

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 2.



Mr. H. WARD.

MR. H. WARD.

An account of the business and military career of Mr. H. Ward, whose portrait is published as our frontispiece this month, will be of great interest to a wide circle of readers, amongst whom he is well known. His record is one in which a devotion to work combined with a natural aptitude in the particular sphere in which he has served has earned its due reward of promotion.

Mr. Ward commenced as a junior clerk at Wimbledon Branch on the 30th January, 1903. He was appointed to the chief clerkship of that Branch in 1909, and four years later was transferred to London Branch which was then at York Road, Lambeth. In April, 1919, after his return from the Great War, Mr. Ward was appointed Chief Clerk, a position of responsibility which he has filled with remarkable efficiency. When the diversity and volume of business of which our London Branch is the centre is considered, it will be realised that the position held by Mr. Ward can only be successfully filled by a man with ability above the ordinary. His grasp of detail and knowledge of all branches of the Firm's business have been acquired by years of industry and close study.

The enormous growth of the Firm's business in and around the Metropolis, which includes large refreshment contracts at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Railways, Kennington Oval, the principal Race Meetings, Wembley, various Exhibitions, in addition to the Firm's Tied Houses, over 200 Clubs and as many Free Houses, together with Military trade, necessitated the acquisition, in 1925, of the Plough Brewery, Wandsworth Road, and the centralisation of our London business was thereby effected. A glimpse is thus given of the vast amount of clerical work now carried on at those premises under the supervision of Mr. Ward. Since 1919 the staff has been trebled and to cope with the ever-increasing work, mechanization of the office is in progress.

Mr. Ward was a member of the old Volunteer Force, joining the 2nd (V.) Battalion The East Surrey Regiment in 1906. He transferred to the Territorial Force (5th Battalion The East Surrey Regiment) in 1908 and held the rank of Sergeant at the outbreak of the Great War in 1914. Having signed for Imperial service he was transferred to the 6th Battalion The East Surrey Regiment for active service and was promoted Colour Sergeant in August, 1914. Later he transferred back to the 5th Battalion and sailed for India in October, 1914, and figured in the disturbances on the North-West Frontier, India, in 1915 and 1916. On proceeding to Mesopotamia in 1917, Mr. Ward was promoted Regimental Sergeant-Major.

He was twice mentioned in the dispatches from Mesopotamia of Lieut.-General Sir Charles W. R. Marshall, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., and

was also mentioned by the Government of India for services on the North-West Frontier.

Mr. Ward is the holder of the following medals:—General Service, Victory, Territorial War (1914-1919), Territorial Efficiency, Military. He was demobilised in 1919.

Since his Army days Mr. Ward has been content to spend his spare time in gardening and teaching two healthy boys to play football and cricket. Prior to the War he was interested in athletic sports, playing football, hockey and cricket, and could always put up a good performance in sprint races.

EDITORIAL.

OUR "BELOVED PHYSICIAN."

Tuesday, October 27th was indeed an historical occasion for on that day the nation had to choose between sanity and suicide. And they chose the former by an overwhelming majority. Reading played its part right valiantly, returning to Parliament Dr. A. B. Howitt by the splendid majority of 15,162. Dr. Howitt has already won the affectionate regard of the people of Reading and he is now going to use those fine qualities of heart and mind, which we know he possesses, to assist in bringing old England back to health and strength after her critical illness. Transparently honest, sincere to the core, kindly and considerate, we know that he will serve us well and truly and, I doubt not, that before long, like another godly man, we shall look upon him as our "beloved physician."

STRIKING FEATURES.

There were many striking features in the short, sharp fight. Mr. F. A. Simonds played a great part. As chairman of the great Mass Meetings his geniality and rare tact were in no small measure responsible for the excellent order that prevailed. His commanding presence always commands respect and his appeal, at the start of the campaign, for fair play had an immediate and very gratifying effect.

Mr. Eric Simonds, who has done such excellent work for the Conservative Party in Reading in the position of president, is naturally delighted with the result, and it bore out a prophecy which he made to a number of his friends. He was one of the very few people in Reading who forecast a five figure majority for Dr. Howitt. Mr. Simonds has a remarkable record with the Reading Conservative Association, for the Party have won the seat on almost every occasion that he has been able to take an active part in the contest says the *Berkshire Chronicle*.

Nor must I forget Mrs. Simonds' great work. Then the speech of Viscount Erleigh was one of the finest ever heard in the Large Town Hall. It was indeed a damning indictment of the late spendthrift Government. I have heard Commander H. D. Simonds send his audience into roars of laughter before now, but I did not know before this election that he could hold an audience by a very forceful speech on serious politics. But this he did at Katesgrove where, at times, there was a good deal of disturbance. But the opposition did not seem to mind his hard, clean hitting; indeed it was a pity he did not have more time at his disposal for he was listened to with rapt attention. Mr. Louis Simonds also "did his bit" and did it right well. If he did not say a lot he always seemed to say the right thing and was very popular with all. Then there was Mr. J. A. Brain. He got right at the hearts of the electors and was an unqualified success as a platform speaker.

THE POWER OF THE "X."

The British people possess "uncommon common sense" when called upon, and in a crisis they realised they must put it into action. The time for talk was over. So they put their common sense into action by simply registering a little X on a piece of paper. The position on the paper in which they placed this little cross was of supreme and vital importance. It was a definite act of devotion to country, excluding party and self.

The Cross has always been the emblem of "simple duty performed and supreme sacrifice" throughout Western civilisation, and many little crosses, away across the water, tell their own great glorious tale.

MAJORITIES SINCE REFORM BILL.

Majorities at General Elections since the Reform Bill have been:—

1832	Liberal	370	1892	Liberal	...	40
1835	"	112	1895	Unionist	...	152
1837	"	18	1900	"	...	134
1841	Conservative	76	1906	Liberal	...	356
1847	Liberal	18	1910	(Jan.) Lib.	...	124
1852	Conservative	20	1910	(Dec.) "	...	126
1857	Liberal	80	1918	Coalition	...	263
1859	"	50	1922	Conservative	...	79
1865	"	78	1923	Con. over	...	68
1868	"	116	Soc.	211
1878	Conservative	98	1924	Con. over	...	29
1880	Liberal	115	Soc.	
1885	"	86	1929	Soc. over	...	
1886	Unionist	114	Con.	

HOW WE DID IT.

This is how we were told

HOW TO ITT

—and we DID it!

WHAT IS A RAMP?

I am puzzled by the use of the word "ramp" by the Socialist Opposition, writes a correspondent. As an engineer I know a ramp as a device for raising a body from a lower to a higher position by means of an inclined plane; all railway men and mechanics are familiar with the tool for replacing derailed rolling stock on the lines. It would, therefore, seem that any banker, capitalist, or other "enemy of the people," who lend their ramps to replace a derailed nation on the lines again should have a vote of thanks. Another correspondent replies that the answer to the meaning of "ramp" in its political sense is quite simple. It is a "cramp" that has lost its head.

BLAMING "THE PLEDGE."

To "rush" children into signing the pledge is—in the opinion of the Rev. B. S. Mercer, Vicar of Little Wakering, Essex—an abominable impertinence and contrary to Christianity.

Mr. Mercer expresses this view in the church magazine.

"There is," he says, "good work to be done by those who are able to teach the uprising generations to drink with wisdom.

"Such people who fall into the snare of excessive drinking are usually those who had not been taught to drink properly in their childhood.

"Many people still need to be taught to thank God for alcohol and not to drink it as though it were the invention of the devil."

TEETOTAL FANATICISM.

The Rev. C. C. Weeks, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., director of the National Temperance League, was asked at the conference of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, at Leeds, "Why is brandy prescribed for persons who have fainted?" Mr. Weeks replied that it was merely part of an old tradition. He added, in amplification of his answer, that the same restorative effect could be secured by any irritation of the tongue; by the pricking of the quick of the finger nail; or by holding burned feathers under the nostrils.

