

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

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No. 15.

DECEMBER

1927.

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Mr. C. W. STOCKER, our Head Brewer.

## EDITORIAL.

MR. C. W. STOCKER.

On our front page this month, we give the photograph of Mr. Charles W. Stocker, the Head Brewer to Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Born on February 12th, 1863, Mr. Stocker went to school in France, but at the age of fourteen his health broke down, and he was ordered complete rest for two years. Eventually brewing was chosen as a healthy occupation during the long period of convalescence. After a few years experience in Leicestershire and Bristol, he decided to go to Burton-on-Trent and become associated with larger Breweries so, when the first vacancy occurred there, he at once telegraphed his application and in due course was appointed fourth Brewer to the Burton Brewery Co.

At the expiration of six months, Messrs. Charrington & Co. offered him the post as second Brewer in their Burton Brewery, and after five and a half happy years with this famous firm, Mr. Stocker was approached by the Burton Brewery Co. with a view to his returning to them as Head Brewer. This post he filled for three very strenuous, but wholly successful years, at the expiration of which Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. required a Head Brewer, and on the recommendation of the late Dr. Horace T. Brown—a man with a European reputation as a scientist and the greatest brewing expert of his day—Mr. Stocker was appointed.

This was in March, 1896, and Mr. Stocker would be the first to admit his good fortune in having been associated with two such splendid firms as Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. and Messrs. Charrington & Co.

Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. also control the businesses of Messrs. Mackeson & Co., Hythe, The South Berks Brewery Co., Newbury, and the Tamar Brewery, Devonport, with Mr. Stocker as supreme head of the brewing operations, and the excellence of their beers, together with the results at the Reading Brewery during the past thirty-two years are the only testimony required as to Mr. Stocker's professional skill.

His unassuming modesty is of the kind associated with confident ability, which invariably displays itself, not only in his highly technical responsibilities, but also in his capacity as General Works Manager.

Although earlier this year he won both the Snooker and Billiards Challenge Cups from a low handicap at the Wellington Club, Mr. Stocker rates himself only as a "fairly useful player on an easy table under strong lights," but admits being slightly above the average at Bridge, and for a few years a good Croquet player. In earlier days he took an interest in many branches of sport, but had not time to make a business of any one particular game.

## CHAIRMAN'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

On the recommendation of his medical advisers, our aged Chairman will shortly be leaving England to escape the rigours of our coming winter. Mr. and Mrs. Blackall-Simonds will sail for Bombay on December 23rd, two days before the celebration of their Golden Wedding. They will be the guests for two or three days of the Governor, His Excellency The Right Hon. Sir Leslie Wilson, G.C.I.E., who has very kindly and at considerable trouble arranged a circular tour for them to various places of interest. We are sure the good wishes of all of us will go with them and we shall look forward to their return in the Spring in, we trust, good health, after a most enjoyable trip.

## MR. ERIC'S ENERGY.

There is not a busier man at the Brewery than Mr. Eric Simonds our worthy Managing Director. It is a true saying that the busiest men generally find the most time to spare for the welfare of others. Just home from an important business trip abroad, Mr. Eric is hard at work again, not only at the Brewery but in many other spheres. Next year he is to be High Sheriff of Berkshire—one more link to his already long chain of activities. Truly he is serving his day and generation well.

## HIS PUBLIC SPIRIT.

"Q.T." whose notes in the *Berkshire Chronicle* are always so well worth reading, recently wrote as follows:—

Congratulations will be extended to Mr. F. A. Simonds on his nomination as High Sheriff of Berkshire for next year. It is a position which Mr. Simonds will worthily fill. Mr. Simonds is a busy man, associated as he is with a business of vast ramifications, and it is a further indication of the public spirit which he has always displayed that he should be prepared to undertake the duties of High Sheriff. The Conservative Party in Reading owes him an incalculable debt, not only because of his indefatigable

efforts and his readiness to give up his leisure to serve the cause, but because of his cheery optimism. It is interesting to note, by the way, that the successors of Mr. Simonds in the office of High Sheriff will be the younger representatives of two well-known Berkshire families—Sir George Mowbray, Bart., grandson of Sir John R. Mowbray, Bart., M.P., and nephew of Sir Robert Mowbray, Bart., M.P., and Mr. A. S. B. Tull, son of Mr. A. R. Tull, at one time chairman of the Berkshire County Council.

#### ARMISTICE DAY.

With a spirit of solemn remembrance, which the passing of years has in no way dimmed, King and people, on November 11th, observed the ninth anniversary of Armistice Day and kept with impressive universality the Two Minutes' Silence. At the Brewery, as elsewhere, all hum of conversation ceased as the clocks struck the hour of eleven. The upturned faces of the people seemed suddenly stricken into immobility. It was as if a wand had been waved and their spirits had been rapt to another world. Forgotten was the sunshine and the breeze. Each unit of the crowds, by some miracle, was reunited for one all-precious moment with someone dearly loved.

It is no doubtful music that they make  
Who go to meet adventure with a song :  
The Brotherhood of hearts that never break,  
The Wardens of the Land of Nothing Wrong.

. . . . . And when the solemn bell  
Beats out a slow lament for one that falls,  
In fierce reply a pealing trumpet calls  
The challenge of their Watchword, "All is Well."

#### REMAINING TRUE TO HERSELF.

In London the King, after the solemn silence, walked slowly and deliberately away from the Cenotaph, he, the leader among his people, quite obviously as much moved as that mighty band who followed him, bearing in their carriage, as they passed the Cenotaph, the same kingly resolution to face the future with that heroic courage with which the past was endured. What picture, what proof could there be to compare with this one of England remaining true to herself?

#### "SEEK PEACE AND ENSUE IT."

As the Prince of Wales so finely said at the Albert Hall :—

"If we are to save ourselves, and those that come after us, from a renewal in an even more frightful form of all that we suffered in the Great War, we must by our every action, in our everyday conversation, and even in our very thoughts, seek peace and ensue it. We can remember, too, that if we have a duty to our dead, we have also to the living. In the actual day of battle every man who fought by our side was our comrade and our friend. For nine difficult years we have endured the inevitable sombre consequences of war, and whether he who fought by our side has fared better or worse than ourselves, or whatever his luck may be, he is no less our comrade and friend to-day. Lastly, we can remember this great Empire for whose honour and existence we fought, that this great Empire is alive, and that comradeship is its vital spot. Only in such remembrance can we redeem the sacrifices of all those who served the name and cause of Britain in that great time of trial."

#### THE VILLAGE SOCIAL CENTRE.

No less an authority than that great newspaper the *Daily Telegraph* says : "The public house, properly developed, enlarged and brought up-to-date with reasonable comforts, might well be, and ought to be, the social centre of the village or the locality where men of every political opinion and grade of wealth may meet on common ground to interchange ideas and promote the cause of good fellowship."

#### SHERRY FOR ST. PAUL'S PREACHERS.

A centuries' old custom of presenting the Sunday morning preacher at St. Paul's Cathedral with a bottle of sherry is practised to this day. The sherry is a gift from the City Corporation, which delivers to the Cathedral 52 pint bottles of "rich" sherry every year.

#### A CREED OF HEALTH.

A creed of health given to the *Evening Standard* by a six-foot man of 81 who can still jump, throw, bowl, drink his two pints of beer a day, etc., is contained in five words :—

Bicycles ;  
Bed ;  
Beer ;  
Beef ; and  
Baths.

Explaining his five B's, Mr. T. W. Weeding, who is retiring from the position of Clerk to the Surrey County Council, said: "I still ride 21 miles every day to and from my house, and I never use a motor-car if I can help it."

As to Bed: "I don't agree with the saying, 'Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool,'" he declared. "I take nearly nine, and then I am up at 6.45."

Beer! "It is my constant drink. I have a pint of beer for lunch, and another pint with dinner every day."

Beef: "It is my main sustenance."

The Bath: "All I need say is that I take mine cold every morning."

Mr. Weeding begins work an hour before anyone else reaches the County Hall, has small time for hobbies, and once a year takes a long sea voyage.

#### A WHITE BLACKBIRD.

A blackbird, all white, with the exception of one wing, is a constant visitor to The Pelican, Pamber, where Mr. and Mrs. Benham, the popular landlord and landlady, feed it. We do hope that the bird will not be shot and put into a glass case. How much more interesting it is to see it, the embodiment of animation, and affording pleasure to the many who call, or pass by, The Pelican.

#### "HOUNDS," PLEASE!

Never give the appellation "dogs" to hounds, unless you wish to cause offence to those concerned. The writer well remembers a cricket luncheon at which a Master of Hounds was present. In proposing a toast one player incidentally congratulated this Master on the fine condition of his "dogs." "Hounds, Sir, not dogs," rather crossly exclaimed the Master; "that will cost you drinks all round." And it did! But the offender paid up like a man. Mind *you* don't make the same slip or it may cost you drinks round, too.

#### RUNNING WITH HOUNDS.

Few people realise how many miles a day are covered by Ostridge, the runner connected with the South Berks Hounds. He will often walk a dozen miles or so to a meet, run with hounds all day and then walk a long way home. The Editor spent one

such day with Ostridge. We finished up at Silchester in the evening. Then we made a hurried journey to Mortimer Station, but just missed the train and there was nothing for it but to walk home. Never did the writer enjoy a tram ride more than that from Whitley to West Street. Another car, then home, a light meal, and to bed!

Ostridge is a great believer in Simonds' milk stout and attributes much of his stamina to this nourishing beverage.

#### LATEST FASHION IN COLLARS.

One more hunting note. When hounds met at Burghfield Bridge recently the line taken by a fox led the field over some rather difficult country. There were numerous ditches and hedges to negotiate, the going was heavy and there was a lot of grief. One rider came such a cropper that the bowl of his hat had become detached from the rim and there was the latter hanging round his neck—the very latest fashion in collars! He disdainfully discarded this extraordinary neckwear and though he was very shaken soon mounted again and continued the chase till the end of the day. To treat *contretemps* with such unconcern is the way they have in the Navy—or was it the Army to which this particular gentleman belonged? Anyhow, he showed plenty of grit.

#### A BUSY SPOT.

There are few busier spots in Reading than that just outside the entrance to the Brewery offices. The number of vehicles which cross or enter the road from the Brewery yards is legion, and it is a great tribute to the extreme care exercised by our draymen and all concerned that we rarely, if ever, hear of an accident. How well our men handle their horses!

#### HORSE'S LIKING FOR FRUIT.

Drayman Clinch's horse, familiarly known as Ginger, is particularly partial to fruit. You may frequently see him cross the pavement, poke his head in the doorway of a greengrocer's shop and, in his own way, ask for an apple. Ginger has many friends who regularly give him fruit. Recently, in Friar Street, a young lady gave him a couple of apples. Ginger ate these and then the rascal moved on and helped himself to the tops of some turnips from the carrier of a stationary bicycle. Ginger evidently knows the value of turnip-tops. When passing the yeast house, too, he is always on the alert for Messrs. Comely and Kirk often give him dainty morsels. Clinch, too, shares with Ginger his bread and cheese, or any other food he may have for luncheon. So no wonder Ginger thrives.

## ALWAYS GETTING DRUNK!

At the Popular Police Court recently a very interesting case was heard, when "S.B." was summoned for constantly getting drunk. The Court was crowded with "S.B.'s" friends.

The Presiding Magistrate: "How is it that nowadays you are always getting drunk?"

"S.B.": "Your Worship, it is due to the ever-increasing number of my friends."

The Magistrate, after hearing much corroborative evidence, said: "We, on the Bench, are unanimously agreed that that is so. But owing to your many good qualities, your fine record and your evident excellent present condition, the fact that you are so often drunk appears to result in nothing but good. We must record a conviction—our conviction that the more frequently you are drunk the merrier and healthier we shall be."

[We have made many inquiries and learn that since the hearing of this case, "S.B." has been drunk many thousands of times.—*Editor, H.L.G.*]

## FAME OF THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

The fame of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE is spreading far and wide. Mr. F. J. Marshall, formerly a drayman at the Brewery and now prospering in Vancouver, has been sent a copy and evidently likes the little publication. He has written us a very appreciative letter, which we give in full on another page. His old colleagues will doubtless read it with the greatest interest. Then, again, very complimentary paragraphs concerning the GAZETTE have appeared in two Malta newspapers.

*The Daily Malta Chronicle* says:—

We acknowledge with thanks a copy of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE for October, a very interesting publication issued monthly by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., of Reading. It is very neatly printed and contains several illustrations, together with different articles on general topics and the social activities of the renowned Simonds' Brewery. This is the Birthday Number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, marking the first year of its life, when numerous messages of congratulations were received, which are reproduced in this number. We add our congratulations to the many already received, and heartily wish it "a long life."

*The Malta Herald* contains the following:—

We have been favoured with a copy of the October issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, published monthly by the well-known firm of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., beer manufacturers. It is a record of social activities at the Brewery and its connections. Many interesting articles, however, from overseas branches are to be found in it from time to time. Although the circulation in Malta is at present necessarily limited, considering the importance of the GAZETTE, it is anticipated that there will be many more subscribers in the near future. The many articles on various subjects contained in the GAZETTE cannot but render this publication extremely interesting, and it may be considered as one of the most important of its kind. The GAZETTE contains several illustrations.

## THROWING STONES!

A mouse disturbed the proceedings in a police court at Cannock, Staffordshire. It was eventually stoned to death—the Magistrates' Clerk struck it with *Stone's Justices' Manual*.

## ELDERBERRIES AS BAIT.

Recently, up the Caversham Promenade, there were about a dozen fishermen. One caught two under-size perch and the rest, with one exception, experienced little, or less, better luck. The successful angler landed, during the day, over three dozen roach and dace. Gentles and bread-paste had proved practically useless and so he tried elderberries which proved much to the liking of the fish. Some good pike have been taken recently. But isn't it strange how fish go right off the feed directly a cold east wind blows!

## A PAGE FROM THE MAYOR'S DAIRY.

Mr. J. Rabson, J.P., Reading's new Mayor, will, like other Chief Magistrates, find his hands pretty full during the ensuing twelve months. Meeting him on Tuesday, November 22nd, the Editor asked His Worship if he would tell him his programme for the day. "Jack"—and after all he is still "Jack" to his friends—produced his diary for the day. He had to attend several Committee meetings and, in addition:—

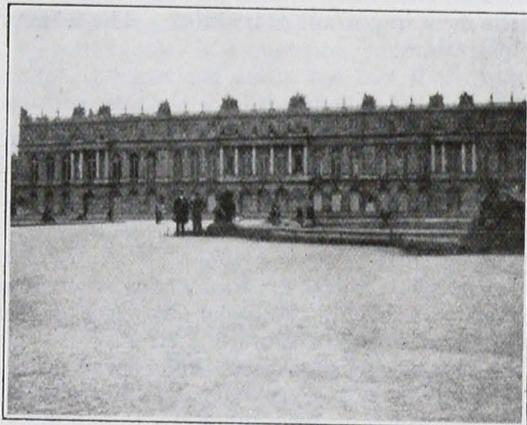
Open Sale of Work at Park Congregational Chapel, 3 p.m.  
Attend new Congregational Minister's recognition service,  
7 p.m.  
Attend Caversham Bowls Club Dinner, 7.30 p.m.  
Attend reception and presentation (Wheeler's), All Saints'  
Hall, same evening.

Not a bad day's work!

## A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

Before another issue of the GAZETTE appears Christmas will have come and gone and so we take this opportunity of wishing one and all the old, old, yet ever new, wish—a very Happy Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

## WHERE THE PEACE TREATY WAS SIGNED.



This is a picture of the Palace at Versailles where the Peace Treaty was signed on 28th June, 1919.

The room running from the crosses is the Hall of Mirrors, the actual room where the Treaty was signed.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

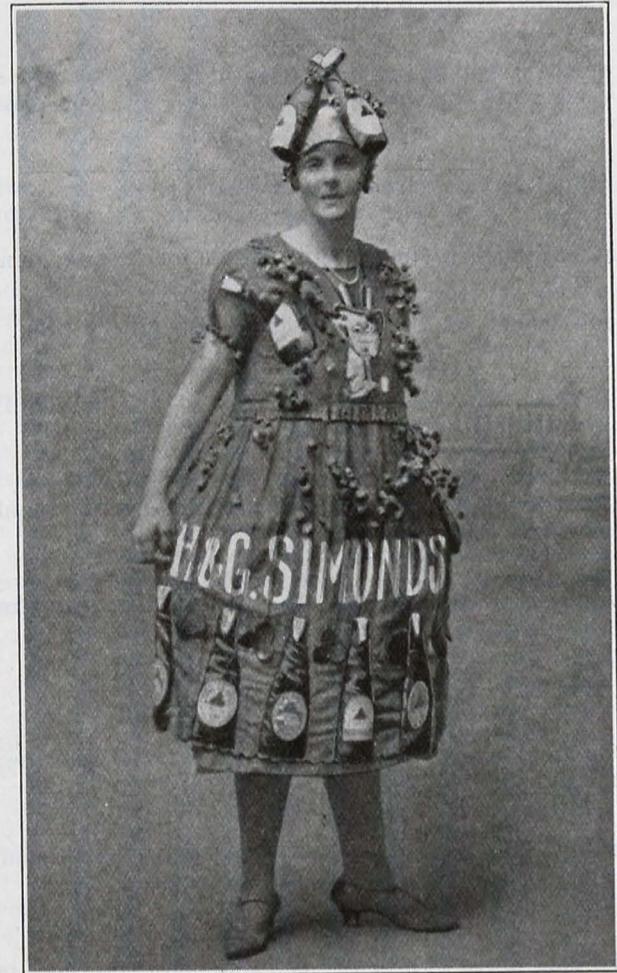
Man has always humour enough to make merry with what he cannot help.

Look straight out—

See things—not try to evade them

Let fact be fact, and the truth the truth for ever.

## "MILK STOUT" WINS FANCY DRESS PRIZE.



Miss "Betty" who, as Milk Stout, was one of the prize-winners at the recent dance organized by the Licensed Victuallers and held at the Olympia.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

If your luck is out put a "P" in front of it and try again.

Waters that are deep do not babble as they flow.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

Unwilling service earns no thanks.

Gentlemanliness is just another word for intense humanity.

If you cannot see the bright side polish up the dark.

We can conceive or desire nothing more exquisite or perfect than what is round us every hour.

We cannot think too highly of our nature, nor too humbly of ourselves.

Never rest on your laurels—they make a poor mattress.

We cannot be just if we are not humane.

If you are down in the mouth, remember Jonah and the whale—he came out all right.

Don't be concerned over what people think about you; the chances are they seldom think about you at all.

"Standing in his own light" is a common expression, but we seldom pause to think of its real significance.

It means that someone must have turned his back to the light, allowing the shadows of himself to darken his way.

A day you have planned is a day you command.

MESSRS. H. & G. SIMONDS LTD.  
SOCIAL CLUB.

## SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY.

## THE BIRTH OF THE CLUB.

It was in 1920 that the Directors of the world-famed Firm of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., with the characteristic interest they have always shown in their large number of employees, suggested the formation of a Club, to be named The H. & G. Simonds Social Club.

