

VOL. X.

MAY, 1936.

Price 1d.

The
HOP LEAF



THE HOPLEAF

GAZETTE



Issued
Monthly
by

H. & G. SIMONDS, LTD., READING.

A RECORD OF SOCIAL ACTIVITIES AT THE BREWERY.

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. X.

MAY, 1936.

No. 8

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All communications should be addressed to—The Editor,
THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, The Brewery, Reading.



MR. S. A. HINTON.

MR. S. A. HINTON.

Amongst the many interesting business and military careers of members of our Staff which have been chronicled in these columns, the record of Mr. S. A. Hinton takes a prominent place.

Educated at the Reading Blue Coat School and making his debut on the Firm in July, 1911, Mr. Hinton commenced his progress by transfer from the Cask Department to the Wine and Spirit Department in March, 1919, and from thence to the Delivery Department in August, 1930. After serving in the latter office for three years, Mr. Hinton was chosen to fill a position on the Travelling Staff in September, 1933. Since that date he has amply justified his selection as the Firm's representative for the South and South-West Berks, and East Oxon, where he has enhanced the popularity of the Firm's products and increased the volume of trade. His experience in the Wine and Spirit Department has been a great asset in his salesmanship by giving him a close acquaintance with the various qualities and merits of the Wines and Spirits he is now selling.

As a Gunner in the 1/1 Berkshire Royal Horse Artillery (T.F.) since April, 1913, Mr. Hinton was called to the Colours upon the declaration of war in August, 1914, proceeding overseas with the Egyptian Expeditionary Force in April, 1915, with the rank of Bombardier, later being promoted to Corporal. After being invalided home in May, 1916, he was later transferred to the Royal Artillery, Bulford, in charge of "H" Sub-section. He subsequently passed through the School of Instruction in a Gunnery Course at Woolwich and was raised to the rank of Sergeant in 1917. Returning to Active Service in Palestine, he was posted to the 1/1 Hampshire Battery R.H.A. (T.F.) and served with the Unit in its various actions against the Turks and in the great march on Damascus. He is the holder of the 1914-15 Star, the British War Medal and the Victory Medal.

Mr. Hinton was one of the original members of the Seven Bridges Brewery Concert Party which had a successful run for several years. As a baritone of considerable volume and quality, his songs greatly contributed to the versatility of the Party. He has also taken part in local dramatics and had the distinction of performing at the Palace Theatre, Reading, on June 23rd, 1911, as

a boy singer in the programme to commemorate the Coronation of our late King George V and Her Majesty Queen Mary. He has been connected with the choirs of St. Giles and St. Laurence, where he was solo boy and of which latter choir he is still a member.

It is recounted of Mr. Hinton that he rode and won the "V.C. Race" at Bulford whilst stationed there. This event consists of riding bare-back and jumping about half-a-dozen five-barred gates, picking up the "body" and returning to the winning post. The success of this feat was doubtless due to Mr. Hinton's early training in the saddle at the age of 6 years and his great love for horses, which makes for that "understanding" between rider and mount.

It must also be recorded that Mr. Hinton is the Hon. Secretary of the Minster Ward Conservative Association, and is a member of the R.A.O.B. Coronation Lodge No. 3147 at Tilehurst.



EDITORIAL.

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

MR. F. A. SIMONDS AND THE BUDGET.

Our Managing Director thus expresses his views on the Budget:—

One must visualise the increase in the Income Tax, though painful to the pocket, as being a very necessary insurance for assisting in maintaining the peace of the world, by way of the re-arming of this country after many years of sad neglect of our defence forces. Undoubtedly great benefits, on the other hand, will accrue from the extra money circulated in industry through the iron and steel and aircraft trades, and also in the coalfields.

The increased duty on foreign brewed beers is long overdue, though the amount imported from the Continent represents an almost negligible percentage of the total quantity of beers consumed in this country. There are many excellent Lager beers brewed in England and Scotland, and it is only fair that they should have preferential treatment as against beers brewed from much cheaper materials, and produced by lowly-paid labour.

It is somewhat refreshing to find the Chancellor's attentions diverted from the heavily over-taxed brewing and distilling trades in the direction of the tea trade, which bears so little of the country's burden of taxation.

It is a matter for congratulation that the National Government has been able so far to restore the financial position of the country, and that such a vast increased expenditure on armaments can be met with so little disturbance to industry.

MR. GAVIN SIMONDS, K.C.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain announced in the House of Commons that Mr. Justice Porter would be the president of the tribunal to inquire into the alleged leakage of Budget secrets. His colleagues would be Mr. Gavin Simonds, K.C., and Mr. Roland Oliver, K.C.

Mr. Gavin Turnbull Simonds, K.C., who is the brother of Mr. F. A. Simonds and Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N. (ret.), has figured in many famous trials. Aged 55, he was last year one of the eight leading counsel engaged by Grosvenor Estates, Mayfair and Belgravia, to oppose the L.C.C.'s town-planning scheme at the public inquiry held in the County Hall, Westminster.

ALL WENT CRAZY.

A man was walking past a lunatic asylum, reading the Special Racing Edition, when an inmate popped his head over the wall and asked, "What won the big race, mister?" The passer-by told him, adding that the winner's price was 100 to 1.

"Heavens!" said the loony, "we meant to back that horse and forgot. They'll all go simply crazy in here when I tell them."

MUST HAVE BOTH HANDS FREE.

A certain titled lady was giving a garden party for her household staff and estate employees. Old John, the gardener, had just stepped on to the tennis court to play a "single" with the chauffeur, when the footman hurried up to him, exclaiming, "John, her ladyship says you can't play tennis in braces." To which the worthy John responded, "You can just go back and tell her ladyship that I'm no good at this blinking game unless I have both hands free!"

A KNOTTY POINT.

I hope Mr. J. H. Wadhams, the popular skipper of the Brewery Cricket XI, will not have such a knotty point to solve as is hereunder recounted.

It was a very special occasion when the squire was captaining the village cricket team. Having won the toss, the local magnate prepared to write down the batting order of the side. As he appeared to be troubled, the Vicar said: "Can I help you, sir?"

"Well," said the skipper as he eyed his very scratch lot, "it's a knotty point, Vicar. Should white duck trousers and a bowler hat go in to bat before a panama and braces?"

SOME TRAP!

A motorist who owns one of those baby cars which everybody makes jokes about was recounting an experience to a friend, "I had a bit of bad luck coming up from Brighton the other day," he said. "I ran into a trap." "Is that so?" said his friend. "Any cheese in it?"

SCRATCHING HORSES.

A young wife told a friend that she had just written a long letter to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals: "I am asking them if something cannot be done to prevent horses being scratched." "Scratched, my dear! But surely that doesn't hurt them?" queried her friend. "Oh, yes, it does," insisted the writer of the letter. "I feel sure that it must cause the poor animals suffering because I heard my husband, who takes a lot of interest in them, groan in his sleep about a horse being scratched.

BABY SHOW.

A great feature of Simonds' grand Fete to be held at Coley Park in August, as mentioned elsewhere in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, will be the Baby Show. The event is open to all comers and full details will be given in our next issue.

PRIMROSE DAY.

April 19th was Primrose Day and whether or not that flower was Lord Beaconsfield's favourite bloom is still a matter of doubt. When he died Queen Victoria sent primroses to deck his bier with the message "His favourite flower." The "his" may have referred to the dead statesman or to Albert, the dead husband whose memory Victoria adulated and to whom Beaconsfield paid so many tributes. Anyway, the flower has become the symbol of the dead Earl. In his day, Lord Beaconsfield was able to say, "Although the policy of England is peace, there is no country so well prepared for war as our own." If Primrose Day and the memory it celebrates mean anything, they should mean that no effort will be spared to restore to Britain the right to repeat that quiet assurance.

HILBERY v. HEALY (AND OTHERS).

Mr. Justice Hilbery and Mr. Maurice Healy, K.C., formed an ideal team of after-dinner speakers when they replied for the guests at the Wine Trade Benevolent banquet at which Mr. William Byass, the G.O.M. of the wine trade, took the chair. Sir Malcolm Hilbery remarked that this was the first occasion upon which a judge had been "led" by a King's Counsel. Mr. Healy, who is an authority on claret, replied that the difference between them was that whereas Sir Malcolm represented drinking on the bench, he represented drinking at the bar. Sir Malcolm gracefully compared Mr. Healy with a K.C. that defended a client who nevertheless went to prison. On his release the prisoner said: "I've been wanting to meet you again, Sir, because I think it is only right that you should know that you are very highly thought of in Wormwood Scrubs."

THE THREE HOURS' AGONY.

Cardinal Wiseman had been appealed to by a certain Bishop, a great friend of his, for points on which to base a discourse on "The Three Hours' Agony" one Good Friday, to which the Cardinal wrote back: "Preach yourself, and by the time you have finished, I have no doubt the people will have had three hours' agony."

BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

Blue Tits and Great Tits greatly enjoy the ripened seeds of the annuals *Clarkia* and *Godetia*. Sow these gay flowers in good big patches, thinning them out in due season but not too rigorously. Leave the ripened plants when the flowering is over. The small foliage will turn rosy and amber, and the sprays of seeds will be sought by the Tits all day long and every day for weeks.

WHY THE WEATHER VANE?

A correspondent inquires why a weather vane is found on the majority of churches. He may be interested to hear that a Papal enactment was made in the middle of the ninth century commanding that every abbey, cathedral, and parish church throughout Christendom should erect the figure of a cock on the topmost pinnacle or steeple to remind people how Peter denied his Master. In these later days people have forgotten the significance of the cock, and think of it only as a weather vane.

A FITTING EPITAPH.

I think the following lines by W. S. Landor form an epitaph that many of us would like to choose:—

I strove with none for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved and, next to nature, art.
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks and I am ready to depart.

THE RULING MOTIVE.

The acquisition of speed at any price seems to-day to be the ruling motive; clipped words, and initials as substitutes for titles, or as implying whole conditions or sentiments, not only are frequent in speech but are increasingly appearing in serious literature. We must evidently get used to a new world of abbreviations. It may be necessary to realise that when the mid comes she may assist into the world trips and quads; that the amb takes the pat to the hosp where the surg ops on him; that the doc gives the panpat a script which he takes to the chem, who puts the med in a bot and says OK nix to pay.

THE PERFECT SCENARIO.

The author asked what the film producer considered a perfect scenario.

"Well," was the reply, "a perfect scenario should contain five basic elements—a suggestion of religion, a mention of comedy, a reference to society, a spice of sex appeal, and a certain amount of general interest."

Some weeks later the author called on the producer. "I have written your perfect scenario," he said.

The producer settled back in his chair. "Read it to me."

The author drew a slip of paper from his pocket and glanced at it. "Here it is," he remarked. "'Good Heavens!' laughed the Duchess. 'Take your hand off my knee!'"

GREAT BRITAIN'S DISARMAMENT.

