The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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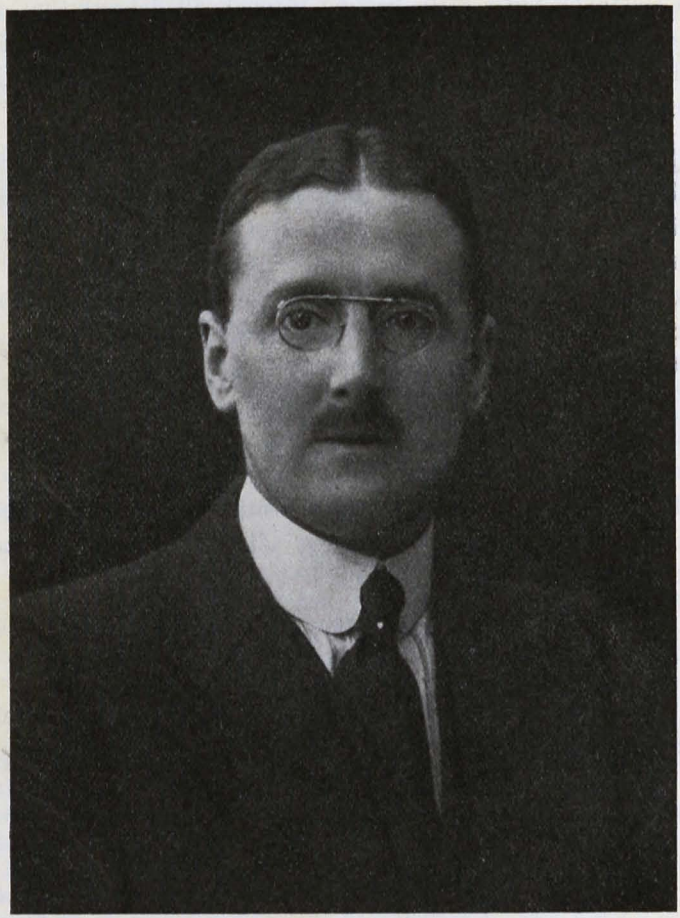


MR. J. B. BIGGS.

MR. J. B. BIGGS.

The photograph in our frontispiece is of Mr. J. B. Biggs, the Secretary of Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd., a subsidiary Company of this Firm.

Born in 1878 at South Kilworth, Leicestershire, and educated at Denstone College, Staffordshire, Mr. Biggs joined the staff of the Cannon Brewery Company Ltd., London, in 1895 and served that Company until 1910, passing through all departments, with the exception of the Brewery side, and gaining practical experience in the management of Public Houses, which proved a great agent in his success in later years.

Making a change in 1910, Mr. Biggs was engaged by Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd., as Assistant Manager, which position he filled with distinction up to the time of joining the army in 1916. After demobilisation Mr. Biggs was appointed Secretary of the Company and in 1929, when Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery purchased a controlling interest in Messrs. Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd., he was appointed to the Secretaryship of that Company also. Upon the control of the two Companies being acquired by H. & G. Simonds Ltd. in 1930, Mr. Biggs' services were retained as Secretary. In a comparatively short time his sterling qualities and fitness for the position became apparent and he quickly gained the confidence of all with whom he came in contact.

During the Great War Mr. Biggs served in France in 1918 with the 4th Battalion, Royal Fusiliers.

Possessing a fondness for all kinds of sport, Mr. Biggs' favourite game is lawn tennis, of which he was once a very fair exponent.

EDITORIAL.

BUY BRITISH.

Economise, if you must, but remember that excessive economies will aggravate unemployment.

Buy British.

Spend your holidays in Britain.

Invest your money in home securities.

Keep cheerful; but don't forget that there is trouble round the corner unless we all pull together.

These maxims were uttered by Lady (Austen) Chamberlain in an appeal to the women of Britain.

"Now, more than ever before," said Lady Chamberlain, "it is necessary for every housewife, before she buys, to ask herself the question, 'Is it British?' Every penny spent on foreign food and clothing will help to depress the £ in the markets of the world."

QUEER PEOPLE.

Ladbroke Black has gathered together a host of good yarns in his "Some Queer People" (Sampson Low, 12s. 6d. net).

One of the best stories is that of the late Lord Fisher. The Grand Duchess Olga of Russia wrote to him and told him that her birthday picnic had been spoiled by the gnats which bit her ankles.

Fisher wired back: "Wish I'd been the gnats."

"DOWN"—BUT NOT "OUT."

After Germany—Great Britain. Within the last few weeks the gaze of the world has been shifted from the Fatherland to the heart of the British Empire, says *Our Empire*. Everybody knew that if Germany's economic structure collapsed the consequences would be grave. But if Great Britain went under the shock of her fall would shake the foundations of more than one other country. And that is what the whole world is fearing. We believe that fear to be groundless. John Bull is very sick, but his constitution is still sound. He is learning, like his offspring in the Antipodes, that dissipation is a costly business. He has been living beyond his means, and now has to face the inevitable reckoning. He is suffering all the agonies of "the morning after the night before"—and the medicine is distinctly nasty. But he will take it. And then the grand constitution that has pulled him through so many a scrape in the past will once again have a chance to prove that it is still as good—and better—than the next man's.

A CHANCE FOR COMRADESHIP.

That the British nation will survive its present tribulation the remainder of the world may rest assured. Reports of internal dissension may be heavily discounted. After characteristic "grousing" the Briton will make the sacrifice for the sufficient reason that he will not be able to help it—the whole machinery of industry, for example, would come to a standstill if the taxation necessary to maintain the "dole" above its present level reached the point of saturation. While we are convinced, however, that the nation will meet and conquer a very grave predicament, we are equally certain that the process would be far easier and less painful if something of the old wartime spirit of comradeship were brought to its aid.

A VERY OLD FAIR.

Reading Fair is one of the oldest in the country and can be traced back to the year 1210. The September Fair has always been held on the 21st and 22nd of the month, except when the dates fall on a Sunday. Queen Elizabeth granted a special charter for the fair. Reading used to have four fairs—St. Laurence's Fair, St. Giles' Fair, the Cheddar or Cheese Fair and the Michaelmas Hiring Fair held in September. There are now only two fairs, held in May and September. The Mayor is the collector of the tolls of the fair and market, and whereas in the sixteenth century they amounted to one guinea the tolls are now approximately £250 a year.

TOTE TRIO'S LUCK.

Three fortunate speculators each received £426 12s. 0d. for an outlay of 10s. at Newbury on Saturday, September 26th, for coupling Sandals and Picaro in the tote's "double."

The bookmakers' return was 25-1 and 8-1 respectively.

PROHIBITION.

The increasing demand for modification of the Volstead Law, under which the Prohibition Amendment is enforced, is given added impetus by the Labour Day statement of the American Federation of Labour's Committee on Modification. The committee declared: "We have strength in co-operation with great numbers friendly to our cause to overthrow Volsteadism through modification this winter." Modification, it is argued, means great additional employment and a market for grains, and "a death-blow to the brand of crime that has grown out of or thrived upon Prohibition as defined by the Volstead Act."

ALL A DREAM.

"J.H.," in the *Manchester Evening News*, writes:—On Saturday evening I attended a big meeting of the "temperance" party. The hall, which holds over 2,000 people, was packed to the doors. The chairman's subject was "The National Emergency Budget." I will not weary you with the whole of his remarks, but the gist of the whole matter was discontent at not being asked by the Chancellor to pay a fair share in this "Great National Crisis." Speaker after speaker upheld the chairman's views, and the following resolution was put to the meeting and carried unanimously:—"This gathering, representing all the 'temperance' parties in the country, while thanking our old friend Mr. Snowden for once again raising revenue by a tax on beer, feel it is our duty as loyal citizens in this grave crisis to bear our fair share of the increased taxation, therefore, we do open subscription lists immediately and call upon all our supporters to give unsparingly, so that we may hand over to the Chancellor a sum at least equalling if not exceeding the amount to be raised from the new beer tax." Tables were put out and collectors at once appointed, and a mad scramble to pay ensued. After a lot of struggling I reached one of the tables and offered a pound note, but was told that this was a voluntary subscription open to teetotalers only, and, anyway, I had evidently paid my share elsewhere. I was then thrown out. I woke, still clutching a pound note, and, strange to say, I cannot recall where this meeting took place.

AN UNFORTUNATE REVELATION.

Here is a felicitous instance of horse memory. In my boyhood my father had a big farm in Shropshire in which were two farm houses, writes a correspondent. The spare house was let to an elderly maiden lady, who was a great advocate of teetotalism. In the summer she frequently borrowed a pony and trap from us, and went for long leisurely drives through bye-lanes and villages. The summer of 1881 she spent in Norway, and one day in the next summer she borrowed the pony and trap to take three friends for her favourite drive. She returned in the evening in a great rage. The old pony had insisted on stopping at every public house on the way—about a dozen of them—and no amount of whip would induce him to stir. She had to get out and lug him away. The farm lads understood it perfectly. After she had borrowed the pony in 1880, two of them drove him over the same route while the farmer was away at a fair. They pulled up at every public house, gave him a lump of sugar, and then after a few minutes' rest and a biscuit, drove on to the next house.

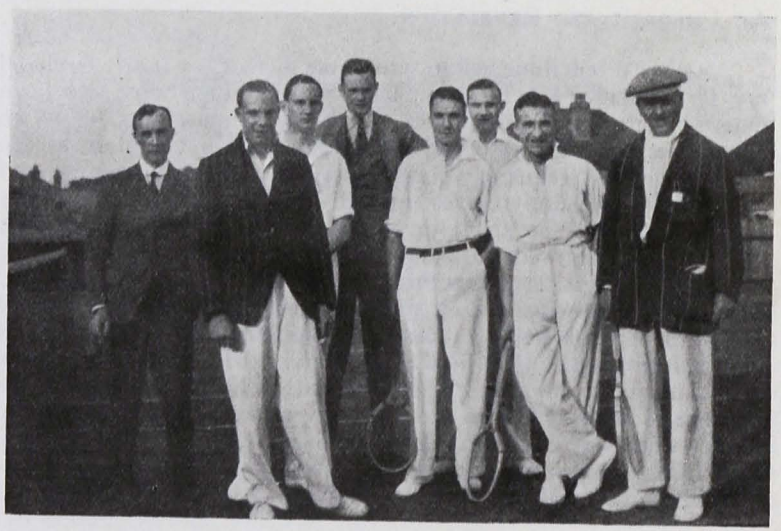
NOT REALLY.

A very thin full-back was annoyed by the attentions of a small dog during a Rugby match. At last, when play had moved to the other end, the back turned and shouted to the spectators : " Whoever owns this dog might call him off."

A voice responded : " Come, here, Spot. Them ain't bones, boy—them's legs."

LAWN TENNIS.

Below is a photograph of some of the tennis players representing the Brewery. It was taken by Mr. J. W. Jelly on the occasion of our visit to the Beechwood Club, Tilehurst, where we had a very enjoyable match and, incidentally, were very hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Jelly. But the real object of my note is, at very special request, to convey to Mr. Louis Simonds the warmest thanks of every player for all he has done to set in motion the nucleus of what gives every promise of being a strong tennis club. He has given up much of his time on our behalf, he has played with us a lot, been very generous in other ways, and his fine sportsmanship has met with a gratifying response on the part of the players whom he has imbued with his own keenness. The result has been that the tennis has improved, from the start, to a surprising degree. We won most of our matches and, with an earlier start next season, should be able to field a very useful side. Each club visited was anxious that the fixture should be an annual one.



PROBLEM SOLVED.

The solution to the problem given in last month's issue is as follows :—

Mr. Robinson lived at Leeds.

The guard's nearest neighbour earns exactly three times as much as the guard. As Mr. Jones earned £110 2s. 1d. per annum, which cannot be exactly divided by 3, the guard's neighbour cannot be Mr. Jones ; therefore Mr. Jones lived at Sheffield, therefore the guard's name is Jones.

Smith beat the fireman at billiards ; therefore, as Jones is the guard, the fireman must be Robinson, leaving Smith as the driver.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The only true source of politeness is consideration.

Falsehood is never so successful as when she baits her hooks with truth.

Great thoughts come from the heart.

It is the treating of the commonplace with the feeling of the sublime that gives to art its true power.

Never stint soap and water.

Our souls much farther than our eyes can see.

Put not all your crocks on one shelf.

The distant landscape draws not nigh for all our gazing.

