

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

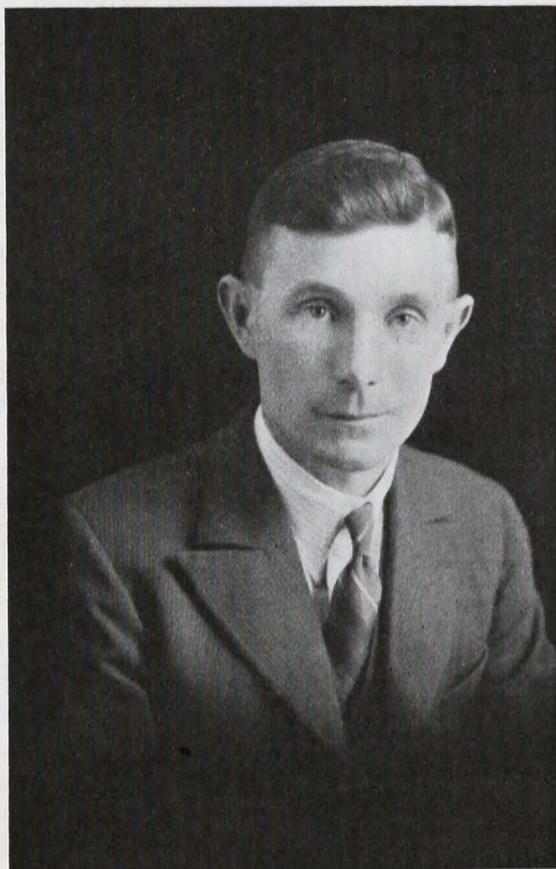
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 11



MR. R. E. WRIGHT.

MR. R. E. WRIGHT.

As our frontispiece this month we reproduce the portrait of Mr. R. E. Wright, who holds the position of Cashier at the Tamar Brewery, Devonport. He entered the Firm's employ as junior clerk in September, 1912, and for nearly 26 years he has worked his way through various departments. He has not only witnessed the wonderful development of our interests in the West, but has given of his best in the labours involved by the acquisition of breweries and large numbers of licensed properties in the area, at a period when the offices were being rebuilt and the Brewery extended. His qualifications are better known to those with whom his particular duties come directly in contact, both at Tamar and Reading, where his capacity for constructive work is fully recognised.

Probably no other member of the Staff has exhibited greater delight in the expansion of the Firm's business in Devon and Cornwall and none has spoken with greater pride than Mr. Wright of the rapid increase which recent years have seen.

In addition to his work as Cashier, Mr. Wright compiles all Trade reports and has occasionally undertaken the visiting of licensed houses and collections. Amongst other work he contributed to the change in the system of book-keeping by drafting the Sales and Returns Books which are now in use at the Tamar Brewery and have proved so successful.

Of a cheerful and happy disposition, respected by all who know him, Mr. Wright is ever ready to assist or offer the best advice that his wide experience will permit him to give, when called upon to do so.

In June, 1916, Mr. Wright joined the Royal Field Artillery and served at Portsmouth and Larkhill until being drafted to Mesopotamia in August, 1916, where he sojourned until September, 1919. He served with his unit in the field until the fall of Mosul in October, 1918, after which he was posted to the staff of General Headquarters at the 3rd Echelon at Basra and remained there until he was released for demobilisation in September, 1919. When Mr. Wright recalls his service in the land of "Mosquitoes and Dust" he often wishes H. & G. Simonds had started supplying their canned "S.B." then, as on many occasions there was a shortage of liquid refreshments.

Mr. Wright takes a keen interest in the Tamar Social Club, being one of its founders. He held the position of Treasurer of the Club for a number of years.

In sport he is a supporter of cricket and football and as an amateur enjoys active participation in these games.

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

CHAT *from*



THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)

SIMONDS GREAT FETE.

August is here—the month to which many of us have been looking forward—the month in which our great Fete is to be held at Coley Park, and a charming spot for such an event. The Fete gives everyone an opportunity to meet many friends from the Branches and Subsidiary Companies. It is indeed an occasion when members of the great family of Brewery employees can come into contact with our Directors and Heads of Departments: an occasion also when we can meet, not only for "chats of the past," but in friendly contest in Races, Tug-of-War, Push Ball, and other competitions. The Fete does indeed provide a wonderful opportunity for a grand gathering of all employees of this famous Firm of Simonds and goes far to cement that perfect unity so noticeable amongst the staffs. A glance at the bills now prominently displayed, far and wide, gives one an idea of the very comprehensive programme that has been arranged, with much forethought, for the entertainment of all—approximately three hours of Sports; an Open Darts' Tournament, in which we hope to see many of the "SIMONDS" Houses represented; Bathing and Sports Girl Beauty Contest—which is sure to be a great attraction, especially as it is to be judged by well-known Film Stars; the Beautiful Children Competition—also to be judged by the same Film Stars; the Baby Show, which always is a most attractive feature of any Fete, and also the Ladies' Ankle Competition. The Vegetable and Flower Show has its own particular charm and I would mention that though this is our Fifteenth Annual Show, competition and interest are as keen as

ever. One of the slogans of the present day being "Keep Fit," it is certain that we shall all be interested in watching the display to be given by Instructors from the Naval School of Recreational and Physical Training from Portsmouth. This display will be repeated in the evening when a good Boxing programme has been arranged, together with items by the Reading School of Physical Culture, which will include weight lifting and muscle control, and the St. John Ambulance Brigade will also give a very instructive item. The Fete would not be complete without a Military Band in attendance and we have been fortunate in obtaining the Band of the Gordon Highlanders who will charm us with their music during the afternoon and evening. Swings, Roundabouts, Cokernut Shies, Bowling, and all the fun of the fair will provide amusement for one and all, and the culmination of the day's pleasures will be a magnificent Firework Display. To partake in the draw for one of the fourteen lucky prizes you must purchase your ticket before the day at **4d.** (tickets on the day, 6d.).

This year the mammoth task of providing refreshments, luncheons, teas, etc., is being undertaken by the Firm's Catering Department. All the helpers in connection with the Fete, numbering approximately 100, are volunteers from the Firm, thus we can truly say it is a "SIMONDS FETE."

So Be THERE!

MAGGOTS IN A WILL.

More than £1,000 and 1,000,000 maggots are components of the estate of the late Mr. Albert Joseph Hainsworth, who lived in Low Ash Road, Catatone Woods, Shipley, Yorkshire. The maggots and several thousands of bluebottle flies are left, with other effects, to his son, Mr. Fred Hainsworth. The stock is kept in one of the most curious of farms, at Wroshill, Shipley. Mr. Hainsworth built a series of long, low-roofed stone buildings which house the flies. Raw meat is introduced as food for them, and the flies lay their eggs in the meat. A few days later the farm is ready to supply fishermen with irresistible bait. Mr. Fred Hainsworth intends to develop the business.

A WELL DESERVED HONOUR.

Councillor Edward T. Bowyer, our esteemed Home Trade Manager's eldest brother, has been chosen Charter Mayor of Slough. It is a signal honour, but one richly deserved for Mr. Bowyer has a fine record of public service. On no less than six occasions he has been Chairman of Slough Urban District Council. "I serve" would appear to be his motto for he is never happier than when working for the benefit of his fellow men. Slough owes him much in many ways and it must be extremely gratifying to Mr. Bowyer to know that when this unique honour was to be conferred, his fellow townsmen had no hesitation in choosing him as the recipient. It was an appropriate reward for his unselfish labours extending over many years. Next month Slough will be made a borough and the celebrations will take place provisionally on September 14th-18th. Lord Cottesloe, the Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire, will perform the Charter presentation and the occasion naturally promises to be a memorable one.

THE FROG DESCRIBED.

This essay on frogs, written by a young Norwegian and published by the Chicago Board of Education, was quoted recently by Viscountess Davidson, M.P. :

"What a wonderful bird the frog are! When he stand, he sit, almost; when he hop, he fly, almost. He ain't got no sense, hardly; he ain't got no tail, hardly, either. When he sit, he sit on what he ain't got, almost."

THE "SILENT" SERVICE.

Old Lady (*in the tram to obliging sailorman*): "Oh, thank you, but I mustn't deprive you of your seat."

Sailorman: "No depravity at all, mum, it's a pleasure."

FILMING THE LIGHTNING.

American scientists have succeeded in measuring the speed of lightning. They found that it travels at 10,000 miles a second. The observations were taken at the world's highest building—the Empire State building in the heart of New York, which is struck more often than any other known place on earth. A film camera on top of another skyscraper half a mile away was used in the tests. It recorded every flash over a period of three years.

LIBELLING THE OSTRICH.

A correspondent in a Sunday newspaper wants to know who originated the oft-quoted simile, "like the ostrich which hides its head in the sand." Many a political speaker makes use of it (he says) when referring to his opponent; and an eminent professor of biology quoted it in broadcasting, and apparently accepted it as a fact. Yet it is a myth without the slightest vestige of foundation: the ostrich is a fool bird, but not such a fool as that.

RUBBER FROM TOMATOES.

Tomatoes have long had all sorts of valuable qualities attributed to them, but whereas hitherto they were mainly medicinal or for complexion beautifying, a scientist in Parma has just made a new sensational discovery of the tomato's industrial possibilities. Nor does the great find interfere with the tomato's previous value, for all this scientist wants is its skin. He just peels them, pops the skins into this and that, presumably gives them a stir or two, though at present the process of manufacture is carefully guarded, and in just no time at all an exceptionally fine rubber emerges, which is said to be better than natural rubber. Already the Council for National Research are reported to have investigated tomato skin rubber and found it almost as good as Para rubber. And as Italy is the country of tomatoes, producing some 8,000,000 quintals a year, it looks as if everything that can be made of rubber, from roads to babies' dummies, will some time in the future emerge from the hitherto despised tomato skin.

THE CREATOR OF MRS. GRUNDY.

Mrs. Grundy, killjoy dictator of British decorum, was the creation of Thomas Morton, who died a hundred years ago. A Durham man, he came to London to study law, but soon left the law for the writings of plays of which he produced some score. Most of these and their characters are now forgotten, with one exception, the immortal Mrs. Grundy. The good lady was first spoken of but never actually appeared, in the play "Speed the Plough" (1798), where she is a criterion of human excellency. The following perhaps strikes the authentic note:—

"Our Nelly married to a great baronet!

What will Mrs. Grundy say?"

Such appeals to Mrs. Grundy's opinion appear throughout the play. The public took up the phrase, and to-day Mrs. Grundy has become a typical British Deity.

ANCIENT MODERNISM.

There are a number of modern expressions that up-to-date people will be surprised to find are not so modern after all. The word "topping," for instance, was frequently used by eighteenth century writers, and it appears in a glossary to Sir Walter Scott's "Waverley." In Act 2, Scene 9, of Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice" will be found the expression "blinking idiot," and the following line occurs in Dickens's novel "Great Expectations": "Says you, Pumblechook went on."

BEER IS BEST.

Said the old gentleman with temperance tendencies: "I wonder how much beer you drink during the day, Wilks?"

"I don't know, 'zactly, Mr. Gurney," replied Wilks, "but I reckon about three quarts."

"Dear me! I couldn't drink that amount of water."

"No, Mr. Gurney, I don't think I could either."

ONE SHARP!

Sir Arthur Sullivan once received an invitation to luncheon at "key of G." Sullivan interpreted the mysterious invitation and arrived at his friend's house at one sharp.

THE PLUMBERS' PROTEST.