We have an obligation of honour to the younger generation as well as to the Abyssinians. The question is one not only of honour but of war capacity. If we wish to go to war we must be prepared for war. For the last 15 years an unceasing and intensive campaign has been carried out in favour of disarmament. The result is we have only a small Air Force, a Navy with battleships built in 1914, and an Army quite insufficient for a European campaign. Is it honourable to send our young men to certain death because we have chosen to cling to an unreal conception of disarmament? To quote in English what Aristophanes said on the point at issue:—

May Prudence fold a cautious reef
In your anger's swelling sail;
By degrees you may prevail,
But beware of your behaviour
Till the wind is in your favour.

PARSLEY.

One factor in the successful cultivation of parsley was given me by an old gardener, writes a correspondent. Stopping to admire his allotment, I complimented him on a very excellent show of parsley. "Ah," said he, "as my old dad said, it takes an honest man to grow parsley well." I went home reflecting on my unsuccessful attempts to get a flourishing bed of parsley.

The proverb about parsley in this district runs: "Where the parsley thrives the missus is master," writes another correspondent.

NOT DECIDED YET.

The man who recently invented a lie detector tried it out on a fisherman. He hasn't decided whether to try to repair the machine or build a new one.

WEDDING BELLS.

In this issue we publish details and photographs of the very pretty weddings, which took place during April, connected with the families of two of our Managers, which will be of interest to many of our readers. Miss Elizabeth Mary McIntyre, second daughter of our popular Devonport Manager, was married on April 25th at St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, and on April 18th Mr. Leonard Charles Bennett, son of the esteemed Manager of our Estates Department, was married at the Parish Church, Shiplake, Oxon. We extend hearty congratulations to the newly married couples and our best wishes for their future health and happiness. There is a coincidence in the appearance of the news in the same issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, as Mr. McIntyre and Mr. Bennett enlisted under the Hop Leaf Flag in the same month and year, viz., June, 1895. Our congratulations are also offered to Mr. and Mrs. W. F. McIntyre and Mr. and Mrs. C. Bennett.

For robust health all the day,

And sound sleep at night,

SIMONDS BEER will put you right.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

WHAT IS GOOD.

"What is the real good?"
 I asked in musing mood.
 Order, said the law court;
 Knowledge, said the school;
 Truth, said the wise man;
 Pleasure, said the fool;
 Love, said the maiden;
 Beauty, said the page;
 Freedom, said the dreamer;
 Home, said the sage;
 Fame, said the soldier;
 Equity, the seer.
 Spake my heart full sadly:
 "The answer is not here."
 Then within my bosom
 Softly this I heard:
 "Each heart holds the secret,
 Kindness is the word."

"Must I be giving again and again?"
 "Oh, no, said the angel (his glance pierced me through).
 "Just give till the Master stops giving to you."

Things would be better if we would give less thought to what the world owes us and more to what we owe the world.

What a man chooses to-day he chooses for to-morrow; what he overcomes to-day he is overcoming for to-morrow; what he yields to-day he is more likely to yield to-morrow.

Rest is most agreeable after labour; the pleasant things of life after some hardships.

Courtesy without cordiality is often insincere.

No man is thoroughly accomplished unless he has the ability to mind his own business.

The mother is the greatest social factor in the world. Her power, example, and influence are more far-reaching than any social force.

SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. G. SMITH.

A former Reading licensee and a well-known local entertainer, Mr. George Smith, licensee of The George Hotel, Basingstoke, died suddenly at his home recently at the age of 61. He was talking to friends in his hotel on Saturday afternoon, when he suddenly collapsed and shortly afterwards, died, says the *Berkshire Chronicle*.

Mr. Smith, who was originally a painter and decorator, held the licence of The Russell Arms, and later of The Cheddar Cheese, Broad Street, Reading, before leaving for Basingstoke. Before he left Reading he had acted as secretary of No. 8 District of the Licensed Victuallers' Defence League of England and Wales, and secretary of the Reading and District Licensed Victuallers Association. At Basingstoke he became chairman of the Basingstoke and District Licensed Victuallers' Association, and two months ago he was presented with a pair of gold cuff-links from the members of the association to commemorate the work he had done for the association.

Mr. Smith was a Freemason, being a member of the "Egglestone" Lodge.

He took prominent parts in the productions of the Royal County Operatic Society some years ago. He was also well-known as one of the "Connolly Brothers," and Mr. Ben Lawes, for whom Mr. Smith frequently appeared in his popular concerts at the Town Hall, still has a playbill of the County Theatre in the 'nineties, when the "Connolly Brothers" were taking part in the performance.

Among his many other activities, Mr. Smith was a keen member of the Reading Philanthropic Institution.

He leaves a widow and two sons.

The funeral service was taken by the Rev. E. E. Skuse (Rector of Purley) at St. Michael's Church, Basingstoke, and the burial took place at the Henley Road Crematorium, where his Reading friends came to pay their last tribute. At the Basingstoke service a large number of licensed victuallers from the district were present.

The following Licensed Victuallers' Associations, in addition to Reading, were represented: Southampton, Portsmouth, Oxford (by Messrs. W. Watts, E. Talmage, A. Wiley and H. Purchase), Winchester, Lympington, Andover, Fareham. Other organisations represented were the No. 8 district of the L.V.D.L., by Mr. George Prior, of Oxford, the president; the Council of the L.V.D.L. of England and Wales, by Mr. Harry Robinson; the Hants, Dorset and Isle of Wight Retailers' Union were also represented.

There were many beautiful floral tributes.

At a meeting of the Basingstoke Licensed Victuallers' Association, held at The Crown Inn, Old Basing, the Chairman (Mr. Sweetman) said he knew that all the members would realise the sad circumstances under which they had met. Referring to the sudden death of Mr. George Smith, he said: "I am sure you will condole with the family on the fact that our friend Mr. George Smith has passed away. As you all know, he has been a great friend and guide in helping us to build up this Association. No words of mine can express the loss which we have sustained by his death. We can only hope that he has passed on to his due reward. It is now left to us to carry on the good work of the Association for which he worked so hard."

After a few moments' silence had been observed, the meeting was adjourned till May 11th.



The late Mr. George Smith.

THE BEAR HOTEL, HUNGERFORD.

From an interesting and well produced publication entitled *Newbury Amusements*, we cull the following paragraph:—

"The new President of the Newbury and District Chamber of Trade is that popular gentleman, Mr. H. A. Cadd, and we think a few words about him just now will be appropriate.

"Born in 1887, he was educated at Roan School, Greenwich, and he was in the motor trade from 1906 to 1914. During that time he had the honour of driving the late King Edward VII, the Duke of Connaught, and many other notable personages. During the War he was foreman of a munition factory, and also worked as a fitter at Napier's on aeroplane engines. From 1919 to 1924 he was landlord of the Red Lion Inn, High Street, Whitechapel, where, so says tradition, Dick Turpin shot Tom King. Whilst there he had many interesting and thrilling experiences of 'rough houses' in that 'salubrious' locality! By way of a change he came to Newbury in 1924 as landlord of the famous old 'Jack Hotel'—now, alas! no more!—and there he and Mrs. Cadd spent ten happy years, during which they made themselves very popular in the town, and took a keen interest in all local affairs. It hardly seems possible that a year has elapsed since they left 'The Jack' to go to 'The Bear' at Hungerford, and we feel sure that all Newburians wish them prosperity in their new home. We are glad that they are still such near neighbours, and that we shall often see them in Newbury.

* * * *

"Speaking of 'The Bear' at Hungerford, it is interesting to note that this famous old hostelry is reputed to have been built in 1297. In the reign of Henry VIII it was a flourishing inn, and it formed part of the dowry of Anne of Cleves and Katharine Howard. Queen Elizabeth slept there, and the bedroom she occupied is still shown to visitors; as also is the room in which the conference took place between King James' Commissioners and the supporters of William of Orange. Charles I made 'The Bear' his headquarters when on his way to the relief of Donnington Castle, Newbury, in 1644. In the 18th century probably everybody of importance in society called at 'The Bear' on their way from London to that centre of fashion—Bath. It was here that the famous Sydney Smith is said to have played a practical joke on his friend—a pluralist clergyman of the 'Pooh-Bah' type—for whom he ordered SEVEN dinners, telling the landlord they were for a dean, an archdeacon, a canon, a prebendary, a rector, a vicar, and a perpetual curate!"

GREETINGS FROM ABROAD.



I take up my pen with a
 "To the Editor of the Hop Leaf Gazette"
 "To the Editor of the Hop Leaf Gazette"

116 Bondar Street
 Montreal
 Ontario
 Canada

March 24th 1930

Mr. Charles Perrin,

The Hop Leaf Gazette,

Dear Sir GREETINGS.

Every month regularly you send, Mr. Moore
 sends along your cheery and amusing and every
 month regularly, the family and guests have a
 wealth of interesting reading literature. After I
 has been read from cover to cover it then starts on
 its rounds to many friends home, finally being sent on to
 Montreal where it continues the process of well and cheer and
 acclaim for months of months. After that we see no
 find so interesting about it? The moment is gratifying, for
 from your general tributes of employees on the local paper through
 your Nature Notes to the columns of The Hop Leaf, where you
 can be assured of a laugh or so, and on to the sports pages and the
 notes from the various branches of the Company, and it always
 impresses me to note the healthy and general good fellowship
 which exists throughout your organization and which is reflected
 in a large degree in your publications. To be sure it is not
 so general in all business lines and is so sadly lacking in most
 and I congratulate you in having it in a large measure, and there
 is nothing but success for such a Company. I must conclude
 you see your Nature Notes columns most of all for they are well
 written and always beautiful. There are countless varieties of birds,
 some and high life in all parts of Canada, there is another
 which we have many birds unknown in Africa, such as, Orioles,
 wild turkeys, humming birds, which are hardly as large as a dragon
 fly, and Cardinals and many others. But while they are beautiful
 to look at none here the songs that the birds in the old country
 have. As a fisherman it will perhaps interest you to know that there
 are countless head streams where the only marked trout the brown
 trout and the rainbow trout with that still of any great dislike
 of common old fish. But I would suggest that when you and the
 circumstances will permit, you hence us with a visit so that you will
 a more subtle and deep mine could write a treatise on Nature Notes
 in Ontario. - - And in conclusion may I refer to you and to
 the Company my sincerest wishes that your success attend both
 the Ontario industry and the Hop Leaf Magazine, and that you may
 also be assured to enjoy your nature notes and be an Editor in the
 state of your sincere namesake

Chas. Perrin

A NATURE NOTE.

SWALLOW'S PROTEST AGAINST THE COLD.

(By C.H.P.)

CUCKOO! CUCKOO!! Yes, the cuckoo has arrived at last. I heard him on Monday, April 20th, and I learn from authentic sources that he was also heard on the previous Sunday at Maple-durham and at Peppard.

How regular he is in his arrivals, rarely before April 18th and as rarely later than the 21st. I am afraid he has had a very cold reception this year.

It was on Easter Monday that I saw the first swallows. They, too, seemed cold and hungry. To and fro, to and fro they flew, "hawking" for flies, but their catch must indeed have been scanty. Then they would sit on the barbed wire fence with feathers puffed out as a protection against the chilly winds, looking dejected and disconsolate.

