

257
C. Bennett

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

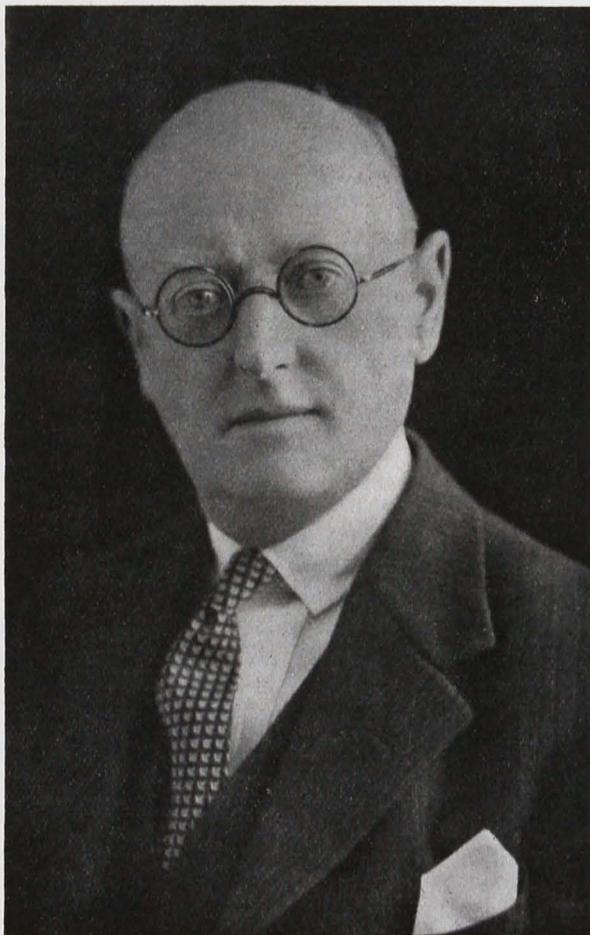
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. X.

OCTOBER, 1935.

No. 1



MR. F. C. RIDEN.

MR. F. C. RIDEN.

Prominent in Trade circles of Reading and environs, Mr. F. C. Riden needs introduction only to readers in other areas to which the business of the old established House of A. S. Cooper does not extend.

Mr. Riden has been intimately associated with the Wine and Spirit industry of Reading for over twenty-five years. During the whole of this time he has been connected with the business of A. S. Cooper, which was acquired by our Firm in 1928. After filling the position of chief clerk with general supervision of the business for 14 years, in 1932 Mr. Riden succeeded the late Mr. A. S. Cooper as manager, in which position he firmly upholds the maxims and traditions entrusted to his care. His practical and comprehensive knowledge of the trade includes reducing, fining, blending and bottling of spirits, the importation and bottling of wines, also the manufacturing processes of British liqueurs and cordials, acquired at the time when Mr. A. S. Cooper was the only holder of a Compounder's licence between London and Bristol. Tons of fresh fruit were used in the latter branch of the business, which was carried on in extensive cellars and stores situate in Minster Street, Reading. Here Mr. Riden gained valuable experience and still holds many of the original recipes for such old favourites as ginger brandy, cherry brandy, sloe gin, etc.

Established over 100 years this fine old House has a wonderful reputation for its choice wines, spirits and liqueurs and enjoys a high class private trade in Reading and district, the best known names in the county being found on the ledgers. The stocking of cellars and the laying down of vintage ports has always been an integral part of the business, the advice and experience of their experts frequently being sought in regard to re-corking, packing and removal of valuable wines. In this connection Mr. Riden's knowledge has been at the disposal of patrons by whom he has been entrusted with the care of their cellars.

Mr. Riden's other connections with the licensed trade include the Secretaryship of the Ship Hotel (Reading) Ltd., which he has held since 1933. As a member of the Reading Beaconsfield Club since 1908 he has successively held the offices of Treasurer, Secretary and Vice-President; at the present time he is Chairman

of the club, in addition to filling the post of Honorary Treasurer and Trustee to the Reading and District Licensed Trades' Protection and Benevolent Association. He is a member of the Reading Philanthropic Institution and Aldermaston Lodge of Freemasons.

For many years Mr. Riden was the Beaconsfield Club's delegate to the Association of Conservative Clubs, whose Distinguished Service Medal he holds. He is also the possessor of a gold wristlet watch subscribed for by members of the club and presented in April, 1912, by the prospective Conservative Candidate for the Borough, now H.E. The Right Honourable Sir Leslie Wilson, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., P.C., C.M.G., D.S.O.

With many years' experience in Licensed Trade Stocktaking and Bar accounts, Mr. Riden deals with the stocks and accounts of various hotels, etc. in Reading. His chief hobby being *work*, he has little leisure in which to indulge in his favourite pastimes of cycling, billiards and reading, which are his chief forms of relaxation.

Mr. Riden enrolled under the Derby Scheme and was called up early in 1917, enlisting in the Royal Berkshire Regiment and subsequently being transferred to the Army Pay Corps at Winchester, where a staff of 500 dealt with the accounts of the Rifle Brigade and King's Royal Rifles. He was demobilized in 1918 with the rank of Corporal.



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

EDITORIAL.

OUR BELOVED CHAIRMAN'S SILVER WEDDING.

On Sunday, September 29th, our beloved Chairman, Major S. V. Shea-Simonds and Mrs. Simonds celebrated their silver wedding and we respectfully extend to them our very hearty congratulations, hoping that for many years to come they will be blessed with good health and share much happiness. To mark the auspicious occasion the Staffs, Foremen, etc., presented Major Shea-Simonds with a cheque. In acknowledging the gift, the Major wrote to Mr. C. E. Gough, who undertook the necessary arrangements, the following charming letter:—

The Village House,
Bradfield,
Berks.

September 29th, 1935.

Dear Mr. Gough,

It was very thoughtful of you to send over your very kind note which I received this morning and which was a complete surprise to me. Will you please convey to the Heads of Departments, the Staffs and Foremen of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., of Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery Co. Ltd. and the South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd., the united grateful thanks of my wife and myself for the congratulations on the occasion of our Silver Wedding. We much appreciate and are deeply touched by them, as also by the very generous cheque for which they have subscribed.

It will give my wife very great pleasure to select a suitable souvenir which will always remind us of your kindness.

I shall await the Book of Names with great interest and it will give me an opportunity of personally thanking individuals for their practical expression of goodwill.

From the number of congratulations I am getting from every direction, I realize that I have a great number of good friends, however little I may deserve them.

Again with our united grateful thanks to all concerned,

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

S. V. SHEA-SIMONDS.

MR. JOHN SIMONDS.

At the Wokingham Agricultural Association's annual show, Mr. W. Percy Colebrook said he had good news for them. The association had secured a president for 1936, and they would be delighted to hear that Mr. John Simonds (who is one of our esteemed Directors) had consented to be president for next year. He was a good son of a worthy father, who was on two occasions president of Wokingham Show. Mr. Simonds' father saw it through in the days when it was a mere ploughing match. The show would be held on Mr. Simonds' land at Newlands Farm. They were looking forward to a most successful show. When asked, Mr. Simonds said three generations in his family had hunted in the Berks country, and he would be delighted to become their president in order to give him an opportunity of returning to the farmers some hospitality as they had been good to him.

FIVE FARMING BROTHERS.

Among the crowd at the Show were five farming brothers whose total ages amount to 332 years, the average, therefore, being 65. They were Messrs. J. W. Bowyer (Loddon Court, Spencers Wood), H. Bowyer (Ashridge Farm, Wokingham), C. Bowyer (Been Oak, Wokingham), E. Bowyer (Newlands Farm, Arborfield), and A. E. Bowyer (Clarke's Farm, Farley Hill). They were all brought up on Morrell Green Farm, Hurst, where their father, the late Mr. William Bowyer, farmed for 35 years as a tenant of Mr. Garth, founder of the Garth Hunt. Mr. Bowyer died in 1919 at the age of 91. The Bowyers are an old and well-known Berkshire family of farmers. They are our worthy Home Trade Manager's cousins.

SAFELY GATHERED IN.

According to *Tit-Bits*, an Army camp in Sussex was near the orchard of a village rectory. The rector thought the fruit might be too great a temptation for the soldiers, so he took down his "Trespassers will be prosecuted" board and put up another: "These apples are being kept for Harvest Festival." Next morning the trees were stripped, and to the notice-board had been added: "All is safely gathered in."

THE LATE MRS. DORMOR.

We regret to record the death on the 17th September of Mrs. A. M. I. Dormor, which was announced in the *Reading Evening Gazette* of the 19th idem. Mrs. Dormor was the widow of the late Mr. J. M. Dormor, who was for many years manager of our Oxford Branches, and was mother of the late Mr. L. V. Dormor who died early in 1926. Our deepest sympathy is extended to the relatives in their sad loss.

BRITISH OPINION OF THE WAR.

British opinion is neither alarmist nor alarmed, and there is correspondingly no vacillation or confusion in British policy. The Government's undertaking is of the simplest. The area of war can be restricted and the restraint of war maintained by the covenanted nations. While all stand by the Covenant, the British Government will take its share in all measures unanimously directed to both these ends. Thus in this fateful week the Council will sit to confront a test that is grave and a duty that is plain. Elsewhere the Italian Dictator launches his country upon a still more formidable hazard. At best it must lavish Italian life and treasure for a dubious return. At worst it may be gambling all that he has counted for gain since his rule began.—*The Times*.

TWO BEST OILS.

The courtesy of the road? Well, once I would declare that there was no such thing, that with the decline of Edwardians manners had also passed away, says the *Evening Gazette*, yet this morning I was forced to change my mind. At Earley there is a one-way traffic temporarily operating, and as the day was young there was nobody on control duty. A driver of a Shell petrol lorry there met a Simonds' brewery van. Someone had to give way, and the petrol merchant applied his brakes and waved the other on. The Simonds' man forged ahead, and as a gesture to the petrol driver the former cried out in passing:

"The two best oils in the world!"

WINTER CYCLING.