The news that plumbers in Australia have been protesting against the good old plumber joke is not surprising: it was bound to reach the Antipodes sooner or later, and undergo the usual reaction. The protest of our own plumbers was made many years ago, and they have got over it entirely by now, and are able to enjoy (or simply be bored by) modern variations quite as heartily as those of us who never wiped a joint. Perhaps the neatest and most comprehensive specimen of the popular jest (and one which still can raise a smile) is the late Captain Harry Graham's "ruthless rhyme":

I warned poor Mary of her fate
But she would wed the plumber's mate;
For hours the choir was forced to sing,
While he went back to fetch the ring!

THAT VITAMIN!

Little Johnnie had found a tiny worm in his salad. "O, mummy," he cried, "look at the vitamin!"

DEAR OLD LADY!

Dear old lady, at the races for the first time: "Yes, the horse I've backed is bound to win, for the bookmaker tells me it's starting at ten to one and the race isn't till two!"

YOU NEVER WILL BE SORRY.

For doing your level best.
 For hearing before judging.
 For being kind to the poor.
 For thinking before speaking.
 For harbouring clean thoughts.
 For standing by your principles.
 For stopping your ears to gossip.
 For being generous to an enemy.
 For asking pardon when in error.
 For being square in business dealings.
 For giving an unfortunate person a lift.
 For promptness in keeping your promises.
 For putting the best construction on the acts of others.

PAT SUMMED HER UP.

Pat was sitting in a station, smoking, when a woman, a perfect stranger to him, came, and sitting down beside him, remarked:

"Sir, if you were a gentleman you would not let your smoke annoy me."

"Mum," he said, "if ye wuz a lady ye'd sit farther away."

Pat continued to enjoy his pipe.

The woman, looking daggers at him, burst out again, "If you were my husband I'd give you a dose of poison."

"Well, mum," returned Pat, as he puffed away at his pipe, "if you wuz me wife I'd be thankful to take it."

WHO'S TURN NEXT!

The oldest newspaper in the world is the official *Pekin Gazette*. It has been published regularly for over a thousand years. During that period more than 1,500 of its editors have been executed!

STILL WAITING.

A Liverpool man is reported to have patented a new anti-splash device for motor cars.

We still await one which can be fitted to the morning grape-fruit!

BROKEN NEARLY ALL THE RULES.

Mr. James Dunn, the well-known Fleet Street reporter, and "R. E. Corder," of police court fame, in his recently-published biography, tells a fine war-time story.

The day before his battery left for France, when everyone else in camp was celebrating, Dunn found himself corporal of the guard in charge of a prisoner.

"What about some beer, corporal?" asked the sentry, wearily.

"Who's going to fetch it?" corporal inquired.

"What about the prisoner?" said sentry.

"Good idea," corporal agreed; so they sent the prisoner to the canteen for two messtins full of beer. . . . Prisoner, safely returned, asked: "What about a game of solo whist?" Sat down with corporal and two guards to pleasant little game, while sentry looked on.

Suddenly, sentry sprang to attention so fast, he hit himself on the side of the head with bayonet. A stern voice behind corporal inquired: "Just what the hell do you think you are doing?" Orderly officer, on his nightly rounds! Corporal stayed frozen in his chair, still grasping cards.

"Corporal," said officer, grimly, "don't you realise you have broken damn near all the rules in the King's Regulations? There is no sentry posted, your prisoner is at liberty, he is drinking beer, you are drinking beer, you did not answer my challenge, you do not stand to attention in the presence of your superior officer, and"—looking over Dunn's shoulder—"dammit if you are not going misere without the deuce!"

SHOULD AVOID APPEARANCE OF EVIL.

"Sister," said the deacon severely, "you should avoid even the appearance of evil."

"Why, deacon, what do you mean?" asked the lady anxiously.

The deacon eyed her sternly. "I observe," he said, "that on your sideboard you have several cut-glass decanters, and that each of them is half-filled with what appears to be ardent spirits."

"But, deacon," she protested, "it isn't anything of the kind. The bottles look so pretty on the sideboard that I fill them half-way with a mixture of floor-stain and furniture polish, just for the sake of appearances."

"That is why I am cautioning you, sister," said the deacon. "Feeling a trifle faint, I helped myself to a dose from the big decanter in the middle."

THE BELISHA BEACONS.

Mr. Hore-Belisha, it is reported, is to give a present to Mr. Richard Eccleston, a Fleet Street journalist. Mr. Eccleston once did the War Minister an immense service: he coined the phrase "Belisha Beacon."

There are various versions of the origin of the term, but the following is generally agreed to be the correct one:

There was a meeting at which it was decided to try out the beacon idea. Mr. Eccleston was there professionally.

"What are you going to call these things?" he asked Mr. Hore-Belisha.

"I don't know," remarked the Minister.

"Make it something alliterative," advised the journalist. "Call them Belisha Beacons!"

If only all our problems could be solved as easily!

A DELEGATE MATTER.

"Wot's all this about Mrs. A. 'aving 'er hexpenses paid to the seaside?"

"That's right, she's going as a delegate from the guild."

"Delegate, hindeed! She ain't arf as delegate as me."

A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY.

There may be some surprise among the uninitiated that the Admiralty should concern itself with trifles like teapots for the rank-and-file of the Senior Service, as indicated in the latest order granting these items of crockery to "messes of over seven men." But as a matter of fact, the Admiralty not only takes a fatherly interest in such small affairs; it sometimes has a pretty wit in expressing it. In regard to the sailor's clasp knife, for example:—

"It has come to notice (says an order) that the blade and spike of the seaman's clasp knife are apt to be put to many uses for which they are unsuitable and which require properties that cannot be combined in one article. A blade tempered to give a good cutting edge cannot be used without risk as a screwdriver or for scraping metal, and the spike is likely to suffer damage if used indiscriminately as a "tommy" bar or for stiff and heavy work. . . Reasonable care must be exercised in the use of the knife and spike. Unless this is done, the risk of damage must be recognised and accepted.

WHY WOMEN BUY.

Professor Otto Von Heimholtz, of the University of Berlin, has advanced five reasons why women buy any particular item. Here they are:

- (1) Because it is advertised.
- (2) Because she thinks to possess it will please her sweetheart or husband.
- (3) Because to possess it will make another woman envious.
- (4) Because she thinks it will make her look thinner or more beautiful.
- (5) Because she has seen other women do it, or it is a bargain.

To this, another authority, with a sense of humour, has suggested the addition of the following reasons:

- (1) Because her husband said she couldn't have it.
- (2) Because her best friend said she simply couldn't wear it.
- (3) Because she couldn't afford it.
- (4) Because nobody else has one.
- (5) Because everybody else has one.

MR. "STANDFAST" CHAMBERLAIN.

The British Empire is still at peace with the world—thanks to the cool-headed wisdom of the Mother Country's Prime Minister, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, says *Our Empire*. A man less steadfast to principle, or one more susceptible to ridicule and misrepresentation, might have weakened under the continuous onslaughts of our bellicose pacifists. But he has stood firm in a policy which he believes will best serve the Empire's interests, and has thereby postponed—perhaps averted—the conflagration which the whole world dreads. If a major war is to come—and we are arming both to prevent and to prepare for it—there must be a better reason for our part in it than the quarrel in Spain.

QUEER NAMES.

Ephraim Very Ott, Morning Dew, Original Bugg, Nimrod Boggs, Fish Fish, Himalaya Mackay, Rover Jordan, Adam Smart Officer—are all names of persons and are to be found in the files of the Ministry of Labour Claims and Record Office at Kew. There are 153 John Bulls, 37 Stanley Baldwins, 48 Charlie Chaplins, 10 Winston Churchills, 793 Walter Scotts, and one Ramsay MacDonald. But Smiths still lead the way with 406,000; Jones come next with 305,000; followed by 180,000 Taylors and the Williamses and the Browns.

“ TO-MORROW'S MILLIONS OF DEAD.”

An instance of American approval of the Prime Minister's methods is worth quoting. A leading article which ran through all the papers of the U.S.A.'s largest “ paper chain ” included the following :—

“ To-day, it is much in fashion in Left Wing circles to shy brick-bats at the Prime Minister, in his efforts to stave off war. We find that very strange . . . Liberal opinion the world over has felt that Britain is a bit too ready to make use of her might. On the slightest provocation it seemed she cleared her decks for action.

“ That was not the way to promote world peace, we all said. Why not arbitrate? Why run the risk of war, in which everyone would lose? Yet to-day, because Mr. Chamberlain does not order out the British Navy to force Franco to stop bombing contraband-laden ships flying the Union Jack, some Liberals jeer at him.

“ We don't like jeers at Mr. Chamberlain. As he has said, another world war would most certainly mean the end of civilization as we have known it. That is what he is trying to avert. If war comes, despite his efforts, at least to-morrow's millions of dead can't chide him with having engaged in it lightly.”

If the Premier's principal critics had their way we should be fighting now—and, through their negligence, only half prepared for the job. Mr. Chamberlain's Government is making us fit to fight—if we have to. But the whole of its diplomacy aims at peace.

AN ANTIDOTE TO WAR.

The second South African Battlefields Pilgrimage, while following a well-beaten track through France and Belgium, broke new ground (to the South Africans) in the visit to Germany. They probably discovered, as other British ex-Service men have done, that the Germans were not such bad fellows after all ; and we have little doubt that the Germans viewed them with equal cordiality. Were it possible to organise such visits on a scale commensurate with their importance, we believe that the virus of super-nationalism and the poison of a war neurosis would be impotent to sway the nations as they do now—and the dictators of the world would have to join the war-mongers in looking for a better job. The conquest of the air has carried death across the world to thousands of innocent children. Why cannot we use the same vehicle in the cause of peace—instead of bombs to carry missionaries of goodwill from every country to all the rest? And how much cheaper it would be !

SIGNS OF CHARACTER.

What are the qualities that call for watchfulness? An American professor says that to discover the signs of character in an individual you should :—

Look in the eyes for honesty ;
Around the mouth for weakness ;
At his chin for strength ;
At his hands for temperament ;
At his nails for cleanliness.
His tongue will tell you his experience.

THE ARMY'S THIRST.

Mr. F. H. V. Keighley, who has been appointed to the Board of H. & G. Simonds, the Reading brewers, has not been back many months from Malta where he has been a director of the company's associated firm, Messrs. Simonds-Farsons, says Observer in the *Financial Times*. Since his return to Reading—he spent some months there in 1935—Mr. Keighley has been connected with the brewery's branch and military departments. The Army, of whose thirst H. & G. Simonds does much of the quenching, may rest assured that its needs are in good hands, for Malta offers good opportunities for studying the throats of the services.

MR. JUSTICE SIMONDS.

Disposing of about forty cases in the “ Companies Court ” of Chancery recently Mr. Justice Simonds maintained the reputation he has earned since he was elevated to the Bench fifteen months ago as a very speedy worker, says the same writer. Mr. Justice Simonds is a great authority on the law affecting high finance and commerce, and was reputed to have earned £25,000 a year at the Bar. He was a member of the Budget leakage inquiry. He is the second of the three sons of the late Mr. L. de L. Simonds, formerly managing director of the Reading brewers, H. & G. Simonds. His elder brother, Mr. F. A. Simonds, is the present chairman and managing director.

*“ Don't look for the flaws as you go through life,
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the treasure behind them.”*

COMMANDER SIMONDS AND THE ROYAL NAVAL OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION.

Commander H. D. Simonds, chairman of the Reading branch of the Royal Naval Old Comrades' Association, must be pleased with the success of this newly-formed organisation, in which he has taken so keen an interest, says the *Evening Gazette*.

Though not yet a year old, the branch has 180 members, and still more are coming in.

There are more members in Reading than in neighbouring branches in Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, and Hampshire, which have been established longer.

Four Newbury men, each with about 20 years' experience of seagoing, are the latest to join. They described themselves as "four young recruits."

