

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1934.

No. 2



MR. G. E. ROYNON.

MR. G. E. ROYNON.

The publication of the portrait of Mr. Roynon will be received by a wide circle of his friends in the Salisbury Plain area and will recall to members of the staff who have moved to other branches the early days of life at Ludgershall Branch and the strenuous work which the summer camps on the Plain involved and in which they shared.

At the time of joining the Firm at Ludgershall in May, 1905, Mr. Roynon fulfilled the duties of military trade traveller and covered the districts of Tidworth, Bulford and various camps on the Plain.

His biographer has recollections of him, when he first joined the Firm, returning from his rounds on his bicycle, jovial and rubicund and brimful of anecdotal history of the day's events, which he related with a wealth of description and the mannerism of a born orator. One particular story brought forth a comment from the Branch Manager that "he would entice a duck off a pond," a remark which vividly illustrated Mr. Roynon's persuasive eloquence.

With the growth of business and the consequent rearrangement of duties, Mr. Roynon was later occupied solely with the private trade and has carried on that work ever since, covering a considerable district and visiting all the local markets and fairs, where he is a well-known figure. Familiarly known to his numerous friends as "George" and occasionally posing as an amateur tipster, after his visits to the Beckhampton district, it has been suggested that the two well known racehorses "Where's George" and "Here's George" were named after him. The truth of this statement however has not been definitely established.

In the early stages of the Great War, Mr. Roynon was in charge of the Bulford Station Depot which served the Bulford and Larkhill camps and in 1916 he joined the Royal Army Pay Corps, in which unit he served until the conclusion of hostilities.

A keen sportsman, Mr. Roynon still takes a great interest in cricket and football, in which games he was an eager participant in earlier years when very enjoyable evenings were spent after business hours, shared by visiting members of Reading staff.

EDITORIAL.

MR. STOCKER'S ILLNESS.

The illness of Mr. Stocker during the past many weeks has caused all his friends much anxiety and concern.

We are glad to know that he has borne his period of sickness with his usual fortitude and patience and, in fact, has been a model in his obedience to the Doctor's orders.

The latest information is to the effect that we may look forward to seeing him in The Brewery chair before too long; we all devoutly hope so.

In the meantime, Mr. Knapp is carrying on with his usual quiet efficiency.

S.B. AGAIN.

The great air race which has made history was won by **Scott** and **Black** whose **Supreme Bravery** and **Splendid Behaviour** throughout their great adventure won the admiration of the whole world.

TOT(E)TING IT UP.

Already this year the total turnover of totalisators is over £4,000,000, including £310,081 taken at Ascot, a record for this country.

ALL DONE BY BEER.

Here's the story of a most remarkable porker—the pig who drinks beer. Six months ago Little Mick was a miserable, skinny porker not expected to live. Now he has been weighed and nearly broke the scales at 35st. The secret is beer. Little Mick, on two pints a day, has become ten times the pig he was. At the age of three months Little Mick was sold to his present proud owner, Gus Taylor, of the Ship Hotel, Mortlake. Little Mick was so poorly that Mr. Taylor paid only five shillings for him. Then the beer treatment began. Little Mick began to swell. Twenty pints later Little Mick began to swell. Forty pints later and Little Mick showed every sign of developing into a fine upstanding porker. From that moment Little Mick has never seen his feet. He has definitely become a two-bottle porker.

He is still swelling. Provided he does not explode suddenly, Little Mick seems likely to become the most portly porker in the world.

And it's all done on beer!

ALCOHOL IN 'TEETOTAL' DRINKS.

The Government chemist has been testing drinks. He tested fifty-eight samples of supposedly non-alcoholic liquor and found alcohol present in nineteen cases. In some cases as much as eight per cent. of proof spirit was found in "dry" drinks.

The chemist also found that not one of the beer samples he tested afforded evidence of dilution.

INSTRUCTIVE BEER-SHOP SIGN.

Mr. Alfred North sends to the *Times* a detailed description of a sign, attributed to Hogarth, which used to hang outside a beer-shop in Oxford Street and is believed to be one of the most ornate ever displayed in London. It was known as "A Man Loaded with Mischief" or "Matrimony," and represented a "wedlocked" man carrying upon his shoulders a monkey, a magpie, and a gaily-dressed female, who in her hand bore a glass filled with gin. In the background of the picture could be seen a public-house named the "Cuckhold's Fortune," as well as the open door of an establishment kept by "S. Gripe, Pawn-broker." To complete the pleasing prospect were a couple of amatory cats and an old sleeping sow, labelled as being "drunk." An engraving of this allegorical "masterpiece" was displayed in the window of the ale-house, bearing an imprint to the effect that the same had been "Drawn by Experience; Engraved by Sorrow," while presumably by way of warning were added the words: "A Monkey, a Magpie, and a Wife is the true Emblem of Strife."

FOR THE HEATHEN.

The collector approached a parishioner and held out the box.

"I never give to missions," whispered the parishioner.

"Then take something out of the box, sir," whispered the collector, "the money is for the heathen!"

A GEM.

The following gem was painted on the door of a London public-house. It provides an example of words that might be expressed differently: "The Children Act of 1909 is strictly complied with on these premises. Children under 14 years of age may be served in sealed bottles."

STRANGERS MAY APPLY.

"Ancient Churchyard, beautiful country near London. Burial of a few non-parishioners allowed at special fees. . . . Write Box. . . ."—*In an "Agony" column of daily paper.*

IS IRISH WHISKY TOO STRONG?

The consumption of Irish whisky has fallen by 300,000 proof gallons in the past eight years, and the suggestion has been made in a leading article in a trade paper that the strength of whisky in the Irish Free State should be reduced, on the ground that the stress of modern life demands a less potent beverage. The paper contended that if Irish whisky were as weak as Scotch whisky the price would fall, and more drinking, but less drunkenness, would result.

The idea has not found favour with either distillers or temperance workers. Commenting on the proposal, a prominent temperance worker said:—

"To lessen the intoxicating property of whisky would cause a new lot of people to drink. I would not like to see the price of whisky lowered."

Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty, the Irish author, said:—

"It is our only really individual product, and I could never accede to a suggestion that we should produce half-hearted whisky."

"Why should we lower ourselves to the level of Scotland? Scotch whisky is often regarded as a teetotal drink. Besides, it is not their whisky that intoxicates the Irish."

A Dublin distiller stated that a reduction in strength would adversely affect the reputation of Irish whisky.

"WRIT IN PERFECTLY STYLE."

From the English section of an Oriental newspaper:

"The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder commit, we hear of it and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it and in border somber. Staff has each been colleged and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements."

COMMANDER SIMONDS RETAINS HIS SEAT.

Hearty congratulations to our esteemed Director, Commander H. D. Simonds, on retaining his seat on the Reading Town Council, where his sound commonsense and great business ability are already making their mark. The fact that he increased his previous majority from 275 to 332 shows the electors are convinced that the confidence they reposed in him at the by-election in May has been more than justified. Commander Simonds represents Redlands Ward.

APPEAL TO WOMEN.

This is an appeal to every woman. Paris is trying, with a subtlety born of long experience in dealing with you, to get you to wear aigrettes. Aigrettes are plumes from the quaint and lovely egret, a branch of the heron family, and a bird, alas, now becoming rare. These feathers are nuptial ornaments: they spring from the back of the bird when she is breeding. They are at their loveliest just after the young birds are hatched. Then this is what happens:—Hunters in the tropics shoot or trap the egret and tear out the plumes. The bird is left dead, or, worse, to struggle maimed and dying trying to reach her baby birds. The baby birds utter weakly cries. They are hungry, and they want their mother. The mother is a little stiff bundle of bloody feathers. And the cries of the baby birds grow weaker as they starve to death. Importation of such plumage has long been against the law. But they are smuggled into this country. A press representative found them in several shops in London. One shop said they did not stock them because it was known the Queen was against such trimmings. Beware of stories of "old stock." Every plume you buy will be replaced by another. And beware of stories of egrets reared humanely in captivity. Humanity is impossible. Remember that the only birds from which the plumes can be torn are mothers.

READING'S LUCK IN THE SWEEP.

Reading had her share of the luck in the Irish Sweep for the Cambridgeshire this year, for although none of the major prizes came to the town, five horses were drawn by Reading people. They were Mr. John William Pattinson (whose non-de-plume was "Darby and Joan"), of 5, Derby Road, Caversham, who drew "Homily"; Mr. William Whitehouse ("Sweet Violets"), of 12, Silver Street, Reading—"The Font"; Mr. W. Bradford ("Rhoest"), 52, Beresford Road, Reading—"Indiarubber"; Mr. F. P. B. Walker ("See-Saw, Margery Daw"), of the Boar's Head, Friar Street, Reading—"Mary Tudor II"; and Mr. Alfred Priest ("Trix"), of 30, Waterloo Road, Reading—"Celestial City." When Mr. Walker had the news of his good fortune broken to him he pointed to his 17 months old son and said "That's the little chap who did it!" He explained that someone left a book of tickets in the house and the little boy grabbed it and crumpled one of them so much that it was decided to keep it. That was the lucky ticket.

All the above receive £402 6s.

WITS AT THE "JACK."

So the old "Jack" is no more. On its walls are the curt notice "Closed," and the auctioneers' bills announcing the sale of furniture, writess "The Deputy" in *The Newbury Weekly News*. Saturday night, October 27th, when it closed its doors, was more in the nature of a wake than an interment. Mr. and Mrs. Cadd kept "open house," and the result was a record gathering. A rugby team visiting Newbury, scenting fun, turned up in force. The one and only "Gracie" had a long spell of duty, for there was an extension until half-past eleven. Would-be wits seized the opportunity for a display of their humour, the quality of which may be judged from two efforts to be seen in the bar. One read "Abandon hops all ye that enter here." The other was the name of an outsider which romped home at Newbury Races on Friday and was called "Boozer's Gloom." The term was certainly not apropos, for in Mr. Cadd's time no "boozer" was ever made welcome at the "Jack." Mr. Cadd was not only a good citizen, but a model landlord. Anyone who showed the least inclination of "having one over the eight" was always asked to leave long before this happened.

CHALK STREAMS.

Mr. Cecil Harmsworth is the author of "A Little Fishing Book," of which only eighty copies have been printed. It is full of the most delicate prose and verse, a trifle of which is printed below:—

CHALK STREAMS.