THE LATE MR. W. TOMS.

One of those strange coincidences, which are not infrequent, happened in connection with this nonagenarian whose photograph appeared in our last issue. Shortly after printing our October number we heard that Mr. W. Toms had been taken seriously ill and a few days later the sad news arrived that he had passed away. He would have been 93 years of age in March next.

LIEUT.-COLONEL W. SHARP, M.B.E.

We were grieved to learn of the serious injuries which befell Lieut.-Colonel W. Sharp, M.B.E., whilst motoring from Farnborough to Aldershot on Thursday morning, 8th October, when his car skidded on the greasy road into the railings surrounding the sports ground. A spar of wood from the fencing penetrated the car, fracturing and lacerating the tendons of his leg. Our deepest sympathies are with the unfortunate gentleman in the serious and painful injuries which he sustained. We learn that he is making good progress and we wish him a speedy recovery.

 WORDS OF WISDOM.

Humbleness is always grace, always dignity.

Integrity gains strength by use.

Learn a craft while you are young, that you may not have to live by craft when you are old.

Manners are stronger than laws.

Intellect is not speaking and logicising; it is seeing and ascertaining.

Don't despise a slight wound or a poor relative.

Lessons hard to learn are sweet to know.

Men are what their mothers made them.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

ANNUAL BALANCING.

This has been a strenuous time for quite a number of the staff and at the time of writing the overtime in connection with this annual duty has not yet been completed. Of course the increased prices which came into operation during the last two weeks of the old financial year tended to complicate matters.

READING "RAG."

Fortunately the local "Rag" organised and carried out by the students at the University of Reading on October 20th was favoured by fine weather. As usual, the Firm loaned a lorry and many other items, such as empty casks, bottles, &c., for the purpose of providing "local colour." In a publication called "The Rattler," termed as "The unofficial organ of the Students' Union" (which was sold for 6d., this being the chief means adopted of raising funds) there are quite a number of references to The Brewery and "S.B." in particular. In an item entitled "A Traveller's Guide to Reading," by I. M. Lost, the following appears:—

"Brewery, Simonds.

The building that made Reading famous.

Supported by voluntary (hic) contributions
at all local centres by University Students."

This is the sixth year this event has taken place and considerable sums have been raised for the Royal Berkshire Hospital and other local Institutions. It is expected the contributions this year will be up to the usual average.

CRICKET.

From the notes that appeared in the last issue, the two cricket teams of the Brewery, in spite of a most unsatisfactory summer, kept the "Hop Leaf" flag flying in no uncertain fashion. The most pleasing feature of the past season, to my mind, was the advance of the second team. Six wins in one season for the "Reserves" easily constitutes a record—they have had usually to be content with one, or at the most two, wins in past years. It would tend to show that a second team is essential.

A SPECIAL TRAIN.

Owing to the activities of Mr. J. V. Evans in petitioning the Southern Railway, an extra train has been put on from Farnborough

to Reading, so that he is able to arrive at Reading at a much more suitable time for duty at The Brewery. He obtained all the names of the season ticket holders and wrote a letter to the Railway Company and they granted the request. Quite a feather in his cap.

MR. A. RANDALL (DELIVERY DEPARTMENT).

Although this announcement may be somewhat belated (its not my fault as I have only just heard about it), congratulations are due to the above popular member of the Delivery Office staff on being presented with a daughter some little while ago. Apropos of this, I may say I shall be only too pleased at all times to put in "Brewery Jottings" any Brewery items of interest provided I am informed.

A QUESTION—AND THE ANSWER.

(BY C.H.P.).

Is it nothing to you all ye who pass by?

There was a great gathering of Party politicians and they all set out along the high road to their various Party meetings.

On the road they came across a lady sore distressed, evidently very ill and suffering from some malignant growth. But it mattered not to many. "Party" was their watchword and they had no room for "Pity."

Is it nothing to you all ye who pass by?

Yes, thank God, it was. MacDonald and Baldwin, Thomas and Snowden, amongst many others, abandoned all thought of their "Party" gatherings, stopped by the wayside, and tended the suffering lady whose name was discovered to be, Great Britain.

An immediate operation was necessary and the malignant growth of Socialism removed on Tuesday, October 27th.

The patient now, thanks to a sound constitution, and the skilled care of such eminent medical men as Dr. Howitt, is making highly satisfactory progress and likely, before long, to be completely restored to health.

Is it nothing to you all ye who pass by?

The answer was nobly given on October 27th.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

OCTOBER'S GLORIOUS PICTURES.

DO MOORHEN'S DIVE?

The wonderful October weather we enjoyed in some measure compensated us for the almost sunless summer. At this season of the year, when the rays of the sun fall obliquely upon the land, the trees with their autumn tints look magnificent. There are aspects of light and shade at this season which we get at no other time of the year.

The common hedgerow aflame with gold, the winding stream glistening like polished silver, the woodland trees radiant with crimson and amber beneath an azure sky—what glorious pictures do we see!

And yet I do not think the tints this year are quite so gorgeously beautiful as I have seen them at other similar seasons.

SWALLOWS DEPART, FIELDFARES ARRIVE.

The swallows seemed to enjoy the October sun and I saw several within a few days of the end of the month. I wondered what they thought of the sharp frosts we experienced during several nights. About the time of their departure, fieldfares arrived. Their note *yack chuck* at once attracted my attention. The fieldfare is about the size of the missel thrush, its upper plumage being noticeable for its bluish tinge. During the winter months many come to England from Norway. On the same day that I saw the fieldfares I flushed—or rather my dog did—a water rail. It was in the reeds along the Thames-side just above the Fisheries between Caversham Bridge and Keel's boathouse. You rarely see the water rail on the wing unless it is being chased and when flying its legs hang loose. It flies low and, as a rule, it is not very long before it seeks safety in the nearest bed of rushes. If the bird does not fly much it can run like a leveret.

MOORHENS DO DIVE.

In one of my notes some time ago I mentioned the fact that moorhens dived as well as dabchicks. A gentleman who has lived and worked by the river-side practically all his life, very much doubted the accuracy of the statement and told me he thought it was a slip of the pen on my part. We are all liable to mistakes but I was never more certain of anything than of the fact that moorhens

do dive. I have seen hundreds I should think, thousands of them do it. Only last Sunday I was up by the Thames-side in the early morning and I came upon a moorhen rather suddenly. He immediately dived and swam under the water for about 30 yards. I might almost say he *flew* under water for he certainly used his wings as a means of propulsion. He did not cross the river but proceeded upstream and I was following him just behind. Then he came close to the bank. There was just a little movement among some weeds and I saw first a beak and then two bead-like eyes just above the water. All but the moorhen's head was still submerged; I was not two yards away from him. I almost touched him with my stick when he dived again and made his way up-stream repeating exactly the same process. Yes, moorhens do dive, not nearly so often as dabchicks but frequently when they are alarmed, are fighting, or are at play.

I do not know whether I convinced my friend but he was so nice about the matter and so complimentary about my little notes—with this exception—that I almost wished I had been wrong. But facts are facts and I made him smile when I remarked that I had seen moorhens dive, not on one occasion only, but on divers dates!

A GREAT THOUGHT.

The life of every individual may be compared to a river rising in obscurity, increasing by the accession of tributary streams, and, after flowing through a longer or shorter distance, losing itself in some common receptacle. The lives of individuals also, like the course of rivers, may be more or less extensive, but will all vanish and disappear in the gulf of eternity. Whilst a stream is confined within its banks, it fertilises, enriches and improves the country through which it passes; but if it deserts its channel, it becomes injurious and destructive, a sort of public nuisance, and, by stagnating in lakes and marshes, its exhalations diffuse pestilence and disease around. Some glide away in obscurity and insignificance; whilst others become celebrated, traverse continents, give names to countries, and assign the boundaries of empires. Some are tranquil and gentle in their course, whilst others, rushing in torrents, dashing over precipices, and tumbling in waterfalls, become objects of terror and dismay. But however diversified their character or their direction, all agree in having their course short, limited and determined: soon they fall into one capacious receptacle; their waters eventually mix in the waves of the ocean. Thus human characters, however various, have one common destiny; their course of action may be greatly diversified but they all lose themselves in the ocean of eternity.

