

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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MR. G. E. BODDINGTON.

MR. G. E. BODDINGTON.

Mr. G. E. Boddington whose portrait appears on our front page, is one of the senior members of the Branch Department Staff. He has a long, loyal and varied service to his credit, having joined the Firm in 1899. Commencing as a junior in the Order Office, he was transferred to the General Department two years later and thence to the Branch Office in 1902. Whilst serving in the latter Department he gained his first outdoor experience of Military work in 1903. After having been transferred to Oxford in 1904, where he stayed for five years, he returned to Reading. A few years later he was moved to Ludgershall Branch and completed four years' work on the Plain, which included the supervision of supplies from the Warminster Depot during the time the 29th and 66th Divisions were training for foreign service. This necessitated long and arduous work which Mr. Boddington carried out with great credit. He is one of the old staff who, in the days of tenant canteens, had experience in stocktaking on the manoeuvres and in camps and collecting hard cash. This involved carrying large sums from one institute to another and, occasionally, for the sake of safety, the bag of cash formed one's pillow. Relative thereto, there was an old quip, invented by one of our staff, which ran "Uneasy is the head which rests on many crowns."

In the latter part of 1916 he joined the Royal Engineers and was subsequently transferred to the Lancashire Fusiliers. While serving in France in 1917 he was appointed Orderly Room Sergeant of the 4th Army Musketry School. After demobilisation in 1919 he returned to Reading.

In 1926 Mr. Boddington was in charge of the supplies to the Bars at The Royal Show which was held at Reading in that year and has since supervised the supply of beers to the Bars at Ascot, this year creating a record in the quantity of cask and bottled beers handled. Great praise was given by the contractors for the way in which the work was carried out.

As Honorary Secretary of the Reading & District Clubs' Billiards League since 1921, Mr. Boddington has performed excellent work and during the second year of the Royal Berks Hospital Sportsmen's Fund Billiards Handicap, he organised a monster draw and was able to raise the sum of £114 which was duly handed over to the hospital.

His principal spare time occupation is billiards, of which he is frequently a brilliant exponent. He is also a fervid collector of stamps and possesses some well filled albums.

EDITORIAL.

NOT WHAT HE MEANT.

Here is an amusing story concerning the first visit of a certain bishop to Spain. What foundation of truth there is for it one does not know, but the relater was a brother bishop. The bishop was breakfasting on coffee, toast and mushrooms. Desiring some more mushrooms and some milk for his coffee, and not knowing the language, he drew roughly on a piece of paper two mushrooms and a cow. Although the bishop was no artist the waiter seemed to understand. A few minutes later the waiter returned with two sunshades and a ticket for a bull fight!

ALD. HOGG'S EPITAPH.

There is an epitaph written anonymously in the visitors' book of a Northumbrian hotel. It was indicated soon after County-Alderman John Robert Hogg, the well-known "temperance" advocate, moved into Chirton Cottage, North Shields, where he now lives. The house was once the residence of Ralph Gardner, a local patriot, who ran a brewery at the same place. This is the epitaph:—

Weep not for me, for life is hard,
Shed not a single tear,
But lay me in a brewery yard
Where I can smell the beer.

WHISKY IN CHURCH.

"H.A.B." of Bedford, states in the *Daily Herald*:—There is a church in Luton that advertises whisky on its hymn books, and not only mentions a particular brand, but recommends it with extracts from medical journals. These hymn books have seen plenty of wear, and the falling away of part of the cover reveals this advertisement. The church authorities are innocent of the matter.

BEER AS AN AID TO DIGESTION.

"From the earliest times fermented liquor has been part of the dietary of the people of this country. At their feasts the Saxons drank mead, and with the Normans came wine. The Highlander drank usquebaugh—in time to be anglicised under the name of whisky. There is no scientific evidence that proves that small doses of alcoholic liquors are harmful. . . . Malt liquors, especially the best bitter beer, have valuable tonic qualities and are useful digestives."—Dr. Cecil Webb-Johnson, the well-known authority on dietetics, in the *Daily Express* (1930).

EXPERT'S CORRECT MENU.

"Good wine needs no bush," but according to M. Y. M. Boulestin, author of "What Shall We Have To-day?" and other text-books on food, it must have a background. In a talk on food and wine to the members of the Wine Trade Club in London, M. Boulestin had some interesting things to say. One of the first things that strikes a Frenchman, he said, is how wrongly, as a rule, wines are served in England. They are not given a fair chance of showing their beautiful qualities. He went on to say that two things are fatal to wine—a wrong temperature and a wrong dish. "We must always think of wine in its relation to food," he said. "The dish and the wine must suit each other, and it is asking for disaster not to follow this general rule. Avoid that awful, damaging crime of drinking red wine with fish." M. Boulestin then gave the following menu:—

Hors d'Œuvre or Soup.—It is always safe to have sherry; if you have oysters, champagne or chablis should be used.

Fish.—White wine must be served, and it should be dry. Red wine should be served only when the fish has not a too pronounced taste.

Entree.—Light clarets; but should there be an English sauce of strong flavour, red wine should not be served.

Roast.—A fine Burgundy or a big Médoc.

Sweet.—Here a sweet wine should balance the sweetness of the entremets. The wine should be served iced; the sweeter the colder it must be.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

The thirsty earth sucks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes and drinks again;
The plants suck in the earth and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;
The sea itself which, one would think,
Should have little need of drink,
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
Fill up the bowl and fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there—for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

—Abraham Cowley.

A SPORTING TRIBUTE.

An event of interest to rowing men in particular, and the sporting public in general, occurred at Putney, on May 31, when J. Beresford, Junior, made his first appearance on the Thames in the Canadian canoe presented to him by the members of the Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League during the course of the Empire Games at Hamilton, in August last year.

The canoe was presented to Beresford in recognition of his sporting action at Henley last year. It may be remembered that Beresford opposed J. Wright, of the Argonaut Rowing Club of Canada, in a heat of the Diamond Sculls. Wright had the misfortune to hit the booms shortly after the start. Thereupon Beresford waited for him to get clear—with the result that Wright won the heat, and, ultimately the Final. This sporting incident created a deep impression in Canadian rowing circles, as, indeed, it did amongst sportsmen generally. When, therefore, Beresford went to Canada in August last to compete in the Empire Games Rowing, he was presented with a Canadian canoe of special workmanship as a tangible sign of the approval with which his sportsmanlike behaviour was regarded. A splendid testimonial to a sportsmanlike feat!

BEER FOR BABIES.

Dr. von Hahn, the Hamburg biologist and expert on food values, whose lecture in praise of beer at the Dresden Hygiene Exhibition was listened to with horror by an audience consisting chiefly of total abstainers, has brought an action for libel in a Berlin court against the editor of a medical review. The editor had accused him of advocating beer for babies and of taking money from the brewing industry for recommending a plentiful use of beer.

Dr. von Hahn had said that the greatest men had been hard drinkers, and pointed out that Philip of Macedon had been an inveterate drinker. He advised mothers nursing babies to take plenty of beer, and declared that, now that the fashion no longer required slimness, women could drink beer to their heart's content.

THE BEST "NAP."

At Ascot one smart fellow did good business with the "Best Nap of the Afternoon." This was contained in a sealed envelope for which a charge of 2d. was made. When the envelope was opened the purchaser found that the best "nap" was "Forty Winks"!

PROMISING TENNIS PLAYERS.

There are some very promising young tennis players at The Brewery, Reading, and owing to Mr. Louis Simonds' enthusiasm and generous help in arranging for practice games on some of the public courts we should be able to raise a quite useful team. Several matches are in the course of being arranged and if any club—too strong—would like a fixture, this might be arranged by communicating with the Tennis Secretary, The Brewery, Reading.

FINE DISPLAY OF SWEET PEAS.

Mr. Jack Smith, the popular landlord of the "New Inn," is a very keen gardener. He excels particularly in the culture of sweet peas and he has a display of blooms this year that would do credit to any professional horticulturist.

THE MAYOR AND MILK STOUT.

While welcoming the Southern Counties Federation of Building Trades' Employers to Reading recently, the Mayor referred to the Trade of Reading as follows:—

"The chief industries embrace biscuits, seeds, printing and engineering. I cannot tell you that Reading is a Spa where you can taste of the waters, I can, however, remind you of one other noted local product, namely, Milk Stout, which I understand is often prescribed as a good pick-me-up."

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

SOME HINTS ON FLY-FISHING.

A RIVER-SIDE TRAGEDY.

As I mentioned in my last article my friend and I had some splendid sport with trout during our recent holiday, most of which was spent in Devon. In the photograph on page 532 are 39 speckled beauties, the largest of which is 2 lbs. 4 oz. and the smallest about $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb.—a day's good work indeed!

To be a successful fly-fisherman you must spend years at the game and then you will never know anything like all there is to learn of the art. You must use the right flies, you must be able to cast ever so lightly and accurately and you *must* keep out of sight as much as possible.

A REAL PRIZE.

Round the bend of a river—it was little more than a ditch—I saw a good fish rise. The water was running rapidly and it was in a very narrow channel, between two big banks of weeds, that

the trout was feeding. One false cast and my would-be prize would shoot off like lightning. I carefully gauged the distance and my fly alighted on the water at the mouth of the chabut—just where I wished it to go. It had not drifted down-stream a foot before it was seized; my very fine gut was tested to the utmost by the trout in his efforts to reach the roots of a tree but I kept a firm but gentle hold on him and in a few minutes time he was mine. The fish was in beautiful condition and he is the biggest of the bunch in the photograph.

ONE, TWO, THREE!

In another bend where the water was wider I saw three good rises about half a dozen yards apart. I thought I would have a shot at the one furthest down-stream first and then, in case of success, I might not disturb the others. I had him first shot. My next cast was equally successful and so was my third. Three fish with three casts and each of them over 1 lb. ! In all my long experience I have never quite equalled that before. How great was that compared with the success with which an angler usually meets. For hours at a time I have often worked diligently without even a rise. Of course an experienced fisherman, even if he had never seen a river before, would know instinctively where the fish would lie and where the big ones would probably have their homes.

MUCH MORE THAN FISH.

But there is much more than the fish to fascinate one in a day by the side of a trout stream. There is the sylvan scenery, the buzz of insects, the song of birds, the infinite variety of beautiful blooms, both large and very small, the health-giving rays of the sun, or refreshing showers, the sweet-smelling scent of newly mown hay, and the sweeter scent of the honeysuckle—everything to delight the eye and the ear, invigorating the body and enriching the mind.

I am sitting by the side of a trout stream writing these notes and a little fellow in plus fours comes and keeps me company—it is a bee with his pollen-laden legs.

A BROKEN HEART.

Then an incident occurred that made me sad for the rest of the day. A dog, hunting by the riverside, found a wren's nest with young and, before I had time to prevent the deed, seized the little domed structure and tore it to pieces, throwing all the little wrens into the water. They were drowned and when the mother returned and saw what had happened her grief seemed to know no bounds. Again and again she visited what remained of the home and sometimes she brought little caterpillars in her beak hoping against hope that she would meet some of her bairns again.

But it was not to be and the last time she crossed that river her little body seemed so heavily laden—with grief—that I feared she would not reach the other side of the water. And she only just succeeded and flopped down in the stinging nettles.

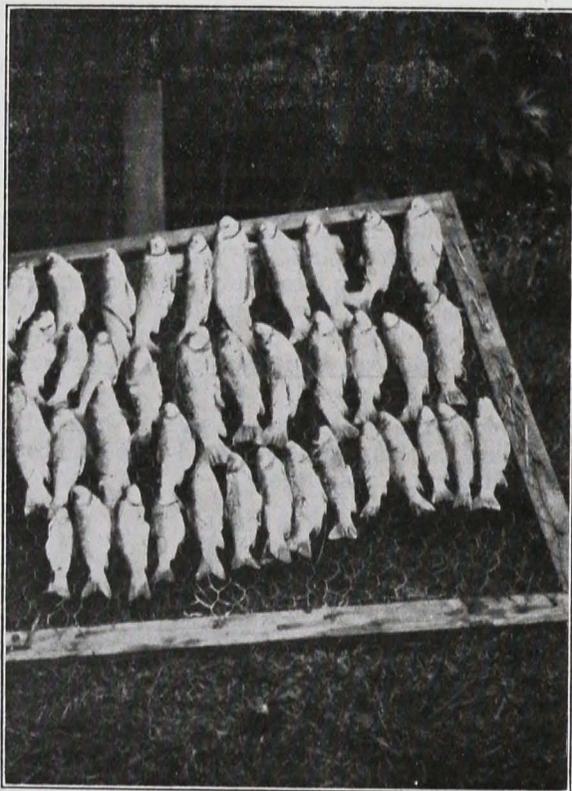
A little heart was broken!

A LITTLE REQUIEM.

