printers.

MR. R. BIGGS.

The photograph of the above gentleman which was the frontispiece for last month was considered by all to be a good likeness although, I believe, Mr. Biggs has (or had) some misgivings on the point. Whether the fame of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE has spread to France, I know not, but it is an extraordinary thing that soon after the May issue saw the light of day a letter arrived for Mr. Biggs from that country, and it was addressed to SIR Ralph Biggs.

HOLIDAYS.

These have now started and those of the staff who are away at the moment are not having very enticing weather. Most of us appreciate a fine dry summer and although rain gladdens the hearts of most gardeners, we are not all of us gardeners and sunshine makes life more cheerful. Cheerful souls get thirsty and thirsty people means better business for us. Let the weather clerk's slogan be, therefore, "See England Thirst" for this summer and H. & G. S. Ltd. will do their best to supply the best article to properly quench it.

MR. E. C. BARTLETT.

Hearty congratulations to the above member of the General Office Staff who was presented with a son on the 15th May. Both mother and babe are doing well I am pleased to say.

"SPORTS."

I see "J.W.J." in his notes on cricket mentioned the above word in connection with our Brewery cricket teams. The Second XI in their first match lost because they decided to let the other side have a chance of batting and continued until they were defeated, in spite of heavy rain and all getting very wet in consequence. Most matches, on the Saturday afternoon in question, were abandoned, so you will see the word "Sports" was very appropriate. Now that Mr. J. B. Doe (General Office) has accepted the captaincy of the "Seconds," and Mr. R. Broad (General Office)

the office of Vice-Captain, it only requires our friend Mr. C. B. Cox to resume cricket for the team to have quite an old-time look about it.

THE ROYAL COUNTIES AGRICULTURAL 1930 SHOW.

The above Show will be held at the beginning of June in Prospect Park, Reading, and we are hoping for good business during the Show Week. The Firm's stand will be used for showing "Glorious Devon" Cider from Messrs. N. P. Hunt & Son, Paignton, the business recently purchased by H. & G. Simonds Ltd. The Stand will be in charge of Mr. S. J. Moore under the supervision of Mr. C. Bennett. Given fine weather the Show should be a great success and good for trade.

NEW OFFICES.

The building of the above is proceeding rapidly. During our daily journey to the "Bar" things have dropped from above, small pieces of brick, &c., and termed by one of our men as "Irish confetti." No doubt the Offices for whom the new building is intended will soon be looking forward to "moving day."

FOOTBALL.

Reading did not finish as well as we all hoped, for a home defeat in the last match placed them well in the danger zone and only goal average saved them in the end. Curiously enough, although the First team finished nearly at the bottom of the Second Division, the Reserves finished nearly top of the London Combination League. The Reading Schoolboys were defeated in the Semi-final of the English Schoolboys Shield by Newcastle (the ultimate winners of the Final) and thus dashed our hopes of making things more cheerful, in a football sense. However, the boys have had a wonderful season and we at the Brewery have watched with considerable interest the displays of Miss "M.P.'s" brother who played in all the Shield matches, generally at centre-half.

PATENT VISIBLE OPTIC MEASURING TAPS WITH BRACKET.

These will shortly be issued to all of our fully Licensed Houses, for the display of the well-known square bottle of our Special Liqueur Scotch Whisky. It will make a particularly pleasing ever-present advertisement and sales of this famous brand of whisky should considerably increase in consequence.

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?

(Contributed by a new member of the South Berks Brewery Co. and Building Department Offices).

A young labourer after many unsuccessful efforts to secure employment as a miner decided to appear experienced and the following conversation took place when he applied for a job at a pit:—

FOREMAN: What kind of work do you want?

LABOURER: Down the pit.

FOREMAN: Ever been down a pit before?

LABOURER: Of course! I can do anything in it.

FOREMAN (rather suspicious): Well, what make of lamp did you have?

LABOURER: I couldn't say. I was NEVER ON THE NIGHT SHIFT.

—
This is an old Limerick, nevertheless you may not have heard it before.

While a clever young woman called Knight,
Was inventing a new dynamite,
An official inspector
Dropped in to correct her.

"What's this stuff?" She replied, "Squeezemetite."

—
The following is a copy of a newspaper cutting received by Mr. A. T. Walsh (Branch Department) from his sister at Durban.

SEQUEL TO A NATIVE RUGBY MATCH.

AMUSING LETTER BY PLAYER.

An amusing sequel to the tour of a native rugby team from East London (South Africa) is revealed in the following letter received by the employer of one of the East London side:—

"Dear Sir (my Lord): I have the honour to let you know that I am unfit to commence my duties until tomorrow, for my body is bruised and the worse part is my thigh, which is swollen up caused by one of the Molteno Players who kicked me purposely because they heard from the Queenstown fellows that I am dangerously fellow amongst the touring team.

"Will you let me know, or will you advice me, which medicine should I apply to the bruised and strained parts, for I have used tincture of Iodine and Vicks.

"Sorry, sir, that I am not well, for I know perfectly that through my absence there is a bit of slackness in your business, but (my lord) I will try my utmost endeavours to please you to the best of my abilities when I commence my duties."

THE "FOUR POINTS," ALDWORTH.



One of the few thatched licensed houses under the control of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., where two famished travellers from Reading were served with an excellent tea recently, and given a very hearty welcome. Mr. C. J. Moore is the tenant, and this "snap" of the house was taken by his daughter, who so very capably looked after the needs of the unexpected guests.

GIBRALTAR.

The Directors were the recipients of an invitation from His Excellency, The Governor of Gibraltar, to the Empire Fair Festivities being held between May 23rd and June 6th. Although pressure of business prevents them being present, they wish the greatest possible success to the Fair and trust that the events will be blessed with good weather.

PHYSICAL STAMINA AND BEER.

The following letter, by "J.W.S.," appears in *The Licensing World* :—

In their annual report on recruiting, the Army authorities state that considerably more than half the candidates were rejected on the ground of physical unfitness. Many reasons have been advanced to account for this physical falling away, such as the shortage and poorness of the food during the war. It is overlooked that there was a shortage of beer during the war, and that of a very poor, weak nature. Beer has recovered both in quantity and quality, but it is overlooked that cruel taxation prevents those most in need of this necessary food from getting a supply adequate to health and stamina. These two facts, decrease in the physique of the once sturdy British workman and the decline in beer consumption, coincident as they are, are very significant.

It is notorious that the health of the industrial workers has not improved, but has deteriorated steadily during the past twenty years. In pre-war days the food was mainly foreign and cheap, but the beer was English and cheap and, like the food, plentiful. To-day the breakfast of these men is still mainly, if not wholly, foreign, including the drink—that is, tea. Give them back their beer and "Welsh rabbits" to begin the day's work with. It has been said that the men of the 'nineties, engaged in the most strenuous of occupations, such as blast furnace workers, iron and steel workers, and miners, were giants compared with men doing the same class of work to-day. The following is given as a sample of breakfast and cost of a breakfast of these giants :—

$\frac{3}{4}$ lb. American bacon	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.
Three eggs, usually Irish	2d.
1 lb. bread	1d.
One pint of beer	2d.
					9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

Compare the foregoing with the same items to-day :—

					s.	d.
$\frac{3}{4}$ lb. bacon	1	0
Three eggs (average price)	0	6
1 lb. bread	0	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
One pint of beer	0	6
					2	2 $\frac{1}{2}$

Underfed horses jib. So do underfed men. And what are we doing about it to-day? Reducing the physical powers of the

workers by decreasing the consumption of the health-and strength-giving beer through the agency of a scandalous beer tax, and spending the millions on all sorts of fad health schemes, health insurance, etc. We take the tax off tea (an unfelt gnat-bite) and suggest the taxation of beef and wheat. We are considering the necessity for dealing with monopoly prices for tobacco, apparently because tobacco is useful in assisting men to get rid of a healthy appetite for beef, bacon, and beer.

Good beer at a reasonable price should be available for our workers. They need it. From time to time a lightning strike in some form of industry takes us by surprise. Such a strike occurred on April 9th at the Manchester docks, affecting 5,000 dock and other labourers. What is behind this? Stern necessity—wages. Wages inadequate to the purchase of those forms of food and drink which the men themselves know are best for the maintenance of the energy needed in their strenuous work.

The un pitying realities of the work-a-day world make the academic palaverings of "temperance" highbrows in conference assembled look puerile. Will a workman from all or any of the industries mentioned be called as witnesses before the Licensing Commission? I wonder.

SOME BREWERY FOOTBALLERS.



The above photograph is a reminder of an interesting match, Offices v. The Rest, which took place on Christmas Day five years ago.

THE OLD BEER.

A HOUSE OF COMMONS FIND :

SIMONDS' 6X CORONATION ALE.

"Quex," whose notes in *The Daily Chronicle* are always well worth reading, has the following in that paper of Tuesday, May 20th :

Yesterday morning a small party of men were gathered in one of the private dining rooms of the House of Commons, whose windows overlook the Terrace.

They were looking with curiosity and a certain air of respect at six beer bottles, all of which wore the encrusted dust of age.

Mr. Bradley, head of the catering department of the House, stood by with a corkscrew, waiting for it to be decided which bottle should be opened first.

* * * *

AN M.P.'S OWN BREW.

A little while ago—not on Guy Fawkes Day—Mr. Bradley was with the cellarman making an inspecting tour of the House of Commons cellars.

They came upon two unlabelled magnums and a bottle. The bottle, when opened, was found to contain beer.