The official badge is a gold crown with a blue name panel. Associate members wear the same badge, except that the name panel is white.

VISIT OF ENGLISH BREWERS TO THE CONTINENT.

(Continued from last month.)

On the Wednesday morning we visited the well-known firm of Messrs. Dienhard & Co. at Coblenz, whose cellars have a total area of over 57 acres. The full details of the process of making both still and sparkling wines were exhibited to the party and then a tasting of the vintages of '21, '33, '34 and '35 was made in the reception room which had been visited on several occasions by the Kaiser and other highly placed Royalties. This was a really wonderful tasting, and of the whole range provided the Deidesheimer Hofstuck 1921 was voted to be the best, and was stated to be the best in the cellars.

The Koenigsvacher Brewery was the next port of call, after which a further lengthy journey by charabanc was made to the Hotel Kurhaus, Kreuznach.

Kreuznach is a well-known spa and the mineral springs were viewed. This town also was the headquarters of a large portion of the German Army during the war.

We had by this time reached our main objective, which was a visit to the Seitz Works. This firm entertained the party to a

dinner in the evening, at which more interesting wines were tasted and samples of different sorts of lager beer all filled under the Seitz sterile filling process.

Most members of the party got to bed somewhat late at night, but all appeared the following morning in varied degrees of brightness before the actual visit to the Engineering Works themselves.

These works were a model of efficiency and we saw the various washing machines, filling machines, filters, etc., in process of manufacture from the raw material through the machine shops and assembling shops until they were finally passed out into the store for delivery in the country or for export.

The party were then entertained to lunch by Messrs. Seitz-Werke at the Kurhaus Hotel, after which a drive of 50 or 60 miles was taken through the forests and local vineyards where the Nahe wines are produced. Herr Seitz told us that he still shoots the wild boar in these forests and showed us a photograph of an animal that he had killed last year after having hunted it for three or four years before being successful.



At the Kurhaus Hotel, Kreuznach.

In the evening dinner was taken in a restaurant in Bingen, again overlooking the Rhine, with the town of Rudesheim almost opposite, and the Schloss Johannisberg in the distance.

The following morning we proceeded yet further into Mainz, where the Mainzeraktien-Brauerei was visited. This was the only brewery visited throughout the whole trip where they had the Maltings attached to the brewery. They had two methods of manufacture, the first being the ordinary floor type which is largely used in England, and the second being on the pneumatic principle. Their Head Brewer expressed the opinion that the best qualities were obtained from the floor malting method.

Here also a very interesting water-treatment plant was seen, of which the details are too complicated to describe in this article except to say that there are 33,000 gallons always in course of process.

A final visit was made to the firm of Messrs. Henkell, of Weisbaden, where the well-known sparkling German wines are produced. The type of building and organisation seen here



Messrs. Henkell's Trocken premises, Weisbaden.

savoured rather of Buckingham Palace than of business premises, and at the end of our tour through the cellars containing thousands and thousands of bottles of sparkling hock we were shown into an oak-panelled room containing lovely old pictures and similar objects of art, where we tasted the products of the firm.

The last day was spent in a trip down the Rhine from Bingen to Coblenz, passing on the way the famous Lorelei Rock.



At Messrs. Deinhard & Co., Coblenz.

The reception accorded to the party in all the places visited was simply magnificent, a welcome always being extended by one or more members of the Board of Directors, and in all cases snacks, drinks and smokes were lavishly provided in the large reception rooms which seem to be the rule in these businesses. Complimentary speeches were exchanged during the course of which the desire of the Directors was impressed upon the party that more such visits should take place in order to maintain and increase the goodwill between the two nations and to avoid the possibility of war.

The party returned to London, reaching Grosvenor Hotel at about 10 o'clock, on Sunday, May 15th, where Mr. Carlson met them.

The trip, as a whole, was voted a very great success and it is understood that it is the intention of the firm to try and make it an annual affair in the future.

This article cannot conclude without reference to the extremely capable management of Mr. Osgood and Mr. Bechtel, who were firm, but considerate, slave-drivers.



On board the Rhine Steamer.

Top—Major G. S. M. Ashby and Herr Georg Seitz.
Bottom—Breakfast on the Terrace.

Party preparing to embark on Rhine steamer at Bingen.

August 27th—

Important Date. Coley Park—

SIMONDS FÊTE.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

The question agitating several minds just about the end of July was, is gout (or if you prefer it, rheumatism) catching?

Quite a strenuous time was spent by the members of the General Office, during July, in finding that elusive little amount to just put matters right. However, they succeeded some while before the Bank Holiday was upon us.

Mr. A. H. Hopkins, Secretary of the H. & G. Simonds Savings Association, tells me that 400 certificates are being subscribed for in the recent new "cycle" and that this is a record for our Association, which was started in 1924.

Every week sees some member of the staff return from holidays looking all the better for them. However, I am afraid some of those early July holiday-makers had a very "windy" time, especially those who visited Hayling Island, of which I can recall three members who sojourned there for a while by the sad sea waves. Once upon a time it seemed that every other member of the staff used to go to Cliftonville, but it is very much altered this year for so far I have heard of none of them going there. But maybe someone will, for many have a soft spot in their hearts for that part of the East Coast.

It hardly seems time for football again, yet the first match will be taking place at Elm Park halfway through August with Aldershot, for charity. I am afraid enthusiasm will not get really worked up if the weather remains really very hot. Of course, at Reading, we are anxiously awaiting events, for there is likely to be some changes in the Directorate and only a small number of players have as yet been signed on.

Of course we have had our fill of test match thrills, but I am afraid none of us really thought that our men would have made such a sorry show at Headingley. However, England will have a chance of reversing matters at the Oval. Will they do it?

Congratulations to Mr. J. H. Wadhams on winning the Novices Cup at the Reading Bowling Club. I understand it is quite big and will want some "filling."

Further congratulations to the Reading Rowing Club on winning at Henley on August Bank Holiday. This eight contains two members of our Accounts Department staff, viz., Messrs. H. Drury and F. C. Smith. Starting off as a Junior Eight and winning a cup at the Reading Amateur Regatta, they automatically rank

as a Junior-Senior Eight, and it is in this class they have now won again. Mr. N. H. Lipscombe of the Travelling Staff has been their coach.

The Offices have won the Inter-Departmental Cricket Cup, for the first time, this season. Heartiest congratulations to them.

Much sympathy has been expressed to Mr. Fred Hall, of our Stables Department, where he has been employed for so many years, in the sad loss of his wife, and the opportunity is now taken to tell him of our sincere regrets in his tragic blow.

From all accounts August Bank Holiday was a big time for us judging by the orders received for events, in all quarters, on that day.

The following changes and transfers have taken place recently and to all we wish every success:—

The Crown and Horns, East Ilsley (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. Marsh.

The Plough, Ottershaw (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. L. J. Frusher.

The Fox, Winkfield Row (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. G. Childs.

The Rising Sun, Ecchinswell (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. E. J. Earle.

We much regret to record the following deaths and to all relatives we extend our sincere sympathy:—

Mr. J. Earle of the Rising Sun, Ecchinswell, who died on the 3rd July. He had been tenant of this House since 27th May, 1904. The following extract is from the *Newbury Weekly News*:—"His customers and many friends were shocked to hear of the death, which took place suddenly, of Mr. Jesse Earle, landlord of the Rising Sun public house, Ecchinswell.

"Mr. Earle seemed to be in his usual good health and spirits while serving in the bar on Saturday evening, and on Sunday morning he was up and about attending to the goats and doing his customary jobs. At mid-day he went to serve again in the bar, but complained of feeling giddy and was persuaded to go and lie down. This he did, and fell asleep, from which he never woke.

"For about 34 years Mr. Earle had been licensee of the Rising Sun, and before then his father-in-law held the licence for many

years. He was a naval pensioner, having served for 23 years in the Navy, rising to the rank of a chief petty officer. Mr. Earle, who would have been 78 years of age next month, was very popular and much liked. He leaves a wife, one son and two daughters."

Mr. Charles Smith died on the 21st July and was tenant of the Warren House, Forest Road, Wokingham, for six years, from 1920 to 1926. Previously Mr. Smith was employed at the Brewery as Watchman from 1899 to 1920, so was well known to many of the employees of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. He was well liked and a real good fellow.

TO ARTHUR WARDLE.

Your hap it was to win enduring fame
(An enviable lot, indeed, methinks)
Not as a Mighty Hunter of Big Game,
But sketching Ocelot, and Ounce, and Lynx.

—By painting jungles where the Peafowl screech ;
And deserts that to utter distance melt ;
—Flamingoes, flocking far as eye can reach,
Or tawny Eland, roaming on the veldt.

And one can never thank you half enough
For picturing, with such fidelity,
The Lion crouched amid the boulders rough
—The lazy Puma sprawling on a tree.

You gave us tropic dawn and evening blush,
With Zebras at a drinking-pool—and, then,
To other Artists, left the English Thrush ;
—The Nightingale, the Robin, and the Wren.

S. E. COLLINS.



WORDS OF WISDOM.

Strength is shown at least as well by serenity and poise as in strenuous action.

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain.

What people think of you is not half so important as what you know about yourself.

Simplicity of expression is sincerity's most beautiful setting.

Beware of the man who will not be bothered with details.

Courtesy is the crowning grace of culture, the badge of the perfect gentleman, the fragrance of the flower of womanhood.

The wise man makes hay with the grass that grows under the other fellow's feet.

Beware of flattering yourself that you are shrewd when you are only suspicious.

That best portion of a good man's life ; his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.

DON'T STAND ON YOUR DIGNITY !

One often hears that cryptic sentence, "I stood on my dignity"—and one often wonders what would happen if one did it once too often. Would one wear it out, or would one's feet crash through into something else? Don't you think we all do too much standing on our dignity? Don't you think the dignity wears rather thin in time? Wouldn't it be much better to have a mantle of charity and wrap that about us, and let our feet walk in quiet ways?

THOROUGHNESS.

Do it better !

Letting well enough alone never raised a salary or declared an extra dividend.

And what was well enough for yesterday is poor enough to-day—do it better.

Rescue that little task from the maw of dull routine—do it better.

Seek out that automatic act of habit—do it better.

Put another hour on the task well done—and do it better.

Strive not to equal—strive to surpass.

Do it better !

COBWEBS.

You've dusted all the furniture and not forgotten ledges. You've turned the cupboards inside out and cut and trimmed the hedges. Are there no cobwebs in your mind that should be cleared away, perhaps the pictures hanging there by now have had their day. Replace them with a scene that's new, a thought that gives delight to anybody looking in, something new and bright. Look about you and observe the way that fashion bends. Perhaps a little change of view would interest your friends. Keep the things that seem most dear but turn the rest away. Don't leave it till to-morrow. Do it, please, to-day.

TRIBUTE.

The worm bores blindly through the earth,
A thing bereft of beauty,
And knows no other work to do
Than duty.

He never questions what has been
Or what shall be for ever—
The worm is blind and deaf and dumb—
And clever.

Everything you get for nothing cost something.

Good health and good sense are two of life's greatest blessings.

When you hear of good in people, tell it ;
When you hear a tale of evil, quell it.

A business career never lowered the status of any real gentleman.

The best way to have a friend is to be one.

The more your knowledge the better your judgments, and the fewer.

To see how little we can do is to exist. To see how much we can do is to live.

Inspire a man with faith and enthusiasm and you multiply his strength ten-fold.

THE LITTLE THINGS.

It has been truly said that life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

PAIGNTON.

Mr. R. F. Gooch, who is in charge of The Wine Stores, Paignton, recently won the first prize for Sweet Peas in the Paignton and District Horticultural Show.

