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J. Pursey

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 1



MR. R. J. BARTLETT.

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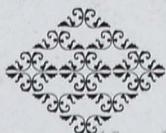
Mr. R. J. Bartlett joined the Firm in April, 1915, and commenced his first duties in the Cask Office at Reading. He only remained in that department for twelve months when he was moved to the Bottling Stores, at which period the actual issue of bottled beers, as well as the bottling, was made from that department. The enormous growth of that section of the business later necessitated a separation of the bottling factory from the loading and issuing department. Mr. Bartlett remained in the Bottling Stores for a matter of three years and was subsequently transferred to the staff of the General Office at Reading; from thence he was transferred to the Branch Office.

In October, 1927, Mr. Bartlett was appointed Chief Clerk at Salisbury Branch and carried out the duties with great credit. In January, 1934, the late Mr. T. R. Garland, manager of Salisbury Branch, retired on pension and Mr. Bartlett took over all the outside work appertaining to Salisbury Branch.

Mr. Bartlett has had good experience and passed through various departments which naturally stand him in good stead. He has proved his abilities as a salesman since taking over the outside work at Salisbury Branch in which he has been very successful. Possessed of a very pleasing manner he has gained the confidence of the very large circle of valued patrons of the Firm in that area, amongst whom he is very popular.

During the time he was at Reading Mr. Bartlett took a very active part in the sports side of the Social Club and played association football and cricket for the Brewery teams.

Since moving to Salisbury he has transferred his affections to tennis and badminton, at which he is no mean exponent.



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.)

MR. F. H. V. KEIGHLEY'S ENGAGEMENT.

The engagement is announced between Frederick Herbert Vernon, elder son of Lieut.-Col. Vernon Keighley, D.S.O., M.V.O., late 18th K.G.O. Lancers, and Mrs. Keighley, of Redesdale, The Park, Cheltenham, and Anne Mary, only child of Col. Arthur Bates, D.S.O., T.D., late London Rifle Brigade, and Mrs. Bates, of Manydown Park, Basingstoke.

PRAYERS ANSWERED.

A minister was asked by one of his least respectable members to say prayers on Sunday for Anna Bell. The clergyman did so. A few days later the pastor asked the church member if he desired the prayers for Anna Bell to be repeated. "No, thank you kindly," replied the church member, "she won last Monday at seven to one."

SPARE A FLOWER!

Now autumn is here why not plant some of your unwanted seeds and plants in the hedgerows? Little imagination is needed to picture how beautiful our roads would be if this were done.

TOO BAD!

The man who was not quite equal to the task of distinguishing the various military ranks was in close conversation with a colonel. Several times he called him "Captain" then, as if not sure, he asked: "You are a captain, aren't you?"

"Well," said the colonel, slightly amused, "I'm not any more, although I was once."

"Too bad," consoled the civilian. "Drink, I suppose?"

THE B.B.C. AND ALCOHOL.

"Whatever the temperance organisations do, the B.B.C. will never sign the pledge, because beer is part of the life of the people and, therefore, must inevitably be represented in the songs and jokes of the people."—*Radio Pictorial*, June, 1938.

"A NECESSITY."

Beer is a necessity for men working in Northern Australia, according to Dr. Cecil Cook, Chief Medical Officer for the Northern Territory. The statement is now in Australia's official records, as it was made on oath before the Arbitration Court of Conciliation and Arbitration at Darwin.

NO BAR ON ALCOHOL.

"The cardinal rule of athletic dieting is to eat and drink what suits you, in moderation and at regular hours. The days of raw steaks, no potatoes or other starchy foods, no smoking and no alcohol are past. It has been proved that ultra-strict discipline produces staleness."—*Mr. Tom Whittaker, Trainer of the Arsenal Football Club, in the "Daily Mail."*

"PACK OF CARDS" INN.

This is the name of an inn at Combe Martin, Devon. It is evident that it was deliberately carried out to bear the name. There are fifty-two windows, one for each card in the pack; thirteen doors, one for each denomination; four storeys, one for each suit. The general layout is that of a child's house built of cards, with tall chimneys and a tower-like centre. Legend has it that an eighteenth century squire won a fortune at cards, and devoted a portion of his money to building this house in memory of his luck.

HIS AMBITION.

"Is not this work almost too much for you, friend?" asked the new vicar. "You must be a great age."

"Yessir, yessir!" mumbled the old bell-ringer. "'Ow many years I've tolled this bell I can't tell ye, but it's beginning to tell on me. 'Owsomever, I've rung the bell for five dead vicars——"

"Dear me!" ejaculated the minister.

"And," continued the sexton, "I'll be happy when I've made up the 'alf dozen! I think I'll retire then."

COMPLIMENTS.

The master of the house rang for the maid. The girl was in the act of cleaning pots and pans, and, before she could tidy herself, her employer entered the kitchen to see what was delaying her.

He looked at her dirty hands and face. "My word, Mary," he said, "but you're pretty dirty, aren't you?"

Mary smiled coyly. "Yes, sir," she replied, "but I'm prettier clean."

DRINK "BY THE HOUR."

Instead of paying for each drink, visitors to an inn in a Prague suburb may buy their refreshment "by the hour." By paying the equivalent of 11d. the customer is entitled to drink as much as he pleases for one hour without further charge. After the first hour the charge is only 5½d. per hour.

The innkeeper, Sandor Lehozky, draws his supplies of wine from his own vineyard, and he says he has been forced to adopt this method of selling it because competition is severe. As a result of the innovation his inn is crowded day and night, and many other inns are considering introducing the system.

THE SPELLING BEE.

A visitor from Eastern Europe has been making merry with English spelling. One of his suggestions is that "fish" ought to be spelt "ghoti." He argues that the "gh" is pronounced as in "rough," the "o" as in "women," and the "ti" as in "nation."

So obviously "ghoti" spells "fish."

THE REALLY BIG MAN.

J. R. Lowell knew the really big man as summed up in the following lines:—

*His magic was not far to seek—
He was so human. Whether strong or weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
But sate an equal guest at every board;
No beggar ever felt him condescend,
No prince presume; for still himself he bare
At manhood's simple level, and where'er
He met a stranger, there he found a friend.*

CHAMBERLAIN THE PEACEMAKER.

Every man, woman and child in England and much further afield owes Mr. Neville Chamberlain, our Prime Minister, a debt they can never repay. The Great War cost the nation millions of casualties—killed and wounded—billions in sterling, and crippled it with crushing taxes. Mr. Chamberlain, by his wonderful statesmanship, honesty of purpose, and belief in humanity, has guided this nation, and indeed all Europe, from the brink of war, ruin, and destruction to a path of peaceful settlement, thus saving the country millions in lives, billions in sterling, and avoiding further taxation for the present and future generations. The public should realise (1) that we might be more likely to lose than to win a war (owing to Socialist disarmament folly); (2) that even if we won, we should probably be ruined economically; (3) that war would most likely mean the *complete* absorption of Czechoslovakia.

EARL BALDWIN'S FINE TRIBUTE.

Earl Baldwin said in the House of Lords on Tuesday, October 4th, "I know little of what has passed between the chancelleries of Europe, but I know enough to know this—that when the Prime Minister took that decision to go to Berchtesgaden, there was nothing else on earth that he could have done. I thank God that he was able to do it, and while I think perhaps others might have taken that decision, I do not believe that there is another man in this country who could have brought about what he has brought about, because of his remarkable gifts of tenacity of purpose and of will, the fertility of his invention, and his resource in times of difficult conference and argument. I know I could not have done it. It is a performance for which his country owes him much."

BASE INGRATITUDE!

"There is scarcely a sin in the world that is in my eyes such a crying one as ingratitude," wrote Charles Dickens. I wonder what he would have thought and wrote concerning those who have harshly criticised Mr. Chamberlain about his magnificent achievement in saving the world from war?

POOR CHAP!

A man was walking down the street with his little boy at his side when the youngster cried out: "Oh look! There goes an Editor!"

"Hush," said the father. "Don't make sport of the poor man. Goodness knows what you may come to yourself some day."

PLAYERS' MAXIMS BY THE MANAGER.

The manager of the Hibernian F.C., the Scottish League Club, has issued the following ten maxims for the benefit of the players under his charge. They are:

1. You are not the only man in the team—there are ten others.
2. The ball is round; make it go round.
3. Put spirit in your play, not your stomach.
4. Think before you shoot.
5. Spectators shout a lot. You shoot a lot.
6. Play football; don't dance.
7. Don't think you are a world beater; you may only be a carpet beater.
8. Never lose your temper; you may lose your livelihood.
9. Gentlemen are always gentlemen.
10. Play to the whistle not to your own dictates.

TENNIS CLUB'S SUCCESSFUL SEASON.

