

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

No. 4.

JANUARY

1927.



Mr. S. V. SHEA-SIMONDS,

a Director and Vice-Chairman of the Firm, is a man of many parts. At Football and Cricket he was brilliant and his skill with the violin is well known. A Major in the 9th Battalion The London Regiment (Queen Victoria's Rifles), in which he served for more than twenty years, he did his bit, and did it well, in the Great War, being twice mentioned in Despatches. He takes a great interest in the Brewery Social Club.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Next to Christmas Day, the most pleasant annual epoch in existence is the advent of the New Year, and we wish our readers and others all happiness and prosperity during 1927. THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE is now three months old. It is a bonny baby with fine features and a good circulation. As it has crept into childhood, so may it bound into youth, sober into manhood and then soften into a ripe old age. May it act as a bond of union between all connected with the great Firm of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., showing what capital and labour, working harmoniously together, can do, and may it—to continue the metaphor—play a worthy part, as a man in furthering the real brotherhood of man. Then the life of this little publication, which we hope will be a long one, will not have been in vain.

A GREAT INITIAL VICTORY.

Though THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE knows no politics, we must say that we think

STANLEY BALDWIN
gained a great *initial* victory.

A REPUDIATED REPORT.

The Gunn that was charged with being overloaded and discharged, as mentioned in our last issue, has no connection with the Gunn at The Brewery. But our Gunn "went off" the deep end when he heard the report and wanted to rifle the Editor's pockets to see if they contained any cartridges. We have given an undertaking not to point the barrels at Gunn again. This seems to have amply satisfied him for he even offers to assist us in emptying those barrels—no doubt there will be other volunteers for the job. But draw it mild for we don't want too many. Now that's straight from the—wood.

PERJURY AND HYPOCRISY.

The people of Norway have rejected Prohibition and, commenting on the fact, *The Daily Mail*, says:—

"A measure which has as its apparently inevitable consequence an increase in perjury and petty hypocrisies is hard to defend. In no country where Prohibition has been tried has the enforcement of the law been easy or even reasonably efficacious. Open or concealed contempt has been the problem that legislators have had to face. It is scarcely surprising that there is a reaction against it."

RELIGION IN THE PUBLIC-HOUSE.

Writing in *The Sunday News* of November 7th on "Taking the Church to the Public-House," the Rev. A. W. Barker, the "Publicans' Bishop," says:—

"One can talk religion as well in a public-house as in a church. The public-house is the poor man's club, where he can spend a sociable evening among his friends and have his well-earned glass of beer comfortably. There is not the slightest harm in a man—a woman for that matter—having a glass of beer, providing they do not drink to excess."

ADAM AND THE SERVANT.

The other day a Bishop addressed some children, his subject being the Garden of Eden. No doubt he painted a rosy picture of life in this wonderful garden. At any rate, he greatly impressed one little girl, who, on returning home, recounted all that she had heard—and, apparently, some things the Bishop did *not* say—to her mother. "Oh! he was such a nice man," said the child, "and Adam and Eve did have a lovely home and were so very happy until the *servant* came along!!!"

THE REAL MEANING OF K.C.

The writer well remembers when Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C. (as he then was), was the Liberal candidate for Reading, and an argument arose as to who was the better man to represent the town in Parliament, he or Captain Leslie Wilson, D.S.O. One man was particularly partial to Mr. Isaacs, and he had rather a heated argument with a supporter of Captain Wilson. The former added, "I would vote for Mr. Isaacs if only for the fact that he is such a keen cricketer." "Keen cricketer!" exclaimed the other, "how do you know that?" "You fool," rejoined Mr. Isaac's admirer, "what does K.C. at the end of his name mean if it does not denote keen cricketer?" Collapse of Captain Wilson's champion.

LIKE A GREAT BICYCLE RACE.

No party politics and no religious controversies will find their way into the pages of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. We mention this because we recently received an article of a highly controversial nature, advertising a particular school of religious thought. We have no room for it. One must take a very broad view of religion, giving others credit for being just as sincere as we are ourselves, however much we may disagree with the tenets of the faith they hold. After all, religion is very much like a great bicycle race.

You have machines of all kinds and all sorts of riders. Those on the flash bicycles with high sounding names, *will* stop and argue on the way as to the make of their particular machines. Meanwhile, the fellow on the old bone-shaker, whose bearings are, however, sound, keeps plodding steadily along, pursuing a straight course and doing his best. Maybe he will get to Heaven first.

A ROACH AND HALF-A-SOVEREIGN.

Once upon a time an angler hooked a big roach just above Sonning Lock, and, as he was leaning over the bank to lift it from the water, a half-sovereign fell from his waistcoat pocket into the river. The roach swallowed the coin, and he lost both the fish and the money; but anglers are persevering men and this gentleman was not going to accept defeat so easily. Many a time he fished near the same spot, hoping to recover this roach and his half-sovereign. But his efforts were all in vain. Then a new idea struck him. Perhaps the roach had gone through the lock. He fished below the lock, and lo! and behold! before long, he caught this self-same roach. "How do you know it was the same roach?" asked a brother angler. "Because when I cut open the fish, there was 9/9 inside," came the prompt reply. "But you lost half-a-sovereign," argued his friend. "I know I did," came the answer, "but didn't the roach have to pay 3d. to come through the lock!" Of course it did!

HIS FIRST, AND LAST, SHOOT.

A Londoner, who knew nothing about sport, was, last Christmas, invited to a day's ferreting. He was given a gun, and, for safety's sake, was placed on the south side of a fairly steep ridge. His friends remaining on the north side. A good number of rabbits were bagged, and, as the Londoner was potting away now and again, he was evidently enjoying good sport, so his colleagues did not worry about him, for some time. When they reached the end of the bank, they asked him how he had been getting on. "Oh!" he said, "fairly well. The rabbits were too quick for me, but I wanted to take something home so I shot a couple of squirrels." Judge of his friends' dismay when he proudly held up, not a couple of dead squirrels, but two of their valuable ferrets which had been working so well.

THE WRONG BAND.

An Officer in charge of a Military Depot not a thousand miles from Reading, once took a cricket team to play a match down Newbury way. When the game was about to commence, he

found that he was one man short. Now, at the Depot there was quite a useful player named Band. So the Officer wired to the Depot to the following effect: "Please send Band." You can imagine his consternation when he saw marching on to the cricket ground, not the individual Band, but the Regimental Band, instruments and all!

A NEW [sic] LAID EGG.

We do not think it was a Reading man who recently ate an egg for breakfast bearing a rather remarkable inscription. The wording on the egg was as follows: "This egg was packed by Miss — who is considered the prettiest girl in — and also the wealthiest. She is willing to marry the man who eats this egg." The full name and address were given. The gentleman cabled at once, thinking he had found a rich and handsome bride. But his hopes were soon dashed to the ground for he promptly received the following reply: "Since packing the egg Miss — has married and has two bonny children." The poor fellow has not eaten an egg since.

CLEVER HANDICAPPING.

The writer was privileged to participate in the Billiard Tournaments at the Social Club the other evening, and one thing that impressed him greatly was the wonderful handicapping. The game in which he played, he won by the narrow margin of one point. Another game which he watched was won by only two points. It just shows the great thoroughness with which every little detail of the Club's work is carried out. We inquired the name of the handicapper, but we would not divulge it for worlds, though a little Bird gave us the desired information.

MEMORIES.

In that excellent article "Memories," which we published last month, mention was made of H.M.S. *Formidable* and the part played by Lieutenant Simonds (now Commander). The Editor has received a stirring description of the event, culled from the pages of *The Daily Telegraph*.

"The sailors had had terrible experiences," says that great newspaper, "having been tossed about in the cutter for twenty hours in a terrific south-east gale before reaching Lyme. The boat is stated to have had sixty men on board on leaving the wreck, but there were only forty when Lyme was reached. Many of the men were half naked and all were soaked to the skin. The discipline was splendid. True to the best traditions of the Navy, Captain Loxley, when a seaman last saw him, was on the bridge, smoking a cigarette. Lieutenant Simonds was superintending

the launching of the boats and, as he got the last away, the seaman heard the Captain say, 'You have done well, Simonds.' Captain Loxley went down with the ship. You cannot speak his praises too much. Lieutenant Simonds also worked magnificently in getting out the boats."

We refer to this great story of the sea—Lest we forget! Lest we forget! what many of our brave men did and endured when England was threatened by a cruel and unscrupulous foe.

NEW YEAR'S EVENTS.

Below we give a list of some of the events arranged by man—and by Nature—for our edification, pleasure, or betterment in the coming year.

The principal dates of general interest are as under :—

January 24th.—H. & G. Simonds' Social Club Dinner, 7.30 p.m.

March 25th.—Grand National Steeplechase.

April 2nd.—University Boat Race.

April 10th.—Summer-time begins.

April 15th.—Good Friday.

April 23rd.—F.A. Cup Final at Wembley Stadium.

June 1st.—Derby Day.

June 5th.—Whit-Sunday.

June 14th.—Ascot Week begins.

June 29th.—Total eclipse of the sun.

October 2nd.—Summer-time ends.

December 8th.—Total eclipse of the moon.

The solar eclipse in June is an event unparalleled in England for more than 200 years. Astronomers travel thousands of miles to see a total eclipse. Next year, for the first time since 1725, the phenomenon will be visible in England over a 30-miles-wide belt from Criccieth, on the coast of N. Wales, to Hartlepool, on the east.

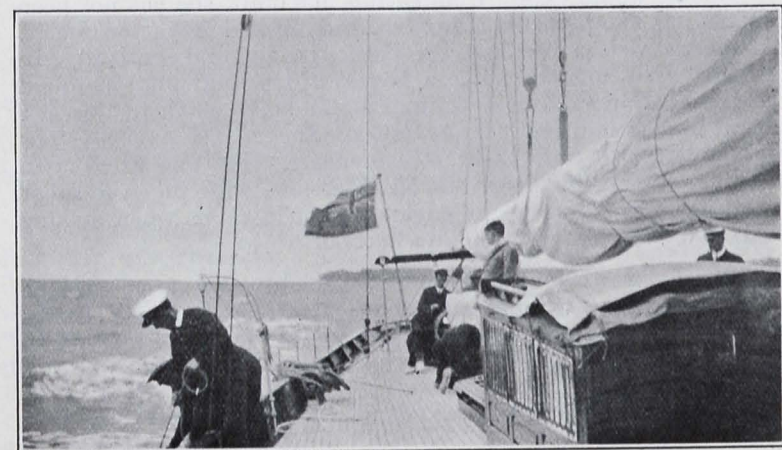
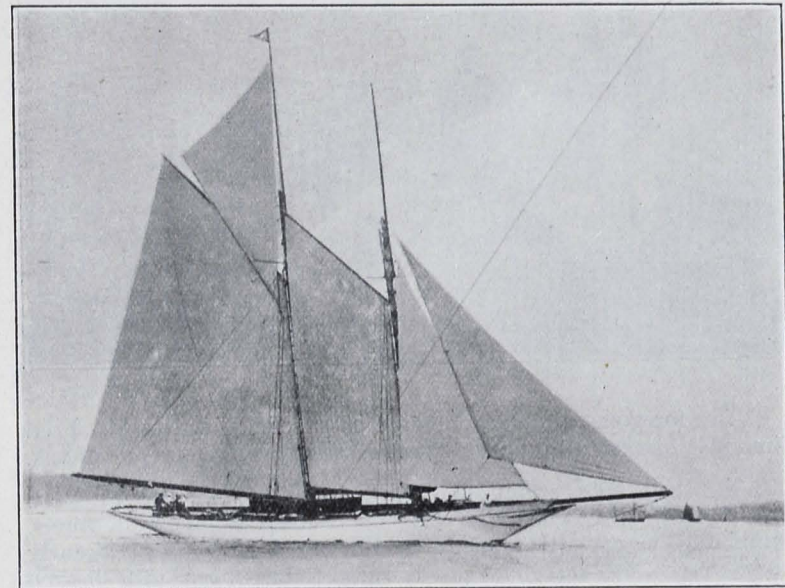
NEW ACTS OF PARLIAMENT.

