

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

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*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

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MR. S. T. WARNER.

## MR. S. T. WARNER.

The limelight of publicity is no new thing for the subject of our frontispiece; in fact the fame of Mr. S. T. Warner as a connoisseur of wines and spirits had spread far and wide during his service with his previous employers, Messrs. Selfridge & Co., Ltd., London. His name and photograph frequently appeared in the columns of the *Grocery Journal*, under the heading of "M.A.P."

With full knowledge of the standard of efficiency demanded by this great Oxford Street store, we give a brief account of Mr. Warner's history leading up to the time when he was appointed to the management of the Wine and Spirit Department of our Firm at Reading on the 1st June, 1934.

At the age of 15, Mr. Warner was indentured in the wine and spirit trade for three years and, after completing a further three years gaining additional experience, he joined Messrs. Selfridge & Co., Ltd., serving them for 20 years. In addition to the buying of all wines and spirits for this Company's various branches, he was given control under the title of Merchandise Supervisor of 15 other departments, occupying two separate buildings.

Although Mr. Warner has been with us under two years, he has already introduced, what may be described as a "new spirit" into the department, and the improved qualities of various wines and spirits testify to his ability as a buyer and his skill in blending our famous brands of whisky. The introduction of new lines, the mechanization of labelling and capsuling of various wines and spirits, the improved style of labels and the increase of bottling and storage accommodation, to cope with the fast growing trade, have all become accomplished facts during the past year.

In 1915 Mr. Warner enlisted as an air mechanic and spent six months at the Polytechnic on wireless and map reading, afterwards joining the 34th Reconnaissance Squadron of the Royal Air Force when it was formed at Castle Bromwich. He saw more than three years in France and at Nieuport on the Belgian front and afterwards in Italy on the Piave and Asiago, being engaged on observation and liaison work in the air and on the ground, in conjunction with the artillery. During the whole of his active service he remained with the same squadron, in which he finished with the rank of Sergeant Instructor.

An enthusiastic and agile tennis player, in which game he is no mean opponent, Mr. Warner is also a keen motorist and finds an agreeable relaxation from the atmosphere of his work behind the steering wheel.

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

## EDITORIAL.

## GOOD ROWING.

Congratulations to Mr. F. C. Smith (Correspondence Office) on being in one of the Reading Rowing Club's winning crews at Henley on August Bank Holiday. This same crew were very unfortunate not to win again on Saturday, August 24th, at Eton Regatta, only being beaten by the winners by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lengths. This crew has been coached by Mr. N. H. Lipscombe (A. S. Cooper's). Good luck to them next season.

## GENEROUS DIRECTORS.

On the day after the Jubilee holiday, employees of an Aberdeen factory found the following on the notice board:—

"The Directors much regret that, owing to bad trade, they will be unable to pay for Jubilee day, but, should conditions improve between now and November, they sincerely hope to be able to pay for the two minutes' silence."

## BRUSH WORN OUT.

Mike got a job on the borough after years of unemployment, and was duly given a brush and told to sweep the main road. When evening came Mike failed to report back to the depot, nor did he turn up the next morning. About a week later a wire was received at the Council Offices from a town some 75 miles further north, which ran: "Brush worn out. Send another quick."

## AIRING HIS KNOWLEDGE.

An agricultural student who was being taken over a farm by an old farmer wished to air his knowledge.

"Now take this tree," he said, "I would be surprised if you got half a dozen apples from it."

"So would I," said the farmer. "That's a pear tree."

## THE NEAREST APPROACH.

A Yorkshireman was showing a visitor from the States round his county. During the tour they pulled up at an ancient village inn.

"What will you have?" asked the Yorkshireman.

"Say, that's good of you," said the American. "I'll have a whisky-and-gin pep with a raisin in it."

"Sorry," replied the Yorkshireman, "but the nearest thing to that you can get in here is plain beer with a beetle in it."

## NOAH'S DIFFICULT TASK.

A clergyman passing a railway goods yard was shocked to hear a string of abuse coming from the other side of a cattle truck. On investigating he saw two porters endeavouring to force a mule inside the truck.

"Ah, my good fellows," said the clergyman, relenting, "I see you are having a hard task. Can I be of any assistance?"

"Ay," said one of the porters, wiping his perspiring brow. "Being a parson, p'r'aps you can tell us 'ow Noah managed to get two of these —— mules into the Ark?"

## EFFECTS OF NO ALCOHOL.

The horse and mule live thirty years.  
They never drink light wine and beers.  
Sheep and goats are dead at twenty.  
They drink no liquor—water plenty.  
The dog at fifteen's mostly dead,  
He looks not on the wine that's red.  
At ten the cat's lost its nine lives.  
On milk and water no beast thrives.  
Most birds at five years pass away.  
Far, far from alcohol they stay.  
The bug but few days stays on earth,  
They never know the cocktail's worth.  
But evil, wicked, rum-soaked men  
Survive for three score years and ten.

## GOT WHAT HE DESERVED.

A boy had been fishing for four hours when an inquisitive man came along and asked what he was doing.

"Fishing," was the boy's reply.

"Got anything?" asked the man.

"Yes," said the boy.

"What?"

"Patience."

## MONARCHS' BEER.

A friend, fired by my notes on the ale drunk by King John and Queen Elizabeth, sends me further details of Royal tastes in beer, says Peterborough in the *Daily Telegraph*.

Catherine of Russia, it appears, liked her beer even stronger than Queen Elizabeth's. If her drink—sent specially from England—was spilled on the table, it is recorded that a glass would stick fast in it.

Henry VIII persuaded a favourite Flemish brewer to stay in England rather than return to his home. His taste must have been for the old-fashioned drink made from malt, yeast, and water, for he forbade hops or brimstone to be introduced into ale.

My friend suggests to me, too, that Elizabeth must surely have tested a beer-cup invented by Sir Walter Raleigh. The recipe provides yet a further example of the enterprise of a tobacco pioneer:

Boil a quart of cream with quantum sufficit of sugar, mace and nutmeg. Take half a pint of sack and the same quantity of ale and boil them well together, adding sugar. These being boiled separately are now to be added. Heat a pewter dish very hot and cover your basin with it and let it stand by the fire for two or three hours.

I hope that any of my readers who feel inclined to sample this brew will wait for cooler weather.

## KEEP YOUR PLACE THIS WAY!

There is a simple bookmark which is always at hand in every home, but few people realise it.

Have you ever thought of cutting the corner from an old envelope, and slipping this over the page you want to mark? This will keep your place, without damaging the book in any way.

## THE BANK OF LIFE.

Some fellows start right in the rut,  
 While others head the throng.  
 All men may be born equal, but—  
 They don't stay that way long.  
 There is many a man with a gallant air,  
 Goes galloping to the fray ;  
 But the valuable man is the man who's there  
 When the smoke has cleared away.  
 Some " don't get nuthin' out of life,"  
 But when their whines begin,  
 We often can remind them that  
 They " don't put nuthin' in."

## ADVICE ON MARRIAGE.

A father wrote to his son who had asked for advice on marriage :—

" My dear Son,—Both your mother and I would like to see you happily married. As I write this letter she stands by my side and urges me to point out the advantages of this blissful state. Consider them : A cosy fireside, a comfortable chair, slippers, pipe, with a charming wife beside you. I am proud to learn, my boy, that you have decided to settle down.

" From your loving father and mother.

" P.S.—Your mother has just left the room. Keep single, you darned idiot.—FATHER."

## APPROPRIATE.

Here's a verse you'll find useful to include in a handbook published to announce a bazaar :—

Tell me not in accents dreary,  
 That you think bazaars a bore,  
 That of crochet work you're weary,  
 And hair tidies you abhor.  
 Wives of great men all remind them  
 They can make their wives a present  
 And, departing, leave behind them  
 What to us is quite as pleasant.  
 Let us then be up and spending  
 With a purse for such a day,  
 And our wishes still extending,  
 Learn to purchase and to pay.

## PERPLEXING PLURALS.

Let's start with a fox, and the plural is foxes.  
 But the plural of ox is oxen, not oxes ;  
 One bird is a goose, and two are called geese,  
 But the plural of moose has never been meese.  
 You may find a lone mouse, or two or three mice,  
 But the plural of house would be houses not hices ;  
 And then there's the masculine he, his, him.  
 But fancy the feminine, she, shis, shim ;  
 So English, I think you all will agree,  
 Is the funniest language you ever did see.

## NOT SO STRANGE.

A young man walked rather pensively into the village post office.

" Any letters for me to-day ? " he asked the postmistress.

" No, Henry," she replied rather sharply.

" That's rather strange," he murmured.