The summer season of our Lawn Tennis Club has now ended and it has been the most successful on record. We have played 12 matches; won 8; drawn 2; and lost 2—a very creditable performance. The improvement in the play of the members has been most marked and they have taken every advantage of the two fine new hard courts so generously provided by our Directors. Often, of an evening, as many as a score of players have attended and here I would like to pay tribute to some of our beginners. Several who have not handled a racquet before this season have made wonderful headway and are deserving of every encouragement, which I am sure they will receive. We are all looking forward to some good games during the winter which will enable us to "keep our eye in" and give an even better account of ourselves next year than we have this. In conclusion, a word of praise and gratitude to Mr. Huddy, our genial Hon. Secretary, for his quiet, efficient work, in the best interests of the club.

FORTHCOMING GRAND DANCE.

It is with great pleasure that I am able to say that the Simonds' Sports Club are arranging a Dance at the Large Town Hall for Friday, December 9th. The Committee are hoping to secure the services of the Band of H.M. Life Guards. Those of us who attended a similar function in January last have very vivid recollections of a most enjoyable evening; the music provided by the Life Guards was delightful, and the whole of the proceedings were most entertaining. All readers will be well advised if they make a special note of the date. Full particulars will appear in our next issue.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

While alterations were taking place in an ancient cottage the following "recipe" was found in a hole in the ceiling of an attic bedroom:

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Take 12oz. of Dislike, 1lb. of Resolution, 2oz. of the Powder of Experience, a large sprig of Time, 14 drams of the quiet of Dishonour, 1 quart of the cooling waters of Consideration. Set them over a gentle Fire of Love, sweeten it with the sugar of Forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of Melancholy. Put it to the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a sound conscience and then let it remain, and you instantly find ease and be restored to your right senses.

These things are to be had of the Apothecary at the House of Understanding, next door to Reason, in Prudent Street in the Parish of Contentment.

DIFFERENT VIEWS!

Vicar's Wife: "Before engaging you, Mary, I should like to know whether you have any religious views?"

Mary: "No, I'm afraid I haven't, ma'am. But I've got some lovely picture postcards of Blackpool."

UNITED COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Louis Simonds has promised to be the first president of the newly formed Reading branch of the United Commercial Travellers' Association. A dinner is being given in his honour on October 15th at Grosvenor House, Caversham, the headquarters of the branch, and there is every indication that a large gathering will be present to greet him.

MR. DUNCAN SIMONDS JOINS UP.

It is very gratifying to know that Mr. Eric Duncan Simonds, second son of our Chairman and Managing Director, has joined up at the Brewery and entered upon his duties at the beginning of this month. Mr. Duncan was educated at Eton, where he was head of his House, and at Magdalen. He has travelled a great deal in Germany, Australia, Holland, Italy, France, etc., is fond of sport and is a keen and competent motorist. All will wish him a long and successful career in the great Firm that bears his honoured name.

WORSE THAN VERSE.

The Lady Motorist.

She put out her right hand
Then turned to the left,
Now her parents are both
Of a daughter bereft.

The Road Hog.

He was doing fifty-sixty,
When a corner came in sight.
And six months later Jackson
Could almost sit upright!

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

The end of August turns our thoughts to the approach of winter, yet it so happened that September this time, in the main, proved very good for the late holiday-makers, which is what we all desire. In fact, one September week was probably the best the whole summer through.

Undoubtedly September was a very busy month for agricultural shows, ploughing matches and quite a good number of farm sales, and the Firm's products were on sale at most of them in our district.

To many of us the end of September means busy nights of balancing and all its attendant duties, owing to the end of our financial year. Although it will be some little time before substantial progress in balancing can be expected or realised, it will come in due course, so we are all hoping the final balance will not be too hard to "strike."

With the rest of the country we were all under the shadow of the international crisis, particularly during the fateful last week of the month, and many volunteered for duty for A.R.P. work at the Brewery, which, although the present situation is easier, is to continue. A letter of thanks and appreciation from Mr. F. A. Simonds, Chairman and Managing Director, on behalf of the Board, has been sent to every volunteer.

At Reading we have our new Board of Directors for the Football Club and hopes are running high that an extra special effort will be forthcoming to enable the Club to win promotion to the Second Division; at least that is the hope and wish of the new management. So far the Reading team have been plodding along in a steady way without becoming favourites for the promotion stakes, although, at the moment, there is very little in it. The number of players on the books of the Club at the start of the season was so small that when injuries came along the management had quite a job to put two teams in the field, especially during the period of two matches a week for both sides. Another month should see Reading in a good position in the League if the weak spots are strengthened.

To my mind, one of the most surprising events of the season has been the rise of Aldershot and to top the League is really wonderful. The "goals against" column tells the tale and to have only four goals debited to their defence in nine games speaks for itself.

Can you visualise them as a promotion hope? If they keep it up they should be a certainty. In a few weeks' time Reading, I believe, play them and this should be a bumper "gate."

Both our Branch teams, Portsmouth and Plymouth, are doing much better and after the disappointing season both Clubs had last time this is all to the good.

Brighton would seem to be much as usual; however, Reading had the best of it this time, obtaining three points against them out of four.

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

The Malt Shovel, Ramsbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. H. Brewin.

The Bird Cage, Thame (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. A. Clarke.

The King George V, Wycombe Marsh (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. R. J. Skipp.

Regarding this last mentioned change, the following extract is from the *Morning Advertiser* of the 21st September:—

"COUNCILLOR'S NEW VENTURE.

"NOW A LICENSEE.

"Licensed victuallers in High Wycombe and the surrounding district are now happy in the thought that a member of the Trade is now a member of the High Wycombe Borough Council. Not for generations has a licensed victualler occupied a seat on the Council.

"Councillor R. J. Skipp, ten years a member of the Council, has been granted the transfer of the licence of the King George V (formerly King of Prussia), Wycombe Marsh, from Albert John Abbott."

The *Bucks Free Press* also makes reference to this under the heading of "County Gossip," and we give below an extract:—

"In this connection a local resident writes: 'It must be 60 years or more since High Wycombe had a licensed victualler who was also a member of the Town Council. The last I remember was Councillor Charles Lintell, of the "Globe," White Hart Street.'"

The Saracens Head, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. Baldwin.

The Grapes, Windsor (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. Pullen.

The Old Dog, Shaw, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. A. Holdaway.

The Plough, Grazeley (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. E. Welch.

The Cheddar Cheese, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. J. J. Wilson.

The Three Horse Shoes, Meadle (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. C. E. Watson.

We much regret to record the death of Mr. W. G. Toombs, of the Off-Licence, 31, Denham Road, Egham, where he had been tenant since February, 1907. We extend our deepest sympathy to all relatives in their sad loss.

The following account from the *Surrey Herald and News* gives full details:—

"One of the most popular and best known of Egham residents, Mr. William George Toombs, died at his home, 31, Denham Road, after a long and painful illness.

"Born in Egham 58 years ago, Mr. Toombs spent all his life—except for war service—in his native town, and being a keen sportsman was brought into contact not only with his fellow townsmen but with others in the surrounding districts. Being of a jovial nature he was extremely popular, and his passing has been the occasion of many expressions of regret.

"The deceased was a capable footballer, and his active participation in the game goes back for at least 40 years. He assisted Egham and Chertsey Clubs, his contemporaries in the latter including Messrs. J. C. and L. H. Rider, E. M. Hampshire and R. Cooper. He was also a keen and enthusiastic cricketer, and rendered useful service to his local team for a considerable time. The river, too, commanded his interest, and at one time, with other members of his family, he was prominent in the prize-list at Egham Regatta and other river events. Mr. Toombs was also an esteemed member of the Egham Constitutional Club, the members of which mourn the passing of a very popular colleague.

"For a quarter of a century Mr. Toombs was a tradesman in Egham, as in 1913 he succeeded to the off-licence business in Denham Road which had been established some years previously by his father, who died that year.

" Much sympathy has been expressed with his sisters, one of whom is Mrs. Cave, of The Vine, Chertsey.

" He was buried in Englefield Green Cemetery. The Vicar (the Rev. A. C. Tranter) officiated, and the mourners were : Mrs. C. Cave, Mrs. Brooker (sisters), Miss Betty Brooker (niece), Mrs. R. Toombs (sister-in-law), Mr. C. Cave (brother-in-law), Mrs. Dryden (manageress), Messrs. W. Bowyer and G. B. Grove (representing Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.), Mrs. Dilks and Mr. Etherington (a friend from Buxton)."

WHEN WINTER COMES.

REMARKABLE FAMILY GATHERING.

Minutes of a Family Council, held at Homelands, Winfield, on Saturday, October 1st, for the purpose of passing orders on garments and footwear which had been in use during the past twelve months, and to hear cause why new wearing apparel should not be provided for the coming winter.

President : The Mistress of the Household.

Members : The Elder Son, the Younger Son, the Master.

The Council having assembled pursuant to Order proceeded to view the various exhibits. The Mistress having placed her entire wardrobe before the Council, declared that she hadn't a rag fit to wear, and her demands for a completely new rig out were passed without a single dissentient voice, the Master being too overcome by emotion to register his opinion either way. The Elder Son and the Younger Son also had their abnormally abnormal demands met to their entire satisfaction. The Master then submitted a blue serge suit *circa* 1931, double breasted, three buttons showing, bearing the well known hall mark of Mn. Bn., and which he justly considered rather the worse for wear and a bit under the weather. He was considerably surprised on being severely censured for doing so, the said suit being sentenced by the other members of the Council as thoroughly serviceable and fit for further wear.

