

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

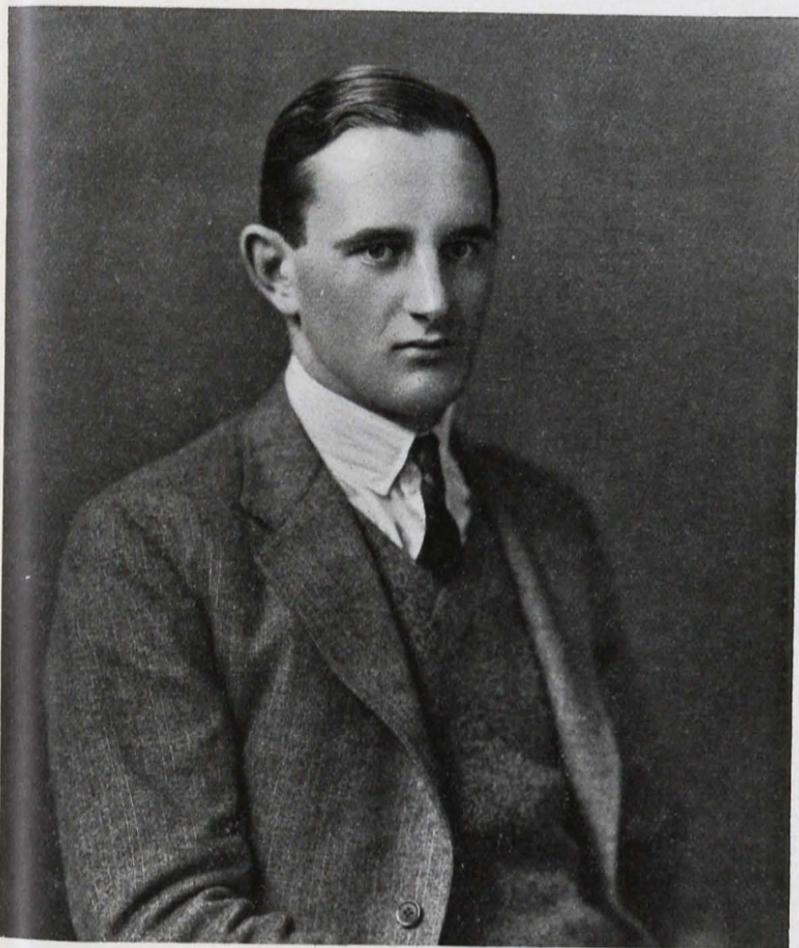
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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AUGUST, 1933.

No. 11



MR. R. ST. JOHN QUARRY.

MR. R. ST. JOHN QUARRY.

Particular interest is attached to the portrait in our frontispiece this month by the revival of a name which was associated with our Firm many years ago, when Mr. Quarry's father, the late Major St. John Quarry, occupied a similar position on the Staff to the one now filled by his son. Additional interest will be awakened by reason of Mr. Quarry being a descendant of the late Mr. Henry Simonds, one of the Founders of the Firm, whose photograph appeared in our last issue.

An old Wellingtonian, and finishing in the Sixth Form, Mr. Quarry received his training at this famous school which is one of the finest and, we might add, one of the most severe amongst the Public Schools of this country; whose first and guiding principle is Service and Duty.

During the latter part of Mr. Quarry's school life he made a special study of Biology with a view to the future utility of this branch of science in connection with his business career at the Brewery. He has a good knowledge of the French language and a fluency which was cultivated by 18 months' residence in the South of France.

In pursuance of his business studies at the Brewery, Mr. Quarry has already passed through the departments of Brewing, Malting and Bottling. He has also spent several months in the Wine and Spirit Department and in the Branch, General and Accountant's Departments.

If Mr. Quarry inherits, to any degree, the strict and earnest sense of devotion to duty which his lamented father displayed throughout his all too brief civilian and military life, he should eventually become a very valuable asset to the Firm.

Mr. Quarry played rugger for his school and for the Harlequins "A" team. His enthusiasm for this branch of sport is only equalled by his passion for riding, he being a very fine horseman. At school he also figured prominently in running and fencing. Nowadays he indulges in riding, rugby football, hunting and cross country running and takes a great and active interest in The Brewery Tennis Club.



EDITORIAL.

SIMONDS ALL THE TIME.

During the heat wave one wanted more drink than food and those requiring the best of beverages naturally chose Simonds'. In many cases the hot weather was the cause of an introduction to Ashby's minerals and, as a result, many lasting friendships have been formed. The firm's famous cider was also an extremely popular drink. All the beverages were much in evidence at most of the big events in and around Reading and many were the praises sung. It was Simonds' here and Simonds' there including the following fixtures:—Co-operative Wholesale Society's Sports at Coley; Garden Party at Battledean, Andover Road, Newbury; Dog Show, Kensington Road, Reading; Warfield Flower Show; Burghfield Sports Meeting; Taplow Court Conservative Rally; British Legion Fete at Goring; Sulhampstead Flower Show; Lambourn Pony Races and Flower Show; British Legion Fete at Thatcham; British Legion Fete at Hungerford. We also did our share at the Henley Regatta, etc., etc. During the week-end including Bank Holiday, orders came pouring in and the prompt and proficient manner in which the tremendous rush was dealt with was highly creditable to our Transport Department.

LAWN TENNIS.

There have been some thrilling encounters for the cup so kindly presented by Mr. Louis Simonds. Perhaps the greatest fight of all was that between Mr. P. James and Mr. F. George. Three sets were played and the result was in doubt until the last shot had been made. Then there was another great fight between Mr. M. Adams and Mr. C. H. Perrin. The former, with a game in hand, reached match point on one occasion and then, gaining one or two points more by luck than judgment, Mr. Perrin got on even terms and just managed to win the match. Both had had enough by the time it was over, for it was a grim struggle and the heat was almost overpowering. Mr. Perrin won the cup by defeating Mr. F. George in the final. In the early stages of the competition Mr. Perrin met Mr. Davis and so well did the former perform at the start that for a time it looked as if it was going to be a "Davis Cup"! In the competition for the ladies, Mrs. Dewar just managed to defeat Miss Prosser after a very good display. Mrs. Dewar was on the top of her form and is an experienced player, but Miss Prosser put up an excellent fight. Some very enjoyable matches have been played with the Oxford Branch, Messrs. Sutton & Sons, Beechwood, Tilehurst, etc., and Mr. Quarry's choosing of the teams has given every satisfaction. It is extremely good of him to undertake the task, by no means an easy one.

A MAN'S RELIGION WANTED.

The Rev. Raymond E. Young, pastor of the Congregational Church, Sandwich, near Deal, has resigned because, as reported in another page, his occupancy of its pulpit was an embarrassment to the church. "I have always been a Free Churchman but Free Churchmen are now obsessed with questions which to my mind have nothing to do with real religion. If one protests people stay away from church and neighbours ostracise you. A man to-day wants a man's religion in a man's church, but religion has become effeminate, emasculated, and insipid. This 'alcoholphobia,' this excessive fear of strong drink, is a symptom of the effeminate refinement which pervades church life to-day."

PUT HIS "FOOT" INTO IT.

The *Catholic Herald* states:—

The House of Commons has a very fanatical teetotaler, or perhaps we should say, fanatical anti-Catholic who is also a teetotaler, a not uncommon combination. The name of the gentleman is Foot. The House was greatly amused the other day when Foot demanded to know why the services of Oliver Cromwell to the British Navy were not duly recognised at the Greenwich Naval Pageant. Upon which another member asked that if Cromwell was to receive proper recognition in future the fact should not be passed over that he was a brewer. Foot was stumped for a reply.

POETIC PRAISE OF SIMONDS' BEER.

Cleanliness, courtesy and consideration would appear to be the motto of the Lamb Hotel, Theale, for there you are always sure to receive prompt and proficient service and a kind of glad-to-see-you welcome. And Simonds' is served in such excellent condition that the customers require no other. One even uttered the following poetic praise in connection with the firm's famous beverage:

I like a glass of Simonds' beer
A glass of its so handy.
I know its fine as any wine
As strong as any brandy.
If you are ill it'll make you well
And keep you in condition.
A man who drinks of Simonds' beer
Will need for no physician.

SURE PATH TO REFRESHING SLEEP.

Beer gives a more cheerful aspect of life, and helps us through the more difficult times in which we are forced to live. With every quart of beer consumed a man covers one-fifth of his daily need of

albumen (the nutritious substance contained in white of eggs). Beer promotes our corporal functions. A bottle of beer in the evening is for many the only sure path to true and refreshing sleep.—*Dr. F. V. Von Hahn.*

A NEW GAME.

Get a friend to take up this copy of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE and ask him to select any word on any page, the only stipulation being that the chosen word is within ten lines of the top of the page, and within the first ten words of that line. (Advertisements, of course, cannot be selected.) Tell him to double the number of the page, multiply by five and add twenty, then add the number of the line and add five and multiply the total by ten; add the number of the word in the line and subtract two hundred and fifty. When he shows you the result tell him the word he chose!

P.S.—*You can do this easily, because the first two figures of his result will give you the number of the page, and the third will give you the number of the line, and the last figure will give you the number of the word.*

THE GIFT FROM HEAVEN.

"O, my friends and colleagues, drink more wine." With this impassioned appeal M. Sarraut, of the French delegation to the World Conference, concluded an eloquent panegyric on the glory of wine at a meeting of Sub-Committee No. 2 of the Economic Commission. "I have come," he said, "to plead for a real gift from Heaven—wine, the blood of life, which has been vouchsafed to us in this vale of tears as a compensation for our sufferings." In his youth, he added, he had been forbidden wine by his doctors. His reply was to treble his allowance, and as a result he was enjoying perfect health, while the doctors were all dead.

RECTOR MUST SMOKE AND DRINK.

