

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. X.

NOVEMBER, 1935.

No. 2



MR. E. GOSNEY.

MR. E. GOSNEY.

If the selection of subjects for our frontispiece was governed entirely by qualification or merit, the present portrait would have found much earlier publication. As it is, our choice, with certain reservations, is mainly dictated by length of service, notwithstanding the fact that several members, with records of which they should be justifiably proud, have declined the offer of publication.

However, in this issue, we have the photograph and business history of one who realized the first stage of his life's ambition when he was appointed a resident representative in the Farnborough district in October, 1929, after 18 years of indoor service, which, with the exception of six months at the Tamar Brewery, Devonport, in 1920, was all spent at Farnborough Branch.

Before taking up the post of traveller, Mr. Gosney, who started business life as a junior clerk in 1911, had reached the position of chief clerk of the Civilian Department of our Farnborough Branch, where he gained an extensive knowledge of the licensing laws and club law. Thus equipped, his transfer to "the road," in the course of which occupation he calls upon numerous licensed houses and clubs, gave him the opportunity of turning his experience to account and of being of great assistance wherever advice is required amongst his customers.

From many sources we have heard of his great popularity, his happy and friendly disposition, his unfailing courtesy and willingness at all times to be of the utmost service. These qualifications, so vital to the "Knight of the Road," and the enthusiasm which his delight in the work evokes, explain the success Mr. Gosney has achieved.

Mr. Gosney was the first secretary of the Farnborough Branch Cricket Club, which had a meritorious career, and held the post for several seasons.

We have memories of the efforts made by him on behalf of his team when playing against the Brewery XI in years past, both at Reading and at Farnborough, when he figured well in the field as well as behind the wickets. He has since occasionally played for the Brewery First XI.

He still takes an active part in the game and is also a regular supporter of football. At one time he was an enthusiastic cyclist and made several runs of over 100 miles in a day, but has now abandoned this form of sport for a greater interest in his garden.

He served in the 15th Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment during the latter part of the Great War and during the early months when the Battalion formed part of the Rhine Army of Occupation.

*Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine
oft infirmities—The Bible.*

EDITORIAL.

THE SPECTRE OF THE "LEVANT."

Life on the Rock of Gibraltar, the "Gateway to the Mediterranean," is usually most pleasant and enjoyable, but the spectre of the "Levant" hangs over it at certain seasons, and makes the Rock during its visitation of anything from one day to the best part of a week, a place of sickness and ill-health, particularly in the direction of stomach disorders. This cloud formation is caused through warm easterly winds striking the face of the rock, and changing the moisture in the earth to clouds. These clouds are then blown along in the same direction across the Rock for a distance of four miles, and finally end, for no apparent reason, in hundreds of small vortices and eddies.

THE GARDENER'S YEAR.

The weather this year has been extremely unkind to gardeners and may be summed up as follows:—First we were frozen out; then we were dried out; then we were blown out; now we are being flooded out.

"THE LADIES!"

The Confederate Army's toast of "The Ladies" takes a bit of beating. It is as follows:—

"The Ladies: Our arms your defence, your arms our recompense. Fall in!"

THE TWO VOICES.

The Opposition Labour Party may cherish many ideals, but sincerity and honesty in political warfare would not seem to be one of them. Their propagandists seek to gather votes by promising Old Age Pensions of £1 at 60. Yet a recent pamphlet which was produced with the aid of their Research Department states categorically that the Party "is not yet definitely committed to the idea of reducing the age limit or increasing the amount of pension." The propagandist for months past has criticised the National Government for the present scale of armaments. Yet the Research Department of the Party, looking forward to the time when the

present Socialist Opposition may be in power, admits that "it is not justifiable to count on any appreciable Budget relief under this head during the next few years." The propagandist keeps on saying that the great recovery which this country has made is only part of a world recovery. Yet the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, in its recent annual report, devotes many pages to depicting the growth of economic and industrial distress in several European countries. The Opposition Labour Party mistakes the character of the British people if it thinks that it can speak with two voices and delude the voters by statements and promises which it knows to be false.

ONE MORE HUBBY FOR SALE.

The following glowing account of a husband appears in *The People* and is written by a Warrington reader:—

I see in last Sunday's *People* that there is another hubby for sale. I'll bet if they were put up for auction they wouldn't fetch a balloon, with mine thrown in. *I've* got one any woman can have for nowt and welcome to him.

His qualifications are a swelled head, a chest like a fourpenny rabbit, and a face like a cart-load of monkeys, and he thinks he's it.

He started his holidays fifteen years ago and he is still on them. He doesn't believe in work while he has the strength to lie in bed, and spends the rest of his time *when he gets up* sitting by the fire watching a couple of cinders toss up which is going to fall out of the grate first.

His pet hobbies are smoking, reading and kinemas; fond of eggs and milk, oranges, chocolates, etc.

Possesses magical hands—money runs through them like water. I imagine some of the water has got on his brain because I can *hear it* splashing up against the sides when he walks.

He comes home and says he has been after a job, but he would much prefer the job to come to him.

He's looking for a boss's job—start at twelve and finish at two with an hour for dinner.

Well, if there's any woman who would like to take this load off my mind, good luck to her. He will make a grand pet, and if she will go out to work and treat him well, he will get so tame he will feed out of her hand, and perhaps sit up and beg.

P.S.—I hope there won't be a rush for my old man.

NOT IN HIS CONSTITUENCY.

We shall soon be in the throes of a General Election, and I am sure that in Reading at any rate it will be conducted with the utmost good humour. Let's have a little fun by all means. I remember when a candidate for election, addressing his constituency, was surprised by a voice which, calling from the back of the hall, said: "Well, I don't care wot yer says, gov'nor, I wouldn't vote for you if you was the angel Gabriel."

Quick as lightning came the reply: "If I were the angel Gabriel, you wouldn't be in my constituency."

A LITTLE SPIRIT, PLEASE!

At a Band of Hope Meeting—"Now children, we'll sing 'Little drops of water,' and for Heaven's sake put a little spirit into it this time."

THE TWO DRINKS.

A clergyman was invited to preach a Temperance Sermon, and this is how he began. "There are but two drinks mentioned in the Psalms—'wine that maketh glad the heart of man' and 'water wherewith the wild asses quench their thirst.'"

HANGING ROUND THE RACE-COURSES.

Strange as it may seem, there are times when, even on the Bench, His Majesty's Judges do not inspire the awe we would expect. On one occasion when Sir Henry Hawkins, most sporting of all Judges, was trying a case, the prisoner was observed to speak to the warder beside him in the dock. On this the Counsel for the Crown immediately asked that the warder should disclose what the prisoner had said. To this the warder demurred, but receiving the Judge's order to repeat the conversation, he announced that the prisoner had pointed to his Lordship and asked, "Who is that moth-eaten old heathen? I've often seen him hanging round the race-courses."

THE COMMUNIST.

What is a Communist? One who has yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings.
Idler or bungler, or both, he is willing
To fork out a penny and pocket your shilling.

BRIEF.

For brevity Earl Howe had few if any equals. At a dinner given by the British Motor Racing Drivers' Club in honour of Sir Malcolm Campbell, he was called upon to say grace. He stood up and said "Thank God" and sat down again.

TRUSTING YOU WILL DO THIS.

