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# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

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Vol. XII.

OCTOBER, 1937.

No. 1

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MR. W. F. MERCER.



## MR. W. F. MERCER.

The publication of the portrait in our frontispiece will bring back to the memories of older members of the staff recollections of the old Branch establishment at 51 Robertson Street, Hastings, where Mr. Mercer commenced his career on the Firm in October, 1913.

In less than a year the outbreak of the Great War made such an appeal to this young man that, at the age of 15 years, he at once enlisted in the Royal Sussex Regiment. His enthusiasm, however, received a check, as when it was discovered that he was under age, he was discharged and resumed his work at Hastings Branch until 1917, when he again joined the Royal Sussex Regiment. Subsequently being transferred to the Middlesex Regiment, Mr. Mercer saw service in France and returned to England in 1918 suffering from a severe attack of gas and trench fever. After demobilization in December, 1918, he again returned to Hastings office, being transferred to Woolwich in May, 1920, and from thence to the Branch Department at Reading in June, 1922, where he was engaged in the routine work of the office, with periods of relief work at various Branches, notably Farnborough and Ludgershall during the camping seasons.

In October, 1923, Mr. Mercer left the Firm's employ and sojourned in Canada and the United States of America until July, 1926, when, returning to this country, he was re-engaged by the Firm and commenced duties in the General Office at Reading. Two months later Mr. Mercer was transferred to Oxford Branch, where he is still serving.

Mr. Mercer's experiences have been full of interest and, in the course of 24 years, he has acquired a comprehensive knowledge of the Firm's business and has the reputation, which dates back to the time when he was at Reading, of being a quick and reliable worker always ready and willing to pull his weight in and out of busy seasons. His old friends at Reading, with whom he was always very popular, as well as his colleagues at Oxford, will welcome his appearance in the position of honour which is reserved each month for those whose labours and loyalty are deserving of recognition. From the phalanx of tried and trusted workers, whose lives are devoted to the welfare of this great combine of breweries which function under the Hop Leaf banner, there emerges conspicuously the subject of our frontispiece.

In the early post war days Mr. Mercer was an enthusiastic footballer and also played a good game of cricket. Actual participation has now given way to the less strenuous occupation of an eye witness of these two great pastimes.

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

CHAT *from*



## THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)

## WHY HE FAINTED.

A young married man speaking to two friends said :

"I believe there is something in suggestion. My wife was reading 'The Heavenly Twins,' and she has had twins."

The second agreed and related that his wife had unfortunately been reading "The Three Musketeers" and had triplets.

The third man fainted. His wife was reading "The Birth of a Nation."

## WE CANNOT RULE THE WORLD.

If our militant pacifists had had their way, we should be fighting in Spain to-day—even if we had already wound up a war in the Mediterranean over Abyssinia, says *Our Empire*. And we should be fighting minus the necessary equipment, of which they had starved us! It goes against the grain of a freedom-loving people to watch the murder of liberty in other countries, but, unless it is prepared to govern the whole world and force its ideals upon every other nation, it must be content to make its own freedom inviolate. The one possible advance upon this attitude would be through the system of collective security, but China in 1932, and Abyssinia later, have shown us how much "collective security" is worth. That is why we are rearming; that is why the British Government, while doing its utmost to bring peace to Spain and China, refuses to take sides in their quarrels. We have enough—and more than enough—of our own to defend; and we have learned since 1930 that for that defence we can rely upon nobody but ourselves.



## PACIFIST, CRUELTY.

Speaking last month to ex-Service men at Perth, Australia, Sir William Birdwood declared that pacifists who discouraged the training of young men to defend their country were the cruellest persons on earth. If men are not trained and they are called upon to fight, he said, it means the condemnation of thousands to the cruellest of deaths. We know that this myopic cult is still misusing the liberty of British citizenship to conspire against the very freedom which makes its activities possible, but we are glad to notice that the recruiting returns are providing the appropriate reply. Last month the Regular Army at Home registered its biggest monthly increase for years—and the Territorial Army is rapidly drawing nearer its establishment.

## NOT A HORSE.

The domineering wife of a sportsman prohibited her husband from backing horses, but he continued to gamble secretly. One evening an old friend, unaware of the prohibition, dropped in and said to the punter: "Well, did you have any luck with Annabel yesterday?"

Instantly the wife shot her husband an ugly look and went out of the room.

"You've torn it," groaned the husband. "My wife thinks I don't bet now. You'll have to square this with her."

In a few moments, when the wife returned, the friend said, breezily: "I say, Mrs. Brown, I'm awfully sorry if I misled you just now. Annabel isn't a horse, you know. She's only a barmaid."

## THE NUNEATON BUN.

A picnicker, close by Nuneaton,  
A part of his meal left uneaten.

The Inspector of Litter  
Said, in tones a bit bitter,  
"Get that uneaten Nuneaton bun eaten."

## FOR WASP STINGS.

It should be remembered that a wasp sting is an exception to the general rule of treating with an alkali. While the sting of a bee is *acid*, that of a wasp is *alkaline*, and an acid application such as vinegar, lemon juice, or the juice of an onion is the usual remedy. A wasp sting exerts a toxic effect on the heart, and in addition diminishes the coagulability of the blood. Treatment could therefore consist of an acid application (diluted citric or acetic acid) followed by 20 grains (repeated if necessary) of calcium lactate.

## BEER A COMFORT 2,000 YEARS AGO!

A number of skeletons, dating, it is believed, from about 2,000 years ago, have been found during the last few days at Maiden Castle, Dorchester, the site of the prehistoric earthwork, which is being excavated under the supervision of the Society of Antiquaries, says *The Times*. The skeletons include one of a man who died from a sword wound. Dr. R. E. Mortimer Wheeler, Keeper of the London Museum, who is in charge of the work, said:—"The warrior was found with a beer mug placed close to him, with the handle pointing towards his right hand. On one of the man's big toes was a bronze spiral ring. The remains of a young woman of about 20, in a remarkable state of preservation, were found in a pit, and above the skeleton were hundreds of sling stones. Numerous skeletons of infants have been found, showing that in ancient times the burial of children was a casual matter, often carried out outside their parents' homes."

## ABOUT SNOBS.

The following is an accurate definition of a snob: "One who looks down upon another because he is poorer, or who resents another because he is rich." Thackeray's definition of a snob takes some beating: "The middle man on life's ladder—kissing the feet of the one above, and treading on the hands of the one below."

## EVOLUTION.

- 1—Man is born.
- 2—Man grows up.
- 3—Man kicks the bucket.
- 4—Man is buried.
- 5—Man turns to dust.
- 6—Grass grows from dust.
- 7—Horse eats grass.

*Moral*—Never kick a horse, you might injure a former relative.

## FORWARD OR BACK?

Here is a rhyme which makes it easy to remember whether the clock goes back or forward:

When winter is over and the dreary days gone,  
Then you remember to put your clocks on.  
When summer is over, alas and alack,  
Then you remember to put your clocks back.



## SWAN AND RED CURRANT JELLY.

Mr. Alfred Willes, chef at a famous restaurant in the Strand, where scores of pounds of red currant jelly are served weekly with the saddle o' mutton, recalls an old rhyme, the origin of which is lost in antiquity. At a great and noble feast in the thirteenth century, when Edward I is said to have knighted his son on the eve of his Scottish expedition, two royal swans were served as the principal item. According to the old rhyme, when serving the swan—

To a gravy of beef good and strong I opine  
 You'll be right if you add half a pint of port wine,  
 Pour this through the swan, yes right through the belly,  
 Then serve the whole up with some red currant jelly.

## COURTEOUS ATTENTION AND MODERATE CHARGES.

Mr. H. C. Davis, our Catering Manager, has received the following very gratifying letter from a gentleman who visited the Anchor Inn, Kennford:—

Dear Sir,

Having recently had varied experiences at different hotels of all sorts during a tour in Devon and Cornwall, I feel I would like to write and congratulate you upon the excellent little place you have, I understand only recently opened at Kennford, and to inform you that my wife and I were greatly impressed by the charming and genuine manner in which we were welcomed in by the Manageress, on enquiring for accommodation for the night last Sunday evening.

We had a nice hot grill, a very comfortable little lounge and bedroom, and most pleasant and willing service by the staff; accompanied by courteous and friendly attention by the Manager and his wife, followed by moderate charges.

I do not know that I have ever come across one of your hotels before, and I was surprised to find that you had a place so far afield: but in my opinion the Anchor Inn at Kennford is the sort of place that is just what is required by the average decent motorist, when on tour, and I would like to offer you my best wishes for success with the enlargements of same, that I understand you already find to be necessary.

## FISH CATCHES DOG.

A new type of fishing story is vouched for by Messrs. J. E. Aldridge and S. Brown, of High Wycombe, who, with a friend,

visited a pond near Burnham, being accompanied by a dog. The pond, until recently, had not been fished for 12 years, and pike are believed to be plentiful. The dog went into the pond to drink and suddenly Mr. Aldridge and Mr. Brown were startled by the cries of the animal. A large pike had seized the dog by one of its legs and dragged it into the middle of the pond. The pike swam round and round, pulling the dog with it, and once the animal went under water. Neither of the party could do anything to release the dog owing to the depth of mud, but eventually he was able to break loose and swim to the bank.

## INGENIOUS "PICTURE OF PENNIES."

A novel method of raising money for the High Wycombe War Memorial Hospital has been adopted by Mr. F. Healey, licensee of the Red Lion Inn, Wycombe Marsh. Noticing that coins placed on the counter of the inn at a spot moistened by beer became adhesive on the smooth surface, this gave Mr. Healey the idea of benefiting the hospital and at the same time commemorating this the Coronation year in an ingenious manner. He thereupon placed a large Union Jack in a picture frame, and upon the glass began to assemble moistened pennies, which by slight pressure, adhered to the surface of the glass. In due course the "picture" resembled a rectangular honeycomb. In all 270 pennies were so affixed, and the other week Mr. W. H. Smith, secretary to the War Memorial Hospital contributory scheme, had the pleasure of receiving as a donation from the licensee a cheque for £1 2s. 6d., representing the sum accumulated in this novel way.