Directions to Brighton Corporation that when selecting an incumbent for the Sussex parishes of Telscombe and Piddinghoe preference shall be given to a man "who is a sportsman and not a total abstainer from alcohol and tobacco" are contained in the will of Mr. Ambrose Gorham, squire of Telscombe, who died recently Mr. Gorham, who was known as the model squire of Sussex, left the bulk of his estate, including the all-electric village of Telscombe, to Brighton. He instructs the corporation to "pay particular regard to the general character of the man to be presented" to the livings, and in choosing the incumbent not to "heed the advice of, and not necessarily to act in accordance with, any suggestion or advice proffered by the bishop of the diocese or by any Church dignitary." When the clause relating to total abstinence was read to him, the Rector of Telscombe declared: "That is just what I should have expected Mr. Gorham to direct. I entirely agree. I know that when I came here the question was put to me, 'Do you drink beer?' I said, 'Rather!' And Mr. Gorham was very pleased."

BOOM IN BARRELS.

America's repeal of Prohibition is stimulating not only the brewing trade but also the cooperage industry in this country. Coopers who cater for the brewing trade are working night and day with orders for millions of barrels which have been pouring in from America. The numbers employed at most factories have been doubled, and in some cases almost trebled. The most suitable wood comes from Russia, and the removal of the embargo on imports from Russia allows the tide to flow unhindered. America is short of the necessary timber, and as this wood takes two years to become seasoned it is likely that the demand may continue for some considerable time.

THE FOOD VALUE OF BEER.

"Taking the average number of calories needed by a man doing moderate work as 3,000 to 3,500 a day, two pints of average beer, yielding 500 calories, contribute from one-sixth to one-seventh of the total energy needed daily . . . A quart of good average beer contains nearly as much energy value as half a pound of bread, two-thirds of a pound of beef, and over one pound of potatoes."—*Mr. Chaston Chapman, F.R.S. (1931).*

Mr. A. Chaston Chapman, F.R.S., laid down the following comparative food values of various beverages:—

	<i>Calories per pint.</i>
Beers of average quality	250
Beef tea, as made in the home (approx.)	150
Tea, with milk and one lump of sugar	115
Tea, with milk but without sugar	72

BLESSINGS TO THE WORKMAN.

"I am more of a moderate wet than a dry. I am against excess in the interest of national discipline, but I am not unmindful of the blessings which a glass of wine or beer brings to the workman and his family."—*Signor Benito Mussolini, Prime Minister of Italy.*

PART OF THE CREATION.

Alcohol does not cease to be a gift of God because men have misused it. Alcohol was part of the creation just as much as the roses in the garden or the vines in the greenhouses. They were told in the Scriptures: "Wine maketh glad the heart of man." It did if properly used.—*The Bishop of Salisbury, February, 1930.*

BREWERS' EXHIBITION.

Although it has been decided that the Brewers' Exhibition is not to be held this year, the Judges of the Hop Competitions advise continuing with these. Arrangements are being made practically as in previous years, but, owing to there being no Exhibition, the date of the closing of the entries will be a little later, viz., November 2nd, and the samples will not have to be sent in until the 9th.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

The month of July, 1933, will be well remembered by its spells of very hot weather, and in consequence it was pleasant to note the upward trend of our trade. Many of our houses have been busier than for some time past and it would seem the art of beer drinking has not been forgotten by the public. It is to be hoped the month of August will be fine and warm, then I feel sure we can report better business. Those who were fortunate enough to select the last fortnight of July for their holidays have indeed been lucky and their faces bear witness to the tanning effects of the sun.

QUARTERLY BALANCING.

The start of the month of July saw the General Office on overtime for the above and after the usual "ups and downs" this duty was satisfactorily accomplished.

DEATH OF MR. C. LATIMER.

I am sorry to record the death of Mr. C. Latimer, of the Cooperage Department, on the 26th July after a very brief illness. He was at work on the Monday, taken ill on Tuesday and died on the Wednesday. His loss is a sad one and he was deeply respected in his department. Known as "Charley" to all his associates, he was a very sociable sort and well liked by everyone. He was an extraordinarily skilled workman and not one cooper in England could beat him at his work. This pleasing tribute is from Mr. F. Drury, the foreman of his department. A keen follower of the Reading Football Club, he was often to be seen at Elm Park during the football season. His age was 57. Owing to the kindness of the Firm he was carried by four of his workmates to the grave. Wreaths were sent from the Cooperage Department and the Scalds Department. Our deepest sympathy goes out to his relatives in their tragic bereavement. He enjoyed the full confidence of the Firm and his loss to his department is a grievous blow. *R.I.P.*

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

The following changes and transfers have taken place since our last issue and to all we wish every success:—

The Half Moon, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries, Ltd.)—Mr. A. J. Colebourne.

The Star and Garter Off Licence, North Town, Aldershot (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. F. C. Fenney.

The Grey Horse, Sunbury (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. W. G. Titheridge.

The Royal Horseguardsman, Ealing Road, Brentford (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. W. J. Lane.

The Railway Inn, St. Mary Bourne (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mrs. I. M. L. Bunce.

The Bugle, Halliford (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. J. C. Pitman.

We have been very busy with shows, fetes, galas, rallies, etc., during the past month, and many of them have been very successful.

With the resumption of territorial camps this year, there is the promise of our being very busy during the early days of August. Mr. J. M. Hammond and Mr. A. T. Walsh of the Branch Department have both been sent to Brighton Branch on relief duty in connection with the army camps in that district.

Both the cricket teams are still going strong and have many excellent victories to their credit.

The lawn tennis section have been having quite a busy time and is undoubtedly an unqualified success. With football (two teams), cricket (two teams) and now lawn tennis we are developing quite a sporting side to the Firm of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. This is all to the good, for apart from the benefit derived from these games there is always the social side (or socialable side) to be considered and this is a great asset to a firm like ours. After the games are over what is nicer than over a glass (or glasses) of the best to recount how battles are won and lost.

From the *Sunday Express*, the undermentioned is said to be Mr. John D. Rockefeller's pet story:—

The oil king's pet story is of a nervous woman passenger on a train who, as a climax to a hundred questions, asked:

"Conductor, why do you wave your hand when you want the train to start?"

"Oh," replied the now thoroughly saddened man in uniform, "when I wave my hand it means get the hell out of here."

Some one who heard the conductor's terse reply warned him that the woman was the wife of a director.

"I guess, that being the case, I had better apologise," said the conductor.

He went to the woman's seat and started a fulsome apology.

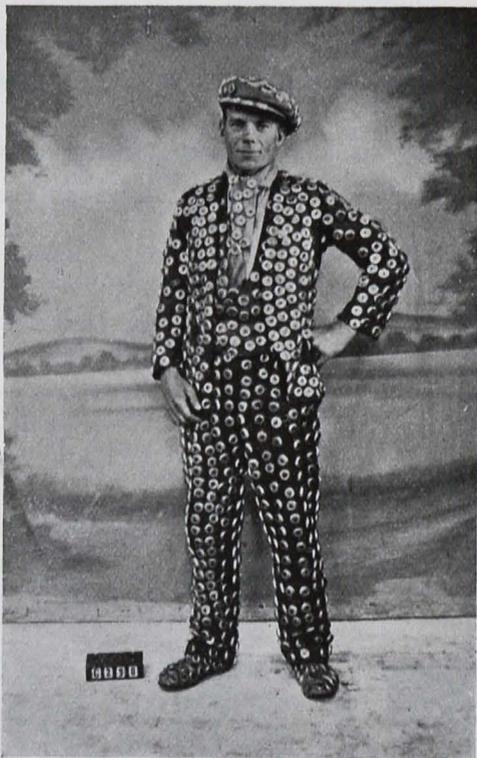
"And do you know," says John D., "she didn't say anything, she just waved her hand."

On July 2nd the North Star, Staines, Dart Club journeyed to Brighton and, taking refreshments with them, spent a very pleasant day.



"North Star" (Staines) Dart Club go for a trip to Brighton.

THE "HOP LEAF" PEARLY KING.



Above is a photograph of the "Hop Leaf" Pearly King. The "pearls" are all taken from the bottles of the "Hop Leaf" brand and are sewn on to a suit of clothes. The photo was taken at Southend on Saturday, July 15th, when the Pearly King accompanied the outing from "The Magpie," Flackwell Heath, Bucks. He also accompanies "The Magpie" Dart Club on all their outings, and is noted at any special functions where the "Magpie" boys are gathered. At Southend he was most conspicuous, and more than one visitor used their cameras upon him.

"NOT UNCHRISTIAN TO DRINK BEER."

The Rev. E. Raymond Young, pastor of the Sandwich Congregational Church, announced his resignation in dramatic fashion at the opening of his sermon at Deal on Sunday night, July 30th.

"I am resigning the pastorate of this church," he said, "because my occupancy of its pulpit is an embarrassment to the Church."

He attacked the "effeminacy" of the Free Churches and their rigid attitude towards the temperance question, and denounced the "quarrelsomeness" of congregations. Finally Mr. Young declared that he would sooner earn his living with a pick and shovel than in the ministry.

"A distaste for Church life and work has grown upon me," he said. "I have always been a staunch Free Churchman, but Free Churchmen are now obsessed with questions which, to my mind, have nothing to do with real religion."

Mr. Young recalled that in a civic sermon last year he had protested against total abstinence being exalted into a cardinal Christian virtue.

"EXCOMMUNICATED" BY CHURCHES.

"I emphasised my belief that it is not an un-Christian thing to drink a glass of beer," he said, "and from the uproar that ensued you would think that I denied the existence of God. Letters poured in on me. One sweet Christian wrote that I ought to have my eyes gouged out. Another said that I deserved to be flung headlong from my pulpit, whilst a third said that I was a viper in disguise.

"Of course, the neighbouring Free Churches promptly excommunicated me. They have nothing against my character. In the Free Churches—I emphasise that word 'free'—there is freedom of speech only for teetotalers. Temperance fanatics are allowed to say all that they desire from Free Church pulpits; but those of us who hold that alcohol is not only morally harmless, but also often physically beneficial, are never allowed to say so publicly.

TAME PARROT IN PULPIT.

"What the average church seems to want nowadays in the pulpit is a sort of tame parrot who will twitter forth pretty platitudes Sunday by Sunday, and then flit from house to house during the week making himself pleasant. I am afraid I couldn't oblige.

