

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. VII.

SEPTEMBER, 1933.

No. 12



MR. LEWIS VICTOR FARRUGIA, Bac.E. & A., C.E. & A.

MR. LEWIS VICTOR FARRUGIA, BAC.E. & A., C.E. & A.
MANAGING DIRECTOR OF MESSRS. SIMONDS-FARSONS, LTD., MALTA.

In publishing the accompanying photograph of Mr. L. V. Farrugia, the following pen-portrait will give to our readers a glimpse of a personality whose career, from early boyhood up to the present day, is an outstanding example of industry and perseverance, which have already earned for him a reputation for successfully carrying through any ventures, large or small, upon which he embarks.

Mr. Farrugia was born in 1901 and commenced his scholastic life at St. Joseph's High School, Valletta, Malta. At the age of 8 years he was sent to St. Aloysius College, from where he matriculated and entered the local University, gaining the degree of Civil Engineer and Architect in 1926. He also secured the University Scholarship, which gave him two years' training with the Milan Municipal Works, where he received special tuition in ferro-concrete structure. The following year Mr. Farrugia was appointed Professor at the Malta University in the Course of Engineering and Architecture.

In 1925 Mr. Farrugia accepted a Commission in the Royal Engineers, Malta Division and, as a Lieutenant, was sent to England for six months' military training, which included electric lighting as applied to anti-aircraft and coastal defence. His experience was gained at Biggin Hill Aerodrome, as well as at Gosport and the School of Military Engineering at Chatham.

As a member of the Firm of Messrs. L. Farrugia & Sons (which was founded by his father in 1912), Mr. Farrugia erected and equipped a C.O.2 factory, which was a success from the beginning, and a Government monopoly was granted.

It was in 1927 that Mr. Farrugia conceived the idea of building a Brewery and commenced working on the plans. He carried through the entire erection of the building and installation of the plant and the first consignment of beer left the Brewery on the 19th April, 1928. Chiefly owing to the indefatigable energy of Mr. Farrugia, the Brewery proved a great success and culminated in the merging of the interests of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. in Malta with Messrs. L. Farrugia & Sons, when the firm of Simonds-Farsons, Ltd., was formed and Mr. Farrugia appointed Managing Director. The wonderful progress which the firm has since made is due, in no small measure, to Mr. Farrugia's extraordinary ability, his dynamic energy and virile brain.

The system is thoroughly up-to-date and based upon the most hygienic principles. The best materials only are used and the aim of the Directors is to give the utmost value to all patrons. The inevitable result of this policy is the gradual elimination of competitors. The loyal support given by the public to the premier Brewery is a sure indication of the satisfaction given by the products of Simonds-Farsons, Ltd. It is interesting here to note that the Brewery was built on the site of the largest flour mill in Malta, which was owned by Messrs. L. Farrugia & Sons and which, previously, had belonged to Mr. Farrugia's father and uncle. The mill was burnt down during the riots of June, 1919.

Mr. Farrugia's popularity amongst all circles in the Island is only equalled by the affection and esteem in which he is held by the staff and employees of the Brewery. Generous to a fault, Mr. Farrugia's contributions to charitable institutions and his assistance to the needy proclaim an intense humanity and a deep interest in the welfare of his fellow countrymen and the progress of the nation. Having extensively travelled and being possessed of a ready and sparkling wit and a keen sense of humour, Mr. Farrugia is a most entertaining host, in whose company time flies and upon whose acquaintance is created a lasting impression of a type of man of which this old world contains all too few.

Although he has little leisure for active participation, Mr. Farrugia is very fond of all sports and is an excellent marksman with the rifle; he also plays a good game of billiards. As a motorist, he has earned a distinction of being a skilful driver and this is evinced by his masterly handling of a car at high speed on the tortuous lanes in the Island. As a sight to watch it is thrilling, but as a passenger one is entitled to other views on the subject.

The biographer trusts that in chronicling the above details, which were mainly collected during residence in the Island, he has not disclosed any personal matter to which objection would be raised.



EDITORIAL.

MR. HENRY SIMONDS.

The photograph of Mr. Henry Simonds which appeared in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE for July aroused widespread interest and was reproduced in other well-known publications, including the *Berkshire Chronicle*. A friend who remembered Mr. Henry very well writes that he rode to hounds at 89 and shot a white-headed pheasant when he was 92 years of age.

HOW DO YOU PRONOUNCE "NEWFOUNDLAND?"

This question was posed for Lady Outerbridge by newspaper men on the Canadian National liner *Lady Somers*, on her return from a holiday in Bermuda. Lady Outerbridge was asked this question by virtue of her having lived 40 years in Newfoundland. According to her ladyship, it is wrong to say "New-FOUND-land" and equally wrong to follow the B.B.C. with "NEWF-un-land." To be right with the inhabitants you must say "New-fun-LAND."

UNIQUE TEMPERANCE BADGE.

Dressing in a hurry for the Temperance Society meeting at her home, the buxom President discovered as the first guests arrived that she had forgotten her temperance badge. She sent Mandy, her maid, upstairs for the "blue ribbon with gold lettering on it."

Mandy found a blue ribbon that had gold letters on it and, as her mistress was busy greeting friends, she just pinned it on her. From that time on all the guests smiled as they shook hands with their hostess. She soon learned why. The blue ribbon badge read: "Crossville Poultry Show—First Prize Bantam."

SHOCKING HER UNCLE.

"It was frightfully jolly of you: I was terribly thrilled. Thank you most awfully."

This was the acknowledgement received by a Victorian bachelor from a niece to whom he had sent a little present. I am afraid the stupid girl will not get another.

HINTS FOR SEA ANGLERS.

Before setting out make sure the Thing is in the bag. Biting stoppers off bottles injures the teeth. Having arrived at the fishing-ground, unwind 100 yards of line in bottom of boat. After baiting, stand up and whirl sinker and hook around head in increasing circles, keeping eye on spot (about 80 yards out) to which you want to cast. Heave out as far as possible. You will notice that it has gone about three yards, and that you are standing on the line. Haul in and repeat. This time it will go about five yards. Unwind from rowlock and haul in again. Half-an-hour will now be allowed for unravelling. Gently drop line, which has now shrunk to about 30 yards, over the side, which is what you should have done at first. When one of your fellow-anglers is casting out keep your head well down until you hear a curse and a thud as he falls over the seat. You will then feel an agonising sting in the ear. The larger the hook, the worse the sting. If day is warm and fish aren't biting, put the two-days-old prawns and mullet-gut to windward in the sun and settle down. You will find the effect medicinal. When demonstrating the length of the one that got away, keep sitting. Violation of this rule has been responsible for many a boating fatality. When the day's fishing is over, drink up, get out money and pull over to where the professional fisherman are cleaning their haul.

A LANDLORD'S STINGING RETORT.

I was out in a hop-picking district the other evening and heard an interesting story of how a landlord quickly got rid of some undesirable customers. The incident occurred some years ago when the conduct of hop-pickers left very much to be desired. Those in this landlord's bar became very unruly and he ordered them out but they refused point blank to move. "Well then, if you wont go," he said "I will fetch a little fellow from the garden who will soon clear out the lot of you." They laughed ironically and some of them pulled up their sleeves ready for the fray. The landlord brought in a hive of bees and in less than two minutes the hop-pickers had hopped it.

S.O.S. ANSWERED.

If you are feeling run down and out of sorts send out an S.O.S. in the shape of an order for a **S**IMONDS **O**ATMEAL **S**TOUT. Here you have both nourishing food and refreshing drink and a bottle or so of this daily will make a new man or woman of you. Beware of imitations, for **S**IMONDS **O**NLY **S**UCCEEDS.

TENNIS TEAS.

The Lawn Tennis season is rapidly drawing to a close and I am sure the members of H. & G. Simonds' Tennis Club would wish me, on their behalf, to convey to those ladies who arranged the teas, their warmest thanks. Miss Prosser and Miss Gardner were particularly prominent in this direction. The tables were laid out very "prim and Prosser" and it was no doubt owing to the fact that we had such an excellent Gardner that the green stuff was so choice! The weather has been fine, we have had some fine games and a fine sporting spirit has pervaded throughout the season.

THAT WHITE MOLE COAT!

From the same reliable source I gained the following interesting and highly amusing story: On a very large estate, not a thousand miles from Reading, a white mole was caught. The owner, a lady of title, greatly admired the beautiful skin and was very keen on possessing a coat of that colour. So she gave strict instructions to her keepers, etc., to obtain as many white moles as possible and eagerly awaited the time when she could cut a dash in her white mole coat. I suppose the average number of white moles is not more than one in a million. So her ladyship is still waiting for that coat and the keepers are still laughing up their sleeves!

G.W.

It was Gilbert White of Selborne who was responsible for one of the most charming books on Natural History that was ever written. I was out Selborne way recently, had a look at the house in which he lived, and visited his grave. The inscription on the tombstone was simply this:—

G.W.

Died June 26, 1793.

By the way, in this churchyard, is a yew tree with a girth of 25ft.

DISCOMFORT.

A man was always assuring his friends that "he knew a glass of wine," and invited a few select acquaintances to dinner. In the middle of the meal he told his servant to fetch up a bottle of port. A very old-looking bottle was brought. "Ah, John," said the host, "you forgot to take the cobwebs off this bottle before you brought it up." To his discomfort, John replied: "Sure, sir, I thought you didn't want 'em taken off after putting 'em on so careful."

VISCOUNT GREY.

The death of Lord Grey occasioned world-wide regret. I liked what Sir John Simon said about him:

"Leaving aside his record of achievement, the two impressions which his name should always recall are, the value in international affairs of integrity of character—how much in a dark hour we owed to the weight of Grey's word his fellow-countrymen will never forget—and an outlook on life which cared nothing for its pomps and vanities, but found its solace in friendship, nature and home."