## CLOSE OF LAWN TENNIS SEASON.

The end of September saw the close of the Lawn Tennis Season which has proved highly enjoyable. The valuable Cups so kindly presented by Mr. Louis Simonds (Men's Singles Handicap) and Mr. R. St. J. Quarry (Ladies' Singles Handicap) have acted as a great stimulus to the game. The tennis continues to improve beyond expectation and we now have some very promising players. Mr. Cyril Langton is one of our outstanding exponents of the game. He is a very hard hitter, his forceful forehand drives and good back-hand work combining to make him a fine all-round player. Then there is our versatile Mr. Percy James, a brainy little player, who fights to the last ditch and enjoys every moment of the game, winning or losing. Mr. Will Harvie, one of our veterans, knows all the tricks of the game and with a sound service is very hard to beat. Among the ladies no one has improved more than Mrs. Huddy, wife of our worthy Secretary. She has a fast service and punishes loose balls in determined fashion. For three years she has been runner-up for the Ladies' Handicap Cup. Miss Faithfull



is another excellent player and drives the ball with equal ease whether on the fore- or back-hand. She is certainly an acquisition to the Club. And last, but by no means least, there is Mrs. T. H. May, an experienced player with a graceful and effective style. She excels in every department of the game and was naturally a strong favourite for the Ladies' Cup which she won for the second year in succession.

#### EMINENTLY SUCCESSFUL.

From an enjoyment point of view the season has been eminently successful and a fine spirit of sportsmanship has everywhere prevailed. It is not without reluctance that we bid adieu to these pleasantly situated courts where we have played to the accompaniment of the thin small voices of the little goldcrests and the songs of other birds. During our *al fresco* teas we have watched the spotted flycatchers at work, listened to the tapping of the spotted woodpecker and occasionally caught a glimpse of a pied blackbird. These teas have been a great feature of the season and for their arrangement our hearty thanks are due to Mrs. Huddy, Mrs. James, Miss Prosser, Miss Faithfull, etc. To run a tennis club involves considerable work and this has been carried out in a highly efficient manner by our genial Secretary, Mr. Huddy, to whom we all extend our best thanks, and to whom much of the success of the past season has undoubtedly been due.



#### WORDS OF WISDOM.

The tragedy of life is to get what you want and then discover that you don't want it.

Easy Street is only reached via Hard Work Alley.

Make friends and your sales will take care of themselves.

The better part of every man's education is that which he gives himself.

#### SIMONDS' SOCIAL CLUB.

HIGH STANDARD AT ANNUAL SHOW.

KEEN COMPETITION FOR CUP.

A very high standard was reported at the annual members' vegetable and flower show of H. & G. Simonds' Social and Recreation Club, Reading, which was held at the club on Saturday, August 28th. There were 181 entries, the best sections being those for onions, runner beans, peas, gladioli and dahlias.

The judges for vegetables and flowers, Mr. W. Clift (head gardener to Mr. F. A. Simonds, Audleys Wood, Basingstoke), and Mr. W. Broomfield (gardener to Mr. Milton Bode, Cliffe House, Mapledurham) spoke very highly of the exhibits, and awarded the cup for the highest number of points to Mr. T. Osborne, with 27 points. Mr. T. Stacey was runner-up with 24, and Mr. H. C. Plank third with 20. The remainder of the classes were judged by Miss King.

During the afternoon Major S. V. Shea-Simonds visited the exhibition, and expressed pleasure at the quality of the entries.

An honorary exhibit was staged by Mr. F. A. Simonds' head gardener. It comprised vegetables and flowers, the magnificent floral blooms being particularly admired. An exhibit of miniature vegetables etc., made by Mr. H. Norris, caused much amusement, and the collecting box on the stand added a nice sum to the Children's Treat. At the conclusion of the show the produce was sold, the proceeds going towards the Children's Annual Treat.

The secretarial duties for the show were ably carried out by Mr. W. Bradford.



## THE AWARDS.

Collection of vegetables	... 1st, T. Stacey; 2nd, H. C. Plank.
Potatoes, kidney	... 1st, H. Prater; 2nd, H. C. Plank; 3rd, T. Stacey.
Ditto, round	... 1st, T. Osborne; 2nd, J. Champion; 3rd, G. F. Andrews.
Potato, heaviest	... 1st, T. Stacey.
Onions	... 1st, T. J. Day; 2nd, T. Stacey; 3rd, J. Champion.
Celery	... 1st, T. Stacey; 2nd, C. A. Higgs; 3rd, H. C. Plank.
Carrots, intermediate or long	1st, C. A. Higgs; 2nd, T. Stacey; 3rd, H. C. Plank.
Ditto, short	... 1st, C. T. Rosum; 2nd, T. Osborne; 3rd, T. Stacey.
Carrot, largest	... 1st, T. Osborne.
Runner beans	... 1st, E. Tate; 2nd, T. Stacey; 3rd, T. Osborne and H. C. Plank.
Peas	... 1st, T. Stacey; 2nd, T. Osborne; 3rd, C. T. Rosum.
Cabbage	... 1st, T. Osborne; 2nd, E. Tate; 3rd, J. Champion.
Ditto, heaviest	... 1st, T. Osborne.
Beet, globe	... 1st, T. Osborne; 2nd, J. Champion; 3rd, T. W. Kent
Lettuce, cos	... 1st, H. C. Plank
Marrows, for table use	... 1st, H. C. Plank; 2nd, T. Stacey; 3rd, H. Prater.
Marrows, heaviest	... 1st, H. Prater.
Turnips	... 1st, T. J. Day; 2nd, C. T. Rosum; 3rd, H. C. Plank.
Shallots	... 1st, H. C. Plank; 2nd, T. J. Day; 3rd, T. Stacey.
Parsnips	... 1st, H. C. Plank; 2nd, E. Tate; 3rd, C. T. Rosum.

## FRUIT AND CUT FLOWERS.

Apples, culinary	... 1st, H. James; 2nd, E. A. Higgs; 3rd, C. T. Rosum.
Ditto, dessert	... 1st, H. James; 2nd, G. F. Andrews; 3rd, C. T. Rosum.
Asters	... 1st, E. A. Higgs; 2nd, T. Osborne; 3rd, R. E. Preston.
Dahlias	... 1st, E. A. Higgs; 2nd, T. J. Day; 3rd, C. T. Rosum.
Mixed cut flowers	... 1st, T. Osborne; 2nd, E. A. Higgs; 3rd, C. T. Rosum.
Sweet peas	... 2nd, E. A. Higgs.
Gladioli	... 1st, C. T. Rosum; 2nd, T. Osborne; 3rd, T. Stacey.
Foliage plant	... 1st, J. Champion; 2nd, Mrs. Wetton; 3rd, H. Prater.
Eggs	... 1st, H. James.

## LADIES SECTION.

Fruit cake	... 1st, Mrs. T. Osborne; 2, Mrs. Wetton; 3rd, Mrs. Prater.
Boiled potatoes	... 1st, Mrs. T. Osborne; 2nd, Mrs. Prater; 3rd, Mrs. Champion.
Needlework	... 1st, Mrs. Stacey; 2nd, Miss Hillier.
Crochet work	... 1st, Miss Hillier; 2nd, Mrs. Stacey; 3rd, Miss Prater.
Hand knitting	... 1st, Mrs. Prater; 2nd, Mrs. Stacey.
Jam or marmalade	... 1st, Mrs. Prater; 2nd, Mrs. Saunders; 3rd, Mrs. Plank.
Jelly	... 1st, Mrs. Kent; 2nd, Mrs. Prater; 3rd, Mrs. Saunders.

## CHILDREN'S SECTION.

Bunch of wild flowers	... 1st, Miss Tate; 2nd, Miss Wetton; 3rd, Master Andrews.
Needlework	... 1st, Miss Tate; 2nd, Miss Norris.

## LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

Once again I have to write "finis" to our season, but this year it is with regret we close the chapter of our Lawn Tennis Club. The season has been exceptionally good, both in regard to the weather and to the class of tennis seen.

The annual Singles Tournaments for the cups presented by L. A. Simonds, Esq., and R. St. J. Quarry, Esq., have again produced thrilling games but the pride of place must, of course, be given to Mr. C. H. Perrin. Singles champion four times in five years, this year bringing the hat-trick, is a wonderful record. His march to the 1937 final was not without some hard fights but he reached the last stage to meet Mr. P. James. A fine match was witnessed, Mr. James being at the top of his form, but Mr. Perrin, with his superior court craft and his passing shots placed to perfection, won the day in two sets, 6-1, 6-3. The *Evening Gazette* Sports Editor writes, "Master of court guile, cunning cut and spin, and superb placing, C.H.P. has many more years of tennis ahead of him and not a few of his club members will expect him to be the first to peg a claim to a new trophy which will have to be found. His younger opponent gave him a harder fight than the score suggests and at one time in the second set had him on the run. But Mr. Perrin, playing his steady imperturbable game, putting the ball where his opponent wasn't, went away to win."

Well done, Mr. Perrin, and congratulations to you, Mr. James on reaching the final.

The ladies' final was between Mrs. T. H. May (holder) and Mrs. R. Huddy (finalist for three successive years). It was an excellent game but Mrs. May proved a little too good for her opponent and retained her title by 6-3, 6-1. Congratulations Mrs. May.



The thirteen matches played this year gave us the pleasure of meeting old friends once again and making new ones. Successful against Reading Aerodrome (twice), Huntley & Palmers and The Queen's Bays, we were beaten by Suttons (twice), Beechwood (twice), Courage's (Alton), Barclays Bank and Huntley & Palmers, the other two fixtures ending with honours even.

A word of praise, and thanks, must be given to our groundsman, Mr. B. Hiscock, for his keen and energetic work in keeping the courts in such splendid playing condition.

On behalf of the members of the Club may I say "Thank-you" to all who helped to make the season so enjoyable and successful, particularly to Mr. A. R. Bradford for his kindness in allowing us the use of the marquee, tables, etc. We are also most grateful to Mr. T. Howard May for the loan of his roller.

Here a special vote of thanks must be given to the ladies for providing those splendid teas which so enhanced our delightful week-ends.

R.H.

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#### FOOTBALL.

##### "A" TEAM OPEN THEIR PROGRAMME.

The Brewery "A" team opened their programme against the popular East Reading Adult School and after a hard game had to admit defeat by three goals to one. The following week saw them battle for cup honours in the Town Senior Cup against Calcot Park. Our hopes of seeing this trophy again in the Social Club were soon dashed, and Calcot entered Round Two by a 3-0 victory. The search for league points took them to Didcot and found the Town on top of their form. The result speaks for itself—Simonds 0, Didcot Town 7.

Sunninghill—newcomers to the Premier Division—provided the opposition the following week, and with the teams all square at half-time, a ding-dong struggle ensued with the visitors claiming the points by the odd goal in three.



