

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

---

*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

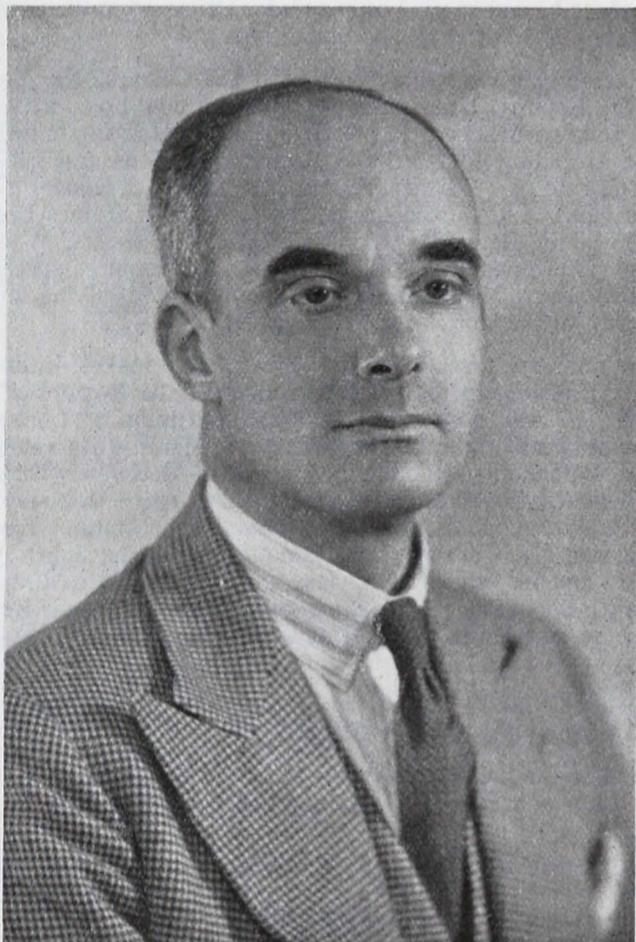
---

Vol. IX

AUGUST, 1935.

No. 11

---



MR. H. E. MARSTON.

## MR. H. E. MARSTON.

The appearance of Mr. Marston's portrait in the frontispiece of this issue recalls the days when the Bottled Beer Department had not attained its present colossal output and was domiciled in the cellars underneath the main offices. It was in that department that Mr. Marston filled his first billet over twenty-five years ago when, with the growing demand for bottled beers, a junior clerk was found necessary for keeping records of quantities bottled, detailed sales and stocks. Records shew that after two years' service there he was moved to the Order Office where he remained until joining the Army in September, 1914.

After serving over five years with the Colours, Mr. Marston joined the Estates Department in which he now holds a position of trust and importance. His work consists of assisting in licensing matters, attending court at the Brewster Sessions and generally filling the role of "District Visitor" to Licensed Houses of this Company and of its subsidiaries, Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd., the South Berks Brewery Co., Ltd., and Messrs. Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd. Much of this work requires specialized knowledge which Mr. Marston has gained by applying himself assiduously to the work of the department.

His military service in the Great War makes interesting reading. Enlisting in the 2/4th Battalion of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, he was drafted to the 1/4th Battalion at Chelmsford within a few weeks and was sent to France in March, 1915, remaining with the Battalion until invalided home in December, 1916, and having reached the rank of Sergeant. In 1917 he saw service in Ireland and also, unfortunately, a period in hospital. Early in 1918 he was given a temporary commission in the South Wales Borderers and in July of that year again proceeded to France to join the 5th Battalion. After being severely wounded near Kemmel he spent 16 months in hospital and was demobilized in January, 1920.

He is the holder of the 1914-1915 Star, in addition to the General Service and Victory Medals.

Mr. Marston held the office of captain of Tylehurst St. George's Cricket Club and was also hon. secretary and treasurer for nine years.



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

## EDITORIAL.

## ALL GLORY, LAUD AND HONOUR.

Passing through St. Laurence's Churchyard the other day I was astonished and delighted by the almost bewildering beauty and height of the hollyhocks growing therein, writes "Lover of Beauty" in the *Berkshire Chronicle*. Viewed from a distance, they shone like woven threads of fine colours on either side of the narrow pathway, and as I walked slowly forward I seemed to be moving amid a forest of crimson and yellow and silver spires. The climax, however, came as I neared the old grey walls of the church, when suddenly, softly, out of the dimness within, issued the music of one of our noblest hymns, "All glory, laud and honour." Pausing, I listened, spellbound, until it seemed, almost, that angels in heaven were joining with men on earth to praise such exquisite beauty. Oxford, herself, can have no lovelier sight to show at the moment than Reading's pathway of flowers, and yet there are those who glibly talk of destroying this passage for municipal "improvements"! Destroy such a little temple of beauty, and not in three days, nor yet in three years, nor yet, perhaps, in three hundred years, could we, or those to come after us, build it again.

## FEWER BUT BETTER HOPS.

The quality of Kentish hops this year is good, but no accurate forecast of their quantity is possible until the experts make their reports to hop growers and factors. Growers have had to contend with great difficulties this season, the prolonged drought, and in certain districts the severe frosts earlier in the year, caused damage. The crop, therefore, will probably not be as large as last year.

## DID NOT INTERFERE WITH HER.

MISTRESS (to new maid): "Now, Nora, I always take my bath at nine every morning."

NORA: "'Sall right, mam, it won't interfere with me a bit. I'm never ready fer mine b'fore ten."

## LET GO THE — ANCHOR!

The eloquent preacher was describing the downward path of the sinner and using the metaphor of the ship drifting and going to pieces on the rocks.

"The waves dash over!" he cried. "Her sails are split! Her yards are gone! Her masts are shivered! Her helm is useless! She is driving ashore! There seems no hope! Can nothing be done to save her?"

A sailor rose in his seat, his eyes wide with excitement.

"Let go the anchor, ye lubber!" he shouted. "Let go the ruddy anchor!"

## BUT SIMPLE WORDS ARE BEST.

How many people in your family know the meaning of all the words in the passage below? :—

"Promulgating your esoteric cogitations or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical, or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications demonstrate a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensibility, no coalescent conglomerations of precise garrulity, jejune bafflement and asinine affectations.

"Let your extemporaneous verbal evaporations and expatiations have lucidity, intelligibility and veracious vivacity withoutrodomontade or Thespian bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous propensity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and vaniloquent vapidness. Shun double entendre, obnoxious jocosity and pestiferous profanity, observable or apparent. . . . In other words, say what you mean and don't use big words!"

## PATIENCE AND FRIENDLINESS.

Mr. John Hugh Montague Hare, of King's Lynn, who has died at the age of 78, was a master at Eton College for 38 years until his retirement in 1923. A fine athlete in his younger days, he captained the Uppingham football team and was in the cricket eleven. He went on to take his cricket "Blue" at Oxford and to play for Norfolk. His influence in games at Eton was considerable, and he was very popular. Patience and friendliness were his outstanding characteristics in teaching, and when he retired he insisted that those qualities were invaluable in dealing with boys. "I do not think any boy is a complete duffer," he said. "Every boy is able to learn if he is approached in a sane manner, properly understood, and properly taught."

## "NOPPY ALE."

For centuries, women—called "brewsters" or "ale wives"—were responsible for most of Britain's beer. I wonder how many people realise that at the close of the fifteenth century Fleet Street was tenanted almost wholly by brewsters and felt cap makers? The women brewers were held in high esteem if their beer was good and their praises were frequently sung in verse. One of the most famous was Eleanor Rummyng, of Leatherhead, whose "nippy ale" used to bring to her house the gallants of Henry VIII's Court at Nonsuch Palace, eight miles away.

## BEER IS BEST.

The *Sunday Express* states that natives have developed considerable partiality for beer brewed in Accra. Apart from its general importing and exporting business, Bartholomew (London) has a substantial interest in Overseas Breweries, a company formed to erect a brewery in Accra. Mr. Bartholomew played an important part in starting this enterprise—the first brewery on the Gold Coast. His action has been fully justified by results, for the Gold Coast natives—not to mention the Europeans—have developed considerable partiality for beer brewed in Accra. I understand, states the City Editor, the brewery company will shortly declare a first dividend of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in Swiss francs, equal to 10 per cent. in sterling. Declaration in Swiss currency is due to the fact that Swiss interests subscribed about one-half of the capital for the brewery, and were also largely responsible for its design. Government authorities in the Gold Coast and Nigeria are well disposed towards this enterprise. I believe it may be followed by the erection of a brewery in Nigeria under the same auspices.

## LAWN TENNIS.

The Brewery tennis players continue to improve and brought off their second victory this season when, for the first time, they succeeded in defeating Sutton's. The palm must go to Mr. Lawrence who was in tip-top form. I am afraid I have not space to give the number of games he and his partner played, but they managed to finish their gruelling encounter just before lighting up time. In one match they played 60 games. Mr. Langton also gave an excellent display, his forehand drives across the court being a feature. We were all very pleased to see Mr. Louis Simonds up at the Club the other night. He is showing greatly improved form and we enjoyed several hard sets with him. Mr. Quarry, who so kindly selects the teams for our matches, was there too and remarked on the improvement in the tennis generally. His skiing accident prevents him playing this season but we are looking forward to seeing him on the courts again next year.

## THE SOWER WILL COME TO-MORROW.

The Plough of Sorrow may come to-day,  
But to-morrow the Sower will pass this way.

## WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE ?

The other day I was making one of my business calls at the George Hotel. The weather was rather unsettled and looking out of the window I said to a gentleman standing close by, "What's it going to be?" Promptly he replied, "Oh, I'll have a bottle of 'S.B.' with you, with the greatest of pleasure."

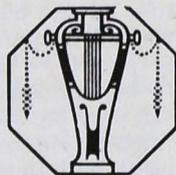
In future I shall be careful to say, "What's the *weather* going to be?"

## THE NEW HORNCastle LANDLORD.

Mr. George Greenaway, who goes to the Horncastle shortly, has been at the Wellington Arms, Howard Street, for 22 years. His family has held the licence for sixty years, four generations having carried on the business. Call in and see him in his new abode. He will be pleased to see you. And, good sportsman that he is, I am sure you will be pleased to meet him.

## OUR DOGGIES.

They ask us no questions, they tell us no lies,  
And when they address us look straight in our eyes.  
Content with a little, they never despair ;  
But in all our troubles they willingly share.  
They ask us so little, they give us so much,  
Then always let sympathy dwell in our touch.



## A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

## SWALLOW VERSUS SNIPE.

## STRANGE PLAYMATES.

I saw an amazing display of aerial evolutions up the Thames-side the other morning. For some reason or other a swallow made up its mind to attack a snipe and I don't think I have ever witnessed a more wonderful exhibition of the power of flight. Up and down and round and round, backwards and forwards, they flew. And just as the swallow was about to overtake the snipe and deal it a blow—not a very hard one I should imagine—the snipe would dive down towards the earth at a terrific pace and leave its pursuer far behind. The swallow, however, was not to be done and eagerly continued the chase. For several minutes I watched them, and during that short time they must have travelled many miles. They had reached a considerable height and the swallow was just about to overtake the snipe again when the long-beaked bird evidently thought she had had enough, and by a series of amazing aerial evolutions gradually descended, sped like a mottled flash just over the surface of the meadow and then quietly alighted amid some rushes as unconcerned as though nothing had happened. The swallow was left high up in the air. A defeated bird, she wisely gave up the chase.

Swallow and Snipe—my word there were some S bends in this flight !

No doubt the swallow had mistaken the snipe for a hawk. Small birds often chase cuckoos for the same reason.

## STRANGE PLAYMATES.

Not far from Reading a fox has chosen a fox terrier and a spaniel as his friends. Each day Reynard utters his peculiar "bark." The two dogs know that he is calling them and with wagging tails off they go to meet him. They have rare romps together and the fun is fast and furious. Then when they are tired of play the friends separate to rest and feed and so prepare themselves for the morrow's romp.

## GOOD-BYE LITTLE DACE !

The continued dry weather has brought out myriad flies and the fish are feeding freely. The dace are particularly busy and, with the right lure and the finest of gut, you may have rare sport

with them. I was watching a dozen or so taking flies when suddenly a good-sized trout dashed in amongst them causing a great commotion. Result—one less little dace in the world!

And it all happened just as I had chosen a dace about 1 lb., a fine fellow, and was about to cast my fly over him. I owe that trout a grudge and his uncalled-for interference with my fishing may yet cost him his life.

Evidently on mischief bent a weasel crosses the river, his "bridge" being nothing more substantial than the leaves of the lily. But so light was his tread that you could hardly see them quiver.

#### MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

Many of the migrants have already returned from whence they came and most of the others are about to take their departure. There seems to me to be something peculiarly plaintive in the twitter of the swallows; and the soft sweet song of the little willow warbler sounds to be sweeter and softer than ever now. Or is it that I imagine a pathos in the songs of the little feathered friends about to leave us, that is not there. I do not know. But this I know, that I shall miss them sadly and with all my heart I wish them many happy returns.

Bon voyage little birds!

---

**S**TILL THE **B**EST.

---

## FORTY-SIX YEARS IN THE POST OFFICE.

### RETIREMENT OF MR. J. BOWYER.

After 46½ years' service in the Post Office, Mr. J. Bowyer, of 8 Oakley Road, Caversham (brother of our esteemed Home Trade Manager, Mr. W. Bowyer), will be retiring at the end of this month. Mr. Bowyer joined the Post Office staff on March 1st, 1889, as a boy messenger, at Slough. He remained at Slough for nine years, and was then at Staines for five years, as a sorting-clerk and telegraphist. He was transferred to Reading in January, 1903, and was later appointed overseer. After five months in that position, Mr. Bowyer was promoted to the position of Assistant Superintendent in charge of the Telegraphs, and the Post Master's representative of the Telephone Department, on the retirement of Mr. E. C. Satchell. He has served under nine post masters.

When Mr. Bowyer entered the service cycles were not used for the delivery of telegrams, and free delivery was only up to one mile, instead of three at the present time. The charge for telegrams was then sixpence for twelve words, then ninepence, then one shilling. Mr. Bowyer has seen the development of the telephone from its very early days, and he was taught to operate it at Slough in 1895, when there were only three trunk lines between Reading and Slough.

Mr. Bowyer comes of a well known farming family in Berkshire, and is a popular member of the Caversham Bowling and Social Clubs.

He was recently the recipient of the King's Silver Jubilee Medal.

### THE PRESENTATION.

A presentation to Mr. Bowyer was made at the post office on Thursday, when the head post master, Mr. T. Lloyd Davies, asked Mr. Bowyer to accept from his colleagues a handsome writing desk and bureau.