The Times paid tribute to him thus:—

"No statesman of our time has received a larger measure of confidence and trust from all parties and classes of Englishmen than Sir Edward Grey, Viscount Grey of Fallodon. The simplicity and straightforwardness of his character, the unquestionable absence of self-seeking in any form, the admirable combination in him of the gentleman of good family, the sportsman, the naturalist, the lover of literature, the patriot, the loyal colleague, and the hard-worker, conquered the respect and almost the affection even of those who were most opposed to the policy for which he stood."

LOCAL OPTION IS OPPOSED TO LIBERTY.

Local Option is a distinct violation of the liberty of the subject.

No man is forced to consume alcoholic spirits against his will. If a man wishes a glass of Whisky or a bottle of Beer or Stout he enters a public-house, calls for a drink, and pays for same just as a lady does when she buys a hat.

There is no kind of compulsion used in order to make people drink, and the action of those who are seeking to bring in Local Option is an action destructive of the traditional liberty of the citizen.

If one section of the Community has a right to say to another section that it must not consume Stout and Whisky the second section has an equal right to say to the first section that it shall not remain teetotal.

The logic of the first is the logic of the second and vice-versa.

**LOCAL OPTION IS LOCAL PROHIBITION
and is the opposite to
TRUE TEMPERANCE.**

"WET" VOTE GROWS.

Missouri has gone "wet" by an overwhelming majority. This makes the twenty-second State to vote for the repeal of Prohibition. If fourteen more States take this course, Prohibition will be formally ended by Congress. A "straw vote" indicates that the vast majority of Americans have decided that Prohibition has been a gigantic failure. It is generally conceded that repeal will operate powerfully in the Government's drive for business recovery. New taxes, Customs receipts, and the saving of money through the abolition of the Prohibitions Enforcement Corps will increase Government revenue by more than £200,000,000. In addition, individual States will receive new revenue from taxes and licences amounting to £50,000,000 at least, while local government may depend upon some £9,000,000 in new revenue. It is estimated also that repeal will mean some 500,000 new and permanent jobs in production and distribution, and that industries allied to the liquor Trade, such as agriculture, glass and barrel manufacture, and railway companies will benefit considerably.

A VERY FINE SHOT.

Partridge shooting is in full swing now and the little brown bird is adorning many a dinner table. A gentleman who knew what he was talking about told me recently of a wonderful shot who had brought down five birds from one covey. And this is how he did it: He had two guns and, of course, a loader. With the first gun he only emptied one barrel and then with the next gun he brought down two more birds before the covey had passed him. Being handed the first gun again he killed another brace as the partridges were going away. A fine feat indeed! The same gentleman has seen His Majesty the King shoot and both with regard to pheasants and partridges he thought that our King had few if any equals.

ALE OUSTS CHAMPAGNE.

Champagne was forsworn in favour of old Kentish ale at the reception following the marriage of Miss Dorothy Bartlam, the British film actress, and Mr. David Rawnsley, the 24-year-old art director of British International Pictures.

After the ceremony at St. George's, Hanover Square, film and stage celebrities were to be seen drinking the ale, which was of that potent variety known as "XXXX," out of champagne glasses. They pronounced it excellent.

In Affectionate Remembrance.

THE first anniversary of the passing "Beyond the Veil" of the late Mr. H. F. LINDARS fell on Monday, 21st August, and many of us were thinking of the Widow and Family at that time. Our sympathy was verbally expressed and a memorial wreath was laid on the grave by a small deputation (Messrs. C. Bennett, F. C. Hawkes and H. L. Chaplin) representing all his many friends at The Brewery.



A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

MASS MEETINGS OF MARTINS.

THE MARVELLOUS LITTLE MOLE.

Early the other Sunday morning I was up the Thames towpath and saw assembled on a weeping willow thousands of sand martins. They were holding mass meetings and doubtless discussing their date of departure to Africa or elsewhere, for they always winter abroad. They chattered away incessantly and then, all of a sudden, up into the air they would fly where, appearing like a swarm of locusts, they would continue the debate. I heard one bird, which flew close to me, say quite distinctly, "Now we shall see a full report of our meeting in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE." Being a shorthand writer I took a verbatim report, and as there were thousands of speakers and all talking at the same time, you may guess the task was no light one. After circling in the air for some minutes the birds returned to the willow and a wireless wire as suddenly as they left, chattered and chattered and chattered, and then took another short flight. Seriously, I wish I knew their language and understood all they were saying. It will not be many days now before once more they will rise en masse into the air and wing their way to where the warm sun will be shining when perhaps snow will be falling here. And how we shall welcome them again next spring. This dainty little brown and white bird is ever a favourite of mine, and his cheery little chatter in the early spring tells of warmer days for us, for is there not summer in his song? Our oversea visitors are rapidly diminishing now, and already the swifts, among others, have taken their departure. It is, too, some time now since we heard the cuckoo calling.

During the course of my riverside walk I found half-a-dozen wasps' nests. The grubs make excellent bait for fish and anglers will not have to go far to find this favourite form of fishes' food.

THE MOLE'S PICK AND SHOVEL.

The marvellous little mole is having rather a lean time these hot summer days. And whether the worms travel down into the earth too great a depth for the moles, I am not sure. But I have been spending many hours lately watching moles and never before have I seen so many above ground, apparently searching for other kinds of food. What power lies behind those peculiar fore feet. They act as pick and shovel, and you can see and actually hear them tearing away the roots of grass, etc., as they dig their way down into the earth and out of sight. I caught one the other day and took him some distance away from where he might disappear

down one of his ready-made holes. The sun-baked earth was extremely hard. How he worked! I timed him, and within two minutes, with his powerful pick and shovel, he had dug a hole sufficiently deep to completely hide him from view.

POWERFUL SWIMMERS.

You would not think that an animal with such extremely short arms would be much of a swimmer. I placed one in the river and was surprised at the speed with which he swam to the other side. What these paddles lack in length they make up for in breadth and that is why the moles can propel themselves through the water at such a rapid rate. During the dry weather worms are to be found in damp places by the riverside, and here, if you wait and watch, you should see many moles at work and play, and their ways to me form a peculiarly interesting study. Living his life mostly underground, I suppose the mole does not use his eyes a great deal. That is why they are so small, for Nature gradually diminishes and, not infrequently, puts an end to organs for which there is little or no use. In any case, you have to make quite a search before discovering the tiny eyes of the mole hidden away in his warm fur coat. Poor little mole! When I see a lady wearing a mole-skin coat, I am afraid there is much more sympathy in my heart for the moles than admiration for the coat.

Anyway, they have provided me with much very instructive entertainment during these past few months when watching their wondrous ways.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

The world was made with a benevolent design. Nor is the design abortive. It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon, or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. "The insect youth are on the wing;" swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy, and the exultation which they feel in their lately-discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment; so busy, so pleased; yet it is only a specimen of insect life with which, by reason of the animal being half domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments; and under every variety of constitution gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for

the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it would seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of intense gratification. What else should fix them so close to their operation, and so long? Other species are running about with an alacrity in their motions, which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes half covered with these brisk and sprightly natures. If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the marshes of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy, that they know not what to do with themselves; their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it, (which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement,) all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Walking by the seaside on a calm evening upon a sandy shore, and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or, rather, very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space, filled with young shrimps, in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this; if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment; what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view! The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing anything of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak; its incessant repetition of a few articulated sounds, or, perhaps, of the single word which it has learnt to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavours to walk, or rather to run (which precedes walking), although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say; and with walking, without knowing where to go. And prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see. But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of Creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat, no less than with the playful kitten; in the armchair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase.—PALEY.

MESSRS. H. & G. SIMONDS, SEVEN BRIDGES BREWERY.

(From the G.W.R. Guide, 1860.)

No lover of the invigorating juice of the hop should pass out of Reading without visiting that extensive establishment called The Seven Bridges Brewery, and belonging to Messrs. H. & G. Simonds. Added to the justly-acquired fame which Mr. Adolphus Simonds, one of the firm, has gained as a brewer of first-rate beer, this gentleman has the distinction of being Mayor of Reading at the present time. Mr. Henry Simonds, the head of the firm, is a director of the Great Western Railway, and the much respected leader of the Conservative party in this town. The premises are situated on the river Kennet, although the water used is from the Thames, being taken from a spring which rises and falls with that river. In consequence of the increased demand for pale ale, the manufacture of which is no longer confined to Burton, new and large cellars have just been constructed for storing this famous beverage, it having been found from experiment that the water supplied from the springs in Messrs. Simonds' yard is almost identical in its chemical constituents with that from which the Burton ale is made. The two tun-rooms are very large. In the brew-house one large mash-tub holds thirty-five quarters; while we also see Barlow's new patent mash-tub, a marvellous improvement on those which are still used in many other establishments. One hundred and thirty barrels in a day are frequently sent out by this enterprising firm, and the premises in their occupation are capable of malting 6,000 quarters. The new machines used in the brewery are of twenty horse-power. There is a double range of malthouses.

There are two sets of machinery upon the premises, each complete in itself, the one worked upon the ordinary system, and the other a recent erection worked by steam throughout.

In brewing the various kinds of beer, as ale, porter, and table ale, two kinds of malt are employed, the pale and the brown. The first is used for ales, and for the finer qualities the malt is dried very pale indeed: the brown malt is used for porters and stouts.