The following is an extract from a speech :—

I have here a letter which I should like to read to you. While it is not without humour, it sums up tersely and tragically the position of many a farmer to-day. This is written to the Land Department in reply to a letter urging him to pay his instalments : "Dear Sir,—I got your letter about what I owe you. Now be pacent, I ain't forgot you. If this was Judgment Day, and you was no more prepared to meet your Maker than I am to meet your account, you sure would have to go to hell (laughter). Trusting you will do this (loud laughter)—I am, yours truly,———."

REPRESENTED BY—HIS WIFE.

An American religious journal is responsible for the following :

In the thickest of the battle,
In the fiercest of the strife,
See the valiant christian layman,
Represented by—his wife.

Is the application wholly confined to the land of Stars and Stripes?

EPITAPH. KERYAN, CORNWALL.

Oh, what joy there was in heaven,
Oh, what rapture there was there !
When they saw our darling Arthur
Mounting up the Golden Stair.

MUCH RESPECTED FAMILIES.

I had the pleasure and honour of attending the wedding of Mr. W. Bradford's daughter. The little church was crowded with friends anxious to witness the solemn and impressive ceremony. And again at Palm Lodge, where the reception was held, there was a very large company. It went to show the great respect in which our Mr. Bradford and his family, and the bridegroom's family, are held. Canon Kernan was there in jovial and genial mood, and it was in every way a very jolly gathering. All health and every happiness to the bride and bridegroom !

SYNONYMOUS TERMS !

I am extremely surprised that everyone at the Brewery did not take my tip and back Commander III in the Cambridgeshire. Why, the Commander and *rapid transport* are synonymous terms !

MAKING GOOD PROGRESS.

Mr. F. Kimpton, a member of our Travelling Staff (Farnborough and District) recently suffered a breakdown in health. It is gratifying to know that he is now making good progress and we all wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

PHILOSOPHY.

When a man boasts that he is boss of the house he probably means that he can persuade his wife to do just what she likes.

LONGEVITY RECORD.

Mrs. Caroline Merriott, who is believed to be the oldest woman in this country has celebrated her one hundred and tenth birthday. The old lady has a pint of beer every day.

WELL TRIED MR. STONE.

Congratulations to Mr. J. Stone on putting up such an excellent fight in Katesgrove Municipal By-Election. He did not win, so far as votes were concerned, but he won the respect of all by the clean and straightforward manner in which he and his supporters conducted the fight. He is by no means a rolling Stone. So better luck next time ! Mr. Cook has retained his seat for Castle Ward and is thus able to continue the fine work he has done for the town for so many years.

SOFT DRINK WITH A "KICK."

A small fortune probably awaits the inventor of a new teetotal drink with a "kick" in it. This hint was thrown out to chemists by Sir Henry Coward, the conductor, in an appeal for a perfect alternative drink to alcoholic liquor, when he addressed the conference of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union at Hull. He suggested that temperance organisations should finance the quest.

VERY SPIRITED DESCRIPTION.

It was really a very spirited description he gave of the drink for which he has all this time been yearning, and for which he takes it for granted that all teetotalers have all their time been yearning, too, says the *Morning Advertiser*. "What we want," he said, "is a drink with a 'kick' in it. We want a good drink, a palatable, health-giving drink, full of the right vitamins, which promotes a feeling of glow and warmth." Almost he might have been describing beer, and it awakens feelings of the most sincere compassion that he has dragged through so many years without trying beer, and finding out for himself how very far from the truth was what all the instructors of his youth had always been telling him about it. If he had only tried! He would certainly have been very much happier, but we doubt, after all, whether he would have felt so much eagerness to discover this new drink he talks about. He is eager enough now, to be sure. He would put all the best chemists on to the job, and make the teetotalers put up enough money to pay for their researches. But the chemists would be handicapped by knowing what beer is, and with that knowledge would certainly despair of ever discovering a better drink. We should recommend Sir Henry and his friends, while awaiting the discovery, to go on with the beer.

A GOOD REASON.

There are many good reasons for drinking. One has just entered my head:

"If a man can't drink while he's living,
How in the — can he drink when he's dead."

MRS. F. A. SIMONDS.

We were very sorry to learn that Mrs. F. A. Simonds was recently obliged to undergo a slight operation. Although the news created considerable anxiety, we are relieved to hear that good progress towards recovery is now being made.

MR. ERIC DUNCAN SIMONDS.

We are pleased to report that Mr. Eric Duncan Simonds, the second son of Mr. F. A. Simonds, our Managing Director, has made a good recovery from his recent operation. He has now returned to Eton, where he is in Sixth Form and Head of his House.

**ARCHANGEL STOUT HELPS YOU TO
RESIST THE
COLD.
HAVE
A
NIP AND MAKE THE
GENERAL PUBLIC
ENVIOUS OF YOUR ROBUST AND HEALTHY
LOOKS.**

Archangel Stout offers the "stoutest" resistance to Arctic weather. So "Nip" your cold in the bud.

H. & G. Simonds' Tennis Club.

A GRAND DANCE

WILL BE HELD AT

PALM LODGE,

On TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3rd, 1935,

8 P.M. TO 2 A.M.

THE COMMANDERS ORCHESTRA.

Waltz and Foxtrot Competitions.

Prizes for Lucky Spots, etc.

TICKETS 2/-. AT THE DOOR 2/6.

Dress Optional. Rights of admission reserved.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The greatest thoughts are the simplest ; and so are the greatest men.

The opportunity of a life-time must be grasped in the lifetime of the opportunity.

Some people have a good time wherever they go. They take it with them.

Our deeds are like the scattered seeds :
They grow to flowers, or to weeds.

Sing a song in the Garden of Life, if only you gather a thistle,
Sing a song as you travel along, and if you can't sing, why just whistle.

WINTER WISDOM.

Keep the head cool and the feet warm.

Friends are like books, howe'er they're drest.
New ones are good
But old ones are best.

Sympathy is the key that fits the lock of every heart.

It's not so much the size of the dog in the fight that counts as the size of the fight in the dog.

When things look black, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When funds are low, and debts are high
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh ;
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must, but don't you quit.

Do not brag : remember it is not the whistle that pulls the train.

Houses to let. Yes, it really is true ;
Houses of kindness are always on view.
Love is the key that will open the door ;
Unselfish deeds form roof and the floor.

Houses to let at a rent all can pay ;
Houses of kindness—let's move in to-day.

If you wish to build high, you must dig the foundations deep.

If you have a burning desire to succeed, you will have to make light of failures.

Open the windows of the heart,
And let the sunshine penetrate the gloom ;
Clear out the fears and doubts that grimly start
Like ghosts within the mind's dim, haunted room.
Brush out the cobwebs of your malice wrought,
And sweep away the grudges that you bear ;
Replace each petty and ungracious thought
With one that is forgiving, true, and fair.

The world is full of willing people : some willing to work, the rest willing to let them.

There are two things you never need pay attention to—abuse and flattery. The first can't harm you, and the second can't help you.

No one ever gets anywhere until he gets rid of the idea that his first effort is going to startle the world.

A few well earned compliments are the spice of life.

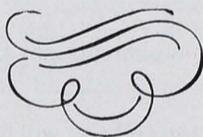
Concentrate on your job and you will forget your other troubles.

Money talks—and it generally says " Good-bye."

A GREAT THOUGHT.

