

VOL. XII.

NOVEMBER, 1937.

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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.*

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Vol. XII.

NOVEMBER, 1937.

No. 2

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



MR. S. H. SPURLING.

## MR. S. H. SPURLING.

This month we have selected a member of the staff of The Tamar Brewery, Devonport, to figure in our frontispiece and this outline of the business history of Mr. S. H. Spurling exemplifies a speedy transition from a junior position to one of the most important chief clerkships within this great combine of Breweries. His rapid rise, within the space of 15 years from the time of joining the Firm, is a performance which can only be fully appraised by those who realize the extent of the work to be accomplished in connection with a self-contained Brewery, involving, as it does, not only the handling of the purchase accounts for materials and the kindred and numerous items appertaining to the productive side of the Brewery, but the whole range of sales accounts, including Tied and Free Trade and Managed Houses. That the work is only carried out by the co-operation of a willing staff, in no way detracts from the responsibilities of Mr. Spurling as Chief Clerk. In addition, his work in the preparation of the accounts for the close of the Financial Year, just terminated, leaves nothing to be desired in reliability, foresight and completeness of detail. Exactly how he manages to conduct orderly routine in the midst of chaos, caused by the rebuilding of the offices, is known only to himself and those who share his responsibilities.

The width of the country divides the scenes of Mr. Spurling's early activities from his present domicile. He commenced at Woolwich Branch in December, 1920, as a junior clerk and at the early age of 19 years was appointed Chief Clerk there. In that capacity he acquired a general knowledge of Club and Military trade and a good grounding in the work of the Firm. Remaining at Woolwich until June, 1930, Mr. Spurling was transferred to The Tamar Brewery, Devonport, where he filled the post of Cashier until being promoted to his present position of Chief Clerk in March, 1935.

Of London origin and a former resident of Woolwich, the Arsenal Football Club naturally commands Mr. Spurling's first interest and sympathies. Nevertheless, he is now a regular follower of the fortunes of Plymouth Argyle. His chief spare time occupation is motoring and with the entrancing scenery of Devon and Cornwall within reach, he is able to visit the many beauty spots for which those counties are famous.

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

CHAT *from*

## THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)



## MR. SIMONDS IN THE LIONS' DEN.

"One of the most piquant incidents of the eventful day was when Mr. F. A. Simonds, the managing director of the great Reading Brewery, looked in while Lady Astor was speaking at Boston Hall. I was the first person Mr. Simonds greeted, and I was immensely tickled to see the look of surprise on the countenances of the company, who had just been listening to an unsparing denunciation of brewers' profits and propaganda. Of course, it must be remembered that Messrs. H. & G. Simonds do a vast catering trade, so that Mr. Simonds' presence was quite in keeping, while it showed that Mr. Simonds, with his breezy personality and kindly disposition, has no ill-feeling against those who denounce the "trade." His immediate purpose was to see Lady Astor, who sits for one of the divisions of Plymouth, and the cordial manner in which Lady Astor greeted the popular President of the Reading Conservative Association showed that she holds him in much personal esteem. Mr. Simonds, after a talk with Lady Astor, returned to the hall, and spent some time conversing with the host, Mr. Curtis."—*Berkshire Chronicle*.

## SHORTHAND'S CENTURY.

Pitman's Shorthand can write a century this year. In 1837 a struggling schoolmaster named Isaac Pitman, dismissed his post for professing Swedenborgianism, published his book "Stenographic Sound Hand." Its success was rapid. Pitman's, of course, was not the first shorthand. In 64 B.C. Tiro, the Roman, friend of Cicero, invented a first-rate shorthand, which was taught and used for centuries. It looks very like Pitman's and was used by church reporters in early Christian trials. In England, birthplace of modern shorthand, Bright, Willis and Skelton all invented systems—Pepy's Diary being written in Skelton's shorthand. In 1888 Gregg, a Liverpool man, invented Gregg shorthand. Based on the natural slope of handwriting and free of the angles of Pitman's, it is the most popular system in the United States.

## MIND YOUR LANGUAGE!

General Pariani, the Italian Under-Secretary for War, who has prohibited swearing in the army, under severe penalties, is not by any means the first to attempt to suppress bad language. Here at home, legislators in the past issued a number of decrees against swearing, some of which remain unrepealed and have been enforced even in recent years. The Royal borough of Windsor seems always to have been particularly severe on "conversational embellishments," and anyone who says "damn" there in the hearing of a policeman may still find himself mulcted of a fine of half a crown.

## FOOTNOTE.

Said the toe to the sock:  
 "Let me through, let me through!"  
 Said the sock to the toe:  
 "I'll be darned if I do."

## THE STUDENT'S ALLOWANCE.

The student's allowance had run out, so he wrote home for more money. Feeling a bit nervous about the impression it would make, he ended the letter: "P.S.—I did not like writing to you. In fact, I ran after the postman to get this letter back."

A week later he received the following reply: "You will be glad to know I did not receive your letter."

## HORTICULTURAL POSERS.

In which category, fruit, flower or vegetable, would you place rhubarb, lavender and tomatoes? The last-named have been legally classed as fruit, the second, surprisingly enough, is a vegetable, while there is so much difference of opinion about rhubarb that the National Farmers' Union, asked to state whether it is a fruit or a vegetable, has referred the matter to a leading horticultural expert for his ruling.

## OPTIMIST AND PESSIMIST.

An optimist is a man who says his glass is half full, a pessimist says his is half empty.

## CRICKET—800 YEARS AGO.

Mention that the 150th anniversary of Lord's Cricket Club was celebrated this year recalls the fact that the immortal game has been played in England for over 800 years. The earliest reference to

English cricket occurs in a poem written in 1180 by Joseph of Exeter. After saying that

The youth at cricks did play  
 Throughout the merry day,  
 the poet described a game of "cricks," telling of two sticks, topped by a third stick, at which a knight threw a ball, while another knight tried to prevent the ball hitting the sticks and a third player, a serf, stopped the ball when it passed the sticks.

## \*OUR MIGHTY THIRST.

Investigations are made continually on the drink question. We are, as a nation, terrific drinkers, as these figures prove. In 1935 we used nearly 450,000,000 pounds of tea, while the consumption of beer worked out at nearly 13 gallons per head. In every one minute we in Great Britain consume 31 barrels of beer and 180,000 cups of tea, to say nothing of gallons of coffee, cocoa, and other beverages. Beer, of course, is consumed for the most part during the evenings, but there are many peculiar fads with tea. Women prefer their tea during the morning and early afternoon, whereas men prefer teatime and the evening. Nearly three-quarters of the world's tea supply is grown in the Empire, London being the world's largest tea market.

## FAMILIAR NICKNAMES.

Pawnbrokers, who have been discussing a serious falling off in their trade, came by the familiar nickname "Uncle" in rather a curious way. The title seems not to have been inspired by affection, but by a pun on the Latin "uncus," a hook, in reference, says one authority, to "the hook used to lift articles pawned before spouts were adopted." The French idiom, "Chez ma tante" ("at my aunt's") in reference to pawned goods, may seem to be merely imitation, but possibly there is another explanation, for in the argot of the Paris underworld "tante," applied to a man, is a term of loathing and contempt.

## AS THE NAVY SAYS IT.

The Navy lower deck still has a happy knack of finding nicknames for things and places in its daily life. Quaint examples are given by Pay-Lieutenant Commander E. C. Talbot-Booth in "All the World's Fighting Fleets." The Navy, for some obscure reason, is called "Andrew" by the lower deck. Among principal ports, Portsmouth is now well known as "Pompey," Chatham is "Chats" or "Tiddley Chats," and Devonport rejoices in "Gus" or "Guz." The master-at-arms is a "Jaunty," a corruption of gendarme; his assistants are "crushers." A signalman is a

"bunting tosser." A blue-jacket always refers to himself as a "Matlo," another corruption from the French. A Royal Marine is a "Bullock" or a "Joey"; sometimes he is a leather-neck, although this term was formerly reserved for soldiers.

#### SOME MORE EXAMPLES.

Other weird terms used by sailors include :—Schooner on the rocks—meat baked in a certain way and placed on potatoes. Fanny Adams—preserved meat. The name comes from a murderer of many years ago, for old seamen declare that her victims were cut up and distributed to the Navy. "Tarpaulin muster" is the name for a collection among messmates; derived from passing round the hat, which in old days was called a tarpaulin by sailors. "Tom Pepper" is a liar. "Getting dizzy" is losing one's temper.

#### A DANGEROUS PURSUIT.

A bishop was invited to dinner. During the meal he was astonished to hear the young daughter of the house state that a person must be brave these days to go to church.

"Why do you say that?" asked the bishop.

"Because," said the child, "I heard papa tell mama that last Sunday there was a big shot in the pulpit, the canon was in the vestry, the choir murdered the anthem, and the organist drowned the choir."

#### TOO BAD.

A concert in aid of one of the village charities had been arranged, and all the local "stars" were booked for a turn. The baker's daughter, a noted soprano, was announced. Before she commenced she apologised for her cold. The piano started, "I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree-e-e—Ahem! On a weeping willow tree-e-e—Oh!" Her voice cracked on the high notes each time. Elsie tried again, but was unsuccessful. Then a voice chimed in from the back of the hall: "Try 'anging it on a lower branch, miss."

#### DARBY, NOT DERBY.

The Earl of Derby, speaking in Manchester recently, recalled an occasion in America when the question of the pronunciation of his name was raised. "I told them," he said, "that it was pronounced 'Darby,' and that if it was good enough for a hat, it was good enough for me." Lord Derby was speaking at the centenary luncheon of Henshaws Institute for the Blind, and was presented with a mahogany wardrobe made by blind workers. The term Derby hat is freely used in the United States. The hat is known here as a bowler hat.

#### DESCENT TO BARBARISM.

After Spain, China. After China—? The one certainty is that war, never more terrible, to-day spares neither man, woman nor child, and that the rest of the world can have no guarantee that its effects elsewhere will not be at least equally as terrible as in Spain and China, says *Our Empire*. The chances are that in the highly civilised, complex cities of the West the carnage and the horror would be greater, because the air power employed on both sides would dwarf the squadrons of Japan—who, hitherto, has not used gas. This is not the language of hyperbole. Before the happenings in Spain and China, mankind still held a reluctant faith in the sanctity of treaties, despite the constant humiliation of the League of Nations—they believed, too, that if civilians were killed in war it would be more or less accidentally. First the Spaniards and now the Japanese have startled them with a vision of their fool's paradise. The shock has come with equal force to the political leaders of the U.S.A. and part of Europe. Hence their protests to Tokyo. They know how easily an evil precedent may be quoted in justification of something worse.

#### "BE PREPARED."

In the presence of such horrors, which may be their own experience to-morrow, what should a peace-loving community like the British Empire do? It has done its utmost to abolish war by disarmament, and to curb the potential aggressor by international agreement and, quite patently, it has failed. What remains but to ensure that its own power shall be so formidable as to deter the rashest of war-mongers from attacking it? That is the only course now open to the Empire, and we are glad to know that the job is being tackled with energy and expedition. In view of developments in the East, it is also reassuring to learn that the British Government has decided to maintain a full battle fleet in eastern waters, and the priority in warship construction shall be given to battleships. There is reason to believe that the expansion of the R.A.F. is also proceeding according to plan—and we must hope that the plan is equal to the possible need.