Those who consider health should be very careful of the source from whence they derive their ale, for it is only by going to a respectable and well-known firm that they can insure a really invigorating, wholesome, innoxious, and not deleterious beverage. The world knows very little of the adulterations to which beer is often subjected. Quassia, gentian, wormwood, broom-top, to impart bitterness; capsicum, ginger, coriander, orange-peel, carraway, to give pungency; opium, coculus-indicus, nux-vomica, tobacco, poppy, henbane, to intoxicate; sulphuric acid, alum,

vitriol, salt, to impart various properties—all are suspected, and more than suspected, of playing a part in the manufacture of some of those beverages which occasionally go by the name of beer. The Excise have battled hard against these difficulties, but with only partial success.

With such enemies against the constitution to grapple with, the ale-drinker should, we repeat, be especially careful of the source whence he derives the beverage which should administer to his comfort and health. We can safely assert that the high character of Messrs. Simonds, and the great estimation in which the public hold their brewery, are guarantees for the purity and the excellence of their productions. The firm supply the camp at Aldershot, and the testimony of the officers there, who may be considered first-rate judges, is to the effect that "Simonds' porter is far superior to anything made in London," and similar assurances are given on all sides that "Simonds' ale" is unrivalled; one of their peculiar excellences being a combination of delicate flavour with remarkable cleanness on the palate.

An outline of the various processes employed in brewing would be beyond our limits. The reader who has not seen a brewery in full exercise, would do well to request permission of Messrs. Simonds to inspect their extensive works. There will be no difficulty in conceiving that the mechanism and the details of the processes must vary greatly, although the chemical principles may remain the same. This consists in extracting a saccharine solution from grain, and in converting that solution into a spirituous and fermented beverage. This art, although a perfectly chemical one in nearly all its stages, has not, until recent times, been indebted to chemistry for any of the improvements which have been made in its details.

SIMONDS **B**EEER

is

SUPER **B**

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF MR. F. J. GILBERT.

We record with regret the death of a very old and valued servant of Messrs. H. and G. Simonds, Ltd., Mr. F. J. Gilbert, who passed away after a long and trying illness, patiently borne, at Greenlands Nursing Home. Joining the Oxford branch of the firm on October 4th, 1879, he served there until 1891. From 1891 to 1898 he was attached to the branch department, Reading. In July, 1898, he was sent to Gibraltar, where he remained until May, 1904, acting in the capacity of manager of the branch there. June, 1904, saw him home again to take charge of the Portsmouth branch, until October 31st, 1929, when, after 50 years' faithful service, he retired on a well-earned pension, and chose to settle down at Tilehurst, not far from the River Thames, for which he always had a great affection.

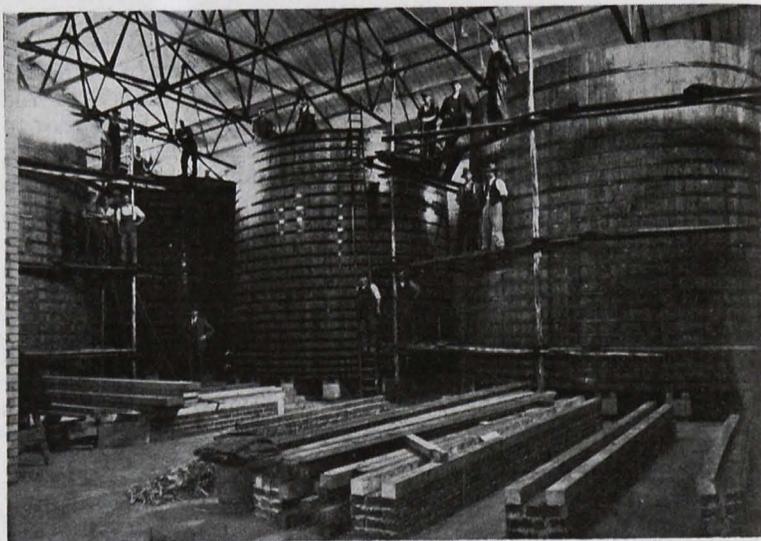
The cremation took place at the Reading Crematorium. The Rev. E. E. Skuse (Vicar of Purley) officiated. The mourners were: Widow, Bob (son), Muriel and Doreen (daughters), Stanley (son-in-law), Mrs. Yockney (sister), Mrs. Lovegrove (sister-in-law), Mr. and Mrs. Gimblett (brother-in-law and wife), Mr. A. W. Miller, Dr. Gregory and sons, Mr. and Mrs. Shooney, Mr. C. E. Gough, Mr. C. Bennett, Mr. Woodford R. Smith, Mr. F. Coles and Mr. W. Pearce.

Floral tributes included those from "Wife and family"; "Jessie" (sister); "Aunt Louie and Reg"; "Minnie and Harold"; "Doris and Len"; "Ida and Douglas"; "Nancy and Walter"; Mr. A. W. Miller; "Marjorie and Percy"; Mr. and Mrs. C. Bowyer; "Aunt Polly"; "Edgar, Emily and Winifred"; "Mrs. France and Ronald"; directors of H. and G. Simonds Ltd.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Gough; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bennett (Reading); Mr. and Mrs. Albert Benett (Woking); branch managers, H. and G. Simonds Ltd.; the staff, H. and G. Simonds (Portsmouth); Athenaeum Club, Reading, committee and members; "Dorothy" (Cardiff); Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coles; "Woodford R. Smith and family"; "Constance, Pamela and Sylvia"; Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Green and family; Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Silver; "Mrs. F. Bowerman and Beryl"; Mr. and Mrs. Clark; Nurse Kennedy.

The funeral arrangements were carried out by Mr. C. Lovegrove, 34, Friar Street, Reading.



ENTERPRISE IN THE MANUFACTURE OF CIDER.



Some of the new 32,000-gallon cider vats at N. P. Hunt & Son's factory at Crabb's Park, Paignton. (Photo by Morgan's studio, Maypole Corner, Paignton.)

WYNFORD ARMS OUTING.

Mr. Jack Freeman, the popular proprietor of the Wynford Arms, Kings Road, Reading, is to be heartily congratulated on the successful outing to Hastings which he arranged on August 6th. A special corridor train was engaged exclusively for the day; there were no stoppings and only members were allowed to travel. As many as 342 took advantage of the trip—a record we should think for any public house in Reading. Thanks to the Southern Railway Company, the Guard's van was transformed into a bar and the excursionists could thus obtain what refreshment they required with the minimum of trouble.

The Wynford Arms is a large house but Mr. Freeman, his wife and two daughters do the whole of the work, and do it exceedingly well too.

In addition to the above outing there are two others for men and one for women only. Members pay 6d. a week and are already putting by for the next occasion.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(By W. DUNSTER.)

Having been away on holiday, Brewery Jottings will be short in consequence. This September issue marks the end of another volume, viz., the seventh—and we are still going strong.

FOOTBALL.

Reading have not (at the moment) done very much in the way of gathering of points. After a most satisfactory start in the first match, which seemed to please everyone, they have since fallen sadly from grace. Naturally, the voice of the critic is loud in the land, still a few victories will alter things considerably. The best of good wishes are hereby extended to the Reading Football Club during the present season, for a good team is undoubtedly an asset to the town and helps trade.

The Brewery teams have not yet started their programmes but every success is hoped for. During the last two seasons they have done remarkably well and although those cups (as hoped for by Mr. "Mick" Braisher) are not yet gracing the Social Club by their presence, possibly the 1933-34 is THE season. I take this opportunity of wishing both teams every success and enjoyable games.

DEATH OF MRS. F. DRURY.

Our Foreman Cooper, Mr. F. Drury, has suffered the sad and irreparable loss of his wife after a lengthy illness. The opportunity is taken to extend our deepest sympathy to Mr. Drury and family on their heavy blow.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

The following changes and transfers have taken place during the month of August and to all the new tenants we wish every success:—

The Cheddar Cheese, Broad Street, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. I. W. Robinson.

The Swan, Longbridge, Thatcham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. T. Dicker.

The Greyhound, Mount Pleasant, Reading (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. J. W. Scarce.

The New Inn, Thatcham (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. A. Attwood.

The Bear Hotel, Maidenhead (Ashby's Staines Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. R. L. Ducksbury.

The Old Bell, Grazeley (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. R. J. Hearn.

The Five Bells, Riseley (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. S. C. Nowlan.

The Jolly Gardeners, Sunbury (Ashby's Staines Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. G. J. Selwood.

The Wheatsheaf, Chobham (Ashby's Staines Brewery Co., Ltd.)—Mr. W. L. Gosden.

THE LATE MR. T. H. STEVENS (SCALDS AND COOPERAGE DEPARTMENT).

We all regret the tragic death of the above employee of the Firm. He cut his finger on an empty cask whilst at work and septicæmia was set up and he died at the Royal Berkshire Hospital.

He was the third generation of the Stevens' family who have died whilst in the service of the Firm.

John Stevens, grandfather, was a bricklayer at H. & G. Simonds Ltd. for 33 years.

Henry John Stevens, father, was employed on the copper stage for 30 years.

During Mr. T. H. Stevens all too brief time he was with the Firm he earned the respect and confidence of all whom he came in contact with, not only at his work but also in many social functions, in which he took a great interest.

His untimely death has brought to a close a short but brilliant career. Nevertheless, by his devotion to his duties he has added to the record of loyalty and service which his family had set up so splendidly and had he been spared he would, no doubt, have carried on in the same efficient and satisfactory manner as his grandfather and father before him. The Firm have lost a good workman. R.I.P.

PRESENTATION TO MR. R. HUDDY.