The great majority of men do their work by the light of day. They take that as a matter of course. Unless something very unusual shakes them out of their complacency, it never occurs to them to pity the lot of those martyrs of the darkness who must habitually labour through the night, or of the miners who toil in the gloom of the nether pit in order that there may be no lack of light for the surface dwellers. But darkness is not of the physical eye alone. There is also a darkness and a light of mind and spirit. We recognize that when we exhort those from whom we differ to look at the question at issue in the proper light. The man who has come to a better frame of mind says that he sees things in a new light. Many men, whether through circumstance or through their own shortcomings, grope about in a dim mental world in which there is little light of any kind. For them there is no long view, no clear vision of purposes and ends, of ways and means. Amorphous but urgent desires, hazy ideas, and vague aspirations people their mental outlook. It is the great task of education, both secular and religious, to illuminate that murky atmosphere, bringing into it not only accurate and wider knowledge but also high principles of conduct and an earnest faith. That is the light which will scatter the mists of ignorance, indifference, and prejudice, and form the bright background against which the trivialities of the daily round will stand out clear-cut and transfigured. No darkness will seem gross beyond hope to teachers and preachers who hold fast to the belief that even the poorest and feeblest of their fellows have their potentialities,

*Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get to him.—The Times.*



TENNIS CLUB.

A meeting of Simonds' Tennis Club was held at the Social Club on Friday, 18th October. Unfortunately Mr. L. A. Simonds and Mr. R. St. J. Quarry were unable to be present.

The chair was taken by Mr. W. Bradford who announced, with regret, the resignation of Mr. P. James, as secretary. A very hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. James for the capable way he had carried out the secretarial duties and for his untiring efforts on behalf of the club.

Mr. R. Huddy was elected secretary for the ensuing year.

It was decided to hold a dance in December, and a committee was formed to make the necessary arrangements.

Thanks were expressed to the ladies for providing teas during the season, to Mr. W. Bradford for his splendid work as treasurer, and also to Mr. J. Lees for the good condition of the courts.

THE LATE MR. J. W. CHART.

LANDLORD OF "OLD LONDON APPRENTICE."

We regret to record the death of Mr. J. W. Chart, which occurred on October 2nd at Guy's Hospital, where he had undergone a serious operation. Mr. Chart came to Newbury two years ago and took over the management of the "Old London Apprentice," Newtown Road, says the *Newbury Weekly News*. His death came as a shock to his numerous friends in the town and neighbourhood, by whom he was esteemed for his genial disposition and straight dealing. He had been ill for some time, but had only been laid up about fourteen days. Mr. Chart belonged to the old school of 'busmen, and was for nearly 40 years in the service of Messrs. Thomas Tilling and Co., Ltd., London. He was buried in the family grave at Brockley Cemetery, London. The coffin, which was of oak, bore the following inscription: John William Chart, died 2nd October, 1935, aged 59 years.



Reading and District Licensed Trade
Protection and Benevolent Association

HOSPITAL BED ENDOWMENT FUND.

A Grand Charity Ball

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF:—

Dr. A. B. Howitt, C.V.O., M.P. Col. J. R. Wethered, C.M.G., D.S.O.
A. T. Loyd, Esq., O.B.E., J.P. F. A. Simonds, Esq.
(Lord Lieutenant of Berkshire) Thos. Skurray, Esq.
W. H. Bale, Esq. (Mayor Designate)

AT

THE TOWN HALLS, READING,

ON

TUESDAY, 12th NOVEMBER, 1935,

8 P.M. TILL 2 A.M.

TEDDY HALES SAVANNAH BAND.

Numerous Prizes. Full Licence. Refreshments.

TICKETS **2/6** (SINGLE); **4/6** (DOUBLE).
Admission by Ticket only.

ALL PROCEEDS TO ABOVE FUND.

MISS BRADFORD'S MARRIAGE.

HANDSOME GIFTS FROM THE STAFF.



Miss Bradford, of the Correspondence Office, The Brewery, Reading, and daughter of Mr. Walter Bradford, was recently married, and to mark the occasion the staff presented her with some handsome presents. The pleasing little ceremony, which was largely attended, took place in the Waiting Room on September 30th.

Mr. F. C. Hawkes, who presided over a representative gathering of all departments, said it was customary on occasions such as that to meet together, present gifts and wish the recipient every happiness. It was his pleasant task to ask Miss Bradford to accept the canteen of cutlery and a handsome clock from them all. He hoped the presents would remind her of the happy days spent at The Brewery and of her many friends there.

Obviously affected by her reception, Miss Bradford thanked everyone for the wonderful presents they had given her. She would always treasure them.

Mr. W. Dunster said he was glad to have the opportunity of thanking Miss Bradford for her work in the Correspondence Office.

She had been always a very willing worker and a very capable one too. He wished both her and Mr. Stanley Hieatt (her future husband) good health and he was sure if they had that, they would enjoy every happiness in their married life.

It was a very enthusiastic meeting and ended with the usual handshakes and personal good wishes.

There was a pleasant sequel, for Mr. Eric, in his charming way, personally wished Miss Bradford "good-bye" and also saw the splendid gifts.

There was a large congregation at the Church of English Martyrs where the wedding was solemnised, and also at Palm Lodge where the reception was afterwards held and where all very heartily drank the health of the bride and bridegroom.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

There was a big demand for the October issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE and we (in the Correspondence Office) have been asked for extra copies from quite a number of quarters. The popularity of our magazine is still as strong as ever.

Mr. A. H. Hopkins (Secretary of the H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Savings Association) informs me a record number of certificates is being subscribed for in the new "Cycle." This association has been established 11 years and a very large number of certificates obtained.

On October 1st the staff were "down to it" in earnest as it was balancing time, owing to our financial year ending on the 30th September. Overtime the order of the day, or rather night. At the moment many are still on this duty but, naturally, considerable progress has been made.

Football is booming in Reading at the moment, for the local club are top of their league with a clear lead; as a matter of fact they have won two games more than any other club in the four English leagues—a proud record. As they are playing at the moment, it will take a good team to beat them. We are all thinking this is to be promotion season for Reading and it seemed an established fact a few Saturday nights ago when it was announced on the wireless: Notts County 1, Reading CITY 3.

The 1st XI of the Brewery Club are doing very well so far and seem to have a penchant for drawing matches. I think I am correct in saying that they drew only one match last season or, at any rate, very few.

It would seem that Plymouth Argyle are re-capturing some of their past glories, for they are playing much better and hold quite a good position in the league. Can they keep it up?

I notice both the Bristol Clubs are occupying lowly positions; nevertheless, Bristol Rovers were hard to beat at Elm Park.

Portsmouth are proving a good side and no doubt their recent defeat of the Arsenal will prove a tonic.

What is the matter with Brighton? They are not playing particularly well at the moment.

From the "News Chronicle."—"Do you know that at the back of Gibraltar there is a tiny fishing village, La Caleta, which is Italian? The fishermen are Genoese. . . . In 1704 the British captured Gibraltar. The civil population at that time (according to Ayala, *Historia de Gibraltar*, 1782) was mostly Italian—fishermen and merchants in the main. Others joined together and founded the village of La Caleta, safely removed from the main town of Gibraltar. There they practised peacefully their fishing and their religion. And so the village has continued ever since—with the natural modification that the villagers now speak Spanish; and *drink Reading Ales.*"

The Reading Ales mentioned are, naturally, those of H. & G. Simonds Ltd.

