

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 12.



MR. S. BIRD.

MR. S. BIRD.

This month we have reproduced in our frontispiece a portrait of Mr. S. Bird, the Manager of the Maltings, which position he has occupied since 1914.

Mr. Bird has been associated with the brewing trade all his life, having been born in the Weldale Brewery, Reading, in 1873. He joined our Brewing Staff in October, 1911.

A keen supporter of the Brewery Social Club, of which he has been Treasurer since 1922, Mr. Bird is a frequent attendant and has done much to cement the good fellowship between the various sections of the Staff. He is often to be seen engaged in keen contest in the many forms of recreation indulged in in the Club. Mr. Bird has been Chairman of the Seven Bridges Brewery Cricket Club for over four years and has always given of his best in service and personal interest. His handling of the Committee and other meetings has always been firm and businesslike and he has an adroitness in getting straight to the point at issue. As captain of "The Rest" in inter-departmental tournaments, which form an integral part of the Brewery Social Club, Mr. Bird, with his habitual good fellowship, is a keen and untiring competitor. He has also captained Division I. in the local Billiards League, winning the cup twice during a period of about eight years. As Hon. Secretary of the Wellington Club, which is the stronghold of the Reading Conservative Association, Mr. Bird takes an active interest in the Conservative organisation in Reading.

Mr. Bird is a keen philatelist and will take an enormous amount of trouble to secure specimens of which his collection is deficient. He is also a good exponent of the art of rod and line and spends many hours on the local and distant reaches.



EDITORIAL.

THE WRONG GOODS.

The sporting young man and his old-fashioned mother from the country were attending a race meeting; it was the old lady's first taste of the sport of kings.

"I say, mother," said the young man, "I've been wondering for a long time what's in that bulky parcel you're carrying."

"Well," said the old lady, "in your letter you said bring something to put on the horses—so I brought this old eiderdown. I hope it's not too shabby."

CLINKING GLASSES.

Mr. Peter Yates is responsible for the following, states "Northern Light":—

Wine merchants, more than any other portion of the community, were always holding up their glasses, and looking at the wine, and smelling it, and feeling it, and clinking their glasses. When you drink "good health" you generally clink your glasses. I understand that custom came down to us from the ancient Greeks. They were great lovers of wine. They could see it, they could smell it, they could taste it, and they could feel it. But they could not hear it. So they instituted the practice of clinking glasses so that they could listen to the music in the voice of wine. And when we do that, we always say "good health."

NEW CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE.

At an enthusiastic meeting, held at the Wellington Club, Reading, at which, despite the holiday season, there was a record attendance, the executive committee of the Reading Conservative and Unionist Association unanimously recommended Dr. A. B. Howitt, C.V.O., to the association for adoption as prospective Conservative candidate. Mr. F. A. Simonds, president of the association, who was cordially welcomed on taking the chair, reported the steps taken by the selection committee to find a suitable candidate, and said that after interviewing several gentlemen they had unanimously decided to recommend Dr. Howitt, who was present that evening, and would give them his political views.

The chairman then introduced Dr. and the Hon. Mrs. Howitt to the meeting, and Dr. Howitt gave a short but comprehensive survey of the political situation.

It should be pointed out that the announcement of the name of a Conservative candidate for Reading has been a little delayed

by reason of the inability of the president of the association, owing to a recent family bereavement, to give the close personal attention he would, in ordinary circumstances, have devoted to the matter during the past few weeks.

A FOURTH CANDIDATE.

With regard to the appearance in the field of a fourth candidate under the auspices of the United Empire Party, a prominent member of the committee stated that it had come to his knowledge that the local representatives of Lord Rothermere's organisation had experienced the greatest difficulty in inducing any Reading Conservative to consent to come forward as a candidate, and they had been obliged to extend their search further afield. This refusal to do anything which might lead to a party split speaks volumes for the steadfast loyalty of Conservatives in Reading to the accredited leader of the party, Mr. Stanley Baldwin.

The adoption meeting will take place at Olympia, London Street, Reading, on September 4th, at 8 o'clock.

DR. HOWITT'S CAREER.

Dr. Alfred Bakewell Howitt, C.V.O., is a well-known London doctor. He was born in 1879, and is the son of Mr. Francis Howitt, M.D., of Nottingham and Heanor, Derbyshire. His London address is 15, Chesham Street, Belgrave Square, S.W.1, and he has also resided for the past ten years at Wolfhall Manor House, Burbage, near Savernake, Wilts.

The new candidate had an extremely successful scholastic career. He commenced his education at Epsom College, where he was senior prefect, captain of the rugby football team, and a member of the cricket and hockey teams. He also played soccer. Dr. Howitt went to Clare College, Cambridge, where he was president of his college athletic club, captain of the tennis club, and a member of the rugby football and hockey teams. At Cambridge he took honours in natural science tripos. He gained a scholarship to St. Thomas's Hospital, London, where he held house appointments for three years. He was captain of the hospital tennis team, and a member of the football and hockey teams. His degrees are M.A. and M.D. (Cantab.), and L.R.C.P. and M.R.C.S.

THE KING'S VILLAGE INN.

The quaint little Norfolk village of Dersingham boasts of possessing the only licensed house owned by the King in his private capacity as a landowner. As the representative of the Crown, of course, the King is the freeholder of many inns, particularly in the

Royal Duchy of Lancaster. Appropriately, the Dersingham inn is known as the "Feathers," from the badge of the Prince of Wales. It is a model of what a country hostelry should be, and is the principal centre of social life in the village. King Edward VII took a great interest in it, and frequently dropped in to have a look round.

THE ASHES.

Australia gets the "Ashes" again, and with them go the congratulations of the English people, who have not yet lost the sporting wish to see the best side win. The Australians proved themselves definitely the better team, and youth has been served.

That is the lesson for us. We must have younger men and better bowlers. Our batsmen were fairly good—in spite of discouraging criticism in the Press, in the middle of the fray—but we cannot hope to stand up to the magnificent teams Australia sends us until we get the better bowlers who surely can be found among our youngsters.

READING RECORDER AND ENGLISH JUSTICE.

My friend "Q.T.", of the *Berkshire Chronicle*, has the following interesting notes, under the heading "Talk of Reading":—

Mr. St. John G. Micklethwait, Recorder for Reading, had some forceful things to say in regard to the impartiality and fairness of English justice in an address which he delivered before the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple on "The Circuit System," an address which has now been printed in pamphlet form by the Solicitors' Law Stationery Society. He also related some amusing incidents in regard to his own extensive circuit experience. Here is one: "Once, just after I had been called to the Bar, I was sitting in a court of county quarter sessions listening to a case, when counsel engaged in it turned round and saw me, threw me a brief and asked me to hurry off at once to the second court and do it for him. When I got into court I found the deputy chairman sitting with a jury empanelled, and a prisoner in the dock. Directly I appeared I was greeted with a volley of abuse for keeping the court waiting. . . . I did not know the name of the prisoner, or the charge against him, or any of the facts, and the only thing I could do was to explain to the jury that the case was one in which the onus of proof was on the prosecution, and I used up every platitude of that kind that I could think of. The case duly concluded and I went back again once more to the first court. I had been there about three of four minutes, when the same counsel turned round and threw me another brief, and told me to hurry and go and do that one. When the deputy chairman saw me he

became almost speechless with rage. He was barely able to splutter out 'Get on. Get on.' The difficulty that now confronted me was that I had already used up my ammunition, and had not a single platitude left. Somehow or other I managed to get the witnesses in the box and the case then proceeded all right. The story has a sequel and a very pleasant one. At lunch I found myself sitting next to the deputy chairman. I kept very silent until the mellowing effects of an excellent lunch had made themselves apparent on my next door neighbour, and then I told the deputy chairman the whole story. To my relief he roared with laughter, and I am proud to say we became the best of friends."

SOBRIETY OF OXFORD CIRCUIT.

Referring to the entertainment of judges on circuit in the old days, the Recorder went to the Camden Miscellany, which contains a document giving the accounts of two of the judges who went on the Western and Oxford Circuits respectively in 1596 and the following years. The document contains a list of the food, both solid and liquid, which those judges purchased or were given whilst on circuit. On the Western Circuit, which has always been famed for its hospitality, at Winchester their lordships had eighty-nine gallons of strong ale in three days. They did better at Salisbury, where possibly the weather was getting hotter, as they had ninety gallons in two days. At Exeter the sheriff of Devon gave them forty-two gallons of sack and sixty-three gallons of claret. On the other hand, when one comes to the Oxford Circuit, it appears that at Worcester the judges were forced to pay thirteen pence for water.

ELEPHANT'S TRUNK CALL FOR ALE.

An elephant belonging to a travelling circus made a trunk call for ale at Southampton.

He was marching dourly along the road with the other animals of the circus. Suddenly he stopped, cast up his head, and gazed expectantly at the inn, whence came the noise of clinking glasses and the hearty laughter of men.

Solemnly the elephant crossed the road, put his head in at the door of the bar, and stretched out his trunk to the counter.

One, two, three. . . eight pints of ale he was given, drinking one after the other—"no heel-taps"—while circus employees tried in vain to move him on.

Then, at last, his thirst quenched, the elephant withdrew.

His energy renewed by this unexpected refreshment, the elephant trotted after the rest of the circus and caught it up in record time.

"HOW DO WE STAND?"

Here is the latest golf story. Two men played a round of golf in the morning and then sat down to a very heavy luncheon. Indeed, they had not finished their last glass of kummel—which for some reason is considered to improve one's putting so much—until 3.30 p.m. Finally they started out and maintained a hazy silence until the seventh hole.

When they reached the green one said to the other, "I say, old boy, how do we stand?"

Said the other, "I don't know. I call it a miracle."

THE ONE GIFT.

Sixteen years ago last month we of the British race faced a crisis, the outcome of which meant one of two things—bondage or freedom. We are still free, thanks to those who fought and died for us. At such a time I think the following beautiful lines are well worth quoting:—

"There's but one gift that all our dead desire,
One gift that men can give, and that's a dream,
Unless we, too, can burn with that same fire
Of sacrifice: die to the things that seem."

REPELLENT PIECE OF VANDALISM.

No more repellent piece of vandalism has yet been planned than the suggested enclosure of $1\frac{1}{2}$ square miles of the Berkshire Downs, near Faringdon, as an Air Ministry bombing station.

To those familiar with the solitudes of the Downs, their shifting lights and shadows, the peace of their ancient hamlets, their shy wild creatures and rare flowers, their silence broken only by the song of innumerable larks, the bells of sheep, and the occasional thud of hoofs on turf, there is a rest and sanctity beyond all price to be found on these gentle hills. Their age-old history is unobliterated by change; to be among them is to refresh the spirit by a return to the world's childhood. We have never needed such sanctuaries as we need them to-day, and every foot of them should be jealously guarded and handed down as an inalienable possession to those who come after us.

Pylons, bungalows, and petrol stations in a region like this would be bad enough; but infinitely worse the shattering of its peace by the ghastly din and yet more ghastly associations of the cruellest type of modern warfare.

Such violation has an element in common with homicidal mania—the mad destruction of a sacred thing which man can never hope to restore.

A QUAIN EPITAPH.

The following quaint epitaph is to be seen in Selby Abbey, Yorks :—

Near to this stone lies Archer (John)
Late Saxton (I aver),
Who without tears thirty-four years
Did carcasses inter.

But death at last for his works past
Unto him thus did say,
Leave off thy trade, be not afraid
But forthwith come away.

Without replying or asking why
The summons he obeyed
In seventeen hundred and sixty-eight
Resigned his life and spade.

THE RINGERS' JUG.

There is an old piece of pottery at St. Michael's Church, Beccles, 16½ inches high and 46 inches in circumference at the widest part. It bears the following inscription :—

1827.

When I am fill'd with Liquor strong
Each man drink once and then ding dong.
Drink not too much to Cloud your knobs
Least you forget to make the Bobbs.

gift of

JOHN PATTMAN,

Beccles.

SAMUEL

STRINGFELLOW POTTER.

It is kept in the belfry and can be seen on application to the Verger.

In campanology a "Bob" is called by the conductor to extend the peal by altering the work of individual bells. In this way repetition is avoided.

AMY NOT TEETOTAL.

