

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1929.

No. 2.



MR. W. H. DAVIS.

MR. W. H. DAVIS.

The appearance of Mr. Davis' portrait as the frontispiece synchronizes with his appointment to the management of Farnborough Branch in succession to Mr. A. Goodall, whose retirement is announced on another page.

Mr. Davis joined the Firm on the 3rd October, 1903, commencing in the Cask Department at Reading. After serving in the General Department for a short time, he was moved to the Branch Department and was engaged in relief and audit work until 1915.

In June, 1915, Mr. Davis joined the 35th Divisional Signal Company, Royal Engineers, which was formed at Reading and served with the Company in France until demobilization in April, 1919. The Company participated in several big engagements.

After demobilization in April, 1919, Mr. Davis was appointed Chief Clerk at the Octagon, Plymouth, and shortly afterwards moved to the Tamar Brewery, Devonport, when that brewery was purchased by the Firm. He was appointed Assistant Manager in November, 1927.

During his ten years sojourn at Devonport, Mr. Davis has made a multitude of friends and has been highly appraised for his many good qualities. His unpretentious manner, particularly, has suited the temperament of the West Countrymen and his departure from their midst is considered a real loss.

In earlier years, Mr. Davis joined the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, serving from 1905 until 1908 when the Volunteers were constituted as the Territorial Force. During that period he also assisted with political work, in a Secretarial capacity, at Reading and at Basingstoke.

Mr. Davis' chief recreations are tennis and billiards at which games he is no mean opponent. He has recently taken to golf.

EDITORIAL.

DRAMAS OF CRIME.

To the student of crime 1929 has been rich in drama. The long-drawn agony of the Croydon inquests, full of involved and tense situations, was followed by the swifter action at Reading, where the student of character had his attention riveted on the personality of the principal witness, the actor, Mr. Drew.

An epilogue to this tragedy has now been provided by the odd circumstances attending the self-surrender and alleged confession of Joseph Barrett. His account, however, turns out on scrutiny to proceed from nothing more criminal than "a vivid imagination."

So, for the moment, the Reading mystery must be added to the mysteries of Southampton and Croydon on the list of crimes unsolved.

SPLENDID WORK OF THE POLICE.

An outstanding feature connected with the Reading murder, that great drama of human life—and alas! death—has been the splendid work of our Police. They have left no stone unturned in order to try and bring the assassin to justice, as yet without definite result. It has been a colossal task and I know our worthy Chief Constable (Mr. Burrows) has often been working all day and all night. The sober-minded people of Reading congratulate him on the manner in which he has handled his great responsibility. His methods have been distinctly "English." It has been a fine example of quiet efficiency. He has, of course, had the assistance of Scotland Yard. It was my privilege to meet Chief Inspector Berrett and Sergeant Harris. They may be stern in outward appearance but if you meet them behind the scenes you will soon find them out to be very human and humane—just two big men with great big hearts.

DRAUGHTY!

We have heard and read a lot of late about a pair of mystery trousers. Mention of this article of wearing apparel reminds me of a little experience I had the other Sunday on the tennis court. I was at the time sitting out watching the other fellows play, and smoking a cigarette. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my leg and thought I had been stung by a wasp. But my trousers were on fire. A piece of ash from my cigarette had apparently fallen on them without my knowing it. In any case, there was a hole twice the size of a hen's egg. It was a cold day and when playing later it was, to say the least, a bit draughty!

THE UNIVERSITY "RAG."

The Reading University "Rag" was again a great success and many thousands of people watched the wonderful procession. Ye Village Inn, "The Pig and Whistle," into which one of our lorries was turned, was a great attraction. The firm's famous brands were well advertised. Had it been licensed the "Pig and Whistle" would doubtless have done a roaring trade. It was one of the most popular items in the procession.

COCKTAILS IN THACKERAY.

A correspondent writes as follows in *The Daily Mail* :—

Permit me to correct a popular delusion that the cheery cocktail is a recent discovery. Although it does not appear in an ordinary dictionary, it is of ancient lineage.

We, who reject the crudities and impurities of the modern novel and are old enough to remember and still revel in the sentimental satires of Thackeray, can never forget Colonel Newcome's dinner party.

The first guest to arrive was the mate of the ship by which the colonel had arrived from India. He said to the waiter: "James, my fine fellow, just look alive and bring me a small glass of brandy. Did ye ever try a brandy cocktail, Cornel?" He tossed off a glass of brandy. ("The Newcomes," Chapter XIII, written in 1854).

"A SCREAMING FARCE."

Commenting on the Royal Licensing Commission the October issue of the *Conservative Clubs' Gazette*, the official organ of the Association of Conservative Clubs, states: "Never before has a more screaming farce been staged, and Mr. Clynes, as 'producer,' must have had his tongue in his cheek when he selected the cast . . . To imagine that there could possibly be unanimity in the recommendations of such a mixed tribunal would be absurd. The utmost care has been exercised by the Government to invite people to serve on the Commission who can safely be relied upon not to agree, and whose diversified reports will afford the Cabinet the desired excuse for doing nothing. It is not on the defensive that clubs will appear before the Commission. They will go to demand the restoration of rights unjustly filched from them, and especially the right of conducting their own affairs in their own way, and without outside interference. In short, clubs will demand that the Commission shall, in their report, recommend amendments to the law which will ensure justice and liberty."

BEER FOR THE KING.

The King has now resumed ordinary meals once more, greatly to his satisfaction, for a restricted invalid diet had begun to pall after so many months. Though he is by no means a gourmet, he enjoys his few small table fancies and is delighted that the doctors now permit him to resume his occasional cakes of chocolate and his daily bottle of beer.

PASSING OF FAMOUS INN.

Even "Temperance" reformers, unless their zeal has turned them into fanatics, will feel some regret at the passing of so old and famous a hostelry as the "Ship" Tavern at Bideford, known all the world over where Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" is read. It was at the "Ship" that Amyas Leigh foregathered with his companions and the Brotherhood of the Rose was formed among those who sought the hand of the Rose of Torrington. Since 1905, when the Kingsley statue was unveiled in Victoria Park, summer visitors and others have been reminded of these romantic associations by the signs then placed outside the tavern. It was in the same year, too, that the "Ship" reverted to its original name, having adopted for a time the more grandiose title of "Newfoundland" Hotel. The inn is closed on grounds of redundancy.

TWO CROPS OF PEARS.

Considering the drought this has been a remarkable season for fruit and flowers. One gentleman told me that his pear tree has bloomed three times this summer and, what is more, has produced two good crops. He shewed me a pear belonging to the second crop and it was certainly a fine sample of that luscious fruit.

A WELL-DESERVED COMPLIMENT.

A gentleman who does considerable business with H. & G. Simonds Ltd. paid a well deserved compliment to the lady who takes his orders over the telephone. He says she is most efficient and courteous, and though his orders are at times heavy, he says, there has never been the smallest mistake. These little unsolicited testimonials are always welcome.

THE BRITISH LEGION.

The Reading Branch of the British Legion has recently acquired premises for the purpose of a Social Club. These premises are at 6, Crown Street and the Club has now been formed and was opened on Saturday, October 19th, by Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt, K.C.B., D.S.O. There was an influential company present. In thanking those who had rendered assistance in the

formation of the Club, Captain Blandy mentioned H. & G. Simonds Ltd. and particularly Mr. C. Bennett of that firm. "They have, through him" he added, "given us every advice, encouragement and assistance possible. Without that and many other kindnesses shown us it would have been very difficult for us to have had the Club opened to-day in the way you see it."

OBJECTS OF THE LEGION.

Some of the excellent objects of the Legion are as follows:—

The Legion shall exist to perpetuate in the civil life of the Empire and the world the principles for which the nation stood in the Great War.

To inculcate a sense of loyalty to the Crown, community, State and nation.

To promote unity amongst all classes.

To secure peace and goodwill on earth.

To consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual service and helpfulness.

"THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE" IN ADEN.

A few days ago I received the following letter which I give *in extenso*:—

"Reference No. 'Hop Leaf' Dry Form.

S. & S. Institute,

Steamer Point, Aden.

2nd October, 1929.

To The Editor, THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE,

'S.B.' Brewery, Reading.

Subject:—TIPS FROM EVE'S GARDEN—'ADEN.'

Whilst carrying out that most impressive ceremony of sorting my mail a HOP LEAF fluttered out of the bag. Signs of a good 'wet' faded away on discovering it was only your excellent GAZETTE.

While perusing the said HOP LEAF on the chance of extracting some 'malt,' I found a phrase under the wrong heading on page 637 of your September issue. The following should have been under the heading of 'A Great Thought': 'I could just do with a pint now!' and so I could, but it appeared under 'Thanks for the Cigarettes,' which proved, on further investigation, minus.

Riveted carrots are not unusual in Aden, in fact our meat is very often found to contain many skewers which are included in the weight when bought.

Forgive me for wasting your most valuable time, but having resided in Reading, and also having drunk quite a few pints of 'S.B.', I thought you would be interested to know that your little GAZETTE reaches even as far as the 'Barren Rocks.'

Here's wishing prosperity to all your staff, and hopes that you will turn out a few extra barrels on my return to civilisation.

I am,

Yours truly,

J. W. EMBERSON."

HOW MANY "F's"?

How many "F's" are there in the following sentence:—

The Federal Fuses are the results of scientific investigation combined with fruits of long experience?

The answer will be found on the back page.

LEST WE FORGET.

It is improbable that the King will be present at the Cenotaph Service on Armistice Day.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in a notice in connection with the commemoration of Armistice Day, states: It has more than once been suggested that during the Two Minutes' Silence on Armistice Day, such words as these may appropriately be had in mind—

In remembrance of those who made the great sacrifice keep us steadfast, keep us from falling back and give peace in our time, O Lord.

"DAMNABLE" PROHIBITION.

"Prohibition is the most damnable thing ever introduced into the United States," said Archdeacon Joseph H. Dodshon, President of the Church Temperance Society of the United States.

Stating that the harm outweighed the good a thousandfold, he added: "In England you are selling your gaols. Over twenty during the last few years have been sold or leased, whereas we in the States, under Prohibition, are building new gaols. Drunkenness is on the increase in America, but it is on the decrease in England."

He stated that on his arrival in America he would strongly advocate light wines and beer.

WHAT THE DICKENS IS THIS?

Martin Chuzzlewit holding *Little Dorrit* by the hand met *Barnaby Rudge*, who said he had seen from the windows of the *Old Curiosity Shop* *Dombey & Son* enter the *Bleak House*. Thither they repaired. When they arrived they found *David Copperfield* amusing *Oliver Twist* with *Sketches by Boz* and items from the *Pickwick Papers*. Amid *Great Expectations*, *Our Mutual Friend* the *Uncommercial Traveller*, at the request of *Nicholas Nickleby*, entertained with *Christmas Carols* and likewise told him a *Tale of Two Cities* in *Hard Times*, using many *Household Words*.

MR. AND MRS. J. C. MULLIN.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Mullin whose wedding was recorded in the August issue of the GAZETTE left England on the 24th October for India.

The good wishes of our readers accompany them.

MR. ERIC'S "DOUBLE LIFE."

We are sure that our readers will not draw a wrong inference from the above heading and that the writer will not be mulcted in a heavy sum for damages—say, £500!

The fact of the matter is that Mr. Eric backed "Double Life" in the Cambridgeshire and relieved the bookmaker of the handsome sum of £500.

The Daily Chronicle contained the following:—

THE DOUBLE RAINBOW.

Mike Hall, the American horse, paraded wrapped up in a blue and white rug of ornate pattern. The horse was covered from head to tail. "It can't be to keep the mosquitoes off him," said a shivering onlooker.

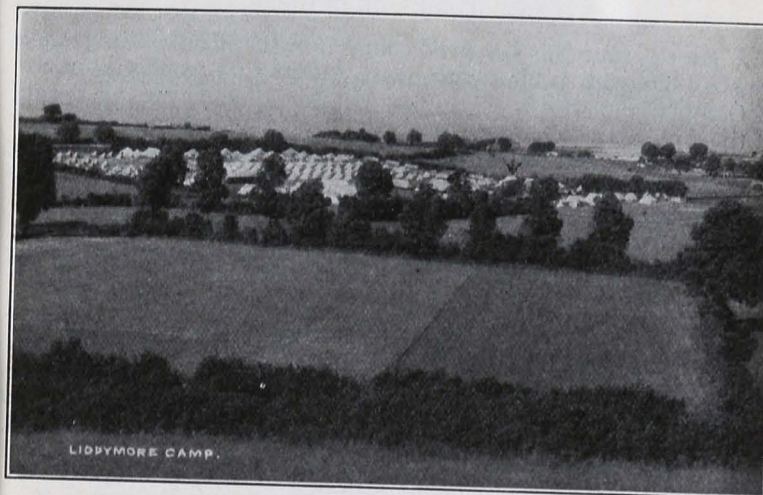
Just before the start for the Cambridgeshire a double rainbow showed in the sky. "Now I wonder," observed Mr. Eric Simonds, the hugely tall Wokingham brewer, "if I can make a good omen out of that?"

