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The



HOP LEAF



TRADE MARK

THE HOP LEAF



GAZETTE



Issued
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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. XII.

MARCH, 1938.

No. 6

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



Mr. B. J. B. STEPHENS.

MR. B. J. B. STEPHENS.

In this issue we have pleasure in presenting to our readers the portrait of Mr. B. J. B. Stephens, a director of The Cirencester Brewery Ltd., in the knowledge that it will receive a hearty welcome from the Directors of this Company and serve to introduce one of their new associates to the Firm's officials in all districts, who are eager to become acquainted with our new friends, now working in a common cause and sharing our own ideals.

Educated at Winchester College, where his studies extended over six years and leaving in July, 1890, Mr. Stephens at the age of nineteen joined a large firm of East Indian Merchants in Liverpool as an apprentice. After two years he was transferred to the Head Office in Glasgow, subsequently being sent to their Bombay House.

In 1897 Mr. Stephens joined the Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation, Ltd., the well-known teak firm, with whom he worked for twenty years in the Dutch Indies, Burma and India, returning home during the Great War, after having been one of the senior managers for several years.

From that time Mr. Stephens has been a Director of the Cirencester Brewery Ltd., and in connection therewith it is interesting to learn that he married a sister of Major F. W. B. Cripps, D.S.O., D.L., J.P., who was then Managing Director. From "Who's Who," we find that Mr. Stephens has been Chairman of the Burma Chamber of Commerce, Vice-Chairman of the Rangoon Port Trust and a member of the Council of the Lieutenant-Governor of Burma, 1913-1914, and received a C.I.E. for his services.

In the world of sport Mr. Stephens has experienced great variety, having been Captain of Football whilst at Winchester College, where he also played for the Cricket XI for several years. During the summer holidays of his last year at school he played cricket for the County of Hampshire. He has also indulged in cricket and football, both rugby and association, as well as hockey in many parts of the world, such as Liverpool, Glasgow, Bombay, Poona, Rangoon, etc. Having ridden and shot most of his life, we hope that the countryside surrounding the sphere of his present business activities provides Mr. Stephens with opportunities for following those favoured pastimes during leisure hours.

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

CHAT *from*



THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)

QUITE SATISFIED!

After the war there were a number of armed raids on banks. As a deterrent, one of the big banking institutions had installed at all their branches large electric alarm bells outside the premises, with control pushes at various points so that in an emergency any member of the staff could rouse the neighbourhood. Bank inspectors were instructed to test the alarms on their visits. An inspector, who was particularly keen on this subject, was at a branch in a small town in Wiltshire and, just before breaking off for lunch, said to the manager, "Now, I'm going to test your alarm bell." The manager said, "Really, sir, I would ask you not to do that. I can assure you it is in perfect working order. The fact of the matter is that everyone in the town knows what the bell is for and when it is rung it causes a great commotion and a crowd gathers in the street." The inspector, however, was not to be deterred from what he considered his duty, rang the bell and expressed himself as quite satisfied with it. A few minutes later he was greatly surprised to see someone coming in through the swing doors backwards. When the man turned round he was seen to be wearing a green apron and carrying a tray on which were five glasses of "S.B."

THE COST OF WAR.

While the wars in Spain and China rage on, Professor Nicholas Murray Butler calculates how much the Great War cost the world. He arrives at a figure of £80,000,000,000. This sum, he says, would have provided five acres, a £500 house and £200 for furniture for every family in Great Britain, the U.S.A., Canada, France, Belgium, Russia, Germany and Australia. Also a £1,000,000 library and a £2,000,000 university for every city of over 20,000 inhabitants in those countries.

Anything else? Yes. With the money left over, the whole territory of France and Belgium could have been purchased.

Yet the world still hankers after war!

IT'S BITTER, BUT HE CAN'T SELL BEER.

Although he claimed to have had a university education and a fine athletic career, a retired schoolmaster was refused an off-licence to sell beer and wines at Woodbridge, near Ipswich, recently. He was Thomas Harper, aged fifty-two, and in support of his application it was stated that he :

Was educated at Durham University.

Had played in the university football team.

Had stroked his college boat.

Had been a middle-weight boxing champion.

Represented Northumberland at cricket and tennis.

Had played in the Bradford City First Division football team.

Won three war medals and was mentioned in despatches.

Had managed a post office.

Had kept a store.

Had run a circulating library and a fried fish business.

Harper claimed to have been picked as the personal escort of the Duke of Windsor during the war.

WELL PACKED!

A little girl was walking with her mother through a London square, and asked why the roadway was covered with straw. "The lady in this house has just had a little daughter sent to her, dear," said the mother.

The child looked at the straw again, and exclaimed: "Awfully well packed, mummie, wasn't it?"

A LIVE WIRE.

"That new man Charlie we've got on the pumps is certainly a live wire," said the manager of the petrol station.

"Really?"

"Yes, a motorist drove up just now and shouted, 'Dionne Quintuplets!'"

"That was a puzzler, wasn't it?"

"Not to Charlie. He simply said, 'Yes, sir,' and gave him five gals!"

SHOVE HA'PENNY.

Shove ha'penny is an old English bar-parlour pastime and it is mentioned by Shakespeare in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Slender swore that he was robbed of "two shovel boards." It was played by King Henry VIII, who once lost XXXVs. VIId. "to my lorde of Wiltshire." It is not organised, like darts. No one knows how many clubs play it and it is doubtful if the Shove Ha'penny Control Association know the total membership. Its chief popularity is centred in the South Midlands and in Southern England, and it is rarely played north of Northamptonshire. Contests with big audiences have been played at Chelmsford, Hastings, Christchurch and Lingfield. Two thousand people once watched a final at Reading. The jargon of the game suggests the jolly atmosphere of the bar-parlour. If you make a particularly skilful shot the proper thing to say is "Pretty tickle, Sir." If you score in every bed you have won "a light in every window." The eighth bed is known traditionally as "The Scotsman"—no one can tell why. If you get all your five coins home that is a "gold watch." In some districts the jargon becomes military and a gold watch is known as a "Sergeant Major." A shove ha'penny match was included in a recent B.B.C. television programme. This was between Patrick O'Neill, a 51-year-old Covent Garden porter, who has played the game for 30 years, and Tom Blackaby, an old soldier, who was only 15 when he played his first game—in the Seven Dials, in the early 'nineties.

SIMPLE DEDUCTION.

As a coal miner and his wife were walking home from church one Sunday evening, the wife said—"How is it, John, that our Minister always calls the dove a he-bird when he gets on about the Flood and the Ark and those things? I never saw in the Bible where it was said that the dove was a he-bird." "Aha, me lass," replied John, "oor Minister is a very learned man and a very sensible man as well; and he knows that if the dove had been a she-bird she couldn't have kept her mouth closed long enough to fetch a twig back to the Ark."

SIMONDS BEER IS BEST.

ANGLO-AMERICAN SYMPATHY.

In this dangerous situation it is gratifying to observe that Anglo-American relations are growing noticeably more cordial. The presence of U.S.A. warships at Sydney last month may have been merely a courteous gesture; but the visit of an American squadron to Singapore for this month's opening of the giant dock is obviously something more. Neither have the Americans sent the chief of their naval plans department to London just for the sake of his health. America undoubtedly has still a long way to travel before she will jettison her objection to "foreign entanglements"; but she has begun to move in the direction, and the folly of the Japanese is almost daily accelerating the pace.

"... NOT AT ANY PRICE."

The same blindness to the latent power of free democracy is also responsible for America's determination to build bigger battleships—and more of them. Alone of the naval powers Japan preserved secrecy concerning her building programme; alone she has exceeded the tonnage agreed between the others. She has thrown down a challenge which Britain and America cannot ignore—and if, in the end, she finds herself opposed to them it will be her own fault. Democracy wants peace and will suffer much to preserve it. But there is a limit. Driven beyond that limit we believe that democracy will face the situation—united.

THE INFORMATION BUREAU.

"What kind of people are those who have just moved in next door to you?" asked Mrs. Gadder.

"Oh, I never talk about my neighbours," replied Mrs. Knowalot. "All I know about them is that their stuff came in one van, that only one of their bedsteads has any brass on it, most of the furniture looks old, there's six in the family, the children are all boys, they have two dogs, the man is about twenty years older than the woman, they had a squabble with the driver of the van when they settled with him, and their name is Smith."

BEER IS BEST FOR SEA-SICKNESS.

Dr. Otto Johannes, ship's physician, of the steamship *Gerolstein*, which has docked at New York, announces, according to the *Daily Express*, that he has discovered a new preventive for sea-sickness and that it has worked 100 per cent.

The cure is a glass of beer before breakfast.

HOW TO KILL AN ASSOCIATION.

There are various methods of strangling an association—an occupation apparently enjoyed by some disgruntled members. The subject was vigorously revived recently at the annual dinner and concert of Preston Chamber of Trade. Guests went home armed with the following "Thirty Ways to Kill an Association":—

1. Don't come to the meetings.
2. But if you do come, come late.
3. If the weather doesn't suit you, don't think of coming.
4. If you do not attend a meeting, find fault with the work of the officers and other members.
5. Never accept an office, as it is easier to criticise than to do things.
6. Nevertheless, get sore if you are not appointed on a committee, but if you are, do not attend committee meetings.
7. If asked by the chairman to give your opinion regarding some important matter, tell him you have nothing to say: after the meeting tell everyone how things ought to be done.
8. Do nothing more than is absolutely necessary; but when other members willingly roll up their sleeves and unselfishly use their ability to help matters along, howl that the association is run by a clique.
9. Hold back your subscriptions as long as possible, or don't pay at all.
10. When a banquet is given, tell everybody money is being wasted on "blow-outs" which make a noise and accomplish nothing.
11. When no banquets are given, say the association is dead and needs a can tied to it.
12. Don't ask for a banquet ticket until all are sold.
13. Then swear you've been cheated out of yours.
14. If you do get a ticket, don't pay for it.
15. If asked to sit at the speaker's table, modestly refuse.
16. If you are not asked, resign from the association.
17. If you don't receive a bill for your subscription, don't pay.
18. If you receive a bill after you have paid, resign from the association.
19. Don't tell the association how it can help you; but if it doesn't help you, resign.
20. If you receive service without joining, don't think of joining.
21. If the association doesn't correct abuses in your neighbour's business, howl that nothing is done.

22. If it calls attention to abuses in your own, resign from the association.
23. Keep your eye open for something wrong, and when you find it, resign.
24. At every opportunity threaten to resign and then get your friends to resign.
25. When you attend a meeting, vote to do something, and then go home and do the opposite.
26. Agree to everything said at the meeting and disagree with it outside.
27. When asked for information, don't give it.
28. Cuss the association for the incompleteness of its information.
29. Get all the association gives you, but don't give it anything, but—
30. When everything else fails . . . CUSS THE SECRETARY.

ANNUAL BANQUET AND BALL.

The Reading and District Licensed Trades Protection and Benevolent Association's 15th annual banquet and ball took place on February 15th, at the Oxford Hall, Oxford Road, Reading, when a record number of 274 spent an enjoyable evening, under the presidency of Mr. Albert E. Drury, a Director of Messrs. Booth's Distilleries, Ltd., who was supported by the Deputy Mayor (Mrs. Alderman A. Jenkins, J.P.) and an influential company. Messrs. Booth, in addition to a donation of £25 to the funds of the association, presented each lady present with a box of handkerchiefs as a souvenir of the occasion. The arrangements were in the hands of a committee comprising the following:—Messrs. J. Healey (chairman), F. C. Riden (treasurer), H. Wise (secretary), H. S. Smith, W. J. Hutchins, G. S. Cherry and T. Kersley.

ENJOYABLE DANCE AND CABARET.

On Tuesday, February 8th, a very delightful function was held at the Grosvenor House, Caversham. Mr. F. W. Freeman of the Accountant's Department was responsible for the happy idea of making use of the ballroom in which to entertain his wide circle of friends by holding a dance and cabaret. There were over 100 present and the evening was voted to be a most enjoyable one, much of the success being due to the most efficient arrangements made by Mr. and Mrs. Norrish. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman excelled in giving everybody a good time and they established for themselves a reputation for the charming manner in which they acted as host and hostess. The Grosvenor House ballroom is ideal for the purpose of holding private functions of all descriptions, for which there is now an increasing demand.

NEEDS OF MODERN COMMERCE.

Some of the old poets had an amazing insight into human nature and a very real appreciation of the needs of modern commerce. The following lines by Goethe are well worth reading and re-reading :

Lose this day loitering—'twil be the same story
 Tomorrow, and the next day more dilatory.
 Then indecision brings its own delays,
 And days are lost lamenting days.

Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute!
 What you can do, or dream you can, begin it!
 Courage has genius, power and magic in it.
 Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
 Begin it, and the work will be completed.

JAPAN THREATENS BRITAIN.

The actual attitude of the Japanese towards the British in China is bad enough, but the most recent pronouncements of their military and naval leaders have made matters infinitely worse, says *Our Empire*. It is futile for Japanese politicians to minimise the gravity of these threats, because the whole world knows that the army rules Japan, and tolerates the politician only so long as he "toes the line."

In Tokyo the politicians realise that Japan has bitten off more than she can chew; in Shanghai their Commander-in-Chief tacitly admits as much, when he threatens Britain with "serious trouble" if she continues to recognise the government of Chiang Kai-shek. Japan reckoned on eliminating the Chinese chief long before this, and his obstinate resistance is causing their leaders to lose their heads. Hence these growls at Britain—who has actually sent fewer armaments to China than Italy or Germany!

*One swallow does not make a Summer
 but
 One swallow will easily convince you
 that
 Simonds' Beer is best.*

A NATURE NOTE.

COLD WINDS MEAN EMPTY CREELS.

WHEN THE MIGRANTS ARRIVE.

(BY C.H.P.).

The 14th of this month is the last day of the season for coarse fishing and we shall not be able to try our luck again until June 16th. I have fished hard throughout the winter and always acting on the Scouts' motto, "Be Prepared," I have enjoyed every minute by the riverside in spite of the biting, cold winds, the sleet and the torrential rains. They say that if the wind is in the north or east you may as well remain at home for the fish will *not* feed. I have proved that beyond the shadow of a doubt this winter and an absolutely empty creel has been the rule rather than the exception. On Sunday, February 20th, for instance, I commenced operations at 8 a.m. and finally reeled in about 5 p.m. I "laid on" far out into the water; I "swam" it well out and close in; I used bread paste, cheese, bread crust cubes, meal worms, gentles and elderberries, but it was all to no purpose. I did not catch a single fish, nor did I have one bite, not even a nibble. A friend, fishing close to me, caught one little dace and two other experienced London anglers also toiled all day for nought. I should think it has been one of the worst roaching seasons for many years. But I must weigh carefully every word I say for at Messrs. Bradley & Sons, Ltd., where these lines are printed, is Mr. Ward, one of the finest fishermen in the South of England. To watch him at work is an education and if he cannot lead members of the finny tribe to their doom, few other anglers can. I have had the pleasure of meeting him occasionally when enjoying the gentle art and find in him not only a great little angler, but a great sportsman.

