

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 8



MR. J. W. JELLEY.

MR. J. W. JELLEY.

For our frontispiece this month we have selected the portrait of Mr. J. W. Jelley, a well known member of the Branch Department staff. With the exception of one day in the Cask Department, where he commenced his business career on the 5th January, 1903, he has the distinction of being one of the few members of our staff who has served in the same Department over thirty years. During this period, by reason of the large variety of work carried out in that office, he has naturally accumulated a fund of knowledge of the inside and outside working of the Firm's business.

As far back as August, 1907, Mr. Jelley had his first experience of camp work, when he was at West Down, Salisbury Plain, to assist with two Divisions, one London and one Welsh, which were encamped. He has also had experience at various Branches, when he has been engaged on audit, stocktaking and relief work. In addition to actual participation in camp work, Mr. Jelley has a wide knowledge of the inside organization of military business and is mainly responsible for the arrangements connected with the solicitation of Territorial camp trade. The present system is largely of his own perfection and considerable credit is due to him for the speedy handling of the voluminous correspondence. His records of Regular Army business are also as perfect as the time available for this work will permit. A great and valuable asset in his work is a retentive memory and by dint of close study and application he has gained a comprehensive knowledge of the composition of H.M. Forces.

During the Great War, Mr. Jelley served in the Royal Flying Corps and Royal Air Force from July, 1916, to February, 1919, finishing with the rank of Sergeant.

Elected Deputy Captain of the Brewery Cricket Club in 1919, he subsequently filled the position of Joint Honorary Secretary for the ensuing seven years. Since that date he has officiated in the capacity of Honorary Secretary for the First and Second teams. He took a part in the formation of the 2nd XI which has been running since 1922. Owing to what he describes as a "lucky season," Mr. Jelley headed the bowling averages last year and was third in the batting. He is usually the opening batsman for our 1st XI matches and does his best to take the sting out of the bowling for those to follow. During the cricket season he contributes regularly to THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. Reports of the matches played by both teams and his list of averages occupies over two pages of space. He is a holder of the Berks and Bucks Minor Cup medal for football for the 1905-6 season, when the cup was won by the Clarence Football Club. His present day recreation includes tennis and gardening. In the latter hobby he has a strong partiality for roses and produces some good specimens. He has a stock of about 100 trees.

EDITORIAL.

ANOTHER USE FOR WHISKY.

"There is only one way to walk without trouble; that is to pour whisky into your boots," remarked Canon Cooper, Yorkshire's famous "Walking Parson," to an interviewer who was congratulating him on the celebration of his 83rd birthday. The Canon has tramped through every country in Europe except Russia.

FINE "WET" DAYS.

Finland has made £450,525 in nine months by going "wet." Last April she abolished prohibition. Now the first balance sheet of the State Alcohol Monopoly for the succeeding nine months has been published, and shows the total profits as above, this sum including £198,238 set aside for the payment of rates and taxes. During 1932, a sum of £473,568 was paid to the Government in Excise and Customs duties on wines, spirits and beer. More than £26,000 was expended in transport, and £90,000 in the rent of offices, stores and shops.

MARK TAPLEY CHAMBERLAIN.

Trade generally is still far from enjoying that healthy vigour which is the essential condition of a real expansion of employment. The plain fact is that it will not again become really healthy until the problems of war debts and disarmament have been settled. But we can point to a sensible improvement in the Mother Country's trade, which is indisputably in a far sounder condition than any other country's. Let Mr. Chamberlain, speaking at Birmingham recently, tell the story in his own words:

"Our credit has been so fully restored that to-day we are almost embarrassed by the amount of money that is coming into London from other countries, brought there by people who feel that it is a safer place than that from which it came.

"From having slipped back to the position of the third exporting country of the world, we have once again regained our position as the first exporting country.

"Since we came into office over 200 new factories have been established here with foreign capital, thus giving work to British workmen at home, instead of taking their livelihood by sending goods in from foreign lands. There are many factories where people were working short time but are now working full time."

CHAMPAGNE AT 104.

Mrs. Nesbit, who is now living at the Home of Rest, Fitzjohns Avenue, Hampstead, is in her 104th year. To a representative of the *Morning Post* she said:—"No, I am not a teetotaler but a regular tippler. Champagne is my drink for every occasion, every time I get the chance. But," she added with a touch of sadness, "it is not often I smell it. I have a good appetite for good food, and if I don't like it I send down for something that is good. I am very fond of boiled salmon and green peas at all times." Mrs. Nesbit celebrated last Christmas with a dinner of champagne, turkey, and Christmas pudding.

PURER THAN WATER OR MILK.

Wine is purer than either water or milk, because no typhoid nor other deadly germ can live in wine. Wine is the living blood of the grape. Wine is harmony; a marvellously complex and well-balanced blend of ever so many different substances in a solution of water and alcohol.—*Mr. André L. Simon.*

THE THRUSH'S SONG.

The song of the thrush takes a lot of beating and now they are at their best. It was the late Viscountess Grey of Fallodon who wrote the thrush as saying:—

Pretty knew it, pretty knew it,
Come and see, come and see.
Knee-deep, knee-deep,
Cherry sweet, cherry sweet;
To me! To me! To me!

LAWN TENNIS.

There is every indication of the Brewery having a very successful lawn tennis season for the newly-formed club has been started on a very business-like footing. Mr. W. Bradford has put a lot of valuable work into the concern and Mr. Louis Simonds and Mr. Quarry are both giving it their active support. I attended the Committee meeting recently held and over which Mr. Louis presided. The way he conducted the business was in every way admirable for we got through a maximum of work in a minimum of time. And he was the embodiment of tact and geniality all the time. How like his father!

A LITTLE ADVICE.

When playing tennis it is a tremendous help to the server if his or her partner supplies him, when possible, with balls. Perhaps there is a "net ball" and if the server has to search round for another ball it often puts him off his stroke. By assisting him in this direction it may mean all the difference between winning and losing a game, even a match. Then again, when a ball is "dead" do not drive it back with all your might to the proper end of the court. By doing so you may give someone a severe blow. I have seen players knocked out in this way and other damage done. So just tap such balls back gently.

SHOW A DOG A RABBIT!

Mr. Louis Simonds tells me that recently a couple of rabbits appeared on the lawn at Audley's Wood. A fox terrier, about a year old, was shown the rabbits, at the first sign of whose movement the dog beat a hasty retreat. And what did the dog do? Was he off, like lightning, after the little furry creatures? No fear, he simply barked and barked and barked until the rabbits leisurely took their departure.

THE BROKEN MONEY-BOX.

I receive all sorts of letters from all sorts of sources. Here is one from "My Holiday Diary," Fredk. McKnight, L.P.S.:—

"On the station platform at Kingswear (Devon) is a money-box for contributions to a railway charity. It bears reference to 'Jim,' a dog who collected for the fund, and an arrow points to a stone where 'Jim' is buried. The inscription reads:

JIM

1902—1909.

"As 'Jim's' grave is by the side of the line it may be assumed he died on duty, and his sorrowing admirers erected the stone to his memory.

"But, that money-box! The door is almost off, and it contains rubbish.

"Poor Jim! Twenty-five years ago they thought so much of you that a stone was erected over your body, near the very place where you received thousands of pennies (and pats) for a noble cause in return for a waggle of your tail. And now we are told where you are resting by a broken money-box."

THE BUDGET.

A part of the unjust taxation of the brewing industry has been removed. In fact we are back to where we were in 1925. The forecast made by Mr. F. A. Simonds, when the extra tax was levied in 1931, that the limit of taxation on the trade had already been reached and that the further imposition would negative its intention, proved to be a correct prophecy.

The decision of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to take a penny a pint off the price of beer was a great triumph for the officials of the Brewers' Society. In connection with the active steps taken by the latter Society, the name of Mr. F. A. Simonds was mentioned in the Chancellor's budget speech, which was an unique occurrence.

A just compensation for the hardships inflicted on the trade and allied industries would have been a reduction in tax which would have permitted beer to be sold 2d. per pint cheaper. Such a concession would have given a fillip to farmers, maltsters and the numerous other trades affected by the smaller consumption of beer during the last year. More important still from the Chancellor's standpoint, the increase in the use of the national beverage would have resulted in a greater revenue to the Exchequer and would have benefited the health of the nation. An observer cannot have failed to note the pale wan faces of those who have been obliged to forego their usual daily glass of beer. Let the temperance fanatics say what they will, they cannot blink away the evidence of their eyesight that the regular use of beer in the ordinary dietary of all classes actually does improve the general health and physique and contribute to the contentment of the people.

We, however, hope for such a return of business that even with the reduction in tax now made, the estimated cost to the Exchequer will fall far below the figure of £16,000,000 mentioned in the Chancellor's budget speech.

WHAT "THE TIMES" SAYS,

"More important is the reduction of the beer duty by the equivalent of 1d. a pint, which will certainly be welcomed by the public, though it is estimated to cost the Chancellor a loss in revenue of about £16,000,000 in a full year. Here again the measure of Mr. Chamberlain's caution may perhaps be criticized as betraying a certain lack of imagination; for a bolder stroke might very well have yielded, through increased consumption, a more satisfactory result to the Exchequer. Though a penny off beer may yield a smaller revenue, twopence might, in the opinion of good judges, have increased the yield, which ought to be the aim of the Treasury."

BEER

is now

CHEAPER and BETTER

You can afford to drink

BRITAIN'S

PUREST, HEALTHIEST
BEVERAGE.

TRY IT!

SOCIAL CLUB.

LAWN TENNIS CLUB FORMED.

For the summer recreation of employees a tennis club has been formed, and shows every promise of being very successful. Backed by substantial financial assistance from the Directors, and under the able chairmanship of Mr. L. A. Simonds, we have every reason to be optimistic.

Mr. L. A. Simonds will have the assistance of the following (who form the committee): Mr. M. Adams (*Hon. Sec.*), Mr. W. Bradford (*Hon. Treas.*), Messrs. C. H. Perrin, J. H. Wadhams, F. W. Clarke, P. James, Miss A. M. Prosser and Miss D. Gardner. The ladies will co-opt other ladies and will be responsible for arranging teas on special occasions.

Two grass courts have been taken for the season at 61 Tilehurst Road. All employees of the Firm are eligible for membership and can nominate one auxiliary member, subject to the approval of the committee. The subscription is 12/6 for the season. Applications for membership should be addressed to the Tennis Secretary at the Social Club.