To have ideas is to gather flowers ; to think is to weave them into garlands.

When a man is wrong and wont admit it he always gets angry.

Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity.

Speech is the gift of all, but thought of few.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

ANOTHER MILESTONE.

The September issue completed another year of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, making five years in all. I venture to think it has been five years of progress and that our little magazine is now a hardy annual.

MR. T. R. KENT.

Mr. Kent, who is the youngest member of the staff transferred to Reading on the closing down of Farnborough Branch, is a member of St. John Ambulance Brigade and a little while ago rendered first aid to two persons who met with accidents just outside the Offices in Bridge Street. Both the accidents happened on the same day. Mr. Kent is to be congratulated upon his promptness.

MR. L. E. BROWNE.

Congratulations to the above member of the General Office staff on being presented with a daughter during the early days of this month.

MR. E. GOSNEY.

I am informed that Mr. Gosney, the well-known traveller for the Firm in the Farnborough district, was also presented with a daughter on the 8th September. Congratulations.

TRIBUTE TO BEER.

Tributes to Beer as a Christianising influence came from a surprising quarter—the Modern Churchmen's Conference at Oxford.

" I often think," said the Rev. J. C. Hardwick, " that there is more Christianity in a bar parlour of a public-house than there is in the Church. Men in the public-house have a sense of comradeship over their beer which the people in the Church lack."—*Sunday Dispatch.*

WHAT WAS THE REASON ?

Our horses, as is well known, are splendid animals and the way they are turned out a credit to the Firm and our men who look after them. One of them took it in his head, apparently (whilst our man was delivering goods to a house in Shinfield Road, Reading), to bolt and fortunately was stopped before much damage was done. I am assured, however, that there is no truth in the rumour that the reason for this extraordinary behaviour on the part of the horse was due to it taking fright at the blaze of colour from the flowers in Mr. A. R. Bradford's garden in Shinfield Road.

HOLIDAYS.

Practically all the wanderers have now returned back to duty and their reply (in general) to the inevitable question as to how they fared has been, " Not so bad." We are assured by the papers that this has been a healthy summer : possibly we shall know whether we have benefited during the forthcoming winter. One gentleman I know, however, after a week of rain at Brighton, decided to come home for the second week. Whilst away myself at Ryde this summer, sitting in a deck chair watching the bowls, much to my surprise I was greeted thus : " Are you still at the Brewery, Mr. Dunster ? " It turned out that my questioner, whose home is in Reading, used to work in the Cooperage Department of the Firm, leaving some ten years ago. He naturally talked over old times, and I learned his name was Mr. Steward, and that he was doing quite well at a cooperage in London. My face hasn't altered much apparently in ten years.

EMERGENCY BUDGET, 1931.

In view of the national crisis we were all more or less assured beforehand that beer would be taxed and the surmise, unfortunately, proved to be correct. Although it may be only a temporary measure once taxes are increased on our principal commodity, viz., beer, we know from past experience that these taxes have a way of " sticking on." It is to be hoped, therefore, that all beer drinkers will do their bit in order to keep the consumption up to the highest possible figure. Without wishing to be controversial, I think it is a pity that teetotallers and non-smokers are not called upon to pay in some way. We have had rather a busy time in notifying our many tenants and customers of the increased prices by circular letters, also answering the many queries. There has been some rapid work in connection with the getting out of the letters, but really everything has worked very smoothly.

I read of a publican somewhere in the West Country who put his prices up one penny per pint the day after the Budget was introduced. Later on he was told by his brewers that the prices were not to be increased for a few days, so he put up a notice that he would refund the overcharges to his customers. He found out afterwards that he sold 24 pints of beer and refunded 48 pence !

FOOTBALL.

Even the most ardent follower and supporter of the Reading Football Club soon came to the conclusion (rightly or wrongly events will prove) that Reading has not a promotion-winning

team for this season at any rate. Nevertheless, the team has done fairly well so far, and when the season is a little more advanced and only one match a week is played, will probably do much better, at least that is our hope. Considering the small number of "pros." signed on they have done very well, in my opinion. The Reserves also have been very successful and they have had the assistance of J. Venner, of our Transport Department, at left back for a number of games, and he is playing quite well. I am indebted to Mr. W. Giddy for the Plymouth paper every week and naturally read the doings of the Argyle with interest. They are certainly doing much better this season and having some wonderful "gates."

Our own Brewery teams have also started and have heavy programmes before them. The first team is doing remarkably well, but the second team, after a big victory in the first match, have since met with somewhat heavy defeats. I am assured the reason mainly is that the sides they are meeting are somewhat too hefty for them. I am afraid league football for these youngsters is rather a big undertaking. Well, personally, I wish both the sides a very successful season.

I saw the trial match between Highways Football Club and our team and it was quite interesting, and a goodly number of Brewery stalwarts were present. The form shown was very promising. This match was not without a certain amount of humour for our team were waiting some while for the shirts, owing to the Secretary who was in charge of these articles of attire arriving somewhat late owing to having been "detained at the office" (in this case a legitimate reason). When they were ready to start it was found that some budding Steve Bloomer had punctured the ball. Actually what happened was the ball, driven with considerable force against a hedge behind the goal, had met a thorn with business end uppermost. However, after a short delay another ball was obtained and the game started in earnest. As it was an evening match, "the shades of night were falling fast" when the game was finished and the Brewery team victorious.

TAIL-PIECE.

A well-known goalkeeper, looking for work in Ireland, applied to the proprietor of a travelling menagerie and asked for a job. He was told: "Our performing chimpanzee recently died. If you care to be sewn up in his skin and do a few gymnastic stunts on the horizontal bar, you can have £3 a week." The goalkeeper accepted, and met with considerable success until one afternoon he crashed through a partition and found himself in the lion's den. He yelled for help until the lion leant over to him and said, "Don't be silly. You're not the only 'old crock' football professional in this menagerie."

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

A PATHWAY OF PRICELESS PEARLS.

MY WONDERFUL DINING HALL.

The other morning I was up at dawn and away up the river-side. A thick mist was hanging over the meadows and I left a well-defined track behind me as I made my way through the bejewelled grass. Each blade was hung with strings of pearls in the shape of dewdrops and hours later when I passed this way again, these myriad little gems were scintillating in the sun and making a display unsurpassed in any jeweller's shop. There is no artist such as the One who bedecks Nature's windows, and I felt it almost a sacrilege to tread as I pursued my way along this path of priceless pearls, crushing them by the thousand, at every step, by my clumsy feet.

AT BREAK OF DAY.

Before the mist disappeared I approached within a few yards of many moorhens feeding in the meadows and they "koor-acked" with alarm as they took wing to the river and then swam across, flirting their white tails as they did so. They disturbed a number of dabchicks who scurried along the water's surface, then dived, reappeared and chattered very volubly, no doubt expressing surprise and indignation at the intrusion of this early morning visitor. But *I* would do them no harm! A heron, in his raucous way, expressed equal surprise and indignation when I interrupted him in his angling operations and he rose, rather clumsily I thought, flapped his way to a tree, alighted equally clumsily, and stood and stared at me. The day was only just beginning to dawn when I heard the silver song of a lark, high overhead, but I could not see the bird. Then a blackbird burst noisily from some bushes, there was the twittering of swallows—we shall not hear them much longer now—I heard the beating of mighty wings and saw six swans taking aerial exercise. A robin sang his Matins, kingfishers appeared, took up their stations by the waterside on the look-out for a feed of fish, and an old crow, whose voice sounded as though he had a relaxed throat, winged his way across the meadow, no doubt on mischief bent. The sun is making his welcome appearance now and almost every minute some new form of life appears. I hear the cheery notes of goldfinches and see a little party feeding on thistle seeds and scattering the down in all directions. How happy they seem, how brilliant is their colouring and how pretty are their ways, aye! and how different their whole atmosphere

compared with that of their poor little relatives imprisoned in tiny cages. A large family of long-tailed tits proceeds from tree to tree in search of food uttering their familiar " zit-zit " all the while, perhaps with a view to keeping the family together. And how happy they seem, too !

These are just a few of the sights and sounds—there were many more—taken at random during my morning's walk.

LUNCHEON !

About noon I took luncheon in a beautiful Hall. The ceiling was of wonderful blue with fleecy clouds floating by. The " walls " were decorated with a wealth of richly coloured berries, with variegated foliage of infinite variety. There were trees and birds and buzzing bees, soft zephyr breezes, sweet scents and the silver music of a fast-flowing little trout stream. On the " sideboard " were nuts and wine in the form of wild hazels and luscious blackberries. I rose from my seat, a *very* rustic seat for it was a tree-stump, and partook of delicious dessert, and, from the bottom of my heart, yes, in spite of the times, thanked my God for England and all that it means to me.

THE HOP LEAF ALIVE !

(BY " S.B.").

I was privileged to take part in one of the trips to the Worcester and Hereford hop fields, organized by the Brewers' Institute, on September 11th. I joined the party, which was about 65 strong, at Hereford after luncheon. The second part of the journey was through the Hereford district where a hop kiln was shown in full working order and this was most interesting to me, never having seen the growing or drying of hops before.

Tea was taken at Ledbury and the drive was continued through Malvern where splendid views were obtained. From what I could see of the hops not picked I should say they were rather on the small side, clean and an average crop.

We proceeded to Worcester and with fine weather, good company, and charming scenery, the trip proved highly enjoyable and instructive.

SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

As the Firm have a football club running in full swing with two teams battling for the honour of the Hop Leaf, I suppose in the next issue of our GAZETTE there will be a report of their doings. Nevertheless the wielders of the willow must have their due.

Unfortunately the premier team were unable to fulfil their last two fixtures, being unable to raise a representative team on either occasion.

The " B " team did manage to get one more game in, that was against Y.M.C.A., and pulled off another win. We batted first and a good stand was made by the opening pair, A. H. Davis and J. Smith, who put on 41 before being separated. Their respective scores were 13 and 26. Later H. Deverall and R. Main reached double figures, with 11 and 18, and the whole team compiled 91.

The " Young Men " then went in and made 62. Palmer with 17 and Carpenter with 11 were the top scorers. R. Broad took five for 18 and R. Main three for 22.

The remaining match should have been against Knowl Hill, but we had to scratch at the last moment as it was found that the lorry had to go into dock that morning and it was not known until too late to make other arrangements.

Taken on the whole it has been a very poor season for the Club. A full fixture list was prepared for the " A " team and the " B's " were two short. The opening Saturday (May 2nd) was purposely left open and it was found impossible to fill the other.

The weather seemed to have a grudge against week-ends. Two Saturdays in May were " wash-outs," and then we did manage to carry on until the 25th July when we entertained Eversley Street. Well, we did out best ! We made a start at the " game " and then rain prevailed, so we gave them tea and sent them home. All through August the " A's " did not have a game, but that was mainly due to our inability to raise a team owing to holidays.

The " A's " played ten matches, of which three were won, four lost and three drawn.

The " B's " played fifteen in all (including three evening ones), won six and lost nine.

This fact is very encouraging as this season was in the nature of a last trial. The support has been much keener and the players rallied round Mr. Main, who acted as skipper. As long as this state of affairs continues the Club will flourish, but there is still a long furrow to plough. A number of members of the " A " team are getting older and will not be able to play cricket indefinitely. With this idea at the back of his mind Mr. Wadhams tried to introduce some of the second string into the first as occasion demanded, but when the " A's " were a number short it would not have been practicable to transplant four or five of the juniors as this would have been disastrous to both teams.

The season was also unfortunate for us owing to injuries to players. T. Bartholomew was struck on the knee cap when playing against Factory " B " on the 27th June and was unable to assist us again this year. On the 13th June the " Father " of the " B " team (F. S. Hawkins) ricked his ankle and he, too, was out of the game for the rest of the season.

Pressure of business kept several members of the Club out of the team on several occasions.

Although in several reports I have asked all members of the Club to assist in clearing the financial ground by obtaining their cards from Committeemen or myself, it is only a few days ago that a certain person said he had not been asked for his " bob."

From the appended list of averages it will be seen that A. E. Croom again heads the " A " team batting and E. G. Crutchley the bowling. For the " B " team C. Josey holds a big lead in the batting. Incidentally he was the only player to score over a hundred during the season and he assisted them in fourteen out of their fifteen games. The skipper, R. Main, heads the bowling.

