

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

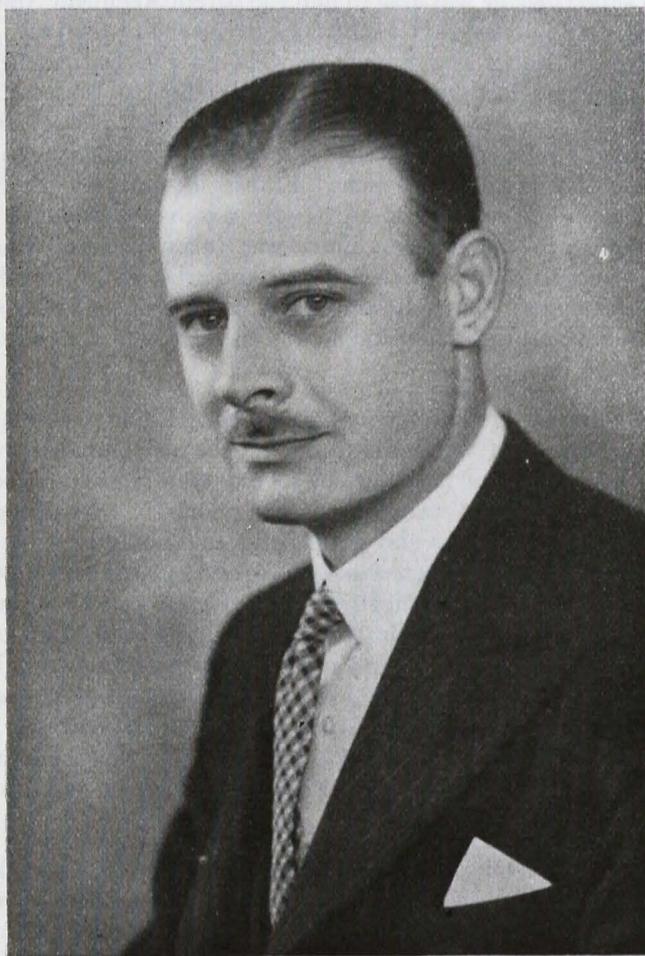
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 12



MR. H. C. DAVIS.

MR. H. C. DAVIS.

Mr. H. C. Davis, the up-to-date Manager of our Catering Department, has had a wide and very varied experience and is indeed well equipped for the onerous duties devolving upon him. Life really commenced for him at the latter end of July, 1914 when, at the age of 15, he was in camp with a Cadet Corps at Eastbourne. With subterfuge he was able to join the parent Regiment, the Royal Fusiliers, and proceeded to Malta before the end of the year. After training in Malta and Egypt he went to the Dardanelles with reinforcements for the R.N.D. He was slightly wounded in an attack and came away when the evacuation took place. He then proceeded to Egypt and joined the forces operating against the Senussi. Eventually he reached France in time for the Somme offensive in the summer of 1916. He was badly wounded in the arm whilst in the German lines, was taken prisoner when the enemy successfully counter-attacked and was left in a hole with dead and dying. The following night he escaped to his own lines. After many months in hospital he was discharged in 1917 disabled—at the age of 17.

A return to civilian life he found a bewildering experience, but at that time men were scarce and he secured employment with J. Lyons & Co. For five years he served, mainly at the Trocadero, as "commis," chef-waiter and receptionist. Realising that success in the catering and hotel trade could only be achieved by means of a variety of experience he carried out the policy of doing actual jobs in different hotels. Thus over a period of years he worked as pantryman, stillroom man, bar cellarman, cook and hall porter. He took over his first management with the Trust Houses in 1928. A little later he joined the Slater and Bodega and R. E. Jones Group and was in turn manager of the Leicester Corner House ; Slaters, Piccadilly Restaurant ; Stock Exchange Restaurant ; and the Esplanade Hotel, Porthcawl. In 1933 he was promoted to Travelling Inspector.

Since September, 1935, when he joined H. & G. Simonds Ltd., this accumulation of practical experience has been utilised in building up an important chain of Hotels and Catering Houses in South-West England now reorganised and bearing the familiar caption "A Simonds Hotel." It is becoming more and more

widely known that at all Simonds' Hotels one receives nothing but the best of cooking, the most prompt service and every modern comfort.

We would emphasize the fact that Mr. Davis's own wide and varied experience and the services of the Catering Department generally are available at all times and for all of H. & G. Simonds' tenants.

Mr. Davis has little time for a hobby and he has risen to his present responsible position by sheer hard work. He is ever ready to give of his best to all concerned. His position requires rare business acumen and great tact. Mr. Davis possesses both in an eminent degree. The job is a big one but never was a man more fitted for it.



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

CHAT from



THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)

CONTENTED WORKERS.

"The greatest fallacy of all is the omission of the fact that we work with our wills and with our emotions as well as with our hands and our feet. The will to work and the zest put into our work are very important factors in the output of work. A willing and a happy worker will get more work done, and do it better, than an unwilling and discontented worker. It is in this direction that alcoholic beverages like beer make their chief contribution to economic efficiency."—Lord Horder, *the King's Physician*.

INDISPUTABLE VALUE OF ALCOHOL.

"The fuel-value of alcohol, within limits, is no less than that of a corresponding quantity of sugar or lard. The energy liberated by the combustion of a moderate amount of alcohol can, within limits, replace an equivalent amount of carbohydrate or fat in a diet, and has a similar effect in economising proteins."—A. R. Cushny, H. H. Dale, M. Greenwood, E. Mellanby, F. W. Mott, C. S. Myers, C. S. Sherrington, W. C. Sullivan, *the well-known doctors and scientists*.

BREEDING MEN.

The true test of sportsmanship is one's attitude towards winning and losing, says *Our Empire*. If playing the game for its own sake is one's object, then sport is justified and sportsmanship results. Whether or not the Empire's sportsmen do attain this standard we must leave others to decide; but at this moment we can extend our sincerest congratulations to Australia for winning the Empire trophy at Bisley, and to the same country for teaching our amateurs how to play Soccer "down under." New Zealand is proving on the English cricket fields that she is a chip of the old block, and Canada is about to entertain a party of "missionaries" from the Mother Country in her laudable desire to go further with this peculiarly English sport. The vigour of the sporting spirit throughout the Empire gives the lie to those who talk of our decadence. For our playing fields breed men.

A HINT TO GRUMBLERS.

"What a noisy world is this!" croaked an old frog, as he squatted on the margin of the pond. "Do you hear those geese, how they scream and hiss? What do they do it for?"

"Oh, just to amuse themselves!" answered a little field-mouse.

"Presently we shall hear owls hooting. What is that for?"

"It's the music they like best," said the mouse.

"And those grasshoppers—they can't go home without grinding and chirping. Why do they do that?"

"Oh, they are so happy they can't help it" said the mouse.

"You find excuses for all. I believe you don't understand music, so you like hideous noises."

"Well, friend, to be honest with you," said the mouse, "I don't greatly admire any of them; but they are all sweet in my ears compared with the constant croaking of the frog."

SHAKESPEARE—MOTORIST.

Shakespeare, to whom justice has never been done in his capacity as prophet, evidently foresaw motor transport. A reader of the *R.A.O.C. Gazette* forwarded to this esteemed contemporary some quotations he had collected to prove this. Here are a few of them:

Tyre Trouble.

"My high-blown pride/At length burst under me."
(*King Henry VIII*, iii, 2.)

Hard Starting.

"Which, much enforced, shows a hasty spark/And straight is cold again." (*Julius Caesar*, iv, 3.)

Petrol Ad.

"A rarer spirit never/Did steer humanity." (*Antony and Cleopatra*, v, 1.)

Police Control.

"Look with what courteous action/He waves you on."
(*Hamlet*, iv, 1.)

". . . all his faults observéd,

Set in a book, learnéd, and conn'd by rote."

Automatic Signals—

GO: "The ground is tawny/Yes, with a green eye in't."
(*Tempest*, ii, 1.)

STOP: "Making the green one red." (*Macbeth*, II, 2.)

TRY IT.

How many £5 notes does it take to weigh down a golden sovereign? Most people's answers vary from 100 to 2,000.

Try it with seven. You won't be very far out.

PROOF INDEED!

The boy's school report was one of those which had to be signed by the father and sent back to the schoolmaster as a proof that the father had read it.

This report said: "He is a very good boy, but talks too much." Before he signed it, the weary father wrote on it, "You should hear his mother!"

THE WRONG TITLE!

Finding he was to have a bishop in the shooting party, the head keeper inquired of a friend how such an ecclesiastical dignitary should be addressed. After the shoot the friend asked how he had fared.

"Awful," he lamented. "A bird rose right under his gun and I shouted, 'Shoot the damned thing, your Holiness!' And I saw at once by his face that I'd used the wrong title!"

HOW TO MAKE TEA.

I am not much of a tea drinker, **S**imply **B**ecause I find that for staying power Beer is Best. A cup of tea occasionally, however, is refreshing—if properly made. How often it is either too strong or too weak! When tea is badly made it is frequently due to ignorance. The rules for good tea-making are simple, and should be hung in every kitchen:—

- (1) Warm the teapot.
- (2) Use one teaspoonful of tea for each person, and one for the pot.
- (3) Use fresh boiling water and pour on the leaves without moving the kettle from the stove.
- (4) Allow to brew for not less than five minutes, and stir before serving.

Insistence upon freshly boiled water is necessary. Water which is boiled for any length of time loses its oxygen, becomes flat, and as a result there is no proper percolation and brewing.

ANGLERS, PLEASE NOTE.

Within easy reach of Reading by road or rail the stretch of water between Shiplake and Marsh Locks is proving very profitable to anglers this season, several good catches having been reported. For this district, Wargrave, with the well-known Simonds' house, "The St. George and the Dragon" as a starting point, is most convenient. Off the opposite bank, along which the towpath runs, are several good roach swims and occasionally a sizeable chub has been reeled in. Good sport is obtainable in the fast running water of the Loddon which leads to the weir pool, tumbling bay and the lock cutting at Shiplake. Immediately below "The George," as the hotel is familiarly known, is the Hennerton backwater, a very well-known retreat for anglers when traffic on the river is heavy enough to interfere with good sport, while lower down the main stream are the Bowlney Islands, where the waters in and about run into deep holes with plenty of rushes, etc., in shallower places. Just the ideal places for pike, tench, perch, etc. Here, too, our old friends the barbel are very much in evidence. The "St. George and the Dragon" is to remain open throughout the winter and with the catering facilities it has, should prove an attractive spot either for the club outing or the individual piscator. The manager himself is an ardent angler and will offer a hearty welcome to all interested in the art, and would at all times furnish information to any newcomers to the district.