ANGLERS GRAVE AND GAY.

Anglers are infinite in their variety. Some are grave and others gay. Some like a chat and others are so keen on their fishing that they do not care to enter into conversation. Of course it is rather annoying if, when the fish *are* on the feed and you are landing a few, a crowd collects around you and allow their curiosity to over-ride their discretion. Perhaps it was some such over-curious folk that led an angler to give them a bit of advice. Anyway, on the back of his fishing box upon which he was sitting a disciple of the gentle art who came to Reading recently had written, in big bold letters, the following advice:—

B Brief
B Off.

I noticed that few folk stopped to converse with him and I continued on my way.

WATER VOLE'S MUSSEL MEAL.

As I strolled up the towpath on the morning of the Sunday referred to I saw a water vole leave the water with a mussel in his mouth. I settled down for the day only a few yards away. On my approach the vole naturally beat a hasty retreat leaving the mussel on the bank. About half an hour later as I was sitting quietly on my camp stool I saw the little creature trot along the bank towards the mussel and bite away the shell at one end. Then, sitting on his haunches, and holding the mussel in his forefeet, the water rat ate away at the succulent interior of the shell, which was evidently much to his liking.

I thought it was a very charming little *tableau vivant*.

WILD DUCK'S TOILET.

You would hardly think that a wild duck which spends most of his time in the water would need a bath. But as I was fishing I watched one having a very thorough wash in the shallow water on the other side of the river. He was indeed a handsome fellow with his yellow-green bill, rich green head and neck with white collar. Other parts of his dress were of chestnut brown, black and white. He repeatedly plunged under the water, then flapped his wings vigorously. By the aid of his bill and his feet he preened his feathers and when he had finished his toilet, which was a very thorough business, he did indeed look spick and span.

THE MONTH OF MIGRANTS.

We must look out for the migrants this month. It was on March 20th last year that I first heard the chiff-chaff and, curiously enough, on looking up my records for 1936, I see I first heard the cheery notes of this little bird on exactly the same day of the month. About the same time the willow warblers arrive and don't forget to listen for their daintily sweet song filtering down from the tree-tops.

On April 10th last year the swallows arrived. They may be seen skimming the Pang at Tidmarsh as early as anywhere, I think. The following day I heard the wryneck's *tee tee tee*. He is known as the cuckoo's mate because he arrives about the same time as the bird with whose notes we are all so familiar. The nightingales also come here in April. The swifts are among the last of our summer visitors to reach our shores and it was not until May 3rd last year that I saw some of the first arrivals.

The why and the wherefore of migration still remain a mystery as also does much else concerning wild nature's ways.

Behold! we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last to all
And every winter change to spring.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Just to show us that winter is not yet over we have been experiencing a rather cold spell, and as this has been universal throughout the South it has not helped trade. However, with the promise of better things (and weather) to come we shall be having our busy time in due course. Judging by what I heard of a few members of our staff who have been in the Plymouth area, on business, they found the weather very bitter and were asking for hot water bottles for their beds. One who sojourned in Torquay for a short while found it anything but warm and this must be very unusual, I should imagine, although I have never been there myself.

Glad to say the staff have weathered the winter well and the amount of sickness has been very little. From enquiries it would seem to be the general rule in Reading. Now that the days are drawing out there is promise of "Merry Sunshine" to come.

In reference to my notes of last month regarding the three generations of Goodalls, viz., Mr. "Dick" Goodall, Mr. A. Goodall and Mr. R. V. Goodall, I am informed that the father of Mr. Dick Goodall used to work at The Brewery so that makes it four generations. I am indebted to Mr. F. Josey for this information.

Football has been very much to the fore this past month, for Reading have been making a bold bid for promotion and although the prospects are not too good, at the moment, in view of the number of away games Reading have yet to play, interest may be kept up until the end of the season. Our Bristol friends are no doubt thinking seriously about promotion and they have a most excellent chance. As they are playing just now they will want some stopping. There does not seem to be any particularly outstanding team in the Southern Section of the League this season so we may have a big surprise before May comes along. Naturally at Reading we hear a lot about the prospects of London teams. Nevertheless I am not so sure that a London team will win the league.

With regard to our other "Branch" teams, it is surprising to find that both Portsmouth and Plymouth are keeping up all the other teams in their respective leagues. Still I have an idea that Portsmouth will continue to do well, but I am not quite so sure about Plymouth. We shall see! Brighton are doing quite well but possibly like Reading their promotion hopes are not so bright as they might be.

The following football note from the *Evening Gazette* (Reading's local daily paper) is of more than passing interest:—

"Spectators at the Sherfield Reserves and Whitchurch Reserves football match at Sherfield (near Basingstoke) had plenty of excitement. Members of a hunt galloped across the pitch while play was in progress, the ball was lost in the top of the Queen Victoria Jubilee chestnut tree, a violent altercation took place on the touch-line between rival members of a women's organisation, drawing the attention of players and spectators—and then the common caught fire!

"It is believed Sherfield lost the match 1-3."

I am sorry to record the death of Mr. O. F. Kealey, father of Mr. E. A. Kealey, of the Branch Department. Mr. O. F. Kealey was employed at The Brewery in the Building Department for 14 years, leaving in 1925. The opportunity is taken to express our sympathy to Mr. E. A. Kealey in his sad loss.

Mr. H. Goatley of the Estates Office, who has recently returned to duty after a very severe illness, has had a very trying time lately owing to his wife having to be taken to the Royal Berkshire Hospital to undergo an operation. It is pleasing to record that Mrs. Goatley is going along very nicely.

I have just heard of the death of Mrs. Wadhams, mother of Mr. J. H. Wadhams (Assistant Secretary) and our deepest sympathy is hereby expressed to him in his very sad and tragic loss.

The following transfers and changes of Tenants have taken place during the month of February and to all wish every success:—

The Prince Albert, Whitton (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. J. Emmett.

The Red Cow, Wooburn Green (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. W. J. Morgan.

The Chequers, Dorchester (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. A. E. Tame.

Off-Licence, 35 Speedwell Street, Oxford (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. A. C. Parker.

The Globe, Windsor (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. J. Fawcett.

The Greyhound Hotel, Wargrave (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. J. Carvill.

The Railway Arms, Windsor (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. J. Newman.

I regret to record the following deaths during February :—

Mr. C. White, The Bee Hive, Russells Water, who had been a Wheeler Company tenant since September, 1917.

Mr. George Berry, The Perseverance, Wraysbury, who had been a tenant for 40 years.

Mr. H. R. Foskett, who died at 39 St. Peter's Road, Reading, resided in High Wycombe for 30 years and for practically the whole of that time was manager of the mineral water works connected with Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd. It was not until the brewery and mineral water works ceased to exist that Mr. Foskett removed to Reading. On the Wednesday morning prior to his death he visited the Reading British Legion headquarters and expressed the hope that when he died his coffin would be covered with the Union Jack. He was assured that when that time arrived his wish should be gratified. That evening he was taken ill and never spoke again. Mr. Foskett had a distinguished military career. For 21 years he served with the 13th and 18th Hussars and retired with the rank of Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant. In High Wycombe he proved himself a useful resident and for years was one of the sidesmen at Christ Church and he was the Founder of the Church Lads' Brigade Company. The funeral was held at High Wycombe and his coffin was covered with the Union Jack. *R.I.P.*

The above details were extracted from the *Bucks Free Press*.

Make a new contact and it is surprising what you can hear and learn. What I mean is this : if you meet someone outside your usual run of friends it is amazing what you can hear. In fact I think there is no one more interesting than a human being; that is where the charm of meeting fresh people comes in and where is one more likely to do this than in an ordinary Pub?

However, this story was not heard in a Pub. To some it may seem "tall"; nevertheless it is true in every particular. It concerns a taxi-driver who had to take two people to the station. In addition he had to take a large picture and it was put on the top of the taxicab. When arriving at the station you can well imagine the driver's surprise when he was told by his fare he had no money to pay him, in fact only sufficient cash to pay for his railway tickets. Naturally the driver asked "What about it?" Eventually, after considerable talk, it was agreed that the taxi-driver should keep the picture until his fare (who gave him his address) sent him on 7/6 (the fare), plus a certain amount for carriage of the picture to the owner. On arriving at his home the taxi-driver obtained assistance and took the picture off the top of his cab and whilst on this duty, two ladies passing asked him where he had obtained it

and, in reply, the driver said "I've just 'pinched' it in lieu of a fare." One of the ladies offered him, there and then, £5 for it but he did not accept. The money for the fare has not yet been forthcoming (and this is a matter of eleven years ago). The taxi-driver still has the picture which is an oil painting and very large. I have been asked my opinion of the value but as I am no expert I am unable to do so.

The taxi-driver then went on to tell me another true story. A man he knew bought a few pictures which he liked. He actually paid very little for them at a sale. When his wife was ill with "flu" a doctor was called in and had a look at the pictures hung up on the wall and for one of them offered £5. This the owner would not accept and he had it valued. The Valuer advised him to send it to Christies, which he did, and the picture was sold for £2,500.

THE ROEBUCK HOTEL, TILEHURST-ON-THAMES.

Congratulations to Capt. and Mrs. P. F. Williams on the birth of a son on February 28th, 1938.

CROSSBILLS.

One day in early spring, when wind and snow
Had driven starveling migrants from the north,
Down to our Ufton firs; methought I'd go
Across the woods; and so I sallied forth,
Expecting no excitement, nothing rare :
—Only to sniff the resin in the air.

But when, as was my custom, I had stopped
Within an open space where sunlight fell,
And on the ground lay branches newly lopped
Exuding all their turpentine smell
—As tho' from heaven sent, a glad surprise
Assailed my sight and gratified my eyes.

For there, about a dozen yards ahead,
Were visitors I'd never seen before :
(The females olive-green, the males rust-red)
Not one or two or three, but near a score :
Hanging as little parrots on the trees
—CROSSBILLS, in colours like crushed strawberries !

What lessons to my tale?—why scarcely one :
'Twas all a part of God's beneficence
In keeping with the breezes and the sun
And with the forest's broad magnificence :
—This only will I add, and say no more,
—You never know what blessings are in store.

S. E. COLLINS.

THE ROYAL WARRANT HOLDERS ASSOCIATION.

MR. F. A. SIMONDS PRESIDES AT ANNUAL BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the Royal Warrant Holders Association was held at the Connaught Rooms, London, on Wednesday, 16th February, 1938.

Amongst the distinguished company present were the following:—Paymaster Lieut.-Commander W. H. Samways, M.V.O., M.B.E., R.N.; Lieut.-Col. A. V. Agius, M.C., T.D. (Trade Commissioner for Malta); Wm. Harrison, J.P.; Brig.-Gen. A. Courage, D.S.O., M.C.; F. S. Osgood, C.B.E., M.V.O.; Capt. Wm. Frank Cooper; Capt. R. J. Streatfeild, R.A. (Private Secretary to H.M. The Queen); The Rev. Lumley Green-Wilkinson (Extra Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury); Sir Maurice Cassidy, K.C.V.O., C.B.; Capt. James D. Haggart, O.B.E., J.P.; Admiral Oliver Backhouse, C.B.; F. P. Robinson (Financial Secretary to H.M. The King); General Sir Felix Ready, G.B.E., K.C.S., C.S.I., C.M.G., D.S.O. (Colonel of the Royal Berkshire Regiment); Lieut.-Gen. Sir Travers Clarke, G.B.E., K.C.B., K.C.M.G.; Brig.-Gen. Sir Hill Child, Bt., K.C.V.O., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (Master of H.M.'s Household); The Rt. Hon. S. M. Bruce, C.H., M.C. (High Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Australia); Howard A. Hughes; Major Sir Ulick Alexander, K.C.V.O., C.M.G., O.B.E. (Keeper of the Privy Purse); Sir Walter James Womersley, J.P., M.P. (Assistant Postmaster-General); Charles F. Glenn; The Hon. Vincent Massey (High Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada); Col. Sir Arthur E. Erskine, G.C.V.O., D.S.O. (Crown Equerry); James W. G. Ross; The Right Hon. The Earl of Iveagh, C.B., C.M.G.; The Hon. Mr. Justice Simonds; Col. Terence E. G. Nugent, C.V.O., M.C. (Comptroller to the Lord Chamberlain); Admiral Sir Reginald Tupper, G.B.E., K.C.B., C.V.O.; Lionel V. Straker; Sir Eric Charles Miéville, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., C.M.G. (Assistant Private Secretary to H.M. The King); Sir Arthur Cochrane, K.C.V.O. (Clarenceux King of Arms); Robert M. Wharam; W. H. Cornish; W. G. Douglas Elliott, S.S.C. (The Hon. Treasurer the Association of Edinburgh Royal Tradesmen); R. J. W. Stacey; Robert Pears.

The following were Mr. Eric's own particular guests:—Monsieur Anton Bon; Col. F. Benson, C.B.E.; F. H. V. Keighley; Capt. E. S. de Brett, R.E.; L. A. Simonds; The Hon. Seymour Berry; Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N. (Retd.); Air-Commodore A. Fletcher, C.M.G., C.B.E., M.C.; Major F. J. Johnson; A. Schorno; A. W. C. Bowyer; C. F. Caiger; S. T. Warner; C. H. F. Johnson; A. G. Richardson; P. F. Knapp; E. S. Phipps; S. M. Penlerick; G. W. Straine; Capt. A. S. Drewe; C. S. Johnson; Major G. S. M. Ashby; Ronald Whiteway; W. G. Inglis; R. St. J. Quarry; A. G. West; Sir Franklin Sibly; J. H. Simonds, D.L., J.P.; Sir Edgar Sanders; F. C. Jackson.

THE PRESIDENT (F. A. SIMONDS, ESQ.) IN THE CHAIR.

