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The
HOP LEAF



THE HOP LEAF

GAZETTE



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H. & G. SIMONDS, LTD., READING.

A RECORD OF SOCIAL ACTIVITIES AT THE BREWERY.

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. VI.

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All communications should be addressed to—The Editor,
THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, The Brewery, Reading.



MR. F. KIRBY.

MR. F. KIRBY.

This month we are publishing on our front page the portrait of Mr. F. Kirby, a prominent and popular member of the Transport Department Staff, who has thirty-six years of loyal service to his credit.

Commencing in the Cask Department in 1896, Mr. Kirby was transferred a year later to the office in which he is now serving. In conjunction with his colleagues, Mr. Kirby's duties consist of arranging the loads and journeys for the large number of lorries which operate from Reading to various districts, a task which requires considerable concentration as well as a technical and comprehensive knowledge of the capacities of the vehicles employed and the districts to be covered. The organization and direction of the transport, to ensure the most economical working, is a task which affects the whole department and in this work Mr. Kirby takes an important part.

The invoicing section of the Transport Department is mechanized, the delivery notes, invoices, etc., being made out on multiple machines, and a large share of the responsibility of controlling and checking this work falls upon Mr. Kirby. Considering the vast number issued daily and the infrequency of errors, a tribute is due to him for the supervision which maintains such a high percentage of accuracy.

There are few employees with a greater pride in their department than that possessed by Mr. Kirby. He delights in quoting figures of the tremendous tonnage of goods handled annually by the fleet of lorries which is second to none in the South of England. In retrospect, he recalls his early days at the Brewery when all goods were railed to outlying districts and a continuous procession of pair-horse drays plied between the Brewery and Reading Stations from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m. and sometimes later, supplemented in busy seasons by hired transport.

Apart from business, Mr. Kirby is a great lover of literature and is a devotee to football, fishing and theatrical plays. His knowledge of the leading actors and actresses, most of whom he has seen, and the plays in which they performed, is interesting and reveals a judgment above the ordinary. His own talents as a mimic and wit are well known and provoke considerable amusement in the social side of the Brewery life.



EDITORIAL.

A MIXED MENU.

At the Reading Gas Company's Staff Dinner the following was the menu :—

	<i>Soup.</i>
BEER.	Ammoniacal Liquor.
	—
	<i>Fish.</i>
	Purified Turbot and Tar-tar Sauce.
	Retort Burrs and Butter.
	—
BEER.	<i>Removes.</i>
	Carbonised Chicken and Ham.
	Roast Lamb de Retorts. Oxide Sauce.
	Vegetables in Season.
	—
BEER.	<i>Sweets.</i>
	Fruit Sulphate and Creme Calorific.
	Stewed Therms.
	—
BEER.	Biscuits, Cheese, Butter.
	Coffee.

FINEST BEVERAGE.

Speaking at the annual dinner of the Reading Chamber of Commerce Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen said that beer was the finest beverage in the world and Reading beer was amongst the best obtainable. "I did hope," he added, "that I should have been able to congratulate Messrs. H. & G. Simonds upon a reduction in the beer tax, but, alas, that is not to be."

PACIFYING THE M.P.'S WIFE.

Mr. J. H. Thomas is an unrepentant "leg-puller," and he cracked a joke at the expense of Sir Leslie Wilson the new Governor of Queensland (who was at one time Chief Government Whip), at a farewell luncheon given to Sir Leslie by the British Empire Society. An M.P.'s wife called at the House of Commons, declared Mr. Thomas, to get an explanation from the Whip about an all-night sitting, this having been given as the excuse for her husband's late homecoming. She asked to see the Whip, and the attendant wanted to know which Whip. "Oh, the handsome Whip," she said. That was a tribute to Sir Leslie's personality. (*Laughter.*) "When she saw Sir Leslie," Mr. Thomas went on, "and asked for the explanation, Sir Leslie demonstrated beyond all possible doubt that her husband was present in the House all night, and took

part in all the divisions. This seemed to satisfy her, and she said, 'I shall be seeing all this in Hansard.' For a moment Sir Leslie was stumped, but then, with infinite tact, said, 'Ah, but even reporters make mistakes sometimes.'" Sir Leslie Wilson flatly denied that he had ever had to show tact to an M.P.'s deserted wife, but the denial merely added to the amusement.

OUR VILLAGE PUBLICANS.

There are great men in the world of science, in art, in medicine, in affairs scholastic, in commerce, and so forth, and there are men equally great in village pubs. True, they are unknown to the big world at large, but when the last records are read it will be found that they have played as real a part for the general good of their fellow-men as many of those whose names are the more illustrious in the momentary popularity some achieve in this present-day world.—*The Vicar of Willingham-on-Stow*, Lincolnshire, in the parish magazine.

ON A NEW PLAN.

A widow, who intended to succeed her husband as the manager of a country hotel, advertised the fact in the local papers after this manner: "This hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Higgins, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

SPEED OF ANIMALS.

No animal is known to have exceeded the speed attained by the horse. Instantaneous photographs of one famous specimen showed the full length of one complete stride of about twenty-six feet, in one stride of the fastest racers the hindquarters and limbs are raised considerably higher than the shoulders, and from this relatively great height are brought downward and forward, widely separated from each other, to avoid striking the fore-legs. The hare has not in reality the speed of the dog. The dog, on the other hand, does not attain the speed of the horse. The giraffe is said to run at the rate of fifteen yards per second under the most favourable conditions. The elephant, going the rate of two yards a second, carries a weight approximating that carried by six horses.

LITTLE BILLY'S WISH.

Little Billy had just been told that an angel had brought him a little sister.

"Would you like to see her?" asked the doctor.

"No," said Billy, "but I'd like to have a look at the angel."

LIT UP.

Policeman, giving evidence at Tottenham Police Court recently:

"I saw him, your worship, with one arm round a lamp post and with his other hand he was knocking on the pillar and shouting: 'Open the door and let me in.'

"I told him nobody was living there, and he said, 'Yes there is; there is a light upstairs.'"

MR. A. LOCK.

Mr. A. Lock, who recently completed fifty years' service with the Firm, has received many letters of congratulation, some of them couched in the kindest of terms. And these letters have come from high and low, rich and poor alike. Mr. Lock wishes me to express to the writers of those letters his sincerest thanks and to assure them that all the kind things said about him have touched him deeply.

DICKENS.

When Dickens visited the "Great White Horse" Hotel at Ipswich in the early 'thirties, was he a teetotaler? Although a splendidly self-controlled man, it is pretty well-known that the rapidly dwindling band of those who personally recollect him are perfectly aware that Dickens had not the slightest sympathy with total abstinence principles. If further proof of the popular author's views on alcohol were needed, it is surely supplied by the letter Sotheby's recently knocked-down for £17 10s. for the following epistle written by Dickens in 1844 concerning the National Temperance Society: "The position that beer, spirits and wine are not natural to men is poor and unfair. Show me any total abstainer at this dinner, and I will show you fifty things making their way into his digestive organs which are as foreign to his natural condition as the clothes he wears."

"NATIONAL" WINNERS AND FOXHOUNDS.

A group of past winners of the Grand National will be one of the features of the forthcoming International Horse Show. They will be paraded twice a day for the period of the show, June 16th to 25th.

A pack of foxhounds will also appear in the ring at each performance, with hunt staff, in regulation kit, in attendance. Hounds will be kennelled at Olympia, and a fresh pack will appear each day.

Seats at the show will be cheaper.

BIOGRAPHY IN BRIEF.

Those men who have made their own careers have often been singularly happy in their choice of mottoes. The Marquis of Reading's "Aut nunquam tentes aut perice" ("Either attempt nothing or complete it") is a good summary of his activities, and the Earl of Birkenhead's "Faber meæ fortunæ" ("Smith of my own fortune") is good "canting" (or punning) summary of the life of the first Earl (F. E. Smith). Lord Melchett's "Make yourself necessary" is self-explanatory. Viscount Brentford caustically recalls his attitude to the outcry against his activities as Home Secretary, especially in his support of "Dora," in his "Cassis tutissima virtus" ("Valour is the safest helmet") while it seems probable that Earl Beatty gives an inkling of his Jutland strategy in "Non vi sed arte" ("Not by force but by skill"). A single word is often the most expressive. Could any phrase better sum up the famous Earl Kitchener than the abrupt "Thorough"—though this had once been borne by the ill-fated Lord Stafford? Appropriately, too, Lord Hawke, who captained the Yorks county cricket team for many years, bore the family motto of "Strike!"

GLAD TO SEE OLD REGIMENTAL FRIENDS.

Captain E. C. Curtis, of the 47th Regiment, Loyal North Lancs Regiment, is now the licensee of the Imperial Hotel, Henley, and he will be delighted to see his old Regimental friends and others to talk over old times and "split" a bottle of "S.B." At the Imperial Hotel you always get prompt attention and every Curtis C.—see!

A BAD SPELL!

The following is the text of a signboard that used to hang outside Ellen Tone's "Tempurence Hottell," Herodsfoot, near Liskeard, Cornwall. It is now on exhibition in the Polperro Museum, Cornwall:—

"TEMPURENCE HOTTELL."

"ELLEN TONE, sells here
Lemanade and Gingur Beer,
Cow hels and tripe every fridey
Sekond hand cloes to make ee tidy,
Crox and Kittles, pans and all
And Godly bukes to save yer sole,
Man-Traps, gins, and pattens likewise
And on Saturday nights Hot Mutton Pies."

AN IDEAL DRINK.

Summer is coming and with it the usual thirst. There is not a better way of quenching that thirst than with Hunt's wholesome and refreshing cider. This beverage is made under the choicest conditions in Devonshire, from the choicest fruit and by the most up-to-date and hygienic methods. It is proving increasingly popular in Reading and elsewhere. Try it—and you will be more than satisfied, for it is an ideal summer drink.

ALWAYS THE FAVOURITES.

The season for Point-to-Point races is now at an end. There is no cleaner sport than is shown at these meetings and it is pleasing to see so many thousands of people attending them. It was gratifying to watch the Favourites winning all along the line and everyone who put their money on them were more than satisfied and are going to back then again at other meetings. The Favourites were, of course, "S.B." and other of Simonds' well known brands.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Broken friendship, like china, may be repaired, but the break will always show. And this is a bit of real truth and wisdom. Friendship is a precious thing—too precious a treasure to be carelessly broken or thrown away. The world handles the word "friend" lightly; its real true, deeper meaning is forgotten and the acquaintance of an hour of the chance corner is designated by the term which in itself bears a wealth of meaning.

Your friend is the one who appreciates you—your faults as well as your virtues—who understands and sympathises with your defeats and victories, your aims and ideals, your joys and temptations, your hopes and disappointments, as no one else does or can.

It is your friend to whom you turn for counsel, for comfort, for praise; he may not be as learned as some, or as wise as others, but it suffices that he understands you, and even his quiet listening gives strength and renewed courage. Blessed is the man or woman into whose life has come the beauty and power of such a friendship. Prize it well. Do all in your power to keep such friendship unbroken. Avoid the break, for when it comes it cannot be easily mended, and the jarring note mars the harmony of the whole glorious symphony. It is not alone a question of forgiveness; that may be full and complete. It is the hurt in the heart that will not readily heal and the confidence that will not fully come back.

THE MAGIC OF CHAMPAGNE.

MR. HARRY PRESTON'S PAEAN OF PRAISE.

A breezy article on "The Magic of Champagne," written with the genial touch that is so truly characteristic of its author, has been contributed by Mr. Harry Preston to *The Cherwell*—the Oxford Undergraduate journal which has won a reputation for its brightness and general interest. We quote Mr. Preston's article in extenso :—

"I have often been asked—for the sins of a long life—to write something about sport, health, even what I think about marriage. But until the Editor of this distinguished journal invited me, in explicit terms, I had never before been asked to write about wine. I doubt whether I ought to do so in a journal produced for the young. However, I am told that 'Dora' and our 'blue-noses' notwithstanding, good wine is appreciated by the youth of our great universities. I will therefore say a few words about wine, but principally about a wine.

"In my boyhood men drank sherry and port by the barrelful. I do not advise anyone to follow suit. In those days men did not lead high-speed lives and skim about in sports cars, aeroplanes, and upholstered railway carriages. They had their livers well shaken up by coaches, wagons, pedestrianism, and horse-riding. So they lived long and were merry on a wine diet which would give a modern man melancholia at forty and kill him off at fifty.

"When I arrived at a wine-bibbing age, we drank claret and burgundy by the bucketful. Champagne also, on the ceremonial occasions of birthdays, weddings, and when we took a crinolined girl out to Cremorne in a hansom cab. But mainly burgundy and claret. I put myself outside of many hundred dozen of both. I was very active then. I boxed, swam, rowed. I also drove one of the first motor cars, and that, believe me, was athletics.