An aspect of enthusiastic welcomes to Miss Amy Johnson, the England-Australia flier, is the absence from her speeches of remarks that could be construed to provide propaganda for the "temperance" cause. This is especially remarkable in view of what has been written about her early associations with woman "uplift" movements. The "Australian Brewing and Wine News" says that the aviatrix quickly let it be known that she had no partiality for tea, which was brought to her at the Sydney Town Hall, whither she was driven immediately on her arrival at Mascot. Miss Johnson is reported to have declined the national feminine stimulant in favour of a glass of wine. On the trip from Brisbane in the "Southern Sun" the luncheon on board included champagne, while at the supper tendered by the Sydney Masonic Club the distinguished guest called for a cocktail.

A PRINTER'S ERROR.

The flower show had been a great success, and a few evenings later Councillor Jones, who had performed the opening ceremony, was reading the local report of it to his wife. Presently he stopped and, snatching up his stick, rushed from the room. Amazed, his wife picked up the paper and read: "As Councillor Jones mounted the stage all eyes were fixed on the large red nose he displayed. Only years of patient cultivation could have produced an object of such brilliance!"

WHAT ABOUT IT?

When Mr. A. T. Walsh visited his brother on the H.M.S. *Nelson* recently he was greeted with the query: "What about last month's HOP LEAF GAZETTE?" Mr. Walsh had omitted to send it to his brother as usual and was told that it was greatly enjoyed by all the members of the Mess. Two copies were immediately forwarded and the sailors are again satisfied. But what an omission!

A VERY SUCCESSFUL SHOW.

The annual flower, fruit and vegetable show held in connection with the Social Club was most successful and highly creditable to all concerned. It was encouraging to the Committee to see new exhibitors and encouraging to those exhibitors to win prizes at their first attempt. Mr. F. A. Simonds very kindly sent some fine fruit, flowers and vegetables from Mertonford, Wokingham, and Audleys Wood, Basingstoke, which added greatly to the attractiveness of the show. The judges performed their task most efficiently, their awards giving general satisfaction. Had Mrs. F. A. Simonds

been able to distribute the prizes the success of the show would indeed have been complete. But she was in Scotland at the time and therefore, of course, unable to perform the little ceremony. The general arrangements were, as usual, admirably carried out by Mr. W. A. Bradford.

STRONG DRINK !

I was playing tennis the other afternoon in the sweltering heat and my hostess asked me if I would like a "cooler" in the shape of lemon squash. I naturally replied in the affirmative and the young maid, who had just been engaged, was instructed to bring the drink. Out came two large tumblers with the refreshing beverage and I took a long drink. I thought to myself "that's a bit strong!" I could see by the expression on the face of my hostess that she thought so too. She made inquiries and discovered that the girl had poured out the whole contents of a bottle of the essence of lemonade without adding any water. The servant was, in one sense certainly, a "neat" little maid.

A PUFF DIRECT.

A pedler, wishing to recommend his razors to the gaping crowd, thus addressed them:—"Gentlemen, the razors I hold in my hand were made in a cave by the light of a diamond, in the province of Andalusia, in Spain. They cut as quick as thought, and are as bright as the morning star. A word or two more, and I am certain you will buy them. Lay them under your pillow at night, and you will find yourself clean shaved in the morning."

—From *The Times* of 1830.

A GENIAL FAREWELL.

The late Professor Turner's farewell suggestion to his friends that they should drink to his memory in strong ale has the right robustious ring.

Strong ale, be it noted, the ale of our forefathers, the ale that Shakespeare declared to be a dish for a king, the ale still brewed to perfection in some of the colleges of the university which the professor served and loved so long. Small wonder there comes word from Oxford that his friends will certainly honour his human, convivial wish.

There are those whose last messages on earth are little more than a vent for their spleen. But here is one breathing nothing but the essence of comradeship amid an aroma of nectar.



THE Directors have under consideration the adoption of a new and uniform sign for the very large number of Houses now under the Company's control. It is felt that the present signs are out of date and suffer by comparison with those of some of our competitors.

They would be glad to receive, at an early date, any designs in colour which members of the Staff may care to submit to them; any helpful design or designs will be rewarded.

The general idea would be "The Hop Leaf" on an all-white background, with as little lettering as possible.

MR. A. P. F. CHAPMAN

WHO ALWAYS PLAYS THE GAME.

The following excellent article concerning Mr. A. P. F. Chapman is taken from a New Zealand newspaper:—

To be appointed captain of England is no mean tribute to a man's ability as a cricketer in these days of advanced thought on sport, and the selection of Mr. A. P. F. Chapman to that position for the first Test match against the Australians is an indication of the estimation in which he is held in England at the present time. Chapman has a good deal of association with New Zealand, for he is the brother-in-law of the New Zealand captain, "Tom" Lowry, and he has paid several visits to this Dominion and played cricket here. The first impression of Chapman is that he is essentially English, while he looks little more than a boy. In years—he was born in 1900—he has long reached man's estate, but there remains the boyish nature, the boyish enthusiasm, the boyish desire for play. To Percy Chapman cricket is a game and nothing more. He plays it now as he played it when a lad at Oakham Preparatory School, and later at Uppingham, and at each of these schools he excelled. He smiles at the applause of the crowd when he goes in to bat, smiles when he notices the opposing captain spreading his field, smiles as he takes his stand, and smiles again as, without waiting to get his eye in, he attacks from the very first ball, and whether it is a four or a failure, he smiles again. When Chapman went to Australia in 1928 as captain of the English team, he was the youngest man who had ever led an English touring side in international cricket, with the exception of Lord Darnley, who, as the Hon. Ivo Bligh, was captain of the English team which visited Australia in 1882. Chapman is now 30 years old, which is eight years older than Ivo Bligh was when he visited Australia 48 years ago in the first quest of "The Ashes," which had resulted from that greatest of all Australian performances—the first victory of the Kangaroo over the Lion on English soil. Ivo Bligh won a wife in Australia. Chapman won his when he visited New Zealand in 1922, and she is as keen on the game as is her husband. A. C. MacLaren, always a good judge and a man of vision, who chose Barnes to visit Australia from a Lancashire league team before he had represented his county, had seen the possibilities of Chapman also, and he invited him to join the team he was taking to New Zealand. Chapman is a nephew of the Rev. C. E. Chapman, who was for several years on the staff of the Melbourne Grammar School in the late 'eighties. This uncle, as a young man, was a famous rugby player, who gained his international cap. The Chapman of to-day is 6ft. 2in. high, and is a heavy man, built in proportion to his height. He is a perfect specimen of English athletic manhood, who is a popular cricketer, a capable leader, and a chivalrous sportsman who plays the game under all conditions.

1914

THE PUPPETS

BY REGINALD ARKELL.

1918

"The fashion in war books is passing."

(1930)

We were the Puppets—we, the men who died.
We paid the piper, and you called the tune.
We were the play you saw last Christmastide;
The book you read that summer's afternoon.

We were the Puppets—we, the men you knew;
Replaced once more upon our several racks,
Dragged from our dreams, and crucified anew
To earn some lucky author's super-tax.

They told you how we drank, and loved and lied;
Our vices swelled the royalties they earned,
And when you wearied of the men who died
Our feet of clay unto the clay returned.

We were the Puppets—father, brother, friend;
Warriors, unknown, our lot to bear the brunt;
But once again we reach our Journey's End,
And All is Quiet on our Western Front.

Religious bias, unemployment, loose parental control, and girls are the main factors in the gang warfare in Glasgow, as disclosed in an investigation by the Scottish Temperance Alliance. Alcohol drinking, it was found, plays little part in gang life.

"The man who drinks a quart of beer every day shortens his life by one day," droned the "temperance" lecturer.

"Then, ladies and gentlemen, on a rapid calculation," called a voice, "I must have been dead about thirty years."

"So they have found that swindler the police have wanted?"

"Yes; he went to an hotel and said he was an American; he sat down and didn't drink alcoholic liquor, so the manager got suspicious."

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

THE BEAUTY OF FLOWERS.

Have you ever considered what a terrible calamity it would be if there were no flowers in the world? In the depths of winter, when our gardens are bare and all is gloomy, how often do we cast longing thoughts to the days when we shall see them glowing with a wealth of colour, brightening the small portion which they cover and incidentally casting their brightening influence on us. And is not a splendid example of patience and endurance set before us, when we consider how often the plant has to struggle against tremendous odds, before it eventually attains its goal of blossom.

How wonderful too are the colours with which nature has endowed the flowers—it matters not at all what they may be—each have their own particular beauty, and yet never seem to clash. For instance, a row of sweet peas often contains flowers in a range of hues, but there is no discord, rather, we take pleasure in the variety of colour which these flowers provide. And it would be difficult to state which colour of the sweet pea is the most attractive—they are each and all so pleasing. There are blues, from the palest to the darkest, and pinks the same, pure white and cream, tinted and frilled varieties. It is not an easy task to make a choice.

The rose, the national emblem of England, should take the place of honour among English flowers, and what a delight are the beautiful velvety petals of some varieties.

Modest violets are acclaimed by many as their favourite flowers and who is there to deny the charm of these sweet blooms. Carnations, too, demand special admiration, with their wonderful range of colours, and what is also pleasing about this flower is that it will last well in water.

One could go on enumerating flowers but space is restricted, so just a few words on that other wonderful gift which Nature bestows on her blooms, viz., the scent. Isn't it marvellous that each flower has its own distinctive scent; roses, violets, carnations, sweet peas, lilies of the valley, wallflowers, jessamine, stocks, and hosts of others. We know that many flowers have very little scent, but often their beauty of colouring goes a long way to make good this deficiency. The love of flowers may indeed be counted as one of the attributes of the English race and this love is manifest from the highest to the lowest, the humblest cottager often possessing a wealth of blossoms that would grace the garden of many a rich man.

And when such a misfortune as ill-health necessitates our remaining indoors, or perhaps a sojourn in a hospital or nursing

home, our friends know that flowers are the most welcome of gifts and it is such times as these that we do perhaps most deeply appreciate them and are cheered by their presence.

M.P.

A PRAYER.

God, give each true, good woman
Her own small house to keep—
No heart should ache with longing—
No hurt should go too deep—
Grant her old-age desire :
A house to love and sweep.

Give her a man beside her,
A kind man—and a true,
And let them work together,
And love a lifetime through,
And let her mother children,
As gentle women do.

Give her a shelf for dishes,
And a shining box for bread.
A white cloth for her table,
And a white cover for her bed,
A shaded lamp at nightfall,
And a row of books much read.

God, let her work with laughter,
And let her rest with sleep,
No life can truly offer
Appeal more sure and deep.
God, give each true, good woman,
Her own small house to keep.

BEAUTY FROM THE GARDEN.

An apple eaten slowly is excellent for the teeth, and has a most beneficial effect on the liver, as also have plums and peaches taken regularly. When the liver is in good condition the eyes will sparkle! Therefore eat plentifully of these three fruits if you would have sparkling eyes.

It is not so essential to be well dressed as to be well groomed.

A wise woman will never mind a little time spent on attention to little things ; after all, detail counts tremendously and not less in one's own personal appearance.

A FEW HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Do you know ?

That a dessertspoonful of methylated spirit added to the rinsing water, when washing your silks, will do wonders to retain the gloss so necessary for their appearance.

To wash all new garments before wearing, especially woollens, will add to their durability. So, ladies, look to your hose, silk or woollen, and give them a second life.

To give all smooth-surfaced carpets, rugs and mats a good hard rubbing, after sweeping, with soft tissue paper does wonders to remove all dust and dirt which penetrates too deeply for the brush. The result of this, if practised, will surprise you ; it gives such a clean finish.

COCKTAIL MIXING CONTEST.

An effort is to be made to prove that the British " cocktail shaker " is as good as boosted members of the craft in the United States or any other country. The International Geneva Association of Hotel and Restaurant Employees has organised " the first international cocktail competition," to be held at the Club House, 42-43, Dean Street, W.1, on Monday, September 15th. The association is hoping to get recipes and competitors from all nationalities to make this a representative gathering. Competitors may choose short drink, long drink, soft drink, or all three. Recipes may be mixed by competitors personally on the day of the competition, or, if sent by post, will be mixed by an expert under supervision.

DESERVED HUMILIATION.

She was very haughty, and considered herself one of the elite. As she was walking through the park she saw a common labourer apparently approaching the same bench as she had chosen for herself. She decided to hurry up and get to it first, then to freeze him out. " Hi, lady," he called just as she was about to be seated, " don't, don't ! " But she, in her self-confidence, would take no notice of him. Finally exasperated, he said, " All right, lady, sit there ; but I'll be damned if I'll paint that bench again to-day."