SOCIAL CLUB.

FOOTBALL.

At the moment, our Reading football team have not done anything extraordinary but there is undoubted talent in the side which, when a regular combination can be obtained (injuries with a small playing staff have played havoc), better results can be looked for. Nevertheless, the 2nd XI. in the London Combination League are doing remarkably well. It is pleasing to record that J. Venner (of the Brewery) is developing into a fine left back and he had the unusual experience of scoring two goals in one match (both penalties), a few weeks ago.

We have every reason to be proud of the performances of the 1st XI. Up to the time of going to press they have been victorious in the following matches in the Reading & District Football League, Division II:—

September	5th	R.A.O.C. (Didcot)	at Prospect Park	winning	4—0
"	12th	Swallowfield	at Riseley	"	5—2
October	3rd	Broadmoor	at Prospect Park	"	5—0
"	24th	Newbury Reserves	at Prospect Park	"	4—1

We were unfortunate in being put out of the Berks & Bucks Junior Cup when Wyman's defeated us by 2—1, scoring the winning goal in the last two minutes of the game. It remains to be seen what will happen in the Reading Town Senior Cup; we have to meet Stokenchurch (who by the way are top of the Reading & District League, Division I) on Saturday, October 31st. In any case our position in the league is very satisfactory and we should not expect too much, especially as this is our first season in local football. If only we can retain our team, as at present constituted, throughout the season, there is no reason why our place should not be very near the top of the league.

Quite a good deal of enthusiasm has been aroused and the team is being well supported. One of the supporters, whose possible lack of football knowledge is made up by his enthusiasm, when asked how the Brewery football team was faring said "We've played five matches (two of them cup ties), won them all and have 10 points." It was then gently pointed out to him that points were not awarded for cup ties. Even though there is a financial depression at the moment, one of the young lady members of the staff whilst taking round the collecting box at one of the matches collected so much cash (whether it was due to the collection being rather "copperish" I don't know) that the bottom of the box gave way. The scribe who signs himself (Long) fellow II who

writes the "Wargrave Whiffs" in the *Football Chronicle* is a poet and the following lines have appeared in this paper just recently under the heading "The Weekly Whiff" :—

Though despondent you think we are feeling
We're optimists right to the core ;
Hence no reason have I in concealing
The fact that our record is poor.

As our need for those points were ne'er greater
Dear readers between you and me
Can you blame us for sooner or later
Resorting to "pints" of "S.B."?

After Simonds' Athletic defeated Wargrave by 4 goals to 1 he wrote as follows :—

For Simonds beer we'd always shown
No small appreciation ;
Full oft their ale had freely flown
Much to our animation.

But now, alas ! their very name
Fills us with trepidation ;
No longer do we have the same
Old "S.B." inclination.

Now if for this, with puzzled frown,
You make investigation
I merely add, e'er closing down
Above's the explanation.

The second team are not doing any too well, nevertheless, they look on the bright side of things apparently. I asked one of the players how they had "got on" and he informed me he had won the sweep. When I asked for an explanation of this, he said his chance was "15 goals or over." I am sorry to say 14 of these goals were against our team. We hope after a little while that practice will enable them to produce better results.

DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

We publish the results of the departmental tournaments which are now in full swing, and are the occasions of very happy evenings. The time has now come when we shall be arranging outings to other clubs for friendly tournaments. These trips are always appreciated and provide a pleasant change.

25TH SEPTEMBER, 1931.

Games.	COOPERS.		OFFICES.	
	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.
Billiards	R. Griffiths 1	J. Doe 0
"	C. Weller 0	F. Riden 1
"	W. Sparks 1	M. Adams 0
Dominoes	T. Williams 1	C. Perrin 0
"	F. Oliver 1	W. Bradford 0
"	H. Plank 0	J. Hillier 1
Crib	A. Weight 0	F. Josey 1
"	T. Bartholomew 1	J. Clay 0
"	W. Newport 1	H. Osborne 0
Shove Halfpenny	L. H. Lambourne 1	W. H. Wild 0
"	J. Read 1	E. Crutchley 0
"	F. Cross 0	H. Davis 1
Darts	A. Weight 0	V. Saunders 1
"	L. H. Lambourne 0	R. Broad 1
"	F. Cross 0	T. Kent 1
Shooting	T. Holmes ½	H. Osborne ½
"	T. Bartholomew 1	A. Rider 0
"	W. Sparks 0	R. Broad 1
		9½		8½

FRIDAY, 2ND OCTOBER, 1931.

Games.	TRANSPORT.		THE REST.	
	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.
Billiards	W. Mealing 0	A. J. Dalton 1
"	S. Mulcock 0	E. Palmer 1
"	— Sherwood 1	F. Braisher 0
Dominoes	A. D. Hutchins 1	A. Comley 0
"	G. Marsh 0	J. Croft 1
"	H. Hinxman 1	T. Osborne 0
Crib	A. Grove 1	E. Palmer 0
"	F. Hamilton 0	T. Weedon 1
"	A. Fullbrook 0	A. J. Dalton 1
Shove Halfpenny	J. Jones 0	G. Lott 1
"	F. Adey 1	A. Franklin 0
"	D. Witts 0	A. Comley 1
Darts	G. Boniface 1	T. Osborne 0
"	W. Taylor 0	A. Franklin 1
"	F. Adey 0	T. Weedon 1
Shooting	B. Blake 1	A. Whiting 0
"	J. Champion 0	H. Prater 1
"	A. Taylor 1	A. Cook 0
		8		10

FRIDAY, 9TH OCTOBER, 1931.

BUILDINGS.			MALTINGS.		
Games.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.	
Billiards	C. Chapman	0	S. Couzens	1	
"	J. Chard	0	J. Everett	1	
"	W. Hinton	0	G. Nunn	1	
Dominoes	H. Mitchell	0	T. Day	1	
"	F. Warner	1	A. Everett	0	
"	P. Maynard	1	G. Boyles	0	
Crib	F. Warner	1	B. Streams	0	
"	A. Ayling	0	W. Gilkerson	1	
"	N. Wells	0	J. Dell	1	
Shove Halfpenny	C. Dobson	0	R. Heath	1	
"	C. Chapman	1	T. Howell	0	
"	T. Stacey	1	A. Bowyer	0	
Darts	W. Hinton	0	J. Boyles	1	
"	T. Stacey	0	J. Streams	1	
"	W. Sewell	0	H. Gibson	1	
Shooting	H. Mitchell	1	G. Lailey	0	
"	W. Sewell	½	S. Couzens	½	
"	J. Chard	0	J. Boyles	1	
		6½		11½	

FRIDAY, 23RD OCTOBER, 1931.

COOPERS AND SCALDS.			TRANSPORT.		
Games.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.	
Billiards	R. Griffiths	0	W. Mealing	1	
"	C. Weller	1	S. Mulcock	0	
"	W. Sparks	0	F. Green	1	
Dominoes	T. Williams	1	H. Hinxman	0	
"	F. Oliver	1	E. Hutchins	0	
"	H. Plank	1	F. Brown	0	
Crib	C. Latimer	1	F. Hamilton	0	
"	G. Kelly, Junr.	0	G. Marsh	1	
"	W. Newport	1	S. Gilberry	0	
Shove Halfpenny	J. Read	0	F. Adey	1	
"	L. Lambourne	1	A. Fullbrook	0	
"	G. Kelly, Senr.	1	D. Witts	0	
Darts	A. Weight	0	F. Adey	1	
"	T. Lambourne	0	A. Hiscock	1	
"	C. Weller	0	H. Price	1	
Shooting	C. Latimer	0	S. Whiting	1	
"	W. Sparks	0	J. Champion	1	
"	A. Weight	0	A. O. Taylor	1	
		8		10	



"WAKE UP AND THINK!"