£500 TO £10.

He did not think of it at the time, but just before the "off" he mentioned that he had backed Double Life. "I backed him some weeks ago at 50 to 1. I've got a tenner on him," he said.

"There's your good omen," I replied.

LIDDYMORE FARM CAMP, WATCHET, SOMERSET.



The above is a photograph of Liddymore Farm Camp, Watchet, Somerset, where the Air Defence Brigades carried out gun practice this summer.

It would be difficult to conceive a more picturesque camp and the troops who were fortunate enough to carry out their training this year, particularly during the glorious weather which prevailed, found the benefits of the wonderfully bracing sea air, combined with the natural beauty of the countryside. The following Units are the lucky ones who spent their "holidays" at this camp:—

1st and 2nd Anti-Aircraft Brigades, R.A.

51st Anti-Aircraft Brigade, R.A. (T.A.).

52nd Anti-Aircraft Brigade, R.A. (T.A.).

163rd (Kent) A.A. Battery, R.A. (T.A.).

53rd and 54th Anti-Aircraft Brigades, R.A. (T.A.).

A detachment of the 1st A.A. Searchlight Battalion, R.E.

A detachment of the 1st Air Defence Brigade Signals.

Depot Battery.

One of the firm's marquees is marked with an arrow.

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

THE GLORIES OF OCTOBER.

By the time this GAZETTE comes into the hands of its readers we shall have left behind with many regrets that wonderful month of October, and who is there that will deny the charm and beauty of the days that have just gone? October is, as it were, a stepping stone from summer to winter. There still lingers with us during the day much of the warmth of summer when we bask in the rays of the autumnal sun which floods everything with a golden radiance, but early mornings and nights with that "nip" in the air suggest that a fire is welcome if we intend to pass the evening hours at home.

At the beginning of the month our clocks revert to ordinary time, so that with darkness falling soon after tea-time we feel more inclined to remain indoors and, with the object of making ourselves as comfortable as possible, we re-arrange our rooms, bringing from their summer hibernation all those things—heavier curtains, furnishings, etc.—that are so useful in keeping out the fogs and cold winds of the approaching season.

And this re-arranging of our rooms is only one of many things that occupy us during October. This is the time when many of our fruits are harvested—late apples and pears, damsons, sloes, crab apples, quince, etc.—and the housewife is busy converting these several fruits into jams, jellies, wine and preserves. Nuts are also ripe and nutting expeditions are greatly favoured by the younger generation in particular, and in this class of the fruits of the earth we must not forget the fruit of the horse-chestnut tree, viz., "conkers." What a fascination they have for boys and what exciting games they have with them! Several products of our gardens are now at their prime; for instance, celery is always better when frost has been on it and as we often experience slight touches of this during October we now enjoy this vegetable at its best.

With the colder weather approaching, the thoughts of the feminine sex turn towards their wardrobe, which without a doubt will require replenishing. Visits to shops, studies of winter fashions, visits to dressmakers, calculations as to yards and prices so that we do not overstep our limit, are occupying most of us. Therefore, with all these many tasks engaging us, it is no small wonder we may sometimes overlook the beauty nature provides in the busy round of the day. But when we do tear ourselves away from these material things and cast our eyes towards the realm of nature, what a wealth of beauty is presented to us! Our gardens are doubtless bright with chrysanthemums, and michaelmas daisies still linger in all shades of blue and mauve, creeper foliage dies in a

range of wonderful colour, our trees are shedding their foliage and although we are sorry to see this, as it portends the approach of winter, we marvel at the beauty of our woods in their autumnal dressing embracing all shades of red and brown.

Thus the month of October passed in a riot of beautiful colour and we were sad to see it go.

M.P.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

When you think of the youth that you have lost, the times when it seems to you now that life was most poignantly good may not be the ones when everything seemed at the time to go well with your plans, and the world, as they say, to be at your feet; rather some few unaccountable moments when nothing took place that was out of the way, and yet some word of a friend's, or a look on the face of the sky, the taste of a glass of spring water, the splash of laughter and oars heard across midsummer meadows at night, raised the soul of enjoyment within you to strangely higher powers of itself. That spirit bloweth and is still; it will not rise for our whistling nor keep a time-table. When it has blown free we remember it always, and know, without proof, that while the rapture was there we were not drunk but wise; that for a moment some intervening darkness had thinned and we were seeing further than we can see now into the heart of life.

—C. E. Montague.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Away!" she exclaimed. "Never speak to me again."

He passed out into the night, but paused as he reached the pavement and drew something from one of his inside pockets. As he did so the girl uttered a shrill scream and ran towards him.

"Frank," she cried, "what are you doing? Throw that revolver away and let us forget our quarrel."

"It isn't a revolver," he replied, as he caught her in his arms. "It's a spanner I borrowed from you the day my bicycle broke down. I've been wearing it next to my heart ever since!"

* * * *

An officious old lady saw a little fellow of eight smoking a cigarette. Horrified, she came forward and said to him: "Does your mother know you smoke?" The boy looked at her with scorn and replied: "Does your husband know that you talk to strange men?"

SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

It has been my lot just lately to look back into the doings of the Cricket Club in order to get a few facts concerning the statistics of the playing members and interesting work it has been.

To keep two elevens in the field throughout the season, in spite of the number of employees engaged on the Firm, has proved, occasionally, a bit of a task and it is noticed that the "A" team called on 31 players and the "B" team 27 during the one under review. In passing, one must remind the members of the 2nd XI that, when all is said and done, the primary object of their existence is to feed the 1st XI. It is agreed that it is, on the surface, rather hard on the juniors to rob them of some of their best men to fill gaps in the seniors, but it would be harder still on a promising player not to give him a chance to show his ability when opportunity offers. It is only by such promotions that the best interests of the Club can be served.

During 1929 the 1st XI met two new teams in Woodcote and N.A.L.G.O., and the 2nd XI three new teams in Whitchurch 2nd, Tadley and Pangbourne 2nd. A full fixture list was carried out by both teams. The figures are as follows:—

"A" team—Played, 18; Won, 8; Lost, 9; Drawn, 1.

"B" team—Played, 15; Won, 1; Lost, 12; Drawn, 2.

On the whole, the weather was very favourable, no matches having to be scratched, although a certain dampness on one or two occasions rather marred the enjoyment of the games. The speed of the pitches is shown by the number of runs made for and against us, *viz.*:—

"A"—For, 1,302, Against, 1,450,

"B"—For, 618, Against, 1,250,

a deficit of 148 and 632 respectively. The highest score made by the "A" team was 124 against Farnboro, and the lowest 20 against Heckfield; the highest score against being 200 for 7 by Factory and the lowest 24 by Wargrave. For the "B" team the highest was 65 against Whitley Hall and the lowest 16 against Tadley; the scores against being 174 by Bradfield and 32 by the "Imps" respectively.

Although the "B's" played three games less than the "A's" they held one catch more and E. Clarkson headed the list with 13 out of 60, against A. E. Croom's 9 out of 59.

The full averages are given below and A. E. Croom is noted as heading both batting and bowling for the 1st XI, although in the latter department he was run very close by F. Clarke, only .02 dividing them.

J. Venner heads the 2nd XI's batting list, thanks to the highest score of the team, being made against Whitley Hall, which incidentally was the occasion of their only win of the season. C. Streams runs him close and the latter also heads the bowling.

Only one 50 was made by us this season and J. Rumens claimed that honour. It is quite probable others would have been made, only our Skipper decided more than once to call players in (including himself) when the state of the game justified such a course being taken, thus giving other members a chance to have a "knock."

Space in our ever-crowded GAZETTE does not permit of individual criticisms being made, but it is hoped that the duties of editing and coaching at tennis will allow our popular editor to assist the Firm's Cricket Club more regularly in the ensuing season.

The duties of captains, vice-captains, umpires and scorers were carried out as efficiently as ever and with the loyal support of all members. It is hoped that even better support will be given next season, so that the best possible sides can be placed in the field and so lighten the task of those whose duty it is to get the teams together.

The games were played in the same sporting spirit as is always the tradition of the Club, and it is their ambition to always hear the remark made by our opponents that the games with the Seven Bridges team are the most enjoyable they have.

The Club are indeed indebted to the Directors for the continued financial support accorded to it and also for the use of a lorry for away matches and the tent for home matches. Both are now very well known to our friends the enemy and their use has proved a boon to the Club, for which our heartiest thanks are tendered.

For the financial aspect, the writer must ask all members to wait until the Annual General Meeting, which will be held in the Spring, when it is hoped a good crowd will attend. Criticisms and suggestions will be equally appreciated.

J.W.J.

AVERAGES—1ST XI.

BATTING.					
	Innings.	Runs.	Most in Innings.	Times Not Out.	Average.
A. E. Croom ...	17	224	36	3	16
T. Bartholomew ...	16	175	25*	2	12.5
J. Rumens ...	16	156	51	2	11.14
A. G. Rider ...	12	96	23	1	8.72
P. Hendy ...	14	81	18	1	6.23
J. W. Jelley ...	15	71	16	2	5.46
P. James ...	15	78	27	—	5.2
H. Osborne ...	10	52	28	—	5.2
J. H. Wadhams ...	7	30	23	1	5
J. Hiller ...	9	44	16	—	4.88
F. Clarke ...	11	24	7	1	2.4
G. F. Irwin ...	11	11	5*	2	1.57

The following also played in three and less than seven matches :—

G. Kelly ...	3	23	11*	1	23
C. H. Perrin ...	4	31	20	—	7.75
F. S. Hawkins ...	3	11	10	1	5.5
H. Kirk ...	4	23	12	1	4
A. Osborne ...	5	15	13	—	3
F. Phipps ...	4	10	4	—	2.5
W. Sparks ...	3	1	1	—	.33

The following also played in less than three matches :—

H. Woolcott ...	2	8	8	1	8
F. Collins ...	2	8	5	—	4
C. Streams ...	1	3	3	—	3
F. W. Freeman ...	2	1	1	1	1

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
A. E. Croom ...	119.1	27	254	36	7.05
F. Clarke ...	108	20	276	39	7.07
J. Rumens ...	109.5	9	365	40	9.12
J. W. Jelley ...	50	10	159	10	15.9

The following bowled in less than seven matches :—

P. Hendy ...	4.4	—	13	2	6.5
T. Bartholomew ...	6	2	28	4	7
C. H. Perrin ...	113	2	37	5	7.40
F. Phipps ...	8.2	1	35	3	11.66
H. Osborne ...	20	2	57	3	19
P. James ...	8	—	25	1	25
H. Woolcott ...	6	1	10	—	—
F. Collins ...	3	—	10	—	—
F. S. Hawkins ...	2	—	6	—	—
J. Hillier ...	2	—	7	—	—

* Not out.

AVERAGES—2ND XI.

BATTING.					
	Innings.	Runs.	Most in Innings.	Times Not Out.	Average.
J. Venner ...	8	51	34	—	6.37
C. Streams ...	15	80	12	—	5.33
E. Clarkson ...	13	61	16	—	4.69
L. Kirby ...	14	51	18*	1	3.92
G. Kelly ...	10	27	7	3	3.85
J. Aldridge ...	14	36	14*	2	3
I. G. Godden ...	14	35	11*	1	2.69
S. Brunsdon ...	9	19	10	—	2.11
L. Atkinson ...	11	4	3	4	1.57
F. Kemp ...	9	9	3*	1	1.12
R. Pitts ...	13	13	4	—	1

The following played in three and less than seven matches :—

H. Woolcott ...	2	28	17	—	14
F. S. Hawkins ...	6	36	12*	1	7.2
P. Luker ...	6	23	13	—	3.83
G. Poole ...	4	12	5	—	3
R. Broad ...	5	11	6	—	2.2
J. B. Doe ...	4	5	3	—	1.25
B. W. Brooker ...	3	2	2	—	.66
A. Potter ...	3	1	1	—	.33

The following played in less than three matches :—

E. Lovejoy ...	2	12	11	—	6
H. Kirk ...	1	6	6	—	6
J. Stevens ...	1	6	6*	1	6
N. Hasker ...	2	4	4	1	4
A. Young ...	2	4	4	1	4
P. Hendy ...	2	7	7	—	3.5
G. Read ...	1	1	1	—	1
S. Higley ...	1	—	—	—	—

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
C. Streams ...	129.5	19	395	55	7.18
L. Kirby ...	32.2	5	127	11	11.54
L. Atkinson ...	75	8	300	25	12

The following bowled in less than seven matches :—

J. B. Doe ...	5	1	7	2	3.5
H. Woolcott ...	6	3	8	2	4
E. Lovejoy ...	16	4	29	5	5.8
R. Broad ...	38.1	7	87	17	5.11
P. Hendy ...	16	1	50	7	7.14
F. S. Hawkins ...	19	2	57	5	11.4
J. Venner ...	9	—	52	2	26
J. Aldridge ...	2	—	9	—	—
F. Kemp ...	2	—	10	—	—
S. Brunsdon ...	7	—	49	—	—

* Not out.