Those who have to use a cycle in winter find the gear a source of trouble. Here is a good suggestion for solving this trouble. Remove the chain and clean it in paraffin. Now melt two tallow candles in an old saucepan, add an equal quantity of lubricating oil and a few drops of paraffin and boil the chain in this for half an hour. The liquid will penetrate all the joints. One boiling is sufficient, and you will be able to face all weathers without fear of a stiff or creaking chain. Once a month reverse the chain to make it wear evenly.

TRAFFIC COP'S GOOD HUMOUR.

An attractive young movie actress was driving her new car when something went wrong with the engine. The traffic lights changed from green to red and back to green and still she could not get the car to budge. The traffic cop came up.

"What's the matter, miss?" he inquired, "ain't we got any colours you like?"

"TRAIN!"

The training and practice which are necessary to get an individual or a team into that condition in which he or they may reasonably expect to win must, to a large extent, cultivate those habits of discipline which are so essential for comfort and efficiency—energy, thought, skill and determination—in fact those qualities upon which the sporting existence of our Empire depends.

On the strength of one link of the cable
Dependeth the might of the chain.
Who knows when the team may be tested,
So "Train" that thou bearest the Strain.

WHAT AN AGE!

A correspondent asks: Do we appreciate sufficiently, or at all, the quantity and the quality of the amenities of our times? Books, the source of inspiration and comradeship to millions, are available free of charge to all library users. For a copper or two the humblest people can travel in luxurious vehicles that rival any rich man's motor car. For a penny we are able to read news of events that took place an hour or two previously in a country 10,000 miles or more away. For a few pence we are able to bathe in swimming pools whose beauty and appointments would make our forefathers envious. For a nominal sum we are able to reach the beauty spots of our land for a day's rest and recreation. We can inspect and study the works of the greatest painters and sculptors of the ages for nothing, or, in some cases, for a few pence. If we have the money, we are able to travel to the farthest corners of Europe in less than 12 hours. If we want to speak to our relations in far flung parts of the Empire, which may be a month's journey away, we can do so as clearly as if they were in the room. What an age!

HORSES HAVE "ONE OVER THE EIGHT"—APPLES.

"Drunken" horses was the strange phenomenon witnessed by a Botley, Hampshire, farmer. Walking through his orchard he saw the animals leaning against trees, their eyes glassy, and their legs rigid. Momentarily mystified, he soon detected in the fruit rotting on the ground round about him the clue to the problem. The orchard had suffered considerable damage in the recent gales, the fallen fruit had fermented and produced sufficient alcohol to affect the horses.

THEY KNOW!

If you are doubtful about any food, try it on the cat. A cat's smell and instinct concerning food are keener than yours. She (or he) won't touch bad food with the tip of a whisker.

LUCKY TICKETS DRAW.

Our popular and erudite townsman, Mr. H. G. Hawkins, J.P., made the draw for lucky tickets in the competition organised by the Reading and District Licensed Trades Protection and Benevolent Association, in connection with their carnival on July 13th. The winning tickets were: 1st, No. 14860; 2nd, 8453; 3rd, 11104. An auxiliary competition for a bedspread and cushion was won by the following tickets: Orange 48, blue 10. The association have already endowed a bed at the Royal Berks Hospital, and they are now endeavouring to raise another £1,000 for a second bed. This was the object of the carnival, and further to augment funds a jubilee ball will be held at the Town Hall, Reading, on November 12th.

LAWN TENNIS—THE BEST. "SERVICE."

The lawn tennis season is over and the handsome trophies presented by Mr. Louis Simonds and Mr. R. St. John Quarry in the Gentlemen's and Ladies' competitions, respectively, have been lost and won. The P's have it, for our Miss Prosser's sister won the ladies' event and Mr. Perrin the gentlemen's. Some very hard and close games were witnessed. Owing to the rain, the final for the Gent's had to be postponed again and again and this entailed a great amount of work on the part of our worthy Secretary, Mr. Percy James. Particularly in the Gent's games there were some fine services, but none equalled those services, rendered to the club throughout the season, by Mr. James. I am sure we all say, "Thank you very much!"

TOUGH!

"How did you like the parrot I sent you ma?" asked a Lancashire sailor home on leave.

"Eh, lad, it were a bonny bird but, by gum, it were tough!"

AMAZING, BUT TRUE.

$1 \times 8 + 1 = 9$
 $12 \times 8 + 2 = 98$
 $123 \times 8 + 3 = 987$
 $1234 \times 8 + 4 = 9876$
 $12345 \times 8 + 5 = 98765$
 $123456 \times 8 + 6 = 987654$
 $1234567 \times 8 + 7 = 9876543$
 $12345678 \times 8 + 8 = 98765432$
 $123456789 \times 8 + 9 = 987654321$

HE HAD!

LADY (to tramp): "Oh, so you have been in touch with royalty, have you?"

TRAMP: "Yes, lady. I was once stung by a queen bee."

A WORD FOR THE ROOKS.

It may be of interest to indicate the result of recent researches in connexion with the supposedly injurious activities of rooks in connexion with the cereal crops, writes John M. Crosthwaite, Hon. Secretary, The Scottish Society for the Protection of Wild Birds. After a careful census of rooks in five counties in England it was found that the average density of the rook was from one to every two acres of cereals up to one to every seven acres of cereals. It was ascertained what was the total number of rooks in these counties. There was also calculated the total weight of food eaten by all these rooks. From Dr. Collinge's tables of the proportion of the food of the rook represented by cereals there was thus ascertained the total amount of cereals eaten by all the rooks in these counties. Application was thereafter made to the Board of Agriculture, and the total weight of cereals grown in these various counties was ascertained. On comparing this with the total amount of cereals eaten by the rooks it was discovered that the proportion eaten by the rooks of the total cereals sown and reaped varied from .001 to .004. It has accordingly been demonstrated that the actual amount of cereal eaten by the rook compared with the total crop of cereal is quite insignificant. When the definitely enormous beneficial activities of the rook in destroying injurious and destructive grubs and insects are borne in mind, it will be seen that modern investigations show that there is no justification for the shooting of the rook on the grounds of destruction of cereals.

MYSTERIES OF THE BEARD.

Why are some races bearded and others almost beardless? asks Charles Hooper, in the *Times*. Why can some men grow heavy moustaches and chin beards (goatees, imperials, and Van Dykes), but hardly any hair on the cheeks? Also, how account for the different dispositions of hair on men's faces? Why can some men grow beards 5ft. long and other men beards only 2in. long? Why do the moustache and the beard usually turn grey before the hair does (like the muzzles of old dogs)? Why are the colours of the hair and the beard different? Why are many heavily bearded men bald and many men with heavy heads of hair scantily bearded? Why does a bearded man seldom or never lose his beard through baldness? Why does a man twirl his moustache or fondle his beard? Finally, why is a beard? (Don't reply facetiously).

VITAMIN B'S.

Beer.**B**eef.**B**accy.

STORM PLAYS HAVOC WITH MARQUEES.

Far and wide, wherever great events are taking place, Simonds' fine marquees may be seen playing a prominent part in the proceedings. During the recent terrific storms three score of such marquees were standing in about half as many different Military Camps. Not only were the marquees blown down but the canvas was torn to shreds and the loss to the Firm is round about £2,000. It was just over thirty years ago that a similar gale swept the country and it then came at the commencement of manoeuvres. Fortunately the recent storms came when the manoeuvres were at an end. New tents had to be erected in some cases, however, and one of these was razed to the ground two days afterwards. Had the storms come when the Territorials were in camp, matters would have been worse still for we then had as many as 80 tents erected.

NINE YEARS AGO.

Nine years ago THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE was born and with this issue we start upon the tenth year of publication. To me it has been a labour of love, but not without its little worries and anxieties. May I take this opportunity of thanking all contributors for their loyal co-operation, and all who by their friendly counsel and advice have helped to make THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE the popular little publication that it has undoubtedly proved to be, judging by the fact that the demand for it increases with the years.

WHERE HE WAS BORN.

A little boy who went to school for the first time had returned home and his father inquired how he liked it.

"It's all right, but they ask too many questions," said the lad. "First they asked me where you were born and I told them. Then they asked me where mother was born and I told them. But when they asked me where I was born I had to tell a lie."

"Why?" asked his father.

"I didn't want to say I was born in the Women's Hospital and have them think I was a sissy so I told them it was in the Wembley Stadium."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Will all contributors and correspondents kindly send in their copy through the usual channels so that it reaches me not later than the 20th of the month previous to publication.

By so doing you will greatly facilitate my work and I shall then be able to publish the magazine during the first few days of each month.

The Editor.

NEWBURY RACES

(and a race to Newbury).

The prompt execution of emergency orders was never better exemplified than on Saturday, 28th September, when an urgent order for a large additional supply of bottled beers for the bars at Newbury Races was received at 2.10 p.m., after all lorries had been garaged and the drivers had finished work and departed. Fortunately there was a member of the Delivery Department staff on duty, the Bottled Beer Despatch Department were stocktaking and the Watchman was able to unearth a Lorry Driver, with the result that within a short time the bottled beers were en route. Delivery was effected on the racecourse at Newbury by 3.15, just over an hour after receiving the 'phone call.

In emergencies of this description, particularly when Caterers for outdoor events, whose success is so greatly dependent on the weather, are in urgent need of additional supplies, the advantages of our well organized transport are of immense value.

With the utmost modesty we must admire the perspicacity of those Caterers whose choice in the selection of their Brewers rests on a Firm with an organization second to none.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Don't give way too easily when things look grey.
 Don't say your friends lack sympathy when you turn away.
 Sitting down and whining won't help a bit ;
 The sun will break through sooner if you've got faith—and
 grit !

When you are over the brook, offer your stick to your friend.

COMMONPLACE THINGS.

" A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh,
 But why should we sigh as we say ?
 The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
 Makes up the commonplace day ;
 The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
 And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings ;
 But dark were the world, and sad our lot,
 If the flowers failed, and the sun shone not ;
 And God, who studies each separate soul,
 Out of commonplace lives make His beautiful whole.

In the petty cares and trials
 That perplex us day by day ;
 Mid the toils and self-denials
 We encounter on our way ;
 When we feel our patience failing,
 And our courage almost gone,
 Two things still we'll find availing—
 Keeping sweet and holding on.

