

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 9



MR. E. H. KELLY.

MR. E. H. KELLY.

In the frontispiece of this month's issue, we have reproduced the portrait of a popular member of our Reading travelling staff, whose record will prove of interest to a large circle of patrons and readers.

Mr. Kelly completed thirty years' service in April of this year, having commenced as a junior clerk in the Delivery Department, where he served for nine years prior to being moved to the Wine and Spirit Department. In the latter department, Mr. Kelly studied this section of our business for eight years and gained an all-round knowledge of the routine of the trade, including the breaking down and blending of spirits and the binning of wines. The knowledge thus gained has been a great adjunct to him in his present capacity of salesman, which position he has filled since 1920. In the course of his duties Mr. Kelly covers the districts of Reading, Wallingford, Eversley and a radius of about 15 miles from the Brewery. He also takes active part in the conduct of our stalls at various shows and at the present moment is engaged at The Royal Counties Agricultural Show at Bournemouth.

Mr. Kelly was one of the original members of the Seven Bridges Brewery Concert Party, which had a very successful run of eight years. During that period several hundreds of pounds were earned by the party and given to local charities. One of the best efforts made was the entertainment for the Mayor of Reading's Unemployment Fund, about six years ago, when £100 was taken in one night. Mr. Kelly's association with the party recalls a hitherto unrecorded anecdote, which happened on the occasion of a concert given at the opening of the Memorial Park at Basingstoke. The decorations of the stage included a white flag bearing a red Hop Leaf in the centre. The party were attired in light blue evening dress and after the performance a lady congratulated them, remarking, "I see you are Canadians and wounded soldiers too." The dear old soul had mistaken the Hop Leaf for a maple leaf and their blue evening clothes for hospital uniform.

As a member of the Berkshire Operatic Club, Mr. Kelly has taken part in many highly commended performances of "Merrie England," "The Yeoman of the Guard," "The Rebel Maid," "The Mikado," "Utopia Ltd.," "Iolanthe," "Tom Jones," "Miss Hook of Holland," "A Waltz Dream," and "The Arcadians." The artists are now in preparation for "Chu Chin Chow." Over £2,000 have been given by the Society to local charities, including the Royal Berkshire Hospital and the League of Mercy.

As a Corporal in the 3/4th Royal Berkshire Regiment (T.F.) from 1915/1918, Mr. Kelly was transferred to the Army Reserve on account of ill-health.

Mr. Kelly is a keen collector of antiques and period furniture, of which he has a fair selection. In sports he has a leaning towards the aquatic and is very fond of swimming and sculling.

EDITORIAL.

SUPERB!

Mr. H. C. Dennis of the Railway Hotel, Staines, has the following notice exhibited in his bar and it has attracted a lot of attention:—

S IMONDS	B REW
S OME	B EAUTIFUL
S PARKLING,	B RIGHT,
S UPERIOR	B EER.
S O	B UY
S IMONDS	B OTTLED
S	B
S PECIALLY	B REWED
S INCE	B UDGET.
S OME	B EVERAGE!

BRAINY DOG.

A dog-owner told the Salisbury County Magistrates of the super-intelligence of his pet. The owner, Captain Thomas Henry Lockley Turner, Farm House, Quidhampton, was fined 5s. for allowing the dog, a Labrador, to be found in Minster Street, Wilton, without a collar with the owner's name and address on July 16. Captain Lockley Turner said the trouble was that the dog was brainy. The maid shut him in a room but forgot the window. Out the dog jumped.

"He is a brainy dog. He has had three collars, and I have now bought him a fourth one. The last time—subsequent to this summons—he took the trouble to walk to Wilton Police Station, three-quarters of a mile away, to report himself for having no collar!" (Laughter.)

WIRELESS BEER ORDERS.

Orders for beer will soon be fulfilled by wireless in New York. A brewery, which will soon be producing to full capacity, has a fleet of 100 10-ton lorries, each equipped with a short-wave wireless receiving set similar to those used in police cars. A transmitting station will be established at the brewery, and orders will be wirelessly to the lorries while they are out delivering so that they will not have to return to the brewery until their supply is exhausted.

A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY!

The King on the sixth of last month completed the twenty-third year of his reign. On this anniversary his subjects welcomed the opportunity of congratulating him, and of thanking him for the splendid example of devotion to duty which he has set through-out these anxious and difficult years.

He has had to face emergencies such as none of his predecessors knew. The times in which Queen Victoria and King Edward reigned were relatively peaceful. King George witnessed the outbreak of the greatest and most terrible war in history, and helped materially to steer his country through it to ultimate victory. The secret of the Monarchy's power lies in the King's full conception of his duty, and his warm personal sympathy with even the humblest of his subjects. This it is which has made the Royal House a binding link, which nothing could replace, between the Homeland and the Dominions and Colonies of the Empire, and which has given the world to-day the noble spectacle of a patriot King ruling a patriotic people.

THE PLAINT OF THE MODERN GIRL.

I can swing a six-pound dumb-bell,
I can fence and I can box,
I can walk across the heather,
And clamber over rocks.
I can make a score at cricket,
And play hockey all day long,
But I cannot help my mother,
I'm not really very strong.

COMMENTATORS!

The clergy sometimes find that their preaching is productive of gratifying if slightly unexpected results. A country clergyman was once preaching on an obscure point of theology, which he

elucidated in an original and striking manner, finishing by saying, "This is entirely my own view. Commentators do not agree with me." The next day he was informed that one of his parishioners wished to see him. Going into his study he was greeted with cordiality by one of his sidesmen, who happened to be a market gardener. "'Morning, sir," beamed the caller. "Heard you say yesterday as common taters didn't agree wi' ye, so I've brought a sack of my best. Hope you'll get on better with them."

"WHAT ABOUT ONE?"

The middle-aged man who is unloading the food ship says at eleven o'clock: "I must go and have a beaver"—meaning a glass of ale. His mate says: "I can do with half a gauge"—meaning the same. The ganger says: "You men go and have your elevenses." Swinburne, the poet, said at a Putney ale house: "Give me half a pint of inspiration." Samuel Pepys, the diarist, called for a tankard of youthsomeness. So writes Mr. Charles Mattingly in the *Daily Express*.

LAWN TENNIS.

Simonds' Lawn Tennis Club continues to provide many happy hours for its members. The courts are kept in good order and the general accommodation is excellent. Several players show great promise and with good practice should develop into most useful exponents of the game. There was a "full house" on the occasion of the match, Mr. Louis Simonds and partner v. Mr. C. H. Perrin and partner, and some sparkling tennis was witnessed. Mr. Louis' partner did many clever things. Her work at the net was brilliant, she had a very forceful service and her general court craft left nothing to be desired. And Mr. Louis has never put up a better show. Some of his drives were untakeable and his play generally gave one the idea that he had been engaged in very serious practice for the occasion. Mr. Perrin's partner gave evidence of the fact that she had played in excellent company, some of her back-hand shots being particularly fine. It was a very keenly contested game and not until three sets had been played was a decision reached and then Mr. Perrin and partner just managed to gain the victory. Both ladies thoroughly enjoyed their visit and spoke very appreciatively of the club. It was exceedingly good of players of such standing to come and join us for the evening. By the way, very great interest is being evinced in the competition for the cup which Mr. Louis Simonds is so kindly presenting. It will be a singles handicap event.

BILLIARDS LEAGUE DINNER.

It was a matter for general regret that Mr. F. A. Simonds, the President, could not attend the annual dinner of the Reading and District Clubs' Billiards League. But no better substitute could have been found than Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N., and his presidency proved very popular. As Mr. Harry Hawkins, J.P., well said, "We shall hear more of Commander Simonds in Reading in the near future." The Commander's after-dinner anecdotes were highly amusing. Canon Kernan was also in excellent form. They missed Mr. Eric Simonds, he said, for he was a real sport and they had hoped to see him present, smiling and with the "Budgetary bloom" on his face. Once, continued Canon Kernan, a Reading clergyman who believed in temperance in excelsis asked him to go on a platform and enunciate his view of the horror of drink. "I said, 'How can I?'" related Canon Kernan; "I run a pub. of my own. Haven't you heard of the Abbey Gateway?" (Laughter). That was a good club, and it was going to be better now, after the Budget. He also referred to the many examples of the kindness of heart of their president.

STRANGE EPITAPH.

The following is an epitaph on a man of the name of Fish:—

Worm's bait for fish; but here's a sudden change,
FISH'S bait for worms—is that not passing strange?

A FEW FACTS.

If a man were to take a quart of beer a day he would supply himself with one-sixth of the energy which he has to take on board for a day's work.—*The Late Mr. A. Chaston Chapman, F.I.C., F.R.S.* (in evidence before the English Royal Commission on Licensing).

Medical investigations prove that cancer never appears amongst the causes of death among young employees in the brewing industry.—*Dr. Ducamp*, of the Public Health Department, Lille, France.

The clamour for Local Option and Prohibition comes only from one misguided section of the community. The Church of Ireland organisation has never supported it, for we rely upon the old methods of appealing to men—the sense of right, of self-control, of free decision, and of education.—*The Dean of Belfast.*

BEER AND BIBLE.

On November 30, 1793, there died at Beaumaris, William Lewis, of Llandisman, in the act of drinking a cup of Welsh ale, containing about a wine quart, called a "tumbler maur." He made it a rule, every morning of his life, to read so many chapters in the Bible, and in the evening to drink eight gallons of ale. It is calculated that in his life-time he must have drunk a sufficient quantity to float a 74-gun ship. His size was astonishing and he weighed forty stone. Although he died in his parlour, it was found necessary to construct a machine in the form of a crane to lift his body on a carriage, and afterwards to have the machine in the churchyard to let him down into the grave.—"Hone's Year Book," 1832.

FREE BEER DAY.

Free Beer Day was celebrated by members of Brasenose and Lincoln Colleges, at Oxford, recently, when a small postern gate between the colleges, which remains locked for the rest of the year, was opened. Brasenose men swarmed into their neighbours' buttery for the beer which is their right on Ascension Day. The custom dates from the Middle Ages, when a Lincoln student murdered a Brasenose man, and as a penance the college which sheltered the murderer was ordered to distribute free beer to its neighbours on the anniversary of the crime.

THE RIGHT HYMN.