Where run pure streams in golden English vales
Full-flowing from the Chalk Down's copious breast,
Lambourn or Lyde or stately moving Test,
Kennet or Itchen, and when Summer gales
Blow soft with incense of all meadow flowers
And thrill with anthems of unnumbered strains,

Let it be mine to linger through the hours
Busy in idleness. If small the gains
Of careful art or many triumphs won
Abideth still in after days the sense
Of heart-uplifting benediction
Divinely given and healing recompense

Nor squander'd these fair days, I trust, if so
With grace of simple thankfulness they go.

MINISTER'S HIGH OPINION OF "THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE."

Almost every month highly appreciative letters are received by the Editor concerning the contents of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE

and below he is pleased to give a charming communication from a Congregational Minister. Last month Miss Prosser, under the initials "M.P." wrote a very entertaining article concerning her visit to the Oberammergau Play and mentioned the good fellowship and assistance received from "the leader of our party, a clergyman from St. Albans." Miss Prosser posted him a "H.L.G." containing her article and this is his reply :—

Dear Miss Prosser,

I must write straight away to thank you for that most interesting article on your "Holiday." I hadn't realised, by the bye, that we had an "M.P." in our party or I should have been still more deferential. I am talking to the folk at Bricket Wood early next month about the holiday and your article has revived many a memory and will be of real practical service then. I am so very glad to think that I can have deserved the high praise you give to the "clergyman" from St. Albans!

And how interesting the magazine is as a whole. I wish we could make our Church Magazines as interesting. I am afraid against all my convictions I shall have to give some points to the claim that "beer is best." And I should almost be persuaded to become a Catholic if they provided continuously such delightful fables for their children as that taken from their Reading Magazine and incorporated in yours. If you come across any more up to that standard do let me know. If you produce this sort of stuff regularly you will almost persuade me to become a subscriber to THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, though I can't possibly read all the stuff I take in already.

All good wishes and thank you once again for remembering me in this way.



A NIGHTMARE.

PROBABLY CAUSED BY WAR WHISKEY.

The "Eight Bells" rang, at "The Queen's" they sang,
And "The Catherine Wheel" went round ;
"The Steamer" heaved on a rolling sea,
And "The Anchor" held its ground.

"The Nag's Head" looked o'er "The Castle" gate,
And saw "The Greyhound" kill ;
"Jack of Newbury" expressed surprise,
At the length of "The Pelican's" bill.

In "The Cooper's Arms" the "Black Boys" laid,
"The Lion" with "The Lamb" laid down ;
"The Cross Keys" opened "The Red House" door,
To "The Apprentice of London Town."

"The Bricklayers' Arms" on "The Sugarloaf" laid,
And started to break it down ;
They a portion left at "The Borough Arms"
And some at "The Rose and Crown."

"Adam and Eve" as "Gardeners" worked,
And "The Plough" was put into grass ;
"King Charles" was hid in a "Tiger's" den
When "The Volunteers" went past.

"The Hare and Hounds" ate "The Fighting Cocks,"
"The Black Bear" climbed up a log ;
"The Hatchett" chopped off "Carnarvon Arms"
And "Wellington" bought "The Old Dog."

"The Atlas Tap" didn't care a rap,
That "The Bell" on the hill should ring ;
"The Weavers" clothed "Lord Falkland's Arms,"
And I found "The Newmarket Inn."

"The Globe" rolled round, "The Dolphin" swam,
And some one fired "The Gun" ;
In "The Hunt's Bar" yard "The Two Brewers" played
And "The Pigeons" flew in "The Sun."

The old "Pig and Whistle" had eaten "The Thistle,"
"The Monument" stands in the west ;
At "The Queen's Arms" I stayed, at "The Chequers" I played,
Good luck to the old "Donkey's Rest."

At "Burton House" they had a spree,
 "The Cricketers" were the givers;
 "The Rokeby Arms" came down the hill,
 And "The Swan" came up the rivers.

In "The King Coffee House" near the captured gun,
 I had something to cure the flu;
 "The Star" shone bright on that dark night,
 At "The Phoenix" I the landlord knew.

"Robin Hood" broke "The White Hart's" chain,
 And set the poor thing free;
 "The Drummers" played at "The Bacon Arms"
 And had a rare old spree.

"The Old Horse and Waggon" took "St. George and the Dragon"
 To "The Derby" over the hill,
 Where the district ends, "The Traveller's Friends"
 At "The White House" paid the bill.

The manager asked me to have a drink
 As I went past "The Soldier's Club";
 It was very good, 'twas brewed from wood
 And leaves of a Chinese shrub.

I now made tracks for the good old "Axe
 And Compass" near the line;
 In "The Railway" door I had some more
 And with Frank had a real good time.

I "The Blue Ball" played with a dark tall maid,
 That had stripes and a helmet on;
 Well, she led me away the night to stay.
 I am nearing the end of my song.

In the morning cold I was not so bold,
 I was marched away to the court
 By a man in blue, 'twas the maid I knew,
 At least that's what I thought.

"The Mayor Arms" on the desk he laid,
 And fined me a "Crown," then sternly says
 Now pay for your fun at "The Rising Sun,"
 Ten bob, or seven days.

—H.B., Newbury, 1919.

MARRIAGE OF Miss D. C. STANLEY AND Mr. C. E. WOOTTEN.

The Parish Church at Bramley was crowded on the occasion of the wedding of Miss D. C. Stanley and Mr. C. E. Wootten. It was an extremely pretty wedding. The bride was born and brought up in the village of Bramley. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Stanley, who resided in the village for about thirty years, but have now gone to live at Stratfield Turgis. Miss Stanley was attended by five bridesmaids.

The bridegroom, Mr. Charles Ernest Wootten, is the younger son of the late Mr. Charles Ernest Wootten and Mrs. Wootten, of "The Old House at Home," Pamber, near Basingstoke. "Ernie," as the bridegroom is familiarly known, is most popular in the sports of the district, particularly in cricket and football. He is now captain of the Bramley C.C. Mr. Frederick Blewden, his cousin, attended as groomsmen.

The reception was held in the Village Hall at Stratfield Turgis.

Both families are old residents in the district. The bridegroom's family have held the licence of "The Old House at Home," Pamber, under Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, for about forty-odd years; his grandfather, Mr. George Blewden, for about 15 years; his father for about 22 years; and since his father's death, for about 5 years by Mrs. Wootten (the widow) with the assistance of her two sons.

The wedding presents numbered about eighty.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A few drops of salad-oil in soapy water will get the dirt out of wash-leather gloves like magic. Rinse in another lather, squeeze in a towel and hang out in the air to dry.

To remove grease from the top of soup, put in a piece of celery top, or a lettuce or cabbage leaf. Any one of these will absorb all grease.

There is nothing equal to kerosene to remove rust from iron. Petrol will remove rust from nickel.

Table-salt rubbed on egg stains on silver will cleanse them.

A NATURE NOTE.

FISHING FOR PIKE AND PERCH.

TROUT'S REGULAR HABITS.

(BY C.H.P.)

This morning (Sunday, October 21st) I was up the Thames-side early and noticed a dozen or more swallows and martins, the thrushes were singing, and one lark could not resist the warm burst of sunshine and, rising from the ground, soared aloft, leaving behind him a silver stream of song.

The gulls are arriving in ever-increasing numbers, peewits and starlings are journeying to and fro and feeding in flocks. As I was watching them I noticed an old crow chasing a sparrow hawk. With what speed and ease that hawk flew, describing many extremely graceful curves as, without any difficulty, he evaded his pursuer. Had they engaged in combat there would doubtless have been a fierce and bloody fight, and I should not have liked to put heavy odds on either bird, for both are in the habit of daily dealing out death to many victims and know no mercy.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

As I strolled up the riverside I had an eye to business and looked out some likely "swims" for fishing in the winter months. But this morning the water has little life in it and is as clear as gin. Anglers will have little luck to-day. Then I passed a spot where not long since I had enjoyed quite a good afternoon's sport.

A friend of mine gave me a dozen nice fat minnows and one little bleak. And on a Saturday afternoon—and very wet it was, too—I set out with great expectations. I was pater-nostering and had not been fishing for five minutes when away went my float right out of sight. I seized my rod, struck and soon landed a little pike. He put up a plucky fight, and though he was just sizable I promptly returned him to the water. Placing him gently in some weeds, there he remained motionless for about a minute, then off he shot like lightning away into the deeps. Three more pike I caught, all about the same size, and returned them to the water to provide sport for another day. The one perch I caught was just over $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. He re-appeared in a different form on the breakfast table and was delicious. I had several other "runs," or bites, and all my minnows went. Curiously enough, the little bleak was not touched, and at the close of the day he was as fresh as ever. He had done his duty, so I was glad to give him his liberty. Evidently pike and perch prefer minnows to bleak.

Five fish in about four hours was not at all bad sport, and though, when I reeled in, I was wet through, I enjoyed the afternoon immensely.

NOTHING DOING.

But you do not, by any means, always catch as many as five fish in four hours. Twice since have I been out and on neither occasion did I catch one fish. I did not even have a bite—except when I ate my bread and cheese and Spanish onion. Such food, washed down by one of Simonds' 5X nips, is fit for a king and will keep out almost any cold.

On this occasion I was fishing for roach and dace, or anything else that might come along. I used bread paste, gentles and cheese. But it was all to no purpose. About eight hours fishing and not even one nibble—slow work you may think. But I enjoyed every minute of it. Other fishermen were there, too, in the form of dabchicks and kingfishers. They dived down and rarely failed to bring a little fish to the surface. As they did so they seemed to look at me and say, "That's the way to do it, guv'nor!"

TROUT'S REGULAR HABITS.

It is extraordinary how the fish will be right on the feed one day and right off the next. Then, again, you may enjoy good sport one hour and see never a sign of a fish the next. Trout appear to be very regular in their times for feeding. My friend, Mr. Sam Isaacs, the well-known boat proprietor, related to me an interesting case the other day. Just opposite his landing stage a trout fed regularly about 12.30. Often at this time the ferry boat was being rowed across to the island, but ferry boat or no ferry boat this fish took his meal regularly at the time mentioned, much to the interest of many people crossing the water.

FRIENDLY ROBINS.

And Mr. Isaacs also gave me some interesting details about a couple of robins. When, as the result of an accident, he was laid up and had his bed in a tent on the island, these two birds came and kept him company, and every day might be seen at the foot of his bed. Rupert and Rufus he named them. Mr. Isaacs fed them and they became great friends. Of course, when Mr. Isaacs was well again he left the island and pursued his calling on the other side of the water.

The robins found him out and the friendship was renewed.

