

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

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MR. A. H. HOPKINS.

## MR. A. H. HOPKINS.

The Secretary of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Limited War Savings Association, which is indubitably a section of the social side of the Brewery life, is worthy of special mention through these columns. Mr. A. H. Hopkins has filled the office of Secretary for the past eight years and has taken a wholehearted interest in the work. He has ungrudgingly given of his own time and his best efforts in carrying out the details in connection with this scheme and in encouraging thrift amongst his colleagues. During the years he has held the office of Secretary several thousand National Savings Certificates have been dealt with.

Mr. Hopkins commenced his business career with the Firm on the 1st January, 1901, joining the staff of the Cask Department as a number taker. In February of the same year he was promoted to the Correspondence Department, of which office he is now the Head. As its name indicates, the work of this Department is largely connected with general correspondence for the Home Department, filing, invoicing, etc. For the past two years Mr. Hopkins has assisted with the insurance work which forms a very important part of his duties, having regard to the nature of the work and the risks involved.

The large number of the Firm's properties all over the South of England and the vast fleet of mechanical vehicles, demand the close attention of the officials responsible for insurance. The enormous growth of insurance, much of which is compulsory, and the highly technical nature of the work, necessitate constant supervision. In the carrying out of these duties Mr. Hopkins has given valuable help.

Mr. Hopkins is still an adherent to the push bicycle and enjoys this form of recreation off the beaten track. He has spent several holidays awheel in Devonshire, on the South Coast and in the Isle of Wight. Although he takes no active part in football or cricket, he is an interested observer of the progress of the various football leagues and particularly of the Brewery Club. He is also a keen gardener and philatelist.

## EDITORIAL.

"HEAVEN HELPS THOSE . . ."

If you want to know the time,  
Ask a policeman.  
If you want to know the way,  
Ask a policeman.  
But if bandits ambush you,  
And you're not sure what to do,  
*Don't* ask a policeman.

Just tap 'em on the napper  
With your little rubber rapper,  
And leave the fuss and stress  
Of clearing up the mess  
To the policeman.

## GIBES IN A WILL.

Remarkable wills recently admitted to probate in the United States were described by Mr. W. H. Grainger, Chief Accountant to the Prudential Assurance Company, in a lecture.

A Wall Street broker's will, he said, read :—

To my wife I leave her lover, and the knowledge that I was not the fool she thought I was.

To my son I leave the pleasure of earning a living ; for 35 years he thought the pleasure was mine ; he is mistaken.

To my daughter I leave £20,000 ; she will need it—the only good piece of business her husband ever did was to marry her.

To my valet I leave all the clothes he has been stealing from me for the past ten years.

To my chauffeur I leave my cars ; he has nearly ruined them and I want him to have the satisfaction of finishing the job.

To my partner I leave the advice that he takes another partner immediately if he expects to do any business in the future.

Mr. Grainger referred to an English will written on an eggshell, and one by a sailor engraved on his identity disc.

A will recovered from the bottom of the ocean, written on parchment, had shrunk to about one-tenth its original size, but could still be easily read.

## TEN WORDS IN ONE.

One station name on the Southern Railway comprises ten words without any alteration in the order of the letters being necessary.

The name is Norbiton, and the words are : No, nor, or, orb, orbit, bit, it, to, ton, and on.

## ORGAN BLOWERS : AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.

Thirty years ago the organ blower was one of the most indispensable persons in every parish ; nowadays every church which can afford it has an electric-driven organ, and hundreds of skilled organ blowers are out of work. It seems sad that so picturesque a calling should have gone the way of the bellows-menders ; but why not take to blowing up motor tyres ? Even if organ blowers are a dying race, they can at least console themselves with the thought that posterity is not likely to forget some of the stories which are told about them. The most famous of these, I suppose, concerns the organist who was much harassed by an organ blower's fondness for continuing to work the bellows with much noise after the music had stopped. At last in a fit of exasperation he scribbled a note and asked a choir boy to take it to the organ blower. By mistake he gave it to the preacher, who was nearing the most eloquent passage in his sermon. The preacher glanced at it, brought his sermon to a precipitate close, and, deeply blushing, left the pulpit. The note had read as follows : " Shut up. People come here to hear my music, not your noise."

## THIS REVIVING WORLD.

In a recent issue of the *Westminster Bank Review* a financial expert, dealing with the prospects of the revival of British and world prosperity, wrote :

" If revival has not yet definitely begun, the stage has been set. . . . The Stock Exchange, the most sensitive of all barometers of national feeling, has begun to think once more in terms of future revival. . . .

" The world's innate virility, in the face of the worst depression, has shown more than the first signs of determinedly reasserting itself. . . .

" The present opportunity, the most promising since depression began, is far too precious to be lost for want of courageous collective action."

## TWELVE IN ONE.

Wit has sometimes proved more effective than regulations in curing such long-windedness as has spoiled more than one Parliamentary speech.

Some years ago a very prosy Anglican Bishop announced in the House of Lords that he intended to divide his speech into twelve parts, whereupon a noble Duke interrupted with a request to tell a little story. A tipsy fellow, he said, was passing Big Ben one night when the clock began to strike the hour. He listened, counting the strokes, until the twelfth deep boom had died away. Then he looked up at the dial and demanded : " Now why couldn't you give us them all at once ? "

The Duke sat down, and no more was heard of the Bishop's twelve points.

## DEWAR AND SODA.

So familiar to-day is the name Dewar that we somehow take it for granted that there is only one way to pronounce it ; yet, in the early 'Eighties the correct pronunciation of the now famous name was one of the difficulties with which the great whisky distilling firm had to contend. The most common pronunciation was De War, and many people thought it was a French brandy. Another plausible variation was " Dooar," but those who know the history of the great rivalry between the Irish and Scotch whiskies will appreciate the feelings of the Scotch distillers when the leading Scotch brand was pronounced " Dwyer " !

## KEEPING BEECH LEAVES.

It may interest readers to know that beech leaves, if the stalks are stood in a mixture of equal parts of glycerine and water, will not wither, but will retain their autumnal colour and keep glossy. If allowed to stand in the mixture for a week, they can be removed and put into dry pots or vases without losing their texture.

## LOWER BEER TAX DEMAND.

The present high taxation of beer was severely condemned by several speakers at the inaugural Luncheon of the 54th Brewers' and Allied Traders' Exhibition at the Royal Agricultural Hall.

" The only way to bring about national content is to reduce the tax until good beer can be bought at 4d. a pint," stated Mr. F. J. Bearman, Chairman of the Beer Competition Judges.

Sir Edgar Sanders, Director of the Brewers' Society, who presided, said: "If the beer duty is continued on anything like its present scale, the movement for the improvement of public houses must be brought to a standstill from lack of funds." He doubted whether politicians realised "the sullen resentment with which the working classes regard this burden they are called upon to bear."

#### HELL AND HEVNE.

There is a station called Hell, near Trondhjem in Norway. There is also a place called Hevne, near Trondhjem. The pronunciation is near enough to be mistaken for "heaven" by an Englishman. Return tickets are obtainable. At Hell there is the usual notice, "Gods. Expedition" (forwarding of goods or luggage). I have been in Hell twice in one day, but am not conscious of any ill effects, writes "Sulphur Burner."

#### "THIS GATE HANGS WELL!"

Is it possible to trace the date of origin and significance of this old and well-distributed inn sign: "This gate hangs well and hinders none; refresh and pay; then travel on!"

#### NO MORE HOME BREWS.

The Commissioners of Customs and Excise have called "Time, please," and there will be no more home-brewed beer. The Finance Act of 1932 prohibits the description of brewing materials in packets calculated to indicate that it is a substitute for or resembles ale, beer, porter, or stout, unless duty has been paid.

#### BIRD SONG AND WEATHER.

The song of birds is affected by weather changes, according to an English naturalist, H. G. Alexander, who has been making a study of the effects of atmospheric conditions on our feathered friends. "Changes in weather, especially the onset of severe cold or snow, have an influence upon the amount of bird song, but the effects are different for different species. Freezing weather reduces the amount of song of the ground-feeding species, such as skylarks and thrushes, while cold winds have the same effect upon more arboreal feeders. Some species, including the coal-tit, respond vocally to sunshine, and some, such as the blackbird, are encouraged by rain. The investigator suggests that sunshine or rain may affect the food supply of these birds and thus induce song, but rain stimulates blackbirds more than either thrushes or robins, though the food is very similar."

#### THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

I like the following letter which "No Dole, Ex-Service Man" writes in the *Daily Telegraph*. You will like it, too.

"Whilst we do not put all of the "marchers" in the Communistic category, we have no doubt about their leaders. They are undoubtedly of the usual type, men who live extremely well on exploiting the misery of those out of work, on Russian money, and money collected under the guise of help for the unemployed.

"Before Mr. Wal Hannington decides on the march at the end of which he and his gang are to seize power, I would advise him to study a class who so far have been silent.

"A class of unemployed exists, and in great numbers, of men who are Englishmen, men with the traditional patriotism and loyalty known the world over, who now suffer in silence, but who would never suffer Russia or her agents to rule them. They are of the class whose shoulders straighten on hearing a military band and whose eyes brighten on seeing a member of the Royal family. And they are the class that will defeat the N.U.W.C.'s proposed march to Communistic dictatorship before it has become anything more than a Communistic dream."

#### FIFTEEN—NOT OUT!

Mr. Harry Smart, landlord of the "London Tavern," Broad Street, Reading, has just completed fifteen years as landlord of the house. In his younger days, Mr. Smart was a good boxer and, I doubt not, could "use them" now if called upon. But the "London Tavern" is always so well conducted that the necessity is never likely to arise.

#### NOT LIKELY.

Mr. W. H. Edgar writes to *The Times*: "I read in your columns of Sir Walter Scott. I also read of inn signs, an interesting subject, and the conjunction of the two reminds me of a tale heard many years ago, which perhaps some of your other readers have not heard before. Scott was walking with a friend in Barnard Castle where there was an inn called the 'Burns Head,' adorned by a sign consisting of a portrait of Robbie Burns. They looked at it for a bit, and then the friend asked Sir Walter if it was a good likeness, and the latter said, 'How long has he been there?' 'Oh, a couple of years,' said the friend. 'Do you think it like him?' 'No, no,' said Sir Walter; 'it is not like him at all, at all. Our Bobbie would never have stayed that time *outside* a public house.'"

## ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The *Reading Mercury* quotes the following from its issue of 100 years ago : During a "tea-table chat" on the evening on which the public meeting was to be held for the formation of a temperance society in Newbury, one of the company said he should like to have some music in the Mansion House (where the meeting was to be held) at the commencement and conclusion of the meeting. A gentleman of the party begged to suggest that it should be Handel's "Water Music," but on no account to have "Drops of Brandy."

## HINTS FOR TRADERS.

Get the facts—then act.

A smile dissolves many a fear.

Every time you kick you lose a step.

Action is the only prayer that's answered.

The best way to get anything done is to begin.

It is more difficult to praise rightly than to blame.

The greatest enemies of a good cause are the extremists who favour it.

It is better to go straight than to move in the best circles.

Don't sit around waiting for an opening. Jonah did that.

Happiness is that indifference to happiness that is the reward of being busy.

If we could see ourselves as others see us self-conceit would be a drug on the market.

The men who do the most running around don't always make the most progress.

TEACHER : "What are the races that have dominated England since the invasion of the Romans?"

SMALL BOY : "The Grand National and the Derby, Miss."