#### BINDING OF VOLUME XI.

The September issue having completed Volume XI, we are prepared to undertake the binding of this volume for any of our readers at a charge of 3/- each. If desired, covers can be supplied at 1/- each, where it may be more convenient for the binding to be done locally. Readers should send complete sets to the nearest Office from which the journal is delivered, or to the Representative for the district.

A member of our staff is desirous of acquiring Volume I. In the event of any reader having a bound volume, or a complete set of the first 12 issues for disposal, a communication to the Editor would be appreciated.

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#### DARTS TOURNAMENT AT THE NAG'S HEAD, SLOUGH.

CULVERHOUSE CUP WON BY MR. D. BARRY, JNR.

Two women were among the sixty-four entrants in a darts competition held recently at the Nag's Head, Windsor Road, Slough, and one of them, Mrs. Turner, had the doubtful pleasure of being beaten by her own husband. The contest took the form of a "knock-out" for a cup presented by Mr. F. Culverhouse, and the enthusiasm aroused reached its climax in the final, which was won by Mr. D. Barry, jun., son of mine host, who played consistently well all the evening.

Games were 201 up, starting and finishing on a double, conditions which made the competition very open and led to some surprising results. In the semi-finals Bernard Brimblecombe, who had been in excellent form, disposed of J. Turner and Barry beat E. Saint on the double one. In the final, which was 501 up, Brimblecombe made a quick start, but after trying to run out with a 25 and bull at 75 seemed to lose touch, and Barry finished off the game with a double eleven.

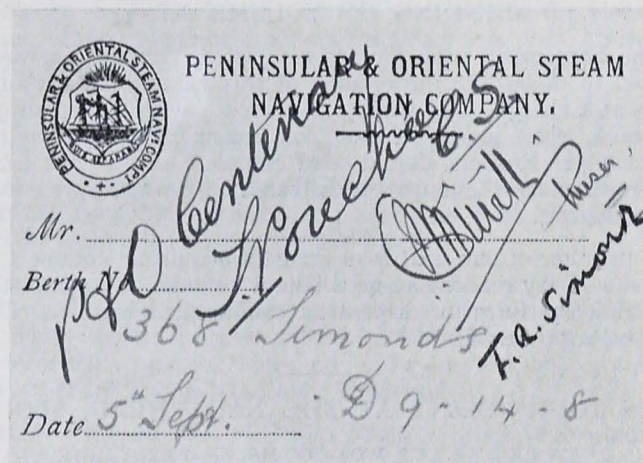
The cup was handed to the winner amid cheers by Mr. Culverhouse, and he himself was heartily thanked by Mr. Barry, who called for three cheers. He announced that a darts club would now be formed at the Nag's Head and the team's first match would be against the White Hart, Chalvey.

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#### THE LIGHTER SIDE.

After the crash the car was found with a broken axle, wrecked steering gear and a smashed bonnet. We understand that the driver has now another pair of wings.





The above reproduction of a voucher for 368 bottles of "Hop Leaf" Brand Light Pale Ale is the result of festivities in connection with the P. & O. Centenary held on the R.M.S. *Strathmaver* on the 5th September.

It will be observed that the signature of our Managing Director, Mr. F. A. Simonds, appears thereon and it is countersigned by the Purser, Mr. E. Mieville, also by the Chief Steward, Mr. Pouchée, forming an interesting memento of the voyage.

The popularity of the "Hop Leaf" Bottled Beer on board P. & O. and British India Line steamers amongst passengers and crew continues to grow. The ale is specially brewed and bottled for these steamships and many thousands of dozens have been delivered annually for upwards of 25 years. The trade is given to us through our good friends, Messrs. C. G. Hibbert & Co., Ltd., who conduct a very fine export business. They are eminent and expert bottlers and specialists in Ships' Stores trade.

#### THE LIGHTER SIDE.

NEWMAN : " So Bilkins is gone. Did he leave much ? "

OLDMAN : " I think not. His heirs all seem to be on the best of terms with each other. "

\* \* \* \*

CHESTER : " I've worked under the same boss for twenty years. "

LESTER : " I can beat that—it's my silver wedding next week. "

#### THE GOOD OLD ENGLISH ALE.

(Lines in Italics denote Chorus).

Who would ha lived before the days  
*Of good old English Ale ?*  
 Who will not now join song in praise  
*Of good old English Ale ?*  
 We know not who first barley grew,  
 Who first laid malt and learned to brew  
*The good old English Ale.*  
 But rest his soul where'er it dwell,  
 In paradise or deepest hell,  
 Who for man's weal did gar so well  
*The good old English Ale ;*  
*Then pay thy shot, and take thy pot,*  
*And tho' his name's remembered not,*  
*Drain dry to him that first begot*  
*The good old English Ale.*

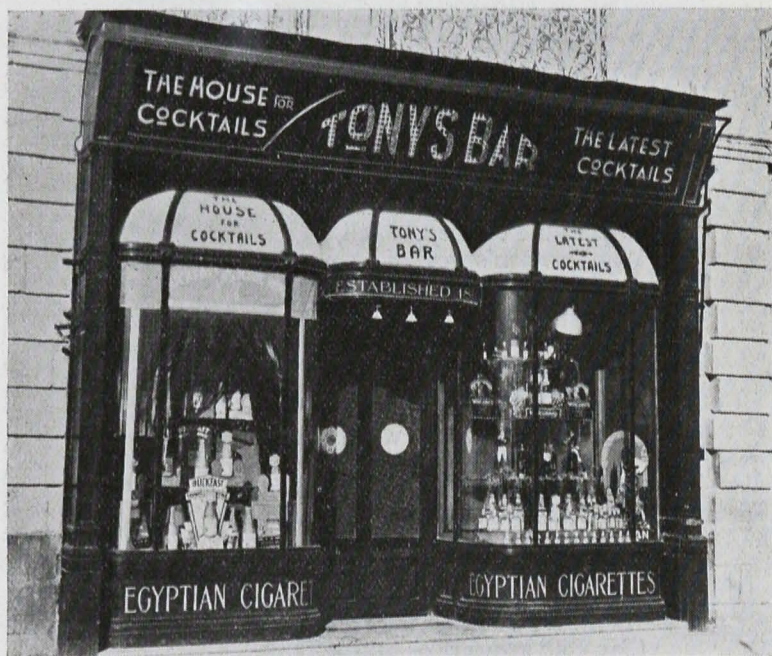
Some be who cannot warm their waine  
*With good old English Ale.*  
 And swear they need a quicker flame  
*Than good old English Ale.*  
 Then let them gulp their foreign fire,  
 No kindlier kindling I require  
*Than good old English Ale.*  
 He must be neither man nor monk,  
 Clay cold at heart or sapless funk,  
 That feels no warmth when he hath drunk  
*The good old English Ale.*  
*Then pay thy shot, and take thy pot,*  
*And tho' his name's remembered not,*  
*Drain dry to him that first begot*  
*The good old English Ale.*

The King a heavy toll is paid  
*On good old English Ale.*  
 Yet drinks he what our foes have made,  
*Not good old English Ale.*  
 Grudge not our gold sent o'er the seas,  
 If brandiwine give him more ease  
*Than good old English Ale.*  
 For lowliest wight within our land  
 That hath but two pence in his hand  
 Can kingly cheer enough command  
*In good old English Ale.*  
*Then pay thy shot, and take thy pot,*  
*Drain dry to him that first begot*  
*The good old English Ale.*

J.B.B. (Wellington, N.Z.).



## MR. ANTHONY GALEA, SLIEMA, MALTA.



Recently we were very pleased to welcome to The Brewery, Reading, Mr. Anthony Galea, who, in company with his brother, Mr. Andrew Galea, visited us whilst on holiday from Malta.

Mr. Galea is a keen business man with an eye on developments and improvements in matters concerning his trade. His trips abroad invariably result in innovations to the modern chain of establishments which are owned and managed in partnership with two able brothers, Messrs. Andrew and Edward. When one meets Mr. Galea it is not difficult to understand that he owes much of his success in business to a charming personality which makes itself felt from the outset. He is your friend from the moment that you meet him, and this is a rare gift, valuable in his line of trade.

Mr. Galea is popularly known as "Tony," and from what we hear from our associated Company, Messrs. Simonds-Farsons, Limited, it would seem that there is only one "Tony" in Malta—Mr. Anthony Galea, who runs establishments under the style of "Tony's Bar." He first created a name as an expert cocktail mixer, developing this art to such a fine stage that his repertoire



Two views of the interior and some of the patrons of "Tony's Bar."



of cocktails is unlimited and you have only to call for your favourite mixture to have it placed before you in a few seconds. It is a sight to see him take down with amazing rapidity as many as ten bottles, flicking a few here and there in the air, catching the particular bottle again on the run, adding to the contents of the partly made cocktail and replacing the bottle, as if the whole action was one natural simple movement. Mr. Galea is active and enterprising and there is no saying to what extent his business will be developed within the next few years. He and his brothers are staunch supporters of our products and those produced by our associated Company in Malta. We wish the brothers continued prosperity and shall be happy to see them whenever they visit this country.



#### RECORD ENTRY AT RISBOROUGH SHOW.

FINE WORK BY OUR HOTEL AND CATERING DEPARTMENT.

The entries at the Princes Risborough Show, held in fields adjoining the Aylesbury Road, Princes Risborough, by permission of Mr. J. H. Witney, last month totalled 615 and was a record. Last year's figure was 518 and that figure was an increase of over 100 on the previous year. The increase was a general one and was not due to the new classes introduced into the catalogue which included the riding school classes, etc. There were 23 entries in the hunter trials which was an innovation, and the entries in the heavy horse section were doubled.

The lay-out of the show ground was particularly admired and was arranged by the hotels and catering department of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. of Reading, in connection with The Black Prince Hotel at Princes Risborough, of which Mr. H. J. Sime is the resident manager. They provided the whole of the canvas equipment totalling some nine tons, which housed a milk bar, Presidents' tent seating 200, public luncheon tent accommodating 150, a buffet counter and a fully licensed bar. There were some 35,000 pieces of crockery, cutlery, etc. used, amounting in all to about five tons and all prices charged were exceptionally reasonable, being no increase on popular prices with any licensed house. Mr. H. C. Davis, the up-to-date manager of the catering department, superintended the arrangements with Mr. Sime.