The fielding generally has been pretty good and for the " A " team 33 catches were held (J. W. Jelly, 5, being top), and the " B's " held 56 (C. Josey obtaining 13, with H. Deverall next with 8).

AVERAGES.

FIRST ELEVEN.

BATTING.

	Innings.	*Runs.*	*Most in Innings.*	*Times Not Out.*	*Average.*
A. E. Croom	8	82	24*	3	16·4
J. H. Wadhams	7	66	30	—	9·43
T. Bartholomew	5	44	16	—	8·8
J. Rumens	6	24	8	2	8
J. Smith	6	38	19	1	7·6
P. James	6	32	17	1	6·4
P. Hendy	5	25	10	—	5
J. W. Jelly	10	29	7*	1	4·83
J. Hillier	6	27	11	—	4·5

The following batted in two and less than five matches :—

J. J. Cardwell	4	59	27	1	19·66
E. G. Crutchley...	4	22	10*	1	7·33
F. Clark	4	16	12	1	5·33
H. Osborne	4	20	17	—	5
G. Kelly	3	6	6	—	2
A. Foster	2	2	1*	1	2
L. Atkinson	4	3	1*	1	1

The following also batted :—

R. Main	1	16	16*	1	—
E. S. Phipps	1	1	1	—	—
C. H. Perrin	1	1	1	—	—
R. C. Pitts	1	—	—	—	—

BOWLING.

	Overs.	*Maidens.*	*Runs.*	*Wickets.*	*Average.*
E. G. Crutchley...	49	16	91	14	6·5
A. E. Croom	70	16	200	21	9·52
F. Clark	71	13	175	17	10·29
J. W. Jelly	57	9	148	14	10·57
L. Atkinson	30	2	96	8	12
J. Rumens	25	2	62	5	12·4

The following also bowled :—

H. Osborne	7	1	17	3	5·66
R. Main	9	2	25	3	8·33
J. Hillier	2	—	6	—	—
E. S. Phipps	3	—	9	—	—
J. H. Wadhams	1	—	6	—	—

CATCHES.

J. W. Jelly, 5 ; F. Clark, A. E. Croom, G. Kelly, J. Rumens and J. Smith, 3 each ; L. Atkinson, E. G. Crutchley, P. Hendy, P. James and H. Osborne, 2 each ; C. H. Perrin, E. S. Phipps and J. H. Wadhams, 1 each.

SECOND ELEVEN.

BATTING.

	Innings.	*Runs.*	*Most in Innings.*	*Times Not Out.*	*Average.*
C. Josey	14	113	22*	2	9·41
H. Deverall	13	90	32*	1	7·5
R. Broad	6	40	16	—	6·66
F. H. Hawkins	7	35	16*	1	5·83
R. Main	12	64	18	—	5·33
A. H. Davies	10	45	13	—	4·5
L. Atkinson	6	17	7	1	3·4
J. W. Giles	10	30	11	—	3
R. Boddington	9	15	9	2	2·14
R. Griffin	10	13	7	1	1·33

The following batted in three and less than six matches :—

J. Smith	3	81	43	—	27	
F. S. Hawkins	3	16	14*	1	8	
R. C. Pitts	4	10	6	—	2·5	
J. Hillier	3	7	4	—	2·33	
I. Godden	4	6	3	1	2	
E. C. Greenaway	3	3	3	—	1	
H. Hamlin	3	3	3	—	1	
A. F. Foster	4	3	2	—	·75	
C. Main	3	2	2	—	·66	
B. W. Greenaway	5	2	2	—	·4	
P. Luker...	3	1	1	—	·33	

The following also batted :—

F. Clark	1	2	2	—	2	
J. Clay	1	2	2	—	2	
F. Kemp	2	2	1	—	1	
F. Mundy	2	2	2	—	1	
—. Martin	1	1	1	—	1	
H. J. Treadgold	1	—	—	1	—	
H. Cook	1	—	—	—	—	
G. Kelly	1	—	—	—	—	
E. G. Crutchley...	1	—	—	—	—	
S. Treacher	1	—	—	—	—	

BOWLING.

	Overs.	*Maidens.*	*Runs.*	*Wickets.*	*Average*
R. Main	105·1	25	185	54	3·42
B. W. Greenaway	26·1	2	72	17	4·23
H. Deverall	42	8	93	17	5·47
R. Broad	54·1	7	135	20	6·75

The following bowled in three and less than 6 matches :—

F. H. Hawkins	7	—	18	2	9
L. Atkinson	47·2	9	125	11	11·36
J. Hillier	7	—	19	—	—

The following bowled in less than three matches :—

	Overs.	*Maidens.*	*Runs.*	*Wickets.*	*Average.*
E. G. Crutchley...	6	2	11	6	1·83
E. C. Greenaway	12	4	20	4	5
F. Clark	12	7	16	1	16
A. Foster	7	1	16	1	16
F. S. Hawkins	5	—	16	1	16
C. Josey	6	—	20	1	20
F. Mundy	9	1	20	—	—
A. E. Croom	10	2	25	—	—

CATCHES.

C. Josey, 13 ; H. Deverall, 8 ; A. H. Davis, 5 ; B. W. Greenaway and R. Main, 4 each ; A. F. Foster, R. Broad and E. C. Greenaway, 3 each ; L. Atkinson, R. Boddington, J. W. Giles and R. C. Pitts, 2 each.

SIMONDS' ATHLETIC FOOTBALL CLUB.

HOPS ! HOPS ! HOPS !

Played 4, *Won* 4—that is the record of our newly-formed football club at The Brewery.

On Saturday, September 26th, we met Calcot Park football team on their own ground in the qualifying round of the Berks and Bucks Junior Cup and ran out easy winners by 8 goals to 3. Our goals were scored by P. Hendy 2, C. Main 2, H. Mileham 2, R. Pitts 1 and W. Day 1, and they were all good goals. The ground was rather rough for good football and our boys put up a surprisingly fine performance under the circumstances. Judging by the number of Breweryites present it is being realized that we have got a very good side together. We are strong fore and aft ; in fact the talent we have has really surprised me as it will a good many more who come to see our team perform. They play a good, sporting, clean game with plenty of team spirit ; give knocks and take them, all with a smile. It is early to prophesy, but I will be bold enough to say if they continue their present form some of those local cups and shields will adorn the glass case in our Social Club at the end of the 1931-32 season.

Our record to date is as follows :—*League matches*—In the first match we met R.A.O.C. (Didcot) on Prospect Park, a pretty stiff proposition for a newly formed club, but we ran out fairly comfortable winners by 4 goals to 0. Then we journeyed on the following Saturday to Swallowfield—always a tough nut to crack on their own ground, but we beat them by 5 goals to 2, after a very hard game. The next Saturday we met Binfield (away) in the qualifying round of the Reading Town Senior Cup, winning rather easily by 6 goals to 0. So you see I have some reason for being optimistic.

As an old Reading Football Club supporter I am rather surprised to find myself following local football, but I can tell you I quite enjoy it. I know every individual player personally and to see every one putting his back into it is a good tonic, even if the grounds they play on are not exactly like billiard tables.

I am afraid our second string are not doing quite so well. They started with a fine win against the newly formed Engineers football club, the actual score being 12 goals to 1 in favour of our boys. Since then, however, they have suffered two rather heavy reverses. They met Sutton's Reserves, who included a sprinkling of their first team, and were beaten by 10 goals to 0. Next week they journeyed to Peppard in the Reading Town Junior Cup and were defeated by 8 goals to 0. Both were rather heavy defeats, but when you consider we were three regular men short, in both matches, owing to holidays and illness, it is not so bad as it first appears.

We are having a meeting at the Social Club with a view to strengthening the team, if possible, from the remaining talent at The Brewery and hope for better results in the future.

HOPS.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Every condition, be it what it may, has hardships, hazards, pains. We try to escape them ; we pine for a sheltered lot, for a smooth path, for cheering friends, and unbroken success. But Providence ordains storms, disasters, hostilities, sufferings ; and the great question, whether we shall live to any purpose or not, whether we shall grow strong in mind and heart, or be weak and pitiable, depends on nothing so much as on our use of these adverse circumstances. Outward evils are designed to school our passions, and to rouse our faculties and virtues into intenser action. Sometimes they seem to create new powers. Difficulty is the element, and resistence the true work of man. Self-culture never goes on so fast as when embarrassed circumstances, the opposition of men or the elements, unexpected changes of the times, or other forms of suffering, instead of disheartening, throw us on our inward resources, turn us for strength to God, clear up to us the great purpose of life, and inspire calm resolution. No greatness or goodness is worth much, unless tried in these fires.

HOLIDAY THOUGHTS.

For the majority, the vacation of this year is now a thing of the past, but for those who were fortunate enough to be able to pass their holiday in places beyond the scope of the usual routine, I doubt not but that there still lingers with them the memory of those days. The pleasures of a holiday, to my mind, should be threefold. There is the anticipation of the break in the general every-day life, the looking forward to days which we hope to be able to pass almost entirely in the fresh air and sunshine, apart from the pleasure of fresh scenes. Then there are the days we actually spend in so doing, and thirdly, there is the pleasure of returning home again to be welcomed by our every-day companions who always seem so pleased to see us back.

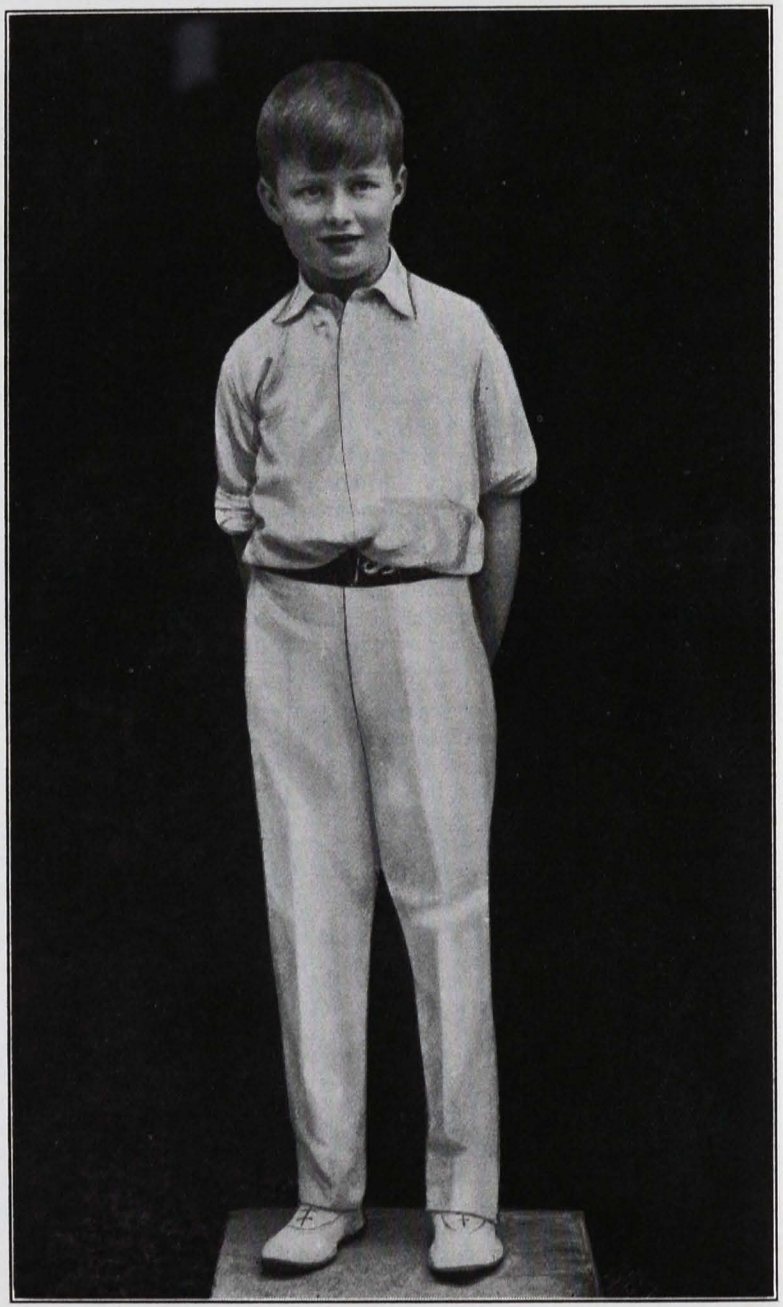
Most of us, too, appreciate the beauty of our England (I refer to those who did not travel abroad) and almost all cherish that of some particular spot. The days of holiday afforded us the leisure to sense more fully the beauty that surrounded us and we drank to the full of that so freely given for our pleasure. And so often in the days that follow, when we are in the office, workshop, or wherever our particular post may be, when the world outside may be very drear, raining no doubt, some chance word lightly spoken brings back to us with a rush that day of our holiday, when we were privileged to enjoy a scene which stamped itself indelibly on our minds.

