

VOL. XI.

NOVEMBER, 1936.

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The  
HOP LEAF



THE HOP LEAF

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. XI.

NOVEMBER, 1936.

No. 2

## CONTENTS.

	Page
Mr. A. T. Walsh ... ..	Frontispiece
Editorial ... ..	51
A Great Thought ... ..	60
Brewery Jottings ... ..	68
Nature Note ... ..	71
Words of Wisdom ... ..	81
The Lighter Side ... ..	82
Branches ... ..	90

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



MR. A. T. WALSH.

## MR. A. T. WALSH.

Of Irish descent, from a well-known County Cork family, Mr. A. T. Walsh has been a member of the Branch Department staff for nearly twenty-three years, joining that department in January, 1914, after spending the three previous months in the Cask Department.

Within a comparatively short time after commencing work in his present office, the Great War broke out and Mr. Walsh enlisted in the Berkshire Yeomanry, in which regiment he served until being drafted to the 2nd Battn. The Royal Berkshire Regiment in July, 1916. He saw considerable service in the field, was gassed on the Somme in November of the same year and invalided home for six months, subsequently joining the 6th Battn. The Royal Berkshire Regiment until early in 1917, when that unit was disbanded and he was transferred to the 8th Battalion of the same regiment. His next move was to the 18th Division Machine Gun Corps and thence to the 61st Division Machine Gun Corps in the First Army of Occupation in Germany.

Demobilised in February, 1919, Mr. Walsh returned to his work in the Branch Department. Progressing through the various sections of that office, he filled a vacant post on the Export and Shipping staff in 1920. The work is highly technical and not only involves strict compliance with the numerous Customs regulations concerning the removal of excisable goods in this country and also upon being landed in other parts of the world, but demands meticulous and specialised knowledge in shipping and marine insurance generally. Mr. Walsh has applied himself assiduously to his task and has gained for himself a reputation for reliability and good solid work.

A firm believer in regular exercise as an antidote to the effects of indoor occupation, Mr. Walsh plays a strenuous game of tennis and cultivates his own flower and vegetable garden. He is a strong swimmer and has a passion for this form of recreation.



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

## EDITORIAL.

## SO MUCH SAMENESS.

A village correspondent, having reported five weddings in as many days, made the discovery that they were all very much alike, says the *Reading Standard*. So much sameness, he writes, has depressed him, and to cheer himself up he has dropped into poetry. Thus:—

Usual woman, usual man ;  
Wedding on the usual plan.  
Usual bridesmaids, overdressed ;  
All, as usual, in their " best."  
Usual bells' asthmatic " ding "  
Usual fumble for the ring.  
Usual parson's awful drone ;  
Vergers' usual drawing moan,  
Church as usual—rather dim ;  
" Voice o'er Eden," usual hymn.  
Usual marriage fuss and stew ;  
Usual carriage, usual shoe.  
Usual presents—cruet stands,  
Clocks and figures, joining hands.  
Usual fortnight's honeymoon ;  
Then the usual change of tune.

## A SAUSAGE TALE.

*Orderly Officer* : " Any complaints ? "

*Private Jones* : " Yessir, the sausages. "

*Orderly Officer* : " What's the matter with them ? "

*Private Jones*, gingerly picking up a sausage with fork : " Smell it, sir. "

*Orderly Officer smells it* : " Not much wrong with it. May be just on the turn, that's all. "

*Private Jones, a racing enthusiast* : " On the turn, sir, why it's 'arf down the ruddy straight. "

## DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.

What is your definition of a gentleman? Margaret Irwin, the novelist, appears to have come across the real thing in an Irishman.

" I saw him last night," said one, " and he opened a bottle of whisky for the two of us and threw away the cork. " Could there be a better?

## THE SAME "HAM."

Two women happened to meet in the street. One of them was carrying a parcel and was asked by the other what it was.

"Oh, it's some ham," was the reply. "I always buy my ham at Sandy's Store. My husband is very particular and likes Sandy's ham best."

The other thought she would try the ham and off she went to Sandy's Store.

"I want some ham," she said.

"What kind?" asked the shopman.

"Oh, the same as Mrs. McDonald gets."

The shopman smiled, and leaning confidentially over the counter, asked: "Whaur's yer bottle?"

## INTERLUDE FOR A LAUGH.

Mr. Bertram Jones, a director of Messrs. Peek, Frean & Co., Ltd., retailed a cheerful little poem—one of the gems of unknown authorship and undisputed wit—when he acknowledged a vote of thanks to the firm by a party of visitors recently. Something in what one of the speakers said reminded him of the sad story of Mabel.

Mabel made an angel cake  
For her darling Harry's sake,  
"Harry, you a piece must take,"

This she meant.  
Harry ate it, every crumb,  
Then he heard the angels hum,  
Calling softly, "Harry come."

Harry went.

## A HIGH-CLASS JOB.

A bricklayer applied for a job on a New York building. Apparently he was satisfactory, for the foreman told him he could start in the morning.

"There's just one thing, foreman," said the bricklayer. "I should like to work here very much, but I can't see anywhere where I can park my car."

The foreman looked him over for a moment, and then turned away.

"You won't need no place to park," he returned over his shoulder. "This is a high-class job, and we're only taking bricklayers with chauffeurs."

## THE ANGLER'S "CATCH."

A suburbanite espied his neighbour coming along the road with his fishing tackle on his back.

"Catch anything, old boy?" he eagerly asked.

"Yes, two," said his neighbour—but in surprisingly doleful tones.

"Good!" said the suburbanite. "What were they?"

"The seven-thirty three and the five-fifteen back," came the unhappy angler's reply.

## THE POOR ODD-JOB MAN.

*She (to odd-job man):* "I want you this morning to double-dig the kitchen garden, saw down that old tree in the corner, chop it into suitable sizes for lighting fires, clean out the two sheds, overhaul the mowing-machine, and thoroughly wash and comb Fluffy."

*Odd-job Man:* "And to fill up the mornin', shall I 'op into the 'ouse and give yer a 'and with yer crochet?"

## THE UNPLACED WINNER.

Accidents may happen even on the best regulated racecourses, and one of the most curious incidents in the history of the turf occurred at Goodwood years ago.

The judge was so intent on watching the struggle between two leading horses, racing neck-and-neck for home, that he failed to notice another horse slipping ahead on the other side of the track.

The third horse shot past the winning post, well ahead of the other two, but the judge sent up the number of the second horse as winner. It thus came to pass that the Duke of Richmond's Dandizette was "unplaced" in a race she had won by three lengths.

The Duke refused to appeal, saying, "I have always been told justice is blind; now I know it is true." What Dandizette's backers thought and said is not recorded.

## VERY DRY.

"Good morning, Mrs. Kelly," said the doctor, "did you take your husband's temperature as I told you?"

"Oh, yes, doctor. I borrowed a barometer and placed it on his chest; it said 'very dry,' so I bought him a pint o' beer an' he's gone back to work."

## GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

" Cold water is the best of drinks."  
 Let temperance poets sing.  
 But who am I that I should have  
 The best of everything ?  
 Let poets revel at the pump  
 And peers debauch on tea ;  
 But whisky, beer, or even wine  
 Is good enough for me.

## CRIME IN HOTELS.

Chief-Constable A. N. Keith, of Lanarkshire, said at a licensing court at Hamilton recently : " More crime goes on in temperance hotels with men and their women friends than in licensed hotels." The chief constable, who stated that he formed this opinion from twenty years' experience of police work in Glasgow, added that temperance hotels were not open to inspection by the police, as were licensed hotels.

## AN ODE TO CANNED " S.B."

Sing a song of canned S.B.,  
 Carton full of beer,  
 Four-and-twenty cans of it,  
 Full of creamy cheer.  
 When the cans are opened,  
 Dad begins to sing,  
 Mother likes it, too, because,  
 It's such a handy thing.

## VOLUME 10 OF " THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE."

The volume having been completed with the September issue, we can undertake the binding of complete sets at a charge of 3/- each. Readers should hand their sets to the Branch Office from which monthly editions are received, when they will be forwarded to Reading for binding and will be returned through the same channel.

## " RAPTURE."

Never was a flower more descriptively named than the carnation which bears this label, except in the case of a bloom, of which we recently caught a glimpse, grown at Audleys Wood by our Managing Director, Mr. F. A. Simonds. This specimen should have been named " Rapture Giganticus." Measuring 5½ inches across, it was a wonderful bloom, true to colour, perfect in shape. Chelsea may produce the equal in colouring, but rarely in size!

## A TEST FOR ARITHMETICIANS.

A market gardener went to the local village store for garden implements. The items on the bill for his purchases were shewn as under :—

3 Iron Spades @ 2/6  
 2 Wooden do. @ 2/6  
 1 Spade for 2/6

A prize will be awarded for the first correct answer received by the Editor showing the total of the bill demanded by the tradesman. *The Editor's decision is final.*

## A " PRIDE " OF CHESTNUTS.

We have heard of a " Pride " of lions, but have any of our readers heard of a " Pride " of chestnuts, the expression being used to denote a collection of these trees or, in fact, any species of trees. Early one Sunday morning during the summer a friend at Pangbourne who had been searching the hill on the further side of the river with glasses, exclaimed, " Look at the sun on the wood over there ; did you ever see such a ' pride ' of chestnuts ! " It was indeed a wonderful sight. On being told that the term " Pride " applied to trees was a new expression to us, he seemed surprised and said it was a common term used to denote a collection of trees. The gentleman in question has had considerable experience of forestry in several of the Crown Colonies.

