

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

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MR. H. J. TIMMS.

## MR. H. J. TIMMS.

Mr. H. J. Timms, whose portrait fills our front page this month, is Manager of our Oxford and District Branches. Joining the staff of Oxford Branch in April, 1893, when our main office for the city was at 30, Queen Street, Mr. H. J. Timms rose, step by step, to the position of Manager in February, 1926, after occupying the post of Chief Clerk for about twenty years, thus having spent the whole of his service at one Branch. This is a record which he alone holds amongst serving Managers. The advantage of such long residence and association in trade circles in the University town has been proved by the continued progress and consolidation of our business which have been brought about by Mr. Timms since he assumed the management of the Firm's interests in this important City. Under his supervision are a large number of tied and off-licensed houses, the conduct of which requires special knowledge of licensing matters. That the position occupied by Mr. Timms is an important one is evidenced by the wide area which is served from this centre, viz., Oxfordshire, adjacent parts of Berkshire, Gloucestershire, Northants, Warwickshire and even as far as Cheshire. These districts are all supervised from the chief Oxford office at 67 and 68, High Street. Mr. Timms is also responsible for the management of a sub-Branch at 1, Cowley Road, Oxford.

It may be due to Mr. Timms' zeal for his work that he is "still single," or perhaps to his being already wedded to music, in which art he is known to a large and appreciative circle as an accomplished pianist. He plays on a Bechstein and especially delights in accompanying songs. His favourite composers are Schumann and Brahms, of which masters of music he is a worthy interpreter. Had he chosen music as a profession he might have gone far—further, in fact, than Oxford. Such is his innate modesty in his art that he has never appeared in public except, as he whimsically remarks, at the Brewster Sessions, etc. He is an extraordinary member of the Oxford University Musical Club and Union. He has lately fallen a victim to the gramophone and has a marked preference for records of orchestral and chamber music.

It is consistent with his artistry that Mr. Timms' outdoor recreation should find expression in long rambles and photography in the Cotswolds, where some of the finest scenic beauty and old-world villages of historical and legendary interest are to be found.

## EDITORIAL.

## TWO YEARS OF AGE!

Last month I was privileged to publish an exceedingly kind letter from the Mayor of Reading concerning THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE which has just celebrated the second anniversary of its birth. Now I have received an equally gratifying message from Mr. E. M. Tull, the *doyen* of local journalists. He writes as follows:

BERKSHIRE CHRONICLE,  
Reading: 17 & 19, Valpy Street.

October 6th, 1928.

To the Editor.  
Sir,

May I have the pleasure of offering my congratulations on the anniversary of your bright and vivacious journal. As I have seen every number and as I know something of the difficulties which have faced the Editor in his task, I can speak with all the more confidence of the skill with which each succeeding issue has been compiled, and the success with which an old journalistic colleague has kept his readers entertained.

Will you allow me to add that one of the happiest recollections of 37 years in Reading journalism is the unflinching courtesy and kindness received from Mr. Eric Simonds, whose cheery greeting always acts as a tonic. Nor can one forget the many excellent qualities of his charming wife.

May your journal have many flourishing anniversaries, and always preserve its freshness and gaiety.

Yours sincerely,

ERNEST M. TULL, *News Editor*,  
*Fellow of the Institute of Journalists.*

## WHAT THE "READING STANDARD" SAYS.

The *Reading Standard* contains the following appreciative notice:—

THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.—Birthday congratulations are due to THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, which this month celebrates the second anniversary of its establishment, and we add our own felicitations to the many which have been received by the Editor of our newsy and sparkling contemporary. Since its inception the GAZETTE has month by month furnished its readers with a comprehensive description of the varied business and social activities of the well-known firm of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, and its rapidly increasing circulation is a convincing proof of the ability and enterprise displayed by all associated with its production.

## NEVER A SQUARE DEAL.

"This (Pussyfoot) crew jars on my English nerves," says Mr. C. J. Cutcliffe-Hyne, the creator of 'Captain Kettle.' "Like the ecclesiastical persecutors of the past, they hate freedom, and anything that smacks of the Briton getting back even part of his lost birthright in the direction of drinking brings all their nimblest wits into action in a moment. The favourite quarry of this thumb-screw tribe is undoubtedly the licensed victualler, who works under extreme difficulty. He is the most-interfered-with business man in these islands (Great Britain). Every parasite in the country, from the local tax-gatherer to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, puts out a greedy paw for a rake-off from his profits. The licensee never gets a square deal."

## THAT OLD-WORLD COURTESY.

In another page is given a photograph and description of the stall which Messrs. H. & G. Simonds had at the Reading Industries Exhibition. In *The Biscuit*, a little daily paper run in connection with the Exhibition, the following complimentary notice concerning our firm appeared:—

"Of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., many pleasant things could be said. The firm retains in its dealings something of that courtesy which we regretfully call 'old-fashioned,' and which is too often absent in modern business relations. Not that the methods of the firm are old-fashioned. By no means, for if there is a better way of doing things H. & G. S. are always ready to hear of it."

Their wares also travel through the world, and it has often been said that the battles of the British Army have been won by Simonds' Ale, which may be true enough when one remembers the extent of their Army contracts, and the excellence of the quality."

## ANGLING.

At the time of writing not a great many fish are being landed though a number of nice dace have been tempted with elderberries. What I cannot understand is that the Office Staff have not met with more success, considering the amount of "ledger-ing" they are doing! Talking of fishing reminds me of a sad omission for which I was responsible one day. From Cawston's I pulled a fishing punt right up to the Hardwicke reach, well above Maple Durham Lock. I got the boat into position at a likely-looking spot and was putting my tackle together when I remembered that I had left my lines hanging up in the garden to dry at home. No Messrs. Bradley & Son, Ltd., absolutely refuse to print what I said

## CUCKOO!

From the little I have learned about birds, I was always under the impression that the cuckoo left these shores in July. But a cuckoo was actually heard in Reading in October and an authoritative article on the subject, under the heading "Another Nature Note"—tell us *another!*—appears on another page.

## A CHARMING TABLEAU VIVANT.

Mr. Eric Simonds tells me that just outside a window of his residence at Wokingham he has a bed of cosmea which is regularly visited by goldfinches, those beautiful birds which are as sprightly in their habits as they are brilliant in their colouring. It must be a charming sight to watch these goldfinches picking out the flower seeds with their sharp beaks so well adapted to the purpose. Mr. Simonds says that the birds are only a few yards from his window. Perhaps sometimes he approaches too close and then off they go like big butterflies! Goldfinches are generally very tame and while feeding seem to take it for granted that no one will molest them. The ancient Greek name for goldfinch is *Acanthis* and Pliny tells us the bird bears animosity against no living creature but the donkey, a beast which eats the flowers of thistles and so deprives the goldfinch of its favourite food.

## A GOOD "DOUBLE."

One not unfrequently hears of double-yolked eggs, but Mr. J. Wadhams had something even more substantial than this for breakfast the other day, for when he cut off the top of his egg, lo and behold, inside was another egg, complete, shell and all! Though, of course, he did not consume the shells, he thoroughly enjoyed his "double." The eggs evidently contained the right vitamins, for while batting for the Brewery in the afternoon Mr. Wadhams hit a ball so hard that eight runs were made off this one drive.

## ACCIDENT TO MR. WILKINSON.

I am glad to learn that Mr. Arthur Wilkinson, one of the Firm's chauffeurs, is making good progress. On September 8th, while riding home to Rutland, he was involved in a collision when his right leg was fractured and he received other injuries. Mr. Wilkinson is an excellent dancer and a very active political worker, while his other good qualities have won for him many friends who sincerely sympathise with him in his misfortune.

## THE VICAR AND HIS "BIER."

A good story in connection with the Army manoeuvres in Sussex is sent by our Brighton correspondent. It concerns a village church, somewhere in West Sussex, and a detached company of the 4th Guards Brigade. The Guards found themselves some distance from the cookers when the night meal was due, and some guardsmen were detailed to trek back for about six "dixies" of hot soup. They discovered a labour-saving vehicle in the churchyard and were soon back with the rations. A little later, an irate Vicar drove up to the Company and demanded to know where his bier was. All knowledge of stealing any "beer" was stoutly denied, but light dawned upon the officer when the ecclesiastic described the missing article as his "wheeled hand bier." The troops had wheeled the bier to the cookers and trundled back several black dixies upon it. Needless to say, apologies were immediately forthcoming, and the bier was soon returned, little the worse for its adventure.

## MISS GOUGH'S ENGAGEMENT.

The following interesting news appeared recently in the *Berkshire Chronicle* :—

The engagement is announced between Reginald H. Mullin (of Calcutta), elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Mullin, of Denmark Road, Reading, and Evelyn, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Gough, The Ridges, Christchurch Road, Reading.

Miss Gough is a well-known County lawn tennis player and her many good qualities of heart and mind have won for her heaps of friends. Her future husband is the brother of our Mr. Mullin of the Hythe Brewery, and the more you know him the better you like him. All wish them both every happiness.

## MANY VERY HAPPY RETURNS!

On October 6th our venerable Chairman, Mr. G. Blackall-Simonds, attained the age of 85, while Mr. Fred Simonds celebrated his seventieth birthday on October 12th. Many happy returns!

## GOOD ADVICE.

There is a good deal of influenza about and people suffering from colds should be careful to sneeze and cough into their handkerchiefs, refrain from kissing, and avoid too much smoking. Doctors advise people who wish to escape influenza to also stop worrying and keep away from crowds. As to keeping away from crowds, you might do worse than have a day's fishing. There is not a more restful recreation, while you are bound to get an abundance of fresh air. The great thing is to keep your feet dry.

## WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS?

No one knows better than an Editor how easy it is to make a *faux pas* from a grammatical point of view. It is equally easy to make a slip regarding actual facts. I wonder how many of my readers can tell me what is wrong with the following sentence :—

A lady, who was of a provocative turn of mind, teased a wasp until he stung her.

*Answer on back page.*

## "A VERY GALLANT GENTLEMAN."

In the above words the Borough Member (Mr. H. G. Williams) very aptly described the late Sir Stewart Abram, for he was indeed "gallant" in his fight against a terrible handicap, while even his strongest political opponents readily admitted that he was always a gentleman. His wonderful work for the community, his indomitable courage, his charm of manner and his absolute sincerity in all he said and did were among some of the fine qualities that made him beloved by all and his death is a distinct loss to the life of our town. Just before he passed over he was made a Freeman of the Borough. He had formerly been Knighted by the King of England and now, we doubt not, he has received the "Well done!" from the King of Kings.