This happy inspiration was enthusiastically received, and the Directors generously placed at the disposal of the members the large and commodious premises adjacent to the Brewery, which were formerly The Friendly Societies' Rooms. Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds and Commander H. D. Simonds took a great personal interest in the fitting up and decoration of the premises, and no expense was spared in making it one of the most comfortable and up-to-date Clubs in the South of England.

On Friday, September 3rd, 1920, a meeting was held to elect officers and a committee. Mr. F. C. Hawkes presided over a large attendance and spoke of the warm approval with which the Directors' idea had been received. Mr. F. A. Simonds was unanimously elected as President and the Directors of the Firm and Mr. C. W. Stocker as Vice-Presidents. Mr. F. C. Hawkes was elected Chairman of the Club and Mr. G. W. Cook Vice-Chairman. Mr. C. E. Gough kindly consented to act as Treasurer and Mr. Walter Bradford was elected Secretary. The Committee, which consisted of 18 members—6 from the Clerical Staff and 12 from the Brewery,—were duly elected, their names being: Messrs. S. Josey, S. Murton, F. Kirby, F. Josey, G. Boddington, E. Kelly, F. Freeman, T. Thame, F. Braisher, G. Holdway, T. King, F. Jeffries, C. Thatcher, T. Bartholomew, A. Dolton, F. C. Collins, G. Page snr., and F. Talmage. Of the above, Mr. Talmage and Mr. Holdway have since passed away.

The Club was informally opened by Mr. F. C. Hawkes on Thursday, November 11th, 1920, and formally opened on Monday, December 13th, 1920, in the presence of an enthusiastic and crowded attendance of members. Mr. George Blackall-Simonds presided, supported by the Directors of the Firm and Messrs. C. W. Stocker, C. E. Gough, H. L. Chaplin, H. F. Lindars and F. C. Hawkes.

The Club was declared open by Mr. G. Blackall-Simonds in a happy little speech, and addresses were also given by the Directors and Mr. C. W. Stocker, the last-named gentleman describing that day as a red-letter one in the history of their Firm.

After this, the newly-formed Concert Party of the Firm gave an entertainment which delighted all. The members of the party were Messrs. S. Hinton, G. Weait, W. Bradford, E. Kelly, H. Goatley and the Misses D. Anderson, M. Everest and G. Everest.

The Club Dinner, held annually, with the President (Mr. F. A. Simonds) in the Chair, has always proved a huge success, the first being held in January, 1922.

A Christmas Tree and Concert are also given to the members' children annually and the Club premises resound with the happy laughter of the juveniles.

The Flower and Produce Show held in August each year proves that the members have some fine amateur gardeners amongst them, the exhibits always being of a high order.

The weekly Whist Drives have been a great success, over a hundred players sitting down.

The Billiards Team have met with considerable success in the League, winning the Championship in 1924-5, the team being Messrs. Bird (as Captain), Braisher, Clements, Dalton, G. Boddington, Doe and Griffiths.

The Departmental Games Tournament produces keen rivalry amongst the members, each Department being bent on securing the handsome trophies presented by the Directors and Mr. Frank Lindars.

Altogether, the games side of the Club has proved most successful, and on occasions when Mr. Shea-Simonds and Mr. C. W. Stocker visit the premises the members are most gratified, as both these gentlemen are clever exponents with the cue and some keen play is assured.

#### A SIGNAL HONOUR.

On June 25th, 1926, the Club received a signal honour, the Heir to the Throne paying it a visit. The Prince of Wales, escorted by the President of the Club (Mr. F. A. Simonds), was not able, through pressure of time, to make an exhaustive inspection of all the rooms but expressed his great pleasure at being able to visit

the Club, and signed the Visitors' Book. The signature, framed, now hangs in the Club, and it will be highly prized for all time by the members.

The Club, now in its eighth year, still continues to flourish, and a tribute must be paid to the Committee, under the able chairmanship of Mr. Hawkes, for their efforts to ensure that all the members have a happy time.

#### THE BRUNT OF THE WORK.

The brunt of the work falls upon Mr. Walter Bradford, who has been the Secretary since the Club's formation. His task is not a light one, but for his reward he has the satisfaction of knowing that every function held at the Club is eminently successful. Other Clubs are always pleased to visit us, and they express their complete satisfaction with the arrangements made for their comfort. The visitors this year include the Borough Police, H. & G. Simonds' Tied Tenants' Society, The Salisbury Club, Bradfield Comrades, and St. Anne's Club, Caversham.

Mr. S. Bird, the popular Treasurer of the Club, takes a great interest in the Club Tournaments, and his assistance can always be relied upon.

The services of Mr. George King, assisted by Mrs. King, are invaluable to the Club, and they are both very popular with the members. Mr. King has had a considerable experience of Club life, and he and his wife are indefatigable in their efforts to make everyone comfortable.

#### PURPOSE AMPLY JUSTIFIED.

In conclusion, the purpose for which the Directors founded the Club has been amply justified, viz., that after the day's work their employees could gather in the Club premises and, with friendly intercourse, games, concerts, etc., pass their leisure time in a pleasant manner. It is essential, to ensure the success of any great firm, that employer and employee should work in perfect unison, pulling together for mutual benefit. The Directors of this great Firm of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., whose products are second to none and whose fame has spread throughout the globe, have by their continued interest in their employees made them a loyal and contented body ready to do their utmost to keep the "Hop Leaf" banner flying throughout the world, and bring prosperity not only to themselves but also prosperity and fame to the town of Reading.

F.K.

## A NATURE NOTE.

If you feed the birds during the winter you will be amply rewarded, apart from the good you are doing, by their dainty and delightful ways. The tits will perform all sorts of acrobatic feats, the starlings will quarrel and generally behave very badly at table, the marsh tit will cart away ten times as much food as it can possibly consume and still return for more, the robin will become so tame that it will probably eat from your hand, a jackdaw will occasionally put in appearance, while you will have hosts of sparrows, a fair number of blackbirds and thrushes, hedgiesparrows, chaffinches, cole-tits, greenfinches, wagtails, wrens and perhaps a nut-hatch or two.

Of course, I am speaking of a bird table in or near the centre of the town, whither you can easily induce all the above-mentioned birds to come. Should you be fortunate enough to live in the country other little feathered friends would often come to see you.

## MY MENU CARD.

You need not be a very wonderful chef in order to provide a meal that will be much to the liking of most of the birds. I hang a big piece of cocoanut to a tree and nail pieces to posts and walls. Then I tie various nuts to a piece of string and let it hang from the clothes line. Here and there I also place pieces of fat. For the finches there is always a supply of mixed bird seeds on the garden path. On the top of the chicken run I throw all sorts of odds and ends, including scraps of meat, of which the starlings are particularly fond. I always well cook and then chop up the rinds of bacon for this purpose. And no sooner do I throw them on to the roof of the shed than it is, so to speak, turned into a wonderful aerodrome, for, apparently from nowhere, there suddenly appear numerous aeroplanes in the shape of starlings, who go through all sorts of aerial evolutions before landing and then perform as many more as they fight over the food. The starlings, with iridescent coats giving new lights at every turn, are greedy birds, and where two or three are gathered together at dinner they are always very garrulous and frequently ascend into the air two or three at a time fighting over some dainty morsel. But there seems to be more sparring than actual fighting, for, nine times out of ten, in such bouts neither bird appears to land an effective blow.

## A PLAGIARIST.

The starling is a plagiarist. There is no doubt whatever about that. As late as November 10th I noticed five swallows flying up and down the mill stream at Caversham. This was unusually

late, though the general body of swallows did not start off for warmer climates so early as is their wont this year. This is no doubt attributable to the very mild weather experienced during November. But this is rather beside the point. What I want to say is that early this month I heard what I felt positive was the delicate little song of the swallow. I looked around, but no swallow was to be seen. Then I espied a starling and, sure enough, it was he who was singing. And that song was an exact replica of the swallow's. The starling copies other birds very cleverly, and this is not the first occasion on which I have been deceived.

## YOUR REWARD.

But I am wandering from the bird table in the back garden! I will only appeal to the readers who do me the honour of perusing my simple little chats to feed the birds this Christmastide and, particularly, during any period of hard weather. Then maybe, in the spring time, when you hear the orpheus-like notes of the blackbird, the clear full notes of the thrush, the cheery tinkle of the tits, or the sweet song of some other bird, you will have just cause for saying to yourself: perhaps, but for me and the food I gave, those fine vocalists would have died from cold and hunger and their little voices would have been for ever still.

The fact that that silver stream of song still comes pouring into your ears from the tree tops will be your exceeding great reward.

So do feed the birds!

C.H.P.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

True friends are the whole world to one another, and he that is a friend to himself is a friend to mankind.

All the world's a stage, but a lot of us must work behind the scenes. We miss the applause of the crowd, and sometimes this rankles.

But we really do not miss much. People are often as ready with their handclapping when a clown performs, as when an artist endeavours to charm. The best kind of approval is the sense of having done well, a worth-while task.

Anger is a flame burning up our peace of mind.

## EACH HAPPY IN HIS PART.

You cannot pay with money  
 The million sons of toil—  
 The sailor on the ocean,  
 The peasant on the soil,  
 The labourer in the quarry,  
 The hewer of the coal ;  
 Your money pays the hand  
 But it cannot pay the soul.

\* \* \* \*

The workshop must be crowded  
 That the palace may be bright ;  
 If the ploughman did not plough,  
 Then the poet could not write.  
 So let every toil be hallow'd  
 That man performs for man  
 And have its share of honour  
 As part of one great plan.

\* \* \* \*

The man who turns the soil  
 Need not have an earthly mind ;  
 The digger 'mid the coal  
 Need not be in spirit blind :  
 The mind can shed a light  
 On each worthy labour done,  
 And lowliest things are bright  
 In the radiance of the sun.

\* \* \* \*

Ye men who hold the pen,  
 Rise like a band inspired,  
 And, poets, let your lyrics  
 With hope for man be fired ;  
 Till the earth becomes a temple  
 And every human heart  
 Shall join in one great service,  
 Each happy in his part.

## TOPICAL NOTES.

The popularity of the GAZETTE grows apace. When the first issue was launched upon the populace, some had their doubts as to the reception which it would receive, knowing that it was bound to reach beyond the confines of our own staff. Never for a moment did anyone dream that our Magazine, issued with all humility, would become a popular organ, taking its place amongst the orderly things of life and demanded by readers as an essential part of their routine ! But it is true, when, as occasionally happens, and is bound to happen in a world composed of mortals, the GAZETTE fails to reach its intended destination, there is a rumpus as serious as if an order had been overlooked. If space permitted, I would like to give a list of eminent personages and institutes by whom the GAZETTE has been ordered and there would be a wide opening of eyes at the extent of its circulation.

If the GAZETTE had fulfilled no other purpose, it has been the means of drawing together in a bond of common purpose the Staff at home and abroad. The mutual interest in the many and varied happenings in the social life of our colleagues has awakened the kindred spirit and formed the link which was needed to complete the unity which has been growing stronger with the passing years.

The old rivalry which existed, nowhere more keenly than at Headquarters, when the inter-departmental feeling at one time amounted almost to a feud, has vanished and from its ashes has arisen, Phoenix-like, a new and better understanding. This change is all to the benefit of the Firm as is evidenced by the friendly and informal discussions which take place between the indoor and outdoor Staff in their various difficulties. The mutual help and advice which are given some times extends beyond the limits of duty. Long may the spirit of fellowship breathe through these columns and at the coming Festive Season may there be Peace on Earth and Goodwill towards Men !

## A READING MAN'S PROWESS.

Sir Alan Cobham, who has shewn such conspicuous skill in aeronautics, was born in Reading, and is a son of the late Captain A. W. Cobham, whose residence was at Shinfield Grange, within easy distance of the Brewery. Sir Alan, who has always been regarded as an aeronaut who does not take unnecessary risks, is a man of charming manner and personality. When, as Mr. Cobham,

he was in Reading a few years ago and gave passenger flights from the meadows behind Christchurch, he made every effort to give those who ventured up with him the greatest amount of pleasure in the trip, as well as a few thrills which can only be experienced in mid-air. The writer was one of the passengers on that occasion and thoroughly enjoyed the flight, viewing the Brewery and surrounding country from an unique angle.

Although great progress has been made in recent years, one views as far distant the days when casks and cases of beer will be delivered by air. Although THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE artist, in a sketch in this issue, has depicted barrels as the floats on the seaplane, there is sound reason in the idea, as most people know the buoyant feeling experienced in the presence of casks of beer and this feeling is increased after they are empty. Is there not, then, a decided feeling of treading on air? If this is not so, why does a man lift his feet, gropingly, so high when he is elevated?

But I am drifting away from Sir Alan and his intrepid consort. I wish them good luck and success in the world flight and a safe return.

#### COMPLETION OF FINANCIAL YEAR.

It is in accord with the law of compensation that the completion of another Financial Year and the strenuous work which it entails in persuading the debits to balance with the credits, should bring in its train a visit from that popular figure, Mr. J. J. Chaplin, and his able confederate, Mr. Parsons. I say confederate advisedly, as I see perfect harmony in the efforts of these two gentlemen to find fault in our faultless system of book-keeping. The occasion of a visit from our Auditors is no longer a matter for frowns and knitting of eyebrows. Nowadays, we are ready for their advent and hail their happy, kindly faces with real pleasure.

#### ALAS, MY POOR BROTHER!

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Swan, who took up their positions at the Wharf in the Spring of this year, are still with us. The latter has developed into a bonny lass, but we fear she misses her brother, Master Swan, who fell a victim to the water rats in infancy.

A.R.B.

## OUR LADIES' PAGE.

### INTERESTING NEW FEATURE.

I have had it brought recently to my knowledge that the Editor is desirous of introducing a "Ladies' Page" to THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. It is certainly time that the ladies took a hand in contributing to this widely read book, but as to the matter required by the above gentleman when he says "Ladies' Page" it is a little difficult to determine. In weekly or monthly periodicals, these pages usually contain such well-worn topics as recipes, home hints, fashion notes, etc. It is, therefore, up to us to strike a fresh note, something a little more original, and which I am sure can be made interesting for all readers. For one thing, would it not be of interest to lady clerks at the Firm's numerous Branches to hear a little of their fellow workers at the Head Office? I, for one, should be very interested to know a little of the experiences of the ladies who are employed under the "Hop Leaf" away from Headquarters. This, perhaps, may not be an original feature, for we often read in the GAZETTE the reminiscences of many of the sterner sex. These, I know, are always followed with interest, so that if mere man can do it, I am sure the ladies can also rise to the occasion. Well, someone must break the ice and I will endeavour to portray, as briefly as possible, my impressions and experience of life as I find it at Reading.

### FULL OF INTEREST.

Without hesitation I may say that the years I have passed in the service of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. have been, for me, full of interest, for the fact alone of being in the employ of a Firm with such world-wide activities, creates in one an enthusiasm for the work upon which we are engaged.

I started at the Brewery as a very raw recruit in the days of the War, when lady clerks were more numerous than at the present time. Then they numbered from twenty to twenty-five, but now our sum total is six, three in the Correspondence Office, two in the Branch Office and Mr. F. A. Simonds' private secretary.

With the passing of time I have become so attached to the daily routine of the Brewery work that falls to my share that to relinquish it would, I know, cause me many pangs of regret. However, in spite of being busy, we do not neglect the development of the social side of life. We have a Tennis Club, also a Concert Party, and in both I am much interested. The former provides us

with many hours of health-giving enjoyment in the summer months and when the weather is fine (last season we had rather a poor time) we are not slow in taking advantage of the opportunities afforded us to play this most popular game. The Concert Party entertains many and varied audiences during the winter months, when the members tour the villages in the vicinity of Reading, meeting with great approval everywhere.

#### CONCERT PARTY BUSY.

Already this season the Party has given five shows, the first at Barkham (at the invitation of Major Morris of Messrs. Petty & Sons), the second at Newbury Conservative Club, the next at Brimpton (these two both in connection with the South Berks Conservative Association), another at South Farnborough Social Club, for which our thanks are due to Mr. W. H. Wigley and Mr. J. D. Hammond, of Farnborough Military Branch, for making all arrangements for us, and number five at the Berks and Bucks Sanatorium, Peppard, where the patients look forward each year to an entertainment by the Simonds' Concert Party.

And now just a few words about the particular office in which I pass my working hours. On entering it one has almost the impression of entering a kind of library. On two sides the walls are lined with files and shelves which reach to the ceiling and are filled with letters, invoices and orders for the past few years. As, year by year, the trade of the Firm increases, it is an ever constant problem to us to find space to accommodate all the filing matter we receive. The door of the Office is marked "Correspondence," but, to my mind, this word far from adequately describes the varied and manifold jobs which pass through our hands or typewriters. The office possesses four of these latter machines and only during the absence of the typists at meals are they still.

At any rate, they rise nobly to the occasion and it is always the endeavour of the correspondence office clerks to turn out good work.

M.P.

#### MR. LOCK'S BEREAVEMENT.

Mr. A. Lock lost his sister, Mrs. Cessford, of 86 Cardigan Road, on November 15th. She was the widow of Mr. Cessford, formerly of the Royal Berkshire Hotel, London Road, Reading. Mr. Lock was devoted to his sister and we deeply sympathise with him in his great loss.

Great sympathy is also felt for the deceased's step-daughter, Miss Cessford, of Petersfield.



"To All Stations at Home and Abroad."

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Many a man with a will of his own has a codicil added to it by his wife.

DOCTOR: "You had better be X-rayed."

PATIENT: "There's no need. Get my wife; she's always been able to see through me."

A: "Biffins has worked himself up, hasn't he?"

B: "How do you mean?"

"He used to be a chiropodist, now he's a dentist."

KIND SOUL (*giving tramp money*)—You won't spend it on beer and skittles, will you?

TRAMP: No, lady—I don't play skittles.—*Passing Show.*

LADY: "Boy, can you direct me to the Commonwealth Savings Bank?"

BOY: "Why, yes'm, for a bob."

LADY: "Isn't that mighty high pay, my boy?"

BOY: "No, not for a bank director."

FIRST COCKNEY WIFE (*proudly*): "My husband was one of the 'Old Contemptibles.'"

SECOND COCKNEY WIFE: "That's nuffin', all husbands is contemptible."

PAT: "That was a foine sintiment Casey got off at the banquet last night."

MIKE: "What was that?"

PAT: "He said that the sweetest mimeries in loife are the ricollection of things forgotten."

An Englishman in New York met a man on the thirtieth floor of a skyscraper who asked: "W-w-would you m-m-mind g-g-getting in the elevator with me and a-asking him to s-s-s-stop at the t-t-tenth floor? Every t-time I g-g-et in alone he p-p-passes it before I can t-t-tell him."

## A CAMPING HOLIDAY ON THE THAMES.

## TERRIFIC THUNDERSTORM.

Although our town is situated on England's finest river, amidst some of the country's grandest scenery, few people take advantage of its amenities. Personally I cannot find sufficient time to explore its reaches and backwaters to the extent I would wish, but nearly every year I spend one week of my annual holidays camping on "Father Thames."

I will now endeavour to describe such an exploration taken this August, and in my limited space recount some of the river's beauties.

On Saturday, August 20th, in pouring rain, a friend and I set out from Moss's Boathouse.

