

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

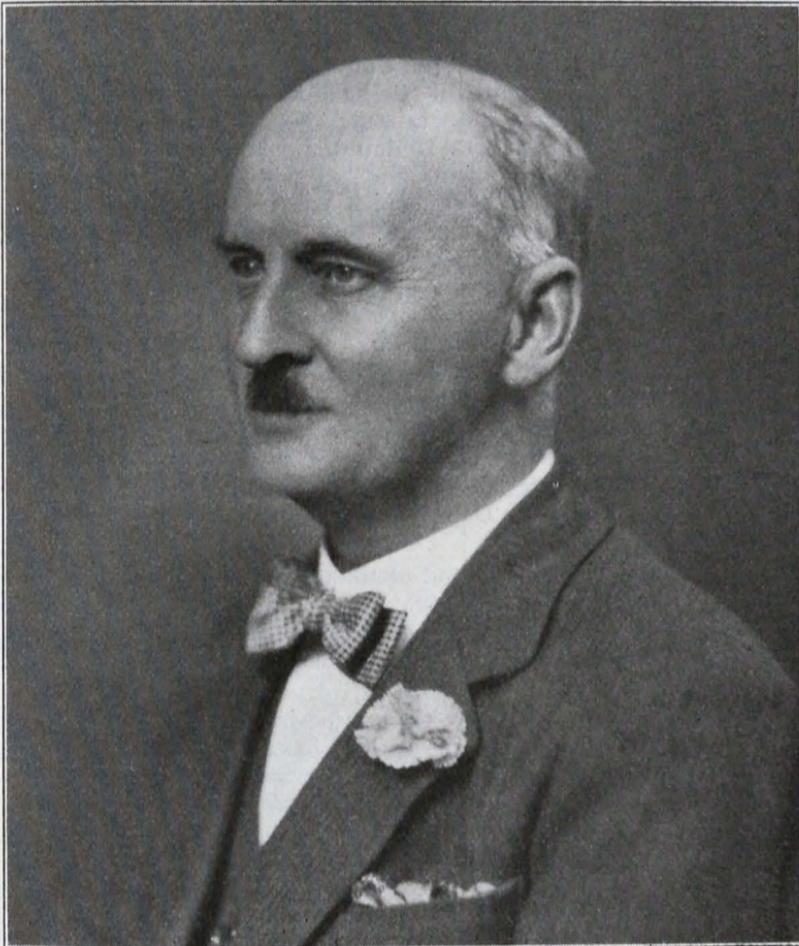
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. V.

NOVEMBER, 1930.

No. 2.



MR. HARRY E. PIKE.

MR. HARRY E. PIKE.

HEAD BREWER AT THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The portrait of Mr. Harry E. Pike, which occupies our frontispiece, will be a popular feature of this issue, particularly in and around our Western Brewery where he is more intimately known and possesses the affection and confidence of Brewery employees and a large circle of business associates.

Mr. Pike has been connected with The Tamar Brewery since 1886, spending some time in the office before his pupilage to the brewing industry, with his father, who was Manager of The Tamar Brewery under two previous proprietors.

Since his early days at The Tamar Brewery, many years before it was acquired by our Firm, Mr. Pike continually and rigorously pressed for up-to-date plant, in the face of opposition of the proprietor, who was adverse to scrapping the old plant, which had been in use since 1842. Undaunted, Mr. Pike gradually obtained improved equipment and carried out a marvellous transformation of the Brewery, which has been described by an enthusiast as "the cleanest and prettiest Brewery in the West of England." A testimonial which was given to Mr. Pike by the late proprietor after 35 years' service, is an appreciation rarely bestowed by an employer and shows the absolute confidence and reliance placed in him.

The Tamar Brewery was purchased by the Firm in 1919 and the extensions and improvements which have since been made have completely modernised the business. Prior to the extensions, which necessitated the demolition of the Maltings, large quantities of malt were made at the Brewery. As head Brewer, Mr. Pike has control of the Bottling Department which also has assumed considerable dimensions.

Mr. Pike is justifiably proud of the growth of his output since his connection with the Brewery. From an increase of over 100 per cent. in 1914, the barrellage now shows an advance of about 340 per cent. above earlier records, an achievement which speaks for itself.

There can be but few Breweries of the size of The Tamar where such an enormous increase in output has taken place within, comparatively, a few years. With the purchase of a large number of licensed properties early this year, extraordinary demands were made upon the Brewery and Mr. Pike was quite equal to the occasion and carried on with his usual imperturbability.

Mr. Pike's devotion to "The Tamar" amounts almost to an obsession and his gratification at seeing his "child" grow to maturity is only measurable by the success which has attended his efforts.

EDITORIAL.

THE ORIGIN OF COCKTAIL?

So many wildly romantic guesses have been made as to the origin of the cocktail that it is interesting to receive a common-sense explanation. In Georgian days fighting cocks had their tails clipped short. Thoroughbred horses were kept entire, with full tails, as to-day, but half-breds were docked somewhat in the ways cocks were. Both in England and America special races were run for these "cocktails," as the "half-and-half" horses with their square tails were called. Surely this is the most common-sense explanation of the name for this particular drink.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

In a certain public house the following notice appears:—

NOTICE.—Will the lady or gentleman who stole two glasses on Saturday kindly hand their names over the counter, when they will be presented with four more to make up the half-dozen.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

St. Bartholomew's Fair at Newbury is full of ancient customs. One of them is a visit by a bailiff to all the public houses—forty-six in number—in the borough. His job, according to the ancient charter granted by King John over 700 years ago, is "to collect from each publican, hotel and inn keeper, and salesman of beer, a toll of twopence." The income thus derived is divided amongst the almspeople.

A FRIVOLOUS "YOUNGSTER."

"Well, my dear Mrs. Brown, how are you to-day?" came an inquiry in a kindly tone from a district visitor to an old lady of 93 comfortably ensconced in a chimney corner of her little cottage. "O, I be keeping pretty well, thankee, for my years, but just at the moment I've got something on me min' that's rather worritin' me." "Whatever's that, my dear?" asked the visitor. "Do tell me, and perhaps I can help to drive away your troubles." "Well, my dear, it's like this. George, my only boy, is gettin' a terrible runabout lately. He goes to the pictures one or two nights a week, and most Saturday afternoons he's off to a football match. I've told 'en 'tis foolish on his part, and that unless he do take more care of hisself while he's young, he'll never make old bones." As the visitor was aware that George had just been granted an old age pension, she discreetly changed the subject.

QUITE RIGHT.

Wood-Alcohol's unhealthy for the stomach and the head :
 The "dried-up" States have tried it, and they'd just as soon
 be dead ;
 So I think good Beer and Whisky soon will reassert their
 charm—
 Oh! Another little drink wouldn't do "U.S." any harm!

ON BUSINESS.

The following excellent advice was handed to callers at the Admiralty when Lord Fisher held office :—

"Call on a business man in business hours only on business. Transact your business and go about your business in order to give him time to follow his business and you time to mind your own business."

PUBLIC SCHOOL HUMOUR.

Public school humour is, as a rule, really very funny. The jokes are very carefully thought out, and usually carried out with very great solemnity. There is an example quoted by Maurice Baring in a chapter on Eton in one of his books that is so characteristic of really good public school humour that one can leave this solitary example to stand for itself. During the class hour of a certain very "raggable" master his pupils persuaded a boy of the house next door to station himself by the open window opposite on a hot summer's afternoon and to play "God Save the Queen" every five minutes on the violin. Every time the tune started the entire class stood up. "National Anthem, sir," they announced, "must stand up." So it went on, every five minutes. Finally, when the miserable man by a shower of punishments thought he had got his class in hand once more, the tune started again, and again all the class stood up with plaintive, resigned faces.

I don't know whether Mr. Eric was at Eton at the time!

LAWN TENNIS.

Play on grass courts has now, of course, been out of the question for some time. But I play all the year round on hard courts. Recently a player so controlled the ball that it went round the net-post instead of over the net, and fell inside his opponent's court. That was a good return even though the ball travelled below the top of the net.

TOURNAMENT PRIZES.

As to the question of tournament prizes there are strict rules which, I fear, are often disobeyed. Money, cheques, and orders for money are, of course, forbidden, but how many Club officials know that they are breaking a rule, if, in a small tournament, they present chocolates to the ladies and cigarettes to the gentlemen? Yet the L.T.A. handbook states very definitely that "consumable goods" may not be given.

LIFE TOO EASY AT 109.

Big Chief White Horse Eagle, head of the Osage tribe of Red Indians, who is reputed to be in his 109th year, left Liverpool recently because he is becoming too fond of luxury. He is returning to the simple life in the Colorado Mountains. "I am too fond of sleep and comfort for a man of my age," he said. "It is making me soft, so I am going to cure myself by going back to the old life in the wigwam, where I have to hunt and eat. My father, who lived to be 159, would have been ashamed of me." "You know," he said, "there is not much wrong with you folk except that you eat and sleep too much, worry too much, and keep too much indoors."

Many people eat from three to four substantial meals a day without any strenuous recreation or work—that is intemperance. And yet you often hear these self-same people criticising the working man for taking a couple of pints of beer after a hard day's work!

LEITH HILL.

I often pay a visit to Leith Hill, Surrey. The surrounding country is now a rainbow of orange, copper, bright yellow, bronze, dark yellow, dark green, scarlet, tawny golden. The beeches are particularly glorious. I wonder how many people realise that if it had not been for the late Lady Lugard the whole of Leith Hill would have been shaved by the authorities during the war. Lady Lugard by personal influence persuaded the men responsible for chopping down the trees only to take those marked by herself, so that their disappearance would not show. Thanks to her, Leith Hill is still the loveliest piece of Surrey, with its beeches and firs, pines and elms and nearly every other variety of tree of which you can think. You can get there by char-a-banc in the summer and pick pounds of whortleberries.

GOOD SHOTS.

All must be gratified to know that our beloved King is well enough to enjoy some pheasant shooting. I learn from gamekeepers who have seen His Majesty in action that he is a wonderful shot and he has been known to kill pheasants in such quick succession that there have been as many as three dead birds in the air at a time.

YANKEE SPARROWS.

The *Mauretania's* recent trip—from New York—was remarkable for a throng of sparrows and finches which settled on the ship when she sailed, with a hawk in close pursuit, says the *Daily Mail*. For hours the hawk circled round, getting hungrier and hungrier, till at last it came to rest on the mast. Meanwhile the sparrows and finches were also getting hungrier and hungrier inside the ship, because they were so frightened at first that it was impossible to feed them. Eventually they became tame, and many of them survived the whole trip, landing at Southampton, where they will probably infect local bird life with a Yankee chirp.

A POIGNANT MEMORY.

On November 11th our thoughts can flow in but one direction and here is a poignant memory from the pen of Henry Williamson :—

In the stupendous roar and light blast of the final barrage that broke the Hindenburg Line I see only one thing, which grows radiant before my eyes until it fills all my world—the sight of a Saxon boy half crushed under a shattered tank moaning, “ Mutter, Mutter, Mutter,” out of ghastly grey lips. A British soldier wounded in the leg, and sitting near by, hears the words, and, dragging himself to the dying boy, takes his cold hand and says, “ All right, son, it's all right. Mother's here with you ! ”

A HAPPY EVENT.

Many will be interested in the following announcement of a very happy event :—

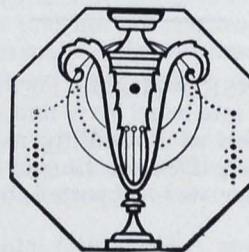
MULLIN.—On October 13th, at Bombay, to Evelyn (née Gough), the wife of Reginald H. Mullin—a daughter. (By cable).

If little Miss Mullin follows in her mother's footsteps as a tennis player it is quite possible we shall see her figuring at Wimbledon in due course. Mrs. Mullin (as Miss Gough) before going abroad, was a very prominent local player, being particularly brilliant at the net. Miss Betty Nuttall will now have to look to her laurels.

A POET'S VISION.

In receiving the freedom of the City of Hereford, the Poet Laureate delivered his first public utterance since his appointment ; and his words have doubtless been read, as they deserved to be, with unusual interest. Certainly they afford a startling contrast, both in thought and language, to the conventional addresses which are given on such occasions. Probably no one but a poet or a preacher would have dealt so frankly with the deeper emotions of natural piety ; and it is evident that the author of “ The Everlasting Mercy ” is after all something of a transcendentalist, as perhaps every true poet must be. But if Mr. Masefield's address is unusual, there is a simple sincerity in it which must command profound respect. “ I believe,” he said, “ that this world is only a shadow of the real world, and by brooding on what is brightest and most generous in this world, the beauty and the bounty and the majesty of the real world shine in upon the soul.” And it was in Herefordshire, where he was born, that this vision broke on Mr. Masefield. “ Heaven lies about us in our infancy,” said Wordsworth ; but for Mr. Masefield, the vision splendid does not “ fade into the light of common day.” As it was with him when he was a boy, so is it now he is a man.

“ I know,” he said, “ no land more full of the beauty and the bounty of God than these red ploughlands, and these deep woodlands, so full of yew-trees, and these apple-orchards and lovely rivers and running brooks.”



MEMORIAL TO THE LATE MR. GEORGE BLACKALL-SIMONDS.

A simple but impressive ceremony was carried out in the Bradfield Parish Church on Sunday, October 19th, when a memorial tablet to the late Mr. George Blackall-Simonds, erected by his widow, was unveiled. It is of alabaster, and is placed on the north-west wall of the church, near the entrance. The inscription is as follows: "To the glory of God, and the dear memory of George Blackall-Simonds, born 6th October, 1843, died 16th December, 1929, the lighting of this church is dedicated by Gertrude, his wife." The ceremony took place immediately preceding the sermon, when the Rector (the Rev. R. M. Mayes) proceeded to the memorial, before which also stood Mrs. G. Blackall-Simonds, Major and Mrs. Shea-Simonds, and Miss Watney, the rest of the congregation standing, turned towards the same direction. Mrs. Blackall-Simonds then switched on the light over the tablet, and the Rector unveiled it. He then returned to the chancel and gave out the hymn "Nearer my God to Thee." Before commencing his sermon, based on the text St. Matt. V., 14 and 16 ("Ye are the Light of the world," etc.), he mentioned the great debt owed to Mrs. Blackall-Simonds, their benefactor, who had made the most generous gift of an electric light installation to the church. The special organist for the day was Mr. E. Lewis-Faning, B.Sc., until recently organist of St. Olave's, Hart Street, E.C., whose introductory voluntary consisted of Sullivan's "In Memoriam." After the evening service he gave an organ recital, during which the Rector sang Gounod's "The King of Love." The complete installation of the new electric light was used for the first time, and proved how successfully Messrs. Felgate, of King's Road, Reading, had completed the work.