THE " HAUNCH OF VENISON," SALISBURY.



A Short Description of the "Haunch of Venison" written by

MR. FIRMIN S. BRADBEER.

In sending us the following contribution, Mr. Firmin S. Bradbeer adds:—The "Haunch" was originally a clergy house inhabited in pre-Reformation days by a Chaplain of one of the Guilds, of which there were 16 in the city, viz., Butcher, Baker, Shoemaker, Cobbler, Tailor, &c., &c.—*when men were craftsmen* :—

The "Haunch of Venison" is one of the oldest houses in the city of Salisbury.

Its history, could it be written, would speak of stirring days in England. Picturesque days. The glorious days of chivalry and romance. The evil days of religious intolerance and bigotry. The dawn of freedom—the gradual growth of an empire. It is indeed one of those houses of which Longfellow wrote :—

"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited ; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear ;
He but perceives *what is* ; while unto me
All that *has been* is visible and clear."

And so, although he has not "the pen of a ready writer," to quote his own words, the Landlord writes an account of "The Haunch" for those who admire the old house and wish to know what can be told concerning it.

It has been carefully restored to show to the best advantage its construction and to bring to view the old beams of oak and chestnut which for hundreds of years have been hidden by paper, plaster and paint.

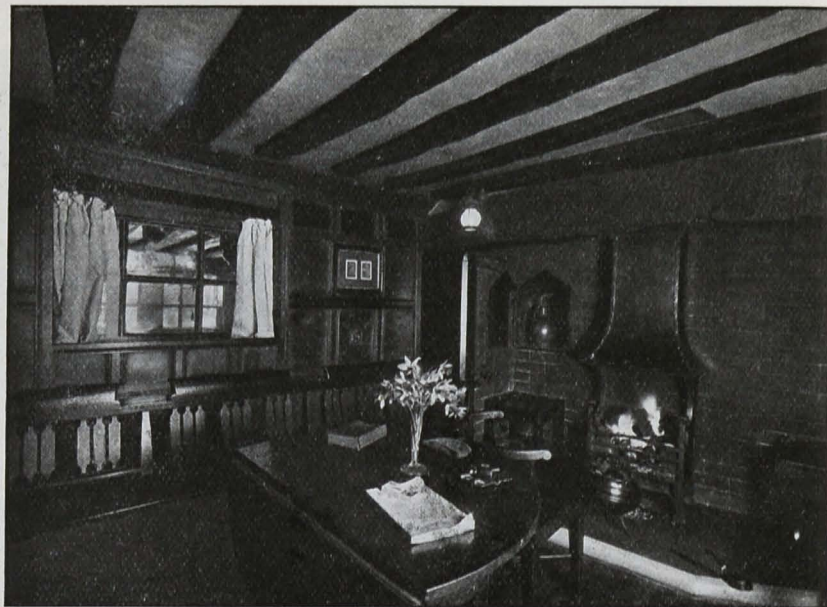


The impression one gets on entering the house from the street is that of being in an old hall. The rafters and beams here are very fine. When the ceiling was taken down the rafters were found to be trimmed at the sides, indicating that they were not originally intended to be ceiled ; they were also decorated with paint or distemper.

Here was found a silver groat of Queen Elizabeth, having evidently dropped through from the floor above.

The remains (still preserved) of a quaint old Smoke Jack, consisting of pulleys to drive the spit in the chimney were found between two old storey posts.

During the restoration of the Smoking Room it was discovered that the chimney had been bricked up and that for so small a room there was quite a roomy old chimney corner with an oven attached. The chimney had been divided by a partition of bricks, one half being roofed in at the top by a wooden platform consisting of barrel staves—probably at the time plastered over. At some subsequent time the woodwork became partially charred through, and the whole of the space beneath was filled with soot—eighteen



sacks full were taken out. In amongst the soot was found an old stone-ware wine flagon, probably of Dutch origin, about 300 years old (one almost identical in shape and make to this, silver mounted, is preserved in the South Kensington Museum) and two playing cards (the Queen and Ten of Clubs) also about the same date. The Court card, unlike those of the present day, was not made reversible, consequently the Queen has only one head. Lastly was found a mummified hand, and curiously enough, there is a tradition to the effect that long years ago a man was bricked up in the chimney with a pitcher of water—possibly the old flagon.

There is little reliance to be placed in this "yarn" but it is certainly not improbable that there may be some connection between the cards and the hand. It may be that a sharper of those days paid the penalty of cheating by forfeiting his offending hand. Rough and ready justice was often meted out in the "good old days" and our forebears had a not too delicate way of "making the punishment fit the crime."

However, be this as it may, now the room is restored it makes a very cosy resting place. The arch of the fireplace is formed by a fine old oaken beam, and the oven was doubtless often redolent of good home-baked bread. From the smallness of the room one would hardly expect to find so large a fireplace. Much of its old

fashioned quaintness is due to the fact that the cellar is underneath, the room suffering in height in consequence, for the old builders evidently experienced the same difficulty that the modern builders in this neighbourhood still experience in keeping water out of their cellars.



Indeed, the trouble necessary to make this cellar, had a great influence on the building of the whole house, and one might almost assume from this fact alone, that the "Haunch of Venison" was originally built as an Inn, though such cannot be proved. The old flagon bears the impression of three hearts, and it has been suggested that at one time the house bore that name. The cards, too, seem to indicate it was used as a place of entertainment, but that was 300 years ago—England was "Merrie England" then.

SALISBURY CARNIVAL.

In our August issue we reproduced a photograph of the prize-winning entry of the Salisbury and District Licensed Victuallers' Association which was loaned by Mr. Firmin S. Bradbeer. We omitted to mention that permission to reproduce the photograph was kindly granted by the proprietors of the *Southern Daily Echo*.

SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

Well England has lost the "Ashes" to a team that was better than the XI. that was chosen to represent the Old Country, and if the Brewery had been defending any such trophy, we should have done likewise, for we have only won one match out of the last four, and the Second XI. have now completed their programme and have not a single victory to their credit.

Our first venture was with Eversley Street and here we gained a victory although the scoring was low, which was probably due to the state of the pitch and the showery weather. We batted first and have to thank our skipper for a very valuable knock of 44. Croom had the misfortune to twist his knee after scoring a boundary. He had just made the first run and was turning to take another, when the accident happened and it put him out of the game. In fact, he has only played once since. Our total read 63, so no further comment is necessary except a certain article of food ought to have been in demand in six homes. However, that modest total proved too much for our friends from the Street, as they only made 43 all told. Clark bowled well and took 5 for 20, whilst Crutchley had 3 wickets for 2 runs and finished off the innings.

The Saturday before Bank Holiday should have seen us on the Factory ground again, but we found it absolutely impossible to raise a team and much to our regret we had to scratch the match.

The following Saturday saw us out at Eversley again for another match against H. D. Simonds, Esq., backed up by the Eversley Street Club. Unfortunately, we had a job to get a representative team together, but a good game ensued which we lost by 7 runs. The home team batted first and compiled 49 runs, 19 of which were scored by L. Leversuch. Mr. Harry got 4 singles before Crutchley beat him. The latter had a very good day with the ball and secured 8 wickets for 10 runs. He bowled 15.3 overs, 8 of which were maidens. Clark got the other 2 for 28 and then went on to make top score for us with 15 not out. We only got 42 all told, so that's that.

Frimley came over the next week and evidently liked the pitch so well that they beat us by 8 wickets. Our team was not exactly strong, but we managed to get 75; J. Smith 24, T. Bartholomew 20 and E. Crutchley 13, being the men to wield the willow best. We made a good start and got two wickets for 5 runs, but D. Lee and T. Wilkes became associated and knocked off the runs without being separated.

As my notes are a bit later this time we get an extra match in this number and that was against Heckfield. This has never been one of our happy hunting grounds and last Saturday was no exception. We started well, getting two down for 8, but C. Bartlett and E. Smith each made 54 and then retired unbeaten; we then got two more wickets, when the innings was declared, Heckfield having took 119. Our batting was very weak, in fact, we only managed to get 23 between us. The wicket was very spongy and the ball never did what we expected and seven wickets fell to catches.

Now for a few words *re* the "B" team who seem to have fallen to pieces and just lately have taken the field not up to the full complement of players.

The return fixture with Spencers Wood 2nd XI. comes first. Here we batted first and could only make 25 all told. That total was passed by the third wicket and the "Wood" went on to make 89, of which, E. White got 25. Main was our most successful bowler, he taking 5 for 40.

The next match was at home *versus* Pangbourne and Tidmarsh 2nd XI. This being the Saturday before the Holiday we were short of players and had to include the scorer and umpire to help fill the bill, but our 10 men were all dismissed for 15, which, of course, was not a bit of good and our opponents went on to make 83. As the analysis of the bowling was not kept I cannot give the figures, but Main got seven of the wickets.

We had a single match with the Reading Electric Supply Co.'s team and a much closer game ensued, we being beaten by 9 runs. The R.E.S. batted first and made 44. Atkinson did well with the ball on this occasion and took 6 for 8. Unfortunately, our batting was not up to the bowling and Josey with 8 not out was the only one to shine at all against the bowling of Hill who took 7 for 11.

The final game on their programme was against the Junior Conservatives and this was an eight-a-side affair, in which we were only five runs behind. We batted first and Main made 15 out of a total of 29 and then the Imps went out and got 34. The wickets were pretty equally shared, with no outstanding star.

If there is to be a second eleven next season, there will have to be a great improvement and more enthusiasm shown among the younger members of the Club, for it is very disheartening to the Captain of the team and to the Executive generally to see such a poor state of affairs. Any suggestions *re* the strengthening of the team or criticisms will be welcomed by the writer and the Committee.

The report of the remaining match and general summary of the season will appear in our next issue, by which time the big ball will hold the field.

J.W.J.

VEGETABLE AND FLOWER SHOW.

The annual Vegetable and Flower Show was held on Saturday, August 16th, and all previous records were beaten by the number of exhibits and the very fine quality of the produce. Over 200 entries were made, several members making their first attempt. The collections of vegetables were very fine indeed and the onions, carrots and runner beans were outstanding. Interest in the show was greatly enhanced by the honorary exhibits from F. A. Simonds, Esq. from "Mertonford," Wokingham, arranged by Mr. W. Haines (Head Gardener) and the floral exhibit from Audleys Wood, Basingstoke, arranged by Mr. Cliff (Head Gardener). The judging was ably performed by Mr. W. Haines and Mr. Broomfield (Head Gardener to Milton Bode, Esq.). Honorary exhibits were also made by Mr. E. A. Higgs.

Mr. and Mrs. George King (Steward and Stewardess of the Club) arranged a very attractive display of plants and flowers. Mrs. Braisher helped to arrange the flowers.

Mr. Walter Bradford (Hon. Secretary of the Club) on whom rested the duties of the arrangements of the Show, was ably assisted by Messrs. W. Sparks and A. Weight, members of the Committee.