THE LATE MR. FRANK KIMPTON.

On August 4th, Mr. Frank Kimpton of Olde Holme, Boundstone, passed to his rest after a long illness and our hearts go out to the widow and little daughter in their great sorrow. For 16 years he represented Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. and his many fine qualities of heart and mind won for him innumerable friends. His wonderful sincerity and transparent honesty made him popular among all classes and everywhere he went. That was apparent at the funeral when he was laid to rest in the cemetery at Wrecclesham. The Rev. J. Leonard officiated at the solemn ceremony, his reverent conduct of the service adding greatly to its impressiveness. The British Legion formed a guard of honour and Mr. Kimpton's colleagues from the Brewery and elsewhere attended to bid him an affectionate farewell. There were many beautiful floral emblems and for many years to come his memory will remain with us as fragrant as they. Good-bye old friend, may you rest in peace!

CIRENCESTER.

"The history of 'Ciciter' is an absorbing study," writes Mr. John T. Weaver, the popular licensee of the Waggon and Horses, London Road, Cirencester. "Here it was in August, 1642, in the Market Place, that the Civil Wars actually started, and in my saloon bar I have a reproduction of the original painting by J. Beecham where the incident is portrayed when Lord Chandos, Envoy of King Charles, attempted to execute the commission of array."

"HOP LEAF GAZETTE" IN HOSPITAL.

A gentleman who was in the Alton Hospital for four months tells me that he had the HOP LEAF GAZETTE sent to him and found it most entertaining. So did the nurses, each one of whom read it from beginning to end with the greatest pleasure and "spoke in highest praise concerning its contents."

NOT SO GOOD!

Floating down the river outside the St. George and Dragon Hotel, Wargrave, was an "S.B." bottle. Otherwise empty, inside was this terse message:—

"This which is inside is not so good as that which was inside."



BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Congratulations to Miss A. M. Prosser on her occupying the place of honour in last month's issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. Having worked with her in the Correspondence Office for ten years I feel I can write (with all due respect) of her many sterling qualities and how pleased we are that she has made a real success of her present important position. I think Miss Prosser always made many friends by her ever willingness to do anything that came along and the real pleasure it has always given her to help anyone and everyone. Being a real sport in every way, Miss Prosser spent practically *the whole* of her service in the Correspondence Office before being appointed as Private Secretary to the Managing Director. In fact she left that office to take up her present duties, so I expect she spares a thought now and again of the happy years spent in the Correspondence Office. I wish her every success in the future and hope she will be blessed with good health to enjoy the good things of life.

Many thanks to the writer of Brighton Branch notes for his reference to myself. Yes! I certainly do hope to see Sussex in action at Eastbourne next week. (I am endeavouring to write this on the beach at Hastings—quite an ordeal believe me). Speaking of Sussex, they will not win the championship this year, but they are a most attractive side to watch, so I hope they serve up something good when I see them in action.

The photograph of the new bridge crossing Bridge Street gives quite a good idea of how attractive it now looks. One department greatly responsible for this pleasing piece is undoubtedly the Wheelwrights, and it must not be forgotten that Mr. Jack Stone had quite a lot to do with the idea and the carrying out of a great deal of the work.

Quite a well-known character passed away last month—Mr. Frank Newman. He served the Firm, as a drayman, for many years and in the country districts in which he delivered goods, he was looked upon as an authority on many subjects. He was one of the old school and served H. & G. Simonds faithfully and well. He had been on pension for a number of years and used to call regularly at The Brewery on Fridays up to a short while ago. To his relatives we extend our sincere sympathy.

Football in full swing again—hardly seems true—still I learn cricket has had quite a good innings of fine weather this year. Naturally we are all looking forward to a successful time for the Reading Football Club and personally I think they should have a good season. Promotion, of which we have heard so much

previously, is the aim of the management and it does seem that some real good men have been signed on. As the Club has really done well for several seasons, it may be their turn to go up. Here's wishing them every success.

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

The Malt Shovel, Ramsbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. William Wiggins.

The Armstrong Gun, Englefield Green (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. D. Wrixen.

We regret to record the death of Mr. James Gale, The Bell Inn, Twyford, who had been a tenant at this House since 1916. He joined the parish council in 1919, when he was returned at the top of the poll at the election. Amongst the many other public offices he held were : Housing representative on the Wokingham R.D.C., hon. treasurer to the Royal Berks Hospital Contributory Scheme, hon. treasurer of the Whit-Monday Sports Association, and for many years, up to the present time, school manager representative of the parish council. The funeral took place at the Reading Crematorium.

Our sincere sympathy is hereby extended to his relatives.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink and sleep ; to be exposed to darkness and light ; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this, but a poor fraction of the conscientiousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart—the tears that freshen the dry wastes within—the music that brings childhood back—the prayer that calls the future near—the doubt that makes us meditate—the death that startles us with mystery—the hardship which forces us to struggle—the anxiety which ends in trust—are the true nourishment of our natural being.

CRICKET.

DETAILS OF THE PAST SUCCESSFUL MONTH.

This month has been a glorious one and, at the same time, most successful. Both teams, unfortunately, were unable to play two of their games, but of those played, each team won one and lost one. A brief summary of each game is given below :—

July 24th. "A" TEAM 105 v. EVERSLEY STREET 186 for 2 (dec.).

We had as visitors our old friends from Eversley and some fine cricket was seen. As will be noticed, this was a good day for batsmen, but, unfortunately (for us), the visitors had the better of the argument. Their first wicket fell at 24, Tigar having his appeal for leg-before upheld. L. Leversuch joined G. Taylor, and these two gave a brilliant display of fearless batting ; Leversuch scoring 40 before being caught in the "cover"—98 for 2 ! Things looked bad for us, but worse was to come. C. Leversuch made an even better partner for Taylor and at tea-time 112 were on the board, after only an hour's play. Tea seemed to give them renewed energy for, during the next half-hour's cricket, 74 runs were added. Taylor at this time had 65 to his credit, while Leversuch had nearly caught him up with 61. The latter was very considerate to our fielders, for we had little running to do, owing to the fact that 56 of his runs were made up of 6 sixes and 5 fours !

Eversley then declared and left us about the same amount of time as they had to beat their fine total, but we could not keep up their rate of scoring although our first wicket realized one more run than theirs. C. Josey left at the same score after making 16. With A. Hedgington scoring 11 and, later, Skipper Crutchley contributing a most gallant 31, we had 80 on the board for seven wickets. About this time we had made a draw, as 7 o'clock had struck, but our Captain decided to fight it out. This sporting gesture was much appreciated by our opponents, and 25 runs were added before the final wicket fell. Of this number, W. Greenaway had one of his "short and sweet" innings, hitting 18 (one 6 and three 4's). For Eversley, G. Taylor followed up his fine "knock" by dismissing half of our side for 22 runs, but none of our bowlers could make any impression.

July 31st.

On this day we were down to entertain the Mess Staff, R.M.C. Camberley, but, unfortunately, they were obliged to "cry off" owing to being unable to raise a team through Staff leave.

August 7th. "A" TEAM 109 for 3 (dec.) v. OXFORD BRANCH 50.

This match proved to be a very pleasant afternoon's cricket. Both sides were below usual strength, but the game did not suffer as far as good play was concerned.

Our Oxford colleagues had first knock, but did not fare too well against H. S. Tigar, who is doing some fine feats this season. Seven wickets were down for only 26 runs, but H. Hickman and A. Siggary made a plucky stand, adding 20 runs for the eighth wicket. The latter scored 13, which proved to be unlucky, for he then fell a victim to Tigar. Hickman hit a 4, but the remaining batsmen came and went without adding further to the total. Hickman was unbeaten with 12 runs against his name. Tigar came out with the brilliant analysis of 8 for 18, six of these being clean bowled. R. A. Preston took the other two wickets at a cost of 13 runs apiece. Our fielding was as good as any this season, Hedgington doing excellent work, for besides catching the first three men, he did some brilliant picking up in the "deep," followed up by good returns to the wicket.

We opened fairly strongly, and 21 runs were on the board when the first wicket fell. This number was more than doubled before our next man left. Hedgington's contribution was 16. H. Tozer joined W. Busby and between them soon passed Oxford's total. The score-board read 81 for 3, last player 30, when Busby was bowled with a good ball by F. Smith. Tozer continued to bat well and was still undefeated when our Skipper declared. He (Tozer) had then made 39.

It was still rather early, so we gave our hosts another knock. Several of our "dark horses" had a go with the ball and a very laughable half-hour or so was spent.

Our party then had a walk up into town and returned later to behold a very nice supper laid out in the pavilion. After enjoying this excellent repast we, very reluctantly, had to go and arrived home "safe and sound."

All spoke well of the very cordial reception accorded us and I am sure this visit to Oxford will be long remembered by those who made the trip.

Thanks, Oxford, for a splendid time.

August 14th.

Unfortunately we had to cancel this game, which would have been the return with Wargrave "B," owing to bad weather. As you are no doubt aware, it rained nearly all the morning and, but

for a slight lull about half-past twelve, it was still coming down fairly hard at 1 o'clock. We therefore, regretfully, had to call the game off.

Now for the "B" Team.

July 24th. "B" TEAM 16 v. MORTIMER 2ND XI 88.

Our second string came a real "cropper" in this return game at Mortimer; suffering their heaviest defeat of the season and their second beating at Mortimer's hands.

The home side batted first and by consistent batting made quite a useful total. H. Beards went in second wicket down and was still unbeaten at the end, having scored 23. H. Cottrell and S. M. Beards with 15 and 10 respectively, helped to swell the score. W. Benham came out with the best analysis taking 3 for 14. B. Farmer took 4 wickets at a cost of just under six apiece.

Not one of our team could reach double figures against the deadly bowling of A. Bushell and S. Beards who were in fine form. The former obtained 6 wickets for only 7 runs, while Beards "bagged" the other 4 for 9 runs.

July 31st. "B" TEAM 97 (for 9) v. READING ELECTRICITY 84.