## LEST WE FORGET!

It was on November 11th, 1927, that the Prince of Wales uttered these memorable words :—

"It is now a day of remembrance. If we are to save ourselves and those who come after us from a renewal in an even more frightful form of all that we suffered in the Great War, we must in every action, in everyday conversation, even in our very thoughts, seek peace and ensue it. . . . If we have a duty to the dead, we have also a duty to the living."

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Isaac and his son were in a picture palace.

"Fader," cried little Abe, "I'm so hot. Will you buy me a drink of lemonade?"

"No, my boy," said Isaac; "wait until the interval."

The boy was not satisfied and soon repeated his request for a cooling drink.

"No," said Isaac again, "wait until the interval, and I'll tell you a ghost story that will make you go cold all over."

## THE LATE MR. THOMAS BENHAM.

## DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL WINDOW.

The late Mr. Thomas Benham was for a quarter-of-a-century Messrs. Simonds' representative in Farnborough, etc., and is probably remembered by some of the older members of the firm, although he has now been dead 37 years.

In Holy Trinity Church, Aldershot, there was recently unveiled the beautiful window placed in the south side, by members of the family, in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Benham, who were for many years members of the Church. The window, which consists of three lights, expresses in symbolic form the characteristic christian virtues of patience or endurance, faith and peace.

The window was unveiled and dedicated by the Rev. T. H. Senior, Rector of Buriton, near Petersfield, and a former Vicar of Holy Trinity, who in the course of his sermon said he never knew Mr. Benham. As to Mrs. Benham, who survived her husband more than 35 years, his chief memory of her was one of indomitable courage and cheerfulness. To her faith she added fortitude which made light of crippling disability. To her wonderful self-control she added a marvellous patience, to her godliness a great charity. With a noble determination as long as she was able, she insisted on being wheeled to Church and up the aisle, where her chair was placed under the lectern.

The members of the family present were Mr. and Mrs. Reed Blake (son-in-law and daughter) and Miss Reed Blake (grand-daughter), Mr. T. R. Benham, Mr. F. C. Benham, Miss E. M. Benham, Miss J. S. Benham, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Trodd (son-in-law and daughter), Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Reed Blake and their daughter (the latter a great-granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Benham), F. G. B. Trodd (grandson) and Mr. P. A. Wiley.

## THE HIGH SHERIFF.

## DINNER TO THE WOKINGHAM CORPORATION.

The High Sheriff of Berkshire (Mr. F. A. Simonds) gave a dinner to the Mayor and Corporation and officials of the Borough of Wokingham and other guests in the Town Hall, Wokingham, on Saturday, October 20th.

Among those present were:—The Mayor (Alderman Eustace), Aldermen M. Blake, E. C. Hughes, W. T. Martin, J.P., A. E. Priest, Councillors F. J. Barrett, H. E. Bennett, F. E. Chapman, H. F. Curl, B. J. Fuller, J. S. Goadby, W. G. Jefferies, C. Mansfield, F. S. Perkins, E. W. Reeves, J. E. Thorpe, E. Ward, J. Webb, E. S. Whaley, G. C. Wilson. Corporation officials: town clerk, Mr. H. J. Elliston Clifton; borough surveyor, Mr. C. W. Marks; and

rate collector, Mr. A. E. Hall; the captain of the Wokingham Fire Brigade, Mr. W. B. Martin; the police superintendent, Mr. R. Goddard; the postmaster, Mr. W. C. Lucas; the C.O. Special Constables, Capt. C. R. P. Henderson; the commandant British Legion, Sir Walter Cayley; Territorial officer, Lieut. G. Spencer Ford; the station master, Mr. J. A. Goodden; the Corporation treasurer, represented by Mr. A. Winlove; the clerk to Wokingham Charities, Mr. J. H. Byard; the Vice-Chairman Forest Division Bench, Col. F. G. Barker, M.F.H.; the Chief Constable of Berkshire, Col. A. F. Poulton; the Under Sheriff of Berkshire, Mr. W. C. Blandy; the clerk to the County Council, Mr. H. J. C. Neobard; the Rev. B. Long, Major A. C. Hughes, Major J. H. Simonds, Capt. A. S. Drewe, Mr. F. W. Neale, Capt. Washington, Mr. C. Bennett.

The High Sheriff occupied the chair, and after a *recherché* repast the toast list was: "The King" and "The Royal Family," proposed by the Chairman; "The Mayor and Corporation and officials of the Borough of Wokingham," proposed by the Chairman, and responded to by the Mayor; and "The High Sheriff," proposed by the Deputy-Mayor (Alderman Moses Blake), and responded to by Mr. Simonds.

Music was provided by Mrs. Patricia Gallagher (soprano), Mr. W. Crumplin Hill (baritone), and Mr. T. C. Sterndale-Bennett (entertainer at the piano), whilst a trio consisting of Mr. H. Harvey (pianist), Mr. F. C. Davis (violinist) and Mr. R. Cheyney (cellist) played during dinner.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

MUSICAL HOST (to friend who has been invited to dinner):  
"Would you like a sonata before dinner, old man?"

FRIEND (not at all musical): "Well, I don't mind. I had a couple on my way here but I think I can stand another."

The division was having manœuvres for the benefit of visitors' day and everything was being let loose at once. A pretty girl was eagerly watching the performance when a rifle volley crashed out. With a surprised scream she fell back into the arms of a young corporal who was standing just behind her. "Oh, beg your pardon," she gasped, blushing, "I was frightened by the rifles." "Quite alright," replied the corporal. Then he added hopefully, "Let's go over and watch the heavy artillery for a while."

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

The best spectacles are those that help us to see the other fellow's point of view.

Above the cloud with its shadow is the star with its light.

In the land of promise a man may die of hunger.

A carper will cavil at anything.

In the meanest hut there is romance if you know the hearts there.

Encouragement after censure is as the sun after a shower.

Man should let alone other's prejudices and examine his own.

A crow's nae whiter for being washed.

Generosity is the flower of justice.

In the denial of self is the beginning of all that is truly generous and noble.

Our hoard is little but our hearts are great.

Soft words win hard hearts.

What is religion? Compassion for all things that have life.

The dawn shall be gay with the song of the birds ;  
And the stir of fluttering wings—  
Surely the joy of life is hid  
In simple and tender things.

We might all do more than we have done  
And not be a whit the worse  
It never was loving that emptied the heart  
Not giving that emptied the purse.

## READING INDUSTRIES EXHIBITION.

H. & G. SIMONDS' STALL.

The Reading Industries Exhibition, held in the Town Halls the first week in October was a great success and was attended by many thousands of people. Messrs. H. & G. Simonds had a stall close to the entrance of the Large Town Hall and this was the centre of much attention and numerous inquiries.

*The Biscuit*, that newsy and cleverly compiled little daily paper run as the official organ of the Exhibition, thus describes our stall :—

H. & G. SIMONDS.

The opening ceremony over, those in charge of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. stall were quickly bombarded with a thousand and one questions concerning the exhibits, while young and old alike evinced the greatest interest in the story of how the beer was brewed. The excellent sample of hops—and Simonds only use the best—was also the centre of much attraction. Hundreds of people took handfuls, carefully examined the hops, and dropped them back—it was indeed the “fall of the leaf!” Then as many more nibbled at the malt and expressed their greatest approval of the excellence of the flavour. As to the literature there was a tremendous demand for this from all classes of the community, and thousands have since read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested the excellent information therein contained. The one disappointment appeared to be the absence of free samples of H. & G. Simonds' famous brands. But had these been given away the whole of the Town Hall would not have been large enough to accommodate those desiring these wholesome forms of refreshment.

The evergreen jugs at either end of the stall were, from an imaginary point of view, kept in constant use, but the general complaint was that they did not hold enough. “Ever green!” exclaimed one old customer, “Why so long as life lasts, we shall strive to keep green the memory of your great firm and their famous beverages!”

The stall is very artistic, in excellent taste, and none is proving more popular.



H. &amp; G. SIMONDS' STALL.

## A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.)

It was years ago—more years than I care to remember—when I served my apprenticeship in the gentle art of angling and below I give a true story of a day I spent on the Kennet at Padworth.

My day's fishing in the Thames was a pronounced failure and I was advised to try some private water, being assured that it abounded with pike, perch, roach and dace.

I went, entertaining high hopes as to substantially increasing the food supply of the country.

My ardour was, however, somewhat damped by the fact that it took me half-a-day to catch one bait with which to try for pike and when I was fixing that to my jack tackle the lively little fish gave a leap and regained its liberty.

I then tried spinning with an artificial bait. The first cast was quite in order and the bait flew to the exact spot at which I aimed. At the second attempt, I stepped on the line at the psychological moment and the bait came whizzing back full in my face.

Determined not to be beaten, I persevered and certainly improved—to such an extent that eventually I cast so strongly that the spoon sped away into an overhanging branch on the other side of the river. And there it remained for days, a testimony to the price which the inexperienced angler has to pay.

My next move was to try for perch. I attached a red wriggling worm to a fair-sized hook and tried the deep holes under trees. I had been thus engaged for about an hour when, with lightning suddenness, my float disappeared. I was so taken by surprise that I struck with sufficient force to break a cart rope. The result was that I lost the fish, my gut trace, float and all.

Having had enough of the perch for the time being, I fetched my camp stool and settled down to roach fishing with gentles. Many a time my float sailed gaily down that swim without even the sign of a nibble, and then I had a bite! I struck—gently this time—and landed, not a plump pound roach, but a minnow, about an inch long. But despite its size, the fish was beautifully marked and much like a miniature mackerel.

As I was studiously watching my float, hoping for bigger things, a friendly voice behind me said: "Had any bites Mister?" I informed him concerning my "bag," whereupon he added: "Well, if you 'aven't 'ad any bites as yet, you jolly soon will if you stays there, for you are sitting right on top of a wasps' nest!"

I shifted "according to plan" and still wonder how it was that not one wasp stung me.

After landing several more minnows, I went one better in bringing to the bank a fine, fat gudgeon. This I attached to snap-tackle and threw out in a likely-looking eddy for a pike.