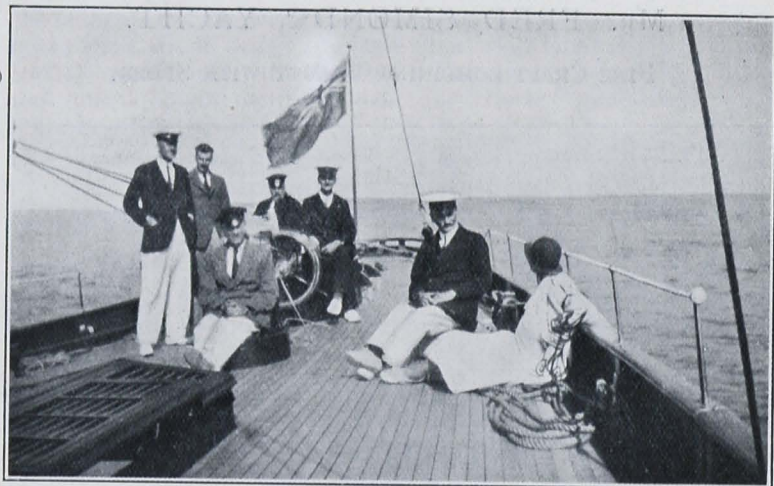
Various new Acts of Parliament come into force in 1927. On and after New Year's Day it will be legal to adopt children; illegitimate children will be legitimised by the marriage of their parents; painters will be better protected against the risks of lead poisoning; and the use of certain food preservatives will be abolished.

On July 1st and thereafter it will be an offence for tradesmen to give short weight, measure, or number, and certain foods will be sold by net weight only. On the same date the new Smoke Abatement Act, increasing the penalties and giving local authorities greater powers, comes into force.

MR. FRED SIMONDS' YACHT.

FINE CRAFT COMBINING BEAUTY WITH SPEED.





The foregoing photographs give an excellent idea of Mr. Fred Simonds' handsome schooner yacht the *Sunshine* under canvas.

The *Sunshine* was built by the well-known firm of Wm. Fife & Son, at Fairlie, and was one of their happiest creations, combining beauty with speed; though she is not a very recently built vessel she has had good owners, has been well looked after, and is as good as new. Among her former owners was ex-Queen Amelie of Portugal.

As one would expect from such a fine craft, she has not been confined, as many yachts are, to cruising up and down the Solent, but she has visited Portugal, the Baltic, Ireland and Scotland. In fact Mr. Fred Simonds made a voyage from Southampton round the Land's End to Kingstown and as far north as Oban this last season and sailed about 1,400 miles. She is just over 54 tons register and 118 tons yacht measurement. She was fitted with a Kelvin engine this year, but Mr. Simonds, with the true sailor spirit, is averse to using the engine except in calms when making a passage, or to save a tide into harbour.

Her fittings below deck are in oak and mahogany, and she has electric light throughout, also a bathroom and six berths for guests, the Captain's cabin and a fo'c'sle for a crew of six in addition.

Captain W. Combes of Bosham is in command and sees that the yacht is well found and very spick and span.

A NATURE NOTE.

He was an ardent angler and might frequently be seen starting off in his punt on a fishing expedition. No weather was too wet or too windy, none too cold; but one day, to use his own expression, he "could not face the music," and turned back. There had sprung up between him and a little cat, whose home was by the riverside, a rare friendship. It was the angler's custom, whenever he went out, to take his little feline friend some dainty morsel, and pussy always ran to meet him. They would play together and have rare romps! One day, it was raining heavily, the fisherman took some particular tasty tit-bit, but the cat was not there to meet him as usual. He called, but she did not come. Then he learned, on inquiry, that puss had passed away.

He busied himself in the boat, did over and over again something that needed no doing, and, thinking he was not seen, hurriedly wiped the moisture from his eyes. He had no inclination to go fishing that day, so he gathered up his tackle and slowly and sadly wended his way home.

Noting the look of surprise on the face of a friend, who saw him returning thus early, the angler anticipated his inquiry, and said, "No, I cannot face it to-day, somehow, Bill—too rough."

And he quickened his step to avoid further questioning, for his heart was heavy.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

One of the hardest things in the world to reconcile ourselves to is the fact that as we grow older we realise we are not quite so clever as we thought we were. We come to middle age and find that very few of the dreams of our ardent youth have been fulfilled. We meant to do so much, in effect we have done so little.

It is a situation that most of us have to face, and it is a testing time for our character. Let us guard against bitterness and disappointment, and go forward to our old age with perfect faith that we have fulfilled our small destiny to the best of our abilities. No great achievements may have been required of us, for though many are called, few are chosen. If we have not shone among the elect, we may still win renown from our Judge for having beaten out the path of duty and trod it manfully, with cheerfulness and without complaining.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

THE EARLIER LIFE OF THE FIRM.

"The second number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE has come into my hands and I have perused it with some interest," writes W.G.W. "Although unconnected with The Brewery, except as an old customer, I thought perhaps a few 'notes' of the earlier life of the Firm, within my own recollection, might be acceptable, and of interest to the present generation.

"The Firm has made wonderful strides during the past fifty years: Howell's Smithy, Smith's Marine Stores, Smallbone's Carriage Works, Mrs. Strong's Seminary, Barnard's, Maggs', Ayres' (the latter east and west of Bridge Street) and other industries have bowed to the pressing exigencies, necessities and progress of the beer industry of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., and vacated their old homes. 'The Bear Hotel'—an important house in the coaching days and the headquarters of a political party in the days when elections *were* fought—closed its doors in due course, after the event of the railway system of travelling. The last proprietor (Tagg, I believe) was succeeded by Mr. Ellis, who ran it for many years as a clothing factory. This was a 'dry' trade, as was also that of the timber merchant which followed. As an anti-climax it has now turned 'wet,' and vast stores of Simonds' good things are dealt with in a palatial building on the same spot.

HARRY PAINE OF CRICKET FAME.

"To your cricketing readers I would say that Harry Paine, one of the cleverest and best cricketers in the Reading district, was employed at The Brewery. He was almost unapproachable as a wielder of the willow. He put in a long time at Seven Bridges, and was 'Mine Host' of the 'Queen's Head' at Southern Hill, then an old hostelry with a thatched roof.

"Many old residents in Reading may remember The Brewery mascot; not in the form of a black cat, but a jet black raven, which hopped about everywhere, and was a prime favourite with everybody. I have even seen the bird pass through the yard gates into Bridge Street. Imagine that happening now! *Tempus fugit.* (Were there not two ravens?—*Editor.*)

SALVATION ARMY'S FIRST PITCH.

"The first pitch when the Salvation Army opened their campaign in Reading was in the large building shed of Dan Downing, adjoining the Kennet in Fobney Street. There was

much opposition to their Services for some time by the people of Coley, and I have seen blood flowing. So we had 'Blood and Fire' in a literal sense; but Coley improved its manners and the lion laid down with the lamb (who said 'Blue Lion'?). The Army erected a 'Temple' near the battle field, and H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., have since absorbed the site. Beer and Bible have since lived on terms of friendship as it should be.

'THE GRENADIER.'

"I have taken up a great deal of your space, so will 'draw' in. Before doing so, I would just like to quote the lines existing on the signboard at the 'Grenadier' at Whitley, which are quite applicable in these modern times:—

'Let moderation be your guide,
And never from its precepts slide;
But use, and not abuse good beer—
And don't forget the 'Grenadier.'"

THE PRAYER OF A HORSE.

To thee, my master, I offer my prayer:

"Feed me, water and care for me and when the day's work is done, provide me with shelter, a clean dry bed, and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as the reins. Pet me sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins and do not whip me when going uphill. Never strike, beat, or kick me when I do not understand what you mean, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet.

"Examine my teeth when I do not eat. I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful. Do not tie my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defence against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail. And, finally, oh! my master, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze or sell me to some cruel owner to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do thou, my master, take my life in the kindest way, and your God will reward you here and hereinafter.

"You may not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him Who was born in a stable."

BEER BETTER THAN TEA.

RICH IN VITAMIN "B."

Drink beer instead of tea or coffee, and eat wholemeal instead of white bread! This was the moral of a lecture on common errors of diet, delivered by Dr. J. Lewis Rosedale, of St. Thomas's Hospital, to the People's League of Health.

Dr. Rosedale based his advice on two main errors of diet, responsible for the spread of many diseases. These were, he said, that the majority of people consumed too much protein—in the form of meat and vegetables—and too little vitamin "B"—in the form of wholemeal bread or beer. "These two errors must be corrected before any other attempt is made to stop other and less prevalent errors," he declared. "They arise from a lack of appreciation on the part of the public of the fact that there is a proper quantitative relationship between the two forms of food. It is of no value to take quantities of protein which cannot be assimilated for lack of the appropriate vitamin. Our valiant and stout-hearted ancestors were far greater meat-eaters than we; but they balanced their excess of protein with beer—which contains vitamin "B" and has a large dietetic value—instead of with the valueless tea and coffee of to-day.

WHAT SIR W. ARBUTHNOT THINKS.

Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, President of the New Health Society, says:—"I think alcohol is very good in moderation. Meat, white bread, sugar and things of that sort kill more people than alcohol. So don't think sensible diet means a miserable life. The New Health Society thoroughly believes in enjoying life to the utmost."

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Do right and fear no man.

Don't write and fear no woman.

A few days ago a motorist, who was filling his petrol tank, began to smoke. According to the latest information from his present address, he is still smoking.

An American manufacturer has been announcing that his cars have "come to stay." From what we have seen of some of them, he must have meant by the roadside.

CRICKET.

ARRANGING NEXT SEASON'S FIXTURES.

Although King Footer holds undisputed sway over his sporting subjects, perhaps a few words about cricket will not come amiss. It is, of course, too early to have anything to record and the writer's experience does not go back far enough to narrate anecdotes of the hoary past when cricket *was* cricket.

The Secretary is enjoying his usual winter "Jig-saw Puzzle," and is beginning to get a few pieces to fit in. The task of getting home and away fixtures for two teams is a bit teasing at times, especially when other Secretaries seem imbued with the same idea, *i.e.* to travel on the same day as we had decided and to act as hosts when we had thought to do the entertaining.

We thank our friends from London and Oxford Branches, but, as much as we should like to try our strength with the Royal Household, Buckingham Palace, and the R.A.F. Club, Piccadilly, or the new member of the "Hop Leaf" cricket section at Oxford, we are afraid that neither the Firm's excellent transport system nor Father Time will permit of us going further afield just yet.

We shall certainly miss Mr. Sanders when we oppose Farnborough next season, but we hope that he, with the help of Messrs. Mercer and White, will be able to inaugurate a team from the Oxford staff and uphold the traditions of the old Firm on the playing fields.

It was thought advisable, in view of the approaching busy time just before Christmas and the fact that the Social Club Dinner was booked for January, to postpone the Cricket Supper to a later date.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A motoring friend said he ran into a swarm of rats whilst driving the other night. Lucky for him a policeman did not ask for his name and vintage.