This was the first time Mr. Gooch had exhibited and he was in competition with many well-known local growers.



TWO RICH MEN.

One morning, long ago, a certain rich man famous for his selfishness, rode out of his castle gates and proudly paced his horse through the park. He looked to the left, and as far as his eyes could see the land was all his, with its meadows and woods and streams, and all that lived therein owned him as master.

He looked to the right, and saw seated on a stone a shabby, old wayfarer quietly reading a book.

"Hello, fellow!" roared the rich man, "what means this? Things are coming to a fine pass if ragged rascals can take their ease here. Don't you know that this park is mine, and only for rich people to enjoy?"

"If that's the case," smiled the wayfarer, "then I have every right to be here, for I am indeed a rich man."

"Rich!" snorted the other. "Aye, rich in rags! How dare you claim to be rich? Now, I am rich; look at my domain, my grand clothes, my fine horse! But you, good gracious! what do you own?"

"Treasures," replied the wayfarer.

"Treasures!" repeated the rich man, turning crimson with indignation and importance, "and what treasures do you possess?"

"Love of God and love of my neighbour," said the wayfarer; "kindness and a word of cheer for all throughout my humble life; a helping hand gladly given, a sharing of such fortune as has come my way—these are my treasures, so I am rich indeed."

"Bless my soul!" cried the rich man, "this fellow will be the death of me! Do you mean to say," he went on, "that because of this you lay claim to be a rich man?"

"Certainly," said the wayfarer, "a richer man even than you!"

"Richer than me? How do you make that out?"

"Why," smiled the wayfarer, "when you and I come to die you can't take your treasures with you, but I shall have mine waiting for me!"

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A pretty story is told of an emperor, which deserves to be remembered.

The emperor visited a certain village, and the schoolchildren of the place took a prominent part in the reception which was given him. After it was over His Majesty thanked the little ones for the pleasure they had given him, and then began to ask them some questions.

Taking an orange in his hand, he held it up and asked, "To what kingdom does this belong?" "To the vegetable kingdom, Mr. Emperor," answered a little girl.

His majesty then took a gold-piece from his pocket. "And to what kingdom does this belong?" he inquired. "To the mineral kingdom, Mr. Emperor," said the child.

"And to what kingdom do I belong?" then asked his majesty.

The little maid got very rosy. She did not like to say, "To the animal kingdom," for she thought it might sound rude. Then a bright thought struck her, and instead of giving the answer his majesty expected, she looked at him with radiant eyes, and said, "To God's kingdom, Mr. Emperor."

The old man was greatly moved. Tears filled his eyes, and placing his hand on the child's head, he said devoutly, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

A NEW CROSSWORD DICTIONARY.

(Compiled by Ralph Plummer and quoted from "Our Empire").

Whatever other folks may say to the contrary, this Crossword religion has still a tremendous army of devotees. Every week sees hundreds of thousands of quite normal people sending in completed problems together with postal orders. The postal orders are simply a mark of good faith—no one really enters just for the sake of a paltry thousand or two in lucre.

No, the game's the thing. Education is the ambition of the masses, and that is why they go in for Crosswords. They part with postal orders cheerfully—wouldn't night school fees cost more? Of course they would.

Now, this magazine is out to help the backbone of the country. Very well, then, for the benefit of those who prefer a condensed encyclopaedia, or to enrich those who possess none at all, a ready dictionary is furnished herewith. Keep this dictionary by you

always ; there is none other like it in the country, and all copyright is strictly reserved :

- ACCESS : A boil-like growth which responds readily to hot fomentations.
- BARBARISM : Profession which trims heads and chins. Pioneer of the Eton crop and shingle.
- CAPSTAN : Something smoked by people with wills of their own.
- DEMISE : An intimate article of female clothing.
- ENAMOUR : Used for driving in nails.
- FUCHSIA : Time still to come. Follows past and present.
- GUTTA-PERCHA : A hawker standing at the pavement-edge selling toy policemen.
- HYPOTENUSE : A large animal found in Africa and many zoos.
- HAWSE : Another animal now largely superseded by the motor car and the Ford.
- HARMONISING : The stuff you find on top of every wedding-cake.
- IRATE : A big speed, such as motor cars and aeroplanes go at when the policeman isn't about.
- JUICE : The lowest card of each suit.
- KICKSHAW : What a mule does if you get his goat.
- KITH : Jewish osculation.
- LARGESSE : A capital letter.
- LESSEE : An abbreviated form of " Let me think——"
- LIBEL : A gummed slip of paper used by Cockneys.
- LOCOMOTOR ATAXY : Four-wheeled vehicle with a driver who is offended if offered a tip. Unless a large tip.
- METEOR : More stout. A state dreaded by film stars.
- MARSEILLAISE : A very tasty dish. There is lobster marseillaise, salmon marseillaise, and many others.
- NOOSE : Portion of a Scotsman's facial equipment.
- OMINOUS : A public conveyance superseding the tramcar.
- OPTIMISM : Having your eyes tested for glasses.
- OYSTER : This is used to take heavy bags up the fronts of warehouses to the top floor.
- PAPACY : State of being a father.
- PARTERRE : A person is parterre when he or she is not wholly bald.
- QUIRE : A church body all jealous of the one who sings solo.
- RAILLERY : A kind of fencing.
- SPECTATOR : A vegetable much appreciated by the gardener. The specks are cut out and used as seed for next year's crop.
- SPHINX : Unpleasant odours emanating from a laboratory.
- TANNERY : This is known also as the Headmaster's Study.
- TAMBOURINE : A small orange with a very sharp flavour.
- VACCINATION : A yearly holiday by the sea, or in the country.
- VALOUR : A material used in the manufacture of trilby hats.
- ZOUAVE : Smoothly courteous and urbane.

Having at great expense compiled these, I give them to you with a real feeling of pleasure. I trust, where success in winning prizes occurs as a direct result of my dictionary, that twenty-five per cent., or at least a quarter of the prize, will be sent to some deserving case.

Remittances sent c/o The Editor will find me. [Not if we know it!—EDITOR.]

A GREAT THOUGHT.

" If you your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care—
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where."

This commonplace little verse was quoted recently. It is quite an ordinary little verse, but it is pregnant with meaning, and if its advice were carried out in daily life there would be considerably less worry for many. It is a truism that want of thought does as much harm as want of heart, and that heedless words can give infinite pain and often cause much trouble.

Not only does thoughtless speech cause mischief; there are occasions when silence may work as much harm as careless words. A shrug of the shoulders, a pursing of the lips, implying that much might be said if one chose to speak. A character may be taken away in this manner, and all sorts of hidden meaning and significant innuendoes be conveyed without a single word being uttered.

Again, there are some people who will repeat some bit of idle gossip and, if listened to in silence, will frequently pass on the story as emanating from you, possibly even succeeding in persuading themselves that since you did not actually contradict the statement you evidently agreed with it, and possibly knew all about it. Such folk are dangerous and should be given a wide berth.

It has been said that there are three tests which ought to be applied before any piece of gossip, or anything concerning the character or conduct of another be related—three questions to put to oneself, as follows :

- (1) *Is it true ?*
- (2) *Is it kind ?*
- (3) *Is it necessary ?*

If all these queries can be answered in the affirmative, then the story may be told without let or hindrance ; if not—well, then surely, "silence is golden !"

H. & G. SIMONDS' TENNIS CLUB.

SOME KEEN ENCOUNTERS.

July 2nd *v.* Courage's (Alton) at the Sports Ground.

Our old friends and rivals maintained their sequence of victories by 5 rubbers to 4 after some brilliant tennis had been seen.

July 9th *v.* Beechwood L.T.C. at Tilehurst.

Unfortunately one of our players was detained through business pressure, but although we lost by 6 events to 3, 13 sets to 9, the result of the games (110 to 108) shows that we went down after a good fight.

July 16th.

Sutton's were unable to "field" a team.

July 23rd *v.* Huntley & Palmer's at the Sports Ground.

In this match we returned to winning form, the result being 6 rubbers to 3, 13 sets to 6, 99 games to 72 in our favour. A most pleasant afternoon was spent, the highlight being the brilliant form again shown by Messrs. C. H. Perrin and P. James who won all their sets.

LATEST.

On Saturday, August 6th, we again met Courage's, at Alton, and for the first time won the day. It was a gruelling encounter in the great heat and, with one more match to play, the scores were level. It was an anxious time for P. James and C. H. Perrin for victory or defeat then rested in their hands, or rather with their racquets. They went down rather badly in the first set, but playing with great determination won the second and then, after a terrific struggle, the third set. It was indeed a fight to a finish and P. James was in particularly good form throughout the afternoon, being well backed up by C. H. Perrin's steady play. But the victory was chiefly due to the fine performance of Commander Dawson and C. Langton. They gave a sparkling display and their fine play was a delight to watch. They won all their matches and thus contributed largely to the success of their side. The competition was indeed keen but the games were all fought out in a fine sporting spirit and both winners and losers enjoyed the fun immensely—and that after all, is what matters most!

R.H.

LADIES' DARTS COMPETITIONS.

A set of silver darts in case, appropriately inscribed, was presented to Mrs. E. May at The White Lion, Egham, on Monday evening, July 11th, and a silver cup, suitably engraved, was handed to Mrs. D. Riddick, those ladies being the winner and runner-up respectively of the ladies' individual dart championship held at that establishment. The prizes were presented by Mr. Arthur Ash. In the course of his remarks Mr. Ash congratulated the winners on their success, and paid tribute to the keen play and excellent sportsmanship displayed by all the ladies in the team.

Another enjoyable evening was held at the White Lion on Tuesday, when the "Lion" ladies were at home to a team from The Bell, Bedford, this being the return match. On this occasion the "Bell" were the winners and the members of this excellent team have every reason to congratulate themselves as this is only the second match the "Lion" ladies have lost this season. Judging from the packed house (many customers having to watch the match from the passage) these ladies' contests are exciting great local interest.

AN APPRECIATION OF GOOD BEER.

BY MEMBERS OF THE MILITARY MASTER TAILORS' ASSOCIATION.

The Military Master Tailors' Association held their annual outing on Sunday, July 24th.

Having decided to have a river trip and chartering the Steam Launch *Majestic*, owned by Messrs. E. & W. Cawston, they embarked at 10 o'clock and went up-stream, via Goring, to Wallingford. A most enjoyable day was spent by 72 people, and I feel sure I am expressing the opinion of all, writes our correspondent, Mr. P. F. King, Hon. Treasurer, Military Master Tailors' Association, when I tell you that Messrs. H. & G. Simonds were a great percentage of this enjoyment, as we were fortunate enough to have our thirst quenched by their beverages.

Military Master Tailors are fine judges of good beer, and we stipulated to the steamer proprietors that we wanted good beer and plenty of it. This was forthcoming, but we regretted that the trip ended all too soon before we could finish up the supplies. A Military Master Tailor can drink beer (ask Mr. Wigley). We are rather proud of the fact that at our last annual dinner, held at a hotel in Gerrard Street, W., we drank the cellar dry, much to the manager's amazement.

We appreciate Messrs. Cawston's taste and heartily recommend their trips and catering, especially their supplies of Simonds beer.

I might add that I always look forward to reading THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE in my Regiment's Mess, *i.e.* the 1st Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, to which I am Master Tailor.

If you think fit I would like to see this letter published in your Smart and Bright little journal. Best wishes to you until next time,

Yours sincerely,

On behalf of the Military Master Tailors' Assoc.,

P. F. KING,

Hon. Treasurer.

FORESTERS ARMS DARTS CLUB, CHALVEY, SLOUGH.



Photo by]

[A. E. Kipping, Slough.