A gathering of the staff took place in the Waiting Room on Friday, September 1st, to witness the presentation of a case of cutlery and a clock to Mr. R. Huddy, which had been subscribed for to mark the occasion of his forthcoming marriage. Mr. C. Bennett in making the presentation said Mr. Huddy was being married early on Monday, in fact, on Monday at Earley. The members of the staff to shew their good wishes had subscribed for

these presents. Mr. Huddy had been employed in the Estates Department for 17 years. The late Mr. H. F. Lindars had spoken well of Mr. Huddy, also Mr. H. Killford and Mr. H. E. Marston. He (Mr. Bennett) during his period of service in the Estates Office had found Mr. Huddy a keen and efficient worker. On behalf of the staff he wished both Mr. Huddy and the future Mrs. Huddy long life, good health and prosperity. Mr. C. Bennett then made the presentation of the above-mentioned gifts. Mr. R. Huddy in reply thanked everyone for the splendid gifts which he would greatly prize and for all the good wishes expressed by Mr. C. Bennett. The meeting then terminated with hearty handshakes.

ULYSSES' DOG.

When wise Ulysses, from his native coast
 Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
 Arrived at last, poor, old, disguised, alone,
 To all his friends, and e'en his queen, unknown;
 Changed as he was with age, and toils and cares,
 Furrowed his reverend face, and white his hairs;
 In his own palace forced to ask for bread,
 Scorned by those slaves his former bounty fed,
 Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
 The faithful dog alone his master knew;
 Unfed, unhoused, neglected, on the clay,
 Like and old servant, now cashiered, he lay;
 And though e'en then expiring on the plain,
 Touched with resentment of ungrateful man,
 And longing to behold his ancient lord again,
 Him when he saw, he rose, and crawled to meet—
 'Twas all he could—and fawned, and kissed his feet,
 Seized with dumb joy; then falling by his side,
 Owned his returning lord, and looked and died.

—Pope.



THE MARROW BED.



An old mattress and chair were thrown into a garden. Marrows made this their bed and can often be seen reclining in the armchair—at least, so writes our correspondent.

SOCIAL CLUB.

ANNUAL VEGETABLE AND FLOWER SHOW.

The annual vegetable and flower show was held at the Social Club on Saturday, August 19th. The quality of the produce was very creditable, especially taking into consideration the very dry summer. The chief item was the honorary exhibit made by F. A. Simonds, Esq. (per Mr. W. Clift, head gardener at Audleys Wood). This display of flowers and vegetables, artistically staged by Mr. Clift, attracted a great deal of interest and admiration. The exhibits for competition were of exceptionally fine quality and were deserving of every praise to the exhibitors. Honorary exhibits were also made by Milton Bode, Esq. (per Mr. Broomfield and Mr. Tom Williams, and a model of a warship made by Master Hinxman, aged 12, was much admired. Mr. W. Clift and Mr. W. Broomfield were the efficient judges. A pumpkin grown by Mr. C. T. Rosum was used for a guessing the weight competition,

the prize being won by Mr. F. Cross who gave the right weight, viz., 55 lbs.

The challenge cup offered for the highest number of points gained was won by Mr. Tom Osborne.

After the show the produce was sold in aid of the childrens' annual treat. A large number of members and friends visited the club to inspect the exhibits and a musical evening followed.

PRIZE LIST.

CLASS.	PRIZE WINNERS.	PRIZE DONORS.
Collection of Vegetables (6 distinct sorts)	1. T. H. Stacey ... 2. H. Prater ...	F. C. Hawkes Ditto
Kidney Potatoes ...	1. P. Maynard ... 2. T. Osborne ... C. T. Rosum ...	C. W. Stocker Ditto Ditto
Round Potatoes ...	1. T. Osborne ... 2. H. Prater ... 3. S. Paintin ...	Ditto Ditto Ditto
Heaviest Potato ...	1. T. Osborne ...	Ditto
Onions—Spring ...	1. P. Maynard ... 2. T. Osborne ... 3. E. A. Higgs ...	Major G. S. M. Ashby Ditto Ditto
Onions—Best ...	1. T. H. Stacey ... 2. A. R. Lake ... 3. T. J. Day ...	W. H. Davis Ditto Ditto
Heaviest Onion ...	1. T. J. Day ...	W. Wheeler
Carrots—Intermediate or Long	1. T. Osborne ... 2. T. H. Stacey ... 3. E. A. Higgs ...	C. Bennett Ditto Ditto
Carrots—Short ...	1. A. R. Lake ... 2. P. Maynard ... 3. T. H. Stacey ...	Social Club Ditto Ditto
Largest Carrot ...	1. A. R. Lake ...	W. Wheeler
Runner Beans ...	1. T. Osborne ... 2. H. C. Plank ... 3. A. R. Lake ...	H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Ditto Ditto
Pods of Peas ...	1. E. A. Higgs ... 2. A. R. Lake ...	Ditto Ditto
Cabbages ...	1. C. T. Rosum ... 2. S. Paintin ... 3. T. H. Stacey ...	J. B. Biggs Ditto Ditto
Heaviest Cabbage ...	1. C. T. Rosum ...	Social Club
Beet—Globe ...	1. P. Maynard ... 2. T. Osborne ... 3. E. A. Higgs ...	C. E. Gough Ditto Ditto
Lettuce—Cabbage ...	1. P. Maynard ... 2. A. R. Lake ...	Major H. Raye Ditto
Marrows for Table ...	1. T. Osborne ... 2. T. J. Day ... 3. C. T. Rosum ...	A. R. Bradford Ditto Ditto

CLASS.	PRIZE WINNERS.	PRIZE DONORS.
Heaviest Marrow	1. H. Prater ... 2. T. Osborne ...	A. H. Hopkins Ditto
Turnips	1. P. Maynard ... 2. S. Paintin ... 3. E. A. Higgs ...	W. Curtis Ditto Ditto
Shallots	1. H. C. Plank ... 2. T. J. Day ... 3. T. Osborne ...	E. S. Phipps Ditto Ditto
Parsnips	1. T. Osborne ... 2. T. H. Stacey ... 3. P. Maynard ...	J. Webb Ditto Ditto
Apples—Culinary	1. A. R. Lake ... 2. E. A. Higgs ...	H. L. Chaplin Ditto
Bunch Roses	1. C. T. Rosum ... 2. P. Maynard ...	Social Club Ditto
Asters	1. T. Osborne ... 2. H. Prater ...	H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Ditto
Dahlias	1. T. J. Day ... 2. A. R. Lake ...	Social Club Ditto
Bunch Mixed Cut Flowers	1. T. Osborne ... 2. A. R. Lake ... 3. C. T. Rosum ...	H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Ditto Ditto
Bunch Sweet Peas	1. T. Osborne ... 2. T. H. Stacey ...	A. G. Richardson Ditto
Gladioli	1. C. T. Rosum ...	Ditto
Specimen Foliage Plant	1. Mrs. Wetten ... 2. Mrs. Day ...	F. Josey Ditto
One dozen Eggs	1. H. C. Plank ...	S. Bird
Dish Boiled Potatoes	1. Mrs. Osborne ... 2. Mrs. Prater ... 3. Mrs. Wetten ...	W. H. Wigley Ditto Ditto
Specimen Needlework	1. Miss Elsie Hillier ... 2. Miss Phyllis Hillier ... 3. Mrs. Stacey ...	W. Bowyer Social Club Ditto
Crochet Work	1. Mrs. Stacey ...	Ditto
Knitting—Hand	1. Mrs. Day ... 2. Mrs. Stacey ... 3. Mrs. Maynard ...	H. W. Colson Ditto Ditto
Jam or Marmalade	1. Mrs. Bricknell ... 2. Mrs. Day ... 3. Mrs. Brown ...	R. Biggs Ditto Ditto
Bunch Wild Flowers	1. Miss Nellie Cross ... 2. Miss Wetten ...	Social Club Ditto

DONORS OF PRIZES.

The following were donors of prizes :—Major G. S. M. Ashby, Messrs. C. Bennett, J. B. Biggs, R. Biggs, A. R. Bradford, S. Bird, W. Bowyer, W. Curtis, H. L. Chaplin, H. W. Colson, W. H. Davis, C. E. Gough, F. C. Hawkes, A. H. Hopkins, F. Josey, Major H. Kaye, E. S. Phipps, A. G. Richardson, C. W. Stocker, H. & G. Simonds Ltd., W. Wheeler, J. Webb and W. H. Wigley.

VALUE OF BEER.

EFFECT OF THE REDUCED DUTY.

NO DRUNKENNESS PROBLEM.

(From "The Morning Advertiser.")

The annual tour of the hopfields by members of the Institute of Brewing took place recently, when visits were paid to Mr. G. H. Bray's hop gardens and kilns at Dornington, Herefordshire, and those of Mr. G. A. Nott, Newnham, Worcestershire. The luncheon was held at the Swan Hotel, Tenbury Wells, under the presidency of Mr. H. G. Younger (Messrs. William Younger and Co., Ltd.), and there were about 90 present.

In the course of an address, the Chairman said there was no more wholesome drink than beer. That was borne out by the large majority of medical opinion. It was common knowledge that those who were accustomed to drink beer found that they could digest and utilise the better the food they took when they took it with beer. Beer was our national beverage. It had not only food value, but it had, for many persons, stimulating and tonic properties, and there was no other beverage that could compare with it. There were probably, however, very few subjects about which people were so ignorant as the subject of beer. Few people knew how it was made, or anything about it. The employment of science in connection with the manufacture of beer had, of course, provided people, who did not know much about the matter, with the argument that, if a chemist was employed in a brewery, he must be concocting things and showing you how to make beer without malt and hops. That, again, was all nonsense. One might be able to make a palatable beverage without hops, but then it would not be beer. The duty of the chemists was to ensure that the materials supplied to them were absolutely pure, and that the finished product was sound and wholesome.

Sir Edgar Sanders (director of the Brewers' Society), having referred to the question of the price of hops and the Hops Marketing Board, explained that last year the brewers and some growers opposed the imposition of a quota successfully. It was sought now to revise the scheme by the addition of a quota on production, which, if passed, would limit the output of individual producers. Now there had never been an over-production of good hops, but only of inferior hops, and it really came to this, that under such a quota scheme the growers of the best hops must suffer in order that the growers of the worst hops might survive. A quota on production

based on quantity and disregarding quality must be bad for the industry. But as the Brewers' Society were again opposing the quota and an official inquiry was to be held very shortly, he must not say more on that subject.