The cellarman remembered. "I bottled it myself twenty years ago," he said. "A member, Sir William Somebody, sent along a cask he had had brewed himself. For a time members drank it from the wood.

"Those two magnums and the bottle were what was left."

THE BIG SIX.

Mr. Bradley spoke of the discovery to Mr. Selkirk-Wells. "We'll put it up against some other old beer," said Mr. Selkirk-Wells. And this was the beer that stood yesterday morning on the table overlooking the Thames.

- (1) *Simonds' 6X Coronation ale* (brewed June 22nd, 1911).
- (2) *Bass's King's ale* (brewed by King Edward), 1902.
- (3) *Meux* (1897).
- (4) *Allsopp's Arctic ale* (supplied for the 'Alert' and 'Discovery' Expedition of 1875).
- (5) *Ratcliffe's 1869* (brewed to celebrate the birth of Mr. Sam Ratcliffe).
- (6) *The House of Commons magnum* (age unknown).

The trial bottle of the House of Commons ale had been analysed and found to possess an original gravity of 11.35 weight and 12.89 volume, which proved it to be more pungent than the average sound burgundy.

WITH WELSH RAREBIT.

Big Ben struck 12, midday. Mr. Bradley arranged us at a circular table. A waiter brought in Welsh rarebits, the perfect accompaniment to beer-tasting. We took the beer according to age, youngest first. "It doesn't glide down, it rolls down," observed Mr. Peter Remnant, as he took his sip of Simonds' 6X, 1911.

RANKS OF THE ARMY—

SOME DERIVATIONS.

Colonel, Lieut.-Colonel.—Early in the Seventeenth Century the title Crownel and Coronel were both used to designate the chief of a regiment. Coronel, French; Colonnello, Italian, from colonna, a column; both had their influence in producing the modern title of Colonel, and explain the curious spelling of a word which is pronounced "Ker'nl," as says the Oxford Dictionary.

At the end of the Seventeenth Century in France a Colonel-General commanded what is now an infantry battalion, and his senior company commander was a Lieutenant-Colonel, that is a lieutenant to the Colonel.

We undoubtedly took the title of Colonel and Lieut.-Colonel from the French, who in the Seventeenth Century were supposed to have the best organised troops in Europe.

Major.—Previous to 1640, the Major was known as Sergeant-Major, but between that date and 1660 the prefix of Sergeant was dropped. This title is derived from the French and has its original derivation in the Latin word "Magnus"—great. In 1698 the Colonel, Major, Adjutant and Quartermaster were known as "Officers of the Field" because they had no definite place in the ranks. All other regimental officers were called Company Officers, and were divided into three grades—Captain, Lieutenant, and Ensign.

Captain.—This is the oldest military title in existence and is derived from the Latin, caput (head), through the Spanish, Capitan. The title used to imply a much higher command than it does now.

Subaltern.—Company Officers below the rank of Captain have long been known as Subalterns, a word derived from the Latin, Sub (under), and the Saxon word Altern, meaning elders. The Senior Subalterns were called Lieutenants because they were on occasion required to become the "locum tenens" or "Lieu-tenant" for the Captain. The Junior grade was called an Ensign because to him fell the duty of carrying the Ensigns from the Regiment.

Adjutant.—This title also comes from the French, and has its derivation in the Latin word adjutate (frequent), presumably because he frequently is used by superior officers as an assistant. The duties of the Regimental Sergeant-Major were originally carried out by the Adjutant.

Quartermaster.—The warrant rank of Quartermaster between the Commissioned and Non-Commissioned ranks came into being about 1690. He was so called because he was the master of quarters, that is, his duties lay in assigning accommodation, camp space, etc., etc.

Sergeant.—The word Sergeant comes from the Spanish Sargento, or old French, Sergant—both these words having their derivation in the Latin servientem, from servire (to serve).

Corporal.—This rank title is a variety of the French word Caporal, in turn probably borrowed from the Italian Caporale, which had its origin in the Latin Caput (a head).

Lance-Corporal.—The title has a curious history. In Italy a "lanspecade" or "lancia spezatta" was originally a mounted trooper, who, having lost his horse or his arms—and providing them himself—was unable to replace them, was turned out of the cavalry into the infantry until he could reinstate himself. The Italian word implies a broken lance, and the word lance was synonymous with trooper.

Private.—This word is derived from the Latin Privatus, that is, a man deprived of rank in contradistinction to those possessing it. At one time in the Life Guards a trooper used to be called a Private Gentleman—which title is undoubtedly the correct one for the Privates of the Great War and since.



THE SHEPHERD'S HOUSE, WOODLEY.

Mr. Leslie Duguid, the proprietor of this attractive house on the main London Road, Woodley, spent 18 years at the Brewery and has been connected with the Firm for 26 years. He is doing well at Shepherd's House. A keen supporter of sport he rarely misses a football match at Elm Park. He is a keen follower of boxing and could give a good account of himself with the gloves.

He spent many years in the Yeomanry and during the Great War served in France and Egypt.



[Photo by C. E. May.]

Mr. Leslie Duguid, proprietor of the "Shepherd's House," Woodley.



The "Shepherd's House," Woodley.

[Photo by C. E. May.]

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

(By F. KIRBY).

THE WONDER GIRL.

Hats off to Miss Amy Johnson who in her second-hand plane has flown to Australia. Hardened pilots speak with admiration of her wonderful feat: a feat which is unparalleled in the history of aviation. It seems incredible that comparatively a few years ago Mons. Bleriot found himself world-famous. He had succeeded in flying the Channel and his statue is on the cliffs at Dover.

Truly, aviation has made great strides since then, and the British Empire is immensely proud that this typical English girl has proved successful. She left with no fuss; in fact she just slipped off with a farewell kiss from her father. On her long journey she has passed over dense jungles, great mountain ranges, shark-infested seas, until at last she taxied down on the landing ground at Darwin, and when she landed she did a truly feminine thing; she produced a comb and tidied her hair.

The cable from His Majesty the King expresses the feelings of all his subjects at Miss Johnson's wonderful achievement.

AGE OF CANNED MUSIC AND TALKIES.

In this age of canned music and talkies it is refreshing to hear that the King and Queen were delighted with the variety programme which was submitted to them at the Command performance. I remember the splendid programmes we used to see at The Oxford, when a galaxy of stars regaled us for three and a half hours, and the price of the grand circle was 2/-. Here appeared such grand artistes as T. E. Dunville, George Lashwood (the Beau Brummel of the halls), Marie Lloyd, Harry Lauder, The Marvellous Craggs, Arthur Roberts, Datas (the memory man, who was a stoker at the Crystal Palace Gasworks when he was discovered), George Robey, and many others. Revue and pictures have for a time put variety in the background, but if I am not mistaken it will come into its own again before long.

The public taste for plays, musical and otherwise, seems also to have altered, most people preferring the talkies, but you cannot beat a good play. Mr. Milton Bode secures tip top companies for the local theatre, comparing very favourably with the London productions. I remember the splendid shows that he put on at the "County" in years gone by—Frank Danby, that incomparable comedian in "Gentleman Joe," Arthur Godfrey, who could play any part from the villain in "Tommy Atkins" to Mr. Pilkington Jones in "Gentleman Joe," Edith Bland in "Women and Wine," Joe Nightingale, Miss Nellie Cousins, etc., etc.

MR. MILTON BODE'S BENEFIT.

I remember at Mr. Bode's benefit the great Dan Leno appeared. He stopped at Reading for a week, enjoying himself immensely on the river. I saw him the following week at Mr. Bode's Dalston theatre in "Orlando Dando the Volunteer." A great artiste, no one has yet filled his place. Although the embodiment of fun, his big dark eyes had a peculiar sadness about them, a sadness which finds a counterpart in the eyes of Charlie Chaplin. Both doomed to be funny in their respective roles, yet both yearned, it is said, to play a great part, such as Hamlet. I saw Miss Zena Dare in perhaps her first important part, at the County Theatre, in the musical play "The English Daisy," produced at Reading.

I remember Mrs. Benson, now Lady Benson, ringing the curtain down one night, when she was appearing as Ophelia in "Hamlet" with William Haviland. Some of the people in the gallery could not quite understand Shakespeare, and caused a commotion. It proved her greatness as an actress, for when the curtain rose again she went on with her part quite composed; and it was in the middle of the mad scene, too.

Good musical plays are a rarity nowadays. We don't hear such tuneful ones now as "The Geisha," "San Toy," "The Duchess of Dantzic," etc. The music in the "Belle of New York" takes some beating. I waited for three or four hours to see the beautiful Edna May in this play many years ago. This purely American company took London by storm, and soon the tune "Follow On" was on every barrel organ. I saw Edna May in all her plays but she never surpassed her performance as the Salvation lassie in "The Belle of New York."

Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry I saw in most of their successes at the Old Lyceum, with the pillars, which very often got in the line of vision. A great actor; I liked him best in Robespierre, but many people think his greatest part was Matthias in "The Bells." He was great as the poor old senile warrior in "Waterloo" who dies after springing from his chair with the cry "The Guards want powder, and by God they'll have it."

We owe much to actors and actresses who by their art take us from our monotonous every-day life into another world. They give of this art freely to benefit hospitals and other charities.

Generous and loyal, they are indeed members of a great profession.

A NATURE NOTE.

A DAY ON THE DOWNS.

THE HAUNT OF THE WHEATEAR.

CUCKOO'S EGG IN LARK'S NEST.

