

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. VI.

DECEMBER, 1931.

No. 3.



MR. F. G. GARSIDE.

MR. F. G. GARSIDE.

The position of honour this month is occupied by the photograph of Mr. F. G. Garside, a loyal and trusted servant, with many years of experience to his credit. He entered the Firm's service on 9th November, 1888, as a junior clerk at London Branch, which at that period was situated at 10, Grosvenor Road, Westminster. Being transferred to Farnborough Branch on 1st March, 1891, and remaining there for 9½ years, he attained the position of second clerk. After returning at the end of September, 1900, from one month's duties on manoeuvres at Salisbury Plain, he was transferred to the Branch Department at Reading, at the beginning of October, 1900. During ten months connection with the Branch Office where Mr. Garside's duties consisted of relief work and auditing at London, Brighton, Farnborough, Oxford and Plymouth Branches, also assisting with the supplies to drill camps on Salisbury Plain, he was finally appointed chief clerk to Woking Branch on August 8th, 1901. At the latter Branch Mr. Garside has witnessed the steady development and organisation of our business in and around that district.

To appreciate the growth of club trade in that area it is of interest to note that in 1901 Woking Branch supplied 10 clubs only, which number has increased year by year until in 1931 upwards of 100 clubs situated over a very wide area are supplied from that Depot, the successful handling of such a large number being made possible only by the advent of motor transport.

During the war Mr. Garside joined the 3rd Volunteer Battalion, The Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment) in which he remained until disbandment in 1918.

In earlier days Mr. Garside was an enthusiastic gymnast and developed unusual muscularity for one engaged in clerical work. Whilst at Farnborough Branch he performed the feat of upending two full barrels of beer, one with each hand. (To the uninitiated it would be well to explain that this feat consists of raising the casks, each of which weighs about 4 cwt., from a lying position to an upright one). Many of the Farnborough outdoor staff attempted to equal the deed but without success.

Mr. Garside is also an accomplished cueist and has played many exciting games of billiards with very skilled exponents and always has given a good exhibition of his ability in this direction. His outdoor recreation consists of horticultural pursuits, which always have a special fascination for men of sedentary occupations.

EDITORIAL.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

May I take this opportunity of wishing one and all a very, very happy Christmas, and may there awaken in our hearts some loving and forbearing thoughts, never out of season in a Christian land. I have just been reading Dickens' Christmas books, as I do about this time each year, and I cannot better portray the Christmas spirit than by the following quotation from one of this much-loved author's writings :

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal scuttle before you dot another 'i,' Bob Cratchit." Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter at the outset; and knowing such as these would be blind any way, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed: and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards: and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!

ARMISTICE DAY.

November 11th was celebrated with due solemnity in Reading and it is for us to see that that noble army of martyrs did not lay down their lives in vain. A writer in the *Daily Telegraph* struck the right note when he said, if we could but now repair, with more prayer, more wit, more artistry, the old home which men call Europe; let light in through all its windows; cleanse it and keep it clean; give all our folk the free and friendly sense that the whole

family has a common code to live by, and a common task to serve; relate them to each other by the well-springs from on High of love and joy and fair-shared work and play; then those who died to conquer hate would be well satisfied.

“REMEMBER THE DEAD.”

To all of us in 1918 it was as though God Himself had spoken. Behind us at last stood the four years' crucifixion of our friends. Before us opened that sunlit expanse which in the most perfect mediaeval pictures is traced behind the Cross. Sweet fields and swelling floods, and little hills that rise rejoicingly. What was there more to fear now that the peace was won?

It never crossed the mind of one single man on the first Armistice Day that we should ever live to find that the victory then achieved would lead to graver troubles. For that brief space no single soul among us was embittered. No lips but framed, each in his own way, praise and thanksgiving. No heart but knew, however dimly, that the bodies broken for us were sacraments of sublime fruition for the future.

AN EVER-GROWING STRENGTH OF PURPOSE.

The people thus redeemed would live with an ever-growing strength of purpose. The old internal feuds and hatreds would be swallowed up in the new family life of the nation and the race, and beyond the race itself friendship would issue forth beneath the unchallengeable aegis of the universal sacrifice to hold the world in fee. We should be strengthened by their might, made perfect in their ways, and guided into the truth that they had sought to find. No shadow of doubt or hesitancy lay across that dawn. From that moment onwards all would be well with every cause they loved.

Now, after thirteen years, how strange those aspirations sound. The watchman can but say in the old words, “Neighbours, remember the dead.” We, at least, will not again forget.

CHANGED BY PROHIBITION.

The two different effects of liquor drinking before and after the adoption of the Volstead Act were described by Mr. Thomas A. Muir, a blind member, before the New Jersey House of Representatives passed a resolution urging Congress to legalise light wine and beer. “Under the old system we had wine, women and song,” said Mr. Muir. “Now it is wood alcohol, a trained nurse, and then ‘Lead, Kindly Light.’”

“SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.”

Who really invented the honourable term “A Soldier and a Gentleman”? One finds that the heroic Wolfe knew it well, because he used it in congratulating a young man who had joined Lord Charles Hay's Regiment. This letter is to be offered at Sotheby's on December 15th and it is well worth quoting:—

“Your Character in Life must be that of a Soldier and a Gentleman; the first is to be acquired by application and attendance on your Duty, the second by adhering most strictly to the Duties of Honour, and the Rules of Good-breeding.”

OVERHEARD IN A CAFE IN SALONIKA.

Enter two young officers.

T.Y.O's.: “Waiter, we want some Turkey without Greece.”

WAITER: “Sorry, sirs, but I can't Servia.”

T.Y.O's.: “I suppose you don't get many tips?”

WAITER: “No, indeed, people Armenia.”

T.Y.O's.: “We want no Crimea, just send for the Bosphorous.”

(Enter Boss.)

Boss: “Well, gentlemen, I don't want to Russia, but you can't Roumania.”

So they left Hungary.

SPREADS GENIALITY.

Mr. Justice Swift at the Gloucester Assizes said alcohol cheers people, loosens their tongues, makes conversation, and spreads geniality. There is nothing wrong in it if it is taken in moderation. The taste is pleasant, so I am told, and it warms one; otherwise, who would pay for a cocktail if it were no more pleasant than water or milk? People pay for drink because it influences them, and not necessarily in an improper way, either. Taken in moderation, there is no reason why they should not have it.

TWO OLD SURREYITES.

Mr. G. A. Wells of the Borough Arms, Hungerford, writes:— I was pleased to see the account of Mr. H. Ward in last month's GAZETTE, also to note he was an old East Surreyite. I joined the old East Surrey Volunteers in 1881, and was under Instructor

Sergt.-Major Barrell (good old name that). I did three Easter reviews, numerous drills at Kingston Depot, and also joined up in the old A.H.C. just before my four years were up in 1885. I trust Mr. Ward will have as a good an innings in life as in cricket. My score to date is now 70 not out. With all best wishes to Mr. Ward and family—have an "S.B." with me.

THE LATE MR. S. FARRINGTON OF PORTSMOUTH.

Our readers will recollect the paragraph which appeared in our last edition wherein was mentioned the coincidence of the passing away of Mr. W. Toms shortly after the appearance of his photograph in the October GAZETTE. In that photograph Mr. S. Farrington and Mr. Toms were shewn sitting side by side and many comments were made as to the striking appearance of these nonagenarians and the wonderful state of their preservation.

We are very sorry now to record that Mr. S. Farrington passed away on the 23rd November, thereby closely following to the hereafter his old colleague, the late Mr. W. Toms.

IN DAYS GONE BY.

The following are extracts from MSS. of Reading Corporation :

20 March, 1642. Petition that the goods and cloth in the town of the western men may be stayed until free trade be procured for Reading.

7 March, 1627. John Barker, Junior, and Willyam Booth, seeinge the playeinge of the Souldyers at foote-ball in the Forberye, did endeavour to fetch the ball from them, which caused much trouble to the Constables and Officers, and danger of hurt to many others.

POT-POURRI.

There's a good time coming although it is a good time coming.
A welcome waits our guest till the hour we go to rest.

If I rest I rust ;
If I trust I bust.
No rest, no rust ;
No trust, no bust.

NATIONAL MARK CIDER.

The Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries has just issued a new leaflet on the subject of National Mark cider, containing a number of recipes for making cider cup. In a foreword, the claims

of cider to be regarded as a national drink, and the value of the National Mark in enabling the public to distinguish genuine cider of standard quality made from English apples are briefly discussed. One of the objects of the National Mark Cider Scheme is to encourage a much greater production of apples in this country suitable for cider-making, in order to render the use of imported apples unnecessary in normal seasons.

HOME-MADE WINES.

Dr. A. G. Gibson, the well-known pathologist, speaking at Oxford, issued a warning against home-made wines as a possible cause of rheumatism. "I understand," he said, "that many people in country villages make a lot of home-made wine, and it is very potent."

HOW TO KEEP FIT.

I have said that beer is to be commended for its nourishment (not for children), and now I will go farther and say that many adult workers, both manual and mental, would fare very much better if they dropped fancy foods and made their mid-day meal off a glass of beer, a hunk of brown bread and butter with cheese, and finished with an apple, writes the Medical Correspondent of the *Daily Mirror*. This is not only cheap, but it is an ideal meal. The body-building qualities of these foods necessarily increase resistance to infection—which must be guarded against during the next four or five months—with more than ordinary vigilance. The objections to alcohol raised by the "Pussyfoot" fraternity cannot with any common-sense or scientific support be applied to the drinking of a glass of beer with the mid-day meal, and it is highly to be recommended for men and women alike.

THE WORTH OF A MAN.

What is a man made of? Dr. T. E. Lawson answered the question in a lecture at Caxton Hall recently. The body of a 10-stone man, he said, contained :

Enough water to fill a ten-gallon barrel.
Enough fat for seven bars of soap.
Carbon for 9,000 lead pencils.
Phosphorus to make 2,200 match heads.
Magnesium for one dose of salts.
Iron to make one medium-sized nail.
Sufficient lime to whitewash a chicken coop ; and
Sulphur enough to rid one dog of fleas !

The whole, at present prices, could be bought for 5/-. It was much the same whether the body was that of a village idiot or of an Einstein.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Put your faith in the plodder rather than the plotter.

Only those who have nothing to do look on life as a burden.

In the words of the great Pitt, uttered after the Battle of Trafalgar :
 " England has saved herself by her energy : she may now save
 the world by her example."

And the prophetic, magnificent lines of Milton :

" Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation,
 rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking
 her invincible locks."

Without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be
 poor.

Personal force never goes out of fashion.

Strength of mind is exercise, not rest.

That low vice curiosity.

We give advice by the bucket, but take it by the grain.

Whatever you are, be a man.

Clemency is one of the brightest diamonds in the crown of
 majesty.

LIGHTWATER FOOTBALL CLUB REVIVED.

An appeal to the young members of Lightwater (Surrey)
 Football Club to " do things for themselves " and not wait for
 everything to be done for them, was made at a dinner to which they
 were entertained, held at the Red Lion, Lightwater.