"About my middle-thirties, however, I became aware that I tended, after a bottle or two, to take a clouded view of life. And, to be brief, I discovered that red wine did not suit my liver. I therefore cut it out and went on a champagne diet. This diet I have religiously adhered to to this day. It accounts largely for my good health at an age when many teetotalers I know are going about in bath-chairs. It even saved my life.

"I had a very serious operation two years ago. No one thought I would get over it. I could not pull back. I had no inclination for nourishment. I was fading away. And then my doctor and surgeon, who by this time knew my constitution inside out, had a bright idea. He perceived that what my system needed was the essence of life, bright sunshine and the juices of rich earth and oxygen-intoxicated air; in a word, the juice of the grape—wine.

He dismissed my tonics, purges, medicines. 'A bottle of champagne a day,' he ordered. Ah, how nobly my system responded! In three weeks I had summoned sufficient strength to leave in a motor ambulance the nursing home which nobody could see me ever leaving again except in a hearse. In three months I was almost my old self. And in six months, having doubled my daily dose of medicine, I was astride a horse once more. I have never looked back.

"I am not particular about my brands, so long as they are among the dozen or so good ones; although I will confess to a weakness for Louis Roderer and Bollinger, but the '19, '20, '21 went all too soon.

"The young never listen to advice. Nevertheless I will risk a word or two. Treat champagne as a connoisseur treats a rare picture. Savour it. There are times when the palate brings out the full flavour, and it runs down the throat like nectar. Such a time is midday, after exercise and a sweat—a glass of cool champagne with a bit of cheese or biscuit. *And no cigarettes beforehand.* When I see a man drinking champagne and smoking at the same time—except as he finishes a glass after lunch or dinner—I know that wine has been wasted on him; I might just as well have given him beer. And don't spoil champagne with a sickly, heavy liqueur. A little old brandy, nothing more.

THE ROUGH ROAD FIRST.

Better the rough road first,
For rough it has to be
Somewhere or other on the path
Set out for you and me.

Better the rough road first,
When the heart is young and strong,
To while the time with laugh and jest
Whene'er the way seems long.

Better the rough road first,
When the eyes are clear and bright
To see the dawn in Eastern skies
Through the dark clouds of night.

Better the rough road first,
'Tis the price we all must pay
Ere we come at last to the resting place
Where sunset ends the day.

So—better the rough road first.
When we reach the close of the way
We'll rest our limbs on pastures soft
When the night is cold and grey.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

A CHARMING SPOT.

THE WILLOW WARBLER BUILDING.

On Sunday, May 1st, I was out Bradfield way with a friend. We often go birdsnesting, on our bicycles, and our "bag" on this occasion included well over a hundred nests. We walk as much as we ride and use the wheeled means of transit chiefly to cover ground where wild Nature's ways cannot be studied to advantage. But even when pedalling slowly along main roads we found numerous nests including those of the blackbird, thrush, wren, chaffinch, long-tailed tit, hedge-sparrow, jay, robin and linnet, only to mention a few at random. Many of the nests had eggs, and several young birds. One of the robin's nests contained six eggs and was very cleverly concealed.

THE "GOOD COMPANIONS."

My friend "Frank" and I are another edition of the "Good Companions." Sometimes we journey miles together without saying hardly a word, but our eyes and ears are open for any interesting sights and sounds and when either of us see or hear anything of interest the "alarm note" is given and we stop and study the subject in question. We saw and heard a lot of cuckoos, several nightingales, a grasshopper warbler and other migrants including sedge warbler, willow warbler, white throat, wood wren, chiff-chaff and, of course, swallows, martins, sand martins and swifts. One always associates the swifts with the swallows, though they belong to a totally different family, being, in fact, related to the nightjars. We did not hear the creke-creke of the corncrake nor did we see the spotted flycatcher.

A FAIRY-LIKE SCENE.

At one spot where there was much to please the eye and delight the ear we stayed for some time. The ground was carpeted with a mass of anemones, nodding in the wind, blue-bells, violets, primroses and cuckoo flowers. A feathered jewel in the form of a kingfisher sped down the little silver stream and a brimstone butterfly pursued a zig-zag course across the field. Blackbirds and thrushes were in full song and so were many other birds for the nightingale was there and the cuckoo was calling, calling!

It is a spot that I have visited many times for many years. Here you may always see at this season of the year many things

that are bright and very beautiful. They are there this year; they will be there next year and for many years to come. The flowers seem to me to be more beautiful each year. I think I grow to love the birds more and more as the years go by; yes, the birds and the butterflies and almost every living thing.

I hope to visit the spot on many another occasion. And then *one* spring, I know, the same succession of beautiful flowers, joyous birds, buzzing bees and little beasts will be there but—I shall not come. I almost feel that they will miss me and I, somehow, wish they would!

A BUSY LITTLE BUILDER.

Strange thoughts stir up within one's heart amid such scenes and mine were wandering far when Frank draws my attention to a little willow warbler. She has some building material in her beak. We remain almost motionless and within a few minutes she comes within a few yards of us and sets to work constructing her cosy nest in a tuft of grass on the ground. After placing the dried grass in position off she would go again to obtain some more and she was never gone more than a minute for we timed her. How busy she was—and what a charming sight! Meanwhile father willow warbler poured forth a delicately sweet little song from a tree-top near at hand. May they remain unmolested and rear a happy family. Good luck to you little birds!

A FEROCIOUS KILLER.

And then a weasel puts in an appearance. It is like going from peace to war for inch for inch, ounce for ounce, for hate, courage, diabolic ferocity and insatiable desire to kill, no creature with beak and talon or fang and claw can compare with the little animal commonly called the weasel.

Though among the smallest of flesh-eating animals its natural gift as a predatory hunter is without a flaw. Keen eyes, attuned ears and sensitive nose, plus a wonderful celerity of movement and courage, make it the most perfectly organised machine for the killing of any animal at large in nature's playground.

A GREAT CRESTED GREBE.

By the way, when I was taking my dog for a walk very early the same morning, I saw a great crested grebe on the Thames near the Fisheries, Mapledurham.

IN PRAISE OF BEER.

SIR THOMAS HORDER SPEAKS PLAINLY.

Sir Thomas Horder, Physician in Ordinary to the Prince of Wales, has made some striking remarks about beer. He was speaking at the annual dinner of the Institute of Brewing, held at the Hotel Victoria, with Mr. J. Stenhouse in the chair.

This, in brief, is what he said :—

“ It behoves the doctor to know a good deal about beer and to keep himself free from bias.

“ In most of the statements made about the effects of alcoholic beverages upon human beings the psychological factor, which is of great importance, is entirely omitted. The majority of experiments on the subject of alcoholic drinks in relation to work and fatigue are of the crudest kind and teem with fallacies.

VALUABLE FOODS.

“ The greatest fallacy of all is the omission of the fact that we work with our wills and with our emotions as well as with our hands and our feet. The will to work, and some zest put into our work, are very important factors in the output of work. It is in this direction that alcoholic beverages like beer make their chief contribution to economic efficiency.

“ I am rather tired of all this interminable discussion as to whether beer and wine are foods or whether they are not. There is ample evidence that both beer and wine are valuable foods.

“ The chief value of beer as a beverage lies in its tonic and stimulating properties, and these are virtues which escape even the most critical chemical analysis.

“ Appetite is a function of the brain as much as, or even more than of the stomach, and it is stimulated by the moderate use of such a beverage as beer, and, at the same time, a zest is given to life which results in larger and richer activities. All this, again, lies outside the range of scientific experiment.

RAISING LEVEL OF LIFE.

“ Merely to live, or even to live long, is not the thing that matters. What matters is that we live fully, usefully, and happily. And if the level of our life is raised in these respects by the use of alcoholic beverages, as I believe it is, then we are justified in following the instincts of our forefathers.

“ The stigma attaching to beer in the minds of many is, of course, associated with the fact that some people take too much of it. By a confusion of thought the beverage is condemned rather than the intemperate person.”

Sir Thomas remarked that there were many men and women who cannot drink beer. “ And I am sorry for them,” he added, “ for I am one of them. I advise them to try stout.”

He concluded by saying that he hoped nothing he had said would be taken to justify the consumption of beer in other than moderate quantities.

A BOY'S POWERS.

The most valuable assets any boy can have when starting out in life, are character and the ability to do things successfully. The average boy possesses certain physical and mental powers, which, highly developed and effective, will lead him on to sure success ; or which, poorly developed and ineffective, will limit him, hold him back, and doom him to drudgery and failure.

It is a personal matter, and now is the moment to face it frankly and seriously. Your ability to develop your son's mental and physical powers to the fullest value, and thus produce the results for which your aim is unquestionable ; and what you do or fail to do at this time will determine absolutely his place in the world. Willing or unwilling, the responsibility is yours alone.

There is no longer any uncertainty on the question of character-building. Experts are in perfect accord as to what will make for success, and lack of what will bring about failure in life. If you will but reach out and avail yourself of it, there is at your very elbow a perfect means for making that boy of yours a successful man—a means of insuring your perfect peace of mind with regard to his welfare in the years to come.

The war exhausted millions of men and women by the supreme efforts which it demanded of them. It deadened minds and hearts, and a disastrous reaction set in. The recovery has been slow ; but now the world is clamouring again for young men of energy, initiative and ability who can lead and command. It is offering them splendid positions, opportunities of noble service, large incomes, and there is no quibbling over the price.

There is not one chance in a hundred of your boy failing to qualify for one of these exceptional positions if you will start right now to teach him the elements of success. You can do it. Your years of hard knocks, your recollection of the shipwrecks and failures of your boyhood pals and others, whose mistakes have come under your notice, and your mature judgment eminently designate you as the best person in all the world, not only to make your son's boyhood glorious, but to send him across the line into the race of life with a flying start.

A DAILY ENEMY.

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.

I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the nations.

I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest siege guns.

I spare no one, and I find my victims among the rich and poor alike, the young and old, the strong and weak. Widows and orphans know me.

I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labour, from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every railway train.

I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage-earners in a year.

I lurk in unseen places, and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me but you heed not.

I am relentless.

I am everywhere—in the house, on the street, in the factory, at railway crossings, and on the sea.

I bring sickness, degradation and death, and yet few seek to avoid me.

I destroy, crush and maim : I give nothing, but take all.

I am your worst enemy.

I am CARELESSNESS.

A JEALOUS STORK.

TRAGEDY OF A TURKEY'S EGG.

(From *The Times'* Turkey Correspondent).

A strange story comes from the village of Eseby, near Brusa.

When the storks returned this year, the same, or apparently the same, pair came to their old nest on the house of one Mehmet Effendi, and until a few days ago all went well with them. Then came tragedy.

The pair were seen to return together to the nest from a foraging expedition, whereupon a fierce altercation took place. The male was apparently remonstrating with his spouse, and she stoutly defending herself. After some minutes the male flew away, and having collected all the other storks from the village returned with them to the nest, which they all examined. Then, leaving the female behind, they flew into the air and circled overhead, engaged in a lively discussion. At the end of half an hour the male and two other storks, detaching themselves from the rest, returned to the nest and solemnly killed the female. This sad task performed, the male was seen to carry one of the young from the nest and deposit it gently on the ground. Imagine the astonishment of the onlookers when they saw that the young bird left on the ground was not a stork, but a turkey. The dead female had been convicted of infidelity and had paid the penalty.

The whole village was in a state of excitement, and it was some hours before an explanation of the tragedy which they had witnessed was forthcoming. It was this. A small boy had climbed up to the nest just after the stork had laid her eggs, and had substituted a turkey's egg for one of them. In due course the eggs were hatched, but at first Father Stork detected nothing wrong. Then, returning one day to the nest, he suddenly realized that one of the young was no offspring of his, with the result here related.

ABSTINENCE AND ILL-HEALTH.

REVELATIONS IN A REPORT.

(From the Friendly Society Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*).

Sir Alfred Watson's report on the third valuation of the approved societies administering National Health Insurance again reveals the higher sickness experience suffered by members of those societies restricted to total abstainers.

It has always been the boast of the pledged abstainers that they have better health and lower sickness than their fellow workers. For the first time the compulsory insurance of all manual and other workers under National Health Insurance provided the means of testing the sickness and disablement claims of all classes of workers ; and as the abstainers' friendly societies came within the orbit it was possible to test their actuarial results with those of other friendly societies which hold their meetings largely on licensed premises or in their own club rooms which are licensed.

The results of the valuations have been a revelation. This is the third valuation made by the Government Actuary, and in each valuation the approved societies whose membership is restricted to abstainers come out with decidedly worse figures.

Here are the actual results of the third valuation for some of the larger friendly societies. They show that the surplus of the Rechabites Society, the largest of the abstainers' orders, is less than one-half of the amount per member of the Ancient Order of Foresters, the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, or the Hearts of Oak Society.