#### HERE'S TO LAUGHTER.

Here's to laughter the sunshine of the soul, the happiness of the heart, the leaven of youth, the treasure of the humble, the wealth of the poor, the bead of the cup of pleasure; it dispels depreciation, banishes blues and mangles melancholy; for it is the foe of woe and destroyer of depression, the enemy of grief; it is what kings envy in peasants, plutocrats envy in the poor, the guilty envy in the innocent; it's the sheen of the silver of smiles, the ripple

on the water's delight, the glint of the gold of gladness; without it humour would be dumb, wit would wither, dimples would disappear and smiles would shrivel, for it is the glow of a clean conscience, the voice of a pure soul, the birth-cry of mirth, the swan-song of sadness—Laughter!

#### THE ENTHUSIASTIC NATURALIST.

He was reading to his wife an account of a famous naturalist's death.

"Reaching for a rare plant, he slipped over the cliff, and as he fell he gathered momentum."

"Oh, George," she interrupted, "the poor man! What an enthusiast he must have been. Fancy picking flowers even as he fell to his doom."

#### ROMANCE IN VEGETABLES.

As far as romance is concerned, flowers have had things pretty much to themselves—yet there is romance in vegetables too. Did you know, for instance, that Heaven and Hell are in every onion you eat? To the ancient Egyptians (who relished it) the humble onion symbolised the Universe. Its concentric layers represented the Three Spheres of Heaven, Earth and Hell—the further you ate, the nearer you got to Hell! The onion was used by our forbears both as love-symbol, like mistletoe, at Christmas, and as a disinfectant. They placed onions in sick rooms and plague spots, believing the onion attracted the diseases into itself. An onion is still good for taking the smell of new paint from a room. The leek is revered by the Welsh because it has the two Cymric colours, green and white. Spinach is related to the cabbage, and is said to be a fine cure for those who have had "one over the eight." The cabbage was sacred in Greece and used as a sort of commissioner for oaths, for the Greeks used to swear oaths upon it.

#### SOME NEW HOWLERS.

The cuckoo is a bird that lays other birds' eggs in its own nest and vice versa.

The spine is a bundle of bones which runs up and down the back and holds the ribs together. The skull sits on one end and is sit on the other.

Book-keeping is the art of not returning books borrowed.

Contralto is the low sort of music that only ladies can sing.

The home of the swallow is the stomach.

If the Forth Bridge collapsed they would build a fifth.

#### A RECIPE—FOR LIFE.

Take twelve fine, full-grown months, see that these are thoroughly free from all old memories of bitterness, rancour, hate and jealousy; cleanse them completely from every clinging spite; pick off all specks of pettiness and littleness; in short, see that these months are freed from all the past—have them as fresh and clean as when they came from the great Storehouse of Time. Cut these months into 30 or 31 equal parts. This batch will keep for just one year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time (so many persons spoil the entire lot in this way), but prepare one day at a time, as follows: Into each put twelve parts of faith, eleven of patience, ten of courage, nine of work (some people omit this ingredient and so spoil the flavour of the rest), eight of hope, seven of fidelity, six of liberality, five of kindness, four of rest (leaving this out is like leaving the oil out of the salad—don't do it), two of meditation and one well-selected resolution. If you have no conscientious scruples, put in about a teaspoonful of good spirits, a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a sprinkling of play, and a heaping cupful of good humour. Pour into the whole love *ad libitum*, and mix with a vim. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat; garnish with sweet smiles and a few sprigs of joy, then serve with quietness, unselfishness and cheerfulness, and a happy year is a certainty.

#### ENGLISH VARIETY.

In English, the sound represented by the word ooze is spelt in no fewer than fourteen different ways: Twoes, ouse, ewes, shoes, ruse, news, lose, blues, queues, choose, bruise, Hugh's, ooze, brews. No wonder foreigners find our language difficult!

#### PICKLES FROM THE MARSHES.

Samphire, the marine herb of marsh growth, which makes a splendid pickle, is just now at its best, and is being gathered in large quantities along the Lincolnshire coast. Many fishermen and their wives, as well as other people, go out at low tide equipped with bags and baskets to gather it. It forms an excellent pickle, and is a frequent addition to salads. In taste, it is crisp and aromatic, and constitutes a light and wholesome condiment. Lincolnshire housewives are adepts at the pickling of samphire. A very good method generally adopted is as follows:—Wash in cold water; boil in vinegar with spice until tender; put in jars and cover up when cold. The pickled samphire will be ready for use in from three to four weeks. It should be eaten like asparagus, that is, with the fingers. If it has been properly treated it will slip off the stalks quite easily.—*The Times*.

## COMPLICATED INDEED!

What is believed to be the most complicated scheme of arrangement ever to be presented in the High Court, involving millions of pounds, was before Mr. Justice Simonds for sanction in the Chancery Division recently. It covered 32 printed pages of foolscap and involved 13 companies engaged in the spinning and weaving of cotton, and certain ancillary companies. The head of the group is the Amalgamated Cotton Mills Trust, Ltd., which has an issued share capital of £7,250,000. The total deficiency of the Trust was £8,536,873, which exceeds the issued share capital by £1,286,875 and is to be written off. The scheme would cancel £626,411 of the total amount of £2,295,473 owing to the bankers, £455,178 of loans from subsidiary companies, £79,318 owing to other creditors, and £7,050,938 of the issued capital. As is well known, Mr. Justice Simonds is a brother of our Managing Director and Commander H. D. Simonds.

## "PLOUGHED," HE BECAME FAMOUS.

A man who was the despair of his tutors at Eton and Oxford has died at the age of ninety-two, as full of honours as of years. He was Sir Herbert Eustace Maxwell, of Montreith, Whauphill, Wigtownshire, the "Grand Old Man" of Scottish literature, who during his long career earned fame as artist, author, and politician. He was "ploughed" in "Smalls," and took his name off the rolls at Christ Church. At the age of eighty-seven he wrote a book, "Evening Memories," which was notable for its glimpses of the intimate lives of men of the Disraelian and Gladstonian period. In this book he told a story of Queen Victoria. She had been listening to the band of the Guards playing on the terrace of Windsor Castle one Sunday, and sent to ask the bandmaster the name of a tune which had caught her fancy. The bandmaster tried to be diplomatic, but finally confessed that it was entitled "Come where the booze is cheaper." To his dismay the Queen insisted on knowing the words of the first verse. It read:—

Come where the booze is cheaper,  
Come where the pots hold more,  
Come where the boss is a deuce of a joss,  
Come to the pub next door.

## MANY INTERESTING FEATURES.

"The Hop Leaf Gazette," issued monthly by H. & G. Simonds Ltd., Reading, is not only a record of social activities at the brewery and its connexions, but has many interesting magazine features.—*The Evening News and Southern Daily Mail.*

## THE MEEK LITTLE MAN'S REPLY.

"The men of to-day are no good," stated the large man in the local pub. "Can you mention one man in the last ten or twenty years who was braver than Horatius, wiser than Solomon, more honest than George Washington, or more handsome than Apollo?" "Yes," said the meek little fellow in the corner, "My wife's first husband."

## JUST A REMINDER.

LEST WE FORGET

11 a.m. on the 11th day of the 11th Month.



## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

The photograph of "Billy" Mercer in our last issue brought back very many pleasant memories (to the writer) of times and places where we had met, sojourned, yarned (with an occasional drink), joked and all the rest of it. Whilst with us at The Brewery, "Billy" was always a good sport and a pleasant mixer. In consequence he was well liked and remembered by quite a number of us. I am sure I am only voicing the sentiments of his numerous friends at the Brewery in wishing him good fortune, good health and all the best that life has to offer.

October being such a pleasant month, for the most part, many "last roses of summer" have been sported by members of the staff and really quite splendid specimens have been seen. Maybe we are becoming flower conscious at Bridge Street at last, for I think this is the best year for buttonholes in the Offices. Surprising how that "hardy annual" is trotted out so often when you are seen resplendent with a good flower, viz. :—"Hello! neighbour away. I suppose." Perhaps this reference will scotch it for good.

All the month, for a number, overtime has been the order of the day (actually night) and the General Office Staff had every reason to rejoice, for after just over three weeks of nine o'clocks the news went round that they had balanced; a wonderful performance and reflects great credit on all concerned.

I knew it had to come eventually. Owing to this three-lettered numbering of motor cars some remarkable combinations are being seen. The other day I saw COX 1—of course "our" reading of this would be (recollecting a very popular member of the staff) 1 (C.B.) COX.

Football, for the most part, has been a doleful story for the Reading Football Club and the critic has had a real busy time telling us all just what is the matter and so on. However, the optimist (football variety) never gives up hope but what his team will win the league and perhaps the cup as well. Truth to tell that is not likely to happen to Reading this season I am afraid. A better position in the league will soon be obtained I feel certain and we may be amongst the top-notchers of the league, shall we say, by Christmas. Of course, we have quite a number of disappointments and this soon reflects itself in Reading by very small gates and small takings, yet from the amount of criticism that you hear one would think that everyone went to Elm Park; such is not the case though, so it must be that the loudest critic is the one who doesn't go to Elm Park very often.

The Brewery football teams are now playing much better and results more to our liking are being obtained—just another instance of finding a workmanlike and winning combination. Well, I wish them many successes during the remainder of the season.

I hear the Brewery darts teams are both in fine form and I for one would not be surprised to find them occupying a very high position in the league at the end of the darts season. Of course, darts has always been a game that H. & G. Simonds employees could play with the best. It is extraordinary how popular this game has become all of a sudden, and there seems to be darts leagues and darts teams wherever you go and, believe it or not, many of the ladies can throw a telling dart (Cupid's variety not meant on this occasion).

Soon we shall have another 11th November and this will bring back to many of us vivid memories of wartime—some jocular, but too many tragic ones, will be remembered all over again.

This could be termed a nature story. I have been told a swan in the river (actually canal) by The Brewery was in the act of drowning another swan by the simple means of holding its head under water. This was seen by a passer-by and laying his hands on the nearest object he could find, he hit the would-be 'murderer' on the neck with an empty bottle and, in consequence, the 'victim's' life was saved, at least for the time being.

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

The Plume, Hungerford (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. L. G. W. Talbot.

The Castle, Cold Ash (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. W. Webb.

The Duke's Head, Henley-on-Thames (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. W. Hunt.

The Royal William, West Ealing (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. Phillips.

The Bell & Bottle, Littlewick Green (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. T. H. A. Reynolds.

We much regret to record the death of Mrs. Hillier, wife of Mr. H. Hillier, our tenant of the Plough Inn, St. Marybourne. To all relatives we extend our sincerest sympathies.

Give liberally on Poppy Day.

## A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

A KESTREL'S BRAINY IDEA.

THE WORK OF THE WASPS.

Who has not seen a kestrel anchored in the air? A large proportion of this bird's food consists of grubs, caterpillars, and mice—grubs that devour the roots, caterpillars that eat the foliage, and mice that consume the corn. In this way they do a vast amount of good. But there is no gaining the fact that occasionally, and particularly when they have a hungry family to feed, they are guilty of killing young partridges and pheasants. This last spring I know of a case where mother kestrel took it into her head to feed her young on the brains of pheasants. There, below the nest were a score of young pheasants' bodies and in each case the brains had been picked out of the dead birds and given to the hungry little hawks.

They doubtless will grow up a very brainy family.