## WELL PLAYED !

When Commander H. D. Simonds consented to stand as the Anti-Socialist candidate in Katesgrove Ward for a seat on the Reading Town Council, he undertook a most formidable task—and he knew it! Though he did not win, he fought the election as it should be fought—clean and hard. As one of his keen

opponents was overheard to remark, "He put up a very fair and gentlemanly fight." That was a great tribute. Commander Simonds would not promise what he thought he could not perform and one of his speeches, as reported in the *Berkshire Chronicle*, a model of its kind, is reproduced, in a condensed form, on another page. It has created a very favourable impression. No one rendered Commander Simonds greater assistance than Mr. Louis Simonds and Mr. Quarry. After all, there is no better experience than attacking an opponents' stronghold. It fits one for fights in the future. If the Commander had won even his victory would not have impressed us more than the fine spirit in which he accepted defeat.

## A WELL-DESERVED TRIBUTE.

The following letter by "Voter" appeared in the *Berkshire Chronicle* :—

"The thanks of Reading electors are due to Commander Simonds, R.N., for the gallant fight he made in Katesgrove Ward. Against such a powerful candidate, as Mr. Lockwood undoubtedly is, it was a signal triumph to poll nearly a thousand votes in a ward which has been Labour for a good many elections.

"Commander Simonds, by his transparent sincerity, gained the admiration of his political opponents. The name of Simonds in all political contests, Parliamentary or Council, has always stood for fair play and no personalities.

"Mr. Eric Simonds, when Chairman at many a turbulent meeting, has changed the whole atmosphere by his charm of manner and ready wit, friends and foes leaving on the most cordial terms.

"The return of Commander Simonds to help in the local administration cannot be long delayed. In the two speeches that he made in Katesgrove Ward, and speaking without notes, he showed that he had a thorough grasp of the vital questions of the day. He shirked no questions, and his sincere sympathy with the ex-Service men and unemployed gained him the admiration of all in the ward.

"At any future election I hope that Commander Simonds will be prevailed upon to stand, for the great Borough of Reading will be the richer for his services.

"He seeks no personal aggrandisement, his only wish being to serve the town with which the name of Simonds has been honourably associated for the last hundred and twenty years."

## A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

## THE DELIGHTS OF A DAY'S FISHING.

I think November is as good a month as any for coarse fishing. After the recent heavy rains the water is in fine condition and there should be good catches of pike, perch, roach and dace. Though we have had a lot of rain we have had some spring-like days with warm sun and balmy breezes—breezes that bring down from the trees showers, not of rain, but of leaves. Beautifully coloured, they fall fluttering to the ground in all their rich red golden glory. It is indeed a wonderful autumn. Many of the swallows and martins did not go till the middle of last month; there were butterflies about, and even during the early days of November I have picked many wild flowers, while on November 3rd I gathered several pounds of runner beans. Two days later I saw batmice sallying forth in the early evening and winging their way to and fro in search of flies. A day in the open air under such conditions is indeed a delight and if you go a-fishing you will find it the most restful of all recreations.

I spent such a day recently and as I wended my way towards the river, in the early morning, flocks of larks and starlings and rooks were setting off for their feeding grounds, while several herons were winging their way home, with measured beat and slow, having spent the night by the riverside. They had, no doubt, dined off fish, frogs—if they could find them at this time of year—water voles, etc. On more than one occasion I have actually seen herons catch "water rats" and swallow them whole.

Having arrived at the waterside I sit on my little camp stool, put my tackle together and soon commence operations. But before doing so I throw several balls of ground bait, consisting of brans and bread kneaded together into a stiffish paste, into my roach "swim" in order to attract the fish. I insert a good-sized stone into each ball so that it will go straight down to the spot I desire and near to where my paste, with a hook in it, will lie. I have a long roach pole, am fishing well out and on the bottom. I place my rod in rests which save you holding it all the time. Then I attach a live bait to some snap tackle and throw that much farther out into the river in the hope of enticing a good pike to his doom. All I have to do now is to sit and wait and watch.

Several seagulls pass high overhead, there are many pigeons their wings flashing silver in the sunshine, a little owl in an elm calls to its mate and is answered from an oak.

Then there is a tap tap at my roach float. It is the first bite I have had. I strike but miss and with a fresh piece of paste and another lump of ground bait I try again.

I hear the note of the fieldfare and see several of these winter visitors, while among the thrushes in the meadows is a redwing, come to spend Christmas with us.

Suddenly my pike float becomes agitated, or at least indicates that the live bait is much concerned about something, for the float bobs about in unusual fashion. I have no doubt that a pike is eyeing that little roach and making up his mind to have him for dinner.

Then, like a flash, my float disappears and I know that the pike has seized my bait. I gather up my line gently and when I feel I am in direct contact with the pike, I strike. I soon find I am well into him. He makes one or two gallant attempts to break away, but I have him well in hand and before long I have him safely on the bank, a four-pounder. Not a very big fish, but finely marked and in splendid condition. I try another bait but do not move another pike. In all I had about a dozen bites with the roach and landed four sizeable fish—not at all a bad day even from a fishing point of view.

And when you add to this the beautifully variegated tints of the trees, the charming ways of the little birds and water voles, that come to keep you company, the warm rays of the sun, playing on the ripples and transforming them into scintillating silver, and a thousand and one other things of beauty and interest delightful to the eye and ear, you do indeed feel that life is worth living that after all there is not very much wrong with the world, and that there is at any rate very very much to be thankful for.

What a lot there is in a day's fishing besides the fish!

A reader has six bound volumes of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE to spare and they may be obtained, by application to the Editor, for 2/6 per volume or 12/6 the six.



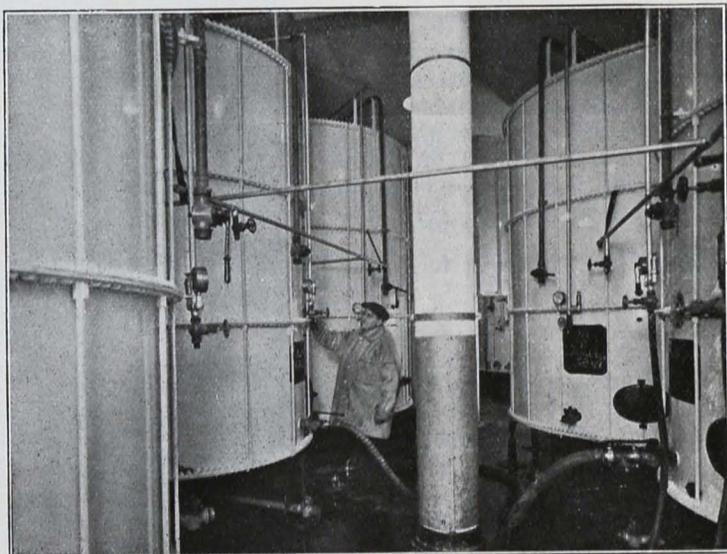
## A VISIT TO H. & G. SIMONDS, LTD. THE BREWERY, READING.

(Reproduced from "Bottling" by kind permission.)

We consider ourselves to be fortunate in being able to offer to our subscribers a description of Messrs. Simonds' bottling operations, as this firm is well known throughout the country for its initiative and energy in tackling those problems which confront the brewer and bottler.

Bottling may be said to be a more or less new undertaking for Messrs. Simonds, their first activities in this direction only dating back some twenty-five years or so. At that time bottling was carried on in a sub-basement below the offices and, when trade began to develop, a new bottling stores was built upon an adjacent site. This, again, proved inadequate for the expanding trade, and so the present modern bottling stores were designed, being the result of the experience gained in the past together with the expert advice of the several firms who supplied the various plant installed.

Mr. Stocker, the head brewer, paid the highest tribute to Captain Drewe, the firm's architect, who had charge of the whole of the building operations and arrangement of plant, and whose skilful planning and supervision were beyond all praise.



One of the Cold Rooms.

Unfortunately, perhaps, it was found impossible to build the new bottling stores next to the brewery, owing to the fact that the expansion of this is curtailed by the River Kennet which, more or less, encircles the brewery. So that the beer for bottling, which has been matured in the brewery, has to be transferred to the bottling stores by tank waggon.

It would have been possible, perhaps, to have run it over by means of a pipe-line, but Messrs. Simonds, after consideration, preferred the tank waggon method.

The beer is first matured in cask or glass-lined tank for a long period, and Mr. C. W. Stocker attaches great importance to this maturation for obtaining high quality in the bottled beer.

The conditioning rooms are beautifully designed and constructed, and compare most favourably with anything that we have seen elsewhere. This process is looked upon as purely a maturing process. This is entirely in accordance with our own ideas, as often expressed in these columns, as to how English beer for bottling should be treated at the present stage of development.

The beer is then transferred to tank waggon by a counter-pressure process, taken across the road to the bottling stores, and pressed from there by air-top pressure to tank in cold store. The period during which the bottled beers are kept in cold store has, according to Mr. Stocker, a very direct bearing upon the length of time they remain brilliant in bottle, and the installation has been designed to allow for a prolonged cold storage, especially in the case of those beers which are intended for export.

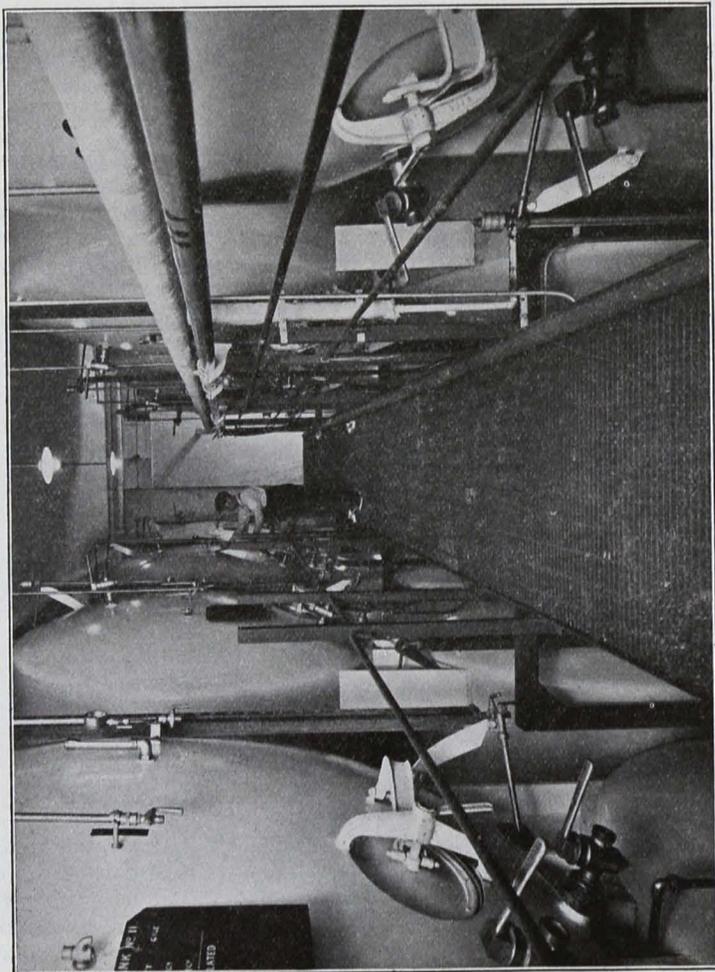
The beers are carbonated in tank by means of a circulation process through Hopkins carbonators, and are then passed through Enzinger filters into small glass-lined tanks which command the bottling machines.

The layout of the bottling stores is interesting, and, although it departs somewhat from what might be termed an ideal example owing to exigencies of available space, yet it has a great deal to commend itself from a practical point of view and is said to work extremely well in practice.