Owing to the heavy rains the river was in high spate and as a strong down-stream wind was blowing we found it almost impossible to paddle our craft, so we took out the tow-mast and line and set to work.

As the promenade reach is well-known to all I will not dwell on this portion of the river, but will pass on as far as the Roebuck Hotel with its extensive views across the Thames. Here the towpath crosses over to the Oxfordshire bank and soon the railway embankment passes from sight. After half-a-mile of exquisite scenery, Mapledurham Lock was reached. Before entering the lock, a halt was made by the old-world mill to inspect the gems of old English scenery. The surroundings of Mapledurham are of exceptional beauty, hills rising close to the river, richly wooded and with a fine old mill and church set at their base, the mill wheels churning up the water into great cascades as one grinds the corn and the other feeds the turbine which supplies the electric current for Mapledurham House. This latter is a fine old Tudor mansion, approached by an elm avenue one mile in length, and is classed amongst the architectural glories of England, with its grand facade, wings at either end and fine oriel windows. The whole, with the exception of the mullions and quoins, is of mellow red brick with high pitched roof of tile and characteristic Tudor chimneys.

Here successive members of the ancient family of Blount have lived since 1502, and Queen Elizabeth was once an honoured guest. Also here, during the Civil War, Sir Charles Blount defended his ancestral home against Essex. Reluctantly leaving the old mansion we returned to the boat, after sparing a few moments to view the quaint old Almshouses in the main village street.

Passing through Mapledurham Lock, with its picturesque gardens and lawns, we proceeded up-stream, and the rain having ceased we were able to enjoy the scenery to its full. Nearly a mile past the lock, on the far side of sloping lawns and with infinite wealth of trees, comes Hardwick House, a building of great antiquity, rebuilt after the Civil War. Here live the Rose family and like Mapledurham House it was visited by Queen Elizabeth and saw active service in the Civil War.

From here up to Whitchurch Lock the scenery is superb, particularly on the Oxfordshire side. Just below Whitchurch we noticed a troop of scouts evidently having a fine time in camp. As time was short we did not set out to explore the village of Whitchurch but passed on through the lock to Pangbourne, where we pulled up at the Swan Hotel, one of the firm's hostelries, to take in supplies of "S.B."

On the left above Pangbourne is a colossal embankment of chalk behind which runs the G.W. Railway, and at the base of which are built many gay riverside houses. Soon, on the Oxfordshire side, we came to the Hartslock Woods, one of the most beautiful spots on the Thames, noble woods rising from the water's edge away as far as the eye can see with several fair-sized islands lying at their base.

As evening was rapidly approaching, we stopped here and decided to camp in the woods (a privilege kindly allowed to all campers by the owners of Coombe Lodge nearby). After a hearty supper helped down by Reading's brew we settled down for the night, happy and tired.

On Sunday the weather grew worse, so we decided to remain here for the time being; in fact we stopped here until Tuesday. Several other parties were camping in the vicinity, including two Reading rowing men, and some jolly times were spent here. One party of girl campers was equipped with a gramophone and a wireless set which greatly enlivened matters.

Incidentally one or two supper parties took place and we also made several trips through the woods to Mr. Tucker, mine host of the Royal Oak at Whitchurch, for replenishments of "S.B." and "L.D.A."

Tuesday morning proved to be much better so we broke camp and proceeded on our way, soon passing Basildon church and village. Goring now appeared before us and here the "Queen of the Thames"

passed, with a gay party aboard and a plentiful supply of beverage at the stern. A halt for provisions was made at Goring and its sister village of Streatley, both of which were hurriedly explored. At Streatley are the remains of a fine old mill which unfortunately was burnt down about a year ago. Above Streatley rises Streatley Hill, dotted with juniper trees and famous since Roman times when a road forded the river here.

Passing Goring Lock we paddled by pleasing houses and lawns to Cleeve Lock where a diver was at work repairing the camp-sheeting. The distance between these two locks is the shortest on the Thames being only a matter of 5 furlongs. From Cleeve to the next lock (Benson) is the longest unbroken stretch on the Thames, being  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles. The whole of this stretch is extremely beautiful, wild and deserted, but space prohibits me from extolling it fully.

About  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles above Cleeve is Moulsoford, where a horse ferry crosses the stream. Just above the ferry a red brick railway bridge carrying the G.W. Railway main line crosses the stream obliquely, forming a very interesting piece of engineer's work. Soon an ugly building comes into sight which proves to be the Berkshire Lunatic Asylum. This we hurriedly passed!

A further two miles brought us in sight of Wallingford Bridge, but before reaching this we passed by the beautiful grounds of Mongewell House on the Oxfordshire side. Being rather tired and the sun just setting, we decided to camp by Wallingford Bridge and here we found our two Reading pals who had left the Hartslock Woods the day before us.

On Wednesday we left our friends, again proceeding upstream to Benson Lock, passing on the way several fine black swans. A few yards beyond the lock we moored up and visited the quaint village of Benson or Bensington, which boasts a H. & G. Simonds' house, the one in this case being the Farmer's Man. After a short look round we journeyed on and had just reached Shillingford Bridge when a terrific thunderstorm burst. As this lasted for about an hour and a half we had the pleasure of cooking sausages, etc., over the stove in the boat, but we were quite content as Mr. Moss had provided us with an excellent canvas and although the rain poured in torrents not a spot came in. Whilst the storm was at its height we saw a convoy of tanks, field guns, tractors, etc., moving along the road in the pouring rain evidently in preparation for the manœuvres.

During the afternoon, when the weather improved a little, we turned about and commenced the homeward journey and again spent the night at Wallingford. Thursday we were up early and on our way downstream when another thunderstorm appeared on the horizon. After twenty minutes hard work we just managed to reach Moulsoford Railway Bridge when the storm broke.

For those who have never experienced a storm on the river I may say it is a glorious, if awe-inspiring, sight, with the inky black sky rent by the lightning, the roar of the thunder and the lashing of the rain on the river.

This particular storm was very heavy and lasted fully three hours. Again we took advantage of the halt to prepare a satisfying meal, aided by hints on cooking from a gang of permanent way men who were taking shelter.

During the afternoon the weather improved and in brilliant sunshine we carried on to the Hartslock Woods where we spent the night.

Friday being our last day we remained in bed until 10 a.m. and then after a hearty breakfast carried on downstream, relieving ourselves of the accumulation of "empties" at the Swan, Pangbourne. Home was reached at four in the afternoon after a very happy week.

To those who have not sampled this type of holiday, I can only say "Try it," and you will, I am sure, become an annual member of the Thames Camping Brethren.

As a word of advice I would say: travel light, wear appropriate clothes (khaki shorts and shirt are best), take a good Primus stove as fires cannot be lit everywhere, have a good boat with stout waterproof cover, a tow line and mast and a 2-gallon water jar. Any lock-keeper will refill the latter, and it is not advisable to drink river water.

Finally, pick your camping places carefully as certain portions of the river frontage are private and others dangerous, but good places are available almost everywhere.

C.G.L.

## LETTER FROM VANCOUVER.

FORMER DRAYMAN WHO IS DOING WELL.

KIND REGARDS TO HIS FELLOW WORKMEN.

THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, like the great firm for whom it speaks, is rapidly gaining a world-wide reputation. Friends who read it, like it, and forward it to their friends and relatives in far distant parts. We have just received the following most interesting letter from Vancouver, B.C. It was written by Mr. F. J. Marshall, a former drayman at the Brewery, who, with his family, we are delighted to learn, is prospering on this island discovered many years ago by an officer of the British Navy.

He writes:—

To the Editor of HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

Sir,

A few days ago I received a copy of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, the month of June issue, from a young nephew of mine in London, and as it was the first of its kind I had seen of course I was interested to know what it contained. But you can imagine what a surprise I got when I looked through it and saw two pictures of the Five Bells at Riseley. Well this is where my interest comes in. I am the man that had the picture taken showing the house before the war. I don't know how you got it but I guess some of the customers let you have it. The picture shows me with my baby daughter in my arms, about a year old then. She is now twenty. There are also my wife and two boys.

I was employed by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds for ten years as drayman on the Basingstoke Road route before I took the Five Bells. My name is F. J. Marshall, commonly called "Old Sailor." It is sixteen years since I left H. & G. Simonds to come out here, but I daresay there are some of the old timers left who will remember me. I get the *Reading Standard* sent to me so I get most of the news about Seven Bridges. I also noticed from time to time the names of some of my old friends and fellow workmen who have crossed the great divide. It always makes me think of the pleasant times that I have had in their company. I do not know if private letters like this come within the scope of your interesting little booklet, but after seeing my own picture in it after all those years I could not resist the temptation to write. It made me feel as if I was drinking a bottle of S.B.!

Well, Sir, there is one thing I would like for you to do, that is to give my very best wishes to Mr. H. F. Lindars. He will remember me and I also remember him. He was a great friend to me. Also give my best wishes to Mr. C. W. Stocker. It is 28 years ago since he started me to work at the Brewery. Also my best wishes to all the loading stage and office staff, and all old fellow workmen.

Before closing I will just say that I am all O.K. My family are all grown up and are doing well. I live in my own house with all modern requirements such as bath, electric light, phone, etc. I am close to three car lines and within 30 minutes of the centre of the finest city I was ever in. I am not rich yet but I am comfortable. If any of my old friends at the Brewery would care to write to me the address given below will always find me. I would answer all letters. I would also send you some views if you would let me know you would like them.

All the Brewery interests here are under Government control. I wish H. & G. Simonds had a chance to export beer out here. The beer we get is brewed without malt or hops. We get old country liquors and that fills up the gap.

I will now draw to a close wishing the firm of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Limited and all its employees the very best of luck and prosperity.

Believe me to remain,

Respectfully yours,

F. J. MARSHALL.

3439 Nanaimo Street,  
Vancouver, B.C.

15th October, 1927,

[We shall be delighted to hear from "Old Sailor" again, and hope he will send us some photographs.—*Ed., H.L.G.*]

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### THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Two elderly business men were chatting. They had not encountered each other for some years. "By the way," said one suddenly, "I believe I have a grandson who works in your office." "That's right," said the other casually, "He went to your funeral on Cesarewitch day."

### MR. F. A. SIMONDS' VISIT TO GERMANY.

#### ROYAL BERKS REGIMENT AT WIESBADEN.

Mr. F. A. Simonds recently returned from a visit to the Rhine where he met a host of Army friends of all ranks, foremost amongst whom were the members of the 2nd Battalion, Royal Berkshire Regiment. He was most interested to see for himself the success of the Hop Leaf No. 1 Vat A.O.F.B. which is a most flourishing institution in the Sergeants' Mess and has contributed large sums to the excellent charity for which the Order was founded.

He read with much interest the various Articles of Faith as amended by R.S.M. Groombridge and others, but was somewhat mystified by Article 23. He learns that the story is untrue that the song "Three Blind Mice" is the closing chorus.

THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE is of course the most popular journal in the Battalion and the *Football Chronicle* runs a good second. The Saturday football results come through on the wireless every Saturday evening, and on November 5th the Reading victory was received with great enthusiasm. Some caustic comments were made to the effect that it would be as well if Mr. Simonds stayed away from Reading on Football Saturdays as it might mean better luck for the side.

Mr. F. A. Simonds tells us that it was a most inspiring sight to see the Royal Berks marching through the streets of Wiesbaden to Garrison Church Parade, and the smartness of the Battalion was the subject of very favourable comment on the Rhine.

The popularity of Hop Leaf Ales has been increasing daily among the Army of Occupation ever since it was introduced there to meet the wishes of the 2nd Royal Berkshire Regiment, whose affection for and loyalty to this brand almost amounts to fanaticism.

Other Units are following suit.

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### THE LIGHTER SIDE.

JUDGE (*to prisoner*): "What's your name, occupation, and what are you charged with?"

PRISONER: "My name is Sparks, I am an electrician, and I am charged with battery."

JUDGE (*after recovering from the shock*): "Officer, discharge your duty and put this fellow in a dry cell."—*Fellowship*.

## MISS FLEET'S TEMPORARY INDISPOSITION.

It came in the nature of a great shock to us all when our colleague, Miss Fleet (Confidential Secretary to the Directors) was taken into Dunedin Nursing Home at midnight on October 17th, suffering from what a doctor and a surgeon diagnosed as acute appendicitis, calling for immediate operation. After "starvation diet" and frequent fomentations, however, it was discovered to be an acute attack of gastro-enteritis and, after four days in the Nursing Home, Miss Fleet was allowed to complete the treatment at home for a further three days. She was then advised by the doctors to spend a week in the country, which she was invited to do by good friends not unknown to the Firm, in Surrey. We are glad to report that she is now back in our midst fit and well.

## A GREAT THOUGHT.

*Either death is a state of nothingness, or, as men say, there is a change of the soul from this world to another. Now, if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, then to die is gain, for eternity is only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, where, as men say, all the dead are, what good can be greater than this?*

*If when the pilgrim arrives in the world beyond he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there, that pilgrimage will be worth the making. What would a man not give if he could converse with Orpheus and Homer? Nay; if this be true, let me die again and again.*

*I shall have a wonderful interest in the place where I can converse with the heroes of old. I shall be able to continue my search into knowledge; I shall find out who is wise and who pretends to be wise and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition, or Odysseus or numberless others? What infinite delight would there be in asking them questions, for in that world they do not put a man to death for this—certainly not.*

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth—that to a good man no evil thing can happen.—

*Socrates to his Judges.*

## THE SOCIAL CLUB.

The "slow" nights at the Club are now very few and far between, as can well be judged by the following results and reports of events that have been held since last month's issue of this excellent GAZETTE. On Thursday, 3rd November, we were at Home for a Tournament of all games with the members of the "Retailers' Society" (H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Licence Holders), when a very enjoyable evening was spent. Keen competition was displayed in all the games, combined with good humour and friendly intercourse. During the evening we were honoured with a visit by Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds who, as usual, had a very warm reception. Mr. F. C. Hawkes, Mr. C. Bennett and Mr. S. Bird were amongst those present. At the conclusion of the games, Mr. J. T. Adams (Hon. Sec. of the "Retailers' Society") made a happy little speech, thanking the members of the Social Club for providing so generously for their comfort and amusement. This was endorsed in a very humorous manner by Mr. Albert Froome, and Mr. W. Bradford, Hon. Sec. of the Club, suitably responded. The evening closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem.

The result of the Tournament was a victory for the visitors. Full particulars are given hereunder.

## SIMONDS SOCIAL CLUB v. RETAILERS' SOCIETY.

## BILLIARDS.

Social Club.	Visitors.
R. Clement... I	W. Collins ... 0
A. Howard ... I	P. Breach ... 0
F. Braisher... I	J. Freeman... 0
R. Griffiths... 0	A. Smith ... I
A. Dalton ... I	B. Burroughs 0

## SHOVE HALFPENNY.

Social Club.	Visitors.
S. Whiting ... I	C. Absolom... 0
A. Ayling ... 0	F. Pilgrim ... I
A. Lake ... 0	J. Wheeler ... I
T. Osborne ... 0	J. Adams ... I
T. H. Stacey 0	C. B. Duguid I
C. Chapman I	H. Hazell ... 0
F. Brown ... 0	A. Benger ... I

## SHOOTING.

Social Club.	Visitors.
S. Whiting ... I	F. Smith ... 0
J. Maxwell ... 0	A. A. Duguid I
A. Prater ... I	G. Emery ... 0
H. Mitchell... I	G. Lawrence 0
W. Sparks ... I	P. Breach ... 0

## DARTS.

Social Club.	Visitors.
W. Sparks ... 0	C. Absolom... I
E. Tate ... 0	A. Davies ... I
T. H. Stacey 0	J. A. Wheeler I
J. Belcher ... 0	A. A. Duguid I
J. Cannon ... I	E. Wheeler ... 0
A. Dalton ... I	H. Smart ... 0
C. Chapman I	H. Hazell ... 0
J. Cholwill ... I	A. Benger ... 0

## SINGLE CRIB.

Social Club.	Visitors.
C. Thatcher ... 0	S. Rice ... I
A. Barley ... I	H. Tucker ... 0
J. Cholwill ... I	A. Benger ... 0
G. Marsh ... I	A. Wheeler ... 0
R. Sloper ... 0	H. Cooper ... I
A. Lake ... 0	E. Wheeler ... I
T. Stevens ... I	A. Froome ... 0
G. Page ... I	F. Benger ... 0
S. Bird ... I	T. Lawrence ... 0
T. H. Stacey 0	C. Absolom... I

## DOUBLE CRIB.

<i>Social Club.</i>		<i>Visitors.</i>	
R. Sloper and G. Marsh	... o	A. Wheeler and H. Cooper	... I
G. Page and T. Stevens	... I	F. Benger and A. Froome	... o
T. Osborne and W. Sparks	... o	T. Lawrence and G. Lawrence	... I
L. Browne and C. Chapman	... o	P. Breach and F. White	... I
F. Josey and A. Dalton	... o	F. Bargery and H. Smart	... I
S. Bird and S. Whiting	... o	E. Wheeler and J. Wheeler	... I

## WHIST.

<i>Social Club.</i>		<i>Visitors.</i>	
L. E. Browne and G. Page	... o	T. Lawrence and G. Lawrence	... I
W. Curtis and E. Taylor	... o	H. Tucker and F. White	... I
F. Josey and A. Dalton	... o	F. Bargery and H. Smart	... I
R. Clement and A. Lake	... o	E. Wheeler and J. Wheeler	... I
L. Collins and J. Cannon	... o	F. Bargery and H. Smart	... I

## DOMINOES (Single).

<i>Social Club.</i>		<i>Visitors.</i>	
C. Gunn ...	... I	H. Tucker	... o
L. Collins	... o	E. Wheeler	... I

## DOMINOES (Double).

G. Marsh and J. Embling	... I	W. Smith and G. Lawrence	... o
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VISITORS 26 points.

SOCIAL CLUB 23 points.

On Friday, 18th November, a Tournament of games was held, at home, with the Salisbury Club, Reading. Members of both Clubs turned up in good numbers and a very pleasant evening was spent. All games were played and thoroughly enjoyed.

Mr. A. J. Foster, Chairman of the Salisbury Club Games Committee, expressed the thanks of the visitors for the manner in which they had been received and catered for. Mr. Harry Hawkins, J.P., who also spoke, said that undoubtedly a very enjoyable evening had been spent and he had much pleasure in renewing his acquaintance with an old friend, Mr. Charles Latimer. He considered Charlie was a unique character and had Charles Dickens had the pleasure of meeting him, he would have immortalised him in the columns of "Pickwick Papers." On expressing his thanks to the members of the Club, whom, he said, represented a great and generous Firm who brewed the beverage that cheers, he invited the members of the Salisbury Club to give three hearty cheers.

Mr. W. Bradford suitably responded on behalf of the Social Club.

## BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

## DIVISION I.

*Monday, 31st October.* The 1st Division Team in the Billiards League was at home to The Trades Union Team, the result of the games being as follows:—

<i>H. &amp; G. S. Social.</i>		<i>Trades Union.</i>	
W. Howard	... 150 v.	E. Snellgrove	... 115
R. Clement	... 150 v.	R. French	... 88
A. Dalton	... 150 v.	A. Mackay	... 127
G. Boddington	... 150 v.	E. Guyell	... 136
R. Broad	... 109 v.	A. G. Howman	... 150
R. Griffiths	... 150 v.	A. E. Howman	... 129
	859		745
Handicap	... 100	Handicap	... 150
	959		895

Winning Team, H. & G. S. Social by 64 points.

