

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

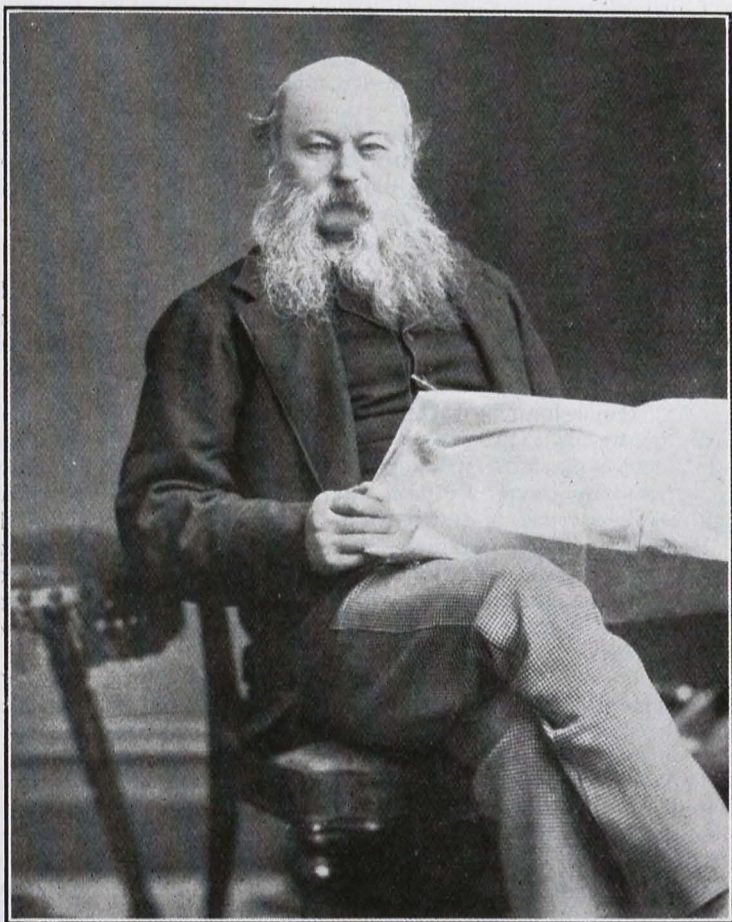
*The Monthly Journal of
H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.*

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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The Late Mr. HENRY JOHN SIMONDS.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

Our frontispiece is a portrait of the late Mr. Henry John Simonds, the father of the late Colonel Caversham Simonds and the first Chairman of the Company on its formation after a long period of existence under private partnership.

Mr. Henry John was born at the old Brewery House, in Bridge Street, to which, after joining the Firm, he returned to live for some years before moving to his father's house, that beautiful old place on the banks of the Thames on the Oxfordshire side of the river just above Caversham Bridge. The Rectory once belonged to Cardinal Wolsey, to whom it was given by King Henry VIII. It has now passed out of the hands of the Simonds family, several generations of which were Lay-Rectors of Caversham.

Mr. Henry John was educated at Eton and Cambridge University, where he attained the distinction of being created a Fellow of King's College. He was a brilliant classical scholar and it might almost be said of him that he could talk and write Latin and Greek as well as his native tongue.

Before he joined the Firm he practised for some time successfully at the Bar, where he made many friends, amongst others the famous Montague Williams, K.C., who makes special mention of him in his memoirs.

Mr. Henry John took the keenest interest in politics; it need hardly be said as a staunch Conservative. He was a very eloquent and effective platform speaker and possessed a fine flow of wit, sarcasm and invective. Probably no statesman has ever experienced such merciless criticism and scorn as was heaped upon the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone by Mr. Henry John on political platforms. Though bitter political opponents they were, however, personal friends and for many years maintained a correspondence, exchanging Latin and Greek verses of their own composition and freely criticizing each other's efforts.

Mr. Henry John had the reputation of being a fine fisherman, an excellent shot and one of the best whist players of his day.

Space does not admit of numerous anecdotes which might be recited of this powerful and extraordinary personality. It is sufficient to say that beneath an abrupt and perhaps domineering exterior he possessed great kindness of heart and a generosity which he never failed to extend to those in need. His death in 1896 was a grievous loss to the Firm, to the prosperity of which he so largely contributed for many years.

TAUGHT THEM TO RIDE STRAIGHT.

In another page we print a very interesting article, by Old Yeoman, concerning the late Colonel H. C. Simonds, whose portrait we gave in our last issue. Colonel Simonds imparted much of his great knowledge of horses to the men privileged to serve under him in the Yeomanry, and that knowledge, in many instances, served them in good stead in later life. Colonel Simonds taught his men to ride straight. A strict disciplinarian while on duty, he was a most genial companion when the day's work was done. He took a great pride in the Yeomanry and made his men proud of their Regiment too.

APPRECIATION.

A little encouragement goes a long way. Concerning THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE the Editor has received many most kind expressions. Regarding last month's issue one lady wrote a very charming letter, speaking highly of the general contents of the little book and winding up by saying: "I look forward to my GAZETTE each month with immense interest." The letter, and particularly its source, were extremely gratifying.

HARD HITTING.

The Seven Bridges Cricket Club is now doing much better after a rather indifferent start. Several of their recent performances have been quite good. In the person of Mr. Wadhams we have a second Jessop. The way he puts the ball away to leg is a treat to watch. At Farnborough he hit one so hard that he and his partner ran eight runs before the ball was returned.

OUR TENNIS CLUB.

The Seven Bridges Lawn Tennis Club is proving more and more successful. The tournament, the first of its kind, is a great attraction and there have been some extremely exciting games and very close finishes—a tribute to the work of the handicappers. The Club has also had its first match with another Club. The Seven Bridges team lost, though only by a very small margin, and the fixture was so enjoyable that it is hoped soon to arrange another similar match. We see that our friends at Woking think about giving our Club a match. Woking say they have some "dark horses." The Seven Bridges Club is not without its talent.

ASCOT.

We hope those of our friends who went to Ascot had a good time and spotted some winners. One of our travellers saw the steward of a well-known Reading Club just before he started for Ascot. This gentleman did himself well and had a little "flutter" concerning each race on the day in question. He started off with exactly £4 10s. od., and when he counted his money on his return, strange to say, there was the same sum—not one halfpenny more or less.

POOR FATHER!

A carter was taking a load of hay down a country road and when outside a vicarage the hay toppled down into the road. The Vicar was near at hand and said he would help the carter reload the hay, but asked him first to join him at breakfast. The carter seemed reluctant and told the Vicar that he did not think he ought to. "Why?" queried the Vicar. "Well, Sir, I don't think father would like it." The carter ate one or two more mouthfuls, but seemed to be thinking more about the hay than his breakfast. The Vicar then said coaxingly to him: "Look here, my good man, you tell your father you breakfasted with the Vicar and I am sure he will be pleased." "I don't think he will, Sir," replied the carter, "you see, he's under the hay!"

A SOUND TIP FOR ASCOT.

One of the soundest tips for Ascot was that given by Mr. Morgan of the "Duke's Head," Reading, where the following notice was prominently displayed:—

"To the Races 16 miles.

To motorists and others: Fill up here with 'S.B.'"

Many motorists took the tip and were more than satisfied.

THAT CORMORANT!

Many people at The Brewery had a fine view of the cormorant which visited Reading recently and perched for some hours on the weather-vane of St. Giles' Church. The cormorant is a sea bird and is not often seen so far inland, though one was killed in Reading a few years ago. Our recent visitor also spent an evening on a tall chimney down the Oxford Road and large crowds of people with field glasses, telescopes, etc., turned out to see it. Not a few mothers were very scared because the false news spread that the bird was an eagle. Several parents forbade their children to go out for fear that the "eagle" would carry them off. The Editor saw one woman hastily close all the windows in her house and bolt the doors. We wonder if a real eagle has actually ever carried off a child?

Congratulations to Mr. A. P. F. Chapman on scoring well over two centuries in one innings.

KING'S PHYSICIAN EXPOSES DRY LAWS.

Vigorous condemnation of prohibition, cordial approval of the use of alcohol in moderation, proof that the nation is becoming more sober, and an appreciation of the part played by modern women in bringing this about were all contained in a very striking speech made by LORD DAWSON OF PENN, the King's Physician, says the Parliamentary Correspondent of *The Daily Mail*.

The debate took place on the second reading of a bill introduced by the Bishop of Liverpool before the Whitsun recess with the object of introducing local option in England and Wales—that is, of enabling the inhabitants of localities to decide by vote whether the sale of drink in their area should be prohibited or of making regulations for limiting still further its sale.

THE REAL ISSUE.

LORD DAWSON'S was the most vigorous condemnation of prohibition for long heard in Parliament. That, after all, he said, was the real issue. For a local community to have the power to say to individual citizens what they should or should not drink was so tyrannical a policy that it could never receive popular support.

Already we had an experience of what prohibition on Sundays led to—motor-coach parties setting out for the nearest "wet" town, or where that was too far away, people storing up liquor in their homes during the week so as to have "a jolly day" on Sunday.

It was not likely that fermented liquors could ever be banished from civilised countries. They could be made too readily. There was hardly a country where the materials for making them could not be found. Potatoes, pineapples, and many other things could all be put into a pot and turned into alcohol—poor liquor, truly, but certainly alcoholic liquor.

STALE, THREADBARE IDEAS.

What virtues could prohibition show to offset the proved vices that it brought in its train—illicit stills, smuggling, bootlegging, and an undoubted increase of drinking among the young of both sexes? "You will see far less drunkenness in this country than in America. That is my personal observation."

Let them all get away from the stale, threadbare ideas of local option and prohibition.

A steady increase in temperance was going on in this country to-day at an accelerated rate. One had only to go to the cinemas, to watch the Bank Holiday crowds; to be sure of that.

WOMEN'S COMPANIONSHIP.

The increase in temperance had been produced by better housing, by a widening of taste, by the greater companionship of women for men, and by the cultivation of physical fitness which now applied to all classes. Women by becoming themselves more athletic had encouraged that desire for physical fitness among men.

Better than the duress proposed by the Bill before the House in promoting temperance would be better education, more chance for games and outdoor life. Let health lectures be given throughout the country—not lectures given by fanatics who were always preaching the evil of this or that—but lectures by people who would talk about the value of open windows, who would say what the benefits of alcohol really were, and who would teach the people when alcohol was good and when it was bad for them.



A party from the Brewery, Reading, going for a River Trip in July, 1923.

THE LATE COLONEL H. C. SIMONDS' PHOTOGRAPH.

OF GREAT INTEREST TO EX-BERKS YEOMEN.

The photograph of the late Colonel H. C. Simonds, published in the June issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, has been a source of great interest to many ex-Berks yeomen in Reading and many old stories of camp doings have been raked out of the good old days when Major "Cavvy" Simonds commanded the old "B" Squadron (Reading) Berks Yeomanry.

No one, except the men who served under him, knows just what his pride in the Regiment was. A recruit on joining, before passing the doctor, had the ordeal of passing the "Major" first. These interviews used to take place in the Lodge Room of the Reading "Phil" at the George Hotel, which, in those days, was kindly loaned to the yeomen as a lecture room. There, under the escort of the Sergt.-Major, the six or eight candidates for enlistment would have a short history of the Regiment told them by the "Major," then the parting shot before going on to the lesser ordeal of passing the doctor: "Remember, don't you ever let your Regiment down."

THE MARTIAL SPIRIT.

After passing the doctor, the recruit was sworn in. This, in the case of the writer, took place at The Rectory, Caversham, and after the ceremony was over, the King's health was drunk in XXXXX and, as the glasses were fairly large ones, when a party walked back over Caversham Bridge the martial spirit had already caught on.

After a course of drills and lectures, always under the watchful eye of Major Simonds, came camp, and despite the gibes which in those long-off days before the Great War were always aimed at the "Saturday night soldiers," this was a strenuous time as Major Simonds was a great believer in efficiency. At this period, just after the South African War, new methods of training for Cavalry were just being put into operation, so one was kept pretty busy whilst at camp. As the Editor says in his "Chat," Colonel Simonds was a great lover and judge of horses, and this was seen at camp when at stables every horse had to be passed by him. To follow him down the horse lines and listen to the sometimes piquant remarks on the various animals was a good lesson to the young yeoman who often was the veriest "tyro" in equine knowledge.

PROVED THEIR WORTH.

These lessons were to prove their worth long after when, during the Great War, some of these yeomen as Officers and Senior N.C.O.'s had to thank Colonel Simonds' knowledge for their ability to pick out a "wrong 'un."

In the field at mounted drill he displayed the same keenness and knowledge of tactics, whilst at the "pow-wows" always held after a field day, his summing up of the various situations of the day, though sometimes caustic, were to the point. The writer has had the honour on a good many occasions of riding as Colonel Simonds' orderly when one could not help overhearing what was his opinion of various things that had happened during the day. His orderly trumpeter, Trumpet-Major F. G. Godwin, if he could be persuaded, would be able to tell us more as he always used to receive these expressions first hand; in fact, I have heard Godwin say as he came off parade and things had not gone too good during the day: "I wish you fellows would buck up, the Major's in a h—l of a temper again and the worst of it is he practises on me before ever you catch it."

MOST GENIAL OF OFFICERS.

Off parade the Major was the most genial of officers and always took the lead in the social life of the camp. After dinner he was always to the fore in the camp concerts and many will have recollections of his taking the lead in the chorus singing at the Canteen operas. The thought of these often makes one wonder whether *The Daily Express* can claim all the credit for community singing. Anyhow, there were some lusty voices in those days, perhaps aided by the good (even in those times) well-known S.B.A. and I.P.A. The firm always supplied the camp whatever the location with the barmen as well as the liquor, and "Tiff" Jefferies, Jim Hetherington, Joe Benford and others will well remember the busy times they had with "Simonds' Own" (a name given to the Berks by a well-known Statesman who was an officer in the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Yeomanry). I wonder if "Tiff" can remember waiting up to give the Band, who had been playing at Blewbury Flower Show, a drink on their return. He found that they had increased their numbers since leaving camp to fulfil the engagement. The Machine Gun Section had arrived back at the same time as the Band, found that the Canteen was only open to the musicians, and not liking to be done out of "just one more," "borrowed" the silver-braided hats and instruments, leaving the Band to go in the Canteen with tunics only. "Tiff" served tunics and hats alike until Joe Benford, who, I believe, was his assistant, "tumbled" to the joke and "time" was called. But "Tiff" was a sportsman

and after this the Gun Section were always allowed the same privilege as the Band, just the extra half-hour that made all the difference.

TAUGHT US TO RIDE STRAIGHT.

The reader will note that Colonel Simonds is in these remarks frequently referred to as "The Major," but the majority will realise that as Major commanding our Squadron we were more in touch with him.