WOMEN'S LICENSED TRADE DEFENCE LEAGUE.

Mrs. Smart presided at a monthly meeting of the Reading Women's Licensed Trade Defence League, held at the Bell and Bottle, Littlewick. She was supported by Mrs. Nunns (Vice-Chairman).

It having been decided to hold the sixth annual ball in aid of charity at the Olympia, London Street, Reading, on November 19th, the Chairman said that as a result of the previous ball £10 was given to the Licensed Victuallers' School, £7 to the Reading Philanthropic Institution, and £5 to the Reading Nursing Institution.

THE FINE OLD JOLLY ANGLER.

Written by G. S. Chapman, late Hon. Secretary to the Piscatorial Society.

Sung by G. A. W. Griffiths (to the tune of "The Fine Old English Gentleman)."

I'll sing to you a simple Song, made by a simple Pate,
Of a fine old Jolly Angler; a tale I will relate:—
He kept a Skiff and Jolly Boat, his Punt he poled first-rate;
Nor wanted Man to carry his Can, or pick him out his Bait:—
He was a Jolly Angler, one of the olden times.

His Punt so clean, was strew'd around with tackle of each sort,
With reels, and creels, and running lines, and rods well made for sport;

And there old Hook'em sat at ease; no care for days gone by;
There he enjoyed his Bread and Cheese, or finished his cold Pie;
For he was a Jolly Angler, one of the olden times.

In Spring of year, your heart 'twould cheer to see him throw his Fly
With such precision, and so clear, some Trout were sure to die;
Nor was the thick head Chub forgot, when he'd a mind to try.
He never had unlucky days, but always got a Fry. •
He was a famous Angler, one of the olden times.

When Winter came, 'twas just the same, I've often heard it told;
With worsted stockings, and thick boots, he never caught a cold;
His heart he'd cheer with good old beer, and when the Thames he troll'd,

His silvery Dace the Pike would chase, and seldom leave his hold,
Till gaff'd by this old Angler, one of the olden times.

When night was come, he trudged him home, with heavy fish well stored,

Where many angling friends would meet around his festive board;
He quaffed his ale, he told his tale, no secrets he would hoard;
He'd teach you how to make a throw when'er you went abroad
With this fine old Jolly Angler, one of the olden times.

But age now came, he first grew lame, and then he lost his sight;
His hooks he could not bait himself, he scarce could feel a bite;
His gentles all turned into flies, and they in turn took flight;
But though his head and gear went wrong, the heart was always right,

Of this fine old Jolly Angler, one of the olden times.

And now his line of life was run, his ground bait was all gone;
He knew the hour of death was come, and he must feed the worm;
One wish he had, 'twas granted him, by friends who round him pressed,

That by some merry, rippling stream, his bones might ever rest.
Thus died this Jolly Angler, one of the olden times.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Many a man who stands on his dignity hasn't much standing room.

Nobody ever has to take a tonic to create an appetite for flattery.

It's a poor memory that doesn't allow a man to forget his troubles.

The funny thing about a girl is often a young man.

Money may talk, but it never gives itself away.

Many a woman loves a man for all he is worth.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
 And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
 The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
 And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
 —SCOTT ("Lady of the Lake").

It's a wise son who knows that he knows less than his own father.

A bore is a man who has nothing to say and insists on saying it.

SINCERITY.

Nothing else in life is right if we are *not* sincere. Even in the smallest dealings with others, we should always ring true, although, perhaps, at times, we find our obligations irksome. It is better to create a trust than a distrust, and so keep in tune the whole system of "mental confidence" upon which *all* in life depends.

Surely of all "rights of man," this right of the ignorant man to be guided by the wiser, to be, gently or forcibly, held in the true course by him, is the indisputablest.—CARLYLE, Chartism.

Let us study what are the things essential to us, that we be not like the poor woman who kept her children in a sunless room because her best carpet was on the sunny side with the blinds drawn down. Then she broke her heart when the children died.

There is an old belief, that on some solemn shore, beyond the sphere of grief, dear friends shall meet once more.

A GUIDE TO THE TURF.

BY ROBERT MAGILL.

(From "Pearson's Weekly").

It's of no use taking any interest in racing unless you know something about it. True, the more you know about it the more certain you are to lose your money, but you'll do that soon enough in any case.

The point is that with knowledge you will be fool enough to hope you are going to win, which is all the fun you get. This being so, I have much pleasure in offering you my A B C of the Turf.

Any to come, all on.—This is the colloquial expression for an accumulator bet. You back a horse, and arrange that the money you've won (ha, ha!) with the stakes, forms the stake for a bet on another horse, and so on. The beauty of it is that if by some accident you did win first time—perhaps owing to writing down the name of the wrong horse—the "bookie" is bound to get your money in the end.

Bookmaker.—The grand old English gentleman who helps you to bet. You save some money and hand it to him. Now you can go home, save some more money and do the same with that. This is practically all there is in it. You can occasionally mention the name of a horse to him, but it complicates matters unnecessarily.

Course.—This is where the horses race, but you need not go down there to bet. In fact, it's inadvisable. If you do it at home, you won't have so far to walk back after the race.

Derby.—A race run at Epsom, where the salts come from that form the breakfast of so many racing men. The beauty of it is that it is only sixteen miles from town by train, and the same distance back again, on foot.

Earthly.—This is what the horse you back hasn't got.

Field.—What the "bookies" lay six to four on, bar one. This means nothing, but they chant it as a little hymn of thanksgiving after every race.

Glanders.—This is only one of the diseases your horse is probably suffering from, besides coughs, colds, distemper, housemaid's knee and smoky chimneys. It serves you right for backing the brute.

Horse.—The noble animal with four legs that loses the race for you. I don't know if you have ever seen a racehorse, but it is a depressing sight. It's as skinny as a modern girl, all ribs and neck. Prehistoric horses were the size of a cat and had claws, but I seem to have backed beasts like that myself.

Investment.—A classy name for a bet. It doesn't cause you such a pang to part with the money if you call it this.

Jockey.—The gentleman who sits between the horse's ears and shows him the way to go home. To make him as light as possible, all he has for lunch is two carraway seeds and a Turkish bath.

Know.—You always meet a man who positively *knows* the winner of the next race. He knew the winner of the last race, too, but strangely enough he always wants to borrow half-a-crown to buy a sausage roll with.

Lunatic Asylum.—A sylvan retreat provided by the Government, where all old backers of horses can go to get cured.

Money.—This is what everybody goes racing for, but I've never been able to find out who gets it. I never get it. Any bookmaker will put his hand on his red waistcoat and solemnly swear through the smoke of a half-crown cigar that he never gets it. Trainers and owners never do. In fact, the only creature who makes a living out of racing is the horse, and you have to be born like that to be able to do it.

Number Board.—This is the thing on which they put the number of the horse that's won, but it's never been of any interest to me yet.

Odds.—This is the difference between the amount you gave the bookmaker, and what he *might* have given you if you'd won. If your horse has about one chance in twenty of winning, he will lay you three to one, and *pro rata*. I have heard of horses being a hundred to one, but that's because nobody backs them.

Picking the Horse.—This is the most enjoyable part of the business. You discover who the horse's mother and father were, if he had any. You find out if any of the horses has ever run a race before. You send for their characters. Some horses are so depraved that they would be blackballed in a catsmeat shop. Next, you doubt your own judgment, and rely on a tip given you by a man who knows another man whose charwoman once worked for the second cousin of Lord Raspberry. Even then you wonder if you might not do better to stick a pin in the newspaper. But it is only a formality. You can put down the name of any horse, so long as the "bookie" gets the money.

Queue.—There is such a long one in front of the Tote that sometimes you can't bet at all, and so save your money.

Run.—What you get for your money, especially if you win, and the bookmaker starts first.

Self-denial.—A week run by the Salvation Army during which you go without something you badly want in a good cause. Every week is a self-denial week to a racing man.

Tote.—A sort of slot machine for betting. Come to that, any slot machine is a gamble. You never know whether you are going to get the box of matches or a stick of toffee out of it.

Umbrella.—Beware of a dark man on a racecourse if he carries an umbrella, or for that matter, a fair man, or even a bald one. He opens the umbrella, produces three playing cards, says, "Nah, pop it dahn, me lads. If you don't speculate, you'll never be millionaires," and asks you to bet him that you know which card is the Queen.

Winner.—This is one of the horses you didn't back. I once knew a man who did back one. He was a reckless plunger. He had a shilling on it at 100 to 8 on, and won a penny.

Xylophagous.—Describes creatures that eat wood. This is what many a racing man has to do, or else go hungry.

Y.M.C.A.—The favourite club of racing men.

Zebra.—This is a sort of horse, only in pyjamas. The horses I back, however, can sleep quite well without any.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

McPHERSON: "I hope you enjoyed your trip abroad, Sandy?"

SANDY: "Nae, mon. I lost half ma luggage just after leaving hame."

McPHERSON: "How was that?"

SANDY: "The cork came out!"

* * * * *

PAT: "Why are you wearing so many coats on such a hot day?"

MIKE (carrying paint can): "I'm going to paint me fence, and it says on this can: 'To obtain best results, put on at least three coats.'"

A GREAT THOUGHT.

It is not employment or unemployment that matters. It is work that is of consequence. The trouble in all this is that everyone is talking about the wrong thing.

There is plenty of work for everyone: and it is not possible for any man to do useful work without in some fashion receiving adequate payment.

I have often thought that if the jobless in the big cities would set to work at work they see everywhere waiting to be done, they would quickly find that they had made good jobs for themselves.

The work is always there, but what men wait for is employment.

More men seek wages than seek work. If work be put first, then we shall get somewhere, for the amount of work to be done is always unlimited. The amount of work to be done never fails, only the money to pay for work seems to fail. But the money will not fail if the mind be constantly on the work instead of on the wages or the profits. The work will then provide both the wages and the profits.

—HENRY FORD.

SEVEN BRIDGES BURIAL CLUB.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Charles W. Goswell who passed away, suddenly, on October 7th, age 73. He was for 33 years in the Carpenters' shop but retired with a pension about five years ago.

The deepest sympathy is extended to his widow and family.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

Glancing through last month's issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE it seems to me one remarkable fact emerges and that is the Editor's photograph appears therein (for the first time as far as I am aware), although he does not appear as a solo item. Another photograph, of an unconventional character, of Mr. C. H. Perrin whilst on one of his Nature Studies, with a hat full of mushrooms, climbing over a stile, I was under the impression was likely to be published at one time. If it is ever published it would add another pleasing feature (or in the case of a photograph, is it features?) to our homely monthly magazine. Going through carefully all the items, I was struck by the excellence of the different articles. I am of opinion, which opinion, I feel sure, is shared by all those at The Brewery

who served during the last war, that much as they admired the article "Will there be another War?" by Mr. Kirby Junior, there will never be another one if they are able to prevent it as far as this country is concerned. I see in the Brighton Branch notes an invitation for members of the staff to write accounts of how they spent their holidays. This is quite a good idea and possibly we might learn of new ways in which to enjoy our yearly "fortnight off," i.e., future vacations, future vocations. Thank you!

OCTOBER 1ST, 1930.

Practically the whole of the staff have been on overtime in connection with the annual audit and the end of one more financial year. It has been a particularly busy time for all of us owing to supplies having started on the above date to the Houses of the new Breweries with whom our Firm are now amalgamated. Taking all things into consideration this has run very smoothly and the maintaining of supplies has been done expeditiously and well. The fame of "S.B." and Milk Stout, two of our most popular bottled beer lines, has been further enhanced and repeat orders has been the "order" of the day. The "Hop Leaf" brand of cask beers in the Wycombe district has been greatly welcomed. We all hope and have no doubt but that this happy state of affairs will continue in the future in view of the wonderful popularity of our excellent products throughout the South of England. The invoicing of all supplies has entailed a lot of organisation together with a mass of detail. However, this innovation has gone very well. The different districts where our liquors are now delivered daily, if enumerated, would make very interesting reading. It would amaze quite a lot of our friends.

CRICKET.

It seems to me a pity, after reading Mr. Jelley's notes, to find that the continuation of the life of the 2nd XI. of the Seven Bridges cricket team is somewhat doubtful and that the position of the playing strength has become acute. On a large firm such as ours and with such a goodly number of cricketers now at The Brewery it should, on the face of it, be an easy task to muster two good elevens each week. Personally, when the idea of running a 2nd XI., some years ago, was mooted, I thought it a splendid one and that it would receive enthusiastic support. However, such would appear not to have been the case last season. To my mind it would be a thousand pities if the 2nd XI. did not carry on again. There is every opportunity for the young members of our staff so they must really back it up.

FOOTBALL.

I had hopes of being able to write in a more optimistic way this month of the Reading Football Club, but as we have just gone down the (Port) Vale to the extent of 3—0 I am afraid we are in for a very bad season and possibly our last in the Second Division for some time. I only hope events will prove me wrong. At the moment it is a case of every prospect *displeases*.—I could not help thinking the other Saturday that at any rate the Brewery enthusiasts were doing their best to uphold the Club by their presence, for there were quite a good number at Elm Park. I also saw Mr. W. H. Davis (Manager, Farnborough Branch) who was sitting just behind me in the stand but I did not have a chance to have a yarn with him. Our Plymouth friends are on the upgrade and are gradually getting into the swing of things in their higher sphere of football. I understand there will be quite a large number coming up from the Tamar Brewery on December 13th when Reading play the Argyle at Elm Park. We shall welcome them of course and defeat their "pets," but this is not *of course*. Owing to the kind offices of a friend (Mr. W. Giddy) I see the Plymouth paper weekly and according to that organ of publicity, life has been a strenuous affair for the Argyle since they have gone up. Reading supporters wish them the best of luck.

1,500 BEERS.

I overheard the following conversation whilst on the top of a 'bus the other day which I think worthy of recording. A party of young men were apparently going to play rugby at a local park. One of the party was describing to the rest that whilst he was motoring on holidays he stopped at a petrol station by the side of the road and came across an old school chum of his and to use his own words "Old Bill was wearing overalls, covered in oil and his hands were full of spanners and things." He asked "Bill" what he was doing there and "Bill" replied that he was running the petrol station. The following conversation then took place:—

CHUM: "How are you getting on, Bill?"