After the previous week's set-back, we were in doubt as to what would happen when we met the "Electric," after not playing them for several seasons. However, we brought off an excellent win in passing our opponents respectable score, before our sixth wicket fell.

Godolphin and Lambourne put on 26 for the first wicket, each player hitting four 4's in their eventual scores of 20 and 18 respectively. Shortly after came H. Pascal with 19 and P. Earley with 16 to their credit.

E. C. Greenaway, continuing his good bowling this season, did well to capture 4 for 27. B. Farmer 2 for 16 and H. Tozer 4 for 37 also bowled well.

B. Farmer (15) and G. Kelly (11) gave the innings a good send-off, but it was Tozer who enabled us to win by scoring a brilliant 41, which certainly kept both scorers and fielders busy. He found good support in E. C. Greenaway (12) and B. Nicholls (14) and whilst partnered by the latter, their opponents total was reached and passed.

Reading Electric tried five bowlers of whom Thompson was the most successful, taking 4 for 4.

August 7th.

We should have entertained Great Western Motors on this day but, owing to the 1st XI calling on one or two of the players, and also to the fact that several were going to Tidworth for the Tattoo, we had to tender our apologies to our opponents and cancel the fixture.

August 14th.

Although raining in Reading, nine players and a scorer (Jack Cholwill, who had come down to the Club to enquire whether the 1st XI's game had been cancelled or not, kindly came out to North Moreton with us to enable Mr. J. Brown, the 2nd XI's umpire, and their scorer to play) made the trip.

It had only started raining there at a quarter to three but, by the time we found the ground, a steady drizzle was falling, so, after spending a few minutes playing darts in the pavilion, we had tea at the local "pub" and spent a couple of hours after tea playing darts and bar-billiards. We arrived back all too soon, but just in time for the "kitty" to be won.

Well, that is all for now, but by the time these notes appear in print the last games will have been played and details will be given in next month's issue, together with complete records of games played, averages, etc.

W.J.G.
Asst. Hon. Sec.

In Bradford she was Mabel,
She was Marjorie in Perth,
In Plymouth she was Phoebe,
The sweetest thing on earth!
In London she was Doris,
The brightest of the bunch;
But down in his expenses
She was Petrol, Oil, and *Lunch*!

WORDS OF WISDOM.

If you fall get up. A fall need not be a failure.

Don't live in hope with your arms folded.

How much a man is like old shoes
For instance, both a "sole" may lose.
When shoes wear out they're mended new
When men wear out they're men dead too.

A HORSE'S PRAYER.

Up a hill force me not,
Down a hill press me not,
On the level spare me not,
In the stable forget me not.

Since few large pleasures are lent us on a long lease, it is wise to cultivate a big undergrowth of small pleasures.

The highest wisdom is not to be always wise.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Life is made of smallest fragments;
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

We mark our trail, as o'er the unknown way
 We search our path, we set some token by—
 A stone, a branch, a piece of garment lay
 To mark the trail, and show a friend is nigh.

We mark our trail, some fellow traveller may
 Come struggling on, about to fall and fail,
 Behold, take courage, and so find his way
 And reach the goal, because we marked our trail.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
 Streamlets swell the river's flow,
 Rivers join the ocean billows,
 Onwards, onwards, as they go.

THE GAMEKEEPER.

They call me "Velveteens"—the city folk—
 And, sure, they're welcome to their little joke :
 But, Lord-a-mercy ! how surprised they'd be
 If they saw half the curious sights I see !
 —A vixen, with her sandy cubs at play ;
 Or grass-snake, and her young (hatched yesterday).
 The sunny southward bank where adders bask
 And only to be unmolested ask :
 —A spinney where the scolding magpie talks ;
 The large, brown blotchy eggs of sparrow-hawks ;
 A squealing rabbit, paralysed by fear
 Because he knows the varmint weasel's near ;
 Or crouching leveret, with ears laid back ;
 And, thro' the grass, a nimble field-vole's track.
 These things I see because I use my eyes
 And learn of nature till she makes me wise.
 —"Old Velveteens, the Keeper"—that's my name.
 They think me dull and slow : but, just the same,
 When from my pipe the scented smoke-rings curl
 And, in the west, the sky grows grey and pearl,
 As o'er a woodland gate I silent lean
 To muse on all the wonders I have seen,
 I tell you, Sir, I wouldn't change my lot
 With any town-bred toff—no, rather not !!

S. E. COLLINS.

A NATURE NOTE.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWIFTS.
 STONE CURLEW AT AUDLEYS WOOD.

(BY C.H.P.).

On Sunday, August 8th, I saw an unusually large number of swifts performing amazing aerial evolutions high overhead. They were not playing their usual game of follow-my-leader over and around the houses. And instead of their customary shrill cries their voices sounded more subdued and they appeared to be engaged in serious business. It was a kind of mass meeting and though I did not take a shorthand note of all that transpired, I think they passed the following resolution :—

"That this meeting of swifts, held at Reading on August 8th, 1937, definitely decide to leave Reading for Africa on the morrow, in view of the approach of Autumn."

There appeared to be one or two dissentients and as the shades of night were falling fast the meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

And surely enough the next day there was hardly a swift to be seen. I kept a close watch on the skies and on the 10th I saw two and on the 15th one. Since then I have not seen a swift. I often wished I understood bird language for it must be intensely interesting to know what the speakers—perhaps squeakers would be a more appropriate term—say, when attending these farewell meetings.

WHERE THEY GO.

The swallow, the sand-martin, and the nightjar, go to Africa and India. The house-martin, the nightingale, the swift, the lesser whitethroat, and the garden-warbler visit Africa. The corn-crake, a bird not nearly so abundant to-day as it was even ten years ago, winters in North Africa, Egypt, Asia Minor and Palestine.

The wheatear, one of the first of our summer migrants to return to us in spring, travels so far as Northern India and Persia, although it frequently is content to stay in Africa until, once again, an irresistible urge brings it back to the British Isles. That dainty little bird, the chiffchaff, spends the winter months on the sunny shores of the blue Mediterranean.

PUSS PREDICTS WEATHER CHANGES.

Holiday-makers have had a spell of fine weather but we must expect changes with the approach of Autumn. Have you ever noticed how extremely sensitive to atmospheric conditions the cat

is? Puss can feel when the weather will change and in many ways it can convey its knowledge to us. Willsford, in his work "Nature's Secrets" maintained that :—

"Cats coveting the fire more than ordinary, or licking their feet, or trimming the hair of their heads and moustaches, presages rainy weather."

Melton mentions an old prediction in his "Astrologaster" :—

"When the cat washeth her face over her eare, we shall have great store of rain."

An early poem by Edward Jenner, called "Signs of Rain," also refers to pussy, and her prophetic powers, for among other natural omens he mentions :—

"Puss on the hearth with velvet paws
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws."

The poet Herrick also had something to say concerning cats and the weather :—

"True calendars as pusses' eare,
Wash't o'er to tell what change is near."

DOG STORIES.

Good dog stories are legion. Here is one concerning the bull terrier of one of our tenants. The dog was taken to the seaside and here he met another dog of the same breed. They quarrelled and fought so fiercely in the sea that both must have been drowned had not their masters intervened. Both were sick and sorry as a result of the fight and when taken back to Reading our worthy tenant's canine friend did not feel fit enough to go out for his usual walk for several days. This dog's master always wore a cap. Now the dog was too sore to go out himself and did not want the master to go without him. So what do you think he did? Each morning he collared his master's cap and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could be persuaded to give it up. It was a very good example of the meaning of the phrase: "dog in the manger."

I know of another interesting little incident concerning one of these faithful creatures. A dog took a great liking to a kitten and one day he caught a mouse. He carried the mouse home and placed it on the mat where the kitten was sitting—in fact, ran straight into the house and handed it over to pussy. The kitten ate the mouse with evident relish and purred out her thanks to the dog for his chivalry.

A BALL OF "NEEDLES."

The other Sunday morning I was basking in the sun amid the sylvan surroundings of our tennis courts. I saw my dog foraging in a heap of newly-mown grass in a corner of the grounds. Suddenly he came running towards me with something in his mouth. This proved to be a hedgehog. I took the little chap from my dog and placed him in the centre of one of the courts. After about a quarter of an hour the prickly ball began to move. First the little animal's snout appeared and his beady black eyes glanced around to see that the coast was clear. Then he gradually uncurled himself and ambled off across the court, under the fence and out of sight. As he made off my dog became very excited and I had the greatest difficulty in restraining him from giving chase.

THE NORFOLK PLOVER.

The Norfolk Plover has been seen at Audleys Wood, Basingstoke, so Mr. F. A. Simonds informs me. The bird is also known as the Thick-knee by reason of the robust conformation at this joint. Another name for it is Stone Curlew. The bird frequents waste stony places and utters a note loud and shrill and not unlike *curlew, curlew*.

ANTS' NUPTIAL FLIGHT.

During the past month I expect you have seen the queen ants taking to themselves wings and being followed aloft by the males. As they soar up into the air starlings, sparrows, etc. cut strange capers as they swing round, dart and dive in their endeavour to snap up the ants which are evidently much to their liking as an article of food. The evening of a very hot day is the time to witness the nuptial flights of these intelligent little insects.

COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF SWALLOWS.

On Friday evening, August 27th, I accompanied Mr. W. Bowyer to Selborne, where Gilbert White, the naturalist, wrote his famous book. As we approached, Mr. Bowyer said "Look at that black cloud!" I looked, and as I gazed in amazement the "cloud" burst and simply rained swallows down on to the pylon wires. Here they joined others and there were countless thousands of them packed like sardines on the wires and pylon supports. It is no exaggeration to say there were miles of swallows. They were migrating and taking a rest on their way to warmer climes. And then another cloud, if anything of even greater density burst, and this time there was a great shower of starlings who created a tremendous din by their chatter as they settled down for the night in the trees. The sun was shining in all his summer glory and seemed to set on fire a car standing in the cornfield. It was one of the most wonderful living pictures that either of us had ever witnessed.

THE EIGHTH BRIDGE.

In our August issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE we showed a picture of the new bridge which has been constructed across Bridge Street for the purpose of carrying electric cables, etc. This has now been aptly christened "The Eighth Bridge" by a friend of the Firm, and for the benefit of those in the country districts who will not understand this allusion, it is as well to explain that the Brewery premises stand on land which at one time was intersected by seven different streams, each of which had its own bridge. This bridge is therefore the eighth bridge.