*Monday, 14th November.* The 1st Division Billiards League Team visited The Trades Union Club, the games resulting as follows:—

<i>Trades Union.</i>		<i>H. &amp; G. S. Social.</i>	
E. Snellgrove	... 144 v.	A. Howard	... 150
F. E. Frederick	... 100 v.	R. Clement	... 150
A. Mackay	... 150 v.	A. Dalton	... 138
E. Guyell	... 150 v.	G. Boddington	... 138
A. G. Howman	... 150 v.	R. Broad	... 116
R. French	... 150 v.	R. Griffiths	... 136
	844		828
Handicap	... 150	Handicap	... 100
	994		928

Winning Team, Trades Union by 66 points.

## BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

## DIVISION II.

*Monday, 24th October.* The 2nd Division Billiards League Team was away to Caversham St. Anne's, the result being as under:—

<i>Caversham St. Anne's.</i>		<i>H. &amp; G. S. Social.</i>	
J. Phillips	... 35 v.	H. Davis	... 100
F. Parker	... 100 v.	W. Sparks	... 72
L. Birkett	... 100 v.	A. Jacobs	... 58
A. Norris	... 100 v.	A. Weight	... 62
R. Draper	... 100 v.	C. Chapman	... 97
H. Crunden	... 100 v.	G. Winslett	... 81
	535		470
Handicap	... 70	Handicap	... 30
	605		500

Winning Team, Caversham St. Anne's by 105 points.

Monday, 7th November. The 2nd Division Billiards League Team was at home to the Berks Mounted Territorial, the games resulting as follows:—

<i>H. &amp; G. S. Social.</i>				<i>Berks Mounted Territorial.</i>			
H. Davis	...	...	100	v.	A. Track	...	67
A. Jacobs	...	...	100	v.	P. Dolton	...	78
J. Rumens	...	...	100	v.	A. Henson	...	90
W. Sparks	...	...	80	v.	C. Taylor	...	100
C. Weller	...	...	64	v.	A. Allen	...	100
C. Chapman	...	...	76	v.	H. E. Dolton	...	100
<hr/>				<hr/>			
Handicap	...	...	520		Handicap	...	535
			30				70
<hr/>				<hr/>			
			550				605

Winning Team, Berks Mounted Territorial by 55 points.

#### DEPARTMENTAL GAMES.

Friday, 28th October. The Transport met the Offices in the Departmental Tournaments and the results are as follows:—

<i>TRANSPORT.</i>			<i>OFFICES.</i>		
<i>Games.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Points.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Points.</i>	
Billiards	...	...	W. Gilbey	...	0
"	...	...	J. Champion	...	0
"	...	...	A. Dalton	...	1
Dominoes	...	...	C. Gunn	...	0
"	...	...	N. Hopkins	...	0
"	...	...	J. Embling	...	1
Crib	...	...	T. Streams	...	0
"	...	...	G. Marsh	...	1
"	...	...	F. Hamilton	...	1
Shove Halfpenny	...	...	D. Witts	...	1
"	...	...	H. Hinxman	...	1
"	...	...	F. Brown	...	0
Darts	...	...	A. Taylor	...	1
"	...	...	T. Tame	...	1
"	...	...	F. Adey	...	1
Shooting	...	...	W. Maxwell	...	1
"	...	...	A. Taylor	...	0
"	...	...	S. Whiting	...	1
					11
					7

Friday, 11th November. Another Departmental Tournament took place, the Coopers meeting the Building Department, resulting as follows:—

<i>COOPERS.</i>			<i>BUILDING.</i>		
<i>Games.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Points.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Points.</i>	
Billiards	...	...	R. Griffiths	...	1
"	...	...	C. Weller	...	0
"	...	...	G. Page	...	0
Dominoes	...	...	H. Plank	...	0
"	...	...	F. Oliver	...	1
"	...	...	T. Williams	...	1
Crib	...	...	G. Kelley	...	0
"	...	...	A. Dolton	...	1
"	...	...	C. Latimer	...	1
Shove Halfpenny	...	...	A. Weight	...	1
"	...	...	W. Sparks	...	0
"	...	...	C. Carpenter	...	0
Darts	...	...	G. Kelley	...	0
"	...	...	A. Weight	...	1
"	...	...	W. Sparks	...	0
Shooting	...	...	T. Bartholomew	...	1
"	...	...	F. Drury	...	0
"	...	...	H. Clement	...	1
					9
					9

THE BILLIARDS HANDICAP (100 up), for prize given by Mr. C. W. Stocker, is rapidly drawing to a close. Some very exciting games have been played and keenly watched by interested spectators. Mr. S. Bird has now to play Mr. H. Davis, after which match there will only be the winner of these two, and Messrs. W. Curtis, C. Chapman and J. Rumens in the semi-final. Mr. Stocker has kindly consented to present the prizes to the winner and the runner-up of the final games.

A second Billiards Handicap (100 up) will commence on December 1st. The members of the Committee are giving the first prize and there will also be a prize for the runner-up.

#### COMING EVENTS.

Friday, 2nd December. Police visit for a Tournament of all games.

Saturday, 17th December. Visit from the Comrades Club, Bradfield, for a Tournament of all games.

Saturday, 7th January, 1928. Children's Xmas Treat. All names of members' children between the ages of 4 and 11 years, wishing to attend, must be given in to the Honorary Secretary not later than Wednesday, 4th January, 1928. The papers must bear the

children's names and ages, also the Department in which their father is employed. Tickets will be issued accordingly.

*Monday, 23rd January, 1928.* THE ANNUAL CLUB DINNER. Tickets for this event will be strictly limited and members wishing to attend are advised to make an early application.

*Every Monday.* Billiards League Matches.

*Every Wednesday.* Partner Whist Drive, commencing at 8 p.m.

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#### AN EPITAPH.

The following epitaph may be seen on a gravestone in Strathfieldsaye Churchyard:—

Asleep beneath this humble Stone  
Lies honest, harmlefs, simple John ;  
Who free from Guilt, & Care & Strife,  
Here clos'd his inoffensive Life ;  
His worth was great, his failings few,  
He practis'd all the good he knew,  
And did no harm, his only Sin  
Was that he lov'd a drop of Gin ;  
And when his favourite was not near  
Contented, took his horn of Beer ;  
Tho' weak his head, to make amendes  
Heav'n gave him health, content & Friends.  
This little Village Nurs'd and Bred him,  
And Good Lord Rivers cloath'd & fed him.  
Twas there he Liv'd, Carefs'd by all,  
The favourite of the Servant's Hall,  
With them he eat his daily Bread ;  
They lov'd him Living, mourn him Dead.  
And now have kindly Join'd to Raise  
This little Tombstone to his praise.  
Nor should the learned and the wise  
Such humble merit e'er Despise ;  
Who knows but John may find a place  
Where wit muft never show its face.  
Farewell John, Grant Heaven that we  
Harmlefs may live and die like thee.

JOHN BAYLIE, DIED APRIL 2nd, 1777,

AGED 45 YEARS.

## ARMISTICE DAY 1918 AND 1927.

### BREWERY INVADED BY TOMMIES IN BLUE.

Casting back his memory for nine years to November 11th, 1918, one member of the staff could not help thinking what a different state of affairs existed on the Firm to the present year. Then, owing to so many having responded to their country's call for service, in the offices, as elsewhere, a temporary staff was carrying on, but a large proportion of it comprised members of the fair sex, who loyally did their bit for "Blighty" in their own sphere of life, until the return of the boys. Directly it became known that Peace had been signed, special services were held in many places of worship, at which a few who could be spared attended. Considerable excitement prevailed in Reading, as in other towns ; several impromptu processions paraded the streets in which officers and cadets of the Royal Forces from the many local training schools, also convalescent Tommies, were to the fore, being well supported by the juvenile members of the Borough. During the course of the afternoon, a few exciting adventures happened at the Brewery. Suddenly the General Office was invaded by a number of Tommies in blue and the Staff were diverted from their work by the well-known words of command, "Fall In!" The platoon was duly inspected by the manager of the office, who evidently satisfied those on parade, for the order was shortly given to retire. The retreat was carried out in good humour, no doubt partly due to plenty of smiles from our young lady clerks, who were very interested spectators.

But more was to follow elsewhere, for a swift and determined attack was promptly and successfully planned and launched, the main objective being the Loading Stage. For a while, fortune favoured the brave, resulting in a firkin and pin being captured and carried triumphantly off the premises by the attackers. The defenders quickly rallied their forces and, ably led by Mr. F. A. Simonds, the prisoners were recaptured and restored to the Brewery, the pin quite intact but the firkin ullaged.

### MANAGING DIRECTOR'S GREAT TACT.

Our Managing Director displayed great tact in handling the situation as the opposing forces were in a high state of excitement and greatly in need of some lubricant after a good turn of street serenading. They were also numerically the stronger party and, for a few minutes, stoutly resisted the loot being wrested from their possession. But, after a time, they listened to reason and dispersed, possibly to seek fresh fields of conquest.

In the evening, our worthy caretaker, who had so consistently observed the regulations of having all blinds drawn and lights shaded at certain hours, and other exacting restrictions, exhibited his relief by switching on, for a time, most of the lights. Without any blinds to screen the lights, they quite illuminated the otherwise darkened streets.

Demobilisation soon showed signs of activity and we then had the pleasure of welcoming home some of our old colleagues. It was not to be that all should return, many having made good and paid the supreme sacrifice for their King and Country. All honour to their names! It is to them that our thoughts so often fly, especially on Armistice Day each year, during the wonderful and inspiring Great Silence which is so reverently observed throughout our mighty Empire of which we are so justly proud.

F.C.H.

#### ROYAL WEST KENTS ARRIVE AT GUERNSEY.

The island received the 2nd Battn. Royal West Kents on November 17th. The Battalion left Woking at 7 o'clock on November 16th, when it seemed the whole population was at the station gates to give them parting cheers. "We had a great send-off" volunteered the men as they stepped ashore.

At the White Rock to receive them was Major R. M. Airey, O.B.E., M.C., A.A. and Q.M.G.

#### FOR BEAUCAMP.

Guernsey has now a big part of the island garrison at Beaucamp, for marching to their quarters there were the A, B and C Companies with the drums and fifes. The Headquarter Wing and D Company marched to their quarters at Fort George. C Company, drums and signallers travelled by the Lorina, and Companies A, B and D, with Headquarter Wing and Band, crossed by the Vera.

#### THE OFFICERS.

The Battalion is commanded by Lieut.-Col. J. T. Twisleton Wykeham Fiennes, the family name of Baron Saye and Sele. Also with him are Major E. H. Norman, D.S.O., O.B.E., Major E. F. Moulton-Barrett, M.C. (who is an Old Elizabethan), Capt. P. N. Anstruther, D.S.O., M.C., Capt. C. F. Battye, M.C., Capt. H. Peploe, D.S.O., Capt. R. L. Travers, Capt. R. H. Miles, Lieutenants G. Ingram, H. N. Edwards, F. O. M. Chauncy, J. T. Leigh, R. A. Loch, R. A. Riddell, Adjt., S. F. Saville, H. D. Chaplin,

W. P. Oliver, W. M. Knatchbull, J. M. D. Booth-Tucker, G. M. Neve; Second-Lieutenants R. M. Allfry and E. S. Heygate; Lieutenant and Quarter-Master M. C. Crisfold; Regt.-Sergt.-Major E. Johnson.

The draft for Alderney, consisting of 19 warrant officers and other ranks (with wives and children), is under the command of Lieutenant J. T. Leigh.

The band numbers 40 players and the Bandmaster is Mr. A. W. D. Hunt. There are 34 players in the fife and drum band, under Sergeant-Drummer W. Bridger, D.C.M.

A draft of the Battalion is due to leave for India at the end of January.

#### SPORTING BATTALION.

Guernsey welcomes a real sporting Battalion. The football team has won distinction in the Aldershot Command. They were winners in the Senior Division in 1925, and runners-up in 1926. Last year the team attained to the fourth round of the Army Cup. This year the team won in the first round of the Army Challenge Cup by 5 to 0, but were beaten in the second round by 5 to 2 by the 60th Rifles. They are keen on boxing, as befits a Battalion who can proudly point to having won the Delhi Durbar Cup in 1911. There are also rugby, hockey and cricket teams.

The Regimental motto is "Que Pas et Gloria Ducunt," and the crest is the Sphinx, superscribed "Egypt."



GORING CHURCH.

By A. P. Belcher.

What a lot of talent we are finding at the Brewery! Mr. A. P. Belcher has contributed several interesting sketches, including the above which, all will agree, is a work of art.

## D.C.L.I. DEPART FROM CHANNEL ISLANDS.

## FAREWELL SCENES AT WHITE ROCK.

At 6.5 on the evening of November 15th, the Vera, as a troopship, steamed through the pierheads at the White Rock with the 2nd Battalion D.C.L.I. on board, en route from Guernsey for Aldershot, via Southampton. There were loud cheers from both land and sea as the vessel, under the command of Captain J. H. Swan, moved from berth No. 3.

The Vera left Southampton at 5 o'clock in the morning, and reached Alderney at 10.30. The D.C.L.I. there embarked. There were 6 officers, 162 warrant officers and other ranks; 13 women and 27 children. Leaving at 2, the Vera arrived at Guernsey at 3.45.

The officers crossing from Alderney were Capt. T. E. Bisdee, D.S.O., M.C., Capt. L. C. Heygate, Capt. E. C. Codyre, M.C., Lieut. J. Onslow, 2nd Lieut. H. G. Cornish-Bowden and 2nd Lieut. R. M. J. Gillott.

Lieut. J. B. Churcher was left with the rear party, to proceed on Saturday, joining here with the rear party left on this island.

There was a wait for the local contingent. These numbered 8 officers, 252 warrant officers and other ranks, 23 women and 33 children.

The troops left Fort George at 5.15, and, headed by the Militia Band (under the charge of Bandmaster S. F. J. Small), the big party came at a swinging gait to the berth, to the lilting march of "Sons of the Brave." The men embarked forthwith, and there were many old friends parted every moment of the ten minutes of embarkation.

The officers and ladies leaving from Guernsey were Lieut.-Col. H. T. Dobbin, C.B.E., Capt. H. L. Harvey and Mrs. Harvey, Lieut. J. C. Phillippo and Mrs. Phillippo, Lieuts. V. K. Channer, J. Onslow, W. Kiddle, Criddle, Ilbert and Rogers. Also Bandmaster Young.

Of the W.O.'s notable and popular men leaving were R.S.M. W. E. Fife, Sergt.-Major F. Marks, Band Sergt. W. Alexander and C.S.M. C. Bennett.

## MR. BLACKALL-SIMONDS AND FALCONRY.

## ENTHUSIASTS TO FORM A CLUB.

One of the oldest English sports, falconry, is once again winning popularity in England, and by the beginning of the new year a number of leading enthusiasts are hoping to found a falconry club.

Recently, our venerable Chairman, Mr. G. Blackall-Simonds, an enthusiastic falconer, invited a number of friends keen on the sport to a Falconers' Feast in London, and among them were Sir Theodore Cook, Sir George Noble and Sir James Kingston Fowler. At this dinner the founding of the new club was decided on.

Capt. C. W. R. Knight, who recently succeeded in taming a golden eagle and is also a devotee of the sport, said to a *Daily Mail* reporter:

Recently I have done quite a lot of falconry in Scotland, where they are very keen on it, especially round about Caithness, where game is plentiful. After Christmas we shall fly at rooks, for which the farmers are always grateful to us, but hawking at game is the best sport.

I was hawking to-day with a wonderful bird I call Minerva. When Minerva is unleashed she will climb to a great height and wait there till we put up some game.

Then like a flash she will swoop and you can hear the whistle of the wind through her wings. Down she comes right on to the bird and strikes and the game bird falls dead at a blow. It is an amazing performance and thrilling to watch.

Often the game bird will escape. After the kill, or the miss, you throw out the lure on a string to attract the falcon back, and then with a piece of meat, or at a word of command, entice it on to your wrist again.

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There was a comedy of errors at Winchester Assizes recently.

A police sergeant in the court signalled to a policeman in the public gallery to request a man to remove his hat. The policeman ignored the signals and the hat remained on.

The clerk of the court then sent instructions to the policeman.

A message came back that the man was a woman. She wore a soft collar and tie and was Eton cropped.

The sergeant blushed and the court smiled.

## WOMEN WHO ORGANIZED SUCCESSFUL BALL.



In the picture are seen the Committee of the Women's Licensed Trade Defence League, who organized such a successful ball at the Olympia, Reading, recently. The Chairman, Mrs. Smart, distributed the prizes and Mrs. Moss was the indefatigable Hon. Secretary.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

SERGEANT (*addressing platoon*): "Any man 'ere know anything about music?"

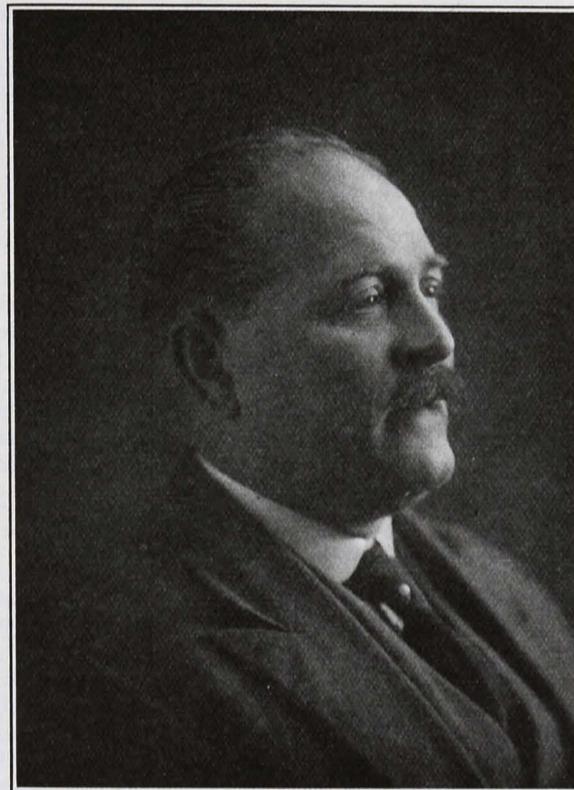
RECRUIT (*with ambition to be a bandmaster*): "Yes, sergeant."

SERGEANT: "Then you can go and shift the piano in the sergeants' mess."

A lodger who ate no meat was known as the herbaceous bo(a)rd.

## THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

NO. I.



MR. TOM LAWRENCE.

(BY C.H.P.)

As a new feature of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, I propose giving a series of thumbnail sketches dealing with prominent members of the Trade. Mr. Tom Lawrence, of the Brewery Tap, Broad Street, Reading, has the honour of being the first of this series.