Matches with other clubs and various tournaments are being arranged, so a very enjoyable season can be anticipated.

Mr. R. Quarry has been elected to pick the teams for all matches.



THE CUP FINAL.

(By W.B.).

MY VISIT TO WEMBLEY.

On Saturday, April 29th, I was a privileged visitor to Wembley to see the cup final. Making the journey by road to see the effect of the crowds wending their way to that Stadium, I did not anticipate the "crawls" and "traffic jams," but one could not help being interested in the different supporters' good humour and amusing antics, all betraying their real interest in the game they were about to witness. I entered the hall where lunch was being served to about 1,000 people and was amazed at the wonderful arrangements made. After partaking of an excellent meal we made our way to our allotted seats in the stand—no crushing—just walking peacefully to our places. What a sight! A vast arena of faces which appeared to go sky high—all excited and anxious, some parties more noisy than others, some decorated with paper hats and garlands displaying the colours of their home teams. The community singing (accompanied by the band of H.M. Royal Horse Guards (The Blues)) went with a good swing. It was only when sectional singing was taking place, could one appreciate the volume of voices. Then came the hymn "Abide with me." I have always considered this sacrilegious under such circumstances, but, never again, for now I have *seen* and heard for the first time. I was extremely impressed—93,000 people, all upstanding, hats doffed, and singing with such feeling. And yet some say we are becoming anti-religious—never.

After this, the combined bands of the Royal Irish Guards and the Royal Horse Guards formed up before the Royal Stand, the football players lining up immediately in front, and at the appearance of H.R.H. The Duke of York the bands played the "National Anthem," every person upstanding. All men's heads were bared; it was wonderfully impressive. I heard a voice (not pure English) near me say, "only England can do this." How true!

The marching of the combined bands during the interval made one feel proud of England's army.

The presentation of the cup and medals brought about the climax in the excitement. By the time we had had tea, all those thousands of people had gone, all those hundreds of char-a-bancs and cars had been moved off without a hitch—what organisation!

The routes back to the City were lined by thousands of people, in some places four and five deep, all of whom had gathered to see the cup-tie crowds leaving.

The report of the game has been ably dealt with in the press, but my only regret was that Manchester City, after such a clean and gallant fight, could not get what would have been a well-deserved goal or two.

A NATURE NOTE.

(By C.H.P.).

PIGEON'S NEST IN RABBIT'S HOLE.

PASQUE FLOWERS IN PROFUSION.

Spring is indeed here and with it many of our ever-welcome little feathered friends from abroad including the chiff-chaff, which arrived in March, the willow warbler, the wryneck, the black-cap and the white-throats, both the greater and the lesser. On Good Friday, too, I saw several sand-martins and one swallow. It was a brilliant day, reminding one more of June than April. The countryside resounded with the joyous songs of birds and the cuckoo was calling, calling!

INCOMPARABLY GLADSOME.

I think there is nothing more delicately sweet than the song of the willow-warbler. What a delight to hear "That strain again; it had a dying fall." The notes are indeed like a little silver stream of song. Another great favourite of mine is the black-cap. Unlike the male, the lady wears a chestnut cap. The black-cap's song is, I think, incomparably glad some and White, of Selborne, describes it as "full, sweet, deep, loud and wild," well merited praise. In the song there are notes very similar to that of the robin, thrush and lark. Father black-cap assists his wife in the duties of incubation and may sometimes be seen sitting on a nest sing, sing, singing to his little heart's content. Last year I watched one thus engaged for a long time and I could not wish for a more charming picture.

A PERFECT WORK OF ART.

At the time of writing few migrants have started nesting, but the stay-at-homes have been busy for weeks and there are numerous nests with eggs and young and those with eggs which I have found include the long-tailed tit. The nest is a perfect work of art, egg-shaped, luxuriously filled with feathers and covered with silver lichen. How hard those little builders must have worked to erect such a structure and what a crime it is to ruthlessly destroy such an ornament of the countryside.

In the early morning I frequently visit the Thames-side via Cow-lane. And here you may see the snipe engaged in their curious habit of "drumming." They ascend high into the air and then descend, meanwhile the outspread tail causes the peculiar sound known as "drumming." Their note, tjick-tjuck, tjick-tjuck, is unmistakable.

AMAZING AERIAL DISPLAY.

I noticed a pair of sparrow hawks flying overhead. A snipe saw them, gave the alarm and in less time than it takes to tell more than a dozen snipe were in the air mobbing the hawks. The capers that the snipe cut in the air were amazing and it was easily the finest aerial pageant that I have ever witnessed. But the hawks seemed quite unconcerned and pursued the even tenor of their way. Had they cared, I dare say they could have meted out death to their pursuers, for sparrow hawks have cruel powerful beaks and claws like grappling irons. But their thoughts were evidently elsewhere, for the calls of spring are strong.

On either side of the river, too, you may generally see and hear the greater and lesser spotted woodpeckers and the green woodpecker. They are very busy now drilling holes in the trees in which to lay their eggs. Nest is hardly the correct term to use as the eggs are laid on the rotten wood that has been pecked or has fallen from the holes. The spotted woodpecker also "taps" the trees to ascertain whether the wood is sound or otherwise, and if not sound he soon sets to work to strip the tree of some of its bark and seize the little white grubs which it contains. With their powerful beaks they can chip off pieces of bark over 20 inches in length and the same number of inches in width. Pied and grey wagtails are also much in evidence in this locality. The grey wagtail is often mistaken for the yellow wagtail because it has so much yellow about it, but the yellow wagtail is only a summer visitor. You will be also sure to see reed buntings, with their handsome black heads, and meadow pipits by the dozen. The common sandpiper, or summer snipe, has also arrived. You generally see them in pairs. It has a peculiar piping note, flies rapidly, pursuing a zig-zag course up and down the river. It is one of the most restless of birds with its body, legs and tail ever in motion.

FIVE AND A HALF TO THE OUNCE.

It was while out for a walk Bradfield way that I heard the thin small voice of a gold-crest and for some time I watched them busily finding food in a fir tree. This is our smallest British bird and in spite of his tiny size he winters with us, braving the frosts and snow and biting winds which one would think would prove too much for so small and delicate a feathered frame. Just fancy, one adult male goldcrest weighs only 87 grains, so that it would take $5\frac{1}{2}$ full-grown goldcrests to weigh an ounce! Blue-tits weigh about one-third of an ounce. Strolling by the side of the river Pang I watched the trout feeding and among other things I noticed was the long-tailed tit's nest referred to above.

AN EXTRA GOOD GOOD FRIDAY.

Good Friday I spent on the Downs out Streatley way. It was a glorious day and my companions and I enjoyed every minute of it. Here the meadow pipits abound. Unlike the lark, they rise only a little way in the air, utter their small sweet song and drop to earth again. So with the tree pipit, or titlark. One at any rate has already arrived, for we watched him rise on quivering wing from a bush and then with out-stretched wings and expanding tail he slowly sank to the same bush, singing all the while. He repeated this performance many times.

While searching for the nest of the stone curlew or thick-knee—as a matter of fact this bird has little or no nest—a pigeon flew from a rabbit's hole. To be precise, the bird was a stock dove, a pigeon without a ring round its neck, and in the crude bit of a nest was one egg, which one of our company, a charming little girl, spotted first. Near by a meadow pipit had begun to build its neat little home.

A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN SCENE.

And then we came across a scene that was as surprising as it was delightful to the eye. It is hereabouts that that rare bloom the pasque-flower is to be found, and, by diligent search we generally come across a few. But on this occasion we found the summit of a little hill ablaze with colour. It was literally covered with a silky carpet of rich bluish purple hue and it seemed sacrilege to tread on blooms so rich in colouring, and so rare. But there were thousands of them and though I have visited the spot for years never before have I seen such a unique floral display, nor had any of my companions.

It was indeed a never-to-be-forgotten scene.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

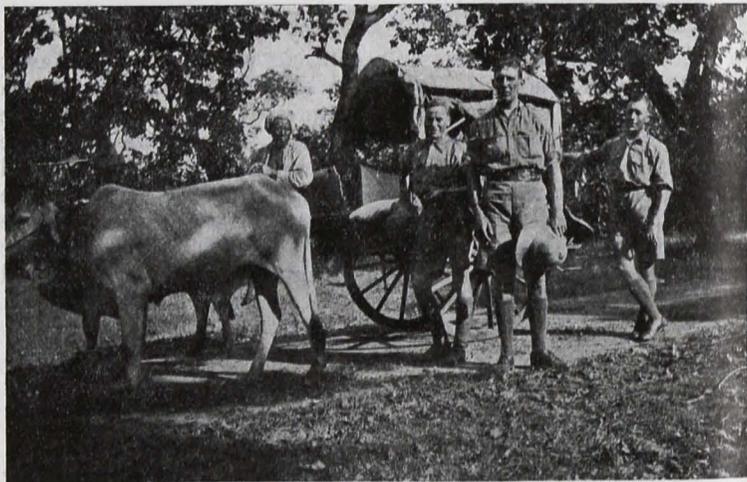
Dropping into his club the other day before lunch, a thirsty member ordered a bottle of beer, but before he could enjoy it he was called away to the telephone. In order to protect his property he seized the top card of a pack—it happened to be the three of diamonds—and, writing his name upon it, leaned it against the bottle and went to answer his call. When he returned his drink had gone. "I say," he complained loudly, "where's my drink?"

"Oh, didn't you know?" chuckled the near-by denizen of an easy chair. "Young Fortescue came along with the ten of diamonds and took the trick."

THE SUBURBS OF INDIA

(continued).

A shooting pass has to be applied for at the district Forestry Office. January to May are really the best months, for during the summer and rainy period it is impossible to do much organized close shooting. The names and leader of the party have to be given, also the camp site and proposed area of shoot. If this particular sector, in the officer's opinion, has been over-shot, he substitutes another. On the back of the shooting pass is the list of animals which may not be taken, among them being wild buffalo, which are reserved. Of others, such as sambur, etc., only one may be taken. There is no reservation on tiger, panther, bear, and other big game, in fact a gratuity is paid on each one despatched, up to fifty rupees (£5).



Just Off.

On the first morning, probably while you are selecting your beaters from the many jungle villagers who amusingly line up in single rank (from six to sixty!—in years), a Forestry Office sepoy arrives. His job is to accompany you throughout the shoot, and report to his superior upon his return. Thus no rules can wantonly be ignored or broken without penalty.