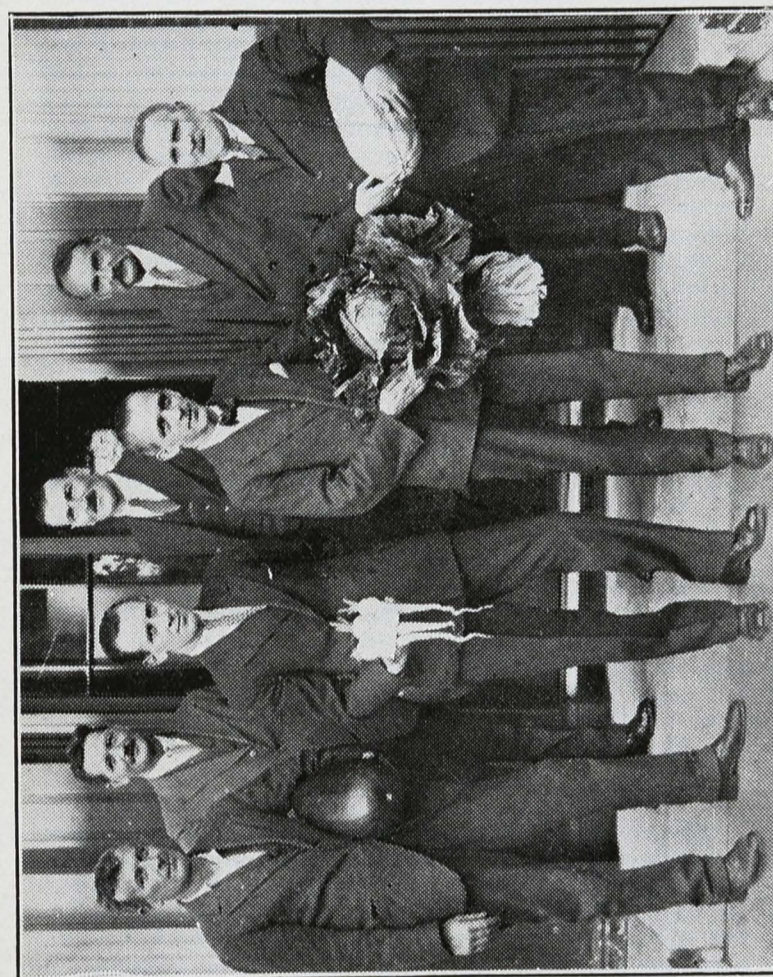
Mr. T. Osborne gave a sack of vegetables which was sold, with other produce kindly left behind by many exhibitors, in aid of the children's annual Christmas tree. Music was provided during the evening by Miss Vera Bradford and Mr. W. Good (piano and violin). Mr. Frank Lees, of the Vineyard, Connaught Road, kindly lent some choice plants for decorative purposes.

CLASS.	PRIZEWINNERS.	PRIZE GIVEN BY
Collection of Vegetables ...	1 T. H. Stacey ...	Mr. F. C. Hawkes
	2 J. Kirk ...	Ditto
	3 H. Prater ...	Ditto
Kidney Potatoes ...	1. J. Kirk ...	Mr. C. W. Stocker
	2 T. H. Stacey ...	Mr. G. F. Irwin
	3 T. J. Day ...	Ditto
Round Potatoes ...	1 S. Paintin ...	Mr. C. W. Stocker
	2 V. Saunders ...	Mr. C. E. Gough
	3 T. H. Stacey ...	Ditto
Heaviest Potato ...	1 A. Weight ...	Mr. C. W. Stocker

CLASS.	PRIZEWINNERS.	PRIZE GIVEN BY
Onions—Spring ...	1 H. Prater ...	Mr. C. W. Stocker
	2 T. J. Day ...	Mr. A. R. Bradford
	3 J. Cholwill ...	Ditto
Onions—Best ...	1 J. Kirk ...	Mr. C. W. Stocker
	2 T. H. Stacey ...	Mr. F. Josey
	3 T. J. Williams ...	Ditto
Heaviest Onion ...	1 T. H. Stacey ...	Mr. C. W. Stocker
Carrots—Intermediate or Long ...	1 J. Kirk ...	Mr. R. Biggs
	2 T. H. Stacey ...	Ditto
	3 A. Weight ...	Ditto
Carrots—Short ...	1 J. Kirk ...	Mr. W. Curtis
	2 A. Weight ...	Ditto
	3 T. H. Stacey ...	Ditto
Largest Carrot ...	1 J. Cholwill ...	Mr. S. Bird
	2 T. Osborne ...	
Runner Beans ...	1 T. J. Williams ...	Mr. S. Bird
	2 J. Kirk ...	Mr. H. Shepherd
	3 J. Cholwill ...	Ditto
Pods Peas ...	1 E. A. Higgs ...	Mr. W. Wheeler
	2 S. Paintin ...	Mr. A. Grove
	3 T. Osborne ...	Ditto
Cabbage ...	1 R. Boddington ...	Mr. E. S. Phipps
	2 S. Paintin ...	Ditto
	3 H. Prater ...	Ditto
Heaviest Cabbage ...	1 A. Weight ...	The Club
	2 J. Cholwill ...	Ditto
	3 H. James ...	Ditto
Beet—Globe ...	1 E. A. Higgs ...	Mr. H. Woolcott
	2 T. J. Day ...	
	3 T. H. Stacey ...	Mr. H. Woolcott
Lettuce—Cabbage ...	1 H. James ...	Capt. A. S. Drewe
	2 W. Seward ...	The Club
	3 J. Cholwill ...	Capt. A. S. Drewe
Lettuce—Cos ...	1 A. Weight ...	The Club
	2 T. J. Day ...	Ditto
	3 S. Paintin ...	Capt. A. S. Drewe
Table Marrows ...	1 T. J. Day ...	Mr. C. Bennett
	2 S. Paintin ...	Ditto
	3 H. James ...	Ditto
Heaviest Marrow ...	1 J. Kirk ...	Mr. A. H. Hopkins
	2 J. Cholwill ...	The Club
	3 T. H. Stacey ...	Ditto
Turnips ...	2 J. Cholwill ...	Ditto

CLASS.			PRIZEWINNERS.		PRIZE GIVEN BY
Shallots	1	T. H. Stacey	The Club
			2	T. Osborne	Ditto
			3	E. A. Higgs	Ditto
Parsnips	1	J. Kirk	Ditto
			2	T. H. Stacey	Ditto
			3	J. Cholwill	Ditto
Apples—Culinary	2	H. James	Mr. H. L. Chaplin
Apples—Dessert	2	F. C. Hawkes	Mr. J. Webb
Bunch of Roses	3	T. J. Williams	Mr. H. F. Lindars
Asters	1	J. Cholwill	Ditto
			2	T. Osborne	Ditto
			3	J. Kirk	The Club
Dahlias	1.	F. J. Day	Mr. J. Webb
Mixed Cut Flowers	1	T. Osborne	Major H. Kaye
			2	T. J. Williams	Ditto
			3	F. C. Hawkes	Ditto
Sweet Peas—Mixed	1	J. Cholwill	The Directors
			2	T. J. Day	Ditto
			3	F. C. Hawkes	Ditto
Gladioli	1	T. H. Stacey	Mr. H. L. Chaplin
Specimen Plant in Bloom	1	Mrs. King	The Directors
			2	G. H. King	Ditto
			3	F. C. Hawkes	Ditto
Specimen Foliage Plant	1	Mrs. Wetten	Ditto
			2	H. Prater	Ditto
			3	T. H. Stacey	Ditto
Heaviest Sunflower	1	J. Kirk	Ditto
One dozen New Laid Eggs	1	Mrs. Osborne	The Club
			2	Mrs. James	Ditto
			3	Mrs. Prater	Ditto
Dish of Boiled Potatoes	1	Mrs. Osborne	Ditto
			2	Mrs. Prater	Mr. H. James
Specimen Needlework	1	Mrs. Wetten	The Club
			2	Mrs. Stacey	Ditto
Crochet Work	1	Mrs. Sparks	Ditto
			2	Mrs. Seward	Ditto
			3	Mrs. Stacey	Ditto
Knitting—Hand	1	Mrs. Wetten	Ditto
			2	Mrs. Davis	Ditto
			3	Mrs. Stacey	Ditto

CLASS.		PRIZEWINNERS.		PRIZE GIVEN BY
Two Jars of Jam or Marmalade	1	Mrs. T. Osborne	...	The Club
		Mrs. Prater	...	Ditto
		Mrs. Saunders	...	Ditto
Wild Cut Flowers	...	1	Master Osborne	Ditto
		2	Miss Wetten	Ditto
		3	Master Andrews	Ditto



H. & S. Simonds' Social Club Flower Show. Some of the Officials.

A NATURE NOTE.

BY THE RIVER LODDON.

I spent a delightful Sunday recently, fishing the river Loddon out Arborfield way. It was a very wild spot with big beds of rushes where foxes love to lie, and with the exception of my two companions I did not see a soul all the time I was engaged in the gentle art. How restful it is at times to get right away from the madding crowd and spend some happy hours right at the heart of Nature. A wild duck rises from the water, winged jewels, in the form of kingfishers occasionally flash by, a tree-creeper runs mouse-like up a tree, quite close at hand, a family of long-tailed tits are busy feeding on the alders, an old barn rat appears within a yard of where I am sitting, suddenly sees me and disappears in the water like a flash, a robin comes to keep me company and fearlessly partakes of my ground bait, there is the buzz of busy bees, an ever welcome sound, a big covey of partridges is feeding in the stubble near by, and so are many pigeons, the warm rays of the sun fall full on my face and fleecy clouds go floating by. It is a truly wonderful world in which we live and no one has a better opportunity of studying the beauties of Nature than the ardent angler.

RIGHT OVER A WASPS' NEST.

But I ought to begin at the beginning. On arrival I choose a likely-looking eddy, take my seat on a camp stool, put my tackle together, throw some ground-bait into the water in the hope of getting the fish together, and commence operations. But I do not stay in this spot long for noticing an abundance of wasps I find I am sitting right bang over a nest. I am not unduly afraid of wasps, but they seemed to resent my presence, so packing up I thought discretion the better part of valour and removed to another spot. One of my companions, braver than I, took a great fancy to this eddy and said "I think I will chance it." He did. He placed his stool right over the nest, fished for hours at the spot with varying luck and did not receive a single sting.

A DIFFICULT CAST.

I caught several perch and dace and dozens of gudgeon. After luncheon—and what an appetite one gets when spending a day in the open air—I had a roam round the meadows. In a backwater, under a tree, I observed several nice chub. They were on the other side of the water in the one little spot that was clear of weeds. This backwater was overhung with bushes and trees and to get a fly to those fish would be a matter of extreme difficulty. But I thought I would try my luck. I put my fly rod together, attached

a good fly to a fine trace and tried my luck. I knew that one false cast would spell disaster for there are no fish more shy than chub. Swish! Swish!! Swish!!! I have now paid out just enough line to reach my friends. Can I miss that tree behind and the bushes on either hand? Yes, I have succeeded. I never made a better cast in my life. My fly just touches a leaf of the alder on the other side of the water and drops, light as air, right over the very noses of the chub. There is a rush for the supposed dainty morsel, a two-pounder gets there first, seizes the fly and soon finds that he has made a very big mistake. He makes a bold bid for liberty. I handle him very gently but firmly and eventually succeed in guiding him through the dense weeds and with the aid of my net lift him from the water—a prize which I must say I think I richly deserved.

AMUSING.

In the meantime, my elder companion had landed a couple of perch and also a spoon bait and trace which some brother fisherman had lost. I was very much amused to see his young son trying his hand with this spinning tackle. On each of the three hooks forming the triangle at the end of the spoon, he had affixed a large lob worm and thus armed, was hoping for the best! I showed him a better way and fixed him up with a lively little gudgeon attached to a single hook, a simple but very effective way of leading the ferocious pike astray.

And pike are very ferocious and at times will go for almost anything. They have well earned the appellation, freshwater shark. Here is a true story from Pangbourne. A man was cleaning the outside of a boat with chamois leather when a pike, only about 4 lbs., jumped out of the water and seized the material. The poor man was so surprised that he fell backwards into the boat! Doubtless the fish found this food as tough as leather.

NOT AN UNMIXED BLESSING.

And talking of the Thames, I think swans are by no means an unmixed blessing. They must devour a vast amount of fish spawn and thus rob the angler of much sport. A perch, for instance, lays a minimum of 120,000 eggs. You may see them about a foot under water on a weed and they have very much the appearance of a piece of old lace curtain. Fancy a swan swallowing all these thousands of eggs at one gulp. Many millions of embryo perch are thus destroyed.

SWALLOWS HOLDING MASS MEETINGS.

At the end of each summer season swallows hold mass meetings just before taking their departure to warmer climes. These meetings are often held on telegraph wires and doubtless the forthcoming journey abroad is discussed. As Mr. F. A. Simonds pointed out to me, these meetings are being held much earlier than usual this year. What does it all portend: an early winter, exceptionally rough weather, or what? Let us hope it does not mean a General Election just yet!

NIGHT JAR'S "NEST."

Burghfield Common is a rare place for night jar's "nests" and each year I find one or more. As a matter of fact there is no nest, the eggs being laid on a bare place amongst the heather or bracken. It was on August 17th that I came across a mother night jar and her two chicks. The mother endeavoured to entice me away from them by pretending she had a broken wing or was injured in some way. At any rate she flapped about within a yard of me while I was examining her two children. They remained absolutely motionless as I picked them up. A week later I flushed the three birds. They were only a few yards from the shells of the eggs out of which they had been hatched but were quite strong on the wing. What progress they had made in just one week!

A GREAT THOUGHT.