Major J. T. North (president) presided, and among others
 present were Mr. S. Merriman (chairman), Mr. W. J. Costa (hon.
 secretary), Mr. J. Paley (captain) and Messrs. A. Robertson,
 G. Buckingham, E. H. Draper and R. Buckingham.

In response to the toast of " The President," proposed by Mr.
 Draper, Major North, after referring to the absence of Sir Godfrey
 Collins, said this was really the first year they had " got going " as
 a village team. They now had a Lightwater Playing Field which,
 it was hoped, would be ready for next season. They must show
 that they would do things for themselves, and if they volunteered
 to do jobs at the ground they would, in two or three years, have a
 " jolly good place." He added that he was sure that under Mr.
 Paley's leadership they would do great things, and if they won a
 cup at the end of the season he would be proud to give them a
 dinner.

The toast of " The Club " was proposed by Mr. A. V. N. Shaw,
 of Woking, who coupled with it the name of the captain. He hoped
 they would take to heart the words of their president about the
 team spirit, and, in conclusion, paid tribute to the officers, especially
 mentioning Mr. Merriman and Mr. Draper.—Mr. Paley replied.

Giving the health of the donor of the dinner, Mr. Draper said
 that for several years Mr. Merriman had taken a great interest in
 the club, and had tried to put it on its feet again.

Replying, Mr. Merriman said when he came to Lightwater he
 said he would start a football club, and he had attained his
 ambition. Few people knew the trouble it had been to get the
 club going. " Now, however," he added, " there are several
 gentlemen who will help you if you will help yourselves—but they
 will not spoon-feed you. I sincerely hope you will not let the team
 go like the last one. We had to pay rather a heavy fine before we
 could start playing this time, and we don't want that to happen
 again."

During the evening an entertainment was given by the " Austin
 Seven " Concert Party of Woking.

There are now more than 13,500 licensed clubs in this country.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

LOYALTY.

If you work for a man, then in Heaven's name work for him. If he pays you wages that supply your bread and butter, work for him; speak well of him; stand by him and stand by the institution he represents.

If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

If you must vilify, condemn, and eternally disparage, why not resign your position? But as long as you are part of the institution, do not condemn it.

If you do, you are loosening the tendrils that hold you to the institution, and with the first high wind that comes along you will be uprooted and blown away in the blizzard's track, and probably you will never know why.

THE RUM ISSUE.

A MEMORY.

The corp'rl and the privit they

Was standing in the road,

"Do you suppose," the corp'rl said,

"That rum is *a la mode*?"

"I doubt it!" said the privit as

He shouldered up his load.

"Now this 'ere war" the corp'rl said,

"Has lasted long enuff."

"Gorblimy," said the privit with

His voice exceeding gruff,

"Not arf it ain't!" and drew his nose

Across his sheepskin cuff.

The privit to the sergeant said,

"I wants my blooming rum."

"Napoo," the sergeant curtly said,

And sucked his jammy thumb.

"There's soup in loo' for you to-night."

The privit said, "By gum!"

—*The Wipers Times*, March 6, 1916.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

BATS AND BUTTERFLIES IN NOVEMBER.

A TOUGH CUSTOMER.

I always think November is the best month for pike fishing and the past November has indeed been a wonderful month. Several days have been quite spring-like. Thrushes, larks, linnets, robins and wrens have been singing gaily, while I have also seen bats and butterflies on the wing. Other days have been more typical of the month, with cold winds, rain and fog.

I spent the whole of one very wintry day on my camp stool by the river side. I sent a lively little bait out for pike and then settled down to roach fishing, but I did not have a bite all day, and when the light began to fail and I reeled in the little owls were calling to each other from the elm trees on the other side of the water.

MUCH TO SEE.

Though my creel was empty the day had been full, very full of interest, for there is much to see by the river side at all seasons of the year and although, of course, I could not actually see what was happening, I had some idea of what was going on in the cold grey waters before me. Pike and perch, roach and dace, gudgeon and bleak, were surely there and, knowing something of their habits, I could guess pretty well what they were doing. One thing is certain, they passed a unanimous resolution deciding not to so much as touch my baits with the wicked hooks in them and incidentally, no doubt, they thought what a fool I looked sitting there all day long in the bitter cold. But it is not only *fish* who think that, though *I* don't mind, bless you!

A GREAT PILGRIMAGE.

Among other things, I could well imagine the great pilgrimage of eels going on just in front of me, for about this season of the year they seek their spawning grounds, in the depths of the sea, hundreds of fathoms below the surface in the far distant Atlantic.

It is a question of "gentlemen first," for the males precede the females in this great journey to Nature's "call over" in the ocean's distant depths. And oh! what haste and excitement there must be in order that they may be there in time to answer "Adsum, to carry out the great purpose of my life." And it is their last long journey for the parent eels never return to our rivers and ponds.

And then I see, with a little more imagination, other eels, whose time for migration is not yet, digging themselves in, curling themselves up comfy and entering upon their long winter's sleep in the bed of the Thames.

ELEVERS' LONG JOURNEY.

I think, too, of the spring, when countless thousands of little eels will wriggle their way up-stream, and over grassland, and even walls, to ponds or other rivers. How wonderful it all is! These little eels, or elevers, about a year old, have travelled many hundreds of miles through the trackless waters of the oceans. How do they find their way? They are not accompanied by their parents, the only eels that have made the journey before, and yet onward, onward, they go, unerringly, till they reach their destination.

In spring, summer, autumn or winter, no angler can be dull when he knows such wonders as these are taking place all around him—wonders, many of which he can actually witness as they are being performed.

SPORTING PHRASEOLOGY.

Away across the water is a covert of coots, enjoying themselves. I think *covert* is the proper term to express the plurality of coots and, as most sportsmen know, it is correct to speak of a *brace* of partridges, a *leash* of hares, a *covey* of grouse, a *wisp* of snipe, a *couple* of rabbits, a *sege* of herons, a *spring* of teal, a *gaggle* of geese, a *fall* of woodcock, a *murmuration* of starlings, a *charm* of goldfinches, a *sculk* of foxes, a *cete* of badgers, etc.

THE BADGER.

Talking of badgers, their skins are indeed as tough as leather. One of these animals was looked upon as an undesirable guest on an estate near Reading and the gamekeeper decided to shoot it. The badger was driven from a fox's earth and when about fifteen yards away the keeper, who is a first-class shot, let drive. Though the keeper's aim was true the badger was by no means stopped. A second barrel was emptied with unerring aim and still the badger proceeded on his way. He was traced to his hiding place and from 18 inches range the keeper fired into the badger's skull. Even then the shots did not go right through the head.

With regard to the first two attempts to kill the badger the shots lodged in the skin but did not penetrate the flesh.

The gun was a 12-bore and the cartridges contained an ounce of No. 6 shot.

Poor old badger! How I wished it had only been necessary to "shoot" him with a camera.

GO ON!

Go on! Go on! No moments wait
To help the right;
Be strong in faith, and emulate
The virtues of the good and great
With all thy might—
Go on!

Go on! Go on! Thou canst not tell
Thy mission here;
Whate'er thou doest, labour well,
Nor let a doubt within thee dwell
On coward fear—
Go on!

Go on! Go on! 'Tis never late
To act thy part;
Thy stern resolves shall conquer fate
And springs of happiness create
Within thy heart—
Go on!

Go on! Go on! No guerdon seek
For thy reward;
But while heroic, be thou meek,
And from thy heart, and from thy cheek,
Be pride debarred:
Go on!

Go on! Go on! Oh, doubt it never—
This strife with wrong
Is fated not to last for ever,
But if we boldly make endeavour,
Will cease ere long!
Go on!

SOCIAL CLUB.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREAT.

The Children's Annual Christmas Treat will be held on Saturday, January 2nd, 1932, under the usual conditions, viz., children of 6 to 14 years of age are invited.

Forms can be obtained at the Club on which members are requested to give particulars of the children they wish to attend,

and these forms must be handed in to the Secretary not later than Saturday, 26th December. Tickets of admission will then be issued to each child registered. The Treat will commence at 3 o'clock p.m., and the Committee will hold themselves responsible for the children until 6 p.m., after which hour parents must arrange for their children's safe conduct home.

ANNUAL DINNER.

The Eleventh Annual Dinner will be held about the third week in January, and the Directors have kindly offered to contribute their usual share towards the cost as in previous years.

Full information will be given in the January issue of this GAZETTE.

KNOCK-OUT TOURNAMENTS.

Several Knock-out Tournaments have been arranged for Christmas fare. Particulars can be seen on the notice board in the Club.

DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

The following are the results of further Departmental Tournaments which have been played off since last month's issue :—

FRIDAY, 30TH OCTOBER, 1931.

Games.	BUILDING.		THE REST.	
	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.
Billiards	J. Chard	0	H. Mileham	1
"	C. Chapman	0	A. Dalton	1
"	W. Hinton	0	E. Palmer	1
Dominoes	P. Maynard	0	F. H. Braisher	1
"	H. Mitchell	1	J. Croft	0
"	W. Sewell	0	T. Osborne	1
Crib	A. Mills	0	F. Clarke	1
"	C. Chapman	0	E. Palmer	1
"	N. L. Wells	0	A. E. Franklin	1
Shove Halfpenny	T. Stacey	0	A. C. Knight	1
"	C. Dobson	1	G. Lott	0
"	J. Hopkins	1	A. Comley	0
Darts	A. Mills	1	A. Dalton	0
"	P. Miles	0	A. E. Franklin	1
"	B. Eymore	1	T. Weedon	0
Shooting	W. Sewell	1	H. Cook	0
"	J. Chard	1	J. Croft	0
"	H. Mitchell	1	H. Prater	0
		8		10

FRIDAY, 6TH, NOVEMBER 1931.

Games.	BEER CELLARS.		MALTINGS.	
	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.
Billiards	A. Tugwell	1	G. Nunns	0
"	W. Curtis	0	J. Everett	1
"	J. Rumens	1	S. Couzens	0
Dominoes	W. Wheeler	1	T. Day	0
"	T. Freeman	0	A. Bowyer	1
"	W. Taylor	0	A. J. Everett	1
Crib	J. Benford	1	W. Strong	0
"	J. Rumens	1	J. Dell	0
"	A. Simpkins	0	W. Gilkerson	1
Shove Halfpenny	A. Tugwell	0	R. Heath	1
"	W. Kirk	0	B. Stevens	1
"	C. Briggs	1	T. Howells	0
Darts	W. Kirk	1	G. Boyles	0
"	D. Rose	0	H. Gibson	1
"	A. Shiers	0	J. Streams	1
Shooting	A. Joyce	1	G. Layley	0
"	W. Kibble	1	S. Couzens	0
"	C. Briggs	1	G. Boyles	0
		10		8

FRIDAY, 13TH, NOVEMBER 1931.