Though humble be your labour
 And modest be your sphere,
 Come, envy not your neighbour
 Whose light shines brighter here.
 Does God forget the daisies
 Because the roses bloom ?
 Shall you not win His praises
 By toiling at your loom ?

It is usually not so much the greatness of our trouble, as the
 littleness of our spirit, which causes us to complain.

The winter leaves must fall that the summer leaves may grow.

Greatness lies in not being strong, but in the right use of
 strength ; and strength is not used rightly when it only serves to
 carry a man above his fellows for his own solitary glory. He is
 greatest whose strength carries up the most hearts by the attraction
 of his own.

The highest branch is not the safest roost.

It costs more to revenge injuries than to endure them.

No day is commonplace if we had only eyes to see its splendour.
 There is no duty that comes to our hand but brings to us the
 responsibility of kingly service. There is nothing possible to a
 human soul greater than simple faithfulness.

The noblest vengeance is to forgive.

There are many roads to success, but they all go uphill.

Some people have a good time wherever they go. They take
 it with them.

Just go forward and meet your fate,
 Life's good gifts are often late.

Take heart with the day and begin again.

The day of death is the birthday of eternity.

It will never rain roses. If we want more roses we must
 plant more trees.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

This number commences another year for THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. It also corresponds with a new financial year, which we all hope will be a happy and successful one for the Firm.

The photograph of Mr. S. T. Warner in last month's issue was a faithful and striking likeness: I understand it was taken in something like record time and is a distinct credit to the photographer. Mr. Warner's list of activities and details of his career were "new" to many and of much interest. Although he has been with us only a short while, I feel sure he is liked by everyone. Progress has undoubtedly been his slogan since he has been at The Brewery, and there are many proofs of this.

Holidays are nearly over for the staff and, fortified in the majority of instances by ozone and liberal doses of sunshine, they will be well equipped for overtime, as balancing starts on the 1st October. Most of our members enjoyed their respective fortnights by the sea and I have heard of no startling ways of spending this year's vacation. It would seem, however, that motoring holidays are increasing and "See England (and Scotland) First" the slogan.

Mr. L. A. Atkinson who, as reported in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE a short while ago, left the Firm for pastures new, was recently married at St. Mary's Church, Reading, and I am sure his many friends at The Brewery will wish both him and his wife long life, happiness and good health.

FOUR GENERATIONS.

The birth of a daughter on September 5th to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Goodenough, of 12 Field Road, Reading, makes four generations alive to-day says the *Berkshire Chronicle*. Mr. Goodenough is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Goodenough, of The Brickmaker's Arms, Wolseley Street, Reading, with whom Mrs. Dyer, the mother of Mrs. Goodenough and great-grandmother of the new arrival, still resides.

WORKING SIXTY-FIVE YEARS.

It is not every day of the week or even the year that one meets so hale and hearty a man as Mr. Charlie Pearce. Though he refuses to disclose his age, he has been working, man and boy, for Simonds' Brewery for 65 years. He tells me he started work at age 11 "or thereabouts."

Mr. Pearce wears well. He also appears to favour hard work. His recipe for longevity is a glass of beer every day.—*Evening Gazette*.

Mr. C. Pearce is employed in our Cooperage department.

Readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE will be pleased to hear that Mr. F. Gardiner of the Great Western Railway, who saved the son of Mr. G. Andrews (Bottling department) from drowning in the river Kennet, is to receive the Royal Humane Society's testimonial.

Congratulations to Mr. G. Sayers, centre forward of the Simonds' Athletic Football Club, on being chosen to lead the forward line for Berks & Bucks against Northamptonshire. It is indeed a well deserved honour.

Mr. L. W. Pitts, of the Estates Office, recently became a proud father, his wife presenting him with a daughter; quite a heavyweight I understand. Sincere congratulations and good wishes from all.

I am sorry to report the death of Mr. H. D. Wooldridge, of the Union Room, who had been an employee for a good number of years.

Also of Mr. C. Gunn (generally known as Charley). He was employed on the loading stage and as a drayman, and had also been a licensee of ours for a while. For some time he had been on pension.

Our sincere regrets are hereby extended to the relatives.

We welcome Mr. H. C. Davis, a newcomer to the Brewery, who will be in charge of the new Catering department of the Firm. Mr. Davis is now living in the same road at Caversham as the writer, and almost became a next door neighbour.

A FEW BRIEF ITEMS.

Mr. G. Hamlin (Correspondence Office) recently left and obtained a post on the *Evening Gazette* where he is making excellent progress.

Miss M. E. Bradford (Correspondence Office) is leaving and will shortly be married.

Congratulations to our Editor, Mr. C. H. Perrin, on winning the final for the Tennis Cup. The match was played on one of the hard courts at The Grosvenor Hotel, Caversham, and I am informed Mr. C. H. P. played exceedingly well.

Trade has kept up an excellent average this year and we are hoping for a bumper time.

Two members of the staff whilst on holiday watched the match at Boscombe when Reading were defeated by 4 to 1, but neither saw the other.

Although it has not been an ideal year for flowers, nevertheless, some really fine roses are frequently sported by members of the staff in their buttonholes—a sort of friendly rivalry.

Football is now in full swing and although Reading are in a good position in the league, the form of the team has not pleased the critics so far. Nevertheless, we think the club will have a good season and promotion might be theirs. The 1st XI. of the Brewery, being in a higher division, are finding the opposition somewhat more formidable. They display a fine fighting spirit and should hold their own.

Plymouth Argyle displayed confusing form at the start but have done somewhat better during the last few matches.

Both Bristol teams, at the moment, do not seem to be in the running for promotion honours. However, it is early days.

Portsmouth appear to have a fine side. It seems only a few years ago that they visited Elm Park.

Brighton are not particularly brilliant, but they generally manage to serve it up hot for Reading when they visit Hove.

Aldershot do not seem to be doing anything great, although generally speaking they are hard to beat on their own ground.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

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

Rose & Crown, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. A. Jemmett.

Dashwood Arms, West Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. T. G. Martin.

Crown Inn, York Town (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. R. Prince.



A HOSTESS'S SILVER JUBILEE.

MRS. RIX'S 25 YEARS AT THE FORESTERS' ARMS.

INTERESTING PRESENTATION.

(From the *Staines and Egham News*.)

Mrs. A. M. Rix celebrated her Silver Jubilee at the Foresters' Arms, Egham, by entertaining her customers and friends to dinner in the Victoria Hall, and the guests, in return, presented their hostess with a handsome gift, to mark their appreciation of the genial way in which she treated them during her quarter of a century's residence at the house.

The company numbered nearly 100, over which Mr. G. Phillimore presided—until the arrival of Mr. R. Rix, who had been unavoidably detained—and on his right was Mrs. Rix. Others supporting the Chairman were Messrs. P. Smith, H. Stuart, C. Smith, J. Rix, E. Hailes, C. Oades, T. Grace, W. Dyos, F. E. Larkin, W. Sansom, F. Hewitt and C. Hoddinott.

An excellent cold collation was served, at the conclusion of which the loyal toasts were appropriately honoured.

The health of "The Hostess" was given by Mr. Phillimore, who remarked that Mrs. Rix had had a wonderful reign at the Foresters' Arms. He compared it in a measure to the Silver Jubilee of their Majesties, which was celebrated earlier in the year. During the time Mrs. Rix had been at the house she had done all she possibly could, not only behind the bar, but outside as well (applause). They knew their troubles were her troubles, and their successes were hers.

He (the speaker) would like to remind them of a few of Mrs. Rix's activities. Mrs. Rix, with the help of others, had provided old people with Christmas parcels for many years, and there had also been children's treats. Windsor Hospital, Egham Hospital and the Nursing Association had been helped through her efforts, as well as the Wives and Mothers' Association, the South-Western Orphanage, and St. Dunstan's. Last, but not least, she had assisted the Gresford Colliery Fund, and altogether the sum raised in the house ran into three figures. That, he considered, was a wonderful achievement for a small house.

In the sporting sphere Mrs. Rix had done good work, and when the Egham Football Club got into low water it was to the Foresters' Arms that they came, and Mr. Oades started the Supporters' Club,

which raised a good sum for the funds. In many directions Mrs. Rix had given her services, and he was not giving away a secret when he told them that a little later she was to be presented with the Jubilee Medal by the Licensed Victuallers' Association, for her services to the Schools. In addition to other things, Mrs. Rix was the hon. treasurer of the Slate Club (which was one of the largest in the district) and the Loan Club. The members had no anxiety at the beginning of December, because they knew their money was safe, and that was a big asset to a club.

Mrs. Rix had had a wonderful reign, and he sincerely hoped it would continue for much longer. She had endeared herself to all with whom she had come into contact, and he thanked her for the splendid dinner she had given, and the opportunity afforded for thanking her for all she had done for them (applause).

Mr. F. Hewitt then presented Mrs. Rix with a grandmother clock, which bore the following inscription on a silver plate: "Presented to Mrs. Rix by her customers, on the occasion of her Silver Jubilee at the Foresters' Arms, 1910-1935." With the clock was a silver tea service. In making the presentation Mr. Hewitt said the gift was some small recognition of Mrs. Rix's kindness to them during the 25 years she had been at the house. He hoped she would be spared for many years to hear the clock chiming.

Mr. Watkins, on behalf of the public bar customers, handed Mrs. Rix a silver cake basket and an album containing the names of upwards of 100 subscribers who had contributed to the gifts. Mr. Watkins made a humorous speech, at the conclusion of which he wished Mrs. Rix many more years of health and happiness with her customers.

Mrs. Rix, who was obviously touched by the gifts and the reception she received, expressed her thanks. The presentations, she said, had come as a great surprise, but she would treasure them greatly. She hoped she would spend many more happy years with them. In conclusion, the hostess thanked Messrs. Phillimore, Hewitt, Watkins and Willey for the assistance they had given her in making the evening the success it had been.

Other toasts included "The Visitors," given by Mr. Oades, and "The Chairman," proposed by Mr. Brooking, both of which were suitably acknowledged.

