

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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MARCH

1927.

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Mr. JOHN HAYES SIMONDS.

Son of Mr. John Simonds, of Newlands, one of our Directors,  
is a man of many parts. See next page.

## EDITORIAL CHAT.

## OUR FRONT PAGE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Our front page photographs are arousing an unusual amount of interest, each of our Directors being so well known in so many walks of life. This month we give the photograph of Mr. John Hayes Simonds, son of Mr. John Simonds, of Newlands. He was educated at Wellington College and Magdalen College, Oxford, Mr. Eric being with him at the latter for part of the time. Mr. J. H. Simonds joined J. & C. Simonds & Co.'s Bank in 1900 and was a partner at the time of the amalgamation with Barclays Bank in 1913. He was in the 1st Volunteer Battalion, Royal Berkshire Regiment (and later in the Territorial Battalion) for eleven years, rejoining the 2/4th Battalion in 1914 as Major and serving for a time in France.

In 1919 he joined the Board of Directors of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., thus re-establishing the close connection between the Brewery and the Banking sides of the family.

The Bank and Wine shop used to adjoin on the site now occupied by Barclays Bank, in King Street, and Mr. Henry Simonds, of the Brewery, was one of the original partners in the Reading Bank.

Mr. J. H. Simonds is a great sportsman. He played Rugby for the Berkshire Wanderers in the early years of the Club's existence and participated in a lot of cricket in the County until the outbreak of the war when, as stated, he did his bit in the greater game.

Being now a Director of Barclays Bank he naturally has little spare time. He is, however, very keen on fox-hunting, being closely connected with the Garth Hunt. A fearless rider, he displays fine horsemanship and is a formidable opponent at point-to-point races. He is, too, a good shot. In short, he is fond of all wholesome outdoor recreations and is the happy blend of a good, all-round sportsman and an alert and very hard-working man of business.

## POPULARITY MAINTAINED.

That THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE has come to stay there is no doubt. In the early stages it was a great anxiety to the Editor and those who kindly assisted him to know exactly the line of action to take. But we have evidently hit upon the right idea for there is ample evidence that our readers are more than pleased with the tone and general contents of this little publication. At any rate, there

is an ever-increasing demand for THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE and it is our determination to see that its excellence is more than maintained. And may the Editor take this opportunity of thanking each and all the contributors for their welcome articles so willingly given. Here again we are all pulling together and when that is done the boat is bound to shoot ahead. And so Hurrah! for THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

## RECOLLECTIONS.

The Reaper Death has been busy of late and has taken more than one tried and trusted employee of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds'. The Directors would be the first to admit that the prosperity of the Firm owes much to the loyal service of many who have now crossed the border. It is up to us who are left to follow their fine example. We are working for a firm whose fame has reached the uttermost parts of the earth—fame not only concerning the excellence of H. & G.'s products, but of the just and generous treatment that every employee always receives. All of us mean to respond loyally to that treatment and thus working hand in hand there is no height of prosperity which capital and labour may not reach.

## GONE TO EARTH.

Every sportsman knows the meaning of the above phrase. But "Gone to earth" was demonstrated in a rather unusual way when hounds met at Earley recently. A gentleman who had hired a mount rode faster than he should have done down a ride where the mud was very thick. Suddenly he came to a spot where some wood-cutting operations had been carried on. The mud here was worse than ever. The horse plunged into it well over his knees and, of course, both the animal and the rider fell. And you should have seen them afterwards! The owner of the horse came along soon after the spill, but at first he did not recognise either the mount or its rider, so bespattered were they with mud. The poor rider had to put up with a good deal of chaff from his friends. We only hope he had a pleasant journey to his home in Surrey.

## THRIFT.

People do not only spend money in a public-house for in very many ways they save it. Think of the numerous thrift clubs which have their headquarters amid the genial atmosphere of a public-house. Week by week, small sums are paid in and as a result people of slender means can afford to have a sumptuous time at Christmas. But for the public-houses many of these clubs would have no headquarters and would cease to exist. The public owe the landlords of inns a great debt of gratitude for the benefit they confer on the community in this direction.

## THE SOCIAL CLUB DINNER.

As all "copy" for THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE has to be in the printer's hands some time before the date of publication, we could only give a brief report of the proceedings of the Annual Dinner of the Social Club. It was in every way a great occasion. There was a record attendance, the meal was admirably served by Mr. Parslow, and it was gratifying to know that among those working on the Firm we have such entertaining artists on the concert platform as Messrs. S. Hinton, who possesses so fine a voice, J. Maxwell and J. Champion, who know well how to provide the comic element.

## DIRECTORS PRESENT.

The Directors take a very active interest in the Club, and three kindly attended on this occasion. Mr. F. A. Simonds presided and with him were Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds and Mr. J. H. Simonds. We were sorry that Mr. Eric had to leave early to fulfil one of his numerous business engagements, but we were glad he found so able a substitute as Mr. Shea-Simonds. The latter at times participates in games at the Club where he is immensely popular. He made some very wise and some very humorous remarks from the Chair and played a big part in making the evening "go" with the great swing that it did.

## A CHINAMAN'S LETTER.

The Editor recently had a very interesting chat with a gentleman who spent many years in China, where he held an important post. He threw much light on the present situation out there. Incidentally, he had just received a letter from a Chinaman. It was couched in the following terms:—

"You must be wonderful that I have a long silent with you without a word come to you from me. I had acknowledge your kind favour and am pleased to compliment you in your happenings and hope you are getting on very well with a good joy to your health in all the time.

"I am anxious to tell you that I had nothing to work about one year since you go home side. At present am employ with ——— salary is reality two low pay all everything family expenses.

"Trust you will kindly to write me some introduction letters to some your intimate friends in China. I hope I can procure any good chance. I report that the weather in here is very bad recently. It is too hot and two months without a drops of rains. Rice is dear more than two times.

"Some people was died by cholera, but I am all quite right."

## EATING RAW RABBIT.

There is a good story concerning one of our draymen which is well worth re-telling. He did his bit during the war, was taken prisoner and endured great hardships. Some of the food he had to eat—but we will not go into the horrible details. Happier times were in store for him, however, and he is now doing his customary work. It was soon after his return home that he was arguing over the price of a dead rabbit. It was a very small one, and "What!" he exclaimed, "give all that money for a bit of a thing like that: why, I could eat it raw"—and he did, there and then!

## ENGLAND'S HIGHEST INNS.

The following are approximately the heights of the highest licensed houses in England:—Tan Hill, Yorkshire, 1,727 feet; Cat and Fiddle, 1,690 feet; Traveller's Rest, Flash Bar (where Derbyshire, Cheshire and Staffordshire meet), 1,535 feet; Isle of Skye, West Riding, 1,480 feet; Kirkstone Inn, 1,468-9 feet.

But Simonds' beer is the highest quality!

## BURTON BEHIND.

A mild surprise was caused a few days ago at Burton-on-Trent—a big brewing centre—during the hearing of an application for an hour's extension of a licence on the occasion of the inauguration of a "vat" for the Ancient Order of Froth Blowers. "What is the Ancient Order?" asked the Chairman, but the police could not enlighten him.

## WHAT THE ORDER IS.

The Ancient Order of Froth Blowers was formed in the interests of charity and has a membership exceeding 200,000. Rank is given to members securing the greatest number of new members and you may rise from a "Blaster" to a "Grand Typhon." With the latter title goes the privilege of establishing a "vat."

## ALCOHOL A GOOD FOOD.

Dr. E. P. Burke, a specialist on his subject, in a book entitled "Scourges of To-day," adds a valuable contribution on alcohol. He recognises that the vast majority of people who take alcohol—and he estimates these as 80 per cent. of the male population of Great Britain—are by no means "alcoholics." "A glass of beer with lunch," he says, "is no more alcoholism than a weekly visit to a church is religious mania." He emphasises the necessity of making a careful distinction between alcohol as a beverage and

alcohol as a drug or poison. As a drug, it has a distinct value in bringing about a mental restfulness and, in disease, alcohol can certainly claim to be a food, and a good food. It does not require to be digested and is rapidly absorbed from the stomach.

#### MODERATE USE INCREASES HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

He acknowledges the beneficent part that the moderate use of alcoholic drink plays in life, and comes to the conclusion that "the modern world is better with it than without it, except in the case of those who are apparently unable to use it in any other way than as a poison. The moderate use of alcohol increases both the health and happiness of many people." He regards it as a means of counteracting and getting rid of the unnatural selfishness and estrangement from his fellows which the individual acquires in his struggle for personal advancement and material gain. It also gives a respite from business cares and promotes social enjoyment.

#### THE END OF A PERFECT DAY.

The other evening, at the Brunswick Arms, games of shove-ha'penny, darts, etc., were in full swing when the gramophone gave us "The End of a Perfect Day." Just on the stroke of time the piece was repeated and no sooner was the last note sounded than bang! the spring broke. It was a peculiar end to "The End of a Perfect Day."

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#### A NATURE NOTE.

The recent fall of snow reminds me (writes our Nature correspondent) of the storm we experienced one April a good many years ago. A number of birds had built their nests and in more than one case there were young. Well do I remember the nest of a thrush in a holly bush with a little family of five. On visiting it the morning following the storm what a picture of tragedy and beauty met my gaze! The young birds were there, yes, and the mother, too. I approached quite close and even touched the thrush. She did not move. The last spark of warmth in her little body she had given to her bairns, having no thought of self. Now she and they were dead. It was a picture of noble self-sacrifice. Greater love than this. . . .

I should like to see the picture as the frontispiece of many a Nature book, for mother thrush and her five children were lovely in their lives and in death they are not divided.

#### THE LATE MR. W. HUGHES.

At the moment of going to press, we have received news of a further loss in the passing away of Mr. W. Hughes on Monday night, 21st February.

Mr. Hughes joined the Firm in 1877 and during his service was Manager of our Malta Branch from April, 1885, to May, 1892, returning to England in the latter year owing to the ill health of his wife.

From May, 1892, until his retirement on the 30th April, 1919, Mr. Hughes was Manager of our Sandgate and Shorncliffe Branch.

The passing away of this popular gentleman still further depletes the ranks of those whom Mr. Hughes always described as the "Old Brigade," and amongst whom he was always happy to number himself.

His activities in pre-war manœuvre schemes which our Firm successfully carried out, will be within the recollection of a large number of our present employees. Thus, still another link is severed with those campaigns which, although strenuous, were so much enjoyed by the staff engaged.

The loss of Mr. Hughes will also be mourned by a large circle of our Military friends, to whom his name is still familiar.

Through these columns, Mr. Hughes' old friends, in Malta as well as in this country, tender to his daughter and two sons their sincere sympathy in the sad loss they have sustained.

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The sympathy of our readers will go out to Mr. F. L. Shrimpton, Manager of our Ludgershall Branch, who has just suffered the loss of his mother. Such an irreplaceable loss comes to us all in turn and those dear old faces are sadly missed.

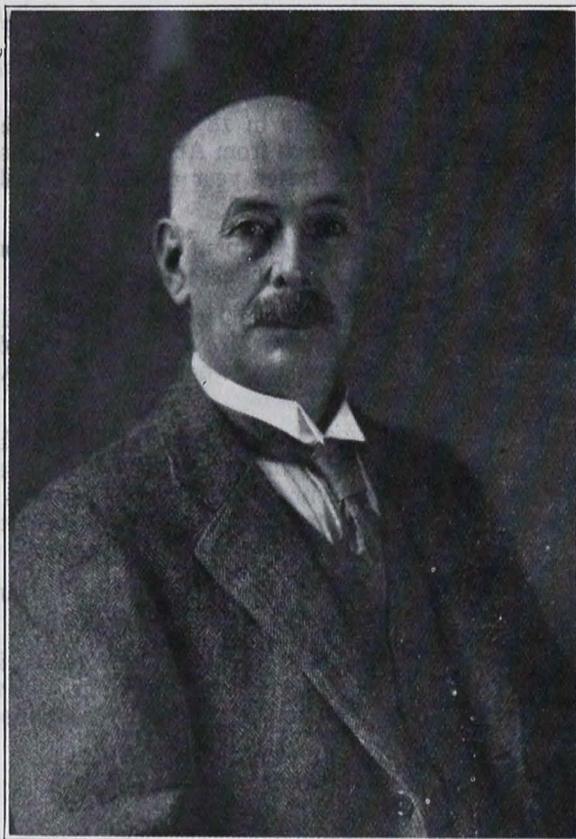
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#### POSTER COMPETITIONS.

In sending suggestions for new "Milk Stout" and "S.B." posters, for which prizes are offered to the Staffs of the combined Breweries, will competitors kindly mark in the top left-hand corner of envelopes or wrappers the words "Poster Competition," and address them as described in the February GAZETTE.

## MR. W. J. ROBERTS.

FIFTY YEARS WITH THE FIRM.



Mr. W. J. Roberts has received numerous congratulations on having just completed fifty years' service with the Firm. Appointed in 1877 he first went to the Cask Office, and then to the Branch Office, which superintended the accounts connected with the South Western and South Eastern Railway Refreshment Department. Subsequently, in 1882, forty-five years ago, he went to the Estates Office, the same year in which Mr. Lindars became head of that department. At the Board Meeting on January 31st, on behalf of the Directors Mr. Shea-Simonds extended to Mr. Roberts their hearty congratulations and presented him with a Queen Anne silver tea-pot and a cheque. This tangible recognition of his long services to the Firm was very gratifying to his numerous friends and colleagues with whom he has always worked so amicably.

## MR. C. BENNETT.

PROMOTED TO HEADQUARTERS.

GLOWING TRIBUTES.

Mr. Charles Bennett has served the Firm of H. & G. Simonds for the past 31 years, during which period he has held important posts at Farnborough, Portsmouth and Woking, and now he has been moved to Headquarters, Reading.

Mr. Bennett's personal qualities win for him many friends, and this was particularly the case at Woking where, while warmly congratulating him on his promotion, numerous members of Clubs and private residents have expressed their sincere regret at losing him.

In *The Woking News and Mail* for February 18th, there are a number of reports where warm tributes are paid to Mr. Bennett for the valuable assistance he had rendered to Club life in Woking.

A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW.—At the Woking Constitutional Club Annual Dinner Mr. F. G. Reed (Chairman) referred to Mr. Bennett's impending departure and said he was sure the members would be sorry to lose one who had been such a jolly good fellow. They would be glad to see Mr. Bennett at their social gatherings at any time, and at the same time they welcomed to Woking his brother, Mr. A. Bennett, who would succeed him in the town. (Applause.)

Mr. C. Bennett, expressing his thanks for Mr. Reed's remarks, said he had spent eight happy years in Woking and was now going to larger responsibilities at Reading. He had found Woking people very earnest and sincere and he thanked all who had helped to make his stay in the town so happy.

Mr. A. Bennett also expressed his thanks, remarking that, though he had been in Woking but a short time, he had found all round a wonderful welcome and he hoped he would have as many friends as his brother had.

GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER AND FRIEND.—At the Woking Working Men's Club, Mr. Trevor Wilson (Vice-President) made reference to the fact that Mr. Bennett was leaving the neighbourhood, and he said he was sure that the best wishes of every member of the Club would go with him in his new important appointment at Reading. He said Mr. Bennett had been closely identified with the life of the place and had been guide, philosopher and friend to the Club and to many local institutions. He felt Mr. A. Bennett would follow in his steps.

The meeting fully endorsed the remarks of the Chairman and gave musical honours to the departing hon. member and the warmest of welcomes to his succeeding brother.

## PRESENTATION.

A musical evening was given at the West Byfleet Social Club when a pleasing ceremony was performed by Mr. Attfield, who said they all learned with much regret of the impending departure of Mr. Charles Bennett from Woking. Mr. Bennett had been associated with the business and social life of the Club for many years, and had always given them every assistance. They felt they should take that opportunity of thanking him for his services, and to ask his acceptance of a barometer on behalf of all the members. Mr. Attfield also remarked that he was sure Mr. Bennett's brother would prove a worthy successor.

In reply, Mr. C. Bennett expressed his gratitude to the members and said that their token of goodwill would always be treasured and serve to remind him of his many friends at the West Byfleet Social Club.

Mr. A. Bennett also remarked how much he appreciated the warm welcome accorded him, and said he felt sure that the good relations between the members of the Club and his brother would be maintained.

The members fully endorsed the President's remarks and whole-heartedly joined in the expressions of goodwill.

## THE LATE MR. W. CROCKER.

## MANY PRESENT AT THE FUNERAL.

Great regret was felt throughout The Brewery when it became known that Mr. C. Crocker had passed away at the age of 66. For the long period of 43 years he had served the Firm loyally and well, his heart and soul always being in his work. At one time he was captain of the cricket team, in whose doings he evinced the keenest interest right up to the last. Of a kindly and genial disposition he made many friends and was liked by us all. It must have been a great consolation to his family to see so much evidence of the high esteem in which he was held. The funeral, which took place at St. Giles' Church, on Saturday, February 5th, was very largely attended while the floral tributes were both numerous and beautiful. The impressive Service was taken by the Rev. Canon Gillmor, assisted by the Rev. Moore.

In addition to the family mourners, there were present: Messrs. C. E. Gough, A. R. Bradford (Branch Department); F. C. Hawkes, R. Bigg, S. Josey, W. T. Bradford (Home Department); E. S. Phipps (Secretarial Department); P. F. Knapp, S. Bird (Brewing Department); E. Bailey, F. Kirby (Delivery Department); A. Lock, C. H. Perrin, S. J. Moore, H. James (Outdoor Staff); F. R. Josey (Cask Department); F. Drury (Cooperage Department); F. Jefferies (Canvas Department); W. Wheeler (Beer Cellars); J. Ford (Bottled Beer Department); Mr. B. Drury and Mrs. Hasler, etc., were also present.

The four volunteer bearers were Mr. C. Westall, Mr. G. Tull, Mr. T. Reeves and Mr. Searle.

The interment took place at the Reading Cemetery.

The wreaths included those from wife and daughters, Norman, Bess and Ronnie, Pat, Harry, John and Muriel, Uncle Jim and Aunt Ruth, Charlie, Rose and Ivy, Little Pete, The Directors of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., Heads of Departments, Brewing Staff, Clerical Staff, Engineers, Fellow Workers Union Room, Beer Cellar Department, Cooperage Department, Scalds Department, Cellar Department, Malt Store and Copper Stage, Seven Bridges Cricket Club, Balfour Club, Women's Conservative Association (Church Ward 1), and from the following neighbours—Mr. and Mrs. Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. Drury, Mrs. Hasler, Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Biggs.

The funeral arrangements were most satisfactorily carried out by Mr. Hope.



The late Mr. Crocker and Mrs. Crocker.

## WINES AND SPIRITS.

## FIRM'S WELL-ORDERED CELLAR.

The beers and stouts of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., are famous throughout the world, but not less renowned are their wines and spirits. The well-ordered cellar of this great firm has been brought to the highest state of efficiency by the Manager, Mr. H. L. Chaplin, a gentleman of long experience in the trade whose knowledge is second to none in the delicate art of selecting the finest wines and spirits.

A walk round the cellars is most interesting and of a real educational value. The well-stocked bins cover a considerable area and contain some of the choicest wines in the country. Here is one of Very Old Vintage Port, a wine for the connoisseur and one which is in great demand amongst the Firm's private customers. We pass bins of Burgundy, Claret, Sauterne, Graves, Chablis, and Fine Old Sherry.

## WHISKY PAR EXCELLENCE.

A large stock of H. & G. Simonds' Special Liqueur Scotch Whisky in the familiar shaped square bottles (old square-face) attracts one's attention. This is the Whisky par excellence, and is famed throughout the land, experts declaring it to be unequalled. The finest Whiskies are used in its manufacture and give it that distinctive flavour which has made it so much in demand.

We now pass on to see large stocks of Gin, Brandy, Rum, Liqueurs and Cocktails. A visit to the Champagne Vaults, situated in another part of the premises, finds it stocked with hundreds of cases of the finest brands.

In addition to the Duty Paid Stores the Firm have their Bonded Warehouse at the Southern Railway where many casks of Spirits are maturing in readiness.

## A VERY LARGE TRADE.

A very large wine and spirit trade is done by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., in Reading and immediate district, but, in addition, the Firm sends goods to Malta, Gibraltar, Egypt, the Far East and other places over the seas, and to H.M. Ships at different Home Ports.

Wines and spirits are also despatched to the Firm's Naval Depots at Portsmouth and Devonport, to the large Military Depots at Aldershot and Salisbury Plain, to the Stores at London, Brighton, Farnborough, Newbury, Oxford, Slough, Swansea, Woking, Woolwich and Hythe.

The success of such a great business as this is due to the fact that the Firm send out only the finest selected wines and spirits. The casks, jars and bottles undergo a rigorous examination before being despatched, and behind each is the guarantee of the House of Simonds, the Firm with over a hundred and forty years' reputation.

F K.

## A GREAT THOUGHT.

Mistaking the approach of death for the return of health a dying man said: "*I am better now!*"

Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

## TENNIS CLUB DANCE.

Our Tennis Club Members are holding a Dance at St. Giles' Hall on Wednesday, March 23rd. Tickets, 2/- each, can be obtained from any of the Committee, or from the Steward of the Social Club. A very enjoyable evening is assured.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

The good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

The finest language is chiefly made up of unimposing words.

The essence of justice is mercy.

The best fish swim near the bottom.

Storms make oaks take deeper root.

Rail not in answer, but be calm,  
For silence yields a rapid balm;  
Live it down!

Persevere and never fear.

People who never have any time are those who do least.

People throw stones only at trees that have fruit on them.

The heart that forgives an injury is like the perforated shell of a mussel, which closes its wound with a pearl.

If every man would mend a man  
Then all mankind were mended.

## LOST.

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered for they are gone for ever.

MESSRS. H. & G. SIMONDS, LTD.,  
"RETAILERS" SOCIETY.

REPORT OF ANNUAL MEETING.

Mr. J. T. Adams, Hon. Secretary of the above Society, reports as follows:—

It is now my duty to report on our Annual General Meeting held at "The White Hart Hotel" on the 3rd February, 1927, leaflets of which were printed, shewing Committee's Report, Agenda, and Balance Sheet for 1926, and circulated to all members of the Association, together with all Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., and The South Berks Brewery Co. licensed holders in the Borough of Reading.

The Committee's Report and Balance Sheet was accepted and carried unanimously, the Secretary being complimented upon his excellent accounts. The following Officers were appointed for the year 1927:—Messrs. T. Lawrence (*Chairman*), "The Brewery Tap," Broad Street; C. B. Duguid (*Vice-Chairman*), "The Three Tuns," Earley; J. T. Adams (*Secretary*), "The Oatsheaf," 46, Broad Street; A. Froome (*Assistant Secretary*), "The Jolly Anglers," Kennet Side; F. Bargery (*Treasurer*), "The Royal Oak," Broad Street: *Committee*:—Messrs. A. Wheeler, "The Blue Lion," Coley; R. G. Bryant, "The Jolly Brewers," Tilehurst Road; W. Pearce, "The Reindeer," Southampton Street; H. Smart, "The London Tavern," Broad Street; R. Hawkins, "Fox and Hounds," Caversham; G. Warner, "The Brunswick," Brunswick Street; H. Hazel, "The Merry Maidens," Shinfield; H. T. Britton, "The Little Crown," Southampton Street; G. H. Davies, "The Five Bells," Riseley; L. Duguid, Off-Licence, Salisbury Road; G. Lawrence, "The Leopold Arms," Leopold Street; H. C. J. Tucker, "The Royal Oak," Whitchurch; E. Benger, "The Engineers' Arms," Katesgrove; H. Pennell, "The Hopleaf," Southampton Street; W. Morgan, "The Duke's Head," Broad Street.

After a notice of motion had been read it was proposed, seconded, and passed that the title of the Society be altered and that the words "Tied Tenants" be omitted, and the word "Retailers" be substituted. This should be noted by all concerned.

ANNUAL SUMMER OUTING.

To the satisfaction of all present it was decided to hold our Annual General Summer Outing by char-a-banc, details to be left to the Committee.

A hearty vote of thanks was then accorded to the retiring Chairman (Mr. A. Wheeler, of "The Blue Lion," Coley) and Secretary (Mr. A. Froome, of "The Jolly Anglers," Kennet Side), for the very valuable services they had rendered the Society during their period of office.

A letter of condolence was sent to Mr. G. Emery of "The Grenadier," Lower Whitley, upon the death of his father.

By the kind permission of Mr. Walter Bradford, Secretary of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds' Social Club, 19, Bridge Street, Reading, we have arranged to play the Club a Tournament of Games on Thursday, the 24th March, 1927. Any Landlord under the firm is heartily invited to partake in the sport, and will be well received upon putting in his appearance on the date mentioned at about 7.30 p.m.

The Secretary and Assistant Secretary will be pleased to receive outstanding subscriptions (*i.e.* 5/- yearly), and any new members that may care to join a real, live and well-conducted Society.

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THE WORD.

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

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SUMMER TIME.

Summer time this year will begin at 2 a.m. Greenwich mean time, on Sunday, April 10th.

## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

Why not, Mr. Editor? We pursue the "even tenor of our ways" during these early months of the year for, having survived the Christmas rush, we then finished and sent off the bills; there was overtime for a short while for the quarterly balancing follows; that over we settled down to steady work and look forward with hope to the forthcoming better weather and busier times leaving behind, in most cases, without many regrets, the past year. Yes, forward is our watchword at the Brewery, for we must keep abreast of the times and we all try, from top to bottom, to carry on the good work.

First item, the 'Flu. Without perhaps being so devastating as in other years, quite a number have been "laid up" for a while with this distressing malady. 'Flu is by no means a respecter of persons for it attacks just where and whom it likes. To those who have suffered we offer our sympathy and extend to them the glad hand of friendship with the hope that their vigour on their return is unimpaired so that their daily task becomes a pleasant duty. Perhaps you haven't heard of the lady who ignored the 'flu. Before the doctor arrived unfortunately she flew—from the mortal ken.

It came as an unexpected shock to us all when we heard Mr. W. Crocker ("Bill") had passed away. He did not live long to enjoy a well-earned retirement and the Brewery is the poorer for the loss of such a loyal and devoted servant. He was very fond of cricket—he did enjoy those outings and old suppers—and football matches at Elm Park he often attended. The last time the writer saw him was on the occasion of the Manchester United match, when he said he hoped to get somewhere near Elm Park in order to hear the community singing. *R.I.P.*

With the majority of people in Reading and outside we've been suffering from Cup Tie fever and the match with Portsmouth was fought over before and after the event. One of the most ardent supporters of the "Biscuit Boys" on our staff for a reason, not really apparent, was a supporter of Pompey—it was really a leg-pulling business—and you could hear (before the match) that "class would tell," "what a team," etc. A picture of Pompey's Cup team rested on a desk, and a nice piece of blue ribbon was placed in a prominent position. What did we do? Well, the sequel is this: Reading won and on the Monday morning a postman delivered eight postcards to the home of this erstwhile Pompey supporter, informing him in "tones and accents sweet," that

Reading had vanquished their Saturday afternoon foe. We were truly avenged for so far we haven't heard much about Brentford.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Mr. F. A. Simonds has left for the Mediterranean on business.

Mr. C. E. Gough, after a short holiday in Devonshire and a journey to Gibraltar, has returned, and we all trust he has benefited by the change and sea voyage.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

WIFE: Do you know where all the empty bottles in the cellar come from?

HUSBAND: I can't say. I have never in my life bought an empty bottle!

ELOPING WIFE: There's a telegram from my husband!

LOVER: Does he want you to return?

E.W.: No! He only wants to know where I left the key of the wine cellar!

"There's a wonderful echo about here," said the guide to the man who was walking in the Lake District, "but you have to shout very loud. Now, you just yell, 'Two pints of beer!'"

The man shouted and then listened.

"I hear no echo," said he.

"Oh, well," said the guide, "here comes the inn-keeper with our beer, anyway."—*Tit-Bits.*

Prohibition in America is still in its infancy, we read. It is certainly being brought up on the bottle.—THOMAS JAY in *Weekly Dispatch.*

A certain young man who was away for a few days with a touch of "flu" was greeted on his return with a cryptic note which read, "Take warning, join the Burial Club." He has.

The writer heard this the other night when leaving one of H. & G. Simonds' houses. It had been a bitter cold day :—

NO. 1: When I was going to the match to-day against Darlington, I looked over Caversham Bridge and saw some fellow on the Promenade sitting on a box, fishing. I should think he wanted a job.

NO. 2: Yes, I expect he belongs to the Band of Hope.

WAITER: How did you find the steak, sir?

DINER: I found it under a potato.

DEBTOR: There is little to spare with food at 8d. a pint.

An elderly sheep was driven into a farmyard where an auction was taking place, and when she had somewhat recovered from the fright, she saw a lamb waiting there and at once recognised it as her own daughter. "Fancy meeting 'ewe' here!" she exclaimed.

TOURIST: Where is this wonderful Niagara Falls?

GUIDE: That's it, just in front of you, and if those ladies will stop talking, you'll hear the mad and frantic rush of the water.

A young lady occupied a house immediately opposite a factory, and she spent most of her time practising singing at the piano. One day the owner of the factory called upon her and said, "I do not object to you singing, Miss, but I do object to your holding on to your top notes so long. My men mistake it for the dinner whistle."

"The high price of whisky," says a writer, "has its advantages. Few men can afford to lead 'double' lives."

A retired peppery admiral was standing bareheaded in a leading London hatter's waiting for his hat, which was being ironed. A bishop entered, wearing one of those peculiarly shaped hats associated with his calling. Mistaking the admiral for a salesman, he approached him and said, "Have you a hat like this?" The admiral surveyed it with a critical stare and then tersely replied, "No, sir, and if I had, I'm damned if I'd wear it."