#### "TWO JOLLY FISHERMEN."

Two jolly fishermen I know :  
 And in the autumn-time I go  
 Their sport to watch. Ah ! how I wish  
 That I could take you where they fish !  
 They leave the road, and, past a barn,  
 Come to a little woodland tarn  
 —A lakelet, ringed with firs and larch,  
 Around whose muddy bank they march  
 To halt beneath a drooping birch  
 And cast their lines for pike or perch.  
 But, oh my hat !—To hear them shout  
 If one should tempt a four-pound trout !  
 And you should see the sour grimace  
 If 'tother only hooks a dace !  
 They tell me, when it's growing dark,  
 If I but stay behind and hark,  
 I'll hear, swift-winging from the west,  
 A flight of geese, who come to rest  
 And settle on the further side  
 Of that sweet lake, before they glide  
 Again upon a lonely way.  
 But I must also go—and say  
 As back I look (to leave them both)  
 " Good-night. God bless you, fishers both ! "

S. E. COLLINS.



## BROKEN STOPPER STARTS VAST INDUSTRY.

(From *Everybody's Weekly*).

One summer morning nearly four hundred years ago, a Catalonian gentleman was pouring some scent from a bottle into the palm of his hand. Suddenly the glass stopper slipped from his fingers as he was replacing it and shattered into a score of pieces on the stone floor of his bedroom.

"The devil take it!" he exclaimed, for the scent would soon become worthless if exposed to the air.

## CONSIDERED USELESS.

Then his eyes fell on a piece of yellow tree bark on his dressing-table, which he had picked up the previous day. With a knife he whittled it down to the shape of a stopper and pushed it into the neck of the bottle. The bark, which to-day we should call cork, fitted admirably, better even than the glass stopper had done.

And that was how a new industry was born.

Actually, for centuries before this incident, men had known that the bark of the Spanish oak tree possessed unusual qualities of buoyancy and elasticity, but as they had not been able to utilise it the bark had been considered useless. But the Catalonian gentleman changed all that.

Wine growers bought up huge quantities of cork for bottling and though in the course of years many substitutes have been tried, it has proved irreplaceable for this particular purpose.

It preserves the delicacy of a sparkling wine as no other material can do—champagne without that mushroom-like cork which seals the bottle would taste like cheap cider.

To-day, thousands of acres in Portugal and Southern Spain are cultivated for cork. These oak tree forests—they are literally that—provide workers in every civilised country with a living, although the industry is still essentially Spanish.

At the moment owing to the civil war, there is a scarcity of cork, and prices are booming. Within the last few months the cost of the raw material has risen by 80 per cent., and many cork products now cost twice as much.

## USEFUL IN SHIPS.

Indeed, at one time it seemed as if the industry would be hard hit by the use of substitutes; but new outlets were eventually found for it. There are, for example, the cork tips to cigarettes. Five or six years ago only 4 per cent. of the British cigarettes had cork tips; to-day that figure has more than trebled itself!

Incidentally, the cork used for this is of the best quality, thinned down to a thickness of one-four-hundredth of an inch, and wound into spools three hundred yards long. One such spool supplies material for thirty thousand cigarettes!

Granulated cork also has come into its own. It is used extensively in the refrigerating apparatus of ships, being an excellent non-conductor of heat.

The first product of a cork tree is known as virgin cork, and is used for decorative purposes, particularly for window boxes. Every ten years or so the trees are stripped, and the older a tree becomes (it may last 150 years) the better the quality of its cork.

## MADE HIMSELF A BOAT.

In 1850 a negro on the Gold Coast found an extraordinary use for old cork stoppers. For years he had collected them, until at last he had acquired several thousands. These he threaded on wire, which he joined together into a boat six feet long.

Then he bade his wife and family a fond farewell and set out on a long voyage to London to visit the Queen Empress! Within two hours he was back—washed up on the beach without his boat. It may *still* be floating in the southern Atlantic. . . .

## A DIFFERENT MATTER.

Not long ago a well-known London firm of cork importers had to provide a cork wall (ostensibly made of brick) so that it could be blown up in an important film production. A real wall could have been built more easily, but in the explosion would have been much more dangerous.

Nobody minds being peppered in the face by a few cork fragments. But half a brick . . . well, that's a different matter!



## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

The return of the holiday-makers at the end of August and beginning of September proved how lucky they had been for weather, bronzed faces showing that King Sol had been kind to them all. In fact it was one of the best Augusts for very many years and, being *the* holiday month of the year, perhaps it was as well. I was on holiday during August, so can testify to the wonderful weather and never before have I seen so many people at the resort where I resided for a fortnight.

Football is considered a very strenuous sport and no doubt is. Nevertheless, after watching a good number of the bowling competitions during the Hastings Tournament, I have come to the conclusion that bowls wants a lot of beating in that respect, at least judging by how some exponents of "trundling the woods" play. The results justify such exertions maybe, but to win through to the final is hard work, pleasurable as it is to the players. Watching a game, played by a friend, which took 2½ hours, on a very warm afternoon, I came to the conclusion that a competition game was a test of endurance as well.

One of the real joys of my holiday was to see Yorkshire in action against Sussex at the Saffrons at Eastbourne. A perfect summer day and a real fight for each run. It is now history that Yorkshire won this match. Nevertheless it was cricket at its very best and thoroughly enjoyed by the vast crowd—congregation would be a better word perhaps, for they all sat so still, never forgetting to clap a good ball, good fielding or a good stroke. So tense was the atmosphere that maiden overs were heartily clapped. I was asked to give Yorkshire a good write-up but, so well did they play that it is not necessary. Some of the lustre associated with Sussex may have departed, when I saw them, but they always seem to me to be a cricket team that give value for money.

After bowls and cricket comes along football with all its early hopes—in the case of Reading, promotion—and disappointments. So far Reading have not fared so well as expected, yet in such a short time it is hardly fair to hold too strong opinions as to the merits or demerits of the newcomers and the possibilities of the players during the rest of the season. Personally, I am of opinion that a real workmanlike side is being moulded and a much better position on the league table will soon be obtained and kept. Football fans are variable without a doubt, for after Notts County came to Elm Park and defeated Reading we were informed Notts County were undoubtedly the side booked for promotion. On the following Saturday Notts County were defeated by Crystal Palace (who incidentally have defeated Reading this season) so

surely they should be the promotion certainties. I wonder if next May will prove this right.

The photograph of Mr. H. C. Davis in our last issue was an excellent reproduction and the story of his career was a thrilling one. I feel sure everyone will agree that he impresses all by his personality and unfailing kindness. His keenness for work and unbounding energy are well known and it can be truly said he is a very busy man. Under his able guidance the Catering Department will undoubtedly be another great success.

Thoughts at this time of the year are naturally centred on September 30th, the end of another financial year. October and onwards will see many of the staff on the annual job of balancing. We all hope for a good year, and figures coming right first time.

One of our staff entered his baby for a competition and by a verdict of 750 people was awarded first prize. You may be sure Father was very proud of the fact.

This is a true story. Sonny had been playing a football trial match at school and on his return home his father asked how they had fared. "We won 29 goals to 3," he replied. "I scored 14 goals and had 3 goals disallowed." "Well!" said father, "the goalkeeper must have been a poor one." "Oh! no he wasn't," was sonny's reply, "he was good and he stopped a penalty." I have an idea that goalkeeper was a hero.

At this time of the year when we have an unexpected spell of fine warm weather you hear plenty of people talking about "An Indian Summer" which, on the face of it, seems wrong for surely an Indian Summer is particularly hot. Being curious about this I delved into an encyclopedia for the solution and this authority states that it is a name given in the U.S.A. to periods of summerlike weather occurring during autumn. In England similar weather is known as St. Martin's summer. Did you know that? To use an Americanism, "That's a new one on me."

At the "Griffin," Caversham, a remarkable billiards break was made a few nights ago. The table is a half-size table and the general practice is for four players to take part in each game—the sides being two players against two, 100 up. No. 1 player breaks off with the red on spot scores and then continues with "potting the red" and "in-offs" until he reached the total of 102. Game over with three players not having had a "poke." The record break for the table, with three balls on the table is, I understand, 129, so this break with only two balls must rank as a remarkable achievement.

Congratulations to Mr. C. H. Perrin on winning in such decisive fashion the men's final of the H. & G. Simonds Tennis Club Singles Championship against Mr. P. James. It was a case of craft, experience and ability against youth and considerable



ability. I am told that our Editor was in super form and well deserved his victory by 6—1, 6—3.

The following changes and transfers have recently taken place and to all we wish every success :—

The Three Horse Shoes, Milton Lilbourne (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. V. A. Fiddes.

The Oatsheaf, Broad Street, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. B. Duguid.

Mr. Duguid is generally known as "Bob," and of course can claim quite extensive associations with the Firm, having been a tenant on previous occasions in quite a number of our houses ; in fact, he can be said to have spent his life (except for the last few years) in the Licensed Trade. However, he has activities in other spheres and he is a Director of the Reading Football Club, in which he has taken great interest for many years. His undoubted popularity will draw quite a lot of customers to the Oatsheaf. I feel sure he will make a great success of it.

The Lamb, Norwood Green (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. J. Clement.

The Rising Sun, Burghfield (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. W. Dowse.

The Pipemakers Arms, Uxbridge (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. L. W. Barnes.

The Carpenters Arms, Windsor (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. J. H. Musgrave.

The Travellers Rest, Basingstoke (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. P. Wallis.

The Red Lion, Bloxham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. R. M. Ebberson.

The Cross Keys, Pangbourne (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. S. S. Doe.

The Bell, Ramsbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. D. M. Masters.

The Bell, Twyford (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. M. M. Gale.

The Ship, Wokingham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. M. S. Foot.

The Hare & Hounds, Speen, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. F. Chart.

We regret to record the following deaths during the past few weeks :—

Mr. Arthur Foot, The Ship, Wokingham, who had been tenant since 1934.

Mr. William Mortimer, licensee of the Feathers, Market Place, Reading, since 1934. Mr. Mortimer was well known to the writer and he was a real good sort.

To all relatives we extend our sincere sympathy.

## R.M.S. "STRATHNAVER" KENNEL CLUB

### RACE MEETING

ON "B" DECK AT 9.15 p.m.

#### Officials.

*Judge :*

I. PLAYFAIR, Esq.

*Starter :*

A. LLOWD-BANG, Esq.

*Veterinary Surgeon :*

BOB MARTIN.

The winner of each race is qualified to run in the Final for the "Strathnaver Cup."

S.S. "STRATHNAVER"

AT SEA.



**Race No. 1. THE TWO THOUSAND GUINNESS'S.**

1. Mr. Mays-Smith's ACKING CORF by Fag out of Packet.
2. Mr. Bampton's RATTLING GOOD CAR by Ford out of Dagenham.
3. Miss Duncomb's SOME KISS by Maiden out of Breath.
4. Mr. H. Lawrence's SALLY by Gracie Fields out of Rochdale.
5. Miss J. Ramsey's SO WHAT by Bright Eyes out of Bubbly.
6. Mr. Rankin's GRUNT by Quoit Player out of Condition.