A most enjoyable musical programme was contributed by Messrs. I. Ledbrook (piano), S. Doy (violin), W. Watkins, G. Willey,

C. Hoddinott, W. Dyos (songs), and the Rix Brothers (musical interludes). Altogether, a very pleasant time was spent by all.

Mr. Ralph Rix (Mrs. Rix's late husband) took over the tenancy of this then Ashby Beer House in 1910, hence Mrs. Rix's Silver Jubilee. Mr. Rix died in 1915 and the business was taken over by the widow, Mrs. A. M. Rix. A Wine Licence for the Foresters' Arms was granted in 1929.

BIT OF VIENNA—IN READING.

SOFT LIGHTS, SWEET MUSIC AT THE GROSVENOR.

Once upon a time Reading simply had no pretensions at all about its night life. It was no use saying: "Let's go to a supper-dance and toast ourselves and each other," because not only were there no supper dances, but even if there were a few the toasting might have been a difficulty.

All this has been changed by the Grosvenor, Caversham, whose first supper-dance the other night brought a slice of Vienna to the Thames Valley.

Soft lights, sweet music (Charlie Evans', in fact) and good cheer attracted between 100 and 150 people. All the tables were booked.

Captain and Mrs. C. L. Foreman were a genial host and hostess.
—*Evening Gazette.*

A GREAT THOUGHT.

This world's affairs are but the scaffolding of the great temple which God is building, and which is to be filled at last with his glory. If we remember, and act on the remembrance, that art, trade, politics, all the departments of human life, are to be made subordinate to God's great design, then these activities are not only lawful, they are a part of our Christian service; the scaffolding will some day disappear, but not till the temple is complete.

THE MERRY MAIDENS.

A WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

(BY C.H.P.).

Not only is the great Firm of Simonds determined to sell the best beer, but the Directors are equally determined to see that that beer is served under the best conditions, where every comfort and convenience are provided. A good example is the Merry Maidens, for here a wonderful transformation scene has taken place. Warm and well lighted rooms, artistically and cosily furnished, are there waiting to receive the guests who come in ever-increasing numbers to be greeted with a welcome smile and ready service by the landlord, Mr. A. G. Oxlade, who has been at the Merry Maidens for two years and is making himself extremely popular. For eight years he rendered similar service at Wokingham and previous to that he was at Thames Ditton where he made many friends at the riverside club, The Fordies. Prior to occupying these positions he was in the Royal Berkshire Regiment, subsequently joining the gymnastic staff. He has a happy knack of making his customers at home at the Merry Maidens, where you can get not only the best of beer but the best of service.

Here you will also find lovely grounds wherein to partake of refreshment in the summer sun while the commodious Car Park, capable of accommodating 40 cars, is another great improvement.

The Merry Maidens are always merry and bright and if you have not seen them before, make your maiden voyage and you will be more than pleased to see them in their new and attractive attire.



The Merry Maidens, Reading.



The Fine New Lounge.

THE SEPTEMBER FAIR.

READING KEEPS A CENTURIES OLD FESTIVAL.

And louder still became the sound
And louder still the din,
As fast, from every village round,
The horse came spurning in.

This was how people used to come to Reading for the September Fair, or St. Matthew's Fair as it was once known, says the *Reading Standard*. On Saturday, however, they came in their thousands on foot, on cycle, motor cycle and in motor cars to enjoy themselves as their forefathers have done for generations.

The September Fair is one of four fairs that have been held in Reading ever since the Abbey was founded—more than 800 years ago. They might even be older than the Abbey. In mediaeval times the fourth fair of the year was held on St. Matthew's Day, hence the name of St. Matthew's Fair, and on that day religious plays were presented. Later it was called the Cheese or Michaelmas Fair, and was a statute fair for the hiring of servants. It was also a noted fair in the countryside by reason of the vast quantity of

cheese from Gloucester and Wiltshire that used to be sold there. The fair was then held at the west end of the Forbury, and St. Laurence's Church Walk was used for the hiring of servants.

Here is what one writer had to say about the fair many years ago :

" On Saturday, about Michaelmas, hundreds of young men and girls from the country throng the public streets to exhibit themselves to their bucolic betters, to scan them from head to foot as if they were so many live cattle. The sooner this barbaric custom is abolished the more creditable will it be to the agricultural community."

All this has been altered and the September Fair now provides three days' amusements only, but there are still some of the old attractions—the boxing booths, the fat lady and the performing fleas.

BRAVE DEED BY GEORGE GIGG.

MEMBER OF CASK OFFICE STAFF.

In the early evening of August 19th, George Gigg, aged 17 (a junior member of the Cask Office Staff) and his friend Ronald Lunn, aged 19, set out for a bathe in the Kennet and cycled out beyond Calcot Mill for this purpose. Lunn, who was not such an experienced swimmer, was the first to undress and plunge into the river with the intention of swimming to the other side. Possibly the water was a little cold and affected him. Gigg was, however, surprised to see him go below the surface, then rise, and sink again, so he promptly dived in, got hold of Lunn, and after a great effort, the deep mud handicapping him severely, succeeded in getting Lunn, who was then unconscious, to the bank. Having a slight knowledge of First Aid recovery methods, as taught at school, he tried to revive his friend and after a while his attempts to restore animation were fortunately rewarded with success. During the whole of the time there was no one else in the vicinity to assist Gigg. By helping Lunn along they were, in time, able to reach a bridge and so re-crossed the stream, reached their clothing, dressed and eventually arrived home.

Although not feeling very fit, Lunn was able to go to his work the following day.

Gigg is a modest lad and the fact of his having performed this act of bravery is only just getting known.

The Directors have conveyed to Gigg their high appreciation of this very fine act of bravery and are proud to think he is a member of the staff.

THE NEW INN, THATCHAM.

FLOODLIGHTING FOR HARD TENNIS COURT.



The New Inn, Thatcham.

The New Inn, Thatcham, provides excellent refreshment and recreation. Inside, the service leaves nothing to be desired, while on the hard tennis courts you can receive, or give, another kind of "service."

There is flood-lighting on the court in the late evening and under these up-to-date conditions you have an excellent opportunity of improving your game after dark.

Mr. Attwood, the genial host, will be only too pleased to see you and if your "service" is as good as his, you will be sure to win.

Don't you serve too many doubles—he cannot!



A PUBLIC TRAGEDY.

(From the *Evening Gazette*.)

In the very heart of Reading I have come upon a public tragedy.

Mrs. Forrest, of the Blagrave Hotel, told me with a disarming smile a story which I shall never forget, a story in the epic Grecian form.

Some years ago, says Mrs. Forrest, a Maharajah of incredible prestige arrived at a house in Berkshire. He brought with him his retinue of Indian servants.

The Indian can produce succulent sweetmeats and sauces, but he cannot produce puff pastry like Mrs. Forrest's, and accordingly she was especially sent for to teach this masterly (or mistressly?) art to the Indian chef.

However, good natured as she is, Mrs. Forrest was reluctant to give away her secrets free. So she bargained with the Indian cook, saying that in return for her secret she demanded the recipe of his celebrated chutney.

UPROAR.

Without this chutney the Maharajah's life was as empty as the sandy wastes of Arabia.

On this proposal there was an uproar. A lesser woman than Mrs. Forrest would have capitulated on the spot, but she stuck her ground and demanded her pound of chutney. In the end she won the day. On the condition that never should she divulge the secret formula for the magical spice she was told the ingredients and their proportions.

Thereupon the Indian was taught puff pastry cooking.

STILL THE **B**EST.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Can you make sense of the following :

I am
Man making mischief and wife.

Solution : I am above making mischief between man and wife.

WHAT IS IT ?

I go in a corner
And never was heard
To make a complaint,
Nor utter a word.
Yet I travel by night
And I travel by day
And I carry your message
Whatever you say.
When I start on my journey,
Though I stick in my place,
I'm sure to receive
A hard blow in the face.
I'll run you one errand
And, that errand run,
My life's work is ended,
My usefulness done.

Solution : A postage stamp.

TO-DAY! TO-DAY! TO-DAY!

Rise for the day is dawning,
And you be dreaming on ;
The others have buckled their armour
And forth to the fight have gone.
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play ;
The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-day.

A NATURE NOTE.

A PIKE AND FINE ROACH TACKLE.

FURIOUS FIGHT BETWEEN RAT AND STOAT.

(BY C.H.P.).

While fishing the other Saturday afternoon I had a rather exacting experience with a pike. With some very fine roach tackle I was endeavouring to catch a bait in about three foot of water and not more than a yard from the bank. In a very short time I hooked a nice little roach which made a bold dash for liberty. No sooner had it done so than a pike of about 4 lbs. made a dash at the roach, seized it across the throat, and hung on. He carried the bait to the foot of some weeds and there he gradually turned it round and was in the act of swallowing it head-first when I began to wonder what would happen to my gossamer tackle if my little hook became embedded in those cruel jaws. I did not wonder long, for unless I acted quickly I knew that it would soon be a question of landing that fish or of losing my tackle. Right in front of my eyes was this freshwater shark, with the roach fast disappearing in the grip of his powerful jaws. I decided that the odds were much too heavy against me, so I dipped the top of my rod into the water and was about to touch the pike when he saw both my rod and me, spat out the bait and, with an angry swish of his tail, disappeared like a flash.

Many anglers would have run the risk and tried to play the pike into submission, but with such a slender trace and the lightest of fly rods I thought discretion the better part of valour—and still think so, for does not my rod remain whole and my trace intact!

Later on I caught another lively-looking little bait and attached him to a hook and tackle with which I would gladly have fought a twenty-pounder. But do you think that wily fellow would come again? For over an hour I endeavoured to tempt him, but the answer was in the negative, for he showed never a sign of his presence again.

RAT *v.* STOAT.