A clergyman, who was not a teetotaler, but certainly a humorist, was presiding at a meeting at which one speaker waxed eloquent over the wickedness of alcohol. "If I could get all the alcohol in the world in front of me here," he concluded, "I would take it and throw it all in the Thames." "My friends," said the vicar, mildly, "let us conclude this meeting by singing that well-known hymn, 'Shall we gather at the river?'"

IN THE FASHION.

A man who had been waiting patiently in the post-office could not attract the attention of either of the girls behind the counter. "The evening cloak," explained one of the girls to her companion, "was a redingote design in gorgeous lamé brocade with fox fur and wide pagoda sleeves."

At this point the long-suffering customer broke in with: "I wonder if you could provide me with a neat brown stamp with a dinky perforated hem, the 'tout ensemble' delicately treated on the reverse with gum-arabic? Something about three-halfpence."

"MAN WITH A PINT."

The Blackpool Art Gallery has bought Mr. F. W. Elwells Royal Academy picture, "A Man With a Pint." Mr. Rowland Hill, the curator of the gallery, told a *Daily Mail* reporter that a deputation from Blackpool visited the Academy this year, as a chance of buying a picture last year was missed owing to prolonged negotiations by post. The price is understood to be about £600.

THE SIN OF PROHIBITION.

"Prohibition has fallen down dead," declared Mr. G. K. Chesterton in the May "True Temperance Quarterly," "of its own crawling corruptions; of the foul humours that infested its own body; and not by any adequate attack from without. It was, if ever there was one, a thing that failed because it had been tried; that found its doom because it had its chance; that was a practical failure because it was a practical fact; that was ruined, not by being frustrated, but by being fulfilled; and came to its unnatural end because it had run its natural course. Prohibition died because it was deserted by Prohibitionists; even more than because it was always derided by sensible men and men with a sense of history and civilisation."

LITTLE WRONG WITH MODERN GIRLS.

There is very little wrong with modern girls, according to Dr. A. Helen Boyle, who is senior physician at the Lady Chichester Hospital, Hove. This is what she said about them at the Eastbourne Congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health:—

"We must not fear for them. I would rather see a young girl drink a cocktail than refuse one, because refusal often indicates a fear which might be the cause of future misery.

"If a young girl is a little unstable naturally, tie her as little as possible."

NERVOUS LADY (waiting to cross road where there were overhead tram wires): "Officer, if I put my foot on the tram rail, shall I get a shock?"

"No, mum, unless you put your other foot on the wire up there!"



THE SUBURBS OF INDIA

(continued.)

The draw for positions in the first "beat" of the day is usually made just after breakfast with lengths of grass or straw—the longest on the right, down to the shortest on the opposite flank. After every "beat" (usually about four daily, two before mid-day and two after) each "gun" moves one place to his right, the outside right crossing to the left wing. So that during the day each member of the party has an even chance of a shot. Each day's shoot is carefully planned beforehand, the object, if possible, being to drive the game during the first day or two towards the area where the final "clear up" is to be made, like the fourth side of a square. Haphazard shooting would produce little or nothing, as the jungle is so close and thick that only very rarely would anything be seen. As it is, many animals slip through the gaps at the sides, between the "stops," and get clear, even before the beaters are half way through.

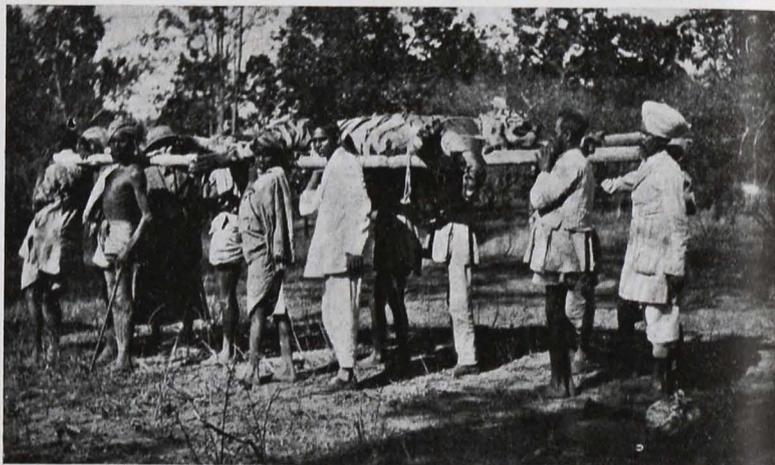
Not everyone can afford, or requires, to carry both shot gun and rifle. 'Tis true both may be needed almost everywhere, and for this reason the good old twelve bore is still a popular choice for general use, especially if fitted with both cylinder (no choke) barrels—for the lethal bullet. This latter ball will bring down any animal, whilst a shot gun is a great asset when peacock, wildfowl, geese and duck are met with. The gheels (lakes) and rivers of India are full of waterfowl, and wonderful sport is on every hand. I know many old hunters who carried only a twelve bore on their trips and preferred it to any. A high velocity rifle, with lead bullet, is, however, the deadliest weapon, especially for soft-skinned big game shooting, and one can always get a native gun carrier.

In the Central Provinces, around Jubbulpore, the country is full of tiger, leopard, bear and other game. A mail van driver I knew shot over thirty panthers during four years' driving. With the wind screen full open, and loaded rifle by his side, night and day, he regularly took toll. A quick brake-up, a swifter shot, and yet another notch on his gun. He never followed up if the animal got out of sight. The spot was marked carefully, and later, with his huge boarhound, the jungle would be entered—usually with success. Not too sporting, perhaps, but necessary with such pests, as "Billy" will agree if he ever reads this. I hope he got many more after I left him.

A fundamental law is never fire at an animal head on. A much more vulnerable target is presented if fire is withheld until the right moment—as it is passing to a flank, or turning. Every

beast instinctively, when hit, makes straight ahead for freedom, if able to do so, and a "head on" shot is simply asking for trouble. A calm mind is essential when looking down your rifle sights at the massive "woolly" head of a royal Bengal tiger, or the fiendish glare of a thwarted leopard.

My first view of a royal beast was near the village of Mogra (C.P.), just after the beaters had found a "kill." We surrounded the sector, only to catch a glimpse of his majesty as he calmly crossed over a narrow road to an adjoining jungle. An hour later, out he came very slowly to my front and just as my sights were fully aligned on his right eye, in case he charged out from his 50 yards distance, the gun on my right, who did not realise it was my shot (owing to arriving too late to know just where I was) fired,



One Less!

and fortunately for me—missed. Back he went, only to be driven out by the now excited beaters. This time he flashed away to freedom just to my left, as springing through the air at a height of at least twelve feet, and roaring his defiance, he bade us farewell. We chased him for several days, but he travelled too fast, and made us believe the tales of the many miles such beasts travel by day and night when shot at.

Kashmir, Assam and Nepal especially are famed for their wonderful jungle and hill shooting; but here I am endeavouring to confine ourselves to those jungles and open spaces which are within a few hours reach from the rail-head, and are easily accessible to one and all in search of sport.

The famous "S" bend just above Singhanama (C.P.) is the centre of a real leopard area, and we got several almost from the dak bungalow verandah a few yards from the main road. A tied-up goat was taken from under our eyes one dark night, before the car lights could be switched on, as we sat in the open car, waiting. Just a whimper, a rush, and the goat was gone, rope as well! Our vigil ended by drinking the very good health of this "streak of lightning."

Once when shooting peacock near Chindwara (C.P.) where these birds are not sacred, and no religious animosity is aroused, as in the United Provinces, I had just brought down a real "Xmas" bird, and as my twelve bore spoke, the roar of a tiger and the agonized squeals of a pig rent the air. "Shere—sewar, sahib," breathed my "bundook wallah" (spare gun carrier). I visited the spot, and soon found the "sewar" lying in a dark overhanging nullah, still warm and in his last gasps, but of the killer, no sign—except the many restless great pug marks on the nearby dusty jungle road. The kill was in too dark a spot to have any chance at night, and reluctantly I returned to camp with one peacock. Very "small beer."

In the Denwar jungle (C.P.) we once bagged a leopard while proceeding to a shoot, not many yards from a school, and across the bonnet of our car he was secured as we journeyed on—a good kick off; whilst at Handiko, not far from a military depot in the same district, fresh tiger and leopard "pug" marks could be recognised on the dusty surface of the roads any morning—one such specimen was waited for after a kill, and returning was, by the aid of luminous rifle sights, despatched that night, and duly borne to his final rest as depicted in the snapshot.

A good lesson was demonstrated one hot afternoon when one of our party shot a "blue bull" (Nilghai) which dashed away into the heart of the jungle. By the marks, about waist high, we knew it was badly hit, and prepared to follow up. Our shikari proved his capacity for the post by his quiet "Bito" (wait). Soon his "dekko sahibs" roused us, and following his uplifted finger to the burning blue, we discerned many tiny specks moving towards one central rendezvous—the spot where our prize lay. The vultures knew! and in due course led us to the far place where already the early arrivals had alighted.

The greatest nuisance in Indian jungles is wild dog. These roam in packs throughout the low-lying areas, and are feared by everything—without exception. Known by reason of their light reddish brown colour, as "red dog," no other game will be found when they are about. We once shot for three days over the area

around Dhup Garh, a well known landmark in the Central Provinces, without seeing anything except troops of monkeys, a bad sign in itself, and only on the final day did we know why—a pack of red dog came through. This pack had torn several village cattle to pieces a week or so before, and by day and night simply slaughtered every animal encountered in their travels. As large and strong as a full grown wolf, their numbers and ferocity make them a menace to every living thing, and every man's hand is against them. When met on a shoot, they are treated to no mercy, but ruthlessly shot down, as they were on this occasion, at sight.

(*To be continued.*)

RETORT TO FANATICS.

Fools to assert that mortals dare not quaff
 The flowing bowl in measure and in reason
 At your mad ravings wise men only laugh.
 Ravings alike devoid of sense and reason.
 Because some drink too deep must all abstain?
 Ridiculous! you might as well maintain,
 That since the glutton at the feast
 Doth gourmandise far worse than any beast,
 And overload his stomach,
 You might as well assert men should not eat.
 Some lavish all in dress, to heighten beauty.
 Pray, for that cause, is nakedness our duty?
 Oh, Idiots, far too prejudiced to see
 The line 'twixt medium and extremity,
 If you have brains enough to comprehend
 A simple Scripture narrative, attend:
 Once, at a wedding of the unfriended poor,
 Our blessed Saviour chanced to pass the door,
 He enter'd—gazed around; no cheering draught,
 But water only, by each guest was quaff'd.
 When, in a moment, to inspire their hearts,
 With all the joys the ruby grape imparts,
 He, the Redeemer! Christ the Lord divine,
 Transform'd the water into generous wine.
 Hear this, Teetotalers! nor dare to scan,
 The wisdom of your Saviour. In the dust
 Confess your folly, own His ways are just,
 And act like men of reason if you can.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

“Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not: and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”—Lk. xii. 27.