Colonel Simonds was as good a Colonel as he was a Squadron Commander and many a man who fought through the war has all to thank him for. In fact, this article has been written just through a remark which was passed in a Reading Club which a good many old yeomen frequent. They were looking at the photo, and one man said: "We had a lot to thank him for as soldiers: he taught us to ride straight."

The last time the writer of these notes saw Colonel Simonds was the day after war was declared, when, as an N.C.O. in charge of a party, he had to go to H. & G. Simonds' stable yard and help take over the vehicles and horses which had been commandeered by the Government. Colonel Simonds was there, I believe, acting as valuer for the Government in respect of horses taken over by them, and had the job of handing over his own beloved dray horses to his old Regiment. Good animals they were, the best transport horses we had, and all died in the service of their country. One was buried at sea in the Mediterranean on the way to Egypt and the rest lie either on the Western Frontier of Egypt or else on the trek to Palestine.

This is a digression from the "good-bye" of Colonel Simonds in the stable yard, but as he said in a letter to the Regiment just before it went on service: "I have only one regret, I am not going with you." Perhaps in some Valhalla he would like to know that his "gees" also did their "bit" and that his service was summed up, as stated before, in the words of one of his old troopers:

He taught us to ride straight.

It may interest readers to know that Colonel Simonds enlisted in the Berks Yeomanry as a trooper and held every rank in the Regiment (except Squadron Sergt.-Major) from Trooper to Commanding Officer. This, at the time, was almost a record for a Volunteer Officer.

OLD YEOMAN.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A lecture on the subject of insomnia was delivered in London. We understand that, before it was over, several members of the audience were observed to be completely cured.—“*Humorist.*”

HARTFORD: You say you never wake up your wife when you get home. How do you do it.”

HARPER: Oh, my wife's never asleep.

MRS. WANT: So your husband has a valet, butler and cook. How nice!

MRS. MANT: Not a bit, I'm them.

THE TEACHER: How many make a dozen?

CLASS: Twelve.

THE TEACHER: How many make a million?

CLASS: Very few.

1ST ACTRESS: I'm afraid that age is beginning to tell on me.

2ND DITTO: Never mind, dear, you take good care it doesn't tell the whole truth.

POLICEMAN: What is your favourite flower, Mary?

COOK: Self-raising for cakes and plain for bread.

DINER: This is a very small portion of chicken you have given me, waiter.

WAITER: Yes, sir, but you will find it will take you a long time to eat it.

CAPTAIN OF VILLAGE FIRE BRIGADE (entering local inn): Eight pints of beer, ma, an' do ye mind bein' a bit quick as we be on our way to a fire?”

“Look here,” shouted the agitated customer, rushing into the chemist's shop, “you gave me strychnine instead of quinine.”

“Then that will be another fourpence, sir,” said the assistant.

He was a simple Welsh lad.

“I llove you, Lleilla,” he whispered.

“And I,” she faltered, “llove you.”

Their llips met. And there llet us lleave them.

When asked to take the oath at Willesden, an elderly man wept and declared he had never sworn before in his life.

ANGRY CUSTOMER: Man, I thought you said this dog I bought of you was fine for rats. Why, he simply won't go near them.

DOG DEALER: Well, what are grumbling at, guv'nor? I didn't tell you no lie—ain't that fine for rats.

Pat entered an inn, in a small Irish town, to find a free fight in progress. “Shure this is foine,” he said, preparing to join in. “Do yer often have a noight loike this?” he asked the innkeeper. “Indade, no,” was the reply. “Oi opened this place a month ago, and this is the first toime the bhoys have shown anything loike a friendly feeling.”

“Are you ready to meet your Maker, Pat?” the priest asked an Irishman who was thought to be dying. “Yes, indade, yer riverence,” replied Pat, “Oi'm ready to meet me Maker. It's the other gintlemin Oi'm afraid of.”

In Washington they tell the story of a golfing clergyman who had been beaten badly on the links by a parishioner thirty years his senior and had returned to his club-house rather disgruntled.

“Cheer up,” his opponent said, “remember you win at the finish, you will probably be burying me some day.”

“Even then,” said the preacher, “it will be your hole.”

She turned to the young man who was showing her through the locomotive works and, pointing, asked, “What is that big thing over there?”

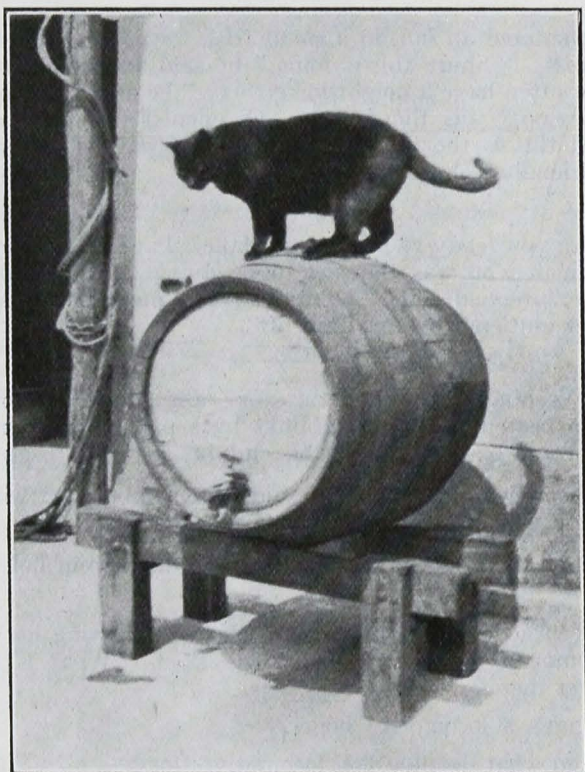
“That's a locomotive boiler.”

“And what do they boil locomotives for?”

“To make the locomotive tender.”

TINKER.

Below we publish a photograph of a very valuable member of our Canvas Department Staff, who answers to the name of "Tinker." Tinker is a very fine specimen of felinity, weighing 17½ lbs. and measuring 3 feet from his nose to the tip of his tail. He joined our Canvas Department Staff quite unceremoniously about six years ago by simply walking into the Store and taking possession of the nearest piece of green baize. He has been there ever since, being fed daily by his fellow workers. He is a very handsome black cat, but is rather an unpleasant customer when upset, as the Staff know to their cost; in fact, he must not be "tinkered" with. Since the advent of Tinker there is rarely a sign of rats and mice in the whole of the Stores under his care.



MUSTAPHA.

To the Editor, THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

Sir,—*Re* my letter in last month's issue, I am pleased to see that I am criticised over the name of Mustapha. Well, Mr. Editor, I only referred to Gold Coast natives, not to the whole of West Africa, and I still say I never knew a Gold Coast Boy named Mustapha.

Your esteemed correspondent quotes the Hausa. I was often with the Hausas at Coomassie, and there were no Gold Coast Boys there. They were recruited from the Big Fulani Tribe. I was also often with the W.A.F.F.'s at Zungesu, Zaria, and Kano in N. Nigeria, but it was long before the war.

I wonder if your correspondent's name is Anderson. If you or any of your pals ever come this way just give the old firm a look up and I will show the photos of the Hausa and Gold Coast nigger, also my curios.

I was thinking of getting all the lot in a group, photographing them and sending the photo to you, if you would like to put it in THE HOP LEAF. Cheerio, and good luck to the cheerio little GAZETTE.

I hope to hear from, or see in the near future, your correspondent. As an old Coaster I am always pleased to meet another and have a chin wag, but of course like everything else Africa has changed to what it was 25 years ago when I was there.

G. A. WELLS.

"Borough Arms,"
High Street,
Hungerford.

In aid of the Royal Berkshire Auxiliary (Orthopaedic) Hospital for the Treatment of Surgical Tuberculosis, Building Fund there will be a Gymkhana, in Mr. Oliver Dixon's Grounds, Reading (Green Road Entrance), on Saturday, 16th July, 1927, at 2 p.m. It will be opened by His Worship The Mayor of Reading. Admission 1/-. Children under 14 half-price. The Band of H.M. Royal Artillery (Unmounted) Aldershot will be in attendance. There will be Trick Riding, Jumping and Fancy Tent Pegging, by the 17th/21st Lancers; Boxing; Weight Lifting; Baby Show; numerous Side Shows; Peg Driving Display, etc., by The Berkshire and Oxfordshire Territorial Artillery Batteries; Gymnastic Display by N.C.O.'s and Men of the Depot, Royal Berks Regiment (by kind permission of the Officer Commanding the Depot). Tickets may be had from Mr. A. J. Jacobs at The Brewery.

THE HISTORY OF SIGNBOARDS.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE READING
ROTARY CLUB BY ALDERMAN E. O. FARRER, J.P.

The history of signboards affords a very interesting subject for research and investigation. It would be difficult to fix a period from which the beginning of their use could be dated. In ancient Rome a bush of evergreens denoted a wine shop. In the Catacombs a figure of Bacchus pressing grapes gave a similar indication and Omar Khayyam's "Beneath the Bough" evidently refers to the same custom.

In this country signboards were of very early origin. No less than two hundred ancient signs have been traced in Old Lombard Street and adjacent Courts alone, placed outside the premises of various tradesmen.

In 1375 Simon Leggi kept a tavern in Lombard Street at the sign of The Raven; in 1446 the Cardinal's Hat was a tavern; and in 1541 the George was also a tavern in the same street. Our own George Hotel in Reading dates from 1506. As this was several centuries before the Georgian era the sign evidently refers to the Patron Saint of England. The sign of the George at St. Albans, which bears the date 1401, still has on it a representation of St. George and the Dragon.

For all inns and taverns signs were compulsory, and as early as 1393 a Chelsea brewer was fined for not having a sign on his premises. In addition to the sign, tavern-keepers were ordered to exhibit a bush, and without this no one in the City of London was permitted to open one. Some were just garlands of greenery or a plain bough. In place of a bush some vintners adopted the rose as an emblem, and at the present day the Bush and the Rose Hotels are in close proximity at Wokingham.

Inns and taverns afforded apt subjects for rhymesters, the following verses being part of a very long poem which indicates the various preferences in inns of the people:—

The Gentry to the *King's Head*
The Nobles to the *Crown*,
The Knights into the *Golden Fleece*,
And to the *Plough* the Clown.
The Churchman to the *Mitre*,
The Shepherd to the *Star*,
The Gardener hies him to the *Rose*,
To the *Drum* the Man of War.

Much information about the origin of inn and tavern signs will be found in Jacob Larwood and J. Camden Holten's "History of Signboards." Many of the signs were originally derived from Royal badges and supporters, the crown with various combinations having always been a most popular sign and from the coats of arms and heraldic bearings of the Lords of the Manor of the different localities. The Bear and Ragged Staff is derived from the crest of the Earls of Warwick, and the signs of the various Red Lions, Black Horses, Blue Boars, Green Dragons and other wonderfully coloured domestic, wild, and mythical beasts have a similar origin. Coloured reptiles appear to have been studiously avoided for obvious reasons.

Famous national heroes have always been favourite subjects for inn nomenclature, Lord Nelsons, Admiral Benbows, Dukes of Wellington and other military and naval leaders being very conspicuous. The Marquis of Granby has always been a most popular sign. It will be remembered that it was chosen by Dickens for Tony Weller's inn. The original Marquis was the hero of the Seven Years' War; he was the capable cavalry leader who fought at Minden and looked after his men so well and became so popular in consequence that it has been said his title and soldierly figure have swung outside more taverns than Nelson or Wellington. The portrait of the Marquis in the National Portrait Gallery bears the inscription: "John Manners, Marquis of Granby, Distinguished General, gained universal popularity as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army against Germany, 1721-1770." This should certainly increase his renown at the present day.

The signboard at The Marquis of Granby, Reading, has been repainted and depicts the noble and gallant Marquis standing beside a highly prancing charger. The sign bears the date 1763.

In coaching days The Crown (Crown Street), The Bear (Bridge Street) and The King's Arms (Castle Hill), all on the London-Bath Road, together with The George and The Upper Ship, were principal hotels in Reading. The first three have disappeared except The Bear Tap, which still survives.

The site of The Bear Hotel is now occupied by H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.

A Masonic Lodge is recorded to have been held at The Mitre, Reading, as early as 1725. This was not the present Mitre, however, which is a comparatively modern house, but stood near St. Laurence's Church. The Lodge of Union was first held at The Wheatrick in London Street in 1833. This inn has now vanished, but as it was on the east side of the street it probably stood where the Primitive Methodist Chapel (formerly the New Hall) is now situated.

The Broad Face in Reading has just been closed, and there is another at Abingdon. This sign is not mentioned in the "History of Signboards," and it would be interesting to know its origin. The World Turned Upside Down is a curious sign. Why is it so named? Who was the May Duke, which is the sign of a public house in Great Knollys Street? There are four signs in Reading which would probably not be recognised by their regular patrons: they are The Rose (Wellman's) and The Reindeer (Oliver's) in Minster Street, The Angel (Ferguson's) in Broad Street, and The Baker's Arms (Butler's) in Chatham Street.

The sign of The Merry Maidens raises the question as to who these gay damsels were. It has been suggested that they were the Maids of Honour to Queen Elizabeth depicted on the Reading coat of arms, but as the inn was not taken into the Borough until 1887 this could hardly be the case.

At Tregillian in Cornwall there is a stone circle known as the Merry Maidens, from the legend that they were turned into stone for dancing on a Sunday!

The signs of The Saracen's Head and The Turk's Head are obviously survivals of the Crusade period.

The Three Tuns is derived from the arms of the Vintners' Company. The Reading Three Tuns is described in *The Reading Mercury* of a hundred years ago as situated on Earley Common.

It is curious to note how often the numeral "three" appears on signboards. In addition to the Three Tuns, there are The Three Nuns, The Three Swans, The Three Frogs, The Three Pigeons, The Three Doves, and many others.

Messrs. H. & G. Simonds' signboards are very widely spread over the South of England: they prove welcome beacons to weary travellers (except during prohibited hours) and show that Reading is renowned for something else besides seeds and biscuits.

The derivation of many of the old inn signs is very peculiar, such as The Bull and Mouth (Boulogne Mouth), The Cat and Fiddle (Le Chat Fidele), The Silent Woman (A woman with her head off) and The Goat and Compasses (God encompasseth us).

In motoring towards Watford the writer came across a sign which he took to be the lugubrious one of The Grave Diggers' Arms, but on the return journey he looked more closely and found that it was The Gravel Diggers' Arms.

Many famous R.A.'s have diverted themselves by painting signboards, notably David Cox at the Royal Oak, Bettws-y-Coed,

G. D. Leslie at The Row Barge at Wallingford, and the same artist and J. G. Hodgson at The George and Dragon, Wargrave, depicting on one side St. George in his traditional encounter, and on the other as the original Froth-Blower.