The Committee have pleasure in giving the results of the Departmental Tournaments held up to date. These functions are being contested with keen enthusiasm and, as can be seen, the results so far have been very even. Also results of the Billiards League matches played off are shown.

On Saturday, 26th October, we visited the Sulhamstead and Ufton Club and a very enjoyable evening was spent: all games were played and we were successful in winning 14 games to 8. The return match with this Club, as shown in next month's programme, will be held at our Club on Saturday, 30th November.

The new scheme for the collection of Club subscriptions is proving even more successful than was anticipated and many new members, and members who had fallen out, have been enrolled. Any employee of the Firm not acquainted with the scheme should at once consult a member of the Committee for details.

NOVEMBER FIXTURE LIST.

Friday, November	1	Departmental Tournament: Offices <i>v.</i> Cellars.
Monday	4	Billiards League, Div. I., <i>v.</i> West Reading Liberal (home).
		Billiards League, Div. II., <i>v.</i> Comrades' Club (away).
Wednesday	6	Whist Drive.
Friday	8	Games Tournament with Sunninghill Comrades' Club (home).
Monday	11	Billiards League, Div. II., <i>v.</i> Comrades Club (home).
Wednesday	13	Whist Drive.
Thursday	14	Games Tournament: Retailers' Society (home).
Friday	15	Departmental Tournament: Rest <i>v.</i> Coopers.
Monday	18	Billiards League, Div. I., <i>v.</i> Central Liberal (away).
		Billiards League, Div. II., <i>v.</i> Curzon Club (away).
Wednesday	20	Whist Drive.
Friday	22	Maltings <i>v.</i> Building (Challenge).
Monday	25	Billiards League, Div. I., <i>v.</i> Central Liberal (home).
Wednesday	27	Whist Drive.
Friday	29	Departmental Tournament: Transport <i>v.</i> Building.
Saturday	30	Games Tournament with Sulhamstead Club (home).

DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

FRIDAY, 4TH OCTOBER, 1929.

CELLARS.			THE REST.		
Games.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.	
Billiards	J. Rumens	1	E. Palmer	0	
"	G. Moss	0	F. Braisher	1	
"	W. Curtis	1	F. Cross	0	
Dominoes	W. Wheeler	0	H. Stanbrook	1	
"	W. Kirke	0	J. Edgington	1	
"	J. Benford	1	A. Comley	0	
Crib	J. Salisbury	0	W. Newport	1	
"	W. Wheeler	1	G. Marsh	0	
"	J. Benford	1	T. Osborne	0	
Shove Halfpenny	W. Kirke	1	T. Howell	0	
"	W. Taylor	0	A. Nash	1	
"	A. Shiers	1	W. Humphries	0	
Darts	W. Curtis	0	J. Cannon	1	
"	— Maskell	0	W. Gibson	1	
"	A. Shiers	1	F. W. Shipton	0	
Shooting	A. Joyce	1	J. Croft	0	
"	J. Hamblin	0	T. Holmes	1	
"	J. Salisbury	0	H. Prater	1	
		9		9	

FRIDAY, 11TH OCTOBER, 1929.

COOPERS.			TRANSPORT.		
Games.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.	
Billiards	C. Weller	0	G. Winslet	1	
"	R. Griffiths	1	A. Dalton	0	
"	A. Weight	1	E. Champion	0	
Dominoes	H. Plank	0	J. Jones	1	
"	T. Williams	1	A. Hutchings	0	
"	C. Latimer	0	A. Grove	1	
Crib	F. Oliver	0	A. Grove	1	
"	C. Latimer	1	T. Streams	0	
"	A. Dolton	1	D. Wits	0	
Shove Halfpenny	W. Sparks	0	H. Taylor	1	
"	W. Sparks	0	A. Dalton	1	
"	F. Middleton	1	D. Wits	0	
Darts	G. Kelly, Junr.	0	H. Taylor	1	
"	C. Weller	0	A. Fullbrook	1	
"	A. Weight	0	G. Boniface	1	
Shooting	W. Sparks	1	E. Champion	0	
"	H. Clements	0	A. Dalton	1	
"	W. Sparks	0	A. Dalton	1	
		7		11	

FRIDAY, 18TH OCTOBER, 1929.

BUILDING.			CELLARS.		
Games.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.	
Billiards	W. Hinton	1	W. Maskell	0	
"	A. Rice	1	J. Rumens	0	
"	C. Chapman	0	W. Curtis	1	
Dominoes	S. Judd	1	J. Benford	0	
"	J. W. F. Sewell	0	W. Wheeler	1	
"	P. G. Maynard	0	W. C. Kibble	1	
Crib	A. Ayling	1	W. Wheeler	0	
"	N. L. Wells	0	J. Rumens	1	
"	B. Smith	0	J. Benford	1	
Shove Halfpenny	A. Rice	1	W. Kirke	0	
"	T. Stacey	1	A. Shiers	0	
"	C. Dobson	0	W. Taylor	1	
Darts	P. Miles	1	A. Shiers	0	
"	E. Tate	0	W. Maskell	1	
"	B. Eymore	1	S. Kirk	0	
Shooting	W. Sewell	0	W. C. Kibble	1	
"	H. E. Mitchell	1	F. Hamblin	1	
"	J. Chard	1	A. Joyce	0	
		9½		8½	

FRIDAY, 25TH OCTOBER, 1929.

THE REST.				TRANSPORT.			
<i>Games.</i>	<i>Name.</i>		<i>Points.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Points.</i>		
Billiards F. Braisher	...	1	C. Winslet	0	
" F. Cross	...	1	W. Mulcock	0	
" E. Palmer	...	0	A. Dalton	1	
Dominoes J. Edgington	...	1	A. Hiscock	0	
" S. Stanbrook	...	0	J. Jones	1	
" G. Marsh	...	0	A. D. Hutchins	...	1	
Crib C. Thatcher	...	1	A. Hiscock	0	
" T. Osborne	...	1	E. Champion	...	0	
" W. Newport	...	1	D. Witts	0	
Shove Halfpenny	W. G. Humphries	...	0	J. Jones	1	
" T. Howell	...	0	D. Witts	1	
" A. Nash	...	1	F. Adey	0	
Darts J. Cannon	...	0	G. Boniface	1	
" F. W. Shipton	...	1	F. Adey	0	
" W. Gibson	...	1	W. Mulcock	0	
Shooting T. Holmes	...	1	J. Jones	0	
" H. M. Prater	...	1	A. Dalton	0	
" J. Croft	...	0	E. Champion	...	1	

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

If you hide in a hedge or wood near a rick of corn, wait and watch: you will be sure to see some signs of life before you have been there long. The other day I took up such a position and witnessed an extraordinary sight. A big rat suddenly ran out of the rick and as suddenly ran in again. Not many minutes had elapsed before out he came again, and ran right round the rick. The animal seemed very agitated and I soon discovered the reason. A little stoat, not half his size, was after him and evidently bent on having that rat's blood. As the stoat neared the rat the latter stood up on his hind legs, kangaroo fashion, and was apparently determined to sell his blood as dearly as possible. I wondered what *would* happen when they actually came to grips. I have seen a rat's teeth fixed into a fox terrier, and I gave a good guess what would be the result if they met in the stoat's body. But the stoat was too artful for that. Round and round the rat he went, but it was quite a quarter of an hour before he found an opening. Just one unguarded moment on the rat's part and this little elongated piece of fiendish ferocity sprang on to the rat's back and bit savagely—how savagely!—into the back of the rat's ear. There was a piercing squeal or two, but all was soon over and the stoat made his horrid meal, leaving his prey stone dead.

The fact that stoats kill rats is a point in their favour. But they are not very particular whether it is fur or feather into which they stick their little teeth. And they may often be seen climbing trees in pursuit of prey.

The leaves are falling fast now and when the woods and hedges are stripped you can gather much information as to the nesting of the birds. And it is astonishing how many nests even a roadside hedge will hold. In the woods, you may find the homes of hawks, jays and magpies. The last-named are artful birds. If there is a corner to a wood, they will probably build there, for then they are the better able to see the approach of danger. If there were four pairs of magpies in a wood which had four corners I should not be surprised if there were a nest in each corner, a chain of observation posts, as it were, for the purpose of seeing when the keeper came.

THE LATE MR. TOM TAME.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mr. Tom Tame, of the Transport Department. His health had been failing for some months, and it was hoped that a brief sojourn at the Park Hospital would make him fit again, but he grew weaker day by day and passed peacefully away in his sleep on Monday, 22nd October, 1929, at the comparative early age of 45.

Tom was very popular with his work-mates, and a familiar figure on the road with his huge six-wheeled lorry which he drove with great skill. He was a fine cricketer and was in charge of the

lorry which took the team to their various engagements. The tug-of-war team found in him a valuable asset, as also did the Transport Department in their games competitions at the Social Club.

An "Old Contemptible," he served throughout the Great War in the Royal Garrison Artillery. He had been with the Firm for twenty-two years, being in charge of horses before the advent of the motor lorries, and was a loyal and conscientious servant.

His widow and children, brother and brother-in-law (Mr. G. Andrews, of the Bottling Stores) in their hour of sorrow will be comforted by the fact that the true sympathy of their friends at the Brewery is extended to them.

The funeral took place on Saturday, October 26th. The service at St. Saviour's Church was attended by his workmates, four of whom acted as bearers. The floral tributes included one from the London Branch, and one from the Ludgershall Branch where Tom was well known.

F.K.



The late Mr. T. Tame.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Last month's HOP LEAF GAZETTE was full of good things and of interest all the way through. For some, the pleasure of reading the various items had to be left until the week-end, for being on overtime reading had to be deferred. However, they had a feast of delight when that happy time came along.

OVERTIME.

The Annual Audit or end of the Financial Year—whichever you prefer to call it—is somewhat different to the Quarterly Balancing, for it seems to herald the beginning of winter, or nearly so. This year, for the first week at any rate, the staff were greeted nightly with heavy rain on leaving the offices, but nobody seemed to mind very much for we had had such a long spell of fine weather and maybe at the back of the minds of some of us was the thought that heavy grounds would result, thus helping the Reading Football team in their quest for points. Downstairs, that is to say the General Office, after nearly a fortnight of 9 o'clocks they had to break off for a while as they had got on as far as they could. It is only fair to state, however, that a number of workers carried on nightly wrestling with what is mysteriously known as dissections. At the moment, considerable progress has been made and before the end of the month it is expected all will be clear and finished up.

TIMELY RESCUE.

Under the above heading in our last issue appeared a note in regard to Mr. A. T. Walsh (Branch Dept.) going to the rescue of a lady bather who had got out of her depth and bringing her safely out of the water. I have since learnt that he was assisted in his errand of mercy by another Brewery worker, Mr. F. L. Maskell of Oxford Branch. It is pleasing to record that these two Breweryites by their prompt and brave action were able to save this lady's life.

OUR EDITOR.

Mr. C. H. Perrin, at the request of the Chief Constable of Reading and with the permission of the Directors of the Firm, was the official shorthand writer on behalf of the Police at the recent inquest on Mr. A. Oliver. As is well known, this proved to be a long affair and naturally Mr. Perrin was taxed to the utmost and the task of transcribing all his notes became an arduous duty. Mr. Perrin says taking everything down at an inquest is not in the usual way a particularly speedy matter, nevertheless, on one or two days it was a case of what he terms "fireworks" when he had to write at very fast speeds. Naturally, he has made a success of this as was only to be expected.

MR. A. C. KINGSTON.

The above gentleman retired at the beginning of the month from the post of Cashier, a position he held for many years. For the past year or so Mr. Kingston has been in indifferent health and his many friends wish him well in his retirement and hope he will be spared for a long while. His position as Cashier has been no sinecure and I feel sure he could a tale unfold of the changes that have taken place at the Firm during his 48½ years of service for H. & G. Simonds Ltd. The Editor must get him to write his reminiscences for THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. Mr. Kingston on his last visit to the offices certainly looked better and now he is relieved of the worries of business we all hope his health will considerably improve. Mr. H. C. Shepherd has been appointed to the vacant post.

MR. S. MURTON.

Another old servant of the Firm, after 46 years service, has had to give up owing to a breakdown in health. For some time past Mr. Murton has been in poor fettle for his duties and although he has stuck it well he has had to give up in the end. In his case, as in Mr. Kingston's, he should improve in health now that his worries are lessened. We shall also have to obtain his reminiscences for they would be very interesting. It is safe to say he is known throughout the Brewery and universally liked. He has always been ready, willing and one of the first to help many a lame dog over a stile. For many years he was Secretary of the Seven Bridges Brewery Cricket Club and at many of our bygone functions in connection with Brewery happenings he was invariably voted to the Chair. All wish him a long, happy retirement and many will miss his cheery "I'll see you through toys" and "The whole box of tricks."