PHEASANT'S NEST IN SEPTEMBER.

Another friend of mine tells me of a pheasant having her nest and laying her full clutch of eggs in September. This is extraordinarily late. The eggs were placed under a hen and the little family is thriving.

PUBLICAN MAY OWN A RADIO.

There are some people who are under the impression that when a man obtains a licence to serve his Majesty's lieges with alcoholic beverages for consumption on the premises he automatically forfeits his rights and privileges as a private citizen, says the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*. When a King's Bench Divisional Court assures Justices, chief constables, and anybody else it may concern that such a conclusion is wrong in law, the fact is worth recording.

In July last year a court of summary jurisdiction sitting at Sheffield declared that Mr. T. A. Badger, licensee of the Millhouses Hotel, Abbeydale Road, Sheffield, was not entitled to operate a wireless set which he had installed in the private portion of his premises without a music licence, and they fined him £10 for so doing. Mr. Badger carried the case to the Recorder of Sheffield, who allowed the appeal and quashed the conviction.

The Chief Constable of Sheffield did not let the matter rest there, but contested the Recorder's finding in a Divisional Court, where, on Friday, the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Avory and Mr. Justice du Parc decided that the Recorder came to a proper conclusion and dismissed the appeal with costs.

It was admitted that the wireless set in question was situated on the first floor of the hotel, and was placed in a passage on the private side of a swing door which divided the parts of the house occupied by the licensee from the parts used by the public. The police, who visited the hotel on various occasions, and took altogether about four hours in investigating the matter, discovered that the instrument was operated intermittently by a barmaid or some other person employed in the hotel, and that it produced music or singing for one-quarter of that time.

It was also found that when the swing door was opened the music was audible not only to members of the household who were at work upstairs and when serving in the bar, but also in a greater or less degree in the rooms and passages frequented by the public.

Mr. Badger admitted the evidence. He said he had bought the set for the amusement of himself and his staff, and had installed it where the music could be heard while they were at work, but he declared that it had not had the effect of increasing the takings in the hotel, and his statement was not challenged. Mr. Paley Scott, K.C., for the chief constable, argued that if the public could hear the entertainment it followed that the house was "kept for public music," but the Lord Chief Justice said that in order to prove that contention it must be shown that the performance was continuous

On the facts of the case he came to the conclusion that there was not such a degree of continuous or regular music as would justify a conviction, and the appeal was accordingly dismissed. The effect of which is to confirm the licensee in his right to operate the wireless in the non-public part of his hotel, and if the chief constable objects that the entertainment might be spasmodically overheard by the public, I can only suggest that customers should be supplied with ear-wads at the expense of the police.

[Of course, the copyright question is quite another story.—ED., H.L.G.]

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Be sociable. Remember that the social elements like the air we breathe, are purified by motions. Thought illumines thought.

Lonesomeness is part of the cost of power. The higher you climb, the less can you hope for companionship. The heavier and the more immediate the responsibility, the less can a man delegate his tasks or escape his own mistakes.

"Friendship is like the sun: some people have but a small share in his beams . . . but some have splendid fires, and aromatic spices, rich wines . . . and great will and great courage: because they dwell in his eyes, and look in his face, and are the courtiers of the sun, and wait upon him in the chambers of the East."

—Jeremy Taylor.

If you cannot sleep at night—count your blessings.

Many a man who thinks he is self-made is only wife-made.

That which is hotly uttered to another cools slowly in his memory.

"What I say is, life ain't all you want, but it's all you 'ave; so 'ave it; stick a geranium in yer 'at, and be 'appy."—W. L. George.

"Everything in this world that is worth while has been produced by the individual. The crowd never invented anything."—Sir John Foster Fraser.

Beauty without honesty is like poison kept in a box of gold.

We are taught to fly in the air like birds and to swim in the water like fishes ; but how to live on the earth we do not know.

Willingness to change your mind may be proof of wisdom—if you aren't an umpire.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life ; by indifference, which is the most common ; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious ; and by religion, which is the most effectual.

Our most genuine happiness arises phoenix-like, from the ashes of the unhappiness of those whom we help, cheer and comfort.

If you haven't a good word for anybody, don't be surprised if nobody has a good word for you.

True love is like ghosts, which everybody talks about and few have seen.

“ MY LITTLE PAL.”

Two wistful eyes of softest brown
That watch my every smile or frown,
Four eager feet that leap and play
Around my slower steps each day,
A heart of gold for weal or woe,
And that's my little pal, you know.

For him no other form or face
Could e'er in absence fill my place :
No Queen returning home could meet
Such ecstasy of welcome sweet,
With maddest wag of tail unfurled
He says I'm just his doggie world.

Oh, faithful friend, small comrade true
All stolen joys I'd shower on you—
Bones on the rug before the fire,
The biscuits of your heart's desire—
And may I find while life endures
Oh, little pal, a love like yours.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Happy is the woman whose children come home to a real “ home,” and who can bring their friends with them or have their friends visit them. Young people must have companions, and will have companions. It is not right to expect 19-year-old Ellen to find complete recreation in a conversation largely made up of Uncle Dick's past success in farming and his present lack of success in finding a cure for his rheumatism. Nor to expect young Joe, aged 23, to find much amusement listening to Aunt Jane's plans for the running of her household.

Both Ellen and Joe must associate with companions of their own age ; if they may not do it at home, they will do it away from home. Of course, visitors, even odd callers, on the various members of a family entail extra work, but it is worth the extra trouble ; indeed, it is worth far more extra trouble than such visitors ever give to be able to know the children's associates.

Some may say that servants would object to such an open house as the receiving of friends of sons and daughters would mean, but if we are ruled to such an extent by those we employ, it is surely time to sever the connection. Besides, servants are not really unreasonable ; when they see that Ellen and Mary, and even little Rose, all help with the extra work, they will enter into the spirit of the thing.

Again, some mothers in small houses object to having their children's friends “ drop in ” and catch them doing their own work. Isn't it rather foolish ? Especially as the visitors probably know all about the work and who does it.

Many and many a mother has had a painful shock on finding Nora or Jack engaged to be married to a complete stranger. Whose fault is it that such shocks occur ? The mother of a family has it in her power to make her children love and appreciate their home, and such children invariably bring or attract new friends to their home, so that the mother has a chance to use that marvellous God-given influence which she alone possesses.

The children must have companions, and those mothers who value their children's happiness, to say nothing of their own, must make it their business to become friends of their children's friends.

LICENSED VICTUALLERS' ASSOCIATION.

BANQUET AND BALL.

A very superior banquet, followed by a ball, took place in the Town Hall, Basingstoke, on October 16th under the auspices of the Basingstoke and District Licensed Victuallers and Beerhouse Keepers' Association. The guests, who included many ladies, numbered 145, so the room was filled to its utmost capacity. The stage was adorned with a handsome group of flowers and plants, and was occupied by the orchestral section of the band of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, who during dinner discoursed some delightful selections of gay music. The President of the Association (Capt. V. H. E. Langford, M.C., T.D.) conducted the proceedings, and the firm with which he is connected (Meredith and Drew Ltd.) marked the occasion with a very fine gift to each guest of a beautifully produced souvenir programme, having on its front cover two sepia sketches—one of the garrison gateway and the other of the magazine at Basing House. The toastmaster (Colin Symons), in hunting evening dress, made a striking figure and announced the toasts with impressive formality. The guests included the Mayor of Basingstoke (Mr. R. H. Howard), the Mayor of Aldershot (Mr. W. R. Davis), the Member of Parliament for the Basingstoke Division (Mr. H. Drummond-Wolff), and Mr. F. A. Simonds, Mr. L. A. Simonds, Mr. C. Bennett, Mr. W. Bowyer, Mr. W. H. Davis, and Mr. W. Bradford. The officers of the Association for 1934 are Mr. G. W. Smith (chairman), Mr. G. Russell (vice-chairman), who was unable to be present, Mr. F. Whiterow (treasurer), and Mr. W. Devereux (hon. secretary), and the Committee consists of Messrs. F. W. Sweetman, J. Jarvis, E. Freemantle, C. Hall, T. Leavey, W. Sweet and T. Berry, and these gentlemen are to be warmly congratulated upon their highly successful organisation of the function.

Following the loyal toasts, Mr. F. W. Sweetman proposed the toast of the Houses of Parliament, coupled with the name of Mr. Drummond-Wolff, M.P. He said we were proud to have a Parliament which we could look up to and which was ruling us very well, and when we compared our governing assemblies with the way things were done in other countries we had a lot to be thankful for. Our Parliament was built on a solid foundation, and that was the common sense of the British electorate.

Mr. H. Drummond-Wolff was given a hearty ovation when he rose to respond. He said he felt it a great honour to reply to the toast of the Houses of Parliament. Mr. Sweetman very nearly took the words out of his mouth when he said that the value of Parliament depended largely on the common sense and good will of

the people, and he would go farther and say that those present here to-night represented a large section of the people who really gave strength to the Houses of Parliament. In a world in which practically every elected assembly had either been abolished or was in a state of suspended animation it was indeed something to be grateful for that British parliamentary institutions stood firmly and that they had been able to achieve something for the good of the people of this country. He had recently returned from an extensive journey through Canada, in the course of which he visited the Houses of Parliament in that Dominion, and he found that they were functioning extremely well because they were modelled on our parliamentary institutions and followed our own traditions and customs. It behoved us to extend to them all the help and sympathy we possibly could, so enabling them to perpetuate the good work they were doing and at the same time create prosperity for ourselves. He believed that at the next general election the Government would come forward with an even greater national appeal than they had last time, and he hoped that that would be an opportunity for all those present to assist in creating a National Government that would be able to go on with a constructive policy for a long term of years. The problems before us could not be solved in a party spirit or by sectional interests, but only by the best brains in the country working together for the common good. Mr. Sweetman had mentioned some of the difficulties of the licensed victuallers. In the last session of Parliament they were able to enact some minor legislation which he believed would be of material advantage to them, and he thought it might be taken as an earnest of what Parliament was willing to do and would do if circumstances permitted. He should like to endorse what Mr. Sweetman had said about prohibition in the United States. He was there early in this year, just before his bye-election, and it was remarkable that since the repeal of the 18th Amendment there had been a marked decrease of the abuses connected with alcohol. Mr. Drummond-Wolff concluded by saying that he had not been altogether disconnected with the objects of this Association, and he assured them that the gathering to-night would cement that relation and that if there was anything the House of Commons could do to help them they had a Member who would willingly assist them. (Applause.)