Games.	OFFICES.		TRANSPORT.	
	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.
Billiards	P. Hendy	0	W. Mealing	1
"	J. Doe	1	S. Mulcock	0
"	R. Broad	1	F. Green	0
Dominoes	C. Perrin	1	H. Smith	0
"	W. Bradford	0	H. Hinxman	1
"	S. Brunson	0	E. Hutchins	1
Crib	J. Clay	0	F. Hamilton	1
"	R. Paice	0	J. Jones	1
"	H. Davis	0	S. Gilbery	1
Shove Halfpenny	W. H. Wild	0	D. Witts	1
"	C. B. Cox	0	F. Adey	1
"	J. Hillier	0	A. Fullbrook	1
Darts	T. Kent	1	F. Adey	0
"	V. Saunders	0	H. Paice	1
"	J. Clay	0	W. Mealing	1
Shooting	S. Moore	1	S. Whiting	0
"	H. Osborne	1	J. Champion	0
"	H. Shepherd	0	A. O. Taylor	1
		6		12

FRIDAY, 20TH NOVEMBER, 1931.

Games.	COOPERS AND SCALDS.			REST.		
	Name.	Points.		Name.	Points.	
Billiards ...	A. Weight ...	0		A. Dalton ...	1	
" ...	W. Sparks ...	1		F. Braisher ...	0	
" ...	T. Bartholomew ...	0		H. Mileham ...	1	
Dominoes ...	T. Williams ...	0		F. Braisher ...	1	
" ...	H. Plank ...	1		T. Osborne ...	0	
" ...	C. Latimer ...	0		E. Palmer ...	1	
Crib ...	W. Newport ...	0		S. Clark... ...	1	
" ...	F. Oliver ...	0		F. Lawrence ...	1	
" ...	C. Latimer ...	1		T. Weedon ...	0	
Shove Halfpenny ...	E. Carpenter ...	1		G. Lott ...	0	
" ...	J. Read ...	0		S. Whiting, Junr. ...	1	
" ...	G. Kelly, Junr. ...	0		W. Humphries ...	1	
Darts ...	A. Weight ...	1		A. Dalton ...	0	
" ...	F. Shipton ...	0		A. Nash ...	1	
" ...	T. Holmes ...	0		T. Weedon ...	1	
Shooting ...	T. Holmes ...	1		H. Prater ...	0	
" ...	T. Bartholomew ...	0		S. Whiting, Junr. ...	1	
" ...	W. Sparks ...	$\frac{1}{2}$		J. Croft ...	$\frac{1}{2}$	
		$6\frac{1}{2}$			$11\frac{1}{2}$	

SIMONDS' ATHLETIC CLUB.

DOINGS OF THE FOOTBALL TEAMS.

For the benefit of those readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE who are out of touch with our local papers and therefore know little about the doings of our two football teams at the Brewery, I write these few lines in an endeavour to show them the strides we have made towards establishing the name Simonds as a name to be remembered on the sports field as well as off.

At the beginning of this season we formed two teams from the employees of the Firm and entered the first, or "A" team, in the Reading and District League, the Reading Town Senior Cup and Berks and Bucks Junior Cup. The second, or "B" team, were entered in the 1st Division Institute League and the Reading Town Junior Cup. As you will see by my following notes we have said "good-bye" to the cup competitions, but we are making a bold bid for honours in one league and holding our own fairly well in the other.

The first team matches and results up-to-date are as follows:— In our first league match we received a visit from R.A.O.C., Didcot, and ran out rather easy winners, after a very pleasant game, by 4 goals to nil. In the next match we journeyed to Swallowfield to play the local side and after a hard game proved victorious by 5 goals to 2. Then we commenced our cup-ties and

in our first match, Reading Town Senior Cup, we were drawn away at Binfield (who are at present on top of their league) and whilst we trounced them by 6 goals to nil some of our lady supporters were thinning the hedges of blackberries. I was beginning to think we were a "Jammy" side. Then we visited Calcot Park in the Berks and Bucks Junior Cup, scoring another easy victory by 8 goals to 3. After that we returned to league warfare and received a visit from the powerful Broadmoor side whom we beat rather comfortably by 5 goals to nil—rather good going for a newly-formed club. I began to feel very optimistic about some of those cups and shields but "you mustn't reckon your chicks before they are hatched" and we received a shock in our next match at the hands, or feet, of Wymans in the 1st round proper of the Berks and Bucks Junior Cup, being beaten in the last two minutes of the game by 2 goals to 1. I think we were rather unlucky as our centre half was injured and hobbling about at outside left when they scored the winning goal. But it's all in the game and I am pleased to see Wymans still going strong in the competition. We then received a visit from Newbury Reserves in a league match and resumed our winning way by 4 goals to 1. Unfortunately our right half, being unwell, has been out of the game ever since, handicapping us a good deal as "Jack" was playing a great game at the time. We next received a visit from Stokenchurch in the 1st round proper, Reading Town Cup, a 1st Division side and top of the league at that, and when you consider their centre forward has scored 40 goals so far this season, our lads had something to get on with, especially as we had to take the field with two reserves. Well, it was too much for us and we were rather heavily defeated by 6 goals to nil. Although the score does not represent the run of the play the fact remains they scored their goals whilst we missed our chances. So ended our quest for cups for this season after such a brilliant start.

Now for the league. In our next match we had to visit Newbury Reserves and bagged both points by the same score as in the first match, viz., 4 goals to 1. We next met Highways F.C. at home and as we were both undefeated in the league we knew it would be a "needle" match. And so it proved, packed as it was with thrills from beginning to end. Highways crossed over leading by 2 goals to nil at half time. Their second goal was rather a lucky affair from an innocent looking free kick about a minute from half time. Our goalkeeper was caught between two minds, went to kick the ball clear, missed it and could only stand there and watch it roll gently into the net. Hard luck indeed! But after the interval our boys set about them in a way that suggested that being 2 goals down was good medicine, for it wasn't long before Hendy got the first goal and soon after obtained another.

Then everything seemed plain sailing for another victory, but it wasn't to be, as Highways crowded on the pressure and in the last minute of the game succeeded in getting the ball into the net for the third time, thus administering our first league defeat of the season after a very stern struggle between two evenly matched teams.

Later we visited Zenith F.C. on Palmer Park and after another hard struggle we eventually scored another victory by 4 goals to 3 and incidentally secured two valuable points. Next week we visit Sandhurst and are expecting a very hard match as they have a good record this season.

I am afraid the second string haven't done so well. Of course one can hardly expect to raise two successful teams in the first season. However, they trounced the newly-formed Engineers Club by 12 goals to 1. Then they received a visit from Sutton's Reserves who were strengthened by some of their first eleven, so our lads were put through it to the tune of 10 goals to nil. This seemed to take the steam out of them. Then they had to visit the strong Peppard side in the Town Junior Cup. Another defeat awaited them, this time by 8 goals to nil. Since that they have played 8 league matches, winning 2 and losing 6. But as the first team had to claim at least two of their players for the last four matches it isn't so bad as it first appears.

F.H.B.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Some husbands treat their wives very well," says a magistrate. And some wives even treat their husbands like one of the family.

* * * *

DEALER IN SECOND-HAND CARS: "What's the matter with the car you bought last week?"

VICTIM: "Well, everything makes a noise but the horn."

* * * *

HUSBAND: "I've got to get rid of my chauffeur; he's nearly killed me four times."

WIFE: "Oh, give him another chance."

* * * *

A business man says many industrious people are to be found in Bucks and Herts. And many lazy people in Beds?

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. D. DUNSTER).

BALANCED.

The first event of importance during the month of November, from the point of view of the staff, was they "balanced," the seemingly inevitable "little bit out" being eventually located.

AN ELECTION ECHO.

Can you "see" this? A day or so before the Reading election someone concocted the following: "If Hastings isn't in I'll tell you HOWITT is."

AN EXPLANATION.

For the benefit of those who may have wondered, a considerable portion of my Brewery Jottings for last month wandered under the heading of Social Club, Football. Will all please note. [They just went into the wrong goal.—*Editor.*]

NOVEMBER 11TH, 1931.

Armistice Day, with the two minutes silence, was solemnly observed at The Brewery. The staff were well provided for with poppies owing to the activities of Miss Shorter of the Branch Department. Bridge Street, which is so "noisy" as a rule, was so silent it almost seemed uncanny. I think it would be quite a good idea for the Editor, say next year, to invite contributions of what one was doing on November 11th, 1918. Personally, I know, whilst chatting with a few friends at a local "Pub" of the Firm's (on Armistice Evening, 1931) that we very soon started swapping yarns as to what each one of us was doing on the day the Great War ended and very interesting experiences were talked about.

READING GREYHOUNDS.

Saturday, November 14th, saw the start of a new sport for Reading, greyhound racing being started at the Reading Stadium situated at the end of Oxford Road. Attendances have been quite good up to the present, and the track and everything appertaining is very up-to-date. A club has been formed and H. & G. Simonds' well known brands are on sale to the members. Instead of hearing of mysterious "dark horses" that are bound to win, presumably, we shall be hearing of dark greyhounds.

MILK STOUT.

Without a doubt this is a wonderful drink and thought a great deal of. Just within the last week or so we have had enquiries

from Cradley Heath (Staffs), Birmingham, Worcester, Southport, Ashton-under-Lyne (Lancs) and The Lighthouse, Whitby (Yorks).

AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

This was received from one of the tenants of a subsidiary company: "Since I have been selling your beers from March I have not had the slightest trouble. I have carried out your instructions as to the management of draught beers and have sold well over 100 barrels and have not had occasion to return any."

FROM "THE STAR."

Under the heading of "Vicar defends beer. Some 'drunks' nearer heaven than hypocrites," the following recently appeared in the above evening newspaper:—

The Revd. B. S. Mercer, Vicar of Little Wakering, Essex, writing in his Parish magazine in defence of the use of alcohol states that he wants the temperance christianity of the New Testament and that teetotalism is not an integral part of it.

"I have worked in prisons among 'drunks'" he writes, "and in my opinion some of these people are less far from the Kingdom of Heaven than some of the self-righteous hypocrites who would deny a man his glass of 'God's good beer.'"

"I hope to get my son into a fine old Christian school where, until comparative recent years, the boys had beer for breakfast."

Neither rabid teetotalism nor puritanical Sabbatarism have the support of the New Testament.

HARD LUCK.

Mr. Louis Simonds, who has impressed all by his geniality and his keenness, just when he was getting into the swing of things in the General Office had the misfortune of slipping down and severely damaging his knee. Mr. T. Hawkes, who wrote expressing sympathy on behalf of the staff, had a warm letter of thanks in reply. We all hope Mr. Louis will soon be with us again and that he will soon be able to discard the stick, which he is at the moment hobbling about with.

HE WAS REMEMBERED.

He may only be a country lad, but a certain member of the staff, who has not been with us so very long, was highly delighted that his birthday was remembered, nevertheless, he was somewhat

mystified on receiving two postcards purporting to come from high personages in the State, wishing him "many happy returns of the day."

FOOTBALL.

Reading are certainly on the up grade and although the critics are by no means quite satisfied there is a feeling that a good time's coming. The last few matches have been very much more encouraging. The Brewery teams are doing fairly well and judging from what I hear the 1st XI. are developing into a formidable combination. Considering it is the first season the 1st XI. have every reason to be proud of their progress.

INCREASED BUDGET DUTY.

On all hands (judging by the newspapers) the extra Excise duty imposed on beer in the emergency budget, it is agreed, is not coming up to expectations. The papers are asking for its removal and it does seem (to most right thinking men and women) that it was a mistake to put such a burden on a trade that was taxed to the hilt. Let us all hope this increased duty will soon be taken off.