At The Allied Arms in St. Mary's Butts, the flags of England, France and Turkey (the allies at the Crimean War) were formerly shown on the bar window, but when Turkey ceased to be one of our allies the flag of that nation was painted out, as can still be seen.

Very many of the old inns and licensed houses in Reading have had to make room for town improvements and numerous others have been closed through the operation of the Licensing Reforms, by which redundant houses have been done away with on payment of compensation. Old inhabitants will remember The Black Boy in Broad Street, where Messrs. Heelas' establishment now stands, The Woolpack with adjoining horse repository in the same street, The Catherine Wheel in Friar Street, of which Mr. Dymore Boseley was mine host, The Waggon and Horses in Vastern Lane (now Blagrove Street), The Royal Standard in the Market Place, The General Garibaldi in Friars Place, The Golden Cross at the corner of Waylen Street, The Elephant and Castle in Cross Street, The Fox at West Street corner, The Cannon Brewery and Tap in King's Road (now part of the Biscuit Factory) and The Robin Hood in Southern Hill (now Christchurch Road). The Queen's Hotel has had to make room for the new Post Office, for which the Noah's Ark would be an appropriate sign. The Queen's in its palmy days, when Mrs. George held autocratic sway, was a most popular hostelry. Captain Carleton Blyth's coach proved a daily attraction on its start from and return to the hotel. The Queen's and The George were the headquarters of the Tory and Liberal parties respectively at election times. Woolworth's Stores have now supplanted The Peacock in Broad Street. Mr. James Nelson Wernham, who was the landlord of this house for many years, was a pioneer of the omnibus service in Reading, his motto being "Forward without Fear."

Among the houses which have been closed, mainly for redundancy, are The Rose and Thistle in Abbey Wall and The Crane in Crane Wharf, both very old licences; The Post Office Tavern, The Beehive and The Caledonian in Broad Street, The Blue Posts, Bird in Hand, Star and Garter and Travellers' Friend in Friar Street, The Rainbow in Chain Street, The Globe and Jack of Newbury in Bridge Street, The Castle and King's Arms in Castle Street, The Wooden Walls of Old England, John Bull, Crown, Turners' and Coachmakers' Arms in Coley, The Royal Sovereign in King's Road, The Full Moon, The Vine and The Grapes in Hosier Street, The Five Alls in Lower Thorn Street, The Drum

in Mill Lane, The Cathedral, The Bell, The Anchor, The Acorn and The Fountain in London Street, The Green Dragon in Southampton Street, The Lifeboat in St. John's Street, The Prince William in Spring Gardens, The Jolly Drovers and The Bull and Ox in Great Knollys Street, and many others. Notwithstanding this wholesale reduction in the number of licences, ample facilities remain for those in need of refreshments as there are still 186 "on" licence and 59 "off" licence holders in the Borough.

E. O. FARRER.



Visit of Members of the Shipwrights' Mess, H.M.S. "Fisgard," to the Brewery, on May 28th, 1927.

ITEM OF INTEREST.

Extract from *Reading Mercury*, September 6th, 1884:—

THE ROYAL JOURNEY TO THE NORTH.—On Monday evening the Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of England) arrived at Basingstoke from Buckingham Palace, having travelled from Waterloo station by the ordinary 5.50 p.m. train which is due at Basingstoke at 7.15. Her Imperial Highness was accompanied by Count Seckendorff and the Baroness Gersdorff and suite, and on alighting was conducted to one of the dining saloons of Messrs. H. and G. Simonds, at this station, which was specially prepared for her reception, where she partook of dinner while waiting for the royal train from Osborne in which her Majesty the Queen was about to proceed to Balmoral. When this arrived her Imperial Highness joined the Queen and proceeded northwards. The arrangements at the station, which were strictly private, were under the direction of Mr. Punter, the station master.

POSTER COMPETITION.

The Directors are desirous of thanking all those who submitted suggestions for new Milk Stout and S.B. posters, several of which were ingenious and praiseworthy. All efforts have been carefully scrutinized with the object of utilising the ideas which were portrayed. It was however found that none of the sketches or suggestions could be adopted for the purpose of a poster.

To encourage competitors to submit designs for any further scheme which may be arranged, it has been decided to award two consolation prizes of two guineas each to those most worthy of reward and the names of those to whom the prizes are being sent will be announced in our next issue.

GRATITUDE.

There was great excitement on Clydeside. A small boy, who had fallen into the water, had been rescued by a passer-by. As soon as the father of the lad came on the scene, he sought out the hero and without a word of thanks demanded of him roughly: "Whaur's his bunnet?" (Bunnet, *i.e.* cap.)

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie.

A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

A NATURE NOTE.

All the world knows, or should know, that Reading is a great shopping centre, but perhaps not so many realise that it is an equally great centre from which one may set out to pursue his hobby to his heart's content, no matter what that hobby may be. The angler has the Thames, the Kennet and the Loddon close at hand, and the naturalist has hills and valleys, streams and ponds, where flowers abound or insect life may be found in abundance. And those simply needing pleasant scenery, rest and quietness, and the freshest of fresh air, may have them at the cost of a four-penny bus fare.

PINE-IMPREGNATED AIR.

I have been to Margate, but I do not think even the wonderful air there is so refreshing and health-giving as the pine-impregnated air at Burghfield. What is more restful than, after a short cycle ride—or you can go by bus for fourpence—to sit with your back against a tree and read some chapters from a good book, then to wander around, gather a bouquet of beautiful flowers, listen to the bird choir, or study the habits of some little insect?

MY LITTLE LAKE.

A few days ago I pitched my tent by the side of a little lake at Burghfield Common. I have visited that lake for years and would not exchange it—no, not even for a Loch Leven. What wonders there were to witness! There were tadpoles turning into frogs by the thousand; gaudy, greedy dragon-flies were feeding as they flew, devouring flies by the dozen (by the way, don't kill the dragon-fly because it stings—because it doesn't!), and then a swallow would sweep down, and, while on the wing, drink from my little lake. I always think the swallow the most perfect aeroplane on earth—the embodiment of speed, and ease, and grace. There were fish there, too, and flies of almost every hue, some mere specks of animation. And as I watched some of the latter hovering or dancing in the sun I wondered—as I have often wondered—how it is the heat does not dry their little bodies right up. But I have only space to refer to just one or two items in this fascinating variety programme.

CHAMPION LITTLE SKATERS.

The comic turn was provided by those spidery little creatures which run about on the water without ever getting wet. Have you ever tried to catch one? Do so the next time you are by the

waterside—the odds will be against you. I must tell you about these champion little skaters. They seemed as light as air, and their little hearts as light as they. They appeared to have no cares or worries, but were the embodiment of life and joy. They raced about in a manner that seemed to be expressive of their feelings; they danced the hornpipe, the tango, the waltz and the foxtrot, all in one. Some of us, gathered by the waterside to see the fun, were so much amused that we wearied ourselves with laughter. Sometimes on the pavement, you see a man with two little figures, worked by a string, fighting or playing. Well, multiply their activities a hundred times and, even then, you can only gain a vague idea of the agility of these little water wonders.

OF WHITEST, SOFTEST SILK.

But there are other sights to see. I pick a rose-bay willow herb, a flower bearing a very close resemblance to the purple loose-strife that grows so profusely by the Thames-side. It is a thing of rare beauty, and there are acres covered with these blooms. There are as many as fifty flowers on a stem and each bloom will turn into a packet of seeds so wonderfully protected and arranged that even a great firm like Sutton's would be content to take second place from the point of view of skill and artistry in this direction. When the seeds are ripe the packet splits open and the seeds take wing. They are borne along by means of filaments of the whitest, softest silk.

A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE.

I have given a very rough and inadequate description of but one such plant and here, at Burghfield, there are acres of them! With millions of these plants and each with thousands of seeds, the work is now in process of producing millions more.

As I stand and gaze around, lost in admiration and wonderment at my many treasures—and they are yours as well as mine—I look upon myself as a millionaire, a multi-multi-millionaire, with wealth untold, and such as no fluctuation of the commercial market can in any way affect.

GREAT AEROPLANE DISPLAY.

Arriving home I released hundreds of these marvellous little aeroplanes, and as they nose-dived and crashed, I do not know the technical terms, but they did all the stunts over and under the gas globe as I watched them far into the night. I thought to myself that even at Hendon nothing had ever been seen to equal this. In the open air at Burghfield you may see millions of these marvellous aeroplanes performing. No one should miss the sight.

WELCOME AND UNWELCOME GUESTS.

The other flowers I found were far too numerous to mention. I plucked a fine foxglove and was struck by the manner in which friends were admitted, but the door barred and bolted against uninvited guests. The feast of honey was spread, and a hearty welcome was extended to the humble bee for pollenisation purposes, but smaller insects, who could make no payment for foods received, found themselves up against barbed-wire entanglements such as no enemy could penetrate. There were beds of the marsh violet, now gone to seed, though I found one bloom of delicate lilac hue with richer coloured veins.

Wild raspberries were at hand to moisten dry lips, and near by big beds of the whortleberry. The thousands of pink globular flowers gave promise of an abundance of fruit in a few weeks' time.

TAKES A LOT OF BEATING.

Grand hotels and grand places have their attractions, but for a real rest, amid the wild flowers, the birds and little beasties, with something of interest at every turn, Burghfield takes a lot of beating.

C.H.P.



"THE CHEQUERS," WOODLEY.

This is a favourite summer resort for many people as the picture indicates.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

Another good number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE appeared at the beginning of the month and so far the writer has heard nothing else but praise for its contents. When you hear on all sides it is *good* and when you see with what eagerness each issue is snapped up, it is at any rate pleasing to all concerned with its "get-up" and publication. Like the famous beers brewed by our firm it is the best possible. Reading the items chronicled in *our* journal month by month one and all must be surprised at the wonderful activities of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. at home and abroad. Branch Notes are always very interesting and it is nice to know we are all a happy family. In every issue you learn something new of someone whom you may only know by name.

From the various cricket scores shewn in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, at Reading and the Branches it would seem victory has so far eluded all the different Brewery teams even though one team includes England's test match Captain. Still, if you happen to bat right-handed (when it isn't usual) you are apt to be *left*. It is to be hoped that victories for all the teams will be recorded in the July number. Whatever the results I feel certain all who help carry the Hopleaf Banner on the green playing fields of England have played the game and the best reward one wishes to receive (win or lose) is for your opponents to say: "We have had a most enjoyable afternoon and match"; but there, many have also heard as well: "We always have a good sporting game when playing against Seven Bridges." As I have been informed by those who should know that Anno Domini is playing an important part in our first eleven, it is to be hoped that more of the younger members of the Club will come along and shew us how they can wield the supple willow and bowl the elusive ball (even if it is smaller) for they never had a better opportunity to shew their prowess.

Trade at Whitsun was very good and the Home Departments were particularly busy. The Offices weathered the storm in splendid fashion and with a will got through the work in their usual businesslike and thorough manner. Unfortunately, the weather at Reading was not all it might have been: in fact, it might fairly be termed *Wetsuntide*.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Powell, who have been caretakers of the Offices for the past nineteen years, retired at the beginning of the month, although Mr. A. Powell is still working on the Firm in another capacity. Mrs. Powell has endeared herself to all and I am glad to be able to pay a little tribute to her unfailing kindness and courtesy and trust she will enjoy her well-earned rest and will be

spared for many years to come. "Freddy" Powell will be missed by many on The Brewery. We all wish their successors, Mr. and Mrs. Moorey, all success in their new undertaking.

Mr. A. C. Kingston, our Cashier, resumed his duties on the 1st June, after a lengthy absence owing to ill-health, and says he is now feeling much better. We hope he has permanently recovered his normal health and will continue to make progress in the right direction.

Mr. S. Murton, who is well known at The Brewery, has been in indifferent health for a considerable while but seems to be much better lately, and everyone of us hopes he still improves and we shall hear once again his cheery "Leave it to me, I'll see you through, boys," and "The whole box of tricks," etc.

Considerable advancement is being made with the new Bottling Stores and when completed will be a constant reminder of the Firm's undoubted progress.

During the Reading Sports Week, held at Palmer Park, The Brewery entered a team for the pushball contest, but were defeated after a gallant fight.

Mr. F. H. Biggs, late Chief Clerk at Gibraltar, who has just been appointed to a similar post at Portsmouth Branch, paid us a fleeting visit before taking up his new duties. He looked very well, and we wish him every success in his new sphere.

Football is not dead, it only sleepeth; however, as there has not been any startling signing-on news, the 11 o'clock critics have not been able to give vent to their views in their usual well-known manner. Between this and the start of the new season we shall undoubtedly be regaled with tales of players obtained at fabulous transfer fees arriving from Scotland looking "Black and White."

Our Plymouth readers (I almost wrote "brethren") will, no doubt, have noticed that the Reading Football Club have signed on a player who used to wear the green jersey of the Argyle team. The promotion figures given in the Portsmouth Branch notes were very interesting.

The Swans—shewn in the last issue near The Brewery Wall—have now taken up their abode on an island nearby and they have a family of four cygnets.

Mr. W. H. Davis (Chief Clerk at Devonport Branch) called in to see us during Ascot Race week, just for old time's sake, and it was pleasing to see him looking so well.

Ascot was a very busy time for the Firm. Favoured with grand weather, this annual event was very popular and the products of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. were very much in demand.

Just at Ascot time the voice of the tipster is loud in the land and even those whose interest in racing is small have been known to listen intently in order to learn of something "good" for the "Big 'Un." We have had a few amateur tips and tipsters at The Brewery, fortunately without causing the recipients or the "Bookies" any cause for sleepless nights. There was a rumour that someone was out to "Beat the Book" and with a confrere invested a minute sum daily in order to accomplish this result. It is also understood that the only "win" recorded was when they backed a non-runner and in consequence their stake money was returned to them.

Still, as Ascot is an annual event and Reading is near, it is only to be expected that the racing fever grips a few at this time and naturally The Brewery is not immune.

The advent of the Auditors shows us in no uncertain fashion that the year is speedily going along and the end of the financial year is not so very far distant. No doubt this "spade-work" by them now is very useful later on.

Hearty congratulations to Mr. H. Osborne, who is a well-known member of the Home Department staff, on being presented with a daughter on Whit-Sunday. His wife, who was a member of the Correspondence Office staff for a good number of years prior to her marriage (*nee* Miss D. B. Anderson), was also a member of the first Concert Party formed at The Brewery.

Spring-cleaning, which is such an annual joy to the ladies and the cause of some married men to "leave home," usually takes place early in the year. However, the Offices are having their "shake-up" now and it is worth recording that the spring-cleaners are *males*.

Have you heard of the poor married man who, after a week or more of the pleasures of spring-cleaning, was asked by his wife, after it was completed, what he thought of it, replied: "Not so dusty."