## A TRAVEL IN JERUSALEM.

While serving in the E.E.F. it was my fortunate pleasure to join a party to pay a visit to see the most interesting "Holy City of Jerusalem." I joined a party of 25, organised by the Y.M.C.A., and set out to see the sights under an official guide. The first item of interest was a visit to the Jaffa Gate, through which General Allenby made his entry into the City. On the right-hand side is David's Tower; at this gate is a splendid clock presented to the City by the ex-Kaiser. We next go down a narrow cobbled street (which, owing to our Army boots, made walking rather difficult) to pay a visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which was built by the Crusaders over 800 years ago. This Church is surrounded by convents and the Church itself is in partitions for several different faiths. In the part occupied by the Syrian Church is a spot which is said to be the Tomb of Arimathea. From this we are taken to the Chapel of Condemnation. This is where Queen Helena is said to have found the true spot where the Cross was buried. In an old wall standing by the Queen is said to have sat watching them dig for the true Cross. It is said that the three Crosses used at the Crucifixion were buried together. A very interesting legend is connected with the discovery of the true Cross. It happened that whilst operations were taking place, a cripple was praying to be healed. His prayers remained unanswered until the third Cross was excavated, when he immediately became well. It is said that by this miracle the true Cross was identified. Around the walls are numbers of small crosses, cut into them by the Crusaders.

We then went up some steps to the Church of the Martyrs. There are two beautiful altars at this spot: one is built over the spot where Christ was nailed to the Cross, and the other is said to be where the Cross stood. In this Church are many beautiful lamps and tapestries. In between the two altars is a very fine bust of the Virgin Mary, which is covered with jewellery, said to be worth £250,000. It is also said that when war was declared, the Mother of Sorrows was observed to weep. No doubt this is owing to the very sorrowful look on her beautiful face.

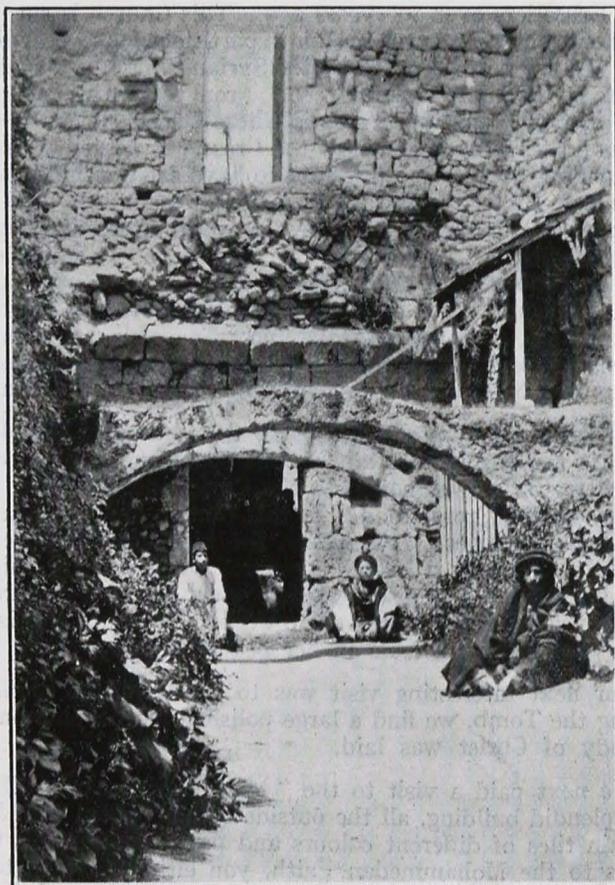
Our next interesting visit was to the Tomb of Christ. On entering the Tomb, we find a large polished marble slab on which the body of Christ was laid.

We next paid a visit to the "Mosque of Omar." This is a most splendid building, all the outside being covered with Persian porcelain tiles of different colours and patterns. As this Church belongs to the Mohammedan Faith, you either have to take off your boots or wear a pair of goloshes over your boots before you enter. Inside you find most beautiful carpets and in the centre

of the Mosque is the rock from which Abraham offered up his son Isaac as a sacrifice ; also from this spot the Mohammedans believe that the Prophet ascended into Heaven.

After many more interesting visits we came to the House of Caraphus, the High Priest. Here we were shown the spot where Christ was chained to the pillar and also where Peter sat when he denied the Lord. Close by is the room where the Last Supper was held. We visited several more places of Biblical interest and thus ended one of the most interesting days of my life.

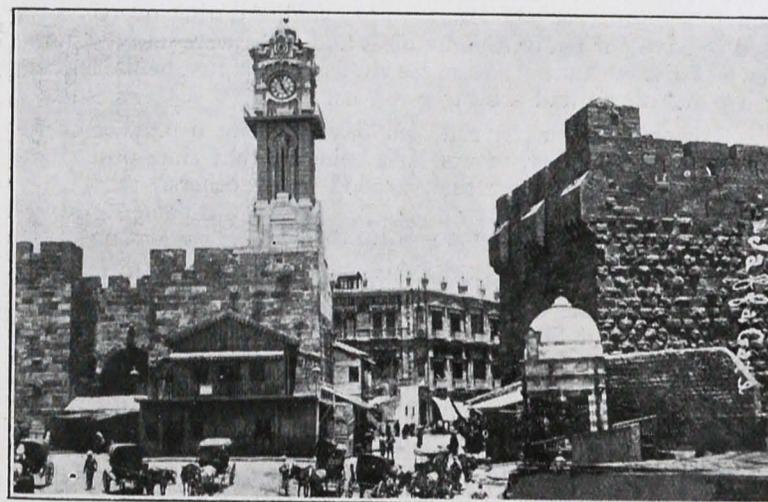
J.H.



Pool of Bethesda, remains of the Church.



Russian Church ; Mosque of Omar in distance.



Jerusalem—Jaffa Gate.

## RANDOM BREWERY REFLECTIONS.

*(Continued.)*

To my mind and, I hope, to others', these meal-times fostered (to coin a phrase) a "come-together" spirit.

When the Christmas bill day came round (the 31st December), at dinner time we always had the usual pudding and occasionally threepenny bits, while china dolls were inserted therein, just to cause a little fun.

## THAT CARDBOARD HALF-CROWN.

On one occasion a gentleman, who is not with us now, after receiving his helping of pudding, carefully examined it, for coin of the realm, and found "nowt." He was then, before partaking, called away to replenish the jugs with beer from a jar (I forget the size, but it was a "big 'un") that was always used at these dinners. After accomplishing his pleasant task he proceeded to eat. A little while later his eyes gleamed—we were all watching him, of course—for he uncovered a half-crown all "bright and shiny" resting on his plate amongst the residue of his pudding. His joy was short-lived, however, for it was only a cardboard one!

It was never discovered who put it there, but we all thought this simple diversion was very funny. Fancy a half-crown looking like a threepenny bit!

In due course along came the end of the financial year—30th September, same as now—and every evening during overtime we used to have our tea on the premises and these were happy affairs. Tea was of a substantial nature: meat, fish, etc. Just before leaving at 9 p.m., we all had a cigar given us.

Except when on overtime our day ended at 6 p.m. or thereabouts (generally thereabouts) and being at that time post clerk, I generally finished later than a good many others.

"HULLO, SIMONDS!"

The letter for Farnborough Branch was sent nightly by train which left Reading at 6.40 p.m., and although many jokes have been made about South Eastern trains there never was a train, I feel sure, that *left* more punctual. I believe I never missed catching it. I expect I should have "caught it" in another way if I had missed the train. The guard took it in his charge and invariably greeted me thus: "Hullo, Simonds, you haven't brought a pint with you, I s'pose." I never had.

Our goods used to go by rail and on quite a number of nights (particularly in the summer) it was the usual thing to phone the

three Railway Companies for an "extension" for half-an-hour or more in order to get the goods away. This always made us a bit later in consequence waiting for those number lists.

## LUCKY WHEN YOU GET IT.

The late Mr. J. Suddaby was my chief, respected by all and liked for his sterling qualities. If you made a mistake—who hasn't?—he never said much, but he always made you feel you'd never make another. He was always fair and scrupulously just. His coat and hat he used to hang up in "our" office and in his later years his nightly saying used to be: "Who wants to earn half-a-crown?"—then you helped him on with his overcoat, after that he would say: "You'll be lucky when you get it." During the summer he devoted his evenings to bowls—for many years he was Secretary to the Reading Bowling Club—and always took a great interest in the game right to the end.

*(To be continued.)*



SOME OF OUR OLD CONTEMPTIBLES.

These employees of H. & G. Simonds joined up in 1914 and rendered splendid service during the Great War. The numerous medals give some idea of the great part they played and the men are justly proud of them.

Back row (from left to right): F. Day, W. Sawyer, J. Major, L. Hiscock, D. Chandler, T. Tame.

Middle row: J. Champion, G. Fullbrook, A. Green, F. Hearn, W. Wells, A. Hawthorn.

Seated: D. Mallion, F. Edwards, F. Hall, A. Hutchens, H. Bell.

## GLORIOUS DEVON.

*They planted another one down in the West,  
'Twas Devon, Glorious Devon.*

Assuming Adam and Eve were human, they must have been well content with their change of garden. Why go over the seas for winter sunshine when it can be found in our Homeland and in the month of January? Try South Devon is the advice of one who knows. You will? Then follow me and enjoy a thorough holiday, combined with rest and happiness, and I can guarantee a return to ordinary life, refreshed in body and mind.

Let us make Teignmouth our headquarters and ramble round a radius of some ten or twelve miles. I must ask you to walk mostly, making use as little as possible of other means of transit.

Teignmouth, with its population of 12,000, offers a good choice of hotels and during the winter months one is sure of the best accommodation at the most reasonable charges. The climate is mild and the place is sheltered from biting winds. The extensive sandy beach affords a delightful stroll when the tide is out. The Den, as the fine promenade is called, lends itself to those who prefer smoother walking. The Halden Heights, behind the town, call for an uphill long climb, but the magnificent views are well worth the exertion. The marine panorama extends from Portland Bill on the East to Berry Head on the West. Inland, the eye gathers in some of the most beautiful places in Devonshire between Honiton and Dartmouth. The first day can well be spent in finding out the beauties of Teignmouth itself, and if you are favoured with a fine sunset, you will agree that looking across to the Ness, the high cliff on the right and down the river Teign, a more glorious sight has to be imagined and a sense of contentment comes over one and blots out all that is crude, leaving us dreaming. If my follower will do as I do, he will find himself in bed each night enjoying that hour or two's refreshing sleep before the boom of the midnight hour.

A breath of ozone before breakfast commences the next day and with the sun shining—all's well with the world. We will now give priority to the capital city of Devon—Exeter—and look with ease to the twelve-mile tramp before us. Passing along by the sea-coast, we reach Dawlish and soon after strike the river Exe and along its bank, we leave Starcross and Exminster behind and so reach the Cathedral City, with its population of about 60,000. After a well-earned lunch, our chief attraction is the Cathedral itself. The seat of the bishopric was transferred from Crediton to Exeter in 1049 and the Church of the Benedictine Monastery of St. Peter (dating from the time of Athelstan) became the new Cathedral. A new Cathedral was built 1107-36 and was

completed 1194-1206. Of this Norman building, the renowned transeptal towers alone remain. The Lady Chapel was built 1258-80, the Choir was commenced 1280 and finished 1369 by Bishop Grandisson, who built the greater part of the Nave. The interior, throughout its whole length, presents a magnificent view of early English decorated work.

Amidst so many architectural delights, the eye at once is drawn to the beautiful stone roof, the windows of the nave aisles with their rich variety of geometrical tracery, the Minstrel's gallery projecting from the north triforium of the nave and the ancient clock in the northern transept. The chief charm of the exterior is the west screen (1369-94) adorned with three rows of figures. The screen contains three doorways and is crowned by an embattled parapet beyond which appears the Great West Window. The interior was restored by Sir G. Scott (1871-77). Evensong is sung each week-day at 3 p.m., which should not be missed on our visit. The ancient wall surrounding Exeter remains almost intact though all four gates have been removed. Of the Norman castle of Rougemont (1068) there still remain the gateway, a tower, and a portion of the walls.

The fine old Guildhall in High Street, a picturesque part-Tudor and part-Elizabethan building, erected 1464 and restored 1720, should be visited. The cinquecento façade (1593) projecting into the street, resting on an arcade of five arches, is very interesting. The interior contains a common hall panelled in Neoclassic style, said to date from the time of Queen Mary. An interesting collection of oil paintings can also be seen. Time hardly permits of more than a cursory glance at the several ancient churches still remaining and other historic relics of the past. We must now have a cup of tea and catch the train back to our headquarters in time for the evening meal, after which we will put on our slippers and, over a pipe, dwell on the recollection of a day well spent and the promise of more such to follow.

The next day or two we will have shorter tours. Let's have a look at Shaldon with which Teignmouth is united by what was the longest wooden bridge in England; just over a third of a mile. Now an iron bridge replaces it. A toll is still demanded for pedestrians as well as all vehicles. Shaldon is an "old-world" fishing village and boasts of having neither gas nor electric light, though Teignmouth could well do the needful for them. From Shaldon bridge can be enjoyed some most delightful river views looking up the Teign, such as artists glory in. We can return to Teignmouth by way of the ferry boat to the beach, where we shall see the catches of herrings just in from the sea and being packed for the markets. Digressing—give me a fresh herring for breakfast, in preference to any other fish.

A stroll on the promenade after lunch with a book will fill in any afternoon as it is an equable and soft climate we are now enjoying.

To-morrow we will cross the ferry to Shaldon and go over the cliffs to Torquay, just a lovely walk of eight miles, and have our first real experience of those Devonshire lanes, well off the beaten tracks, evergreen with ferns galore and wild flowers in plenty. A couple of hours will see us on Babbacombe Downs. Now, we cannot do better than descend to Babbacombe Bay and near the bottom we find ourselves at the Carey Arms Hotel (quite a historic hostel) and ready for the excellent lunch which the house affords. If we are lucky, we may find lobsters on the menu.

Before proceeding into Torquay, we will have a peep at the next cove, called Anstey's Cove, with the picturesque group of islets at its southern side and the huge red cliffs as a background. How wonderful Nature is in all its works. We gaze and gaze and are lost in admiration.

Torquay at last! It is proclaimed that "there is nothing like Torquay in all England." Note the dazzling beauty of the place, the charm of the white terraces and villas, set amid the vivid green of the hillsides and above and below the Mediterranean colouring of the sky and sea. During the winter months the air is so mild and agreeable that the exotic and sub-tropical plants thrive exceedingly in the open air. Had we time, we could explore the ruins of Torre Abbey, Daddy Hole, Cockington Village with the old forge, Compton Castle, the Giant Rocks at Watcombe and many other places around, but, after our walk, we must be content to leave these for some future occasion. We will take the train back to Teignmouth and there enjoy the end of another perfect day.

The days following we will go quietly, as we have done our two big days, and be satisfied with strolls around. Just  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles along the Teign's right bank, we make a right turn and find ourselves at Bishopsteignton, an old-fashioned village 200 feet above the river. In old days, the Bishops of Exeter made it a favourable resort and the ruins of the palace can still be seen. The village is blessed with a very fine Fifteenth Century Church and this must not be missed. A rest will be welcome before we bid adieu to a place where peace seems to reign undisturbed by the outside world.