"I don't know whether my fellow ministers will thank me for saying this, but none would deny the truth of it. All over the country ministers are restless and unhappy, and not a few are bordering on nervous prostration on account of the strife and general unpleasantness in their churches. The quarrelsomeness, the petty mindedness, the vindictiveness and the downright dishonesty of many Church members nowadays is almost incredible.

"I am a young man of 32. If events take their normal course, I have at least another thirty years of active life. If you were I, would you choose to spend those thirty years trotting around trying to please and pacify disgruntled and petulant Church members? I don't think you would, and I am not going to.

"The position of a minister is no longer consistent with the dignity of manhood. The religion of the churches has become effeminate, emasculated, insipid. This alcohol 'phobia,' this excessive fear of strong drink, is a symptom of the effeminate refinement which pervades church life to-day. Modern church life needs to be impregnated with something of the bracing salt of Calvinism."

SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

By adding the results of the "A" and "B" teams together they balance, but by taking them separately the "A" team are one down and vice versa. The weather during the month has been most favourable for cricket, especially for the onlookers.

In addition to the regular Saturday matches six inter-departmental and one "B" team evening games have been played. The enthusiasm for the former is most encouraging and the friendly rivalry helps to bring the members of the various departments into closer touch with each other. Again, too, a match is the best method of practice.

To get down to results, let us look at the "A" team games first.

July 1st. "A" TEAM, 74, v. WARGRAVE "B," 63.

For this match we travelled out to the country and had to take the field. On several occasions we have found this to our advantage and this time it also worked favourably.

We quickly secured a wicket and then they fell in spasms. One stand added 14, another 31, and a third 12. Between these, several wickets went down at similar totals. Clark had the best day with 4 for 19, Jelly and Broad sharing the others, the latter's three only costing 8 runs.

Cardwell and Josey opened our innings and made a fairly good start, each making 13. Jelley followed with 20 and then came a minor collapse, and when the last man came in the scores were 63 all. Lawrence had a lucky hit over slips to make the winning run and then reached double figures, carrying his bat for 10.

July 8th. "A" TEAM, 100, v. TURQUANDIA, 152 for 7 (declared).

Here the spell of fielding first did not work. We secured the first wicket when the book showed 8 runs; two down for 33 and the third only added 7. Then came a stand that altered the complexion of the game. Capt. Ingpen and J. Spanswick stayed while 74 were put on. The former had 3 sixes and 5 fours out of his 53. Unfortunately, this gentleman has to have a "runner," but, from the way he drives, he evidently is of a compassionate nature. Tom stumped him in the end and it is strange that last season his end was similar with his score a few runs more. Then we had a run of success, the next three wickets only adding 3 runs. After tea Mr. Ling, the skipper of the "Accountants," very quickly added 33 and then declared.

Our start with the bat was disastrous, two wickets falling for 12 runs. Bartholomew then helped matters along with 33. Crutchley and Lawrence each made 21, but the rest of the batsmen do not look on this match with pride. Clark with 3 for 49 had the best analysis. Crutchley was bowling well but luck was not coming his way.

Our ground fielding was good, but several catches were put on the floor; otherwise the result might have been different.

Through the kindness of the Directors we were able to entertain the members of Turquandia to a snack before the game and they also came back to the Club afterwards for a bite and sup before returning to Town.

We hope to fix up a match with them again next year, when we trust to be on the winning side. It is a fine fixture and an education on the art of placing a field and of some of the finer points of the game.

July 15th. "A" TEAM, 91, v. CAMBERLEY WORKING MEN'S CLUB, 59.

A journey into Surrey for this match. We were hoping to have played on the Camberley Recreation Ground but this was occupied by children's sports, so our venue was the Watchetts Playing Fields.

Our opponents had first knock, but Clark and Crutchley were decidedly on top. The latter took 7 for 38 and the former 3 for 20. H. S. Hardy made 43 out of the grand total of 59 and, but for a chance not accepted in the field, he would not have carried his bat or his score to the size it was.

Cardwell and Josey opened for us and the latter came out when the board showed 26. The former played a nice innings and was strong on the leg side, making a number of nice strokes in his 28. Crutchley was next on the list with 22, and Jelley also reached double figures.

After the game we adjourned to the splendid club of the Working Men, where a very enjoyable time was spent.

July 22nd. "A" TEAM, 69, v. CAMBERLEY WORKING MEN'S CLUB, 123.

The return match was played on Prospect Park and the decision reversed. We were not quite so strong and our opponents had strengthened their team.

Camberley batted first and made a good start, 46 being on the board before the first wicket fell. Thirty runs were added for the next partnership, then 3 down for 91. A swing of the pendulum and four more wickets fell for 10 runs, and the last three added 22.

R. Paice with his "spinners" had a good spell, taking 6 for 29 in 11 overs.

We missed Cardwell as No. 1, and things looked black. In fact it was left to the last wicket to put anything like a face on the matter. James (12) and Clark (15) carried the score from 40 to 69 and had a very merry time. Josey was the only other to reach double figures.

"Bart" behind the "pins" was responsible for dismissing four men and Hamlin brought off a really fine catch to end the innings.

July 29th. "A" TEAM, 57, v. FRIMLEY, 67.

Prospect Park again. We thought last month we had laid the bogey "Defeat," but it has soon lifted up its head. Two matches running on our own ground.

We were put "in" and then "out." One for 1 and that an "extra." Jelley with 13 was top scorer and the only one to reach the double figure mark.

We made a fair start and got 3 down for 16, but in spite of good bowling by Clark and Crutchley the score gradually crept up and the ninth wicket did the needful. It looked as if we might do the trick, 6 down for 52 was not too hopeful, but with 8 for 55 there seemed a fighting chance. Three singles settled it.

Unfortunately during the game we made a few slips in the field which did all the damage. Clark came out with the best bowling figures, with 5 for 25. Crutchley again bowled well, but without that little bit of luck good that is necessary.

The "A" team are without a match on August 5th owing to the holiday. The "B" team play Y.M.C.A. and we ought to be able to raise one team to fulfil this fixture.

The "B's" have been right up and nearly, but not quite, right down, with 158 for 6 and 34 all out.

July 1st. "B" TEAM, 94, v. ALL SAINTS', 47.

Our visitors batted first and made 47, A. H. Maskell scoring 19 of them. Main kept the bowling moving, giving seven of his men a go; W. Greenaway (3 for 3) and Treadgold (3 for 5) being the most successful. Six catches assisted the bowlers—and where would the latter be without such help?

Main nearly won this game off his own bat, being only three short of our opponents' total. Deverall (18) and Chandler (14) also did yeoman service. No names, no pack drill—five men took home "ducks."

July 8th. "B" TEAM, 34, v. BARNDALE, 43.

A close game, played on the Kings Meadows. Barndale, as the hosts, had first go with the bat. The start was bad, but Anderson, who made 15, held his end up, and Wallace a while latter with 10 helped the score along. Main again rang the bowling changes, but came out with the best figures himself, viz., 6 for 13.

Our batting failed—no other word will fit. Five "ducks" again. Chandler was the only one to offer any resistance; he got nearly half the runs made (16 out of 34).

July 15th. "B" TEAM, 72, v. WHITLEY HALL, 52.

We were at home for this match and our score was just a score too good.

Whitley Hall opened out, but not at all well, the first four falling at 1, 2, 3 and 4. Six fell for 16, then came a stand which just over doubled the score. The next wicket added 16, but two more wickets fell at the same total. Main (5 for 18) and Farrance (3 for 20) shared the bowling, with Mileham having a couple of overs to claim one wicket. Eastwood, who made 22, was run out.

Farrance claimed the batting honours. He went in first and carried his bat out with a total of 36. Kemp made 10 before putting his leg in front of a straight one.

The green peas were not ordered quite so profusely this week, although some would be required to complete the dish.

July 22nd. "B" TEAM, 47, v. LOWER BURGHFIELD, 53.

A new ground to us, and that and the opposition saw us just six runs short.

The home team batted first, but "Mr. Extras" was the top scorer with 12. What about it, Mr. Keeper! One player also reached double figures.

Main took the bowling laurels with 6 for 17, securing the first with the first ball delivered.

Mileham and Deverall shared the other four, although the latter's two only cost 6 runs.

In batting Deverall also shone, claiming 13, Atkinson "scotching" him up with 11.

After getting 41 for 6, a collapse ensued, the other four only making 6 between them.

Thirty-three overs were bowled against us, ten of them being maidens.

July 29th. "B" TEAM, 158 for 6, v. MORTIMER, 82.

We entertained this team on Prospect Park and, as this is a new fixture, we had no idea of the prospective strength of the opposition. It seemed good. They went in first and knocked up 82. Scores of 20, 18 and 17 were made out of this total. The wickets were shared by five bowlers, Main getting three, but was rather expensive in comparison.

On batting, we soon lost one wicket, but then took tea and a fresh heart. Main had a splendid go and made 67 before being bowled, being well supported by Deverall who, when time was called, had collected 42 and carried his bat. The fall of wickets was as follows:—

1—7, 2—26, 3—64, 4—75, 5—133, 6—158.

Now for a few words on the evening games.

The first was "B" Team v. McIlroys. Owing to the late start made a finish was not possible. "Macs" had the first knock and made 71 for 8, and then declared. We had but little time left and fading light and had made 19 for the loss of 2 wickets.

June 29th. DELIVERY DEPARTMENT, 83, v. WINE STORES, 25.

As the scores show, the Delivery were too strong. The Wine Stores batted first and had to thank R. Broad, with 18, for making anything like a show. "Nobby" Clark, with "Cigs" in view, beat this total and then retired. Experience beat inexperience.

July 4th. BUILDING DEPARTMENT, 56, v. SURVEYORS DEPARTMENT, 112.

Here again regular players were too good for the opposition. The Builders had taken up the cudgels and the match seriously. Rice was the master builder, going in first and being out last, with his score 29.

The Surveyors beat this total for the loss of 4 wickets, Cardwell and Hillier batting well for 29 and 21 respectively.