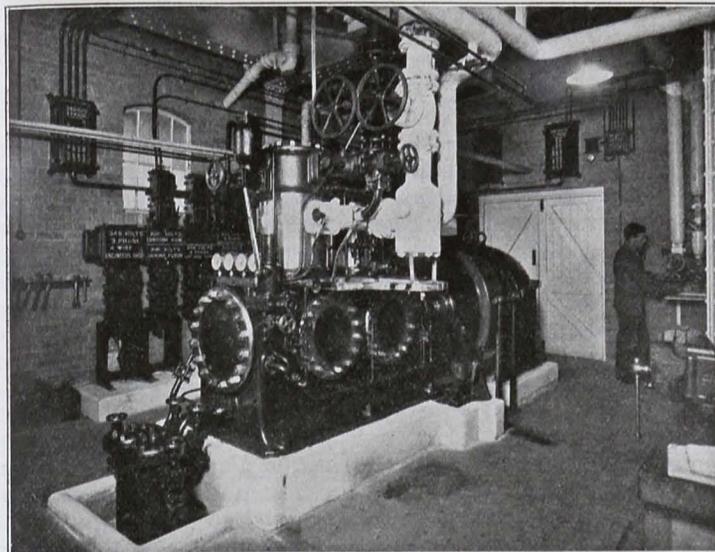
The lorries are emptied at a long bank and the empties taken by hand trucks to conveyor ends directly to washing machines. The conveying system has been designed on commonsense lines. No endeavour has been made to make the installation absolutely automatic at all points, but rather to produce a result by which a fair

economy of labour can be effected and, at the same time, introduce sufficient of the human element, as opposed to the mechanical, as to ensure a comparative certainty in the conduct of operations. For instance, after exhaustive tests over a long period, it was found inadvisable to use the automatic unloader from the Miller hydro.

The large Miller hydro is capable of nearly 600 dozen an hour, and this serves a 36-head Pontifex of the same capacity, with Regal crowner, from which machines the bottles pass to a Hopkins



The Gallery in the Conditioning Room.



One of the Hall's Compressors.

pasteuriser, and then are brought back to the front of the layout again to the labeller, and the filled cases are then brought up and conveyed to the stores and loading chutes.

The loading bank is in line with the off-loading, and so the trade package is unloaded at one end of the building, washed, filled, pasteurised, and labelled, and brought back for loading out to the same point as it entered. This, although not in accordance with Messrs. Simonds' own ideas or the accepted notions of bottling beer stores design, was rendered necessary by the limited space available, but one great advantage to be found in this method is the fact that it is easy for the management to supervise both operations. So often in bottling stores the off-loading is effected in some hole-and-corner position where supervision is difficult. There are few places where keener supervision is required than the places where empties are off-loaded.

The bottling layout itself consists of one 36-head unit and six 18-heads, which enables any variations in trade to be easily dealt with, sufficient space having been left for the introduction of another 36-head unit when required.

A trade of these dimensions must require very large space for retention and storage of empties, and Messrs. Simonds find this problem to be not the least of those that required solution.

*(To be continued.)*

## 2010 MILES THROUGH ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

*(continued).*

SUNDAY, JULY 17TH, 1932.

At about 9 a.m. a knock came on the bedroom door and an enquiry to know if we would like breakfast at 9.30 a.m. Looking out of the window it was not too good, although fine, a strong breeze was blowing and very cold for the time of the year. Breakfast over, a consultation with our hosts took place and it was decided to continue our journey northwards after lunch. U.D. 1692 was looked over and found none the worse for the long run of the previous day. A trip round the vicinity was agreed upon. Together with our host we started at 11 p.m. for Tynemouth and Whitley Bay, &c., making a circular route back to Forest Hall for lunch. The two seaside resorts mentioned are typical of the North of England, quite up to date, well laid out streets and plenty of accommodation for visitors, backed up by a nice stretch of clean sand. During lunch (1.30 p.m.) our host and hostess intimated they would set us on our way as far as Bamburgh, which was reached via Morpeth and Alnwick. Bamburgh is a small place off the beaten track amidst sand dunes and from which a lovely view of the Farne Islands is obtained. These islands, at very low water, can be reached from the shore by walking, but the public are not allowed on them now, being used as bird sanctuaries; the feathered population numbers thousands and when uttering their strange cries create weird sounds. Holy Island is also visible, shewing up very white against a blue sky. Tea was taken at Bamburgh and after wishing our friends "au revoir" we started for Edinburgh at 5.30 p.m. The first portion of the journey is uninteresting; we skirt Berwick-on-Tweed and soon cross the Border into the land of romance. Just before the boundary is reached one will notice a petrol sign very prominently displayed—"Fill up at the last Filling Station in England"; and about a mile further on, this time the sign is "Fill up at the first Filling Station in Scotland"; we stopped at the latter and replenished our supply. On again we leave Eyemouth about 3 miles to the north and follow the coast road via Cockbarns path, Bilsdean to Broxbarn, the outskirts of Dunbar on to Haddington, a small but interesting old town. A few miles after leaving the latter town we enter into industrial country and at Musselburgh we encounter, I think, the worst portion of road throughout our tour (about 6 miles). The streets are laid with granite sets, and tram lines are met with to add to the already unpleasant conditions—pot holes and congestion, the former caused no doubt by the heavy traffic which passes over them. Our objective for the day is now only a few miles ahead—Edinburgh, which is reached about 7.55. Compared

with the previous day's run, taking it all through, there is nothing of any great feature to comment on. We picked on a comfortable hotel for the night and before garaging the car, took our daily reading, as follows:—day's run, 143 miles; petrol consumption, 5 gallons=28 $\frac{3}{4}$  m.p.g.; total mileage, 425.

If one had the vision of kilts and sporrans on entering Scotland it can be dismissed at once, for there is little to remind one of leaving the home country, save in the dialect, which soon becomes very pronounced. Now for a look round Edinburgh; arriving as we did on a Sunday it is a very thirsty place, unless one "settles" on the right spot. The first thing that struck us was the renowned Princes Street, truly wonderful, a double track of trams and room either side for two more rows of other traffic (this provides an idea of the width). Looking north (on the right hand side) the whole is devoted to very fine shops, banks, offices, &c., whilst on the opposite side is one long stretch of gardens with numerous statues of world fame, among which the best known is possibly that of Sir Walter Scott. Beyond the gardens rises the Castle, a landmark for miles around, at the foot of which is the Scottish National War Memorial, a visit to which should not be missed by any one visiting the Scottish capital, also St. Giles' Cathedral, Holyrood Palace, National Gallery, &c.

L.L.E. and self being interested in the volume of traffic traversing Princes Street we strolled along to the northern end of same to gather information *re* our best way for "getting out" on the morrow, a truly bewildering effort, for the road is divided into sections, one for traffic filtering to the left, another for that going straight through and turning right (our direction) and at the same time an opening has to be left for the trams—this happens in either direction. I might mention that the policeman at this particular spot is a very busy man and it is an education to watch him move from place to place controlling the various lines of all sorts and conditions of vehicles, all eager to get a "move on." Having satisfied ourselves of the way out of Edinburgh we went our way back to the hotel for "a rest" before retiring for the night.

MONDAY, JULY 18TH, 1932.

After a good night's rest, a hearty Scotch breakfast, and a final stroll round Edinburgh in glorious sunshine, we depart, with a hope for a return visit, at 10.50 a.m. We proceed north, the weather still good, by Queensferry Road to Craigleith, Barnton, Cramond Bridge, shortly after passing under the famous Forth Bridge, a few facts concerning same I do not think would be amiss—total length of viaducts just over 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles including approaches. There are two clear spans of 1,710 feet each and two spans of 680

feet each. The highest part above high water level is 360 feet and the deepest foundation below high water level is 91 feet. Weight of steel used 51,000 tons, together with 5,000,000 rivets gives a slight impression of the colossal undertaking. It took 5,000 men, working night and day, 7 years to build. On leaving South Queensferry Pier the route across the Firth of Forth follows parallel with the bridge and one gets an uninterrupted view from various angles and the wonderful structure can be appreciated; heavy trains proceeding either way appear mere toys looking up at them from the deck of the ferry boat. The toll for a two-seater car is 7/6 plus 6d. for each passenger and it takes 15 minutes to cross. Safely across we proceed on our journey via Ferry Toll, Inverkeithing, Crossgates, Cowdenbeath, Kelty, Blairadam Station to Kinross, where arriving at 1.35 p.m. we think it time for lunch. Picking on the Kirklands hotel we are not disappointed. After having satisfied the inner man (it is noticeable the quality of the food is improving the further north we go) the time is 2.35 p.m. We now make for Perth via Milnathort, Arlary, Glenfarg Station, Aberargie, Bridge of Earn, over the shoulder of Moncrieff Hill and descend by Edinburgh Road into Perth arriving at 3 p.m. The route to Kinross passes through mining and industrial centres, beyond the latter place, in the vicinity of Glenfarg the scenery is very pleasant and roads good all the way.

(To be continued.)

#### A TOAST WITH A THRILL.

WHEN THE ROVERS OF THE SEVEN SEAS RAISE THEIR GLASSES.

Voices die down as the chairman's mallet falls with a crash. Three hundred sea captains and past and present officers of the Merchant Navy pause expectantly as the chairman, himself a retired officer of the Bengal Pilot Service, rises slowly to his feet.

They are all members of the Seven Seas Club, a brotherhood of ships' officers whose ranks contain many names illustrious in the history of the sea. Bronzed junior officers, fresh from a long voyage in a tramp steamer, are there. Modest holders of the V.C. rub shoulders with others whose sole claim to fame is a brand new second mate's certificate. Shipowners whose names are known throughout the world, famous marine writers and famous marine artists, all are eager to talk only of the subject that interests them most—the sea.

"Gentlemen," says the chairman quietly, with a trace of emotion in his voice, "you all know the toast."

Three hundred pairs of legs scramble to their feet, and three hundred hands finger their glasses. The lights in the banqueting-hall are extinguished. High up on the wall behind the chairman are fixed the red and green sidelights and the white masthead light of a steamship under way, the soft light casting eerie shadows on the sea of faces beneath.

For a few seconds there is breathless silence. Thoughts return to the days of convoys, camouflaged ships and other war-time measures. There is a prayer on many lips.

Then, suddenly, "Gentlemen! 'The Sea Services!'" says the chairman, glass upraised.

"The Sea Services!" mutter 300 voices.

A few seconds later the banqueting-hall, now a blaze of light, is echoing to the sound of 300 voices in the chorus of "'Way Rio."  
—From "Our Empire."

#### A MOTORING GLOSSARY.

(By COLIN HOWARD in "London Opinion").

**AUTOMOBILE** : A contrivance on four wheels you take with you when you go motoring.

**BRAKES** : What you hang on to when your wife is driving.

**DRIVER, OWNER** : You, when you've paid another twenty-one instalments.

**EXPERT** : The chap who sits beside you and shudders.

**FOOLS** : All the other motorists you meet on the roads.

**GATE-POSTS** : Vertical pillars of which women drivers are said to disapprove and attempt to abolish.

**HILLS** : Annoying places where level stretches of road have been rucked up solely in order that your wife can wince when you change down.

**INNS** : Necessities for outings. May be recognised by the password that often passes between the patrons and consists of "Well, bung-ho!"

**JOKE** : Sight of the chap next door trying to start his car on a cold and frosty morning.

**JUGGERNAUT** : The original owner-driver. Name means "Lord of the world," which is how we all feel for the first mile or two,

when we begin to notice the defects the former owner forgot to mention.

KICK : First-aid for faulty magneto, choked jet, leaking radiator, ditching, empty petrol-tank, oiled-up plug, and nerve-strain.

LOYALTY : What stops the kids from telling their mother how you scraped a wing when they were out with you.

MONEY : See LOYALTY.

NONSENSE : Stock reply to such suggestions as (a) Don't you think the tyres feel flat? (b) Isn't it time we stopped for lunch? (c) Oughtn't we to pull up and ask somebody the way?

OIL : The best thing is to send them straight to the cleaners.

OOH : Intimate friends' running commentary upon your driving.

QUICK ONE, A : Something there's always just time for.

RAMP : When you buy a second-hand car.