Civilisation, of which we are so complacently proud (though relatively speaking we are by no means civilised), has encumbered us with a host of social, economic, and administrative problems, as well as the need for a religion both satisfying and helpful. In order to bring about beneficial changes and to further inevitable progress, serious and deep thought is essential. As a whole we are intellectually lazy, and the need for a general attempt to find solutions for these manifold problems may well be emphasised. Since, however, too many cooks spoil the broth, the view can be put forward that the "man in the street" had best leave these matters to the great men, who, with their intellectual capabilities and powers of administration are better suited to achieve success. The average man who works for his living devotes his spare time to recreation in order to avoid the risk of overwork. This, being a natural reaction, cannot be attacked, yet the time he devotes to, and the manner in which he takes his recreation, can bear criticism.

In applied thought, or indeed in any thought, the fundamental principle is "balance." Whenever criticism arises, tolerance must never be lost sight of, since an extreme, bigoted view is but a distortion of the question at stake and as such, is worse than useless. In order to actually reason intelligently a logical application of thought is necessary. Unfortunately, this is a gift not always particularly well developed amongst the masses, but it can be developed by practice if only people will take the trouble to do so. This brings up the main point under discussion.

"Wake up and think"—to whom does this apply? The answer is that it is the *average* person who is concerned. A certain amount of pleasure and relaxation from work is a necessity, but surely there is the ever-present risk of over-indulgence to be considered. Modern inventions have produced an unlimited number of pleasures for our distraction and without actual condemnation it can be suggested that these provide a potential source of evil in that they tend to induce people to over-indulge to the detriment of their higher mental faculties. To put it quite plainly: we are devoting too much time to pleasure; it is our duty to revise this and concentrate more upon serious matters. This does *not* mean the adoption of a glum countenance, for the growth of intellect means a healthy mind and the joy of life. It tends towards contentment and optimism and has a deeper, lasting effect which is far more satisfying than ever passing amusements can provide. Yet here tolerance must be brought to bear since it is obviously foolish to go without a light distraction of some sort. Again, too, there are sufficient subjects in this world to provide food for thought which will be of interest to one and all. It only remains

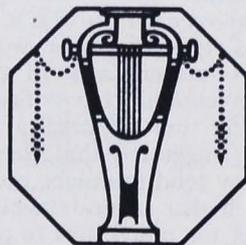
for those who have not yet done so to take the plunge and discover for themselves the undeniable satisfaction to be obtained from a little serious cogitation.

The choice of a subject should provide no difficulty at all. Studies of every interest can be taken up, whether of a political, spiritual, scientific or historical nature. Man's path lies along evolutionary lines. We are bound to progress although but very, very slowly. This upward journey is the one by which happiness may most certainly be achieved. The growth of intellect embodies the development of our better qualities. We realise more completely how absolutely essential it is to "Love our neighbour as ourself." That Utopia of which we dream can only be attained when we ourselves are sufficiently evolved to exist at peace with one another.

To end with a quotation :—

"Let Understanding be the Law."

E. W. KIRBY.



STRANGE TALES OF TOBACCO.

If James I. had had his way, the price of tobacco would not have been increased recently. Bismarck would have been robbed of many of his diplomatic victories, and America would not have won the war!

All this, and much more, we are able to glean from "A History of Smoking," a most interesting book just published.

James I. tried to suppress smoking in England. "Shall we, I say, without blushing, abase ourselves so farre as to imitate these beastly Indians?" he asked. But to the great content of Finance Ministers of many nations in the succeeding centuries, he failed, nor were the efforts of Charles I. and Cromwell any more successful.

Yet the smoker's path has not been an easy one. Popes, Emperors, and Tsars have fulminated against the fragrant weed, and its users have been fined, imprisoned, flogged and even slain.

As a plant of healing, tobacco originated among the Mayans and Aztecs of Central America, who used it ceremonially. One Aztec custom was to elect a youth annually as the incarnation of one of their deities. He lived for twelve months in a blaze of splendour, with the fairest maidens in the land for his companions, only to be sacrificed to the gods at the expiration of his reign, when, amid dances, flute-playing and the eloquence of orators, his last duty was to smoke a pipe of tobacco to the glory of the gods and the happiness of mankind.

From these early days down to modern times the sale of tobacco has been stimulated by a belief that it gives protection from infectious diseases. In the latter part of the seventeenth century first one and then another country of Europe lay under the terror of the plague. Great cities suffered especially—as London did in June, 1665: Physicians were helpless to stop the mortality; for lack of any better remedy they recommended smelling, chewing or continually smoking tobacco. The boys at Eton had to smoke every morning as a means of disinfecting themselves, and doctors, including the then famous Richard Barker, earnestly recommended tobacco, since he and others thought they had noticed that in former outbreaks of disease tobacco dealers in their shops had escaped. Pepys bears witness to this practice in his Diary.

The history of tobacco is closely related to that of war. Napoleon tried to quiet his nerves during a campaign by an enormous consumption of cigarettes. Wellington, on the other hand, was a non-smoker.

In the late War General Pershing rated smoking highly. "Tobacco is as indispensable as the daily ration," he once cabled to Washington. "We must have thousands of tons of it without delay."

An increase of smoking follows every great war. In 1914, the annual consumption of cigarettes in England averaged 201 per head of population. By 1927 it had risen to 811. In Germany the pre-war consumption was 195 and in 1927, 502. The figures for the United States are still more remarkable, increasing from 143 before the War to 798 thirteen years later.

SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE.

1	C	2	A	3	P	4	T	5	A	6	I	N		7	B	8	R	9	A	10	V	11	E
12	A	L	I	E	N	S				13	B	E	A	T	E	N							
14	P	A	G	E	S				15	P	A			16	W	O	N	T					
17	E	R	S			18	W	R	A	T	H			19			20	L	E	E			
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34	R	35	G					36	T	A	S	T	E	R	S		38						
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45	A	L	E			46	I	M	P	E	L				47	L	I	P					
48	T	O	R	N				50	P	S			51	I	N	A	N	E					
53	U	R	G	E	N	T				55	H	E	A	V	E	N							
56	M	E	E	T	S					57	C	A	R	P	E	T	S						

LIFE.

Man comes into this World without his consent and leaves it against his will. On earth he is misjudged and misunderstood. In infancy he is an angel, in Boyhood he is a Devil, in Manhood he is a fool. If he has a wife and family he is a chump, if he is a bachelor he is inhuman. If he enters a public house he is a drunkard, if he stays out he is a miser. If he is a poor man he has no brains. If he is rich he has all the luck in the world. If he has brains he is considered smart but dishonest. If he goes to church he is a hypocrite. If he stays away he is a sinful man. If he gives to charity it is for advertisement. If he does not he is stingy and mean. When he comes into the World everybody wants to kiss him. If he dies young there was a great future before him, if he lives to a ripe old age everybody hopes he has made a will. Life is a funny proposition.

E. V. LUCAS : ESSAYIST.

Mr. E. V. Lucas is probably better known as a writer of essays and impressions, than as a creator of fiction. There have been published, altogether, over fifty volumes of his essays and novels.

The word "essay" is nearly always calculated to frighten away the would-be reader, but it will be found that the essays written by E. V. Lucas are not by any means so formidable as, for instance, those of Emerson.

His particular *forte* is, without doubt, the easy-flowing re-counting of impressions gathered during wanderings in various parts of Europe, Venice, Paris and Rome, to mention a few, not forgetting London.

A most noticeable feature of his writings is his great understanding of the signs and things of Nature, an accomplishment achieved almost without exception by those who "wander" with open eyes and minds.