There is no working man in industry, there is no employer in industry, there is no great banker, there is no one in the cities, about whom, if you go back two or three or four generations, you do not find that his forebears worked in some capacity on the land. That instinct is hereditary. For a million years, perhaps, we have worked on the land. And is that instinct going to be destroyed by a mere fragment of time in the factory or the city? The idea is absurd.

You have peace-loving peoples and you have the adventurous souls who look beyond the ridges where the strange roads go down. But common to all these, and common to all races that make up your great population—common to them all is the enduring kindness and courage of the heart of man. In spite of wars, in spite of misunderstandings, the spirit of brotherhood is growing with the years. At times, by racial selfishness, by self-interest, it may be arrested, but yet it increases. It increases day by day with the knowledge that unity is strength, and that co-operation and goodwill inevitably bring in their train prosperity and peace.—STANLEY BALDWIN.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Having only just returned from holiday I am in consequence somewhat out of touch with Brewery happenings.

The August number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE was up to the usual high standard and full of interesting articles apart from the regular features. The photograph of Mr. A. Lock was a particularly good likeness and doubtless gave much pleasure to his many friends, Mr. Lock could, if so inclined, give a recital of Brewery happenings, past and present, that would fill many pages of our interesting magazine. Enjoying wonderful good health it would be quite an event if he had to "lay-up" owing to illness. Probably one of the most irksome times he spent at The Brewery was during the War when, owing to the restrictions then imposed forbidding travellers canvassing for orders, he stopped "at home" and worked in a clerical capacity in the Offices. His son, Arthur Lock, who worked during his early days at The Brewery Offices, is now a Brewer at a North Country Brewery.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

Owing to the unsettled weather which prevailed generally on this day many outdoor functions both in Reading and neighbourhood suffered considerably owing to the wet. However, we had a busy time both before and after fixing up the different fetes and shows with our well-known brands of liquid nourishment, plant, etc.

TEST MATCH.

It was a matter of profound regret to all local enthusiasts that Mr. A. P. F. Chapman was relieved of the captaincy for the Final Test Match at the Oval, but all wished his successor, Mr. R. E. S. Wyatt, every success. Not being at The Brewery whilst this match was being played I am unable to give details of the excitement that prevailed there, but, judging from past experience, I should imagine the Breweryites followed the play very closely. Now that England has lost the Ashes we hope the powers that be will, in due course, select a team that will prove that England has by no means "kicked the bucket" as far as cricket is concerned.

HOLIDAYS.

Those who had their holidays during the latter part of July and the most part of August have not been favoured with such good weather as the early birds who went in June, and how many times have you all heard about "Old Forty Days," St. Swithin,

during this period. Now that this time has elapsed, i.e. forty days, we are having a heat wave. Do you believe in St. Swithin now, gentle reader?

FOOTBALL.

We shall be in the throes of another football season by the time this number is published; at the moment it is about 90° in the shade. Whew! Everyone hopes that the Club will have a much better season than the last one. There will be quite a number of new players on view and probably it will be some little time before they all settle down and fit in. It is generally accepted in Reading that the forwards will be stronger this time (in a goal-scoring sense) and if there is a weakness it will be on the left wing.

The defence seems to please the experts who have seen the trial matches. We shall see. It would indeed be a welcome change if Reading kept quite clear of the bottom half of the League Table for the whole of the forthcoming season and prevented the ardent follower from having to mention so often that dreaded word: relegation. We shall have the opportunity of welcoming Plymouth Argyle to Elm Park once more to renew old rivalries, and we wish them every success in their initial year of Second Division football—except when they play Reading.

The following were extracted from the *Portsmouth Evening News* :—

With those whose skill with the guns on the Twelfth is freely recognised are others whose reputations are not as high.

There was some excuse, therefore, for the gamekeeper who was asked by a visitor: "I suppose you find it difficult to keep up the supply of birds?"

"'Twere at one time, sir," was the answer. "But since measter have let th' shootin' to th' Lunnon gents we allus 'as plenty."

* * * *

Driver of large car (overtaking and stopping driver of baby ditto): "Excuse me, old chap, but I'm afraid there is something wrong with your bus. The rear wheels keep hopping up off the road."

"No, nothing wrong, I've got hiccups," came the reply.

* * * *

Once, in the South African War, an orderly brought the late General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien a message from Lord Kitchener. Smith-Dorrien gave his reply, and said to the orderly, who was not extra polite: "Say 'please' the next time you speak to me."

The orderly handed on the message to Lord Kitchener and added: "Next time you speak to him you must say 'please.'"

SIXTY YEARS OF SERVICE.

PRESENTATION TO MR. C. PEARCE.

A pleasing little ceremony took place in the Cooperage Department at The Brewery, Reading, on Monday, August 25th. The Department wished to honour Mr. C. Pearce who has just completed sixty years' service as a Journeyman at H. & G. Simonds Ltd.

The gift, which took the form of an umbrella, was presented by the Head of the Department, Mr. F. Drury, who, in a few chosen words, congratulated Mr. Pearce on his fine record.

Mr. Pearce, under great emotion, suitably replied.

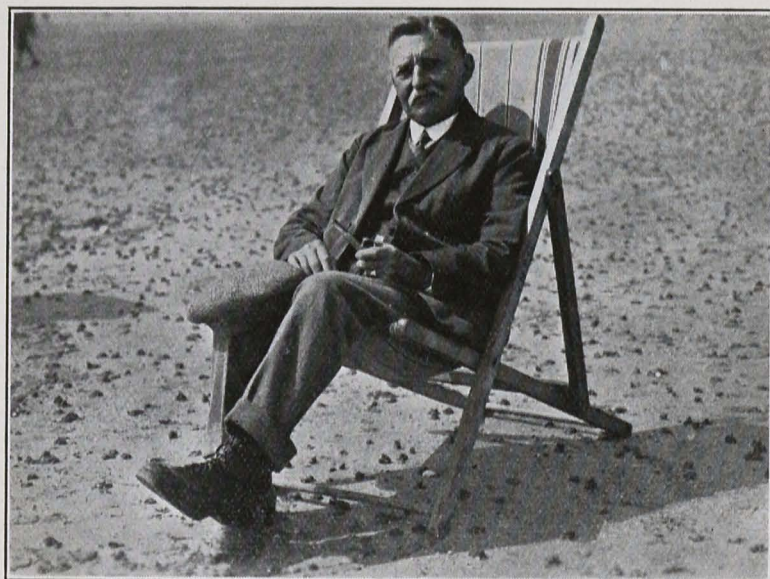
The umbrella bore the following inscription: "Presented to Mr. C. Pearce by the Cooperage Staff of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. on the completion of sixty years as a Journeyman Cooper, 1870-1930."

Mr. Pearce joined The Brewery in August, 1870. He has worked under the following Foremen Coopers, which is a unique record:—Mr. Holdop, Mr. Nation, Mr. Fullbrook, Mr. B. Drury, and the present foreman, Mr. F. Drury.

His first shop was where now stands the Boiler House. Many an incident can he relate of the old days when Mr. H. J. Simonds used to fish near by. Mr. Simonds after a successful day distributed his catch to the men.

Mr. Pearce remembers when boys used to play marbles in the middle of the yard, when two ravens also frequented the yard, and when a donkey was a great favourite to all.

Mr. Pearce's chief recreation is music. He sang in a church choir as man and boy, and was one of the first members of the Orpheus Society, under the late Mr. A. W. Moss.



Mr. C. Pearce.

WEDDING OF MR. F. A. RANDALL.

The marriage of Mr. F. A. Randall, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Randall, of 135, Elm Park Road, and Miss Ivy Muriel Bowman, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bowman, of 9, St. John Street, was solemnized at Wesley Church, Queen's Road, on Saturday, August 23rd, 1930. Pastor Spargo was the officiating minister. After the ceremony the happy pair left for Brighton for a brief honeymoon.

In connection with the above, an interesting presentation was made to Mr. F. A. Randall, a member of the Transport Department, at the Brewery on Friday evening. Mr. F. C. Hawkes, who presided, in making the presentation said that his duty that night was a most pleasurable one. He had, on behalf of Mr. Randall's colleagues of the Office Staff, to ask his acceptance of a clock and table knives as tokens of their regard for him on the occasion of his marriage. He hoped that Mr. Randall's married life would be full of joys and that the clock would chime many happy hours for him and his future wife. (*Applause.*)

Mr. Randall, in reply, thanked Mr. Hawkes for his good wishes. The handsome presents for which his colleagues had subscribed would be treasured for all time by his future wife and himself. He thanked them all most sincerely. (*Loud applause.*)

The clock was a handsome 8-day timepiece with Westminster Chimes, striking the hours and quarters.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

EPITAPH.

Bill Muffet said
His car couldn't skid;
This monument shows
That it could and did.

* * * *

The Christian name of the baby was "Homer," and the minister, making the usual inquiries, paused.

"Strange," he thought, as he recalled Homer, the poet. "A queer name for a miner's son." Then he turned to the proud father. "Is Homer your favourite poet?" he asked.

"Poet?" repeated the man, with a surprised look, "Lor', no: I keep pigeons!"

* * * *

"Oh, save my hair! Save my hair!" she cried, pointing to a wig rapidly drifting out to sea.

"Madam," replied the gallant beach attendant, as he took a firm grip on her shoulder, "I'm only a life-saver, not a hair restorer."

* * * *

"SPOONERISMS."

Dr. W. A. Spooner, the ex-Warden of New College, Oxford, who has always disclaimed responsibility for the hundreds of Spoonerisms—accidental transpositions of the initial letters of two or more words—celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday in July.

The kindly old don has stated that he never remembers making a "Spoonerism" and is afraid that these were mainly the inventions of the undergraduates of New College.

Dr. Spooner is alleged to have announced in chapel the hymn:

"Kinkering Kongs Their Titles Take,"

and the following immortal "Spoonerisms" have always been attributed to him:

"The reversed vision of the Bible."

"Yes, indeed, the Lord is a shoving leopard."

"Pardon me, madam, you are occupewing my pie."

"Is it kistomary to cuss the bride?"

"It's empty work lecturing the beary wenches."

"I have just received a blushing crow."

"For real enjoyment give me a well boiled icicle."

"He's been badly slit by the hump."

"It is more difficult for a rich man to enter heaven than it is for a camel to pass through the knee of an idol."

Commenting on "Spoonerisms" in general, some time ago a University magazine published:

I gaze upon the sutting sen,
I scotch the wy and stinkling twars,
And feetil sums the mate of fen
Whose stretty pife our janet plars.

But sudden, tharp and shrabbing pongs
Assail my mind all thapt in rought,
Like bluds that boom, my lond-read dongs
Furst borth anew, with frenance maught.

During Queen Victoria's jubilee, Dr. Spooner is alleged to have called for three cheers for the "queer old dean."

"Spoonerisms" in action were a natural development of the spoken examples. The venerable don is said to have spent a day looking for the "Dull Man" at Greenwich when he wanted the "Green Man" at Dulwich, and at the station he is popularly supposed to have tipped his wife sixpence and kissed the porter.

* * * *

Cohen, walking along the street, met his friend Isaacs, bound in the opposite direction.

"Ah, ha!" said Isaacs, "I know vat you are going dis vay for."

"You don't," said Cohen.

"Bet you ten shillings I do," said Isaacs.

The wager was accepted, and Isaacs went on: "You're in search of a cheap-looking building. You'll take the place, stock it with goods, insure the whole thing, and then some day there will be a fire."

Cohen looked thoughtful for a moment, and then pulled ten shillings from his pocket. He handed the money to Isaacs.

"You see, Cohen, I vas right after all."

"No, you vasn't right. But the idea is vorth it."

* * * *

The Justice of the Peace in a Western town had to hear and judge cases that were brought before him, and also perform occasional marriage ceremonies. He found it difficult to dissociate the various functions of his office.

Everything had gone smoothly until he had asked one bride, "Do you take this man to be your husband?"

The bride nodded emphatically.

"And you," said the justice, turning to the bridegroom, "what have you to say in your own defence?"

The new member of the city council felt very proud of himself, and nodded amicably at any passer-by whom he thought he had seen before.

"Excuse me, sir," responded one man to whom he had given a particularly affable bow, "but I think I saw your likeness in the papers."

"Er—yes, my photograph has been rather prominent lately," gushed the new member.

"I thought I could tell your face again—" continued the other. "And, do you know, I've tried that very same medicine for my rheumatism and it hasn't cured me."

