

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

No. 2.

NOVEMBER

1926.



Our Managing Director,
Mr. F. A. SIMONDS.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

OUR FIRST ISSUE.

The first issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE was an unqualified success. So great was the demand for it that in a few days we were sold out. Many who could not purchase copies were only too eager to borrow the same, so THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, No. 1, found its way into the hands of thousands of readers. We shall

either have to print more this month or start a "Borrowers' Library." Our big brothers the *Berkshire Chronicle*, *Reading Standard*, *Newbury Weekly News* and the *Newspaper World* all gave THE GAZETTE a hearty welcome, spoke in very complimentary terms of its production and culled several articles from its pages. By this means THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE must have been brought to the notice of at least fifty thousand people.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the Press wields considerable power in this country. Sometimes the power is abused, but, we hasten to add, not in Reading. THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE is already making its influence felt in several directions. We give a couple of instances. In the first issue a suggestion was made that the cricket suppers should be resuscitated. The idea found much favour, with the result that a Committee was quickly formed and the dinner is to take place, probably this month. Several people learned for the first time, through THE GAZETTE, of the whist drives held at the Social Club. They attended the very next drive, were delighted with the admirable arrangements, and intend being present on future occasions. In this way it is hoped that THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE will play a great part in furthering those objects that have as their aim the wellbeing of all at the Brewery.

IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

Our subscribers will be interested to learn that a copy of the first edition of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE has been accepted "with many thanks" by the Librarian, Mr. A. E. Cowley, D.Litt., for reference in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. A copy will be sent each month and contributors will, no doubt, be justly proud that their articles are being preserved for posterity.

PUTTING THE CLOCK BACK.

Of course all sensible people put their clocks back on the proper date; but at least one person put the hands forward: and there he was on Sunday morning outside a well-known inn anxiously waiting for the doors to open, in spite of the fact that it was only 10 a.m. instead of, as he thought, noon. It was not until a friend, who was passing that way, informed him that he would have to wait another two hours before he could get a drink that he realized his mistake. Never did any other two hours seem so long; and when 12 o'clock *did* arrive, didn't that pint disappear quickly! Our friend is not likely to make such a mistake again—the penalty was too great.

ON POINT DUTY.

No one who has watched the Borough Policemen on point duty can fail to be struck by the admirable manner in which they carry out these difficult and highly responsible duties. Many of our draymen with their horse vans, light motor cars and heavy lorries pass these points every day and the drivers have nothing but praise for the splendid work which the Police do in this direction. Reading is a very busy town and often at the cross roads there is quite a congestion of traffic. One slip on the part of the officer on point duty and a serious accident might result. We often wonder how many crashes they have prevented.

NOT A PARSON.

A gentleman, not unconnected with the Brewery, was invited as a guest to a partridge shoot the other day. He was formally introduced, light refreshment was partaken of, including "S.B.'s," and then the party made off to walk the first field of roots. Usually, he was informed, when certain members of the shoot missed birds they "let fly" in another direction; but, on this occasion, up to lunch time at any rate, not one naughty word was used. In due course lunch time arrived and afterwards, stories were told. The guest told a few, too, and it was when he had finished that one of the party rose and exclaimed, "Well I'm d—, I thought he was a parson!" That is what they had nearly all been thinking, and it explained their exemplary conduct throughout the morning. In the afternoon, when birds were missed, the guns expressed themselves as forcibly as ever.

A MONSTER PIKE.

Between Caversham Bridge and Moss's Island there is a big pike. The Cawstons have been smashed up here more than once and the writer had a similar experience last winter. He was fishing there again one evening quite recently when a youngster came along and said:—

"Are you after that big fish, Sir?"

"Yes," replied the angler.

"But you won't catch him, Sir," added the nipper.

"How the deuce do you know? I have the strongest of tackle, a roach about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. as bait and the big fish is still here right enough," replied the fisherman.

"Yes, but you won't catch him."

The angler (getting angry): "Why?"

"Well, you see, Sir," the little boulder went on to say, "he's there right enough, but you are fishing at his tail; his head's up at Mapledurham!"

FOX IN HOTEL BAR.

About nine o'clock one Monday morning a fully-grown fox was seen dashing down Risborough Lane, Cheriton. After narrowly escaping death by being run over by a bus, it made its way through an open door into the Victoria Hotel, Risborough Lane.

The Landlord (Mr. F. R. Rivers) locked the door on the fox, which had taken refuge in the saloon bar. It next got under the bar counter. Two officers of the 11th Hussars arrived on the scene, and with a stick and bag managed to secure the animal. When cornered the fox snarled and showed its teeth. It will probably be released again later when hunting is in full swing.

Whether it was the popularity of the landlord or the fox's liking for "S.B." which attracted it to the hotel still remains a matter for conjecture.

THE BREWERY BAND.

It is not everybody who knows that the Brewery possesses a most efficient Band. It starts early in the morning and does not conclude its daily programme till well on in the evening. The Band Stand is on the part of the premises known as Drury Lane. Included in the programme is a lot of Chop(p)in', but there is very little fiddling about as the men turn over the leaves; and yet there are violin(t) noises as the players "bow" to their work.

HOW NICE TO BE A SAILOR!

It is well known that Travellers seldom return home from their rounds without one or more amusing stories. A Woking Traveller goes one further and reports the following dialogue overheard by him:—

FATHER: Well, John, and what do you wish to be when you grow up?

SON: I think, Dad, I'd like to be a sailor.

FATHER: And why do you want to be a sailor, John?

SON: Because they are so happy. I saw one myself on a big picture. He looked all smiles and was sitting on an Island with a case full of little bottles.

FATHER: Ah! That was "S.B." in those bottles.

SON: What's "S.B.," Dad?

FATHER: "S.B." means "Sailors' Beer." It always makes the sailors happy, and where-ever they go, they can always get it.

SON: How nice to be a sailor, Dad.

A CUSTOMER'S COMPLAINT.

Amongst all the serious work which our post bag brings, a large amount of humour was aroused by a letter of complaint from a customer, who, declining the services of the drayman, drew the cork from a pin of stout with a corkscrew! He afterwards complained that the stout shot up to the ceiling, flooded the cellar and spoiled his suit of clothes.

A NATURE NOTE.

I was down the Loddon recently (writes our Nature correspondent) when I saw a family of long-tailed tits. From tree to tree they passed and then off across the meadow, straight as a die, like little bunches of feather with sticks stuck on the ends. There were a dozen of them—father, mother, and ten children. The long-tailed tit builds a beautiful egg-shaped nest luxuriously furnished inside with numerous feathers and covered outside with lichen. This Spring I found a nest in some gorse—a silver casket in a golden case! The eggs were safely hatched and I watched the youngsters as they learned to fly. The long-tailed tit families remain together throughout the Winter months and, as they constantly call to one another "zit zit," seem to know no cares. They are the embodiment of happiness. And then Spring comes and with it a little fellow, with wings, bow and arrows, by the name of Cupid. What a lot he will have to answer for—and not only in bird-life! He soon breaks up the family party. The birds separate, the ladies finding husbands and the gentlemen wives. Each pair builds the same kind of exquisite nest, have young, and here again each family remains together until the following Spring when they, too, are affected by the same great call.

And so the World goes round!

A GREAT THOUGHT.

In men whom men account as ill
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men account divine
I find so much of sin and blot;
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, where God has not.

ON THE SICK LIST.