FOR LUDGERSHALL BRANCH.

I noticed the following in *John Bull* the other week and expect it will be of interest to Ludgershall Branch, viz. :—

"Bullets" second prize of £200 awarded to—

MR. A. O. SIMES, 35, Milward Road, Hastings.

Example—He's a Taxpayer, so

Bullet—"Christmas Goose" already "cooked."

IRISH SWEEPSTAKE.

Although a good number of Breweryites had tickets, or shares, I have yet to learn of any fortunate winners. The town of Reading however cannot complain at the luck of the draw, some 15 or so members of St. Anne's Catholic Club, Caversham (which we supply) having drawn a horse.



DEATH OF CAPTAIN A. S. COOPER.

WELL-KNOWN TRADESMAN AND CONSERVATIVE WORKER.

The Conservative cause in Reading has lost a keen supporter by the death of Capt. A. S. Cooper, which occurred at his home in Redlands Road, Reading, on November 27th, at the age of 66, after a lengthy illness. Captain Cooper succeeded his father in the ownership of the well-known wine business in the Market Place which was later taken over by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.

Captain Cooper's activities were many, but that which took pride of place in his interests was the Conservative Party, of which at one time he was the Hon. Secretary. He was elected a Vice-President of the Association and was a valued and esteemed worker for Conservatism in the district. The members of the Beaconsfield Club are losing a friend, for Captain Cooper, who had been President, was always willing and anxious to do what he could for the good of that institution.

Outside of politics Captain Cooper rendered yeoman service to the Volunteer movement and was interested in the Caversham and Reading Veterans' Association. He was the Hon. Treasurer to the Reading and District Licensed Victuallers' Association, but resigned this position a few weeks ago. Amongst other offices he held were member of the Elective Committees of the Royal Berkshire Hospital and the University, member of the Committee of Management of the Reading Dispensary and Vice-President of the Reading Cricket Club.

He leaves one daughter and two sons, the elder of whom has just returned home from Kenya, where he has been coffee planting.

The Christian religion forbids no reasonable enjoyment. Its Founder was in accord with the angels who sang at His coming: "Let the earth rejoice." This craze for restricting the pleasures and liberties of the people is neither good citizenship nor true Christianity.—*Father Arthur Day, S.J.*

LICENSED TRADE ASSOCIATION BALL.

The Reading and District Women's Licensed Trade Association has many enthusiastic members judging by the success of their Annual Ball held at Olympia recently. Mrs. Smart (Chairman), Mrs. Arlett (Vice-Chairman), Mrs. Lofthouse (Hon. Secretary) and a strong Committee made the arrangements. The County Dance Orchestra was in attendance. Prizes were awarded for the best costumes and for lucky chairs and tickets.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The vicar met the village reprobate wandering slowly in the churchyard.

"William," he said, "it is indeed a hopeful sign to observe you so often in this sequestered and contemplative spot where, doubtless, you will yet meet with some spiritual consolation.

William blinked. "Well, no, sir. To tell you the truth I usually meets the bookie's runner 'ere."

* * * *

A couple of actors met in the street not far from a hostelry well-esteemed by the profession.

Said one, "Well, what about a bottle of beer?"

"No," answered the other stubbornly, "I've decided not to pay another penny on the pint."

"Quite right," said the first, and then after an uneasy pause he said, "At the same time, old boy, I question if it is right of us to desert the old country in the moment of her direst need."

"Well," said the other, "if you put it like that, I'm damned if anyone will call me a deserter. Come on in."

* * * *

Two literary blokes, desirous of a quiet and contemplative holiday, were so misguided as to hire a horse-drawn caravan. Incidentally they knew nothing of either horses or caravans. When they arrived at their first camping-place, they descended, and with some puzzlement surveyed the horse's complicated harness. Said one: "Bill, I think you ought to undress the horse. After all, you're a married man."

* * * *

He had dined bravely and well, and on the way home he fell asleep on a seat in the park. When he awoke it was pitch dark and raining. The reflection of lights on the wet pavement produced on his muddled senses the impression of a sheet of water.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "The sea!"

Whereupon he took a header and dropped heavily on the asphalt.

Bruised and badly shaken, he scrambled to his feet and murmured, in a surprised voice, "Frozen!"

At Manchester, the guard, finding Macpherson without either ticket or money grabbed him by the arm and put him off the train with a well-placed kick.

At the next station he found Macpherson again, and repeated the expulsion, accentuating the force of the gesture.

At the third station the guard was astounded to find Macpherson yet again. Bending low, Macpherson attempted to jump off quickly enough to escape at least part of the violence of the attack.

"How far do you think you're going to get like this?" asked the guard.

"As far as London," replied Macpherson, "if my constitution will stand it."

* * * *

The traveller, arriving late at his destination, had to be content with cold chicken for his evening meal. When he had finished he noticed a tramp outside the window eyeing the remainder of the chicken hungrily, so he passed it through to him.

A year later the traveller called at the same hotel for another meal, and was recognised by a waitress. She sought out the manager, and, pointing to the visitor, said, excitedly: "There 'e is, sir! That's the man who ate the chicken—bones and all!"

* * * *

On a wild night of east wind and rain, Dr. MacJones was awakened by his night bell.

On putting his head out of the window, a strange voice hailed him. "I want you to come at once and see my wife. She has a severe attack of indigestion."

"Look here," replied the doctor persuasively, "you ought to try Dr. MacSmith who lives just opposite. He's supposed to be a far cleverer man than I am."

At this juncture there came a stentorian voice from the house opposite. "Shut up, MacJones. I'm as good a judge of the weather as you, anyway." Window slams.

* * * *

UNCLE: "Jack, I would like to give you a book that you will really like. What can I give you?"

MODERN NEPHEW: "A cheque book."

Dancing is a great thing for bringing young people together, and that was how Percival Pond discovered his heart's desire. They danced just once, but from the first moment Percival knew she was "the only girl in the world" for him.

He thought he might as well tell her. "I could face death dancing with you," he whispered.

The girl blushed. "You probably will if my husband takes a dislike to you," she answered, sweetly.

* * * *

"How's that new office boy of yours?" asked Mr. Shareholder.

"A regular steam engine!" replied the junior partner.

The other looked puzzled. "A good worker, eh?"

"No, a good whistler."

* * * *

An Englishman touring Canada was staying in a wayside hotel. One night it was very cold, and the Englishman, feeling it pretty badly, came downstairs early next morning to get warm. At the same time a trapper, who had been out looking at his traps, came in at the door. Icicles were hanging from his moustache, and with a pitying expression the Englishman looked at him and exclaimed:

"By jove, old man, what room did you sleep in?"

* * * *

Jock entered the shop where he had recently purchased a bicycle.

"It's about the bike, mon," he said.

"Hasn't it arrived yet?" said the shopkeeper.

"It has," said Jock, "but where's that free wheel you spoke about?"

* * * *

"Sit down, you're an ass," shouted one heckler to another. A third man called out, "You're both asses."

The candidate said, "There seem to be a lot of asses here. Let's hear them one at a time."

Said the first interrupter, "Very well, you start off then."

On the way to a recent match, a well-known team were indulging in the usual banter and leg-pulling. Some of the men were Scots, and they began an animated discussion in the railway saloon on Scotland, its beauties and its heroes.

Wallace and Bruce and "Bobbie" Burns were suitably eulogised, and when a wee Sassenach ventured to suggest that the beauty and heroism of the land below the Border are superior a big Scot turned on him with :

"What about the Battle of Bannockburn? Scotland won that easy enough."

Up jumped the little fellow. "Yes," said he, "but that's the only time Scotland ever won, and then they were playing at home!"

* * * *

Aberdeen once more :

"Dad, I saved twopence to-day. I ran all the way to school behind a tram."

"Why didn't you run behind a taxi and save half-a-crown?"

* * * *

A motorist in Lancashire stopped a tramp and enquired the way to Wigan. "How far is it?" he asked, after the tramp had directed him.

"Dunno," replied the tramp.

"Five miles?" suggested the motorist.

"More than that," said the tramp.

"Is it ten miles?" asked the motorist.

The tramp shook his head. "More than that, he said.

"What! More than ten miles!" exclaimed the motorist.

"Yes," replied the tramp, "and when yer get there, yer'll wish it was a darn sight further."

* * * *

When a Scotsman called at the hospital to enquire after a fellow Scot who had inadvertently swallowed a sixpence, he was told that there was no change.

From *The Daily Mirror's* comments on newspaper headlines :

"Water Penny Per Bucket." Eau dear!

"Forty Years As Missionary." A sinnercure?

"Aerial Elopement." Gretna Green with envy.

"Mr. Ford Borrows a Penny." To save a non-centsical situation.

* * * *

MAGISTRATE : "But if you were doing no wrong, why did you run when the officer approached you?"

PRISONER : "I thought that 'e wanted to sell me a ticket for the policeman's annual concert."

* * * *

It has been said :

That when husband and wife think alike, it is usually the wife who thinks first.

That the man who hesitates is lost, but the woman who hesitates is extinct.

* * * *

It seems as if Nature had curiously planned

That men's names with their trades should agree.

There's Twining, the Teaman, who lives in the Strand,

Would be whining if robb'd of his T.

* * * *

Arriving at Olympia, after a long journey, a visitor to the Motor Show felt the need of a wash, and asked one of the salesmen to direct him to the lavatories. "Certainly, sir," replied the salesman, who went on to give the directions in a manner that might almost have been described enthusiastic. "Thanks," said the motorist, "but—er—why are you so pleased about it?" "Well, to tell you the truth, sir," replied the salesman, "yours is the first genuine enquiry I've had since the Show opened."

* * * *

"Cannot you possibly get this on to the stage?" said a young dramatist to the actor-manager to whom he had shewn the manuscript of his new play. "Well, laddie," was the reply, "I can only think of one way to do it. We might grind it up for a snow-storm."

BRANCHES.

SLOUGH.

THE UNITED SERVICES CLUB, EGHAM.

The eighth Annual Dinner of the above Club was celebrated on Saturday, October 17th, when there was a good attendance of members, presided over by Sir William Barber, J.P. (President of the Club), supported by Major-General Sir C. Gwynn, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Rear-Admiral B. U. Colclough, Colonel E. Pam, Major Birch, Professor F. W. Harbord, Messrs. J. H. Pilcher, J. C. Fox, A. L. Pound, G. Gray, F. H. White, A. P. Sturt, W. B. Bacon, H. W. Alexander (Chairman of the Committee), C. E. Marshall (Honorary Treasurer), P. D. Kennerell (Honorary Secretary), etc.

Following an excellent dinner, the Chairman briefly submitted the royal toast, which was right loyally received. Following, the Chairman proposed "The Club," pointing out that it was the eleventh anniversary of its foundation. The Club had been kept running in spite of difficult times, but he was very proud to feel that he had been associated with gentlemen who had taken the greatest possible interest in its welfare. Since last year the redecorations had been done entirely by their own members, merely having the material found for them. Whilst this *esprit de corps* existed amongst them, he had no fear about the success of the Club in future.