BILL: "Fine thanks! I make 1,500 Bee-ahs a week."

CHUM: "Fifteen Hundred Beers, what do you mean?"

BILL: "Well its like this. I make a Bee-ah on every gallon of petrol I sell. I sell fifteen hundred gallons weekly—profit, fifteen hundred Bee-ahs."

CHANGES.

Mr. A. W. C. Bowyer (late Manager of Woolwich Branch, now closed) joined the Reading Staff as Home Trade Manager on the 15th October, succeeding Mr. C. Bennett who is going to the Estates Office.

Mr. F. W. Freeman (Branch Department) has been transferred to the Surveyor's Department under Capt. A. S. Drewe.

MESSRS. WHEELER'S WYCOMBE BREWERIES, LTD.

Supplies of cask beers and bottled beers to all the Houses of the above Company—some 137 in all—were commenced on the 1st October from The Brewery, Reading, an undertaking of considerable magnitude. Much preliminary work was involved: making up estimated loads, deciding on days of delivery, circularising all the tenants as to the procedure to be adopted by them and getting them used to the titles of the beers we sell and the retail prices of our goods.

The Houses are situated in High Wycombe and the surrounding districts, covering quite a large area. It may be well imagined that some are situated in somewhat isolated spots. Many unsolicited testimonials of our products have been received at Reading and Mr. C. Bennett and the collectors whilst going round the Houses have heard nothing but praise of our beers. Everywhere so far visited by the above gentlemen the tenants have been quick to inform them that the "Hop Leaf" brand beers have been greatly appreciated by their customers. "Beers in splendid condition," "Excellent" and "Very Good" have been the universal verdict. Many cases have already been reported of increased business resulting from the change and in some cases Houses have doubled their trade. Mr. C. Bennett has been visiting the Houses and in due course every tenant will be called upon by him. This has entailed long journeys and the exercise of a considerable amount of tact. This personal touch has been of great assistance in getting things working smoothly and harmoniously. It would seem that there is a great future for our beers in this new district and increased barrelage will result. This is an extract from a letter just received: "If a representative could call at 'The Cherry Tree' any evening you would find a good number enjoying Simonds' ales." The happy reception of our beers we all hope and feel sure will long continue.

QUANTITY *versus* QUALITY.

Mr. C. Bennett relates that when he visited one of the Houses recently at evening time, he asked an old man present what he would have, bought him a pint of beer and after the old man had partaken of his refreshment asked him what he thought of Simonds' beer. The old man replied "Well to tell you the truth, guv'nor, I've never been able to get enough of it yet to give a really *honest* opinion."

The following is to be read only by those cynics who profess to scoff at marriage (usually a case of "sour grapes," I think) :—

A young couple appeared at church to be married. Unfortunately the bridegroom had gone "one over the eight" with the result that the parson refused to perform the ceremony. They tried again the second time, but the same thing happened. Seeing the bride was very distressed, the clergyman took her aside and explained that he could not possibly marry them with the groom in such a state. "The trouble is," said the bride, "that I can only get him to come when he's like this."

—From *Quarterly Review of The Licenses & General Insurance Co., Ltd.*

We give below a photograph of the Malt House Staff which was taken in 1900. Mr. W. H. Wigley, who is now our military representative, will be seen in the centre of the group and several other faces will be recognized, although the photograph is somewhat faded. A prize of "one quart" will be given to the reader who can name the greatest number.

[The Editor has since drank the quart so there will be no prize!]



Malt House Staff, 1900.

FAMOUS ENGLISH RACECOURSES.

(From "Our Empire.")

Racing quickens our national pulse more than any other sport in the calendar, and in every town and village of the British Isles it is a dominant topic of conversation and conjecture amongst all ranks and all grades of society.

There are in England alone numerous first-class Racecourses, of which the following may be said to be the most important :

NEWMARKET.

The Headquarters of English racing. This famous enclosure on Newmarket Heath has room for no less than eleven courses, over which are run such important races as the Cesarewitch, the Cambridgeshire, the Two Thousand Guineas, the One Thousand Guineas and the Newmarket Stakes. Most of these courses are straight and slightly undulating with a descent to the Bushes and are named as follows: The Cesarewitch Course (2 miles 2 furlongs), the New Cambridgeshire Course (1 mile 1 furlong), the Rowley Mile, the Abingdon Mile, the Ditch Mile, the Dewhurst Stakes Course (7 furlongs), the Bretby Stakes Course (6 furlongs), the Peel Course (6 furlongs), the Two-Year-Old Course (5 furlongs 134 yards) and the Rous Course (5 furlongs).

The draw has little effect in races run over this Course, with the exception of those commencing in the straight and finishing at the Rowley Mile winning post. Horses drawn on the Stand side, i.e., low numbers, hold a distinct advantage when they meet the uphill finish.

EPSOM.

The most famous horse race in the world, and one of the greatest attractions of the English year, is the Derby, run over the course on Epsom Downs, eighteen miles from London. This race was instituted by the Earl of Derby in 1780 and has since been run annually without a break except during the War years. Other important races of the Epsom meetings are the City and Suburban and the Great Metropolitan Stakes. For the left-hand, horseshoe-shaped Derby Course the horses start at the New High Level Starting Post and run into the Old Derby Course at the mile post. This first half-mile is slightly on the ascent, the remainder being down hill till within the distance—one mile four furlongs—when the ground again rises to the winning post. The Metropolitan Course is just over two miles two furlongs. For this race the horses start at the winning chair and run the back way of the Derby

Course as far as the road, when they turn to the right and go round the Hill, coming into the Derby Course again about a mile from home. The City and Suburban Course is one mile and two furlongs.

Low numbers are best for races at Epsom up to 1½ miles, and the middle numbers are favoured in races run over the Derby course.

ASCOT.

"Royal Ascot," the society meeting and pageant of fashion, is so called because of the patronage annually bestowed upon it by Their Majesties and members of the Royal Family. This beautiful circular righthand course is slightly over one mile and six furlongs in length, and is only used for the single fashionable four-day meeting each year. The first half of it is nearly all on the descent, and the last half, which is called the Old Mile, is exactly a mile and is uphill the greater part of the way. The Swinley Course is the last mile and a half and the New Course is one mile and five furlongs. The Royal Hunt Cup Course is 7 furlongs and 155 yards, is straight and is uphill all the way. The Two-Year-Old Course is the last five furlongs of the Royal Hunt Cup Course.

At Ascot low numbers in the draw are best for sprint races and high numbers for races on the Round Course.

GOODWOOD.

Another fashionable racecourse, set in glorious surroundings, is a natural amphitheatre on the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's estate in Sussex. The most important race of the annual meeting is the Goodwood Cup, and for this event the horses start at the Cup Post, go to the westward of the "Clump," and return eastward of the "Clump," the total distance being about two miles and five furlongs. Other courses are the Old Mile, for which the horses start in the upper course and run in on the lower turn and the New Mile, the last mile of the Craven Course. Races of one mile and a half, one mile and three-quarters and two miles are run on the Cup Course. On the Craven Course (one mile and a quarter) the horses start on the lower course, and come into the straight on the upper turn.

High numbers in the draw are generally found to be best during the Goodwood meeting.

LIVERPOOL.

Second only in popularity to the Derby, the Grand National, the premier steeplechase of the world, is run annually on the Liverpool course at Aintree. The formidable nature of the jumps and the resultant uncertainty of a horse's ability being allowed to overcome bad luck makes this one of the most thrilling spectacles of modern racing. The Liverpool course is left-handed, oval in shape and just over one mile and three furlongs in length, gently declining on the far side, rising on the near one from the Canal to the finish. The Grand National Course is two circuits of this, ending in the final straight of about 1,000 yards. The Liverpool Summer Cup is the other outstanding race over this course, the actual length of the Cup Course being 1 mile 2 furlongs and 170 yards.

In view of the hazards of the Grand National, the draw is of little importance.

DONCASTER.

The famous "St. Leger" can be aptly termed "the Derby of the North," and the Doncaster Racecourse on Town Moor on Leger Day is very similar to Epsom Downs on Derby Day. At Doncaster the New Mile Course is quite straight and 90 feet wide, and all races up to and including the "Straight mile" are run upon it. The Round Course is about one mile and seven furlongs in circumference, and all races over a mile are run upon this course. The "Red House in" is five furlongs and 152 yards on the Straight Course. The New St. Leger Course is part of the Round Course, and the distance is the same as that of the Old St. Leger Course, viz., about 1 mile 6 furlongs and 132 yards. The other courses at Doncaster are not now used.

At Doncaster high numbers are best in the draw on the Straight Course and low numbers on the Round Course.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Rastus was asked what regiment he would join if another war occurred, and it was suggested that probably he would like the cavalry.

"No," said Rastus, "when they sound the 'Retreat' I don't want to be hampered by no horse."

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.)

PIKE HAS DABCHICK FOR DINNER.

ARRIVAL OF THE GOLDEN PLOVER.

A friend of mine recently caught a 12lb. pike and when opened the fish was found to contain a full-grown dabchick. The bird's head had been bitten off. The remains of a tench were found in another pike. The tail of the tench had not been digested and judging by its size I should say the tench must have been at least 4lb.—some meal at one gulp!

SUMMER AND WINTER.

Mr. Eric tells me that he found a sparrow's egg on his lawn at Wokingham on October 16th. This is extraordinarily late. Starlings, too, were busy building and thrushes were bursting forth in joyous song. And then near Newbury, on October 24th, he saw some golden plovers. A sparrow's egg, starlings building, thrushes singing, and golden plovers—just a meeting between summer and winter! Golden plovers affect the meadows adjoining the Kennet between Theale and Newbury and during the winter months you may often see and hear them. They are charming birds to watch, though I always think their notes *tlui, taludel, taludel*, have something very melancholy about them.

SWALLOWS LATE IN DEPARTING.

Though the swallows held their mass meetings very early this year many of them have been late in taking their departure. I saw a pair and a pair of house martins up the Thames on Sunday, October 19th. I expect they are in Africa by now. Two years ago I saw five swallows by the mill at Caversham in November. I hope they did not get frozen to death for they are very delicate and in cold weather their food supply of flies runs very short. Four years ago a white swallow slept regularly in the withy beds near Keel's boathouse and took his departure with a few other swallows on October 23rd. At any rate I did not see him, or his companions, after October 22nd.

SWAN'S MURDEROUS INTENT.

When strolling up the Caversham Promenade recently I noticed a rather thrilling incident. There were two pairs of swans and one pair had a family of cygnets, almost fully grown. Father, mother and the family drifted down the water leisurely feeding and

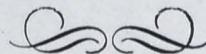
apparently did not notice that they were trespassing on the "sphere of influence" of the other pair of swans. That is a crime which will not be tolerated in swan-land, or rather water. And on this occasion one of the cygnets was very severely dealt with and would, doubtless, have been drowned had I not intervened. The cob—for that is the name of the male swan—of the other pair, putting on any amount of swank, ploughed his way through the water, just like a steam tug, sprang on to the cygnet's back, seized its victim by the neck and held its head under water. The attack occurred close to the river bank and so intent was the cob on doing the cygnet to death that he did not see me but he *felt* a sharp rap on the neck which I gave him with my thick walking stick and he then released his hold and the cygnet escaped. Meanwhile the parent swans looked on with apparent unconcern! My dog, Rip, was very eager to join in the "fun," but I sternly forbade him to do so, knowing that a dog has little chance against a swan in the water. And I do not wish my faithful friend Rip to change his name to R.I.P. for many a year yet.

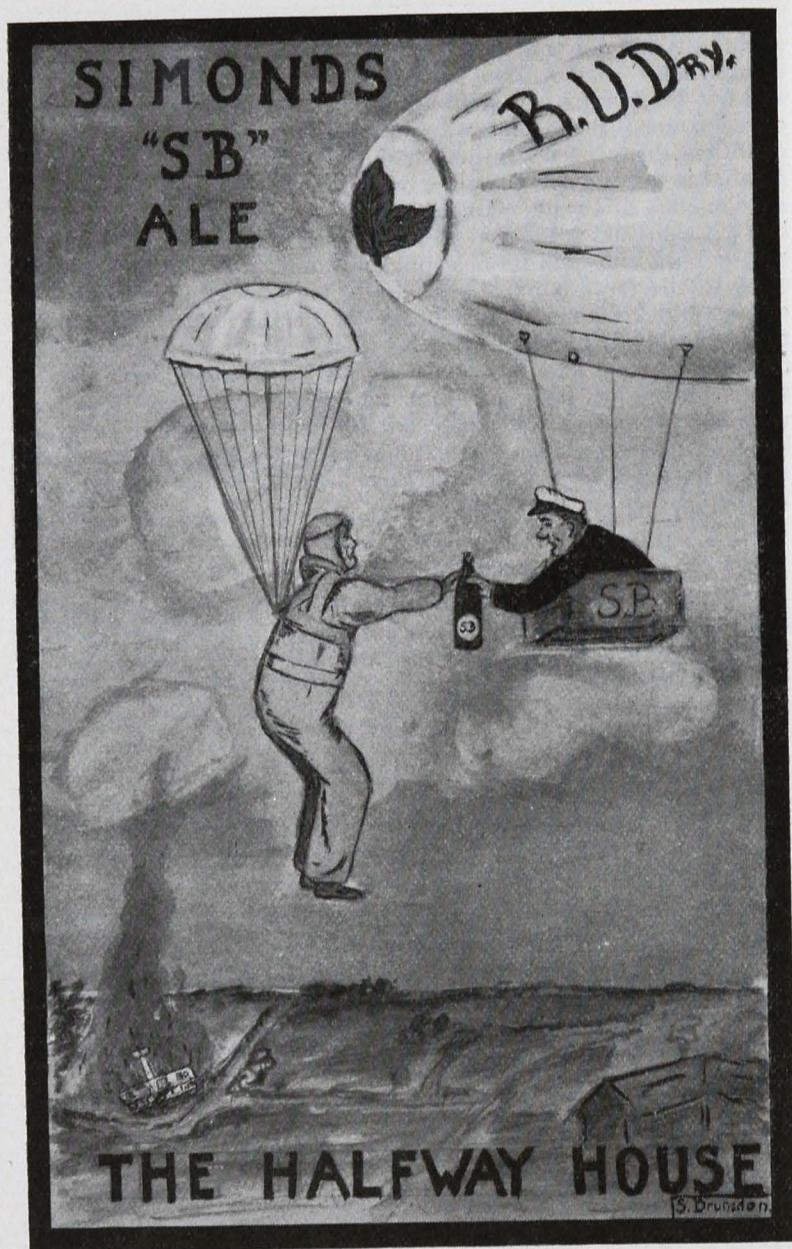
WELL OILED!