The figures for these societies are :—

Society.	Members.	Surplus. £	Surplus per Member.		
			£	s.	d.
Foresters	653,034	2,697,675	4	2	7
Oddfellows, Manchester Unity	874,820	3,146,425	3	11	11
Hearts of Oak	476,260	1,596,073	3	6	5
Rechabites	443,431	717,555	1	12	4
Sons of Temperance ...	138,209	293,174	2	2	5

While the Sons of Temperance comes out better than the Rechabites, it will be seen that its surplus per member is £1 4s. od. less than that of the Hearts of Oak, £1 9s. 6d. less than that of the Oddfellows, and as much as £2 os. 2d. per member less than the Foresters.

These are startling figures. From the beginning of National Health Insurance to the present day the abstainers' societies have stood actuarially the lowest in the ranks of the friendly societies.



MR. J. A. DEWAR.

The following announcement appeared in the *Times* of April 7th, 1932 :—

“ The engagement is announced between Mr. John A. Dewar, The Homestall, East Grinstead, Sussex, and Mrs. K. McNeill, 9, Rue de Lota XVI, Paris.”

“ THE NIGHT OF NIGHTS BALL ” AT CONNAUGHT ROOMS, TUESDAY,
APRIL 5TH.

There was a company of 500 revellers at the Connaught Rooms on Tuesday evening on the occasion of the 12th successive edition of the “ Night of Nights,” the popular fancy dress ball organised by Mrs. Asher Rosenberg, with the assistance of an assiduous band of arduous workers, in aid of the Licensed Victuallers' School and the Licensed Victuallers' Benevolent Institution.

The general depression in trade made itself felt in the attendance which hitherto numbered over 1,000.

The custom of having a special guest of the evening was perpetuated this year, the place of honour being occupied by Mr. John Arthur Dewar, the popular owner of last year's Derby winner.

Dinner was served in the Grand Hall, where Mrs. Asher Rosenberg, who presided, was supported by a representative gathering of wholesale traders, the Governor of the Licensed Victuallers' School (Mr. John M. Booker), and the Chairman of the Licensed Victuallers' Benevolent Institution (Mr. Frederick May).

Mr. J. A. Dewar in concluding his speech in response to the toast of his health, said :—

“ I would like to take this opportunity of stating that following the decision of the Cabinet to go off the Gold Standard I have decided to go off the ‘ Single Standard ’ and to adopt the ‘ Double Standard ’ in the near future. (Applause). It was possible that Mrs. Rosenberg suspected something of the kind when she handed me my lucky programme number prize—a box of ‘ Bachelor ’ cigarettes. (Laughter.)”

HOTEL GUESTS' DRINKS.

WHEN ONE BECOMES A RESIDENT.

LICENSING ACT RULING.

At what stage does a person who applies for accommodation at an hotel become a resident? This question was raised at Brighton Quarter Sessions on an appeal by the licensee and manageress of the King's Head Hotel against convictions for supplying drink outside permitted hours. The facts were that at 1 a.m. on November 29 a party of six walked over from a neighbouring dance hall to the hotel and were served with drinks. The police were keeping observation, and proceedings followed. It was now contended that the party asked for accommodation for the night, and were admitted on that understanding. With the exception of two men who changed their minds and left, the party stayed the night. Giving judgment, the Recorder, Mr. J. D. Cassels, K.C., said he was satisfied the party went to the hotel and asked for accommodation. The question then arose at what stage of such transactions did a person become a resident in an hotel within the meaning of Section 5 of the 1921 Act? Was he a resident at the moment he was told there was accommodation or did he only become a resident after he had signed the register and given the hotel-keeper an opportunity of observing the amount of luggage he had with him? He (the Recorder) was satisfied it was not essential in order to prove a person had been a resident in an hotel to find the register had been signed or that he had luggage. He found that the party were received at the "King's Head" as being desirous of accommodation, and were supplied with drinks on that footing. That being so, they came within the exempting clause of the Licensing Act. He therefore allowed the appeal with costs, and quashed the convictions.

IMPROVED INNS OF ENGLAND.

MILLIONS SPENT BY THE BREWERS.

POST-WAR CHANGES WELCOMED.

The great development since the war in English inns, making them more public houses in reality and less mere drinking places, was the theme of a paper read by Mr. Basil Oliver before the Royal Society of British Architects.

Vast sums of money, running into millions of pounds, have been spent by the brewing industry in rebuilding and reconditioning

houses, Mr. Oliver said. Greater improvements in planning, comfort and external appearance have been made than probably at any time in the history of the English inn.

UNENLIGHTENED BENCHES.

Many of the efforts of owners of public-houses to evolve something more worthy had been thwarted by a misguided magisterial policy, hostile to any effort to move with the times. The flimsy excuse had far too often been made that improvements meant "increased facilities for drinking."

"There have been, and there may be still here and there," Mr. Oliver said, "a few backward benches, but I hope the days of the bad old magisterial policy of preventing improvements for fear of making public-houses attractive are gone for ever."

One sentence of the recent report of the Royal Commission on Licensing should be printed in large letters and hung up in all licensing courts, and in the board rooms of brewing companies, as a perpetual reminder of a commonsense statement:

"The ideal towards which modern conceptions are tending is to make the public-house, as it ought to be, a place where the public can obtain general refreshment, of whatsoever variety they choose, in decent, pleasant, and comfortable surroundings."

SIGNS OF BETTERMENT.

"It is no exaggeration to say that 'every day and in every way' public-houses 'grow better and better,' and so excellent are many of them that they now vie with banks in raising the architectural standard, if not the tone, of the locality in which they are built. There is, of course, still room for improvement, and the interiors have not yet reached the new standard of the exteriors."

Recreation and assembly halls, winter gardens, bowling greens, formal gardens, loggias, terraces, pagodas, putting greens, skittle alleys, children's playgrounds, are some of the new adjuncts to the public-house. Mr. Oliver mentioned that he had even heard of a public-house-cum-swimming bath being mooted.

"I still have hopes of a 'Merrie England' once again," he said in conclusion, "if only Mrs. Grundy and her miserable offspring, D.O.R.A., could be certified as definitely insane and 'put away'!"

THE LATE W. H. BECKFORD.

NAVAL HONOURS AT WOOLHAMPTON LICENSEE'S FUNERAL.

The funeral took place on the 31st March at the Henley Road Cemetery, Caversham, of Mr. Walter Henry Beckford, formerly licensee of the "Row Barge," Woolhampton. Mr. Beckford had served over twenty-eight years in the Royal Navy and having been pensioned with the rank of Warrant Officer, was accorded semi-naval honours. The coffin was covered with the Union Jack and on it were placed the deceased's hat, sword and medals and one floral tribute in the form of a posy of cowslips—deceased's favourite flower—from "Ernie." A service held at Greyfriars Church at which the Rev. Canon Gillmor officiated, was largely attended.

The mourners were :—Mrs. Rose Beckford (widow), Mr. and Mrs. Godwin and Mr. and Mrs. King (daughters and sons-in-law), Mr. and Mrs. Beckford (father and mother), Mr. Ern Beckford and Mr. Frank Beckford (brothers), Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Bromley (sisters), Mrs. Clarke (mother-in-law), Mr. Nelson Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Louisa Clarke, Mrs. May Clarke (brothers and sisters-in-law), Mrs. H. Beckford (aunt), Miss Rosie Clarke (niece) and Mr. George Rickard.

The floral tributes included a model of a battle cruiser and that of a ship's anchor.

THE TENNIS SEASON.

Providing the weather is on good behaviour a happy season of tennis is assured for the Tennis Club this year.

George's Courts, Earley (near "Sol" Joel's Playing Fields) have been engaged for every Tuesday evening from May 2nd to September 13th, and the hours of play are from 6.30 p.m. till 8.30 p.m.

Some interesting matches have been arranged as follows :—

- May 14th v. Sutton's Recreation Club, at Cintra.
- „ 28th v. Beechwood Tennis Club, at Tilehurst.
- June 11th v. Wokingham Tennis Club, at Wokingham.
- July 16th v. Beechwood Tennis Club, at Tilehurst.
- „ 30th v. Wokingham Tennis Club, at Wokingham.
- Aug. 6th v. Sutton's Recreation Club, at Cintra.

Mr. L. A. Simonds is also negotiating an attractive fixture with Thornycrofts at Basingstoke, and games with Oxford Branch, Messrs. Barclays Bank Limited, and Messrs. Huntley & Palmers will also be played, details of which will be issued later.

WEDDING OF MR. A. T. WALSH.

An interesting ceremony was enacted on the 1st April, when the members of the Brewery Staff assembled in the Waiting Room to present Mr. A. T. Walsh with a handsome mahogany clock and a barometer in recognition of the occasion of his wedding on the following day.

Mr. C. E. Gough kindly made the presentation on behalf of the subscribers, and after first thanking the members of other Departments for joining in and attending the presentation to one of his staff, he said that he looked upon this particular gathering with a little sorrow, as Mr. Walsh was his "ewe-lamb," as he was the last of the pre-war staff to get married. He added that Mr. Walsh joined the Branch Department staff in October, 1913, and a year later he was serving his country in the Army. Continuing, and referring to Mr. Walsh's fiancée being an Irish lady, Mr. Gough said that he understood that Mr. Walsh had "gone home" for his bride. He (Mr. Gough) thought that Mr. Walsh would soon learn more about Home Rule than he had ever done, but that Home Rule would be quite all right provided they worked one with the other. Mr. Gough added that Mr. Walsh had always carried out his work in the Branch Department in a conscientious and unassuming manner and he had much pleasure in asking his acceptance of the clock and barometer with the best wishes of his colleagues on the Firm, for the future Mrs. Walsh and himself, for a long and prosperous life.

Upon being asked to say a few words, Mr. A. R. Bradford said that he was very pleased indeed to associate himself with the presentation and with Mr. Gough's remarks. He added that he had long despaired of Mr. Walsh joining the army of Benedicts, but at long last he was about to arrive at that state. How far leap year was involved in the matter it would be difficult to say, but it was on the 29th February that Mr. Walsh told him definitely that he was going to be married. Mr. Bradford said that from his knowledge of Mr. Walsh he felt sure that he would make an ideal husband. In conclusion, he added that he felt that he was voicing the sentiments of all present in wishing Mr. Walsh and the future Mrs. Walsh a long life of marital happiness and bliss.

Replying, Mr. Walsh thanked Mr. Gough and Mr. Bradford for their kind words and all who had subscribed to the handsome presents. Although those gifts were very valuable in themselves, their greatest value would be that they represented the good wishes of his colleagues on the occasion of his marriage, and for that reason they would always be a proud possession in his new home.

SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

Before the first ball of the season is bowled let me congratulate the football team on their wonderful success in winning the Second Division of the Reading and District League at their first attempt. It was a close thing right up to the end, but, although at the time of writing the Simonds' Athletic have one more game to play, they have the necessary point in hand. The second team, whilst not achieving honours in their particular Division, gave a very good account of themselves.

Having paid tribute to the players of the big ball, let me say a few words for the attention of those who favour the red leather species and the piece of willow.

A full fixture list has been arranged for both teams, that is with the exception of one Saturday for each. For the "A" team the Saturday before August Bank Holiday has been left open, and for the "B" team the first Saturday of the season.

The General Meeting was held on April 15th and was fairly well attended and ably conducted by Mr. A. G. Rider in the Chair.

The executive officers were duly elected, and the following will be in charge of the teams:—Mr. F. S. Hawkins (elected at a subsequent Committee Meeting) is Captain of the "A" team, with Mr. J. Rumens as his deputy; Mr. F. R. Main, who is showing great enthusiasm, will again lead the "B" team, and Mr. L. Atkinson has been appointed Vice-Captain.

A lengthy discussion ensued with regard to the re-adoption of the Club colours, viz., a blue cap with a red hop leaf. The matter has been now decided and the above will be worn this season. Caps will be bought by the Club and players can purchase same at cost price, which is 2/8 each. The hop leaf will be provided by the Club. It is hoped that the caps will be ready before the commencement of the season and that they will be taken up by the players of both teams.

The official practice will take place on Thursday evenings, but the tackle will be stored in the Prospect Park house and is available for use on other nights, provided due care is exercised and the bag taken back afterwards.

A trial match will take place on Tuesday evening, May 3rd, and it is hoped to arrange a few evening games early in the season to give as many of the younger members as possible every opportunity to get a game.

The fixture cards are in hand and will shortly be ready. To be on the safe side, the matches arranged for May are as follows:—

"A" TEAM.

May	7	Heckfield and Mattingley	Home
"	14	Ipsden	Away
"	21	Eversley Street	Home
"	28	Camberley Working Men's Club	Away

"B" TEAM.