REAL BARGAIN : When you sell one.

RIP : (a) What you let her. (b) Your epitaph when you have done so.

SIXTY, AN EASY : What (a) the seller tells you, and (b) you tell your own victim that she'll do on the straight.

SKID : The Great Excuse.

SWELL : American adjective, meaning "good," or "excellent." Frequently applied to motor cars.

TO-MORROW : When you had intended to take out a new licence.

VINDSCREEN : Gallic pronunciation of

WINDSCREEN : The first thing you notice when you meet a telegraph-pole.

WINNER, PRIZE : According to its owner, any fowl you happen to run over.

XX : Motor registration letters.

XXX : See QUICK ONE, A.

ZEBRA : A striped animal which, when unstriped, looks like a horse. Horses are often used for pulling cars out of ditches.

### ACHIEVEMENT.

Let him who will go running for the lights that gleam afar,  
Where the music's turned to dancing and the crowds of people are,  
Give me the restful evenings with the family gathered round  
And the few friends, tried and faithful, and that little patch of  
ground,

With its lawn and beds of posies, which reflect the care I give,  
And I'll build a thousand memories to cherish while I live.

When I long for entertainment just to pass the time away,  
I've no lack of mirth and frolic—with the children I can play.  
Or in need of some diversion, as a happy group we'll go  
Hand in hand to sit together at a neighbouring picture show.  
But we'll keep our wants in reason and we'll keep our pleasures  
sweet

And try to find the gladness that adorns our little street.

Oh, the book of life is written not in scarlet inks or gold  
Or in deeds of dash and colour. As a simple tale it's told.  
When you reach the final chapter and you glimpse the pages  
through

All that memory has recorded as the worth-while side of you  
Are the joys and passing sorrows which the family has shared,  
With the failures and achievements and the few good friends who  
cared.

### TOWN COUNCIL ELECTIONS.

#### COMMANDER H. D. SIMONDS' FINE FIGHT IN KATESGROVE WARD.

Commander H. D. Simonds knew he was taking on a formidable task when he decided to enter the contest in Katesgrove Ward, as anti-Socialist candidate, for a seat on the Reading Town Council. Though he was not successful he created a most favourable impression and won golden opinions on all hands by his clean and straightforward manner of doing battle.

His speeches were models of sound common sense. Here is the report of one he delivered at Christchurch Schools as it appeared in *The Berkshire Chronicle* :—

Commander Simonds said that when anyone stood as a candidate for a council election, the first question asked was, "What were his motives?" He could assure them that he did not go into the matter with any thought of honour or glory. He realised the responsibility involved, and that it would be a tough

fight. If he was returned to the Town Council he would try to do something for his fellow townspeople; 18 years in the Navy and 14 years at the Brewery indicated that he knew something about organisation and business, both necessary qualifications for municipal life. As to policy, he was an anti-Socialist, but he wished to make it quite clear that if he was elected he was not going to be subject to partisanship. If anybody of their own party made a suggestion that he did not think was in the interests of the community he would put up a strong opposition. At the same time, if anyone on the other side put up a sound proposition, which he considered was in the interests of the community, he would support it as far as he possibly could. As an ex-Service man, he would do everything he possibly could to further the cause of other ex-Service men. Many of the younger generation, and some of the older generation, did not realise the sacrifice made by those men during the war, but his memory was not so short. (Applause). He was also in favour of Reading men for Reading work. It had been reported to him in going round canvassing that there had been cases of labour brought into the town from outside to do work that could be perfectly well done by Reading men, but he honestly did not think there was anything in it. No contract was made by the council without having a clause in it, that, with the exception of key men, no men should be employed except local labour. It was a matter, however, to which they should keep their eyes open, and he promised them that, if returned, he would.

“ DYING WITH INDIGNATION.”

About the Means Test: there was one form which had not been objected to, the Means Test with regard to secondary education. Apparently the Socialist Party had made a perfect “hoo-hoo” about it, and Mr. Lockwood was nearly dying with indignation. Did he seriously believe that if a man with plenty of money, who could afford to send his son to a private school, sent him to a secondary school, that the ratepayers should pay for it? The whole idea was simply preposterous—a line had to be drawn somewhere. It only served to show how unbusinesslike the Socialists could be. Surely the best way to see that the ratepayers’ money was not wasted was to see that education was not given to people whose parents could afford to pay for it themselves. They had to remember there was only a certain sum of money to go round. Therefore, it was of the utmost importance to see that it was not squandered. Exactly the same thing applied to unemployment relief work. Commander Simonds went on to give particulars of the squandering of money in boroughs controlled by Socialists, and urged that the electors should return people with business brains and not hot air merchants.

TRIBUTE TO THE UNEMPLOYED.

The capability for building castles in the air was not necessarily a qualification for the economical construction of council houses. Commander Simonds added that he wished to pay a tribute to the unemployed he had met going round Katesgrove. He had found that although most of them were sick at heart they had not lost their morale nor their capability to see things in their true light. By their philosophic acceptance of these hard times they were rendering a service to the public which he, amongst others, was not ungrateful for. He would make no rash promises, but he would do all he possibly could to serve their interests, and to give them a square deal.

WHEN THE MACE WAS SEIZED.

A STORMY COUNCIL CHAMBER SCENE OF 1658 RECALLED.

“ THE GREATER IRON BOUND CHEST.”

There has recently been brought to light from the vaults of the Reading Town Hall an ancient muniment chest which would seem to have been associated with a somewhat stormy event in the annals of the town. Mr. Ernest W. Dormer, the able editor of the *Berkshire Archaeological Journal*, contributes an interesting article in the autumn volume of the journal on this chest.

The election in 1656 of Sir John Barkstead, steward of Oliver Cromwell’s household, as a burgess for Reading to sit in Parliament caused some feeling among certain members of the Corporation. Extracts from records show that on February 12th, 1658, the Corporation met after sermon in the Council Chamber for the dispatch of business. The Mayor was interrupted by Mr. Cope, one of the Aldermen, who asked him to put it to the vote whether the charges and damages which he might sustain by reason of the suit at law commenced by Mr. Daniel Blagrove against Mr. Cope for his false return of Sir John Barkstead should be borne by the company out of the Hall revenues. The Mayor and some of the company conceived it to be illegal as they considered Mr. Cope did it wilfully without their consent. As the Mayor would not put it to the vote there were cries of “disfranchise him.” The mace was seized and kept by force, while Mr. Frewin was chosen Mayor in place of Mr. Joel Stephens. The deposed Mayor, with some of the aldermen, assistants, clerk and serjeants went home. Afterwards those that voted against the Mayor broke open the cupboard where the books, deeds and bonds were kept. They also broke open the great iron-bound chest and took away the common seal of the

borough and other things. Although summoned by the Mayor (Mr. Stephens) they refused to come to the Hall. "The actors, abettors and contrivors of these greate insolent and notorious misdemeanors and offences" were named and removed from office.

Mr. Dormer writes: "There seems little doubt that the 'greate iron-bound chest' is the one which has now been cleaned and wisely restored to a more dignified place in the Committee Room of the Council."

### A GREAT THOUGHT.

*Advice has ever been liberally bestowed upon those who do and on those who do not seek it. Perhaps it is for this reason that it is valued so little.*

*When the motives which prompt a word of counsel are sincere and right and the person to whom it is addressed knows and understands this, there should be no room for suspicion of vanity or superiority. The experienced are in a position to point out mistakes and show the ways of correction to others whose lessons have been few.*

*Pride should not defeat truth and candour. Self-respect should encourage both, for whatever is for our good may not always be dressed in beautiful form. Criticism which is intended to be constructive is not always given in the softest language, for then it is robbed of its force and power.*

*Man pays for advice and counsel concerning his health. He calls upon his physician to prescribe for him when he has a pain or an ache. When he finds himself in difficulty with the intricacies of law he seeks advice from his lawyer. Yet when it comes to help and relief from problems and affairs in his daily life, he resents the merest word which resembles common sense, advice or counsel.*

*It is with difficulty and danger that a friend assumes the responsibility of showing another his failing in his endeavour to make him happy and to benefit him. He has the satisfaction of performing his duty as a friend even though he will meet with a rebuff.*

*Many a one shakes his head with regret that he had not heeded the kind and wise counsel offered him in youth, or at the time when he was on the threshold of a new venture, a new problem. The danger signs were pointed out to him. Experienced souls wanted him to reap the benefit of the lesson so dearly learned but he was unmindful, obstinate, and resentful, only to awaken to the reality too late.*

## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

October 1st, 1932, commenced a new financial year for the Firm, and the majority of the staff have been on overtime for the annual yearly balancing.

MR. T. W. LANDSEY.

The death of Mr. T. W. Landsey came as a great shock to all of us at The Brewery. He had been with us for 14 years and died at the early age of 28. His early duties used to necessitate visits to practically every department of The Brewery, so he was ever so well known everywhere in consequence. For a number of years he had been employed in quite important duties in the Cask Office that called for a high degree of accuracy. Without a doubt he was most painstaking and conscientious and Mr. F. Josey (in charge of the department) had a high opinion of his capabilities. He was a most promising member of the staff and his loss at such an early age is a tragic blow. Our deepest sympathy goes out to his family in their terrible loss. R.I.P.

### CHANGES OF TENANTS.

The following changes and transfers have taken place during the month and to all we wish every success:—

Off-Licence, Cricklewood House, 104 The Broadway, Cricklewood (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. C. R. G. Biggs.

The Swan Inn, London Road, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. H. Glass.

The Barley Corn, Cippenham, Slough (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. G. E. Mann.

The Harrow Inn, Little Bedwyn (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. E. J. Lance.

The King's Head, Prestwood (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. A. Challoner.

The Potters Arms, Winchmore Hill (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. E. H. Styles.

The Swan, Chertsey (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mrs. Whithair.

The Anglers Rest, Egham (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. B. V. N. Rowcroft.

The Royal Oak, Bedfont (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. C. J. Hemmings.

The Firm have recently purchased the Walberton Stores, near Arundel, Sussex, an Off-Licence, the new tenant of which is Mr. E. C. Morriss.

#### DEATH OF AN OLD TENANT.

Mrs. Deeley died on the 12th October at 20 Woodland Drive, the residence of her daughter. Mrs. Deeley had been a tenant of the Firm for over 20 years at The Premier, Caversham Road, Reading, where she was well known and well liked. The funeral took place on Saturday, October 15th, and the service was at the Reading Cemetery church, the Rev. R. H. A. Bullock officiating. Mrs. Deeley was a member and one of the organisers of the Women's Licensed Trade Defence Association. Her husband died in 1925 and she carried on the business until 1931, when she retired. She leaves three sons and a daughter, to whom we tender our deepest sympathy in their bereavement.

#### UNVEILING OF PORTRAIT OF THE LATE MR. H. F. LINDARS.

It was a pleasing and happy thought on the part of Mr. R. Biggs to present the Social Club with a splendid enlargement of a photograph of the late Mr. H. F. Lindars. A splendid gathering assembled to show their respect to a splendid gentleman. Although it was an occasion of sadness, nevertheless the speeches were worthy of such an event. Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds' speech was listened to with rapt attention and the deep feeling with which he spoke impressed the whole of the audience.

#### FOOTBALL.

Up to the time of writing we are still pleased at the progress made by the Reading team and we are very hopeful of promotion this time (Brentford and a few others permitting, of course). Our local "Derby" match with Aldershot was an exciting affair, if the football was not up to the highest standard. Our Farnborough and Aldershot colleagues were highly delighted with the result, in fact, it was a very close thing, as Reading only equalised in the last minute of the game. By the way, Aldershot are doing ever so well and the return match with Reading should be a very keen affair.