The shades of night were falling fast and I was just thinking of packing up my traps when, with a whir-r-r-r, whir-r-r-r-r, the line ran out from my winch and I knew that a pike had taken my bait. I struck with sufficient force to drive the hook well home and then the fun began. Time and again I got that fish within a foot of my net, when off he went lashing the water with his tail. My heart was beating nineteen to the dozen and I was in a bath of perspiration when, eventually, I landed what to me, at any rate, was the catch of the season, a pike of 6½ lbs.

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"Had any luck?" asked my companion in the train as I was homeward bound. "Just a few" I replied nonchalantly. "Any good ones?" he enquired. "This is about the best," I said as, with pride, I showed him my prize.

I took pretty good care not to inform him that the remainder of my catch consisted of one gudgeon and three minnows, to say nothing of the tackle I lost!

#### ANOTHER NATURE NOTE.

I am sure we have all read with much interest the very enjoyable articles contributed every month by "C.H.P." under the heading of "A Nature Note," in which he has related many unusual happenings while he has been out in the open country. Perhaps he will think it is rather forward of me to encroach upon his pet subject, and perhaps after he has read this little article he may be a little doubtful as to my *bona fides*. Just as a warning to those who might have started reading this, I ought to explain that this is my first (and possibly the Editor will say it is my last) contribution to THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, and knowing nothing about "Nature," I am going to write upon that subject.

Now to business—I am going to tell you of a rather strange and, perhaps, unusual happening that I heard quite recently. Before I go any further, I will tell you what it was. I heard a Cuckoo in October, just as the shades of night were falling, or, to be more accurate, as the shades of night had fallen!

I know some of you will dismiss this incident with a shrug of the shoulders and others will just doubt whether it ever happened at all, but I assure you it did.

It occurred as I was walking along a road which has an avenue of trees either side of it and is well known to many of us who frequent the South of Reading. It was a glorious night; a

half-moon, set in a myriad of brilliant shining stars, was almost overhead and there was just that sufficient nip in the air to make one walk with a swing. Everything was so quiet and peaceful and I was just thinking what a wonderful night it was, when to my great astonishment I heard a "cuckoo." The call was a bit faint, but nevertheless it was quite distinct. I was so surprised that I stood rooted to the spot and could hardly believe my own ears, when once more I heard that faint "cuckoo." I think, for the moment, I was surprised at my own astonishment as I stood there and listened to this almost uncanny sound so late at night.

Surely "C.H.P." has not heard this bird so late in the year as I did!

Having slowly got over my surprise, I once more went on my way with, perhaps, a slight grin upon my face, as I was not a sadder but certainly a wiser man, and now I really think I ought to tell you the reason for this.

Well, after hearing the "cuckoo" once, I heard it another ten times and thought it was time I made my way home with the only consolation of knowing that someone in their house, not far from the road and standing in the shadows of the trees, had a jolly fine Cuckoo Clock.

J.P.

#### THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A bull entered a public-house in Dumfries recently. There is, however, no truth in the statement that he approached the customers and offered to toss them for drinks.

"Pass farther down the car, please," cried the tram conductor.

"Sorry we can't," said a girlish voice, "the old man's too heavy."

The angry diner called the waiter. "Waiter," he said, "there's a dead fly in my soup. And it's not the first time that it's happened either." The waiter looked sympathetic. "Ah, poor things," he murmured, "it's boiling as kills 'em!"

One is inclined to sympathise with Australians who object to their national flower, the Wattle, being called Mimosa. Wattle is a good word, and "Whattle you have?" a homely, hospitable question.

## A GREAT THOUGHT.

*It is often said, when a man's defects or a woman's failings are discussed: "Well you can't expect them to be angels. We've all of us got faults."*

*That none of us is thoroughly good is true enough, but we ought to remember the reverse of this. It is more important to bear in mind, yet it is frequently forgotten, that no one is thoroughly bad.*

*In all of us, if the right chord is struck, if the necessary word is spoken, good feeling can be aroused; if we know how to stir it, honest, noble emotion can be stirred.*

*All whose business has taken them amongst criminals, all whose kind hearts and sense of comradeship have made them befriend "wrong 'uns," know that there is always in hardened wrong-doers some streak of character which compels liking and even respect.*

*It isn't always easy to find. Only the sympathetic, the understanding nature can find it. But it is always latent. Even Bill Sikes was fond of his dog.*

*If we were as ready to look for the good in bad people as we are to search out what is bad in good people, we could shut up half our gaols.*

## SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

Most of us probably have been celebrating recently, either in Church, consciousness or garner, the Harvest Home Thanksgiving, when we have contemplated the wonder of the earth's gift of increase and promise in many ways and from many angles, but perhaps we are rather too apt to regard "Harvest" as being at some specific season of the year, whereas every day is seed time and every day is harvest. Every day the farmer is reaping the fruits of something he planted at some time of the year, and the sowing of one crop may actually take place the same day as the harvesting of another—the harvest, therefore, is the complement of the sowing; there cannot be the one without the other.

So in life, each day sees the fruition of a previous sowing; to-day we reap what we sowed yesterday; to-morrow we shall reap what we are sowing to-day. Moreover, we reap the *kind* of crop which we have sown; if we sowed onions we need not expect to reap orchids; if we sow kindness and courtesy we shall reap love and attractiveness.

And so because like begets like and because we are made in the image and likeness of the Divine, we are *bound* to revert to

type despite all that the false teachers of the past have taught us. No matter how far we may have wandered in ignorance and mistakes, there is always the comforting thought that because the Great Sower sowed the divine seed in us to begin with, we cannot help *ultimately* bringing forth fruit unto everlasting life.

A little grain of wheat was held intact in a tomb far away from all germinating condition in the hand of a mummy and for three thousand years the life in that seed was held in abeyance and the harvest of wheat, the potentiality of the bread of life, was suspended. Then came a hand, a voice which called it forth and placed it in the earth with the right conditions of soil, sunshine and shower, and lo! the exact type of the life preserved promptly and faithfully came forth, manifesting the properties with which the Perfect Principle of Good had endowed it "in the beginning" when the earth was invited to "bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind whose seed is in itself."

Another similar instance on record is that of a lady who discovered some tiny seeds in the hands of a mummy some five thousand years old; she planted and tended them and in due time Morning Glories came forth! For five thousand years life, with all its possibilities of colour, sweetness and beauty lay dormant in those tiny seeds—what comforting hopes then regarding the resurrection of our own lives!

There is another very arresting thought in the contemplation of the Harvest, which is, that if the sum total of our daily actions represents "the fruit whose seed is in itself," it is surely a great responsibility to each one to see that this "seed" is good seed, capable of producing the fruit of self-sacrifice, service and devotion to our fellows. Equipped for the job of life with that dignified heritage of a like image with his Creator, man's resources are always more than equal to the task in hand and when once he realises that this source of power and knowledge is *within* himself, he learns to depend upon it and becomes master of all his conditions; he can always control these forces because there is no higher or greater power to nullify his endeavours since this Spirit is the ego of man himself.

E.M.D.F.

## AN APPRECIATION.

"G.B.C." writes as follows:—I feel interested in the contributions signed "E.D.M.F." There is great spiritual perception and fine literary and artistic sense in these studies which should (presently) deserve a larger reading public.

## MESSRS. H. &amp; G. SIMONDS' HUGE TANK LORRY.

This six-ton lorry and trailer which will carry 1,800 gallons of beer has just been obtained by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd. The containers on the lorry and trailer have a capacity of 20 and 30 barrels (36 gallons) each respectively and are copper lined. The vehicle is to be used chiefly for conveying beer to London.

It is just one item in the firm's wonderful transport system so ably organized by Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N.



## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Then you deny," said the magistrate, "that you were rude to the policeman when he asked to see your licence?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the motorist. "All I said was that from what I could see of him, I was sure his wife would be happier as a widow."

"My husband mean? He has worn the same Alexandra rose every rose day for years."—A woman at Thames Court.

A witness in a London police court a few days ago said: "I had a cup of tea, but I did not have anything to drink."

A Yorkshire sexton has tolled the bell at funerals for thirty years. What a knell of a life.

## THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

No. 12.



MR. HENRY SMART, of The London Tavern, Broad Street, Reading.

(BY C.H.P.)

The subject of my sketch this month is Mr. Henry Smart, landlord of The London Tavern, Broad Street, Reading. Smart by name and nature, our good friend was formerly a prominent figure in the athletic world, excelling both with his fists and his feet. As a boxer he won the 7st. Championship of Berks, Oxon, Bucks and Wilts, while as a runner he was responsible for many fine performances in the mile and half-mile events.

Mr. Smart has been a licensee for over thirty years. He was at one time the steward of a well-known London Club. Then, coming to Reading, he was landlord of The Bell, London Street,

which is now defunct. For eleven years he has been the landlord of The London Tavern, where his courtesy to all customers is highly appreciated. Nothing seems too much trouble to him so long as he can study the comfort and convenience of those visiting his house for refreshment, which is always of the best.

He is a member of the Reading Philanthropic Institution, takes a keen interest in everything appertaining to the welfare of the Trade, is always out to do a fellow man a kindness and is, in short, the embodiment of what is known as a "good sport."

In Mrs. Smart he possesses a splendid partner, who is as popular with the customers as is the landlord. She is Chairman of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Trade Defence League, where her well-known organizing abilities are of the greatest value.

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#### FAITH IN SIMPLE THINGS.

When I lies down to sleep at night, when I gets up at mornin',  
I thanks my luck for this dear land, the land that I were born in ;  
I love her for she's straight and true, she's always up and tryin'  
To make the world a better place for folks to live and die in ;  
'Tis that I think as makes her fine, that's somethin' worth achievin',  
And that's the land that's yours and mine,  
—the land that I believe in !

O' course, I know, some folks there be, that make me think and  
wonder,  
Why they do crow, when up they go, by pushin' others under ;  
But I believe in Love, you see, and that's a truth worth graspin',  
In lovin' eyes that look at me, in lovin' hands I'm claspin' ;  
So I don't care, how old I be, young days is past retrievin',  
For love is round me everywhere,  
—the love that I believe in !