I think I shall always treasure the memory of one particular walk which my friends and I made on our holiday this year. It was a perfect afternoon, lovely sunshine, just a few clouds floating across the sky which served but to throw up the light and shade of various points and a light breeze that was welcome as we made the climb of the hill. But when we reached the top how well we were rewarded ! On the one side the hills dipped and rose again in graceful lines, some slopes were thickly wooded, others were covered with turf and heather intermingled, the colour of the heather enhancing the beauty of the scene. On the other hand there was the grand outline of the coast, with the sea lapping gently at the shore in the bays, but striking more forcibly at those parts where the rocks ran to the water. It was a scene which held us all, so much so, that instead of returning to our " digs " from the little village which was our objective, by bus, as was our intention, we followed the same course back so that we could feast once more in reality on the beauty of hill and dale and sea.

M.P.

On August 24th, Mrs. Symonds, wife of Mr. F. G. Symonds, of the " Victoria Arms," Binfield, gave birth to a son.

MASTER KENNETH F. SIMONDS' SUDDEN ILLNESS.



We were extremely sorry to learn that Mr. F. A. Simonds' third son, Master Kenneth, was suddenly taken ill on the 15th September, and an operation for appendicitis was found to be immediately necessary. Happening, as it did, in the middle of the night, the urgent summons of the doctor and the preparations for the removal of the patient to a nursing home, where the operation was successfully carried out, naturally caused much anxiety in the household. The news spread to the Brewery and district early the next morning and there were constant enquiries by 'phone until it was learned that the young patient was out of danger. The latest report is that Master Kenneth is making splendid progress and a speedy recovery is expected.

The illness occurred just as Mrs. Simonds was in the midst of "moving" from Mertonford, Wokingham, to Audleys Wood, Basingstoke, and much sympathy was expressed towards her in this great anxiety being added to her household cares.

A BALLAD OF BEER.

The foaming ale of England !
  The glowing, nut-brown brew
So often praised in ballad
  And sung in epic, too,
  By Lab. and Lib. and Tory
    Shall now win greater glory
    In this our island story
  By helping Britain through !

'Twas famous when our fathers
  Repelled the vandal Goth ;
Since then, the Tyke, the Welshman,
  The Scot, the Irish "broth"
    Have scorned the crank's pooh-poohings
    Of all its varied brewings,
    And gladly paid the "doings"
  When once they saw its froth !

To-day, in hours of crisis,
  When things are at their worst,
We're proud to help our country
  With patriotic thirst ;
    And so I'm keen as any
    To pay that extra penny,
    And, in this role, like many,
  I'm pretty well rehearsed !

MERCURIOUS
(in the *Leeds Mercury*).

OUR TAX MASTERS.

Bio-Chemist writes as follows in that entertaining and instructive publication, *The Licensing World* :—Ever since man partook of the ripe fruits of the earth, alcohol has been a part of his constitution. It is as essential to his well-being as the blood stream itself. And this, as Professor Herdman, a past president of the British Association pointed out, is because of the stubborn fact of sugar fermentation. Sugar fermentation can only be prevented by two means : (1) The rigid exclusion of air, water, and ferments which exclusion never occurs in Nature and (2) the introduction of artificial anti-ferments, for instance, formic acid. Along with sugar, these ferments are produced in all ripe fruits, and no wild, presumptuous ravings of the anti-alcoholites can abolish a Law of Nature. These extremists fail to see that they are playing the part of the would-be modern Joshuas commanding the Sun of Fermentation to stand still. (And no one to-day, I should think, believes the original Joshua was such a blasphemous old fool as to order the Sun in the Firmament to stay its course !)

The physiological demand for alcohol is a decree of Nature as inexorable as is the demand for other kinds of food. Stop the supply of any necessary food, or make it attainable only with difficulty by restrictions and exorbitant taxation of prices, and the body suffers. This leads to a matter which is a growing menace to the health and lives of the very poor.

It is sad reading that there is again an increase in the number of cases of methylated spirit drinking in a few of the larger cities and towns. What is methylated spirit ? Who are the people who drink it ? Why do they drink it ? Where, or on whom lies the moral and criminal responsibility for the mental and physical wreckage resulting from methylated spirit drinking ?

Methylated spirit is a mixture of 90 per cent. crude ethyl alcohol and 10 per cent. wood spirit, which, as its name implies, is obtained by the distillation of wood in red-hot iron retorts, after the manner of coal-gas making. It is a solvent for fats, oils, shellac, resins, etc. It is an important commercial necessity and is produced in tens of thousands of tons yearly, and as such is untaxed. To render it particularly nauseous to the taste, it is put on the market with a small percentage of some resin, or mineral oil already in solution. These do not affect it for industrial use. On the addition of water to the spirit (for I doubt if any man could drink a spoonful of the raw liquid without choking) the resin, or oil, is thrown out of solution in the form of a white cloud, with a heart-heaving smell. Attempts are made to disguise this by peppermint, etc., but the deadly stuff is there. The wood spirit goes straight for the nerves, especially that most delicate one, the optic nerve of the eye. Hence, insanity and blindness.

Why do the poor drink the stuff ? Obviously because the genuine food stimulant is taxed beyond their reach. To say that it serves the poor devils right is the reply of un-Christian, inhuman brute feeling. It is not their fault they are ignorant of the poisonous nature of methylated spirits. There is a point beyond which human endurance will not go when a necessary is denied it, whether by restriction, cruel taxation, or both. It seeks escape. It is reckless of the consequences of the means chosen for escape.

The moral responsibility for this state of things lies with our tax-masters. We never hear of methylated drink degradation on the Continent, where wines and other alcoholic beverages are unrestricted and comparatively cheap.

There are times when it is intrinsically right to think and to speak one's mind. We are born into a web of complicated obligations, and for years have been longing for some sort of release from this web, only to wake up and find ourselves still more entangled. Where is our boasted freedom when it is permissible for one man, or small body of men, to force, or attempt to force, teetotal rancour upon us by robbery taxation ? Where is the "equality of sacrifice" when the poor man's beer food is taxed unmercifully to breaking point, while the teetotalers' ridiculously cheap sugar and its toffee compounds (which work havoc with children's digestions), and his drugs are left untouched ?

"Spite in the wrong is but a poor weapon with which to oppose right in the fight for the right."—*Alfred Oliphant.*

ARE WE SWELL-HEADED ?

The question was raised recently by a woman reader of one of our great daily papers as to our right to refer to ourselves as the greatest people in the world. She continues : "What is greatness ? England has starred in one single part only . . . . the part of conquering other countries. In art, science and deep thoughts the German is superior, to mention the biggest rival."

Now this suggestion of boastfulness on our part may well serve to induce us to reflect a little upon our countless failings, but might we not allow our traditional modesty (if we *do* possess such a virtue) to prejudice any views we assume in this connection ? It could very well be suggested that the lady who has aroused this controversy is herself erring in this respect. The conviction has appeared to gain ground of late that we are becoming too fond of metaphorically casting dust upon our one communal head. Let us try to be fair to ourselves !

Firstly, it must be realised that this is most emphatically a material world and in consequence it is extremely difficult to separate and grade our spiritual and material thoughts. We are so restricted by matter and imbued with conceptions connected with it that discarnate life, together with its spiritual freedoms, is almost a closed door to the majority of us. We are, in fact, so bound up with materialism that even our higher thoughts, ideals and studies are, generally speaking, associated with and applicable to this earth only. At any rate, it is quite a reasonable method to criticise our Empire from the standpoint of materialism. Let us attempt to do so!

How have we acquired our possessions? Broadly speaking the answer might be that we did so by war. Yet this is not strictly true. Australia fell peacefully to us by colonization. South Africa, it is true, we wrested chiefly from the Boers at a very great cost, but surely the consolation arises here that we did the natives a good turn. We have treated them like human beings whilst the tough old Boer farmers gained an unpleasant name for ferocious brutality. In any case the Boers themselves have not apparently regretted their fate but have instead proved very worthy and loyal to the Empire. We cannot deny that Canada, New Zealand and the rest of our odd possessions were chiefly gained through the direct force of arms, but the fact remains that if we had not seized them others would have done so. There remains India, which country is looming much before our eye at present. Severe criticisms have been levelled at us concerning our right to hold and our administration of this great and wealthy continent. But all said and done we have striven to do all that is possible under the circumstances to better the lives of the millions who dwell there. And it is emphatically stated by officials and other Englishmen who have had actual experience both of the country and its strangely different inhabitants that to give India a free hand with her affairs at her present stage of evolution would be the worst possible thing for her own sake and consequently ours. Incidentally, this mention of the administration of subjective territory brings to mind the memory of German Kultur. Reference to Germany occurred above and it is as well to point out that such unpleasant acts as were committed by German subjects, even though these represented but a very small minority, would never have occurred amongst our own people.

There is another fact, too, which can be made much of. It is to our credit that we have been foremost in introducing reforms. A notable example is the Slave Trade. Having first admitted that we originally were as bad as any in this connection, let us hasten to point out how we stamped out the practice amongst

our own people and so set an example to the whole world which has been almost universally followed. It is quite true we have set examples to others again and again so that it has become quite customary for the world to look to us and to rely upon us. One might with justice go on to declare that adverse criticism of our nation at the present moment is very bad patriotism. We are going through severe troubles when an optimistic view is essential. Does any Britisher for a moment doubt our inability to "pull through"? If so, then he had better change his view. It is our duty to live up to such an inheritage as we possess. It is our duty as the greatest nation to retain our position and forge ahead undaunted, still showing the way and extending a helping hand to other less fortunate peoples. In other words, we must live up to our name and *become* the greatest nation if we are not so already. Greatness is expected of us as proved by foreigners' anxiety over these present worries. We are not going to disappoint the world; we must not. Optimism, therefore, shall as ever become our keynote and self-depreciation, being unwanted, shall be put aside. However, this digression does not help to answer the question under discussion.

It must surely be obvious that from the purely material standpoint we stand unchallenged. Assuming that this is so, then it only remains to prove that our artists, scientists and thinkers are foremost, which is difficult, for the very reason that science and thought belong chiefly to this present age. In art we have produced in the past many a genius who has taken his place in the world, so that at least we have not taken a secondary position. Our early inventors, too, have come into equal prominence, but since science and thought are comparatively young, may it not as yet be too early to decide? It is, at any rate, true enough to say that in the latter subjects we have held our own if not more. Such names are Watt, Faraday, Darwin, Brewster, all go to prove this; whilst the present day gives us Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir James Jeans, Sir Arthur Keith and a host of other great thinkers. If we manage to retain our national characteristics of perseverance and enterprise they should go well with the intellect that is now awakening.

We have been the greatest nation, and we are still. Surely the foundations upon which this greatness is built are still firm? With the present economic troubles settled we shall, if we survive, be well able to look forward to a glorious future.

And we shall certainly survive.

E. W. KIRBY.

FIFTY—AND NOT OUT!

FURTHER PRESENTATIONS TO MR. C. E. GOUGH.

On Monday, September 7th, the Directors entertained Mr. C. E. Gough to luncheon to commemorate that gentleman's jubilee of service with the Firm. The Chairman (Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds) presided, and there were also present : Mr. F. A. Simonds, Mr. J. H. Simonds, Mr. A. J. Redman, Major Guy Ashby, Mr. L. A. Simonds and Mr. R. Quarry. Several of Mr. Gough's colleagues were also privileged to be present, namely, Messrs. E. S. Phipps, A. R. Bradford and C. Bennett.

It was regretted that Mr. Fred Simonds and Commander H. D. Simonds could not be present, both being abroad on holiday.

The toast of Mr. Gough was duly honoured on the call of the Chairman.