A LETTER OF PROTEST.

Referring to these beautiful birds whose aerial evolutions, performed with such grace and ease, always win one's admiration, the following letter should prove of interest:—

To C.H.P.

Sir,—Reading your articles in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE concerning the charm of wild Nature's ways in England, I journeyed from Africa to visit the country. When I arrived on Easter Sunday there was a lot of white stuff falling which I have since learned is snow. That may be very beautiful from your point of view, but I think it is abominable. It drove all the flies away. At any rate I could not see them if they were about, with the result that throughout the whole morning I had nothing to eat and only a snack or two before bedtime. "O to be in England now that April's here!" Whoever wrote that rubbish to entice the likes of us to your country ought to have six months hard labour for fraud. He should have written "O to be out of England now that April's here!"

I am writing this on Tuesday, April 21st, and what a day! That beastly white stuff—call it beautiful!—continues to fall and I am shivering with the cold, the almost entire lack of food making me the more miserable.

However, I am going to remain another day or two and if the weather does not improve and that beastly white stuff

continues to fall I am off back to Africa pretty quick. And the first thing I shall do on arriving there will be to start an action for fraud against the writer of those wicked misleading lines commencing, indeed, with the words "O to be in England now that April's here!"—Yours not very respectfully,

A. SWALLOW.

OTHER ARRIVALS.

The wryneck, known as the cuckoo's mate, only because he arrives about the same time as the cuckoo, is here, also the chiff-chaff and willow warbler. I saw a number of the last-named birds on March 20th. Other migrants which have come over to gladden us with their joyous songs and charming ways, are the blackcap, white-throat, sedge and reed warblers, grass-hopper warbler and garden warbler, to mention only a few. I wonder what they think of the wild, cold, fickle weather. Doubtless the letter from A. Swallow will be followed up in the columns of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE with countless other epistles of protest.

Many nests contain young, including that of the blackbird, thrush, robin, lark, linnnet, hedge sparrow, and I wonder how these baby birds have fared. The mothers do their best to keep them warm, but the little ones have to be fed, and the parents cannot remain on the nest and fetch food at the same time. On Tuesday afternoon, in the snow storm, I watched a thrush catch a worm, shake it into tiny pieces, carefully gather up the fragments lest any should remain, and then fly off with her mouth filled to overflowing with the food for her chicks. Backwards and forwards she journeyed, and on one occasion she smashed a snail to pieces on a stone and took that to the youngsters by way of variety.

A REALLY NEW-LAID EGG.

Up the towpath, by the Thames, where this thrush was at work, even the swans seemed to feel the bitter cold and blinding snow. One crouched on the grass by the riverside and hardly seemed to have the energy to utter a hiss as I stroked her with my stick. By way of variety, a duck laid an egg on the path not far from where I was standing, but an old crow flew down and helped himself to the contents before I reached the spot. Hang the crow! But for him I should have had an egg that was "new laid."

In the first few days of March I found a long-tailed tit's nest in the making. Now it is completed and contains eggs. The nest of the long-tailed tit is indeed a thing of beauty, egg-shaped and silver-plated with lichen. So firmly is the material felted together that however heavy the rain or snow, I doubt if it could penetrate.

In spite of the vagaries of the weather we shall have some real sunshine soon. Nearly all the migrants are here and with the rich liquid music of the nightingale and creke creke of the cornrake, the bird choir will be complete, and in spite of Mr. Swallow's letter we shall repeat from the fullness of our hearts,

"O to be in England, now that April's here!"

LATER ARRIVALS.

The above article was written on April 21st. Of course a lot has happened since then, including the arrival of the nightingale. Mr. F. C. Hawkes was one of the first to hear this wonderful songster on Brewery Common, Mortimer, where he has also been listening to the spotted woodpeckers at work, drilling holes in the trees for nesting purposes.

The swifts put in an appearance in large numbers on Sunday, May 3rd and, as a rule, a spell of warm weather follows their arrival. The swift does not belong to the swallow tribe but is closely related to the night jar. Out Bradfield way, by the river Pang, you may hear the grasshopper warbler reeling out his peculiar song, not unlike the sound you make when you release the line from the winch of your fishing rod.

Mr. F. A. Simonds, who is a keen observer of wild nature's ways, noticed the other day among a flock of wood pigeons one that was white—a very unusual "find."



HE OWNED THE OTHER TWO.

Jim Aspinall was a bookie who liked a fat cigar,
 A florid sort of chappie,
 You know what bookies are.
 And as he laid the odds that day,
 Above the roar and racket,
 He whispered to his clerk " Old Nick,"
 " We ought to win a packet,
 For there only are three runners,
 And one of 'em is mine.
 The slowest horse in training
 Is old ' Turkey Turpentine.'
 And although I may not know
 If ' Jingling Geordie ' can quite stay two miles
 And so outlast the ' Plodding Sarafan,'
 I'll lay my own to lose a lot,
 And back the other two ;
 It's easy making money
 If you know just what to do."

And so Jim kept on laying odds,
 Till just before the " off "
 When up there sauntered to his pitch
 A languid looking toff.
 " Look here, my man," the young toff said,
 " I'd like to make a bet,
 It gives me such a thrill you know,
 I've never betted yet,
 I'm sure I've gambling fever,
 It fills my head like wine.
 I think I'll have £100
 On ' Turkey Turpentine.' "

Old Jim he took the money
 And he never moved his face,
 He never changed expression
 As he watched the blinking race.
 But after they had jumped the last,
 His face turned drawn and fine ;
 For coming up the straight alone,
 Was ' Turkey Turpentine ' !

Jim counted out a thousand pounds
 And gave them to the toff,
 Who took them from him quickly,
 And wanted to be off.
 " Look here," Jim asked him fair and square,
 " What made you back that swine ?
 I thought he had no chance at all,
 I ought to know, he's mine."
 " Oh, didn't you, how funny,"
 The languid toff replied,
 " I knew he was a certainty
 Unless he dropped and died.
 You thought you knew a lot, by jove,
 But I knew more than you.
 You only owned the winner—
 I owned the other two."

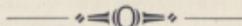
Kindly sent by Lord & Aspinall, The Turf Commission Agents,
 37-38 Market Place, Reading.

NOT FOR SALE.

Had I the wealth of all the world, I could not buy these things :
 The health that makes it good to live ; the joy which friendship
 brings ;
 Nor could I find encased in gold upon some merchant's shelf
 One grain of wisdom or of strength I need not teach myself.

Some limitations God hath placed on each of us at birth.
 No man can stay the hand of Death however much he's worth.
 Though high upon the mountain top God plants a scene sublime,
 They only see the view who dare the steep ascent to climb.

Life gives to man no more of good than he will work to gain.
 Who would be loved must pay love's price in care and grief and
 pain ;
 They only learn what books contain who take them up to read ;
 They only know the joys of faith who dare to hold a creed.



MARRIAGE OF MR. L. C. BENNETT AND MISS E. M.
HARDING.



The Bride and Bridegroom.

A wedding which aroused much interest took place at the Parish Church, Shiplake, on Saturday, April 18th, when Miss Edna Mary Harding, the elder daughter of Mr. Charles Fitz Harding, who was for several years chairman of the Shiplake Parish Council, and of Mrs. Harding, of "Overton," Shiplake-on-Thames, Oxon, was married to Mr. Leonard Charles Bennett, son of Mr. Charles Bennett and Mrs. Bennett, of "Arkendale," Erleigh Road, Reading.

Both bride and bridegroom are well known in amateur dramatic and tennis circles, and on the river, and the wedding proved a very popular one. The bridegroom will be well remembered at the Brewery for the enjoyable tennis matches he used to arrange with us.

Both bride and bridegroom have been members of the staff of Barclays Bank, Henley-on-Thames, for several years.

The church was decorated with varied spring flowers, and while the guests assembled, the organist, Mr. T. Crook, played appropriate voluntaries. The ceremony was performed by the vicar, the Rev. J. N. Menin. The service was choral, and included the hymns, "Love Divine," and "Lead us, Heavenly Father." The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a charming full-length gown of ivory satin with train, and a bridal veil arranged over a wreath of orange blossom, and carried a bouquet of harrisi lilies.

Her bridesmaids were Miss H. M. Harding (sister of bride), Miss Margot Harding, Miss Phyllis Gould (cousins of bride), Miss Stella Lock (cousin of bridegroom), all wearing full-length dresses of white taffeta moiré, with gold Juliet caps, gold sashes and gold shoes, and carrying bouquets of blue and white iris and white stocks. Her train-bearer was Miss Jean Harding (niece of bride), who wore a dainty dress of white taffeta and net, trimmed with gold leaves, a gold wreath headdress and carried a posy. Mr. Howard Pearce (friend of the bridegroom) was best man, and the ushers were Mr. E. C. Harding, Mr. T. A. Harding, and Mr. L. Gooding. At the conclusion of the service the bridal procession walked down the aisle to the strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and as they left the portal of the church a merry peal was rung upon the bells.

After the ceremony a reception was held by the bride's parents at the Memorial Hall, Shiplake, where a large number of guests assembled. The health of the bride was proposed by her uncle, Mr. Percy Harding, and the health of the bridesmaids by Mr. Charles Bennett. Mr. Percy Harding gave the seaman's toast—"May their happiness be as deep as the ocean, and their troubles as light as its foam." After the cake had been cut by the bride, the bridegroom responded to the toast, and thanked all the guests for coming and supporting himself and his wife on this, the happiest day of their lives. The best man responded to the toast of the bridesmaids.

There were over 100 handsome presents.

After the reception Mr. and Mrs. Bennett were given an enthusiastic send off. They journeyed by rail to Croydon, then went by air liner to Paris en route to the south of France, where the honeymoon is being spent, the bride travelling in a powder blue two-piece suit, with hat to match and silver fox fur.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Bennett will take up residence at Henley-on-Thames.



The Bridal Party.



BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Easter time this year was not remarkable for anything special in the way of weather—with the possible exception of Good Friday—and, in consequence, football (at Reading) was the usual way of celebrating this holiday for quite a number of enthusiasts.

Congratulations to Mr. A. G. (Chub) Rider on reaching the final of the Berkshire Hospital Billiards Handicap.

Congratulations also to Mr. R. Boddington (the keen and popular secretary of the Simonds Athletic Football Club) on being presented with a daughter. Both mother and the baby are doing quite nicely I am informed.

I regret to say that Mr. J. M. Hammond has been laid aside for a few weeks with illness, but latest advices are that he will soon be returning to duty and feeling much better.

Mr. H. Treadgold of the Catering Department, who has been for some weeks in the Royal Berkshire Hospital is now back at work.

The presentation of a case of pipes and pipe lighter to Mr. J. W. Jelley on completion of 15 years as secretary of the Seven Bridges Brewery Cricket Club came as a great surprise to him and he was very much touched by the kindly thought which prompted the gift.

The death of Mr. George Smith, of the George Hotel, Basingstoke, under such tragic circumstances, came as a shock to all of us. He was so well known in Reading that his death really was a personal one. The writer has known him for many years, as it so happens he used to work at Messrs. Collier & Catley Ltd., with the writer's father a number of years ago.