## WASPS AT WORK.

What a year it has been for wasps' nests! I have found dozens. The fertile queens alone survive the winter and in the spring they may be seen seeking a suitable nesting site—often a hole in the bank. Then she flies off and collects shavings which she bites away from wooden palings. This is the nest commenced and no "paper" made by man can compare with that which the wasp manufactures. It is superfine and waterproof. The worker wasps, when they appear, continue the good work and it may be noticed that tiny pieces of earth are carried out of the hole each time a wasp sets off for more "paper." You see they enlarge the premises and build at the same time. With the approach of cold weather the wasps soon succumb, only the queens remaining alive to perpetuate the race. In late autumn you may often see wasps flying about aimlessly. These are males who are unable to sting. Wasps are wonderful scavengers and do a great amount of good by killing flies and caterpillars.

## GREEN AND SPOTTED WOODPECKERS.

I rarely stroll up the Thames-side without having a good view of the green woodpecker, the greater and the lesser woodpecker. They are elusive birds and you must be on the look-out if you wish to see them. With undulating flight one of the spotted variety came close to where I was standing and settled on the trunk of a small willow tree. I have never had a better view of this pretty

bird, with its bright red crown and wings and body of black and white. He "listened in" to the bark of the tree and then tapped away and extracted white-looking maggots. Most of us are familiar with the cheery laugh or "yaffle" of the green woodpecker. As a matter of fact, the bird's notes have given it the name of yaffle. Oliver Goldsmith tells of the woodpecker's ingenious device for securing easily ants from their hill. He writes: "The woodpecker first goes to their hills, which it pecks in order to call them abroad; it then thrusts out its long red tongue, which being like a worm, and resembling their usual prey, the ants come out to settle upon it in great numbers; however the bird, watching the properest opportunity, withdraws its tongue at a jerk, and devours the devourers. The stratagem it continues till it has alarmed their fears, or till it is quite satisfied."

## PHEASANT COMES TO TOWN.

The other morning a hen pheasant was to be seen on the ornamental stone-work at the corner of the Brewery Offices. She evidently knew that at H. & G. Simonds only the best barley was used. But I must cut my story short as it is not a "cereal." A friend informed me that she doubtless had a number of "hops," but this is very doubtful as a pheasant's means of progress is by running. They rarely, if ever, hop!

## ABUNDANCE OF GOLDFINCHES.

Last month I mentioned that numerous goldfinches were to be seen adding joy and colour to the countryside. This fact is borne out by Mr. Sidney Collins who writes:—

"On October 26th, passing by Caversham Mill, I counted no less than sixteen goldfinches feeding on teasle-heads. An old man, also watching, told me that, just before, he counted double that number! As he moved off, the finches flew in a frightened flock to the willows—all except three or four who stayed to console me with fawn and crimson and yellow, for five more minutes. The largest flock I have ever seen!"

## THIS WONDERFUL NOVEMBER!

Though we are now well in November, people are picking tomatoes, runner beans and flowers of infinite variety. Butterflies and bees, too, may be seen flitting about the garden. In a sheltered spot, in the countryside, I came across a little belfry of hare-bells. The sun was shining at the time and if those delicately sweet little bells had only rung a peal and there had been fairies present to dance, it would indeed have been a bit of fairyland!

## THE FALCON—IMPOSING HOTEL OPENED AT WOODLEY.

NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE READING AERO CLUB.

It has frequently been whispered that Reading Aerodrome, being outside the fog-belt, might well one day become England's leading airport to the exclusion of one of London's now more famous landing grounds, and it would be only fitting that there should be on the spot one of the most up-to-date hotels and clubs, says the *Berkshire Chronicle*. It is essential that an airport should possess the facility to extend hospitality to visitors and the means for holding social functions in the most modern and luxurious surroundings.

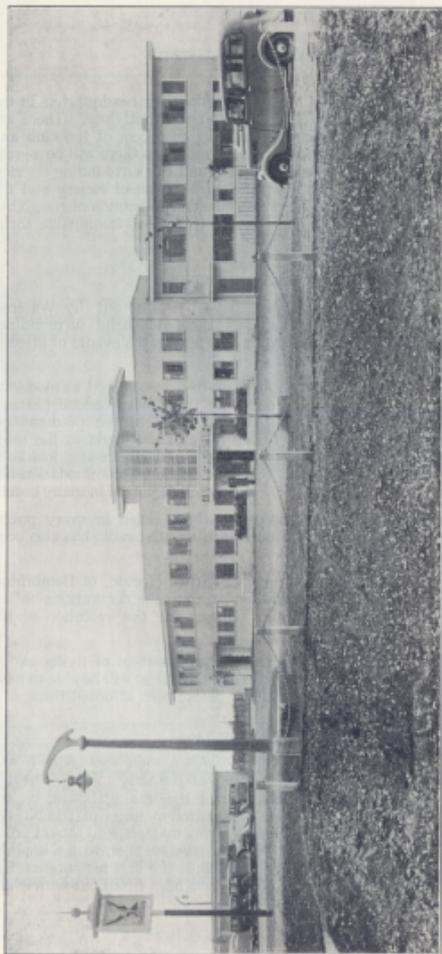
It was, no doubt, with this important fact in mind, that Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., purchased a site on the boundary of the Reading Aerodrome at Woodley for the erection of what is undoubtedly one of the finest examples of hotel building in the country—their new luxury hotel, The Falcon.

Mr. Guy Morgan, the young London architect, whose striking designs can be seen in many parts of the metropolis, has planned for Messrs. Simonds a building that is modern in every respect and is sure to prove one of the finest airport hotels in the country.

Designed to represent the wings and fuselage of an aeroplane, The Falcon, a handsome building, finished in cream and green, is now opened. The chief aim of its design is comfort for the visitor, both casual and resident, and everything possible has been done to see that every pleasure is offered the visitor in bar or ballroom, garden or residential quarters.

### IMPRESSIVE ENTRANCE.

The Falcon has an impressive entrance, with a wide drive sweeping up to a large porch; from the hall-way within doors open into the bars and a large dining room, while a staircase leads up to the clubroom and sleeping accommodation. Drinks can be obtained in three attractive bars—the lounge and cocktail bar, the club bar, which is reserved for the Reading Aero Club, and a public bar, and also on the terrace at the rear, where small tables are set out on a covered-in loggia, and refreshments served in Continental fashion. The large dining room is divided from the main hall by a removable partition, which will enable the organisation of dances and other social functions in a ballroom capable of holding about 200 dancers.



The Front of the Hotel.

The Reading Aero Club are to make their headquarters in the large club room which is situated on the first floor. There are already a large number of non-flying members of the club and undoubtedly with such attractive surroundings there will be a great increase in membership from London and the surrounding district. To-day, flying is one of the principal interests of society and the theatrical profession and it is not outside the bounds of possibility that The Falcon will become one of the most fashionable social centres in the South of England.

#### ATTRACTIVE GARDENS.

Plentifully stocked gardens have been set out by Waterer, Sons and Crisp, Ltd., and amidst these delightful surroundings Reading people may take refreshment and watch events of interest at the aerodrome.

Residents will enjoy the most up-to-date comforts at moderate charges. There are 19 bedrooms, all fitted with central heating, divan beds, modern lighting, and finished in the predominant cream and green. All the furniture has been made in the most modern fashion in mahogany, and hot and cold water has been installed in every bedroom. Spacious clothing accommodation has been provided, which is a comfort so often neglected in many hotels.

Downstairs, central heating has been fitted in every public room, the apparatus being hidden in the walls; radio has also been installed in every bar.

The brother artists, Messrs. C. and C. Morton, of Bembridge, I.O.W., have been responsible for painting the decorations on the walls, which consist of murals representing the evolution of the aeroplane.

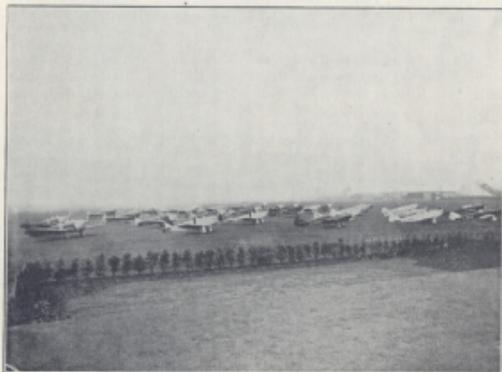
Certainly this will become the headquarters of flying in the Reading district. From the flat roof, the public will be able to have a view of displays that have never before been afforded them.

#### THE NEW MANAGER.

Captain W. E. Growdon, who was a squadron-leader in the R.F.C. during the war, and who was formerly manager at the Evenlode House at Eynsham, one of the leading houses on the North Oxford by-pass, has been appointed manager of The Falcon. He is a man who is interested in all flying matters, and should prove a popular host at the new hotel. A first-class chef, with a life-long experience in the West End of London at the best restaurants, will be in charge of the kitchens, which have been fitted out with every modern culinary appliance.



The Luncheon Party.



View of the Planes, taken from the Club Lounge.

The builders have been Messrs. Collier and Catley, Ltd., of Reading, and Messrs. Heelas have carried out the furnishing in all public rooms.

Certainly Messrs. H. & G. Simonds have lived up to their reputation of giving the best to their customers, and all who visit The Falcon will find much to delight the eye and everything to give satisfaction.

#### READING'S LUXURY HOTEL OPENED.

Famous personalities in the aircraft industry and prominent local men gathered at the luxurious new Falcon Hotel at Reading Aerodrome, Woodley, for the inaugural luncheon on Saturday, October 30th, says the *Evening Gazette*.

The hotel is a venture of the Reading firm of H. & G. Simonds, and Mr. F. A. Simonds, the chairman, presided at the luncheon.

The diners looked out from the extensive windows of the dining-room at the fleet of 36 aircraft of nine different types drawn up outside the hotel. The aeroplanes included Col. Lindbergh's Mohawk, which the famous pilot had flown from Sevenoaks three days previously; Tommy Rose's Speed Six, Mr. F. G. Miles's Hobby, and the aeroplane flown by Flight-Lieut. Llewellyn in the King's Cup air race.

Mr. F. A. Simonds said he was deeply indebted to all who had come to the Falcon to see what had been done for the Reading Aero Club, the Royal Air Force, and everybody connected with the airport.

Mr. Simonds toasted the health of Lord Herbert Scott and Mr. Miles.

#### A BOLD STEP.

Mr. F. G. Miles, who also replied, said he was glad to have the opportunity of thanking Mr. Simonds for the hotel and everything connected with it. "It is a departure from every precedent," he said. "I think it took a lot of courage to build it, and I do hope from the very bottom of my heart that it will be successful."

Mr. S. F. Sidgreaves said that Messrs. Simonds had made a fine job indeed. They had taken a very bold step with an excellent result.

Mr. Reginald Palmer expressed thanks to the chairman and his firm.



The Members' Bar.



The Luxurious Lounge.

Mr. Simonds, returning thanks, mentioned that only a few days previously he had been taken on his first aeroplane flight by Mr. Miles, when he flew round Henley, Reading, and Newbury.

The arrangements for the lunch were carried out by Mr. H. C. Davis, manager of the hotels and catering department of H. & G. Simonds.