" Nothing strange about that, young man," replied the postmistress. " You haven't answered her last letter yet ! "

## GETTING NOWHERE !

CUSTOMER : " Have you any 4-volt 2-watt bulbs ? "

ELECTRICIAN : " For what ? "

CUSTOMER : " No, two. "

ELECTRICIAN : " Two what ? "

CUSTOMER : " Yes, that's right. "

## FASCINATING FIGURES.

The number 142857 is rather curious. If multiplied by either 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6, the answer will always contain the same figures—142857—in the same order, but starting at a different place each time :—

$$142857 \times 2 = 285714$$

$$142857 \times 3 = 428571$$

$$142857 \times 4 = 571428$$

$$142857 \times 5 = 714285$$

$$142857 \times 6 = 857142$$

## PAYING.

An American had an invitation to shoot over a private estate. Getting hold of the gamekeeper, he said :

" Say, are there many birds about ? "

The gamekeeper assured him there were plenty, whereupon the American remarked :

" I'm just one of the finest shots in the States. You will be loading for me tomorrow, and I'll give you a shilling for every bird I miss."

In the evening the gamekeeper met a friend and told him of the American's boast.

" How did *you* get on ? " the friend asked.

" Jolly well ! " said the keeper. " If I'd had two more blank cartridges I should have made twenty-five bob ! "

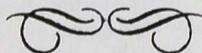
## AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

" Where am I ? " asked the dazed man as he came round after being knocked down by a bus in a busy London street.

" 'Ere you are, guv'nor," said a street hawker, who stood in the crowd, " map of London, one penny ! "

## NIGHT ANGLING ILLEGAL.

A good many anglers do not seem to know that there are special times for fishing in the Thames above Staines. Eleven anglers learned this to their dismay at Windsor when they were each fined 5/- for fishing between the hours of sunset and sunrise contrary to a by-law of the Thames Conservancy. A solicitor said that the case was brought to warn other fishermen that they could not fish in the Thames during the hours of darkness. It was stated that the Conservancy had received many complaints from riverside dwellers concerning night anglers. The fishermen in court maintained that they acted in ignorance.



## FORMATION OF A NEW CATERING DEPARTMENT.

A new department has been formed to take over the control of the managed Hotels and Licensed Houses belonging to this Company and its subsidiaries throughout the South of England and Wales. The scheme will also provide for the supervision of hotels and houses now under tenancies, and it is hoped that full advantage will be taken of the assistance which will be given to tenants to increase and improve, if possible, the service to the public.

The department will be under the direct personal supervision of Mr. H. C. Davis, who has had 20 years' catering and hotel experience and for several years past has filled the position of Supervising Manager for Messrs. Slaters Restaurants, The Bodega Bars and Restaurants and Messrs. R. E. Jones Limited.

## NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

## MOORHEN TEACHES CHILDREN NEST-BUILDING.

## A CHARMING SIGHT.

While fly-fishing the other day on a meandering trout stream I witnessed one of the most charming sights it has ever been my lot to see. So impressed was I that I lay down my rod and for over an hour gazed in admiration at mother moorhen teaching her chicks how to build a nest. With a long strand of dry weed the moorhen slowly proceeded to where the foundations of the nest had already been laid, coaxingly calling the chicks as she did so. One by one they came, and as they stood on the structure mother moorhen showed them how to form and felt the nest together. Then off she would slide into the water and away for more building material. Returning, I noticed that she had persuaded one of her children to assist in carrying some withered weed. And how delighted he seemed at the fact that he was able to help! He pecked and pulled at the weed and having placed it in some sort of position appeared to bubble over with joy. The fact that mother had to do the work all over again had not the slightest effect on his evident satisfaction. And she seemed to scold him, too, and

impress upon him that this particular "stone" was very far from being well and truly laid. So the work proceeded. The baby moorhens not only assisted their mother in carrying the material to the nest, several of them brought bits all by their tiny selves, clambered up the rapidly growing nest and placed it in position—not by any means always in the right position, for mother had frequently to do the work all over again, pointing out to her babes, ever so gently and lovingly, the proper way in which the work was to be done.

#### A LITTLE HERO.

It was then that I saw, not many yards up the river, one little moorhen struggling with a load almost greater than he could bear. How proud he was that he was being such a help to mother and how he tore and tugged at the weed, when it got hitched up in other weeds, in order to release it. His heart was big, but the load was bigger, and as he overcame obstacle after obstacle, I noticed that his strength was beginning to fail. He would not acknowledge defeat, not he! and I wondered what would be the outcome of his efforts when the fine little fellow's load, ten times as long as himself, became hopelessly entangled in a log of wood. He tug, tug, tugged at it until he was thoroughly exhausted and I was just thinking that he would have to give up the fight when mother moorhen, hearing his plaintive cries, swam swiftly to his assistance.

#### WITH BABY'S HELP, OF COURSE!

She quickly—with baby's help, of course—detached the building material from the log and together they carried it triumphantly to the nest. Here it was promptly placed into position—with baby's help, of course—and the little one undoubtedly thought that it was the most important part of the building. And so the work proceeded, first one and then the other baby bird would bring bricks and mortar, and small wonder that the structure grew apace.

I visited it some hours later and there, on the top of the partly completed nest, sat not only mother moorhen and eight of her chicks but father moorhen too—as happy a little family as one could wish to see.

I noticed that father came on the scene when all the work was done. How like a man! And yet I do not know, for when the real nesting time comes round again, father will be there working like a Trojan at the home that is to be.

#### DECEIVERS EVER.

When occasion warrants it, moorhens dive like a dabchick and literally "fly" under the water, using their wings to propel themselves along. While out for a walk with my dog, he suddenly surprised a moorhen on the other side of the river to which I was standing. The moorhen promptly dived and swam to near where I stood and in order to remain in hiding from my four-footed friend only did she allow her head to appear above the water. It was hardly discernible among the weeds. Then she noticed me, and lower and lower sank her head, until only the tip of her beak was visible. Thus cleverly concealed she doubtless thought that I did not see her. I moved away slowly and quietly and when some fifty yards distant I watched the moorhen through my field glasses. At first I could discern nothing, then gradually the submarine rose to the surface, saw that the coast was clear and, with a "cluck, cluck" swam unconcernedly among the weeds foraging for food.

So you see, moorhens, as well as men "are deceivers ever"!

#### TO QUENCH THE THIRST OF EMPIRE BUILDERS.

READING BREWS TONS OF BEER FOR BERKSHIRE AND BERMUDA.

(From *The Evening Gazette*.)

Nearly 800 tons of beer can be stored in one vast room in Reading. In other words, a number of huge tanks can hold the formidable total of 4,700 barrels.

That is one of the striking facts that is brought home to you during a tour of the Brewery, which was established in the 18th century. Originally, Simonds' beer was brewed on the site of the "Brewery Tap," in Broad Street, and in quite a small way.

Direct descendants of those who thus began continue to control the destinies of a firm which has since earned worldwide fame. In those places where "men are men," our outposts of Empire demand Reading beer.

And at such time they are not of the strong, silent type either.

#### THE BERKSHIRE BREW.

In clubs in the Straits Settlements, in rough buildings along the Gold Coast, on verandahs in Bermuda, it is the beer brewed in Berkshire that they shout for to quench their manly thirsts.

To meet the enormous demands in those places in and about the Mediterranean Sea alone, a brewery has been taken over in Malta, and an agency has long been established in Gibraltar where the beers are bottled.

In England the business has developed to such proportions that no fewer than nine smaller breweries have been merged under the control of the Reading G.H.Q.

#### HOPS IN PLENTY.

It is the era of amalgamation, and in this connection an interesting fact merges. While the Brewery has been buying up others, a private bank controlled by its partners has been absorbed by one of the "Big Five." One of the Brewery's present directors, however, holds a seat on the board of the Bank.

When you walk round the buildings where the actual brewing takes place two things strike you forcibly. You are amazed by the size of the containers and tanks in which the various processes occur.

You are impressed by the cleanliness, and the precautions taken that every bottle and barrel shall leave in a thoroughly hygienic condition.

Perhaps, to the man in the street, the most illuminating thing is the amount of hops actually used.

#### GROSS LIBEL.

A large floor space is required for the sacks, or "pockets," as they are called in the trade. You realise that the story of a bottle of beer only being shown a hop in passing is a gross and complete libel.

Large heaps of hops can be seen in the coppers, where the "malt extract" is boiled with them. At this stage the liquid is known as "wort," and from the coppers, having passed through a perforated bottom, it travels to refrigerators similar to those used in dairies.