The Brewery Tap occupies a former site of H. & G. Simonds' Brewery. Mine host has, all his life, been connected with many branches of sport. He has acted as M.C. at dances but it is with outdoor games that he has been most active. Some of the football matches he has organized for charity have been highly successful. It was only a few years ago that he, with the assistance of a friend,

set on foot the Reading Ladies' Football Club. As the result of four matches played by the ladies no less a sum than £600 was raised for charities.

Previous to taking over the Brewery Tap, Mr. Lawrence was, for nine years, at the Retreat, St. John's Street. It was while here that he established the old Reading Victoria Football Club, under the presidency of the late Alderman John Eighteen.

For seventeen years Mr. Lawrence has been at the Brewery Tap—the longest tenancy, I believe, in the history of the house. And he is still going strong, also finding time for much useful work outside his immediate business. He is Chairman of H. & G. Simonds Retailers' Society, with which he has been closely connected ever since his association with the Firm.

During the War Mr. Lawrence did yeoman work. He volunteered his services, gratis, to the Royal Berkshire Depot, to assist in supplying food, etc., and played a prominent part in arranging the great tea and entertainment for children whose fathers were fighting the unscrupulous foe. This took place in the Large Town Hall and was very finely organized, thanks to the valuable help rendered by teachers from the various schools.

In connection with Collection Day for "Cares and Comforts for the Wounded," Mr. Lawrence topped the list, with the largest sum, just beating the then Mayor, Mr. W. M. Colebrook.

Then Mr. Lawrence took over the Linen Stores at No. 3 War Hospital and remained in charge until his sons went to the War. He had then, perforce, to return to his own business. Both his sons, George and Cecil, luckily came back safely. The former is now proprietor of the Leopold Arms, Leopold Road, Reading, while Cecil is Mr. Lawrence's right-hand man at the Brewery Tap. Cecil is a fine footballer, as keenly interested as his father in most manly sports and, being of a very genial disposition, helps very materially to keep the Hop Leaf Flag flying at the Brewery Tap.

In the past, Mr. Lawrence has received valuable help from his two daughters. One, Mrs. Duguid, is now at The Sailors Home, West Street, and the other, Mrs. Mortimer, is carrying on equally good work at The White Horse, Emmer Green.

Mr. Lawrence's motto is

CLEANLINESS  
COMFORT  
CIVILITY

That is why, if you go to the Brewery Tap once, you go again and again.

## THE ROADS OF ENGLAND.

The roads of England! How the history of the greatest Empire the world has ever known has depended on them for its being. Trace right back through the centuries, and again and again, in any great event which has helped to build up our wonderful heritage, you will find mention of the highways of Britain. To us the majority are just names, but what a wonderful story they unfold, a story which would be unending.

### THE GREAT NORTH ROAD.

Kings, Queens, all sorts and conditions of people, have travelled it and made history. Sir Walter Scott has made it famous in his stories of Border strife as the road which the Scottish chieftains used in their forays into the English countryside. Bonny Prince Charlie, the Pretender, made his dash into the Midland Counties, and along the same road retreated back to Scotland, was caught and defeated by the English troops. The same route led to Gretna Green and many an exciting chase between eager lovers and irate parents has it witnessed.

### THE BRIGHTON ROAD.

What dreams the name conjures up of the gay times of the Regency, when along the road bowled the coaches of the Prince Regent, Beau Brunnell and all the merry Corinthians to convert, by force of fashion, the tiny village of "Brighthelmstone" into the "Queen of Watering Places," Brighton. This was a period in the history of the country the like of which will, perhaps, never be seen again. It was the day of the "devil may care" and, although some may blame the men for the manner of their lives, they set the power of England on a pinnacle in Europe and heralded in the Victorian era, which saw the final binding together of all which we know as the Empire.

### THE MIDLAND ROAD.

This road was made famous first through King Alfred the Great, as along it he fought some of his first battles and wrested the balance of power from the Danes to found a dynasty of Kings of All England, which has lived unbroken (except for the period of Cromwell's parliament) right down to the present day. Now over the same ground hunts our Prince of Wales, following the same route that his great ancestor once hunted an invader of England and by his victories made himself the first King of United England.

## THE DOVER ROAD.

What memories does this road recall to the present generation! It was almost the first road built by the Romans in this country and yet, perhaps, has more poignant memories to the living than any other. It is the road to war. All through our Peninsular Campaigns, the Dover Road was the road to France and "glory." A century later history repeated itself and during 1914-1918 thousands travelled that road on the way to another "glorious adventure," and, if born under a lucky star, travelled back again over it for a "little bit of leaf" with the knowledge that if war is not exactly glorious it, at any rate, holds sufficient of adventure to last for a long time.

## THE BATH ROAD.

The road which is, no doubt, most familiar to our readers, not for its name, "The Highway of Fashion," but for its local associations and because the firm and fame of H. & G. Simonds is linked up with it. Along a great stretch of this world-famous highway the traveller cannot go far without meeting the "Hop Leaf" sign, and in these days of the motor car, like olden times with the stage coach, the traveller by road can be sure that a regular course of "S.B." or Milk Stout taken en route will go a long way towards a cure before ever sampling the waters of Bath. Nearly all the houses belonging to the Firm which are on this road have some history or romance about them. Just take one small stretch of it, say from the "Bell and Bottle," at Maidenhead Thicket, to "The King's Head," at Thatcham. The traveller by coach was always glad for the stop at the "Bell and Bottle," as on arrival there the main dangers of the famous Thicket had been surmounted and the passengers could take on a fresh supply of courage to face the journey to the next stage, Reading. On this portion of the road the coach had to pass along what is now part of the Great Western Railway line and which is known to all of us as Sonning Cutting. This was a favourite hiding place of highwaymen and the road had to be widened here at the Government's expense to provide some measure of safety. We wonder what they taxed to provide the necessary funds? On arriving at Reading the passenger had choice of several coaching inns and such names as "The Bear," "The Crown," and "The Sun" will be familiar to the readers as well known houses of the Firm which, although some of their importance as coaching houses has departed, are still going strong. The next post house on the road out of Reading which has a story is "The Horn Castle," at Calcot, and how many people who regularly take a stroll to this inn have heard the legend of

## THE BERKSHIRE LADY?

In the days of Queen Anne there lived at Calcot Park a certain Sir William Kendrick who had a favourite and only daughter. This lady was, so the story goes, not only very beautiful but had, as an additional attraction, five thousand pounds a year in her own right. Consequently, all the Berkshire squires, not wishing to see such a prize go to a stranger, flocked to Calcot Park to woo the lady. But none was successful. The maid had ideas of her own and fixed her affections (against her father's wish) on a penniless barrister of London, one Benjamin Childs by name, who was staying near. This gentleman was nothing loth on his part but not liking to match his empty pockets against the five thousand and father's anger thought it better to return to London and the law. The lady had other intentions, however. She received information, the night before he was to leave, that a post chaise had been hired by him from the "Horn Castle," so donning masculine attire and masked, she waited for him under the tree which still stands outside the inn. On his arrival, she forced him to a fight in which he was severely wounded, took him to London and married him out of hand. The marriage turned out, according to records, quite a success and Mr. Childs and his wife had a long and happy life. The family vault is still in St. Mary's Church, where the couple are buried.

At Theale, just behind "The Lamb," was fought quite a sharp battle during the Civil War. After an indecisive fight between the Royalist and Cromwellian troops, at Speen, near Newbury, Cromwell withdrew his forces along the Bath Road towards Reading. He was hotly pursued by Prince Rupert in command of King Charles' cavalry, who caught up with him at Theale and charging again and again at Cromwell's tired troops inflicted severe losses on the Parliament forces. The lane where the worst fighting took place is still known as "Dead Man's Lane."

The next house belonging to the Firm, of which one reads quite a lot, is just before reaching Thatcham, a small inn at Woolhampton, known as the "Row Barge." This was used by several of the highwaymen who infested this road, as a convenient place in which to stable their horses after "business" on the main road.

Thatcham is the next stage and there all posting by the big mail and passenger coaches was done at the "King's Head," surely one of the most famous of coaching inns on the road. Nearly half way from London to Bath many are the people of mark who have taken their meals and rest at this hostel. It was famous in

song and story of the times, many of which are too long to go into in the present article. One story of the two society beaux who raced from there to Reading for a bride is, perhaps, as good as any that has ever been told. It is of a horse race of 14 miles in a thunderstorm with a highwayman as Clerk of the Course. The race resulted in a dead heat; but for one of the riders fainting at the finish and not being able to weigh in there would have been a pretty problem for the lady to solve. (See J. Hilliers' *Memoirs of a Person of Quality*).

There are numerous other houses belonging to H. & G. Simonds on this road round all of which some story of the "Good Old Days" is woven. Perhaps, an abler pen will, one day, take up the task and produce a real thriller, one which will put fiction to shame.

What a feast of adventure for readers of all ages: a history of H. & G. Simonds' houses on the Bath Road!

F.M.

## AN EVENING'S CRAY-FISHING.

(From our Oxford correspondent.)

Our party of three, two representatives of the Firm and a mutual friend, having driven over, one evening, to the vicinity of the town (of the sleepy market variety) called Thame, with the firm and fixed resolve of fishing in the river (also called Thame), a tributary of Father Thames himself, to catch the elusive cray-fish which abound in its waters

Arriving at our rendez-vous we found our factotum awaiting us with the necessary nets, bait and other paraphernalia, together with a generous supply of "S.B." Losing no time, we proceeded to the stream and got busy forthwith. Everything went like the proverbial "marriage bell," until darkness set in and put an end to our efforts and to our entertainment.

Packing up cray-fish all alive, not to mention nets, etc., in the dark, is another form of entertainment, which was at last terminated, what though we had stowed our things away regardless of their proper place, our handy-man zealously assisting. Then we found our way back to the car which we had left about three fields away from the river. During our absence, a number of quadrupeds of the bovine species had made a thorough inspection of our vehicle. To use our mutual friend's own words—"They had done everything to it except drive it." But things might have been worse, most of the damage was superficial.

We duly arrived back in Oxford and "pulled up" at our friend's front door as he was to be our host for the remainder of the

evening. We were ushered inside and welcomed by his good lady, to whom we proudly displayed our catch, about two bushels of healthy-looking and very active cray-fish.

While we were congratulating ourselves and thinking of that marvellous supper which was to crown our efforts, we were astounded to hear that our hostess flatly refused to have anything to do with the cooking of our spoils. The three of us stood "flabbergasted." "What are we to do now?" said we. "Take them down to Folly Bridge and pitch 'em into the Thames," says our host. "Not on your life," says one, "Ain't there a fried-fish bar near here somewhere?" "Yes," says another, "but cray-fish want boiling, not frying."

Anyhow, an expedition of three was hastily formed, and we proceeded to the said fried-fish shop to discuss ways and means. The proprietor "showed willing" to do the needful, but informed us that cooking cray-fish was not in his repertoire. Our luck was in, however, for we espied and commandeered a large copper boiler, and in no time we had filled it with water and set it to boil. We toddled away, to shortly return breathless but triumphant, with our two bushels of spoils which were quickly tumbled into our improvised boiler.

Our friend the fish-fryer noticed something strange and wonderful floating in the midst of our cray-fish which was, by appearance, distinctly no relation to them. With the help of a large ladle, we discovered that the remains of our bait was being boiled up too. Now bloaters that have been kept sufficiently long for them to acquire the correct bouquet attractive to a hungry cray-fish and useful as bait for such, are no use as a garnish in their cooking. Needless to say they were quickly removed, lest the local sanitary inspector should make inconvenient enquiries. It turned out later that our handy-man had most thoughtfully re-packed the remainder of the bait, and in the darkness had stowed it away with the cray-fish.

Our culinary operations being brought to a successful conclusion, we proudly retraced our steps to our host's house bearing our spoils, now a bright lobster colour and piping hot. We placed them carefully upon the flagstones of the courtyard to cool off, while we further whetted our appetites for a well-earned supper with a little liquid refreshment.

When we came to "dish up," we found that most of the household crockery was required to contain our catch. What a supper we had and how we enjoyed it!

Friends of ours who subsequently sampled our cray-fish said what fine ones they were. We are of the opinion that the inclusion of the bait in the cooking enhanced the flavour.

## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

Through unavoidable causes the November issue of *THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE* came out a few days late. Our Editor is greeted every morning just round about the time they are due to see the light of day with, "When are they coming out."

The photograph of the late Mr. St. J. Quarry brings back many memories of "Mr. Sinjin." He went through many departments of the Brewery and started (I believe) in the Cask Office, at what is colloquially called "number snatching," *i.e.*, taking the numbers of the casks, cases, &c. Whilst with us (The Correspondence Office) he was initiated into the mysteries of filing, typing letters and invoices. When he had finished his apprenticeship, so to speak, he moved upstairs in the Office with the late Mr. Arthur Simonds, and used to deal with the Wine and Spirit trade in particular. Letters were written by him to many ladies and gentlemen residing in the Town and County enclosing a special Wine List we had at that time, together with a special folder regarding Sherry and other Wines, soliciting their trade. After these letters were sent off, the traveller for the district was detailed to "follow up." I used to keep a book for "Mr. Sinjin," showing to whom letters had been written, together with name of traveller, and occasionally, armed with my book, I used to have to go upstairs to report progress. It was a great pity he was killed in the War, for his heart and soul were in the business. Many remember him at the Brewery.

Armistice Day, 11th November, 1927, was faithfully observed at the Brewery, and the Brewery Gates were closed for the two minutes silence.

To all who served, this day of days must bring back many memories, some pleasant, laughable and enjoyable, others tragic, sad and sorrowful. However, no doubt the first thought that comes to each individual mind is, thank goodness it ended when it did. Then the next individual thought is, what was I doing this time nine years ago, and the War—never really forgotten—comes back to many with a rush. It is interesting to learn the different methods adopted in various places where our colleagues served to celebrate the end of a most imperfect War. We learn how they rejoiced in many parts of France, Egypt, Palestine, Italy, Salonika and anywhere else where there was a War on. All seemed to think it was a *real* time for rejoicing and particularly a time for refreshment, and the red, red wine flowed in many parts. Yet it is a time of sadness for many. We all know of someone who lost a father, a

son or a brother. Everyone remembers a pal who died that England might live, and whose epitaph would be "He was one of the best." Some while after the Armistice, when stationed at Wimereux, near Boulogne, with a khaki-clad friend, we visited a large cemetery nearby—I forget the name of the place now—and it struck both of us what a large number of men were buried there who died on the 11th November, 1918. They seemed to be legion.

Whilst on the topic of Armistice Day, I think it would be a good plan in future years for all who served, now on the Brewery, Branches and subsidiary Breweries, to be requested to wear their medals for this day of all days.

A friend and I endeavoured to celebrate Armistice Day, 1918, in France in a fitting manner, but after trying our best on the local brew we gave it up for we were anything but exhilarated. Then it came on to rain.

Mr. J. B. Doe's win in a football competition in a Sunday newspaper was mentioned in our last number. It must be borne in mind that the prize for twelve correct results was £1,500 so naturally, for him, the week of waiting was a very anxious one. Unfortunately, thirteen others managed to forecast the results correctly, so that any visions he may have had of winning £1,500 dwindled to £107 2s. 10d. actually, in cash. I might state he received his cheque quite safely, and most of us had a look at it before it was put away for the proverbial rainy day, although it is whispered he may be saying "Good morning" to the local Mr. Drage in the near future. Mr. J. B. D. was asked every morning for a whole week whether he had heard anything, but his reply was "No"; in fact he did not know how much he had won until he bought a copy of the newspaper on the Sunday morning, when the result of the competition was announced and when everyone was as wise as himself on the matter.

Mr. R. J. Bartlett (Branch Dept.) was transferred to Salisbury Branch as Chief Clerk at the end of October. All at the Brewery wish him every success in his new sphere.

Our football note for this month is a little brighter, for Reading have recorded (say it quietly) their first win of the season and we all hope it will be the forerunner of many more.

At the moment of writing, Reading are at the bottom of the League—keeping all the others up—but we expect to see them climbing a good deal higher up the table, although it will be a slow

job for a while. I've heard it mentioned that sand is to be liberally distributed at Elm Park for future home matches, in order to prevent Reading *slipping* back into the Third Division.

I have just finished reading a thrilling tale, so feel tempted to write of the Reading F.C. like this. Reading . . . . . must pull . . . . . their socks . . . . . up . . . . . if any. You see the idea, it sustains interest, plenty of *dots* and perhaps a few more *dashes* on the part of the players may bring about a few more wins. After leaving Elm Park when Hull were defeated, it was a pleasure to watch the smiling faces as they came out. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, but victory deferred maketh the heart rejoice when it comes.

Pompey seem down in the dumps and our office supporter of Portsmouth is not so enthusiastic about them as he used to be. However, they may come up smiling even yet, like Reading, shall we say. Swansea are doing well *at home*. Plymouth Argyle are still a force to be reckoned with, but will they stay the course? The race for promotion in the Third Division (Southern) promises to be very exciting this season. Brighton are well up the league table at the moment. We have an ardent supporter of Sam Jennings, Brighton's deadly shot, at the Brewery and we are not allowed to forget it when S. J. scores.

For the past week or so I have been in the company, occasionally, of a Chief Petty Officer of the Navy, home from Shanghai after four years service on the China Station. He exemplifies the spirit of the Navy in his breezy way and racy conversation. After hearing of the sea so much I have come to the conclusion that, for me, it will be a case of a life on the ocean *waived*. Asked his opinion of a certain drink he had in foreign parts he stated, it tasted like *burnt umbrellas*! What a description.

The tales he tells are full of interest and vim to a landlubber. He has had THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE sent monthly and thinks a lot of it. After having read it himself he says he lets the boys have a look at it; they find a good deal of interest and fun in its contents. To tickle the palate of the boys in blue is a fine tonic for those who have done their bit in making it attractive.

They are busy at the new Bottling Stores and working at top pressure. Around the building, considerable progress is being made with the new concrete Loading Stage, and when finished will considerably enhance the beauties of Fobney Street. Quite a number of gentlemen interested in Bottling have been visiting the Brewery lately.

I notice in the Brighton Branch notes, mention is made of a film showing the attractions of Brighton which we are not to miss. A week or so ago we had "Ben Hur" at Reading, and a lady when asked her opinion of it replied that she preferred *Her Ben*. Just a matter of taste you see. A friend of the writer's, when the film "Somme" came here recently, with two other ex-service men, made a special effort to go even though he had not been to the Pictures since the War, for he thought he might recognise some of the old spots. Shows what a grip on the memory and mind the War still has.

We have the Auditors with us at the moment and this is the last act of our Financial Year which ended on the 30th September. We all hope that another good year of trade progress will be recorded when they finish their task.

The Christmas rush will soon be upon us and already there has been considerable activity on the Wine Stores front.

W.D.

## THE LATE MAJOR QUARRY.

APPRECIATIVE LETTER FROM HIS MOTHER.

FURTHER TRIBUTES.

Mrs. Quarry, mother of the late Major Quarry, whose photograph we published last month, writes to the Editor as follows:—

"I feel I must write and tell you how deeply touched Mrs. Iremonger and I are by the beautiful reference to my son, Major St. John Quarry, in the November issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. You will not take it amiss if I mention he was wounded whilst serving with the 3rd Royal Berks in 1914—served in that Regiment in Portsmouth till December 6th, 1916—returned to France and served with the 14th Royal Warwick Regiment till 1917, leaving them to join the 16th Royal Warwicks in Italy."