Unfortunately both our Cashier, Mr. A. C. Kingston, and Mr. S. Murton, another senior member of the Clerical Staff, have been absent through illness. They have both been greatly missed. We wish them a speedy and complete recovery.

THE SOCIAL CLUB.

FIRST OF DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENT GAMES.

The first of the Departmental Tournament Games for the Silver Cup being presented by the Directors of the Firm, as mentioned in the October issue of THE GAZETTE, were played on Friday, 1st October, the contesting teams being Wine Stores, Canvas Department, etc., captained by Mr. Bird v. Coopers and Scalds, captained by Mr. W. Sparks.

All games were keenly contested and much interest was displayed by the followers of the respective teams engaged as to the result.

The following are the scores, from which it will be seen that the Coopers and Scalds were the victors with a margin of 5 points :—

THE REST :				
WINE STORES, CANVAS, &C.			COOPERS AND SCALDS.	
Game.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.
Billiards 50 up.	Braisher, F. ...	1	Weight, A. ...	0
	Benford, G. ...	0	Sparks, W. ...	1
	Palmer, E. ...	0	Weller, C. ...	1
Crib, Single.	Thatcher, C. ...	0	Kelly, G. ...	1
	Kirk, J. ...	0	Weight, A. ...	1
	Edwards, F. ...	0	Latimer, C. ...	1
Dominoes.	Comley, A. ...	0	Newport, W. ...	1
	Osborne, T. ...	0	Newport, W. ...	1
	Stanbrook, H. ...	1	Morriss, J. ...	0
Shove Half- penny.	Humphries, G. ...	1	Weight, A. ...	0
	Nash, A. ...	0	Kelly, G. ...	1
	Franklin, A. ...	0	Shipton, F. ...	1
Darts, 301	Weedon, F. ...	0	Kelly, G. ...	1
	Hinton, S. ...	0	Weight, A. ...	1
	House, J. ...	1	Weller, C. ...	0
Double.	Croft, J. ...	½	Sparks, W. ...	½
	House, J. ...	1	Collins, F. ...	0
	Nash, A. J. ...	1	Winslet, G. ...	0
Shooting, 5 Shots.				
		6½		11½

The scoring for the whole of the Tournaments has been fixed as follows :—1 point for win, ½ a point for draw.

Friday, October 15th, saw the second of these Tournaments, the Departments engaged being Beer Cellars v. The Offices, and captained by Mr. W. Curtis and Mr. R. Broad respectively.

Keen play was again manifested, and both from the players and the spectators' point of view an enjoyable evening was spent.

The margin of victory was not so large as in the first Tournament, Cellars taking 10 points and the Offices 8. Details of the scores are herewith shown :—

CELLARS.			OFFICES.	
Games.	Name.	Points.	Name.	Points.
Billiards, 50 up.	Moss, G. ...	0	Davis, H. ...	1
	Croom, A. ...	0	Jacobs, A. ...	1
	Curtis, W. ...	1	Broad, R. ...	0
Crib, Single.	Benford, J. ...	1	Rider, A. ...	0
	Holloway, H. ...	0	Davis, H. ...	1
	Simplkins, A. ...	1	Bradford, W. ...	0
Dominoes.	Wheeler, W. ...	1	Hawkes, F. C. ...	0
	Mason, F. ...	1	Bradford, W. ...	0
	Nickless, H. ...	0	James, H. ...	1
Shove Half- penny.	Gough, J. ...	1	Perrin, C. ...	0
	Holloway, H. ...	1	Wild, W. H. ...	0
	Shiers, A. ...	0	Broad, R. ...	1
Darts, 301	Wetherall, J. ...	0	Jacobs, A. ...	1
	Chilton, W. ...	1	Wild, W. H. ...	0
	Shiers, A. ...	1	Cox, C. ...	0
Double.	Shiers, A. ...	½	Osborne, H. ...	½
	Salisbury, J. ...	0	Rider, A. G. ...	1
	Randall, J. ...	1½	Broad, R. ...	½
Shooting, 5 Shots.				
		10		8

GAMES TOURNAMENTS WITH OTHER CLUBS.

On two occasions lately we have been pleased to welcome a party from Clubs outside Reading. On Saturday, September 18th, after witnessing the football match at Elm Park, about 40 members of the British Legion Club, Slough, were entertained by our members to a Tournament of Games, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. This visit was originally arranged for May, but was postponed on account of the declaration of the General Strike.

A party from the Portsmouth Radical Club, who came to follow the football match between Reading and Portsmouth, on October 2nd, were our next visitors, and yet another enjoyable evening took place. We are always most pleased to receive visits from Clubs from other towns and also to arrange a tournament of games with such visitors. The Secretary will welcome any enquiries in this respect.

BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

Monday, October 11th, saw the commencement of the Reading and District Clubs' Billiards League, both our teams being engaged (for we are represented in both Divisions). Division I Team were home to Pangbourne, Division II Team visiting the Reading Gas Company's Club.

Pangbourne Club are new entrants to the League and they have some very useful players. Twenty-two members of our Club have joined the League and deep interest is taken in the play.

Only the Second Division Team were at play on Monday, October 18th, when they were at home to the Reading Gas Company's Club, their opponents of the previous week. The results of the games are —

MONDAY, OCTOBER 11th, 1926.

DIVISION I.—H. & G. SIMONDS' SOCIAL *v.* PANGBOURNE.

<i>H. & G. Simonds' Social.</i>		<i>Pangbourne.</i>	
Howard, A.	148	Baxter, H. C.	150
Clement, R.	150	Nicholls, R.	123
Griffiths, R.	120	Stone, E. W.	150
Boddington, G.	120	Harper, J.	150
Broad, R.	84	Nicholls, F.	150
Braisher, F.	150	Stone, P.	120
Handicap	150	Handicap	100
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	902		944
	<hr/>		<hr/>

Pangbourne Club thus winning by 42 points.

DIVISION II.—H. & G. SIMONDS' SOCIAL *v.* READING GAS CO.

<i>H. & G. Simonds' Social.</i>		<i>Reading Gas Co.</i>	
Davis, H.	100	Ansell, F.	67
Curtis, W.	70	Shepherd, F.	100
Rumens, J.	100	Crawley, J.	60
Weller, C.	99	Bendell, W.	100
Jacobs, A. J.	70	Gardener, F.	100
Benford, G.	100	Clifford, L.	81
Handicap	170	Handicap	200
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	709		708
	<hr/>		<hr/>

Our team were thus the victors by the narrow margin of one point.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 18th, 1926.

DIVISION II.—H. & G. SIMONDS' SOCIAL *v.* READING GAS CO.

<i>H. & G. Simonds' Social.</i>		<i>Reading Gas Co.</i>	
Davis, H.	100	Ansell, F.	87
Curtis, W.	81	Shepherd, F.	100
Rumens, J.	100	Crawley, J.	88
Weller, C.	100	Bendell, W.	68
Jacobs, A. J.	100	Gardener, F.	81
Benford, G.	100	Clifford, L.	98
Handicap	170	Handicap	200
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	751		722
	<hr/>		<hr/>

We are again the winners, but with a few more points than last week.

WHIST DRIVES.

And now just a word or two about our very popular Whist Drives. On October 6th 100 players sat down, a very pleasing increase, although attendance at the drives has been well maintained throughout the year, and we are wondering if the increase is due to the darker evenings, or whether through the medium of this GAZETTE the fact that these drives are held at the Club has been brought to the knowledge of some who were unaware of the same. The following Wednesday, October 13th, brought another 88 keen whist players to our Club.