* * * *

Mrs. Green was just engaging a new maid. Before explaining the duties to the girl, she thought she would first inquire into her family.

"By the way," she said, "I don't know your name yet."

"My name is Miss Parsons," replied the girl.

"But you don't expect me to call you Miss Parsons?" said the mistress in surprise.

"Certainly not, ma'am," was the reply, "I have an alarm clock."

* * * *

A well-known violinist found himself one day in a drab East London square. Going slowly round it on the pavement was a man apparently trying to play a fiddle. Greatly to the intruder's surprise, money wrapped in paper was flung down to him from nearly every window. The next day, in a spirit of adventure, he went to the same place. After playing classical music for some time and not getting a copper he turned to go. An old woman standing at a doorway gave him a penny for his trouble.

"How is it," he asked her, "that I get nothing when I play good music, and yesterday a man who made vile sounds with his fiddle got money showered upon him?"

"Oh, him," she said, "he ain't no fiddler; he's the local bookie."

* * * *

The husband had just eaten a terribly-cooked cake. "I took the recipe for this cake out of the cookery book," said the wife, apologetically. "You did quite right, darling," said her husband, tactfully, "it never should have got in there."

"How has your potato crop turned out, old chap?" asked one ardent amateur gardener of his neighbour.

"Splendid, old man," replied the other; "some are as big as marbles, some as big as peas, and, of course, quite a lot of little ones."

* * * *

A Jew wanted to borrow some money from his brother, but the brother would not lend it at less than 9 per cent. "Vell," said the borrower, sorrowfully, "vot vill our poor dear fadder say ven he looks down and sees his son sqveezing 9 per cent. out of his own flesh and blood?"

"Ah, but from vere fadder is it will look like 6 per cent."

* * * *

A group of navvies were having their lunch by the roadside. Presently a jovial clergyman came along.

"Ah, good morning!" he said to them. "Alfresco to-day?"

"Who's ridin' 'im, guv-nor?" asked one of the workmen.

* * * *

A clever young man was wandering up and down the platform in the hopes of finding an empty carriage, but his search being fruitless he thought of what he considered a brilliant plan. He stalked up to the last carriage and cried in an official voice:

"All change here; this carriage isn't going!" With expressions of dismay the occupants bundled out of the carriage and found seats elsewhere in the train. With a gratified sigh the young man settled down in the corner of the empty carriage.

After a quarter of an hour or so the stationmaster put his head inside the window: "Are you the smart young fellow who told the people this carriage wasn't going?"

"Yes," replied the young fellow.

"Well," said the stationmaster with a grin, "it isn't. The porter heard you telling the people, and so he uncoupled it. He thought you were a director."

* * * *

"Vat is a diplomat?" asked Ikey.

"A diplomat, my boy," replied his father, "is a man who can vake up and look surprised ven de firemen break into his bedroom."

* * * *

LIEUTENANT (roaring at the steward): "Who the blazes told you to put those flowers on the table?"

STEWARD: "The Commander, sir."

LIEUTENANT: "Pretty, aren't they?"

Young Aubrey de Vere, fresh from the Homeland, applied to a Western ranch-owner for a job. He got a job. It was tending sheep. On one of his monthly tours of his property, the ranch-owner called on de Vere and inquired how everything had been going.

"Pretty well, sir," said the youth. "I had the sheep in every night, but I'll tell you that the lambs gave me quite a chase."

"The lambs?" inquired the boss. "Why, I didn't have any stock less than one year old."

The lad said nothing, but led him to the corral and pointed. Inside were two hundred and thirty-eight jack rabbits.

* * * *

"I feel sad—I have just had my handwriting read," said the East Londoner.

"What did the expert say?"

"That from the way in which I made the 'h' at the beginning of the word 'elegant' he knew I had never been to school."

* * * *

The teacher was trying to explain to the class the significance of white. He asked: "Why do you think a bride always wears white on her wedding day?"

No one answered.

TEACHER: "It is because white betokens happiness, and her wedding day is the happiest day of a woman's life."

SMALL BOY: "But why does the man always dress in black?"

* * * *

Marie Corelli, being asked why she never married, replied: "There's no need. I have three pets at home which answer the same purpose as a husband. I have a dog which growls every morning, a parrot which swears all the afternoon, and a cat that comes home late at night."

* * * *

OFFICE BOY (tearfully on the Test Match morning): "I want the afternoon off, sir, if it's convenient. It's my poor old grandfather."

MANAGER: "But I gave you a day off last year to go to his funeral."

OFFICE BOY: "Yes, but I'm going to try and get in touch with him at a spiritualist seance this afternoon."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

In real life each one of us is not so much interested in the cheapness or dearness of things as in our chance of having the money to buy them.

To worry about anything that may not happen is foolish, and to worry about something that cannot be helped is useless.

Don't expect to keep your friends if you give them away.

Look deep enough in every dark and you will see the star.

Into the hand that made the rose, shall I with shuddering fall?

We cannot all say clever things, but we can all say kind things.

All common things, each day's events are rounds by which we may ascend.

To learn obeying is the fundamental art of governing.

Our own perfections should teach us to be merciful.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labours.

Give your full strength to the work of the day.

A clergyman in America was giving a series of addresses at a hall in New York. Every time, by his desire, a glass of milk was set by his side. He was a temperance advocate. One day, however, a friend filled the glass half full of milk and half of whisky. The clergyman drank off the contents and exclaimed involuntarily: "Gosh! what a cow!"

BRANCHES.

LUDGERSHALL.

Mr. F. L. Shrimpton's son has made great strides in the field of sport, literally and actually, as evinced by the following list of prizes secured by him in the annual sports of Wykeham House School, Andover, where he is a pupil, held on June 25th. He was the winner of eight first prizes and one second prize as under:—

Long Jump.
High Jump.
80 Yards Flat Race.
Sack Race.
Balancing Book Race.
Potato Race.
Obstacle Race.
240 Yards Flat Race.
Wheelbarrow Race (second).



Mr. Shrimpton's Athletic Son.

R.E.O.C.A., TIDWORTH.

On 26th June the annual dinner and orchestral concert of the R.E.O.C.A. (Tidworth Branch) and Club took place at the Paddock, Tidworth.

The arrangements for accommodation were, as usual, left in the hands of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., who surpassed all previous efforts at arranging for the comfort of the visitors of the evening.

At 7 p.m., members and hon. members of the Old Comrades Association and Club entertained the Bandmaster and Band to dinner. The dining marquee was filled to capacity with 80 diners and the catering was carried out most efficiently by Messrs. Osmond's of Salisbury. Lieut. J. Y. Simpson, R.E. (Chairman of the Club) presided at the dinner and welcomed Capt. Neville Flux, R.E., with the Band, on behalf of the local Association and Club. Capt. Flux in his reply said that the annual visit to Tidworth was a great pleasure to the band as they always received a very warm welcome indeed. Dinner was then served after which those assembled proceeded to the concert marquee to enjoy the orchestral concert which commenced at 8.15 p.m.

The musical programme was as varied as in previous years and the R.E. Band, under the inimitable conductorship of Capt. Neville Flux, F.R.A.M., Director of Music, Royal Engineers, proceeded to enthral the 400 music-loving listeners present.

One of the outstanding items of the evening was the violin solo rendering of Toscelli's Serenata by Sergt. Pike of the band as an encore to a mass rendering of the Siamese Patrol. Several pieces, including the Wee Macgregor Patrol (a last year's success) were played by request.

On completion of the programme the Regimental March of the Royal Engineers was played and at 10.30 p.m. a very happy evening concluded with the rendering of the National Anthem.

The arrangements of the evening were in the hands of the Club Band Concert Committee composed of S. S. Baker, R.E., L/Sgt. Betts, R.E. and Mr. C. W. Shorter.

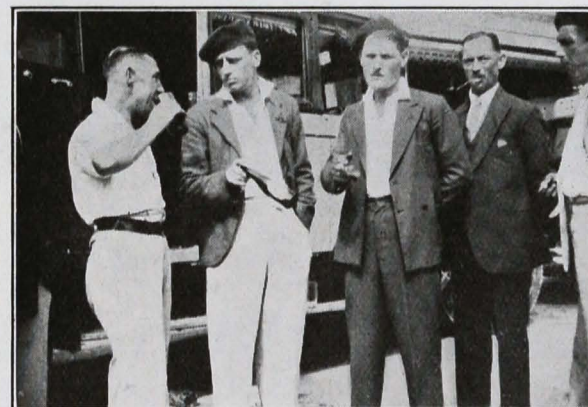
The Club Secretary, Sergt. Meston, took an active part in making the event a huge success.

GIBRALTAR.

The news of the death of Mrs. L. de L. Simonds was received with deep regret, and our sincere sympathy is tendered to Mr. F. A. Simonds and Commander H. D. Simonds on their great loss—a sentiment which is echoed by their many friends and acquaintances in Gibraltar.

Many "bottle tops" have accumulated since our last article in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, and that must be taken as my excuse if this is rather a lengthy one.

The junior N.C.O.'s, Royal Engineers, are to be highly congratulated on their recent outing to Cadiz, which was ably organized by Cpl. Paton and his committee. Starting at 6.30 a.m., Cadiz was eventually reached at 1.0 p.m., after a most enjoyable run through Algeciras, Tarifa, Vejer, Chiclana and San Fernando. A brief halt was made at each of these places, and as the day was rather hot, the members of the party were careful to cool themselves down with a draught of "H. & G.", which had thoughtfully been provided. That popular Warrant Officer, S.M. (Dicky) Burd, was in charge of the party, and it says much for his abilities as a shepherd that he brought the party back safe and sound after a most enjoyable day. The only complaint we have against this outing, is that it has been the only one.



Reading from left to right—L.-Cpl. Larking. L.-Cpl. White, Cpl. Polly, Cpl. Joyce.

A brief halt by the wayside, where advantage was taken to have the first "Dip."

S.Q.M.S. Cooley of the R.A.S.C. is also to be congratulated on venturing to run an outing to Malaga from 2nd to 4th August. This is the first time such a lengthy outing has been attempted, and the success which attended it should induce him to further efforts. Once again the "Hop Leaf" did yeoman service, and at the present rate of progress should soon be a familiar sight throughout the south of Spain.

The Linea Fair has once more been and gone. Quite the largest feature of the Fair was "English Day," on which occasion, the combined bands of the 1st Bn. The Lincolnshire Regiment and the 2nd Bn. The North Staffordshire Regiment, under the able baton of Bandmaster C. S. Trout, gave an exhibition of marching and counter-marching, which highly delighted the Spaniards. Sounding the Retreat was also a feature which was well received, while the Gymnastic Instructors of both Regiments gave a gymnastic display in the Bull Ring which earned repeated applause. For some days, the display was the talk of the populace, and judging by the comments which have been heard, it will now become a regular feature at this Fair.

The last few days has also witnessed the centenary of the establishment of a Civil Police Force in Gibraltar, and was the occasion of an inspection by His Excellency the Governor, on the Alameda Parade Ground. His Excellency congratulated the Police on their smart appearance and the excellent work they were doing, and briefly recapitulated the history of the Force in Gibraltar.

The Dockyard Social and Athletic Club conducted a well organised outing to Ceuta and Tetuan on 4th August, which was attended by about 200 people, including many prominent Naval and Military Officers. A special train from Ceuta had been ordered, so that there was a minimum of delay and inconvenience to all concerned. Although the heat was intense, the journey from Ceuta of about 28 miles was thoroughly enjoyed by all, while the locusts which constantly drifted in through the windows of the carriages were a source of delight and amusement to the children, although it must be admitted that the ladies were rather apprehensive.

Tetuan is a delightful old Moorish town and is full of interest to the sightseer. A guide, who looked like one of the original forty thieves accompanied the party and explained places of interest. Talking of the forty thieves reminds me that at least one of them must have been hovering near the party, as one respected member of the community came back considerably lighter than he went—having left a gold watch and chain and his pocket wallet behind him as a souvenir. Time certainly does fly on these occasions.

We regret to record the sudden death from heart failure of Major T. E. Coggon, R.A.M.C. For years, Major Coggon had taken a keen interest in all manner of sport in the Garrison, and had only been promoted to Major a few months ago. Our greatest sympathy goes out to his wife and mother in the sad loss.