In the notes from The Tamar Brewery, Devonport, it is mentioned it would be a crowning joy to welcome Reading back to the Second Division as opponents to the Argyle. However, this may be a deferred pleasure as from all accounts Plymouth are all out for promotion to the First Division and they certainly seem to have an excellent chance of doing so.

The Brewery Football teams are still going strong, the 1st XI. in particular.

The following notice appears in the Camberley Working Men's Club :

#### A CERT.

If you are caught making out betting slips here you will be  
"AN OUTSIDER."

I sincerely hope and trust that our old friend Mr. Edgar Thornbery is recovering from his accident and all at The Brewery wish him a speedy recovery.

#### THE LAND OF TAXES.

In our happy land, there lives a man  
Who taxes us all he possibly can  
Oh ! what will the next tax be ?  
There's a tax on wine, a tax on beer  
And also a tax on tea.  
There's the house tax, the land tax,  
The servant tax, the baccy tax,  
The sugar and the income tax as well,  
That it makes me often wonder  
Till I fall asleep and slumber  
Will he tax us when we're gone to

#### THE BETTER LAND.

#### THE BRIDE'S DREAM.

Under the above heading in last month's issue the following appeared :—

#### AISLE ALTAR HYMN.

There's history attached to the above for these three words composed a famous "Bullet" of long ago, viz. :—

*First prize of £500. Result of "Bullets" No. 43.*

Miss Margaret H. Leonard,  
1 Florence Place, Priory Road, Tonbridge.

*Example :—*Wedding **MArCH**

*Bullet :—***AISLE ALTAR HYMN.**

Although no one at The Brewery won a fortune in the Irish sweepstake by drawing a horse, nevertheless, there is one lucky man

in The Brewery who will pick up quite a good sum by selling one of the winning tickets. I am informed he took two tickets with him on holiday and disposed of them whilst away. One of these tickets proved lucky enough to be drawn together with the winning horse.

### THE LATE MR. H. F. LINDARS.

#### UNVEILING OF PORTRAIT AT BREWERY SOCIAL CLUB.

An impressive little ceremony, not untouched with sadness, was performed at H. & G. Simonds' Social Club recently when a portrait of the late Mr. H. F. Lindars was unveiled by Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds, chairman of the company, who made feeling allusion to the work and worth of their departed friend. The portrait, which is a striking likeness of Mr. Lindars, was kindly presented to the club by Mr. Ralph Biggs.

Mr. Shea-Simonds said the occasion was a unique one. When Mr. Lindars attained his sixtieth anniversary at the firm the directors entertained him at luncheon and a good cabinet portrait was taken of Mr. Lindars. It was a very kindly thought on the part of their old friend and colleague, Mr. Biggs, to present the club with that very fine enlargement of that portrait (applause). He was sure that Mr. Biggs was actuated by the highest feelings of affection, for he and Mr. Lindars had worked together for many years, though not in the same department. Mr. Lindars was a man who, unfortunately in these days, was extremely rare. He (Mr. Shea-Simonds) felt his death most acutely, because apart from the years he was away during the war he was with Mr. Lindars practically every day of his life. When you come to think, added the speaker, of a man serving sixty-six years with the firm and dying at the age of eighty-one, still in harness and in the full possession of all his faculties, I think that is a record that can never be surpassed (applause). Frank Lindars was not only an official of the firm, he was a family friend of the old directors. We never called him anything but "Frank," and he never called us by anything but our Christian names. You cannot have closer communion between employer and employed than that (applause). I wish to accept the portrait on behalf of the club with our grateful thanks to Mr. Biggs (applause). It is a very fine likeness of a splendid man whom we all knew and loved.

Mr. Shea-Simonds then unveiled the portrait amid subdued applause, all the company standing.

Mr. Ralph Biggs said what a great pleasure it was to him to present the club with the portrait. It was over fifty-two years ago

that he first met Mr. Lindars in that very room during a Parliamentary election. Mr. Lindars was not only his friend in business but in the musical world. He was a great musician and in that connection he would also miss him very much.

Mr. F. C. Hawkes thanked Mr. Shea-Simonds for his touching words and for unveiling what would be a treasured possession of the club for many years to come. Those present did not require reminding what a fine gentleman Mr. Lindars was, but some of the younger generation might inquire and it would be the pleasure of their elders to tell them how fine an example of the English gentleman was Mr. Lindars and how splendid was his business career. When he had completed his 60 years Mr. Lindars, putting his hand on the speaker's shoulder said "My boy I understand the directors are going to give me a right royal time shortly. You boys may feel you would like to give me something but I don't want you to do that. When I retire, however, I shall be pleased to receive a memento from you." Unfortunately, that occasion never arose. Mr. Lindars also celebrated his 60 years' service by giving that club a silver challenge cup to be called "The Frank Lindars" challenge cup for sporting events. The winners, he was sure, would be proud to hold that cup (applause).

Mr. Shea-Simonds mentioned that he had often tried to persuade Mr. Lindars to write his reminiscences and he promised to do so but never did it. On one occasion Mr. Lindars told him that he met an elderly widow tenant at the Brewery and said to her "Haven't seen you for a long time." "No," came the prompt reply, "I am so afraid of those two eagles!"

It should be explained that there used to be two ravens at the Brewery who were probably a little too inquisitive concerning the lady in question.

Mr. T. W. Bradford, in moving a vote of thanks to Mr. Shea-Simonds, said his great kindness of heart, his thoughtfulness for the employees and the great interest he took in the club were well known to them all (applause). Once again he had come to render them a little service and never was such a request made but that he came and performed it willingly (applause).

Mr. Bradford caused considerable amusement as he went on to say: As a servant of the firm I am, if I deserve it, always subject to chastisement from the directors, but on this occasion I am going to chastise one of the directors (sensation). The club was formed 14 years ago and then Mr. Shea-Simonds promised the club a photograph of himself. That promise had been renewed but still the walls of the club were without that photograph. We must

not let Mr. Shea-Simonds go without renewing that promise again and carrying it out within the next few days (laughter and applause).

Mr. Shea-Simonds kindly undertook to conform with the request.

The gathering was one of the most representative ever held at the club. Several gentlemen who wished to be present could not attend.

Mr. C. Bennett, Estates Department, wrote:—I am exceedingly sorry that an appointment in connection with the Municipal Election will prevent my attendance. I should like to associate myself with the expressions of appreciation to Mr. R. Biggs that will be made this evening. It was most kind and thoughtful of him to present such an excellent photograph to the club, and we are all grateful to Mr. Shea-Simonds for kindly unveiling it.

I would liked to have been present, if only to pay a tribute to the late Mr. Lindars in respect of my personal experiences during the past two years in particular, as apart from the general experience which we all have had over a number of years. It was a real joy to be associated in business with the late Mr. Lindars, and I was always impressed by the soundness of his judgment and of his general ability, which was coupled with a loyalty and devotion to the firm of the highest possible order.

He was popular, and deservedly so, in fact he was loved by all who came into contact with him.

Therefore, I gladly add this written tribute to your verbal expressions, and I think the best monument we can establish to his memory will be to endeavour to maintain the excellent traditions which he has set up in his most exemplary life and character.

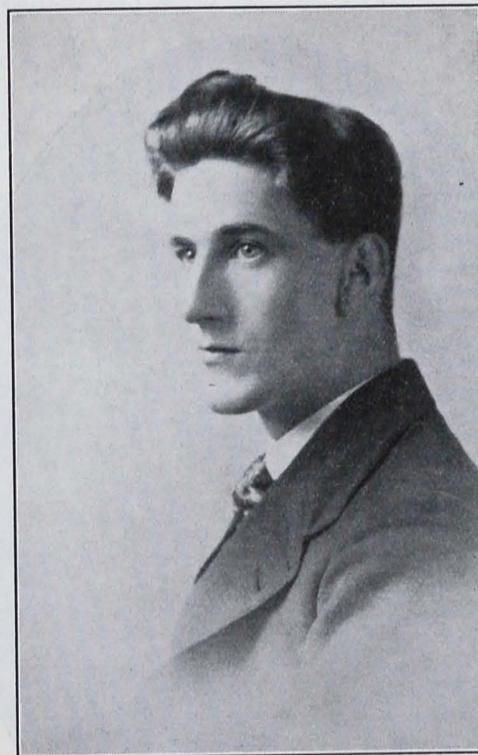
Mr. C. E. Gough also wrote regretting that a prior engagement prevented him attending.

#### DEATH OF MR. T. W. LANDSEY.

On Sunday, October 16th, the death occurred after a short illness of Mr. T. W. Landsey, of the Cask Department, H. & G. Simonds Ltd., Reading. A quiet but conscientious worker, Mr. Landsey was very popular with his colleagues among whom he will be greatly missed. He leaves a young widow and little child.

The funeral was at St. Michael's, Spencers Wood. The chief mourners were Mrs. Landsey (widow), Mr. and Mrs. Landsey

(father and mother), Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Landsey (brother and sister-in-law), Miss Barbara Landsey (sister), Mr. F. Sharp, Mr. and Mrs. Mold (father and mother-in-law), Misses Effie and Gladys Mold (sisters-in-law), Mr. C. Norcott (uncle), Mr. T. Heard (uncle), and Mr. and Mrs. Heather. Those present from the Brewery included Messrs. F. C. Hawkes, A. W. C. Bowyer, F. Josey, Miss E. Durman, Messrs. B. Brooker, P. Luker, F. Pusey, N. Lipscombe, G. Andrews, W. Clarkson, V. Saunders, W. Wild and S. Collins.



The late Mr. T. W. Landsey.

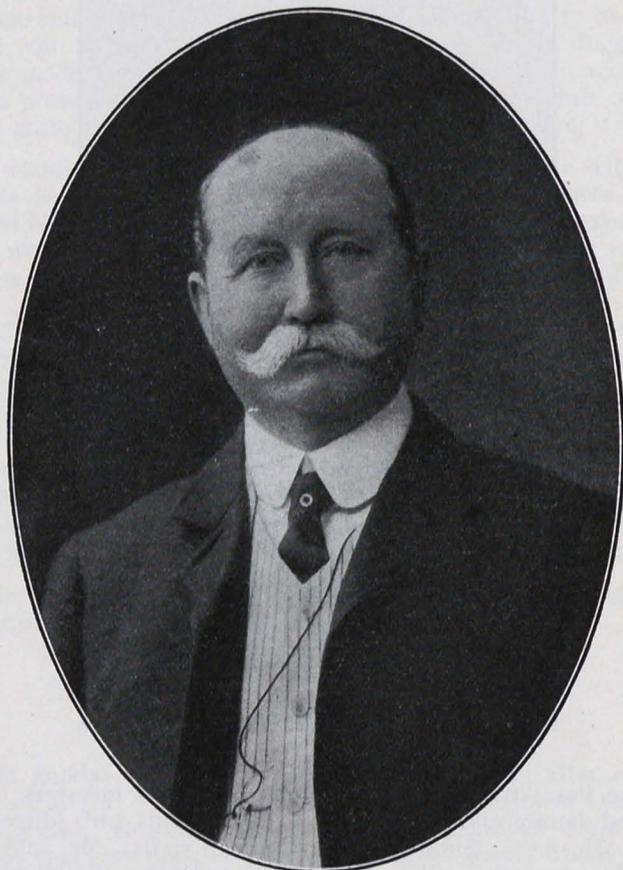
The floral tributes included those from the members of the bereaved family and Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. (directors); Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. (clerical staff); Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew and family; Mr. and Mrs. Duffin (Woldingham); Mr. and Mrs. Emery; Mr. and Mrs. Eltham; Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins; Julian, Muriel and Daphne Hawkins; Mr. and Mrs. Heather and Bonny; Mr. and Mrs. Hill; Mr. and Mrs. Kirby and son; Misses

P. J. and W. E. Main ; Minnie and Mrs. Stubbington ; Neighbours of Spring Cottages ; " Old Friends " ; Mr. and Mrs. Reely and Geoff ; Mr. and Mrs. Waite, Vera and Cecil ; Mrs. West, sen. ; Mr. White and family (Hook).