After the luncheon, the Chairman invited Mr. Gough to give a short resumé of some of his earlier experiences. In response thereto, Mr. Gough said that it was in the middle of August, 1881, that Mr. Dormor (the first manager of Oxford Branch) approached the speaker's father and made known a desire to have one of his sons in the service of H. & G. S. It was explained to Mr. Dormor that the elder brothers had already embarked upon other careers, and that the third son had gone to Windsor to join a family grocery business. Mr. Dormor replied " That's the one I want." As the result of these conversations, he (Mr. Gough) was sent for, and much to his surprise was, on the 2nd September, 1881, taken to their Branch at 30, Queen's Street, Oxford, to commence his duties. Mr. Gough paid a tribute to Mr. Dormor as a fine business man who worked very hard. The office hours for clerks were then 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. and the weekly half-day holiday had not been instituted, but a few hours off were given when skating was good, an event which was of fairly regular occurrence each winter in those days. A spare job for clerks on slack days was to attempt to collect doubtful debts, and any success in those efforts was considered to be a valuable service and received approbation accordingly. Interesting reminiscences regarding the commencement of Oxford Theatre and other early Oxford experiences were given and much enjoyed by the company present. In 1889 Mr. Gough said he came to Reading and was posted to the Branch Department and very soon got a firm grip of the manifold duties that devolved upon that important office. Mr. Gough was able to give details in connection with the Canvas Department as it was in those days, and gave vivid recollections of his first experiences with army manoeuvres. Comparisons were made between the scanty accommodation of the old store tent, also the multifarious duties which were required of the clerk-in-charge, and the present

efficient system of arrangements for such events. A great number of names of members of the " Hop Leaf " family was brought under review, most of whom have now passed over, but Mr. Gough's tributes were appreciated, especially his feeling allusions to the late Mr. J. W. Lindars, whom he succeeded as manager of the Branch Department some 24 years ago. Branch Depots now closed were also referred to and many details of the difficulties of those times were brought to mind. During the 50 years of his (Mr. Gough's) service there have been 67 Branch Managers, 44 of whom held their appointments during his term of office at the Brewery and 12 were still serving the Firm in different capacities. Of the 21 Branches then existent only 9 now remained, owing to developments and concentrations. Mr. Gough thanked the Directors for their kindness and courtesy at all times, particularly for their hospitality and good wishes on that occasion and hoped the Directors' efforts in the future would be rewarded with a large measure of success.

WORKED WITH ALL HIS MIGHT.

A colleague adds :—

Mr. Gough is justly proud of the fact that he has never asked a man to do what he could not do himself, and he has always been a great worker, but is still well preserved and full of vigour.

It is personal tribute that he has always had a tremendous store of energy and enthusiasm which he has used in intense application to the task in hand and with incredible tirelessness. He has held high office and has upheld its best traditions. He has been earnest and sincere in all he undertook and has done it with all his might.

As an advocate for Branches he has done yeoman service and has shown great skill as an organizer and administrator. He has always urged the younger generation to adopt high ideals and to work hard, and he has successfully fostered the team spirit and goodwill and co-operation between all departments, and it is hoped that he may long enjoy good health to carry on the work to which he is devoted and to which he has given a life of loyal service.

Before the luncheon the Directors presented Mr. Gough with a cheque and a beautiful set of silver dessert dishes, suitably inscribed, which will always be prized by Mr. Gough and his family.

Congratulations and letters received, expressing good wishes, have been numerous and Mr. Gough would like to thank everybody who so kindly thought of him, whether at the Brewery or Branches, at home or abroad, also the large number of friends outside the Firm but who have added their testimony to the volume received from members of the " Hop Leaf " family.

C.B.

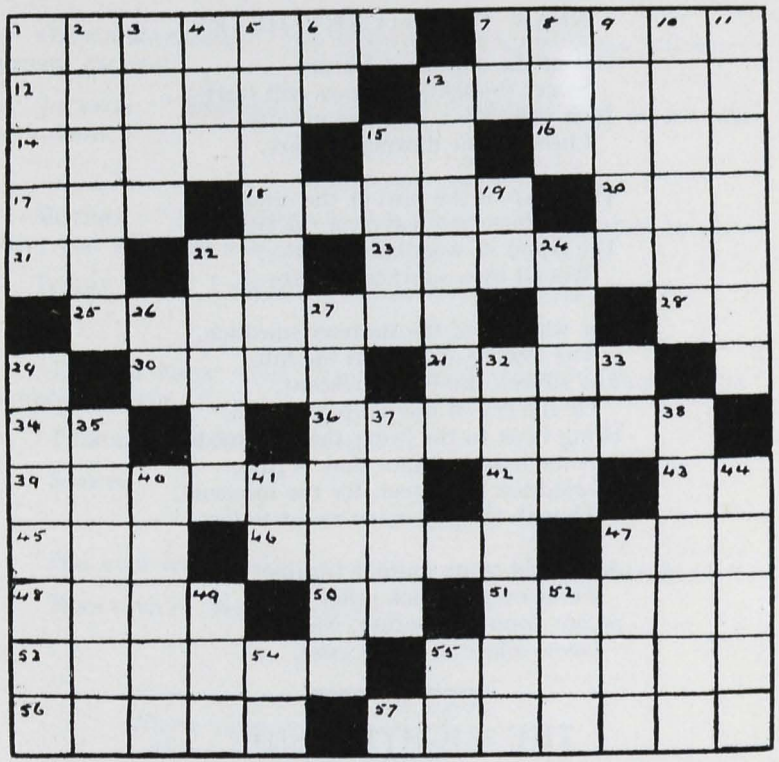
GIFT FROM THE CANVAS STORES.

On Saturday morning, the 5th September, a presentation took place to Mr. C. E. Gough by Mr. F. Jefferies and the members of the Canvas Stores. Mr. Jefferies, in presenting Mr. Gough with an umbrella, said it was a great pleasure to make that presentation on behalf of his fellow workers and himself. It marked one of the most pleasant moments of his life to be able to congratulate Mr. Gough on his completion of 50 years' loyal service on their one and only Firm, and they wished him, if possible, to be with them another 50 years. In assuring Mr. Gough of the loyal support of the Canvas Department in the future as they had tried to give in the past, Mr. Jefferies referred to the many occasions during the last 40 years when he had been at camps and manoeuvres with Mr. Gough, who, he described as a good master, guide and friend. Concluding, he wished Mr. and Mrs. Gough every happiness and good health for many years to come.

Replying, Mr. Gough said that the words of Mr. Jefferies were as sincere as any possibly could be and he knew that they came straight from his heart. When Mr. Jefferies was placed in charge of the Canvas Department, it was a great gain to that department and that he had always been proud of the men who worked in it. Mr. Gough paid a high tribute to the work carried out by the men and the great responsibility which was placed upon them. He also referred to the way in which the Firm looked after their staff and said that it was up to the staff to look after the Firm's interests. After making further eulogistic remarks concerning Mr. Jefferies, Mr. Gough thanked them all for their beautiful and most acceptable gift, which he said he would use, knowing that he was still in touch, even when he was no longer at work, with the good old Canvas Department.

A letter was also received from Mr. J. Etherington, late of the Canvas Stores, who is now on the Firm's retired list, apologizing for not being present and conveying to Mr. Gough his sincere congratulations.

OUR CROSS WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Skipper.
7. Heroic.
12. Foreigners.
13. Defeated.
14. Leaves.
15. Father.
16. Habit.
17. Vetch.
18. Anger.
20. Sheltered Side.
21. Royal Marines.
22. That Is.
23. Thief.
25. Saw-like.
26. Printer's Measure.
27. Essay.
28. Anent.
29. Printer's Error.
30. Acorns.
31. Term.
32. Studio.
33. East Riding (init.).
34. Rough Guide (init.).
35. Plenty.
36. Samplers.
37. Serpents.
38. Musical Instrument.
39. Ancient Egyptian Ruler.
40. Blend.
41. Editor (abb.).
42. Spanish " Yes."
43. Italian River.
44. Begins.
45. Beverage.
46. Urge.
47. Edge.
48. Rent.
49. Capture.
50. After-thought.
51. Void.
52. Pile.
53. Important.
54. New Series (init.).
55. Paradise.
56. Assembles.
57. Floor Covers.

DOWN.

1. Frolic.
2. Warnings.
3. Swine.
4. Sand-heap.
5. Responds.
6. Exist.
7. Exist.
8. Uncovered.
9. Coral Island.
10. Thin Wood Coating.
11. Penetrated.
19. Pronoun.
13. Slats.
22. Angry.
15. Gone.
24. Fortified.
26. Printer's Measure.
27. Essay.
29. Printer's Error.
32. Studio.
33. East Riding (init.).
35. Plenty.
37. Serpents.
38. Musical Instrument.
40. Blend.
41. Spanish " Yes."
44. Begins.
49. Capture.
47. Wash.
52. Pile.
54. New Series (init.).
55. Exclamation.

NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART.

Out of the depths of Nature
  Sweet thoughts at times will start
That rise, like a fragrant incense,
  Cheering the downcast heart.

The chirp of the bird or the cricket,
  The fluttering leaves of the trees,
The odour of woodland flowers,
  Wooed by a southern breeze—

The warmth of the summer sunshine,
  The lowing of kine on the hill,
The silvery sky-hung crescent,
  Or the cry of the whip-poor-will,
Bring back to the heart that is brooding
  Some happy dream that is past,
To gladden and cheer, for the moment,
  Though the joy is too sweet to last.

As a child to its mother turning
  Finds ever a quick relief,
So our common mother, Nature,
  Gives solace to every grief.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Your husband seems to be having a lot of bonfires in the yard nowadays, Mrs. Bloggs."

"Yes. You see, he's got a job distributing circulars."

* * * *

We understand that the detectives in Chicago are disguising themselves as policemen so that the crooks won't suspect them!

* * * *

MRS. BROWN (with newspaper): "John, it refers here to some gunmen taking a man for a ride. What kind of a ride?"

BROWN: "A slay ride, my dear."

* * * *

If the wife laughs at your jokes, you can be sure that either you know some good ones or you have a good wife.

* * * *

"Your studies are suffering, son. Do you need a coach?"

"No, dad, a roadster'll do."

OFFICE MANAGER: "I'm afraid you are ignoring our efficiency system, Jackson."

JACKSON: "Perhaps so, sir; but somebody has to get the work done."

* * * *

MOTHER: "No, Tommy, you can't have the hammer to play with; you will hurt your fingers."

TOMMY: "No, I won't. Jill is going to hold the nails."

* * * *

"Do you know what that charming young woman in the sweetshop weighs?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Sweets."

* * * *

"Has your second wife a more even temper than your first?"

"More even? No; even more."

* * * *

There was young man of Japan,
Whose name on a Tuesday began,
  It ran on through Sunday,
  Till twilight on Monday,
And sounded like stones in a can.

* * * *

At a time when the housing problem was even more acute than it is to-day, a man heard that a friend of his had been drowned, and at once went to the agent and applied for his friend's house.

"You're too late," said the agent.

"But my friend was only drowned an hour ago."

"I know that; but I've let the house to the man who pushed him in."

* * * *

A child, with her nurse, was watching a party of anglers putting off in a punt. "But, nurse," she asked in a puzzled voice, "do the fishes *like* all that beer?"

He was a stout man with large broad feet, and although several pairs of boots were shown to him, he refused to choose any of them.

"I must have square toes," he explained to the shop assistant.

The young man sighed wearily.

"But square toes are not stocked now, sir," he replied. "Pointed toes are absolutely fashionable this season."

The stout man gave him an angry stare.

"That may be," he retorted, "but I happen to be wearing last season's feet."

* * * *

LAWYER: "Don't you think you are straining a point in your explanation?"

WITNESS: "Perhaps I am, but you often have to strain things to make them clear."

* * * *

"I thought you said you were going away for a holiday?"

"Yes, but I was let off with a fine."

* * * *

WIFE: "Fancy a woman getting two thousand damages for the loss of a thumb. It seems excessive."

HENPECK: "But perhaps it was the one she kept her husband under."

* * * *

TIMES CHANGE.

MISTRESS (to new charwoman): "My husband is very proud of his wonderful specimens of old pewter."

CHARWOMAN: "Ah, my old man used to manage to get 'old of a few of 'em, but the public 'ouses are so careful now."

* * * *

TRY AGAIN!

MISTRESS: "Mary, I found a large cobweb in the drawing room. How do you account for it?"

MAID (brightly): "I think, mum, it must be them spiders."

TRUMPED.

When a married man plays the knave his wife often plays the deuce.

* * * *

A FINE GAME.

"We've had a lovely time playing postman," exclaimed the small hopeful of the family. "We gave a letter to every lady in the street."

"But where did you get the letters, dear?"