May	14	Whitley Hall	Home
"	21	G.W.R. Clerical Staff	Away
"	28	Lower Earley	Home

The "home" games will again be played on Prospect Park, and as the fixture lists look attractive it only requires fine weather and active support to ensure an enjoyable season.

J.W.J.

THE CROSS KEYS, MARLOW.

What a transformation scene has taken place at the Cross Keys, Marlow! This well-known hostelry has been rebuilt and enlarged, and members of clubs find it an ideal rendezvous. Mr. "Bob" Spencer, Mrs. Spencer and their daughter are very popular with their customers and nothing is too much trouble for them so long as the comfort and convenience of their guests are assured. There is a spacious club room which will accommodate fifty people comfortably. Dinners, luncheons, teas and snacks at the Bar are provided and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer receive many compliments on the excellence of the meals that are served, while those who partake of food at the Cross Keys once invariably come again.

The work that has been carried out at this inn which, by the way, is fully licensed, is a distinct credit to the architect, Mr. G. F. Sharpe.

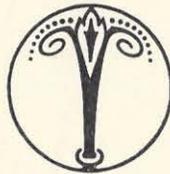
GOLF SCHOOL ON A ROOF.

An all-weather golf school on the roof of his hostelry has been started by Mr. C. E. Forrest at the Blagrove Arms, Blagrove Street, Reading. This venture promises to prove highly successful, for it is the only place in the district, apart from the golf clubs, where one can obtain tuition in golf from an experienced professional, and

it will be a boon to the business man who, while able to get his club only at the week-end, can yet spare a half-hour from the office for a practice swing or two or some much-needed coaching.

Although it is on a roof the school is equipped with a tarpaulin shelter which enables Mr. Forrest to carry on in the wettest weather. Practical tuition in all wooden and iron shots can be given under conditions one meets on the actual fairway and by a re-arrangement of mats the stances can be varied so that the pupil will be playing all the shots he is likely to need when on the course. There is a putting "green" and the only branch of the game in which one cannot get practical experience is bunker play. Under Mr. Forrest's coaching one can spend a profitable hour at this, Reading's only golf school, and there are sure to be many applicants for lessons. The school will be particularly useful to that not inconsiderable body of players who do not belong to any club and who rely upon well-meaning friends for their instruction in a game in which professional tuition is essential to the beginner.

Of Mr. Forrest's ability as an instructor one need say little, for he is a well-known figure in golf circles, having spent more than thirty years with clubs in the neighbourhood. For nine years he was at Goring, from there he went to Bramshott, where he spent four years, and then he was professional for 19 years at East Berks, retiring six years ago to take over the Blagrave Arms Hotel. Like all others who fall under the spell of the "royal and ancient" game, Mr. Forrest is not happy unless he can regularly swing a club and he feels that, like himself, there are many who, while they cannot spend the time they would like to on a course, will welcome the opportunity of getting a club in their hands fairly often. His school has been started to give such players this opportunity, and he hopes to renew acquaintance with many of his old golfing friends. Application for tuition should be made to Mr. C. E. Forrest, Blagrave Arms Hotel, Blagrave Street, Reading.



WOMEN'S LICENSED TRADE ASSOCIATION.

ANNUAL DINNER AND DANCE.

The Annual Dinner and Dance of the Reading and District Women's Licensed Trade Association was held at Palm Lodge on Wednesday, April 27th, and proved very enjoyable, thanks in a large measure to the admirable arrangements made by Mrs. A. Lofthouse, the hard-working Hon. Secretary.

Mrs. A. Blake, the President, was in the Chair, and after the toast of "The King" Mr. H. S. Smith, President of the Reading and District Licensed Trade Protection and Benevolent Association, proposed the toast of the "Reading Women's Association." They were, he said, a body of very sincere and hard-working ladies and carried on their work without the assistance of any other Association. The officers were all honorary and those ladies who held them devoted much time and thought to their work. Their only desire was to see the Association flourish, and they were well rewarded in that respect. Last year's report showed a balance in hand of over £14, which was very satisfactory. (Applause.) The ladies devoted themselves chiefly to the social work of the licensed trade and did much for charity, a fact that could not be too widely known.

In acknowledging the toast, Mrs. Lofthouse thanked them all for the very cordial reception of it. They all did their utmost for the Society and were only too willing to give the Association of which Mr. Smith was President every practical help within their power. (Applause.) She was sending a telegram from that gathering to their Member of Parliament, urging him to assist to his utmost in supporting the immediate removal of the Beer Tax. (Applause.)

Mrs. Blake also replied to the toast and then presented Mrs. Smart, the late President of the Association, with the customary jewel, which she pinned to her breast amidst loud applause.

Mrs. Smart said she could not find words to express adequately the great compliment that they had just paid her in appreciation of her work. She had been an official of the Association for seven years and during that period they had distributed a large sum of money to charitable institutions. They always strove to have a substantial balance in hand in case any member should require a little help. (Applause.) It was the duty of every lady in the Trade to become a member of that Association so that they could show a united front which was very desirable, particularly in those trying times. (Applause.) That jewel would bring back to her many happy memories and she was sure they would extend to Mrs. Blake the same loyal support as was extended to her. (Applause.)

The toast of "The Visitors" was proposed from the Chair and acknowledged by Mr. S. Jacoby.

Music for the dancing, etc., was supplied by The County Dance Orchestra.

THE NEW "OATSHEAF," READING.

During next month that fine hotel, the new "Oatsheaf," Broad Street, Reading, will be opened, and the landlord and landlady will be Mr. Will Musgrave and Mrs. Musgrave of the "Phoenix," Staines. They have a wide experience of their work having been in the business for twenty years. They have been at the "Phoenix"



MR. WILL MUSGRAVE.

for over twelve years and were previously at the "Carpenter's Arms," Windsor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave have a winning way with them, are extremely popular in Staines and will, without doubt, soon be equally popular in Reading. Before entering the Trade, Mr. Musgrave was a music hall comedian and as such gained considerable renown, being the original singer of that popular song, "It's a good job I had my mother with me to keep me in the

path that's right." He appeared at the Palace Theatre, Reading, the first year it was opened and made a decided hit, being equally successful in his subsequent shows there. Mrs. Musgrave has also had a notable career on the stage and was one of the famous "Sisters Wingrove."

During the war Mr. Musgrave served in the Royal Flying Corps. He is a keen supporter of all wholesome sport, particularly



MRS. MUSGRAVE.

football, and the "Phoenix" is the headquarters of football clubs of note in Staines.

Whilst paying the closest attention to the business they have in hand, both Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave are the embodiment of geniality and their sojourn in Reading should be a happy and a prosperous one.

THE BUDGET.

NO RELIEF FOR ANYBODY.

"Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed." This would make a good text for a sermon on the dreary Budget presented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the House of Commons, as the *Licensing World* truly says.

A "HIDEOUS BLUNDER."

Mr. F. A. Simonds, who is not only our Managing Director but Vice-Chairman of that great institution, the Brewers' Society, has something to say about it and the following are his views as expressed in the *Berkshire Chronicle* :—

"The retention of the present high rate of duty on beer is a hideous political and financial blunder, and will have far-reaching consequences for the Government. Every effort will be made to persuade the Chancellor to reconsider his decision ; he has made serious miscalculations as to the probable yield of the tax, and quite failed to gauge the feelings of the working classes on this subject, but rather has allowed himself to be swayed by the cranks of the Cabinet, the composition of which requires immediate revision."

HOT SUMMER FOR DR. HOWITT.

A strong criticism of the Budget was made by Mr. F. A. Simonds, President of the Reading Conservative and Unionist Association, at the Dinner held at the Caversham Bridge Hotel recently and organised by the Caversham West Ward of the Reading Conservative and Unionist Association. "I feel sure that Mr. Chamberlain has been guilty of a profound mistake by not removing the tax, or part of the tax, on beer," he said, "and I do implore Dr. Howitt, for the sake of the party, to bring pressure upon the members of the Cabinet who are amenable, to induce them to make some alteration which will bring profound satisfaction to hundreds and thousands of our working men."

Dr. A. B. Howitt, M.P., said that it was a very pleasant family party, but perhaps he was the jar in the party. If they had asked him a week ago, he would no doubt have been a lot more popular, but he could assure them that he saw not responsible for the Budget. No one was more disappointed than he was, except, perhaps, Mr. Chamberlain, for that Budget, but they had got to remember that the poor man who was bringing in that Budget was paying for other people's sins. "When your money box is empty it is difficult to know how to carry on," Dr. Howitt continued. "We all know

we have had a pretty rotten year and we are not likely to have a much brighter year ahead of us. It is better to be sure and safe than for the Government, in any way, to gamble on the future. It is no use going through all the suffering we have done since the crisis if we are to be bundled into another crisis. The only blue in the sky was that there might be a supplementary Budget next October when the conferences were over. I don't think Mr. Chamberlain has been so unkind about the beer just because Old Moore says it is going to be a hot summer. Perhaps even the brewers and the clubs will be happier then than they feel to-day."

In replying to the toast of the "Conservative and Unionist Association," Mr. Simonds observed : "Dr. Howitt says that Old Moore has prophesied a hot summer. It is not necessary for me to derive inspiration from Old Moore to forecast that it is going to be a hot summer for Dr. Howitt." The President of the Association had been informed by members of the Trade with which he was personally connected that Dr. Howitt's head, with those of many others, would be served up on a charger well basted with malt vinegar and decorated with a sprig of hops, at no late date, in the event of the working men not receiving some measure of consideration over and above that shown in the recent Budget. He was in the somewhat difficult position of being President of their Association and also connected with Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, and it was hard for him to speak without restraint. "I do feel that Mr. Chamberlain has been guilty of a very profound mistake in the course he has taken," Mr. Simonds went on, "and in not making some gesture to the working men of this country by removing the tax, or part of the tax, which they probably abominate above all others. We all, probably, share a common intense dislike for the income tax and all forms of taxation of that sort, but possibly we realise that these taxes are most necessary, but there is underlying everything the feeling that this heavy and penal tax on beer is not altogether justified, and is not bringing in its proper share of revenue ; that the tax is being imposed not entirely for revenue purposes, but, also, that it is inspired by certain sections of the community who do not desire the working man to enjoy as much of his natural liquid refreshment as he desires ; they wish to cut down the consumption, and the question of the tax to be derived from it is a secondary consideration." Mr. Simonds continued that he could assure Dr. Howitt that there was going to be considerable opposition to the continuance of the tax at its present figure. "I only hope," he said, "that the Conservative members of the Cabinet and the Conservative members of the House will see that there is grave dissatisfaction at the moment with a continuance of this excessive taxation." The loss of Wakefield was entirely due to the dissatisfaction of the Trade and the working class at the

last minute when they heard the Budget declarations. "I do implore you," he added, turning to Dr. Howitt, "for the sake of the party, to bring pressure upon the members of the Cabinet who are amenable to induce them to make some alteration which will give profound satisfaction to hundreds and thousands of our working men."

ALLIED BREWERY TRADERS' PROTEST.

The following resolution has been passed by the Allied Brewery Traders' Association :—

"That this Association, representing 2,000 firms supplying the needs of the brewing industry, views with the greatest consternation the omission from the Budget proposals of any reduction in the beer tax, for the following reasons :—

"(1) The continuance of the present tax, admitted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself to be excessive, means ruin for a large number of allied traders.

"(2) The barley and hop industries are in danger of partial extinction at a time when efforts are being made to revive home agriculture.

"(3) The obvious failure of the Chancellor to appreciate that the estimates of last September were grossly inaccurate, and that once again his advisers are not in touch with the real position, namely, that the losses inflicted upon breweries, allied trades and licensed victuallers outweigh the apparent gains in revenue.

"(4) That one of the greatest sources of National Revenue is being rapidly extinguished."

BREWERS' CRITICISMS.

GRAVE HARDSHIPS ENTAILED.

The following resolution has been passed at a meeting of the Brewers' Society :—

"The Brewers' Society feel impelled to place on record its view that the retention of the beer duty at the present high level, with the consequent high price of beer, entails a serious strain on the country as a whole, grave hardships on the working classes, and serious loss to the agricultural industry.

Owing to the general depression the gathering was not so numerous as in previous years. But under the able chairmanship of Mr. P. V. Lynn, a good company enjoyed an excellent repast. They were entertained by numerous artistes with a variety of musical items. One of the oldest supporters to give a song was Mr. Frank (Sergt.) Twitchen, who, for a period of ten years, has made a practice of contributing to the club funds one penny for every goal scored by the team, this apparently small amount having brought in during that period a sum of over £6. "Time," despite an hour's extension, arrived all too soon, and the singing of the National Anthem concluded a most successful evening.

Refreshments were supplied by the kindness of the chairman, Messrs. H. & G. Simonds and the landlord.

"THE BOOT,"

VERNHAM'S STREET, NEAR ANDOVER.