Other games tournaments, etc., were booked to take place last month, chief amongst them being a visit to us by the members of H. & G. Simonds' Tenants' Society, but as THE GAZETTE will necessarily be in the hands of the printers before the reports of these can be obtained, full particulars of same will be given in our next issue.

Will all members of H. & G. Simonds' Social Club bear in mind that the R.P.B. Club visit us on Friday, November 19th, for a tournament of all games, and turn up in force so that we can give them a good fight.

A CANON'S COMPLIMENTS.

A Canon of the Church of England pays the following high tribute to some of our licensed tenants:—

"I have been driving through Berkshire and Hants with my daughter, and I wish to express my appreciation of the courtesy and service rendered to us by some of your licensed tenants, more especially the Boydes at Eversley, as well as the new licensee at Kingsclere.

"We were most hospitably entertained at Eversley Cross, 'man and beast,' and wherever we go now we look out for the sign of 'Simonds' with the feeling that your Firm exercises especial care in the selection of representatives. Last year we were in another direction and never experienced the old-fashioned consideration that your houses provide. The Boydes were scrupulously clean, reasonable in their charges, and put themselves to inconvenience to accommodate us.

"In so many places only motorists are wanted, and the charges are out of touch with the realities of a post-war world."

CRICKET OF THE PAST.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SEVEN BRIDGES CLUB.

It was in 1884, at a meeting presided over by Mr. Suddaby, that the Seven Bridges Cricket Club was formed. The first ground on which they played was a field at Coley, rented from Mr. Howard, landlord of "The Blue Lion" Inn. The ground was inspected, prior to acceptance, by the late Mr. Blackall Simonds, who kindly paid the rent during the period the Club used it. The members promptly set to work and got the ground into pretty good order, and opened the same with a very enjoyable evening match, at which all the staff, their wives and families, were present. It was a match between the Captain's (Mr. L. Colbert) XI. and the Vice-Captain's.

This ground remained the Club's home for a few years, and then they removed to an adjoining field close to the old Rifle Range. This pitch was obtained through the medium of the late Mr. L. de L. Simonds, who at the time was a Captain in the Berkshire Volunteers. Here, as also on the previous ground, many excellent matches were witnessed, some of the best Clubs in the town participating.

A MEMORABLE OCCASION.

Early in the life of the Club a never-to-be-forgotten day's match was arranged by the late Mr. Pulley and Mr. Nicholls, with the Farnborough village cricketers. The Brewery side emerged easily the victors in both innings. It is interesting to note that the following who took part in that memorable match are still in the land of the living and showing as keen an interest in their Club as ever:—Messrs. H. F. Lindars, R. Biggs, J. D. Carter (Slough), W. Crocker and C. Thatcher.

The next centre of the Club's activities was a ground in Vastern Road vacated by Messrs. Suttons, and after that an adjoining field rented from Mr. Belcher, Butcher, of Broad Street. Then they moved to the rear of "The Moderation" and remained there for a number of years. The actual playing pitch was quite passable, but the outfield far from ideal. Indeed, members of either teams playing frequently bore traces of the unfavourable conditions with which they had had to contend. On this ground it was usual for the Seven Bridges Club to play a couple of Wednesday matches with the Borough Police. These always proved highly enjoyable, and were attended by a large number of supporters of both sides. Perhaps some day the Seven Bridges will meet the Police again.

Leaving this field, the Seven Bridges Club played on the Kensington Road Sports Ground, the fine conditions obtaining there being much to the liking of all concerned. It was very unusual for the Seven Bridges side to be all out for less than 100 runs, and on several occasions the century was reached by an individual batsman. The last of the matches, Staff *v.* the Remainder at the Brewery, was played here, and the Remainder gained a pronounced victory.

SMART WICKET-KEEPING.

Members of the firm have always taken a keen interest in cricket, and some years ago Mr. F. A. Simonds kindly arranged a fixture with the Brewery team at Hackwood Park. This match has been continued since; Commander H. D. Simonds now captains our opponents. The game is always looked forward to as the tit-bit of the season. The Brewery more than met their masters in the first few matches for Mr. F. A. Simonds got together some very hot sides. What with the tempting "slows" of Joe Cordery, the one-arm bowler, and Mr. Simonds whipping off the bails like lightning directly a batsman left his crease, it was a question of the Brewery side making one continuous procession to the pavilion.

At one time this was one of the best grounds in Hampshire and some sparkling cricket was to be witnessed. We were often up against such well-known wielders of the willow as Mr. Shea-Simonds, Mr. J. H. Simonds, etc.

Some very enjoyable games also took place at Bradfield, where we were entertained by the late Mr. Prescott Simonds, the only son of Mr. George Blackall-Simonds. Here again we met many good players and generally came off second best.

After using the Football Club ground for a period the Seven Bridges played on pitches at Prospect Park and here they are playing now. It will be seen that the Club has been of a roving character. This was through no fault of its own, but simply the result of circumstances.

The Club have just concluded a very successful season and all are looking forward eagerly to 1927.

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE.

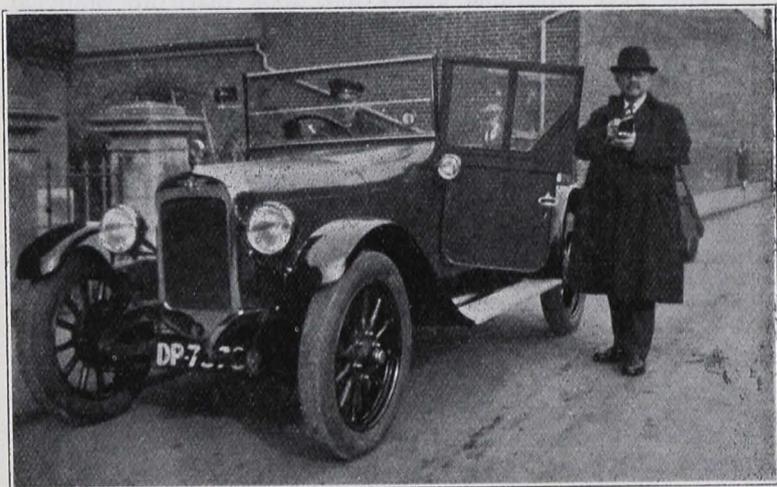
MR. I. BUCKLEY AND MISS BARBEROVA.—The engagement is announced between Ifor Buckley, son of the late Captain James Buckley, of Carmarthenshire, and Miss Thalia Barberova, of Streatham, London.

Mr. A. LOCK.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS A KNIGHT OF THE ROAD.

For nearly forty-five years Mr. A. Lock has been a "Knight of the Road," having, for that long period, acted as a traveller for H. & G. Simonds. The Editor of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE had a chat with Mr. Lock recently, and, in the course of a conversation, that gentleman spoke of his delight at having been connected with the famous firm for the greater part of his life.

Mr. Lock continued: "My path, from a business point of view, has been a smooth one inasmuch as it has been my pleasure and privilege to represent a house with a world-wide reputation. This has naturally helped me a great deal. The high quality of H. & G. Simonds' goods has enabled me to secure good 'repeat' orders and I am glad to say that to-day I am doing a really good business which is ever increasing. Nobody knows better than the public when you have a good article to offer, and the fact that I am selling H. & G. Simonds' beers and wines, makes my task comparatively easy. 'We were so pleased with the last delivery, Mr. Lock, will you kindly repeat the order' is a frequent expression of appreciation on the part of the public, testifying to the excellence of the article consumed.