"Oh, we found 'em in your trunk in the attic, all tied up with blue ribbon."

* * * *

A TOPICAL EPITAPH.

Within this grave
There lies poor Sandy;
Seized by the 'flu—
No whisky handy.

* * * *

ESCAPED HIS DESERTS.

"You say you served in France?" asked the restaurant proprietor, as he sampled the new cook's first soup.

"Yes, sir, officer's cook for two years and wounded twice."

"You're lucky, man. It's a wonder they didn't kill you."

* * * *

ALL'S "FARE" IN WAR.

A German Captain of Engineers has told how he once sent a "green" corporal and three men back with instructions to put a railroad station completely out of commission so that it could be no possible means of use to the enemy. The corporal rejoined the command in a surprisingly short time considering the nature of his task. The Captain asked if he had carried out his instructions. "Ja wohl, Herr Hauptmann," said the corporal, "the Russians will never be able to get to that station again. You see," pointing to the large sack on his back, "I have carried away all the tickets."

* * * *

INHERITED.

"Late for parade again, O'Malley," snorted the irate captain. "How do you account for this persistent tardiness?"

"'Tis inherited, sir," answered Private O'Malley. "Me father was the late Michael O'Malley."

* * * *

THE "ORDERLY" SERGEANT.

"Sergeant," said the Adjutant of the Training Camp, "I was looking last evening for some records concerning the religious services held every Sunday morning, but could not find them in the files. Where are they?"

"They are filed under 'H,' sir," answered the sergeant.

"Why under 'H'?"

"Because they begin at half-past nine, sir."

* * * *

FATIGUE.

SERGEANT: "Are you one of them spiritualistic mediums?"

RECRUIT: "No, sergeant."

SERGEANT: "No! Then why in hell do you fall into a trance every time I give an order?"

* * * *

GENEROSITY.

The time had come to dish up the rations, and in an Irish regiment the quartermaster and his assistant had been portioning them out in preparation for distribution.

The assistant turned to the quartermaster and, with a twinkle in his eye, said: "Av ye plaze, sorr, there's a loaf short. Who'll I give it to?"

"Keep it yourself, Mike," replied the quartermaster.

* * * *

A DIFFICULT TASK.

A novelist was arguing with a military man.

"I believe, sir," said the soldier, "in fighting an enemy with his own weapons. That's what I advocate, sir."

"Tell me," said the novelist, "how long does it take you to sting a wasp?"

The manager of a music hall had advertised for a number of comedians. The following day the would-be funny men arrived at the theatre, and one by one the manager had them in his private office to test their abilities.

"No," he said to one of the applicants, "your songs won't do for me. I can't allow any profanity in my theatre."

The applicant stared. "But," he objected, "I don't use any profanity."

"No," replied the manager calmly, "but the audience would."

* * * *

The unscrupulous batsman had been bowled by a fast ball which just whipped off one of the bails. He stooped and replacing the bail, said to the umpire, "Jolly windy to-day, isn't it?" "Yes, sir," said the umpire. "'Ere's your cap, sir. Better carry it in your 'and on your way back to the pavilion."

* * * *

A destroyer had arrived at its depot after a tour of duty, and the commander, being unable to leave for some hours, sent the quartermaster ashore with a telegram to be despatched to his family. The wire read: "With you to-night. Lots of love. Ginger." However, the quartermaster met a few friends and visited a number of hostelries before remembering his mission. Being unable to find the draft of the telegram he decided to write it from memory and despatched it as follows: "With you to-night. Lots of gin. Lovely!"

* * * *

Two golfers had gone North for the grouse shooting and after a long day on the hills they were returning homeward, walking through tall and difficult heather. Said one wearily: "I must have a rest. Aren't you tired?" "No," replied the other, "I'm fit as a fiddle, thanks." "It's easy for you," grumbled the first man, "you're always in the rough, anyhow."

* * * *

A sportsman who was having some trouble with his dentures consulted his dentist, who assured him that all was well and that all he required for his comfort was a quantity of tragacanth to provide adhesiveness. In the course of the day, the patient remembered his mission, and, entering a chemist's shop, he said to the assistant: "I say, old chap, I know it sounds damned silly, but honestly, I want a couple of ounces of the Aga Khan."

A private expedition of expert fantastic-toers arranged to go to a rather well-known hostelry which is famous for both the slipperiness of its ballroom and the high standard of its other amenities, and was carrying on its elegant operations with the greatest success until, in one of the intervals of the mazy, a very good-looking gentleman ablaze with medals (obviously he had been to a regimental dinner) suddenly appeared, sank wearily on to a soft couch, divan or ottoman and proceeded to go to sleep rather noisily on the shoulder of the nearest female fantastic-toer he could find.

This, of course, was rather embarrassing, and she indicated to her Boy Friend that the sportsman with the medals should be transported to a more removed spot.

The Boy Friend, a chap who is never at a loss in any situation, said :

" Leave it to me ! Watch me, and I'll have the perisher out in two ticks ! "

She said : " Sez you ! Get a gait on, Carnera ! "

So he did. He touched the sleeping hero smartly on the shoulder and woke him more or less—rather less.

He said : " Hullo, old sportiboy ! Good dinner ? "

" Besh dinner," said the hero.

" Who was there ? " said my friend, making a scientific cast for a clue.

" Allshaps there—beshdinner, beshshow, allshaps there ! "

" Good," said my friend ; " now I'll see you out, old soul ; take hold of my arm, I'll see you out ! "

" Ver' good of you, I'm sure, ver' good of you, lesh have one more binder ! "

" Certainly," said my friend, who was then aided by two athletic gentlemen in knee breeches and powdered hair.

" Come along," said he ; " you're doin' fine in spite of the tarmac this way and," under his breath to one of the escort, " get a taxi."

Taxi was alongside in quick time ; hero stowed away inside all correct—after much difficulty.

" And now," said my friend, " *where* to ? "

" Coachster Hotel," said the hero.

" But you've just *been* there, said my friend.

" Nomarrer," said the man, " wangoback—I *live* there ! "

An actor consulted his doctor, saying he felt seedy. " No wonder," said the medico, who knew his man. " You never leave the theatre till midnight, then you hang around the club drinking and smoking till early in the morning. What you want to do is to go straight home from work, rise with the lark and have an early morning walk."

The actor determined to do so. Next morning he was up at six, had a walk round the park and reached home just as the milkman was leaving.

The milkman touched his cap and said " Good-night, sir."

* * * *

A woman whose husband had died went to a medium who put her into communication with her late spouse.

" John," said the woman, " are you happy now ? "

" I am very happy," replied the spirit of John.

" Are you happier than you were on earth with me ? " asked the woman.

" Yes," replied the spirit. " I am far happier than I was on earth with you."

" Tell me, John, what is it like in Heaven ? " asked the woman.

" Heaven ! " exclaimed John. " I'm not in Heaven ! "

* * * *

A certain doctor always stutters when under the stress of excitement. Not long ago he had occasion to officiate at an important event. The husband and prospective father, who had set his heart on a son and heir, was pacing the room when the doctor entered.

" Well, doctor," he said forcing a smile, " what's the news ? "

" Tr-tr-tr," began the doctor.

" Triplets ? Good heavens ! "

" Qu-qu-qu," stammered the doctor.

" Quadruplets ? Holy smoke ! "

" No, no," cried the medico, " qu-quite the contrary. Tr-tr-try and ta-take it ph-philos-ophically. It's a girl."

* * * *

The officer of the day entered a guard-room, and found it empty except for a private, who, stripped to his shirt and trousers, was lounging on a chair, smoking a clay pipe. "Where's the sergeant of the guard?" demanded the officer angrily. "Gone across to the non-coms.' mess to have a drink, sir," replied the private, saluting smartly. "And the sentries?" "In the canteen, sir." "Then, confound it, what are you doing here?" "Me, sir?" was the calm reply. "I'm the prisoner!"

* * * *

MISUNDERSTOOD.

GUEST: "Gosh, but I'm thirsty!"

HOSTESS: "Just a minute and I'll get you some water."

GUEST: "I said thirsty, not dirty!"

* * * *

BAD TO WORSE.

"Do you know the best thing for the fingers when they have become yellow from cigarette smoking?" a young man inquired of a friend. "Did you ever try using a cheap fountain-pen?" said the friend.

* * * *

SON: "Dad, what is the difference between a visit and a visitation?"

FATHER: "Well, my boy, when we go to see grandmother, that is a visit—when she comes to see us, that's a visitation."

* * * *

MARTYR.

NEIGHBOUR: "How many controls are on your radio set?"

OWNER: "Three: my mother-in-law, my wife, and my daughter."

* * * *

STRIKING DIFFERENCE.

SHE: "A clock is different from a man."

HE: "In what respect?"

SHE: "When it strikes it keeps on working!"

* * * *

"I see that you've given up teaching your wife to drive."

"Yes, we had an accident."

"What happened?"

"I told her to release her clutch, and she let go of the steering wheel."

* * * *

IF AND WHEN.

An author says some people keep on predicting the end of the world in spite of the fact that they are always wrong. But he must admit that they get a little nearer every time.

* * * *

LONG-RANGE STUDENT.

BOXING INSTRUCTOR (after first lesson): "Now, have you any questions to ask?"

BEGINNER (dazed): "Yes; how much is your correspondence course?"

* * * *

NOT ENOUGH.

Stanley Lupino's latest story concerns a Scottish actor who came to London and took lodgings. With his morning tea the landlady sent him up two thin slices of bread and butter, whereupon he complained of the skimpy portion. The next day she sent him three slices, but still he complained. The third day she cut a loaf in two, and put a quarter of a pound of butter on each slab and sent that up. When he came down she asked defiantly "Bread and butter all right?" "Aye, no' so bad," replied Sandy. "But you've gone back to two slices."

* * * *

"It is only too true that a girl's ideal is often shattered," says a writer. More often he's just broke.

* * * *

INDIGNANT HOUSEHOLDER: "You've papered the study with the bathroom paper and the bathroom with the study paper. What do you propose to do about it?"

PAPERHANGER: "Dunno, sir. I'd willingly shift the bath for you, but that's a plumber's job."

* * * *

" Was your barn hurt during the cyclone ? "

" I dunno ; I ain't found it yet."

* * * *

STRONG MEDICINE.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Elwood Worcester were feeling better to-day after having been knocked down by an automobile.

* * * *

NERVOUS SUITOR (to little brother) : " I've come to see your sister."

LITTLE BROTHER : " She's been expecting you."

NERVOUS SUITOR (beaming and smiling) : " Ah ! that's good. Here's a shilling for you. How do you know, my little man, she's been expecting me ? "

" She's gone out ! "

* * * *

One American met another American in London, and in the course of conversation remarked that as yet London had no sky-scrapers. " Pity, too," said the other one. " I never saw a sky that needed scraping more."

* * * *

" What yo' got in yo' mouf ? " asked one coloured boy of another as they started off with their fishing poles.

" Fishin' worms," he replied.

" Puttin' worms in yo' mouf ! Don't yo' know better'n dat ? Why don't yo' put 'em in yo' pocket ? "

" Put 'em wid mah lunch in mah pocket ? Ah should say not ! "

* * * *

MOTHER : " You are at the foot of the spelling class again, are you ? "

BOY : " Yes 'um."

MOTHER : " How did it happen ? "

BOY : " Got too many z's in scissors."

* * * *

The sportsman was returning from a day on the marshes. As he entered the village he was met by a villager. " Morning Charles," he greeted. " 'Morning, sir ! " said the man. " Been out shooting, eh ? " " Yes," replied the sportsman, a little breathlessly. " And what have you killed, sir ? " asked Charles. " Just a few ducks," the sportsman explained, opening his bag. Charles looked at the catch. " Were they wild ? " he asked. " Well," said the sportsman as he recollected the expedition, " they weren't exactly wild—but the farmers were."

* * * *

When a certain officer of the Governor's staff died, there were some applicants for the post, and some were indecently impatient. While the dead colonel was awaiting burial, one aspirant button-holed the Governor, asking : " Would you object to my taking the place of the colonel ? "

" Not at all," the Governor replied tartly. " See the under-taker."

* * * *

BRANCHES.

BRIGHTON.

Summer is waning, and is bringing with it some very fine weather which, however, has come too late to make up for the bad spell of the past three months, which has rather adversely affected business on the south coast.

Our manager has recently returned from an enjoyable holiday in sunny Jersey, where he found a liberal amount of sunshine.