November is my favourite month for pike fishing and I have been making preparations. I do not mind the cold and the wet, though I always believe in keeping my feet as dry as possible. I have therefore been giving my thick boots three or four applications of oil, ready for the worst of weather. That was what I meant to convey by the words "well oiled." If you put any other interpretation upon them, which I have no doubt you did, you were entirely wrong! I always keep my lines well oiled too. They then last ten times as long as they would if they were neglected. And besides, with a line that floats, you can establish much quicker contact with your fish when you have a "run."

Well, I shall spend many an enjoyable hour endeavouring to tempt members of the finny tribe to their doom and

I hope that you may fish in pleasant streams,
And catch exactly three—no more, no less,
Big phantom fish elusive as our dreams,
Their names—Health, Wealth and Happiness.





The Branch Department has produced another artist whose first effort appears above. It is the work of Mr. S. Brunson.

THE OLDEST BREWERY IN NEWBURY.

(From the *Newbury Weekly News*.)

With the absorption of the Newbury Brewery Company by the well-known firm of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. of Reading, an interesting landmark in local brewing history has disappeared. The brewery was established in Northbrook Street considerably over 300 years ago. According to a survey of the Manor of Newbury made in the sixth year of the reign of James I., a brewhouse was in existence there in 1608. The survey was made by a Commission on behalf of Queen Anne of Denmark, Consort of King James I., the Manor of Newbury then being part and parcel of her possessions. Thus for 322 years beer has been brewed regularly there. The last brew was on September 17th, 1930, for henceforward all beer will come from Messrs. Simonds at Reading, though for the time being the Company will be carried on under its old name.

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

For nearly 200 years the Somerset family have been connected with the brewery. Mr. Francis Flower Somerset, who was born in 1822, early in his career went into partnership with his wife's uncle, Mr. John Satchell, the then proprietor of the brewery. Prior to that it was owned by a Mr. Rowell—Mrs. F. F. Somerset was a Miss Rowell—and before that by a Mr. Richard Compton. The brewery house, which was on the site of the Baptist Church, was one of the finest private residences in the town. When Mr. Francis Flower Somerset died in 1894, his second son, Captain Harry Somerset, an exceptionally popular figure in the life of the town, was at the head of the business, but three years later, died at the early age of 45. His widow is still alive and is at present living in Bloemfontein. At the time the brewery was merged with Messrs. Simonds, there were 14 shareholders, all of whom were members of the Somerset family. The directors were Dr. Edward Somerset, of Donnington Square, and Mr. Ernest Brown, of Peasmore.

A TALE ABOUT THE BEER.

Run on real old-fashioned lines, the Newbury Brewery Company always made a point of brewing beer of a good quality and of a greater strength than most of that sold at the present time. This made it very popular locally. It had an even wider reputation, judging by a story which appeared in the London Press some years ago. This was in regard to the beer sold at the Royal Oak, Ecchinswell, one of the Newbury Brewery Co.'s houses. One day a man rode up on horseback and said to the landlady, "I hear you sell a good drop of beer here; bring me a quart." The quart was brought and drunk in two pulls. After a second one had been

called for and had disappeared in the same manner, the stranger, smacking his lips, said "Yes, that is a drop of good beer; I'll get down, come in and have some."

ALL THE STAFF COMPENSATED.

The Company owned some 36 fully licensed houses, not only in Newbury but in the following places: Hungerford, Hungerford Newtown, Ramsbury, Lambourn, Kintbury, Inkpen, Ham, Stockcross, Woodspeen, Chieveley, Brightwalton, Hermitage, Thatcham, Bucklebury, Cold Ash, Kingsclere, Echinswell, Highclere, East Woodhay, East End and Hurstbourne Tarrant. Of course, the purchase price has not been made public, but it is understood that it is a substantial figure. With the transfer of the brewing to Reading, the services of most of the staff have been dispensed with, but those so dispossessed, even down to the office boy, have been generously treated with a cash compensation. The services of Mr. G. A. Poffley, who has been with the Company for close upon fifty years, have been retained by the new owners, Messrs. H. & G. Simonds. The negotiations for the merger were carried through on behalf of the Newbury Brewery Co. by Mr. L. E. Shergold in his dual capacity as secretary to the company and estate agent and valuer, and by Mr. Angus Marshall, the company's solicitor.

BREWING A DYING INDUSTRY IN THE TOWN.

With the passing of the Newbury Brewery, the only place left in the town where beer is still being brewed is Messrs. James Adnams and Son's Brewery, Speenhamland. In the middle of the last century the brewing of beer could almost have been described as one of the staple industries of the borough, for in 1850 there were no less than ten breweries in existence, namely: James Adnams, Speenhamland; Charles Batt, Northbrook Street; Thomas Deller, The Litten (now Dr. Essex Wynter's residence); John Flint, Cheap Street (now the Cinema); Hawkins and Canning, West Mills; William Nutley, Bartholomew Street; Satchell and Somerset, Northbrook Street; Benjamin Smith, Albion Brewery, Back Lane; Thomas Tompkins, 46, Northbrook Street (now Messrs. Garlick); and George Westcombe, Bartholomew Street. The first of these now only remains. It is a sign of the times. Either not so much beer is now being drunk, or else it is an object lesson of the rationalisation of production, about which so much has been heard of late.

RECENT AMALGAMATIONS.

In the last ten years several local brewery amalgamations have taken place. The biggest of these was in 1920, when the South Berks Brewery came under the control of H. & G. Simonds Ltd.

The South Berks, which was formed in 1897 by the amalgamation of the Atlas Brewery (Mr. Parfitt's) with the West Mills Brewery (Mr. Hawkins), had between that date and 1900 swallowed up the following concerns: Messrs. J. Platt & Sons, Hungerford; the Diamond Brewery, Cheap Street (Flint's); Blandy and Hawkins, Reading; and Westcombe & Sons, Bartholomew Street. The number of houses the South Berks controlled was between 150 and 200. Then Ushers Ltd., of Trowbridge, not long ago took over the Donnington Brewery and the Phoenix Brewery, Bartholomew Street, whilst Mr. Drake, the proprietor of the Kingsclere Brewery, has sold out to Messrs. May and Sons, of Basingstoke. Other amalgamations are also in the air.

THE TEN GABLES OF SPEENHAMLAND.

The sole survivors, Messrs. Adnams, an old-established firm dating back to 1802, is celebrated not only for its beer but for its special brew of ginger wine. The present proprietor is Mr. Frank Adnams, and he is the third generation which has carried on the business. Some of the most picturesque parts of Newbury are to be found at the back of the business premises. This is the case with Adnams' Brewery. Go up the yard and turn round towards the street. You will find facing you a graceful gabled roof. Altogether there are some 10 gables, dating back probably to Tudor times. They are beautifully proportioned, and one of the finest bits of architecture in the town.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

If I might choose my hour to die,
 Ah, let it be in Spring!
 When homing swallows through the sky
 I'd hear Death's angel wing,
 Or when dew's silver shrouds the lawn,
 And Silence waits the stir of Dawn!

"Nay, bluebells grow where lovers stray
 And primroses for children's play,
 Spring flowers are not for thee!"
 Ah, Youth . . . take all! but spare, I pray,
 Forget-me-nots for me,
 And lay them gently in my hand—
 Some day . . . you, too, will understand!

A.B.L., in *Country Life*.

H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught.

VISIT TO THE BREWERY.

It was on June 25th, 1926, that H.R.H. The Prince of Wales honoured H. & G. Simonds Ltd. by visiting their Brewery, and there was another Red Letter Day in the history of this great firm on Thursday, October 30th, 1930, when H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught paid the Brewery a visit. Arriving at 3 p.m. he was received in the Waiting Room by the Directors (Major S. V. Shea-Simonds (Chairman), Mr. F. A. Simonds (Managing Director), Mr. Fred Simonds (Secretary), Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N. (retired)), Mr. L. A. Simonds and Mr. C. W. Stocker.

The undermentioned gentlemen were also present :—Mr. C. E. Gough, Mr. E. S. Phipps, Mr. C. Bennett, Mr. F. C. Hawkes, Mr. A. R. Bradford, Captain A. S. Drewe, Mr. H. L. Chaplin, Major H. S. Kaye, Mr. A. W. C. Bowyer, Mr. R. Biggs and Mr. H. Shepherd.

His Royal Highness then proceeded, accompanied by the Directors, Mr. Stocker and Mr. L. A. Simonds, around the Brewery visiting the following departments, etc. :—Scalds, Laboratory, Mashtuns, Hop Backs, Coppers, Tun Rooms, Union Room, Square Room and Cellars. He also visited the Bottling Beer Stores and then proceeded to the Social Club where he signed the Visitors' Book as under :—

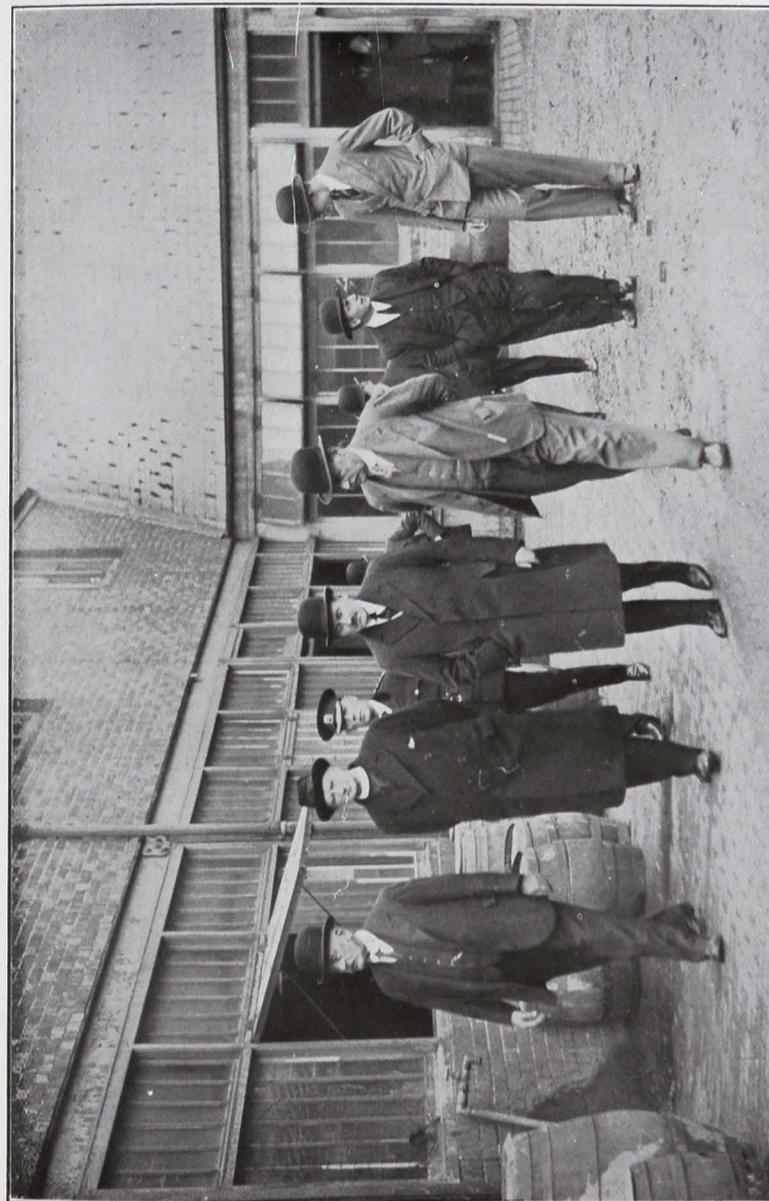
Arthur, 41, Belgrave Square,

London.

Here Mr. T. W. Bradford, the Secretary of the Club, was presented to the Prince who was most favourably impressed by this well-appointed building where those engaged at Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. spend, under such happy auspices, many of their leisure hours.

The Prince took the greatest interest in all he saw and was told. The stall, at the Brewery, appeared to attract his special attention and here were displayed bottles of XXXXXXXX Coronation Ale (June 22, 1911). There was a miniature H. & G. Simonds Ltd. tent, such as is used for military purposes during the camping season, there were specimens of Kent hops, English malt, crystallised malt, crushed malt, Milk Stout packed ready for export and a hundred and one other items all playing their part in the vast business of this firm of world-wide repute.

H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT VISITS THE BREWERY.