It is then pumped up to the Excise floor where it is retained in large wooden vessels lined with copper. Not one drop must leave these containers until the Customs officer has checked the quantity and strength of the brew.

#### CLOUD-LIKE FROTH.

In these copper-lined vessels the fermentation takes place. On the top of the "wort" froth arises which gives one the impression of how clouds must appear to the pilot flying above them.

It is during fermentation that the "wort" is subjected to the action of yeast, through which the sugar constituents are converted into alcohol. This process takes about four days and it is a time when the brewer watches over it with great tenderness for any sign of trouble.

The "wort" is now beer, and is pumped away to be stored in casks or glass-lined tanks, in which it is kept for an adequate time.

#### EVEN TEMPERATURE.

The large area in which these vast tanks stand had to be carefully constructed in order that the beer may be kept at an even temperature all the year round. It has been designed with hollow walls with steam pipes running all round.

These conditioning rooms work in conjunction with cold rooms where the temperature is maintained at 32°. Cork, four inches thick, is used to line the walls, for it has been found to be the finest non-conductor of heat.

Possibly the bottling stores fascinate the visitor more than anything else. First, each bottle is smelt. This is of vital importance, for people have been known to collect their supply of paraffin, or even spirits of salts, in an "empty."

#### CUNNING GADGETS.

The bottles, placed upside down on a travelling belt, pass through chambers where they are sprayed inside and out by boiling water. From observation points you can watch them waltz round and about in little groups like toy figures performing a movement of the Lancers.

At the other end they are examined and placed right way up to pass before a brightly-lit background, where a "viewer" with eagle eye rejects any which he does not think have been properly washed.

Those that have passed the censor continue to a revolving machine, where they are filled with beer. A cunning gadget turns on a tap as the neck of each bottle comes in contact with its particular pipe, and another stops the flow when the exact amount has entered.

## ALL GERMS KILLED.

An ingenious machine forces the "Crown corks" on to the bottles. Literally, this machine is foolproof, for however the stoppers are thrown into it, they come out right way up.

In large containers the bottles next pass through the pasteuriser, a process which takes considerable time, and where every possible germ is killed. From the pasteuriser, they reach the labeller and travel gaily forward in sixes to have their labels pressed upon them by another piece of intricate machinery.

Packing bottles for export is a job that must delight the hearts of those boys whose task it is. Pint bottles, wrapped in straw, are placed in a case.

When the case is half full, the boy, with heavy boots upon his feet, jumps recklessly up and down upon them to compress them into the smallest space. It is seldom, I was informed, that one is broken.

What an illustration of the triumph of manual labour over machinery!

Outside, in another part, coopers hammer the hoops off barrels and repair them for a further lease of life. New casks are made, too, of highly-seasoned oak to meet the increasing requirements of the business.

The cooper's trade is one of the oldest and most skilled in the country.

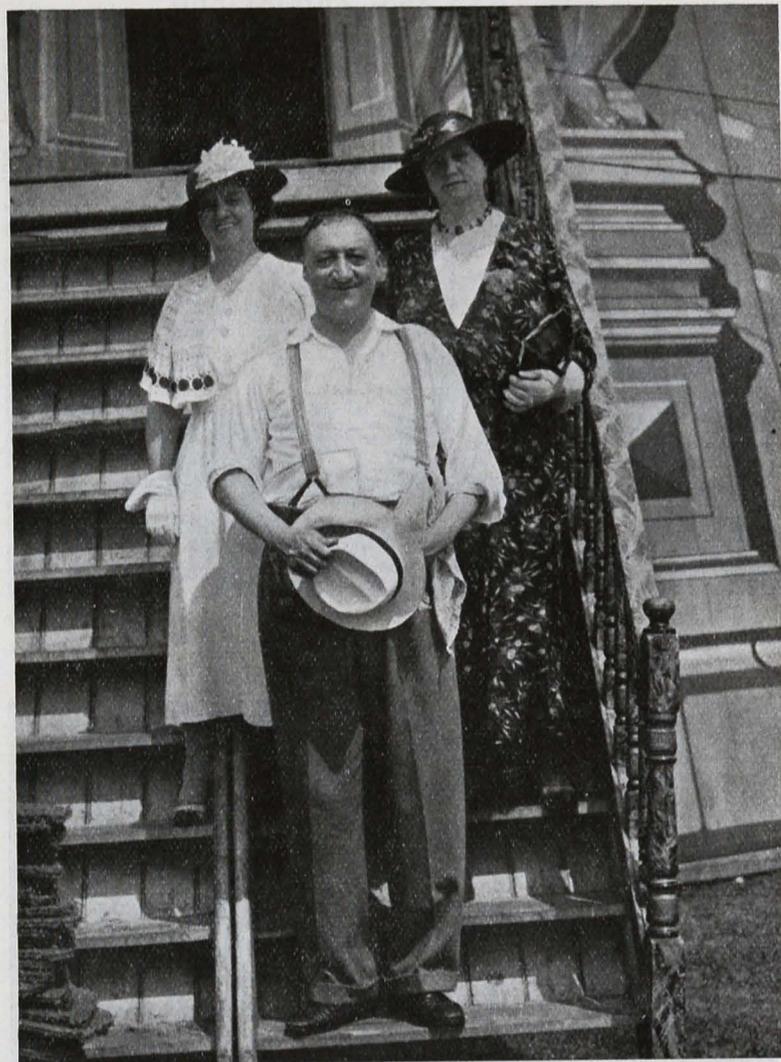
## BRITISH GRAIN.

On revolving rings, through which a pipe pumps boiling water, the barrels take a dozen turns to be thoroughly cleansed.

Behind this vast enterprise is the realisation of employment for many, not only in the actual brewing, but also in the fair fields of England. The heart of the farmer is glad when he watches his field of barley ripening beneath the summer sun.

British beer demands British grain. Agriculturists rejoice that there remains from generation to generation the habit of discreetly enjoying a glass of ale.

## LICENSED VICTUALLERS' CARNIVAL.



At this carnival, in aid of the Royal Berkshire Hospital, prominent among the workers were Mr. W. G. Hutchins, seen in the picture, also Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Smart, who were the judges of the children. It was a very difficult task and so pleased were they with those they had to judge that, out of their own pockets, they generously awarded extra prizes.

## THE SWAN INN, ARBORFIELD.

LANDLORD'S WONDERFUL ANGLING RECORD.

(BY C.H.P.).



It is not generally known that The Swan, Arborfield, was built as far back as 1661, but the popular proprietor, Mr. E. R. Penniston, is as up-to-date as the premises are old. He is very keen on his garden and has spent many pounds in beautifying it. By dint of hard work he has had a wonderful display of flowers, fruit and vegetables, and it would be hard to imagine pleasanter surroundings amid which to partake of a cup of tea or quaff from a tankard of Simonds' world-renowned ale. Something to eat and something good at that, at any time, is Mr. Penniston's motto, and the ever-increasing number of visitors who call there bear ample testimony to the excellence of the food provided and the appetising manner in which it is served. The other Sunday he supplied no fewer than 11 lunches and 63 teas, and so pleased were his customers with their fare that they called again later in the day and partook of further refreshment, many of them having learnt to "Say, S.B.!"

A year ago there was the nest of a thrush in the rosary at The Swan and the family was safely reared. This year a chaffinch built her nest there, but a wicked old owl discovered it when the nest contained young and made a meal of them.

When I visited The Swan the other day the pictures of some very fine fish in one of the rooms naturally arrested my attention. I gathered that the genial landlord was an angler and I had not been in conversation with him many minutes before I learned that not only was he an angler, but a most expert one who had carried off numerous prizes by virtue of his wonderful skill. He is President of no less than five fishing clubs and on the committee of many others. Eight years in succession has he won the West Hampstead Club Cup for Pike. The biggest he took out of the Thames weighed no less than 17 lbs. 9 oz. He has caught them much larger in reservoirs. A member of the Deep Sea Angling Society, he won the medal for bass caught off Beachy Head. These are but a couple of instances of Mr. Penniston's prowess in the gentle art.

He is equally successful in catching customers. And the ground bait he uses is civility, prompt and proficient service, and only the best of food and drink.

Call in and see him sometimes.



## WORDS OF WISDOM.

Economy is a savings bank into which we drop pennies and get pounds in return.

Before acting as guide, be sure you know the way.

There's a friend in every milestone,  
All along the old road home,  
Can't you read his friendly greeting,  
"There's one mile less to roam" ?  
There's a cosy place and a smiling face,  
To crown the journey's end,  
So we'll pass each milestone gaily,  
Singing "Welcome, there's a friend."

Fashions change, but wearing a smile is never out of place.