Some folks, perhaps, may laugh at me, and call me antedated,  
And say my views are like my legs, worn out and antiquated ;  
For I believe in God, you see, whatever folks be tellin',  
I don't know how He came to be, or where He's got His dwellin' ;  
But though his face I never see, I know there's no deceivin',  
I know He's always close to me,  
—the God that I believe in !

F. E. WEATHERLY, K.C., who has just  
celebrated his eightieth birthday.

#### SOME ANCIENT SPOTS OF BERKSHIRE.

The romance of Berkshire may perhaps be well known to local readers, but to our friends farther away a short sketch of the history of some of the ancient halls and ruins which still exist may add to the interest should they pay any of them a visit, a visit which will be well repaid by a sight of the picturesque beauty of the county as well as by its royal fame.

First on the list of any description of old Berkshire palaces and halls must come Windsor Castle, which at some time or other everyone hopes to see. The whole history of it is wonderful reading and far too long to be entered on at any length in this article.

Originally a county palace of the Saxon Kings, after the Conquest William the Conqueror turned it into a fortress palace. Although it is doubtful if he used it much as a residence, Henry I. enlarged it in 1109. Edward I. and his Queen, Eleanor, seem to have been the first royal family to use it as a permanent abode and it became the scene of all the big chivalric tournaments of that day.

King John lay at Windsor when summoned to Runnymede to sign the Magna Charta. Windsor Castle owes all its glory to Edward III. who was born there. Up to his time it had only been a fortress. He built the Round Tower in 1315 and from that can be dated its grandeur and extent ; such as we see to-day.

The original of the famous Round Table around which used to sit the Knights of the Garter, came from the woods at Reading and records show that the Prior of Reading was paid £26 13s. 4d. for fifty-two oaks.

The famous St. George's Chapel is a sight which will live long in the memory. The choir, hung with the banners of the Knights of the Garter, each over its own stall, brings to the mind all the names that have made England, and one cannot leave without a sense of pride in these names, for only the truly great in service can enter this, the greatest and noblest order of chivalry the world has ever known.

Free access can be had to the State Apartments, a wonderful sight, not the least of which is the Waterloo room which for simple grandeur would be hard to beat.

Donnington Castle which stands about a mile from Newbury is of historical interest if only for the part it played during the Civil War. It was garrisoned by the King on the outbreak as it commanded the road from Newbury to Oxford. General Middleton, the commander of the Parliament forces, first attacked it in 1644, but was repulsed by the King's troops under a Captain Boys. After the second battle of Newbury, it was again defended by the

same officer who covered the King's retreat to Oxford. It was attacked this time by the Earl of Essex as fruitlessly as before, the Earl losing his life in the attempt. The remains of the entrenchments thrown up during the Civil War can still be traced, the evident strength of which will help to explain its successful defence. In the second battle of Newbury the King's troops were stationed at Shaw Place, and in the wainscot of a bow window used to be shown the mark of a bullet fired at the King whilst dressing.

Englefield House, or Manor, has a long history. It is one of the most ancient manorial residences in England and is claimed to have been settled three centuries before the Norman Conquest. Here in 871 was fought the battle of Æscendun between the Saxons, under Ethelwulf the Elder, or Alderman, of Berkshire, and the Danes, in which the invaders were defeated and their commanders slain.

As long ago as 1307 a Sir Roger Englefield was returned to Parliament as a Knight of the shire and another descendant was appointed Speaker of the first Parliament of King Henry VIII. The seat is now held by the Benyon family and its record of public service is well upheld by the head, who is Lord-Lieutenant of the County.

The little Church in the Park contains a number of notable monuments.

About ten miles north of Hungerford rises White Horse Hill. On its summit is a fine Roman Camp and the gate, ditch and mound can still be traced just as when the legions marched out, while running East to West is the famous road built by the Romans and known as the Ridgeway.

Descending the hill to the West, one comes to ground on which, perhaps, the history of England may have been changed. Here is the field on which the battle of Ashdown was fought and where King Alfred finally broke the power of the Danes and made England a Christian land.

After the battle at Englefield in 871, the Danes fell back on Reading where they were attacked by Alfred, but without success, so the Saxon forces withdrew along the ridgeway to White Horse Hill and there at Ashdown field gave battle and won England.

Tradition says that in honour of the victory, King Alfred caused the White Horse to be carved on the hillside and it still remains as a monument to his victory.

The Rev. Tom Hughes in his books has given a fine description of this part of the country and they are full of the folk-lore and traditions of the people who live around it.

Who has not read Tom Browne's Schooldays?

F.M.

## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

"Well, I think quite as good as usual! Don't you?" The Editor's query this and has reference to the last issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. Having received an affirmative answer, Mr. C. H. Perrin puts on that "Something attempted, something done" expression and then promptly reminds you to let him have your notes early for the next month.

I am told our circulation is steady and this has been attained without the aid of Insurance Benefits—when you're dead—Football coupons or articles such as "Colour Decorations for the Home," *i.e.*, how to make all the colours harmonise with say the "S.B." label on the bottle, that which keeps your boys at home on Winter nights.

Mr. C. G. Adams (Manager, Brighton Branch), I learn, manipulated the first typewriter used on the Firm. Was it an "Oliver"?

Page 11 of our last issue was headed "Our Ladies' Page." "God save the King." Did you notice it?

Overtime is still on with most of the Staff and the final "tug-of-war" will come very soon, when we all hope to hear that everything is balanced to the proverbial ha'penny and the "All Clear" sounded for another Financial Year. For a change, the Financial Year ended on the 29th September, so it has been "through the work of September 29th" instead of the usual "30th."

How many of the Firm's employees now study the "Stock Exchange" page of their daily newspaper?

Football with many Brewery enthusiasts is still an absorbing topic. What with new players being signed on—about two a day if rumours were relied on—and the team having won two home matches in succession, interest is on the up-grade. Although a very stern struggle lies ahead for the Club, with a few exceptions most of us think Reading will stop up in the Second Division of the League.

As Armistice Day will soon follow after the issue of this number, would it not be a good plan if all on the Brewery, Branches, &c., who served during the War, were to wear their medals for this day of days?

The end of the H. & G. Simonds Saving Association's present cycle (the seventh) will be on the 16th November and as newcomers will be welcomed, they should, if desirous of joining in the new cycle, which will also start on the above date, get in touch with

Mr. A. H. Hopkins (Correspondence Office), Hon. Secretary, who will be pleased to furnish them with all particulars and relieve them of any surplus cash for the aforesaid savings, and will guarantee to do this once a week.

The Reading Industries Exhibition held at the Town Hall was a great success and the Firm's exhibit much admired. The stand was in charge of the Firm's local "Knights of the Road," under the supervision of Mr. C. Bennett.

Met Mr. J. G. Hoile (late of the Branch Dept). In response to my greeting, stated he was feeling fairly well but that his old trouble was still with him. He mentioned he liked THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE very much (and read my notes), so you see our fame has spread to Tilehurst, where he resides.

Other Spoonerisms :—

"It is kisstomary to cuss the Bride."

"You are occupewing my pie."

Glad to see Mr. Joe Penn is still sticking it in spite of the changeable weather.

Mr. A. T. Walsh (Branch Dept.) resumed business after a nasty spell of "Flu" and is now much better.

Mr. S. J. Moore (Traveller) has had to undergo a slight operation on the ear and is recovering.

Sorry to say Mr. S. Murton, who has been in ill-health for a considerable while, is not likely to be back at business for a long spell. All wish him a speedy recovery to health.

"A.M.P." went "Hopping" whilst on holiday (see last issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE). Most of us go on holiday *hoping*—for the best.

W.D.

### OUR LADIES' PAGE.

We are now well into the season of Autumn, the season of fading flower and falling leaf, but above all the season which provides the richest colours in the world of nature and for that reason Autumn is to many, the most beautiful time of the year. Go for a walk in the country on a sunny day in October (and we have had many such this year) and you cannot fail to notice how wonderful and varied are the colours which meet the eye, colours

which are beyond the power of man to create, even in these days of marvellous art and skill. Here one sees a tree which still retains its deep green, but a little distance away is another in all the glory of a range of greens, reds and yellows, but yet never one colour clashing with another. And then, what a splendid spectacle the copper beech presents; at all times it is a tree of beauty, but especially so at this time of the year when it is almost impossible to determine the shade of its foliage. In the Autumn also, our thoughts turn to fruit gathering, apples, pears and many hedge fruits such as sloes, blackberries, &c., not forgetting nuts of various kinds. Often, too, the harvesting of corn does not take place until early Autumn, but this year owing to the dry and sunny Summer enjoyed in the south of England this harvesting was, for the chief part, accomplished in the late Summer. However, we usually find that apple picking is not finished until October as many varieties of this fruit are not sufficiently ripe for gathering ere this.

And yet one more beauty particular to this season which is very noticeable and that is the glorious rays of the sun which seem to bathe everything in a wonderful golden sheen and very different from the whiter rays of the Summer sun. To-day, as I write these lines this golden glow is particularly noticeable. After a heavy downpour of rain the previous evening we awake to meet all the splendours of an autumnal morning, with its sharp but pleasant tang in the air and the glorious sun above mentioned.

And as I crossed the river Thames on my way to business I could not help looking back across the river and noticing the exceptional beauty of the scene. There was the river in the foreground, backed by a sloping bank of trees and the grey tower of the Church nestling amongst them, a typical English scene pleasing to the eye.

M.P.

### THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A "temperance" reformer was visiting the prisoners at a famous gaol. "I suppose it was your craving for drink that brought you here?" he said to a particularly hard case.

"Oh, stow it, Mister!" said the convict, irritably. "Do I look the sort o' chap to mistake this kind o' place for a public-house?"

MODERN DAUGHTER: I heard a good joke to-day

MOTHER: What was it?

MODERN DAUGHTER: Wait till papa leaves the room.

## SOCIAL CLUB.

## A CONVIVIAL EVENING.

A very enjoyable evening was spent on Thursday, 25th October, when a Tournament of Games was held with the members of the Retailers' Society and their loyal supporters. Throughout the evening, conviviality reigned supreme. All present very much appreciated the company of Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds, also of Mr. C. Bennett and Mr. F. C. Hawkes. The result of the games reflects great credit on the visitors and a good deal of satisfaction. One may add that the victory was even a surprise to the Retailers.

We look forward to their return visit next February when an even greater surprise awaits them.