Our next stroll must be to Dawlish *via* the sea wall from Teignmouth. On our right we have one of the finest marine views one could wish and on our left the imposing red cliffs with their fulsome verdure green, at the foot of which is the Great Western Railway track. About a mile and a half we turn left into Smugglers' Lane, a gorgeous sample of a Devonshire lane, and massed on either

side with hearts-tongue ferns of great size. From the lane we emerge into the high road and about a mile along we strike the cliffs and so into Dawlish. Dawlish may be described as a miniature town in a valley, with a pleasing stream running through an ornamental garden. We just have time to see if the local beverage is worthy of the County, before we make our way back along the main road, our nearest route, hoping we shall find at the finish a lunch ample enough to meet our craving appetites.

Our holiday is drawing to a close and our last ramble can be to Coombe Cellars and the old-fashioned village of Coombe-in-Teignhead. Crossing to Shaldon, we plod along the left bank of the Teign and reach the place in view, after about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles walk. This old village, well away from any railway station, must be seen to convince one that such can exist in these days of progress. Old thatched cottages dotted hither and thither, covered with evergreens, gardens with summer flowers still in bloom, a cow wandering on its own, a dog asleep, seem to well illustrate how truly there can be "peace on earth." One is awed with the calmness of the picture and it is as if we are living in an age a hundred years or so ago. Tearing ourselves away from this old-world scene, we wend our way back and make a halt at Coombe Cellars, an old inn with history behind it. It is said to have been a rendezvous for smugglers to land their spoil and certainly a very convenient place for the purpose it looks. Coombe Cellars is the subject of one of the younger Condy's pleasantest pictures. Here, too, Baring-Gould laid the scene of his charming idyll "Kitty Alone." Now we are here, we will try the wares of the inn and have our choice of junkets, cream, cockles and chudleighs, the excellence of which is well known. To enjoy the last-named, cut open, spread with cream generously and add that man's jam—black currant. I speak with knowledge of the subject. I once had one too many. We will now get back.

Now with regret we have to pack up and go home and leave Devonshire, the County of an extraordinary diversity of attractions, the Shire of the Sea Kings, but do we not carry away with us the happiest of memories and a longing to see more of the wonders of the West—Devon, Glorious Devon.

C.E.G.

#### CHILDREN'S XMAS TREAT.

In addition to the items shown in our last issue contributed to the Children's Xmas Treat there is the sum of £3 4s. 6d. the result of the Auction Sale of Vegetables at the Flower Show, also the cake made and given by Mrs. King and the sack of Vegetables given by Mr. "Bob" Allen. This latter has become an annual gift and is always much appreciated.

## THROUGH THE PEAK DISTRICT AND MID WALES.

One of a party numbering twenty-two, in a luxurious motor coach with balloon tyres, on a Monday morning in August, I left the vicinity of Victoria Station, London, for a week's motor tour over a new route arranged by Chapman's, with Mr. G. Chapman as guide.

The weather was ideal, and gliding along the Edgware Road we soon reached the outskirts of London, past Hendon, where a glimpse of the Wembley buildings could be had, and on through St. Albans to Dunstable, where a halt was made for lunch. This task over, and as there was not much of interest to see there, we were on the road again, traversing a long stretch of the old Watling Street, a fine road, with occasional signposts "To Holyhead," some way away. Still on through the Shires we passed, through Towcester and Northampton, and, in the late afternoon, arrived at Leicester, where accommodation had been arranged at the Grand Hotel. The long ride had given one plenty of time to wonder who was who on the coach, and, as the writer was one by himself, he was at Leicester put in charge of some charming ladies whose hats and necks he had been viewing most of the day. Early to bed at Leicester, and up betimes next morning for a walk round the not-too-interesting town of boot and hosiery factories.

The second day, after a nice run to Derby, we began to get into more interesting scenery, especially when we got into the vicinity of Matlock, a charming spot, and a pretty run by the river to the "Peacock" at Rowsley for lunch. This was a delightful hotel, with lawns sloping down to the River Derwent, and the interior lined with pictures and trophies, indicating that the place is used largely by disciples of Isaac Walton. Leaving this place with regret, a diversion was made from the set route to give us a view of Haddon Hall, and on to Chatsworth Park, where we were a little disappointed at not being able to see over the house, but the Duke of Devonshire was in residence.

This mansion is set in charming surroundings, with the river near to complete the picture. Our coach then climbed hill after hill until the change of temperature told us we were amongst the peaks of Derbyshire, and many glorious views were seen. Buxton soon appeared in sight and we were put down at the Palace Hotel, where a cup of tea was welcome, after which some of we younger ones explored some curious caves, and had a nice walk over the dales till dinner time.

The weather at the start on Wednesday was misty, so we unfortunately missed some of the grand views usually seen in

the Peak District, but it later cleared as we went on through Macclesfield and Northwich to Chester. A day could be profitably spent at this latter city, and we were allowed a liberal time to explore the Cathedral and other interesting places, but the ladies would hang round the shops. When all were collected, on again, and, after an hour's run, a view was opened before us beyond description.

The coach slowed up, and it was as though we were on the rim of a vast basin, with a grand panorama of valleys and mountains before us.

With careful driving we were taken down some pretty awkward hair-pin bends, past Ruthin and Corwen, and along the shores of Bala Lake, glorious scenery all the way, eventually reaching that gem of a place, Dolgelly.

Here we stayed at the Golden Lion Hotel, a less pretentious place than the Leicester and Buxton hotels. By now we were getting to know each other a bit, and a very jolly party enjoyed the evening meal that night. At Dolgelly the Curfew bell still rings, and the writer took the hint to turn in early, in anticipation of a full day on the morrow.

He was up before six o'clock the next morning for a walk over the mountains before breakfast, and it was well worth it to see the valleys enshrouded in the mist, and the sun rising over Cader Idris, and was not a glass or two of hot milk from the recently milked cows at a lone farmhouse acceptable!

Thursday's run was perhaps the best of all for scenery. From Dolgelly we ran through wooded scenery and by the bank of the River Dee, which latter gradually widened out upon entering the sea at Torwyn.

Here, before rounding a headland, a grand view was seen over the river estuary, of Barmouth, and beyond the highest of the Welsh mountains with Snowden towering over all.

At the next halt, Aberdovey (and by the way halts were made for refreshments other than detailed here), one of the ladies dared the writer to join her in a swim in the sea. He fell, and, though it was enjoyable, the bathe may have ended disastrously, as we were not warned of a strong current running out to sea, and, after swimming for quite a short time, discovered we were several hundred yards from the bathing machines, and it was not without some effort we made for shore, and glad to get a footing again on the beach.

Inland again, the coach took us on through beautiful mountain scenery, and towns and villages with unpronounceable names to Machynlleth for lunch. After leaving this old-world town we

came across a great Welsh event, sheep dog trials, and stopped to see what happened, and it was really wonderful the way the dogs had been trained to guide three sheep at a time through a maze of hurdles, and if one sheep went the wrong way there was a point against the dog driving them.

Llandrindod Wells was our stopping place that night, staying at the Hotel Metropole, a well-equipped establishment, but one preferred the homeliness of Dolgelly.

Whilst here some of the party must needs take the waters, neat, but those who took them diluted came off best.

Friday's run for the first part was still through charming hilly country, and Abergavenny was reached for lunch. After lunch we followed the Wye valley to Monmouth, a fine old town, and then on to Symonds Yat.

No visitor in that locality should miss the view from here, for from an eminence that we climbed on foot, a wonderful view of the windings of the Wye through three counties is seen, and one not to be forgotten.

Back to the coach and through the Forest of Dean, where coal miners were about in groups—the strike being on—to Gloucester, with its fine Cathedral, and on to Cheltenham.

Our last evening together was agreeably spent in the lounge of the Queen's Hotel, where we were staying, telling yarns and relating experiences of past holidays.

The last day, Saturday, like the last day of most holidays, was perhaps a little quiet, and, passing through Cirencester and Faringdon, we stopped at the Bear Hotel, Wantage, for lunch. Before rising therefrom there was a little speechmaking and much fun, in which the lady who nearly drowned the writer, shone in a maiden speech in reply to the toast of "The Ladies."

After leaving Wantage it was like getting near home, as the "Hop Leaf" came into evidence, and, as I had arranged to spend the week-end at Pangbourne, the coach very conveniently dropped me there, the rest of the party going on through Reading, Ascot and Staines to London.

For anyone wanting to see some of the beauties of our own country in comfort, and with all arrangements made for one, one of such trips can be highly recommended, and (I get nothing for the advertisement) a booklet of this and similar trips to Devon, Cornwall, Scotland, etc., would no doubt be sent on application being made to Messrs. Chapman & Sons, 1, Victoria Place, Eastbourne. But book well ahead.

G.G.A.

## THE SOCIAL CLUB.

### FULL PROGRAMME FOR MARCH.

Since the Annual Dinner reported in our last issue there has not been any event of great importance, although lively interest is being maintained by the Departmental Tournaments, Whist Drives, Billiards League Matches, etc. The Committee are preparing a full programme for March, when it is hoped that the return visit of the Licensed Tenants' Society for a Tournament of Games will take place; also a Concert by the Simonds' Concert Party, to be followed by a Dance on 18th March. Friday, 11th March, is booked for the presentation of Cups to the winners and runners-up in the Departmental Tournaments, also the prize (given by Mr. Stocker) for the Billiards Handicap. During this evening the winning team in the Departmental Tournaments will be called upon to play the Heads of Departments in a series of games, and it is hoped that the team for the latter will include Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds, Mr. C. W. Stocker, Mr. H. F. Lindars, Mr. F. C. Hawkes, Major H. Kaye, Mr. S. Bird and all those in charge of Departments, and the event certainly promises to be very interesting.

The results of recent Billiards League Matches and Departmental Tournaments are given below:—

### BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

#### DIVISION I.

#### FEBRUARY 2ND.

H. & G. SIMONDS' SOCIAL *v.* THE TRADES UNION CLUB (away).

<i>H. &amp; G. Simonds' Social.</i>		<i>The Trades Union Club.</i>	
A. Howard ... ..	137	<i>v.</i> R. Hardiment ... ..	150
R. Clement ... ..	144	<i>v.</i> A. Knight ... ..	150
A. Dalton ... ..	102	<i>v.</i> G. Hancock ... ..	150
R. Broad ... ..	145	<i>v.</i> R. French ... ..	150
F. Braisher ... ..	150	<i>v.</i> R. Waters ... ..	145
R. Griffiths ... ..	150	<i>v.</i> G. Painter ... ..	148
	828		893
Handicap ... ..	150	Handicap ... ..	150
	978		1,043

THE TRADES UNION CLUB winning by 65 points.

#### FEBRUARY 7TH.

H. & G. SIMONDS' SOCIAL *v.* THE CURZON CLUB (home).

<i>H. &amp; G. Simonds' Social.</i>		<i>The Curzon Club.</i>	
H. Howard ... ..	150	<i>v.</i> J. Smith ... ..	58
R. Clement ... ..	150	<i>v.</i> J. Row ... ..	82
A. Dalton ... ..	127	<i>v.</i> R. Davis ... ..	150
R. Broad ... ..	150	<i>v.</i> R. Bedding ... ..	147
F. Braisher ... ..	140	<i>v.</i> F. Perrin... ..	150
S. Bird ... ..	74	<i>v.</i> P. Rose ... ..	150
	791		737
Handicap ... ..	150		150
	941		887

H. & G. SIMONDS' SOCIAL winning by 54 points.

DIVISION II.

JANUARY 18TH.

H. & G. SIMONDS' SOCIAL v. THE BEACONSFIELD CLUB (away).

<i>H. &amp; G. Simonds' Social.</i>		<i>The Beaconsfield Club.</i>		
H. Davis	100	v.	W. B. Wilson	85
A. Jacobs	99	v.	J. W. Deacon	100
C. Weller	73	v.	C. H. Westcott	100
E. Palmer	73	v.	R. W. Bryant	100
G. Benford	75	v.	T. Rendall	100
W. Sparks	93	v.	Dr. Miller	100
	513			585
Handicap	170		Handicap	175
	683			760

BEACONSFIELD winning by 77 points.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8TH.

H. & G. SIMONDS' SOCIAL v. CAVERSHAM SOCIAL (home).

<i>H. &amp; G. Simonds' Social.</i>		<i>Caversham Social.</i>		
H. Davis	100	v.	W. Eynott	44
A. Jacobs	98	v.	E. Goodson	100
C. Weller	100	v.	T. Jenkins	67
G. Benford	100	v.	W. Prince	80
E. Palmer	100	v.	J. Hall	94
W. Hinton	49	v.	A. Marsden	100
	547			485
Handicap	170		Handicap	75
	717			560

H. & G. SIMONDS' SOCIAL winning by 157 points.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14TH.

H. & G. SIMONDS' SOCIAL v. CAVERSHAM CONSTITUTIONAL (home).

<i>H. &amp; G. Simonds' Social.</i>		<i>Caversham Constitutional.</i>		
H. Davis	87	v.	E. Hall	100
A. Jacobs	100	v.	W. Fenton	74
J. Rumens	86	v.	J. Carr	100
C. Weller	100	v.	By default	50
G. Benford	100	v.	R. Draper	99
E. Palmer	100	v.	S. Crane	54
	573			477
Handicap 170 -				
1/6th of 95	154		Handicap	75
	727			552

H. & G. SIMONDS' SOCIAL winning by 175 points.

DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21ST. TRANSPORT v. COOPERS.

TRANSPORT.			COOPERS.		
<i>Games.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Points.</i>		<i>Name.</i>	<i>Points.</i>
Billiards	W. Gilbey	0		R. Griffiths	1
"	H. Bull	0		C. Weller	1
"	T. Streams	0		W. Sparks	1
Dominoes	J. Embling	0		C. Latimer	1
"	C. Gunn	0		W. Newport	1
"	E. Hopkins	1		J. Morris	0
Crib	G. Marsh	0		G. Kelly	1
"	A. Grove	0		C. Latimer	1
"	T. Streams	1		C. Weller	0
Shove Halfpenny	E. Witts	1		A. Weight	0
"	W. Hutchins	0		F. Shipton	1
"	A. Hinxman	1		R. Sloper	0
Darts	F. Adey	1		A. Weight	0
"	T. Thame	1		G. Kelly	0
"	J. Champion	1		F. Shipton	0
Shooting	J. Champion	1		W. Sparks	0
"	A. Taylor	1/2		F. Collins	1/2
"	S. Whiting	1		G. Winslett	0
		9 1/2			8 1/2

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28TH. CELLARS v. BUILDING.