THE BREWERS' AGREEMENT.

On the question of home-grown barley, he would like to add that brewers were loyally carrying out the undertaking given to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to increase as far as possible the proportion of home-grown barley in the brewing of all classes of beer. Since the passing of the Budget there had been a very considerable increase. The opportunity would come when the new season's barley came on to the market. If that proved to be of the high malting quality which was anticipated, brewers would certainly buy it readily if the price was fair, having regard to its quality and the demand for it.

With regard to the beer position generally, he said they were all thankful that the Chancellor made such a reduction in the duty as enabled the consumer to get better beer at 1d. per pint cheaper. Some misinformed persons characterised this as a present to the brewers of £14,000,000. Everyone in that room knew perfectly well that unless the output was considerably increased thereby reducing overhead expenses, the only persons to benefit would be the consumers. Fortunately the public had responded well, and, so far, the barrelage for May, June, and July increased by at least 10 per cent., compared with the corresponding months of last year. But practically all the increase was in the lighter and cheaper quality beers, which showed that the price was still much too high.

When one remembered that the duty was still ten times higher than it was before the war, while wages were only about half as much again as they were then, it was easy to realise why consumption had not responded so much as one had reason to hope would be the case. With those who were already beer drinkers beer had lost none of its popularity, but with a new generation rising up who had only lived in an age when the taxation of beer had been on a war basis, it was necessary that Englishmen should be reminded from time to time that there is no beverage so health-giving as beer.

PRESENT-DAY EVILS.

Fortunately, there was no drunkenness problem to-day, so that we could ignore those intemperate advocates who would condemn out of hand anyone who drank or approved the drinking of beer as one who encouraged drunkenness. For many years the

drunkard was the bane of the brewers, and it is largely because brewers recognised the fact that the country was so temperate to-day.

Owing to its excessive price, due to penal taxation, people had to a large extent been forced to give up or refrain altogether from drinking beer, and particularly was this the case with the younger generation, who had substituted for it tea, coffee, and concocted drinks which had done untold mischief to their nervous systems. These drinks had certainly been a contributing cause to the neurotic temperament which was so distressingly rife in this country, and accounted for far more personal and family misery than did drunkenness to-day.

Temperance fanatics conjured up all sorts of evils when one spoke of beer as a beverage. Fortunately, their whole attitude to this subject condemned them in the eyes of reasonable people. We appeared to be becoming more and more like the Athenians, who were always craving after some new thing. In our case it was largely for new foods, drinks, amusements, religious sects, and cults. What the country seemed to want was a campaign by sensible people who, being guided by the eternal verities, were content to lead their fellow-men back to the life of simple essentials, whether in a religious sense or in those commonplaces which filled the lives of most of us.

SIMONDS BEER

is

SUPER B

“LICENCE HOLDERS AND THEIR FRIENDS.”

THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE LAW.

In reading the Law Reports regarding the Licensed Trade one is impressed by the number of convictions recorded from time to time against Licence Holders in different parts of the country in connection with the entertainment of their friends during non-permitted hours. In view of the large number of new tenants joining the trade every year, without previous experience, it might be advantageous to re-state the position for their special guidance.

Statutory law is as follows :—

Licensing Act, 1921, Section 5, Sub-sections (a) and (c).

Nothing in the foregoing provisions of this part of this Act shall be deemed to prohibit or restrict—

- (a) The sale or supply to, or consumption by, any person of intoxicating liquor (a) in any licensed premises or club where he is residing ; or
- (c) The supply of intoxicating liquor for consumption on licensed premises to any private friends of the holder of the licence bona fide entertained by him at his own expense, or the consumption of intoxicating liquor by persons so supplied.

Case law appears to give interpretations on the lines indicated below :—

The words “private friends” seem to include only those persons who are NOT, in the ordinary course, in the relative situation of customers.

The justices have nothing to do with the “occasion” of entertainment except in so far as it may throw light on the fact whether the friends were pretended friends only. From the facts before them they will deduce whether the friends really paid for the entertainment in some substantial way, by exchange or otherwise, and therefore such entertainment became in the nature of a sale. If ordinary customers are retained after permitted hours, as private friends, a licence holder cannot be sure of obtaining the benefit of the above-quoted enactment. The justices will discriminate between sham friendships and real hospitality. The onus of proving bona fides will rest on the licensee.

A licensee cannot be supposed to be without friends, but as a matter of prudence he should give notice to the local police of his intention to entertain his own friends outside permitted hours.

A friend must be on some kind of footing of acquaintance with the licence holder. Strangers to the licensee must not be included in a party of friends. Customers cannot be turned into friends for the purpose of evading the Licensing Act. Also, it would be no defence to plead “wife’s friends.”

The licensed part of premises should entirely be avoided for private entertainment outside the permitted hours.

A “guest” residing on the premises has no right, as the law stands at present, to entertain his friends except during permitted hours.

No game for money, or money’s worth, must be allowed in respect of friends.

The following books are recommended to tenants as containing reliable information on this matter as well as many others affecting the conduct of licensed premises—

“The Licence Holders Handy Guide.”

“The Licence Victuallers Official Annual.”

—(*The Blue Book of the Trade*).



WORDS OF WISDOM.

Cater frugally for the body if you would feed the mind sumptuously.

Compete not with persons who have means beyond thy reach.

Companionship and goodfellowship must not be mistaken for true friendship.

Measure your life by acts of goodness, not by years.

Of all parts of wisdom the practice of it is the best.

Proud looks lose hearts, but courteous words win them.

Positiveness is one of the most certain marks of a weak judgment.

Passion is like an unruly horse and prejudice its blind driver.

Personal beauty will fade, but beauty of the mind endures for ever.

Pay not to fortune that regard you owe to merit.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends in.

Poverty of mind is often concealed under the garb of splendour.

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in their worth and choice.

—Ben Jonson, "Cynthia."

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Pat got a job to dig a well. When he had got down to about 25 feet he came one morning to find the hole had caved in.

When he recovered from his dismay, he had a brain-wave. He hung his coat and hat on the windlass and crawled into the bushes to wait. Passers-by, discovering the well caved in, and seeing the coat, concluded that a man was at the bottom. Help was got and frantic toilers soon cleared the well again!

* * * *

He had been married only a week when he discovered that his wife, who had assumed control of household and larder, was inclined to be stingy.

He had been working in his garden one afternoon when his wife came to the back door and, to his astonishment, called out in strident tones: "Terrance, come in to tea, toast and eggs."

Terrence, surprised, dropped his spade, and ran to the kitchen. "Sure, and yer only kiddin' me," he said.

"No, Terrence," said his wife. "It's not you, it's the neighbours I'm kiddin'."

* * * *

The newlyweds were receiving a little conventional advice from the minister. First the husband was charged with his responsibilities, and then came the wife's turn.

"You must love, honour and obey your husband," droned the parson, "and follow him wherever he goes."

The wife looked aghast.

"Fancy!" she exclaimed, "and him a deep sea diver!"

* * * *

The train with its holiday home-comers was about to leave the station when a smart young fellow thought he would air his sense of humour.

He walked up to a carriage and said: "Is this Noah's Ark full up?"

"All but the ass," was the prompt reply. "Come right in."

They were in a large room of one of the most exclusive clubs. They came towards each other from opposite directions. Presently they met, and careless of the fact that dozens of eyes were focused on them, they kissed with a resounding smack.

A man approached them. The crowd was hushed. The fire of battle was in the eyes of the newcomer, he raised the stick he carried, and struck a terrific blow.

Neither screamed, neither fainted, neither resented the intruder or the blow; not even a murmur was heard—because, you see, billiard balls have not feelings at all.

* * * *

Two young women entered a tram and found only standing room. One of them whispered to her companion: "I'm going to get a seat from one of these men."

She looked down the row of passengers and selected a sedate-looking man. She sailed up to him and opened fire: "My dear Mr. Jones, how delightful to see you! Will I accept your seat? Well, I feel rather tired, so, thanks, I will. Thank you so much!"

The man—a total stranger, of course—looked at her and then quietly rose and gave his seat. "Yes, do sit down, Jane," he said. "I don't often see you out on a washing-day. How's your mistress?"

The young lady got out at the next stopping-place!

* * * *

A respectable woman was charged with stealing goods from a large store. It was an obvious case of kleptomania, and the magistrate, who seemed inclined to be lenient, asked the prisoner if she had anything to say on her behalf.

"Well, sir," she said hopefully, "I only take British goods."

* * * *

He had just returned from a big game hunting expedition, and was telling his wife all his experiences. He related a description of his encounter with a tiger.

"Yes," he wound up, "it was absolutely a case of the tiger or myself."

His wife looked up at him proudly. "I'm so glad it was the tiger," she replied sweetly, "otherwise we wouldn't have had this lovely rug."

A Lancashire couple went to a London picture gallery during their holidays. They stopped opposite a picture of Adam and Eve.

"'Ere's a brazen 'uzzy, Sam," said the wife. "Who is it?"

The husband fumbled with his catalogue. "Queen Elizabeth receiving the Spanish Ambassador," he said.

* * * *

Two Scots went to a friend's house on a certain special occasion and were hospitably entertained. So hospitably in fact that on their way back one of them sat down by the side of the road and began to weep.

"I canna remember the bride's face," he wailed. "I canna remember the bride's bonnie wee face!"

"Hold your tongue, ye auld fule," growled the other, "it was a funeral!"

* * * *

SPINSTER: "So the waiter says to me, 'How would you like your rice?'"