Mrs. Landsey has written to members of the staff at the Brewery thanking them for their wonderful sympathy and great kindness in her time of trouble.

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THE LATE MR. W. L. McLAUGHLIN.



We regret to record the death of Mr. W. L. McLaughlin which occurred at his residence, "Endsleigh," North Hill Terrace, Plymouth, on the 17th October.

The late Mr. W. L. McLaughlin was for 33 years Manager of our Plymouth Branch, which position he filled with distinction, and retired at the end of April, 1919. He enjoyed several years of well-earned retirement in full possession of physical and mental activities, although during recent years he had been unable to take outdoor exercise. He passed away at the grand old age of over 88 years.

Mr. McLaughlin served 26 years in the 39th Dorsetshire Regiment, the whole of which period was spent in the same Battalion. He retired after reaching the rank of Regimental Warrant Officer and was the recipient of a medal and a life annuity for meritorious service. The outstanding events of the late Mr. McLaughlin's military career were his presence at the Durbar, at Lahore, for the late Duke of Edinburgh, who was the first member of the Royal Family to visit India ; again at Delhi Durbar, when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India ; and also when the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, visited that country. Mr. McLaughlin served under the late Lord Roberts during his famous march for the relief of Kandahar.

Through these columns many old friends of the late Mr. McLaughlin would extend their deepest sympathy to his daughters, Mrs. Pethick and Mrs. Williams, by whom he will be sadly missed.

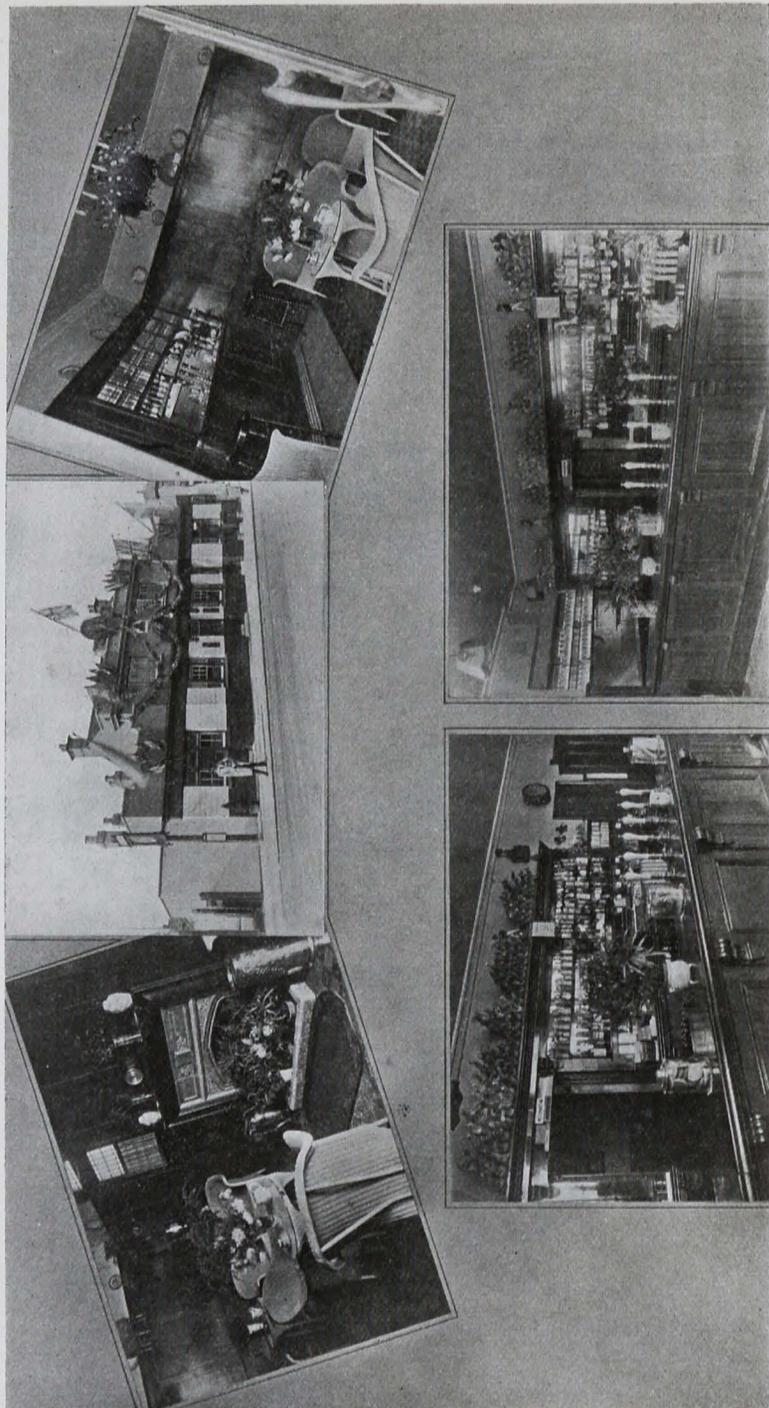
The following members of our staff who had served under him paid the last respects to his memory :—Messrs. W. F. McIntyre, J. H. Law, R. J. Harvey, R. E. Wright, W. E. Loynes, A. Hockedy and G. Harris.

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MR. J. H. LAW (DEVONPORT BRANCH).

We also offer to the above our sincere condolences in the loss of his father, which news reached us at the moment of going to press. We understand that the funeral took place on Saturday, 22nd October, at Southampton.





Top: Fireplace and one corner of Saloon Bar. Front of "North Star" during Charter Week. Service Counter and part of

The "North Star," Whitton Road, Hounslow (Messrs. Ashby's (Staines) Brewery, Ltd.) is a very up-to-date inn as the photographs of the interior and exterior clearly indicate. The "Hop Leaf" sign is an assurance that only the best beers, wines and spirits are served, while customers may always rely upon the prompt personal attention of Mr. W. Ford, who possesses all those good qualities which go to make the ideal landlord.

#### THE YPRES LEAGUE.

Membership of the Ypres League is open to all who served in the salient, and to all those whose relatives or friends died there, in order that they may have a record of that service for themselves and their descendants, and belong to the comradeship of men and women who understand and remember all that Ypres meant in suffering and endurance.

Life membership is £2 10s. od. Annual members, 5/-.

Do not let the fact of your not having served in the salient deter you from joining the Ypres League. Those who have neither fought in the salient nor lost relatives there, but who are in sympathy with the objects of the Ypres League, are admitted to its fellowship, but are not given scroll certificates.

There is also a Junior Division for children whose relatives served in the salient. It is also open to others to whom our objects appeal. Annual subscription, 1/- up to the age of 18, after which they can become ordinary members of the League.

Among the objects of the League are:—

- I. Commemoration and comradeship
- II. The arranging of special facilities for travel and transport of members.
- III. The furnishing of information about the salient; marking of historic sites and the compilation of charts of the battlefields.
- IV. To secure the erection of an outstanding memorial of the defence.
- V. The establishment of groups of members throughout the world, through Branch Secretaries and Corresponding Members.
- VI. The maintenance of cordial relations with dwellers on the battlefields of Ypres.
- VII. The formation of a Junior Division.

(All these objects have now been secured.)

Those desirous of joining the Ypres League should apply to—  
Mr. A. G. Richardson, The Brewery, Reading.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

SCHOOLMASTER : " The sentence ' My father had money ' is in the past tense. Now, John, what tense would you be speaking in if you said, ' My father has money ? ' "

LITTLE JOHN : " Oh, that would be pretence. "

\* \* \* \*

FUSSY WOMAN (to bookseller) : " Yes, I know it's a best seller, but is it pure and clean? Can you guarantee that it is perfectly clean? "

ASSISTANT : " Well, madam, the hero's a white hope, the heroine works in a laundry, and her mother takes in washing. I don't know what more you would like in the way of cleanliness. "

## SOCIAL CLUB.

## RESULTS OF DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

The following Departmental Tournaments have been played off and thoroughly enjoyed by all who participated :—

FRIDAY, 14TH OCTOBER.

Games.	REST.		TRANSPORT.	
	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.
Billiards ... ..	Dalton, A. J.	... 0	Gardner, T. H.	... 1
" ... ..	Palmer, E.	... 1	Kaye, Major H.	... 0
" ... ..	Mileham, H.	... 0	Nimmo, J.	... 1
Dominoes ... ..	Braisher, F.	... 0	Hutchins, A. D.	... 1
" ... ..	Pike, H.	... 1	Marsh, G.	... 0
" ... ..	Clarke, S. V.	... 0	Hinxman, H.	... 1
Crib ... ..	Bird, S.	... 0	Hamilton, F.	... 1
" ... ..	Dalton, A. J.	... 1	Marsh, G.	... 0
" ... ..	Lott, G.	... 1	Champion, J.	... 0
Shove Halfpenny ... ..	Lott, G.	... 0	Hiscock, A.	... 1
" ... ..	Eaton, W. H.	... 0	Adey, F.	... 1
" ... ..	Main, C. W.	... 0	Pickett, R. J.	... 1
Darts ... ..	Main, C. W.	... 0	Price, H.	... 1
" ... ..	Boshier, E.	... 1	Boniface, G.	... 0
" ... ..	Eaton, W. H.	... 0	Canning, G. A.	... 1
Shooting ... ..	Prater, H.	... 0	Taylor, A. O.	... 1
" ... ..	Cook, H.	... ½	Canning, G. A.	... ½
" ... ..	Douce, G.	... 1	Pickett, H.	... 0
		6½		11½

FRIDAY, 21ST OCTOBER.

BEER CELLARS.			COOPERS & BUILDING.	
Games.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.
Billiards ... ..	Curtis, W.	... 1	Sparks, W.	... 0
" ... ..	Wheeler, W.	... 1	Chard, J.	... 0
" ... ..	Benford, J.	... 0	Weller, C.	... 1
Dominoes ... ..	Osborne, T.	... 0	Oliver, F.	... 1
" ... ..	Benford, J.	... 1	Stacey, T.	... 0
" ... ..	Wheeler, W.	... 0	Plank, H.	... 1
Crib ... ..	Croft, J.	... 0	Newport, W.	... 1
" ... ..	Curtis, W.	... 1	Ayling, B.	... 0
" ... ..	Simpkins, A.	... 1	Wells, N.	... 0
Shove Halfpenny ... ..	Simpkins, A.	... 0	Dobson, C.	... 1
" ... ..	Briggs, C.	... 0	Weight, A.	... 1
" ... ..	Tugwell, A.	... 0	Stacey, T.	... 1
Darts ... ..	Tugwell, A.	... 0	Weight, A.	... 1
" ... ..	Freeman, T.	... 0	Sewell, W.	... 1
" ... ..	Osborne, T.	... 0	Mills, A.	... 1
Shooting ... ..	Hamblin, F.	... 0	Holmes, T.	... 1
" ... ..	Croft, J.	... 0	Sewell, W.	... 1
" ... ..	Joyce, A.	... 0	Mitchell, H.	... 1
		5		13

FRIDAY, 28TH OCTOBER.