MR. H. J. WARR.

Yet another old member of the staff has retired. Mr. Warr, generally known to his many friends as "John" or "Jack," retired on the 5th October after 48 years service for the Firm and has been employed in the Delivery Office as long as the writer remembers. Although not now so nimble as formerly, he is by no means a spent force. I am sure everyone of his friends at the Brewery and elsewhere wish him well and that he will live for many years.

FOOTBALL.

This has been a burning topic amongst the Brewery enthusiasts and we have not yet decided amongst ourselves whether Reading have a promotion side or a team very much the reverse. So far,

the players have done very well and the Club holds a good position in the League. We all hope their early form will continue and that the season at the end can be written down as successful

Our Tamar Brewery friends must be pleased at the form displayed by Plymouth Argyle and if it can only be maintained they ought to finish up on top for a change. "Pompey" have not done any too well so far, but we hope their turn will soon come when they will take a welcome rise in the League table. Brighton are having a better season than last and promotion should not be beyond them, providing Plymouth Argyle and a few other Clubs permit.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Mr. S. Josey's article entitled "Stag Hunting on Exmoor" pleased many. It also brought up for discussion an old Brewery topic, viz.:—whether Stag Hunting is cruel. We haven't settled this point yet.

The Reading University "Rag" which is to be held on Tuesday, October 29th, on behalf of local charities, promises to be an exciting affair. The Firm have loaned them a lorry, complete with driver, mate and a number of accessories for the day.

Mr. E. Kirby, who wrote so entertainingly in the last issue about the Schneider Trophy Race, is now a member of the Delivery Office staff.

Sorry to say our old friend Mr. W. J. Roberts, of the Estates Department, is very poorly. Everyone of us at the Brewery wish him well and trust his health will soon improve.

Mr. W. H. Davis, who has been appointed Manager of Farnborough Branch in the place of Mr. A. Goodall who has retired after 52 years of faithful service, called in at the Brewery Offices just recently looking very fit and well. We all hope he will meet with every success in his new position and do well.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A writer warns those who propose to spend a day on the river to wear hats which afford some shade, for, says he, "water is glaring stuff to look at." Perhaps that is why so many people always mix a little whisky with it.

THE LETTER IN HIS HAND.

A soldier lying dead on the battlefield of Sedan, the scene of the fall of the French Empire 59 years ago, held tight in his fingers a scrap of paper, a letter from his little girl. This is how the poet Mr. Austin Dobson tells the story.

Here, in this leafy place,
Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies;
Tis but another dead;
All you can say is said.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled!
Only the tremulous
Words of a child;
Prattle, that has for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Carry his body hence,
Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves:
So this man's eye is dim;
Throw the earth over him.

Look. She is sad to miss,
Morning and night,
His—her dead father's—kiss;
Tries to be bright,
Good to mamma, and sweet.
That is all. *Marguerite.*

What was the white you touched,
There, at his side?
Paper his hand had clutched
Tight ere he died;
Message or wish, may be;
Smooth out the folds and see.

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain!
If the grief died—but no;
Death will not have it so.

RETIREMENT OF LOYAL SERVANTS.

In this month's issue we announce the retirement of several old members of the Staff, whose loyalty and devotion to their work has been the outstanding feature of their career.

Mr. A. Goodall retired from the management of Farnborough Branch on the 31st October, after completing 52 years' service, during which 40 years were spent as Manager. A portrait of Mr. Goodall appeared in a previous issue. An account of the presentation of a silver salver from his colleagues was published at the same time.

Mr. F. J. Gilbert retired from the management of Portsmouth Branch on the 31st October, after celebrating his jubilee of service with the Firm. An account of a presentation made to him by Mr. C. E. Gough on behalf of the Branch Managers appears on another page.

At Reading, we are losing the services of Mr. A. C. Kingston and Mr. S. Murton, both of whom are retiring on account of ill-health. Another departure from the Reading Staff is Mr. J. H. Warr, who has served in the Delivery Department for 48 years.

Mr. W. J. Beck has completed 57 years' service and retired from his position as traveller at Farnborough Branch at the end of October. Truly a wonderful record.

Mr. E. Clinkard, who joined the Firm in 1890 and was a very successful traveller for many years, has also retired through a breakdown in health. His late years had been spent in the office at High Street, Oxford.

We trust that in leaving their various spheres of activity in the service of the Firm, each of the above gentlemen will have many years of leisure. We know that their thoughts will often be with the grand old Firm with which they have spent long years and which has enabled them to enjoy the comforts of retirement.

RETIREMENT OF MR. F. J. GILBERT.

50 YEARS SERVICE ON THE FIRM.

Our readers will recollect the portrait of Mr. F. J. Gilbert, which appeared in the GAZETTE for the month of May last year, and will join in the general congratulations now being offered on his completion of a wonderful record of 50 years loyal service with the Firm. To mark the occasion, a subscription list was opened by Mr. C. E. Gough and Branch Managers were invited to contribute to the presentation of a handsome silver salver, bearing the following inscription :—

1879—1929.

With Hearty Congratulations to Frederick John Gilbert, Esq., on completion of his 50 years' service on the Firm, from his colleagues, the Branch Managers of H. & G. Simonds Ltd.

On behalf of the contributors, Mr. C. E. Gough sent the following letter :—

Dear Mr. Gilbert,

It gives me the greatest pleasure on behalf of your colleagues, the Branch Managers, and myself, to heartily congratulate you on your Jubilee of service with the Firm, and in doing so I am to ask your acceptance of a little memento of the occasion.

I shall be remiss if I do not include Mrs. Gilbert in our congratulations, as some testimony of her great support to you throughout your business career.

On behalf of all, I now wish you both every happiness and good health throughout your retirement from toil.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) CHARLES E. GOUGH.

P.S.—Attached is a list of Subscribers, which I thought, you would like to keep by you.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. C. G. Adams	Mr. A. W. C. Bowyer.
„ W. H. Wigley	„ W. H. Burton
„ A. Goodall	„ H. W. Colson
Major F. J. Johnson	„ J. W. Hutton
Mr. F. L. Shrimpton	„ W. L. McLaughlin
„ H. J. Timms	„ C. Bennett
„ W. F. McIntyre	„ W. J. Nicholson
„ J. D. Carter	„ C. E. Gough
„ A. Bennett	

MR. GILBERT'S RESPECTFUL THANKS.

Mr. Gilbert writes as follows :—

The Editor,

“The Hop Leaf Gazette,”

The Brewery, READING.

Dear Sir,

On the eve of my retirement after having completed 50 years' service with the Firm, I should like to convey, through the medium of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, my respectful thanks to the Directors for their many acts of kindness extended to me during that period, also my kindest regards to my many friends at the Brewery and the various Branches. I am deeply sensible of the great assistance given to me by the Portsmouth staff during the past 25 years and trust that our esteemed clients in the district will continue the favour of their valued patronage.

Yours very truly,

F. J. GILBERT.

Offices and Stores,
Southsea.

16th October, 1929.

THE PROBLEM OF FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

Within the last few days the public mind has been occupied with the visit of our Prime Minister to the United States. These two nations, our own and that of America, may be regarded as the most powerful in the world. The European countries have been greatly unsettled by the war, but Great Britain still retains her great colonial empire, and has, in fact, added to it, whilst America has definitely prospered by the catastrophe of 1914-18. Our wealth lies in our vast undeveloped resources, but America's consists also of "ready money" in her coffers.

When the American colonists broke away from our domination in 1775, they became a thorn in our side. Even at that early stage they hurt our pride by showing us that they could defeat our troops in open warfare, and during the Napoleonic wars they worried us considerably by their attacks on our commerce, though their navy proved too weak to attempt a general action. Although people of many nationalities have emigrated there, and colour-hatred exists, there has been evolved a new racial type, so that a staunch patriotism may be expected from the American nation.

So we have the two parallels; one a great and wealthy nation, entirely self-supporting and grouped on one continent; the other a maritime empire which has weathered the storms of time and is steeped in tradition, her colonies being scattered far and wide. What would be the result should a state of war exist again between them? It is terrible to contemplate, and the ultimate result is extremely doubtful.

As regards the naval question, it is probable that the Americans would reap a rich harvest amongst our shipping. Our fleets are insufficient to protect our merchantile marine, and should our fuelling stations be captured their range would considerably decrease. The American vessels, on the other hand, are capable of carrying a large supply of fuel and can therefore make long journeys without touching at any ports. And since she need not rely on other countries for supplies, America is relieved of the trouble which would be occasioned by her own commerce.

Another great source of worry to us would be Canada. This land is one of our most fruitful and important possessions, as well as being our largest. Her proximity to the United States and her lack of military organisation are clearly points of the utmost importance in the event of war.

The greatest factor, however, remains a practically unknown power as an instrument of war. It is that of the aeroplane. American interest in aviation is very great, and they can afford to

possess, and do possess, a large amount of civilian "planes" quite apart from their regular Air Force. Now since a civil "plane" can rapidly be transformed into an efficient war machine (within a few hours in fact), it is clear that the Americans have here a new weapon the size of which is practically unlimited.

As yet, however, the problem of air attack is of little importance. It would be quite impossible for a raid to be made across the Atlantic without the co-operation of an aircraft-carrier, and even then it would be made at great risk and with practically fruitless results.

So the problem of hostilities between the two countries is one which requires a great deal of attention, and all schemes towards the preservation of peace should be carefully considered, though to go so far as actual disarmament may be classed, together with Prohibition, as a foolish and narrow-minded step. As an apt example, while such bloodthirsty crimes are committed in American cities, notably Chicago (and they actually do happen), it is evident that this element in man which causes him to do violence has not ceased to exist, and so to talk of casting away the means whereby to guard our lives should the necessity arise is clearly madness. One cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and neither can one make civilised beings out of cut-throats in the short span of life allotted to us.

For the peace of the world it is essential that Great Britain and the United States should stand together, quite apart from the frightfulness of war. One cannot disturb the two most important factors of a whole without chaos resulting elsewhere. Plunge England and America into war and you plunge the world into war. As the dog waits for the scraps, so will other nations seize their opportunities to gain what they may in the battle of the giants. But war will not easily develop. We both would suffer too heavily, and not until the terrors of the Great War are forgotten by our descendants will there be any national enthusiasm for antagonism.

Yet the horrors of American architecture, crime, and jazz, forbid too intimate a relation between us. Certain words of American slang have already drifted into our language, whilst the saxophone and Ford car are encountered everywhere. We don't wish to be Americanised, neither do the Americans wish to be Anglicised, so here is a fresh difficulty. The best policy is evidently that of mere formal acquaintance, neither of intimacy nor of distant chilliness. Let us be comrades, yet at the same time keeping to ourselves. The Eagle and the Lion look quite a gallant pair side by side, but they cannot mate, so let our policy be plain "co-operation."

KIRBY Junr.

THE POWERS OF THE KING.

(From the *Daily Express*.)

The fact that England has always been a monarchy has been the mould and framework of our system of government. Parliament came later than King, although, stage by stage, it has made for the royal power definite channels, so that, broadly speaking, the King's sovereignty is exercised through the various modes Parliament has devised for it.

A large and indefinite residue of authority, however, has never been taken away from the Sovereign of Great Britain. Thus there remain many things which the King may properly do without Parliamentary authorisation. By the very fact of the constant consultation with Ministers involved in our constitution, the Sovereign exercises enormous personal influence over the general course of events. The letters of Queen Victoria demonstrate again and again what heavy pressure the Queen brought to bear upon the political life of the country—she once indeed threatened abdication if a certain line relevant to Russian affairs were taken by one of her Cabinets!

In addition to profound and subtle influence upon Ministers, relations between this country and foreign Powers lie in the hands of the Crown. It is for the King to declare war, and for the King to consent to peace. It will be remembered how President Wilson wanted the League of Nations embodied in the Treaty of Versailles; how strangely also he forgot that his peacemaking powers could be exercised only in conjunction with the Senate of the United States, and the confusion into which the world's history was thereby thrown. The advantage of having one final authoritative treaty maker was never more clearly demonstrated.

The King appoints judges, bishops, and many other dignitaries. If the King made the humblest curate an archbishop, no one could undo the deed. The great prerogative of mercy is another residue of power left in the hands of the Sovereign; when judge and jury have done their work it is for the King to exercise, if so advised, the power of reprieve.

It is a common error to speak of the Home Secretary "reprieving" a prisoner. The exact fact is that the King, having been advised by the Home Secretary to reprieve, and having accepted that advice, does as has been suggested to him. It may be recalled that George III was extremely adverse to all the pressure brought to bear on him to reprieve the Rev. D. Dodd, the forger, and eventually that gentleman was hanged.