The presence of several stains on the frontal, or Sudeten, area of the suit, was also strongly animadverted upon. These stains when subjected to a chemical analysis, gave a strong reaction denoting the presence of numerous vigorous colonies of vitamins S.B. A.L.E. and I.P.A. As these vitamins are only found to predominate in malt, hops, yeast and glucose, the Master was warned that his dietary was unbalanced, and that more roughage and a correspondingly less amount of liquid nourishment would be a desideratum. The suit having been cleansed with an intensive admixture of Discol Benzole and Castrol it was returned to the

Master and passed as being a fit and proper covering for him when he sallied forth, without let or hindrance, upon his lawful occasions. The Master was further directed to take all A.M.P. (anti-moth precautions) to exercise the said suit W.P. and to resubmit the suit to a Council to be holden in 1941.

The following recommendation was also made :—" That as and when wearing the said suit, a protective covering should be worn over the said frontal area, the covering to be either natural (*i.e.* hirsute) or a shield made from the coagulated juice of certain tropical plants which is waterproof and pliable." On hearing this recommendation the Master left the Council in a despondent mood, and when last seen was steering a course N.E. by N. towards a refuelling station conspicuously marked by a Black B(u)oy but minus the aforementioned covering.

T.M., Shinfield.

SUPREME BENEFCIAL
 I N
 M OMENTS
 O F
 N ERVOUS
 D EPRESSION.
 S. B.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

HOW ROOKS CRACK WALNUTS.

SPARROWS' DISCOURTESY TO GARDEN WARBLER.

I am sure we all appreciate the fine new Sports Ground which our Directors have so generously provided for us. I have spent many very happy hours there, not only in the broiling sun, knocking about a tennis ball, but in the cool of the early morning. You may then see countless rooks and jackdaws leaving Coley Park, where they have roosted during the night, for their feeding grounds. They create a great din as they discuss the prospects of the day and then, at eventide, there is "a long, long, trail a-winding" as they wing their way home, again engaging in noisy conversation before settling down for the night.

HARES, HAWKS, MISSEL THRUSHES AND LINNETS.

Perhaps you will disturb a lanky leveret who will race away at many miles per hour, dip under the fence and soon be lost to view. A kestrel is almost always on view. He seems to particularly favour the building land to the east, lying waste. Over here he will hover, suddenly dive down like an arrow and return to the Park holding some poor little field vole or bird in his cruel claws. Whether it is morning, noon, or night, you will probably see a covey of partridges, and there is one spot particularly to their liking. I suppose that here is some form of food that they fancy. There are also many missel thrushes—fine fellows with their handsome mottled breasts. Nor must I forget the linnets. There are hosts of these sweet songsters and only this morning (September 25th) I flushed a large company of at least a hundred of them. I hope they were not eating too many of the grass seeds sown there. Few of us can be unmoved by the linnet's singing, but which of us, until the poet touched our lazy hearts, have been carried by it to such a thought as Flecker so beautifully expressed when he wrote :—

A linnet who had lost her way
Sang on a blackened bough in Hell
Till all the ghosts remembered well
The trees, the wind, the golden day.

At last they knew that they had died,
When they heard music in the land,
And someone there stole forth a hand
To draw a brother to his side.

ROOKS AND WALNUTS.

Noticing a number of rooks carrying some rounded form of food in their beaks, alighting on the ground and pecking away vigorously at what they had obtained, I made a good guess concerning the nature of the meal they were consuming. And I had not travelled far on my way home before, in a very interesting way, I had proof of the accuracy of my guess. High over the Bath Road was an old rook, and he suddenly dropped something on to the hard road, flew down at a great pace, picked up what he had dropped again and then re-ascending high into the air repeated the performance. He had a walnut and this was his mode of cracking the shell. Soon afterwards I purposely passed by some walnut trees and saw about a dozen of these black marauders helping themselves to the nuts and flying away with them. I approached within a few yards of one rook and, taken by surprise, he dropped a walnut at my feet. I was of course very grateful but thought he might have left a little salt to go with the tasty morsel! The nut was dead ripe, with rather a thin shell, and quite easy to crack.

GARDEN WARBLER STILL HERE.

Convinced that I heard snatches of the deep mellow song of the garden warbler in my garden on Saturday, September 24th, I looked out of my window and there sure enough was this wonderful little vocalist in his light brown suit. The garden warbler is very much the colour of the house sparrow but these perky fellows showed they knew the difference in no uncertain manner. The

sparrows were enjoying a bathe in the bird bath and the poor little warbler wanted to have a bathe too. Time and again he alighted on the edge of the bath but it was all to no purpose for no sooner had he done so than the sparrows attacked him and eventually, evidently disappointed, he flew away—to where I hope he will receive more chivalrous treatment. Just later a chiff-chat appeared, uttered a few of his familiar notes, and passed on.

THE DARTFORD WARBLER.

Mr. F. A. Simonds, who has a wide knowledge of natural history, was asking me the other day about the Dartford Warbler. It is one of the few British birds that I have not yet had the privilege of seeing, but I learn on the best authority that it affects furzy commons in several southern and western counties though it is nowhere abundant. Its habits are similar to those of the Stone and Furze Chats and it raises the feathers of its head, thus forming a crest. A very shy bird, the Dartford Warbler has a particularly long tail and derives its name from having been first seen—and shot, of course!—on Bexley Heath, near Dartford, in 1773.

CITY TREES.

By Edna Vincent Millay.

The trees along this city street,
Save for the traffic and the trains,
Would make a sound as thin and sweet
As trees in country lanes.

And people standing in the shade
Out of a shower, undoubtedly
Would hear such music as is made
Upon a country tree.

Oh, little leaves that are so dumb
Against the shrieking city air,
I watch you when the wind has come—
I know what sound is there.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

People these days are easily scared. There are horrible headlines in all our papers; bloodshed, war, atrocities, poverty, misery, woe. There is talk of the muddle in high places, or what we should do next about something overseas or afar off. But don't forget, however muddled the world may seem in the papers, your world begins with you!

Your world is closely packed round you—your husband, children, or, if you are not fortunate enough to have those, you have mother and/or father, brothers, sisters, or you may be a maid in service—then the people you wait on kindly and efficiently every day are your world for the present, anyway. You can alter your world, whoever you are. You may not be able to do much about foreign matters, or the peace of the universe, but you can do much about the matters in your own house, or in the house in which you live; you can do a lot about the peace of that!

You may have some querulous invalid dependent on you for news, interest, food, attention, cleanliness, comfort—that is a lot for one person to be responsible for.

You have husband and children dependent on you for happiness. Your husband may be the bread-winner, but you are the butter-and-jam-winner, as it were. Just bread, or just home, without your influence and your touch would be a very empty thing.

It is good for us sometimes to think well of ourselves. It is right at other times to take ourselves to task. It all depends on the moment and the mood—also affairs generally. But there are many times when to think "well—I am important. I have so-and-so dependent on me for happiness, and without me this home might still go on, but it would lack much." It is good for us to think that sometimes and to reach up and give ourselves a pat on the back. If we pat our own backs, we shall have the husbands, sons and daughters doing it, too, or the grateful praise of our invalids, and they will feel better for it as well as you.

But don't forget, first we must earn the pats. We must be conscious of doing our utmost in our own particular corner of the world, which is our little world, to make things better; then we can go ahead, daily doing the apparently insignificant tasks, which would mean so much if we ceased to do them.

Never mind whether you get the pats or not. There is always One who is watching, and only too willing to say, "Well done."

TO CHARLES DICKENS.

Why do you place in our affection hold
 Usurped by none?
 Whilst writers new, inventive, daring, bold,
 Rise, one by one,
 And clamorous for our attention call
 Then go their ways and to oblivion fall.
 Perhaps we cannot say—nor reason give
 Why Little Nell
 And Martin Chuzzlewit immortal live
 —Perhaps 'tis well
 That we should sometimes cease to analyse
 The cause of tears and laughter in our eyes.
 Books we may have—brave volumes by the score
 On which to browse
 —Encyclopedias, a ton or more,
 O'er which to drowse:
 And, as the shadows steal across the lawn,
 We glance from page to page, and listless yawn.
 But often, as, toward the fire we've turned
 An easy chair
 With Pickwick or Micawber we have learned
 To laugh at care
 Have owned you brook no rivals on our shelves
 Or in your Characters have seen ourselves.

S. E. COLLINS.

OUTBREAK OF FIRE AT THE BREWERY.

EFFICIENT WORK OF OUR BRIGADE.

On the morning of September 12th a fire broke out in the South Berks Store Room, adjoining the Catering Department yard. It was first noticed at 10.45 a.m. by a Bottling Beers Department employee. Two minutes later the siren was sounded and every department notified. Simonds Fire Brigade, with fire trailer, acted with commendable promptitude and were on the scene at 10.52 a.m., the fire being extinguished about 11.30 a.m.