The challengers lost a lot of runs in the field, a number of catches being dropped, and again, too, several fielders apparently forgetting their places. However, it was a pleasant game.

July 13th. WINE STORES, 41, v. BUILDING DEPARTMENT, 37.

A much closer game. The title of the winning team is, however, a trifle misleading as they borrowed five from another department—and they were not "duds" at the game. There were no outstanding events to narrate.

July 18th. BOTTLING DEPARTMENT, 47, v. DELIVERY DEPARTMENT, 50.

A close and anybody's game. The Bottlers batted first but after being 9 for 19 the last wicket put on 28.

The Deliverers were in a sorry plight for some time, being 6 down for 7 runs. R. Main, however, stuck it out and made 32.

Having seen the game won he retired, but the next over saw the last wicket fall.

July 20th. BUILDING DEPARTMENT, 28, *v.* WINE STORES, 54 for 3.

The Builders came unstuck here and only Legge, with 10, did anything with the bat.

Treacher, for the Wine Stores, made 25 and Atkinson 11 not out. After making 54 they declared and put the Builders in again, who then knocked up 57 for 6. Quite a sporty event.

July 25th. BOTTLED BEER STORES *v.* WINE STORES.

Unfortunately, after fixing this match up, pressure of work prevented the first named team from turning up, only a few managing to get down to the "Rec." Several men were picked up and a game, of a sort, took place, which does not call for any comments.

And so ends July.

J.W.J.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

I'M TIPPED INTO 15FT. OF WATER.

STRANGE NESTING SITE.

In a former article I referred to a trout feeding in the early morning and related how he caught a bleak for breakfast. The other afternoon I was watching another trout and my curiosity led to a rather exciting experience. There was a little dinghy moored to the Thames-side and I thought I would paddle away in this, get nearer the trout, and have him under closer observation. Just as I was stepping into the frail craft the trout rose to the surface again, scattering the little fish in all directions. Like a fool, I did not keep my eye on the ball—I mean boat; and watching the trout all the time, stepped into the dinghy, but by no means into the centre of the boat. The result was that the other side flew up, caught me in the body and sent me flying into about fifteen feet of water. When I arose, from near the bottom of the Thames, I found that the dinghy had broken away from her moorings and, nearly full of water, was gradually sinking. Though I had barked my shin badly and was in considerable pain, I managed to reach

the boat, save her from sinking and fasten her securely to the bank. Then I noticed the paddle and a cushion drifting away down stream and I retrieved those. And do you know what I thought about that trout—[I see the compositor has refused to print it!]

I am only glad no one else was present in the boat to share what, to say the least, was not a very pleasant experience.

WREN'S PECULIAR NESTING SITE.

A kind-hearted allotment holder hung up his hoe and rake in a hut and the next occasion when he visited it, in the spring, he found that a little wren had chosen this peculiar foundation for her nest. The gentleman concerned naturally wished to use his garden tools, but he had not the heart to disturb the nest and left the wren to carry on in peace. That was very good of him, and I hope his reward has been some really fine crops. He certainly deserves them.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE PARTRIDGES?

In the early season there were some fine coveys of partridges. The birds were not only strong numerically, but they seemed very fit physically. Recently, however, a change has come over the scene. The partridges are diminishing in numbers and many of what were formerly robust little birds now appear very frail and thin. I do not know whether this is general, but in parts of Berkshire, at any rate, I fear some malignant disease is carrying out its fatal work.

NAUGHTY OWL!

One frequently sees birds that are not very common near the centre of the town. A greater spotted woodpecker is a regular visitor to the trees growing between Lorne Street and Prospect Street. Little owls are fairly plentiful. The other evening a lady was having a bath and she was not a little annoyed when, suddenly looking up, she saw an owl sitting just outside the window and evincing an evident interest in her ablutions. But he was very polite—and tactful, for directly he saw that the lady had noticed him he said, "Beg your pardon, sir," and flew away.



THE NEW INN, KNOWL HILL.
AN ENJOYABLE FORM OF BOATING.



The Boating Pond at the "New Inn," Knowl Hill.

Mr. Tucker, the popular landlord of the New Inn, Knowl Hill, is nothing if not up-to-date and now customers are coming from far and near to "push out the boat." But not as is often meant by that phrase but to push out real boats on real water. "Coming to the Lake District?" is a question often asked in the Twyford area and off people go to have a trip on the little motor boats that are proving such a great attraction. In the picture a real Champion may be seen and any craft that will hold him must be more than safe for those of lesser weight. The above photo was taken on a recent Sunday and gives some indication of the interest taken in this new venture.

THE BIRD.

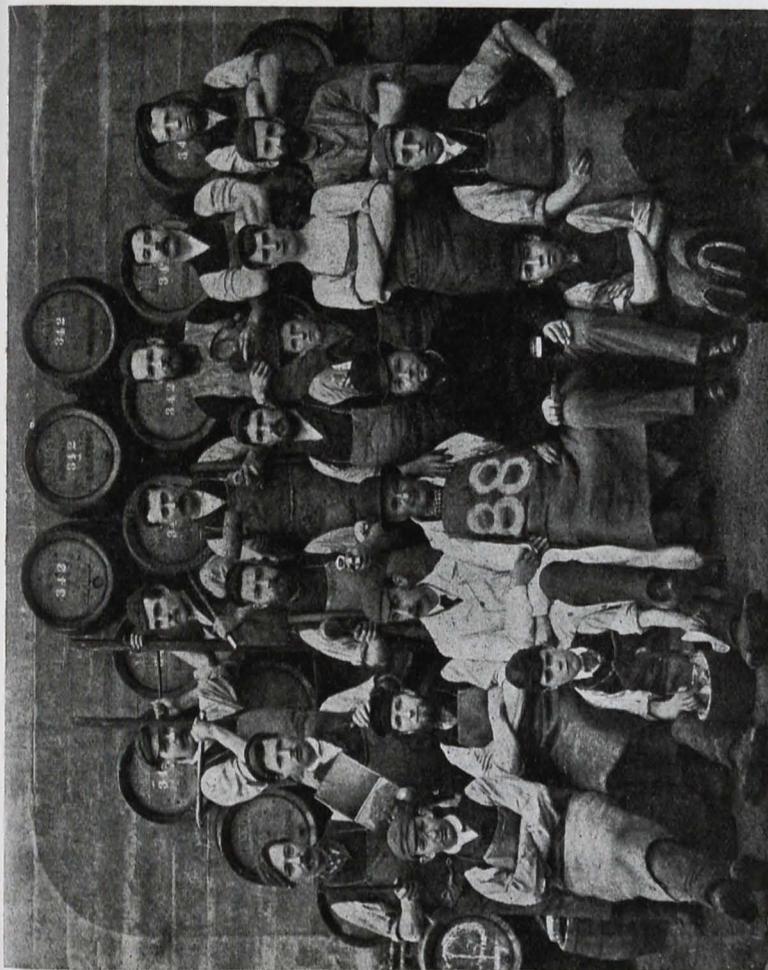
Between the storm-cloud and the irritant wind
The gull rides high,
Flashing its silver on the dark behind ;
Then, turning, lets it die.

So, in the wrack of life, doth beauty show ;
One moment, fair,
The next, departed from us ; yet we know
The bird is always there.

—CONSTANCE HOLME in *Country Life*.

IN DAYS GONE BY.

This photograph of men employed in the beer cellars was taken between the old fitters' shop and the laboratory in 1890. Mr. W. Curtis is the only one now at the Brewery, all the others having left or passed away. No. 88 denotes "Doakey," Frankum and that number is his age. The names of those in the group are as follows:—*Left to right, top row* : H. Pickering, Alf Beechey, H. Hunt, W. Woodward, A. Hollick, C. Benham. *2nd row* : Tim Healey, C. Tucker, G. Bates, C. Shaw, F. Frankum, H. Sharpe and "Taffy." *3rd row* : R. Bull, — Hunt, — Arnold (manager), "Doakey," Frankum, — Whitbread (foreman), W. Bristow. *Front row, sitting* : W. Curtis, W. Humphries.



WORDS OF WISDOM.

Nothing counts except what you do for others. Do a kind act the moment it occurs to you.

Greatness comes only to those who seek not how to avoid obstacles, but to overcome them.

The older and wiser a man becomes, the less he talks and the more he says.

God minds not much, I think, what His angels be, so that they do His work proper. The shepherd's collie, that runs home to warn the missus that her man has fallen down the rock, is His angel sure enough, though he may be a mongrel of the very worst, with ears as flat as a spaniel.—*Mary Webb.*

This gift of being able to put aside at will the troubling things of life, laying them apart till a more convenient season, not cowardly shrinking from them, but bravely holding them at arm's length—it is a gift that stamps its owner brave and keeps him young.—*E. Nesbit.*

No truer, kinder soul
Was ever sped than thine.
You lived without a growl,
You died without a whine.

—*Sir. Arthur Conan Doyle on his
dog Carlo.*

When I am dead, what I have felt so long
My soul shall know in clearer, purer light :
That where I loathed and hated I was wrong ;
That where I loved and pitied I was right.

Let him have the key of thy heart who has the lock of his own.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Thou shalt learn to know the wild flowers of thy state.

Thou shalt love them and cherish them.

Thou shalt consider the places where they grow as thy great garden and make it thy aim to protect it.

Thou shalt gather no more than thou canst use.

Thou shalt remember the seed time of another year and the joy of others who are to look upon the flowers.

Thou shalt pass along thy knowledge of them that they may find favour with the careful observer.

Thou shalt learn from them the grace of line and the harmony of colour.

Thou shalt consider carefully how the sun and the wind and the rain join hands in completing their beauty for them.

Thou shalt preserve them in thy mind and in thy heart as a great lesson from nature's book.

Thou shalt not destroy but shall use thy best knowledge to bring two blossoms to the coming year where last year counted one.

8TH KING'S ROYAL IRISH HUSSARS.