Football during the past month has been rather exciting for, owing to the excellent form displayed by Reading for a while, it really did seem that they were booked for promotion. Unfortunately, Easter proved the turning point and only obtaining two points out of a possible six was the finish for this season, at any rate. At one time it seemed certain that Reading would carry all before them and possibly their extended run in the cup ties, with its attendant injuries to players who could not be replaced, told its inevitable tale. However, I expect we shall start off again next season quite as optimistic as before and with, let us hope, a better result in the

end. One enthusiast in the early days of April worked it all out that Reading would go up by one point, still it was not to be.

The Brewery football team although not so successful as in previous seasons, nevertheless, have won a set of medals and so carry on the tradition of having a presentation made to them at the annual football club supper. Of course, having reached the Premier Division of the League the opposition has been much stronger. They have done so well to encourage high hopes of many future successes.

Portsmouth do not appear to have had such a good season this time, but, as their reserve team has proved such a strong one, they are doubtless expecting to reap many good successes in the future when they draw on their reserve talent.

Plymouth Argyle also have had quite a good season, but promotion to the 1st division is apparently not yet. However, they will do it in time I have no doubt.

Brighton are, I suppose, much as usual, although they have been particularly unlucky in losing their star centre-forward by severe injury.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

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

The Queen's Head, Knaphill (Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. G. F. Trussler.

The Black Boy, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. E. R. New.

The Roundabout, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. W. Youers.

The New Inn, Postcombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. E. H. Agar.

The Barley Corn, Cippenham (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. A. Sheppard.

The Off Licence, Kidlington (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. S. T. Hoskins.

The Iron Duke, Crowthorne (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. C. Hitch.

The Angel Hotel, Staines (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Now under management of the Catering Department: *Managers*—Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Rees.

H. & G. SIMONDS CRICKET CLUB.

COMMANDER SIMONDS PRESENTS CUP TO LEAGUE WINNERS.

The annual general meeting of the Cricket Club was held at the Social Club on Monday, 20th April, when a good attendance was recorded. Mr. A. G. Rider was in the chair. The report and balance sheet were presented and adopted. The latter showed a slight increase in the balance carried forward. The election of officers was keenly contested and a number of changes were made in the various offices. This season the "A" team will again be under the leadership of Mr. J. H. Wadhams, with Mr. E. G. Crutchley as his second-in-command. Mr. E. Chandler will be skipper of the "B" team, with Mr. G. Kelly acting as his deputy. The committee now consists of the following members:—Messrs. T. Bartholomew, J. J. Cardwell, S. Collins, L. Farrance, F. S. Hawkins, C. R. Josey, A. G. Rider and W. Sparks. Messrs. S. Treacher and W. H. Wilde will act as representatives of the "B" team.

It was decided to appoint Mr. W. J. Greenaway as assistant secretary, to learn the ropes now held by Mr. J. W. Jelley. The full list of officials will appear on the fixture cards, which will soon be in the hands of the committee.

As the inter-departmental league has proved so popular (no less than 86 players participated in the tourney last year), it was decided to carry on again on exactly the same lines as last season. The majority of the matches will be played on Tuesdays, as this day was found to be more convenient for most departments.

The meeting was honoured by the presence of Commander H. D. Simonds, who mentioned that of two meetings being held on that night he chose that dealing with cricket as being the more interesting. The chairman, in welcoming Mr. Harry, recalled the fact that last year Mr. Eric kindly came amongst them and presented the cup to the first winners of the league, viz., The Rest of the Brewery. This year they were honoured by the presence of the only Director who now took an active part in the game. It was extremely good of him to give up his valuable time, more especially as, with the additional duties now undertaken as a Town Councillor, his moments of leisure were becoming more and more scarce.

PRESENTATION TO MR. JELLEY.

Prior to the presentation of the cup, Mr. Rider asked Mr. Harry to make another presentation of which the Hon. Secretary knew nothing. This was to Mr. Jelley to mark the appreciation of the

members of his most efficient services to the club for a period of 15 years. This took the shape of a case of pipes and a cigarette lighter.

Mr. Jelley expressed his thanks to Mr. Harry for making the presentation and to the members of the club for their kind thoughts which prompted the gift.

Mr. Harry then presented the Inter-Departmental Cup to the Delivery Department and congratulated the team on being the winners of such an evenly fought competition.

Mr. C. R. Josey suitably responded.

Mr. Harry then moved a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman for the very efficient manner in which he had presided. Mr. Cardwell seconded and it was duly acclaimed. The meeting then closed and the members drank the health of their esteemed visitor, who kindly had the "Cup" filled.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The extremely fat old man took his grand-daughter on the pier during a seaside holiday. The young lady was most anxious to test her weight, so he gave her a penny which she inserted in the machine. It was one of those new-fangled ones fitted with a gramophone attachment, and duly announced in sepulchral tones:

"Four stone, two ounces."

"Now you go, grandpa," said the little girl.

Grandpa, feeling that so much vocal publicity was hardly to be desired under the circumstances, demurred, but his little relative was adamant, and finally he stepped on to the platform, and put a coin in the slot. Whereupon the machine said:

"One at a time, please!"

* * *

Mike was going to London for the first time in his life and his friend Pat was giving him a few hints on what to do and where to go in the city, finally advising him not on any account to miss a visit to the Zoo.

"What do I do when I go to the Zoo?" asked Mike.

"You be careful about the Zoo," advised Pat. "You'll see foine animals if you follow the words, 'To the Lions' or 'To the Elephants,' but take no notice of the one 'To the Exit,' for, begorrah, Mike, it's a fraud, and it's outside I found myself when I went to look at it."

A GREAT THOUGHT.

The year 1936 is well on the way now, God bless it, and as it gradually spreads itself before us there will be an old yet ever new pageantry of beauty, of interest, of something worth while for those who have "eyes to see and ears to hear." Do help your family to be amongst those favoured folk.

No matter how poor you are, or how unfortunate in worldly things, whether you are harassed by money troubles, or the even worse troubles of mind and heart and spirit, you can always find pleasure if you have an observant eye—and ear—and know how to be grateful to God for the little creatures He sends to people. If you can really appreciate the beauty of early morning, sunset, rain drops on bare boughs, buds with frail and tender green just springing from their slightly opening mouths; if you can stand before your window and scatter crumbs, and watch with sympathetic eye the saucy birds coming so cheerfully for their share of your bounty; if you can only see a silver birch flinging its tassels of beauty to the fresh soft winds, you have a gift which nobody can take from you. Help your family to share that gift.

Take your children for walks and even if you live in cities you will be able to show them much, a bare branch silhouetted in simple beauty against the wintry sky, of the same branch later on misted with green; of the little humble sparrows sitting hopefully on the gutter above your heads.

When frost binds the grounds and trees and hedges, and makes your fingers cold, and the children's noses red, teach them to find beauty in the frost, with its inimitable patterns freshly stippled on everything outdoors every day.

Have you ever noticed the loveliness of a single leaf in any ordinary privet hedge when it is frosty? The leaf is a dull dark green, the wintry colour of hedges, and all round the edge of it is a frosted rim, sparkling and winking, and making the leaf look like something faery. . . show that to your children and the walk will do them good, and they will come back with a happy mind in a healthy body, and above all you will have given them a memory nothing will ever take from them.

They will never afterwards be able to see a frosty hedge without thinking of that beautiful discovery you helped them to make.

SIMONDS' GRAND FETE.

SATURDAY, 22ND AUGUST, 1936, AT COLEY PARK.

The second grand Simonds' Fete, to be held at Coley Park on August 22nd, promises to be as successful as the first. A highly entertaining programme has been arranged, as may be seen by the details given below.

SPORTS PROGRAMME FOR 1936.

RACES.

Children ...	80 yards handicap for Boys over 7 years and under 11 years.
	80 yards handicap for Girls over 7 years and under 11 years.
	100 yards handicap for Boys over 11 years and under 15 years.
	100 yards handicap for Girls over 11 years and under 15 years.
Employees ...	440 yards scratch—Men.
	220 yards handicap—Men.
	100 yards scratch—Men.
	80 yards handicap—Veterans (45 years and over).
	1 mile handicap—Men.
Relay race—Inter-Departmental and Branches.	880 yards walking handicap.
Ladies ...	80 yards scratch.
	80 yards egg and spoon.
	Potato race.
Mixed ...	80 yards three-legged.
Miscellaneous ...	Obstacle race—Men.
	Barrel rolling race.
	Obstacle race—Boys under 14 years.
	Balloon bursting race on cycles.
	440 yards Tenants walking handicap.

All races restricted to employees of the Firm, their wives, sons, and daughters, the latter not to be over 15 years of age.

Tenants' race open to all Licensees under H. & G. Simonds Ltd. control. Entry fee for each event is 3d. No charge will be made for children's events.

TUG-OF-WAR.

Open Tug-of-War.

Teams of 8 ... 110 stone.

Prizes valued at £20.

Departmental Tug-of-War.

Teams of 8

Ladies' Tug-of-War.

Teams of 8 ... Catchweights.

VEGETABLE AND FLOWER SHOW CLASSES, &c.

		Vegetables.		Prizes.	
		1st.	2nd.	3rd.	s. d.
		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
(1)	Collection of Vegetables—6 distinct sorts	7 6	5 0	2 6	—
(2)	6 Potatoes—Kidney	4 0	3 0	2 0	—
(3)	6 Potatoes—Round	4 0	3 0	2 0	—
(4)	1 Potato—Heaviest	2 0	—	—	—
(5)	6 Onions—6 best	4 0	3 0	2 0	—
(6)	Celery—3 sticks	3 0	2 0	1 0	—
(7)	6 Carrots—Intermediate or Long	3 0	1 6	1 0	—
(8)	6 Carrots—Short	3 0	1 6	1 0	—
(9)	1 Carrot—Largest	2 0	—	—	—
(10)	12 Runner Beans	4 0	3 0	2 0	—
(11)	12 Pods of Peas	4 0	3 0	2 0	—
(12)	3 Cabbage	3 0	1 6	1 0	—
(13)	1 Cabbage, plain—Heaviest	2 0	—	—	—
(14)	6 Beet—Globe	3 0	1 6	1 0	—
(15)	3 Lettuce—Cabbage	3 0	1 6	1 0	—
(16)	3 Lettuce—Cos	3 0	1 6	1 0	—
(17)	Marrows, one pair—White or Green for table, maximum 12 inches	3 0	1 6	1 0	—
(18)	1 Marrow—Heaviest	4 0	—	—	—
(19)	4 Turnips	3 0	1 6	1 0	—
(20)	12 Shallots—grown from bulb	3 0	1 6	1 0	—
(21)	3 Parsnips	3 0	1 6	1 0	—
Fruit and Out Flowers.					
(22)	6 Apples—Culinary	3 0	2 0	1 0	—
(23)	6 Apples—Dessert	3 0	2 0	1 0	—
(24)	6 Asters	2 0	1 0	—	—
(25)	6 Dahlias	2 0	1 0	—	—
(26)	1 Bunch Mixed Cut Flowers	2 6	1 6	1 0	—
(27)	Sweet Peas—Mixed, 12 spikes	3 0	2 0	1 0	—
(28)	6 Gladioli	3 0	2 0	1 0	—
Plants in Pots.					
(29)	1 Specimen Foliage Plant	2 6	2 0	1 6	—
Egg Section.					
(30)	1 Dozen Eggs—New Laid	3 0	2 0	1 0	—
Ladies' Section.					
(31)	1 Fruit Cake—Approx. 2 lbs.	4 0	3 0	2 0	—
(32)	1 Dish of Boiled Potatoes	3 0	2 0	1 0	—
(33)	1 Specimen of Needlework	5 0	3 0	2 0	—
(34)	Crochet Work	5 0	3 0	2 0	—
(35)	Knitting—Hand	5 0	3 0	2 0	—
(36)	Pot of Jam or Marmalade	3 0	2 0	1 0	—
(37)	Pot of Jelly	3 0	2 0	1 0	—
Children's Section.					
(38)	Bunch of Wild Flowers gathered by the Competitor, who must be a child of a Member of the Club	2 6	1 6	1 0	—
(39)	1 Specimen of Needlework (under 15)	4 0	3 0	2 0	—

An Exhibition of Caged Birds.