Congratulations to Mr. H. E. Marston, whose wife recently presented him with a bonny daughter. Everything is going on very well, I am informed. Mr. Marston had a shock the other day when his boy, aged 6, was being brought home from London by a friend in a car. For some reason unexplained the motor car suddenly skidded and finished up on its nose (if that is the correct term). Fortunately the three occupants were not seriously injured and although taken to hospital were not detained. The boy was lucky to escape practically unscathed.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

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

The Star, Newbury (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. H. M. Wilson.

- The Carnarvon Arms, Whitway (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. E. W. Johnson.
- The Bush Hotel, Wokingham (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Now under the control of the Catering Department and placed under management of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Burge.
- The Castle Inn, Hurst (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. L. M. James.
- The Queen's Arms, Wokingham (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. J. Probets.
- The King's Arms, York Town (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. A. Sykes.
- The Harrow Inn, Hughenden (Whealers Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. W. J. Smith.
- The White Hart, Sunninghill (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. A. Hamblett.
- The Kitchener's Arms, Windsor (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. A. J. Rogers.
- The Queen, Blackwater (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. J. Hunt.
- The Horse and Groom, Henley (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. F. Heath.
- The Bridge House, Theale (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. E. Gillard.
- The Windsor Castle, Windsor (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. H. C. Baggaley.
- The Jolly Guardsman, Spital (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. B. G. Hilton.
- The Cross Keys, South Stoke (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. E. Smith.

DEATHS.

I regret having to record the following deaths which have recently taken place, and to all relatives we extend our sincere sympathy.

Mrs. E. S. Lewendon, who died on the 21st September, 1935, and who took over the tenancy of the Farmers' Man, Benson, on the 2nd November, 1929, on the death of her husband, Mr. C. E. Lewendon. Mrs. Lewendon gave up the tenancy in favour of the present tenant, who took over the house on the 19th April, 1930, viz., Mr. Chas. Lewendon. It was found on reference to our records that the house had been in the possession of the Lewendon family since 1883. However, in a letter to Mr. C. Bennett, Mr. C. Lewendon

writes :—" They wish me to say how they all appreciate your kind reference to their late brother and sister-in-law and their late parents. They wish me to say that previous to 1883, when the house was taken over by my uncle, their father (W. Lewendon) and his wife, the licence for about 50 years was held by their parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. Rickson, so that it has been in the family for over a century."

A wonderful record surely !

SERVED WINE TO A KING.

DEATH OF MR. A. C. BOEHM, LINGUIST AND LICENSEE.

Mr. A. C. Boehm, of the Royal Oak, Hampton, who died on the 6th October, 1935, had been tenant of this house from 2nd March, 1914 to 5th June, 1934—20 years. The following extract is from a local newspaper :—

For many years licensee of the Royal Oak public house, Hampton, and formerly a wine steward at such famous hotels as the Berkeley, the Carlton and Claridge's, Mr. Albert Charles Boehm, of 45 Percy Road, Hampton, died on Sunday after a short illness.

Mr. Boehm was 71 years of age. He was born in Paris and was a fine linguist, having command of no fewer than five languages. For several years he was a wine steward at the Berkeley Hotel, and on one occasion served King Edward, who was at that time Prince of Wales. Mr. Boehm subsequently served as wine steward at the Carlton Hotel and as wine steward and cellarman at Claridge's Hotel. Twenty-one years ago he came to Hampton as licensee of the Royal Oak, a position from which he retired a little more than a year ago.

MEDAL STRUCK FOR A LANDLORD.

FORTY YEARS IN ONE HOSTELRY.

To celebrate his fortieth anniversary as landlord of the Hatch Gate, Burghfield, friends of Mr. Clayton Turvey have had a long service medal specially struck for him.

The medal is to be presented to Mr. Turvey by his oldest friend, Mr. Tom Read.

Seventy years of age, Mr. Turvey still rises regularly at six a.m. and is active as ever. Of a jovial disposition, he is liked by everyone, and nothing pleases him more than a good game of dominoes.

Mr. Turvey's ambition is to be at Hatch Gate another 30 years—in other words, to live to be 100.—*Evening Gazette.*

A NATURE NOTE.

For my Nature Note this month I give the following, which was passed on to me by a very old friend :—

This is the story of "The Man Who Tried to Lose a Pike."

"Jack" is a waiter at a famous tavern. He fished in the River Kennet and caught a pike in ten minutes with a "spinner." It was 41 in. long, 7½ in. in girth and weighed 15 lbs., but it is one thing to catch a pike and another thing to "park it." Here is "Jack's" account of his pilgrimage with the pike.

"I packs it," he said. "Then I tells the local fisherman, and he says 'Liar.' So I brings it up to work. I pops it under the carriage seat, where it rests against the hot-water pipes, and the people in the carriage ask, 'Who has got the corpse?'—see?"

CONDUCTOR'S WARNING.

"Then I brings it to my work. I leaves it in a 'bus on the way, but the conductor says, 'Take back your pike.' So I takes back the pike.

"I takes it to work, and my mates *ostriches* me. They say, 'Keep that fish away from us or get 'urt.'

"Well, I takes it into a diner, and I says, 'Would you like a bit of fresh pike, sir?' He looks at it, and says, 'Not arf,' and orders mutton!

"So I then chucks the pike out into the street, but a small boy comes in with it and asks, 'As you lorst a fish, mister?'

"Then I tries and give it as a gift, but nobody ain't feeling grateful.

"On the way home at night I takes a train to a place where I have never been before—and I leaves the pike in the train—see?"

"Jack" wiped the hint of a tear from his eye.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If pork is well sprinkled with salt before roasting, the crackle will be deliciously "scrumpy."

No matter how stale bread is, if plunged into cold water and then placed immediately in a "quick" oven and allowed to remain there for a few minutes, it will be crisp and as good as new.

THE GRAND NATIONAL AGAIN.

(From the *Berkshire Chronicle*.)

The country was saved, as Dr. Howitt reminded his audience at his adoption meeting, by two things. It was saved by the best leaders of the three political parties joining together and saying that they would put the country before party. They were backed up by the overwhelming majority of the people, and, therefore, they were able to act in no uncertain manner and get things done. The result has been that the country has been got out of the financial mire, and in the four years of the Government's existence, instead of a million people losing employment as they did under the Socialist Government, a million people have gained employment, a million new houses have been built and a scheme for doing away with the slums is well in hand. Once again this country is the greatest exporting country in the world. We have regained confidence in ourselves and have gained the confidence of all the world. If the nation's position is safeguarded as it is by the National Government many reforms and much real progress are possible, as they will not be if the people are brought to the brink of ruin by Socialist upheaval. Is the country going to surrender this position and risk a first-class financial crisis and all the hardship and misery that would entail? We trow not.

THE DEAD.

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth,
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.

These had seen movement, and heard music; known
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
Touched flowers and furs, and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds and laughter
And lit by the rich skies all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves to dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

—Rupert Brooke.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

DR. A. B. HOWITT'S ADOPTION MEETING.

The campaign on behalf of the National Conservative candidate in Reading was inaugurated amid scenes of great enthusiasm on Monday evening, October 28th, when a meeting was held in Olympia, Reading, the hall being crowded with supporters of all classes and creeds. A resolution adopting Dr. A. B. Howitt, the late Member, as prospective candidate, was unanimously accepted.