Strange to say, on reading a book a few days after this conversation (" Maiden Stakes," by E. Dornford Yates), we saw that the author used the same term twice in some descriptive scenes in the book.

## THEY ALL DRANK IT.

When my grandfather, a moderate drinker all his life, died at the age of eighty-nine, in his armchair, his doctor said he had not a sign of disease about him. His hobby was long-distance tramping.

My father, also a moderate drinker, after he was sixty years of age, used to walk from Halifax, over the moors, to my brother's house in Rochdale, every week-end (weather permitting) just for the sheer love of exercise.

William Cummings, the world's champion walker, was making records at all distances from one mile upwards when over fifty years of age. His favourite drink was a pint of beer.

Tommy Green, the great Olympic walker, regularly uses beer during training, and during a road walk of fifty-five miles consumed no less than three pints of beer.—GEORGE SCHOFIELD (*in the " Daily Mirror "*).

## BEER IS BEST.

A visitor from the Antipodes  
Said that cocktails he never could sip at ease.  
Said his host : " Over here  
We always drink beer  
From a can which you'll find you can tip at ease."

## KNOCK ! KNOCK !

Oh no, you cannot !  
Cannot what ?  
Milk chocolate.  
No, but our Home Trade Manager " can " " S.B."

## A DOG'S PRAYER.

O Lord of humans, make my master faithful to his fellow men as I am to him. Grant that he may be devoted to his friends and family as I am to him. May he be open-faced and undeceptive as I am ; may he be true to trust reposed in him as I am to his. Give him a face cheerful like unto my wagging tail ; give him a spirit of gratitude like unto my licking tongue, fill him with patience like unto mine that awaits his footsteps uncomplainingly for hours ; fill him with my watchfulness, my courage and my readiness to sacrifice comfort or life. Keep him always young in heart and crowded with the spirit of play even as I. Make him as good man as I am dog ; make him worthy of me, his dog.

## RESPECT YOUR DINNER !

" Sir," said Thackeray on a memorable occasion, " respect your dinner ! Idolise it ; enjoy it properly. You will be many hours in the week, many weeks in the year, and many years in your life the happier if you do."

## HIS OFF DAY.

A certain popular footballer had—as all players do—an off day, when he could do nothing right. The crowd demonstrated its displeasure, and his fellow players looked at him askance, but bore it all stoically. The final blow fell, however, when he left the ground at the end of the game. A grubby urchin, who had been hanging round the players' entrance, sidled up to him and thrust a piece of paper into his hand.

" 'Ere, mister," he said sadly, " there's yore blinkin' autograf back."

## STRANGE ACCIDENT.

The papers are full of strange accidents which occurred on holidays, but none odder than that of the old lady who broke a leg sliding down a barrister.

## VICAR'S " BLESS THE PUBS."

Speaking at the dinner of the Allied Brewery Traders' Association at the Savoy Hotel, the Rev. P. B. Clayton, founder of Toc H., said :

" I am Vicar of 13½ acres near the City. My parish includes one church—God bless it—and four pubs—God bless them—and I'm in close touch with them all."

Mr. Clayton is Vicar of All Hallows, Barking.

## THE FARM-HAND SCORED.

Three hikers, seeing a farm-hand approaching, decided among themselves to have a joke at his expense.

In passing, the first greeted him with " Good morning, Abraham," the second with " Good morning, Isaac," and the third with " Good morning, Jacob."

The farm-hand looked them over before replying : " Young men, I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob : but am Saul, the son of Kish, come out to seek my father's asses, and, lo ! I have found them !"

## BEER FOR HARVEST FESTIVAL.

Barrels of beer, it is hoped, were exhibited among the harvest festival gifts at St. Philip's Church, Battersea, on Sunday. The Rev. F. O. Burt, the Vicar, was appealing for beer to give to his parishioners at an old-time harvest supper on 14th October.

" If anybody sends any beer for the supper it will be placed among the other harvest gifts in the Church recently." He added : " I am not a teetotaller. Neither are my parishioners. We should be extremely grateful to anyone who sends us a cask or even a few bottles. We want to make the party go with a bit of a swing. There's no harm in drinking a glass of beer. Beer drinking only becomes harmful and wrong when it is indulged in to excess. If nobody sends us any I shall pay for a small cask out of my own pocket."—*The Evening Standard*.

## STILL TAKES HER GLASS.

Mrs. Mary Penfold, of Bredhurst (Kent), who has just celebrated her 103rd birthday, says: "I often go down to the village and when I do I usually call in and have a glass of beer."

## A TEXT IN A SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

In a recent issue of "Berrows Worcester Journal" an article appeared which described a text which is engraved on a stone tablet on the wall of a Worcester slaughterhouse.

The text is: "Thine is a task of blood: discharge thy task with mercy. Let thy victim know no pain, but let a sudden blow bring death—such death as thou thyself would ask. Thou, Lord, shalt save both man and beast."

This tablet stands as a testimony to the love of animals of the late Countess Beauchamp who had it erected.

## FROM OUR INFORMATION BUREAU.

Few people appear to know the County wherein Newmarket is situated, and for their information may we state that it is in Suffolk.

## HUNGER MARCHERS.

Whether these demonstrations do any lasting good to those concerned is matter for speculation, but there was one thing that impressed me deeply when hundreds of these men visited Reading recently and that was the rare tact and good humour of our Borough Police. That, however, is only typical of their daily work and worth amongst us.

## CONGRATULATIONS!

Hearty congratulations to Mr. H. F. Dunster, F.S.I., on his re-election as a Town Councillor for the Redlands Ward, Reading, by a splendid majority. Mr. H. F. Dunster (brother of Mr. W. Dunster, writer of Brewery Jottings) is well known at the Brewery and sits for the same Ward as our Director, Commander H. D. Simonds. Mr. C. Bennett, who is Chairman of the Association for Redlands Ward, has worked very hard in bringing about this most happy result.

## "ANOTHER GLASS—AND THEN!"

Previous to the Reformation, pulpit discourses appear to have been generally characterised by brevity. Many of St. Augustine's might be easily delivered in ten minutes, nor was it usual in the church to devote more than half-an-hour to the most persuasive eloquence.

But later the length of sermons increased, until the middle of the seventeenth century, when the Puritan preachers inflicted discourses of two hours or more in duration on their hearers. To regulate these enthusiastic talkers, hour glasses were placed on the desks of their pulpits, some churches being provided with half-hour glasses also.

Sir Roger L'Estrange tells an interesting story of a parish clerk who had sat patiently under a preacher "till he was three-quarters through his second glass," and the auditory had slowly withdrawn, tired out by his posing. The clerk then rose at a convenient moment in the sermon, and calmly requested, "when he had done," if he would be pleased to close the church door, "and push the key under it, as he himself and the few that remained were about to retire."

Many humorous stories originated from the use of the pulpit hour-glass. There is a print of Hugh Peters preaching, holding up the hour-glass as he utters the words, "I know you are good fellows, so let's have another glass." A similar story is told of the Rev. Daniel Burgess. That celebrated Nonconformist, was at one time declaiming with a great vehemence against the sin of drunkenness, and in his ardour had fairly allowed the hour-glass to run out before bringing his discourse to a conclusion. Unable to arrest himself in the midst of his eloquence, he reversed the monitory horologe, and exclaimed, "Brethren, I have somewhat more to say on the nature and consequences of drunkenness, so let's have the other glass—and then!"—the usual phrase adopted at protracted sittings.

The same phrase was also applied in still more piquant manner by a Scotch divine, who was entertained at the table of one of the Earls of Airlie. The glass circulated, perhaps, too freely; and whenever the minister attempted to rise, his lordship prevented him, saying: "Another glass—and then!" The next day the reverend gentleman having to preach before the commissioner, he selected a text "The wicked shall be punished, and right *airily!*" Inspired by the subject, he was by no means sparing of his oratory, and the hour-glass was disregarded, although he was repeatedly warned by the precentor, who, in common with Lord Airlie, thought the discourse rather lengthy. But the latter soon knew why he was punished by the reverend gentleman, whenever he turned up the hour-glass exclaiming: "Another glass—and then!"