Do not wait until some deed of greatness you may do,  
Do not wait to shed your light afar ;  
To the many duties ever near you now be true—  
Brighten the corner where you are.

One kind action every day leads to two, or three, they say.

Don't worry about tomorrow,  
Get on with your job to-day.  
You will find that the trouble you're looking for  
Nearly always fades away.

Pity may be a good ointment, but it's a poor cement.

It is better to trust and be deceived than to judge and be mistaken.

Pray to God in the storm, but keep on rowing.

There is no electric lift to success.

You must step up the stairs—not stare up the steps.

## THE SUNDIAL.

Set in an old-world garden,  
Dreaming through lazy days.  
"I only count the sunny hours,"  
The old stone sundial says.

Life is just like this garden,  
Tangled, sweet, and fair,  
And unknown paths invite you  
To go exploring there.

Put rainy days behind you,  
Enjoy life's fairest flowers,  
And, like the old stone sundial,  
Count only sunny hours.

Plod along with patience,  
Grumbling gets the stick ;  
The most unhappy donkey  
Is the donkey that will kick.

Little duties still put off  
Will end in never done.  
By-and-by is not enough ;  
Has ruined many a one.

## A GREAT THOUGHT.

*Get knowledge all you can ; and the more you get, the more you breathe upon its nearer heights their invigorating air and enjoy the widening prospect, the more you will know and feel how small is the elevation you have reached in comparison with the immeasurable altitudes that yet remain unscaled. Be thorough in all you do, and remember that, though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always despicable. Quit you like men, be strong, and the exercise of your strength to-day will give you more strength to-morrow. Work onwards, and work upwards ; and may the blessing of the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labours with reward.—W. E. GLADSTONE.*

## W. J. ROGERS LTD.

The month of August, with its ideal weather conditions, brought the fullest measure of success to many of the out-of-door events throughout the Bristol area. Achievement usually means progression, and in this respect the hearts of the various executives responsible for these functions must have been indeed "blithe and gay" when their own strenuous efforts were crowned and further encouraged by entries and attendances, which in many cases reached record figures. Hop Leaf beers were in great favour at several of these events and on at least two occasions demands for S.B. ALE in bottle exceeded the supplies, despite the very generous stocks beforehand. The Simonds' marquee was a centre of gravity and the Mecca towards which many thirsty souls turned throughout these highly interesting days.

On August Bank Holiday we had the privilege of supplying in four counties :—

The Chippenham Flower Show (Wilts).

The Keynsham & District Horticultural and Industrial Society Show (Somerset).

The Berkeley Hunt Agricultural Show (Gloucester).

Welsh Sheep Dog Trials, Little Mill, Pontypool (Monmouthshire).

Later in the month came :—

The N.E. Somerset Farmers' Club Show, and

The Peasedown Flower Show, Bath.

Our old friend, Mr. John Salter, of Salisbury, who is well known throughout the whole of the South-west of England, very kindly gave us the sole supply at three of these events, and the beers, both on draught and in bottle, were most favourably received and commented on everywhere.

## WINTER GAMES.

During the ensuing half year we are hoping to run four competitions amongst our own houses in Bristol :—A table skittle league and a double cribbage league, together with a knock-out cup, in addition, for each section.

In our next month's notes we hope to be able to give a list of entries, together with a brief summary of the arrangements for the

winter session. It is up to each one of us to help in any way possible, as nothing but good can result from such competitions, providing the true sporting spirit of the matches is observed, and the prizes made of secondary importance.

In this respect we should especially like to draw the attention of all taking part in, and responsible for, these friendly encounters, to the great care which should be exercised in order that no element of "gaming" enters into any of our houses. A breach of the law may have far reaching effects and only result in further restrictions being imposed. On the other hand, if keenly and sportingly entered into, these contests not only promote good fellowship and congeniality, but strengthen every bond between licensee and customer to their mutual benefit, and to the prosperity of the Company which we serve.

May these contests foster that essential spirit of friendly rivalry between Hop Leaf houses, and the future years still further cement it, until a permanent success is assured, is our most earnest wish.

Changes made, or to be made, in the near future in connection with our on-license tenancies have been rather above the average of late, and are as follows :—

Bell Hotel, Bath—Mr. W. G. Pardy, Bournemouth.

Lamb Hotel, Bath—Mr. C. T. Derrick, Weymouth.

Bathurst Hotel, Bristol—Mr. W. E. Baldwin, Canada.

Black Horse Inn, Redfield—Mr. E. G. Harding (son of Mrs. Harding, former licensee).

Hop Pole Inn, Limpley Stoke—Mr. F. W. W. Childers, London.

Portland House, Bristol—Mr. E. C. Pike, Bristol.

Ship Inn, Oldbury-on-Severn—Mr. H. A. Jenkins, London.

Three Horse Shoes Inn, Bristol—Mr. K. O. Marsh (Mick), late R.A.

We are hoping that in each case the result of the change will be to the ultimate advantage and benefit of those friends of ours who are saying "SIMONDS" and "ROGERS" in an ever-increasing number. We feel sure that the spirit of friendliness and the desire to please will be apparent to all who call at these houses.

## SOCIAL CLUB.

## TWO HUNDRED ENTRIES FOR ANNUAL HORTICULTURAL SHOW.

For the annual members' show of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds' Social and Recreation Club, held in the concert room of the club, Bridge Street, Reading, about two hundred entries were received, a figure regarded as satisfactory in view of the seasonal difficulties which had been experienced. Last year the show was combined with a gala, but this year it was decided not to hold the gala side owing to it clashing with the Hospital fete.

The quality of the exhibits was excellent, the entries in the onion classes being a feature of the exhibition. A "not-for-competition" staged by Mr. W. Clift, head gardener at Audley's Wood, Basingstoke (F. A. Simonds, Esq.), occupied the whole of one table, and was a brilliant display, consisting of flowers, fruit and vegetables. An exhibit of honey was shown by Mr. C. Rosum. The cup for the competitor gaining the most points went to Mr. T. H. Stacey, who had six firsts, a second, and three thirds.

The show was managed by a committee of club members, with Mr. W. Bradford as hon. secretary. The judges were Mr. W. Clift and Mr. C. Prosser.

In the evening a number of the exhibits were sold on behalf of the children's Christmas treat.

## THE PRIZE LIST.

*Vegetables.*—Collection of vegetables : 1, T. H. Stacey ; 2, P. Maynard. Potatoes, kidney : 1, J. Champion ; 2, P. Maynard ; 3, T. H. Stacey. Ditto, round : 1, H. Prater ; 2, T. H. Stacey ; 3, J. Champion. Heaviest potato : 1, C. T. Rosum. Onions : 1, T. H. Stacey ; 2, T. C. Higgs ; 3, H. Plank. Heaviest onion : 1, T. J. Day. Carrots, long : 1, T. H. Stacey ; 2, T. Osborne ; 3, H. Prater. Ditto, short : 1, J. Champion ; 2, C. T. Rosum ; 3, T. Osborne. Runner beans : 1, T. F. Stacey ; 2, E. Tate ; 3, P. Maynard. Peas : 1, T. Osborne ; 2, C. T. Rosum ; 3, A. E. Higgs. Cabbage : 1, C. T. Rosum ; 2, E. Tate ; 3, J. Champion. Heaviest cabbage : 1, T. Osborne. Beet, globe : 1, J. Champion ; 2, E. Tate ; 3, T. H. Stacey. Lettuce, cabbage : 1, P. Maynard. Marrows : 1, T. J. Day ; 2, P. Maynard ; 3, T. H. Stacey. Turnips : 1, P. Maynard. Shallots : 1, H. Plank ; 2, T. Osborne ; 3, H. James ; Parsnips : 1, P. Maynard ; 2, H. Plank. Heaviest marrow : 1, A. Prater.

*Flowers.*—Roses : 1, P. Maynard ; 2, C. T. Rosum. Asters : 1, T. H. Stacey ; 2, A. E. Higgs ; 3, H. Prater. Dahlias : 1, A. E. Higgs ; 2, T. J. Day. Mixed flowers : 1, T. Osborne ; 2, A. E. Higgs. Sweet peas : 1, T. H. Stacey ; 2, T. Osborne. Gladioli :

1, C. T. Rosum. Plant in bloom : 1, J. Champion. Foliage plant : 1, Mrs. A. Wetten ; 2, J. Champion ; 3, H. Prater. Heaviest sunflower : 1, H. Prater.

Eggs : 1, Mrs. Plank ; 2, H. James.

Boiled potatoes : 1, Mrs. P. Maynard ; 2, Mrs. H. Prater ; 3, Mrs. T. Osborne.