Those present included Lord Herbert Scott (chairman of the Rolls Royce group), Commander H. E. Perrin (secretary of the Royal Aero Club) and Mrs. Perrin, Mr. L. A. Simonds, Mr. S. F. Sidgreaves, O.B.E. (managing director of Rolls Royce and of Phillips and Powis), Commander H. D. Simonds, Mr. Whitney Straight (the young American millionaire racing driver) who had flown from Devon, Mr. F. G. Miles, Mr. G. Miles, Lieut.-Col. M. Ormonde Darby, O.B.E. (of Rolls Royce), Mr. R. H. A. Palmer, Mr. L. A. Hackett (sales manager of Phillips and Powis) and Mrs. Hackett, Group Captain W. H. Primrose, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Grey, Mr. Guy Morgan (architect of the hotel), Major C. C. Turner, Mr. R. St. J. Quarry, Flight-Lieut. J. F. Moir (Flying Supt. of the R.A.F. Reserve School) and Mrs. J. F. Moir, Major E. Colston Shephard, Mr. Concord Morton and Mr. C. Morton junior, Mr. H. Douglas Sim, Mr. F. W. Neale, Mr. C. Poulson, Mr. Nigel Tangye, Mr. Victor Burnett (member of the Reading Aero Club), Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Parrott, Alderman F. J. Barrett (Mayor of Wokingham), Mr. G. Bennett (secretary of Phillips and Powis and treasurer of the Aero Club), Mrs. Bennett, Miss Perrin, Mr. E. S. Phipps, and Squadron-Leader E. A. Hodgson.

#### UNRIVALLED RENDEZVOUS.

Reading Aerodrome, upon the Eastern boundary of which the Falcon Hotel is situated, is the home of Phillips and Powis Aircraft Ltd.—designers and manufacturers of the famous Miles Aircraft that have earned so high a place in the British Aircraft Industry.

In addition to the constant activities of the Royal Air Force Civil Training School and the Reading Aero Club, those interested in aircraft will have the additional interest of seeing aircraft leaving the Phillips and Powis production hangar for test flying, and periodically they may enjoy the spectacle of a new type being wheeled from the experimental section for its first trip in the air.

Full facilities are provided for visitors and residents to joyride, or learn to fly under the tuition of fully qualified instructors from the Reading Aero Club, whose headquarters are in the same building, and whose aircraft are housed almost directly alongside.



The Lounge Bar.



The Public Bar.

The aerodrome is charmingly situated on the edge of the village of Woodley, and the Falcon Hotel affords an unrivalled rendezvous, both from the viewpoint of scenery and interest.

The hotel is luxuriously appointed, every modern convenience has been installed, including central heating, and hot and cold water in every bedroom. A most efficient staff has been engaged, which is under very able management.

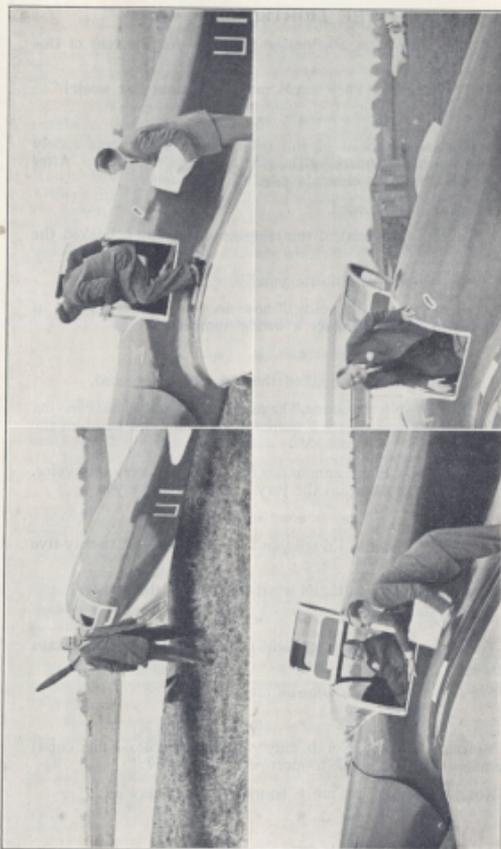
As for the "inner man," the kitchen is under the control of a first-class chef, and the wine cellars are stocked with only the choicest wines.

Hospitality under such conditions will not be readily forgotten.

## TARIFF.

Bed, Breakfast and Bath		<i>per night</i>
Single ... ..	...	from 8/-
Double ... ..	...	" 15/-
En Pension Terms for minimum stay of 3 days ...	...	12/6 <i>per day</i>
Weekly Inclusive Terms ... ..	from 3½	Gns. <i>per week</i>
Table D'Hote Breakfast ... ..	...	2/6
" " Luncheon ... ..	...	2/6 and 3/-
" " Dinner ... ..	...	3/- and 3/6
and A La Carte.		
Afternoon Tea ... ..	...	1/6

There is "A SIMONDS HOTEL" at Reading, Staines, Egham, Wokingham, Newbury, Farnborough (Hants), Stokenchurch, Princes Risborough, Oxford, Eynsham, Cirencester, Cheddar, Kennford, Nr. Exeter, Newton Abbot, Paignton.



Mr. F. A. Simonds recently made his maiden flight in an aeroplane built by Messrs. Phillips & Powis Aircraft Ltd., piloted by Mr. F. G. Miles. With him in the above photo, Mr. G. Bennett, Secretary of Messrs. Phillips & Powis Aircraft Limited.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

SHE : " They must ask you an awful lot for the rent of this house."

HE : " Rather! They asked me seven times last week! "

\* \* \* \*

A prominent official of the telephone company was rudely aroused from his slumbers by the ringing of the telephone. After bruising his knee on a chair, he reached the 'phone.

" Hello! " he growled.

" Are you an official of the telephone company? " asked the voice.

" Yes. What can I do for you? "

" Tell me," said the voice, " how do you like getting out of bed at two o'clock to answer a wrong number? "

\* \* \* \*

The prospective juror asked the court to be excused.

" I owe a man five pounds," he explained, " and as he is leaving town to-day for some years I want to catch him and pay him the money."

" You are excused," announced the judge in a very cold voice. " I don't want anybody on the jury who can lie like you."

\* \* \* \*

CLERK : " I thought I'd tell you I've been here just twenty-five years, sir."

BOSS : " So it's you that's worn this hole in the carpet."

\* \* \* \*

The woman who is always right never makes a good wife, says a novelist.

*She is nearly always left—on the shelf!*

\* \* \* \*

MISTRESS : " Why, Norah, only yesterday you broke four cups! How many will you break to-morrow at this rate? "

NORAH : " None, ma'am. To-morrow's my day off."

\* \* \* \*

## THE WELLINGTON ARMS, WOKINGHAM.

This House was closed as Licensed Premises on October 28th when the licence was removed to the new hotel at Woodley—The Falcon.

The Tenant of the Wellington Arms, Mrs. Sarah Annie Conibear, had been in occupation for the past 26 years, her late husband, Mr. Abram Conibear who died on May 14th, 1931, having taken over the licence when the House was in the ownership of Messrs. Headington & Son, which business was acquired by Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery Limited in 1920 and eventually passed to the parent Company in May, 1936.

On the death of Mr. Conibear the licence was transferred to the widow who remained the licensee until the closing of the House.

We understand Mrs. Conibear is spending a holiday in the Cambridge district.

## BOAR'S HEAD DINNER.

## BACONIANS CLUB REVIVED.

The Baconians' Club, an off-shoot of the old Jackobites, was revived at the Bacon Arms Hotel, Newbury, recently. When, some years ago, Mr. Horace Cadd, now of the Bear, Hungerford, founded the Jackobites it proved a popular innovation among his customers at the Jack Hotel.

Then the ancient hostelry was pulled down to make way for a modern multiple store, but the members, anxious to preserve the novel customs, transferred the club to the Bacon Arms where it changed its name, though not its character, to the Baconians.

Latterly, the Baconians has been allowed to lapse, but it appears to be destined for a new and successful lease of life under popular Mr. Reg Parker, who is shortly to take over the management of the Bacon Arms.

Thursday night was Mr. Parker's introduction to the club as prospective manager, though he scarcely needed any introduction to the forty guests who were present, for he was one of the original members.

The evening was a good start to a number of social gatherings that are to be held during the winter. Major C. Mullins, who was in the chair, extended a welcome to the company and said he hoped the old traditions would be carried on under Mr. Parker.

Then, appropriately, the members enjoyed a meal of boar's head.

## ROWING CLUB DANCE.

About 350 members and their friends attended the dance of the Reading Rowing Club at the Oxford ballroom, Reading.

Mr. Norman Lipscombe was the M.C. and also its secretary, and in that role did most of the organising. The dance's success was a triumph for him.

The Oxford Syncopators played the music.

## THE UPWARD CLIMB.

If, in his upward struggle,

There were times when his courage flagged—

Times when his heart's hard throbbing

Told him how matters dragged;

He never spoke of his troubles,

Or showed by word or look,

That his purpose ever wavered,

Or his faith for a moment shook.

If mountains rose in his pathway,

If troubles piled high and deep,

It only hindered his progress

And made the hill more steep;

But the purpose to master the troubles

—Come what would or may—

Seemed only grounded the firmer,

As obstacles blocked the way.

With a soul that would not be conquered;

With a courage that would not die;

He fought his way onward, upward

Towards the goal he had placed so high.

The goal may be e'er so lofty,

The purpose may be at the top;

You may hinder such a spirit,

But no power on earth can stop.

Give liberally on Poppy Day.

## A GREAT THOUGHT.

*Pursue in whatever you engage, with a steadiness of purpose, as though you intended to succeed.*

*A wavering mind never accomplished anything worth naming.*

*There is nothing like a fixed steady purpose. It dignifies your nature and insures your success. Who have done the most for mankind? Who have secured the rarest honours? Who have raised themselves from poverty to riches?*

*Those who were steady to their purpose.*

*The man who is one thing to-day and another to-morrow, who drives an idea pell mell this week, while it drives him the next is always in trouble, and does just nothing from one year's end to another.*

*Watch the man of steady purpose. He moves noiselessly along, and yet what wonders he accomplishes. He rises gradually, but surely.*

*The heavens are not too high for him, neither are the stars beyond his reach.*

*How worthy of imitation.*

## HARVEST FESTIVAL IN A PUBLIC-HOUSE.

The harvest festival service held on a recent Sunday on licensed premises—the first of its kind in South Bucks—was a success. The idea originated with the members of the "Coronation" Lodge of the R.A.O.B. (G.L.E.), who meet at the Dashwood Arms, West Wycombe, and it was there that the service was held in the afternoon. The Lodge room was decorated by Primo Stratford, Bros. Dean, J. Bates and T. G. Martin.

The service was conducted by the Rev. B. W. Mason, of St. Anne's, Wycombe Marsh, whose address was much appreciated. Bro. MacLaren read the lesson.

"Come ye thankful people," was the opening hymn, followed by prayer. Then came well-known harvest hymns, "Praise, O Praise Our God and King," "We Plough the Field and Scatter," and while the offertory was being taken, "O God Our Help in Ages Past" was sung.

Following the concluding prayer, the National Anthem was sung. Bro. Fred Walton was the accompanist. Members of the "Coronation" Lodge were augmented by a number from the "Chiltern" Lodge, Lane End.

Bro. T. G. Martin, in the name of the Lodge, thanked the Rev. B. W. Mason.

Tea was served and in the evening the gifts were sold by Bros. MacLaren and Walton. The service and sale realised over £5 for the benefit of the children's Christmas fund.—*Bucks Free Press.*

## "SQUIRREL GREY."

For you, marauder, slaughter is decreed!  
 On you, grey vermin, war has been declared!  
 A cry goes up " Exterminate the breed ! "  
 The order's issued " Let not one be spared ! "  
 And tho' against this fiat wise and just  
 I've naught to answer, no defence to raise  
 Yet, as a roamer of the woods, I must  
 Say something, saucy squirrel, in your praise.

I miss, as much as most, your cousins brown  
 (You, of their disappearance, know the cause)  
 But I confess that when you slither down  
 A trunk, or hold a nut between your paws,  
 There's that about you which I can't resist  
 —Perhaps your beady eyes, so bold and bright  
 —Perhaps the way you give your tail a twist  
 —You impudent and acrobatic sprite!