Unfortunately we are soon to lose two popular members of the Fire Brigade—Captain R. McL. More and Sergeant Hatton. The Fire Brigade has lost none of its lustre under the direction of this popular officer and "Skipper," and when they leave at the commencement of the Trooping Season, they will carry with them the good wishes of very many acquaintances and friends in Gibraltar.



City Council of Gibraltar Fire Brigade.

The silent Navy is still very silent. Two destroyers—*Anthony* and *Walrus* are with us, while the former held a dance at the Assembly Rooms recently which was largely attended. Although the weather is very hot at present, it says much for the popularity of the ship's company that so many people went—although the heat was modified to some extent by reason of the "S.B." which was in the bar.

H.M.S. *Splendid* will be returning to England towards the end of September, and will be replaced by H.M.S. *Shamrock* which will commission with a new Portsmouth crew prior to her departure

for Gibraltar. In addition, we shall shortly say "adieu" to a large number from H.M.S. *Cormorant*, so that before long we shall have at least half the Naval personnel changed.

Catalan Bay, the "Lido" of Gibraltar, still continues to hold its popularity as a week-end resort for those who would bathe or sun bathe. Ye Olde Canteen, under the popular management of the Dellipiani Brothers is a trysting place for one and all, and, indeed, so great was the run on "S.B." on one occasion, that the dread cry "Sold Out" was heard. Needless to say, reinforcements were soon rushed up, but several members of the community received a shock from which they did not easily recover.

I must fill up this page, Mr. Editor, and I think the appropriate thing would be to burst forth into song. Stand by:—

If you're feeling very dry,

Try S.B.

Or from thirst you'll think you'll die,

Try S.B.

It will buck you up like—well

Only thirsty throats can tell,

And you'll linger where they sell,

Good S.B.

If you're suffering from gout,

Try S.B.

If the Missus chucks you out,

Try S.B.

It's a cure for all the ills,

Just imagine how it feels

To be *pleased* at paying Bills,

For S.B.

If the Sergeant drinks your rum,

Or your tea,

There's a better drink by far,

Believe me,

And from Gib. to Tientsin

Only fools drink "ski" and gin,

While the wise men all flock in

For S.B.

When the Levanter gets you down,

Drink S.B.

It's the finest drink in town—

Taste and See,

Drink it when you're feeling blue,

When you're feeling happy too,

And when you get a rise in screw—

More S.B.

This is doggerel I'll admit,

Blame S.B.

And my head my hat won't fit

Through S.B.

But do let me impress on you

There is one thing you must do,

Drain it all, and you won't rue

That S.B.

NAUTICUS.

BRIGHTON.

Holiday-makers who followed the advice of the Railway Companies and took their holidays early this year had the best of the weather, for the past month here has been anything but ideal for those who like to indulge in sea and sunbathing, for rough seas have predominated, in spite of a larger amount of sunshine than most seaside resorts. But of course there are plenty of indoor attractions if the weather is propitious. However, the weather did not deter a larger number of visitors than ever from coming to Brighton for the Bank Holiday and the succeeding race meeting.

This made us particularly busy, but with help from headquarters, we were able to keep all customers going.

July 24th was the date fixed upon this year for the annual sports of the 8th Field Brigade, R.A., which took place on the downs near Falmer. The inter-battery contests were particularly interesting, as also was the tentpegging competition. A marquee, lent by the Firm, was well patronised when there were opportunities for refreshments.

The West Tarring Working Men's Club set apart Saturday, July 26th, for the entertainment of the members wives and children, and incidentally the members as well. The children were especially catered for, and in the early afternoon over 200 were taken a country drive in motor coaches to Arundel, where they were regaled with refreshments. Later, all sorts of games and competitions were arranged for in the Worthing Sports ground, and in a large marquee lent by the Firm the members and their wives sat down to a meat tea. The weather in the morning did not look any too promising, but it fortunately kept fairly fine throughout the day. The Secretary, Mr. C. R. Vincent, was kept very busy all the time, but with a strong committee and the able assistance of the President behind the bar, the arrangements were well ahead, and everything went off without a hitch.

Territorials who have been training in Sussex this year have not enjoyed tropical nights to sleep out in, in fact, occasional gales have made sleeping under canvas none too pleasant. The Firm's canvas has stood the weather exceptionally well, especially in some camps where the tents were pitched in very exposed places. Now all have gone for another year.

It was unfortunate for Maurice Tate, for whose benefit the Sussex v. Middlesex match was allocated, that for the first time for many years the wicket at the County ground at Hove was on Bank Holiday a real "sticky dog." Saturated with Sunday's rain, and a hot sun beating down upon it, it made a bowler's paradise. It shortened to two days a match that is generally productive of heavy scoring, and deprived Tate of a third day's takings. Nevertheless, Saturday's gate and collection made some £320, and Monday's £450, and with several generous subscriptions the sum of £1,500 should be exceeded.

Once again Tate and "Duleep" are playing in the final test match, which will decide the "ashes," and we hope that before this appears in print, England will have won a glorious fight.

SIGHT OF RADIANT LOVELINESS.

Not always is the full glory of the sunset to be seen in the west. There was one evening recently when an observer on the Palace Pier, after watching for some time the golden sun sink in the west, crossed to the other side of the Pier and looked east. The sight was one of a far-flung radiant loveliness. Rain had fallen and fled. The sun had driven the clouds away to far horizons, where they lay, in all their splendid panoply of flaming crimson and piled-up gold, gathering strength for a new attack. From a dark, profound cavern behind the glowing fastnesses of their citadels, came the muttering thunder of their artillery. Strange shapes were taken by those gorgeous battalions—shapes of mystery, shapes of terror, shapes of elfin-land loveliness. To the north-east, above the heights of the Race Hill, there rose a towering mountain of cloud. Its top was white as with eternal snows. Its flanks were buttressed in steely gray. Its base was clothed in black as for a funeral of the Titans. Yet this massy, sombre giant, brooding darkly, was the background for the many-coloured fantasies of the rainbow. The foot of the rainbow was firmly fixed on the outline of the hill. Here, then, was the Crook of Gold.

Yet above this bizarre and terrible splendour the sky was a pool of softest blue. It was a blue shining with "the clear shining after rain." The sea below was blue, yet with an infinity of

differing tints of blue. It had blues captured from enchanted places all over the world. There was that deep, dark ultra-marine of the Tyrrhenian Sea that breaks against the western coasts of Italy. There was that wondrous, unearthly, luminous blue that has its home in the cave below Capri. A cobalt blue from a mountain lake in Switzerland, reflecting the snows of the Blumlisalp, mingled with that blue which, merging into green, draws iridescent patterns around the haunted isles of the northern seas. The white sea gulls flitted like flakes of snow across the blue.

Caught in the low shafts of the dying sunshine, the Marine Parade was a fantasy of squares of gold projecting from dark shadows. The cliffs beyond receded into a glamorous distance, not as white walls, but as bands of gold and bands of soft purple, keeping their distinct separateness, even to the distant obscurity where they melted into a pearly gray mist. Between the cloud above and the sea below came a vivid sparkling from otherwise invisible windows in the far Rottingdean, reflecting the last rays of the sun.

Yet this was not all. Blending every brilliant colour, transforming everything by some supreme magic, was some glamour of atmosphere, as if the light that never was on sea or land has come into miraculous being. It turned familiar distances into measureless infinities. It created new values. It was a translation into sight, for some fleeting enchanted moments, of all the loveliness that is conceived but dimly within one's inmost heart.

—From the *Brighton & Hove Herald*.

WOKING.

Quite a feature of the outdoor events in this area during the past month or so has been the various horticultural and vegetable shows, and these perhaps call for special mention in our notes this month. One of the finest shows locally in this respect was that of the Thames Valley Horticultural Association which was staged at "Silverlands," Chertsey, the residence of Mr. D. B. Wilkinson, on the 23rd July. Being the first show held under the auspices of this Association, and not favoured with the best of weather, the attendance and the business done in the way of catering were disappointing, but the foundations have been firmly and surely laid, and we shall look forward to this event with much keenness next year.

The West Byfleet Social Club held their annual vegetable and flower show for members on August Bank Holiday, and the number of entries and the quality of the exhibits again reached a high

standard. The writer of these notes looked in at the show for a few minutes on the Bank Holiday morning and was much impressed by the enthusiasm which prevailed in this important aspect of club life. Mr. J. Atfield (President) in company with Mr. E. Luff, acted as judges, the latter deputising for our old friend Mr. G. Carpenter who was unavoidably absent owing to a sad bereavement, and to whom we extend our sympathies.

WALTON COMRADES CLUB.

With our notes this month is a photograph of the cricket team of the above club for the current season. We had almost written that they were undefeated this year, but alas, they have at last had to bow the knee. However, twelve wins out of thirteen matches is good going. Only those who are members of the club are eligible, and the captain of the team is the club's popular secretary, Mr. J. Maguire, while Mr. A. Johnson acts as secretary.



Walton Comrades Club Cricket Team.

SERGEANTS' MESS, DEPOT THE QUEEN'S ROYAL REGIMENT, GUILDFORD.

Thursday, July 3rd, was the date of a battle royal with the willow between twelve of the Borough Police and twelve of our members. The policemen tried all the arts at their disposal in an

effort to direct a stream of runs (traffic?) into the score book. The runs, however, were not readers of Jeffery Farnol, and the guardians of the law retired with a score of 73. Our opening batsmen found as great a difficulty and two wickets quickly fell for less than ten runs. Sgts. Wells and Good then shewed us some good cricket in a partnership of 96, out of which their individual scores were 47 and 34 respectively. Our final total was 163.

Tea was taken in the Mess and a party of about 80 were well catered for.

Stumps were drawn at 7 p.m. and having made the policemen develop a thirst, we then persuaded them to park some "S.B." at which congenial occupation they were eminently successful.

The day was then carried to its greatest success—a flannel dance in the Gymnasium, which had been gaily decorated by our P.T. staff. Music was supplied by the Dance Band of the 2nd Battalion and this was so good that even our most timid novices were seen to be stepping out with gay abandon.

Our old friends, Mac and Whit were kept busy at the bar, successfully conducting many divorce cases—Bottle *v.* Contents. "S.B." as usual occupied the attention of both suppliers and consumers to the greatest extent. The refreshment interval, during which the ladies enjoyed ices, was enlivened by a xylophone solo, exceedingly well played by the band, with Boy Keeling as the soloist.

The whole show was well organised and carried out, and everybody fortunate enough to be present enjoyed a really good afternoon and evening, and like Spotty (of war time fame) are now shouting "encore." We shall see! Perhaps a beneficent Entertainment President will again pique our minds with another jolly time soon.

NEWBURY.

AN UNSPOILT COUNTRY.

This article is to tell how our motorist readers can spend a pleasant day in the country round Newbury, exploring little used roads where a minimum of traffic will be met.

Those who live in this very pleasant part are often heard to complain of the enormous amount of traffic on the main roads, and they declare that the byways are so numerous that even people bred and born in the different localities can easily lose their way on a cross-country run. The London motorist has no pity for them, for though motor-buses run in every direction thereabouts, the country west of Wokingham as far as Marlborough, north as far as the heart of the downs, and south as far as Basingstoke and

Whitchurch, will long remain an ideal field for a lazy summer day's exploring. Two of the busiest roads run through it, the Bath and the Salisbury Roads, but it is perfectly easy to drive one hundred miles among the downs and the commons, which are so agreeable a surprise to the stranger, without coming once within sight or sound of them.

At the west end of Reading the local authorities have been to some pains to help one to avoid them by erecting signs "To the Bath Road." All you have to do on receiving this kindly warning is to take any of the several alternative ways which are certain to offer themselves near at hand. You will get somewhere in the end.

It has been grimly said that London only ceases at Reading, as far as the traveller on the Bath Road is concerned, truthfully. It is not until you have crossed that town and come to Theale, at least, that you feel free of the influence of suburbs and traffic congestion. Consider, therefore, the day's run has begun when you have just left Theale and have taken the road on the left to Burghfield. At once you come upon one of the pleasantest surprises which await you on the side of the big highway. From Burghfield an almost invisible village, to the site of the battle of Newbury in 1643 (conveniently shown on the map) you drive practically without a break through delightful commons and pine-woods. The road, perhaps a little loose with gravel, runs through Burghfield Common, across Mortimer Common, through woods to Aldermaston, one of the most picturesque villages in Berkshire, on to Brimpton village, and along a dead straight road over Crookham Common and Greenham Common. In the centre of Crookham Common our House, The Volunteer Inn, stands in beautiful surroundings, and the only signs of anything like urban life being the golf links close by. It is worth while pulling in off the road to The Volunteer, if only for the blow and walk round; the surroundings are beautiful and the view looks right across the Hampshire Hills with a good view of Beacon Hill. The commons itself is a carpet of purple heather, and as open an unspoilt and as lonely as you could wish.