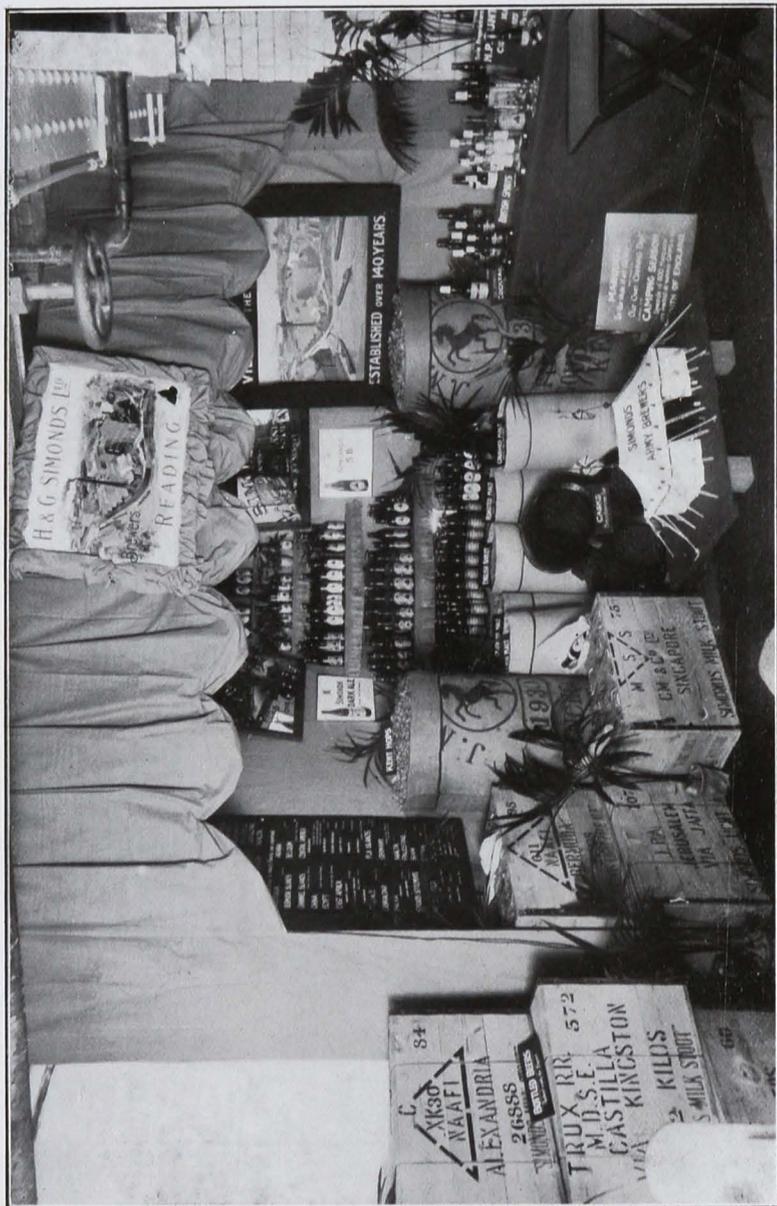
In the Coopers' Yard.



Crossing Bridge Street to visit the Bottling Stores.



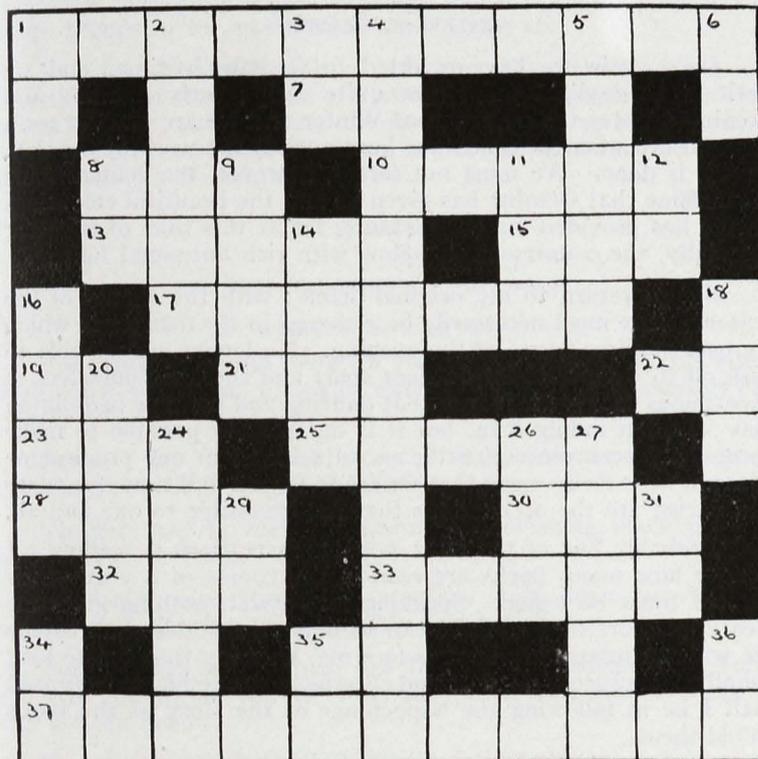
The Prince leaving the Social Club.



The attractive stall at the Brewery.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE.

Mr. W. Wheeler kindly sends the Editor the following Cross Word Puzzle which it is hoped readers will find pleasure in trying to solve. The solution will be given next month.



DOWN.

1. Italian River.
2. Willow.
3. Thing.
4. Topsy Revels.
5. Images.
6. Refusal.
8. Hour (abb.).
9. European.
11. Equal.
12. Direction.
14. Oxford's Thames.
16. Hop-Kiln.
18. Large Vessel.
20. Disposition.
24. Wilt.
26. Stray.
27. Cowboy Circus.
29. You.
31. East Surrey (init.)
34. Anno Domini.
35. Arrived.
36. Bone.

ACROSS.

1. Interdiction.
7. Thanks.
8. Pronoun.
10. Chicken.
13. Souvenir.
15. Beverage.
17. Slices.
19. Exist.
21. By way of.
22. Father.
23. Turf.
25. Gibe.
28. Conservative.
30. Spawn of Fish.
32. Deer.
33. Cricket Ground.
35. Two-toed Sloth.
37. Delegations.

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

WINTER OCCUPATIONS.

Once again we have reverted to Greenwich time, and we notice that daylight fades now quite early; early morning and evening denotes the approach of Winter and we are glad to see a cheerful fire when we reach our homes when the work of the day, for us, is done. We must not forget, however, the golden hours of sunshine that October has given us and the beautiful colourings nature has provided for our pleasure, for at this time of the year especially, the countryside is aglow with rich autumnal foliage.

But to return to my original theme; with the change of the seasons, there must necessarily be a change in the manner in which we pass our free hours of the evening. No longer are we able to rush off to our particular outdoor sport and there rid ourselves of superfluous energy; it is true that dancing and perhaps badminton may be often indulged in, but it is not usually possible to make them daily occurrences. Still, an adjustment in our programme does not necessarily mean that we are to have a dull time, for many and varied are the occupations that are accessible to one and all.

Probably one of the most popular recreations is reading. I wonder how many books are read in the course of a year—their number must be legion. Speaking for myself, nothing gives me greater pleasure than to feel I can sit in a comfortable chair by the fire with an interesting book before me, knowing that before long I shall be unaware of the cold and cheerlessness outside, so engrossed shall I be in following the happenings of the story as the pages unfold them.

Nowadays every facility is afforded the public to obtain good reading matter, for there is scarcely even a village which has not a lending library, where good literature can be borrowed for a nominal fee and oftentimes free of any charge.

A favourite Winter occupation with the female sex is needlework, embracing plain and fancy sewing, crochet and knitting. Evidently my mother held the belief that needlework was essential to a girl's education, for I well remember that I was taught to sew and knit before I reached school age. But nowadays either we have not the time for making garments by hand, or perhaps it is that our needs are so well catered for by the manufacturers; at any rate, there is not the amount of hand sewing done as used to be the rule say even ten years ago.

Nevertheless I fancy that the majority of us like to feel that we have something in the way of needlework to which we can turn when we feel inclined for a quiet evening at home.

There are numerous other pastimes and occupations which we can follow during the Winter evenings, and it is always possible to invite friends in for an informal card party, etc.

But to many the task of adapting themselves to indoor conditions after the open air of Summer may not be congenial, but rather irksome; still if we are one of a family, it is up to us to play our part fairly, and take our share in making the hours we spend in the home as cheerful as possible.

M.P.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE'S NOTEBOOK.

VINEGAR IS USEFUL.

For bringing up the colour in your rugs and carpets, rub with clean cloth wrung out of soapy water with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar added.

For a "dry" shampoo, rub the scalp with warm vinegar. This leaves the hair bright and fluffy.

Vinegar may be used successfully for cleaning black patent leather shoes or belts.

For lengthening the life of mantles, steep them in vinegar for an hour, allowing to thoroughly dry before use.

For cleaning brass which has become very discoloured, rub well with vinegar and hot water in equal parts, then wipe and polish with a clean duster.

For mixing with blacklead to give a good gloss to your grate, vinegar is equally valuable.

INK STAINS.

Do not apply strong chemicals. The material may be cleansed by these, but the garment may be destroyed. Moisten with salt and lemon juice, place in the sun, and wash afterwards in soapsuds.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A gentleman, who was making a long train journey to the place where he intended to spend his holidays, began to feel thirsty.

"Say, porter," he said, as the train pulled up at a station, "can I get any liquid refreshment here?"

"No, Sir," replied the porter; "only tea and coffee, Sir."

SOCIAL CLUB.

Our departmental tournaments are now in full swing and are again proving to be one of the most successful events of the Club. The tournaments played off to date are remarkable in that the results are so close, as can be seen by the following:—

Friday, 26th September, 1930.

OFFICES.			TRANSPORT.		
Games.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.	
Billiards	F. C. Riden	1	A. F. Mulcock	0	
"	H. Davis	0	H. Mealing	1	
"	R. Broad	1	A. Simpkins	0	
Dominoes	F. W. Freeman	0	H. Hinxman	1	
"	J. Clay	0	T. Hutchings	1	
"	W. Bradford	0	G. E. Smith	1	
Crib	H. Shepherd	1	T. Streams	0	
"	T. E. Stevens	1	F. Hamilton	0	
"	F. Josey	0	G. Marsh	1	
Shove Halfpenny	J. Wadhams	1	D. Witts	0	
"	C. Cox	0	G. Pickett	1	
"	J. Doe	0	F. Adey	1	
Darts	W. Wild	0	H. Price	1	
"	J. Clay	1	J. Jones	0	
"	R. Broad	1	H. Taylor	0	
Shooting	H. Osborne	0	A. O. Taylor	1	
"	S. Moore	0	J. Champion	1	
"	A. G. Rider	1	S. Whiting	0	
		8		10	

Friday, 3rd October, 1930.

MALTINGS.			COOPERS AND SCALDS.		
Games.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.	
Billiards	— Everett	0	R. Griffiths	1	
"	S. Couzens	0	C. Weller	1	
"	— Nunn	0	W. Sparks	1	
Dominoes	H. Stanbrook	0	W. Newport	1	
"	— Everett	1	W. Sparks	0	
"	T. J. Day	0	H. E. Plank	1	
Crib	W. Strong	1	F. Oliver	0	
"	— Streams	0	C. Latimer	1	
"	W. Gilkerson	1	A. Dolton	0	
Shove Halfpenny	A. R. Bowyer	1	J. Kirk	0	
"	R. Heath	1	C. Carpenter	0	
"	T. E. Howell	1	J. Read	0	
Darts	G. Boyles	1	K. Kelly Senr.	0	
"	— Streams Jr.	1	F. W. Shipton	0	
"	W. H. Gibson	1	A. Weight	0	
Shooting	F. G. Hodder	0	F. Cross	1	
"	J. Boyles	1	F. C. Collins	0	
"	G. Layley	0	T. Holmes	1	
		10		8	

Friday, 17th October, 1930.

REST.			BUILDING.		
Games.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.	
Billiards	A. Dalton	1	A. Ayling	0	
"	F. Braisher	1	J. Chard	0	
"	E. Palmer	0	W. Hinton	1	
Dominoes	A. Comley	1	W. Parsons	0	
"	J. Croft	0	P. Maynard	1	
"	T. Osborne	0	W. Judd	1	
Crib	T. Osborne	0	B. Smith	1	
"	G. Humphries	1	C. Janes	0	
"	T. Weedon	1	N. Wells	0	
Shove Halfpenny	A. J. Nash	1	W. Seward	0	
"	G. Lott	0	C. Dobson	1	
"	A. Nash	0	T. Stacey	1	
Darts	A. J. Nash	1	P. Miles	0	
"	A. Dalton	0	A. Mills	1	
"	T. Weedon	1	B. Eymore	0	
Shooting	H. Prater	1	J. Chard	0	
"	J. Croft	0	W. Sewell	1	
"	A. Whiting	1/2	H. Mitchell	1/2	
		9 1/2		8 1/2	

Friday, 24th October, 1930.

MALTINGS.			TRANSPORT.		
Games.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.	
Billiards	F. Nunn	0	H. Mealing	1	
"	S. Couzens	1	H. Goodwin	0	
"	J. Everett	1	B. Hiscock	0	
Dominoes	H. Stanbrook	0	A. D. Hutchings	1	
"	E. Smith	0	J. Smith	1	
"	G. Boyles	0	H. Hinxman	1	
Crib	A. R. Bowyer	1	G. Marsh	0	
"	W. Strong	1	F. Hamilton	0	
"	J. Everett	1	A. Grove	0	
Shove Halfpenny	F. Hodder	0	A. Pickett	1	
"	W. Taylor	1	F. Adey	0	
"	W. Gilkerson	0	B. Hiscock	1	
Darts	B. Streams	1	H. Rice	0	
"	J. Streams	1	J. Jones	0	
"	W. H. Gibson	1	C. Palmer	0	
Shooting	G. Lailey	1/2	H. E. Taylor	1/2	
"	J. Boyles	0	S. Whiting	1	
"	J. Hamblin	0	J. Champion	1	
		9 1/2		8 1/2	

COMING EVENTS.

Mon.,	Nov. 3rd	Billiards League. Div. 2. v. Earley (away).
Wed.,	" 5th	Partner Whist Drive.
Sat.,	" 8th	Games Tournament with Members from Morris Motors Athletic Club, Oxford (home).

Mon.,	Nov. 10th	Billiards League, Div. 1. Central Liberal (away). Billiards League, Div. 2. Earley Club (home).
Wed.,	„ 12th	Partner Whist Drive.
Fri.,	„ 14th	Departmental Tournaments, Transport <i>v.</i> Building.
Wed.,	„ 19th	Partner Whist Drive
Fri.,	„ 21st	Departmental Tournaments, Maltings <i>v.</i> Offices.
Sat.,	„ 22nd	Tournament of All Games with the Sulhamstead and Ufton Club (home).
Mon.,	„ 24th	Billiards League, Div. 1. <i>v.</i> Henley (home). Billiards League, Div. 2. <i>v.</i> Reading Gas Co. (away).
Wed.,	„ 26th	Partner Whist Drive.
Fri.,	„ 28th	Departmental Tournament, Cellars <i>v.</i> Building.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Little Marvin found a button in his salad.

He remarked: "I suppose it fell off while the salad was dressing."

* * * *

The doctor smiled as he entered the room.

"You look much better to-day."

"Yes. I followed the directions on your medicine bottle."

"What were they?"

"Keep the bottle tightly corked."

* * * *

"Have you heard that Lord Rothermere has bought the *Daily News*?"

"Bought the *Daily News*! Good heavens! What did he give for it?"

"A penny."

* * * *

"D-d-darling, I l-l-love y-y-you."

"Oh, George, say it again."

"G-g-goodness! I s-s-said it th-th-three t-t-times the f-f-first t-t-time!"