In a lonely roadway the other day there was a fight that would have put the Louis-Baer duel into the shade had it not been abruptly terminated by a motor car. An old rat and a nimble stoat were going at it hammer and tongs. Never before have I seen so much fury contained in so small a compass. And though, of course, the rat was much the larger animal, the contest appeared to be by no means uneven. They boxed and bit and rolled and

struggled in the mud-covered road. It was, I should think, like a little bit of hell let loose. Rising to their feet they parted, only to gain breath and be ready to dash at each other again. The stoat stood on his hind legs and with a fierce and furious bound, leapt at his opponent's throat, and there he hung, with such grim determination, it seemed as if he would never let go.

Then a motor passed by, killing them both! I examined the two combatants afterwards and both were badly bitten.

HAWK HOVERS IN THE STORM.

During some of the very rough weather we have been experiencing lately, when most birds were being buffeted about by the wind, I was astonished to see a kestrel hawk suddenly take up his position in the air and, but for the motion of his wings, remain quite stationary. For about a couple of minutes he did this and then, like an arrow, down he dived and "stamped" with his powerful feet on some little victim. Grasping his prey in his claws, which are like grappling irons, the kestrel flew away and, in a tall elm tree, commenced his horrid meal.

I think the little victim was a field mouse, but I could not clearly see.

HERON'S GREETING TO ITS MATE.

A heron was flying high overhead, so high that he appeared no larger than a dove. And, travelling with the wind he was going at a great pace, journeying home, I thought, after a "night out." Suddenly he spotted something in the meadow far below, pulled up, and circled in the air several times, uttering his raucous call as he did so. I wondered what he had seen and then the squawk from another heron down below solved the problem. I wondered if the heron up aloft was asking "Hullo! Jim, had a good night? I have caught five fish and a few frogs." And when Jim answered "I've not done so badly, my menu included a tasty young rat, but I could not come across an 'S.B.'"; the other heron continued his journey home.

SOCIAL CLUB.

TENNIS CLUB.

The time has come once again for the curtain to be lowered on the stage of our tennis.

This season we have had two new courts, which have given every satisfaction. The sylvan surroundings, too, are very pleasant and restful. Even if you are not a tennis player you can sit under the friendly shade of the cedars, watch others participating in the game, or get lost in the reading of a good book. Our membership

has been about the same as last year, viz., forty, but we should still like to see a lot more from the Brewery supporting us.

I am pleased to report that our team has been successful in winning two matches, viz., against Suttons and Beechwood, both these matches being played away, but we were beaten by Courage's (Alton) twice and rather heavily at home by Beechwood, who had ample revenge for our victory over them. Our other home fixture against Suttons was, unfortunately, cancelled owing to the wet weather. The matches have been played in a fine sporting spirit, winning or losing being quite secondary to the game. Thank you, opponents, may we all meet again next season!

We have had our usual Singles Tournaments for the cups presented by L. A. Simonds, Esq. and R. St. J. Quarry, Esq., which have produced some thrilling games and, in one or two instances, some surprises.

The ladies' final was played between Miss E. Prosser and Mrs. R. Huddy and resulted in a win for Miss Prosser in two straight sets. I did not see this match myself, but am told by an eye witness that some good tennis was played by both ladies and the result was in the balance to the last shot. Congratulations, Miss Prosser, on winning this cup for the first time and congratulations, Mrs. Huddy, on reaching the final.

The men's final was played at the "Grosvenor House" as owing to the weather, grass courts were out of the question. This match was between Mr. C. H. Perrin and Mr. F. George, and Mr. Perrin won in two sets in thirty-five minutes. Let me say at once that Mr. George played good tennis, but he came up against Mr. Perrin at the top of his form. It was like playing against a brick wall with the ball coming back faster than it was put over and I, personally, have never seen Mr. Perrin play so well and that is certainly some statement to make! However, in congratulating Mr. Perrin on being in the final for three successive years and winning the cup twice, I should also like to congratulate Mr. George on being his opponent in this final and fighting so valiantly right up to the end.

I do not think there is much else to comment upon except, on behalf of the members of our club, to say "Thank you" to all those who have helped to make our season so enjoyable, particularly Mr. C. E. Gough for the use of a tent, tables, etc. during the summer, which proved of great service; Miss A. M. Prosser for the teas; Mr. Lees, our groundsman; and all the others who have tried to make the secretary's job as light as possible. Thank you!

P. JAMES,
Hon. Secretary.

CRICKET.

REVIEW OF THE PAST SEASON.

(By J. W. Jelley.)

Before the cricket impedimenta is finally packed up for the winter, let us look back on the doings of the Brewery teams for the 1935 season. We were looking forward to a prosperous season, it being hoped that the inter-departmental matches of last year had brought some fresh talent to our aid and the fixture list showed old and new friends to be met. Unfortunately, the shadows thrown ahead did not materialise into the giants we had visualised.

The "A" team had to scratch their first match. Our ground was required for other purposes and when we had overcome that difficulty it was found that quite a number of the players had made other arrangements for the afternoon. Towards the end of the season, pressure of business and holidays took their toll of the playing members and we had to disappoint several teams, whom we were looking forward to meeting again.

The "A" team were under Mr. J. H. Wadhams, who acted as "Keeper" and kept the members of his crew up to the scratch. He gave every man a chance to show his ability and was ever ready to go in and have "a dip" when he thought runs were needed quickly. To Mr. F. W. Clark was entrusted the vice-captaincy and he carried on very satisfactorily when he had to take over the command.

The "B" team started out under the command of Mr. L. Atkinson, but he sought new pastures very early in the season. The committee then asked Mr. L. Hill to take over the duties, with Mr. S. Collins as his particular "Vice."

It only remains now to give the final figures and they speak for themselves:—

"A" team.	Played 11.	Won 6.	Lost 5.
"B" team.	" 12.	" 4.	" 8.

The inter-departmental games were again played in a sporting manner and several of the matches were quite exciting. The winners (Delivery department) had to thank a few decimal points for their lead over their nearest rivals (the Surveyors and Building departments), both having the same number of points for games won.

The averages for the inter-departmental tourney look rather strange, especially with regard to those for the bowling. The figures have been arrived at by taking all those who batted or bowled in two or more matches. This, unfortunately, leaves a number who bore the brunt of the attack out in the dark, but space will not permit of more names being given.

"A" TEAM.

BATTING.

Names.	Innings.	Times Not out.	Most in Innings.	Runs.	Average.
H. S. Tigar ...	11	1	32	133	13.3
J. H. Wadhams ...	9	1	35	84	10.5
W. Neville ...	10	3	22	70	10
J. J. Cardwell ...	6	—	21	55	9.16
P. James ...	6	1	24	43	8.6
E. G. Crutchley ...	6	1	22	31	6.2
C. R. Josey ...	9	—	20	53	5.88
L. Farrance ...	9	—	15	52	5.77
F. Chandler ...	7	—	16	36	5.14
F. W. Clark ...	8	2	8	29	4.83
J. Hillier ...	8	1	10	30	4.28
J. W. Jelley ...	10	—	12	34	3.4
J. Rumens ...	7	2	3	12	2.4

Batted in three and less than six matches :—

E. C. Greenaway ...	3	1	5*	9	4.5
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Batted in less than three matches :—

W. Lane ...	1	—	29	29	29
H. J. Treadgold ...	1	—	8	8	8
H. Tozer ...	1	—	7	7	7
W. Greenaway ...	2	—	8	11	5.5
F. Kemp ...	1	—	5	5	5
S. Collins ...	1	—	3	3	3
A. Carter ...	1	—	2	2	2
L. T. C. Brown ...	1	—	—	—	—

Total runs scored	794
Total wickets	104
Average	7.63

* Not out.

BOWLING.

Names.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
F. W. Clark ...	44	9	107	18	5.94
E. G. Crutchley ...	43	11	93	15	6.2
L. Farrance ...	33	7	71	10	7.1
H. S. Tigar ...	98.4	15	259	36	7.19

Bowed in three and less than six matches :—

J. W. Jelley ...	14	5	38	6	6.33
J. Hillier ...	5.1	—	26	2	13
E. C. Greenaway ...	16	—	65	3	21.66

Bowed in less than three matches :—

L. T. C. Brown ...	2	1	4	1	4
W. Lane ...	8	1	33	2	16.5
H. Tozer ...	2	—	5	—	—
A. Carter ...	1	—	9	—	—
F. Chandler ...	3	—	11	—	—
J. Rumens ...	1	—	11	—	—

Total runs scored	774
Total wickets	106
Average	7.3

CATCHES.

H. S. Tigar, 7; P. James, C. R. Josey, W. Neville, 4 each; E. G. Crutchley, J. H. Wadhams, 2 each; A. Carter, F. W. Clark, L. Farrance, J. Hillier, J. W. Jelley, J. Rumens, H. Tozer, H. Treadgold, 1 each.

"B" TEAM.

BATTING.

Names.	Innings.	Times Not out.	Most in Innings.	Runs.	Average.
S. Treacher ...	7	—	16	42	6
G. Gigg ...	8	—	12	47	5.87
H. Tozer ...	10	1	18	49	5.44
W. Whitmore ...	6	1	13	27	5.4
L. Hill ...	12	1	19	59	5.36
H. Mileham ...	6	—	15	31	5.16
H. J. Treadgold ...	—	—	26	46	5.11
P. E. Hammond ...	8	3	8	24	4.8
B. Nicholls ...	7	1	16	19	3.16
S. Collins ...	10	—	7	27	2.7
E. C. Greenaway ...	9	1	10	17	2.12

Batted in three and less than six matches :—

W. Lane ...	5	—	63	103	20.6
W. Greenaway ...	5	2	18*	37	12.33
E. Chandler ...	5	—	15	23	4.6
L. Thorne ...	5	1	6	15	3.75
L. Atkinson ...	3	—	7	11	3.66
F. Kemp ...	5	—	14	16	3.2
R. J. Griffin ...	3	—	9	9	3

Batted in less than three matches :—

A. Carter ...	2	—	2	3	1.5
G. Kelly ...	2	—	2	2	1
F. W. Clark ...	1	—	1	1	1
C. R. Josey ...	2	—	—	—	—

Total runs scored	661
Total wickets	121
Average	5.46

* Not out.

BOWLING.