The toast of the Basingstoke and District Licensed Victuallers' Association was proposed by the President, who coupled with it the name of the Chairman—Mr. G. W. Smith.

The toast was drunk amid vociferous cries of "George" from all parts of the room. In responding, Mr. Smith said they could imagine how pleased he felt to see such a lovely assembly here to-night. It encouraged him to hope that from to-night the support

that he needed would be forthcoming. Should there be anyone present who had not already paid their subscription he should be pleased to accept same. (Laughter.) Also their Secretary would be glad to take the names of new members. He thanked his Committee very heartily for the assistance they had given him in arranging this banquet and in bringing it to what he thought was a wonderful success. (Applause.)

Mr. W. Devereux proposed the toast of the Mayor and Corporation of Basingstoke, remarking how pleased they were to have their chief magistrate at their first banquet.

The Mayor said he must apologise for the absence of his wife, who was laid aside. He thought the Corporation welcomed the fact that people in the same trade got together in such a nice way as this. It brought them into a social atmosphere and perhaps they were able to combine business with pleasure. Their point of view was just as much entitled to be put before the public as the other point of view. He thought he should have failed in his duty if he had not come along to this function. He had been able to meet with old friends and new friends, and he wished the Association prosperity and their Chairman the best of health. He thanked them for the kind way in which they had drunk the toast.

Mr. H. Robinson proposed—Prosperity to the Wholesale Trade coupling with it the name of Mr. F. A. Simonds. He said they were pleased to have with them so many representatives of the wholesale trade, and he extended to them on behalf of the Basingstoke Association a hearty welcome. It was at such functions as this that both sections of the trade got united and reached a better understanding. Only a few years ago they dared not look at a brewer, but he was pleased to say, as one of the representatives of the retailers in Hampshire, that times had altered and they were very proud of the Brewers' Union. The representatives of the retailers met them from time to time and discussed various grievances. He did not say they went away thoroughly satisfied every time, but on many occasions they had got concessions.

Mr. F. A. Simonds, who was given a most cordial reception, said that the members of the wholesale trade appreciated the organisation which had inspired this great gathering and they trusted it might be the forerunner of many more to come. He was delighted to see his old friend George Smith in the position of chairman of this Association. Mr. Smith was rocked in the cradle of an efficient organisation of licensed victuallers in Reading. He rolled out of that cradle into Basingstoke, where he had started a good association. They were a happy and united body in their trade. He did his best for the shareholders and he tried to see that

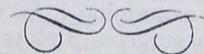
the tenants were supplied with beer of proper quality and that they were not overcharged. He had heard a great deal of Mr. Robinson, who was an able protectionist of their trade, and if there were more like him he thought there would be greater harmony in the trade as a whole. They would remember that last year he was the official mouthpiece of the trade in making a promise to the Chancellor of the Exchequer that under certain conditions they would reduce the price of beer to the public by one penny per pint. As they knew the pledges given by himself had been faithfully kept. (Hear, hear.) He alluded to that subject because he was speaking in an area where agriculture was the predominant industry. He had promised on behalf of the brewing trade that they would use as far as possible native grown barley in the production of beer. That pledge had been kept to the hilt. The brewing trade would oppose any legislation whereby they were compelled to use material in the brewing of beer which would not produce beer of that quality which would enable the retailers to sell it to the public in a satisfactory manner and at a price which people could afford to pay. If the farmers drove the public off drinking beer they would in the long run do themselves the greatest possible disservice. He thanked them most warmly on behalf of the wholesale trade for the reception they had given to the toast. (Applause.)

Mr. E. Sweet proposed the health of the Ladies and Visitors, and Mr. Horace Leavers, in responding, said he hoped that what had been said about forming a Women's Auxiliary League here would bear fruit.

In the absence of the Vice-Chairman, Mr. G. Russell, the health of the President was proposed by Mr. F. W. Sweetman. The toast was enthusiastically drunk, accompanied by the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Captain Langford responded, remarking that he felt it a great honour to be the president of this Association. His firm had tried to help the licensed victuallers as much as it was in their power, and he was sure they would continue to do so. He should like to thank his colleague, Mr. Griffiths, for giving him every possible assistance to-night.

Between the speeches some extremely amusing entertainment was given by Mr. Kob Wilkin and Mr. Bert Pulley. After the last toast, the company adjourned while the room was prepared for the dance, and the function was most enjoyably carried on until 2 a.m.



GETTING IT IN THE NECK.

The Mayfly was taken before it had sailed a few yards, so I took off the pheasant tail and put on a spent gnat. A fish rose under an alder overhanging the stream and my fly passed over the fish which turned and seized it. I struck, and my rod bent to the strain of quite a big fish for the water. The fish fled upstream and my rod was full bent when I saw an obstruction ahead and put on all the pressure I dared. Suddenly at that moment the hold gave way, my rod flew up and the fly, pulled with all the tension of my released rod, came straight at my face. I instinctively shut my eyes and ducked my head, but too late, and I felt a blow on my throat as if I had been struck with a hammer. The hook was in deeply just above my Adam's Apple. Laying down my rod I thought I might be able to wangle it out, but it is always a difficult thing to extract a hook from any portion of one's anatomy that one cannot see. I could feel the wing but was unable to judge exactly which way to pull, for I had little fear of breaking the hook. Finally, finding that the hook was too deeply imbedded for me to remove it, I cut the gut close to the fly, tied on another fly and, keeping my chin well raised, went on fishing, for I knew that I should meet my host at the hatch further upstream. I had one or two fish on the way up and was nearing the hatch when I saw my host coming down stream. As he approached I put my chin well down so that he should not see the fly in my throat and asked him :

"Have you a knife with you?"

"Yes, what do you want it for?"

Ignoring the question I asked "Is it very sharp?"

"I never keep a blunt knife."

"And a really sharp point?" I insisted.

"As a needle, but what do you want it for?"

"Excellent," I said. "I want you to cut my throat."

He looked rather startled, frowned queerly and put his head on one side as though he thought that the heat might have disturbed my cerebral balance, and I saw waves of emotion chase themselves over his face. At last "Whatever do you mean?" he said.

Then I raised my chin, disclosing the fly firm and fast and deep in the flesh. After examining it he said "I am not up to a job like this. It needs a surgeon, and you'd better let me drive you into Wareham and get it done skilfully."

"Stuff," I replied. "Carve away. There is no vessel for miles from the middle line. Have a long drink. All the best surgeons, according to the cheap Press, drink deeply before operating."

"Very well, but you will have to make it all right with the Coroner if I kill you."

"Get on with the dance!" was all I said: and in a twinkling the fly was most skilfully removed and we went to the car for lunch.

On our return to the water the same fish was rising and my host implored me to take adequate revenge, but I insisted that he should square the matter for me, which he did most successfully.

But now there is a moral waiting. The fly is now in the ointment. If the fly is in beyond the barb it is risky to try to tear it out. Everyone knows that. The point of a fly after being broken in is a most difficult thing to remove even under anaesthetic. The fragment is so small. Here is a small tip worth record. Bring the shank of the fly above and parallel to the skin surface, then pass a thin bit of line under the bend of the hook. Hold the eye of the hook, or the attached gut, with one hand and pull on the line round the bend. Then the barb will come out in the same direction that it went in, and the chance of breaking the hook in is reduced to very small dimensions.—E. A. BARTON, in the "*Journal of the Fly-Fishers' Club.*"

PASSING OF THE "JACK" HOTEL, NEWBURY.

THE FINAL SCENES.

PRESENTATIONS TO MR. AND MRS. H. A. CADD.

The "Jack" Hotel closed its doors for the last time on Saturday night, says *The Newbury Weekly News* of November 1st. For generations the famous old inn has been a rendezvous for townspeople, a place of call for travellers, it has offered sustenance and shelter to royalty and to many notable people, its sign was as familiar to the modern motorist as it was to those who broke their journey at Newbury in coaching days. The home of Newbury's most illustrious townsman, John Winchcombe, or "Jack of Newbury," the greatest of all sixteenth century clothiers, it was from here that cloth was sent to all parts of Europe. Under its hospitable roof many famous people have slept: Bluff King Hal and Queen Katherine, Cardinal Wolsey, Royalists fleeing from Cromwell's Roundheads, the Courts of Kings and Queens on their way to London. And now it is to be pulled down to make way for a modern multiple store.

The passing of an old building, especially one with as many historical associations as the "Jack," is as much the cause for regret as the passing of an old friend. Thus it was a happy thought on the part of the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Cadd, to invite their friends to bid farewell in a manner befitting the occasion, to the historic inn on the night its portals were to be closed for ever. Some there were who had come long distances to be "in at the death." They and local people with many sentimental attachments to the old place were entertained right royally.

"TEN HAPPY YEARS."

They were not only saying good-bye to the hotel itself, but also to Mr. and Mrs. Cadd, who during their ten years there had made quite a niche for themselves in the life of the town. And so their friends could not let them go without marking their regret at their departure in some tangible form. During the evening there was an informal little gathering in the ballroom of the hotel, where Mr. B. de Castro asked Mr. and Mrs. Cadd to accept a swivel chair and a bureau.

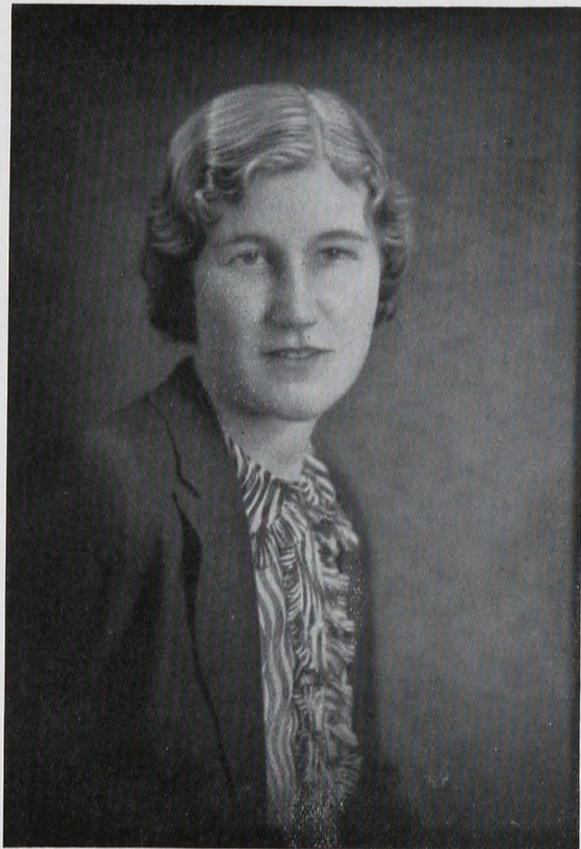
Mr. de Castro spoke of the regret that everybody felt at the passing of the "Jack of Newbury," one of the most famous inns in the country. It had for many generations offered refreshment not only to townsmen, and those in the immediate vicinity, but to travellers from all over the world, and he felt certain that all who halted at the "Jack" had carried away many appreciative memories of the hotel.

