

VOL. VII.

APRIL, 1933.

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The
HOP LEAF
TRADE MARK
THE HOPLEAF
GAZETTE

Issued
Monthly
by

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. VII.

APRIL, 1933.

No. 7

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



MR. H. OSBORNE.

MR. H. OSBORNE.

The publication of Mr. Osborne's photograph in this issue synchronizes with his completion of thirty-one years' service with the Firm. It was in April, 1902, that he made his debut and his present position of Assistant Cashier is the outcome of steady progress through the various sections of the Home Department. Commencing in the Cask Department and moving to the Order Office in 1904, he was transferred to the General Department in 1910, where he served until the outbreak of the Great War.

Of an unassuming disposition and possessing a courteous and tactful manner, which traits are eminently suitable in attending to customers and enquirers, there is a depth of character behind the quiet exterior and it can be truly said of Mr. Osborne that he is one of the bulwarks of his department, in which he has had considerable experience and of which he is one of the few remaining pre-war members.

Mr. Osborne joined the Berkshire Yeomanry in 1914 and served with the regiment in Gallipoli and Palestine. The unit was converted to a Machine Gun Corps in February, 1918, and was sent to France where it remained until February, 1919. He endured his full share of war experiences, being wounded in Gallipoli and torpedoed three times in the Mediterranean. The ships involved in the latter incidents were the S.S. *Aragon*, S.S. *Leasowe Castle* and H.M. Destroyer *Attack*. The *Aragon* was sunk off Alexandria in December, 1917, whilst carrying troops and about 100 nurses to the Near East.* Mr. Osborne was picked up out of the sea by the Destroyer *Attack* which, however, was also torpedoed and sunk a few minutes later. He was again fortunately picked up by a trawler and taken to Alexandria. Mr. Osborne is the holder of the 1914-15 Star, General Service and Victory Medals.

For many years Mr. Osborne has played cricket and football for the Brewery clubs, of which he is a firm supporter and always ready to give of his best. He is an enthusiast for all outdoor sport and his favourite hobbies are natural history and the cultivation of flowers.

* It may be within the recollection of readers that all the nurses were saved, although hundreds of our gallant men went down with the ship. This incident is chronicled in the history of the Great War.

EDITORIAL.

A GALLANT ACT.

The Reading licensees have presented a gold watch to Mr. H. Smith, Secretary of the Licensed Victuallers' Association, for his great gallantry in rescuing a drowning child from the flooded river Kennet.

FROM "THE WILTSHIRE TIMES."

"Aren't some women catty?" The garden wall discussion was on foodstuffs, and one housewife stated vehemently that only the best was good enough for her children, and she always gave them butter. This statement was doubted by her neighbour, who decided to put it to the test. Next day she called her neighbour's little boy and said—"Will you run down to the shop and get me half-a-pound of butter?" The little lad ran off, and within a minute was back and pantingly enquired—"Is it 'STORK' you want, the same as us?"

BEER A BENEFICIAL BEVERAGE.

For manual workers, beer may be said to be specially suitable as a beverage. Not only is it harmless, but probably beneficial in our climate. At the end of a hard day a worker . . . needs some stimulant, and a glass of good beer with his evening meal is the very thing for him. . . . The best of frugal lunches is a piece of brown bread and butter, cheese, a glass of beer, and an apple. This meal contains all that the body requires.—*A Harley Street Specialist*, in the "Daily Mirror" (1930).

Beer has no deleterious effect upon the human body. I look upon it in the nature of a food, particularly for those individuals who, on account of illness, would not be able to take sufficient amounts of ordinary food. It contains many vitamins, and acts as a tonic for the loss of appetite.—*Dr. William C. Morgan* (President of the American Medical Association), 1932.

Beer not only has food value, but it has for many persons stimulating properties and tonic properties. It is distinctly a tonic in many respects. All these properties, together with the effect on the palate of people who like it, go to make it a beverage which has so many advantages that you cannot compare any other beverage with it.—*Mr. A. Chaston Chapman, F.I.C., F.R.S.* (Evidence before the Royal Commission on Licensing, 1931.)

THE BRAZEN OPTIMIST.

Serene he stands among the flowers
 And only marks life's sunny hours.
 For him dark days do not exist :
 The brazen-faced old optimist !

On A Sundial—by George Alison.

APPRECIATIVE LETTER FROM ONTARIO.

The following very kind letter speaks for itself :—

136 Dundas Street,
 Brantford,
 Ontario,
 Canada.
 March 2nd, 1933.

Mr. Charles H. Perrin
 Editor, "The Hop Leaf,"
 Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.,
 Reading, Berks,
 England.

Dear Sir,

Through the kindness of my aunt, Mrs. W. Moore, of "The Bugle," Friar Street, I am the fortunate recipient each month of your little magazine and I feel compelled to make my appreciation known of such a splendid little publication. It is a well edited magazine, its columns are always bright, intelligent and interesting, but it has, above all, in every publication, the undercurrent of loyalty, pride and co-operation of all ranks in the firm which it represents. As an "outside" reader I cannot but think that this amicable relationship between employer and employee, as evidenced in the "Hop Leaf," is one of the most desirable features in the realms of business to-day, and there is no doubt in my mind of the further successes of Simonds Breweries.

Many years ago, when I was a young boy, I was brought out from Reading by my parents to this city—and it is due to such publications as yours which still bring a host of pleasant boyhood recollections to my mind.

May the House of Simonds, whether in business, pleasure or in sport, be always in the van is the wish of

Your namesake,

FRANCIS G. PERRIN.

A SYMBOL OF THE RESURRECTION.

As E. Kay Robinson so well said, if the ancients had been familiar with entomology how gladly the oldest teachers of the church would have taken the annual miracle of the appearance of hosts of insects in spring as the special symbol of the Resurrection. It lacks no detail of the parable.

First there was born the wingless grub, crawling through its lowly earthly life upon the ground; then came a long period of seeming death, when the shrunken grub lay sometimes in a coffin-like cocoon of raw material, sometimes in the mere "shell" of the pupa, sometimes only in a sort of shroud wrapped so closely round the body that every detail of limb and feature showed plainly through. Then suddenly comes the summons of the resurrection of the spring, and in an instant, as it appears, the hosts of things that seemed like dead remains of the grubs of earth rise upwards on wings in God's sunshine. Even when divested of religious symbolism this annual miracle of spring can hardly be stated in prose which is not poetry.

A WORTHY CITIZEN.

"The British innkeeper," declares Mr. Gilbert Frankau, in an article in the "True Temperance Quarterly," "is a worthy citizen doing his job under great difficulties, most of which have been imposed upon him against both his own and the people's will. It is time, and high time, that the people's will started to remove those difficulties. It is not a crime, it is not a vice, it is not even a bad habit for the average man and woman to take his or her modicum of alcoholic refreshment in public. Let that refreshment be taken joyfully, as a right, in pleasant surroundings and among pleasant company. Let there be music, let there be dancing, let there be jollity in our British inns."

TOBACCO AT 3s. 4d. AN OUNCE.

Sir Edgar Sanders, director of the Brewers' Society, speaking at a luncheon at the Savoy Hotel organised by the Fellowship of Freedom and Reform, said that since pre-war days the consumption of beer had fallen by more than one-half. The duty had put its cost completely out of the reach of the working classes. Practically half the sale price of beer to-day represented duty. If tea were taxed in the same proportion as beer the tax would be 6s. per pound, and tobacco would be 3s. 4d. an ounce.

VINFORTIS.

If you wish to try an original wine, of the port type, that is pure, wholesome and very palatable, try Vinfortis, the new beverage which gains in popularity every day. Of extra strength and excellent quality it is a fine tonic for colds and influenza. Here indeed is value for money, for the price is only 3/6 per bottle or 2/- per half bottle. Try one and you will be very agreeably surprised.

A HUNDRED POUND NOTE.