CELLARS.			BUILDING.		
<i>Games.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Points.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Points.</i>	
Billiards	W. Curtis	0		W. Hinton	1
"	W. Moss	1		A. Ayling	0
"	A. Croom	1		E. Chapman	0
Dominoes	W. Wheeler	0		E. Tate	1
"	F. Mason	0		P. Maynard	1
"	H. Holloway	1		W. Judd	0
Crib	J. Benford	0		W. Seward	1
"	H. Holdway	1		W. Wells	0
"	A. Simpkins	1		W. Bunting	0
Darts	J. Gough	0		C. Dobson	1
"	G. Bull	1		T. King	0
"	A. Simpkins	0		R. Stacey	1
Shove Halfpenny	J. Wetherall	1		B. Eymore	0
"	A. Shiers	0		A. Mills	1
"	A. Chilton	0		W. Sewell	1
Shooting	J. Cannon	1		A. Baldwin	0
"	J. Salisbury	1		W. Sewell	0
"	J. Randall	0		F. Mitchell	1
		9			9

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH. REST v. THE OFFICE.

Games.	REST.		THE OFFICES.	
	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.
Billiards ...	A. Dalton ...	0	R. Broad ...	1
" ...	F. Braisher ...	0	H. Davis ...	1
" ...	E. Palmer ...	1	A. Jacobs ...	0
Dominoes ...	A. Comley ...	1	W. Bradford ...	0
" ...	J. Kirk ...	1	W. Wild ...	0
" ...	H. Stanbrook ...	1	— ...	0
Crib ...	S. Bird ...	0	H. Davis ...	1
" ...	T. Edwards ...	0	H. Osborne ...	1
" ...	T. Osborne ...	0	A. G. Rider ...	1
Shove Halfpenny ...	A. Nash ...	1	W. Bradford ...	0
" ...	G. Humphries ...	0	R. Broad ...	1
" ...	Q. Franklin ...	1	C. Cox ...	0
Darts ...	T. Weedon ...	1	A. Jacobs ...	0
" ...	F. Jones ...	0	W. Wild ...	1
" ...	A. J. Nash ...	1	C. Cox ...	0
Shooting ...	J. Croft ...	1	— ...	0
" ...	H. Prater ...	0	A. G. Rider ...	1
" ...	F. Jones ...	1	H. Osborne ...	0
		—		8
		10		—

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11TH. COOPERS v. CELLARS.

Games.	COOPERS.		CELLARS.	
	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.
Billiards ...	R. Griffiths ...	1	W. Curtis ...	0
" ...	C. Weller ...	1	G. Moss ...	0
" ...	W. Sparks ...	1	A. Croom ...	0
Dominoes ...	C. Latimer ...	0	W. Wheeler ...	1
" ...	W. Newport ...	1	F. Mason ...	0
" ...	J. Morris ...	1	H. Nickless ...	0
Crib ...	G. Kelly ...	0	J. Benford ...	1
" ...	C. Latimer ...	0	H. Holloway ...	1
" ...	C. Weller ...	1	A. Simpkins ...	0
Shove Halfpenny ...	A. Weight ...	1	J. Gough ...	0
" ...	F. Shipton ...	0	C. Bull ...	1
" ...	E. Carpenter ...	1	T. Freeman ...	0
Darts ...	G. Kelly ...	1	H. Nickless ...	0
" ...	A. Weight ...	0	J. Cannon ...	1
" ...	F. Shipton ...	1	A. Holloway ...	0
Shooting ...	W. Sparks ...	0	J. Cannon ...	1
" ...	F. Collins ...	0	J. Gough ...	1
" ...	G. Winslett ...	0	C. Bull ...	1
		—		8
		10		—

The scores to date are as follows:—

The Rest ...	49 points	Finished
Building ...	40½ "	"
Coopers ...	37½ "	1 to play want 12 points to win
Cellars ...	35½ "	1 " " 14 " "
Offices ...	30 "	1 " " 19½ " "
Transport ...	41½ "	1 " " 8 " "

Four teams still have a sporting chance to win the Directors' Cup or the Lindars Cup.

BRANCHES.

GIBRALTAR.

Perhaps it would be as well to deviate a little from the path of our foregoing efforts, and try to enlighten the readers of THE HOP LEAF a little about ourselves historically, because we consider that the groundwork of so important a Colony as Gibraltar would appear senseless without it.

Gibraltar, the Mons Calpe of the ancients, and one of the pillars of Hercules (the other being known as Mount Abyla, Cueta), was first known to the Phœnicians, but was not actually inhabited until the Mohammedan Invasion of Spain, about 100 years B.C.

In the year 711 A.D. a Moorish Chief, Tarik-Ibn-Zeyad, landed on the Rock, and from him it took its original name, Gibel-Tarik, or the Mountain of Tarik. To render his position more secure he seized the Rock and erected the Fortress, the remains of which are seen in the Moorish Castle. Tarik's fortifications at Gibraltar are worthy of notice. The upper tower of the Castle stands out boldly over the face of the cliff and the three-fold wall zig-zags down to the water's edge. The Castle was commenced in 711 and finished in 742. One of its gateways still remains in a state of good preservation. An inscription recording the date of the completion of the Castle in 742 by Abul Haziz is as follows:—"Prosperity and Peace to our Sovereign and Servant of God, Supreme Governor of the Moors, our Sovereign Ali Abul Haziz, the son of Jesid, Supreme rulers of the Moors, son of our Sovereign Ali Al Walid whom God preserve." This is a translation.

During the time the Moorish Castle was building the Moorish invaders had reached the Pyrenees, and the Empire of the Caliphs by 730 extended from France to the Sahara.

In 1086 Gibraltar was in possession of the Caliph Yusef-ben-Taxin, and, as at this time the Spanish Moors were unable to contend with the forces brought against them by Alfonso of Castille, they implored aid from Africa. This was granted, and a powerful Moslem army was sent to Spain and soon took the country from their weaker brethren. During these strifes Gibraltar was alternately in the possession of both parties. In the year 1309 the Rock was exposed to its first siege and taken by Ferdinand IV of Spain, after it had been in the power of the Moors for many hundreds of years.

It was retaken by the Moors in 1333, who had held Gibraltar altogether for 726 years, and it may be described as their first landing place in, and their last point of departure from, Europe. Up to this time Gibraltar had sustained eight sieges.

In 1410 internal rivalry became so acute that open hostility broke out within the town and the Granadian Moors were expelled.

To assist his loyal supporters the Sultan of Fez sent over a considerable force.

The Caliph, however, was insufficient, and Gibraltar again was starved into submission by Joseph, Sultan of Grenada.

In 1435 the Christians, under Henry de Guzman, endeavoured to cut the sea communications of Gibraltar, but without success. The Fortress surrendered on the 20th August, 1462 (St. Bernard's Day), and Gibraltar accordingly took St. Bernard as its Patron Saint.

In 1465 the city and camps of Gibraltar were granted to the Duke of Medina Sidonia, but he had first to capture the city by siege before he could obtain possession in 1467.

As a mark of Imperial favour a special Coat of Arms was granted in 1502 to the city, consisting of a gateway of Three Towers, with a golden key appended, and which is the present insignia of Gibraltar.

If these little historical "write ups" are of interest to the readers of THE GAZETTE, they will be continued from time to time.

#### A TOPICAL ALPHABET FROM GIBRALTAR.

- "A" is for all who work for *The Firm*,  
By month, year or lifetime, whatever the term.
- "B," Barrels and Bottles containing our Beer,  
Sent o'er the Empire to engender good cheer.
- "C" are the Canteens, the Service Men's clubs,  
The equivalents of the civilians' pubs.
- "D" is the duty we are called on to pay,  
To help the Old Country in a financial way.
- "E" stands for Empire which from England did spring,  
Long may her sons in harmony sing.
- "F" is the Fame our goods 'ere beget.  
With such drinks as Simonds' U.S.A. would go wet.
- "G" you'll allow must stand for Gibraltar,  
One of our stations, as also is Malta.
- "H" is for "Hopleaf," Trade Mark and GAZETTE,  
May they ever flourish. They *will*, you can bet.
- "I," Indian Empire, e'en there we excel,  
A slogan out there is "Drink Simonds, keep well."
- "J," the juices by Simonds extracted and blended,  
So subtly, that palates are never offended.
- "K" is our King to whom we are loyal,  
Here's "Long life to him and his Family Royal."
- "L" are the Landlords who retail our wares,  
By sticking to Simonds, they'll avoid empty chairs.
- "M" is for Malt, a well-esteemed food,  
Most pleasantly taken when properly brewed.

"N" for our Navy, serving South, East and West,  
Wherever they go, they vote Simonds' best.

"O" is the Oast wherein hops are dried,  
Look it up for yourselves, you may think I've lied.

"P" is our Prince, the pride of the nation,  
Much loved by the people whatever their station.

"Q" is for "Quaff" as the Froth Blowers say,  
As they lower their modest few glasses a day.

"R" stands for Reading, our well-known Head Quarters,  
The home of our Brewers, their sons and their daughters.

"S" is for Simonds, what else could it be?

"S" at the beginning and end—do you see?

"T" for Teetotalers. We're entitled to think,  
We are far better off with Simonds' to drink.

"U" is not usually used in a rhyme,

"I've tried hard, but really, I'm beaten each time.

"V" are the Vats, may they never run out,  
Of Simonds' products, whether beer or Milk Stout.

"W" for water, an excellent drink,

To most, much more pleasing if coloured, I think.

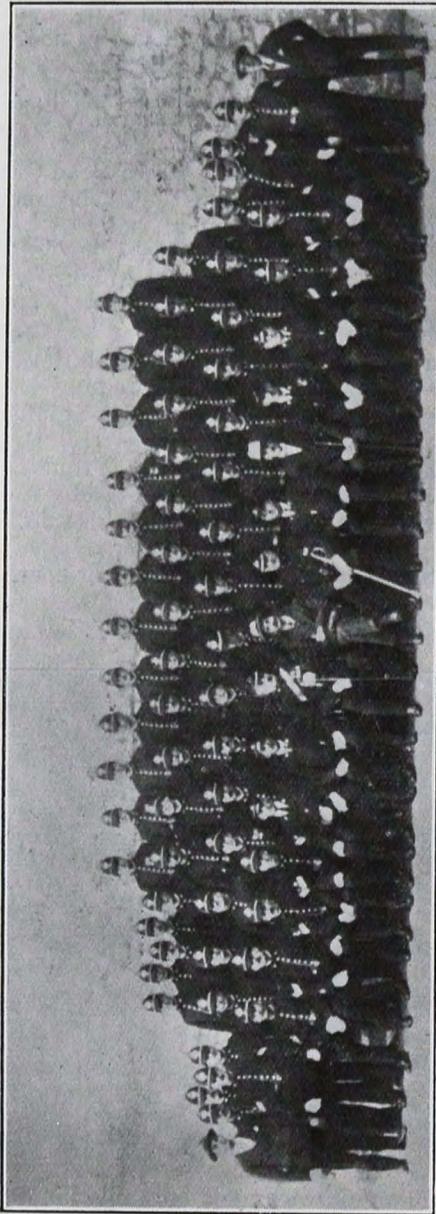
"X" was Zantippe, an old woman long dead,  
Had Simonds existed she'd have lived, so 'tis said.

"Y" is for Yeast, fermentation its power,  
Whether used mixed with hops, or barley, or flour.

"Z" is Zymotio, to rhyme it I'll try,  
It pertains to fermenting, referred to at "Y."



The above photograph was taken of a Masonic Banquet, held at the Assembly Rooms here, on Saturday, January 15th, 1927, at which there were over 200 present.



GIBRALTAR CIVIL POLICE FORCE.

The central group in bottom row, reading from left to right, is:—J. Cochrane, Esq. (Chief of Police), Major C. W. J. Orr, C.M.G. (late Colonial Secretary), W. E. Brown, Esq. (Superintendent).

#### LONDON NOTES.

At the time of writing we are looking forward to the Cup Tie between Reading and Brentford and wish Reading good luck, as we hope to see them meet Chelsea in the Final. Several here are so certain that Reading will be at the Stadium that they have already secured their tickets for the match.

Mr. H. Ward occupied the Chair at the Committee Dinner of the Railway Trades Union Co-operative Society, Nine Elms, held at the Surrey Tavern, Kennington Oval, on the 25th January. A very successful evening ended in the decision to hold the function annually.

S.B.A. and I.P.A. were provided and of course assisted in the enjoyment of the evening.

It was noticed in the *Pictorial Press* of 8th February that our S.B.A. was much to the fore on the tables at Lord Lonsdale's Dinner to the Staff who are building the grand stand at Epsom.

By the courtesy of Mr. H. T. Tulley, of the Royal Air Force Club, Piccadilly, we were shown over a small part of this wonderful establishment a short while ago.

The male Staff consists of about 130. A fine Club Room, with billiards table and other sports, is provided, also a well-stocked Canteen, under the management of Mr. J. Griffin.

A Vat of the Ancient Order of Froth Blowers has been started by the indefatigable Mr. J. Thatcher and is a very great success.

#### HYTHER.

##### BREWERY EMPLOYEES ENTERTAINED: A HAPPY OCCASION.

On Wednesday, February 2nd, the Institute, Hythe, presented a very happy appearance, the occasion being the annual Tea and Entertainment given to the employees at the Hythe Brewery and their families by Messrs. Mackeson & Co., Ltd. The gathering exceeded two hundred.

Tea was commenced at five o'clock, five large tables extending the length of the hall, being completely occupied, young and old sitting side by side, to do ample justice to the excellent fare with which the tables were heavily laden.

As in the case of many previous years, the catering was most excellently carried out by Mr. A. Noos, the waiting being done by a band of ladies, assisted by several members of the office staff.

Among those present were Mr. F. A. Simonds, Mr. C. W. Stocker, Major F. J. Johnson, Mr. H. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. F. Chapman, and the Vicar (the Rev. C. W. Chastel de Boinville). Employees from both Ashford and Dover were also present.

One of the most amusing items of the party was the rendering of "The Froth Blowers' Anthem," one and all joining in this most extensively sung chorus, which is so closely connected with our particular craft. The accompanist for this and several other choruses was Mr. W. H. B. Hoad.

At the conclusion of tea, tables were cleared and chairs drawn into line, and two large bran dips were produced. After each child had availed itself of this treat, Mr. Simonds introduced to those present Mrs. Harry Mackeson, who, he said, had come at great personal inconvenience that evening, for she was not just now residing in the neighbourhood, to present the prizes. After having an enthusiastic welcome accorded her, Mrs. Mackeson said she was pleased to be once again among so many of her friends, although on looking round she did not see so many faces she knew as in the old days. She wished them all a prosperous year during 1927.

Each child up to fifteen years of age was the recipient of a gift. Another humorous occasion arose when Mr. Simonds announced that the last name on the children's prize list was one, Tony Chapman. Roars of laughter greeted this, and Mr. Chapman came forward to receive a toy trumpet, amidst loud laughter and applause.

Mr. F. A. Simonds said he had been asked to present to the best bowler of the firm, Mr. Frank Blackman, a cricket ball from the worst bowler. (Laughter.) He knew that Mr. Chapman could bat very well with a large crowd all round, and when playing with refreshment bars surrounding him, but when he came to an ordinary ground, like the Hythe one, he couldn't do it. (Laughter.) A hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mrs. Mackeson for her attendance that evening, and also to Mr. Harry Mackeson, who was unable to attend.