N.B.—Honorary Exhibits will be welcomed.

Entry forms for all the above can be had on application.

W. BRADFORD,

General Hon. Secretary.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY CARNIVAL DANCE AT BRAMLEY.

The War Department Constabulary, Central Ordnance Depot, Bramley, on 23rd April, by kind permission of Lt.-Col. Mapleson, R.A.O.C., gave a St. George's Day Carnival Whist Drive and Dance in the Garrison Theatre. The theatre was splendidly decorated for the occasion and a real credit to the committee responsible. The Drive was well attended, there being 27 tables. All were pleased to welcome Inspector and Mrs. Barnes, and several constables and their wives from the Didcot Detachment.

Competition was keen for the very fine prizes, which were won as follows:—*1st Lady's*, Mrs. Bartlett (tea set); *2nd Lady's*, Mrs. H. Benham (set of ornaments); *3rd Lady's*, Mrs. Smith (bronze art pot); *Top Score Lady's 1st Half*, Miss Sumner (glass bowl and stand); *1st Gent's*, Mr. Savage (silver fish set with server); *2nd Gent's*, Mr. Ponton (oak fire tidy); *3rd Gent's*, P.C. Dixon (Didcot) (suit case); *Top Score Gent's 1st Half*, P.C. Farrow (Bramley) (three pairs socks).

Mrs. Shillington was accorded a hearty vote of thanks for kindly presenting the prizes.

Dancing commenced at 10 p.m., by which time the company had been greatly augmented, and all were pleased to note the attendance of Lt.-Col. Powell, Major and Mrs. Shillington, Capt. and Mrs. Crawford, Capt. and Mrs. Rooke, Capt. Hughes.

A good programme of old and new dances was excellently played by the "Carfax" Dance Orchestra until 2 a.m., when everyone, especially the Didcot visitors, had to say "Good night."

The whole show went with a swing; there was not a dull moment, and it is sure all the guests were sorry that this finishes these public entertainments for the 1935-1936 season.

Next time our Didcot friends pay us a visit, adds our correspondent, we'll make sure of a good supply of "wompo." My word, "ain't they got a swaller!"

Cheerio, Didcot, until June 1st (with luck).

RESIGNATION OF MR. C. W. STOCKER.

40 YEARS AS HEAD BREWER.



Mr. C. W. Stocker, owing to ill-health, has resigned his position of Head Brewer to H. & G. Simonds Ltd., and its subsidiaries, but will remain in the service of the Company as Consultant Brewer. Mr. Stocker has been Head Brewer to the Company since 1896. Thus, a time honoured figure, highly respected by all with whom he came into contact, will sever active participation on the technical side of the Firm's business, except for periodical visits.

Mr. Stocker's reputation throughout the brewing world reached a very high pinnacle and his devotion to the interests of the Firm

grew with the passage of time. These attributes have been reflected in the perfection and absolute purity of the Firm's products and have added their due quota to the ever-widening sphere of the Firm's influence.

In his quiet moments, many memories of great achievements give solace to Mr. Stocker during his enforced inactivity and may he be blessed with content and happiness for many years, resting in the knowledge that the fruits of his labours remain.

Mr. Stocker will be succeeded by Mr. P. F. Knapp, who has been Second Brewer for 21 years and has been in the service of the Company for 31 years.

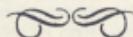
Mr. V. Richards, who has had long experience in the same brewery, as also at Burton, has been promoted to the post of Second Brewer.

Mr. Knapp, in addition to being Head Brewer at Reading, will also have the supervision of H. & G. Simonds Ltd, Breweries at Bristol and Devonport.

CALCOT R.A.O.B. DINNER.

The first annual dinner of the Pride of Calcot Lodge R.A.O.B. was held at the Horncastle recently and was a great success. About 60 members attended the function, over which Bro. C. Morgan, K.O.M., presided. So successful was the venture that there is every prospect of it being observed for many years to come. Few of the Lodge members were absent and most of the guests were accompanied by their women folk. Boxes of chocolates were provided for the ladies by the Chairman, and the possessor of a programme bearing a certain number (a lady) received from the licensee of the Horncastle, Bro. G. J. Greenaway, a handsome handbag.

Mr. Greenaway is to be congratulated on the excellence of the meal provided and the general arrangements made for the comfort of his guests.



THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"It seems that you were entirely to blame," said the magistrate sternly. "You made an unprovoked attack on Mrs. Brown whilst she was admiring your baby. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Admiring my baby, was she?" commented the lady in the dock. "She comes up to the pram and she says, 'My! what a beauty! And how long have you been keeping a menagerie?'"

* * * *

In the course of a debate on a temperance measure in the House of Commons, a member, speaking on the advantages of moderate drinking, volunteered the information that fifty per cent. of the teetotallers in a Scottish regiment, serving in the Boer War, died of disease before the war was over.

"You may think that is an exaggeration," he added. "It is not. I knew the man who died."

* * * *

"No one can have a higher opinion of X, than I have," said the late Sir W. S. Gilbert; "and I think he's a dirty little beast."

* * * *

What would you call a man who goes off on a holiday and leaves his wife behind? A magician.

* * * *

Asked by her mistress why she had given notice, a maid replied, "Well, to tell the truth, ma'am, your daughter's fiancee has such a funny face."

"But what has that to do with it? My daughter's fiancee doesn't come to see you."

"I know he doesn't, but the neighbours might think he does."

* * * *

A little girl, the daughter of very wealthy parents, was shewing a visitor round the poultry farm which her father ran as a hobby. "And do your hens lay eggs, my dear?" asked the visitor. "Well, they can," replied the child, "but they're not obliged to."

* * * *

An American film producer, who had been divorced five or six times, remarked, "Say, my dear, you mustn't believe all these stories you hear about me. They're mostly old wives' tales, you know."

* * * *

As a liner was approaching the port of Athens, an old lady on board said to one of the sailors :

" Can you tell me what that white stuff is on the mountains ? "

" Snow, madam," replied the sailor.

" That is just what I thought," said the old lady, " but one of the passengers has just told me that it was Greece."

* * *

DOCTOR : " Have you any idea how your wife caught this terrible cold ? "

HUSBAND : " I think it was on account of her coat."

" Too thin, eh ? "

" No ; it was last winter's, and she wouldn't wear it."

* * *

The reporter entered the editorial " den " with his report on a local concert.

" I really don't know what to say about Miss Keysmasher's pianoforte selection," said he to the editor.

" Why, what's wrong ? I promised her a good ' write-up,' " said the editor, surprised.

" Oh, she was awful ! " explained the reporter. " She blundered terribly—simply had to feel about to find the right keys."

" H's—I'll tell you what," said the editor. " Say she played her selection with much feeling ! "

* * *

GOLFER : " Terrible lot of birds on this course, caddie."

CADDIE : " Yes, sir. I expect they're following us for the worms."

* * *

Not every sane man could improve upon the response of a Chinaman, who, said to be insane, was being questioned by a physician :

" Do you ever have any illusions ? " asked the doctor.

" What are they ? " asked the Chinaman through the interpreter.

" Why," explained the physician, " do you ever hear voices ? "

" Oh, yes," replied the Chinaman.

" When ? "

" Whenever someone talks to me," was the entirely sane reply.

* * *

A sports writer says there are 300 kinds of games played with balls. There are more than that number played with golf balls alone.

* * *

ERRATIC LADY DRIVER : " I presume I am entitled to half the road, am I not ? "

MAN (*politely*) : " Certainly, madam, but you seem undecided as to which half you prefer."

* * *

CORPORAL : " That new recruit used to be a clerk."

SERGEANT : " How do you know ? "

CORPORAL : " Every time he stands at ease he tries to put his rifle behind his ear."

* * *

" The lion was so close that I could feel its breath on my neck ! And what do you think I did ? " " Er—turned your coat collar up ? " suggested the bored listener.

* * *

TEACHER (*to class*) : " Can anyone give me a sentence with the word ' Fascinate ' in ? "

YOUNG HENRY : " Our 'Erb's got a new overcoat with twelve buttons on, but he can only fasten eight."

* * *

A new type of motor-horn chirrup like a bird. Some motors we know have narrow squeaks.

* * *

A little boy was crying bitterly because his dog had died.

" Why make such a fuss about it ? " asked his chum. " My grandmother died last month, and I didn't cry nearly so much."

" That's different," was the reply. " You hadn't brought her up from a pup."

* * *

" Why the black eye, old man ? " a married man was asked by a friend.

" Well, you see," said the black-eyed one, " I arrived home rather unsteady the other night and thought I'd read a little before going to bed. My wife came down and caught me, and there was some trouble."

" What were you reading ? "

" By ill luck I'd chosen the chess board."

DOCTOR: "Your master is decidedly better, Thompson, but very irritable. He must not be thwarted."

BUTLER: "He expressed a desire to wring my neck, sir."
"Well—er—humour him."

"Hard work never killed anybody," said the father.

"That's the trouble, Dad," returned the son. "I want to engage in something that has the spice of danger in it."

HUBBY: "I wish you wouldn't make any more scones my dear."

WIFE: "There! You don't like my scones, now!"

HUBBY: "Yes, I do, darling—but you are so frail for heavy work."

"The thing for you to do," said the doctor to the man with the frazzled nerves, "is to stop thinking about yourself—to bury yourself in your work."

"Gosh," returned the patient, "and me a cement mixer!"

"Is an army officer's pay enough for him to live on?"

"It depends on what kind of mess he gets in."

Two friends in a motor-bus were discussing Shakespeare's plays. "Well," said one "the Professor gives 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth' and 'Lear' as the first three." "Excuse me," interrupted a husky voice. "I don't know what paper the Professor writes for, but I can tell yer there ain't no such 'osses runnin' to-day."

DOCTOR: "I tell you, you must give up whisky, Jock. That's my advice. If you don't accept it, in about ten years from now you'll be paying for it."