One of our staff has just returned from his holidays after a motor-cycle tour of 900 miles in the South of England—average speed, so he says, of 25 miles per hour.

W.D.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

It was not long after man had risen from his first low state, and the chief wants of his body were supplied, that he would begin to act the man still more by thinking, and then would hear some voice within telling him that eating and drinking were not the chief ends for which life had been given him.

He saw around him the world with its great silent hills and green valleys ; its rugged ridges of purple-tinted mountains, and miles of barren flat ; its trees and fragrant flowers ; the graceful forms of man, the soaring bird, the swift deer and kingly lion ; the big, ungainly shaped mammoth ; the wide scene beaming with the colours which came forth at the bidding touch of the sunlight, or bathed in the shadows cast by passing clouds. He saw the sun rise and travel to the West, carrying the light away ; the moon at regular times growing from sickle-shape to full round orb ; then each night the stars, few or many, bursting out like sparks struck off the wheels of the Sun-god's chariot, or like the glittering sprays of water cast by a ship as she ploughs the sea.

His ears listened to the different sounds of Nature ; the music of the flowing river ; the roar of the never-silent sea ; the rustle of the leaves as they were swept by the unseen fingers of the breeze ; the patter of the rain as it dropped from the great black clouds ; the rumble of the thunder as it followed the spear-like flashes of light sent from the rolling clouds : these and a hundred other sounds, now harsh, now sweet, made him ask : What does it all mean ? Where and what am I ? Whence came I ? Whence came all that I see and hear and touch ?

Man's first feeling was one of simple wonder ; his second feeling the wish to find out the cause of things, what it was that made them as they were. All around him was Nature, great, mighty, beautiful ; was it not all alive, for did it not all move ? He knew that he himself moved or stood still as he chose, that his choice was ruled by certain reasons, and that only when he willed to do anything was it done. Something within governed all that he did. Nature was not still ; the river flowed, the clouds drifted, the leaves trembled, the earth shook : sun, moon, and stars stayed not : these then must be moved by something within them.

Thus began a belief in spirits dwelling in everything : in sun, tree, waterfall, flame, beast, bird and serpent.

FRIEND AND FOE.

Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.

He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need ;
If thou sorrow he will weep
If thou wake he cannot sleep.

Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee both bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A man wrapped up in himself makes a very small parcel.
Wisdom is often nearer when we stoop than when we soar.

Friendship is the marriage of the soul.

Only the man of worth can recognise worth in men.

Opportunities, like eggs, come one at a time.

Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

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

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.

The devil is a busy bishop in his own diocese.

The distant landscape draws not nigh for all our gazing.

We must strive to make humanity one single family.

The hand that gives, gathers.

When every man minds his own business the work is done.

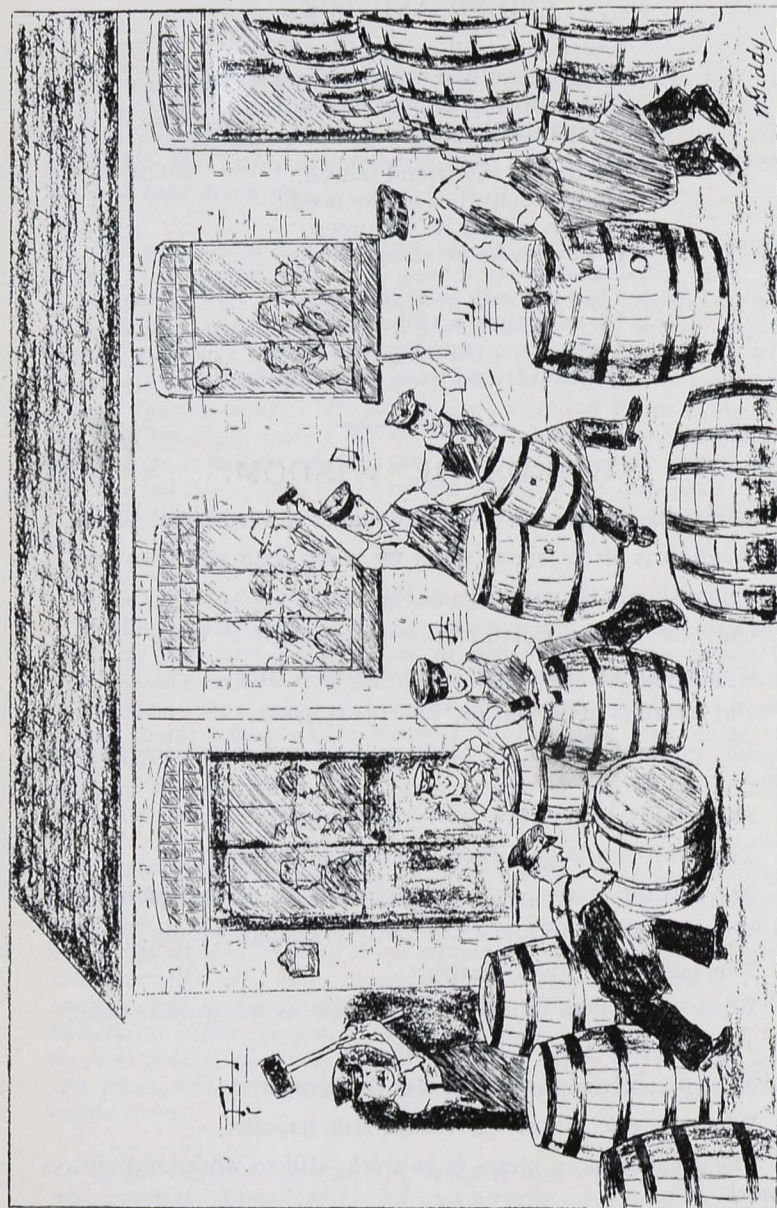
The dog that fetches will carry.

The greatest man in history was the poorest.

When all else is lost the future still remains.

The great modern recipe is to work, still to work, and always to work.

The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.



The Brewery "Band" has received a pressing invitation to attend a big fete. Our artist here shows them rehearsing.

TEAM WORK.

Speaking recently the Prince of Wales said: "Some people nowadays say that we are losing the spirit of team work in this country. I dissociate myself from this idea, not through any blind optimism, but because I am convinced that the capacity of sinking our differences and pulling together as a united team is an inherent factor of our British character."

THE SOCIAL CLUB.

SIMONDS' TENNIS CLUB.

Truly this year the Tennis Season commenced in exceptional weather. During the whole of May and the first two weeks in June there was scarcely a day when play was not permissible even on grass courts, and we noted with pleasure that the majority of our members took full opportunity of this spell of fine weather so that every evening has seen the Courts alive with eager players.

At the invitation of the Caversham Bridge Tennis Club we met their members in a match on Wednesday, 8th June, the six players chosen to represent our Club being:—Mr. C. H. Perrin, Mr. J. B. Doe, Mr. H. Prosser, Miss P. M. Rule, Miss E. Fullbrook and Miss E. F. Prosser. The weather conditions were ideal and a most enjoyable evening was spent. The match resulted in a victory for our opponents, although not without some very hard fought games, but it is acknowledged amongst ourselves they were just a little better than we on this occasion; however, we hope to have the opportunity of meeting them again later on in the season when perhaps the honours may fall to us.

The Tournaments between our own members are well in hand and some very keen contests have been witnessed. The results of the games already played are as follows, the first named being the winner in each instance:—

SINGLES TOURNAMENT.

Mr. Bennett	v.	Miss Mason	...	6-1	6-2	
Miss Prosser	v.	Miss Harris	...	6-2	6-4	
Miss E. F. Prosser	v.	Miss Fullbrook	...	6-4	7-9	6-4
Mr. J. B. Doe	v.	Mr. F. W. Freeman	...	6-1	6-2	
Mr. A. Chanin	v.	Mr. L. Saunders	...	6-3	6-1	
Mr. H. Prosser	v.	Miss Babbage	...	6-4	7-5	
Miss Prior	v.	Miss Perrin	...	6-3	6-8	8-6
Miss D. Burnham	v.	Miss L. Burnham	...	6-1	6-0	
Mr. H. Prosser	v.	Mr. Bennett	...	7-5	7-5	

DOUBLES TOURNAMENT.

Miss D. Burnham and Mr. Bennett					
v.					
Miss L. Burnham and Mr. F. W. Freeman	6-1	6-3	
Miss Prosser and Mr. Saunders					
v.					
Miss Perrin and Miss Prior	6-1	6-2	



H. & G. SIMONDS' TENNIS CLUB.

This Club is a flourishing concern, and in the picture are seen a few of the players.

CRICKET.

We finished up our report in last month's HOP LEAF in an optimistic mood, with a hope of a tale of victories gained. The results have not come up to our expectations, for out of five matches played two only have been won, one drawn and the other two lost—much to our Captain's regret, his feeling being that we are good enough to top the century any Saturday.

Our match with Heckfield is the first to comment on. All told we could only scrape 56, and out of those Bartholomew and Collins made 30. Our only excuse was the state of the wicket which was very hard, and Hathaway especially was making them bump, several of our men receiving hard knocks. Even then we

thought we could manage to do the trick, for we had 3 down for 12 and then 5 for 34. Heckfield's Captain, Mr. S. Bartlett, however kept plugging away and eventually carried his bat for a well played 45, and brought their total up to 91. Mr. Perrin came on to bowl—rather too late to make any difference to the game—and got 4 for 10.

Our next venture was at Hackwood Park, and here we gained our first victory of the season. This match is one of the tit-bits of the year and the state of the weather is of great consideration—we have had a few soakers out there. The result is already known, as "W.D." gave a good account of the "Outing" in last month's Mag. It was a twelve-a-side game and our Captain, having won the toss, decided to give the home side the privilege of batting first. First ball down—first wicket ditto, a smart piece of stumping on Mr. Wadham's part. Things began to get a bit slow, the wily slows of Rumens and the good length kept by Croom made runs few and far between. Then Mr. Harry filled the breach and took a three from a hit by his partner, where many would have been content with a single, or two at the most. Then came Mr. Harry's surprise shot. Glancing behind the wicket for a moment, he faced Rumens, and, quickly changing his grip on the bat, drove the ball hard between point and slip. The shot, naturally, caused great excitement and no little amount of fun. We understand Mr. A. P. F. Chapman exploited this shot a couple seasons ago, but the M.C.C. held a Board of Inquiry and put the taboo on it—holding it came under the heading of "Dangerous Play." Had two slips been fielding in the present case, it might not have been quite such a laughable occurrence. However, no damage was done, and another good catch ended that innings. Six catches were held by our men, in fact only two were cleaned bowled. The teams sat down to tea, before we commenced to bat, and we gleaned that Hackwood Park Cricket Club had been in existence for 90 years, and that we had been visitors there for at least nineteen. Can any of our readers give us the date of our first encounter? Mr. Wadhams set about the bowling and quickly made 17, being out to a good catch on the deep-leg side. Croom helped matters along with a dozen, and then Skipper Perrin gave us a good display. Things looked very interesting at the finish; 8 down for 70. Three men to go in and two to win. Nine for 70. Excitement in both camps. Mr. Freeman next man. He survived the remainder of the over and Mr. Perrin got a single to make it a draw and the following over a couple; we were out of the wood, and he then went through carrying his bat for 28, Freeman getting 7 and the last man a couple before hitting one into a safe pair of hands.

Our next visitors were from Camberley, and it was a case of they came, saw and conquered. After making 131 themselves,

they skittled us out for 43. Four of our friends topped the double figure mark—33, 29, 14 and 11. Our Skipper again came out with the best average, his 3 wickets costing a shade over 7 apiece. Rumens got 4 for 36. As mentioned, our batting failed. In fact 5 were down for 12 runs and only C.H.P. could get going at all, he making 14 before getting a couple of body blows that shook his confidence, being out to one that then kept low. Sandcroft took 8 for 12. What will he do on his own ground?

We then essayed an evening match, but this was not finished owing to the bad light and a bumpy pitch making further play dangerous—at least that was our opinion for we had to take second knock. The game then stood—Carey Old Boys 83 for 8, declared, and we 19 for 3.

At Farnborough we made 101 for 6 and declared. Then we got 7 of Farnborough's wickets for 69. Time beat us and the game was left drawn. Mancey for the first time this season got going and made 18 before cocking one up. The cream of the innings was 38 from Wadhams, which included 8 off of one hit—a punch round to leg which the fielder failed to observe closely, a second man went straight to the ball.

The return match with Farnborough saw two depleted teams in the field, but here victory came our way. Any enquiries regarding motor bikes should be addressed to Mr. Gosney at Farnborough. By the way, did he get his passenger over to the Tattoo in time? Perhaps, seeing the state of the weather that night, it would have been as well if the bike refused to "pull" on its homeward journey. The game! Well, Croom got 5 for 8 out of 8 overs, 3 of which were maidens and included the "hat trick." Then Mancey scored his best innings, making 33 not out, Collins made 8 and took a good catch as well. Our score was 45 for 6 when a heavy shower drove us in, and it was decided to draw stumps as well.

The Second Eleven have been like the First inasmuch as they have found the visitors stronger than they were. Their record so far is 5 played, lost 4 and won 1.

Their first match was with the Junior Conservatives and, after making 37, the Juniors made 51. Our start was wonderful, Broad taking two wickets in his first over and Benford one with his first ball. Three down for 0. Then it got to 12 for 6. Unfortunately, the tail wagged to some purpose and pulled the game out of the fire. Broad came out with 5 for 8.

Bradfield came over the next week and won by 14. Our men made 58, Broad making 13. Here again our bowling started off well, 2 being down for 4 runs and 4 for 20. R. Garrett stopped the rot and made 31 before Broad got through his defence.

The next week saw us out on the new South Reading Recreation Ground, Whitley Hall being our opponents. This team batting first made the heaviest score against us—92 all told, one man obtaining 48. The "Seconds" then fell to pieces, only scoring a dozen between them—'nuff said.

