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H.W. Colson

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

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MR. J. E. G. ROWLAND.

## MR. J. E. G. ROWLAND.

In the following brief outline of the history of Mr. J. E. G. Rowland will be found an inspiring example of a meteoric rise to high office, of which these records of the prominent men of the Firm's staff contain few parallels.

Educated at Radley and Worcester College, Oxford, Mr. Rowland entered the Brewery at Reading as a pupil in June, 1928. After completing his course of two years, he was engaged to serve on the permanent Brewery staff at Reading from whence in May, 1931, he was transferred to The Tamar Brewery, Devonport, as second Brewer. This position he filled with such distinction that upon the retirement of the Head Brewer in November, 1932, Mr. Rowland was appointed as his successor, a selection which has been justified by the excellent results which he has achieved and the increasing popularity of the products for which he is responsible.

During Mr. Rowland's occupation the whole of the Bottling Department, for which he is also responsible, has undergone reorganisation ensuring the bottling of beers under conditions of hygienic purity. The vast quantities bottled and distributed daily is eloquent testimony, not only to the quality of the beers which Mr. Rowland produces, but to the perfection with which they are bottled.

The ability to command, which he has exhibited, combined with his absolute fairness and a solicitude for the Brewery employees, have earned for him a reputation and respect which have spread far and wide beyond the confines of the Brewery.

The above-mentioned traits in the character of Mr. Rowland surely are not unconnected with his earlier life as we find that he played for his school and college at cricket, tennis and hockey. He played cricket for Berkshire from 1924 to 1931 and twice figured in the XI which won the minor counties championship. Combined with an aptitude for run-getting, he has a very attractive style. He also played hockey and tennis for Berkshire. The first occasion on which he was included in the Berkshire County cricket team was at Newcastle in 1924, in the match with Northumberland. On this occasion he was selected to fill the gap created by the famous "A.P.F.C." who was unable to make the journey. In his last year at Oxford, Mr. Rowland was made a member of the Oxford University Authentics Cricket Club.

At the present day, Mr. Rowland's responsibilities make it necessary for him to confine his recreation to golf in winter and tennis in summer.

## EDITORIAL.

## MR. LOUIS SIMONDS INDISPOSED.

We were all exceedingly sorry to learn of the unfortunate indisposition of Mr. Louis Simonds, and earnestly hope that he will soon be restored to normal health and soundness. To a gentleman with the tremendous energy and enthusiasm of Mr. Louis, it must be no small ordeal to be restricted by reason of ill-health, and we extend to him our united sympathy. All of us who are privileged to work with Mr. Louis at The Brewery, or who share with him the vigorous exertions of the sports ground, wish him a speedy return to full strength and activity.

## "S.B." IN THE POST OFFICE.

Who was the gentleman who called at the Post Office the other day and asked for an S.B.? No, he was not so absent-minded as you may think and when the young lady smilingly informed him that she could not oblige him with that refreshing beverage he jokingly replied "but on this occasion I mean a 'Stamp Book.'" This "S.B." was promptly supplied and then the gentleman in question left and was soon sampling the real "S.B." which bears the stamp of excellence in the form of the Hop Leaf.

## TWO CHARMING BOOKS.

Two books written by the late Lord Grey have given me infinite pleasure. They are "The Charm of Birds" and "Fly Fishing." Here is one quotation from the former :—

"To get up on a winter morning and find the landscape made white by a heavy, quiet fall of snow in the night is like the discovery of a new land. That same morning we must walk in the woods, especially in a young fir wood laden with snow. It is all so soft, so white, and so silent. There is a sense of mystery in a snowy wood on a still day that can be felt but not described. This aspect will last only for a day or two, or it may be only for a few hours ; the first wind will dispel that impression of mystery ; the snow will be blown off the branches and the trees will cease to be great white forms of unusual shape, and will become trees again. It is to be hoped that when the wind comes it will be strong ; then the snow in the open country will be blown into drifts and ridges and waves, with outlines and shapes of great beauty."

Have we not all had this feeling?

## FAME SHALL LIVE FOR EVERMORE.

And here are some touching lines written in *The Fishing Gazette* concerning the great statesman and naturalist :—

" He joyed to see the fecund Earth unfold  
 It's wondrous glories, as, with rod and line  
 He plied his blameless sport with skill so fine—  
 Of which his graphic pen has nobly told ;  
 And, like Saint of Assisi of old  
 He charmed the feathered songsters from the tree ;  
 While, where he trod abroad, o'er moor or lea,  
 E'en creatures of the wild with him were bold.  
 Yet, when stern duty called, at the behest  
 Of that dear England that he loved so well,  
 A statesman's part he played, nor craved due rest  
 Though o'er his vision a dire twilight fell.  
 Now is the fisher home, his sport is o'er :  
 The statesman's fame shall live for evermore."

## DAILY GLASS AT 108.

Mrs. Caroline Merriott, a former laundry worker, of Mitcham, Surrey, and the oldest woman in London, is 108 years of age. She celebrated her birthday with a " cakes and ale " party at the Mayday Hospital, Thornton Heath, Surrey, where she has been living since May. " Mrs. Merriott eats and sleeps well," said one of the staff at the hospital. " She looks forward, more than anything, to a glass of stout which the doctor has ordered for her every day." Mrs. Merriott worked until she was 86.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO (*from the "Reading Mercury" of September 29th, 1783.*)

The present administration has a game to play, to which all their predeceffors were comparatively ftrangers ; the ftate vefsel is amidft rocks and foals, from which it requires a pilot of no common fkill to extricate her. The unfunded debt of the nation amounts to the prodigious fum of thirty-three millions fterling.

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Friday was married, at Pangbourn, in this county, Mr. Simonds, brewer, of Reading, to Mifs Eliz. May, fecond daughter of Mrs. May, of Pangbourn.

The Mr. Simonds referred to is Mr. William Blackall Simonds, father of William May Simonds, who was the grandfather of Mr. Louis de Luze Simonds and great-grandfather of Mr. F. A. Simonds, etc. This Mr. Simonds was also the father of Mr. Henry Simonds whose photograph appeared in the July GAZETTE.

## THE SPINSTER AND THE GHOST.

A country house was full to the garrets for a coming-of-age. Just when everybody had gone to bed an elderly spinster, an intimate friend of the family, drove up in a car, as elderly spinsters do nowadays at all hours of the day and night. There was not a bed for her anywhere except in a room which was said to be haunted and therefore never used. The spinster scoffed at ghosts and was forthwith ensconced in the haunted chamber. The next morning at breakfast, the hostess asked her how she had slept. " Most comfortably," she said, " until three o'clock. Then I woke up shivering with cold. All the bed-clothes had gone. So I suppose there's something in your old ghost after all. I spent the rest of the night in my dressing-gown." Another guest appeared and in answer to the usual inquiry as to sleeping, said : " I woke up at three o'clock, positively freezing. I knew the room next to me—the haunted room—was empty, so I went in there and took the bedclothes."

## BAFFLING THE CANVASSER.

A doorbell that rings only after a coin is inserted in the slot now is used throughout Holland to discourage canvassers and peddlers and to make them repay the housewife for her time and trouble. Coins used by friends, of course, are returned.

## CAN YOU RECALL THE INCIDENT ?

The writer was rather intrigued by the following dialogue between two of the characters in Edgar Wallace's novel "The Coat of Arms," who were discussing mysteries. Said one :—

" To me they are just penny dreadfuls and novelette nonsense ! I'll give you an example. Four barrels of beer were stolen from Simonds' brewery. In the night they were in the yard, in the morning they were gone. There was a mystery for you ! "

" A burglar broke in and drank 'em," suggested T.B. Mr. Blagdon eyed him unfavourably.

" ' The Mystery of the Lost Beer,' the newspapers called it," he went on.

Can any of our readers recall the incident ? It would be interesting to know whether the alleged theft was fact or fiction. One often hears the remark that many of the events in this noted author's works are founded on facts.

## A CYGNET RING.

A valuable ring was found in the nest of a Thames swan. The poor bird is said to have been confused by the fact that it was a cygnet ring.

## THINGS WORTH WHILE.

The important things in our life on earth are not the spectacular, the material accomplishments of which we make much. These are but the vehicle by which humanity advances, the road over which civilisation advances. The important things are beauty, and joy and hope. And the one who contributes even a little to the making of these has done a big thing in the world. A garden of flowers, a beautiful picture, a good book—all help to make life worth while.

## THE LATE MR. J. T. RICHARDSON.

We are very sorry to record the death of Mr. J. Topham Richardson, J.P., who passed away at his residence, Harps Oak, Merstham, Surrey, on Tuesday, 26th September. Mr. Topham Richardson, who was the senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Wigan, Richardson & Co., Hop Merchants, gained his first experience of brewing at the Tamar Brewery, Devonport, when the late Mr. Lipscombe was proprietor, prior to the ownership of the late Mr. G. Crake. Mr. Topham Richardson was a close friend of our Managing Director, Mr. F. A. Simonds, and often related to the latter recollections of incidents in his days of pupilage at the Tamar Brewery.

## LINES TO KATE.

Communi—Kate's intelligent.

Intri—Kate's obscure.

Prevari—Kate is stubborn.

And Equivo—Kate's unsure.

Dislo—Kate is painful.

Alter—Kate's a pest.

Rusti—Kate is charming.

But Edu—Kate's the best.

## SOME FAMOUS SHOTS.

Last month I gave details of some wonderful partridge shooting. Here is further information concerning some famous shots taken from *The Etherium News* :—Now that Lord Ripon, the last of his line, and the late Lord Walsingham are dead, the King is the best shot in the country. Lord Ripon was a phenomenally good shot, so good that he was "in a class by himself." His rivals were the

King, the late Lord Walsingham, Sir Harry Stonor, and Mr. Rimington Wilson, but he easily outdistanced them all. In fifty-six years, Lord Ripon shot more than half a million head of game (556,813, to give the exact figures). In one year he shot 19,135 head—this was his largest annual total—and in another, 18,500. Such was his skill that when he was seventy he shot 420 grouse in one day, and killed 46 out of 47 pheasants in one drive. Nobody could ever discover wherein lay Lord Ripon's superiority with the gun. He himself used to say it was because of his quickness rather than his accuracy of aim. His quickness was amazing. Two incidents in his shooting are thus described by the late Mr. Teasdale-Buckell: "He accomplished five grouse coming together by changing guns after he had shot one barrel, and then had time to get two more of the five in front of him, and two behind. On another occasion, in walking through covert, a cry of "Mark!" brought round Lords de Grey (as Lord Ripon then was) and Walsingham, when, amongst the trees, they accounted for four partridges each, or the whole covey of eight birds." The King and Lord Walsingham used to be bracketed together as the best shots after Lord Ripon.