Needlework : 1, Mrs. P. Maynard ; 2, Miss Phyllis Hillier ; 3, Mrs. T. H. Stacey.

Crochet : 1, Mrs. T. H. Stacey ; 2, Miss E. Hillier ; 3, Mrs. Prater.

Knitting : 1, Mrs. T. H. Stacey ; 2, Miss P. Prater ; 3, Mrs. Hillier.

Jam or marmalade : 1, Mrs. V. Saunders ; 2, Mrs. F. Brown ; 3, Mrs. Maynard.

Wild flowers : 1, J. Sewell ; 2, —. Higgs ; 3, E. Tate.

Needlework (under 15) : 1, E. Tate ; 2, F. Morris ; 3, J. Sewell.

The prize donors were : Mr. F. C. Hawkes, Mr. W. H. Davis, Major G. S. M. Ashby, Mr. H. Shepherd, Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Mr. W. Curtis, Mr. E. S. Phipps, Mr. H. Colson, Mr. C. Bennett, Mr. C. E. Gough, Mr. A. H. Hopkins, Mr. W. H. Wigley, Mr. S. Bird, Mr. W. Bowyer, Mr. F. Josey, Major H. Kaye, Mr. A. T. Richardson, and the Social Club.

## CRICKET.

August has been a very barren month for cricket so far as the Brewery teams are concerned. Holidays so much reduced the playing strength of the Saturday teams that several matches had to be scratched owing to our being unable to raise two teams.

What had promised to be a very successful season—full of sparkle at the commencement as shown by the "A" team winning their first five matches, then the "touch-paper" reached the "B's." and they had several good wins—at the end just "fizzed" out like a damp firework.

The "A" team only played one match during August, the "B" team had the same number, and the 15th of the month saw the last of the inter-departmental games for this season.

As regards the "A" team, the 3rd of the month was an open date, and on the 10th we were down to play the return fixture with the Mess Staff, R.M.C. To raise a team we had to cancel the "B" team's game and were, consequently, very disappointed to receive a communication on the Saturday morning to the effect that our opponents were unable to get an XI together. So both teams were without a game.

August 17th. "A" TEAM 68 v. BROADMOOR STAFF C.C. 139.

The figures above speak for themselves. We had the better of the first encounter, but the tables were turned with a vengeance on this occasion.

Broadmoor batted first and, although we had two early successes, Dean and Goodband raised the score from 5 to 52 the next three wickets only added 12, but the next carried it along to 133 and then the bowlers got busy again and the last three men all left at the same total, viz., 139. The feature of the innings from our point of view was the splendid bowling of Tigar, who took 7 wickets for 42, four of which were taken in his last two overs. Lane also bowled well, but the other changes made by "Skipper" Clark were not quite good enough for the occasion. Scores of 48 not out, 38 and 35 were made against us.

Our batting did not rise to great heights, but, considering that seven of the side were drawn from the "B" team, 68 was a very respectable total to accrue against the opposition. W. Lane took the honours with 29 to his credit.

We were to have played Ipsden on the following Saturday, but a downpour of rain made any thought of play impossible. The pitches on the park were not even prepared.

August 3rd. "B" TEAM 42 v. MORTIMER 2ND XI 116.

Here, again, the score book shows that we were severely out-weighted. We had the first knock, but an early disaster cast its shadow on the majority of the team and only Tozer (11 not out) and Gigg (12 run out) held their ends up for long.

We certainly commenced our turn with the ball in a similar manner to Mortimer, two being down for 8, but then Dame Fortune hid her face and scores of 19, 27 and 40 put paid to any hopes that we may have entertained. E. C. Greenaway, R. Tozer and L. Hill shared the wickets, the latter having slightly the best average.

The remaining three matches had to be scratched for the reason mentioned above. In any case the weather would have made the last one impracticable.

The final match of the inter-departmental tourney was between the Delivery Department and the Offices. On this match depended the winners of the league. Would the Offices be strong enough to hold the Delivery, that was the question, and the Surveyors were building their hopes of being champions on them doing so.

Neither team was at full strength and the Delivery took advantage of winning the toss. C. Josey was No. 1 and made himself a nuisance by staying in a long time and making 19. The others, generally speaking, got a few and just before their hour was up had made 57 all out.

The Offices batting was more ragged, in fact only W. Greenaway used the long handle and held his end up against very keen bowling of Clark and Tigar and then Lane. He made 14 and F. Pusey, the last man in, made 8 not out and the final score was 39.

This result left the Delivery and Surveyors each with three matches won, but the "Average Scores" of the former were better, as shown below, and they must, therefore, be acclaimed as the winners for this season:—

		<i>Runs for.</i>	<i>Runs against.</i>
Delivery Department	...	63	29
		53	34
		20	30
		57	39
		<hr/>	<hr/>
Average	...	48.25	33
		<hr/>	<hr/>
Surveyors and Building	...	29	63
		70	37
		63	55
		70	59
		<hr/>	<hr/>
Average	...	58	53.5
		<hr/>	<hr/>

To bring it to decimal places this means that for every run the Delivery Department scored .683 was made against them, and for the Surveyors .922.

These figures show how essential it is to go out for the runs in the limited time permitted by evening matches and to the fieldsmen to save as many as possible.

Next month I hope to get the Editor to include in his GAZETTE the list of averages, together with the league table.

J.W.J.

## BRAMLEY DIAMOND WEDDING.

## CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE KING AND QUEEN.

After 60 years of happy married life, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Curtis recently celebrated their diamond wedding at their home, Hillside Cottage, Bramley, and were the recipients of many gifts and good wishes, says the *Berkshire Chronicle*. They were joined for the occasion by two sons, Messrs. G. and A. Curtis, and their daughter, Mrs. E. FitzMaurice. Another son, who is in South Africa, sent greetings and a present. Other relatives who paid visits during the day were Mrs. A. Curtis (daughter-in-law), Mr. E. FitzMaurice (son-in-law), Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Curtis (grandchildren), and Mrs. A. Jukes (only surviving sister of Mr. Curtis), who, at the age of 74, made the journey from Freemantle, Southampton.

The Vicar (Rev. G. R. Macaulay) visited the old couple at 8.45 a.m. and administered Holy Communion.

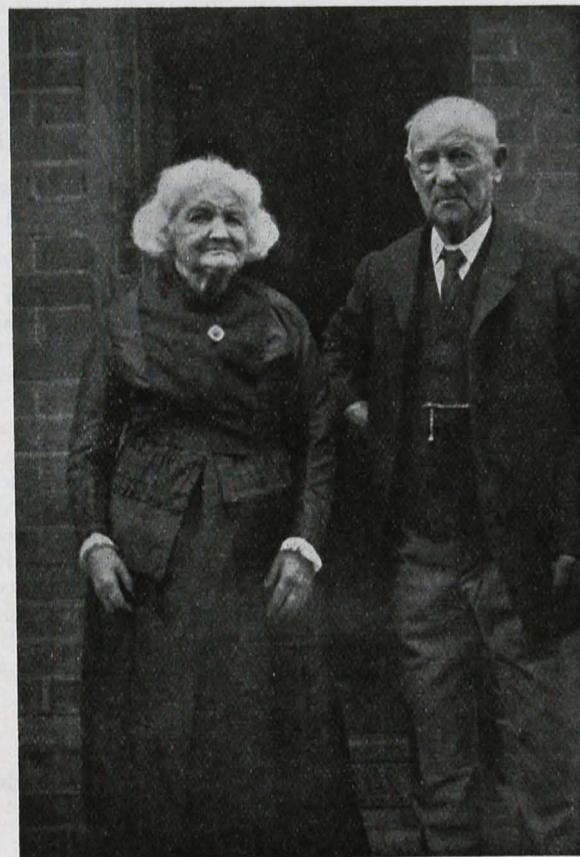
At 11.20 a.m., Mr. and Mrs. Curtis were overjoyed when a telegram arrived from Sandringham. It read: "The King and Queen send you hearty congratulations and good wishes on your diamond wedding day." This royal greeting was quite unexpected, and gave immense pleasure. Mrs. Curtis wore her bride's silk dress of 60 years ago, and the diamond wedding cake, given by their daughter, was decorated with the original ornaments used on their first wedding cake and also at their golden wedding.

Among the guests at the diamond wedding reception, held at Hillside Cottage, were Mr. and Mrs. Russell (Six Bells Hotel), Mr. and Mrs. Hoddinott (Barclays Bank), Mr. and Mrs. Dixon (Sherborne St. John), Mr. Slade (Lloyds Bank), Mr. F. Field, Mr. A. Chapman, Miss Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. and Miss Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. Symonds, Mr. E. Tomlinson, Mr. Randall, Mr. H. Brown, Miss Brown, and many others. The diamond bride and bridegroom were overwhelmed with congratulations, and toasted with musical honours.