Life is eternal, and love is immortal, and death is a horizon, and a horizon is nothing save the limit of our sight.

—*By a Writer Unknown.*

The wicked are wicked, no doubt, and they go astray and they fall, and they come by their deserts; but who can tell the mischief which the very virtuous do?—*Thackeray.*

THE PIT MOUTH.

The miners who were not selected to go down were angry; they violently abused the favouritism of the officials who would not let them risk their lives.

I have a new regard for my fellows since Great Barr. About you and me there are men like that. There is nothing to distinguish them. They show no signs of greatness. They have common talk. They have coarse ways. They walk with an ugly lurch. Their eyes are not eager. They are not polite. Their clothes are dirty. They live in cheap houses on cheap food. They call you “sir.” They are the great unwashed, the mutable many, the common people.

The common people! Greatness is as common as that. There are not enough honours and decorations to go round. Talk of the soldier! *Vale* to Welsby of Normanton! He is dead. His fellows were in danger, their wives were white-faced and their children were crying, and he buckled on his harness and went to the assault with no more thought for self than great men have in a great cause; and he is dead. I saw him go to his death. I wish I could tell you more of Welsby of Normanton.

From a description of a terrible colliery accident by H. M. Tomlinson.

When the hour of your trouble comes to the mind or to the body, and when the hour of death comes that comes to high and low, then it isn't what we ha'e done for ourselves, but what we ha'e done for others that we think on maist pleasantly.—*Jeanie Deans in The Heart of Midlothian.*

YOURS TO CREATE.

Truth and beauty and goodness aren't things just waiting for you to capture and enjoy ; they are things you have been sent into the world to create.—*Dr. L. P. Jacks.*

ALWAYS ABOUT.

I never have thought of either my father or mother as being really dead. They are always somewhere about. I can hear Mother's lovely cackle of laughter when someone tells a funny joke, and any little amusing incident brings them back to me at once.

It is impossible to convey to anyone how delightful and ridiculous they both were ; so quick-witted that nobody ever had to explain anything, and yet so human and kind, no pretence or affectation, and absolutely free from all hypocrisy. Quite apart from their being my father and mother, I liked them both so tremendously.—*Lady Clodagh Anson.*

TRANSFORMATION.

Only a little shrivelled seed,
It might be flower, or grass, or weed ;
Only a box of earth on the edge
Of a narrow, dusty window-ledge ;
Only a few scant summer showers ;
Only a few clear shining hours ;
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these, for a sick child's sake,
A blossom-wonder, fair and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain,
Wet with sorrowful tears for rain,
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam
Of joy that seemed but a happy dream ;
A life as common and brown and bare
As the box of earth in the window there ;
Yet it bore, at last, the precious bloom
Of a perfect soul in that narrow room ;
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

HOW TOMMY ATKINS GOT HIS NAME.

(From *Our Empire.*)

The great Duke of Wellington stood on the path which runs round the ramparts of Walmer Castle and looked out to sea. The day was one of splendid sunshine—it was at the commencement of the July of 1843—and the old soldier, at home by the seaside, had put on clothes, nankeen and duck, suitable to the day. He stood, one foot on the carriage of one of the little carronades, leaning lightly on a Malacca cane, and his eyes, looking over the sea, seemed to gaze beyond the horizon.

Near him, and a little behind him, stood at attention a young staff officer of the Adjutant-General's Department, in undress uniform. He had brought some papers down for the signature of the Commander-in-Chief—for Hill was dead, and the Duke had been reappointed for life to the command—and before carrying the documents back to London he had asked a question, on a small matter of detail, which the War Office thought should, as a compliment, be referred to the Commander of the Forces. A name typical of the British soldier was required to use on the model sheet of the soldiers' accounts to show where the men should sign. It seemed a ridiculously unimportant matter to the young staff officer, and he was surprised when, instead of answering off-hand, the Duke had thrust his cane into the path of broken shells, and had then looked steadily out to sea.

The great Duke stood without a movement, and the young officer waited. Before those eyes, which looked over the rim of the world, was unrolling a vast panorama of all the gallant deeds he had seen done in war. He was searching in a memory stored with recollections for the man who should best typify the dogged gallantry of Britain's private soldiers. Before him, as in a picture, passed that desperate fight to hold Hougomont, and then his mind travelled back to the olive groves and the vineyards of Spain ; to the snow-topped Pyrenees, and the purple ridges and the black cork woods of Portugal. He felt again that gripping of the heart-strings he had endured as the thin stream of red coats crawled up the rocky cliffs into the Seminary at Oporto ; he saw the dancing line of British bayonets sparkle as they came to the charge at Busaco ; he looked again in imagination on the dreadful breach held by the dead at Badajoz ; but no one name came more clearly to his mind than another. Travelling ever backwards, memory carried him to a blazing sun and scorched plains—to the savage storm of Assaye, and to the fierce fight in the darkness before Seringapatam ; but still the name he searched for did not come. Now he was in the Low Countries on his first campaign, fighting his first action. He saw again the clear, rainwashed blue of that September sky, the

line of windmills on the horizon, the pink and blue and yellow houses by the canal blinking in the morning sun, the distant spires of Bois le Duc. His regiment, the 33rd, a corps of veterans, stood in reserve. He knew that his officers were waiting to see how the boy colonel would handle his regiment under fire. His first experience was to be a trying one. The French were in superior force, and in the cloud of smoke before him he could see that the first line of the British were being pressed back. Firing still, turning at any point of vantage, the red coats were yet giving way; the French light troops flung at them to complete the disaster were almost in the British ranks, and on the left a squadron of French cavalry cantered, waiting an opportunity to charge. Then young Wellesley put the discipline of his regiment to one of the severest tests known in warfare. At the word of command every company swung back into column—leaving thus wide lanes through which the hard-pressed troops in the firing line could retire. Grimed with powder, cursing in anger, the men dashed through, and like closing gates the companies of the gallant old 33rd swung back again. The French were so close on them that some of the men were bayoneted before the word to fire was given. Thrice the Brown Besses spoke—volleys as steady as though the regiment were firing on inspection parade—and then the word to advance was given, and with bayonets fixed the 33rd moved forward to take up the ground from which the other regiments had been forced to retire. The three volleys had done their work, the ranks of the French had crumbled away before them, and the cavalry had drawn off like a trail of mist. The day was won.

Wellesley rode back to where on the ground, on the first line his regiment had held, were little groups about men who had fallen. The men of the band were already busy with their stretchers. He rode to where the right of his line had been. There on the ground lay the pride of the rank and file, the right-hand man of the Grenadier Company, Thomas Atkins. Six foot three he stood in his stocking feet; twenty years he had served His Majesty; he could neither read nor write; he was the best man-at-arms in the regiment, and one of the stoutest hearts in the world. One of the bandmen who stood by him had bound up his head where a sabre had slashed him, he had a bayonet wound in his breast, and a bullet through his lings. He had prayed the bearers not to move him, but to let him die in peace where he had fallen. Wellesley looked down on him, and the man saw the sorrow in the young commander's face. "It's all right, sir," he said in gasps. "It's all in the day's work." And then the blood gushed out of his mouth.

The great Duke turned to the young staff officer. "Thomas Atkins," he said, shortly. The officer saluted and withdrew. As the sound of his footsteps on the path died away the Duke turned once more to the sea.

2010 MILES THROUGH ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

(continued).

SATURDAY, 23RD JULY, 1932 (continued).

Our first care after arriving at Lockerbie (8.45 p.m.) was to garage the car and book accommodation for the night; this being accomplished at the "King's Arms" Hotel, we stroll into the busy streets, quite a contrast to the peaceful surroundings of the previous night, hurry and bustle being much in evidence. About 10 p.m. we find ourselves back at the hotel feeling a "wee bit" tired.

The last portion of our journey from Crawford to Lockerbie was through a fine open country over vast moorlands, the roads being particularly good.

While sitting at ease we talk about the morrow, and it is decided to spend Monday night among the English Lakes. Tomorrow we shall leave behind us the "Land of Romance," not without a thought of a return visit, for so far it has been a truly wonderful trip; being favoured with fine weather added in no small measure to the pleasure. After "just one more" and with the old timepiece just about to warn one of the hour of midnight we wish the company "guid nicht" and so to bed.

SUNDAY, 24TH JULY, 1932.

The day broke fair and promised to be fine and warm, so after a walk for the paper, everything is ready to lay the foundation of another day. After breakfast, we look round U.D. 1692, fill up with petrol and oil, and bid adieu to Lockerbie at 10 a.m. in time to see some of the good people wending their way to "kirk." Our route takes us through Ecclefechan (the birthplace of Carlyle, also his last resting-place, being buried in the Churchyard), Kirtlebridge, Kirkpatrick Fleming, to the world-famous Gretna Green, a place so well known that the writer need only say little, and that as a matter of form, he paid a visit, duly recorded his name on the visitors' book, and like many hundreds who visit the Blacksmith's Forge, had to strike a blow with the hammer on the anvil, over which many *poor souls* united in haste have learned to repent at their leisure, or more sane moments. The forge is packed with very old interesting relics, as some say, of the "good old times"; be that as it may, it is well worth a visit.

Before leaving, a word with a long-distance motor coach driver elicited the fact that the famous show place was a source of bother to them, for being only allowed so long a time to complete the scheduled run, many of their patrons, when once inside, took a lot of getting out again; in fact I myself saw a driver getting "hot

and bothered," blowing severe blasts on a whistle in a vain attempt to get his "flock" together again. He told them in no uncertain tones that there would have to be one stopping place cut out, for too much time had already been wasted.