Mr. C. B. Duguid, Chairman of the Society, proposed a vote of thanks for the arrangements made which was seconded by Mr. J. T. Adams, Hon. Secretary of the Society, and supported by Mr. A. Froome and Mr. T. Lawrence.

An expression of appreciation was made of the able way in which the Steward and Stewardess (Mr. and Mrs. King) had carried out their strenuous duties during the evening and this was received with acclamation.

Below are the results of the games :—

## BILLIARDS.

<i>Social Club.</i>		<i>Visitors.</i>	
A. Howard	1	P. Breach	0
F. Braisher...	0	A. Smith	1
R. Clement...	1	T. Hanney	0
E. Taylor	0	C. Absolom...	1
S. V. Shea-Simonds	0	J. Smith	1
	2		3
	—		—

## SHOOTING.

<i>Social Club.</i>		<i>Visitors.</i>	
E. Champion	0	T. Hanney	1
H. Prater	1	F. Smith	0
H. James	1	F. Pilgrim	0
C. Chapman	1	G. Rose	0
	3		1
	—		—

## SINGLE CRIB.

<i>Social Club.</i>		<i>Visitors.</i>	
A. Barley	0	W. Pearce	1
F. Oliver	0	E. Benger	1
W. Sparks	0	T. Lawrence	1
E. Champion	0	A. Froome	1
A. Dalton	1	G. Davies	0
R. Stevens	0	A. Wheeler	1
S. Bird	0	A. Wheeler	1
	—		6
	1		—

## SNOOKER.

<i>Social Club.</i>		<i>Visitors.</i>	
A. Howard	0	A. Owens	1

## DOUBLE CRIB.

<i>Social Club.</i>		<i>Visitors.</i>	
A. Lake and R. Clement	... 1	A. Wheeler and F. Bargery	... 0
F. Adey and S. Whiting	... 0	E. Benger and H. Tucker	... 1
J. Benford and F. Braisher	... 1	F. Smart and W. Earles	... 0
G. Marsh and E. Palmer	... 1	F. Bargery and G. Smith	... 0
T. Osborne and E. Taylor	... 0	A. Duguid and T. Hanney	... 1
S. Bird and W. Bradford	... 0	J. T. Adams and A. Wheeler	... 1
W. Sparks and T. Stevens	... 0	C. B. Duguid and W. Smith	... 1
E. Taylor and F. Oliver	... 0	W. Pearce and G. Davies	... 1
	—		—
	3		5
	—		—

## DOMINOES.

<i>Social Club.</i>		<i>Visitors.</i>	
T. Osborne and B. Eymore	... 1	R. C. Bryant and G. Davies	... 0
S. Bird	... 1	W. Pearce	... 0
	—		—
	2		0
	—		—

## DARTS.

<i>Social Club.</i>		<i>Visitors.</i>	
E. Champion	... 1	F. Pilgrim	... 0
A. Lake	... 0	B. Rex	... 1
W. H. Wild	... 0	H. Hazell	... 1
B. Eymore and T. Stacey	... 1	R. Bryant and H. Hazell	... 0
A. Dalton	... 1	G. Davies	... 0
W. Sparks	... 1	C. Absolom	... 0
H. James	... 0	C. B. Duguid	... 1
F. Adey and S. Whiting	... 1	E. Benger and J. Wheeler	... 0
	—		—
	5		3
	—		—

## SHOVE HALFPENNY.

<i>Social Club.</i>		<i>Visitors.</i>	
C. Chapman	... 1	G. Rose	... 0
C. Chapman	... 1	C. B. Duguid	... 0
W. Wild	... 0	E. Turner	... 1
A. Lake	... 1	B. Rex	... 0
W. Sparks and R. Stevens	... 0	T. Lawrence and G. Lawrence	1
	—		—
	3		2
	—		—

## WHIST.

<i>Social Club.</i>		<i>Visitors.</i>	
F. Hawkes and W. Sparks	... 0	T. Lawrence and G. Lawrence	1
A. Lake and R. Clement	... 1	A. Wheeler and F. Bargery	... 0
S. Whiting and F. Adey	... 0	H. Tucker and W. Pearce	... 1
A. Middleton and J. Benford	0	W. Earles and H. Smart	... 1
T. Stacey and B. Eymore	... 0	A. Froome and A. Wheeler	... 1
G. Marsh and E. Palmer	... 1	F. Bargery and P. Breach	... 0
	—		—
	2		4
	—		—

VISITORS 25 points.

SOCIAL CLUB 21 points.

## DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

The Departmental Tournaments are now in full swing and each team has played off one match. Enthusiasm and interest are just as keen as ever.

Friday, 5th October, 1928.

CELLARS.				BUILDING.			
Games.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.	Name.
Billiards	G. Moss	1	W. Hinton	0			
"	J. Rumens	1	F. Ayling	0			
"	W. Curtis	0	C. Chapman	1			
Dominoes	W. Wheeler	0	F. Maynard	1			
"	H. Nickless	0	W. Bunting	1			
"	F. Mason	0	E. Tate	1			
Crib	J. Benford	0	B. Smith	1			
"	J. Holloway	1	J. Webb	0			
"	F. Simpkins	1	A. Barley	0			
Shove Halfpenny	E. Boshier	1	C. Dobson	0			
"	J. Kirk	1	P. Miles	0			
"	J. Gough	1	B. Eymore	0			
Darts	J. Wetherall	0	P. Miles	1			
"	T. Tame	default	W. Hinton	1			
"	A. Shiers	1	B. Eymore	0			
Shooting	J. Salisbury	1	B. Smith	0			
"	W. Kibble	0	A. Baldwin	1			
"	J. Jones	0	H. Mitchell	1			
		9		9			

Friday, 12th October, 1928.

REST.				COOPERS.			
Games.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.	Name.
Billiards	F. Braisher	1	C. Weller	0			
"	E. Palmer	0	R. Griffiths	1			
"	D. Luckett	0	W. Sparks	1			
Dominoes	H. Edington	0	T. Williams	1			
"	H. Stanbrook	1	H. Plant	0			
"	F. Collins	0	C. Latimer	1			
Crib	C. Thatcher	1	G. Kelly	0			
"	T. Osborne	1	C. Latimer	0			
"	S. Bird	1	A. Dolton	0			
Shove Halfpenny	T. Howells	0	F. Oliver	1			
"	A. Nash	0	A. Weight	1			
"	F. Boshier	0	G. Kelly Jnr.	1			
Darts	F. Shipton	0	A. Weight	1			
"	F. Cross	0	G. Kelly	1			
"	F. Jones	0	W. Sparks	1			
Shooting	J. Croft	0	F. Drury	1			
"	H. Prater	1	T. Bartholomew	0			
"	J. Cannon	1	H. Clement	0			
		7		11			

Friday, 19th October, 1928.

OFFICES.				TRANSPORT.			
Games.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.	Name.
Billiards	R. Broad	0	A. Dalton	1			
"	H. Davis	0	E. Champion	1			
"	G. Poole	1	T. Streams	0			
Dominoes	W. Bradford	1	H. Hinxman	0			
"	F. Josey	1	G. Marsh	0			
"	C. Bernard	0	J. Embling	1			
Crib	H. Shepherd	0	F. Hamilton	1			
"	W. Bradford	0	A. Groves	1			
"	A. Rider	1	B. Hiscock	0			
Shove Halfpenny	C. Cox	0	J. Jones	1			
"	W. Wild	0	F. Adey	1			
"	H. Osborne	1	A. Witts	0			
Darts	R. Broad	0	H. Price	1			
"	H. Davis	1	F. Adey	0			
"	W. Wild	0	T. Thame	1			
Shooting	A. Rider	1/2	A. Dalton	1/2			
"	H. Osborne	1	J. Maxwell	0			
"	H. James	1	S. Whiting	0			
		8 1/2		9 1/2			

## BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

## DIVISION I.

Games played on Monday, 15th October, 1928 (home).

H. & G. S. Social.		Gladstone Club.	
A. Howard	150	v.	A. Allaway
R. Clement	150	v.	A. Franklin
A. Dalton	150	v.	S. Sawyer
G. Boddington	138	v.	P. Hodges
F. Braisher	150	v.	E. Boulton
R. Griffiths	150	v.	W. Searle
	888		704
		Handicap	125
	888		829

Winning Team, H. & G. S. Social by 59 points.

Games played on Monday, 22nd October, 1928 (away).

Gladstone Club.		H. & G. S. Social.	
A. Franklin	109	v.	A. Howard
S. Sawyer	52	v.	R. Clement
P. Hodges	89	v.	A. Dalton
G. Leaver	150	v.	G. Boddington
W. Searle	47	v.	F. Braisher
L. Britten	140	v.	R. Griffiths
	587		891
	125		
	712		891

Winning Team, H. & G. S. Social by 179 points.

## DIVISION II.

Games played on Monday, 8th October, 1928 (home).

<i>H. &amp; G. S. Social.</i>				<i>Reading Gas Co.</i>			
H. Davis	...	...	64	v.	F. Ansell	...	100
J. B. Doe	...	...	100	v.	F. Shepherd	...	94
W. H. Curtis	...	...	78	v.	J. Crawley	...	100
C. Weller	...	...	100	v.	E. Miller	...	95
E. Palmer	...	...	100	v.	F. Padley	...	90
W. Sparks	...	...	100	v.	J. Trinder	...	98
<hr/>							
542						577	

Winning Team, Reading Gas Co. by 35 points.

Games played on Monday, 15th October, 1928 (away).

<i>Reading Gas Co.</i>				<i>H. &amp; G. S. Social.</i>			
F. Ansell	...	...	86	v.	H. Davis	...	100
J. Crawley	...	...	100	v.	J. B. Doe	...	67
F. Shepherd	...	...	62	v.	R. Broad	...	100
E. Mills	...	...	74	v.	C. Weller	...	100
F. Padley	...	...	100	v.	E. Palmer	...	74
J. Trinder	...	...	98	v.	W. Sparks	...	100
<hr/>							
520						541	

Winning Team, H. &amp; G. S. Social by 21 points.