The writer can recommend "Events and Embroideries," published in 1926, as representative of his essays, and "Specially Selected" as his best humorous effort.

P.L.

FRIENDSHIP.

Like music heard on the still water,
 Like pines when the wind passeth by,
 Like pearls in the depth of the ocean,
 Like stars that enamel the sky.
 Like June and the odour of roses,
 Like dew and the freshness of morn,
 Like the sunshine that kisses the clover,
 Like tassels of silk on the corn,
 Like notes of the thrush in the woodland,
 Like brooks where the violets grow,
 Like rainbows that arch the blue heavens
 Like clouds when the sun dippeth low,
 Like dreams of Arcadian pleasures,
 Like colours that gratefully blend,
 Like everything breathing of pureness,
 Like those is the love of a friend.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

SECRETARY : " Do you wish to see Abdullah Rajaputra, the great Hindu clairvoyant, madam ? "

VISITOR : " Ay, young man. Tell him it's his sister Maggie frae Glasgow. "

* * * *

A noisy young man, somewhat gone in liquor, as the charming phrase has it, was ejected from the side entrance of a music hall.

He looked at the stalwart commissioner and said : " You'll be very shorry for this yet. You don't know who I am. I belong to a very 'portant family. "

" I beg your pardon, sir, " said the commissioner, " come hinside again, and we'll chuck yer out of the front door. "

* * * *

The small son of the house was chatting on the front porch with the young man who had called to see his big sister.

" Daddy says you are like the month of June, " confided the youngster, " 'cause when you come in May goes out. "

The clerk had been off duty for a week with a cold, and his work had fallen behind. When he returned to the office the boss sent for him.

" Ah, Smith, " he said, " I expect you have made some arrangements about the ledger while you were away ? "

" Yes, sir, " replied the clerk gloomily, " but they came unstuck, sir. None of my fancies were in the first three. " Situation vacant.

* * * *

A young speed hog one day was showing off his new racing car to a friend.

" A beauty, " agreed the friend, " but what's the idea of having it painted black on one side, and white on the other ? "

The owner laughed.

" Ah, that's cunning, that is, " he said. " You ought to hear the witnesses contradicting each other. "

* * * *

A Highland athlete of great strength was given an appointment, on retiring, of travelling for a certain brand of whisky. His methods were unique and interesting. Entering a hotel one day he called for a glass of the brand he represented. The waiter regretted that they did not stock it. The traveller's gaze fell upon the waiter's tray, which was stamped with the advertisement of a rival blend. " I'll borrow that tray for a minute, " he said, and with astonishing ease he bent it in two. " Ay, ay, " he sighed, " their trays are just as weak as their whusky. "

* * * *

The London 'bus had moved off from its stance during a heavy rainstorm when a man with a cage containing two canaries was observed running. The conductor immediately arrested the progress of the 'bus, and as he assisted the perspiring passenger on board he was heard to say : " Yer nearly missed the Ark that time, Noah ! "

* * * *

YOUNG LADY : " Will you buy a ticket and see the Morris dancing in our hall next week ? "

OLD GENTLEMAN : " Sure. Isn't it wonderful what they can do with these small cars nowadays ! "

The employer was recounting some of his experiences to an attentive audience.

"I remember once," he said, "when I was in the middle of the jungle and a fierce tribe of savages came charging at me."

"Gracious!" exclaimed one of the audience, "whatever did you do?"

The explorer proudly threw back his shoulders. "I stared at them until I was black in the face, and they took me for one of their tribe," he explained.

* * * *

Following a rubber of bridge there was a hot argument between the partners, in which the choleric gentleman from the East said to the younger man: "You're an ill-bred puppy, sir." "How dare you?" retorted the other. "I come from a better family than you do." "We won't discuss that," said the first man. "When I want your pedigree, I'll drop into the Kennel Club and get it."

* * * *

A farmer, visiting his son's college and wandering into a chemistry class, saw some students busy with retorts and test tubes.

"What are you trying to do?" he asked. "We're endeavouring," replied one of the students, "to discover or invent a universal solvent."

"What's that?" asked the farmer. "A liquid that will dissolve anything."

"That's a fine idea," agreed the farmer. "But when you find it, what are you going to keep it in?"

* * * *

An amusing tale is told by a theatrical agent of a young man who came to him and asked if it were possible to get a job on the stage. "Got any experience?" asked the agent. For answer the applicant, with an air of quiet pride, took a newspaper cutting from his pocket and handed it over. With a mixture of amusement and amazement, the agent read the following:

"Accused, who denied the assault, conducted his own case in a somewhat dramatic manner."

An American was giving some illustrations of the size of his country. "You can board a train in the State of Kentucky at dawn," he said impressively, "and twenty-four hours later you'll still be in Kentucky State."

"Yes," said one of his English listeners, with feeling, "we've got trains like that here, too."

* * * *

Two sportsmen, instead of going to the moors one wet day, took a stroll into the neighbouring Highland town. They passed a street called "Cammesreinach Road." "My word," said one, "what a gloriously situated town. Couldn't you stay here for ever?" The other shook his head. "Oh, dear, no. Think of coming home from the club at one o'clock in the morning and having to tell your taximan to take you to 'Cammesreinach Road.'"

* * * *

MISTRESS: "You will cut the lawn, water the roses, plant some chrysanthemums, hoe the turnips, cut spinach, net the cherry trees, heat the greenhouse——"

NEW GARDENER: "Excuse me, madam, but is this the day's work or a five-year plan?"

* * * *

On the return from their honeymoon, the husband informed his wife that he was exceedingly fond of jellied eels. The inexperienced young lady therefore went to the fishshop and purchased a live one.

When the husband returned for dinner his wife apologised for the fact that it was not yet ready. "It's the eel that's to blame," she explained. "I've been trying my hardest to kill it all day, but it simply won't die. However, all will be well in a few moments now. *I'm drowning it.*"

* * * *

The resident secretary in a provincial town of one of the big insurance companies was entertaining his general manager one day and suggested a game of golf, which offer was accepted. It so happened that the secretary was in unusually good form and the game ended at the twelfth hole. The manager was rather annoyed at being so heartily beaten, and he inquired acidly as he picked his ball off the green: "Tell me, Mr. Blank, what do you do in addition to golf?"

"But you can't have read my book," the troublesome author complained, "there's a stirring passage in every chapter."

"Show this gentleman out," said the publisher to his clerk, "we don't publish books on cookery."

* * * *

A retired and wealthy clergyman called upon his favourite nephew one Sunday afternoon and was informed by the young wife that her husband was at the golf club. "Oh," said the reverend uncle in a tone of considerable displeasure, "so George golfs on Sunday, does he? I hadn't known that before." "Oh, no, Uncle," said the wife in a tone of confusion, "he doesn't go to the club on Sundays to play golf, he just goes to drink."

THE LION ROARS.

Dreaming the Lion sits,
While all around
The greedy chorus rings
Of flouting jackal, fleeing hound.

Has he forgot his kingship,
Bought with the price of years?
Is this the end of greatness?
Squander'd the blood and tears?

Sudden the Lion rises,
The Lion roars.
The curs that yapped lie silent,
Licking their sores.

M.D. (in the *Daily Telegraph*).



BRANCHES.

BRIGHTON.

Following recent similar events at Reading, we at Brighton have been acknowledging a Jubilee. Fifty years ago, in October, 1881, our foreman, "Albert" Smith, joined the Brighton staff as a lad of 13, and has worked for the Firm at Brighton ever since.

On Monday the 12th October, the Brighton staff met at the Royal Oak, St. James's Street, to celebrate this unusual event.

Our manager, Mr. C. G. Adams, presided over the gathering, and after a few introductory remarks, presented on behalf of the staff, an armchair and walking stick, hoping that Albert would have many comfortable hours in the chair, and find the stick something to lean on if he ever got old. W. Golding also spoke of the general good feeling that existed between Albert and the staff.