After leaving Gretna, in a short distance we cross the border and are again in England. This route—it may be only imagination—but it seemed there was at once a greater difference than when crossing into Scotland on the Eastern side. On to Todhills, Kingstown to Carlisle. The latter place will be known to readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE as the home of the State-owned public houses, and it is only fair to state that they appear from the outside very pleasing to the eye, but it being the first day of the week, with clocks pointing to 11.35 a.m., only an exterior view was obtained, many having fronts of glazed bricks of various colours. After a "crawl" along several of the streets and noting the chief historical buildings, we push on to Thursby, Red Dial, Mealsgate to Bothel, where haymaking was in full swing, and it was from just outside the town we were able to obtain our first views of the English Lakes. Proceeding, and in about 5 miles, we pull up at the "Castle" to make quite sure our watches are keeping correct time! A very welcome change, tasting English beer for the first time for a week, for we were true to Scotland and drank only her products during the trip round. Soon after leaving we run alongside of Bassenthwaite Lake to Thornthwaite, Portinscale to Keswick, arriving at 1.10 p.m. We stop at the "Queen's Hotel" for lunch, over which we discuss plans for visiting as many of the lakes as possible.

The run from Carlisle to Keswick (33 miles) is through undulating country and of little interest to Bothel, but afterwards by the lake at the foot of some steep slopes, also very fine views of Skiddaw are obtained.

Lunch over we commence our explorations of English scenery by retracing the road to Portinscale (for Derwent Water), Braithwaite (over the Whinlater Pass: gradient 1—6), Low Lorton, Brackenthwaite (passing alongside of Crummock Water) to Buttermere with lake of same name.

The short trip from Keswick to Buttermere is worthy of mention although only 15½ miles, for one obtains a remarkable view on the ascent of the Whinlater Pass (a real stiff climb) of fine mountain scenery. The road is very narrow and winding, but with a good surface, a great contrast to the wide-sweeping roads we passed over only a few days since.

After taking in petrol and oil, off once more, via the Cocker-mouth Road, passing again alongside of Crummock Water for about

3 miles to the end of the road, a gate barring further progress (we were like the girl—took the wrong turning!) Turning round, we follow this time the right track to Scalehill, pass along the banks of Loweswater for Fangs and Lamplugh. Leaving the latter place, we go forward on a different route than was at first decided upon, via Fitzington, Cleator, Egremont, Calder Bridge, Gosforth (mining villages), Holmbrook, Seascale to Ravenglass, where with the aid of glasses you could see the sea when the tide was out. Entering Ravenglass we saw a most unusual sight: growing on the top of a wall fringing a large estate was a hedge of potatoes in full bloom, with here and there rhododendrons also in bloom. We think most of the readers of this magazine will agree this was something out of the ordinary in the way of gardening. At Ravenglass we took tea in a C.T. House and partook of some home-made rum butter, an apparently pure local product, but nevertheless very palatable. On again we rejoin the main road just outside Lane End and go forward to Bootle, Whicham, Hallthwaites Church to Broughton-in-Furness.

From Buttermere to Broughton-in-Furness at first took us through somewhat narrow and hilly roads, very winding and, in fact, to pass another car one or the other had to pull right into the side of the road and stop. This road winds among the lower hills of the Western Lake District. The views in places are magnificent, plenty of rock scenery towards the end. Gradients up to 1—7 were frequently met with. The road about Lane End is more of a racing track. We "did," in several stretches of switchback straight road downhill, 55 m.p.h., and up the short shoots 30 m.p.h., in fact we actually covered 19 miles in 24 minutes. This, I venture to suggest, is very good going on a strange road. After passing Bootle, however the route took us through narrow streets, the houses being without the usual small garden in front. To compensate, apparently, for the loss of gardens, the occupiers coloured the kerb stones (red, yellow and white) according to taste.

Leaving Broughton by the Coniston Road we pass through Lower Hawthwaite, Croft End, Torver to Coniston (Coniston Water), arriving at 8.50 p.m. We decide to find a "nest" for the night. Parking the car at the "Crown Hotel," we enquire for accommodation for ourselves, but were unlucky: "house full" was the reply to enquiries. However, mine host came to our assistance and we were fixed up nearby. By the way, Mr. P. W. Powell of the hotel (late of the King's Own Regiment), during a conversation, informed the writer that he had two very dear friends (now departed) who were members of the Firm. Having found such agreeable company and pleasant surroundings, we did not wander any further during the rest of the evening.

The usual daily summary :—Day's run, 137 miles ; petrol used, 5 gallons=27½ m.p.g. Total mileage=1,250 miles.

MONDAY, 24TH JULY, 1932.

Awakening after a good night's rest, a short stroll and back for a good breakfast, to which we did justice, and having no fixed programme, after filling up with petrol we bid farewell to Coniston at 10 a.m., making for Hawkstead (Eastwaite Water). We could not pass on without paying a visit to the old Grammar School, founded in 1675, in which some of the original desks can be seen and bearing initials of some famous names carved in true schoolboy fashion with the pen knife. So much carving has been done that it seems impossible to find space to add even a single letter. Many of the streets are no more than 10 feet wide and no vehicular traffic is possible, even the stairs leading to bedrooms being built outside houses in the oldest quarter of the town.

Leaving in glorious sunshine we approached Lake Windermere Ferry to Bowness. The Ferry is steam-driven and is worked by one man, "Jack of all trades," being, in turn, driver, ticket issuer and collector, porter, information bureau and anything else that occasion demands. Fare for the car was 1/2.

The lake presented a beautiful spectacle, with steamers carrying holiday-makers and yachts with red and white sails glistening in the sun. It will be remembered that it was on Lake Windermere the late Sir H. Segrave was drowned through his racing craft striking some drifting object. The spot where he went down is still marked with a red buoy.

The crossing accomplished we passed Windermere, Troutbeck Bridge, Ambleside, Rydal (Rydal Water) to Grasmere (Grasmere Lake). We visited the Churchyard and graves of Wordsworth and Coleridge, two well-known names which need no description. Proceeding, we pass the famous Grasmere Sports Ground, known throughout the country, where every August Cumberland wrestling, etc., takes place. In a few miles we sight Wythburn Church, said to be the smallest in England : we pulled up, but did not enter. The next object of interest is Thirlmere (Manchester Corporation Waterworks Reservoir), a fine stretch of water and enlarged some years since. Continuing through Thirlspot to Keswick again, we stayed for lunch.

From Ambleside to Keswick is very beautiful and varied scenery, in fact the heart of the Lake District, skirting the Lakes of Rydal Water, Grasmere and Thirlmere ; well wooded country and wild mountain valley, with a sharp descent (1-8) on approaching Keswick. It may be mentioned that several historical and

beauty spots in and around this locality have been taken over by the National Trust, among which the following are of special interest :—Castle Head (530 feet) : grand views reward the climber to its summit ; and just outside the town is the Druids' Circle.

Feeling the "inner man" is satisfied after a well-served lunch, back to the road again to Threlked, Troutbeck Station (noted for its open sheep market), Matterdale End, Matterdale, Dockray (passing Ullswater, in the writer's estimation the most beautiful lake seen so far), Glenridding to Patterdale. Soon after leaving the latter place we enter the Kirkstone Pass, one of the stiffest and longest climbs on our whole trip. We rise in about 2½ miles



"The Struggle." Maximum gradient being 1 in 3½.

to 1,500 feet, the last half-mile gradient, called "The Struggle," being 1 in 3½. U.D. 1692 never faltered, but on reaching the top we pulled up at the "Kirkstone Pass Inn" to "cool the engine," for being a scorcher of a day, it was getting hot and the occupants dry. The inn, a queer, old, typical wayside house, of course, is whitewashed all over outside, and was built over 350 years ago. To enter one has to almost feel the way down two or three steps, the darkness being broken by the aid of candles. Just for the satisfaction of saying we had had a thirst-quencher, we called for a ———. The man behind the so-called bar obligingly said, "Come this way," and were shown into another room, lit this time by a smoky lamp. He said, "This time I will let you have what

you ordered as a special favour"; but on looking round there was quite another dozen ALL having "special favours" shown to them. So much for the "Kirkstone Pass Inn." From outside a view of Brotherwater is obtained. The descent has to be taken cautiously, the road being rather loose and narrow, we soon joined the road leading to Troutbeck and Windermere again.

On the road from Keswick one is able to get fine mountain views with a delightful stretch along the edge of Ullswater, thence over the "Kirk" Pass which is very hilly, but the scenery very exceptional and pays for the long climb, which is balanced by the gradual drop almost into Windermere, entered on the opposite side to that of our departure earlier in the day.



Kirkstone Pass from Brotherwater.

After tea and a stroll round the town we take an evening trip along the Lake Windermere as far as Newby Bridge, returning at 9.30 p.m. and witnessing a lovely sunset of silver and gold, after a wonderful day's run.

The car is parked and accommodation is booked with a friend of L.L.E.

Our daily summary:—Day's run, 80 miles; petrol consumed, 3 gallons=26½ m.p.g. Total mileage to date=1,330 miles.

(To be continued.)

SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

The annual general meeting of the cricket club was held at the Social Club on the 27th April, when the annual report and balance sheet were passed. The latter shows the club to be still financially strong, although a smaller balance was carried forward to the current season than was brought into last year's work.

Sympathetic reference was made in the report to the death of one of the club's old members and vice-presidents, viz., Mr. H. F. Lindars. At the request of the chairman, the company rose to their feet for a minute in silent remembrance.

The officers for the year were elected and Mr. F. S. Hawkins and Mr. F. R. Main were chosen to again lead the first and second teams, with Mr. J. Rumens and Mr. R. Griffin to act as their respective deputies.

Now for the matches arranged for the merry month of May, beginning with the "A" team.

May 6th. "A" TEAM 25 v. HECKFIELD AND MATTINGLEY 26 for 0.

The result was very much against us. We went in first but a melancholy procession ensued, four wickets being lost for 2 runs. T. Bartholomew with 9 was the top scorer with F. Main second with 7. Heckfield then batted and made 26 when the tea interval arrived. Rain set in and as a definite result had been reached, it was not deemed advisable to continue.

May 13th. "A" TEAM 84 v. IPSDEN 86.

A game of thrills. We took over a rather young team but put up a very creditable show. We batted first, but lost one wicket with only 3 runs on the board. Percy James had a "dip" and found it a success, so continued until he was unfortunately run out. F. Clark found the road easy and put three balls into it for 6 apiece. In all, he made 36 before being well caught in the long field. A newcomer to the club, F. Lawrence, continued the good work and made 14.