According to an Edinburgh paper the following pathetic soliloquy was found written on the back of a hundred pound note of the National Bank, which, the paper adds, passed through our hands recently, and we are sorry we can now add our sympathies to those of our poet on the transitory nature of those sublunary enjoyments:—

A little while ye hae been mine ;
 Nae longer can I keep ye ;
 I fear ye'll ne'er be mine again,
 Nor any ither like ye.

NOVEL USE FOR FISH HOOKS.

A friend of mine who attended a recent Point-to-Point meeting returned home minus his wallet and a substantial sum of money. He was not the only one who had been victimised by pickpockets. The next meeting he attended he adopted a novel means of defeating these light-fingered rascals. In his breast pocket he placed an old wallet filled with ordinary paper and the opening of this pocket was surrounded by about a dozen fish-hooks so hung that any hand entering the pocket could not have been drawn away without being "caught." He was rather disappointed that this interesting idea was not put to the test. Had a pickpocket been thus caught he would doubtless have had a lesson that he would never have forgotten.

A FORCEFUL SPEAKER.

It was encouraging to see so much interest taken in the meeting recently held at the Social Club under the auspices of the League of Industry. The meeting was not only well attended but it was a thoroughly representative one and evidently "meant business." It matters not what are your religious views or to which political party you belong. That does not concern the League of Industry. What does concern it is industry and the success of industry. Its object is to get employer and employed together on common ground, where views may be freely exchanged and where any good

suggestion, no matter how humble the source, will have the fullest consideration. By joining the League you may be making a valuable contribution in the interests of industry. The League has already done much and if every Branch shows the same enthusiasm as that which characterises the Brewery Branch it should indeed be a power for good in the land, appealing for and perhaps even demanding, the greatest good for the greatest number. By the way, Commander Simonds is rapidly coming to the front as a very forceful speaker. His summary of the aims and objects of the League was as lucid and impressive as any explanation could possibly be and it certainly had a telling effect on his hearers.

THE FIFTH ARMY (1916-1918) OLD COMRADES
 ASSOCIATION.

WHITSUN TOUR OF FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

The chairman of the above Association will conduct a tour of the battlefields on the Western Front from Ostend to about six miles south of St. Quentin, and cordially invites members of the general public, including ladies, to accompany the party.

A wonderful itinerary is published at extremely low cost and provides a programme of tremendous interest and opportunities to visit the scenes of the British Front and the line held by the Fifth Army which held up the German Advance on the city of Amiens. Every endeavour will be made to visit special places or graves which visitors are desirous of seeing, provided they are not too far off the route of the itinerary.

In their pamphlet the committee of the Association give a guarantee of satisfaction in regard to accommodation and food provided at hotels. The cars in which the party will travel on the Continent are provided by the Wipers Auto Service and will be accompanied by the proprietor, Capt. Parmenter, a most capable guide and friend.

The party will leave Victoria Station at 3 p.m. on Saturday, June 3rd, and cross from Dover to Ostend, arriving at the latter port at 8 p.m. It will reach Victoria on its return journey at 4.30 p.m. on Tuesday, June 6th.

Full particulars may be obtained from Capt. G. T. Arlett, D.C.M., 38 Stockmore Street, Oxford, and intending tourists should apply as early as possible, to give the Association every opportunity of booking accommodation, etc.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

MY MOST FRAGRANT CIGAR.

My early morning walk on Sunday, March 19, was by no means a dry affair. For over an hour there was very heavy rain, but my dog and I do not care. The cold rain ran off my mackintosh on to my hands and numbed them; it ran down my stockings into my boots, and as I strode along it was to the accompaniment of squish squash, squish squash, or a new edition of bubble and squeak. But it was well worth while, for we had the river and meadows all to ourselves, my dog and I. And then before we returned home there was a burst of warm and very welcome sunshine which numerous birds greeted with tumultuous song. In one tall hedge there were dozens of thrushes, and their joyous voices were indeed a delight. Starlings, too, in equally large numbers were uttering their kind of sizzling song. They are clever imitators, too, and one had got the song of the swallow to perfection, while another uttered the exact replica of the willow warbler's notes. Sunshine after rain—how wonderful! It plays on your rain-battered cheeks, warming them into a healthy glow; it warms your whole body, aye! and your very heart and soul, kindling in them an inexpressible feeling of the joy and beauty of life.

—If you weather the storm and the inclement conditions, how much more can you enjoy the sunshine. After work the game goes with a better swing, and after trouble true friendship shines forth more warmly, like the sun. Sunshine and rain—it is the whole story of human life, and the one who endures the most of the latter is generally recompensed with a double share or an intensified form of the former.

A LITTLE CONTRETEMPS.

But I must get back to the riverside. How busy are the starlings feeding in the meadows. They are all around the mouths and feet of the cattle as they feed, gobbling up the insects thus disturbed. I do not want to do the starlings a bad turn, but here, surely, is one the mediums of the spread of the dread foot-and-mouth disease. Though the rain is at the time coming down in torrents, I espy what appears to be a grey statue in the distance by the side of a ditch. I guess it is a heron, and fixing my field glasses on him I keep observation for about a quarter of an hour. But the bird remains as still as a statue, except for the fact that now and

then he moves his head first in one direction and then in the other, on the look out, I doubt not, for some poor victim to pierce with his cruel beak. But he provides me with no useful information, my dog grows very impatient, and so I make a move. I have good reason to remember that ditch, however, for not long ago I was there studying another form of life and watching it so intently that I did not notice the water suddenly increased in depth, and in I went well over the tops of my Wellington boots, which were soon full of thick slippy mud and water. Ugh! The consequence was that when I arrived home I had to wash my feet—for the second time this year!!

IN MY GREAT GARDEN.

In the course of this walk in my great garden, the countryside—and it is your garden, too—there is much to find and to fascinate. Fancy flowers fifty feet high! And such there are in plenty. Take the elms, for instance. They are now in full bloom and the flowers are very beautiful. As I write I have some beside me and I have been examining them under a microscope. I doubt if Kew Gardens possess many finer flowers. Larger, yes, but size is not everything that counts. And then I came across just one single snowdrop among the iris blades and close to the water's edge. I wonder how it came there. Last year I found a daffodil not many yards from the same spot. I suppose the floods had washed the bulbs out of somebody's garden and deposited them here. And, my word, how all plants are now fighting for a place in the sun. It is indeed a question of the survival of the fittest and many weaklings have to go to the wall. Nature is often apparently cruel as well as kind and we cannot hope to understand all her mysteries. But we know that there is a wise Purpose governing all.

MOSTLY GOOD AND CLEAN.

The coarse fishing season closed on March 15 and remains closed till June 16. I miss my fishing friends, for they are good fellows all, and, I am sure, all the better for indulging in such a healthy, innocent art. I like these lines:

A fellow isn't thinking mean,

Out fishing.

His thoughts are mostly good and clean,

Out fishing.

I am afraid the past season has been very poor, for good catches have been extremely rare, but that means all the more for another day. The angler who landed a gudgeon weighing $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. had indeed a prize. I have never before heard of one so large as that.

GOOD-BYE, OLD FRIEND!

During the past week I found a wren's nest nearly completed. It was very cunningly concealed among the roots of a tree that had fallen a victim to the storms. Near by was a large stump and whenever I see this stump it always revives memories that are both glad and sad to me. Down this way I frequently met a dear old man. We usually had a chat, and formed a real friendship. He often shared a pipe of baccy with me, and we discussed the questions of the day. He had had a hard life, told me a lot and touched me much by his obvious sincerity. I did not know his age, but I did notice that he was growing gradually feebler and feebler. Less and less he walked and more and more he rested, and the last time I saw him was seated on this particular stump. I had hoped to see him, for I had brought him a really good cigar. Never shall I forget his simple heartfelt thanks. He lighted the cigar and puffed away at it with evident enjoyment. After a long talk about big and little things he again thanked me and wished me "Good-bye." Hitherto he had always said "Good Day." I noticed it and thought it only a coincidence. But the cold piercing winds were setting in and I thought they were too much for his frail frame.

