

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

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*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

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MR. G. W. V. WEAIT.

## MR. G. W. V. WEAIT.

In selecting the portrait for our frontispiece this month, from those members of the Staff who have qualified by outstanding merit and assiduous application to their duties, we have chosen the photograph of Mr. G. W. V. Weait, who occupies the position of Assistant Pay Clerk at the Brewery, Reading.

As the description of his office implies, the work upon which he is engaged demands exactitude and intimate knowledge of the regulations attaching to the health and unemployment insurance and the income tax returns of manual workers. The nature of his weekly tour of the various departments of the Brewery makes him a welcome visitor. It is not solely for the reason that he carries a part of the pay-roll that his visits are hailed with gladness. Although his enquiries as to the wellbeing of sick members are made in the course of his duties, they have the additional quality of sincerity.

Mr. Weait recently completed 30 years' service, having commenced his engagement with the Firm in May, 1904. After serving in the Cask Office for about six years, he was moved to the General Department in August, 1910. In addition to his work as Assistant Pay Clerk, Mr. Weait is in charge of the impersonal ledgers of the General Department. He possesses an intimate knowledge of the general routine of that department and is often called upon to fill vacant places during the holiday season or through other causes.

For over 11 years Mr. Weait was a member of the Berkshire Operatic Club and played in thirteen productions, including most of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, in several of which he took a principal part. He was a member of the original "Seven Bridges Brewery Concert Party," which had a very successful run for about seven years. He was also a member of the "Queries Concert Party," which had an excellent run for three years.

After his association with the Berkshire Operatic Club, Mr. Weait became a member of the St. Laurence's Dramatic Society which, last year, produced "The Whole Town's Talking." At the present moment the company is rehearsing "Minick," in which Mr. Weait is taking the principal part.

In December, 1916, Mr. Weait enlisted in the Royal Garrison Artillery and was posted to Plymouth, later being transferred to the 36th Company at Bovisand. From July, 1917, he was employed on administrative work in Plymouth Garrison and upon the re-organization and conversion of Artillery Companies to a Fire Command, he was appointed Pay Clerk to No. 3 Fire Command, which comprised all the Artillery on the eastern side of Plymouth Harbour. He served there until his discharge in February, 1919.

In addition to his hobbies in connection with the stage, Mr. Weait is a devotee to music and walking. It should also be mentioned that he is Secretary of St. Laurence in Reading Parochial Church Council and a Sidesman at the Municipal Church of Reading.



## EDITORIAL.

## ASCOT.

Simonds' beer was an easy favourite with the Ascot *Steaks*!

## LAWN TENNIS.

On Saturday, June 23rd, we met the Beechwood Club, Tilehurst, on our courts and a very keen contest ensued. In the end our visitors won. The games could not possibly have been much more even as the following figures amply prove. Beechwood won by 12 sets to 11, 123 games to 121 and 5 matches to 4. R. Huddy and P. James certainly had their money's worth. One of their matches ran to three sets and two of those sets were not decided until Beechwood had won them by 14-12 and 12-10—a gruelling encounter indeed.

## OUR VISIT TO AUDLEYS WOOD.

We had a memorable match on June 30th. Our opponents were a team representing Courage & Co.'s Brewery, Alton, and at the very kind invitation of Mr. Louis Simonds the match was played at Audleys Wood, Basingstoke. Here again there was a great struggle for the victory and at one time it seemed almost certain that Simonds' would win. It was the last match of the afternoon that decided the issue. Mr. F. George and Mr. A. C. Prosser were leading in the third set by the wide margin of 5-2 and on several occasions only had one more point to win. But their opponents fought very stubbornly, crept up to 5 all, then won the set and match. It was a very fine achievement and once again proves that no game, or match, is won or lost until the last shot has been fired.

## A VERY HAPPY TIME.

It was indeed a treat to play on two such excellent grass courts, so true that if you made a bad shot you could not blame the ground—that was, naturally, rather unfortunate for some of us. Mr. A. C. Prosser was in fine fettle and did many clever things and we were all delighted to have Mr. Louis playing for us again. He has a happy knack of making others feel at home and happy, and we were all very appreciative of all he did for our enjoyment. Both teams, and those who accompanied the players, went away with very happy memories of Audleys Wood.

Thank you, Mr. Louis!

## LOST—AND FOUND.

A Yale key, bearing the number F. 34 and with a tab inscribed "Wardroom Wine Stores" has been found. The owner may have it on applying to The Brewery, Bridge Street, Reading.

## WAGTAIL'S STRANGE NESTING SITE.

In a window box outside one of the bedrooms at the Wellington Arms Hotel, Stratfield Turgis, a wagtail has built her nest and recently, when I visited the hotel, she was sitting on her full clutch of eggs. And this in spite of the fact that the flowers were regularly watered and Mrs. Wagtail must have had her fair share of the spray. Capt. A. W. Farwell, the popular proprietor of the hotel, is a great lover of birds and is taking a kindly interest in the wagtail. He will see that every care is taken so that the little bird remains unharmed and is left in peace to rear her family.

## WHAT'S YOURS?

Same as **Before**.

## DREAMS AND IDEALS.

It is easy to promise people the moon, but quite another thing to give it to them. The Socialists and Communists dream of a Utopia, where everyone, except employers and managers, will be happy and content, working only thirty hours a week, and drawing £500 a year for watching the machines do the job. Then they will wake up and find that it isn't true. Look at Russia, where the dream is more like a nightmare.

The Socialist ideal is all wrong because it is an attempt to govern in the interests of one class instead of the nation as a whole. All classes must pull together. Capital and labour cannot do without one another.

The trained skill of the worker, the organising ability of the manager, the new ideas of the inventor and the enterprise of the director of industry must all be linked up with capital if our trade is to hold its own and our people are to prosper. The Socialist idea of a class war always ends, and must end, in loss of trade, unemployment and poverty for all.

## TRUE FELLOWSHIP.

There is often something in a public-house that is nearer to true fellowship than in the other places.—*The Rev. "Dick" Sheppard (broadcasting from St. Martin-in-the-Fields Church, May, 1934).*

## THREE CHEERS FOR OURSELVES.

"One of the most remarkable achievements of modern democracy" is the description applied by Mr. Runciman, the President of the Board of Trade, to the sacrifices of the British people and the work of the National Government, which, he said, have together brought about the wonderful recovery of the past two years.

Mr. Runciman proceeded to give seventeen reasons for believing that the success of the British nation was absolutely without parallel. We had balanced the Budget and taken 6d. off Income Tax. We had saved £40,000,000 a year in the interest on War Loan. We had repaid millions more into debt. By means of trade agreements we had succeeded in lowering tariffs in foreign countries. We had brought about a steady rise in employment. We had done more to re-house the working classes than any previous Government. We were now starting the biggest crusade against the slums ever attempted in any country. . . . .

For these and ten other excellent reasons, Mr. Runciman spoke with enthusiasm of the success of the National Government—a success which was the more noticeable as it had been achieved at a time when the world was in tumult.

## WHITE ADMIRAL BUTTERFLY.

Mr. F. A. Simonds has seen several specimens of the White Admiral Butterfly in the grounds at Audleys Wood.

## YUCCA GLORIOSA.

A wonderful specimen of this plant is in full bloom in Mr. A. R. Bradford's garden, Shinfield Road, Reading. Yuccas do not flower until they attain a good age and then only at long intervals.

## HAVE YOU HEARD THESE?

She was only a Bookmaker's daughter—but she came home at 20 to 1.

She was only a Pastrycook's daughter—but, oh, how she needed my dough!



## MEETING OF DIRECTORS, DEPARTMENTAL CHIEFS AND BRANCH MANAGERS.

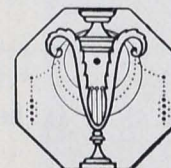
On Friday, June 1st, the Directors entertained the Departmental Chiefs, Officers of Subsidiary Companies and Branch Managers to luncheon at the Ship Hotel, Reading, when a very happy and enjoyable reunion was held.

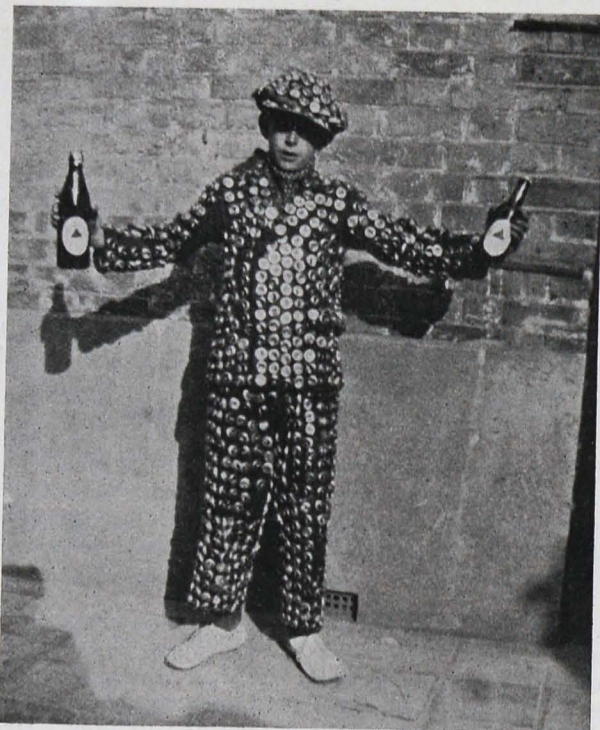
Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds presided over the function and in his usual style provoked much humour in the course of various speeches.

In a skilful speech, in which he reviewed the affairs of the Firm, Mr. F. A. Simonds touched upon the outstanding topics of the day. The usual badinage between the Chairman and Managing Director was not absent and culminated in sparkling wit and repartee to the intense amusement of all present.

The gathering together of the leaders of the Firm's business to meet their Directors is, without doubt, a sure means of fostering the wonderful spirit of goodwill which exists over the whole of the Firm and which the cordiality of the Directors does so much to enhance and cement.

It was a happy moment when Mr. L. A. Simonds arrived at the luncheon, hot-foot from Tilbury Dock, where he had disembarked an hour or two previously from the P. & O. s.s. *Strathaird*, which steamer had brought him and his motor car home from the last stage of his holiday which culminated at Gibraltar. He received a welcome cheer from those assembled, which appeared to cause him much delight.





This customer of the "Prince of Wales," Harwell, won the first prize at the Hospital Carnival for his striking "get-up," of which a feature are the numerous crown corks taken from bottles containing Simonds' famous brands of beer and Ashby's well-known mineral waters for which there is an ever-increasing demand.

**" S B "**

SATISFIES THE **B**ODY

AND

STIMULATES THE **B**RAIN.

#### SPORTS MEETING, FETE AND FLOWER SHOW.

A General Committee Meeting, in connection with the above, was held at the Social Club on Monday evening, 25th June. Mr. L. A. Simonds presided and the Meeting was well attended. The Secretary of each Committee reported the progress made and arrangements are well advanced. Tickets will be 4d. each if purchased before the day and 6d. each if bought on the day. Children at the rate of two for one adult ticket. The tickets will shortly be on sale and they will be distributed in many quarters and districts so that everyone will have a chance of purchasing if they so desire. The matter of advertising the Fete, etc., is well in hand and bills will shortly be making their appearance.

There will be prizes for the lucky numbers on the tickets, and the following gifts have been promised:—

Fireside armchair, presented by Messrs. W. McIlroy Ltd., Reading.