**Race No. 2. THE DOWAGER'S DAWDLE.**

1. Mr. F. Barnes's WIND by Radish out of Soda.
2. Mr. H. Tickler's DUNROMIN RASCAL by Old Salt out of P. & O.
3. Mr. Bampton's DENTIST III by Third Fright out of Dentist's Chair.
4. Col. Greenley's STUNG by Bee out of Hive.
5. Miss Cridland's CURLS by Permanent Waves out of Hair-dressing Saloon.
6. Miss R. Ramsey's FELICITY MISS by Sweet Words out of Crimson Lips.

**Race No. 3. THE MAIDENS' MEANDER.**

1. Miss F. Paulson's HINDU by Ghandi out of India.
2. Mrs. Bampton's VICTORIA FALLS by Innocence out of Curiosity.
3. Duggie Stewart's THE SPANIEL by King Charles out of Nell Gwynn.
4. Miss Power's DILEMMA by Unorthodox Situation out of Wrong Cabin.
5. Mrs. W. Joseph's STELLAKINS by Viceroy out of Alumina.
6. Master V. Smith's NO TICK by Spring out of Clock.

**Race No. 4. THE BAR PINT TO PINT.**

1. Mr. A. Bentley's HELP by False Teeth out of Porthole.
2. Miss Duncomb's NEVER BEEN KISSED by Bliss out of Ignorance.
3. Mr. Way's PHILLIS GLASS by Titus Canby out of Bottle.
4. Mrs. Spurling's CAN'T KISS by Lips out of Control.
5. Mrs. Bampton's RELIEF by Bone out of Corset.
6. Col. Edgecumbes's ERESBY by Go Easy out of Speakeasy.

**Race No. 5. THE SPINSTER SPRINTS.**

1. Master J. Shackell's SAUSAGE by Chef out of Ship's Cat.
2. Mr. Lawrence's INDISCRETION by Mixture out of Bottle.
3. Mr. Cheshire's FLEA by "L" of an Itch out of Scratchem.
4. Mr. A. MacKay's KNOCK KNOCK by Little Audrey out of Scotland.
5. Duggie Stewart's ITCH by Little Stranger out of Mattress.
6. Mr. Bampton's RUMBLE by Tummy out of Order.

**Race No. 6. THE EDDIE CANTOR.**

1. Mr. H. Brown's TRIER by "No Dear" out of Darkness.
2. Mr. J. Colgrave's BULGE by Figure out of Control.
3. Gen. H. Jones's LANCER by Novelist out of Bengal.
4. Mrs. M. Kidger's HEART OF JADE by Green Eyes out of Yellow Idol.
5. Mr. Simmonds's HOT STUFF by Chilli out of Curry.
6. Duggie Stewart's NOT WANTED by Miss Take out of Carelessness.

**Race No. 7. THE "STRATHNAVER" CUP.**

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



HELPFUL (?) HINTS.

1. THE COURSE was discovered and laid out by the Committee last night. The Committee was discovered laid out in the Verandah Cafe this morning.
2. DOUBLOONS, Shekels, Shirts, Buttons, Pieces of Eight, Yen, Sen or Pice, cannot be accepted as legal tender.
3. The Officials are not allowed to accept bribes of under £5 sterling.
4. LADIES are warned against accepting sweets from strangers between the races.
5. DON'T shoot us—The Purser has the money.

R.M.S. "STRATHNAVER" JOCKEY CLUB  
 GRAND CENTENARY HORSE RACE MEETING.  
 "B" DECK AT 9.15 p.m.

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Officials.

*Judge :*

H. E. S. KRUKED, Esq.

*Starter :*

O. F. F. WEGO, Esq.

*Veterinary Surgeon :*

K. RUSCHEN, Esq.

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TOTE.

The same Old Firm of Rookem, Foxem and Twist  
 (Unlimited).

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S.S. "STRATHNAVER"  
 AT SEA.



**Race No. 1. THE STOCKHOLM CHASE.**

1. Mr. Colgrave's BOOZER'S GLOOM by Ship out of Gin.
2. Miss P. Allott's CARELESS RAPTURE by Mixing Drinks out of Bar.
3. Mr. H. Tickler's DAYTONA by Night out of Day.
4. Messrs. Lawrence & Spurling's GIN AND LIME by Lawrence out of 188.
5. Mr. H. Laurence's WILD OATS by Sally out of Alley.
6. Mr. Brown's BALIKA by Bar out of Liquor.

**Race No. 2. THE ZOPPOT ZAUNTER.**

1. Mr. Cheshire's WILLIE WINN by Willie "L" out of Ivor Chance.
2. Mr. W. Reynolds's CLOSING TIME by Ten O'Clock out of Pub.
3. Mrs. Kirkham's FLEABITE by Guile out of Plutocrat.
4. Mrs. Adam-Smith's COMING DOWN by Elastic out of Bloomer.
5. Miss R. Ramsey's BLOOM O' YOUTH by Coty out of Paris.
6. Gen. Jones's RAPID FIRE by Subaltern out of Jim Jams.

**Race No. 3. THE NORTH SEA NIGHTMARE.**

1. Mr. Adam-Smith's FIFTY BOB by Smith out of Zoppot.
2. Mr. E. Bailey's HOT STUFF by Mustard out of Cruet.
3. Mrs. P. Allen's ALLEN by Hanbury out of Bottle.
4. Miss Power's BORROWED PLUMES by Nothing Left out of Wreck.
5. Duggie Stewart's HEADACHE by Binge out of Cruise.
6. Miss Binnall's CHANGE by What's Left out of Cheque.

**Race No. 4. THE COPENHAGEN CANTER.**

1. Mr. P. J. Allen's BUNNY by Rabbit out of Hole.
2. Mr. Blackmore's FLAT OUT by Bass out of Bottle.
3. Duggie Stewart's IRATE BATH STEWARD by Passengers out of Order.
4. Mr. A. E. Paxton's WIN-A-LOT by Win out of Coal.
5. Miss Jean Ramsey's BOTTLE NOSE by Shark out of Sea.
6. Mr. A. Bailey's SEYMOUR LEGGE by Lingering Look out of Expectation.

**Race No. 5. THE DANZIG DAWDLE.**

1. Mr. Bentley's GINGER by Pluck out of Hot Stuff.
2. Mr. F. A. Simonds's CENTURY LASS by P. & O. out of 1837-1937.
3. Mr. H. Tickler's BROWN JACK by Ascot King out of Dark Lady.
4. Mr. McCullochs' BLACK BESS by Dick Turpin out of Coal Black Mammy.
5. Mr. J. Allott's Y WORRY by No Luck out of Last Meeting.
6. Mr. Boy's BASS by Charlie out of Verandah Cafe.

**Race No. 6. THE FAREWELL FLUTTER.**

1. Gen. Jones's GOOD TIP by Daily Tote out of Strathnaver.
2. Mr. W. Joseph's STELLAKINS by Viceroy out of Alumina.
3. Mrs. F. Bailey's TIGHT HUG by Sailor's Arms out of Willing Damsel.
4. Mr. Boy's POLISH by Bluebell out of Tin.
5. Mr. A. Mackay's GLAMOROUS NIGHT by Stars Fell out of Heaven.
6. Mr. Mays-Smith's CHILLI BOM BOM by Seat out of Pyjamas.

**Race No. 7. THE "STRATHNAVER" CENTENARY CUP.**

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



## RIDICULOUS RULES.

1. NO HORSE shall enter a race unless holding a Certificate of Seaworthiness signed by the Manager of the Course.
2. NO JOCKEY is permitted to use her Sex Appeal in any manner liable to bias the opinion of the Judges. (At least, not during the Meeting.)
3. THE BOOKIES are not allowed to accept bribes of under £5 sterling.
4. THE PUNTERS are requested to remember that the more they spend the more they take away—D.V.

## CRICKET.

## RESUME OF SEASON'S ACTIVITIES.

Before giving a resumé of the activities of the Cricket Club during the season, which has just closed, there are the final matches to be reported. These were played on the 21st August and both ended disastrously for us.

## "A" TEAM 78 v. BROADMOOR STAFF 121.

Owing to the holiday season being in full swing, it was a very unfamiliar team that made the journey to Broadmoor. We batted first and C. Josey and H. Tigar put on 40 for the first wicket. A. Hedgington followed and another 20 were on the book for the fall of the second wicket. After that no one made any stand at all and our grand total was 78. Mr. Extras, certainly, was a useful member of the side, "he" helping us with 19. J. Gale 6 for 8 and W. Hall 4 for 31 did all the damage.

We started off as though we could do the trick. Four runs, one wicket and five maidens out of the first eight overs. Then W. Bailey and Hambleton began to collect the runs. From 1 for 1 it went to 2 for 56. Then W. Hall added his quota and our opponents had just topped our score when the third wicket fell. The score mounted until it reached 121. Tigar bowled consistently well and had a very long spell. His final figures were: 19 overs, 9 maidens, 32 runs and 4 wickets. In all we tried 8 bowlers; G. Gigg and W. Neville each took a couple, for 10 and 6 respectively.

## "B" TEAM 84 v. READING ELECTRICITY CO. 126.

We met on Prospect Park and our opponents had the benefit of the first knock. We made a fairly good start, the first wicket falling for 9, the second added 23 and then it jumped to 89. We had a measure of success then, for the next four only added 31.

E. Greenaway then polished off the remainder, taking the next three wickets in one over, just missing the "hat trick." He took 5 for 40 in 11 overs. Flatman, 2 for 10, had the next best figures.

Our batting was not quite good enough. One down for 5 and then a gradual mounting up of runs, until the book said 7 for 74. Unfortunately the tail could only wag 10 times and we finished up 42 on the wrong side.

No matches had been arranged for the last Saturday in the month, so all that remained was to put the gear back into its winter quarters.

The season, from a weather point of view, was fairly favourable, three matches only—two for the "A's" and one for the "B's"—having to be cancelled owing to the rain.

The promise held out at the end of the 1936 season by a number of our younger players was to a great extent fulfilled. If the claims of other forms of sport and enjoyment do not intervene, we certainly shall have a team to uphold the cricketing traditions of



the Firm, and others ready to step into the boots of the older members, when they are either taking up more leisurely games, resting, or watching the coming generation.

The results of the teams were as follows:—

"A" Team—Played 13. Won 6. Lost 6. Tied 1.

"B" Team—Played 14. Won 4. Lost 10.