HIS LAST, LONG JOURNEY.

I shall never see him here again. How I shall miss him. I said his journeys grew shorter and shorter, but now he has taken the longest one of all, right away down the lane, across the river, up and up the hills and into that Far Country where he can never feel the cold because the sun will be *always shining*.

How glad I was I thought to give him that cigar! To me there never was a smoke more fragrant.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The magician's turn at the pantomime was not going at all well, but he stuck to his task in the face of rows of people more resigned than amused.

"Now," he beamed, wiping his hands on a gaily-coloured handkerchief, "if any lady or gentleman can oblige me with an egg I will perform a truly amazing trick."

For a second or two there was a complete silence. Then from the gallery a voice rang out loud and clear: "If anybody 'ere 'ad an egg, you'd 'ave 'ad it long ago!"

A GREAT THOUGHT.

RICH INDEED.

We are not rich in the bank, but we have always prospered, and we have quite enough. I never walk out with my husband but I hear the people praise him. I never go into a house of any degree but I hear his praises or see them in grateful eyes. I never lie down at night but I know that in the course of the day he has alleviated pain and soothed some fellow-creature in the time of need. I know that from the beds of those who were past recovery thanks have often gone up, in the last hour, for his patient ministrations. Is not this to be rich?—A Doctor's Wife in Dickens.

READY.

Loaded with gallant soldiers,
A boat shot in to the land,
And lay at the right of Rodman's Point,
With her keel upon the sand.

Lightly, gaily they came to shore,
And never a man afraid;
When suddenly the enemy opened fire
From his deadly ambushade.

Each man fell flat on the bottom
Of the boat; and the captain said:
If we lie here we all are captured,
And the first who moves is dead!

Then out spoke a Negro sailor,
No slavish soul had he:
Somebody's got to die, boys,
And it might as well be me!

Firmly he rose, and fearlessly
Stepped out into the tide;
He pushed the vessel safely off,
Then fell across her side:

Fell, pierced by a dozen bullets,
As the boat swung clear and free;
But there wasn't a man of them that day
Was fitter to die than he!

—Written by Phoebe Cary during the American Civil War.

DEATHS OF OLD EMPLOYEES.

The sympathy of our readers is extended to the widow and family of the late Mr. J. R. Seller who recently passed away after a brief illness. Mr. Seller had served the firm well for nine years as chauffeur mechanic to Mr. H. W. Colson.

We also have to record the death of another of the firm's employees, who completed 52 years service in the Slough district. The following is an extract from the local press :—

"An old inhabitant of Slough passed away recently in the person of Mr. Edwin Alder, who was 75 years of age. Mr. Alder had lived all his life in Slough, and he was employed by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., until 1927, when he retired.

"At the funeral the coffin was covered with beautiful floral tributes, and among them was a lovely wreath from Messrs. H. & G. Simonds."

DAYS OF DELIVERY.

As the Lorries leave the Brewery before the arrival of the first Morning Post, Orders for delivery on the day named should reach the Office not later than 9 a.m. on the previous day.

PLACES.	DAYS FOR DELIVERY.
Acton Lane	Tuesday and Friday
Addlestone	Tuesday and Thursday
Aldermaston	Monday and Thursday
Aldershot	Daily
Aldworth	Wednesday
Alton	Tuesday and Thursday
Arborfield	Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday
Ascot	Tuesday and Friday
Ashampstead	Wednesday and Saturday
Ashford	Tuesday and Friday
Ashmansworth	Friday
Aston Rowant	Monday
Ash Vale	Wednesday
Aylesbury	Monday
Bagshot	Tuesday and Thursday
Barkham	Wednesday and Saturday
Basildon (Lower)	Monday and Thursday

PLACES.	DAYS OF DELIVERY.
Basildon (Upper)	Monday and Thursday
Basingstoke	Monday and Thursday
Batts Corner	Tuesday and Friday
Baughurst	Monday and Thursday
Bearwood	Wednesday and Saturday
Bedfont	Tuesday and Friday
Beech Hill	Wednesday and Saturday
Beenham	Tuesday and Friday
Benson	Monday and Wednesday
Bentley	Tuesday and Thursday
Bill Hill	Monday and Thursday
Binfield Heath	Monday and Thursday
Binstead	Tuesday and Thursday
Bishopsgate	Daily
Bisley	Tuesday and Thursday
Blacknest	Tuesday and Friday
Blackdown	Friday
Blackwater	Daily
Bledlow	Thursday
Blewbury	Wednesday
Blount's Court	Monday and Thursday
Booker	Monday
Bordon	Wednesday
Bourne End	Daily
Boxford	Friday
Bracknell	Monday and Thursday
Bradfield	Tuesday and Friday
Bramley	Wednesday and Saturday
Bramshill	Tuesday and Friday
Bray	Tuesday and Friday
Brentford	Tuesday and Friday
Bright Walton	Monday
Brighton	Tuesday and Friday
Brightwell	Monday and Wednesday

(To be continued.)



THE SUBURBS OF INDIA.

A FEW POST-WAR REMINISCENCES.

By "MOONRAKER."

The march of civilization, is as apparent East of Suez as it is nearer home, and modern India with its excellent railway system, its well kept main roads with motor vehicles galore, and police service, is well to the fore in comparison with her neighbours. Linked up with the great railways, the mighty rivers and smaller streams, are cities famous to all as centres of learning or industry. The map is full of these and many other names—places where East and West meet together in one common task for the Empire's well being. Of late years especially, India on the surface has become almost civilized. (A more appropriate word than Westernized.) Even on the atlas map, its many hued divisions seem almost like our own English counties. One might, therefore, easily be excused for thinking Hindustan is fast losing its ancient spell—that mystic something which the very name had always conjured up in our minds; and that materialism had triumphed over this age old stronghold of the Orient. But its vastness on the map is misleading, for everywhere between the innumerable dots and names is still the real India—full of life, throbbing with vitality. The vitality of an Eastern nature as strong and silent as that in the cities is often the reverse. Where the survival of the fittest is still the first law of the land, as when its Creator first "saw that it was good." No up-to-date roads here, only a strange stillness, especially by day, broken by the occasional roar of distant train or surging stream; for under the shadow of those near hills or across yonder bond are the places of sanctuary, the free lands for all; just "off the map."

Shall we for a little while leave the smell of the bazaars and the dust of conflict, and see what is hidden from us? Maybe there are some readers who have lingered there—to them I can only hope to rekindle the fire which burnt brightly in their hearts as they sallied forth with the firm grip of a true friend (loaded) for company, to these open spaces where small and big game keep a restless watch for the hidden dangers. These areas are to be found everywhere—just off the map. The whole of India is teeming with almost every known kind of game, and on every hand, away from the bustle of the bazaar, is either an attractive jungle patch, a half hidden stream which beckons, or a long stretch of sunlit plain running away to those distant foothills, so obviously wild game country. There is no lack of opportunity for the student of nature to get first hand knowledge, from the first day he lands.

Let us start from the Western sea board—from Bombay, right through those wonderful Western Ghats, to the Duke's Nose, down to Poona and Kolhapur and northwards to Deolali and beyond, the plains and hills are full of deer, soft skinned small game, panther and cheetah. I have spent many profitable days and nights around these edges of the Deccan. In the Sister Hills, only a couple of miles across the river from Poona, I once started a panther snoozing in the shade, halfway up the slope. My relief was great when it sprang away to the crest of the hill; my only weapon being a small pin fire rifle. This very early experience, however, was a useful lesson, and I quickly became the owner of a high velocity rifle.