## BENEVOLENT ALCOHOL.

"A meal taken with a glass of beer or half a bottle of wine means not only greater enjoyment of the meal, resulting in increase of appetite and consequent improvement in the process of digestion, but this small dose has given the partaker repose of spirit from the endless little worries of the day's work. . . . Under the influence of the alcohol the worries of the day fall off like a garment, and the partaker will be prepared to deal with the worries of the morrow refreshed and restored by the night's sleep."—Professor Ernest H. Starling, C.M.G., M.D., Sc.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S., in "*The Action of Alcohol on Man*."

## AND THEN—

"How do you guard against microbes, Jack?"

"First I boil all my water."

"Yes, and then?"

"I filter it."

"Yes?"

"And then I always drink beer."

## CONGRATULATIONS.

We would like to congratulate Mr. A. G. Weait, son of Mr. G. V. Weait (who is so well known in all departments of the Brewery) on having reproduced in the October issue of *Display* a copy of a window he designed and dressed at Wellsteeds Ltd., where he is a member of their display staff.

## A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

THE WONDERFUL WEATHER.

SWALLOWS STILL WITH US.

October 8, 1933. The weather is indeed wonderful for the time of year. Here we are approaching the middle of October but many swallows are still with us, butterflies are on the wing and I heard a great tit utter its spring-time song. But the robin is breaking out into its autumn song. Have you ever noticed the difference? And then the caw of the rook; there is not half the meaning in it now as there is in the nesting season. The wren is often singing, too—what a big noise emanating from so small a body! The missel thrush also occasionally bursts into song and you may hear him, when the weather is rough, shouting defiance at the storm from a tree top. Very aptly is he named the storm cock.

## WELL TRAINED FOR THE JOURNEY.

Though all the swallows have not yet taken their departure it will not be many days now before they set out on their 6,000 miles journey. What a distance! And yet I think they are well trained to cover it. I watch one skimming the meadows, to and fro, round and round he goes gathering flies. He travels at a great speed and he seems neither to weary nor take rest. Hour in and hour out he thus wings his way through space and in the course of a day he must travel many, many miles. So you see he is well fitted for the marathon when, eventually, he decides upon migration.

But I often wonder how that tiny tot of a bird, the gold crest, manages his long, long journey when he crosses overseas. I often wonder, too, how those gold crests that remain behind to winter with us keep their wee bodies warm when the land is in the grip of Jack Frost or we encounter blinding snow storms.

## A MOTHER'S LOVE!

A gentleman was watering his garden the other day when suddenly he saw two little bead-like eyes staring at him. They were the eyes of a field mouse. He sprinkled a little water in that direction and the mouse beat a hasty retreat, only, however, to reappear again in a few seconds. More water was thrown, and once more the mouse disappeared. Then the gentleman, a great lover of all animals, watched to see what would happen. And he had not to wait long, for, sure enough, there was the mouse facing him once more. He did not move. Then, suddenly, the little brown

lady dashed right between his legs, picked up one of her babies and carried it triumphantly away to safer quarters. Little did she know the kindly heart of the two-legged creature; had it been otherwise her end might have been swift and sure. You see, she risked her life for her bairn, and the V.C. has been awarded for less daring deeds. What feelings well up in one's heart at the thoughts conveyed in those words, A Mother's Love! I wonder how many human mothers are deserving of the V.C., not for one act of gallantry and devotion only, but for risking or wearing away their lives day in and day out for those they love through the long weary years. And not only risking it, but often giving it. If the V.C. was given to all mothers who deserved it, our King would indeed be busy for very many months making the awards, and if the facts were published the reading would indeed touch the hearts of all.

But I am wandering far from that little mouse mother. I do not apologise, but must get back to wild nature's ways.

## WHITE SWALLOW AND LONELY DUCK.

While watching the swallows and martins holding mass meetings some weeks ago prior to taking their departure to warmer climes I noticed amongst them one white swallow. I had him under observation for upwards of two hours as he flew to and fro with his companions, taking periodical rests on the dead branch of a tree. How much better he looked like this, I thought, full of animation and the joy of life, rather than stuffed and in a glass case. I do hope no man with the gun will "secure him as a specimen!"

The shades of night were beginning to fall and there was considerable quacking as two parties of domestic ducks wended their way upstream and to their respective homes, for it was dinner time and they were punctual to the minute. How they gauge the time so accurately I do not know. Dinner was all ready for them and the food supplied by human hands was gobbled up greedily. There is one solitary duck who resides in the same locality but never actually mixes with the other two parties. I think he has a touch of the wild duck about him and when the other ducks go home to food and bed he does not go with them but each night, for I have watched him often, he paddles to a certain spot on an island, clammers clumsily up the bank and, doubtless, is soon fast asleep for the night. Whether the other ducks will not have him or whether he prefers his own company I do not know, but the fact remains that he leads a very lonely life.

Perhaps he has been jilted in love!

But there are many strange happenings in nature which I doubt if we shall ever fully understand.

## SOCIAL CLUB.

## CRICKET.

Our season is now a thing of the past and the devotees of the larger ball are having their turn. Enquiries have been made *re* the absence of any notes in last month's GAZETTE. Well! we all like our brief sojourn into other districts and the call of the sea came at the end of the month. My apologies. I will endeavour to give a brief resumé of the matches played in August; the full list was not carried out, owing to holidays and pressure of business. The "A" team only played twice and the "B's" three times.

*August 19th.* "A" TEAM 70 v. EVERSLY STREET 126.

This was officially an "A" team match, but the composition savoured rather of the "B." In fact, it was impossible to raise two teams, and it was reluctantly decided to scratch the "B's" game with Mortimer.

Eversley batted first and for a while had a bad spell, three being down for 14 and the next wicket fell at 31. Then C. Leversuch and a young lad, P. Whelon, became partners and raised the score to 82 before being separated. R. White and G. Taylor also made double figures and 126 were on the board at the fall of the last wicket.

F. Clarke had a good long spell with the ball and took 7 for 46 and W. Greenaway had the other 3 for 36. R. Main, who has done so well for the "B's," had no luck at all.

We had a similar start, three being down for 14, but had no forceful bats to follow on. C. Josey with 15 took the batting honours and a newcomer to the club, J. Morris, followed with 14. Morris is quite good behind the "pegs," so should be an acquisition to the "S.B's."

*August 26th.* "A" TEAM 84 (for 5) v. IPSDEN 71 (for 7).

We again had a mixed team doing duty and for a long time it looked as if no match would be played. First our bag and the necessary accessory was missing and our opponents' bus broke down en route, and it was getting on for tea-time before a start was made.

Ipsden had the first knock and made 71 for 7 before tea and then declared, giving us about the same length of time to bat. F. Butcher was again a thorn in our side and made 42 before being caught by Clarke off Greenaway. Farrance with 3 for 17 had the

best of the bowling figures; Greenaway had one over and got two wickets, but Clarke was to the liking of the batsmen, his two costing 52.

Our batsmen went out for the runs straight away. Rumens 12, J. Morris 15 and P. James 25 were the first three men and then a minor slump, but G. Kelly came along with 12 not out and we had won our last match. Five bowlers were tried.

As mentioned above, the "B's" had three matches this month and they started on the 5th August, when the "A" team had a blank day. The team, however, was a purely "B" team and now to go on with the games in rotation.

*August 5th.* "B" TEAM 29 v. Y.M.C.A. 81.

The "Young Men" batted first and a very fluctuating innings saw them finish with quite a respectable total. Two men got into the twenties and another reached double figures.

Main took 5 for 27 (including the hat trick) and Treadgold had 3 for 14.

*August 12th.* "B" TEAM 75 v. PANGBOURNE 2ND XI 39.

Played at Prospect Park with the visitors having first knock. Our bowlers were in good form and no batsmen reached double figures.

Main had 4 for 15 and Atkinson 4 for 8.; the former followed this up with a knock of 46 and we passed our opponents' total before the fall of the third wicket.

By the way, the "A" team had to scratch their match for this date; as it was impossible to raise two teams and as most of the absentees were from the 1st XI it was decided to let the 2nd XI carry on with their game.

*August 26th.* "B" TEAM 81 v. BARNDALE 44.

This, apparently, was a ten-aside game and we had the better of the argument.

We batted first and a good start was maintained. F. Kemp had the honours with 20, followed by Chandler 16, Main 15 and Treadgold 11.

It is impossible to keep Main out of the news and when he takes 7 for 18, who wants to? Three men got double figures and this did not leave many for the other seven, when the total only reached 44.

Only one inter-departmental match was played in August as the evenings were drawing in too quickly to permit of games being finished. The one in question was between the General Offices v. Wine Stores, the former winning by 16 runs. The Offices had first knock and made 58, Osborne and Doe each scoring 18.

The Wine Stores made 42 in response, R. Main (temporarily attached) being top scorer with 24.

Next season it may be possible to play more of these games which may unearth hidden talent and also encourage those interested in the game to support the club generally.

This year has been fairly successful, more so in the case of the "B" team, who have been steadily increasing their prestige. The weather was rather unkind in the earlier part of the season and several games suffered accordingly.

We have been fortunate in finding a few fresh players in both teams and the future looks more promising than it did a few seasons back.

During the past year the games played resulted as follows :—

"A" Team—Played 13. Won 6. Lost 7.

"B" " " 16. " 9. " 4. Drawn 6.

From the following lists of averages it will be seen that T. Bartholomew again heads the batting for the "A" team and E. G. Crutchley tops the bowling. The latter also ran close for the batting honours. F. W. Clark bore the brunt of the bowling and is a very good second on the table.

F. R. Main has a commanding lead in the "B" batting list, followed by W. Chandler. The latter only played once in the 1932 season. L. Atkinson is top of the bowling, followed by Main, whose figures are very fine.

The work of the respective skippers has borne very good fruit and they have led their teams most ably.