OFFICES.			MALTINGS.	
Games.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.
Billiards ... ..	Davis, W. H.	... 0	Cousens, S.	... 1
" ... ..	Broad, R.	... 1	Nunn, G.	... 0
" ... ..	Doe, J. B.	... 0	Everett, J.	... 1
Dominoes ... ..	Perrin, C. H.	... 0	Everett, A. J.	... 1
" ... ..	Brunsdon, S.	... 0	Bowyer, A.	... 1
" ... ..	Lipscombe, N.	... 0	Day, T.	... 1
Crib ... ..	Josey, F.	... 0	Gilkerson, W.	... 1
" ... ..	Clay, J.	... 1	Latham, C.	... 0
" ... ..	Davis, H.	... 1	Streams, B.	... 0
Shove Halfpenny ... ..	Bowyer, W.	... 0	Taylor, F.	... 1
" ... ..	Wild, W. H.	... 1	Howells, T.	... 0
" ... ..	Paice, R.	... 1	Stanbrook, H.	... 0
Darts ... ..	Kent, T. W.	... 0	Streams, J.	... 1
" ... ..	Clay, J.	... 0	Boyles, G.	... 1
" ... ..	Broad, R.	... 1	Gibson, H.	... 0
Shooting ... ..	Osborne, H.	... 0	Boyles, J.	... 1
" ... ..	Wadhams, J.	... 1	Cousens, S.	... 0
" ... ..	Shepherd, H.	... ½	Lailey, G.	... ½
		7½		10½

## FOOTBALL.

The " Hop Leaf " is still to the fore and is forging steadily ahead. Each match we play brings us one step nearer the eclipse of our last year's record, one step nearer attaining the ambition

of every local amateur club—Elm Park, where we hope to play in the Reading Town (Senior) Cup semi-final, which is the next round.

Yes, we are still winning, in spite of an unexpected defeat against Woodley, in the Berks and Bucks Junior Cup, on Woodley's ground, which is sufficient explanation for anyone who has played there.

However, to resume where I left off last month. Our match following Didcot was against Goring F.C., an old First Division side, on Prospect Park, whom we defeated by 5 goals to 1. This one goal of theirs was the first scored. They started with a spurt, beat our goalkeeper with a raking shot, and although Hendy equalised soon after, the score remained level for the first half, one goal each. Our tactics in the second half left the opposition standing, and but for the fine performance of Goring's goalkeeper and their right back, double figures would have been a fair result. Our goals were by Hendy (2), Mileham (2) and Chandler.

Previous to the above match there was much talk about rough play to be expected, which proved quite unfounded, for a cleaner and more pleasant game could not be wished for.

The much-thought-of day arrived when we entered the arena with the Biscuit Factory team, on the home ground, in the second round of the Senior Cup. Several verbal messages had been conveyed to us through different channels, but they all bore a similarity of purport—"We shall be beaten." Nevertheless, our boys survived the implications and romped home winners by 4 goals to 1. The match provided plenty of excitement for the good crowd of Brewery supporters, including Major S. V. Shea-Simonds, our President, who came along to back us up. The match opened with some spirited play from Factory, which kept our defence busy, then our lads, recovering from an apparent slight nervousness, obtained the lead through a penalty awarded us and converted by Mortimer. After this the Brewery team settled down to play good, sound football. Crossing over with a lead of one goal and a slight breeze in our favour, we gave the opposing defence an anxious time. Clarkson, our outside left, scored from a nicely placed shot just inside the post, which deceived the goalkeeper completely. After that Hendy came along with a beauty, racing between the backs from practically the halfway line to give the goalkeeper no chance with his final shot. Then Factory took a turn, their centre forward converting a nice centre from the outside left, who played a very useful game all through. Our boys scored once more, through Hendy, before the game concluded, and thus we entered the third round of the competition.

Now comes the first reverse of the season, mentioned above, when we met defeat at the hands of Woodley, who provided us with a much needed tonic, in case we became apt to take matters too easily.

Entertaining Swallowfield on the following Saturday, two players had the misfortune to sustain injuries as the result of a collision. They were both conveyed to the Royal Berks Hospital. Our goalkeeper received a cut and bruised leg, but the Swallowfield player fractured his shin bone. This was most unfortunate as the game was very close, no foul being recorded against us throughout the match. We all wish Mr. Demoney a speedy recovery. He played for the team as they had some difficulty in getting eleven men for this match, and was no doubt their best man, scoring their goal in the first half. Again we made a comfortable win by 5 goals to 1—two more useful points for the League.

#### THE THIRD ROUND.

Speculation ran rife over this round, as we had to await the result of a play-off between Abingdon and Crowthorne, on the latter's ground, and when it was learned that Crowthorne were the victors by 11 goals to 2, things assumed rather a doubtful aspect. Nor were our chances assisted by the weather, which was simply awful. However, we put our shoulders to the wheel and came off better by a smaller margin than usual—4 goals to 3. Hendy was right on form, and succeeded in finding the target on all four occasions, a truly commendable achievement. Play commenced with some fast movements on both sides, but in less than five minutes we had the ball in the net, one of Hendy's headers off a perfect centre from Mileham, who was very unlucky not to score on several occasions. During the second half there was much rain and wind. This, coupled with the state of the ground, gave Crowthorne a temporary advantage, of which they made the most, for in the last twenty minutes we conceded two goals, but managed to retain the lead.

The draw for the semi-final is not yet known, but we hope to give a good account of ourselves whoever we meet.

#### THE RESERVES.

Caversham Institute are the strongest opponents the second team have met since last month's report, and although they were not expected to win away from home, I am sure a draw at least would have been the result had we fielded a full team. Only nine men turned up, but they put up such a splendid fight that the scores

were equal at the cross over—1 goal each. C. Main scored for the Brewery. Caversham managed to get two more goals in the second half.

Another defeat followed, this time against Peppard, on Prospect Park. The village team just reversed the score we beat them by at Peppard, viz., 4 goals to 3.

Whitley United visited us and came off second best. After being 3 goals down at half time, our Reserves fought back strongly and succeeded in winning by 6 goals to 4.

Now came the Woodley match, and following on after the first team's match with them, some excitement was expected: nor were we mistaken. However, we can finish this month's report on the high note, for Shiplake Institute came down last Saturday and left two points with us, which are very acceptable.

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### WORDS OF WISDOM.

Some folks look on the stage of life through the wrong end of the opera glasses.

Wrinkles on the brow do not necessarily mean wrinkles on the heart.

Smile in your mirror and it smiles back at you; look pleasantly at the world and it reflects your good-natured looks; cultivate a warm feeling towards all men and they radiate and give back the warmth. Deal justly. Trade on broad principles. Be not too jealous of your rights. The world—mankind—soon discovers where it is well treated and trades there.

Some people learn enough in six weeks' travel to bore others for a lifetime.

Be true; then you may expect others to be true to you.

If you are not destined to be great you can at least be useful. If you cannot shine as the sun, do not refuse to shine as a star.

Doing good will be found more profitable in the end than digging gold.

Work out this new lesson, bring every action, word and thought to the bar of Love and Justice.

The best friends are those who encourage one another in good works.

Worry is a magnifying glass, which enlarges pin-pricks into sabre thrusts and mole-hills into mountains.

More ideas have been killed by conference than by contempt.

Work never kills, but many seem to avoid it for fear it will.

A great many people fail because they are so dead sure they are going to. It would be a shame to disappoint them.

We never quite realise the sting of hard words until we have to take them back.

The successful man keeps his eye on essentials, which are few, and refuses to worry over or to be distracted by trifles, which are legion.

Let us constantly ask ourselves St. Bernard's daily question: "To what end didst thou come thither?"

Don't give away all your good advice. Save a bit of it for yourself.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision; yield with graciousness, but oppose with firmness.

## MALTA.

Since the publication of the photograph of the "Rose & Crown," Floriana, Malta, in the September edition, we have received from Mr. Tom Paterson the accompanying photograph of his well-known bar, which was taken recently. As will be observed, the advertisements painted on the outside of his premises have undergone a transformation and the group of customers is replaced by the :—

"Winners of the Mediterranean Fleet 110 stone, 130 stone and 111 stone A.A.A. Malta Championship, 1932. Trained on Simonds-Farsons, Limited, 'Blue Label' ALE."



[The above photograph is reproduced by kind permission of The Vernon Studio, Malta.]

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

CURIOSITY : Did you give your wife that little lecture on economy you talked about ? ”

DOMESTICITY : “ Yes.”

CURIOSITY : “ Any results ? ”

DOMESTICITY : “ I’ve got to give up smoking.”

\* \* \* \*

“ How did the detective discover that the gangster was disguised as a woman ? ”

“ He passed a milliner’s window without looking in.”

\* \* \* \*

“ Jack, dear, why are some women called Amazons ? ”

“ Well, my dear, I remember learning that Amazon River has the largest mouth—”

And then the door slammed.

\* \* \* \*

BLUFF DOCTOR : “ Well, my good lady, what is the matter with you ? ”

PATIENT : “ Sir, I am the wife of a Brigadier-General.”

DOCTOR : “ Sorry, I know no remedy for that complaint.”

\* \* \* \*

HE : “ Do you think kissing is as dangerous as the doctors say ? ”

SHE : “ Well, it has certainly put an end to a good many bachelors ! ”

\* \* \* \*

“ Did you make these biscuits, my love ? ”

“ Yes, dear, why do you ask ? ”

“ Well, you know the doctor warned you not to do any heavy work.”

\* \* \* \*

“ Madam,” said the ticket examiner, “ you cannot travel first-class with a third-class ticket.”

“ But I’m one of the directors’ wives,” she protested.

“ You couldn’t do it, madam,” he rejoined, “ if you were the director’s only wife.”

\* \* \* \*

A bee can rise with three times its own weight, says an insectologist. Yes, and sit down with about 300 times its own weight.

\* \* \* \*

Crossing from New York to Southampton, and sitting one day on deck in a rocking-chair and chewing gum, a young American chaffed the Englishmen present on their lack of progress and initiative. The instant retort came from one of them. Said he to the American :

"You are typical of a certain species of American ; there you sit in a rocking-chair chewing gum. One is movement without progress and the other is mastication without nourishment ! "

\* \* \* \*

Dad and Dave were working about the yard when Dad stubbed his toes against an old tree stump. " ——— that ——— stump ! " he cried. " I wish the ——— thing was in hell. "

" You shouldn't say that, Dad, " drawled Dave ; " 'cause it might be, an' then you'd be fallin' over it agen some day. "

\* \* \* \*

One of Levinsky's customers was notorious for his slowness in meeting his liabilities. He simply would not pay for goods purchased. In desperation Levinsky sent the following letter :

" SIR, — Who bought a lot of goods from me and did not pay ? — You. But who promised to pay in 60 days ? — You. Who didn't pay in six months ? — You. Who is a scoundrel, a thief and a liar ? — Yours very truly, Al Levinsky. "

\* \* \* \*

A middle-aged lady, who had been summoned to appear on a jury, asked to be excused.

" On what grounds, madam ? " asked the judge.

" Because, my lord, I do not believe in capital punishment, " she replied.

" But the case about to be tried has nothing to do with capital punishment, " the judge pointed out. " It concerns a dispute between a married couple about the sum of two hundred pounds. The wife entrusted it to her husband to buy a fur coat for her, but he used the money to back horses. "

" Oh, if that's it, " said the woman, brightening up, " I'll serve. " Then, after a pause, she added in a reflective tone : " Perhaps, after all, I am wrong about capital punishment. "

\* \* \* \*

A small boy had a fight with a playmate in the neighbourhood. His mother reprimanded him and concluded by saying : " It must have been Satan who suggested hitting Willie Jones in the eye. "

" I wouldn't be surprised, " the child replied musingly, " but, " he added proudly, " kicking him in the shins was my *own* idea. "

\* \* \* \*

The very particular woman was having her bedroom redecorated. Wishing to see what progress the painter was making in his work she crept to the bottom of the stairs and listened. Not a sound reached her ears from inside the room.

" Painter, " she called out, becoming suspicious, " are you working ? "

" Yes, ma'am, " came the reply.

" I can't hear you making a sound, " she returned bitingly.