The above picture of the Foresters Arms Darts Club was taken on the occasion of their annual outing to Southsea, where a most enjoyable day was spent.

THE PASSING OF "TOMMY" BENHAM.

A VERY POPULAR PERSONALITY.



The late Mr. "Tommy" Benham.

It is with infinite regret that we announce the death, in the prime of life, of Mr. William Thomas Victor Benham, which occurred on July 22nd at St. George's Hospital, London, and terminated a three months' illness. "Tommy," as he was known to all, gained the respect and esteem of everyone he came in contact with and the inadequacy of any appreciation such as this will be realized by those numbered among his wide circle of acquaintances.

Starting in the laboratory at the Head Brewery as a youth, many years ago, and gathering valuable experience in different departments, he was eventually appointed Head Bottler at our busy branch in London. For a long period he served the firm faithfully there, gaining many tributes for the high quality of the bottlings

that were supplied under his supervision. In addition to our big London trade, Wembley, Kennington Oval, and important racing centres such as Newmarket, Goodwood, etc. were catered for and the beers were always in perfect condition, a tribute to the care and thought that Mr. Benham exercised always.

During the War, Mr. Benham served in a Balloon Section of the R.A.F. and saw much active service on the Western Front.

In his leisure hours he was a noted amateur boxer and figured in many important contests in different parts of the country. In June, 1918, whilst serving at No. 2 Balloon Training Depot, Richmond Park, he received a communication from Mr. A. F. Bettinson, the eminent boxing promoter, asking him to appear at the National Sporting Club, Covent Garden. At a big American Night there, the referees being Messrs. J. H. Douglas and Eugene Corri, household names in the boxing world, "Tommy" knocked out Pte. Jefferies, R.M., in the first round and then Stoker Tapp, R.N., in the third round, both being boxers of repute. He then fought Digger Evans (Australia) and the report says: "Benham proved no mean opponent for the Australian. Although floored in the first round, Benham was none the worse and battling gallantly to the end was a good loser."

On another occasion at the National Sporting Club, which included such distinguished members of the fistic cult as Jack O'Keefe, Cal Delaney, Johnny Moran of Brooklyn and Joe Fisher, featherweight champion of the U.S. Navy, Cpl. Benham, as he was then, beat Johnny McGuire, Blackfriars, on points, gaining a very popular victory.

In another contest, after a hard battle, he was beaten on points by George Hughes, Camden Town, after receiving an injury to his left eye. These were only a few of the fights that Benham had, and it was always interesting to hear him recount his experiences and his opinion of the different fighters of the moment.

After the War he took up his old duties at London, being transferred to our Bristol brewery at a later date. At Bristol he soon was a popular figure, and although great regret was expressed by his colleagues at his departure, they were pleased to see him appointed to the important position at Staines which he held until his untimely death.

In this hour of sorrow the widow and her children will have the great consolation that the thoughts and sympathy of his many friends at Reading, Bristol, Staines and London are with them in their irreparable loss, and we mourn with them. His cheery smile, and strict sense of duty will remain with us a lasting memory.

The funeral took place at Staines on Wednesday, July 27th, the interment being in the London Road Cemetery, preceded by a service at St. Mary's Church, conducted by the Rev. J. R. James. The chief mourners were the widow, two sons and daughter, Mrs. Freeman (sister), Messrs. E. Benham and F. Benham (brothers), Mrs. Mansell (niece), Mrs. Benham (daughter-in-law), Mr. Freeman (brother-in-law) and Mesdames Hardy and Benham (sisters-in-law). The Head Brewery, Reading, was represented by Mr. George Andrews, Mr. T. E. Stevens and Mr. Fred Edwards, a great friend of the deceased, and who formerly worked with him in London. The London Branch was represented by Messrs. H. Ward, Andrews and Dean.

Numerous floral tokens included those from the widow; Bill, Vi and Ann; Peggy, John, Peter and Eric; Sister Agg, Brother Fred and Brother-in-law Fred; Freddy, Aggie, Gladys, Walt and Pat; Ern, Phyllis and family; Ma and Dad; Art, Lizzie and Ernest; Mr. and Mrs. Styles; Billie, Doris and children; Mrs. Ward and family; Bill Fielder and family; Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and family; Mr. and Mrs. Belding; Reg, Hilda and Mary; Mrs. Kitson and the boys (Bristol); Transport section (Staines); Mr. and Mrs. F. Benham; Dick; employees of the Mineral Dept.; Mr. and Mrs. Gardener; Mr. and Mrs. Brett; Drivers and Draymen (London); Dick Cheal; Mr. Ward; Mr. and Mrs. Dean; Major A. J. Johnson; Inside Staff at Staines; Travellers and Clerks, London Stores; Flossie and Sid; Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler; Mr. and Mrs. Herne; Foremen at Reading; Brewery staff, Reading and Bristol; Brewery bottling staff (Bristol); friends, Engineers and Repairers (Reading); Engineer's Dept. (Staines); the girls (Staines); the boys (Staines); Mr. and Mrs. Upsher and family, senr.; Mr. and Mrs. Upsher and family, junr.

The funeral arrangements were carried out by the Staines and District Co-operative Society.

The coffin bearers were Messrs. R. Varney and H. Carr (Staines Transport), W. Peters and K. Willmott (Staines Bottling Stores).

K.

Keep this date open—

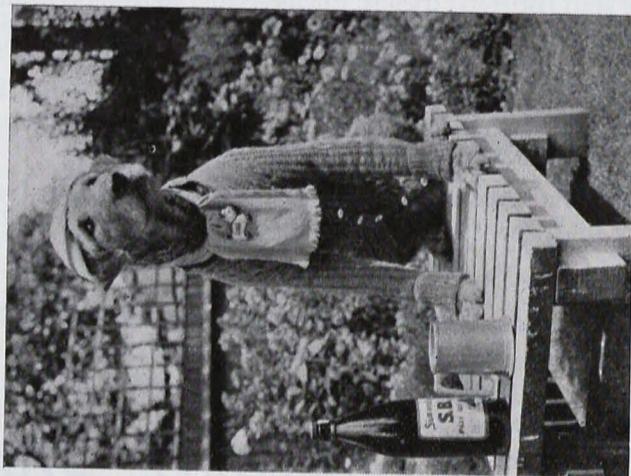
AUGUST 27th

"S.B." FOR THE CANINE CONSTITUTION!

The Proprietor of the Prince Albert, Whitton, Twickenham, sends the following interesting snaps of our canine friend enjoying a bottle of the best which is, of course, "S.B."



Make us truly thankful.



For what we are to receive—

THE PRINCE OF WALES, TILEHURST.

OLD.



NEW.



Shewing the old building, also the new premises which were recently opened by Mr. L. A. Simonds, Mr. R. St. J. Quarry and other officials of the Firm. Photo taken by Mr. J. W. Jelley from a bedroom window.



Mr. W. Farren, Manager, Mr. C. F. Baker, Charge Hand, and Staff N.A.A.F.I., Weybourne, Norfolk, A.A. Camp.

SIMONDS GREAT FÊTE,

COLEY PARK, READING,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27TH, 1938.

THREE HOURS' SPORTS PROGRAMME.

BABY SHOW.

DISPLAY BY STAFF INSTRUCTORS OF THE ROYAL NAVAL
SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL AND RECREATION TRAINING,
PORTSMOUTH.

BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN COMPETITION.
(In conjunction with the "Berkshire Chronicle.")

LADIES' BEAUTY COMPETITION.
(In conjunction with the "Berkshire Chronicle.")
(OPEN).

Judging by well-known Film Stars.

LADIES' ANKLE COMPETITION.
(OPEN).

GREAT DARTS TOURNAMENT.
(Teams of Seven.)
(OPEN).

VEGETABLE AND FLOWER SHOW.

EXHIBITION OF CAGED BIRDS.

TWO HOURS' EVENING (FLOODLIT) OPEN-AIR HEALTH
AND FITNESS DISPLAY.
By many Local Organisations.

BAND OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

SIDE-SHOWS AND ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR.

FIREWORKS.

Admission on the day, 6d.

Tickets purchased before the day, 4d.,
bearing many Lucky Prizes.

CRICKET.

OUR CLUB'S GOOD PERFORMANCES.

To paraphrase an old saying, "Reporter, what of the game" should be the heading for this month's criticism of the Cricket Club's activities. Well, the reply would not be "All's Well," but it would be distinctly good. The "A's" have won three out of four, the "B's" two out of five, and the Offices have at last finished on top of the Inter-Departmental League.

To take the teams in seniority, let us first look at the "A" team. The first Saturday of the series was a disappointment. We were to have been hosts to the Sergeants of the Royal Military College. Owing to abnormal bookings of charabancs within a large radius of Reading on the 25th June, our military friends were unable to procure a conveyance. We put them on to our coach hirers, but they were unable to assist, and the match had to be cancelled.

July 2nd. "A" TEAM 140 for 7 (dec.) v. TURQUANDIA 137.

We were delighted to welcome our Chartered friends from "The Smoke," to Reading once again. They are "Ale" fellows on and off the field and we were most keen to repeat our last year's win. The heading will show that we did so, but by the narrowest of margins.

Skipper Josey did his part by winning the toss and then with Tigar scoring 64 for the first wicket (his personal score was 35 and his partner's 34). Hedgington carried on the good work with 16, and towards the end of our innings Tozer made 19 not out and W. Greenaway 7 also "not." With our total at 140 Josey declared.

Carter with 4 for 52 and Hope 3 for 25 were the successful bowlers. The latter's "slows" were somewhat reminiscent of Mr. Barrow's. The latter was on leave from Belize and was hoping to have played, but was unable to make the journey.

We made a promising start in the field, two wickets being down for 6, after which S. G. Sillem and F. G. Hope (14 and 26) raised the total to 50 before being parted. Then a collapse occurred, three more wickets falling. B. S. Evans took his courage in both hands and carried the score along merrily, making 47 before Tozer got through his defences. No. 10 was C. Humphries, who did his best to put the wind up us and when the last man came in only four runs were needed for victory. The wicket was claimed by Hedgington but Neville was the real hero. Humphries drove a ball into the long field and Neville making a long run took a really

fine catch. Had he missed, the ball would, no doubt, have travelled to the boundary.

Hedgington took 4 for 25 and Tozer 4 for 15, Neville 1 for 23. Much sympathy must be shown to Tigar who bowled long and well, but without any luck.

After a stop at the Club for a bite and sup before travelling back to Town and beyond, a really great day was over. By the way it ought to be recorded that play was held up for a time by a heavy shower. We had been boasting that we had always been favoured with fine weather for this annual encounter.

Before parting, we fixed up for next summer, so our fixture list is started.

July 9th. "A" TEAM 118 v. WARGRAVE "B" 46.

This match was played at Wargrave. Our hosts did the trick with the coin and had the first knock, but on this occasion our bowlers were on top of their form and only N. Jenkins reached double figures. Tozer with four overs, three of which were maidens, took 3 wickets for 3 runs. Hedgington had 3 for 9. Crutchley had 1 wicket for 5 (four maidens out of seven overs). Tigar got the other two wickets.

We passed their total during our second wicket partnership. Tigar (23) and Nicholls (19) put on 36 for the first wicket. Hedgington 16, Crutchley 21 and Capt. Drewe 10 were the double figure men.

C. Langford (5 for 33) bowled well for Wargrave, and Tozer (3 for 49) was the other successful bowler.

July 16th. "A" TEAM 116 v. HOOK AND NEWNHAM 70.

Our first journey to King George V Playing Field, Hook, was a success. Congratulations to those hard workers in Hampshire who have made a good playing field out of Common land covered with young trees and other encumbrances.