* * * *

"George tells me he's working for all he's worth just now," said his fond aunt.

"Well, I suppose that's his way of saying he's only earning thirty shillings a week," observed his cynical uncle.

HYDE: "Were you lucky at the races yesterday?"

WYDE: "I should just think I was! I found a shilling after the last race, so I didn't have to walk home."

* * * *

A: "Haven't I seen your face before?"

B: "I wouldn't be surprised; that's where I usually wear it."

* * * *

TRAVELLER: "Is the lady of the house in?"

MAID: "Yes, but she's asleep just now."

"Good! I'm selling alarm clocks. Take one in and see if it won't do the work."

* * * *

Consider the alarm clock. It goes along giving people bad news for years and never has its face lifted.

* * * *

A woman never attempts to bake bread unless she kneads it.

* * * *

HUSBAND (seeing her off on the train): "Now, dear, as soon as you arrive you must telegraph."

WIFE: "Very well, dear. How much shall I telegraph for?"

* * * *

MAGISTRATE: "Had you complete command of yourself at the time?"

WITNESS: "No, Sir. My wife was with me."

* * * *

FRED: "Did you sound the family about our marriage?"

FREDA: "Yes, and dad sounded the worst."

* * * *

PATIENT: "Doctor, let's compromise."

DOCTOR: "Compromise on what?"

"On that bill of yours. I'll pay for your medicine and return your visits."

* * * *

VICAR'S WIFE: "Ah, Mrs. Miles, one half of the world is ignorant of how the other half lives."

COTTAGER: "Not in this village, Ma'am."

In crowded train: "Excuse me, Ma'am, here is a strap."

"I have a strap, thank you."

"Nothing of the kind. You have hold of my ear."

* * * *

POPE: "What was the rumpus at your sweetheart's house late last night? A fire alarm?"

GRAY: "No, a sire alarm."

* * * *

Dr. Rene Lancaster says that marriages between people of different nationalities are rarely successful. Because the husband cannot master his wife's tongue?

* * * *

A Swiss has produced a clock that will go for three months without stopping. Now perhaps someone will invent a barman who will stop for three months without going.

* * * *

It is announced that one of the large bakery concerns is about to issue fresh capital. Kneaded dough.

* * * *

The Rev. A. J. Young declares that "carrying home beer in jugs is a disgusting habit." It is untrue, however, that he is starting a movement to keep hotels open all day in order to avoid the scandal.

* * * *

"I have never known a Scotsman who was absolutely broke," confessed Sir Henry Macready. Not while there's a penny on the bottle!

* * * *

Owing to an accident at Northampton several houses were flooded with beer. Doubtless assistance was forthcoming from kindly neighbours, and even those living some distance away rushed in to help at the last lap!

* * * *

The Prohibitionists say that Prohibition has come to stay—but they do not tell us when it is going to commence.

* * * *

Now that everything else has been discovered, the explorers ought to start expeditions to find the reputed "dry" spots in the United States.

"Good morning, Mrs. 'Arrison!" said the milkman.

"My name's not Mrs. 'Arrison," said the lady of the house.

"Ho! If a haitch, a hay, two hars, a hi, a hes and ho and a hen don't spell 'Arrison, what does?"

* * * *

They were strolling in the moonlight, this couple of the Stone Age, she slim and lovely, he big, hairy and muscular. The dinosaurs and mastodons respectfully slithered out of their way at their approach.

Suddenly, for no obvious reason, he reached over and laid her skull open with a vicious swing of his quartz club. As she sank to the ground, her eyes opened in wonderment. "Oh, Oswald," she cooed. "And I didn't know you cared!"

* * * *

A certain small town had bought a new fire engine, and the chief, after gathering all his men together, suggested that an appropriate motto should be placed over the station.

The thing was debated at some length and several suggestions were made. Finally one man said:—

"I propose the following motto: 'May this fire engine be like all the old maids in our town—always ready but never called for.'"

* * * *

Casey and Murphy were admiring a big London building. "It's surprisin'," said Casey, with a knowing air, "how mortar binds all those hundreds of bricks together."

Murphy gave his companion a supercilious sneer. "Whinever are ye goin' to learn a bit of sense, Casey," he replied.

"Sure and whatever d'ye mean?" queried Casey.

"Bricks aren't kept together by mortar," Murphy explained. "Mortar keeps them apart."

* * * *

"John," asked the nagging wife, as the bedtime hour approached, "is everything shut up for the night?"

"That depends on you," growled Henpeck; "everything else is."

* * * *

"My husband is particularly liable to sea-sickness, captain," said the woman.

The skipper nodded. "I've heard of the complaint before, ma'am," he said.

"Could you tell him what to do in case of an attack?" asked the woman.

"Tain't necessary, ma'am," replied the skipper. "He'll do it."

LONG-WINDED LECTURER: "If I have talked too long it's because I haven't my watch with me, and there's no clock in this hall."

VOICE FROM AUDIENCE: "There's a calendar behind you."

* * * *

A young man wearing a "loud" purple suit, a white hat, a tie of blinding colour mixtures, and yellow boots, hailed a taxi in Piccadilly. The driver stared at him for some moments, half in amusement and half in bewilderment. Then he said seriously:

"Begging your pardon, sir, but you don't happen to be in mourning for anyone, sir, do you?"

* * * *

A flippant youth, one of those who have always been the life of the party back home, was finally elected for the hereafter and approached the pearly gates with his self-confidence still intact. He got into conversation with the guardian of the portals.

"Say, Peter," he remarked, "they tell us on earth that time and space don't mean much to you folks up here. For instance, how long is a million years to you?"

"Oh, about a minute."

"And what does a million dollars amount to here?"

"Oh, let's say a cent."

"Gee, that's great," the lad smirked. "Lend me a cent, will you."

"Yes—in a minute."

* * * *

At the end of the dance a man took his partner down to supper. He soon noticed that the waiter kept staring at her as if he was hypnotized, and seemed quite unable to keep his eyes from her.

At last the man could stand it no longer.

"Look here, waiter," he said, angrily, "why the dickens do you stare so rudely at this lady?"

"Beg pardon, sir," stammered the waiter, "it ain't rudeness; it's real admiration. This is the fifth time she's been down to supper to-night."

* * * *

"Hello, Jack! What are you doing?"

"I've built a shed out of my own head."

"Out of your own head?"

"Yes, and there's plenty of wood left for a dog-kennel."

"Father," said Jimmy, running into the drawing-room, "there's a big black cat in the dining-room."

"Never mind, Jimmy," said his father, drowsily; "black cats are lucky."

"Yes," was the reply. "This one is; he's had your dinner!"



MR. CHARLES PEARCE,
of the Cooperage Department at the Brewery, who was recently presented with a Wireless Set by the Directors, and an Umbrella by his colleagues, on the completion of 60 years with the Firm.

BRANCHES.

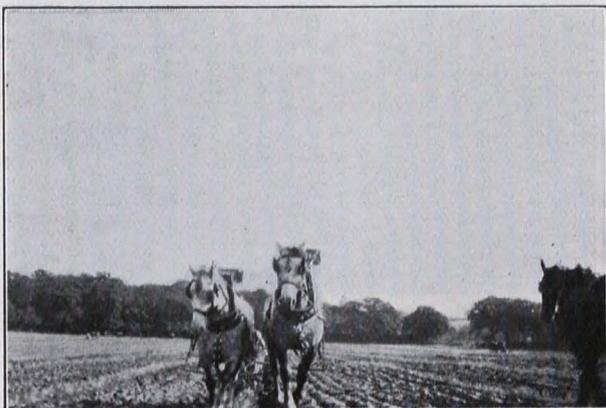
WOKING.

With agriculture appearing in our newspapers so much of late as a subject of topical interest, it is perhaps fitting that our experiences in connection with Agricultural Shows and Ploughing Matches should occupy much of the space in our Woking notes this month.

The first of such events was the Chertsey Show and Ploughing Match where we were again privileged to undertake the refreshment supply through Messrs. Boyce & Son of Guildford, who have established a great reputation in the County for catering facilities. Almost on the eve of this event came the dreaded news that an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease had been notified from Pirbright, and that Chertsey was scheduled as an affected area. This was all the more unfortunate as a remarkable number of entries had been received, and there was every evidence of a record show being held. However, under the Presidency of Sir E. D. Stern, Bart., D.L., and the able Secretaryship of Mr. E. W. Collins, the event was quite a success in spite of the curtailment, and many old friends met in the Lyne Institute—the writer among them—to participate in the luncheon provided by the President.

Next in order of date was the Chobham Ploughing Match held on September 24th at Windlesham Park Farm, where Mr. W. E. Liley, of the Fox Inn, Pirbright, was again entrusted with the catering, including the Ploughmen's luncheon, and many happy re-unions were witnessed in a marquee, outside of which was the ever-popular "Hop Leaf" sign. The weather was ideal, the catering excellent, and the attendance all that could be desired.

CHOBHAM PLOUGHING MATCH.



A pair of greys, "Punch" and "Stormer," owned by Messrs. Slocock Bros., St. John's, Woking.



William Wright who won First Prize for the best team of horses in the field.



Mr. W. E. Liley's refreshment booth.

Next we came to the Surrey Agricultural Association Ploughing Match, and this 101st annual event was staged at Home Farm, Betchworth, near Dorking, on October 2nd. Ploughing always reaches a fine standard here, and its special feature is the presence of the junior Ploughmen, who vie with each other in a wonderful sporting spirit.

The final event so far as our activities were concerned was the Ploughing Match and Show held at Egham under the auspices of the Egham & Thorpe Royal Agricultural Association of which

H.M. The King is patron. Happily, the restrictions on the removal of cattle, due to the foot-and-mouth disease, were removed, and quite a good show resulted.

The state of agriculture in this country is one that does not give rise to optimism, but these annual shows do much to encourage and keep alive a spirit of enterprise in the oldest known profession, and we wish all success to those engaged in it.

It is our sad duty to record the passing of Mrs. Farrell, wife of the steward of the Woking British Legion Club, which took place suddenly on Saturday, 11th October. Apparently in her usual state of health on the evening previous, and engaged in her duties as stewardess of the Club, a heart attack the following morning proved fatal. Although comparatively a newcomer to the Club—Mr. and Mrs. Farrell had held the office of steward and stewardess for little more than twelve months—she had quickly gained a wide circle of friends, and many expressions of sympathy were manifest at the funeral, including representatives and floral tributes from the Woking British Legion Club and the Woking & District Club Stewards' Association.

FARNBOROUGH.

Now that the billiards season is again with us, Farnborough Branch are busy accepting the challenges offered by numerous clubs, which we have the pleasure of supplying with the world-famed "Hop Leaf" brands.

Our first venture was at the British Legion Club, Ash, when the legionnaires proved too strong for us.

A relay game of 450 up was played, and resulted in a win for our hosts by 157 points.

The following week saw us at the Blackwater & District Constitutional Club, where a marked improvement was shewn in our efforts, the scores being:—

<i>Farnborough.</i>		<i>Blackwater.</i>	
W. H. Davis	54	v. E. Hocking	100
E. Gosney	98	v. J. Benstead	100
A. Siggery	78	v. A. Ellis	100
R. Paice	100	v. W. Voller	92
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	330		392

Our most successful player on this occasion was R. Paice, and we were very pleased to see him record his first victory this winter.

Our thanks are due, both to the British Legion Club, Ash, and the Blackwater & District Club for the splendid welcome they both gave us.

It is rumoured that "Razor" Webber, the famous exponent of the three-ball game from the Sandhurst Working Men's Club has gone in for extensive practice in readiness for our visit to his club. In fact, it is also said that, at the first opportunity, he is going to devote a whole week to watching Lindrum in order to obtain a few useful hints.

During the past few weeks, owing to a serious illness, Mr. F. Kimpton, our Farnham & District representative, has been away from business. Happily, he is now well on the way to recovery, and is looking forward to being again in harness soon.

It will be of interest to many of our readers, who during the Great War, and also in more normal times, served in the Aldershot Command, to learn of the disappearance of a famous Farnborough landmark. The Pyestock chimney, which could be seen for miles around, was recently demolished by the 11th Field Company Royal Engineers. The chimney, which was erected late last century, was originally intended for the destruction of all refuse in the Aldershot Command, but owing to a defect, no draught could get up the chimney; it was never used for that purpose. During the War, and up to quite recently, it was used as a meteorological station, and a glass top was built to protect the instruments.

The demolition was carried out for instructional purposes in the presence of a large crowd, who later inspected the debris. Fourteen charges of ammonal, fired electrically, were used.

OXFORD.

On Thursday, September 25th, the executive of Messrs. Morris Motors Athletic Club very kindly extended an invitation to Mr. H. J. Timms and the Staff at Oxford Branch to visit their new and palatial club premises to partake of a series of contests with the members at billiards, darts and skittles. The invitation was promptly accepted by Mr. H. J. Timms and five members of the Oxford Staff, and needless to say we all enjoyed ourselves very much indeed.

We regret to add, however, that we proved no match for our hosts at skittles or darts but fared better at billiards. Messrs. J. V. Hasker and J. A. Clinkard upheld the prestige of Oxford Stores by winning their matches, the former by a substantial margin and the latter just "on the post."

The evening's proceedings were opened by Mr. F. W. Turrell (Chairman of the House Committee) who introduced Mr. Timms and his staff to those members of Messrs. Morris Motors Athletic Club who had assembled to receive us. Mr. Turrell, in a few well chosen words, announced to his audience that Mr. Timms and his

colleagues had come that evening for the purpose of presenting to the Club, on behalf of the Directors of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., a handsome trophy, to be competed for as a "Billiards Championship Cup" to be held annually by the champion of the Club, and that his Committee had decided to present a replica of the trophy to the winner. He thanked Mr. Timms cordially for the Firm's kindness in presenting so handsome a trophy and said that he felt sure that competition for it would be a means of further cementing the good feeling that already existed between the members and Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.

Mr. H. J. Timms (Manager, Oxford Branch) then presented the cup to Mr. R. Forrest, Chairman of the Club, and concluded a happy little speech with the words "may the best man win," for which he received a hearty ovation.

Mr. Forrest expressed his thanks on behalf of the Club and made us all very welcome.

We were impressed by the magnificence of the Club buildings, which comprise a large concert hall, lounge, ladies room, billiards room with four full-size tables, reading rooms, dressing rooms, bath rooms and every modern convenience that could be devised for the comfort of the members, not to forget a handsomely fitted bar from which we were regaled with sandwiches and those "Hop Leaf" brand specialities well known to us all.