Ground season ticket, presented by the Reading Football Club Ltd.

Free use of bungalow or caravan at Barton-on-Sea, accommodating three people for one week, presented by Mr. A. C. Cox, Northumberland Avenue, Reading, of the "Silver Grey" motor coaches.

Season ticket entitling two people free admission to the Royal County Theatre, Reading, for two months.

Two season tickets entitling two people free admission to the Central Picture Playhouse, Friar Street, Reading, for one month.

Many matters were discussed and a free exchange of views given by those present. It was decided to have a broadcasting van at the Fete and for the boxing ring and dance ring to be lit up.

On the proposition of Mr. G. V. Weait a vote of thanks was given to Mr. L. A. Simonds for presiding, and the meeting then terminated.



## A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.)

## THE TREASURES OF A TROUT STREAM.

## MOTHER DUCK AND HER DUCKLINGS.

By the phrase "The treasures of a trout stream" I do not mean only the treasures that that stream contains, but the treasures that one sees all around when spending a day in the meadows trying to tempt the speckled beauties to seize the flimsy artificial fly. True, a trout is a treasure, but how about the nightingale that greets you on arrival in the morning with his unrivalled song; the wonderfully constructed nests to be found by the water-side; the stately yellow irises, the moon daisies nodding in the zephyr breeze, the golden kingcups and that delicately sweet little flower, never sweeter than when adorning the banks of the meandering stream and which seems to say "forget-me-not."

Of course, I won't!

## GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

You look forward to your day's fly-fishing weeks before the date arrives. You wonder what the weather will be and hope the water will not be too clear and shallow. When the great day came for me to try my luck the conditions from the point of view of obtaining a good "bag" were very unfavourable. The water was as clear as gin and, in many places, only a few inches deep, with the result that the fish could often see you long before you were in casting distance of them. On the other hand there were patches of deeper water and likely-looking "stickles" and generally the day was altogether delightful.

With fingers itching with eagerness I attach my tapered trace of gut to the line and, with a tiny fly, for the Mayfly is not up, try my luck. There is but little movement on the water and where there are any signs of fish they are just sipping food from the water's surface, rather than rising strongly. They are taking wee flies known as the fisherman's "curse." I attach a "point" of gossamer gut to my trace on the end of which I tie a tiny black gnat. My motto has always been "fish fine."

## A GAME LITTLE FELLOW.

I had been fishing for some half-hour when I cast my fly right over under yonder bank where there was about two feet of water. The fly just hit the bank and dropped into the water

as light as air. No sooner had it done so than I saw a white throat approaching, and in less time than it takes to tell a trout had seized my fly. Directly he had realised his mistake he made off like greased lightning. He dashed for the shallow water and leapt high into the air. As he did so I promptly lowered the top of my rod with a view to preventing him smashing me up. Directly he came to earth—I mean water—again, I held my rod erect and let the top joint do the "playing." How that frail instrument quivered with the task, and I almost quivered too, with excitement. I was gradually getting the better of the argument when my would-be quarry in a supreme final effort dashed off down stream at a great pace. He splashed and spluttered in the shallow water and with one last mighty "kick" gained the day, carrying with him in his mouth my little gnat as a memento of the occasion. I saw him dart towards some weeds which doubtless he thought a suitable spot in which to sulk in secret. I don't suppose he weighed more than three-quarters of a pound, but, my word, he was a game little fish and, indeed, one of the "treasures of a trout stream." Good luck to you. I only hope we shall meet again.

## CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GRAYLING.

Below a bridge where the swallows build and where there is a good depth of water, I notice fish rising freely. But I know they are not trout. Many years' experience has taught me the difference between the rise of a trout and that of a grayling, and I knew that I was approaching a little "school" of grayling. I pitted my wits against theirs—and won, for at the third time of asking a nice fish rose to my fly. I struck, hooked him and had soon played him sufficiently to lift him from the water in my net.

The long many-rayed dorsal fin of the grayling is in itself sufficient to distinguish the fish. But it has other notable characteristics. Unfortunately, at this time of year, May, the grayling is by no means at its best, for it spawns in April and May. How different a grayling looks in August, when he has recovered from the exhaustion of reproduction. The silvery underparts, the purplish bloom on the body shot with golden reflections, the black spots and bars, go to make this fish a creature of great beauty, and indeed one of the "treasures of a trout stream." When freshly caught the grayling, as this one did, emits a peculiar odour like that of thyme, and that is why it bears the name *Thymallus Vulgaris*. The white sweet flesh of the grayling when in good condition is as toothsome as that of any trout.

The grayling has no teeth on its tongue.

## JUST A BIT OF A NEST.

I am a curious individual when roaming the countryside and have formed the habit of peering into every nook and cranny. In a bit of a bush I espy a bit of a nest. The whole structure cannot weigh much more than half an ounce, but what rare artistry is displayed in its construction. How deftly worked is this frail cradle of dried grass stalks with an inner lining of horsehair. It is the nest of the lesser white-throat and in it are five of the sweetest little birds you could wish to see. I do hope, baby white-throats, that you will be allowed to remain unharmed and that your little wings will soon wax strong, strong enough to carry you over the sea to climes that know no winter. But "check, check," I hear your mother and see she is anxious about her bairns, so I will steal quietly away and continue to try and tempt the trout. Talk about the "Treasures of a trout stream" and not include these charming chicks—the very idea!

## A GOOD SHOT.

Round a bend in the river the water runs deep and here were congregated at least a score of grayling, and one good-sized trout. I said to my friend who for many, many years now has accompanied me on my fly-fishing expeditions, "See me pick out that trout from all the rest." He smiled and said, "It is a hundred to one against you." And so it was. But swish! swish!! swish!!! and away goes my little fly alighting on the water within an inch of the nose of that trout. "Well done!" he exclaimed, and I felt sure I heard Old Arthur, to whom I have referred in previous articles, also exclaim "Well done!" from above. It was a perfect cast. The trout was deceived, rose—and fell, to my rod. He turned the scale at one pound, was in the pink of condition, and with rare pride I placed in my creel one of the real "Treasures of a trout stream."

## DUCK AND DUCKLINGS.

Strolling up the stream to find another likely spot I came across a duck with eight little ducklings. How they hurried and scurried about, feeding greedily on flies, and how lovingly the mother assisted them in their search. For some time I watched them, then thinking it time to proceed with my fishing I was compelled to disturb the happy little family. Mother duck saw me first and it was touching to see how solicitous she was for the safety of her young. She gave a gentle "quack" of alarm and immediately the children swam swiftly towards her. Then, leading the way, with the little feathery flotilla following closely behind, she proceeded to where the bank was undermined and where the roots

of a tree formed a fine hiding place. One by one the duck saw her children safely out of sight. Then she, too, disappeared, and as I passed by there was neither sign nor sound of the parent or her progeny. Mother had taken her treasures out of harm's way—certainly so far as I was concerned. And I make no apology for including mother duck and her children among "The treasures of a trout stream."

## DUCK'S NEST UP A TREE.

Passing by a pollard I notice some duck's down caught in the bark. My suspicions aroused, I climb the pollard, finding more and more down. And then peering into a big hole in the tree I discover a nest lined, oh, so cosily, with a mass of down. In the nest are four duck's eggs.

I had not proceeded many yards before I came across an elderberry tree and in the fork was a chaffinch's nest. It was indeed a wonderful work of art, beautifully lined with horsehair and feathers, while the outside was composed of lichen and green moss harmonising so well with the colour of the fork of the tree in which it was placed that only the practised eye would have seen it. In the nest were five prettily marked eggs.

I found many more "Treasures of a Trout Stream," but I have already far exceeded my space and must leave these for another day.

## IN PRAISE OF ALE.

Extract from a letter written by James Howel, Esq., to his father when on a visit to Paris, December 10th, 1622, after illness.

"When I was indifferently recovered, some of the Doctors and Chirurgeons that tended me, gave me a visit, and among other things they fell in discourse of wines, which was best and so by degrees they fell on other beverages, and one doctor in the company who had been in England, told me that we have a drink called Ale, which he thought the most wholesome liquor that could go into one's guts, for whereas the body of man is supported by two columns, vis, the natural heat and radical moisture, he said there is no drink conduccett more to the preservation of one, and the encrease of the other than Ale; for while the Englishmen drank Ale they wer strong brawny able men and could draw an arrow an ell long, but when they fell to wine, they are found much impaired in their strength and age, so the Ale bore away the bell among the doctors."

(James Howel was Clerk to the Privy Council, 1641-78.)

## TIME PLEASE, GENTLEMEN!

LONDON'S OLDEST BREWERY CLOSSES DOWN—AFTER 500 YEARS.

For five hundred years now the Red Lion, in the shadow of the Tower of London, has been brewing beer. But it will never brew any more. It brewed its last recently.

"The King's Brewhouse"—so-called from its ancient monopoly of brewing for the English and French courts in the 17th century—stands in St. Katherine's Way, just below Tower Bridge.

The last brew was started with fitting ceremony. The ale conners of the City of London attended in full state, with mace and gold-decked gowns.

Solemnly and in silence they conned the ale from the King's Brewhouse for the last time. Round them stood the brewery employees, with foaming tankards.

It was a poignant moment.

## IT INVENTED BEER.

Five hundred years is a long time, and tradition dies hard. The Red Lion Brewery was at one time a public brewery where citizens were allowed to bring their own malt, and for a licence paid to the Government could brew their own ale.

In 1492 the brewery was responsible for the first known mention of the word "beer" in the English language. One John Merchant was permitted by a regulation of Henry VII to export "fifty tons of ale called Berre."

Quite soon after this the brewery was fined for brewing beer too weak. The brewery proudly boasts that this was the sole occasion upon which such a stigma was laid upon its fair name.

## THE END OF A DYNASTY.

It was a sad day for most of the employees when the last brew was started. The majority of them have spent their lifetime in the King's Brewhouse and many of the specialised jobs there have been handed down from generation to generation for hundreds of years.

You have only to go away from England to see how great England is, says Sir John Sandeman Allen, M.P.

## A YARN FROM THE TRENCHES.

(By H.A.A., in *The Imperial Club Magazine*.)

## PROLOGUE.

Private O'Rafferty told me this story and swore it was perfectly true.

Just a plain tale of the honour and glory achieved by his friend Donoghue.

Of all that he went through and all that went through him, till nothing was left, no, not even a limb.

How incurable wounds by the surgeon were mended, and how his career had come to be ended.

## THE YARN.

One day in the trenches, O'Rafferty said,  
 Donoghue fell with a shot in his head ;  
 But Surgeon O'Flanagan—rare clever man—  
 Says, " I'll save the poor boy if any one can."  
 So he cut off the top of his head with a saw,  
 And found the insides were perfectly raw ;  
 The bullets themselves had been rattling round,  
 Now every one of them fell to the ground.  
 Being dark at the time, not one of us knew  
 What else doctor did to Pat Donoghue.  
 But whatever it was, ye never will meet  
 With anything done half so tidy and neat.  
 " Now, Pat," said the doctor, "'tis right ye should know  
 That I've filled up your brains with old whiskey and tow,  
 The whiskey will give ye great courage, bedad,  
 And the tow, better brains than ye've ever had."  
 Some time after this, when as fit as a fiddle,  
 A shell caught poor Pat fair and square in the middle.  
 " Badd cess," says the doctor, who looked very sad,  
 "'Twill be all I can do to save the poor lad.  
 But bring me a sheep as quick as ye can,  
 I must whip out its innards to fill up the man."  
 So off we all went and brought in a ewe  
 As big round the belly as Pat Donoghue.  
 The row of the guns and the bursting of shells  
 Were nothing compared with Donoghue's yells.  
 One collared an arm and another a leg,  
 While Rory O'Donovan sat on his head.  
 In less than ten minutes the doctor, by gob,  
 Was wiping his hands, having finished the job.  
 " Now, Pat," said the doctor, " just mind what ye eat,  
 Whatever ye take it must never be meat ;  
 Young grass or sweet clover, or else a sound swede,  
 A turnip or mangel is all that ye need.  
 After what you have gone through, you'd better take care  
 Or the devil will have ye as sure as you're there."