Later she appeared on a bush and for hours uttered notes of pitiful distress. A willow warbler came and sat beside her and I feel sure was sympathising with the broken-hearted mother. The willow warbler's notes are always delicately sweet but never before do I think they have sounded quite so delicately soft and sweet as did those uttered by this particular bird.

Was she singing a little Requiem?

You see an angler observes much more than fish when walking or sitting by the side of a trout stream.



A Day's Good Catch.

HEALTH AND THE PLAIN MAN'S DRINK.

(By NOEL INCHCAPE IN *Our Empire*).

To anyone who has had the opportunity of seeing all the details of the production of the plain man's drink—beer—in a modern, up-to-date brewery there can be no doubt about the purity of beer. Fantastic stories about adulteration with "chemicals" and about "synthetic beer" show themselves for what they are worth—which is precisely nothing.

MALT AND HOPS.

What is beer made of? Its foundation is malted barley, the grain being the best obtainable, used only after the most exhaustive tests of its purity and suitability by highly qualified analysts. Next come the hops. Contrary to the general legend, there *are* hops in beer, the very best Kentish hops available. Hops act as a preservative and purifying agent, and give aroma and flavour to the beer.

The only "chemicals" used in the production of beer are pure sugar to sweeten stouts and other kinds, and, after the beer is finished and casked, a small quantity of "isinglass" to "fine" it—that is to make it clear in response to popular demand for a clear, transparent drink. Nothing very deadly in either of these, surely, and certainly nothing "synthetic."

"HANDLE NOTHING."

The precautions taken during the process of brewing to ensure purity are almost fanatically rigorous. *Nothing is touched by hand*, to begin with. On its way down from the roof lofts to be ground and crushed, the malted barley is just screened and fanned to blow the dust away, then passed over powerful magnets to extract any lurking impurities. Then it is "mashed" with hot water, when the malt sugars are dissolved and a sweet liquor known as the "wort"—the foundation of the beer itself—is the result.

The "wort" is thoroughly sterilised by boiling in gigantic coppers, when the hops are added, and the liquid goes to the fermenting vessels where pine yeast is mixed with it, and the process of alcoholic fermentation goes on. These vessels are inspected inch by inch before each brew to ensure that they are spotless and free from any impurity. In many breweries even the air in the fermenting rooms is "washed" through cotton-wool as a further safeguard.

"PURIFIED PIPES."

An ingenious system of enclosed refrigerators cools the beer without exposing it to the air and from these it runs down through

long brass pipes to great storage tanks in the cellars. These pipes, and indeed, every pipe in a brewery through which the beer runs, are cleaned out incessantly by being pumped through with boiling steam.

In the cellars the motto is "Never use anything twice." Hose pipes—or "leathers" as they are called—are scrubbed inside and out after use; taps, cocks, valves and nozzles, all of brass, are burnished like mirrors before they are used a second time. The great containers which are lined with glass or aluminium are scrubbed after emptying to a pitch of cleanliness unknown, perhaps, save in an operating theatre. One aluminium-lined container alone requires the labour of four men to get it to that pitch of cleanliness which is considered essential.

" PASTEURISED BEER."

After maturing, the beer is ready for its last journey to the bottling factory or to the cask. Here again everything is sterilised, everything spotless, and no air is allowed to enter in. The scouring and scrubbing, within and without, which the casks undergo before use is a marvel of ingenuity. *Incredible though it may seem, some types of beer are actually pasteurised before they are sent from the brewery. There is no higher test of purity than that.*

So when next you order your glass of beer you can reflect not only on the pleasure it gives you but on the purity of what you are drinking. There is no other drink safer and more free from infection.

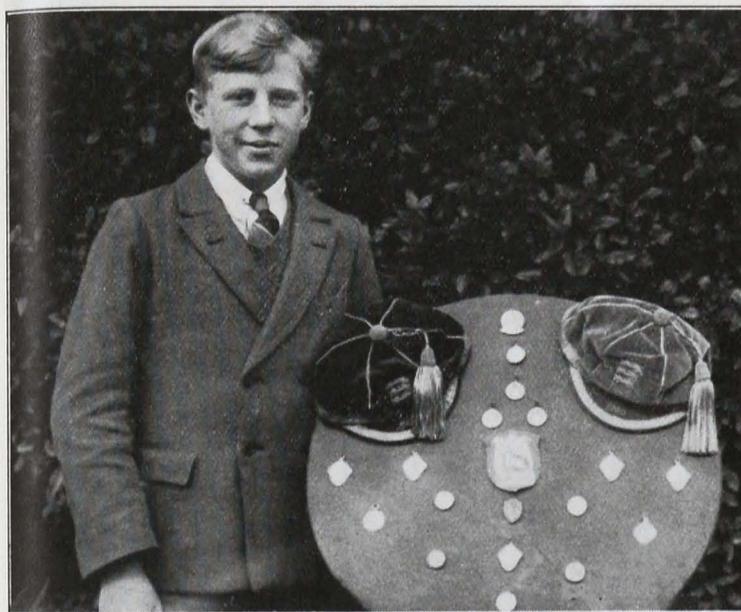
A SONG IN THE HEART.

In youth, because I could not be a singer,
I did not even try to write a song;
I set no little trees along the roadside
Because I knew their growth would take so long.

But now, from wisdom that the years have brought me,
I know that it may be a blessed thing
To plant a tree for someone else to water
Or make a song for someone else to sing.

And, though my heart-strings be for ever silent,
Though in the choir's sweet strains I have no part,
When all is said, it does not matter greatly
If only I have music in my heart.

J. DEVERALL
(SCHOOLBOY INTERNATIONAL).



The portrait shown on this page of Jack Deverall, the holder of two international caps, will be of great interest to our readers. Deverall, who is employed in the Transport Department of H. & G. Simonds, commenced his football playing career at the age of ten, appearing in the Reading Junior School League. His prowess at the national game attracted the attention of the authorities and soon he gained his place in the Reading Boys' team. Whilst playing for the latter team he was watched by the English Selection Committee, and they chose him to represent his country against Wales. This match, played at Newport in 1930, enhanced his reputation, and he was again chosen to play against Scotland at Sheffield. The Reading team in which Deverall was one of the leading lights reached the semi-final of the English Boys' Shield in 1930. Deverall, whose anticipation of what an opponent is going to do is almost uncanny, is a dashing and resourceful back, his headwork being a great feature of his play. A quiet, unassuming lad he is a great favourite with the Reading public.

He signed amateur forms for Reading Football Club in 1930, and might yet represent his native town, as did two other schoolboy internationals, L. Grant and E. Beats.

Deverall's other accomplishments include running and cricket. At Stamford Bridge he represented Berkshire at running, gaining the badge seen in centre of photograph. He is also a cricketer of considerable repute. The possessor of 17 medals for football and athletic sports, he is hoping to gain more in the near future.

F.K.

THE WHIT-MONDAY HORSE SHOW.

MESSRS. SIMONDS' SUCCESS.

The splendid horses of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. are greatly admired in Reading and the surrounding districts, so it came as no surprise that they met with considerable success at the recent Reading Horse Parade held on Whit-Monday. Although only exhibiting in three classes they gained one First and one Second, the third being Highly Commended. In Class IV "Felix" and "Hornet" (F. Coleman, driver) gained Second Prize. In Class I, Single Light Vanners, "Lily" (J. Huse, driver), was awarded First Prize, and in the Tradesmen's Ponies Section Class V, "John" (F. Robinson, driver) was Highly Commended. The drivers are to be congratulated on their success, and also the horsekeeper, Frederick Hall, who, under the direction of Major H. Kaye, is in charge of the Firm's horses.

In this age of mechanized transport, and the rapid growth of the Firm's trade, it is essential that more and more motor vehicles should be commissioned. Major Kaye, who is in charge of the whole of the Firm's transport and who has been associated with horses all his life, notably in the Service, must naturally regret the passing of these splendid creatures. The fact remains, however, that the hundreds of tons of beer sent out daily by the Firm calls for swift transport, but it must be said that in the town and district the horse vans get through an enormous amount of work in an eminently praiseworthy manner.

F. KIRBY.



FIFTY YEARS' SERVICE.

PRESENTATION TO MR. A. DOLTON.



Mr. Arthur Dolton has served for fifty years in the Coopering Department of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., and to mark the occasion the Directors presented him with a clock and a cheque.

On leaving school Mr. Dolton went into the pantry at the Rectory, Caversham, in the employ of Mr. H. J. Simonds. After a year there he came to the coopering rooms where he has remained ever since. He served as a Berkshire Volunteer for seven years under the late Mr. L. de L. Simonds. He was also useful as a middle-weight boxer.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A negro woman called regularly at a bank to draw her weekly pay. As she could neither read nor write she used to make an X on the receipt. Then one day she made a circle.

"What's the matter, Liza? Why don't you make an X as usual?" asked the cashier.

"Well, sar," replied Liza, "Ah done got married yesterday and changed ma name."

NINTH WICKET.

(By A.P.H. in *Punch*).

The bowling looks exceptionally sound ;
 The wicket seems unusually worn ;
 The balls fly up or run along the ground ;
 I rather wish that I had not been born.
 I have been sitting here since two o'clock ;
 My pads are both inelegant and hot ;
 I do not want what people call my "knock,"
 And this pavilion is a sultry spot.
 I shall not win one clap or word of praise ;
 I know that I shall bat like a baboon,
 And I can think of many better ways
 In which to spend a summer afternoon :
 I might be swimming in a crystal pool ;
 I might be wooing some delicious dame ;
 I might be drinking something long and cool—
I can't imagine why I play this game.

Why is the wicket seven miles away,
 And why have I to walk to it alone ?
 I hope that Bottle's bat will drive to-day—
 I ought to buy a weapon of my own.
 I wonder if this walk will ever cease ;
 They should provide a motor-car or crane
 To drop the batsman on the popping-crease
 And, when he's out, convey him back again.
 Is it a dream? Can this be really me,
 Alone and friendless in a waste of grass ?
 The fielding side are sniggering, I see,
 And long-leg sort of shudders as I pass.
 How very small and funny I must look !
 I only hope that no one knows my name.
 I might be in a hammock with a book—
I can't imagine why I play this game.

Well, here we are. We feel a little ill.
 What is this pedant of an umpire at ?
 Middle and off, or centre—what you will ;
 It cannot matter where I park the bat.
 I look around me in a knowing way
 To show that I am not to be cajoled ;
 I shall play forward gracefully and pray. . . .
 I have played forward and I am not bowled.
 I do not like the wicket-keeper's face,
 And why are all the fielders crowding round ?
 The bowler makes an imbecile grimace
 And mid-off makes a silly whistling sound.
 These innuendoes I could do without ;
 They mean to say the ball defied the bat,
 They indicate that I was nearly out ;
 Well, darn their impudence ! I know all that.
 Why am I standing in this comic pose,
 Hemmed in by men that I should like to maim ?
 I might be lying in a punt with Rose—
I can't imagine why I play this game.

And there are people sitting over there
 Who fondly hope that I shall make a run ;
 They cannot guess how blinding is the glare ;
 They do not know the ball is like a bun.
 But, courage, heart ! We have survived a ball ;
 I pat the pitch to show that it is bad ;
 We are not such a rabbit, after all ;
 Now we shall show them what is what, my lad !
 The second ball is very, very swift ;
 It breaks and stands up steeply in the air ;
 It looks at me, and I could swear it sniffed ;
 I gesture at it, but it is not there.
 Ah, what a ball ! Mind you, I do not say
 That BRADMAN, HOBBS and RANJI in his prime,
 Rolled into one, and that one on his day,
 Might not have got a bat to it in time. . . .
 But long-stop's looking for my middle-stump,
 And I am walking in a world of shame ;
 My captain has addressed me as a chump—
I can't imagine why I play this game.

WYCOMBE MARSH GORDONS FOOTBALL CLUB AND SWAN AIR GUN CLUB.

On Friday, June 5th, under the chairmanship of Councillor H. Aldridge, accompanied by His Worship The Mayor of Wycombe, Councillors W. R. Butler, E. E. Hole, Messrs. B. L. Reynolds, Tom Thurlow, Frank Adams and A. Lord, the members and supporters of the above clubs celebrated their successes of the past season. The football club realized a long-standing ambition in winning the High Wycombe Challenge Cup. The company present included several members of the team, of whom Mr. B. L. Reynolds was captain, which last brought its counterpart (the original cup having been presented to Mr. Thurlow a few years ago) to The Marsh forty years ago.

The Air Gun Club had two cups in evidence.

THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO.

(By E. W. KIRBY).