## A GREAT THOUGHT.

*If you desire a serene and happy life, learn to live by the day.*

*Do not think of life as a long, tiresome journey. Or as some vague phantasy to run after, to grow tired of, to keep pace with step by step.*

*There are really no lengthy stretches. Life does not come to us all at once.*

*We have to-day. And then we have to-morrow.*

*"Do to-day's duty and do not distract yourself by looking forward to the things you cannot see, and could not understand if you could see them."*

*To live by the day! One can carry his heavy burden until dusk. One can work, however difficult, until night comes. One can live usefully, calmly and patiently until the sun sets.*

*And this means—just one little day!*

*God gives us the nights to close our days.*

*If we can learn to live our lives from day to day we will find the secret of living a good, happy and beautiful life.*

## TELL HIM.

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,  
If you like him, or love him, *tell him now*,  
Don't withhold your approbation till the parson makes oration,  
And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow;  
For no matter how you shout it, he won't really care about it;  
He won't know how many teardrops you have shed;  
If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it to him,  
*For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead!*

More than fame and more than money is the comment kind and sunny,

And the hearty warm approval of a friend.  
For it gives to life a savour, and it makes you stronger, braver,  
And it gives you heart and spirit to the end.  
If he earns your praise, *bestow it*; if you like him, *let him know it*;  
Let the words of true encouragement be said;  
Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover,  
*For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.*

## CANNED BEERS.



This excellent display of H. & G. Simonds' canned beers attracted much attention recently in the window of Arthur S. Cooper, Market Place, Reading.

[Reproduced by courtesy of the "Evening Graphic,"

## LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

The 1936 curtain falls with memories of a most enjoyable season. Although membership was much smaller this year, our tennis has shown a decided improvement and in meeting old friends again and making new ones the season must be written down as the best ever.

It is pleasing to report that, in playing eleven matches, we were successful in five, viz., against Huntley & Palmers (twice), The Queen's Bays (twice) and Reading Aerodrome. Beaten by Courages (Alton) and Beechwood (twice) and Suttons, we managed to force a draw in the away fixture with the Aerodrome. May we all meet again next season.

The Annual Singles Tournaments, for cups presented by L. A. Simonds, Esq., and R. St. J. Quarry, Esq., have produced thrilling games and some brilliant tennis has been witnessed.

The ladies' final was played between Mrs. T. H. May and Mrs. R. Huddy and resulted in a win for Mrs. May in two sets, 6-3, 6-1, and the play seen was well worthy of a final. Congratulations Mrs. May.

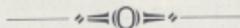
Owing to weather conditions the men's final was staged at the "Grosvenor House" and Mr. C. H. Perrin and Mr. C. L. Langton were the survivors from the previous rounds. Mr. Perrin, in sparkling form, soon took the first set 6-love, but the second was a terrific struggle and it was not until 18 games had been played that Mr. Perrin retired victorious by 10-8, thus retaining his title of Singles Champion for another year. Three times in four years is a great record. Congratulations again Mr. Perrin—and congratulations to you, Mr. Langton on reaching the final.

On behalf of the members of our Club may I say "Thank you" to all who helped to make the season so enjoyable and successful, particularly to Mr. C. E. Gough for his kindness in allowing us the use of the marquee, tables, etc., and to the ladies for the teas.

## DANCE.

Our annual dance will be held at Palm Lodge on Tuesday, 1st December next, from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Tickets, 2/-, can be obtained from any member of the Club.

R.H.



## SLOUGH AND DISTRICT GAMES LEAGUE.

## CONCERT AND PRESENTATION OF PRIZES.

The annual concert and presentation of trophies in the Slough and District Inter-Club Games League was held at the Slough Working Men's Social Club. Major S. V. Shea-Simonds (Chairman of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.) was in the chair, and he was supported by Mr. L. Gray (of Messrs. Courage and Co.), in the vice-chair, Mr. W. Bowyer (Reading), Mr. G. B. Grove (Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Slough and District representative), Mr. H. Parry (chairman of the League), Mr. H. Shand (hon. secretary), Messrs. H. Maisey, J. N. Huggins, H. Beesley, C. Hawkins, N. J. Falkner and G. Selby.

Musical items were rendered by Mr. R. Bruce, a well-known local singer, and members of the various clubs in the League.

Major S. V. Shea-Simonds submitted the toast of "The King," and spoke in eulogistic terms of His Majesty's great work in the world. The toast was drunk with the utmost enthusiasm.

The Chairman also proposed "Success to the League" and emphasised the fact that in order to achieve success the team spirit was as necessary in play as in work. Mr. H. Parry responded to the toast.

The premier award of the "Simonds Cup" was presented by Major S. V. Shea-Simonds to the Windsor Gas Works Social Club and accepted by Mr. H. Massey, who appealed to clubs outside the League to join and bring the League back to its original strength.

Mr. L. Gray, on behalf of Messrs. Courage and Co., presented the runners-up with the "Courage Shield." Mr. H. Beesley accepted the trophy on behalf of the Slough Working Men's Club, and congratulated the Windsor Gas Works Club on wresting the cup from them. His club was pleased to see the trophy travel round. He thought perhaps a number of clubs had dropped out because the cup seemed to be doomed to a perpetual stay in one club. Windsor Gas Workers had proved that it could go round, and he hoped that the fact would tend to put new life into the League.

About 120 attended the smoking concert and thoroughly enjoyed the excellent programme provided.

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**STILL THE BEST.**

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### WELL-KNOWN FAMILY OF FARMERS.

The photograph opposite was taken at the recent Wokingham Agricultural Show, the President of which was J. H. Simonds, Esq., J.P., Vice-Chairman of the Board of Directors of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. The Show was held on land owned by the President, viz., Newlands Farm, Arborfield, the tenant of which is Mr. Ernest Bowyer. The group will prove of great interest generally and particularly in agricultural circles. Each gentleman in the picture farms within eight miles of Reading, a record that must be unique. They are cousins of our Home Trade Manager (Mr. W. Bowyer) and all are customers of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., believing that Beer is Best where hard work and long hours are concerned.

Mr. William Bowyer, the father of these five stalwart sons, was at Murrell Green Farm, Hurst, for many years.

Left to right in the picture are Mr. John Bowyer (aged 75) of Loddon Court Farm; Mr. Henry Bowyer (71), Ashridge Farm; Mr. Charles Bowyer (68), Bean Oak Farm; Mr. Ernest Bowyer (65), Newlands Farm; and Mr. Arthur Bowyer (61), Clarke's Farm.

Next year three point-to-point meetings will be held in March at Ashridge Farm, always a popular venue for these sporting events.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Fly specks. To remove from gilt frames, ornaments, and so on, sponge with alcohol or lemon juice, and wipe with a chamois. Another method is to rub with white of egg on a clean duster, and polish afterwards.

Ink stains. Tomato juice applied at once is very effective. Or put the stained part of the article into a shallow dish of milk or milk and lemon juice, and allow to soak a few hours, then wash and hang out, preferably in sun. This is only suitable for white or light articles.

Grease spots on wall paper can often be removed by plastering with a creamy paste of pipe-clay, and leaving it so for 24 hours, afterwards brushing off with a clean rough duster. It may be necessary to repeat the performance.

## A SCOTTISH LAMENT.

*Some holiday afterthoughts of a Scottish visitor to Shinfield on his return to his native land.*

We're back once more from Southern lands,  
 To work again we're shackled.  
 And oft our memory takes us back  
 To all those PINTS we tackled.  
 Oh, let the goodly BITTER flow.  
 Oh, let the BEER run free.  
 Come, lay a pipe from Reading Town  
 Right up to Auld Dundee.  
 For SIMONDS is a likely brew ;  
 It strengthens up the system.  
 The yeast, the malt, the hops therein,  
 This past week how I've missed them !  
 If you should want some Shortie sent,  
 Some Scones, or Pies or Farrells,  
 I'll gladly barter them with you  
 For one of SIMONDS' barrels.  
 The village inn, the social throng  
 That congregate together,  
 Discussing prices, beef and milk,  
 The harvest and the weather.  
 The landlord stands behind the bar,  
 Well known for miles around.  
 A right good genial host is he,  
 None better can be found.  
 And when he takes his cue in hand  
 To play at billiards (bar)  
 The cheers that greet his skilful breaks  
 Are heard both near and far.  
 Now woe is me, so far away from all this wholesome fun.  
 But I'll be back again some day  
 To drink a glass, to kiss a lass,  
 To feel at last I've something yet to come.

R.H.M.,

Dundee, Angus,

October, 1936.

Shortie=Shortbread ; Farrells=Oatcakes.

## BEER IS BEST.



Above are two of the competitors in a Fancy Dress Parade recently held at the Robin Hood, London Road, Newbury.

The Bookmaker is Mr. E. Fletcher, of Skylings, London Road, and the Champion Jockey is Mr. W. Frankum, also of Skylings. He is a lightweight (15 stone 10 lbs.). We were able to subscribe 8/- to the Hospital as a result of the little parade and incidentally had quite a good time amongst ourselves, adds our correspondent.

### WEDDING OF MR. R. A. R. BRADFORD AND MISS OLIVE ANGLISS.

The above ceremony took place at Caversham on Thursday, October 8th, and was conducted by the Rev. F. J. Bushby Quine.

The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Bradford, of Mayfair, Shinfield Road, Reading, and is Second Brewer at the Tamar Brewery, Devonport. The bride is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Angliss, of Norbury, Upper Woodcote Road, Caversham.

Presumably due to the early habits of the bridegroom and the carrying out of the honeymoon arrangements, the service commenced at 9 a.m. Despite the early hour, there was a good attendance of relatives and friends, including a contingent of Reading School Old Boys.