Some weeks passed away, we had fought day and night,  
 Donoghue taking the thick of the fight.  
 But often at night time a few of us thought  
 That Pat wasn't looking as well as he ought.  
 He wasn't the thing we most certainly knew  
 When he sat doubled up looking perfectly blue.  
 It might be the turnips, it might be the swedes,  
 Or else, perhaps, he's eaten some poisonous weeds.  
 Well, the doctor came by and pulled Pat about,  
 For what was the matter he meant to find out.  
 He felt him all over and he didn't take long  
 In letting us know what it was that was wrong.  
 "In the small of your back, Pat, is lodged a big shell,  
 And while it is there ye can never feel well,  
 But what is still worse, I am sorry to say,  
 'Twill be certain death if I take it away.  
 Go on and be thankful it didn't strike higher,  
 And mind, never stand with your back to the fire."  
 Six months passed away, and being hot, I suppose,  
 It happened that Donoghue took off his clothes.  
 We saw him undressed and struck all of a heap  
 To find himself covered with wool like a sheep,  
 The wool on his back had come on so well  
 That you could see nothing, not even the shell.  
 A little was wanting by way of make up  
 And when on all fours he looked just like a tup ;  
 In fact, his disguise was so very complete  
 That he'd go to the enemy trenches and bleat,  
 For acting the spy he'd got quite a knack,  
 And when he had done he'd just browse his way back.  
 It happened one day an observer had spied  
 The great German Staff standing on a hill-side.  
 All their best Generals and other big bosses  
 Stood in a bunch with their medals and crosses.  
 How to deal with the blighters not anyone knew  
 Except just one man, which was Pat Donoghue.  
 Crawling out of the trench he was soon out of sight,  
 Leaving us here to go on with the fight.  
 When we saw through our glasses the great German Staff  
 With a sheep grazing near them we started to laugh ;  
 To us such a sight could not fail to amuse,  
 In that sheep was a shell, and the shell had a fuse.  
 What to them seemed a tup just having a scratch  
 We knew was Donoghue striking a match ;  
 Where he got it to strike is what more amazes,  
 But he did it and blew the great Staff into blazes.  
 The worst of it was that poor Pat Donoghue  
 Had to go with the others to blazes, too.  
 Now, if anyone thinks that the tale isn't true  
 He can jolly well go and ask Pat Donoghue.

## THE ALE OF OUR ANCESTORS.

(BY J. G. NOPPEN, F.S.A., IN *Bottling*.)

We speak to-day, and quite rightly, of the Englishman and his ale. The two are inseparable. A pint of good ale is still to most of us the healthiest and most satisfactory drink for a thirsty man. Indeed, it is not such a very long time ago since both men and women in this country were accustomed to drink it for breakfast.

Yet, in its earliest days, it was not the dominant Englishman, who has given his name to this land and its people, who made the fame of England's ale. Nor was it at Burton, or, for that matter, anywhere in the Midlands, where our brewers first created an international reputation.

The supremacy of English ale was firmly established in the days of the Norman kings, and the brew that was especially noted was that of Canterbury. When Archbishop Thomas à Becket went on a visit to the French Court the gifts he took with him included casks of Canterbury ale. It is highly probable that some of the best ale was brewed within the precincts of Christchurch Priory or the nearby monastery of St. Augustine.

But the great reputation of Canterbury ale had not been made in a day, and the people who created it were the descendants of the Jutes—the fierce warriors from Jutland who first colonised the fair land of Kent. These men, and not the Saxons of the West of the Angles of the Midlands, were the famous brewers of England's ale.

In Devon and Cornwall, as I showed in a previous article, white ale seems to have been the customary drink. But, although it may have been palatable locally to those who acquired a taste for it, we know enough of it to be sure that it never won Continental fame. Moreover, it was not of a suitable character for export or for international ceremonial gifts.

By the twelfth century the brewing of ale had become general all over the country. In every monastery, in every castle bailey, and attached to every manor house was doubtless a brewery. A great many are referred to in old records, and in some cases their sites can be traced. Beyond this the villages had their ale-wives, and the Burton of that day was Canterbury.

The consumption per head must have been enormous in comparison with present-day figures ; for it must be remembered that the only substitute was the more expensive wine. Water was in very slight favour, and references to it suggest that only as

a last resort was it drunk. "The ale was so sour that some would almost have preferred water," says an old chronicle. Tea, cocoa, and mineral waters were, of course, entirely unknown.

Ale ranked with bread as a part of the necessary food of the people, and the Assize of Bread and Ale is said by Mr. Salzman to have been "one of the earliest judicial privileges asserted by municipal and other local courts."

Special ordinances were issued for the control of prices, and in Bristol in the year 1283 anyone who failed to observe them ran the risk of forfeiting his brewery.

Minor laws were very frequently broken and it was very difficult to enforce them. In some places—as, for instance, Shoreham in Sussex—the brewers paid a yearly fine of two and a half marks, equal to about fifty pounds of our money, in order to be excused attendance at the manorial court. Nevertheless, the lord of the manor, or his agent, kept a keen eye on the "trade," which had already come to be regarded as a profitable source of revenue. As a matter of fact, the fines paid for failure to observe troublesome, petty restrictions were roughly equal to the licensing dues imposed at a later date, and they were regarded in very much the same light.

The lord of the manor often took a payment in kind from the breweries on his estate. This doubtless indicates that he did not, as in the majority of cases, maintain a brewhouse of his own. In some towns what was called a "tolsester" of ale was paid to the constable of the castle, as at Marlborough and Chester. At the latter place it comprised sixteen gallons, and was a charge made for permission to brew.

Measures both for the wholesale and retail sale of ale were kept under strict supervision and stamped with an official stamp. A tavern keeper convicted of giving short measure might have to "play bo pepe thro' a pillery" for an afternoon. The brewers were also sometimes caught in flagrant attempts to defraud their customers. In 1413, Richard Bartlot, a Yorkshire brewer, had 260 barrels and firkins made with a capacity of 30 gallons and 7½ gallons respectively. This is not as bad as it sounds, as the barrel of ale was 32 gallons, not 36. They were also made of unseasoned wood. On discovery they were confiscated and burnt.

The chief standard measures used in the retail trade were the potell, quart, pint, and gill (this was half a pint, as it still is in some parts of the country), and they were usually of pewter.

Another important centre of brewing in Kent was Faversham—we think of it in connection with oysters "in these degenerate

days"! In 1327, out of 252 traders who subscribed to a tallage imposed on the town, no less than 84 were ale wives.

The ale tasters must have found their job attractive in proportion to the honesty and integrity of the brewers. When the ale was bad they doubtless felt inclined to follow the example of the wine tasters who found a tavern keeper of London selling bad wine. They first compelled him to drink his fill of it and then poured the rest over his head!

Turning again to the West Country, outside opinion of Cornish ale was not improbably very much the same as that of Andrew Borde. He described it as "whyte and thicke, as if pygges had wrasted in it." Nevertheless, according to the Domesday Book there were forty-three brewers in Helston in the days of William the Conqueror.

The brewers of Oxford, in the Middle Ages, were kept up to the mark by the authorities of the University who demanded that good ale should be served to the halls and colleges. In 1449, nine brewers were accused of delivering unwholesome and weak ale, not properly made, and not worth its price. They were called to account, and compelled to swear that "they would brew in wholesome manner so that they would continue to heat the water over the fire so long as it emitted froth, and would skim the froth off, and that after skimming the new ale should stand long enough for the dregs to settle before they sent it out." Ale was Oxford's staple drink in that period, for neither the teachers nor the pupils were over-blessed with wealth, and the well-stocked wine cellars which the colleges possessed in later times were unknown.

But, if brewers occasionally failed to produce liquor of a satisfactory quality, it appears that they were sometimes the victims of the dealers who provided their raw material. A case is recorded of the year 1432, when Thomas Sharp sold some malt to the Abbot of Colwick which was so "raw, reked, and damaged by weevils" that it killed the "hogs, hens, and capons to which it was given"!

In considering the cost of ale in the Middle Ages, the penny and twopence a gallon mentioned in the records is apt to be misleading. When the differences in money values are taken into consideration, it appears that a pint of good strong ale in the thirteenth or fourteenth century cost the equivalent of sixpence or eightpence of our money to-day. Moreover, when the numerous fines were totalled up, it is clear that the tavern keepers were required to pay the equal of a substantial licensing fee in that indirect way. To carry on trade without incurring fines was, it seems, both in this and many other trades, a practical impossibility. The price

of ale in the Middle Ages was not greatly different from that of our ales and beers at the beginning of the present century. When in the fifteenth century, the order was given that brewers should make a "good holsome smalle drynk for the poore peopyle" at a halfpenny a gallon, it was in price equivalent to the cheap ale which the Victorian and Edwardian workmen were able to obtain in any public bar; but in quality a good deal of progress has been made. Taking the latter into account, as we certainly should, we may rest content that the brewers of to-day, notwithstanding high taxation, give better value than the ale-wives of the past.

#### "GARDENING TIME."

Gardening time is here once more,  
 The time when one's hands get awful sore,  
 One's back it aches from morn till night,  
 Thro' trying to tie those roses tight.  
 And the weeds that resist the determined hoe,  
 As soon as your back's turned they grow and grow,  
 Till you fancy that you soon will turn insane  
 If things don't alter, and we soon get rain.  
 The potatoes won't grow or asparagus sprout,  
 And you pray for a change like a Hindoo devout.  
 Then down comes the rain through a devilish spout  
 So that nought can be done, 'cos you can't get out.  
 But you make out you like it and say to a friend,  
 "How lovely to get this nice rain in the end."  
 But under your breath to yourself you add,  
 "Why can't the darned rain come at night? It's too bad."  
 For what is worse than to sit at home,  
 And not be able to turn a stone,  
 For as soon as you start, down comes the rain,  
 And back you go to the house again.  
 My word, tho' I love it, when my garden I'm thro',  
 I shall drown all my sorrows in SIMONDS' Brew.

R.S. (Staines).

#### FOOTBALLERS' DINNER.

##### JUBILATIONS FOLLOW MOST SUCCESSFUL SEASON.

One of the most successful seasons in the history of Whitton Football Club was brought to a conclusion with a Dinner and Social at the Prince Albert, Whitton. Mr. C. G. French presided, and the attendance, which numbered upwards of 70, included Major White,

Mr. C. J. Richards, Mr. H. S. Roberts (Hon. Secretary, Hounslow and District Football League), Messrs. A. H. Spink and J. P. Dowler (Hon. Secretary and Treasurer respectively of Hounslow Hospital Shield Competition), Mr. G. Hutchins (Secretary, Twickenham Football League), Mr. C. Bennett (Chairman of the Club), and Mr. Hulford (Secretary).