A Union Jack flying from a staff which shows white against a screen of green trees, together with a platoon of the 2nd Bn. Scots Guards in their black busbies, scarlet tunics, white pipeclayed equipment and dark blue trousers, presents the first colourful scene of the Aldershot Tattoo. The guards approach the flag, left form and come to a halt before it. Then to the strains of the "Retreat," played by massed buglers, they present arms whilst the flag is lowered and remain thus until the "General Salute" has been sounded. At the conclusion of this they slope arms and march off, having opened the proceedings with a ceremony for which their well-known smartness has particularly suited them. Now there follows an event well calculated to stimulate one's excitement. To the music of a Royal Artillery band, in full-dress uniform, three batteries in khaki at reduced strength, totalling in all twelve guns, trot into the arena. At the gallop they carry out various evolutions, wheeling into sections and then back into line, their harness jingling and limbers rattling above the thudding of the hooves. They next come into action; the gunners jumping from their horses unlimber the guns as the teams trot to the rear. Twelve crashes are heard as each gun fires one round and then back trot the teams, the gunners limber up again and spring into their saddles whilst the whole brigade move so quickly that it vanishes into the still drifting smoke from the recently discharged pieces.

The next item which combines excitement with the spectacular is introduced by the appearance of massed cavalry bands. Here

are seen the scarlet uniforms and brass helmets of the 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, the blue and yellow of the 7th and 8th Hussars, together with the red plumes of the R.H.A., the whole presenting a glittering spectacle enhanced by the sparkle of the searchlights on accoutrements and instruments. Behind them in the darkness can be seen the ranks of a cavalry regiment in service dress, and upon the conclusion of the massed band performance these advance and give a display of drill movements at the trot and gallop. After the brilliance of coloured uniform their appearance lacks a certain pomp and show but this is amply rectified by the smartness and precision with which all movements were carried out. They undoubtedly presented a magnificent and inspiring sight when the whole regiment formed into line and charged shouting, and with sabres thrust forward. After this manoeuvre there followed a most interesting little ceremony. The commanding officer gave the order: "Make much of your horses," upon which every man leaned forward and stretched his right hand out by his horse's withers. Next followed a single slap, at which signal the troopers, as one man, each slapped their horses in three distinct movements. This ended the cavalry display for the C.O. and his trumpeter, who was most conspicuous by reason of his fine white charger, turned and trotted off, followed by the three squadrons.

The following display is well worthy of description. To the thrilling skirl of their bag-pipes the massed pipe bands entered from the woods playing "Tel-el-Kebir." Advancing to the centre they counter-marched for a few moments and then took up their stand some yards in the rear. While they were still playing two columns of the 2nd Bn. The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders emerged from the woods flanking either side of the arena and advanced to meet each other, thus forming one complete battalion. When this movement was accomplished the battalion presented arms and gave the General Salute, then opening into four lines in order to perform the next item which was an exhibition of the old manual bayonet exercise of 1900 enacted to the pipe music. The most striking fact about the Camerons is the extreme smartness of their appearance. This is apparently greatly due to their white spats which throw all foot-work into relief, revealing particularly their step.

Having completed their bayonet exercise the Camerons then marched from the arena whilst the Pipes about turned and retired in the direction of the woods. As they neared their objective they broke into the slow march playing the "Highland Cradle Song." At the same instant they were bathed by the searchlights in a soft silver and amidst the woods vivid crimson and green flares burst out, throwing all into wonderful relief.

The one episode on the programme which provides the most excitement and interest is perhaps the Modern Army in action. The scene opens with a canal spanned by a bridge over which retreating enemy infantry are hurrying. Certain of these who apparently belong to the engineering section can be seen busy on this bridge which is shortly afterwards blown up just as a British cavalry section reaches the canal bank. The next move is by a number of infantry who advance in extended order under the cover of fire from three mechanised machine guns which have been conveyed rapidly into the action by light tractors or "baby" tanks. The infantry is soon followed by field guns which are drawn, not by horses, but by heavy tractor-lorries. As these open fire there appear all manner of new and unaccustomed weapons of war including tanks, wireless telegraphy vans, anti-aircraft and anti-tank guns, mobile transport for infantry reinforcements together with various types of bridges for throwing across the river. The scene by now is most bewildering for manoeuvres are executed with the utmost speed and the distracting crashing of artillery coupled with the roaring of bombing aeroplanes all help to render it difficult to follow events.

It is possible to observe, however, the infantry and engineers busily engaged in their respective tasks under the cover of fire which effectively keeps off all enemy interference including air attacks. Three bridges in all are assembled and placed in position. The first is brought up and used entirely by the infantry who speedily cross and take up positions on the opposite side of the canal. The next is composed of folding boats and over it pour the mechanised machine-guns and light vehicles. Lastly comes a strong structure of steel girders which is employed for the heavier tanks and artillery. The two latter are erected by the Royal Engineers.

Once across all combatants push on with the greatest haste in pursuit of the enemy and the action closes as they disappear in the woods which bound the scene. In the meantime the R.A.M.C. can be seen picking up and tending the wounded who lie scattered everywhere.

The one point which seems certain from this display is that battles of the future will be infinitely quicker both in their action and in their results, for mechanisation means greatly increased mobility in an army, whilst it seems almost impossible for infantry to perform their accustomed duty of consolidating and holding a position against such assaults as would be delivered by speedy and armoured tanks.

The remaining episodes are of a more colourful and dramatic nature than hitherto. Historical events are portrayed including the retreat of Sir John Moore's army to Corunna. The infantry in

shakos and white facings are seen staggering wearily along to their goal accompanied by the equally exhausted gunners and cavalry. A brief action is seen when the Light Brigade is halted in order to check the enemy advance; to be followed by the tragic funeral, or rather burial of Sir John upon the ramparts.

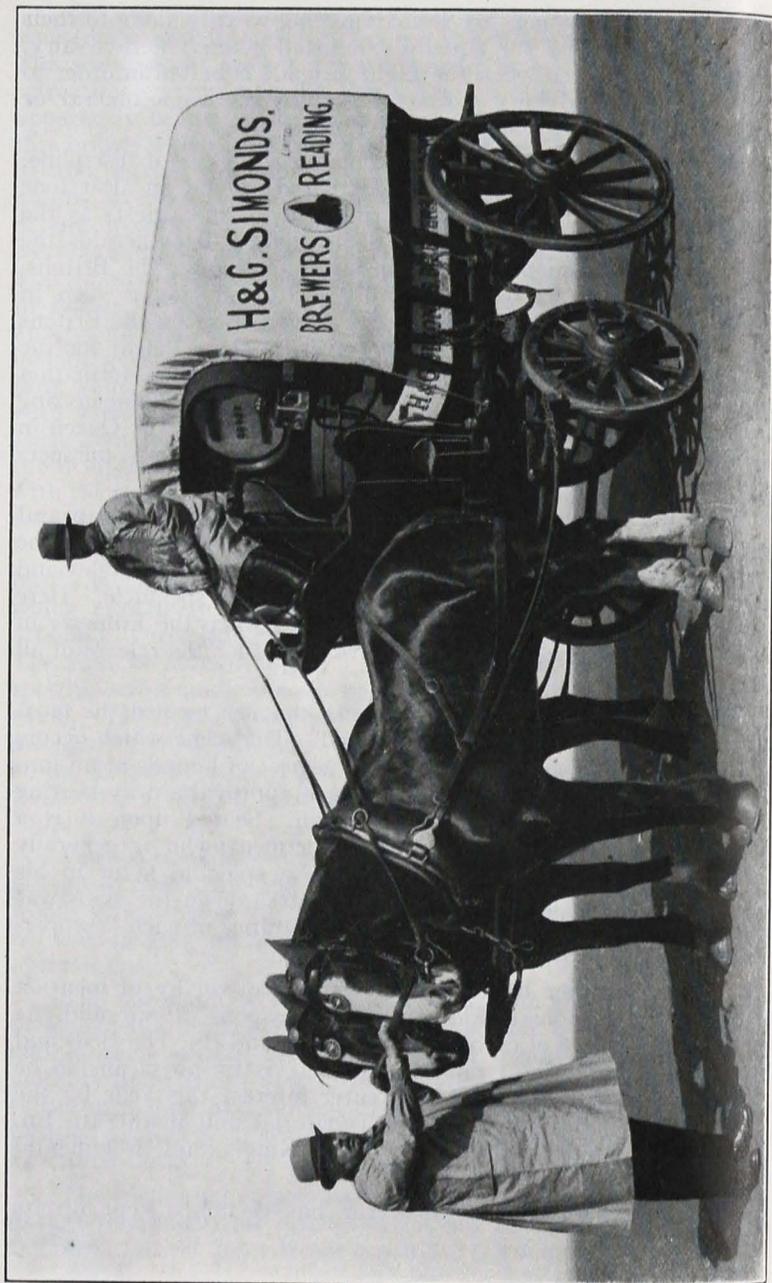
The theme presented in the Roman episodes is of discipline. First is shown a group of Britons gathered around an altarstone upon which a bound victim is sacrificed by Druid priests as the sun arises. Next the appearance of invading galleys heralds the invasion of the Romans who advance and overpower the Britons, driving them into retreat. Secondly a Roman city is seen in flames as Queen Boadicea in her great chariot spurs on the Britons to revolt. The outcome of this, however, is again defeat for the savage hordes of ill-led Britons, for the solid Roman formation proves quite unbreakable, and their cavalry by skilful manoeuvring disperse the widely attacking masses. The end shows the Queen in frantic haste endeavouring to outdistance the jeering pursuers who follow closely on her heels.

Thirdly follows the Roman triumph with all the pomp and ceremony for which such occasions are noted. The armour of the troops together with the togas of the officials and the eagles and standards of the Legions formed a most colourful spectacle. Here was also demonstrated the Roman clemency when the Emperor in response to the appeals for mercy gave orders for the release of all the prisoners.

This leaves what, in some respects, may be termed the most successful episode of all to be described. The scene which occurs in the dreams of sleeping soldiers is of a meet of hounds at an inn. There appears amidst general murmurs of approval a dray bearing the very well-known "Hop Leaf" sign. Seated upon it is a familiar member of the transport department who is generally known as "Punch Hawthorne." He is a splendid actor in his part, and the way in which he slid the casks down the skids was both convincing and masterly. The appearance of such "properties" certainly provided the "human touch."

There are other items as well which are worthy of mention including the demonstration of ancient weapons of war and the magnificent display of club swinging by the 2nd Bn. The Beds and Herts Regiment. The Grand Finale, too, is by no means to be passed over and is rendered of greater interest this year by the appearance for the first time of a Territorial unit in the 4th Bn. The Hampshire Regiment with their King's and Regimental colours.

The Aldershot Tattoo this year has certainly kept up its former standard.



Punch Hawthorne and his Dray.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(By W. DUNSTER).

Although Mr. J. M. Hammond, whose portrait appeared in the June issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, has only been at Bridge Street a comparatively short while, I feel sure he now feels himself to be "one of us," more especially as he has obtained a house in Reading.

ASCOT, 1931.

This year, owing to the installation of the "Tote" machines, interest in this Race Meeting was fully maintained and if the weather was not perfect there was not sufficient rain to spoil it from the racegoers' point of view. After the deluge of last year perhaps this was just as well. As regards supplies by us, which were of rather large dimensions, everything went like clockwork and "no complaints" was the order of the day. The stocking-up of the many Bars in the Stands, the Booths on the Heath, the maintenance of supplies and lastly the clearances, were all carried out quite satisfactorily and expeditiously. All those engaged in these duties are to be congratulated.

CRICKET.

The second team of the Brewery Cricket Club are to be "patted on the back" for their second win of the season. I understand quite a number of the younger members are shaping very well and are likely to improve. Provided a few really good batting members could always be relied on, a very successful season could be confidently expected as there seems to be no lack of bowlers. Possibly this will come in time. Unfortunately Mr. Frank Hawkins, who has always been very keen on the "Seconds," and very helpful too, met with an accident whilst playing, spraining his ankle and bruising the muscles of his leg, and hobbles to work with the aid of a stick. Rough luck this. I wish the "Seconds" all the best.

HOLIDAYS.

The weather having taken a turn for the better, at the moment, this is all to the benefit of the early ones. It is, however, quite surprising to see those as they return looking much browner for it seems to us "at home" that the weather has been cold and gloomy, yet Mr. A. G. Rider, who has been with three other friends, visiting different places where he served in the army, in France, tells me they had lovely weather, whilst he was there, during the early part of June. A holiday of this nature visiting the different spots in France and Belgium where one served would appeal to a good many and I believe can be done quite reasonably.

FOOTBALL.

This subject is still mentioned in spite of last season's misfortunes from Reading's point of view. I learn, too, that the Reading Supporters' Club is very active and that many schemes are afoot for rendering the Football Club every assistance. Mr. G. V. Weait, who is a member of the Committee, is working very hard for the Club and is as optimistic as ever concerning future prospects. The Football Club made a loss of nearly £2,000 last season and in the report of the Directors the following note appears:

"Messrs. H. & G. Simonds again came to the help of the Company early in 1931, when on the security of debentures they consented to another loan upon terms and conditions more favourable than could have been obtained elsewhere. The special debt of gratitude due to the firm is hereby acknowledged with repeated thanks for the generous consideration extended to us at all times."

PROHIBITION.

CAPONE'S £140,000,000 IN 10 YEARS.