The bride, who was very becomingly attired in a turquoise-blue ensemble, carried a bouquet of pink carnations; special decorations in the church, arranged by the bride, also consisted of the same choice blooms.

Numerous handsome and valuable presents were received, including gifts from the Brewery staffs at Reading and Devonport, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Gough, and other prominent local people at Reading and Plymouth.

### BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

For all of us October has been a busy month and it seemed from a weather point of view it tried to make up for some of the shortcomings of the past summer.

Sympathy has been expressed to Mr. W. Plant in the loss of his mother and Mr. L. E. Browne in the death of his grandmother, both of these gentlemen being well known members of our staff.

I am assured the following is true. One evening, in what is known in the district as the "Cherry Country," when the cherries were ripe, a Fire Brigade party, complete with fire escape, after one of their practice nights, called at a certain country pub (not one of H. & G. Simonds). They asked the landlord if they could help themselves to some cherries and he replied "Yes," and the Brigade did so with the aid of the fire escape. You can imagine

the surprise of the landlord, when a few nights later, another Fire Brigade party (from quite a distance) arrived, complete with fire escape, to pick cherries, and they DID.

An old servant of the Firm, John Hart, died on the 30th October at the age of 89. Mr. Hart joined the Firm in 1871 and retired in 1921 when he was presented with a clock in recognition of his long service. From 1921 he had been a pensioner of the Firm, and up to a few years ago used to come to the Brewery every Friday. In reply to the question as to how he was, his usual reply was, "Very middling." When the King, then Prince of Wales, visited the Brewery some years ago, Mr. Hart, with other pensioners, was invited to the Brewery and there shook hands with the King. Our sincere sympathy is hereby extended to his relatives in their loss.

The coming of age, viz., the twenty-first "cycle" of the H. & G. Simonds' Savings Association has recently commenced and should anyone reading this wish to join will they please communicate with Mr. A. H. Hopkins, the Hon. Secretary, forthwith and he will supply full details. A "cycle" consists of thirty weeks and multiples of 6d. and upwards are contributed by the members each week. The number of certificates being subscribed for (so far) in this new "cycle" is 346, and the general average for the last few "cycles" is round about this figure. During the life of the H. & G. Simonds' Saving Association (it was started in 1924) almost 5,500 certificates have been subscribed for, a splendid number.

So far the football team at Reading has by no means pleased the supporters and to say the least of it the form displayed has not been what was expected. The same team with very few differences was at the top of the League this time last season and now are tenth. We are hoping the players will soon run into form for the cup ties will be coming along very shortly.

The Brewery First Eleven started off (judging by results) very poorly, but with three consecutive wins are making up for lost time and lost points. I hope they will continue their "winning ways," and I know no one will be more pleased than their enthusiastic Secretary, Mr. F. Pusey, who has been quite a good player and referee of note.

Did you hear on the wireless not so very long ago, when mentioning that the Brewers' Exhibition was taking place, the announcer stated canned beers were on show for the first time in this country? By the way, have you tried a can of "S.B." yet? According to a newspaper, eighteen different brewers in Great Britain are now canning beers.

Recent news of Mr. F. Kimpton is reassuring and we all hope he will make a complete recovery and regain his normal state of health.

Mr. M. F. Rickards is now on the Travelling Staff and is operating in the Farnborough, etc., district.

Mr. G. Poole, a popular member of the General Office for a good number of years, has been transferred to the Catering Department Staff, where we all wish him every success.

#### CHANGES OF TENANTS.

The following changes and transfers have taken place recently, and to all we wish every success:—

- The Duke's Head, Henley-on-Thames (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. A. H. Gladwish.
- The Bolton Arms, Old Basing (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. E. Fuller.
- The Black Prince, Princes Risborough—Now under management of the Catering Department.
- The Queen, Blackwater (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. Lancaster.
- The Bacon Arms, Newbury—Now under management of the Catering Department.
- The Royal Oak, Slough (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. T. Street.
- The Swan Inn, Three Mile Cross (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. S. R. Beven.
- The Jolly Anglers, Yiewsley (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. J. W. Brench.
- The Pheasant, Shefford Woodlands (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. F. Britton.
- The Duke of Wellington, Hatton (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. W. Webb.

#### DEATHS.

During the past month deaths have taken place as mentioned below, and to all relatives we extend our sincere sympathy.

Mrs. Marr, wife of our tenant at the Royal Exchange, Wokingham.

Mr. Thomas Lake, who had been tenant of the Duke of Cambridge, Windsor, for nearly six years and tenant of the Duke's Head, Henley-on-Thames for over three years.

## A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

### THE LAST OF THE SWALLOWS.

CROW V. KESTREL.

The weather certainly provides us with a good variety show. On Sunday, October 25th, I went for my usual early morning walk when the meadows were white with frost. In the early afternoon I saw an Admiral and a Tortoiseshell butterfly, while in the evening batmice were busy hawking for flies. As late as Friday, October 23rd, I noticed fifteen swallows. They suddenly appeared high in the air and as suddenly they descended, took a drink on the wing from the river, rested awhile on some trees, and then off they went again, no doubt en route for Africa.

On Tuesday, November 3rd, I saw five martins and on Friday 13th, two martins, but have observed none of the swallow tribe since.

### WINTER ARRIVALS.

Come and go, ebb and flow—that is what is always happening in the realm of Nature. Only a few days after seeing the last swallows I was greeted by a large company of redpolls—there must have been a couple of score of them, charming little birds with their suits of red and white and brown. They affect alder trees and are by no means particular what attitude they assume when taking their food for they may often be seen feeding upside down! Redpolls congregate in small flocks and their merry twitterings are always a delight to the ear.

### OMNIVOROUS FEEDERS.

Another sign of approaching winter is the arrival of numerous seagulls. They are omnivorous feeders and do a great deal of good on such rivers as the Thames, where they act as scavengers, clearing away a mass of dead animal matter. Little comes amiss to the gull and on one occasion I remember seeing one of these birds rob a little grebe of the fish that he had just very cleverly caught.

### BIG BATTALIONS OF BIRDS.

Yes, the swallows have gone, while redwings, redpolls, gulls, fieldfares, etc., have arrived. The leaves are falling fast, forming a golden carpet on which to tread, peewits and pigeons, larks, starlings and chaffinches are forming themselves into big battalions, and there are many other signs that winter is at hand.

## CROW V. KESTREL.

I often watch with delight the skilful aerial evolutions of the kestrel. Recently a crow took objection to one of these hawks hovering over what the crow evidently looked upon as his preserves. He made an angry dash at the kestrel, who seemed to evade him with the utmost ease. But the old crow was not to be done and for about ten minutes continued the attack. Once they appeared to be locked together in deadly combat and both still "in the clinch," as boxers say, were dropping from on high to earth like a stone when suddenly the hawk broke away, swept through the air like an arrow and was soon out of sight. I wondered whether he was getting the worse of the argument, for crows are as crafty as they are cruel. In any case, this crow drove away the intruder.

By the way, kestrels have enormous appetites and the crow of one that was shot contained 79 caterpillars, 24 beetles, a full-grown field mouse and a leech—some meal! And yet it proves that the kestrel does a vast amount of good even if his menu does occasionally include a little partridge or pheasant.

## A CLEAN LITTLE KINGFISHER.

While enjoying a day's fishing from a punt in the Thames recently, a kingfisher came and perched on a tree quite close to me. My creel was almost empty—I had had two bites and one fish in four hours, and I quite expected that this bird of brilliant amber and blue had come to show me the way to find them. Down he dived, but without result, and a few minutes later he went under the water again. Still his beak was empty. The process was repeated about half a dozen times, but no little member of the finny tribe had fallen a victim. I thought to myself that the kingfisher angler was having about as lean a time as I with regard to the number of fish taken. But closer observation proved that the bird was not fishing at all; he was just having a bathe. He preened his feathers thoroughly and I should think hardly one had been passed over by the time he had finished his toilet. He certainly looked extremely spick and span. Perhaps he was going to take his best girl to the pictures!

The weight of my creel matters little to me, though to see your roach float dip occasionally or have a "run" with a ferocious pike adds to the pleasure of these delightful days.

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**H. & G. Simonds' Tennis Club.**


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**Dance**

at

**Palm Lodge.**

on

**Tuesday, December 1st, 1936.**

8 p.m. to 2 a.m.

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**The Commanders Orchestra.**


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Prizes for Lucky Spots.

Novelty Competitions.

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**Tickets, 2/=**
**At the Door, 2/6**


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Rights of admission reserved.

Dress Optional.



Above is a photograph of Mr. J. M. Reed, the oldest member of the Conservative Club, Tilehurst. He is a valuable member of the Committee and is known to the members as "Daddy." The picture was taken at the Pets Corner of the Zoo, Regent's Park, London.