At the eastern edge of the same twin mounds I once saw a large dog hyena emerge from a rocky recess, and peering into the darkness, my companion and I entered on all fours into the den, and took out two young hyena cubs as large as young kittens, like balls of yellow and brown wool, with snuffy broad snouts. In the morning sunlight, completely blind, they looked and were extremely savage. Wishing to take one back as a pet for the "boys," when we returned later, we sealed up the narrow doorway with boulders and journeyed on, to discover, when evening brought us to the same spot again, that the whole barrier had been torn away, and the den cleared, except for a litter of bones and other noxious morsels. We hoped this deserving family heard our "hymn of praise," also our vows not to disturb their peace again. It left a lasting impression on my mind. Terribly strong of jaw, a hyena will crack the thigh bone of a bullock with ease!

All around this Western district, the Southern Mahratta and G.I.P. railways pass right through the heart of a famous black buck country, where even "royal" heads (the perfect triangle) may be seen. Getting them is another question! I was once fortunate enough to get a 28in. head, which is nearly as good as any I have heard of—but that is a story perhaps for another day, for stalking under an Indian sun is a long job, although sambur, barking and spotted deer, as well as that extra dainty member of the same family, the chinkara, are to be met with throughout India, in both open and close country. It usually depends on where the food supplies are, and the time of day, the rule being to feed by night and play by day. When a new set of antlers, or horns, are being carried, these are covered by a mossy fungus. When "in velvet" no sportsman will raise his rifle against them. It is a common sight to see the trunks of young trees absolutely stripped of bark at the height of these horns, where, in irritation, the animals have endeavoured to remove the growth.

It is, however, in the close, or jungle, shooting that the marksman finds more frequent and better opportunities for exercising his

skill, amid an element of danger almost unknown on the plains. After pursuing those elusive shadows I have just mentioned, the restful shadows of the great tracts of forests come as an anti-climax. It is of these great areas, unseen on the map maybe, yet ever the same, that I shall try to interest you. It is surprising how little India's peoples know of them.

These jungles are not, as one might think, practically uncharted, although it is a fact that after the monsoon season, every road and path is completely obliterated by vegetation, and axes have to be used when the first shoot is held, to clear a roadway, where a few weeks before a motor car could have been driven with ease. No, each area is divided into North, South, East and West blocks, which are likewise split up into sectors, each with a cleared surround of from 50 to 100 yards, running right through the block—the fire screen—so that geographically and departmentally the whole is well on the map.

(To be continued.)

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

SCHOOLBOY'S ESSAY.

A boy in his school examination penned the following as an essay on "An Historical Deed of Chivalry":—

"Sir Walter Raleigh, walking one day through the streets of Coventry, was surprised to see a naked lady riding upon a horse. He was about to turn away, when he recognised the rider as being none other than Queen Elizabeth. Quickly throwing off his richly embroidered cloak he placed it reverently around her, saying as he did so, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense,' which meant 'Thy need is greater than mine.' Thereupon the Queen thanked Sir Walter, saying, 'Dieu et mon droit,' meaning 'My God and you're right!'"

From the "Anchor Magazine" (Barclay Perkins & Co.).

* * *

"Do you ever hear of the money you lent your neighbour?"

"Rather! He bought a gramophone with it."

* * *

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
Romeo and Juliet.

He had no cash to pay the debt,
So Romeo'd what Juli'et.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Our frontispiece of last month, viz., Mr. E. H. Thornbery, Chief Clerk at Ludgershall Branch, brings back to the writer many memories of the past, when Mr. Thornbery was so well known at The Brewery. The riverside camp mentioned was, to the mind of the writer, a camp de luxe. Of course with camping you generally "rough it" pretty considerably at the start, but should you make a regular practice of camping every year it is surprising how you make it more comfortable every time. Both Mr. Thornbery and Mr. F. H. Biggs (now at Southsea) were very fine scullers and it was surprising how quickly they used to travel up and down the river. It is a great pity, to my way of thinking, that the river (at any rate at Reading) has lost so much of its popularity. With regard to Mr. Thornbery's war service, the time when he was captured ("found" would be a better word) by the Germans is a story in itself that is very thrilling and possibly one day I will record it for our readers. Mr. Thornbery may rest assured all his many friends at Reading wish him "all the best."

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

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

The Jolly Farmer, Sandhurst (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. Frank Whiting.

The Old Red Lion, Leacroft, Staines (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. F. J. Stannard.

The King's Arms, York Town (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. B. Davies.

The Elephant and Castle, Chesham (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. F. W. Bryant.

The Five Bells, Swallowfield (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. E. M. Lillywhite.

DEATHS.

I much regret to report the following deaths, viz., Mrs. E. Castledine, of the King George V, Wycombe Marsh, on the 21st March, and Mr. G. Woodward, of the Wheatsheaf, Stanwell, on the 27th March.

Mrs. Castledine took over the licence in 1921 on the death of her husband who had been licensee of the King George V since 1906.

Mr. G. Woodward was licensee of the Wheatsheaf, Stanwell, for many years.

To all relatives we extend our deepest sympathy.

FOOTBALL.

We are much as we were in this respect and no one seems to have decided who is actually going up this season, but the general consensus of opinion of those who know (or think they do) is that this will not be Reading's season. In view of the transfer of Paethorpe it would also appear that promotion is not being aimed at. As regards the Brewery team there still appears a strong chance of another league being won, provided of course the Brewery play in a consistent way. As they were eliminated from the cup (in spite of Mr. Mick Braisher's optimism and enthusiasm) I only hope they will now pull hard for the league.

SUCH IS FAME.

From a paper:—

"Here now, two miles short of Minehead we turn left again, for just round the corner is DUNSTER, which has my vote as the most pictorial village in England. On the left is the Luttrell Arms."

This latter place is where you will probably find W. Dunster, when he goes (if ever), to see this wonderful spot.

[I am so glad ONE Dunster is picturesque.—EDITOR.]

LEAGUE OF INDUSTRY,

SUCCESSFUL MEETING AT THE SOCIAL CLUB.

A meeting of H. & G. Simonds' Branch of the League of Industry was recently held at the Social Club. There was a very representative company present and Commander H. D. Simonds, who presided, delivered a very telling speech outlining the aims and objects of the League. He emphasised the fact that the League was absolutely non-political. In these times the real business man had not the time to go thoroughly into politics, and the politician had very little time to learn as much about business as he should know. The League of Industry tried to make up that deficit. It was the only League which could show a united front, free from

political or religious bias. Every man, woman and child was dependent on the prosperity of industry and it was the great aim of the League to bring about that prosperity. Everyone who joined the League had the opportunity of doing something good for industry. If he had a good idea the local Branch would pass it along to headquarters. In the past employees had been represented by Trades Unions and employers had been represented by various organisations of their own. The object of the League of Industry was to have a joint organization representing both employees and employers, bringing them together, and creating a better feeling throughout industry.

On the proposition of Mr. W. Bradford, seconded by Mr. W. Bowyer, the following representatives from the various departments who had volunteered to serve on the Branch Committee were duly elected:—Messrs. W. Wheeler, T. Williams, W. Eaton, N. J. Crocker, G. Marsh, J. Ford, J. Stone, T. Boyles, W. Bradford and W. Venner.

Councillor Cook added a few words and a very successful meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Sam, where have you been?"

"No place—just married."

"Tha's good."

"Not so good. I see step-dad to nine kids."

"Tha's bad."

"Not so bad. She's got plenty of money."

"Tha's good."

"Not so good—hold on it tight."

"Tha's bad."

"Not so bad—owns a big house."

"Tha's good."

"Not so good—it burnt down last night."

"Tha's bad."

"Tain't so bad. She burned with it."

"Tha's good."

"Yes, tha's good."

DRINK TAX PROTEST.

DEMONSTRATION AT QUEEN'S HALL, LONDON.