The Delivery Department took the Inter-Departmental League honours, after a number of keenly fought games; the Offices were the runners-up. Both teams had the same number of points, having won two out of their three matches. The 'Deliverers' had a much better average of runs.

The averages for both teams are given below, as far as the "A" and "B" teams are concerned. It is not possible to give the full figures for the four teams composing the league, and it will have to suffice to give the two leading figures in the batting and bowling for each team. Averages are such funny things that many stalwarts must be left out, unless everybody is mentioned. To make things as fair as possible, to bat and bowl in two out of three matches has been taken as necessary for publication purposes.

#### AVERAGES.

##### "A" TEAM.

###### BATTING.

	Innings.	Runs.	Highest Score.	Times Not Out.	Average.
E. G. Crutchley ...	7	99	31	1	16.5
H. S. Tigar ...	13	196	58	—	15.07
W. Busby ...	10	118	46	1	13.1
C. R. Josey ...	12	123	35	—	10.25
W. Neville ...	9	82	46*	1	10.25
A. V. Hedgington ...	13	115	16	1	9.58
H. Tozer ...	13	96	39*	1	8
J. W. Jelley ...	10	38	10	5	7.6
W. J. Greenaway ...	6	43	18	—	7.16
R. A. Preston ...	6	26	10*	2	6.5

Batted in three and less than six matches:—

H. M. P. Ashby ...	4	35	18	—	8.75
B. Nicholls ...	5	36	15	—	7.2
L. Farrance ...	3	9	6*	1	4.5
J. Slade ...	3	2	2	1	1

Batted in less than three matches:—

N. Taylor ...	1	7	7	—	7
G. Gigg ...	2	3	2*	1	3
T. Kent ...	1	3	3	—	3
J. B. Doe ...	1	2	2	—	2
R. Broad ...	1	—	—	—	—
P. James ...	1	—	—	—	—
J. H. Wadhams ...	1	—	—	—	—

Total runs scored ...	...	...	1,117		
Total wickets ...	...	...	108		
Average ...	...	...	10.34		

\* Not out.

#### BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
H. S. Tigar ...	136.3	31	374	62	6.03
E. G. Crutchley ...	52.5	14	141	14	10.07
H. Tozer ...	32	4	122	11	11.09
A. V. Hedgington ...	69.4	12	235	10	23.5

Bowled in three and less than six matches:—

L. Farrance ...	21	5	47	6	7.83
R. A. Preston ...	22.3	6	55	4	13.75

Bowled in less than three matches:—

R. Broad ...	3	—	1	1	1
W. Neville ...	5	1	8	3	2.66
W. Busby ...	5	—	3	1	3
G. Gigg ...	3	1	10	2	5
C. R. Josey ...	4	—	11	1	11
H. M. P. Ashby ...	2	—	17	—	—
J. W. Jelley ...	4	—	44	—	—

Total runs scored ... 1,143

Total wickets ... 118

Average ... 9.68

#### CATCHES.

W. Neville 12; A. V. Hedgington 9; E. G. Crutchley, C. R. Josey, J. H. Wadhams 4 each; H. S. Tigar 3; J. W. Jelley 2; H. M. P. Ashby, G. Gigg, W. J. Greenaway, B. Nicholls and H. Tozer 1 each.

##### "B" TEAM.

###### BATTING.

	Innings.	Runs.	Highest Score.	Times Not Out.	Average.
B. Farmer ...	14	97	21	1	7.46
E. C. Greenaway ...	12	71	27	1	6.45
K. Jenkins ...	9	50	31	1	6.25
B. Nicholls ...	6	36	14	—	6
G. Kelly ...	12	58	12*	1	5.27
M. Brown ...	12	51	10*	2	5.1
E. Barrett ...	13	51	24	—	3.92
G. Gigg ...	9	33	9	—	3.66
S. Collins ...	6	18	13	—	3
W. A. Benham ...	11	19	5	—	1.72
T. Iremonger ...	7	4	2	1	.66

Batted in three and less than six matches:—

P. E. Hammond ...	3	30	20	—	10
A. Tugwell ...	3	13	12	—	4.33
K. Priddy ...	3	12	9	—	4
C. Kelly ...	4	15	6	—	3.75
A. Mills ...	4	10	6	1	3.33
R. Kemp ...	5	6	3	3	3
J. Tilley ...	4	1	1	1	.33



Batted in less than three matches :—

	Innings.	Runs.	Most in Innings.	Times Not Out.	Average
H. Tozer ...	1	41	41	—	41
E. Chandler ...	2	20	20	—	10
— Flatman ...	1	6	6	—	6
T. Tempest ...	2	6	4	—	3
W. J. Greenaway ...	2	3	3	—	1.5
J. Slade ...	2	3	3	—	1.5
J. Brown ...	2	—	—	1	—
S. Treacher ...	1	—	—	—	—
W. Neville ...	1	—	—	—	—
Total runs scored ...	...	...	...	701	
Total wickets ...	...	...	...	138	
Average ...	...	...	...	5.08	

\* Not out.

## BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
B. Farmer ...	76.2	10	221	35	6.31
E. C. Greenaway ...	131.4	36	317	42	7.54
K. Jenkins ...	30	2	102	12	8.5
W. A. Benham ...	77.4	16	205	19	10.78

Bowled in less than six matches :—

E. Chandler ...	12	4	24	6	4
— Flatman ...	3	—	10	2	5
H. Tozer ...	7.2	1	37	4	9.25
G. Kelly ...	8.2	1	37	3	12.33
T. Iremonger ...	18	—	68	2	34
G. Gigg ...	19	—	78	1	78
T. Tempest ...	2	1	2	—	—
C. Kelly ...	2	—	4	—	—
A. Tugwell ...	2	—	4	—	—
A. Mills ...	2	—	10	—	—

Total runs scored ... 1,180

Total wickets ... 133

Average ... 8.87

## CATCHES.

B. Farmer 9; E. C. Greenaway 8; K. Jenkins 5; E. Barrett, W. A. Benham, S. Collins, G. Gigg, G. Kelly, R. Kemp, W. Neville, A. Tugwell 2 each; M. Brown, E. Chandler, W. J. Greenaway, A. Mills, K. Priddy 1 each.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL LEAGUE.

## BATTING.

	Innings.	Runs.	Highest Score.	Times Not Out.	Average.
DELIVERY OFFICE.					
W. Busby ...	2	41	41	—	20.5
K. Jenkins ...	3	27	15*	1	13.5
OFFICES.					
E. G. Crutchley ...	2	21	21*	1	21
C. R. Josey ...	3	37	26	—	12.33
SURVEYORS DEPT.					
Capt. A. S. Drewe	2	38	29	—	19
F. Chandler ...	3	29	25*	1	14.5
REST OF BREWERY.					
G. Kelly ...	3	40	28*	2	40
F. Benham ...	3	42	31	—	14

## BOWLING.

	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
DELIVERY OFFICE.			
H. Tigar ...	49	12	4.08
H. Tozer ...	54	13	4.15
OFFICES.			
E. G. Crutchley ...	20	10	2
G. Gigg ...	16	3	5.33
SURVEYORS DEPT.			
Capt. A. S. Drewe	38	7	5.42
F. Chandler ...	54	7	7.71
REST OF BREWERY.			
B. Farmer ...	22	4	5.5
L. Farrance ...	54	9	6

The "A" Team has been most ably led by Mr. Crutchley, who has made many captain's efforts, both with bat and ball. C. R. Josey has shown that he also has the support of the team on the occasions when he acted as skipper.

From the averages it will be seen that H. S. Tigar has borne a heavy share of the bowling and batting. He heads the former list and is second in the latter. In passing, it should be mentioned that he had the honour of playing for the Berkshire Gentlemen one day, but unfortunately the game was marred by rain and he did not get much opportunity to show his abilities.

G. Kelly again captained the "B" Team and E. C. Greenaway was a very capable "Vice." They had to call on 27 players during the season, which, naturally, upsets the smooth running of it as a team. It only wants a few like B. Farmer, who has the distinction of heading the list for batting, bowling and catching, to make a very solid and useful team.

Now to make room for the fellows who follow the vogue of the big ball for another spell.

J.W.J.



## A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

## FISHING IN A THUNDERSTORM.

## A SCENE OF GOLDEN GLORY.

It is great fun fishing in a thunderstorm. Recently I was sitting by the Thames-side watching the lightning play out Tilehurst way. The forked flashes were followed by loud peals of thunder and then down came the rain. But my oilskins weathered the storms. After the vivid lightning, the thunder and the rain, those little flies, known as spinners, would spin themselves up into the sunshine by the thousand only to be snapped up by the swallows and martins. These birds did not appear to mind the heavy rain and sought no shelter. During one of the brief periods of bright sunshine a thrush burst forth into song and though it was towards the end of September a little chiff-chaff uttered his familiar note. It was rather late in the year for the chiff-chaff to be here.

## TREKKING SOUTHWARDS.

On Thursday, September 23rd, I took an evening stroll up the Thames and could not help noticing numerous companies of swallows trekking southward. They seemed on business bent and did not fly in and out, round and about, as usual, but straight away down south. Undoubtedly they were migrating and we shall not see them again till next spring. Since then I have only seen one or two of these birds here and there and by Sunday, October 3rd, they had apparently all departed to winter abroad.

## WINTER GUESTS ARRIVE.

The great majority of our summer visitors have now left our shores but their places will be soon taken by other birds which come to stay with us during the cold winter months. The redpolls are already on the alders by the Thames-side and the number of gulls arriving is increasing daily. I have also heard the "chak-chak" of the field-fare, that handsome bird with his auburn mantle and tastefully contrasted shades of grey and buff, black and white. These birds are nearly as big as missel-thrushes and as they rest on the fields they generally have pickets posted:

"With 'tsak-tsak' high and 'tsak-tsak' low—  
While perched far off their pickets stand—  
Those wandering birds possess the land.  
Our Norseman fathers used to know,  
In voice, half-quarrel, half-command,  
They wrangle on, the robber band  
Swift-winged Vikings from the strand  
Of ice and winter snow."

I often wonder why the field-fare does not nest in Britain where he would find abundant food supplies. They, however, prefer the Norwegian forest in which to rear their families.

## GLITTERING LIKE GOLD.

I am glad to see so many goldfinches about. Among a mass of thistles, the other day, I saw over a hundred of them busy eating the seeds. They were like big and beautiful butterflies and when the sun played on their bodies they did indeed glitter like gold and it was a long time before I could persuade myself to withdraw from this brilliantly beautiful living picture which my poor pen is hopelessly inadequate to "paint." Here was the gayest of colouring, the birds seemed to know no care and as the soft thistledown, which they removed, floated down the zephyr breeze in the bright sunshine, it did indeed make one thankful to live in a world where so much beauty abounds.