JOCK: "Mon! Where do ye get yer whisky that they'll wait that long for the money?"

"How's that friend of yours? Does he still live in the house overlooking the prison?"

"No; he now lives overlooking that house."

"How charming you look to-night, Mrs. Payne!" exclaimed her best friend at a dance. "Why, I hardly knew you!"

"Now what's the matter?"

"I've swallowed my collar stud."

"Well, for once you know where it is."

The express thundered northwards through the night. Suddenly there was a grinding of brakes, and the train came to a standstill. Windows were dropped and inquiring faces appeared. The guard left his van, and, flashing his lamp before him, went down the length of the train, inquiring who had pulled the emergency chain. He came at length to a compartment where a dear old lady sat benignly.

"Thank you so much," she said; "you need not have stopped the train. What I want is a nice cup of tea, with two lumps of sugar, please."

At the recent Army and Navy rugby match at Twickenham a big spectator with a very loud voice kept shouting, "Up the Navy" at frequent intervals, to the discomfort of a little man in front.

During a lull the latter turned round and said: "Pardon me, my good man. You've served in the Navy, I suppose?"

"Blimey, yes," bellowed the loud-voiced man. "I served on one of those 'hush, hush' ships."

"Ah," murmured the little man fervently. "Thank Heaven you didn't serve on H.M.S. *Thunderer*."

Card parties are an ever-popular indoor "sport," and that evening Mr. Brown had friends to make a "four" at solo, whilst Mrs. Brown chatted with her neighbour in another room. She was complaining of the mice which bothered them so much and the neighbour remarked, "Why not have a cat?"

"I'd like to," replied Mrs. Brown, "but my husband is so much against animals in the house. Anyhow, I intend trying to persuade him."

At that moment the husband's voice from the card-room raised in protest was heard to say: "Look here, you chaps, I'm hanged if I'm going to be the one to call and feed the kitty every time."

"There you are," said Mrs. Brown to her neighbour with a sigh, "It doesn't sound very hopeful, does it?"

BILL: "What did you leave your job at the Goldplated Securities for? I thought you had a good thing there."

GEORGE: "I thought so, too, till I'd been there a week. I was supposed to be secretary to the managing director, but he was no managing director at all. Why, the poor nut only took two hours and a half for lunch, and sometimes he'd stick around till four in the afternoon. I couldn't work for an impostor like that."

* * * *

The identity of the young woman is withheld, but the memory of her answer lingers on with the examiner conducting a science course at a local high school.

One of the requirements in the written exam. was: "Define a bolt and nut and explain the difference, if any."

The girl wrote:—

"A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal, such as iron, with a square bunch on one end and a lot of scratching wound around the other end. A nut is similar to the bolt only just the opposite, being a hole in a little chunk of iron sawed off short, with wrinkles around the inside of the hole."

* * * *

A Clergyman, announcing the result of a special silver collection, said: "I am glad to say the total reached £15 os. 1½d. I am forced to the conclusion," he added with a smile, "that there is a man from Aberdeen in our midst."

"You're wrong, sir," came a broad voice from one of the back pews, "There's three o' us."

* * * *

"A penny for your thoughts, dear."

"Make it two guineas, darling. I was thinking of a new hat."

* * * *

ANGRY SHAREHOLDER: "May I ask what has happened to our sinking fund?"

CHAIRMAN: "It sank."

* * * *

"How did your article on perpetual motion turn out?"

"Oh, it was a great success. Every time I sent it out it came back to me."

* * * *

ROMANTIC YOUTH: "Ah, if only I had the world to give you!"

PRACTICAL YOUNG WOMAN: "No good, Cuthbert. You can't get that on the hire-purchase system!"

The doctor was discovered with easel and brushes. "Why doctor, I never knew you painted?" exclaimed his friend.

"Oh, I just do it to kill time," replied the doctor.

"What! Haven't you got any patients?"

* * * *

DOCTOR: "Let me see your tongue, please."

PATIENT: "Oh, doctor, no tongue can tell how bad I feel."

* * * *

Old lady, who has been knocked down by reckless cyclist: "Can't you ring the bell?"

"Yes, I can, but I can't ride the bike."

* * * *

SWAIN (after momentous interview with damsel's father): "You were right when you said your father was a perfect lamb."

DAMSEL: "Why? What did he say?"

SWAIN: "Bah."

* * * *

JACOB: "I've a good job now, Reuben, working in a shirt factory."

REUBEN: "How does it happen you are not working to-day?"

JACOB: "Oh, they are making nightshirts this week."

* * * *

"This room is a long way from the ground," said the visitor; "I hope there are proper arrangements in case of fire."

"Oh, yes, sir," said the porter, "this hotel is insured for twice what it's worth."

* * * *

FARMER: "I've arranged so as not to be caught by any drought this summer."

FRIEND: "What have you done?"

FARMER: "Planted onions and potatoes in alternate rows. The onions will make the potatoes' eyes water and so irrigate the soil."

* * * *

"I'm sorry," said the diner who hoped to get away with it, "but I haven't any money to pay for that meal."

"That's all right," said the cashier. "We'll write your name on the wall and you can pay the next time you come in."

"Don't do that. Everybody who comes in will see it."

"Oh, no, they won't. Your overcoat will be hanging over it."

FOND MOTHER : " I hope my little darling has been as good as gold all day ? "

NURSE : " No, ma'am, he went off the gold standard about tea-time. "

* * *

Two friends met in mid-air.

" Fancy meeting you here ! " cried one. " I'm falling from my aeroplane. "

" That so ? " replied the other. " I'm rising from my gas-trove. "

* * *

CAPTAIN (receiving new middy) : " Well, my boy, the old story, I suppose—fool of the family sent to sea ? "

" Oh, no, sir, " replied the youth, " that's all altered since your day. "

* * *

" Dear, " she said, looking up from her paper, " a man has just been married to a girl he first met when rescuing her from a burning building. "

" M'm, " murmured her husband, " that ought to teach him to mind his own business. "

* * *

" What beautiful jewels you're wearing, Mrs. Newlyrich. "

" They're nothing, really. Last year's, you know. "

* * *

Advertisement by a baker : " Old-fashioned baker's business for sale ; large oven, present owner been in it for 11 years ; good reason for leaving. "

* * *

ORIENTAL WISDOM.

CHINAMAN : " Will you tell me, please, where railway station is ? "

STRANGER : " What's the matter—are you lost ? "

CHINAMAN : " No, me here. Station lost. "

* * *

Mrs. BLUES : " Do you have to treat your cook as if she were a member of the family ? "

Mrs. GRAY : " Goodness, no ! We have to be very kind and polite to her. "

* * *

PRISONER (who is making an appeal to the bench) : " Your Honour, I must pause for a sentence. "

HIS HONOUR (benignly) : " Well, let me read one I've specially prepared for you. "

* * *

The shy young man was confiding in his friend. " Whatever shall I do ? " he said. " I can't summon up courage to propose to her, and faint heart never won fair lady, you know. "

" In that case, " replied the friend, " I should court a brunette. "

* * *

" Sambo, " said the magistrate reproachfully to the negro before him, " I cannot conceive of a meaner, more cowardly act than yours of deserting your wife. Do you realise you are a deserter ? "

" If you knowed dat lady as Ah does, " replied Sambo, " you wouldn't call me no deserter. Ah is a refugee—dat's what Ah is. "

* * *

Two casual golf acquaintances were walking towards the green when they sighted two women coming over the hill.

" Here comes my wife with some old hag she's picked up somewhere, " said one of them.

" And here comes mine with another, " retorted the other, icily.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed were silent as the train bore them homewards after their honeymoon. Mr. Newlywed was hard up. He had spent every penny on the honeymoon and his next pay-day was a fortnight off.

As they neared home the young wife gave a merry laugh. " I'm going to tell you a secret that will cheer you up, Billy, " she said. " Before we went away I hid ten pounds in the larder. "

" Yes, " said her husband. " I know. I found it. "

* * *

They were engaged to be married, and he was proudly relating his former adventures in Africa.

" I had to hack my way, " said he, " through almost impenetrable jungle, chopping, slashing at thick undergrowth and trees— " "

" Oh, George ! " said she, " you'll be splendid when you have to weed the garden ! "

* * *

A boy went into a big drug store in America and asked : " Could you fix a dose of castor oil so the oil won't taste ? "

" Certainly. Won't you have a glass of ice-cream soda while you're waiting ? " courteously replied the assistant.

Jackie drank the soda with relish.

" Anything else ? " asked the chemist. " No, nothing but the oil," the boy replied.

" But you just drank it," was the smiling answer.

" Gee whiz ! " exclaimed Jackie. " I wanted that for Dad ! "

* * *

SCOTTISH BARBER (*engaging assistant*) : " I pay lower wages in the summer, because the work's easier."

APPLICANT : " But people get their hair cut just the same."

SCOTTISH BARBER : " Ay, but ye dinna hae to help them on wi' their overcoats."

* * *

A modern young miss arrived at her grandmother's house wearing a fashionable " backless " evening frock.

Grannie lectured her—" It's shameless. I dread to think what your mother would say if she saw you in that dress."

The young miss smiled. " I'd dread it, too. You see, it belongs to her," she replied.

* * *

Two street sweepers were discussing the merits of a new man who had been hired to help them in their work.

Said one : " An' what do ye think uv the new man, Pat ? "

" Divvil a bit," replied Pat. " He might be all right on th' up and down sweepin', but let him try a bit of fancy work around a lamp-post, then we'll be seein' his abilities."



THAT SIMONDS' SMILE.



BRANCHES.

BRISTOL "HOP-LEAF" TABLE SKITTLE LEAGUE.

The end of the 1935-36 season provided no great surprises, the "Lord Chancellor"—that Easton Road stronghold of the game—winning the league trophy with a total of 26 points out of a possible 32; a sound, consistent record of successful play. The "Paxton Arms" with 22 points and the "Globe & Foresters" with 20 points following in that order.

The Knock-out Cup went to the league runners-up, the "Paxton Arms," who defeated the "Hit or Miss" experts in the final round after a great struggle for supremacy.

Thus the Easton Road provided both the league champions and runners-up, as well as both the cup finalists—a rather striking proof of the high standard of play at that end of the city.

We congratulate all teams on the interests which they created, as well as for the sporting way in which the fixtures were carried out, and hope that next season many more Hop Leaf houses in Bristol will enter for these competitions and so stimulate their customers' interests, as well as their own, by competing for these Table Skittle trophies. There must be many more tenants who, by example and encouragement, could successfully enter teams for this section of our winter games programme. Just a little preliminary work during the next few months, and the results should be well worth while.

More of the "Lord Chancellor" :—

Extract from the *Bristol Evening Post* :

"Regarding family challenge of father, six sons, and son-in-law of Bridgwater to two games of skittles, home and away, raised in the *Evening Post*; on behalf of my father I accept the challenge. My family (father and seven sons) will meet the Bridgwater family at table skittles or long-alley skittles (whichever they prefer). We will play any other family at these games, also at whist, crib or bagatelle."

Any "Gazette" acceptances?