The following is a list of the events arranged for November (up to time of going to press) :—

Saturday,	November	3rd	Visit to Comrades Club, Sunninghill.
Monday,	"	5th	Billiard League, Div. I. v. Curzon Club. Div. II. v. Earley W.M. Club.
Wednesday,	"	7th	Partner Whist Drive.
Friday,	"	9th	Departmental Tournaments. Cellars v. Transport.
Monday,	"	12th	Billiard League. Div. II. v. Balfour Club.
Wednesday,	"	14th	Partner Whist Drive.
Friday,	"	16th	Departmental Tournament. Building v. The Rest.
Monday,	"	19th	Billiard League. Div. I. v. Cav. Constitutional.
Wednesday,	"	21st	Partner Whist Drive.
Friday,	"	23rd	Departmental Tournament. Transport v. Cellars.
Monday,	"	26th	Billiard League. Div. II. v. Balfour Club.
Wednesday,	"	28th	Partner Whist Drive.
Friday,	"	30th	Visit to Pangbourne Club and Institute.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"HOWLERS."

Barbarians are things put into bicycles to make them run smoothly.

\* \* \* \*

A parable is a heavenly story with no earthly meaning.

\* \* \* \*

A magnet is a thing you find in a bad apple.

\* \* \* \*

Christians are only allowed one wife. This is called monotony.

\* \* \* \*

An optimist is a man who looks after your eyes, a pessimist one who looks after your feet.

\* \* \* \*

The Duke of Marlborough was a great general who always commenced a battle with the fixed determination to win or lose.

\* \* \* \*

Cardinal Wolsey died at Leicester, saying: "If I had served my King as he served me, he would never have lived to an old age."

\* \* \* \*

Volcanoes throw out saliva.

\* \* \* \*

*Pas de deux.* Father of twins.

\* \* \* \*

The Soviet is what the middle classes call their napkin.

\* \* \* \*

Herrings go about the sea in shawls.

During a wet evening the visitors to a certain hydropathic beguiled the hours by means of a whist drive. At the end of three hours' play the pretty girl rose from her table, accompanied by a persistent admirer. The young lady rushed to her mother's side. "Oh, mater," she said, "I've got the booby."

"Really," said the old lady, concealing her delight, "come and kiss me, both of you."

CUSTOMER TO LANDLORD: I like "Dawn" the name of your new barmaid.

LANDLORD: The name's appropriate enough for she's always breaking.

## BRANCHES.

## LONDON.

The Streatham Conservative Club held their second annual Dinner at the Club premises, Blegboro Road, Streatham, S.W., on Wednesday, 17th October. Our Mr. W. T. Miller attended. The Chair was taken by Mr. J. T. Collins, the popular Club Chairman. Among those present were: Mr. King, Vice-Chairman; Mr. W. Tudor, Secretary; and Mr. E. S. Lawrence, Conservative Agent. The Dinner was followed by an excellent Concert, arranged by the Entertainment Secretary, Mr. A. Stoner. This Club has made excellent progress since its opening nine years ago. Its prosperity is assured in the hands of a very capable Committee. It is a pleasing feature of this Annual Dinner that ladies are invited and on this occasion were well represented. Mr. Warner, the Steward, was as usual kept fully occupied during the evening attending to the comfort of the Members in his usual genial manner.

Mr. Patrick Glynn, the Popular Manager of the Star & Garter Hotel, Putney, S.W., arranged a very successful Outing among his friends on the 5th September. The party, numbering about 50, journeyed by char-a-banc to Southsea. Our Mr. J. Bowyer was one of the Party and assured us that with fine weather, a pleasant journey, and the assistance of "S.B." a very enjoyable day was spent. Well knowing the natural abilities of Mr. Glynn in entertaining his many friends, we fully realise that all those who participated in the Outing must have had an enjoyable time.

Our new bottling plant is in full working order and the excellent results that are obtained should go a long way to further spread the fame of the Firm's products. We hope now, within a short time, to be clear of fitters, plumbers, copper-smiths, bricklayers, their respective mates, and all those classed under the name "mechanic." We shall then realise that the Stores is our own again.

The road tanks that arrive daily from Reading to furnish our supplies of bottling beers seem to be a great matter of interest to the public. They certainly are a striking advertisement.

Tommy Benham's Boxing Squad has grown tired of waiting for a challenge from the Reading lads and have now taken up Darts and Dominoes. Will there be a challenge from Reading?

We are pleased to learn that it has once more been decided to have the second volume of the GAZETTE bound.



Mr. Patrick Glynn, Manager of the Star and Garter Hotel, Putney, and his friends go for Char-a-banc Trip. On the extreme left is our Mr. J. Bowyer.



A halt by the way.

## BRIGHTON.

After a busy summer, Brighton has settled down to cater for the reduced number of winter visitors, and Club life starts anew with its varied competitions, etc., for its members, and our office staff are finishing their "summer" holidays, this third week in October.

The Royal Sussex Regiment held their Annual Re-union Dinner in the Brighton Dome on September 27th. This meeting is now quite an institution, and most of the Battalions of the Royal Sussex, both regular and service units, were well represented. Over 1,000 sat down to dine under the Presidency of Brigadier-General W. L. Osborn, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

The Brighton and Hove Conservative Association held an Empire Fair in the Dome and Corn Exchange on the 10th and 11th October, in aid of funds to clear an outstanding debt. The stalls were tastefully and artistically decorated with goods from all corners of the Empire and a good trade was done. Perhaps the householders' orders to the local grocers will be curtailed for a little while in consequence. The Fair was a great success, an outstanding feature being the great help given by younger members of the Association, which is a healthy sign for the future.

One of our clerks is an enthusiastic wireless amateur, and sends the following contribution on the subject:—

Now that the dark evenings are with us, a few radio notes would not be out of place.

After one has visited Olympia, one is able to look back and wonder at the great progress that has been made. How many readers remember the early valves with their filament consumption of .75 amp.? Now the latest types have a filament consumption of only .075 amp. What a difference that "0" makes to our accumulators; but coupled with the low consumption is a greatly improved electron emission, which results in greater volume and longer life. Should any reader have a receiver with fairly old valves, he might receive a shock on replacing them with the latest types, as the improved efficiency might cause oscillation. We also have Screened Grid and Pentode valves. The latter is a special valve with three grids; but as these valves require special circuits to operate them, they are useless for ordinary receivers.

I think the head 'phone is a thing of the past and rising from the ashes we have the loud speaker. How many know that the average loud speaker only delivers one per cent. output for one

hundred per cent. input! The average horn type speaker is only a glorified head 'phone, and will only respond to the musical scale from about middle C on the piano to about three octaves upwards; the ordinary reed type cone speaker may respond about an octave lower and like all cones will give a more natural reproduction. However, the electro-dynamic or moving coil speaker, when coupled to a really good amplifier, will respond to the lowest notes of the musical scale and give a very good range of the top notes.

In designing an amplifier for loud speaker work, it will be seen that transformer coupling will be quite suitable for horn types of speaker, but when cone types are used, reed or moving coil, a stage of resistance capacity coupling followed by a really good transformer will give very true reproduction, coupled with good volume.

I will conclude the notes this month with an old and familiar saying—"Please don't oscillate," please don't do it!

W.H.S.

## WOKING.

Saturday, 29th September, was a very important day in the history of the Walton Comrades Club, when a Dinner, followed by a musical programme, was held to celebrate the completion of the extension of the Club's premises. Mr. C. Bennett of Reading, who possesses a very intimate knowledge of the Club, having assisted at the helm when the ship was not experiencing quite so smooth a passage as at the present, was asked to preside. He was supported by Mr. R. Phillips, C.C., Mr. A. W. Love, representatives from the Hersham Comrades Club, Weybridge Services Club, Byfleet British Legion Club, officers and members of the Committee of the Walton Comrades Club, representatives of the Walton and District Branch of the British Legion, and Mr. A. Bennett, Woking.

The toast of "Our Guests" was very ably proposed by Mr. W. Woodroff, who expressed considerable pleasure at having with them that evening Councillor R. Phillips, as well as such a good representation from the various local Clubs.

Mr. Phillips, in a most interesting response, said it was his first visit to the Club, but he was sure it would not be the last and he paid a deserving tribute to those responsible for the arrangements that evening. His fine exposition of the value of real comradeship was something worthy of more space than I can trespass upon here.

The Chairman submitted the toast of the "Walton Comrades Club." He said he first knew the Club in 1920, since when it had had an extraordinary if not romantic history. In common with

many other Clubs, the slump of 1923 saw them on the brink of disaster. However, some of the pioneers of the Club would not admit defeat, and in this respect the Chairman specially mentioned the loyal and indomitable perseverance of Mr. E. G. Smith (Steward), and his son, Mr. F. E. Smith. Here, truly, was a "never say die" spirit. Most Clubs which encountered such ill fortune, went under, but not so at Walton. Unexpected windfalls came along, and with the advice and help of Mr. Love, Mr. Miskin, Mr. Rosewell, to mention only a few, the Club got on its feet again, and was to-day a flourishing Institution. Another very important incident in the history of the Club was the finding of Mr. Maguire to act as Secretary. Mr. Maguire possessed every qualification necessary for such an office, and his enthusiastic and whole-hearted work was worthy of, and did receive, the greatest admiration.

Mr. Maguire made a very appropriate response on behalf of the Club, and this was followed by an excellent musical programme, the artistes being Messrs. J. Baldwin, T. Bailey, P. Williams, L. Cornwall, S. Hollingdale, with Mr. Acton Gittens at the piano.

And now to return to outdoor events, which at this time of the year are largely in the nature of Agricultural Shows and Ploughing Matches.

Chertsey held their annual Show and Ploughing Match at Botley's Park, Chertsey (by kind permission of Mr. H. Gosling, J.P.), on Wednesday, September 19th.

This event, like most others of a similar character this season, was favoured with glorious weather, and proved a wonderful attraction. Quite a touch of old-time character was added to the occasion when the President (Sir Edward Stern) drove into the Park with his coach and four. After the ploughing matches, specimen exhibits, etc., horse and cattle judging, came the usual jumping competitions which created the greatest interest. Chertsey tradesmen and residents, always to the fore in patronising local events, gave the occasion their fullest support, and I shall be forgiven if I add that many old friends renewed acquaintance under a marquee outside of which was the ever popular Hop Leaf sign. I should mention in passing that the Secretaryship was in the capable hands of Mr. W. E. Collins.