In spite of the large number of members who participated in the inter-departmental games, it was, at times, very difficult to raise two really representative teams and, as mentioned above, two matches had to be scratched for this reason. We hope next year this will not happen as it is most disappointing to have to act in this manner after making a full list of fixtures; it also is unfair to our opponents, who may be involved in catering expenses.

## AVERAGES.

## FIRST ELEVEN.

## BATTING.

	Innings.	Times Out.	Most in	Runs.	Average.
T. Bartholomew ...	7	1	33*	98	16.33
E. G. Crutchley ...	6	—	22	61	10.16
G. Kelly ...	8	4	14*	39	9.75
J. J. Cardwell ...	7	—	28	66	9.43
F. W. Laurence ...	10	2	21	74	9.25
P. James ...	10	—	25	90	9
C. Josey ...	10	—	17	84	8.4
F. W. Clark ...	12	1	36	79	7.18
J. W. Jolley ...	11	—	20	67	6.09
F. S. Hawkins ...	11	5	10	36	6
J. Rumens ...	10	—	12	56	5.6
R. Broad ...	7	—	19	38	5.43

Batted in three and less than six matches :—

L. Farrance	5	—	9	19	3.8
J. Hillier	3	—	8	11	3.66
R. Paice	5	—	4	9	1.8
W. Greenaway	3	—	5	5	1.66
A. G. Hamlin	3	1	3	1	1.5

Batted in less than three matches :—

J. Morris	2	—	29	15	14.5
R. Main	2	—	14	7	7
W. Neville	1	—	7	7	7
L. Atkinson	2	1	5	5	5
S. Treacher	1	—	2	2	2

Total runs scored, 970.

Total wickets, 125.

Average, 7.76.

## BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
E. G. Crutchley	53.4	8	177	22	8.04
F. W. Clark	119	21	359	44	8.15
J. W. Jolley	64	17	172	21	8.19

Bowled in three and less than six matches :—

R. Paice	13.5	1	36	7	5.14
R. Broad	19.3	1	70	5	14
J. Rumens	7.4	—	45	3	15

Bowled in less than three matches :—

W. Greenaway	6.5	—	38	5	7.4
L. Farrance	14	3	24	3	8
L. Atkinson	4	1	12	—	—
H. Treadgold	3	—	11	—	—
R. Main	5	—	25	—	—

Total runs scored, 1,023.

Total wickets, 114.

Average, 8.97.

## CATCHES.

T. Bartholomew, F. S. Hawkins, P. James, J. W. Jolley, C. Josey and R. Paice, 4 each; F. W. Clark and F. W. Laurence, 3 each; R. Broad, J. J. Cardwell, W. Greenaway, A. G. Hamlin, J. Hillier and G. Kelly, 2 each; J. Rumens and H. Treadgold, 1 each.

## SECOND ELEVEN.

## BATTING.

	<i>Innings.</i>	<i>Times</i>	<i>Most in</i>	<i>Innings.</i>	<i>Runs.</i>	<i>Average.</i>
		<i>Not Out.</i>				
F. R. Main	...	16	1	67	334	22.26
W. Chandler	...	7	2	16*	69	13.8
H. Deverall	...	11	3	42*	105	13.12
W. Neville	...	14	—	26	112	8
H. Mileham	...	14	2	15	64	5.3
L. Atkinson	...	11	1	11	47	4.7
F. Kemp	...	12	—	20	54	4.5
H. Treadgold	...	14	—	11	49	3.5
A. L. Walker	...	10	—	13	31	3.1
R. Griffin	...	8	1	5	21	3
S. Collins ...	...	9	3	1	1	.16

Played in three or less matches :—

L. Farrance	...	1	1	36*	36	36
C. Josey	...	1	1	10*	10	10
J. Morris	...	1	—	9	9	9
E. C. Greenaway...	...	2	—	9	10	5
I. Godden...	...	1	—	4	4	4
W. Greenaway	...	3	1	3	7	3.5
S. Treacher	...	3	—	8	8	2.66
W. Franklin	...	2	1	2	2	2
S. Bricknell	...	2	—	2	2	1
— Strong...	...	2	1	1	1	1
P. Luker ...	...	1	—	1	1	1
C. Mayne ...	...	1	—	1	1	1

Total runs scored, 1,040.

Total wickets, 134.

Average, 7.76.

## BOWLING.

	<i>Overs.</i>	<i>Maidens.</i>	<i>Runs.</i>	<i>Wickets.</i>	<i>Average.</i>
L. Atkinson	...	17.3	4	31	10
F. R. Main	...	141.4	25	353	81
H. Treadgold	...	47.3	5	117	18
H. Deverall	...	43	7	104	14
H. Mileham	...	53	10	160	18

Bowled in three and less than six matches :—

W. Greenaway	...	9	2	16	5	3.2
W. Neville	...	11	—	50	2	25
F. Kemp	...	7	—	22	—	—

Bowled in less than three matches :—

C. Josey	...	2	1	1	1	1
E. C. Greenaway...	...	6	1	6	1	6
L. Farrance	...	8.1	1	20	3	6.66

Total runs scored, 949.

Total wickets, 157.

Average, 6.04.

## CATCHES.

H. Deverall and H. Treadgold, 11 each ; H. Mileham, 8 ; F. R. Main, 7 ; S. Collins, W. Greenaway and W. Neville, 3 each ; L. Atkinson, Benger, Curtis and R. Griffin, 2 each ; S. Bricknell, W. Chandler, E. C. Greenaway, C. Josey, F. Kemp and A. L. Walker, 1 each.

J.W.J.

## H. &amp; G. SIMONDS' TENNIS CLUB.

## ANNUAL MEETING AND PRESENTATION OF PRIZES.

There was a very representative gathering at the annual meeting of this club when Mr. R. St. J. Quarry kindly consented to act as chairman in the absence of Mr. Louis Simonds through indisposition.

The chairman expressed the thanks of the members of the club to those ladies who had rendered such great help in providing teas, particularly Miss Prosser and Miss Gardner, whose efforts had been much appreciated.

Mr. Quarry then handed the handsome challenge cup, so kindly presented by Mr. Louis Simonds, to Mr. C. H. Perrin, the winner.

In accepting the trophy Mr. Perrin said how much the visits to the club of Mr. Louis Simonds and Mr. Quarry were appreciated by the members. They set all a fine example of good sportsmanship, an example which the members would ever strive to emulate.

The cup was then filled and all drank success to the club and extended their congratulations to the winner of the trophy.

Mrs. Dewar was the winner of the prize (a beautiful cut glass vase, the gift of Mr. Quarry) in the ladies' tournament, but she was indisposed and unable to attend and receive it personally.

Mr. Quarry then called upon Miss Prosser and Miss Gardner to accept from the club a small recognition of their services throughout the season.

Mr. W. Bradford presented the financial statement, showing a balance in hand which, for the first season, was considered highly satisfactory.

The next item on the agenda was the proposed dance. This gave rise to a long discussion as to the advisability of combining our efforts with those of the football club and sharing the profits, if any. Or, alternatively, should we combine with the football club but take no percentage of the profits. The general view was that we should act as separate bodies, giving the football club the first opportunity to arrange their dance, the tennis club to arrange theirs later.

Then, on the proposal of Mr. Quarry, it was decided that the tennis club committee should meet the football club committee to discuss the matter.

It was decided to arrange for a member to be responsible each evening for the balls in future seasons, insufficient care of them having been taken in the past.

Mr. Bradford referred to the very friendly spirit which prevailed at the club, due in great measure to the membership of Mr. Louis Simonds and Mr. Quarry. On behalf of the members he expressed appreciation of the generous gift of £10 from the Directors.

Mr. Quarry was asked to convey to Mr. Louis the members' great regret at his absence owing to illness.

On the proposal of Miss Gardner, seconded by Miss Clarke, Mr. Quarry was warmly thanked for his able conduct in the chair, and thus terminated a very successful meeting.

### A GREAT THOUGHT.

*Where shall I go this evening? is a query one hears every day and answers vary according to tastes, temperaments, and opportunities.*

*Why not, now and then, visit, in spirit, your oldest and truest friend on earth—your mother? She may be thousands of miles away, but you can visit her all the same. Spare an hour for a letter to her. Let your thoughts wander back to those old days at home, and then sit down and write your letter. Never mind if your writing or your composition is faulty. Put your whole heart into your letter and your mother will understand.*

*You will feel better when you have written it and sent it on its way. You can imagine the joy in your mother's face when the postman brings a letter from her boy.*

*Many a time she has felt hurt that no letter has come but she made excuses for you and still continued to hope on.*

*The day your letter arrives will be a happy one for her.*

*You have been fortunate in your journey through life, and made good. Your mother would like to rejoice with you in your success.*

*The company of your friends may be very pleasant, but if they are friends worth having, they will understand if you are sometimes missing from the gay circle, because you are writing to your mother.*

*As years go on, your friends—even the dearest of them—will find new interests, and you will become less to them. Your mother will never forget; to her you will always be the same.*

*If you have been thoughtless try to make amends before it is too late. Some day your mother will not be there to receive your letters. When that time comes you will be consoled by the thought that you made her happy on earth and have laid up for yourself a reward in Heaven.*

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

Real greatness is of the heart.

Acquire honesty; seek humility; practise economy; love fidelity.

Adversity successfully overcome is the highest glory.

Root up the trees of hypocrisy; but cultivate the seedlings of truth.

A friend that you buy with presents will be bought from you.

Genuine religion never produces an austere temper.

On the door of Opportunity there is a sign that reads *Push*.

#### HOPE FOR THE BEST.

"Hope for the best, although life seems  
To fall far short of youthful dreams,  
Although fair plans have often been  
Destroyed by disappointment keen—  
For only those can act their part  
Who keep a high, courageous heart."

#### "WHO PLUCKED THIS FLOWER?"

"Who plucked my choicest flowers?" the gardener cried;  
'The Master did,' a well-known voice replied.  
'Tis well they all are his,' the gardener said,  
And meekly bowed his reverential head."

A gentle disposition and a refined manner are more important to a girl than a permanent wave.

Another way of spelling success is application.

You can't push yourself ahead by patting yourself on the back.

Even the weariest river wends somewhere safe to the sea.

Don't kill time; work it to death.

Men of truly great powers of mind have generally been cheerful, sociable and indulgent, while a tendency to sentimental whining or fierce intolerance may be ranked among the surest symptoms of little souls and inferior intellects.