FRIEND: "Yes, dear, go on."

SPINSTER: "So I says, wistfully, 'Thrown at me, please.'"

* * * *

He had rather liked the look of her, and suggested a run in his car. When they had gone a few miles, the young lady said: "Now, before we drive any farther, I want you to understand that I don't flirt, so don't try to hold my hand or kiss me. Is that quite clear?"

The young man gulped and said, "Yes," meekly.

"Now," said the girl brightly, "since that is settled and done with, where shall we go?"

"Home," was his snappy reply.

* * * *

"Daddy," said the little girl, "teacher told us to-day that the olive branch is the emblem of peace. What is the emblem of war?"

"Orange blossom," grunted her parent.

They had lunched extremely well in the club house, and then went out for a second round of golf. On the first tee one missed the ball completely. Then his opponent essayed to drive and he, too, missed it.

"Well," said the first golfer with great gravity, "I can see it's going to be a ding-dong struggle."

* * * *

The vicar had been emphasising in his sermon the brotherhood of man. One member of the congregation, who left before the collection, took him literally. Hurrying to the vicarage, he announced to the housekeeper that he was the brother of the clergyman, that he had come a long way, and could do with a meal.

The best that the vicarage could provide was set before him and he was making short work of it when the vicar arrived.

"You said we were all brothers," the uninvited guest explained in extenuation.

"Yes," agreed the vicar, as he assisted his exit, "but now you may consider yourself a cousin once removed."

* * * *

A motorist was travelling "all out" along the deserted country road when suddenly a policeman appeared from behind a tree and held up a warning hand. The motorist slowed down. He felt sure that he was "for it" for driving to the public danger, so, thinking to make the best of a bad job, he stopped and said: "Sorry, constable; but I'm in a deuce of a hurry. Sick wife. Off for a doctor. Look here, take this pound note and say no more about it. Not a word. Shan't occur again. Good day."

He shot off, leaving the surprised constable staring at the note in his hand in bewilderment.

Some hours later the battered motorist, just recovering consciousness in the local hospital, was heard to murmur: "I wonder if that constable only wanted to tell me that the road was up just round the corner."

* * * *

Observing a young lady standing alone, the young man stepped up to her and said: "Pardon me. You look like Helen Black."

"Yes," she replied. "I know I do, but I'd look far worse in white."

"My grandfather," said he, telling her of his family history, "was a poor, hard-working clockmaker. When he died a few years ago, he left all his estate, which consisted of two hundred clocks, to my father."

The girl smiled. "How interesting!" she said. "It must have been real fun winding up his estate."

* * * *

At a certain golf course, where the ladies had been accustomed to play from the same tees as the men, it was decided to arrange shorter tees for them. The new tee boxes were ordered. The secretary warned the green-keeper that the boxes were coming, and asked him to see them placed at the tees.

"All right, Sir," he replied, "and I'll just paint an 'L' on each of the boxes, so that the ladies'll know just where we would like them to go."

* * * *

A golfer from Glasgow, or perhaps Edinburgh, was playing in a medal competition with some friends. At the first hole he went into the Swilcan Burn, which is immediately in front of the first green. After picking out and dropping the ball he went far over the green and holed out in 7. Down went a 4 on the card.

This sort of bad golf but splendid scoring went on for several holes until his caddie remarked: "Man, your pencil is the best club in your bag."

"Aye," replied the player, "but there are others who can swing it better nor me."

* * * *

A golfer was in the habit of engaging a caddie who was badly troubled with that distressing complaint, the hiccough. One day the man badly missed his drive, and turning to his caddie he said: "That was all through your confounded hiccough."

"But I didn't hiccough," said the lad.

"No, I know that," said the angry man, "but I allowed for it!"

* * * *

HE: "Why isn't dinner ready?"

SHE: "I have been in town bargain-hunting."

HE: "Looking for something for nothing, I suppose."

SHE (sweetly): "Yes, dear, trying to get you a present."

The farmer owned fields on each side of the golf links. It so happened that he was taking a short cut from one to another when the club's worst member was addressing his ball. The worst member waggled his driver to and fro for several minutes, missed four swings, and finally managed to hit the ball about a dozen feet. Then he glanced up and saw the farmer.

"I say," he protested, "only golfers are allowed on this course, you know."

The farmer nodded. "I know," he replied, "but I won't say nuthin' if you don't."

* * * *

Playing over an Irish links, a choleric colonel lost his ball and accused his caddie of having stolen it. When a moment later it was found, the golfer began an apology.

"Arrah, nivir mind at all, at all," said the boy, "you thought Oi was a thaife and Oi thought you was a gintleman, an', begorra, we both made a mistake."

* * * *

A candidate for election, addressing his constituency, was surprised by a voice which, calling from the back of the hall, said: "Well, I don't care wot yer says, guv'nor, I wouldn't vote for you if you was the angel Gabriel."

Quick as lightning came the reply: "If I were the angel Gabriel, you wouldn't be in my constituency."

* * * *

The bus had moved off during a heavy rainstorm, when a man with a cage containing two canaries was observed running. The conductor stopped the bus, and as he assisted the panting passenger on board, he said: "You nearly missed the Ark that time, Noah!"

* * * *

TEACHER (warning her pupils against catching cold): "I had a little brother seven years old and one day he took his new sledge out in the snow. He caught pneumonia, and three days later he died."

Silence for ten seconds.

Then a voice from the rear: "Where's his sledge?"

Bill was pugnacious, but he didn't live long. A few days after his funeral his widow was hanging pensively over her front gate. A neighbour came along and stopped to commiserate with her.

"Well, poor Bill," she remarked, "e'll be 'itting the 'arp with the hangels now."

"Not 'e," said the widow, "more likely 'e'll be 'itting the hangels with the 'arp!"

* * * *

A bachelor was asked by a sentimental young girl why he did not avail himself of some sweet woman's company on his voyage of life.

"I would," he replied, "if I were sure that the ocean would always be the Pacific."

* * * *

Brown and Jones had been dining extremely well at the club and were returning home in the small hours of the morning. Said Brown to Jones: "I shay, before you go, jusht come in and have a parting drink. If we go in quietly we won't wake the wife."

The two of them crept in on tiptoe, but when inside the door Jones crashed into the hall table and Brown knocked over a chair. Jones looked at Brown in horror and whispered, "We must be quiet or we'll wake the wife."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Brown airily, "she'll never hear with all this damned noise going on."

* * * *

"Through the Sahara's worst sandstorm I have come to thee," said the ardent Sheikh to his lady-love.

"Aye! surely thou must be a man of grit," was the loving response.

* * * *

"I do wish, father," said the daughter of the house to her wealthy but not over-educated parent, "that you'd learn not to drop your aspirates. You never hear Claude doing it."

"Maybe not," said the self-made man; "pity 'e isn't as careful with 'is vowels! 'E's got I.O.U.s laying about all over the place!"

Some members of a farming community were listening to a political speaker.

"What is agriculture?" he exclaimed. "What is agriculture that it should be ignored; that it should be scorned?" He paused dramatically. "Again, I repeat, what is agriculture?"

"Well," called out a voice from the rear of the hall, "I always thought it was just farmin' dressed up a little."

* * * *

An Irishman attended a wedding and returned with a couple of lovely black eyes, which he explained as follows: "Whin Oi got there Oi saw a feller dressed up to the noines and struttin' about as proud as a paycock. 'An' who the divil are you?' says Oi."

"'Oi'm the best man,'" says he—"An' begorra, he was!"

* * * *

The mother of little Emily, aged three, does her best to keep the viciousness of life away from her, but Emily had to be taken to a family birthday party at her uncle's lately and at the appropriate time cocktails appeared and, of course, were passed right over her head. Physically, not metaphorically. Emily said she wanted a drink, too. Everybody laughed, and the uncle said certainly she should have one and got her a small glass of orange juice. Emily seized it happily and without comment, and was about to drink it off when her mother intervened. "What do you say to uncle?" she inquired in the polite tones of a mother on such occasions.

"Happy days!" said Emily, raising her glass.

* * * *

The teacher was examining the class to see how much they remembered of a natural history lesson given the day before, and told the children each to give her the name of an animal. Up went a hand.

"Well, Johnnie, what animal do you remember?"

"The warmer," was the unexpected reply.

"Nonsense. There's no such animal. Sit down."

Up went another hand. "Please, miss, I know what 'e means. 'E means the otter."

A village cricket match was delayed for some time owing to the absence of an umpire. The home skipper, recognising an acquaintance among the crowd, asked the man to officiate. He was willing to do so.

"Aw reet," said the skipper. "We're fieldin' first. Whenever you hear anybody say 'Huzzat?' you say 'Out.' Later on, when we go in to bat, I'll tell thee a bit more."

* * * *

HE (during quarrel): "Now, I know why women are called birds."

SHE: "Oh, and why is that?"

HE: "Because you are always chirping."

SHE: "I understood it was on account of the worms we pick up."

* * * *

"If I had my way I'd break up every wireless set I could lay my hands on," she complained. "Never did have any time for them, and now that the people next door have had one installed, I feel worse about them than ever. I'd like to get my hands on the man who invented the wretched things."

Her friend nodded sympathetically. "That's the way I feel about them myself. I suppose your neighbours keep it going till the early hours of the morning."

"Yes, they do," she replied; "but I don't mind that so much. What I do object to is the way they turn it on full strength every time they have a row, and I can't catch one word they're saying."

* * * *

A kind-hearted man, hearing a dog howling mournfully, decided to investigate the animal's ailment. He found the dog sitting calmly upon his haunches but still emitting agonised yelps. "What ails your dog?" he asked the owner.

"Oh, he's just lazy."

"But laziness won't make a dog howl."

"Yes, but that dog is sitting on a thistle."