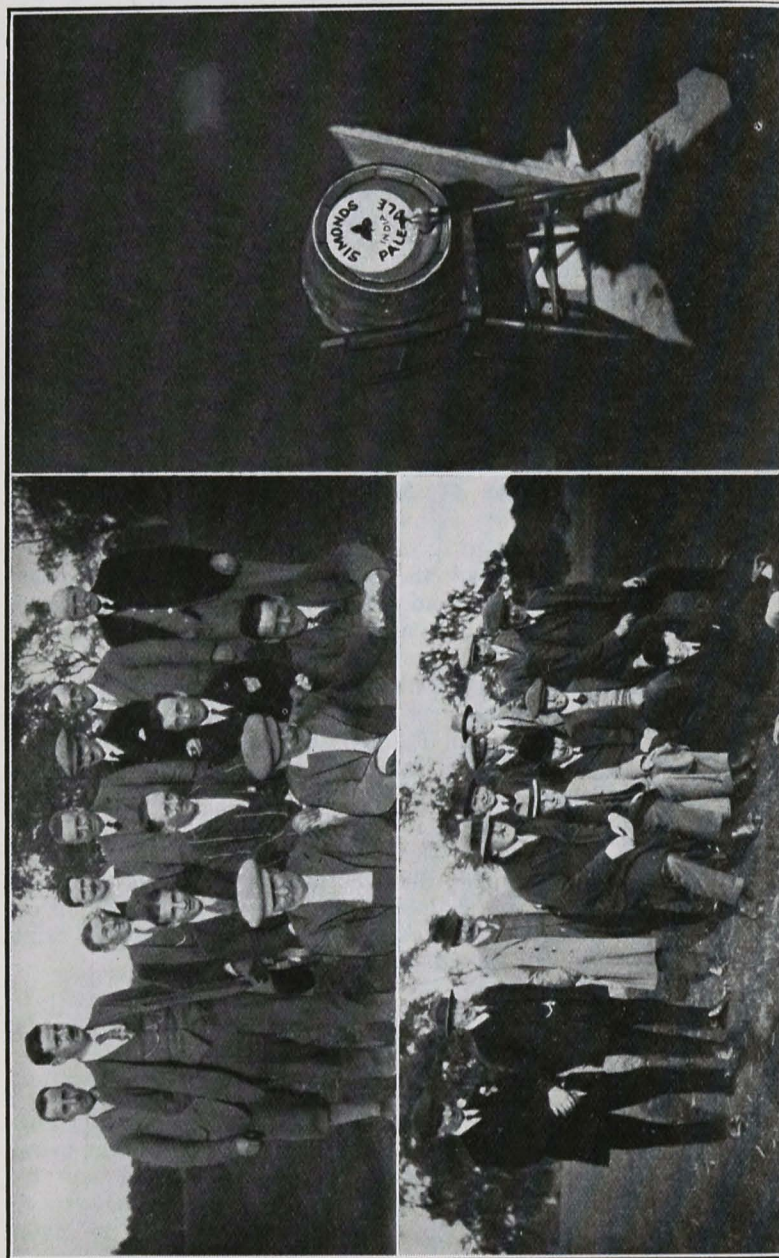
Manor Farm was the next opposition. We batted first and R. Waite got 18 out of a total of 43. The first wicket fell for 26 and the seventh for 29. A win for us then seemed very close for we got 7 down for 11, until A Petty (name only) took hold of the long-handle and lashed out merrily for 27 not out. The fall of wickets in this match is interesting, viz.:—Second XI.—26, 28, 28, 28, 29, 29, 34, 38, 43; Manor Farm—4, 4, 4, 4, 7, 11, 11, 36, 49, 75.

By the way, Clark took the first 4 wickets in his first over, a bye for 2, 2 off the bat, and then 4 wickets off 4 balls. His average was 7 wickets, 15 runs and 7 overs.

Last, but not least, comes the encounter with Palmer Club. Here, again, the weather (or the Tattoo) kept some players away. We played with 9 men and Palmer Club with 10, but whereas we scored 30, our opponents only got 17. Broad was again in the team and took 5 wickets for 7 runs. R. Waite was again top scorer, making 10.

Our remaining matches this month are, First Eleven, Cold Ash, and, Second Eleven, Palmer Club, and we will wind up on the optimistic note again by expressing a hope of further wins to comment on in our next issue.

J.W.J.



The top photo shows the team which played Mr. Harry's XI at Hackwood Park. Below are some of the visitors.
On the right is the Club's mascot.

BRANCHES.

BRIGHTON.

Brighton was gay with bunting during the week containing Empire Day, when an Empire Shopping Week was organised by our Junior M.P., Sir Cooper Rawson. Through his instrumentality a flotilla of mine destroyers were at anchorage off the front during the week, and discharged their crews each afternoon to have a look round Brighton. One day some 300 "tars" were entertained to lunch by the Corporation, followed by an excursion through the surrounding country. One evening during that week the Secretary of State for the Colonies presided at a banquet, when his speech, and other items from Brighton, were doubtless heard by many readers on their wireless sets.

Mrs. Breach, of the "Royal Oak" Hotel, St. James's Street, writes:—

"We were pleased to see some of The Brewery lads at Whitsuntide, and by their appearance the air of Reading did not seem to have aged them at all since their last visit. The weather was very fair for their outing, but not quite such as we expect to mete out to visitors in June. There are a few Reading people spending their holidays in Brighton just now, and, as is generally the case, pay us an occasional visit during their stay. We are always pleased to see Reading friends."

We note that the staff from Woking Branch are visiting Brighton on the 25th June, and trust that by the time this appears in print they will all have recovered from the day's outing, and have some pleasant memories of Brighton.

Branch outings seem to be in the air. Some four years ago we tried one, and had a very nice motor tour of the Highlands of Sussex, but, when the next year came round, there was such a diversity of opinion as to what to do, and where to go, that the matter dropped through.

Outing parties coming to Brighton (and where else better could you go?) can be accommodated for lunch, etc., at the "New Ship" Hotel, where Mr. Nat Vaughan, late of the Great Western Hotel, Reading, would welcome and look after parties numbering up to 50 or so.

The old-time outings, when the staffs of all the branches used to all meet together at one place, must have been a good source for social intercourse between the different employees. It would want some organisation to bring about such a gathering to-day, with the ever-increasing staff working under the "Hop Leaf" banner.

WOKING.

The question of "What is on to-day?" was quickly answered by all sport-loving folks in the Woking area on Whit-Monday, when one of the principal events of the neighbourhood was the Grand Sports Meeting arranged by the Woking Railway Men's Athletic Club. Heavy rain fell at intervals and affected the attendance considerably, but the weather improved during the evening, as did the gate receipts. As the proceeds were in aid of the Southern Railway Orphanage (situated in Woking), it was a commendable cause, and one which called for, and in fact received, a good response from a wide circle of supporters in the Woking and Guildford areas. There were a large number of entries for the various events and it is hoped to make the Meeting an annual one.

The famous "Hop Leaf" products were in attendance and were a valuable factor in catering for the requirements of those present.

The Chobham Ex-Service Men's Club held their Sixth Annual Sports Meeting at the Recreation Ground, Chobham, on Whit-Monday also, and here again success was recorded despite the showery weather. We were able to assist our old friends at Chobham by the loan of marquees, and so added our quota to the success of the meeting.

These two meetings, together with a little event at Guildford in connection with the Guildford Ivy Leaf Club, kept our canvas department busy over the holidays, but we all managed to extract some enjoyment from these gatherings, as well as a large measure of satisfaction at the opportunities thus afforded of being of service to our many friends in this area.

We were interested to read the result of the draws of the Singles and Doubles Tournament of the Simonds' Tennis Club at Reading, particularly so, as we have some rather "dark horses" connected with the Woking Staff. It has been suggested that we might try our skill with our Reading colleagues at some time or other before the season closes. This, however, we hope to discuss more fully at a later date.

It is true I miss the morning dips referred to in the Portsmouth Notes for June. It is also true to say that I miss some of the yarns connected with the swimming and diving feats of some of the Staff. One such tale went something like this: "It was lovely in the water this morning, but what a dive it was at Spithead to get under the keel of H.M.S. *Furious*."

A.B.

WOOLWICH STORES.

As usual at this time of the year we have had our marquees in great demand. On May 25th the 56th Squadron R.A.F., also Anti-Aircraft Defence School, held combined Sports at Biggin Hill, which was followed by a dance in the evening; from what we have heard our supplies gave satisfaction and the canvas was very acceptable.

On the same day The Royal Air Force, Kenley, held their Annual Sports, and we are glad to say satisfaction was also given here.

It was rather unfortunate that the two Sports should fall on the same day; otherwise competitors from each station usually enter, and naturally makes the home station much keener.

One June 2nd the Artillery College personnel held their Annual Sports, which we supplied, our canvas once again being utilised.

When referring to our diary we find that a great demand is being made for the loan of our marquees this summer, such Sports as Messrs. Peek Frean's Social Club, Messrs. Tillings' Athletic Club, the "R" Division Police Sports, and many other events, being booked.

We have just commenced this summer's camp work. The 133rd (K. & S.) Infantry Brigade are training at Middlewick Camp, Colchester; we hope the weather will remain good for the duration of the training.

HUSBAND: I am feeling seedy.

WIFE: I hope it isn't the soup I made out of those little peas you brought home in the packets with coloured flowers on the outside.

1ST PARTNER: Oi, Hymie, I forgot to lock the safe.

2ND PARTNER: Vell, vot of it? Ain't we both here?

SWINDON.

SWINDON & DISTRICT MINIATURE AIR RIFLE LEAGUE.

The Official Report sent by the Secretary reads:—The first Annual Smoking Concert and Presentation of Cups was held at the "Grapes" Hotel, on Saturday, the 21st May, under the Chairmanship of the League Chairman, Lieut. F. Moreman, who was supported on the platform by Capt. F. A. Elley of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., Reading; Mr. Howlett of Messrs. Arkell & Sons; and Mr. W. B. Coale of the Lamb Brewery, together with the Secretary, Mr. W. J. Newman.

Apologies for absence were received from Mr. R. Mitchell-Banks, K.C., M.P., Alderman T. C. Newman, Major-Gen. T. C. P. Calley, C.B., C.B.E., M.V.O., and others.

The Chairman of the evening gave a brief outline of the activities of the League since its inception in 1923, when it was first formed with a membership of nine clubs, and the progress during subsequent years till it has obtained a membership of twenty-two clubs for the season just closed, with a registration of members for the past season of nearly seven hundred.

The musical part of the evening was a great success and was contributed to by Messrs. F. Gibb, G. Gates, H. Bath, J. Russell, G. Rose, with G. Cook at the piano.

Speeches were made during the evening by Capt. F. A. Elley, Mr. Howlett and Mr. W. B. Coale, congratulating the winners on their achievements during the past season and distributing the awards.

During the evening, the company were invited by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. and Messrs. Arkell & Sons to toast their respective Firms, which was heartily done and greatly appreciated by the large company present.

Mr. G. Fox, Vice-Chairman of the League, proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the gentlemen who had taken part in the evening's proceedings, which was accorded in the usual manner.

"Mine Host" of the "Grapes" Hotel, Mr. F. Horsington, is to be heartily congratulated on the excellent arrangements made for the evening, also members of the Rifle Club for the admirable assistance given to make the evening a success.

PORTSMOUTH.

VISIT OF FRENCH FLEET TO PORTSMOUTH.

The outstanding feature of interest here this month was the visit of a Squadron of the French Fleet to this City. An event of this nature has not taken place here for very many years, and everybody seemed to put themselves out to make this visit a landmark in the history of the City. The principal streets were a mass of flags and bunting, and at night the centre of the City was one blaze of illuminations. Entertainments and Sports were arranged for the visitors. One very thoughtful act of kindness on the part of the Authorities in particular stands out. This was the granting permission for the licensed houses to remain open from 10 a.m. all day, and giving them an extension till 11 o'clock at night for the whole time the French Fleet was at Portsmouth. This kind act was very much appreciated by the visitors and, needless to say, also by the residents. We feel sure that those members of the French Fleet who were lucky enough to be included in this visit will for a long time have happy memories of their time at Portsmouth.



VISIT OF FRENCH FLEET.

[By kind permission of Mr. R. C. S. Whittingham.]



Portsmouth illuminated during French Naval Visit.

SERGEANTS' MESS, 1ST. BATTN. DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGT.

The interesting group on next page was taken at a Rifle Meeting of the 1st Bttn. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, held on Brown-down Ranges on 18th and 19th May, 1927. The disreputable looking characters in unseemly attire are all members of the Mess, who disguised themselves as "Bookies" for the purpose of laying the odds (very short odds) against the Chemin-de-fer targets. The "little boy" on the left of the picture, carrying the ballast (mostly Simonds'), is C.Q.M.S. Willcocks; in the centre, obviously posing for his photograph, is Sergeant Broadbent. On the right, is Sergeant Merriman, the "head lad" of the Regimental Transport. The "blue-eyed kid" sitting in front is C.Q.M.S. Melville, a typical hobo from the Emerald Isle.

As a special precaution against welshing, the transactions were wholly on paper, and in addition, the flying squad were in attendance, disguised as shingle; as can be seen, the costumes lent themselves to comfort rather than elegance and the "bookies" themselves would not win any sprint off the 50-yard mark.

On the whole, the meeting was an unqualified success (accent on the "suck") and a very enjoyable (in some cases, a profitable) time was spent. A detachment of the Battalion was stationed on the borders of the range under canvas, and the most conspicuous landmark was the Sergeants' Mess tent, erected by Messrs. Simonds.

This also proved one of the attractions of the meeting, and the "might-have-beens" and "ought-to-have-dones" were later discussed at length under its shady canopy.



Members of the Mess as "Bookies."

We are sorry to see that Hampshire are still having bad luck with the tossing. Only once this year, when Mead captained the side against Lancashire, have they won the toss. When playing Essex on the County Ground, Southampton, the "other side" gained the right to bat first. The wicket was in perfect condition, so that naturally Essex had a good advantage. At this match, the flag was flown at half-mast as a tribute to the late Lord Swaythling, who was a past president of the Club and was at one time a regular visitor.

The Season here may be said to have commenced in earnest with the Whitsunside Holidays, and judging by appearances, should be a record one. With the beautiful weather experienced lately and the unending programme of trips and entertainments that have been organised, one can rest assured of not having a dull minute in a holiday spent at Southsea.

We are glad to welcome Mr. F. H. Biggs from Gibraltar as Chief Clerk at this Depot, and trust he will be happy in his new surroundings. The services of Mr. W. J. Plant, who was loaned to us temporarily from Headquarters, have been appreciated and we hope he has been quite comfortable during his sojourn here.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales opened his West-country tour on Tuesday, June 7th, by laying the foundation stone of the University College Hall at Exeter. At a mock function by College Students afterwards, the freedom of the "ancient, honourable and loyal Borough of Bradninch" was conferred on the Royal visitor. There is now no borough, though there is a manor of Bradninch, part of the Duchy of Cornwall, and Bradninch Place—deriving in ancient times from the Manor, which is situated near Cullompton—is now part of the precincts of the existing University College buildings at Exeter.

Journeying from Exeter, the Prince came to Newton Abbot, where he opened new wings to the Hospital and then proceeded to Plymouth, where he first opened the Civil Service Sports Ground at Beacon Down, Peverell. Then he visited the Plymouth Headquarters of the British Legion, afterwards fulfilling a long-standing promise in visiting the Royal Sailors' Rest at Devonport, the extension to which he was unable, through indisposition last summer, to open.