Ten years ago Mr. and Mrs. Cadd decided to leave London and make their home in Newbury and he believed those ten years had been the most happy of their lives. Whatever the Cadds did they did extraordinarily well. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Cadd had set an example as a good citizen, and he had given unfailing support to the ambulance, operatic, dramatic and many other societies. They had the esteem and affection of many friends in Newbury, who wished them every happiness in their new home.

MR. CADD'S THANKS.

Mr. Cadd expressed his and Mrs. Cadd's thanks to Mr. de Castro and many kind friends for their presents. They had spent ten very happy years in Newbury and they were very sorry to leave, but circumstances which were out of their control had to be faced. They had been only too pleased to do anything they could because they loved doing it. "I don't know how to express our feelings," said Mr. Cadd, "but we thank you very sincerely for your kindness and your friendship."

ENGAGEMENT of Mr. L. SIMONDS and Miss R. A. LANG.

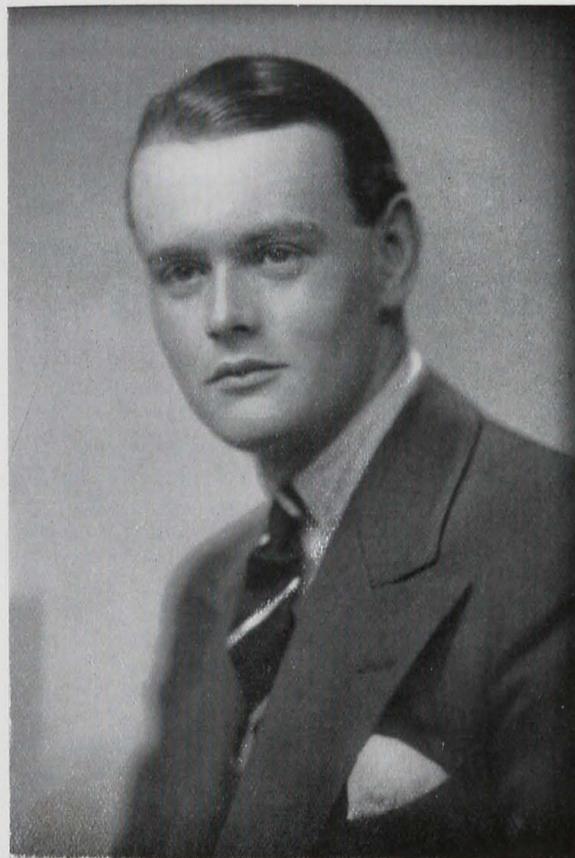


Miss R. A. LANG.

Hearty congratulations were showered upon the following paragraph appeared in *The Times* of that date.

"An engagement is announced between Adolphus, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Simonds, of Audleys Wood, Basingstoke, and Rosemary, youngest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Ewen M. Lang, Tunworth Down, Basingstoke."

The announcement has created intense interest throughout the whole firm and its allied companies, as well as in the surrounding counties and London circles. Miss Lang is a very fine rider to hounds and is a gifted mezzo soprano. No wishes for the future happiness of Mr. Simonds and his fiancée will be more sincere than those of the readers of *The Hop Leaf Gazette*.



Mr. L. A. SIMONDS.

Mr. L. A. Simonds on Wednesday, 17th October, when the

Adolphus, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Simonds, youngest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Ewen M. Lang,

Miss Lang is a very fine rider to hounds and is a gifted mezzo soprano. No wishes for the future happiness of Mr. Simonds and his fiancée will be more sincere than those of

Mrs. Cadd also added her thanks, remarking that it was not only the gifts themselves which they appreciated, but the thought that was behind them.

It was open house and Mr. and Mrs. Cadd were not only at home to their friends but entertained all and sundry. The dining room was converted into a huge buffet where everyone could help themselves. Those who did not indulge in alcoholic drinks were not forgotten, coffee being provided for them.

For the last day of the "Jack" the magistrates had granted an extension until 11.30. Just before the half-hour struck, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, and Mr. and Mrs. Cadd were carried shoulder high round the hotel. Then for the last time came the call "Time, gentlemen, please!" The old hotel closed its doors. The next chapter is the sale of surplus furniture and then will come the turn of the housebreakers.

"JACK OF NEWBURY'S" HOUSE.

So ended the old "Jack" Hotel, which formed part of the residence and factory of John Winchcombe, "Jack of Newbury," "a name to be held in all respect," "the most considerable clothier England ever had," "distinguished for his patriotism," charitable deeds and great hospitality, "who kept a hundred looms in his house, each managed by a man and a boy, who feasted King Henry VIII and Queen Katherine." He built the Parish Church "from the pulpit westward to the town" and at his sole expense "fully equipped and clothed a body of a hundred archers to join the Earl of Surrey's army at Flodden Field where they are stated to have done good service"—though it is doubted whether they ever reached it. "As a proof of his great opulence and the magnificence of his dwelling it is stated to have been divided into sixteen clothiers' houses."

There is no evidence as to the date of the building. Workmen, when repairing the front after a fire nearly eighty years ago, found a date in some timber which they removed with other portions of woodwork. The building is supposed to be earlier than the time of John Winchcombe, even of earlier years than Henry VII, and most likely of the middle of the fifteenth century.

How many scenes had the house witnessed—royal pageants, old processions, old Christmases, marriage festivals of all sort, martyrs led to a fearful death, and all the hurry and bustle attending actual warfare and its horrors, and many interesting things of which time has left no record.

SOCIAL CLUB.

READING AND DISTRICT BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

DIVISION I.

October 29th. H. & G. SIMONDS v. PANGBOURNE CONSTITUTIONAL (home).

<i>H. & G. S.</i>		<i>Pangbourne.</i>			
A. Dalton	...	70	v. F. Alexander	...	100
R. Griffiths	...	100	v. J. Harper	...	71
R. Broad	...	100	v. E. Pymm	...	61
C. Weller	...	100	v. T. Blake	...	94
E. Palmer	...	89	v. H. Stone	...	100
R. Paice	...	100	v. T. Gardner	...	72
		559		498	

Captain—S. Bird.

November 5th. PANGBOURNE CONSTITUTIONAL v. H. & G. SIMONDS (away).

<i>Pangbourne.</i>		<i>H. & G. S.</i>			
F. Alexander	...	100	v. A. Dalton	...	63
H. Cox	...	100	v. R. Griffiths	...	33
J. Hasher	...	88	v. R. Broad	...	100
E. Pymm	...	100	v. W. Bowyer	...	94
E. H. Stone	...	69	v. C. Wilder	...	100
T. Blake	...	82	v. R. Paice	...	100
		539		490	

DIVISION II.

October 29th. WOKINGHAM TERRITORIALS v. H. & G. SIMONDS (away).

<i>Wokingham.</i>		<i>H. & G. S.</i>			
J. Saunders	...	100	v. L. Benford	...	73
T. Symonds	...	94	v. S. Couzens	...	100
W. Pell	...	100	v. J. Nimmo	...	76
T. Huckings	...	100	v. T. Holmes	...	84
W. Cox	...	100	v. W. Sparks	...	76
H. Boyde	...	100	v. R. Cholwell	...	80
		594		489	

Captain—L. Benford.

November 5th. H. & G. SIMONDS v. WOKINGHAM TERRITORIALS (home).

<i>H. & G. S.</i>		<i>Wokingham.</i>			
L. Benford	...	51	v. J. Saunders	...	100
S. Couzens	...	100	v. T. Symonds	...	66
J. Nimmo	...	100	v. W. Pell	...	93
T. Holmes	...	93	v. W. Cox	...	100
W. Sparks	...	66	v. T. Huckings	...	100
R. Cholwell	...	71	v. H. Boyde	...	100
		481		559	

DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

The undermentioned teams will play in the Departmental Tournaments:—

BUILDING DEPARTMENT	...	Captain—Mr. H. Mitchell.
COOPERS AND SCALDS	...	Mr. W. Sparks.
MALTINGS No. 1	...	Mr. H. Gibson.
MALTINGS No. 2	...	Mr. G. Boyles.
OFFICES	...	Mr. W. Bradford.
REST	...	Mr. S. Bird.
TRANSPORT	...	Mr. F. Adey.

The following games will be played:—

BILLIARDS	...	Two games of 100 up.
CRIB (Single)	...	Best of three games.
DOMINOES	...	One game, twice round the board (7 cards).
DARTS (301 up)	...	Best of three games, to finish on a double.
SHOVE HALFPENNY	...	One game.
SHOOTING	...	Best of five or six shots (one as a sighter).

Not less than six men can form a team.

No one man to play more than two games.

All players to report at the Club not later than 8 p.m. or forfeit the points.

Games to commence at 7 o'clock p.m.

Games will be played on Friday evenings unless specially arranged otherwise.

FIXTURES 1934-35.

November 9th, 1934	...	Transport v. Coopers. Maltings No. 1 v. Rest.
November 16th, 1934	...	Offices v. Building. Maltings No. 2 v. Transport.
November 23rd, 1934	...	Coopers v. Maltings No. 1. Rest v. Offices.
November 30th, 1934	...	Building v. Maltings No. 2. Transport v. Maltings No. 1.
December 7th, 1934	...	Transport v. Rest. Maltings No. 1 v. Offices.
December 14th, 1934	...	Coopers v. Rest. Maltings No. 2 v. Offices.
December 28th, 1934	...	Coopers v. Building. Rest v. Maltings No. 2.
January 4th, 1935	...	Maltings No. 2 v. Building. Transport v. Offices.
January 11th, 1935	...	Maltings No. 1 v. Maltings No. 2. Rest v. Building.
January 18th, 1935	...	Coopers v. Offices. Transport v. Building.
February 1st, 1935	...	Maltings No. 2 v. Coopers.

BEER IS BEST.



[Reproduced by courtesy of the Editor, "Southern Daily Echo."]