And once, among the Spanish chestnut trees  
 At Padworth, when a leaf-gold carpet lay  
 Upon the ground, and bracken brushed my knees,  
 I saw a dozen of you at your play.  
 That hour is dead : long years have rolled between  
 But all its Autumn charm is with me yet ;  
 And squirrels grey were there to grace the scene  
 So squirrels grey I never shall forget.

S. E. COLLINS.

## HOUSEHOLD HINT.

If windows are wiped over after cleaning with a rag dipped in glycerine, and polished well, they will not steam.



## WORDS OF WISDOM.

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

What people think of you is not half so important as what you know about yourself.

Politeness is better than logic. You can often persuade when you cannot convince.

Opportunity is the cream of time.

Power is never a good thing unless he is good who has it.

Find something interesting in every disagreeable task.

See something beautiful in every ugly thing.

The care and love you give away, come back to you.

Dignity consists not in possessing honours, but in deserving them.

God has two dwellings. One in Heaven and one in meek and thankful hearts.

Why were the Saints, Saints? Because they were cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful, and patient when it was difficult to be patient; and because they pushed on when they wanted to stand still, and kept silence when they wanted to talk, and were agreeable when they wanted to be disagreeable.

That was all. It was quite simple and always will be.

Life's a pleasant institution. Let us take it as it comes.

Better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to speak out and remove all doubt.

To stand still is often a false step.

The road called "Later On" leads to the "Never-Never Land."

Life acts like a boomerang. Throw your best into everything, and the best will come back to you.

The thriftless man has nothing to count on in old age except his fingers.

It is a general error to suppose the loudest complainers for the public to be the most anxious for its welfare.

Politeness is like an air cushion. There may be nothing in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully.

Don't be worried if you find the clouds about you. They will be bound to come if you are climbing higher.

In life as in a game of rugby, "tries" count.

To-morrow's happiness depends on the good done to-day.



#### FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES.

Have you hung out a coco-nut for the Tom-tit?

If not, don't delay for even a bit,  
For his beautiful colours will give you much pleasure,  
And you'll soon come to look on him as a great treasure.

His little black head and his feathers of blue,  
And yellow and grey, are of very bright hue,  
And he'll peck at a coco-nut close to your door,  
Until it is finished—when he'll look for more.

#### BEWARE THE SCANDAL-MONGERS.

There is no more exquisite enjoyment to minds constructed in a certain way than that of gossiping. As epicureans prefer a taint in meat to a fresh and sound article, so the palate of the gossip craves only diseased and decayed matter.

It is generally supposed that the taste for scandal is peculiar to the gentler sex, but it is unjust to impute the appetite for scandal and the practice of it exclusively to the old ladies over a cup of tea or at their favourite game of cards. They are not the only people who like to feed on moral garbage. Human nature is the same in man and woman.

Beware of the retailer of scandal. An evil report may be set in motion by the feeblest or vilest human tongue, and it will gather strength as it proceeds until it undermines or destroys the fairest fabric of human character.

The devourers of character go about in the dark. They cannot look the victim in the eye and perform their work openly. Almost all other crimes admit of some palliation. They go about in the dark, and, amid the wheat of a good name, amid a field bright with the promise of a glorious harvest, they silently sow tares of slander, which will never be removed till the last day.

#### ODDFELLOWS' DINNER AT STAINES.

##### PROGRESS OF THE OLD ENGLISH BARON LODGE.

There was a large gathering at the Railway Hotel, Staines, on Saturday evening, October 9th, for the first annual dinner of the Loyal Old English Baron Lodge, Manchester Unity Independent Order of Oddfellows. Bro. F. T. Smith, P.P.G.M. (Prov. Sec.) presided, and welcomed brethren, their wives and friends, from

various parts of the Richmond District and elsewhere. Excellent arrangements were made by the officers of the Lodge and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Dennis, the host and hostess, catered well. Over 70 sat down to the meal.

Those present included Prov. G.M. H. T. Port, Past G.M. T. Morgan, D.P.G.M. S. Elliott, P.P.G.M.'s R. H. Brinton (Prov. C.S.), E. A. Worssam, W. B. Fifield, C. Parslow, E. R. Goble, W. Read, W. Podger, A. E. Southam, W. G. Sylvester, F. Goldsmith, A. H. Reynolds and A. Newton.

Bro. H. G. Port, Prov. G.M., proposed the toast of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows. He said their Society stood for true fellowship. In the Richmond District, of which Staines was part, they had a happy band of workers, without whose great help they would be unable to carry on so well. If countries abroad were to take a leaf from the book of the Manchester Unity they would not be experiencing the troubles existing to-day. The friendly society movement in Great Britain and the Empire was doing much to preserve peace and good will. The motto of the Manchester Unity was "Friendship, love and truth," and by following that they found themselves able to progress with their work among men, women and children. The Richmond District extended from Putney to Staines and throughout that area they had made great progress. On each occasion that he had visited Lodges, he found that new members had been made. Only last week, when he visited the Old English Baron Lodge, he found two more new members being initiated.

#### A PROUD CLAIM.

Bro. Morgan, responding, said their Manchester Unity was the best friendly society in the world, and the Richmond District was regarded as one of the best districts in the whole of the Order. It was a very well-managed District and of the twenty-six Lodges, the Old English Baron could justly claim to be not only one of the best Lodges in the District, but one of the best in the whole of the Manchester Unity. Oddfellowship was very old and the Manchester Unity was the largest and wealthiest society in the world. It was founded 127 years ago. They were broad enough to leave out all those things upon which people differed. They must unite on all things that mattered, and try to make "this muddled old world" a better place. The speaker referred to the Society's pension scheme for the benefit of those elderly members who had supported the Society for many years. It was only a small pension but it might mean the difference between comparative want and comparative comfort.

The toast of "The Loyal Old English Baron Lodge" was proposed by Bro. E. A. Worssam, P.P.G.M. He praised its name and linked its work with that of the Barons at Rummymede in 1215. The Lodge was actually formed in 1845 and for over ninety years had done splendid work. The Old English Baron Lodge had a wonderful record and it had turned out some good men who had taken very high office. He himself served as Deputy under Bro. Ernie Goble when he was P.G.M. Bro. Goble was from the Old English Baron Lodge and he showed the true spirit of comradeship. It was the third largest Lodge in the District, with over 300 members, and still making strides. He was looking forward to the time when the Lodge celebrated its centenary. He congratulated the Staines members and coupled with the toast the name of Bro. Parslow.

#### PROGRESS.

Bro. C. Parslow, P.P.G.M., said it was a privilege and a pleasure to respond for the finest Lodge in the Richmond District. It was the second oldest Lodge in the district, and the richest. They owed this to their old members. But for their forethought in years gone by the Lodge would not be in the proud position it occupied to-day. The Lodge had felt in duty bound to do something for these members and so they put aside a sum of money the interest from which paid their contributions for them after they attained the age of 60. Last year the Lodge made a net gain of 14 members; this year they had exceeded that number. At Shepperton they had keen rivals. Staines gloried in the pluck of their friends at Shepperton, but hoped to beat them.

Staines had provided four Provincial Grand Masters for the Richmond District and all four were present that evening. There were also present two members who had been absent from Staines for many years—Bros. Andrews and Howes. To both the Lodge extended hearty greetings.

The Chairman mentioned that Bro. Andrews had been a member of the Old English Baron Lodge for 64 years.

Bro. F. Goldsmith, P.P.G.M., in the absence of Bro. C. Holder, proposed the health of the visitors, whom he cordially welcomed on behalf of the Lodge.

Bro. W. B. Fifield, P.P.G.M., responded and said he felt very attached to the Old English Baron Lodge, having, like his late father, served as a District officer with a Staines Brother. He referred gratefully to the work of those responsible for that evening's arrangements and said such functions helped to keep the members together and helped younger members to appreciate the Order. He hoped that the dinner would prove to be the forerunner of many such functions, not only in Staines, but throughout the District.

Bro. R. H. Brinton, P.P.G.M., also responded and referred to the development of the district and the great possibilities for enrolling new members.

Bro. E. R. Goble, P.P.G.M., submitted the toast of "The Chairman." The Chairman that night was not only a fine secretary but a pillar of strength in the District, holding responsible positions and carrying them well. He always gave good counsel and they valued him. They all hoped that he would be with them for many years to carry on the work.

The Chairman responded and expressed the hope that he would always merit the trust they had shown in him.

A capital musical programme was contributed to by Miss Lilian Palmer (pianist-entertainer), Herbert and Charles in patter, song and sauce, Arnold Crowther, a speciality artiste who delighted with selections on the accordion and concertina, and Ashford Harmonica Band.

Great satisfaction was expressed concerning the excellent food and prompt service.

### FOOTBALL.

#### GREAT IMPROVEMENT AFTER POOR START.

After a shaky start in the first month of the season the Brewery "A" team settled down to make amends. The opening fixture in October gave them their first league point. A hard-fought game against Caversham Athletic resulted in a draw 1-1. D. Jacobs scoring for the Brewery. The following week, against Wallingford Town, they met a reverse, but in view of their opponents' good record this season, the Brewery did well to hold them to a 2-1 victory, Tuttle scoring for the Brewery.

The improvement was well maintained the following week in the popular "Beer v. Biscuits" match. Goals from Kerry, Hedgington and Pitts, with only one in reply from Huntley and Palmers, added two more useful points to the bag. Beer proved best that week. For this fine win they were awarded a Certificate of Merit by the *Berkshire Chronicle*. The return match with Caversham Athletic gave the Brewery a chance to improve the goal average with a 6-1 win. The scorers were Hedgington (2), Kerry (2), Tuttle and Jack Smith (1 each).

Give liberally on Poppy Day.

### "PERFECT PEACE."



By kind permission of *The Wire*, the Regimental Journal of The London Corps Signals (T.A.) we reproduce a photograph of one of the Warrant Officers enjoying a bottle of our "Brown Ale." This snap was taken whilst the Unit was in camp at Corfe Castle for their annual training, when a very happy time was spent in pleasant surroundings. The descriptive report on the camp which appeared in *The Wire* should give a considerable impetus to recruiting in the Corps.

### THE LIGHTER SIDE.

TEACHER: "Parse the sentence, 'Tom married Jane.'"

BOY (near end of class): "Tom's a noun because he's the name of something married, a conjunction because it joins Tom and Jane; and Jane's a verb, because she governs the noun."

\* \* \* \*

GRUBB: "So you're spending the evening alone?"

GRUFF: "Yes, my wife ran over to the neighbour's for a minute."

## NOTES FROM THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGIMENT.

In view of the long standing association between The House of Simonds and The Royal Berkshire Regiment, a few notes are not out of place in this journal.

The 1st Battalion like all other Regiments, is now on the new organisation as a Rifle Battalion, all ranks are learning to drive Morris Trucks, and the Machine Guns have gone. The Band has endeared itself to the public at Brighton during several long engagements there. On the final night of their engagement on the pier, there was an astonishing scene of enthusiasm, the crowd, which numbered more than a thousand stood up on chairs and sang "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow" to the Bandmaster, Mr. J. Needham.

The 2nd Battalion have now left Egypt and have arrived at Lucknow. Last year they assisted in the Palestine troubles. Lucknow is an excellent station in every way, and it will be interesting to see how the splendid athletic team which this Battalion possesses fares against the other units there. This team recently won the Command Shield in Egypt.