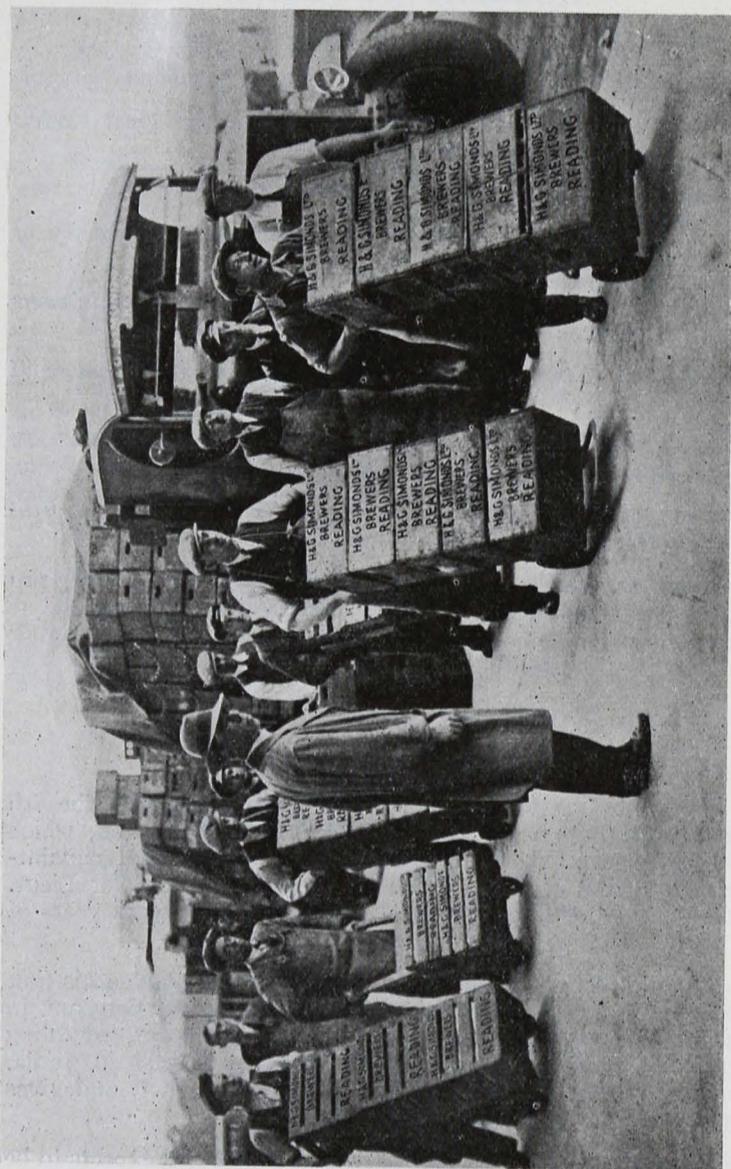
INTERESTING PROMOTION.

The promotion to Lieutenant and Quartermaster of the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars of R.Q.M.S. John Middleton, which was recently gazetted, will interest his many friends and acquaintances. It marks a distinguished career in the Army, for Lieut. Middleton has but fourteen years' service and is now 32 years of age.

He enlisted in the regiment in June, 1919, was given his first stripe two years later, promoted Corporal in 1922, Sergeant in 1924, Staff-Sergeant in 1926, and R.Q.M.S. in 1927, revealing exceptional qualities in each rank. He has served in India, Mesopotamia, Egypt, on the Rhine and in Aldershot, and gives promise of a further brilliant military career.

The regiment sails for Egypt in December and expects to be abroad about 9 years.

W.H.W.



Members of the staff of Messrs. G. S. Elliott & Son, Ltd., and our own men delivering Bottled Beers on the Racecourse at Epsom for this year's Derby Meeting, under the supervision of Mr. A. Sharman (central figure in photograph).

CIDER MAKING.

MODERN METHODS AT CRABB'S PARK.

CLEANLINESS FIRST.

Nestling in rural surroundings, the cider factory of Messrs. N. P. Hunt & Son, at Crabb's Park, provides a worthy illustration of the proverb that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

One can only contrast the modern methods of cider-making for the wholesale trade with the old-fashioned methods which were familiar to a former generation in the villages of the county.

When the old-established firm of Messrs. N. P. Hunt & Son came into the possession of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., of Reading, the process of modernising the plant and the premises started.

That process is still going on.

MORE EXTENSIONS.

When I was being shown round the works recently, in addition to the normal workers who were busy at their various tasks, there were employees of builders and contractors, of vat makers, and of engineers, all engaged in adding to the efficiency and capacity of this factory.

The engineers were erecting new presses in readiness for the forthcoming pounding season; the builders and vat makers were carrying out the work of duplicating the storage capacity of the premises.

In my younger days I had seen cider made in the old-fashioned way. The apples were shovelled up from heaps in the orchards into muddy carts, taken to the pounding floor, where, without any cleansing process they were passed through rollers propelled by horse-power, and into the cider-press below. The juice was then pressed out through some kind of blanket, and afterwards the cider was purified by a process known as "matching."

What a difference to-day!

A CONTRAST.

If any impurities can get into the cider made at Crabb's Park it would be a miracle. The apples are washed mechanically before they go to the presses, and the juice flows from them into an underground tank, from which it is distributed to the many storage vats.

It reaches these through stainless steel pipes, and all the taps on the vats are silver-plated, as cider is susceptible to being affected by any other metal.

FILTRATION PROCESS.

The process of filtration is an art in itself. The cider is forced through layers of wood pulp, which have been compressed by machinery to such an extent that it seems impossible for any liquid to pass through them. On entering the filter the cider is dull, but on emerging at the other end, it has that clear, sparkling appearance demanded by all connoisseurs of Devon's famous drink.

This pulp is being continually washed by machinery. It is swirled to shreds in a tank by a propeller, until the water it is washed in is as clear as drinking water. Then it is sterilised by steam before being pressed into shape for use in the filters.

No less trouble is taken over the casks. These are thoroughly washed in cold water, and are afterwards subject to a cleansing and drying process under steam pressure, while before they are used they are examined internally with the aid of a specially made electric torch.

NEW VAT HOUSE.

The extensions to the premises are being made by Messrs. Willcocks & Barnes, who have in hand the work of building a new vat house which is nearing completion. This is brick-built, and the roof is slated, felted, boarded and asbestos sheeted, the idea being to preserve a cool atmosphere which is so essential to the storage of cider.

The floor is constructed to carry 1,300 tons, which will be the weight, when they are fully charged, of the new vats, which are being put in by Messrs. Carty & Son. It is made of two layers of reinforced concrete.

As indicating the hygienic methods employed on the premises, Messrs. Willcocks & Barnes have laid about three-quarters of a mile of new drains in connection with their contract for the extensions, for which Messrs. W. G. Couldrey & Son are the architects.

£4 16s. TO WASH A VAT.

Each of the eight new vats are of 32,000 gallons. They each take three weeks to build, and prior to use each one is "pickled" in the work of ensuring absolute cleanliness.

Twice they are filled with water and 3 cwt. of salt is used. Those who grumble at the water rate can work this out at 1/6 per 1,000 gallons. It costs Messrs. H. & G. Simonds in water alone £4 16s. to pickle one of these vats before using it for storing cider, and then there is the cost of labour and other materials to be added.

The vats are made of 2-inch English oak, and are bound by 26 iron hoops, which are hammered down into position.

Everything is done on the most hygienic scale, and there can be no question that at Crabb's Park, Messrs. H. & Simonds are contributing not a little to the valuable work of stimulating English industry, but are doing something which should be of considerable benefit to this town by providing employment to many men, and developing an old Devonshire industry on the most modern lines.

—From the *Paignton Observer and Echo*.



THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A "temperance" enthusiast was concluding his address. "Friends," he said, "I have lived here all my life. In this town there are fifty public-houses, and I am proud to say that I have never been in one of them."

From the back of the hall came the question: "And which one is that?"

* * * *

TEACHER: "If I take a potato and divide it into two parts, then into four parts, and each of the four parts into two parts, what would I have?"

GIRL: "Potato salad."

* * * *

HUSBAND: "By the way, my dear, what sweet are we having for dinner?"

WIFE: "Sponge cake. I 'sponged' the eggs from Mrs. Jones, the flour from Mrs. Brown, and the milk from Mrs. Smith."

* * * *

"So you're an actor," said the stout man in the corner seat. "Well, I'm a banker. Would you believe it, I have not been in a theatre for ten years?"

"That's nothing," said the other breezily. "I haven't been near a bank for twenty years."

* * * *

BETTY: "How long has there been Heaven, Bobby?"

BOBBY: "I don't know. Let's ask the gentleman in the leggings; he's one of the firm."

—*London Opinion.*

* * * *

EMPLOYER: "This is the fifth time you've been late in eight days. Haven't you a clock?"

CLERK: "Not quite, sir, we've got to save nine more coupons."

* * * *

"What do you mean by coming in so late?" demanded the angry parent.

A sudden thought came to the boy.

"Oh, dad," he said, "I forgot to tell you—I knew you wouldn't mind—I was sitting up with the sick son of the sick man you are always telling mother you sit up with."

DAD: "Do you know what has happened to my shaving brush? I've lost it."

BOY: "No, dad, but Tommy's wooden horse has got a new tail."

* * * *

NOT FAR.

It is reported of Will Rogers that while tending a corn crop in Texas, a neighbour said: "Will, your corn looks yellow."

"Yes," said Will, "I planted the yellow kind."

This made the neighbour angry and he said: "You are not far from a fool, are you?"

"No," said Will, "just a fence between us."

* * * *

An aeroplane flew over an asylum, much to the consternation of the inmates. Next day two of the lunatics were discussing the strange machine. One said: "Do you know I dreamt last night I made one of those contrivances and flew to Australia in sixty minutes."

"That's strange," said the other, "for I had a similar dream, only I went to Melbourne in sixty seconds."

"How did you go?"

"Right through the earth."

"Look here, my friend," said the other, "you are not a lunatic, you're a blithering idiot, that's what you are."

* * * *

A well-known author, on leaving his house one morning, forgot a letter he had intended to post. During the afternoon someone recalled it to his mind, and as it was of considerable importance he hurried home. The letter was nowhere to be found when he got there. He summoned the servant.