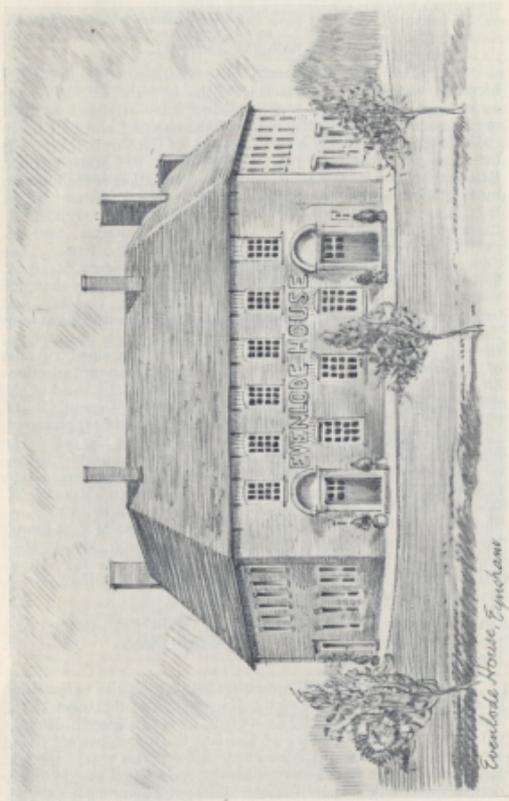
#### THE EVENLODE HOUSE, EYNESHAM, OXFORDSHIRE.

At Evenlode House you can obtain the best of food and drink under ideal conditions, for the interior of the hotel is luxuriously furnished. The house is named after the Evenlode river. Six miles from Oxford, Evenlode House is on the borders of the Cotswold country, famed for its old-world villages. Here you will find the most modern accommodation with every comfort and convenience. There are spacious bars, and open-air refreshments are served from a special counter opening direct on the garden.

Ample garage accommodation is provided for the motorist, also petrol pumps and a spacious free parking ground.

The proprietors, H. & G. Simonds Ltd., supply their world-famed brands of beers, etc.

#### EVENLODE HOUSE, EYNESHAM.



The above is a sketch by Vulcan Press (The R. A. P. Co., Ltd.), London, E.C.4, and is reproduced by their kind permission.

## BASINGSTOKE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' ASSOCIATION.

## THIRD BANQUET AND BALL.

Again we may compliment the Basingstoke and District Licensed Victuallers' Association on the brilliant success of the social function which, for the third time, they arranged for their members and friends in the shape of the banquet and ball which took place on Thursday, November 5th, at the Town Hall. The President this year is Mr. F. W. Sweetman, the Station Hotel, Basingstoke, and he was assisted in the organisation of the function by the following officers and Committee:—Vice-Chairman, Mr. F. Dowling; hon. treasurer, Mr. L. Smith; hon. secretary, Mr. T. Lawrence; Committee, Messrs. J. Jarvis, F. Whiterow, E. Freemantle, A. Francis, T. Berry, E. Leavey, and Mrs. Faiers. The Committee were greatly indebted to last year's President, Mr. F. A. Simonds, for the generous help he afforded in more ways than one towards bringing the function to a successful issue. The stage was handsomely adorned with a group of glorious chrysanthemums from Audleys Wood, and Mr. Simonds added to this kindness by supplying the very attractive souvenir programmes, which contained portraits of Mr. Sweetman and his predecessor. During the banquet selections of music were played by the orchestral section of the band of the Royal Military College, by permission of Major-General B. D. Fisher, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and these were very highly appreciated, as was also their programme of dance music during the ball. The number of guests was 140, just enough to be comfortably accommodated in the hall. Among the President's supporters at the high table were: The Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Webber), Mrs. Sweetman, Mr. Patrick Donner, M.P., Mr. F. A. Simonds, Mrs. G. Smith, Captain V. E. H. Langford, M.C. (a former President), Miss Fanstone, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. T. Ross Scott, Mr. W. Bowyer, Mr. W. H. Davis, Mr. W. E. Loe, Mr. G. Passant, Mr. E. Greenhill, Mr. R. Blatch, Mr. H. J. Gifford, Mr. J. Harrison and Mr. H. Leavers.

The caterer was Mr. Weaver, of the Kiosk Cafe, Basingstoke, whose comprehensive menu and excellent service merited the highest commendation.

After the company had demonstrated their loyalty to the King, Queen Mary, and the rest of the Royal Family, the toast of the Association was proposed by Captain V. E. H. Langford. He first paid tribute to the memory of the late Chairman, his old friend Mr. George Smith, who passed away early in the year. He said Mr. Smith came to Basingstoke when this Association was decidedly dormant and he put it on its feet. Two years ago he got together a gathering similar to this when he (the speaker) had the honour of

being President. Mr. Sweetman was carrying on the good work. It had been said that it was a pity that a President could not have been drawn from the wholesale trade, but his personal experience was that when a retailer had taken the office he had made a wonderful success of it, getting financial support from the wholesalers and from friends in the Association. Mr. Sweetman needed all the support they could give him. The membership was not what he would like it to be, and he would suggest that the members should put in a word for the Association among their friends in the trade who were not at present members and get them to join. The Association had to look after their own interests—that was what it was for—individually and collectively, and he hoped the members would give their President all possible support.

The President, in responding, said he wanted to impress on those present the great need there was for trade protection. They were met to-night in a festive spirit and were enjoying themselves, but this was not the essence of their work. Some of them were always at it, but they wanted all who were in the trade to work together unitedly. One thing they were coming to gradually and surely, and that was more unity between the retailers and the wholesalers. He felt that the interest that was taken by the wholesalers in his presidency was helping towards that unity. They were working together in a friendly spirit for one purpose, and that was to further the interests of the trade in general. (Hear, hear). There was a tendency for some people who had the most money to get the best houses, but in his opinion it was not the man with the most money who made the best licensee, but the man with most experience in the trade. They were still struggling, as they always had been, to make a profit, and his advice was that if they made a profit they should re-invest it in their business for the benefit of their customers and the trade in general. Up to a point they were guardians of the social life of a fairly big public. When Tom, Dick and Harry came into the bar they wanted to treat them as friends, as they were treating their guests to-night. They had to retail the beer, pay the brewers, and look after their customers. He wanted to say a word about the heavy taxation the trade had to stand. They had tried hard to get a reduction of at least 25 per cent. of the licence duty, but owing to the way assessments had gone up, even if they got that 25 per cent. reduction, they would be just as bad off. He wanted to ask their Member of Parliament to help them as much as he could, and they would be very thankful for any little help he could give them.

Mr. T. Ross Scott (Smith's Crisps) proposed the toast of the Houses of Parliament, (compluding with it the name of Mr. Patrick Donner, M.P. He said he had not had the pleasure of meeting the Member for this division until he came to this table to-night, but

he knew the colour of his politics, and that seemed to be a good omen. They were promised in the King's Speech that at long last a Bill was to be introduced to deal with bogus clubs. He hoped that when the Home Secretary brought in this Bill the Member for the Basingstoke division would be able to give it support. Considering the many millions of pounds that would be required for a new Army, a new Navy, and a new Air Force, it was perhaps too much to ask for all the reductions which the licensed trade ought to have and which were long overdue. They asked Parliament to trust the people of this country and to allow them to drink what they liked, when they liked, and where they liked within reasonable limits.

Mr. Patrick Donner responded to the toast.

Mr. Horace Leavers (National Trade Defence Association) proposed the toast of the Wholesale Trade. He acknowledged the help given by the wholesalers and the allied trades in the matter of trade defence, and said they were highly honoured in having with them to-night Mr. Simonds, the immediate past President of the Association, who was also a past Chairman of the Brewers' Society. They were also pleased to see Captain Langford, also a past President of the Association. He hoped that Mr. Donner realised the amount of work which was put in by the wholesale and retail trade on his behalf during the election, and that when Mr. Donner got a note from him asking him for his support in the House of Commons on matters connected with the trade he would treat the matter seriously and consider those in his constituency who helped to put him into Parliament. Coupled with the toast was the name of Mr. W. E. Loe (Courage, Ltd.).

Mr. Loe said he believed he was the oldest member of the trade, both wholesale and retail, who was connected with Basingstoke. He would like to have seen Mr. Harvey, of John May and Co., Ltd., here. There was never a time when unity between the wholesalers and retailers was more necessary than it was to-day. Every retailer ought to be a member of his district association. It was, in his opinion, most unfair that only 5 per cent. of the retailers should pay into the fund for conducting cases before the local Bench and applications for an extension of hours while the others sat at home and did nothing. Mr. Loe called attention to the overlapping of the areas of some of the local associations, which he thought meant a loss of membership, and he suggested that the associations should get together and arrange to hand over little bits of their districts to the Basingstoke Association. The membership should be far greater and their applications to the local Benches for extension of hours would have more weight if they were able to say that their Association represented all the retailers in their district.

Mr. C. Thimbleby (Wheatshaf Hotel, North Waltham) proposed the toast of the Mayor and Corporation. Although he was in the rural district, which had been granted a half-hour's extension in the summer, he would ask the Mayor to stick up for the licensed victuallers in the borough when they asked for a similar extension, for, as Sir George Jeffreys, the Chairman of the County Bench, had pointed out, it was anomalous that the conditions should not be the same both in the borough and in the rural district.