His host showed him into his bedroom. "I hope you're not nervous, old chap," he said, "but this room is supposed to be haunted."

"Haunted!" exclaimed the guest. "What by?"

"A wraith—a spectre!" replied the host.

"A w-w-what?" cried the other.

"A wraith—a spectre," repeated his host.

The guest gave a deep sigh of relief, and the colour returned to his cheeks.

"Oh, that's all right!" he said at last. "At first I thought you said a rate collector."

* * * *

ELECTRICIAN (from top of building from which four wires dangled): "Bill, catch hold of two of those wires."

BILL: "All right."

ELECTRICIAN: "Feel anything?"

BILL: "No."

ELECTRICIAN: "Well, don't touch the other two, there's 2,000 volts in them."

* * * *

Teacher received her pay envelope, and after extracting the money held it up for the class to see.

"What is this, Freddy Wilson?" she asked, by way of a general knowledge test.

"A pay envelope, miss," said the boy.

"And what did it contain?" she went on.

"Money," said Freddy. "Your salary."

"Any further questions to ask about it?" teacher asked.

"Please, teacher," said a little boy who had been studying the envelope in silence, "where do you work?"

* * * *

BRANCHES.

BRIGHTON.

Breaking records seems to be the order of the day, and visitors to Brighton this summer have certainly broken all previous records, though as to whether the day visitor does much to help the trade of the town is a bit dubious.

August Bank Holiday was the climax of the invasion of Londoners and others, who swarmed into the town, when the local papers said that the beach was so crowded that the late-comers had to wait till someone got up from the shingle for them to get a space.

The figures of the Southern Railway alone are eloquent enough. The number of tickets collected at Brighton Station on Saturday, Sunday and Bank Holiday Monday totalled 125,280. This is nearly half as many again as the number so collected last year. The issue of "summer tickets"—which means return fares at a penny a mile—also leaped up greatly. As many as 28,385 were issued from London to Brighton, as compared with 10,700 last year.

This influx naturally made us busy, and at the same time we were engaged in tackling the largest amount of Territorial trade this Branch has ever handled. The Stores and Delivery staff worked exceedingly well, and with the assistance of hired transport no unit had to wait for supplies, all orders being executed when required.

The office staff, reinforced by Mr. Walsh of Reading, put in very long hours to keep the booking up to date, and by the time the camps were cleared were, to say the least of it, tired. Unfortunately, this busy time was too much for our Chief Clerk, Mr. Cotton, who succumbed to a heart attack at the end of the camping period, and is likely to be away from business for some time yet. The other members of the office staff are now looking forward to a well-earned holiday.

Mr. J. Hammond's services were much appreciated in helping with the outside work.

We now have the 12th Infantry Brigade marching through Sussex on their way from Dover to Arundel and Myrtle Grove Camp, for their annual training. The 1st Sussex, who are part of the Brigade, will have a warm welcome en route.

Our friends at the West Tarring Club gave their Annual Children's Treat in the Worthing Sports Ground on the 29th July.

About 200 children of the members were first taken for a motor ride to Arundel, Amberley and Bramber, returning to tea at the Sports Ground, and afterwards entertained with the usual races, side-shows and radio music. A marquee, lent by the Firm, was in great demand, where the Club Steward, A. Mitchell, was kept busy serving out the "Hop Leaf" brands.

Mr. Vincent, the Secretary, was as usual very busy attending to details, and the President, Mr. Punter, was again in his element in amusing the children, as was also "Clown" Tommy Blann. The weather was fortunately fine, and all apparently had an enjoyable time.

PORTSMOUTH.

SOUTHSEA WAVERLEY BOWLING CLUB.

We heartily congratulate the Southsea Waverley Bowling Club on winning the International Rink Bowling Championship this year. We give opposite a photograph of the winning rink, of whom the Club are justly proud. They are Messrs. B. H. Matthews, H. W. Johnson, J. W. Rhodes and H. Head. In the third round, played at Brownswood Club Green (Finsbury Park), play commenced in fine weather and the Southsea rink got off the mark well. At the fifth end they led by seven shots to one. Play in the next five ends ran even, each side scoring four, making the score 11-5. From this point the Southsea Waverley Rink went away and at the fifteenth end the score read 19-6. In this round the Southsea Rink were playing Roker Marine, of Sunderland. In commenting on the game, the Portsmouth *Evening News* says, "J. W. Rhodes seemed to be on the top of his form and saved ends with his wonderful drawing shots on several occasions. Rain commenced to fall at the seventeenth end, but the men kept plodding away and maintaining their lead the Waverley men ran out winners 28-17, the Roker men scoring one at the last end. The Roker Rink had previously beaten Minehead 21-18 and Avenue, Leamington Spa, 22-17." In the semi-final the Waverley Rink had Deal as opponents. This proved an exciting game, the score being level at the twentieth end. Waverley, however, gained a well-merited victory and won their way into the final by 18-16. In the final Waverley had for opponents Torbay, who had beaten Southbourne (Hants) 21-16 in the semi-final during the afternoon. Waverley got off the mark with a two and followed this up with two threes and a single, but Torbay scored five at the fifth end, which made the score 9-5. The Southsea Rink kept pegging away after this and scoring four at the tenth end to a single by Torbay,

made the score board read 16-6. Torbay got a single next, but Waverley replied with a single and two fours, and then Torbay got another single, the score at the fifteenth end reading 25-8. Rain now commenced, but play continued. Waverley still kept going, but at the eighteenth end, when laying shot, Webber took out the wood and made Torbay 5. At the nineteenth end Waverley again got on the jack and were laying three, but the third man of Torbay came through with a fast one and made it no end. On the replay, Waverley again laid shot, when the skip shifted the jack and with his second wood drew shot. At the twentieth end Waverley won by one and as Torbay could not make up the arrears the game was called 27-17 in favour of the Southsea Waverley Rink.



The winning Southsea Waverley Bowling Club Rink at the E.B.A. Championships.

NAVY WEEK.

Navy Week—the seventh of the series—is once more over and some 128,000 people have left Portsmouth behind with their minds aglow with memories of a wonderful week of pageantry and sight-seeing. The weather was glorious; in fact, the heat of the sun on the August Bank Holiday was well nigh unbearable. It is almost impossible to fully and faithfully portray the events of the week in mere writing and to give a full detailed description of Navy Week would necessitate the writing of a good size book, but for the interest of those readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE who were not fortunate enough to come to Portsmouth, perhaps a short glossary of some of the events would be interesting reading.

Navy Week at Portsmouth was officially opened by Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe, the ceremony taking place on the deck of H.M.S. *Victory*, the flagship of Lord Nelson. It was also from this national treasure that the Service was broadcast on Sunday, August 6th. Perhaps the real sightseeing, as far as the visitors were concerned, commenced on the Monday, the Bank Holiday, and from that day on to the end of the week thousands of visitors became the guests at the Navy's annual "At Home." Among the twenty ships on view to the public were some of the finest in the world, including H.M.S. *Hood*, the largest and fastest battle cruiser in the world, H.M.S. *Nelson*, the latest battleship of the Navy, H.M.S. *Warspite* and H.M.S. *Curacoa*. Visitors were astonished at some of the details of the various ships and machines they visited. The sailors were always ready to oblige those who were thirsting for information and perhaps Navy Week would not be the success it is without the indefatigable "Jack Tars" as guides. Intermingled among the various ships open for inspection were side-shows, adding still further to the attractions. Perhaps one of the most popular of these side-shows was the ceremony of "Crossing the Line." Many took the opportunity of getting their certificate, absolving them from further ceremony should they in the future go to Southern waters. Fast and furious was the fun here. Another thrilling episode was the attack by a submarine on a pirate junk which had captured a merchant vessel, and was one which caused a good deal of excitement amongst the spectators. The Changing of the Guard by Pikemen of 1664, Marines of 1805 and of to-day, were ceremonies which were just as popular as ever. Perhaps one of the most spectacular of the many attractions was the beating of "The Retreat" by the Massed Bands and Drums of the Royal Marines. There was plenty of lighter entertainment, and large crowds gathered daily along the side of the *Victory* to hear the Naval Singers singing sea chanties from its bows.

Undoubtedly, Navy Week at Portsmouth this year was well worth seeing and those who have not yet yielded to the temptation and paid a visit should do so at the very next opportunity. It will be a visit well worth the while. Nowhere else throughout the whole country will you get such remarkable value for your money as at the Navy's "At Home."

Some wonderful exhibits were seen at Southsea's Floral Fete and Show this year. Apples weighing a pound each, peaches turning the scale at half a pound, and a charming display of miniature rock gardens were some of the exhibits. The roses also made a fine display, the group which was awarded the premier prize containing some excellent specimens of Mrs. Sam McCreary, President Hoover, Gredy's Ivory and a wonderful white single known as Innocence. The Show was opened by the Lady Mayoress (Mrs. W. A. Billing), who thanked the exhibitors for the wonderful display that they had put up and expressed the hope that their efforts would be a financial success. The Mayoress was presented with a handsome basket of fruit by the Chairman (Councillor W. E. Gill), and a vote of thanks was accorded her on the proposition of Councillor W. S. R. Pugsley, seconded by Alderman W. H. Dashwood. The Show this year was not on such a large scale as in previous years, but the quality of all the exhibits was well maintained.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

With the arrival of September we watch our 1933 summer camps slowly melt away. During the past month these mushroom towns were centres of much activity, and large numbers of visitors were interested in the strenuous exercises and manoeuvres which were carried out by the various arms of the service.

A very personal interest was evinced in the site at Whitchurch Down where the West Country Units of the 130th Infantry Brigade were quartered, and the weather conditions being ideal, many friends and old campaigners of the Battalions took advantage of the occasion to obtain a first hand glimpse of modern methods of war. Whether they were as keen after their experience of mountain warfare is another story. Ask the rear-guard Commander who did the old soldier's trick and faded away?