First God made man; then He made woman. Then He was sorry for man and made tobacco.

A seasonable quotation from THE COMPLEAT ANGLER:—

"Hops and turkeys, carps and beer,
Came into England all in a year."

FOOTBALL HUMOUR (ANCIENT AND MODERN).

WHEN SMIFF SCORED THREE GOALS.

Now that the Reading Football Club is flourishing and the players have brought fame and lustre to the town of "Beer, Biscuits, and Seeds," as it has been described, perhaps the following will be appreciated by the readers of this lively little publication.

Supporters of football are very often in these enlightened times called "Fans," an American abbreviation, it is said, of Fanatics. Of course, many of us who regularly attend football matches, cannot thus be described. Football starts at an early age for the average boy. First of all there is kicking a stone about, what might be called the "stone age," then a rubber ball, and, if lucky, later the inflated sphere. Oh! the elation after the inflation.

COATS AS GOAL POSTS.

Youngsters at school are now taught the art of Soccer and, as is well known, the Reading Boys have done splendidly in recent years. Have you heard the story of the small boy who reported the result of his match to the local football paper? After giving in the score he said, "Mister, please put in Smiff scored three lovely goals." "Who is Smiff?" he was asked. "I am," was the proud answer.

Many of the games played by the youngsters in the parks, etc., lack some of the essentials needed in a league match. What they may lack in this respect, they make up for in enthusiasm. Coats generally answer the purpose of goal posts and, doubtless, we've all heard that it wasn't a goal, but "over the coats."

America plays a rougher game than we do. Imagine one player, sadly battered, meeting a friend after a match, who greets him thus, "Say, Bo, you sure have had a rough house?" "Yep," replies the player, "but I've got the other guy's ear in my pocket."

REAL ROUGHNESS.

Then there's the game—perhaps played in Dead Man's Gulch, Arizona—which was particularly rough. One player was heavily brought down to the ground by an opponent and laid there, unable to move, when a spectator cried out, "Kick him again, he's still breathing."

Everyone (who attends matches) knows that a rare lot of humour emanates from a football crowd, and even the referee has been known to laugh. A certain football club director, an undertaker by profession (or accident), got very excited when

one of his local pets was brought to earth near the touchline. This director rushed on the field of play, picked up the player, and proceeded to carry him off, when a supporter cried out, "Put him down, Mr. —, he ain't a 'stiff un' yet."

After the local team has won, wending your way out of the ground, you accidentally tread on someone's toe. You utter a quick apology, "That's all right mate," you'll be told, but if you happen to do this after the locals have lost, then there's the possibility of another "Little War."

THE SOUND OF THE SIREN.

The up-to-date football fan carries with him many weird instruments to encourage his team, but the strangest thing of this sort the writer ever saw, or heard, was in a match in France, during the War, when the supporters of one of the teams brought a siren with them, which was used for giving air raid warnings. Believe me, it was frequently "in action."

This season the following has been heard at Elm Park and you'll agree we have some witty enthusiasts. The inside forward gives a hefty kick at the ball, intending it for a pass to his club-mate on the wing. At a great pace, the ball goes over the line and a goal kick for the opposing side is the result. A wag in the crowd yells out, "Steady, Tom," and, referring to the winger, continues, "Old Bill is not in the Flying Corps." A player, being a trifle slow in starting to move, doesn't intercept the ball as he ought to have done. This is too much for a supporter, who, turning to his neighbour, says, "Jack is slow to-day, too blinking slow to catch a workmen's car."

OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN A PENALTY.

Two players, in running for the ball, collide on the touchline. Result, they both fall over, and, coming in contact with the linesman, he is bowled over as well. The linesman gets up, vigorously waving his flag. "What, a foul!" says one spectator to his colleague. "Yes!" is the reply, "and if it had been me, I should have given a penalty." As this took place near the halfway line, football fans will better appreciate the joke.

Time is pressing, and the game is at a critical stage for the home team. A player is hurt, and, after attention by the trainer, resumes. Before bouncing the ball for a bully, the referee apparently looks at his watch. This is too much for some of the impatient supporters. Says one to his friend, "What's he doing, Bill." Quick as lightning comes the reply, "Sewing a blinking button on his shirt."

THE BEST REVIVER.

One of the home team is hurt and the trainer gives him something in a small bottle. "What's that?" asks one spectator of another. "Oh! a drop of good old Simonds' I expect," is the answer.

Several years ago, Reading played the Spurs in a cup-tie at Tottenham. Herbert Smith, the famous amateur, was Reading's captain, and Vivian Woodward, another wonderful amateur footballer, was an inside forward for the Spurs. (I believe he played centre forward in the match in question). A goodly number of Reading supporters made the journey to White Hart Lane. Every time Vivian Woodward had the ball, it roused a little cockney "Spurite" to a frenzy, and he kept crying out, "That's the game to play, all along the cawpet" (cawpet means the ground), for the benefit of the Reading contingent behind him. There were many splendid tussles between the two amateurs. Herbert Smith, a believer in the old-fashioned shoulder charge, floored Vivian Woodward fairly and squarely. This gave a Reading wag an opportunity of replying to the cockney. Referring to Vivian lying on the ground, he yelled out, "That's the game to play, all along the cawpet."

You will see, gentle reader, from the foregoing that the average fan isn't so bad as some critics would have us believe, and that saving grace of humour, which helped us so much in the war, is ever present where Britons congregate, whether it be football or ludo. Many a witty remark has saved players and spectators losing their tempers. However, if you happen to see a player fling a lump of mud at another (we've all seen this, of course), please do not think for one instant that that is the "soft answer that turneth away wrath."

Football is, without a doubt, the British working man's safety valve.

NEMO.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A Stationmaster telephoned to the local Minister that some goods had come for him. The Minister replied: "Oh, yes, I expect a parcel of books from Edinburgh; I will send for it immediately." The Stationmaster replied: "Very well, don't be long about it—they're leaking!"

SERGEANT (*filling in Recruit's papers*): Are you married?

RECRUIT: Yes, Sergeant.

SERGEANT: Where were you married—Church of England?

RECRUIT: Oh, no, Sergeant. At one of them off-licence places.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

It is useless to reason a man out of a thing he has never reasoned into.

No cross, no crown.

No greater promisers than those who have nothing to give.

It is the same with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles: the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

It is with our thoughts as with flowers. Those whose expression is simple, carry the seed with them; those that are double, by their richness and pomp charm the mind, but produce nothing.

To be bigger than circumstance, that's the acid test for human character.

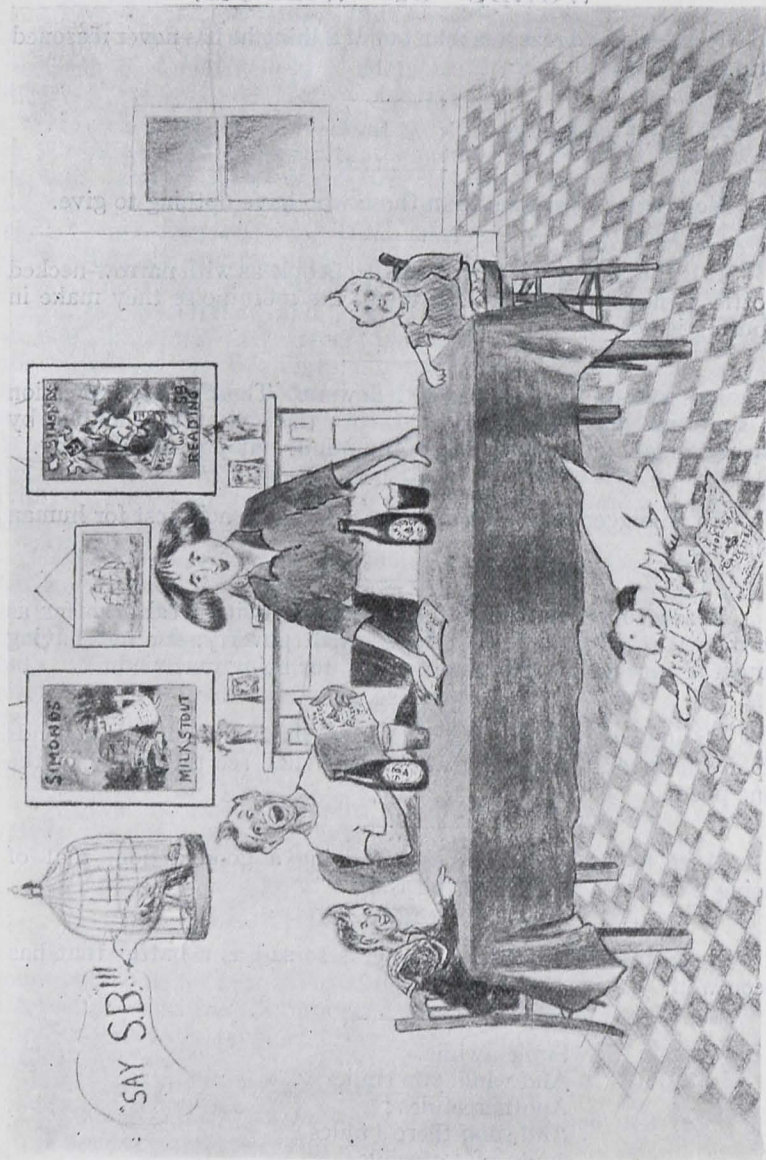
Learn to be pleased with everything: with wealth so far as it makes us of benefit to others; with poverty, for not having much to care for; and with obscurity, for being unenvied.

Nature and books belong to the eyes that see them. It depends upon the mood of the man whether he shall see the sunset or the fine poem.

Next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing.

Next to a lost battle, nothing is so sad as a battle that has been won.

Smile awhile,
And while you smile
Another smiles;
And soon there's miles
And miles of smiles,
And life's worth while
Because you smile.



The Shipwrecked Mariner, who was saved by "S.B.," reaches home at last and evinces great interest in *The Hop Leaf Gazette*. This clever sketch is by our own artist.

COULDN'T BE DONE.

The well-known prohibitionist M.P., Mr. E. Scrymgeour, is fond of telling a story concerning a young man who, through drinking too many whiskies, suffered from a deranged digestion. Worried about it, he consulted a doctor.

"Stop drinking!" ordered the medicine man curtly.

"But, doctor," protested the patient, "I can't I get so thirsty."

"Then whenever you feel thirsty," replied the doctor, "eat an apple instead of drinking whisky."

The young man paid his fee and departed. Later on he was talking to a friend about it, and wound up with the comment:

"Bally rot, I call it! Fancy eating forty apples a day!"

NOTHING LIKE IT.

Two youths went to see a billiards match in which well-known professionals were playing. Silently they watched one of the players pile up a masterly break, and at last one whispered to the other: "What do you call this game, Alf?" "Why, billiards of course," replied Alf. The other was silent for a few minutes; then he whispered again to his friend: "Well, what do they call the game we play at our club?"

[We wish to make it quite clear that "our club" mentioned above has nothing whatever to do with *our* Club.—Ed. H.L.G.]

At an Irish wedding Mrs. Maloney sang "The lips that touch liquor will never touch mine." Rafferty took one look at her face and said, "Give me another pint."

An American was telling tall stories. Said he: "I was once at a boat-race. It was such a close thing that the winning boat only won by the thickness of the paint on its bow." An Irishman who heard the story said: "Well, I myself was one time at a horse-race, and it was a very near thing. Just before the finish a wasp stung the favourite on the nose—and he won by the blister."