The loyal toast having been enthusiastically honoured, and the Chairman having heartily congratulated the members on their sporting successes, the toast of "Whitton Football Club" was given by Mr. C. Bennett, who said that his year of office as Chairman had been very easy, thanks to the support he had received from all officials and members. They had worked loyally in the interests of the Club and had proved themselves a fine lot of boys.

Responding, Mr. J. Hulford said the Club had enjoyed another successful season. Last year they won Twickenham Charity Cup, and this year they had won three cups and a shield, a record for the Club. The 1st XI played 31 matches, won 29, drew 1, and lost 1, and he did not know of any other club with such a good season. The second team played 17, won 9, drew 2, and lost 6, a very satisfactory record.

Mr. Hulford spoke of the excellent work of the Chairman (Mr. C. Bennett) and said he had been keenly interested in the Club for several years and was a real stalwart.

Reference to the generous support given by the President and Vice-Presidents was made by Mr. F. Phillips, the response being given by Mr. C. J. Richards.

A financial statement presented by Mr. J. Smith (Treasurer) showed receipts of £53 2s. od. and expenditure of £30 os. 4½d., leaving a balance of £23 1s. 7½d. Mr. C. Tree complimented the Treasurer on his excellent report, and hoped that next year the Club would have an even bigger balance.

Club officials were thanked on the proposition of Mr. A. H. Hulford, who made special reference to the hard work done by Mr. Bennett and Mr. Smith.

"The Visitors and Press" was given by Mr. C. Bennett, who cordially welcomed the Secretaries of Hounslow and Twickenham Leagues and Secretary and Treasurer of Hounslow Hospital Shield Competition, and spoke of the hard work they were doing on behalf of local amateur football. He also thanked the *Middlesex Chronicle* for the publicity given to Club activities.

Mr. Spink thanked the Club for the support they had always given to Hounslow Hospital Shield Competition. Unfortunately, the competition was not as well supported as they would have liked, and the returns did not give them much encouragement to carry on, although it had to be borne in mind that during the ten years he had been associated with the competition they had handed over to Hounslow Hospital over £500. (*Applause.*)

Mr. Hutchins also congratulated the Club on their support of Twickenham Hospital Cup Competition and mentioned that this year the organisers had been able to hand over £20 to the Hospital.

Calling upon Mrs. D. Barnard to present the medals and badges won by the players, the Chairman said they were all pleased to see her with them, as it revived old times. She had always taken a great interest in local football.

A bouquet was presented to the hostess (Mrs. Maidment) in recognition of all she had done to make the Annual Dinner a success.

#### H. & G. SIMONDS' STAFF ANNUAL OUTING.

##### VISIT TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

On June 16th the staff had their annual outing. A large party assembled at the Social Club at 11 a.m. and journeyed by chais-a-banc to Stratford-on-Avon. On the way a call was made at the Working Men's Club, Nettlebed, where sandwiches, washed down by Simonds', were served and a pleasant hour was spent playing games, etc. The party resumed their journey through Wallingford, Oxford and Banbury, reaching Warwick about 4 p.m. After a short stay in this historic town the journey was continued to Shakespeare's birthplace.

It was about 6 p.m. when Shipston-on-Stour was reached and here the company sat down to an excellent dinner.

Mr. W. H. Wigley presided and a few toasts were honoured.

Mr. H. W. Colson proposed that of "Our Directors and the Firm of H. & G. Simonds Ltd." There was not a better firm in existence, he said. They always received the kindest consideration from their Directors. Sympathetic allusion was made to the death of Mr. Biggs who did valuable work for the firm and who was a very lovable man. The speaker associated with the toast the name of Mr. T. W. Bradford, the Secretary of the Social Club and the organizer of that outing. They had a lot to thank Mr. Bradford for; he put in an immense amount of work in connection with that

club and they owed him a deep debt of gratitude for all he did for them (applause.)

The toast was drunk with musical honours and Mr. Bradford, in acknowledgment, said it gave him great pleasure to arrange the outing and he hoped they would all be meeting on similar occasions for many years to come.

The journey home was a very pleasant one. The arrangements were in every way admirable, the day was delightfully fine and everyone spent a highly happy time.

#### FETE, SPORTS MEETING AND FLOWER SHOW.

Arrangements are well in hand for Saturday, August 25th, and providing we have fine weather, everything points to a really jolly affair. Employees are asked to enter for as many events as possible. All entries must be in by Tuesday, July 31st, which will then allow time for handicapping, printing of programmes and final arrangements. Entry forms are now available and can be obtained from the following, or any member of the committee:—

##### Races.

Mr. R. Boddington, Delivery Office.

##### Tug-of-war.

Mr. S. Brunsdon, Delivery Office.

##### Push Ball.

Mr. R. Broad, General Office.

##### Flower and Vegetable Show.

It is hoped to make this a huge success this year; all employees are asked to enter their produce. Schedules and entry forms can be obtained from Mr. J. Clay, General Office. The closing date for exhibits is Thursday, August 23rd.

It is only by a united effort that a real success can be obtained. This is our initial attempt and much depends on each one doing his or her utmost to assist. The officials and committee invite the co-operation of all.

Books of tickets are now available and some good prizes are offered for lucky tickets. Helpers willing to have a book of tickets for sale can obtain same from Mr. G. Weait, General Office.

Final details will be given in the August issue of the GAZETTE.

## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

THE LATE MR. R. BIGGS.

The passing of the above gentleman came as a great shock to all of us at the Brewery. Although he had not enjoyed the best of health for some considerable time the news that he was so ill was a big blow to all of us. My memories of Mr. Biggs naturally are spread over a good number of years. When we used to have our meals in the caretakers' rooms every bill day (every three months) Mr. Biggs used to sit at the head of one of the tables and did the carving at lunch time. We had many stirring arguments there; Mr. R. Biggs was a "true blue" and if someone ventured an argument a little out of Conservative lines he was promptly put to rights by Mr. Biggs in an emphatic manner. However, if he was a hard hitter in this way he never bore anyone any malice. He used to rule the Office in a very firm manner and we knew all about it if we made a mistake—all to our benefit. On railway and insurance matters he was an authority. Many a point he has thrashed out fully, to the benefit of the Firm, which was ever uppermost in his mind. He was generous-hearted and a through-and-through H. & G. Simonds' man. He really loved the Firm and they have lost a splendid servant. He was very proud of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE and many an extract from a paper (which he thought would do for insertion in our magazine) he has handed to the Editor. It is a great pity he never lived to enjoy a well-earned retirement. I feel I cannot do justice to his many excellent characteristics and qualities for he was a fine, straight man, but we all do feel we have lost a true friend and mourn his loss most deeply.—R.I.P.

### CAVERSHAM WORKING MEN'S SOCIAL CLUB.

In the company of Mr. S. J. Moore and Mr. C. H. Perrin, the writer was privileged to attend the official opening of the above Club. The Club prides itself, and quite rightly too, on being a Social Club in every sense of the word. It really was a splendid evening, with excellent repast, speeches and concert. The members really seem to love their Club and they have a wonderful building complete with everything one could wish for in a club. Mr. T. E. Hughes, Chairman, seemed to remember to thank everyone, Builder, Architect, Steward, and Members, for their loyalty in sticking it through during the upsets due to rebuilding, and the Firm of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. for their help. They are lucky in having such a genial President as Mr. J. B. Holtom and the well-liked Mr. Percy Woolliams as Secretary. In such a well-appointed Club, and such congenial members, they should flourish.

### FLYING.

Just recently we have had a National Aviation Day Display, organised by Sir Alan J. Cobham, K.B.E., A.F.C., and quite a number of our staff have been "up." From the glowing accounts of the "flyers" it would seem that aviation is a really wonderful thing. One member of the staff was particularly enthusiastic and tells us he was able to distinguish his own house when flying over.

### CRICKET.

The other evening I watched for a while the match between the Offices *versus* the Wine Stores, A. S. Cooper's staff and Cask Office. This was one of the inter-departmental contests that have been arranged for this season and is a really splendid idea. It was quite a good game and the Wine Stores finished up worthy winners. I am sure Mr. J. W. Jelley will pardon me butting in on his preserves. I know only too well how enthusiastic he is for the wonderful game of cricket and this seems a good way of discovering the talent that exists at the Brewery. I thoroughly enjoyed the game and can assure everyone of a good evening if they will make a point of visiting the Reading Recreation Ground at 6.30 p.m. any Thursday evening, for there are quite a number of these matches to be played yet.

The Test Match at Lords was followed with keen interest by followers of the game of cricket at the Brewery and as a few were able to see the actual match we have had first-hand knowledge of the play. This time we have had to acknowledge that the players of Yorkshire nobly did their bit in the victory and our friend, Mr. A. G. Richardson, has already informed us of this fact. By a coincidence Yorkshire were being well defeated by a little Southern County called Sussex at the same time as the Test Match. I was informed this was Yorkshire's second eleven or, at any rate, nearly so. My team is Sussex.

### CHANGES OF TENANTS.

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

The Rising Sun, Wokingham (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—  
Mr. A. M. Roberts.

The Royal Oak, Hampton (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—  
Mr. S. Wood.

The Bricklayer's Arms, Newbury (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. W. A. Lloyd.

The Plough, Shalbourne (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—  
Mr. A. W. Slade.

## ASCOT.

This has come and gone again and I expect none of us is the richer for this event. However, I really think Reading and the Brewery put on a sporting expression for this week every year, and "What do you know?" and "What won the big 'un?" are phrases you hear almost everywhere.

## FOOTBALL.

Although football never dies, so to speak, what with the many outdoor functions in the way of sports that are now a feature in England every summer, the big ball game has to take a back seat. However, occasionally a little bit of news floats through of the captures made for next season. So far, Reading Football Club, owing to having made a considerable loss last season, are going steady and up to the present very few new men have been signed on. We shall know all about it by the end of August and once again we shall start full of optimism and hope. No doubt this will also apply to the Brewery teams.

## SPORTS MEETING, FLOWER SHOW AND FETE.

Judging by the fine number of Committee men from every department of the Brewery that roll up for the meetings, the H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Fete, etc., promises to be a really wonderful event. Everyone seems very enthusiastic, keen and willing to help and given a fine day this should be the Show of Shows.

## STAFF OUTING, JUNE 16TH.

A very ambitious Outing was planned this year and was a very happy affair. As is usual on these Outings a feeling of good fellowship and comradeship always exists. As regards weather the day could not have been better. Two motor coaches were chartered and over forty made the trip to Stratford-on-Avon, stops being made at Nettlebed, Banbury and Warwick on the outward journey. A splendid dinner, to which we all did justice, was provided at Shipston-on-Stour, and we made our way back homewards via Oxford and Dorchester.

Although some Departments were but sparsely represented, others were very much to the fore. The outside staff were almost an all-present contingent and it is very gratifying that in spite of some having to come considerable distances to Reading they made such an effort. The organisation was in the hands of Mr. T. W. Bradford and he deserves every congratulation on the success obtained. The amount of work and time put in by him was responsible for the Outing running so smoothly and so well.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

The only love that is durable is the love which is patient, generous, and courteous, and remains unaffected by external changes of circumstances.

Intelligent striving is wishing's most eloquent expression.

Moderate ability joined to strong will-power is a more desirable combination than conspicuous talent coupled with irresolution.