We batted first and had a rude shock, three wickets going down for 21 and good ones at that. Our spirits rose during the partnership of Hedgington (45) and Tozer (33) who put on 71 before being parted. The tea interval, as usual, was fatal to our tail, the last few wickets falling quickly.

G. Moss (4 for 26) and G. Parson (4 for 27) were the most successful bowlers, a combination of "Spinners" and "Fasts."

G. Moss also did his share with the bat, being top scorer with 24. A. Spires made 17 and carried his bat. The wickets fell with more or less regularity.

Tigar bowled unchanged and took 3 for 31. Neville, however, carried off the bowling honours, getting 4 wickets for 11 runs in less than three overs.

July 23rd. "A" TEAM 91 v. EVERSLEY STREET 184 for 6.

Eversley must like Prospect Park, for they repeated their last year's big win. We had the luck to bat first but lost Tigar to a l.b.w. decision before a run was on the book. Three for 64 was quite promising but 7 for 67 was the reverse. At the tea interval we had 91 for 8, but the total at the end of the innings still stood at the same figure.

L. Leversuch was the demon of the piece as far as we were concerned. He had 8 overs 4 maidens 8 runs and 6 wickets. Of our batsmen, Hedgington (20), Josey (19), Tozer (13) and Cardwell (12) were the shining lights, the remainder were mostly eclipsed.

We got their first man out for 6 and that was the only bit of luck we had. G. Lee made 26 but was favoured, as his wicket had several narrow shaves, but the paint had worn off. Skipper C. Leversuch came in and laid on the willow most lustily. He got 32 before Tigar beat him with a real good one. His cousin, L. Leversuch made 54 and then retired. In passing, he got 24 in one over—six fours in a row.

From 54 to 124 for the third wicket. We then got a couple of wickets for an addition of 12, but the score then went on merrily. S. Treacher made 21 and as the last over was called, he also retired to give another man a brief spell.

Thus ends the narrative of the "A's" doings, and now for the Juniors.

June 25th. "B" TEAM 42 v. READING ELECTRIC SUPPLY CO. 67.

Played on the Stadium, we had the first chance with the bat but made a disastrous start, two being down for 1 run. Brown and Tigar put on 13 and Field made 7 before being run out and the remainder collapsed. G. Hale took 4 for 15 and P. Crockett 5 for 12.

We made a fight for it when in the field, but the tail-enders proved to be the best bats and pulled the game round. It was won during the eighth wicket partnership. Farmer had a day out and, aided by four catches, took 7 for 19. The other three wickets were shared by E. Greenaway, H. Tigar and L. Field.

July 2nd. "B" TEAM 101 v. PANGBOURNE 2ND XI 51.

A good win this, especially on foreign soil. We batted first and managed to top the century. E. Greenaway had a real Captain's innings, making 33, including a six; G. Kelly with 19, W. Brown 15 and L. Field 10 carried on the good work. J. Miller took 4 for 21 and had the best figures of the five bowlers tried.

Had it not been for R. Brown who made 22 and R. Pummell with 11, the Pangbourne score would have been very low. Farmer again had a good bowling spell and claimed 4 wickets for 13. E. Greenaway with 3 for 22 and L. Field helped in the slaughter by taking 2 for 9.

July 9th. "B" TEAM 25 v. READING POST OFFICE 53.

We were pleased to welcome these new opponents to Prospect Park, where they won the toss and elected to bat. Their score of 53 was not out of the way and they have to thank Kibble for his 16 and Burdett with 17 for the dimensions it did reach. E. Greenaway and Farmer had a contest with the ball and although the former had a longer spell, they finished up all square with 4 for 17. Farmer's four were claimed in his second spell of two overs. W. Whitmore came on in between and had 2 victims for 18.

The least said of our batting the better. No one reached double figures. Woods must have been practically unplayable as the book shows he took 6 for 8. The book also shows 4 for 21, also 10 for 25. Nuff said!

July 16th. "B" TEAM 61 v. PANGBOURNE 59.

On Prospect Park we pulled off a double, but it was a close shave, only two runs in it and the last wicket had to do the necessary.

The visitors batted first; the first wicket fell at 3, but the next put on 28, and thereafter they fell at fairly regular intervals. R. Pummell 16, L. Lee 11 and F. Ward 12 not out made 39 out of the total of 59.

The hero of the "B's" bowling was A. Mills, who had 2.4 overs and took 4 wickets for 5. He came on late in the innings. The other wickets were shared by E. Greenaway 3 for 17 and B. Farmer 3 for 22.

Our batting was patchy and we must thank E. Morgan for a fine knock of 24 not out which enabled us to win the match. He was No. 5 and when the last man came in we still wanted six to

win. He managed to keep the ball out of his wicket whilst Morgan did the necessary; with two runs to spare it did not matter that Allen bowled Sainsbury.

L. Cox took 3 for 2, Pummell 3 for 13 and Allen 3 for 16.

July 23rd. "B" TEAM 33 v. MORTIMER 99.

The scores were 3 to 1 against as will be seen above. We travelled to Mortimer for this game, where we had the first knock. Brown was the only one to reach double figures. Hoare had 5 for 5 and Anderson 3 for 12.

This time our bowlers did not come off. Looking at the book it seems that but for G. Povey 34, J. Anderson 23 and H. Beard's 13, we might have made a closer fight of the game. As it was B. Farmer took 5 for 25 and A. Waite 3 for 20. Mills did not repeat his previous week's success.

So much for the "A" and "B" teams, now for our own local tourney. As mentioned at the commencement of this report the Offices finished on top of the league, having won two games and getting one point for an abandoned game. The Surveyors won two of their three games and were runners-up.

As I have already taken up a lot of the Editor's space the Inter-Departmental games will have to have very brief reports. In the last number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE it was stated that the Delivery had beaten The Rest. The scores on that occasion were:—Delivery 92 for 3, Busby and Tozer making 34 and 18 respectively and then retired. The Rest made 47, of which F. Benham claimed 22.

Then the Offices beat the Surveyors 92 for 6 against 73. The latter batted first and put up a good total, four double figure innings being recorded. The Offices lost their first wicket for 4 runs, but then the batsmen took over and the score read, 36, 62, 63, 67 and then 90 for the fall of the next five wickets and they had several more to follow when time was called. 165 runs in two hours' evening play is pretty good going.

The next match was between the Surveyors and The Rest. The latter batted first and when their time was up had made 52 for 7. Ashby 14 and Farmer 10 being the top weights.

The Builders went all out to beat this and had passed the total required during the fifth wicket partnership. Chandler 31 retired, Whitmore 15, A. Waite 11 retired and A. Mills 11 not out were the chief scorers. Every one of the team had a knock in this innings.

The following fixture was between the Delivery and The Offices. The former started batting and had made 45 for 6 when rain stopped play. A halt was called and everyone was anxious to resume, but Jupiter Pluvius won in the end and, according to the rules, both sides took one point. A disappointing finish to what promised to be a very keen game.

The next encounter was between the Surveyors and the Delivery. The former won by 16, the scores being 60 against 44. The Surveyors had four lots of double figures in their total and the Delivery one only.

Everything then rested on the last match. If The Rest beat the Offices the Surveyors would again be champions. If they failed the Offices would lead by one point.

The Offices started batting and although there came along a shower of rain it was not heavy enough to stop play. J. Doe made 15 out of a total score of 44 and this looked hardly sufficient to be certain of victory. However, their bowlers went full out and The Rest could only get 13 all told. The Rest must be counted as unlucky, for they only had 10 men to start and one of these had a rather nasty blow on the face with the ball, cutting the skin over the cheek bone, and he was unable to bat.

There is not sufficient time or space to enlarge on the bowlers prowess in these matches, but it is hoped to show the leading men in the batting and bowling in the next issue.

The league table is given below :—

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Aban'd.	Fov.	Runs Against.	Points.
The Offices ...	3	2	—	1	136	131	9
Surveyors and Building Depts. ...	3	2	1	—	226	188	8
Delivery Depts. ...	3	1	1	1	*181	107	5
Rest of Brewery ...	3	—	3	—	112	198	—

* Including abandoned match.

J.W.J.

STILL THE BEST.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BULL.

WREN'S NEST IN OLD COAT.

While casting my fly for a trout recently I was so intent on my job that I did not notice, until I was within a few yards of him, a very powerful-looking bull. In other recreations you are told to "keep your eye on the ball," but in this particular instance it was a case of "keeping your eye on the bull." At any rate that is what I did as I very quietly moved away downstream, making a cast here and there, until I thought I was at a safer distance from my bovine friend. As I proceeded thus a fine fish came for my fly. I felt him, but did not see the actual rise and when I struck it was too late—you see I was keeping my eye on the bull.

I saw the cowman later and I told him I experienced a bit of a shock when I suddenly found I was standing face to face with Mr. Bull. "Bless yer," he said, "he's as quiet as a lamb and if you pass by him again just stroke him and see how friendly he will be." I certainly passed by my friend again but I did not stroke him—I was on the other side of the river!

Bulls are strange creatures and I am told they never forget, nor forgive, if they have been ill-treated, and though they may wait for years they will have their revenge, if the opportunity arises, and that revenge often means death to the man who has wronged them.

WREN'S STRANGE NESTING SITE.

A gamekeeper friend of mine hung up an old coat in a shed and after some weeks, when he went to have a look at it, out flew a wren. She had her nest in one of the sleeves. The kindly keeper did not interfere with the little bird and I am glad to say she reared a charming family who delighted the keeper by their entertaining ways.

A MURDEROUS LITTLE MERLIN.

Though the smallest of our Falcon tribe, the merlin is a powerful and, I regret to say, very destructive bird. They are rare in these parts and you are lucky if you get a glimpse of one. As to the damage they do the following incident is convincing. Only a few miles from Reading a keeper had a cage for the purpose of catching jackdaws which were taking toll of his young pheasants.

The food in the cage had attracted about a score of sparrows and other members of the finch tribe. A merlin, unluckily for him, also found his way into the cage. And this merlin was not content until he had killed every one of the small birds.

For this wholesale murder the merlin was sentenced to death.

SMALL FIERCE FAIRIES.

The hot weather seems to be much to the liking of the dragon-flies and these ravenous insects, with eyes ablaze, devour flies by the thousand. There are forty or fifty different species of these handsome creatures and many people think they sting, but there is no weapon in their anatomy capable of inflicting such an injury. In fact, they are quite harmless—except to the flies. I think the little blue dragon-flies are particularly handsome and these small fierce fairies are a delight to the eye when settled on an aquatic weed, or as they jerk themselves about in the air giving wonderful demonstrations on the art of fly-catching.

JELLY-LIKE SPAWN.

It was while watching a dragon-fly emerge from the water to dry his wings and take his first flight that I noticed a string of jelly-like spawn on a weed. It was the spawn of a perch and if not eaten by the swans or other water fowl should result in thousands of little fish coming into the world and providing sport for the angler. It is fortunate that fish lay a great many more eggs than the birds or they would soon be extinct, these eggs being much prized as food by all sorts of creatures. But so long as the pope, a member of the perch family, continues to lay about 200,000 eggs, there is every possibility of our finny friends remaining with us for many years to come.

COOO-COOO-COO-COO.

The ring doves, or wood pigeons, have been very busy feeding their young. Being provided with a large crop the food given to their young is partially macerated and reduced to a pulp and it is interesting to watch the youngsters inserting their bills into the sides of their mother's mouth and thus helping themselves to the food. There is something very soothing about the coo of a dove. Cooo-cooo, coo, coo; cooo-cooo-coo-coo; cooo-cooo-coo-coo; and then just coo, they say, generally ending with only that single coo.