Names.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
E. C. Greenaway ...	72.4	17	160	29	5.51
H. Tozer ...	72	13	203	28	7.25
L. Hill ...	23	1	91	11	8.27

Bowed in three and less than six matches :—

L. Atkinson ...	22.4	3	79	10	7.9
W. Lane ...	24	3	84	9	9.33
H. Mileham ...	24.3	3	68	7	9.71

Bowed in less than three matches :—

W. Whitmore ...	3	—	—	1	—
A. Carter ...	10	2	18	3	6
F. Clark ...	6	—	26	3	8.66
P. Hammond ...	2	—	10	1	10
B. Nicholls ...	2	—	12	1	12
F. Kemp ...	7	3	15	1	15
H. Treadgold ...	9	1	33	2	16.5
G. Gigg ...	1	—	10	—	—
C. Josey ...	1	—	10	—	—

Total runs scored	881
Total wickets	115
Average	7.66

CATCHES.

E. C. Greenaway, 7; H. Tozer, W. Greenaway, 5 each; H. Mileham, 4; L. Atkinson, W. Lane, W. Whitmore, 2 each; A. Carter, G. Gigg, P. E. Hammond, B. Nicholls, H. J. Treadgold, S. Treacher, 1 each.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL LEAGUE.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Runs.		Points.	Average Runs.	
				For.	Against.		For.	Against.
Delivery Dept. ...	4	3	1	193	132	12	48.25	33
Surveyors & Building Depts. ...	4	3	11	232	214	12	58	53.5
W. & S., Cask & A.S. Coopers Depts. ...	4	2	2	170	206	8	42.5	51.5
Rest of Brewery ...	4	1	3	191	210	4	47.75	52.5
Offices ...	4	1	3	198	222	4	49.5	55.5

AVERAGES.

BATTING.

	Innings.	T.N.O.	Highest.	Total.	Average.
DELIVERY DEPT.					
E. G. Crutchley ...	3	—	17	32	10.66
C. R. Josey ...	4	—	19	39	9.75
SURVEYORS.					
J. J. Cardwell ...	3	—	19	36	12
W. Morgan ...	3	—	17	31	10.33
WINE AND SPIRIT DEPTS.					
H. Tozer ...	4	1	20*	32	10.66
B. Nicholls ...	4	1	14*	30	10
REST OF BREWERY.					
S. Higgs ...	2	1	17*	19	19
L. Farrance ...	4	—	29	62	15.5
OFFICES.					
W. J. Greenaway ...	4	—	23	59	14.75
R. Broad ...	3	—	17	19	6.33

BOWLING.

	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
DELIVERY DEPT.			
E. G. Crutchley ...	11	6	1.83
F. W. Clark ...	41	15	2.73
SURVEYORS DEPT.			
W. Whitmore ...	9	4	2.25
W. Morgan ...	8	2	4
W. AND S. DEPTS.			
S. Treacher ...	35	7	5
F. Osborne ...	50	11	5.09
REST OF BREWERY.			
L. Farrance ...	64	21	3.04
G. Kelly ...	9	2	4.5
OFFICES.			
R. Broad ...	81	19	4.26
J. B. Doe ...	9	2	4.5

CHARITY GYMKHANA.

MOTOR CYCLISTS' MERRY EFFORT FOR HOSPITALS.

Despite the uncertain weather which obtained, a big crowd gathered at the "Bugle" Sports Ground, at Upper Halliford, near Shepperton, where the Twickenham and District Motor Cycle Club met to present a gymkhana in aid of the St. John's Hospital appeal, and the Royal Hospital, Richmond.

Except for the presentation of one or two spectacular demonstrations of dare-devil riding the function was designed to provoke laughter, and this it did.

Following a grand parade of some 40 machines, led by Mr. D. Sedgwick, illustrations of trick-riding took place. The art of changing the drivers of moving machines was fully exploited, and some clever things were done by drivers who stood on the saddle. Mr. J. Cunningham showed great skill.

Pillion riding de luxe proved to be a successful attempt by a team of seven riders—including ladies—to tour the ground on one machine.

Surf board riding created much amusement and several spills. Riders of both sexes hung grimly to thin refractory conveyances, but frequently in vain. A surprise came when it was announced that any onlooker might try his luck on the "surf," for some of those who came forward proved more successful than the demonstrators. Several enthusiasts declared that, after the heavy rains of the previous day, the ground was ideal for such frolics.

AN AMUSING "TANK."

The first interval provided an opportunity to recover from the tumbles, and at the same time a quaint mechanical monstrosity took the field. This object, styled "Fisher's Frolicsome Ford," appeared to revel in eccentric wheels and other oddities not usually associated with motoring. The demonstration of how a car should not be driven drew hearty roars of laughter from the crowd.

More fun was to come, however, for the obstacle race was just one big laugh. The entrants had to explore the contents of a sack, and don whatever clothing they found therein. Another task was to eat a bun which was a fortnight old. The spectacle of large men wearing frocks made for small ladies, trying to force veteran "Chelsea Pensioners" into their mouths, will not be quickly forgotten.

Equally mirth-provoking was the task of "biting" an apple out of a bucketful of water.

The motor cycle see-saw provided a genuine test of skill. Riders of combination machines tried to steer them over a narrow see-saw, keeping the side-car nicely balanced in mid-air the while. Only Mr. K. Blay really seemed to know how to do it.

A THRILLING BUSINESS.

"How to miss the jay walker" was not the expected demonstration of avoiding the erratic pedestrian. Daring members of the club lay down on the field while combination machines were driven "over them," the side-car being lifted into the air as it passed over the "victim."

Balloons were then strewn in the track, and riders, armed with spiked broomsticks, set about bursting them. Mr. R. Waterfield succeeded in popping off twenty.

"GONGSTER COPS."

Then came the second interval, during which "Twickenham's Famous Gongster Cops" demonstrated their efficiency, and went in hot pursuit of two speeding motor cyclists. In their frantic efforts to sound the gong they did not seem to notice that their car was gradually distributing itself over the ground. Amidst the frantic cheers of the crowd the eclipse of the car was brought about, and at the end of the chase it collapsed in pieces, not without awful groanings. No less humorous were the "Crazy Loons," who rode on between turns and "did everything wrong."

Other items included tilting the bucket, which nearly damped the ardour of some of the competitors.

Motor cycle rodeo consisted of a fierce battle between rival teams of combination machines. It was a case of black versus white, for the occupants of the respective side-cars carried huge bags of soot and flour. At the end of a few hectic minutes it looked as though the flour was in the ascendant, though the combatants were really smothered in a mixture of black and white.

The finale was very thrilling. The riders had to drive through a wall of fire, which developed alarming proportions. No casualties resulted, and the event provided a fitting climax to a hair-raising day.

Altogether it was a merry afternoon, from which the funds of the two hospitals should derive benefit.—From the "Richmond and Twickenham Times."

The proprietor of the Bugle Inn, Mr. J. C. Pitman, invites you to come and inspect the new "Bugle."

In addition to the fishing of $7\frac{1}{2}$ acres of good water there is a splendid sports field upon which first class football is played on most Sunday mornings; admission is usually free.

An important addition of a music and dancing licence has just been obtained and the tea room will be open for dancing every Saturday evening throughout the summer.

The ground and pavilion or the tea room may be hired for private parties on very reasonable terms, and the catering is already well known to many clients.

THAT **S**OUNDS **B**BETTER!

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

An absent-minded man went into a shop to buy a jar. He saw one that was turned upside down and immediately exclaimed:

"How absurd! The jar has no mouth."

Turning it over, he was once more astonished.

"Why, the bottom's gone, too," he muttered.

* * * *

A long queue of boys stood in a London office, waiting to be interviewed about a vacancy which had been advertised. A note was brought to the manager, who was interviewing the applicants. It read: "I am the boy at the end of the queue. Do nothing until you have seen me."

He got the job.

* * * *

A young countryman on a visit to a market town found a ten-shilling note in his trousers pocket that he did not know he possessed.

Late that night he returned home in the best of spirits.

"And didn't I have a bust up!" he told his mother and father, when relating his good fortune. "Beef and chicken, ham and eggs, and ice-cream. Gosh, it was the grandest bit of luck I've had for months."

Suddenly his father's jaw dropped.

"Hi," he exclaimed. "What are you doing with my best trousers on?"

* * * *

SLOW BARBER: "Sir, your hair is turning very grey."

CUSTOMER: "Quite possibly, quite possibly! Still, couldn't you finish cutting it before I'm white?"

* * * *

LADY: "Sonny, can you direct me to the nearest savings bank?"

BOY: "Why, yes, ma'am—for a shilling."

LADY: "Isn't that very high pay, my boy?"

BOY: "No, not for a bank director."

A certain old lady was so concerned about one of the villagers who was unable to read that she persuaded the village schoolmaster to give him some lessons. Some time later she met the villager and said to him :

" Well, George, I suppose you are now able to read the Bible fairly easily ? "

" Lor' bless you, mum," he replied. " I was out of the Bible and into the football news over a week ago ! "

* * * *

" What's happened to old Jones ? I haven't seen him for some time."

" Oh ! He went on a Government mission to get inside information of cannibal life in the Pacific, and I think he must have got it."

* * * *

" We had a lovely time last night. We had a box at the theatre."

" Yes, we saw you in the gallery eating chocolates."

* * * *

The lady of the house was much perturbed to find that the three pounds of meat she had purchased had disappeared. Her husband, aiding in the search, noticed what he took to be a guilty look on the family cat's face, and pointed to her and said : " There's your meat."

" Why, no," objected the wife, " that little thing couldn't get away with all that meat."

" Well, let's weigh her and see," suggested the husband.

They did so. The scales registered exactly three pounds.

" Yes," admitted the lady, " there's the meat all right ; but where's the cat ? "

* * * *

The village parson met one of his flock, a surly old farmer.

" I didn't see you in church last Sunday," said the parson.

" Too wet," replied the farmer, laconically.

" But it's always dry inside," protested the parson.

" That's another reason," said the farmer.

A member of the audience had " obliged " the conjuror with half a crown. After making it vanish several times, the performer asked :

" Would it surprise you very much sir, if this half-crown, which you have seen dissolved in the air, was found on the other side of the theatre ? "

The owner of the coin replied that it would.