On one occasion in the Denwar (C.P.) jungle when moving to a "beat," we came across a pair of full grown buffalo, horn to horn, fighting it out with lowered heads and eyes, quite unaware of our approach. Automatically the leading gun came up to the aim. Only just in time our skipper's cool voice came—"All right Oram, if you've got a hundred rupees, carry on!" Slowly the steady rifle was lowered, and with a startled glare at us all, the pair crashed into the deep recesses of the forest. Dangerous beasts; yet always the hunted, not the hunter—for eternally on the heels of the herd, stalks that mighty killer, the tiger; wherever the buffalo go, there is he, relentless, cunning, ever patient, waiting for the straggler or the immature. Not kingly perhaps, but effective. Tiger jungle is easily recognised. Long patches of high grass of the same name is everywhere. Bears prefer the overhanging and rocky barriers to be found only in the depth of these sectors. They are small but plentiful throughout the hills of India, and to hear their disgusted snarls as the beaters drive them bit by bit down a rocky slope, to end up with a roll to the bottom amid showers of stones and rocks, like a sack of potatoes—is really funny.

A leopard, which climbs like a cat, kills from the throat; a tiger, too heavy to climb far, springs on the back of its victim and with a crushing wrench, snaps the spinal column. It is, therefore, easy to identify the killer in practically every case. The first meal is usually from the rear. Afterwards the jackals and hyenas complete the job. If intending to await the return of the marauder, the "kill" must not be touched or ground unduly disturbed. On one occasion we surprised a magnificent tiger leaving the body of a young buffalo, in the Jubbulpore area, and decided to build a machan (platform) in a nearby tree and to sit over the kill that night. Returning to camp for flasks and blankets, we found to our horror upon again reaching the spot—a mere skeleton!! The jungle folk had also heard the good news, and with hatchet and knife had carried away every ounce except bones.

Leopard and panther are much more treacherous, and especially attack females if surprised. Many native women are the victims of this peculiarity of theirs, when wood gathering or drawing water. I once got one near a bungalow, and suspect he had marked down one of the village girls in this way. He made a serious mistake as he endeavoured to spring across a nearby nullah, and caught the lethal ball squarely through his chest. He pecked badly at the jump, and finished below my feet, very much in the ditch!

Our currency, when engaging beaters, was usually several packs of playing cards cut in half. Each section represented four annas (6d.) and was a day's pay for each native. Perhaps half a "Milk

Stout" card on Monday, and half an "S.B." (no such luck in reality!) on Tuesday, and other different backed cards on each succeeding day. Payment on Monday night would be by card only. On Tuesday night these were collected, and cash paid for one day only, always keeping a day in hand until the final night, when two days' wages would be forthcoming. Not very trustworthy, but otherwise your first day would be your last, money being rarely seen in jungle localities. To visit the camp fires dotted all around on the final night's "celebrations" is a revelation. All surplus meat is shared around, and many groups throughout the night sit around central roasting joints, carving and eating all together like jackals around a fallen foe, and making merry with toddy and song. No wonder the lynx wanders all around until dawn, and pipes his short sharp arpeggio from every corner—how rare it is to find one in any "beat" and yet nightly his curious little cry is heard.

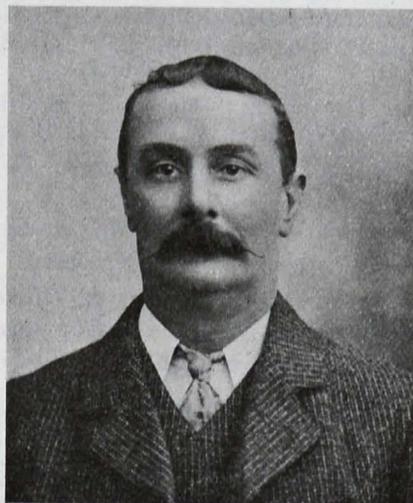
In the jungle, the "guns" wait in positions behind cover, while a hundred or more beaters (with "stops" in extended order on the flanks to prevent the game turning) from a mile away, perhaps, drive all living things with tin cans and hatchets, in your direction, where at 50 yards apart each of the party, usually about five, is crouching or standing like a widely flung soccer forward line. It is hardly necessary to say that an unimaginative mind is best for this kind of sport. A rustle in the stillness may be—anything. No place for the novice!

To stand quietly behind a bush in a clearing, waiting for the first movement from the silent jungle to your front, is a wonderful experience.

In the distance presently you hear the sound of the beaters, shouting and banging hatchets on every tree trunk as they come through, or on empty cans and drums which they carry. Louder and clearer it gets, as they advance. Jungle fowl, jackals, hyenas, pigs, all stream by, usually long before the beaters are through, also sometimes hundreds of monkeys. The bigger game will not show up in this way. They often lie up near the very edge of the jungle, watching or prowling to and fro in their search for the safest way out. As they move from cover to cover the excited beaters shout the names of the animals at the top of their voices, to warn the guns. It is then you grip your "best friend" harder and prepare to use it without delay. But don't be too quick! A hasty shot, and the others of the party are in danger. Also a wounded beast of prey has to be followed up and despatched. Sound doctrine this!

(To be continued.)

THE LATE MR. F. JEFFERIES.



We deeply regret to record the passing over of Mr. F. Jefferies, the highly respected Foreman of the Canvas Department, which took place on Sunday, April 16th.

Mr. Jefferies' untimely end followed a sudden attack of illness whilst at work and, although for a few weeks previously he had not been enjoying his usual good health, his ailment was thought to be of only a temporary nature and his early return to the Brewery was anticipated.

His long experience in the Canvas Department, where all our marquees are made and repaired, had made Mr. Jefferies a very valuable servant. It is no exaggeration to say that the care of his large stock of canvas and equipment filled his very existence and it would be impossible to find anyone more devoted to his work. We could fill pages in extolling the many virtues of this old servant and his wonderful record of service. His good qualities are, however, too well known over the whole Firm to need recapitulation. Let it, therefore, suffice to say that no matter how arduous the task, Mr. Jefferies cheerfully undertook the work and spared neither himself, time, nor trouble in seeing it through.

The funeral service was held at St. Mary's, Castle Street, Reading, on Thursday afternoon, April 20th, when, in addition to the family mourners, the following members of the Brewery staff were present:—

Representing Branch Department:—Messrs. C. E. Gough, A. R. Bradford, G. E. Boddington, J. W. Jelley, J. M. Hammond, E. A. Kealey, B. W. Brooker, W. Giddy.

Representing Canvas Department:—Messrs. F. Braisher, G. Lott, E. Beal, F. Jennings, W. Eaton, W. Prater, E. Boshier, H. Dean.

Representing Secretarial Department:—Messrs. E. S. Phipps, J. H. Wadhams.

Representing Accountant's Department:—Mr. A. G. Richardson.

Representing Coopers' Department:—Mr. F. Drury.

Representing Engineers' Department:—Mr. A. Grove.

Representing Wheelwrights' Department:—Mr. J. Stone.

Representing Cellars:—Mr. W. Wheeler.

Representing Bottled Beer Department:—Messrs. J. Ford, A. Andrews.

Representing Home Department:—Messrs. F. C. Hawkes, A. W. C. Bowyer, W. Bradford, S. Josey, G. Weaitt, S. J. Moore.

Representing Wine and Spirit Department:—Messrs. A. Jordan, H. Aust, A. Tigwell.

Representing Cask Department:—Mr. F. Josey.

Representing Transport Department:—Messrs. F. Kirby, T. E. Stevens.

Representing Union Room:—Mr. N. Crocker.

Representing Building Department:—Mr. C. Lainey.

Mrs. F. Braisher, Mrs. J. Stone and others were also present.

The bearers were Messrs. W. Newport, P. Searle, D. Rose, and W. White.



IDEAS FOR A NEW DICTIONARY.

(From "Our Empire.")

Have you ever delved deep into any dictionary and noticed how terribly disorganised it seemed? For "finish" comes before "start," "divorce" before "marriage," "age" before "youth," and "death" before "life."

A new dictionary, however, is in the making! To the credit of England's ultra-fashionable young bloods this valuable contribution will serve to fill a long-felt want. We give a few scattered words taken from the dictionary, which is in its first year of compilation and which is exactly what we expected from the pen which describes chivalry as "a high resolve of every man to protect every woman against every man."

BLUSH—A pink flush on the cheeks of a young lady, formerly intermittent, now, thanks to Elizabeth Arden, made permanent.

CAD—The other man.

CAT—The other woman.

CURL—An animated corkscrew, blonde or brunette, designed to uncork the bottled emotions of susceptible youths.

ELBOW—A tireless hinge in the human arm, chiefly employed in the business of raising a full and lowering an empty glass.

FUR—The spoil of trappers since the world began.
Man traps the minks, the minx entraps the man.

HEARSAY—The devil's radio.

HESITATION—The pendulum of opportunity.

MINX—The flapper who flaps where angels fear to flutter.

MYSTERY—How she does it on *that* salary?

NAGGING—The domestic third degree.

PERSONALITY—The consolation prize in a Beauty Competition.

REGRETS—A lie in time.

SPHINX—A person who has nothing to say and says it so well that he is made a judge or a president.

URGE—Desire masquerading as desirability.

WEDLOCK—The lock love laughs at.

WHOLESOME—The kind of food recommended for a cure but not for an epicure.

“SALE TO CHILDREN.”

THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE LAW.

Recent prosecutions for offences in respect of the sale of intoxicants to children render it necessary to remind tenants that they should make themselves fully acquainted with the requirements of the law, as a conviction recorded against a licence holder is likely to have grave consequences, affecting, as it does, his status as a “fit and proper person” to hold a licence in the future.

The Children Act of 1908 affects licensed traders. Sections 39, 41, 42 and 43 deal with juvenile smoking and No. 120 is the well-known Section forbidding the presence of children under 14 in the bars of licensed premises.

The Licensing Consolidation Act of 1910, Section 68, deals with “Improper Sales of Liquor to Children.”

Tenants are recommended to procure and study reliable handbooks, such as (1) The Licensed Victuallers Official Annual, known as “The Blue Book of the Trade,” which publication is full of trustworthy information and sound advice. Price 2/-, obtainable through any local Licensed Victuallers Society. (2) The Licence Holders Handy Guide (by A. J. Harris) which states the case in brief form and simple language. Price 1/2, obtainable at The Brewery, Reading, or direct from the publishers, viz., St. Stephen's Press, Ltd., Bristol.