Mr. A. Lock whose motto is, "At Your Service."

WHEN BOTTLED BEERS WERE IN THEIR INFANCY.

"Having been so many years with the firm I naturally know the Directors well and they know me. I have always found them most generous in every way and it is only natural therefore that I should try and do my very best for them. This I have done. And, as I look back on these many years, I recall the great changes that have taken place and the great strides forward this enterprising firm has made. In my early days bottled beers were in their infancy. One might have sold a few score bottles per day. It is nothing now to sell hundreds of dozens. During the Great War bottled beers were not brewed; but since, the Directors again decided to brew this most excellent beverage, and it is remarkable what great advance has been made in the sales. 'S.B.' is now a household word.

"When I started travelling at The Brewery I had to use shanks' pony for about a year. Then I was allowed a trap once a week, afterwards twice a week. Subsequently I had a trap and two cobs for my own use. Now I have a car, and a driver, as I could not cover the ground without it.

"I was never more busy and, by God's help, I mean to do my best to keep the 'Hop Leaf' flag flying for some years to come.

"No one ever worked for a better firm."

TALK OF THE TOWN.

THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

I have seen flowers come in stony places;
And kindness done by men with ugly faces;
And the gold cup won by the worst horse at the races—
So I trust you, too.

Our greatest victory is not in never failing but in rising every time we fall.

There are some defeats more triumphant than victories.

MAGISTRATE (to witness): Have you seen the prisoner at the bar?

WITNESS: That's where I met him.

A WORD ON TRANSPORT.

AN UP-TO-DATE AND PERFECT SYSTEM.

Most persons in the South of England are familiar with the red-painted, spick-and-span steam and motor lorries of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., as they speed along the roads laden with the famous Berkshire ales and stout. To cope with the ever-increasing trade, the Directors have taken great pains to perfect their transport system, and, under the personal supervision of Commander H. D. Simonds, it is now one of the most up-to-date and best equipped in the kingdom. The engineering shops, which cover a considerable area, and the body-building department are replete with the most modern machinery, and staffed with expert workmen.

LOADED OVER-NIGHT.

To ensure the prompt delivery of beers and spirits to the different depots, a large number of the lorries must necessarily be loaded over-night, and the Brewery yard presents an animated appearance, as they come in from their various journeys. Quickly they are unloaded at the Scalds, and then placed in position at the loading stage. The electric escalators working at full pressure bring the casks of beer from the cellars, and the forwarding staff, under the direction of Mr. E. Bailey, are soon at work loading the lorries for the following day's journeys. In the morning before the average citizen is afoot they are already on the road; some to the great Military Depots at Aldershot, Salisbury Plain, and the Naval and Military Depot at Portsmouth; others to the branches of the firm at Woking, Brighton, Slough, Woolwich, Newbury, Oxford, etc., etc.

RACING AND MILITARY TRADE.

In addition, large quantities of beers are dispatched throughout the racing season to Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Newbury, etc., and to Kennington Oval to supply the needs of the great cricketing crowds. As the leading military contractors H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., also supply big consignments of beers to the troops in their annual manœuvres. To supply an army daily on the move calls for expert organisation, and the firm have always given entire satisfaction to the Military Authorities. The large private and public house trade in the immediate district is supplied by a fleet of motor vehicles, while, in the town itself, horse vans are at present utilised. The different stores and depots are also equipped with steam and motor lorries, which make a considerable addition to the sum total of the vehicles in the firm's service.

WATER TRANSPORT.

There is another side to the transport system in vogue at the Brewery, and that is the water transport which deals exclusively with the firm's great export trade. It may be remembered that H.R.H. The Prince of Wales on his recent visit to the Brewery was much interested in this side of the firm's activities, especially as the greater portion of the beers awaiting shipment that he inspected were stencilled with the names of places which the Royal Ambassador had visited on his recent tour. The beers for overseas trade are loaded by electric cranes on to the barges on the River Kennet at the rear of the Brewery. Powerful tugs then take the barges to the various London Docks to be shipped on the vessels awaiting them.

Reading citizens may well be proud of this great industry in their midst, which gives employment to such a large number of people—an industry which by the unsurpassed quality of its products has spread the fame of Reading not only throughout Great Britain, but to the uttermost parts of the Globe.

SAVING FOR THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

Holidays are, of course, much looked forward to, but without money they are apt to be rather uninteresting. To assist members of the Brewery Staff in this direction, Messrs. Tee and Hurlock, of the Home Department Staff, have been running a Savings Bank for the past three years, with great success. The scheme provides facilities whereby depositors may place any amount from one penny a week upwards in the Bank and accrued interest on deposits is distributed by means of an annual draw. The only restriction is that money cannot be withdrawn until the commencement of the said holidays.

New members from Reading Office Staff will be welcomed, and we commend the scheme to our colleagues at Branches.

NOTES FROM OUR TENANTS.

'ALE FELLOW, WELL MET!

Mr. Talbot, of the "Jack of Both Sides," will be glad to give details and enrol members in Ye Ancient Order of Froth Blowers.

The cheery old Froth Blowers have already donated £600 to Sir Alfred Frupp's East End Charities. Food, clothing and toys have been personally distributed to this amount by Lady Frupp.

EMPLOYEES WITH OVER FIFTY YEARS' SERVICE.



The above five men have each been employed at H. & G. Simonds for upwards of fifty years. They are, left to right, :— standing : T. Sherwood, 51 years ; E. Burrett, 51 years ; C. Carpenter, 53 years ; sitting : C. Pearce, 56 years ; C. Thatcher, 55 years.

Employees of forty-five years' service, and over, have this year had an extra week's holiday.

 IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

HOW WE WENT AND BROUGHT THE BANANAS HOME.

(By C.E.G.)

Anyone seeking a restful and a health-giving trip and who has tired of the usual seaside holidays at home, cannot do better than book a passage by one of the Elders & Fyffe's Passenger Steamers to Central America. The writer, thanks to the indulgence of generous Directors, was able to enjoy such a trip some three years ago, and in this article is trying to record briefly his experiences.

On December 18th, 1923, boarding the R.M.S. *Changuinola* at Avonmouth, Bristol, some two or three hours before sailing, one had the chance of seeing most of the passengers coming on board, always an interesting proceeding, as it sets one guessing "Who's Who"—and how many wrong surmises are made is discovered later. It was about 4 p.m. when we started ; it did not seem long before we were out of the Bristol Channel, had said "Good-bye" to Old England, and were on the broad Atlantic, knowing the first stop would be Jamaica, some fourteen days away. Time now lent itself for passengers to mix up and companionships to be formed. We numbered some 50, amongst whom were the Earl and Countess of Lonsdale, the Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie, Mr. Morley Roberts (the Author), Mr. H. A. Josephs, K.C., Acting Attorney General at Jamaica, the Rev. E. B. Baker, M.A., etc.

The second day out, tables were made up and one knew who would be one's neighbours at meals (when King Neptune permitted). I had the privilege of being one of the guests at the Captain's table. Although I did not know it then, his home when he is ashore, is in the Erleigh Road, Reading, and thus it came about that we saw a lot of each other during the voyage. A fine skipper is Captain A. D. Riseley, and proud of the fact that his knowledge of the seas was first gained in sailing ships.

A JOLLY LOT.

All the Officers on the *Changuinola* were a jolly lot and proved good company, to me especially, as I was the only passenger taking the round trip.