The President said the following telegram was sent to His Majesty the King at Buckingham Palace:—"The President and Members of the Royal Warrant Holders Association and their guests assembled at their Annual Banquet at the Connaught Rooms respectfully tender to Your Majesty and to Her Majesty The Queen their humble and loyal duty and trust that your Majesties will graciously accept their heartfelt wish that continued health and happiness and the devotion of a loyal Empire may be for long enjoyed by Your Majesties.—F. A. Simonds, President." (Applause.) I have received the following reply from Buckingham Palace:—"Please convey to the Members of the Royal Warrant Holders Association and their guests assembled at their Annual Banquet the sincere thanks of the King and Queen for their kind and loyal message of good wishes which Their Majesties much appreciate.—Private Secretary." (Loud Applause.)

The President next proposed: "The King," and the toast was loyally honoured. The Toast of "The Queen and the other Members of the Royal Family" was also warmly received.

Sir Walter James Womersley, J.P., M.P. (The Assistant Postmaster-General) proposed the Toast of "Imperial Trade and Industry." In his capacity as Assistant Postmaster-General he wished to tell them briefly of the part that his department was playing in building up Imperial trade and industry. It had played and was continuing to play a great part in the work of Imperial unity. Take the Empire Air Mail. In its efforts to serve Imperial trade and industry the Post Office was particularly proud of the part which it had played in bringing into operation that epoch-making development, the Empire Air Mail Scheme. (Applause.) The aim was to provide faster and more frequent services. It was hoped that eventually the mail would reach Cape Town in 100 hours and Sydney in a week. No other country had ever imagined such a scheme. In no other country could letters be carried such distances by air for the small charge of 1½d. per half ounce. The South African section of the scheme had been in operation since last June, and now approximately 23 tons of first-class mail was carried each month by air, as compared with 3 tons per month before the inception of the Empire Air Mail Scheme. It was expected that the service to India, Burma and Malaya would be inaugurated in a week's time, to be followed later by a similar service to Australia. Communications were the arteries through which the life stream of trade flowed, and the Post Office had directed its policy towards providing the British business man with improved communications which compared favourably with those of any other country. As a result of the active development of

that policy, London to-day occupied the proud position of the World's Switchboard, and through the International Exchange in London communication was possible by radiotelephone and submarine cable with more than 95 per cent. of the total 35,000,000 telephone subscribers in the world; and it had been their policy to improve the services and to cheapen the rates. (Applause.) They had just opened out new services to Jamaica, Iraq and Malaya. They had reduced the charges for calls to India and Egypt so that now they could telephone to either of these countries for £1 per minute; to Japan for £1 12s. od. a minute, and to the Dutch East Indies for £1 8s. 8d. They had also been able to come to an arrangement with both the United States and Canada for reduced rates. When he told them that the traffic had increased nearly three times in less than three years, they would agree that they were indeed giving a service that was popular, and helpful to trade and industry. (Applause.)

The Toast, with which was coupled the name of the High Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Australia, was drunk with enthusiasm.

The Right Honourable S. M. Bruce, C.H., M.C. (High Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Australia), who was cordially received, made an eloquent reply.

Major Sir Ulick Alexander, K.C.V.O., C.M.G., O.B.E. (Keeper of the Privy Purse) proposed "The President, Officers and Members of the Royal Warrant Holders Association." He said he would like to congratulate all very much on the choice of their President, Mr. Simonds. (Applause.) Mr. Simonds, as they knew, was a man who had vast experience in the business world. He was a Brewer, and everybody knew that "Beer is best." (Laughter.) He felt that he had association with Mr. Simonds, because in the South African War he was a soldier. He also carried on a very big job in the Great War; he did a big business supplying the troops with beer. Well, he had taken on a big job now, and so he was carrying on the tradition. (Laughter and applause.)

The Toast was received with enthusiasm.

The President, in reply said: "Sir Ulick Alexander, My Lords and Gentlemen, may I thank you, Sir Ulick, for the very happy manner in which you have proposed the health of the Association, coupling with it the name of the President, and may I thank the general company for the very generous manner in which they have acclaimed that Toast? I am very grateful to you, Sir Ulick, for stepping into the breach to-night. At 11 o'clock to-day a bombshell was thrown into the camp. The Lord Chief Justice of England, who should have proposed the last Toast, sent a message to us that he was unable to be present. I have a letter from him, which I

think I should read to you:—'Dear Mr. Simonds'—this is from the Central Criminal Court—(Laughter)—on the next occasion I hope he will still address me as 'Dear Mr. Simonds'—(renewed laughter)—'I am greatly disappointed to find that I cannot come to-night to your banquet. For some days past I have been, and still am, struggling with a severe cold, so that I must get home as soon as the Court rises and save the remnants of my voice for the Jury here. If you can persuade Mr. Justice Simonds to take my place the audience will be the gainers.' (Laughter.) I think that seems to infer a disparagement as between my younger brother, Sir Gavin Simonds, and myself. Let me assure you, Gentlemen, that I am in no way resentful of that unequal distribution of brains in my family which has decreed that my younger brother should be a distinguished member of the Learned Profession and I should be a somewhat undistinguished member of a highly-criticised industry." (Laughter.)

"On the receipt of this news that the Lord Chief Justice of England could not be here, we immediately attacked the next best man—the Keeper of His Majesty's Privy Purse. (Applause.) With that spirit which permeates the Brigade of Guards, he at once stepped into the breach. He told me to-night that he ought to be handicapped in the novices' class. I am sure that after his speech tonight you will disagree with him. (Hear, hear.) We are indeed grateful to him for coming and explaining, much better than I could have done, the position which now obtains as regards the granting of the Royal Warrant."

"I have an apology to make, which I know will appeal to all of you, from my immediate Past-President, Lord Herbert Scott. I am very sorry indeed that, owing to a severe illness which has attacked him recently, he is unable to be present to-night. We owe a great deal to Lord Herbert. (Applause.) Lord Herbert was primarily a soldier, but he has stepped into industry. Indeed, he is associated with something that goes faster than anything else I know—I do not refer to his chairmanship of Rolls-Royce; I believe they go fast, although I am not a motoring man—he is closely associated with the manufacture of bottles. (Laughter.) Lord Herbert last year was responsible for a very great privilege being bestowed on this Association. He obtained permission for your President to attend the Coronation, a privilege which had never yet been bestowed on this Association, and in that capacity your President was present at the Coronation. He enjoyed himself on those crowded benches enormously, but I am asked to convey a message from some of the critics on that occasion that, if and when there is another Coronation—and I hope it may be a long way distant—(Hear, hear)—this Association will choose its President more for quality than substance." (Laughter.)

"I have referred to your stepping into the breach, Sir Ulick. At the same time, Gentlemen, I would like to thank on your behalf this battery of orators whom we have heard, and there are more to come. I do not think we have ever had such a galaxy of talent, such a banquet of oratory, as at this gathering. We have had the Assistant Postmaster-General, followed by Mr. Bruce, and we have Mr. Vincent Massey to follow. I take it as a great personal compliment that those gentlemen should have honoured us to-night." (Applause.)

"Sir Ulick has referred to the granting of the new Warrants. Let me say at once that as generation succeeds generation and monarch succeeds monarch there must be a change of outlook, a change of taste, and if some of us are disappointed in years to come, let us hold out the hand of congratulation to those who may succeed us. Some may take our places but we shall not look upon them with enmity or jealousy. It is all for the good of our great Trade and Industry. (Applause.) If there are any new Warrant Holders, may I ask them please to hand in their names at the earliest possible moment to our hard-working and efficient secretary, Mr. Pears?"

"We have heard too much of the 'good old times' in industry. We are apt to reflect on the days when there was no Income Tax, no N.D.C., we forget the horrors of the road, the appalling epidemics, the lack of care for employees. We have forgotten the care for the youth of to-day, the better conditions of employment. We have forgotten the subsidies for old age."

"Let us regard with happiness and satisfaction the fact that to-day, as Warrant Holders, we are pre-eminent in our own Craft, in our own Trade, and be duly grateful."

"I thank you one and all for the cordial manner in which you have responded to this Toast and in conclusion I would like to tell you that to-night—this has just come up on the tape; I suppose it was the magnetic influence of the attraction of the speakers—we have beaten by one the record number of diners at these banquets. If we have beaten the record only by one, Gentlemen, I believe they would say at Newmarket that they would 'pay out on it.' (Laughter.) I think that is a very remarkable achievement and I am very grateful to all those gentlemen who have supported us to-night. Thank you very much." (Loud applause.)

Mr. Howard A. Hughes (Vice-President of the Association) proposed "Our Guests."

The Toast was drunk with great cordiality.

The Honourable Vincent Massey (High Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada), who was warmly received, replied: Let him say in all seriousness how much such an occasion as that meant to those who foregathered with them. They valued the opportunity that had been given them that night. It was a platitude to speak of what personal contacts meant to the British Empire. Not only did they help them to achieve their unity, to make the British Empire what it was, they were the very stuff of the Empire itself, and there could not be too many personal contacts between the communities which made up that great Commonwealth. "That, Sir," continued the speaker, "is why your guests are grateful to you for the pleasure that you have given us. We thank you for your hospitality, and in doing so I know I am speaking for all of us. We wish this Association all success in the future. In token of our feeling, Sir, if it is not out of order, may I ask my fellow guests to rise and, with me, drink the health of the President?"

The Toast was received with musical honours, three hearty cheers being given for the President.

The President: "Mr. Vincent Massey, My Lords and Gentlemen: May I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the very cordial welcome that you gave to that Toast. I take it, not as a personal tribute, but as a tribute to our great Association. I cannot imagine a greater event in any man's business career than being invited to take the Chair at this big banquet. I am very honoured to think that my name will in due course be inscribed on that roll of very distinguished business men who have occupied this position in the past. We are very nearly approaching the Centenary of this Association's Charter. In 1940 we shall have the Centenary Celebration. Will you please, all of you, note 1940—and in that connection I am not giving away any secret! I apologise for the absence to-night of Captain the Marquess of Milford Haven, who, as you all know, is closely identified with this Association, but who, owing to a serious accident, has been laid up for some time and cannot be here to-night. Gentlemen, the Assistant Postmaster-General has said something which has frightened me horribly. I am leaving in the course of a few hours for one of the Colonies. I believe you call it a Colony, Sir. I had hoped that communication, if not entirely cut off, anyhow would be very expensive. I had hoped to be cut off from tax gatherers, debt collectors and all other kindred nuisances, but I am assured by the Assistant Postmaster-General that he can get at me in a very short time and at a very low cost. (Laughter.) I am sorry, Mr. Assistant Postmaster-General, that you have broadcast such very bad ideas throughout England to-night. (Renewed laughter.) I should like to thank Mr. Pears and all those responsible—his own personal staff and mine—for the arrangements which they have made and which have

assured a record gathering. (Applause.) Again I should like to thank you, Sir Ulick Alexander, for coming to our rescue and for giving us much encouragement as to the future of those who hold or hope to hold the Warrant. May I thank you, Mr. Needham, the Conductor of the Band of my old Regiment? May I thank all the members of your Band? I am sure that you, Sir Felix Ready, as Colonel of the Old County Regiment, are deeply gratified to know that they are performing to-night. (Applause.) You, Sir Ulick, referred to me as having been a soldier. I did soldier with you, Sir Felix. Gentlemen, Sir Felix became a great soldier, as he deserved. I was the worst soldier ever. (Laughter.) I think I was the worst soldier who ever left these shores and I got put in my proper place; I never got any stripes at all, while Sir Felix rose to one of the highest ranks, as he fully deserved. I am grateful to you gentlemen of the Connaught Rooms for having given us a wonderful repast. I am grateful to the purveyors of the wines, the good liqueurs we have consumed, and above all—I rather think I am putting this in the wrong order—may I be forgiven?—I am grateful to His Majesty for providing that venison which he has always provided in the past for these banquets, from the Royal Herds at Windsor. A very happy gesture from His Majesty! (Applause.) We have representatives here to-night of almost every class of industry. We have the mandarins of the trades and professions, the magnates, the big pundits, I am glad to see the grave and the gay here to-night, and I do not identify any trade which is not represented in this great gathering. In conclusion, may I thank you, Mr. Toastmaster, for the very efficient manner in which you have performed your duties. I only hope that you may have many opportunities of acting as my Adjutant on future occasions, if not in this Chair. (Applause.)

I ask you, Gentlemen, to be upstanding while the National Anthem is played.

The Company sang the National Anthem and then dispersed.

An observer writes thus:—

It was, indeed, a great honour to be one of the guests at the annual banquet of the Royal Warrant Holders Association. As one entered the large banqueting hall, with its tastefully decorated tables laid to accommodate a record number, its softly shaded lights, an enormous Union Jack surmounted with a beautifully executed Royal Coat of Arms, arranged behind the chair of the President, one could not but be impressed with the atmosphere of loyalty and dignity which permeated the whole assembly. We were, naturally, entertained right royally, as befits a gathering of

all those who, by Appointment, supply the Household of His Majesty The King. Incidentally, the Royal Venison, graciously presented by The King, was much appreciated.

The speeches were of the highest order, made by eminent personages to whom it was a delight to listen. Keen disappointment was felt at the announcement that the Lord Chief Justice of England, who was to have been the principal guest, was indisposed and unable to be present. His place, however, was admirably filled by Major Sir Ulick Alexander, K.C.V.O., C.M.G., O.B.E. (Keeper of the Privy Purse), whose timely pronouncement concerning the future issue of Royal Warrants was of particular interest.

Sir Walter J. Womersley, J.P., M.P. (Assistant Postmaster-General) proposed the toast of "Imperial Trade and Industry." It was evident that he had gone to considerable pains to present us with a mass of figures and he seemed particularly desirous of showing how proud he is of the development of the Empire Air Mail Service—indeed a fine achievement.

In turn, we were also entertained by speeches from The Rt. Hon. Stanley M. Bruce, C.H., M.C., High Commissioner for Australia—whose humorous description of the Ottawa Conference created much amusement—Mr. Howard A. Hughes, the Vice-President of the Association, and the Hon. Vincent Massey, High Commissioner for Canada.

At the head of affairs sat our Chairman and Managing Director, Mr. F. A. Simonds, who, as always, proved the perfect host and we, his own particular guests, felt a glow of pride to see him there. His two speeches were received with acclamation and were credited by many as being the best of the evening. As President of the Association he had despatched a telegram of loyal greeting to H.M. The King and shortly afterwards received a gracious reply from Buckingham Palace conveying the good wishes of His Majesty for the success of the banquet.

In his final remarks he paid tribute to all those who had worked, each in his respective sphere, towards making the banquet the huge success it had proved to be; no one was forgotten and his thoughtfulness is, I am sure, most deeply appreciated.