Next in sequence of date was the Surrey Agricultural Association Ploughing Match, held at Bradley Farm, Dorking, on Wednesday, 3rd October. More delightful and picturesque surroundings could hardly be imagined, as Bradley Farm is situated

almost under the shadow of Box Hill, Dorking. Few, if any, of the visitors to the beauty spots of Surrey could resist the grandeur of so charming a spot as Box Hill. The President of the Association this season is Mr. H. H. Gordon Clark, of Mickleham Hall, and he was supported at the luncheon by the Lord Lieutenant of Surrey (Lord Ashcombe) on whose estate Bradley Farm is situated.

Among the trophies on view was an exhibit of an unusual character in the form of a shear point which belonged to an old wooden plough, and which was found on the top of Box Hill. The President mentioned in his speech that this was a most interesting discovery, as it indicated that many years ago, probably during the Napoleonic wars, Box Hill was under the plough. To those who know Box Hill—and there must be a considerable number among our Hop Leaf readers—this will, I am sure, be a matter of no small interest.

The final event of the season in which our canvas was in demand, was the Chobham, Windlesham, Horsell and Bisley Agricultural and Horticultural Society Ploughing Match and Show. The ploughing match was staged at Hookstone Farm, Chobham (by kind permission of Messrs. E. Mephams & Sons), and the show was held at the Chobham Village Hall and adjoining meadows. My stay was necessarily a brief one, but I came away feeling that here were exhibits worthy of an "All England" show. Mr. W. E. Liley of the Fox Inn, Pirbright, was entrusted with the catering arrangements as in former years.

Our canvas has now been returned to its winter quarters at Reading, and I gratefully place on record my sincere thanks for the opportunity of service thus afforded.

The annual Outing of the Woking British Legion Club, which this year took the form of a river trip, was held on 26th August. Starting from Chertsey by S.L. "Kingstonian" at 9 a.m., Windsor was reached about 1 p.m., and later the party proceeded in the direction of Maidenhead. Although the weather was not exactly at its best for such an occasion, nothing seemed to damp the high pitch of enthusiasm with which the whole company seemed imbued. Quite an important feature, and one which added considerably to the day's enjoyment, was the presence of the Woking British Legion Band which rendered musical interludes *en route*. Mr. W. Tillier of Ottershaw very ably carried out the catering arrangements.

We are privileged to include with these notes a pleasing snap taken on board S.L. "Kingstonian" of Mr. James Allen of Woking. Writing of Mr. Allen, calls to mind memories of a sadder occasion.

It came as a great shock recently to many of his old friends in Woking to learn of the passing of Mr. Alfred Allen, his son. The late Mr. Alfred Allen largely identified himself with the Club life of the district, and the Woking Liberal Club in particular, where he had been a member of the Committee for a number of years. He will be much missed.

A.B.



Mr. James Allen "buoyed" up with "S.B."

#### HYTHE.

As far as items of interest are concerned we have not much to write upon this month as we are experiencing a very quiet time in the social life of Hythe just as present. The calm after the storm so to speak.

Everyone connected with the Brewery, has, we think, completed their holidays; Mr. Mullin, being one of the last to go, returned on the 15th October, looking very fit and well and Mr. Richards, who has been relieving him departed. We hope he has enjoyed his short sojourn in Hythe, but he caught us between seasons, the summer attractions being all over and the giddy round of winter amusements not started. We hear that there is great rejoicing amongst the dabs and coddling at his departure.

It has been an exceptional summer and we have not heard many complaints about the weather. There are a few people who a prolonged drought hits very hard, however. Down on Romney Marsh, not many miles from Hythe, people have been without water for months, and all the water some of the houses have had has been just a barrel or two which they have had in with their weekly supplies. It is hard to realize that within such a short distance such conditions can obtain in the twentieth century. Despite the progress that has been made in other directions, many of the villages just off the beaten track are still a hundred years behind the times and remain the same as they were in the "Good old times." Talking of Romney Marsh the following is, we think, interesting, as it concerns one of our houses, The Ship Hotel, Dymchurch, which, as every one knows if they have read "Dr. Syn" or seen the play, was once a famous rendezvous of smugglers.

#### AN OWNERSHIP PROBLEM.

One hundred and six years ago the Romney Marsh Corporation acquired a punch bowl, for use on the festive board at the annual dinner.

These dinners were held year by year after new members had been elected at the Ship Hotel, Dymchurch, and as the bowl is heavy, it was, it is presumed, left at the hotel till the next year's feast.

In late years a controversy arose over the ownership of the ancient bowl—the Corporation claiming it as theirs, but the licensee of the hotel just as strongly insisting that as they could not prove their claim it should remain at the "Ship."

#### DESCRIPTION OF BOWL.

The diameter of the rim, which is painted chocolate, is 16in. Inside are coursing scenes, with very lively pictures of racing dogs. There are also pictures in triplicate of horses drawing a plough, guided by a ploughman, across a meadow in front of a farm. The picture is oval, and printed round it, in the fashion of the lettering round English coinage, is the following proverb:—

"He that by the plough would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive."

Outside the picture, on the top left hand side are a rake, a spade and a sieve; above, two sheaves of wheat, with a sickle; top right, a barrow and a scythe; bottom left, a milkmaid; and bottom right, a cow.

Under one of the rural pictures on the outside of the bowl, which are interspersed with roses, is the name "Southend." Whether this is the name of the artist, whether the bowl was made there, or whether the picture is a view of old Southend, no one in Dymchurch seems to know. All the pictures, except the coloured roses, have the appearance of steel engravings.

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#### FOOTBALL.

The Football team have not provided us with much to write about this month. They have only played two matches, losing one away against the Southern Railway by 3—1 and winning at home against Charing by 4—2.

The match against the Railwaymen at Ashford we saw and we can compliment the Brewery team on playing a fine game. There is no doubt that their opponents were a much superior team, but our boys played up well and with a little luck might have made a draw of it. One of Ashford's goals was scored from a penalty. The game against Charing was just the opposite and was of the scrambling order and we were very lucky to win. Johnnings scored two, one with a very fine shot, and Bumstead scored the other two, one going between the sticks off a Charing player.

We hear that we have been drawn against Willesborough in the Ashford Charity Cup to be played on November 17th and as we are at home we should go into the next round.

#### THE OPTIMISTS.

The Brewery Optimists are looking forward to a great time this winter. Having the experience gained last year behind them, they have made progress in every direction. They are stronger and better balanced than before. Newcomers are Messrs. Davison and McCann of the Office staff and Mr. Wiggs from the Building department. There are nine all told in the troupe. That indefatigable worker, Freddy Peacock, is manager both on and off the stage and he is, without doubt, the Super Optimist of them all. Mr. Sherwood is secretary and treasurer, so that branch is in good hands, as we have already been made to realize by having the

subscription list put constantly before us. We are not in the secrets enough to know what part this gentleman plays, but we should suggest that he would make an excellent "Highwayman." But there! it is a good cause and they do a lot of good work and provide us with a lot of amusement. Dresses and "get up," besides hire of room, run away with quite a bit of money, so we do not think anyone will mind parting with a bob or two for such a worthy object. As Sherwood would put it "It's wurf it."

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#### MILK STOUT EVERYWHERE.

A member of our staff, a great walker and lover of nature, after a walk from Hythe to Canterbury recently was returning by train, and when he pulled up at Elham station for a few seconds he caught a glimpse of the famous old church and, thinking he would like a snap, hastily focussed his camera through the carriage window. Great was his surprise on receiving the developed film to find that he had got more "Milk Stout" than Church. He had failed to notice our advert. on the station fence.

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#### EXCEEDING THE LIMIT

A post card posted in Folkestone in 1914 was delivered in Barkham, a village 12 miles distant, on September 28th, 1928.

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#### NEWBURY.

At last we are pleased to be able to report the Newbury water bridge is again open to all traffic. This will, we are sure, be good news to the drivers of our heavier lorries, the alternate journey to our Depot being such a trying and nervy one, to say nothing of the additional time taken.

We give the following in the event of any other Branch receiving gold coins:—

A customer of the Company, amongst other cash, tendered a sovereign in part payment and the same was looked upon with certain suspicion as to whether it was a genuine one or otherwise; it eventually being accepted conditionally that, in the event of its being returned as a "wrong 'un," the tenant should make good. Our Bankers also thought there was a doubt about it being a genuine one but accepted it with the remark that we should soon hear. Two days later we were somewhat agreeably surprised to have the information that the Bank of England had found the coin to be made of platinum and that credit had been passed for the amount of £3 16s. 6d.

Our annual two days Michaelmas Fair took place on the 17th and 18th inst., and needless to say our licensed houses in the Market Place area again did a wonderful business as usual on the occasion, care having been taken that the tenants had been well stocked in readiness. Time was when Fair-day was considered Rent-day and the occasion when the tenant paid his annual visit to the Brewery, but we only have a very few left now who are still carrying on the old tradition.

We have, during the past fortnight, again gone through the ordeal of our auditors' visit on our annual accounts—a month earlier than usual—but with Mr. Shaw in command we are pleased to say the work was got through to the satisfaction of all concerned.

W.B.

#### WOOLWICH.

During the summer we have been, as usual, very busy with various Sports Meetings and it may interest our readers to give a list of well known meetings at which our beers have been on sale:—

Amalgamated Press Club.  
 Thomas Tillings Club.  
 Peek Frean's Club.  
 " R " Division Police Sports.  
 Woolwich Old Contemptibles Fete and Gala.  
 Callender's Cable Works Club.  
 Stone's Athletic Club.  
 Kidbrooke (R.A.F.) Athletic and Social Club.  
 Woolwich War Memorial Hospital Fete and Gala.

We have also just passed a busy period, having had the pleasure of supplying a very large portion of the 4th Division during manœuvres in the Colchester, Clacton, Mistley and Thorpe areas. Fifteen marquees were erected by the Firm, the weather was perfect, and it was heard on more than one occasion that it was a pity that the manœuvres (this year) did not cover a longer period. The weather being so kind made the work of our transport and staff much lighter, and gave everyone lighter hearts to carry out the little extra work.

This month we have the Queen's Bays leaving Colchester for Tidworth, and we wish them every happiness in their new station. We have heard on many occasions how sorry they are to leave Colchester. The 7th Hussars from Tidworth are taking over from the Queen's Bays, so we shall not have the Cavalry Barracks at Colchester empty, as the Regiments change stations the same day.