## CROWS HAVE APPLE FOR DESSERT.

In the distance I saw a couple of old crows very busy devouring something on the towpath. I did not have my fieldglasses on this occasion but took it for granted that they were making a meal off some poor little victim that they had probably done to death. But closer inspection proved that they were dining off an apple. And it was a Blenheim orange. I admire their taste for I am very partial to this fine fruit.

I wish the crows would oftener feed on fruit!

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SIMONDS BEER

is

SUPERB

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## A GREAT THOUGHT.

We are nearing November. It is the Month of the Dead, yet my thoughts are persistently active with the Month of the Dying. The October journey I am now making is a perfect picture, a harmony of exquisite tints. Such beauty there is in the dying—the farewell of the leaves. Their departure is not as their coming. From the harsh landscape of Winter, to the green of Summer. Strange that the leaves do not fall to death in their lovely dress of green. Each group dons its own colour for death, or rather, passes through its own peculiar cycle of colour. Yet eventually, all come to the same brown. It is Saint Francis' colour. I wonder if the dying of his leaf-friends influenced the choice of colour for his garb and that of his followers.

Rich the leaves were in their green, their yellow and their red. Everybody was interested, yes, thrilled by them then. Who thinks of them now, in the brown, save to kick them out of the path or gather them for burning? As we rustle carelessly through them in our walks, how little we reflect upon the comfort they gave during the hot days of Summer. So much we take for granted! So little thought do we give for favours received! They were friends, but they are gone.

Without leaf or bird, how lonely the trees will soon seem. Yet do they give no less glory to God as their bare branches reach up to him, or bend and sigh as if in pain for the bitterness of the wind, than they did when swaying gracefully in their dress of green.

The leaves go and the tree remains. Think of it—for years, a hundred years, yes, it may be for hundreds of years. What a story of loss and gain! How much of loss in our poor human lives, and yet it can all be made into undying gain. God so wills it.

What a story could be written under a tree! How was it planted? Was a seed dropped by a passing bird? How far had the seed been carried? Was it a mother-bird foraging for her little ones, letting fall the precious burden, frightened by an enemy? What she lost, we gained. The seed vanished into the earth, and behold, a tree. "Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Was it perchance, a provident squirrel that buried an acorn in the ground and then after his long sleep, forgot where it had been hidden?

There it remained hidden all the long Winter and when Spring was come, she was welcomed by a tiny, pale-green finger that pushed itself out of the earth.

Who first saw the little newborn tree? Was it a child calling Mother to see this new kind of grass? Was it perchance, the squirrel hungry for breakfast after the long night of Winter? He must needs wait many a year for a feast from that tree.

But the blade grew, watched over by Him who cares for the lilies of the field. A few tender leaves unfolded. Then year by year, branches and leaves—the leaves going, the branches remaining. Now it is a sturdy growth of many years, and other squirrels hunt acorns in its branches, and scold the birds for daring to intrude there. Men have come and gone, generations of them. But the tree still remains.

To-day I stand looking at an oak which is full two hundred years old. Silent, a mystery of origin and growth. Its secrets are known to God alone. What a pity there is not a Register for the birth of trees and a history of the years of each. Fantastic, if you will, but it would be interesting. What will the fate of this oak be? Who knows? I see heavy oak beams in this room. They were set there more than a hundred years ago. What was the story of the trees from which they came? Again, mystery.

And now I am thinking of another tree. Where it grew, how old it was, who cut it down, I know not. But the tree was killed; its leaves withered and died. Never would it put forth leaves again. But it became the most famous tree in all the world. It was stripped of all its branches, and two great timbers were hewn out of it. They were fastened together to form a cross. It was planted in the earth again and bore a fruit, of which if men partake, they will live forever. Out of death came Life.

I love trees. They belong to God and He has loaned them to me. All day long, the whole year round, they give praise to Him, they are pointing to Him, they are whispering about Him. So many thousands of them, so many different kinds. And I remember that in the Month of the Dying they were clad as if for a holiday. They seemed to be greeting death gladly. God so wills it.



## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

GROCER'S DELIVERY MAN: "You certainly have some wonderful chickens, Mrs. Stillrich. Do they lay well?"

MRS. STILLRICH: "Oh, they could, you know, but in our financial position of course they don't have to."

\* \* \* \*

"Sir, your tradesman has employed me to collect this bill you owe him," said the debt collector on being ushered into the customer's office.

"You're to be congratulated," replied the customer, "on obtaining a permanent situation."

\* \* \* \*

At the end of the eighth round the badly bruised boxer thought he had had enough for one evening.

The seconds did not agree with him, however, and declared that he still stood a chance.

"But," pleaded the boxer in a tired voice, "I can 'ardly see 'im."

"Never mind," said one of the seconds, cheerfully, "'it 'im from memory."

\* \* \* \*

Pat was engaged putting a water main into the workhouse. Saturday came, and the boss saw Pat dolefully examining his pay packet.

"Mistake in your wages?" he asked.

"Oh, no," replied Pat, "but I was just wondering whether me or the water would be in the workhouse first."

\* \* \* \*

A teacher had been giving a lesson on classical mythology and was afterwards testing the pupils' knowledge.

"Who was Bacchus?" he asked.

There was no reply.

"Come, boys," the teacher prompted, "Venus was the goddess of Love, Mars the god of War, Bacchus the god of—"

"Bookmakers!" piped one bright lad.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Joops was obviously suffering under the stress of suppressed emotion when her neighbour, Mrs. Duddle, called one morning.

"Whatever is the matter, dearie?" exclaimed Mrs. Duddle. "You look all worked up."

"It's my husband. He's run off with another woman! Oh, I—I can hardly control myself?"

Mrs. Duddle patted her neighbour's heaving shoulders.

"Don't try to, dearie," she said soothingly. "You'll feel better after a good laugh."

\* \* \* \*

"The office boys at our place of business had a sit-down strike for three weeks last month."

"A sit-down strike for three weeks? Goodness, why didn't you settle it sooner?"

"Because it was that long before we realized they were striking!"

\* \* \* \*

Mose was walking along a country road at midnight when he was overtaken by Sam, who had been running at a great pace.

"Fo' Heaven's sake, Sam," he said, "what's wrong?"

"Ah just seen a ghost!" gasped Sam.

"A real ghost? Lawdy, I bet it gave you a start!"

"Brudder," said Sam, "believe me, Ah didn't need no start!"

\* \* \* \*

"Are you chief mourner, sir?"

"Oh, I don't think so—he only owed me half a crown."

\* \* \* \*

SERGEANT: "Did ye shave this mornin', M'Tavish?"

RECRUIT: "Aye, sergeant."

SERGEANT: "Oh, did ye? Weel, next time ye shave staun' a wee bit closer tae yer razor!"

\* \* \* \*

"How do you tune these jazz instruments?"

"You don't."



The boxer returned to his dressing room in a state of collapse, for he had had a terrific beating in the ring. He opened his eyes when his manager approached.

"Hard lines, Jack," said the manager as he gazed down at the battered object. "But I've good news for you."

"Well, what's the good news?"

"I've been lucky enough to fix a return match."

\* \* \* \*

MacTavish called his friend Sandy on the telephone. "What's detaining ye, mon?" he asked. "Aren't ye coming to the birthday party?"

"Weel," came Sandy's voice over the wire, "I dinna think it wise, Mac."

"What's wrong, mon?" asked the other.

"Weel, we's got a case of laryngitis in the house," explained Sandy.

"Dinna be sae selfish, mon. Bring it along to us, then," said MacTavish. "You know we can drink anything here."

\* \* \* \*

Something went wrong with the lift. The control was lost, and down it went full speed towards the bottom. An old lady who didn't understand what had happened said:

"Boy, you didn't stop at the sixth floor as I wanted. What are you going to do about it?"

"Have no fear, Madam," replied the lift boy; "this thing'll bounce right back up there."

\* \* \* \*

An old Highland soldier got into a train travelling to Inverness. Rather unsteadily he sat down beside a Salvation Army officer. For some time he gazed at the officer's uniform with profound concentration. At last he broke into speech. "What's yer regiment, man? I canna' mak' it oot."

The officer replied: "I am a soldier of heaven. I go to Inverness to fight the devil, to Aberdeen to fight him again, and then to Dundee, Edinburgh and Newcastle."

"That's right, ma man," said the other; "keep on heading the blighter south."

\* \* \* \*

It was the last match of the season on the village green, and a large crowd from the neighbouring district was watching. The star performer of the home side was the local doctor, who was a bowler of more than usual ability. Near the end of the game, one of the local worthies came on to the field.

"How's doctor doin'?" he asked his neighbour.

"Ar, 'e be doin' foine," came the reply. "'E's taken foive wickets and 'as fower new patients up to now."

\* \* \* \*

A woman broadcaster invited to appear in television decided to have the shape of her nose altered first. So she called on a beauty surgeon.

"How much will you charge to alter the shape of my nose?" she asked.

"A hundred guineas, madam."

"A hundred guineas!" she exploded. "Isn't there something less expensive?"

"Well," replied the surgeon, suavely, "you could try walking into a lamp-post."

\* \* \* \*

The old negro parson was preaching from the text: "And darkness fell upon the earth, and gross darkness on the minds of the people."

"Now, brethren," he started, "dere may be some ob you who jest doan't know what dat 'gross darkness' do mean. Well, Ah'll tell you. It's one hundred and forty-four times darker than dark."

\* \* \* \*

A school teacher received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils:—

"Dear Teacher: Excuse John for being away yesterday. He played truant, but do not cane him for it. Two boys he was with in the morning licked him, and a man he threw a brick at licked him, and a lorry driver he hung onto licked him, and the man who owned a dog he hit licked him, and the greengrocer licked him for taking an apple, and a motor car driver licked him for blowing the horn. Then I licked him when he came home, then his father licked him when he came home, then I had to lick him again for sassing me for telling his father on him, then his father licked him for sassing me. So you need not lick him this time."

\* \* \* \*



Two friends who had not met for some years ran into each other near Piccadilly Circus. After the usual back-slappings one suggested, "Well, let's walk round the corner and have a drink. Not a bad idea, eh?" "A very poor idea," replied the other, "let's run."

\* \* \* \*

HE : "Joan, I'd go through purgatory for you!"

SHE : "You say so, but how can I prove that?"

HE : "Be my wife."