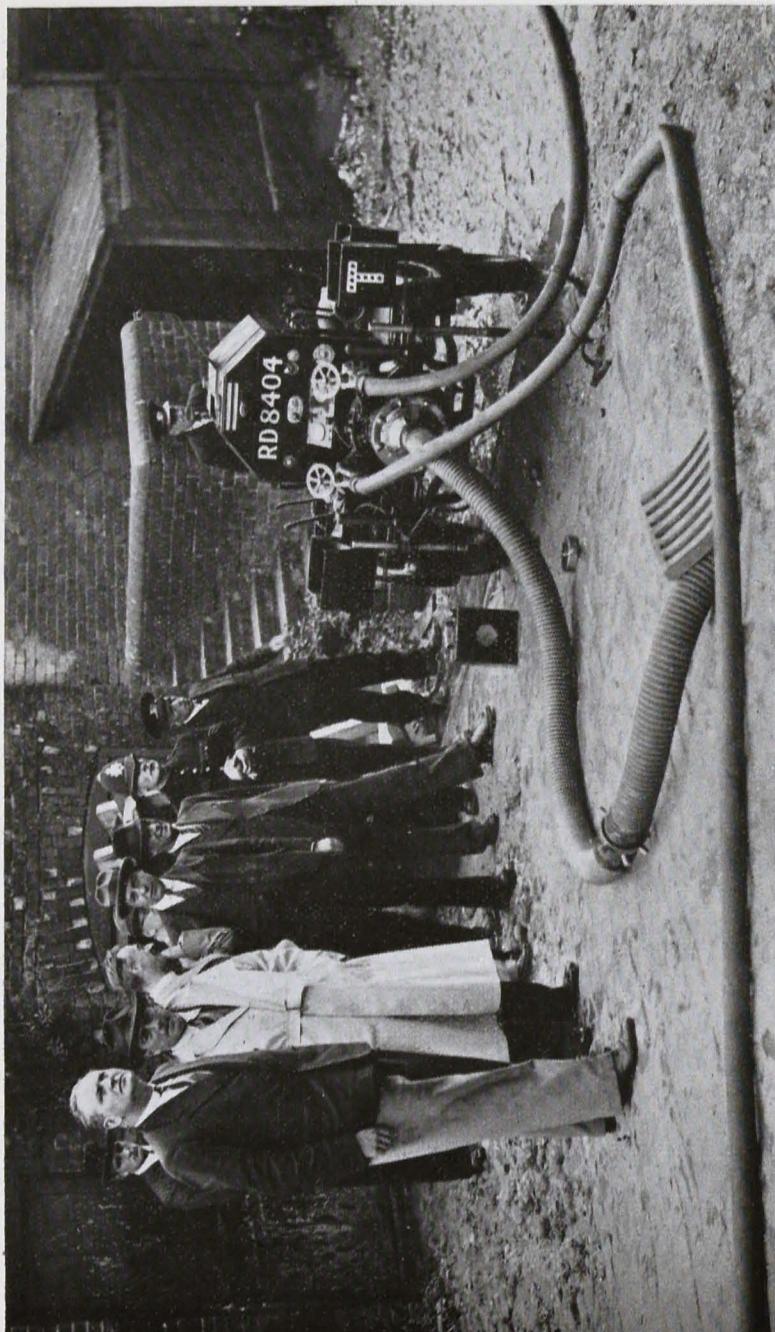
The Reading Fire Brigade also attended, but did not have to bring their engine into action.

Commander H. D. Simonds, who is in supreme command of the Brewery Brigade was, with Chief Officer G. F. Andrews, early on the scene, while our Chairman and Managing Director (Mr. F. A. Simonds) and other Directors watched the Brigade at work and afterwards complimented the men on their fine performance.

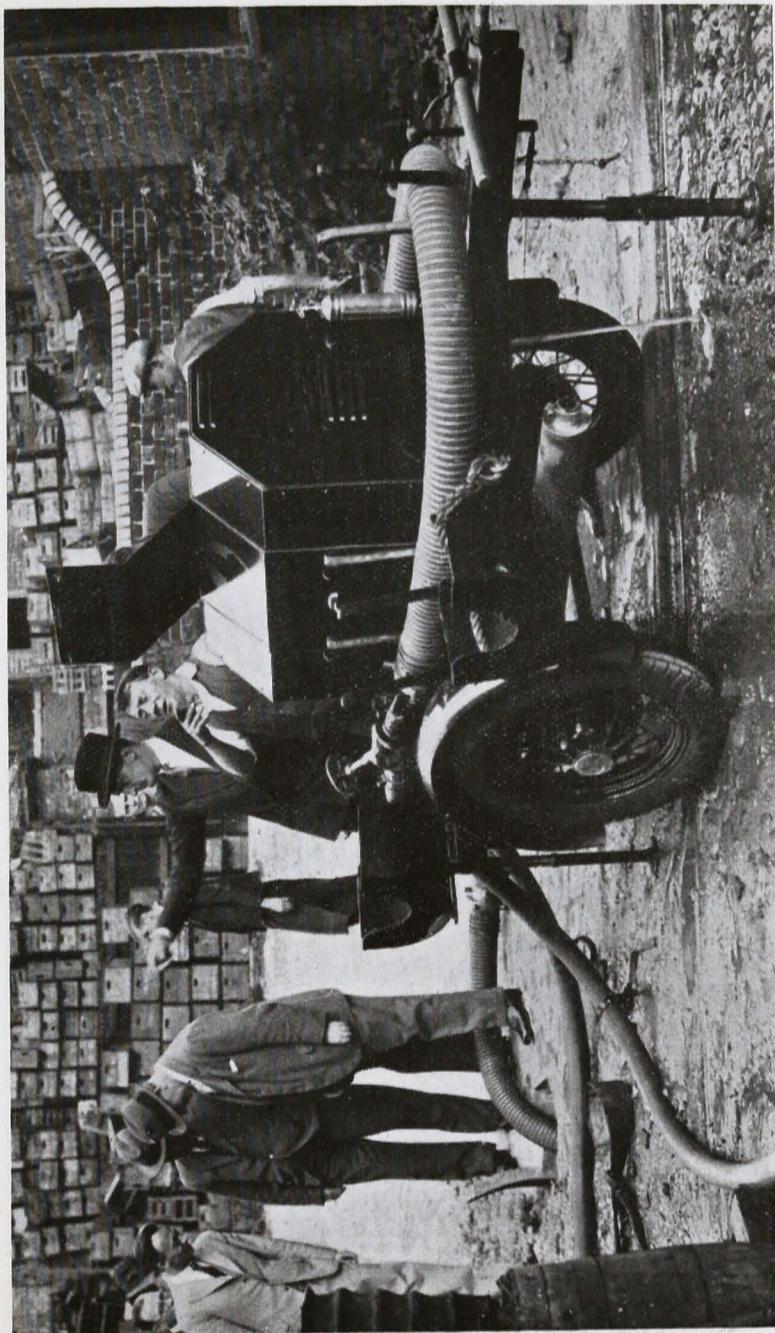
The valued assistance of the Reading Fire Brigade was much appreciated as also was the presence and help of members of the Reading Borough Police Force, including the Chief Constable, Mr. T. A. Burrows.



As always, our Directors are on the spot in times of emergency and here are to be seen, left to right, Mr. R. St. J. Quarry, Brig.-General H. Simonds de Brett, Mr. F. A. Simonds, Major G. S. M. Ashby, Commander H. D. Simonds and Mr. H. M. P. Ashby.



Interested spectators watching operations.



The Fire Engine in action.



Botling Stores Boys ready to help.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

If you have much, give much ; if little, give little, but with joy.

Find something interesting in every disagreeable task.

I'm but a cog in Life's vast wheel
That daily makes the same old trip,
But what a joy it is to feel
That, but for me, the world might slip,
It's something, after all, to jog
Along and be a first-class cog.

No man who was not a true gentleman at heart, ever was, since the world began a true gentleman in manner.

It is far better to pin a flower in a man's coat than to send twenty wreaths to his funeral.

The measure of knowledge is the acknowledgment of ignorance.

Superstition, being much easier to believe than it is to explain, will continue popular as long as people refuse to think.

Anything that makes a noise is satisfactory to a crowd.

Is it not a poor and paltry thing for a man or woman to be so taken up with the gew-gaws and baubles of this life as to forget the big, strong, and sacred realities of it? We are not sent here to see who can pile up the largest fortune, or obtain the greatest social success ; but our primary duty is to build up character. In this world none of us count for much. If you go out in society you are nothing more than a visiting card ; if you are a politician you are nothing but a vote ; if you are travelling you are nothing but a ticket, and when you stop at an hotel you are nothing but a number. But before God you are so much character, and each one of us has a call for him, direct and immediate, to build up a lofty character. No one can plead that this is a task for which he is unfitted. The materials for character-building lie at our very feet.

THERE'S ALWAYS HOPE.

We never take the last step, there is always one more to go ; one more chance to find new roads, and to leave behind old woe. One more chance to step aside from the strange roads we've pursued, for one of life's deepest blessings is its splendid magnitude.