ENOUGH TO PAY U.S. DEFENCE BILL.

The gross income for the last ten years of the gang headed by "Scarface" Al Capone has been £140,000,000, made up of £100,000,000 from the sale of "hard" liquor and £40,000,000 from beer.

This is the estimate of the Federal authorities, who have secured indictments on 5,000 counts against Capone and 68 of his gunmen for offences against the Prohibition law. Statisticians compute that Capone could have paid, with this huge sum, the United States expenditure last year on national defence, or he might have paid the money to those war veterans who have obtained loans amounting to £140,000,000 from the Government.

Advocates of Prohibition are always asking that more money be spent on Prohibition enforcement, and by a delightful turn of irony the Federal officials point out that Capone's annual income of £14,000,000 would enable them rigidly to enforce the Volstead Act, and still leave Capone something for himself.

BOOTLEGGING A MAJOR INDUSTRY.

An analysis of the American nation's drink bill shows that £596,600,000 worth of liquor is consumed annually. It is claimed that bootlegging has become one of America's major industries, comparable with automobiles and steel, and that the nation's alcohol bill is now £20,000,000 more than it was before Prohibition.

SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

The longest and midsummer days have come and gone and now, perhaps, we may have some cricket weather. It is to be hoped so, at any rate.

When finishing my notes last month I said that Eversley Street were the next opponents, but although we tried to carry out the fixture the rain thought otherwise and we had a fruitless journey. After getting out to our destination, through the rain, but full of hopes, all we could do was to sit about and bless the clerk of the weather, afterwards partook of our guests' hospitality and then returned home.

The next Saturday saw us travelling again, this time to Frimley. Our opponents had a new ground and we were the first team to play there. The pitch, on account of the heavy rain the previous days, was on the soft side, but we had a very keen game, which we lost by the narrow margin of three runs.

We batted first, but what a start! one down for 1 and four for 4, six for 10, but then the younger generation took a hand and P. Hendy and P. James carried things along more to our advantage. The latter had a special inducement to shine and only saved a "bumping" by carrying his bat. Our friends the enemy made a better start than we did, but the sixth wicket fell with them one run short of our total, the next wicket secured that run, but we held on and the ninth wicket saw the same score on the boards. A lucky "swipe" saw two runs and our total passed. Only one more was got and we retired beaten, but certainly not disgraced.

A few words on this new recreation ground. It will be quite a good place in a year or so when the pitch has settled down. There is room for two cricket pitches, a football pitch and a children's playground.

South Farnborough Working Men's Club came over to play us the next week and our luck changed. Our visitors had the first knock, but only A. E. Ayres batted with confidence; he got 22 out of 51. A. E. Croom had a good day with the ball as he took 6 for 15. Our start was anything but auspicious, losing two wickets for 6 runs, but T. Bartholomew, A. E. Croom and J. Smith all got well in the double figures and we won by 23 runs and 2 wickets.

Another home match followed. This time Wargrave "B" came over, to find us with 10 men only. Croom had to work and we were unable to secure a substitute at the late hour we heard the unwelcome news. The visitors batted first but we got them out

for 34. E. Crutchley bowled splendidly and took 4 for 7. The writer, very ably assisted by the field, got 5 for 9. L. Atkinson cleverly got a c & b. Our skipper, thinking it was time he had a knock, put himself in No. 4 and fortunately for our prestige had a merry innings, for after another poor start, he saw us over the critical time and gave us a win to record. E. Crutchley also got into double figures and was not out when time was called, with our total score, 56 for 9. It must be recorded that several of the later batsmen lost their wickets by having a "dip."

The next Saturday was the tit-bit of the out matches. We were the guests of Mr. Harry, at Eversley. He had a number of friends to back him up and half-a-dozen of the Eversley Street to complete the dozen, as it was a twelve-a-side. Our host won the toss and elected to bat, but in spite of being three good bowlers short of strength, we went for the opposition and, up to a point, did quite well. Admiral Sir R. Bentinck, who played such a splendid game last year, was not fated to bother us too long this time. Mr. Harry tried one of his much discussed change grip shots, which this time did not come off. Our recruit from the second string, L. Atkinson, got his wicket, aided by J. Rumens. Ten wickets fell for 50, but dropped catches turned the whole complexion of the game and the last partnership put on 62 runs. The teams then partook of an excellent tea, provided by our host, after which we faced the bowling, but not for long. In fact, it was a procession to and from the pavilion and we only showed 23 runs on the board for the loss of 9 wickets. Feeling that the situation was well in hand, Mr. Harry made a number of sporty bowling changes, which our "tail wagers" took advantage of. James came out with 17 runs and R. Main (the "B's" skipper) 16 not out; our full total reading 58, which looks much better on paper.

So much for the "A's." Let us look on the junior section for a while.

As with the 1st team, the first match of the series under review was spoilt by rain and not a ball was bowled.

Whitley Hall is then the match to comment upon. Here we had a good caning. In spite of good bowling by R. Main, who took 9 for 22, our opponents—thanks to two men each obtaining 18 runs—totalled 59. The bowling of the "Hallites" was far too good for our side, one took 6 for 10 and another 4 for 4. Comment on the batting is, therefore, unnecessary.

As a result of an amicable understanding with Earley, we played the next game on the Sol Joel ground—the venue of some interesting tennis since. Here, again, we found the opposition too strong for us. The home team batted first and their score mounted

steadily until it reached 82. In spite of this heavy total, R. Main came out with a good analysis, securing 8 for 32 in 16 overs. L. Atkinson also had 16 overs. Our batting was none too good, only amounting to 37 all told, of which C. Josey claimed 10 not out.

The following Saturday a trip to Pangbourne and Tidmarsh 2nd XI was taken and here the game was much closer. The villagers batted first and just got the half century. The bowling honours this time were with W. Greenaway, who got 5 wickets at 5 apiece. Main's three also worked out at the same rate. Frank Hawkins played in this match and was very unlucky in slipping on the wet pitch and spraining his ankle. He carried his bat through the innings for 14, but could get no one to stay with him and our total reached 39.

This time we have a crow, for it is the occasion of our second win and, incidentally, a double. The opponents were Barndale and again we had to take the field first.

Out of a total of 45, H. Clarke made 25. As the 1st XI had taken R. Main into their ranks, R. Broad acted as captain and, while bearing a good share of the bowling, made several changes with notable success. He got 4 for 8 and J. Deverall had 5 for 10. In spite of an early reverse, C. Josey and J. Deverall took command and saw the total pass Barndale's, when the former retired, his personal score then being 21. Two more wickets fell and our score was 67, J. Deverall being not out 32. This should give the team more encouragement; the general fielding was keener and six catches were held.

Sandwiched between the Saturday matches were two evening matches.

The first of these was against Central Alliance, who won by 8, the scores being 42 against 34. Main took the bowling honours with 6 for 3 and F. H. Hawkins the batting, carrying his bat throughout the innings for 16.

The second evening venture was against All Saints when we lost by 15. All Saints 50, "B" team 35. Again we had to field first, and were, unfortunately, short in strength, having to pick up two to complete the team. L. Atkinson was the chief source of trouble with the ball and took 5 for 9. Deverall batted very well indeed and made 15 before he got his legs in front of a straight one.

By the time this appears in print the "A" team will have met Factory "B" and the "B" team G.W.R. Clerical Staff, weather permitting.

Apropos of my few "hints" last month, a gentle leg-pull was the first intimation I received that they had been read. But arising out of same, I must say they were not digested by those for whom they were written, as in one match a certain batsman ran the first, but instead of looking round to see if a second was possible, he got into his crease and took his stance ready to receive the next delivery, although at that time the ball had not been returned by the fielder—no names, no pack drill.

J.W.J.

SEVEN BRIDGES BREWERY BURIAL CLUB.

The annual meeting was held at The Social Club on Friday, May 30th, only a small number of members attending. The Secretary's report for year ending May 31st, 1931, showed that the membership of the club is 410, which represents 38 single men and 372 married men. We have admitted 18 new members and lost 10, *i.e.*, 4 by death and 6 left the firm, making an increase of 8 on the year.

Seven claims have been met (4 members and 3 members' wives) representing a total levy of £134 10s. od.

This year's contributions per married men totalled 7s. od. and single men 3s. 6d., which works out at 1 and 8/13ths of a penny and 21/26ths of a penny respectively. The amount paid per claim is £19 os. od. for member or wife and £9 10s. od. for child. All would agree what a splendid insurance they had.

The funds held in reserve by the esteemed treasurer, Mr. C. W. Stocker, amounted to £27 5s. 6d., an increase of £3 19s. 2d., and the best thanks of the committee and members are due to him for the great interest he takes in the club.

The secretary desires to thank the chairman and committee for their co-operation in collecting the levies and other assistance rendered to him.

The accounts and balance sheet have been checked by Mr. H. Osborne. Members may inspect the balance sheet by arrangement with the secretary at any time.

On behalf of the club the secretary has expressed thanks to the chairman and committee of the Social Club for so kindly placing a room at their disposal.

T.E.S.

BUSY AT "THE BELL," READING.



The above photographs show heavy loads of empties leaving "The Bell," Reading, after a busy Bank Holiday.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

AT ONCE.

If you want to be happy,
Begin where you are ;
Don't wait for some rapture
That's future and far.

Begin to be joyous,
Begin to be glad,
And soon you'll forget
That you ever were sad !

Everything we have is taxed—even our credulity and patience.

It is proof of nobility of mind to despise insults.

It used to be hard to find a needle in a haystack, and now it's just as hard to find one in a woman's hand.

They that will not be counselled cannot be helped.

What seems to be most needed in the modern home is the family.

Truth never yet fell dead in the streets ; it has such affinity with the soul of man, the seed, however broadcast, will catch somewhere and produce its hundredfold.

Though men were made of one metal yet they were not all cast in the same mould.

The habit of viewing things cheerfully, and of thinking about things hopefully, may be made to grow up in us like any other habit.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Never quarrel. Drop discussion the moment the personal element is perceptible. Don't make personal remarks. Neither praise nor criticise people to their faces. Convey your praise, and suggest your criticisms. The greater the affection the more delicate the touch. Take your friends as they are : forget their faults, remember their virtues. Never try to play first fiddle, nor refuse to do so when requested.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

REPORTER : " Are you Mr. Spudde, the potato king ? "

MAGNATE : " Yes, I am. But I dislike the term. Oil kings and silver kings are so common. Call me the Potatentate. "

* * * *

NOGGS : " I see young Broomstick is getting a moustache on the instalment system. "

FOGGS : " What do you mean ? "

NOGGS : " Just a little ' down ' each week. "

* * * *

" Got a sweetheart yet, Tilly ? " " Yes, and he's a regular gentleman. " " You don't say so ! " " Yes. He took me to a restaurant last night and poured tea into a saucer to cool it ; but he didn't blow it like common people do—he fanned it with his hat ! "

* * * *

BOARDING-HOUSE MAID (to new arrival) : " Please, sir, Mistress sent me to tell you breakfast's at nine, an' she's arranged for you to have your bath between Major Brown and Miss Smythe. "

* * * *

SHE : " I'm sure that language on the telephone is quite uncalled for. "

HE : " So is the number they've given me. "

* * * *

BOARDER : " I say, I hope you won't charge me for a hot bath—it was only lukewarm. "

LANDLADY : " Oh, no. Hot bath sixpence, cold bath three-pence—so lukewarm will be ninepence ! "

* * * *

SMALL BOY : " What's that man got on, mummy ? "

MOTHER : " That's a barrister wearing 'is law-suit. "

HE (at 11 p.m.): Did you know I could imitate any bird you can name?"

SHE: "No, I didn't. Can you imitate a homing pigeon?"

* * * *

FIRST BOY: "My father has a fine cedar chest."

SECOND BOY: "That's nothing; my father has a wooden leg."

* * * *

"Now, Johnny, what do you think a land flowing with milk and honey would be like?" "Sticky!"

* * * *

A little girl was taken out to tea, and her mother was horrified to see her pocket a piece of thin bread and butter.

"Whatever are you doing, Betty?" asked the mother, sternly.

"I'm just taking this home to nurse as a pattern," replied Betty.

* * * *

"The man who gives in when he is wrong," said Mrs. Henpeck, "is a wise man, but the man who gives in when he is right is——"

"Married," said a weak voice from the other side of the fireplace.

* * * *

As little Mary's eyesight was inclined to be weak, her fond and doting parent took her to a doctor who, after an examination, announced that she would have to wear glasses for a time.

Some few weeks later the doctor called at the house, and, in the course of conversation, asked after his little patient.

"Oh, doctor," said the little maid's mother, somewhat tearfully, "I can't get her to wear those glasses during the day, but——" she brightened up a little—"when she's asleep I creep upstairs and slip them on!"

* * * *

Little Betty had been sent to bed early for naughtiness, having been severely chided by her father. Later on, when her mother came to hear her prayers, she said at the end: "And please God, don't give father any more children. He doesn't know how to behave to the one he has got."