Wordsworth writes of the ring dove under a name generally given to the next species:

I heard a stock dove sing or say
His homely tale, this very day;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze.
It did not cease; but cooed and cooed,
And somewhat pensively he wooed;
He sang of love with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of sorrows, faith, and inward glee;
That was the song the song for me.

CAT SITS ON NEST OF EGGS.

A friend of mine recently had a hen sitting on some eggs. Every day she left the nest to stretch her limbs on the lawn and have some food and every day a cat was there waiting to take the old bird's place on the nest. There the cat lay until the hen was ready to resume her duties. Then she would trot up to the nest, give the cat a friendly *cluck*, and the cat would immediately make way for the rightful occupier of the nest. The chicken have been duly hatched and, so far, I understand, show no signs of feline influence.

A KINDLY ACT.

A motorist, not unconnected with the Brewery, seeing a swallow lying in the road pulled up, and found that the poor bird had apparently been knocked down by some other car, for it was rather badly injured about the neck, and seemed in a very sorry condition. Our friend took the bird home, dressed its wounds, fed it on bread and milk and placed it in his conservatory when it might find insects, more in keeping with its natural food. Day by day the little bird grew stronger and within about a week it was quite well again. The swallow was given its liberty and flew away little the worse for its experience.

This was indeed a kindly and humane act on the part of our friend and worthy of the highest commendation.



UNUSUAL FIND AT SUNNINGHILL.

HAMMOND ORGAN AT AN INN.



"OUR PUB," The New Inn, Sunninghill, Ascot, Berks.

Our roving reporter having had the tip that there was "something doing" at the New Inn, Sunninghill, decided to look in and find what's what, says the *Ascot Times*. This being his first visit to this well-known hostelry, he was immediately impressed with comfortable, cheerful bars, and the restful lounge, which was a veritable art gallery with a selection of beautiful "oils" adorning the walls.

Situated in one corner of the lounge was a mysterious piece of furniture covered with green baize, somewhat resembling a grand piano. Our budding sub-editor sensed something unusual in this fascinating article, and was intensely curious.

This however, was soon appeased, for at that moment an individual who appeared to be very popular with the customers was requested to "give them a tune." He complied by removing the green covering from the "piece of furniture" and opened the top to reveal a Console two-manual organ.

Surprise on surprise, the organist was none other than the 'governor,' Mr. Harry A. Coff, who proved himself an accomplished musician, and the manner in which he coaxed the amazing depth of tone and the perfect balance of harmonies from this truly wonderful instrument completely captivated the audience.



Mine host with his famous "Hammond" organ.

Those who hear the organ are astounded at the difficulty experienced in tracing the sound, and it is interesting to witness the effort of hearers to endeavour to solve the problem of the origin of the music or the source from which it emanates.

Later, during the evening, our representative introduced himself to Mr. Coff and collected some very interesting information.

It appears that he (Mr. Coff) first heard the Hammond organ at St. James the Less Church, Westminster, and was so impressed

with the capabilities of the instrument that he explained the details of it to the authorities at Egham Parish Church where he has been organist for a considerable time, with the result that this fine old Church now possesses one of the most modern of organs. Egham Church is the Magna Charta Church and the shields have just been unveiled which were presented by the descendants of the original sureties of Magna Charta.

So enamoured was Mr. Coff with the thrill which he experienced by playing the instrument, that he decided to instal a similar model in his "pub," which is affectionately known as "Our Pub," due to the service and civility always practised by the landlord.

This he inherits from his "dad," who was a licensee for 20 years within a mile of this "Estaminet."



The Lounge at "Our Pub."

The installation of this certainly unusual instrument is much appreciated by his many customers, and the amazing thing about it is that there are no pipes, no reeds and no wind necessary for its functioning and it is operated entirely by electricity.

For richness and quality of tone it surpasses any church organ, and it should be emphasised that it is a "straight" organ.

The New Inn has certainly made history, as it is claimed that it is the only public house in Great Britain possessing a Hammond Electric Organ and we heartily congratulate its proprietor upon his originality in offering his customers something entirely new in the form of entertainment.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Two negroes were discussing the new minister.

"Well, Sambo, an' what jes do you think of de new preacher?"

"He sure is a fine man. Why, he asks de Lawd for things de last preacher didn't even know He had."

* * * *

A very particular housekeeper was having her bedroom painted. Wishing to learn what progress the painter was making, she crept to the bottom of the stairs and listened. Not a sound reached her ears.

SHE: "Painter, are you working?"

PAINTER: "Yes, Ma'am."

SHE: "I can't hear you making a sound."

PAINTER: "Perhaps not, Ma'am. I ain't putting the paint on with a hammer."

* * * *

The scene was the bar of the village inn. "What be th' matter wi' old Garge?" asked Farmer Hayseed. "'E do look glum."

"He's got fluid on th' knees," said the landlord.

"'Ow 'as 'e got that?"

"Somebody knocked his beer over on to them."

* * * *

The new recruit was quite hopeless. Everything he did was wrong, and try as he would, his drill was just awful.

The infuriated N.C.O. in charge of the squad had tried everything he knew. Now he could stand it no longer.

"What were you before you joined the Army?" he roared.

"Very happy, Corporal," came the simple and truthful but sad reply.

* * * *

MISTRESS: "A gentlemen to see me? Who is it?"

MAID: "Dunno, mum. He just said he wanted to see the old relic."

WELL AND TRULY LAID.

The bishop was very tired. There were many candidates for confirmation, and the church grew hotter and hotter. The bishop could feel his eyes getting heavy.

At last, when he was nearing the end of his labours, a bald-headed man knelt in front of him. The bishop, suppressing a yawn, put both his hands on the shining head, and muttered: "I declare this stone to be well and truly laid."

* * * *

The young reporter who had just joined the staff of the local paper received an awful warning on the dangers and appalling consequences of making ill-founded statements in print. With this fresh in his mind he set off on his first job, to report the sale of work which was being held in a nearby village.

Pale but triumphant he returned, and handed his first copy to the editor. "The bazaar," it read, "was opened (so it is said) by Mrs. Brown, alleged to be the wife of Councillor Brown, commonly supposed to be a more or less highly-esteemed tradesman of this town. She was dressed in what some would describe as fashionable attire, and was supported on the platform by the so-called vicar and other reputed ladies and gentlemen."

* * * *

McPherson received a letter from his rich aunt asking him to send his twin boys to her for a week's holiday, as she had never seen them. She enclosed a five-pound note to cover their railway fares.

A few days later a bonny-looking boy presented himself at her door. He handed her a note, which read: "Dear Agnes,—Here is young Donald, one of the twins. The other is exactly the same."

* * * *

The railway porter looked searchingly at the three blondes waiting on the platform.

"Aren't you the crooning trio who sang on the radio to-night?"

"That's right," one of them told him. "We were making our debut on the air."

"And where are you girls bound for now?"

"We're just off to the North of Scotland."

The porter sniffed. "H'm," he remarked, "I suppose that's as good a place to hide as any!"

The shortsighted old lady had spent a long time in the curiosity shop.

"What is that ugly Oriental figure in the corner worth?" she asked at last.

"Quite ten thousand," whispered the horrified salesman. "That's the proprietor."

* * * *

A candidate for Parliament declaimed:

"The people of this country must grow more wheat!"

"How about hay?" yelled a heckler.

"I'm talking about food for mankind," retorted the candidate, "but I'll get round to your case in a minute!"

* * * *

A motorist whose car had been stuck in a large muddy hole in a lonely country lane, after procuring a villager with horse and cart to pull him out, gave the man a Treasury note, and asked: "Does this kind of thing happen very often?"

"Aye," the man replied. "You're the fifth to-day."

"The fifth? Good Heavens—that must have kept you busy. I suppose you'll have to do your ordinary work at night then?"

"Aye, mister. I mostly does my ord'nary work o' nights."

"Really! What's your usual job then?"

"Fetching water, mister—to fill this 'ere 'ole!"

* * * *

An armed bandit dashed into a post office. "Hands up!" he shouted to the assistant. "Let me have the cash, stamps, and postal orders, quick!"

The nervous assistant licked his lips. "F-farther up the counter," he stammered. "This is the dog licence department."

* * * *

FIGHTING FIT.

Basher, the boxer, had been signed up to fight a huge negro. On the eve of the match his backer nodded towards Basher's room and inquired of his trainer: "Fit?"

"Yes," came the retort. "'E's in one now. 'E's just seen 'is opponent."

Life had not treated Larry any too kindly, and he was constantly bemoaning his fate to his friends. One of his friends grew tired of this constant series of hard luck stories, and decided to put in a protest.

"Don't spend all your time grumbling about your bad luck, Larry," he said impatiently. "When you try to do something and fail, just keep on and try to do it in the opposite way."

"That's no good," was the rueful retort. "I've tried that, too. I was in hospital once, because a car got out of control and ran away with me. I didn't get out for five months. Then I did what you suggest—I tried running away with a car. That time I didn't get out for five years."

* * * *

The ambitious young actor had set out to conquer the provinces with "Hamlet," but the tour soon ended and he was compelled to walk home.

"Didn't they like you?" asked a sympathetic friend.

"They didn't seem to," replied the actor, sadly.

"But didn't they ask you to come before the curtain?"

"Ask me!" repeated the would-be Hamlet, with tears in his eyes. "Ask me! They even dared me."

* * * *

One of the briefer musical criticisms appeared in the local paper:

"An amateur string quartet played Brahms here last evening. Brahms lost."

* * * *

TOURIST: "Don't you ever get lonesome up here?"

MOUNTAINEER: "Oh, yes, but I have a couple of good jokes I tell myself."

* * * *

An absent-minded professor drove up to his garage door, looked in, and seeing his car not there, blinked, turned around, jumped in his car, and drove like blazes to police headquarters to report his car stolen.

* * * *

PASSER-BY (*having asked his way*): "Er—don't shout, please. I'm not deaf."

COUNTRY YOKEL: "But Oi be deaf, an' Oi loikes to 'ear what Oi be sayin'."

"Just off to see my brokers, old man."

"Really? Didn't know you had 'em in!"

* * * *

CLIENT: "I am deeply indebted to you, Mr. Barrister; what would I have done without you?"

BARRISTER: "About five years."

* * * *

WIFE: "I'm seriously thinking of joining the golf club, dear."

HUSBAND: "Golf? Why, I thought you didn't care for it."

WIFE: "I don't. But I hear they play quite good bridge there."

* * * *

A party of American tourists in a motor-coach were being driven among the mountains of Switzerland.

"Say, where did those large rocks come from?" asked the man next to the driver.

"The glaciers brought them down," the driver replied.

"But where are the glaciers?" was the next question.

"They've gone back for more rocks," was the weary reply.

* * * *

MRS. JONES: "Everyone in town is talking about it. Some are taking her part and some his."

MR. JONES: "And I suppose a few eccentric individuals are minding their own business."

* * * *

A clergyman received the following notice regarding a marriage that was to take place:

"This is to give you notis that I and Miss Jemima Breatly is comin' to your church on Saturday afternoon next to undergo the operation of matrimony at your hands. Please be prompt, as the taxi is hired by the hour."

* * * *

"I am going to make my farewell tour in Shakespeare. What shall be the play? 'Hamlet'? 'Macbeth'?"

"This is your sixth farewell tour, I believe."

"Well, yes."

"I should suggest 'Much Adieu About Nothing.'"

"The neighbours tell me that you have a model husband, Mrs. Hicks."

"Yus, sir; but 'e ain't a workin' model."

* * * *

The electrician was puzzled. "Hey," he called to his assistant, "put your hand on one of those wires."

The assistant did as he was told.

"Feel anything?"

"No."