We never take the last step, there are always new ways to begin, and our next step is so often the step by which we win. So don't think hope is needed, and don't get overstrung, for until life be over its last song is not sung.

THREE THREES.

Three things to despise—cruelty, arrogance, and ingratitude. Three things to wish for—health, friends, and contentment. Three things to admire—dignity, gracefulness, and intellectual power.

Beware of little expenses, a small leak will sink a great ship.

Nothing is happiness which is not shared by at least one other.

The world is blest most by men who do things, and not by those who merely talk about them.

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.

Good mothers are the salt of the earth. They are the backbone of any nation. Theirs is a sacred office, an office whose dignity cannot be over-stressed, an office for which God seems to have endowed woman with special gifts. He must have taken finer clay when he made a mother's heart. He must have formed it larger and made it firmer to stand the trials that were to come. Into it He must have breathed a little longer than it might be

warmer with love, more gentle, more kind. It is one of the masterpieces of His creation—a mother's heart. It seems to be a mother's mission always to be a mother. In the world's eyes we may be men or women. To mothers we are still her little ones ; we are still her "little ships." Every man keeps a shrine in his heart to his mother. Be he rich or poor, a success or a failure, that shrine is in every man's heart. It is a sacred spot to which he can turn from the storm and stress of life. It is a spot hallowed by the memories of better days, when life's horizons were closer and its skies bluer and brighter. Life plays queer tricks with us all, but it never destroys the sacred charm of that dear name, mother.

To live nobly is to have respect rather than respectability ; we must respect others, and never jeer at them or make them feel cheap. There is something, at any rate, of the divine in the human. Little people see faults in others ; noble and big people see effort as well as failure, self-sacrifice as well as insignificance. Seeing through people, they see the ultimate good in them, not the superficial weakness. To live nobly is to think nobly ; to be sympathetic is to think with sympathy ; to be kind is to think kindly. There is no hidden secret about greatness, but it demands great spiritual tenacity.

At work and play

Or when at rest

There is no doubt

*that **Beer** is **Best**.*

CRICKET.

Now is the time for looking back on past history and a brief peep into the future. Unless things unforeseen happen, we have rung down the curtain on Prospect Park for our home games of cricket. Well! many pleasant matches have been played there these past sixteen years. We have had good wins, heavy defeats, even ties and indecisive results.

Next season we hope to be on our own sports ground and every endeavour will be made to have an opening match worthy of the occasion.

The results of the season were given in last month's GAZETTE and the reports of the matches have appeared in successive issues. Let us look back on things in general.

Firstly, Practice! We had the advantage of practising in our own nets. Naturally the matting surface was strange, but one soon became used to this. The ball, provided the delivery was of proper direction and length, came through truly and thus begat confidence in the batsmen.

The assistance of a Coach for five evenings was obtained to demonstrate the method to make correct strokes and the grip on the ball to make it "do" things. A good number attended on four evenings and generally speaking profited by Mr. Caryer's hints. As he so tritely said, "I can only show you—not do it for you."

The averages do not blatantly point out that the pupils are on the top, to the detriment of those who were unable to be present on those few evenings. The writer, however, was told by some members that, in matches, they remembered things and occasionally opened out to some advantage.

In arriving at the averages, it has been decided to take six matches as the qualification, although the "B" team actually played more matches than the "A's."

E. G. Crutchley heads both batting and bowling for the 1st XI. He batted most confidently and was four times undefeated at the end of the innings.

H. S. Tigar played in all the "A" matches and helped the "B" team on two occasions. He had to bear the brunt of the bowling; in fact he bowled one more over than the three who stand above him in the list.

W. R. Brown heads the 2nd XI batting. He had one splendid innings of 62, which was the highest completed knock of the season.

B. Farmer again leads the bowling list, although he is closely followed by L. Field and E. C. Greenaway.

What of the respective Skippers. Well! they always have plenty to do. It is not merely going on to the field and tossing a coin. They have to get the teams together and sometimes it is a real hard job to scrape up eleven players especially when the holidays are in full swing. Both Mr. C. R. Josey for the "A's" and Mr. E. C. Greenaway for the "B's" did yeoman service.

The task of working out averages for the inter-departmental games was extremely awkward. It would have been easy if all four teams had played three matches—then the qualification could have been two games. To make it as equal as possible, two matches have been taken where three matches have been played and one or more in the other cases.

It may be of interest to readers to know that 64 players took part in the league games, the Rest of the Brewery calling up 19 men for their three games.

AVERAGES.

"A" TEAM.

BATTING.

	Innings.	Times Not Out.	Runs.	Most in Innings.	Average.
E. G. Crutchley ...	6	4	113	45*	56.5
H. S. Tigar ...	11	1	168	41	16.8
H. Tozer ...	8	1	106	33	15.14
A. V. Hedgington ...	8	—	115	45	14.37
C. R. Josey ...	9	1	114	43	14.25
B. Nicholls ...	8	1	59	24	8.42
W. J. Greenaway ...	8	1	38	20	5.42
W. Busby ...	7	—	23	11	3.28
J. W. Jelley ...	6	—	10	5	1.66

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

J. J. Cardwell ...	3	—	29	12	9.66
W. Neville ...	5	1	32	14*	8
Capt. A. S. Drewe ...	3	—	16	10	5.33

The following also batted:—

J. B. Doe ...	1	—	14	14	14
G. Gigg ...	2	—	18	17	9
L. Field ...	1	—	7	7	7
W. R. Brown ...	1	—	4	4	4
F. J. Benham ...	2	—	8	8	4
E. L. Morgan ...	2	—	6	6	3
T. Kent ...	1	—	3	3	3
E. C. Greenaway ...	1	1	2	2*	2
P. E. Hammond ...	2	—	3	2	1.5
S. Collins ...	4	3	—	—	—
H. M. P. Ashby ...	1	—	—	—	—
R. Broad ...	1	—	—	—	—

* Signifies not out.

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
E. G. Crutchley ...	49	16	91	16	5·68
H. Tozer ...	40	6	154	20	7·7
A. V. Hedgington ...	41·3	5	155	13	11·92
H. S. Tigar ...	131·4	16	435	31	14·03

The following bowled in three or less than six matches :—

W. Neville ...	7·3	—	42	6	7
W. Busby ...	9	1	51	1	51

The following bowled in less than three matches :—

R. Broad ...	·3	—	1	1	1
G. Gigg ...	2·3	—	14	2	7
E. C. Greenaway ...	1	—	1	—	—
R. A. Preston ...	2	—	18	—	—
E. L. Morgan ...	1	—	24	—	—

CATCHES.

W. J. Greenaway 7 ; W. Neville and H. S. Tigar 5 each ; A. V. Hedgington 4 ; E. G. Crutchley and C. R. Josey 3 each ; F. J. Benham, J. B. Doe and B. Nicholls 2 each ; W. Busby, S. Collins, E. C. Greenaway, J. W. Jelley and E. L. Morgan 1 each.

" B " TEAM.

BATTING.

	Innings.	Times Not Out.	Runs.	Most in Innings.	Average.
W. R. Brown ...	12	—	133	62	11·08
E. C. Greenaway ...	12	—	97	33	8·08
E. Barrett ...	12	—	90	37	7·5
L. Field ...	9	—	65	26	7·22
B. Farmer ...	13	—	58	22	4·46
W. A. Benham ...	6	—	26	17	4·33
K. Priddy ...	8	2	26	13	4·33
G. Kelly ...	11	—	41	19	3·72
J. Denton ...	7	—	15	5	2·14
A. R. Waite ...	12	2	14	4	1·4
A. Mills ...	6	1	7	7*	1·4

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

R. Kemp ...	6	3	20	7*	6·66
W. Whitmore ...	4	—	11	7	2·75
N. Tott ...	5	—	13	5	2·6
P. E. Hammond ...	5	—	9	4	1·8
L. Swain ...	5	1	7	3	1·75
S. Collins ...	3	—	3	2	1

The following also batted :—

	Innings.	Times Not Out.	Runs.	Most in Innings.	Average.
E. L. Morgan ...	1	1	24	24*	24
H. S. Tigar ...	2	—	18	12	9
W. Busby ...	1	—	9	9	9
G. Gigg ...	1	—	4	4	4
B. Nicholls ...	1	—	3	3	3
H. Tozer ...	1	—	3	3	3
J. Brown ...	1	—	1	1	1
— Hughes ...	1	—	—	—	—
R. Priddy ...	1	—	—	—	—
A. Tugwell ...	1	—	—	—	—
J. Tempest... ..	2	2	—	—	—
E. Sainsbury ...	3	1	—	—	—

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
B. Farmer ...	89·5	14	243	34	7·14
L. Field ...	30·4	3	88	12	7·33
E. C. Greenaway ...	126·5	30	270	36	7·5

The following bowled in three or less than six matches :—

W. Whitmore ...	26	4	70	11	6·36
W. A. Benham ...	20·4	4	47	7	6·71
A. Mills ...	12·4	—	47	7	6·71
A. R. Waite ...	26	6	74	8	9·25

The following also bowled :—

H. Tozer ...	12	3	19	4	4·75
H. S. Tigar ...	15·4	2	40	7	5·71
N. Tott ...	4	—	16	1	16
E. L. Morgan ...	3	2	1	—	—
W. Busby ...	3	—	8	—	—
W. R. Brown ...	2	—	15	—	—
G. Kelly ...	5	—	26	—	—

CATCHES.