(BY C.H.P.).

The other Sunday, May 4th, with some friends I spent a delightful day on the Berkshire Downs. We found hundreds of nests, including that of the chaffinch, linnet, yellow-hammer, meadow pipit, whitethroat, lark, wheatear, partridge, pheasant, etc. The meadow pipit's nests were very cunningly concealed in tufts of grass. In one of the lark's nests we noticed that one of the three eggs was coloured differently from the others and on closer examination it proved to be a cuckoo's. The wheatear's nests were in disused rabbits' holes.

LUNCHEON BY THE DEW POND.

It was a glorious day, and after strolling about for several hours we were more than ready for luncheon which we enjoyed by the side of a dew pond, where numerous birds came to quench their thirst. We quenched our thirst, too—but not with dew drops! Our presence excited the curiosity of several hares which came quite close, stared at us, and then made off. In this dew pond there were many newts.

NUMEROUS COWSLIPS.

Cowslips are in their prime now and we came across countless thousands of them. On one sun-bathed slope, about an acre in extent, you could see nothing but the yellow of these blooms and here there must have been enough flowers to fill a wagon. The air was filled with their fragrant perfume, and we were loth to leave the spot. We also came across that rare bloom, the pasque flower, so rich in colour and looking like a jewel in the grass.

SHEEP POSE FOR PHOTOGRAPHER.

We made friends with a flock of sheep and gave them cowslips for dinner. These they enjoyed immensely and one of the flock was particularly tame. They were eating quietly from our hands when, all of a sudden, for no apparent reason, off one galloped to the other end of the pen and the others as quickly followed suit. Now, isn't that just like sheep? But we soon regained their confidence, for they all came back to us and posed perfectly as they had their photograph taken.

NOT AT HOME !

We looked in vain for the stone curlew, sometimes called the thicknee. They were not at home on this occasion, though they have been known to nest in the locality where we were searching. I use the word "nest" advisedly, for the stone curlew sometimes uses a few bits of grass and at other times it has no building material at all. Their eggs harmonise so closely with surroundings that they are very difficult to find. There is something rather weird about the loud shrill note of this bird as I have often heard it uttered at dusk.

ALL THE MIGRANTS HERE.

Practically all the migrants are here now. The nightingales are in full song and are singing by day and by night. The other morning at 5 o'clock I was listening to one out Burghfield way. I have heard, too, the grasshopper warbler "reeling" off its peculiar song. You may also hear, far into the night, the creke-creke or corncrake. The swifts, late comers, are also here. They are like animated arrow heads and as they chase each other round and round the houses they scream with sheer delight.

VERY BEAUTIFUL NOW.

The countryside is looking very beautiful now and there is promise of wonderful hay and corn crops. The rich green of the fields and meadows, the marvellous display of the flowers, and the sweet singing of the bird choir, composed of hundreds of voices, all add to the joy of a day in the open air in this very beautiful world.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

As youth faces its great task to-day, let it remember that there is something more in the task than the completion of it. When I listen to my friends, who engage in business of any kind, whether they are masters or workmen, I hear of almost nothing but "hours of labour," "rates of pay," "new distributions of authority," and "management and direction." All are very necessary, but I confess to a great longing to hear of the spiritual side of labour, of men's purpose and pride in their efforts. I am eager to hear of the value of the professional spirit of men thinking less of what they get out of their job than of what they put into it.—LORD MOYNIHAN.

"THE WELLINGTON ARMS."

AN INTERESTING HISTORY: FIVE GENERATIONS.

The "Wellington Arms," Howard Street, Reading, which has recently been transformed into a most attractive and up-to-date inn, has been in the very capable hands of the present landlord, Mr. George James Greenaway, since 1913. His father ran it successfully for a good many years and so did his grandfather and his great-grandfather, a shoemaker. The last-named was a familiar figure serving in the bar with his top hat and embroidered waistcoat.



The Landlord's Great Grandfather.



The Landlord's Father.

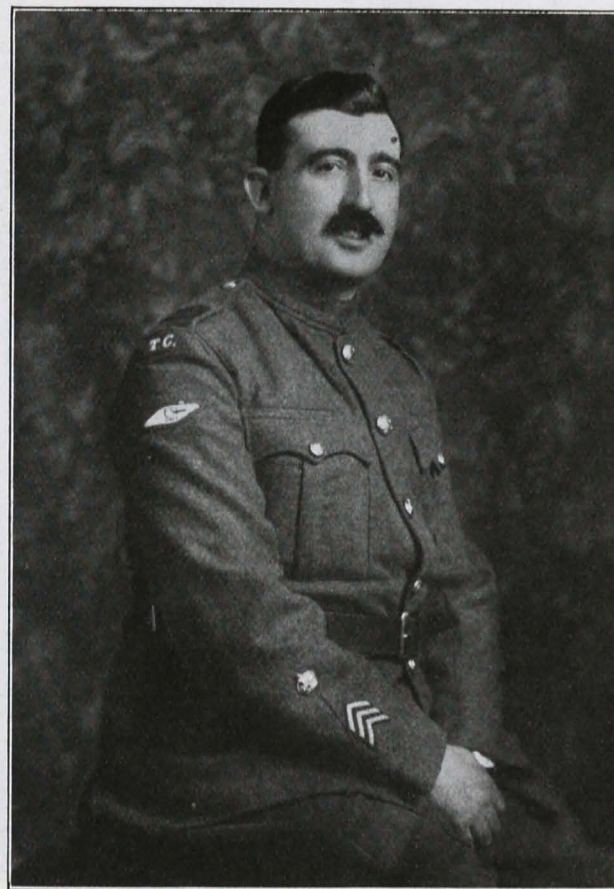


The Landlord's Grandfather.

EXPERT CARPENTERS.

With the exception of the shoemaker the family were expert carpenters, and evidences of their skill may still be seen in the "Wellington Arms." Years ago a cherry stone was planted in the garden. It grew into a tree which was cut down and out of it was made a handsome spirit case and an umbrella stand. As a child the present landlord climbed the tree many times.

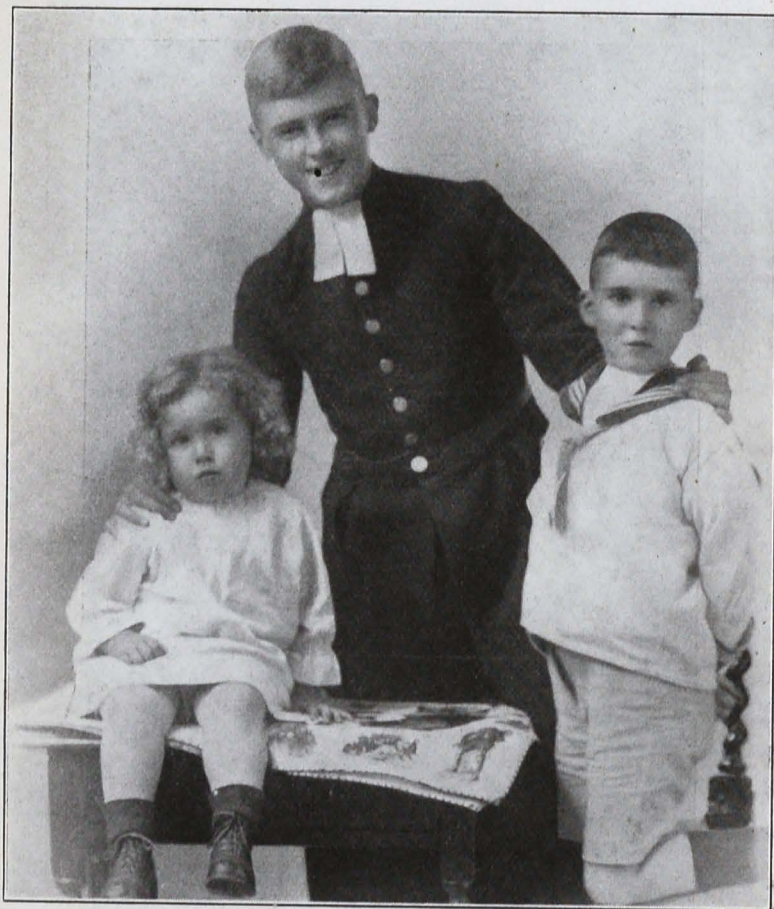
I was also shown another relic of the past in the shape of an old leather snuff box, made by Mr. Greenaway's great-grandfather. It is said that the leather came from a pair of the great Duke of



The present Landlord.

Wellington's boots. Very old engravings of the Abbey Gateway, St. Laurence's Church and St. Mary's Church hang in one of the rooms, and I drank from an old pint pewter tankard bearing the name of the house and that of Mr. Greenaway's great-grandfather.

A curious thing is the fact that the oak table in the private bar and the mahogany one in the smoke room are standing in exactly the same positions as they did five generations ago. The house has been extensively altered twice in thirty years.



The Landlord's three sons.

The present landlord excels in shop fitting and cabinet making, and I saw some beautiful examples of his work in this direction. He came to the "Wellington Arms" when he was a little baby and has remained there ever since. One of his hobbies is angling, and he has had some very big catches in his time.



The House as it appeared before the recent rebuilding.