The first few days out gave little excitement and time passed pleasantly, with deck golf, tennis (played with rope rings thrown and caught over a net and a drop a lost point), quoits and meals. The last named were lengthy : Breakfast was at 8.30 a.m., lunch 1 p.m., tea 4.30 p.m. and dinner 7 p.m. Between meals were snacks at 11 a.m. and from 9 p.m. until turning-in time. The third day out we were getting into warmer weather, and from the fourth day onwards hot and then hotter, all time being spent on deck. The younger element indulged in dancing after dinner until 11 p.m.

The sea about now was rough to very rough, and many were sorry for themselves. We passed the Azores at 5 a.m. on Sunday, December 23rd. Service was held in the Music Room at 11 a.m. I remember this as I came in second in the "Sweep" on that day, which was useful after the collection. We were now able to don summer clothes. Christmas Eve was a rough night, but the following morning was perfect and Christmas Day was a day to be remembered, very hot, with a cloudless blue sky. We had

Service at 7.45 a.m. and on going in to breakfast we found that the stewards had been busy through the night and had made the Dining Saloon a veritable fairyland. The crew had their sports during the afternoon and provided much fun for the onlookers. Lord Lonsdale worked hard indeed as organiser and referee throughout.

The catering staff excelled themselves in putting before us a Christmas Dinner worthy of the occasion. It may be of interest to give the menu:—

MENU.

DINNER, CHRISTMAS DAY, 1923.

Hors d'Oeuvres Varies.

Consommé Tortue. Potage a l'Americaine.
Salmon, Cucumber, Sauce Tartare.

Asperges en Branches à la Fribourg.
Cotillettes d'Agneau, Petits Pois.
Ris de Veaux aux Epinards.

Aloyau de Bœuf à l'Anglaise.
Jambon à la Maillot.

Pommes Bouilles et Roties.
Chouxfleurs au Gratin.
Haricot Verts au Beurre.

Dinde à la St. James. Langue à l'Ecarlate.

Perdreux Roti, Salade Waldorf.

COLD BUFFET.

Boar's Head. Benoist Beef.

Pouding de Noël. Yule Log. Mince Pies.
Poires en Surprise. Fruits au Marzipan.
Petits Fours. Crème à la Glace.

Noisettes au Parmesan.
Fromage. Dessert. Café.

Such a banquet needed adequate liquid, and Lord Lonsdale came to the rescue and generously provided every table with the sparkling juice of the grape which cannot be beaten. The Captain proposed his health and we drank to that fine sportsman of whom England is justly proud.

Following dinner a surprise awaited the passengers in the shape of a real Christmas tree, off which each had a souvenir. Mine was a cigar 14 inches long which is still conditioning. When I get a week of Sundays I may attempt to smoke it between meals.

Dancing was kept up on deck until past midnight with a full moon overhead. The following day was Boxing Day, but all days are Bank Holidays on a trip like this. Many were the meetings in the smoke room and the bar steward was not idle. The passengers' sports took place during the afternoon, including a tennis tournament, and these were continued the following day, the Countess of Lonsdale distributing the prizes at the close. I must not forget to mention the children's Christmas party, which was a great success. The Hon. C. Irby made a realistic Father Christmas, and was supposed to come by "Wireless"—the kiddies had a fine time. We finished up the day with a whist drive.

The chief event the next day was Lifeboat practice, which was carried out in its entirety under the Captain's inspection.

We were now having a taste of tropical heat and ices were much sought after. Compensation came in the evening with cool breezes, and the sunsets were beyond description. One was also attracted by the moon and stars. They seemed larger and much more brilliant than at home.

NEARING THEIR DESTINATION.

We now came to the last Sunday in the year 1923, and we mustered a goodly company at early Service and again at Matins. Most of the passengers were for Jamaica so were nearing their destination. We sighted Turks Islands about midnight and passed Hayti the following morning. The sea temperature was touching 90 degrees now, and I had my first sight of Flying Fish, which must be seen to be believed.

We finished up on New Year's Eve with a fine display of rockets from the bridge deck, and Auld Lang Syne followed. Everyone had another "Wee drappie" and another for the absent ones before turning in.

On New Year's morning we were up early to get the first glimpse of Jamaica, the gem of the West Indies, and rightly so called. For some two hours we were steaming parallel, some one to two hundred yards from the shore, and enjoyed a very fine panorama of the Blue Mountain Range, and about midday reached the wonderful harbour of Kingston, where we anchored at the wharf. So after fourteen days we were on land again and strange it seemed! Terra firma tried to play tricks with one's legs after the deck motion we had been used to. Perhaps it would be not out of place to say just a few words about Jamaica.

The Island was captured by the British during the Commonwealth in 1655. It is the largest of the British West Indies, area about 4,000 square miles, with a population of about 650,000, three-fourths of whom are negroes. From the sea coast the land rises by a series of ridges culminating in the West peak of the Blue Mountains, 7,360 feet high. Of the 70 streams issuing from these mountains only one is navigable. Kingston with its fine harbour is the capital. Jamaica is 144 miles long, varying in width from 31 to 40 miles. It is heavily wooded, date palms and cocoanut trees abounding. There are some 2,000 miles of macadamized roads and motoring is general. Electric cars run in several directions. There are excellent hotels, the chief being the Myrtle Bank, and Hotel Tichfield (both owned by the United Fruit Company of America), and South Camp Hotel.

The exports consist largely of sugar, coffee, dyewoods, bananas, pineapples and last, but not least, "rum."

The *Changuinola's* stay being only about three hours, time did not lend the writer to more than a cursory glance of Kingston, but that little left a longing to see more. There is a strong Scotch element in Jamaica, it being said that the first skilled labour after the British occupation came from Scotland. There must have been a lot of intermarriage as the varying complexion shades testify.

New Year's Day being a Bank holiday and shops closed my pockets did not suffer. We took up one passenger only at Jamaica, and about 5 p.m. sailed away on the last stage of the trip, duly reaching Tela about 4 p.m. two days later, our destination, having covered 4,683 nautical miles.

A PROLIFIC INDUSTRY.

Tela, on the Spanish Honduras Coast, is shown in few maps, and the miles upon miles now under banana cultivation, by the United Fruit Company of America, were, not many years since, dense forests. These have been cleared and the banana bulbs imported and planted, and owing to the virgin and fertile soil the industry is prolific. When one thinks that a banana tree takes from eight to nine months to produce its only crop of fruit, and that cutting is daily all the year round, it must be admitted how clever is the cultivation.

At Tela, where are the headquarters of the United Fruit Company for that district, there are some 120 miles of banana farms, each being looked after by a superintendent and a timekeeper, both being white men, chiefly American, but there are a fair number of Englishmen now employed. The labour is all black, almost all Jamaican negroes. Throughout the whole district are railway

roads all leading to the sea wharf where the trucks unload to the steamers. The fruit is cut the day before and the covered railway vans arrive early the next morning and the transference of the bananas commences. This is done by natives from the rail side of the wharf to the steamer side, each bearing one stalk of fruit on his shoulder, which is taken from him by an attendant and placed in the elevators which unload into the Steamer's holds.

The *Changuinola* parcel consisted of 85,000 stalks, these stalks varying in size, some having up to 250 bananas on them and weighing half a hundredweight. Probably our cargo of bananas weighed close on 2,000 tons, the loading of which was carried out between 5 a.m. and 9 p.m.