"Good," said the electrician. "I wasn't sure which was which. Don't touch the other or you'll drop dead."

* * * *

FRIEND: "I bought a copy of your book the other day."

AUTHOR: "Oh, so it was you!"

* * * *

Two Anglican clerics were great rivals.

FIRST CLERIC: "I hear you've got a new organ in your church. Now all you need is a monkey."

SECOND CLERIC: "And all you need in yours is an organ."

* * * *

"Dad, what is a diplomat?"

"A diplomat, my boy, is a person who is appointed to avert situations that would never occur if there were no diplomats."

* * * *

A young man was trying to teach his nervous young wife to drive a car.

They were on a narrow country road, and the wife had been driving for only a short time when she exclaimed:

"Take the wheel, quickly, darling—here comes a tree!"

* * * *

"Where's the car?" the professor's wife asked the professor.

"Did I take the car?"

"Certainly you did."

"Well, I thought it strange. When I got out at the post office, I turned round to thank the gentleman who had given me a lift, and he wasn't there."

"Well," remarked a married man, after examining his friend's new flat, "I wish I could afford a place like this."

"Yes," said his friend, "you married men may have better halves, but we bachelors usually have better quarters."

* * * *

"What do the three balls in front of a pawnshop mean?"

"Two to one you don't get it back."

* * * *

An old age pensioner unable to write, recently drew a circle on her order instead of the usual cross.

"Why didn't you make a cross?" the clerk asked her.

"Why," she explained, "I got married again yesterday and changed my name."

* * * *

An old Scotswoman was famous for speaking kindly. No sheep was so black that she could not discover one saving quality in it. One day a gossiping neighbour lost patience with her, and said angrily: "Wumman, ye'll hae a guid word for the deevil himself."

"Ah, weel," came the reply, "he's a very industrious body."

* * * *

WIFE (*who has just answered the postman's knock*): "Who's this from?"

HUBBY: "It's the tickets for the theatre."

WIFE: "FINE. I'll start dressing at once."

HUBBY: "Yes, do. The tickets are for to-morrow night."

* * * *

An Irish candidate was canvassing the vote of a very pious constituent, who presently interrupted the would-be member's persuasions with: "Sir, my kingdom is not of this world."

"Well, never mind," said the candidate, "Perhaps you have a vote as a lodger."

* * * *

UNCLE: "How did little Mary get on with her history examination paper?"

FOND MOTHER: "I'm afraid not very well, but it wasn't her fault, because they asked her things that happened before she was born!"

BRANCHES.

BRISTOL.

Like all other Hop Leaf centres of production or distribution, we, in Bristol, bear a prominent part in the supply of many of the social and out-of-door events around us, and to see so many of them ruined financially by inclement weather is to say the least of it very discouraging to everyone concerned. To take for example the Royal Agricultural Society's Show held at Cardiff recently. Here everyone prepared for at least some days of real sunshine, and a repetition of the record crowds of 1919 when over 190,000 people attended. Instead, we had one fine day, and for the rest—mud and miniature lakes everywhere, while the sullen sky night and day opened its flood gates upon those who braved the conditions to see the wonders of this "Show of shows," so typically representative of all that is best in our agricultural industry, and as we in common with so many others there folded up our tent and stole away in the early dawn of a cheerless Sunday morning—like departing shadows of "what might have been"—one could not help but sympathise with the Society and its Caterers and Exhibitors in having such ill luck year by year.



The Royal Show, Cardiff, 1938. A corner of the parade ring.

Maybe the environment of historic Windsor will in 1939 atone for the past few years and set up new records for this Royal Society

with its age old reputation and tradition. For everyone's sake we sincerely hope so.

In addition to our Cardiff contract, our list of "things past and to come" includes:—

Bristol.

The Imperial Tobacco Co. Sports.
Hospital Carnival Week.
North Somerset Show.
Bristol Aeroplane Co. Sports.
Bristol Rovers Supporters Club Week.
Bristol (Aero Engines) Sports.
Horfield & Bishopston Gymkhana.
Brislington Show.
Henbury Horse and Flower Show.
Radio Exhibition (Coliseum).
Imperial Fruit Exhibition (Coliseum).

Gloucester.

Marshfield Show.
Berkeley Show.

Somerset.

Keynsham British Legion Carnival Week.
Bathampton Show.
Keynsham Annual Flower Show.
Chepstow Spring and Summer Meetings.
Bath Spring and First Summer Meeting.

All encouraging evidence of Hop Leaf "productivity" on comparatively virgin soil.

WINTER GAMES.

Much interest is now being shown in the formation of the new Hop Leaf Skittle League in Bristol, in addition to the darts section, and with our Mr. A. W. Bold as its chairman, and Mr. E. Hughes as secretary, there should be no lack of enthusiasm or support from any of its members. We at the Brewery are entering one and maybe two teams, and our experts on the long alley are going to trouble some of the more fancied ones before the season is far advanced. We hope each month to be able to give the results of some of the matches and the league tables, so that all Bristol houses may be kept in touch with what is happening around them, with a view to stimulating interest among those who for some reason or another are unable to join either section this year.

The popularity of darts and the fostering of its friendly competitive spirit among Hop Leaf houses should make the task of entering a team no difficult matter, and we should like to see every house take part in what will be an enjoyable winter season.

PORTSMOUTH.

Lieut.-Commander J. R. D'Oyly, who was the Sports Officer at the Royal Naval Barracks, and was in charge of the *Victory* football team that won the Navy cup, has been transferred to the R.N. College, Greenwich. He is succeeded by Lieut.-Commander A. R. Freeman, a well-known Navy sportsman. Lieut.-Commander Freeman was centre three-quarters for the United Services Rugby Club, Hampshire County, and the Royal Navy in the days of Davies and Kirshaw.

The Portsmouth, Gosport and District Licensed Victuallers' Protection and Benevolent Society recognised the two years' valuable service given to them by Mr. Harold Privett, their Past President, by the presentation of a handsome case of cutlery. During his term of office as President of the Society there occurred the celebration of the centenary of this Society and, as President, he welcomed the annual conference of the Trade Defence League of England and Wales to Southsea. He has been succeeded in office by Mr. J. O. Kille, who made the presentation to Mr. Privett at the quarterly meeting of the Society. The case was suitably inscribed that it was presented to Mr. Privett of Ye Olde Inne, Copnor, as a mark of appreciation for services rendered during his term of two years as President. Mr. Kille referred to the splendid work which Mr. Privett had done for the retailer and for the trade and, in accepting the gift, the former President said it would be a reminder of two very happy years.

Record entries were received this year for the Portsmouth and Southsea tenth annual open bowls tournament. There were 380 competitors of whom 168 were visitors. Before play began with the preliminary round of the men's singles, the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth (Councillor F. J. Spickernel) declared the tournament open, and bowled the first woods. He was introduced by the President of Portsmouth and District Bowling Association (Mr. H. Brewer), who handed to him two cheques, one for the Lord Mayor's Charities and the other for the Coronation Eventide Homes. The Lord Mayor said he was pleased to give his support to the historic game. He also mentioned that he hoped soon in the Lumps Fort scheme, they would be able to provide an indoor green. No fewer than 43 rinks were occupied, the tournament utilizing greens at the Canoe Lake, Pembroke Gardens and Milton Park, in addition to the four on Southsea Common.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.
WEDDING OF MR. W. F. MCINTYRE'S ELDER DAUGHTER.



Paymaster Lieutenant-Commander A. F. Blowers, R.N., leaving St. Andrew's Church with his Bride, Miss Margaret McIntyre, under the archway of swords formed by sixteen Naval Officers as a guard of honour.



The Bride and Bridegroom with the Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, Admiral the Hon. Sir Reginald A. R. Plunkett-Erle-Drax, K.C.B., D.S.O., at the reception at the Duke of Cornwall Hotel, Plymouth.

This picturesque wedding took place at St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, on July 9th, when full dress naval uniforms were worn by the bridegroom and brother officers.

It was the occasion of the marriage of Miss Margaret McIntyre, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. McIntyre to Paymaster Lieut.-Commander Arthur Francis Blowers, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Blowers of Reading.

As Paymaster Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Blowers left the church they passed under an archway of swords, for sixteen naval officers formed a guard of honour, which was organized by Capt. R. W. Worthington.

The Commander-in-Chief (Admiral the Hon. Sir Reginald Drax) and Lady Drax, Flag Lieut.-Commander G. F. Hannay, and members of the Commander-in-Chief's staff were among the guests, who numbered more than 100.

The customary ceremony of hoisting a garland in honour of an officer's wedding was carried out at Mount Wise, but as this is a shore establishment it was hoisted to the top of the Commander-in-Chief's signal flagstaff instead of to the masthead.

White lilies were arranged on the altar at St. Andrew's and blue delphiniums and heather decorated the rest of the church. The Rev. P. L. Richards officiated.

The bride, who was given away by her father, was in a gown of ivory silk-backed moire, cut on close-fitting lines, with leg-of-mutton sleeves and a court train from the shoulders. Her veil, which was of ivory also, was edged with silver braid and held in place by a coronet of orange blossom.

Her ornaments were a black opal and diamond brooch, gift of the bridegroom, and a string of pearls. The bridegroom also gave her aquamarine stud earrings, and she gave him a leather suitcase.

There were four bridesmaids, who wore periwinkle blue chiffon gowns over poulte de soie of the same shade, with their heather wreaths and bouquets. The grown-up attendants were Misses M. Farrell and M. Gottelier (bridegroom's cousin), and the children, each aged four years, were Misses A. Strudwick (bride's god-daughter) and P. Worthington. When the little girls in their long flowing frocks reached the church they were carried up the steps by the naval ratings, who opened the doors of guests' cars as they arrived.

The bridegroom gave the bridesmaids pearl bar brooches set in platinum. Paymaster-Lieutenant D. L. Blowers, R.N. (bridegroom's brother) was best man, and Messrs. D. S. McIntyre, A. Cornish and C. D. McDonald, Lieut.-Commander F. L. Whitehouse, R.N., and Paymaster-Lieutenant J. W. H. Gwillim, R.N., were groomsmen. Blue delphiniums decorated the Duke of Cornwall hotel for the reception, at which the Commander-in-Chief's band played. The bride's mother chose a honey coloured gown under an edge-to-edge coat of brown velvet and a brown picture hat. Her accessories toned, and she carried cream roses. A navy blue silk cloque gown was worn by Mrs. Gottelier, bridegroom's aunt, with a toque of pale pink flowers and matching accessories, and she had a bouquet of pale pink roses.

The bride travelled in a lemon and black suit, with three-quarter length black suede gloves and a red fox fur. Her other accessories were black.

The Lord Nelson Inn, Totnes, has been transferred from Mrs. Scott to her son-in-law, Mr. J. N. Richardson. Every good wish is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Richardson. Congratulations to Mrs. Scott on her new matrimonial venture.

The Launceston Agricultural Show was again a huge success and brought visitors from all parts of Devon and Cornwall. The weather was kind and the entries and attendance were excellent. The catering was in the hands of Mr. James Ponsford of our Tamar Hotel, Crownhill, and, as usual, carried out in a most satisfactory manner.

The British Medical Association held an International Conference at Plymouth during this month, which was attended by over 2,000. The visitors were greatly impressed with the West Country and, no doubt, will tell their patients where to recover after the medical profession have done their share.

There were numerous festivities and functions, and as the doctors wore their gowns, the occasions were most colourful.

The Municipal Authorities made special arrangements for the entertainment of the guests from Home and Overseas.

The British Medical Association were full of praise for everything done for them. It is most pleasing to receive commendation of this description from such an important and distinguished Association, who have such a big hand in the welfare of us all.

SIMONDS BEER

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