Mr. F. A. Simonds, the president of the association, was in the chair, and announced that the executive of the association had just met, and, on the proposition of the chairman (Mr. T. Vincent), seconded by Mrs. Wellington Hall, the following resolution was unanimously passed: "That this meeting recommends to the special general meeting of the association the adoption of Dr. A. B. Howitt, C.V.O., as the National Conservative candidate to contest the seat at the forthcoming Parliamentary election in the Borough of Reading."

Mr. Simonds added: "Let me say at once that I am very glad to see what I consider is the biggest adoption meeting we have had for many years. (Hear, hear). This is the seventh adoption meeting I have attended since the war, and I think the large attendance is a very happy omen. It signifies a very general assent to the recommendation of the executive committee."

Dr. Howitt then delivered a telling speech.

DR. HOWITT'S VALUABLE WORK.

The chairman said ever since he was elected the member for Reading Dr. Howitt had devoted himself heart and soul to the interests of the town. (Hear, hear). He had been a most regular attendant in the House of Commons, and had served on a number of important committees, particularly in connection with medical matters. In addition, both Mrs. Howitt and Dr. Howitt had endeared themselves to all classes of the community by their presence at hundreds of gatherings in the town. (Applause). One heard repeatedly throughout the country that, of course, the National Government would go back to power. But that was one of the greatest dangers they had to face at the present time. A very small margin existed between the total National vote and the Socialist vote, and an upset of a very few per cent. might mean the loss of a number of seats.

EVERY VOTE SHOULD BE POLLED.

It was most essential that every possible vote, not only in this town, but throughout the country, should be registered for the

National Government, and there must be no apathy of any sort. They were going to have a stiff fight in Reading between the physician and the surgeon. They must all put their faith in the intelligent treatment of the physician rather than the knife. He did not think the country had reached that stage when it wanted the knife. He had almost forgotten the Camberley chemist who was also joining in the fray. He daresay Dr. Howitt would make up the prescription for him. (Applause). But he hoped Mr. Todd would not claim it as his own. Rather he fancied he had got a Samuelite pink pill wrapped up in Lloyd George gold foil, which he was asking the electors of the town to swallow. He did not think they would. (Laughter and applause).

Mr. Simonds then moved the following resolution: "That the Reading Conservative and Unionist Association hereby adopts Dr. A. B. Howitt, C.V.O., as the National Conservative candidate to contest the seat at the forthcoming Parliamentary election, and assures him of their loyal and enthusiastic support."

Mrs. Wellington Hall, chairman of the Women's Association, seconded the resolution, and in doing so assured Dr. Howitt of the unanimous support of the ladies of the association.

Mr. J. Ibbett supported on behalf of the Junior Association.

MR. NOEL SUTTON'S AND MR. C. H. WILLIAMS' SUPPORT.

Mr. L. Noel Sutton said he felt it his duty to do all he could to support Dr. Howitt. He had been tremendously impressed with his very genuine sincerity, and he hoped they would all do their best to return him.

Mr. C. H. Williams, who, incidentally, is the managing director of Messrs. Huntley and Palmers, said when one remembered the condition of the country at the time of the last election and compared it with the conditions which existed to-day, it did not require very much thought to know that this was not the moment to swop horses whilst they were crossing the stream. The improvement in the condition of this country had been arrived at not by gigantic experiments which had been tried by other countries, and the fate of which was still in the balance, but by those methods which had proved safe in the past and which were proving sound once more. Under such circumstances he did not think any thinking person could have any doubt that they were right in supporting the National Government again. Speaking as one with a position of responsibility in one of the largest businesses in the town, he had no hesitation in saying that the prosperity of Reading depended very largely on the return of a National Government.—

From the "Berkshire Chronicle."

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

MOVING!

CAPTAIN : " If anything moves, you shoot."

PRIVATE : " Yes, sir! And if anything shoots, I moves! "

* * * *

FATHER : " And there, my son, you have the story of your Dad and the Great War."

SON : " Yes, Dad; but why did they need all the other soldiers? "

* * * *

MRS. A. : " You say your husband has a dry sense of humour? "

MRS. B. : " Yes, it dried up years ago."

* * * *

Brown and Jones had been dining extremely well at the club and were returning home in the small hours of the morning. Said Brown to Jones : " I shay, before you go, jusht come in and have a parting drink. If we go in quietly we won't wake the wife.

The two of them crept in on tiptoe, but when inside the door Jones crashed into the hall table and Brown knocked over a chair. Jones looked at Brown in horror and whispered, " We must be quiet or we'll wake the wife."

" Oh, that's all right," replied Brown airily, " she'll never hear with all this damned noise going on."

* * * *

A golfer from Glasgow, or perhaps Edinburgh, was playing in a medal competition with some friends. At the first hole he went into the Swilcan Burn, which is immediately in front of the first green. After picking out and dropping the ball he went far over the green and holed out in 7. Down went a 4 on the card.

This sort of bad golf but splendid scoring went on for several holes until his caddie remarked : " Man, your pencil is the best club in your bag."

" Aye," replied the player, " but there are others who can swing it better nor me."

Two Jews were drawing up articles of partnership before their lawyer. The lawyer went all over the articles before the final signing and suddenly said : " But there are no mentions of fire or bankruptcy—I have made a mistake, these must go in."

" Quite right," said the partners, speaking at once, " put them in but the profits are to be divided equally in both cases."

* * * *

" I have called to see why your daughter Emily hasn't attended school lately," said the school attendance officer as he stood at the cottage door.

" 'Cause I think she's learnt enough," retorted Emily's mother shortly.

" Why," exclaimed the visitor, " she's only passed through two classes yet."

" Well, ain't that enough? " asked the woman. " I dunno what eddication is comin' to. When I was young, if a gal understood the elements of distraction, provision or replenishin', an' the common dominator, an' knew all the rivers and their obituaries, the provinces and the umpires, she was reckoned to have eddication enough to see her through."

* * * *

One of the elephants at the Zoo was coughing badly one morning, so the keeper was instructed to give it a bucket of water, into which a bottle of whisky had been emptied.

" How's Sally? " he asked his fellow-keeper, next morning.

" Oh, just the same," was the reply, " but all the other elephants are coughing this morning."

* * * *

A racing trainer had caught one of his stable boys stealing oats, and seemed undecided what course to take.

In the meantime the stable boy had asked his mistress to intercede for him. The trainer's wife pleaded with her husband, and, quoting the Scriptures in support of leniency, said : " We were taught when a man took our coat to give him the cloak as well."

" Quite true," the trainer replied, " and as he has taken my oats I am going to give him the sack."

A merchant sent home to his wife a very clever parrot. It arrived just before he himself was due, and on the same day his wife had gone out, ordered a chicken, and told the cook, "There is a bird coming for to-night's dinner. Cook it."

The parrot arrived first, and was cooked. Then the husband arrived. "What's this?" he asked at dinner. The parlourmaid explained the cook's mistake.

"This is awful," said the merchant, "why, the bird could speak eleven languages."

"Then why on earth didn't it say something?" asked his wife.

* * * *

A padre, walking along a front line trench, came across the champion grouser of his battalion up to his knees in mud and water and doing a really good "moan."

"Jones," he said, "if you were knocked out and had the good fortune to go to heaven, I believe you'd still find something to moan about."

Later in the day Jones was killed, and a few days later the padre met the same fate.