Albert, who was much touched by the unexpected presentation, thanked all present, and his health was drunk with musical honours.

Albert has been persuaded to write a few of his recollections, which we hope will find their way into print, together with a recent photo of him.

SOME OF MY EXPERIENCES DURING 50 YEARS' SERVICE WITH MESSRS. H. & G. SIMONDS LTD.

On leaving school in 1881 at the age of 13 years, I joined the staff at Brighton under the then manager, Mr. C. Heath; Mr. T. J. Pulley being the General Branch manager.

My first work was in the bottling cellars, labelling and filling beer bottles. In my early days there were no electric motors to do the work for you, and bottles were all washed by foot treadle machines, and after a day on one of them your legs were tired. Then I was made a general hand, going out with the vans and doing all sorts of work.

My next move was to assist in the wine and spirit department, and I was afterwards put in charge of the bottled beer and cask beer stores. At that time, as now, our leading line was "S.B.," sold then at 3/- per dozen cork pints. We also bottled early in every spring a large quantity of reputed pints of I.P.A. for the summer trade on the West Pier, the firm then being the contractors for refreshments. On Bank Holidays, Sundays, and other evenings when they were busy, I used to go on the pier and help behind the bar, drawing the corks for the young ladies, there being no patent cork pullers then.

When I was 22 years old, and Mr. Bayliss took the place of Mr. Heath, who died, Mr. W. Lindars suggested I should be made foreman, which position I still hold. We did a large trade in wines and spirits in those days as the local brewers only supplied their houses with beer, and being foreman I had to do all the reducing of spirits and bottling of wine. In those days we used to keep six horses, and sometimes a driver started out with a pair of horses and a load of beer, and was away two nights, replenishing his load from



Mr. A. E. Smith, 99, Queen's Park Road, Brighton.

some railway station where more beer had been sent from Reading. In looking after the horses I am pleased to say I have helped a good number to recover from sickness and lameness, and during the whole 50 years we only had two die. Now we have no horses.

Going back to bottled beers, in years gone by we used to bottle and label it "Strong Scotch Ale," also we used to bottle Reid's "Cooper," mostly in pints. When Mr. Stocker entered the firm we began to get different classes of bottled beers, and the trade has very much increased. With so much competition, I think Simonds' beers keep well to the front.

Mr. Bayliss died in 1909, and Mr. Adams was appointed manager. Then Reading took over the bottling of wines and spirits which are now sent down from Reading ready for delivery. That of course took a great deal of work away from me, but still leaves me plenty to do in generally looking after the Chapel Street stores. I end this little account of some of my doings by wishing the Firm, and all the staff, all good wishes.

A. E. SMITH,
Brighton Stores.

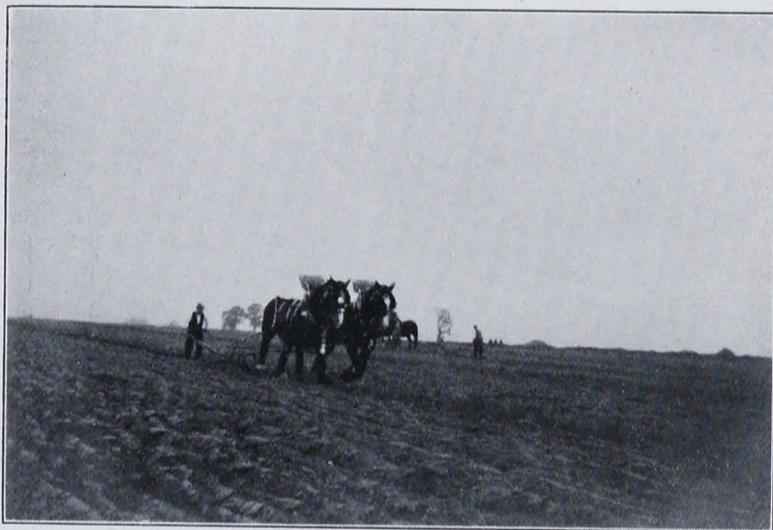
WOKING.

"Off with the old and on with the new" is perhaps a thought much in our minds at this season of the year when many of us of the "Hop Leaf" family are engaged in summarising last year's activities, and at the same time, embarking upon a new financial year. Although it is common to hear expressions to the effect that we are well rid of the summer of 1931, because of its many sunless days, we at Woking Branch have said "adieu" with mingled feelings as we have had a wonderful succession of events to cater for, and the return of our canvas for winter storage marks the termination of a period in which the "Hop Leaf" flag has been kept well to the front in all outdoor events in this district. We record some of the recent happenings in this respect, all dealing with agriculture, the oldest industry in the world.

The first of this series was the Chertsey show and ploughing match held at Fan Court, Lyne, on September 16th, in glorious weather; in fact it proved to be one of the best days of the whole year. Last year was marred by an outbreak of "Foot-and-mouth" disease, and this season's show needed great efforts by Mr. E. W. Collins, hon. secretary, and his committee. The writer was prevented from attending the luncheon provided at the Lyne Institute by Sir Edward Stern, Bart., and consequently was unable

to meet our many Chertsey friends, but this was put right at the Egham show a few days later and referred to below.

The ploughing match at Chobham Park on the 30th September was our next call, and the ploughmen's work revealed that skilled craftsmanship is not one of the handicaps from which the agricultural industry is suffering. A huge joint of beef with plentiful supplies of good Berkshire ale figured largely at the luncheon table, and Mr. W. E. Liley of the Fox Inn, Pirbright, proved once again that he knows how to cater for Britain's "sons of the soil."



Chobham Ploughing Match. Messrs. Slocock Bros.' team in the field with Mr. F. Lintott in attendance.

The next of the series was the annual show of the Egham and Thorpe Royal Agricultural Association, which was held at Egham on 1st October. The horticultural section was a blaze of colour and one observed that the exhibits, particularly in regard to roses, would have done credit to a much larger show. The writer has pleasant memories of his visit here, as he met many of our Chertsey friends, including Mr. E. W. Collins (hon. secretary of the Chertsey show), who appeared to be enjoying a real busman's holiday. Our very good friend, Mr. Boyce of Guildford, was the caterer, and his name is a sufficient guarantee of quality and service.

Finally, October 7th, saw us at the 102nd annual show and ploughing match of the Surrey Agricultural Association, held at

the Home Farm, Betchworth, near Dorking, thus bringing to a close our season's programme of outdoor events.

THE SPIRIT OF A NATION.

A member of the working classes, I have managed by means of small sums spent weekly on cigarettes to procure a wireless set. I have listened to broadcasts respecting the national crisis, but something to my mind has been lacking. I had not actually realised the extent of the calamity approaching our country any more than that which was applicable to the effect upon myself. This idea overcast my thoughts and these became personal only. Tonight, Saturday, October 3rd, I chose the second part of the promenade concert for my "wireless half-an-hour." The first item I heard was a "Fantasy on British Sea Songs," arranged by the conductor, and my mind was cleared. It envisaged the scene at the Queen's Hall more vividly than any picture could. What an impression! Those hundreds in the audience caught up the theme of the closing bars, singing "Rule Britannia," with more than patriotic fervour, and never ceasing their applause until the conductor, in an inspired flash, acceded to their demand and repeated the inspiring strains.

An apt expression of the "Spirit of the Nation!" Parties, politics, personal worries, cause and effect are forgotten in a great moment's worship at their country's shrine. A moment to be remembered! A conductor's inspiration, the orchestra's heart-whole comprehension, and the fervent reaction of the audience have made the music and words of "Rule Britannia" unapproachable classics.

Sir Henry Wood has ever been popular, but at no other time has he shown his real greatness in such a facile manner. Unanimity of thought held sway throughout, and a great echo was found in another tremendous climax—the close of the programme with "God Save the King," and the people's rendition of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." This again re-echoed in my own heart. Unity of purpose was never better portrayed. Never better displayed the fact that while the British people can act so spontaneously and with such harmony of mind they will never be slaves of circumstance. There is always hope in the darkest moment, but confidence and unity of purpose will cause all to say at the end of the crisis:—

"VEL EXUVIAE TRIUMPHANT."