The conjuror went to the other side of the stage and pointed to a small boy at the back of the stalls.

" Hi, boy ! " he called, " will you stand up and feel in your left-hand trousers pocket to see if there is a half-crown there ? "

There was a short pause, and then the boy spoke : " There's only two-and-fourpence, sir," he stammered out. " You said I could have twopence for helping you, and I've spent it."

* * * *

" Mummy," asked the small son of the house, " Daddy wouldn't murder anybody, would he ? "

" Why, certainly not, dear ! What makes you think so ? " asked his horrified mother.

" Well, I heard him in the cellar just now, saying : ' Let's kill the other two, George.' "

* * * *

" Mary," said the mistress of the house reproachfully, " you told me a little while ago that you were going to have a sleep."

" That's right, madam," replied the girl.

" Then do you mind telling me what you were doing at the garden gate just now when the soldiers went by ? "

Mary hung her head coyly.

" Having forty winks, madam," she replied.

* * * *

TEACHER : " Why is our language called the Mother Tongue ? "

SCHOLAR : " Because father never gets a chance to use it ! "

* * * *

" Now, I want Albert to have a thoroughly modern and up-to-date education," said his mother, " including Latin."

" Yes, of course," said the head master, " though Latin is, as you know, a dead language."

" Well, all the better. Albert's going to be an undertaker."

A confirmed gambler came home in the depths of despair after a day at the races. His wife, when she found that he had lost nearly all his money, was very much annoyed.

"I can't understand," she said, "why you never have any luck at racing. Why, you nearly always win at cards."

"Yes, I know," he replied, "but then, you see, I don't shuffle the horses."

* * * *

An inquisitive old lady was always waylaying the new minister in the street to ask him questions. One day she stopped him and said: "Mr. Smith, would you please tell me the difference between Cherubim and Seraphim?"

The young minister thought wildly for a moment or two. Then he replied, with an inspiration: "Well, they did have a difference, I believe, but they have made it up."

* * * *

A lady complained to the employer of two men of the strong language they had used when repairing a chimney outside her house.

The "boss" passed the letter on to the foreman, and asked him to send him in an explanation of the matter. It ran:

"Me and Bill Williams were on this job. I was up on the top of the chimney when I accidentally let a brick fall down on Bill's head.

" 'Sorry, Bill,' I said.

" 'You really must be a little more careful, Harry,' he answered.

" And that's all the two of us said."

* * * *

"Mummy, do you say 'It is me,' or 'It is I?'"

"Always remember the rhyme: 'It is I,' said the spider to the fly."

"But couldn't you say, 'It is me,' said the spider to the flea?"

* * * *

TEACHER (to *inattentive boy*): "How many seasons are there in the year, Johnny?"

JOHNNIE: "Five, sir."

TEACHER: "Five? Name them!"

JOHNNIE: "Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, and—and—"

TEACHER: "Well?"

JOHNNIE: "And—er—and—the football season, sir."

MANAGER (to *office boy who is half an hour late*): "You should have been here at nine o'clock!"

OFFICE BOY: "Why, what happened?"

* * * *

Cuthbert was trying to impress the party with details of a thrilling experience.

"Then," he cried dramatically, "the burglar threatened to blow my brains out."

"And did he?" asked a listener.

* * * *

A small boy came home from school and said to his father: "Dad, I've got good news."

"That's good," said his father, looking pleased. "Have you passed your exam?"

"Well, I didn't exactly pass, but I was on top of those that failed."

* * * *

"That's very sporting of you to cheer the team that gave you such a handsome beating," said the stranger to a burly member of the village football team.

"Oh, aye," said the burly one with a smirk. "We can take a whacking wi' the best."

"So I see. By the way, where's the referee?"

"Referee? Oh, he's in t'canal!"

* * * *

An aged man went to visit his tailor.

"I want a few more suits for the winter," he said, "but, in the meantime, of course, I will pay something off the old account. What's the next thing on the list unpaid?"

The tailor consulted his books. "Oh, yes, sir. Here we are. Four Eton jackets and trousers, supplied in 1879."

* * * *

"Did you see that ticket-collector?" asked a fair occupant of the first-class carriage.

"No; what about him?" inquired her companion.

"The impudence of the man!" exclaimed the first. "He glared at me as though I hadn't a first-class ticket."

"What did you do?"

"I just glared back at him as if I had," came the bland reply.

"This is the twelfth time that you've been to the refreshment buffet, George," remarked his better half acidly, during the dance.

"Oh, that's all right, my dear," replied George cheerily, "I've been telling everybody that I'm getting something for you."

* * * *

FARMER (*to boy in apple tree*): "Hey, what are you doing in that tree?"

SMALL BOY: "Believe it or not, mister, but I just fell out of an aeroplane."

* * * *

"How old are you?" asked uncle on Jim's birthday.

"Thirteen, uncle," was the reply.

"Thirteen? But you were only six last year?"

"Well, six last year, and seven this; that makes thirteen doesn't it?"

* * * *

A sailor saved his captain from drowning.

"Tomorrow," said the captain, "I shall thank you in front of the entire crew for saving my life."

"Don't do that," said the sailor; "they'll half kill me."

* * * *

REBECCA: "You never say nice things to me now. You used to call me your heart's delight!"

JACOB: "Yes—de light that failed."

* * * *

"Before I engage you," said the mistress to the applicant she was interviewing, "I must be assured that you are economical, as I hate waste."

"Why, mum, that's the very reason my last mistress dismissed me," was the reply.

"For being economical?"

"Yes, mum; I made her dresses do for me as well as her!"

* * * *

The girl's air was pensive.

"Tomorrow," she said, "Reginald will lead me to the altar. There," she added, smiling, "his leadership will end."

The daughter of a wealthy but hard-working manufacturer was being courted by an indolent man. The father did not like his type and frowned upon the affair. One evening he called the young man aside and asked:

"Now, how about money? Can you keep going?"

The suitor stammered out: "I—I—I'm afraid I can't very well."

"Then don't keep coming," said the father, tersely.

* * * *

ONE GRAND DAME: "How's your daughter's golf?"

ANOTHER GRAND DAME: "She says she's going around in less and less every week."

FIRST GRAND DAME: "I don't doubt that. I asked about her golf."

* * * *

A coloured preacher, calling on a white minister, found the latter writing.

"What you all doin'?" asked the coloured parson.

"I'm preparing my notes for next Sunday's sermon."

"I suttinly nevah would do that. Don't you know th' devil is looking right ovah your shouldah an' knows everything yo' gwine t' say? Now, I don't make no notes, and when I gets up to talk, neithah me nor th' devil himself knows what I'm goin' t' say."

* * * *

One of the latest stories comes from Lancashire, where a man and his wife found a gas bill on the footpath when they were out for an evening stroll. He picked it up. "I'm going to pay this 'ere bill, Maggie."

"What do you want to do that for?" she said. "It isn't yours."

"No," he replied, "but there's three and tenpence discount, and I might as well have it as anybody else!"

* * * *

A young man applied to a butcher for the hand of one of his three daughters. The butcher proceeded to explain: "Before you say which one you want, young man, I may say that I propose to dower them according to their age. Clara, who is forty, will have a thousand pounds; Elizabeth, who is thirty, will have five hundred pounds; while Dorothy, who is twenty-five, will get only two hundred pounds. Now which of 'em do you want?"

The suitor pondered for a moment, and then said, hesitatingly: "I suppose, sir, you haven't another daughter about sixty-five, have you?"

Pat was one day employed by an old lady in the country. At tea time, when the old lady was serving the tea, she laid a small morsel of honey on the plate.

"Begorra, ma'am," said Pat, "I see you keep a bee."

* * * *

A Chinese business man visited a shipbuilding yard and was being conducted over the premises by the manager. Suddenly the hooter sounded, all the men dropped their tools, and hurried off to dinner. The Chinaman was very excited.

"Stop them!" he cried. "They're all escaping!"

"Don't worry," said the manager, "they'll all come back."

As predicted, an hour later the hooter again sounded and back came the men. The Chinaman was amazed.

"Now, sir," said the manager, "about the contract for that ship we were discussing."

"Never mind the ship," said the other, "what do you want for that hooter?"

* * * *

The other day a popular country vicar was found by a friend strolling in Hyde Park. "Ah," said the friend, "what are you doing here?"

"Oh," said the cleric, "I've just been discovering that there are some delightfully unexpected crooks and nannies in Hyde Park."

* * * *

"Remember, my man," said the prison visitor to the old lag, "that, as the poet says, 'Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage.'"

"If they don't, gov'nor," replied the prisoner, "then all I can say is that they have got me hypnotised."

* * * *

DOCTOR: "Do you feel any change since you came back from the seaside?"

PATIENT: "Not a penny!"

It was a country house cricket match and the first footman had been persuaded to add the responsibilities of umpiring to his other duties. The blood of generations of sportsmen flowed in his veins, and not for untold wealth would he have shown any favour to the batsman because he happened to be his employer. Nor, he knew, would his employer desire him to. But none the less he felt that something was required of him to mark their relationship, and at the sound of a stentorian appeal for a catch at the wicket he knew exactly what to say.

"His lordship," he announced, raising the fatal forefinger, "is not at home."

* * * *

Having been appointed secretary of the newly-formed church cricket club, the choir-boy canvassed everybody likely to help in setting the club on its feet.

Approaching the curate, he asked him whether he could spare the players a few of his bats. The curate, who was no cricketer, was curious to know why he had been asked.

The boy's explanation was that his father had misled him. "I heard Daddy say that you had bats in the belfry," he said, "so I thought you wouldn't mind giving us some."

* * * *

The ambitious young applicant for a civil service post was sitting his examination. All came out right for him until he came to the general knowledge test.

This puzzled him for a while, but at last he thought of a way out of the difficulty.

"Give the quantity of coal exported from U.S.A. in any stated year," read the question. With a sigh of relief he put down his answer: "In 1492—None."

* * * *

"Is it true that Gladys is going to sue Reggie for breach of promise?"

"She was going to, but she got to know that it wouldn't be worth while."