A word or two now about the banana. The plant has underground stems or rhizomes, from which groups of leaves arise, their aerial petioles forming sheafs which are rolled concentrically around one another so as to form a vertical hollow structure, wrongly called the stem, which grows to a height of 18 feet. From the crown of the leaf-sheaths the blades spread out like palm leaves, each being in one broad piece from 6 to 10 feet long. A strong midrib runs down the middle of each blade and from it parallel veins run out at right angles towards the margin. The axis of an inflorescence which grows up the centre of the petiole-sheath arises from the rhizome until it emerges amongst the blades, when it bends over and produces its flowers on a long spike, which ripen into fruit. The tree is cut down to gather the fruit and the rhizome continues growing, sending up new aerial shoots. The banana is among the most important articles of food. It contains about 5 per cent. albumin, 20 per cent. sugar and pectose, and about 74 per cent. water. The dried flour of ripe bananas may be used in the manufacture of bread and cakes and has considerable nutritive value.

NO ROADS.

By the courtesy of the General Manager of the United Fruit Company at Tela I had the privilege of inspecting several of the farms where the fruit cutting was in full swing, and which was to form our cargo for England. The trip was taken in a "Ford" with iron wheels to run on the rail track. There are no roads whatever. Mules carry the bananas from the farms to waiting trucks on the rail. Imagine the banana bunch at the top almost of the tree, say 10 to 14 feet high. How can it be secured? This way: a native armed with a chopper-shaped knife comes to a tree, gives a quick slash at the stem, the tree falls and in falling the bunch of bananas is caught by him in one hand and his knife in his other hand severs it from the tree. The banana of course

is picked green, and ripens under proper conditions in three to five weeks from the time it is picked.

The Colony at Tela look forward to the English steamers arriving, and many come aboard. They are sure of some real hospitality: Simonds' Milk Stout was not unknown to many I met and was considerably praised.

It was 11 p.m. on Friday, January 4th, 1924, that the *Changuinola* bade "au revoir" to Tela, homeward bound, a sixteen-days' sea journey, one of the longest non-stop voyages for steamships obtaining.

I found myself the only passenger on board for the return trip, so was able to enjoy to the full that rest cure which proved so successful. The days passed much like one another. The Northern route was chosen for the return: through the Caribbean Sea, Gulf of Mexico, Florida Straits, passing Key West, and, after leaving the American Coast for some twelve days, no land was seen and very few steamers.

Some severe storms were experienced with big seas, but only one morning was my steward unable to get my bath ready; true once or twice it held little water, this only meant that one had to make the best use of it when it was at the head of the bath and then chase it down to the foot end, just a see-saw, but—the getting out and robing! Enough said!

PLAYING BRIDGE.

We, the Officers and I (the Captain did not play), played Bridge each afternoon after tea until dinner hour and I improved my play very much. I jokingly asked one day, whether they ever met better players than themselves, when my partner replied: "Sometimes, but it is seldom a passenger goes out of this cabin a winner." I owe them all a debt of gratitude for showing me what good Bridge playing can be. Very, very small stakes were ever played for, and my total losses for the fifteen days amounted to only 17/3—and me a novice! I am afraid I dropped my partner down often, but they all had me, as we moved round after every rubber. Good luck to them all! We had no cold weather until we were off Newfoundland Banks, but it was soon warm again.

It was on Sunday morning, January 20th, we berthed at Avonmouth and Messrs. Elders & Fyffes kindly provided a car to take me to Bristol Station, from whence I knew my own way home, and once more found myself in civilization. Five weeks without letters or writing any! No newspapers, the only information of the outside world being the wireless budget which was posted up daily in the Companion—what a rest! Was I a good sailor? Ask my table steward: I had his congratulations on not missing a meal out and home at the close of the voyage.

READING FOOTBALL CLUB.

The fixtures for the month of November are as follows:—

Nov. 6th	Preston North End	Away.
Nov. 13th	Chelsea	Home.
„ 20th	Bradford City	Away.

NATTY NOTES.

"Pompey" Came, Saw (Won) and the Bar critics concurred.

Suggested Slogan for the Reading Football Club: "Let FORWARDS be our watchword."

Jack Smith is proving an excellent New In(n)side man. He has scored by the prompt manner in which he passes (the glasses). Many others are now claiming this ("The New Inn") as their goal.

NEWBURY RACES.

A GOOD TIP.

Races will take place at Newbury on November 5th and 6th (Friday and Saturday).

Our Travelling Correspondent writes:—"A really good tip is to take a XXXXX nip—especially if the weather is cold.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT ON ALCOHOL.

Would I, if an autocrat, prohibit the use of alcohol? To ask is to answer. A million times no! Alcohol is one of the greatest institutions in the civilised world. It is an object of almost universal affection. It has been the accompaniment of nearly all the finest social events in history. For thousands of years it has celebrated every triumph, and softened every defeat. A liquid with this unique record deserves a better fate than to be prohibited. To prohibit alcohol would be to show an odious lack of the historic sense. And think of the innumerable varied forms of it, the varied colours of it shining in the uplifted glass, the varied exquisite physical reactions of it as it slides down the human throat, the varied ecstasies (all too brief!) it produces in the human head!—ARNOLD BENNETT in *The Sunday Pictorial*.

FIRST AID HINTS.

POISONS AND THEIR ANTIDOTES.

Send for a doctor, name the drug suspected,
 Keep every cup where poison is detected,
 In every case, what'er the poison be,
 You may give water, milk, raw eggs or tea,
 Oil may be given but two exceptions lie—
 In phosphorus poisoning and a Spanish fly.

In every case where staining is not found,
 To give emetics is both safe and sound,
 To mix at once be quick, and don't get flustered,
 Two tablespoons of salt and one of mustard,
 If stains are present, then proceed with care,
 And of emetics most of all beware.

The poisons known to make the patient placid
 For alkaline corrosives give an acid,
 The acid swallowed, then reverse the matter,
 And give an alkali to kill the latter.
 The acid antidotes in household use
 Are table vinegar and lemon juice.
 What alkalies to give needs no revealing,
 Take whitewash, chalk or plaster from ceiling.

In opium poisoning, he snores like some old Druid,
 Give him a teaspoonful of Condyl's Fluid,
 In carbolic acid poisoning, to make the patient easier,
 Give him two tablespoonful of sulphate of magnesia.
 In strychnine, opium, or where there's long stagnation,
 Resort to artificial respiration.

(FIRST AIDER.)

THE HEAVEN-SENT GRAPE.

When at the festive board you sit
 And pass around the wine,
 Remember, though abuse is vile
 Its use may be divine.
 T'was Heaven in kindness sent the grape
 For people great and small.
 It's little fools who take too much.
 And big fools none at all.

A VISIT TO THE BRITISH ARMY ON THE RHINE.

Just before the Rhine Army Manœuvres I paid a visit to our old friends the 2nd Batt. Royal Berkshire Regiment in their temporary Camp at Sonnenberg. This is a lovely spot surrounded by hills and trees, and situated some 40 minutes' walk from the nearest village.

The troops were in very good spirits and looking forward to their training, especially the young soldiers who were not old enough to take part in the Great War, with that keenness that all Berkshire men shew when they have a job in hand. The writer is not a Berkshire man. Up to the present the Battalion has been split up. The Headquarters and two Companies are at Bingen, the remainder at Shierstein, both on the banks of the Rhine and with a very fine view of the vineyards. It is rumoured that they will soon move to Wiesbaden, where they will all be under one roof, to the delight of the R.S.M., who is a disciplinarian but not a martinet.