Pat was new on the job, so his workmates, deciding to play a joke on him, drew the features of a donkey on the back of his coat, which he had left hanging up. In due course, Pat came towards his workmates with the coat in his hand. "What's up, Pat?" asked one, trying to look unconcerned. "Nothing much," replied Pat, quite as unconcerned, "only I'd like to know which of you wiped his face on my coat."

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Using Bier as a Bedstead," says a headline. Our gardener says he always sleeps well on beer.

"Do you know, James, that your nose is a work of art?"

"Well, you can gamble on one thing, it's not a water colour."

It was at a provincial theatre. The hero, who was rather on the slight side, had to rescue the heroine, a lady of about 17 stone, from a place of danger. He struggled ineffectually with his heavy burden for about a minute, when a voice of great clearness came wafted from the "gods": "Take what you can, gov'nor and come back for the rest."

"John Henry," said a Yorkshire miner to his friend, "hast thee seen my whipper?"

"Aye," replied John Henry, "I saw him up the road, running like hell, leading the hare by about five lengths."

A house is no home unless it contains food and fire for the mind as well as for the body.

Therefore buy THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

Life is mostly froth and bubble
Two things stand as stone:
Kindness in another's trouble
Courage in your own.

From Kipling's recently published book, "Debits and Credits":

Whence public strife and naked crime
And—deadlier than the cup you shun—
A people schooled to mock, in time,
All law—not one.
Cease, then, to fashion State-made sin,
Nor give thy children cause to doubt
That Virtue springs from iron within—
Not lead without.

THE SOCIAL CLUB.

POPULARITY OF THE DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

Our news this month is not so lengthy, but for the benefit of those who watch these pages for news of our Departmental Tournaments appended are the results of the latest matches. In passing we would like to mention that these Tournaments are without a doubt the most attractive feature the Club has provided for its members and thanks are most justly due to the originators of the Scheme. The contests take place on Friday evenings and the Club rooms re-echo with the applause (or otherwise) of the followers of the teams engaged.

NOVEMBER 26th. COOPERS v. BUILDINGS.

COOPERS.			BUILDING.		
Games.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.	
Billiards	... C. Weller	... 1	A. Ayling	... 0	
"	... F. Collins	... 0	G. Cook, Junr.	... 1	
"	... W. Sparks	... 1	W. Hinton	... 0	
Crib (Single)	... G. Kelly	... 0	E. Tate	... 1	
"	... C. Latimer	... 0	N. Wells	... 1	
"	... C. Weller	... 1	W. Seward	... 0	
Dominoes	... W. Newport	... 1	E. Tate	... 0	
"	... C. Carpenter	... 0	W. Judd	... 1	
"	... J. Morris	... 1	W. Judd	... 0	
Shove Halfpenny	G. Weight	... 0	C. Dobson	... 1	
"	... F. Shipton	... 0	T. Stacey	... 1	
"	... R. Sloper	... 1	W. Seward	... 0	
Darts	... G. Kelly	... 0	A. Mills	... 1	
"	... A. Weight	... 0	B. Eymore	... 1	
"	... T. Shipton	... 1	A. Ayling	... 0	
Shooting	... F. Collins	... 0	A. Baldwin	... 1	
"	... W. Sparks	... 0	H. Mitchell	... 1	
"	... G. Winslett	... 1	W. Sewell	... 1	
		7½			10½

DECEMBER 10th. OFFICES v. TRANSPORT.

OFFICES.			TRANSPORT.		
Games.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.	
Billiards	... H. Davis	... 1	J. Champion	... 0	
"	... A. Jacobs	... 1	W. Gilby	... 0	
"	... R. Broad	... 1	H. Bell	... 0	
Dominoes	... H. James	... 0	J. Embling	... 1	
"	... F. C. Hawkes	... 0	C. Gunn	... 1	
"	... W. Bradford	... 1	E. Hopkins	... 0	
Crib (Single)	... H. Shepherd	... 0	A. Grove	... 1	
"	... H. Davis	... 1	G. Marsh	... 0	
"	... A. G. Rider	... 1	W. Curran	... 0	
Shove Halfpenny	H. Shepherd	... 0	T. Hinxman	... 1	
"	... R. Broad	... 0	T. Hutchins	... 1	
"	... J. H. Wadhams	... 0	D. Witts	... 1	
Darts	... A. Jacobs	... 1	T. Whiting	... 0	
"	... H. Wild	... 0	A. Hiscock	... 1	
"	... C. Cox	... 0	J. Champion	... 1	
Shooting	... H. Davis	... 0	A. Taylor	... 1	
"	... A. G. Rider	... 0	S. Whiting	... 1	
"	... H. Osborne	... 0	J. Champion	... 1	
		7			11

At this date each Department had played twice and their positions are :—

Transport	23 points.
Coopers	19 "
Cellars...	18½ "
Building	16½ "
Rest	16 "
Offices	15 "

DECEMBER 17TH. BUILDING v. THE REST.

BUILDING.				THE REST.			
Games.	Name.	Points.		Name.	Points.		
Billiards	W. Hinton	...	0	A. Dalton	...	I	
"	B. Ayling	...	0	F. Braisher	...	I	
"	G. Cook, Junr.	...	0	H. Kaye	...	I	
Dominoes	W. Judd	...	0	J. Croft	...	I	
"	J. Gough	...	0	T. Osborne	...	I	
"	E. Tate	...	0	H. Stanbrook	...	I	
Crib (Single)	W. Seward	...	0	C. Thatcher	...	I	
"	N. Wells	...	0	F. Edwards	...	I	
"	E. Tate	...	0	G. F. Irwin	...	I	
Shove Halfpenny	C. Dobson	...	I	A. Nash	...	0	
"	T. Stacey	...	0	G. Humphries	...	I	
"	W. Seward	...	I	F. Edwards	...	0	
Darts	W. Sewell	...	I	T. Weedon	...	0	
"	B. Eymore	...	0	T. Osborne	...	I	
"	A. Mills	...	0	A. J. Nash	...	I	
Shooting	W. Sewell	...	0	J. Croft	...	I	
"	A. Baldwin	...	0	H. Prater	...	I	
"	H. Mitchell	...	I	A. J. Nash	...	0	
			4			14	
			—			—	

BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

Interesting to play and to watch, these games have many followers, and the following are the scores of our recent engagements. Our best thanks are due to the Directors, who generously allowed the Firm's cars to convey our team both to Pangbourne and Wokingham.

NOVEMBER 22ND.

DIVISION I.—H. & G. SIMONDS' SOCIAL v. THE LIBERAL CLUB.

H. & G. Simonds' Social.				Liberal Club.			
A. Howard	...	150	v.	H. Lampe	...	112	
A. Dalton	...	110	v.	H. Anderson	...	150	
R. Griffiths	...	104	v.	A. Coombes	...	150	
G. Boddington	...	132	v.	S. Dowse	...	150	
R. Broad	...	86	v.	H. Timms	...	150	
F. Braisher	...	74	v.	L. Jennings	...	150	
Handicap	...	150		Handicap	...	Scratch	
		806				862	

NOVEMBER 22ND.

DIVISION II.—H. & G. SIMONDS' SOCIAL v. THE BOROUGH POLICE (Home).

H. & G. Simonds' Social.				Borough Police.			
H. Davis	...	93	v.	J. Rose	...	100	
J. Rumens	...	59	v.	A. Blake	...	100	
C. Weller	...	83	v.	T. Moore	...	100	
W. Sparks	...	100	v.	J. Hutton	...	71	
A. Jacobs	...	100	v.	J. Bryant...	...	66	
G. Benford	...	70	v.	H. Green	...	100	
Handicap	...	170		Handicap	...	150	
		675				687	

NOVEMBER 29TH.

DIVISION II.—H. & G. SIMONDS' SOCIAL v. BOROUGH POLICE (Away).

H. & G. Simonds' Social.				Borough Police.			
H. Davis	...	72	v.	J. Rose	...	100	
J. Rumens	...	81	v.	A. Blake	...	100	
C. Weller	...	94	v.	T. Moore	...	100	
A. Jacobs	...	63	v.	J. Bryant...	...	100	
W. Sparks	...	64	v.	J. Speeks	...	100	
G. Benford	...	65	v.	J. Green	...	100	
Handicap	...	170		Handicap	...	150	
		609				750	

DECEMBER 6TH.

DIVISION I.—H. & G. SIMONDS' SOCIAL v. WOKINGHAM (Away).

H. & G. Simonds' Social.				Wokingham.			
A. Howard	...	150	v.	P. Sinden	...	92	
A. Dalton	...	130	v.	F. Symonds	...	150	
R. Clement	...	150	v.	G. Ballard	...	107	
R. Griffiths	...	126	v.	R. Giles	...	150	
R. Broad	...	150	v.	V. Fulsher	...	51	
F. Braisher	...	150	v.	T. Hatfield	...	89	
Handicap	...	150		Handicap	...	175	
		1,006				814	

DECEMBER 6TH.

DIVISION II.—H. & G. SIMONDS' SOCIAL v. SALISBURY CLUB (Home).

H. & G. Simonds' Social.				Salisbury.			
H. Davis	...	100	v.	F. Nicholson	...	61	
J. Rumens	...	66	v.	F. Rider	...	100	
C. Weller	...	100	v.	A. D. Breach	...	78	
A. Jacobs	...	100	v.	F. Haynes	...	34	
W. Sparks	...	87	v.	C. Smith	...	100	
G. Benford	...	76	v.	C. Tanton	...	100	
Handicap	...	170		Handicap	...	100	
		699				573	

DECEMBER 13TH.

DIVISION II.—H. & G. SIMONDS' SOCIAL *v.* CAVERSHAM ST. ANNE'S (Home).*H. & G. Simonds' Social.**Caversham St. Anne's.*

H. Davis	...	94	<i>v.</i>	L. Birkett	...	100
A. Jacobs	...	100	<i>v.</i>	W. Barnsey	...	88
C. Weller	...	74	<i>v.</i>	A. L. Norriss	...	100
J. Rumens	...	100	<i>v.</i>	C. R. Mansfield	...	84
W. Sparks	...	96	<i>v.</i>	M. D. Duthie	...	100
G. Benford	...	100	<i>v.</i>	E. Draper	...	55
Handicap	...	170		Handicap	...	200
		730				727

WHIST DRIVES.

The popularity of these does not wane, but rather is on the increase. Every Wednesday sees an average attendance of about 90 keen whist players and weekly we welcome a few newcomers and note the absence of a well-known face or two. One hesitates to think what would happen if everyone turned up the same evening, it is certain accommodation could not be found for all. Many pleasing remarks are heard during the course of the evening, such as, "I always enjoy Simonds' Whist Drives, the atmosphere is so genial and so different from others," etc., etc.

VISIT OF BOROUGH POLICE CLUB.

On Friday, 3rd December, we entertained the members of the above Club to a Tournament of all Games, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. During the course of the evening we were pleased to have a visit from the Chief Constable, who was challenged to a game of billiards by Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds. An exciting contest took place, and the Chief Constable managed to win the game by a very small margin.

THE LATE MR. JOHN HUNT.

There passed away, on December 12th, in his seventieth year, Mr. John Hunt, an old and respected employee of The Brewery, where he had worked for over half a century in the Wine and Spirit Department.

A large number of his fellow workers attended the funeral at the Reading Cemetery on December 16th.

BRANCHES.

GIBRALTAR.

This being our second attempt to add lustre to THE GAZETTE, perhaps it might interest some readers to start off by letting them know a little about ourselves, both geographically and otherwise, for, personally speaking, our only knowledge of the "Rock," before arrival, had been gleaned from school books and the trade mark of a famous Assurance Company.