Mr. Henry Curtis is a native of Awbridge, Hants. His wife was Miss Caroline Parker, and they were married at the village church at Wellow, Hants. In 1895 they took The Wellington Arms Hotel

at Stratfieldsaye, and remained there for 13 years. Later they moved to The Three Pigeons, Bramley, and retired to their present home in 1919.

The present tenant of The Three Pigeons is their son, Mr. A. Curtis, who has been there since 1919.



Mr. and Mrs. Henry Curtis.

## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

We were all pleased to see Mr. H. E. Marston's portrait in the August issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE and the reproduction was a good one. Mr. Marston has the right temperament for his duties and, owing to his genial personality, is liked wherever he goes. In consequence of his calls at so many of our Houses and those of our subsidiary companies, to the tenants he is probably one of the best known persons of the Brewery.

His war wound, which was very troublesome and affected his hand, was faced with fortitude and confidence. After many operations his hand is much better, so much so that he is able to write with it, which, at one time, did not seem very likely.

Mr. Marston being most reliable, you can be sure he will carry out any duty entrusted to him in a fitting manner and to the satisfaction of all concerned.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said a swimmer, after being presented with a cup, "I have won this cup by the use of my limbs. I trust I shall never lose the use of my limbs by the use of this cup."—From the official magazine of the Sonning Swimming Club.

Although we have notes of the wielders of the willow and of chasers of the leather sphere at the Brewery, not to my knowledge have we ever had any news of the prowess of those who play bowls. For the past three seasons, games have been played between three gentlemen of the Brewery and three gentlemen of the Reading Bowling Club. Generally three games have been played each season, although during this (the 1935) season only one has been played. I am informed that on the aggregate of games the Brewery has won and on Wednesday, September 4th, the Brewery won by 5 shots.

The players taking part were as follows :—

*Reading Bowling Club*—Messrs. J. Webber, R. Godden and A. B. Stedman (Skip).

*The Brewery*—Messrs. S. Bird, A. G. Rider and E. S. Phipps (Skip).

The matches take place on the Reading Bowling Club's ground in Kendrick Road, and the rivalry is keen and very good-natured.

These games, which would certainly come under the heading of "friendlies," are eagerly looked forward to and are a real tonic of the right kind to all the participants.

We were very pleased to have news from Bristol and notes from them will be eagerly looked for each month; we feel they will have some very interesting items to send us.

### CHANGES OF TENANTS.

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

The Star, Caversham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. R. Butler.

Off-Licence, 34-36, King's Road, Caversham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. M. A. Smith.

The Star, Denchworth (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. J. Liddiard.

The Royal Oak, Chinnor (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. I. Wright.

The Dreadnought, Earley (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. F. Cole.

The Horncastle, Bath Road, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. J. Greenaway.

The Wellington Arms, Howard Street, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. W. May.



## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

JUDGE (in dentist chair) : "Do you swear that you will pull the tooth, the whole tooth, and nothing but the tooth?"

\* \* \* \*

DEBT COLLECTOR : "You say father's out. But I can see his hat on the hat-stand."

DEBTOR'S SON : "Yes, he can't stand in the wardrobe with his hat on."

\* \* \* \*

The superior young person had been shown to his room in the hotel.

"So this is for me," he grumbled. "Rather like a prison, don't you think?"

"Well, it's just a matter of what one is used to, Sir," replied the steward with a superior air.

\* \* \* \*

MRS. HEARALL : "How is it you know all about the Smarts' private affairs?"

MRS. KNOWALL : "We looked after their parrot during the Easter holidays."

\* \* \* \*

A commercial traveller called upon a grocer, and at the same time a woman entered soliciting alms.

The grocer, wishing to play a joke on the traveller, told the woman to "ask the boss," at the same time pointing to the other man.

The traveller, turning to the grocer, a very small man, said : "Boy, give this poor woman sixpence out of the till."

The grocer paid.

\* \* \* \*

"Is your husband at home, Madam?" inquired the book canvasser. "I'd like him to look at this book, 'What To Do in Case of an Accident.'"

"Just wait while I go and see," replied Mrs. Peek, grimly. "If he ain't at home he's going to need that book!"

A small boy at a party had been eating steadily for an alarming length of time. When he asked for another helping, the hostess spoke to him earnestly.

"Willie," she said, "I'm quite serious. If you take another helping of trifle, you'll burst."

Willie listened, alarm spreading over his features. He hesitated, and gazed at the dish of trifle. Finally, he sat erect, a study of heroic resolution.

"A'richt then," said he, "gie's anither helpin', and staun' clear."

\* \* \* \*

MARY : "I understand your friend Alice found a burglar in her room the other night."

JOAN : "Yes. He kissed her and then stole a ten shilling note she had on the mantelpiece."

MARY : "Of course she notified the police?"

JOAN : "Not on your life! Every night now she leaves a pound on the mantelpiece."

\* \* \* \*

The guest was leaving the hotel, and on checking his bill found he had been overcharged. He went to the proprietor and pointed out that he had made a mistake of ten shillings in the addition.

"So sorry, Sir," was the reply, "but I'm a bad adder."

"I should say you are," replied the guest, "but you're not going to sting me!"

\* \* \* \*

A grubby urchin walked into the men's outfitting department of a large store. Addressing an assistant, he said : "A soft man's collar, please."

The other assistants tittered, and the clever one serving said, stiffly : "You mean a man's soft collar, my boy." Pointing to his own collar, he asked : "Do you mean one like this?"

The boy eyed it momentarily. Then he replied : "No! A clean one!"

It was the twins' first visit to the Zoo, and Aunt Prim, who had charge of them, was endeavouring with the aid of a catalogue to render the visit memorable. She succeeded, but not quite in the manner she anticipated. The lessons in zoology were boring enough, but her continual nagging at the youngsters in regard to their behaviour was making their lives a misery.

At last they arrived at a cage containing a long, snouted animal which she informed them was an ant-eater. Tommy brightened up at once, and, nudging his sister, whispered, "Do you think we could push her in?"

\* \* \* \*

"Do you want a plumber, lady?" asked the man with the tools.

"Do I want a plumber? I sent for you last month," exclaimed the lady in indignation.

"Wrong 'ouse, 'Arry. Party we're lookin' for sent last May."

\* \* \* \*

"Did you notice any suspicious characters in the neighbourhood?" the magistrate inquired.

"Sure," replied the new Irish policeman. "I saw but one man, and I asked him what he was doing there at that time o' night. Sez he: 'I have no business here just now, but I expect to open a bank in the vicinity later on.'"

"Yes," replied the magistrate, heatedly "and he did open a bank in the vicinity later on and stole £2,000."

"Begorra," answered the policeman after a pause, "the man may have been a thafe, but he was no liar."

\* \* \* \*

"Does my practising make you nervous?" the man in the corner who was learning to play the saxophone asked his neighbour.

"It did when I first heard the people round about discussing it," replied the long-suffering friend, "but now I'm getting so hardened I don't care what happens to you."

\* \* \* \*

An eminent bishop, while staying with a layman prior to attending a temperance meeting, was offered a whisky and soda. "Thank you, I must not," replied the bishop. "I have three reasons for refusing. First, my temperance friends might object; second, my wife won't let me; and third, I've just had one."

Two friends had been dining out, and as they motored home in the dark the car took such a zigzag course that the road seemed scarcely wide enough. The driver was quite serene, but his friend was not, and said so. Just then they were approached by a huge car showing brilliant headlights. The man who was driving said: "You shay I'm not fit to drive, ol' man. Don't you believe it. You just see me shteer this ol' bus straight between thoshe two lights!"

\* \* \* \*

The room was filled with little girls in pink pinafores and pigtails. They sat in rows at wooden desks as quiet as mice. The lesson concerned coins of the realm, and they had been through the entire range, from farthing to sovereign.

One little miss, however, was singularly inattentive. Her gaze was fixed on a playful sparrow on the window sill, and she had no thought for coins.

Suddenly the teacher pounced upon her. Placing a half-crown on the desk, she exclaimed: "What's that?"

"'Eads," came the instantaneous reply.

\* \* \* \*

"An yo' say dat little twin baby am a gal?" inquired Parson Jones of one of his coloured flock. "Yessah," promptly replied Sambo.

"An' de other one. Am dat of the contrary sex?"

"Yessah; she am a gal, too."