"Have you seen anything of a letter of mine lying about?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the girl, "I posted it."

"Posted it!" exclaimed the man, "why, there was no name or address on the envelope."

"I know there wasn't, sir, but I thought it must be in answer to one of them anonymous letters you've been getting lately."

One of the lady tourists to a western reservation was a human questionnaire, and at Inquiry No. 1,000 even the long-suffering guide was losing his patience.

"Oh, tell me," she cried, "who is that great tall Indian standing by himself over there?"

"Madame," answered the weary guide, "that is Sitting Bull. He is on his vacation."

* * * *

"Man overboard!" came the hoarse and fearful shout. Boats were lowered and a search made. Later the ship's company were lined up and the roll-call read over; and the mystery deepened, for no one was missing.

At last a very scared-looking A.B. stepped forward out of the shadows and addressed the officer of the watch.

"I think, sir, 'as 'ow the man 'oo went overboard must 'ave been me, sir," he said. "I went over, sir, but I managed to grab the anchor-chain an' climbed in again."

"Then why on earth didn't you say so before?"

"Very sorry, sir, but bein' in the lifeboat's crew, sir, I 'ad to go away to look for a man overboard."

* * * *

Murphy had obtained a job as porter to a little country railway station. "Come with me and I'll show you round," said the stationmaster.

Murphy followed, and after he had been shown where everything was kept the stationmaster told him to fill the lamps in the signals. Five minutes later the stationmaster again visited the oil shed to see how his new assistant was getting on, and was surprised to find the new hand emptying little drops of oil out of each can on to the floor.

"Good gracious, man," he cried, "whatever are you doing?"

Murphy shook his head sheepishly. "I'm looking for the red oil for the danger signals," he replied.

* * * *

A Jew knocked down a Scotsman with his car, and just as he had brought the injured man round with the aid of a whisky flask a constable came along.

"Hullo, my man," he said. "Whose fault was this?"

"Vell," replied the Jew, "just smell his breath!"

—*Weekly Scotsman.*

"Waiter!" shouted the irate diner, "how is it that I have only got one piece of meat to-day?"

"Sir, it was because——"

"Here am I, a regular diner in this place, and yet you have the impertinence to set one piece of meat before me to-day, when I've had two pieces every day for the last I don't know how many years."

"I was going to explain, sir, that it was because we have a new chef to-day. He isn't quite used to things yet; he must have forgotten to cut you piece of meat in two."

* * * *

"THE SAME TO YOU."

A general and a colonel were walking along the street. They met many privates, and each time the colonel saluted he would mutter: "The same to you."

The general's curiosity got the better of him, and he asked: "Why do you always say that?"

"Because," the colonel answered, "I was once a private myself and I know what they are thinking."

* * * *

An evangelist who was conducting nightly services announced that on the following evening he would speak on the subject of "Liars." He advised his hearers to read in advance the 17th chapter of Mark.

The next night he arose and said: "I am going to preach on 'Liars' to-night, and I would like to know how many read the chapter I suggested." A hundred hands were upraised.

"Now," he said, "you are the very persons I want to talk to—there isn't any 17th chapter of Mark."

* * * *

A SCHOOLBOY'S "HOWLER."

QUESTION: "What is a jointure?"

ANSWER: "A jointure is a set of false teeth used by both husband and wife."

She had parked her car in front of a fire hydrant for two hours and a policeman was waiting for her.

"I've waited two hours for you," said the constable. "What's your name?"

SHE: "It wouldn't do you any good if I told you. You look like a nice boy, but my husband is about twice your size and terribly jealous."

* * * *

A charity cricket match was once arranged in which certain famous sportsmen, boxers, tennis players, and the like were induced to play for the Sweet Cause. One of the participants was a noted billiards player. He went out to the wicket confidently enough and returned swiftly—stumped. "How did that happen, Jack?" asked one of the retiring batsman's friends. "I dunno," said the knight of the green cloth in puzzled tones. "One chap knocked the tips off the cues and the marker said I was out of baulk."

* * * *

The newcomer to the Lancashire League cricket eleven walked in leisurely fashion to the wicket, took off his sweater and handed it to the umpire, surveyed the disposition of the fielders, patted down several non-existent lumps on the pitch, took guard with immense care, then called for one of the screens to be moved six inches. Then the bowler sent down an easy-looking ball that carried away the batsman's middle stump. As he returned slowly to the pavilion a sympathetic voice called, "'Ard luck, sir. Just when you were getting set an' all."

* * * *

A Londoner who was holidaying in a country village was pressed into service one Saturday to play for the local cricket club. As the visitor had brought no cricketing attire with him someone lent him a pair of flannels and a multi-coloured blazer. During the tea interval, when he was standing idly waiting for the game to recommence, two of the opposing side came up to him.

"Excuse me, sir," said one, "but my friend and I have been arguing about you. He says you are a Butterfly and I say you are a Quidnunc. Now, which is right?"

"Well, gents," smiled the wearer of the borrowed plume, "you're both wrong. I'm a fishmonger."

The crack performer of the village cricket team made a very short stay at the wicket and retired with an ignominious duck to his discredit.

"Ah!" said the curate, who captained the eleven, "you didn't do as well as last week, Henry."

"No," agreed Henry significantly, as he threw his bat into a corner of the pavilion, "last week, I stayed in, I did, and made eighty-two, and then came out to find you blokes had drunk all the beer."

* * * *

It was a very special occasion when the squire was captaining the village cricket team. Having won the toss, the local magnate prepared to write down the batting order of the side. As he appeared to be troubled, the vicar said, "Can I help you, sir?"

"Well," said the skipper as he eyed his very scratch lot, "it's a knotty point, vicar. Should white duck trousers and a bowler hat go in to bat before a panama and braces?"

* * * *

There was a cricketer—not in first-class cricket—whose wife was exceedingly keen about his performances, and always insisted upon ironing his flannel trousers in order that they should have immaculate creases down the front.

One Saturday evening, on his arrival home after playing in an "away" match, she greeted him with: "Well, darling, and how did you get on?"

"Nicely, thanks, dear," he replied. "Had a great time fielding, but that fool of a captain put me in to bat *in the middle of a hat trick*."

* * * *

The cricket teams of adjacent villages down Essex way were age-old rivals, and, as each had a similar number of victories over the other, a deciding match was arranged.

"Look 'ere, Bill," said the captain of the Mudstead side when they were tossing for the innings, "I think the losers o' this game should stand the winners a fish supper after the match."

"Right y'are," said the skipper of Ditchwater's chosen, "and I reckon as 'ow the losers should likewise supply a pint of the best with every fish!"

"Good enough," said the Mudstead man confidently, "our chaps will have sardines."

A party of slum kiddies were taken to the country for a day's holiday. They picnicked in a grassy meadow, and after the meal it was suggested that they might have a game of cricket. But the young visitors received the suggestion with rebuking silence.

"Why don't you want to play?" asked the astonished gentleman in charge of the party.

Up spoke one of the youngsters: "'Ow can we play cricket 'ere, sir? There ain't no lamp posts."

* * * *

Hilary Hubbard went to the cupboard
A cocktail to give an adorer;
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare—
Her Grannie had been there before her!

* * * *

He was a golfing novice, and he had driven his ball along the fairway, but, unfortunately, it had disappeared down a rabbit hole.

"Which club will you take now?" asked the caddie, with a sly smile.

The novice sighed wearily as he scratched his head in doubt. Then, at last, he asked hopefully, "Have you got one shaped like a ferret?"

* * * *

HUSBAND: "I say, Joan, why on earth must you feed every tramp that comes to the door? I didn't know you were so generous."

WIFE: "You've no idea what a joy it is to see a man eat a meal without finding fault with the cooking."

* * * *

"H-h-h-how f-f-far is it t-t-to G-g-g-lasgow?" the gentleman asked a traveller in the dining car. The man stood up without a word and went back to his compartment. Another passenger answered the question, then sought out the unfriendly one.

"Why didn't you answer his question just then?"

"D-d-d-do you want m-m-me to g-g-g-get my f-f-f-fool head kn-n-n-nocked off?" was the reply.

The young assistant in the boot shop smiled happily as his customer departed from the establishment.

"What are you looking so pleased about?" asked a fellow-fitter.

"I've had my revenge," replied the other.

"Revenge for what?" queried his colleague, in surprise.

"That girl I've just finished serving was a telephone operator, and I gave her the wrong number in shoes," came the reply.

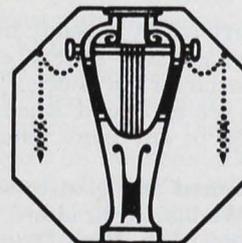
* * * *

The Newlyweds were dining in the West End. In the middle of the meal a tall, slim young woman passed through the restaurant and smiled rather dangerously at Newlywed.

"George," gasped his wife, "who was that woman?" And she watched the retreating figure with a suspicious frown.

Her husband held up his hand in protest. "Darling, for heaven's sake don't ask me who she is," he replied. "As it is I shall have trouble enough explaining to her who *you* are."

* * * *



BRANCHES.

OXFORD.

On July 9th Mr. H. J. Timms and a party of six, representing the Oxford Branch staff, journeyed to Reading to try conclusions with a Brewery "six" in a lawn tennis match.

The match was played on the courts of the R.E. (T.F.) Headquarters, Reading, and was greatly enjoyed. We won by a substantial margin and are proud of our victory, as it is our first against the Brewery, all previous meetings having resulted in our being soundly trounced.

We were delighted with our welcome and appreciated the efforts of the lady members of the Brewery Club towards our entertainment—the tea was "lovely"—and the light and good humoured badinage at the tea table just rounded off a really enjoyable afternoon in the company of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Davis, Messrs. Wadhams and W. Bradford, Mr. and Mrs. Jelley, etc., not forgetting the other ladies whose praises have already been sung.

On July 15th we prepared to receive our friends from Reading for a return match at Oxford, on the Hawkswell Courts as last year, Mr. E. J. E. Knowles having once more very kindly given us the use of his beautiful garden to take tea in.