Stormy passages to and from that delectable island were encountered, but did not detract from a pleasurable holiday where he found our " Brown Ale " on draught.

The 18th Field Brigade, R.A., have returned from the Berkshire manoeuvres and have expressed their satisfaction of the arrangements made for the comfort of the Sergeants by the provision of a marquee, and for the regular supplies of liquors from Oxford Branch.

Hearty congratulations to Mr. H. F. Lindars on his wonderful term of service with the Firm. May he be spared many years to give that kindly advice which he has always been ready to pass on to his younger colleagues, and which is always much appreciated.

It is a matter of tradition that a crisis in England's history always brings out the best from Englishmen. One of the best things about the present financial crisis is that it has brought together politicians of all schools in one combined National Government, sinking personal and party differences in one great cause. Without any suspicion of party feeling, therefore, the whole electorate of Brighton & Hove can be united in satisfaction that Major G. C. Tryon, one of their representatives in Parliament for the past twenty years, is a member of the National Government. Major Tryon has now returned to his former post of Minister of Pensions.

CRICKET.

The following letter has been received by Mr. W. L. Knowles (Secretary of the Sussex County Cricket Club) from Mr. A. E. Donnelly (Chairman of the New Zealand Cricket Club) :—

" On behalf of our team and the New Zealand Cricket Council, I have to thank you and your committee for your kindness and hospitality to us all during our match at Brighton. As I told you, we have always considered your county the most sporting in England, and we enjoyed our match with you, I think, more than any other during our whole tour. It was very pleasant to renew our acquaintance with your professionals who have done so much for our cricket in New Zealand, and it was also a very great pleasure indeed to meet again the Sussex players who came to New Zealand two years ago with the M.C.C. team."

An interesting address was recently given at a meeting of the Brighton & Hove Rotary Club by Sir Francis Goodenough, C.B.E., on the subject of " Salesmanship," when he set out certain maxims of which the following are a few selected ones :—

" A business relationship can only be permanently profitable to the seller when it is permanently profitable to the buyer."

" The aim of every business ought to be to ensure lasting satisfaction in, and consequent confidence from, the customer."

" The real employer of every member of the staff is the customer. If every member of a staff could get to realise that every customer he deals with is his employer, that the customer is the person from whom comes the money that pays him, there would be less dissatisfaction and less unemployment."

" No salesman must ever imagine that he is doing the customer a favour by serving him."

" The mind, habits, and needs of the customer must be the constant and sympathetic study of those who wish to serve him."

" The word of the seller, should be as good as his bond, and his performance better than either."

" Punctuality of performance is of supreme importance. If you promise to fit the new gas stove at ten o'clock on Wednesday, and the men do not arrive until late on Wednesday afternoon, you have spoiled the household's breakfast and dinner, and made an enemy of the housewife."

" If you cannot carry out your promise, then let the customer know beforehand. Do not wait until you have failed, and apologize afterwards."

" A complaint forestalled is a fault forgiven."

" Welcome complaints. If the complaint is justified, remedy quickly, admit openly, and be generous in making good. A complaint put right generally means fresh business."

" Don't tell your customer about your difficulties. He wants the goods, not your troubles."

PORTSMOUTH.

The above is a photograph of Mr. William Toms (right) and Mr. Samuel Farrington (left), both pensioners, who finished their work with the Firm at this Branch. Mr. Toms, who will be 93 years old in March next year, commenced his duties at our head-quarters at Reading on November 1st, 1877, as head bottler. He recalls that the bottling store at this time was under the old offices, and that Mr. Fretwell was living above these offices. In looking back at his work at this period, he remembers that I.P.A. was bottled and that samples of this beer were examined by the Directors after having been kept in the cellars for four years, and found to be perfectly sound. He was transferred from Reading to Portsmouth Branch on July 1st, 1906. His great number of friends at Reading and elsewhere will all be pleased to hear that Mr. Toms is still in possession of good health, and as seen from the photograph, which was only taken this month, does not look any older than when his photo last appeared in the GAZETTE in January, 1927. Mr. Toms only retired from the Firm in January, 1926. Until quite recently he was a regular figure at this office each Friday morning, walking from his home to the office by himself.

Mr. Farrington, who will be 92 years of age in January, 1932, served for 21 years in the 2nd Cheshire Regiment. On leaving the army as mess sergeant, he was employed at this branch as traveller in 1888, and in 1896 was appointed foreman in charge of the beer

stores, which, at that time, were under the Portsmouth Town Goods Station. He retired from the Firm in October, 1924. Just recently he has been indisposed but we are glad to be able to say he is now getting on well and we hope will soon be able to go out again. Mr. Farrington did the majority of his military service in India. He has been a pensioner from the army for over 50 years.

Field Marshal H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade, recently made an inspection of the Rifle Depot at Winchester including the troops of the Depot and particularly the present representatives of the Regiment in which he was a subaltern 60 years ago. H.R.H. was received with the Royal Salute, and he first inspected the Depot troops of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, after which he inspected the Rifle Brigade parade and also 32 members of the Veterans' Association. An interesting fact, to which H.R.H. referred with pride when he addressed the young recruits of the Rifle Brigade, was that these men had between them about 130 medals on their breasts. The Duke, in his speech, expressed his continued pride in his old Regiment and referred to the fortitude of the troops of the Aldershot Command and their all-night operations without tents or shelter. "I saw them yesterday," he said, "and they were really a fine lot of men, cheerful and prepared to do anything asked of them. Although weak in numbers (one Brigade sacrificing itself to bring another up to standard), they marched splendidly, and such a thing as an ambulance was not wanted. I hope all you recruits will have a happy turn of service in the Regiment and uphold its fine record, and when you go back to civil life you will speak with pride of having served in the Rifle Brigade." The troops marched past in column of fours, and H.R.H. visited the cookhouse, mess rooms, the museum and the Sergeants' mess, and afterwards lunched in the Officers' mess. The Duke, amongst the veterans, was quite at home and recalled readily incidents connected with many of the past N.C.O's. and Warrant Officers who had served under him. The parade was a particularly smart one and H.R.H. heartily congratulated all on their turn out.

The Southsea Waverley Bowling Club had a very enjoyable time on the occasion of their annual ladies day held at the clubhouse. During the afternoon the ladies enjoyed various games on the green, and nearly 150 sat down to tea in the club. The evening's entertainment consisted of an excellent variety show under the able direction of Mr. C. Kent Francis, the following artistes contributing to the programme :—Miss Peggy Hartly, Miss Muriel Dance, the Merton Girls, Messrs. Jack Lewis, John Douglas,

Richard Knight, J. W. Ballington and Kent Francis, with Mr. A. E. Saxby, A.R.C.O., at the piano. The concert finished with a novelty called " Syncopating Shylock," a musical burlesque of the trial scene from Shakespeare's " Merchant of Venice," written by Mr. C. Kent Francis, which was enthusiastically received. The prizes for the different events, which numbered nearly 40, were presented during the evening by Mrs. J. F. Hooper, wife of the president. Mr. Ben Isaacs as M.C. and Mr. C. Kent Francis as concert manager must be given the greatest credit ; these gentlemen being very ably supported by the whole of the entertainment committee.

We think that the September number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE was a landmark for all the employees of the Firm. Mr. H. F. Lindar's splendid record of service with the Firm and Mr. C. E. Gough's anniversary of his 50 years service makes reading which encourages us all, especially in the rather trying times we are having just now. We all here sincerely tender our hearty congratulations to both these gentlemen.

The football season with all its thrills, its successes and its disappointments, is with us again and it certainly looks at present as if it is going to be one of the most interesting on record. Sensations were forthcoming even in the very first matches and have continued to come ever since. There can be no questioning the fact that competition, especially in the 1st division, is keener than it has ever been, and that in order to keep in safety, teams have to produce good football. Portsmouth started off with a fine win at Sheffield and their prospects for the season are quite bright. Southampton are also playing good football, and with a little luck and plenty of support should have a good season. There is plenty of room in Division I. for another southern club, and what better one could that be than the " Saints " ? In gone-by days, the meeting of Portsmouth and Southampton used to be considered the tit-bit of the season, and a renewal of acquaintance would be greatly welcomed. Let us hope both clubs will uphold the great traditions of their respective towns.

SLOUGH.

THE SLOUGH WORKING MEN'S CLUB—ANNUAL SUPPER.

Club annual suppers and dinners usually spell the advent of winter, but it was no chill atmosphere that pervaded the large social hall attached to the Slough Working Men's Social Club on Friday, September 11th.

It was the occasion of the Club's annual supper, and one hundred of the members arrived to enjoy the meal provided by their able and versatile steward, Mr. A. J. Rodgman. The chair was taken at 7.45 p.m. by Mr. " Jock " Fraser, deputising for Mr. G. Everard, who was unable to attend through a serious illness. The excellent repast was served by a committee of ladies, and the manner in which they supplied the wants of hungry man was acclaimed by all. They really did deserve all the thanks and nice things that were subsequently said of them.

At the close of the meal, the Slough Police Reserve Band rendered selections while the hall was being prepared for the concert. This proved an excellent arrangement, as it held the company together during the ten minutes' interval.

The entertainment commenced at about 9.30 p.m. and was provided by the " Diamond " concert party from Swindon. The troupe are now well known in Slough, and no comments are necessary as to the quality of their performance, it is sufficient to say their efforts were thoroughly appreciated by all.

In conclusion we would congratulate the hard-working committee of the Slough Working Men's Club upon their splendid arrangements which went far towards making the evening such a success.

We have much pleasure in reproducing on the previous page a photograph of the Firm's Off Licence at 31, Denham Road, Egham, Surrey, which has been recently renovated. The freehold of these premises was purchased by the Firm last year.

Our tenant, Mr. W. G. Toombs (seen in photograph), has held this licence for twenty-six years, and he is proud of the fact, when he states that his father and himself have sold Simonds' well known "Hop Leaf" brand of beers at these premises during the past fifty years.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

We of the Tamar would like to add our sincerest congratulations to the many which Mr. H. F. Lindars and Mr. C. E. Gough have already received on the achievement of so many years' splendid service for the Firm.

To few is given those essential qualities of leadership and vitality which the control of a unit of the "Hop Leaf" Command entails, and we trust they will be so endowed, and continue to preside over us for a long time to come, for our pleasure and for the advancement of the great Company which we serve.

The Dartmoor Pony Show held its first Exhibition and Sale at Dartmouth recently, and although inclement weather marred the programme, the afternoon was a very encouraging one for its promoters.

Over 200 ponies and colts were paraded, and a big step forward was made towards the ultimate object of the Society—the progressive improvement of the breed and the elimination of undesirable sires on the moor.

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales gave a handsome challenge cup for the best brood mare, which was won by Mr. J. H. Glover, of Cornwood, with his well-known "Cornwood Winnie." Other trophies were keenly competed for by the farmers and smallholders from the whole of Dartmoor.

In the Simonds' marquee many luncheons and teas were provided, and with "S.B." Ale and other beverages also in demand, many of the Show's appreciative patrons prolonged their stay indefinitely. One was able to keep dry there, anyway!

At the auction, unbroken colts averaged from 30/- to 80/- each, while broken ponies fetched anything up to £10 each.

We wish the Society every success and better weather for the future.

The accompanying snaps may be interesting to some readers of the GAZETTE who in recent years have not visited the West of England. Also to many who as yet know us only as a name.

Purchased by the Firm in 1919, the Tamar Brewery has progressed considerably during the interval of years, and to-day the original is almost unrecognisable. Self-praise being no recommendation, we will only say that the demands of over 500 free houses and clubs, together with the Naval and Military units and our own hotels and licensed properties throughout Devon and Cornwall, for "S.B." Ale, Milk Stout and other "Hop Leaf" products, is no light matter in such an extensive area as we cover—from Penzance to Ilfracombe.

Order to-day, here to-morrow! That is the Simonds' slogan which swells our post bag and keeps the cogs of the Tamar machine turning. Western roads are notorious, and their contours on the map almost too well known to mention, but regular and prompt despatch to all and sundry has resulted in obtaining the confidence and custom of many patrons.

The actual production of these beverages is carried out with scrupulous care and under such principles of hygiene that casual visitors are amazed and go on their way resolved to have only Simonds' in future. The preparation of malt liquors under such conditions cannot but satisfy the most fastidious, whilst the Brewery itself has the reputation of being "the neatest and prettiest in the South of England."