"Colonel Murray wrote:—

'He was a splendid man—brave to a fault, thorough, enterprising, hard-working—ever cheery under even the most trying conditions. He served in my Battalion for well over a year and from start to finish he took and retained the deep affection and absolute trust and confidence of all ranks. At the time he was transferred, I felt the Battalion's loss was a very real one and that I personally was being severed from a loyal and true friend.'

"Lieut.-Col. Graham Deakin, commanding the 16th Royal Warwicks in Italy to which Regiment Major Quarry was next sent, writes:

'On hearing of his death, the shock to me and in fact to everyone in the Battalion (the 16th Royal Warwicks) was tremendous for he was so well known and liked by all, and I feel that I have lost one of the most loyal friends I have ever had, and not only that, the help of one of the best soldiers I ever met. Ever since he came to me he has been of invaluable help and has worked whole-heartedly for the Battalion which has had cause to thank him innumerable times for his forethought and energy. He was never tired of doing things for the benefit of the mess and his loss to the Battalion is irreparable—not only that but the Service has suffered a real loss.'

"General Sir Reginald Stephen, commanding the 5th Division, wrote:—

'I have lost two C.O.'s in one Warwick Battalion. Murray shot through the leg, but Quarry who succeeded him was killed organizing an attack on a house held by the enemy—I am so sorry about him, he was splendid and I'd just given him Col. Murray's Battalion.'

"I am sending you these details because I know they will interest you. Finally this letter, which I need hardly say was a source of great pride to us, the final touch in a short but brilliant career:—

'WAR OFFICE, WHITEHALL,

28th August, 1918.

Madam,

I have it in command from His Majesty the King to inform you that Major St. John Quarry of the Princess Charlotte of Wales's Royal Berkshire Regiment was mentioned in a Despatch from General Sir Herbert Plumer (dated 18th April, 1918 and published in the third supplement to the *London Gazette* of 28th, dated 30th May, 1918) for gallant and distinguished service in the Field. I am to express to you the King's high appreciation of these Services and to add that His Majesty trusts that their public acknowledgment may be of some consolation in your bereavement.

I have the honour to be,

Your obedient servant,

M. G. GRAHAM, Colonel,

*Deputy Military Secretary.'*

"I wish to add in conclusion," says Mrs. Quarry, "how deeply my son was interested in his work in Messrs. H. & G. Simonds' Brewery and how he was looking forward to going back on his return from the War."

We are indebted to Mr. A. P. F. Chapman for the following verses which were written by his father.

#### A HYTHE BREWERY ALPHABET.

(With apologies to all concerned).

"**A**" stands for Alden and Austin (one hears  
He has worked for the Firm for quite forty-one years).  
He has gone a bit lame and Activity lacks,  
But he still pulls his weight at repairing the sacks.  
And then there is Abrahams, carpenters' lad,  
And Andrews from Reading, on football quite mad.

"**B**" stands for Bennett, whose hobby is Malt,  
Bailey and Beal, both Below in the vault.  
A Bevy of Blackmans, not niggers we name,  
As Busy as Bees, loving every game.  
We've a Bishop, and "Admiral" Beattie, we hear,  
Believes (just like Drake) in both Bowling and Beer.  
There's Birch and there's Bull, who, no matter what load on  
You will find every day driving off with the Foden.

"**C**" stands for Chapman (no longer a nipper)  
The man who was England's most juvenile skipper.  
And held the Australian team by the throttle.  
And Cobbett and Cooper, at home with a bottle.  
There's Chipperfield also, and manager Cole,  
Who is, like his namesake, a "jolly old soul."

"**D**" stands for Dray, and we surely must praise  
A brewery man who has nine little Drays.  
There's Down who's a Driver; and good-looking Dale,  
Who owes his best features to Mackeson's Ale.  
There's Davison too, who as Sports Club's Hon. Sec.  
If arrangements go wrong gets it right in the neck.

"**E**" stands for " . . . . ", you know who I mean,  
For he to our business the mainstay has been.  
And "E" starts for Energy, not too much Ease,  
Rise Early—you must not get up when you please.

"**F**" stands for Foreman, and Funny and Fat,  
They say that a brewer is always like that.  
It's Fallacious, I think, and a Falsehood or Fault;  
For example—take Fairhead, our Foreman in malt.

“**G**” stands for Godden, performing his task  
Of watching the cellar and washing the cask,  
And Gee-gees and Graveney, who drives the big lorry,  
And long, lanky Gubbins—bit personal—sorry!

“**H**” stands for Howland, and (easy for rhymers)  
The Captain of Brewery football, called Hymers.  
Also for Hollands, I do not mean gin,  
And Hammond and Hobbs, a strong pair to send in,  
And Hoad, who can play the piano, and sings,  
And Homes that are Happy and Hopleaves and things.

“**I**” stands for me, for I am the poet;  
These verses are Idylls, though p'raps you don't know it.  
And I'm an Itinerant Irishman, aye,  
An Idolized Idler—in fact, I am I.

“**J**” stands for Johnson, in London supreme,  
And Johnings, who plays inside left for our team.  
And Jones, who may either be found on his van  
Or else on the touchline—an excellent man.

“**K**” is the Keeness which all ought to show  
Or else get kicked out and Kommanded to go.

“**L**” for Llewelyn, he's burly and strong  
Three L's in his name, but he's seven ells long.  
There's another Llewelyn, the chiller, as well,  
Though they tell me there isn't much chilling in L.

“**M**” stands for Mackeson, great Man of Mark,  
Well known through the Kingdom from Orkney to Sark.  
Lay all the money you own, O ye backers, on  
Milk Stout and Malt Manufactured by Mackeson.

“**M**” stands for Mullin, that jovial man,  
Matthews from transport and little McCann.  
Middleton (Maltster), I might mention Mo(o)re,  
For Mullet is caught on the bottling floor.

“**N**” stands for Nobody; strange to relate  
There isn't an “**N**” on the Brewery slate.

“**O**” is the Ode which I really must Own  
I don't Owe to Ovenden Only alone.

“**P**” stands for Peacock, who's not very tall,  
Pout, Pints, Potatoes, and that's about all!

“**Q**” is our customers, whom you may view  
Forming Quite Quietly into a (Q) Queue.  
“Quick, bring us beer,” is the frothblowers' Quest,  
“Quantity plentiful, Quality best.”

“**R**” stands for Rust. I am free to maintain  
Things are likely to Rust if they're left in the Raine.  
Forgive me the pun. I'm a bit of a joker.  
Then “**R**” stands for Ralph, a most excellent stoker.  
And Rose, who plays cricket and, hitting about  
Scores freely, unless “Blower” Rolf gives him out.

“**S**” stands for Simonds, the heads of the firms  
Perfection and Simonds—Synonymous terms.  
And Reading Sometimes Sends the Sapiant Stocker  
To See that the brews are “according to Cocker.”  
Smith, Smith and Spencer are fore-men: that's queer,  
But threemen are foremen in making the beer.  
Lastly Saltmarsh the Speed merchant, Scorching along  
And Sherwood the Shrimp, who is tiny, but Strong.

“**T**” stands for Tugwell, who once was a Sailor,  
Thirsty Teetotallers—Tibbles and Taylor.

“**U**” stands for Uden, a Unit of force,  
Usually Using a lorry or horse.

“**V**” stands for Value, which sounds rather nice;  
Better than Vagabonds, Villians and Vice.  
Also for Vicary, Very Victorious,  
Valiant and Virtuous (most meritorious).

“**W**” is Williams and Willmore and Whiting,  
Found in the offices eternally writing.  
Woods, there are three of them, all of them good,  
We always have welcomed our Wines from the Wood.  
Also there's Wanfor, the goal-keeping lad,  
Wall from “Ould Oireland—Begorra—Bedad.”

“**X**” is 5X, don't drink this to 'excesh,'  
Or your brain will become an 'exshtrornary mesh.'  
Double X will be good enough for both sexes,  
You share the same mug, but the man pays the X's.  
Of “**Y**” and of “**Z**” I have nothing to say,  
So that's the conclusion. I've finished. Hooray!

## BRANCHES.

## SWANSEA.

In forwarding our "quota" towards our own ever-popular Gazette for the month of December, every one at this Branch desires to take this opportunity to wish every member and friend of the Firm at home and abroad a "Merry, Merry Xmas." May the joy and happiness of this festive season gladden every heart, and may everyone in his heart pray that Peace, Goodwill and Prosperity in business and otherwise shall abound everywhere.

We are very pleased to note that Reading Football Club have at last registered their initial victory in League II., and may better luck follow them for the remainder of the season. Poor "Pompey" are having a rough time in Division I. at the moment, but there are a good many more matches to be played yet ere the final setting of the league table. Our own team, the "Swans," are not doing so well as we should like to see, although still holding their own in the top half of the league table. Our Woolwich friends must be highly delighted at the wonderful display "Charlton Athletic" are putting up this season, and we sincerely trust that either they, or the rather unfortunate "Plymouth Argyle" team, will join Reading and Swansea (and possibly Pompey) in the second division next season.

## A YULE-TIDE DITHYRAMBIC.

Adults try to make the world believe that Christmas is "a beastly fag, and if it wasn't for the children," etc., etc. Actually they prepare for this time of mirth with as much excitement, and enjoy their Yule-tide times *more* than the kiddies.

They do not care to admit it and yet it is as much to our credit that, like Peter Pan, we "never grow up" in some things. To have preserved a sense of wonderment, a childlike quality, a sense of humour, a simple humanity, to have kept a young heart and a youthful spirit, are all evidences of victory over the material mundane discomforts of life.

To grow, like Scrooge, old and soured in mind and manner is an admittance of failure. We may maintain a youthful outlook though our years number the three score and ten.

"Those whom the Gods love die young"—not necessarily young in years, but young in spirit, which is a far better thing.

What men are those who, having attained honourable years are yet clear sighted, well balanced, and of youthful vigour to the end?

To those of us in the higher stations of life a greater responsibility is ours—the duty of humanity, and unembittered conduct towards those in subordinate positions to ourselves.

We are all morally obligated one to another; let us never lose sight of this. Scrooge had grown old and crabby and embittered. Christmas greetings were not on his lips: he scowled and muttered something about it being all "tom-foolery" when his clerk wished him a "Merry Xmas." What had he got to be merry about? Do you know, I'd like to have taken Scrooge by the scruff of his neck and given him a good trot into the country on the morning of Christmas Day. I would have taken him up into the high places, the big open spaces, and the bye-ways and hedges of the quiet countryside. He would have felt the sharp, bracing air racing through his lungs, tingling his blood, coursing through his veins. "Ha ha, Scrooge, where are the cobwebs now?"

I would have pointed out the hollyberries, and the robin perched up on the snow-covered fence, and the tall, gaunt trees with the hoar frost still upon them. At the cross roads we should have passed an Inn. We should have peeped through the window. An old log fire would have been burning in the old-fashioned open hearth—the ghost of Xmas past! By this time, the animation of his soul and the whetted sense of his appetite would have been beyond my control and his own, and so—to the feasting board where good old English Roast Beef, Plum-pudding and a jolly good draught of Simonds' Bitter awaited us!

A Merry Christmas to you all!

J.L.

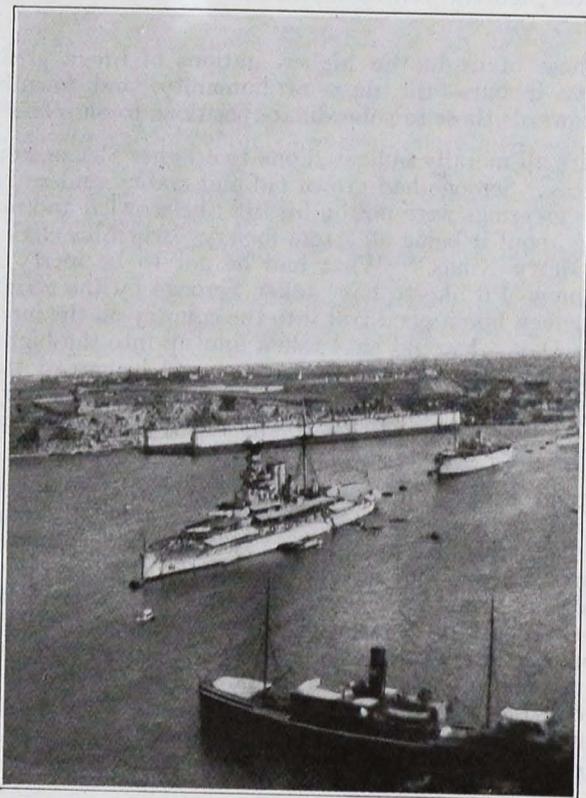
## MALTA.

## THE FLEET AT MALTA.

These notes are sent with the idea of giving readers an idea of what the Fleet means to us from a commercial and social viewpoint—besides protecting us in wartime.

After what seems to us a very long absence, the Fleet has returned. The vanguard appears a day or two in advance in the shape of some graceful destroyers, bringing with them a quickening of life and trade, a prosperity in the island that is immediately noticeable. It stands to reason that in an island of 200,000 inhabitants any additional influx makes a good deal of difference,

more money is circulated and the prices of all vital commodities soar.



Warships in Valletta Harbour with great German dock in background.  
(This dock was given up by the Germans after the war.)

As regards the Branch, orders increase steadily, first dribbling in—then “rushing in” and we are hard put to cope with the stocking of all bars, etc., at such short notice.

The entry of the great men-of-war into the beautiful harbour is an occasion of majestic grandeur that never droops in interest so far as the people here are concerned, judging by the way they crowd the bastions and every point of vantage to watch the ships drop anchor at their respective moorings. Some ships enter straight into the docks; the great German floating dock, the largest in the world, is at present in the centre of the harbour—a great mass of iron that overshadows the ships and buildings adjacent to it. With the advent of the Fleet, a brilliant social season

generally begins. The opera house is resplendent with uniforms. Race meetings, polo, gymkhanas, tennis tournaments and all the social and sporting life that appertain to a busy garrison island start with a swing. Jack Tar does not fail to make his presence welcome everywhere, renewing old acquaintances. His happy-go-lucky ways and happy smile infuse life into sleepy villages which he passes through (stopping sometimes to slack his thirst) in hired cars, cycles, or old pony traps with ponies that trot only on special and rare occasions.



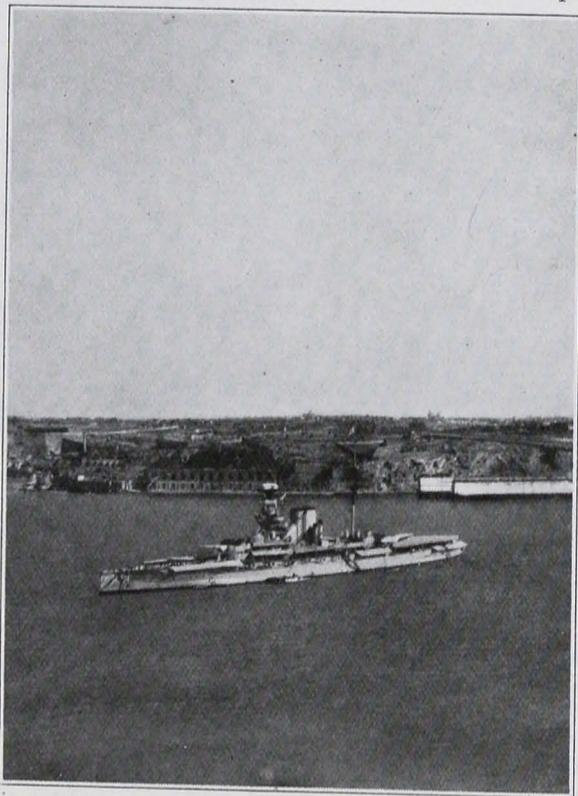
This shows the Auberge de Castille et Leon near the Upper Baracca, the high pergola seen from the water. This auberge occupies a high point of vantage overlooking the whole harbour and serves as the chief naval signal station.

Stories about sailors are legion and this one is perhaps worth recording:—A sailor, spending his last day on shore, found himself in possession of some cash when about to rejoin his ship. Somewhat disconcerted at this unusual discovery and having no time to invest it in “S.B.” he boarded a boat and arranging all the other

available boats in formation behind, gave the order to "up steam and start." The boatmen entered into the spirit of the "cruise" and he boarded his ship happy in the belief that he was the Admiral of the Fleet.

It is on record that on the day following, a particular boatman could be seen changing the name of his boat from "Mary" to "Flagship" in honour of the "Admiral."

By the way, the boatman, so expressive of olden times, is also worthy of mention, for does he not give another coat of brilliant paint to his gondola-shaped boat and change the name on the bows whenever the Fleet hoves in sight after a cruise? From the Barracca on the upper portion of Valletta, a great height above the sea and overlooking the whole harbour, the graceful and deftly handled boats can be seen in their numbers skimming the water conveying bluejackets and other passengers to various places.



Warship in Valletta harbour; showing naval buildings and Corradino ground in the background.

During the Great War we had the pleasure of having the French and Japanese squadrons for a long period here. The French sailor proved to be a polite chap who gravely touched his cap when entering and leaving bars. His favourite drink was absinthe. The Jap proved to be a sporting fellow whose only grievance in Malta was the street waif's insistence on pelting him with dust. This is so true that the Admiral of the Japanese ships in harbour had recourse to the columns of a local paper, complaining that although his Tars took it in good part, it was not "form" on the part of the boys' parents. But then, the Admiral did not know that the Maltese waif is more than a handful to manage—with everybody, not only Japs.

We sincerely hope that the Fleet will all be here this Xmas so that we will have some good news for the GAZETTE; also, we are looking forward towards a "bumper" number of the GAZETTE for December.

#### SLOUGH.

With the putting back of the clock and the advent of the cold weather and dark evenings, the Clubs in this district have started upon their winter programmes in real earnest. Already two of them—The Slough Territorial Club and the Hanwell Labour Hall Club & Institute, Ltd.—have held their Annual Dinners.

The "Terriers" Dinner was held on November 4th at the Drill Hall—Capt. P. S. Eliot, their popular commander, being in the Chair—and was to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the building of the Drill Hall. A choice dinner was thoroughly enjoyed and an excellent programme of music and songs was provided by the promoter of the local Variety Theatre. This Club is an old friend of ours, we having supplied them since the opening of the Drill Hall in 1902, and we hope our good relations will continue for many years to come.

The scene of the Hanwell Labour Hall Club & Institute, Ltd. Dinner was the Hanwell Public Library. A large company sat down at the festive board and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The Chairman of the Club took the chair on this occasion. This is only a young Club, but already the seeds of friendship are ripening and cordial relations exist between them and the Firm of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.

The Slough & District Clubs' Games League is again in full swing. The winners of this series of contests are the recipients of the handsome silver cup presented by the Firm a few years ago. So far only one Club has held the cup—The Slough Working Men's Social Club. At present, last year's runners-up are at the head of the table—The Eton Ex-Service Men's Club.