On taking the field we made a very good start. Six down for 16 looked too good to be true and F. Butcher and E. Hasthorpe showed us it was. 33 and 29 not out these two made. The fight continued up to the last wicket when 8 runs were required. Our total had just been passed when the last man was run out. Clark followed up his good innings by taking 4 for 36. Jelley 3 for 18 and Rumens 2 for 14 shared the other wickets.

May 20th. "A" TEAM 70 v. EVERSLEY STREET 78.

Another keen game this. We again had the luck of the toss and batted first on a good wicket and in delightful weather. Consistent batting throughout the team, with two nameless exceptions, carried the total to 70, the last wicket putting on 18. E. Day of Eversley nearly ran through the team, getting 8 wickets for 31.

We again started off with a swing, Eric Crutchley having a remarkable spell of bowling. His first six overs gave him 5 wickets for 5 runs, 3 being maidens. Six down for 19. Were we going to have a win? L. Leversuch, who went in first, was staying well and was joined by L. White and these two added 16 before the first-named missed a good one from Clark. Then G. Taylor joined in and our total was passed by one run. The next two wickets only added 7 and we packed up satisfied with having given our friends a good game, but naturally disappointed we could not press our advantage right home.

May 27th. "A" TEAM v. FRIMLEY.

We started out to Frimley in dull but fine weather but, unfortunately, rain came on during the journey and continued throughout the afternoon and we returned without a ball being bowled.

Now for the "B" team. On May 6th no match had been arranged, as it is sometimes difficult to raise two representative teams on the first Saturday of the season. As the weather turned unkind, perhaps it was for the best.

May 13th. "B" TEAM 67 v. ALL SAINTS 92.

All Saints batted first and made a poor start, but a stand made by R. Capel and C. Clay put a different aspect on the position. These two got 60 between them and the total score was carried up to 92, in spite of good bowling by R. Main, who took 8 for 37.

Our start in batting was weak and it was left to Main (20) and another newcomer, viz., W. Neville (23) to pull the game round. Unfortunately, the tail was like the head and we could only make 62 all told.

May 20th. "B" TEAM 63 v. WHITLEY HALL 56.

Here again our opponents had the first knock. We started off with a rush and got four down for four runs. Then D. Porter took a hand and carried his bat for 30. Main took 5 for 22.

Our turn with the batting was none too promising, but Main came to the rescue and made 21. E. Chandler also got into double figures and we managed to top our opponents score and register the club's first win this year.

May 27th. "B" TEAM v. Y.M.C.A. 2ND XI.

This match was to have been played on Prospect Park and although a start was made, the rain stopped the game after a short while and it was left to hope for better weather for the next encounter.

The fixture cards are in the hands of the Secretary and various members of the committee. Will all players please take up their membership cards as soon as possible and thus let the committee know exactly how the club stands for playing and supporting strength. Opportunities will be offered for supporters to accompany the teams on their away matches according to the seating accommodation available. All are welcome at our home fixtures.

J.W.J.

The following evening matches have been arranged:—

June 13th v. McIlroys;

„ 27th v. „;

both games to be played on the Kings Meadows, commencing at 6.45 p.m.

Further matches will be fixed up shortly. Also a few Inter-Departmental games, the Surveyors' Department having issued a challenge. Other departments with cricketers please note and if desirous of trying their strength please communicate early with the Secretary.



BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(By W. DUNSTER.)

The photograph of Mr. J. W. Jelley, who took "pride of place" in the May issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, brings back many memories to the writer. When Mr. Jelley was junior in the Branch Office in those days of "long ago," I was junior in the Correspondence Office and in consequence a friendship grew up between us that in the passage of years has not lessened. In those early days holidays were taken very early and both Mr. Jelley and myself spent several holidays away together by the sea. One year in March we went to Cliftonville together and the only place that seemed to be warm was indoors, yet on return home we were told how well we looked. By the way, both Mr. Jelley and the writer are still in the same offices in which we each started on the Firm, although Mr. Jelley wins on the length of service. We both used to belong to the Palmer Club at the same time and we seem to have been "pals" all the time at The Brewery.

HOLIDAYS.

Holidays have now started in real earnest and we hope all will be favoured with good weather. Several of the staff have been and returned already and one member on his return showed quite plainly he had "caught the sun" in no unmistakable manner. At the moment the offices are undergoing a thorough spring-clean and with the sun doing overtime we are looking bright and shiny.

THE BUDGET.

It is early days yet to speak of any benefits our Trade is receiving (or is likely to receive) with the "penny off," nevertheless we feel that happier times are in store for us and that our sales will benefit accordingly. There is a feeling of optimism in the air and we all hope that the Budget relief will be a real relief in every way.

FOOTBALL.

Reading finished up the season by winning the last match but, although at one time it seemed as if their ambition was to be realised, the month of April, from a playing point of view, was very disappointing and it is a case of "deferred hopes" for another season. This between seasons is rather a quiet period for the ardent "fan" and as signing-on news is very scanty, he has to rest his soul in patience for the time being.

The Brewery teams also had a lean time towards the end and the early promise of the 1st XI was not fulfilled. However, from

a financial point of view, I am assured they are well on the right side and the Brewery team did some fine performances during the season. Without a doubt the Brewery teams have done quite a lot to add lustre to the name of the Firm on many fields. The Secretary, Mr. R. Boddington, is one of the most enthusiastic fellows I've ever met as regards Brewery football and enters into his manifold duties with considerable zest and enthusiasm.

CRICKET.

Cricket is now in full swing and both teams are "at it" every Saturday afternoon. I am particularly glad the "Seconds" are going strong under the captaincy of Mr. T. Main.

RUGBY.

The following appeared in the *Yorkshire Weekly Post Illustrated*, lent me by Mr. A. G. Richardson, who saw the match at Wembley and was most enthusiastic:—

FILLIP FOR RUGBY LEAGUE CODE.

Saturday's rugby league final at Wembley was a big fillip for the code, and the general run of commentary after the match was that it was one of the finest and cleanest games seen in the famous arena. Bowkett, the Huddersfield captain, was undoubtedly the hero of the match—the first final, incidentally, to have Royal support. Despite the fact that for the greater part of the match his right eye was suffused with blood from a cut on his eyelid, he never failed to land the ball just where he wanted it. The fierce earnestness with which the game was played was responsible for many mishaps; but it was without a doubt one of the best Roses battles seen for a long time. The official attendance figures were 59,312 and the gate receipts £6,500.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

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

The Three Tuns, Wokingham Road, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. L. Mackie.

The Cricketers, Stockcross (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. Collier.

The Queen, Blackwater (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. Thomas H. Dixon.

The Chequers, Sunningdale (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. W. R. Halfpenny.

The Three Pigeons, Ealing (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. P. W. Slark.

The Black Prince, Princes Risborough (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. O. R. Hounslow.

The Belle Vue, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. C. W. Crump.

DEATH.

I am sorry to record the death of Mr. H. T. Bunce, Railway Inn, St. Marybourne (South Brewery Co. Ltd.) who died on the 26th May. He had been a tenant only since February of this year and as he was quite a young man his loss is a very sad one.

SHOWS.

We are now busy with agricultural shows and the Bath and West, held at Wimbledon this year, has been well patronised. Our beers have been on offer and we hope to hear of record sales. The Royal Counties Agricultural Show is being held at Bournemouth and we have a stand showing cider from Messrs. N. P. Hunt of Paignton. The exhibit will be in charge of our Mr. S. J. Moore and we hope good business will result. Cider certainly seems to be quite a popular drink these days and the article we have is second to none.

I am indebted to Mr. R. Prangle of Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery for the following extract from the *Feltham and District Ratepayers Journal* :—

THE OLD "FRATERNITY" R.A.O.B.

A certain Friday night, but a few days ago, witnessed one of the most enjoyable evenings we have spent for quite a long while. The setting was all that could be desired.

The Assembly Rooms at the Railway Tavern, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hales, with their twin and complementary excellence, and our hosts, the Old Fraternity Lodge of the R.A.O.B.

The reflection would certainly have been upon us if we had failed to enjoy ourselves. But we did enjoy ourselves. Some lads, these Buffs!! Forty of them in a bunch doing full justice to the ample fare (and well cooked fare too) under the chairmanship of Bro. H. Cooper, K.O.M., Prov. Grand Primo, supported by Bros. E. Saunders, K.O.M., Deputy Prov. Grand Primo, F. L. Ploss, R.O.H., Prov. Grand Secretary, T. Appleton, R.O.H., W. S. J. Fisk, C.P., Councillor D. Geddes, W. Dillet, C.P., S.P., and S. Buckingham, C.P., City Sec.

The toast of "The Lodge" was submitted in a few well chosen phrases by Bro. Geddes and replied to by the chairman. Bro. Appleton toasted "The Visitors" and we, stumbling along, made our acknowledgment. The toast to the providers of all the good things, Mr. Bert Hales, F.T.D. (first to-day) and Mrs. Hales, D.S.M.T.I.N. (doesn't see more than is necessary) was accepted with enthusiasm. We hope we have given all the orders correctly. There were a lot more "orders" of course, but they appeared to be given to the very efficient waiters.

It would be impossible to comment separately on the innumerable items in the programme which followed—we lost count after the fifty-third—but with spasmodic intervention of the Fraternity band (lot of drum in this band and no modesty about the drummer either) the evening passed, merrily and rapidly.

The entertainers, apart from the band already mentioned, consisted of :—Bros. H. Head, F. Ploss, L. Oram, C. de Banks, F. Shepherd, W. Tisdale, R. Murray, J. Young, —. Calderwood, W. Dillet, —. Bates, ourselves and Bert Hales, T.I.W.H.M. (think it would hurt me?).

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"No, Sir," said the defendant, "I was certainly not drunk, though I may have been intoxicated."

"Well," said the magistrate, "I intended to fine you ten shillings, but in view of your explanation, I make it half a sovereign."

INN SIGNS.