The Battalion has done exceedingly well in the Shooting Competitions, and have also produced some good athletes.

The writer motored down to the Rhine from Brussels, going by way of Namur, Dinant, along the Meuse to Arlon and Luxembourg, and over the frontier to Treves, along the Moselle, and then to Berncastel, Zimmern, Bingen, and, finally, to Wiesbaden, a distance of 504 kilometres in one day.

While on the Rhine I also visited the Royal Ulster Rifles at Idstein and the 1st King's Dragoon Guards at Tier Park, another beautiful spot in the forest. Taken on the whole the roads were very good, the only mishap being a burst tyre. The drive, apart from a business trip, is a very interesting one as the journey takes you through the mountains where the driver must be extremely careful; there are as many as five hairpin bends in one kilometre down the side of the mountain. A false move and you are "over the top" with a drop of about 500 feet! The main streets through the villages are very narrow, so much so that two cars of any size find it difficult to pass. The trees on each side of the road in the country are fruit, apples and pears being ripe.

Outside of the Army one does not see any English beers, with the exception of one bar at Wiesbaden where they charge you a stiff price for it.

F.A.E.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The teetotal lecturer was holding forth and drawing a terrible picture of the evil effects of drink.

With a dramatic gesture, and thumping hard on the table in front of him, in a passionate voice he exclaimed, "I wish all the drink in the world was at the bottom of the ocean."

"So do I, Mister," shouted a man from the back of the Hall.

"I'm pleased to hear you say that, my friend, will you be good enough to tell me what is your trade or profession?" asked the lecturer.

"I'm a diver" was the quiet, but convincing reply.

* * * *

Cross-Channel swimmers have to be well oiled before they enter the water. No wonder so many Americans come over here to make the attempt.—*Passing Show*.

* * * *

FASHIONABLE COMPLAINT.

PATIENT: If my wife wants to know what is the matter with me, what shall I say?

DOCTOR: Oh, tell her you're suffering from syncopation.

PATIENT: Syncopation?

DOCTOR: Yes—an unsteady movement from bar to bar, you know.—*Daily Mirror*.

* * * *

An optimist is a Scotsman going to the United States with a corkscrew.

* * * *

P.C. (to man experiencing trouble with his wife): 'Ere I'll have to arrest you.

HUSBAND (having the worst of it): This isn't an arrest, it's a rescue.

PROFESSOR: What are the constituent parts of quartz.

BRIGHT PUPIL: Pints.

* * * *

WIFE: What's the worry?

HUBBY: The books at the office won't balance.

WIFE: Well, dear, why don't you buy a new set?

"I cannot understand," said the Vicar, "why so many of my congregation go straight from church to the public-house."

"Oh, Sir," explained his none-too-serious Curate, "that is what is known as 'the thirst after righteousness.'"

One of the guests at a Masonic banquet had been doing himself rather too well, and, in accordance with a judicious hint, his glass was overlooked when the wine was sent round.

For a time he bore this neglect without protest, but after a few minutes he arose and proposed the toast of "Absent friends—with which I would like to couple the name of the Wine Steward."

THE MEANING OF "S.B."

Such is the interest aroused by our famous "S.B." poster that we are wondering whether it inspired the following enquiry and answer which appeared in *The Radio Times*, dated 15th October:—

"What is the meaning of 'S.B.' which frequently occurs in *The Radio Times*?—J. A. G. WENLOCK."

(These are the initials of the words 'Simultaneous Broadcast,' and they are used when a programme is broadcast from the London Station and is at the same time transmitted over the Post Office Telephone Lines to some other station and simultaneously broadcast from there; it then appears in the programme of that station as S.B. 'from London.' For reasons of space, it is impossible to set out in full in *The Radio Times* the programmes of every station, hence the use wherever possible of the term 'S.B. from London.'—EDITOR, *The Radio Times*.)

Had the question been addressed to us, we should have given an entirely different answer.

PRESS PRAISE FOR "THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE."

"A VERY BRIGHT AND BREEZY PUBLICATION."

No sooner had THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE seen the light of day than warm tributes were paid to the publication by the local Press.

The Berkshire Chronicle contained the following:—

"The first number of an excellent publication, THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, dealing with the social activities at the Reading Brewery, has been issued. It is well edited, and contains much interesting matter relating to social doings, cricket, lawn tennis, etc., and naturally the visit to the Brewery of the Prince of Wales. Happenings in connection with the branches at Brighton, Devonport, Farnborough, Hythe, London, Ludgershall, Oxford, Portsmouth, Salisbury, Woking, Woolwich, etc., are also recorded.

A very bright and breezy publication."

In addition this well-known journal did us the honour, the following week, of reproducing *in extenso* our article relating to The Brewery horses.

And this is the very appreciative note which appeared in *The Reading Standard*—

"Under the title of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, an admirable magazine recording the social activities at the Reading Brewery has been issued by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd. The object of the magazine, like that of all other house organs, is to bring the brewery staff 'closer together in work and play and to inspire work with the spirit of goodwill.' The pages are full of news from the firm's numerous branches, and the personal element is well to the fore. The sporting activities of the employees are recorded in an interesting manner, while prominence is given to the prowess of the individual members of the Seven Bridges Cricket Club. There are also a series of excellent photographs, including one of the Prince of Wales making his tour of the brewery. The magazine will appear monthly."

The Newbury Weekly News, too, was generous in its praise alluding to THE GAZETTE as under:—

"This is the first number of a monthly issue dealing with the social activities of the firm of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., Reading, extending over the wide area covered by the firm. An experienced journalist is in editorial charge, and it is a bright and interesting publication which will find its way to the uttermost parts of the earth."

BRANCHES.

BRIGHTON.

First of all, congratulations to all concerned, at the splendid first number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, which, with its large contribution of Reading news, must make it difficult for some of the Branches to find interesting items to cope with those of Headquarters.

Would that we were strong enough at Brighton, numerically or otherwise, to get up an Eleven at either football or cricket, so as to record our successes in THE GAZETTE.

On thing we can beat Reading with, and that is a pink lobster in our aquarium, uncooked at that, too, and alive.

After a glorious September, which helped Brighton tremendously after an exceedingly quiet spring and early summer season, October set in with a decided slump, and departure of late visitors.

How different Brighton is to-day to what it was 25 years ago, when the beginning of October saw a great influx of wealthy families from London and elsewhere with their staffs of servants and smart equipages. And what a sight it was on a sunny afternoon on the four miles of sea-front, with the numerous carriages and pairs and their distinguished occupants.

A generation has changed all that, and now what are left of the moneyed class go off to Continental resorts, leaving Brighton to exist somehow during the long winter.