The Depot at Reading now has three Regular Squads in training, namely, Suakin, South Africa and Mons. Recruiting has been good this year, 114 men having joined to date, of which 50 came from the County of Berkshire.

The 4th Battalion (T.A.) had an excellent camp at Porthcawl and, as usual, was well up to strength.

There is now a 5th Royal Berkshire Regiment, recently The 10th London Regiment, which for some time has formed part of The Regiment; now, changing its designation, it becomes The 5th (Hackney) Battalion, The Royal Berkshire Regiment.

The 5th Service Battalion, which finished with the war, was without doubt one of the finest war-time units in France, and it must be pleasant for some who served in, and remember, this Battalion to know that the number still survives.

The usual Armistice service will be held at the Depot in Oxford Road at 11 a.m. on 11th November this year; wreaths are then laid in memory of all Battalions of The Regiment. There will thus be two 5th Battalion wreaths placed on the Cenotaph. All are welcome at this service, which is conducted by both the Church of England and Wesleyan Chaplains together.

## READING MODERN HOMES AND LOCAL TRADES EXHIBITION.

"HOP LEAF" SIGN PROVED GREAT ATTRACTION.

The above exhibition was held in the Reading Town Halls from 9th to 16th October (inclusive). Our Stand commanded a conspicuous position adjacent to the entrance to the large hall and, needless to say, the "Hop Leaf" sign soon attracted the slowly moving sightseers. The Stand was tastefully decorated and was adorned with fine long trails of Hops, which were actually growing a few days before the exhibition opened, being a product of Buckinghamshire. The exhibits featured bottled and canned beers, the latter especially attracting a good deal of attention, enquiries being particularly directed to the interior of the cans, sections of which were displayed and fully explained to the curious. Hundreds went away quite satisfied, and with the conviction that a good deal of careful thought had been given to the protective preparation lining the interior, thus guaranteeing a safe and clean palate of the contents. We are, therefore, looking forward to a busy time in the coming Xmas season when these "S.B." metal containers will be much in evidence. There will then again be a small housing scheme, the popular carriers being "3 in a house" as our patrons will remember at Coronation last May, when the special brew was put on for commemoration.

As you will notice in the accompanying photos we were honoured on "opening day" with a visit from our esteemed Borough Member, Dr. A. B. Howitt, M.P., together with our popular Mayor, Mrs. A. Jenkins, the Mayor-designate, and other friends, and a few interesting minutes were passed, very pleasant to all concerned.

The Stand was in charge of our Mr. S. J. Moore, who, with the very able assistance of Mr. E. H. Kelly, was in attendance every afternoon and evening. Both had an opportunity of welcoming old friends and customers, and also made many new acquaintances. This occasion characterised our interest in keeping our products well before the discriminating eye of the general public.



General view of the Stall.



Mr. W. Bowyer, Home Trade Manager, explains the advantages of canned beers to the Mayor and the Borough Member.

WAR DEPARTMENT CONSTABULARY (DIDCOT) CANTEEN.  
 OBITUARY.

It is with the greatest sorrow that we have to record the death of our President, Inspector F. W. Barnes, S.C.O., W.D.C., Didcot. After a short illness he passed away on Friday, 22nd October, 1937. The interment took place on Monday, 25th October, at the cemetery of All Saints' Didcot Parish Church, the officiating priest being the Reverend A. Wills, M.A., O.C.F.

Family mourners consisted of Mrs. R. Barnes (widow), Mrs. A. E. Cooper (daughter) and A/S/Sgt. Cooper, Mr. J. Barnes (father), Mrs. J. Smith (sister) and Mr. Smith, Mrs. Savage (sister) and Miss Savage and Mr. A. E. England (brother-in-law) and Mrs. England.

Others present included Capt. J. N. Cheney, Assistant Chief Constable, W.D.C. (representing the Chief Constable), Chief Inspector Handley, Station-Sergeant Dod and ten other officers of the Bramley Detachment, W.D.C., Inspector Pierce (W.D.C., Headquarters London), Inspector Gilkes and Sergeant MacIntosh (W.D.C., Woolwich), Station-Sergeant Rootes (W.D.C., Corsham), Station-Sergeant Crawley (W.D.C., Feltham), Station-Sergeant Innes (W.D.C., Purfleet), Sergeants Gillett, Withey, Fursden and twenty-three other officers of the Didcot Detachment, W.D.C., Col. G. R. Hopkins (C.O.O., Didcot) and Mrs. Hopkins, Lieut.-Col. Omond, Lieut.-Col. Hidden, Majors Danby and Maloney, Captain and Mrs. Stagg, Lieut. and Mrs. Bailey, Lieut. Fletcher, all of the R.A.O.C., Superintendent L. Giles, Sergeant Woods, P.C.s. Axford, Godwin, Hills (Berkshire Constabulary), Inspector Higgs (Air Ministry Wardens, Milton), Messrs. Reeves and O'Leary (Army Audit Staff), Messrs. Ledwidge, Sellery and Evans (representing Clerks and Storeholders, R.A.O.C., Depot, Didcot), Mr. G. Holloway (representing Vauxhall Camp C. & S. Club), Mr. J. Griffin (G.W.R.), Mr. G. Thompson (representing guests of the W.D.C., Didcot, Canteen), Cpl. Colson and three other members Didcot Division St. John Ambulance Brigade, Mr. R. Loman (Didcot Branch, British Legion), Fire-Sgt. Piper and Fireman Potter (Didcot Depot Fire Brigade), Mrs. Handley, Mrs. Dod and Mrs. Clark (W.D.C., Bramley), the wives of all officers, W.D.C., Didcot, and representatives of the Women's Branch, British Legion, Didcot.

Pall bearers were P.C.s Rogers, Anderson, Page, Walsh, Hague and Golding of the W.D.C., Didcot, and the cortege was escorted by all W.D.C. Officers present and Sergt. Woods (Berks Constabulary) under Chief-Inspector Handley and a detachment of No. 4 Section, R.A.O.C., commanded by Lieut. A. H. Newman. Buglers of No. 4 Section, R.A.O.C., sounded the "Last Post" and the "Reveille."



The late Inspector F. W. Barnes.

Floral tributes were sent by the widow (Mrs. Barnes) ; Agnes ; Edie and Jack ; Frank and Jennie ; Sister and brother ; Tiny and Ted ; Nellie and Bert ; Dad ; Mrs. Savage ; Aunt Ellen and Francis ; Mr. and Mrs. Rouse ; Mr. and Mrs. Evans ; Mr. and Mrs. Fursdon ; Coskett Farm ; Mr. and Mrs. Ledwidge ; Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Mapleson ; British Legion, Camberley ; Col. Hopkins and the Officers, R.A.O.C., Didcot ; Chief Inspector and Mrs. Handley ; Inspector and Mrs. Pierce ; Chief Constable and Assistant Chief Constables, W.D.C. ; W.D.C., Didcot ; W.D.C. and Fire Brigade, Bramley ; W.D.C., Hilsea ; W.D.C., Purfleet ; W.D.C., Woolwich ; W.D.C., Feltham ; Supt. Giles and Berks Constabulary, Didcot ; Air Ministry Wardens, Milton ; Wives of the W.D.C., Didcot ; Children of the W.D.C., Didcot ; Hon. Members and Visitors, W.D.C. Canteen, Didcot ; R.A.O.C. Depot, Didcot ; R.A.O.C. Depot, Didcot, Fire Brigade ; Storeholders, R.A.O.C. Depot, Didcot ; British Legion, Didcot ; W.O.'s and Serpts, R.A.O.C., Didcot ; Junior Ranks, R.A.O.C., Didcot ; and the Brethren, St. Birinus Lodge of Instruction ; Mr. and Mrs. Cooper ; Mr. and Mrs. Durbin ; Mr. and Mrs. England.

Inspector F. W. Barnes was a capable and earnest Police Officer, and his genial courtesy and kindness endeared him to all who came into contact with him. Born at Chichester in 1878, he served in the Royal Artillery beyond 21 years and took part in the South African War, 1899 to 1902 and the Great War, 1914 to 1919, and left the Army with the rank of Warrant Officer, Class I.

He joined the War Department Constabulary in 1925 and served at Hilsea, Burscough (as Station-Sergeant) and took charge of the W.D.C., Didcot, as Inspector in 1932. He showed the keenest interest in his work and in social interests and was ever to the fore in promoting the comfort and happiness of the officers under him. An enthusiastic club member, he inspired interest in all social activities, billiards, gardening, shooting, etc.

Assisted by his wife, he took a leading part in all our club life and he was equally adept at other interests.

We all, members, wives and children extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved widow and desire to join her in sorrowing for the passing of a GOOD MAN.

*This Gentleman, whose life is scored  
On tablets golden, by deeds of worth,  
Adoring children—by them adored,  
His mortal frame sleeps, returned to earth.  
His Soul! Ah! above all has soared!*

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Not very amusing, is he?"

"No, he couldn't even entertain a doubt."

\* \* \* \*

Little Johnny's mother had just presented him with twin sisters, and the household was in a regular commotion of excitement and joy. Father was *beaming* with pride and he took Johnny on one side. . . .

"If you tell your teacher about it I'm sure she'll give you a day's holiday," he suggested.

That evening Johnny came home radiant with joy.

"You were right, Dad, I don't have to go to school tomorrow," he announced proudly.

"Did you tell your teacher about the twins?" asked his father.

"No, I just told her I had a baby sister!"

"But you should have told her you had *two* of them!"

"Oh, no!" came the quick reply, "I'm saving one for next week!"

\* \* \* \*

A Manchester commercial traveller met another "knight of the road" in the dining car.

"Of course you're from Lancashire?" said the latter.

The Manchester man replied that he was, and asked why the question had been asked.

"Oh, I was just accounting for your accent," was the reply.

Then the Manchester man said: "And where do you come from?"

"Worcester," replied the other, innocently.

"Ah, well," remarked the other, "now I can account for your *saucy*."

\* \* \* \*

"That was a delightfully charming song. It recalled memories of my old, ivy-covered house with its old creaking stairs and squeaky doors."

\* \* \* \*

A certain temperance fanatic one day espied a man lying full length on the grass in Hyde Park, his hair rumbled and his face flushed. The teetotaler decided that the man was "under the influence" and spoke to him as follows:

"My friend, have you ever paused to consider that if the price of an alcoholic drink had been invested at compound interest when the Queen of Sheba visited King Solomon it would now be worth something in the region of £1,584,352?"

The man on the grass looked up slowly and answered:

"No, I can't say I have, but I *am* something of a statistician myself, and I'm warning you that if you aren't too yards away in twenty-five seconds I'm going to hit you on the nose twenty-three times and make you jump three feet six inches in the air. I've just had five teeth out at five shillings an extraction and I'm in no mood for mental arithmetic!"

\* \* \*

The college Professor was lecturing on the distribution of the world population. He mentioned that only in the West Indies were males in excess of females.

"A happy state of affairs," he said playfully. "Not unlike the state which existed in this community of ours before women undergraduates were admitted."

At this point several women students, affecting to be offended, rose to leave the class.

"One moment, please, ladies," said the lecturer, "there is no occasion to go yet; the next boat for the West Indies doesn't leave for another week."

\* \* \*

The fussy old lady had been pestering a Zoo attendant for some time, getting him to tell her about all the various animals and their ways.

"And now," she continued, "there's still another animal I want to know about—but I forget what its name is—a very harmless sort of creature; its meat is used for food, but it has a strong, tough skin. Now what would that be?"