As most people know we are a very small Colony, or portion of the British Empire, but what we lack in size is doubly counter-balanced by geographical and strategical importance.

We are the most Southern point of Europe and attached to Spain by a narrow strip of land, called the Neutral Ground of about half a mile in length and breadth, the dimension of the Rock itself is only $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles by three quarters of a mile, and in this very limited space is packed about 20,000 inhabitants, including Naval and Military units and families. The actual native population is only about 17,000; and when it is considered that the habitable portion is roughly but one-sixth of the total space available it will be seen that life here is somewhat condensed.

The Rock rises to a height of 1,400 feet and stretches the whole length of the peninsular, which commands an uninterrupted view of the Straits of Gibraltar, varying in breadth from 9 to 23 miles between Spain and Morocco, the Straits themselves being about 50 miles in length.

The City is comprised of two portions known as North and South, the former being by far the more important, and in which is situated the commercial centre. The abrupt slopes at the back of the town are thickly covered with houses built tier upon tier, to a height of about 250 feet above sea-level.

All the houses are built on the West side of the Rock with the exception that on the East side is built a small village called Catalan Bay, inhabited by fisher folk.

The streets of Gibraltar are very narrow and, since the introduction of motor traffic a few years ago, this is keenly felt from all points of view, as the existing pavements are hardly wide enough to allow two people to walk abreast, while a great majority of the streets have no pavement at all. When one considers that there are over 1,000 vehicles daily on the streets, both horse-drawn and motor-driven, of which 300 are plying for hire, such as taxis and horse cabs, it seems wonderful that life here goes on in the tranquil and peaceful way it does, and great credit must be given to the Police for the perfect manner in which the traffic is controlled.

As will be seen from these figures the control of the traffic in such a limited space is a thing of no mean order, more especially when large passenger steamers are in Port; the streets then become one moving mass. On these days the main street has more than its fair quota, for it is there that the majority of the big shops are situate. This street which runs from North to South is about three-quarters of a mile in length and very narrow.

During the time of the visit of the Atlantic Fleet these shops do a very good trade, more especially the Indian shops, of which there are many, for every "Jack" has some friend to whom he wishes to take home one or two fancy goods at fancy prices.

Our Branch at Gibraltar is situated at the entrance to the Alameda Gardens, one of the most picturesque and popular resting places on the Rock, and in close proximity to the Dockyard. On leaving the Dockyard many a thirsty soul has been cheered by the welcome sign of the "Hop Leaf" and immediately found the necessary consolation.

At the moment we have several American warships in the port, and from all accounts, after sampling our national beverage, there is likely to be a "Reading Syndicate" formed in opposition to the Prohibitionists, and the name of Bosco, the erstwhile barman, will apparently live for ever.

We are a very quiet old crowd here during the greater part of the year, but we all cheer up wonderfully when we hear the magic word "Fleet." Quite good news is now to hand that the boys of the Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets are likely to visit us early in 1927, when we shall all settle down to enjoy ourselves in the pleasure of entertaining them. Our contribution to THE GAZETTE will, we hope, be more "flowery" after their visit, as there will, no doubt, be many interesting and amusing incidents to recall when they have passed on.

In this brief write-up no attempt has been made to touch historical notes pertaining to the Rock, but it was thought that, as a preliminary, readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE might find the foregoing interesting.

WOKING.

The Woking Branch Staff gladly welcome the New Year and send their good wishes to the Directors and all the "Hop Leaf" family, hoping that a large measure of prosperity may be experienced. May we all pull together for the good of the Firm in general, and help to make the year memorable both for bulk turnover and for smoothness in working arrangements.

CONCERT PARTY.—We were interested to learn from the December issue that the "Seven Bridges Concert Party" is still going strong, also that a visit to Woking is considered possible. It is hoped to be able to arrange this in the near future, and the writer (who has a vivid recollection of one occasion at Farnborough, when he assisted) can assure the Party of a good reception. Our chief difficulty is to know which Club to commence with, as we are sure the others will suffer from pique, and to overcome that we shall need to make inordinate demands on the Party.

A LIVING ADVERTISEMENT.—A unique claim is put forward by a gentleman on the books of this Branch, residing in the Walton-on-Thames district, and who has reached the fine old age of 95. (No names, no pack-drill.) "I think," he remarked to our traveller, "I may claim to be the oldest living advertisement that Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Limited, have on their books. I have drunk the Reading Ales long before the Woking Branch was opened, and continue to do so, and I feel sure that the fine quality of their Ales is responsible for my ripe age."

It may be mentioned that the above gentleman takes his daily ride of a mile or so on his tricycle, and continues to enjoy very good health.

We would like to know if Reading or any of our Branches can beat this.

WOKING F.C.—Great enthusiasm has been shewn locally in the recent doings of our Football team. Woking fought their way through all the preliminary rounds of the F.A. Cup (the only amateur team to achieve this), but, after a splendid struggle had to admit defeat by Charlton Athletic to the tune of 3—1. The first round of the Amateur Cup (for which we qualified by beating the R.A.S.C. (Aldershot) 7 to nil) finds us up against St. Albans City who, at the time of writing, head the Isthmian League. A keen game is anticipated.

Foreman Pritchard sends best wishes to Mr. Toms, Southsea. The former was one of the "boys" with Mr. Toms at Reading. It would appear that the developments of the time will soon demand from each of the "boys" an output of bottled beers equal to that of Headquarters in the days referred to.

REMINISCENT. (*A memory awakened by the verse "I used to think I knew," in the December issue.*)—Some fifteen years ago an officer from one of H.M. Destroyers called in our Southern Area Office, explaining that he had taken on some beers and spirits at Malta, had landed some empties at Gibraltar and taken on other supplies, had done the same at Plymouth, and added that he

wished to land all surplus spirits and empties without delay, and demanded his bill *at once* for the lot. It was gently explained to him that, having no bonded stores in the port at the time, it would be difficult to take off the odds and ends of spirits, same having been shipped under bond, and that it would take a day or two to get particulars of the accounts from the Mediterranean. The Officer was "paying off" ship in the morning and proceeding on leave, and waxed furious, saying: "Call yourselves Naval Contractors; you ought to paint that out." The present Manager of the South-West Area was auditing at the time and remarked to the writer of this paragraph: "Smart Officer that! If he knows half as much in ten years' time as he *thinks* he knows now he'll make a very fine Admiral of the Dockyard."

OBITUARY.—We regret to record the loss of a good customer, viz., Mr. Tubb, Addlestone, who, many years ago, was a junior on the Office Staff at our Farnborough Branch.

C. BENNETT.

LONDON.

The rush of Christmas business has kept the Staff working at high pressure and we find under these conditions it was difficult to obtain much copy for this month's GAZETTE. There is every reason to believe that we have had a successful month regarding business.

The fine frontispiece photographs are one of the features of THE GAZETTE and are very much appreciated by all here.

T.K.'s fine contribution, "Memories," in the last issue, was highly interesting, covering—as it did—so long a period as 30 years.

We can congratulate Brighton on its fine War Memorial, a picture of which was published in last issue. Like the one at Portsmouth, it is a credit to the town. We wonder what Brighton thinks of the one at Hove.

We hope that the Children's Christmas Treat on the 1st January will prove an enjoyable and happy event.

BREWERY NOTE.

Apropos the remark in London Branch Notes for December that "Tommy Benham's 'boxing samples' are getting nicely matured," we hear whispers of an intensive training on the part of those versed in the noble art at The Brewery, and of a big demand for boxing gloves at the various sports outfitters. There is no truth in the rumour that Mr. Braisher has suspended all repairs

to harness and is engaged in making 4-oz. gloves. The only explanation of the rumour is that the harness department may have been making leather shoes for a horse which was so badly brought up that he kicked and stamped at night in his stall. Possibly the measurements for the shoes were taken from a horse shoe. We would assure our London devotees that in the event of the gloves being specially made for our bruisers, they would not have horse shoes inserted; at least, not large shoes, above, say, 16 ozs. in weight. Of course the "rights" of our pugilists, with an ordinary glove, are only comparable with the kick of a horse, so really there is no need for them to have iron in the gloves.

We only mention this in the hope that the London "samples" will cry off and not press for a bout. However, we are assured of winning as our Canvas Department are experienced in wielding heavy mauls, and if our champions could not put the visitors down and out, we should simply call in the tent pitchers.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

Our football team is now in full swing and the matches played are:—

Nov. 20th	Antony	4 goals	Simonds' A.F.C.	...	1 goal
" 27th	Details Somerset	6	"	Ditto	4 goals
					L.I.		
Dec. 4th	Simonds' A.F.C.	...	6	"	Wilmott's Athletic	5	"
" 11th	Brixton	...	9	"	Simonds' A.F.C.	...	3

The goal scorers being:—Painter 4, Gruitt 4, Wise 3, Laughlin 1, Webber 1 Luscombe 1.

November 27th was rather a full day: there was the match with the Details Somerset Light Infantry in the afternoon, after which they entertained us to tea, and the Club's Dance was held in the evening. The attendance at this exceeded all expectations, and the Club funds were considerably augmented thereby. Mr. W. G. Sealey made an excellent M.C. and everyone appreciated the music provided by the Tennessee Trio. Thanks are due to all those who gave their kind assistance. Another Dance has been arranged for January 7th, to be held in the Exmouth Hall, and we hope it will be as successful as the last. On December 4th a Billiards Match and Social was held in the Sergeants' Mess of the Details Somerset Light Infantry. We obtained our revenge for the beating we had at football by winning the Billiards Match by eight points. The Social was a most enjoyable affair and all present had a very happy evening.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. P. Wyatt of the "Devonport Inn," Kingsand, on the birth of a daughter.

All the Staff here wish Headquarters and the other Branches a Happy New Year.

The Torpoint Athletic Rowing Club, which is closely connected with the "East Cornwall Wine and Spirit Stores," Torpoint, have a very fine record for the past season, having rowed in ten races and been the winners on each occasion.

From 1921 they have rowed in 44 races with 35 wins and 9 seconds to their credit. At present they are the holders of seven Cups, amongst which are the Watson Cup, Torpoint, which they won in 1922, 1923, 1925 and 1926; the Jolliffe Cup, 1922, 1924, 1925 and 1926; Boold's Cup, Saltash, 1922, 1924, 1925 and 1926; and Stonehouse Regatta Cup, 1923, 1924, 1925 and 1926. The Jolliffe and Watson Cups are rowed for annually, and the latter is now the property of the Club, having been won outright, as is also the case with the Stonehouse Cup. Below is a photograph of the 1926 crew.



TORPOINT ROWING CLUB.

HYTHE.

BREWERY GAMES TEAM AT CONSERVATIVE CLUB.

MR. A. P. F. CHAPMAN AND THE FINAL TEST MATCH.

On Saturday night the Hythe Brewery Games Team visited the Conservative Club to participate in a games tournament, which, after a very pleasant and interesting contest, resulted in a victory for the Club by ten points to eight.

The party from The Brewery included Mr. J. C. Mullin, Mr. A. P. F. Chapman, Mr. A. J. Beattie and Mr. A. Chipperfield. Mr. Chapman played darts for the team, and won his game.

Shortly before nine o'clock, at the request of Mr. Beattie, Mr. R. Munds (the Club Chairman) announced that for the remainder of the evening the Conservative members would be the guests of The Brewery. Refreshments were then handed round to all present.