The only anarchy which could possibly do this world good is anarchy against widespread ignorance.

In a true friendship, the weaker of the two must always, little by little, become conformed not only to the habits of life, but to the habits of thought, of the stronger.

A man who is wholesomely trained, ably and completely educated, is the finest work of art in the world.

Many mysteries of nature are solved by savants, but without love we can never understand the heart.

Better do humble work and keep busy than be idle and dream of great tasks, and never accomplish them.

If we had the abilities of all the great men, past and present, we should do nothing well without sincerely meaning it, and setting about to do it.

Tears reach heaven sooner than words.

We can do much to alleviate our own sorrows by the kindly service of others.

He climbs best who climbs by inches.

It is better to be clear-headed than hot-headed.

It is the simple and homely things of life that give most pleasure.

When your enemy rages, smile, and hear him stammer.

Success in life depends on hard work and on perseverance in intelligently directed effort. Also, on being a quarter of an hour in advance of all appointments and engagements.

Make it your constant work by God's grace to know yourselves thoroughly.

Experience is the one perpetual best seller—everybody's continually buying it.

It is not your position in this world, but your disposition that counts.

#### HARD TASKS FIRST.

If the new day brings difficult things to do, take up first the hardest or most disagreeable. With that out of the way all others seem to be easier. The longer we delay to do the difficult thing, the harder it seems to be to make up our minds to get at it. The fact that you conquered yourself to undertake the job you disliked most seems to give you strength to do all the rest better and more quickly than you expected.

It has been well said: "The value of labour as a tonic is not theatrical. Work to do and a determined will to do it well are as certain to induce cheerfulness and contentment as idleness or mere desultory occupation will bring languor, irritability and fancied ailments."



## A GREAT THOUGHT.

*The instinct of self-control, of gentleness, of consideration and forethought and quick sympathy which go to make up what we call good breeding, the absence of noise and hurry, the thousand-and-one little ways by which we can please people, or avoid displeasing them, are all taught us by our own hearts.*

*Good manners are the fine flowers of civilisation. And everybody can have them. Fine manners are a stronger bond than a beautiful face. It seems very hard for people to realize that tact and pleasant manners are even more necessary in our dealings with those with whom we come in daily contact than with the world outside, the world whose approval cannot possibly mean so much as that of our nearest and dearest.*

*A sage commentator is quoted as saying: "Politeness is kind feeling set to music."*

#### LET HIM KNOW IT.

When a fellow pleases you,  
Let him know it;  
It's a simple thing to do—  
Let him know it.  
Can't you give the scheme a trial?  
It is sure to bring a smile,  
And that makes it worth the while—  
Let him know it.

You are pleased when anyone  
Lets you know it.  
When the man who thinks  
"Well done"  
Lets you know it.  
For it gives you added zest,  
To bring out your very best;  
Just because some mortal blessed,  
Lets you know it.

When a fellow pleases you,  
Let him know it.  
Why, it isn't much to do—  
Let him know it.  
It will help him in the fray,  
And he'll think his efforts pay,  
If you like his work or way—  
Let him know it.

## SOCIAL CLUB.

## CRICKET.

Who was it who spoke of the "Glorious uncertainty of Cricket"? Whoever it was he certainly knew something about the game. When we have had a good team on paper, we have failed to show any corresponding signs of strength when we have been on the field, and out of the last four matches played by the "A" team only one of them was returned as a victory, and then we had quite a young team on duty. More of that in its proper turn.

The "B" team have fared rather better for they have won two out of three matches this month.

Let us take the games in their right order and offer a few comments on them.

*June 2nd.* "A" TEAM, 55 v. MESS STAFF, ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

It was a lovely day and we made the trip out to Camberley full of hope. We knew we should be on a good ground and we had a good team to do battle against the Staff.

We had the first "knock" and made a fairly good start, 26 runs being on the board for the fall of the first wicket. It was too good to last, and the remainder of the innings was, more or less, a procession. Our grand total only amounted to 55. We found Mr. Elsegood bowling on a hard wicket and pitching them down *a la Lar*—(no controversial subjects, please). At any rate, he took 8 wickets for 22 runs.

Naturally we hoped that our "speed merchant" would be able to do likewise, but, although we had two early successes, we could not keep the pace going, and the score jumped from 19 for 2 to 62 for 3. R. Prentice and C. Elsegood, with 35 and 24 respectively, settled our fate. Farrance came out with the best bowling figures, his "bag" being 4 for 11.

*June 9th.* "A" TEAM, 11 v. HECKFIELD AND MATTINGLEY, 66 for 7.

Yes, those figures are correct. As far as the writer can trace it was our record low score, and well it might be.

We had had a good win at Reading—the scores were not high, but we got those few extra that counted—and thought we might be able to pull off a double. We did not reckon on the Heckfield

pitch and their bowlers. It was a catastrophe. The ball seemed to hit the bat, not the reverse, and a number of easy catches were put up.

We were not so successful in the field as our friends and our score was just passed before the first wicket fell. The score mounted slowly but surely and eventually Heckfield declared when it reached 66 for 7.

To pass the time away we had another hour's batting and managed to make a few against the many changes of bowling. It was, of course, of no avail then.

*June 16th.* "A" TEAM, 72 v. COMDR. H. D. SIMONDS' XI, 45.

We got a very pleasant surprise with this game for, in spite of, or perhaps because we had quite a "colts'" team in the field, we managed to pull off a very creditable win.

Mr. Harry won the toss and put us in the field. Messrs. Crutchley and Farrance bowled unchanged throughout the innings and, indeed, there was no reason for a change being made. Four for 14 and five for 28 speaks for itself, and as the bulk of the opposition was furnished by the Eversley Street C.C. we had no mean exponents of the bat against us. Mr. Harry broke his "duck" safely, but did not put up a big score.

Our chief batting honours went to Farrance (23) and James (17), and they put us well on the way to victory.

Having an hour to spare we went into the field again and with fresh bowlers and the batsmen having a "go" we had a bright spell and were successful in getting nine wickets for 37.

"Skipper" Hawkins expressed the thanks of the S.B.B. Cricket Club to Mr. Harry for having us out again and for providing an excellent tea, thanking also the ladies who so ably waited at table. Mr. Harry, in his response, expressed the hope that these games might long be continued with an extended "rubber" to be fought for.

*June 23rd.* "A" TEAM, 71 v. WARGRAVE "B," 139.

We entertained another of our old opponents on Prospect Park and came off second best.

Wargrave were lucky in the spin and we again took the field. After two early successes, one might also say four, as only 26 were on the board at the fall of the fourth wicket, Messrs. Dentry and Bird became associated and they carried the score to 111 before Rumens, with his slows, tempted the latter and a good "caught



and bowled" put an end to the partnership. The remaining five only added 28 runs. "Joe" came out with the best figures, viz., 4 for 22.

Farrance found the bowling of Reynolds much to his liking and helped himself to 18 off one over, but a change followed immediately. Bird, at the other end, was pitching them down and was unfortunate not to capture all ten wickets. As it was he got nine and Farrance was run out, also off of his bowling. He got 38 and T. Bartholomew was next on the list with 14 not out.

Ere the next issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE is out we shall have visited Wargrave for the return, and it is hoped that our turn will have come.

Now for the "Second String." They have experienced the ups and downs of cricket during the three matches they have played this month. On the 2nd June they should have been playing Whitley Hall, but we found out at the last minute that this Club had dropped out of the game, at any rate for this season.

June 9th. "B" TEAM, 145 v. MORTIMER 2ND XI, 33.

As the score denotes this was a very easy win for the "lads." Mortimer batted first, but Main and Deverall shared the wickets, the latter only having 8 runs made off of him.

Nearly all of our boys did well with the bat and we had passed our opponents' total during the third partnership. Deverall had the honour of making the highest score, in fact he nearly equalled the total runs against us, being only one less. Mileham (23), Treadgold (17), Kemp (15), Main and Gigg (13 each) and Neville (11) took advantage of the position. "Skipper" Main thought it policy to let his team have a "go," to offset the previous games where the decisions were much against them.

June 16th. "B" TEAM, 18 v. PANGBOURNE AND TIDMARSH 2ND XI, 70.

Early in the week prior to this game Mr. Main left our Firm to take up a situation elsewhere. We were all sorry to lose him for he had undoubtedly pulled the Second XI together splendidly. As he hopes to better his position in life, we all wish him the very best of luck in his new sphere.

Mr. L. A. Atkinson, who was Vice-Captain, has been asked to carry on the duties of "Skipper," but was unfortunately unable to start with a win.

Pangbourne batted first and, mainly due to two men—Harbor (27) and Coad (14)—made a respectable score of 70. Atkinson did his bit with the ball and took five for 25.

Our batting fell to pieces against a combination of "fasts" and "slows." Chamberlain seven for 9 and Harbor two for 8 speak for themselves.

June 23rd. "B" TEAM, 84 v. SOUTHFIELD, 31.

We went out to Henley for this match and found our opponents on a recently constructed cricket field. However, we managed to fit in with the conditions better and our total went up to 84. Mileham, Neville and Treadgold all reached double figures, the last-named being not out.

Deverall soon began to make himself a nuisance with the ball and aided by some safe pairs of hands in the field took seven for 16—and that was that.

For the last match this month we meet Y.M.C.A. 2ND XI and are hoping to turn the tables. The last game "Y.M." made 114 and we were 41 behind.

#### INTER-DEPARTMENTAL MATCHES.

Up to the time of writing four of these interesting evening games have been played, but the weather has not proved too kind. It may be brilliant sunshine on Wednesdays, with the light good up to 10 o'clock, but not on Thursdays.

The Delivery Department v. Surveyors and Building Departments had the honour of the first round. The former batted first and things were going pretty badly until Clark used the "long handle" after having a "life" and he turned the tables. "Skipper" Hawkins took his two star bowlers off to seek fresh talent; a move which on this occasion did not pay, and the score went up to 48.

The Surveyors were 7 behind at the finish, the bowling of Clark and Main proving much too good for the majority. Two for 29, then five for 29 speaks volumes.

The Wine and Spirit amalgamation tried their 'prentice hands against the Offices the following week and in their hour of batting knocked up 65. Treacher with 25 and Gigg with 17 were the mainstays of their side. The Offices found this total too much for them and in spite of a good knock of 20 by W. Greenaway, could only muster 49 all told.

The light throughout the evening was bad owing to thunder clouds above and trees opposite both bowlers and the fielding of both sides left much to be desired.

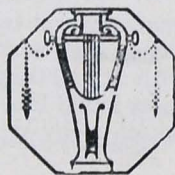
Rest of the Brewery, 66 for 8, *v.* Surveyors, etc., 37. Another result that was hardly expected. That is the beauty of these games. The evening was showery, but both teams turned up in full strength, which says much for the enthusiasm this League has infused into the members generally. The Rest batted first and four of their number topped the double figure mark. Morgan made his debut with the ball and took four of the wickets. The Builders were creeping along and for a time it looked as though they would make a proper fight of it, but Bartholomew put himself on to bowl and the latter part of the innings was something like a procession.

The last match of the month was between the Delivery and the Offices. The former have a very useful side and are going "great guns"—they carried much too heavy "shells" for the Offices—and are establishing themselves as favourites for the League. Batting first they made 48 in their hour for the loss of eight wickets. Josey played a patient innings and saw a number of his colleagues come and go, whilst later on Treadgold laid on the wood a bit, both making 11. This should not have been too many for the Offices to get, but it was, and Hammond was the top scorer with 3 before he was run out. The total is really too bad to go into print, but fair's fair. It was 15!