Those who know Woolwich will realize, when speaking of the Garrison Church, how the Harvest Festival Service is looked forward to. The Service this year was again well supported. Even the seats at the top part of the Gallery, known as the Prisoners' Seats, were all filled, but not with prisoners on this occasion, as both ladies and gentlemen took up positions in these places. A portion of the Royal Artillery Band was in attendance, and the evening sermon was preached by the Rev. J. D. S. Parry-Evans, C.M.G., C.B.E., K.H.C., Assistant Chaplain General, Aldershot Command, so completing a very wonderful Service.

#### LUDGERSHALL.

The camping season, Salisbury Plain, is now over and we have once more settled down to the usual winter conditions.

During the past summer we did not receive the usual large number of Territorials for training, but we had the pleasure of supplying the majority of those who did come to the Plain.

We were also kept busy with the 3rd Divisional Training, and finished up with manœuvres, which covered the country between Taunton and Chiseldon.

At this season various changes take place among the Military Units stationed on the Plain. The 5th Field Brigade Royal Artillery left for Shorncliffe on October 11th. We will always have very pleasant recollections of this Brigade and we are very thankful to Regt.-Sergt.-Major Chetland and the members of the Mess for the hearty welcome extended to our Staff.

During the past summer the 7th Hussars held the Re-union gathering. This was well attended by Old Comrades of the Regiment, and as usual, the Regiment left no stone unturned to make the Old Comrades happy during the visit.

Overleaf we give a few snap-shots in connection with the Re-union. These were kindly sent us by R.Q.M.S. Thackeray.

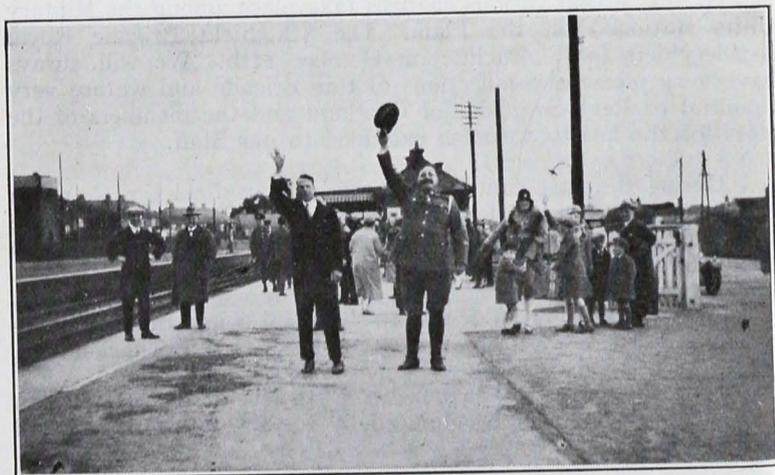
Towards the end of the month the 7th Hussars leave Tidworth for Colchester and will be replaced by the "Queen's Bays," 2nd Dragoon Guards.

The 2nd Field Brigade Royal Artillery from Shorncliffe have arrived at Larkhill to replace the 5th Field Brigade.

7th (Q.O.) HUSSARS OLD COMRADES RE-UNION HELD  
AT TIDWORTH.



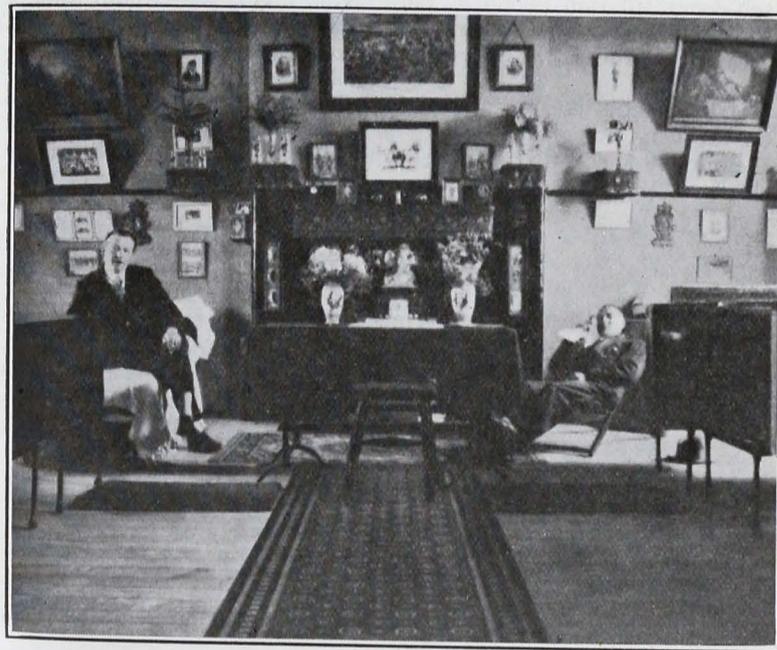
7th (Q.O.) Hussars Old Comrades entraining after the Re-union  
Gathering.



Regt. Sregt.-Major J. S. Nichols and Farr.-Major "Bubbly" Butler  
waving farewell at Tidworth station.

The 1st Prince of Wales Volunteers, stationed at Tidworth, will shortly leave for a tour of duty on the Rhine. This Regiment is a very old customer of ours, and we have supplied them for very many years.

We give below a photo sent to us by Cpl. C. Robinson, together with remarks. It will be noted that these young fellows know only too well how to enjoy themselves, and at the same time have an eye for comfort.



Storeroom, H.Q. Wing, 1st Prince of Wales Volunteers.  
Not got up for inspection—always the same.

OXFORD.

OPENING OF THE NEW HEADINGTON CONSERVATIVE CLUB.

The new Conservative Club at Headington, which has been in existence since last March and already boasts over 200 members, was formally opened on the evening of Friday, October 12th, by the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Nield, K.C., M.P. This was made the

occasion for a Smoking Concert and an entertainment by Mr. Jack Maltby and his Nobodies, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience present. Captain R. R. Henderson, M.P., presided at the opening ceremony and was supported by the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Nield, K.C., M.P., Major H. E. Liversidge (Chairman of the Club), and other local gentlemen.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to be present thoroughly enjoyed our evening's entertainment and we may add with a little self-congratulation (which is permissible under the circumstances) that the well-known H. & G.'s specialities were to the fore and greatly enhanced the success of the event.

We would like to congratulate the members of the new Club on the very fine premises they have at Headington, and to wish them every success, urging them in the meantime not to forget the slogan, "More S.B.!"

#### THE WHITE HART HOTEL, DIDCOT.

We find that Mr. James Dunsdon, the new host at the White Hart Hotel, Didcot, is not letting the grass grow under his feet, as witness a circular he has had printed for the benefit of his customers, which runs:—

1. When you need a DRINK have it, not before.
2. When you STEAL, steal away from bad company.
3. When you SWEAR, swear by your country.
4. When you DRINK, drink SIMONDS' READING ALES, etc.

He then goes on to say, through the medium of his very amusing leaflet:—

"A man can run a business for a time and not advertise. That's foolishness.

Some tradesmen do not study their customers: that's a mistake. WE DO. That's business."

That host Dunsdon is rapidly becoming very popular in the district is due to his cheery personality. We wish him all prosperity.

A few days since we were in the throes of what is most aptly described in page 230 of Volume I. of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

I refer to Mr. W. Giddy's "Calculation, D—nation, Inspiration, Realization, etc.," and the sketches which appeared over these titles. But happily now we have reached the "Celebration" stage of the process and are looking forward to a little of the "Recreation," and we hope that our colleagues at all other Branches are experiencing the same comfortable feeling.

October term has come along yet once again and the usual thousand-odd "freshmen" are with us. We have, with the assistance of our window-dressing expert, arranged a nice little XXXXX display in our High Street window especially so that these same embryo members of the University may commence their academic life correctly by ordering a drop of the right stuff.

#### FARNBOROUGH.

Farnborough Stores offer their apologies to the many readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE for omitting to send any news during the last two months. If remiss in our duties to our now famous journal, we have been busy distributing those famous beverages known as "Simonds."

Our Cricket Club enjoyed a successful season. Of 14 matches played we won 9, the other 5 games going to our opponents. The following are the season's averages:—

BATTING.		AVERAGES.				
Name.	Runs.	Innings.	Times Not Out.	Highest Score.	Average.	
J. Harmsworth ...	154	6	—	36	25.66	
E. Crutchley ...	97	7	1	32*	16.16	
R. Coleman ...	134	10	1	54	13.88	
E. Gosney ...	102	9	1	51	12.75	
W. Gale ...	135	11	—	38	12.27	
L. Coleman ...	139	14	1	26	10.69	
G. Lancaster ...	110	11	—	36	10.00	
B. Lancaster ...	92	11	1	36*	9.20	
R. Paice ...	88	11	1	18	8.80	
W. Thoday ...	45	7	1	27	7.50	
R. Bill ...	49	8	—	25	6.12	

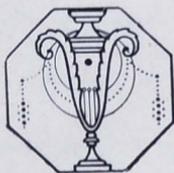
BOWLING.		Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
E. Crutchley ...	133	25	5.32	
W. Gale ...	414	64	6.46	
B. Lancaster ...	314	40	7.85	
J. Harmsworth ...	115	12	9.58	

Since last sending in news we regret to report the death of our former Foden driver, G. Gary. He passed away on August 7th at the Mount Sanatorium, Bishopstoke, after a long illness, bravely endured. He leaves a widow and three children to whom our sympathies are extended.

W. A. Laney and F. C. Pickett (Foden driver) have joined the "army of benedicts," and we wish them all happiness in their new sphere of life. W. A. Laney was presented by the Farnborough Branch staff with a dinner service and Pickett received a case of cutlery.

On September 19th the Camberley and District British Legion entered into occupation of their new Club and Headquarters, when the Club premises in Victoria Avenue were opened by Admiral Sir Frederick Tudor, K.C.B., C.V.O., President of the Branch, in the presence of a large number of spectators. When the opening ceremonies were concluded at the Club the specially invited guests were entertained to tea at the Duke of York Hotel. Here Admiral Tudor, in a bright speech, referred to the honour conferred on the Branch by the Surrey County Banner having been brought on parade, thus making the event a little more than merely a local affair.

We have been given the privilege of supplying the new Club with our beers, etc.



#### ANSWER TO "WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS?"

Only the *female* wasp stings. In the paragraph in question the pronoun *he* is wrongly used.