An excellent entertainment was afterwards given by Mr. Douglas Beaufort, of London, a very clever and entertaining conjuror. Great amusement was caused when C. Dray was requested to write on a piece of paper a quotation from his favourite poet. Upon receiving it Mr. Beaufort read: "Two pints of S.B." Apparently Dray was confusing "Tennyson" with "Mackeson."

Before the party broke up, Mr. W. R. Williams proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the Firm for the most enjoyable things they had so kindly provided, and the resolution was carried with acclamation. Upon their departure the children received an orange each, and the men a cigar.

#### HYPHE BOROUGH LICENSING SESSIONS, FEBRUARY, 1927.

*Extract from Report of Superintendent of Police.*

"The population of the Borough is 7,767, which gives a ratio of one licence to 298.73 of the inhabitants.

"The following is a table of convictions for drunkenness during the past eight years:—1919, five; 1920, nil; 1921, two; 1922, two; 1923, one; 1924, nil; 1925, one; 1926, nil."

The Chairman said he had much pleasure in saying that all the licences would be renewed. On behalf of the Magistrates, he testified to the very satisfactory way in which the licensed houses had been conducted during the past year. They were certainly a credit to the licence-holders and a credit to the town.

(NOTE.—Eighteen out of twenty-one on-licences are granted to houses belonging to the Firm.)

#### INTER-GAMES COMPETITION.

##### HYPHE BREWERY v. ODDFELLOWS' CLUB, CHERITON.

On Saturday, February 5th, a party from the Hythe Brewery numbering just over twenty, journeyed to Cheriton and paid a visit to the Oddfellows' Club there, for the purpose of competing in an inter-games contest. Although the night was very bad, there was a very good attendance at the Club and keen interest was displayed by competitors and onlookers alike. Mr. J. Spencer of the Hythe Brewery ably acted as M.C.

During the evening Mr. J. C. Mullin and Mr. A. P. F. Chapman looked in and received a cordial greeting.

The Brewery suffered defeat at the hands of the "Odds," scores being as follows:—

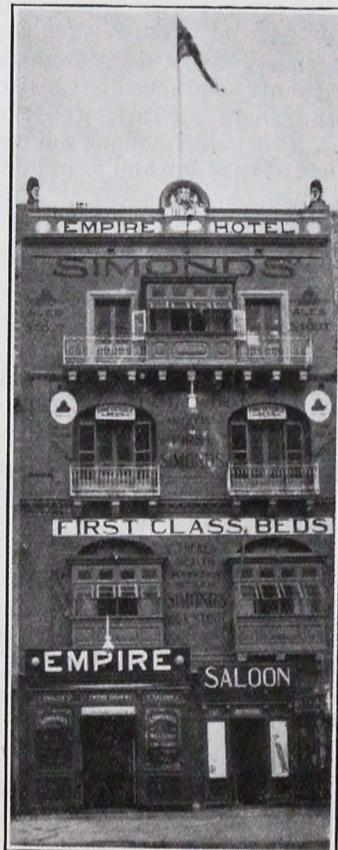
HYPHE BREWERY.			ODDFELLOWS' CLUB, CHERITON.		
Games.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.	
Billiards	... E. Hollands ...	... 0	Easton ...	... 1	
	... S. Middleton ...	... 1	Piddock ...	... 0	
	... L. Hollands ...	... 0	Vincent ...	... 1	
	... H. B. Smith ...	... 0	Mason ...	... 1	
		—		—	
		1		3	
		—		—	
Whist	... Peacock and Wood ...	... 0	Wilson and Piddock ...	... 1	
	... E. Martin and Rolfe ...	... 1	Beal and Bartter ...	... 0	
	... Andrews and Cooper ...	... 0	Bodrick and Piddock ...	... 1	
	... Peacock and Rose ...	... 0	Barlow and Wilson ...	... 1	
	... E. Martin and Rolfe ...	... 0	Beal and Wilson ...	... 1	
	... J. Martin and Cooper ...	... 0	Easton and Mason ...	... 1	
		—		—	
		1		5	
		—		—	

Dominoes	... E. Martin and Rolfe ...	1	Lindon and Pooley ...	0
"	... Bull and Rose ...	0	Cooper and Fitzgerald...	1
"	... Sheppard and Jones ...	0	Towle and White ...	1
		-		-
		1		2
		-		-
Darts	... Llewellyn and Dray ...	1	Lord and Burns ...	0
"	... E. Hollands & L. Hollands	0	Ritgan and Merritt ...	1
"	... Andrews and Cooper ...	1	Tirgan and Burns ...	0
"	... Dray and Jones ...	1	Kingslead and Merritt	0
"	... Middleton and Dines ...	1	Kingslead and Munn ...	0
		-		-
		4		1

## MALTA.

The excellent photograph of Mr. Arthur Rizzo, the noted swimmer, which attracted considerable attention, was produced by Messrs. Richard Ellis, of Malta, the owners and authors of the said photograph.

## THE EMPIRE HOTEL.



The Fine Dancing Hall.

This Hotel, running a first-class bar, as per photo, is kept by a good friend of ours, Mr. Charles Grech, of Sliema. The colour of the Hotel front is green and our advertisement and trade mark can be clearly seen from all the ships in the Sliema Harbour. The Hotel also contains many of our advertisements in the various spacious rooms comprising the Bar, Dancing Hall and Concert Room, of which we enclose photos. A good Hotel run by an efficient proprietor. A warm welcome is always extended to all.



Cooling Simonds' Beer on a Picnic at Malta.



FOOTBALL.

## THE SLIEMA WANDERERS.

Malta, in her entirety, is keen on football. At the present moment "The Sliema Wanderers" are the idols of the crowd. The season has not yet decided whether they are the best team or not however, as there are many important league matches to come off. Both our illustrations depict this team against a Yugo-Slav side who visited the Island recently. The Wanderers were the winners after a good tussle. (*Wanderers*:—Blue jersey with sky-blue arms; *Yugo-Slavs*:—Striped jerseys). Our advertisement can be seen in one of the photos.

W.M.H.

## WOOLWICH.

Since the last issue of THE GAZETTE we have had the pleasure of renewing our old acquaintance with The Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards), who arrived at Colchester from India on January 25th.

The trouble in China has been the means of our losing the 4th Divisional Signals, R.C.S., at Colchester. We wish them a speedy return to the Old Country.

All here are glad to see Reading making such a good show in the F.A. Cup.

Our *one* Reading supporter at this Branch is going through a very trying period, and we have heard that he has already booked his seat for Wembley (supreme optimist!)

We were glad to note from last month's GAZETTE that the Annual Dinner of the Firm's Social Club was so well supported and that the Directors took such a prominent part in the proceedings. Some of us here feel envious of our Reading colleagues who have so fine a Club at their disposal.

Our best wishes are sent to all and trust those stricken with illness will have a speedy recovery.

## LUDGERSHALL.

We regret to announce the passing away of Mr. F. L. Shrimpton's mother at his residence at Andover on February 1st. She will be missed by many friends. Mrs. Shrimpton was well known to the Staff here and to many at Reading and other Branches. She was a very popular hostess, and gave invaluable assistance to Mr. Shrimpton during the time he was Manager in Dublin. This recalls the terrible times she went through there during the Black Easter of 1916, when she was right in the heart of the Rebellion, and Mr. Shrimpton was in England on business at the time of the outbreak.

We also tender our sympathy to Mr. E. Thornbery, whose father has just passed away at the ripe old age of 79.

## SPORT.

Our Billiards Team (and supporters) spent a very enjoyable evening at the Landale Wilson Institute, Enham, on Friday, January 21st, when the return fixture was played off. We did a little better than we had previously done, but again went under to the disabled men. One of the features of the two meetings has been the brilliant play of Mr. Marchi, who, despite the handicap of only having one arm, makes breaks of thirty to forty with a frequency that is alarming to his opponents.

<i>The Staff.</i>			<i>Landale Wilson Institute.</i>			
Mr. F. L. Shrimpton	...	100	v.	Mr. Guest	...	93
J. Lazzari	...	76	v.	Mr. Bird	...	100
T. Flemington	...	100	v.	Mr. Griffen	...	32
H. Nuttall	...	100	v.	Mr. Gamblin	...	84
E. Hockings	...	60	v.	Mr. Marchi	...	100
E. Pearce	...	100	v.	Mr. Bayles	...	73
A. Frazer	...	22	v.	Mr. Barber	...	100
J. Mitcheson	...	90	v.	Mr. Pilkington	...	100
		648				682

On Friday, February 4th, a number of the Staff visited the Machine Gun School, Netheravon, where they were entertained by R.S.M. Dickenson and the members of the Sergeants' Mess. Unfortunately our Chief, owing to his bereavement, was unable to accompany us, but thanks to our entertainers we all had a great time, and not a dull moment was spent. In fact, we were all very sorry to leave, but with 12 miles to go, and breakfast at 7 a.m., we could not stay any longer, otherwise we should have missed the milkman!

Billiards, snooker and card games were played during the evening, after which we had a social. R.S.M. Dickenson gave a clever display of conjuring and card tricks, and special mention must also be made of S.M.I. Henry, whose abilities made him the "life" of the party. He was ably assisted by S.M.I. Lee and a clever pianist.

The catering arrangements were excellently carried out by Sergt.-Major Sleightholme and Harry.

<i>The Staff.</i>				<i>Machine Gun School, Netheravon.</i>			
H. Flemington	...	...	88	v.	Sergt. Nolan	...	100
H. Nuttall	...	...	100	v.	Q.M.S.I. Noonan	...	56
E. Pearce	...	...	37	v.	Q.M.S.I. Shaw	...	100
J. Mitcheson	...	...	87	v.	Q.M.S.I. Yates	...	100
			<hr/>				<hr/>
			312				356

Two Snooker matches were played, but in both cases our opponents proved too strong for us.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD CANVAS DEPOTS AND MANŒUVRE DAYS.

BY F.L.S.

I well remember the day when I was posted from Oxford Branch to take up the duties of Chief Clerk at Ludgershall, under my old friend Mr. William H. G. Wigley.

Ludgershall Branch was only in its infancy, and Tidworth Barracks were then in the course of construction. There were only a few troops stationed at Bulford Camp, quartered in hutments which were built towards the close of the Boer War.

I had not had any previous experience of Military life. In fact it was Greek to me, and I could not have told you from his badge the difference between a Lieut.-Colonel and a Lance-Corporal.

However, under the tuition of my friend Mr. Wigley, I was very soon licked into shape.

During the summer large bodies of troops came to Salisbury Plain for training. Some of the camps were situated long distances from the Branch, which necessitated opening up Canvas Depots and Store Tents at such places as West Down and Pond Farm.

Eventually I was deputed to take over the charge of one of these Depots at West Down. We must not lose sight of the fact that in those days there were no motor lorries for moving the usual camp equipment required for fitting up the various Canteens and Sergeants' Messes. The whole of this had to be done with horses sent down from Reading for the season, and we had to make up our transport with all sorts and conditions of cattle and vehicles hired from the local farmers. Later on, a huge traction engine was requisitioned with a couple of trucks, and these were loaded the previous night with canvas, tables, forms, beer stands and the usual paraphernalia. The old "Puffing Billy" would start off at dawn the following morning to proceed to West Down. This was always a very slow job, and we were very lucky if the old fellow arrived at his destination before it was dark.

FRANK JEFFERIES AND JIM ETHERINGTON.

The next job was, of course, to pitch the Store Tent and a Marquee to be used as an Office by myself and my clerk.

Invariably Frank Jefferies and Jim Etherington undertook this job of pitching the Depot, and, later on, the canvas required for the Messes and Canteens of the various Units. I have always had a very warm corner in my heart, and will always continue to have, for Frank Jefferies and Jim Etherington, on account of the wonderful work and support I have always received from them. The good name the Firm enjoys to-day for the manner in which we have always carried out our camp arrangements, is to a great measure due to their efforts. The weather conditions for pitching were at times simply appalling, but they never relaxed their efforts and by the time the troops marched into camp everything would be in readiness.

Etherington was not only a very good man at pitching canvas, but was also a very excellent cook, having served in this capacity during a few years in the Army.

Of course, it must be understood that we had to make our own cooking arrangements, and it was marvellous the appetising meals he would produce in the evening after the return from a hard day's work.

Rabbits, hares and all sorts of things would find their way into his mysterious pot, and I can assure you that there was very little left after we had all finished.

Of course at times, owing to the heavy weather, we would have the usual catastrophes to the canvas. There was one old tent (I believe he was a square end 50ft. by 25ft., but I am certain that its number was 48) which was the very devil to pitch. It was about twice as heavy as any of the other tents, and it only needed a shower and a decent wind to bring the whole lot down. I was served this trick on one occasion at West Down North, the very night the troops were marching in. I might mention that old 48 was to serve as a Sergeants' Mess of one of the Volunteer Battalions of the Gloucester Regiment. Having been served this trick once, I decided not to be caught again, and always asked for this particular tent to be sent on in advance to be used at the Depot, which was invariably in a sheltered spot, and we could always give an eye and avoid disaster. No doubt old "Tiff" and Jim will have vivid recollections of the tent to which I refer. I am very glad that to-day, still serving on the Staff, are many members who have assisted at these depots. Those members, such as Messrs. W. F. McIntyre, A. R. Bradford, E. Thornbery, G. E. Boddington, J. W. Jelley, A. Luscombe, F. G. Garside, A. Bowyer, W. Davis, P. T. Herridge, etc., had had previous experience and knew what to expect, but I am positively certain that some of the green 'uns experienced a cold shiver down their backs when warned by Reading to report for duty at Salisbury Plain. No doubt there are others who I have omitted to mention, but I feel sure that anyone that I have overlooked will pardon me after all these years.

#### AMUSING EPISODES.

Various amusing episodes have occurred in connection with these Canvas Depots, and there is one old friend I have in mind, who, I am sorry to say, has gone to join the great majority, namely, Mr. George Dixon, late of Oxford Branch. Poor old George had served as a Sergeant in the Grenadier Guards, and the particular year to which I refer I had a man named Hersey as cook, who had been a Sergeant in the Bedfordshire Regiment.

One Sunday afternoon it cropped up in the course of conversation as to who was the better Drill Sergeant of the two. There was only one way to settle it, and that was for the two worthies to demonstrate to us in a practical manner, that is to say, to take it in turns to drill each other. The ex-Guardsman, naturally, was a very strong favourite, but after the demonstration the Staff were very equally divided and so we called it a dead heat. We then adjourned to the Store Tent for liquid refreshment.

Talking of poor Dixon reminds me of two other stories.

Whether it was merely ill-luck, or whether it was the fact that ex-Sergeant Hersey wanted to get a little of his own back on the ex-Guardsman I cannot say. We had a very wet camp,

and Dixon went off into the little village of Shrewton and purchased a brand new pair of brown boots. The very first day he sported these boots it rained in torrents, and he came back very wet footed. Before retiring for the night he very foolishly placed the boots into the oven of the cooking stove.

Next morning ex-Sergeant Hersey stoked up a remarkably good fire, and in a very short time anything but a savoury odour came from the oven.