The Prince stayed overnight at Admiralty House and left Plymouth on June 8th to open the Centenary Exhibition of the Royal Cornwall Agricultural Association at Truro.

THE WEST COUNTRY FOR HOLIDAYS.

At this time of the year, "Holidays" and "Where to Go" form a subject on which most ordinary folks spend a great deal of thought before the final venue is decided. To those who prefer a quiet and restful holiday and do not crave for bands, pierrots, piers and flannel dances, the natural attractions of the many lovely little villages on the South Devon Coast may appeal.

As an example, Bigbury-on-Sea is well worth considering. Until a few years ago this village was more or less inaccessible to the ordinary traveller, being situated so far from the railway, but the Great Western now run a bus service from Plymouth, the journey occupying about an hour and a half.

The fact that Bigbury has only recently been brought into close touch with the outside world perhaps accounts for the old-world charm which still distinguishes this and other villages in the immediate neighbourhood.

Bigbury Bay has a fine stretch of light, golden sands, embraced on its extreme sides by Bolt Tail and Stoke Point, two wonderful headlands which shelter the bay. The foreshore is studded with bungalows, the village lying back some two miles. The sea varies in colour according to the weather and on a brilliant day, with a light south-westerly breeze, takes on colours rarely seen elsewhere. Bathing is safe, except, perhaps, at low tide, when care has to be exercised, just as it has at most other beaches and sands in Devon and Cornwall.

Situated just off the mainland, is the picturesque Burgh Island, which rises from the water about a quarter of a mile from the shore. There is a fine stretch of uncovered sands between the mainland and the island for at least twelve hours every day. On the island itself is a good boarding house and an ancient inn which dates back to the year 1300. The inn bears the appropriate name of "The Pilchard" and "The White-Eyed Kaffir" (Mr. Chirgwin) was for many years the landlord.

A feature of the district is the enormous quantities of mesembryanthemum which grow there. They are beautiful blooms of a great variety of hues from pink and white to golden yellow, being seen at their best in the spring.

Bigbury is situated in the midst of the South Hams District, which was mentioned in our article in last month's issue of the GAZETTE.

Although the bay is formed of fine golden sands, pebbles of a most interesting kind are washed up by the huge seas at certain periods. Beautiful agates and crystals have been picked up from this beach, whilst there is quite a large variety of vari-coloured marbles, polished by the action of the water.

Should the holiday maker prefer Torbay, the little town of Brixham is well worth consideration. Historically and industrially Brixham, although the smallest, is the most important town on Torbay. It is a health resort and the base of a fishing fleet. The fishing trade, with all its picturesque adjuncts, provides visitors with a primary interest. Brixham has been styled "the home of the deep-sea fishing." This at first may appear to be an extravagant claim as fishing is older than even such an ancient place as Brixham, but it is undisputed that with the revival in the 19th century of English commercial fishing, consequent upon the decline of Dutch fishing through the Napoleonic Wars, it was the men of Brixham who, in 1815, introduced trawling into Ramsgate, whence it spread first to Harwich then to Hull and Grimsby.

There are only a few motor trawlers ; most of the larger ships depending on their sails. Larger boats are away from home four days in a week and the smaller ones go out daily. The Brixham Fish Market is one of the most interesting scenes round the South Devon Coast ; here the catches of the trawlers are sold by auction each day. To see all the fish arranged systematically along the quay under the market shelter awaiting sale is a sight in itself well worth going some distance to witness.

The event of the year at Brixham is the annual regatta held in August when the pick of the craft in the harbour race for valuable prizes. The King has presented a perpetual challenge cup for the trawlers, and the race, three times round Torbay, for this coveted trophy produces the keenest rivalry. Last year, for the first time in the history of the town, the "big four" of yachting entered the races for the yacht classes and it is hoped the King's "Britannia" will compete this year.

Brixham's situation is unique. The town and harbour, with Shoalstone beach and bathing cove, are sheltered just inside the southern arm of Torbay. From the top of Berry Head, which is exceptionally easy of access, remarkable views up and down the Channel, with the whole panorama of Torbay can be obtained. Round the headland there is the beach of Mudstone and further on that of Mansands, both facing the open Channel.

The "HOP LEAF" brands are well stocked by Mr. C. Rusden, of Middle Street, Brixham, who is only too pleased to "S.B." to all addresses.

Those who prefer the country west of the Tamar, might visit the twin villages of Kingsand and Cawsand. These villages are accessible from Plymouth by ferry from Admirals Hard, Stonehouse, to Cremyll, at the foot of Mount Edgcumbe, thence by bus. In passing, mention must be made of the beautiful grounds and gardens of Mount Edgcumbe (the seat of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe), which are thrown open to the public on certain days of the week during the summer and are well worth a visit.

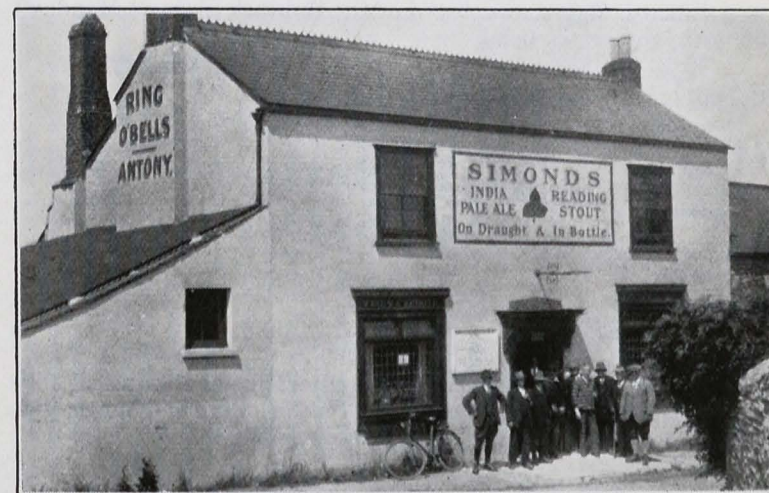
Kingsand and Cawsand are old-world fishing villages rising from the shore with narrow, steep and winding roads, in places scarcely wide enough for a pony and cart to pass between the houses, situated in Cawsand Bay on the western side of Plymouth Sound.

A source of interest to visitors is the arrival and departure of ocean liners which call at the Port of Plymouth and anchor in Cawsand Bay for passengers and mails to be embarked or discharged as the case may be. Also on certain days, warships may be seen at torpedo practice.

From Cawsand an interesting and delightful walk can be taken to Penlee Point and on to Rame Head, by the cliff path ; and for those who like a really long day's tramp, it can be continued to Whitsand Bay (noted for its fine stretch of white sand, from whence it takes its name), and Tregantle Fort, now used as the Musketry Camp for the Plymouth Garrison. The return journey can be made along country lanes, through the village of Millbrook, where the "Mark of Friendship" and the "Commercial Hotel" dispense the "Hop Leaf" brands ; thence back to Kingsand, the approach on this side of the village affording a splendid view of the Bay through the trees which for natural beauty can hardly be beaten.

The "Rising Sun" and the "Devonport Inn" represent the Firm at Kingsand.

An alternative return route is *via* Antony, where a call should be made at the "Ring o' Bells," which is situated at the junction of the main road from Liskeard and the cliff road from Looe to Torpoint.



"THE RING O' BELLS," DEVONPORT.

There are many more of the interesting little villages along the south-west coast, far from the beaten track, which the seeker after relaxation would find amply repay the trouble of finding if a quiet health-giving holiday is desired.

We regret to announce the death of F. Trigger, who passed away after a long illness. The deceased was a worker in the Bottling Department and was liked and respected by his fellow workmates. To Mrs. Trigger and Family we tender our sincere sympathy.

Our Billiards Handicap is now finished and we are happy to congratulate the winner, Mr. W. Mills, on the winning of a fine Cue and Case.

The Social Club has been such a success that we are now endeavouring to find new premises and therefore hope to announce in the next issue of the GAZETTE the opening of new Club premises.

Our sympathy goes out to Mr. A. E. Harris, our former Secretary, in his illness and hope soon to see him back again amongst us.

Mr. A. B. Beasley, our Chairman, has resigned from his office owing to numerous duties, and at a Meeting of the Members, Mr. W. E. Loynes was elected to the Chairmanship and Mr. W. Mills to the Vice-Chairmanship.

A Billiards Match was played at the Bulwark Club, on Monday, May 30th, the scores being:—

<i>Bulwark Club.</i>				<i>H. & G. Simonds' Social Club.</i>			
Williams	100	v.	C. Goss	38
Slocombe	93	v.	R. Rymell	100
Pitcher	100	v.	W. Mills	74
Pennie	100	v.	P. Tucker	47
Langton	100	v.	K. Davis	97
Hudson	71	v.	F. Pierce	100
Yeo	100	v.	A. Ellis	30
Pascoe	100	v.	— Hawkins	65
<hr/>				<hr/>			
764				551			
<hr/>				<hr/>			

Bulwark Club winning by 213.

After the Billiards Match we were entertained to a Musical and Social Evening by the Members of the Bulwark Club and our thanks are due to them for a very enjoyable evening.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

PA (indicating statue): That is Sir Thomas Tiptop, my boy. He gave big sums to the schools.

YOUNG HOPEFUL: So that's him, is it? Why didn't he do the bally things himself.

LUDGERSHALL.

We have very little to report this month. Salisbury Plain District is somewhat different to other Branches. During the summer months the various troops in the district are busy training, therefore very few social events of importance occur. Certainly there is the 2nd Cavalry Brigade Horse Show on July 13th, and the Southern Command Horse Show is arranged for July 22nd and 23rd.

We have recently had in camp at Windmill Hill the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, The North Somersetshire Yeomanry and The Royal Gloucestershire Hussars (Armoured Car Coy.). These Units were followed by the H.A.C. We had the pleasure of supplying the whole of these Units.

The Staff have not had many opportunities, but, on the invitation of the Larkhill Civilian Social Club, we made a journey and played them at billiards. Below we give the scores regarding the various games:—

<i>Larkhill Social Club.</i>				<i>H. & G. Simonds' Social Club.</i>			
Young	91	v.	H. Flemington	100
Cochrane	100	v.	J. Lazzari	82
Williams	62	v.	F. L. Shrimpton	100
Wright	99	v.	E. Hocking	100
Downer	100	v.	H. Nuttall	89
Murray	100	v.	A. Frazer	64
<hr/>				<hr/>			
552				535			
<hr/>				<hr/>			

Our thanks are due to Mr. A. Good, the genial Hon. Secretary of the Club, and the Members of the Committee for a most enjoyable evening, and we all look forward to playing them a return game as soon as an opportunity will permit.

We again supplied the beers to the May Race Meetings at Bath and Salisbury through our old friend Mr. John Salter.

MALTA.

THE "ALE" FOR THE HALE AND HEARTY.

Now days are longer, and the sun
His scorching duties has begun,
There's comfort for the thirsty one,
In Simonds' Ale.

Refreshing, cool and mellowed fine,
Enjoyed by all, in any clime,
The brand that's stood the wear of time,
Is Simonds' Ale.

Soldiers, Airmen and Jack Tars,
You know the merry souls they are,
Call daily at the Local Bars,
For Simonds' Ale.

Who should be better judge than they,
Of genuine drink, for which they pay,
We ask, "What makes them bright and gay?"
Why Simonds' Ale.

The call for drink now in the air,
Priceless thirsts are nothing rare,
For soothing liquor, none compare,
With Simonds' Ale.

The gentlemen of England still,
Of this rich nectar take their fill,
So let's confirm the words, "I will
Have Simonds' Ale."

H.C.C.

MALTA—THE ISLAND OF SUNSHINE AND HISTORY—(Continued).

MALTA THE SHIELD OF CHRISTENDOM.

The siege of Malta in 1565 by the overwhelming hordes of the Turks under their pirate chiefs, and its heroic defence by the inhabitants officered by the Knights of the Order, is one of the brightest pages in the records of Christendom. So signal was the victory of the Cross over the Crescent and so much importance was attached to it throughout Europe that even Queen Elizabeth ordered special prayers of intercession for the besieged, and later thanksgiving prayers for the victory in Malta. . . . The year following the siege witnessed the laying of the foundation stone of that city, Valletta—built to be an impregnable bulwark against the Turks—which Sir Walter Scott compared to a dream, Disraeli styled a City of Palaces, and Napoleon and Nelson both called "The greatest stronghold in Europe." . . . For two centuries and

a half it was the home of chivalry. The eyes of the sovereigns of Europe were riveted on it not only because their scions belonged to the Order, but also because it was the centre of a pageant without parallel in any other part of the world. Every stone in Valletta has its enthralling history, and its archives testify to the relations of His Serene Highness the Grand Master in little Malta with the Emperors and Kings of the great States of Europe.

MALTA SEIZED BY NAPOLEON.

On the way to Egypt in June, 1798, Napoleon captured the island and drove out the Order. Leaving a garrison of 8,000 men, he hurried East, but his high-handed proceedings had already opened the eyes of the Maltese to the real meaning of the liberty he had promised them. . . . His methods were followed by General Vaubois, the Commander-in-Chief he left behind, and, when Nelson was returning victoriously from the Battle of the Nile, the Maltese had already risen against their French oppressors. They asked the British Admiral for help. He could not refuse it to the brave men who, without arms and without the resources of war, had broken asunder their chains and were making themselves conspicuous in the eyes of Europe. . . . England who, since the times of Queen Anne, had looked upon Malta as an ideal headquarters for her Mediterranean Squadrons, thus threw in her lot definitely with the Maltese and, when the French were eventually forced to surrender, the island was placed under the protection of the British Crown. For Malta, England defied Napoleon, who would rather have seen his enemies in possession of Montmartre than of Malta: after sacrificing every consideration to peace, she did not hesitate to take up Napoleon's challenge "Malta or War," and the Treaty of Paris ratifying the cession already made by the "Love of the Maltese" laid down that "the island of Malta and its dependencies shall belong in full rights and sovereignty to His Britannic Majesty."

MALTA UNDER BRITISH RULE.

At the time of the Treaty, England had already started utilising the island to its fullest extent and the history of British power in the Mediterranean since the beginning of the Nineteenth Century is indissolubly linked with Malta. . . . England has built a first-class dockyard, has concentrated her fleet in the magnificent harbours of the island and, when danger threatened, the garrison of Malta was there ready for duty in any part of the Mediterranean. . . . The importance of Malta was greatly enhanced during the Great War. The squadrons of the Allies—British, French, Japanese, Italian and American—anchored in her harbours. The island became the centre of feverish activity for the despatch of troops and stores, and for resistance against submarines. It

was converted into a hospital where thousands of wounded or sick heroes were nursed back to health by the great "NURSE of the Mediterranean." . . . After the war the people of Malta were granted self-government, with a Senate and a Legislative Assembly.