R.C.

We were sorry this month to have to bid an official farewell to our old horse driver, Mr. George H. Clark, and we hope that with

the relief he will now experience from the stress and strain which seem inseparable from present day business, he will enjoy a large measure of good health and tranquility. He will always be remembered with kindly feelings by the members of the Woking Branch staff, if only because of his care and devotion to the Firm's horses, and his unfailing courtesy to all our customers who frequently commented favourably on his politeness and good manners, which earned for him the title of "The Gentleman Driver." We appreciate his services and wish him well in his retirement.

PORTSMOUTH.

A feature of the 48th Portsmouth United Services rifle meeting, which was held at the Tipnor ranges, was the very fine performances of the 1st Bn. Welch Regiment, of the New Barracks, Gosport, in fact, the biggest surprise of the meeting was the capture of the Royal Marine Artillery challenge cup by their team of marksmen. It is a curious fact that in this their last attempt to capture this exceedingly fine trophy, which was presented by the Royal Marine Artillery in 1899, the Welch Regiment were successful. Never before have they achieved this coveted honour, but on this occasion they outclassed and outpointed the other contestants among whom were the Royal Marines (Eastney) and H.M.S. *Excellent*, both previous winners several times. The Welch Regiment returned a score of 227, the Royal Marines being runners-up, 33 points behind. Besides this noteworthy success the Welch Regiment carried off the Commander-in-Chief's cup from the Royal Marines by six hits, also the General's cup and the Salmon cup, and altogether wound up their stay in this district with some very fine shooting. The winning of four trophies at one meeting, including the Royal Marine Artillery challenge cup, is considered no mean feat.

It is with unanimous regret that the many friends of the 1st Bn. The Welch Regiment, who under the present trooping season orders, left the New Barracks, Gosport, for Aldershot, said "good bye" to this very fine sporting Battalion towards the end of October. They have been stationed at the New Barracks for some four years arriving there from Aden. We hope these four years were happy ones for them and we wish them all good luck at their new quarters. During their stay, St. David's Day has been a red letter day for Gosport, for on this day they had their Regimental sports and annual Sergeants' ball and festivities. We think that all who have been fortunate enough to have had invitations for these events, and the invitations were given very generously, will

feel that one of the best events of the year has been lost to us. The 1st Bn. of The Manchester Regiment will take over from the Welch Regiment at the New Barracks and already have made many friends locally. We hope that they will like their new station and that their stay at Gosport will prove in every way as happy as the stay of the 1st Welch Regiment has been, although we believe it will not be so long.

The new destroyer, H.M.S. *Acheron*, one of the eight destroyers laid down under the 1927-28 estimates, carried out acceptance trials off Portsmouth and was commissioned on October 14th. The *Acheron*, which has been selected for duty with the Atlantic Fleet as an additional destroyer, is the first ship in the Navy to be fitted with special turbine equipment with high pressure and high temperature experimental boilers installed to secure economy of fuel consumption. The *Acheron* recently set up a new record in fuel economy for steam propelled naval craft, during trials on the Clyde.

NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Admiral Sir John D. Kelly, the new Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet hoisted his flag in H.M.S. *Nelson* at Portsmouth Dockyard before the Fleet left for the autumn cruise. The appointment of Admiral Kelly was announced on September 28th in consequence of the illness of Sir Michael Hodges, who was admitted to Haslar Hospital suffering from pleurisy, on the eve of the Fleet's departure.

The Portsmouth Trades' and Industries Fair held at the Connaught Drill Hall was the usual big success and attracted large crowds of people. Despite the times in which the exhibition was held, in the midst of trade depression, as one walked round the different stalls, they could not but help noticing the gaiety of the throngs, the optimism of the stall-holders, and the "Buy British" spirit which pervaded the whole affair. These annual exhibitions are very popular and are well deserving of the support they receive.

The United Services rugby football club have got together a wonderfully fine team this season and opponents during the coming months will find them an imposing combination. In the past the United Services have won for themselves high traditions and are a great attraction wherever they play, but this season they probably have the finest team ever. Already the Services have been honoured by the selection of four of their players to represent London against the South African tourists. This fine form of the Services points to Hampshire having a successful season and with their galaxy of talent there is every reason for optimism. At the moment

Hampshire's chances in the County championship certainly seem to be bright and great things can be looked for.

Since last month's notes appeared "Pompey" have failed to fulfil our high hopes and expectations and at the moment are floundering at the bottom of the table. This position, however, is not their true one for the football served up is worthy of a higher position in the league. Still, it is goals that count and undoubtedly "Pompey" are out to remedy this defect, following which a rise in the league table will quickly take place.

We very much regret having to report this month the death of the late Mr. W. Toms. Mr. Toms was 92 years' old and until a week or two before his death he was in wonderfully good health. As readers will recollect in last month's issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE we published a photograph of him, together with Mr. Farrington. This photograph was only taken at the end of September and at that time he was quite well. We all here, and we know that all his friends at Reading and the Branches, will join with us in our deep sympathy for Mrs. Toms in her bereavement. The funeral took place at Milton Cemetery, Portsmouth, on Tuesday, October 13th.



SLOUGH.

TAPLOW TERRITORIAL CLUB, AND 394TH BATTERY (99TH ROYAL BUCKS AND BERKS YEOMANRY) ROYAL ARTILLERY.

We again take much pleasure to record that the members of the Taplow Territorial Club held their annual dinner on Saturday, October 10th last at the Drill Hall, Taplow. This is a very happy and well organized event, the arrangements being the capable hands of the popular club secretary and steward, Battery Sergeant-Major V. J. McOmie.

Major R. H. Wilson, M.C., presided, and supporting him were Col. Lionel Hanbury, C.M.G., Col. E. F. Lawson, D.S.O., M.C., Col. C. R. Barron, Col. O. P. Serocold, C.M.G., Capt. J. S. Starling (Adjutant), Capt. J. E. Clarke, Capt. M. H. Summers, R.A.M.C., Lieut. C. L. Hanbury, Lieut. H. A. M. Earle, and many old members of the club. There were also present many N.C.O's. of the Brigade from Aylesbury, High Wycombe, Reading, etc., bringing the number up to well over one hundred who sat down and regaled themselves most enjoyably with an excellent dinner.

Following the Royal toast, proposed by the chairman, and most loyally responded to by every one present, Col. Hanbury submitted the toast of "Prosperity to the Club." He congratulated the members on having the club premises re-decorated so nicely before the call of economy had reached them. He could not allow the occasion to pass without referring to his old friend Col. Barron, who was one of the founders of the Drill Hall at Taplow. The Drill Hall to-day was serving a great purpose, which was adequate recompense for the great difficulties and opposition he had received before he succeeded in having his own way. Col. Hanbury did not wish to introduce politics into any of his remarks, but he gave the company present a little idea of the causes which led up to the present great National Financial Crisis, which was most interesting and instructive. Col. Hanbury mentioned that as an old Territorial he was proud to be amongst them, and happy to see the good Associations between them and the civilians in their club life.

Major R. H. Wilson responding to this toast observed that the Taplow Territorial Club was doing very well in spite of the most strenuous times we were passing through, and it was a great asset to the Territorial unit in their district. He concluded by expressing the members' appreciation of the services of B.S. Major McOmie and the members of his committee.

Lieut. C. L. Hanbury gave the health of the visitors, eulogizing their respective merits in a happy little speech which was suitably responded to by Colonel E. F. Lawson.