The National Trade Defence Association recommends Special Notices to be displayed, one prohibiting the presence of children under 14 in bars, etc., and another for use in the “Off Sale” department.

The following points are important:—

1. Persons under the age of 18 are not permitted to purchase for consumption on licensed premises, any intoxicating liquor, except that beer and cider may be consumed with a meal, in a place set apart for meals (not in a bar) by persons over the age of 16.

Wines and spirits may not be so supplied.

2. Children under 14 must not be at any time in the bar of licensed premises (except during the hours of closing). A “bar” also includes any part of the licensed premises exclusively or mainly used for the sale and consumption of intoxicating liquors.
3. Children under 14 can act as messengers but can only be supplied in “corked and sealed” vessels with a minimum quantity of one reputed pint. (To supply a half pint only would therefore be an offence). Such children should only be served in the Bottle and Jug or “Off Sale” departments, which bars are used only for sale for consumption off the premises, as distinct from the bars described in paragraph (2) above.

C.B.

“OUR HOST!”

Alas—the far days when security, quoted
 In wheat by the bushel, and oats by the sack,
 A flourishing country of yeomen denoted
 With means and the leisure to hunt with “our Pack”!

Ah—those were the days, when the smiles of prosperity
 Fostered broad acres a-ripple with corn,
 When the sport of our fathers bequeathed to posterity
 An eye for a horse, and an ear for the horn;
 And the love of a hound, and the inborn tradition
 To ride and abide by the rules of the game—
*Take heart! For no countryside slides to perdition
 With its horses and hounds and its men bred the same.*

*Still remote is the day of good sportsmanship slighted,
 When empty the glass and forgotten the toast
 Which with honours our forebears, and we, have delighted
 To chorus, “Good hunting, friend Farmer—our Host!”*

“Rancher” in *Country Life*.



SOME CRICKET HINTS FOR BEGINNERS.

I. ANYWHERE ON THE CRICKET FIELD.

Don't question the umpire's decision. If you are given out and think you were not, do not shew by your manner or gestures that you are dissatisfied.

2. BATTING.

(i) Try to *stop the straight* balls with a straight bat and to *hit the crooked* ones.

(ii) *Back up* quite two yards directly the ball leaves the bowler's hand.

(iii) *Call* every ball. The striker calls in front of the wicket—the non-striker behind. Call promptly and loudly. Something must be called directly a stroke has been played. If the caller is undecided as to the call, he should call "wait." The second and subsequent runs should be called by the batsman who is at the wicket farthest from the ball, because he will be running to the wicket that is in greater danger.

(iv) The batsman whose call it is *not* is always entitled to answer "no" if called for a short run, but he is not entitled to call for a run unless his partner has failed to call promptly.

(v) *Run every possible run.* A bat who is probably only worth half a dozen runs should risk his wicket more than one whose average is about 30, but it is the latter who generally runs the short ones. Practically every ball that passes the wicket-keeper can be run by determined runners, as the non-striker, if he is backing up properly, should be able to run anything except to wicket-keeper, point and short slip.

(vi) *Run the first run sharp*, and turn and back up for the next one.

(vii) *Run your bat in* in front of you.

3. FIELDING.

(i) Throw in a catch if fielding near the wicket and a long hop otherwise.

(ii) Back up every throw.

(iii) Never appeal unless you think a man is out.

(iv) No one should appeal for l.b.w. except bowler, wicket-keeper and short slip.

(v) Notice exactly where you are placed and keep your place.

(vi) As the batsman plays, get on your toes and expect every ball to come to you.

(vii) Between the fall of wickets throw catches for practice and never miss a practice catch if you can possibly help it.

4. UMPIRING.

(i) Bowler's umpire gives all decisions except stumped, and run out and short runs at wicket-keeper's end. The square-leg umpire may also, in exceptional circumstances, no-ball the bowler for throwing, and either umpire may appeal to the other if in doubt.

(ii) A bat or a foot grounded on the popping crease is not in.

(iii) "Over" should not be called until the ball is "dead." It is dead when the wicket-keeper returns it to the bowler or when the bowler has begun to prepare to bowl his next ball. Time can be saved by the umpire, however, beginning to move off before the ball is "dead" in order to indicate to the fielders that he is going to call "over."

(iv) Signal and watch for scorer's acknowledgment.

(v) Bowler's umpire does all signalling.

(vi) Signals are:—

Bye—Hand above head.

Legbye—Slap leg held out in the air.

Wide—Both arms held out horizontally.

No ball—Right arm held out horizontally.

Boundary—Right hand waved to and fro at height of waist.

Boundary six—Signal as above. Then hold up six fingers.



ETIQUETTE UP-TO-DATE.

SOME UNHELPFUL HINTS FOR THE SOCIAL ASPIRANT.

The following hints are offered to those who are anxious to create an impression socially. They can be guaranteed to have that effect.

INTRODUCTIONS.

When a gentleman is introduced to a lady it is only necessary for him to say "What-o, old fruit," and bow. He should, however, take care not to bow so low as to burst his brace buttons, as should this happen it would probably ruin his social standing.

INVITATION TO DINNER.

When invited to dinner, always take a few friends with you as a surprise to your hostess. Also, do not forget to take your own table napkin, a thoughtful act your hostess will appreciate now that laundry is so expensive.

HINTS ON DINING.

Soup should be eaten with as little ostentation as possible. You should not, for instance, if you are Welsh, eat your soup with a French accent.

The fruit course is one which needs great consideration, for even an apple has been known to lead to social disgrace, whilst the innocent banana has been responsible for many a slip. When in doubt always choose an orange; it is difficult to eat this without squirting the juice over somebody, and this will cause much hilarity. To further show your sense of humour, the pips can be shot at the other guests, a bald head making the best target.

Throughout the meal, conversation should be light and bright. If you were educated at Borstal with your host or any of the guests, be sure to recall the fact. This will invariably lead to a flow of pleasant reminiscences. Also, any little humorous incident you can remember, such as when your host was bitten by his dog in the basement, will be the source of much harmless merriment.

TIPS.

The question, "To tip, or not to tip?" has always been a debatable point. It is much the best, however, to tip all the servants handsomely, if you can manage to borrow the money from your host beforehand. If you hail from Scotland a tip for the three-thirty is all that is expected.

—From "The Star and Garter Magazine."

2010 MILES THROUGH ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

(continued).

THURSDAY, 21ST JULY, 1932 (continued).

Arriving at Fort William at 5 p.m. we look round for a place to park before having tea. Taking note of a well-appointed cafe we enter, order tea for two. Being a real summer's day we fancied something light and asked for some tomatoes, bread and butter, cakes and tea. To the best of my recollection the following dialogue took place:—I gave the order—*Waitress*: "How shall I have the tomatoes cooked. You cannot eat raw tomatoes?" *Self*: "We want them raw." *Waitress*: "How shall I bring them in, on a plate or a dish?" *Self*: "It does not matter." *Waitress*: "Do you want knives and forks?" *Self*: "Yes please." *Waitress*: "Is there anything I can get you to go with them?" *Self*: "Cruet, please." After a minute or two four lovely, juicy English tomatoes arrived with the other portion of our tea. A word with the waitress after we had finished elicited the fact that it was the first occasion she had served raw tomatoes to any customer, so I leave to you to guess her opinion of ourselves.

Being a glorious evening and after a stroll round, we decide on an evening run and chose a lock-side trip as far as Lochshielside, a lovely ride, the road being of sufficient width for one car only; to pass another vehicle of any kind was a difficult matter, so we were fortunate in not meeting anything until near the end of our trip and then a friendly gateway served the purpose and allowed us to pass a small van. The run both ways was made over the same road, with the loch on one side and mountains on the other.

Arriving back at Fort William at about 9.30 p.m. we book a room for the night at the Station Hotel.

Our daily reading was:—day's run, 87 miles, petrol consumption, $3\frac{1}{2}$ gallons= $24\frac{4}{7}$ m.p.g. Total mileage to date, 848 miles.

Fort William is an ideal centre for excursions, sea trips, mountain climbing, coach tours, hiking, etc. A wonderful view of Ben Nevis can be obtained from the approach to the town. A football match was being played, the kick-off was billed for 8 p.m. (take a note of the date). Another queer sign was displayed over a section of a large stores, viz., "Fleshing Department"—looking in the window, joints of meat were displayed. Surely this cannot be real Scotch economy when the word "Butcher" would suffice.

FRIDAY, 22ND JULY, 1932.

After a good night's rest and a hearty breakfast we leave Fort William in glorious weather at 10.15 a.m. and follow the road to Nether Lochaber and Onich on Lochleven. Here is situated a ferry to Ballachulish (a word about the ferry, it is only a small boat with a swivel platform and capable of taking only one car at a time plus a few passengers, across a very swift flowing stream about a quarter of a mile wide). From a local inhabitant we were informed that unless we were in a hurry it was a fine trip round the loch, with a good road all the way and only added 19 miles. Time being of little matter to us, we make up our minds to go round by the road. At the head of the loch is the town of Kinlochleven and the works of the North British Aluminium Company. After being accustomed to the majestic mountains and peaceful lochs, this small town seems very much out of place, with its six huge iron pipes side by side forming a line down the mountain side, from as far as the eye can see, conveying water to feed the turbines which in turn generate power for the works and surrounding districts with electric light. We soon leave behind us traces of factory life and continue along the road to the south of the loch (I may mention the road never loses sight of the loch, at varying altitudes, it is built practically on the edge the whole length) to Ballachulish. Gazing across the loch, one might say only a stone's throw distance to the opposite bank, the trip round was well repaid by the views throughout.



Loch Leven from Kinlochleven.