We may mention that the water otter has now left its pond and has been provided with temporary nursery quarters in the garden owing to the usual interesting increase in the water otter population. Mother and daughter are doing well, but they both wore black looks on the day of our tennis match.

Our visitors duly arrived, by "penny numbers" as the saying goes, one car load having made a very exhaustive tour of the City of Oxford in the search for our courts. Finally we got started and played about one set all round when down came the rain, putting a decided period to any more tennis for that day.

We were very honoured and glad to see Mr. L. A. Simonds, Messrs. W. H. Davis, Wadhams, Bradford, Josey and the rest of our colleagues, not forgetting Mrs. Davis, Miss Prosser, Miss Gardner and the other ladies; we were very sorry indeed that the weather was unkind enough to spoil their afternoon, but hope that we may see them all again at some future date on a real hot day.

PORTSMOUTH.

Major-General L. I. G. Morgan-Owen, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., who has been in command of the 9th Infantry Brigade for over two years, bid farewell to the Battalions in his Brigade on Friday, July 21st, when he was succeeded by Colonel W. Green, D.S.O. Major-General Morgan-Owen during his stay here has added still further honour and esteem to the 9th Infantry Brigade's already glorious name. The new Brigadier comes to Portsmouth from the general staff of the Scottish Command. He spent his regimental service with the Black Watch and later commanded the 2nd Loyal Regiment (North Lancashire). Major-General Morgan-Owen, before leaving, visited each of the Battalions in the Command to bid them farewell.

One of the best all-rounders in the Royal Navy, Commander C. A. Kershaw, has retired—voluntarily. Commander Kershaw will be most widely known as the rugby scrum half-back, and he, together with Lieut.-Commander W. J. Davies, will long be remembered as England's greatest half-backs. Commander Kershaw was "capped" sixteen times for England and was one of the stalwarts of the United Services (Portsmouth) and the Hampshire Rugby Football Clubs. In addition to being a famous rugby player, Commander Kershaw was Sabre Champion of England ten years ago, and Champion Man-at-Arms of the Services. The Royal Navy and sport generally pay tribute to this fine sportsman.

Rear-Admiral E. O. B. S. Osborne has relinquished the command of H.M.S. *Excellent*, Gunnery School, Portsmouth, which he has held for the past year. His successor is Captain A. F. Pridham, a gunnery specialist, who was the late Deputy Director of Naval Ordnance.

"Navy Week"—the mecca of thousands upon thousands of interested visitors and pleasure trippers, has come round once again, and promises to be better than ever. "Navy Week" provides the finest opportunity of viewing the might of England's first line of defence. Visitors coming to "Navy Week" for the first time are staggered by the size and majesty of some of the vessels. "Navy Week" has undoubtedly firmly established itself as one of the greatest attractions of the season.

Cowes, following hard on the heels of Goodwood, brings again that pageantry of colour and yachting which has made it famous all over the world. It is, of course, the classical yacht race meeting of the year and is unrivalled the wide world over. Here some of the finest and fastest yachts meet and present pictures of grace, beauty and delicacy, which has often been the theme of the artist's brush. Above all, the presence of their Majesties the King and Queen adds just that touch that makes the royalty of Cowes complete.

Southsea has added still more charms to her wonderful store and more visitors than ever are staying here. For those who have their holidays still to come, be well advised—Come to Southsea.

GIBRALTAR.

The summer has set in for good now and according to the weather experts we are in for a hot time. The result is that bathing is in full swing and the cricket grounds and tennis courts are greatly in demand.

There are prospects of a good cricket season this year and according to experts the Garrison XI will take some beating.

This is the season for outings and most units have either had their annual outing or will shortly be having it.

The 27th Battery, R.A., had a very good outing to 1st Venta, where the Ladies' Donkey Derby was the outstanding event. After lunch the charr-a-banc took the party over to the First River where the rest of the afternoon was spent bathing. There were two sharp showers during the day but this unusual event in June in no way damped the spirits of the party or diluted the beer.

The R.E. Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess annual outing to the Cork Woods was a great success. S.M. Ashworth and his Committee as usual had everything very well organised and Mr. Ashworth himself was the heart and soul of the party and is to be heartily congratulated on a most successful day.

We were pleased to welcome Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Pyne to the picnic and hear they thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The Donkey Derby was a great success and the bookies, "Twistem and Hookit," had a busy time.

During the pay-out after the final the backers took the bookies' motto literally and "rooked" them properly and "hooked it" before it was found that a mistake had been made in working out the odds! Sixteen shillings down and a hoarse voice was the result.

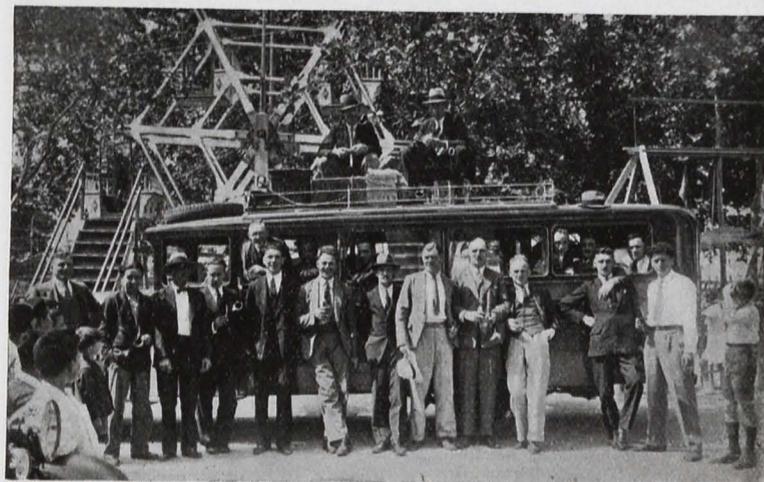
The Donkey Polo Match, Officers *v.* Sergeants, was great fun, resulting in a win for the Officers. We were amused to see Mr. Cottrell was roped in to play for the Officers as their side was one short. The beautiful gold (?) challenge cup was presented to the winning team by Mrs. Pyne and later filled by the Officers on return to the Mess.

The day ended up in an impromptu dance at the Mess which was well patronised, resulting in a large order having to be sent down to the brewer next day.

Another very good outing, as will be seen by the two photographs accompanying this article, was the "bucks'" outing of the Military Foot Police Mess to Malaga.



Military Foot Police Outing. Lunch at Malaga.



M.F.P. Outing. A stop for a quick one at Marbella.

The Garrison Adjutant, Capt. R. T. S. Kitwood, D.C.L.I., Garrison Sergt.-Major R. E. G. Crosse and the Port Sergt., C.Q.M.S. Wooldridge, were of the party, and the ever-cheerful "Charlie" was also a guest.

An early start was made and the first stop was at Estepona where everybody shouted for "S.B." The next stop was Marbella where everybody felt a drink was absolutely necessary as our driver was in a reckless mood and despite frequent reprimands kept up a terrifying speed, actually doing on the way home one stretch of 21 miles in twenty minutes! (timed by Capt. Bradley). Malaga was eventually reached and after a good bathe lunch was served in the famous "Banos del Carmen" and was much appreciated as will be seen by the accompanying photograph.

After lunch everybody went their own way. One party, kindly shown round by Mr. Prescott, visited a brandy distillery and one of the wine bodegas where the famous Malaga raisin wine comes from.

Sergt. W. G. Adams, M.F.P., who was responsible for the arrangements, is to be congratulated on such a successful day. I have been asked to add that this outing was only possible by the kindness of Mr. Prescott, of Malaga, who kindly lent his bus, and his generosity was greatly appreciated by all the M.F.P. and those who went to the outing.

The R.A.M.C. Sergeants' Mess also spent a very pleasant day at First River and, although the wind was in the wrong direction, spent most of the day in bathing costumes. A spectator was amused to see some of the senior members getting an appetite for tea by playing leap-frog.

The married families of H.M.S. *Cormorant* also had a successful outing to Sandy Bay in Spain but, unfortunately, the Carabineros would not allow the supplies of beer to be landed. The result was that every time an "S.B." was wanted one had to get wet outside as well as in. A very pleasant day was spent however, and it is hoped to be able to repeat it later on.

R.A.S.C. SERGEANTS' MESS ANNUAL OUTING TO CORK WOODS,
9TH JULY, 1933.

Committee.—President: S.S.M. H. Taylor; Committeemen: C.S.M. D. Gill, S.Q.M.S. P. W. Goodhind and Sergt. R. Black.

Brewers: Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.

Departure: Rosia, 7.45 a.m.; Town Range, 8.30 a.m.

After loading supplies aboard buses we took our departure. The Spanish Customs were passed without delay, much courtesy being shown by the officials.

First stop was "Miraflores" to sample Spanish wine, to follow the ample amount of pies and sandwiches we had brought with us.

Arrived at Cork Woods at 10 a.m. Started the children seeking for a "hidden treasure" in the woods whilst we erected the bar, and the parents sorted out shady spots to anchor down. Lotto was played and the "old comrades school," consisting of Messrs. Hubbard, Burd and Penny, continually reaping the pennies, much to the surprise of the "unfortunates." Donkeys were hired for the day to give the children free rides, making them happy and their parents also.

Lunch for about one hundred, provided by J. Cunningham, was thoroughly appreciated by all; the serving and arrangements left nothing to be desired.