W. R. Brown, B. Farmer and L. Field 7 each ; A. R. Waite 5 ; J. Denton E. C. Greenaway, and E. Barrett 3 each ; R. Kemp, P. E. Hammond, A. Mills, L. Swain and N. Tott 2 each ; W. Busby, G. Kelly, E. L. Morgan, J. Tempest, A. Tugwell and W. Whitmore 1 each.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL MATCHES.

To give comprehensive averages for all the players engaged in the league would take up more space than " Mr. Editor " would be inclined to allow. As a matter of interest, the two top places in each team are given. The abandoned match between the Offices and Delivery Department has not been included in these averages.

BATTING.

	<i>Innings.</i>	<i>Times Not Out.</i>	<i>Runs.</i>	<i>Most in Innings.</i>	<i>Average.</i>
OFFICES.					
E. G. Crutchley...	1	—	28	28	28
C. R. Josey ...	2	—	23	18	11.5
SURVEYORS AND BUILDING DEPARTMENT.					
F. Chandler ...	3	1	52	31*	26
E. C. Greenaway	3	2	14	11	14
DELIVERY DEPARTMENTS.					
W. Busby ...	1	1	34	34*	34
H. Tozer ...	2	1	22	18*	22
REST OF BREWERY.					
F. J. Benham ...	2	—	26	22	13
H. M. P. Ashby	2	—	18	14	9

BOWLING.

	<i>Overs.</i>	<i>Maidens.</i>	<i>Runs.</i>	<i>Wickets.</i>	<i>Average.</i>
OFFICES.					
J. B. Doe ...	3.2	—	10	4	2.5
E. G. Crutchley...	12.4	4	25	6	4.16
SURVEYORS AND BUILDING DEPARTMENT.					
F. Chandler ...	21	4	43	8	5.37
Capt. A. S. Drewe	4.4	—	20	3	6.66
DELIVERY DEPARTMENT.					
H. Tozer ...	15.2	1	43	12	3.56
H. S. Tigar ...	13.1	—	49	7	7
REST OF BREWERY.					
H. M. P. Ashby	8.3	1	24	5	4.8
B. Farmer ...	14	3	57	6	9.5

J.W.J.

BINDING OF VOLUME XII.

The September issue having completed Volume XII, 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 TROUTING EXPEDITION.

MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT FLY-FISHING.

The trout season has finished, but this year I had my first trouting expedition. To me—an ordinary "float" angler—the joys of such an expedition were quite unknown and I looked forward with much pleasure to a day by a meandering stream in the calm and peace of the countryside.

My friend and I set off to the scene of operations not far from Reading and as we approached the old stone bridge the gurgle of running water made us involuntarily quicken our stride—we were anxious to be at it. The rod was very soon put together and the first fly thrown.

I watched my companion at work and envied him his skill. A very high wind was blowing and the conditions were by no means ideal, but the expert was throwing a "pretty fly" and I should have been surprised if the creel had remained empty for very long. Then "plomp," a nice fish jumped fully a foot out of the water to take his lunch and, as he sank back into the depths, a very accurate fly was thrown, alighting in the middle of the ever-widening circle of ripples. The lure was taken almost as soon as it touched the water and after a short battle we were admiring a lovely speckled beauty—it never pays, Mr. Trout, to be too greedy!

A few more trout fall to the rod and one in particular calls for a little attention. He took the fly and with a great dash, off he went for safety, trying hard to reach the weeds and the old tree stumps on the other side of the stream. This was a grand sight for a fisherman—the rod bent, the screech of the reel making "sweet music," and the trout jumping right out of the water, twisting this way and then that, a lithe beautiful body giving a marvellous display of acrobatics! I knelt on the bank, net in hand, and twice with brilliant bursts of speed Mr. Trout evaded capture. But he was very carefully handled and eventually I lifted him from the water.

After resting and partaking of some refreshments I was initiated into the art of casting a fly. The experienced hand of my friend had made this seem easy in the extreme, but I found it very difficult with the choppy wind that was blowing. However, the teaching was good and I soon began to get the "feel" of the rod. How I should have liked to have hooked a big trout that even the expert would have admired! (Professional jealousy it may have been, but I was hoping for novice's luck!) And so I still have to hook my first trout (and land it!), but I sincerely hope this is a pleasure not long deferred.

All good things come to an end and we packed up and made our way to the old bridge, after a day stolen from the years and every minute enjoyed.

Thank you, Mr. Perrin!

P.J.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

FUSSY PASSENGER : " Is the 4.10 a good train ? "

PORTER : " Well, people will talk, of course, ma'am, but there's nothing definitely known ag'in 'er. "

* * * *

" Mither says there was a fly in th' cake she bought here yesterday ! "

" Is that so ? Weel, tell yer mither tae bring it back an' I'll gie her a currant ! "

* * * *

An ardent golfer in Aberdeen spent most of his spare time on the golf course. He bought a new house and he was surprised when his wife said that she had decided to call the new house " The Niblick. "

" Why, " he said, " that is the club I hardly ever use. " His wife replied—" Exactly. That is why I am giving that name to the house. "

* * * *

DOCTOR : " You've been knocked down by a motor car, and you are now in bed in your mother-in-law's house. You're a very fortunate man. "

THE VICTIM : " Why ? is she away ? "

* * * *

A negro named Sambo had a watch given to him. He thought a lot of the watch, and one day it stopped. On opening the back he found a dead fly. " Ah, " said Sambo. " No wonder de watch won't go. De driver am dead. "

* * * *

" Is the managing director in ? "

" Yes. "

" May I speak to him ? "

" When he comes out. "

" When will he come out ? "

" In four years. "

The only things getting longer about women's evening gowns are the shoulder straps.

* * * *

" Rather unsettled to-day, sir " said the waiter, with " tip " written all over his face.

" Yes, " was the reply, " and apparently there'll be no change coming either. "

* * * *

JANE : " Oh, Fred, baby has swallowed the matches. What shall we do ? "

FRED : " Here, use my cigarette-lighter. "

* * * *

" George, " cried his wife, shaking him in the middle of the night, " there's a mouse in the bedroom ! "

" Well, what about it ? "

" I can hear it squeaking. "

" Well, d'you want me to get up and oil it ? "

* * * *

" Mrs. Smith's pet dog has been run over ; she'll be heart-broken. "

" Don't tell her abruptly. "

" No, I'll begin by saying it's her husband. "

* * * *

CUSTOMER : " I've brought that last pair of trousers to be resealed. You know I sit a lot. "

TAILOR : " Yes, and I hope you've brought the bill to be received. You know I've stood a lot. "

* * * *

WALTER (*over the telephone*) : " And will you post the ring back to me ? "

WINIFRED : " You'd better send someone for it ; glass gets broken in the post. "

"Here's a penny for you, my man," she said to the frayed and ragged-looking individual. "I'm not giving it to you for charity's sake, but merely because it pleases me."

"Thankee; but couldn't you make it a shilling and enjoy yourself thoroughly, ma'am?"

* * * *

To be a really good gardener, says an expert, one must take pains. Most people, of course, take them in the small of the back.

* * * *

"Pardon me for walking on your feet," said the polite passer-by.

"Oh, don't mention it," returned the equally polite victim. "I often walk on them myself."

* * * *

PRISON CHAPLAIN (*at the close of a somewhat lengthy sermon*): "Number 197, 'Art thou weary?'"

CONVICT No. 197 (*rising in his place*): "I am, sir."

* * * *

Jones was feeling queer, so he went to a doctor. The doctor, however, failed to diagnose the trouble.

"I'll tell you what to do," he said after a while. "Wrap a piece of paper round yourself, and prick it in every place you feel a pain."

Jones did this, but when on the following day he came to look for the paper he found it missing.

"Have you seen a roll of paper anywhere?" he asked his wife.

"Why, yes," she replied. "I put it on the pianola, and it played 'The Last Round Up.'"

* * * *

A group of golfers were telling "tall" stories. At last came a veteran's turn.

"Well," he said, "I once drove a ball (accidentally, of course) through a cottage window. The ball knocked over an oil lamp, and the whole place caught fire."

"What did you do?" asked his friends.

"Oh," said the veteran. "I immediately teed another ball, took careful aim, and hit the fire alarm in the High Street and that brought out the fire brigade before any damage was done."

The vicarage children were saying their prayers one Saturday night and mother asked little Jane to choose a hymn, and she chose "Ere our Sabbath close."

"But that is a hymn for Sunday," said mother. "No!" said Jane. "We air our Sunday clothes on Saturday."

* * * *

Two young men were arguing as to whether the word "vision" and the word "sight" meant the same thing. The discussion grew rather hot, and at last the one who maintained that they did not mean the same thing said, "Now look here, if they do mean the same thing I'll say my girl is a vision and yours is a sight!"