On arriving in heaven he heard someone complaining, and sure enough, there was Jones. The padre asked what was wrong.

"Who wouldn't moan?" asked Jones. "Yesterday someone pinched my blanco, and I was told off for dirty wings, and in five minutes' time there's a band practice and I've just broken two strings of my harp!"

* * * *

A cockney was amused at a signboard which read: "This farm for sail." He asked the farmer's wife when the farm was "to sail."

She stared at him steadily for a few moments, and then answered: "Just as soon as there comes along a man who can raise the wind."

* * * *

JONES: "Done well with your vegetable garden this year?"

SMITH: "Not bad; we had it for dinner yesterday!"

The new magistrate who was not very strong in law, was faced by a man charged with exceeding the speed limit. "What have you got to say?" he asked. "Well, your honour," explained the accused, "it's quite true that I was doing sixty miles an hour at the time, but I jolly well had to. You see, I'd pinched the car, and the cops were coming after me like blazes." "Well, of course" said the J.P. thoughtfully, "that does make a difference, doesn't it? Case dismissed."

* * * *

A Yorkshireman kept homing pigeons, and boasted that one of them could find its way home from anywhere. A friend bet him £20 that the bird would not get back from London. The bet was taken and the pigeon was sent to King's Cross Station to be let loose, but the man making the bet artfully arranged for the bird's wings to be clipped before it was liberated.

At the end of the week it had not returned. "You wait," said the owner, confidently; "he'll be back all reet."

At the end of a fortnight the friend claimed that he had won the bet. "He'll come home from anywhere," insisted the proud owner.

After three weeks had passed the friend went round to claim the £20. "Tha'll get nowt—tha's lost," said the Yorkshireman. "He coom last neet, but, by gum, his feet were sore!"

* * * *

In a certain district in East Africa is a Resident Magistrate. When he is away a doctor has been appointed to act for him as deputy R.M.

Recently each agreed that he had broken the law by riding at night without a light. Both thought that the law would be vindicated if each appeared in court before the other.

The magistrate sat first and fined the doctor five pounds. When it was the doctor's turn to administer the law, he fined the magistrate twenty pounds.

The magistrate looked aghast, but the doctor justified his severity by emphasising that an example was needed, since obviously the offence was becoming a common one; there had been a similar case that very day!

A much-publicised European dictator was about to visit a lunatic asylum one day and the Superintendent went to great pains to teach his inmates how to salute in the new-fangled style.

The great day arrived and the Great One came to inspect the loonies. All down the line these well-trained men extended their right arms in the proper horizontal salute until finally he came to the last man, who did not salute at all.

"Come, come, my man," he said, "why don't you salute me?"

"Oh," said the man, "I'm the Superintendent—I'm not one of the lunatics."

* * * *

An amateur dramatic society was giving a show, an affair with royalty in it.

"Come," said the actor, who was playing the king, "let us go into the 'ouse."

There was a titter from the boxes.

"He said 'ouse," an occupant remarked.

The actor, overhearing, turned to the offender: "Yus, I said 'ouse—do you think a blinking king would live in hapartments?"

* * * *

"There's a case arrived for ye from London, sir," telephoned the station-master.

"Ah, yes," replied the minister, "a few hymn-books—"

"Weel, ye'd better hurry, sir. One of them's leakin'."

* * * *

MRS. A.: "My husband has no idea what I go through when he snores."

MRS. B.: "Mine never misses his change either."

* * * *

TEACHER: "Tommy, why do you spell 'Bank' with a large 'B'?"

TOMMY: "'Cause Dad said a bank without a large capital was no good."

A pessimist was holding forth on the shortcomings of the rising generation. "Where to-day," he demanded, "can you find the youngster who will just go on smiling when everything is going wrong?"

To which a more optimistic friend replied, "On the links this afternoon, carrying my clubs."

* * * *

"Why is it," said the lady customer irritably, "that I never get what I ask for in this shop?"

"Perhaps, madam," said the assistant coldly, "it is because we are too polite."

THE BREWERY'S SUCCESSFUL SOCCER TEAM.



The Brewery soccer team, which won promotion last season, is competing this year in the Premier Division of the Reading and District Football League where, up to the present, they hold an unbeaten record. Reading left to right:—*Top row*: W. Mortimer, P. Curtis, J. Hillier, N. Taylor, H. Cooke, L. Kirby. *Bottom row*: H. Mileham, A. Tuttle, G. Sayers, J. Smith (captain), L. Jacobs.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

TRY THIS TRICK.

Ask a friend to write something on a sheet of notepaper—it does not matter what he writes—and say that you will be able to tell him what is on the paper.

Your chum must fold the paper very carefully. Then tell him that, to make sure you do not see what he has written, he must put the folded paper on the ground and place his foot on it.

“Now tell me what is on the paper,” he is sure to demand.

“Your foot, of course!” you chuckle.

SIMONDS BEER

is

SUPER B

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

Before the next number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE is published the 1st Batt. York and Lancaster Regiment will have left Victoria Barracks, Portsmouth, and taken over their new quarters at Catterick, York. Portsmouth will lose many good friends on their departure. The 2nd Batt. Middlesex Regiment take over the quarters vacated by the York and Lancaster Regiment at Victoria Barracks, and we are looking forward to an influx of new blood in the several sporting events of the garrison, especially in the football league this season.

Old Comrades of the Rifle Brigade, who had soldiered together many years ago, spent a week-end of crowded memories in Gosport recently. Members of the Rifle Brigade Old Comrades' Association, they were the guests of the 1st Batt. of their old regiment at New Barracks. They hailed from London, Brighton, Winchester and Bournemouth. A billiards match in the Corporals' Mess and a social gathering in the Sergeants' Mess filled the programme on the first evening. The visitors won the billiards match by six games to one. The Old Comrades headed by Captain C. H. P. Higgins, of the Winchester Branch, accompanied the Battalion on Church Parade to St. Matthew's on Sunday morning. Colonel O. C. Downes, D.S.O., was in command. Colonel Downes invited Captain Higgins and the visitors to support him at the saluting point for the march past after the service. He congratulated them upon their continued interest in the Regiment. A shooting match on the miniature range occupied the attention of some after the parade, while others listened to a concert in the gymnasium by the Battalion Band and Drums. A visit was made to H.M.S. *Dolphin* in the afternoon.

“DAILY PINT” AT 104.

VETERAN THINKS TO-DAY'S YOUNG MEN “LAZY DEVILS.”

Mr. James Miles, of York Road, Southampton, who was 104 on Sunday last, calls young men of the present generation “Lazy devils,” drinks a pint of beer every day, and still goes to work. He is a ladder-maker. “I am feeling fine,” he told a press representative; “in fact, I have never felt better in my life. I am 104, but I don't feel half my age. My father lived to 103 and 11 months, and I hope also to beat my grandfather's record: he died when he was 110.” This wonderful old man was born at

Brighton. He remembers being driven by his father in a dog-cart, pulled by a Dalmatian and a Scottish collie, to see the Derby in 1849. He started earning his living when he was nine, scaring birds from Kentish orchards at sixpence a day.—

From *Hampshire Telegraph and Post*.

BRIGHTON.

THE BROADWATER WORKING MEN'S CONSERVATIVE CLUB.

Nearly 190 members of this Worthing Club sat down to a Dinner held on the Club's premises on the 9th October, to celebrate jointly the Royal Jubilee and the Club's freedom from debt.