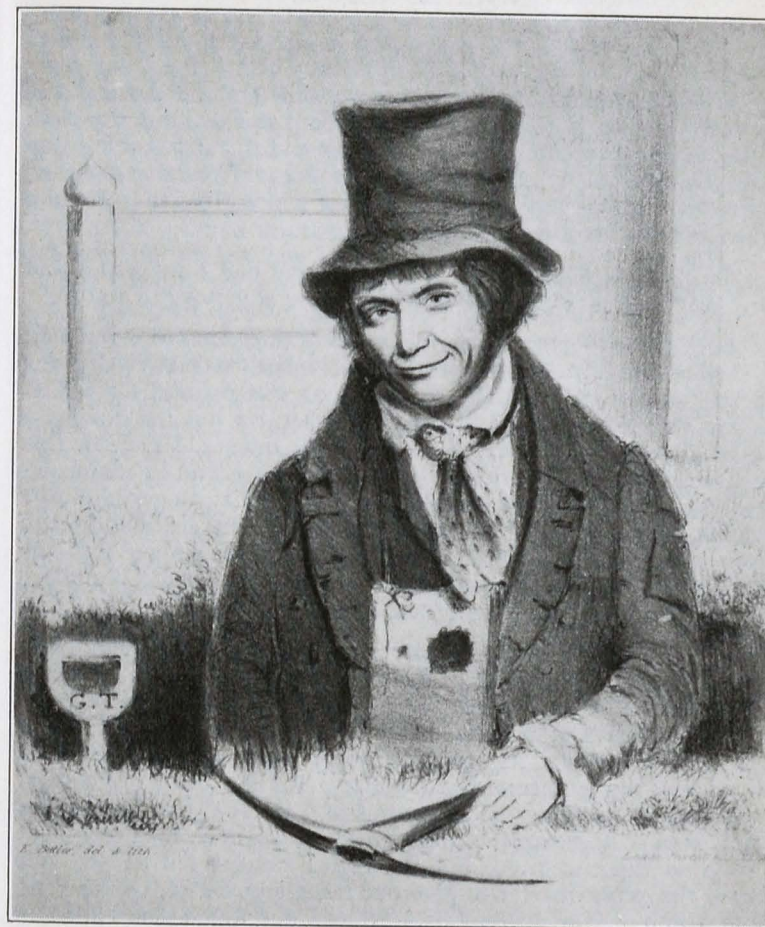
DID HIS "BIT" IN THE GREAT WAR.

Mr. Greenaway did his "bit" in the Great War. He joined the Motor Machine Guns at Coventry and proceeded from there for training at Bisley. He was transferred to Thetford for the Tank Corps and went out to France with the Headquarters Staff to await the arrival of the first of the tanks. He finished with the rank of Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant.

A good business man, genial and courteous to one and all, he is deservedly popular and a worthy landlord of a worthy house.



The "Wellington Arms" as it appears to-day.



One of the old engravings hanging in the "Wellington Arms." George Tilling, for a number of years the Verger at St. Mary's Church.

A FATAL FALL.

Mr. George H. Rushton, aged 55, who had been working at the Brewery for two years fell from a ladder in the Union Room and, we regret to say, died from his injuries.

SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

With the advent of British summer time and the Australians, the correct thing is to start thinking about cricket, but the clerk of the weather seems to have other ideas and so far has served up very poor specimens of Saturday afternoons. We have not had one really suitable day for our matches, which, like the weather, have not been favourable to us.

Up to the present the "A" team have had four games and the "B" team three and we have not a single victory to record.

Let us digress a little from the report of the games for a moment to correct the statement made in last month's GAZETTE of the officials of the "B's." The captain and vice-captain elected at the general meeting found it impossible to carry out the duties, so a fresh selection had to be made. In consequence, Mr. J. B. Doe will be leading the team with Mr. R. Broad as his second-in-command. These two gentlemen are confident in their ability to get hold of a winning team ere long. Mr. J. Read has undertaken the duties of scorer. With these offices filled we were able to get on with the membership cards and these are now in the hands of the Committee and officials. Will members please note.

Now for a brief resumé of the games played, commencing with the "A" team against N.A.L.G.O. on Prospect Park. Here our friends batted first and made a poor start, four wickets falling for 13 runs. Then a stand was made and the partnership added 41 runs; F. White scored 26 and J. Dossett 27. Thereafter the fall of the wickets were more or less regular and their total reached 77. Croom came out with a good average of 6 for 19. Our batting for a time seemed to be much stronger and our score read 52 for 5, but a collapse then occurred and the eighth wicket fell at 56. We played the extra quarter to give our friends a chance, but the end came with our score reading 63 for 8 and our first game ended in a draw. J. Smith, one of our new recruits, made 21—quite a promising start.

The next event was at Ipsden, but here the rain came on and play became impossible. An interval was made for tea a little earlier than originally arranged, but it rained harder afterwards and we had to cry off. Our opponents had all the fun there was going and had made 83 for 2 wickets.

Heckfield came over on the following Saturday and what is more went away with the spoils of victory. We won the toss and elected to bat. The wicket was soft after rain, in fact earlier in

the day it looked more like another blank. Heckfield have got a newcomer in R. Smith who promises to become a real class bowler—rumour hath it that he spent a fortnight with the Hants County staff last year. Anyway, he proved too good for us and took five of our wickets quite cheaply; in fact only H. Osborne made a stand and he carried his bat for 14. Our score read 41 at the end of our innings. Our turn with the ball was fairly promising and with the score at 13, E. G. Crutchley, late of Farnboro, took the first wicket and after a four off the next ball, got the second and F. Clarke secured another in the following over. The next pair carried the score along until it equalled ours and the score went along steadily with wickets falling at intervals until the last man was dismissed at 76. J. Rumens had 5 wickets at 4 apiece. G. Hathaway made 19 and having by then won the match, retired. R. Smith also showed his skill with the bat and made 17.

Our last venture was at Eversley, where Mr. Harry had some good cricketers to help the lads of the "Street." Tom called wrong so had to lead his men on to the field. Crutchley and Rumens opened the proceedings and the latter's googlies soon had the batsmen guessing and we had four down for 23. Admiral Bentinck played some delightful cricket and seemed fairly comfortable when he was run out, having just reached double figures. Mr. Harry again showed his method of dealing with the slow stuff, which was to change his grip and drive the ball behind the wicket. He made 14 when he was caught in two minds and put the ball into Rider's hands. We then had another experience of a left-hander in Mr. Townsend who topped the list with 24 before giving Hendy one in the long field. H. Yeomans also reached double figures.

Our batting failed and the less said about it the better and all told we only got 46. Hendy was holding his end up when the last wicket was thrown away and just on time. Naturally we should not have insisted on time being called, being so far behind.

Now for the Juniors. They too are without a win, but are also looking forward with strong hopes of an early improvement.

Y.M.C.A. 2nd XI was their first encounter. As no captain had then been chosen, Mr. Luker led the team, but although a good game ensued we were not quite strong enough to do the trick. We batted first, but found Mr. Woolcote almost unplayable, he finding a particular spot; he took 8 wickets for 13 runs and nearly did the hat trick, and three times took wickets with successive balls. Our score amounted to 34. We fielded in the rain part of the time, until it got too bad to continue and by that time Y.M. had made 45 for 6. It is only fair to say that two men got 40 between them and Broad took 4 wickets in the first over, the first five being down for 5 runs.

We then met another new team to us in Mortimer Garth and although we only made 29 we were unlucky to lose the match. Josey was top with 8 not out which was quite good considering the bowling performance against us. We looked like pulling this game out of the fire for we stood at 6 for 20 when E. Bushnell came in and with two hits (6 and 4) won the match, he being 15 not out, out of a total of 39. R. Broad came out with 5 for 19, J. B. Doe (who took up his duties as skipper), 2 for 3 and L. Atkinson got the other two. It was unfortunate the last-named came in for the above-mentioned punishment. To pass the time our boys had another knock, but could only muster up 20 runs on the second venture; there was, of course, nothing attached to this innings.

The next venture was against another team of unknown quality, viz., Spencers Wood 2nd XI. They proved far too strong for our boys, although it was voted a pleasant game by those who participated. Our friends, the enemy, batted first and compiled a century, which has upset the hitherto good bowling averages. The tide turned after we had 3 down for 18 for the next wicket carried the score to 53.

It is quite evident the practice at nets is forgotten when matches are being played for we were all out for 19, which is a tale of its own.

The next matches to be played are "A" team *v.* Wargrave "B" (away) and "B" team *v.* Whitley Hall (home).

Since the cards were printed the following fixtures have been arranged:—

"A" team *v.* Eversley Street (away) on August 9th.

"B" team *v.* Reading Electricity Sports Club (home) on the same date.

Will members please mark their cards accordingly.

J.W.J.

THE ACQUISITION OF MESSRS. ASHBY'S STAINES BREWERY.

It is now public news that the Firm have acquired an important addition to their business and that the deal foreshadowed in the Press has now passed from the stage of preliminary negotiation to actuality. There are, of course, various formalities with which to comply before the amalgamation is complete. We are convinced that the transaction will prove eminently successful for the shareholders of the Companies concerned in the merger.

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

EVE ON THE TENNIS COURT.

White has once more lured itself back as ideal for tennis wear, but with it comes decided change. In place of the hitherto shapeless little design, so unbecoming in spite of its practical values, appear well-modelled little frocks of numerous designs, lending both charm and freedom to the wearer. So in dress as well as play we make rapid strides, and to-day sees Eve attractively dressed on the courts as well as off.

May I offer a little practical advice? When making your dress do not fit it *too* closely to your armpits. Clear them well. This will help to keep your dress from becoming soiled when engaged in strenuous play.