## WITH HIS MAJESTY ON THE MOORS.

(From "Our Empire.")

Shooting is very different now from what it was before 1914. Luxuriously expensive systems of preservation and enormous bags of game are no longer either desirable or possible. Sport, like everything else, has become simpler. In that change, as in so many other questions of public taste and conduct, His Majesty the King has given an unobtrusive lead which is thoroughly in accordance with his preference and habits. He never cared for "records" as such. He does not care for them to-day. If he were asked, he would put sound woodcraft and sportsmanship before any such miracles of skill as Osbaldeston boasted. If he has always been in the front rank in the best company, it is because he has always shot well and loved his shooting as a recreation among many multifarious duties and preoccupations, not because he liked no other form of sport or cared to waste time on specialised perfection.

The King has an exceptionally good natural eye for game and a real love of the open air; and it is worth noting in these days of hammerless ejectors, that he always uses a hammer gun. He is as quick as he is quiet, and as deadly when at work as he is simple in his methods.

He probably loves grouse better than any other bird; but it is still the case that his best performances, technically speaking, are with driven partridge later in the year. Pheasants, of course, are easier game; and no one knows better than the King, who never talks of his own bag and has instinctively so strong an objection to see big figures published about any shoot in which he has taken part, that it is not possible to publish any figures of the Royal shootings.

The King's "lunch" (if it can be so called) when out shooting is of the simplest possible description, as becomes a man whose outdoor exercise is not so much an object in itself as a real necessity of health for one who cheerfully faces longer hours of labour than many of his subjects. Simply and unostentatiously, His Majesty keeps fit enough to shoot as well as he knows how—and that happens to be about as well as anyone now living.



## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(By W. DUNSTER.)

This number commences a new volume, which also coincides with a new Financial Year for the Firm. September 30th, of whatever year, is a date we always remember and is a time we all are hopeful will prove that the year's trading has been of real progress. Certainly the outlook is better in many ways and after a truly wonderful summer we expect to hear we have done better than in the previous year. Time will show and the balance sheet prove, if our hopes have been realised.

## ANNUAL BALANCING.

This is a period of overtime for most departments and "30th September work" is well known to most of us. May all those engaged in this duty be fortunate enough to balance first time. We have already had a visit from Mr. J. J. Chaplin and he has kept us busy (in the Correspondence Office); nevertheless, he has a very happy way with him which considerably helps us all.

## CHANGE OF TENANTS.

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

The Turks Head, Laleham (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—  
Mr. J. Sturt.

The Fox & Hounds, Tadley (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. Harrison Judd.

## HOLIDAYS.

All of the staff this year from the early months until the end of September (for the most part) have had wonderful weather for their holidays and "no complaints" would seem to be everyone's answer when asked the inevitable questions "Did you have a good holiday?" and "What sort of weather did you have?" It is to be hoped that the beneficial rays of the sun will prove of value to everyone of us during the coming winter and that the plague of influenza, which assailed so many of us last winter, will be minus.

## FOOTBALL.

With the arrival of a new centre-forward we are hopeful that the Reading Football Club will make a rapid rise in the league table. These are early days and the team that can "stick it" is the eventual winner of the league. We therefore hope that Reading

will develop this characteristic and from what we have already seen there seems to be a good team spirit amongst the players.

We are very interested in our near neighbours, Aldershot, and they have (and are) doing remarkably well; in fact, it has been whispered that promotion may come their way this season. At the moment they are the only team undefeated in the whole of the leagues and they have every reason to be very proud of their record. As Reading will be playing Aldershot on October 21st, they probably will have a record gate for this match and it is bound to be a very stirring contest. Both matches were drawn last year so perhaps Aldershot may go one better this time and win, or will it be that Reading will be the first team to lower Aldershot's colours? It is pleasing to note that Mr. W. Robb, the Aldershot goalkeeper, is in such wonderful form this year. It may not be generally known but he is the tenant of our house, The Wheelwrights Arms, Aldershot.

Plymouth Argyle, although full of promise, have not been very consistent this season so far but with the wealth of talent they have probably they will be doing better later on. We hear all about Plymouth Argyle, for our friend, Mr. J. V. Evans of The Ring of Bells, Plympton, sends us the local football paper weekly.

#### H. & G. SIMONDS LTD. SAVINGS ASSOCIATION.

The present "cycle" will end on the 13th October and a new one will start right away on the 20th October. All those desirous of "saving-up," if they will kindly let Mr. A. H. Hopkins (Correspondence Office) know, he will be pleased to give all particulars.

Have you heard this one?

#### ONE TOO MANY.

The master told his little pupils to write a sentence ending with the word "fascinate" while he was away for a few minutes.

When he came back there was only one little chap who had his sentence finished. The master took up his copy and read: "Father has nine buttons on his waistcoat, but he can only fasten eight."

#### 2010 MILES THROUGH ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

(continued).

THURSDAY, 28TH JULY, 1932 (continued).

Proceeding from Holbeach after lunch we make for King's Lynn which is reached at 3.20 p.m. A short tour of the town reveals some very antique buildings and reminds one of its former importance. King's Lynn, like so many other towns, seems to take only a minor place in comparison with the activities associated with the town of "yesterday" when it was one of the leading Norfolk Ports—now you see only small vessels in the docks and decaying warehouses. Leaving by Hardwick Road we pass through Middleton, East Winch, Narborough, Swaffham to East Dereham with its Cowper associations.

This part of our journey was over very pleasant roads, mostly level, with no outstanding scenery worth mentioning.

One is struck with the similarity of all the small market towns in this district, one and all seemingly to awake from slumber for the one day per week on which the market is held.

We leave East Dereham by way of Theatre Street for Greengate then on to Bawdeswell and Lenwade. The latter place is our destination and the King's Head proved an attractive, small wayside inn, situated off the beaten track; time of arrival, 5.30 p.m. No one would want to stay at a place like this, unless visiting friends and this is what brought us to it, so after the usual introductions (I might add that there was a re-union of a happy nature, for after two weeks of touring as two bachelors, my friend was welcomed by his good wife, adding pleasure to our stay in Norfolk). It was a jolly tea party and being a lovely evening a trip to Norwich was suggested. It was here the writer was initiated into the noble art of "Barmanship"; only one flaw in the whole proceedings: the famous Hop Leaf Brands being unobtainable.

The evening was spent amongst quite different surroundings to what we had been accustomed to; it was a real treat listening to local gossip in the old taproom, with its brick floor of glowing red and sand sprinkled on it. What wonders a pint of good ale will make to a man, then the friendly game of darts, with the locals victorious, now a challenge to the wonderful game of shove halfpenny and still on the losing side, but losses did not matter when one saw the relish they (the victors) drank their ale, vowed none ever tasted better. What a life of contentment the real

land-worker has—an early riser, hard open-air work all day and a couple of hours in the village pub to complete the one round of the clock.

Now back again to U.D. 1692, everything in first rate order with not a single fault. Our usual daily reading is :—Day's run, 148 miles ; petrol consumed, 5 gallons =  $29\frac{3}{5}$  m.p.g. Total mileage, 1,773.

FRIDAY, 29TH JULY, 1932.

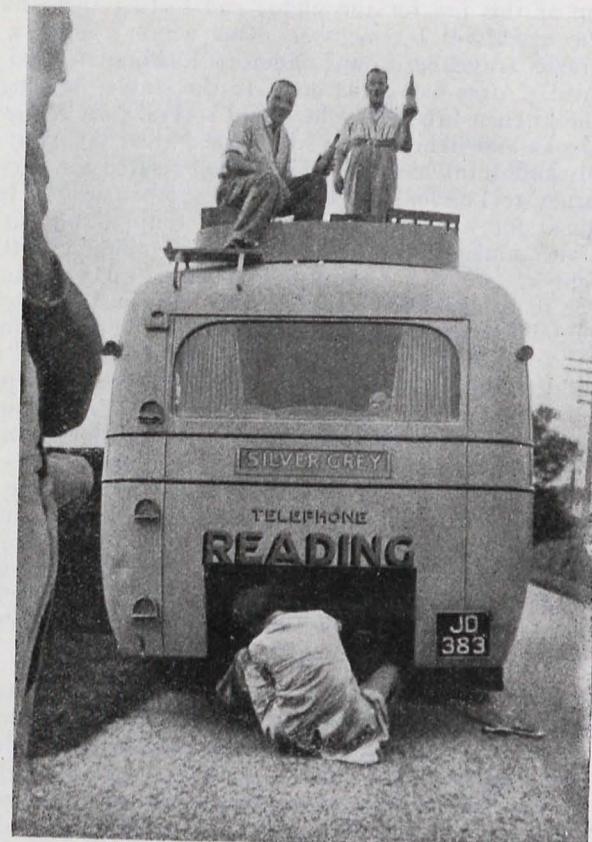
Arising early, we get a glimpse of Norfolk rural life, for Lenwade is a centre of the sugar beet industry and consequently in the midst of agricultural land, so after a short stroll for an appetite we return to a country breakfast—nothing like laying a good foundation, they tell you in these parts, so we commenced the day well. The next item was the day's programme. Another trip to busy Norwich and the despatch by rail of any unnecessary luggage occupied the morning. A few words about the "Canary Town" or to be precise, "City." Norwich is a very fine example of "Ancient and Modern," many fine old buildings are noticed; among them and well worth a visit is "The House of John Curat" built in the year 1460, now a first class restaurant and is situated in Gentleman's Walk, also "The Boar's Head" at the corner of St. Stephen's Street and Surrey Street, built about 1495. The former can be entered by a passage from the walk and patrons, if desired, will be shewn some of the old rooms. The Boars Head is of special interest, for although being in the centre of the city it still has a thatched roof, despite the action of the authorities of Queen Elizabeth's time who ordered all such roofs to be superseded by less inflammable material. How the then owners of the property managed to evade this edict is a matter of conjecture. There is also the "Dolphin Inn," formerly a Bishops Palace. One must not overlook the Cathedral and Precincts, also take a look at Bishop Bridge, one of the earliest to be used for traffic. Norwich was also the birthplace of Nurse Edith Cavell, and a Memorial Home has been erected to record the city's pride in their daughter.