During the banquet we listened to music played by the Band of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Berkshire Regiment (by kind permission of Lieut.-Col. E. G. Miles, D.S.O., M.C., and Officers) and how magnificently they played for us! It may not be generally known that the choice of the Band for such occasions is the privilege of the President. It was indeed a happy gesture on the part of Mr. Eric to invite the Band of his County Regiment, and they

certainly upheld all tradition. The rendering of the National Anthem was truly inspiring; preceded by a prolonged drum-roll and the gradual fading of the lights, the playing of the first note synchronised with the brilliant illumination of an enormous Crown at the end of the hall. It was an experience which will remain in the memory of those present for many a long day. General Sir Felix Ready, G.B.E., K.C.S., C.S.I., C.M.G., D.S.O., The Colonel of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, was among the principal guests and he must have felt tremendously proud of his Regimental Band. I do know that members of the gathering who came from Berkshire were most enthusiastic.

The band appears to have captured the imagination of more than our observer, for the following paragraph is quoted from the *Sunday Pictorial* under issue dated 20th February, 1938:—

“If I ever wore a hat I'd raise it to the band of the 1st Battalion of the Royal Berkshire Regiment. Here's why . . .

“A night or two ago I went to the dinner of the Royal Warrant Holders' Association. You know—the tradespeople who supply goods personally to the King. Fairly naturally, an emphatically patriotic atmosphere prevailed. And at the end that Berkshire Band played the National Anthem as I have not heard it played for years. A proper interpretation is really inspiring. The hundreds of guests joined in at the top of their voices.”

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Oliver rose next morning in better heart, and went about his usual early occupations with more hope and pleasure than he had known for many days. The birds were once more hung out, to sing, in their old places; and the sweetest wild flowers that could be found, were once more gathered to gladden Rose with their beauty. The melancholy which had seemed to the sad eyes of the anxious boy to hang, for days past, over every object, beautiful as all were, was dispelled by magic. The dew seemed to sparkle more brightly on the green leaves; the air to rustle among them with a sweeter music; and the sky itself to look more blue and bright. Such is the influence which the condition of our own thoughts exercises, even over the appearance of external objects. Men who look on nature, and their fellowmen, and cry that all is dark and gloomy, are in the right; but the sombre colours are reflections from their own jaundiced eyes and hearts. The real hues are delicate, and need a clearer vision.—From Dickens' "Oliver Twist."

COMMANDER P. F. M. DAWSON, R.N.



[Photo by The Arcade Studios, Reading.]

RECORD OF NAVAL SERVICE AND PHYSICAL TRAINING EXPERIENCE.

Commander P. F. M. Dawson, R.N., who has recently joined Messrs. H. & G. Simonds staff at the Brewery, Reading, comes with a fine record of naval service, while he has also had a wide and varied experience in regard to physical training. He is ready and willing to give all wishing to receive it, the benefit of that valuable experience.

NAVAL SERVICE.

It was in September, 1908, that he entered the navy and completed four years' training at the R.N. Colleges, Osborne and Dartmouth. During this period he had the honour of serving with both His Majesty The King and the Duke of Windsor.

After six months in the *Cornwall*, training cruiser for cadets, he received his first appointment, as a midshipman, to the *Dreadnought* in May, 1913. He served in this ship until August, 1918, and left her with the rank of Lieutenant! Service in one ship for such a long period is extremely rare, and was entirely due to war conditions. Although he remained for such a long period, many changes took place and he was shipmate with over 500 officers, and six Admirals flew their flags in the ship during his five-year appointment.

The *Dreadnought* was, of course, the first ship of her type, and she was built in Portsmouth Dockyard in the record time of one year. His first acquaintance with her was in 1911, when his father was stationed at Portland Dockyard. At that time she was the flagship of Admiral Sir William May, the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet. A telegram was received from the Admiralty one morning informing the C-in-C that an Abyssinian Prince and his suite would be visiting the Flagship the following afternoon. His Highness duly arrived and was awarded the customary honours. He and his suite appeared to be greatly impressed and pleased with their tour of the ship, frequently making use of the expression "Bunga! Bunga!" to manifest their delight. Taking tea with the Admiral they signified their desire to keep several of the teacups as souvenirs. As they appeared on deck for their departure the bugler sounded off "Sunset," and, whilst the officers and men turned aft and saluted the White Ensign in the customary fashion, His Royal Highness and suite created a mild sensation by falling flat on their faces!!

After his guests had been safely landed, the C-in-C duly informed the Admiralty that the visit had been successfully carried through. It was then discovered that the whole affair had been an elaborate hoax from start to finish. The incident created great amusement amongst the other ships of the Fleet and the *Dreadnought's* officers and ship's company had their legs unmercifully pulled. This was carried to such an extent that a pitched battle took place in Weymouth between a contingent of the *Dreadnought's* ship's company and the remainder of the Fleet, with the result that several staid petty officers and able seamen of unblemished record spent the night in the police station.

MOST EVENTFUL INCIDENT.

The most eventful incident of Commander Dawson's war service in the *Dreadnought* was the sinking of the German submarine, U 29, on March 18th, 1915. This was the sole occasion on which a submarine was sunk by ramming by a battleship in the Grand Fleet. "We were in company with the rest of our squadron about 100 miles East of Cromarty, and were steaming in line abreast," he says. "The submarine was caught unawares, half-submerged, and was sighted on the starboard bow. The ship was steaming at 17 knots at the time, and fortunately we had steam for full speed. The prompt action of the Navigating Officer in putting the helm hard over resulted in U 29 being rammed and cut clean in two. All this occurred between 12.15 and 12.30 p.m. when the majority of the ship's company were enjoying their dinner hour. I, personally, had the afternoon watch, and was due to take up my duties at 12.30 p.m. I arrived on the bridge just in time to see the bows of the submarine, looking like a huge shark, standing up in the water on our starboard side, and I was able to read the letter and number clearly. It is of interest to note that U 29 was commanded by Otto von Weddigen, who, when in command of U 9, had been successful in sinking the three old cruisers, *Hogue*, *Aboukir* and *Sutlej* and later the *Hawke*. The latest newspapers that we received before going to sea had mentioned that U 29 had sunk several merchantmen off Lands End, so that von Weddigen was evidently on his return journey to Germany when he met his fate."

"My first appointment after qualifying in Physical Training duties," continued the Commander, "was the Boys' Training Establishment, the *Impregnable*, at Devonport. The Commanding Officer was Capt. Gordon Campbell, V.C., who, of course, was renowned for his Q-boat exploits during the war. He was promoted to Captain at the remarkably early age of 31. At this time, the *Indus*, the Boy Artificers Training Establishment at Devonport, was commanded by Capt. Thomas Lyne, who had served as a Boy in the *Impregnable*, and so had started at the bottom rung of the ladder. The two were great friends, and though they were of approximately the same seniority as Captains, there was a difference of over 20 years between them in age."

RESPONSIBLE FOR INTER-SERVICE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

"Since I qualified in Physical and Recreational Training in 1921 I have been continuously employed in those duties ashore and afloat to the date of my last appointment in 1934. Perhaps my most interesting appointment in this respect was from 1932-34, when I was on the staff at the R.N. School of P. and R.T. at

Portsmouth. In this position I was brought in close touch with the Secretaries of the other Services Athletic, Boxing, Swimming and Fencing Associations, and, when the Navy's turn came along every third year, I was responsible for the organisation of the Inter-Service Championships. I was also the Navy's representative on the Committees of the A.A.A., A.S.A., A.B.A., etc., and met many interesting people in the civilian sporting world."

WORK AT CORBY.

"My work at Corby since October, 1934, is really reflected in the two copies of the magazine "The Crowquill." When I first arrived Corby was a village of 1,600 inhabitants, and it is now a town of nearly 12,000 people. This increase of population is entirely due to the extension of the works of Stewarts and Lloyds, who are one of the largest manufacturers of steel tubes in the country. The country round Corby is rich in iron ore—it is estimated that there are 500,000,000 tons of it, and production has been accelerated to such an extent that a lb. of iron stone may be in the ground one day and a steel tube the next. The firm has built upwards of 1,600 houses for their employees and a sports ground and welfare club have been provided at a cost of £30,000. Some views of the clubrooms can be seen in the "Crowquill."

ENTIRELY UNDER HIS CONTROL.

"The administration of this welfare club and grounds was entirely under my control, and forms the social centre for all the employees. Corby is situated in the heart of an agricultural country, being eight miles from Kettering and 25 miles from Northampton and Leicester. It will be appreciated, therefore, that the opening of this club satisfied a long-felt want, there being no other facilities for social occasions in the vicinity."

PARTICULARS OF COMMANDER DAWSON'S NAVAL SERVICE.

- 1908-10. R.N. College, Osborne.
 1910-12. R.N. College, Dartmouth.
 1912. H.M.S. *Cornwall*.
 1913. H.M.S. *Dreadnought*.
 1918. H.M.S. *Princess Royal*.
 1919. H.M.S. *Royal Oak*.
 1920. R.N. School of Physical and Recreational Training, Portsmouth (for six months Long Course).
 1921. H.M.S. *Impregnable*—Boys' Training Establishment, Devonport. In charge P. & R.T. for 1,500 boys.
 1923. $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{H.M.S. } \textit{Southampton} \\ \text{H.M.S. } \textit{Chatham} \end{array} \right\} \text{East Indies Station—P. \& R.T. duties on staff of Commander-in-Chief.}$

1926. H.M.S. *Columbine*—Boys' Training Establishment, Port Edgar Base, South Queensferry. In charge P. & R.T. for 500 boys.
 1926. R.N. Barracks, Portsmouth—P. & R.T. duties.
 1928. $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{H.M.S. } \textit{Hood} \\ \text{H.M.S. } \textit{Repulse} \\ \text{H.M.S. } \textit{Renown} \end{array} \right\} \text{P. \& R.T. duties on staff of Rear-Admiral Commanding Battle Cruiser Squadron.}$
 1930. R.N. Barracks, Chatham—P. & R.T. duties.
 1932. Staff R.N. School of Physical and Recreational Training. In this appointment he acted as Hon. Secretary of the Navy Athletic and Cross-country, Boxing, Fencing and Swimming Associations, and was responsible for the organisation of the Navy Championships in the principal naval ports. He also acted as the Navy's representative on the A.A.A., A.B.A., Amateur Fencing Association and A.S.A.
 1934. H.M.S. *Dolphin*—Submarine Headquarters, Portsmouth. P. & R.T. duties.

HIS PHYSICAL TRAINING EXPERIENCE.

- Oct., 1920 to April, 1921—Long course at R.N. School of P.R.T., Portsmouth.
 1921-23. P.T. duties—H.M.S. *Impregnable*, Boys' Training Establishment.
 1923-25. Squadron P.T. Officer East Indies Station $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{H.M.S. } \textit{Southampton} \\ \text{H.M.S. } \textit{Chatham} \end{array} \right.$
 1925-26. P.T. duties—H.M.S. *Columbine*, Boys' Training Establishment.
 1926-28. P.T. duties—R.N. Barracks, Portsmouth.
 1928-30. Squadron P.T. Officer Battle Cruiser Squadron—H.M.S. *Hood*.
 1930-32. P.T. duties—R.N. Barracks, Chatham.
 1932-34* Staff of R.N. School of P.R.T., Portsmouth.
 1934 P.T. duties—H.M.S. *Dolphin*, Submarine Base, Portsmouth.

* During this appointment he acted as Hon. Secretary of the following Associations, and was also the Naval representative to the various Amateur Associations concerned:—

- R.N. & R.M. Boxing Association.
- R.N. & R.M. Fencing Association.
- R.N. & R.M. Athletic and Cross-country.
- R.N. & R.M. Swimming Association.

Other Secretarial appointments include United Services, Chatham, R.F.C., 1930-31-32; Match Secretary, U.S. Chatham L.T.C., 1930-31; Match Secretary, Northants L.T.A., 1936-37.

INDIVIDUAL RECREATIONAL QUALIFICATIONS.

Rugby Caps.

Devonport Services	1921—22—23.
U.S. Portsmouth	1926—27—28.
U.S. Chatham	1930—31—32.
Hampshire	1926—27—28.

Was reserve for Royal Navy on four occasions in Inter-Service matches.

Lawn Tennis.

Colours.

Royal Navy	1931—33—34—35.
Hampshire	1933—34.
Northamptonshire	1935—36—37.

SOME NAVAL CUSTOMS AND EXPRESSIONS.

By COMMANDER P. F. M. DAWSON.

(Reprinted from "The Crowquill.")

Custom and tradition in the Royal Navy are of great antiquity, and although, in this mechanical age, many customs have passed away, every effort is made to retain as many of them as possible. In this article it will be realised that it is impossible to deal fully with the subject, but I hope to cover as much ground as space permits.

THE BOATSWAIN'S PIPE is an instrument which, in the old days, was the sole means of passing orders round the ship. It is still used for this purpose, but as a large number of ships are now fitted with loud-speakers on the men's Mess Decks, Reading Rooms, etc., the Boatswain's Mate is able to pass orders direct from the Quarter Deck to most parts of the ship. The Pipe is also used when hoisting boats. Whenever possible, boats are always hoisted by hand, the men manning the falls standing the full length of the deck, the Officer in charge by the davit head, with the Boatswain's Mate beside him. When the order is given to hoist, a shrill blast is blown on the Pipe, and the boat comes up at the run. As it nears the davit head a succession of longer notes are sounded as a precautionary measure.

PIPING THE SIDE is a ceremonial salute which is reserved expressly for certain persons, such as the Commanding Officer of a ship, all Officers of Admiral's rank, all foreign Officers, the Officer of the Guard, and also the corpse of any Officer or man if sent ashore for burial. This salute is only accorded between the time of hoisting of colours in the morning, and sunset. Salutes of all sorts and descriptions are as old as history. Mr. Pepys, the famous diarist, informs us of how, when the news of King Charles II.'s declaration came to the Fleet in the Downs, "The General began to fire his guns, which he did, all that he had in the ship, and so did the rest of the Commanders, which was very gallant, and to hear the bullets go hissing over our heads as we were in the boat."