Mr. Munds added that on behalf of the Club he would like to extend a very hearty welcome to their friends from The Brewery, and he trusted they would all have a very enjoyable evening. He would also like to thank them very much for so kindly supplying the refreshments, which he was sure was appreciated by all. That being the first occasion the Club had been honoured by the presence there of Mr. Mullin and Mr. Chapman, he would especially like to extend to them a very hearty welcome, and he hoped they would often pay them a visit. He would further like to mention that Mr. Mullin and Mr. Chapman had consented to become Vice-Presidents of the Club. This announcement was received with applause and the singing of "For they are jolly good fellows."

Mr. Chapman, in returning thanks for The Brewery, said that he felt a little nervous in speaking before his superior, Mr. Mullin, but he was very glad indeed to be able to speak to the members of the Conservative Club again, and to thank them for the very enjoyable evening they were giving to The Brewery and himself that night. He must also say he had never forgotten the wonderful send-off the members had given him from the Club tent on the ground during Cricket Week. In many ways it was not too easy a job captaining the English side in the final Test Match, but the thought that he had the sympathy and good wishes of all in Hythe made a very great deal of difference during four strenuous days; but, thank Heaven, England came through all right, and the "Ashes" were locked up in the strong-room at The Brewery (*applause*). He said at the time that the English team were training on Milk Stout, so Hythe could safely say that

they had won the last Test. He thanked Mr. Ray Munds for all his strenuous efforts of that night, and he hoped that it would be by no means the last meeting of the Club and The Brewery (*loud applause*).

The Staff and employees of the Hythe Brewery extend their very best wishes for a very happy New Year to all readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, and trust that 1927 will prove a very prosperous year for the Firm.

THE WANDERINGS OF A. P. F. C.

I so much enjoyed my day with "Admiral" Beattie—a top-hole time—that I fixed up one with the Old Soldier (not the galloping Major), but remembering that lunch was too late to be agreeable when with the "Admiral" I took the precaution of taking a "nose-bag" with me.

Stopping first at Faversham, we looked in at the "Dolphin," and while the O.S. was acting the part of Relieving Officer to the thirsty souls in the bar, I carried out his instructions. On his return the six counters he had given me had become 24—a good way of keeping expenses down—the "profit" paid for all refreshments required. Other travellers please note!

Our next stop at a Sergeants' Mess in Chatham provided both pleasure and profit. "The Ashes" was the topic most discussed by the members. Fortunately the flow of talk did not hinder the flow of "S.B."

Calling at Messrs. Owen J. Carter's establishment, I had the pleasure of an introduction to the head of the Firm and many of the staff and heads of departments. A cordial invitation to lunch had to be refused—the O.S. was inexorable.

We next called at the Empire Theatre Bars. I hoped to have found the Stage Door and met some of the ladies of the Beauty Chorus who, according to their photos, were finely built, etc. No luck! Same chap acted as "keeper" and appeared to be most anxious to move on, so had reluctantly to go.

Next call—Royal Marines—met and "told the tale" to the P.R.I., then on to the Sergeants' Mess. Had quite a long chat and got my back nicely patted while we washed the "Ashes" down in the approved style. Was just moving off when a message was received that the Adjutant wished to see us at the Officers' Mess, where we met the Colonel and most of the members. They treated us very well, in fact, kept up the finest traditions of their

famous Corps. The O.S. (my "Courier") emphatically told me to refuse invitation to lunch—was glad I dipped into the "nose-bag" on the way—so had to promise a visit on a future date.

At our next halt, at the Unionist Club, we had the honour of meeting the Mayor, an Alderman, the Town Clerk, several Councillors of Gillingham, and other prominent townspeople, who had given up two hours of their valuable time waiting our arrival. Much gratified at the congratulations on bringing home the "Ashes," etc., finishing up by being made a Vice-President of the Club. (N.B.—Must remember to send on the guinea.)

Another lunch lost—too late!

After one or two other calls, our last was at the Chatham Royal Dockyard Canteen, had a long discussion on the Beers, received an invitation for the Annual Dinner on the 21st. About 800 are expected to sit down; turkeys, plum puddings, etc., will be provided at a cost of 9d. each, at which price, on all working days, the men can get a dinner consisting of cut from joint, two vegetables and sweets. Am looking forward to the 21st . . . and so to bed.

BRIGHTON.

After a very dull autumn season, atmospherically as well as from all other points of view, we have been getting busy for an anticipated influx of visitors for Christmas, hence have not had much time to devote to matter for THE GAZETTE.

In addition, our Sports contributor, N. Diplock, is unfortunately on the sick list, and for more reasons than one we wish him a speedy recovery to health.

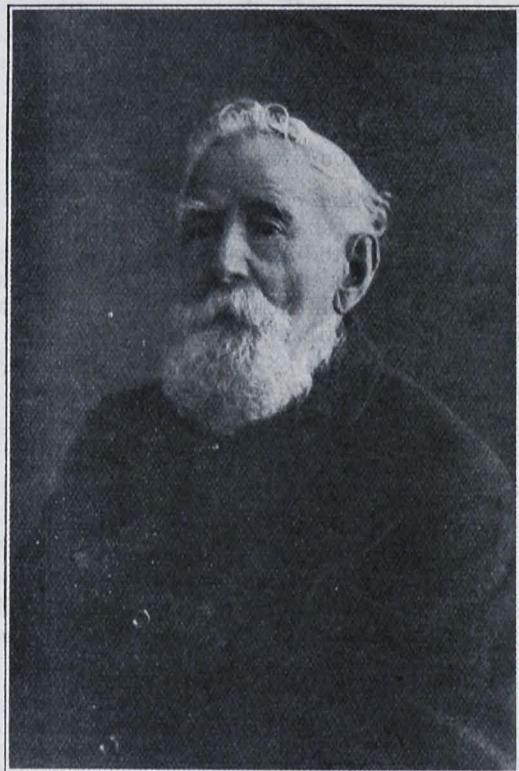
The West Tarring Working Men's Club, Worthing, very old and valued clients of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., can boast of a very good billiard player amongst its members in Mr. Wall, who, in a recent exhibition match at the "Rose and Crown" Hotel, Worthing, where the game was for 600 up, ran out in under two hours, his opponent's score being 276. Mr. Wall's best break was one of 129, and there were several others of 50 and 60 odd.

In connection also with this Club, the Steward, Mr. A. Mitchell, was interested to see in the December GAZETTE that Mr. F. A. Simonds fought in the Boer War; for he was out in South Africa with the 18th Battery, R.F.A., and saw some stiff fighting.

The 8th Field Brigade, R.F.A., are now settling down at Preston Barracks after their stay in the occupied area at Wiesbaden, and we hope soon to enrol them under the "Hop Leaf" banner.

The Brighton Staff beg to wish the Firm a prosperous New Year, free from trade disturbing strikes, which have so upset 1926.

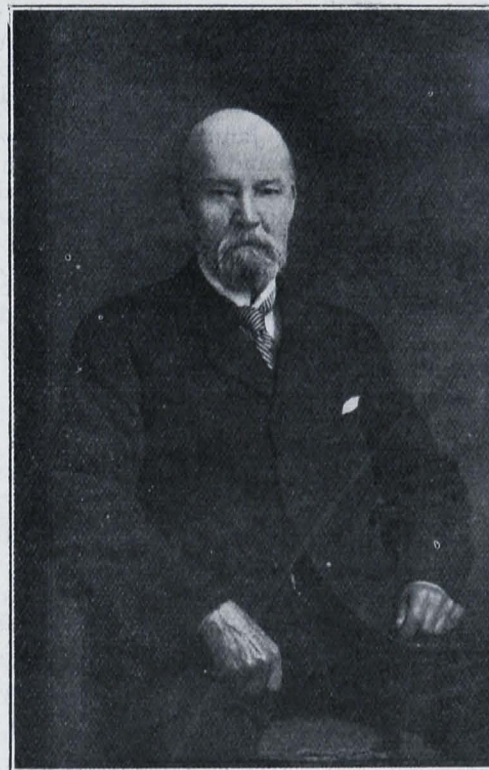
PORTSMOUTH.



MR. WILLIAM TOMS.

Joined the service of the Firm on November 1st, 1877, carried out his duties in an excellent manner as Head Bottler, and was transferred to Portsmouth Branch on July 1st, 1906. He is respected by all, and now looks in good health since his retirement in January, 1926. The photograph shown above was taken within the last few days. He was always a poet, and this is his latest:—

The late Bottling Foreman of H. & G. Simonds' Beers,
Who was in their employ just over 48 years,
Would tender his services if youth he could claim,
As the trade was his hobby, and success his aim.



MR. SAMUEL FARRINGTON.

Served for 21 years in the 2nd Cheshire Regiment. Was well known and respected by many Officers in his capacity as Mess Sergeant. Leaving the Service, was employed here as Traveller in 1888, and in 1896 was appointed Foreman in charge of our Beer Stores, then situated under the Portsmouth Town Goods Station. He retired from our service in October, 1924, and the recent photograph taken above speaks for itself.

H.M.S. *Royal Sovereign* left harbour this week for the Mediterranean, but we learn from those on board that several of them will receive a hearty welcome on their arrival at Malta.

Portsmouth was also the scene of a somewhat touching welcome when the survivors of the ill-fated H.M.S. *Valerian* arrived home. Many men of Portsmouth were lost on this ship, and our sympathy goes out to the bereaved ones.

The 1st Duke of Wellington's Regiment recently returned to New Barracks, Gosport, after a long absence on strike duty, somewhere near Edinburgh, and were warmly welcomed by the local residents, who seem to have a liking for the boys of the Duke's.

During the early part of January H.M.S. *Renown* will be leaving this Port with the Duke and Duchess of York in connection with their tour to Australia and New Zealand. We have had the honour of putting aboard considerable supplies for this important tour.

The members of the Portsmouth Staff, through the medium of THE GAZETTE, wish the Directors of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., all employees of the Firm, and readers of THE HOP LEAF, a very happy and prosperous New Year.

SLOUGH.

We regret to record the following news from the London *Evening News* of November 25th:—

"Ex-Police Sergeant Charles Trevenor, father of Mr. A. G. Trevenor, J.P., of Langley, Bucks, died at Inverness, aged 84."

The late Mr. Trevenor before going North was a tenant under the Firm at "The Plough," Horton, for over twenty years.

It will be in the recollection of many that Tom Howard, who has been with the Firm for fifty-seven years (forty years at Slough Branch) was called before the Directors at the Brewery recently to receive a clock and an honorarium for his long and faithful services.

Apropos of his long service, Mr. Howard was sitting at his desk in the front office recently when an old lady came to the counter and said: "Hello, Mr. Howard, how are you?" He turned and remarked: "Not quite as perky as I should like to be." She answered: "Well, what's the matter with you?" He replied: "Anno Domini!" "Well! Well!" she said, "what funny names they do call complaints nowadays, but I hope you will be alright again soon. Good-morning!"

Mr. T. Howard has identified himself with Church matters in this town and is the oldest sidesman at old Upton Church.

We regret to say that E. Alder, who was called to the Brewery with Mr. Howard, having completed fifty-two years' service at this Branch, has been ill for three weeks, but we are pleased to say he is

back at his old job again quite restored, and has been wondering ever since how we did without him for so long. In his day he was unequalled as a drayman.

Many of our Reading readers will be pleased to hear that the Slough Town Division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade was singled out to be filmed treating roadside accidents. Great consternation reigned in the Grove (near our premises) on Sunday, December 12th, when a man was seen lying under a motor car. The reaction must have been great, however, when it was found to be only a stunt and Messrs. Stoll's camera-man came along and started his "shooting." Mr. G. B. Grove, a member of our staff, is an active member of this Division.