"You'll find one in the refreshment rooms," said the bored attendant. "It's probably a sausage you're thinking of!"

\* \* \*

Jones was feeling queer, so he went to a doctor. The doctor, however, failed to diagnose the trouble.

"I'll tell you what to do," he said after a while. "Wrap a piece of paper round yourself and prick it in every place you feel a pain."

Jones did this, but when on the following day he came to look for the paper he found it missing.

"Have you seen a roll of paper anywhere?" he asked his wife.

"Why, yes," she replied. "I put it on the pianola and it played 'The Last Round Up.'"

\* \* \*

"And is your daughter happily married?"

"Oh, yes—her husband is scared to death of her!"

\* \* \*

"I'd like to see something cheap in a felt hat."

"Certainly, sir. Try this one on—the mirror's on the left."

\* \* \*

POLICEMAN: "Miss, you were doing 60 miles an hour!"

SHE: "Oh, isn't that splendid! I only learned to drive yesterday."

\* \* \*

JIMMY: "Mum, would it hurt Baby if he ate a big fat worm?"

MOTHER: "My! yes; it would kill him."

JIMMY: "Well, it didn't anyway."

\* \* \*

POET (near telephone): "What's that hissing noise?"

OFFICE BOY: "That's the editor's blood boiling."

\* \* \*

"How many more times are you going to use my bus for your parcels?" asked the conductor as the man dumped a large package by the stairs and went inside for the tenth time that day.

"Only three times more. There's the kitchen stove, the gas fire and the umbrella stand. Then we've moved!"

The gentleman of 6 feet 9 inches had been arguing with the gentleman of 4 feet nothing and at last, in disgust, pushed him on one side, saying: "Get out of the way, you remnant. Why, if you pulled up your socks you would blindfold yourself."

\* \* \* \*

Two Irishmen stood in front of a drug store in Dublin. In the window was a display of rubber gloves.

"Now I wonder what is them things for?" asked one of the Irishmen.

"Oh," replied the other Irishman, "ye can put them things on an' wash yer hands without gettin' yer hands wet."

\* \* \* \*

"How did you make your neighbour keep his hens in his own yard?"

"One night I hid half a dozen eggs under a bush in my garden, and next day I let him see me gather them. I wasn't bothered after that."

\* \* \* \*

SANDY: "Well, doctor, you've pulled me through this illness."

DOCTOR (*modestly*): "It was the work of Providence."

SANDY: "Aye, doctor! But you'll charge for it."

\* \* \* \*

DONALD: "Ye promised me saxpence if I was top boy at school, an' I've been top boy two weeks running."

FATHER (*reluctantly*): "Well, here's a shilling, but ye must gie up studyin' so hard. It's no guid for ye."

\* \* \* \*

#### GRAMMAR LESSON.

"Are your father and mother in?" asked the visitor of the small boy who opened the door.

"They was in," said the child, "but they is out."

"They was in. They is out. Where's your grammar?"

"She's gone upstairs," said the boy, "for a lay-down."

\* \* \* \*

The children were having a Nature lesson. Presently the teacher placed a bowl of goldfish on the table.

"Now, children," she said, "can anyone tell me what a goldfish is?"

"Yes, teacher," cried Teddy. "It's a sardine that has got rich."

\* \* \* \*

WIFE (*trying on hats*): "Do you like this one turned down, dear?"

HUSBAND: "How much is it?"

WIFE: "Two pounds."

HUSBAND: "Yes, turn it down."

\* \* \* \*

"Has daddy finished dressing?"

"I don't think so, mummy. I heard him talking to his collar."

\* \* \* \*

OLD LADY (*meeting a one-legged tramp in the street*): "Poor man, you have lost a leg, haven't you?"

TRAMP (*looking down*): "Well, now to be sure, lady. So I have!"

\* \* \* \*

The London-Aberdeen express neared its destination.

"It's been a long and tiring journey, hasn't it?" said the Englishman.

"Aye," agreed the Scotsman, "an' sae it ought to be for the money."

\* \* \* \*

CHINAMAN (*phoning dentist*): "I have velly bad ache. What time you fixee teeth fo' me?"

DENTIST: "Two-thirty, all right?"

CHINAMAN: "Yes, tooth hurty all right, but what time you fixee fo' me?"

\* \* \* \*

An old lady, being shown over a submarine for the first time, was interested in the gun on the deck.

"Does it get very wet when you go down?" she asked.

"Oh, no, mum," said her guide. "You see, when we get the order to submerge, two sailors hold umbrellas over it."

\* \* \* \*

SALESMAN (after displaying stock of linoleum): "What did you say it was for, ma'am?"

CUSTOMER: "Oh, didn't I tell you? It's for the bottom of the canary's cage."

\* \* \* \*

IN MODERN MODE.

"Where's old Bill been lately? I haven't seen him for months."

"What? Haven't you 'eard? He's got three months for stealin' a car."

"What did he want to steal a car for? Why didn't he buy one an' not pay for it, like a gentleman!"

\* \* \* \*

JUDGE: "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

IRISH DEFENDANT: "Not guilty, your honour."

JUDGE: "Have you ever been arrested before?"

DEFENDANT: "No, sir; this was the first time I ever stole anything."

\* \* \* \*

"Goodness, Sarah, what a kitchen!" exclaimed Mrs. Hinks. "Every pot, pan, and dish is dirty. The table is a perfect litter and—why, it will take you all night to clear things up. What have you been doing?"

"Nothing much, mum," explained Sarah. "Your daughter has just been showing me how they boil a potato at her cookery school."

\* \* \* \*

HE: "What a beautiful sunset!"

SHE: "Yes, I could stand here all day looking at it."

\* \* \* \*

"Well, Paul, aren't you going out to play this afternoon?"

"No, I've got to stay at home and help father with my homework."

\* \* \* \*

A woman advertised for a caretaker for her town house, and after interviewing a large number of applicants found one who suited her.

"Thanks for giving me the job," said the man; "and might I ask you a question? You stated in your advertisement that you wanted a married man. Does that mean you have some work in view for my wife?"

"Oh, no," replied the woman. "I wanted a married man so as to be sure I'd get someone used to taking orders from a woman."

\* \* \* \*

MAGISTRATE: "Speeding, eh? How many times have you been before me?"

MOTORIST: "Never, your worship. I've often tried to pass you on the road, but my 'bus will only do fifty-five."

\* \* \* \*

"What is a dramatic critic, dad?"

"A man who gives the best jeers of his life to the theatre."

\* \* \* \*

And then there was the sweet young thing, taking the examination for a driver's licence, who was asked:

"If your brakes suddenly failed to work while you were going downhill, what would you do?"

She hesitated only a moment, then smiled brightly and answered: "Why, that's easy; I'd just jump out and put a big stone under the wheel."

\* \* \* \*

BOXER : " Have I done him any damage ? "

DISGUSTED SECOND : " No, but keep on swinging. The draught might give him a cold. "

\* \* \* \*

PROSPECTIVE GOVERNESS : " I'm not interested in the position. I didn't realise you had thirteen children. "

MISTRESS : " Don't tell me you're superstitious. "

\* \* \* \*

" What would you think if every time you put your hand in your pocket you were to find a £1 note ? "

" Think ? I wouldn't think. I'd know I had somebody else's clothes on. "

\* \* \* \*

STAGE PRODUCER : " My dear chap, that won't do at all. You must look into her face anxiously. Try to imagine you're in a taxi watching the face of the meter. "

\* \* \* \*

A guest was seated at dinner next to a deaf old lady.

" Are you fond of bobbed hair ? " he asked her.

" I can't say, " she replied, " I've never tasted it. "

\* \* \* \*

DOCTOR (to his daughter) : " Did you tell the young man that I think he's no good ? "

" Yes, but it didn't impress him. He said it wasn't the first wrong diagnosis you had made. "

\* \* \* \*

MRS. BIGGS : " I hope you're bringing me better coal than you did last year. "

COALMAN : " I give you my word, ma'am, I spent all the summer evenings sorting out the best bits for this very bag ! "

\* \* \* \*

" I say, ol' man, I'm seeing everything double. "

" Then shut one eye, you idiot. "

\* \* \* \*

PROFESSOR (visiting a student in his chambers) : " How cold it is here ! Do you never have a fire ? How can you work in this temperature ? "

STUDENT : " Ah, Professor, when I begin to feel cold, I just think of my exams, and then I perspire all over. "

\* \* \* \*

HOST : " No fires, and all the windows open, old man. No germs can live in this house ! "

GUEST : " I don't blame them. "

\* \* \* \*

A Scotsman and an Englishman, feeling hungry, went into a restaurant and ordered tea. When this was served the Englishman caused some amusement by saying loudly enough for other people to hear, " Now you be mother and pour out. "

The Scotsman did so, but turned the tables on his friend at the end of the meal by standing up and saying, " Now you be father and pay. "

\* \* \* \*

The boarding-house landlady was having a slight argument with a young man lodger.

" I'm always at work, " said she ; " busy as a bee— "

" You're not like a bee, " said the boarder. " A bee can only sting a person once. "

\* \* \* \*

The instructor, having delivered a lecture on parachute work, concluded, " And if it doesn't open—well, that is what is known as ' jumping to a conclusion. ' "

\* \* \* \*

EDITOR (tersely) : " What have you there ? "

YOUTHFUL POET : " A sonnet addressed to the ' West Wind. ' "

" Well, the window's open. "

\* \* \* \*

SCIENTIST (*to chemist*): "Give me some prepared monacetic-acidester of Salicylic acid."

CHEMIST: "Do you mean aspirin?"

SCIENTIST: "That's right! I can never think of that name."

\* \* \* \*

"Oh, my wife is very busy. She's going to address the women's garden club."

"I suppose she's working on the address."

"No, the dress."

\* \* \* \*

The new Irish butler was announcing the guests.

"Mr. Jones, Mrs. Jones, Miss Jones," he said.

"Shorten your announcements, Patrick," whispered his employer. "Mr. Jones and family would have been sufficient."

The next arrivals were "Mr. Penny and family."

"Fourpence," announced Patrick.

\* \* \* \*

M'Pherson, drowsing by the fire, was roused by the sound of his pal rummaging in the cupboard.

"What are you looking for?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"You'll not find it there," he said, and he settled down in his chair again. "You'll find it in the decanter on the table where the whiskey was."

\* \* \* \*

Brown had been offered a lift on a country road, and had accepted gratefully. But he found his benefactor was a reckless driver, and his hair almost stood on end.

"I s-say," he faltered, "you took that curve at si-sixty! You ought to be in a lunatic asylum!"

"That's awfully clever of you," said the affable stranger, taking another corner at a terrific speed. "This is the second time I've escaped in the last six months!"

\* \* \* \*

The American visitor, after taking a taxi to her destination, asked the fare.

"A bob," said the driver.

"A what?" she asked.

"A bob."

"What is a bob?"

"Don't you know what a bob is?" said the driver. She shook her head.

"Well, a bob's a half-crown."

"A half-crown?" she repeated.

"Don't you know what that is?" asked the driver.

"I don't," she replied.

"Well, look here, I'll show you," said the driver as he took a shilling from his pocket and held it up to the passenger. "Five of these."

\* \* \* \*

"I thought you said if I were sociable to the magistrate I would get off."

"And were you?"

"Yes! I said 'Good morning, how are you.'"

... He said "Fine . . . £5!"

\* \* \* \*

HUSBAND (*reading*): "You know, I don't like all this metaphorical stuff. I wonder what this writer means by 'gems of thought'?"

WIFE: "Oh, probably something like that ring you're always promising to buy me."