Flogging, hanging, and keelhauling were punishments that existed up to modern times with the exception of keelhauling, which ceased about the middle of the eighteenth century. The last official yardarm execution took place at Talienwan Bay in the second Chinese War in 1860. An interesting case concerning flogging took place under Admiral Cornwallis, who, we are told, ordered a Lieutenant of his own ship to be flogged under the following circumstances :—

"Billy Blue," as Admiral Cornwallis was popularly called, appeared on deck having taken one glass of wine more than his usual allowance, which state of affairs led to his being quite unaware of his subsequent behaviour. He desired the Captain to turn the hands up to witness punishment. The order was obeyed with all ceremony customary on these occasions, but everybody was, of course, unable to understand the reason, as it was not only an unusual time of the day, but also was it unusual for the Admiral to interfere with the ship's routine. On the ship's company being reported present the Admiral pointed to an Officer and ordered him to strip. Time did not permit of any argument, nor to point out the impropriety of the Admiral's conduct. The Officer was duly seized up to a grating and flogged. The next day the Admiral was told of the occurrence, and again caused the hands to be turned up and the Officer who had been flogged brought up on deck. The Admiral then appeared on deck with a cane in his hand, and addressed the astonished Officer as follows :—

"I am told that yesterday evening I ordered you, sir, to be flogged, and that my orders were carried into execution on this Quarter Deck, but upon my honour I have not the remotest recollection of the circumstances. It appears to be true, however ; therefore this morning I have assembled those who saw you punished, and in their presence I have to tell you that I don't come here to make an apology for what I have done, because no British Officer could receive an apology from anyone after being struck : if I did not strike you myself, I caused another to do so. I won't ask your pardon, sir, because, as a man of honour, you could not, in this way, pardon an unpardonable offence. Nor, sir, will I waive my rank to give you personal satisfaction on shore, because, by receiving your fire or firing at you, I could not obliterate the stain I have laid upon your shoulders. But I ask a favour of you before the ship's company, which is that you will take this cane and use it on my back as long as it will hold together. By God ! I would do so to any man who served me as I served you. You may thrash me, if you please, as much as you like, and as I am a living man it shall not interfere with your future promotion."

At this point he presented the cane to the Officer, who took it, broke it across his knee, and threw the pieces overboard ; then, extending his hand to the Admiral, he announced that he forgave him with all his heart.

This Officer is stated to have finished his Service career that voyage, and obtained an excellent appointment on shore under the patronage of the Admiral's brother—an appointment for which he might have sighed in vain but for his fortune in tasting "Billy Blue's" discipline.

The drinking of healths in the Royal Navy has always been looked upon as a ritual of considerable importance. The Loyal Toast is always drunk sitting, except on occasions when the National Anthem is played. This custom originated in the days of Charles II, who, when returning to England in 1660, on board the *Naseby*, bumped his head when replying to a toast, and ever afterwards held Naval Officers excused from rising on these occasions. It is of interest that this privilege is also extended to several regiments in the Army, who served afloat in those days for certain periods owing to a shortage in the Royal Marines.

No mention of a lady's name, or a bet, is allowed prior to the Loyal Toast. Breaking of this rule involves the payment by the defaulting member of a round of drinks to the whole Mess. This custom was instituted so that argument should not become heated nor quarrel take place while affairs in the Mess were still formal.

It is only about eighty or ninety years since women ceased to be carried in warships, and it was Queen Victoria who stopped the practice. In the old days, when no leave was given, the ship was invaded by crowds of women on her arrival in harbour, and any man was free to choose his fancy. Officers were very jealous of the reputation of their ships, and sometimes those women thought by the Officer of the Watch not to attain the necessary standard of beauty, were sent ashore again! It is on record that the Officer commanding a frigate off the Spanish coast in 1835 made the following entry in his diary:—

“ This day the Surgeon informed me that a woman on board had been labouring in child for twelve hours, and if I could see my way to permit the firing of a broadside to leeward, nature would be assisted by the shock. I complied with the request, and she was delivered of a fine male child.”

The bearers of various surnames in the Navy always receive the same nicknames. Here are some of them:—

NOBBY Ewart, BANDY Evans, SLINGER Woods, KNOCKER White, WIGGY Bennett, PINCHER Martin, COSHER Hinds, BUCK Taylor, SHINER Wright, HOOKEY Walker, CHATS Harris, BOGIE Knight, JERRY Ring, SPIKE Sullivan, and DODGER Long.

It is practically impossible to trace the origin of the majority of these nicknames, but I will quote two examples:—

PINCHER Martin was a very smart Officer, who was Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean.

NOBBY Ewart was the famous Captain, who was so keen on SPIT AND POLISH that he was displeased because his private stock of poultry was not fallen in and cleaned for Sunday Rounds. The person in charge had been severely punished on one occasion for neglecting this duty, and on a future occasion hit on the expedient of painting the birds and falling them in on a plank, by means of a tin tack through the webs of the ducks, and a staple over the toes of the chicks!

The Royal Marines have been known by many nicknames. Before the amalgamation of the R.M.A. and R.M.L.I. they were known as “ Bullocks ” and “ Turkeys ” respectively. The former were always men of magnificent physique, and the latter wore the scarlet tunic, hence the appellations. A more general name is that of “ Leatherneck,” derived from the leather tongue which closes the opening of the collar in the military pattern tunic. TELL THAT TO THE MARINES is a well-known expression which usually implies that the Marines are a simple-minded body of men. Actually the generally accepted origin of this expression does not bear this out. Col. W. P. Drury, R.M., the well-known author, gives the following explanation in a preface to one of his books:—

“ It seems that King Charles II doubted the tale of one of his attendants at Court, who stated that while serving in the Southern Seas, he had seen fish which flew in the air! The King inclined to doubt the statement, and referred it to the Marine Officer acting as his Equerry, who vouched for the truth of the assertion. The King then remarked, “ That in future, should we have any occasion to doubt any statement, we will first ‘ Tell it to the Marines.’ ”

To conclude this article I propose to explain a number of expressions taken at random. The Master-at-Arms, the Chief of Police on the Lower Deck, is usually known as the “ Jaunty,” a corruption of the French word “ Gendarme,” and his assistants, officially regulating Petty Officers, receive the picturesque name of “ Crushers.” “ To frice your ears out on a bow-line ” means to listen attentively. “ Like a pusser's shirt on a handspike ” describes a badly-fitting suit of clothes or sails.

The days of masts and sails are past, but so long as there are ships upon the sea the fine old customs will remain, for they are the real spirit of both our Navy and Mercantile Marine.

Finally, an excerpt from Admiral Hopwood's well-known verses, “ The Laws of the Navy ”:—

Now these are the Laws of the Navy,
Unwritten and varied they be,
And he who is wise will observe them,
Going down to his ship in the sea.

HOTELS AND CATERING DEPARTMENT.

A RAPIDLY GROWING CONCERN.

Our Hotels and Catering Department, under the able guidance of Mr. H. C. Davis, is going from strength to strength. The stores and offices have been removed from John A'Larders Buildings to 21 Castle Street.

This department was inaugurated in September, 1935, and since that time rapid growth has been made, so much so that their early accommodation in the General Offices of the Brewery were soon found to be too small, and they were moved to some vacant cottages in John A'Larders Buildings a year ago. Expansion continued at a rapid pace and it eventually became necessary to find a spacious and permanent home for the new department. In a short space of time, under three years, the department has taken under its control twenty establishments in Middlesex, Surrey, Bucks, Berks, Hants, Oxon, Gloucestershire, Somerset and Devonshire. These Houses have been developed and to-day are enjoying a very high reputation for service to the public. The Firm are now the proprietors of a prominent chain of hotels in the South-west counties.

The department is being called upon to provide full catering for many public functions, and in every case these have been carried out to the complete satisfaction of the organiser.

At the present time they are catering at the rate of about one quarter of a million meals a year, and an efficient organisation is being built up to supply full equipment, staff, etc., to cope with any demand. The total number of staff employed is 222.

Some interesting points in connection with the department include the fact that during the past year the department handled over four tons of tea, and the Manager travelled, mostly by car, 22,000 miles, in supervision and extending a helping hand to both managers and tenants.

The fact should be more widely known that the full facilities of the department are available to every one of our tenants, and the staff of the department are anxious to assist them in every possible way to meet increasing competition.



WORDS OF WISDOM.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends.

It is not usually the greatness of our trouble, but the littleness of our spirit that makes us complain.

I will hope for the best and provide for the worst.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper ; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to his circumstance.

It is a wise policy to go through life doing favours.

Service means anything done to help or please customers.

Wise and kindly management creates loyalty and zest.

The best rule in salesmanship is—do as you would be done by.

Humour is the lubricating oil of business.

One of the best rules in sport and business is—Study the Winners.

SIMONDS' SPORTS CLUB DANCE.

In our report of this dance in the Town Hall it was mentioned that among Major. F. J. Johnson's guests was Mr. and Mrs. Penlerick. Mr. Penlerick is single. It was also inadvertently stated that Mr. C. H. F. Johnson's wife was present.

We regret these inaccuracies and hasten to correct them.

INDIA AS I SAW IT.

ON THE PLAINS—AFTER BLACK BUCK.

By "Moonraker."

(*Third Instalment.*)

It is past midday when from the cover of the waggon we see a herd of a hundred or more on the far side of a patch of swampland near the river, about 800 yards to windward. On this occasion the river prevents the carts creating a diversion, and we know that we only have an outside chance of getting near enough for a shot, so well chosen is their ground. We must use the swamp as cover and hope for our luck to hold. We send the carts away in a wide detour to the further side of the herd, a good hour's journey at least, and double forward with heads down into the long reeds. Resting at intervals, we eventually feel spongy ground beneath us and know we are at least half way. Crouching still lower as we progress, until it is dryer underfoot, we then sink down on the ground to recover our breath. Useless to attempt any shot at present.

All the insects in Asia seem to be concentrated in this spot, while the tropical sun is almost unbearable. Two par-boiled "humps" of humanity hurriedly decide to crawl to the edge of the morass. Foot by foot we advance over the trickiest part of our stalk, until we see light ahead. Another halt, then slowly pulling ourselves forward we are able to carefully peer through the last few inches. Yes! 350 yards away we see the herd, but the scouts are very plainly gazing in our direction suspiciously.

The seconds pass as we prepare to fire. With such a large herd we each select the best to our front and, as before—"One," "two," "three"! Just as we fire they are off like the wind, throwing their heads high and swinging round as they bound away out of sight, but not before we notice two of their number "tailed off." Still they are gone and we look at each other ruefully.

"Quick!" says the major as we stand up, and run forward in their wake. Soon we are examining the hard ground and in very short time find definite signs that neither bullet had completely missed—two distinct parallel red lines, and each following one we soon are led to the distant rise over which the herd fled. With our glasses we hurriedly scan the landscape, and at a distance of at least half a mile we see two small dark blots not more than a hundred yards apart, towards which our own bullock carts are slowly bearing. No need to be doubtful now, as we eagerly rush forward, to learn how our luck has held—both struck at the base of the neck as they turned towards safety.

Marvellous how far buck will travel under such circumstances and the novice may easily imagine he has missed the target and retire crestfallen from the spot. If certain of a steady aim, it is always policy to examine the ground around. These must have been twins—both 28 inch heads!

The sun is getting lower as we turn towards home and prepare for the trek back to Rajwadi. It is nearly dusk as we see the station a mile away and quietly reach the edge of the crops just as three objects jump away to our front and are off full speed, in Indian file, down the pathway. Both of us from the now halted but still heaving bullock cart are just able to take a quick snapshot at the leader who throws his head up and is lost to sight in the tall grasses. We have only half an hour to spare as we hurriedly dismount and follow up; to find within a couple of hundred yards our fourth prize for the day!!

To this day I reckon those "snaps" the luckiest ever—with the target moving too!

At the station we soon transfer our load to the guard's van and late that night arrive at Kirkee weary-eyed, hungry and dirty. The joints are soon distributed by the Mess cook to our nearest and dearest pals who toast our success and crowd around to hear all about our day's adventures. Past disappointments are forgotten, hardships laughed at as we describe the luckiest day ever, and whatever the future holds in store for us we feel we have at least had one day when the gods were extremely kind.

Heads and skins are dispatched to Poona to be set up, serving to remind us in the years ahead of these all too fleeting hours; of the spirit of comradeship and unselfish endeavour amid difficulties and disappointments—yet full of the matured richness of an old wine—no matter how oft our thoughts fly back to them.

And that, after all, is the highest reward sport can offer us, whether it is sought on the playing fields of Old England or under the burning skies of our Empire beyond the seas.

"MOONRAKER."



The End.

APPEAL FOR "THE TRADE."

ONE OF THE GREATEST INDUSTRIES.

CONTRIBUTOR OF VAST REVENUE.

LICENSEES' ANNUAL DINNER AT READING.

An appeal for the proper recognition of the licensed trade as an industry contributing one-seventh of the entire revenue of the country was made at the annual banquet of the Reading and District Licensed Trades' Protection and Benevolent Association by the president, Mr. Albert E. Drury.

Mr. Drury was proposing "The Association and the Trade," and he said every possible credit was due to members of the trade for what they were doing in face of stubborn resistance. "One wonders," he said, "on reflection when will this trade of ours be genuinely and thoroughly regarded as an industry? It seems that it is only looked upon and permitted to remain as a trade because it supplies exactly, or nearly exactly, one-seventh of the entire revenue of this country. This trade is wholesome, clean, and good; run by men of repute and integrity. I say, in these circumstances, it should be regarded not only as a trade which consists of brewers, distillers, and wine merchants, but the people when they come to think about this should take into consideration that there are 100 or more allied trades and general businesses which are relatively dependent on this licensed trade for their means of living."

HOURS "INIQUITY."

Mr. Drury spoke of the hours of closing, and drew attention to the iniquity that existed. It bred the feeling that a licensee who had an extension would say to one in another district nearby who had no extension: "They trust me, but they do not trust you." This was bad. Licensees did not abuse the extensions, and the police, he contended, did not object to them.

Mr. H. S. Smith, vice-chairman and secretary of the association, replying, reported that the past year had been a successful one. There was an increase of 42 in membership, bringing the total to 263, exclusive of honorary members. During the year the association had been active looking after the interests of the members, and had made the usual applications. The association had not only worked for the members but had been of service to the public, who were the people who patronised their houses. "If the people did not want these extensions they would not use the houses during these hours," he continued, and stressed the necessity of unity between licensees. Mr. Smith went on to draw comparisons between a licensed house and a club, showing that whereas a licensed house

had to have site, building, and licence approved by the licensing magistrate, the man who started a club could have a cellar with no proper exits or accommodation, and needed only to obtain a membership of 25, when he could register his club and no one could stop him.

“ SQUARE DEAL ” DEMAND.

“ I claim this is all wrong,” he said. “ We ask no favours, we don't expect any, but we do demand a square deal. Put us on a level ; let us start at scratch ; let the club satisfy the same conditions as licensed premises ; then I know just how much chance the clubs have. If they had to start off the same scratch point as we have we should beat them.”