The bridge was designed by Mr. Edward Barrs, A.M.Inst. Mech.E., M.Inst.E.E., Consulting Engineer of 10 Gray's Inn Place, Gray's Inn, Holborn, London, W.C.1, the steel work being constructed by the Horsley Bridge and Engineering Company Ltd., and was erected by the Resident Engineer, Mr. G. H. Gardner, M.S.E. The decorative work was carried out by the firm's own staff under the guidance of Mr. J. Stone of the Wheelwrights' Department to the design of Mr. Edward Barrs.

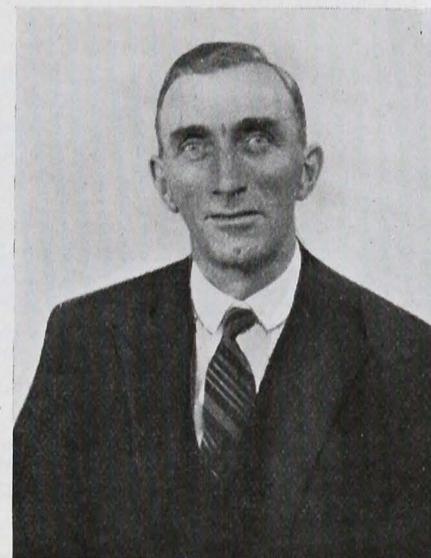
The picture does not give any idea of the colouring, but it is hoped that at some future date the copper panels upon which the imitation arches are painted will turn green and that the teak facias and cappings will weather to a pleasing shade of silver-grey.

We should here mention the very excellent work which was done under the superintendence of the Resident Engineer in erecting the two skeleton girders of this bridge. These were assembled by the side of John A'Larders Buildings, were hauled into the main roadway after the Tramway Company had pulled aside the trolley-bus cables, and hauled up into position in six hours. The work was done during the night and two motorists only were asked to go round another way.



DEATH OF MR. FRANK KIMPTON.

A POPULAR PERSONALITY.



The death occurred at Olde Holme, Boundstone, on Wednesday, August 4th, of Mr. Frank Kimpton at the age of 48.

A native of Binsted, where his father was sub-postmaster for 50 years, Mr. Kimpton went to live at Boundstone in 1920. He was a representative of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. for 16 years, his genial disposition and great goodness of heart winning for him many friends.

Mr. Kimpton was a sidesman at Wrecclesham Parish Church and a member of the Church Council. He was hon. treasurer of The Bourne branch of the British Legion. During the war he served from 1914-18 in the Royal Army Service Corps. Deceased was well known in the district and was a member of a large number of clubs.

Besides the widow and an only daughter, Frances, there are left in bereavement two brothers at Sydney, Australia, and two sisters—Miss Ethel Kimpton, of Farnham, and Miss Anne Kimpton, of New York.

GUARD OF HONOUR AT FUNERAL.

The funeral took place at Wreccllesham, a service in the Parish Church preceding the interment in the cemetery. Members of The Bourne British Legion formed a guard of honour at the church door, the Rev. J. Leonard officiated.

The family mourners were Mrs. Kimpton (widow), Miss E. Kimpton (sister), Mr. Burl, Mr. A. Burl, Mr. J. Burl, Miss Grace Coxo and Miss Kate Kimpton (cousins), Mrs. Cole, Miss Lassam, Mrs. J. S. Mills (sisters-in-law), Mr. and Mrs. C. Stone (brother-in-law and sister-in-law), Mr. F. Lassam, of Guildford (brother-in-law), Mrs. Spooner, Mr. and Mrs. C. Bicknell (friends).

Members of The Bourne British Legion attending were Paymaster Rear-Admiral J. A. Keys, C.B. (chairman), Mr. H. Hack (secretary), Mr. C. West (standard bearer), Messrs. C. Bicknell, A. Cranham, J. Andrews, J. Brooker, S. Orford, A. Brewer, A. King, G. Nixon, C. Hack, C. Hardy, B. Chandler, G. Binfield and A. Downs. Representatives of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, from Reading, were Messrs. A. W. C. Bowyer, C. H. Perrin, S. J. Moore, N. Lipscombe, T. Kent and S. A. Hinton; and from Farnborough: Messrs. E. Gosney, G. E. Davis, F. J. Russell and G. Loney. Mr. W. A. J. Parris represented Messrs. A. S. Cooper, Messrs. Barnett and Hardy, Lightwater British Legion Club, and Mr. Worrall, South Farnborough Working Men's Club.

Flowers were sent from: His devoted wife; Mr. A. Bicknell and Mrs. John; Mr. and Mrs. Scotcher; Mr. and Mrs. Boniface and family; Emily, Jack and Bunny; Frances; the Aldershot Conservative Club; Len and Sheila; pals at Guildford and Elsie; Mary, Lilian, Grace and Cecil; Mrs. Rutherford and family; Mrs. Lovell; Uncle Charlie, Kate and Charlie; Cis and Cum; Mrs. Walker and family; Ed, Mary and Phoebe; Rowledge Conservative Club; Arch, Mother and Dad; Gwen and George; Babs and John; Ethel; Harry and family; the Lightwater Club; Mr. and Mrs. Carter; Alfred and Wilfred Carter; Mr. and Mrs. Painter and family; The Bourne branch of the British Legion; Mrs. Gosney and Jill; the directors of Simonds' Reading Brewery; the travelling staff of the Reading Brewery; Alf, Albert, Maud and Frank; the president of the Working Men's Club, South Farnborough; the Hindhead Memorial Club; Mr. and Mrs. Kimber and Ruby; Constance Harris; Katie and Charlie; staff at Reading (A. S. Cooper); Teddie, Dorothy and Ethel; Mrs. Cruickshank; Fred and Sarah; Anne (New York).

The funeral arrangements were carried out by Messrs. H. C. Patrick Ltd., of Farnham.



Filling up at "The Four Horse Shoes," popularly known as "The Shoes," Basingstoke Road, Reading, for August Bank Holiday. Our draymen are well known for their hard work and the ever willing way in which they perform it.

"THE HERON."

ALDERSHOT'S NEW LICENSED HOUSE OPENED.

This new Simonds House, which was opened on Thursday, July 1st, is situated at the corner of Church Road and Lower Farnham Road, Aldershot, on the border of the main housing estate at Aldershot Park.

The opening was quite an event in the history of Aldershot as "The Heron" is the first new licensed house in that town for upwards of forty-five years. A large crowd gathered to await the arrival of Mr. L. A. Simonds who performed the opening ceremony.

Mr. Louis was accompanied by His Worship the Mayor of Aldershot, Councillor W. J. North, J.P., Brig.-Gen. S. Lushington, C.B., C.M.G. (Chairman of the Aldershot Justices), the Deputy Mayor, Councillor W. M. R. Davis, M.B.E., Councillor H. Ainger, J.P., C.C., Mr. J. T. Coggins (Messrs. Foster, Wells and Coggins), Alderman S. Friend, Mr. A. J. Friend and Mr. H. W. Austin (Messrs. Friend and Lloyd, architects), Mr. T. Lee and Mr. F. Lee (Messrs. Lee Brothers, the builders), Mr. J. J. Cardwell, Mr. W. H. Davis and Mr. E. Gosney (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.).

THE OPENING CEREMONY.

Receiving a key from Mr. Tom Lee, Mr. L. A. Simonds said the house was an example of the work of an eminent Architect of Aldershot, Mr. S. Friend, also a fine example of the work of an Aldershot building firm, Messrs. Lee Bros. He hoped it would serve the needs of that district of Aldershot for many years.

Mr. Louis said he hoped those gathered there would spend many hours of comfort in good fellowship in the house and he recommended it to all with the utmost confidence.

MAGISTRATE'S GOOD WISHES.

General Lushington said the Justices were proud to license a house that had such an excellent appearance and so many comforts. As for the beer, he could only tell them the Company had an excellent name. It was not his business to praise it, but he hoped they would find it very good and that in "The Heron" they would enjoy themselves in peace and happiness.

MAYOR'S CONGRATULATIONS.

"This is the first occasion I have had the pleasure of attending the opening of a public-house" said the Mayor, "and it is right that I should congratulate the Brewers upon securing the licence which the Justices were happy to grant. It will add, perhaps, to the joy and comfort of the people in the neighbourhood.

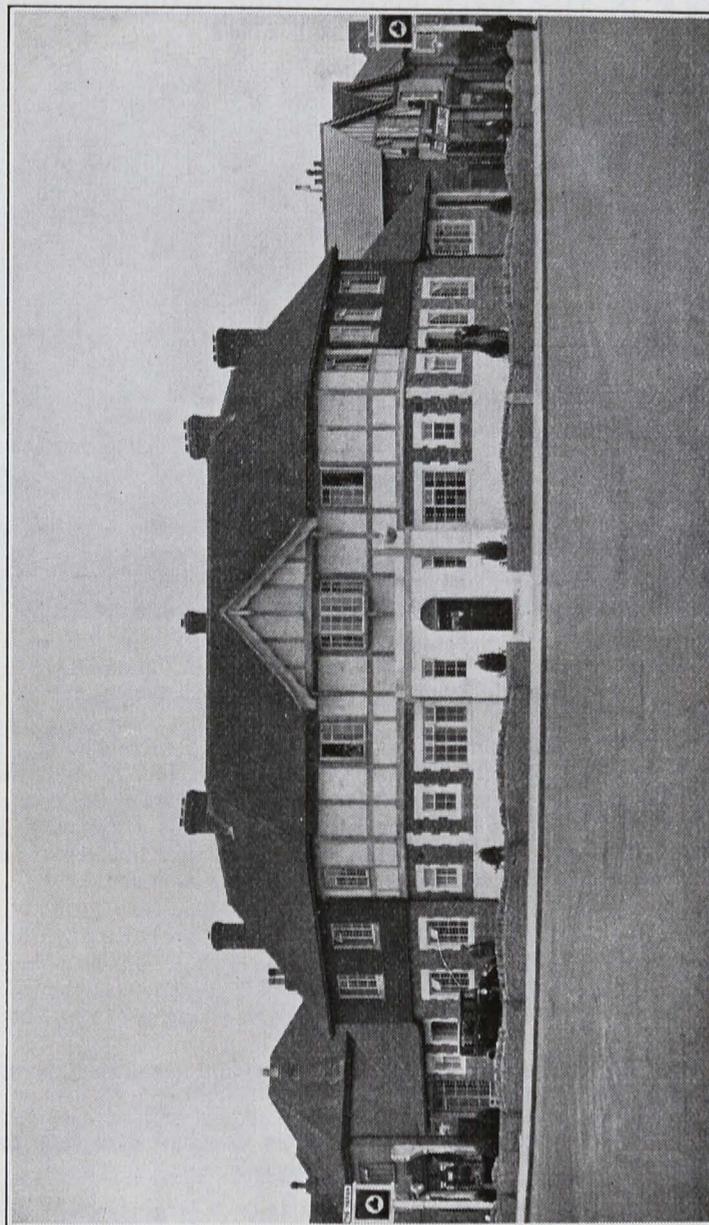
"We all wish Mr. Lowe, the Licensee, every success and though it is only by his own good management he can make the house a success, I feel sure the Brewers will do all that is possible for him.