An epic of this little war was the recovery of Pew Tor by the 6th Devons, after it had been captured by the "enemy," although the whole of the troops taking part are to be congratulated for their conduct and keenness throughout a very arduous programme.

The "Hop Leaf" marquees cheered up many drooping spirits when sighted after a rather trying day out, and by their contents, in the words of a good friend of ours, R.S.M. T. Benbow, being "unanimously agreed upon by all ranks as the best in the camp," we were able to contribute our quota to the comforts of both friend and enemy—an ideal result which old John Barleycorn in his own quiet way, often achieves.

The happy faces in the accompanying snap of the Sergeants' Mess, 6th Devons, needs no further comment of ours. Both members and "extras" testify to the success of the 1933 camp, and to the pleasant memories which will be associated with Whitchurch Down.



Sergeants' Mess Members (and extras) 6th Devon Regiment,
Whitchurch.

To-day, the scene is changed. Dismantled and bare, no passer-by would conjure up the animated scenes of only a few days ago. The towns of tents have vanished, the rattle of accoutrements gone. But still, this ceaseless training must continue, for, unfortunately, even in these enlightened days, it is the only safeguard the Empire possesses against extinction. And thus the panorama moves on to the breezy downs and wooded valleys of Hampshire

and Wiltshire—with their memories of far-off 1914-18—and again we view a landscape full of moving dusty khaki-clad figures, and the sinister gleam of modern implements of war. Picturesque to watch! We agree. But ask the modern "Tommy" for his opinion, and be prepared for a terse reply.

The month of August sadly reminded us of the uncertainty of our hold upon this mortal coil, by taking from us two valuable young lives, whose interests were ours, and who, on the very threshold of their careers, were laid to rest under very tragic circumstances.

To Mr. and Mrs. W. Tinton, for twelve years our tenants at the Brown Bear Inn, Devonport, came that grim spectre of sorrow, when their eldest daughter, Dolly Vera, in the seemingly full bloom of healthy girlhood unexpectedly passed away at the Central Hospital, Plymouth, whilst undergoing an operation for appendicitis.

We had watched "Bobbie" develop from a brilliant scholar with a delightfully naive and charming character quite of her own; and her bright face will be sadly missed by a wide circle of friends, apart from her own family circle. The spirit she radiated will long be remembered by those who to-day are in sorrow at her going, and we know Mr. and Mrs. Tinton will treasure the many tributes and expressions which reached them in their bereavement. At the age of twenty, the Great Gardener called, and now grief's only friend is left—a sweet memory of one who we shall always remember with joy. May her parents find the comfort and blessing promised to all "they that mourn" as day succeeds day, is our earnest wish.

One of our Bottling Department Staff, W. J. R. Hillson, who only a few months ago left his school days behind was unfortunately seized with cramp whilst bathing with a party of other boys after working hours, and although only a few steps from safety, remained unnoticed when he sank to his death with helpers all around quite unaware of his extremity. A matter of seconds only but, like Mercutio's touch, wide enough to create tragedy out of joy. Our heartfelt sympathies go out to his parents in their sorrow.

No league success came to our cricketers during the past season, although several results were merely a matter of a few runs and all the players concerned deserve a word or two of praise for the gallant way they came up for more. Much experience however

was gained, though the difficulty of arranging practices on a public pitch was one which prevented the eleven from reaching the high standard of skill which they aimed at when the season commenced.

Maybe next year more opportunities will arise, and their keenness be rewarded. Some very enjoyable games were played, and many friendships made, while the good sportsmanship of these "Hop Leaf" disciples has been very favourably commented on even by keen opponents.

Long may such good fellowship continue—results in the arena after all are very temporary affairs, win or lose, so why spoil your game and lose friends too?

And now enter the billiards artists!—when the annual figure experts have taken their call anyway. We know they are keen to again exhibit their skill to the many clubs in the city, and are counting on a pleasant session, especially with tournaments and inter-departmental matches. Rivalry is bound to be pretty hot, but as far as we can gather, no unit can yet be said to be favourite for the championship—which is all to the common good.

Once again comes upon us the day when those red ink lines across the page tells of another year's close. And who can foretell what mysteries will be brought to light before the cheering "You may now close your books" arrives. We will however, wish all knights of the open ledgers a swift and easy running journey, with no stops en route, and plenty of power left when the hilltop is in sight. Here's to ye all!!

We are very sorry to hear of the death of Mr. F. J. Gilbert. Some of us remember him before his appointment to the management of Gibraltar Branch nearly 40 years ago. He was very popular with staff and customers, and everyone with whom he came into contact will deeply sympathise with his wife and family. Some six years ago he spent his holidays at Plymouth and we found him as charming as ever.

WOKING.

WEST BYFLEET SOCIAL CLUB.

That the Vegetable Show of the West Byfleet Social Club loses nothing in popularity among the members was evidenced on August Bank Holiday, when the eighteenth annual event was staged.

Mr. T. H. Brooker again undertook the duties of Hon. Secretary with Mr. W. Martin as Hon. Treasurer, and with the help of a small Committee, comprised of Messrs. J. Valler, T. Cooper and W. Sutton, nothing was lacking in the organisation. The judging was in the hands of Mr. J. Atfield (the Grand Old Man of the Club) and Mr. G. Carpenter, who commented on the excellence of the produce, particularly in view of the dry season.

The prizewinners of the various sections were as follows:—

Collection of Vegetables—1, F. Cook; 2, A. Munns; 3, F. Eades and T. Brooker.

Cabbage—1, A. Munns; 2, F. Eades; 3, T. Brooker.

Shallots—1, F. Cook; 2, A. Munns; 3, F. Eades.

Autumn Onions—1, A. Munns; 2, E. Smith; 3, A. Hill.

Spring Onions—1, F. Eades; 2, A. Hill; 3, W. Mathis and T. Brooker.

Runner Beans—1, E. Smith; 2, A. Munns; 3, G. Wicks.

Broad Beans—1, F. Eades; 2, T. Brooker.

French Beans—1, T. Brooker; 2, W. Sutton; 3, F. Eades.

Peas—1, A. Munns; 2, F. Eades; 3, T. Brooker.

Round Potatoes—1, F. Eades; 2, T. Brooker; 3, W. Sutton.

Kidney Potatoes—1, F. Cook; 2, W. Sutton; 3, A. Munns and G. Wicks.

Coloured Potatoes—1, F. Eades; 2, A. Munns; 3, W. Mathis.

Carrots—1, T. Brooker; 2, G. Wicks; 3, F. Cook.

Beetroot—1, W. Sutton; 2, F. Eades; 3, A. Munns.

Lettuce—1, A. Munns; 2, G. Wicks; 3, W. Sutton.

Rhubarb—1, W. Sutton; 2, F. Eades; 3, E. Mathis.

Turnips—1, A. Munns; 2, W. Mathis; 3, A. Hill.

Marrows—1, F. Eades; 2, E. Mathis; 3, T. Brooker.

Vase of Flowers—1, T. Brooker; 2, W. Sutton; 3, F. Cook.

Cooked Potatoes—1, Mrs. W. Sutton; 2, Mrs. G. Wicks; 3, Mrs. F. Eades.

Collection of Vegetables—1, A. Hill; 2, W. Mathis.

Cabbages—1, J. Dale; 2, A. Hill.

Shallots—1, N. Edwards; 2, J. Dale; 3, A. Hill.

Autumn Onions—1, J. Dale; 2, W. Mathis.

Spring Onions—1, W. Mathis; 2, A. Hill; 3, J. Dale.

Runner Beans—1, W. Mathis; 2, W. Crowter; 3, A. Hill.

Broad Beans—1, S. Lock; 2, A. Hill.

French Beans—1, N. Edwards; 2, W. Mathis.

Peas—1, S. Lock.

Round Potatoes—1, W. Mathis; 2, A. Hill; 3, J. Dale.

Kidney Potatoes—1, N. Edwards; 2, A. Hill; 3, F. Crowter.

Coloured Potatoes—1, W. Mathis; 2, J. Valler; 3, A. Hill.

Carrots—1, J. Dale; 2, W. Mathis; 3, N. Edwards.

Beetroot—1, J. Dale; 2, A. Hill; 3, S. Lock.

Lettuce—1, A. Hill; 2, W. Mathis.

Rhubarb—1, J. Valler; 2, J. Dale; 3, S. Lock.

Turnips—1, A. Hill; 2, W. Mathis.

Marrows—1, S. Lock; 2, A. Hill.

Vase of Flowers—1, Mrs. S. Lock; 2, Mrs. Mathis; 3, Mrs. A. Hill and Mrs. Crowter.

Cooked Potatoes—1, Mrs. A. Hill; 2, Mrs. Lock; 3, Mrs. W. Mathis.

Children's Vase of Flowers—1, John Hill; 2, Nelly Graubner; 3, Percy Sutton; 4, G. Sutton; 5, Wm. Mathis.

"FOX" INN, PIRBRIGHT.

It would be idle for us at Woking to pretend that we did not feel a measure of pride in the success which has attended Mr. W. E. Liley's horticultural efforts this year. Knowing the wealth of flowers which adorn this house during the summer months, both in regard to hanging baskets and cut flowers, it is no surprise to us that such honours should be awarded Mr. Liley, particulars of which are as under :—

GLOSTERS, LTD. (WOKING) SHOW.

Gladioli First Prize.

BENTALLS, LTD. (KINGSTON) SHOW.

Floral Hanging Baskets First Prize.

Delphiniums First Prize.

Dahlias Second Prize.

PIRBRIGHT AND DISTRICT HORTICULTURAL SHOW.

Gladioli First Prize.