The toast was also responded to by Mr. E. T. Norman, of the National Trade Defence Association, of Bristol, who said they of the trade had succeeded to a trust of the liberty of the British people, and this trust could not be in better hands.

Proposing “ The Mayor and Corporation of Reading,” Mr. L. A. Simonds said many people did not realise or appreciate the work which was done for the town by members of the council and others who worked without reward. They were told that patriotism was something everyone should have, but he thought everyone should also have civic pride, which was what the members of the corporation had.

The Deputy Mayor (Alderman Alice Jenkins) replied, and referred to Reading's position at the head of the table of towns in the list of percentage of drunkenness. Only 40 people were prosecuted during last year for this offence, and of that number 26 were non-residents. “ It is nice to think people can take drink in moderation and enjoy themselves without abuse,” she said. She went on to speak of non-members who came before the magistrates to ask for extensions after Mr. Smith had obtained them for members of the association. This caused more work she said, and added that a magistrate in Berkshire had said he did not know whether he should give them. “ We have not yet said that on the Reading bench, but I ask those members of the trade to join your association,” said the Deputy Mayor. Another part of the work of the association, benevolence, she also touched on, and recalled how last year, as Mayor, she had handed over £1,000 which had been raised by the members to endow a bed at the Royal Berkshire Hospital.

Mr. F. C. Riden, hon. treasurer and trustee, proposed “ The Visitors,” and Supt. W. Osborne, replying, contrasted licensed premises of Reading 30 years ago with the magnificent buildings

of to-day. He, too, spoke of Reading's place as the most sober town and said “ A great deal of the credit is due to the licensed victuallers of the town. The licensee detests the sight of a drunken person equally with every other decent-minded citizen of the town.” They had to remember that the 40 prosecutions were in a town of well over 100,000 inhabitants, and many of the people concerned had been drinking methylated spirits, which was not supplied by licensed victuallers. “ The licensed victuallers are not responsible for half the things they are blamed for ” he declared.

“ PATTERN FOR EVERY TRADE.”

“ While the licensed trade is carried on in this manner it is a pattern for every trade in the country.”

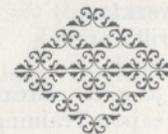
Mr. J. Healey, past-president, expressed thanks to Mr. Drury for presiding and to commemorate the occasion presented him with a cigarette box from the members.

During the evening the chairman's jewel was presented to Mr. H. Tucker by Mr. Drury.

Among those who attended were the following : The president, Mr. A. E. Drury ; the Deputy Mayor of Reading (Alderman Alice Jenkins) ; Mr. L. A. Simonds, Mr. R. St. J. Quarry, Mr. F. H. V. Keighley, Mrs. Arlett, Mr. C. Bennett, Mr. E. Blandy, Mr. H. E. Blatch, Mr. and Mrs. Talfourd G. Cook, Major and Mrs. Croydon, Commander and Mrs. Dawson, Mr. J. E. Edminson, Mr. H. G. Hawkins, Mr. R. Higgs, Mrs. Lofthouse, Mr. L. W. Millar, Mr. and Mrs. J. Morris, Mrs. B. Pounds, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Riden, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. Tucker, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Wise.

The annual ball followed the dinner.

At the ball a cabaret was given by the Six Brilliant Blondes, Norman Evans and Les Ross, who were appearing that week at the Palace Theatre, Reading.—From the “ Evening Gazette.”



LIFE AT THE DEPOT OF THE ROYAL BERKSHIRES.

As many as 17,600 visitors came to Brock Barracks on "Army at Home" day last summer. All were anxious to see for themselves where and how the modern soldier lives. Old soldiers lamented the good old days of pipe-clay and waxed moustached Sergeant Majors, of hard tack and red tunics. They said the lads nowadays were coddled. Others with less intimate knowledge of the Army were amazed at the amenities and comfort they found; at the canteen, the library, the modern bath-houses, the dining hall. Housewives pried with interest into the cook-house, with its shining white tiles, and argued over the diet sheet which was considered admirable.

Times have changed and with them the army. The popular belief that the Army is the last haven of those unable to obtain work elsewhere is daily disproven. Gone are the days of the bullying Sergeant Major, gone are the days of bad food and uncomfortable quarters. Hard, is no longer a suitable adjective to describe life in the modern Army.

Men are treated as individuals and not merely as machines. Tommy, although he works hard, has exceptional opportunities for games and sport. His health and welfare are looked after. His food carefully prepared and attractively served. His leisure hours are spent in comfortable recreation rooms and he may take part in billiards and dart leagues.

Non-commissioned officers are nowadays far friendlier with their men than previously. They are there to advise and help rather than to correct and punish.

Recruits when they join the Depot are placed in a squad with 30 other newcomers under a Sergeant. There are, in addition, two other N.C.O.'s who assist the squad instructors. Separate N.C.O.'s each expert in his particular branch, teach weapon training, P.T. and schooling. The squad instructor takes his men in drill and teaches them to clean their equipment and look after themselves in the barrack room.

Let us see what a recruit's day at the Depot consists of:—

Winter.

- 6.30 a.m. Reveille.
- 7.45 a.m. Breakfast.
- 8.35 a.m. Drill Parade.
- 10.0 a.m. School.
- 11 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. Break.
- 11.30 a.m. Weapon Training.
- 12.45 p.m. Dinner.
- 2.0 p.m. Drill Parade.
- 3.15 p.m. Recreational Training.
- 4.30 p.m. Tea.

On normal working days, recruits are free to leave barracks at 5 p.m., the routine in the afternoon being parades 2 to 3 p.m., games (which are considered part of the training) from 3 to 4 p.m., tea, and "cleaning up" after tea.

Wednesdays and Saturdays are half-holidays, and men are free to leave barracks after dinner. On Sundays men may leave barracks at 12.30 p.m. or as soon as church parade has been dismissed; this meets the case of men living in Reading who care to go home for Sunday dinner.

Recruits are expected to be back in barracks by 10 p.m. on days other than Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays, when they can remain out till midnight. A pass can always be obtained to meet any special occasion, and passes are given freely.

Under the recent regulations, "Trained Soldiers" can now stay out till reveille, in other words, all night if they wish to.

About 10 days' leave with pay are granted at Christmas, Easter, Whitsun and in August, and on reaching the Battalion a man is granted a month's leave with pay and increased ration allowances.

Each individual recruit is carefully watched and studied during his training and parents are sent reports regarding their sons' progress whilst at the Depot and are encouraged to come and visit the Depot whenever they wish, where they are provided with a free tea.

All visitors desirous of seeing the Depot and the recruits at work are cordially welcomed and for a smart, intelligent and ambitious man there are many careers which fall far short of that offered by the modern Army.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"I'd give anything if you would kiss me," said the girl.

"But the scientists say that kisses breed disease," replied her shy admirer.

"Oh, never mind that. Go ahead, and make me an invalid for life."

* * * *

JUDGE: "Were you in the fight or merely a witness?"

ONE WITH BLACK EYE: "An eye witness your Lordship."

TWENTY-FIRST "BIRTHDAY" AS LICENSEE.

PRESENTATIONS TO MR. H. MUSSARD, OF THE NORTH STAR, STAINES.

At the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. H. Mussard, host and hostess of The North Star, Staines, a large gathering of friends assembled in the Clubroom of the house on March 1st to commemorate the twenty-first anniversary of Mr. Mussard's taking over of the licence.

Mr. Tom Neighbour, an old friend of Mr. Mussard, presided and during an interval in the musical programme, presentations were made to Mr. and Mrs. Mussard on behalf of customers and other friends.

The Chairman, in the course of a short address, said they had gathered to pay tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Mussard, on the occasion of their twenty-first anniversary as host and hostess of that public-house. He had known Harry Mussard from the time that he first came to Staines, nearly 50 years ago. When the war came they were separated and some of them never returned to be re-united with old friends. Those of them who did come back found Harry Mussard installed as mine host of The North Star. They all knew what Harry was to them that day and what he had been in the past. They knew how hard he had worked to be in his present position and also that he was a man who would at any time willingly go out of his way to render anyone a good service.

Proposing Mr. and Mrs. Mussard's health, the Chairman thanked them for having provided a most enjoyable evening and congratulated them, adding that all would wish to pay tribute to Mrs. Mussard. Harry Mussard would say that she had been a pillar of strength to him during his married life. Unfortunately, Mrs. Mussard had not enjoyed the best of health, but they wished her better health and the best of luck.

The toast was accorded musical honours and in his reply Mr. Mussard said he felt greatly honoured. He referred to his association with Mr. Neighbour in the Lino. works, and related, amid laughter, how he was "nettled" at being referred to "the Grandfathers' Regiment" when he applied for enlistment in the army. However, he joined the Special Constables, and was able to serve in this way. In 1917 he followed Mr. Beach as licensee of The North Star, but this was not his first association with the house. Years before, he had worked with Mr. Gooch, the then licensee, for a few halfpence per week. Mr. Gooch had said, "Watch me; you may have a public-house of your own one day." He saw Mr. Gooch leave; he saw Mr. Beach leave and then he took the licence over himself. His wife and family had stuck to him and he had carried on.

Referring to The North Star Loan and Christmas Club, Mr. Mussard said the club now paid out thousands of pounds whereas it paid out hundreds years ago.

He is hon. treasurer of the club, an office he has held for 21 years. For 15 years prior to his treasurership he was secretary. Mr. Jack Clark succeeded Mr. Mussard as secretary.

The presentations, which consisted of a fitted dressing case for Mr. Mussard and a handbag for Mrs. Mussard, were made by Mrs. Paul Beasley. The Chairman, on behalf of Ashford customers, handed Mr. Mussard a Durham-Duplex safety razor. Telegrams of congratulation were received from friends farther afield.

During the evening refreshments were handed round by lady helpers and there was a musical programme.

Mr. Mussard is greatly interested in the "Jubilee" Lodge, R.A.O.B., which meets at his house, and is the Lodge treasurer.—
Staines and Egham News.

LAWN TENNIS.

MR. LOUIS SIMONDS PRESIDES AT ANNUAL MEETING,

Mr. L. A. Simonds was in the Chair when the Tennis Section of the Sports Club held their general meeting on Friday, 4th March, and he was supported by Mr. R. St. J. Quarry and Mr. F. H. V. Keighley. Many members attended and various details were well discussed.

This season two new hard courts have been provided on our own sports ground. The subscription for members of the firm will be 10/6 (plus ball levy) and this small sum will cover tennis for one year from the opening date, Saturday, 2nd April, 1938.

The club should greatly benefit by the assistance of Commander F. P. M. Dawson who has kindly volunteered to help and coach members.

Fixtures have been arranged with several other clubs and the Singles tournaments will be run as usual, and, if possible, an additional competition for younger players.

At the conclusion of the meeting the Chairman presented the Gent's Singles Tournament Cup, kindly given by himself, to Mr. C. H. Perrin which he will now retain having been the winner of the competition for three successive seasons.

In a short speech Mr. Louis Simonds remarked that there was no one to whom he would rather hand the cup than to Mr. Perrin.

This expression was greeted by great applause from all present.

Mrs. Howard May, winner of the Ladies' Singles Tournament Cup, kindly presented by Mr. R. St. J. Quarry, was unable to attend.

Officers and committee :—Mr. L. A. Simonds (*Chairman*), Mr. T. W. Bradford (*Hon. Treasurer*), Commander P. F. M. Dawson (*Team Selector*), Mr. R. Huddy (*Hon. Secretary*), Messrs. C. H. Perrin, P. James, C. L. Langton and L. Farrance, Miss A. M. Prosser and Mrs. R. Huddy (*Committee*).

Subscriptions :—

Members of the Firm	10/6.
Co-opted Members	20/-.
Levy for balls (each member) ...	5/-.

Any tennis player desirous of joining the club can obtain any further particulars from the Secretary (c/o Estates Department) or any member of the committee.

R. H.

A.C.C. DISTINGUISHED SERVICE AWARDS.

Wonderful records of work on behalf of the Conservative Club Movement in the Wessex Area are embodied in the following list of this year's recipients of A.C.C. Distinguished Service Awards which were presented by Lord Bayford at the Conference at the Atherley Hall, Southampton, on Saturday, 26th February.

The total period of continuous service covered by the Awards is no fewer than 1,045 years, the list being headed by Ald. R. White, J.P., who, uninterruptedly, since September, 1896, has been Secretary of Windsor Conservative Club and is now to receive a seventh Extra Clasp to attach to the Medal conferred on him in 1903. Other veteran workers for Club and Cause include Mr. H. B. Bunce (Windsor) with 35 years' continuous service to his credit.

The roll of Stewards who have been awarded Extra Clasps to the Pendant they already hold for loyal and efficient service to their respective Clubs include Mr. H. Darby (Slough) who is the recipient of third Extra Clasp representing 12 years' service.

The following are included in the official list of recipients :—Ald. R. White, J.P. (Windsor Conservative Club), H. B. Bunce (Windsor), F. C. Rant, (Maidenhead Conservative W.M.), E. V. Morris (Maidenhead), B. H. Fuller (Caversham), A. J. Green (Maidenhead), H. E. Bunker (Tilehurst), G. B. Grove (Slough), H. Darby (Slough), A. V. Caley (Windsor).

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Smith called on his parson. It was obvious that something was on his mind.

"Is it right for any person to profit by the mistakes of other people?" he asked.

"Most certainly not," replied the parson.

Smith brightened.

"Very well, then," he replied; "perhaps you'd like to return that seven-and-sixpence I paid you for marrying me!"

* * * *

"Had you the car out last night, son?"

"Yes, dad. I took some of the boys for a run."

"Well, tell the boys I found one of their little lace handkerchiefs."

* * * *

FRIEND: "I hope your recent marriage has turned out a great success."

DRAMATIST: "Oh, quite. I've already made three plays out of my wife's past."

* * * *

The tramp called at a cottage and asked for food.

"And how would you like a nice chop?" said the owner of the cottage, kindly.

"That all depends, lady—is it lamb, pork, or wood?"

* * * *

JIM: "That young lady seems very popular. Who is she?"

BILL: "She's the daughter of a banker."

JIM: "Ah, no wonder she draws so much interest."

* * * *

"Well, how are you getting on in your new house?"

"Oh, not so badly. We furnished one of the bedrooms by collecting soap coupons."

"Didn't you furnish the other seven rooms?"

"We can't. They're full of soap."

DOCTOR : " Now, before I examine you, may I ask what you drink ? "

PATIENT : " Thank you, doctor. A small whisky-and-soda for me. "

* * * *

" Did you say pills, miss ? " the chemist asked the little girl.