Mr. Davies, who was on leave but had made a special journey to attend, said he was both glad and sorry: glad because the occasion gave an opportunity of showing their appreciation of Mr. Bowyer's qualities, and sorry that they were losing those services. The last occasion when they had a gathering of that kind it was his privilege to present Mr. Bowyer with the King's Silver Jubilee Medal. Now the time had come for him to leave them after over forty-six years' service. That was a record of which he might be proud.

Speaking for himself, said Mr. Davies, he did not think any post master could hope to have a more loyal, faithful controlling officer. Since he had been in Reading Mr. Bowyer had been of great assistance, and he was extremely grateful for all his help.

"I want Mr. Bowyer, on behalf of his colleagues, to accept this writing bureau, with our very best wishes for him and his good lady for a long life and happy retirement."

"FATHER OF THE TELEGRAPHS."

Mr. G. Hearn, chief superintendent, said he wished to confirm all the head post master had said. It had been a great pleasure to work with Mr. Bowyer. He (the speaker) had heard one of the younger members of the staff refer to him as "daddy," and he thought that was the correct term for Mr. Bowyer. They looked upon him as the father of the telegraphs and telephones.

Mr. A. W. F. Dunster, assistant superintendent, spoke on behalf of the control officers, and Mr. J. H. Parks, sorting clerk, eulogised Mr. Bowyer's efforts in bettering the conditions of his assistants.

Mr. Bowyer said he felt the parting very much. He appreciated everything that had been said, but he was not satisfied that it was true, for he felt that he had been sadly lacking in many respects. He had seen the work go, he said, from a peak to a decline and from a decline towards a peak again. He was very happy to feel that he had been of some assistance, and he thanked them very much for the gift. Whenever he used it he would feel that he could not forget where he had been for so many years.

The proceedings concluded with musical honours.

—From the "Berkshire Chronicle."

#### ON THE LINKS.

Standing upon the tee I said, "My swing,

Its manifold deficiencies redressing,

Shall catch to-day the rhythm of the Spring,

New harmony upon my style impressing."

But a malicious echo mocked "in pressing."

"There lies the green beside the railway fence,

Well within reach, although it doesn't look it,

If I can but regain that confidence

Which I possessed before the last hole shook it."

But echo caught the words and whispered "hook it!"

"That was a failure; still the game's alive,

For Jones was in the stream and had to drop it;

A good approach will land me there in five,

Well lofted and with cut enough to stop it."

But that detested echo murmured "top it!"

—Punch.

#### FIFTY YEARS MARRIED.

AND—FIFTY YEARS WITH ONE FIRM.

On Thursday, July 18th, says the *Staines and Egham News*, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. J. Collins, of "Collingwood,"<sup>4</sup> The Causeway, Staines, celebrated their golden wedding. Mr. Collins is a native of Staines. They were married in the Parish Church at Basingstoke, Mrs. Collins's home town.

Practically ever since their marriage they have lived in Staines, where they have endeared themselves to a large circle of friends.

Mr. Collins will be remembered as one of the oldest members of Staines Conservative Club and Association. For five years—until 1901, when he was succeeded by the late Mr. W. R. Frost—he was secretary of the Conservative Club. For a number of years, too, he was secretary of the Staines branch of the Conservative Association. He served on both Committees for a great many years. His work for the Conservative cause was recognised in 1902, when he received a medal from the Association of Conservative Clubs. To this were subsequently added three five years' service bars. On January 24th, 1901, at the annual dinner, the members of the Conservative Club presented him with a handsome clock and mantel ornaments inscribed as "a token of their appreciation of his able services for five years as secretary of the Club."

Many residents will remember Mr. Collins also as secretary of the Tariff Reform Committee at Staines. Political organisations, he recalls, were supported more largely than now in days gone by. As a member of the Staines Conservative Club he visited every similar club for many miles around in the course of games tournaments and social intercourse. Mr. Collins threw his enthusiasm into the Club in the days before it moved from Church Street to more advantageous quarters.

Variety has not entered largely into the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Collins. For thirty-six years they have lived in the same house. They spent the previous ten years nearby at 56 Claremont Road, where their son, Mr. F. J. Collins, now resides.

Mr. Collins worked at Ashby's Staines Brewery for fifty years, retiring four years ago. Of this period he spent twenty-two years as a collector, and during this time he regularly visited every one of the hostleries supplying his firm's products. He travelled thousands of miles yearly and came into contact with a multitude of persons. Conservatism, however, claimed what leisure he had, and his wife lent all the influence she could in this, as in his business pursuits.

Now their attention is concentrated upon their home. Mr. Collins has claimed gardening as his hobby, and sheltered behind the walls of "Collingwood" is a retreat of which anyone might be proud.

In their garden they celebrated their golden wedding. There were no formalities, for theirs is a contentment born out of experience and their joy still lies in sharing the other's companionship. There were many visitors, however, including members of their family circle, among whom were their children, for six of their daughters and two of their sons survive.

Mr. Collins is nearly 73. His wife is 76. Age, says Mr. Collins, is of little consequence. The greatest force in life is the guiding influence of a noble woman.

It was at eventide that our reporter found him, busily engaged in his garden. The lengthening shadows brought a modest account of an interesting career to a close.

"See you on our diamond wedding day," said Mr. Collins.

Someone arrived with a large iced cake. His eyes lit up with the enthusiasm of the man who had married fifty years before. After all, what does age matter?

## BEER DRINKING FOR HEALTH.

### BATH OFFICER COMMENDS THE BEVERAGE.

"Going about the city as I do I have come to the conclusion that there is more health about the beer drinker than there is about the picture-goer," declared Capt. H. S. Pryce, who presided, in the absence of Col. G. W. R. Bishop, at the annual meeting of the Bath Territorial Social Club, held at the Drill Hall, Lower Bristol Road, recently.

In the course of his report, says that bright and admirably edited paper, *The Bath Weekly Chronicle and Herald*, Capt. Pryce referred to the financial position of the club, which is very sound, notwithstanding that the turnover was down. The club was progressing. The sick club is a very healthy sub-section and had done its spot of work extraordinarily well. During the year it had lost two members and the wives of two members also died, but despite the calls which had been made upon it they were able to pay a very handsome share out.

### GAMES.

The games continued to be an interesting and important feature, and their popularity indicated the enjoyment members derived from them. Capt. Pryce congratulated the second skittles team on winning the Hardy Cup, and thanked Mr. Radford for the gift of a photograph of the late Brig.-General Prowse, which was of great sentimental value to those members who served under him.

Thanking the officials and committee, Capt. Pryce specially named Mr. W. Hillier, Mr. B. Parkin, Mr. E. J. Price and Mr. W. Salmon, the hon. secretary, for their untiring work on behalf of the club, and he mentioned that Mr. H. Holmes and Mr. J. Radford had been made life members of the club in recognition of the great interest they had taken in its welfare.

Major F. J. Snell, M.B.E., presented the financial statement, which was adopted, and the auditors, Messrs. Mundy, Brewer and Johnson, were elected.

### PRESENTATIONS.

Capt. Pryce then handed to Lieut. C. W. Thring, North Somerset Yeomanry, the club cup and spoons which the Yeomanry had won in the annual shoot, and in doing so he congratulated the winning team upon their success.

Lieut. Thring, in responding, said it was very gratifying to hear how well the club was going on.

Capt. Pryce then performed what he described as "a pleasant and yet unpleasant duty," to make a presentation to R.S.M. Rogers, whom they had all got to appreciate and, he might say, "to love his raucous voice both on parade and off parade."

They were all extremely sorry that time and circumstances necessitated his leaving them. His (the chairman) knowledge of R.S.M. Rogers led him to believe he had served his King and country well.

R.S.M. Rogers, in reply, said that those who were serving members were fortunate to have such a well-run club for games and recreation, with so many old members to carry on the various committees, who had the welfare of the Territorials at heart.

### COMRADESHIP.

The success of the club was assured by the comradeship which existed among the members. He would always remember the happy time he had spent at Bath.

The gift was an oak case of cutlery. R.S.M. Rogers will shortly retire.

Thanks to Capt. Pryce for his interest in the club were accorded on the proposition of Lieut. L. T. King, seconded by Lieut. C. W. Thring.

The cup and spoons were supplied by Messrs. Dickinson and Sons, New Bond Street, Bath.

### THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER.

Come listen to me while a tale I unfold  
Of a shipwrecked mariner who once, I was told,  
Got wrecked on an island, lonely and bare,  
With nothing to eat and nothing to wear ;  
You cannot imagine the whole lot of toil  
He put in at digging and tilling the soil.  
And building a hut, he furnished it too.  
He found that he'd always plenty to do.

For over a year he worked on that isle  
And hadn't the time to walk more than a mile.  
When at last all his labour of building was over, he  
Walked round the isle on a tour of discovery,  
And to his surprise he came face to face  
With a lady who'd been wrecked on the same place.  
You can easily imagine the joy that they showed :  
Neither, of course, was dressed quite " A la mode."

They talked for hours till evening drew on,  
When he said, " It's got dark, I'd better be gone  
And get back to my hut." She said, " What's the hurry ?  
We're here all alone, there's no need to worry :  
If only you'll stay and live with me here  
There's something, I know, you've not had for a year  
And I'll let you have some. Now, do stay with me."  
He shouted : " Good Lord ! Have you got some ' S.B. ' ? "

—AMOR.



### HIGH WYCOMBE BOROUGH DART LEAGUE.

The second annual presentation of trophies and medals took place in the Club Room of The Bull Inn, High Wycombe, on Wednesday, July 3rd.

The President (Mr. L. A. Simonds) took the chair, and was supported by Mr. R. Green (chairman of the league committee), Mr. W. R. Youers (League Secretary) and Alderman W. R. Butler, J.P. There was a good attendance of members of the League and the club room was filled with an enthusiastic company.

The secretary's report was read and adopted. The report disclosed a state of affairs which was highly satisfactory to all concerned. The quality of the play had been high, and in every case the standard of sportsmanship exhibited by the players left nothing to be desired. The matches had all been contested with earnestness and with a keen desire to win, and all decisions had been accepted in the best possible spirit. It had not been necessary to arbitrate in a single dispute. Mr. Youers paid a high compliment to the secretaries of the various teams and said their promptness in dealing with his communications and their ready response to all requests, particularly in regard to reporting results, had made his task much lighter than it otherwise might have been.

There has been an increase of 250 in the membership of the league, with a present total of 750.

The president was then called upon to present the trophies and medals, which were as follows :—

#### SIMONDS CUP.

League champions and winners of Western Division—The Swan, West Wycombe.

*Team* :—G. Beauchamp (captain), J. Howland, T. H. Martin, F. Howland, R. Smith, J. L. Barry, L. G. Barry, G. Pearce, G. Wakefield, L. Beauchamp and S. Brooker.

#### MANN, CROSSMAN CUP.

League runners-up and winners of Eastern Division—The Bull Inn.

*Team* :—H. Free (captain), H. North, G. Bowles, G. Perry, H. Bowles, R. Shrimpton, C. Curtis, H. Fryer, A. Penn, R. Carter and W. Sherwin.

#### FRANK ADAMS CUP.

Runners-up of Western Division—The Desborough Arms.

*Team* :—T. Smith (captain), E. Smith, G. Smith, T. Chandler, J. Chandler, D. Ridgley, F. Hearn, F. Moreton, C. Josey, A. Cooper and C. Widginton.

## THAMES VALLEY SHIELD.

Runners-up of Eastern Division—The Morning Star.

*Team* :—J. Coleman (captain), A. Blinko, N. Rollings, F. Nash, H. Cotrill, W. Smith, A. Healey, R. Terry, E. Carter, F. Franklin and G. Hearn.

## MELVILLE GRIFFITHS BISCUIT BARREL.

Awarded to The Carrington Arms.

The results of the various matches played during the season are as follows :—

## LEAGUE TABLE—SEASON 1934-35.

## EASTERN DIVISION.

	<i>Played.</i>	<i>Won.</i>	<i>Lost.</i>	<i>Points.</i>
Bull Inn ... ..	29	24	5	107
Morning Star ... ..	29	27	2	106
Disraeli Arms ... ..	28	21	7	86
Black Boy ... ..	28	18	10	81
Two Brewers ... ..	28	16	12	80
Beech Tree ... ..	28	18	10	73
Swan (Marsh) ... ..	28	15	13	70
Pheasant ... ..	28	15	13	69
Papermakers Arms ... ..	28	10	18	66
Beaconsfield Arms ... ..	28	12	16	65
Belle Vue ... ..	28	11	17	59
Swan (Pauls Row) ... ..	28	11	17	59
The Bell ... ..	28	6	22	53
Falcon Hotel ... ..	28	5	23	43
Thames Valley S.C. ... ..	28	2	26	38

The Bull and Morning Star having tied, played one match extra.

*Result* :—Bull Inn 3 v. Morning Star 2.

## WESTERN DIVISION.

	<i>Played.</i>	<i>Won.</i>	<i>Lost.</i>	<i>Points.</i>
Swan (West Wycombe) ... ..	30	27	3	108
Desboro' Arms ... ..	30	23	7	99
Half Moon ... ..	30	20	10	89
Ye Exchange ... ..	30	16	14	86
Rose and Crown ... ..	30	18	12	83
Plough ... ..	30	19	11	82
The Gate ... ..	30	18	12	81
Royal Oak ... ..	30	17	13	76
Saracens Head ... ..	30	15	15	75
Ship Inn ... ..	30	13	17	70
Friend at Hand ... ..	30	10	20	74
White Horse ... ..	30	12	18	60
Golden Fleece ... ..	30	9	21	59
Chairmakers Arms ... ..	30	8	22	58
Territorial Club ... ..	30	8	22	58
Carrington Arms ... ..	30	7	23	52

The toast of the health of "Our President" was proposed in pleasing terms by Mr. R. Green, with special reference to his

marriage, and on behalf of the league Mr. Green expressed hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Simonds, and conveyed best wishes for their future health and happiness. The toast was received with much enthusiasm and was accorded musical honours.

In reply, Mr. Louis thanked everybody for their good wishes and said it was a real pleasure to come to High Wycombe to distribute such an excellent array of trophies, and commented on the fact that all members of the four winning teams had received medals, 44 in all. He congratulated the winners and runners-up of the league, also the runners-up of the two divisions. He said it was gratifying to find an increase in the number of entries, and to learn that thirty-one teams had been able to conclude the full list of matches. He said that he knew of no better way of spending a happy evening than by engaging in friendly contests such as the league provided, as it cultivated that quality so very necessary both at work and play—the team spirit—in addition to the personal enjoyment which was the reward of individuals who associated with their fellows in rational recreation under congenial conditions.