Supporters of the Reading Football Club will be pleased when they know that we are still turning out some good "stuff" in the Town Club. It seems quite likely that we shall dodge our usual stale patch this Xmastide. Our position in the Spartan League, in which we are undefeated, is third up to December 11th. The goal average speaks well for the whole team. Played 9, won 8, lost 0, drawn 1; goals: for 38, against 12; points 17.

Our Chief Clerk, Mr. V. W. Mundy, sends his hearty congratulations to his old colleague, Mr. W. T. Sanders, on his appointment to the Chief Clerkship at Oxford.

The sincere wish of all at Slough is that our colleagues at home and abroad may have "A Happy and Prosperous New Year."

RHINELAND.

Since our last issue the various changes in the Rhine Army have been completed. The inhabitants of Wiesbaden turned out in large numbers to witness the departure of the troops homeward bound. The Bands of the Royal Berkshires and the King's Shropshire Light Infantry provided the music, also for the incoming troops.

The "farewells" at the Station were numerous. It was not a question of one saying "The Girl I Left Behind Me," but "The Girls I Left Behind Me." The troops made many friends amongst the people with whom they have lived for the past twelve months, particularly the married families who were billeted in private houses.

The 8th Royal Irish Hussars who have arrived, and the Sergeants' Mess, have nominated us to supply them.

The various Sergeants' Messes are at the moment engaged in a Games Tournament. Amongst the attractions here there is a weekly "Monster" Whist Drive, also Regimental Whist Drives and Dances.

A St. Andrew's Night Dinner was held in this area, followed by a Dance and was largely attended. Everybody voted it a great success. One wonders what the German waiters thought when they had to march round the tables with the "haggis" preceded by a Piper.

F.A.E.

SALISBURY.

WILTSHIRE HUMOUR.

NEW-MADE BRIDE: "Can you find me a piece of meat without any bone, fat, or gristle, please?"

COUNTRY BUTCHER: "Perhaps you'd better have an egg, Madam!"

There is a fine ring about the lines which the Minister of Transport (the Right Hon. Wilfrid Ashley, M.P.) quoted at a dinner the other day:—

Cold water is the best of drinks
That man to man can bring;
But what am I that I should have
The best—of everything.
Let Princes gather round our pumps,
Peers with our ponds make free,
Whisky and wine, or even beer
Are "good enough for me."

AN ENCOURAGEMENT FOR "TAMAR BREWERY,"
entitled

"BETTER AND WETTER."

Though she has always seemed to me
As perfect as a woman may,
She says herself that she will be
Better and better every day.
In this respect she is akin
To things from which she bids me fly;
The things in barrel and in bin
That deep within my cellars lie.
They, too, the welcome virtue have
Of getting better, year by year—
The Burgundy, the Port, the Graves,
The Whisky, Cyder, and the Beer.

* * *

So she, perhaps in time, will come
To bend a more indulgent eye
On those who think it "rather rum"
To miss so much by going dry.

In these parts (as the West Country folks say) we haven't enough on the staff to even fix up a billiards match with other cueists of H. & G. Simonds, but if a tour of the district is arranged by the Games Committee of the Social Club in Bridge Street, the Secretary of the Conservative Whist and Cribbage Leagues at Salisbury, who is a member of the staff here, will be pleased to fully test the quality of the Headquarter's players. Perhaps in the near future, when, according to all reports, television will become the natural evolution of the present-day wireless craze, such events will be easy to arrange without the delay of travel, and such social intercourse and trophies for which every Branch may compete, will be as easy to fix up as a load of beer. No doubt this question will then appear on an early agenda.

We congratulate the Swansea Branch on the excellent Town "soccer" team, which is more than we can say for the "Pilgrims," if their Queen's Park Rangers match is any guide. Down here the "Swans" game at The Dell will be talked about for a long time. We wish them every success in the season now half over.

May we, in conclusion, offer our sincere thanks to all who have made the initial numbers of THE GAZETTE possible, and for the idea that prompted its birth. We trust its life will be long and prosperous.

T. W. GARLAND.

OXFORD.

We enclose for insertion in the next number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE a photograph of one of the windows of our High Street premises. As may be seen the window is appropriately adorned for the festive season. Prominently displayed are samples of "Old Berkshire XXXXX." What fitter setting could be found for this excellent drink? Situated in the historic and architecturally beautiful principal thoroughfare of an equally historic and ancient city, we proudly display our specialities before the public eye.

Mirrored in the glass of our window may be dimly discerned the reflection of some of the fine stained glass and part of the facade of that fine old building, or rather, collection of buildings, Magdalen College, in whose shadow the Oxford Branch Office is situated. This College is one of Oxford's most famous seats of

learning. Founded by one William of Wayneffete in 1458 it can boast of the education of many famous men, including, in our generation, our ever-popular Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness was a patron in a modest way of our own "East Gate Hotel" hard by, when an undergraduate here.

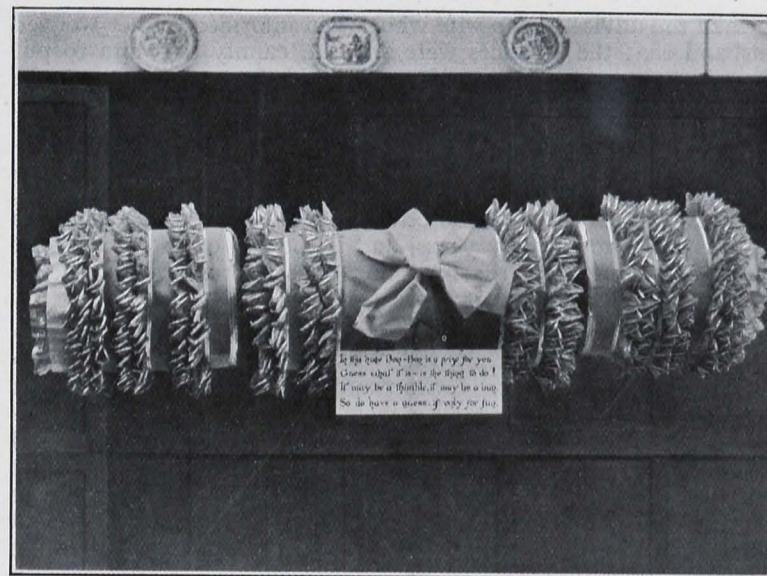


Mr. I. H. Isaac is leaving us at the end of the year to take up an appointment under the City Treasurer. We wish him the success he deserves in his new sphere.

A race against time and inclement weather has been taking place with hod and trowel in a secluded spot in East Oxford. A date, December 17th, was chosen for the formal opening of new and extended premises of the East Oxford Conservative Club, when the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Nield, K.C. (Chairman of the Association of Conservative Clubs) performed the ceremony. With this extension the Club premises are the most commodious of their kind in Oxford.

The usual practice of flooding fields so that, should frosts set in, skating might be provided, would seem unnecessary judging from the condition in which the Rugger players have been leaving the fields lately. If similar conditions prevail at Twickenham the University will have a great advantage over Cambridge.

Following her usual practice, Mrs. Harry Organ, of the "New Inn," has again provided a giant bon-bon, the contents of which are the subject of much conjecture. Customers are invited to guess and contribute three-pence to a fund Mrs. Organ is raising for the benefit of the children of poor parents who are being treated at the Wingfield Orthopaedic Hospital. Last year, Mrs. Organ raised over £7 in this way.



A GIANT BON-BON.

THAME.

There has been very little of moment to record with regard to the happenings in Thame since the last number. At the tableaux vivants held in the Town Hall, out of a large number of representations the famous Milk Stout was admirably presented and by voting was awarded the second prize.

The Fat Stock Show on Tuesday was largely attended and many splendid animals were shown. Business throughout the day was very brisk in the town and we at "The Birdcage" had an exceptionally busy time.

The Slate Club held its share-out on Thursday in Xmas week after a successful year.

We are looking forward to good times, and would wish to offer our good wishes for the season from our little town.

SWANSEA.

Swansea Staff wish the Directors and all members of the Firm "A Very Happy and Prosperous New Year." Now the festive season is over, no doubt, after the usual New Year greetings, the question will be: "Are the balances correct?" Many would like

to take the advice of the wife who, when informed by her worried husband that the balances were $\frac{2}{4}$ out, calmly told him to put the money in, so that he could get home in time to take her to the "pictures." Needless to say, the wife did not volunteer to pay.

We are very sorry to have lost Mr. W. J. Weller from our Branch, but are very proud to find that he has had promotion, and trust that he may have every success in his new venture. Our loss, we feel sure, will be Oxford's gain. Mr. Weller has been with us for a good many years, and is the son of one of the first Managers representing the Firm at Swansea Branch. All friends at Swansea wish him every prosperity.

We were very pleased to welcome home Miss Doris Jackett, daughter of our tenant at the "Gwindy Inn," Pentrechwyth, who has been at Laysin, Switzerland, undergoing treatment for tuberculosis of the ankle. Miss Jackett has been under the treatment of Dr. Rollier, the famous specialist, for over two years, and underwent what is called "the Sun Cure." Miss Jackett's cure is very remarkable as before leaving for Switzerland, she was unable to walk, and was termed an incurable case. After ten years of suffering, it was quite a relief for her parents and friends to welcome her home perfectly cured.

A Deacon was about to depart from a West Wales Chapel and a meeting of his fellow-members was held to discuss the question of what to give him as a parting present. "Give him a photo of himself and his old woman," suggested one. "Get away, mun, he sees enough of her," replied another. A young man from London, who had recently joined the Chapel, then got up and said: "I suggest we should give him an honorarium." "Shut up, mun," came the reply, "what good would that be to him, he wouldn't be able to play it!"

INNS OF OLD ENGLAND.

(Continued from last month.)

When we think of inns and hostelries we immediately think also of toll gates and the old coaching days. The "Mitre Inn" and Clarence Hotel at Chatham was described in 1838 as the "first posting House in the town." The landlord of this fine old hostelry was a Mr. Tribe with whose family Mr. and Mrs. John Dickens and their children were on visiting terms. Indeed, it is recorded that at the evening parties held at the "Mitre" Charles Dickens distinguished himself by singing solos (usually old sea songs) and sometimes duets with his sister, both being mounted on a dining table for a stage. We also read the "Mitre" is historically interesting by reason of the fact that Lord Nelson used to reside

there when on duty at Chatham, a room he occupied being known as "Nelson's Cabin." This has a footnote (see the guest in the Christmas number of *Household Words*, 1855). Whilst we are upon the subject of historically connected and occupied rooms, here is a story told of the "Bull" at Rochester:—

"So this is where Mr. Pickwick is said to have slept," said a visitor when viewing bedroom number 17 by favour of a former landlord.

"Supposed to have slept? He did sleep here, Sir!" replied the ruffled landlord.

Other hostelries are the "Golden Cross" at Charing Cross, which is entirely unlike what it was in the days when the "genial old boy began his troubles," and the "Belle Sauvage" on Ludgate Hill, whence the Eastern Counties coaches set forth.

There are all kinds of inns: inns for monks and pilgrims, inns of old romance and highwaymen's inns. Almost certainly the oldest English inn is said by Mr. Charles G. Harper to be the "Seven Stars," Witley Grove, Manchester, which was built about the year 1500, and next in order the "Fighting Cocks" at St. Albans.

Now we know that inns and hostelries are inseparable in thought and connection with the romance and adventures of highwaymen. How many of them were frequented by Robin Hood, Dick Turpin, and their kind?