"Being the Chief Citizen of Aldershot, I am happy to say how pleased I am that Aldershot has an Architect who has been able to design such a lovely house and a local builder to erect it, and I am glad, too, that local labour was employed."

Mr. Louis turned the key in the first door, subsequently unlocking the other doors and within a few minutes the "heronry" was filled to overflowing.

The accommodation for the public comprises a Public Bar with games room attached, Private Bar and Lounge in Tudor style with dackart panelling to represent old oak. One large servery supplies all the bars and gives adequate supervision for the licensee. Sliding shutters are provided for the purpose of completely closing the games room from the rest of the house when that room is required for teas or private parties, a glass-roofed corridor giving access from the kitchen. Heating is provided by panelled radiators in addition to open fireplaces.

There is every prospect that "The Heron" will be a valuable addition to the Firm's licensed houses in the Aldershot area.



[Block loaned by "Aldershot News,"

Photo by Gale & Polden Ltd., Aldershot.]

HOLE IN THE WALL SPORTS CLUB, BASINGSTOKE.



(Reading left to right) A. Whitman, A. Tigwell, P. Phillips (Chairman), H. Marshall, J. Parham, L. Pointer, B. Nye, C. Chappell, F. Simpson, H. Simpson, F. Cox and S. R. Smith.

The above is a photograph of the effort of members of the Hole in the Wall Sports Club in the Basingstoke Hospital Carnival and which gained second prize in Class A. Apart from the canvas kindly loaned by H. & G. Simonds Ltd., the whole affair was the work of members of the Club who, by the way, are holders of the Purdue Challenge Cup for darts in Basingstoke and district.

LIGHTER SIDE.

THE OPTIMIST.

The bald man entered the barber's shop and asked for a bottle of his best hair-restorer.

"Here is a preparation"—the barber coughed over this last word—"that will grow hair on an eggshell."

"Right," replied the other, "I'll take a large bottle: and please wrap up a brush and comb with it."

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

An elderly and a young member of a certain club met in the smoking room.

"I hear Mr. Jones," said the former "that you are going to be married shortly. I do hope you will be very happy."

"Oh, I don't see why not," replied the prospective bridegroom cheerily, "I came through the war without a scratch you know."

* * * *

Seven ways to tell a lady:—

Write.
Telephone.
Telegraph.
Broadcast by radio.
Use sky writing.
Say it with flowers.
Tell someone not to tell her.

* * * *

"Now then, what should a polite little boy say to a lady who has given him a penny for carrying her parcels?"

"I am too polite to say it, madam."

* * * *

The exceedingly amorous honeymoon couple were a nuisance to the other members of the railway compartment. "Do you love me, George?" asked the bride. The old gentleman opposite rose. "Pardon me," he said courteously to the bridegroom, "she's asked you that thirty-eight times so far. I'm getting out at this station, but I'll leave the score with this gentleman in the corner."

* * * *

A certain well-known actress was giving a dinner party, but unfortunately the guests arrived before their hostess was ready to receive them. However, the actress' small daughter apologised for her mother's delay. "Mummy will be down in a minute," she said prettily, "she's just writing on her eye-brows now."

* * * *

One of the elephants at the circus was coughing badly one morning and the keeper was instructed to give it a bucket of water into which a bottle of whisky had been emptied.

"How's Sally?" asked the circus proprietor next morning.

"Oh, just the same!" was the reply, "but all the other elephants are coughing now."

A London business-man who employs many University men always posts the following notice prominently some days before the Oxford-Cambridge rugby match :—

"Any member of the staff who desires to attend the funeral of a near relative must notify the general manager at least twenty-four hours before the match."

* * * *

MACDOUGAL : "How's your cold, Donald?"

MACTAVISH : "Vera obstinate."

"And how's your wife?"

"About the same."

* * * *

The hustling American gentleman burst his way into a hair-dressing establishment in Bond Street and thumped himself down in a chair.

"Say," he bawled genially, "I want a shave, a hair cut, a face massage, a shampoo . . . and where kin I put my cigar?"

"Hadn't you better leave it in your mouth," gasped the attendant, "as a sort of landmark, sir."

* * * *

It was at a Hunt Ball where the sportsman, who was far more at his ease in the saddle, was essaying a foxtrot with an exceedingly attractive girl. "My dear," he whispered fatuously, "I should like to go on dancing like this for ever." "Heavens!" murmured his partner, "have you no ambition?"

* * * *

A schoolboy when asked to describe the axis of the earth, replied : "An imaginary line passing from one pole to another upon which the earth revolves." The teacher, in order to test his knowledge more accurately, said "could you hang a hat on it?"

"Yes, sir." "Indeed, and what kind of hat, pray?" "An imaginary hat, sir," was the reply.

* * * *

Recent statistics tend to prove that women live longer than men. Of course, paint is a well-known preservative.

* * * *

"Everything comes to him who waits" as the Scotsman said when he left a penny under his plate.

* * * *

Pat was spending the night in a haunted room. Suddenly a voice moaned, "There's only you and me, there's only you and me."

"Begorra!" cried Pat, "there'll only be you when I get this other boot on."

* * * *

The teacher set her class an essay on the Normans. One boy wrote :—"King William had a New Forest maid and he killed everyone who chased his dear."

* * * *

ANGRY FATHER : "Well, young lady, explain yourself coming in at this hour."

FLAPPER DAUGHTER : "Oh, Daddy, I was sitting up with the sick son of the sick man you are always telling Mamma you sat up with."

* * * *

MRS. M. : "What is your husband's average income?"

MRS. N. : "From one to two A.M."

* * * *

MODERN AUTHOR : "My works will be read when Shakespeare and Milton are forgotten."

CRITIC : "Yes, but not before."

* * * *

"'Ere you are!" shouted the cheap-jack at the top of his unmusical voice. "'Ere you are. A real pigskin purse to 'old yer winnin's, a genuine safety razor what won't cut yer face, and this beau-ti-ful electric plated keyring—all the lot fer a bob! Now, oo's a buyer."

One of the crowd laughed. "Why don't yer chuck in a racehorse while you're abaht it, mate?" he asked.

"I'll do more'n that" came the instant reply, and the cheap-jack delved into another bag. "'Ere you are, I'll chuck in a 'ole stud."

* * * *

A comprehensive description of a mean clubman given by a disgusted waiter :—

If Mr. ——— was a ghost, he wouldn't even give yer a fright."

* * * *

FILM ACTOR (*to latest wife*): "What a beautiful necklace! Who gave it to you?"

LATEST WIFE (*a film actress*): "My next husband. Pretty, isn't it?"

* * * *

A newspaper reporter was sent to a fashionable dance for "copy." He described one of the dancers, a woman of exceptional stature, as possessing a form "that Juno might envy."

The next morning, however, he read in the paper that the woman possessed a form "that Jumbo might envy."

* * * *

The wife of a professional punter was leaving instructions with her husband prior to embarking on the morning shopping.

"Oh, George," she said, "I've put your new shirt on the clothes horse."

"That's right, dear," came the absorbed reply of the man who was studying that day's form. "I hope you got decent odds."

* * * *

Old George was nearly ninety, and motor cars were still rather a novelty to him. He looked up as a large car went hurtling by. It was followed by another which was as small as the first was big.

Old George nodded his head sagely and watched the two cars out of sight.

"Well," he ventured, turning to a crony of his, "I seen quite a few o' them motor-carriages in me toime, but I never seen one wi' a foal afore."

* * * *

The new play was a failure. After the first act many left the theatre; at the end of the second, most of the others started out. A cynical critic, as he arose from his seat, raised a restraining hand.

"Wait!" he loudly commanded. "Women and children first."

* * * *

BUTCHER: "Come, John, look sharp now, break the bones in Mrs. Williams' chops, and put Mrs. Smith's ribs in the basket."

JOHN (*briskly*): "All right sir. I'll do it just as soon as I've sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

* * * *

"Bill's not near as big a fool as he was."

"Has he reformed?"

"No. He's dieting."

"Why haven't you creased your trousers?" said the sergeant-major.

"I put them under my mattress same as the others," said the recruit, "but I'm such a light sleeper."

* * * *

"What's the matter with Brown?"

"Eyestrain. He fell in love with an actress and couldn't afford anything better than a gallery seat."

* * * *

YARN-SPINNER: "I related that adventure of mine to a sailor once, and he said it reminded him of something that happened when he was in the Navy . . ."

LISTENER: "Man overboard, I expect."

* * * *

A chorus girl was a guest at a smart party and was pleased to find that an old flame of hers—a man of title—was also present.

She decided to pique him by treating him with a lofty contempt and, upon being introduced by their hostess, looked at him with studied indifference and murmured "Sorry I did not get your name."

"No," was the tart reply. "I know you didn't. But that wasn't your fault, you tried hard enough."

* * * *

HOUSEHOLDER (*to applicant for rooms*): "Yes, we have two rooms to let, fifteen shillings a week. No cats, dogs, pianos, gramophones, loud-speakers or children allowed."

APPLICANT: "Do you mind if my boots squeak a bit?"

* * * *

A negress entered the office of the estate for which she worked to receive her wages. As she could not write, she always receipted with the customary cross.

On a subsequent occasion she made a circle instead of a cross, and the man in charge noticing it, remarked to her about it.

"Well," the Negress explained, "ah done got married yesterday an' changed mah name."

* * * *

On being asked what brand of cigarettes he usually smoked, an Aberdonian said he did not know as he was too polite to ask.