(BY H.E.R.).

My "Boot"-iful, my "Boot"-iful,
With thy new sign in red,
Why do you seem to far away
While I lie herein bed.
I know that it is bad for trade
Because I cannot walk,
But there's one joy that's left to me,
To pop the old Crown Cork.

My "Boot"-iful, my "Boot"-iful,
The doctor disagrees,
So when his visit has been paid
Please send me some "S.B.'s."

My "Boot"-iful, my "Boot"-iful,
It hurts me sore to hear
Your great big lorry *passing by*
Full up with so much beer.
Now wouldn't it be better
If they would drop a crate,
'Twould save you sending back again,
And I shant have to wait.

My "Boot"-iful, my "Boot"-iful,
When next my wild pains shoot,
I'll be one of the boarders and hand out my orders
From a bedroom up at "The Boot."

(The writer of this article has been laid up in bed for the past month and has found much to amuse and please in the HOP LEAF GAZETTES which have been lent to him.)

ROYAL ASCOT EX-SERVICE MEN'S CLUB.

The Ascot ex-Service Men's Club was founded on November 11th, 1919, when the Countess Roberts handed over two wooden huts to the members on behalf of the people of Ascot. The Club prospered in this building until 1932 when H.M. The King graciously presented a piece of his ground upon which a new clubhouse was built entirely out of the accumulated assets of the club.

This new clubhouse was opened by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales on July 30th, 1932.

According to the rules of the club only ex-service men can take part in the management but it is also the headquarters of all sport in Ascot.

There are over 200 members, drawn from every walk of life, and it is a social centre in the true sense of the word.

The photo is reproduced through the courtesy of the *Daily Mirror*.



Royal Ascot Ex-Service Men's Club.

"FARMER'S MAN," BENSON, OXON.

The licence of the "Farmer's Man," Benson, Oxon, has been in the family name of Mr. C. Lewendon (the present landlord) a hundred years or more. It is now in the fourth generation of Lewendons. The landlord has just received this snap from an old Oxford friend, B.S.M. Hunt of the 399th Field Battery, R.A. (T.A.), who a short time ago camped at Benson under the command of Major Murehead, M.P. All the W.O's. and Sergeants made the "Farmer's Man" their headquarters during their very short week-end stay. This battery was raised from the old Oxford Yeomanry which had the honour of being the first Territorial Regiment to go overseas during the late war. They were a very fine lot of fellows, and very fond of H. & G. Simonds' celebrated 'S.B.' and Dark Ales.

The only regret of all in the village was that they did not stop longer.



The landlord is seen on the left of picture.

FATAL ACCIDENT TO MR. G. SHERWOOD.

We very much regret to record the death of Mr. G. Sherwood, a mate on the motor lorries, who was accidentally killed in the Oxford Road, Reading, on Monday, 5th September, whilst cycling

home after his day's work. It was very sad as he was only 24 years' of age and had been married just under twelve months. By a tragic coincidence he was buried on the first anniversary of his wedding day.

Of a very pleasing disposition he was well liked by his work-mates. He was an enthusiastic footballer, having played for the Brewery XI. on several occasions, also he was becoming quite a good billiards player and had won a cup in the Transport Departmental Billiards Handicap in the H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Social Club, as the "runner-up," which, however, had not been presented before his untimely death.

The members of the club have lost a good companion who could always be relied upon to create a cheerful atmosphere amongst his company.

Several wreaths were sent from the Brewery, including one from the Social Club and Simonds Athletic Football Club.

The desire to express sympathy was so spontaneous amongst those who knew him that all subscribed liberally to the fund, raised by Mr. G. Boniface, with whom the deceased worked. This was particularly marked in the High Wycombe area, the tenants of the Firm in that district making handsome contributions to the fund, so that Mr. G. Boniface was able to hand over to the widow quite a substantial amount.



The late Mr. G. Sherwood.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer says that in his opinion beer is over-taxed, and the Brewers' Society holds that opinion also, believing as they do that loss of revenue from direct taxation and growth of unemployment due to the reduction of staffs throughout the brewing industry, agriculture, and all the allied trades, is to be set against and will more than outweigh any additional revenue anticipated."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

NO RESOURCE FOR BEER TAX REMISSION.

Mr. N. Chamberlain (Chancellor of the Exchequer), replying to the debate on the Budget in the House of Commons, said that in his belief, as time went on, Hon. Members would realise more fully that in this case "Safety first" was a good motto, and that hereafter we would feel that the sacrifice we were making to-day had brought us the double reward.

"The one item in the Budget," he proceeded, "which has excited more general agreement in criticism is that I declared myself unable to reduce the duty on beer." (Hear, hear.) "I would ask the Committee to believe that I approached the subject in a very sympathetic spirit." (Ironical laughter.) "Not from the personal point of view, but because I see in beer one of the great sources of revenue which has been for some considerable time declining, and which suffered a severe acceleration of that process by reason of the duty of last September.

"I do not want to see such a source of revenue permanently undermined unless I see some other source from which I may obtain an equivalent revenue, and until I knew what the exact position would be, I had fully anticipated that I might be able to propose the removal of the extra duty.

"In the circumstances in which I find myself this year, the first question I had to put was: How is the Budget to be balanced? When I had made inquiries as to what the cost of remitting this duty might be I found I had no resources on which I could count to carry out what had been my intention.

"Both Mr. Churchill and Sir R. Horne have given their powerful support to the appeal on this subject. Sir R. Horne did not depart from financial orthodoxy in this matter, but he expressed the view that the removal of the duty would lead to such an increase of consumption that the revenue obtained would be equal to what it would have been if the duty had not been taken off."

There was very little evidence to support Sir Robert Horne's contention. It was rather a matter of speculation than calculation. Last year we got £3,250,000, a reduction of only £1,250,000 on the amount expected. In order to get the same revenue from the reduced duty that we got from the duty as it stood it would be necessary that the consumption of beer should increase by no less than 40 per cent. He thought that was a very sanguine expectation, that the capacity of the nation would increase rapidly enough to produce so remarkable a result in the course of a financial year. (Laughter.)

"In my opinion," he continued, "the beer duty in the interests of the revenue which is affected, not merely in the duty itself, but also in the income tax and surtax which might be derived from those in various industries connected with beer—from the point of view of the revenue the beer tax is one which ought to be considered as soon as we feel we can afford the immediate loss of income in order to save what may be a larger loss of income hereafter." (Cheers.)

He wanted to correct the misapprehension that the decision about this particular duty was forced upon him unwillingly by one or more of his colleagues. Whatever sins his colleagues might have to answer for, they were in this free from all responsibility. "I decided it myself before submitting it to my colleagues at all."

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

MR. A. LOCK.

On the occasion of the presentation to Mr. A. Lock (as mentioned in our last issue) the waiting room at The Brewery was simply packed.

Mr. Lock entertained us with some incidents, amusing and otherwise, of his days (and sometimes nights) on the road. He mentioned the first order he obtained was for half dozen "S.B." ale, which at that time the Firm were unable to execute, as it was not permitted by law to send out such a small order. On one occasion he obtained a large order from a gentleman and he (Mr. Lock) thought it advisable to make some discreet enquiries concerning him. On enquiry he was told this gentleman was the most *regular* man in the place. On asking what his informant meant by the word *regular* he was told that this gentlemen *regularly* went to bed drunk every night and surely that was *regular* enough for anyone. He mentioned he was nearly drowned owing to the wheels of the trap disappearing beneath a stretch of water he

thought was safe to negotiate. He himself was nearly under the water and when he appealed to a man nearby to help him out, this person informed him he couldn't because he had rheumatics. Apparently rheumatics was more important than saving a man from drowning.

ROYAL COUNTY OPERATIC SOCIETY.

(From the *Reading Standard*, April 9th, 1932).

Scenes of great enthusiasm marked the closing night of the musical play "Rose Marie" which the Royal County Operatic Society produced during the first week of April at the County Theatre, Reading. At the conclusion, after the leading players had taken curtain, Mr. F. A. Simonds, President of the Society, addressed the audience from the stage apologising at the outset for the unavoidable absence of Dr. A. B. Howitt, the Borough Member. He said he thought that all owed the Society heartiest congratulations and thanks for a most magnificent show. There seemed to be no limit to the ambition of the Royal County Operatic Society. Each year they put on two first rate shows, but this time they had excelled themselves and licked all previous efforts (applause). Although they had last played as recently as Xmas they had, after only twelve weeks concentrated effort, produced that marvellously praiseworthy effort "Rose Marie." The question that they had now to decide was how to find a play good enough for their next production. He would say perhaps "Cavalcade," the "Miracle" or "Helen" would not be beyond them (laughter). He would say on the audience's behalf "Thank you" to the Company, to the Producer (Mr. C. P. Ranger), to Dr. A. C. P. Embling, who had worked so hard to instil music into those boys and girls, and lastly to Mr. R. J. Langley who in the past year had done much for the theatre in Reading.

THE LATE MR. "BEN" SHERWOOD.

I am sorry to record the death of this well known member of the Cooperaage Department on the 15th April. His death came with dramatic suddenness and a tremendous shock to all of us. He was one of the cheeriest of fellows and full of fun and wit. A splendid worker and apparently in the best of health, yet he was taken ill and very soon passed away. I am sure everyone liked him and all will miss him. His invariable greeting to the writer was "Any panic in the Camp?"—this having reference to the Reading Football Club. He was a good supporter at Elm Park and it only seems a few days ago he was telling me why Reading lost at Exeter, where he went on Easter Monday. Quite a young

man and naturally, being a cooper, he was a vigorous one. He commenced his duties at The Brewery in 1906. His death caused a feeling of gloom amongst his many friends and our deepest sympathy goes out to his widow in her sad loss. R.I.P.



The late Mr. Sherwood.

FOOTBALL.

Although Reading's hopes of promotion this season have not been realised, yet the position at the moment is very interesting. Nevertheless the team have done very well during the first season under the capable guidance of the new manager (Mr. Joe Smith) and enthusiasm will run very high next season. A little more steadiness at the start of this season would have been a great help and possibly promotion would have been certain.

Congratulations to the Brewery football team on winning the league in their first season. It is indeed an excellent achievement and reflects great credit on the players. Naturally it has rejoiced the hearts of Mr. T. W. Bradford (who has worked so hard on behalf of the team throughout the season), the trainer (Mr. Joe Benford) and Mr. "Mick" Brashier. Mr. A. Randall and Mr. H. Aust have also worked very hard, as well as Mr. R. Boddington who has been looking after the 2nd XI. At one time the Brewery team occupied the top place in the league but Gasworks football team deposed them and ever since Simonds Athletic F.C. had to occupy second place, until Gasworks (returning "good for evil" so to speak) beat Highways F.C.

The Brewery team has been fairly consistent and only "sagged" for a few matches. Next season, playing in a higher sphere, possibly they will not be quite so successful. However, I am

informed that promises of additional strength for next season have already been given, so it may be that this season is only a stepping stone to greater successes in the future. It is interesting to record all the players work at The Brewery.

THE LATE MR. C. LOVEGROVE.

An old servant of the firm passed away on the 15th April, viz., Mr. C. Lovegrove. He started at The Brewery in 1894 and retired on pension in 1924. He was one of the seniors employed in the Maltings during the seasons and worked in other departments of the brewery when the malting seasons were over. He was a splendid worker and as he was very strict with the boys who "prick" the floors he was termed the schoolmaster for he used to carry a little cane and woe betide the boy who was slacking! He was one of the old school and in whom the Directors and Mr. C. W. Stocker had every confidence. He had been in failing health for some while but his end was quite peaceful.

THE LATE MR. ROBERT GOMM.

Mr. Robert Gomm, of the Royal Horse Guardsman, Brentford, died on Wednesday, April 20th, aged 44 years. He was forty years at this house.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

The following changes and transfers have taken place during the month, up to the time of writing, and to all we wish every success:—

The Rising Sun, Wokingham (Ashby's Staines Brewery Co., Ltd.)—Mr. Samuel Woods.

The Row Barge, Woolhampton (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. John Noyes.

Thatched Cottage, Embrook (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. Alfred Edward Gibbs.

—
The following house has been recently purchased by the Firm, viz., The Anglers Rest, Ash Vale, and the new tenant is Mr. A. W. Oliveri, to whom we wish every success.

—
Congratulations to Mr. J. H. Wadhams (Assistant Secretary) whose wife recently gave birth to a son.

DEATH OF MR. F. FLEXMAN.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Frederick Flexman, of "Dunroamin," Kingwood Common, at the age of 72. The late Mr. Flexman was a native of London, and had been associated with the licensed trade for many years. After holding licences in Stepney and other parts of London, he came to Reading district and for some years was landlord of the Printer's Arms, Kennet Street, Reading, and of the Thatched Cottage, Embrook. In 1917 he took over the licence of the Cross Keys, Gun Street, Reading, and remained there for six years. He was a very popular landlord, and during the time he was in Reading he made many friends. On retiring from the licensed trade he went to live at Kingwood Common. He leaves a widow, four sons, and three daughters. One of his sons, Mr. James H. Flexman, is at present a member of the licensed trade.