Sir William coupled with the toast the names of Mr. Alexander, who had done more than anyone else for the success of the Club, and Mr. Kennerell.

Unfortunately, the Games Cup, of which they were very proud, could not be presented that evening, as the games were not completed, but the President was able to present the Quoits Cup to Mr. E. Humphreys, who also received a medal. Mr. W. Humphreys, his brother, received the runner-up medal.

Responding, Mr. Alexander referred to other activities of the year, apart from the redecorations of the Club premises. They undertook the Poppy Day collection and, with the assistance of other friends, succeeded in collecting a record sum for the district. They also carried on with the War Orphans' Christmas Treat, and, although the numbers were growing smaller, they still had some twenty to thirty children whose fathers had unfortunately died since the war. Members' children were also invited, which usually made up a party of about a hundred children, and as long as there were war orphans this treat would go on. The

success of the Club, in his opinion, was due more than ever before to each member pulling his weight. The Secretary, Mr. Kennerell, had been untiringly energetic and deserved the greatest credit.

Mr. Kennerell suitably replied in a happy little speech.

Major Birch admirably proposed the toast of "The Visitors," and referred to the long and distinguished career in the Army of Sir Charles Gwynn.

Replying, Sir Charles stated that he would be very glad to become a member of the Club, but he had only recently come to reside in the neighbourhood, having left the Regular Army after forty years' service. He was delighted to see from the gathering present that the comradeship was being carried on which existed during the war.

The final toast, that of "The President," was very happily given by Mr. F. H. White. During the remainder of the evening the company were most merrily entertained by the "Impromptu" Concert Party, and the whole of the assembly enjoyed a most pleasant evening.

THE BRITISH LEGION SOCIAL CLUB, LIMITED, SLOUGH.

(LADY HAIG CLUB.)

On Wednesday, October 21st, the first Annual Dinner of the above Club was held in the large main hall, and marked the anniversary of the official opening of the new club premises, on October 21st, 1929, by Lady Dorothy Haig.

Councillor N. H. Grove (Chairman of the Committee) presided, and was supported by Viscount Stopford, O.B.E. (Chairman, Bucks Executive Council of the British Legion), Mr. W. Scott-Evans (Secretary), the Rector of Slough (Canon A. G. P. Baines), Mr. E. T. Bowyer (Chairman, Slough Urban District Council), Major Matthews, M.C., Mr. H. A. Hayes, Councillor F. R. Whiteman (Secretary of the Club), Mr. F. J. Kirby (Treasurer), all the members of the Club Committee, Messrs. R. R. Winyard, E. J. Sargeant, E. Halley, H. W. Colson, etc.

An excellent repast was provided by Mr. W. A. Lidstone, and over three hundred members regaled themselves.

After the royal toasts had been duly honoured, Viscount Stopford submitted the toast of "The British Legion and Lady Haig Club." They had been celebrating its tenth birthday, and he thought that everyone would agree that they had made considerable progress during the past ten years. It could undoubtedly be said that the British Legion was the greatest organization for good ever known.

Councillor Whiteman responding recalled that just eleven years ago he and a colleague from the old National Federation of Discharged Sailors and Soldiers attended a meeting in the Leicester Town Hall, where they set on foot the movement instituted by the late Lord Haig.

Mr. R. R. Winyard proposed the toast of the Bucks Executive, and said the County Executive, of which he was at one time a member, were taking a great deal of work off the area and Headquarters Staff.

Mr. W. Scott-Evans, the Secretary, suitably replied.

Major Matthews submitted the toast of "The Visitors."

The response to this toast was made by Mr. H. A. Hayes, a member of the Area Council.

During the dinner an excellent musical programme was provided through the courtesy of Messrs. Buck's Music Stores, Slough. Afterwards a first-class musical programme was carried out by the following artistes:—Miss Muriel Powell (soprano), Miss Sybil Fox (comedienne), Mr. Jack Mitchell (monologues), Mr. George Hodgson (tenor), Mr. Jimmy Purrett (comedian) and Mr. W. Overs (accompanist).

The whole evening proved a huge success, and augurs well for future functions of this kind. The Firm's well-known "Hop Leaf" brands were thoroughly enjoyed by all present throughout the evening.

SLOUGH'S FESTIVAL OF REMEMBRANCE.

The Adelphi Theatre was packed to the doors on Armistice Sunday, November 8th, when over 2,300 people enjoyed an evening they will not easily forget, at the Festival of Remembrance, made possible by the British Legion, chiefly through the hard work and enterprise of the organizer, Mr. H. A. Hayes.

The opening fanfare of trumpets by trumpeters of the Life Guards made a wonderful commencement, and then the band of the Life Guards rendered Van den Heuvel's march, "Prince Arthur," dedicated to Prince Arthur of Connaught. Following this came the march through the theatre of the representatives of the British Legion, to the strains of "Tipperary," marching across the auditorium and up the gangways.

Enthusiasm was increased amongst the audience when the Old Contemptibles followed to the appropriate sound of "Boys of the Old Brigade." The veterans of the South African War

filed closely behind them. Present day services were represented by the detachment of the Scots Guards, the Terriers, the Nursing Corps, the St. John Ambulance Brigade, the Ambulance Cadets (boys and girls), the Boy Scouts, the Girl Guides, and finally the Church Lads' Brigade, following to the strains of "The Great Little Army."

The pipers of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards were received with great cheers, and then involuntarily the vast audience stood to attention as the Union Jack was carried down the gangway and on to the stage. Thirteen British Legion standards followed and ranged themselves on either side of the Union Jack, whilst the band played "Land of Hope and Glory." Mr. Stanley Keeble gave a fine rendering of the song "The Deathless Army." Following this, community singing was indulged in by the whole assembly, and old war choruses were sung lustily, being led by the Life Guards band.

The first half was brought to an end by short speeches by Councillor E. T. Bowyer and Mr. H. A. Hayes, who explained that the object for which the Festival of Remembrance was arranged was to raise money to help those men of the British Legion in Slough who were unemployed through no fault of their own. Furthermore, Mr. Hayes made it quite clear that they were not confining the benefits to unemployed members of the British Legion only, but that they were going to try to make sure that no ex-soldier in the Slough district would go hungry on Christmas Day.

The second half opened with Mr. S. Keeble rendering the song "The Trumpeter," and as the last notes died away the curtain arose to disclose a wonderfully arranged "Field of Remembrance" which undoubtedly touched everyone present. The trumpeters then sounded "The Last Post," as Canon A. G. P. Baines impressively spoke the immortal words written by Lawrence Binyon:—

"They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn:
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them."

The Life Guards' buglers then broke the stillness in the building by sounding "The Reveille," when the service was brought to a close by everyone singing "Abide with Me," followed by the National Anthem.

ARMISTICE DINNER AT DATCHET.

The Annual Re-union Dinner of the officers and men of Datchet who served during the war took place in the Working Men's Club, Datchet, on Armistice evening.

Major-General Sir C. Kavanagh, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.V.O., presided, supported by Mr. D. Lewin (Vice-Chairman), Brig.-General B. H. Cooke, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., Surgeon-Captain W. P. Hingston, C.B., R.N., Comdr. P. S. Rickford, R.N., Lieut.-Comdr. C. Porter, R.N., Colonel A. C. Northey, Colonel A. W. Prior, Lieut.-Colonel Hodson, Captain H. E. Batty, Captain A. H. Brady, Captain R. H. Goddard, Captain P. E. Tickler, Captain F. G. Whitaker, Dr. M. S. Esler, Dr. N. Glegg, the Rev. T. R. Russell-Potter, Mr. R. H. Blakesley, Mr. G. Keer, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. E. H. Dullely, Mr. A. E. Kemp, Mr. P. G. Randall, Mr. E. Stephenson, Mr. G. E. Keer, Mr. E. W. Page, Mr. Steele, Mr. Taylor, Mr. L. N. Younghusband, Mr. H. W. Colson, etc.

Following a dinner which was supplied by Mr. Hawes, of Datchet, a short toast list was honoured.

The remainder of the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all present in listening to the musical entertainment given by the "Gay Garnets" Concert Party. The Committee, of which Captain C. H. Williams, M.C., was the Chairman, and Mr. W. Elmes, the Honorary Secretary, are to be heartily congratulated on the excellent arrangements.

In conclusion we extend seasonal greetings to our esteemed Directors and all members of the "Hop Leaf" family, expressing the old but ever new wish: "A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all."

IT CAME TO PASS.

Here beginneth the first chapter of the book of "John the Good," scribe of the Tories:—

1. It came to pass that there arose in the Land of Eng a great outcry among the people; yea, and the Senate did pull up their socks saying among themselves, "Verily we are in the cart."

2. This was the meaning thereof. The rulers of the people were those that did Labour and did call themselves those that were Social. Now these people did not hearken unto the laws of the Medes and Persians which altereth not, that "thou canst not give that which thou dost not possess"; verily we were broke with none to lend us aught.

3. Then straightway began they to get the wind up, saying amongst themselves: "Verily our coffers are empty and nowhere can we get the shekels to give to them that have not work." Then did Phillip of Snow warn them straightly, saying unto them: "Verily, must ye walk carefully," but they hearkened not.

4. Then began the tribes of other lands, those of the dry country and the wine country, to draw in the talents of gold which they had lent to the rulers of Eng.

5. Peradventure, those of the Senate who were wise did reason with those who lacked wisdom, saying unto them: "A crisis had arisen in the Land of Eng." Then did Phillip of Snow speak upon the air, saying unto the people: "Be ye not afraid o ye of little faith."

6. So the rulers of the people did discourse among themselves and did decide to levy heavy taxes among the people, taking from those that did teach, many shekels, from those that did sail upon the waters, many shekels, from those that did guard, many shekels, from those that did fly in the air, many shekels, and from those that did walk the street and pinch those that did burgle, many shekels.

7. Then did the people gather in the market places and the houses that sold strong drink and murmur among themselves, saying in the speech of the multitude: "Lumme, Mrs., he's slipped it across us."

8. Then began straightway the rulers of the people to quarrel among themselves, for those that were wise did wish to reduce the shekels for those for whom work was denied.

9. And it came to pass that Ramsay the Mac, leader of the Senate, and Phillip of Snow, the keeper of the people's purse, did reason with those that were thick of head, but those that were of the Council of Trades Unionists did say with a loud voice: "Ye shall not do this thing." Then said Phillip of Snow: "Oh Yeah."

10. So the Senate rulers were in the cart. Then began Ramsay the Mac, Phillip of Snow and Thomas the Jim to urge upon those that held high places to put their country before their party and join with those of the Senate who did oppose, to balance the Budget. But they would not, and like sheep, verily, they went astray.

11. Then did Ramsay the Mac stick to his ship with Phillip of Snow and Thomas the Jim, and take counsel with those leaders of the people who did form the Opposition; thus was made a Government which was National.

12. But the unwise leaders and those that did dwell in the high places of the party that did Labour go away straightway, and the multitude murmured exceeding wrath, and they gat no sympathy.

13. And it came to pass that the rulers of the Land of Eng did desire a mandate of the people and call an election that was called General. Peradventure, the leaders of the people did speak upon the air, and those of the Senate did gather in the market places and other spaces, and say their pieces.