Our readers will have learnt of the disastrous fire which took place in Windsor recently, and we are very sorry to have to record that one of the victims was Mr. Bull (who was a great friend of ours). He was the Steward of the Windsor Territorial Club, a jovial man with a laugh and a joke for everybody. He was well liked by a large circle of friends and acquaintances who deeply mourn his loss. Being an ex-Guardsman, his funeral was carried out with full military honours, and so was laid to rest a good worker and a friend to many, who met his end so tragically. A wreath was sent from the Manager and staff of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Slough Branch.

Armistice Day was celebrated with due solemnity. A large gathering congregated at the cross-roads in the heart of the town, where a service was held by the Bishop of Buckingham, assisted by the Clergy of all denominations. Among those represented were the British Legion, Town Council, Territorials and various movements of the boys and girls of the town. The "Last Post" was sounded by the Secondary School Cadets. It is the general opinion that this was the most impressive service held in Slough in commemoration of the Armistice. Needless to say, the "Two Minutes Silence" was solemnly observed by all the staff and employees of the Slough Branch.

In conclusion, we wish our fellow readers a Very Happy Xmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

#### WOOLWICH.

We hope all readers have kept warm through the cold weather of late. Still they know the remedy if they suffer from "cold feet," etc.—XXXXX.

Many of you no doubt read in the Press of the opening of the Woolwich War Memorial Hospital on November 2nd, by H.R.H. The Duke of York, accompanied by H.R.H. The Duchess. Their Royal Highnesses had a very busy afternoon, and received a great welcome.

The response to the appeal for financial help was splendid, and you will all be glad to know that the Hospital has started free of debt, thanks to the Woolwich Borough Council, who gave them the balance of the debt.

The Hospital will be of great assistance to the Institutions in London, as they will relieve them of a great number of patients resident in the S.E. district.

A very beautiful feature of the Hospital is the Hall of Remembrance, dedicated to the 6,230 local residents who made the supreme sacrifice. Their names are inscribed on vellum by Graly Hewitt, B.A., LL.B., in the Book of Honour, a page of which is to be turned over every day. The names include 100 employees who were killed by explosions in the Royal Arsenal, and 14 who died as the result of Air Raids. The Shrine is made of marble, obtained from some of the best quarries in the world. In the centre, there is a Bronze Grille, behind which is kept the Book of Honour. Flags of the British Services are arranged on each side. The Sculptor responsible for this excellent work is Gilbert Bayes. The inscription on the Shrine is :—

"They passed out of the sight of men by the path of duty and sacrifice."

In leaving this subject, we feel sure you will agree that Woolwich and District has endeavoured to pay its tribute to the "Glorious Dead."

Football is receiving the usual attention, and our one Reading supporter is worse off than last month, although one thing in his favour, he keeps smiling. Charlton have at last been defeated, much to the chagrin of the supporters here, still they have made a very good start.

We in the office look forward to the 26th inst., when a "Football" match will be played at Highbury, *i.e.*, Arsenal *v.* Spurs.

We think an excursion from Reading and other places would be of great assistance to the connoisseurs of football. Possibly our Reading, Portsmouth and Swansea friends will approach their respective railways or charabanc proprietors.

## LUDGERSHALL.

We are very sorry, Mr. Editor, that we cannot give you very much interesting matter for your magazine.

The majority of your readers are possibly all too well acquainted with the surroundings of Salisbury Plain and will thus appreciate the difficulty of getting interesting matter together.

We have now settled down once more to the winter. During the summer months we have had the usual busy season with the camps.

Commencing early in May with the Yeomanry Regiments, who were under canvas on Windmill Hill, we were kept well employed until practically the end of September. At the close of the 3rd Divisional Training there were four day's manoeuvres which, as no doubt you are aware, took place under the most appalling conditions. Everything, however, passed off in the most satisfactory manner, and we have received many expressions of satisfaction from various Units for whom we catered.

Our Billiards Team has not yet been "in action" this season, but we hope to make a start very shortly.

All of us will be sorry to lose Mr. Law who has been chief clerk at Salisbury Stores for some years. We wish him every success on taking over the chief clerkship at the Tamar Brewery.

## BRIGHTON.

Armistice Day has passed once again, and the crowds who assembled round the Brighton War Memorial seemed larger than ever. The short service and two minutes silence appear to be more impressive as the years go by. This solemn ceremony gives one matter for thought of the enormous sums the country is providing out of taxation (fourteen shillings of every £) for the exigencies arising from past wars, and preparedness for future outbreaks. And this in our civilised twentieth century!

Lewes, the county town of Sussex, was again the scene, on the Fifth of November, of the celebration of Guy Fawkes Day. From nightfall onwards the streets of that ancient town were filled with grotesquely garbed folk of both sexes, carrying torches in procession, or pulling lighted tar barrels about the streets, until some appointed open space was reached, where, after some mock oration, an effigy of some personality, for the time being in the public eye, stuffed with squibs, was set alight. To guard against damage to their property, residents in the main thoroughfare and

shopkeepers had to board up the front of their premises, and the Fire Brigade was ever on the alert.

We are sorry not to be able to report any great doings of our Brighton & Hove football team. They, however, have been drawn for the fourth season in succession to play in the first round for the English Cup against Watford. In the season 1924-5 these teams met in the first round, and playing at Watford drew 1-1, but Brighton won at home 4-3 after playing extra time. The next season, 1925-6, Watford visited Brighton, and forced a draw 1-1, but won the re-play at Watford, 2-0. Last season the Albion managed to avoid Watford in the first round, but came up against them in the second at Watford, where Brighton & Hove Albion scored the only goal. May the Brighton team win at the next meeting of these two contestants.

By the time these notes reach our readers, Christmas will be well in view, so the Brighton staff send greetings to the Directors, Staff, and all friends.

## GIBRALTAR.

To continue with our brief notes which appeared in the October issue, one has to relate that although the "wet season" shows signs of approaching, the "Levanta" shows no signs of going, and as these notes are being written, is still going strong. The morning effect of the "Levanta," combined with the usual "tot" over night, makes the Rock quite a happy place (?). To see one's best chum and to be greeted with "Don't speak to me," truly indicates the general feeling. Incidentally, to those who are unenlightened as regards the "Levanta," the various parts of the Rock are treated differently by this unwholesome phenomenon; at Europa it is fairly clear whilst the Town area is blessed with an oppressive heat and is very stuffy, without a breath of air. When one walks from there to get air, say to North Front, they not only get their quota of it, they get the benefit of the whole of the Mediterranean, and to walk along, or even get along, is an effort of endurance.

That is only one of our troubles, we have more bad news (for us); Mr. A. Green, R.A.O.C., on promotion to commissioned rank has been posted to a Home Station, leaving a host of good friends behind. The Medicals have lost a fair share of their senior N.C.O.'s; Sergeant-Major Stokes (an ardent supporter of H. & G. S.), Sergeant Daly and Sergeant Willis (Rubio) have also returned to the Old Country and have left behind many happy memories.

The trooping season hits one thoroughly on the Rock, to see our friends depart and not quite knowing their reliefs; then to

strike new friendships, happily over a glass of "S.B." which ensures good company for the future.

Although the Gibraltar Branch cannot raise a cricket team, one is pleased to see the Units who are strong supporters of the HOP LEAF winners of the three Cricket Trophies. The 2nd Bttn. East Surrey Regiment won both senior cups, and the "Medicals" won the junior cup. Apropos of the notes on cricket, we are pleased to see Mr. A. P. F. Chapman mentioned in despatches; his hitting, if we could see him bat here, would be heartily appreciated.

We are looking forward to the annual visit of the Atlantic Fleet, who usually bring a bit of Old English weather out with them, and to judge by the weather accounts from home, we are in for a wet period. Let's hope it will be inside as well as out.

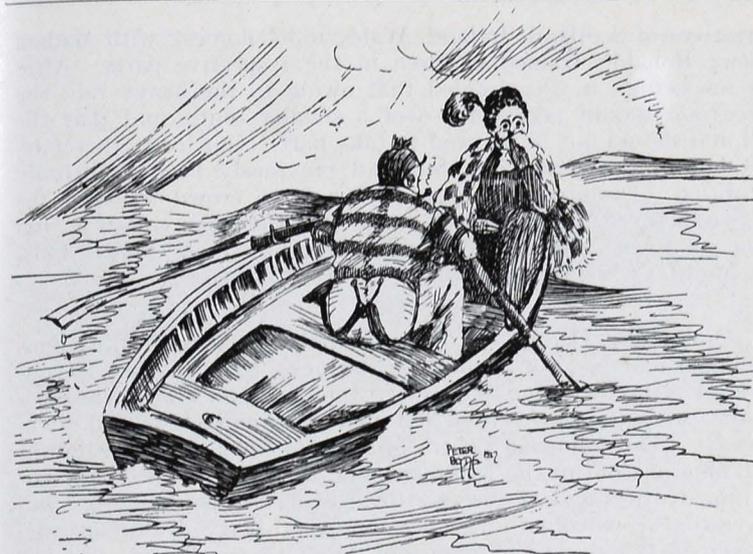
Our recent visitors, speaking from the Navy point, have been a Flotilla of the American Navy and a Flotilla of the Italian Navy.

H.M.S. "Caledon" is now with us, and we take this opportunity of wishing the personnel, who are an exceptionally good lot of fellows, pleasant and happy times during their stay here.



Mrs. FITZJOY: "I hope the butcher was more polite this morning cook when you gave him the order over the 'phone?"

COOK: "Not 'arf. I says to him: And who in the dickens do you think you're talkin' to anyway; this is Mrs. Fitzjoy speaking!"



#### ECONOMY.

"'Ow's fings Liza?"  
 "As sick as — Bill"  
 "Better give us yer teeth then."

[The foregoing clever sketches are by 1st Class Staff Sergeant-Major P. R. Blythe.]

#### PORTSMOUTH.

##### TRAFALGAR DAY ORPHAN FUND, FLAG DAY AND NAVAL PROCESSION.

Unfortunately for this event, the weather proved unkind; Saturday, October 22nd, the day on which the procession was held, being one of the worst days of a bad season. This, however, did not daunt the uniformed and costumed collectors, who started combing the main streets of the City and suburbs in large numbers at an early hour. The whole of the money collected, with no deductions, will be paid to the Trafalgar Fund, and the following homes are maintained or partly maintained from the Fund:— The Royal Naval & Marine Orphan Home, Portsmouth; The Royal United Services Orphan Home for Girls, Devonport; The Royal Naval & Marine Orphan Home, The Nore, Mayfield House; Naval Children's Home, Edinburgh; Nazareth House, Southsea; Santa Teresa, Plymouth; The St. John's Home for R.N. and R.M. Children, Rownhams, Southampton.

We were asked to send one of our lorries to take part in the procession. This lorry was decorated as "Britannia" (repre-

sentatives of Scotland, Ireland, Wales and Colonies), with Madam Stuart Ronald's trained children in the respective parts. After the inspection, it was decided that owing to the heavy rain the procession should take place over a smaller route, and that the children should not be allowed to take part. Our lorry, therefore, was not in the procession, but had previously been beautifully decorated. Despite the heavy rain, a large crowd followed the procession over the shortened route, and the busy collectors did some good work among the drenched spectators, who paused for a few minutes while the procession passed.

On Sunday, October 30th, the 1st Battn. Duke of Wellington's Regiment marched out of the New Barracks, to entrain for Devonport. During their stay at Gosport, they had endeared themselves to the residents who turned out in large numbers to bid them farewell. The following photos are of the Colonel and Adjutant marching in front of the Regiment, and the other of the Regiment entrained, the Band of the 1st Royal Scots Fusiliers playing, and the station crowded with friends saying good-bye. Unfortunately, we were unable to procure photos of the first party leaving Gosport at 7.30 a.m.



1st Battn. Duke of Wellington's Regiment marching out of the New Barracks.



The Regiment entrained.

#### FOOTBALL NOTES.

The Royal Air Force senior team at Tangmere, winners last season of the West Sussex Senior League, are giving a good account of themselves this season in the same league, and everything points to them again carrying off the championship. So far, they have played six matches without suffering defeat, and include in their victims such stalwart opponents as Pulborough and Horsham "A." Indeed it was a creditable performance in defeating this latter team at Horsham after a hard struggle by the narrow margin of the odd goal in three. Their stoutest opponents, however, in the fight for the championship appear to be Crawley, and it was with great regrets that the first match with this team had to be postponed owing to inclement weather, and we are all looking forward to the result when these two teams clash. It is also regretted that the left back, A. C. Davis, is shortly leaving the service, as he is the mainstay of the defence. He will, however, be available against Chichester in the 2nd round of the Sussex Senior Cup on the 19th November, a cup tie which should prove a great attraction.

The Junior team are not fulfilling the expectations hoped for at the commencement of the season. They suffered a heavy defeat at the hands of the Depot Royal Sussex Regiment, losing by the large margin of eight goals to one, but in defeating Hove Wednesday in the 2nd round of the Sussex Mid-Week Cup they confounded the critics and greatly surprised the senior team, who, having no match that day, had turned out on the line expecting a good leg pull at the expense of their junior colleagues.

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ARMISTICE DAY.

A Service was held in the Portsmouth Guildhall Square on Friday, November 11th, at 10.45 a.m., with similar arrangements to those in previous years.

The Royal Navy, the Army, the Royal Marines, and the Royal Air Force, each provided a sentry to be mounted at the Cenotaph, and representative detachments from the three branches of the fighting services, together with members of the Territorial Army, were in attendance in the Square. The Mayor (Councillor Frank J. Privett, J.P.) who has recently been elected to the office for the fourth time, presided at the service. After the two minutes silence at 11 o'clock, the "Last Post" and the "Reveille" were sounded by buglers of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, posted on the Guildhall steps. The Mayor and principal officers afterwards placed wreaths at the foot of the Cenotaph.

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As Christmas will have passed before the issue of the next number, we should like to convey our best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to the readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

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SALISBURY.

This month we have to report a change in the staff at this Branch, the departure of Mr. H. Law to Plymouth, and the arrival of Mr. R. Bartlett from Reading to take his place. Mr. Law had been at Salisbury for about 15 years (including six spent in the Army), the greater part of that time as chief clerk. He goes to Plymouth to take up duties in a similar capacity.

When duty calls one often finds there is a drawback in having so many friends. There are many ties to break away from and many regrets. Mr. Law had made numerous friends in his various social activities and, although very sorry to lose him, we are all unanimous in wishing him the best of luck and success in his new position.

Mr. Law, on leaving the Salisbury Branch to take up his appointment at the Tamar Brewery, Plymouth, was the recipient of many varied (but all useful) presents, including a gold-mounted cigarette holder, in chased silver case, from Mr. F. L. Shrimpton, his District Manager, and a pipe and tobacco from the outdoor and office staffs at Salisbury.

He was also "commanded" to appear at The St. Paul's Conservative Club on the 5th, when a full house attended to see the presentation to him of a magnificent oak weather glass and barometer, 36in. x 12in., which was the parting gift of the Salisbury and District Clubs in recognition of his many years' service as Hon. Secretary of their Winter games programmes.

Mr. Hugh Morrison, M.P. (the Salisbury Member), who was to have made the presentation, was confined to his room through a chill, but deputed Mr. F. L. Cracknell, Chief Agent and Secretary, to do so.

On the platform, among others, were Mr. G. A. Berry, Leagues Chairman; Mr. G. Nicholson, Chairman Constitutional Association; Councillor Major G. Phillips, Club Chairman; Mr. W. G. Knight; and Mr. W. G. Phelps, Secretary.

Mr. Cracknell, before making the presentation, spoke of the work done by Mr. Law and the helpful way it had linked up the men of the Party. Mr. Morrison was looking forward to wishing Mr. Law good luck before leaving the Constituency, and requested him to say how sorry he was to be absent that evening. He entirely associated himself with the gift, and asked him, Mr. Cracknell, to give Mr. Law his sincere thanks for the many pleasures he had given him in the past, and to wish him the best of wishes for the future.

Mr. Cracknell, handing the gift to Mr. Law, said he had no doubt that that splendid ornament would always remind him of the friends at Salisbury, and of the many pleasant hours spent among "the boys" of the Salisbury Division Clubs.

Mr. Law in thanking the donors for such a gift, spoke of the comradeship which had made his task as Secretary an easy one. He had, as a player of their games, been in the winning teams many times, and knew from practical experience the spirit which animated these competitions. "This magnificent token," he said, "will be a link to my wife and myself in the chains of friendship which will always bind us to this city, and will be a constant message to me from the good fellows that are here."

At the Fisherton Conservative Club on the 4th, at the close of the General Committee Meeting the Chairman announced the departure from their midst of Mr. Harry Law, one of their oldest and most valuable members, and said "His work on the Finance Committee for many years past has been of inestimable benefit to the Club. As few of you are aware, had not his movements been uncertain he would probably have now been occupying this Chair. We shall miss him, but we wish him well at Plymouth, where he goes to take up another appointment with his Firm, who are so well known all over the world. I have a friend at Wokingham, and I am certain that his judgment is not a wrong one. Their name stands very high in Wiltshire as we know, and anyone with 'Simonds' is on a good Firm. We thank Mr. Law for what he has done for us and give him our sincere good wishes."

Dr. Dervill and Councillor Scamel endorsed the Chairman's remarks, and Mr. Law thanked them all for their kind wishes, and reminded the Secretary not to strike his name off the list. He hoped from time to time to look in on them and take a part for an hour or two in their pleasures.

The St. Paul's Tennis Club held their fourth annual dinner on the 3rd inst. at the Goldfish Cafe. After the loyal toast, the Chairman congratulated the Club on winning the league at their first attempt, and referred to the departure from the City of their Club Captain, Mr. H. Law. He knew they were all sorry, but business was business, and play was play—all in their proper place. They all wished Mrs. and Mr. Law prosperity in their new home.

The Chairman's wife presented the season's prizes; Mr. Law receiving a league blazer badge, the men's singles cup and a special trophy for winning the last-mentioned cup for three years without defeat.

Mr. Law replied to the toast of "The League," as the Club's delegate to the League Council, and explained that the object of the League was the improvement of Club play in the city.

He ventured to think that that object had been obtained, at least in St. Paul's.

Regarding the personal matter which the Chairman had referred to, he regretted the break, but hoped that he would find time to play a few sets with them next year. He would like to take this opportunity of thanking all Club players for the way they had backed each other up during the past season. That had made their success a real Club one. He thanked them for their kind wishes, and hoped the Club would go on to other successes.

Mr. Law has been, for many years past, a member of the Cathedral Choir here, and during the Christmas holiday will receive a gift from the Dean and Chapter.

Armistice Day at Salisbury was observed as usual and a most impressive service was held at the War Memorial in the Market Square.

Although this day, more than all others, brings back much grief and pain to those who lost dear ones in the war, it really must also serve to remind all right-thinking people of the utter futility of war and all its accompaniments. We hope that the powers that be, and the League of Nations, will do all they can to keep a lasting peace and settle disputes with more common sense than by wholesale killing, which brings such a terrible reward.

We will now turn to happier times and a time when our country-folk are often seen at their best. On the 10th November a very jolly evening was spent at our friend Mr. Chown's house, the "Radnor Arms," Nunton.