\* \* \* \*

The boxer entered the fur department of a large store and fixed the assistant with an eye that showed he was one who stood no nonsense.

"I want a set of furs," he said, "a present for a friend."

"Yes, sir," replied the assistant, "any special kind."

The man of muscle glanced about him. "That dark brown set in the window looks the sort of thing I want. It mustn't be too expensive, though."

The assistant followed his gaze. "Oh," he exclaimed, "you mean skunk."

When the assistant woke up he found himself in hospital.

\* \* \* \*

They were court-martialling the soldier for desertion and the case looked very black until the young officer acting for the defence arose.

"Sir," he said, addressing the president, "I admit appearances are against this man, but I propose to prove that in civil life he was a plumber—and he was only going back for his bayonet."

Acquitted.

\* \* \* \*

"Automobiles are the greatest curse of civilisation!"

"I can't keep up the payments on mine either."

\* \* \* \*

"John," asked the nagging wife as the bedtime hour approached, "is everything shut up for the night?"

"That depends on you," growled Henpeck, "everything else is."

\* \* \* \*

Some potted home truths—

Light literature is all right—unless it's gas bills.

A girl may have a lovely face—and an awful cheek!

Trying to trace their ancestors puts many people up a tree.

Married men who have gramophones have two talking machines.

The most patient of all people are those who wait to hear the cost of living drop.

Men who hang about waiting for something to turn up should begin with their own sleeves.

Why the pickpocket took your purse was because he thought the change would do him good.

\* \* \* \*

GUIDE : "This is Vesuvius throwing out fire, sulphur, cinder —."

MR. HEADACHE (*of Chicago*) : "That's nothing—our Niagara Falls would put this lot out in two minutes."

\* \* \* \*

TEACHER (*revising lesson on cuckoo*) : "What is the chief thing we know about the cuckoo?"

FRITZ : "It doesn't lay its own eggs."

\* \* \* \*

The elderly couple were visiting the cemetery. The wife wandered ahead of her husband.

On one tombstone she saw the words "Tempus Fugit." She remembered that the same words were on their old clock at home. "John," she called to her husband, "here's the grave of the man who made our clock."

\* \* \* \*

"Is madness a ground for divorce?"

"No, only for marriage."

\* \* \* \*

He contemplated sleeping at a small country inn and was inclined to be fussy.

"Are you perfectly sure," he enquired, "that the sheets on the bed are clean?"

"Clean!" cried the landlady indignantly, "of course they are. They've just come from the laundry. Feel them—they're still damp."

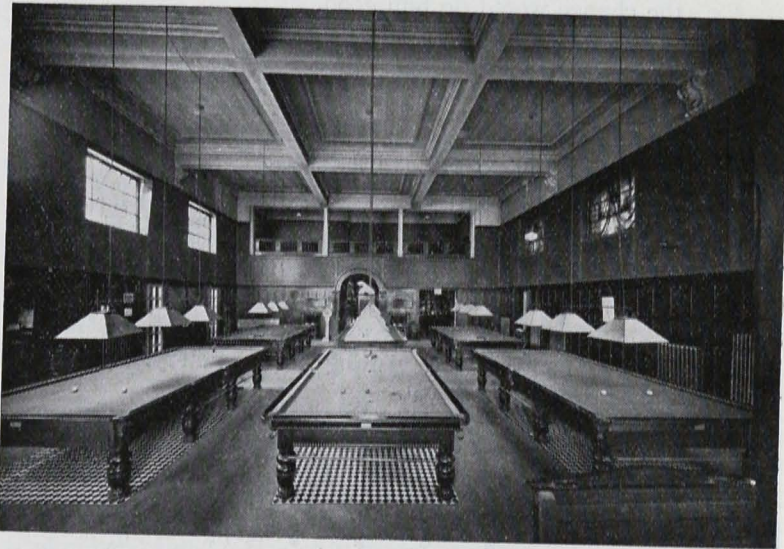
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## BRANCHES.

## PORTSMOUTH.

Visitors to Southsea who take a late holiday should pay a visit to the Elms Club, Elm Grove, where they will be able to enjoy a game of billiards in the spacious billiards room, photograph of which is reproduced herewith. Mr. Mark Tilley, the genial proprietor, will at once make them welcome. In addition to billiards there are well equipped bars, lounge, ping-pong tables and a shooting range. Visitors for a small payment can join the club and obtain the advantages of the club during the period of their stay in Southsea.



A party of members of the British Legion Club, Curdridge, had a most enjoyable outing this year. Leaving Curdridge about 8.30 a.m. the party travelled by motor coach to Reading via Winchester, Basingstoke and Riseley. After inspecting the home of Hop Leaf products at Reading they continued their motor tour to Maidenhead and Windsor. The return route was taken through Windsor Great Park, Ascot and Bagshot to Basingstoke and Winchester, and home was reached about 11.30 after a most enjoyable day.

The British Legion Naval Delegation who attended the Conference of the German Association (Mariner Branch) at Dusseldorf, had an interesting and instructive five day visit this year. Nothing could exceed the hospitality of their hosts and the luxury of the accommodation given in the best hotel. The members attending were :—Vice-Admiral Norton A. Sullivan, c.v.o. (President of the Droxford and District Branch), Rear Admiral F. Elliott, o.b.e. (Portsmouth Branch and Secretary Naval Home Industry), Mr. J. S. Feeley, Mr. J. B. Keene (Portsmouth Branch), Mr. C. F. Mould (Gosport Branch). On the last day of their stay the delegation accompanied their hosts, the Naval Association, in a special steamer trip through the beautiful and romantic scenery of the Rhine. The British detachment taking part in the grand parade was the only non-uniformed part of the pageant.

## BRISTOL.

With the holiday season now but a series of pleasant memories (to most of us) and with staffs back to normal, the annual "balance up" once again nearly "fills the bill" for quite a number of Hop Leaf enthusiasts. We wish everyone—including ourselves—the best of luck in this searching task, and pleasing results when the final page of our 1936-37 records has been written.

In Bristol the winter games programme is now in full swing, and with our own darts and double cribbage leagues, together with the Bristol and District bagatelle and skittle leagues up to full strength, there should be no lack of that spirit of competitive endeavour which is so prominent a feature of our national life in these days. Wars and rumours of wars, outside our own little tight island almost go unheeded, as long as we are left alone. "Why spoil the day's work and play worrying over other folks' follies and weaknesses?"—so evidently think most of our people, and entering into the keen spirit of their own particular sports and games find that tranquillity of mind and matter which is the envy of all beholders. Perhaps it is for the best—that of course is simply a matter of opinion and open to serious debate. At any rate, Bristol, in common with all our industrial and commercial centres has this competitive spirit well developed and Hop Leaf tenants are well to the fore in fostering it among their ever-growing families. We can only commend it and wish them all good hunting for the trophies in which at the present time they each have so deep an interest. Later on?—well, that's another story!



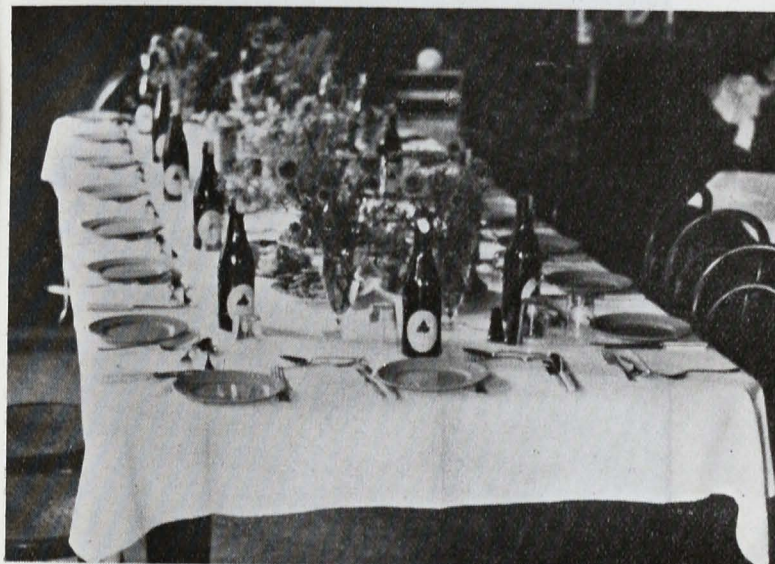
## CLEVEDON CARNIVAL.

Our own "Reading House" was the centre of much activity during the carnival, and the luncheon which our tenant, Mr. G. H. Thomas, provided for those responsible for its success was very much appreciated by everyone. A "snap" of this recent addition to the "Simonds' Chain," also one of the "lay-out" of the luncheon table, with "S.B." sentries at their posts of honour is of particular interest.



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas had the catering contract for the carnival teas and other light refreshments, and with the improvements which are now due to be made at this House to bring it up to modern requirements, and for the needs of this particular resort, we feel sure that Clevedonians and visitors alike will take full advantage

of the facilities and service which we shall then be able to offer them, and respond in the usual appreciative way. Even at present a series of successful winter dances is being held by the local dance club in the large lounge, and with other social centres being moved there in the near future, Hop Leaf prospects at Clevedon are bright. Continued and final success is in the hands of those whom we have chosen to build up our interests there, and we look confidently to them to support and consolidate our endeavours to make "Reading House" worthy of its name.



Hospital Helpers' Lunch, August, 1937, at the Reading House, Clevedon.

During the past few weeks Bristol Hop Leaf beers have more than held their own at the various social events which have taken place in the district, and new patrons who not so long ago said "S.B." because others did, are now confidently calling for, and recommending, this famous product wherever it is on the bill of fare. Here are a few places where our beers have been, and in some cases are, still at the top of the bill:—



Chepstow Races (first and second summer meetings).  
Bath Races (second summer meeting).  
The Highworth Agricultural Show.  
The Bathampton Show.  
The Peasedown (Bath) Show.  
The Bristol Aeroplane Co.'s Sports.  
The Bristol Aero Engine Co.'s Sports.  
The Knowle Speedway and Greyhound Stadium.  
The Eastville Greyhound Stadium.  
The Bristol Radio Exhibition (Coliseum).  
The Annual Bristol Exhibition (Drill Hall).  
The Henbury Horse and Flower Show.  
The Grocers' Exhibition, Bristol (Coliseum).  
The Berkeley Show.

Our best thanks to the caterers and officials responsible for these varied contracts, who gave us the privilege of supply, enabled us to serve so many old and new friends, and give a practical demonstration in every case of the growing public demand for Hop Leaf beers in this area. We hope by service and consistency to merit this confidence for a long time to come.