The above photograph depicts one of our lorries assisting to extricate an army light tank which had become ditched at Froxfield on the road to Great Bedwyn during the September manoeuvres.

The lorry which came to the rescue was a 4-ton Leyland in charge of Driver Rosum and Mate Nimmo.

The gentleman in the foreground was evidently unaware of the power of modern transport and the good condition in which our vehicles are maintained. Summing up the position and the weight of the tank which was over 12 tons, he expressed his opinion that "you won't pull 'e out." He was, however, doomed to disillusionment, as in a very short while the tank was hauled on to the hard road. It was unanimously agreed by all present that "Beer is Best" and our men proceeded on their way—presumably to lift another tank-ard!



BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

The annual balancing has been in full swing for the whole of the month and rapid progress has been made. Some of the staff have now finished, whilst others are engaged in looking for a few missing links to complete the chain. May their labours be crowned with success. The end of October brings us nearer to the day of remembrance, viz., the Eleventh of November, which seems (to the writer) to grow in intensity of feeling each year. This is as it should be, for one does feel that war shall never happen again for this country. A personal opinion this, of course, but one, I feel, most will share.

MR. T. W. KENT.

The above member of the staff who joined us at Reading on the closing down of Farnborough Branch, is our first aid helper and, without doubt, has done a lot of good work in this connection. However he has gone one better than this. Entering for the local St. John Ambulance Competition, he had the honour and glory of beating all comers and winning the Divisional Cup at his first attempt—a wonderful achievement. Naturally we are all proud of Mr. Tom Kent and we think his first aid prowess has gone up by one hundred per cent. Heartiest congratulations are hereby extended to him..

GROSVENOR HOUSE, CAVERSHAM.

Quite a number know ere this that a House is to be erected on Caversham Heights, the Firm having succeeded in obtaining a new licence for this purpose some little while ago. Well, the work has now started on this project and this carries the mind of the writer back to the early days of the year when a few members of the staff, viz., Mr. E. C. Bartlett, Mr. F. W. Freeman, Mr. C. G. Lawrence, Mr. A. T. Walsh, Mr. Ellaway and W.D., armed with nothing worse than electric torches, postcards (of the proposed new House) and petitions to be signed, canvassed the district. Experiences were varied and in many cases quite amusing. However quite a lot of progress was made and a large number of signatures obtained, beating the opposition (which was soon on the trail) by a very large majority, much to their surprise when the figures were revealed. Night after night our little band braved the elements and if it was a cold job the success obtained warmed us up quite a lot. Fortunately we experienced very little wet weather, for which we were all very thankful. Well, after several appearances at Court everything went through swimmingly, and now the work

is started and Grosvenor House is on the way. We all feel it was something attempted and something done. By the way, Grosvenor House was the name of one of the planes that flew from Mildenhall to Melbourne.

FOOTBALL.

You will have noticed that Reading are in a nice position in the League and that the championship this season is a very open affair. Can Reading win promotion? Personally I think it can be done, but whether it will is another matter. Like many other teams Reading suffer from an "away from home" complex and until that is mastered Reading will falter.

One of the surprising teams so far is undoubtedly Brighton—always a hard nut for Reading to crack—and they must have been playing really well to be where they are in the League table. Somehow the limelight does not beat down so fiercely on the teams outside London; nevertheless there are quite a good number playing very well each week. Maybe it's Brighton's year!

Really, by the way Plymouth Argyle played at the start of the season it seemed that they were booked for relegation. However the last few matches they have pulled their socks up (I wonder if they are of the usual dazzle striped pattern, the latest fashion), and if they can win at Home Park, like they nearly always did before, their position in the League should be assured.

Are Portsmouth the power they were, I wonder? From all accounts they play really good football and are always an attractive side to watch. Apparently the results (so far) have not been so convincing.

The Brewery football teams have been busy each week and the 1st XI are doing extraordinarily well. At the moment they are top of their League and scoring very freely. In their brief years of existence they have played splendidly and brought lustre to the Firm. They are backed by a most enthusiastic Secretary, Mr. R. Boddington, who is never tired of singing their praises.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

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

The Beehive, Egham (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. T. Hutchins.

The Blue Lion, Wolseley Street, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. T. Ayres.

The Bear Hotel, Hungerford (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. H. A. Cadd.

Off Licence, Guildford Road, Lightwater (Ashby's Staines Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. A. G. White.

The Red Lion, Chieveley (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. B. Michie.

The King's Arms, York Town (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. F. E. Froud.

The Pheasant, Shefford Woodlands (South Berks Brewery Co., Ltd.)—Mr. J. Perryman.

The Rose and Crown, Saunderton (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. W. A. Mealing.

The Gloucester Arms, Newbury (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. H. Hopwood

The Tumble Down Dick, Farnborough (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. K. Richmond.

The Eastgate Hotel, Oxford (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. N. Richardson.

The Ship Inn, Wokingham (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. A. Foot.

The Horse and Jockey, Castle Street, Reading (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. W. C. Breakspear.

The Royal Adelaide, Windsor (Ashby's Staines Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. F. Inceley.

The Fox and Hounds, Tadley (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. D. Pegg.

The Bull, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. J. E. Aldridge.

The Railway Arms, Wraysbury (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mrs. M. A. Lambert.

The Prince of Wales, Hanwell (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mrs. M. L. Hemmings.

The Windsor Castle, Windsor (Ashby's Staines Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. A. G. Mayhew.

DEATHS.

We much regret to record the undermentioned deaths and to all relatives we extend our deepest sympathy:—

Mr. A. G. Lambert, Railway Arms, Wraysbury.

Mr. J. H. Smith, late tenant of the Old Dog, Shaw. He only left this house in April this year and last year he was the President of the H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Retailers' Society, a position he held with great credit.

Mrs. Pinchin, an old and valued tenant of the South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd., and mother of Mrs. Elson, of The Lamb, Newbury.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

ABERDEEN PATIENT TO DENTIST : "Ye've taen oot a' my teeth. Hoo did ye dae that?"

DENTIST : "Man, I gave you ower much gas and didna like to waste it."

* * * *

"That Miss Blonde is much older than I thought," remarked a young man to his friend in the boarding-house.

"What makes you think that?" asked his friend.

"Well, I asked her if she had read Homer's 'Iliad,' and she said she read it when it first came out."

* * * *

The vicar's wife, in the course of her parochial visiting, mentioned, with excusable pride, that her daughter had gained first prize in a music examination.

Her listener at once showed her complete understanding and fellow-feeling.

"I can understand your pride," she said. "I well remember how pleased I was when our pig took the first prize at an agricultural show."

* * * *

MRS. NEWLYWED : "Charlie, dear, this is my first plum pudding."

CHARLIE (*dubiously*) : "It looks rather nice."

MRS. N. : "Do you know. I was wondering while making it, why we call it plum pudding when there isn't a plum in it."

CHARLIE (*having tasted a little*) : "I fancy, my dear, the word should be spelled 'plumb,' which you will find by the help of a dictionary means 'a mass or weight of lead.'"

* * * *

SMITH : "What did McTavish look like during the fire at his shop?"

JONES : "Well, you never saw such a smile of despair on a man's face."

SMALL BOY : "Mother says will you please fill this bottle with salts of lemon."

CHEMIST : "Salts of lemon! But that's deadly poison. What does she want it for?"

SMALL BOY : "It's for baby. E's drunk a bottle of ink and mother wants to get the stains out of 'im."

* * * *

"The last speaker," said the chairman of the Health Congress, "is a striking example of the efficacy of the doctrines he so eloquently advocates. Hale and hearty at eighty years of age, he could tire out many a man younger than himself."

A VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE : "He did."

* * * *

NURSE BROWN : "Why do they call her 'Tonsils'?"

NURSE LOWE : "Because the doctor takes her out."

* * * *

A Frenchman and an English friend met at the bar of a London hotel. After a few remarks the friend asked the Frenchman what he would like to drink

"Oh," he said, "I'll have a drop of ze contradiction."

"The contradiction! What do you mean?" asked his surprised companion.

"Well," said the Frenchman, "you put in the whisky to make it strong, the water to make it weak, the lemon to make it sour, the sugar to make it sweet. Then you say, 'Here's to you,' and—drink it yourself."

* * * *

CLIENT : "But why do you charge me for four consultations? I only had three."

LAWYER : "Probably you've forgotten the time you came back to know whether you had left your umbrella behind."

* * * *

DAUGHTER : "Dad, what is your birthstone?"

FATHER OF SEVEN : "My dear, I'm not quite sure, but I rather think it is a grindstone."

HOBBS : "Your trouble may be a blessing in disguise."

KNOBBS : "Well, I must say it is the cleverest disguise I ever saw!"

* * * *

FATHER : "You are going to marry that insignificant little fellow Hicks! Why, you used to say you would never marry a man less than six feet high."

DAUGHTER : "I know, dad. But I decided to take off twenty per cent. for cash."

* * * *

POLICEMAN : "What's the matter, sonny?"

LITTLE BOY : "Please, sir, have you seen a lady without a little boy who looks like me?"

* * * *

GOVERNOR : "The warder tells me you have a complaint to make. What is it?"

CONVICT : "There ain't enough emergency exits, sir."

* * * *

PLUMBER (*arriving late*) : "How is the leak?"

HAPPY HUSBAND : "Not so bad. While we were waiting for you to arrive, I taught my wife how to swim."

* * * *

"How much do I have to pay for a marriage licence?" asked a young man.

"You get it on the instalment system," said the cynical clerk.

"Oh, how's that?"

"Well, you pay ten shillings down, and all your salary each month for the rest of your life."

* * * *

A vicar who was of a very studious and absent-minded disposition met one of his least respectable parishioners, who asked him to say prayers on Sunday for Anna Bell. The clergyman duly did so, and meeting the same man a few days later, asked kindly if he desired the prayers for Anna Bell to be repeated.

"No, thank 'ee kindly, Sir," answered the village reprobate, "she won last Monday at 7 to 1, Sir!"

A certain small boy was told to pray for a baby brother for a short time before its expected arrival. One evening many weeks later, when rising from his prayers, he said :

"I suppose you know, Mummy, I am praying for another brother?"

A little taken aback, the mother said, "But surely you will want a little sister this time?"

"Oh, no, nor the next time," he replied. "You see, I want a cricket team."

* * * *

A parson went to a certain cup-tie, on the popular side, but being of slight stature was unable to see the game and after the first twenty minutes had elapsed he came out of the ground.

A small boy said, "Who's winning, sir?" "Well," he replied, "I could not see the play, but judging from the remarks, the So-and-So Rotters are beating the Blankety Blanks by one goal to nil."