The funeral took place at Peppard Church.

"THEY WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS."

Scene: the Chelsea ground on Saturday. It wanted half an hour to the kick-off. A short man with an aggressive black moustache was lifting up his voice in argument with a plus-four youth beside him. "It's no use you a-talkin'," he said, waving a cigar with a gaudy band in the air. "Football ain't what it was. You're only a blooming youngster."

"Hark at Dad," said a weedy youth with a muffler.

The short man withered him with a look. "Take the 'Spurs team what won the Cup," he went on. "There was players if you like. They didn't have eight quid a week, but what players! Clawley the goalie, he was a goalie an' no kid, Erentz and Tait the backs, an' what backs they was! McNaught, Kirwan, Copeland, Sandy Brown and the rest of 'em. Why, Arsenal wouldn't see the way they went if they were here now."

"But," put in the youth mildly, "the game is played more cleverly now."

"Rot," said the little man, lighting up his twopenny Corona. "London was chock full of footballers then. Take Millwall when 'Tiny' Joyce, the goalkeeper, played. Why, he could kick the blooming ball into the other goal from a goal kick. So could 'Pom-Pom' Whiting of Chelsea. In those days players wasn't pulled up for offside every other minute. The forwards dribbled the ball down on their own. I wish you could have seen Vivian

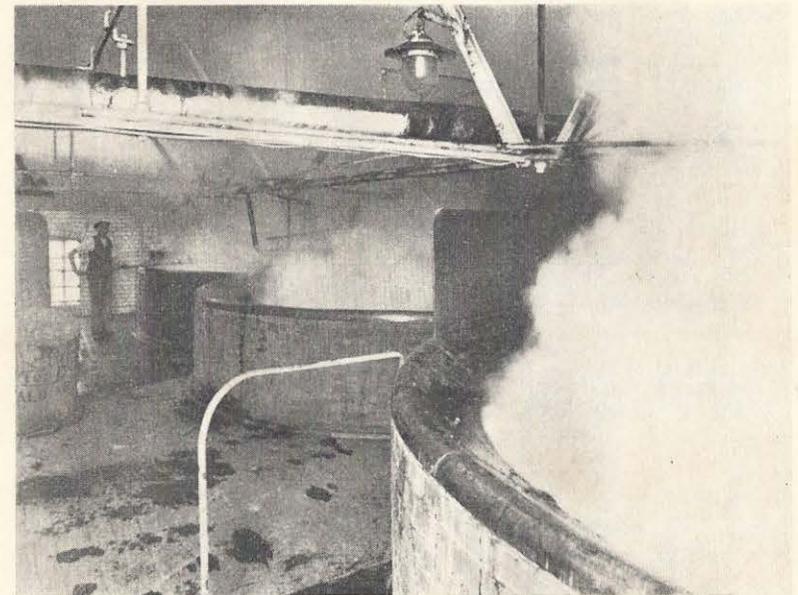
Woodward of the 'Spurs, or J. H. Gettins of Millwall. Toffs, you know, not paid, but what centre forwards! In them days football was played like a machine, not kick and rush. Even the blooming referees were good then: blokes like Pat Harrower, Nat Whittaker, Roston Bourke, etc."

He gazed sadly across the ground, and I thought I saw the suspicion of a tear in his eye. The cigar was burning precariously near his moustache by now, but he seemed heedless of the danger.

"Don't talk to me about the Final at Wembley," he said to the plus-four youth, who had not raised the question. "They was the ones at the Palace. I remember——"

His voice was drowned in the roar of 30,000 voices. Chelsea were on the field.

"A TRIP ROUND THE BREWERY."



Coppers for Boiling the Wort.

In last month's issue we saw the initial stages of the manufacture of the beer at Messrs. H. & G. Simonds' Reading Brewery, and this month we will go one step further and see the beer at the next point in its manufacture. In the accompanying photograph

we see three of the coppers in which the wort is boiled, and in which the hops are added, a most important stage in the manufacture.

Each of the coppers shown is heated by large furnaces beneath but in addition to the coppers illustrated there are two more of a slightly different type, which are heated by steam coils inside them. To the left of the picture can be seen one full and one opened "pocket" of hops, a pocket being the trade name for the large bales in which hops are supplied to the brewer.

The coppers are fed with wort by indirect stages from the mash tuns, and after being boiled the wort and hops are let down in to the "hop backs." These are large copper vessels, immediately underneath the coppers, each fitted with a false bottom similar to the bottom of the mash tun, and after a short period during which the wort is circulated over the top of the hop back for aeration, the wort drains through the hops, which are held back by the false bottom, which acts as a sieve, and is pumped away to be cooled over the refrigerators and thence on to the fermenting vessels from which point we will carry on in next month's issue.

The hops left in the hop back are shovelled out and dumped outside and sold as a valuable manure.

L.A.S.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

In Palestine they say : " Who is first silent in a quarrel springs from a good family.

Man has now conquered almost every dangerous thing in nature except human nature.

True unselfishness consists, not in always denying one's self but rather in simply ignoring self ; the former implies duty ; the latter, love.

If you have made your own bed, don't grumble about the lumps in the mattress.

Blot out, as far as possible, all disagreements of life, they will grow larger if you remember them.

In the vestibule of a certain hospital visitors see a card bearing this advice :—" Never utter a discouraging word while you are in this hospital. You should come here only for the purpose of helping. Keep your hindering, sad looks for other places, and if you can't smile, don't go in."

Few men have difficulty in meeting their creditors. What's so hard is to dodge them.

Simplicity and humility alone dispose and open hearts for the operations of grace.

He who gives to the poor cultivates a kindly soil which will one day give back to him more than he had entrusted it with.

All of us are more or less foolish, but some of us insist on proving it.

The longest day has its evening, the hardest work its ending, and the sharpest pain its everlasting rest.

Youth in these times is told too much about its rights. What it badly needs is more instruction about its duties.

Could we but revert our observation, it would check us from saying many disagreeable things about others, that we might more properly say of ourselves.

It is said that in some Alpine gorges even a whisper may bring down an avalanche. So our lives are influenced largely by small things. A word, a smile, a glance may lead to great consequences, even revolutionise a character.

Forgive and forget. The first helps your soul, the second your liver.

The virtue of silence does not consist in never speaking, but in being silent when it is not useful to speak.

Each one can do but little, but if each would do that little all would be done.

The best of sport is to do the deed and say nothing.

Good habits are just as easily acquired as the bad—only there isn't the fun to be had in boasting about them.

Pardon is the choicest flower of victory.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A girl with a dimple doesn't mind the depression.

* * * *

NEAR-SIGHTED GRANDMA: "Look, Grace, there's a real old-fashioned nice girl. Her dress buttons all the way up the back."

DAUGHTER: "Nonsense, Mother! That's her spine."

* * * *

An editor was dining out.

"Would you like some more pudding?" his hostess asked.

"No, thank you," replied the editor, absent-mindedly. "Owing to tremendous pressure on space I am reluctantly compelled to decline."

* * * *

HE: "They say only men of brains live long."

SHE: "Well, hope for the best. You may prove one of the exceptions."

* * * *

"I say, porter," said the haughty lady, "is that bulldog you're leading ferocious?" "No, mum. It's fer Clacton."

* * * *

"And what steps do you take with caterpillars?" asked the garrulous visitor. "Well, ma'am," replied the exasperated gardener. "I takes twenty steps into that there field and I turns the cattypillars round three times and makes 'em so giddy that they don't know their way back 'ere again."

* * * *

"You don't think much of golf, then?" said the Colonel to the Sergeant-Major, who had volunteered to act as caddie for him.

SERGEANT-MAJOR: "Seems a bit slow, sir—a kind of 'ockey at the 'alt!"

* * * *

PERCY: "I say—now you've accepted me—what are you going to do when any of your old admirers come along?"

ANGELA: "Oh, don't worry! I'll be able to hide you away somewhere."

* * * *

"No," said the young lady scornfully, "when I marry it must be a polished upright grand man." "It seems to me," replied the rejected swain, "that what you require is a piano."

* * * *

PASSENGER: "What's the matter? Why are we going so slowly?"

AERO-BUS CONDUCTOR: "It's alright, sir; there's no danger. But we're passing through the Milky Way, and the propeller is chock-full of butter!"

* * * *

"My husband is merely a manufacturer of waste-baskets," sighed the woman with aspirations. "It seems such a prosy occupation."

"On the contrary, there is really much poetry in waste-baskets," replied the unappreciated bard.

* * * *

"Now," said the teacher, "quite a number of plants and flowers have the prefix 'dog.' For instance, the dog-rose and dog-violet are well known. Can any of you name another?"

A happy look illuminated the face of a boy at the back of the class as he cried out, "Please, miss, there's the collie-flower."

* * * *

"Do you think you could ever be true to one girl?"

"Well, I've been true to three or four at one time, and I guess I could."

* * * *

"This here house, sir, is where Katherine of Aragon was bitten by a mad dog," explained the villager.

"Tudor, eh?" said the tourist.

"Yes, sir, chewed her something horrible."

* * * *

"They say she tore through five thousand of his money in six months!"

"Well, that ought to suit him. He told me before they were married she was just what he wanted—a perfectly ripping girl."

* * * *

AUNT CLARISSA: "So this is the new baby, eh? I used to look just like her at that age. Now, what's she crying about?"

LITTLE NIECE: "Oh, Aunt Clarissa, she heard what you said."

* * * *

VISITOR (to host's little girl): "How do you know it's the first of the month?"

LITTLE GIRL: "'Cause all daddy's letters have got front windows on them."

* * * *

NEW BOSS: "Strange as it may seem, I'm a crank on simplified spelling."

LADY TYPIST: "That's O.K. with me chief. I ain't never been particular, either."

* * * *

LAWYER FOR THE ACCUSED: "Are you positive that the prisoner is the man who stole your car?"

WITNESS: "I was until you began to cross-examine me. Now I'm not sure whether I ever owned a car."

* * * *

FIRST CANNIBAL: "The chief has hay fever."

SECOND CANNIBAL: "Serves him right. I told him not to eat that grass widow."

BEATRICE: "Mrs. Newly-Wed worships her husband, doesn't she?"

MAUD: "I should think so—she places burnt offerings before him three times a day."

* * * *

CLIENT: "She has been saying the most dreadful things about my face."

SOLICITOR: "Yes, yes, I know. But I don't advise you to sue. It would cost you more than the whole thing's worth."

* * * *

DRAPER: "These are specially strong shirts, sir, which can't be damaged by the laundry. They simply laugh at the launderer."

CUSTOMER: "I know! I had some which came back from the laundry with their sides split."

* * * *

"Isn't the sky glorious? Oh, for the wings of a dove!"

"Can't say that's my taste exactly. A large plate of cold beef is more my fancy!"

* * * *

POET: "But I beg you. I've put my whole mind into this."

EDITOR: "And I tell you we are not buying blank verse."

* * * *

INSPECTOR: "Got away, has he? Did you guard all the entrances?"

COUNTRY CONSTABLE: "Yes, we think he must 'ave left by one of the exits!"

* * * *

SUB-EDITOR: "I see here that a general was badly cut in opening a wine bottle. What kind of heading shall I put on it?"

EDITOR: "Oh, just say serious accident to man-of-war in attempting to get into port."

* * * *

"Now," said the teacher, "a man who comes from Russia is called a Russian. What do we call a man who comes from Italy?"

"Please, teacher," piped a little voice, "an Italic."

* * * *

"Did you give your husband the mustard plaster I ordered?"

"Yes, doctor, but he says could he have a bit o' bread or something with the next one—it was terrible hot eating it alone!"

* * * *

ENGINE-DRIVER'S SWEETHEART: "And do you always think of me during your long night trips?"

ENGINE-DRIVER: "Do I? Why, I've wrecked two trains that way already."

ENGINE-DRIVER'S SWEETHEART: "Oh, you darling!"

* * * *

GABE: "Scribbles says he is a man of letters."

STEVE: "Yes, you'll find his I.O.U.'s scattered all over the town."

* * * *

OLD PUFFY: "Yes, sir, I pride myself that I am a self-made man."

CUTTING: "Well, I knew some amateur did it."

* * * *

"I am a candidate for your hand."

"But my parents have proposed another young man."

"All right; I'll run as an independent."

* * * *

"I like that man you just introduced. He knows enough to keep his mouth shut at the right time."

"Yes, he's trying to get accustomed to his new teeth."

* * * *

"This watch will last for a lifetime," remarked the jeweller.