At a recent dress parade they were wearing, as materials of special favour, pure silks, artificial silks, shantung and piqué. The latter, for durability and lasting freshness, to my mind eclipses them all. Last but not least they were showing some delightfully cool yet shady hats, finely stitched for trimming. These, worn with the brims becomingly turned, will add both charm and ease to the wearer.

EVE.

BEST WISHES.

To THE EDITOR,

HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

Sir,—I would like through the medium of your journal to send my best wishes to Mr. Hutton, who was a welcome visitor to our Mess when I was on the "Rock." I saw his name mentioned in this month's (April) Gazette. He will recall many good outings etc., which I had the pleasure of running when P.E.C. was there, and I was always sure and thankful for his help in making a success of the functions we held.

Yours faithfully,

L. W. Taylor ("Buck"),

C.S.M.,
Royal Engineers.

"B" Company,

1st A.A. 5/c Bttn. R.E.,

North Frith Barracks,

Deepcut Camp,

Near Aldershot, Hants.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Of course, all of us men are cast in the same mould."

"Yes, but some are mouldier than others."

* * * *

A hunter was showing his collection of trophies to a group of visitors. He was rapturously explaining how he acquired the various exhibits.

"See that elephant," he said, "I shot it in my pyjamas."

"Good heavens," murmured the flapper. "How did it get there?"

* * * *

EPITAPH.

This tombstone's at the head of Browne,
And t'other's at his feet;
He was a most untidy man,
But he liked his whisky neat.

* * * *

"What do you mean—all girls are like flowers?"

"When they fade, they dye."

* * * *

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE: "Look at the homes whisky has wrecked."

ANCIENT MARINER: "That's nothin', guv'nor; look at the ships water 'as wrecked!"

* * * *

Dennis Fagan was on his way home. At least, he was floundering along in the right direction. Suddenly he fell, and pulled himself to his feet, to find the parish priest in front of him.

"Dennis, Dennis," said the priest, "sinners stand on slippery ground."

"So Oi see, yer riverence," said Dennis, "but faith, it's more than Oi can do."

* * * *

SINGLE GENTLEMAN: "What's the best month to get married in?"

MARRIED PERSON: "Octembruary."

SINGLE GENTLEMAN: "Why, there's no such month."

MARRIED PERSON: "Just so."

He is not drunk who from the floor
May rise and call for more;
But he is drunk who prostrate lies,
Without the power to drink or rise.

* * * *

At a city council meeting in the North of England it was proposed to have a gondola on the park lake. "We want nowt wi' a gondola," said an economically-minded councillor.

But his opponents stuck to their point and it was clear that the gondola was going to be forthcoming. Making the best of a bad job, he got up once more. "We want nowt wi' a gondola," he said, "but if we mun 'ave one let's 'ave two so as they can breed."

* * * *

A party of actors put up for the night in a primitive village. Next day one of them observed wearily to a colleague as he rose about noontide: "Where does one wash?"

"In the spring," replied the other. "Laddie," said the first, "I said 'where,' not 'when.'"

* * * *

The proprietor of the country hotel looked worried, and when the policeman approached he said: "Yes, I know I'm open after hours; but it isn't my fault. I've got a man here who refuses to leave."

"Oh, you have, have you?" said the policeman. "We'll soon see about that."

He marched into the house, and, going up to a shabby man sitting in a corner, deposited him outside before he could protest. Whereupon the proprietor quickly bolted and barred his doors.

"Now, then," said the policeman, surveying the offender, "who are you that you should refuse to leave licensed premises, I should like to know?"

The shabby man was spluttering with wrath. "Who am I, you idiot? Why, I'm the broker's man—that's who I am!"

* * * *

The enthusiastic young man entered the offices of the first big firm he found.

"What sort of chance is there," he said, "for a young fellow, beginning at the bottom, to work his way up?"

"Not much chance," said the manager. "We're contractors for digging wells."

A golfing husband was entertaining a friend. They were left alone talking for some time after dinner. Then the wife entered the dining-room to hear her husband pass some remark about "a hole in one."

"My goodness," she said. "Are you still talking about golf?"

"No, dear," said her husband, with a smile. "We're talking about socks."

* * * *

"Robert," said the earnest social worker to the village reprobate, "the last time I met you you made me happy because you were sober. To-day you have made me unhappy because you are intoxicated."

"Yesh, to-day'sh my turn to be happy," replied Robert, with a beaming smile.

* * * *

Little Helen, who had been ill, begged for a kitten. It was found that an operation was necessary for the child's cure and that she must go to the hospital. Her mother promised that if she was brave she would have the very finest kitten to be found.

As Helen was recovering from the influence of the anæsthetic the nurse heard her muttering: "It's a rotten way to get a kitten."

IN CITY STREETS.

Yonder in the heather there's a bed for sleeping,
Drink for one athirst, ripe blackberries to eat;
Yonder in the sun the merry hares go leaping,
And the pool is clear for travel-wearied feet.

Sorely throb my feet, a-tramping London highways;
Ah, the springy moss upon a northern moor!
Through the endless streets, the gloomy squares and by-ways,
Homeless in the city, poor amongst the poor.

London streets are gold—but give me leaves a-glinting
'Midst grey dykes and hedges in the autumn sun;
London water's wine, poured out for all, unstinting.
Ah, for the little brooks that tumble as they run!

Oh, my heart is fain to hear the soft wind blowing
Souging through the fir-tops, up on northern fells!
Oh, my eyes are aching to see the brown burns flowing
Through the peaky soil and tinkling heather-bells!

BRANCHES.

FARNBOROUGH.

The final game of this year's Border Billiards League Individual Championship was, as in previous seasons, played at the Jubilee Hall Club, Farnborough, and for the second year in succession Mr. E. P. Conolly, Aldershot Conservative Club, won the handsome trophy presented by Councillor T. H. Jones. His opponent was Mr. A. Yeomans, South Farnborough Working Men's Club.

"Simonds Cup," the Billiards League prize, was won by the South Farnborough Working Men's Club, whose reserve team were winners of the reserve section. The Darts section was won by the Aldershot Liberal Club, newcomers to the League, and the Shove-halfpenny section was won by the Farnborough Jubilee Hall Club, who, after several seasons of desperate endeavour, have succeeded in lifting a pot.

An interesting billiards match took place on May 8th between the officials and staff of the Jubilee Hall Club and Farnborough Branch staff of H. & G. S. on the former's tables. The games resulted in a win for the home team by 34 points. Scores:—

<i>Jubilee Hall Club.</i>			<i>Farnborough Branch.</i>		
R. D. McLaurin (<i>President</i>)	... 100	<i>v.</i>	A. Hurst	... 68	
D. Terry (<i>Vice-President</i>)	... 63	<i>v.</i>	R. Paice	... 100	
C. Lloyd (<i>Treasurer</i>)	... 100	<i>v.</i>	F. Russell	... 67	
G. Lloyd (<i>Secretary</i>)	... 47	<i>v.</i>	C. Hockley	... 100	
Hockley (<i>Steward</i>)	... 100	<i>v.</i>	W. H. Davis	... 63	
A. G. Every (<i>Trustee</i>)	... 100	<i>v.</i>	E. Gosney	... 78	
	510			476	

After the match "The Cup" was presented to the winners and "medals" to winners and losers, and hopes were expressed that the event should become an annual affair.

OXFORD.

We are glad to note from the May issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE that "W.D." has recovered from his recent indisposition and hope that he is now quite fit. We always con with interest his "Brewery Jottings" from which we get news of the doings at Headquarters.

We were sorry to learn from the same issue of the GAZETTE that Mrs. C. E. Gough has been so seriously ill, and hope she will be speedily restored to health.

It may be of interest to readers to know that the Poet Laureate elect, John Masefield, lives at Boars Hill, about four miles distant from, but within sight of the spires of, the City of Oxford. In the same village the late Poet Laureate, Dr. Robert Bridges, also resided. Many other distinguished people whose names are equally well known have their homes in this beautiful spot.

The following article appears in the *Oxford Mail* of Tuesday, May 13th, under the heading of

"THE SHY LAUREATE."

"I have heard a succession of anecdotes during the last few days about Mr. John Masefield, the new Laureate, but none I think more interesting than a story that shows the poet as a very young and lovely boy in the country. One day the boy came across a party of children of his own age playing in an orchard. He wished to join them but was too shy. Presently, a little girl detached herself from the group, threw him an apple and asked him to play with the others.

"Even this did not break down the child's reserve, and he left the orchard without making the acquaintance of the girl, whose name was Lillah MacCarthy.

"Now, however, they are neighbours on Boar's Hill, near Oxford, and Miss MacCarthy (Lady Keeble) sometimes gives recitations."

We are eagerly looking forward to the visit of the Australian Cricket Team for the three days from May 29th when they arrive to play Oxford University. From the galaxy of talent at the dark blues' disposal a sporting game should be seen.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

Our Staff sick list is no lighter we are sorry to say and we would welcome a clean bill of health again. These things run in "cycles," so maybe we shall be again favoured by fortune in this respect.

We are pleased to see Mr. H. E. Pike more like himself again and he has apparently defeated the "bogey" of his recent very trying spell of trouble. He will now, no doubt, be after the blood of another of the same family—Colonel Bogey of Yelverton—who is, at any rate, a much more pleasant fellow to mix with though perhaps just as stubborn to overcome.

Mr. W. E. Loynes, Foreman of our Beer Bottling Department, who has recently undergone an operation at the Royal Albert Hospital, is now well on the way to recovery and we hope will

soon be feeling fit enough to carry on again, feeling much better after his trying ordeal.