Nearly 2,000 members of the retail liquor trade gathered at Queen's Hall on March 22 to support a national demonstration organised by the trade for a reduction of the taxation on beer and spirits. The speeches and the enthusiasm indicated that the fight for this reduction is to be pursued with determination.

The demonstration was organised by the National Consultative Council of the Retail Liquor Trade, and the protest was supported by figures which showed that since the War the tax on beer has risen from 50s. to 134s. per barrel, and on spirits from 30s. to 72s. 6d. per proof gallon.

In a simple but striking illustration of the effect of the present tax, Mr. John Morgan, chairman of the council, said that a man who drank two pints of beer a day paid £9 a year in tax.

CAUSE OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

Without a dissentient the meeting carried a resolution expressing the opinion that the taxation on beer and spirit :

Fails to produce the revenue estimated,

Inflicts unbearable hardships on the public, the licensed trade, agriculture, and a large number of allied trades, and

Has a disastrous effect upon the return derived from income-tax.

Mr. W. Craven-Ellis, M.P., who presided, submitted that the increased revenue for the higher duties had been more than wiped out by the additional payments made necessary in unemployment and transitional benefits.

"This is not a meeting of grouse and cadgers," said Dr. W. J. O'Donovan, M.P., "but an appeal to the British people by an historic trade that is being slowly strangled to death."

Mr. Francis P. Whitbread said it was perfectly clear that they had been singled out for penal taxation. Viscount Snowden made the final turn of the screw on an already fully-taxed industry. Mr. Chamberlain had seen fit to retain the burden. His predecessors had left the Chancellor with a load of mischief on his shoulders, and he preferred to keep it there.

"Why should the man who drinks beer pay half the price for taxation while the water drinker goes free? It does not follow that the man who drinks water is a better citizen, or a better

Christian. As a matter of fact, records show that almost without exception, the criminals of to-day are teetotalers." (Laughter.)

TRAIL OF DISTRESS.

Mr. Ronald Gilbey said the present duty was having a calamitous effect on the spirit trade. The increased duty had resulted in smaller revenue. While in 1923 the duties yielded £53,700,000, in the year ended March, 1932, they produced only £34,900,000. Not only that, but the duties left a trail of distress in their wake. Licence holders, off-licence holders, wholesalers, distillers, and farmers, were all affected.

"It has often been said of us by foreign nations," Mr. Gilbey continued, "that we take our pleasures sadly, and never was that saying truer than it is with regard to whisky drinking to-day. The song writer of old must have forecasted in his mind the present high rate of duty when he wrote the song 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.'" (Laughter.)

A normal trade in spirits would not be reached without a reduction of 22s. 6d. per proof gallon, in order that a bottle of whisky could be sold for 10s.

Mr. Francis N. Richardson, chairman of the Allied Brewery Traders' Association, spoke of the troubles the high taxation brought to the trades which depended wholly or in part on brewing.

LESS BARLEY AND HOPS.

Whereas, he said, in 1914 the industry required 6,500,000 quarters of malt, to-day it used only just over 3,000,000, which meant a reduction in barley acreage of 750,000. The same reduction in consumption hit the maltster even harder, for nearly 50 per cent. of his business had been wiped out.

Again, the hop acreage had been reduced by the last 31s. addition to the beer tax, from 20,000 to 16,500, and steps were being taken to decrease the yield even further, with a consequent additional increase of unemployment.

Bottle, box, and crate manufacturers also suffered, and the building trade was hit because the brewers had had to curtail reconstruction and re-decoration of licensed premises.

Every standard barrel of beer meant an expenditure among the allied trades of 25s., and 5,000,000 barrels decrease meant the total destruction of over £6,000,000 of that trade. "Our businesses," added Mr. Richardson, "were built up on at least 26,000,000 standard barrels, and we cannot live on 13,000,000."

THE END OF PROHIBITION.

"SPEAKEASIES" IN AMERICA NOT AFRAID.

Prohibition in America came to an end on March 22 when President Roosevelt signed the Beer Bill.

The first glass of "legal beer" will be sold on April 7. Allowing for Government and local taxation, it is expected that the price will be fivepence a glass.

Proprietors of "speakeasies" claim that legal beer will not affect them seriously, and that they will continue to do good business.

They argue that they exist as "private clubs," and have captured the affection of the American people everywhere.

Beer is not only, or even the chief liquid, required by thirsty patrons. There will certainly be a continued demand for whisky, wine and liqueurs, which are still illegal, but obtainable in any quantities at "the speakeasies."

It is pointed out, moreover, that "speakeasies" are no longer raided by Prohibition authorities, and that customers in back parlours and drawing-rooms of private residences, or the back rooms of business premises which have been converted into cosy bars, are content with the comfort and privacy they enjoy.

The President has consulted with the Attorney-General regarding the release of prisoners convicted under the Prohibition Act.

From fourteen States where beer will become legal on April 7 come reports of big breweries reopening and new ones being built. In New York State alone plans for brewery construction and enlargement involve a sum of over £5,000,000. The erection of two new buildings in New York to start within sixty days will cost £500,000.

With legal beer in all States except a few which remain dry, it is estimated that work will be given to 500,000 men, and that another 500,000 will be engaged in auxiliary trades, such as cooperage, bottling, making brewers' trucks, advertising, and the like.



WORDS OF WISDOM.

Life is like walking along a crowded street : there always seem to be fewer obstacles to getting along on the opposite pavement, and yet, if one crosses over, matters are rarely mended.

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes ; they were easiest for his feet.—*John Selden.*

Since life's best joys consist of peace and ease
And few can save or serve, but all can please,
Oh, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence
A small unkindness is a great offence.

You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you can prevent them from building nests in your hair.

—*Old Chinese Proverb.*

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages
One increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd
With the process of the suns.

Dangers that are known are guide-posts to safety.

Paying a man what you owe him is a good way to get even with him.

It doesn't matter how often some people change their minds—they never succeed in getting a good one.

HOW BRITAIN HAS DISARMED.

FACTS FOR HER CRITICS.

In some home and foreign quarters Mr. MacDonald's draft Disarmament Convention is being criticised on the ground that Britain offers no substantial reduction in her own armaments, says the *Daily Telegraph*.

The plan may be criticised from various angles, but, assuredly, not from this.

Our military forces, Regular and Territorial, at home and in the Crown Colonies, but exclusive of India, have decreased, in comparison with 1913, by 41 per cent.

Likewise, the total tonnage of the British Navy has decreased in the following manner:

	Tons.
1913	2,600,000
1922 (Washington Conference) ...	1,500,000
1933	1,150,000

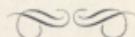
It may also be of interest to compare the number of units in each naval category in 1913 and 1932 respectively:

	1913.	1932.
Capital ships	69	26
Cruisers	108	52
Destroyers	285	147
Submarines	74	52

Again, in respect of capital ships, the British tonnage shows:

1918 (Armistice date)	1,500,000
1922 (Washington Conference) ...	800,000
1933	470,000

At the Armistice date Britain and France possessed 3,300 first-line fighting aeroplanes apiece. The figures to-day are: France, 1,667; Britain, 748.



THE GENTLEMAN SOLDIER'S PRAYER-BOOK

OR A

PERPETUAL ALMANACK.

Being a droll, merry and humorous account of an odd affair that happened between a ferjeant in the army and a private foldier in the 12th regiment of foot; shewing how the foldier was taken before the mayor of the city they were in, for ufing CARDS in the Church during diuine feruice.