"Nonsense!" retorted the customer. "Can't I see for myself that its hours are numbered?"

* * * *

DAUGHTER: "Papa did not take the paper to the office with him this morning."

MOTHER: "He didn't? I'll bet it's got a lot of stuff showing how women can trim their own hats."

"I am willing," said the candidate, after he had hit the table a terrible blow with his fist, "to trust the people."

"Great Scott!" yelled a little man in the audience, "I wish you'd open a grocer's shop."

* * * *

CUSTOMER (to his barber): "Your hair-restorer has made my hair come out more than ever."

BARBER: "Ah, you must have put too much on, sir! Made the hair come right out instead of only half-way."

* * * *

SHE: "Where did you get that umbrella?"

HE: "It was a gift from sister."

SHE: "You told me you hadn't any sisters."

HE: "I know—but that's what is engraved on the handle."

* * * *

"Your husband has started a great many enterprises, I believe?"

"He has."

"How has he succeeded?"

"Failed in everything."

"But he has got hold of something now that will hold water, I believe."

"Ah, indeed."

"Yes, he has gone into the milk business."

* * * *

WELL-MEANING LADY (to author): "Saw your play last night—just the thing for a dull evening."

* * * *

"Percy is going crazy over his new car."

"That's strange. Every time I've seen him he's been going crazy under it."

* * * *

HE: "People living together get to look alike."

SHE: "Here's your ring. I daren't risk it!"

Smith bought a loud and aggressive golfing cap, and when he arrived home he proceeded to try it on at various fetching angles. His wife watched him for a few moments, and then, wishing to appear interested, said, "Ah, John, and I suppose this your handicap that I've heard so much about?"

* * * *

"I observe that you always use those small wooden tees nowadays," said a golfer to his friend. "Do you find they improve your game?" "I dunno about improving it," replied the other player, "but they certainly make a round much more interesting. You see, I never know which is going to go farthest, the ball or the tee."

* * * *

OLD LADY (looking at submarine in dock): "And doesn't that gun on deck get wet when you submerge?"

SAILOR: "Oh, no, ma'am! When we submerge one o' the sailors holds an umbrella over it!"

* * * *

"Darling," she said, breathlessly, "one feels as we speed along that life is really and truly worth living."

"Yes," he replied, "and, judging from the way the pedestrians dodge us, they feel that way, too."

* * * *

"I believe our climate is changing."

"Think so?"

"Our winters seem to be getting warmer."

"Well, the women wouldn't wear enough clothes, so the climate had to change—the women wouldn't!"

* * * *

A visitor called at a doctor's house. "Is your father at home, dear?" he asked the doctor's small daughter.

"No, he's out giving an anaesthetic!"

"An anaesthetic! That's a big word. What does it mean?"

"Three guineas," was the reply.

* * * *

SHE: "What's the difference between a dimple and a wrinkle?"

HE: "Oh, about thirty or forty years!"

HE: "Don't go. You are leaving me entirely without reason."

SHE: "I always leave things as I find them."

* * * *

SCHOOLBOY (translating): "She slipped and fell into the river. Her husband, horror-stricken, rushed to the bank—"

TEACHER (interposing): "What did he run to the bank for?"

BOY: "To get the insurance money."

* * * *

CAUTIOUS FATHER: "My dear, if you want a good husband, marry Mr. Easie. He really and truly loves you."

DAUGHTER: "How do you know that, dad?"

CAUTIOUS FATHER: "Because I've been borrowing money off him for six months, and still he keeps coming."

* * * *

"You've made a mistake in your paper," said the indignant man, entering the editorial sanctum. "I was one of the competitors at the athletic match yesterday, and you have called me the well-known light-weight champion." "Well, aren't you?" said the editor. "No, I'm nothing of the kind, and it's confoundedly awkward, because, you see, I'm a coal merchant."

* * * *

"Waiter, this fish is awful, why did you insist I should order it?"

"Because, otherwise, monsieur, it would have been served to us in the kitchen."

* * * *

"I'm glad you're so impressed, dear, by all these explanations I have been giving you about banking and currency," remarked the young husband.

"Yes, darling. It seems wonderful that anybody could know as much as you do about money without having any."

* * * *

"What profession is your boy going to select?"

"I'm going to educate him to be a lawyer," replied the farmer. "He's naturally argumentative an' bent on getting mixed up with other people's troubles an' he might jes' as well get paid for his time."

BRANCHES.

OXFORD.

BRITISH LEGION AND WORKING MEN'S CLUB, STANFORD-IN-THE-VALE.

The supper held at the headquarters of the above club on the evening of Saturday, April 2nd, was voted a great success by all who attended and, as we were among those privileged to be present, we can heartily endorse this verdict.

Indeed, we hope that the supper will become at least an annual event and that we shall receive due and timely warning of the next one.

The proceedings were graced by the presence of Rear-Admiral F. Clifton Brown, C.B., C.M.G., J.P., in the chair, supported by Mr. Harry Collins and a large number of members and friends.

The catering was excellently carried out by Mr. and Mrs. T. Luckett and other helpers and their efforts were highly appreciated. The success of the evening was in a large measure due to our friend Mr. Will Spinage, the indefatigable Hon. Secretary, who has the welfare of the club very much at heart.

The following gentlemen contributed to a musical entertainment after the supper and their renderings were the means of making the evening both harmonious and convivial:—

Mr. F. Norton	-	Song—"Empress of the Waves."
" J. Spinage	-	" "Asleep in the Deep."
" G. Strong	-	" "Under the Bed."
" W. Rixon	-	" "When the Great Red Dawn is shining."
" T. Spinage	-	" "When Father joined the Territorials."
" McDonald	-	" "Eleven More Months and Ten More Days."
" T. Wenman	-	Recitation.
" W. Spinage	-	Song—"The Old Rustic Bridge."
" A. Keen	-	" "Canada."
" H. Titchener	-	" "When you played the organ."
" A. Whiting	-	" "As the old Clock was ticking."
" F. Norton	-	" "Flower from my Angel Mother's Grave."
" J. Spinage	-	" "Hearts of Oak."
" T. Spinage	-	" "A Little Bit off the Top."

During the evening the Steward and his good lady (Mr. and Mrs. Robins) were kept busy as the room was comfortably warm and chorus singing is dry work.

BRIGHTON.

After holding high hopes of a large influx of visitors at Easter, our hopes were shattered when the weather turned from springlike to mid-winter, and the holiday was a most disappointing one.

Easter Monday was a little better than the preceding days, and was taken advantage of by Mr. L. Hooker with friends from the Ferry Arms, Shoreham, and others in organising a comic football match for the Old Folks Fund. From the accompanying photograph the participants very well disguised themselves, and we hope raised a substantial sum for the charity they worked so hard for.

Southwick, near Brighton, has again come into the limelight owing to the ban on cricket the local Council have thought fit to impose. No doubt, some of our finest cricketers of recent years have had their training on the village green, and the bulk of the inhabitants think that with a certain amount of compromise, games on the green should be allowed to continue.

SMUGGLING ROMANCE AND TRUTH.

Professional storytellers have romanced cheerfully about the smuggling days in Sussex. Even Mr. Kipling, arch-realist, has seen picturesqueness in their doings. Now for a little plain fact. Just a hundred years ago seven smugglers were charged with the murder of two of the Sussex coastguard. It was stated that smugglers at Hastings and Rye had assembled in bodies of two hundred, armed with pistols, and set the coastguards at defiance. Two of the latter were killed and six wounded, and several smugglers were killed, and carried off by their companions.

Other "most deadly affairs" took place at Camber, and at Bo-Peep, in which four men were killed. These small engagements, and there were few of larger magnitude, rather rubs off the romance of modern novelists' yarns.



Comic Football Match, Shoreham, Easter Monday, 1932.

PORTSMOUTH.

H.M.S. "ST. VINCENT," GOSPORT.

The modern naval training for boys as carried out at H.M.S. *St. Vincent*, Gosport, is a very thorough affair. Mental poise as well as physical fitness is a necessary attribute with the modern sailorman. The extensive training which the boys are given during a comparatively short period they are on the establishment adds that touch of self-reliance which makes for finer service. Drafted from the recruiting offices either direct from the shore or from the mercantile training establishments of the same character as the *Mercury* (which lies in Hamble River), they are put into groups and within a few weeks they find their level in accordance with their educational abilities. The average boy takes the seaman's course which lasts approximately 45 weeks, the boy above the average takes an advance course extending over about 59 weeks, and the boy of suitable ability who has an inclination that way is placed in the visual signalling and wireless classes for a course which may extend over 73 weeks. If a boy shews any outstanding ability he is quickly discovered and these boys are transferred to a special class. Boys of the right educational standard are encouraged to volunteer for the advanced course with the idea of preparing them for a higher educational test when they get to sea. This gives them the opportunity of going in for warrant rank, or, as permitted by the new regulations, for the rank of sub-lieutenant. The practical side is also of course not forgotten. Gunnery Park, the name by which the enclosure at the top of Forton Creek is called, contains a series of buildings equipped with the necessary gear to train the boys in the handling of guns, whilst one is devoted to lectures on the various types of ammunitions. It is here, also, they are taught the rudiments of sailing, of boat hoisting, of taking soundings by heaving the lead and of various types of lifting tackle. Captain R. H. T. Raikes, D.S.O., is vacating the command of H.M.S. *St. Vincent* this month (April), and is to take over as Director of the Staff College, Greenwich. The recreational side of the boys' training is also amply provided for and includes rugby, association football, hockey, rifle shooting, running and swimming. The school provides the opportunity for the best training conceivable under the best conditions possible and afterwards, a chance to see the world with the finest Service in the world. The photograph herewith is that of the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, Sir Arthur Kipling Waistill, K.C.B., taking the salute during his recent inspection of the school.



Admiral Sir A. K. Waistill, K.C.B., inspecting H.M.S. *St. Vincent*, taking the salute.

The statue appearing in the photograph is that of Queen Victoria and was originally designed as a figure-head for the old *Royal Sovereign*. This ship was designed in 1857 and afterwards became the first ship in the British Navy to have gun turrets. She was converted in 1862.

THE PORTSMOUTH CITY AERODROME.

This aerodrome is to be opened on July 2nd, and after the opening the Portsmouth and Isle of Wight Company will start operating flights between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, also to various parts of the country and arrange for joy flights.

The Corporation are to receive from the Company £250 for the first year, the second year £250 again, the third year £300, and the fourth year £350. The total expenditure was mentioned at a Council meeting as £127,000. After the fifth year the Corporation would have an opportunity, if they wished, to employ a flying expert and run their own aerodrome; profits accruing therefrom being for the benefit of the City. New contracts are to be sent to the City Council for approval for the erection of a refreshment chalet and offices at a cost of £2,583, a club house at £1,877, a service hangar at £4,207 and a club hangar at £820.

On May 13th Rear Admiral Henry Karslake Kitson, C.B., will succeed Vice-Admiral L. A. B. Donaldson as Admiral-Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard. Rear Admiral Kitson was promoted to Flag rank in April, 1928, and his appointment as Rear Admiral commanding the Third Battle Squadron Atlantic Fleet, in succession to Rear Admiral J. M. Casement, was dated May 6th, 1929. This appointment he relinquished in May last. Before this he had commanded the Battleship H.M.S. *Rodney*. In the early part of the war, Rear Admiral Kitson was in command of the H.M.S. *Surfsure*, and later he was commended for services rendered at the Dardanelles. In June, 1917, he was promoted Captain and appointed Assistant Director of Naval Intelligence. In 1923-24 he was Flag Captain to Admiral Fergusson in the H.M.S. *Calcutta* on the American and West Indies Station and afterwards he commanded the H.M.S. *Vernon* torpedo school at Portsmouth before becoming the first captain of H.M.S. *Rodney*.

Many of our readers in this district, particularly from the Services, have told us how much they enjoyed the article in last month's HOP LEAF GAZETTE by "Moonraker." We are all looking forward to another write-up from the same pen.

WOKING.

WOKING AND DISTRICT CLUB STEWARDS.

FIFTH ANNUAL DINNER.

The most successful gathering yet organised in connection with the Woking and District Club Stewards' Association was held on Wednesday, 6th April, at the Red House Hotel, Woking, when about fifty members and friends met for the annual dinner. Mr. A. Bennett presided.