The Mayor, responding, said it was gratifying to find that the same cordial reception had been given to this toast as to that of the Houses of Parliament, and it was also gratifying to find those present had such a cordial feeling towards the Corporation, who made them pay rates, as well as to the Houses of Parliament, who made them pay taxes. He could only assume that they regarded it as the lesser of two evils, and felt that if they turned out their present representatives they might find themselves still worse off. This Association had been very considerate in arranging two of their annual dinners during his year of office, the last having taken place two days after he became Mayor and the present one was being held two days before he ceased to be Mayor. He thought they had a very good Council, judging by the low rates, and he did not think they could have one that would be more economical. He thought that in the past the Council had combined economy with efficiency. He hoped they would be able to keep the rates as low as they were at present. He was afraid they would not, but they would try.

Mr. T. Lawrence, hon. secretary of the Association, proposed the toast of the Ladies and Visitors.

Mr. F. A. Simonds, who responded for the Visitors, expressed regret at the absence of Mrs. N. Lanham, who was to have responded to this toast. He said he hoped the Mayor would feel that they were justified in clamouring for a bigger Town Hall, so that they could welcome more visitors, as many could not be here to-night because there was not enough room. As a brewer he could not help feeling that Mr. Sweetman struck a happy note when he asked the brewers to take tenants who had experience in the trade as well as money. He had always tried to get tenants with both qualifications. He thought Mr. Sweetman was also correct in suggesting that tenants should put profits back into their houses and not spend them in going to races and then ask the brewer to put their houses in order!

Mr. H. Robinson (a member of the Council of the Licensed Victuallers' Defence League of England and Wales) proposed the health of the President. They had all seen how capable Mr. Sweetman was of carrying out the high office of president at this

banquet, and they were proud of him. The President would have a far easier task if every retailer in the district was a member of the Association. In Southampton they had a membership of 95 per cent. and when they demanded an extra half-hour all the year round they got it. He hoped the Mayor would impress on the new Mayor that it was essential that the public should be granted that extra half-hour.

The toast was very cordially received, the company rising to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow," after which they gave three cheers for Mr. Sweetman and one for Mrs. Sweetman. In responding, the President said he had been greatly helped in making arrangements for this banquet both by his Committee and by members of the wholesale trade. He should like to thank them all, and particularly Mr. Simonds, who had been so kind as to give favours to the ladies, besides presenting the programmes and providing the decorations for the hall. (Applause). That coming from a President who did so much for them last year, was very wonderful and their thanks were due to him most immensely. He should also like to thank John May and Co., Ltd., for a handsome donation and Mr. Rowntree for sending chocolates for the ladies. He hoped the ladies would go home feeling that the licensed victuallers were not a bad lot, and look forward to meeting them again in the same happy circumstances.

The room was then cleared for the dance that was to follow.

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**Doctors say :**

SMOKES AFTER DINNER

BUT DRINK **S** **B** FOR DINNER

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## WORDS OF WISDOM.

It matters little how we are judged by men, and especially by men who judge of matters before they understand them.

How slow the real progress of the world is, after all! Men are constantly striving to find out all that they don't know, and as constantly forgetting a great deal of what they have already learned.

Scatter your kind words broadcast. They are among the best alms you will ever be privileged to give to anybody.

All men are brothers and as such need one another in the vicissitudes, the joys and pains, the triumphs and losses that they meet with.

Let's always be kind to people who are down on their luck, and then when we are kind, let's be a little kinder.

Be gentle and kind with everyone and severe with yourself.

A few books well studied and thoroughly digested nourish the understanding more than hundreds but gargled in the mouth.

Those who never retract their opinions love themselves more than the truth.

No one ever made his life longer by going to bed late.

The way the will becomes strong is by doing small things you have made up your mind to do, however much you do not want to do them at the time.

Let us not confound heroic attitudes with heroic acts. A little thing well done is better than mighty things planned and never accomplished.

We should be prepared to fight if we desire to gain victory.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"What do you want?" asked the chairman of the village concert.

"Well," answered the local constable, "somebody phoned to the police station to say Schubert was being murdered 'ere."

\* \* \*

An employer was compelled by a trade union to raise the wages of certain of his employees by ten shillings a week. He called his employees together and told them that in future he would fine them half-a-crown every time they were a minute late.

"And," he added, "if you're not a minute late four times a week you're fired."

\* \* \*

"I have been twitted with being a turncoat," exclaimed the street-corner orator.

"Years ago, I admit, I supported the other party. Then I had a reason, but now, gentlemen, I have lost my reason."

\* \* \*

A six-weeks-old calf was nibbling at the grass in the yard, and was viewed in silence for some minutes by the city girl.

"Tell me," she said, turning impulsively to her hostess, "does it really pay you to keep as small a cow as that?"

\* \* \*

"Waiter, bring me some ale."

"Pale, sir?"

"No, just a glass."

\* \* \*

JOHNNY: "What is a brick hod used for, daddy?"

FATHER: "Why, for carrying bricks, of course. You should know that. It explains itself."

JOHNNY (*after a moment's silence*): "Then I suppose a tripod is used for carrying tripe?"

\* \* \*

FIRST BOY: "My father was a great man; he dug the Mississippi River and threw the dirt out and made the Rocky Mountains."

SECOND BOY: "That's nothing; you know the Dead Sea—well, my father killed it."

\* \* \*

APPLICANT: "Am I bright? Why, I've won several magazine puzzle contests."

EMPLOYER: "Yes, but I need a boy who is smart during business hours."

APPLICANT: "Well, this was during business hours."

\* \* \*

The officials who engage men for a certain Government Department have one of those highly scientific intelligence tests to which every candidate is subjected. Up to a few days ago, these tests included a couple of catch questions—the kind that couldn't be answered. You proved you had brains by not trying to answer them. All went according to plan until a University graduate turned up for the exams. He was asked the two questions—and to the horror of the scientists he answered them both. Here they are, with his answers:

"How long," read the question, "is a piece of string?"

"A piece of string," said the bright boy, "is twice the distance between the centre and either end." Think that one over!

"How far," read the second question, "can a dog run into the woods?"

To which the young Oxonian answered: "A dog can run only half-way into the woods. After that, he is running out of the woods."

\* \* \*

PARSON (*to Mrs. Kelly*): "That's a fine boy you have. He'll do for a policeman one of these days."

MRS. KELLY (*smiling*): "He will that. He nearly did for two last night."

\* \* \*

ROBINSON: "I hear you fell out with the bank."

JACKSON: "Yes, I lost my balance!"

The new assistant at the seed shop was having a harassing time. Someone had ordered a packet of potato seed, and he had spent two hours looking for them, without success. At last he asked the boss about them.

"You idiot," roared the boss. "Potatoes are not grown from seed. You've been having your leg pulled."

Ten minutes later a customer entered the shop and asked for some bird seed. To his surprise the assistant wagged a finger at him. "Go on," he said, "I can't be fooled twice. Birds are hatched out of eggs, not seed."

\* \* \* \*

An old darky who worked on a plantation was walking along a dusty road talking to himself in earnest.

"Hey there, Uncle Henry, why are you talking to yourself?"

The darky laid down his sack and scratched his white hair with the tip of his finger.

"Fust," he replied; "fust, I like to hear a smart man talk; and, next, I like to talk to a smart man."

\* \* \* \*

"My wife's learning the piano, and my daughter the violin."

"And you—what are you learning?"

"To suffer in silence."

\* \* \* \*

POSTMAN: "You can't imagine how many letters are put in the pillar box without addresses."

PROFESSOR: "But I never got a letter without an address."

\* \* \* \*

BENEVOLENT VISITOR: "Do any of your friends ever come to see you here?"

CONVICT: "No, ma'am, they're all here with me."

\* \* \* \*

"Surely somebody's shouting 'Man overboard!'?"

"There! It must be that nice, obliging steward. I heard the captain tell him to go and drown himself."

"Heavens!" said the passenger, as the bus got out of control. "I hope we don't hit anything."

"I do," said the driver. "The road ends at a cliff further along."

\* \* \* \*

HIKER: "I'm planning a walking tour."

BIKER: "Wandering in your mind, eh?"

\* \* \* \*

"Has your wife changed very much since you married her?"

"Yes, my habits, my friends, and my hours."

\* \* \* \*

LANDLORD (*to a would-be tenant*): "But are you really quiet people?"

"Yes. I can promise you that. You won't be aware of our coming and going at all."

\* \* \* \*

"Now, boys," said the schoolmaster, "supposing mother has five children, and there are only four potatoes to divide amongst them. She wants to give each child an equal share. How is she going to manage?"

Silence reigned in the room. At last one little boy put up his hand.

"Well, Tommy, what would you do?" asked the teacher.

"Mash the potatoes, sir," was Tommy's prompt reply.

\* \* \* \*

MAID: "No, ma'am, Mrs. Brown is out."

VISITOR: "How fortunate! When I saw her peeping through the curtains as I came up the path I was so afraid she would be in."

\* \* \* \*

"Was it a big cheque you lost?"

"Not very—about the same size as a postcard."

\* \* \* \*

It's no joke being the light of a woman's life. She won't allow you to go out."