The ferjeant commanded his party as ufual to church, and when the parfon had ended his prayer he took his text, and all them that had a bible pulled it out to find the text; but this foldier had neither bible, almanack, nor common prayer book, but he put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out a pack of cards, and fspread them before him as he fat; and while the parfon was preaching, he kept firft looking at one card, and then at another; then the ferjeant of the company fpied him and faid, Richard put up your cards, for this is no place for cards; Never mind that faid the foldier, for you have no bufinefs with me here: Then the ferjeant of the city fpied him and faid, foldier put up your cards, for this is no place for cards in the church, you will be taken prifoner faid the ferjeant of the city; Never mind that faid the foldier, for you have no bufinefs with me here: Now the parfon had ended his fermon and all was over; the foldiers repaired to the church-yard, and the commanding officer gave the word of command to fall in, which they did: The ferjeant of the city came and took up this man prifoner; Man! you are my prifoner! faid the ferjeant of the city; Man! faid the foldier, what have I done that I am your prifoner? You have played a game of cards in the church, faid the ferjeant; No, faid the foldier, I have not played a game of cards in the church, for I only looked at a pack; No matter for that, you are my prifoner; Where muft we go, faid the foldier? You muft go before the mayor, faid the ferjeant; fo he took him prifoner before the mayor, and when they came, the mayor was at dinner, and when he had done, he came down to them and faid, Well, ferjeant, what do you want with me? I have brought a foldier before your honor that hath played a game of cards in the church: What that foldier? Yes, Well, foldier, what have you to fay for yourfelf? Much, fir, I hope—well and good; but if you have not, you fhall be punifhed the worft that ever man was: Sir, faid the foldier, I have been five weeks upon the march, and have but a poor fixpence a day, which will force maintain me in eating, drinking, wafhing, and other neceffaries that a man may want; and without bible, almanack, or common prayer book, or any thing but a pack of cards; and with this pack of cards I hope to fatisfy your honor of the purity of my intention.

Then the foldier pulled out from his pocket a pack of cards, which he spread before the mayor, and began with the ace; When I see this Ace, said he, it puts me in mind that there is one God; and when I see this Duce, it puts me in mind of the Father and Son; and when I see this 3, it puts me in mind of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and when I see this 4, it puts me in mind of the 4 evangelists that penned the gospel, viz. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; and when I see this 5 it puts me in mind of the 5 wife virgins that trimmed their lamps, there was 10, but 5 were foolish, who were shut out; and when I see this 6, it puts me in mind that in 6 days the Lord made heaven and earth; and when I see this 7, it puts me in mind that on the 7th day God rested from all his work which he had created and made, wherefore the Lord blessed the 7th day and hallowed it; and when I see this 8, it puts me in mind of the 8 righteous persons that were saved when God drowned the world, Noah, his wife, his 3 sons, and their wives; and when I see this 9, it puts me in mind of the 9 lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour; there was 10, but there was 9 that never returned God thanks; and when I see this 10, it puts me in mind of the 10 commandments that God gave Moses on the Mount Sinai on the two tables of stone; and he took the Knave and put it aside, and paid to the Queen, and when I see this Queen, it puts me in mind of the wife Queen of Sheba, that came from the farthest part of the world to buy the wisdom of King Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man; for she brought 50 boys and 50 girls all clothed in boys apparel to stand before King Solomon for him to tell which were boys and which were girls, and he could not until he called for water to wash themselves, and the girls washed up to their elbows and the boys washed round the wrist of their hands, and King Solomon told by that; and when I see this King it puts me in mind of the great King of Heaven and Earth, which is God Almighty, and likewise of his majesty King George to pray for him—Well, says the mayor, you have given me as good a description of all the cards but one which is lacking, which is that says the foldier? the Knave, says the mayor; I can give your honor as good a description of that card as any in the pack if your honor will not be angry with me; No, says the mayor if you do not term me to be the Knave; well, says the foldier, the greatest that I know is the ferjeant of the city that brought me before your honor; I do not know, says the mayor, whether he is a great Knave, but I am sure he is a greater fool: And when I count how many spots there are in a pack of cards, there is 365, there is for many days in a year; and when I count how many tricks there are in a pack, there is 13, that is for many months in a year; and when I count how many cards there are in a pack, there is 52, that is for many weeks in a year: And this pack of cards is both bible, almanack and common-prayer book, and a pack of cards to me: The mayor called for a loaf of bread, a piece of good cheefe, and a pot of good beer, and gave the foldier a piece of money, and bid him go about his business, and said he was the finest man he ever heard in all his life!

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The head of a large store was passing through the packing room one day when he saw a boy lounging against a wooden box, whistling cheerfully. The chief motioned the boy to follow him into his office.

"How much do you get a week?" he barked.

"Thirty shillings, sir."

"Then here's a week's pay—get out!"

When the boy had left, the boss summoned the foreman of the packing department.

"When did we engage that boy?" he demanded.

"He doesn't work here," came the astonished answer. "He just brought in a package from another firm."

* * * *

A squad of young recruits were out with an officer who was putting them through an observation course. Coming to the top of a hill, the officer pointed to a distant party of soldiers.

"Private Smith," he said to one of his squad, "how many men are there in that digging party over in that field?"

The party was so far away that the men only appeared as tiny dots, but unhesitatingly Smith replied: "Sixteen men and a sergeant, sir."

The officer put his field glasses to his eyes and counted the distant party.

"That's quite right, Smith," he said. "But how did you know there was a sergeant there?"

"He's the one not doing any digging," said Smith.

* * * *

A man in a tweed suit and leggings walked into a poulterer's and asked for a brace of pheasants. "Sorry, sir," said the shopman, "completely sold out of pheasants. I could let you have a nice veal and ham pie, though."

"Don't be ridiculous," snapped the customer angrily. "How the dickens could I go home and say I'd shot a veal and ham pie?"

The Colonel was lecturing his men on their behaviour in public.

"If a civilian," he said, "should make offensive remarks and endeavour to pick a quarrel with a soldier in a public house, the soldier should quietly drink up his beer, and leave the place at once. You understand what I've said, Private Smith? If a civilian tried to quarrel with you in a public house, what ought you to do?"

The warrior addressed shifted uneasily in his seat. "I ought to drink up 'is beer, sir, and go quietly away!" he said.

* * * *

"Has daddy finished dressing?"

"I don't think so, mummy. I heard him talking to his collar."

* * * *

The foreman came across Bill taking it easy. "Look here, Bill," he said, "this here's a contract job, an' it oughta be finished by now. Get on with yer work, or it's the sack fer you."

"Well," said Bill, deliberately, "Rome wasn't built in a day."

"I don't want none of yer back talk," said the foreman. "Besides, I wasn't foreman on that job."

* * * *

It was a very hot day and a very long railway journey, and a very slow train. As the train pulled up at a station the old gentleman put his head out and shouted to the guard: "Shall I have time to get a drink?"

"Yes," answered the official.

"Can you absolutely guarantee that the train won't start without me?"

"Yes," said the guard, "I'll take a drink with you."

* * * *

"Is this really the train for Oldcastle?"

PORTER: "Ma'am, the board of directors, the stationmaster, the signalman, the guard, the driver, and myself think so. I can't say no fairer than that, can I?"

Brown had very large feet and a very bad cough. He entered a boot shop, and the assistant turned the place upside down to find something to fit him. Brown had just tried on the fortieth pair when he started coughing.

"Nasty cough!" said the assistant.

"Yes," gasped Brown. "Doctor says I've got one foot in the grave."

"I shouldn't worry," said the assistant. "You'll never get the other in; it's too big!"

* * * *

He had been dining far too well and, hailing a taxi, crawled gingerly inside after giving the driver his destination. It happened that the opposite door had been left unlatched, and stumbling against it, the inebriated one promptly fell out. He picked himself up and accosted the highly-amused driver: "That'sh pretty quick work. How much do I owe you?"

* * * *

"What dae ye think o' oor new meenster?" asked one Scot of another. "What is he like?"

"Well, he's like this," was the reply. "The other mornin' he met me, and said, 'Come awa' in, Mr. Macpherson, and ha'e a drap.' I went intae his hoose, and he brocht oot a hale bottle o' whuskey, opened it wi' a corkscrew—an' flung the cork in the fire! That's what he's like!"

* * * *

Two men were lunching together, and in course of conversation one said to the other, "I forgot myself to-day and spoke sharply to my wife."