The innkeepers' sympathy was oft with the highwayman and robber. The "Green Man," which stands on the crest of Putney Hill, sheltered many desperate characters, and the house still keeps a stout bolt-studded door as a relic of its "good old times." We thrill now at many of the stories of old days just as when we were boys, and it is interesting to recall these places with real and actual connections. Those of you who "listen in" will remember a talk from London in which Mr. Cecil Lewis reconstructed incidents in history of the three old Taverns of the City of London, "Cheshire Cheese," "Boar's Head," and the "Golden Cross." The first, at the back of Fleet Street, remains to this day as it was when Dr. Johnson, the great man of letters, in his time used to hold his court there, says the *Radio Times*, talking to Goldsmith and Garrick, also Sir Joshua Reynolds and the rest of that circle of wits, whilst the assiduous Boswell memorised their conversation. Dr. Johnson was a real admirer of the tavern and is reputed to have said: "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern."

The "Boar's Head" Tavern in Eastcheap was the haunt of Falstaff and his crowd of amusing scoundrels in Shakespeare's "Henry IV." and it was there that the fat Knight died babbling

o' green fields. Then there is the "Saracen's Head," Southwell, where Byron "hobnobbed at the Bar," and the "Red Lion" at High Wycombe, where Disraeli made his first political speech.

And so we could go on recalling innumerable interesting connections and multiplying instances of historical and literary links with bygone days, which make these old inns topics of unending variety, but I think we love them all so well because Dickens made us do so.

LUDGERSHALL STORES.

The 14/20th Hussars have departed for York and will leave many pleasant memories behind. A good many of our Staff attended the famous Ramnuggar Ball, held on November 22nd in the Garrison Gym., Tidworth. Needless to say, they all spent a most enjoyable time, although it was a case of a "good race with the milkman" with more than one of us. However, it was worth it. The Regiment spared no expense to make the Ball a success. The Committee spent several days making the necessary preparation and must be congratulated on their efforts. Even the indispensable "Paddy" excelled himself with the decorations. Beale, from the Reading Canvas Department, did his bit, and, of course, with the genial "Paddy" had their usual annual "bar" at each other. Ever heard 'em? 'Pon my soul, you have missed "something."

The Staff made the journey to the Sergeants' Mess, Experimental Station, Porton, by kind invitation, on Wednesday, November 24th, to play billiards. Below we give the scores. This was a very creditable win.

<i>Porton.</i>				<i>H. & G. Simonds.</i>			
Sergt. Saunders	73	v.	F. L. Shrimpton	...	100
Mr. Deall	71	v.	H. Nuttall	...	100
R.S.M. Peck	100	v.	H. Flemington	...	43
Sergt. Cragg	62	v.	J. Lazzari	...	100
Sergt. Cummings	68	v.	E. Hockings	...	100
Sergt. Champion	100	v.	H. Horsfall	...	59
Sergt. Colling	81	v.	E. Pearce	...	100
Sergt. Philcox	100	v.	J. Mitcheson	...	98
<hr/>				<hr/>			
655				700			
<hr/>				<hr/>			

Needless to say, this gave us a bit of confidence for other matches, but unfortunately we did not succeed in living up to our reputation. We are all very grateful to the Mess for the very pleasant evening, nothing could have been better. In due course we hope to have a return and it will take us all our time to keep our end up.

On December 3rd our same team paid a visit to the Landale Wilson Institute (Enham Village Centre). Here we were not so successful and "got it badly in the neck." The "Chief" set a bad example to the team by getting soundly whacked and we never got going, the "tail" was very weak as the scores indicate.

<i>Landale Wilson.</i>				<i>H. & G. Simonds.</i>			
Mr. Guest	100	v.	F. J. Shrimpton	...	74
Mr. Griffin	78	v.	H. Flemington	...	100
Mr. Bird	57	v.	J. Lazzari	...	100
Mr. Gamblin	88	v.	H. Nuttall	...	100
Mr. Marchi	100	v.	E. Hockings	...	75
Mr. Baylis	100	v.	E. Pearce	...	65
Mr. Pilkington	100	v.	J. Mitcheson	...	59
Mr. Barter	100	v.	H. Horsfall	...	59
<hr/>				<hr/>			
723				632			
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It may be of interest to some of our readers that the Enham Village Centre is one of those excellent institutions the outcome of the War. Here in this splendid building the disabled ex-Service men are taught various trades, to enable them later on to earn a living. The Landale Institute was presented by a generous donor, whose name it bears. It is a beautiful building, fitted with everything for the comfort of those who have served their country so well. It was indeed a cheery night and it is the first contest the Institute has won. Although we were the victims nobody could have been more delighted than ourselves. It is, indeed, wonderful to see these fine fellows make so light of their afflictions. There were men deficient of a leg and, in one case, minus an arm. Yet, with this serious handicap, they succeeded in "putting it across us." Good luck to 'em.

EGYPT.

Although only a very few copies have been sent to this section they have been well read among the Mess members of the various Garrisons in this country. The writer left one copy in the Mess of the Royal Engineers, 2nd Field Company, Cairo, and found the same copy in the Mess of the 42nd Field Company, R.E.'s, at Ismailia a week afterwards (Ismailia is exactly 100 miles from Cairo), which proves that THE GAZETTE must have made itself popular, although it is only in its infancy.

This is such a cosmopolitan place that to give you any news would not make very interesting reading for such a bright little gazette as THE HOP LEAF. In other words, you put us in the shade, although at times the shade is difficult to find here, as all our old military friends that have been this way will agree. However, last month we had a visit from the Fleet and they made things hum for the all too short time that they were here.

H.M.S. *Warspite* and *Royal Oak* called at Alexandria with a full complement of old friends and spent a hefty time at Alexandria, Ismailia and Cairo. The party visiting Cairo were entertained by the Royal Irish Fusiliers and all kinds of sports were indulged in to the great delight of players and spectators. In the actual results the Navy did not fare very well, being defeated in every branch of sport—football, cricket, swimming, water polo and boxing. But the games were full of interest all through and the Navy showed their thorough good sportsmanship in the way they accepted defeat.

During their short and hectic stay in Cairo our visitors enjoyed themselves immensely and great credit must be given to the Royal Irish Fusiliers for the way they entertained them, even to arranging conducted parties for sightseers.

The party visiting Ismailia were not quite so fortunate, although they were having a good time and being entertained very well by the units stationed there. But just as things were going along merrily a very sad accident happened which marred the whole proceedings. The R.A.F. were taking the Navy for "Flips" and, unfortunately, one crashed and Marine Huggins was burned to a cinder. This, of course, finished all sports and he was buried the next day with full Naval honours and the impressive ceremony was strongly attended by all units of the Services.

A. W. GLOVER.

FARNBOROUGH.

Our Junior Clerk, G. Sutton, is leading soprano in Frimley Parish Church Choir. On November 28th, at the afternoon Service, this Choir successfully rendered Mendelssohn's oratorio "Lauda Sion," G. Sutton singing the soprano solo.

"IMPERIAL ARMS," FARNBOROUGH.

A Darts and Shove-halfpenny Club has been formed at this House and competes in a League organised and run by local licensed victuallers, amongst whom are other "Hop Leaf" houses.

The "Imperial Arms" is one of the original houses of Farnborough Street and was first known as "The Alma." It was changed to "Imperial Arms" as a compliment to Prince Imperial when, with his mother, the late ex-Empress Eugenie, he came to live at Farnborough Hill, the mansion close by. Structural alterations have recently been made at this house, much to the advantage of mine host, Mr. Frank Grenham, and his numerous customers.

"ALEXANDRA," FARNBOROUGH.

The "Alexandra" in Victoria Road, is the most modern public house in Farnborough, and is now run on popular lines by

Mrs. Simmonds. It was originally built as a private house, but it was not long before the owner opened a small butcher's shop. This soon disappeared and after several changes of ownership was eventually opened as a public house, finally coming under the sign of the "Hop Leaf."

"OLD FORD" HOTEL, ASH VALE.

Blowers assembled in cheery mood to consume tripe and blow froth at "Ye Olde Forde" Hotel, Ash Vale, on Wednesday, November 10th. Blower Jack Nicholls, having been gravitated to the beerage and granted the honourable title of Blaster, presided.

The linen was duly shot and pipes tried. The consequent harmony indicated the necessity for lubrication, an operation which was performed to the satisfaction of all present. The usual toasts were submitted and acclaimed.

The arrangements were admirably carried out by mine host, Blower Jack Rogers, of "Ye Olde Forde." This was the first meeting of the "Olde Forde" Vat—there is no other Vat in the immediate neighbourhood, by the way—and its success augurs well for the propagation of charity and cheeriness in this corner of the world.

WOOLWICH STORES.

Once again the festive season is over and we are on the threshold of another year, which we trust will be much brighter and happier for many than the old one.

Before leaving this subject we wish all readers health, happiness and prosperity in the New Year.

On December 7th the 3/6th Dragoon Guards left Colchester for Tidworth. We are very sorry to lose such a good Regiment, but have the consolation of knowing that they are dealing with the Firm at Ludgershall.

The 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays) arrive at Colchester early in the New Year and will occupy the Cavalry Barracks just vacated by the 3/6th Dragoon Guards.

We are pleased to say we have added another military customer to our list: the 18th Field Brigade, R.A., who have just arrived from Edinburgh.

We notice from the F.A. Cup draw, Reading are at home to Manchester United. Our tip to them is to watch F. Barson, their centre-half. London is favoured with a good match at West Ham, where Tottenham provide the opposition. We here are in easy reach of West Ham's ground. Another good match will be the one between Millwall and Huddersfield; this ground is also very near to us, so we can take our choice of these two ties. We

might mention that if we go to this match we shall travel as full-blown Millwall supporters, as the home crowd are of a very biased nature. We hope the referee makes no mistakes.

Below we give a list of teams which create differences of opinion at this Branch :—

READING ...	1 Supporter.	Spurs ...	1 Supporter.
West Ham ...	1 „	Brighton ...	1 „
Arsenal ...	1 „	Charlton ...	2 Supporters.

The remainder of the Staff change their mind every week.

S.H.S.

FARNBOROUGH MILITARY BRANCH.

The Relief Season is now nearing completion, and, with the arrival of the 10th Field Artillery Brigade at Deepcut, in relief of the 3rd Field Artillery Brigade, and the 2nd Batt. The North Staffordshire Regiment at Blackdown, in relief of the 1st Batt. The Devonshire Regiment, in January, 1927, the Command will be complete.

We welcome our friends The Royal Ulster Rifles and the 1st King's Dragoon Guards from the British Army of the Rhine. Both these Units will prove valuable assets to the Command from a sporting point of view. The Royal Ulster Rifles have got together a very fine football side, and the local partisans are already talking of going to see them take part in the Army Cup Final, which takes place here on the Command Central Ground, Aldershot, next Easter Monday.

The Sergeants' Mess of the 1st Batt. The Seaforth Highlanders entertained many of their friends to a supper and dance, on "Saint Andrew's Nicht." It was a splendid evening all round. In fact the guests were very loth to depart even at the late, or rather early hour of 3.30 a.m.

I have in mind one of the guests who had evidently experienced the following toast :—

"Gie him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair,
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care,
There let him bouse and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loads and debts,
An' minds his grief no more."

The signal, "S.B." to all stations, a few hours later was observed.

There is no truth in the rumour that Mr. W. H. Wigley, Manager Military Department, has challenged Mr. A. Goodall, the Civilian Department Manager, to a shove half-penny contest.