In that respect, Mr. Simonds reminded his audience that his firm, as well as himself, took the keenest possible interest in the league, and that they had done their utmost to improve their licensed houses in the town, with particular reference to the provision of recreation rooms in new buildings. This policy had cost an enormous amount of money and they had, as far as possible, employed local firms and local labour in order to assist their prosperity.

He wished them much happiness in the coming season and hoped the league would go on from strength to strength. Finally, he thanked all the officers for their work and congratulated them on their successful organization. Mr. W. R. Youers, League Secretary, was specially complimented.

The "Success of the League" was proposed by Alderman W. R. Butler, J.P., who associated himself with the President's remarks, and said he hoped at some time to revive the Air Rifle League in the town to run side by side with the Dart League.

Mr. R. Green suitably replied, reviewing the past season and forecasting their activities during the coming winter.

The toast of "The Donors of Trophies" was proposed by Mr. Barry and replied to by Mr. L. A. Simonds.

Mr. Youers proposed "The Visitors" and Mr. C. Bennett made suitable acknowledgment on their behalf.

The President thanked the artistes and the pianist (Mr. Wilson), and Mr. Rolfe replied that he was always willing to do his best to arrange for, and take part in, the entertainment of his friends in the town. The concert items were much appreciated by all present.

A word of praise is due to Mr. J. Aldridge, who is "Mine Host" of The Bull Inn, for the excellent arrangements made for the evening. Mr. Aldridge also acts as Hon. Treasurer of the league.

The following representatives of the Firm attended the presentation to support the President:—Mr. W. H. Davis, Mr. H. E. Marston, Mr. S. J. Moore and Mr. C. Bennett.

It is hoped to arrange a match in the near future between the winners of the Simonds' Dart League, Reading, 1934-35, and the winners of the High Wycombe Dart League, as above. The match will therefore be between:—

*Reading League*—The Rising Sun, Wokingham

*versus*

*High Wycombe League*—The Swan Inn, West Wycombe.

C.B.



Champions of High Wycombe Borough Dart League this season—The Swan Inn, West Wycombe, Dart Club.

Left to right: Standing—G. Pearse, L. Beauchamp, G. Wakefield, G. Beauchamp (Capt.), J. Howland, J. L. Barry; Seated—F. Howland, Mrs. J. L. Barry (Scorer), T. H. Martin and R. Smith.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

If you cannot be a star, you need not be a cloud.

Courage is just as catching as cowardice.

A happy frame of mind surrounds the picture of health.

Many a false step is made by standing still.

A person's character is like a fence. It cannot be strengthened by whitewash.

It's grand to be the friend to come in when the world goes out.

Which reaches farthest and counts the most ;  
Costs less than nothing,  
Can't go by post.  
What in all weather  
Makes life worth while ?  
The answer's easy.  
Why—just a smile !

Save for a rainy day, but don't miss the sunshine doing it.

More action, less said ;  
More courage, less dread ;  
More cheerful, less sad ;  
More goodness, less bad ;  
More liking, less hate ;  
More labour, less wait.

You never know your luck, but you can always use your pluck.

It is not square miles but square men that make a country great.

---

Nobody has ever choked through swallowing pride.

---

Remember that the purest water comes from the blackest clouds.

---

If you can't laugh, at least try to smile.

---

Grievances, unlike bedclothes, should be slept on before airing.

---

Friendship's test is the helping hand, when the rock of our foothold turns to sand.

---

Winning or losing, the man who is doing his best is playing the finest game.

---

You die if you worry, you die if you don't. So why worry?

---

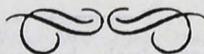
To win a smile from Fortune, wink at Misfortune.

---

Is it not just as we take it—  
This mystical world of ours?  
Life's field will yield, as we make it,  
A harvest of thorns or flowers.

---

You'll never be a shining light if you are too easily put out.



### REST.

The birds and beasts have gone to rest.

The clouds roll on their way,  
And I shall lie in Nature's breast,  
Until the Break of Day.

No fear have I when Night has flung  
Her mantle o'er the world.

Within the chancel of my Soul  
Love's banner floats unfurl'd.

And in the aisles so wide and deep,  
Hope's beams shine bright away.

And Faith shall guard me while I sleep  
And lead to perfect Day.

And when the Morning Light doth peep,  
And Night winds die away.

Behold the Harvest I shall reap  
From Deeds sown—Yesterday.

---

### A GREAT THOUGHT.

*One of the greatest evils known in the family circle is the disrespect so frequently shown between members, one to another, in speech, action and dress. The gruff "Yes" or "No" of husband to wife in answer to a pleasant query leads to unpleasant consequences, and begets a cold, calculating style of address on either side, which sooner or later is adopted by the younger members, and the love and affection which should reign within is dispelled like dew before the morning sun. The indifference often shown in little acts of duty, and the manner in which they are performed, seems to carry the impression: "I'm glad that's over; don't trouble me again." In dress and personal appearance the husband goes unkempt and unshaven, and the wife slipshod and shabby. Their attitude seems to suggest that anything is good enough for home when no strangers are about.*

*Thus are habits of disrespect formed. All may not have equal opportunities for doing good at home, but all have something to do to make that home happier.*

## THE "BEEHIVE" OUTING CLUB, STAINES.

On Saturday, July 13th, members of the above club spent an enjoyable day visiting Southend with their host, Mr. P. A. D. Smith, licensee of the "Beehive."

The party left Staines in the early hours of the morning, breakfasting en route, and eventually reached Southend at noon. On arrival they split up into groups, each to follow his own tastes in the nature of diversions; some sampling the sea breezes from the decks of pleasure steamers, others enjoying themselves in the Kursaal Amusement Park and similar places.

Members rendezvoused at 5.30 p.m. for tea and then left for home, calling on another of our well-known hosts, Mr. E. R. Rix of the "Prince of Wales" Acton, on the return journey.

The group in the photograph includes Messrs. H. Carr and R. Stiles, members of our transport staff, and also Mr. C. Stevens, an old Brewery hand.

We are pleased to record that a very happy day was spent by all concerned, reflecting credit on the organisers of the trip.



Host Mr. Smith and the Committee.



Group of those who participated in the enjoyable trip.

## PLUCKY RIVER RESCUE.

BOY FALLS INTO THE KENNET WHILE FISHING.

The following account is taken from the *Reading Standard* and records the brave action of Mr. F. Gardiner who rescued the son of Mr. G. Andrews, the well-known member of our Bottling Department Staff at Reading.

"A mother's frantic screams proved the means of bringing to the rescue of her ten-years-old son a goods porter working on the G.W.R. yard nearby. The child was George Andrews, of 5 Temple Place, and the hero of the episode was Mr. Frederick Gardiner, of 1 Alpine Street, Reading. Mrs. Andrews, in recounting the incident, said that on Saturday morning her son was fishing in the Kennet just outside his home with a friend, when suddenly his companion came rushing to her crying out that he had slipped into the river. She ran to the place and, although unable to swim, was about to jump in when she felt herself pushed aside by Mr. Gardiner, who had heard her shouts from the yard. Although not a strong swimmer, he jumped in fully dressed and managed to bring the boy safely to the bank. Happily neither rescuer or rescued were much the worse for the experience."

In addition to jumping into the river and rescuing this boy, Mr. Gardiner had to climb over some high railings in order to get to the river bank. Mr. Gardiner was a very modest hero and would not hear of being rewarded by Mr. G. Andrews.

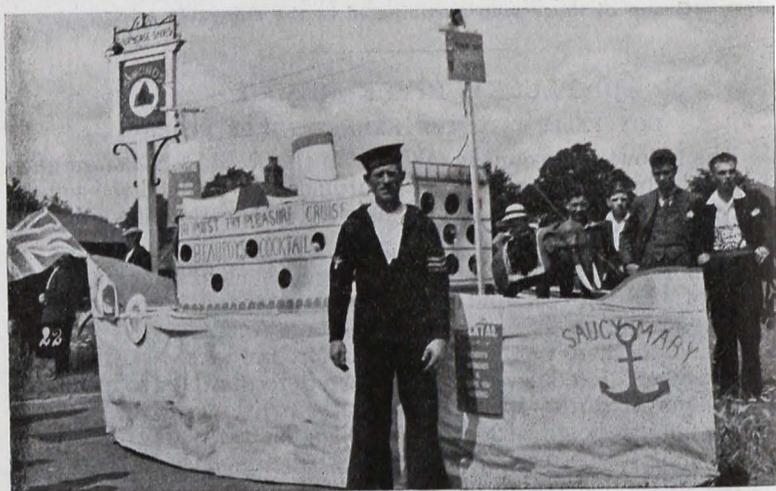
## FIRST-AID CLASS.

A First-Aid Class (St. John Ambulance) for Beginners starts on September 2nd, 1935, at the Gas Works Breakfast Room, Gas Works, King's Road, Reading.

For further information please apply to Mr. T. Howells, Malts House Department.

## CHOBHAM GALA AND SPORTS CARNIVAL.

SIMONDS' ALE AGAIN TO THE FORE.



The above tableau was arranged by a member of the Chobham Ex-Service Men's Association, Ltd. (Mr. J. Woods), to take part in the Chobham Gala and Sports Carnival held on August Bank Holiday. It won first prize. As will be seen, Simonds' Ale was advertised on the stern of the ship. Of course, the "sign" is the signpost at the Horseshoes, Burrowhill. There were two gallons of Simonds' Ale (X.D.) aboard for the crew.

DEPOT, THE HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT *versus* DEPOT, THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGIMENT.

Played at Bar End, Winchester, on July 17th and 18th and won by the Hampshires by 5 wickets.

The Royal Berkshires won the toss and batted first on an easy wicket. They started badly and in the 90 minutes before lunch lost 4 wickets for 40 runs. Steady bowling and reasonable fielding kept the score down, and only Pte. Denny was able to make runs easily. The Hampshires started just as badly and by tea-time had lost 5 wickets for 63 runs. A very good innings by 2/Lieut. Kent, who had bad luck in missing his fifty, and sound hitting by the tail, enabled the Hampshires to make a respectable total. The Royal Berkshires had to go in again that night 69 behind.

Next morning it seemed as if the match would be over by lunch time as they lost 5 wickets for 29 runs, but some stout-hearted hitting by Marriott and Lacey put up the 100. Directly they were out the tail collapsed and the Hampshires went in wanting 46 runs to win. They got them easily enough by 5 wickets, despite the fact that two of their batsmen pulled wide balls on to their wickets; the game went on till tea-time. The fielding on both sides was quite good, some good saves being made.

## DEPOT, THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGIMENT.

<i>First Innings.</i>				<i>Second Innings.</i>			
Mr. Booth, b Colson	...	...	9	run out	...	...	7
Pte. Barrington, c Haytor, b Colson	...	...	6	b Colson	...	...	1
C.S.M. Blackmore, b Steele	...	...	7	b Steele	...	...	6
L/Cpl. Thurgar, b Colson	...	...	4	b Haytor	...	...	17
Major E. F. Eagar, b Kent	...	...	16	b Steele	...	...	0
Pte. Luckhurst, c Steele, b Haytor	...	...	6	c Kent, by Haytor	...	...	3
C.S.M. Marriott, c Gullick, b Haytor	...	...	15	c Jackson, b Colson	...	...	45
C.Q.M.S. Lacey, c Colson, b Haytor	...	...	6	b Steele	...	...	26
Pte. Denny, run out	...	...	17	not out	...	...	4
L/Sgt. Williams, b Steele	...	...	2	c and b Colson	...	...	0
L/Cpl. Champion, not out	...	...	1	c and b Steele	...	...	1
Extras	...	...	5	Extras	...	...	6
			94				116

## BOWLING.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.		
Steele	...	...	13.4	6	15	2	11.4	5	17	4
Colson	...	...	15	6	25	3	14	3	41	3
Haytor	...	...	6	1	25	3	7	0	16	2
Kent	...	...	3	0	10	1	3	0	18	0
Gullick	...	...	3	0	14	0	2	0	18	0

## DEPOT, THE HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT.

<i>First Innings.</i>		<i>Second Innings.</i>	
Capt. W. M. Gullick, run out ...	8	b Blackmore ...	12
Lieut. W. S. S. Sanguinetti, lbw, b Marriott	4	c Luckhurst, b Marriott	4
Rev. Y. W. Y. Steele, b Marriott ...	3	not out ...	40
Pte. Sandys, b Marriott ...	12	b Blackmore ...	11
2/Lieut. S. P. Kent, lbw, b Blackmore	49	b Blackmore ...	4
Lieut. E. B. Colson, b Blackmore ...	11	b Blackmore ...	0
Cpl. Brown, c and b Blackmore ...	16	not out ...	13
Lieut. A. C. F. Jackson, c Blackmore, b Williams ...	16		
L/Cpl. Haytor, b Marriott ...	25		
Pte. Amies, c Booth, b Blackmore ...	8		
Cpl. Holloway, not out ...	1		
Extras ...	10	Extras ...	5
	163	(5 wickets)	89

## BOWLING.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Blackmore ...	17.1	3	53	4	7	1	14	4
Marriott ...	14	2	57	4	8	2	27	1
Luckhurst ...	3	0	13	0				
Barrington ...	2	0	8	0				
Williams ...	6	0	22	1	1	0	16	0
Lacey ...					2	0	21	0
Thurgar ...					1	0	6	0



Combined teams of Depot, The Hampshire Regiment and Depot, The Royal Berkshire Regiment.

## 7TH QUEEN'S OWN HUSSARS OLD COMRADES' REUNION.

The morning of the 15th June, 1935, dawned rather cloudy, and hearts in the Cavalry Barracks at Hounslow were somewhat heavy with forebodings of a wet spell on the occasion of the Fifth Old Comrades' Reunion.