* * * *

RICH SUITOR : "I—er—suppose you are aware that I've been making advances to your daughter."

IMPECUNIOUS FATHER (*extending hand*) : "Yes, put it there, son. And now what about her poor old father?"

* * * *

The Squire was playing cricket for the cricket eleven. It was a somewhat breezy day and the fast bowler, with the wind behind his back, was almost unplayable. He sent down one ball to the Squire which just grazed the bail and carried it away.

The batsman, with the utmost *sang-froid*, stayed in his crease and picking up the fallen bail, remarked threateningly to the umpire, "Devilish windy to-day, George."

The umpire replied, drily, "Yes, Sir, it is. But I'm not. And you're out."

* * * *

TEACHER : "Does your father ever say grace?"

ANNIE : "Yes. He said it last night. When we sat down to supper he said, 'Good Lord, cold mutton again.'"

Even in moments of extreme exasperation a certain boxing champion has an eye to business. When on his way to the West End with his trainer, a passenger leaving a tube train trod on his foot and elbowed him aside.

"I wouldn't stand that sort of thing, Harry," said the indignant trainer.

"I don't intend to," replied the boxer, catching the offender by the collar. "Look here, my good man, for two pins and sixty per cent. of the purse, win or lose, me naming the referee, I'd knock your blinking head off."

* * * *

"Daddy, why——?" he began for the fiftieth time that evening.

"Look here," said father, fed up, "Have you ever heard of the little boy who asked so many questions he was turned into a question-mark?"

Johnny hadn't heard of that youngster, and pondered deeply on the matter. Then—"But, Daddy," he burst out at length, "How did he manage to keep the dot under himself?"

* * * *

A notice seen outside a country restaurant to cyclists and photographers: "Try our 1s. 6d. lunch. A dark room provided for developments."—*Allied Greyhound Gazette.*

* * * *

Lord Lonsdale tells the following story: "A man was bragging that he could name any brand of spirit, and an onlooker, taking a flask from his pocket, asked the connoisseur to taste that and tell him what it was.

He did so, and promptly spat it out, making horrible faces. 'Good heavens!' he cried. 'That's petrol.' 'Yes, I know,' came the bland reply, 'but what brand?'—*The Bystander.*

* * * *

HE: "I once travelled four hours on foot just to give a fellow a thrashing."

SHE: "And then you had to tramp back for four hours?"

HE: "No, I came back in the ambulance."

Great Discovery. A silent barber. (He was cutting his wife's hair.)

* * * *

JOAN (*saying her prayers*): "An' make me a good girl—at least, you needn't really bother, 'cos I'm a Girl Guide now!"

* * * *

Before marriage he called her dear, afterwards expensive.

* * * *

SMITH: "Did your wife hear you come home late last night?"

BROWN: "Rather. She sleeps so lightly that she wakes if the thermometer drops."

* * * *

Wireless will one day be used to exterminate germs, says a scientist. The only difficulty at present is to get the little beggars to listen.

* * * *

A gentleman in Aberdeen being asked to contribute something to the local orphanage sent two orphans.

* * * *

THE TEACHER: "What do we call a man, Johnny, who keeps on talking and talking when people are no longer interested?"

JOHNNY: "Please, sir, a teacher."

* * * *

Extract from an evening paper: "A shilling was found in a herring caught to-day by the east coast fishing fleet."

Extract from the following morning's paper: "The Scottish fishing fleet sailed for the east coast during the night."

* * * *

HE: "And are you absolutely sure you love me?"

SHE: "Heavens! Do you think I'd be sitting here listening to your silly talk if I didn't?"

* * * *

An Aberdonian on a visit to London spent several days at the greyhound racing and then tried to get a bookie to take a shilling on the electric hare.

Two actors, very jealous of each other, met in the Strand.

"Hullo!" said one, "how are you getting along?"

"Not so badly," replied the other; "keeping alive."

The first man eyed his rival for a moment, then, as he turned away, he asked very casually: "Is that so? What's your motive?"

* * * *

"I want this photograph of my husband enlarged," said the woman to the photographer. "Now, can you do it with his hat off?"

The photographer studied the portrait a moment. "Yes," he said at last, "I think I can manage to fake the hair all right. By the way, which side does he part his hair?"

The woman looked at him in blank surprise. "Oh," she said, "I can't remember, but you'll be able to see that when you take his hat off."

* * * *

"Now, then, ladies and gents," roared the cheapjack at the country fair, "here's a chance for everyone. Look what I've got in my hand. A silver shilling—how much will you give for it?"

As he expected, bids came very rapidly; finally a simple-looking countryman said "Elevenpence."

As they would go no higher the cheapjack turned to the final bidder. "Here you are, gov'nor," he said, "the shilling's yours. Hand up your elevenpence."

The countryman gave a wry smile. "Take it out of the bob," he said.

* * * *

After the explosion they brought the Professor to the police station.

"Anything you say," said the sergeant, "will be taken down and used in evidence."

"I think not," said the Professor quietly. "However, let us begin. Physiologists who understand the therapeutic and radioactive qualities of trinitoluol—"

"All right, all right—no charge—get out," cut in the sergeant as he closed his notebook with a snap.

A small boy had acquired an extensive vocabulary of expletives, and on account of this was often sent home from his small friends' houses in disgrace to his parents. One evening he returned half-an-hour after he had set out to a party, and his father jumped to conclusions and chastised him soundly without any questions.

"And now," he said finally, "what was it you said *this* time?"

"They sent me home," replied the smarting child, "because the damn party's to-morrow night."

* * * *

MRS. APRON: "Well, and 'owjalike yer noo fust floor back, Mrs. Broom?"

MRS. BROOM: "Well, Mrs. Apron, I do say she mi' be worse. But wot I do say is she's 'aughty, and if there's one thing I do 'ate, it's 'aught."

* * * *

A man with an insatiable thirst went to consult a specialist who asked him what the symptoms were. "I can't drink enough," said the patient. "In one day I can manage with ease a dozen cocktails and thirty double whiskies. It doesn't seem to do me the slightest harm, but I'm worried about it. Can you give me anything for it?"

"Well," said the specialist sadly, "I'm afraid I've only got my practice and a couple of thousand."

* * * *

A boy asked his father, "How do you tell a lady worm from a gentleman worm?"

"Easily," said his father. "The lady worm never signals when she turns."

* * * *

The exceptional popularity of greyhound racing has naturally attracted to the White City and other tracks a multitude of book-makers of all grades. One would-be punter, taken by a friend, was not too enthusiastic about the latter's choice.

"I don't like the look of that bookie, Alf," he said.

"Oh, he can't help his face, Bill," replied his friend.

"'Taint his face—it's his feet I don't like—he's got running shoes on!"

On a cold day in the depths of winter, a small errand boy crossing Sloane Square beheld a busy doctor covering the bonnet of his dilapidated car with a rug. As the youngster came alongside he called out: "It ain't no good, guv'nor. I've seen it!"

* * * *

The fat man and his wife were returning to their seats after the interval.

"Did I tread on your toes as I walked out?" he asked a man at the end of one row.

"You did," grimly replied the other, expecting an apology.

The fat man turned to his wife: "That's right, Mary, this is our row!"

* * * *

Stealthily the sergeant and the two constables sneaked down the street. It was 11.30 p.m. Not a word was spoken until the side entrance to the pub was reached; then the sergeant instructed the two men, in a whisper, to slip into the pub while he kept watch. Silently the two constables obeyed. Ten minutes' unbroken silence, and the two forms appeared again.

"Nothing doing?" asked the sergeant.

"No," came the answer.

"No one at all about?" from the sergeant.

"No one at all," assured the two.

"No empty glasses or signs of drinks being served?" persisted the sergeant.

"Nothing at all," he was told.

"Very good," he remarked, "but just wipe that beer off the front of your tunics and wait while I make sure for myself."

* * * *

The tram conductor's change was running short. A young mother with her baby in her lap handed him a half-crown.

CONDUCTOR: "Is that the smallest you've got?"

YOUNG MOTHER: "Gosh! I've only been married a year!"

There are more infinitesimal dogs to be seen being carried by women these days than ever before. And whenever we see one we are reminded of the actress and the ship news reporter who greeted her on her arrival with an animal so small that it could have been lost in any cup it might have won.

"Is that your dog?" he asked.

"It is," she replied.

"Is it the only dog you have?"

"It is."

"Well," said the reporter, "all I can say is, you are damn near out of dogs."

* * * *

His one relaxation was chess by correspondence, but he was rather surprised one morning to get a letter from a firm of solicitors.

"Dear Sir," they wrote, "we regret to inform you that since your last move our client has passed away. Would you be kind enough to sign and return the enclosed form, declaring a stalemate?"

* * * *

"We have tried so hard to raise money honestly to clear off the organ debt," said the vicar. "We will now try what a church bazaar will do."

* * * *

Two bitter enemies were trying to be sociable at a function, and were discussing beauty hints.

"My dear," said one, "I could give you a wrinkle or two."

"I'm sure you could," said the other gently—"And never miss them, too."

* * * *

WEELUM MAC TAVISH: "Whit wey are ye lookin' sae solemn, Dauvit?"

DAUVIT: "Solemn! Nae winder I'm solemn! I've juist been thinkin', when ye sit doon ye wear yer troosers oot, and when ye gang aboot ye wear yer buits through."

Sam, while walking in the woods late one afternoon, was surprised by a wildcat which proceeded to chase him to the top limbs of a large oak on the edge of a deep canyon.

The wildcat had soon forced him perilously near the decaying end of a long limb extending beyond the edge of the precipice. Sam decided it was time to remonstrate.

"Wilecat," he said impressively, "wilecat, does yo' make me go one inch furdah, yo' is gwine to have to jump a long ways fo' yo' suppah!"



A GRAND CARNIVAL DANCE

(under the auspices of the Simonds Football Club)

will be held at the

OXFORD DANCE HALL,

ON

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30th, 1934,

8 p.m. to 2 a.m.

OXFORD SYNCOPATORS DANCE ORCHESTRA.

Prizes for Waltz and Fox Trot Competitions, Lucky Spots and other Novelties.

Mr. T. LEAVER will act as judge for these Competitions.

TICKETS 2/-

At the Door 2/6

Simonds' Dances have a reputation of their own for sociability and general good tone and a large attendance is anticipated.

Tickets are obtainable from members of the Football Committee, Players, Simonds' Social Club, &c.