From the theoretical point of view (and ignoring what might be the ultimate fate of the Sovereign who did these things), the King could disband the Army, Navy and Civil Service; and sell all ships, barracks, post offices, naval and military stores and arsenals. He could cede the Isle of Wight to Denmark. He could raise to the peerage every subject he has. He could release every prisoner. He could erect a hundred universities. He could refrain from calling Parliament until the realm was thrown into confusion. He could appoint any sailor to command the navy, any soldier the army. Queen Victoria caused immense and general surprise when she abolished, merely by her royal warrant, the system of purchasing commissions in her army.

The Crown enjoys many immunities. The King, as Sovereign, is completely immune from the jurisdiction of the courts. If an English king committed forgery or arson it is clear that the king could not indict him to be tried in his own courts! He cannot be sued for debt, nor proceeded against for tort.

The King can do no wrong—runs the old constitutional maxim. The Statute of Limitations does not run against the King, and no Act of Parliament binds the Crown unless the Crown is specifically mentioned as being bound in it. The King, also, is head of the English Church, "so far as the law of Christ allows," and as such is a quasi-ecclesiastical person in the eye of Church and State.

Certain minor privileges also belong to the King. He has the right to escheat royal sturgeons, to mine for saltpetre, to treasure trove. For this last reason the Coroner ("Crownor") is still the proper person to inquire into findings of concealed treasure.

The majority of people barely realise the magnitude of the King's powers, because they are exercised constitutionally. They operate for the good of the whole realm. In many ways, paradoxical as it may seem, they further democracy. When Queen Victoria abolished promotion by money power instead of by merit in the army, she helped the generality of people and the good of the whole nation.

When the Crown reprieves a convicted murderer, or releases some wretched dying convict on humanitarian grounds, it is a triumph over the occasional rigidity of legalism. If the Crown cannot be tried in the courts, that removes from the scene the tremendous influence of an overwhelming litigant; and the procedure by Petition of Right—although notoriously open to reform in procedure—is quieter in mode and fairer to the petitioner.

The prerogative of the Crown is, in short, often the bulwark of the liberty of the subject.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

It was for beauty that the world was made.

Men rattle their chains to show that they are free.

Our patience will achieve more than our force.

Care, and not fine stables, makes a good horse.

Cheerfulness is the best promoter of health, and is as friendly to the mind as to the body.

Diamonds cut diamonds.

Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure, and, since you are not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.

Enough is great riches.

For he lives twice who can at once employ
The present well and e'en the past enjoy.

Friendship is a plant which one must water often.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with,
has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

BRED AND BORN.

So you see fit to mourn
That she is not well born.

Now I would sigh instead
If she were not well bred.

Everyone knew that this was the best and the wisest man one was ever likely to meet in life. The mediaevals would have expected lilies to grow where his body was found.—*Written by an old pupil on the death of his Eton master.*

SOCCER, WORLD'S GREATEST SPORT.

Association football, according to statistics compiled by the International Football Federation, is the world's greatest and most popular sport.

It is estimated that 28,000 registered teams play the game in Great Britain and Europe, and that there are a few more thousand teams in North and South America.

Great Britain, the motherland of the sport, leads in the number of registered teams. The Federation's figures show that the number of registered teams playing are: Great Britain, 9,000; Germany, 6,300; France, 5,289; Italy, 2,054; Belgium, 1,200; Holland, 1,030; Czecho-slovakia, 939; Poland, 595; Hungary, 430; Denmark, 334; Rumania, 298; Austria, 245.

Forty-six nations are represented on the International Federation, but the English, Welsh, Irish and Scottish Football Associations withdrew from membership following their objections to the payment of amateur footballers for "broken time." Efforts, however, are being made to bring the British Associations into the international body again.

Germany, who has now attained second place in the number of registered teams, takes the game very seriously, and the large stadiums that are so prominent a feature of the big German cities, as well as small towns, always contain a football pitch.

In France 400 teams are entered this year for the National Football Cup, a championship contest which continues throughout the winter.

Spain has witnessed a great development of football in popular favour, and the supremacy of bull-fighting as the national sport is being seriously challenged.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Four young courting couples were fined at South Bank for sitting in a hayfield and damaging growing grass. They were not the kind of people to let grass grow under their seat.

* * * *

THE OVAL.

According to the owner of a large poultry farm, there is a strong prejudice against ducks' eggs. This is very marked among cricketers.

THE BEER BAITERS.

SELF DETERMINATION FOR EVERYONE BUT THE BRITON.

Mr. A. P. Herbert writes the following excellent article in the *Morning Post* :—

The best thing the Liquor Commission can do when it meets again is to commit suicide gracefully.

If anyone were to set ten fox-hunters and ten leaders of the R.S.P.C.A. to investigate together the merits of fox-hunting we should not expect very much to come of it.

But the Home Secretary's Beer-baiting body is not less fantastically composed. He begins with the Chairman of the Brewers' Society and an ardent Prohibitionist, the Rev. Henry Carter! And so he goes on. He sets up his Commissioners like chessmen, a black for every white, and invites them to agree together. Cat and dog, discussing a dead rat, are as likely to achieve a judicial frame of mind. The Commission is a two-headed abortion, and that will probably be its one unanimous finding.

AN IMPERTINENT NOSE.

And this monster, for years to come, is to poke its impertinent nose into our public-houses and our private lives, snuffle about in our cellars and our clubs, and then lumber round the world examining the liquid dietary of every civilised nation. It will be the biggest joke of the century, of course, but it is a poor and an offensive joke.

The ordinary citizen (the only "interest," as usual, which is absolutely unrepresented among the twenty-one Commissioners) is tired of this particular joke. I wish it were possible to assemble the people of England and Wales in one place and put to them this question: "*Is it necessary or sensible in the year 1929 to appoint a Royal Commission to investigate the facts about beer?*"

The people would laugh so loud and so long that the piping answers in the affirmative would never be heard. But the people are silent and are not consulted; and the busybodies of this world have their way.

Then I would cry aloud to the people—"What did we fight the Great War for?"

And no doubt the well-read masses would reply, "*Self-determination, guv'nor!*"

It is a strange thing that in this the glorious decade of self-determination for small nations there is less and less self-determination for individuals.

We dash about the world flinging freedom to the Croats, and freedom to the Egyptians, and freedom to the Indians, and the Arabs and the Poles; but as for the Briton, he is to have his meals arranged by Royal Commission.

Any boy or girl of 21 is considered fit to choose a Prime Minister; but no grown man is considered fit to choose his liquid food. We boast of the Briton's education, the Briton's celebrated character, his discipline, his self-reliance, good sense and so forth; but we are more and more afraid to trust the flawless Briton with a glass of beer.

For, mark you, whatever its terms of reference, the idea behind the Commission is not the idea of removing restrictions.

Anybody who wanted to increase our liberties could do it in ten minutes without appointing Commissions. All the facts are known, and the demands of those who want more freedom are known; the demands of those who wish us to have less freedom do not matter, for they have nothing to do with it. What in the world has the Rev. Henry Carter to do with the wine on my table? I do not presume to form societies for the regulation of his diet.

Most of the ills of the human race are due to excessive or improper feeding; but nobody asks for a Royal Commission about it. Many a fat teetotaller is a far more disgusting spectacle, a far worse citizen and worker, than a thin man who likes his glass. But nobody makes laws about the eating of the fat.

Suicides by the gas-oven have increased from 175 in 1910 to 1,086 in 1928. Do we prohibit gas-ovens?

Why this insane concentration on one only of the possible perils of life? The motor-car is taking a far greater toll in human life and suffering than "alcohol" could ever do; but nobody thinks of prohibiting all motor-cars. Motoring is governed by reference to the best motorist. He is not made to go slow because some drivers drive too fast.

FREEDOM AND PENALTIES.

On the contrary, we now propose to remove the speed-limit altogether, though we are to punish offenders more severely. Exactly the same principle should govern the use of liquor—the maximum freedom for the moderate, with heavy penalties for those who abuse it. But exactly the opposite principle is applied in fact, reaching its lunatic extreme in Prohibition.

And, make no mistake, Prohibition is the real aim of those who welcome this Commission and of some of those who will sit on it.

All the best modern thought, in the nursery, in education, in industry, in politics, national and international, is moving along the lines of greater freedom and greater confidence in the character of mankind.

We believe more in the essential good sense of the race, and therefore we reduce our Navies, give Parliaments to "natives," responsibility to "workers," votes to women, and freedom to children. And any movement towards greater restriction and less trust is retrograde and against the current of civilisation.

Yet those who are working to Prohibitionise Britain have the effrontery to talk about their "ideals," while those who oppose them are "materialists," and, as a rule, "in the pay of the brewers."

I, too, am an "idealist"; but virtue in a vacuum seems to me a poor ideal. Total abstinence is easy—particularly if you dislike beer; but moderation, in a man who does, is difficult. He is the man who comes nearer to my notion of the "ideal"; also, as a rule, he lives the longer, has more friends, and is the better Christian.

But these gentlemen with beer in their bonnets, who see nothing but "alcohol" in Chateau Yquem, nothing but "drink" in a few poor Britons gathered together for a friendly glass, and nothing in an ancient inn but one more "redundant licence"; who use "public house" as a term of abuse, but know nothing of pubs or the life of the people; who have an itch for interference and call it an "ideal"—let them take ship to America and see their "ideal" in operation.

LET THEM DARE!

Let them go to America and see—what they will see; let them go to France and see—sobriety. And then let them dare to come back and try to impose their barbarous tyrannies on this country!

Meanwhile, it is an affront to all of us that such persons should be summoned by His Majesty's Secretary of State for Home Affairs to sit on a Royal Commission and poke their fanatical noses into our personal habits and inoffensive pleasures. We are so used to this sort of thing that most of us sit still, smile and say nothing. But one of these days we shall wake up like America, and find ourselves dry.

The time for sitting still and smiling has gone past. The mere existence of this Commission is an insult, and this should be constantly stated. If it has not the decency and good sense to disband itself it must be badgered to death with continual obloquy. It can do nothing but keep the humorists and the printers busy, engender bad temper, and pile up mountains of facts and figures which are already common property, and, for the most part, valueless.

But though it can do nothing itself it can prevent the doing of anything for Heaven knows how many years to come. Therefore it must die, for there is much to be done.

* * * *

Now I am going down to dinner; and with my dinner I intend to take a glass of red wine. And I ask again: *What has it to do with the Rev. Henry Carter?*

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"CHESTNUTS RE-ROASTED."

[The following amusing extracts are taken from the collection, under the above title, of funny yarns assembled by Seymour Hicks, the famous actor-manager.]

Most men's handicap at golf is either their clubs or drink; and it was one of this class of exponents of the ancient game who, having missed the ball three times on the first tee, drew from his caddie the sympathetic advice, "Don't give up, guv'nor—have a slosh with the bag."

* *

A well-known classic is that of Sir John Strange, the eminent lawyer, discussing his epitaph 'on his death-bed' with his wife. "I wish," he said, "no flowers and no fuss—let everything be as simple as possible when I am gone, and indeed please do not even put my name upon my tombstone. Just one line I would have engraved upon it and it is this: 'Here lies a lawyer who always spoke the truth.'" "But, my dear," said Lady Strange, "no one will know whose grave it is." "Oh, yes they will," said Sir John, "for all who read the inscription will say: 'That's Strange!'"

* *

There is a delightful story told of the very small boy who in discussing with his father the probable delights of Heaven, suddenly enquired if the angels play cricket there. "Why?" said the fond parent. "Well," said the child, "I was only thinking that if God went in, they would never get him out."

* *

One of the best story-tellers I have ever met is Tom Reece, the celebrated billiards player, and he told me many an amusing tale of his great game and the men who made it. One was of John Roberts, the world's champion, who while on a tour through Australia happened to be held up in a small town for some three hours owing to an accident to his train. Having nothing to do, he went to the local hotel and lit a cigar in the billiard room. Its only occupant was the marker, a very cheeky youth of sixteen, who, seeing a stranger, invited him to have a game. Roberts thanked him but refused. "Oh," said the boy, "come on, I'll give you points. I give everyone sixty in a hundred." But the champion, again thanking him, begged to be excused. The lad, however, was persistent and at last Roberts, not wanting to be bothered any more, said, "Well, to tell you the truth, my boy, the reason I don't want to play is that I am John Roberts, the champion billiards player of the world." "Oh, are you," said the boy, by no means nonplussed, "then I'll give you forty."

* *

As to how Roberts would compare with the record-makers of to-day amid the vast improvements in the paraphernalia of the game is a matter for conjecture, but he certainly must have been a mighty man. While he was playing at Manchester on one occasion, two local experts of the cue and ball sat watching his marvellous strokes at the top end of the table open-eyed and wondering. At last one turned to the other and said, "Jack, what game is he playing?" His companion replied, "Billiards, of course." "Is it," said the other, "well, what's the game we play?" During the evening session of the same day, Roberts, in a nasty position, but not wishing to be bothered with the rest, took his cue in his left hand and played a difficult hazard into the top pocket. This was too much for one of the spectators, who got up, put on his hat and said: "Come on, Will, it's no good watching him, he's amphibious."