If you had followed the Bath Road you would have saved perhaps three miles in distance and lost everything else, whereas it is about fifteen miles of real live country, with nothing but a village and two hamlets all the way.

You need not enter the town of Newbury, the left hand fork at the end of Greenham Common takes you to the battlefield at Wash Common, where you bear to the left again and take the road to Highclere, and to the hills round Hurstbourne Tarrant. All this is peaceful driving, and the winds that blow from Inkpen Beacon, smelling of the open, are very grateful to you. At Hurstbourne Tarrant you turn to the right, keeping the beacon over your right

shoulder, and follow the winding road to Burbage, a very pleasing little village. Here you turn north, skirting the edge of Savernake Forest, and arrive for once on the Bath Road, a couple of miles west of Froxfield; follow it to the village and then break away north to Chilton Foliat on the Kennet, another of England's nicest villages, proceed along the main Swindon Road for about two miles, branch to the left for about a mile which will bring you in to Ramsbury, one of the oldest villages in England, and worth a look round. Here we have our House, The Bell Hotel, and if it is about tea-time one could not do better than call on our tenants, Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd, who would provide tea and offer you a warm welcome.

From Ramsbury you proceed through Lambourn Woodlands into Lambourn, bear to the right along the Newbury Road and presently you come to the Lambourn river, and slowly enjoying every mile in leisure, follow the stream to Shefford and Welford and on into Speen on the outskirts of Newbury where you join the main Bath Road again; follow it through to Thatcham, about two and a half miles on. Turn to the left for Bucklebury Common and again to the left at Bradfield for Aldworth where you come out on high ground which leads to Streatley and Pangbourne which may be regarded as the end of Reading on the Oxford Road. This finishes a run of about one hundred miles away from the main roads, through lovely and unspoilt country consisting of many quaint cottages.



The "Bell Hotel," Ramsbury.

OXFORD.

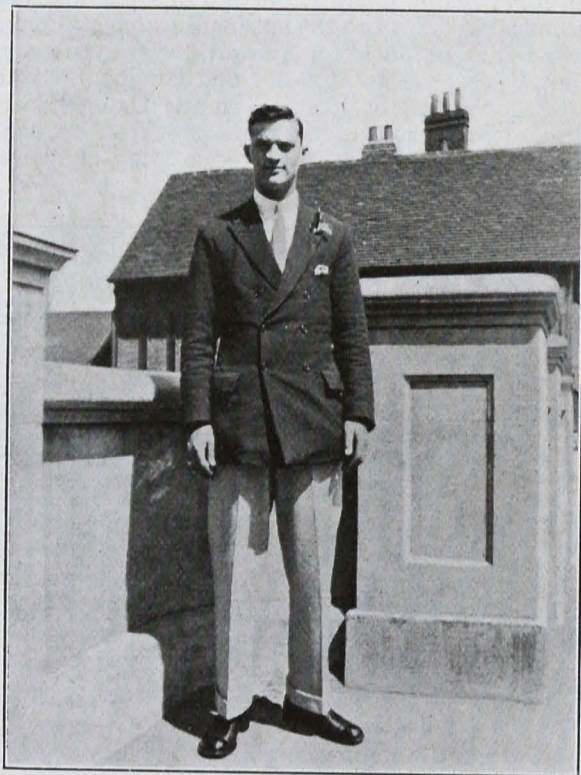
HONOUR FOR OXFORD HERO.

Under the above heading in a recent issue of the *Oxford Mail* appeared the following:—

"Harry Allen of No. 2, Ayres Yard, High Street, St. Thomas', Oxford, has been awarded the vellum of the Royal Humane Society for having saved from drowning at Oxford, on the 29th June, James R. Whiting of 5, James Street, Oxford."

Mr. Allen is the mate on Oxford Leyland Lorry No. 61, and a snapshot of him is given herewith.

Needless to say, we are all very proud of Allen's gallantry in plunging into the Thames and saving the life of a fellow man.



Mr. Harry Allen.

We are happy to be able to submit yet another photograph for insertion. The interested reader of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE depicted therein is Sergt. W. E. Hasker, of the Royal Tank Corps in Egypt, who is a brother of our Mr. J. V. Hasker, a member of our clerical staff. As far as THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE is concerned it is a small world.



Sergeant W. E. Hasker.

COWLEY CONSERVATIVE CLUB.

On the evening of Friday the 8th of August at a full meeting of the Cowley Conservative Club, a pleasant little ceremony was performed on behalf of the Firm by Mr. H. J. Timms, Oxford Branch Manager.

There were present:—Messrs. F. Kent (Chairman), B. H. Samsom (Hon. Secretary), J. Kent, F. Grace, T. Morris, F. Windridge, W. Thomas, E. Fitzgerald and G. Nokes (members of Committee), and a large gathering of members of the Club, not forgetting the Steward, Mr. W. Pipkin.

Mr. H. J. Timms, who was supported by Mr. L. C. White, said, in a happy little speech, that he was there on the invitation of the Committee and Members of the Cowley Conservative Club, for the purpose of presenting to them on behalf of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., a Challenge Cup to be annually competed for by individual members.

Mr. Timms then formally presented the Cup to the President, who suitably replied. It is a handsome silver trophy, mounted on a plinth, and is inscribed:—

Cowley Conservative Club,
Games Championship Cup.
Presented by
H. & G. Simonds Ltd.,
Reading, Oxford, etc.

We wish the members of the Club many happy evenings spent in competition for this Cup and may the winner fill it with the right stuff.



ALDERSHOT.

THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND SMALL ARMS MEETING, 1930.

The 2nd Bn. The East Yorkshire Regiment had, what may be termed, a sweeping victory at the above Meeting held on 20th, 21st and 22nd August, taking from it no less than seven Team Cups and the Aggregate Cup.

The Commander-in-Chief, General Sir David Campbell, in his speech at the end of the Meeting, on congratulating the winners, said that he was well acquainted with the East Yorkshire Regiment, having had one Battalion of the Regiment under his command from the Somme offensive in 1916 until the end of the War, and that the record of that Battalion was unsurpassed by any other Battalion in the British Army; also that the achievements in Aldershot of the 2nd Battalion had kept up the very good name of the Regiment.

The results of the Battalion were as follows:—

The Anti-Aircraft Cup—Won by Headquarter Wing, with "A" Company occupying second place.

The Rapid Fire Match—Won by a margin of 14 points, with the Buffs lying second.

The Headquarter Wing Match—Won by 25 points.

The Imperial Tobacco Cup—Won by "B" Company in 1 min. 22 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs. A remarkable win, inasmuch as one Lewis Gun was out of action for two ranges.

The Birdoe Wilkinson Challenge Cup—Won by "A" Company, with "C" Company occupying second place. This is the third year in succession that this Battalion has won this Cup. "C" Company in 1928, "B" Company in 1929, and now "A" Company.

The Revolver Team Cup—Won by a narrow margin of 2 points from the 14/20th Hussars.

Young Soldiers' team of ten firers with a record shoot of 509 points.

The Aggregate Cup—Won with a total of 99 points.

In the individuals R.S.M. P. Foster was second in the Revolver Match, being 4 points behind the winner; and Pte. Scott was second in the Privates Match.

Some very hard work has been put in by the Battalion during the last three or four months, and R.S.M. P. Foster, who is well-known in the Aldershot Command, was the ideal prompter, adviser and coach, backed up by Major E. B. Robinson, M.C. Lieut.-Col. J. B. O. Trimble, D.S.O., has backed the teams up with unfailing energy and he was a proud leader of a proud Battalion when he received the Aggregate Cup from the Commander-in-Chief.

This Battalion has also completed a very remarkable achievement in having been at the head of the Aldershot Command All-Round Championship for three years in succession.

It was mentioned in the *Aldershot Command News* that the K.O.Y.L.I. might conceivably overtake the East Yorkshire Regiment in the shoot and thereby win the All-Round Championship. "Nuff said," when the points in the A.C.S.A.M. show the East Yorks' total 99 and the K.O.Y.L.I. 12.

The Staff of the Farnborough Branch were surprised on the morning after the conclusion of the Meeting by an urgent order for a good quantity of beer, and it is not to be wondered at when eight large Cups had to be filled again and again with Simonds' Beer to allow the recipients to toast each other to further successes.

PORTSMOUTH.

There was a pleasing ceremony at Whale Island when the 250 officers and men of the Queens Royal Regiment, who had been taking part in the H.M.S. *Excellent's* centenary tattoo marched off the Island en route for the Portsmouth and Southsea Railway Station where they entrained for Dover. Capt. G. C. C. Royle, the Commanding Officer and the officers and men of Whale Island gathered at the footbridge to give the men of the Queens Regiment a good send-off and Capt. G. K. Olliver, M.C., thanked Capt. Royle, Commander A. D. Read and the ship's company of H.M.S. *Excellent* for the splendid way in which the army contingent had been entertained and looked after during their three weeks stay on the Island. He said that he felt that the relationship between Whale Island and the men of the regiment had been firmly cemented and he was only afraid of one thing, that he might lose some of his young recruits who were now very anxious to join the navy. The band of H.M.S. *Excellent* played "Auld Lang Syne" and with their own band playing, the men of the Queens Royal Regiment marched over the bridge.

Portsmouth Post Orders of Wednesday, August 6th, contained the following message:—"The Commander-in-Chief would like to congratulate the Captain, Officers and Ship's Company of H.M.S. *Excellent*, the Officers and Men of the Queens Royal Regiment, and the other Naval and Marine personnel who took part in the *Excellent* Tattoo, on the magnificent display they have been giving during the past week. It was a masterpiece of organization and reflects the greatest credit on all concerned."

Portsmouth's Navy Week for 1930 is likely to stand as a record for some time, all previous record attendances having been broken in the first three days. There are two objects behind Navy Weeks: first to enable the public to see something of the Royal Navy and secondly to benefit Naval and Marine charities. Last year £13,668 was raised and £8,909 was allocated to the Royal Naval Benevolent Fund. This year the battleships *Nelson*, *Barham* and *Hood*, the aircraft carrier *Furious*, the target ship *Centurion*, the cruisers *Centaur* and *Suffolk*, the monitor *Terror*, the flotilla leaders *Campbell* and *Wallace*, the destroyers *Vesper*, *Vortigern* and *Vimy*, and Submarines L6, 11, 12, 15, 19 and 20 were on view at the Portsmouth Dockyard, together with Nelson's flagship H.M.S. *Victory*. With the world's most powerful battleship in the *Nelson* and the world's largest battleship, the *Hood*, the ordinary man might be forgiven for thinking that Portsmouth organizers had done all that could be expected of them in providing an attraction for the public. But the men of the Royal Navy provided unique attractions to add to what must be the greatest show in the Empire. Amongst these was a 50ft. scale model of the *Victory*, manned by naval officers, manœuvring in one of the basins, a wireless controlled motor boat, diving displays and the panorama of the battle of Trafalgar. Bands were playing in all parts of the Dockyard and hundreds took advantage of the facilities afforded by the cosy cafes, gay with the bunting and palms which at ordinary times are boat sheds, rigging shops and other prosaic working day affairs.

TERRITORIALS AT BEAULIEU HEATH.

This year we have had the pleasure of meeting many of the troops of the 44th (Home Counties) Division. They had a large camp at East Boldre Brockenhurst, in the New Forest. Unfortunately, the weather was very much against any pleasure that might be derived from a camping holiday, and we are afraid that the beauties of this particular spot of the New Forest could not be properly appreciated. In spite of the weather conditions the troops all seemed in very good spirits and the only pity was that they hardly had one fine day. In this temporary canvas city it was not possible to walk far in any direction without seeing fine marquees

with "Simonds" in large letters on the roof and these marquees were much appreciated for their comfort and rain-withstanding capabilities. Below is a photo of one of the tents with a few of the members of the Sergeants' Mess, 6th East Surrey Regiment.



Sergeants' Mess, 6th Battn. The East Surrey Regt., Beaulieu Heath.