"I don't know anything worse than letting the wife find a letter you've forgotten to post," said one man, nervously, as he turned out various pockets.

"Oh, I do," said the other.

"And what is it?"

"Letting her find one you forgot to burn."

* * * *

"Fancy, Mrs. Smith's two sons-in-law are fighting for her to go and live with them—one in Aberdeen and one in Penzance."

"How nice of them!"

"Yes, but the one in Aberdeen wants her to go to Penzance, and the one in Penzance wants her to go to Aberdeen."

* * * *

"Oh, Nanny, just one more story before you go, please."

"Bless the child! I've told you three already. Who do you take me for—Edgar Wallace?"

* * * *

A naturalist declares that bees are stone deaf. So it is no good telling them to buzz off.

* * * *

It was reported that King Alfonso had won £100 in the Irish Derby Sweepstake. Having previously lost a crown, he is £99 15s. to the good on balance.

* * * *

A golfer was in the habit of engaging a caddie who was badly troubled with that distressing complaint, the hiccough. One day the man badly missed his drive, and turning to his caddie he said: "That was all through your confounded hiccough." "But I didn't hiccough," said the lad. "No, I know that," said the angry man, "but I allowed for it!"

* * * *

"Well," exclaimed the foreigner as he saw the notice "Smoking" on a railway carriage, "you seem to have carriages for everything in England. I myself have seen coaches labelled 'Sandwich,' 'Bath,' and 'Reading'!"

Two friends met after a long interval. "Well, and how have you been getting on?" asked one.

"I've not done anything much lately," replied the other, sadly, "I took a job as a groom, and I've not had a moment's peace since—I've been on the go day and night."

"That's just about how I've been treated," said the first, just as sadly.

"Why, were you a groom, too?"

"Well, sort of. I took on as a bridegroom."

* * * *

At a certain golf course, where the ladies had been accustomed to play from the same tees as the men, it was decided to arrange shorter tees for them. The new tee boxes were ordered. The secretary warned the green-keeper that the boxes were coming, and asked him to see them placed at the tees.

"All right, sir," he replied, "and I'll just paint an 'L' on each of the boxes, so that the ladies'll know just where we would like them to go."

* * * *

A motorist touring Wales was struck, and sometimes amused, by the inscriptions in Welsh which he saw in various parts of the country. One morning in an hotel when the attendant was showing him to his bath, the visitor paused before the inscription on the mat

"Tam Htab," he mused; "I'll bet that's Welsh for 'Welcome.'"

"No, sir," replied the attendant, "the bath mat happens to be upside down, sir."

* * * *

The farmer owned fields on each side of the golf links. It so happened that he was taking a short cut from one to another when the club's worst member was addressing his ball. The worst member waggled his driver to and fro for several minutes, missed four swings, and finally managed to hit the ball about a dozen feet. Then he glanced up and saw the farmer.

"I say," he protested, "only golfers are allowed on this course, you know."

The farmer nodded. "I do know," he replied, "but I won't say nuthin' if you don't."

A young girl and an elderly woman were waiting for the other members of the party to arrive. "Have a cigarette?" asked the girl, offering her case. The older woman looked at her in extreme annoyance. "Smoke a cigarette!" she cried indignantly. "Good gracious, I'd rather kiss the first man who came along."

"So would I," retorted her companion, "but have one while you're waiting."

* * * *

They had lunched extremely well in the club house, and then went out for a second round of golf. On the first tee one missed the ball completely. Then his opponent essayed to drive and he, too, missed it.

"Well," said the first golfer with great gravity, "I can see it's going to be a ding-dong struggle."

* * * *

A number of racehorses were killed in a railway accident. An owner and his trainer rushed to the scene to identify their horse.

"That isn't him! Nor that!" they said, pointing to two horses. They wandered on and espied more animals. "That's not him either. But there he is," pointing to the fourth horse. "Same in death as in life, not even in the first three."

* * * *

"Gerald, dear, why were some women called Amazons?"

"Well, my dear, you remember the Amazon River has the largest mouth——"

But she went out and slammed the door before he could say any more.

* * * *

LADY (meeting friend in a bus): "Isn't it dreadful, my dear? I've just heard that the vicar's youngest son has entered a well-known racing stable to be trained as a jockey. He was to have become a minister you know."

"Well, he's made a good choice, no doubt. He'll perhaps bring more people to repentance as a jockey than he ever would as a minister!"

The following story concerns two women, each of whom was the mother of a baby boy about eleven months old. Mrs. Brown casually asked if the other's baby had started to walk.

"Not yet," was the reply.

"Mine has, and he isn't quite as old as yours. Has your baby cut any teeth yet?"

"Only one," confessed Mrs. Jones.

"Mine has seven," boasted Mrs. Brown. "Can your baby talk yet?"

"Not yet; can yours?"

"Good gracious, yes! He talks quite a lot."

Mrs. Jones got a bit annoyed at this point.

"Excuse my asking," she remarked acidly, "but does your baby use a safety razor or just an ordinary one?"

* * * *

"I've got a pretty distasteful job before me," remarked the genealogist. "Mrs. Newrich employed me to look up her family tree, and I've got to inform her that one of her relatives was electrocuted.

"Why worry about that?" said his friend. "Just write that the man in question 'occupied the chair of applied electricity at one of our public institutions.'"

* * * *

The young married couple were having a tiff. She, as usual, was grumbling because they were unable to afford the luxuries which had been a feature of their honeymoon.

"All right, all right!" he returned rather sharply. "You cannot have a brass band everywhere you go."

"Oh, yes, I can!" she returned bitterly. "I've got it now—on my finger."

* * * *

THE TALKER.

(A Warning to the Loquacious.)

He talked away at break of day,
 He talked when he had naught to say.
 He talked at home and in the shop,
 He talked and simply would not stop.
 He talked of politics and crime,
 He talked and wasted precious time.
 He talked of money and the probs,
 He talked of gossips, neighbours, snobs.
 He talked as long as one would stay,
 He talked his wearied friends away.
 He talked for merely talking's sake,
 He talked nor any hint would take.
 He talked of much he did not know,
 He talked for ostentatious show.
 He talked and firmly held the floor,
 He talked while one walked out the door.
 He talked to ventilate his mind,
 He talked a tiresome steady grind.
 He talked of health and made it worse,
 He talked and made his talk a curse.
 He talked of trifles, things inane,
 He talked to drive his friends insane.
 He talked right on the whole day long,
 He talked though he was in the wrong.
 He talked nor would he silence keep,
 He talked and mumbled in his sleep.
 He talked ahead—he caught his breath—
 He talked at last himself to death!

LONDON REPRESENTATIVES AT READING.

We were pleased to welcome the outdoor representatives of our London Branch at the Brewery on Tuesday, 9th June, when, headed by Major F. J. Johnson, our London Branch Manager, and Mr. H. Ward, his "aide-de-camp," the whole of the Travelling Staff visited Reading for the purpose of meeting the Directors and viewing the Brewery and Bottling Department. A very happy day was spent and our guests were entertained to luncheon at the Ship Hotel by the Directors.

We believe our visitors were delighted by the magnanimity of the Directors. Their delight in the after-luncheon speeches of

Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds, Chairman, and Mr. F. A. Simonds, Managing Director, was obvious. In those speeches our London friends were treated to samples of the usual humour which spontaneously flows from those gentlemen. On this occasion they were both in great form and merriment was the keynote of the function. One particular remark from Mr. F. A. Simonds spoke volumes in meaning; he said, addressing himself to the Travellers, "You London gentlemen may think that we in Reading do not understand London trade. I can assure you that there is nothing in the London business of which we are ignorant. Moreover, competition is as keen in the Provinces as in London." When it is remembered that some of the largest London contracts which the Firm hold were personally negotiated by Mr. Eric, the foregoing remarks will be understood.

The convening of this meeting was a happy idea and we believe it will live long in the memories of our visitors, several of whom had not previously visited Reading.

They are good fellows, these London men, hard working and keen, with their hearts and souls in their work, all striving alongside ourselves to keep the Firm in the forefront. We were indeed pleased to meet again those with whom we had not come in personal contact for many years and to make the acquaintance of those whom we had not previously met.



BRANCHES.

SALISBURY.

HISTORIC CEREMONY AT OLD SARUM.

On Friday, 12th June, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., and Mrs. Baldwin visited Salisbury, and Mr. Baldwin was made an Honorary Freeman of the city and afterwards unveiled a tablet which is to be affixed to a Sarsen stone at Old Sarum to commemorate the site of the elm tree under the branches of which Members of Parliament used to be elected for that borough.

Now Old Sarum is one of many boroughs in England which are called "rotten boroughs."

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin lunched at Wilbury Park with Major J. Despencer-Robertson, M.P., and Miss Despencer-Robertson, and at 3 p.m. arrived by car at the Guildhall, Salisbury, where the Freedom of the city was conferred on Mr. Baldwin.

In perfect summer weather the unveiling ceremony took place in the Outer Bailey of Old Sarum half-an-hour later. The Mayor and Mayoress of Salisbury (Mr. and Mrs. Hinxman), with the Town Clerk (Mr. Arthur Smart), accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin and party to Old Sarum in a car, and the members of the Council were conveyed there by motor coach.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Major and Miss Despencer-Robertson and the Mayor and Mayoress headed the City Council in procession from the entrance to the Outer Bailey to the platform, which was decorated with the city colours, and from the top of two poles at the corners of the front flew the Union Jack and the city flag. At the rear of the platform the tablet was affixed to the stump of an elm tree and covered with the Union Jack. Invited guests and school children were seated in an enclosure in the front of the platform, and the general public stood around on the slopes of the ramparts. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin left with the Earl and Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, and were their guests at Wilton House for the night.

The inscription on the tablet is as follows:—

" This Stone

erected by the Corporation of New Sarum commemorates that near this spot, beneath the spreading branches of an Elm Tree, Members of Parliament for the Borough of Old Sarum were, in former times, elected, most notable of whom was William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham,

' Clarum et venerabile nomen gentibus,

Et multum nostrae quod proderat orbi,'

who forged those links of Empire which now bind our Fellow Citizens beyond the Seas in affection to the Mother Country.

Wherefore let this place be for ever enshrined in the hearts of our countrymen."

(The Latin phrase is from a speech by Edmund Burke, from Lucan's "Pharsalis," lx., 202, and means "A name illustrious and venerable throughout the world, and one which helped our city much.")



Above is a snap of the "Club Dispatch Riders" of the Ex-Service and Working Men's Club, Martin, Salisbury, all genuine cyclists still going strong on "Simonds' S.B." Left to right:— H. Bailey 72, J. Daily 73, C. Jeanes 76, J. Bush 81, J. Saunders 71. Total ages, 373.

OXFORD.

May we offer our congratulations and best wishes (sincere though belated) to Mr. Louis Simonds on the attainment of his majority.

We wish to extend our sincere condolences to Sir Alexander Prince, K.B.E., and Lady Prince, on the death of their son, Mr. Gerald Arthur Prince, after a very long and trying illness, on June 19th.

Mr. Prince was a prominent member of the Staff of the N.A. & A.F.I., and there was every prospect of his attaining high rank in that Corporation.

Sir Alexander will be remembered as the head of Messrs. Richard Dickeson & Co., Ltd., in pre-war days, with which firm Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. had close associations.

Mr. F. A. Simonds attended the funeral on June 21st to represent the Directors.

The Oxfordshire British Legion County Fete was held on Whit-Monday in the grounds of Blenheim Park, Woodstock, by kind permission of the Duke of Marlborough, County President. There was an attendance of between 3,000 and 4,000 in glorious weather.

The display by the King's Dragoon Guards was a great attraction and the tent pegging, trick riding, etc., were warmly applauded.

There were also exhibitions of dancing by the Headington Morris Dancers in a special enclosure, which drew crowds of onlookers.

The County tug-of-war final was won by Tackley, who beat the Wolvercote team for the honour after strenuous pulls.

The music was supplied by the Band of the 4th Battalion Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, and the Duchess of Marlborough presented the prizes.

The arrangements were in the capable hands of the County Secretary, Captain Holt, and our well-known ales, stout, etc., were ably dispensed by Mrs. Baines and her staff from the Crown Hotel, Woodstock.

Mrs. Baines was also responsible for the catering arrangements on Thursday, 28th May, at Blenheim Park, on the occasion of the Oxfordshire Constabulary Sports, which were carried to a successful conclusion despite adverse weather conditions.

The Duke of Marlborough acted as one of the judges, and the arrangements were in the hands of Deputy Chief Constable Fernsby and Detective Inspector E. J. Rippington.

The events were keenly contested and some good racing was witnessed by a larger attendance than was expected.

R.A.F. STATION, BICESTER: ANNUAL SPORTS.