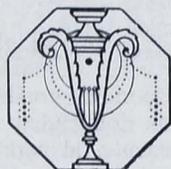
The music during the dinner was provided by Jack Higgs' band, following which a musical programme was greatly appreciated by the company, the undermentioned artistes providing an excellent programme throughout the evening. Mr. Sid O'Callaghan (Reading Humorist), Miss Mabel Wakelin (soprano), Mr. B. Bailey (tenor) and Mr. S. Simms. The popular military airs rendered by Miss Wakelin, and her smart khaki uniform, greatly added to the effect of her "turns."

The whole evening proved a great success. The Firm's well known "Hop Leaf" brands in "S.B.," "I.P.A.," etc., were fully enjoyed by all present.

THE BRITISH LEGION SOCIAL CLUB LIMITED, SLOUGH.

During Armistice Week this year an exhibition of war relics and pictures is being held in the Legion Hut, in aid of the fund for providing Christmas gifts for the families of Slough ex-Servicemen who unfortunately may be amongst the unemployed from now on to the festive season. The collection belongs to Major E. Matthews, M.C., and was collected by him whilst serving with the Royal Engineers on practically all fronts during the Great War. It is a very fine collection of trophies from France, Russia, Italy, Turkey, Palestine, and Central Africa, and has already been exhibited in several places.

A nominal charge for admission will be made in aid of the fund previously referred to.



NEWBURY.

BREWERY TENANTS' DANCE.

There was a large gathering at the Plaza Theatre, Newbury, on Wednesday, 21st October, on the occasion of a dance held under the auspices of the Retailers' Society in connection with Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. It was the first dance held by the Society in Newbury and it proved an unqualified success, the attendance numbering about 200. The arrangements were carried out by Mr. G. H. Davis, the local secretary, who was supported by a strong committee, consisting of Messrs. J. H. Smith, Cyril Toms, J. Morris, J. Hawkins and J. T. Adams (Hon. Secretary from Reading).

An excellent programme of music was provided by the Embassy band who were ably supported by M.C. Mr. Will Brown.

Several nice prizes were given for lucky tickets and spot dances, and according to the happy faces of dancers going home everybody spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

OXFORD.

MR. A. SIGGERY'S WEDDING.

Mr. A. Siggery, a member of our clerical staff, took the plunge recently and we give below a press report of the happy event, taken from the *Camberley News* :—

"On Saturday, September 12th, the wedding took place at Frimley Parish Church of Mr. A. Siggery, eldest son of Mrs. and the late Mr. Siggery, of 1, Pinewood Terrace, Mytchett, and Miss Emily Potter, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Potter, of Binfield. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. D. G. Legge, and Mr. H. J. Buckingham was at the organ.

"Given away by Mr. T. Harwood, the bride wore a charming ankle-length gown of ivory crepe de chine, with lace coatee and a Brussels net veil, surmounted by a wreath of orange blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of pink rose buds. Miss Grace Siggery (sister of the bridegroom), the bridesmaid, wore a green crepe de chine dress and a silver wreath as head-dress. Her bouquet was of deep cream rose buds. Mr. A. Siggery (brother of the bridegroom) acted as best man.

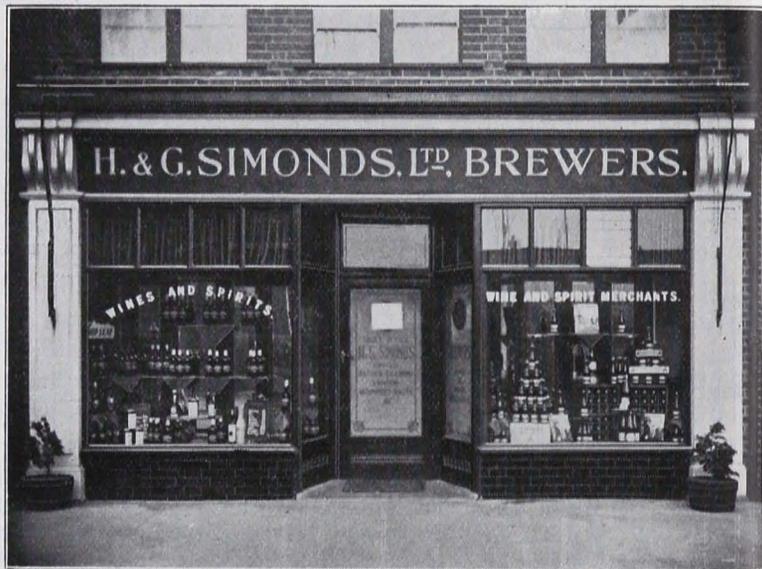
"A reception was held afterwards at St. Andrew's Hall, at which about fifty guests were present. The bridal pair later left for Oxford, where they are going to make their home. The bride's

travelling dress was green crepe de chine, with repp coat, beige hat and opossum marten fur. Over sixty presents were received."

Mr. Siggery was presented with an aneroid barometer by his colleagues at Oxford with their best wishes to Mrs. Siggery and himself.

HEADINGTON SUB-BRANCH.

By the courtesy and kindness of the photographer, ex-R.S.M. J. W. Cantwell, a resident of Headington, we are able to publish an



Headington Branch.

excellent photograph of our new Sub-Branch premises in High Street, Headington, from whence our friends in Oxford's new suburb obtain their supplies of the "Hop Leaf" specialities.

CRABBS PARK, PAIGNTON.

We are now in the throes of cider making, and although the crop of apples is not up to expectations we have been fortunate in securing a good supply of fruit, and the increasing demands for our popular drink will be well catered for.

This is the most interesting period of the year for those who are interested in the manufacture of cider, and we cordially invite any of our readers to pay us a visit when they will, we feel sure, be pleased to see how this appetising beverage is made on up-to-date lines—and, by all English machinery.

We have some of the finest orchards in Devon, and a demonstration was recently held by the Devon Agriculture Committee. Mr. D. Manning, the Devon County Horticultural Superintendent, gave a most interesting address to the large number of farmer friends who attended, and all were greatly impressed by the quality of the fruit and foliage.

We are pleased to learn that a large number of visitors are coming to the Torbay district during the winter months instead of going on the Continent, and local authorities are doing all they can to add to the comfort of those who wisely have decided to see the rare beauties of Devon.

Amongst the most picturesque is the quaint little town of Brixham which is visited by thousands every year. Mr. Raymond, the popular landlord of the Queen's Hotel in this fishing town, sent us a few lines written by one of his numerous customers over a bottle of milk stout :—

BRIXHAM.

BRIXHAM BRIGHT AND BRACING, TORBAY'S BEAUTY FACING.

O'er Furzeham, hill, dale, sea and cove,
 With soulful joy in thought I rove.
 Thrilled with the charms of nature there,
 In rugged scenes of beauty rare,
 Recalling happy days long past,
 Life's many clouds no shadows cast.
 From Brixham heights Torbay I scan,
 That brightens life with hope in man ;
 Friends, rest assured that Brixham lays
 The path to healthy, happy days.
 Therefore to complement these scenes
 I take refreshment at the "Queens' ",
 One drink, or two, before I dine
 Of cider, beer or Empire wine.
 Then, well refreshed, once more I roam
 To have a smoke and drink at home !

H. E. WADE.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

DOCTOR : " I hope you are following my instructions carefully, Sandy—the pills three times a day and the drop of whisky once."

SANDY : " Weel, sir, I may be a wee bit behind wi' the pills, but I'm about six weeks in front wi' the whisky."

* * * *

In the club they were " swopping " fishing stories. " The fish was so big," said the first angler, " that the others would not let me haul it into the boat, for fear it should swamp us."

" The same thing happened to me once," broke in a quiet little man in the corner—" on the ' Mauretania.' "

* * * *

" Man's trousers stolen from linen line late at night." Another male-bag robbery.

* * * *

PHILIP : " Every time I kiss you it makes me a better man."

PHYLLIS : " Well, you don't have to try to get to Heaven all in one night."

* * * *

BOY : " Mother, is it true that an apple a day keeps the doctor away? "

MOTHER : " Yes. Why? "

BOY : " In that case I'm all right for a fortnight."