FINIS.

SLOUGH.

June again, and with it the advent of the holiday season and more pageantry. As for the former we hope the present weather lasts, and we wish everybody joyous fortnights. The latter is afforded us by "Founder's Day" at Eton College and Ascot Races.

Visions of beautifully dressed ladies and immaculately clad men, crowds of happy boys and youths proudly escorting mothers and sisters round the ancient buildings, an exciting cricket match, a spectacular procession of boats and the crowning joy of a glorious day—"The Fireworks." That is "Founder's Day," or, as it is better known, the "Fourth" to we folk at Slough. This year, as usual, quite fulfilled our expectations, and, apart from traffic passing through, this was a very empty town. The weather was really kind, only the procession of boats being a little spoiled by a shower. However, it cleared up and left a beautiful evening for the fireworks. By the kindness of the authorities the public were admitted to certain parts of the grounds, from whence they could obtain a good view of the exhibition. It was a happy throng that wended its way back to their different homes later to dream of thrilling parachute descents, hissing snakes, cascades floating down the weir stream, and noisy rockets.

The members of the Slough Staff are very proud of the Firm's house at Langley, "The North Star," which has just been entirely rebuilt. The official opening took place on Saturday, May 21st. During the rebuilding Mr. A. Curtis, the tenant, carried on his business and also had his living accommodation in the new garages; he is now a proud man and says his new home fully compensates him for the hardships he went through during the winter months.

The house was rebuilt at the psychological moment as Langley is growing rapidly, good class bungalows, etc., are springing up everywhere, and a house like the new "North Star" was badly needed. We are all looking forward to a great future for it. We must say the artistic design of the building reflects great credit on the Architects, Messrs. Edginton & Spink of Windsor.

We trust if any of our readers are in the neighbourhood they will call and make Mr. Curtis' acquaintance. He will be pleased to show them round.

FARNBOROUGH.

FARNBOROUGH BRANCH CRICKET CLUB.

Since sending in my last notes we have played three games, all ending in a different result, 1 won, 1 lost and 1 drawn. We have been somewhat disappointed as well as inconvenienced by not having the use of the North Farnborough Recreation Ground for a further month.

As the Sergeants' Mess, R.A.S. Corps, have a very limited use of the Corps' ground, one of the finest in Aldershot, we arranged to play both the fixtures on our ground. Unfortunately we were unable to find a venue for May 21st and had to very reluctantly cancel the game. On the following Saturday we were away to Frimley, and to express our appreciation of their hospitality we gave them a fright and a defeat, incidentally recording our first and (up to the present) only win.

For our two home games in June, the 4th and 11th respectively, the Cove Social Club and Institute came to our assistance by very kindly giving us permission to use their ground. The first encounter was with the Sergeants' Mess, R.A.S. Corps, and resulted in a victory for our visitors. A most pleasing incident was a fine stand by our two youngest players, R. Herrington and J. McCulley; they stayed together to put on 31 runs. Undoubtedly the result of this game was greatly influenced by W. Gale, who had to leave early and was therefore unable to bat.

The second game at Cove was against our worthy rivals, the Seven Bridges Brewery C.C. We, at Farnborough, always look forward to our meetings with Mr. C. H. Perrin & Co. The games are keenly contested and our home match this year was no exception to the rule.

After we succeeded in getting two wickets fairly cheap, Messrs. Mancey and Bartholomew began to lay on the wood, and, backed up by Mr. Wadhams, who made 38, Mr. Perrin declared at 101 for 6.

Farnborough could not make much of the bowling of G. Mancey, only Messrs. Gale and Gosney reached double figures. However, we managed to keep our end up and beat the clock if not The Brewery. Our visitors on both June 4th and 11th were amazed at the size and the numerous social activities of the Cove Social Club and rightly formed the opinion that it is one of the best Clubs they have ever been in.

SATURDAY, MAY 28TH.

Frimley.				H. & G. Simonds' (Farnborough Branch).			
J. Dobson, b. Gale	0	G. Lancaster, c. Kitcher, b. Bartlett	0
C. Yeomans, b. B. Lancaster	1	L. Coleman, c. and b. Purcell	12
H. Bartlett, b. B. Lancaster	5	R. Herrington, b. Purcell	0
W. Chatt, c. Gosney, b. B. Lancaster	0	E. Gosney, b. Bartlett	1
A. Mosdell, c. Thoday, b. B. Lancaster	0	R. Paice, run out	1
F. Kitcher, c. Gosney, b. Gale	1	W. Gale, b. Bartlett	4
W. Carter (Sen.), b. B. Lancaster	2	B. Lancaster, c. Carter (Sen.), Bartlett	1
R. Finch, b. Gale	0	T. Kent, b. Purcell	0
W. Carter (Jun.), not out	3	J. McCulley, b. Purcell	2
E. Purcell, b. Gale	1	W. Thoday, c. J. Dobson, b. Bartlett	0
H. Dobson, b. B. Lancaster	0	F. Howlett, not out	0
				Extras	4
Total	13	Total	25
Second Innings	30	Second Innings	38

Won by H. & G. Simonds' (Farnborough Branch) by 20 runs.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4TH.

Sergeants' Mess, R.A.S. Corps.				H. & G. Simonds' (Farnborough Branch).			
Sergt. Sadd, b. Gale	29	G. Lancaster, c. R.S.M. Brooks, b. Pickerell	7
S.Q.M.S. Pickerell, c. B. Lancaster	7	L. Coleman, l.b.w., b. R.S.M. Brooks	4
b. Gale	3	E. Gosney, l.b.w., b. Pickerell	4
S.Q.M.S. Burrows, b. B. Lancaster	14	R. Paice, b. R.S.M. Brooks	3
S.S.M. Brooks, c. Gale, b. B. Lancaster	3	B. Lancaster, b. R.S.M. Brooks	3
Sergt. Cooper, b. Gale	0	R. Herrington, c. Loft, b. Wirne	19
R.S.M. Brooks, b. Gale	3	J. McCulley, b. R.S.M. Brooks	16
Sergt. McOnie, c. Gosney, b. Gale	1	A. Stacey, b. R.S.M. Brooks	0
Sergt. Vaughan, b. Paice	13	T. Kent, b. Wirne	2
Sergt. Wirne, not out	5	R. Watts, c. R.S.M. Brooks, b. Wirne	0
Sergt. Heslop, b. Gale	10	W. Gale, absent	0
Sergt. Loft, c. Paice, b. B. Lancaster	8	Extras	10
Extras	8	Total	68
Total	96				

Won by Sergeants' Mess, R.A.S. Corps, by 28 runs.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11TH.

Seven Bridges Brewery.				H. & G. Simonds' (Farnborough Branch).			
A. Rider, b. B. Lancaster	4	G. Lancaster, b. Mancey	5
H. Osborne, b. Gale	3	E. Crutchley, b. Mancey	0
A. Croom, retired ill	4	W. Gale, c. and b. Rumens	21
G. Mancey, c. Crutchley, b. Gale	18	L. Coleman, b. Mancey	4
F. Bartholomew, b. Gale	17	R. Herrington, b. Rumens	3
J. Rumens, b. Gale	5	R. Paice, l.b.w., b. Mancey	5
J. Wadhams, b. Gale	38	E. Gosney, not out	10
J. Jelley, not out	8	B. Lancaster, c. Rumens, b. Mancey	7
C. H. Perrin, P. James and F. Collins did not bat.				J. McCulley, not out	4
Extras	4	W. Thoday and F. Howlett did not bat.			
*Total (for 6 wickets)	101	Extras	10
* Innings declared closed.				Total (for 7 wickets)	69

Match left drawn.

On June 16th the "Old Ford" Hotel, Ash Vale, changed hands from Mr. J. H. Rogers to Mr. G. Knight, who comes from Aldershot. Mr. Rogers left this house to take up an appointment as Secretary to a Club in Kenya Colony. We wish him every success in his new venture.

SALISBURY.

A "SIGN" OF THE TIMES.

The demand for "Hop Leaf" Ales, and GAZETTES, month by month, climbs steadily upward. We are favoured with supplies for such events as the 700th Charter Day Celebrations, and the Longford Show. Also for the Pavilion of the South Wilts C.C., whose members swear by I.P. Ale, and quietly steal away between runs to gaze into its depths, and enjoy "a quiet one," far from the madding crowd.

It must also be consoling to a retiring batsman to feel that each step is taking him nearer to that haven of rest; whether he has made his century, or cocked up an easy one in his first over. One can readily imagine, on a really hot day, a thirsty soul being tempted, after making a few, to do so.

For the sake of the game, and the Club, it is pleasing to record, however, that as, so far, the three hundred has been topped on so many occasions, no sign has been observed of any member playing the game except "for the game's sake," which is only what one would expect from our Bemerton friends.

"A WAY THEY HAVE—IN THE ARMY."

A firm of brewers (not H. & G. Simonds Ltd.) receiving a late afternoon telephone order for supplies for that day from a Territorial Sergeants' Mess, about twenty miles away, and having no transport available, was instructed to communicate with a local mineral water firm, who "would pick it up, and deliver."

The junior member of the latter Company, who took the message, was "good enough" to send a spare ton lorry to do so, and thus the wants of our gallant men were supplied.

The point is:—That this particular mineral firm were not supplying any Unit in the Camp, and it was what is sometimes called "a try on."

We wonder what the "Head" said when he got home at night, and what his cartage charge will be.

"THE CUP THAT CHEERS."

Not far from Salisbury lie the great Military Stations and Camps of Salisbury Plain. An almost hourly service of train and bus connect them with "civilization." Their pre-war brothers were not so fortunate, and a day's leave was necessary to enjoy the relaxation from duty.

The British "Tommy" is nowadays a very fortunate chap, and is better catered for in all ways.

At any old time of the day "Hop Leaf" lorries may be observed unloading their barrels and cases at the doors of the many Canteens and Messes of those Units whose past experiences, in tropical and temperate climes, have taught them to trust in "Simonds" wherever they may be.

In such Institutes, in the far East, it is a common thing, when such a general topic as liquid refreshment is under discussion, to hear one of "the old sweats" recall, with a sigh, the home, and nearer home, Stations where a pint of "good old Simonds" was to be had. A bellow, or as they say in such places, a "bolo," for a "burra peg" is usually the next sound, in a vain attempt to forget the pleasures of the past.

One of the very first joys of a home move, from one of our Indian Stations, is the knowledge that "Country" beer will be no more, and that Japanese "beer" will be a thing to be forgotten.

In Burma, in the hill places of Bengal, N.W. Provinces, on the burning plains of Sind, or amid the jungles of the Himalayas, we have met devotees of the Reading brews. Many of them, now home again, are ardent "S.B.ites."

Our good friends the 7th Queen's Own Hussars, now at Tidworth, contain many such who were with us in those days. They must have many such memories of their Merut days, and one can recall at least one little "bazaar brush" not far from the Sone bridge, whilst with the Arrah Field Force, when a few bottles of this beverage would have gone down well. "Adoring the vision" in a thirsty land is a good thing, but to "keep in sight perfection" here, is a much more satisfying one.

What say the 7th?

"TIDWORTH CALLING!"

Tommy makes friends wherever he goes, and from the 30th July to August 4th all the citizens and country folk of the district will be repaying his many courtesies, by visiting him in his temporary home, and seeing him as he is, on the occasion of the Searchlight Tattoo in Tidworth Park.

No more inspiring sight can be seen than this. The flower of our Army arrayed before us, each man conscious and proud of the great traditions which they there represent, and eager to do their bit to carry on, in their "day," and to add their quota to the glorious past.

Onlookers, old and young alike, cannot but respond to the call which thrills the heart of every real Britisher, and which no age of "democracy" or period of time can destroy. Blood tells, and such events cannot but help to keep alive that spirit which is the essence of our peoples and the despair of the agitator in our market places.

It is well worth being out of bed on a calm summer night, until 2 a.m., to have watched such a sight. We thank those cheery souls, harassed, but still smiling, who have evolved and made possible such productions, for the pride of "Tommy's" and "Algy's" kinsfolk, and the welding together of our race.

We are proud to pay our tribute to their labours.

SWANSEA.

Now that the warmer weather is approaching, Swansea will, in a very short time, be seen at its best. The bays in and around the Mumbles offer great scope for those fond of aquatic holidays, whilst the sands at Swansea, which extend for over five miles, with its glorious bay, prove to be very particularly attractive to the children. On the other hand, for those who prefer "country life" a few minutes by bus from Swansea will take you into the heart of the Gower Peninsula, with its glorious scenery and beautiful walks.

We can safely recommend the Mumbles as an ideal place for those of our readers (especially from our inland Branches) who are desirous of spending a quiet and enjoyable holiday.

We are indebted to our friend "J.L." for the continuation of the article "Moderation," which appeared in last month's issue of our GAZETTE; also to Mr. H. Taylor, who was for many years Chief Clerk at Swansea Branch, for his "Long Service Reminiscences."

MODERATION—(continued).

How frequently men act under the influence of passion in ways which do not apparently lead to happiness. Being entirely at the mercy of their own emotions and lacking self-control, their passions and desires overcome their judgment.

To which ever extreme you push a virtue it becomes a vice. The only safe utilitarian conception to hold is that of striking a happy medium: a middle course, because it is beneficial to "the greatest number" and productive of the "greatest happiness" which was Jeremy Bentham's aim for the human race. To preserve an equilibrium is to avert the unpleasant swing of the pendulum for ourselves and others and therefore conducive to the greatest good which is the greatest happiness. There are more ways of being intemperate than one. "Drunken but not with Wine" may mean intoxicated with pride, or unlawful ambition—avarice. Feuds and lawsuits have been the result of intemperance of *speech*.

When an equilibrium in anything is held and maintained there does not follow the exhaustion, mental and physical, or the psychological depression which is the outcome of nervous excitement, and the pleasure to be derived is more steady and lasting with no sudden fits of alternate joy and gloom. The same principle applies to eating, and sleeping. The gormand always suffers for his indiscretion to the extent of realizing the preference of "plain living and high thinking" even if he has not the good sense, wisdom and will to practise it.

On the other hand insufficient food means oft-times starvation or at least an ill-nourished undersized body, and of course we all know what happens to the lie-a-bed and sluggard, who becomes drugged with over-sleep to the point of mental deterioration and physical degeneration. We may exhaust our brain by overwork or rot it with disuse.

Loss of sleep and insomnia lead only too frequently to suicide or insanity. Some ethical writers have pointed out that as it is the more difficult to maintain and preserve a just balance, so it is the more praiseworthy. Philosophical writers of all ages have sought the touchstone of felicity, the key to gladness, the secret to joy, the elixir of life, the coping-stone of happiness. Here, I think we have the acme of delight, the eureka of science, the "open sesame" of the philosophers in this one great teaching of moral philosophy—Moderation in all things.