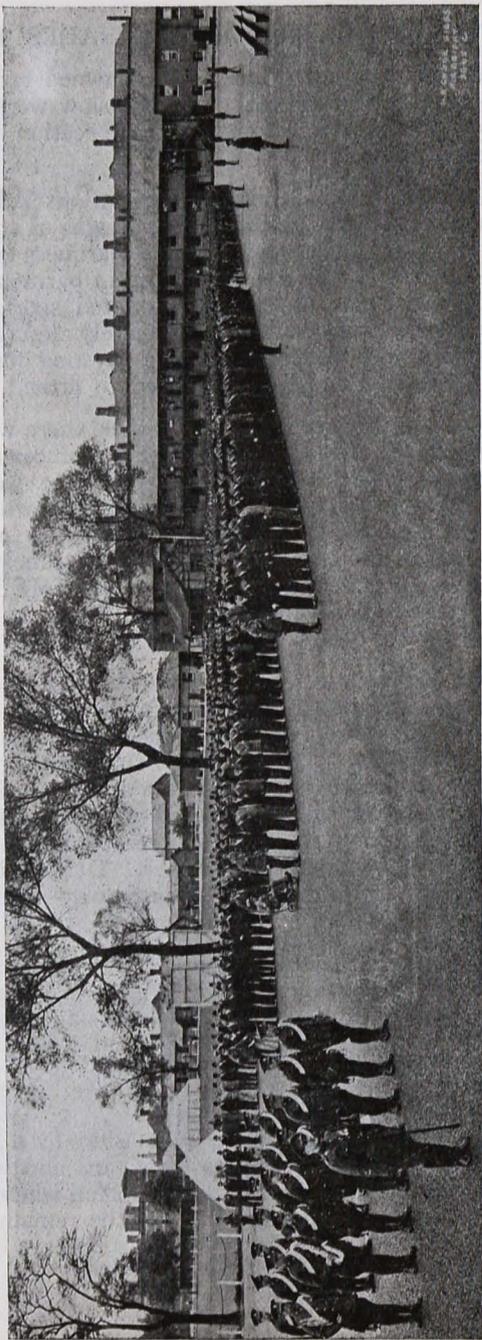
For some months prior to the day, preparations had been afoot but it was not until the day before that any signs of activity were in evidence. In a very short space of time marquees sprang up in their appointed places on the Sports Ground in barracks, an arena was formed on which the afternoon's mounted sports would be carried out, and the gymnasium, appropriately decorated in the Regiment's colours, was prepared for the catering for the three hundred Old Comrades who were expected to attend.

In spite of the grim aspect of the weather, there was an early stir in barracks, and shortly after breakfast the procession of "old boys" commenced. What cared they about the weather! It was like returning home to them, and one can imagine what thoughts flashed through their minds as they entered the main gates. Passing the Guard at the Guard Room, one could almost hear their jocular remarks as they passed the posters "TO THE NEAREST RECRUITING OFFICE" which is nearby. I wonder how many of them wished for the years to roll back for them.

By lunch time the majority had arrived and had been regaled time and time again with the beverage partaken of when old friends meet. A marquee had been erected outside the Sergeants' Mess, as the Mess itself was found to be too small to cope with the numbers, and here, in spite of the rain which caused a miniature river to flow through it, much refreshment was disposed of amid handshakes and kisses (even ladies indulge in reunions), reminiscing and a lapse here and there to the language of the army. "DINNER," sounded by four trumpeters failed to draw them away to lunch, but eventually they were persuaded to eat.

At two o'clock the sports commenced and so did the rain, the latter rather fitfully, the former with a swing and the programme was carried out, attended by plenty of incidents and thrills for the spectators—the rain just did not matter—and wound up at six o'clock with the presentation of prizes by the wife of the Commanding Officer, Mrs. G. C. A. Breitmeyer.

The next move was to arrange the gymnasium for a "smoker," so as to allow the men, who were working hard and willingly to make the affair a success, to go to a local cinema where provision had been made for their entertainment for the remainder of the evening.



7th Queen's Own Hussars Old Comrades' Re-union, June, 1935.

It need hardly be mentioned where our visitors spent the interval up till 9.30 p.m. when the concert was due to commence ; let it be sufficient to say that they were all seated in time to hear the Regimental String Orchestra, under the direction of Bandmaster F. Spencer—whom, it is regretted, is leaving the Regiment and the Service in the very near future—render their opening selection. On Leonard Henry, Giovanni, the pickpocket, Dun and Dee and an artiste unnamed, we depended for a night's amusement and got it, a hundred per cent. An interval at 10.30 and a nightcap at midnight and the first day was over—but was it? Old comrades going to barracks allotted to them, some ably assisted, could not be expected to end the day there—think of the hundred and one things still to talk about—their rooms simply buzzed with more and still more memories of the past.

Sunday morning, bright sunshine, a brisk walk around the barracks and stables, breakfast and then Church Parade. An open-air ceremony had been prepared on the parade ground facing the Officers' Mess. For those to whom the barracks are familiar it is easy to imagine the scene. An improvised pulpit in the centre, on one side the Band and the married families, on the other the choir and visitors. Facing the pulpit were the Officers, in their centre, the Earl of Athlone, who is the Colonel of the Regiment, then immediately behind came the Old Comrades, grey haired, glistening with medals, happy once again to be in the Regiment. The rear seats were occupied by the serving soldiers, youngsters for the most part. The service was conducted by the Reverend N. G. Railton, C.F. The whole scene was most impressive.

Whilst the Band was playing on the square after the service, the Old Comrades were being entertained in the Officers' Mess. What an undertaking! It can be rightly guessed that the place was inclined to be "dry" when they emerged.

After lunch, the Band once more was called upon—this time outside the Sergeants' Mess where much was happening. Evening came all too soon, bringing partings and wishes of good luck and bon voyage for the Regiment's journey to Egypt in September. The partings in some cases were most poignant for it meant the last reunion they would spend with their old friends. Gradually they drifted away, but a few stayed until the next day, one even stayed a week, but that was expected of him. He, a past-master in the art of repartee and a raconteur, kept us highly amused and finally impressed upon us that soldiering in these days just wasn't soldiering.

If anyone should ask whether we had a good time, a witness of the lorries of Messrs. Simonds returning to Reading with the empties should be able to give the required answer.

It was not only a reunion, it was a rejuvenation!

W. CHOWNS, R.Q.M.S., 7th Hussars.

“GOOD ALE—THE KEY TO THE HEART.”

SIR EDWARD PARRY'S TESTIMONY.

NO ENGLISH CIVILISATION WITHOUT ALE.

Sir Edward Parry, writing in *Country Life* on Ale, says :—

“ ‘ Good Ale—The Key to the Heart.’ This ancient Welsh proverb dates back to the days of Giraldus Cambrensis and perhaps earlier. Like many other gems of Welsh wisdom you will find it readily used, though not verbally quoted, by British writers of all ages.

“ Indeed, sixty years ago, when I was a boy, the idea that there could be an English civilisation without good ale, easily available at all times and seasons at a reasonable price, had not occurred to the minds of any but a few eccentric and uncharitable persons.

“ Our English authors all seem to write in a friendly spirit of our national drink. Shakespeare seems to have shared to some extent the common dislike of the hypocrisy of some of those who railed at the drink itself. ‘ Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale ? ’ is a fair protest even for Sir Toby to utter against those who reproved him.

THE TRUE AND PROPER DRINK OF ENGLISHMEN.

“ But you will find that Milton, for instance, who was certainly no roysterer, could enter into the Englishman's affection for good ale.

“ What a charming picture he draws of rural comfort and pleasure with ‘ the spicy nut-brown ale.’ In Milton's England there was no tyrannical licensed victualler, bound by law to call out ‘ Time, Gentlemen, Please ! ’ and hustle the old men to bed with some half-told tale spoiled by his interruption.

“ Walter Scott, too, sang the praise of ale and taught us that ‘ Christmas broached the mightiest ale ’ whose splendid qualities ‘ oft would cheer the poor man's heart throughout the year.’

“ It would be easy to follow the practice of modern advocates and call an unending string of witnesses to prove that all the masters of English prose were lovers of good ale. George Borrow, who knew the ins and outs of both England and Wales, and may have had in his mind our Welsh proverb, lays down the final judgment about the matter thus : ‘ Good ale,’ he says, ‘ is the true and proper drink of Englishmen. He is not deserving of the name of Englishman who speaketh against ale that is good ale.’

WISE USE NOT ENCOURAGED BY OUR RULERS.

“ Assume that most sensible citizens are agreed with their ancestors that good ale is a blessing to mankind and, wisely used, promotes social good feeling and happiness. Do our rulers and governors encourage the wise use of it ? I fear the answer is in the negative.

“ Our licensing magistrates are too often on the Bench, not to administer the law so much as to advertise their whims and use their brief authority to annoy their neighbours. From the lowest point of view, namely, money-making, it has been a mistake to allow political cranks to interfere with the social amenities of our old inns. It is a cause of industrial unrest. Again, the foreign visitor to England is constantly irritated by the absurd restrictions on his liberty to obtain refreshment when he wants it, and not when some unknown mongrel magistrate thinks he ought to want it.

INFLUENCE OF THE ENGLISH INN.

“ The historic mission of the inn in England in the old days was a happy one. It was there to welcome rich and poor at all hours for reasonable refreshment. It is due to misplaced Puritan zeal that we owe, in a great measure, the shameful suggestion that an inn must of necessity be a house unworthy to entertain the wives and children of our citizens.

“ Rightly administered, an inn can be made and, in spite of much official persecution and political interference, often has been made, a centre of human content and comfort and an influence for good. Charles Kingsley was right when he told the cranks of his days, who were out to hinder men from drinking good ale, that however well-intentioned they might be, they were but paving the enemy's path and doing the Devil's work.”

---

SIMONDS BEER

is

SUPERB

---

## FAMOUS ENGLISH RACE-COURSES : NEWBURY.

BY CAPTAIN R. C. LYLE, M.C.

*(of "The Times") and quoted from "Our Empire."*

Fifty and more years ago there were many more race-courses in this country than there are to-day. The smaller ones died for want of support, and the more centralised ones, enclosed like Sandown Park and Kempton Park, took their places.

The "baby" of all the racecourses is Newbury, which was not made until the beginning of this century. The place is ideal for a racecourse, but there was much trouble before the Jockey Club would grant it a licence, and it is always stated that but for King Edward there might never have been any licence at all. John Porter, who trained nearby, was the prime mover in the making of it, and had not a little to do with its success. Not only was the ground a natural layout, ideal for racing, but the course and stands were placed beside the Great Western Railway, rather more than fifty miles from London and also on the main line from Southampton. The Great Western Railway from the beginning took a real interest in the venture and from the first day there has always been a wonderful service of trains to and from the Newbury meetings. The distance from London, nearer sixty than fifty miles, is invariably covered in less than an hour, and I have often come back by train from Newbury quicker than I have come back from Sandown or Kempton Park—yet those two courses are not twenty miles from London! The cheapest of fares have also helped the racecourse financially.

Newbury is placed in the middle of one of the biggest training areas in the world. The downs of Berkshire and Wiltshire are ideal for the training of racehorses, with the result that there has been always plenty of entries and large fields—indeed, nowhere in the country are there to be found consistently such large fields as we get at Newbury. Whether these are good for racing I do not propose to argue here, but the general public—and it is their money which keeps racing going—love plenty of runners. No doubt more than one Berkshire or Wiltshire trainer gives his horses a run there to get experience, and who shall blame him if he does do so? A gallop in a race with the colours up is worth more than two good gallops at home on ground almost too well known to the horses!

When the people who made Newbury built the stands they built wisely and, until the new stands were erected at Newmarket, Lingfield, and at Kempton Park, these were in a class by themselves. The cheap stand at Newbury still stands alone, for I know of no Silver Ring stand to compare to it. It is roofed in and can accommodate more people than most Members' and

Tattersalls' stands, and is indeed, in my opinion, the best of the Newbury stands. On the other hand, the Members' Stand there is the worst of the three, and really badly wants enlarging; Tattersalls' Stand is good, but the roof is not covered in, and apart from the fact that it is not easy to know from the Public Stands what has won in a very close finish, the best place at Newbury from which to watch racing is the Silver Ring Stand. I am not saying that the two other stands are not very good; they are better than most, but the Silver Ring Stand is outstanding.

As it is the people who pay to go into the stands who enable racing to be carried on, I have dealt with them first.

The course itself is an exceptionally good one with a Straight Mile. The Round Course is also excellent and nearly two miles round. Perhaps "round" is not quite right; it is more pear-shaped. There is one curious thing about the Straight Course at Newbury—it is very seldom that a winner comes from the far side of the course. The draw for places at the start favours, for some reason that I have never found out, the horses that draw the large numbers—that is, the numbers on the stands side of the course. I have walked the course time after time and I cannot see that there are any undulations on the course, as at Newmarket, which might explain this thing, whilst the ground seems to be of the same texture all over, not softer or harder on one side than on the other. Further, it is not merely an idea of the riders who therefore always try to get as soon as they can to the stands side of the course, for those riders who keep to the far side where they are drawn very seldom win. Indeed, if a horse wins on that side of the course I always consider that he has at least seven to ten pounds in hand.

The going at Newbury in an ordinary year is almost invariably good but never quite ideal—it is inclined to become heavy quickly after rain, and it also bakes in a very hot summer. It was as hard as a London pavement at one time last year, but then so was nearly every other course. What can be done to the course is done, for no place is better or more carefully tended than Newbury.

Though its meetings have always had a number of good races, Newbury is not old enough to have any historical races. The Greenham Plate, the earliest important event for three-year-olds, has been won on more than one occasion by a very good horse. Orwell won it a few years ago and then won the Two Thousand Guineas, but failed in the Derby. The last Derby winner to win the Greenham was the late King's Minoru, who won the race in 1909. He also won the Two Thousand Guineas.

The three Newbury Cup races—the Spring, the Summer and the Autumn—all date from 1906. To take the Spring Cup first,

Valens won it in 1910, while the best little hurdler that ever was seen, Wrack, won it twice, in 1914 and 1915. He then went to America where he sired many winners. Royal Realm, afterwards another sire of winners, won the Summer Cup in 1910. Since the War, the best winners have been Diligence, King's Idler—a double winner—and Santorb—a very fine stayer. The Newbury Autumn Cup was won in its first year by The White Knight, a very good horse and again a successful sire. The versatile Balscadden won it twice, in 1912 and 1913, but Yutoi would be about the best winner since the war, and he, like his sire, Santoi, could stay for ever. Royal Realm, who has been mentioned before as a winner of the Summer Cup, won the Newbury Autumn Handicap in 1911, but the winners of this race have not been as good as the winners of the other events mentioned.

Newbury are particular about their membership in that they do not allow casual members. One has to be a member, or one cannot even get into the Members' enclosure. Temporary passes are, however, granted to people staying in house parties in the district, to serving officers, and I am sure that they would be granted to visitors from overseas parts of the Empire, who would undoubtedly enjoy a visit to this very fine and typically English racecourse.



A picture of the Eight Bells, Newbury, which, as can be seen, was gaily decorated during Jubilee Celebrations.



As will be seen by this picture, "S.B." played a prominent part in the celebrations on Jubilee Day in Prospect Park.

#### CRICKET.

The month of July, as far as weather has been concerned, has been ideal for the Saturday cricketers, with one exception, but the "A" team have forsaken their winning ways and the "B's" have gone fifty-fifty. The evening games have gone on maintaining the interest in the tourney and, as last year, the last match will decide the issue.