The position at the moment is:—

	Played	Won	Lost	Runs.		Points
				For	Against	
Delivery Department ...	2	2	—	96	56	8
Rest of Brewery ...	1	1	—	66	37	4
Wine and Spirit Dept. ...	1	1	—	65	49	4
Surveyors and Builders ...	2	—	2	78	114	0
Offices ...	2	—	2	64	113	0

J.W.J.



"THE BRITISH EMPIRE"—*continued.*

(BY E. W. KIRBY.)

IV. *Australia.*

We have now covered in a very brief form the historical development of Canada and India in our attempts to investigate the growth of our Empire and its many peoples. These two major possessions have played such interesting and important parts in the very foundations of the Empire scheme of progress that it has been almost inevitable to concentrate on their respective fortunes, but we are now more or less free to turn our attention towards the rest of the Empire units. Firstly, we have Australia and here the problems have proved different and more simple of solution than in the two first-named countries.

It was in the latter part of the 18th century that we became interested in Australia as a possible field for colonisation and this was chiefly due to the loss of the American colonies. Prior to the War of Independence we had been in the habit of transporting many of our convicts to serve their terms in America, but now this avenue was closed and the inducement to find another suitable penal settlement became manifest. The first settlements of this nature were Botany Bay and Sydney on the East coast. But the convicts did not form the only element engaged in the opening up of this great new continent. The Napoleonic Wars having come to an end, severe economic chaos ensued and a large number of unemployed formed a new problem to be dealt with. These unfortunates were recruited from the many discharged soldiers who formed an unhappy legacy from the Wars and also from the ranks of those displaced by the great advance in machinery or rendered idle by the disastrous slump in trade which followed on the continent. The distress and discontent amongst these surplus individuals became very acute and frequently culminated in serious rioting until at last the Government decided to try the experiment of emigration and granted money for this purpose.

Australia proved from the first a very successful and prosperous land for our people to expand in. After New South Wales, the first big area to be settled, a steady stream of colonists made their way into the fertile interior through the Blue Mountains, whilst others occupied the island of Tasmania. An important point in the development of this country was the absence of any serious opposition to our ventures from the original inhabitants. The primitive aboriginal people encountered were far too scanty and weak to oppose any advance and, in fact, they speedily took refuge in tropically hot Northern Australia and the great waresless deserts of the central area.

Sheep-breeding and corn-growing were the two first main industries to be developed, and the discovery of gold in Victoria in 1851 provided another tremendous urge towards emigration. In 1853 transportation was finally abolished and the political growth of the country received a great impetus. Representative government had not been granted until 1842 on account of the convicts, but between 1850 and 1860 responsible government was established everywhere except in Western Australia. By this time the States of South Australia, Victoria and Queensland had been formed and industrial undertakings were developing along with the wool and wheat industries.

As was usually the case, the advance to responsible government was the outcome of an insurrection. The trouble in this instance occurred in the Victorian goldfields in 1854. The influx of diggers to this State promptly threw a heavy burden upon the financial resources of the administration. As an example, the bulk of the police deserted in order to share in the scramble for wealth. This resulted in the Governor asking for help to be sent from England so that he might control the lawless elements. To assist him soldiers and a man-of-war were sent out and so the costs mounted. The diggers were taxed at thirty shillings per month for a licence to dig and this proved a fruitful source not only of income but of discontent. Feelings eventually boiled over on account of the murder of a digger near Ballarat. Two men and a woman were accused of the crime, but acquitted. The infuriated diggers swore that the magistrate conducting the case had been bribed and made an unsuccessful attempt to lynch the accused. The ringleaders of the riot were imprisoned, but although as a result of the subsequent inquiry the magistrate in question was dismissed, the imprisoned diggers were not released. The trouble then came to a head and the diggers proceeded to erect a stockade and proclaim an Independent Republic of Victoria. Fortunately for all concerned a body of troops on the goldfield promptly rushed the stockade before it was completed and captured it with little bloodshed.

As only freeholders and householders possessed votes the diggers had been unable to elect members of the Legislative Council and they had denounced the licence tax as "taxation without representation." The question of giving the Australian colonies responsible government had previously occupied a great deal of attention and the Victorian goldfield incidents provided the necessary spur towards definitely settling the matter. The cessation of transportation removed the last barrier towards the grant of responsible government and by the end of 1854 the Australian colonies had drawn up schemes of self-government. These schemes,

modelled on the British form of government, were adopted everywhere except in Western Australia, where transportation was not abolished until 1865.

Having achieved first "Representative Government" and then "Responsible Government," the next big political move in Australia was the adoption of a Federal system on the Canadian pattern. At first this step received little support, but outside events began to bring home the necessity for a unification of government on certain matters. The question of immigration by the yellow races and the activities of the French and Germans with regard to certain of the Pacific islands eventually succeeded in starting a series of conferences in which all the Australian States were invited to participate. Nevertheless, time dragged on and many a hitch occurred before the Federation Bill was finally accepted, and it was not until 1901 that the first Federal Parliament met and was opened.

To-day, Australia has a population of over 6½ millions and although her total area is something like 3,000,000 square miles we must not forget that only 100 years ago development of this great continent had scarcely begun. Prior to the great depression immigration had attained an average rate for this century of ½ per cent. per annum, but at the present period no further absorption of population is possible owing to the heavy fall in export prices and the severe curtailment of national expenditure. The modern ideal of national self-sufficiency has dealt the whole Australian continent a severe blow. The wool, wheat and other raw materials and foodstuffs which she produces in such enormous quantities are tending to become to some extent like drugs on the market. While Australia is suffering at the hands of this modern bogey of mal-distribution she obviously cannot be expected to continue to receive our surplus population as she has done in the past. But with the gradual re-adjustment of economic stability in this country Australia's future outlook should show a corresponding improvement, for 50 per cent. of her exports find a market over here. Yet, whatever her present trade situation she still has wonderful possibilities where the future is concerned. With extensive and wealthy productive areas still to be developed, no inter-racial misunderstandings to provide internal discord, and a healthy climate to encourage further immigration, she should eventually become one of the finest and wealthiest of the Empire lands.

*(To be continued.)*



## CROOKHAM GOLF CLUB.

## OPENING OF NEW CLUB HOUSE.

Crookham Golf Club opened its new Club House on Tuesday evening, June 11th. The ceremony was performed by the President, Mr. A. S. B. Tull, supported by a large attendance of members, including Messrs. H. Inman Taylor and B. Whincup, the Honorary Secretaries, Mr. E. Povey, Hon. Treasurer, Mr. H. Humphries, Chairman of Committee, Miss Heather, Lady Secretary, Mr. C. W. Bloxson, representing the Newbury Club, Mr. Oliver Brown, of the firm of Messrs. Love & Brown, the builders, and Mr. W. H. Davis, representing H. & G. Simonds Ltd.

The new Club House will fill a long-felt want. In recent years the membership of the Club has continued to increase, and the old Club room, which was part of the "Volunteer" Inn, has outgrown its usefulness.

It consists of a large common room, with open fireplace. Leading from the room are ladies' and men's locker rooms and lavatory accommodation. The building is of brick and timber, the front being entirely of local hand-made bricks. Inside, the walls and the ceiling are lined with patent wall boarding, finished in attractive panels.

In the common room there are two large windows facing south, and two others with an east aspect. All of these give a picturesque panoramic view of the common and the course. The interior decorations are carried out in effective shades of cream and brown. On the walls are several water colours done for the original club by Mr. A. G. Witherby, and a picture of J. H. Taylor, the famous veteran golfer, who is an honorary member of the Club.

Mr. Inman Taylor, before calling upon the President to open the Club House, said he had been looking up the history of the Club, and as far back as 1894 he found a reference that a new room should be built. The Committee sat on the scheme until 1896, when it was abandoned. The present scheme had only been possible owing to the generosity of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, who had put up the new headquarters, to the keen interest taken in the project by their President, and to the work of his co-Secretary, Mr. Whincup.

Mr. Tull, in opening the new headquarters, said their ambition for many years past had now been achieved. He congratulated the energetic Secretaries upon the excellent result of their efforts, and the furnishing committee upon the tasteful way in which they had furnished the new room. He welcomed the Honorary Secretary of the Newbury Club, Mr. Bloxson. He looked upon the Newbury

Club as the daughter of the Crookham Club, and it was good to find that she took an interest in her parent, whose golfing experience went back for so many years.

Mr. Tull then completed the ceremony by unlocking the door of the new headquarters. He was afterwards presented with a silver cigarette box by the members as a memento of the occasion. In acknowledging the gift, which was quite unexpected, Mr. Tull said it was the nicest thing which had happened to him for many years.

Before the proceedings concluded, Mr. Bloxson, on behalf of the Newbury Club, congratulated Crookham on their new acquisition and wished them continued vigour and success in their venerable old age.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The young girl was out with her fiance in his car. After they had gone a little way, he said, "Botheration, the engine's missing again."

"Where *can* we have dropped it?" was her reply.

\* \* \* \*

HE: "May I throw you a kiss?"

SHE: "Don't be so lazy."

\* \* \* \*

Heard in the dusk at Blackpool. "Didn't I? Surely I met you here last year? Your face feels familiar."

\* \* \* \*

When the butcher said his meat was as tender as a woman's heart, the sailor said, "I'll have a pound of sausages."

\* \* \* \*

"Why can't baby talk?" asked the little boy.

"He's only a few weeks old," said his father. "Babies can't talk, you know!"

"Oh, yes they can," answered the boy, "the teacher told me the other day, during the Scripture lesson, that 'Job cursed the day he was born.'"

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A man was fumbling at his keyhole in the small hours of the morning. A policeman saw his difficulty and came to the rescue. "Can I help you to find the keyhole, sir?" he asked.

"Thash all right, old man," said the other, cheerily, "you just hold the house still and I can manage."

\* \* \* \*

VISITOR (to butler, who is showing him round the picture gallery): "That is a fine portrait! Is it an old master?"

BUTLER: "No, that's the old missus."

\* \* \* \*

The barber had used his electric clippers in cutting little Vera's hair.

"I knew my neck wasn't clean," she told her mother on coming home, "'cause that man used his vacuum cleaner on it."

\* \* \* \*

LITTLE BOY: "I hear you have a new baby at your house. Is it going to stay?"

SECOND DITTO: "It had better. It's got all its clothes off."

\* \* \* \*

HER SUITOR: "There isn't much I can say for myself. I'm just a plain citizen and a taxpayer."

HER FATHER: "A taxpayer, eh? Income tax or dog tax?"

\* \* \* \*

"Music is the greatest refreshment in life." Thanks to the rests and bars.

\* \* \* \*

"The Dominions Secretary has lost faith in the party system." A doubting Thomas.

\* \* \* \*

"The umbrella I bought from you is not much good."

"How is that, Sir?"

"I left it in a restaurant yesterday, and it was still there to-day."

\* \* \* \*

"Those rock cakes we had at Mrs. Jones's were as hard as iron."

"I know. I suppose that's why she said 'Take your pick' when she handed them round."

"Ah, Donald," said the minister, "I hear they've gone dry in your brother's village."

"Dry?" remarked Donald. "Dry? Why, man, they're parched. I've just received a letter frae Sandy, and, believe me, the stamp was stuck on wi' a pin."