After lunch at the Curat's House, we return to Lenwade and pick up a passenger. During the afternoon we visit Cromer, a nice, typical East Coast resort, Sheringham and Stiffkey (now notorious by the action of one of its vicars, otherwise would never have been brought into the limelight. In fact, the church is now a show place, notices being placed at all vantage points, "This way to the church"). On to Aylsham, Fakenham and back to Lenwade at 10.15 p.m.

These trips were through rural scenery, in places pleasantly wooded, but without any special features. The roads were all good and very level, making driving rather monotonous.

Back again at the King's Head we park the car for the night and take the daily reading, which is :—Day's run, 89 miles ; petrol used, 4 gallons =  $22\frac{1}{4}$  m.p.g. Total mileage to date, 1,862.

(To be concluded.)



A halt by the way during the Balfour Club outing when someone exclaimed "S.B!"

## STORIES RELATING TO BRACKNELL.

(From *Horn's Year Book*.)

From Ascot Heath towards Reading the traveller will pass through Bracknell, a village owing its existence to the road made some fifty or sixty years ago. Before that road was formed a hostelry existed known as the Hind's Head. It was then known to be the rendezvous of certain persons who lived by causing others to cease to exist, and standing as it did alone on the dreary Heath, it was regarded by the rustics with that superstitious awe which the timid feel when near the entrance of abodes reported to be haunted. The countrymen choose rather to go five miles out of their way than one within it. Many stories are told of travellers putting up at this inn for the night, and resting there for ever. One of the narratives I remember. One winter's night a stout-hearted grazier travelling from London to Reading stopped at the Hind's Head. After seeing his horse to the stable, he sought the glow of the kitchen fire, where he found several jolly fellows with laughing looks and light hearts. He joined their company; they ate heartily and drank merrily. The farmer related the particulars of his journey to London, the market price of cattle, the price he had obtained for his own, and the last stoup of liqueur being emptied, with smile and nod the serving girl showed the traveller to his chamber. As he was about to give her a hearty salute before she left the room, she whispered, "Listen! you mistake the object of your pretended regard, if you love me, love yourself, and save your life. You are surrounded by murderers and robbers, tonight they have drank deeper than ordinarily, and you may preserve yourself and me. There," pointing to the bed "is a trap door, and it will fall down if you tread upon it, when you get into bed, and you will tumble headlong into a deep well, and there's an end of you." The traveller was sobered in an instant by the fearful earnestness and the information of the girl. She continued, "I must be gone and then do you sing and be noisy for some minutes, and tread near that plank as though you were about to get into bed. Tie the bed and what clothes you can into a heavy bundle, put it on the plank, it will go down and you must look to the window for your escape. God speed you."

The grazier, when left alone, soon recovered his presence of mind; he sang while he made up the bundle, heaved it on to the terrible plank, and in a moment it descended through the floor, silently and swiftly, and he heard its heavy splash in the deep water. He hastened to the window and saw the snow twelve or fourteen feet below in the back yard; he leaped down and a high wall opposed his further progress, but he found the gate, gently drew back the bolts and then listened for a moment at the front

casement. Three of his late friends were snoring, they had fancied themselves secure of their prey, and hastened not to despoil it. The grazier found his horse in the stable and galloped off, he arrived at a neighbouring farmer, they collected the farm servants, and all arming themselves, set off and surrounded the house. The robbers were sleeping and the maid watching. The ruffians were all captured and convicted of the crimes on the evidence of the girl. In the well the bones of men who they had entrapped testified the extent of their guilt.

The landlord was one of the malefactors. They were all executed and the Hind's Head shut up.

## MUST TEST HIS SPIRIT.

When in the dim beginnings of the years  
God mixed in man the rapture and the tears,  
And scattered through his brain the starry stuff,  
He said, "Behold, yet this is not enough,  
For I must test his spirit to make sure  
That he can dare the vision and endure.

"I will withdraw my face,  
Veil Me in shadow for a certain space  
And leave only a broken clue,  
A crevice where the glory glimmers through;  
Some whisper from the sky,  
Some footprint in the road to track me by.

"I will leave man to make the fatal guess,  
Will leave him torn between the 'no' and 'yes,'  
Leave him unresting till he rests in Me  
Drawn upward by the choice that makes him free,  
Leave him in tragic loneliness to choose  
With all on earth to win or all to lose."



**HOME-GROWN BARLEY.****BREWERS LOYALLY ABIDING BY THEIR PLEDGE.****NEW CROP BEING EAGERLY BOUGHT UP.**

At a meeting of the General Committee of The Brewers' Society, on the 21st September, Mr. F. A. Simonds, the chairman, referring to the subject of the increased use by brewers of home-grown barley, made the following important statement which gives an absolute reassurance of the pledge made on behalf of the Society in regard to the use of home-grown barley in the Brewing Industry :—“ I must refer once again to the pledge which I made on behalf of the Brewers' Society to the Chancellor of the Exchequer in connexion with the reduction in the beer duty last April. Embodied in that pledge was an assurance that the Society would recommend all brewers to increase as far as possible the proportion of home-grown barley in the brewing of all classes of beer. I am glad to state that from all information received at the offices of the Society, and from details I have personally obtained from enquiries of brewers all over the country, they are loyally abiding by this pledge, and there has been a very marked increase in the use of home-grown barley since the date of the Budget. I am informed by those in a position to judge the state of the markets, that the new crop of English barley is being eagerly bought up and is being quickly absorbed at prices which must be, so I am assured, satisfactory to the English farmers. All indications are in the direction of this brisk sale at the current level of prices being maintained until so much of the present crop as is suitable for malting is cleared off the market, and I am sure we all trust that this will be so.

“ Those officials of the Society responsible for having made this ‘gentleman's agreement’ are happy in the realisation that they can face the present or any future Chancellor, when on a similar mission, in the knowledge that the Brewing Trade, when it makes a bargain, will, in the future as in the past, honourably abide by it.

“ There have appeared in the Press many statements which seem to emanate from growers that the brewers are not carrying out their promise. It is difficult to understand the attitude of those making such allegations, as they are not only untrue but calculated to create a very false impression on the public. In the ‘Morning Post’ this morning there was an excellent statement of the position which should do much to clear the air. There is also a short article in the

same paper, and I hope these will be widely read. We are indebted to the ‘leading brewer’ who sent that communication to the ‘Morning Post,’ and I should like to propose that this communication and article and the original article to which they refer should be circulated to every brewer in the country.

“ We also thank Mr. Nevile and Mr. Calder for their letters to ‘The Times’ on the same subject.

“ There appeared recently in the Northern Edition of one of the leading daily papers most ill-informed statements with regard to the destination of Russian barley which is being imported into the port of Hull, alleging that it was being bought by brewers for malting purposes. The Director made enquiries in Hull upon the subject, and before he had received the replies, he was asked by the Ministry of Agriculture whether there was any truth in the statements. He was able to supply the Ministry with a complete denial that any of this barley was being used by brewers for malting purposes, and in a letter he sent to the paper in question, he contradicted the statements which had been made.

“ I trust that every opportunity will be taken by brewers individually to contradict the erroneous charges and suggestions which are being made on this subject whenever these attacks are levelled at the Trade within their own particular sphere of influence.”

**SIMONDS BEER**

*is*

**SUPER B**

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

## AN OLD INVITATION.

Carved high in the stonework of Kirk House, Laithkirk, in Teesdale, are these words :—

" If by you go,  
And dry you be,  
The Fault's in you  
And not in me."

Kirk House was once an inn—hence the above inscription.

\* \* \* \*

The little girls in a school were called upon to write an essay on the Epsom Downs. One wrote : A gentleman was out walking on the Downs when he met a lady with nothing on. He said, " What is the matter ? " She said, " I've put my shirt on a horse ! " He handed her his overcoat, saying : " Honi soit qui mal y pense," which means, " Your need is greater than mine." She thanked him and said, " Mon Dieu et mon Droit," which means, " My God, and you're right ! "

\* \* \* \*

CUSTOMER : " I want to buy a present for my wife."

GIRL ASSISTANT : " Could I interest you in a sun-bathing suit ? "

CUSTOMER : " You could. But let's fix up the present first."

\* \* \* \*

The consistently lucky punter was asked by a novice how it was done.

" Well," he replied, " I just look in the List of Arrivals in the morning paper, write out three or four fancy names, pass them to a bookie with five bob and—there you are."

His friend acted on this advice, but failed to find the names of his fancies in the evening " results." He then explained the difficulty to his friend, who, after a close examination of the morning paper, discovered that the novice had backed three Cunard liners and a Yarmouth trawler !

An ardent disciple of Izaak Walton, fishing on the upper reaches of the Thames recently, caught the biggest pike he had ever landed in his long and busy life. Almost crazy with joy, he telegraphed his wife : " I've got one ; weighs seven pounds, and is a beauty."

The following was the answer he got : " So have I ; weighs ten pounds. Not a beauty—looks like you. Come home."

\* \* \* \*

A Londoner who was on holiday had been told he would find splendid sport on the lower reaches of the creek, and along the ponds bordering the river. Gun in hand, he wandered for miles, without getting a shot, and was crossing a bridge on the way back to the hotel in the late afternoon when he met a small, freckled boy.

" Is there anything to shoot about here ? " he asked.

The small boy scowled thoughtfully, and shook his head. Then his face brightened up. " Here's the schoolmaster coming across the bridge now ! " he exclaimed.

\* \* \* \*

A negro swatted a fly on another negro's neck.

" Wot was dat, Sambo ? "

" Dat was a hoss-fly, Bimbo."

" Say, wot's a hoss-fly, Sambo ? "

" A fly dat settles on hosses and asses, Bimbo."

" But me's no ass, Sambo."

" I'm not saying you is, Bimbo, but you can't deceive dem flies ! "

\* \* \* \*

One of the elephants at the Zoo was coughing badly one morning, so the keeper was instructed to give it a bucket of water, into which a bottle of whisky had been emptied.

" How's Sally ? " he asked his fellow-keeper, next morning.

" Oh, just the same," was the reply, " but all the other elephants are coughing this morning."

"Let me see some of your black kid gloves," said a lady to the shop assistant.

"These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked, when the gloves were produced.

"Yes, madam," replied the young woman; "we have had them in stock only two days."

"I didn't think they were," went on the lady, "because the fashion paper says black kids have tan stitches and *vice-versa*. I see the tan stitches, but not the *vice-versa*."