No wonder the "Chancellor" won the Skittle League!

It is with the deepest sense of loss that we record the death of Mr. A. W. Curry, who passed away on April 14th, and who for so many years was the old Company's most valued representative and manager in South Wales—firstly at Newport, and of late years in

the Neath and Swansea area, where despite conditions which would have broken many a younger man, he accomplished year by year much sterling work on our behalf, giving of his utmost capacity, and sparing himself neither in physical or mental effort, especially through the latter years when he endeavoured to hold on to what had been gained in former better times.

For forty years our old friend kept the flag of W. J. Rogers, Ltd. to the fore all over South Wales, and many were the long friendships which followed in his train. He was just as keen in 1935 to raise the "Hop Leaf" banner in its stead, but it was not long to be his mission, for his health failed him a few months ago, and although most deservedly the Directors recognised his services in their usual kindly and practical manner, he was unable to enjoy the benefits of that retirement owing to weakness, and now to our sorrow he has passed from us. Our deepest sympathies are extended to all members of his family circle, and to all those confrères who will miss his visits to them. His example of service is one which but few of us can hope to reach, and we gladly here pay our tribute to Mr. Curry's labours.

WOKING.

WOKING AND DISTRICT CLUB STEWARDS.

THE ANNUAL DINNER.

The ninth annual dinner of the Woking and District Club Stewards' Association was held on Thursday, 26th March, at the Vine Hotel, Chertsey. Mr. A. Bennett again presided over a large gathering of members and guests.

The Chairman opened the proceedings by a suitable reference to the passing of his late Majesty, King George V, and the company stood in respectful silence for a few moments as a mark of their sense of personal loss and as a tribute of their devotion to the departed monarch. The Chairman said that last year they joined in the general rejoicings then being arranged in connection with the Royal Silver Jubilee and they could now only express their sense of gratitude that King George had been spared to celebrate that anniversary and was able, before being taken, to receive such wonderful expressions of love and loyalty from his subjects all over the world. We shall, he said, all miss his beneficent influence, and the best monument to his memory will surely be to continue our love and loyal devotion to his son, now H.M. King Edward VIII, to whom the loyal toast now applied and which was subsequently honoured with much fervour.

In proposing the toast of the "Association," the Chairman extended a cordial welcome to all members who were present that evening and said he was very delighted to see such a goodly number of guests, whose presence added much pleasure to their annual gathering. He mentioned that this year the venue had been changed from Woking to Chertsey in order to suit the convenience of many members in that particular locality. He said he was sure that the change would be appreciated.

Referring to club matters he was glad to be able to say that the improvement in economic conditions had, generally, been reflected in their clubs. The betterment had, perhaps, not been so great as they might desire, but it was a gradual movement in the right direction. The taxation of liquors was still far too high and this tended to produce figures of turnover which were all out of proportion to the actual volume of consumption and often produced criticisms from their opponents that were grossly unfair under the circumstances of the present burdens. There were, fortunately, prospects of good employment during the year and that might well be reflected in the happiness of their members and, through them, in their institutions. Attempts have been made to introduce legislation to deal with bogus clubs, but this has been postponed for the present. The efforts to obtain a later terminal hour either for all the year, or for summer time only, have produced results that are spasmodic and capricious and certain anomalies still remain.

All legislation, whether affecting the constitution of clubs, or the regulation of "permitted" hours, was being closely watched by the central club organisations who would see to it that the rights and liberties of bona-fide institutions, such as those represented that evening, were fully safeguarded. The bogus one-man, proprietary club, was a menace to the movement generally and therefore could command no sympathy from properly constituted and well managed clubs. However, while the fierce light of publicity was specially directed upon club life it behoved them all to see that a high standard was maintained and that they were above any taint of suspicion. The Police reports for the district this year were again excellent and reflected credit on all concerned. In this neighbourhood we were fortunate in having as Stewards a number of men who for long periods have faithfully served their clubs and had honourably upheld their reputation. They were an example worthy of emulation by their younger brethren in the movement and so keep their institutions healthy and wholesome and thus confound their critics.

Mr. Bennett added that he hoped they would all enjoy the evening and that they would all experience a happy and prosperous year with smooth and harmonious working. He hoped long to be

associated with their Stewards' organisation in the district and to continue to enjoy the many personal friendships which he contracted with them.

Mr. Austin, in reply, said that each year the attendance at the annual dinner had increased, and he thought the success of the Association was due to the work of the Hon. Secretary. He worked hard, and he (the speaker) was sure the members all appreciated what Mr. Loughnane did for them. Mr. Austin also mentioned Messrs. Holloway, Wareham and J. Sale, the last named in connection with the arrangements for that evening's very successful and enjoyable entertainment. Mr. Sale was primarily responsible for the move from Woking to Chertsey, and he thought the number present showed that the change was for the good.

"The Visitors" were welcomed by Mr. Sale, who expressed the hope that they would all have a pleasant time, and Mr. J. Moore (Chertsey) replied, thanking the Association, on behalf of his fellow visitors, for the invitation, and wishing the Association all success.

The health of "The Chairman" was drunk, with musical honours, on the call of Mr. Loughnane, who referred to the great interest Mr. Bennett had always taken in the Association. Mr. Bennett had been the Chairman at the nine dinners they had held, and he hoped he would be with them for many more years.

Mr. Bennett, in reply, said he looked forward to the dinner because it gave him an opportunity of meeting those members whom he was unable to see often on that occasion. He would always take the greatest possible interest in the Association.

The concluding toast was that of "The Artistes, Host and Caterers," which was given by Mr. Walker, who congratulated the artistes on the excellence of the entertainment, the host on the admirable arrangements, and the caterers on the splendid dinner.

The musical programme was contributed to by Messrs. E. Gallagher, T. Eggington, E. Bailey (songs, etc.) and F. Levy, R. Miller and L. Parr (accordion trios).

DEATH OF MRS. A. K. HOLLOWAY.

His numerous friends in Woking and district will extend to Mr. John Holloway their condolence in the sad loss he has sustained by the death of his wife, which took place at "Woodland," Brewery Road, Horsell, on Thursday, April 2nd. Mrs. Holloway was born in Horsell and had lived in the neighbourhood all her life and was, consequently, well known in the district.

It was, therefore, appropriate that the funeral on April 6th should be at the Horsell Parish Church. There were many beautiful floral tributes and Mr. Holloway has received a large number of letters and messages expressing deep sympathy, for which he and his family are very grateful.

BRIGHTON.

Despite the wintry weather, a large number of visitors came to Brighton for the Easter holidays, and the hotels were well filled. Day visitors were fewer than usual, but who could imagine lying on the beach with a N.E. wind blowing, and occasional showers of sleet. Business, however, was as good as usual, and we hope it will be maintained throughout the season.

For the information of those readers who come to Brighton for a day's visit, or for a longer stay, the new landlord at the Royal Oak, St. James's Street (only a little way from the sea front) Mr. J. Mann, will give a hearty welcome to all callers, and is prepared to serve up Simonds' brands with a cheery word for all.

On April 16th the Oddfellows Club held their annual dinner at the Brighton Oddfellows Hall. An enjoyable evening comprised dinner, followed by dancing and a whist drive. We are pleased to record that our Mr. W. H. Cotton was among the prizewinners in the sports section. The firm's products were well patronised, and enjoyed by all.

The writer of these notes left the office one day recently and had the following experience :—

Going into East Street with a pre-occupied mind, he was greeted by a charming young lady, who asked if she could be obliged by being told the date. After reflection the answer was given. Crossing the road I was approached by a gentleman with the question, "Is it odd or even." Thinking he mistook me for a bookmaker, I hesitated, when he remarked "It's alright old man, is it an even or an odd date"? After giving the answer I went on my way, but was suddenly accosted by a military retired Major's voice addressing a gentleman in blue as follows :—"D— it, I tell you constable you cannot expect us to know whether its odd or even, and also constable, it is surprising how few people know the date off hand." Then in a quiet and soothing voice the constable pointed to the notice on a pole which read "Cars may be parked on this side of the street on even days for fifteen minutes," and said "Don't let it occur again.

Enlightened, I sped on my way.

Recently at a lecture here on ancient laws, the following were quoted as not having been repealed :—

Tobacco growing in this country is illegal. Not so long ago a man was fined at Epping for this offence.

Strictly according to law it is a crime to eat meat on a Wednesday, or to use self raising flour. At one time, too, it was illegal to have more than two courses at a meal.

Another law that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has conveniently forgotten states that not more than a penny may be charged for a quart of the best old ale, and not more than a halfpenny for a similar quantity of small beer.

PORTSMOUTH.

Portsmouth this year regained the amateur team inter-port boxing championship of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines at the Royal Naval Barracks Gymnasium, Portsmouth. At the end of the tournament the points were : Portsmouth 59, Chatham 28, Devonport 9. There were many very exciting fights and perhaps no finer middle-weight fight has been seen in the hall for years than the final between P.O. Heath, the navy's knock-out specialist, and A.B. Howse, a newcomer exploiting a right hand stance. Heath beat Howse on points, but he very nearly lost the fight because he was down twice in the second round and was almost out. However, he got up and immediately had Howse tottering. Heath was the fresher when the last round came up, and avoiding further trouble he went on to add to the points gained in the first round, and so obtained a comfortable decision. Rear-Admiral Dudley North presented the championship cup to Corp. Lenham, the Portsmouth team captain, and also the individual awards to the finalists. The organization worked smoothly under the direction of Lieut.-Commander G. V. Knight, the Secretary of the R.N. and R.M. Boxing Association. Lieut.-Commander C. S. Pelly was in charge of the hall arrangements and a feature of the show was the fact that there was never a delay between the many fights. The referee, Lieut.-Commander J. D. Oyley is also to be congratulated ; he carried on without relief throughout the tournament. The other duties round the ring were shared by the various officers and staff of the P. & R.T. Branch.

H.M.S. *Repulse*, following her three years in dockyard hands undergoing modernization at an estimated cost of £1,474,924, has now received her full complement. Her new Commanding Officer, Captain J. H. Godfrey, formerly Deputy Director of Plans at the

Admiralty, joined when the *Repulse* commissioned for trials in January last. She has been a familiar sight in Spithead during the past two months. In a few weeks time she will be sailing for the Mediterranean, and her sister ship, H.M.S. *Renown*, at present acting as flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Forbes, second-in-command Mediterranean, will return for similar large repairs and modernization. The present ship's company of H.M.S. *Repulse* express in Fleet Orders their appreciation to the 1932 ship's company for £50 which, on paying off, was placed on deposit for the ship's fund on recommissioning for sea service.

The following is taken from the *Hampshire Telegraph and Post* :—

"Told by the Bishop of Portsmouth : On his appointment to Salisbury he received a letter of congratulation from the Chancellor of the Diocese, Mr. T. H. Parr, K.C., J.P. The Chancellor, who is also Recorder of Salisbury, wrote : 'I am sorry I shall no longer be your Chancellor, but I am delighted that I shall have you in my criminal jurisdiction.'"

OXFORD.

WAR DEPARTMENT CONSTABULARY CANTEN, DIDCOT.