Here is the programme as so far carried out, beginning with the "A" team.

*July 6th.* "A" TEAM 79 for 10 v. "TURQUANDIA" 104 for 8.

We entertained our friends from London again on Prospect Park and to meet their wishes, it was made a twelve-a-side game. We were hoping to have turned the tables this time. Last year was the first time we had dismissed all the batsmen, but there was a balance of 19 runs on the wrong side at the end of the game.

This year we won the toss, had first knock and for a time it looked as though we were going to make some runs. The first wicket (Cardwell and Josey) put on 27. Then it was 49 for 3. When tea time was called we stood at 62 for 8 and when we had made 79 for 10 Skipper Wadhams declared, in order to give our opponents a fair chance of making the runs in the time left.

We made a good start with the ball, getting the first wicket for four runs. The next partnership added 41 and, much to our disgust, the next one carried the total past ours. Unfortunately several catches were put on the carpet, so we must not cavil at our defeat. To give our friends a chance of a knock we carried on beyond the stipulated time and we then had that measure of success that would have been invaluable earlier on in the innings, for the next five wickets only added 10 runs. We realise that there was nothing in it at that period of the game.

The "Turquandia" team turned in at the Club afterwards and spent a jolly hour or so before returning to town.

*13th July.* "A" TEAM 73 v. WARGRAVE "B" 105.

We journeyed to Wargrave to play the return and were sanguine of success. Although we made 73, mainly thanks to Cardwell (21) and Tigar (32), we had a few pieces of bad luck in our innings. Those old stagers Reynolds and Don took 9 wickets and we could not overcome their wily bowling.

For a time we thought we were on velvet—we got three down for 12, but the tea interval upset our bowling and fielding, for several stands were made and during the sixth partnership they passed our score. The next wicket put on 28 runs, making it 104 for 7. Then we dismissed the rest for the addition of one run. Tigar with 4 for 30 bowled well and got the most wickets, but Hillier with 2 for 9 came out with the best average.

*20th July.* "A" TEAM v. HECKFIELD AND MATTINGLEY.

Heckfield must be our unlucky ground. We went out full of hope but lost the toss and had to take the field. Two down for 4 looked pretty good, then it went to 41 for 3, and the score was carried on to 90 for 6, and when it was 119 rain came on and we

had to beat a retreat to the pavilion, where we were shut up for half-an-hour. A slight break in the downpour enabled us to get to the tea room, but after such a fall the wicket was sodden and we had to abandon the game.

*27th July.*

We should have played the return with Eversley Street, but our friends there had to cancel the match, so we were forced to take a rest from cricket.

Now for the doings of the Second String. They managed to play and finish their four matches and had several surprise results.

*6th July.* "B" TEAM 89 v. THORNYCROFTS ATHLETIC CLUB 76.

This was the return match, the first having been won with ease by our opponents.

We batted first but lost the first wicket for two runs. Treadgold stepped into the breach and made 26 before being bowled. He saw quite a number of our boys come and go, for it was left to No. 8 (F. Kemp) to make 14 and No. 9 (B. Nicholls) 16, to help him raise the respectable score of 89.

A wicket in the first over before any runs were made put our lads on their toes, but it was not an easy game to win, for there were scores of 16, 13 and 10, to mention only the double figures, to fight against. W. Lane (5 for 39) and H. Mileham (4 for 11) were the men who did the damage, the latter had to thank three batsmen for putting the ball into safe hands. That, of course, is part of the game and a run saved in the field and a catch held is of very great use to a side.

*13th July.* "B" TEAM 56 v. ST. ANNE'S SPORTS CLUB 72.

We are pleased to welcome this team to our cricketing fold. This was the first time we had met St. Anne's, but we had to give them best on this occasion. The "B's" had the first knock and made 19 for the first wicket. After that it was a struggle, each man adding a few. Five catches were put up and held. S. Treacher (16) and E. Chandler (15) were the top notchers.

Again we started well, but five men got into the double figure column and the ninth wicket passed our total, the full score being 16 too many. H. Tozer had a long spell with the ball and took 4 for 32, Skipper Hill took 3 for 25, 11 of those runs being made in one over.

20th July. "B" TEAM III v. LOWER BURGHFIELD XI 82.

This match was on Prospect Park and our opponents had the first knock. The first ten overs (Lane and Greenaway) saw 7 runs on the board for the fall of one wicket and each bowler had three maidens. Then the score crept along, S. Murrell making 27, then L. Phillips 20. T. Wilmont got 10 not out and stayed a long time for them. Eventually Tozer had the best bowling figures, taking 5 for 25.

With three down for 18 things did not look too rosy, but Hill and Lane became associated and carried the score to 43. The latter made the best individual score of the season for the Brewery—he got 63 and here's hoping for more power to his elbow, or shoulders. The seventh wicket saw the scores equal but the next carried it up to 106 and the full total was III.

27th July. "B" TEAM 29 v. SOUTHFIELDS 59.

Having won the first match at Henley with ease, we were hoping to pull off a double on Prospect Park. Southfields won the toss and elected to bat. Rumble with 26 and Wheeler (10) made over half the side's runs and the whole side were dismissed for 59. It is only fair to add that the tail-enders were on the young side, but they certainly showed a bit of style in their batting. Tozer again bowled well and took 4 for 19. Two successive balls of his just tipped the bails off.

This total did not seem beyond our powers, especially after last week's good score, but with the exception of W. Greenaway with 10 not out, the team failed. Every credit must be given to the bowlers and the field—six catches were put up and held. Jewel had the good analysis of 5 for 13.

Now for the Inter-Departmental Tourney. The position is very interesting and some surprise results have occurred during the month.

2nd July. DELIVERY DEPARTMENT 20 FOR 7 v. W. & S. DEPARTMENT 30 FOR 9.

An evening of low scores, but in all fairness to the Delivery it must be mentioned that they were short staffed. They only batted eight men, but even then some good bats were dismissed cheaply. Tozer and Treacher bowled unchanged, the former took 3 for 6 and the latter 4 for 11.

The Wine and Spirit men were in a bad way for a time, 4 wickets being down for 7, then Nicholls took a hand and altogether

made 14, the next highest score being made by Mr. Extras with 9. That does not leave many for the rest of the team.

This result was one of the surprises and was most unexpected.

9th July. SURVEYORS DEPARTMENT 63 v. REST OF BREWERY 55 FOR 8.

The "Home" team had first innings and lost the first wicket in the opening over. Two down for 17 and then 3, 4 and 5 for 32; then the total mounted to 63, when time was called. Cardwell 19 and Hawkins 10 were the men to reach double figures. Farrance took 6 for 18, with 5 maidens out of 11 overs.

The Rest only had 9 men and Farrance played a captain's innings with 19 to his credit, whilst Benham also reached double figures. The extras were very heavy, 15 being given away. Hillier took 5 for 18. Chandler had an over and one ball, 4 runs off one ball and 2 wickets was his record.

16th July. OFFICES 71 v. W. & S. DEPARTMENT 38.

The Offices took first knock and thanks to good batting by W. Greenaway (23) and Broad (17) made a respectable total of 71 for 9 when time elapsed. Tozer maintained his good bowling efforts, taking 6 for 27.

Broad bowled well and took 7 for 15. The Wine Stores after a poor start pulled themselves together and for a time made a real fight of it, but a collapse set in and the total only amounted to 38. C. Main with 11 was the top weight.

25th July. SURVEYORS 70 v. OFFICES 59.

The Surveyors won the toss and naturally elected to bat, but lost the first wicket through a good throw-in during the first over. It was the fifth wicket, however, that did the damage, they raised the score from 19 to 50. F. Chandler and J. Hillier each made 22. J. Doe, who was acting as captain, took 5 for 26.

The Offices lost their first wicket for one run, then W. Greenaway and J. Doe took the total along to 25—the former made 22 and the latter stopped at the unlucky 13. E. C. Greenaway took 6 for 27 and, in 4 overs (3 maidens), Whitmore took 3 for 4. It was a good evening's cricket.

30th July. WINE STORES 65 v. REST OF BREWERY 45.

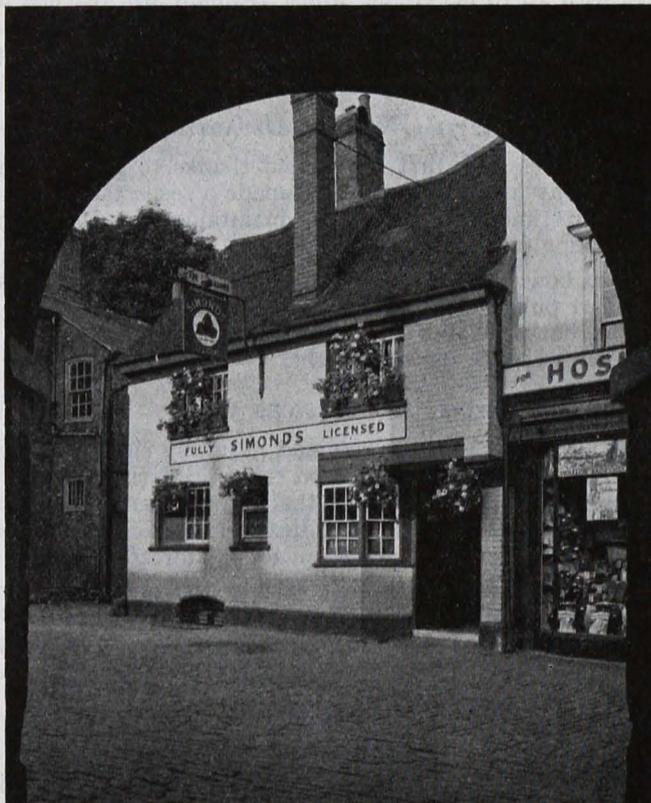
The Wine Stores again came out top. They had first knock and had made 38 for 8 when Tozer and Pannell got together and they took the score along to 65 before the latter was run out with 10 to his credit. Tozer made 20 not out.

The Rest could not make much of the bowling and no double figures were recorded. Tozer 3 for 26, Osborne 3 for 16 and then Mulcock came along and finished the innings off with 4 for 3.

The Surveyors having won three are leaders at present, but the Delivery Office have to play the Offices and should they win, it will be a case of "Averages" to settle on winner of the league.

A number of questions have been raised concerning Rule II. The "Runs scored per match" naturally are those For and Against—the same as goal averages in a football league.

J.W.J.



If you are passing High Wycombe way don't omit to call in at "The Antelope," where you will receive a warm welcome and the best of beers, which are, of course, Simonds.

## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Pride of place in last month's HOP LEAF GAZETTE was occupied by our friend Mr. R. Paice. Although, comparatively speaking, almost a newcomer to Reading, he has settled down and is now properly acclimatised. Since his arrival at The Brewery he has become very well known and has worked hard and assiduously in the many districts he covers during his occupation as a Traveller on behalf of the Firm. He has had plenty of experience at Farnborough and elsewhere. His friends are many and without doubt he is very popular with everyone.

The staff outing which was reported in the last issue gives one a good idea of the event. Nevertheless, the real good humour and splendid way in which everything went off cannot be described adequately. It was voted a huge success and I feel sure everyone who made this trip was of opinion that it was the best ever. The river, which in these days of progress and speed does not get the support it should, was a thing of joy and not easily forgotten. The trip to Wallingford on the *River Queen* was a real delight and it would be hard to find anything which could give more pleasure. After the river trip we were conveyed to our destination, viz., Sandford-on-Thames, by more modern transport (motor coach) which being up-to-date was comfortable and cosy. The "feed" at the King's Arms Hotel was splendid and Mr. J. W. Birt is to be congratulated on providing such an excellent repast which was enjoyed by everyone. Our friend (and everyone else's), Mr. C. B. Cox, was in excellent form and those who know him will fully realise what this means, for he was the life and soul of the party. Although it is early yet, it is certain that those who made the trip are looking forward to something similar next year. The staff work was really good and Mr. T. W. Bradford deserves our best thanks.

Last month we were shown, both by photographs and a description in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, the new Grosvenor House Hotel, Caversham. In January, 1934, a band of hopeful "pilgrims of the night," viz., Mr. E. C. Bartlett, Mr. F. W. Freeman, Mr. C. G. Lawrence, Mr. A. T. Walsh, Mr. Ellaway (of Messrs. Blandy & Blandy, Solicitors, Reading) and your humble servant, armed with nothing more than photographs of the suggested new house and lists for signatures "for those in favour," visited each house on Caversham Heights within reasonable distance of where the Grosvenor House was going to be built, and met with remarkable success, for we obtained well over 500 signatures and many promises of support. As Caversham Heights is purely a residential area

this was perhaps somewhat surprising, especially as we beat "the other side" by a large margin. Eventually the new licence was granted and confirmed by the local Magistrates. At the court, one of the opposition witnesses paid a tribute to the persuasiveness of the canvassers, so we feel we all did our very best. Our experiences were varied and in some cases very humorous. Fortunately the weather kept fine whilst we were engaged in this occupation, but it was bitterly cold. Nevertheless, we were warmly welcomed in many houses and in consequence we felt well rewarded.

Now that the house has actually opened, it is pleasing to note the great success that has attended it. Everyone who has paid a visit wants to go again for it is really a wonderful place. It would be hard to find more pleasant surroundings and it is a lovely and comfortable house. It was quite a common event directing people to "The Grosvenor" after the opening and for several days I was asked the way. Now people seem to know its whereabouts and everyone is charmed with the way it is built and the splendid comfort provided.

Just recently I have been reading a book on football entitled "Goal," and it is written by Mr. Sydney Horler. It so happens a friend of mine, Mr. George Horler, lives quite near to me and doubtless local football enthusiasts remember his games for Reading, West Ham and Fulham. On reading the aforementioned book I came across the following account. It was an article supposed to be written in the local newspaper concerning a wonderful centre forward that had been signed on and was said to have been written by the "Man in the Stand." It then goes on to say in the book that the "Man in the Stand" was none other than the famous football critic, Jimmy Dunster. Later on a gentleman comes to the rescue of the club, in a financial sense, and his name is Mr. Armitage. It so happens that a Mr. Armitage is on the directorate of the Reading Football Club and was recently chairman. It seemed to me that this book was a chapter of coincidences.

Quite recently, owing to the very warm weather, that very rare bird, the straw hat, has been seen in and out of The Brewery but, truth to tell, in some cases the vintage has been either 1933 or 1934.