They were entertaining the vicar to lunch, and the guest remarked to the small son of the house, "Don't you ever say prayers before your meals, child?"

"Oh, no," said the youngster. "Dad says our cook's pretty reliable."

\* \* \*

"Life is always changing, my dear lady," remarked the grocer as he removed a piece of sugar from the pound that he had weighed. "For instance," he said, "only a few years ago I was a pugilist."

"Yes," replied the customer, "a light weight champion, I presume."

\* \* \*

A teacher asked her pupils if they knew who the Quakers were. "People who live near an active volcano, Miss," called out a little boy, promptly.

\* \* \*

"Don't you miss your husband when he is travelling?"

"Oh, no; I have a wonderful scheme. I prop a newspaper up in front of his plate at breakfast—and I often completely forget that he isn't there."

\* \* \*

"I'll have you know that I belong to London," said the young tourist.

"Deed, an' wha'd hae thoch it?" said the Scotsman. "Frae the way ye've been speaking I thoch London belonged tae you!"

\* \* \*

"Twenty-five years ago people thought he had a distinguished air, and now look at him!"

"Yes, poor old chap! Still, he has a son who seems to think that his father has a distinguished heir!"

\* \* \*

"Then you deny," said the magistrate, "that you were rude to the policeman when he asked to see your licence?"

"Certainly, sir!" replied the motorist. "All I said was that from what I could see of him I was sure his wife would be happier as a widow."

\* \* \*

The uneducated Negro is proverbially as great a liar as he is a simpleton.

George Washington Jackson was accused of stealing a joint from a shop. The main evidence against him was a hat which the butcher said fell off the thief's head as he ran out of the shop when surprised red-handed.

The butcher swore George was the thief, but George's counsel managed to prove an alibi and the charge was dismissed.

George rather spoiled the effect by saying to his lawyer in a loud voice as they were preparing to leave the court: "Now that all the fuss am over, boss, would you kindly ask the judge to give me ma hat back?"

\* \* \*

A benevolent old gentleman, seeing a little tot weeping, went up to it and said, "Now be a good boy and stop your crying."

"I can't!" sobbed the child.

"But why can't you?"

"I can't."

"Well, here's a penny; tell me why you can't be a good boy and stop crying."

"'Cause I'm a girl!"

\* \* \*

"Men are too mean for anything," sighed the young bride.

"What's the trouble now?" asked her best friend.

"Why, I asked John for a car to-day, and he said that I must be content with the splendid carriage that Nature had given me."

\* \* \*

The four-year-old boy, perched on his father's knee in the crowded bus, looked hard at the stout, gaudily-dressed woman as she bustled in and edged herself into the only seat left. Then he turned to his mother.

"Mum," he said, loudly, "it's a lady."

"Hush, dear," said his mother, "we know it is."

The little boy looked puzzled.

"But, mummy," he shrilled, "you just said to dad: 'Whatever's this object coming in?'"

\* \* \*

A man went into a shop to buy a fountain-pen. The young saleswoman gave him one to try, and he covered several sheets of paper with the words, "Tempus Fugit."

The saleswoman offered him another pen. "Perhaps," she said, "you'd like one of these better, Mr. Fugit."

\* \* \*

The long hitter drove too soon from the tee, while an elderly bow-legged member was still playing his second. The drive passed between the latter's legs.

"Sir," he bellowed, when they met later, "that's not golf, confound you."

"I know," replied the long hitter, modestly, "but it's jolly fine croquet."

\* \* \*

The motorist adopted pleading tactics.

"I wish you'd overlook it this time, constable," he said.

"As a matter of fact, I was hurrying to town on very important business."

"'Fraid I can't help that," said the policeman.

"I never drive fast as a rule. But I've got to get to town quickly to see my solicitor——"

"Well," said the policeman, "you'll have a bit more news for him now."

\* \* \*

RASTUS: "Say, Sambo, what time in your life does yo' think yo' was scared de wust?"

SAMBO: "Once when ah wuz callin' on a hen-house an' de farmer come in an' caught me. Boy, wuz ah scared."

RASTUS: "How are yo' shuah dat wuz de worstest yo' evah been scared?"

SAMBO: "'Cause di farmer grab me by de shoulder an' say: 'White boy, what yo' doin' heah?'"

\* \* \*

A man slipped on the moving staircase in a tube station, and started to slide to the bottom. Half-way down, he collided with a woman, knocking her over. Together the two continued to the bottom. When they stopped, the woman, still rather dazed, continued to sit on the man's chest. He looked up at her with an air of resignation.

"Madam," he said, politely, "I'm sorry, but this is as far as I go."

Pat was ill, and as he couldn't go to the factory to draw his wages, his friend Mike volunteered to get them for him and bring the money home in the evening. Later in the day Mike arrived, looking very woebegone.

"Oi've lost your wages, Pat," he said.

"Lost my wages?" cried the sick man in horror.

"Sure Oi have," returned Mike. "An' begorra, Oi believe if Oi'd gone on playing much longer Oi'd have lost me own as well!"

\* \* \*

"I always feel much better after a good cry," said the first young married woman.

"Gets things out of your system, I suppose," replied her friend.

"No," said the first: "but it gets things out of my husband."

\* \* \*

A woman noted for her meanness was engaging a chauffeur.

"Now," she said to the man who was after the job, "let me tell you just what I want. The man I engage must be strong, straight in every way, sharp, tough as steel, an——"

Ah, "madam," said the man, "it's a screw-driver you want, not a motor-driver."

SIMONDS BEER

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## BRANCHES.

## BRISTOL.

VOLUME X.

Now is the time of year for all keen GAZETTE readers to have their monthly copies bound, that is if they have saved them from October, 1935, to September, 1936. For the sum of 3/- a beautifully bound volume in blue and gold is obtainable, embodying a permanent record of the past year's achievements and events, in handy form. Its value as a source of reference from time to time in "Hop Leaf" circles is also very considerable. A few spare copies to make up sets are available, and Bristolians desirous of having their sets bound should forward them to us at The Brewery, Jacob Street, with their name and address plainly written on each parcel, and marked if complete or otherwise. No money should be sent until the bound volume is received.

## THE CITY OF BATH.

The Company's activities in Bath and district are now discernible to even the most unobservant eyes. Signs of "Hop Leaf" progress and care for the public needs are on every hand. Extensive improvements have been, and are still being, carried out to our properties in this area, and both citizens and visitors will find added comfort and improved service wherever the by now famous sign denotes a Simonds' house.

Especially is this so at the Talbot Hotel, St. James Parade, where recent structural improvements have transformed a prominent house into a highly appreciated centre of social service both for young and old. Its club room is particularly in request by the rising generation, and Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hodges are undeniably proud of their new opportunities there. May success be theirs!

Also at the "Red Lion" are Mr. and Mrs. D. Kennedy, whose popularity in local circles is reflected in the smiling faces and cheery atmosphere which one always finds in this Kingsmead resort. To many of the theatrical profession the "Red Lion" is a real haven of rest, and the frequent musical evenings are but one feature of the many gatherings which attract those who appreciate a place where good humour and fellowship are served out with every glass. A real live house this!

These are but two examples of successful endeavour. There are others who are also putting their fullest efforts in the scale towards making Bath and its environs a permanent and valuable link in the Simonds "chain." In the near future we hope to do them justice also—with the Editor's kind permission.

## CONGRATULATIONS!

During the month of October we have had the pleasure of seeing two of our best known Bristol tenants each bring back to

their respective homes a charming partner, who will, we feel sure, in each case give that strong support and personal help to the common cause which should ensure even greater success to the two houses concerned.

In the case of Mr. Gilbert Griffith, of the "Hope and Anchor" Hotel, and Miss M. Cattermole, of the "Queens" Hotel, Frinton-on-Sea, the nuptial knot was tied and the invitations received on one and the same day (ours was, anyway) which certainly made it very snappy, and quite up to the new Redcliffe standard. Our sincere wishes and congratulations to the happy pair.

To the "Gaiety," in quaint old Christmas steps, Mr. Stanley Courtenay brought his blushing bride, Miss Irene Wakefield Stokes, of Bristol, and in their case also we extend our heartiest greetings. With youth at the helm the "Gaiety" should aptly fill the bill with so many of our local friends who appreciate a house which can trace its origin back to the days when Bristol was a very young city and the dreaded press gangs were regular visitors to this quaint old tavern.

A well-known theatrical house this is, too, and worthy of a call at any old time—but mind the steps!