* * * *

GIRL : " I maintain that love-making is just the same as it always was."

HER SWEETHEART : " How do you know? "

" I just read about a Greek maiden who sat and listened to a lyre all the evening."

* * * *

POLICE INSPECTOR : " Did you take part in this row, or were you a witness."

MAN WITH BLACK EYE : " I was merely a witness—an eye-witness."

* * * *

It was the young barrister's first case, and he was bubbling over with pride and enthusiasm as he stood in court.

" Now," said he, addressing the defendant, " you say you came to town to look for work? I put it to you there was another, a stronger motive that brought you all this distance."

" Well," hesitated the defendant, " there was ———."

" Ah!" cried the barrister triumphantly, " And what was it? "

" A locomotive."

* * * *

Two pickpockets had been following an old man who seemed a likely subject, when suddenly he turned into a solicitor's office.

" What should we do now, I wonder? " asked one of the pair, nonplussed at the turn events had taken.

" Why wait for the solicitor, of course!" replied the other promptly.

* * * *

MAGISTRATE : " You are accused of stealing a chicken. Anything to say? "

PRISONER : " I just took it for a lark, sir."

MAGISTRATE : " No resemblance whatever. Ten days."

* * * *

" Gasper borrowed half a crown this morning as I was coming along to meet you, then he rushed off without a single word. I wonder what makes him so impetuous? "

" Gasper is always like that. With him it's ' touch and go.' "

* * * *

FIRST FLAPPER : " Do you let men kiss you? "

SECOND DITTO : " No, but I'm not very strong."

Two members of the club were standing by the window when another member drove up in his car. " Jones' car must be a jolly good make," said one of them, " he told me he hadn't spent a penny on repairs for over a year." " Yes," replied the other drily, " the fellow at the garage told me the same thing."

* * * *

VICTORIOUS CANDIDATE (*modestly*) : " I'm sure the result has surprised nobody more than myself ———."

VOICE FROM THE CROWD : " You flatter yourself, guv'nor! A bloke 'ere's just fainted! "

* * * *

SHE : " To-day's my birthday, darling."

HE (*rapturously*) : " And in less than a month we'll be married."

" Never mind the future, how about the present."

* * * *

In a small town out West there was a sudden commotion one day. It appeared that a wire had fallen across the main street and was holding up all the traffic. No one dared to touch it, in case it should be a " live " wire.

The news reached the editor of the local paper and he acted promptly.

" Send down two reporters," he ordered, " one to touch the wire and the other to write up the story."

* * * *

" Were you tracing my name in the sand? " asked the heiress.

" Yes," replied the young man, hastily covering up the row of figures he had made.

* * * *

Two commercial travellers were swapping tall wireless stories in the presence of an old countryman whom they were trying to impress.

" You got a radio set? " asked one of the travellers.

" Yes, sorr," said the countryman, " I got a very good one."

" Has it good selectivity? " asked the traveller, with a knowing wink at his companion.

" Well, yes," said the old fellow, " it has. The other night I was listening to a quartet, and I didn't like the tenor, so I just tuned him out and listened to the other three."

* * * *

A very haughty retired General stamped into his golf club one mid-week morning and said to the secretary: "Anybody about who can give me a round or two?" The secretary said: "There's only one other member in the club at the moment, Sir. You'll find him in the bar." The General said: "Is he—er—*possible*? Know what I mean?" and the secretary said he couldn't say.

The General stamped into the bar and found the solitary other member brooding over a half-pint of beer. Having accepted a double whisky-and-soda, and exchanged a few commonplaces about the weather, the General resumed his inspection of the other member's tie. This conversation ensued:

"Old Cheltonian, I see."

"No, it's just a tie."

(Pause.)

"Eton, I suppose? Harrow? Marlborough?"

"I went to Tootham High School."

"Ah."

(Pause.)

"In the war, I suppose? Fusiliers? Rifle Brigade?"

"No, just the Middlesex."

"Captain? Major?"

"Private."

(Pause.)

"Married, I take it? Children? Sons?"

"Three sons."

"Sent 'em to good schools, of course. Eton? Harrow? Winchester? Rugby?"

"They're all at Tootham High School."

"Ah."

A long pause ensued, after which the General finishing his drink very deliberately, said: "I will play you *nine holes*."

* * * *

The piano salesman knocked at the door of a flat on the third floor. A husky stevedore answered.

"Would you be interested in buying a baby grand piano?" asked the salesman.

"Where is it?" growled the dock worker.

"My dear man," smiled the salesman, "you didn't expect me to carry a piano with me did you?"

"That's the trouble with you white-collar guys," sneered the stevedore. "You think you're too good to do a little manual labour."

* * * *

"It was so cold where we were," said the Arctic explorer, "that the candle froze and we couldn't blow it out."

"That's nothing," said his rival. "Where we were the words came out of our mouths in pieces of ice, and we had to fry them to see what we were talking about."

* * * *

A Frenchman learning English said to his tutor: "English is a queer language. What does this sentence mean: 'Should Mr. Still, who sits for this constituency, consent to stand again, he will in all probability have a walk-over?'"

* * * *

A wealthy Canadian engaged an English tutor for his son. "Take him up into the mountains," he said, "and break him of the habit of using slang."

"I'll soon do that," replied the tutor.

Two months later the pair returned home. The anxious father rushed up to the tutor for a report.

"Did you have a successful trip?" he asked the tutor.

"You said a mouthful; I'll say we did," was the reply.

* * * *

A soldier who had finished his service and secured a civilian job was looking forward to the change.

"No more saluting those damned officers!" he said.

"What is your new job?" he was asked.

"A.A. scout," he replied.

* * * *

A man walked into a London store and began making a nuisance of himself. Everything had to be taken off the shelves—and nothing suited him.

Finally he went up to a shop-walker and asked, in a superior tone: "What have you in the shape of motor tyres?"

To which the bored shop-walker replied: "Funeral wreaths, lifebelts, children's hoops, and doughnuts."

* * * *

"Jones wants to borrow five pounds from me. Is he good for that amount?"

"Yes, with proper securities."

"What would you suggest?"

"A chain and padlock, a pair of handcuffs, and a watchdog."

An Englishman spending a holiday in Paris was endeavouring to work off some of his French in a restaurant. "Hi, garson," he said, after a lengthy study of the menu, "je desir Consomme Royal te un piece of pang et burr . . . no, hang it, half a minute! Un piece of bang . . ." The waiter said helpfully, "I'm sorry, sir, I don't speak French." "Very well," said the diner irritably, "for heaven's sake send me someone who can."

* * * *

During a race meeting a punter who was robbed of his watch and chain was so incensed that he bought a similar but very flashy chain and went to the course next day hoping to catch the thief. But the day passed without incident and no matter how much he flaunted the enormous "gold" chain it remained with him. At length after the last race a tough-looking little fellow sidled up to him and said: "Cover it up, guv'nor, cover it up. I've had it out five times already."

* * * *

The dramatic critic started to leave in the middle of the second act of the play.

"Don't go now," said the manager. "I promise there's a terrific kick in the next act."

"Fine," was the retort; "give it to the author."

* * * *

Joe Scribble, of the *Daily Explosion*, was interviewing Vilma Vacuum, filmdom's most glamorous star. Vilma, noted for her silence, seldom granted an interview.

"Please do not keep me long," commanded Vilma, rather severely. "I hate interviews. I wish newspapers would leave me alone."

"I'll only be a minute, Miss Vacuum," replied Joe. "I just want a message to your fans for our paper."

"You may tell them," said Vilma, "that I despise publicity in any form."

"Marvellous!" declared Joe. "On behalf of our paper I want to thank you for the story. Good-bye, Miss Vacuum."

"Oh, one thing more," she added. "If you put that story in the back of the paper where nobody'll see it, I'll raise Hades, see!"

* * * *

Old Bootle was trying to entertain his guest, after dinner.

"Can you play billiards?" he suggested.

"I consider myself something of an expert at the game," replied the guest.

"Or perhaps you would prefer a game of poker?" asked Bootle.

"Just as you wish," was the reply. "I'm always lucky at cards."

Bootle thought for a moment. Then:

"I suppose you throw a pretty dart as well?" he asked.

"No," sighed his guest. "I'm afraid that I don't know the first thing about that game."

"Then, by Jove," cried Bootle enthusiastically, "I claim the privilege of being your first opponent. The loser to stand the cost of a show in town."

* * * *

The business man from Aberdeen had been sent out by his wife to buy a new mousetrap. The assistant in the local store showed him model after model, but the canny Scot refused them all, saying that they were much too expensive.

"But this is the cheapest mousetrap on the market," protested the harassed assistant.

"It's no' so cheap," came the Scot's reply. "Ha'e ye no a trap that will kill the moose before it eats the cheese?"

* * * *

A visitor to an asylum was conducted by the Superintendent to the cubicle of a mental case who thought he was a king. "I know I am a king," the man explained. "Satan told me so."

At which the furious voice of the Superintendent broke in: "I told you nothing of the kind."

* * * *

For years there had been a feud between MacGregor and MacTavish, but at last MacGregor decided it was time to bury the hatchet. So he approached MacTavish, and they shook hands and made peace. Then MacGregor suggested a drink.

"An' noo," said he, as they reached the village inn, "what'll ye hae?"

"A double whisky."

"There ye go. Startin' the row all over again!"

* * * *

"George," said Mrs. Lovewell to her husband, "I have received a letter from mother saying she is not accepting our invitation to visit us, and saying we do not appear to want her. What does she mean by that? I asked you to write and tell her to come at her own convenience. You wrote to her, didn't you?"

"Yes," said George, "but—er—I couldn't spell that word 'convenience,' so I made it 'risk.'"

* * * *

Two old darky men were having a heated argument. The cause of all the bother was that each accused the other of marrying a woman who was not quite a full-blooded negress.

"Let me tell you," said Mose, "mah Lindy am so black dat when she cries Ah saves de tears an' uses dem for ink."

Sambo laughed sarcastically. "Bo'," he replied, "dat ain't nuff'n at all. Mah Dinah am so black dat ebery time she sneezes de room am sure filled with soot."

* * * *

A youngster in Boy Scout uniform found an envelope containing tickets. The envelope bore a name and address, and the boy, accompanied by his young brother, went there at once.

On accepting the tickets, the rightful owner thanked the boy and offered him a shilling.