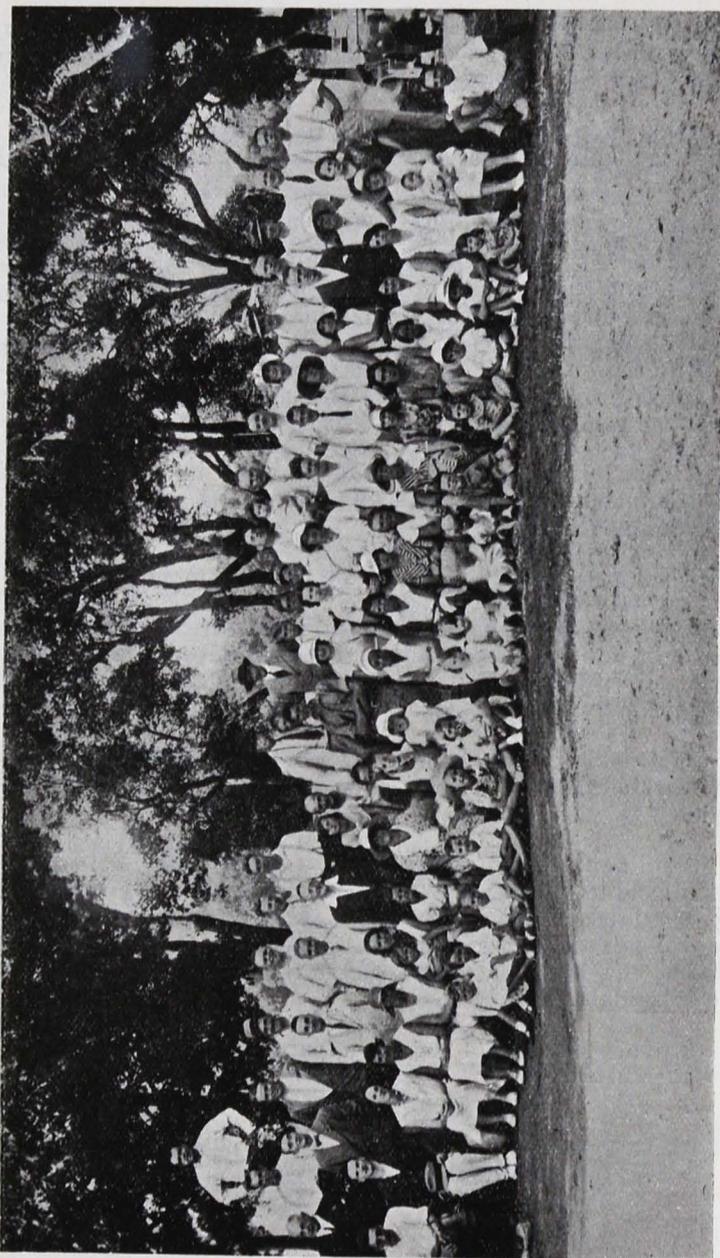
2 p.m. Bus to First River for the swimming party.

2.30 p.m. Buses to the Convent, where articles of rare interest were seen at the chapel, and also the beautiful gardens which command such a lovely view of the surrounding country. Mr. Gilbert kindly acted as guide to the party.

A school of the "hombres" who were left behind passed an hour or so amusing themselves with playing cards, which were supplied by the Brewers.

3.30 p.m. Lieut.-Colonel C. J. Cooke, O.B.E., our C.O., kindly paid us a visit and was very interested in our arrangements and ventured on the well-known "swinging bridge" spanning a deep ravine through which water flows from the Andalusian Range. Crossing this bridge is really a nerve test, owing to its dangerous and dilapidated condition.

4 p.m. A photo of the whole party was taken.



Group at R.A.S.C. Sergeants' Mess Outing.

4.30 p.m. A very nice tea followed.

5 p.m. Games and races for all commenced. A few of the winners are given :—

Donkey Race (Ladies) : 1, Miss Cooke ; 2, Mrs. Black; 3, Mrs. New.

Donkey Race (Men) : 1, S.Q.M.S. Goodhind ; 2, S.Q.M.S. Neal ; 3, Sergt. New.

Three-legged Race : 1, Sergt. Neal and Miss P. Wood ; 2, A. Rees and Miss New ; 3, Sergt. Gillespie and Mrs. Black.

Sergeants' Mess Race : 1, S.Q.M.S. Goodhind ; 2, S.S.M. Taylor.

Ladies' Scratch Race : 1, Mrs. Gillespie ; 2, Mrs. Black ; 3, Mrs. Blofield.

Old Comrades Race : 1, Mr. S. Woods ; 2, Mr. Balestrino ; 3, S.M. Burd.

Many races were also held for the children, for which many prizes were awarded.

C.S.M. Gill provided much amusement for the children by acting as "Aunt Sally" behind a screen which he had erected, allowing the children to throw balls at his top hat ; cricket balls were forbidden.



R.A.S.C. Sergeants' Mess Outing, Cork Woods, 9th July, 1933.
Names left to right: Messrs. Budd, Smith, New, Taylor, Penny, Hubbard and Black.

C.Q.M.S. Goodhind then held an auction sale of the remaining bar stock, causing amusement, at the same time doing a flourishing trade. When he closed the bar all equipment was gathered in and loaded on the buses and we then made our way homewards, stopping at "Toby's Tavern" which is the last port of call to all picnic parties.

C.S.M. Gill was the life of the party—a born comedian—always happy, in fact, "a perfect fool." He worked hard and great praise is due to him.



R.A.S.C. Sergeants' Mess Outing, Cork Woods, 9th July, 1933.

Names left to right: Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Woods (our Nellie Wallace) and Mrs. McOnie.

Mrs. Woods, imitating Nellie Wallace, dressed for the occasion, also caused great mirth and laughter and deserves special mention.

A word of praise is due to S.S.M. Taylor, on the go all day working hard, and assisted by Messrs. Goodhind, Black and Gill made the outing a marked success.

We arrived back at the Mess in Town Range at 9 p.m. and after many "good nights" dispersed to Rosia, Morrish Castle and Town Quarters, after a most enjoyable day.

"NIL SINE LABORE."

All HOP LEAF GAZETTE readers will be sorry to hear of the death of Mr. James Cunningham which occurred on the 4th July at his residence in Town Range after a long illness.

Mr. Cunningham, who was 64 years of age, was born in Gibraltar, where his father was serving in the Royal Navy, and has for many years been the leading caterer in the Colony and proprietor of the "Prince of Wales" Tavern.

He was a very prominent Freemason, having joined Inhabitants Lodge No. 153 in 1889, becoming W.M. in 1895. He was founder of the Robert Freke Gould Lodge, United Services Lodge, Masters Lodge and New Friendship Lodge (Malaga). He was P.D.G.W. and President of the District Board of General Purposes since 1910. In 1919 he was appointed P.A.G.D.G. England.

Mr. Cunningham was installed W.M. of Inhabitants Lodge in 1927 at the special request of the members on the occasion of the celebration of its 150th anniversary, and it is interesting to note that his father had been the W.M. at the centenary celebration. In addition to the Craft, he had held important office in the majority of the higher degrees.

Since 1909 he had been Secretary of the Gibraltar Public Assembly Rooms and was also Hon. Secretary to the Masonic Hall Committee.

Mr. Cunningham was universally popular and greatly respected and his loss will be deeply felt by his large circle of friends. Most Service people stationed on the Rock at one time or another came into contact with Mr. Cunningham either at picnics or dances, and everybody will always remember his unfailing courtesy and the trouble he always went to in making everything he undertook a great success.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

Our cricketers did not find July a very profitable time in their quest for league points, but continue to be as keen as ever in their search of success. Concentration in this direction will surely lead to improved results in due course. Mr. J. E. G. Rowland from time to time is good enough to lend a hand, and his experience and example both in the field and at the crease have been invaluable, although so far he admits he cannot quite time those weird "straight through ones" which come off the Central Park foot-hills. Still, our opponents look quite cheery folk again when he rejoins us in the pavilion afterwards. League bowling as everyone knows is more than varied—in quality especially—and luck is usually of more consequence than judgment, particularly on a piece of rolled-out meadow land such as the new park pitches are. If hard work can make it really dependable however, we know "Tamarites" will soon achieve this end.

Results :—

Tamar C.C. v. Pensilva C.C.—Tamar 59 (Gilbert 6 for 27).

Pensilva 73 (Prout 29) and 47 (Hopkins 7 for 12, Balkwill 3 for 3). Lost on first innings.

Tamar C.C. v. R.A.S.C. (T.F.) C.C.—Tamar 60. R.A.S.C. 110 (Balkwill 6 for 18). Lost by 50 runs.

Apparently a pair like Jack Hobbs and Sandham would be more than useful to us by the look of the above figures, which we hope August will more than compensate. Nothing like optimism!

Favourable weather again rewarded our efforts at the following outdoor events during July, and the summer of 1933 can be written down in our catering records, so far, as a highly successful one :—

The Launceston Agricultural Society Show.

The Paignton Dog Show.

The Newton Abbot Dog Show.

For August we have already secured the contracts for other outstanding local attractions, where "Hop Leaf" specialities have in past years received very "favourable mention." Among these are :—

The Dartmoor Pony Show.

The Plympton, Colebrook and Lee Moor Sports and Show.

The Yelverton Sheep Dog Trials.

With many others "in the offing," it is certain that the demand for "Simonds'" by discerning "judges" is still one which no West Country caterer can profitably ignore.

Yet another member of our staff, Mr. W. T. Penrose of the Wine and Spirit Department, has now left his bachelor days behind him—getting rather a habit here, by the way—and the occasion was suitably marked by the remainder of the staff, whose memento took the form of a handsome mahogany chiming clock, which was presented to the new benedict before pay parade on Friday, July 21st.

May good luck and happiness attend our young confrere (a former "King Tamar") and his wife for many years to come, is our sincere wish.

Next, please!

BRIGHTON.

The account of the Firm's Football Club Supper at Reading was read with much interest, and the Club is to be congratulated on the number of points obtained during the season. May it go on from strength to strength.

The Brighton and Hove Albion Football Club have recently held their annual meeting, at which it was reported that the previous year's deficit on the accounts, amounting to £1,027, was turned last year to a profit of £1,575. This was entirely due to the Club's successes in the F.A. cup ties.

Congratulations to James Langridge of Sussex county cricket on his being chosen to play in the Test Match. As a good all-round player there are few to equal him, and Sussex are proud of him.

Sussex is to be the training ground of large numbers of London Territorials. At the time of writing the 141st Infantry Brigade are in camp at Falmer. They are to be followed on the 30th July by the 142nd Brigade, and at the same time, at six other camps in various parts of the county, units from the 167th, 168th and 169th London Brigades, with auxiliary units. Our staff will, therefore, be fully occupied for the next three or four weeks with, we hope, plenty of business.