\* \* \* \*

An American was being shown round by a Scotsman. "That's a fine train for ye," said the latter with pride, pointing to an express which had just appeared out of a tunnel.

"Sure," agreed the American, "but we've got trains twice as big as that in the States."

The Scot was silent for a moment. "That's a fine building for ye," he said; then, "what dae ye think o' it?"

The American laughed a little. "Say, that's nothing. We've got hundreds of buildings bigger and better than that."

"Aye," returned the Scot, "I expect ye have. That's a lunatic asylum."

A retired Gunner's mate was dozing before the kitchen fire when his newspaper caught fire. His wife shrieked, and, shaking her husband awake, yelled "Fire!"

Whereupon the old gunner's mate, hearing the word "Fire!" ringing in his ear, seized the cat, rammed it into the oven, closed the door with a clang and roared, "Ready, Sir!"

\* \* \* \*

A group of golfers were telling tall stories. At last came a veteran's turn.

"Well," he said, "I once drove a ball (accidentally, of course) through a cottage window. The ball knocked over an oil lamp, and the whole place caught fire."

"What did you do?" asked his friends.

"Oh," said the veteran, "I immediately tee'd another ball, took careful aim, and hit the fire alarm in the High Street. And that brought out the fire brigade before any damage was done."

\* \* \* \*

VERA: "My uncle in Venice is sending me a gondola. How am I going to play it?"

GLADYS: "You don't play a gondola; you throw it over your shoulder like a shawl."

\* \* \* \*

An American visitor was being shown about the Australian bush when a herd of bullocks made its appearance.

"What are those?" inquired the American.

"Bullocks, of course," came the reply.

"In America they are three times as big," was the comment.

A mob (an Australian does not say flock) of sheep followed, and again the visitor asked what they were.

"Sheep, of course," he was told.

"Thought they were rabbits," said the American.

At last three kangaroos hopped along.

"What are those?" asked the American.

"Grasshoppers, of course!" came the triumphant rejoinder.

### LIFE AND DEATH OF A PIN.



The Beginning—



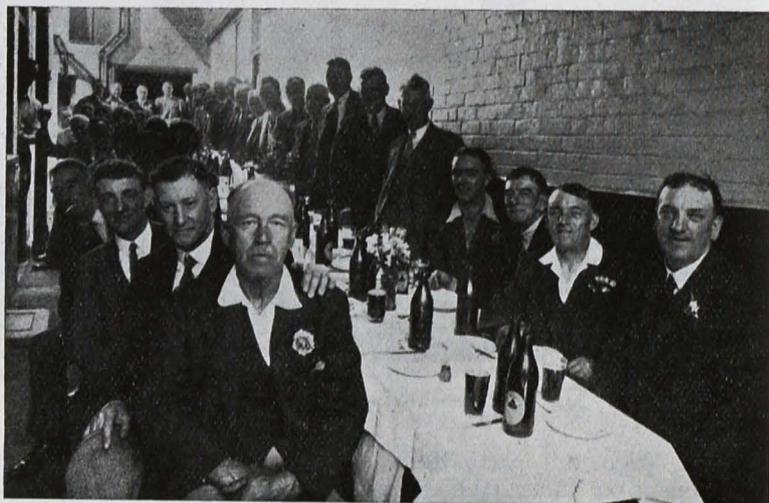
—and the End.

Mr. Wigmore's party from The Six Bells, Burghfield, take refreshment on Butser Hill, en route to Southsea to view the Fleet at Spithead. The tapping of the pin is being closely watched by one of the Big Five.

## CARDIFF CONSERVATIVE OUTING.



A group of those participating in the outing.



The company at dinner.

This enjoyable event took place on Sunday, August 11th, when the happy company partook of dinner and tea at The Star, Newbury, where all spoke highly of the excellent fare provided. "S.B.," as seen on the table, was much in evidence. In short, everything was "Star bright" and a great credit to mine host, Mr. Ernest W. Johnson, standing on the extreme left of the group. It will be noted that the arrangements were carried out in the passageway—a good example of what can be done in an emergency, under difficult conditions, by a man of initiative.

Mr. Johnson was formerly Regimental Sergeant-Major of the 2nd Batt. The Royal West Kent Regiment.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Mr. Swear and Mr. Swanke were business enemies, but chance had placed them on the same board of directors. One day after a meeting Mr. Swear was holding forth.

"There are hundreds of ways of making money," he said provocatively.

"Yes," put in Mr. Swanke, "but only one honest way."

"What way is that?" asked Mr. Swear sharply.

"Ah," retorted Mr. Swanke, "I thought you wouldn't know it."

\* \* \* \*

The verger of a little old country church was showing a party of visitors round. They ascended to the belfry.

"Now, this 'ere bell, ladies and gentlemen," said the verger proudly, "is a bit remarkable. It is only rung on the occasion of a visit from the bishop, the squire, a fire, a flood or any such calamity!"

## WHAT'S YOURS?

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

## BRANCHES.

## GIBRALTAR.

Accompanied by the Garrison Adjutant, Capt. R. N. Christie, 2nd Gordon Highlanders, the Gibraltar Detachment M.F.P. and Honorary Mess Members held their annual Male Voice Choir Outing to Malaga on the 21st August, 1935.

Leaving Gib at 8 a.m. and favoured with glorious weather, the party made a between-journey halt in the pine woods beyond Estepona. The M.C. had decided that this setting for "S.B." and pies would be more welcome than the usual estaminet views. All members were in unanimous agreement.

Arriving at the Baños del Carmen bathing establishment at Malaga, at about noon, a refreshing dip was had; the many alluring Señoritas decorating the beach made the attractions twofold. (The 19 benedicts of the party of 30 were not backward in paying tribute). An excellent luncheon was then provided at the Hotel Europa, after which the party dispersed to enjoy the attractions of Malaga as the fancy willed.

A tribute may here be paid to the unfailing courtesy of our Spanish neighbours for the manner in which they placed the city council buildings and fire brigade at the disposal of those of the party who desired to see around these places.

At 10 p.m. a somewhat weary but ever cheerful party left on the homeward journey, all joining in community singing until Marbella was reached. A halt was made and voices were heard: "Oh, for an 'S.B.'!" Here the Chief Marshal's reputation was finally and forever established. Unlimited S.B.'s. and the usual Jimmy Cunningham pies were produced.

Nearing Gib, the slumbering members were roused with a jerk, our old friend the Spanish donkey was claiming the right of way. Our other old friend, Jock Blacky, who'd smuggled an S.B. aboard on the outward and homeward trips, became somewhat ratty, saying, "Tell that blinking donkey to scran, there's no S.B.'s. here for him." After a great and glorious day Gib and the usual humdrum daily life was before us at about 2 a.m. (Till next year) Ah'lby'sinia?

N.B.—The following day, "sniffer time," congratulations being showered upon the M.C., he was heard to remark, "it's like this old chappie, if you want to make certain of everything being O.K. just

make a point of having some S.B.'s. handy on the *way back*, and you'll find you'll reach the end of a perfect day"; and when you're having yours next year you can think of me having mine under the shadow of the old Pyramids.



Gibraltar hasn't been in the news for many months I am afraid, but this is easily explained by the continuous "Levanter" we have been having, and I defy anybody to sit down and write an article, however short and bad, when there is a "Levanter" on.

There is little news to give in any case; everybody seems to be either bathing or recovering from the effects of sun-bathing. I saw one amusing sight the other day. "Bill" was so sun-burned he could not even raise his glass of "S.B." to his lips without help—and he swore he would not bathe again this year!

The Garrison Rowing Club is, as usual, a very popular rendezvous and all members agree that it was an excellent idea introducing Simonds' draught beer there this year. By the rate at which it is consumed there is no doubt about its popularity.

Unfortunately the "Levanter" had a disturbing effect on two consignments of beer and everybody had to "go dry," but fortunately the P. & O. was not delayed by fog and the situation was just saved in time and everybody now agrees that the draught beer is better than ever.

There have been the usual outings to Malaga, Seville, First River and Sandy Bay and all who took part vouched them the best ever. The outing to Tangier, organised by the R.E.O.C.A., was a great success and I forward with pleasure an article by the indefatigable "Leo Scott" and a photo of him doing the "Hat Trick."

THE ROYAL ENGINEERS OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION OUTING TO TANGIER, SUNDAY, 23RD JUNE, 1935.



Leo Scott doing the "hat trick."

As in past years the R.E.O.C.A. organised a garrison outing to Tangier. Over 800 other ranks and their friends participated. Leaving Waterport at 7.30 a.m., per Messrs. Bland & Co's., Ltd. S.S. *Gibel Dersa*, the outward trip was made in smooth water,

arriving Tangier at about 12 noon. The journey was prolonged in order that the supply of music, S.B. Ales and Stout could be fully appreciated. Incidentally, speaking of S.B., it was by very popular request that said "food" was embarked at Gibraltar.