The Club's popular President, Alderman H. F. Carmichael, was in the Chair, and the Club entertained Earl Winterton, M.P., P.C., as its honoured guest.

Mr. A. V. Stewart proposed "The Club," and gave some interesting details concerning the finances. It was founded in 1924 with about 100 members and with their present Chairman as President, now he was pleased to say there were 258 members, of which 92 were founders.

The debt in 1924 was £2,811, in 1927 £2,461, in 1930 £1,570, and in 1933 £955. The sum of £715 was raised by a special debt reduction fund, and this sum was merged into the general fund last year, practically eliminating the original debt. In addition, £190 was raised among the members for the building of an additional room for billiards.

The Chairman, in his speech, reminded members of his Scots blood, and advised them to put a substantial sum to reserve in case of the proverbially rainy day. He wished to thank in particular Mr. A. V. Stewart, Mr. G. Gosden, Mr. E. Locke (Secretary), Mr. W. J. Hutchinson (Steward), Mr. J. Kennard, the "star" committee man who has attended regularly two nights a week since the Club opened, and all those who had been helpful and had so loyally supported him in his work for the Club.

Earl Winterton, M.P., P.C., in responding to the toast of the "Donors to the Club Funds," made an interesting speech on present-day political matters, and after concluding was very much in demand for the appendage of his autograph to menu cards.

Mr. W. Watts, on behalf of the Club, thanked those firms who had so generously contributed gifts of beer, minerals and tobacco to the dinner.

Mr. S. M. Penlerick attended, representing Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, and a very fine musical programme was supplied by Mr. R. J. Blackman's Concert Party.

Brighton recently gained a certain notoriety by an extraordinary speech made by Sir Thomas Beecham, who conducted a concert here, given by the London Philharmonic Society.

This event was the first to be held in the reconstructed Dome, and, as was expected, Sir Thomas made a short speech on the occasion of the concert. His remarks were not quite as anticipated, for instead of the expected compliments on the newly-altered building, with its greatly improved acoustic properties and better seating accommodation, he made adverse comments on the dressing room accommodation, and also complained that refreshments were lacking. When visiting Aberdeen, he said, on a similar occasion, the town was illuminated, carpets laid down, and cigars and champagne provided; but not so in Brighton.

However, it was a fine concert in a fine building, and perhaps Sir Thomas' criticism was a good advertisement for the town.

The gale of the 17th September will long be remembered by the inhabitants of Brighton and district, as well as by the hundreds of soldiers engaged in manoeuvres, when such regrettable damage was done to the marquees of the Firm.

In Brighton the storm was the worst experienced since the Old Chain Pier was blown down in 1896.

On this occasion the piers stood the buffeting of the waves, but the whole of the seafront was strewn with debris, including the wreckage of boats, canoes, bathing chalets and their contents, great bulks of timber torn from groynes, masses of masonry, and twisted ironwork.

The Aquarium building was flooded two or three feet in water, and the promenade near by, consisting of concrete a foot thick, was smashed to pieces.

Numerous shop windows were blown in, and the crash of falling slates, tiles and chimney pots could be heard all night long.

Fish were actually hurled over the promenade on to the Hove lawns.

The town gardens, which overnight were a mass of beautiful flowers, next morning were absolutely ruined, and the trees all over the town looked as though they had some fell disease, the leaves having been turned black in the gale, and in a few days fell off.

Happily, no casualties were recorded.

OXFORD.

THE LATE MRS. J. M. DORMOR.

A link with the establishment of Oxford Branch has been severed by the death of Mrs. A. M. I. Dormor, widow of the late Mr. J. M. Dormor, its first manager, as briefly mentioned in the October issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

Mrs. Dormor was of some assistance to her husband in the social activities in connection with Mr. Dormor's managership, and her demise reminds one of some of their contemporaries, i.e., Messrs. Pulley, Bolton, White, Benham, Dupree, Cottrell, Brett, F. and W. Lindars, now alas! no longer with us.

Mr. Harry Dormor relates that in the early 'eighties there were interchanges of visits among some of the above named and their families, and also parties for Henley Regatta, Ascot, the Boat Race, etc., in those spacious days.

We shall miss Mrs. Dormor when we remember her cheery greeting, and happy and vivacious manner in the "old days," although of late years she had been confined to her home. Now she has passed on, but to those who had the privilege of her acquaintance her memory will remain.

WAR DEPARTMENT CONSTABULARY CANTEEN, R.A.O.C. DEPOT, DIDCOT.

This new venture celebrated the first anniversary of opening by holding a Dance and Social on Monday, October 7th, and a large number of guests enjoyed an entertaining evening.

Notable among the guests was a party of W.D. Police from Bramley, headed by Chief Inspector and Mrs. Handley.

The billiard room presented an unusual appearance, being decorated with bunting, etc. Flowers lent by Inspector Barnes added much to the colour scheme.

No difficulty was experienced in "keeping the centre clear," for all enjoyed the novelty of observing the "rule of the road" by rounding the billiard table in style during dancing (none failed in this "test"). Entertainment for non-dancers was provided by some delightful singing of ballads by Mrs. Clark, songs at the piano by Mrs. Wright, and the "Man about Town" and "The Complete Angler," as portrayed in song by P.C. Wright, were successful numbers.

The "Fell Inn" was also popular, both guests and members fighting accurately at the "Board" and (need we mention it?)

putting many a "Best" to its final rest. P.C. Brading was the successful organiser and also performed the duties of M.C.

Food refreshments were served by Mrs. Barnes, assisted by Mrs. Brading and Mrs. Rogers. Other refreshments were under the "mixed" direction of our best experts—the Committee.

Dance music was supplied by the popular "Aces" Dance Band, led by Mr. Nicholas.

THE "CROWN" HOTEL, CIRENCESTER.

It is by this time well known that we have taken over the above hostelry, which has been so ably run by Mr. and Mrs. Slingsby for some years.

This lady and gentleman were very popular in Cirencester and well known for the excellent way in which the business of this hotel was conducted.

Mr. and Mrs. Slingsby interested themselves in all the local activities and they may be assured of a very hearty welcome whenever they care to revisit the "Crown" to meet their old patrons.

We, on our part, beg to assure the public that this hotel will be conducted on similar lines, with particular attention to the catering side.

BRISTOL.

Summer Time having ended, much activity is now taking place in those go-ahead circles where indoor winter games are the vogue, and Bristol does not lag behind in these matters. Many of our houses take a prominent part in local competitions and enter for any tournament which is within their powers.

This year we have succeeded in forming two leagues, confined to "Hop Leaf" houses, for table skittles and double cribbage, with a knock-out competition in each section in addition, and each of the eighteen entries have a quiet optimism regarding their own chances of capturing the trophies that are awarded.

Before these notes appear the zero hour will have struck and front line attacks taken place on a sector extending from Bedminster Bridge in the South to Winterbourne in the North, with the strategic point centred on the Easton Road. Here the

"Lord Chancellor's" forces will be engaged in repelling a raid from the direction of that strongly fortified position known as the Punch Bowl, where the not-so-ancient "Brittons" are in strength. Commandant Crotty's "jollies" will have to be very "ubique" to drive these invaders back, for they are stubborn folk even away from their own farmyard.