The third Annual Sports at Bicester Royal Air Force Station were held on Thursday, May 28th, and this year it was the 33rd Bomber Squadron which contested the events. The weather was not kind, but a good programme of athletic events was witnessed by a fair gathering.

The Band of the Bicester Branch of the British Legion was in attendance. Major Bulman gave a thrilling exhibition of "stunt" flying, and A. C. Marston amused the assembly with his tricks on a motor cycle.

The well-known Hop Leaf brand specialities were in evidence and without doubt added to the popularity of the meeting.

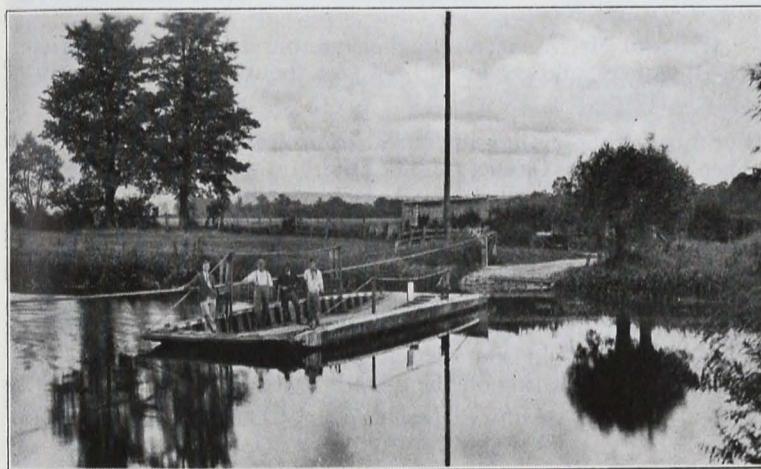


Young Oxford at Epsom.

BABLOCK HYTHE FERRY.

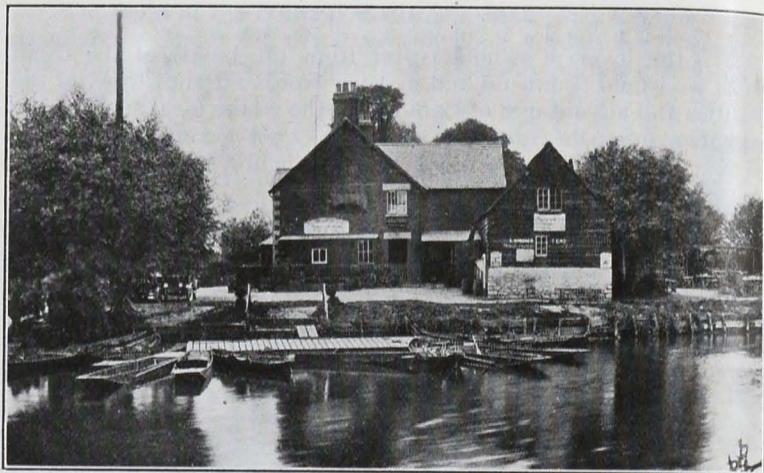
To the lover of a holiday far from the bustle of the usual resort we would commend and in a few words attempt to extol the beauties and advantages of Bablock Hythe as the ideal spot for the enjoyment of such a vacation.

First, we must put the place on the map. If you would travel by water, be your conveyance punt, skiff, canoe or homely rowing boat, Bablock Hythe is a circuitous twelve-mile jaunt up-stream from Oxford. You may "hike" it by road, over the hill from Oxford via the ancient village of Cumnor (made immortal by Sir Walter Scott in his "Kenilworth") and after a stroll of about five miles you arrive at the great ferry, which serves to carry all and sundry, from the farmer's wain and modern automobile down to the humblest foot passenger, across the Thames to Bablock and beyond.



Bablock Hythe is neither village nor yet hamlet, but is a vantage point for visiting many places of beauty and historical interest which lie near at hand to this one of the beauty spots of the Upper Thames.

Of course you will call at the inn on the Oxfordshire side of the ferry and after refreshing the inner man you will take a look round. If you decide to spend your summer holiday here the genial proprietor of the Chequers Inn will tell you of the bungalows he has to let and of the facilities for boating, fishing and a real idler's holiday to be obtained actually on the spot.



Write to Mr. A. W. Collingbourne, our friend the proprietor of the Chequers, and get him to tell you about that idler's mecca—Bablock Hythe.

“For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground!
Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe,
Returning home on summer nights, have met
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
As the punt's rope chops round,
And leaning backward in a pensive dream,
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers
Plucked in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream.”

Matthew Arnold (from “The Scholar Gipsy.”)



LONDON.

The frontispiece of June issue giving portrait of Mr. J. M. Hammond gave pleasure to those at this Branch who know him.

The London Branch travelling staff were invited to the Brewery on Tuesday, 9th June, to meet the Directors and Heads of Departments, The following, with the Manager, F. J. Johnson, were present :—

Mr. W. Miller, who joined the Firm at London Branch in 1888.

Mr. A. Luscombe who commenced at Plymouth in 1900, has seen service at Ludgershall Branch, Salisbury Plains, joined London Branch in 1907. Mr. Luscombe is now looking after the military trade in connection with this Branch.

Mr. E. Golds joined at Brighton Branch in 1900, was transferred to Portsmouth Branch before joining London Branch in 1913.

Mr. R. Woodward commenced in 1924. Previously he was brewer to Messrs. R. Woodward & Sons, Plough Brewery, before the Firm took it over.

Mr. J. Bowyer was formerly R.S.M., Royal Engineers; joined 1925.

Mr. N. Nulty joined 1925. He was previously with the Royal Irish Constabulary.

Mr. S. G. Fletcher joined the Firm at Woolwich Branch in 1923, transferred to London in 1930. Mr. S. G. Fletcher retired from the army with the rank of captain, having served with the Royal Artillery.

Mr. J. Hobson has only recently joined us.

Mr. H. Ward, Chief Clerk, was also one of the party.

Mr. W. Miller, better known as “Bill” to most of us, had the privilege of being motored down by our manager, Major F. J. Johnson, and his right hand, Mr. H. Ward, and rightly so, because if any man deserves favours, our Bill does—and what is more, he gets them. The others, Messrs. J. Bowyer, S. G. Fletcher, E. Golds, J. Hobson, A. Luscombe, N. Nulty and the writer, met at Paddington in time to catch the 9.45 and duly reported at the Brewery, having previously called in at the G.W. Hotel out of curiosity to see if the Reading bottling of S.B.A. was as good as London, and found it to our satisfaction.

After meeting our Chiefs we were introduced to Mr. Knapp, the second brewer, who was asked to show us round the Brewery. We had only reached the cask-washing shed when we were joined by Mr. Eric, his son Mr. Louis and Mr. C. W. Stocker, the head brewer, who were kind enough to explain in the short time we had at our disposal the workings of the different plants. From the cask-washing we went to the grinding room where we saw a sample of crushed malt, then on to the mash tuns (four in number) and saw the "goods," viz., crushed malt being "sparged," then on to the coppers which were boiling right merrily, giving forth that aroma which is the finest appetiser in the world, then on to the hop backs from where the wort is run over the refrigerators to be cooled to the necessary temperature before running into the fermenting vessels; here the wort ferments and in due time becomes beer or stout, and I might add, the Firm still use partly the Burton Union System which, in spite of the enormous space it requires, no doubt pays them for the valuable yeast crop they get from it, which is the keystone of a brewery—but few breweries can afford the room. On down to the yeast room, which is kept at a low temperature and purified air pumped, or rather circulated. By the time we had watched the racking machines and seen the new conditioning room which is being constructed, and when completed will hold I cannot tell you how many hundreds of barrels, and then the ammonia compressors which enables one to control all these temperatures. Then on to the new cider plant, which is the very latest and has only been running six weeks. This turns out cider of the very best quality and purity. We then crossed over to the bottling stores, but found they were closing down for their dinner hour. We were then escorted to the Ship Hotel where we were given a splendid lunch, Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds taking the chair, supported by Mr. Eric Simonds, Mr. Harry, Mr. C. E. Gough and Mr. A. R. Bradford. The chairman gave the toast of the King which was heartily responded to and we were then ably addressed by Mr. Eric which was much appreciated. Major F. J. Johnson moved a vote of thanks to the chairman and directors for so kindly asking us down. Back again to the bottling stores where we saw the finest bottling unit, which from the time the dirty bottles are put into the washer, automatically turned out on to a conveyor and carried to the filler, crowner, into the pasteuriser, out again to the labeller, then stacked, doing just over five hundred dozen per hour, it really wants seeing to believe. Then we came to the coopers shop and saw casks being made and repaired and how the broken staves are used up by making them into shives; the coach building shop where the lorries are repaired and painted, which, if my memory does not fail me, is just by the quay where the barges are loaded for the export trade. Again in the cellars we found ourselves in the wine and spirit stores, being introduced to

Mr. Chaplin, who is in charge, and sampling among others, some very choice Empire wines, after which Mr. Eric and Mr. Louis said good-bye to us. Mr. C. E. Gough then took us to the canvas department where we saw many men repairing and cleaning many different sized marquees, which the Firm hire and lend to their numerous military customers.

The rest of our time we spent at the Social Club, which we reluctantly left, Mr. Bradford kindly escorting us to the station in time to catch the 7.28 back to town, and so ended an interesting and most enjoyable day, and we are hoping some day it may occur again.

We take this opportunity of again thanking our worthy chairman and directors for their great kindness, also to the many gentlemen who were so keen to make us feel at home amongst them.

R.W.

INTERESTING ROWING MATCH.

On Whit-Sunday morning a long-promised rowing match took place between Mr. Pat Glynn, landlord of the Star and Garter, Putney, and Mr. W. L. Crook, landlord of the Duke's Head. The course was from Harrods to Putney Bridge. Mr. Pat Glynn, on the advice of our Mr. J. Bowyer, went into strict training on S.B.A. and Milk Stout, with the result that he gained a great victory by over 10 lengths. Both men weigh about 17 stone. The victory was celebrated at the Star and Garter, Putney, with plentiful supplies of the "Hop Leaf" brands.

SUMMER OUTINGS.

The "Albion" annual outing.—Mr. E. Bowyer, the popular landlord of the "Albion" Free House, Nelson Terrace, City Road, arranged his annual outing for Thursday, June 11th, the destination being Newbury Races, travelling by motor coach. Thirty-four assembled and a start was made at 8.30 a.m.; the health of the firm was drank with S.B.A. and Dark Ale en route. A stop was made both on the outward journey and return journey at the "Lamb" at Theale, where Simonds' was sampled, and as usual, approved. After an enjoyable day's racing, the return journey was commenced at 7.45 p.m. The "Albion" was reached safely by 11.10 p.m., too late for further refreshment. It was a very satisfactory outing and well arranged and highly enjoyed by all. Mr. E. Bowyer is to be congratulated on his arrangements.

The dart section in connection with the North Kensington Labour Club held their annual outing on Sunday, 7th June. The

party proceeded to Burnham-on-Crouch by motor coach. Supplies of S.B.A. and Dark Ale were taken on board and thoroughly enjoyed during the journey. Lunch was taken at Burnham-on-Crouch. Included with the toasts was that to the visitors, to which our Mr. J. Bowyer responded.

SPORT.

Our Mr. L. Humphrey is making good progress in the rowing world. On Saturday, September 13th, rowing for the Barnes & District Rowing Club at the Gas Light and Sports Association Regatta, Kew, his club were successful in winning the junior eights.

I understand that the foreman's boxing squad is now overweight and I think they have taken up the noble game of darts, with great success.

It is with great regret that we announce the passing away of Mr. T. Rowlands, on Sunday, 26th April, 1931, who for a number of years has been employed at this Branch. "Tom," as he was known, made himself very popular owing to his very courteous manner to all. Our deep sympathy is extended to Mrs. Rowlands and family.

We have lost a very old friend in the passing away of Mr. J. Fotheringham, "Queen's Head," Amelia Street, Walworth, which took place on the 19th May, 1931. The deceased gentleman was very popular in the neighbourhood and he will be greatly missed by his many friends and customers. The late Mr. Fotheringham was a customer of ours for a great number of years and always had a kind and cheery word for all.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The airman who, during the month, endeavoured to fly through a dense Dartmoor fog, must to-day be thanking his lucky star. 'Twas but a matter of a few yards on either side where he landed—and disaster!

Our local laureate, who knows more about fogs than he does about "Moths," could not let the occasion go by and has produced the following "classic" on the occurrence:—

" Jist a few days ago some feller—no fool—
Was purty nigh landed in Crazywell Pool,
Attemptin' to fly in a Dartmoor Fog,
Not knowing the dangers of boulder and bog!
Sich venturesome doin's, 'tis a wonder to me,
The chap wasn't killed! Lor'! 'tis aisy to see.

A "rale" Devonshire word of advice this!