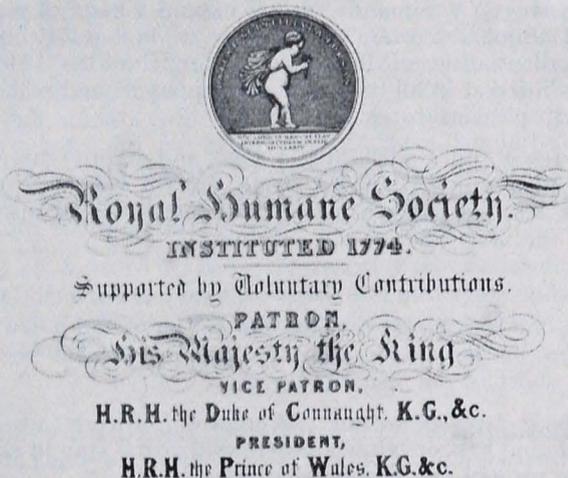
We wish to place on record our grateful thanks and appreciation to the members of Messrs. Morris Motors Athletic Club for the cordial way in which they received us and for the enjoyable evening spent with them at what we believe to be the first club house in the district.

His old friends at Oxford were very pleased to read in last month's HOP LEAF GAZETTE of the engagement of Mr. A. T. Walsh.

They wish to convey to him their hearty congratulations.

The Oxford Branch staff were so pleased and proud of lorry mate H. Allen's gallantry in swimming 40 yards in his Sunday clothes to the rescue of a drowning man (as previously recorded), that they subscribed for a wrist watch, suitably inscribed, to commemorate the occasion. The presentation was carried out by Mr. H. J. Timms at our Stores on Friday, October 17th, when Mr. Allen received a very enthusiastic reception from his fellow employees.

We below a photograph of the Royal Humane Society's Certificate bearing the signature of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, which was presented to Allen by His Worship the Mayor of Oxford at a recent sitting of the Oxford City court.



*At a Meeting of the Committee of the Royal Humane Society
 held at their Office, 4, Broadman Square, on the 22nd day of July, 1930
 Present: Admiral Crosswell, J.C. Esq., D.L.C. Treasurer in the Chair*

*It was Resolved Unanimously
 That Frank Allen*

*is justly entitled to the Honorary Testimonial of this Society inscribed
 on Collam, which is hereby awarded him for having on the 29th June
 1930 gone to the rescue of J.R. Whiting, who was in imminent danger
 of drowning in the Thames at Oxford and whose life he gallantly
 saved.*

F. A. Clayton
 Secretary

Edward
 President
C. Esq.
 Chairman

The Testimonial presented to Mr. Allen.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

It was our great pleasure during the past month to receive a visit from Mr. F. A. Simonds, also to extend a hand of welcome to Mr. L. A. Simonds, who, we trust, was favourably impressed with the potentialities of this particular branch of the "Hop Leaf" tree. His interest in all its doings was apparent and real, and was particularly pleasing to us all.

We respectfully wish him a long and happy career in the great business which bears his name, and of which we are part. We thank Mr. Eric for giving us the opportunity of meeting Mr. Louis for the first time, at the "Tamar."

Since our last notes were written we have had a few changes rung on us by the powers that be, and at present we are one Battalion short of our usual strength.

We bade farewell to our "Worcester" friends, who left for Malta early in October, after a nearly two years' stay in our midst, and whom we had the honour of supplying.

The Battalion, commanded by Lieut.-Col. B. C. S. Clarke, were the leaders in many sporting and social events of the garrison, and will be greatly missed in many directions. Crownhill wears a strange look these days, with the "Worcesters" gone and the Barracks unoccupied. We trust our old friends R.S.M. S. Humphries, M.M., and R.Q.M.S. C. Law are settling down in their new station, and are able to sit up and take a little nourishment. Their "Tamar" friends at Crownhill and Devonport wish them both the very best of luck, and hope to have their comrades of the 1st Battalion in their midst, from Shanghai, in February next.

The 2nd Battalion of our own County Regiment are also being taken away from us to Bordon in a few days time. To those, like ourselves, who have long had the honour of their friendship and patronage, their going gives a distinct sense of loss. We at the "Tamar" have enjoyed their company in tournaments and also in the many social events they have arranged during their, for us, too brief stay.

This Battalion, under the command of Lieut.-Col. H. Street, has won golden opinions by their high standard of efficiency in their military capacity, and by their exemplary conduct in and about the City, though no one would expect other from our own "boys" of course!

It is with real regret that we bid them au revoir and wish them as fellow "Devonians" the very best of luck in the future.

We shall remember with delight those very pleasant billiards matches in which the Sergeants' Mess and ourselves participated, and how the worthy R.S.M. Davey and his confrere, Bandmaster Herniman, coaxed the ivories to our doom. No doubt our Farnborough cueists will be trying their strength against the newcomers soon. Mr. W. H. Davis, we expect, would be delighted to again test his skill against that Devonian who, at our last meeting, caused the marker and himself so little trouble by running out almost from the kick-off. A most uncalled-for proceeding!!

We look forward to an early report from Farnborough that our several defeats have been avenged, and anticipate endeavouring to show their successors, the 2nd Norfolk Regiment, how the game should be played.

A good-hearted, keen, and thoroughly sportsmanlike Battalion is the 1st Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Old friends of ours are the Thirty-third! Personal friends many of them, and their departure is much regretted by us all, in common with our fellow citizens.

Plymouth rugby circles, in particular, will feel their loss considerably. We sincerely hope that the "Dukes" left their proverbial bad luck in the Army Rugby Cup behind them, when they left Raglan Barracks, and that in the year 1930-31 they may at long last realize their ambitions. It will at least not be undeserved if they do. We wish this wonderfully fine Battalion the very best of luck.

Forward the "Dukes"!!

With such a glorious history, second to none in the annals of the British Army, the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade will find many staunch friends in Plymouth. To "Tamarites," they are no strangers, and to hear Raglan Barracks once again resounding to the lively quick-step of the "ninety-fives" will quite seem like old times to many of the old campaigners amongst us.

We look forward to a happy association with such old friends as the "Rifles" whom we again have the honour to supply. We bid them welcome to the West country, and if we can by any means smooth out a few rough places during their stay amongst us, we shall be only too ready to do so. Perhaps we may one day be

allowed to receive from their hands, as we did from the "Devons," a few quiet billiard tips; when they have settled down.

H.M.S. "DEFIANCE."

After an association with Devonport lasting for 44 years, the above ship of H.M. Fleet has lately been removed from her moorings, where, as a torpedo school service vessel, she has remained since being first commissioned there in 1884.

Forming part of the four vessels used for the torpedo establishment, H.M.S. *Defiance* has now become unserviceable, and will doubtless meet the usual fate reserved for England's famous "old wooden walls"—the ship brokers yard.

For many years past we have had the honour of supplying both the Ward Room and Warrant Officers' Messes with "Hop Leaf" beverages, and its passing severs, for a few months only we hope, a link with the past. Many of its old mess mates will miss the old ship, and Davy Jones himself will doubtless shed a few crocodile tears as she is towed away.

Early in the new year a new school is to be moored at Wilcove on the Cornish side of the Hamoaze, consisting of the *Andromeda*, the *Vulcan* and the *Inconstant*.

We have no doubt, but that the great naval traditions of the past will still be embodied and further built up in the new *Defiance* when the change takes place.

THE SOCIAL CLUB.

We are glad to see Mr. R. Rymell about after a long spell of inaction due to a fractured leg, and hope he will soon be able to put on his apron again, and be fit enough to fill the chair at our meetings.

A few of our efforts in the local billiards leagues are given below. We have no inflated ideas about our skill, but we do try!

Results:—

OCTOBER 7TH.

<i>Simonds IIB.</i>			<i>Catholic Y.M.</i>		
R. Mills	...	125 v.	Wonnely	...	64
P. Tucker	...	125 v.	Murphy	...	105
E. Webber	...	120 v.	Tucker	...	125
W. Luscombe	...	63 v.	Kavanagh	...	125
F. Pierce	...	125 v.	Sobey	...	92

Simonds won by three games to two.

OCTOBER 14TH.

<i>Simonds III.</i>			<i>Kitto.</i>		
F. Oxenham	...	100 v.	Warn	...	63
E. Webber	...	62 v.	Horn	...	100
T. Watkins	...	63 v.	Tucker	...	100
W. Mills	...	53 v.	Leftbridge	...	100
S. Naish	...	100 v.	Polkinhorne	...	64

Kitto won by three games to two.

OCTOBER 16TH.

<i>Simonds IIB.</i>			<i>St. Clements.</i>		
E. Ellis	...	125 v.	Stephens	...	89
F. Oxenham	...	125 v.	Earle	...	88
P. Tucker	...	125 v.	Nippard	...	95
F. Pierce	...	125 v.	Tink	...	65
W. Luscombe	...	111 v.	Pidwell	...	125

Simonds won by four games to one.

OCTOBER 21ST.

<i>Simonds IIB.</i>			<i>St. Catherines.</i>		
E. Ellis	...	73 v.	Collins	...	125
W. Luscombe	...	85 v.	Goodenough	...	125
P. Tucker	...	105 v.	Beemis	...	125
F. Pierce	...	99 v.	Symes	...	125
R. Mills	...	113 v.	Merrett	...	125

St. Catherines won by five games to nil.

Many of our members are looking forward to the proposed trip to Reading on December 13th. They hope to show "Elm Parkites" how enthusiasm, allied with skill, can win matches, and if numbers count, our Reading friends can anticipate a busy day, both at Elm Park and elsewhere. In our next notes we hope to be able to give details of the projected trip.

GIBRALTAR.

For a change, we are able to commence our chronicles of the month without having to record any deaths, but we must hasten to congratulate a prominent member of the ship's company of H.M.S. *Cormorant* on the birth of a daughter, at the same time denying the rumour that she is to be christened with "S.B."

The Local Defence Flotilla has been away on their annual autumn cruise, taking with them 50 ranks of the Army in order to give them an insight into the working of the Sister Service in addition to providing them with a change of air and scenery. The first part of the cruise occupied about ten days, during which San Lucar and Huelva were visited. The second part of the cruise embraced visits to Algiers—the Pearl of the Mediterranean—and Iviza, at both of which places the ships were made very welcome and given an enjoyable time.

There are rumours afloat that a very popular C.S.M. of the 1st Battalion the Lincolnshire Regiment was much struck with that essential part of the sailor's life—the rum issue. It is understood that, like Oliver Twist, he was frequently known to ask for more, and knowing his charming personality, I can well imagine that he got it. It is quite untrue that he has since applied for transfer to the Royal Navy.

Congratulations to Q.M.S. Cooke, Royal Engineers, on his fine effort in walking off with the Championship Cup at the recent Garrison Rifle Meeting, and to the Sergeants' Mess of the 1st Bn. the Lincolnshire Regiment on winning the A. E. Ferrary Cup. Q.M.S. Cooke crowned his achievement by filling the cup with "S.B.," wherein he showed once again that good taste and judgment for which he is famed.

Although we are now well into October, the warm weather still continues and the Clerk of the weather withholds the rain that is now beginning to be needed badly. Our friend the Levanter has been conspicuous on occasions, but we have little to complain of generally.

Dances have been given by the ship's companies of H.M.S. *Anthony* and *Cormorant*, and by the R.A.S.C. Old Comrades Association and the Junior N.C.O's, Royal Engineers, all of which have met with the support they deserve, although, in view of the heat, one could not have wondered if they had only been sparsely attended.

Work on the new "Rock Hotel" is proceeding apace, and the ground is rapidly being cleared. It is to be hoped that the building of this hotel will provide work for the many unemployed that we have in Gibraltar.

Some slight apprehension has been caused in "S.B." circles here, owing to the fact that Mr. John Hutton, in a sudden excess of generosity, purchased a consignment of cigars and presented them to his friends and acquaintances. His friends are now heartily wishing that he had limited his generosity to his acquaintances only—especially when it transpired that the cigars were retailed at the price of 25 for 1/-. It took many bottles of "S.B." to get rid of the nasty taste left in the mouth by those cigars. Talking of cigars, reminds one of the story of the cheap-jack auctioneer who was trying hard to sell his stock of cigars. "You can't get better gents," he bellowed. "Twenty-five in a box, and I don't care how much you spend." Suddenly a voice was heard from the back of the crowd: "He's right, folks," it said. "I had one a week ago and I'm not better yet."

The trooping season has commenced at last, the *Neuralia* "breaking the ice" with a small consignment of members of His Majesty's Army for Gibraltar. We shall shortly be saying goodbye to a few familiar faces, and welcoming new ones. The arrival of H.M.S. *Shamrock* which will be attached to the Local Defence Flotilla at Gibraltar, is eagerly awaited by the nabal men, and it is to be hoped that a goodly proportion of her ship's company will soon be converts to the "Hop Leaf" brand.

We were favoured with a visit, a short time ago, from the U.S.S. *Chester* the latest of the American 10,000 ton cruisers. Her ship's company spent quite a lot of time on shore during the brief period they were here, and judging by the number of parcels they were seen with, they must have spent quite a lot of money as well.

The Argentine Training Ship *Presidente Sarmiento* is also here for a few days, and entertainments are being arranged in their honour. The visit of this ship is especially welcome, in view of the fact that many Gibraltarians have emigrated to the Argentine in the past, and it is conceivable that many of the ship's company of the *Presidente Sarmiento* are seeing, for the first time, the birth-place of their parents.

We are now in that unhappy period, as regards sport, of being in the midway stage between cricket and football. Although the cricket and bathing season has officially ended, the weather is still far too hot for football, and in consequence the various sports grounds present rather a melancholy appearance.

Rumours of the impending arrival of the Atlantic Fleet for the annual spring cruise are prevalent everywhere, and by our next issue the matter should be beyond doubt. It scarcely seems a year ago since they were last here, and before very long we shall once again be plunged into that giddy vortex of gaiety which leaves us in a state of nervous exhaustion after their departure. Even so, everybody on the Rock looks forward to, and welcomes, the arrival of the Fleet, if only to break the monotony which is inevitable in so small and isolated a place as Gibraltar.

PORTSMOUTH.