The assistant replied that "*vice-versa*" was French for five buttons, and sold the lady three pairs!

\* \* \* \*

"I am a man of a few words," said the haughty instructor to the new student. "If I beckon with my finger, that means come."

"Suits me," replied the recruit cheerfully. "I'm a man of a few words too. If I shake my head, that means I'm not coming."

\* \* \* \*

A young man who had suddenly inherited a fortune decided to learn how to carry himself in society. He went to a "School of Deportment," and a bowing Frenchman begged him to enter.

"Do you give lessons in deportment?" inquired the young man.

"The best, m'sieu!" gushed the proprietor. "My system ees perfect. Two weeks ago a young man—like you, m'sieu—he take only three of my lessons in deportment—and yesterday he was deported."

\* \* \* \*

The tub-thumper was getting well wound up.

"This is wot I sez," he concluded, "the Capitalist's money is tainted; tain't yours, and tain't mine."

\* \* \* \*

#### THE DRY-FLY-FISHERMAN.

Fisherman slightly inebriated came in with good basket of trout. Said he had caught them all on a Dry-Martini.—*Fishing Gazette.*

Little Joan was put in an upper berth of a Pullman sleeping-car for the first time. The novelty of the position was rather too much for her, and she cried until her mother, to comfort her, told her not to be afraid because God would watch over her. After a short silence Joan called out, "Mother, are you there?" "Yes, dear," came the reply. Another silence. "Father, are you there?" "Yes."

A fellow-passenger lost all patience at this point and shouted, "We're all here. Your father and mother and brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles and cousins. Now go to sleep!"

There was a long pause, then, very softly, "Mummy, was that God?"

\* \* \* \*

A picnic party sent one of their number to the nearest village to purchase provisions. He returned with a bottle of whisky, half-a-dozen bottles of beer, a corkscrew and a loaf of bread.

His party greeted him with a roar of laughter.

"Great Scott!" one of them cried, "he's even remembered the sparrows."

\* \* \* \*

The theatrical orchestra were rehearsing the music of a new piece. The harmony was ruined by the eccentric behaviour of the trombone, a new member of the team. "What on earth are you doing, man?" roared the conductor; "you were a couple of bars ahead of the rest nearly all the way."

"Sorry, sir," apologised the offender humbly, "you see, I've been unemployed, so joined a street band, and the first finished used to take the hat round."

\* \* \* \*

While motoring in England an American tourist stopped at a garage to have a small defect in his accumulator remedied.

"Waal," he inquired, when the youthful mechanic had completed the task, "what's the charge for this battery, son?" "Six and a half volts, sir," replied the other.

The man from across the Atlantic scratched his head. "Yes," he said at length, "but how does that work out in American money?"

" Girls were harder to kiss in your day, weren't they, grandpa? "

" Mebbe, mebbe," ventured the old gentleman, " but it wasn't so blame dangerous. The old parlour sofa wouldn't smash into a tree about that time."

\* \* \* \*

The small boy had been taken for a motor ride by a friend of the family. On his return his mother said to him, " Did you thank Mr. Jones for taking you for a ride? " There was no answer. The mother repeated her question, but still there was no answer. " Jimmie," she said, " did you hear me? Did you thank Mr. Jones for taking you for a ride? "

" Yes," whispered Jimmie, " but he told me not to mention it."

\* \* \* \*

Isaac and Sandy were playing golf. Sandy drove off and sent the ball well up the fairway. Isaac followed, but the ball flew into the rough. After slashing away wildly for about three minutes, he managed to get out.

" Hoo mony? " asked Sandy.

" Three," replied the Jew.

" What? " said the canny Scot. " Ah counted ten masel."

" Vell," came the retort, " vas it my fault I should have to kill a snake? "

\* \* \* \*

Two English tourists were standing gazing at Niagara Falls.

" Isn't it marvellous! " said one. " Just magnificent. To stand here makes a man feel like a little grub."

" You're right," replied the other. " I've had nothing to eat since breakfast, myself."

\* \* \* \*

A woman walked into the police station with a photograph in her hand. " My husband has disappeared," she said to the sergeant-in-charge. " This is his photo," handing it up to him to look at. " I want him found at once."

The inspector gazed at the photo and then looked up at her. " Why? " he asked.



1st prize winners in the Children's Procession.

#### CARNIVAL AT HUNGERFORD.

This Carnival was a great success, the three fire brigades, six bands, etc., in the procession lending colour and life to the occasion. The decorations of the town were a fine feature.



The Carnival Queen at Hungerford.

COMMANDER SIMONDS' ADOPTION AS TOWN COUNCIL CANDIDATE.

(From the *Berkshire Chronicle*.)

VIGOROUS SPEECH AGAINST SOCIALISM.

Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N., was adopted by the members of the Katesgrove Ward of the Reading Conservative and Unionist Association as their candidate to oppose Mrs. A. Jenkins in Katesgrove Ward at the forthcoming municipal elections, at a meeting at the Rising Sun, Silver Street, Reading. Councillor W. G. Gale presided and was supported by Commander Simonds and the new chairman of the Conservative Association, Mr. Tom Vincent.

The chairman said that Commander Simonds was an influential man, he was a big employer of labour, and had all the qualifications to make him the right man for borough council work.

Commander Simonds was then adopted, on the proposition of Mr. H. Hibbert, seconded by Mrs. Payne, the resolution being carried unanimously.

Commander Simonds said it was a great honour after he was defeated at the last municipal elections, but, although beaten last year, he was by no means disgraced, largely due to the efforts of the members of the Conservative Association. They were in a different position this year, however, and he could assure them that it would not be for want of efforts on his part if they did not wipe out that defeat. They had to realise that they only had a sporting chance of winning the seat if they went at it hammer and tongs from now until the polling day. Commander Simonds added that he had as an opponent a lady who had been on the Council and that was a great point in her favour with the electorate—a lady deservedly popular and a jolly good sort. Nowadays, in municipal elections, the point of view of personality did not enter into the question so much.

THE ISSUES AT THE ELECTION.

The policy of the different parties was so widely divergent that it was the policy only that mattered. On the one side they had a party whose only idea, especially in municipal politics, was by squandermania to reduce the country to such a state of financial chaos that the ordinary system of government would be impossible. On the other side they had a party resolved to support the National Government in its efforts to restore the country to prosperity by

sane and wise financial administration, not neglecting any opportunity for social reform, but keeping strictly within the bounds of what was reasonable and businesslike. The leaders of the Socialist party were out for revolutionary Socialism. Although they might find some of them were rather ranting against the Communist party, it was a case of the Socialist dog finding the Communist tail beginning to wag. "Make no mistake about it," Commander Simonds added, "they are all tarred with the same brush, but some have got it laid on a bit thicker than others."

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

It was only fair to impress on electors in Katesgrove Ward that those who voted for Socialism were playing with fire. They were advocating a policy that in the end would lead to disaster in this country. Under the capitalist system this country reached a state of prosperity which only the war and the economic problem which followed checked. Socialism had not done anything except bring disaster. The National Government, since it came into power, had done far more than people had realised, and in the last twelve months it had found jobs for 648,000 people. His policy was to support the present party in the Council, if elected, so long as they did what he, in his conscience, considered right and proper.

Mr. Tom Vincent, who was warmly greeted by the meeting, assured the members of the full support of Conservative headquarters. The Borough Council should be looked upon as the board of directorate running the most important business in the town—they certainly spent more money than anyone else. In Commander Simonds they had the right and proper man to represent them, for he was a business man and would look after their interests.



## BRANCHES.

## PORTSMOUTH.

It was with deep regret that all at Portsmouth Branch heard of the death of Mr. F. J. Gilbert, which took place at a nursing home at Reading. Mr. Gilbert started his career with the Firm at Oxford Branch and served there, also at Reading and Gibraltar, being appointed manager of Portsmouth Branch in 1904. He remained in this capacity until 31st October, 1929, when after 50 years' service with the Firm he retired and settled down at Tilehurst near Reading. He was universally liked and respected by everyone here and our deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Gilbert and family in their sad bereavement.

The Fareham and Hants Farmers' Club Show was held this year at Havant. The weather was perfect and although the foot-and-mouth disease regulations regarding the movement of cattle must have had an adverse effect upon the numbers of entries, the show proved a convincing success this year. In addition to the show proper, there was a thrilling display of trick motor cycle riding by Hayhurst, a clever performer from Nelson, Lancashire, an attractive display of all the exhibits, bending and jumping classes and musical selections played by the Havant British Legion. The silver medal for the best hunter filly was gained by Mr. A. W. Broad with Comic Light, a smart two-year-old filly, sired by Cartoon and going well on all paces. Reserve went deservedly to Sir Dymoke White for Dahlia, a chestnut three-year-old filly. The medal for the best hunter shewn in saddle was gained by Mr. A. Carr. A touch of colour was added by a parade of the Hambledon hounds in the ring. The catering was in the able hands of Messrs. Boyce & Son of Guildford, and we are pleased to report good business with the "Hop Leaf" liquors.

## THE GOSPORT CLUB.

*Foundation Day, 3rd Sept., 1883. Jubilee Day, 3rd Sept., 1933.*

The members and friends of this club assembled at their club premises at the Market House, Gosport, on Sunday evening, 3rd September, to celebrate on the day, the Jubilee of the club. A special feature of the event was the acceptance of a special invitation to Mr. Thomas Nicholson, well known to old Gosportians, now 83 years of age, who was one of the founder members, and Secretary from 1883 to 1911, when he resigned. He gave a short history of the club's existence, and told the members that, besides himself, only one of the original members was alive to tell the tale, he being Mr. Thomas Hardy, who sent an apology for his absence. In 1883

the club was formed upon the ashes of the then defunct Gosport Working Men's Club (whose club was at 71, North Street, now the Gosport Post Office Telephone Exchange). The new club was known as the Gosport Reading and Recreation Club. Their first club room was at the Alexandria, Beach Street; then in a large room over Messrs. Hart & Co.'s premises at North Cross Street, later at No. 6, North Street, followed by the occupation of the premises for many years occupied by the Gosport Literary & Scientific Society at the Market House, which closed down upon the adoption by the Gosport District Council of the Free Libraries Act. Here the club continued, until in 1902 the Connaught Drill Hall was completed, near the Town Hall, when the club took over the upper part of the premises until then and for many years occupied by the 3rd Volunteer Battalion the Hampshire Regiment as their headquarters and drill hall.