It is noteworthy (says the "True Temperance Quarterly") that two Chairmen of Licensing Benches have this year called attention to the subject of inn signs—a delightful variation from the themes which usually fill these annual pronouncements. At Wycombe, Major Coningsby Disraeli regretted the replacement of these old landmarks "by signs that were almost indecent—simply advertising someone's particular brew of beer," and he hoped for a return of the worthier custom. Colonel Barker, at Wokingham, also expressed a hope that at least "the number of old signs would not further diminish." In their restoration lies a useful field for the public-house owner and architect and the painter; for what is beautiful is in the truest sense useful. And these signs can add real beauty to the town and roadside. Whether it be the elaborate structure which fronted the "White Hart" at Scole (now, alas! disappeared) or the more modest designs in paint and wrought iron

or wood or stone, of which there are still many to gladden the wayfarer's eye, we feel in their presence that something of the special charm of England is before us—although inn signs are not of English origin: they trace back to ancient Rome, and even farther back, to Thebes. But they are, or were, specially associated with England, and it will be a bad day for the countryside and the urban street when they are quite lost in the spread of Blank's Entire signboards and the fungus growth of petrol pumps.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

We sometimes hear people say "I would give a great deal to be so-and-so"; or they qualify their wish by saying they would like to be exactly like them. But stronger than anything else in the world, more insistent, more assertive, is a man's own temperament and personality. It is his one unflinching possession. Our wit must be our own, our laughter and our grieving. We must be ourselves.

We may find ourselves envying a person's job, money, or home life, while at the same time, if we only knew, he may be envying ours. Everything is a matter of contrast, or, as Ellen Terry says in her autobiography, Life itself is a point of view. A point of view is not only part of ourselves, a thing we hold, but it is something we follow, like a light going in front of us, if it is the right point of view, a gleam at the end of a tunnel.

Long ago someone told a story of a mule and a donkey who crossed a brook together. The mule was laden with salt, the donkey with wool. As they crossed the mule's pack of salt became soaked by the water, the salt melted, and, as a result, his burden became quite light.

On reaching dry ground the mule told his good fortune to the donkey, who, thinking to make his pack also light, took good care to get it thoroughly wet at the next brook. But his load of wool became so heavy that he broke down under it.

We have to carry our own bundles and follow our own paths, because we are incurably ourselves and can never be other than the personality within.—From "My Magazine."



SUCCESSFUL BANQUET OF THE WINE AND SPIRIT TRADES' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

A DONATION FROM HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

Mr. F. A. Simonds presided over a company of some 620 at the Annual Banquet of the Wine and Spirit Trades' Benevolent Society at the Connaught Rooms, on Monday, May 8th, when donations and subscriptions aggregating £5,134 13s. 6d. were announced. This total has since been increased to £5,273 18s. 4d. The evening was notable for the announcement of a donation of £25 from H.M. The King.

Our Chairman, Major S. V. Shea-Simonds, Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N. (Ret.), Mr. J. H. Simonds, Mr. A. J. Redman, Major G. S. M. Ashby, Mr. L. A. Simonds, Mr. R. St. J. Quarry, Major F. J. Johnson, Mr. A. D. Lidington and Major W. F. Clarke were also present.

After the Loyal Toasts had been honoured,

The Chairman proposed "Success to the Wine and Spirit Trades' Benevolent Society." Before dealing with the main subject of the toast, however, he said he must allude to the sad event which had clouded the last few months in the history of the wine trade, namely, the death of Mr. H. J. Newman, who to a wide circle of friends in the trade and a host of friends outside was known as "Noggs." The late Mr. Newman was a senior chairman of the society, and for many years of his life had devoted much of his time to the work of the society. Indeed, there were many living to-day who owed their happiness and comfort to the good work of "Noggs" Newman. The society also had to mourn the loss of Mr. Edmund Merritt, one of the leading members of the committee, and whose passing away was greatly lamented.

THE KING'S GIFT.

Coming to the toast, the chairman said that, when thinking over what he should say at the dinner, he was not in possession of a letter which had since been given to him, and which made pale into insignificance any possible event which might have happened at the dinner. This letter was addressed to the secretary of the society, Mr. Wallis—who incidentally was celebrating the forty-fourth anniversary of his attendance at these banquets—from Buckingham Palace and was as follows:—

Sir,—I am commanded by the King to forward you the enclosed cheque for £25 as a donation to the fund of your society.

I am, Sir,

Your Obedient Servant,

(Signed) RALPH HARWOOD,

Deputy Treasurer to the King.

[This announcement was the occasion for long continued applause].

The chairman added that he could hardly say how deeply grateful the society was to His Majesty for this expression of Royal favour and goodwill to the trade. He was, moreover, especially proud to be presiding at a banquet of the society on the very first occasion on which His Majesty had seen fit to send a contribution to the funds. On only the second occasion when a member of the senior profession in the liquor trade was presiding at the banquet, a contribution came from His Majesty.

As only the second in the line of brewers who had been allowed to preside at this great gathering of the trade, he felt it a great honour to have such distinguished guests on either side of him, and to have their support. Lieut.-General Sir Travers Clarke was the distinguished Quartermaster-General to Lord Haig. Since then, however, he had beaten his sword into a milk-spoon and as chairman of the Express Dairy Company had become a most useful member of the commercial community. He also felt singularly honoured by the presence of the present Quartermaster-General, Sir Felix Ready, a brother officer of his in the old days when in the Officers Mess they drank good wine, and plenty of it—in reason. Sir Felix, if he had had the opportunity of speaking—but he had refused—would say that he (the chairman) was the worst officer who ever wore a uniform in his regiment.

THE TRADE AND TAXATION.

Perhaps, continued the chairman, the warmth of the welcome he had been given that evening was inspired by a hope that his chairmanship was a happy augury for a release from some of the burdens now imposed upon the wine and spirit trade. They might have noticed, possibly not without envy, that in another section of the trade of which he was an obscure member, there had been a certain relief from that burdensome taxation which everybody deplored, and which had been a terrible affliction upon the wine and spirit trade for many generations past. Possibly his presence that evening might mean, or might foreshadow, some remission of this burden on the members of the wine and spirit trade in the future.

THE FUNDS OF THE SOCIETY.

Making his appeal for the Wine and Spirit Trades' Benevolent Society, Mr. Simonds remarked that, whatever he had written in his letter to the members—some of whom said they received it, and some said they did not; some of whom answered it and some of whom did not—the letter from His Majesty must have inspired everyone with the feeling that what they might have done by way of contribution to the funds was mere pettiness, and that they



Banquet of the Wine and Spirit Trades' Benevolent Society, May 8th, 1933.
Mr. F. A. Simonds in the chair.

would straight away sign the cards on the tables for at least double the subscriptions they had already sent to the secretary. Surely the fact that His Majesty that day had seen fit to contribute should be an inspiration to all to re-double their efforts on behalf of the society.

CONTRIBUTIONS UP TO THE AVERAGE.

At the same time, he thanked one and all for the ready and liberal response that had already been made because he had been informed by Mr. Wallis, the secretary, that the contributions had been well up to the average, and he was exceedingly grateful to those who had subscribed. In that connection he would mention particularly the members of—he would not again say the “senior profession”—but the profession which he practised, for the support they had given him.

PITEOUS CASES BEFORE THE COMMITTEE.

At the same time, he sincerely thanked everybody who was co-operating at the banquet and sending in their contributions. If they all had the inner knowledge which he had of the piteous cases which came week by week before the executive committee, they would indeed be stirred to the depths of their hearts and pockets. It was difficult without that inner knowledge to recognise the misery which was prevailing among those who had fallen by the way in this great business. If he were to give the details of the cases of some of the poor ladies and gentlemen whom the fund was assisting, he was certain that from the Lodges of the Douro to the Châteaux where Claret came from, from the Distilleries at Perth to the Châteaux at Rickmansworth, there would be a rustling in the deed boxes as was never heard before on the part of the mandarins of the trade extracting the securities which they wished to cash and hand over forthwith to Mr. Wallis and the committee of the society.

Already he had received donations from the rich and from the poor, and he had received one donation which he regarded almost as the best of all, namely, 5/- from a lady who used to be interested in the trade, who was now in poor circumstances, but who wished to help some of her poorer friends in the trade.

“A NIGHT OF NIGHTS.”

Mr. Simonds said that some Companies had paid up well, some had paid even beyond their means, but there were some gentlemen whom he regretted to say had been too mean for any company. Some had even written to say that they would not contribute

because they were not able to push their wares in or about Reading, and in fact could not see their way to sweep the snow from their own doorsteps.

In conclusion, the chairman expressed the sincere hope that this would be a night of nights. It certainly had been, he said, from the social point of view, but let it also be the night of nights from a financial point of view, and do not let it ever be said when any of the wine and spirit trade representatives came to the brewer's door that they were turned away because when Eric Simonds was in the chair at the banquet of the Wine and Spirit Trades' Benevolent Society, he did not get a record subscription. Therefore, in asking the company to rise and drink “Success to the Wine and Spirit Trades' Benevolent Society” he asked everybody to see that their donation cards were well filled in.

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm.

The chairman said, it might add a zest to the desire to contribute if he mentioned that one gentleman present who had backed the winner of the Jubilee—Colorado Kid—had promised to send a handsome donation. He hoped, therefore, that any of those who had enjoyed a week-end by reason of a substantial cheque in anticipation would not forget that fact when they were making out their donation cards.

* * * *

In returning thanks for the toast of “The Chairman,” Mr. F. A. Simonds said that, although he had been alluded to as a brewer, he would like to sink that identity, and as a member of the wine and spirit trade, thank everybody for the loyal support they had given to the society, through him, that evening. The list which had been presented by Mr. Wallis was indeed a gratifying one, and he sincerely hoped it would be the means of providing funds for disposal among the hard cases which had so constantly to be dealt with. In particular, he thanked Mr. Wallis and his staff in Byward Street for the great help they had been, he thanked his own staff for the work they had done, he thanked the members of the committee, and finally, Major Victor Seyd for editing the letter which had been sent out in connection with the fund. In conclusion, the chairman called attention to the presence at the dinner of a gentleman representing the retail trade, namely, Mr. H. Weber Brown, and Mr. J. L. Daniell, who represented the catering trade, both of immeasurable service to the wine trade, the members of which he urged to remember that whatever they might get out of the wine trade, the retail trade should have its measure of satisfaction and consideration.

The following editorial is taken from *The Wine Trade Review* :—

MR. F. A. SIMONDS' NIGHT.