\* \* \* \*

MISTRESS: "Where's Jimmy?"

MAID: "I ain't seen him since we rolled the carpet up, mum."

\* \* \* \*

POLICEMAN (suspiciously): "Why are you climbing in that window?"

MR. MUCH-MARRIED: "It's all right, Constable, quite all right. My wife has just washed the front-door steps."

\* \* \* \*

GUEST: "My word, I am thirsty."

HOSTESS: "Wait a moment and I'll get you some water."

GUEST: "I said thirsty, not dirty."

\* \* \* \*

The officer entered the guard room, and found it empty except for a private, who was lounging in a chair, smoking a clay pipe.

"Where's the sergeant of the guard?" he demanded.

"Gone across to the non-com.'s mess to have a drink, sir."

"And the sentries?"

"In the canteen, sir."

"Then, confound it, what are you doing here?"

"Me, sir?" was the reply. "I'm the prisoner."

\* \* \* \*

MILKMAN (to suspicious customer): "You won't find nothing wrong with that, ma'am. All our milk's been paralysed by a Government anarchist."

\* \* \* \*

BIX: "What's your idea of an optimist?"

DIX: "A dead-broke individual ordering oysters with the hope that he can pay for his dinner with the pearl."

\* \* \* \*

"Was their marriage a success?"

"Rather. It was all over in six weeks."

OLD LADY : " Aren't you ashamed to ask for money ? "

TRAMP : " I got six months for taking it without asking."

\* \* \* \*

FIRST COMIC : " All my life I've wanted to play a part in a tragedy."

SECOND COMIC : " Well, you will if you don't leave my fiancee alone ! "

\* \* \* \*

" I woke up in the night and found my wife going through my pockets."

" What did you do ? "

" I turned over in bed and laughed."

\* \* \* \*

" There is talk that the next war will be fought with radio."

" Well, I'm in training. I've faced some terrible programmes."

\* \* \* \*

GUARD (to prisoner about to be electrocuted) : " Have you any last words ? "

PRISONER : " Yes. I'd like to offer my seat to a lady."

\* \* \* \*

" When the tourist returned home from abroad he went down and kissed the floor of his native land."

" Emotion ? "

" No ; banana skin."

\* \* \* \*

According to a scientist, a mosquito will always bite a rabbit in preference to a human being.

This may explain the extreme irritability of certain would-be golfers.

\* \* \* \*

A magistrate declares that many a man goes to the altar quite blind to his bride's faults.

It is often the case of the " blonde " leading the blind.

\* \* \* \*

#### SCIENTIFIC AGE.

" And I ask you," said the lugubrious orator, " what is home without a mother ? "

" An incubator ! " came a voice from the gallery.

" Fat men are generally honest," says a writer.

They are naturally reluctant to stoop to anything low.

\* \* \* \*

A pretty girl fell overboard, and her lover, with her on the excursion, leaned over the side of the boat as she rose to the surface and cried, " Give me your hand ! "

" Not until you ask father," she answered, as she sank for the second time.

\* \* \* \*

" How did you find the weather while you were away ? "

" Just went outside and it was there."

\* \* \* \*

" Don't you like your college pudding, Sir ? "

" No ; I'm afraid there is an egg in it that ought to have been expelled."

\* \* \* \*

" Is it right that your girl got married the other day ? "

" She did."

" That was tough luck."

" It was."

" Whom did she marry ? "

" Me."

\* \* \* \*

#### THE MEANEST MAN ON EARTH.

The man who

- (a) gives three hearty cheers and wants two of them back ;
- (b) breathes through his nose to avoid wearing out his false teeth ; and
- (c) the only thing he spends is Christmas.

\* \* \* \*

" I consider kissing unhealthy."

" Well, I've never been——"

" Kissed ? "

" No—ill ! "

\* \* \* \*

An English " weekly " has compiled a list of the twelve most beautiful words in the language.

It failed to include " Kumanavadrink."

The manager of a restaurant mustered all the waitresses one day and told them to look their very best that day. To put on a little extra powder, lipstick, etc., and really look snappy.

"Why?" asked one of the girls. "Has the butter gone off again, Sir?"

"No, but the meat has!"

\* \* \* \*

"Alcohol causes ulcers in the stomach" (Temperance Orator).

"Drinkers say this is all tummy rot!"

\* \* \* \*

CUTTING!

PROFESSOR: "Didn't I get my last haircut in this shop?"

BARBER: "I think not, Sir. We've only been in business two years."

\* \* \* \*

HINTS TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS.—Stand up; speak up; shut up.

\* \* \* \*

SCOTCH?

What I like about McHaggis is that after you've treated him he always retreats.

\* \* \* \*

"But, Madam, I'm afraid you're making a mistake. I am a doctor, certainly, but I'm a Doctor of Music."

"I know that," replied the old lady, "and that's why I came to you. I've a terrible singing in my ears."

\* \* \* \*

A young lady, noted for a lack of tact, had called on the wealthy but rather elderly bride, who was relating her recent experiences with gusto.

"And do you know, my dear, on the third day of our honeymoon, George won the first prize in the Irish Sweep?"

"Good heavens," blurted out the young caller, "three days too late!"

\* \* \* \*

The absent-minded accountant was in a state of complete abstraction when a telegram arrived for him. Tearing it open, he discovered that he was the father of triplets!

"Any reply?" inquired the messenger.

"Er—yes," said the accountant, "tell them to check the addition!"

Jake came to his friend Moe and asked him to sign a note.

"Moe," he said, "I've been to the bank to borrow some money, and they said that they would give me all I need provided you would sign this note. Isn't that fine of them?"

"Jake," cried Moe reproachfully, "aren't you ashamed of yourself? Why do you go to a bank when you need money? You and I have been friends for years; why didn't you come to me? Now, listen; you go back to the bank and tell them to sign the note and then I'll lend you the money!"

\* \* \* \*

The pitman had been to a revivalist meeting where the speaker had encouraged his audience to show a little more loving kindness and affection towards their wives.

Next morning the pitman remembered this when he was half-a-mile from home and returned to kiss his wife, who was scrubbing the floor. Without troubling to look round, Mrs. Miner said: "Tha's early this morning, postman."

\* \* \* \*

Half-a-dozen fellows, bound for New York, had chummed up on the liner. When about halfway across one of them gave a party. Champagne flowed freely, and was largely partaken of by the host, Green. The next morning one of the party was on deck early, when a steward approached.

"Mr. Green would like to see you, Sir," said the man. "He's still in his cabin."

The other found Green with a wet towel round his head. "Hullo, old chap, how are you?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm all right," was Green's confident reply. "I remember nearly everything that happened last night, but one thing puzzles me; I know I stood the supper, but tell me, old man, who paid for the taxi?"

\* \* \* \*

A new chaplain was approached one night at dinner in the officers' mess by a vapid young subaltern, who asked him if he would baptise two pups. The mess listened in silence, eager to see of what stuff the chaplain was made, and how he would take this insult.

The chaplain said he would comply with the request if he might baptise the pups there and then. As the subaltern lifted up the pups, the chaplain inquired, in a conventional way, "Are you the father of these pups?"

That a young man was wise beyond his years was proved when he paused before answering a widow who had asked him to guess her age.

"You must have some idea," she said.

"I have several ideas," said the young man, with a smile. "The only trouble is that I hesitate whether to make you five years younger on account of your looks, or five years older on account of your intelligence."

\* \* \* \*

"I often hunted in the southern part of Missouri with a shotgun that I took everywhere I went. I loaded my own shells, finding it cheaper than buying them. One day I ran out of shot, but I had plenty of powder and caps, so I loaded some shells with carpet tacks and started out.

"A coyote jumped up in front of me and started to run along the sand. I fired at him just as he was passing a tree, and one of the tacks pinned his tail to the trunk. The sudden stop and shock caused him to jump out of his skin, leaving a fine pelt hanging on the tree for me. However, when I returned to my shanty the door was open. Thinking I had visitors, I sneaked up and looked in. I saw that darned coyote sitting on my bed using my sewing kit and making himself a pair of pants out of my best woollen blanket.

"I felt sorry for the poor animal, and tossed his skin into the shanty. He immediately pounced into it, pulled up the zipper, pasted up the torn places and then growled a couple of times as he admired himself in my mirror before hastily departing by the window to the nearby woods."

\* \* \* \*

One man claimed to have invented a special pair of rubber boots for window-cleaners, so that if they fell they would bounce without hurting themselves. It worked so well that the first man who tested it by falling from the top floor of a skyscraper continued to bounce for three days and nights, and they had to shoot him to save him from starving to death.

\* \* \* \*

Still another told how he was living near the main railway line, and was losing many chickens which were being killed by the trains. He went to the station and got a time-table, nailed it up inside the hen house, and since then has not had a single bird killed.

\* \* \* \*

HUSBAND (as burglars are heard downstairs): "Sh-h, dear! This is going to be a battle of brains."

WIFE: "How brave of you, dear, to go unarmed."

"I was an engineer in a flour mill," ran another fine lie, "and I took the cat into the engine room with me, partly for company, but mostly to get rid of mice, which overran the whole building. The cat fell down on the job. The mice even stole its food.

"One day the cat got a front foot caught in one of the large mill wheels. We had to amputate the foot, and feeling sorry for the animal, even though it had failed as a mouser, I carved out a wooden leg for it.

"Then came the surprise. As soon as the cat got used to its artificial leg it began bringing in mice at the rate of fifteen a minute. I was curious, and from the darkness of a bin watched the cat. I saw it hide behind a post. Every time a mouse came by the cat struck and stunned it with the wooden leg. The record kept was 4,704 mice in 49 days."

\* \* \* \*

The bookmaker was paying out on the last race of an unfortunate day. He had been hard hit, and was honest enough to confess he had only £30 in cash to meet liabilities nearer £50.

"The question is," he said, "how am I going to do it?"

"Pay out in alphabetical order," suggested a stentorian voice.

And so it was agreed. He was instantly surrounded by men who declared their names were Anderson, Allen, Arch, and so on.

"'Ere," shouted an agitated voice from the rear, "where do I come in? My name's Salmon."

"Salmon!" repeated the bookmaker scornfully. "You haven't an earthly. If it had been 'Addock you might have been in the first three!"

\* \* \* \*

GOLFER (to partner in foursome): "What was the matter with you at the sixth and seventh? You went all to pieces. If you hadn't recovered so wonderfully, we'd have lost for a cert."

PARTNER: "Well, it suddenly struck me that I was to have been married to-day, but when I remembered I'd no game fixed for next Wednesday I felt O.K. again."

\* \* \* \*

A friend asked an English Jew why he had changed his name to Montague.

"Because," said Mr. Montague, "it is so old and so firmly established in history."

"What was your name before?" asked the friend.

"Moses."



A Scotsman and an Irishman tied in a shooting competition. The first award was a silver cup, the second £5, and both wanted the money. They went to shoot-off for the prize. Each fired ten shots and then the Scot rose with beaming face.

"That's done you," he said. "I've put all my shots into the bank."

"I thought ye would," chortled the Irishman, "so I put all mine on your target. The cup's yours and ye'll oblige the company by filling it."

\* \* \* \*

There is a story told about a woman who saw Don Bradman looking in the window of a sports outfitting shop. "Will you help me to choose a bat for my husband?" she asked.