* * * *

Passing through a village street a recruiting sergeant met a young farmhand delivering milk.

"Now, my lad, wouldn't you like to serve the King?" he asked.

"I would, mister," replied the other, "But I can only let him have a quart at night an' a pint in the morning."

* * * *

LITTLE WILLIE: "Daddy, give me a sixpence."

DADDY: "Don't you think you're getting too a big a boy to be asking for sixpences?"

LITTLE WILLIE: "All right. Give me a bob."

* * * *

MISTRESS: "Are you used to cooking for dinner parties?"

COOK: "Yes, I can do it both ways."

MISTRESS: "What do you mean by 'both ways'?"

COOK: "The visitors will either come again, or they'll stay away."

* * * *

"May I ask what is your profession?" asked one of the older residents in the boarding-house.

"Sculptor," said the newcomer.

"Good!" exclaimed the senior. "You are just the man we want. Would you mind carving this joint of beef?"

MOTHER (*finding John, aged four, playing with her purse*):
"John, put that down. You know you mustn't play with Mummie's purse."

JOHN: "Oh, Mummie, I wasn't playing—I was helping. I've licked all your stamps ready to go on your letters."

* * * *

It was the custom at the school for a teacher to write on the blackboard any instructions she wished to give the caretaker.

One evening on entering a classroom the caretaker saw written up: "Find the greatest common denominator."

"Goodness!" he exclaimed. "Is that darned thing lost again?"

* * * *

"Nice frock you're wearing." "Yes. Do you like it? I had it for my twentieth birthday."

"Really! It's worn well."

* * * *

"Lady," said the beggar, "could you gimme a shilling to go where my family is?"

"Certainly, my poor man, here's a shilling. Where is your family?"

"At the movies."

* * * *

MAID: "Please, m'm, there's a man at the door wants to sell a lady's bicycle."

MISTRESS: "Oh—in what condition?"

MAID: "Well, m'm, 'e's 'ad a few."

* * * *

POLICEMAN: "Now, then, come on! What's your name?"

SPEED FIEND: "Demetrius Aloysius Fortescue."

POLICEMAN: "None o' that, now. It's your name I want, not the family motto."

PARK KEEPER (*to sleeping tramp*): "Hi! Wake up! I'm just going to shut the gates!"

TRAMP: "Awright, old chap—don't slam 'em!"

* * * *

A Manchester commercial traveller met another "knight of the road" in the dining car.

"Of course, you're from Lancashire?" said the latter.

The Manchester man replied that he was, and asked why the question had been asked.

"Oh, I was just accounting for your accent," was the reply.

Then the Manchester man said: "And where do you come from?"

"Worcester," replied the other, innocently.

"Ah, well," remarked the other, "now I can account for your sauce."

* * * *

"I'd like to teach your men to put some fire into their work," said the efficiency expert.

"Get out of here—you're crazy!" roared the manager, "this is a dynamite factory!"

* * * *

The tenant of the flat reviewed the decorations which had just been completed.

"How do you like them, sir?" the painter asked, as he packed up his tools.

"I'm very pleased indeed," said the tenant. "Here's half-a-crown for you. Take the missus to the pictures."

In the evening the front door bell rang, and the tenant opened the door. To his surprise there stood the painter, dressed in his Sunday best.

"Well, my man, what do you want?" he asked.

"I've come to take the missus to the pictures as you said," replied the painter.

An aggressive young woman was scolding the bus-conductor for treading on her toe. When the battle had died down he asked her for her fare.

"Liverpool Street Station!" she snapped out, tendering a coin.

"Single?" he asked.

"Yes!"

"H'm! I'm not surprised."

* * * *

Two little street arabs saw a Bishop and were puzzled by his appearance. "I'll tell you what he is, Bill," said one of them; "he's a Highlander what's caught cold in his legs."

* * * *

The little boy was in disgrace, and his modern mother, who did not believe in punishment without explanation, spoke to him very gravely before administering the well-deserved spanking.

"Sonny," she said, "it was very wrong of you to disobey me, so I am going to spank you to impress it upon your mind."

Sonny, who was as modern as his mother, eyed her coldly.

"Mother," he said, "are you not proceeding under a slight misapprehension as to the exact location of the mind?"

* * * *

The Territorials were engaged upon their annual camp at the seaside, and one of the rawest recruits had been told off as batman to the C.O.

The first morning the recruit went to receive his orders. "Ah, my man," said the colonel, looking him over. "Your work will be to clean my boots, polish my buttons, shine my belt, shave me; then see to my horse, groom it, clean the bridle and saddle. After that you cook and serve my breakfast, and clean up everything in the tent. Then on to the parade ground, where you'll drill for two hours. Now, is all that clear?"

The recruit scratched his head. "That's quite clear, sir," he replied. "But, tell me—is there anyone else in the Army?"

* * * *

The daughter of a very strict man had gone to a night club and remained until early morning. When she appeared for breakfast she was greeted with: "Good morning, thou daughter of the devil."

"Good morning, father," she replied respectfully.

* * * *

A well-known lawyer was always lecturing his office boy, whether he needed it or not. One day he chanced to hear the following conversation between the boy and the one employed next door:

"How much does your chief pay you?" asked the latter.

"I get £300 a year. A pound a week in cash and the rest in legal advice!"

* * * *

"Lady, if you give us a penny my little brother'll imitate a hen."

"What'll he do?" asked the lady. "Cackle like a hen?"

"Naw," replied the boy in disgust. "He wouldn't do a cheap imitation like that. He'll eat a worm!"

* * * *

Two railway officials were puzzled by the fact that a local farmer never took a ticket when he went to the neighbouring market, but always handed the cash to one of them.

These men were brothers and the general factotums of the station. But at last they approached the farmer to learn why he persisted in handing the money to them instead of buying a ticket in the usual way.

The reply was: "Years ago I lost a cow on the railway and never got compensation, so I vowed the company would never get another penny from me—and I know they never will while you're here."



BRANCHES.

BRISTOL.



The above snapshot is of the Bristol staff at the Fete in Coley Park on August 27th. This photograph reached us too late for inclusion amongst the many other excellent photographs which appeared in the September issue.

PORTSMOUTH.

The Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Garbett) dedicated, on September 4th at Calshot, Hants, a memorial to all those airmen who lost their lives while serving at the R.A.F. Station there. The memorial is an inlaid oaken pulpit and a tablet in S. George's Church, Eaglehurst Camp. The plaque rests in the church wall over a book containing the names of 70 airmen who died in the camp since January, 1914. The lesson was read by Air Commodore C. D. Breese, Air Officer Commanding (Coastal Command).

The Hampshire Heavy Brigade, R.A., T.A., fully upheld their reputation of being one of the best heavy artillery units in the country by their success in the King's Cup competition shoot for the 9.2 inch battery section decided at Nodes Point Battery, Sandown. The Brigade was represented by the 155th (Portsmouth) Battery, commanded by Major F. A. Tipple, who is a bank manager, with Lieut. J. V. Eve, an insurance inspector, as section commander. The first to fire their series they set up a figure of effect of .470, a figure that was not equalled by the two other batteries competing in the final—Suffolk Heavy Brigade (No. 166 Felixstowe and

Ipswich Battery), .375 figure of effect, and East Riding Heavy Brigade (No. 182 Hull Battery), .277 figure of effect. In winning the King's Cup, the Portsmouth Battery repeated their successes in this competition in the years 1921-22, and 1923, when Col. W. H. Barrell (then Major Barrell) was the Battery Commander. The Hampshires actually got no straddles, but got their figure of effect for results of single rounds. The reason why they got no straddles was because the rounds were fired at intervals, and salvos were not fired as salvos. The prizes secured by the Portsmouth Battery are as follows :—

H.M. The King's Prize—silver challenge cup to be held by the Brigade for one year, with replica for the Brigade and a silver medallion for each Officer, N.C.O. and man of the Battery representing the Brigade actually taking part in the final competition.

Worshipful Company of Goldsmith's Prize of £10.

Worshipful Company of Dyers, £10 10s. od.

National Artillery Association, £4 10s. od.

Sir William Dupree's Silver Cup for the Battery Commander.

LUDGERSHALL.

The fifteenth carnival in aid of the Andover War Memorial Hospital and other deserving local charities was held during the week August 21st-August 27th. This is one of the most successful carnivals held throughout the country and, during the past fourteen years, the sum of £12,333 has been collected and distributed between the various charities. The Andover War Memorial Hospital takes 50 per cent. and the remainder is distributed among the smaller societies.

The final figures for the 1938 carnival are not yet available, but we are led to believe that the result is up to, and possibly exceeding, the expectations of the committee.

The chairman this year was His Worship the Mayor, Alderman R. B. C. Kendall, J.P., and the duties of secretary were undertaken by his son, Mr. Leslie Kendall. In addition, they had the support of a very energetic committee who carried out their duties in an excellent manner, with the result that the Finance Committee are looking forward to a very good return, if not, in fact, very nearly a record.