## PORTSMOUTH.

At this year's Annual Banquet and Ball of the Portsmouth, Gosport and District Licensed Victuallers' Protection and Benevolent Society, Mr. Oswald Bertram, Managing Director of Messrs. Booth's Distilleries Ltd., has kindly consented to become the President. The function is to be held on January 18th, 1937. On account of the visit of the National Trade Defence League Conference to Portsmouth in this centenary year of the Society, the banquet and ball usually held in November has been delayed until the New Year. The new President received a deputation from the Society at the offices of Messrs. Booth's Distilleries, Turnmill Street, London. The deputation was headed by the Chairman (Mr. Harold Privett), and included the Immediate Past President (Mr. R. Mewes) and also the Secretary (Mr. G. H. Smart) and most of the members of the Committee, inviting Mr. Bertram to become the President. Mr. Privett stated that the annual banquet and ball of the Portsmouth Licensed Victuallers had become known throughout the Trade as one of first-class importance, not only from the Trade Protection point of view, but also because of its high social standard. He pointed out that the Society celebrated its centenary this year by entertaining the annual conference of the Trade Defence League of England and Wales. That conference was thanks to the enthusiasm of the Committee and the generosity of the Wholesale Trade voted the best ever held by the League. Mr. Oswald Bertram accepted the invitation, and in reply expressed appreciation of the high honour conferred upon

him. He stressed the need for trade protection and congratulated the present members of the Portsmouth Society upon their efforts to maintain the vigour of an institution that had been doing valuable work for a period of 100 years. He hoped, with the co-operation of the Directors and Staff of Booth's Distilleries Ltd., to make the Portsmouth banquet for 1937 as successful as its predecessors. He assured them that every effort would be made to make the function one that was worthy of the unique year in which it was to be held—the coronation year of King Edward.

Sergeants of the Hampshire Regiment, past and present, despite depleted numbers owing to the 1st and 2nd Battalions being on foreign service, held their annual reunion at the Guildhall, Winchester, this year. Past Sergeants arrived at the Depot in the morning and afternoon, being welcomed by Sergeants of the Depot staff and those who are attached to Territorial battalions. As the 2nd Battalion were away the parade was led by the Drum and Fife Band of the 4th (T.) Battalion, whose ranks were augmented by the few drummers and fife players of the Depot. The dinner was ably presided over by R.S.M. G. Greenway (President of the Sergeants' Mess), and amongst the officers present was the Colonel of the Regiment (General Sir Richard Haking, G.B.E., K.C.B., K.C.M.G.). A brief account of the outstanding events in the regiment since the Sergeants last met, was given by R.S.M. Greenway when proposing the Regiment.

At a meeting of Southbourne Conservatives recently held, Mr. C. Goodyer, a well-known local farmer, in giving his views on the milk question, stated that the public were now getting better milk than ever.

"The people can drink milk more freely to-day," he said, "and can be confident that it will do them more good than any other drink in existence—with the exception of beer."

#### THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

A happy ceremony took place here on October 1st, when Mr. R. A. R. Bradford, our Second Brewer, was presented with a suitably inscribed Westminster Chiming Clock, to mark the occasion of his approaching marriage.

Mr. J. E. G. Rowland presenting the clock on behalf of the staff at Tamar and The Brewery, Reading, wished Mr. Bradford health and happiness and added that Mr. Bradford had been his right-hand man for three and a half years and had never let him down; he felt sure that all present would agree that Mr. Bradford would make as good a right-hand to his wife-to-be.

Mr. Bradford in thanking all those who had associated themselves with the gift and good wishes said that both he and his future wife would always look upon the clock as one of their most treasured possessions.

#### QUEEN'S HOTEL, FARNBOROUGH.

##### OPENING NIGHT OF CABARET.

Soft lights, sweet music, a good floor to dance on, and suppers attractively served, proved their magnetic influence at the opening of the cabaret dances in the new ballroom at the Queen's Hotel, Farnborough, early this month. So many people, in fact, were present that accommodation was taxed to the fullest extent.

Many of the guests had dinner in the very charmingly appointed dining room, where the novel "Catherine Wheel" lighting and illuminated cold buffet sideboard were greatly admired, before going on to enjoy the cabaret in the ballroom.

Undoubtedly the cabaret was the highlight of the evening, and when the manager, Mr. G. A. Wright, announced the first turn every seat at the tables was occupied. Coloured spot lighting lent glamour to the scene, and it was in quite a continental atmosphere that Pauline Ward, a flashing little figure in a brief silver sequin costume, made her entrance.

Her tap dancing was very effectively put across, and when she re-appeared later in a fur-trimmed Cossack costume of blue velvet, to give a vigorous Russian dance, she was warmly received.

Marcel and Minka, a very attractive adagio couple, gave a wonderful display of grace and skill.

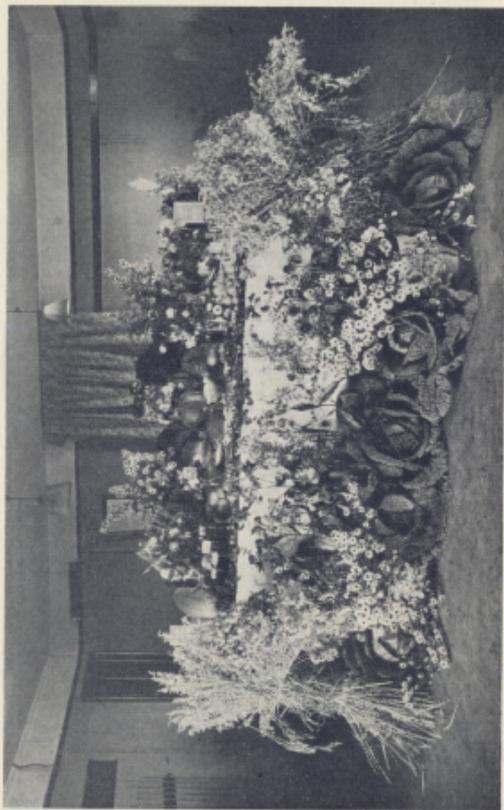
In between turns the rhythmic music of Les Slater and his band, who are resident at the hotel, lured everyone on to the floor in selections of quick-steps, slow foxtrots, rumbas, tangos, and the popular Viennese waltz. Les Slater himself is also an accomplished acrobatic dancer, and his eccentric contortions made him one of the most popular turns of the evening.

#### WOKING.

##### NORMANDY, WANBOROUGH AND DISTRICT SOCIAL CLUB (NEAR GUILDFORD).

With our notes this month we are privileged to reproduce a photograph received from the above Club depicting a scene which we are accustomed to witness in places of worship at this season of the year rather than perhaps in club rooms.

Harvest Thanksgiving Services seldom fail to make their appeal to country folk, and the Normandy, Wanborough and District Social Club is no exception in that respect, for here, in fact, a service is held annually in the club room.



NORMANDY, WANBOROUGH AND DISTRICT SOCIAL CLUB.  
 Photograph of the gifts at the Harvest-Thanksgiving Service held in the Club Room,  
 on Sunday, 11th October, 1936.

As will be seen from the photograph, the billiards table was converted into a temporary altar, and the wealth of gifts, including corn, fruit, flowers, vegetables, etc., which covered the table and surrounding space, was something of which the members might well feel proud, seeing that they contributed the whole of the produce. A special word of thanks is also due to the members' wives who assisted in making such an artistic display.

The Service, which was held at the Club on Sunday, 11th October, was conducted by the Rev. E. Logan Hunter, M.A., Vicar of Normandy.

The gifts were later sent to the Guildford Hospital, and so brought to a conclusion a most successful Harvest Home.

#### BRIGHTON.

In September, after the Territorials from London and elsewhere had finished their training in these parts, Sussex was invaded with regular troops from Aldershot, Dover, Shorncliffe and Shoeburyness, here for the autumn manoeuvres. Amongst these we made many friends, and several in the 3rd Medium Brigade, R.A., who were at Falmer. A photo of a happy group of N.C.O.s. outside their mess tent is reproduced herewith.



3rd Medium, Brigade R.A., Falmer Camp, September, 1936.

Unfortunately, an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease brought the training to an earlier end than planned, but taken on a whole the weather was good for the exercises.

Preston Barracks, built in 1795, in the days when George IV, as Prince of Wales, first came to Brighton, is to be demolished. In its place will rise a new, modern mechanized barracks with accommodation for 100 more men. Work will begin on the demolition in January of next year, and within a few months the new building will be erected.

The new barracks will be of the new Sandhurst type of double-deck building, completely self-contained, and with garages taking the place of the old cavalry stables.

Preston Barracks must rank as one of the oldest in the country, and was first built as a cavalry barracks. Rebuilding of the barracks was followed 22 years later by the erection of the million-pound Royal Pavilion for the Prince Regent (as he was then).

In 1794, after the formation of the Association of Volunteers, Brighton became the centre for huge military camps. As many as 10,000 soldiers were under canvas along the front.

During the Great War, Preston Barracks were used as a cadet training centre. With the coming, last November, of the 32nd Field Brigade of Artillery, the barracks were for the first time the home for a mechanized unit.

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Recently at the West Tarring Working Men's Club, Worthing, Horace Lindrum came down to play three exhibition games of snooker.

In his first game he played against E. W. Sparkes. He got away with three blacks, which Sparkes followed with a 15 break. After that, apart from one or two reds and low colours by Sparkes, Lindrum occupied the table. He finished up leading by 78—31.

Against H. Duval he had runs of 37 and 27, and won by 110 to 10, and in the second frame Duval had only three visits to the table, scoring 8, Lindrum winning by 111 to 8. In the last frame, Lindrum made a break of 77, starting with three consecutive yellows, after which, once he had obtained his position at the top of the table, he scored freely.