#### ANOTHER FIFTY HOUSES TO OUR LIST.

It was announced recently that H. & G. Simonds Ltd. have purchased the business of Lakeman's Brewery, Brixham, which includes about fifty licensed houses in Devon and North Cornwall.

The deal fills up a large gap in the area covered by the sign of the Hop Leaf, which now stretches from London to Penzance, and across the Bristol Channel into South Wales.

It brings the total number of licensed houses owned by Simonds up to about 1,000.

Last June the firm acquired controlling interest in the Cirencester Brewery, Cirencester.

## TABLE TENNIS.

SIMONDS' T.T.C. *versus* PETTYS PRESS T.T.C.

NOVEMBER 1st, 1937.

We were fairly well matched in the first draw of our first tournament and although we managed to win, we had to fight hard. Brown drew Rixon, and played very well to win 21-19, 21-8. Busby was unlucky to draw Taylor, Pettys' best man, and was beaten 9-21, 11-21. "Skipper" Jenkins next defeated Rogers 21-9, 21-11, to put Simonds ahead once more. "Ted" Bailey played well against Hawk, but was beaten 18-21, 14-21. Tozer squared things up in a hard game with Hine, 21-16, 17-21, 21-15. The last match was a very hard fought match and although Nicholls won, 21-17, 18-21, 23-22, the honours were deserved by Jakeman, Pettys left-handed player. At the end of this set of games Simonds led by 8 games to 6.

The next draw was quite different, and Busby, who was rather off form, was beaten by Rogers 20-23, 21-14, 17-21. Jenkins followed by beating Rixon 21-12, 21-12, and this kept us two games ahead.

Nicholls managed to beat Hine 21-18, 10-21, 21-18, although Hine kept relying on Nicholls' forehand, which, for a change, was somewhat erratic. Bailey was well beaten by Taylor in the next game, 16-21, 10-21, but Tozer came up to scratch and beat Hawk 21-17, 21-16. The last game was the best of the evening. Brown put everything he could into this match, but Jakeman made some superb counter-attacks to win 21-13, 17-21, 27-17. Hard luck, Brown!

Our next game is against G.W. Motors, and if everyone plays as well as they did versus Pettys, we shall be able to hold our own.

All the team would like to thank Mr. W. Bradford for taking over the hard task of Secretary of our Club. There is more work in this job than meets the eye, but you can be sure, Mr. Bradford, that we appreciate it. Thank you very much. We would also like to thank Pettys for the good games, and hope for another fixture.



## BRANCHES.

## BRIGHTON.

Many people aver that the late war is forgotten, but this does not apply to the Royal Sussex Regimental Old Comrades Association. This association held their annual reunion dinner on the 8th October at the Brighton Corn Exchange, under the chairmanship of their president, Brig.-Gen. W. L. Osborn.

Over 650 past and present members of the county regiment attended, including officers and men representing the 2nd Battalion, now at Devonport after many years' service abroad. The Chairman made a spirited appeal for all members to get recruits for both the line and volunteer units, and with community singing and beer supplied free by H. & G.S. and local brewers, a pleasant evening was spent.

After a successful summer season we shall now be settling down to club life, winter sports and indoor entertainments. At the moment, however, we are enjoying an exceptional spell of sunny weather, when visitors can see Brighton at its best. Amongst such visitors we have been pleased to see Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds, and hope he returned home benefited by the lovely weather and sea breezes.

One effect of the dry weather was the cancellation of Fontwell Park races owing to the hard state of the course, an unusual happening in October.

Neither Reading nor Brighton football teams are shining lights at the moment, but no doubt as the season advances the standard of play will improve.

Our best wishes go out to our traveller, Mr. E. D. Penlerick, who recently took a maid from Devon to wed. We wish them both good health and many years of mutual companionship. A gift of cutlery was made to Mr. Penlerick by the staff.

## PORTSMOUTH.

The "At Home" of the 2nd Bn. The Queen's Royal Regiment held this year at Albany Barracks, Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, proved a very popular event in the Island. The objects of the "At Home" are given as twofold. Firstly, to give the general public an opportunity of seeing for themselves the conditions under which the soldier of to-day lives. You are therefore invited to go into any buildings and make a personal inspection of the various

institutes, barrack rooms, stores, etc. There are Non-Commissioned Officers and Men in each building whose sole duty is to answer any questions you may wish to ask. Secondly, to give the soldier an opportunity of entertaining his relations and friends and showing them personally the barracks. From this year's programme is the following interesting extract of the History of the Regiment :—

“The Queen's Royal Regiment, which now occupies Albany Barracks, is the oldest English Line Regiment, having first been formed in 1661, and having been in existence ever since that date.”

“It had its origin in the reign of Charles II. Charles married Catherine of Braganza, sister of the King of Portugal. As part of her dowry, she brought with her the valuable possession of Tangier. Charles found it necessary to raise both Horse and Foot Soldiers to defend this new possession against the continuous attacks of the Moors. The 1st Tangier Regiment of Foot was formed in 1661, and shortly afterwards was re-named The Queen's Royal Regiment of Foot, after Queen Catherine of Braganza.

“The Regiment last served in the Isle of Wight in 1816-1821, when it was at Parkhurst just after Waterloo. The barracks (huts as they were then) served as a depot whilst the Battalion was abroad in the West Indies.”

For the first time this year Chichester had its own race meeting, Chichester City Fathers, the Magistrates and the citizens combined to make the meeting the biggest burlesque in the country. It was done wholeheartedly and the object achieved; in addition over £125 was raised for the Royal West Sussex Hospital. One of the rules stated that no man was to put asunder jockey and donkey during any race. The Chief Steward was the Mayor (Councillor W Napper) who had the pleasure of leading in his own entry, ‘Flickers,’ as the Donkey St. Leger winner. For that occasion he was raised to the elevation of Lord High Chief Steward, wearing as a distinguished decoration a bandolier of carrots. The Judges were Admiral Palmer and Mr. H. Field who, fortunately, had no objections to sustain. For the conclusion there was a spice of variety. The Corporation Stakes for dogs (any height, age, colour or breed) with owner attached. To make good weight a special event was put on—the officials' race on donkeys for no prize but for a great deal of honour. Mr. F. Napper won easily, while his father's mount found 16 stone 2 lbs. too great a handicap. The bookies offered 15 to 1 against the Mayor this time.

A pleasing ceremony took place recently in the office here. The occasion was the eve of the marriage of a popular member of the office staff, Mr. E. N. F. Job, who started his career on the Firm as Junior Clerk here. The Manager (Mr. F. H. Biggs) presented Mr. Job with a handsome oak chiming dining-room clock. Mr. Biggs said that he had a pleasant task to perform in making the presentation and wished Mr. Job and his future wife every happiness, on behalf of himself and the Portsmouth Staff. Mr. Biggs also handed to Mr. Job a list of subscribers to the present, and mentioned that every employee at Portsmouth Branch had subscribed. Mr. Job, in his reply, thanked Mr. Biggs and the members of the Staff for their kind wishes and handsome present, which, he said, would always be looked upon with appreciation and pride by himself and the future Mrs. Job.



Wedding of Mr. E. N. F. Job of Portsmouth to Miss Lilian Race of Southsea, at St. Simon's Church, Southsea, 16th October, 1937.

### THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

On the 1st November we took over Lakeman's Brewery, Brixham, from Mr. M. P. Hunt (who was the former proprietor of Crabbs Park, Paignton) together with some 50 Hotels and Inns. This latest acquisition should make us the largest Brewery in the South-west of England.

Prince William of Orange landed at Brixham and local tradition records that, as he landed, the Prince addressed the fishermen, in broken English:—

"Mine goot people, I mean you goot,  
I come here for your goot, for all your goots."

We want to assure the good people of Brixham that we are not after their goods but we hope they will be after ours.

Heartly congratulations to Mr. H. Gorman, of our Transport Department, who was recently presented with a beautiful oak case clock by Mr. W. F. McIntyre on behalf of the Staff at the Tamar Brewery, on the occasion of his wedding to Miss Bettinson.

Plymouth Argyle are having a bad time just now—a lot of which is accounted for by sheer bad luck. The chances are that the exceptionally dry weather which has been experienced lately is something to do with it. When the rainy season starts they will, doubtless, soar up the league table.

### TAMAR HOTEL, CROWNHILL.

This hotel is one of the best laid out in the district and a credit to the Firm. It has recently been remodelled and the bars are second to none in the West of England and greatly appreciated by the good people of Plymouth and the suburb of Crownhill. The oak panelling is a great attraction, and the counters are of handsome design with Indian laurel fronts, which are unique in this part of the country.

Every credit is due to the Architect, Mr. Chas. Cheverton, F.R.I.B.A., of Devonport.

The hotel is three miles out on the main road from Plymouth to Tavistock and is within easy distance of Crownhill Barracks. Attached to the hotel is an up-to-date Off Licence.

The Tenant, Mr. James Ponsford (of boxing fame) was formerly Licensee of the Newmarket Hotel at Launceston, and both he and Mrs. Ponsford are extremely popular at the Tamar Hotel.



Tamar Hotel, Crownhill, Plymouth.



Mr. and Mrs. Ponsford and Staff.



Interior one of the Lounges.

The three illustrations give but a slight idea of the extent of the premises, at the rear of which is a Car Park and Lock-up Garages.

Mr. W. H. Stamp (formerly of the Duke of Cornwall Hotel Vaults) has taken over the Who'd Have Thought It Inn, Milton Combe, from Mr. F. G. Collis, and we wish both Mr. and Mrs. Stamp every success.

Mr. R. L. Tozer, who was the manager of our Platel's Hotel, Brixham, has been transferred to the Devonport Arms, Paignton. Mr. Tozer was Licensee of the Platel's Hotel for several years and was always very popular. Mr. R. H. Down, from the City Social Club, Plymouth, is the new Licensee of the Platel's and has had a wide experience.

We were sorry to part company with Mr. C. G. Sherriff of the Commercial Hotel, Millbrook. He was very much liked in the district and always took a keen interest in the sporting and entertaining life of the district. The licence has been transferred to Mr. Nelson Edwards. Mr. Edwards has just relinquished the tenancy of the Dolphin Hotel, Chard—prior to which he was, for some years, stud groom to the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe. Visitors will receive a real hearty welcome from both mine host and hostess.

The White Hart Inn, St. Marychurch, Torquay, has been taken over by Mr. W. E. Perring—who has been in business at St. Marychurch for some time past. Both Mr. and Mrs. Perring are well known in the district and carry with them the best of wishes in their new undertaking.



The above photograph was sent to us by a visitor to Clovelly, who writes:—

"Upon the occasion of a visit to Clovelly, during my vacation at Welcombe this year, I was indeed fortunate to take the enclosed snap. It struck me, particularly from an Advertiser's point of view, as being rather unique. The beer being of your brew I thought you may like to see the snap."

Clovelly is built on a very steep slope and the beers have to be transported on a sleigh down some hundreds of steps to the New Inn Hotel and the Red Lion Hotel. We have had the pleasure of supplying these two Inns for a number of years with draught and bottled beers. As will be seen from the illustration, the empties are taken to the top of the hill by donkeys. The operation of delivering goods and collecting empties is one of the sights of Clovelly, and affords great interest to the visitors.

## BRISTOL.

## CLEVEDON CARNIVAL.

By a much regretted oversight we omitted to mention that the photographs of "Reading House" and the Hospital Helpers' Lunch, which was held in that hotel, were reproduced by the kind permission of Messrs. Bride's of Clevedon.

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