The afternoon of June 3rd, Derby Day, found many Devonians and other folk gathered near the old oak tree at Meavy, that picturesque and typical West Country village which nestles under the shadow of Princetown itself, and which earned for itself an unenviable notoriety during the recent escapes from that "haven of rest." For Meavy residents were the first to feed and clothe the wanderers in their long "hike" through the alarmed countryside. On this day, however, the whole population gave itself over to joy, except the man in stocks perhaps, who most likely deserved all he got: these we didn't count.

The rustics' smocks, the ladies' frocks, the pedlars, the gipsy encampment and the Meavy quartette, Bill, Garge, Hary and Jan, with their fiddle, concertina, jews' harp and mouth-organ, were worth going miles to see and hear; a real jolly good tea, and a dance and carnival in the evening, brought a jolly time to a fitting conclusion.

Our old friend, William Hobbs, announced all the events of the day, and "When ye hear his bell, well, ye've jist got to hearken." A great lad Willum!

Also Tom Pearce's old grey mare managed to get there, with Uncle Tom and all. And our local hospitals were rewarded.

"Hop Leaf" brands were in great demand at the Royal Oak until a late hour, when Meavy again settled down to that tranquility and repose which delight all those who gaze upon her.

The Yealmpton Agricultural Show celebrated its 53rd Anniversary when its Annual Exhibition was held recently in real June weather.

Ideal conditions prevailed. The standard of exhibits has never been excelled in its long history, and keen competition took place for the many trophies offered.

Yealmpton provides a medium for those breeders in South Devon who have not the time or means to take their stock long distances for show purposes, and a total entry of nearly 300 animals bears testimony to the appreciation in which the event is held throughout Devon.

The Simonds' marquee was an extremely popular part of the Show, and "S.B." to all parts was the order of the day. When in doubt, say "S.B."!

From Launceston comes the latest testimonial to the merits of that famous brew known all the world over as "S.B."

The Launceston Rovers Football Club, whose Chairman and "live wire" is Mr. J. Ponsford, the well-known ex-Service boxing expert and now mine host at the Newmarket Hotel there, succeeded in getting into three final ties during the season 1930-31. Known as the "S.B." team, as is plainly depicted on the accompanying photograph, they have confounded the local critics, and covered themselves with glory in their very short history. We believe it was in the Newmarket Hotel that the idea of forming the club first originated, and its record during two years of existence is a fitting result to the energy and enthusiasm of the Club's sponsors.



The Launceston Rovers Football Club "S.B." Team.

Four cup finals in two years is excellent going and all "Hop Leaf" supporters wish them many further honours. The reward of a bottle of the famous beverage for every goal scored must have cost "Jimmy" Ponsford a pretty penny, but his "Come on, boys" did not lose any of its well-known fervour even when half-a-dozen had been booked for urgent delivery. Their goal net was invariably decorated with the Club colours and the traditional imperial pint (not an empty one either) and seldom did the charm fail. Even the trainer's magical bottle was at times utterly neglected!

At their Annual Dinner on May 19th at the Newmarket Hotel a warm tribute was paid to the hard work which Mr. Clements, the Hon. Secretary, had put in for the Club, also Mr. F. Ryan as Hon. Treasurer, who unfortunately was unable to be with the company on that evening.

The Chairman's advice as to careful training during the playing season and the merits of sound team work was well appreciated by all Rovers present. We congratulate every member on the keenness shown and its excellent results.

We look forward to an increased demand from Launceston for that noted ale to which they attribute some of their success, and wish them and their supporters even greater opportunities for fame during 1931-32.

Onward the Rovers!

CRABBS PARK, PAIGNTON.

Although we have been favoured with anything but seasonable weather up to the present, we are pleased to say that summer has now really arrived. Summer, that wonderful season when thoughts turn to tennis, cricket and boating.

The Fleet are expected in Torbay in a fortnight's time, and a hearty welcome is extended to our naval friends. Various forms of entertainment are arranged for the enjoyment of our sailor visitors, and a number of the Clubs and Institutes make them honorary members during their stay. The naval sports are an immense attraction, and thousands visit Torbay to witness this wonderful display. The various warships are open for inspection on different days, in addition to which numerous pleasure boats plying for hire take a large number for a "trip around the fleet." The lighting of the warships at night is most impressive, and occasional firework displays add to the scenes of excitement. "Jack" takes full advantage of his stay, and many char-a-bancs convey them to the surrounding moors.

The Commercial Hotel, at Paignton (which readers will remember was nearly gutted by fire some time since) is being re-built, and part of the new building will be used during this season. It is an elegant structure, and has a fine palm lounge as well as all the up-to-date facilities of a first-class hotel.

SLOUGH.

THE LANGLEY "NORTH STAR" FOOTBALL CLUB.

We have much pleasure to place on record in our own little GAZETTE the result of last season's matches played by the above Club. This is the third season since their formation, and in their

first year they were runners-up in the Third Division of the Windsor and District League. In their second year they were third in the Second Division of the League, and winners of the "Nicholay" Cup. Their third season, the last one, proved not only to be a record for the Second Division championship of the Windsor and District League, but also is rather unique, viz., games played 22, games won 22, goals for 125, goals against 15.

The Club have in Mr. F. W. Moule, their Honorary Secretary, a tremendously hard worker, and the above results speak most highly of the wonderful team work as a whole. The President of the Club is A. J. Austin, Esq., who is in charge of the Actors' Orphanage, Langley. Their headquarters is the "North Star" Club Room, which is kindly loaned them by their Treasurer, who is also mine host of the "North Star."

We reproduce herewith the photograph of the team taken outside the Firm's house, the "North Star," Langley, showing the Championship Shield, and Mr. Moule (Hon. Secretary) particularly requested the writer to inform our readers that the team trained exclusively on Simonds' "S.B." and other well-known "Hop Leaf" brands.



The "North Star" Footballers.

THE BRITISH LEGION CLUB, LTD., MAIDENHEAD.

It is with great regret that we speak of the passing, on June 8th, of the Right Honourable Sir Frederick Milner, Bart., G.C.V.O., his death taking place at his home, Taplow Lodge, Buckinghamshire, aged 81.

Sir Frederick was the President of the above Club, and not only will his loss be felt by the Club, but all ex-Service men will greatly miss the valuable assistance and help which he gave to them by his forethought and indefatigable work on their behalf. Early in the war he began to devote himself to the cause of disabled men, and when the Royal Commissioners at Chelsea, who were responsible for the administration of pensions, were unable to deal with the tremendous numbers of men, Sir Frederick raised money at the rate of £60,000 a year to help urgent cases. In the twelve years since the Armistice he worked tremendously hard for this cause, so hard that more than once he broke down in health.

On his eightieth birthday the ex-Service Welfare Society, of which he was President, gave a Luncheon in his honour, presenting him with £10,000 that had been collected for him to use in aid of the village settlements of Papworth and Enham for which he was responsible. The Duke of Connaught wrote: "No man can measure the good he has done, the hope he has brought to those who had nearly lost it." In February last year Sir Frederick was invested by the King with the G.C.V.O. in appreciation of his wonderful work.

The "Clerk of the weather" was certainly kind to us on June 4th, "Founders' Day" at Eton College. This is an event looked forward to by the whole populace around this historical school. More often than not it is marred by inclement weather, but this year the celebrations were held under quite summer conditions. This, of course, enhances the beauty of the spectacle in the college, on the playing fields and river banks. Much gallantry and pride are witnessed when the boys are escorting their mothers and sisters about the ancient buildings, while fathers are hunting for their old friends. Prowess at work and sport is shewn in the celebrations as before the cricket match there are the Speeches, when pride is shewn upon the faces of the parents as they listen to the orations of their sons, orations that perchance they have learnt during their spell at college. Subsequently, the "Dry Bobs" become the centre of attraction, for each year the School play a team of "Old Etonians" on "Upper Club." Here, basking in the sun, or resting in the cool shade, the greater number of guests spend the rest of the day. As evening draws near, however, the "Wet Bobs" come into their own, and continue in the limelight until the day's end. In mid-evening the boats, manned by the traditionally uniformed

crews, proceed from the Boathouse to Old Windsor. If able to do so you must see this sight or you are considered rather unpatriotic. Soon after the last boat has left the guests begin to flock to "Fellows Eyot," from whence they are to view the display of fireworks. This, of course, is the most popular part of the programme with most of the public, and we are afforded quite a good view owing to the College Authorities allowing people on the "Upper Club." With the arrival of the boats from Old Windsor starts a truly wonderful display, one which lasts in the mind and must cheer even the most dismal. This continues for about an hour, after which comes bed, and the commencement of marking the calendar towards next "Founders' Day."

MISS B. I. EDWARDS.

Joy and sorrow were mingled together when we said "Au revoir" to Miss Edwards, owing to her approaching marriage; sorrow that she was leaving us, and joy that she had decided to take the step so many of us hope to take in the course of time. She had been a member of the Office Staff for nine years, so her presence will certainly be missed by all. On the 17th June a pleasing little ceremony was held in the Office, when Mr. H. W. Colson asked Miss Edwards' acceptance of an oxidised silver framed mirror and cut-glass salad bowl, tokens of esteem and affection from the Firm and the Staff of the Slough Branch.

The wedding took place on Saturday, June 20th, at the Parish Church, Windsor, and the reception was held at the Conservative Club, Slough. The honeymoon is being spent at Shanklin, Isle of Wight.

Our sincere good wishes for a happy future are extended to the bride and bridegroom.

PORTSMOUTH.

ROYAL COUNTIES AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

The 1931 Show of this Society was held on Southsea Common from June 3rd to 6th. This year, as also last year at Reading, the National Hackney Society joined with the Royal Counties Society, and in addition there were poultry, floral and dog shows as other attractions. A space of over fifty acres was used for the Show, and was far greater in size than the last Show held in Portsmouth in 1925. This was the seventh Show which the Royal Counties Agricultural Society had held at Portsmouth, the first being held in 1886. The number of entries broke all records and the Show has been rarely excelled for quality, and undoubtedly one of the greatest attractions of the Show was the wonderful entry put up in the cattle section by the Guernseys and Jerseys.

H.M. The King was successful in securing two first prizes in the Hereford class and was also successful in two classes for butter. The Show was visited by H.R.H. Prince George on the Friday, who was deeply impressed with all he saw. The size of the Show, together with the large crowds that visited it, proved that agriculture still plays a big part in the industrial life of the country. The Firm again had the honour of supplying their famous liquors through Mr. Godwin, the caterer, and the various brands gave universal satisfaction.

After having had a long career as an official of the Portsmouth, Gosport and District Licensed Victuallers' Association, Mr. George Golding has had to relinquish his position on account of ill-health. Mr. Golding has held the position of Secretary to the Association for about twenty-eight years, and a few years ago he had the highest honour possible conferred upon him, being made President. To mark their appreciation of the very fine and valuable service he had rendered, the Licensed Victuallers and other members of the trade presented Mr. Golding with a substantial cheque and an illuminated address. Mr. Golding was not able to receive the presentation himself, and Mr. Arthur Golding received same on behalf of his father.

It was tragic news, indeed, which came to this country when it became known that the British submarine *Poseidon* had been sunk in collision off Wei-Hai-Wei by a Chinese coaster. It was while carrying out exercises that the collision occurred, a large hole being torn in her side. Portsmouth was severely hit by this terrible disaster, and it was an agonising memory to think that the *Poseidon* was one of four new submarines that six months ago had sailed out of the harbour on a voyage that was to take them half-way round the world. It was on the 12th December last that the four ships of the class, *Pandora*, *Poseidon*, *Perseus* and *Proteus* sailed for Hong-Kong. There were stirring scenes at Fort Blockhouse when the four submarines left on their unescorted 15,000 miles voyage, and everything went well until they reached Gibraltar Harbour. In entering the harbour on December 17th, *Pandora* and *Proteus* collided and the voyage was delayed for some weeks while the damage was repaired. The four vessels were laid down at Barrow-in-Furness, and were commissioned at Barrow on March 20th, 1930. They were ordered to the China Station to form a new Fourth Flotilla in place of the "L" class boats which were withdrawn from service. The *Poseidon*, the unfortunate vessel which was sunk, was launched on June 21st, 1929.

Everyone interested in cricket must have heard with pleasure that C. P. Mead, the Hampshire and England batsman, had registered another century and thus equalled the number of centuries scored by W. G. Grace. There is only one batsman who has scored more centuries and he is, of course, Jack Hobbs. Mead has had a long career and for many years has been practically the mainstay of the Hampshire attack. He has played many fine games for his country as well as his county, and, although now in the veteran stage, he is not yet finished. Well done, Mead!

Southsea is now looking its best. The lawns and gardens look lovely, and their freshness and beauty are particularly becoming to the eye. The rock gardens were never better. Southsea, in fact, has bedecked herself handsomely for the summer visitors and, without doubt, is fast establishing herself as "Queen of the Isles." People who have their holidays to come should certainly bear in mind Southsea. A visit will be one of utmost benefit.

Do not forget the Portsmouth Navy Week, the first week in August. Come to Portsmouth, the premier port to see the Navy and have an enjoyable as well as an educational visit. "Jack" is waiting to welcome you.