ADVENTURES OF A BOTTLE (IV).
EVENING TOUR.

Shortly after my last tour of the countryside I was returned to the "Hop Leaf" refilling centre, where I received the usual baths and again absorbed my measure of the "BEST."

Thence I set forth in the famous airplane "Simondia," and the first stage of the flight took us to the Berkshire Downs. Here I resumed acquaintance with the smiling P.C.'s of the War Department who, on this occasion, had the assistance of their comrades from Bramley, under the leadership of Chief Inspector Handley. In addition, there was a party of the British Legion from Wallingford.

With such a strong party to assail our defences, the outlook for my comrades and myself was not one to point to many survivors at the end of the evening, but I had "stout" support from Archangel, Oatmeal and Milk and ready offers of assistance from Old Berks, Berry Brown and Old Fashioned Brown.

The policemen and their comrades set a fast pace, but we successfully flighted across country to a march called "Blazeaway"

from the instruments of the Legion Band and visiting Lancashire, discovered Mr. Moody longing "To go back to his Father and Mother" and confidentially informing the audience of matters financial in "Pay-Day."

It was then that I received further assistance from "Old Scotch," whose spirit was conveyed on our wings to "Misty Islands of the Highlands" via the instruments of Charles Hunt's Dance Band.

Turning southwards again, we saw "Old Berks" retiring gracefully to "An Old Fashioned Town" with Mrs. Clark in control and the lady was further persuaded to continue to "The Hills of Donegal."

Whilst re-fuelling, the Legion Band played a lively entracte and then P.C. Wright took over the controls to land us in the "Peninsular" with "My Old Shako" and "The Trumpeter."

Old Fashioned Brown's turn came next as Charles Hunt's band piloted us through crowded ball rooms in the "Veleta." It was Mrs. King who directed our flight over the Irish Sea, where we had a "Little Dash of Dublin" and successfully came "Smiling Through."

Back again to memories of my Service days in a Community Medley, wherein the ladies outtrivalled the gents. It was then that re-fuelling began in earnest and the Stewards' hands played lightning havoc amongst my comrades.

We resumed our flight Channel-wards to Brittany in the "Song of the Bells," a waltz with Charles Hunt's band in control.

Mrs. Wright brought us safely back to Savoy Hill in "Mrs. Buggins" and then politely inquired "Where are you?" The Legion Band took us over the Pacific to say "Good-bye to Hawaii" and P.C. Wright took the stick for home in "Devon, glorious Devon," where our good cousin Hunt's Cider came to our assistance in persuading the P.C. to sing "Friend of Mine."

We next set up a new Atlantic record to the guidance of Charles Hunt's band in a Boston Two-Step and returned home via the Empire to "There's a Land" under the direction of Mrs. Clark, who was further persuaded to take us with the assistance of Charles Hunt's band to "Picardy" for "Roses" and to pick up further aid in Martini. Charles Hunt's band next headed us for the ranches in "Boots and saddle" and P.C. Dixon piloted us to the northern shipyards in "Good-bye Old Ship of Mine" and featured rest and peace in "Love's Old Sweet Song."

P.C. Wright seized control again and took us further north to the Spey where he sought the Chancellor's secrets to "Find His Tiddler."

Charles Hunt's band took us to London where "Everything was Rhythm in our Hearts."

We were then brought to the end of our tour and addresses of congratulation by Inspector Barnes, Chief Inspector Handley and Colonel Morrell, each a model of apt and neat oration, exemplified the beneficence of our efforts.

Honours at the piano were shared by Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Nottingham and Charles Hunt. P.C. Clark took the "Chair" and the Committee are still trying to find it.

The P.C.'s again sought to set us back on Easter Monday when we were again introduced to the mysteries of waltzes, fox-trots, tangos, and many other dances, old and new, to the inspiration of the music of "The Melody Makers" Dance Band.

P.C. Brading was again a genial and comforting M.C.

Whist drive winners for the month of April were Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Page and Mrs. Dixon.

BILLIARDS NEWS.

The R.A.O.C. Didcot (1) again thrashed us, this time on our own cloth to the extent of 502 points to 470, the occasion being an inter-divisional match, Division I champions *versus* Division II champions. The severity of the blow to our prestige was intensified by Pte. Cornish, who dethroned our "Individuals" champion (P.C. McIntosh) by 100 to 53.

A mite of consolation in this rout was the scoring of the highest breaks by P.C. Rallison (47) and P.C. Lightfoot (35).

In the match, Division II champions *versus* Rest of Division II on the table of the Vauxhall C. and S. Club, the following score sheet somewhat retrieves our reputation:—

W.D.C. Didcot.				Rest of Div. II.			
P.C. Thomas	100	P. Lightfoot Jr.	58
" Lightfoot	100	P. Goodall	48
" Rallison	91	P. Aldsworth	100
" Rose	100	P. Wells	82
" Rogers	100	P. Holloway	69
" McIntosh	100	P. Nunn	66
Total	591	Total	423

St. George's Day will see us visiting our good comrades at Bramley and the account of this visit we leave to the capable pen of that detachment's own "scribe" and we then hope to "Read of ourselves as others see us."

THE QUEEN'S HEAD, EYNSHAM.

We regret to record the passing away of Mr. Charles Peter Stevens, ex-Sergt. R.A.O.C., our tenant of the above House, at the early age of 50 years.

The funeral took place at Eynsham and the cortege comprised representatives of the Eynsham branch of the British Legion, the Licensed Victuallers' Association, the R.A.O.C. (Didcot) and Sub-Conductors Baldwin and Lenton (R.A.O.C., Didcot branch).

The chief mourners were:—The widow, the Misses Nelly, Marie and Ivy Stevens (daughters) and Mr. P. Green (son-in-law).

Buglers Kent and Flute (Cowley Depot) sounded the "Last Post."

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

WEDDING OF MR. W. F. MCINTYRE'S DAUGHTER.

A very charming ceremony took place on April 25th, when a daughter of Mr. W. F. McIntyre, our Plymouth District Manager, was married. Several members of Plymouth City Council and other prominent citizens were present at St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, when the marriage took place of Mr. John Austin Browse Cornish, elder son of Alderman and Mrs. John L. Cornish, of Park Hill, Compton Park Road, Plymouth, and Miss Elizabeth Mary McIntyre, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. McIntyre, of Elmside, Fernleigh Road, Plymouth. The service was choral under the direction of Dr. H. Moreton, the city organist, who came back especially from Cheltenham for the occasion.

The Bishop of Plymouth, who officiated, said how appropriate it was that a wedding of a member of a family so actively connected with the civic life of the city should take place in the parish church. He also expressed his pleasure at being able to perform the ceremony, as he had feared he might have been prevented.

Given away by her father, the bride wore a gown of white ring velvet, cut on close-fitting lines, with a shirred bodice and wide sleeves edged with white fur. A semi-circular train was cut in one with the skirt, which was trimmed at the waist-line with a silver girdle. The bridal veil of silver-edged net was worn with a Juliet cap of white velvet, decorated with rows of orange blossom buds and edged with seed pearls. She carried a sheaf of Madonna lilies and myrtle.

Wedding of Mr. W. F. McIntyre's Daughter.



The above photograph was supplied through the courtesy of the "Western Morning News," one very popular West of England Newspaper.

Mrs. M. de C. Brown was matron of honour, and Miss Margaret McIntyre, the bride's sister, was chief bridesmaid. The other attendants were Miss Jean Anningson, the bridegroom's niece, and Miss Elizabeth Harrison. They wore white taffeta frocks embroidered with red rosebuds. The skirts were long and the bodices tight-fitting. The older attendants wore short crimson velvet capes and haloes of plaited white velvet, and carried sheaves of crimson rosebuds. The little bridesmaids wore headdresses of plaited crimson velvet, each surmounted with a cluster of rosebuds.

Mr. Robert Willis was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Donald McIntyre, H. B. Cornish, G. R. K. Anningson, C. V. Halford-Thompson, Paymr.-Lieut. A. F. Blowers, and Paymr.-Lieut. W. J. Farrell.

The bride's mother was wearing a two-piece ensemble in a dusky pink shade. The sleeves were trimmed with beige fox fur, which matched her beige coloured hat, trimmed with pink ostrich feather. A gown of silk in a floral design of orange and delphinium blue on a black ground was worn by the bridegroom's mother, with a hat to tone.

After the ceremony, a reception was held at the Duke of Cornwall Hotel, the health of the bride and bridegroom being proposed by Capt. F. M. Warren, a friend.

After receiving many congratulations and good wishes, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. B. Cornish left for London. For travelling, the bride wore a navy blue suit, with a blue fox fur wrap and a navy blue hat trimmed with cherry-coloured ribbon.

ANNUAL "SOCCER" MATCH.

An attractive "soccer" match was held on Good Friday in the field adjoining the Tamar Hotel, Crownhill, for a cup presented by Mr. Jim Ponsford.

Hundreds of spectators witnessed a most thrilling and amusing game, although doubts were expressed as to whether the rules were strictly obeyed. The excitement of the play for the teams as well as the onlookers, resulted in an increased demand for "S.B.", and the weight of the sides made a great call on Tamar "Heavy." The party were later entertained to a "Stout" luncheon and every care was taken that they did not get over the line. No penalties were awarded as they all played like "Archangels."

TAMAR SOCIAL AND SPORTS CLUB.

The annual general meeting was held at the club on Saturday, March 28th, a good number of members being present.

The Chairman (Mr. F. Pierce) referred to the good progress the club was making. "Last year," he said, "had been very satisfactory, and financially the club was on a sound basis." Although in a "sound" position, it could be improved by some "light" and "heat." Several members offered to decorate the premises if volunteers were willing to provide the paint. The "heat" will have to come out of the funds.

Mr. F. A. Simonds was again unanimously re-elected President of the Club, a hearty vote of thanks being passed to him and the Directors of our Firm for their generous and continued support.

All Vice-Presidents were again unanimously re-elected, and after the election of officers for the ensuing year, a vote of thanks was passed to Mr. W. F. McIntyre and Mr. L. J. Tranter for visiting the club that evening. Both gentlemen suitably replied.

MAKE IT PAIGNTON FOR 1936.

For the benefit of the "Hop Leaf" readers who intend booking their holidays at Paignton this season, there are daily events which are bound to appeal to all visitors. They have a wonderful list of bands engaged for the season, including those from the Royal Navy (Royal Marines), Army and Royal Air Force.

For those who have not already visited Paignton, and are still undecided where to spend their holidays, the following is a very short list of the advantages of the district that might help to make up their minds:—

Really safe seabathing, beautiful sandy beaches and secluded rocky coves. Marvellous scenery.

Good sailing, golf, tennis, bowls, sea and fresh water fishing.

Very mild climate which enables semi-tropical plants to grow in profusion.



Simonds' Grand Fête

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22nd.

SPORTS

BOXING

FLOWER SHOW

ANKLE COMPETITION

BABY SHOW

DANCING, &c.

All the Fun of the Fair.

**SEE PAGE 384 FOR ADVANCE LIST
OF THE SPORTS EVENTS**