* *

George Grossmith, Senr., a professional humorist at the piano, beloved by the middle-class audiences of England, and holding, as he did after the death of Corney Grain, a unique position in Great Britain, is to be forgiven if sometimes he was apt to be a trifle too conscious of his success in the presence of his less fortunate confreres. One night he was sitting at a famous club telling the members of a recent triumphant tour in America. At the end of the narration he turned to Brookfield, another celebrated wit, who had been doing anything but well in management at the Haymarket Theatre, and said: "You see, you fellows in the theatre are obliged to have a play, a production and a company to support you, while I have made thirty-three thousand pounds in one season with only a piano and a dress suit." "Probably," said Brookfield, "but we don't all look so damn funny in a dress suit."

=====

When Field-Marshal Sir George Milne, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was G.O.C. the Allied Armies in Macedonia during the war, his imposing saloon motor car carried a large Union Jack, and all ranks had strict orders to salute this on sight. It is said that on one occasion in the summer of 1917 the Commander-in-Chief's car drew up at Lembet Camp, at the exact spot where an Army Service Corps private was lounging away a spare hour. The private was so astonished that he lost all power of action. Sir George stepped smartly from the car and demanded, "Have you been given any orders as to what you should do when you see that flag?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man. "What were you told to do?" was the next question. "Please, sir, the sergeant told me to hop it like hell."

* * * *

Doris had just become engaged to Willie. A week or two after the announcement had been given out she went to tea with one of her friends.

"Now, dear," said this friend. "I want to hear all about it. How did Willie propose?"

Doris blushed. "He paid me a great compliment," she replied. "He said that I was the eighth wonder of the world, and that he could never live without me."

"Really?" gushed the other girl. "And what was your answer?"

"Oh, I told him I'd have him," said Doris. "But I warned him at the same time that there'd be trouble if ever I caught him with one of those other seven!"

* * * *

The wife of an American musician, a bride of a year, was pushing a perambulator in which were three fine girl babies—triplets—when she met another who had been married only for a few weeks.

"What beautiful babies!" exclaimed the newly married one.

"Yes," replied the proud mother, "and let me tell you the funniest coincidence. At our wedding, Mr. Sousa and his band serenaded us, and they played 'Three Little Maids' from *The Mikado*. Isn't that funny?"

At this the other bride turned pale. "Good heavens!" she gasped. "We were serenaded, too, and they played the Sextette from *Lucia*."

News had been received by the tramway inspector that an overhead wire had fallen in a crowded street. When he arrived on the scene he found a crowd of people handling the wire in a most careless manner. Hurrying up, he shouted to one man: "You shouldn't touch that wire. If the current had been on you might have been killed by the shock!"

The other looked at the inspector with a knowing air. "Ah," he said, "I was mighty careful! I felt it carefully before I took hold of it!"

* * * *

A young man in love bought his lady-love some flowers. "How wonderful of you to bring me these lovely flowers!" said the girl. "They are so beautiful and fresh; I think there is a little dew on them yet." The young man looked embarrassed. "Well," he said after some hesitation, "there is; but I'm going to pay it off next week."

* * * *

OLD LADY (meeting sailor on country road): "Sir, do ye know my son Jack in the Navy?"

SAILOR: "Which ship is he serving in?"

OLD LADY: "What! Be there two?"

* * * *

Several years ago, two ladies, sisters, were living at their home in Scotland. They had an aunt to whom they were much attached, who was staying for a time with friends at St. Petersburg. After a while the sisters received unexpected tidings of their aunt's death. They felt that the interment must take place in the Homeland, and accordingly arranged with the Russian authorities that their aunt's body should be embalmed and sent to their care. In due course a coffin arrived—but when the lid was removed the ladies found, to their surprise and distress, that the coffin contained, not the body of their aunt, but that of a Russian officer clad in uniform, with all the insignia of high military rank. Immediately a telegram was sent to St. Petersburg intimating that there had been a mistake, and begging that the body of their aunt might be sent on without delay. To this message the following reply was received: "Your aunt has been buried with full military honours. Do as you like with the General."

* * * *

VILLAGER: "I like your preaching, vicar. I learn a lot from your sermons."

VICAR: "I'm very glad to hear that."

VILLAGER: "Yes, until I heard what you had to say on Sunday I always thought Sodom and Gomorrah were man and wife!"

The story is told of a Labour member who asked a French politician, over here on a visit, what he would take to drink.

"Vell," was the reply, "I will take a drop of your contradiction."

"What on earth is that?" queried the astonished Englishman.

"Vy, you put in de visky to make it strong, de vater to make it veak, de lemon to make it sour, and de sugar to make it sweet. Den you say, 'Here's to you!' and you drink it yourself."

* * * *

New York customs officials discovering some bottles of whisky hidden in a flower box under a layer of roses, fined the owner and confiscated the liquor. It evidently does not pay to attempt to take spirits into America *sub rosa*.

* * * *

"I'm going to call my garage 'The Half-Way Inn'!"

"Why?"

"Because that's the way my wife parks the car."

* * * *

BARBER (showing hair-restorer to totally bald customer): "You want to be very careful with *this*, Sir. You don't want your 'air to go pushin' your 'at off in the street."

* * * *

"DEWARISMS."

Lord Dewar uttered these "Dewarisms" when he opened the Distillers' and Allied Companies' Sports Club at East Molesey Court, Surrey:—

"Man was born to sorrow—when he gets too old to fall in love he gets gout."

"Ability without enthusiasm—and you have a rifle without a bullet."

"The surest way to be happy is to get so busy that you have no time to be unhappy."

"Play fair, be square, and you will find more sport in living and less fear of dying."

* * * *

Two "Tommies" who had been having a night out and who had lost the last train home, turned up at an hotel in the early hours of the morning. "I say," protested the excited manager, pointing dramatically to the less coherent of the twain, "You can't bring that man in here . . . he's intoxicated, and this is a temperance hotel."

"S'all ri', ole man," said the other soothingly. "He's too far gone to notice that."

The following anonymous letter has been received by the Depot Commander :—

" Dear Sir,

Just a few lines asking you, if it is right for Mrs. _____ of _____ Street to still draw a pension when she has had two children with a married man ; the oldest is six years and youngest one four years.

" I have had my pension stopped for having one child. Please oblige."

* * * *

The response to higher education is not always as encouraging as it might be. I give an instance :—

THE POETIC IMPULSE.

A Southern lady was once teaching a class of poor white boys at a night school. It was held at her home on a great tobacco plantation in Virginia. She had taught them to read and write, some arithmetic and geography, as well as a little Latin. One night she thought she would try some poetry to awaken the æsthetic instincts which she believed must exist in the poor fellows ; so she read to them Bryant's " Ode to a Waterfowl."

" Now, boys," she said eagerly, " tell me how you would feel if you had seen that bird."

There was a dead silence.

Appealing to one of the more hopeful of her pupils, she received the enlightening response, " I wouldn't think nothin'."

" But surely you would say something ? " she persisted.

" Wall—I reckon I'd say, ' thar goes a duck.' "

* * * *

THE PARKING GROUND.

Don't get fed-up with your job ; improve it. You may be only in a small way, but make yourself felt ; think of the mosquito.

Love makes the world go round ; so do the wife's cigars.

The try-angle is the best angle from which to approach any problem.

Don't get wrapped up in yourself ; you'll make a very small parcel.

* * * *

Mary had a little dress,

The stuff was light and airy.

It didn't show the dirt a bit,

But, gosh ! It did show Mary.

BRANCHES.

BRIGHTON.

Another financial year has ended, and we hope it has been a profitable one for the Firm. It brought at its end the usual heavy work in connection with stocktaking and the balancing of the ledgers, and after many late evenings in searching for an elusive small amount the accounts now have proved themselves correct.

During the summer months Brighton has been the venue of many conferences, from Fire Brigades to Rechabites, and this month, October, the Labour Party held their annual conference here, turning Brighton-by-the-Sea to Parliament-by-the-Sea. With the exception of the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, practically every member of the Cabinet of His Majesty's Government, and a large proportion of the Government benches, were present at one time or another at the conference.

Whilst the conference was here the British Medical Association were meeting in Brighton, and at a dinner of the latter a prominent medical man uttered rather a witty expression of goodwill to the Labour conference when he said : " Brighton air is proverbially a cure for the ' Blues.' Let us hope that this week it will prove a cure for the ' Reds.' "

At the end of September the seventh annual dinner of the Royal Sussex Regiment's Old Comrades' Association was held here, when some 860 sat down to dinner in the Corn Exchange. Brigadier-General Osborne, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., was in the chair, and gave a warm welcome to all present, and at the end of his speech thanked H. & G. S. as well as other firms who contributed to the liquid refreshments consumed.

With the end of October we believe that two of the oldest Branch managers are retiring from their long service with the Firm, and we send our best wishes to Mr. Goodall and Mr. Gilbert for very many years of good health to enjoy their well earned respite from the daily toil of half a century.

GIBRALTAR.

There is not a great deal to record this month. The " Rock " has gone a bit flat, and it becomes a difficult matter to write about nothing.

The Garrison Rifle Meeting has come and gone—a week's shooting in glorious sunshine. The Royal Army Ordnance Corps were very successful at this Meeting. Ably led by Armourer Q.M.S. A. Howard the team came out of the competition with two cups. The Royal Engineers were successful in winning the

Ferrary cup; this is a shoot for Sergeants' Messes, Dockyard Police, Civil Police and Royal Navy. There is good competition and the Dockyard Police are to be congratulated on putting up such a fine show. A photograph of the winning R.E. team appears with these notes. For the first time, the Royal Army Service Corps entered a team for the competition and did very well. We wish them better luck next time, but they will miss big Peter in the team.

The Ship's Company of *H.M.S. Whitshed* held a very delightful dance here recently. It gave pleasure to many. Dances are few and far between in the hot months, and it takes the enthusiasm of the Royal Navy to liven up the jaded spirits of the Levant-oppressed Garrison.

We have a new market. It was opened recently by His Excellency the Governor and Commander-in-Chief. It is a boon, yes, a real boon!

The rains which we thought were coming are holding off, and except for a thunderstorm, there has not been a drop since the last reference to them in the GAZETTE.



The Royal Engineers, winners of the Ferrary Cup.
 Standing:—Sergt. Hare, L./Sergt. Smith, L./Sergt. Sharpe.
 Sitting:—Staff-Sergt. Cook, Sergt. Hazledene, Sergt.-Major Hampshire.

WOOLWICH.

Excellent reports have been received by us from our various Territorial customers as to our colleagues' efforts when the Regiments have been under canvas. We were not called upon to look after this particular class of trade this year. However, we hope next year to endeavour to maintain the good work of other Branches, should we be called upon to do so.

Although no canvas work for Territorial trainings, etc., was undertaken at this Branch, our marquees have been in great demand throughout the season for various Regimental sports, fetes, galas, etc. Practically every Saturday we have had a marquee or two erected for one of the many functions at which "Hop Leaf Brands" have been on sale.

Football is now in full swing and our Charlton supporters are very optimistic of their team's place in the League when the season finishes. Enthusiasm reached its height here when Charlton played Reading recently. The match was not what one would call an excellent contest, owing to the terrific heat and hard ground; another thing, too much feeling crept into the game shortly after one of the Charlton backs had been injured. However, there were many bright periods in the play, and in the opinion of the writer the best player on view on that day was Messer, Reading's centre-half; his efforts on this occasion being quite worthy of recognition by the F.A. Selection Committee.

Our Reading supporter was in his element, when after the match he met several old colleagues from the Brewery; no doubt the meeting was celebrated in the usual way.

Our West Ham and Arsenal supporters are a little disappointed in their teams' efforts so far. However, the season is young yet, although if they do not soon buck up they will have a very strenuous time fighting for points when the season is nearing its close. Oh! I nearly forgot our Tottenham supporter! Perhaps if he had forgotten them and I had not mentioned it he would have been better pleased. Still it is a long lane that has no turning.

The writer, not being an enthusiastic cricketer, is rather a keen follower of dirt-track racing during the summer months, and if any reader has not yet paid a visit to one of the many speedways to witness this sport, I can thoroughly recommend it to those in need of a new thrill. On October 15th I visited West Ham Speedway where, among others, the well-known Australian, Frank Arthur, or as he is known in speedway circles, "Wizard" Frank Arthur, was on view. He was matched against the Coventry star, Jack Parker. Arthur was eventually the victor after a very

interesting duel. The speeds for the match of four laps (1 mile) were over 40 m.p.h. Any reader who is a motorist will, I feel sure, agree that this is a very good speed to average on a quarter-mile track.