J.L.

LONG SERVICE REMINISCENCES.

Joining the Firm in 1873 as empty cask number taker and being a very little chap, I had to have several ledgers on my stool to reach the desk, and was called Tom Sayers, Giant, and many other names by the draymen.

I can well recall the late Mr. Louis De L. Simonds sending for me and taking me into the dining room, where several ladies and gentlemen were seated, when he introduced me as the "chief of the staff" which caused great laughter and was to my great embarrassment.

Soon after that I asked this gentleman for an increase in wages, and he replied, "I will see about it, you must not expect to get all the profits." You can imagine my feelings when shortly afterwards I received an increase, when I received my salary envelope.

Another time in the dinner hour I was left alone in the Delivery Office when Mr. Blackall Simonds came in saying, "Are you the only man left in charge of this Office?" I smartly stood to attention, replying, "Yes, Sir." Mr. Simonds gave a very broad smile and left me "still in charge." I cannot remember whether I got another increase for that, but can well recall my delight when I took home my first half-sovereign.

After being in the Cask Office a few years there was a vacancy in the Delivery Office, better known as "Hanson's" Office, so I applied for that. Then came the same old tale, "You are such a little chap"; so to try and get over that difficulty Mr. Louis Simonds told me to see Mrs. Townsend, the Cook, about eleven o'clock each morning, and eat plenty of beef, instead of my usual biscuit and cheese. In the end I got the berth—and the lunch.

In 1883, after consuming so much boiled beef, I had grown somewhat bigger and was transferred to the Refreshment Room Department, under Mr. Suddaby, as stocktaker and sent to Yeovil, that being the centre for the district I was to work, which comprised 15 Stations in Somerset, Devon and Dorsetshire, so it was a case of "put me amongst the girls." Jolly fine girls they were, especially one, whom I eventually married, but regret to say passed away three years ago, after 37 years together. Then, unfortunately for we clerks, Messrs. Spiers & Pond took over the whole concern, and back I went to The Brewery, which I think was in 1888.

Some years later Swansea Branch was opened and the position as Chief Clerk was offered to me, which of course did not take much considering on my part, and, thanks to the great kindness shewn me by Mr. C. E. Gough and Mr. F. Gilbert, putting me through the routine of branch work, I was left with the Welsh people for over a quarter of a century; and now, through the great generosity of the Firm, I am living a quiet life with my daughter in that old-fashioned town of Lewes, Sussex, where weather and other circumstances permitting, I spend a deal of time on the lovely downs.

I visit Brighton occasionally, and, when passing the Branch Office in Castle Square, I feel a longing to go inside and ask if the balances came out all right, also to know if an experienced "Froth Blower" was required.

H. TAYLOR.

GIBRALTAR.

The annual event of the Empire Festivities Fair in Gibraltar, which was inaugurated in 1912 but unfortunately nipped in the bud on the outbreak of the Great War, has this year sufficiently resuscitated itself to come into being again, and a huge success has crowned the efforts of the promoters, viz. :—"Our Day Poor Fund."

Although our "Fair Committee" had to necessarily suspend operations during and since the black days of the war, the neighbouring towns in Spain continued to hold theirs, much to the chagrin of our townspeople, who knew that during the three years' short life of our Fair we had made the Spaniards sit up and take notice. But this year we have come into our own again with a vengeance that has surprised the promoters and the supporters generally, for from the first mooted of the idea it gathered strength, and there has been no falling by the wayside; so much so that there is not the slightest doubt that it has come to stay.

The Fair this year was held on the old site on the Alameda Parade Ground, and, after the ceaseless labours of the Committee, it presented a very pretty sight for the opening day on the 10th May, His Excellency The Governor and The Hon. Lady Munro attending to perform this ceremony, Gibraltar turning out *en fete* to shew its appreciation of the fifteen days to come, and the revival of one of their favourite pastimes.

The site of the "Fair Ground" this year was somewhat curtailed purposely because it was considered best not to start swimming in too deep water, as a kick-off, and also because the finances available did not lend themselves to this course; anyhow what was done was perfectly sufficient for the commencement of a new but revived era.

At the entrance to the Fair a beautiful "triumphal arch", was erected, and this made a very imposing site from outside, especially at night when it was beautifully illuminated by many coloured lights.

To enter the ground by way of this arch made one realise the amount of work and detail involved in organising and running a pleasure ground of a purely temporary nature on the lines aimed at.

On the left side most of the leading Clubs had erected their "Casetas," beautifully decorated with plentiful bunting and flags, and fixed in the midst of these "Casetas" was placed "Their Excellencies' Pavilion," built on the steps of the saluting base of the parade ground.

In the south-east corner a large circus had been erected, and a very good show given, where one of the turns were the trained antics of over thirty performing horses and dogs. To see a horse take off its pyjamas and get into bed, covering itself over with the bed clothes, was only one of the sights; also acrobats and clowns galore.

At the south end several "bunuelo" stalls had been fixed, which all did a roaring trade, for people in this part of the world would not think a fair complete without a fill of fritters.

The centre of the ground was given up to large refreshment booths, in the midst of which a fine bandstand was erected, from where daily and nightly performances were given.

On the west side several "positivos" were running, where one paid a few coppers for the necessary tickets and sometimes came away with very fine prizes. The younger element thoroughly enjoyed themselves on the numerous swings and roundabouts and merry-go-rounds, and these, coupled with the shouts of pleasure, and the screeching of the "hurdy-gurdies" attached to each, put one's mind back to the days of the old village fair at home.

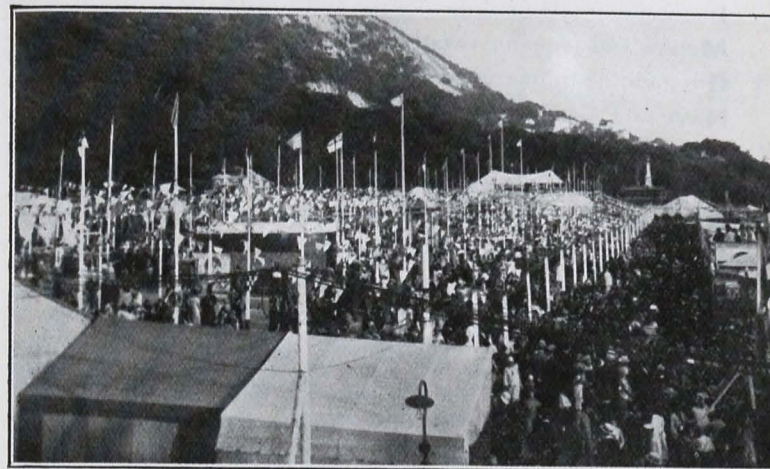
In the afternoons were held different sporting events, such as physical drill displays by the Military Units, Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, tugs-of-war and tilting the ribbon on cycles, but special mention must be made of the two parades of decorated motor cars, and the subsequent battle of flowers and confetti, into which everyone fell with a vim. The fairyland appearance at night produced by thousands of coloured electric globes was very striking, the effect of which illuminated the west side of the Rock almost to the summit station, small objects being easily picked out by persons standing on the Fair Ground; and from far distances.

Long before the last day of the Fair had arrived people were clamouring for an extension of some days, which proves the unqualified success of the revival of the Fair and the way the persons attending appreciated the efforts of everyone concerned.

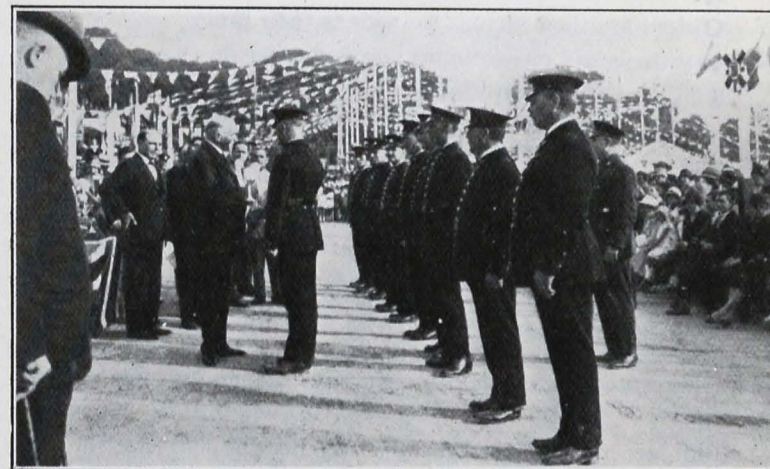
Mention must be made of our local Branch of the famous "Hop Leaf," which fortunately for all concerned is situate practically on one corner of the Fair Ground. This place with its shady garden in front was very well decorated with flags and coloured lights, and was without doubt a "landmark" for the thirsty visitors to the Fair, and was easily distinguishable by the illuminated sign of "Simonds" outside. It is thought that more than its fair quota was partaken at the favourite rendezvous, especially by the really weary.

DEPARTURE OF MR. F. H. BIGGS.

On the 15th May last Mr. F. H. Biggs, Chief Clerk at the Gibraltar Branch, left for Portsmouth to take up a similar appointment there. He leaves a host of friends behind, who wish him the best of luck in his new sphere.



GIBRALTAR.—Elevated view of the "Fair Ground."



GIBRALTAR.—Presentation by His Excellency The Governor, of the Tug-of-War Challenge Cup won by the Civil Police, Gibraltar.

[Photos by Beanland, Malin & Co., Gibraltar.]

Succulent beverages of wide renown,
Increasingly favoured in country and town.
Mellow and piquant, palatable, pure,
Outstanding in merit, you taste to allure.
Navy and Army and Air Force, too,
Demand their supplies of Simonds' brew.
Sustaining and strengthening, have passed every test,
By Bacchus! No wonder they are known as "The Best."
"Ecstatic," is what the epicures say,
Each time an "S.B." is put in their way.
Refined and refreshing whatever the weather,
So serve up Simonds' "the more we're together."
Appetising, attractive, our thirsts e're appeasing,
No drinks, could you find, to the palate more pleasing,
Delightful decoctions which aid the digestion,
Statistics prove this, there isn't a question.
Tested and tried, these tonics so good,
Oh! that all realized their values as food.
Untold are their virtues, so wide is their range,
Try them and prove them, you'd ne'er again change.
Simonds' Beers and Stouts.

FARNBOROUGH MILITARY DEPOT.

The outstanding feature during the past month has been the Aldershot Command Searchlight Tattoo, which took place on the Rushmoor Arena on Tuesday evening to Saturday evening, inclusive, during Ascot week. This is an annual effort made by the Aldershot Command on behalf of numerous Military Charities. It was a really wonderful programme and the tableau that formed the grand finale was truly magnificent. The organization was superb.

Full accounts have appeared in the public press, but the following figures may be of interest:—Attendance—190,000, this is an increase of about 20,000 over last year; motor cars—18,450; chars-a-banc and buses—3,560; motor bikes—2,700; bicycles—1,850. The figures speak for themselves.

Unfortunately Saturday was a wet night or the attendance would have been heavier.

Their Majesties The King and Queen graced the Tattoo with their presence on Saturday. Other members of the Royal Family paid visits during the week.

The camping season is now in full swing and we have Troops under canvas at Cowshott, Stoney Castle, Ash, Old Dean Common, Oxney Farm, etc.

June is a popular month for Regimental Sports. We have been busy with canvas the past few days and shall have enough to do until after the completion of Divisional Training at end of September.

Old colleagues at North Camp are sorry to hear of the indisposition of Mr. H. J. Whiting, but glad to know, at time of writing these notes, that he is feeling better for the rest and change. We hope our old friend Jefferies will also pick up strength after the bad time he has experienced. Such men as Jefferies, Etherington, Pearce (Ludgershall) and others must be very tough to have weathered the experiences we had on Salisbury Plain twenty odd years ago.

W.H.W.

OXFORD.

Referring to a few remarks of ours published in the May issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE anent Dan Cupid and our matrimonial agency, we have to report that another of the lady members of our clerical staff, in the person of Miss S. Heydon, has left us after nearly twelve years' service to embark upon the sea of matrimony. We wish her *bon voyage* and fair weather.

Miss Heydon was the recipient of a case of fish knives and forks with the good wishes of the Directors, and also a canteen of plate from the Oxford Branch staff, coupled with their best wishes for her future happiness. Our spare moments are spent in wondering who will be the next victim of Cupid's archery.

The Oxfordshire Agricultural Show was held at Oxford this year on May 18th and 19th. As heretofore, a fine lot of horses, cattle, etc., were exhibited, and, together with the displays made by the great agricultural and other traders, those responsible for its organization may congratulate themselves upon a really fine show. The weather, too, was gorgeous and thousands of people were attracted to the Show Ground on both days. Needless to say "S.B." was in evidence.

Our Annual Gala, Eights Week, the occasion of the University Summer Bumping Races, is gone by for another year and our particular stretch of Thames (locally yclept "Isis") is placid once

more. But, while the races were on, the College barges on the one side and the towing path on the other side of the river were thronged with fashionable (and other) people, all bent on seeing "the Eights" or the latest thing in Paris models, which ever way the fancy lay.

There remains now the Commemoration Week with its attendant balls and other festivities and the Oxford Summer Term will be over. Then we "townies" can look forward to some cricket on decent wickets for the Long Vacation.

It may interest readers to know that the Oxford University Newdigate Prize (a very much coveted honour which has been won in the past by many famous *men*) was won by a member of the opposite sex this year, and much more than that, this erudite lady hails from Reading! So now we know Reading's claim to the three "B's" is justified. Oxford may be the Seat of Learning, but Reading assuredly is famous for:—

Beer, Biscuits and Brains.

THAME.

The Whitsun Holidays passed off very quietly in Thame. Sharp showers of rain somewhat marred the cricket and bowls on the Monday, but there were good attendances at both. A fair number of visitors were in the town and we experienced a nice trade all through. Both the Sports Club and Cricket Club have been going strong and have won some good matches. The testimonial to A. J. Kirtland, the veteran Thame cricketer, is being well patronised and it is hoped to hand over a substantial amount before the end of the season.

A change has taken place at the War Memorial Club, Mr. F. Sparks having resigned the stewardship, which he has so successfully carried out for several years, to take up an appointment as an Inspector under the R.S.P.C.A. He is succeeded by Mr. "Joe" Holland, whose knowledge as a previous licensed victualler will stand him in good stead. He is well known and respected in Thame.

Another change is the retirement of Police-Sergeant Loder on pension after full service in the force. His kindly interest in everything appertaining to the good of the town has been much appreciated and his friends wish him many years in which to enjoy his retirement. His successor is Police-Sergeant Russell, who comes from Nettlebed, with high credentials as to his capabilities. We would wish him a successful and enjoyable stay in Thame.