Before reaching Ballachulish we left the main road to visit the famous Pass of Glen Coe, where the massacre well known to readers of history took place. To-day there is a first class road running through the Pass, in places alongside the old one. It is, of course, appreciated by the motorist, but destroys a lot of the wildness attached to the district. A good idea of the new road could be gathered from photographs published in the *Times* on 19th October last. Back again to the main road we journey on via Kentallen Station, Duror, Portnacroish, Creagan Station, Benderloch to Connel North (here is the well-known Connel Ferry). A short description of the ferry is perhaps not out of place. The ferry, why it is called such, I cannot understand, for it is a railway bridge, built for two sets of rails, one of which has either been taken away or never put down. In its place is the road, just wide enough for a car. The detour would cause an addition of nearly 100 miles, so of course it is policy to use the "Ferry." The tourist has to climb to the level of the bridge, pay the toll, 7/6 for the car and 2d. for each passenger. It takes less time to cross the bridge than to tender a ten shilling note and wait for the change. It may have been a genuine mistake by the person who issued us our tickets, but on looking at them later in the day, we were surprised to see that they were punched in the section for "DOGS." The bridge, belonging to the Railway Company, no commercial vehicle of any description is allowed to cross under its own power (buses and chars-a-bancs included), but must be loaded on a truck and taken over the railway, there being a station at either end of the bridge. There is a local story to the effect that a hearse and corpse is not allowed to cross, but we cannot vouch for the accuracy. We descend from the railway track and in about 6 miles reach Oban at 4 p.m.

From Fort William to Oban is a typical West Highland road in very good condition. It follows the shores of Loch Linnhe to Ballachulish, with extremely fine coastal scenery to Oban. A run full of interest from start to finish with no bad hills to contend with.

At Oban we were greeted with brilliant sunshine and after parking the car enjoyed a stroll to stretch one's legs. It seemed a very busy resort, plenty of open spaces, spacious square in the centre of the town, with a long fine promenade facing towards the Isle of Mull. There is the historic castle of Dunstaffnage, dating back to the 13th century and famous during '15 and '45 rebellions. It was here we first heard the Scottish bagpipes played and saw both sexes walking about the town in the national costume—kilts. L.L.E. and self were both struck with the fine physique of the people here, broad shoulders, erect, many over 6ft. in height.

Resuming our tour at 5.35 p.m. by way of Argyll Square, in $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles we pass the Serpents Mound, formed of boulders and is a relic of ancient Serpent Worship; it is about 80 yards long and takes the form of the letter "S." Thence to Kilninver, through the Pass of Melfort, Kilmelford to Kilmartin, arriving at 6.30 p.m. It was not our intention of staying here, only long enough to partake of a light meal, but we met with our one and only trouble during the whole tour—a puncture. We went into the Kilmartin Hotel and asked for tea, which eventually turned into a bigger meal than anticipated. Naturally we were asked what we should like, and feeling as if it was too early for a good square meal, we started with fresh caught salmon and salad, a very liberal portion being dished up to each of us, then was put before us tiers of what we called fancies. Both being inquisitive, we asked the names of the various articles set before us. Here is a list of those I can remember:—Girdle and oven scones, pan and oat cakes, fancy and slab cakes, brown and white bread, about a pound of butter, also a half pint of cream and milk, of the latter there seemed to be an unlimited supply, but unfortunately for us, neither cared for them.

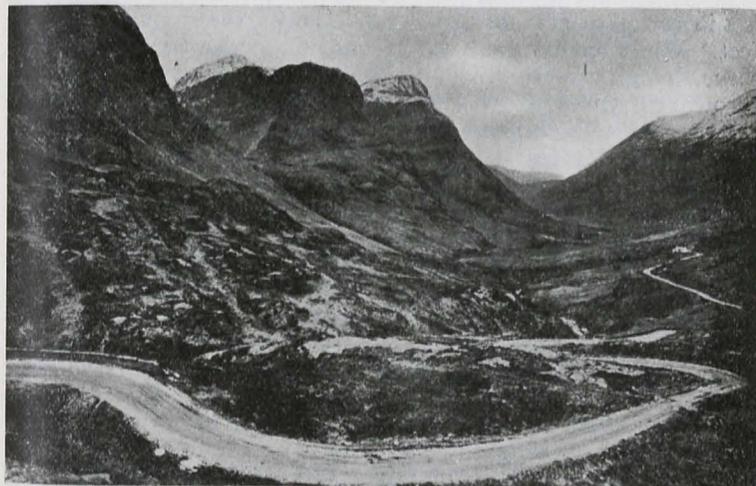
It is as well to mention, the farther north we went, the better the food seemed to get, for it was here that we actually saw the last real Scotch spread. After having satisfied the inner man we discovered the puncture and, both of us feeling the holiday spirit now fully installed in us, instead of doing the necessary repairs ourselves, we thought a local man could do it better, so walked to the village garage and asked for the job to be put right before 9 a.m. the following morning. In due course the assistant came, took off the wheel, trundled it to the workshop, did the trick and before we were about on Saturday a.m. the car was ready waiting to continue its journey. We cannot say we regretted staying at a small wayside hotel, for everything was O.K., although not up to the standard we had previously experienced. What there was lacking in up-to-dateness, was made up by service and attention. The evening was spent by taking a walk and sitting on the green watching a "Tinker and his family" set up his night's abode in a near-by field. It is surprising how quickly they rig up the "house"—all they seem to have is about 4 poles, which are very flexible, and a waterproof covering to fit over same. The next performance was the two small children gathering hay together, which I believe was used to sleep on. Their mode of conveyance was not the horse, but an old Morris car with a "box on wheels" as a trailer. In this they carried the house, stock-in-trade and remains of the family which could not stow itself away in the car amongst the linoleum, etc., etc. The car, by the way, was left to the mercy of the world on the green all night. It was also in this district that campers, hikers and groups of cyclists became more

numerous. Highland cattle was also seen grazing in a nearby field. Of course the village also possessed the ruins of an ancient castle. Another thing that attracts the notice of tourists is that every city, town, village, hamlet and even one or two houses built near each other, has its own War Memorial, from elaborate edifices to a humble cairn built of rough stones gathered from the adjoining fields, on all of which is recorded the names of those who made the supreme sacrifice.

After a chat with our worthy host over a glass of "refreshment" we wend our way up the "wooden hill" to roost.

The day's reading was:—day's trip, 103 miles, petrol used $3\frac{1}{2}$ gallons— $29\frac{3}{4}$ m.p.g. Total mileage, 951.

This portion of our trip is considered by many to be one of the finest in Scotland from a scenic point of view. Good roads, although rather narrow through the Pass of Melfort.



Pass of Glen Coe.

SATURDAY, 23RD JULY, 1932.

Our first thoughts after rising and taking in deep breaths of pure Scotch air—not "wusky"—was, would U.D. 1692 be ready for us? Looking in the garage, everything seems to our satisfaction and, to test the tyre, we take the car to the shop, fill up with petrol and oil and back to breakfast. This disposed of we bid adieu to

Kilmartin at 10.30 a.m. by way of Kilmichael, Lochgilhead, Lochgair, Minard (extensive road widening is in full swing in this district). With the sun at its best, wonderful shades are produced on the mountains on both sides of us with Loch Fyne in between, a sight to be witnessed before being fully appreciated. We continue to Crarae, Furnace to Inverary, where we arrive at 12 noon and pull up to "set our watches." Leaving at 12.30 we bear round the loch and cross two narrow bridges to Cairndow. The hotel, nestling amongst the trees overlooking the loch, seemed a likely place for lunch and so it turned out to be. The little of the inside we saw told of its age, huge stone flags formed the floor and a stairway leading out of the hall was composed of the same material, with massive pieces of antique oak furniture harbouring bright articles of old brass. Departing feeling much better, our way took us along Loch Restil for the "Rest-and-be-thankful." No, you are wrong, it is not a public house or hotel, but the top of a very long climb, hence the name, for be it car, man or beast, on reaching the summit, the first thing done by one and all is to rest. The maximum gradient being 1 in 7 for half a mile, the general gradient is 1 in 10 and one climbs 840 feet in $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the summit being 860 feet. While resting you gaze around in wonder for it is a grand scene, bumps towering on all sides with the road winding along through the valley below. After witnessing several cars struggle to the top, not without halts, we start the descent on to Arrochar and Tarbet. Soon after leaving Tarbet we strike Loch Lomond, so well known as to need no description from us; all the same it is a fine stretch of water. Following the road alongside the loch, we pass through Luss, Arden (petrol is taken in) and in a few miles are in the thick of traffic again; getting near to industrial centres at Alexandria we meet the first trams since leaving Aberdeen. Continuing via Bonhill, Milton, Bowling to Old Kilpatrick and Ferry, the run from Tarbet to Arden we passed innumerable Tinkers (gipsies—and each seemed to have more than the usual amount of stock attached to the caravans, horse and cart, perambulator or other means of transport; apparently the larger the family the more sympathy they expect—14 was counted in one party, all ages, some riding, but most of them walking). The shore seemed a favourite place for the camper—what a varied collection we saw, from the up-to-date caravan and the light weight tents carried in parts by cyclists to the humble shack, a rough wooden frame with any old waterproof covering. Hikers were also more numerous and those that use the cycle could be counted in hundreds.

By using the ferry at "Old Kil" we avoided getting too close to Glasgow; it also saved several miles. The toll is 9d. for a car, driver free and 1d. per passenger (here I consider myself very

unlucky, L.L.E. being driving). Safely across, the road takes us through Erskine, Red Smithy, Paisley, Nitshill, Giffnock, Clarkston, Busby, East Kilbride, Chapelton to Strathaven (we stay here to obtain tea). Off again to Stonehouse, Blackwood, edge of Lesmahagow, Millbank, Douglas Mill, Abington.

From Old Kilpatrick to Abington is a cross country journey of 52 miles, starting by just skirting Glasgow, then passing through several mining and industrial districts; the road is uninteresting and a great contrast to the lovely country passed through yesterday. Being Saturday afternoon much of the heavy traffic is missing and we make better time, especially not having wearisome delays at level crossings met with quite frequently. So on to Crawford, where we halted to take our "daily medicine" and make enquiries for an old friend who, during the war was billeted on the writer, who could not obtain his present whereabouts, so, if by chance this happens to come to his notice, the pleasure of hearing from him can be imagined.

After taking a further supply of petrol, on the road again to Summit Station, Greenhillstairs, Beattock Station, Johnstone Bridge to Lockerbie at 8.45 p.m.

Daily summary:—day's run, 162 miles, petrol consumption, 6 gallons=27 m.p.g. Total number of miles, 1,113 miles.

(To be continued.)

The Bell and Bottle Hotel,

LITTLEWICK,

Near MAIDENHEAD.

THE HOUSE WITH THE LIGHTS.

A cheery small hotel—attractive Bedrooms, Bars, Lounge.

If you want to wet your throttle,
Come to the Bell and Bottle,
Where mine host and his wife
Spend the whole of their life
Running a dimmed good hot-el.