Major-General R. V. T. Ford, C.B., C.B.E., took over this month (October) the appointment of Adjutant-General of the Royal Marines in succession to General Sir Lewis S. T. Halliday, V.C., K.C.B., who has had three years in the post. Until last June Major-General Ford was in command of the R.M. Depot at Deal. He has formerly served at Headquarters as Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, 1918-21, and Assistant Adjutant General, 1925-28. General Sir Lewis Halliday, who relinquishes his active

career, was 60 years of age last May 14th. He has had 41 years' service in the Royal Marines and won his V.C. as a Captain for gallantry at the defence of the Pekin Legations during the Boxer War in 1900 where he had a party of 20 men in a sortie and although severely wounded by a bullet in the shoulder which took part of his lung, he carried on, killed three of his assailants and then walked back alone so as not to weaken the small force.

GARRISON SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The Garrison swimming championship which took place off Southsea Beach was swam for a cup presented by H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught. This championship has been competed for annually since 1893. Altogether 12 swimmers, representing nearly every military unit in the Garrison, were started by the Garrison Adjutant over a course of 550 yards in a choppy sea. Bdr. Norris started off with a good lead but at about half way Sergt. H. Baker, Royal Artillery, caught up to him and swimming splendidly eventually won easily. Pte. G. Miller, R.A.O.C., was second and Bdr. Norris, R.A., third. The time was 9 minutes. This makes the fourth time in the last five years that Sergt. Baker has won this trophy which was presented to the winner by Brigadier G. W. Howard, C.M.G., D.S.O.

Extract from the "Hampshire Telegraph & Post,"

"LIFE'S LITTLE PROBLEMS."

Life in the Fleet has its little problems which lead to mild controversies. A recent one was the question whether naval ratings should drink English beer in their canteens in Scotland? No wet canteens are allowed in the lower deck messes afloat, and when they go ashore at Invergordon, our sailors find that only Scottish beer can be purchased at the naval recreation ground canteen. In one ship a protest was made to the Canteen Committee who brought it to the notice of the Canteen Headquarters in London. Here the question whether the importation of English beer into Scotland was feasible or practicable was discussed. The debate took place at a meeting where all the ranks were represented, from the Admiral to the able seaman, and a verbatim shorthand note made a permanent record of the proceedings. Canteen Headquarters promised to consider the proposal, but were not enthusiastic owing to the additional cost of freightage. Then followed the question whether English beer could be sold at the same price as Scottish brew, and this presented a difficulty. Even the sailors, with their reputation for versatility, could not overcome believing their beer would cost them more, and that there was no general demand for a change. The men's representatives have now decided not to pursue the proposal. In other words, yet another attempt to invade Scotland, even with canteen beer, has ended in failure.

BRIGHTON.

The Council meeting of the Club & Institute Union has been recently sitting in Brighton for their conference, and honoured the West Tarring Club and Institute, Worthing, with a visit.

The Executive were introduced by Mr. J. J. Woolf, Secretary of the S.E. Branch, who regretted that their new General Secretary, Mr. R. S. Chapman (who succeeded Mr. B. T. Hall), was unable to be present to address the members. An address was given however by the Union's President, Mr. R. Richardson, J.P., M.P., who explained the objects of the Club & Institute Union and its powerful factor in the promotion of temperance, and the diminution of drunkenness wherever Club & Institution Union Clubs were established. The Secretary of the West Tarring Club, Mr. C. R. Vincent, was complimented by the various members of the Executive upon the West Tarring Club's progress, prosperity and social welfare.

The *Brighton Herald* quoting from its issue of 1830, says:—"The brewers are, we perceive, announcing their intention of lowering the price of their commodity on the 10th inst. London porter is to be sold at 4d. per pot, strong beer at 1/- per gallon, and double ale at -/6 per gallon."

How times and prices have changed.

SUSSEX DEW PONDS.

The earliest inhabitants of Sussex dwelt as we know on the uplands, these being not only the natural highway of that period but the only safe and habitable part of the country, for the forest-covered Weald below abounded in wild beasts on the one hand and engulfing morasses on the other. So prehistoric man had to maintain himself and his flocks on the Downs, only making occasional expeditions to the forest to hunt for food. As for letting his cattle wander down to seek for water, this was out of the question on account of the grey wolf, which prowled at twilight, and other animal enemies. Indeed he had all his work cut out to protect them even on the heights. How then did this lonely dweller obtain water for himself and his beasts? The answer is from the dew pond. And what is more, he undoubtedly dug out and formed his own pond up there on the hill top, thus justifying the old nursery rhyme that Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water. It is not only for their antiquity that dew-ponds are interesting. Their existence on the height, unfed, yet never failing as Rudyard Kipling reminds us, is something of a mystery.

"We have no water to delight
Our broad and brookless vales,
Only the dew-pond on the height
Unfed, that never fails."—RUDYARD KIPLING.

How are they replenished? They have no springs to feed them—and the ordinary rainfall is insufficient to account for their not drying up even in a summer drought, yet by some mysterious means they have always sufficient water to supply the large flocks of sheep pastured daily on the Downs. We are told that a thousand head of sheep may water every day at one pond (provided it is in good condition) and that though at night it may look half empty, by the morning it is full again. The South Downs—the home of the dew-pond—are the first hills to intercept and condense the moist air from the south-west, and when in autumn and winter the town below is quite dry, we find on the Downs every blade of grass sparkling with moisture, and it is the same process which helps to supply the dew-pond. For this reason they are sometimes termed “mist-ponds” or “fog-ponds,” as both mist and fog help to keep them alive, but dew-pond is the more general name. This is how the early and ingenious Downfolk formed their ponds. Near the top of the hill they hollowed out a shallow basin and lined it with dry rushes, this they covered with a thick crust of finely “puddled” clay to prevent the rushes from getting wet; then to protect the clay, they stamped into it a layer of closely-fitting flints—and a dew-pond was the result. Small wonder that some of us look upon the dew-pond on the height with something akin to veneration, for many of them are not only of untold age, but certain of their number are said never to have run dry within the memory of man.

SLOUGH.

R.A.F. TATTOO—HALTON CAMP.

Congratulations are most certainly due to those who organised the Halton R.A.F. Tattoo. This was held in the sports field on September 25th and 27th and was the first attempt at this camp to stage such a display. Each afternoon the crowds were thrilled by an aerobical exhibition and in the evening were entertained by an excellent show of physical training and torch-light tattoo. By the way the effort was patronised the success of future attempts seems assured.

The local clubs comprising the Slough, Windsor & District Games League are again in the throes of the struggle for honours to be won in the current season. It will be remembered that some years ago the Firm presented the premier award (Simonds' Challenge Cup) to this League. Certainly the series of competitions has done a great deal for Club life in the district and we hope that once again the interest will be renewed so that there will be another very close fight towards the end of the season for the awards.

EGHAM UNITED SERVICES CLUB.

The 7th annual dinner of the above club was held on Saturday, October 11th. There was a good attendance presided over by Sir Wm. Barber, J.P. (President), supported by Rear-Admiral Paymaster B. U. Colclough, Brig.-Gen. W. St. G. Grogan, V.C., Dr. J. W. Bird, D.S.O., Dr. A. G. Wilkinson, Prof. F. Harbord, Capt. H. A. Taylor, A. Allistone, Esq., H. W. Alexander (Chairman of the Committee), C. E. Marshall (Hon. Treasurer), P. D. Kennerell (Hon. Secretary), etc.

Following the dinner the Chairman briefly submitted the loyal toast, after which Prof. Harbord proposed “The Club,” pointing out that from the very commencement the Club had been practically self-supporting. Much had been done by the Club but one of its most important functions was that of helping ex-service men who were out of a job. It also kept alive those delightful experiences of comradeship which abounded during the war and helped them to get through their difficult times. He trusted the Club would continue as it had done in the past and carry on its good work.

Capt. H. A. Taylor, in a most able speech, mentioned that a Services Club was the most exclusive Club in any place and the members were the most travelled men in the community.

The Chairman (Sir Wm. Barber) next presented the Games Championship Cup to Mr. Graham whom he cordially congratulated upon his success. He then eulogized at some length how much the Club was indebted to Mr. H. W. Alexander who had been connected with that most excellent institution ever since its inception and devoted a great deal of his time and never flagging energy to the Club's welfare, and asked Mr. Alexander's acceptance of an illuminated address and an armchair from the members of the Club. The wording of the address was as follows:—
“To Mr. Herbert W. Alexander; presented by the officers and members of the United Services Club with an assurance of their sincere regard and appreciation of his great work for the success of the Club during his ten years in office as Chairman of the General Committee. He has been interested in the welfare of the Club, and his efforts on behalf of the members and his efforts for the children of the fallen are greatly appreciated. And it is with sincere thanks for his many voluntary services on behalf of his fellow members that we ask his acceptance of this token, with all good wishes for his future health and happiness. Signed, G. W. Barber (President), C. E. Marshall (Hon. Treasurer), and P. D. Kennerell (Hon. Secretary).”

Mr. Alexander—after musical honours had been accorded—expressed his deep thanks saying that when the Club was opened ten years ago, before as distinguished a gathering as had ever assembled under one roof in Egham, he made certain promises. He had done his utmost to carry out those promises and he was thankful to know that the members with himself had brought into the Club the spirit which had carried them through the war. He had had a good team to lead and his success had not been due so much to his own efforts as to the efforts of those who had helped him.

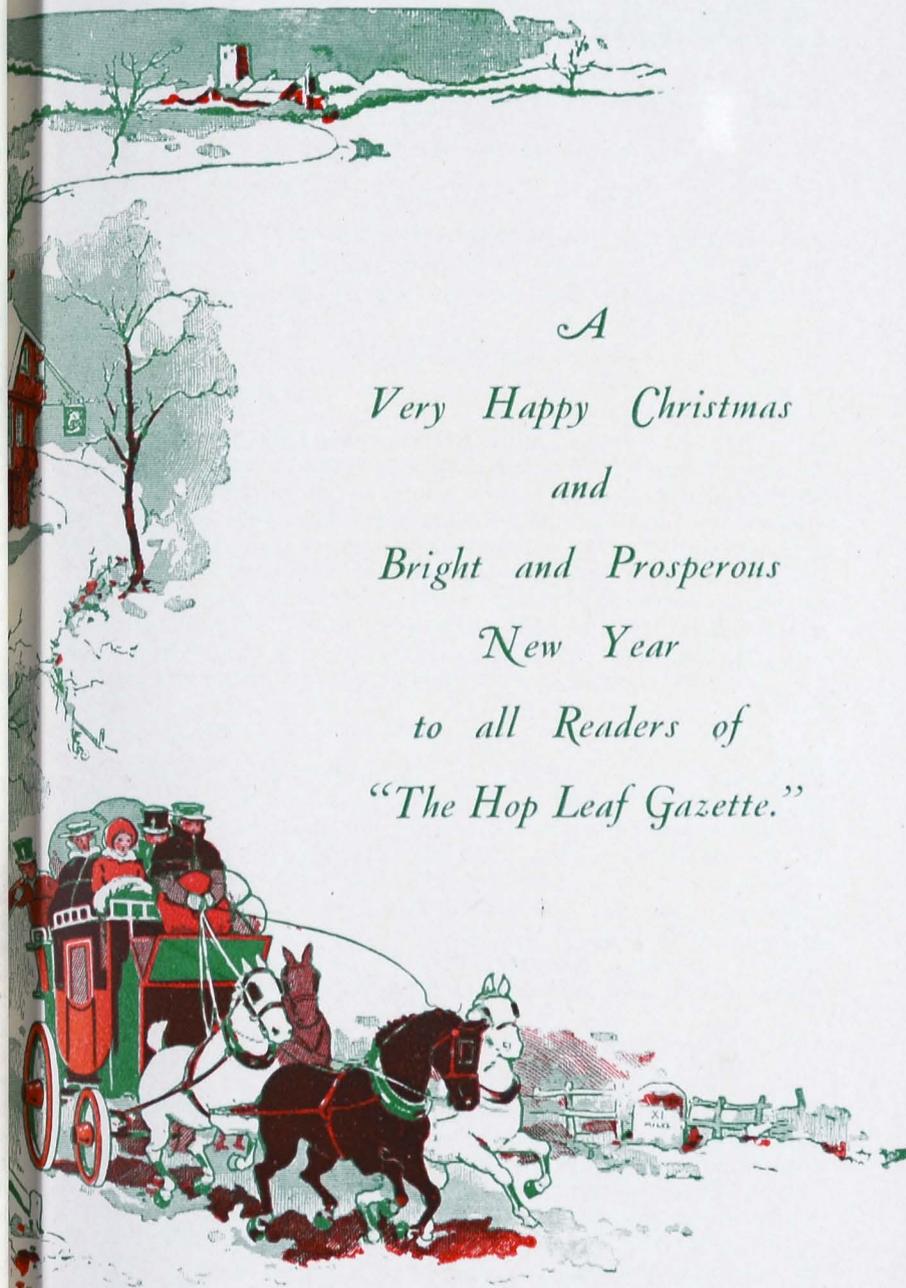
The toast of "The Visitors" was admirably proposed by Rear-Admiral Colclough and responded to by Mr. Allistone.

The concluding toast, "The President and Vice-Presidents," was proposed by Mr. Kennerell, who stated that he was pleased there was such a splendid gathering and amongst apologies for non-attendance mentioned Mr. J. H. Pilcher, J.P., D.L., and Mr. H. C. Hughes. The Club greatly appreciated the assistance the President and Vice-Presidents gave them and sincerely hoped they would long continue to do so.

Sir Wm. Barber responded and Brig.-Gen. W. St. G. Grogan, V.C., also replied. He said that when he joined the army years ago he was taught to keep his ears open but his mouth shut, but since he had been on the Egham Council he had learned to answer back when spoken to. Furthermore, he was proud to be associated with Sir Wm. Barber and the Club. Also he was glad to be associated with Egham which he considered was one of the picked sites of Surrey and was sure the Services Club would always be connected with the place.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to an enjoyable musical programme given under the direction of Mr. E. Humphreys, during which the Firm's "S.B." and other well known "Hop Leaf" brands were thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

It was with mingled feelings that we parted with Mr. V. W. Mundy, our late Chief Clerk, who on the 13th instant was transferred from this Branch to take up new duties at Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd., Staines. He takes with him our united best wishes for his success in new sphere.



*A
Very Happy Christmas
and
Bright and Prosperous
New Year
to all Readers of
"The Hop Leaf Gazette."*