"Sorry, I'm a Scout," said the boy. "It's my good deed for the day."

The man was on the point of returning the coin to his pocket when the Scout went on, "But my little brother ain't a Scout."

* * * *

A man, doubtful of the correct plural of the word "mongoose," wished to write to a dealer for a pair of these creatures.

First he wrote, "Sir, please send me two mongeese." He did not like the look of this, so he tore up the paper and tried again.

"Sir, please send me two mongooses." This version did not satisfy him any better than the first, so he wrote: "Sir, please send me a mongoose and—by the way—send me another."

* * * *

A Sussex farmer was testing the intelligence of a new employee who was regarded by colleagues as a simpleton.

"In yonder stable," exclaimed the farmer, "I keep a donkey. If I fill three buckets—one with milk, another with water, and a third with ale—which will Neddy drink?"

The simpleton scratched his head. Then he replied: "I guess he'll drink the water."

"Quite right, my boy. And why is that?"

"Because he's such an ass," concluded the simpleton with a vacant smile.

SOME BODY

IS

MISSING

ONE

NICE

DRINK.

S. B.

BRANCHES.

OXFORD.

HOP LEAF CLUB OUTING.

A recently formed Hop Leaf Club, whose personnel is composed of members of an important Oxford Club, carried out their first "pilgrimage" on Wednesday, July 14th, when a party some thirty strong paid a visit to Mr. F. R. Busby, mine host at the Bell Inn, Grove, near Wantage, to partake of a cold collation and enjoy a social and convivial evening.

To quote one of the members of the party: "The landlord provided us with a first class cold supper which was appreciated by one and all. Needless to say, Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. celebrated 'S.B.' was very much in evidence. The evening was spent in harmony by one section, while some pitted their skill against that of the 'lads of the village' in a darts match and the remaining 'old stagers' enjoyed themselves in the Smoke Room—telling the tale. Altogether we had a jolly evening and were sorry when the landlord called Time, Gentlemen, please!"

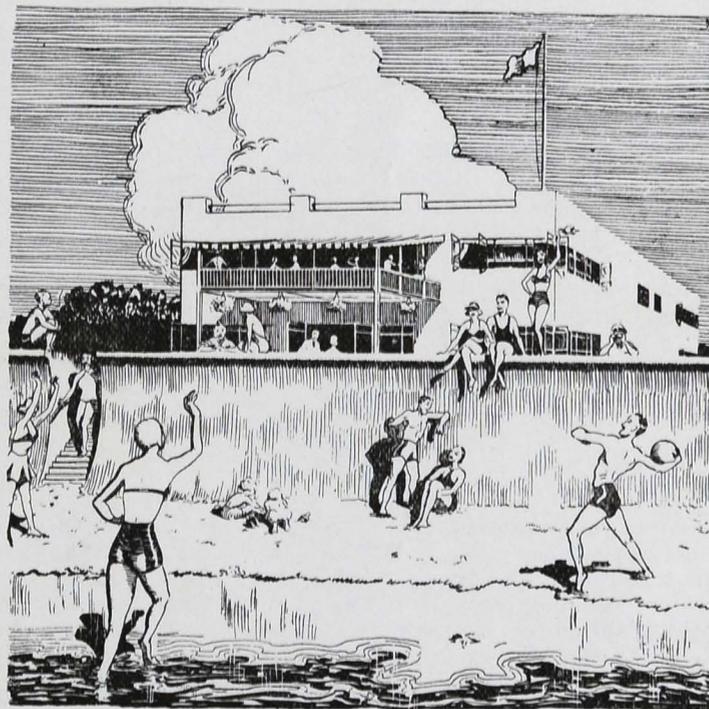
We are glad to learn that Mr. Busby's efforts in the catering line were appreciated by our friends and hope that their pilgrimage to the "Bell" will become an annual event at least.



The Bell Inn, Grove, near Wantage.

PORTSMOUTH.

To any of our readers who are considering where to spend their holidays, and are thinking of coming to the South Coast, we think they will have a difficulty to beat Hayling Island for an ideal holiday. Should a visit to Hayling be decided on, they cannot do better than stay at the Hayling Island Club, which has been recently purchased by Mr. R. J. Langley (proprietor of the Royal County Theatre, Reading) who has done everything in his power to give visitors a really good holiday. It is a spacious club situated on the beach, with exceptionally good and safe bathing facilities. The club has ten bedrooms, h. & c. in every room and all modern conveniences. Situated in peaceful surroundings and yet quite close to shops and amusements. Sports for all are provided, such as hard tennis courts, golfing, fishing, etc. Terms are from three guineas per week inclusive. The club is an ideal place for both summer and winter week-ends. Members have the use of a fine bar at which Hop Leaf brands of beer are well in evidence. We reproduce below a small photograph of the club.



Hayling Island Club.

During her first commission the new cruiser *Ajax*, recently back from America and West Indies Station, has proved herself not only a very comfortable ship but a very "happy" ship. The ship's company gave a Paying-off Ball at the Empress Rooms, North End, which turned out a great success. Wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts constituted the feminine complement present, and they, beside enjoying the dancing and refreshments, were regaled intermittently with reminiscences of incidents and adventures in the West Indies, South America and the Antarctic. The Commanding Officer (Captain C. S. Thompson) attended, accompanied by Mrs. Thompson and Commander J. E. Sissmore, D.S.C., and Mrs. Sissmore were also present, the latter presenting the prizes for competition dances. Nearly 200 guests were invited to the paying-off party held by the officers on board the ship. Dinner was served in the waist, both port and starboard sides, and afterwards dancing was conducted on the quarter-deck to the strains of the ship's Royal Marine Dance Band. During the whole of the Commission the Ward Room had supplies of Hop Leaf Export Bottled Beers of which nothing but praise was heard. A good guarantee of the quality of these beers that will stand up to the many changes of climate which such a cruise entails is in the fact that 35,000 bottles were taken by H.M.S. *Ajax* on this cruise without one bottle being found in any way defective.

Captain C. S. Sandford, O.B.E., from the Senior Officers War Course at the R.N. War College, Greenwich, has been appointed to command the new cruiser *Aurora* which is nearing completion in Portsmouth Dockyard. She is due shortly to relieve the *Cairo* as ship of the Commodore, Home Fleet Destroyer Flotillas. Captain Sandford was Captain-in-Charge at Ceylon from 1934 to 1936 and last had Destroyer experience as Captain of a division of the First Flotilla Mediterranean in H.M.S. *Vampire*, before his promotion in 1931. He is one of the only two officer survivors from the wreck of the *Invincible* sunk at Jutland.

SALISBURY.

We regret to have to report this month the death of two great friends of the Firm—Mr. T. Williams, The Cuckoo, Hamptworth, who passed away on August 3rd, aged 63 years, and Mr. G. F. Salter, the youngest son of our old friend Mr. J. Salter, the well-known caterer of Salisbury. Mr. Salter was 42 years of age. May we here express our sincere sympathy to the relatives and friends of both.

We also wish a speedy recovery to Mr. J. Salter, who has recently undergone a severe operation in London.

BRIGHTON.

The present is an era for breaking records, and there is no doubt that the number of visitors to Brighton during the August Bank Holiday and the week following constituted a record. They came by rail and road by their thousands, and as there was not sufficient sleeping accommodation to be found by the less wealthy ones, they had to sleep in the open, on the beach, or on the public seats.

The Corporation took advantage of this, by allowing the deck chairs to stay on the beach all night instead of the daily collection each evening; the toll collectors called round for the first instalment of the four hours for 2d. at 10 p.m. and again for the second 2d. period at 2 a.m. Perhaps they were not received very cordially on the second visit.

From 30 to 35 men were put on collecting the debris the following morning and over six tons was collected.

Of an evening the crowds were increased by territorials from the camps at Roedean and Falmer, where the Firm were supplying several units from London and the Eastern counties.

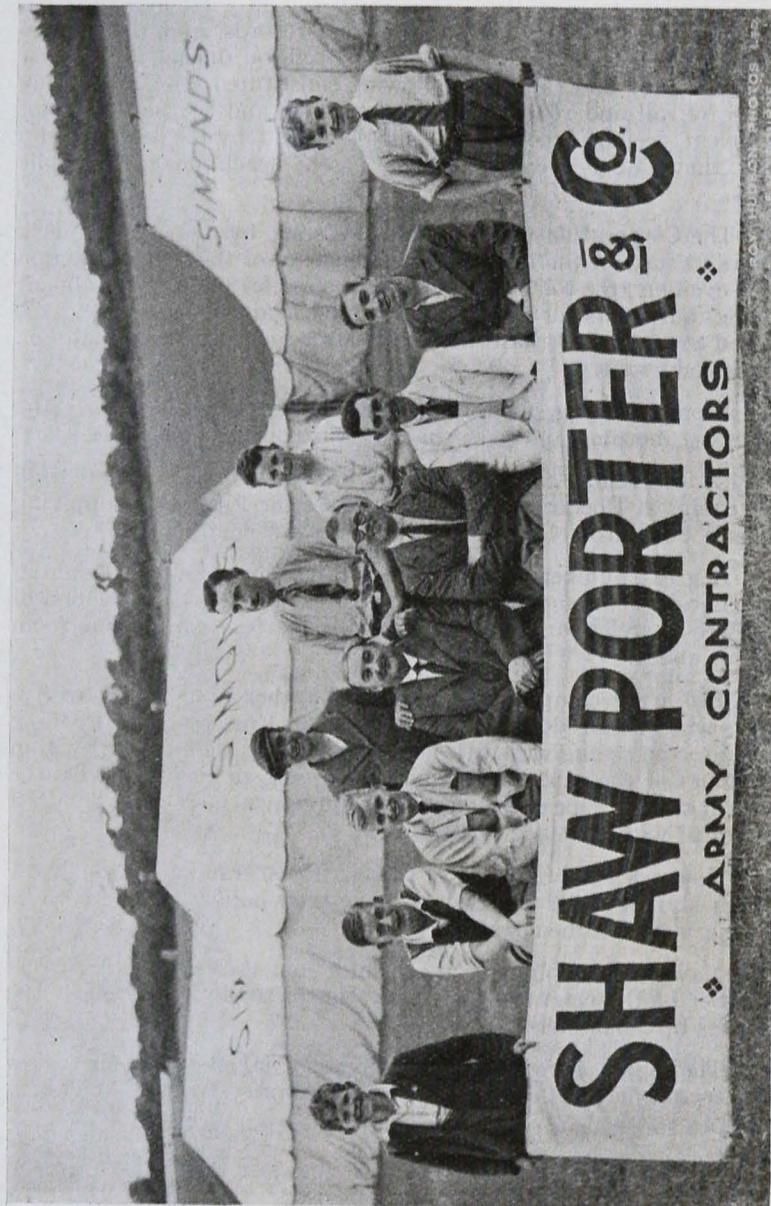
A great number of the visitors came down for the Brighton and Lewes races, and went on to other racing resorts at the end of the week, leaving family parties to enjoy the ozone with more room to get about.