" Yes, please. "

" Antibilious ? "

" No, but uncle is. "

* * * *

MARJORY : " Mummy, were you at home when I was born ? "

MOTHER : " No darling, I was staying with grandma in the country. "

" Wasn't you awfully surprised when you heard about it ? "

* * * *

MASTER : " If the National Gallery were on fire, which five pictures would you attempt to rescue ? "

PUPIL : " The five nearest the door. "

* * * *

PETER (*saying his prayers*) : " And please make Cyril give up throwing stones at me. By the way, I've mentioned this before. "

* * * *

PASSENGER : " Why didn't you sound your horn when you saw that man on the road ? "

DRIVER : " I thought it would be more humane if he never knew what hit him. "

* * * *

A traveller entered a restaurant in Winchester and asked : " What can I have for dinner ? "

" Anything you like, sir. "

" What are you celebrated for here ? "

" Well, sir, there's the Cathedral. "

" The doctor told my wife she should take exercise. "

" And is she doing it ? "

" If jumping to conclusions and running up bills can be called exercise. "

* * * *

DOCTOR : " Your master is decidedly better, Thompson, but very irritable. He must not be thwarted. "

BUTLER : " He expressed a desire to wring my neck, sir. "

" Well—er—humour him. "

* * * *

A HUSBAND AND WIFE HAVING A LITTLE TIFF.

The husband coming home in the early hours, after having spent a very jolly evening with some pals, and having had one well " over the eight, " had some difficulty in finding the keyhole in the front door. He then tripped over the door mat.

The wife was in bed waiting to welcome him home !

WIFE : " Yes, and I believe you wish I was dead ! "

HUSBAND : " Now isn't it funny how some people can read other people's thoughts ? "

WIFE : " Yes, and when I am dead you would put on my tomb-stone—' In Loving Memory. ' "

HUSBAND : " Yes, and—' Peace at Last. ' "

* * * *

Two small boys marched into the dining room where their parents were entertaining a formal party. Neither child had a stitch of clothes on. The parents were horror-struck. But the guests, being very polite, pretended not to notice the children. They went on talking while the boys paraded round the room and departed.

At the first chance the furious father slipped away and dashed up to the night nursery. Before he could speak, the elder boy burst out with :

" Daddy, isn't it wonderful ? John and I covered ourselves all over with mummy's vanishing cream, and when we went into the dining room just now nobody could see us ! "

* * * *

All a wealthy earthenware manufacturer bequeathed to his student son was an old pot. A nasty jar for the lad !

CHILD : " Mother, is the sun the mother and the stars the children? "

MOTHER : " Quite probably. "

CHILD : " Then the moon is the stars' father. "

MOTHER : " Why should it be? "

CHILD : " Well, the moon is out such a lot at night. "

* * * *

CHEMIST (*to motorist who had been carried into his shop after an accident*) : " Yes, sir ; you had a smash, but I managed to bring you to. "

MOTORIST : " I don't remember. Do you mind bringing me two more? "

* * * *

" Mary, take great care of the pictures. That one of the beggar cost £2,000. "

" Lor, mum, my mother bought all the Royal Family for sixpence. "

* * * *

VICAR : " Ah, Mrs. Jones, I also have had to pinch all my life to make both ends meet. "

MRS. JONES : " Lor, sir, ain't it lucky you was never caught. "

* * * *

CHAUFFEUR (*after examining cause of breakdown*) : " There's something wrong with the ignition, m'lady. "

DOWAGER : " Well, Thompson, you have *matches* on you, I presume! "

* * * *

" That soldier must be very well off, " said Aunt Agatha when she saw that yet another house was to be sold by Private Treaty.

* * * *

MOTHER : " You must never do anything that other people may not see. "

CHILD : " Then why do you always lock the bathroom door when you have a bath? "

* * * *

EXASPERATED GOLFER : " I'd drive now, but for that idiot in front. "

HOSTESS : " Hit him where you like, dear—it's my husband. "

PUPIL : " Is it right to punish folks for things they haven't done? "

TEACHER : " Of course not, Willie. "

PUPIL : " Well, I didn't do my home work. "

* * * *

TEACHER : " An anonymous person is one who does not wish to be known—who laughed over there? "

VOICE : " An anonymous person. "

* * * *

COMPANY PROMOTER : " Got your character, boy? No! Well, bring it this afternoon and I'll give you a trial. "

Later :

" Well, boy, got your character? "

" No, sir, but I've got yours, and I'm not starting. "

* * * *

FARMER : " It is a bad season—my corn is hardly an inch high. "

COLLEAGUE : " That is nothing—the sparrows have to kneel to eat mine. "

* * * *

SMITH (*after reading a newspaper article*) to his wife : " Do you know, dear, I think there's something in this—the cleverness of the father often proves a stumbling-block to the son. "

" Thank goodness, " she said, " our Bobby won't have much to fall over! "

* * * *

HOSTESS (*to curate at the children's party*) : " Will you give them your song now, Mr. Meekin, or shall we allow them to enjoy themselves for another half-hour? "

* * * *

FIRST CHARLADY : " Well, and 'ow do you like your noo neighbour, Mrs. 'Opkins? "

SECOND CHARLADY : " Oh, she's all right, yer know, but she's 'aughty, and if there's one thing I do 'ate, it's 'aught. "

* * * *

A well-known bookmaker says that it was his wife's shingled hair that captured him. Beaten by a short head!

To a Jewish ex-Service man an acquaintance remarked : " So you were in the Army, Ikey ? "

" Oh, I vas in the Army," was the proud response.

" Did you get a commission ? "

" No ; only my vages ! "

* * * *

" Chumley-Smithers is a pretty cute customer, isn't he ? "

" Decidedly. His sins never find him out and his creditors never find him in."

* * * *

The average bank manager is not an expert photographer and cannot always be relied upon for a nice enlargement of an overdraft.

* * * *

OLD GARDENER (*to visitor*) : " Yes, zur, I've been man and boy in this 'ere garden five-and-sixty year, and still does my eight hours a day. Not so bad, zur, for an octogeranium."

* * * *

" John," she said, " I've got a lot of things I want to talk to you about——"

" Good," said her husband, " I'm glad to hear it. Usually you want to talk to me about a lot of things you haven't got."

* * * *

A teacher was talking to a class of five-year-olds on their attitude at prayer-time.

" When you kneel down," she said, " you should close your eyes and fold your hands."

She was about to read a child's prayer, when a small voice piped : " Please, teacher, mother don't fold her hands nor shut her eyes when she says her prayers,—She just looks at father and says : ' God bless every poor woman as has a man like you ! ' "

* * * *

TEACHER (*warning her pupils against catching cold*) : " I had a little brother seven years old and one day he took his new sledge out in the snow. He caught pneumonia, and three days later he died."

Silence for ten seconds.

Then a voice from the rear : " Where's his sledge ? "

The divorce case had lasted several days, and the plaintiff was being cross-examined.

" How many children have you ? " demanded the barrister, who had already been supplied with that information.

" She had four when your cross-examination began three days ago," interpolated the judge.

* * * *

A motorist who owns one of those baby cars which everybody makes jokes about was recounting an experience to a friend.

" I had a bit of bad luck coming up from Brighton the other day," he said. " I ran into a trap."

" Is that so ? " said his friend. " Any cheese in it ? "

* * * *

BUS CONDUCTOR (*late houseagent's clerk*) : " Inside only."

PASSENGER : " But it's nearly empty on top."

CONDUCTOR : " I've let the whole top floor to an engaged couple."

* * * *

HUSBAND : " What possessed you to choose lemon colour for your new gown ? "

WIFE : " It was because I had such a job squeezing it out of you."

* * * *

" Hullo ! Is that the police station ? "

" Yes ; what's the matter ? "

" I just wanted to tell you that you need not search for my husband. I found him myself. He had forgotten to take off his overcoat, and I hung him in the wardrobe by mistake."

* * * *

FIRST NEGRO : " What fo' you name your baby ' Electricity,' Mose ? "

SECOND NEGRO : " Well, mah name am Mose and mah wife's name am Dinah, and if Dinahmose don't make electricity, what does day make ? "

Two men joined the police force. They were so keen that they summoned dozens of people on minor charges, and most of the defendants had to pay fines. The two young constables were on the eve of promotion when the inspector was surprised to receive their resignations.

"Why do you wish to leave the force?" he asked. "Are you discontented in any way?"

"It's not that," replied one of them. "Myself and Dan intend starting a station of our own. He'll run in the beggars and I'll fine them."

* * * *

The small errand boy had been left in charge of the ironmonger's shop while his employer had "a quick one." In rushed a customer in a tremendous hurry.

"I want a mouse-trap," he snapped.

"Y-yes, sir." The boy turned and fumbled on the shelves.

"Hurry up!" said the customer impatiently. "I want to catch a bus!"

The boy turned round quickly. "Oh, s-sir," he said, "I'm sure we haven't one big enough for that!"

* * * *

The sad-looking man entered the restaurant, and a waiter bustled up.

"What will you have, sir? Some cold shoulder?"

"No, thanks. I had that this morning."

"Well, then, some tongue?"

"No, thanks. I'll get that to-night."

* * * *

The famous Judge Hawkins used to tell the following story:

In his early days at the Bar he defended a pickpocket, and secured his acquittal upon three occasions. After the third trial the man called at Hawkins' chambers, expressed deep regret that he was unable to pay him more adequately for his professional services. "But," he added, "if there is anything you would like which your friends have got, just let me know!"

The wife was greatly pleased with her success at the women's meeting.

On her return home she said to her husband: "Yes, I was absolutely outspoken at the meeting this afternoon."

Her husband looked incredulous: "I can hardly believe it, my dear," he said. "Who outspoke you?"

* * * *

A well-known hostess in the North of England was in the habit of inviting the local council to dinner with her once a year. As they left she would bid them good-bye in the hall, and offer them a cigar from a large box placed at her side with a massive glass match-stand. One night a portly alderman had taken a cigar and was vainly trying to strike a match on the stand.

"Try the bottom, alderman," said the hostess.

The alderman promptly struck the match on the seat of his trousers, and with a satisfied smile remarked, "Aye, that's right, lady. Them glass contraptions is no use to anybody, is they?"

* * * *

A retired Lancashire carpenter journeyed to Buffalo to see his son, who was foreman at the Niagara Power Station. In due course he was shown round everything—giant dynamos, generators and many modern marvels—but with characteristic North Country dourness refused to enthuse.

At last in desperation his guide took him down to the fall itself; but even this failed to produce any remark, and in sheer desperation the Canuck said: "Say, d'you realise there's 15,000,000 gallons of water goes over that fall every minute?"

The Lancastrian slowly looked along the rim of the fall. "Well," said he, "there's nowt to stop it as I can see."

* * * *

"No," said Percy, "I do not believe in brevity in letter-writing." "Why?" asked James.

"I wrote home to my father, 'No mon, no fun. Your son.'"

"What did your father write back?"

"How sad. Too bad. Your dad."

PROUD MOTORIST : " Yes, it took me about six weeks to learn to drive my car."

PEDESTRIAN : " And what have you got for your pains? "

PROUD MOTORIST : " Liniment."

* * * *

A pretty young teacher had been telling her pupils about winds, their power, different effects, etc.

" And children," she went on, " this morning on top of the omnibus something softly came and kissed my cheek. What do you think it was? "

" The conductor! " cried the children joyously.

* * * *

MASTER : " In which of his battles was Alexander the Great killed? "

PUPIL : " I think it was his last! "

* * * *

MISTRESS (*to maid she is trying to train*) : " And mind you clean all the brass before you go! "

MAID : " I have, Madam—all but your rings and bracelets."

* * * *

A memorial to Lady Godiva has been unveiled.

* * * *

Name the footballer who refused to open the motor-car door because it was off-side.

* * * *

MR. NEWLYWED : " This meat tastes funny."

MRS. NEWLYWED : " Well, you see, dear, it got burnt, so I put a little ointment on it."

* * * *

All through a football match an enthusiast had loudly urged the home team on to victory. Finally he turned to his pal and said : " I believe I've lost my voice for the moment."

" Don't worry," was the reply ; " you'll find it in my left ear! "

JUDGE : " What is the meaning of this expression ' Sez you '? "

COUNSEL : " M'lud, it would appear that it is a slang phrase of American origin which has gained regrettable currency in the language of our people through the insidious agency of the cinema, and is, I am given to understand, employed to indicate a state of dubiety in the mind of the speaker as to the veracity of a statement made to him."

THE JUDGE : " Oh, yeah! "

* * * *

NEW MAID : " Do you prefer your letters brought up by 'and or on a saliva? "

* * * *

A man attending his first race meeting was given a tip. He stood before a bookmaker watching his board and just before the " Off " rushed up with a £1 note, saying " £8 to 1 " and then dashed off to the rails to watch the race. The tip " clicked " and he went to draw his nine pounds. Of course the bookie would not pay out, saying " You gave me £1 all right, but you never told me the horse's name."

" How could I? " replied the mug. " The man who gave me the tip told me not to mention it to a living soul."

* * * *

LEARNER (*who has just passed his driving test*) : " I feel pleased enough to burst into a carol."

HIS FRIEND : " Yes, ' Noel! Noel! ' I suppose."

* * * *

BERT : " 'Arry's in 'orspital."

ALF : " Go on! "

BERT : " Yus, a case of misunderstanding."

ALF : " What yer mean? "

BERT : " 'E frew 'is fag-end dahn a manhole and stamped on it."



LEWISHAM HIPPODROME.

THE POPULARITY OF SIMONDS' BEERS.

From the photographs shown below it will be seen that we have the pleasure of supplying the whole of the goods at the Lewisham Hippodrome. This well-known place of amusement is considered to be the largest Music Hall in the South of England, having a seating capacity of 3,000. It will be of interest to our readers to know that the Lewisham Hippodrome, which is run by B. & J. Theatres, Ltd. (Directors : J. Idris Lewis, Esq. and Harry Joseph, Esq.) is under the same control as the Palace Theatre, Reading, and during many weeks of the year Reading receive from Lewisham the exact programme which had been presented at Lewisham the previous week.

One can well imagine that a large business is done at Lewisham and our noted bottled beers, S.B. and Berry Brown Ale, have an excellent reputation there and are in great demand.



Photo by]

The Stalls Bar.

[John F. White, Catford.



Photo by]

One of the Circle Bars.

[John F. White, Catford.



Photo by]

Another Circle Bar.

[John F. White, Catford.