Upon the site of the old entrance the Order and General Offices now stand, consisting of three floors. The Manager's Office, Correspondence Office, Order Office, Lavatories and Cloakrooms on the ground floor, the General Offices above, and over it the Dining and Stationery Rooms.

Extensive filing cabinets throughout, made by our own Carpenters' Department, are a source of admiration to all beholders, and give our clerical staff no excuse for the non-production of documentary evidence at a moment's notice.

The garages, loading stage and Transport Office adjoining the Beer Cellars and Bottling Department, ensure a maximum supply therefrom with a minimum loss of time. Elevators throughout perform in an hour tasks which formerly required many hours of laborious handling, and loads are dealt with at high speeds, as is necessary under modern conditions of supply.

Surrounded on three sides by the waters of the Hamoaze,the Tamar Brewery is a prominent and popular landmark for all who pass upstream to the dockyards and to the river from whence it derives its name.

That, in brief, is our survey of ourselves, perhaps not quite as others see us, yet helpful to any friends who may one day think of claiming a first-hand acquaintanceship.

We shall be delighted to help.

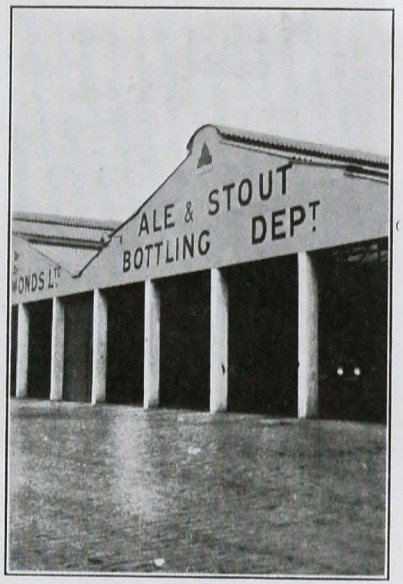
As we write the departing holiday season of 1931 is artfully doing its best to appease our thorough disgust by presenting us with a few golden hours of sunshine. Alas, almost too belated to succeed even in pleasing us ! The browning grasses, the " sputtering " of the guns among the stubble and late roots, the pianissimo of the feathered world and the shortening daylight hours are too conclusive evidence to all of us that summer has sped and autumn is upon us. Dull October again ! The period when we look around and total up our pros and cons. Dull ? Not for many at H. & G. S., we expect ! A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind at such times, and we wish all at the Brewery and elsewhere " A happy issue out of all their afflictions "—not omitting our esteemed auditors.

How many in these days look forward to the days perhaps not so far ahead

When figures count, as well as speak ;
When errors cease to hide, and seek ;
When ledgers dumb, squeak through their hides—
While brewers' clerks oil their insides ?

The millennium ?

Meanwhile, for internal use only, we find " S.B." an excellent substitute and one which we can thoroughly recommend for those in need of " midnight " or " daylight " lubrication.



Garages, etc. (East).

New Garages, etc. (East).

Old Brewery (East).

The "Tamar Inn" (North-east corner).

New Offices and Brewery (East).

Just Off!

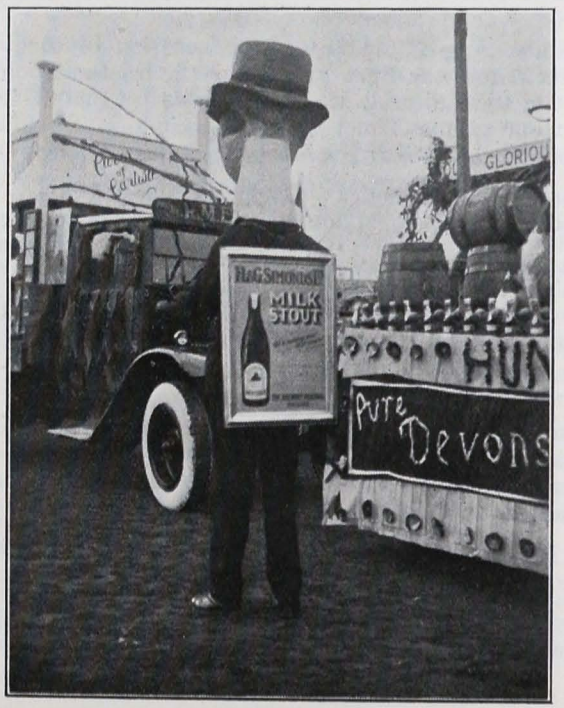
CRABBS PARK, PAIGNTON.

Our heartiest congratulations are extended to Mr. C. E. Gough on his half-century of service with the Firm.

Association football enthusiasts are in high glee now that the season has commenced, and although Torquay United have made a bad start they are now more or less getting "down to it," and more promising form is now to be seen. We shall look forward to Reading's visit.

Rugby supporters at Torquay are always assured of a good game. Torquay Athletic have started in fine style, and have opened the season with favourable points.

During the Hospital Week at Paignton every source was opened up to obtain funds for this excellent institution. A large number of visitors, in addition to the Paigntonians, put their shoulder to the wheel and a great success was attained. The Ball at the Country Club brought numbers from far and near, and was a huge attraction. An exceptional number of entries were made for the Carnival, which was one of the best ever held in the district. The photograph on next page depicts the tableaux for "Hunt's Devonshire Cider," which was praised on all hands. This hunting scene was made more realistic by our having a fox and two real hounds, the latter being kindly lent by Sir Alfred L. Goodson, Bart. The roles of "Gentleman" and "Huntsman" were admirably taken by Mr. J. L. Jinks and Mr. A. S. Johns respectively. The award of first prize was received with acclamation, and all credit is due to Mr. and Mrs. Jinks, as well as to Messrs. A. King and R. Lane. Messrs. J. Roberts and W. Penwill proved themselves experts in dressing the vehicle with apples and bottled cider. The Nice Carnival heads caused much amusement and Bob Parnell badly needed a bottle of the Milk Stout mentioned on the placard he was carrying when he removed his burden. Photograph on next page.



An excellent boxing programme was provided at the Winter Gardens at Teignmouth recently, which was promoted by Mr. Geo. Pearse, of the Market House Inn, Teignmouth. In addition to several minor bouts, Bill Hood, of Plymouth, beat Billy Price, of Bristol, on points in a 15-rounds contest. This was a splendid fight, and in fact as good as has been seen in the West of England for a considerable time. Sam Dixon, of Paignton, was matched against Tom Lee, of Plymouth, in a 10-rounds contest, but Dixon proved far too clever for his opponent, knocking him out in the third round, after Lee had been down for a count of nine. It is interesting to learn that "S.B." was Dixon's "tonic" during training.

OXFORD.

We most heartily congratulate Mr. C. E. Gough on his completion of fifty years' service. We hope he will be spared to continue with the Firm for many years to come, and are proud to think that he is a native of, and that he started his career at, Oxford.

Saturday, August 22nd, was the occasion of the visit of a tennis "six" from the Brewery. From the brief mention made of this event in the Editorial of last month's HOP LEAF GAZETTE we learn that our visitors "met with great kindness." How far this was reciprocated is shewn by the scores given below :—

Messrs. C. Perrin and P. Hendy (Reading) beat A. C. Stone and D. W. Jones (Oxford), 6—0, 6—3 ; beat A. Siggery and F. L. Maskell (Oxford), 6—2, 6—2 ; beat H. J. Sanders and W. T. Sanders (Oxford), 6—1, 6—0.

Messrs. L. A. Simonds and V. Adams (Reading), lost to A. C. Stone and D. W. Jones, 5—6, 5—6 ; beat A. Siggery and F. L. Maskell, 6—5, 6—3 ; lost to H. J. and W. T. Sanders, 3—6, 2—6.

Messrs. H. J. Scott and J. V. Hasker (Reading) divided their match with A. C. Stone and D. W. Jones by 6—0, 1—6 ; beat A. Siggery and F. L. Maskell, 6—4, 6—1 ; and divided their match with H. J. and W. T. Sanders by 6—2, 2—6.

The Headquarters' side thus won five matches, Oxford winning two matches and two being drawn.

It was a pity that the best of three sets could not be played as time would not permit.

We may mention that a brother of Mr. Sanders was included in the Oxford team at the last moment to make up the side owing to the indisposition of Mr. L. J. Lardner.

We were very glad to welcome those gentlemen already mentioned as playing for the Brewery and we were also extremely pleased to see Mr. W. C. Bowyer (Manager, Home Trade Department) and Mr. Walter Bradford (the genial Secretary of the Brewery Social Club), who accompanied the players, not that they needed any moral support as the results show.

We enjoyed our afternoon's intercourse with Headquarters "out of harness," and are eagerly looking forward to another such meeting.

LONDON.

Mr. Tom Bowyer, whose photo is reproduced on next page, is landlord of the "Albion," City Road, and a staunch friend of the Firm. Tom took over the house in June, 1921, following the late Mr. W. Ruffell with whom he was in joint control for some time before Mr. Ruffell's death.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Bowyer are well known in the district and deservedly popular among their numerous customers.

The outings which Mr. Bowyer arranges, generally about twice a year, are well patronised—one of which is usually made to the Newbury Races, and the position of the Firm's Houses en route are known well by Mr. Bowyer, who sees to it that stops are made to refresh his party with the same quality of "Simonds" that is always in so excellent a condition in his own house.

CURRY RIVEL.

Motoring back from Curry Rivel, Somerset, a short while ago, which we left at 8.10 a.m., after doing 53 miles we found ourselves at Amesbury at 10 a.m.—ready for some refreshment, but it was not to be, as the " houses " were not opened until 10.30. Feeling annoyed with the Licensing Laws and thirsty, we decided not to wait, but push on, and had only gone another five minutes when my friend, who was driving, asked if I was feeling alright as I had

given a shout of joy because about a mile ahead I had espied the glorious sign of the " Hop Leaf," and to our joy as we pulled up four minutes later we observed a notice " open at 10 a.m."

It was the " Old Bell," on the outskirts of Andover, and Mr. Voss, the worthy landlord, soon satisfied our thirst (but its very moorish) with some draught I.P.A., which was in excellent condition, and we then looked round the old place—and it is old, and well worth a visit if you are that way.

We continued our journey, feeling grateful to the Firm who was out to cheer the weary traveller on with a sign that there is no mistaking, and can be seen a long way off, knowing that when he reached it he would be served with excellent draught or bottled beer.

R.W.

All at London Stores join in the congratulations to Mr. C. E. Gough on his having completed 50 years' service with the Firm. It is hoped that he will be blessed with good health to carry on for many years to supplement a truly excellent record.

FARNBOROUGH.

FARNBOROUGH PRIEST ORDAINED.

THE REV. G. V. DAVIS.

The Rev. G. V. Davis, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Davis, South Farnborough, was ordained a Catholic priest at St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, by Bishop Amigo, on Saturday week.

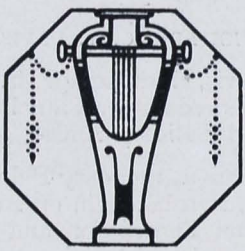
He sang his first Mass at the Mary Help of Christians' Salesian Church, Queen's Road, Farnborough, on August 16th, and in the evening he gave Solemn Benediction and his blessing. A large number of people attended both services.

The Rev. G. V. Davis, who was born at Farnborough, was baptised in the church in which he said his first Mass. He was educated at the Salesian College, South Farnborough, and he continued his studies and became an M.A. (Oxford). He is a member of the Salesian Order.

(*Reprinted from the " Aldershot Gazette."*)

Mr. G. E. Davis, who is mentioned above, is one of our military travellers for the Aldershot Command. His son was born in the

flat over our Alexandra Road premises at South Farnborough and commenced his education at the Garrison School, Marlborough Lines, Aldershot. The Rev. Davis afterwards continued his studies at the Salesian College, Farnborough, where, at the age of 14 years, he passed the Senior Oxford with first-class honours, which gave him exemption from the matriculation examination. Later he became a pupil teacher at the Salesian College and decided to enter the Priesthood. After being a novitiate at Salesian House, Burwash, for one year, he was selected to attend the Gregorian University, Rome, for a special course of philosophy, being the first English boy to be chosen for this course. Spending some time in Italy where, unfortunately, he underwent several operations, and where he secured a fine knowledge of the Italian language, he returned to England and renewed his studies at the Salesian Studentate, Cowley, Oxford, and was selected to attend Oxford University where he graduated in 1927 and took the degree of M.A.



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