14. Now it came to pass in the town of Slough that a man, Alfred the Knox, did fight with Hayden of Guest. And it was on this wise Alfred the Knox was a mighty fighter, knowing well the ways of the earth, and was of great esteem in the places of Bucks the South.

15. And those that did Labour did look for someone of great valour to oppose Alfred the Knox. Then found they Hayden of Guest, a man whose speech was like unto books, and they said unto him, "Hayden, thou hast been in many lands and hast served in many parties, and art full of guile and hast been nearly everything. Wilt thou stand for those that Labour in Bucks the South?" and he answered and said "Verily."

16. Then did the halls of Committee be up and doing and those of Tories did shake a leg.

17. Verily did John the Good begin to hustle and affix strange devices upon the walls of the Council Room. Likewise many times did John the Good put on his robes and take them off.

18. And the women of Bucks the South did gird themselves and work right willingly.

19. Then did John of Chambers ride forth on his chariot and hand out the cards of canvass to those that were willing, and John was a man of discretion and tact, versed in the ways of women, so great were the numbers of those that canvassed.

20. And in the halls of Committee were heard strange languages, one saying to the other: "Mark off the Blues and the Reds and Greens." Likewise began they to talk of "Doubtfuls." And lo and behold one of those that did work was likened unto a ray of sunshine.

21. Upon the day of the poll did appear exhortations unto the people to "Vote for Knox" and in the chariots of Rolls Royce and Daimler and the lesser chariots of Austin, Morris and Ford did appear strange devices "Vote ye for Knox" in colours of blue and white, and many of the multitude did wear ribbons of blue and white.

22. And the aged and infirm, the lame and the halt and the blind were conveyed to the place of the poll in the chariots of the people.

23. But when the day had passed, those of the party did wait for tidings on the air. Then did Mrs. Roberts play upon the piano and John the Good did play upon an instrument of four strings, and they of the company did sing.

24. At ten of the bell the tidings came on the air, and the Government that was National was winning.

25. And those of the Labour that had ruled were like unto ninepins and the Labour fell like the flakes of the snow, Arthur of Henderson, Jimmy the Clynes and Maggie of Bondfield. Yea, of that Cabinet was only George of the Lido left. Yea, they fell upon the wayside—peradventure, many are called but few are chosen.

26. Great was the consternation thereof, and the next day did come the news that Alfred the Knox had seen Hayden of Guest off the field, beating him by over thirty thousand. Then did John the Good, John of Chambers and Mac the Clown and many others go to the bar and have one to the health of Alfred the Knox and his great victory.

27. Then raced John the Good and John of the Chambers round the district, giving the people news of the poll.

28. Then did they prepare the hall that was public for the appearance of Alfred the Knox, who with his lady drove in their chariot round the places of Bucks the South.

29. And behold the Election was popular and the people of Slough did applaud the verdict, quite forgetting that they themselves had restored Alfred the Knox to his rightful place.

30. And among those that did Labour, great was the wailing and gnashing of teeth. Verily great was the fall thereof of those who did say in the market places, "Woe unto ye who wouldst place a tariff in the land."

31. Verily they were shewn the way to go home, and John the Good and John of Chambers did smoke their pipes and didst offer Mac the Clown that which they did smoke and say amongst themselves: "Verily what a wallop. Alfred the Knox gains by 1,500 score and more."

32. Lastly did the Ray of Sunshine play upon an instrument of music "Land of Hope and Glory."

33. And in that day was born the alliance of Ramsay the Mac, Stanley the Bald, Simon of John and Herbert of Sam. But David of Wales was like unto the fox, and in the house of Churt did keep out of the way.

WOKING.

WOKING WORKING MEN'S CLUB.

ARMISTICE CONCERT IN AID OF ST. DUNSTAN'S.

The Woking Working Men's Club was the venue of a large and enthusiastic gathering on Friday, 13th November, when a concert was held in aid of St. Dunstan's. Mr. A. Bennett presided, and was supported by Mr. H. Burden, Chairman of Committee.

The Chairman pointed out that it had been the practice of the Club for some years past when arranging the winter series of concerts to allocate one evening to the cause of St. Dunstan's. One could not touch on the work of St. Dunstan's without first making a reference to the founder, the late Sir Arthur Pearson. Sir Arthur was a man of great experience in journalism, but in 1910 increasing blindness obliged him to retire from the active direction of newspapers. From that time onward he devoted his life and his fortune to assist the blind, and during the war he established at his house, St. Dunstan's, Regents Park, a hospital for blinded soldiers, sailors and airmen. He was not only a benefactor of the blind, but a benefactor of mankind, as he showed the way by which they could give practical help and sympathy to those for whom he laboured. Their debt to St. Dunstan's was in every sense a personal one.

Mr. H. V. Kerr, who was blinded at Ypres in 1917, said that it was the fourth occasion on which he had been privileged to address the members of the Woking Working Men's Club, and he had always been impressed by the warm welcome which he had received. On behalf of the Council of St. Dunstan's he thanked the Committee for supporting their cause. They had heard a good deal of the need for economy, and St. Dunstan's had to watch their finances very carefully in these difficult times. They had just passed Remembrance Day, and, although its real meaning might be a little obscure to the younger generation, its annual observance was the greatest safeguard they had against future wars. Some 2,000 men were still under the care of St. Dunstan's, even though the majority were established in their own homes in various parts of the Empire and had become useful citizens. In addition to those blinded on the battlefield, cases still came to hand of men who were losing their sight as a result of war wounds, and would ultimately come under the care of their organisation. At the Brighton establishment ninety beds were maintained for the more serious cases, and provided a centre for dealing with convalescent patients.

Following Mr. Kerr's appeal a collection was made, resulting in over £4 being sent to St. Dunstan's headquarters.

The well-known local concert party, "The Portables," rendered a very fine musical programme, the artistes including Florence Midwood (contralto), Stanton Johns (entertainer), Ted Bailey (humorist), Fred Summers (comedian), Lewis Philpot (illusionist), with Charles Wealm at the piano. The clever conjuring tricks of Lewis Philpot received special applause, as did the fund of humour supplied by such well-known favourites as Ted Bailey and Fred Summers. Credit is due to the Club's Entertainments Committee, under Mr. T. Baleham, for organising a very successful function.

SERGEANTS' MESS, DEPOT QUEEN'S ROYAL REGIMENT, GUILDFORD.

GHELUVELT, OCTOBER 31ST, 1914.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE.

A cold rain was falling, soaking our clothing, numbing our hands in such fashion that they could but barely grasp our rifle slings. Our shoulders were raw with the continual chafe of our equipment. Our limbs were weary with much marching, and our minds fatigued by the ever present necessity for keenness so inseparable from active service. Stern fact and murderous reality had bitten into our minds and converted us to automatic figures of dejection. Some had become abandoned pessimists, but war weary, faint with hunger and depressed in spirit as we were, there were yet some cheery souls who conserved our courage and spirits with some aptly humorous remark and an ever ready smile.

The deadly monotony of the landscape was added to by the desolation of broken trees, deserted shell-scarred farmhouses and cottages. Our trenches, but hastily dug with all sorts and conditions of tools, were a mass of slimy mud and greasy soil. They ran in irregular and seemingly haphazard fashion with a general frontage of north and east.

The light faded and as darkness crept over our work increased. Stakes and wire here, stakes and wire there, scattered in as it seemed irremediable confusion tripped the lagging feet of many a party, some conveying food and water, others ammunition, and more field work material.

Here and there stood a sentry, who, although weary to breaking point, was yet alert, peering with straining eyes and ears over the parapet—watching—listening—waiting!

So the night passed until the small hours, when the thunderous crashes a very cataclysm of hell descended on us. Shell after shell burst upon our improvised defences, the flashes lighting up

the scene with a perpetual brilliance. High explosives tore our work asunder, crashing section after section of our trenches to ruins. Shrapnel burst over us in droning fury, finding far too many billets in our comrades. Now there were a thousand reverberations to our rear as our guns threw out their answering defiance.

Small care could we take of stricken comrades, for with straining intensity and a tremendous rage we awaited the advance of the enemy infantry.

The first streaks of dawn showed faintly in the east and the tornado of hate increased a thousandfold. To the dread artillery was now allied the murderous and deadly precision of machine gun and rifle fire beating on our parapets with a devilish tattoo.

The clammy stickiness of our trenches was intensified by the blood of many of our comrades, who were falling fast. We felt a sickening feeling around our stomachs and our brains whirled with faintness.

At last we perceived movement of the enemy. It seemed that their infantry were massed to crush us alone. They appeared to be in front of us, on our left and our right. Our shrapnel swept among them, our machine guns, although few, worked with deadly precision sweeping away the head of every formation, and our rifle fire, continuent in one tremendous volley, took its toll. Hundreds were slain, but still section after section, company after company, entered the bloody arena only to suffer extinction.

Their overwhelming numbers and reckless persistence at last gained them a slight advantage and we withdrew, but only a short distance, for coming to our assistance was our sister battalion. Inspired with fresh determination we stayed and together with our comrades of the ——— Battalion stemmed the torrent of grey.

All day the titanic struggle continued. The enemy artillery crashed and pounded as furiously as ever, but his infantry tired. Weaker and weaker became his assaults and at last his masses stopped their attempts and a new dawn arose with the remnants of a gallant brigade, just seven hundred men, triumphant upon that bloody field of Gheluvelt.

The Sergeants' Mess, Depot the Queen's Royal Regiment, held their Annual Ball in commemoration of the Battle of Gheluvelt on Friday, 30th October, at Stoughton Barracks. The dance was well attended, the numbers present exceeding 300.

Decoration had been attended to by the Physical Training Staff of the Depot and was arranged in a very effective manner.

Lighting effects carried out under the supervision of the Regimental Sergeant-Major were equally good. Marquees, generously loaned by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., were fitted up as a lounge and dressing room. Bar refreshments, also supplied by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds were of that firm's usual unsurpassed standard. Music was provided by the band of Mr. H. Wise. Dancing was varied, and both hosts and guests enjoyed an evening's excellent entertainment, the only casualties being in the bar stock which became sadly depleted, and many were the "S.B.'s" booked for a return to the base (brewery) for supplies, this as usual being the most popular beverage.

R.J.C.

OLD WOKING RECREATION CLUB.

VISIT TO KENNINGTON LIBERAL AND RADICAL CLUB.

The Old Woking Recreation Club cannot lay claim to possessing a very imposing building, but the team spirit of its members is not lacking, and on Saturday, 24th October, over forty members journeyed to London to meet the Kennington Liberal and Radical Club in a games tournament. The result of the games was as follows:—

	OLD WOKING. Points.	KENNINGTON LIBERAL. Points.
Darts	3	1
Whist	1	1
Cribbage	5	2
Dominoes	4	2
Shove Halfpenny	1	2
Snooker	0	1
Billiards	0	1
	14	10

The members had a great reception at Kennington, and are now eagerly looking forward to a return visit. Mr. A. Warner of the Games Committee arranged the tournament and is deserving of hearty congratulations on the successful result of his efforts. He is also a great asset to the Dart Club which he inaugurated some time ago.