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

When the 4th Anti-Aircraft Brigade, Royal Artillery (700 strong) left Clarence Barracks, Portsmouth, for service in Egypt, the scenes were reminiscent of 1914-1918. Col. E. W. G. Wilson, M.C., was in charge of the Brigade which is made up of the 16th, 18th and 20th Anti-Aircraft Batteries. They sailed from Southampton on the Troopship *California*, which ship recently brought back from Palestine the 2nd Battalion Hampshire Regiment and other troops.

The annual ball of the Southsea Waverley Bowling Club was again this year a great success. Members and friends numbering over 200 were received by the President and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Preston, and at once settled down to a delightful programme of old and new dances, which proved most popular. The Lord Mayor, Councillor F. G. Spickernell was a guest of honour at the jolly supper table, presided over by the President, and dancing was continued until the early hours of the morning, most of the items rendered by the excellent orchestra being enthusiastically encored. The arrangements were in the hands of an energetic committee, consisting of Messrs. P. A. Preston, Ben Isaacs, W. G. Jones, Frank Spicer, E. J. Phillips, H. T. Perrin and L. Osborne, with Mr. W. T. Skipton as secretary.

A successful evening was held at the 18th annual dinner of the British Legion (No. 1) Club Ltd. this year. Mr. W. Shuker, the Toastmaster, announced that the speeches must be short, sufficient and interesting, and they were. Preliminary arrangements having been capably arranged by the Secretary, Mr. P. Reypert, the new President, Mr. T. H. Glover, took the Chair. Mr. H. Page submitted the toast of "Kindred Clubs" and Mr. S. Gordon (North End Club) and Mr. Budd (No. 2 Club) responded. Admiral R. B. Farquhar, C.B., proposed "The British Legion." He congratulated Admiral Bone on the fact that Portsmouth made a record collection last Poppy Day. Engineer-Admiral H. Bone, C.B., responded. Mr. C. C. Titmus proposed "The Incoming President" and Mr. T. N. Glover responded. The health of the visitors was drunk on the call of Mr. E. A. Williams and Mr. W. Shuker thanked the entertainers.

BRIGHTON.

The staff of the Brighton Branch assembled at the Bottling Stores on Friday, January 28th, to wish Mr. C. G. Adams good health and long life on his retirement on the 31st January, after 46 years' service with the Firm.

Mr. W. H. Cotton, in a few well chosen words, spoke of Mr. Adams' loyal service by which he had gained the confidence and respect of the Directors. Mr. Cotton personally thanked Mr. Adams for the many kindnesses he had shown him during the 33 years he had had the pleasure to work under him.

On behalf of the whole staff, Mr. Cotton then presented Mr. Adams with a chromium plated inkstand with perpetual calendar, suitably inscribed, as a token of esteem, and wished him good health and good luck for many years to come, trusting that when this little gift was used, it would bring back many memories of a loyal staff.

On behalf of the travellers, Mr. W. Stanforth wished Mr. Adams the best of luck, and suggested that he should take up some outdoor sport to keep him fit.

Messrs. J. House and J. Jones added a few words of appreciation and good wishes on behalf of the staff at Chapel Street.

Mr. Adams, in response, thanked one and all for the handsome and useful present, which he would always appreciate, and more especially for the expressions of goodwill which had been voiced, and hoped their loyalty would be extended to his successor, Mr. Luscombe. He recalled how he had started at the Oxford Branch as a junior clerk in 1891, later going to the Branch Office at Reading, and in 1899 was sent to Brighton as chief clerk, being appointed manager ten years later. Since then he has been in charge at Brighton.

After the presentation, the company adjourned to the Royal Oak, where Mr. Adams' health was drunk, and some of the staff exhibited their prowess on the billiards table.

Mr. A. Luscombe is settling down to his new surroundings. The staff at Brighton wish him every success, and assure him of their loyal support and co-operation.

LONDON.

A pleasing ceremony marked the departure of Mr. A. W. L. Luscombe, military representative, to take up his duties as manager of Brighton Branch.

Major F. J. Johnson, Mr. S. M. Penlerick, Mr. H. Ward and members of the travelling and clerical staffs were present, and in making a presentation from the staff, which took the form of a handsome engraved striking clock, also a letter bearing the names of all who had contributed, Major Johnson in an informal speech, referred to his long and pleasant association with Mr. Luscombe at London Branch. He was glad to convey the congratulations of all present on a well-earned promotion, and hoped the clock would always serve as a reminder of pleasant days at London Stores. He was sure Mrs. Luscombe had also contributed to her husband's success and was pleased to ask Mr. Luscombe to hand her a silver biscuit casket as a sign of recognition from the staff.

Major Johnson said he felt sure that the close co-operation which had always existed between London and Brighton Branches would be even stronger, and in conclusion, on behalf of all at London, wished Mr. Luscombe every success in his new post and continued good health and strength to carry out his new duties.

Major Johnson then handed Mr. Luscombe a personal gift.

Mr. Luscombe, in a speech of appreciation, said he was greatly pleased with the gifts made to his wife and himself, and assured everyone that although 50 miles would separate him in future, he felt it was not "goodbye"—the chiming of the clock would always sound as "From friends in London." He would ever have very pleasant recollections of his stay at London Branch, and thanked all concerned for their good wishes.

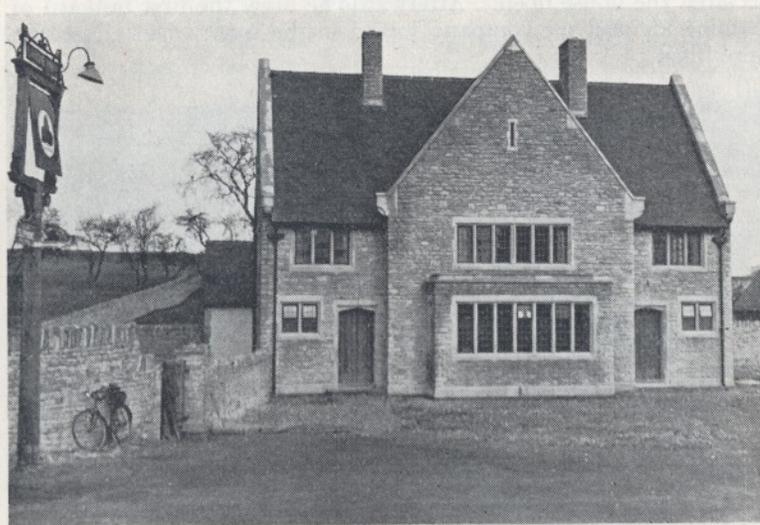
The little ceremony was brought to a conclusion with the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow" and three hearty cheers.

Mr. Luscombe was also asked to accept a small gift from the staff for each of his children.

The staff at London Branch wish to convey their assurance of continued respect and affection to Major S. V. Shea-Simonds, late Chairman, and wish him good health and happiness in his retirement.

This opportunity is also taken to express the loyalty of the staff and employees to F. A. Simonds, Esq., Chairman and Managing Director.

BRISTOL.



[By permission of the "Western Daily Press."]

The new Shoe Inn, North Wraxall.

On Thursday, February 3rd, the opening of the new Shoe Inn, North Wraxall, took place before a crowded house. For some months past this event had been eagerly anticipated by users of the Bristol-Chippenham-London road as well as by those many more who, delighting in the associations and architectural features of the old "Shoe," regretted its passing, but realised that something more than tradition is essential to-day on our main roads, and were anxious that no ultra-modern or unsightly edifice should take its place. The result we venture to hope will be fully satisfying to the views of all. The pageant of the ages in which the old building had played so historical a part was briefly recalled by Mr. H. W. Griffin, who did the honours at the inauguration of the new house. He also mentioned how it had become necessary to replace the old worn out "Shoe" in order to meet modern requirements, and the wishes of the Licensing Justices.

In his own words: "We feel sure that the new house will not only prove to be of much greater benefit to users of the road but will also be approved by many who also value the retention of those age-old characteristics which were embodied in its predecessor—built as it is of stone quarried almost within its walls."

Mr. Griffin wished the "Shoe" and its popular tenants, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Bayntun, the very best of luck, and amid cheers declared the house open. Afterwards he drew the first tankard of foaming ale and the company joined in the toast when all glasses were filled.



[By permission of the "Bath Chronicle,"

Drawing the first tankard.

Thus another solid link was forged in that "Hop Leaf" chain which stretches from East to West in our land, while sadly day by day we watched the old inn being slowly demolished. To-day nothing remains of that romantic age when the "Knights of the road" had many a good picking along these winding valleys and woods of East Wiltshire. North Wraxall is proud of the new "Shoe" and it will take its place as a worthy successor—a modern, yet age old, bearer of its time-honoured name.

On February the 12th we had the pleasure of a visit from the staff of our Devonport Brewery. A party of 65 visited the Jacob Street Brewery, lunched at the "General Draper," saw the Bristol City *v.* Reading game, and after the match spent the evening at the Cumberland Hotel where, after tea, a musical programme and dancing were thoroughly enjoyed by all.

We thank Mr. and Mrs. Brown for so well looking after them for lunch, and also Mr. and Mrs. Hurford for the great time after the match. In the words of their worthy Head Brewer, "It will be remembered for a very long time to come," and so say those of us who took part with them during the day.

THE TAMAR BREWERY.

DEVONPORT.

We are sorry to lose the 2nd Battalion King's (Liverpool) Regiment from Devonport, who will be leaving for Gibraltar early in March. They have a fine record of sports successes during the three years they have been stationed here. The 2nd King's have won the Boxing Championship of the Army for this past two years and if they can send their very fine team from Gibraltar next year the shield will be theirs for ever.

The South Raglan Barracks are being rebuilt, so we shall be a battalion short for the time being.

Mr. W. F. McIntyre has been elected Chairman of the Devonport Mercantile Association, and we hope he will have a good year of office.

"HOP LEAF" DART LEAGUE.

The "Hop Leaf" Dart League has ended its season with the Swan, having lost but one match, worthy champions.

Their single defeat was from the Bridge, who have given the champions a gallant fight the whole time. A word of commiseration for the Bridge: it was bad luck to lose two or three good players at the tail end of the season while running neck and neck.

The Camel's Head and Vine, but for lapses during the middle of the season, would have registered more points.

A word of praise for the Abbey for an amazing recovery after losing their first eight matches.

Simonds' S.C., Millbay, Tamar, and Barley Sheaf have been somewhat erratic. However, all have, at times, provided surprising wins.

The Mayflower, Beresford, and Sydenham have been concerned with the "wooden spoon," which goes to the Sydenham, a most sporting team, who will, no doubt, be proud of their "trophy."

	P.	W.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
Swan	22	21	1	118	36	42
Bridge	22	18	4	105	49	36
Camel's Head	22	15	7	84	70	30
Vine	22	13	9	88	66	26
Abbey	22	12	10	79	75	24
Simonds' Social Club	22	10	12	77	77	20
Millbay	22	10	12	74	80	20
Tamar	22	10	12	69	85	20
Barley Sheaf	22	8	14	59	95	16
Mayflower	22	6	16	50	104	12
Beresford	22	5	17	64	90	10
Sydenham	22	4	18	56	98	8

A VISIT TO BRISTOL.

On Saturday, February 12th, a party of sixty-five from Tamar visited Bristol. The main objects of the outing being to visit our confreres at Jacob Street Brewery and, secondly, to watch the football match between Bristol City and Reading.

Our party left Millbay Station at 7 a.m., a saloon coach having been specially reserved by the G.W.R. for their use. Everybody being in high spirits, the journey passed very quickly and we arrived at Temple Meads, Bristol Station, at 10.45 a.m. We were met there by Mr. A. Halse, and we then wended our way to the Jacob Street Brewery, where we were met by Mr. H. H. Robertson, Head Brewer, who kindly conducted the party round the Brewery. We were very greatly impressed with all we saw and took every opportunity of exploring this Branch of the "Hop Leaf" tree. Many of us took an early opportunity of renewing acquaintance with our old friend and colleague, Mr. J. H. Law, who made us most welcome.

After leaving the Brewery, about 25 members of the party had lunch at the "General Draper Hotel," Clifton, where we were most ably catered for by Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who spared no effort to make our short stay most enjoyable.

As the time for the football match was fast approaching, we bade our host and hostess *au revoir* and made our way to the City ground.

The match was excellently contested and according to our humble opinion Bristol fully deserved their narrow victory of one goal to nil. Incidentally, the crowd present was a record for four seasons, and we feel sure all will agree we had our "bob's" worth. Bristol City are in the running for promotion and we wish them every success in their effort to return to higher circles. To the vanquished, here's hoping you, too, will soon be hitting the high spots.

It was arranged on the trip up that the whole of the party should meet at the "Cumberland Hotel," St. Luke's Road, at 6 p.m. Accordingly, the soccer enthusiasts, budding zoologists, hikers and others of the party duly put in an appearance. On arrival we were greeted by mine host, Mr. Hurford and his wife, who had prepared an excellent high tea, to which full justice was done.

After tea the room was cleared and an impromptu concert was soon in full swing, and during the evening our party was augmented by members of the Bristol Brewery, headed by Mr. Law. On gatherings such as these *tempus fugit*, and so with reluctance

"Time, gentlemen, please" is called, and we join hands to the strain of "Auld Lang Syne," truly a most appropriate ending to a very happy occasion.

We left Bristol at 9 p.m. and arrived back at Plymouth at 12.30 a.m. During the return journey, when everybody had either gone "nap" or had had one, our zoological enthusiasts were still expounding Darwin's theory. Still, who cares whether Darwin was right; we had a good trip, and, in conclusion, many thanks, "Hop Leafites" at Bristol, especially Mr. E. G. Grimes, Mr. J. H. Law and Mr. H. H. Robertson, for your hospitality. We really did enjoy ourselves.

The outing was most capably arranged by Mr. C. R. Holman, and we feel sure the success of the trip gave him every satisfaction.

SALISBURY.

WHAT A GLASS OF GOOD BEER CAN DO.

The following was given by Mr. H. H. Corbin, Secretary of the Salisbury and South Wilts Licensed Victuallers' Association when replying to the toast of "The Association" at the annual dinner and dance held at the Guildhall on February 16th:—"A glass of good beer can almost work miracles. It can make aged people feel active, boring people become bearable, and cantankerous ones companionable. It can make the doubtful ones determined, the evasive ones earnest, and the faint-hearted formidable. It can turn gloom into gladness, hatred into harmony, and idleness into industry. It can make a miser feel merry, a poor man feel prosperous, and a rich man feel righteous. It can turn silent men into spokesmen, make talkative ones taciturn, and last but certainly not least it can make woman wonderfully warm-hearted and winsome."





Night photograph of The Bell Inn, Weyhill, during a snowstorm in January.

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