Owing to the splendid weather the staff, on their return from holidays, have shown in no uncertain manner that they have held their place in the sun for a short while and the favourite coloured face, at the moment, is nigger brown. It is to be hoped that all who have been so fortunate to find the weather on its best behaviour will by this means be built up to stand the hardships of the forthcoming winter.

Glad to say Mr. H. Osborne has returned to duty and feeling much better than for a long time past. I understand our friend Mr. J. Webb is better and progressing slowly.

We are very glad to be so busy at The Brewery this summer and every department seems to be working at very high pressure owing to the great demand for our products.

Football will soon be here once again and from all accounts Reading should have a good side this season. We all hope it will be good enough to win the league and that promotion awaits the team at the finish. I believe I am correct in saying that that very well-known footballer, Mr. Billy Wedlock, is a tenant of one of Messrs. W. J. Rogers' houses at Bristol.

Apropos of sport in general, we at Reading have been watching with considerable delight the progress of a Reading lad who is playing for Warwickshire this season, viz., Dollery. He seems to be doing very well in his first season of first class cricket and a great deal is hoped of him. He also plays football for Reading during the winter.

#### DEATHS.

We have a number of deaths to report this month and to all relatives we extend our most sincere sympathy.

Mr. W. A. Smith (Off Licence), 34-36 King's Road, Caversham, died on the 6th July. I counted Mr. Smith as a personal friend and was very sorry to hear of his passing. His brother, Mr. George Smith (the well-known entertainer) is tenant of the George Hotel, Basingstoke. Bill Smith was quite a good sort and liked by everyone. He had been a tenant of the Firm since the end of 1924.

Mrs. Dennis, The Pin and Bowl, Wokingham, died on the 7th July and was wife of the tenant of this house. Mrs. Dennis had been at the Pin and Bowl since 1922.

Mrs. Jones, Two Brewers, Newbury, died on the 13th July and was wife of our tenant at this house.

Mr. A. J. Blowers, of the South Western Hotel, Aldershot, who died during July, although not a tenant of the Firm, was very well known to many at The Brewery. For many years he was at the Wheatsheaf Hotel, Friar Street, Reading, being employed by Capt. P. P. Capelli and whilst there had many occasions to come in contact with The Brewery, particularly in connection with outside catering.

#### CHANGES OF TENANTS.

We have to record the following changes and transfers during the month of July and to all we wish every success :—

The Elm Tree, Heston (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. W. Haywood.

The Jolly Gardeners, Hampton (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. A. C. Burford.

The Bolton Arms, Kingsclere (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. T. Prout.

The Crown Hotel, Kingsclere (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. E. M. Bodenham.

The Morning Star, High Wycombe (Wheelers Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. B. I. Carter.

The Bricklayers Arms, Coley Place (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. T. J. Allen.

The Royal Oak, College Town, Camberley (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. E. W. Sweet.

Congratulations to Mr. A. S. G. Adams of the Horn Castle, Bath Road, Reading, whose wife presented him with a son on the 8th July.

Mr. W. Giddy, who is now at Salisbury Branch, used to be employed by Messrs. W. J. Rogers Ltd., Bristol, at their South Wales Branch, over 30 years ago.

#### THE LATE ALDERMAN WEBB.

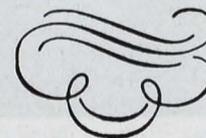
It is with deep regret that we record the death of Alderman A. W. A. Webb, J.P., which occurred suddenly at his residence in May's Lane, Earley, last month, at the age of 69 years. He had not been in his usual good health for a day or two, and returning from a meeting of the Public Assistance Committee on Tuesday evening he complained of feeling unwell. He went to bed and apparently passed away in his sleep.

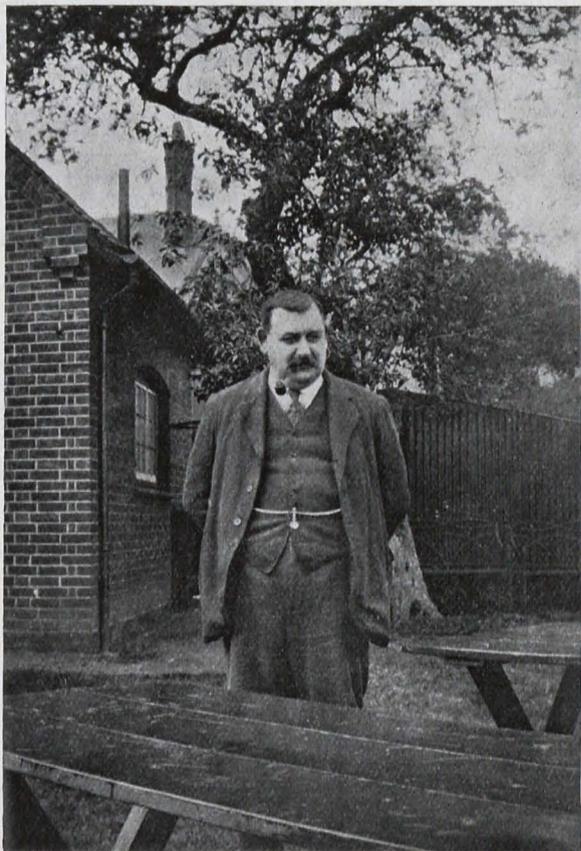
Alderman Webb, who had been a member of the Reading Town Council for nearly twenty-nine years, was one of the most popular figures in the municipal life of the town, and he will be sadly missed from the many Council committees upon which he served and the various organisations with which he was associated, for his

kindliness and sympathy won him the admiration, friendship and respect of all sections of the community. His work among boys and among school children about to earn their livelihood will not readily be forgotten. No one indeed had a better friend in Alderman Webb than the young folk. The sympathy of the citizens will be extended to Mrs. Webb and her family in the heavy bereavement they have suffered. It was only three years ago—on New Year's Day, 1932—that Alderman and Mrs. Webb celebrated fifty years of happy married life. He leaves one son, Mr. Arthur William Webb, and two daughters, one a war widow. His elder son, Charles, died on the last day of the war.

#### HIS BUSINESS CAREER.

Born in Reading, Mr. Webb came from a well-known local family. In 1880 he went to Earley, where he later had a confectioner's shop, and in 1896 he became landlord of "The Tudor," in Greyfriars Road, afterwards taking over the "Three Tuns," at Earley. He left the latter house in 1923. He was one of the founders of the Licensed Victuallers' Trade Stores, being secretary and manager at the time of his death. As secretary of the Reading and District Licensed Victuallers' Trades Protection and Benevolent Association and sub-agent for the Western Counties District of the National Trade Defence League he worked hard to further the interests of the licensees in the town. He was afterwards appointed Trustee of the Reading Association.





The late Mr. Frank Butler of the "Star,"  
Caversham.

#### LICENSEES VISIT THE BREWERY.

Members of the Reading and District Licensed Victuallers Association (Women's Auxiliary) and their friends, numbering over 100, recently visited the Brewery, Reading, and were greatly interested in all they saw, particularly the up-to-date machinery and the spick and span manner in which every utensil was kept. In fact, cleanliness seemed to be the motto at the Brewery.

After being thus shown round, and spending not only an enjoyable but a very instructive time, the company adjourned to the Social Club, where a nice tea awaited them.

Smith's well-appointed coaches conveyed the company thence to the "Three Pigeons," Gerrards Cross. Here the visitors sat down to an excellent meat tea provided by Mrs. Bunce, and afterwards took a stroll around the orchard, sampling cherries. A few games were also indulged in.

Mr. Harry Hawkins made one of his humorous little speeches which created much merriment. He thanked Messrs. H. & G. Simonds for their generous contribution towards making the outing the great success it had undoubtedly proved to be.

Three hearty cheers were then given for Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.

Cigarettes were distributed and then a move was made for home, calls being made at "The Black Prince," Princes Risborough, and "The Cross Keys," Marlow, on the way.

Mrs. Smart, of the "London Tavern," and Mrs. Moore, of the "Bugle," Reading, are to be congratulated on their successful organization of the outing. Nor must we forget Mr. C. Bennett for his invaluable advice and friendly assistance so readily given.

The photograph of the party was taken in the Brewery Yard.



### THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The Scotsman's small son returned from school for the Christmas holidays.

"Father," he said, "you remember you promised me ten bob if I came out top of the form during this term? Well, I am top."

The parent reluctantly took the necessary note from his wallet, grumbling: "Well, here you are, but don't work so hard next term. I don't want you to have a nervous breakdown."

\* \* \* \*

The branch manager approached the assistant cashier's desk. "Where's the head cashier?" he asked.

"Gone to the races, sir," said the young man.

"What," exclaimed the manager. "Gone to the races in business hours? Never heard of such a thing."

"Yes, sir," said the other. "You know it's the audit tomorrow and he says it's his last chance of getting the books to balance."

\* \* \* \*

Sandy was observed one morning walking along the street wearing a look of gloom and muttering to himself: "What a player!"

When a friend stopped and asked him why he repeatedly used these words, Sandy dolefully explained.

"It was like this," he said. "Last night I was playing bridge with a young partner who kept making the most outrageous bids. At one time he went up to 'Five no trumps.' Mon, I was so annoyed that I burst out, 'If you make it I'll stand champagne all round.'"

Here Sandy pulled out the linings of his trousers pockets and gave a hollow groan: "What a player! What a player!"

\* \* \* \*

During the day Mrs. Brown discharged her old maid and engaged a new one, who answered the door-bell when Mr. Brown arrived home in the evening. He carried a bunch of roses, which he handed to the maid, saying: "Present these to Mrs. Brown, and tell her I want to see her at once."

"All right," said the maid, "but you'd better make it snappy, because she expects the old man any minute now."

\* \* \* \*

A Bermondsey Borough Council road-sweeper was pushing his barrow eastwards along Tooley Street on a miserable, wet day. A bus pulled up alongside him and the driver, seeing the letters B.B.C. on the barrow, shouted out: "D'you belong to the same firm that broadcast this bloomin' weather last night?"

"Yus," replied the sweeper. "And I'm the depression you 'eard abaht last night . . . now moving eastwards!"

\* \* \* \*

Macgregor had invited his friend Macpherson to have a drink. "Say when," he said, and poured a wee drop into the glass. Macpherson was silent. Cautiously Macgregor poured out another drop, and there was silence again.

"Did you hear about the fire at the mill?" said Macgregor suddenly.

"When?" said Macpherson, innocently.

Macgregor put the bottle down with a sigh of relief.

\* \* \* \*

Jones saw a shilling on the floor of the big store. Glancing round cautiously to see that no one was looking, he took his handkerchief from his pocket, dropped it over the coin, then bent down, intending to pick up both coin and handkerchief. But the coin stuck fast to the floor, and Jones rose hastily as he heard the shop assistant approaching.

"Excuse me, sir," said the assistant, "but now that you have tested the powers of our wonderful glue, maybe you would care to buy a bottle?"

\* \* \* \*

A very corpulent man was walking one day in the East End of London, when a little girl ran round a corner and charged into him. She fell down, and the man stooped and picked her up. "There, there, my dear," he said, trying to stop her tears. "You will soon be all right. You are more frightened than hurt. What is your name?"

"Mary," she sobbed out.

"Ah," said the man kindly, "I have a little Mary."

"Not 'arf yer ain't," cried the child, "and it 'urts."

\* \* \* \*

SANDY: "Can I use yer mangle a minute, Mrs. McGregor?"

MRS. MCGREGOR: "Aye, but what for d'ye want it?"

SANDY: "I just want tae clean oot ma tooth paste tube."

\* \* \* \*

The prosecuting counsel had encountered a rather difficult witness. At length, exasperated by the man's evasive answers, he asked him if he was acquainted with any of the jury.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness. "More than half of them."

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" demanded the man of law.

The other thought quickly. "If it comes to that," he replied, "I am willing to swear that I know more than all of 'em put together."

\* \* \* \*

A member once brought to his West End club a visitor very tubby in figure and with a beetroot complexion. Noticing him, one member asked another, "Who is that chap?"

"Colonel V—," was the reply.

"Is he a full Colonel?"

"Generally," was the reply.

\* \* \* \*

A railway employee was notified he was to serve on a jury and he didn't want to serve. When his name was called he asked the judge to excuse him. "We are very busy at the shops," said he, "and I ought to be there."

"So you are one of those men who think the railway couldn't get along without you," remarked the judge.

"No," said the man. "I know it could get along without me, but I don't want it to find it out."

"Excused," said the judge.

\* \* \* \*

A negro who was well known to the judge had been hauled into court on a charge of having struck a relative with a brick. After the usual preliminaries the judge inquired

"Why did you hit this man?"

"Jedge, he called me a black rascal."

"Well, you are one, aren't you?"

"Yes, sah, maybe I is one. But, jedge, s'pose someone should call you a black rascal, wouldn't you hit 'em?"

"But I'm not one, am I?"

"Naw, sah, naw, sah, you ain't one; but s'pose someone'd called you de kind of rascal you is, what'd you do?"

\* \* \* \*

Some very amusing reports are sent to the Central Railway Bureau of Statistics by the owners of the little "Class 2" railways. One question that has to be answered each month is, "Have you had any collisions?"

One magnate gave the answer: "How can we have collisions when we have only one train?"

\* \* \* \*

HUSBAND: "Dinner isn't ready?"

WIFE: No, I've been shopping all day."

"Looking for something for nothing, I suppose."

"If you like, dear. I was trying to get you a present."

\* \* \* \*

"So your wife takes in washing?" the judge asked a man who was up for vagrancy. "What do you do?"

"Well, judge," explained the accused, "I takes in the washin', the old woman does the washin', I takes the washin' back, the old woman collects the money and I talks her out of most of it."

\* \* \* \*

An English comedian, who prided himself upon his ability to speak the Scottish dialect like a native, was invited to a dinner party by an Edinburgh man. During the evening the comedian told some stories in his best Scots accent, and then, thinking to spring a surprise on the party, he said to his host:

"What part of Scotland would you say I come from?" The host looked dubious. "Penzance?" he asked.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Fitzsmith had two "stars" at her social gathering—Schpuntz the pianist, and Bumpfeller the phrenologist.

"Listen!" said Mrs. Fitzsmith, just before the latter entered the room. "I'm going to let the Professor feel Schpuntz's bumps. He's a wonder! I'll wager anything he'll be able to tell that Schpuntz is a musician!"

Excitement ran high. Bumpfeller entered and began playing a five-finger exercise that would have done credit to Schpuntz himself on the musician's classic head.

"Here," he began, "is a practical business man, a man of great common sense, with no nonsense about him. No wasteful arts for him; no wanderings in the realms of fancy; no dreamer of—"

He caught the hostess's pleading eye. She was playing scales upon her lap.