Participants, on arrival at Tangier, dispersed in various directions for the rest of the afternoon. According to verbal reports received by the committee, everyone had a most enjoyable time. The only moan heard was that of "Why isn't S.B. to be found in large quantities in this part of Africa?" This must have been the reason why there was a sudden rush to the bars when the good ship pulled out of the harbour on her homeward trip. Sad to relate, after five nautical miles had been overtaken there was not a bottle of S.B. to be had for love or money except where small syndicates on board had taken the precaution to obtain a supply before the rush on the bars started.

Dance music was supplied on the outward and homeward trips by the "H's" dance band.

The S.S. *Gibel Dersa* pulled in alongside Waterport at about 10.30 p.m. and all who disembarked voted it had been a perfect day, due to a perfect boat, band, beer and bottle.

"LEO SCOTT."

#### PORTSMOUTH.

We are indebted to Mr. H. C. Haggis of Victoria Road North, Southsea, for the following notes which we think will prove of interest to some of our readers:—

*Extract from "Portsmouth Evening News":*—"A Cosham Good Templar has received a postcard addressed to Mr. Trichlorotertiarybutyalcohol and is somewhat concerned whether it is a technical term for temperance advocates or the name given to some horrible alcoholic drug."

This gentleman would not feel flattered if he knew that this drug, generally known as chlorstone, is an hypnotic, a remedy to cause sleep; probably he is a great talker, one who drones on until his audience is hypnotized. Why will these people misuse the word "temperance," which means "moderation," a virtue beyond their understanding and, according to them, a person is either a drunkard (excess) or a **Bigoted Alcohol Abstainer**—rude people call them Baa's, perhaps because they go in flocks for mutual support.

"*Be ye temperate in all things.*"

Good Templar—A templar is a barrister accredited to the Temple.

#### PALMS AND POT PLANTS.

It is most annoying after paying 5/- or 10/- for a palm, to see it slowly die. Here is a remedy. You buy it in its prime and a

few weeks after if it looks poorly it is in fact starved. It has exhausted the nourishment of the earth in the pot, and slowly dies. Well, before that occurs, either re-pot it, using a larger pot, or carefully spoon out the top two or three inches of earth, being careful not to injure the roots; then get sufficient good rich earth and mix in two teaspoonfuls of Clay's fertilizer or any good enricher and fill up the pot. After that, if in a warm room, water daily with half gill (more or less according to season) of solution of sulphate of ammonia, a heaped teaspoonful to a wine bottle of water. If the bottle is kept in the same room, the solution will be of the same temperature as the earth and will not chill.

Palms will flourish if carefully tended thus.

The 145th South Midland Brigade had exceptionally fine weather for their annual training this year at Weymouth. We were pleased to welcome this Brigade in our district once more, also many old friends, and we hope they all had a pleasant training. Not a few of the local population of Weymouth were sorry when the time came for their return to their own homes.

Portsmouth had a record navy week this year. The total attendances for the week were, Portsmouth 161,832, Plymouth 82,247, Chatham 88,928—Total 333,007, which was 31,352 more than last year. One of the most exciting incidents of the Portsmouth display was a battle between a submarine and a Q ship, where the effects of a torpedo and gunfire were extraordinarily and terrifyingly realistic. The bravest man was probably Lieut.-Commander A. B. MacBrayne. He is responsible for the "crossing the line" demonstration, and with an almost fanatical devotion to duty, he zealously commits his body to the mauling and man-handling of Neptune and his satellites several times daily.

The duties of fixtures and referee secretary for the United Services Rugby Club have been taken over by Lieut. H. C. Browne, R.N., the former Irish rugby international. He succeeds Lieut. G. P. S. Davies and Capt. P. H. O. L. Ponfold, R.M. Lieut. Browne is attached to H.M.S. *Dolphin*, Gosport.

Major M. Portal occupied the chair, supported by Mr. W. F. Crook (chairman of the committee) and Mr. A. Wood (secretary), at the half-yearly general meeting of the Swanmore British Legion Club. The balance sheet for the half year to June 30th showed the club to be in a sound position. Dealing with the election of officers, Major Portal referred with regret to the decision of Mr. Crook to tender his resignation as chairman, but he had put in several years

in that office and deserved a rest. The thanks of all connected with the branch were due to Mr. Crook. Major H. J. Inglis was then unanimously voted to the post of chairman with Mr. F. W. J. Godwin as vice-chairman, Mr. F. Merritt hon. treasurer, and Mr. A. Wood, hon. secretary. The small silver cup in connection with the billiards handicap was formally presented by Major Portal to the winner, Mr. C. Emery. A very fine portrait of Earl Roberts which had been presented by Mr. Horton, of Wickham, was accepted with thanks as also were two other pictures from a local donor.

The combined Friendly Societies—The Oddfellows, Hampshire Friendly Society and the A.O. Foresters—held their 41st Annual Fete this year at Brookland Park, Sarisbury, by kind permission of Mr. M. Deselincourt and Mr. Yates. Roundabouts and other side shows were in attendance and the Locksheath Band provided excellent music. The committee responsible for all arrangements consisted of Mr. A. Knapp (chairman), Mr. J. Lockyer (hon. treasurer), Mr. W. Cooper (hon. secretary), and Messrs. J. Hackett, F. Edwards, C. Wellstead, F. J. Pingell, F. Haynes, D. Epps, A. Draper, F. Freemantle, T. Knapp, W. Shaver, W. Crockford and D. Tridger. Mr. W. Cooper having unfortunately met with a severe accident was compelled to resign as hon. secretary. His place was however most ably filled by Mr. J. Hackett. The prizes in the sports were presented to the successful competitors by Mr. G. E. Parker, O.B.E., J.P.

#### THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

All our troops are now on Salisbury Plain and we hope they will be favoured with fine weather during their training.

We have had a very fine season in the West of England and our two counties seem to be more popular than ever with visitors. At the various regattas we do not remember ever having seen so many yachts, and this sport seems to be attracting more people every year.

We have had the following transfer this month at the Wheatsheaf Inn, Saltash. Mr. J. Durrant, who has been with us for eight years, has decided to retire and we wish him good health and happiness. The house is being taken over by Mr. F. C. Kellow, who was an Inspector in the Metropolitan Police, and we wish him every success. Saltash is three miles from Plymouth on the Cornish banks of the river Tamar and is one of the oldest towns in the West of England. It is much older than Plymouth and until a few years ago used to levy a toll for every ship which entered Plymouth Sound.

Last week we had a visit from Mr. J. Bidgood, who left our office staff some ten years ago to join the Metropolitan Police. He is now an Inspector, "A" Division, Cannon Row, London. He has got on remarkably well and we hope that his rapid promotion will continue. Mr. Bidgood always spends his holidays in Devonshire and he invariably gives us a call.

#### CAMEL'S HEAD INN.

This house was purchased by the Firm on September 29th, 1933, and the additions and alterations have now been completed. We think that the name "Camel's Head" is unique. The name, apparently, arose from the fact that the property in the district belonged to a Mr. John de Kemyll, who held land in the district in the reign of Edward I. There is also a road named Kemyll Place at Devonport. There was a new road built from Devonport to Saltash in 1827 and the Camel's Head Inn was built at that time. When renovating the carved model of the Camel's Head, which is over the main door of the house, we discovered a mark "Established 1827" thereon. At the time the inn was built, there were not any houses within a mile of the inn and at the present time there are thousands of houses and the district is named Camel's Head. This is an instance of a district being named after a public house, which is uncommon but not unique, as we believe there are some districts in London named after public houses. The Elephant and Castle comes to our mind. The Camel's Head is situated on an estuary of the river Tamar and the view from the terrace of the new lounge is very good when the tide is up; when the tide is out it is NOT so good. We hope, a little later on, to have some photographs taken of the house and gardens which may possibly be published in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. The gardens have looked very pretty and attractive this year, despite the alterations and re-building, and we have utilised the plants out of the old garden. When the next planting season starts we hope to show what we really CAN do with it.

#### STEAMBRIDGE INN.

We are re-building this house and up to now we have had very fine weather for the demolition of the old premises. We have fixed up a temporary bar in the adjoining garage and our customers there have put up with the inconvenience and are looking forward to the comfort we will give them when the place is completed about Christmas. Mr. Pearce, who was on our office staff for a number of years here, is the tenant and he and his wife have been cheery whilst working under difficulties.