The Reverend and Mrs. F. Wilson (in memory of whose son the hut was erected) have always been generous donors to the Old Woking Recreation Club and follow their progress with the keenest possible interest, and we are sure they will learn with pride that the institution is such a centre of social activity.

The Woking Staff send Seasonal Greetings to all members of the "Hop Leaf" family both at home and abroad.

OXFORD.

By the time these few lines appear in cold print the month of December will have commenced, and if we wait for another issue the present year will have become a back number. We therefore take this opportunity of extending to our colleagues at Headquarters and the Branches, and especially to our friends and patrons in Oxford and district, our very best wishes for a real happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year. May 1932 see that welcome reduction of TWOPENCE PER PINT for which we all hope.

"J.V.E." is to be congratulated on securing a "special" for his own use. If this, the reward of concentrated importunity, is a "feather in his cap," then we suppose the driver, fireman and guard of the North Camp Special are now wearing the "Hop Leaf" in their bonnets!

All at Oxford send their felicitations to Mr. E. Gosney on his becoming the father of a family. Nothing like a good thick pair of carpet slippers for walking the floor these cold nights.

May we intrude into your special sphere for a moment, Mr. Editor, just to say that we have not only seen the adult moorhen dive, but also the young ones perform quite efficiently below the surface soon after taking to the water.—[Yes, and a very charming sight to!—*Editor.*]

Everyone hereabouts seems to be saving up for something, but at present we don't know whether it is to buy good things for Christmas or to pay that extra bit of income tax. We hope that the majority have both objects in view and that our annual rush of additional business prior to the festive season will exceed our expectations.

BRIGHTON.

The chief topic of interest this past month has, of course, been the General Election, and the extraordinary results of the polling all over the country. Here, in Brighton, we have the largest constituency in the country, and put back the sitting members with a tremendous majority. A good try was made to get votes by Socialist and Co-operative candidates, who just managed to save forfeiting their deposits.

Now we hope for a gradual improvement in trading conditions. Brighton has not yet experienced that rush of visitors who would otherwise have gone to the Riviera, but there are certainly signs of more autumn lettings.

The past week has brought to us on the South coast more than the usual complement of equinoctial gales, which wrought much havoc along the undefended parts of the coast, more particularly at Shoreham and Littlehampton.

Visitors who know Brighton in its summer garb would hardly have recognised the beach last week when the rough seas had finished with it and left the shingle piled up many feet above summer levels. In fact, one storm threw up so much beach in the night that next morning many rowing boats were completely buried, only the masts being exposed to show where the boats were beneath the shingle. The lower promenade near the Palace Pier was some feet below the surface of the beach, and the new amusement park suffered very much from the incoming of the sea.

Fortunately, these storms abated on Armistice Day, when a rather smaller concourse than usual assembled at the War Memorial in the Steine to honour the departed heroes of 1914-18. By a pleasant coincidence the sun broke through the clouds during the two minutes' silence.

The now annual run of "Old Crocks" from London to Brighton took place recently, when over thirty motor cars, built prior to 1904, completed the journey. The winner, a 1903 Rolls-Royce, driven by Captain Malcolm Campbell, did the journey of 51 miles at the rate of 25 miles an hour, which must have been tedious to this intrepid speed-maker. One entry, a 1900 Wolseley recently purchased for 15/-, arrived late for qualification as a runner, but the lady driver was awarded a certificate for pluck by the R.A.C., who organised the run. Although some of the "old crocks" were the object of derision, there was much to be learned by the more serious spectator, as to the wonderful progress made during the past decade in motor car design.

Our foreman, Mr. A. E. Smith, had an enjoyable visit to Reading last month, when the Directors invited him up on the occasion of his Jubilee with the Firm, and made him a very generous presentation. Roaming round the Brewery, Mr. Smith was particularly impressed with the new bottling machinery, as also the great expansion all round since his last visit. He wishes to take this opportunity of thanking all those with whom he came into contact for their kind reception of him.

To all readers of the GAZETTE we send from Brighton hearty greeting for a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

THIS YEAR OF GRACE.

With many deep depressions along its path, the year of 1931 leaves very few kindly disposed towards its extension, even if that were humanly possible.

Undoubtedly, to most of us, it will go down in our memoirs as a very distasteful experience. Leaden skies and falling barometers in every home and trade have been disquieting features of its "progress," while the final thunderclap of the economy budget left all loyal Britons speechless. With Christmas not far distant, and our thoughts filled with the optimism which a National Government has given the Empire, with their policy of "Buy British," is it too much to hope that the worst of the storm has passed over us? We trow not!

In this certain hope we confidently wish the Directors and our many confreres and readers at home and abroad a happy Christmas and a brighter New Year.

WISDOM'S CHOICE!

A safe "tip" to all sportsmen: Look out for *Stability* (by Electorate—Ballot Box)! This "horse" should be supported on the flat or over the sticks on every occasion. Is a real trier and a "Grand National" certainty!

Another hint to the wise: Watch the boys in green and black—Plymouth Argyle—for the Promotion Stakes! We base our ideas on the poor quality of many of the teams in their Division, rather than on a vastly improved side at Home Park. A little stiffening perhaps at half-back and April next will see them knocking at the door of the higher sphere.

We are sorry to see Reading "in the dumps," and hope those "eleven o'clock critics" are still to be found at Elm Park week in and week out. That's the spirit!

There's plenty of time yet to join us next season; an improvement on the recovery of the last week or two will show the football world that third-class fare is not good enough for the sportsmen of Berkshire. We shall be among the first to welcome you back "home" again.

The Tamar Social Club, by removing to the Old Civil Service Billiards Club at Devonport, has displayed a progressive spirit which deserves all the support its members can give it. An

increased revenue will, however, be essential to make the venture a successful one, and we therefore hope that all "Tamarites" will use their Club regularly and demonstrate to those responsible for the change over that the project is not a too ambitious one.

Under more congenial surroundings, members and friends will now be able to enter into their games without that "underground" feeling which the old clubroom had, and with ample space to entertain visitors, and to cater for the needs of all, the Club should make further strides forward.

Another full-size billiards table has been installed, and budding cueists will not be able to complain of their lack of opportunities for practice. The past half-year's results have shown that the Club budget can be balanced without undue economy measures, and we confidently look forward to a soundly established institution in the years to come if all members loyally do their share in its evolution.

Our billiards teams in the Plymouth and District Leagues have not been doing too well, as the following results shew:—

OCTOBER 13TH.

<i>Social Club.</i>				<i>St. George's.</i>			
R. Mills	99	v.	J. Neal	...	125
W. Mills	105	v.	W. Chubb	...	125
T. Pierce	125	v.	—, Frampton	...	107
E. Williams	106	v.	E. Armstrong	...	125
W. Webber	125	v.	C. Irish	...	42

Game lost by 2—3.

OCTOBER 20TH.

<i>Social Club.</i>				<i>St. Mark's.</i>			
T. Pierce	88	v.	Truscott	...	125
W. Mills	108	v.	Dunstan	...	125
R. Mills	125	v.	Johnstone	...	121
E. Webber	125	v.	Avery	...	110
W. Williams	92	v.	Hanatt	...	125

Game lost by 2—3.

OCTOBER 20TH.

<i>Social Club.</i>				<i>Primitive Methodist.</i>			
P. Tucker	125	v.	W. Cranch	...	72
Bishop	57	v.	McGregor	...	125
Watkins	53	v.	Smith	...	125
Wise	125	v.	Pengelly	...	119
Luscombe	61	v.	Stevens	...	125

Game lost by 2—3.

Perhaps under better and more frequent opportunities for practice we shall soon pick up our match-winning qualities. As the popular strain has it, "Time alone will tell"!

An event to which we are looking forward, as we write, is the visit of Mr. F. A. Simonds to the West Country to preside over the Annual Banquet of the Licensed Victuallers' Association at Torquay. We hope to be able to include in our next notes a few impressions of the function.

HEARD WAY DOWN WEST.

"Well, Garge, did 'ee get any plums this yer summer?"

"Ah yes, Will'um, tidy few, but a girt starm comes along an blows half of 'em off, and us aid only jest gether that when a mighty girt gust fetches t'other half down."

"Bad luck, Garge, cud 'ee do ought with 'em?"

"Oh yes, Will'um, Missus her ate one, an' I ate t'other!"

A HINT FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK.

Visitors to Plymouth who have boarded the many steamers, motor boats and other craft which ply for hire up and down our local rivers and in and out of the many beauty spots of South Devon, will no doubt recognise the subject of the accompanying "snap"—the "Royal Oak" Inn, Cargreen.



The "Royal Oak," Cargreen.

Situated on the South or Cornish bank of the Tamar, the largest stream which empties itself into Plymouth Sound, Cargreen is invariably the first stop going upstream and the last coming home. The only house of refreshment being the "Royal Oak," it

follows that it is a highly popular port of call for "old salts" and passengers alike. "Stop at Cargreen, Skipper!" is almost as popular a call on the Tamar as "Mine's an 'S.B.,' mate!" in the "Royal Oak," and one is almost as cheering as the other except when on a warm summer afternoon the sign of the "Hop Leaf" can be distinguished in the distance as the landing stage comes in sight. Then both skipper and mate, passengers and crew, sample those famous beverages which Mr. and Mrs. F. A. V. Magner dispense to all patrons of their quaint old house. An old petty officer himself, mine host is instantly at home with all who call, and visitors can be assured of a warm welcome even on the coldest afternoon.

The wonderful views at Cargreen and all along the Tamar Valley to Calstock more than recompense even the most blase traveller for the time spent. Why go abroad exploring when such gorgeous rivers as the Tamar are unknown to us?

Make a point of visiting Cargreen on your next trip this way. You don't need to ask for the "Royal Oak"—just turn in at the first house on the right!

The Inter-Company Boxing Competition of the 2nd Battalion Norfolk Regiment, held recently at the Garrison Gymnasium, Devonport, was a singularly striking testimony to the fitness of the Army of to-day in general and of the Norfolks in particular.

A win on points was an exception—six knock-outs in seven finals need no comment of ours—and those who had the privilege of attending the tourney could not complain of the absence of that spirit to win which many so-called "champions" have of late years failed to exhibit. But then, what else would one expect from the wearers of the yellow "flash"!

The final scores were :—Headquarters Wing, 76 ; C. Company, 68 ; D. Company, 66.

The Colonel of the Norfolk Regiment, General Sir E. Peter Strickland, K.C.B., K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O., who presented the trophies, complimented the contestants "on the skill and spirit shown, which was in keeping with the highest traditions of the Regiment to which they all were proud to belong." Sentiments with which all sportsmen will gladly concur.

Many wearers of the Britannia badge are among our patrons at Devonport, and "Hop Leaf" beverages are duly appreciated

after a gruelling contest, whether on muddied fields or 'neath the glare of the arc lamps as upon this evening, when the Mess is reached.

We, on our part, count it a high privilege to serve them.

“ TO BE—OR NOT TO BE ? ”

The scene as the curtain rose on the final act was a particularly brilliant one which, maybe, redeemed the play as a whole from being what is known as “ an utter failure.” By special request of the audience, however, no encores are to be allowed for a period of years. Thanks be! An anguished request to reproduce a better show in 1932 and onwards could have but one result, and this was answered on October 27th.