Mr. F. A. Simonds is to be congratulated upon his successful chairmanship of the annual banquet of the Wine and Spirit Trades' Benevolent Society. We admire the spirit in which he undertook this onerous task. He obeyed the Biblical injunction : " Be strong, and quit yourselves like men." He probably realised the truth underlying the metrical statement :—

Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone :
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

In no other way was it possible in these hard times to have induced friends and acquaintances to subscribe liberally to a charity even so deserving and so ably administered as the Benevolent Society. It is more difficult now to raise one hundred pounds than it was formerly to raise a thousand pounds. Money is scarce everywhere; and what little there is has to encompass many ends. That Mr. Simonds has a host of friends—friends who warmly rallied to his support—was evident at Monday's gathering. The donation list also tells its tale. Over £5,000 is a very creditable sum to raise in a year of acute depression. So much for the financial side of the effort. In another sense Mr. Simonds was also the chief figure in the proceedings. Not only did he prove himself to be an efficient chairman, but he was also a speaker of much personal charm and distinction. His speech was, as it were, an excellent brew—worthy of " a member of the senior profession in the liquor trade." It possessed body and bouquet, and the flavour of hops was richly apparent. Referring to the King's donation to the fund, Mr. Simonds remarked that he could not adequately express to the company how deeply grateful they were to His Majesty for that expression of Royal goodwill to their great trade, and he was especially proud to preside over the society's banquet on the first occasion that the King had seen fit to send a donation to their funds. Another feature of Mr. Simonds' speech was its humour. A celebrated poet wrote :—

All things are big with jest ; nothing that's plain
But may be witty if thou hast the vein.

And Mr. Simonds was in the vein on Monday night. His reference to Lieut.-General Sir Travers Clarke having beaten his sword into a milk spoon on becoming chairman of a great dairy company was neat ; and his allusion to some company subscribers to the fund who had contributed over their means, while others were too mean to be in any company, was distinctly witty. Altogether, in a very real sense, it was " Eric's " night.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

THRUSH FED BY LADY.

WON BY KINDNESS.

A tame male thrush with beautiful speckled breast, has, of its own accord, made the sill of my sitting room and bedroom a feeding place, writes a lady from Mapledurham. The bird never goes to any other room. The two rooms in question are one above the other. The lady feeds the thrush about ten times a day and always at the same times. The thrush knocks at her windows regularly at about 7 o'clock in the morning. She finds him on the sill of the bedroom window and at times he brings her a piece of worm or grub. Then he flies down into the dell where his wife and children await him, apparently to prove that he is not neglecting them. The bird shows not the slightest fear of his human—aye ! and very humane—lady friend. The moment she appears at the window down he comes and will actually eat a few crumbs from her hand. He does not mind the big dogs, but the Cavin, when the thrush knocked at the window, seemed to think there was something he ought to catch. But that little misunderstanding was soon put right.

Another visitor, accompanying the thrush, is a young blackbird, and chaffinches and robins do not hesitate to enter the lady's room. The thrush generally stands and stares at the lady for several minutes and then, convinced that it is his kindly friend, shows not the slightest fear.

This lady, who is a great lover, not only of birds but of all animals, is now eagerly awaiting a visit from mother thrush and family. It is wonderful what kindness to birds and animals will do, and I have, very appropriately I think, headed this little story, " Won by Kindness."

EXTRAORDINARY CLUTCH OF ROBIN'S EGGS.

The above little story, true in every detail, comes from Mapledurham, and here is another from the same district. While some old wireless batteries were being removed, behind them was discovered a robin's nest with seven eggs. I have used the term " nest," though actually there was hardly any nest at all. Five eggs is the usual clutch of eggs for a robin, though you may occasionally come across a nest containing six. Seven is unusual, and what I am going to add is, indeed, extraordinary. At the time of writing the nest contained 29 eggs ! Never before have I

come across anything like this in my experience. Whether there is more than one robin concerned or what is the explanation to this extraordinary state of things I hope eventually to discover and enlighten my readers in a future article.

“MATCHLESS MUSIC.”

You can see and hear much along the Warren, Mapledurham, at this season of the year. The nightingale has been there for some time now, and as the shades of night are falling fast you may hear him flooding the sylvan glade with his matchless music. And, though a Sunday morning some weeks ago was very misty, I heard him singing gaily between 6 and 7 o'clock. Here, too, the wryneck or cuckoo's mate may be heard. The familiar note, pee, pee, pee, uttered eight or nine times, can hardly be mistaken. Then there is the spotted woodpecker now busy drilling holes in trees wherein to lay their eggs. And if you are strolling that way of an evening look out for the reed warbler. He has just arrived from overseas. A vociferous singer, his song, which is loud and long, is continued far into the night.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Isaac and Sandy were playing golf. Sandy drove off and sent the ball well up the fairway. Isaac followed, but his ball flew into the rough. After slashing away wildly for about three minutes, he managed to get out.

“Hoo mony?” asked Sandy.

“Three,” replied the Jew.

“What?” said the canny Scot. “Ah counted ten masel.”

“Vell,” came the retort, “vas it my fault I should have to kill a snake?”

* * * *

Overheard in the smoke room :

“How did your bridge party come off last night, Jones?”

“Top-hole, thanks, though Wilkinson didn't turn up.”

“But surely that was rather awkward. How did you get along without him?”

“Oh, I togged up my butler in a spare suit of dress clothes and he played the part excellently.”

“That was jolly lucky.”

“It was. I won a month's wages off the blighter!”

A young man whose knowledge of cards was extremely visionary was roped in to complete a bridge four. After a few moments he committed his first mistake by throwing away a king on a trick already taken by his opponent's ace.

“Good heavens!” bellowed the young man's partner, stung to fiendish wrath by the dreadful sight, “a king doesn't usually beat an ace, you know.”

“I know,” stammered the wretched beginner, “but I thought I'd let it have a try.”

* * * *

“Look here, Jimmie,” said the young clubman confidentially to his friend, “Smith lost a fiver to me at poker a week ago, and hasn't paid up yet. Think I'll write him a jolly stiff note and ask for the cash.”

“No, don't do that,” counselled the more cautious Jimmie, “he may have simply overlooked it. Drop him a quiet, pleasant little reminder.”

“All right,” grumbled the needy one as he reached for the notepaper, “perhaps you're right.”

For some moments he wrote industriously, then he paused and favoured his friend with an uncertain frown. “I say, Jim,” he said, “is there a 'c' or a 'k' in 'skunk'?”

* * * *

A Scotsman was once run over by a beer wagon, and for the first time in his life the drinks were on him.

* * * *

FIRST PRISONER : “What are you in for?”

SECOND PRISONER : “Want to be a warder, so I thought I'd start from the bottom.”

* * * *

“By order,” a notice reads. “Cows grazing on the roadside or riding bicycles on the footpaths are hereby prohibited.”

* * * *

THE NEW CAR.

FATHER : “How many miles to a gallon?”

MOTHER : “What colour is the upholstery?”

SON : “How fast will she go?”

DAUGHTER : “Has it a nice-sounding horn?”

NEIGHBOURS : “How can they afford it?”

"Did you give the penny to the monkey, dear?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And what did the monkey do with it?"

"He gave it to his father, who played the organ."

* * * *

PARK ORATOR: "My friends, if we were each of us to turn and look ourselves squarely in the face, what should we find we needed most?"

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD: "An indiarubber neck, mister!"

* * * *

HUSBAND: "Do you mean to say there is only one course to-night? Just cheese?"

WIFE: "Yes, dear. When the chops caught fire and fell into the sweets I had to use the soup to put it out."

* * * *

The business man had died and gone to—well, not to Heaven. But hardly had he settled down for a smoke when he received a hearty hand-slap on the back, and into his ear boomed the voice of a persistent salesman who had pestered him on earth.

"Well, Mr. Smith," chortled the salesman, "I'm here for the appointment."

"What appointment?"

"Why, don't you remember? Every time I came into your office you told me that you'd see me here!"

* * * *

Two small boys were found fighting furiously in a corner of the playground. On hearing the cause of the scrap, the master directed each combatant to write out the name of his favourite football team one hundred times. On which one small boy began to protest with tears.

"It isn't fair, sir," he wailed. "It isn't fair at all. My favourite team is Wolverhampton Wanderers and his is Bury!"

* * * *

ASYLUM ATTENDANT: "There is a man outside who wants to know if any of the patients have escaped."

DOCTOR: "Why does he ask?"

ATTENDANT: "He says somebody has run off with his wife."

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

"The conductor!" cried the children, joyously.

* * * *

Two workmen were engaged upon a very intricate machine. "I say, Bill," said one of them contemplatively, "it's bloomin' wonderful what they can do nowadays. D'ye know they can make measurements to the thahsandth of an inch?"

"Blimey!" said the other, awed, "how many thahsandths are there in an inch, then?"

"Oh, I dunno," answered Bill, "but there must be millions."

* * * *

"My goodness!" exclaimed the stranger, who had dropped into the police court to pass away half an hour; "they've caught a pretty tough lot this morning, haven't they?"

"You're looking at the wrong lot," said his neighbour. "Those aren't the prisoners. They're the jury!"

* * * *

An aged farmer had in a long bill from one of his tradesmen, but unfortunately it was not itemised, and the word "ditto" occurred a good many times.

"I never had no ditto," exclaimed the agriculturist, irefully, "I won't be charged for what I haven't had." So he harnessed Dobbin to the trap and, with his good wife, drove into the town to get the matter set right.

He soon came out of the shop again looking ashamed. When his wife asked what the matter was, he replied: "The matter is that I'm a silly fool and you're ditto."

* * * *

TEMPERANCE LECTURER: "Here's an argument drawn from Nature. If I lead a donkey up to a pail of water and a pail of beer, which will he drink?"

UNCONVERTED: "The water."

LECTURER: "Right, why?"

UNCONVERTED: "Because he's an ass."

A small boy seated on the kerb by a telegraph pole, with a tin can by his side, attracted the attention of an old gentleman, who happened to be passing. "Going fishing?" he inquired good-naturedly.

"Nope," the youngster replied, "take a peek in there."

An investigation showed the can to be partly filled with caterpillars of the tussock moth.

"What in the world are you doing with them?"

"They crawl up trees and eat off the leaves."

"So I understand."

"Well, I'm fooling a few of them."

"How?"

"Sending 'em up this telegraph pole."

* * * *

An American race-horse owner who particularly wished to win a certain event went to the drug store to ask if there was any preparation which would make a race-horse faster. "Sure," replied the druggist. "Here y'are, five dollars a capsule."