"And did she resent it?" inquired his friend.

"For a moment she did," answered the first. "But Mary is a fair-minded woman; after she had thought it over she shook hands with me and congratulated me on my pluck."

* * * *

"Jack, dear, why are some women called Amazons?"

"Well, my dear, I remember learning that Amazon River has the largest mouth—"

And then the door slammed.

Quite a crowd of men were gathered in the bar at the Fox and Hounds. One of the number was describing a fish that got away.

"He was that long," said the angler, extending his arms; "a regular whopper."

"You shouldn't have rushed him," put in another expert, "you should have played him for a bit."

The first angler looked annoyed. "Played him!" he snapped back. "When I go fishing I catch fish, not pianos."

* * *

An Englishman, while on a walking tour in Scotland, decided to take the opportunity of scaling Ben Nevis. He set out with a Highland guide, and toiled upwards with dogged persistence until he reached the summit.

The tourist stood and gazed at the superb view, then turned suddenly, with an expression of chagrin on his face to his companion, and exclaimed:

"Great Scott, what a fool I am to have forgotten the glasses!"

"Och, mon," said the guide, "that doesna' matter. There's nobody here tae see us drinkin' oot the bottle."

* * *

The new infantry recruit had been pretty severely bullied by the sergeant for days on end. But his chance came while he was bungling through a musketry parade. "It's about time you knew what a fine sight was," said the sergeant. "Come, now, what is a fine sight?"

"A perfectly enormous boat," answered the recruit, "crammed full of sergeants, on fire, four hundred miles from land, in a hurricane, with no hope of rescue."

* * *

"Yes," bellowed the red-faced, hearty man in the corner of the carriage, "I'm very fond of birds. Cages and cages I've got of 'em—canaries, finches, parrots, all sorts I've got. Very fond of 'em, I am. You got any hobbies like that?"

"Similar," answered the quiet-looking man opposite; "very similar."

"Ah, mice perhaps, or rabbits, eh?" asked the other.

"No, men," replied the quiet one brusquely; "men. I'm governor of a prison."

"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 gettin' mixed up with other people's troubles an' he might jest as well get paid for his time."

* * *

"Did you hear the cat last night? It sounded positively weird."

"Yes, ever since she ate the canary, she thinks she can sing."

* * *

Saucy small boy, to angler who has just caught a very tiny one: "Want a pickle-jar, mister?"

* * *

"I've eaten beef all my life and now I'm as strong as an ox."

"That's funny. I've eaten fish quite a bit and I can't swim a stroke."

* * *

TEACHER: "What is a volcano?"

BRIGHT BOY: "A high mountain that keeps on interrupting."

* * *

A schoolgirl was asked to write an essay on motor-cars which was to consist of 220 words. This is what she produced: "My uncle bought a motor-car. He and father were riding in the country when it broke down going uphill. I think this is about twenty words. The other 200 are what uncle said as they were walking back to town. But my father told me I must not write them!"

* * *

A letter from a Canadian farmer to a creditor ran: "Dear Sir,—I got your letter about what I owe you. Now be pacent. I ain't forgot you. Please wait when I have the money I pay you. If this was Judgment Day and you was no more prepared to meet your Maker than I am to meet your account you sure would have to go to hell. Trusting you will agree to this. I am, yours truly."



BEER.

(By "Algal," in the "Evening News.")

Delightful beverage! The stuff
That made us Britons what we were,
And would, if it were strong enough,
Indubitably keep us there;
It gives me pleasure, I confess,
As home from work I coldly trudge it,
To think that you will cost us less
After the Budget.

I seldom look upon the wine
When it is red. My fiscal plight
Mostly prevents me, when I dine,
From looking on it when it's white;
But though I needs must shun the cup
I fain would drain the tankard deeper,
And will do, when the shout goes up
That beer is cheaper.

It was a dastard blow, methinks,
When Mr. Snowden (now a Lord)
Clapped a fresh tax upon the drinks
We could already scarce afford.
The sales fell off and there remain:
The yield fell too—the figures prove it;
So Mr. Neville Chamberlain
Means to remove it.

A penny off the pint! A small
Mercy for which we'll render thanks,
Though scarce enough to make us call
For beer in barrels or in tanks.
But how much more would Neville put
Into his coffer's yawning cavity,
If brewers, when the price is cut,
Would raise the gravity!

BRANCHES.

SOUTHSEA.

It is with great regret that we have to record the death, since the last issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, of Colonel Sir William T. Dupree, Bart., V.D., T.D., D.L., J.P. The life of the late Sir William Dupree had a romantic beginning. He was a descendant of an old and respected Huguenot family, his grandfather having to flee from France during the religious upheavals of the 18th century. He was born at Twickenham on September 4, 1856, and at an early age commenced his career with H. & G. Simonds at Reading. At the age of 22 he was appointed manager of their present Branch at Marmion Road, Southsea, continuing in that capacity until 1895. He then acquired the Elm Brewery, Eldon Street, Southsea, which he floated as a limited liability company under the name of the "Portsmouth United Breweries Ltd." The business was further extended by the purchase of other important breweries. In 1927 it was amalgamated with the Rock Brewery (Brighton) and the firm is to-day known as the Portsmouth & Brighton United Breweries Ltd. The funeral service was largely attended by representatives of the many organizations and associations with which Sir William had been so deeply and actively connected. The Lord Mayor and members of the City Council attended in their robes. Mr. C. E. Gough represented Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. on this occasion. The heir to the baronetcy is Mr. William Dupree, the present Managing Director of the Portsmouth & Brighton United Breweries Ltd., whose 51st birthday was on Sunday, March 5, 1933.

The first ball organized by the Royal Sussex Drag Hunt, which enjoys wide popularity, was held recently at Chichester. The event took place at the Depot, The Royal Sussex Regiment. The gymnasium was most effectively decorated and the dancing was greatly enjoyed by a company of about 160. Unfortunately the weather was very severe and it was found impossible to use the marquees which had been specially provided as retiring rooms. The Commanding Officer of the Depot, Major F. E. Davis, and his officers, and Wing-Commander Drummond and the officers from the R.A.F., Tangmere, wore the appropriate service dress for such an occasion and many wore hunting clothes, all of which contributed greatly to the colourfulness of the assembly. Among the well known people bringing parties was Colonel C. A. Hankey, formerly Commanding Officer of the Third Battalion of the Regiment, the colours of which were displayed by his permission. The Southwick band provided the music.

At a meeting recently held of the Portsmouth Clubs Defence League at the Oddfellows Club, Kingston Road, Portsmouth, Mr. J. B. Maddocks of London addressed the meeting upon the imposition of the beer tax. He spoke of the "vindictive" attitude of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer (Lord Snowden) whose action, he said, had not only penalized honest British workmen of the privilege of using their national beverage (British beer) but had also injured the country by causing much unemployment and reduced revenue to the State. The undermentioned resolution was unanimously adopted:—"This meeting of the united clubs in the Parliamentary division of Portsmouth representing 60 clubs with a membership of 22,251, respectfully calls upon our representatives in Parliament to use their vote and influence in remedying the injustice caused by the high and intolerable taxation of our National beverage. If the duty be not reduced in the forthcoming Budget it will cause financial disaster to a large number of clubs, besides untold injury in other directions by unemployment and financial loss to agriculture and numerous industries throughout the country. We consequently appeal to our Members of Parliament to do all they can to obtain a reduction which will allow customers to obtain the beverage at a reasonable cost."