GIBRALTAR.

GUNGA POOCH.

You may talk of sanitary water when you're stationed in Gibraltar,
Where the weather's blazing hot and gets you down;
Of all the drink that's made, and it isn't lemonade,
An "S.B." keeps you smiling through the town.

Though he's sixty-five to-day and has been to Catalan Bay,
To celebrate his birthday with a dip,
He's hot and parched and dying, chewing twist and "tringo"
buying,
They save his life with Simonds', just a nip.

He bought two ducks from "Wembley" and took them somewhat
trembley
To the wife in Rodgers Road to roast them brown;
They were weak and small and beaky, after baking them twice
weekly,
And the mousehound dog is sick with eating down.

In a cricket shirt that's thick with dirt from overtime preparing
dinners,
He thinks and looks in wonder,
As he carves the birds asunder,
To find the ducks are seagulls backing winners.

His messmates chaffed him loudly, but he swelled his chest so
proudly,
It seemed he'd taken arsenic with a scoop;
But for all I've entertained you, with the beer I never gave you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Pooch.

There's a spot that's called Europa to the west of south by east;
There's a barrel full of Simonds' rich and brown;
There's a broken-hearted Gunga with a thirst that scorches yeast,
Wondering how a man gets drunk on half-a-crown.

Dedicated to "Charlie" (late of Didcot).

A large number of changes among the naval and military personnel have to be recorded this month, foremost among them being the departure of Rear Admiral Berwick Curtis, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and members of his personal staff, and the arrival of Rear Admiral T. N. James, C.B., M.V.O., who succeeds Rear Admiral Curtis as Rear Admiral-in-Charge. In congratulating Rear Admiral James on his appointment, we must also add our congratulations on being made a C.B. in the King's Birthday Honours, and we sincerely hope that his stay on the Rock will be a happy one.

It is with regret that we have to announce the departure of Colonel J. L. Buxton, C.M.G., D.S.O., the Assistant Adjutant and Quarter-Master General. His stay among us has not been as long as we should have liked, and we feel sure that he carries with him the best wishes of his numerous friends in Gibraltar. He is succeeded by Colonel H. C. Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, C.M.G., D.S.O., and to him also we tender our best wishes for a happy stay amongst us.

Gibraltar is not to be outdone in the matter of fashionable June weddings, and a few days ago saw the wedding of Miss Lorna Tomlinson, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Tomlinson, to Lieut. E. C. Bayldon, R.N., of H.M.S. *Anthony*. The huge crowd at the Cathedral testified to the widespread popularity of the young couple, while His Excellency and Lady Godley also honoured the occasion with their presence. Following the reception at Engineer House, the happy pair left for Spain for the honeymoon. Very

noticeable among the many gifts was a beautiful jade and silver electric lamp standard from the Warrant Officers and Sergeants, Royal Engineers.

Empire Day saw the opening of the Annual Fair and Festivities, and, unlike last year, the Clerk of the Weather was very kind throughout the whole period of the Fair. The opening ceremony was performed by His Excellency the Governor, and the usual side-shows and games of chance wheedled the money out of readily opened pockets. The decorations and illuminations were well up to the usual high standard of excellence, while the familiar red Hop Leaf in no wise lessened the general effect. Unfortunately His Excellency was unable to present the prizes, owing to an indisposition, and Rear Admiral James made an able deputy in this respect.

The King's Birthday Parade on June 3rd was celebrated in the customary manner at North Front, and we were afforded an opportunity of seeing units from the Royal Navy, Royal Marines, the various Army corps, as well as the British Legion and Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, on parade. Unfortunately His Excellency was unable to take the salute owing to his indisposition (from which he has now recovered), and Colonel Maitland-Makgill-Crichton deputised for him.

We are at present in the throes of a heat wave, which has necessarily limited indoor entertainments to some extent, but mention must be made of the recent very successful whist drive and dance held in the Military Foot Police Mess. Noticeable among the guests were Captain Rice, our popular Garrison Adjutant, Captain Bradley, A.E.C., Lieutenant Bell, R.A.M.C., and Mr. E. M. B. Cottrell. Garrison-Sergeant-Major Burns ably filled the Chair—in every possible way—and under his guidance the evening went with a swing and proved the success that it deserved.

Among other arrivals are those of Lieut-Colonel C. F. Cooke, O.B.E., R.A.S.C., Sub-Conductor Wilson ("Tug," of course), and S/Sergt. Lowder, both of the R.A.O.C., to all of whom we extend a hearty greeting. "Tug's" cheery face and "Pepsodent" smile have already become a well-known feature (this is not a pun), while the prowess of the latter, especially on the soccer field, needs no eulogising from me. At the same time we should like to tender our sincere sympathy to S/Sergt. and Mrs. Lowder on the great loss they sustained in the death of their elder child soon after their arrival amongst us, and we trust that this sad beginning will not mar their memories of the Rock when they leave us.

The Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess, R.E., held their annual outing to the Cork Woods early in the month. This event

is looked forward to with a great deal of anticipation by young and old alike—an anticipation which is fully justified. The catering, as usual, was in the capable hands of "Jimmy" Cunningham, and that master of the commissariat added further laurels to his already high reputation. Donkey races and rides, games and sports all helped to pass the time all too quickly, and it was with a general feeling of regret that we saw the "empties" loaded on to the buses in readiness for the return journey. Mrs Tomlinson kindly presented the prizes, several special ones being given by generous donors. The foremost event of the day—the Donkey Derby—was won by Sergeant Jenkins, who bestrode his fiery steed in a masterly manner. He made the running from the starting point, and rounding Tattenham Corner in a Donoghue-like fashion—skilfully evading furze bushes and rabbit holes on the way—cantered home an easy winner by some lengths. Loud cheers (mostly of derision) greeted this exhibition of successful horsemanship, or rather donkeyship.

An impromptu social evening in the Mess concluded an extraordinarily successful and enjoyable day.

Now that H.M.S. *Glorious* has returned to Malta the harbour presents rather a deserted appearance. We have been favoured with visits from U.S. Ships *Pittsburg* and *Nantucket*, and are expecting visits from the *Arkansas* and *Wyoming*, and *Sebago* and *Mendota*, but otherwise all is quiet on the maritime front.

The bullfight season is now upon us, and the sole topic of conversation is the respective merits of the various matadors, etc. The local season opens at Algeciras, and is followed by fights at La Linea, San Roque and other places in the near vicinity, and the way in which these functions are attended hardly supports the theory that bullfighting is dying out in Spain.

"NAUTICUS."

WOKING.

The leading topic in the Woking area on Whit-Monday was the Sixth Annual Sports Meeting and Fete of the Woking Railway-men's Athletic Club held on the Woking Sports Ground. Cautious of making any definite plans for the holiday owing to the precarious state of the weather beforehand, and having in mind the doleful experiences of holiday-makers at Easter, it was not to be wondered at that such an event favoured by twelve hours' sunshine should prove an attraction to over ten thousand residents and visitors. Our Canvas Staff has probably never experienced worse conditions than those existing on the Saturday, but nevertheless they successfully carried out their programme despite the torrential rainfall. On the Monday morning we were kept busy stocking up the

refreshment booths with the familiar "Hop Leaf" brands, and the organising ability of our Mr. W. E. Liley, of the Fox Inn, Pirbright, in connection with the catering arrangements, contributed in no small measure to the success of the occasion. Our old friends of the Guildford British Legion provided the musical part of the programme, and it was, generally speaking, a day when all records "went by the board."

In company with Mr. S. Wareham, of the Godalming British Legion, the writer paid a visit on Friday, 5th June, to the Surrey County Sanatorium at Milford, where our Mr. J. Holloway is undergoing a period of treatment following his recent illness. Thanks to the courtesy of the officials we were able to make a tour of this wonderful institution, which was bedecked with flower borders in every direction. Overlooked by Hindhead, and enjoying the serenity of the old-world villages around, one could not help reflecting that here indeed is one of Nature's own health resorts. Mr. Holloway looked remarkably fit and well, and his many friends will be glad to learn that his progress has been excellent and that he hopes to resume duty at an early date. He would like readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, particularly in this area, to know how much he values and appreciates the kind enquiries made during his illness and convalescence, and he desires, through the medium of the GAZETTE, to express grateful thanks accordingly.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BOTTLE.

AN EVENING'S EXCELLENT ENTERTAINMENT.

"THE GLORY HOLE."

Commencing life in a glass works, my first remembrance was the pride in his craft displayed by my masked and overalled parent. It is quite true that the poise and stability of my figure with its delicately tapering shoulders and slender neck, bore successful witness to his skill, and the deep mellow shade of brown found in my complexion, in itself, praised his art. My strength was proved by careful tests and I eventually set forth to tour the world. After many devious wanderings which were, however, not eventful, I arrived at the Reading home of the "Hop Leaf."

IMMEDIATELY MADE WELCOME.

I was immediately made welcome and found that I was to become a member of the famous "S.B." clan. Having received my complement of this ever-popular and delicious beverage, I was attired in a waistcoat and cap adorned with the famous red "Hop

Leaf" badge. Together with many others, both veteran and juvenile, I was carefully packed in a comfortable dormitory containing twenty-four cubicles. It was here that I first received a true conception of the honour which is afforded by the world to this famous clan. The majority of my immediate companions were veterans of the "S.B." way, and their tales of life inspired me with the determination to win my spurs worthily.

NEXT STAGE ON JOURNEY.

The next stage of my tour commenced with a journey over old Father Thames, and the hills and dales of the pretty county of Surrey. The weather during this journey was glorious, the sun exhilarating us with his golden rays. Everywhere I could perceive a wholesome joy of life. Stately trees clothed in fresh leaves of chiffon-like delicacy, birds' tuneful songs, and the bleating oratory of lambs all attested the coming of spring and summer. Meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers, cattle feeding in sober security, attuned the mind to an appreciation that was excellent in its reaction. This pleasant journey came to an end all too soon, and we entered a park-like enclosure, which betrayed the formalities of garden culture, to pull up before the side door of a sociable-looking building.

WHERE OUR LIFE-BLOOD IS DRAINED.

Our jovial driver and his mate here lifted us from the car and we were taken through a spotlessly clean kitchen to a place called "The Glory Hole." This particular title was an enigma to me at first, but careful observance has led me to believe that it is indeed a place of glory for bottles. It is here that our caps are wrenched off and our life-blood drained; it is here that our mortal enemies, the glass tumbler and the pewter pot, sport their vanity!

WHERE MAN FINDS SOLACE.

I have, however, discovered that their triumph is short-lived, for they are themselves bereft of the proceeds of our ravishment by the tribe of Man. Man himself finds solace, happiness, conviviality in our blood. It is to this end that we are fashioned, and my first experience of this showed me an evening's excellent entertainment.

It appears that some of these men had been disporting themselves during the afternoon in flannels at a game called Cricket. They had accordingly developed an amazing power of consumption. Many were the comrades I saw fall by the way during the evening. Nevertheless, it was in glory that they departed. Orchestra and dance band music, songs and monologues were the accompaniment to their death.

CARRIED IN STATE.

At last my hour arrived, and my cap disappeared into the waste bin, being placed there by the expert hand of the Steward. My contents were yielded to a crested tumbler, which was carried in state on a salver bearing our "Hop Leaf" badge, to a fresh-complexioned giant of some thirty summers. He seized the glass and held it aloft with the eyes of a connoisseur, and after a long draft made his way to the piano. After a few preliminary chords his glorious bass—or was it "S.B."?—voice roused the company to a real appreciation of the merits of our contents, for his song was "Drinking."

It was a glorious finale to my first exploit, and I am now reposing in my dormitory again, empty, but soon to be bathed and refilled by the generous hands of Messrs. Simonds.

R.J.C.

BRIGHTON.

Our regular correspondent being in Switzerland on holiday this month's contribution must be curtailed, hoping Mr. Diplock will let us have an article in the near future of his experiences in Montreux.

Since the publication of our last number, an old employee, L. Smith, has been moved to Reading, where he has joined the Transport Department, and where we are sure he will do good work. He joined the staff here in January, 1904, as a lad, and before going to Reading was the last of our horse drivers. Always a civil, willing and conscientious worker, he has already been missed by several customers.

The stable is now being turned into a beer store, a motor lorry replacing the horse.

Not until he had left Brighton did any of the staff know that L. Smith was a Special Constable, doing these patriotic duties after a hard day's work with the Firm.

The 133rd (Kent and Sussex) Infantry Brigade have just completed their annual training at Michelgrove, near Worthing. They had a very wet fortnight, which weather was not appreciated by our delivery men, who on more than one occasion when the mud in the camp precluded the lorries getting to their destination, had to roll barrels of beer for considerable distances uphill and through sticky mud, but did it all with a good spirit.

We hope the weather will improve shortly, for at the end of July we shall be supplying Territorials in six widely separated camps in Sussex.