Ever since 1902 the club, now known as The Gosport Club, has retained these premises and can fairly claim to be the oldest club in the borough. It is strictly non-political—just a social club for the benefit of that egregious specimen called "man." Two billiards tables are installed, and the usual sidelines.

Miss Florence Greaves and Mr. Knight, accompanied by Mr. Taylor, gave most finished renderings of appropriate songs.



View of Portsmouth Harbour from balcony of Gosport Club.

## BRIGHTON.

This, the third week in September, has seen the last of the military camps in Sussex, of which, this year, we have had more than our usual share.

The London Territorial Brigades, who were down early in August, were followed by the 12th Infantry Brigade from Shorncliffe, and with very rare showers, all were favoured with exceptionally fine weather, which makes all the difference between comfort and the other thing when camping is concerned.

One unit of the 12th Brigade, the 1st Royal Sussex Regiment, marched from Shorncliffe to Arundel, and were feted at each halting place in their native county. Their stay in Arundel Park, the beautiful seat of the Duke of Norfolk, must have been a pleasant one. On one Sunday they gave a display of trooping the colour, which attracted thousands of visitors.

With the idea of stimulating trade between the two towns, Brighton has been co-operating with Bristol this year to hold gala weeks in the two places. In June Bristol were the hosts, and Brighton civic dignitaries had a good week there. This month Brighton has entertained the Lord Mayor and high officials of Bristol Corporation. The Lord Mayor brought his stage coach and horses, which were quite an unusual sight on our motor strewn seafront.

A trade exhibition has been held, and a gala day on Saturday, the 16th September, which ended up with a brilliantly illuminated promenade, illuminated boats on the sea, the piers a blaze of lights, and culminating with a display of fireworks which has not been exceeded for many years.

This, we hope, will be the forerunner of many Bristolians spending their holidays in Brighton.

Findon sheep fair this year was as largely attended as ever, some 12,000 sheep changing hands. Messrs. Boyce of Guildford were, as before, entrusted with the refreshments, dispensing the "Hop Leaf" brands.

We are glad to report that Mr. Cotton is again back at work, and hope that by degrees he will regain strength.

Our sports writer is on holiday in Paris; perhaps when he returns a few impressions of that gay capital will be forthcoming for this publication.

We were pleased to have a call from Mr. A. R. Bradford whilst staying here on holiday. Even when resting he was busy with matters appertaining to the "Gazette."

## FARNBOROUGH.

MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN R. N. SYME AND MISS M. DAUNCEY.

BRILLIANT RECEPTION AT THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, FARNBOROUGH.

The marriage took place on September 30th at Frimley Parish Church of Captain Ralph Noel Syme, R.A., R.A. Mess, Deepcut, only son of the Ven. and Mrs. J. G. S. Syme, of Elstead Rectory, near Godalming, and Miss Nie Augusta Mimi Dauncey, elder daughter of the late Captain John Dauncey, The Dorsetshire Regiment, and of Mrs. Alan Carden, of Wykeham Park, Frimley Green, Aldershot. The bridegroom's father officiated, assisted by the Rev. A. L. Whitfeld (uncle of the bride) and the Rev. J. W. Partridge.

The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Major Penn Curzon, wore a gown of ivory satin draped over an underdress of shadow lace. Her long satin train was carried by Master John and Master Patrick Grotrian, who wore ivory satin suits trimmed with flame-coloured buttons. She was also attended by three little girls—Miss Crystal Carden, Miss Angela Whitfeld and Miss June Gill, who wore long frocks of wheat-coloured net with puff sleeves trimmed with ruchings of net. They carried sheaves of wheat, grasses, and Cape gooseberries, and had flame-coloured hair-ribbons tied into bows at the side. Captain E. Morley, R.A., was best man.

Mrs. Carden afterwards held a reception at the Queen's Hotel, Farnborough. The reception was held in the ball room, which was gaily decorated for the occasion. The jovial speeches and conviviality, the strains of the orchestra, together with the generous catering, which was splendidly served, presented a scene of animation which has rarely been excelled in the district during recent years. Amongst the 240 guests present were many distinguished personages.

Rousing cheers accompanied the departure of the bride and bridegroom for the honeymoon, an eloquent tribute to the popularity of the union.

The most lavish compliments were bestowed upon the hotel manager, Mr. Maitland Dods, for the excellence of the organization and the smoothness with which the entire arrangements were carried out by the staff.

## THE ANDOVER CARNIVAL.

The above event which was held from the 21st to 26th August proved an overwhelming success and resulted in a sum of £950 being handed over to the Andover War Memorial Hospital and other local charities. Each day there was some form of amusement arranged which created a diversion and gave an added variety to the day's entertainment.

The opening ceremony was held in the Recreation Ground. The Mayor, Councillor F. L. Shrimpton, J.P., was supported by a distinguished company, including Lady Lymington, Lady Joycey-Cecil and Mr. Gordon Harker, the film star, who had consented to perform the opening ceremony. Mr. Harker was the cynosure of all eyes, but if the assembly expected a long speech from him they were bitterly disappointed. His brevity, however, was full of humour, and the delightfully nonchalant way in which he did things was very refreshing.

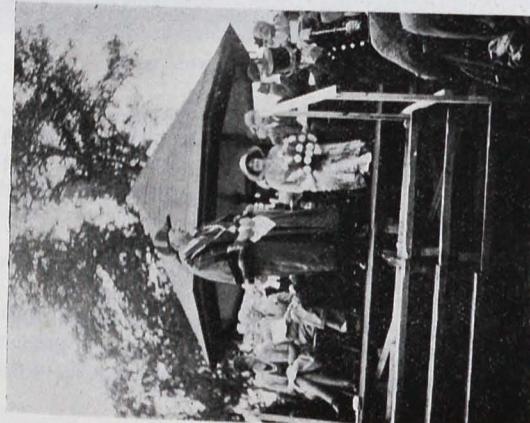
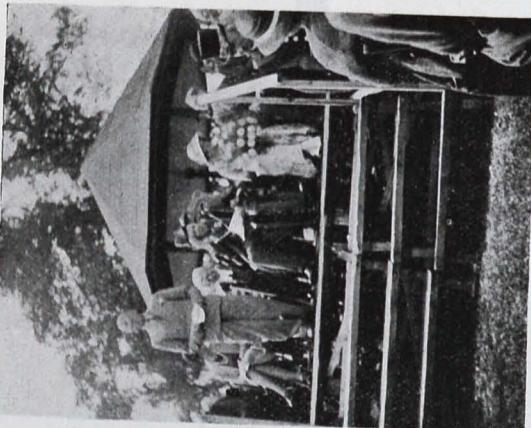
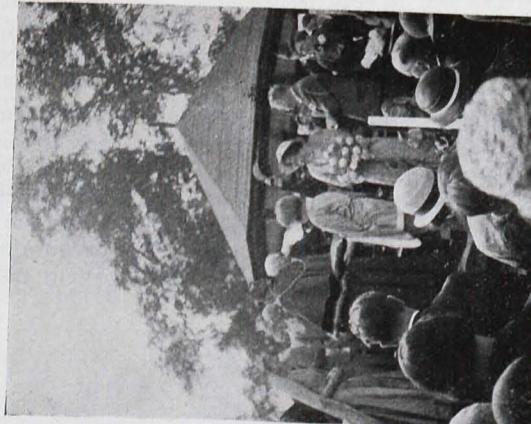
At the outset Miss Jacqueline Herbert (daughter of Capt. and Mrs. George Herbert) presented a bouquet to the Mayoress, and received a kiss in return.

The Mayor, who had a splendid reception, made an eloquent appeal for collective support at the carnival and for the glorious cause in which it was held.

This very enjoyable week included a children's procession, a baby show, tennis tournaments and sport of all kinds, and there was also a wonderful fireworks display. At short notice a tug-of-war team from the Brewery was asked to compete, but the duration of their training was not sufficient to get our stalwarts into trim for the contest.

Miss Diana Shrimpton, the children's queen, presented the awards in the juvenile tennis tournament which was arranged for mixed couples under 18 years of age.

The accompanying photographs, which were taken during the opening of the carnival, show the Mayor and Mayoress at the opening ceremony.



1.—The Mayor (Councillor F. L. Shrimpton, J.P.), introducing Mr. Gordon Harker, the well-known film star, who opened the carnival. The personages in the above snapshot, reading from left to right are:—Lady Lymington, Mr. Gordon Harker, The Mayor and Mayoress.

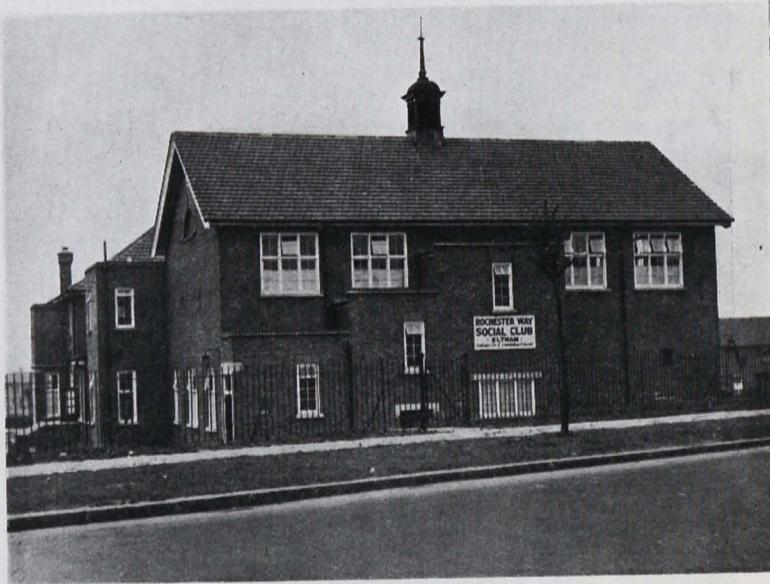
2.—Mr. Gordon Harker opening the carnival.

3.—The Mayor (Councillor F. L. Shrimpton, J.P.) crowning Miss Dulcie Dark "Queen Carnival."