And Don couldn't refuse. But he chose a No. 6, which is a boy's bat, and the woman said: "But isn't this rather small? You see, my husband is six feet tall!"

Don didn't blink an eyelid as he replied: "Madam, that is the size for a man who'd let his wife choose a bat for him!"

\* \* \* \*

Smith was standing before the judge for having injured his wife.

JUDGE: "You maintain that you threw your wife out of the second storey through forgetfulness?"

SMITH: "Yes; we used to live on the ground floor, and I'd clean forgotten we'd moved!"

\* \* \* \*

"I've eaten beef all my life, and now I'm as strong as an ox!" said he.

"That's funny," replied she. "I've eaten fish all my life and I can't swim a stroke!"

\* \* \* \*

Sambo, a Southern darkie, married Liza. In about two weeks he came to the reverend gentleman who had tied the knot, looking as if he had lost his last friend in the world.

"What's the matter, Sambo; aren't you happy?" the preacher inquired.

"No, suh, pahson. Ah wants a divorce."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Sambo, but you must remember that you took Liza for better or worse."

"Ah knows dat, pahson, but she's wuss den Ah took her fo'."

A resident in a street undergoing repairs protested about a pile of broken paving outside his front gate.

"Can't you take this away?" he asked one of the men on the job, a good-natured Irishman.

"Where will I take it?" asked the Irishman. Whereupon the man told him clearly and forcefully.

"Hadn't I better take it to Heaven?" was the reply. "It would be more out of your way there."

\* \* \* \*

NEW LODGER: "Have you been doing well this season?"

LANDLADY: "Not badly; last month we had some people from Aberdeen."

NEW LODGER: "Oh, well done. It's not often they are had!"

\* \* \* \*

The labourer and his bride left the church under an archway of shovels.

The groom had his pick on his arm!

\* \* \* \*

(From "The Imperial Club Magazine.")

#### A MISUNDERSTANDING!

"Well, Sambo," said the Judge, "so you and your wife have been fighting again. Liquor, I suppose?"

"No, sah, Jedge, she licked me dis time."

\* \* \* \*

SHE: "I can't stand kissing!"

HE: "It is a bit trying—let's find a seat."

\* \* \* \*

"This pie is absolutely burnt, Nora. Did you make it according to instructions in the cookery book?"

"No, ma'am, it's me own cremation."

\* \* \* \*

#### A BUDDING FINANCIER?

SMALL BROTHER: "Ha, ha! I just saw you kiss Sis."

SUITOR: "Here, keep quiet. Put this sixpence in your pocket."

SMALL BROTHER: "Here's tuppence change. One price to all, that's the way I do business."

## HOSPITALITY.

"Have a drink?" asked the host of the lonely guest.

"No, thanks, I don't drink."

"Cigarettes?"

"Sorry, but I never smoke."

"How about joining the others for a little dance?"

"I'm afraid I don't dance."

The host became desperate. "Look here," he said, "if the wife has got some wool she isn't using, would you care to do a little knitting?"

\* \* \* \*

NOTHING DOING.

"Kiss Auntie."

"Don't want to."

"Oh! Come and give Auntie a kiss."

"Shan't!"

"Give Auntie a kiss and she'll give you a penny."

"A penny!" scoffed the modern child as she surveyed her elderly Aunt. "Why, I can get more than that for taking castor oil."

\* \* \* \*

Who is it? A scripture character who had no name, whose body never to corruption came, who died a death none ever died before, whose shroud forms part of every household store.

*Answer* : Lot's Wife.

\* \* \* \*

DOCTOR : "It's a boy, Professor."

PROFESSOR (looking up from his work) : what is?"

\* \* \* \*

Overheard on the rounds in 'Iraq :

OFFICE BOY : "Your car is at the door, Sir."

DISTRICT MANAGER : "Yes, I hear it knocking."

\* \* \* \*

INSTITUTE MANAGER : "That's a fair retail price, Sir."

CUSTOMER : "I don't want fairy tale prices."

## THE BLACK PRINCE, PRINCES RISBOROUGH.



The above is a photograph of The Black Prince, Princes Risborough, Bucks, an up-to-date inn where you will always receive a courteous welcome and be served with brands bearing the famous name of Simonds.



The group is that of the local St. John Ambulance and the photograph was taken by Mr. W. R. Hutchins, of the Research Laboratory, in the garden at the back of the premises of The Black Prince.

## BRANCHES.

## PORTSMOUTH.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who for 54 years commanded the Rifle Brigade, recently inspected the 1st Battalion who are now stationed at the New Barracks, Gosport. This battalion has not been in England long after prolonged service in India and the Soudan. His Royal Highness commanded the battalion from 1876-1880 both in England and in Ireland, and since that date he has been Colonel-in-Chief. The visit, by the express wish of the Duke, was as informal as possible, but when he arrived a large crowd of people had gathered in the vicinity of the Barracks and in crossing the main road from the Officers' Mess to the parade ground he was cheered and smilingly acknowledged the greetings. His Royal Highness was accompanied by the Colonel-Commandant of the Battalion, Sir Cameron-de-Shute, and Major-General W. W. Pitt-Taylor, 3rd Division Commander, who was at one time Adjutant of the Battalion. The parade was under the command of Lieut.-Colonel O. C. Downes, D.S.O., M.C., with Brevet Lieut.-Colonel D. E. Prideaux-Brune, D.S.O. After the inspection the battalion marched past in column with their smart light infantry step. This was followed by a march past in double time a manoeuvre which is peculiar to the Rifle Brigade and is performed only before their own officers. After the Royal Salute had been



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The above photograph shows the Duke with Officers of the Battalion.

given the parade formed three sides of a square for the Duke to address them. In his address the Duke said he could not meet them again after so many years in India and Egypt without congratulating them and saying how glad he was to see the battalion of which he gave up the command so many years ago. He expressed great satisfaction with the discipline. It was as good now as it had ever been and that came from the splendid spirit which existed in the Regiment. Without that spirit the traditions of the Rifle Brigade could not be maintained. He congratulated Colonel Downes and all ranks on their display and said that in his opinion they had sustained the reputation of the battalion. H.R.H. also inspected Regimental Institutes, and after lunching with the officers left Gosport for his residence at Bagshot.

Admiral Sir John D. Kelly, Commander-in-Chief, presented the trophies and medals when the 51st Portsmouth United Services Rifle Meeting was brought to an end at the Tipnor Ranges. Sir John, in a witty speech, congratulated the competitors and the officials upon the success of the meeting. The Royal Marines repeated their last year's success by winning the General's Challenge Cup. The Hampshire Regiment were again victorious, defeating the Rifle Brigade in the "Excellent" Cup. The Rifle Brigade were, however, successful in the Portsmouth Challenge Cup, which they won with 1,241 points, and this win entitled them to hold the "Salmon" Cup in addition.

## THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

A word of thanks, Mr. Editor, for the May edition to our GAZETTE portrait gallery. At least two Tamarites have pleasant pre-war recollections of "J.A.C." in those tranquil days of the present century when Branch Department audits were the rule, and we are delighted to know that the promise of that age has been amply fulfilled, both in the regions of sport and in that sterner field of business activities, where the survival of the fittest is the first and usually only law. In spite of "body-line" tactics and commercial hustle, our confrere is still able to remain at the crease with optimism unshaken and confidence undiminished. He has our best wishes for a long and successful "knock"!

The visit of the Portsmouth units of the Home Fleet to Plymouth was a happy gesture by the powers that sit at the Admiralty, and one which was highly appreciated by the West Country. All ranks were presented with the "freedom of the city" during their stay, and a varied programme of sporting events and other social engagements were enjoyed to the full.

The Fleet responded in their own special way by giving us a fascinating searchlight display each evening, and demonstrated to the present generation how entrancing such a spectacle can be when set amid such wonderful surroundings as the historic Sound provides, with the slopes of Staddon Heights, Mount Batten, Mount Edgcumbe and the Hoe as its auditorium. Dense crowds of spectators stayed out to a late hour enjoying this (nowadays) rare and dazzling sight. Both citizens and visitors were loud in their appreciation.

Very many thanks, Pompey!

Since our last notes appeared, a further sorrow has befallen our old tenant, Mr. W. Coombes, of the "Mark of Friendship Inn," Millbrook, in the loss of his wife after several months of ill-health. Since the death of a dearly-loved daughter, Mrs. Coombes had not seemed to recover her full strength again, and it became necessary for her to undergo a major operation, which proved too severe a test upon her weakened constitution.

She had endeared herself to many folk outside her own family circle, and many were the tributes to her quiet motherly virtues, and the example which she set.

Our deepest sympathies are extended to Mr. Coombes and his family in their irreparable loss.

May we, in conclusion, record the sincere wish of every Tamarite and other West Country friends that in the course of the next few weeks our esteemed Managing Director, Mr. F. A. Simonds, will, during his holiday abroad, find that measure of physical wellbeing which is of so much importance to each link in the "Hop Leaf" chain. Mr. Eric's activities, although so wide and many, are so interdependently ours that a full renewal of those powers and personal attributes, of which we are so proud, is the central hope to which all are subscribers.

#### BRIGHTON.

We were pleased to see the portrait of the writer of the "Brewery Jottings" in last month's GAZETTE and wish to assure him that although we have few chances of meeting we enjoy his monthly notes.

We offer our hearty congratulations to Mr. A. E. Wake, of London Stores, upon his marriage. Mr. Wake commenced his career with the Firm at Brighton and we naturally wish him the best of luck and a contented mind.

#### CRICKET.

The Sussex County Cricket Team are at the time of writing at the top of the table and an unbeaten team. They are favoured this season with having a good all-round team with plenty of good youngsters awaiting honours. Being all out for the championship and not having a single player marked for the Test, we think they stand a good chance this year to obtain the coveted honour.

#### HOLIDAYS.

We are now preparing for the holiday rush and the Territorial camps, and sincerely hope this year will prove a bumper for trade. No doubt some who read this will have had their holidays and some partaking, but if you have not yet had yours, may we put before you the claims of BRIGHTON? For a good all-round cosmopolitan centre we are unbeaten and if sunshine is to be had we will give it you in abundance.

#### WOKING.

It is always with a measure of regret that we release from the active list any member of our staff, but the limitations to which humanity is subject compel us to face the fact that we must, from time to time, relieve the older members of the anxieties of modern business, and our regret is the more acute when ill-health intervenes and renders release urgent and imperative.

Such a case is that of Mr. Thomas Steer, who has been a member of the Woking Branch Staff since its formation in 1900. At one time he was Steward of the Woking Working Men's Club, which large institution has ever favoured the "Hop Leaf" products with substantial patronage. On leaving the Club Mr. Steer became tenant of the off-licence which later developed into the Branch as we now know it, and he was therefore a party to the original negotiations in regard to the inception of a Branch Depot, after which consummation he remained in the off-licensed part of the business as Manager, and in recent years filled in the "restricted" hours with duties connected with the extensive business in wines and spirits that attaches to this Depot.

Although often in considerable pain and much impeded by physical disabilities, Mr. Steer remained ever cheerful and continued to take a keen interest in the business and his numerous customers. His wide local knowledge brought many friends from the town and district to see him. He exemplified the fact that courtesy in



Mr. Thomas Steer.

business, especially in contact with the public, is a valuable adjunct which results in a larger circle of patrons and, consequently, he will be much missed by customers as well as by the local staff, all of whom earnestly wish that he may be restored to a better state of health in order to enjoy the rest he has earned so well.