It was the occasion of the annual dinner of the Slate Club run in connection with this house and, with the help of our well-known products and some of those fine old songs which go with such a swing, was much enjoyed. Our Mr. Garland, who is the able chairman, attended and, helped by Mr. Chown, everyone had a very enjoyable evening.

## FARNBOROUGH.

Farnborough Branch have challenged the Brewery Social Club to a Tournament of Games. Mr. W. Bradford has kindly altered his programme of events to accommodate us on December 10th, on which date we are looking forward to a pleasant evening at Reading.

The following games were suggested and accepted :—

Billiards ... ..	6 Games.
Shove halfpenny ...	6 „
Darts ... ..	6 „
Dominoes ... ..	3 „
Crib ... ..	3 „

We shall be taking down a party of about 24, when we hope to make a creditable show against our Brewery " confreres."

On reading Gibraltar's notes for November, the writer was interested in reading that the Royal Naval Sports Victor Ludorum cup was won by " A. B. Gills." Their correspondent, however, did not have the name quite right, it should have read A. B. Gibbs.

No doubt, being so far away, " Mr. Gibraltar " must wonder why I take the liberty to correct him, but my explanation is: A. B. Gibbs' brother is on the staff here, and he brought the error to my notice. A. B. Gibbs is a local lad and has already brought home many medals and cups for his prowess on the track.

E. Crutchley, who is on our office staff, has been offered a trial by the newly-formed professional football club, Aldershot Town. He is at present playing in junior football. He turns out for Cove in the inside left position, and has already scored nearly 30 goals this season, including six hat tricks.

Farnborough Branch workers, through the medium of our most excellent journal THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, wish all employees of H. & G. Simonds a happy Christmas, and prosperous year in 1928.

Who were the two gentlemen, all the way from Hampshire, at the Brewers Exhibition on November 2nd?

## THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The first Annual General Meeting of the Social and Sports Club was held on October 31st at the " Tamar Inn," Devonport. The Treasurer submitted the Balance Sheet for the preceding twelve months, which showed a favourable balance of £18 12s. 5d.

The following officials were elected for the ensuing year :—

Chairman, Mr. W. H. Mills; Treasurer, Mr. R. E. Wright; Hon. Secretaries: Social, Mr. W. G. Sealey; Sports, Mr. G. Pearce; General Committee: Messrs. Balkwill, Edbrooke, Luscombe, Rymell, Naish; Sports Committee: Messrs. Ellis, Edbrooke, Painter, Naish, Harris.

A concert and social evening is being arranged for early in the New Year at which it is hoped most of the talent contributing will be drawn from the staff.

The football team played the following matches with the results as given :—

			Goals.		Goals.	
October	15	...	Sutton United	4	v. Simonds' A.F.C.	0
	22	...	Nelson United	1	v. Ditto	3
	29	...	Sutton Labour Party	0	v. Ditto	1
November	5	...	Tavistock Blues	5	v. Ditto	0
	12	...	Simonds' A.F.C.	3	v. Lee Moor	2

from which it will be noticed the form of the Club is well above their last year's performance.

## LAUNCH OF H.M.S. " DEVONSHIRE."

The new cruiser, H.M.S. " Devonshire," which was launched at Devonport Dockyard on October 22nd, is the seventh in the history of the British Navy to bear the name " Devonshire."

Lady Mildmay of Flete broke a bottle of Devonshire Cider on the bows and named the ship with the words " I name you Devonshire, and may God bless all who sail in you."

The good luck in the matter of ship launches at Devonport is almost proverbial. The " Devonshire," moving slowly at first, gradually gathered speed as she glided down the slip amid the cheers of some twenty thousand spectators, the music of the bands and the tumult of dozens of syrens.

Before the formal ceremonies, the Bands of the Royal Marines on the starboard side and the Metropolitan Police on the port side of the ship rendered selections alternatively.

Guards of honour, consisting of 25 file from the Royal Naval Barracks and a similar number from the 2nd Bttn. The Devonshire Regiment, were mounted near the entrance to the launching platform, and on the arrival of the distinguished visitors moved to the starboard side of the ship.

Fixed to the straight bow which towered above the launching platform was a shield, stretched across which was the cord from which the weights of each side of the ship (the releasing of which knocked away the dog-shores holding the vessel in position) were suspended; and in front of the shield hung the bottle of Devon Cider of 1904 vintage—the year in which the last Devonshire was launched. The bottle was covered with feathery foliage, pink carnations and red, white and blue ribbon.

The launching tools (a mallet and chisel) were contained in a beautifully carved oak casket and nearby was a water colour drawing of the ship as she will appear when placed in commission, these being presented to Lady Mildmay.

The religious service, which commenced at 2.20, was conducted by Rev. L. H. Landman (Dockyard Chaplain), and opened with Psalm cvii., commencing "They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters." Prayers were followed by the hymn "Eternal Father strong to save," the choir of the Dockyard Church leading the singing.

After the launch, a large number of guests were entertained at an "At Home" by the Admiral-Superintendent and officers of the Dockyard, in the Mould Loft.

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#### IRON DUKE'S OWN REGIMENT.

The 1st Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding) were welcomed to Devonport on October 30th, and by the arrival of the Battalion the eighth Infantry Brigade is brought up to the strength of four Battalions for the first time for twelve months, and Devonport will again garrison two Battalions.

The "Duke's" are quartered in North Raglan Barracks, South Raglan being occupied by the 2nd Bttn. The Devonshire Regiment, whilst the 1st Bttn. The Hampshire Regiment, in Crown Hill Barracks, and the 1st Bttn. The Wiltshire Regiment, in Crown Hill Hutments, complete the Brigade.

Originally the 33rd Regiment, the battalion had the title "The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding)" granted to it by Queen Victoria in a general order dated June 18th, 1853 (the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo), in honour of the great Duke's connection with the regiment. In another general order of 1853, Queen Victoria approved of the 33rd Regiment bearing on its regimental colours and appointments the crest and motto of the late Duke of Wellington.

The 33rd and 76th Regiments both had intimate associations with the great Duke of Wellington, he having joined the latter regiment as an ensign, and later commanded the 33rd Regiment. In 1806 he was appointed full colonel of the 33rd Regiment, an honour which he held until 1813.

On June 30th, 1881, on the reorganization of the Army on a territorial basis, the 33rd and 76th Regiments were linked together and became respectively the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment, the headquarters and depot being fixed at Halifax.

The Regiment has the distinction of being the only Regiment in the British Army named after an individual not of Royal blood. Another distinction it also holds is that of having a battalion carrying four colours on parade (the 2nd), an honour held by no other infantry regiment in the British Army. Two of these colours are honorary colours presented to the 76th Regiment.

The 1st Bttn. has a splendid record in the field of sport and its addition to the Plymouth Garrison should provide some keen contests in that direction during its tour of service here.

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#### AUTO-SUGGESTION.

On a new kind of craze, my missus and me,  
Have lately been busy, as you will agree;  
For when from the office each night I return,  
At auto-suggestion we each take a turn.

We argue quite fiercely, we expostulate,  
And retire from the combat both hot and irate,  
For the auto-suggestion on which we give voice,  
Is that I want a Ford, and she a Rolls Royce.

---

There was an old lady of Ryde,  
Who ate some green apples and died.  
The apples fermented,  
Inside the lamented,  
And made cider inside 'er inside.

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The sympathy of this Branch goes out to Mr. W. Moule and his daughter of the "Ring of Bells," Antony, at the loss of Mrs. Moule, who died on the 13th November and will be sadly missed by us all.



At the Launceston Carnival, Mr. James Ponsford's two daughters, Pauline and Jean, took first prize. The picture is of Miss Pauline Ponsford who won her prize as an impersonation of a Jockey on Sprig, the winner of the Grand National, 1927, being led in by her Aunt, Mrs. Roach.

#### WOKING.

Last month our thoughts turned naturally to Armistice Day. A Service was held on Sunday, November 6th, when nearly two hundred members of the Woking British Legion, headed by the British Legion Band, marched to Christ Church, where an inspiring service was held. Afterwards a short ceremony was observed at the War Memorial, the "Last Post" and "Reveille" being sounded by buglers of the 2nd Battn. The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, from Inkerman Barracks. The procession then re-formed and marched back to the British Legion Headquarters.

We are pleased to be able to report that nearly £500 was raised by the sale of Poppies in Woking, breaking all previous records.

All football enthusiasts will be delighted to learn that J. Price, Woking's clever inside left, has been capped. He gave a clever display for England against Ireland at Blackpool, the result being a draw, one all. Thus the Woking Football Club has once again been honoured, supplying three Amateur Internationals in two seasons. High hopes are held locally that the Surrey Senior Cup holders will be in the final of the Amateur Cup this season.

On Wednesday, November 16th, Woking bade farewell to the 2nd Battn. The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, when the Battalion entrained for Guernsey via Southampton. This unit has identified itself with the life of Woking and District, whether in sport or social activities, during the three years occupation of Inkerman Barracks, and the large assembly which gathered at Woking Station to witness the departure was evidence of the popularity of all ranks.

The 1st Battn. The Royal Warwickshire Regiment is due to arrive here on the 23rd November from Shorncliffe, and will occupy the Barracks vacated by the 2nd Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment.

Many of the Ex-Service Men's Organizations in this District have held Re-union Dinners following the Anniversary of Armistice Day, and abundant evidence has been manifested that the spirit of Comradeship which was such a feature of the War shows no inclination to wane.

The Woking Liberal Club inaugurated a Concert on November 15th when a large assembly was present. Mr. A. Bennett presided and was supported by Mr. T. Porter (Chairman) and Mr. G. Hewerdine (Vice-Chairman). Mr. A. Allen, as is usual at such gatherings, gave his services by assisting in the catering arrangements. At the request of the Secretary (Mr. J. Roles) and the Committee, Mr. Bennett made an appeal during the interval on behalf of Earl Haig's Poppy Day Fund. The response was very gratifying, and the proceeds were handed to the British Legion Authorities to be added to the local Poppy Day collection.

Woking Staff wish to take the opportunity of wishing the Directors, Heads of Departments, all employees of the Firm, and readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE at home and abroad, a very Happy Christmas.

#### WALTON WORKING MEN'S CLUB.

This Club, always to the fore in supporting local and charitable objects, was represented in a procession organized on behalf of St. Dunstons on November 9th, by a decorated lorry. As there

were cars taking part enjoining the public to "Eat more Fruit" and "Eat by Electricity," etc., the Club took the opportunity of the slogan "Eat more Beer" and made the slogan more appropriate by covering the lorry with large posters advertising Simonds' Reading Ales and Milk Stout. The procession was the best one yet organized in Walton, and realised a total of £20 6s. od.

The Walton Working Men's Club was the first institution of its kind in the village, being founded in 1903, and to-day the membership roll stands at over 400. Equipped with three Billiard Tables and a roomy Concert Hall, the Club is very popular. It is situated in Church Street, thus occupying a central and convenient position.

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#### HYTHER.

The lads in the Bottling Department are full of enthusiasm. At the beginning of the football season, it was proposed that a reserve team should be run in conjunction with the first eleven, but this was turned down as impracticable. They were not to be denied, however, and they formed their own club, and through the indefatigable efforts of their Secretary, "Shrimp" Sherwood, have a full list of fixtures for the remainder of the season. Their keenness and enthusiasm are so great that the Sports Club have had to adopt them and they now become a real reserve team for the first eleven.

The first eleven are still going great guns and remain undefeated. They head the Ashford League and on Saturday, the 19th, won a great game against Ashford Invicta by 9-0, in the Ashford Charity Cup. This was in the second round.

The second eleven match was scratched owing to the bad state of the ground.

On the social side we are not so lucky. During the month we have been entertained by the Conservative Club, Hythe, and the Oddfellows' Club, Cheriton, and in both cases we received horrible hidings. At Billiards only Mr. Hollands shines, but then, he frightens all his opponents.

We had a very poor team out against the Oddfellows', Cheriton, who, by the way, have over 600 members to draw from.

Mr. Fullock joined the Staff in October and already seems at home amongst us.

"NORTH LIGHT."

#### EGYPT.

The following lines have reached us, with a request for insertion, from "Billy," of the Somersetshire Light Infantry, who was one of the rear party left by the Battalion on the change of station from Ismailia to Cairo:—

They've kicked us out of house and home,  
And do not care where e'er we roam,  
Bye, bye, Moascar.  
They left us broke, quite stoney broke,  
Really broke, good job I spoke,  
Good old Zaki;  
He gave us a "Simonds" and saved our lives,  
Now we can go and join our wives,  
Give me "Simonds" and nothing more,  
I'll remain drinking on the floor,  
"Simonds" Good Luck.

Zaki, is the Ismailia store keeper of our Agent, Mr. A. W. Glover.

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#### LONDON.

We take this opportunity of wishing all our colleagues—at home and abroad—A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A BRIGHT AND SUCCESSFUL NEW YEAR, with the hope that we may be more closely drawn together through the now firmly established HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

The Third Annual Dinner of The Services Rendered Club was held at the Club premises, 11 East Hill, Wandsworth, on Friday evening, November 4th. The President of the Club, Sir Henry Jackson, M.P., presided over a gathering of about seventy. He was supported by the Club Chairman, Mr. Charles Dance, and the Mayor of Wandsworth (Alderman S. Cresswell). Our Mr. Miller attended.

In proposing the health of "The Services Rendered Club," the Mayor of Wandsworth said he had formed a high opinion of the work of the Club. He was pleased to see the ladies present. Women had a refining influence over men and were able to claim a great deal of the right kind of sympathy.

Mr. A. J. Wade, Secretary of the Club, in responding, said they were grateful to Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. for all the help they had extended to the Club. He thanked the Mayor and hoped they would be spared many years to carry on the work.

After the Dinner, an excellent concert was provided by Misses Lilian Baker and Ada Vernon, and Messrs. W. J. Harte, Billy Morton and Leonard Read.

Although, at the conclusion of the War, the Royal Naval Division ceased to exist, yet, annually, on the Saturday following Armistice Day, those Members within easy reach of London meet at Luncheon at the Connaught Rooms. This year above 250 attended, the Chair—owing to the unavoidable absence of Admiral Oliver Backhouse, who was detained on duty at Devonport—being taken by Commodore King, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.P., supported by Brigadier-General A. M. Asquith, D.S.O.

Naturally, at these re-unions conversation wanders to those who, owing to the fortune of war, are no longer with us and among those whose names were freely mentioned was C.P.O. George Prowse, V.C., D.C.M., whose portrait was published under the Swansea notes in a former number of the GAZETTE.

Unfortunately, owing to the distance, many Welsh members of the R.N.D. are prevented from attending these annual functions, much as they would be welcomed, and these notes are submitted for publication in the hope that they may reach some members of the old 63rd and particularly those friends and colleagues of George Prowse, to show that, even in these distant days, his memory still lives with those he left behind. Mr. E. L. Burton, Secretary of the Royal Naval Division Association, 33 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.2, would be pleased to hear from any of the old members of the R.N.D. and at the next re-union it is hoped that more of the Welsh lads will be present.

Our Mr. E. Golds was a member of the Division and served for some considerable time overseas with them.

The new Concert Hall and Club extension at the Streatham Conservative Club, 111 Blegborough Road, Streatham, was opened by The Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Nield, K.C., M.P., on Saturday, November 12th. He was supported by the President, Sir William Lane Mitchell, J.P., M.P., the Vice-Presidents, Officers and Members of the Committee.

The key was presented to Mr. H. E. Barnes, Chairman of the Club. Messrs. H. Ward, W. Miller and E. Golds attended on our behalf and were made very welcome. The proceedings were followed by a Concert and Dance. Altogether, a very enjoyable evening was spent.

The Club are to be congratulated now on the very fine Concert Hall, Committee Room, Card Room, etc. Also the Steward has

excellent quarters. We wish the Club every success in their efforts and trust that the good fortune which has attended them in the past will continue in the future.

We are glad to hear news of Mr. F. Speller from the Farnborough Branch and trust that he has now settled down in his new sphere. We wish him every success.

Reading football supporters here are very much "down in the mouth" at the lack of success of the Reading Football Club, but were very pleased at the initial victory over Hull City and also of that over South Shields, and hope they are forerunners of many more victories. On the other hand our Chelsea and Millwall supporters are beaming.

#### OXFORD.

On Saturday, November 12th, we accepted an invitation to a Smoking Concert, kindly extended to us by the Committee and Members of the Milton Heights Working Men's Club. On arrival at the Club premises we were given a very cordial welcome by Mr. Secretary Woodage and members of the Committee. As the first question put to us was in the nature of "What'l," we soon found ourselves grasping a vessel of conventional shape which contained the familiar "S.B." With the aid of this, the best of beverages, we soon got on cordial terms with our hosts and settled ourselves to enjoy a good programme of songs and other items of a musical nature. The time for our departure arrived before we were really ready for it, and we very reluctantly bid our hosts farewell. We enjoyed our evening on Milton Heights and appreciated the cordiality of our welcome. The invitation to "come again" will not be forgotten, and when the time comes round to again scale "The Heights" we shall be there unless some unforeseen circumstance prevents us.

We were struck with the "cosiness" of the Club premises and with the way we were made to feel at home immediately on our arrival.

We wish the Club every success, though we venture to add that with such a Committee *and* members our wish has a savour of the superfluous.

["An Evening's Cray-fishing"—a most interesting article from our Oxford correspondent—appears on another page.—*Ed., H.L.G.*]

## THAME.

We, in Thame, are settling down to a quiet period after having had a fair share of liveliness during the past two months. The summer season has proved a somewhat disappointing one, in view of the fact that the inclement weather kept so many of our usual visitors from the open road.

We hoped that some compensation would be found in our Annual Agricultural Show, which is acknowledged to be one of the best one-day Shows in the country. For many years this day, which is the third Thursday in September, has proved exceptionally fine, in fact "Thame Show and fine weather" have been synonymous terms from a reportorial point of view. However, the elements proved unkind, and instead of a twenty thousand attendance in summer attire, twelve thousand were present, with mackintoshes and umbrellas predominating. The various licensed houses in the town found their resources severely taxed, especially during the evening fair time, and needless to say the supply of "S.B." at the "Birdcage" was nearly exhausted on the arrival of the usual weekly dray.

Then again, we had another disappointment. With pleasurable anticipation we welcomed the arrival of the troops for the Autumn training. Owing to the heavy rains which had fallen prior to the general movement, it was in the balance as to whether it would be advisable to abandon the event for this year. However, the weather held up for the week previous and gave hopes for a dry camp; but the elements disposed and the manoeuvres were cancelled a fortnight before scheduled time, owing to the muddy condition of the camps. During the troops' stay, several very convivial musical evenings were spent at the "Birdcage."

On October 11th the Annual Fair was held in the High Street, and as usual attracted a large number of visitors.

We had a large share of the gale of the night of the 29th, and trees, tiles, chimneys, sign-boards, etc., were not quite in the same position the next morning. One or two narrow escapes were reported, but fortunately no one was injured. Owing to its height, the "Birdcage" had quite its quantum of force and suffered the loss of a small casement window and the displacement of the galvanised extension of the kitchen chimney.

The winter programme of amusements in the town augurs well for some pleasant evenings. A very interesting crib tournament is in progress at the "Birdcage," and much speculation is rife as to the winner of a silver cup, generously offered by a well known gentleman in the town.