Proprietor: Capt. C. FOREMAN,

Late Indian Army.

[The above advertisement appears in the Maidenhead and Burma newspapers].

THE BUDGET.

CHEAPER AND BETTER BEER.

In introducing his Budget on April 26th, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said :—

“ A source of revenue which has brought comfort to many of my predecessors has been seriously undermined. On the information that has reached me from time to time I have the idea that hon. members are not unfamiliar with the history of the beer duty, but, all the same, I hope they will allow me to present a few figures to them which seem to me to be relevant to my present predicament. In 1923 the duty, which then stood at 100s. per standard barrel, was reduced by a rebate of 20s. per bulk barrel. For some years after that it afforded a yield of £80,000,000, but that was accompanied by a decline in consumption, and by 1929-30 the yield had fallen to £77,000,000. In 1930 the duty was raised by 3s. per standard barrel, and the yield fell to something less than £76,000,000. In September, 1931, there was a great rise in the duty of 31s. in the standard barrel, and once again, instead of increasing, the yield fell, and in 1932 it dropped to less than £74,000,000. Between the years 1929 and 1932 the consumption fell from 20.7 to 13.8 million standard barrels, a drop of 33 per cent.

“ Nobody in my position could view that situation without concern. It cannot be said that I have been over-hasty in coming to a decision. Last year I resisted the appeals that were made to me to reduce the duty in the hope that it might still give me the revenue which I then so much required. But it has failed to reach my anticipations and has convinced me that I cannot afford to wait any longer before taking some measure to safeguard the revenue of the future. I have considered a number of various schemes from the point of view of their probable effect on consumption and also in the light of their probable cost, and I have come to the conclusion that if my purpose is to be achieved, two things are necessary; first, there must be some reduction in the retail price of beer, and, secondly, there must be some improvement in the quality (*cheers*), which incidentally would give assistance to agriculture. I could attain the first of these ends by a simple reversion to where we were before the duty was increased in September, 1931, but I am afraid if I merely did that I could not expect any general increase in the gravity of beer. I have made up my mind to sweep away the whole existing plan and substitute for it an entirely new scheme of duties. As from to-morrow beer will be charged at the rate of 24 shillings per bulk barrel up to and including a gravity of 1,027 degrees, with a rise of 2s. per degree over that gravity. The effect of this change, which will be more

apparent to those who are more familiar with the trade than the majority of hon. members, will be that the retail price of beer will be reduced by 1d. per pint, and the quality will be improved. In order to ensure that the benefit of this proposal shall reach the public and that the British farmer shall get the maximum benefit from it, I have been in communication with the Brewers' Society, upon whom I urged strongly that they should endeavour to secure that in future a larger proportion of the barley they require is drawn from British sources. I have received from them a letter which I propose to read to the Committee. It is signed by Mr. F. A. Simonds, Chairman of the Brewers' Society, and is as follows :

‘ In pursuance of the interview which you were good enough to grant to me and other representatives of the Society on the 11th instant, when you discussed with us the possibility of making such a re-arrangement of the beer duty as would ensure the production of cheaper and better beer, and at the same time secure the use of a greater proportion of home-grown barley, I give you, on behalf of the Brewers' Society, the following undertaking :—

‘ 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 1,027 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 a 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 2 degrees.

‘ In order to give the maximum assistance to British agriculture the Society will recommend all brewers to increase as far as possible the proportion of home-grown barley in the brewing of all classes of beer.

‘ In making these recommendations to the brewers the Society will make it clear that the concessions in the duty above indicated were granted as the result of assurances being given to you by the representatives of the Society that the Society will take all steps in its power to secure that these recommendations will be honourably carried out.’

“ Now what is going to be the cost? It is very difficult to predict with any confidence what the cost of these changes in the beer duty will be, because it involves two calculations. First of all, what the duty will be if the concession is made, and, secondly, what it would have been if the duty had been left where it was.

I am advised that I cannot expect any great increase in consumption to follow immediately on this change, although it is very possible that the decline may be arrested. I put the loss at £14,000,000, and that reduces my free balance to £3,291,000."

BREWERS' PLEDGE TO CHANCELLOR.

The Brewers' Society held a meeting immediately after Mr. Chamberlain had announced the change in the beer duty, and later issued the following statement:—

"The new beer duty is a departure from the system which has prevailed for over fifty years of levying the duty at so much per standard barrel—i.e., a barrel of thirty-six gallons at a strength or gravity of 1,055 degrees. In future the duty will be charged on the bulk barrel of thirty-six gallons, according to its strength or gravity.

"The scale will begin at a gravity of 1,027 degrees, and on a barrel of beer of such gravity the duty will be 24s. All beer of a lower gravity will pay 24s. a barrel, which will be the minimum. This will make it unlikely that in future anyone will sell beer below such a gravity. Above 1,027 degrees the duty will rise by 2s. per degree.

"If, for example, the gravity of 1,055 degrees is taken (the strength of the old standard barrel), the new duty will be 80s. as against the old duty of 114s. If the other end of the scale is taken, 1,027 degrees, the new duty of 24s. compares with the old duty of 45s. 9d.

MORE BRITISH BARLEY.

"The Brewers' Society is recommending all brewers to make such arrangements with retailers as will enable the price of all beers to be reduced by 1d. per pint, and to improve the gravity or strength of beers by at least two degrees.

"It will be difficult for brewers to do this in the case of the cheapest beers, as it will mean an increase of at least 6 per cent. on the existing strength, which will not be compensated for in the lesser duty after allowing for the reduction in price. But it is believed that beer drinkers will show their appreciation of this concession by an increased demand which, by lowering the overhead costs and charges per barrel, will enable this improvement in quality to be given at the reduced price.

"From the accompanying letter to the Chancellor (as above) it will be seen that the Society is urging all brewers to use as much

home-grown barley as practicable, in order to benefit British agriculture to the fullest possible extent.

"It is confidently expected that one of the immediate results of the reduction in the duty, coupled with the improvement of the strength and quality of beer, will be increased consumption, which will soon be reflected in a demand for more malt made from British barley.

"But apart from any additional barrellage, the increase of the 2 degrees in the gravities of beers will alone mean the use of 450,000 more cwts. of barley on the present rate of consumption; and when it is considered that in average years more than two-thirds of the malt used is made from home-grown barley, it will be seen what a help this will be to the barley growers of this country. In the same way the hop industry will benefit."

A GREAT THOUGHT.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or Art, to hate all vileness and to respect others as himself.—Thomas Henry Huxley.

DEATH OF MR. RAPLH ARNOLD.

The older members of the Brewing and Clerical Staff received with regret the news of the death of Mr. Ralph Arnold which happened in the early morning of April 18th. Mr. Arnold, who had retired from duty twenty-six years, was one of our former brewers.

The funeral took place at Greyfriars Church on April 24th and was largely attended. Mr. Fred Simonds represented the Directors, accompanied by several old colleagues. Wreaths were sent from "The Directors" and "Old Friends at Brewery."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

No man is a good physician who has never been sick.

Love ought to raise a low heart and not humble a high one.

Genius begins great works, labour alone finishes them.

Defeat is a school in which truth always grows strong.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ;
Charms strikes the sight but merit wins the soul.

Use him (the frog or bait) as if you loved him.—*Isaak Walton.*

To be vain of one's rank or place is to disclose that one is below it.

Tis when sovereigns build, carters are kept employed.

To appear well-bred, a man must actually be so.

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

Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thin oft infirmities.—*The Bible.*

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"How is it you were not at school yesterday afternoon, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"Please, sir, as I was coming along I saw a steam-roller."

"Well, what about it?"

"Well," said Johnny, "a man tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'Mind that steam-roller, boy,' and I stood minding it all the afternoon."

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

The usual monthly remark of the Editor is "A very good number, I think" and to confirm his statement I am informed, by a friend of mine (to whom I convey a copy of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE each month), that the April issue was a *really* good number.

MR. H. OSBORNE.

Everyone was pleased with the photograph of the above member of the Home Department staff which appeared in the April issue. I think it can truly be said of Mr. Osborne that he hasn't an enemy in the world and never likely to have, for he has a disposition that makes for friendship. It would seem, however, that torpedoes do not like him and to be torpedoed three times must be somewhat of an unique record but not one which others would wish to emulate. Mr. H. Osborne used to live on a farm at Basildon and most week-ends, in days gone by, he was engaged in what is generally called agricultural pursuits. Mr. H. Osborne married one of the members of the staff, viz., Miss D. B. Anderson.

FOOTBALL.

Our hopes of Reading winning the league have not materialised after all, this season, and at the moment of writing it would seem that Brentford are certain to do so. To them we offer our sincere congratulations and even if they have been lucky in a good number of their matches (according to the newspaper reports that is) it must be remembered they defeated Reading at Elm Park this season and last season as well. I expect we shall start off just as optimistic as ever when next season rolls along.

The Brewery team have not realised their ambition of winning another league this season, nevertheless, they have done remarkably well in their higher sphere and will hope to go one better next season. All will agree the football clubs of the Frim have done very well in their two seasons and the players deserve every praise.

MR. FRANK JEFFERIES.

I am deeply sorry to record the death of the above well-known member of the Canvas Department. He had been Foreman of that Department for a good number of years and was a most conscientious worker for the Firm. Universally liked, his loss is a particularly sad one. Known everywhere as "Jeff" or "Tiff," he will be greatly missed. His fund of tales of times gone by was always a source of delight to the writer. He had been unwell for

some little while but his end came with startling suddenness. He had been on the Firm for 43 years so had done splendid service. Without a doubt his heart and soul were in the Firm. Our sincere sympathy is hereby extended to Mrs. Jefferies in her irreparable loss.

QUARTERLY BALANCING.

This duty was duly accomplished, starting at the beginning of the month, and it wasn't long before that "we have balanced" feeling was evident in the General Office.

THE SOUTH BERKS BREWERY STAFF.