Unfortunately, on the opening day a very heavy storm interfered with the opening ceremony and practically ruined the procession, from which, in the past, the carnival has derived a considerable amount of financial support. For the remainder of the week the weather was on its best behaviour.

The carnival was opened by the Countess of Brecknock, daughter of Mrs. A. E. Jenkins, the President of the Andover War Memorial Hospital.

Throughout the week there were various functions taking place each day, which all proved to be wonderful money spinners. On the evening of Wednesday, August 24th, a huge carnival procession was held through the main streets of the borough. There were all sorts of tableaux, trade vehicles and fancy dresses, and below you will find a snapshot of a small delivery van decorated by the staff of our Andover Branch.



Mrs. N. Smith, our tenant of the George Hotel, Basingstoke, also entered a van, representing an old village tavern, which was successful in obtaining a prize.

Two of our young members of the Ludgershall office staff have recently been distinguishing themselves with their respective cycling clubs.

Mr. H. Nuttall Junr. is a member of the Wessex Road Club, and below we give you a list of his various successes. It will be noted Mr. Nuttall was successful in lowering two records during the year :—

March 13th	25 miles.	1 hr. 10 mins. 22 secs.	1st Handicap medal
April 10th	25 "	1 hr. 11 mins. 25 secs.	3rd " "
" 24th	50 "	2 hrs. 23 mins. 52 secs.	1st " "
May 22nd	50 "	2 hrs. 25 mins. 41 secs.	3rd " "
July 24th	Tandem.	100 miles. 4 hrs. 12 mins. 43 secs.	Club record—beating previous 1928 record by 4 mins. 22 secs. Certificate.
Sept. 4th	Tandem.	30 miles. 1 hr. 8 mins. 37 secs.	Certificate.
" 11th	Tandem record.	Bristol to Bournemouth and back, distance 157 miles. 6 hrs. 59 mins.	Western Counties R.R.A. record, beating previous 1936 record by 5 mins. Certificate.

Mr. H. Matthews is a member of the Andover Wheelers, and he was successful in gaining a medal for the fastest time and first handicap place. :—

June 26th. Andover Wheelers. 30 miles. 1 hr. 28 mins. 5 secs.
Both these young gentlemen are novices in their first year, therefore the greater the credit.

LUDGERSHALL SPORTS CLUB.

Twelve months ago the Ludgershall Sports Club took over their new premises and, to celebrate the occasion, it was decided to run a Flower Show and Athletic Meeting, together with various side shows. The event was fixed for Saturday, August 20th, and proved a huge success, both from a financial and social point of view. Undoubtedly the Sports Club Fete has come to stay.

A large working committee, which was split up into various smaller sub-committees, deserve great credit for the very satisfactory manner in which every function was carried out. The attendance exceeded the expectations of the committee, which goes to prove how popular the event was and that something of the kind was badly needed in the village.

Considering the fact that it was such a bad season, the produce submitted was of a very high standard, and great credit is due to the painstaking efforts of the exhibitors. Competition was very keen.

In connection with the flower show, the Ludgershall and District Bee-Keepers' Association co-operated with the committee and staged a wonderful display of honey.

The events for the athletic sports were well patronized, and the entries came up to expectations. We feel sure next year the entries will be still bigger now that the Fete has become known in the district.

The Ludgershall Sports Club are in a very fortunate position, as they own their own sports ground abutting to the club, and the profits of the flower show will be devoted mainly towards the upkeep of the ground and also to a General Improvements Fund. For a village, this is one of the best sports grounds in the county.

On the following Saturday the club also staged a six-a-side football tournament, which brought in a considerable amount of revenue.

The whole of the committee are to be congratulated on their efforts, and we trust next year they may look forward to even a more successful event.

ANDOVER CARNIVAL.
THE "HELPUS INN."



This clever tableau, mounted on a lorry, was the work of members of the "Hole in the Wall" Sports Club, Basingstoke.

The George Hotel, Basingstoke, is well known locally and is usually described as "The Hole in the Wall," therefore the sports club connected with the house have adopted the name.

The sons of our tenant, Mrs. N. Smith, were responsible for a good deal of the work, and it shows how their enterprise and handiwork have been appreciated by the fact that they carried off, in addition to the second prize at the Andover carnival, first prize at the Basingstoke carnival.

Below we give you a snapshot of Mr. and Mrs. F. Anderton and daughter on holiday at Sandbanks.



Mr. and Mrs. Anderton for many years have been steward and stewardess at the Officers' Club, Tidworth. He was an old 19th Hussar and no doubt will be remembered by many of our readers.

Our post bag brings us the following letter:—

c/o 12th Royal Lancers,

Candahar Barracks,

Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.

Tidworth, Hants.

(through Mr. F. L. Shrimpton)

13th September, 1938.

Reading.

Dear Sirs,

I desire to express my sincerest thanks and appreciation to you for the most interesting and educational visit to your brewery, made possible by your Mr. Shrimpton.

The ramifications of the industry extend far beyond the limits which one anticipates. The explanation of brewing, etc., was very clearly explained by your Mr. Phipps Jnr. and I also desire to express my thanks to that gentleman.

The purity and excellence of your products leave nothing to be desired and after the visit I can drink "HOP LEAVES" with greatest pleasure.

Again, gentlemen, please allow me to thank you, one and all, for your kindness, and may I suggest that this appreciation be published in your House Journal.

Yours very sincerely,

(signed) K. A. WATTS,
A visitor from Australia.

SALISBURY.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. Thomas Richard Garland, which occurred at Salisbury Infirmary on September 2nd. Mr. Garland first joined the Firm as a traveller and was afterwards manager of Salisbury Branch, known as the Fisherton Brewery Stores.

Mr. Garland joined the Firm in 1909 and retired to pension five years ago. Since his retirement he enjoyed excellent health but, two months ago, he was taken ill and little hope remained for his recovery. The end came very quickly; he was taken to Salisbury Infirmary but only survived a few days. We, who remember him so well, could not wish the old fellow to linger. In fact, his passing was a happy release from great sufferings.

"Tommy" Garland, as he was familiarly known to his very wide circle of friends, was indeed quite a character. He had a style of his own which appealed to his clients and colleagues. Always of a very cheerful disposition and a hard worker, he placed the interests and prosperity of the Firm before all other matters.

Mr. Garland leaves a wife and two daughters to mourn his loss, and we tender the sympathy of all the staff to his relatives in the passing of this good natured old soul.

The funeral took place on Tuesday, September 6th, at the London Road Cemetery, Salisbury, and was attended by a very considerable number of influential business folk with whom he had been connected for so many years. At the express wish of the Directors, Mr. F. L. Shrimpton, District Manager, attended to represent them.

There was a considerable number of floral tributes from old business friends and various organisations with which he was connected in the City of Salisbury.

Indeed, one more landmark has passed on, but his pioneer work and example will not be readily forgotten by those younger members of the staff who were so fortunate as to serve under him. His service will always be appreciated by the senior members with whom he came in contact.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

KING'S ARMS HOTEL, MEVAGISSEY.

We took over this house from the owner, Mr. R. T. Pearce, on Tuesday, 27th September. Mr. Pearce has held the licence for over 60 years and he took over from his mother. Mr. Pearce has been a good customer of ours for the past 15 years, and he has now retired and built a house at Mevagissey, and says that he means to live for ever. He is now 81 years of age and offered to bet the writer £5 that he would dive into the harbour and pick a shilling off the bottom.

Mr. John Stevens has taken over the tenancy and we wish Mr. and Mrs. Stevens the best of luck.

Mevagissey is one of the quaintest of our Cornish fishing villages and the scenery by land and sea is lovely. The bay is the "bluist" in Cornwall and is becoming more popular with visitors each year but is not overcrowded.

Mr. R. Joy has retired from the Weston Mill Hotel, Devonport, after being the licensee for 32 years. Both he and Mrs. Joy were very popular and highly respected. We are very sorry to lose them and trust they will enjoy their retirement.

The following changes have taken place this month and the new tenants have our best wishes:—

Lighter Inn, Topsham—Mr. E. M. Trewella to Mr. T. H. Sellick.

Weston Mill, Devonport—Mr. R. Joy to Mr. T. E. Greenhalgh.
Lord Beresford, Devonport—Mr. W. A. Cload to Mr. R. Truscott.

George and Dragon, Ilfracombe—Mr. J. S. Brown to Mr. E. M. Trewella.

King's Arms Hotel, Mevagissey—Mr. R. T. Pearce to Mr. J. Stevens.

We wish Mr. S. H. Spurling every success on his appointment at Bridgend. He was at the Tamar Brewery for 8 years and was Chief Clerk for nearly 4 years. He was most capable in his duties. On his leaving us he was presented with an entrée dish, which was subscribed for by the employees of the Tamar Brewery.

Mr. W. F. McIntyre in making the presentation commented on Mr. Spurling's efficiency and wished him every success. Mr. Spurling in his reply emphasized the way in which every department had helped him to attain his new post.

Mr. R. E. Wright has been promoted to Chief Clerk at the Tamar Brewery.

STILL THE BEST.