During the evening, Jack Parker made an attempt to lower the track record for four laps, *i.e.*, 1 mile; this is at present held by the famous American rider—"Sprouts" Elder. Unfortunately, Parker's time was just slightly slower, registering 41 m.p.h. average against Elder's 41.67 m.p.h. average for the four laps. I will leave this subject now and should you have an evening to spare—pay a visit to a speedway, where approximately 2½ hours of real good racing can be witnessed.

WOKING.

The month of October opened with rather an unusual succession of outdoor events in this area, largely in connection with agricultural and horticultural shows, and our Canvas Department received many calls in consequence.

The 72nd Annual Ploughing Match of the Chobham Agricultural Association was held at Chobham Park Farm on the 2nd October, while as usual the corn, root, fruit and vegetable exhibits were on view at the Chobham Village Hall. Mr. W. E. Liley of the Fox Inn, Pirbright, was again responsible for the excellent catering arrangements in connection with the ploughing match, including the luncheon. Quite a feature of the day was the keen competition in the ploughing matches, and in these days when one hears so much of the decline in the farming industry it was especially pleasing to witness the enthusiasm displayed by the lads who competed.

The Surrey Agricultural Association celebrated its centenary this year, and as a result the Annual Ploughing Match held at Bradley Farm, Dorking, on the 2nd October called for greater interest.

Indifferent weather was experienced during the morning, which undoubtedly had its effect upon the attendance earlier in the day, but despite this the event was a great success. Mr. H. H. Gordon Clark, of Mickleham Hall, was again the President, and at the luncheon was supported by the Lord-Lieutenant of the County (Lord Ashcombe) and several local gentlemen interested in agriculture. Bradley Farm, Dorking, made an ideal setting for such an event, situated as it is in a delightful spot, overlooked by the famous Box Hill with all its majestic grandeur. Mr. and Mrs. Axten of the White Horse Hotel, Dorking, were again entrusted

with the catering arrangements, which they carried through with characteristic thoroughness.

Our last outdoor event of the season was the Annual Show held under the auspices of the Egham and Thorpe Agricultural Association. The horticultural section here called for special comment, and one could not fail to be impressed by the wonderful variety and colour of the roses and chrysanthemums on show. The poultry classes were surprisingly full, and a remarkable selection of over 300 birds, comprising all the well known varieties, was on view—quite the largest collection witnessed by the writer of these notes at any such event in the district.

Sir Edward Stern, Bart., drove on to the ground during the afternoon with his coach and four roans, thus giving an old-time touch to the proceedings.

Our canvas has now been returned for winter storage, and we have pleasure once again in recording our thanks to those at Reading who are responsible for its issue and general care and maintenance.

The Woking Football Club, at the time of writing, has not had a very successful season, the result being three wins, five losses and two draws. Although this is not good, it may be put down to added efficiency on the part of the opposing teams rather than inefficiency on the part of the Woking team. The Club has secured the services of Danny Shea, the veteran West Ham, Fulham and Blackburn player, as trainer-coach. He has already made his influence felt, particularly among the younger members of the Club who turn out for regular training three nights a week.

Woking supporters were pleased to welcome Johnny Price when he visited the ground with the Fulham 1st XI, and were more pleased with the result—a draw, one all.

The Club, having successfully passed the first preliminary round of the Amateur Cup (defeating Horsham by five goals to one) meet the R.A.S.C. at Aldershot in the next round.

PORTSMOUTH.

Our hearty congratulations are given to our esteemed Manager, Mr. F. J. Gilbert, who has this month completed 50 years service with the Firm and has been for 25 years the much respected Manager of this Branch. We all wish him the best of health and happiness. By a singular coincidence, Mr. W. Perryer, Foreman of our Hyde Park Road Stores, also completes 50 years service with the Firm this month and to him also our congratulations and best wishes are given.

THE POST WAR BROTHERHOOD FEDERATION IN PORTSMOUTH.

On Saturday, October 5th, the Brotherhood had the honour of adding to their some 20,000 members of Hampshire and Wiltshire, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who was accompanied by the Right Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P., Lord Privy Seal, and the Right Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., both of whom became Brothers, and amid scenes of enthusiasm were installed at the fifth annual demonstration—a gigantic demonstration at the Connaught Drill Hall, Portsmouth, which was attended by 4,500 members. The demonstration was relayed to the Guildhall where another 2,000 persons were gathered. "I like your motto, 'Deeds, not Words'" said the Prince, "and I am going to ask you if you will make me a member of your Brotherhood." There was tremendous cheering as the Chairman placed the Brotherhood Badge in the lapel of the Prince's coat, and when the Prince, with wonderful inspiration, addressed the huge assembly as "Brethren," another cheer indicating great welcome filled the Hall.

Welcoming Mr. Thomas and Mr. Chamberlain, the Chairman (Lieut.-Col. Wyndham Portal) said the Brotherhood was non-political and democratic and suggested that if we formed a Brotherhood Ministry, both these gentlemen would be at work together.

Lieut.-Col. Wyndham R. Portal, M.V.O., presided over the gathering, and was supported by the Lord-Lieutenant of the County (Major-General J. E. B. Seely), The Lord Mayor of Portsmouth, The Bishop of Portsmouth, and, among others, the Presidents of 34 Branches. On arriving in Portsmouth the Prince paid a visit to the Lord Mayor (Councillor J. E. Smith, J.P.) at the Guildhall and before leaving for the demonstration he spoke a few words to the overflow meeting.

The demonstration opened with the National Anthem and "God Bless the Prince of Wales" and then the Chairman in extending a welcome to the distinguished visitors said he spoke sincerely when they looked on the Prince of Wales as the greatest exemplar of Brotherhood principles. Not only in this country, but when he went to the distant parts of the Empire and to foreign countries, the Prince had, if he might say so, radiated Brotherhood and he was the greatest Ambassador of Brotherhood. When the Chairman mentioned the names of Walter Ward and Chris. Hedger, the huge audience rose to its feet and cheers were led by the Lord-Lieutenant. The Chairman then referred to the seven years work of the Federation and the 34 Branches, and said Walter Ward had described the Brotherhood movement as the "University for the Poor Man," and the success of the movement was due to the extraordinary numbers and the various sections of the community

which worked together. It was the greatest mixture of men he knew. The Prince on rising to address the assembly was given a typical Brotherhood welcome. The applause lasted for about half a minute and was followed by "For he's a jolly good fellow," and before the last notes of this refrain had died away the gathering joined in three hearty cheers. The Prince in his speech referred to the founding of the Brotherhood shortly after the Armistice by Walter Ward with only 16 members, and in the last ten years there had been an amazing growth, the membership being now 20,000 with 34 separate branches. He also said he particularly liked the official title, which is the Post-War Brotherhood Federation. Mr. J. H. Thomas and Mr. Neville Chamberlain also made speeches. After the hymn and the blessing of the Bishop of Portsmouth, the Prince of Wales shook hands with the guests on the platform and left the building amid a storm of cheers. He was obviously delighted with his reception and as he went down the steps from the platform to the body of the Hall he called out "Good night" and shook his programme and notes at the audience in the most friendly manner. The relay from the Connaught Drill Hall to the Guildhall was most satisfactory. It was effected over Post Office Lines between the two buildings, amplified and broadcast in the Guildhall by Mr. Ernest Wyatt by means of Marconiphone moving coil loud speakers. There were four super loud speakers in the Drill Hall and two in the gymnasium.

The following incident occurred whilst the writer was walking in Kent, and may prove interesting to HOP LEAF readers who remember the verse commencing "Beer, happy produce of our isle" that appeared under "Words of Wisdom" in the October number.

We had reached the quaint village of Speldhurst, and were inspecting a twelfth century dwelling attached as part of the local hostelry when, to our surprise, hung on an old oak beam was a picture imprinted with the very verse alluded to. A rather fearsome looking steel engraving, it was entitled "Beer St." and attributed to Hogarth, with the date 1760. Two other verses were included, and these we set down to complete the ode:—

"Labour and Heart upheld by thee,
Successfully advance,
We quaff thy balmy juice with glee,
And water leave to France.

Genius of Health, thy grateful taste,
Rivals the Cup of Jove,
And warms each English generous breast,
With Liberty and Love."

The only fault one can find is that "S.B." has not yet reached Speldhurst, thus the author cannot claim it as his inspiration for this short note.

LONDON.

We are very sorry to learn that Mr. G. Blackall-Simonds is indisposed and trust that he will soon be convalescent, in fact, quite recovered by the time the GAZETTE is published.

Another financial year has passed and we await the signal to close. Fortunately we are able to report an increase in sales.

During the year we have had many important contracts to carry out; amongst them being the Royal Air Force Pageant, Hendon, also the supplies to Wembley Stadium (which included the English Cup Final), Lingfield, Ascot and Windsor Racecourses (the two last courses were supplied from The Brewery) for our friends Messrs. Letheby & Christopher, Ltd.

We should like to acquaint our racing friends that "Simonds" can be obtained on the following Racecourses:—Newmarket, Newbury, Goodwood, Hurst Park, Kempton Park, Alexandra Park, Gatwick, Fontwell Park, Lewes, Plumpton. To those who are able to visit the higher priced rings, Reading Pale Ale and Milk Stout should be the call; in the public rings, "S.B." Ale and Luncheon Stout.

At the Royal Agricultural Hall we have supplied many Public Exhibitions and Shows for Messrs. Bertram & Co., Ltd., and are now looking forward to the Brewers Exhibition—2nd November to 8th November. "Simonds" should be your call at the bars.

The photograph shows the "S.B." boys of the Tooting Conservative Club, Ashvale Road, who have no particular hobby or craft, but to be admitted to their number is considered a great honour amongst the Club members.

"A Song at Twilight," by members of the Sergeants' Mess, 11th London Regiment. This snap was taken at Bordon during their camp this year. "Dark Ale" seems to be the warbling lubricant.

We hear excellent reports from the 47th and 56th London Divisions regarding the manner they were looked after at Aldershot and Brighton districts during their annual camps.

I met a very old friend recently in Mr. J. Wilcox, who for many years managed the Firm's business at Margate Jetty. He informed me that he was in his 77th year and kept himself fit by



Sergeants' Mess, 11th London Regiment.



"S.B." Boys, Tooting Conservative Club.

walking. In country rambles alone he had walked about 500 miles this summer. No doubt those who were connected with the catering business of the Firm will remember him.

I received a letter from another old friend—Mr. C. Lane—who for some number of years was at London Branch and is now on pension :—

“ You will receive and be reading this on the 56th anniversary of my debut on the “ Hop Leaf ” stage at No. 12, Millbank Row. I hope you have wound up a prosperous and satisfactory year.”

I trust we shall hear many more times from him on the 21st October.

DESCRIPTION OF HIS MAJESTY'S STATE COACH.

His Majesty's state coach, which was finished in the year 1761, was designed by Sir William Chambers, and built under his supervision.

The emblematic and other paintings on the panels and the doors were executed by Cypriani, of which explanations are appended, viz. :—

- (a) The Front Panel.—*Victory* presenting a Garland of Laurel to *Britannia*, who is seated on a Throne holding a Staff of Liberty in her hand, being attended by Religion, Justice, Wisdom, Valour, Fortitude, Commerce and Plenty.

In the background is a view of St. Paul's Cathedral and the River Thames.

- (b) The Right-Hand Door.—*Industry* and *Ingenuity* giving a Cornucopia to the *Genius of England*.
- (c) The Right-Hand Panels.—*History* recording the reports of Fame. *Peace* burning the Implements of War.
- (d) The Lower Back Panel.—*Neptune* and *Amphitrite*, attended by the Winds, Rivers, Tritons, Naiads, etc., issuing from their Palace in a Triumphal Car, drawn by Sea Horses, to bring the tribute of the world to the British Shore.
- (e) The Upper Back Panel.—*The Royal Arms*, beautifully ornamented with the Order of St. George, the Rose, Shamrock and Thistle being entwined.
- (f) The Left-Hand Door.—*Mars*, *Minerva* and *Mercury* supporting the Imperial Crown of Great Britain.

- (g) The Left-Hand Panels.—*The Liberal Arts and Sciences* protected.

The Front and four Quarter Panels over the paintings are of Plate Glass.

The Framework of the Body of the Coach consists of eight Palm Trees, which, branching out at the top, sustain the roof. The four corner trees, each of which is supported by a lion's head, are loaded with trophies allusive to the victories obtained by Great Britain during the glorious war that terminated just prior to the completion of the Coach.

Four large Tritons support the body of the Coach by means of braces, which are covered with Morocco leather and ornamented with gilt buckles. The two figures in front are represented in the action of drawing the carriage, cables attached to the cranes being extended over their shoulders, and in that of announcing, through the medium of the shells which they hold, the approach of the Monarch of the Ocean. The figures at the back carry the Imperial Fasces, topped with tridents.

On the centre of the roof stand Three Boys, representing the Genii of England, Scotland and Ireland, supporting the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, and holding in their hands the Sceptre, Sword of State and Ensigns of Knighthood respectively. Their bodies are adorned with festoons of laurel, which fall from thence to the four corners of the roof.