## THE ROCHESTER WAY (ELTHAM) SOCIAL CLUB.

## RE-OPENING CEREMONY.

This club, under its new title, as above, was formally re-opened on Thursday evening, September 28th. There was a large attendance of members and friends, and although the fog outside was thick and uninviting the interior of the club supplied the antithesis. The newly completed redecoration in pleasing colours, the smart appearance of the two billiards tables and the new furniture and fittings, which had all been chosen with care and excellent taste,



The Hall with entrance from Rochester way.

presented an inviting appearance and many expressions of approval and pleasure were heard by the company assembled for the opening ceremony. We were favoured with the presence of many visitors and the spirit of happiness and the enthusiasm which prevailed augurs well for the success of the venture.

Mr. C. Bennett presided at the meeting and after extending a hearty welcome to all present he said that the re-opening of the club was a most important event in the life of the community domiciled at the Well Hall and adjoining estates and it represented the realization of an ambition which had been in the minds of many

of them for a long time past, and, therefore, they might all feel gratified. He said the fulfilment of their desires had meant to many people a great deal of anxiety, effort and sacrifice, but all that had been minimized by the spirit of helpfulness and generosity displayed by the landlords (Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., of Reading) and by the ready and willing co-operation of the management committee, also by the support of the splendid number of members already enrolled. He pointed out that the constitution was slightly different, but had been placed on a very broad basis and it was one that should satisfy the needs of all local residents who desired the amenities of a really good social club—as there



The Main Entrance.

was provided for them a clubhouse second to none over a very wide area. He invited the members to be proud of an institution that had all the advantages, conveniences and accommodation in the desired direction and to support the management in their endeavour to make the enterprise an outstanding success. He assured the members that such safeguards as had been embodied in the new constitution were designed to help and not to hinder ordered development, and would only be exercised to restrain those few members (found in most communities) who have an insensate desire for their own self-preferment and do not hesitate to pull

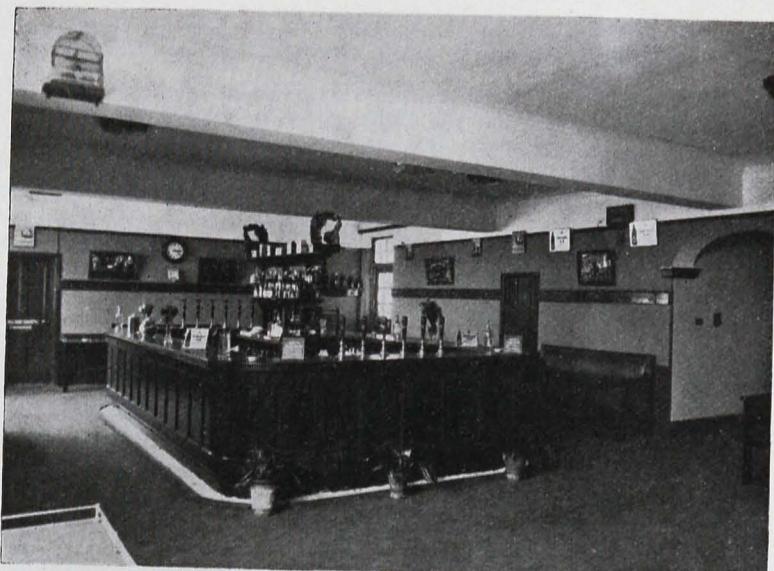
down and destroy the unselfish work of others so long as their own interests are served. He asked the members to aim at high ideals, to make the club a rallying centre for the social life of the district, to back up the committee, to help carry the burdens of the social activities, to co-operate in a spirit of "each for all and all for each," and to achieve the conception of a centre of well ordered happiness. Mr. Bennett expressed sincere thanks to Mr. H. S. Cross for undertaking the duties of chairman to such an important club, also to Mr. H. Ward (London Branch) for his share in the work of organising and running the institution. He welcomed Mr. W. Bowyer, who had probably had a greater burden of anxiety in respect of that



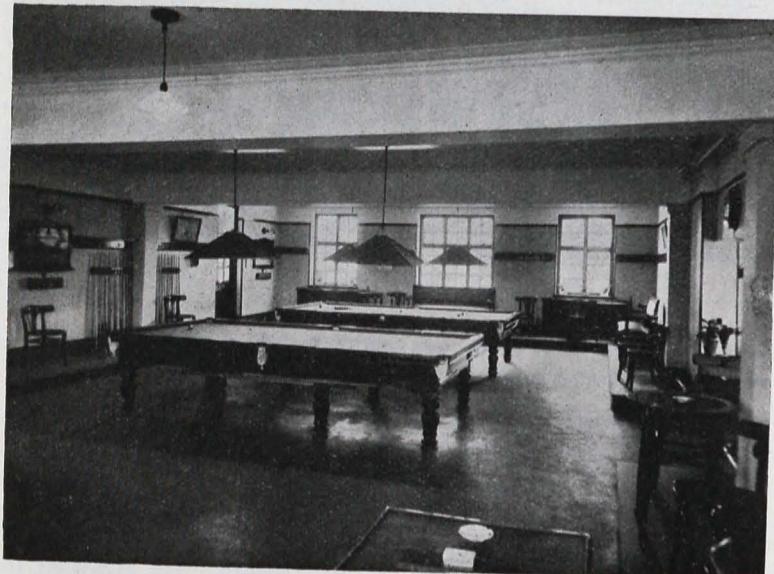
Club House with Lawn facing Brisit Road.

building than anybody else and who was so delighted at the culmination of the present efforts that he had given up part of his holiday to be present. After referring to the non-political nature of the club, he said that progress would be watched by many prominent gentlemen in the district including their Member of Parliament, The Right Honourable Sir Kingsley Wood (H.M. Postmaster-General) and Mr. Alderman Halse, J.P., L.C.C.

Mr. Bennett then declared the building open for use as a social club in accordance with the constitution embodied in the rules, and



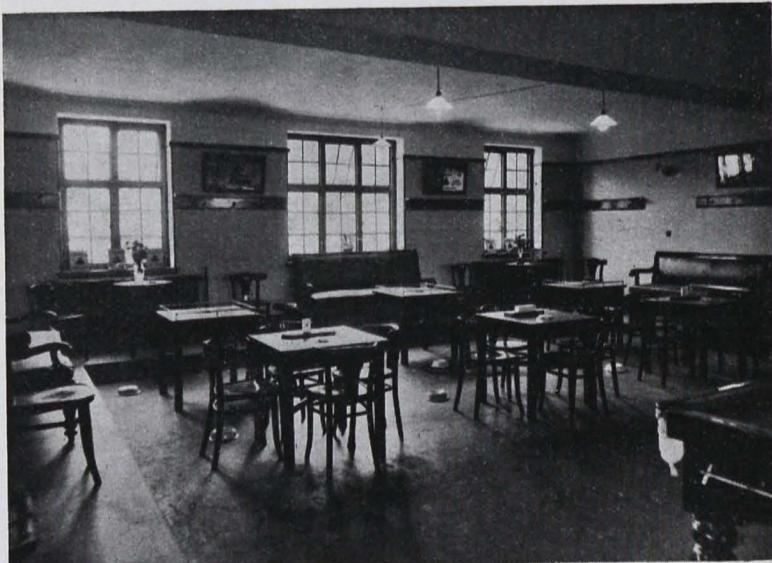
The well-appointed Bar.



Billiards Lounge.

conveyed the best wishes of the landlords for a large measure of success and much happiness to all who used the facilities offered.

Mr. W. Bowyer then expressed the great pleasure he had derived from the fact that the club was being given a new lease of life under happy auspices. He said he had known the building since the days of its inception. He also said he was especially delighted to see the club start off in the right direction and appealed to all to help in securing the efficient and smooth running of the club. He wished the committee and members every prosperity and said he hoped to have the pleasure of coming to see them from



The Billiards Room.

time to time; meanwhile he would watch their progress with sympathy and interest.

Mr. H. S. Cross (chairman) said he was proud to see so many members and visitors present. He expressed, on behalf of the committee and members, the gratitude they all felt towards Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. for re-opening the club. Over 100 members had responded to the initial invitation to join the club and if these members would bring along their relatives and friends we should soon see the membership roll at full strength. He appealed to members to keep the club clean in every respect and particularly

emphasized the necessity of retaining their present keenness and enthusiasm to build up good traditions for the institution. He asked for loyal support and said everything possible would be done for the comfort and welfare of members; furnishing would be extended as membership increased, and he asked them to avoid all actions that might lead to complaint regarding the justification of the confidence reposed in them. He thought if they all determined to proceed on these lines they would always have the happiest of memories of the proceedings of that particular evening.

Alderman G. Dean, J.P. (Stanford Road Working Men's Club, East Ham) said he had really come with his friend (Mr. W. Woodcraft) to see Mr. G. Leer (steward) and his wife, as he had known them for many years. He himself had had 17 years experience of club life. At his own particular club, where he had filled the office of president, they had at first experienced many difficulties, chiefly in connection with finance, and they found some members were extracting benefits they should not have had. He urged the selection and support of good officers and committee to make the club a real body of co-operators in a good cause. He further emphasized the necessity of using the opportunity of voting, when it came, in an intelligent manner. He said that of all his knowledge of clubs he had not seen one with better conditions of starting, nor one that was better designed to make members feel at home with friends. It was indeed a "home from home." He wished the club every success.

Mr. J. Amey (vice-chairman) moved a comprehensive vote of thanks to the speakers. He took the opportunity to ask for support and said the club would be run on strict lines. He appealed for a high standard of conduct in every aspect of the life of the club and assured them that everything possible would be done for the comfort of members and their wives.

C.B.



## LUDGERSHALL.

The accompanying caricature by "Pym," which has been reproduced by the kind permission of the Editor of *The Bystander*, is of a group of officers of the Anti-Gas Wing, Small Arms School, Winterbourne Gunner. It will, doubtless, be of great interest to numerous students who have passed through the school. We understand that the cartoon has been presented to the school.



1.           2.           3.           4.           5.           6.

SMALL ARMS SCHOOL ANTI-GAS WING,  
Winterbourne Gunner.

- (1) Capt. Hartmann, R.A. (2) Capt. S. C. Becher, The West Yorkshire Regt. (3) Capt. Smedley, The Welch Regt. (4) Major A. J. Bevenidge, R.A.M.C. (5) Major F. R. Grimwood, The Essex Regt. (6) Mr. Lester, Mess Steward.