To-day, almost a new dramatis personae appear before us. Its critics are wondering, is it to be merely a rehash of the old, or an entirely new production? The stage is set; the drop curtain rises.

See! the prologue begins. One can almost see the producer helping here, helping there. On his shoulders rest an overwhelming task. His audience are, however, somewhat impatient, sceptical and a little cold. Are they to witness the usual “ eternal triangle,” another problem, a tragedy, just a revue, or a glorious historical triumph? The cynical curiosity of first nighters!

Ah! Patience, friends! In all kindness, “ see how the play unfolds itself,” and cheer, pit and stalls alike if it be worth the appreciation. Nothing brings out the best in man more than real encouragement, or more completely links audience and players as one, from the rising of the curtain. Let us not, therefore, judge the measure of its success hastily. He who travels overfast in these days of ours may not arrive at his journey's end at all, and the play's the thing!

A greater than C.B.C. once advised an anxious world to “ Wait and see.” We lean forward in our seats—the prologue is ending—the curtain is slowly ascending before us—

Welcome, 1932!

LONDON.

All at London Stores extend the season's greetings to readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, wishing them good times at Christmas and prosperity during the coming year.

TOOTING CONSERVATIVE CLUB SUPPER.

Sixty-seven members were present at the Tooting Conservative Club Supper, which was held at the Club premises, Ashvale Road, Tooting, on Tuesday, November 17th.

A speech was made during the evening by Mr. J. Young, the Chairman, and Mr. Bastin, of the North Cheam Social Club responded.

Supper over a most enjoyable concert followed and was greatly appreciated.

The catering was in the capable hands of the Steward and Stewardess, Mr. and Mrs. W. Griffin.

BROOKDALE CLUB ANNUAL DINNER.

The Brookdale Club, Catford, held their Annual Dinner on Saturday, 21st November. Mr. W. Burn (Chairman) presided, and about 100 members and friends were present. Dinner was followed by a concert and dance. Our Mr. J. Hobson acted as M.C., and the concert arrangements were carried out by Mr. K. Arthur.

This Club has made considerable improvements during the past year and is one of the best in the district.

We wish the members every success, and feel sure they will maintain the high standard that has always been associated with the Brookdale.

Mr. L. T. Locan, the popular Managing Director of the Cosmo Hotel, Southampton Row, has now a valuable addition to his premises, opening a few weeks ago a fine saloon under the name “ Peter's Bar.” It is arranged in Spanish style, and the outside decorations with its two finely painted hanging signs are in keeping with the luxurious interior. Additional to a well-stocked bar is an open grill and many varieties of “ snacks ” are obtainable. For its originality and decorative treatment, “ Peter's Bar ” is hard to match anywhere, and Mr. Locan is to be congratulated on a great asset, not only to the Cosmo, but also to the West Central district.

The N.C.O's. of the 4th Battalion Royal West Surrey Regiment had the great misfortune of having their Mess at the Old Barracks, Mitcham Road, Croydon, totally destroyed by fire in the early morning of October 26th. Looking in a few hours after the flames had been extinguished, we found almost everything had disappeared. A few strings only remained of the piano, whilst the billiards table

had been consumed entirely. Great efforts had been made to make the Mess comfortable, and our sympathy is with R.S. Major and the members of the Mess in this great disaster.

We join with Portsmouth Branch in their regret of the passing, at the great age of 92, of Mr. W. Toms. He was personally known here by several members of our staff, and his death seemed sudden, coming as it did so soon after the publication of his portrait in a recent number of the GAZETTE.

Our very best wishes to Mr. Albert Smith, of Brighton Branch, another whom we were interested to read has completed fifty years' service with the Firm.

On Friday, 20th November, the members of the Dart Club, Putney Working Men's Club and Institute, entertained a team selected from our staff. The honours of the evening fell to H. & G.S. Ltd. team, who won 3 games against 2.

We accept this opportunity of thanking the members of the Putney Club on behalf of our team for a very enjoyable evening.

PORTSMOUTH.

It is with great regret we have to report this month in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE the sad death of Mrs. Maud Comber of "Nylstroom," Westbourne, wife of Mr. H. Comber who has been a traveller at this Branch for the past twenty-four years. The late Mrs. Comber was an industrious church worker and was a member of the parochial church council. The floral tributes at the funeral were numerous and included those from: The Committee and Members, Women's Branch of the Conservative Association (of which the deceased lady was hon. treasurer), Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. (Portsmouth Branch), also present and late members of the Westbourne Men's Conservative Association, etc. We know that all friends will join with us in our expression of deepest sympathy to Mr. Comber and his family in their great bereavement.

Next month the Prince of Wales is coming to Portsmouth to present new colours to the Portsmouth Division of the Royal Marines at Eastney Barracks. A brilliant ceremonial is expected and the event will be one of outstanding importance and interest in local Service history. The ceremonial will commence at 11.45 a.m. and the actual presentation of the colours will be made at noon. It is a point of interest that before the amalgamation of

the Royal Marine Artillery and the Royal Marine Light Infantry, the former had no colours, but the R.M.L.I. had theirs presented to them by Queen Victoria as far back as 1894. When the Red Marines went over from Forton Barracks to Osborne House where the presentation took place, General Sir Joseph Phillips, then the Colonel-Commandant at Forton, was in charge. H.M. The King is Colonel-in-Chief of this Corps.

HANTS AND ISLE OF WIGHT BRANCH OF THE R.A. ASSOCIATION.

At the tenth annual dinner of this Association held in the banqueting room of the Guildhall recently, there was a record attendance of nearly 200, proving that these re-unions are becoming increasingly popular each year. The speeches on this occasion told of the notable progress of the Association. The Lord Mayor of Portsmouth (Councillor W. Gleave, J.P.) attended the dinner, others present including Col. F. W. Barron, O.B.E. (President of the Association), Lieut.-Col. R. S. Rothwell, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. T. Lindsay, Col. W. H. Barrell, O.B.E., Lieut.-Col. H. Brown, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. T. Summerville, D.S.O., etc. The loyal toast was drunk on the call of the President. Before proceeding with the toast list the Chairman, Col. Barron, said he had sent loyal greetings to His Majesty The King on behalf of the members of the Association and had received a reply from His Majesty, as follows:—

"To the President of the Royal Artillery Association (Hants and Isle of Wight Branch)—The King sincerely thanks the members assembled this evening for their loyal message addressed to their Colonel-in-Chief."

Col. Barron went on to thank the Lord Mayor for allowing the dinner to be held in the banqueting room of the Guildhall. Proposing "The Regiment," Col. Barron said at a gathering like that composed largely of gunners there was very little need be said in support of the toast. "All who are gunners" he said, "Know what a lot non-members have missed." He said "are" gunners and not "were" gunners because he always liked to stress the old phrase, "Once a gunner always a gunner." Whether they had left the service two years or twenty-two years ago they were all gunners. Speaking of the use of the Association, Col. Barron said it stood for the unity of all gunners serving, retired, regular or overseas. During the dinner The Royal Artillery (Portsmouth) band under B.S.M. J. Dowell rendered selections and community singing was another enjoyable feature. The evening wound up with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Only a short time elapsed between the departure of the 1st Welch Regiment from the New Barracks, Gosport, and the arrival of the 1st Manchesters under the command of Lieut.-Col. Lionel C. Bostock, O.B.E., M.C. We give below an extract from the *Hampshire Telegraph and Post*, written by their military correspondent:—

"The outbreak of the war found the 1st Bn. Manchester Regiment in India while the 2nd Bn. at home accompanied the 14th Infantry Brigade to France. The 1st Bn. was brought home and attached to the 8th (Jullander) Indian Infantry Brigade. Both Battalions worthily upheld the credit of the Regiment, the 2nd Bn. being engaged in the retreat from Mons and in the battle of Le Cateau. At Festubert, 2nd Lieut. James Leach and Sgt. John Hogan, both of the 2nd Bn., won the Victoria Cross for their bravery in re-capturing a trench by themselves, killing eight of the enemy and making 16 prisoners. The 1st Bn. was responsible for the re-capture of Givenchy in December, 1914, when under Col. Strickland the Regiment pushed its way into the village from end to end with a loss of over 300 men. These are but two examples of the prowess of the Manchester men of whom 42 Battalions were raised for service between 1914 and 1918. Many of these were to be found fighting in all parts of the world as the following battle honours borne on the colours shew:—"Mons," "Givenchy, 1914," "Ypres, 1915-17-18," "Somme, 1916-18," "Hindenburg Line," "Piave," "Macedonia, 1915-18," "Gallipoli, 1915," "Megiddo," "Kut el Amara" and "Bagdad."

The gathering of "Ye Olde Georgians" of Portsmouth at their headquarters, the George Hotel, High Street, was fittingly held on the Saturday evening of remembrance week and the first event after supper was, as usual, to drink to the memory of Lord Nelson. The gathering had been organised by the chairman, Bro. S. Thompson and the hon. secretary, Bro. L. Maxwell, and it was explained by the former that soon after the battle of Trafalgar on October 21st, 1805, the order was formed and had regular meetings to celebrate the great naval victory until the year 1830 when it was allowed to lapse 10 years. It was then revived and the main object was to bring the members together periodically in old time jovial friendship. Rousing refrains were sung by the members and a party made up of Miss Phyliss Gawler (piano), Miss Lee (vocalist) and Mr. R. Bowles (violinist) added considerably to the enjoyment and in one of their several items they were joined by Bro. A. Gawler (violin). There was a short toast list, the Chairman proposing the health of Councillor Bro. W. H. Dashwood, who replied, and Bro. T. L. Dines submitted "The Chairman," who was received with

musical honours. The chairman in concluding heartily thanked the entertainers.

May we take this opportunity of extending seasonable greetings to all readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

CHANGE OF REGIMENT AT THE NEW BARRACKS, GOSPORT.



THE LIGHTER SIDE.

GREY : " How long has Meekleigh been married ? "

GREENE : " For twenty awed years. "

* * * *

What is a " Pub Crawl " ?

A pint-to-pint race.

* * * *

WIFE : " I've been asked for a reference about our last maid, I've said she's lazy, unpunctual and impertinent. Now, can I add anything in her favour ? "

HUBBY : " You might say she's got a good appetite and sleeps well. "

* * * *

At the Cinema :

" Do you think this picture is really fit for public exhibition. "

" It's not ; that's why they screen it. "

* * * *

Before marriage a man swears to love; after marriage he loves to swear.

* * * *

Age is uncharitable ; a woman never gives it away, but it tells on her.

* * * *

" Doctor," said the lady, " I want you to prescribe for me. " " There is nothing the matter, madam," said the doctor, after feeling her pulse ; " you only need rest. " " Now, doctor, just look at my tongue," she persisted. " Just look at it—look at it ! Now say what does that need ? " " I think that needs rest too," replied the doctor.

* * * *

" There are no circumstances under which honesty and integrity of purpose will not stand a man in good stead," says some philosophers ; but we would like to know how it will help the man who finds himself suddenly forced to associate with a bulldog in an orchard with a high wall round it.