Our Wine and Spirit Department Foreman, Mr. W. H. Stevens, has also been on the shelf for some time, unable to help us. We trust that by the time these lines appear he will be again at his post, which we know would be as pleasing to himself as to us.

Our Social Club, having now removed to fitter premises at Fore Street, Devonport, the ground floor of the old Conservative Club, looks forward to a brighter and happier future. It is for all "Tamarites" to make it the means for usefulness and comradeship, for which the Club was founded, and we confidently expect that the present promising outlook for its members will be more than fulfilled during the next few months. Progress to be real must be gradual.

The billiards team, although finishing in the bottom half of the League table, considerably improved on their records of the previous year and, we hear, are ambitious enough to think of entering two competitions next winter. We wish them the best of luck and must, in any case, name them as "triers."

The results of their last three matches were:—

Simonds ...	3 games.	Devonport Police	2 games.
Do. ...	1 game.	Wesley ...	4 "
Do. ...	3 games.	Keyham ...	2 "

Not promotion form perhaps but respectable.

After the turmoil of a successful but desperate season, with the plaudits of the crowds still ringing in our ears, we find interest in our Second Division Club has now reached the curious stage; and we have no doubt that those who cheered the most will criticise in like manner if the Plymouth Argyle Club does not keep near the head of that section of the English League as they did in the Third.

As our Reading and Pompey friends know, there is a wide gulf fixed—both in power, team balance and the will to win—between these two sections; and only actual contact and experience will learn the Club and its supporters the lessons which must be learnt before progress can be looked for.

During these days we hope the many thousands who cheered them to victory in 1929-30 will be good enough sportsmen and remain true enough supporters to still do so regardless of defeats. We shall see!

Meanwhile, many thanks for good wishes from our numerous friends away. We hope to see all of you at Plymouth during next season. 'Twas a desperate finish but stamina told.

TAILY HO!

The Dartmoor Point-to-Point Races, which were held at Wrangaton a week or two ago, attracted the notice of many owners, and every race on the card was full of interest to the large attendance present.

Runners were plentiful, and the course was in excellent condition after a morning of misty rain.

The Open Nomination Race was a very fast one, and Maggie Mac surprised most of the punters by beating the hitherto almost unbeaten Cornish horse, Ladder. We are glad our catering representative was not on the spot, otherwise he may have attempted a short climb to wealth on this one.

The Plymouth Garrison Hunt Club Team Race attracted a dozen runners and was won curiously enough by a 20-1 chance named Lightning—surely a tip in itself—owned by Captain W. R. Prescott and ridden by Captain E. R. Newcomb. Many of the riders came to grief but luckily no injuries were sustained by their unrehearsed evolutions.

The "Worcesters" with 14 points were the winners, with the "Devons" second. No other complete teams finished.

Everyone, winners especially, voted the day a record one, and we can assure the Hunt Executive of their enjoyment and also of our pleasure at the excellent arrangements which were made so successfully by them.

Our good friends of the Military Foot Police, Devonport' yield to no one in their loyalty to us, and when, in November last, permission was obtained to open a Mess of their own with a complement of honorary members, we were duly honoured with the supply.

The Mess is now a flourishing one. Difficulties, which at first seemed unsurmountable, were happily overcome by the united efforts of the President and the N.C.O.'s of the Detachment.

From the inauguration the President has been unremitting in his labours for the Mess and has been the principal organizer and leader in the many jolly functions which have been arranged.

From Devonport's point of view it is much to be regretted that he has now been posted to another station.

"Mac" takes with him every good wish from the many West Country friends and comrades who knew him. We know he will prove himself as popular in his new surroundings as he did at Granby and wish him all success.

It is a fact that sick parades are unknown in this detachment owing, 'tis said, to the daily "medicine" which is so adroitly dispensed by the cheery mess caterer to these very loyal supporters of "Hop Leaf" brands.

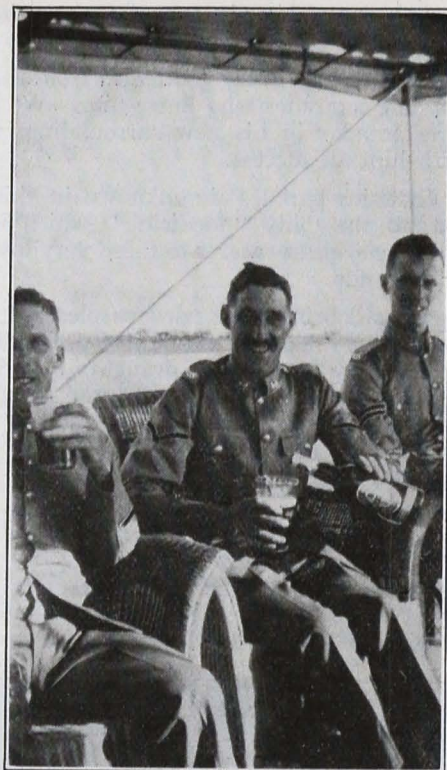
Our "snaps" will bring back perhaps pleasant, and perhaps unpleasant memories, to many of the Military Foot Police now at home, of leisure hours when cooling draughts of "S.B." were at hand as in these instances, "taken and wanted," and of scorching days when the "Bhisti" was our only salvation. What was a bottle of "Simonds" worth then? Our tongues fail us, even to-day, to give the answer!

The Nile at Khartoum is the scene of these happy moments. We envy our patrons their cloudless skies.

The photograph of the Headquarter Staff, M.F.P., Devonport, is reproduced by very kind permission of Mrs. R. Hodge, Photographer, 31, Union Street, Stonehouse.



Headquarter Staff, M.F.P., Devonport.



Happy Memories.

The "Glorious First of June" being the Regimental Festival of the Worcestershire Regiment, the usual ceremonial parade this year was specially marked by the presentation of new Regimental Colours by H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester; a very pleasing and brilliant spectacle, such as our Royal House are always delighted to take part in.

The anniversary of Lord Howe's great naval victory, where the "Worcesters" and "Queens" fought as Marines, is annually one which both regiments observe to the letter. In fact, as is well-known, they each bear as part of their crest the Naval Crown super-scribed "First of June, 1794."

This year's celebrations at the Royal Naval Barracks Parade Ground, Devonport, were fully in keeping with the highest traditions of this famous regiment and of the Service to which they belong. The parade itself was a most stirring sight to witness and was carried out by all ranks with that degree of dignity and quiet confidence which made all our hearts glow with pride. Well done "The 36th"!

WOKING.

WEST BYFLEET SOCIAL CLUB.

PRESENTATION TO MR. R. A. CHARMAN.

The West Byfleet Social Club was the venue of a representative and interesting gathering on Saturday evening, 10th May, when Mr. R. A. Charman was presented with a barometer suitably inscribed, on behalf of the officers and members of the Club.

Mr. J. Atfield (President) addressing the members said it was felt that they could not allow the occasion to pass without making some small recognition to Mr. Charman in consideration of his services to the Club as Secretary—an office which he had recently vacated. He was indeed grateful to the members for the spontaneous response which they had given to the proposal, and would like to thank them for their whole-hearted support. He had great pleasure in calling on their old friend Mr. W. H. Webb to make the presentation.

Mr. W. H. Webb (Trustee) said he was honoured in being asked to make the presentation. A great number present would recall that Mr. Charman took over the Secretaryship about seven years ago when the Club was not in so sound a position as it was to-day, but he was pleased to say that from that time the Club had continued to make steady progress. He felt that this mark of esteem had received such unanimous support, not only by reason of

the fact that Mr. Charman had been their Secretary, but also because he was a true friend and an untiring worker in the interests of the Club. In asking Mr. Charman to accept the present on behalf of the members he hoped the future for him would always be "set fair."

Mr. Charman in reply said he was somewhat at a loss to adequately thank the members for such a kindly expression of their feeling towards him, but the barometer would be placed in a prominent position in his home, and would serve to remind him of many pleasant hours spent in their company during his term of office. He had always endeavoured to work conscientiously, and if they felt he had been successful, it was due to the unstinted help given him by the officers and members generally, for which he thanked them, and trusted that his successor would be given a similar measure of co-operation. The future success of the Club would thus be assured.

The opportunity was taken to thank Mr. S. Would for his good services in connection with the selection and purchase of the barometer.

SERGEANTS' MESS, DEPOT THE QUEEN'S ROYAL REGIMENT.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

The eve of the Easter Holiday period saw at once a decrease and an increase in the numbers enjoying the hospitable shelter of the Mess. Some few of our members departed to spend their vacation in their own homes, others remained to greet the Warrant Officers and Sergeants of the 22nd Battalion The London Regiment (The Queen's) which unit was quartered in our Barracks for Easter Training. Old friends again met and many new friendships were formed.

We need not remark that the whole period was a most enjoyable time for all, notwithstanding the fact that the clerk of the weather blotted each day's page of his copy book. Good comradeship and conviviality arose superior to all annoyances consequent upon bad weather. Each day found the "London's" together with one or two of our members engaged in some kind of military training, but the evenings found all of us keeping our caterer, Mr. Whitcombe, as busy as possible in supplying us with much needed refreshment.

We discovered that our visitors were not strangers to the Beer which is best, but we did introduce some of them to "Services." All kinds however, were equally popular. They were well practised in saying "S.B." and one racing enthusiast remarked—"Well,

B.D.A. cannot win races but the "Best Dark Ale" scores many points over its competitors."