Meanwhile, the pride of Prince Alfred's Maudlin Musketeers will be endeavouring to teach the hardy yeomen holding Bedminster how battles are won, despite their opponents' confidence in their "George and his Dragon." In fact, they intend to give a good twist to the latter's tail while they are on the spot.

Further North, the defences of the Botany Taverners have been strengthened considerably, and woe betide any opponents who advance along the City Road without taking every precaution beforehand. They are well "Marshaled" and likely to create confusion by reason of their tendency to open rapid fire at the least provocation. If the Horse and Groom Cavalry Brigade from College Green omit to bring their mechanised units along to cover their retreat, we fear for Brigadier Johnson's safety.

The Prince of Wales' own Jacobite cavaliers from Tower Hill are also due to test the morale of General Purnell's invincibles at Fishponds. Full of fire and as faithful to the cause (way) as their own Greyhound, these ironsides are staunch defenders who give way to no one. Many epic battles will take place there before this guerilla war ends.

The newly formed unit bearing the King's Arms are also organising another of their swift raids from the heights of Lawrence Hill, and there will be many (grass) widows anxiously awaiting the results of their night attacks, also for a division of the spoils. A failure in this direction would surely be disastrous, whatever success was achieved within the city walls.

Near Temple Meads are some of the oldest campaigners, who have many well-known Globe trotters and keen Foresters in their ranks, and are sure to Hit more than they Miss during the early stages of the attack. Whether they can demoralise the enemy sufficient to counter attack and carry all before them remains to be seen, for the Easton Road men will give them much to think about quite early in the battle.

General Harding's Roundheads, the Black Horsemen of Redfield, are very colourful fighters, too, their maxim being that attack is the safest defence. They always hold at least two packs of "Aces" and are apt to keep one or two up their sleeves for any

unwary opponents. One can visualise a few empty sleeves in this area before the "cease fire" is heard, especially when the King's men are about!

And what of the gunners at Winterbourne, who have to do some heavy work in keeping invaders out? Will the unfamiliar terrain affect their opponents' fire, and cause them to retire in haste—though we trust not in disorder—to the safety of their own city homes before "lights out" is sounded? They can be sure of an extremely warm reception anyway, whilst our own Brewery Bombardiers will be eager to show the world that the Headquarters Staff can be just as good fighters as any of the trained "Hop" leaguers, and can take their part whether in the production or "re-distribution" of "Hop Leaf" specialities. Beneath the shadow of "Three Horse Shoes" they should certainly have confidence.

To sum up on these annual friendly contests we can only hope that good sportsmanship will be the outstanding feature of every "clash," and that a full measure of enjoyment will be entered into by all who take part.

Perhaps, next year, other hesitant houses will enter teams and ensure even further successes all along the line.

Come then, Bristolians! Fill up your glasses "To friends and foes alike. First-class company, the best beers (no prizes here) and equal good fortune!"

The Radio Exhibition gave us an opportunity to "broadcast" the merits of "Hop Leaf" products to many thousands of wireless "fans" who attended the event, and the reception was clear and entirely satisfying in every way, thanks to those good friends of ours, The Quadrant Wine Company, whose catering qualities are so well known and appreciated in both city and county. "S.B." and Berry Brown Ale supporters were there in strength, though the new Bitter Ale proved to be the most popular item on the programme, which contained something to suit the tastes of ultras and supers: the congenial atmosphere and artistic "lay-out" of the Quadrant's "exhibit" being appreciated to the full by artistes and their public alike; Alfredo and his Gypsy Orchestra, Leonard Henry, and other famed radio stars made many new friends during their leisure moments; and Bristol folk enjoyed chatting to their favourites amid such intimate surroundings.

A highly eventful week, and one for which full marks must be awarded to all those who brought it to so successful a conclusion.

THE "HOP POLE" INN, LIMPLEY STOKE.



Situated on the banks of the Avon, just within the borders of Wiltshire, in one of the most charming spots of the South, is the old-world village of Limpley Stoke.

Just off the main road, overlooking the G.W.R. station and river, is the above "Hop Leaf" fully licensed inn, entirely in keeping with its setting, as the reader can see. Its newly installed "guardian," Mr. F. W. Childers, intends to make this locality of special interest to many new friends in the future, and with energy and good service as the dominant features of his plan we have every confidence in his ability to succeed.

He is a great lover of our little feathered friends, and has set up an extensive outdoor aviary containing over one hundred songsters of every colour and variety. He also intends to "lay out" a space at the rear of the house for a tea garden and children's plot. Make a note of this retreat when in need of a little relaxation, and if a follower of dear old "Izaak," bring the usual "implements" along and Mr. Childers will do the rest.

As we write, with Elm Park on the top of the "world" we feel we must at least record our interest in that fact, despite the wave of disapproval which surged over half Bristol on a recent Saturday evening when it was known that Reading allowed the Rovers to score first and then put in three goals themselves.

With two Bristol clubs in this section there should be plenty to warm up the other half of the city also before the season ends.

We hope many Reading supporters will visit Bristol on both occasions, but here and now we can only promise to give you a roaring time, and no favours, when the whistle goes.

Otherwise you have our sincerest wishes for ultimate success and a return to your proper sphere. Here's to ye!

Many of the streets of Bristol are nowadays assuming a much brighter hue, as the renovations of the Firm's newly acquired properties proceed. In each locality one can pick out from some distance the Simonds' houses, and in this respect it is certainly satisfactory to be told by many of our new friends that the colour schemes adopted, though so distinctive, are in no way displeasing to the eye, as so many redecorated business premises are apt to be. A quiet recognisable effect has been consistently achieved which is entirely in keeping with the general impressions held by many Bristolians regarding the Firm's properties as a whole.

And, now, with a newly arrived transport fleet also telling of "Hop Leaf" activities, and with light vans here, there and everywhere, a city far more interesting and familiar to our adherents is being created. Though some may retort in those oft misquoted words of the well-known doggerel:—

"We see them here,
We meet them there,
In fact we find 'em everywhere.
Were we in—ah—'heat,'
No doubt we'd meet
A 'demmed' vermilion Simonds' fleet!"

Every "seller" at this time of year should hold a few bottles of our famous old Berkshire Ale near at hand. It gives LIGHT to the heart, WARMTH to the body, and COMFORT to the mind.

SIMONDS XXXXX ALE ... Makes even winter cheerful!

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

We have, with the remainder of our colleagues, had a most strenuous month balancing accounts and preparing the final figures for the financial year which ended on the 30th September. We hope that after the summing up, the Jury will again bring in "not guilty"—or at least not very guilty!

We are full of election here at the moment. Our most distinguished, although not most notorious, candidate is the Minister of Transport and he will surely return to Parliament. He is looked upon in Devonport (his constituency) as the eighth wonder of the world. "H.B." is almost as popular as "S.B." downalong.

We have had the following changes this month :—

Abbey Hotel, Plymouth—Mr. H. F. Williams.

Anchor Inn, Kennford, Nr. Exeter—Mr. C. D. Hancock.

New Inn, Ilsington (Exeter-Plymouth main road)—Mr. W. J. Derges.

The new recruits to H. & G. S. have our best wishes, and we are sure they will never regret enlisting under the "Hop Leaf."

We are very pleased to see Reading still at the top of the league and hope they will remain there until the journey's end. All the Tamarites are praying for them, if only that they may have an excuse to visit Reading when Argyle are playing. We promise that Argyle will not go into the first division until Reading return to the fold.