The beginning of April saw the arrival of the above staff from Newbury. Mr. H. H. Stevens, Mr. W. J. Plant and Mr. C. B. Cox have now taken up their quarters in the General Office. To Mr. Cox it must have seemed very much like coming home again as he was at The Brewery for a good number of years before his transfer to Newbury; also, Mr. Plant is no stranger to Bridge Street as he used to be with us some years ago. Of course Mr. Stevens is breaking new ground by coming to Reading. Mr. T. P. Herridge, who also used to be in the office at Newbury and whose portrait appeared in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE some while ago, with full details of his service, first of all with H. & G. Simonds Ltd. and latterly with The South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd., is now "Mine Host" of the Castle Tavern, Newbury, and will no doubt welcome Brewery friends whenever they happen to be in Newbury. To our ex-Newbury friends we extend a hearty welcome and we all wish Mr. Herridge every success in his new undertaking.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

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

- The Royal Oak, College Town, Camberley (Ashby's Staines Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. H. T. Adams.
- The Blue Boar, North Heath (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. C. H. Capon.
- The Castle Tavern, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. T. P. Herridge.
- The Twentieth Century, Wherwell (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. R. J. McKenzie.
- The Bridge House, Theale (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. George Smith.
- The Malt Shovel, Ramsbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. R. Matthews.

- The Rising Sun, Stanwell (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. H. C. Butcher.
- The Windsor Castle, Windsor (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. W. H. Matthews.
- The Two Roses, Herschel Street, Slough (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. Clifford.
- The Dolphin, Totteridge (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. P. A. Hill.
- The King George V, Wycombe Marsh (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. A. J. Abbott.
- The Railway Arms, Frimley (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. Burgess.
- The Robin Hood, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. R. Cleeveley.
- Duke's Head, Henley-on-Thames (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. Thomas Lake.
- Bank Tavern, Aldershot (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. A. G. Abbott.
- Crown Hotel, Marlborough (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. John Francis Macartney.

DEATH.

I much regret to record the death of Mrs. Halfpenny, of the Chequers, Sunningdale, on 8th April. Mrs. Halfpenny had been a tenant of this house for a good number of years; in fact, the licence has been held by a member of the family for over 60 years—a very proud record. As the son will shortly be taking over the licence the family connection with this house will remain unbroken.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Mr. A. P. Tee, a member of the Cask Office for many years, has been laid up for a considerable time, but it is pleasing to know he is likely soon to be back at duty, we trust completely restored to health.

I am sorry to say Mr. H. C. Shepherd (cashier), who has been in very indifferent health during the last few months, was suddenly taken very ill on his way home from the office. Reports of his progress have been received and we are all glad he is on the mend, although it may be some while before he is fit for duty again. We all wish him a speedy and lasting recovery.

Mr. J. Benford, who had a breakdown in health some months ago, after a course of treatment has made a truly magnificent recovery and has now restarted work at The Brewery. He looks remarkably fit and well.

The Budget this time has at last given our trade a little relief and we all hope that we shall now enter on happier times.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The angler returned to the hotel after six hours by the riverside. The other guests begged him to show them his catch. He opened his basket and displayed six tiny fishes.

"Well," said one guest, "if it's true that fish go round in schools, you have been playing havoc in the infant class."

* * * *

A visitor to Ireland was bidding an Irishman good-bye. "Good-bye, Pat," he said.

"Good-bye, yer honour. May heaven bless you and may every hair in your head be a candle to light your way to glory."

"Well, Pat," said the visitor, taking off his hat and showing a bald pate, "when that time comes there won't be much of a torchlight procession up aloft."

* * * *

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.

* * * *

"Now, children," said the same teacher, "can you tell me the opposite of the word 'unhappiness'?" "Happiness," chorused the class.

"And of 'misery'?" "Gladness," was the united reply.

"And 'woe'?" There was a moment's silence, then, with one unanimous shout came the answer: "Gee-up."

* * * *

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

DOCTOR: "Why does he ask?"

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

"Father, what is a cosmopolitan?"

"My son, if a Russian Jew, living in England, has married a Chinese woman, lights a Turkish cigarette with a Swedish match while drinking his Brazilian coffee as a nigger band plays a melody from Hawaii, there you have a cosmopolitan."

* * * *

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

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

* * * *

Rastus was asked what regiment he would join if another war occurred, and it was suggested that probably he would like the cavalry.

"No," said Rastus, "when they sound the 'Retreat' I don't want to be hampered by no horse."

* * * *

Having closed his shop for the day, the professional golfer noticed his new assistant near the cash box with one hand suspiciously clenched.

"What have you got in your hand?" he asked.

"Only my fare home," was the reply.

"Open your hand," demanded the pro., and then: "Good heavens! Where do you live—Australia?"

* * * *

Two waiters were standing by the table, over which a tired diner had fallen asleep.

"I've already woke him twice," said one, "and I'm going to do it a third time."

"But why not have him taken out?" suggested the other.

"No fear. Both times I woke him he paid his bill."

* * * *

WIFE: "I've just been reading an article on electricity, and it seems that before long we shall be able to get nearly everything we want by just touching a button."

HUSBAND: "You'll never be able to get anything that way."

WIFE: "Why not?"

HUSBAND: "Because nothing on earth would make you touch a button. Look at my shirt!"

An electrician returned home from work one night to find his small son waiting for him with his right hand swathed in a bandage.

"Hello, sonny!" he exclaimed. "Cut your hand?"

The boy shook his head sadly.

"No, dad," he replied, "I picked up a pretty little fly, and the one end wasn't insulated."

* * * *

Before Amos was married he said he would be the boss or know the reason why.

And now?

He knows the reason why.

* * * *

"Mother," said little Bobby, bursting into the house all out of breath, "there's going to be the deuce to pay down at the grocer's. His wife has got a baby girl, and he's had a 'Boy Wanted' sign in the window for a week.

* * * *

When a man has finished sowing his wild oats, he sometimes grows sage.

* * * *

"How did your bulbs come up?"

"I don't know. I think it must have been the cat."

* * * *

It has been claimed for women that they are the salt of the earth, which possibly explains why so many of them drive men to drink.

* * * *

There were murmurs aboard a certain vessel when word spread among the crew that the ship would not, after all, put in at the next port, but merely drop the mail into a small boat and go on. The ship had not put into a port for many weeks.

The disappointment was too much for one man, who leaped into the sea and started to swim for the visible shore. The captain ordered a member of the crew to go after him and bring him back before he reached land. An excited look-out kept all on deck posted regarding the progress of the race.

"He's gaining! He's gaining! Two hundred yards! Hundred yards! Fifty yards! In a dozen strokes he'll have him! Five more strokes! A yard to go—Great Scot!"

"What is it? What is it?" demanded the skipper.

"Great Scot, sir! He's passed him!"

ESSAY ON A FROG BY A NORWEGIAN BOY EMIGRANT.

What a wonderful bird the frog are, when he stand up he sit, almost, when he hop he fly, almost. He ain't got no sense, hardly. He ain't got no tail, hardly either. When he sit, he sit on what he ain't got, almost.

* * * *

A Yorkshireman keenly wanted to buy a horse that would win the Grand National. A livery stables he visited showed him one that was guaranteed to jump anything.

"But will it win t' National?" asked the Yorkshireman.

"It'll win anything," was the unblushing reply.

"All reet. Aw'll tak it," said the Yorkshireman. "But how'll Aw tell when it's goin' to joomp?"

"Oh," said the stablemaster, "that's easy. When it's going to refuse a jump, it puts its ears back. When it's going to jump it pricks them up."

The Yorkshireman mounted and rode off down the street. They came to a high viaduct over which a train was passing. The startled animal stopped and pricked up its ears.

"Whoa, there!" said the astonished Yorkshireman. "Not on tha life. Tha goes under that one!"

* * * *

The excited individual entered the crowded room whilst the meeting was in progress, took a bundle of notes from his pocket, and began to speak.

The chairman made repeated efforts to interrupt him, but he refused to be called to order. The oration lasted nearly half-an-hour and when the man had resumed his seat the chairman managed to gain a hearing.

"Have you quite finished?" he asked.

"Yes—quite; but I defy you to deny the truth of my statement," he retorted.

"I have no wish to do so," said the chairman. "The gas company, of the management of which you complain, is holding its annual meeting on the next floor. This is the Vegetarian Society."

* * * *

A poker enthusiast asked a party of three to his house for an evening's play. When the guests had gone, the host was appropriately vicious, having dropped a fiver. As he was leaving the room he noticed a silver teaspoon on the carpet. He picked it up and glowered at it. "I wonder," he muttered, "which of them has a hole in his pocket!"

BRANCHES.

WOKING.

WOKING AND DISTRICT CLUB STEWARDS' SIXTH ANNUAL DINNER.

The Annual Dinner of the Woking and District Club Stewards' Association was held at the Red House Hotel, Woking, on Thursday, 30th March, when Mr. A. Bennett presided over a goodly company of members and friends.

Following the loyal toast, the Chairman submitted the toast of the evening, "The Club Stewards of Woking and District." He said it was the sixth occasion on which they had met under the auspices of their Association, and on each occasion he had been privileged to preside, an honour which he appreciated. He welcomed all who were present that evening, particularly those attending for the first time.

Last year at their gathering he had referred to the passing of Mr. B. T. Hall, who for many years occupied the position of Secretary to the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, and on the present occasion he was unfortunately compelled to make reference to a further loss which the Club movement had sustained in the death of Mr. Frank Solbé, for many years Secretary of the Association of Conservative Clubs. Those two gentlemen had done invaluable work in lifting their Clubs to a high plane and to make them an established feature in our national life. The effect could be gauged by the Report of the Royal Commission, which stated: "The Club movement at its best—a best which represents a standard to which many Clubs of all classes attain—is a most valuable element in the structure of our Society." He felt this could truly be regarded as a national monument to the work of the two gentlemen to whom he had referred. The Report had gone on to say that there was need of some measure of further control to ensure that bogus or undesirable Clubs did not achieve or retain registration. With a view to co-operating in that respect, the leading Club organisations had drafted a Bill which was now before the country, but not being a Government measure it was perhaps not likely to reach the Statute Book. It had not yet been introduced to Parliament, but its main purpose was the suppression of bogus clubs.

Continuing, the Chairman said he wished to say a few words about the Brewster Sessions which had been held all over the country during the past few weeks. At those Sessions a great deal had been said about Clubs. It therefore behoved all Stewards

to see that their institutes did not come within the bad categories, but rather that they fully justified the Report of the Royal Commission on "The Club Movement at its best." He further stated that we were all suffering from very severe taxation, and the increase in the beer duty above the 1913-14 figure was 1,269%, whilst tobacco was standing an increase of 159%. In these days of unemployment and economic depression the result of that taxation was well known to them all. However, the nation had shouldered its burden in a wonderful way. The crisis had demanded sacrifices from all and Clubs were not exempted from the national call. But there were signs of better times ahead. New factories were beginning to open up in some parts and there were real indications that we were turning the corner.