On one or two occasions several of us endeavoured to lose our "Hearts" and one is still looking for the "Queen of Sheba." Apparently our card enthusiasts have euchred their erstwhile popular game. Perchance they enjoy a larger school (who said porpoises?). The froth was well and truly blown, however, and the blowing was not due to a weakness like to that of the well-known mammal. Saturday and Sunday evenings were enlivened by impromptu socials, which were a great success. Our enthusiasm for singing was invigorated by samples from our caterer's stock and our zest for drinking was piqued by our singing, the latter more so however, by the mellow flavour of the "Best." The Chair was taken by Mr. Buckingham at the request of R.S.M. Smith (personally we have noted the place he took it to).

Old time songs and ballads predominated (was this because we did not know the transient melodies of to-day or was it because we know the best in singing as in beer?). In our liking for old time songs we were valiantly supported by the Officers of the 22nd Battalion, who visited us on Saturday evening. The ladies' efforts, however, contributed in the greatest measure to the success of both evenings. Mrs. Buckingham accompanied during both evenings with skill and artistic merit, in addition to singing herself. Mrs. Clarke sang exceedingly well on both occasions, and Mrs. Graham, an old friend also sang meritoriously on Sunday evening.

The male members were shown the way in hilarious fashion by R.S.M. Smith and Drum Major Biggs, and songs were also well rendered by C.S.M. Jude, C.S.M. Walford and Sergt. Power. Monologues, humorous and dramatic, were supplied by Mr. Sheppard and Mr. Buckingham respectively.

The conclusion of Saturday evening's concert was marked by the singing of Auld Lang Syne with the Officers. Sunday evening was rounded off by neat speeches by R.S.M. Smith and R.S.M. Tedder, D.C.M., the former thanking all who had been responsible for hospitality and entertainment, and threatening to invade us in July when they are due to camp at Mytchett. In replying, R.S.M. Tedder reciprocated the good wishes and promised that our counter attack on Mytchett Camp should be in force, particularly as we shall expect to find our favourite brew there.

"The King" was rendered on both occasions with all the loyalty and sincere feeling for which the Regiment is noted.

BRIGHTON.

Our regular correspondent is just now away on holiday in Switzerland, so we may look forward to something interesting from his pen in the near future.

Another couple, who have recently been staying in Hove, set out during the week-end for a novel Continental tour on a tricycle built for them thirty years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Worrall and their tricycle have been familiar figures in the town for several weeks past. Mrs. Worrall rides the machine, whilst her husband, a fine example of manhood despite his eighty-one years of age, walks behind, and helps to push the vehicle when a hill has to be climbed.

The couple, who have travelled thousands of miles in this fashion, will first visit Folkestone. They will then cross to France, where they will ride right through the country and penetrate into Italy before their return home in the autumn. Truly a remarkable couple.

With the Suffolk Yeomanry under canvas near Worthing this week, we begin the usual succession of camps in Sussex, which will last on until August, when we shall be catering for the 167th Infantry Brigade from London. Let us hope the weather will be a little more genial later than at present for those sleeping under canvas.

Brighton is to be invaded on the 21st June, when the staff of Messrs. Carreras are coming down for their annual outing. It is anticipated that 3,500 will sit down together for lunch in one huge marquee on the lawn of the Royal Pavilion.

Brighton Gala Week is fixed for June 30th to July 5th, so any readers who have not decided upon holidays, might do worse than come to Brighton at that time, for in addition to the usual attractions there will be a Motor Rally, Horse Show, and Military Tournament.

PORTSMOUTH.

OPENING OF THE SEASON AT THE SOUTHSEA WAVERLEY BOWLING CLUB.

The season was inaugurated by this Club on Wednesday, April 30th. It proved to be a glorious day. The green was in excellent condition and the Pavilion was gaily decorated with bunting for the occasion. The members turned up in strong numbers to troll their woods in the all-conquering game of bowls.

There were as many young bowling enthusiasts on the green as members of the "old Brigade," and to confound the critics, did not a member of the Waverley's, under 30 years of age, win the Senior Club Championship in 1928. However, there is nothing more enjoyable to a tired and over-worked man of sedentary employment than an afternoon or evening spent on a well-kept green in the company of his friends. The President, Mr. Ben Isaacs welcomed the members and wished the Club a continuation of successes in the coming season enjoyed in the past. The Club Flag was then unfurled and a match played between the President's and the Captain's team mustering 54 players. After an exciting game the President's team won by the narrow margin of six shots; 112 for the President's against 106 for the Captain's. Tea was served in the Pavilion and about 90 sat down. At its conclusion, the President in announcing the result of the match wished all a happy time on the green and in the Club during his tenure of office. The Captain, Mr. H. W. Johnson, asked all the bowling members to put in as much practice as possible and to help to achieve results equal to or better than in previous years. Councillor F. J. Hooper proposed a vote of thanks to the President for his efforts on behalf of the Club which was carried with acclamation. One of the pioneers of the E.B.A. game in the Mother Country was Mr. S. E. Yelland, a Portmuthian. Although the E.B.A. game has only been played generally in the City for the past six years, it was in 1899, through Mr. Yelland's instrumentality that a party of Australians who were then visiting England played a match on the Waverley Green under the E.B.A. rules and were beaten by a team of the Waverley's, then known as the Saxe Weimer Bowling Club.

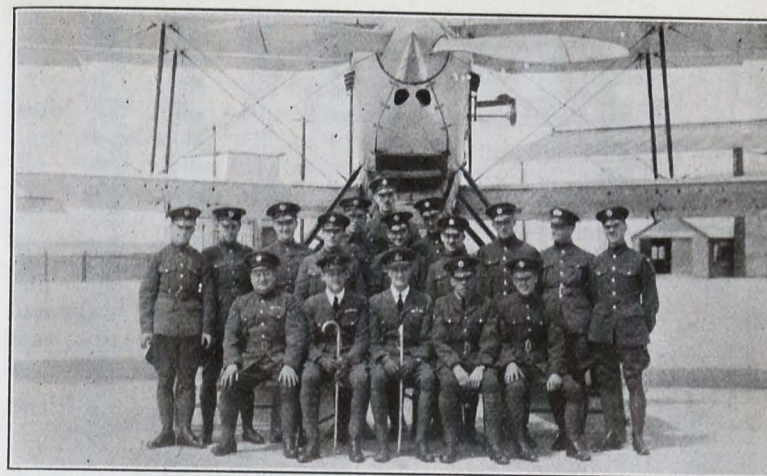
THE PORTSMOUTH AND DISTRICT CLUBS DEFENCE LEAGUE.

At a meeting of this League held at the Oddfellows Hall, Kingston Road, a resolution was passed which is to be sent to the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary and local Members of Parliament protesting against the constitution of the Royal Commission now sitting to investigate the licensing laws and expressing their determination to resist any effort to introduce prohibition under the false title of Local Option. The meeting represented 20 Clubs and 17,000 club members of Portsmouth. Mr. T. Langley (Secretary) in supporting, said that since the League had been formed locally, one or two Clubs had withdrawn because they belonged to the Club & Institute Union. They hoped those Clubs would now come back because their idea that the League was antagonistic to the Union was erroneous. The Union was a national organization; the League existed to defend Clubs locally and to build up a spirit of goodwill and sportsmanship. The time had come when Clubs should defend their rights. Their friends of

the Free Church Council always appeared before the Licensing Magistrates to forward their case, whereas the Club members had no single representative to state their side of the case. Club members did not go out of their way to criticise teetotallers who ought not to go out of their way to abuse those who were not teetotallers. The Club members were as respectable a body as any section of the community, but because they had no organization they had been slandered by Free Church and other people. No one looked askance at a teetotaller in a Club if he asked for a non-intoxicant refreshment. Whatever the decision of the Royal Commission now sitting was, he hoped the Clubs of Portsmouth would become one strong band in the league to protect themselves and fight against any proposals which were detrimental to their interests. The meeting decided that Clubs should be eligible to join the League for 5/- a year and that every affiliated club should be entitled to send a delegate to discuss the business of the League.

LORD METHUEN'S VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH.

The new Branch of the South African War Veterans Association which still numbers at least 160, 140 of which were on parade in front of the Guildhall to provide a guard of honour for the renowned Field Marshall, Lord Methuen, on the occasion of his visit to commemorate the inauguration of the Portsmouth Branch, gave Lord Methuen the General's salute after which, accompanied by the Lord Mayor (Councillor J. E. Smith, J.P.) he inspected the guard. Most of the veterans had grown grey with years, though their military bearing gave the parade an impressive smartness. Yet the old soldier of them all was Lord Methuen himself, who is almost 85. There was a reception afterwards in the Guildhall and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress were Host and Hostess. Two V.C.'s were present, Major J. E. I. Masterton of the 1st Bn. Devon Regiment, now living at Waterlooville, and Colonel C. T. Inkson of Chichester, both of whom are Vice-Presidents of the Association. The Lord Mayor told the Company that it was one of his greatest privileges to welcome such a renowned soldier and gentleman as Lord Methuen. The Empire had been built up by the ambitions, efforts and sacrifices of its heroes and Lord Methuen had merited the right to be among them. Captain F. W. Prattenton was in charge of the parade which marched to the Guildhall from the Connaught Drill Hall and among those who assisted in the general arrangements were Captain P. Clarke (local Secretary) and Mr. A. Lewis (General Secretary of the Association). Prior to the inspection of the guard and reception, Lord Methuen was the guest of the Lord Mayor at a private dinner party in his official apartments.