The owner took it and departed, to return later in the day. "How'd it work?" asked the storekeeper.

"Great," panted the owner, "my horse went off like a rocket and we ain't seen him since. Gimme two more capsules, I gotta catch him."

* * * *

An American was being shown around London. Among the places he visited was the Hall of the Skinners' Company. Looking at the magnificent silverware, pictures and massive furniture, he said: "Gee! Your income-tax collectors do themselves well, don't they?"

* * * *

An old "bookie" buffeted by misfortune, was at length compelled to take shelter in the workhouse. But the ruling spirit still swayed him and he started a book inside.

When, however, a little later a friend asked him how he was getting on, he shook his head sadly.

"The job was too complicated for me," he replied. "I've had to give it up. I could reckon two to one in fags, or four to one in ounces of tobacco or quarters of tea, but when it came to working out the odds of eleven to eight on a suet dumpling I was done."

THE REDUCED BEER TAX.

MR. WEBER BROWN EXPLAINS THE SITUATION.

A meeting of the board of the Licensed Victuallers Central Protection Society was held in London on June 1st. Mr. H. Weber Brown presided and expressed surprise that there seemed to be a misunderstanding in the trade with regard to what the Chancellor of the Exchequer said in his Budget statement on the subject of the beer duty; also that there were some people who were going about saying that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had promised that the price of beer should be reduced by 24s. per bulk barrel all round.

As the members of the board were aware, he (the chairman) had previously made the position clear, and he hoped that members of the trade would not go on claiming that there was a definite promise that the brewers were bound in any way by some agreement with the Chancellor of the Exchequer to reduce the price of beer by 24s. per barrel all round.

In that connection he (the chairman) was bound to refer to a question asked and answered in that day's *Morning Advertiser*. The question was, "Are brewers legally compelled to reduce the price of beer to their tenants by the same amount as provided in the Budget, viz., 24s. per barrel?" The answer given was "No."

WHAT THE CHANCELLOR SAID.

Mr. Weber Brown said he did not know that there was any reference in the Chancellor's Budget statement to 24s. being taken off each barrel of beer sold to the retailer. What Mr. Chamberlain did say was: "As from to-morrow beer will be charged at the rate of 24s. per bulk barrel, up to and including a gravity of 1027 degrees, with a rise of 2s. per degree over that gravity." That, said Mr. Weber Brown, was, perhaps, the cause of a good deal of the trouble leading to misunderstanding, but he could not conceive how licensees could have been confused in that way.

What they had to consider was what the brewers actually agreed with the Chancellor. As quoted by the right hon. gentleman in his Budget speech it was as follows:—

"That in the event of the beer duty in future being based on a scale commencing at 24s. for all beers brewed up to and including 1027 degrees, with a rise of 2s. per degree above that figure, the Brewers' Society will strongly recommend all brewers to make such arrangements with retailers as will ensure the retail price of beer being reduced by a penny per pint on the day following the Budget statement in Parliament, and the society will also use its influence to induce all brewers to raise the gravity of their beers by at least two degrees."

Therefore, said the chairman, there could not be any justification for the claim which it was said was being made by some

retailers, and he would like the position made quite clear to those in the area of the London Central Board.—(Hear, hear.) Following upon the Chancellor's statement, it had been agreed provisionally to revert to the brewers' prices ruling prior to the Supplementary Budget of 1931. He (Mr. Weber Brown) wished to enjoin upon the board that it was clear that licensees were going through a period of test, for no one could tell what was going to happen with regard to beer. No one could tell, until they had given it a reasonable trial, what was going to be the outcome of Mr. Chamberlain's new scheme of duties.

Mr. Brown confessed that he thought the figures quoted by the board's president, Commander Redmond McGrath, at the dinner on May 23rd, showing a decrease of 59 per cent. in the number of standard barrels of beer brewed in 1932-33, as compared with 1914, were appalling.

The Chairman added that he was quite prepared to consider any case where the brewers had not quite carried out the arrangement provisionally entered into, to which he had already referred. Retailers must, he thought, be prepared to face the future and carry on for a certain period until they saw what was likely to happen with regard to the trade generally.—(Hear, hear.)



Two popular members of the bowling fraternity, Messrs. Butler and Noble, find a bit of "home from home" at the Hotel Cecil, Tangier.



BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

When the ships of the Home Fleet left Portsmouth and Devonport for the summer cruise, it was with regret that they knew it to be the last cruise to be carried out by that fleet under Admiral Sir John D. Kelly, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., as Commander-in-Chief, this officer being succeeded in September by Admiral Sir W. H. D. Boyle, K.C.B. The change will take place when the whole fleet is at Weymouth on September 8th. The programme of the present cruise and exercises is on similar lines to those of the past few years. The battleships, battle-cruisers and aircraft carriers will proceed first to Invergordon and the destroyers to Rosyth. The whole fleet will assemble at Scapa on June 3rd and will remain there for a week during which the pulling regatta will take place. On June 10th the fleet will disperse for the purpose of paying visits to coast resorts. So comprehensive is this part of the programme that about 60 ports will be visited, embracing practically the whole of coast of the British Isles.

Weather conditions were good for the 50th Portsmouth United Services Rifle Meeting at Tipnor. Five events were held in the programme commencing at 9.30 a.m. with the Royal Marine Light Infantry cup competition. This event was won by H.M.S. *Warspite*, but shooting was very close and the runners-up, the Manchester Regiment, registered 423 points, being only one less than the winners. H.M.S. *Excellent* retained the Royal Marine Artillery cup with a total of 196 points, the Manchesters again securing second place. The York and Lancaster Regiment took the Connaught challenge cup from the Royal Marines in the Lewis Gun competition. The targets were "five enemy sections" each consisting of six white tiles, 18in. square, and two feet apart from each other. The time of the winners was 26 seconds against 37 seconds of the Royal Marines. The last event of the day was for the Commander-in-Chief's cup which was presented by Admiral Sir Arthur Fanshawe in 1909. The Manchester Regiment retained this cup with some exceptionally fine scoring, 62 hits. The Hampshire Regiment came second with 54 hits. In the deliberate rifle shooting contest from ranges of 200 and 500 yards the highest score in "A" class being 63 points obtained by A.B. Dew (H.M.S. *Victory*) and C.Q.M.S. Jones (Manchester Regiment). "BB" class was won by Marine Williams with a score of 63 and "B" class by Bds. Moon (Manchester Regiment) with a score of 60 points. The second event was from ranges of 300 and 600 yards, the winners of the

three classes being P.O. House (H.M.S. *Excellent*), Lieut. Pringle (H.M.S. *Warspite*) and Pte. Rogers (R.A.O.C.) with scores of 63, 63 and 58 respectively.

The Commander of the Garrison, Major-Gen. L. I. G. Morgan-Owen, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., we are sorry to say, will, in all probability, be leaving the city in consequence of his promotion. His absence will be felt here not only in military but also in civilian circles.

H.M.S. *Suffolk*, the Portsmouth built county class cruiser, arrived at Portsmouth on May 18th, from Hong-Kong on completion of her second commission with the Fifth cruiser squadron, China Station. She will be re-fitted and re-commissioned at Portsmouth and will sail for China again about August. Capt. J. H. Godfrey will be succeeded in the new commission by Capt. Errol Manners, at present director of physical training and sports.

BRIGHTON.

After a very successful season, the Worthing and District billiards and snooker league held their annual dinner at Mitchell's Cafe, Worthing, on Thursday, the 4th May.

The President of the League (Councillor E. A. Brackley) was in the chair, and was supported by the Mayor (Councillor T. E. Hawkins), Mr. C. G. Adams (representative of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.), Mr. E. W. Sparks, Mr. A. E. Perkins, J.P., etc.

Mr. W. B. Stone proposed the toast of the "Mayor and Corporation of Worthing" welcoming the Mayor on this, his first visit to their annual gathering. The Mayor in response mentioned that he was supported that evening by corporations of a different character, and he could assure those present that they were both representative and able in their respective spheres.

His Worship then distributed trophies and medals to the winning teams, including two new cups provided by Mr. E. W. Sparks and Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.

The Worthing Sports Club won both the billiards and snooker cups in the 1st division, and in accepting these trophies on behalf of that club, Mr. J. Punter, in a very humorous and apt speech, said it had been his ambition to see them bring this off for years. They had been battered and knocked about in the past, but since

they took to a certain brand of beer in the club, they seemed to be able to overcome any obstacle, and thus were in the happy position of prizewinners that night.

Councillor Brackley referred to the generosity of Messrs. Simonds and Mr. Sparks in presenting new cups to the league, and the donors were accorded musical honours.

On behalf of Messrs. Simonds, Mr. Adams, in responding, said that when he approached his firm on the matter, they made no hesitation in taking advantage of an opportunity of showing their interest in Worthing clubs, and their appreciation of the many friends they had connected with the Worthing billiards league.

Mr. Sparks also replied.

The speeches were interspersed with musical items, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

An interesting ceremony took place in the players' dressing room at the Sussex County cricket ground before the commencement of the Sussex *v.* Notts match on the 17th May. Maurice Tate was presented by an unknown admirer with a gigantic bottle of beer, to which was attached the following verses:—

"Great big heart, great big feet,
Give him a great big cheer,
Also give him a great big treat,
Here's a bottle of Beer.

"Popular here, popular there,
He's a favourite everywhere,
Never known to be a failure,
Even popular in Australia."

OXFORD.

Having read with interest glowing accounts of the results of the horticultural efforts of members of the Staff at the Brewery at their annual flower show, we thought that the success in this direction, achieved by a member of our own Staff, ought to be placed on record.

At the Royal Oxfordshire Horticultural Society's Spring Flower and Bulb Show, held at the Town Hall, Oxford, on Thursday, April 20th, our Mr. L. C. White gained the following awards :—

1. Collection six distinct varieties Trumpet Daffodils—Second Prize.
2. Collection six varieties Short Cup Daffodils—First Prize.
3. Three varieties Barri or Leedsii—First Prize.
4. Three varieties Incomparabilis—First Prize.
5. Three vases Double Daffodils—Second Prize.
6. Hyacinths—Second Prize.

To carry away three first and three second prizes, in the open classes, at such a show where competition is very keen, and the quality of the exhibits of a very high standard, reflects great credit on our Mr. White and we heartily congratulate him.