Hersey had cremated the brown 'uns. The language of the ex-Guardsman was not fit for publication in this respectable journal.

One of Dixon's duties was to collect the cash and take the stocks of the tenant Canteens. One day poor George returned rather late in the evening with his stocks and cash from the various Canteens. We had waited some time for him to come in and join us at grub, but at last our patience failed us and we set to without him. Later on Dixon arrived with his cash which he deposited in the Office, and adjourned to the Store Tent for supper. Of course, to leave his bag with all his cash in such a place was a very foolish thing to do. To teach him a lesson for the future, I substituted a brick in his leather bag and locked his canvas bag, containing the cash, in my safe. You can imagine the expression on his face when an hour afterwards he went to make up his cash for the day. We kept the joke up all night. Needless to say, poor old George did not get a wink of sleep, and, as we could see that it was making him positively ill, we relieved his mind by telling him.

#### ONE OF THE BIGGEST CAVALRY CAMPS.

Some of the members of the Staff will recollect that 1908 was one of the biggest Cavalry Camps held on Salisbury Plain. There were two Brigades at Pond Farm Camp and two Brigades at West Down North. We were doing practically the whole of the Canteens and Sergeants' Mess at Pond Farm with one exception, and also enjoyed a considerable amount of business at West Down North. At the close of camp the Firm experienced one of the most disastrous canvas catastrophes that it has been my misfortune to experience. Practically the whole of the canvas, with the exception of one Mess, was brought down in one night, and you can imagine the trouble the canvas staff and myself had in rescuing the debris.

While on the subject of Depots, I should like to pay a tribute to the horse drivers sent down from Reading to assist us. There have been so many in my time that it is difficult to remember them all. The following names occur to me: Jim Champion,

King, Sawyer, Thame, Old "Time-a-day," "Bother 'em" Robinson, Bill Ballard, Sessions, Edwards, Palmer and Jim Wright. There was also poor old Jack Mason, who only last year was laid to his last long rest in Ludgershall Churchyard. Poor old Jack was a queer card, but a more considerate man to his horses I have never come across. He could pitch a tent with the next man, as I am sure Frank Jefferies and Jim Etherington will admit. There was also one other thing on these Camp Depots at which he was more than useful, the details of which I do not consider it policy to go into, otherwise, as the police would say, "it might be taken down in evidence against me."

Running these standing camps was a very different matter to the actual Manœuvres, that is to say, when the troops were on the move all day, and at the close of day it was uncertain where they would bivouac for the night. I often have a smile to myself when the Manœuvres of 1909 happen to cross my mind. This particular year the 3rd Division, composed of the 7th, 8th and 9th Infantry Brigades, prior to the actual Manœuvres were training in the Swindon District.

#### VERY DISTINCT INSTRUCTIONS.

The 1st Brigade was at Charlton Park, Malmesbury, another Brigade was at Hardenhuish Park, Chippenham, and a third Brigade was at Wootton Bassett. Mr. Wigley was in charge of "operations," and I was his "second in command." If my memory serves me right, the actual standing camp finished on the Saturday night, and the troops were to bivouac for the Sunday on the ground of the original camp to enable them to move off and commence operations against the opposing forces on the Monday morning. Well, on the Friday prior to striking the standing camp, I had very distinct instructions from Mr. Wigley to the effect that under no circumstances must we overstock ourselves with beer to be carried on the road. In fact, his orders were that no beer was to be ordered through on the Saturday except under his instructions. The arrangement was for me to meet him at Malmesbury at 10 a.m. on Saturday, and we would then see what further requirements we would want.

I omitted to mention that the beer intended to follow the troops on the actual Manœuvres was at various stations in the vicinity of the three camps already named. Unfortunately, Mr. Wigley was otherwise engaged and did not keep his appointment at 10 a.m. I waited for a matter of a couple of hours, and, as he did not turn up, and knowing that we were not overdone with beer, I despatched a telegram on my own to Reading. Just as the clerk had gone out with the telegram, Mr. Wigley arrived. There was,

of course, the usual "Brocks' Benefit" as to the why and wherefore of my action, with the result that after running up the street I overtook the messenger before he entered the Post Office.

#### A VERY NEAR SQUEAK.

After giving the matter due consideration my old friend Mr. Wigley decided to cut my order down by 50 per cent., and I feel sure he will agree with me that his action resulted in the very nearest squeak of the Firm breaking down on Manœuvres, for on the Sunday the beer which was intended for the road on the Monday, was on the camp, loaded on the various vans attached to each Battalion, and the troops, no doubt thinking it might be some time before they had an opportunity of indulging in the beer supplied by the Firm, set about it in no half-hearted manner. The result was that by dinner-time on Sunday they had practically finished the whole of the beer on the vans for use on Monday. Fortunately, Mr. Wigley was with me on the Sunday, and managed to get in touch with a friend in Reading, who got a message on to The Brewery, and, with the co-operation of the Great Western Railway Co., beer was loaded and attached to the first passenger train out of Reading on the Monday morning. This beer was duly collected by our various vans at Swindon Station while on the march.

#### A MISSING BAG.

During these Manœuvres we halted one night just outside Little Faringdon, and I got a heavy shock. On getting into camp, I left my bag containing the papers which recorded the amount of beer issued to the various Units, in the charge of Jack Mason. I was anxious to have a look round and see if all the vans had got in all right, and told Jack to take charge of the bag. It was about midnight when I went out on my round. On my return I asked Jack Mason if my bag was all right, and he informed me that it was in the van. The reader will quite imagine the shock I received when, on looking round, I discovered that the bag was missing. Naturally, it was a great source of worry to me, as I was placed in an awkward position, and no action could be taken with a view to the recovery of the bag. I can assure you that it was I myself that this time had very little sleep, and, just as it was getting light, I turned out to have a look round. The remarkable part of it is, that I found the bag about a quarter-of-a-mile from the camp. The contents had been turned upside down, but I am thankful to say that the only thing missing was a beer gauge. Apparently the thief was under the impression that I was carrying the cash proceeds of the sale of our beer, but in this he was mistaken. Had I not found this, all records of

the beer issued would have been lost and I would have found myself in a very awkward position. Jack Mason, by the way, got a flow of the pure Oxonian mixture for his carelessness in not having looked after the bag.

Another faithful old friend of the Firm, who I had almost overlooked, who had his heart and soul in his work and always gave of his best, was Mr. J. Pearce. Unfortunately, owing to ill-health, Mr. Pearce retired three years ago, and, as an appreciation of his excellent work, was rewarded with a well-earned pension.

Mr. Pearce, I am glad to say, still has the interest of the Firm at heart, and, when his health permits, he likes nothing better than to have a look round the old Branch.

Manœuvre work in England is of a very different nature to the Manœuvres I took part in on behalf of the Firm during my sojourn as Manager of the late Dublin Branch. Here in England everything is plain sailing, but in Ireland there were considerably more worries and trials to contend with. I think it was the Manœuvres of 1913 in Ireland, when we had a very rough job under the most atrocious conditions. To a large extent one had to rely on the hired transport, and it was always a toss-up if the transport would arrive as arranged for overnight. However, in spite of the many difficulties, we managed to pull through with credit to ourselves and the Firm.

#### THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Those were the good old days. Those were the days when we worked very hard and, at times, for very long hours, but all of us, no matter what our position was on the Branch, did our best to carry out our duties to the very best of our abilities.

To my mind that was the spirit that, in no small measure, conduced to the wonderful reputation that the Firm enjoys to-day.

We have heard a lot about the booming trade which has been forecasted for the year 1927, and it is up to every member of the Staff to follow the very excellent example of those good fellows who in the past have carried out their duties in such a loyal and conscientious manner.

#### SALISBURY.

We are pleased that Carman H. Vann, who has served the Firm at Ludgershall and Salisbury for nigh on twenty years, has now recovered from the effects of the accident which has put him "on the shelf" for a couple of months. A foot, crushed under the wheel of a passing lorry, has proved very troublesome.

It is a source of satisfaction to him, and to us, that he is able to carry on again. He missed the merry dance (in and out of the Stores) during Christmas week, and his mishap was altogether unfortunate.

We only hope he will not endeavour to hold up the traffic in such a way again. The local "force" do not appreciate such "assistance." And it's bad for the Branch!

We are pleased to know that our old friend, Mr. G. Warrener, is again at the helm of the Boscombe W.M. Club. Experience counts a lot in these matters.

One new Chairman of a City Club has sportingly offered to give a guinea hat to any member who makes a break of 75 or over, in a game of a hundred up, during his year of office. A player must be in play with 50 or more when the hundred is reached, to finish the break in an attempt to win a hat. Hard luck on the "49 not out" man!

The local "bloods" are on the warpath every night, feverishly chalking up, while the local hatters replenish their stocks in anticipation of the "brightening up of trade."

Knowing the slips that occur between the grip and the tip, the grey-beards smile, and wonder how many hats will fit the first winner.

'Tis a novel idea anyway, and no doubt it will further stimulate that healthy rivalry which all such institutions need, more or less, and induces even the youngest member to give of his best.

#### "THE MORE WE ARE TOGETHER."

Eight "togethers" in a fortnight should more than satisfy even the King of "Blowers," in these strenuous times, and it looks as though orders for the night will soon be necessary. However, one good turn deserves another, and "so we go on and on and on" as the old song has it.

We follow with pleasure the fortunes of the Reading Football Club, and hope to see them at Southampton in the next round of the Cup. In any case at Wembley.

They are making the Berkshire town famous in another direction this season with a vengeance.

Talking about Berkshire, how's this?

BERKSHIRE'S	BEST	SELLERS!
E	I	E
E	S	E
R	C	D
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Good "Reading" matter this!

#### PORTSMOUTH.

As a rule, Portsmouthians do not revive dying sorrows, but on this occasion we feel we must cast our thoughts back to the fateful afternoon of January 29th and send our congratulations to Reading.

We should have thought that a town famous for its beer would have been contented with a glass, but it appears to be Reading's ambition to obtain the Cup!

To the brighter future we hope that next year we shall again draw against Reading in the cup ties, or we are afraid we shall not be able to accept hospitality at Elm Park as we intend to get into the First Division.

We have a fine team (those who doubt it, ask Grimsby), and having kindly been relieved of cup-tie worries by our Reading friends, our men are all out to reach that goal of all footballers, Division I.

Many of our Service and civilian friends from Portsmouth took the opportunity of looking over the Brewery, previous to going to the match, and according to several expressions conveyed, were very interested in what they saw, and appreciated the explanation so kindly forwarded by those gentlemen who conducted parties.

Mr. A. Bennett, who was Chief Clerk and formerly second Clerk of this Branch for many years, has been promoted to the management of Woking Branch. He carries with him our best wishes and congratulations on his appointment.

#### BANKING STORY.

A farmer in a small way came into the Bank one day and wished to borrow £15 for a month or so. It was explained to him

that it would be necessary to provide security. The next day the Banker received the following letter:—

"Dear Sir,—As I require the £15, I shall be pleased to send down my cow as security. If you will take care of it, you can keep it until I repay the money."

Needless to say, owing to the difficulty of converting the strong room into a cowshed, the security was declined.

#### WOKING.

Since writing our last notes for THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE great changes have taken place at Woking Branch. Our Manager, Mr. Charles Bennett, has been transferred on promotion to Headquarters at Reading, and his brother, Mr. Albert Bennett, from Portsmouth Branch, has succeeded him. These appointments came as a great surprise not only to the two gentlemen named, but to the whole of the staff at Woking and to the many friends the firm has in the district.

We have not seen much of our new Manager yet, and he appears to have had a somewhat hectic time. Nine a.m. sees him at the morning correspondence, but by 10 a.m. he is out on the road and is very busy for the rest of the day, and certainly until a late hour in the evening. Our district is one which makes great demands on the time of a Manager, but already introductions have been effected to almost all of the numerous institutions and wholesale customers in the district. When we say that our Centre covers about 20 miles down the main Portsmouth Road, a similar distance down the main Horsham and Brighton Road, 25 miles in an easterly direction to Redhill, also to the Epsom Downs and the suburbs of Kingston-on-Thames, it will be readily understood how difficult it has been to spend much time at the Branch. We, however, hope to see more of him in the future. We all extend him a hearty welcome and assure him of our real and whole-hearted support.

We also wish Mr. C. Bennett every success in his new undertaking, and trust that his Staff at Reading and himself will be as happy a combination as has been our experience during his stay at Woking. The many tributes he has received from customers, residents and friends generally, have been of a very wonderful character.

Reading's doings in the F.A. Cup are eagerly followed here, and we were well represented at Elm Park on the 19th.

Talk of Crib and its knotty problems (no offence, A.J.C.), has aroused two of our sportsmen here, who state that since joining

forces they have never been beaten at the game. We venture to suggest that they would meet their "Waterloo" at the hands of that select little band of experts who meet at the Social Club o' Saturday nights.

Thanks to the completion of our new premises, our worthy Foreman has regained his sleep o' nights. His dreams now are of brighter days and "La(r)ger Beer," as our Junior puts it.

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#### THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The little boy had been caught smoking.

The Parson did not intend to be funny when he remarked: "My boy, I fear you have been lead ashtray."

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#### SLOUGH.

The Annual General Licensing Meetings for the Divisions in our district are now over and we are pleased to be able to record that the Firm's houses passed through the last year with clean sheets, and that licences were again granted to the tenants without opposition.

The 'flu is continuing its ravages in this area and several of our staff have fallen under its spell. However, we are thankful that they are now back at work, quite strong again.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. J. C. Richardson, of the "Hearts of Oak," Ashford, Middlesex. For about fifty years he, and his father before him, had been good customers of the Firm. Mr. Richardson was highly respected by all who knew him, as was evidenced by the large number of people who attended his funeral. The business will be carried on by his son.

Congratulations to Miss B. Edwards, one of our Staff, who has gained her Pitman's Shorthand Teacher's Diploma. We wish her every success with her pupils.

Although the luck of the draw was against them, Slough Football Club managed to win their Berks and Bucks Cup Tie against Newbury. They now meet Aylesbury in the semi-final at Wycombe, and we sincerely hope that they will be the only team in the Cup at the end of the season. Of course, we are also enthusiastic at Reading's continued success in the English Cup, and we wish them luck for the rest of the competition. The Cup has been North too long, and the South is now looking to Reading to retrieve its prestige.

#### OXFORD.

"February fill dyke" is no idle saying as far as we are concerned. At the moment the old city is practically surrounded by flood water.

We have sustained the loss of a customer of many years' standing by the death of the Rev. A. H. Johnson, Fellow and Chaplain of All Souls' College. One of the few remaining links with the "old school" of academic life in Oxford, he had attained the ripe age of 82.

There is little of moment or interest to report in our district, so we venture upon a few trivialities. Last week we were favoured with an order for a firkin XXXXX, from the editor of a certain 'Varsity periodical, which shall be nameless. He informs us that in future the Old Berkshire is to be a regular institution in the editorial sanctum. We venture to think that with such a source of inspiration at his elbow his paper will positively sparkle. He will improve his circulation in more ways than one.