" Perhaps not, ma'am, " he shouted back. " I ain't puttin' the stuff on with an 'ammer. "

\* \* \* \*

" Why, " asked the magistrate severely, " did you strike your husband with a kitchen chair ? "

" Because, " said the lady, " I couldn't lift the kitchen stove. "

\* \* \* \*

The social worker was making her annual tour of the big prison. She stopped outside one cell and looked through the bars at its wizen-faced inmate.

" Well, my man, " she said tenderly, " and what brought you here ? "

" Well, lady, " said the prisoner, " when I was a boy my father said that he wanted me to marry beauty and brains, and I wanted to please him. "

" Yes ? " she said, puzzled. " Go on. "

" So I'm in here for bigamy, " came the reply.

\* \* \* \*

BROWN : " Do you know your wife is going about telling everybody that you can't keep her in clothes ? "

JONES : " That's nothing. I bought her a home, and I can't keep her in that, either. "

\* \* \* \*

LADY (engaging new maid) : " And what's your religion ? "

MAID : " Well, Mum, mother goes to church and father goes to chapel, but speaking for myself, I'm wireless ! "

Two friends (one married, the other a bachelor) were at the latest play, admiring the performance of a famous actor.

"By Jove," the married man murmured, "he's wonderful. The way he displays affection towards the leading lady, eh?"

"Yes—pretty good," the bachelor agreed. "But you know, he's been married to her, actually, for eighteen years."

"What? Really married? Gosh—what an actor!"

\* \* \* \*

The vicar was taking a walk in the garden when he saw his manservant hand a slip of paper to a backdoor caller. His suspicions aroused, the vicar took a short cut, intercepted the caller and demanded to see the communication. It was a betting slip. The vicar sent for his manservant.

"So, John, you waste your money on horse-racing? Oh, foolish John. Oh, doubly foolish John, 'Fireaway' doesn't have an earthly, anyway, over that distance."

\* \* \* \*

PATIENT: "Doctor, I've got a pain in my throat."

DOCTOR: "H'm! Tonsils. Soon have those out."

PATIENT (a month later): "Doctor, this pain just here—"

DOCTOR: "Appendix. Soon have that out."

PATIENT (some weeks later): "Doctor, I don't know whether I'm wise to mention it, but I've a frightful headache."

\* \* \* \*

WIFE: "Dear, I am getting so absentminded—I went to buy you some socks and bought myself a hat instead."

\* \* \* \*

SCHOOLMASTER: "Now I have an impression in my head. Can any of you boys tell me what an impression is?"

LITTLE BOY: "Yes, sir. An impression is a dent in a soft spot."

\* \* \* \*

"Your mistress tells me, Jane, that you wish to leave us to become an attendant at a lunatic asylum of all places! What makes you think you'll like it? What experience have you had?"

"Well, sir, I've been here three years."

\* \* \* \*

"A man should always learn his station in life," said the pompous gentleman in the carriage.

"So he should!" agreed his fellow passenger. "There's nothing so annoying as being carried on to the next one and having to take the train back!"

\* \* \* \*

"Your husband has started a great many enterprises, I believe?"

"He has."

"How has he succeeded?"

"Failed in everything. But he has got hold of something now that will hold water, I believe."

"Ah, indeed."

"Yes, he has gone into the milk business."

\* \* \* \*

HE: "My father weighed only four pounds at birth."

SHE: "Good gracious! Did he live?"

\* \* \* \*

ANGRY GUIDE: "Why didn't you shoot at the tiger?"

THE TIMID HUNTER: "He didn't have the right kind of expression on his face for a rug."

\* \* \* \*

PROFESSOR: "I will use my hat to represent the planet Mars. Are there any questions before I go?"

STUDENT: "Yes. Is Mars inhabited?"

\* \* \* \*

DOCTOR: "Well, my good woman, why didn't you send for me before?"

WIFE OF PATIENT: "Well, sir, we thought we'd wait awile an' give 'im a chance to get over it."

\* \* \* \*

"What is your lodger?"

"A great inventor."

"Really. What has he invented?"

"A new excuse every month for not paying his rent."

\* \* \* \*

WAITER : " Are you the fried flounder, sir ? "

CUSTOMER : " No, but I'm a poor lonely sole with an empty plaice, and I'm waiting for something to fillet. "

\* \* \* \*

SON : " You can take your finger off that leak now, father. "

FATHER : " Thank goodness ! Is the plumber here at last ? "

SON : " No, the house is on fire. "

\* \* \* \*

HUSBAND : " I thought we were going to practise economy, dear ? "

WIFE : " We are, darling. I cancelled your order for a suit and bought a hat for half the money ! "

\* \* \* \*

" I suppose you know of my family tree ? " said a pompous man to his friend.

" Yes, " answered the friend ; " it may be a good tree, but it looks to me as if the crop was a failure. "

\* \* \* \*

ARTHUR : " Do you really believe the pen is mightier than the sword ? "

JIM : " Well, you never saw anybody sign a cheque with a sword, did you ? "

\* \* \* \*

MOTHER : " Robert, you haven't studied your history lesson. "

BOBBY : " Ah, mother, why not let bygones be bygones ? "

\* \* \* \*

" Yer couldn't see a man starve, could yer, lidy ? "

" Not very well. I've come out without my glasses. "

\* \* \* \*

VISITOR : " Do you like reciting, dear ? "

CHILD : " Oh, no, I hate it, really. But mummy makes me do it when she wants people to go. "

\* \* \* \*

The waiter brought him soup. " Don't you see there's a fly in it ? " he complained. " Shouldn't worry about that, sir, " replied the waiter, " it's not much a fly can drink. "

\* \* \* \*

### " THE EIGHT BELLS, " NEWBURY.

Mr. John Spracklen, the popular landlord of the " Eight Bells, " Newbury, is here seen standing in the doorway of his inn, where Simonds' well-known brands may always be obtained.

In the smaller picture Mr. Spracklen is seen by the side of a fine lot of runner beans.



## BRANCHES.

## PORTSMOUTH.

The appointment is now announced of Captain J. F. Somerville, D.S.O., as Commodore in command of Portsmouth Naval Barracks. Captain Somerville has recently relinquished command of the cruiser *Norfolk* and will succeed Commodore H. E. Dannreuther, D.S.O., at the Naval Barracks, who has held this post for the past year. Captain Somerville is a specialist in wireless and was Director of the Signal Department in 1925-27.

The annual re-union dinner of the Sergeants, past and present, of the Hampshire Regiment, held at the Winchester Guildhall on Saturday, October 1st, was, in every way, just as remarkable a gathering as any of the preceding similar events. One of the most interesting features of this gathering is the fact that it differs from so many other Regimental dinners, inasmuch as the distinguished officers attending are, in the strict sense of the word, guests of the club. The duties of chairman were ably carried out by R.S.M. Herrington. Many and varied were the experiences mentioned in the commendably short speeches, many of them being particularly happy in reminiscences of the Regiment. References were made to the great traditions of the Regiment and the noble way in which these traditions were being upheld to-day, both at home and abroad. The principal guests included the Colonel of the Regiment, General Sir R. E. B. Haking, G.B.E., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., and the Mayor of Winchester among many distinguished officers. Before dinner there was a parade to the County War Memorial where a wreath was deposited.

The annual Trade and Industries Exhibition, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Manufacturers' Association, was held in the Connaught Drill Hall, Portsmouth. Crowds of people visited this exhibition and were generally impressed with the optimism of the stall holders. Among the principal features of the exhibition was the Bluebird aeroplane, which was piloted round the world by the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, demonstrations by Post Office officials of the automatic telephone, teleprinter and telephones for the deaf, etc., and weaving operated by local blind people.

Portsmouth F.C. are playing well up to expectations and opponents are finding them a difficult side to beat. Matches of the finest class are being seen at the park and "Pompey" now seem to be reaping the reward of years of team-building and their close adherence to the scientific game.

Hampshire, who so narrowly missed winning the rugby championship last season, again appear to have rosy prospects in this year's tourney. Backed by the strength of the United Services (Portsmouth) there is no question that they are able to field one of the strongest fifteens in the country.

## LONDON.

We take great pleasure in reporting the recent marriage of one of our clerical staff, Mr. E. W. Buckland, who has been with the Firm some 12 years, to Miss V. M. Clarke. The ceremony took place at St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, S.E., on Saturday, October 15th. Members of the staff who were present noted with pleasure the burst of sunshine that greeted the happy pair as they left the Cathedral. The party made a very pretty picture; the bride being dressed in white, tastefully designed in mediaeval style, carrying a bouquet of red carnations, was followed by three bridesmaids dressed in pale green.

On Friday, October 14th, Major F. J. Johnson officiated at a pleasing ceremony when Mr. Buckland was presented with a selection of cutlery as a token of goodwill from the staff, to mark the occasion. Major Johnson wished Mr. Buckland and his bride-to-be every happiness, health and prosperity, and said he hoped they would continue to "ladle" out to each other the good things in life, to which Mr. Buckland suitably responded.

Another interesting event which we should like to record is a further success of our Mr. L. Humphrey in the rowing world. His club (Barnes & District Amateur R.C.) representing Thames A.R.A., for whom he was rowing No. 3, successfully competed in the annual race for Lord Desborough's challenge cup, open to eights under National Amateur Rowing Association's jurisdiction. The race is held over the course from Putney to Hammersmith, a distance of  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles. Owing to the rough water conditions, three of the crews sunk before the finish and the race was declared void. The second race took place on the ebb tide from Barnes Bridge to Hammersmith, which Thames A.R.A. won by 3 lengths. Representative crews were entered by:—

Thames A.R.A. (Barnes & District A.R.C.).

North London A.R.A. (Clapton Warwick A.R.C.).

Hants & Dorset A.R.A. (composite crew).

Oxford A.R.A. (composite crew) who originally entered did not compete in the second race.

Mr. Humphrey brought back for inspection a handsome silver cup which we hope was an adequate reward for his afternoon's "ducking" and racing.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. E. Thornbery, Ludgershall Branch, had been injured in a motor accident, and trust that by now he has quite recovered. All at London send their kind regards and best wishes.

Our Mr. E. Golds has been asked to convey to Mr. F. H. Biggs the kind regards of Mr. Claydon, formerly of the Berkshire Yeomanry and now a member of the Metropolitan Police Force and stationed at Sutton, Surrey.

The publishing of the photograph in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE of Mr. W. Miller (traveller) gave satisfaction to us all. We were pleased to know of the honour that has been granted him.

### LUDGERSHALL.

#### THE CITY ARMS, SALISBURY.

The above hostelry, which is one of the oldest inns in the city and the property of Mr. J. Salter, was recently the rendezvous of a large company who assembled to mark the occasion of the fixing of an ancient turret-bell over the bar counter at The City Arms, Salisbury.

The company included the Mayor of Salisbury (Councillor J. S. Rambridge), Col. the Hon. George Herbert, Mr. John Morrison, Councillor E. J. Case, Mr. J. Salter and Mr. W. Moore (the licensee).

Mr. Salter explained that when on a visit to Fonthill some time ago he saw the bell, which bears the date 1675 and weighs about half a cwt., and said he would like to purchase it. Mr. Morrison kindly made him a present of it and it had been fixed up in that inn, which was not only one of the oldest in the district, but was still a "free" house as it had always been. He was pleased that Mr. Morrison, son of the late Mr. Hugh Morrison, formerly their member in Parliament, was present to give the bell its first ring in its new home.

#### FROM THE ABBEY?

Mr. Morrison performed the "ceremony" and Mr. G. W. N. Cole, of Fonthill, then explained that the bell was believed to have been taken from the old abbey and erected at Fonthill House when built by William Beckford in 1795.

Col. Herbert and the Mayor congratulated Mr. Salter on securing the old bell, the Mayor remarking that it was very appropriate to have it fixed up in such an old inn.

Mr. Salter in thanking the company for their presence paid tribute to the whole-hearted manner in which the Mayor had carried out the duties of his office during the past year.