Among the minor portions may be mentioned The Driver's Footboard, which is a large Scollop Shell, ornamented with bunches of reeds and other marine plants : The Pole, representing a bundle of lances : The Splinter Bar, composed of a rich moulding issuing from beneath a voluted shell, with each end terminating in the head of a dolphin : and the Wheels, being imitations of those of the ancient Triumphal Chariot.

The whole of the carriage is richly ornamented with beautifully gilt Carved Work.

The following are the dimensions of the Coach, viz. :—Length, 24 feet ; width, 8 feet 3 inches ; height, 12 feet ; length of pole, 12 feet 4 inches ; while it weighs 4 tons.

This Coach is kept in the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace, and, drawn by eight Bay Horses, is employed to convey Their Majesties on State occasions. The Harness used is of Red Morocco Leather, decorated with Crimson ribbons and richly gilt Coats of Arms and other ornaments.

NEWBURY.

A very pleasing break was made in our audit work, and the usual routine, on the morning of the 22nd October, when as soon as the offices were opened our Secretary, Mr. W. H. Burton, was asked if he could spare a few moments to come to the office of our chief clerk, Mr. Herridge.

The Staff were all assembled and Mr. Herridge, speaking on behalf of all those present, said that he had been asked to be spokesman and voice the words of congratulation and good wishes to their Secretary and Mrs. Burton on the occasion of their Silver Wedding which they were celebrating that day.

He said it was the first opportunity that had presented itself for the Staff to show their appreciation of the good fellowship that existed between the Secretary and the Staff at Newbury, and on behalf of the Staff asked Mr. and Mrs. Burton's acceptance of the presents which had been subscribed for by the whole of the Staff and which he now had the pleasure to hand to Mr. Burton with all good wishes for the future.

Mr. Burton, in accepting the presents on behalf of Mrs. Burton and himself, said it was such a complete and happy surprise to him that for the moment the Staff must excuse him as it had knocked the wind out of him. He went on to thank them on behalf of Mrs. Burton and himself for the kind wishes so ably expressed by Mr. Herridge and for the splendid presents and assured them that the gifts would be greatly prized by them both all their lives. He sincerely trusted that the comradeship that had at all times existed between them, together with the loyalty always shewn to him by the Staff at Newbury in the past, would continue as long as he was a member and whether they called him the Manager, Secretary or anything else, he only wanted to be one of them in order that they may work together and each one be a help to the other in their respective jobs which must result in good, "both for our Company and the interest of those whom we serve."

Mr. Burton then asked that Mrs. Burton should be sent for in order that they could jointly receive the presents that had been so kindly given. Mrs. Burton having arrived at the same time as the wedding cake and the wine, the usual toasts warranted by such an occasion were given and needless to say graciously received.

The presents consisted of a Silver Cake Dish and a Case of Silver Napkin Rings, the same being inscribed as follows:—

With Best Wishes from
The Staff

To Mr. and Mrs. WALTER BURTON
on the occasion of the celebration
of their

SILVER WEDDING. October 22nd, 1929.

A pleasant hour was spent by the outside hands in the Malt-house "Grill Room" the following evening where they were entertained by the Secretary.

Our annual Michaelmas Fair took place on the 16th and 17th inst., and the number of people visiting the town on the two days easily constituted a record. Our licensed houses, especially in the Market Place area, where the fair is held, were besieged the whole of the two days, but were well stocked and quite prepared to meet all demands.

One wonders where all the people come from and this also now applies to our Market Days (Thursdays), it being necessary at times on these days to take practically the whole of our Staff from their usual routine work to attend to customers.

S.B.B.

OXFORD.

Nothing of outstanding importance occurs to us at the moment as worthy of being placed upon record except that perhaps we may state that we, like all our colleagues, are now getting our "second wind," so to speak, and that the annual sprint is over for another twelve months.

Once more October term is with us with its usual complement of "freshers," and in consequence, we have been receiving these last few days many of their orders for "a small cask of ale and a tap," a prescription which seems to be popular with the Oxford freshman.

We trust that they will repeat the dose to our mutual satisfaction.

From the picture in last month's HOP LEAF GAZETTE we can see that the new Aquarium is quite a "posh" place and the general view in the same photograph makes us long to renew our acquaintance with "Doctor" Brighton; and again, from the eulogy

concerning Southsea in the same issue, we feel we must go there as well to have a look at our old friend, the Common, and discover if we can recognise it after its recent metamorphosis.

We note from W.D's contribution for October that the Rev. A. V. Hurley has joined the ranks of the benedicts; we wish him every felicity.

The mention of his name brings back the days, not so very long ago, when he played "soccer" at outside left for Oxford City (on the occasions when the 'Varsity could spare him). He was always a great favourite with the City supporters as he was never ruffled by a "rough house" and was ever smiling.

RETIREMENT OF MR. ERNEST CLINKARD.

At the end of September there passed from active employment into well merited retirement one who has contributed in no small measure to the Firm's business history in Oxford and district, in the person of Mr. Ernest Clinkard.

Mr. Clinkard commenced his connection with the Firm as a traveller in 1890 and until a year or so after the commencement of the late war was actively employed as such. Then, owing to the insistence of Father Time, he forsook "the road" for less arduous duties in the office, where he has carried on until recently, and now, after nearly forty very useful years spent in assiduous service, has left us to enjoy the rest he well deserves.

Mr. Clinkard is well known both in our City and the country round and was in his travelling days, and indeed is to-day, more than *persona gratia* with a very large number of our customers, many of whom are his friends of many years standing.

His chief recreations are gardening and bowls. He is an expert at trundling the woods and we can testify to his gardening proclivities by the supplies of flowers he produces from time to time. Mr. Clinkard's fondness for Church music is borne out by the fact that he has been a chorister at the Church of St. Peter in the East, Oxford, for a generation; he possesses an alto voice of quality.

On the eve of his retirement Mr. Clinkard was informally presented by the members of the Oxford staff with a case of brushes, as a mark of their genuine esteem and with their best wishes. He briefly but very aptly expressed his appreciation.

We all hope that both "E.C." and Mrs. Clinkard will be spared for many years to come, and that they will both enjoy good health and the leisure which is their just due.



Mr. Ernest Clinkard.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

We are glad to hear that the Morice Town Carnival was not only a social success, but a financial one too; and that steps are to be taken next year to make it even more so. A snapshot of the spectators lining Tamar Street during the "track" events is shewn, also one of the Steambridge Inn during the festivities.



1.—The Lounge, Tregaskis' Hotel, Torquay. 2.—Sergt. Lane, popular caterer of the 1st Wilts Regt. Sergeants Mess. 3.—The Steambridge Inn with "Hop Leaf" Mannequin in doorway. 4.—The "Hop Leaf" Mannequin. 5.—Morice Town Regatta; spectators lining Tamar Street during the foot and cycle races.

The Warrant Officers and Sergeants of the 1st Bn. The Wiltshire Regiment have for a very long time now been amongst our staunchest friends. We therefore find a great deal of pleasure in being able to include in our GAZETTE records a unique little snap of their genial Mess Caterer, Sergeant Lane, taken at Chisledon, who when the Battalion leave Plymouth early in the new year, for foreign service, is retiring on pension. A universal favourite, Sergeant Lane's retirement will mean a distinct loss to both his comrades and to those whose business and personal relationships with him have been so pleasant. We of the Tamar Brewery wish him every good luck in the future, and know that all "Simonds" men who have known him during his many years of service as a Wiltshireman will echo our good wishes.

THE ANCHOR INN, KENNFORD.

This house, so well known to all travellers on the main Exeter-Plymouth road, has lately become part and parcel of ourselves, having been acquired by the Firm. "Hop Leaf" brews have been in great demand there for a long time past, and it is an instructive sight to note the vehicles of every description which slow up, and ultimately disgorge their drivers and passengers into the "Anchor." It is an accepted truth by now among regular users of this route, that any extra time taken on the journey is more than repaid by the warmth both of the welcome and of the beverages sold therein. "Brown Ale," "Heavy Ale," "Dark" and "I.P.A." all have their champions, and Mr. J. B. Page, who has recently taken over the house on our behalf, is a son of Kennford who knows just what his customers want, through his family's long association with the property, which only a few years ago was totally destroyed by fire. The present Inn is a conspicuous landmark on the roadside, with its timbered front and picturesque old world surroundings. Situated only five miles from Exeter, it stands to-day for all to see, read, mark, learn and inwardly digest, as evidence of yet another offshoot of that spreading "Hop Leaf" tree to which we of the "Tamar" proudly belong.

Mr. Page will be more than pleased to welcome any of our friends who are that way, and they may be sure that their call will be well worth while.

The Social Club members are now busily engaged in their winter programme, and proving that the quickest and surest way of progression is to help yourselves. A series of monthly dances, weekly billiards matches, and social evenings, all help things along, both financially and otherwise, and it is gratifying to all to see that "Tamarites" are together in these things. On October 17th a

dance was held at the "Homeward Bound" Hall, and the evening was voted a great success by all. May's orchestra supplied the music and the arrangements were in the capable hands of Messrs. R. E. Wright and W. G. Sealey, who were greatly assisted by those Club members who did the most essential job of selling the tickets. Mr. F. Hele was the untiring M.C. whose labour made success certain, and we thank him for his great help. Up to now our billiards team have not covered themselves with glory but we are still full of hope. The end of the year work rather curtailed the selection of players, but we are now hoping that future teams will be more representative ones and will do better. The results of our last two games are given below:—

OCTOBER 1ST.

<i>Devonport Y.M.C.A.</i>					<i>Simonds' Social Club.</i>				
Harris	125	<i>v.</i>	E. Webber	89	
Hobbs	125	<i>v.</i>	A. E. Ellis	96	
T. Richards	118	<i>v.</i>	P. Tucker	125	
Godsland	116	<i>v.</i>	S. W. Naish	125	
P. Richards	125	<i>v.</i>	W. Luscombe	50	

scorers were, and are, uncertain, and the evening being warm and the air dry, the prize was prematurely presented to—the Company, and, as it was our own Liqueur Scotch, thoroughly enjoyed.

A flashlight photograph of the proceedings was taken, and duly appeared in the *Western Weekly News*.



Presentation to Mr. W. H. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis were the recipients of numerous presents, including one from the Manadon Lawn Tennis Club, of which Mr. Davis was Hon. Secretary, and of which both he and Mrs. Davis were very valued members. Mrs. Davis, on the eve of her departure, took one of the premier prizes at a Club tournament, from the "owe 15" mark, and although one of the last to say so, is decidedly strong on her back-hand, so future opponents beware!!

Who was the donor who gave a bottle of Port for a prize in a recent shove-halfpenny competition, had to enter himself to complete the number, and then "cantered home" with it?

We hear the Club Committee took immediate steps to remedy the unforeseen occurrence and are dealing with the bottle in question themselves, at a later date. Good health!

We deeply regret to record the passing of Mr. H. H. Potter, our tenant at The Standard Inn, Devonport, after a long and trying illness, and we offer our sympathy to Mrs. Potter and her family in their very great loss.

Also to Mr. J. Williams, who serves under our banner at The Millbay Inn, Plymouth, in the loss of his young son who, whilst a member of our carpenters shop, by his quiet boyish manner and industry won all our hearts. It is sad to lose our dear ones at any time. When they are in the springtime of life it is doubly so, and we feel for Mr. and Mrs. Williams in their great sorrow.

GIBBONS HOTEL, TORQUAY.

One of the Tamar's oldest and most valued customers is Mr. G. E. Tregaskis, the cheery proprietor of the above Hotel, which is so well known to all habitués of that resort. The well appointed lounge with the famous clock and its trumpeter, who emerges as the hour strikes and sounds the Last Post, is reckoned as second to none by those qualified to judge. It is noted for the excellence of its cuisine, the moderation of its charges, and the amiability of its host, who contrived in making every one feel "at home" directly one "lands there." He has a wealth of good humour and tact to help him and all his "family" along, and old friends and new friends are all treated alike.

An idea of what suits his patrons can best be gauged by those of us who have to deal with his very frequent orders for "S.B.", Milk Stout and other "Simonds" beverages, and is a sufficient evidence that these brands are as well known in Torquay almost as in Plymouth. A man of taste and perception, Mr. Tregaskis will be delighted to welcome any "Hop Leaf" friends, when they pay their respects to Torquay, as all must surely do, from time to time. Remember when you walk along The Strand, "drinking in" those healing properties which are to be found there, that to

complete the cure it is of the utmost importance that a little of the "drinking" should be of the real element as well as of the imaginary, and that "Gibbons Hotel" supplies your needs.

Furthermore, if you love a joyous sunshine holiday amid the atmosphere of your own home, you need waste no time over its attainment. Write to Mr. Tregaskis.



HOW MANY "F's"?

Most people say four, but there are actually six, as indicated :—

The *Federal Fuses* are the results of scientific investigation combined with *fruits of long experience*.