Apropos of the story of the monster pike that reached from Caversham to Mapledurham, but not in any way wishing to dispute its length, it may interest the disciples of that famous angler, Isaac Walton, to know that the capture of two pike whose several weights were 21 lbs. 4 ozs. and 25 lbs., is reported in the local press. We should not care to dive into a pool that contained a 25-pounder, but what a fight a fast-hooked fish of this size would make

We are extremely interested in the Directors' magnanimous offer of £10 for a suggestion for a new "S.B." or Milk Stout poster. It is whispered that some members of our staff have already planned what they will do with the money.

The 400 years' total service to the credit of ten members of Farnborough Branch Staff as mentioned in the February HOP LEAF may not be a record, but it is nevertheless a thing to be proud of and speaks well both for them and for the Firm who has claimed all these years' service.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

Another link with the past has been severed by the decease of Mr. James Mace Dormor, who passed away at his residence in Oxford on Saturday, February 5th, at the age of 75.

Mr. J. M. Dormor retired from the managership of Oxford Branch in 1920. He was the pioneer in this district, taking up the reins at this Branch's inception, in 1872, thus having spent close upon half a century in the service of the Firm. He was beloved and respected by all who worked under him. His alert and business-like manner combined with his impartiality in dealing with great or small affairs or persons, endeared him to all.

He was a sportsman first and last, and was very fond of a good day's shooting. Cycling was another of his recreations. It is remembered by senior members of the Oxford Staff how he turned up at the Office one hot afternoon some years back, looking a little dishevelled and dusty, and how after a hasty "wash and brush up," he resumed his work, only vouchsafing the remark that he had "just cycled from Monmouth"—some journey on a push-bike! Even in his latter years he was to be seen pedalling along the country roads in the district.

He always had a flair for an outdoor life and spent many of his vacations under canvas. He was an old Volunteer, too, and would tell the youngsters of the marches he used to do in Queen Victoria's days. When the Great War came, so eager to "do his bit" was he that he spent the majority of his Sundays during that period unloading railway truck loads of shells and other war material as a volunteer. This at an age when most men would be glad to sit at home and doze. At another period he assisted to guard the Government wireless station at Leafield, near Oxford. He used to joke afterwards about the way he marched round the wireless masts in the middle of the night.

He is gone from us, but we who remain have this consolation: we can carry on the work that he inaugurated and made to flourish, if only to perpetuate his memory.

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#### THAME.

After the busy part of the first month of the year has passed things generally have been quiet in Thame. The markets have not yet assumed their Springlike activities and the weather of late has not tended to improve business. However, some degree of enjoyment has been obtained and we at the "Birdcage" have had some pleasant evenings at darts and music.

Football matters in Thame still continue to be a subject of great interest, and everything points in the direction of some of the younger players emulating the distinction which some of the older ones have enjoyed in playing for Reading on many occasions. Every supporter of the game follows with interest the progress of the Reading team and they have great hopes of the Club reaching the Final. Thame have contributed many notable players in the persons of the Corbett brothers, Messrs. Herbert and W. Smith, "Joe" Bailey, Harry Cadwell, the late Bert Stevens, and a former Secretary, Mr. Horace Matthews, so there is little to wonder that the sympathies of Thame are with the Berkshire team. We all wish them good luck.

#### SWANSEA.

We regret to say, Mr. Editor, that we have very little of import to record in our popular GAZETTE for the March Number, except that all the Staff here are merry and bright, and still "touching wood," having all, so far, escaped the influenza epidemic.

We read under the Notes from Woolwich Branch that Mr. H. H. Fish is still hale and hearty, and enjoying, with the aid of "S.B.," well earned retirement.

Mr. H. W. Colson thanks his old colleague, Mr. Fish, for his good wishes, and returns to him his very kindest regards.

The following quotations will, we hope, prove interesting and enjoyable reading, and although the methods of these quotations are not encouraged at the present time, it may gladden many a "Frothblower's" heart.

#### WINE IN VERSE AND SONG.

Bacchus, the God of Wine, has been celebrated in verse and song from time immemorable. We know that the Ancient Greeks held Bacchanalian feasts and revels in honour of the god, and that his praises have been sung since the days of classical antiquity. It is the poets in particular who are pre-eminent in their worship of the great god. I am sorry I cannot say that Bacon was writing of the "Divine Draught" when he wrote:—

"Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring;  
Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking largely sobers us again."

What is this about the leather bottel? :—

Then what do you say to these glasses fine?  
Oh they shall have no praise of mine  
For if you chance to touch the brim,  
Down falls the liquor and all therein;  
But had it been in a leather bottel  
And the stopper in, all had been well  
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,  
That first found out the leather bottel.

Then what do you say to those black pots there?  
If a man and his wife should not agree,  
Why they tug and pull till their liquors doth spill;  
In a leather bottel they may tug their fill  
And pull away till their hearts do ache,  
And yet their liquor no harm can take.  
So I wish him joy— etc."

and, finally, the last verse :—

“ And when the bottel at last grows old,  
And will good liquor no longer hold,  
Out of the sides you may make a clout  
To mend your shoes when they're worn out.  
Or take and hang it up on a pin  
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.  
So I wish him joy——” etc.

The “ leather bottel ” song quoted was written in the Seventeenth Century.

Here is a lyric written about that time by Thomas Dekker :—

“ Troll the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,  
And here kind mate to thee,  
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's Soul,  
And down it merrily.”

I found this (anonymous) :—

“ Nothing in Nature's sober found  
But an eternal health goes round.  
Fill up the bowl then—fill it high,  
Fill all the glasses there ; for why  
Should every creature drink but I,  
Why man of morals  
Tell me why ? ”

A lyric by John Fletcher :—

“ Drink to-day shall drown all sorrow,  
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow.  
Best while you have it use your breath :  
There is no drinking after death.  
Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,  
There is no cure against age but it.  
It helps the headache, cough and phthisic  
And is for all diseases physic.  
Then let us swill boy, for our health ;  
Who drinks well loves the commonwealth.  
And he that will to bed go sober  
Falls with the leaf still in October.”

Whilst the last verse of “ Down amongst the dead men ” goes :—

“ May love and wine their rites maintain,  
And their united pleasures reign  
While Bacchus treasure crowns the board  
Will sing the joys that both afford.  
And they that won't with us comply  
Down amongst the Dead men let them ' lie.' ”

This, as everyone knows, has also been set to music.

And here is an anonymous ode :—

“ It's not fine to dance and sing  
When the bells of death do ring ?  
It's not fine to swim in wine and turn upon the toe  
And sing Hey Nouney no.”

John Dryden sings of :—

“ Bacchus ever fair and ever young  
The jolly god in triumph comes ;  
Sound the trumpets beat the drums  
Bacchus blessings are a treasure,  
Drinking is the soldiers' pleasure.”

Here is one by John O'Keefe ; music by Arnold :—

“ Flow thou regal purple stream  
Tinted by the Solar beam  
In my goblet sparkling rise  
Cheer my heart and glad mine eyes.  
My brain ascend on fancy's wing  
'Noint me wine a jovial king.  
While I live I'll have my clay  
When I'm dead and gone away  
Let my thirsty subjects say,  
' A month he reigned and that was May.' ”

Who was it wrote ? :—

“ Oft, to repent, I give my word,  
Repent of the full goblet and the gourd,  
But now that rose-time comes I cannot grieve :  
Grant me repentance for repentance Lord.”

Was it that fine old bibber Omar Khayyam ? At any rate he flourished about the time that Spring was spoken of by the Persians as “ The season of the roses.” It was certainly he who wrote :—

“ Drink, for you know not whence you came, nor why,  
Drink, for you know not why you go, nor where.”

“ I know in the tomb there is no carousing ” Herrick also bewails.

Henry Fielding wrote :—

“ Let other hours be set apart for business,  
To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk.”

And, of course, not forgetting Burns, who wrote, undoubtedly after partaking of the glass :—

“ O Lord, since we have feasted thus,  
Which we so little merit,  
Let Meg now take away the flesh,  
And Jock bring in the Spirit.”

And, finally, coming to quite modern reference, I'll content myself by choosing two only; one by G.K.C. :—

“Old Noah he had an Ostrich Farm and fowls in the largest scale,  
He ate his egg with a ladle in an egg-cup big as a pail,  
And the soup he took was Elephant soup, and the fish he took was Whale,  
And they all were small to the cellar he took, when he set out to sail,  
And Noah he often said to his wife when he sat down to dine,  
I don't care where the water goes, if it doesn't get into the Wine.”

And the other by J.L. :—

“Now here's to the best in the land,  
Then let us be Merry and Bright,  
So fill up your glasses with Beer,  
If it's 'S.B.' it's sure to be right,  
And if you are feeling run down,  
Worn out, fed up, and depressed,  
I strongly advise a Simonds' Milk Stout,  
Then you'll feel as good as the best.”

#### FARNBOROUGH MILITARY DEPARTMENT.

Since the publication of the January article the situation in China has demanded the despatch of British troops to protect British lives and property in Shanghai.

The 1st Batt. Devonshire Regiment, from Blackdown, were ordered at short notice to prepare for service with the Shanghai Defence Force instead of proceeding to Gibraltar. The Battalion left on the 28th January to do their bit in the Far East in the line of spirits, and we wish them the very best of luck wherever they may go.

It is understood the troops from the Aldershot Command are to carry out Divisional Training on an extensive scale in Southern Oxfordshire, Berkshire, and Buckinghamshire, during the latter part of August and the month of September this year. It is most satisfactory to know that the firm of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., has been selected to supply beer to the whole of the troops during this period.

We regret to say that on the 1st March Mr. J. Rawlinson, M.C., Regimental Sergt.-Major of the 17th/21st Lancers, is leaving the Service, “time expired.” We are, however, happy to know that this gallant soldier has secured a very good berth, with excellent prospects, in civilian life. We take off our hats to Mr. Rawlinson and wish him the very best of luck.

#### FARNBOROUGH.

Congratulations to the Bennett Brothers on their promotion (or rather, Mr. Chas. Bennett and his “son,” Mr. Albert Bennett). All their old friends at Farnborough Branch wish them every success in their new spheres of life. The advancement of Mr. Albert Bennett to Manager makes the fourth Manager to originate from the Farnborough Branch Staff :—

The late Mr. Wallace (Woking),  
Mr. C. Bennett (Home Trades Manager),  
Mr. F. A. Elley (ex Brussels, now at Newbury),  
Mr. A. Bennett (Woking).

We regret news is scarce from Farnborough Branch for the March number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. We have been badly hit by the influenza epidemic, amongst the victims was our “news contributor.” We can now, however, again report “all hands on deck.”

The Hospital Box which makes a weekly tour of the Stores was recently again opened. This time the contents amounted to £1 9s. 6d.

#### THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

Apart from February being the proverbial “slack” month, the absence of the Fleet from the Port and the Garrison being depleted, leaves us with very little local news of interest to report this month.

The 1st Batt. South Wales Borderers left for Lichfield during last month, Raglan Barracks now being empty except for the Details, Devonshire Regiment, which are awaiting the arrival of the 2nd Battalion scheduled for March.

Turning to the civilian side, all our licences in this district have been renewed at the Brewster Sessions held last month. Our houses are situated in an area covered by six different Benches of Magistrates.

Below are the results of matches played by the Football team since going to press for February issue :—

Jan. 22nd	British Petroleum A.F.C. ...	1 goal	Simonds' A.F.C.	6 goals
„ 29th	St. Budeaux Baptist A.F.C.	2 goals	Simonds' A.F.C.	5 „
Feb. 12th	Tamerton A.F.C. ...	2 „	Simonds' A.F.C.	5 „

The Billiards team have done very well since they started visiting other Club teams, having won three out of five matches.

The matches played and scores were :—

JANUARY 6TH. STONEHOUSE ADULTS *v.* SIMONDS' SOCIAL CLUB.

<i>Stonehouse Adults.</i>		<i>Simonds' Social Club.</i>	
Inclendon ... ..	125	<i>v.</i> P. Tucker ... ..	69
Moore ... ..	125	<i>v.</i> H. Balkwill ... ..	94
Atkin ... ..	125	<i>v.</i> A. Ellis ... ..	88
Parson ... ..	125	<i>v.</i> W. Wills ... ..	98
Bapti ... ..	78	<i>v.</i> P. Tucker ... ..	125
	<hr/>		
	578		<hr/>
			474

JANUARY 27TH. ST. MICHAELS' *v.* SIMONDS' SOCIAL CLUB.

<i>St. Michael's.</i>		<i>Simonds' Social Club.</i>	
S. Harris ... ..	79	<i>v.</i> F. Pierce ... ..	100
C. Rockett ... ..	72	<i>v.</i> P. Tucker ... ..	100
W. Warren ... ..	78	<i>v.</i> A. Ellis ... ..	100
W. Watkins ... ..	100	<i>v.</i> A. E. Harris ... ..	91
A. Williams ... ..	100	<i>v.</i> C. Goss ... ..	80
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	429		<hr/>
			471

JANUARY 31ST. DEVONPORT LIBERAL CLUB *v.* SIMONDS' SOCIAL CLUB.

<i>Devonport Liberal Club.</i>		<i>Simonds' Social Club.</i>	
Skinner ... ..	43	<i>v.</i> P. Tucker ... ..	101
Rogers ... ..	101	<i>v.</i> W. Mills ... ..	45
Trend ... ..	45	<i>v.</i> H. Balkwill ... ..	101
Cook ... ..	101	<i>v.</i> R. Rymell ... ..	43
Trant ... ..	94	<i>v.</i> E. Lewis ... ..	101
Cummings ... ..	64	<i>v.</i> F. Pierce ... ..	101
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	448		<hr/>
			492

FEBRUARY 7TH. ST. AUBYN CLUB *v.* SIMONDS' SOCIAL CLUB.

<i>St. Aubyn Club.</i>		<i>Simonds' Social Club.</i>	
Baldwin ... ..	97	<i>v.</i> A. E. Harris ... ..	100
Lake ... ..	62	<i>v.</i> P. Tucker ... ..	100
Francis ... ..	100	<i>v.</i> W. Mills ... ..	78
W. Curtiss ... ..	81	<i>v.</i> F. Pierce ... ..	100
L. Bingham ... ..	45	<i>v.</i> A. E. Ellis ... ..	100
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	385		<hr/>
			478

FEBRUARY 10TH. TORPOINT UNIONIST CLUB *v.* SIMONDS' SOCIAL CLUB.

<i>Torpoint Unionist Club.</i>		<i>Simonds' Social Club.</i>	
P. Gorman ... ..	150	<i>v.</i> A. E. Harris ... ..	57
N. Mitchell ... ..	150	<i>v.</i> E. Lewis ... ..	88
T. Anderson ... ..	150	<i>v.</i> F. Pierce ... ..	103
A. Granger ... ..	150	<i>v.</i> H. Balkwill ... ..	81
J. Millett ... ..	150	<i>v.</i> A. Ellis ... ..	65
W. Turner ... ..	150	<i>v.</i> S. Naish ... ..	52
	<hr/>		
	900		<hr/>
			446