"Ah," he concluded, "this man lives by the skill of his hands. I should say he is one of the most expert typists in the kingdom!"

Mr. Parrott wanted the picture hung to the right of the mirror; Mrs. Parrott wanted it hung to the left. For once he proved the victor, and Joseph, the gardener, was summoned to hang the picture according to his orders.

Obediently Joseph drove in a nail on the right, as directed. This done, he also drove one in the wall on the left.

"What is the second nail for?" Mr. Parrott demanded.

"To save me the trouble of fetching the ladder again tomorrow," said Joseph.

\* \* \* \*

A man was strolling down the main street of the town, holding a large dog by a leash, when he met a friend. The talk turned from one thing to another, and at last the discussion turned on the merits of the dog.

"Yes," said the owner, "that dog can smell a bird a mile away."

"Indeed!" said his friend, incredulously.

He glanced at the dog and was surprised to see the animal sniffing nervously.

"That dog acts as if a bird were under his nose, and there isn't a bird anywhere near," he said.

The owner looked perplexed.

Upon seeing some other men in conversation, he approached one of them and inquired, "Pardon me, sir, but have you a bird in your pocket?"

"No," answered the man.

The owner of the dog was puzzled, but, after a few moments of deep thought, he said, "Excuse me, but what is your name?"

"Partridge."

"Ah!" exclaimed the owner to his friend, "you see, that explains it."

\* \* \* \*

"Here!" called out Reginald, the office wit, to the new boy. "Run over to Nibs and Dibs and get three pennyworth of pigeon's milk. Here's half-a-crown; bring the change back to me and be quick about it."

The boy set out, but did not return for some time. When he did get back the manager was giving orders to Reginald. But the boy knew nothing of office etiquette, so he stepped between them and produced a live pigeon. "Here you are," he said. "Mr. Nibs said you can jolly well milk the bird yourself—and there's no change."

There were two passengers in the railway carriage, and the chatty little man in the corner started the conversational ball rolling.

"Going far?" he asked affably.

"Oh, no, only to Scotland," replied the other, who hated talking to strangers, and wished to snub this one. "I'm a commercial traveller. My age is forty-one. I have been married ten years and have two children—Mary and John. My daughter has red hair. I have a Sealyham dog, named James. Is there anything else?"

The other smiled amiably. "What oil do you use for your tongue?" he inquired.

\* \* \* \*

"Hey diddle diddle, the stamp's in the middle," wrote a wit below the half-penny postage stamp which he placed on the flap of the envelope of a printed notice of a golf meeting.

"Diddle dum dey, there's 2d. to pay," added a facetious clerk as he surcharged the letter.

\* \* \* \*

One year when the newspaper men were meeting in conference they received a telegram of greeting from the Fish and Chip Merchants in session at Blackpool, which ended, "Our business is wrapped up in yours."

\* \* \* \*

A War Office clerk once addressed a letter, "The Intelligent Officer," instead of "The Intelligence Officer," and was reproved by an irate General in the following terms: "Don't you know, sir, there is no such thing in the army as an intelligent officer?"

\* \* \* \*

The new wife was trying hard to impress the country town with her knowledge of Society ways when she asked her husband's coal merchant if he delivered his coals à la carte or cul de sac.

\* \* \* \*

An American's comparison of American and English politics: American politicians will do anything for money. English politicians won't; they just take the money and won't do a thing!

\* \* \* \*

"Have you any alarm clocks?" inquired a customer. "What I want is one that will arouse father without waking the whole family."

"I don't know of any such alarm clock as that, madam," said the man behind the counter. "We keep just the ordinary kind that will awake the whole family without disturbing father."

## BRANCHES.

### LONDON.

A recent acquisition by the Firm is the well known "Devereux" (20 Devereux Court, Strand) famous equally for the excellent fare and liquors provided, as for its patrons. The following contribution has been specially written for this journal:—

THE DEVEREUX—A MEMOIR—(by a Grateful Customer).

No sooner have I set pen to paper than I find myself in a quandary! That word *customer*.

I had first written in its stead the word "member"; for there are those of us who have known the Devereux so long and become so attached to it, and its myriad associations, that we are almost, as it were, "members" of the Devereux—"members" of a huge club, flung across the world, ever changing but never waning.

We live in a changing world by the mere necessity of our humanity. But further, we live in an age when change is paramount and that which was thought to be new and useful yesterday is out-of-date and scrapped to-day—but with some exceptions, including (the Lord be praised) the Devereux.

During the hundreds of years that you have stood there, Devereux, under different names, vicissitudes of fortune, and heir to all the ills of mankind, you have not changed substantially. In this age of rush and scurry you breathe the air of a more leisured generation. Once within your door time stands still awhile, and we breathe again of peace!

It has been competently estimated that nearly a quarter of a million footsteps—two hundred and fifty thousand footsteps—use Fleet Street, Temple Bar and the Strand while the clock makes its double journey from midday to midday. And there, quietly tucked away, yet accessible to all, between the Temple and the Strand—"Between journalism and the law"—you have your ever-living story to tell—and what a story.

Stretching over nearly three hundred years in different guises, you can tell of tragedy and uproarious humour, of wisdom and of folly, of giants and of gnomes.

In the words of our host, whom we have known so long, "The old house has seen them all pass—the giants and the geniuses, the dunces and the dwarfs." Each and all of these have left a mark on you, Devereux, and it is for fear, perhaps, that many of your associations may be ultimately lost that I have been asked to put them on record.

In one way or another you feature in nearly every text-book on London which is worth while reading. Text-books by the score tell how you stand on what was once part of the London estate of the great Earl of Essex, and a visit will show the bust of the Earl of Essex himself—attributed to be the work of Caius Gabriel Cibber—dominating the Devereux Court, off Essex Street, Strand.

That you were known to generations of famous men—Sir Isaac Newton, Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, Foote, Pope, Akenside and even the immortal Johnstone—as the “Grecian” Coffee House (because you were then the property of a Greek) is also London history. It was Steele that described you thus, “I date all galantry from ‘White’s’, all poetry from ‘Wills’s’, foreign and domestic news from ‘St. James’s’ and all learned articles from the ‘Grecian’”.

Thus, in olden days, your chronicles were well kept and if of more recent years they have fallen into arrears, it has been for the lack of a chronicler rather than the lack of material to make a chronicle.

You enter the official Register of Licensed Premises in the year 1842, known then as the Eldon after the late Lord Eldon. In 1916 you take your last change of name and become the ‘Devereux.’

During the 25 years that they have been host and hostess behind your handsome old pewter bar, Devereux, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Salmon, followed in the same tradition by their son Harold and his wife, have done three things pre-eminently well.

They have cared for you as parents care for their only child.

They have cared for their customers as only those who have been born into the noble tradition of the English Innholder know how.

Let these two achievements speak for themselves.

It is of the third that I would speak, and that is their Visitors’ Book, and the minute care with which they have kept it.

It is in turning over these pages that the boisterous fun of by-gone laughter echoes down the years. Yesterday becomes to-day again and the vanished years, the present.

Anthony Praga, whose writing must be known to hundreds of thousands, sets the ball rolling:—

“You wait upon this evening, cold and clear  
and nourish dreams on Simonds’ Reading beer.  
You wake upon this morning, cold and clear,  
and all your liver screams out “Simonds Beer!”

Thence, almost immediately, we are rushed into the hurly-burly of War.

Louis Kight, one of the finest of the many fine craftsmen who have been inmates of the Devereux, contributes a striking water-colour of Arras after the second bombardment, at sunset. Beneath he has written in his own hand “Let’s be thankful the Devereux is not in Arras and *never never* forget what London has been spared. Further—never, never forget the hateful Hun and his hellish works!”

Strange, bitter words in our ears to-day, but his work is signed “August, 1918.”

So this pageant of talent, which at one time or another has been familiar with the Devereux, continues and like all things else reaches its zenith; it is the Ballade written at the Bridge of Allan. It is signed Pte. 356419, 9th H.L.I. Its envoy is dedicated to a newspaper proprietor and the Ballade runs thus:—

## I.

“You ask me how I manage to consume  
So many beers and whiskies multiplied,  
Why I stand firm and rigid as a broom  
While others gently sway from side to side.  
Why from the phrase “Ferriferous Vermicide”  
My tongue, all unembarrassed, does not shrink—  
Then hear my City’s boast, my calling’s pride:  
It was in Fleet Street that I learnt to drink.

## II.

“Not mine the glory! From the narrow tomb  
Call the strong voices of the men that plied  
Their starveling trade along the street of doom  
and on its heedless walls were crucified:  
Yet grasped a little laughter e’er they died,  
Drowned deep in dole and debt and printer’s ink  
And with proud note above their torment cried  
‘It was in Fleet Street that I learned to drink.’

## III.

“The strong have lived, even now through Eden’s bloom,  
I watch the cocoa-coloured serpent glide,  
The mighty drinkers of old time make room  
For prigs in whom the very soul has dried.  
Forget them! Still for us the world is wide  
Here’s to my comrades, to the boys that clink  
The glass from Asiago to Coxsyde—  
It was in Fleet Street that I learnt to drink!”

## Envoy—

(To a Newspaper Proprietor)

"Prince, you have taken bribes, blackmailed and lied,  
Your horrid vices to the heavens stink,  
Yet by this thing our craft is justified,  
It was in Fleet Street that I learnt to drink."

No man with any discrimination can read that and fail to recognise the hall-mark of genius—and a genius he was who wrote it, for Private 356419 of the 9th Highland Light Infantry was no less a person than Mr. Cecil Chesterton, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton's younger and equally brilliant brother. Those who knew him will realise the pride with which he signed himself "Private" and when death came to him as a soldier, he ended with his life a tremendous epoch of journalism. Had he lived, who knows . . . ?

And to more cheerful things! We follow on with another Ballade, this time by "Bill" Titterton, a man of Chesterton's own following, and while he churns out his rhymes another "Bill"—Bill Farrow—with mediaeval humour caricatures him on the next page.

As the pages turn so do fresh memories arise: here are the names of Mr. Haydn Coffin and Sir Walford Davies; here is Peter Warlock (Philip Heseltine) one of the greatest musicians of his generation. He was often here with companions to wrangle and to laugh. In this same bar he contributed a caricature of himself, which is preserved, only a little time before he shocked the world by so untimely an end.

It was in his company that an acquaintance, meeting Mrs. Salmon just before closing time, requested her to drink with him. Said Mrs. Salmon "There will be no time for me to return the compliment." "Never mind, but there will be" said Peter Warlock's companion, and he called for a quart and drank it right down in a "sconce"—but Mrs. Salmon only allowed him to pay for a pint!!

There have been some wonderful happenings in your little bar, Devereux. Years ago when "Jack" now Sir John Squire, first founded and edited the famous *London Mercury*, a "school" of poets and authors, too illustrious now to mention by name, were gathered around your bar. There might have been ten, there might have been fifteen. One, however, could not pay for his "round." He sat down at table, he wrote a poem, "Jack" bought it for the *London Mercury* and the poet bought his round of drinks!!

And for a valediction, let us take this from the Devereux Visitors' Book. Now famous, the words were originally scribbled on the back of an envelope. They are spontaneous, they are anonymous and they are true:—

"Remembrance is a flower. It shall not fade if  
love's tears water it,  
These other flowers will languish in the shade,  
Shall droop and die when winter's lamps are lit,  
Remembrance is a flower which cannot fade  
While love's tears water it."

And do *you* believe them when they tell you that the age of Minstrelsy is dead? The minstrel sings still at the Devereux and what is more, in this age of greed, he is sufficiently pleased to be allowed to sing and does not stay even to sign his name!

DRINK DEEP. LIVE LONG. DIE HAPPY,

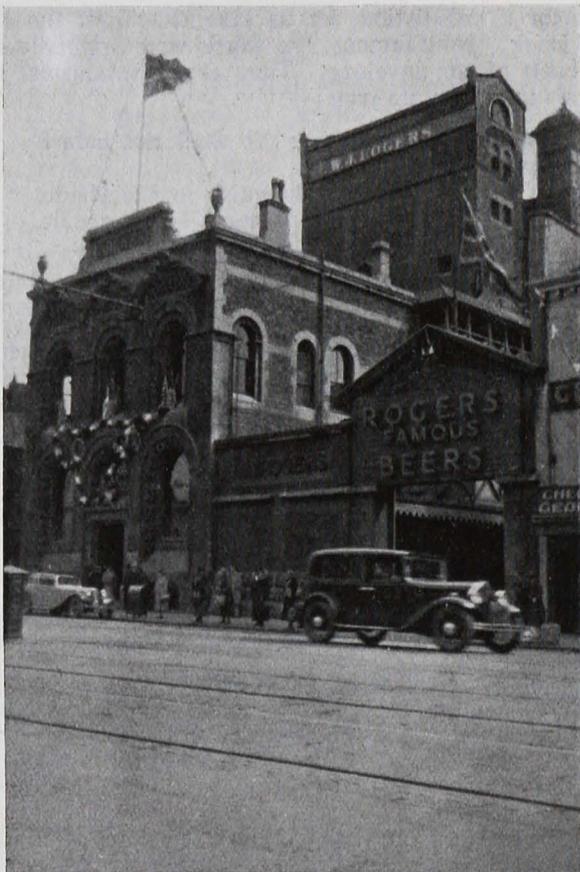
Vale!!

## THE BREWERY, BRISTOL.

Many thanks, Mr. Editor, for your invitation to contribute to the GAZETTE "bill-of-fare." As we make our modest bow before the rising curtain we hope the audience will excuse any little flaw or omission which more matured "Hopleafites" would not be guilty of.

We hope to give from time to time a few notes of interest from Gloucestershire and Somerset, and perhaps even Wales. As you no doubt know, it is not easy to stimulate outside interests to such an extent that all are on the look out for good "copy" to send to you. Now, you old stagers and "new-borns" of the Jacob Street establishment—with its many sided and varied interests—send in your snaps, your hatches and matches (of every description) and we'll do the blending and bottling for you. Publicity is valuable to everyone to-day. Mark your envelopes "Hop Leaf Gazette" and see yourselves as others see you!!

First of all—for those readers who know us not—we have managed, with the first-aid help of our worthy Brewer, to get hold of a snap of the offices and a small portion of the Brewery premises as viewed from Old Market Street. When next at Bristol, follow the tramlines—in time you're bound to find us.



The Brewery from Old Market Street.

This brings us to another yarn, concerning folks this way, and proves that even Gloucester men may sometimes go astray :—

Said Simple Simon to a pieman wending Bristol way  
 “ May I Hop up, and by your Leaf, I’ll surely cheer your day?  
 My dusty throat is far too dry to mastigate your pies  
 But soon we’ll reach old Clifton’s Bridge, where GENERAL  
 DRAPER lies.