The loyal toast was duly honoured, after which the chairman said it was the fifth occasion on which they had assembled as an Association, and he expressed his appreciation of again being invited to preside. In submitting the toast of the evening, "The Club Stewards of Woking and district," he said they had met in very trying times and the past six months had been a period of unparalleled difficulty in club life, due in no small degree to the burden of the exceedingly high beer tax imposed in the emergency budget. Probably there had never been a greater failure to fulfil the object for which such an imposition was designed. It had reduced trade and increased unemployment immeasurably. It

might truthfully be said that it had been an attempt to impose prohibition by taxation. He hoped the next few weeks would see an end of such folly. The result had been to cripple struggling clubs, to place the balance of the year's working on the wrong side for many well established institutions, and to reduce to fine proportions the credit balance of the few fortunate ones who finished 1931 on the right side. All this had added responsibility to club stewards, especially to those who were proud of their clubs and whose first thoughts and whole-time efforts were for the well-being of the institution which they served, and the happiness of the members generally.

The chairman extended a cordial welcome to those who were making their first appearance at this annual dinner, and said he was pleased to see present, Mr. Paterson (Walton W.M.), Mr. Brooking (Walton Oddfellows), Mr. Major (Weybridge Constitutional), and Mr. Rowe who had recently been appointed to the Woking W.M. Club and who he hoped would spend many happy years in the district. The future would probably continue to be a testing time, and all stewards would need to use their best endeavours to see that members were attracted and made happy in their clubs. Young members were necessary and should be encouraged, even though their spending capacity was limited. This aspect presented new problems which had to be faced, and club committees would need to arrange their programmes accordingly. He congratulated the Woking Liberal Club on entering their new home, and all would wish them a large measure of success.

The district had been fortunate in its stewards and a high standard of club life had been attained. The authorities and the public generally looked to the stewards to see there was no departure from that standard. There were always those who would pick holes if possible, as reflected in the one-sided evidence tendered by many before the Royal Commission when all the weak spots were revealed and but few of the better aspects were emphasised. The only champions were the central organisations such as the Association of Conservative Clubs and the Working Men's Club & Institute Union, and in that respect a tribute was due to the vigilance and the ability of the late Mr. B. T. Hall, and to the able conduct of the club case by the General Secretaries, Mr. F. Solbé and Mr. R. S. Chapman.

Concluding, the chairman said he was extremely glad to see such a good gathering that evening, and looked forward to meeting them again next year under brighter circumstances than were possible at present.

Mr. C. Austin (Woking Liberal Club) responding, read a letter of apology from Mr. J. W. Wells, General Secretary of the National

Union of Club Stewards, who was prevented at the last minute from being present. He was delighted that Mr. J. Holloway was able to be with them that evening as he had always displayed the greatest interest in their Association. The attendance was very encouraging and augured well for the future. Mr. T. Loughnane had been a pioneer of the movement and had spared no effort each year to ensure its success.

Mr. T. Loughnane (Westfield) submitted the toast of "The Visitors," to which Mr. L. C. Smyrke (Guildford) replied in humorous vein, and "The Chairman" was proposed in happy style by Mr. W. R. Martin (West Byfleet).

During the evening a splendid programme of vocal and instrumental music was given by the "Woking Old Contemptibles' Orchestra and Concert Party" under the direction of Mr. E. Scutch. Messrs. J. Maguire and J. Leggett (Walton) and W. R. Martin (West Byfleet) rendered pleasing items for which they were deservedly encored, and Mr. Johnson (Walton) gave whistling solos in which he cleverly imitated the canary, thrush and lark; the latter to a vocal accompaniment by Mr. Maguire.

The artistes were heartily thanked for their contribution on the proposition of Mr. G. Lowrey (Woking British Legion).

OXFORD.

COWLEY CONSERVATIVE CLUB.

By the courtesy of the committee and members of the above club whose kind invitation was promptly accepted, we were present at their sports section dinner which was held at the Club House on Monday the 18th April.

The prime reason for the celebration was the club's gaining the championship of the Third Division of the Billiards League and we venture to say that this was excuse enough notwithstanding the fact that the annual dinner had to be postponed earlier in the year.

Mr. F. Kemp (Vice-President) took the chair, supported by Messrs. F. W. Williams, G. H. Polley, G. Noke, B. H. Sansom (Hon. Sec.), A. Anderson (Treasurer) and a large number of members and friends were present.

During the evening musical and vocal items were rendered to an appreciative audience and needless to say the Hop Leaf was in evidence.

Messrs. W. Pipkin and A. Tillison were presented with cues as the winners of the snooker and billiards tournaments respectively and accorded the usual honours.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Pipkin (the steward of the club and his good lady) are to be congratulated on their catering; the arrangements were excellent.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

We greet the so-called merry month, now here, with its promise of fairer days and brighter hours, and hope many of us may be forgiven if we survey the near future in an anticipatory frame of mind, despite the many complexes of present day conditions, both national and commercial. At least one very deep depression is still in our immediate neighbourhood, but we are hoping for the help of a real English summer which, on the law of averages, we are asked to believe we are about to have.

Optimism costs nothing anyway! So look to your bats, clubs and rackets you smiters of the speeding orbs. Hie towards the high places you lovers of the sea and sky, and deeply drink of Britain's health laden breezes in your leisure hours.

And (a word to the wise) in all moderation, from time to time, quaff a full measure of those nut brown ales which are to be found under the "Hop Leaf" label, and in thy work or play, thou shalt envy no man his success.

"PLYMOUTH, THE HOME OF ENGLAND'S SEA KINGS."

A very attractive brochure has just been issued by the local Publicity Committee. Its usefulness for all holiday makers is apparent, for while the city, with its historical and service associations, receives due notice, its claim as "the centre of a hundred tours" is also well substantiated. The diverse charms of its environs, the wonderful harbour, its numerous neighbouring coves, picturesque bays and charming headlands are all brought before the reader who is seeking an ideal holiday ground—at the most natural beauty spot on the south sea-board. (Nothing artificial about our Sound!)

Its slogan for 1932 is "Come to Plymouth," see Devon's hills and dales, enjoy her rivers, unrivalled for grandeur of scenery, the Dart, the Tamar and the Yealm. This booklet is well worth a study.

Then look for the "Hop Leaf" signs, they're almost everywhere! Step in underneath, say "S.B." please, and you'll be cooled and comforted.

We deeply sympathise with Mr. and Mrs. W. Coombes of the "Mark of Friendship Inn," Millbrook, and their family, in the sad loss of a dearly loved daughter at the comparative early age of 32.

A family of five young children is left motherless, but not forsaken, owing to their grandparent's self imposed task of looking after them. May our old friends receive every help in nurturing and guiding this, their second family, is our earnest wish. And to the bereaved husband we extend our sincere sympathy in his irreparable loss.

Grief rarely lacks a comforter, but memory alone abideth!

The appointment of Mr. W. C. Johnson of the Portsmouth City Police to the Chief Constablenesship of this city gives us the opportunity of joining with our Portsmouth confreres in congratulating him on being chosen for such an exacting and responsible post.

His predecessor, Mr. A. K. Wilson, now Chief Constable of Liverpool, left us with tributes and regrets from the whole of the district, and our new "Chief" can be assured of the same support being given to him in every way, as was so pleasantly accorded and accepted by Mr. Wilson.

Hearty congratulations to the "S.B."-ites on their Grand National success. We are fervently hoping that other deserving cases will find their counterfoils likewise popping up in the Derby draw. But Mr. Luck is a very stubborn riser as we all know. Many hopes will fail to rise at all that day—they'll just keep on turning over, and refuse to get out. Here's to us all anyway!

The possibility of Reading and Plymouth being together for the next football season has now fled. A gallant belated effort by our Elm Park friends certainly deserved a better fate. We can only hope it is a happy augury for next time anyway.

Our boys did very well throughout the season, and had the defence equalled the attack promotion might easily have been gained. The curtain falls with two interesting queries to be answered in the next act.

WOKING.

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

METEREN—13-14TH APRIL, 1918.

Backs to the wall! Dark days of distress when we played the game of life for the builders of the wall in our rear and death for ourselves—played the game and won! "Stand Fast! Not an inch more shall they gain"—and right well did both war-worn veterans and youthful recruits obey!

The advance of the grey-clad hosts of Germany was stemmed at Meteren by an isolated unit with almost negligible artillery support. Our role of protectors for the builders of the wall was a task stupendous in its magnitude.

The flower of Germany's shock troops were flung against our unprepared position time after time with the desperation of despair. The dice of death were heavily loaded against us and it seemed that annihilation would surely be our reward.

Shrapnel, high explosive, tear and mustard gas swept our line and their barrages crept forward with devilish intensity, but wave after wave of their famous storm troops was shattered to destruction upon the rocks of our rifle and machine gun fire. One particularly famous and highly trained battalion, advancing upon us in courageous arrogance was annihilated to a man, but yet more and more troops were flung against us in a tempestuous frenzy. Their desperate efforts were of no avail, however, and the German battering ram was splintered and broken upon the oaken door of English courage and tenacity.

Two fateful days saw the game played to a finish but at a grievous cost, for fully half our comrades had answered the roll call of death. Their passing was proclaimed with a glorious salute—BAYETE!

In commemoration of the battle a dance was organised by the Sergeants' Mess, Depot the Queen's Royal Regiment, and held in the gymnasium on the 15th April, 1932. The evening was successful and highly enjoyable. Decorations, as usual, were carried out by Sergeant-Instructor Lambert (A.P.T.S.). Music was provided by The Saxonia Orchestra and the M.C's. were R.Q.M.S. Wakeford and C/S. Clark.

THE FIFTH ARMY OLD COMRADES ASSOCIATION WHITSUN TOUR OF THE BATTLEFIELDS.

The above Association is organising a tour of the battlefields on the Western Front, to which the general public, including ladies, are invited to accompany them.

The primary objects of the tour are to visit the battlefields from Ostend to the Somme, including Ypres, Vimy Ridge, and other places which may be passed en route to Thiepval. Also to witness the unveiling of the memorial to the missing at Arras on Whit-Sunday afternoon, and that at Thiepval on Whit-Monday afternoon.

The latter memorial, which will be unveiled by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and in the presence of the President of the French Republic, is the largest memorial to the missing on the Western Front, and contains no less than 73,077 names. It is twice the size of the Menin Gate, at Ypres, and records 20,000 more names on its piers.

The party will leave Victoria Station on Saturday, May 14th, at 2 p.m. and cross to Ostend. It will reach Victoria on its return at 7.30 a.m. on Tuesday, May the 17th.

Full particulars may be obtained from the Organising Secretary, Capt. G. T. Arlett, D.C.M., St. Cross Road, Oxford (phone Oxford 2375), and intending tourists should apply as early as possible, owing to the expected demand for accommodation, etc.

CRABBS PARK, PAIGNTON.

The annual dinner held at the Paignton Conservative Club on Saturday, April 2nd, was marred somewhat by the absence of our worthy member of Parliament, Mr. Charles Williams. A message of regret was, however, expressed by Mr. Halliwell, who said Mr. Williams had another important meeting to attend and that he (Mr. Williams) wished everyone a most enjoyable evening.

The catering was extremely well organized by Messrs. Dellers under somewhat difficult circumstances, as the card room of the club had to be converted into a kitchen.

Fullbrook's dance orchestra from Plymouth kept the air floating with melodies from many war-time and pre-war time tunes which seemed to convey the impression to quite a few that they had returned to their childhood days, judging by the way they exercised their vocal chords.

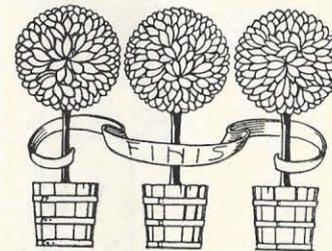
Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and staff were extremely busy supplying the necessary refreshments, and "S.B." was very much in demand.

A very happy evening was spent and many thanks are due to the organizing committee for the total success of the dinner.

Now that the clock has been advanced an hour and summer time has commenced, our preparations for a hot summer and a busy time are well in hand. The influx of visitors to Devon's beauty spot are increasing daily and the promenade and beaches on a fine day are fairly thickly populated. The ice cream vendors and photographers, etc., are also busy, which assists to complete the seaside picture of "summer is with us."

The country lanes are another scene of picturesque beauty at this time of the year, which is another feature of Paignton and district. To see the hedges with their clusters of primroses and violets and the bursting of the green buds upon the trees, the fields of rich red soil, where the land has been ploughed by the busy farmers, in the background is most surely a beautiful sight. Few people are met on the pretty winding roads in the neighbourhood without a bunch of wild flowers to decorate someone's table.

Our congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Vallance of The Dartmouth Inn, Newton Abbot, to whom has been born their second daughter. Great men and women have been born on April 1st. Don't be discouraged.



THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A fishy old fisher named Fischer
 Fished fish from the edge of a fissure ;
 A fish with a grin
 Pulled the fisherman in,
 Now they are fishing the fissure for Fischer.

* * * *

MOVIE DIRECTOR : " Now, here is where you jump off the cliff."

NERVOUS ACTOR : " Yeah, but suppose I get injured or killed ? "

MOVIE DIRECTOR : " Oh, that's all right. It's the last scene in the picture."

SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE.