In spite of difficulties, Clubs had shown great enthusiasm, had borne great sacrifices and had made prolonged effort in order to keep their Institutions going with a reasonable margin of prosperity. Given a reduction in the beer duty, and a return to more normal conditions generally, they should quickly reap the reward of their patience, their endurance and their loyalty.

During the past year genuine members' Clubs had had a formidable opponent in the arrival of the Tote Club, a movement now happily brought to an end. There could be no defence of such institutions, in fact their existence was a menace to club life as a whole and might easily have resulted in legislation adversely affecting such Clubs as were represented there that evening.

Responding to the toast, Mr. C. Austin (Woking Liberals) said that each year the dinner became more popular. He wished to pay a special tribute to Mr. J. Holloway who had always displayed the keenest interest in their Association, and also to Mr. E. Loughnane, who was primarily responsible for its formation.

Mr. E. Loughnane (Old Woking Recreation) proposed the toast of "The Visitors" and said that without their support they could never hope to have such a successful gathering. In replying, Mr. R. Gough said that a good Steward was one of the most valuable assets that a Club could possess. Mr. H. C. Bye (General Secretary of the National Union of Club Stewards) also responded to the toast, and said he wished to associate himself with the Chairman's remarks regarding the work of the late Mr. B. T. Hall and the late Mr. F. Solbé.

Mr. W. R. Martin (West Byfleet Social) submitted the toast of "The Chairman," to which Mr. Bennett briefly responded, and the remainder of the evening was devoted to harmony.

BRIGHTON.

Easter has come again and gone, and although the word "record" is an over-used one, especially at holiday time, there is no other word to describe the experience of the Sussex coast—and Brighton in particular—this Eastertide.

The visitors have come in masses that really surpassed all previous calculations, the increase in railway patrons (87 per cent. over last year) being probably in greater proportion than the increase in those travelling by road.

The reason for this unparalleled influx can hardly be determined.

An outstanding factor is probably the long settled spell of summerlike weather, which doubtless caused a widespread feeling of exhilaration and abandon. Another impulse probably came from belief in the lift in the industrial depression; while as far as Brighton, Hove and Worthing are concerned, they received the advantage of the electrified railway, which to thousands of travellers had all the compelling power of a novelty. Those who were inclined to doubt the wisdom of the change over from steam had reason to reconsider their views on Easter Monday, when all day long they saw the trains crowded to capacity, even to seventeen in a compartment.

All these things, and others less palpable, had their share in creating a holiday which will long be remembered.

Hotels and boarding houses were booked full long before the holiday, and visitors who came on the chance of obtaining accommodation had a difficulty in getting a bed.

In addition, hundreds came each day by road to help swell the daily crowd by the sea.

All this meant good business, which was very welcome after a dull winter, and the orders that came our way on the Tuesday were evidence that there was a little money spent in the hotels and other places of refreshment.

By the time this appears in print we hope that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will appreciate that a lightening of the tax on our chief beverage will stimulate trade generally.

We are very sorry to hear of the death of Mr. F. Jefferies, who no doubt will be sadly missed at the Brewery. Of late years it has not been our pleasure to meet him at Territorial camps, but in years gone by one remembers him as one who, by his kindly manner and cheery tact with those with whom he had to work, could get his job of fixing camp through quietly and efficiently.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

For many of our friends the burning question of holidays will soon arise. "Where shall we go?"—that rock upon which so many promising hopes are periodically wrecked. Dare we therefore to trespass, even to gently suggest, that "towards the setting sun" lies the happiest solution to the problem? Anyway, we can offer "Hop Leaf" hospitality to the genial souls who will be seeking those health-giving breezes along the wide and narrow highways of glorious Devon or rugged Cornwall—maybe both; and for their guidance append a list of H. & G. S. houses at which the physical and mental needs of everyone will be catered for to the full.

DEVON.

Ashburton	...	London Hotel.
Brixham	...	Burton Hotel, Globe Hotel, Platel's Hotel, Queen's Hotel.
Barnstaple	...	London Inn (Braunton).
Buckfastleigh	...	King's Arms Hotel.
Crownhill	...	Tamar Hotel.
Devonport	...	Barley Sheaf, Gloucester Arms, Stopford Arms, Swan Hotel.
Dawlish	...	White Hart.
Dartmouth	...	Seale Arms Hotel.
Ivybridge	...	Bridge Inn.
Kennford	...	Anchor Inn.
Kingsteignton	...	Bell Inn.
Newton Abbot	...	Commercial Hotel.
Okehampton	...	Pretoria Wine and Spirit Vaults.
Plympton	...	Old Ring of Bells.
Plymouth	...	Abbey Hotel, Mayflower Hotel.
Paignton	...	Commercial Hotel, Devonport Arms.
Totnes	...	Albert Inn, Dartmouth Inn.
Tavistock	...	Tavistock Hotel.
Torquay	...	Rising Sun Inn, White Hart Inn (St. Mary-church).

CORNWALL.

Antony	...	Ring o' Bells Hotel.
Cargreen	...	Royal Oak Inn.
Kingsand	...	Devonport Inn, Rising Sun Inn.
Launceston	...	Newmarket Hotel.
Millbrook	...	Commercial Hotel, Mark of Friendship Inn.
Saltash	...	Wheatsheaf Inn.
Torpoint	...	East Cornwall W. & S. Stores, King's Arms Hotel.

Space alone restricts our pen, for on every headland, and almost in every cove, the "Sign of Perfection" can be seen, and "S.B." ale and other specialities sampled.

Most of our patrons are well "seasoned" to the requirements of both tourist and habitue, and know by practical experience where to obtain the best.

Come then, lads and lassies, don't "pack up your troubles in the old kit bag"; leave them all at home, and join in "the long, long trail" to the West!

Once again, for our confreres and those who are often to be found on and around the slopes of Elm Park, the hopes of September have proved themselves to be but vain, and from being sturdy challengers the Reading Club to-day, no doubt, are cheerfully congratulating the much more consistent Brentford side who, for several seasons past, have been well above the average of their division. We shall now have to compete with this progressive Club for Second League honours, and doubt not that the new rivalry will be as keen as the old.

We offer no excuses for the poor showing of the Plymouth Club since Christmas, and until the two vital positions in the centre of the field are as expertly filled as Second Division football demands, it is not easy to prophecy any progress towards the higher sphere.

Maybe four months' rest will cause these "stars" of ours to once again assume those mantles of brilliance for which many of us have waited weekly at Reading, Brighton, Plymouth and elsewhere. During this "long vacation" we hear that Home Park is to be terraced around, and employment will be thus found for over fifty men, which is not only very cheering news for many a local home, but should be an immense improvement to an already well-equipped ground when the curtain again rises and the "fans" arrive.

Well done the Rifles!

To have lost the Army F.A. Cup by a very "short head," after two periods of extra time is an unenviable experience, but one which we know will only act as a tonic to the representatives of this redoubtable battalion. We can imagine a few Malta teams "going through it" in due course when the Rifles have become acclimatised.

PORTSMOUTH.

The conclusion of a five weeks' Territorial Recruiting Campaign was made by the Right Hon. The Earl of Stanhope, P.C., D.S.O., M.C. (Under-Secretary of State for War) at Portsmouth. He was accompanied by General Sir William Thwaites, K.C.B., and visited the Dockyard. In the afternoon he visited the Guildhall and in the Banqueting Room addressed a representative meeting. His Lordship mentioned that on the outbreak of a crisis units must be ready and that there was no means of expansion outside the Regular Army except through the Territorials. There was no special reserve and no Kitchener's Army. The Territorial Army was no longer the second line. The Regular Army was the advance guard and the Territorial Army was the main body of His Majesty's land forces. Sir William Thwaites referred to the falling-off in numbers and said it was recognised that the economy policy of dropping camps could not be repeated. Figures dropped by 13,000, and it was not until February that they began to revive. Another reason he advanced for the wastage in the Territorial Army, besides the cancellation of camps, was the apathy with regard to the country being able to defend itself. He said that a country which did not prepare its defence and train to defend its integrity was a decadent nation and a nation that was asking for trouble. A vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor and the speakers was proposed by Major-General J. E. B. Seely, who described the meeting as the most representative he had attended during the fifteen years he had been Lord Lieutenant of the County.

Another well-known resident of Portsmouth connected with the licensed trade has, we are sorry to say, passed away since our last issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, namely, Mr. George Golding, who was for 28 years Secretary of the Portsmouth, Gosport and District Licensed Victuallers' Protection and Benevolent Society, which position he resigned in January, 1930, owing to ill-health. His services to his fellow men were recognised in 1928 when he was elected to the Presidential Chair. Mr. Golding's was the first name to be inscribed on the Presidential Chain of the Licensed Victuallers' Association. Before coming to Southsea Mr. Golding was an outstanding character in Woolwich in its educational, social, sporting and Masonic life. He was a founding member of the Woolwich Polytechnic in 1888 and was associated with that great founder of all London Polytechnics, the late Mr. Quinton Hogg, father of Lord Hailsham.

At the conclusion of the athletic sports held by the 1st Battalion The York and Lancaster Regiment, the Sports Shield was won by Headquarters Wing. The programme was organised on the team

principle, the Headquarters Wing winning with 80 points, the other positions being held by "A" (Machine Gun) Coy. 74½, "B" Coy. 59, "D" Coy. 52, and "C" Coy. 48½. The weather was ideal and the sports keenly contested.

A successful Carnival Dance was held on April 10th at the Royal Air Force Kinema at Lee-on-the-Solent. About 120 members attended and spent an enjoyable time. L.A.C. Chapman carried out the duties of M.C., and Roy Collins' Band supplied the music. During the evening a spot prize waltz was held, the winners being Miss D. Bugg and L.A.C. Marshall.

At the beginning of August this year Portsmouth is to have a meeting for the International Air Races, which will be the first of its kind held in this country. Five thousand pounds (£5,000) will be spent in prize money. The scheme embraces proposals to run three classes of races, unlimited, 8½ litre and 6 litre, over a closed course of five to ten miles starting and finishing at the Aerodrome, in heats of not more than five and no fewer than three machines. Entries will be restricted to machines capable of attaining no fewer than 150 miles per hour. Promises of entries have been received from several foreign countries.