The army camping season started rather disastrously with a gale, which blew down two marquees at Roedean, but Reading came to the rescue with two new tents, which were erected within 12 hours of the report of the damage going to Reading. By the way, it was an education to see how our canvas men could handle a marquee with half a gale blowing.

Now, with the finishing of the territorial training season, those of our staff who did not elect to have their holidays earlier will be taking a well-earned rest.

May we compliment the Editor on the excellent August number of the GAZETTE, especially the pictures illustrating "The Glories of Gloucestershire."

The photo herewith is, as modestly labelled, of Mr. Shaw Porter and his staff running the 131st Infantry Brigade at Falmer Camp.



Canteen, 131st Infantry Brigade, Falmer Camp, July-August, 1937.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

With the passing of Mr. F. Pierce, of our Transport Department, we have lost one who, over his many years of service, had endeared himself to everyone. Mr. Pierce started at the Tamar Brewery 44 years ago and, at the time of his decease, was in charge of the Transport Department, the duties of which he carried out in a most efficient manner. He was a keen follower of Argyle A.F.C. and his presence will be sadly missed. Mr. Pierce was the life and soul of the Tamar Social Club and had been Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer. He played a good game of billiards and represented the club in nearly every match. He served in the Army during the War in France, Belgium and Salonika. Mr. Pierce had not enjoyed good health for some time past, but was a most conscientious worker. Our most sincere sympathies are extended to his widow and family.



The Wine Stores, Dartmouth Road, Paignton, were again in the prize list for the Window Display Contest, and we congratulate both Mr. R. F. Gooch and Miss G. Elliott on the success. The windows at these Wine Stores are always attractive and the above photograph is of but one of the good displays. We are proud of the appearance of the windows of this Off Licence.

Navy Week this year attracted very large numbers and the attendance record was very nearly broken. "Jack" was in his glory shewing the many visitors around and explaining "some" of the movements of "Our Royal Navy." If cameras were permitted many would have been the pictures depicting the serious and humorous groups of young and old interested in the marvellous displays.

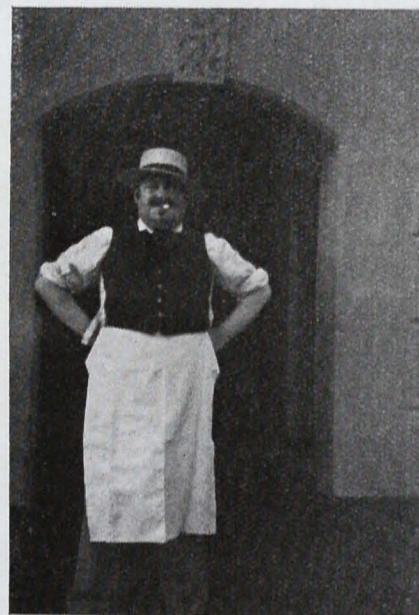
The Dockyard employees had their annual holiday during Navy Week.

A very pleasant trip was made from the Swan Hotel, Cornwall Beach, Devonport, when Mr. and Mrs. Sorrell took a number of their friends on a tour of Cornwall, including Liskeard, Bodmin and Newquay, and finished up the day at Brentor and Plymouth.



The Party.

Mr. Sorrell and his friends were delighted at the conviviality existing at the Hop Leaf Houses and the many hotels and inns who stock the Hop Leaf brands. They certainly look a very cheery crowd and from information received they undoubtedly had a most enjoyable day.



Mr. Keith-Gillon.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith-Gillon were successful at Bodmin Carnival when their tableaux earned for them a prize. The tableaux was most excellently arranged and advertised the Simonds' products obtainable at the Garland Ox Inn, Bodmin, as will be seen by the photo. The barman is none other than "Keith" in his carnival attire. Bodmin is on the main London to Lands End road, and Cornwall has had more visitors than ever this year. We hope our Reading friends will never pass the door—they will be sure of a very cheery welcome when they call.

The Hop Leaf Dart Club of the Dartmouth Inn, Newton Abbot, held their annual outing on the 18th July when they took coach to Ivybridge for breakfast. After an enjoyable repast the party journeyed to Plymouth. At the famous Mayflower Steps they were met by a motor launch which took them for a very welcome trip to view the Flying Boats under Mount Batten. They then proceeded via the Dockyard up the beautiful river Tamar, not failing to make a call for lunch at the Royal Oak Inn at Cargreen, where the Host and Hostess (Mr. and Mrs. G. Billingham) were happy to welcome Mr. F. A. V. Magner and his friends to partake of Simonds' ales. The photograph below was taken in the garden of the Royal Oak. After a topping lunch the "Skipper" made for Weir Head—and then back to join the motor coach at Calstock, thence across gorgeous Dartmoor, having made good work of an appetising dinner at the Railway Hotel, Princetown, which they all enjoyed. Then home after a day, the memories of which will long remain.



A supper was held on the following Tuesday to finish the celebrations of a most successful year. Mrs. Magner was the recipient of a handsome watch, subscribed for by the members as a mark of appreciation for what she had done for them.

MALTA.

MR. THOMAS J. PATERSON, THE ROSE AND CROWN, FLORIANA.

Having recently received a collection of snaps from Malta, we reproduce several of more than ordinary interest, as they portray Mr. Thomas J. Paterson, that highly esteemed and popular

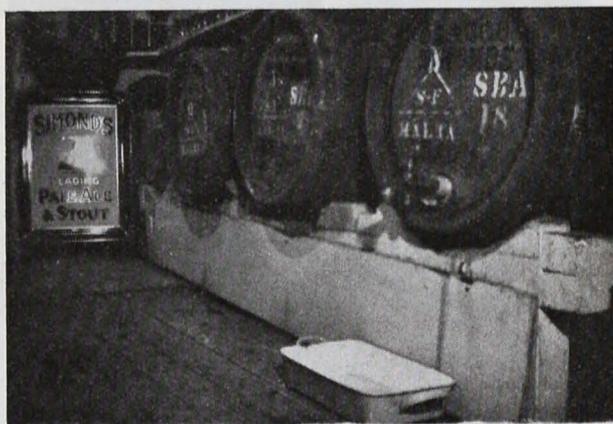


Outside the Rose and Crown, Floriana.

personage without whom Malta would be sadly incomplete. Appropriately standing on Mr. Paterson's right hand is his only son, a wonderful helper in the business of the house.



Bar in the Rose and Crown.



In cellar cool at the Rose and Crown.

The photographs shew Mr. Paterson, as well as interior and exterior views of his well-known house, the Rose and Crown, which is a veritable landmark of Malta and is patronized by Servicemen of all ranks. In short, it is a sort of club and meeting place for seamen coming from all parts of the earth to whom Mr. Paterson extends a hearty welcome.



Photograph of fountain opposite the Rose and Crown, Floriana.

The wonderful statue facing the Rose and Crown is often the subject of Mr. Paterson's letters to friends in distant lands, whom he cordially invites to view the sculpture from the balcony. One of his notes is appended and contains a translation of the inscription which appears in Latin on the base of the statue, according to our correspondent :—

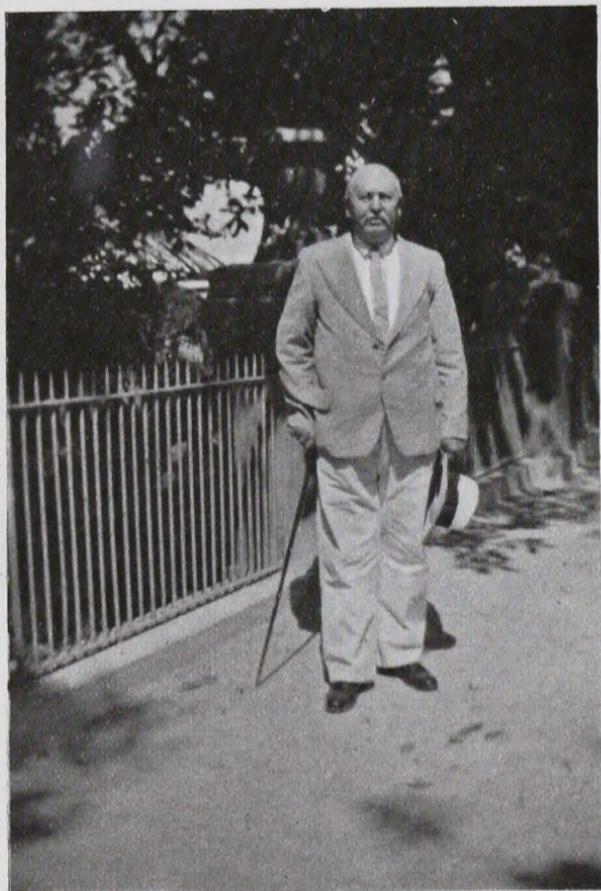
“To those who reside near the town (Valletta), His Eminence Grand Master Antonio Manoel de Vilhena, out of the respect that he had for the people, offered to them the suburb (Floriana), and ordered to be built this Fountain in the Year 1728, in Piazza Saint Anna opposite the ROSE AND CROWN, which was built by the men who made the seven stars.”

“If you don't visit the ROSE AND CROWN, Floriana, you miss the cream of the world's production.—Proprietor Tom Paterson.”

“Simonds and Simonds-Farsons Ltd. Ales and Stout.”

“Always on draught and in bottle.”

“YOU WANT THE BEST, WELL : I HAVE IT.”



Mr. Tom Paterson.

With the snaps we received a letter stating that Mr. Paterson has challenged Mr. Henry Harding to a walking match from Citta Vecchia to Floriana, a distance of six miles, starting at 3 p.m. when the summer heat is at 120° Fah. The challenge is accompanied by a wager that the race will cure Mr. Harding's attacks of gout.