There I’ll PILOT you around, where Hotwells’ river flows,  
 And guide you towards those cheery ARMS which every  
 MERCHANT knows.

Soon we’ll quaff those golden ales of noted Simonds brew  
 Till every nut brown pie of yours has disappeared from view.

Bristol men may come and go, but we’ll not heed or slack  
 Till Great George strikes the hour of ten—and then we’ll journey  
 back.”

“ Fair project, Sim ” cried Pieman Jim, “ jump up and let’s be  
 gone.

We’ll beat the tide to Avon’s pride and see the sights old son.”  
 So off they sped towards tower and spire, through Portway’s  
 vales they dashed,

Till high above their eyes, that span, from cliff to cliff, was  
 passed.

Then straight towards that circled Leaf, old Dobbin simply tore,  
 Till Jim and Sim in dire distress could gasp and pull no more.  
 But safe they reached that haven fair, supporting one another  
 And up its steps they gaily ran, like each had found a brother.

“ Two large S.B.’s ” the pieman cried, and soon with foaming glass  
 Each toasted deep the others weal—and so an hour did pass.

They’d more S.B.’s, then Berry Brown and I.P.A. as well  
 And all did mark their deep content, but nothing marred its spell,  
 Till Pieman Jim said “ Now friend Sim, who says a pie old son ? ”  
 And to the “ Draper’s ” door he went—the pies and cob were  
 gone !!

“ Oh me, Oh my, we’re done,” he shouts, “ who’s run off with  
 my pies ? ”

And Clifton Down to Bedminster re-echoed with his cries.  
 Soon both were seeking left then right, ’long Avon’s banks and  
 braes,

They ran and tore, they stopped and swore, in alley and bye-ways.  
 The news they spread with HOPE and dread and often  
 ANCHORED up

While GEORGE & DRAGON, SWAN and BRIDGE, all helped  
 to fill the cup.

They found BLACK HORSES everywhere, and JOCKEYS by  
 the score

A HORSE & GROOM with THREE HORSE SHOES, but none  
 could tell them more.

The MAYOR’S ARMS at last they spied, posh in his NEW CUT  
 rig.

“ Let’s fill his GOLDEN BOWL,” said Sim, “ maybe he’s seen  
 the gig.”

But vain their hope, no sign or sound had reached that worthy’s  
 door

He recommended pieman Jim to see the CHANCELLOR.  
 For his advice—tho’ sick at heart with HOPE deferred so long  
 The pair did render many thanks—e’en ended with a song.

“ Excelsior ” they bravely cried—“ and three S.B.’s as well,  
 You must excuse our haste old boy, we’ve many folks to tell.

With STANDARD high, and SCEPTRE by, all polished up anew  
We'll drift along to BRISTOL BRIDGE, so Mr. MAYOR adieu."  
But strange to tell—old pals they met, and new ones, all so kind—  
No Hop Leaf friend could ease their pain or tranquilise their  
mind.

" 'Tis two fifteen, and we must haste the COLSTON'S ARMS  
to see

We've got to find those pies somehow before Great George strikes  
three.

And GAIETY must be our goal throughout this trying round  
For HIT OR MISS we'll end our search when CHRISTMAS  
STEPS are found."

So off they journeyed citywards, towards where the Hop Leaf  
glows,

On every hand fresh signs they met, the signs that " SIMONDS "   
shows.

And each and everywhere they went, where Reading ales are  
drawn

They looked in here, they halted there, now weary and forlorn,  
Till last they reached Old Market Street—they couldn't believe  
their eyes!!

For there at our own Brewery steps—stood Dobbin with the pies!  
This Hotwells jest was at its best—and 'spite of Jim's endeavour  
He never found who drove his cob in that first hour of leisure.

When thirsty sighs were more than pies, 'neath S.B.'s magic spell  
When that brief hour so quickly sped—and memory as well.

But joy to tell, that day of days begun so dolefully  
Did end for both our heroes true as joyful as could be  
For every pie was quickly sold, and to their great delight  
The clock did strike just half-past six as Clifton's Bridge they  
sight.

Then to the DRAPER'S door they sped to seal their friendship  
new

In S.B., MILK STOUT, I.P.A.—those beers of HOP LEAF brew  
Which you and I, and other folks throughout our Empire's lands  
Appreciate so fully, and accept with open hands.

And there we'll leave them peacefully, forgetting all their woes,  
Just quaffing deep those glowing streams—but watching Dobbin's  
nose.

And men may come, and men may go, but they'll not heed or  
slack

Till Great George strikes the hour of ten—  
And here we'll journey back!!

#### THE LAMB HOTEL, BATH.

The city of Bath will soon be a centre of Hop Leaf activity,  
with the sign of perfection showing in many prominent parts of the

city and its suburbs, and our many friends there are finding a great  
deal of satisfaction in being able to obtain those beverages which  
are so famous throughout the world.

Our new tenant at the above hotel, in Stall Street, Mr. C. T.  
Derrick, is a very keen sportsman, and all are sure of a pleasant  
hour in his company. An old Weymouth Town captain, and a very  
popular one at that, he is sure to find many supporters when he has  
settled down. We wish him every success in his new vocation and  
recommend him to all our patrons who visit the city, whether in  
search of health, wealth or happiness.

#### THE GLASS HOUSE, BRISTOL.

At the top of Lawrence Hill, Bristol, stands the above Hop  
Leaf hostelry—a well equipped, comfortable place of refreshment  
for all, as can be gauged from our snap. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson are  
keen supporters and advertisers of " Simonds," and the increasing  
popularity of the house is due not only to the new brews, but also  
owes much to their efforts in telling their patrons about them.  
Here is another one for your note book! Comfort and service is  
the keynote at the Glass House.



The "Glass House," Lawrence Hill.

## THE A.K. TABLE SKITTLE LEAGUE.

For six years the above league has endeavoured to knit together the interests of the Jacob Street Brewery, and although from year to year its success has perhaps varied, the past year has been one of average merit, though only nine houses were able to enter for the two trophies—the League Championship Cup and the Knock-out Challenge Cup.

For the purpose of record, it may be useful to give the names of the winning teams during its brief career:—

	<i>League Champions.</i>	<i>Cup Winners.</i>
1929-30.	The Lord Chancellor	No trophy.
1930-31.	The King's Arms	The King's Arms.
1931-32.	The Lord Chancellor	The King's Arms.
1932-33.	The Old Crown	The Paxton Arms.
1933-34.	The Paxton Arms	The Golden Bowl.
1934-35.	The King's Arms	The Paxton Arms.

Very soon preliminary arrangements for the ensuing winter season will be commenced, when we hope many more of our tenants will be able to enter teams for the valuable trophies. Bristol folk are specially keen on both table skittles and the older and more strenuous form of ball skittles, which requires a full-sized alley of about 60 feet to give it full effect, and in every district new clubs are springing up. Our endeavour will be to seriously consider all such requirements to the benefit of both customers and tenants, wherever it can reasonably be of value. On the other hand, many houses have not the facilities for an alley, and to these the league offers a ready solution. Only a little enthusiasm is needed and Mr. G. Yeandel of the Globe and Foresters Inn, Portwall Lane, Bristol, the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, will be only too glad to assist and give advice to everyone interested. Don't delay, time is short—and the winter's long!!

Our telephone exchange expert wires—

“ My each-way August double ”

<b>S</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>M</b>	<b>O</b>	<b>N</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>S</b>	<b>B</b>	<b>E</b>	<b>E</b>	<b>R</b>	<b>S</b>
E							E				
L							S				
L							T				

And he should know!!

## RETIREMENT OF MR. J. H. WATTS.

The retirement of our esteemed secretary, Mr. J. H. Watts, at the end of July, after over 52 years' service with this Company

is very much regretted by us all. His record is an enviable one—from a junior clerkship in 1883 to Chief Accountant in 1902, which latter appointment he held for twenty-nine years, until in 1931 he became Secretary.

Of a quiet unassuming nature he does not seek the limelight, but everyone knows his sincerity of purpose, and many of us are deeply grateful for the help and advice he has so ungrudgingly given to all during those many years.

Both old and new friends wish him the very best of health and all good luck in that quieter sphere of usefulness which he has so fully earned.

He is succeeded by Mr. F. W. Gleed, another very old and valued servant of the Company, who has been its Chief Accountant since 1931, and commenced his service with us as far back as 1899.

## BRIGHTON.

When sending these notes Brighton is experiencing a heat wave, and on many days has registered a temperature as high as any other place in England. This has not been pleasant to work in, but has brought a stream of visitors, who have been in the sea at all hours of the day and night. A more temperate thermometer would be better for trade.

Reading have been sending contingents of visitors to Brighton, and a party from the “ Jack of Both Sides ” came down on the 7th July. They made for the “ Royal Oak,” St. James's Street, and were welcomed by the landlord, Mr. Deacon, who would like to record how pleased he was to cater for such a jolly party, and what a pleasure it was for himself and staff to attend to their requirements. The same day Mr. Wood of the “ Royal Oak,” Hampton-on-Thames, brought several of “ Simonds ” friends to make the acquaintance of Mr. Deacon and his hostelry.

After many years of loyal service as secretary of the West Tarring Working Men's Club, Mr. C. R. Vincent, on account of advancing years and failing health, has been obliged to relinquish his post to a younger man.

Fourteen years ago, Mr. Vincent found the West Tarring Club a very flourishing child. He fostered it, and with the assistance of good committee men, left it in a much more prosperous state than when he took on the post of secretary. He always had the best interests of the members at heart, and kept up the prestige of the club by adhering to the principles and rules of the Club and Institute Union.

Another loss to our Worthing clubs, is the recent death of Mr. Bert Jenkins, for some years steward of the Worthing Football and Sports Club. We deeply lament his passing.

By the time the GAZETTE again appears we shall be in the midst of Territorial Camp work. Given good weather we anticipate a record amount of business being done. The various camps around Brighton are becoming very popular with the London Troops, who find Brighton an excellent centre for their families whilst they are giving up their holiday to training.

Brighton recently gave a hearty welcome to a contingent of German ex-service men, who came to pay homage to their fellow countrymen who died in captivity in this country. The British Legion are also arranging similar visits to Germany, and thus we hope to create a better understanding between the two great nations.

---

#### WOKING.

##### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION AT BISLEY.

By the time these notes are in print, Bisley will once again be that quiet little spot in Surrey such as we know it during the greater part of the year. But what a different aspect it assumes during July, when it can truly be said that Bisley occupies a really important position on the map!

At this season we meet representatives from all parts of the world, many of whom come year by year either to witness or participate in the most important rifle shooting competition in the British Empire, the primary award of which is the King's prize of £250, together with Gold Medal and Badge. And, of course, there is a wide range of other attractive competitions, with magnificent trophies for the winners.

The writer has often wondered what feature of the meeting most impresses the mind of the casual visitor to Bisley Camp with its famous avenue of beautiful trees, and has arrived at the conclusion that it must be the strange hats worn by some of the competitors. It sounds a little unusual in these days, when many are frequently hatless; but it is probably true, nevertheless. It has been said that some of the hats worn at Bisley have served their owners for over a quarter of a century, being carefully stored away year by year in their respective lockers, to await the return of the owners, which often necessitates thousands of miles of ocean travel. But while health and strength continue, the magnet of this mecca of marksmen never fails to attract.

Here we meet students from the great Public Schools, lads in shirts and shorts, and men of middle age or more advanced years in much-worn shooting jackets. These men are as tough as iron, and have nerves of steel, and many have competed at Bisley for more years than many of us can remember.

Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, Malay States, Southern Rhodesia—in fact it would be difficult to mention any part of the British Empire which is not represented in this great assembly. There are the rows of smart club-houses nestling in their beautifully kept gardens amidst leafy trees, and their charm forms a strange contrast to the somewhat disturbing crack of the rifles on the ranges nearby.

Unfortunately, before many days are over we shall have to say "Au-revoir" to all our numerous friends and patrons at Bisley, but we shall look forward with pleasure to meeting them again next year to renew our happy associations.

---

#### PORTSMOUTH.

##### ROYAL MARINE BATTALION TO PROVIDE GUARDS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

While the Guards are engaged in army manoeuvres during August and September this year, the Royal Marines will take over their duties and be stationed at Chelsea Barracks. Detachments are being drawn from Portsmouth, Plymouth, Chatham and Deal, with Lt.-Col. T. L. Hunton of Portsmouth, a former Adjutant at Plymouth as the Commanding Officer. The Adjutant will be Capt. R. F. Cornwall of Chatham. The Portsmouth Division has been accorded the honour of supplying the colours to be used in carrying out these duties. The first guard to be mounted by the Marines at Buckingham Palace, St. James's Palace, the Bank of England, etc., will be on August 24th and the last guard mounted will be on September 17th. Guard duties are taken by the R.M. Battalion every third day. The Battalion will leave London on September 18th and on the day of departure will exercise the privilege of the Royal Marines of marching through London with colours flying, fixed bayonets and bands playing. The Lord Mayor of London has expressed his willingness to take the salute at the Mansion House on this occasion.

The Services' week at Bisley Camp this year was brought to a successful conclusion with the Royal Navy and Royal Marines inter-port revolver and rifle matches and inter-divisional shoots. Devonport gained a surprising win in the inter-port rifle match with

a total of 1,193. Portsmouth were second with 1,160 and Chatham third with 1,147. Gunner Moody was top scorer for Portsmouth with 165 and Leading Seaman Fleet next best with 164. Chatham won the inter-port revolver match with 634. Portsmouth were second with 627 (Leading Seaman Fleet being top man with 92) and Devonport third with 609. In the Marines shoot for the Duke of Edinburgh's cup, Chatham division won with 696, Portsmouth 685, Plymouth 683, Deal 679 and H.M.S. *Revenge* 621. Chatham and Plymouth tied for the Royal Marines Memorial Trophy with 27 points each ; Portsmouth had 22 points and Deal 19 points.

With the Naval Review in July (accounts of which appeared in all the daily papers), two battalions of the 9th Infantry Brigade under canvas, at Clanfield, of which we are supplying the two Officers' Messes, the two Sergeants' Messes and the combined canteen, together with the 128th Hampshire Infantry Brigade in camp at Swanage, we are pleased to be able to report a busy month for July in this district. We are looking forward to the arrival of the 145th (S.M.) Infantry Brigade, who this year do their annual training at Weymouth in August. We were also pleased to meet again Mr. F. G. Godwin, the Reading caterer, who had four large refreshment marquees at Stokes Bay for the Naval Review.

WHAT'S YOURS ?

**S**AME AS **B**EFORE.