Right of Admission reserved.

BRANCHES.

WOKING.

WEST BYFLEET SOCIAL CLUB.

We much regret to have to record the death of Mr. J. Atfield, who was the highly esteemed president of the above club for a number of years. In THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE for September, 1927 (Vol. I), we published a photograph of this wonderful veteran, together with his son, grandson and great-grandson, and this picture of four generations was a very attractive one and was much admired by his many friends in the Woking district. Mr. Atfield was then in his eighty-first year and was still identified with the many activities of the club and its welfare in general, but his special delight was the vegetable show which is held annually at the club on August Bank Holiday, which event is always a great success.

He was born in that beautiful and still unspoiled Surrey Village of Shere, where he spent all his earlier life, and he was always proud to talk of his family associations with that village for a great many years and, indeed, he was fully justified, for Shere is renowned all over the world as a beauty spot and for its charm and serenity. It is, therefore, appropriate that he has been laid to rest there, which was always his wish. He reached the ripe old age of 87.

He was a tower of strength and was always wise in counsel, earnest and upright in character and, consequently, he proved to be a most able president during his long period of office. *R.I.P.*

LUDGERSHALL.

The following amusing story is told by our Manager:—

"I was about to leave a Sergeants' Mess when the Caterer happened to mention that there was a Kilderkin to return.

"I asked the Sergeant for the number and he replied, 'Nothing 4679.'

"I immediately said, 'That's a wrong number.'

"He had another look at the cask and then replied 'Two nothings 4679.' Naturally the correct number of the cask was 004679."

We trust that the innovation will not spread to the Cask Department at Reading. Their answer will probably be 'nothing doing.'

BRIGHTON.

A unique banquet, arranged by the Wine and Food Society and catered for by Messrs. Bertram & Co., was held in the ornate rooms of the Royal Pavilion, whose appropriateness is described in the following article published by the *Sussex Daily News* :—

“NOTABLE BRIGHTON BANQUET.

“A TRIBUTE TO CAREME.

“A distinguished company, that included Mr. H. G. Wells, gathered in the Banqueting Room of the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, on Saturday, October 20th, to celebrate the centenary of Marie-Antoine Careme, who was chef to the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV, whom he served at the Royal Pavilion and elsewhere.

“The celebration, promoted by the Wine and Food Society, took the form of a banquet as would have been served a hundred years ago. As the guests came into the ornate room the tables were illuminated with the soft light of hundreds of candles, while the waiters—or some of them—were dressed as were those who waited on the Regent in the same room.

“APPROPRIATE WINES.

“The menu was divided into two services, with five courses in the first and six in the second. Altogether there were 51 dishes to choose from. From soup—four varieties—the meal progressed through hors d'œuvre, fish, entrees to 'les Couets de table,' of which the chief was the boar's head, carried in triumph around the tables. This completed the first service.

“Each course had its appropriate wine—the 'vins stomachiques' included madeira or marsala with the soup, moselle with the fish, hock with the entrees, and so on.

“Then, without pause, the company turned to the second service, beginning with 'le rosbif anglais' or venison, and so by way of game, a 'remove' of ham, sweets and dessert to its end. Again each course had its appropriate wine, including a delicious sauterne with the sweets.

“The serving of such a magnificent banquet, lasting two and a half hours, was carried through without a hitch, and at the conclusion the chef came from the kitchen to receive enthusiastic congratulations of the company upon what really was a gastronomic *tour de force*.”

Brighton is particularly proud that Messrs. Scott and Campbell Black made such a splendid flight from England to Australia, and heartily congratulate these intrepid airmen on their skill and stamina.

Campbell Black is the son of an old Brightonian, Alderman H. Milner Black, and his mother is in fact an Australian. It is a noteworthy fact that both these fliers indulged during the trip on sandwiches and beer.

No doubt these men have learned to appreciate the staying power of the good old English beverage.

Congratulations to Mr. Louis Adolphus Simonds, whose engagement to Miss Rosemary Avril Lang is announced in the press. May the union of these young people prove a long and happy one.

LONDON.

ROCHESTER WAY (ELTHAM) SOCIAL CLUB.

The first anniversary of the opening of the Rochester Way (Eltham) Social Club was celebrated by a social and concert on Friday, September 28th last.

The concert was given by Billy Drage's Instalment Concert Party and a "full house" showed its appreciation of their efforts.

During the interval Mr. Cross, the chairman of the club, made a brief address to those present with regard to the past year's efforts of the club. He said that the first year had naturally been a very difficult one for the committee. They had had no precedent to follow but had tackled the job in such a way that he thought everyone had reason to be proud of their efforts. The social side had especially been considered. Dart, dominoe and billiards handicaps, etc. had been held in the past year and the various committees had run these in such a way that even novices had been given equal opportunities of winning.

Mr. Cross also remarked on the work of Mr. F. Ford, entertainment secretary, and his committee. They had already commenced their programme for the coming season with very attractive functions and all that remained was for the members to show their appreciation by their attendance.

The chairman then thanked the members of the management committee for their work during the last year—thanks to combined endeavours and the support of the members he was happy to say that it had been possible for the club to meet all accounts as rendered.

Mr. Cross said that he had received a letter from Mr. C. Bennett of the Brewery regretting that, owing to pressure of business, he and Mr. W. Bowyer were unable to be present, but he welcomed Mr. H. Ward and members of the London Branch who were present. He said his thanks were due to Mr. Ward for the great assistance and wise counsel he had given during the past year, and through him he would also like to thank the landlords for their generosity both in enabling the club to re-open and for their interest and assistance since.

In conclusion Mr. Cross mentioned that a collection would be held during the evening, the proceeds of which would be in aid of the Gresford Mine Distress Fund.

The chairman then called on Mr. Ward to say a few words.

Mr. Ward during the course of his speech said he greatly appreciated the kind remarks of Mr. Cross and also the appreciation which the committees and members had shown. On behalf of the landlords, he said, it was their wish that the club should be the social centre of the estate. His firm had been very glad to render such assistance as had been possible and they had been more than pleased with the manner in which the officers and members of the club had carried out their part.

On behalf of Mr. C. Bennett, Mr. W. Bowyer and Major F. J. Johnson, who were unable to be present on this occasion, Mr. Ward assured all present that they took a very great interest in everything connected with the club and had asked him to convey their best wishes for a very enjoyable evening and the future success of the club.

Mr. Cross then took the opportunity of thanking the vice-chairman, Mr. W. Tanner, for his great work in the club, and asked him to take the chair. Mr. Tanner briefly responded.

At the conclusion of the concert the hall was cleared for an impromptu dance and this concluded a very enjoyable evening.

G.W.O.

TOOTING CONSERVATIVE AND UNIONIST CLUB LTD., 12, ASHVALE ROAD, TOOTING, S.W.17.

A meeting preceded by a concert was held at the above club on Tuesday, October 9th, at 8 p.m. Councillor H. J. Clear presided, supported by Mrs. Clear, Mrs. Dewer Robinson, Colonel Sir John Perring, Councillors H. Powell and H. Cusden, Mr. W. Donnelly (chairman of the club) and several members of the club committee.

A concert party aptly named "The Happy Family" presented a very good programme, which was greatly appreciated by all present.

The concert was adjourned at 9 p.m. and a few minutes later the meeting commenced. After a few remarks by the chairman, Councillor H. J. Clear, he called upon Sir Alfred Butt, Bart., M.P. for the Division, to address the meeting. As Sir Alfred rose to speak he was given a rousing reception. His remarks relating to the work of the Government in the past and the prospects for the future made a great impression on the audience.

Sir John Perring and Mrs. Dewer Robinson made speeches in support of Sir Alfred.

The concert and meeting were arranged by the Balham and Tooting Conservative Association of which Mr. N. J. Gradwell is secretary and agent.

Apologies for their absence were received from Councillors Shears and Willison.

The large concert hall was packed to the doors, many being unable to gain admittance, the meeting closing at 10.30 p.m.

The stewardess (Mrs. Griffin) and the club staff carried out their duties in a very able and efficient manner.

PORTSMOUTH.

The 1st Bn. Rifle Brigade at New Barracks, Gosport, having completed the strenuous business associated with the annual manoeuvres and the process of "settling in" being over, the members of the Sergeants' Mess soon turned their attention to the organization of a sort of "house warming" at the New Barracks, the function taking the form of a dance in the gymnasium. With military thoroughness the members of the Mess, led by R.S.M. G. Denyer, provided lavishly for the comfort of the guests. The gymnasium was artistically decorated with flags and coloured

lights, an attractive feature being a display of the Mess trophies, surmounting which was a device representing the Regimental Badge in silver. The Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Col. O. E. Downes, D.S.O., M.C., being away on leave was represented by Lieut.-Col. D. E. Prideaux-Brune, D.S.O., and other officers present were Major Massey Beresford, Captain Shepherd Cross, Lieut. Hicks (Adjutant), Lieuts. King-Salter, Congrieve and Richardson and 2/Lieut. the Hon. Hore-Rathoon. The music was provided by Mr. T. C. Collison's band, and C.S.M. G. Norton was M.C. Refreshments were provided for the guests, who numbered about three hundred, in the Mess dining hall. The committee responsible for the arrangements were C.S.M. Norton (president), Sgts. Homer, Stevens, Margund and Place, and they are to be congratulated on the very capable way they carried out their duties.

Proposals for the equipment of the Portsmouth Municipal Airport for night flying at a cost of £5,240 were recently placed before the City Council. On the equipment of the aerodrome for night flying the Docks and Airport Committee had received a very lengthy report from the City Engineer in which it was estimated that the cost would be in the neighbourhood of £5,240. The details given were:—Boundary markers, £1,160; Obstruction lights at aerodrome, including cables, £1,080; Obstruction lights at Gas Works, £800; Obstruction lights at Brickworks, £500; Flashing beacon, £100; one fixed 3-lamp reflector sign, £600; and temporary control tower, £500. The committee expressed the opinion that in the interest of the development of the Airport, night flying equipment should be provided at an early date, and recommended that the work be carried out at the estimated cost of £5,240.

A Bluejacket's wedding was recently held at St. Barbara's Church, H.M.S. *Excellent*, Whale Island. This was the first of its kind to be held at St. Barbara's, and the couple were Able Seaman Frederick Charles Doc and Miss Muriel A. Cross. The Chaplain of Whale Island (The Rev. T. Crick) officiated at the ceremony. The couple have known one another only a few months and A.B. Doc is to leave shortly on a two-and-a-half years' commission.