Mr. F. J. Andrews (Naval Area Manager of the N.A. & A.F.I.) was given a farewell dinner and dance at the Queen's Hotel, Southsea, on the occasion of his retirement. Mr. W. H. Mildren, Mr. Andrews' successor, was present and the occasion was an unqualified success. There was a large company present and some persons had come from so far away as Aberdeen and Devonport. Paymaster-Commander E. H. N. Kennedy, R.N. (Manager Naval Canteen Service) who handed Mr. Andrews gifts which had been presented to him in appreciation of his services, declared that Mr. Andrews in one way and another had had a very long connexion with the navy. When the war came along he joined up again and then at the end joined the N.A.C.B. and later the N.A. & A.F.I. Now to give, as he thought, others a chance, he was retiring. Mr. Mildren in replying to his toast (proposed by Mr. C. Gibbs) said he was looking forward to a happy period in Portsmouth. He also said he felt sure he could rely on being loyally supported by his colleagues in Portsmouth. Dancing followed the dinner, Mr. W. J. Nelson was the M.C., the Committee being Miss Griffiths and Messrs. Baker, Darling and Nelson.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

With the advent of days fairer and warmer, it is again a pleasant task to look over our treasured bats and rackets, or to

prepare for whatever branch of mental relaxation we indulge in during the season ahead. Our own cricketing eleven are this year well ahead with arrangements for a second season together.

Their fixture list in the Plymouth & District United Churches League promises well, though their qualification for membership is not very clear to us at the moment—unless "S.B." for all wickets is the key. We hope its representatives will always keep their end up as sportsmen, win or lose, and thereby enhance the Firm's good name among their fellow West Countrymen.

The newly elected officers of the club are:—Mr. R. E. Wright (*hon. secretary*); Mr. W. J. Jenkins (*hon. treasurer*); Mr. A. Alloway (*captain*); and Mr. L. J. S. Luke (*vice-captain*).

If to-day's keenness is any guide, then the Tamar cricket club is in for a very enjoyable season. Tho' perhaps Budget-day will answer even that question!

OKEHAMPTON CAMP.

Further to our March notes, we are now able to give a glimpse of the "Pretoria" (saloon bar) and of Mr. W. Gerry, who is looking forward to meeting many of our Royal Artillery friends there during the coming summer training.

A gentle hint—Look for the "Hop Leaf" sign!



The Pretoria Wine and Spirit Vaults, Okehampton.

Our out-of-door contracts are now coming along, and the popularity of SIMONDS is still a very gratifying feature of these events. "No 'S.B.' left" was the significant message at the end of one such function during the month, when an unprecedented rush occurred, which our worthy patron had not anticipated. A very useful lesson though, which will not be lost. Among the notable contracts at which "Hop Leaf" beverages have been, or will be, obtainable are:—

Tetcott & South Tetcott Point-to-Point Races, Holsworthy.
 Eggesford Hunt Point-to-Point Races, Okehampton.
 Yealampton Agricultural Show, Yealampton.
 North Cornwall Point-to-Point Races, Boscastle.
 South Devon Foxhounds and Haldon Harriers Hunts, Newton Abbot.

A return of the real spring weather would be very helpful to those hardy West Country executives who, year by year, shoulder the responsibilities of these social events. And we shouldn't grumble.

The Tamar Social Club report for 1932 is, as was only to be expected, not a very encouraging one judged merely from a financial point of view. With a depleted staff, it becomes an ever increasing problem as to how "both ends" can be kept and held together. We hope 1933 will show better results, and that a real live United endeavour will be made by every one towards that end. The outcome should repay financially, and otherwise, any effort which "Tamarites" may consider worth making.

All together now!

WEST COUNTRY CHEERS!

Congratulations to our old friends, the 1st Bn. Duke of Wellington's, on another Army rugby cup success. Local "rugger" fans still have a soft spot for them, and were immensely pleased to hear of their victory.

It took many back to those early mornings when, along the Milehouse road, one could almost daily meet these prospective champions, with dear old "Horsey" Browne at their head, undergoing an arduous bit of training; and we silently salute the memory of one who could always be found round where the fight was thickest. In fancy we can almost hear his "well done boys!" from those dim distant halls of Valhalla where rest all such valiant hearts.

And what further can we say of the 2nd Bn. The Rifle Brigade who have qualified for the Army Football Association cup final?

Their record in the Plymouth & District League is also one which bids fair to bring them that championship, and local enthusiasts will be delighted if this crack unit carry off both trophies. What R.S.M. Wilkinson will say to his "boys" we leave our many readers to imagine!

We did beat them at billiards once, which is something to be proud of—although it took a smoke barrage to do that properly! We shudder to think what form of attack these Rifles will have in store for us when the return match is played. A little inside information would be useful beforehand.

Meanwhile—"Forward, the Rifles—to Victory"!

LONDON.

It gave pleasure to all at London Stores to see the photograph of Mr. E. H. Thornbery in the frontispiece of last month's GAZETTE.

A presentation was made to Mr. Fred Paine on Wednesday, March 22, subscribed by his fellow workers on the occasion of his retirement. Unfortunately he has not been well enough to pay a visit to the Branch since his retirement, therefore the presentation has been much delayed.

Owing to ill-health Fred was pensioned at the end of last year, after 40 years' loyal service. It was a sad day for him to learn that it was thought better for him to retire, but the Firm generously provided for his future, which has assured him comforts during his old age.

Mr. F. Paine entered the service of the Firm as drayman in 1889 when the London Stores were situated at Grosvenor Road, Westminster. Mr. Muller was then manager. At that time beers were transported from the Brewery to London by water.

Fred was very popular with customers and made numerous friends in the West Central and North London districts. Since 1919, when motor transport took the place of horses, he was employed in the stores. He proved himself a thorough and loyal

worker and could always be jovial in trying conditions. We are sorry to lose his services and wish him improved health to enable him to enjoy his retirement.



Mr. F. PAINE.

BRIGHTON.

H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE AT BRIGHTON.

Brighton had the satisfaction of welcoming Prince George on Sunday, March 12, in the happiest and most informal fashion.

About mid-day, His Royal Highness, himself driving, and accompanied by a friend and an alsatian dog, halted his car at the car park in front of the Royal Albion Hotel. The attendant signalled to him that the park was full. Smiling cheerfully he turned his car round and found a station not far away. After a

walk on the front he went to the Palace Pier and, quite unrecognised, he paid six pennies for himself and his friend at the turnstile. On the pier, the Prince changed half-a-crown into pennies, and he and his companion set out in light-hearted fashion to scatter their pennies among the various automatic machines. The two played at the same game of football and the Prince scored a goal.

Having dispersed his half-crown, they went to the Royal Albion for lunch. By this time, Mr. Harry Preston was there to receive him, and the Prince talked to him as to an old friend. After lunch the Prince went out for another walk in the glorious sunshine, returned for tea and another chat with Mr. Preston, and drove off about half-past six, declaring that he had thoroughly enjoyed his day at Brighton.

His next visit, on Wednesday, March 15, was rather more formal, when he visited Southwick and Shoreham, on the outskirts of Brighton, where our gas is made, and electricity generated. These undertakings get their supplies of coal by sea, and the old lock at Southwick was too small to admit the larger vessels required now-a-days, so a new lock had to be provided. It was to open this that the Prince came down and also to launch a new lifeboat at Shoreham. For the former ceremony the Prince boarded one of the harbour tugs and steamed to the new lock from the sea direction and, passing through the lock entered the tidal basin, whence ships unload various cargoes.

At Shoreham, after naming the new lifeboat, he went aboard for a trial trip out to sea, taking the tiller during the three mile cruise in the Channel.

A pleasing innovation was carried out at Southwick. Instead of the usual presentation key for opening the lock, the Chairman of the Harbour Trustees asked the Prince's acceptance of a set of volumes, bound in white vellum, containing the plays of John Galsworthy.

At a second attempt, the licence holders of Brighton, secured the permission of the Bench to keep open their premises for an extra half-hour from April to October. Likely visitors, please note.

We are pleased to record that "Duleep" will again captain the Sussex cricket team this season. Although still in Switzerland, where he has been wintering for the good of his health, he has so much improved that he has accepted the captaincy for 1933.