"No letters, I suppose?"

"It wasn't that. No money. You see, she was on the point of filing a suit when she heard about Reggie pawning one!"

DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM MOORE.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to Mr. S. J. Moore, a valued member of our Travelling Staff, in the death of his father, Mr. William Moore, which took place at his residence, 14 Priest Hill, Caversham, on Friday, September 27th. Mr. Moore was very well known in Reading, having been a head master for 45 years, whilst he was also keenly interested in sport, miniature rifle shooting, cricket and football having engaged his attention at various times.

Trained at Saltley College, Birmingham, Mr. Moore was appointed head master of Greyfriars, Reading, when the school was first opened, and he held that position until his retirement in 1908—a period of 45 years. Mr. Moore was the oldest member of the National Rose Society, and was a well-known exhibitor during the war. He was presented to H.M. the Queen at the society's great summer show at Chelsea in 1932, and later was honoured by having a new variety, "William Moore," named after him in 1934.

Mr. Moore played cricket for the old Reading Felix and the Reading Cricket Club, whilst he was at one time auditor to the Reading Football Club.

It was in connection with rifle shooting that he was best known, however, for he gained many prizes for his skill in marksmanship, and was for some years a national figure. He was winner of the County Trophy seven years, and he also won two N.R.A. Queen's badges, one N.R.A. St. George's badge, one N.R.A. grand aggregate badge, two National English XX badges, one National English reserve badge, one National English rapid badge, and seven N.R.A. bronze medals. Mr. Moore also gained many prizes as a miniature rifle shot. He held the Volunteer long service medal, and at the age of 72 he was 70th for the King's Prize at Bisley.

Mr. Moore served in the Defence Force during the Great War, and was C.Q.M.S. at the age of 76, as well as being a marksman. He was a man of strong personality, but genial and kindly, and was held in the greatest esteem by all who knew him.

Among the many who attended the funeral was Mr. W. Bowyer (representing H. & G. Simonds Ltd.).



BRANCHES.

OXFORD.

OXFORD BRANCH STORES EMPLOYEES ANNUAL OUTING.

On Sunday, August 25th, the third annual outing of the Oxford Branch Stores employees took the form of a circular tour from Oxford via Newbury, Wantage, Reading and Dorchester. Leaving Oxford just after noon, the party's first halt was at The Bell Inn, Grove, Wantage, where the "S.B." was sampled. The landlord, Mr. F. R. Busby, gave the party a welcome, and his son shewed the visitors the beehives, and very interesting was his little lecture; during the demonstration nobody was stung. Proceeding from Wantage our way led over the beautiful Berkshire Downs and after a roadside halt for a scramble and a breath of downland air, we arrived in due course at Newbury, where we found tea waiting us at the "Dolphin," admirably served by Mrs. Booth and enjoyed by all. On we went again from Newbury, reaching Reading for our next stop, where the party wandered at their pleasure for a while. On the return journey to Oxford we halted at the Chequers Inn, Dorchester. Our friend, Mr. H. Tame, was glad to see us and looked after us well. We finally arrived home about 11 p.m., tired, happy and content with a very successful and enjoyable half-day's outing.

Before dispersing a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Messrs. S. Fowler and H. Godfrey for their efforts in organising such a good time for us all.

PORTSMOUTH.

Rear Admiral Geoffrey Layton, D.S.O., who is at present Commodore of the Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth, has been appointed Director of Personal Services in succession to Rear Admiral J. F. Somerville, C.B., D.S.O. The appointment is to date from November 8th and on the day previous Rear Admiral Layton will be succeeded in his present command by Captain L. E. Holland. The post of Director of Personal Services was instituted in September, 1932, to replace that of Director of Manning. As well as being in charge of the Manning Department and of the welfare work formally discharged by the Naval Personal Committee, the Director acts as Naval Adviser to the Board, on lower deck matters. Rear Admiral Layton was promoted to flag rank in

January last ; he had many thrilling experiences during the war as a Submarine Commander. Among his other appointments have been Deputy Director of Operation, Commodore and Chief of Staff in China and Captain of the battle cruiser *Renown*.

Most regimental marches are of such long tradition and history that it is rare to hear of a new one. The Royal Marines have, however, introduced a new one to London, a slow march, first played when they mounted guard at the Royal Palaces. It is called "The Globe and Laurel," taken from the R.M. badge, and was composed by Lieut. F. Vivian-Dunn, Director of Music of the Portsmouth Division and well known in the city as conductor of the municipal concerts. Lieut. Dunn has now adapted the old English air "Early one morning" in the trio of the march, but only part of this is heard in the ceremony of guard mounting.

The Gosport Railway Club staged one of their finest exhibitions of flowers, fruit and vegetables this year, in spite of the dryness of the season. The statement was made on the authority of Mr. H. Shepherd who, by permission of Mr. G. V. Northcott, judged the show, which was the sixth of its kind. Mr. Shepherd said he was surprised at the high quality of the produce and particularly mentioned the onions. The prize offered by Alverstoke Nurseries for the highest aggregate of points was won by Mr. E. Prior, with 21 points. The committee responsible for the arrangements was :— Messrs. H. Saunders (chairman), M. Searle (hon. treasurer), D. H. Smith (hon. secretary), E. Prior, J. Elliott, J. B. Wilkins, H. Derrick and F. Stretch. Mr. E. J. Paul distributed the prizes and also thanked all who had helped with the organization.

Sixteen bowling clubs entered four rinks each for the Rowland Cup tournament, which was postponed from August 24th on account of bad weather and which took place on the Southsea Common greens on Saturday, the 14th September.

Two clubs secured the maximum number of points by winning on all four rinks, but the Southsea Waverley Club claimed the trophy on shots average. Copnor were a close second.

The trophy was presented at the close of play by Mrs. Williams, the wife of Lieut. Commander J. Williams, R.N. (retired), the President of the Association. She was thanked for her kindness and presented with a charming bouquet by Miss Edna Margaret Mead, daughter of the Secretary of Milton Park Bowling Club.

Lieut. Commander Williams announced that the fixed jack competition was won by Alderman J. F. Lee, who played off a tie with Mr. P. Kiln. The financial result of the fixed jack competition was £3 4s. 3d. The penny trail realized £1 16s. 0d. and the President stated that by means of an anonymous donation the Association would be able to forward a cheque for £50 to the Royal Portsmouth Hospital.

The officials of the tournament were :—Alderman J. F. Lee, J.P. (umpire in chief), Messrs. Ben Isaacs, De Boo and S. Willcocks (Clerks of the Greens), Messrs. F. S. Stuckey and W. G. Watkins (fixed jack) and Messrs. T. E. Devonshire and H. Payne (bowlers trail).

The result of the competition is as below :—

	Shots.		Points.
	F.	A.	
Southsea Waverley	108	51	8
Copnor	108	60	8
College Park	97	55	6
Milton Park	102	63	6
Alexandra	86	69	6
Southsea Castle	90	76	5
City of Portsmouth	93	66	4
Gosport	78	85	4
Priory	74	86	4
Star and Crescent	71	86	4
Civil Service	73	77	2
Queen's	60	97	2
Cosham	59	110	2
N.A.L.G.O.	59	126	2
Pembroke Gardens	72	83	1
Clarence	57	97	0

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The Albert Inn at Totnes was recently transferred from Mr. W. J. Jarvis to Mr. Albert Pack, who is an old Totnesian but has, for many years, served in the Metropolitan Police Force. Whilst wishing Mr. Jarvis every happiness in his retirement, we feel sure Mr. Pack will well and ably fill the position of "mine host" at the Albert Inn. Many of his London friends and companions have promised to look him up when visiting the West Country, and will receive a real Devon welcome.

There was a happy gathering at the Commercial Hotel, Paignton, when members of the Paignton Athletic Club met in the hotel dining room which was placed at their disposal by Mr. H. J. Tozer (who is a member of the committee). The occasion was for

the presentation of an inscribed rose bowl to the Club Captain, Mr. H. Raymond Hole, as a wedding gift. Mr. S. J. Cooksley, the President, in making the presentation, mentioned that Mr. Hole had brought honour to the club and his county, having won a group of championships including the half mile four times, the quarter mile once, the 1,000 yards three times and the 600 yards once. Mr. Cooksley said this was a record that could not be equalled in the county, and added that "tomorrow he will come under the starter's orders for the greatest race he will ever run, and I am sure he will run that race as he had done hitherto." Mr. Hole suitably responded.

Now that autumn is here, thoughts are turned to indoor games, and our houses in this area are putting in special practice at rings and darts ready for the popular competitions. The Ring League have a hard-working secretary in Mr. S. R. Hoskin of the Sydenham Arms Inn, Union Street, and both Mr. Sorrell of the Swan Hotel, North Corner, and Mr. Pearson of the Vine Hotel, Admirals Hard, are adding their usual weight to make the competitions so successful. Our readers will no doubt remember the Vine Hotel were the winners of the shield last season, BUT—if what we hear of the progress of the other teams is correct—they will have to put up an equally good (if not better) show to retain the trophy when the time comes for pegs to be drawn. Good wishes to all entrants.

The very old game of darts is becoming increasingly popular in and around Plymouth, and players with wonderfully good aim are to be seen in a number of our licensed houses. Three representatives of the Suffolk Regiment were the finalists of a championship held at the Chester Cup, Union Street, Stonehouse. There was rivalry with naval competitors. The winner was Mr. O. W. Brown, Mr. T. H. Saunders being runner-up, and Mr. J. Fellows third. The highest score was 111, and the average between 70 and 80. The evening was voted a huge success, and thanks were accorded Mr. J. Jolliffe, son of the licensee who, with Mr. S. Lawes, was responsible for organizing the many entries.

It was with most sincere regret we learnt of the death of Mr. R. J. Harvey, who was for so many years an outdoor representative for Plymouth and district. Mr. Harvey was very popular, and was held in high respect by all who knew him. A large number of the staff of the Tamar Brewery and friends attended the funeral, and there were numerous floral tributes including wreaths from the Directors, and various sections of the Firm. The deceased leaves a widow and two sons, to whom we extend our heartfelt sympathies.