Group of Officers and N.C.O.s of the School of Naval Co-operation, Lee-on-Solent.

WOOLWICH.

Our contributions to the GAZETTE from this end have not, we fear, been very regular of late, due to several changes in our office staff, but now we are settling down again to our usual state of affairs.

We are glad to see Mr. S. H. Spurling now about again after his illness and by the time these notes are in print we hope he is settled down in his new sphere at the Tamar Brewery, where we wish him every success.

Mr. F. Speller of London Stores has joined our staff and now appears to have "played himself in."

Since our last contribution we have had the pleasure to supply various functions, among these being the following:—

2ND BATTALION THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT, GRAVESEND,
BACK BADGE BALL.

The above Regiment's Annual Ball was held on March 21st, 1930, it being the anniversary of the granting of the Back Badge to the 28th Foot for their gallantry at the Battle of Alexandria, March 21st, 1801.

In the morning prior to the Ball, the Battalion was assembled to witness a demonstration in miniature of the Battle of Alexandria,

this was given by a number of the Regiment dressed in the uniform of the old 28th Foot. Captain R. M. Grazebrook, O.B.E., M.C., was responsible for this fine production.

The Ball was a tremendous success, and was held in the Milton Barracks Gymnasium, the members of the Sergeants Mess acting as hosts. Over 500 persons were present, including Lieut.-Col. R. L. Beasley, D.S.O. (Officer Commanding), Mrs. Beasley and many other Officers and N.C.O.'s of the Regiment past and present. The members of the Gravesend Corporation were also present.

It was the unanimous opinion of all that a very happy evening was spent, much of the praise being due to C.Q.M.S. Cannell (President of the Entertainment Committee) who with other members spared no effort to make the function a huge success.

On Saturday, May 10th, 1930, we supplied, through our friend Mr. T. Croft, the Charlton Athletic Football Club Supporters Association Fete and Gala, held at the Repository Grounds, Woolwich. The weather was unfortunately very unkind and this rather marred the occasion, however, every endeavour was made by those present to forget the weather conditions and quite a happy day resulted.

While on this subject we Londoners feel quite proud of the achievements of our football teams during the close season and we are looking forward to another successful season when the game starts again next August.

Cricket is now in full swing and we look forward to the Test Matches with a deal of enthusiasm and feel sure that the men of Kent, Mr. A. P. F. Chapman, F. E. Woolley, "Tich" Freeman and others will uphold traditions if selected.

GIBRALTAR.

As was forecasted in our last issue, the outing to Malaga contemplated by the Royal Engineers W.O.'s and Sergeants Mess, took place on 26th April. Unfortunately, the clerk of the weather was in a perverse mood, and before arrival at the destination we were in the midst of a tropical downpour which continued practically for the remainder of the day. Even so, this was insufficient to damp our spirits, and the efforts of the Mess Committee, under the able leadership of S.M. Ashworth did much to compensate for the inclemency of the weather. A further trip to the Cork Woods has been arranged for the last day of the month, but now that the dry season has set in there is little doubt that the function will be an unqualified success in every respect.

The majority of the 3rd Destroyer Flotilla are at present with us, and are likely to remain for some time. As these vessels are all newly commissioned however, they are at present in the throes of the "shaking down" process, and spend comparatively little time on shore.

The Royal Naval Depot held their annual sports a short time ago, and a very enjoyable afternoon was spent, and even the heat and the gravel track failed to reduce the number of entries for the various events, all of which were well up to the usual standard.

The Command Billiards Championship is well under way and nearing completion, as is also the Tennis Tournament, in both of which, some good sport has been witnessed.

In spite of the heat, which is now beginning to make itself felt, whist drives and dances are still carried on with unabated enthusiasm although it must be admitted that the ladies are more in evidence than the men—possibly from a desire to obtain and maintain that girlish figure. It is rather surprising that there is no open-air dance floor in Gibraltar, but possibly that will come in course of time.

The recent Charity Dance organised by the R.N. Depot proved a huge success, both socially and financially, and as a result of the dance, in addition to contributions from many well-known business men on the Rock, the sum of £72 10s. od. has been forwarded to the Trafalgar Day Orphan Fund.

Football has faded completely out of the picture and King Cricket reigns in his stead. Tennis and swimming are in full swing, while plenty of hardy spirits in running shorts can be seen in hard training for the Command Sports which are due to take place shortly.

Gibraltar's annual event—the Empire Day Fair and Festivities, which continues for the best part of a fortnight, is also well ahead, while the numerous bull-fights which are held within easy distance of the Rock, provide attraction for the more blood-thirsty members of the community.

Small though our community is, we manage to secure plenty of enjoyment, while the newspapers—not forgetting THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, help to make us feel that we are not so far away from the old Country after all.

SLOUGH.

TAPLOW TERRITORIAL CLUB AND THE 394TH BATTERY ROYAL BERKS
YEOMANRY, ROYAL ARTILLERY.

We have great pleasure in recording a most happy evening spent on Saturday, April 26th last as the Drill Hall, Taplow, on the occasion of the Annual Dinner in connection with the above, the Chairman being Major R. H. Wilson, M.C. (Commanding Officer of the Battery) and supporting him were Capt. A. G. Clifton Brown, Col. Serocold, Col. Barron, B.S.M. V. J. McOmie (Secretary and Steward of the Club) and other officers including friends from the Territorial Club, Drill Hall, Slough, in Capt. P. S. Eliot, Lieut. G. S. G. Naylor, Lieut. A. F. Quantrill of the Bucks Battalion (Oxon & Bucks Light Infantry) and members of the Battery and the Club brought the number to well over a hundred who sat down and regaled themselves most heartily with an excellent dinner.

Following the Royal Toast, proposed by the Chairman and loyally responded to by all present, Col. Barron proposed the Toast of the 394th Battery and the Territorial Club, saying that the Battery was not quite so strong as it might be in Taplow and hoped the strength would be improved with the addition of new members. Every Territorial unit should take a pride in being kept up to full strength and the present members should urge their friends to "do their bit." Col. Barron coupled with the Toast the name of Major Wilson which was received with musical honours. Major Wilson in acknowledging the kind things said, stated that the Club was in a very flourishing condition but the local Battery was not quite so satisfactory. They had a good, well conducted Club and it was up to all the young men to see that there was a good Unit of the Battery run here. He urged all present to persuade their friends to join the Battery and the Club, and to all young fellows who came forward he could promise them a most interesting hobby and a jolly good camp every year amongst good sporting mess mates.

Capt. A. G. Clifton Brown gave "The Visitors" and welcomed Col. Serocold and Col. Barron and the other distinguished visitors with them that evening, hoping they would see them often again, mentioning that N.C.O.'s present from High Wycombe represented the other section of the Battery. He also specially mentioned that the members owed a deep debt of gratitude to B.S.M. McOmie and his Committee in arranging the combined dinner and concert and in so tastefully decorating the hall for the occasion, which must have entailed a considerable amount of work.

Col. Serocold replying for the visitors admitted that he was the oldest territorial in the hall except Sergt. Smith, and in the course of his address gave the origin and history of the hall. Upon being asked, he was successful in raising a Company of the A.S.C. in Taplow, due chiefly to about 40 of the men disbanded from the Cyclist's Corps at Maidenhead and Slough who formed the nucleus of the A.S.C. Company in Taplow. Later, the command fell upon Col. (then Lieut.) Barron and through the efforts of the County Secretary a Drill Hall was provided for Taplow. Col. Serocold was not dismayed to hear that the Battery was at present below strength as this was only a temporary difficulty and he felt sure and knew from experience that where the young men do not care to go to-day, they would probably go to-morrow, and he confidently expected to hear of a large number of recruits joining the Battery and being in the Club in the near future.

The company present enjoyed a splendid concert, the following artistes providing a capital programme throughout the evening:— Sid O'Callaghan (the Reading humourist), Mr. Taffy Mills (humourist), Mr. Ernest Simms (baritone), Mr. Harvey Lee (tenor), with Mr. Arthur Goodall a most able accompanist at the piano.

The Firm's well-known "Hop Leaf" brands in "S.B.", "I.P.A.", etc., were most thoroughly enjoyed by all present during the whole proceedings.

The Manager of the South Bucks County Club, Slough (Mr. F. W. Nutt) showed the writer recently a visiting card which makes rather interesting and unique reading:—

'Phone: Cumanav 1.

HYAM DRYAZELL,

MINESA BITTER,
YUKON PAY.

FARNBOROUGH.

MILITARY DEPT.

Mr. R. Paice has succeeded Captain G. D. Lupton as our camp representative at Aldershot, whose work included North and South Camps, Stanhope Lines, R.A.F., etc.

Mr. Paice began work for the Firm in May, 1910, under the late Captain W. Batchelor at Alexandra Road offices.

He joined the army in April, 1915, serving with the 1st Battn. K.R.R.C. in France. He was wounded and transferred to the R.F.C. (and afterwards R.A.F.) and demobilized in 1919, holding the 1915 Star.

Mr. Paice's father joined the Firm in 1874 at the Station Road, Aldershot, premises, under Mr. Harding and the late Mr. Bolton. He afterwards moved to Farnborough as Foreman, serving the Firm under the late Mr. Bolton, Major W. F. Cottrell and Captain W. Batchelor for nearly forty years.

We wish Mr. Paice every success in his new work and all good fortune.