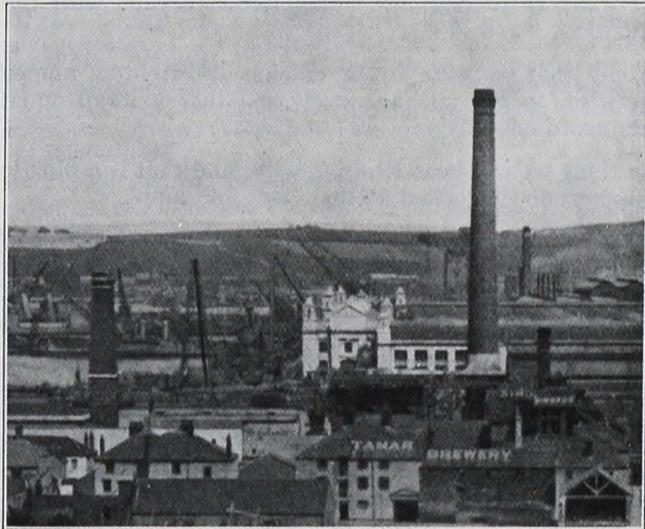
But Brighton is not dead. At the forthcoming Municipal Elections some new blood is hoping to have a say in the governing of Brighton, and several go-ahead inhabitants, including an old friend of H. & G. Simonds, Mr. Harry Preston, of the "Royal York" and "Albion" Hotels, a really good veteran sportsman, are trying for seats on the Council. We sincerely hope their efforts will be attended with success.

That is all for the present; no lorries in the sea, or anything exciting of that sort, to record.

By the way, have you heard of the visitor to a lunatic asylum, who, when going down a corridor was comparing his watch with a clock on the wall, and said to someone near by, "Is that clock right?" "Do you think it would be here if it was?" was the reply.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The first issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE was awaited with anxious expectancy as to the form it would take. On its arrival expressions of pleasure at the amount of interesting news contained therein were heard on every side. All subscribers here wish to register their thanks and appreciation to the Editor and all concerned for the very pleasing first number.

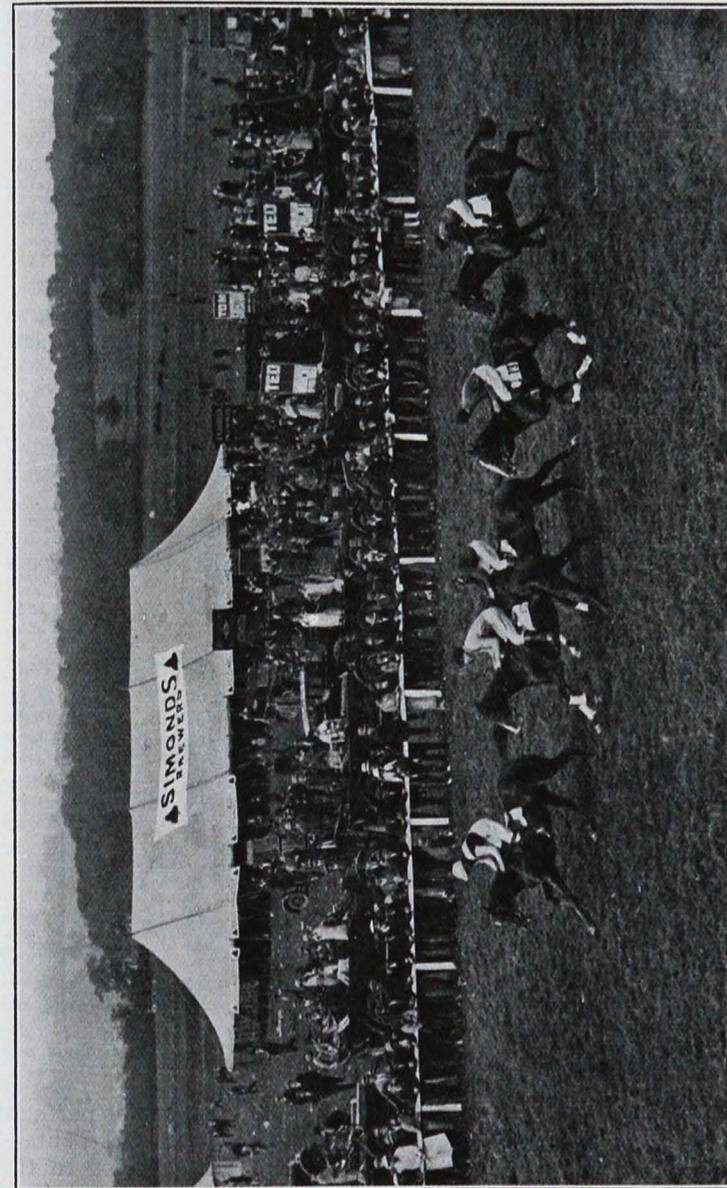


Tamar Brewery's New Premises.

The 1st Battalion of the Wiltshire Regiment joined the Garrison here on October 5th from Tidworth, relieving the 2nd Battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment, which have been at Hamilton, Glasgow, since May last on Strike Duty. The Details of the Staffords left here for Shorncliffe on October 5th, to which station the Battalion will return. The 2nd South Staffords were the proud winners of the Association Army Football Cup last year, and we are given to understand that the 1st Wilts will win it next year!

We are sorry the 2nd Battalion The Somerset Light Infantry will not be coming here on their arrival from the Sudan after all, but our loss will be Ludgershall's gain as the Battalion will be quartered in Tidworth.

On the 30th September a team from the "Steambridge Inn," Morice Town, played a friendly match of Bowls at Torpoint, the scores being:—Torpoint 105, "Steambridge Inn" 95. After the



The Plymouth Races where H. & G. Simonds' Famous Ales and Stout won the General Satisfaction Stakes.

match the players visited the Torpoint Comrades Club and the "East Cornwall Wine & Spirit Stores," where they refreshed themselves with Simonds' Heavy and India Pale Ale. A domino match has been arranged between the teams, to be played during the winter, the result of which will be published in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE " at a later date.

In this month's issue will be found a photograph of The Tamar Brewery, which shows the new property the Firm have recently acquired. The factory at the rear of the Brewery is H.M. Dockyard. All the smoke stacks shown in the photograph do not belong to H. & G. Simonds.

We are publishing a photograph of the Plymouth Races held last month. Our advertisement on the roof of the refreshment booth was 30 feet by 90 feet, and made quite a good show.

FARNBOROUGH.

Since the last issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE the Secretary of Farnborough Branch Cricket Club has prepared the averages for the past season, as follows:—

BATTING.							
	Inns.	Runs.	Highest. Score.	Not Out.	Aver.		
W. C. Gale	13	269	67	—	20.69		
E. Crutchley	13	196	58*	2	17.81		
G. Lancaster	12	92	20	2	9.20		
C. Crutchley	12	103	38	—	8.58		
W. T. Sanders	11	85	29	1	8.50		
R. Paice	15	120	25	—	8.00		
E. Gosney	12	61	17	—	5.08		
BOWLING.							
	O.	M.	R.	W.	Aver.		
E. Crutchley	90.2	19	214	42	5.09		
W. C. Gale	157.4	40	334	55	6.07		
B. Lancaster	97	15	279	32	8.70		
C. Crutchley	14	2	46	4	11.50		

CATCHING.

During the season R. Paice made most catches, holding, 11; W. C. Gale was next with 9 catches to his credit.

A Siggery, a member of our Office Staff, was one of the partners who succeeded in reaching the Final of the Mixed Doubles Tournament of the Frimley Green and Mytchett Tennis Club. In the final game he and his partner were defeated 6—2, 6—2. This is only his second season at tennis.

B. Lancaster, one of our bottlers, has this season been chosen to play centre half-back for Farnborough F.C., who compete in the Aldershot Junior Football League. This is his first season with the "Boro." Hitherto he has played for Frimley Green F.C. in the 1st Division Ascot and District League.

Whilst with the "Green" he won two medals—the Rayner Hospital Cup Winners Medal, 1925, and the Connaught Hospital Cup Winners Medal, 1925.

From an historical point of view one of the most interesting houses we have is the "Tumble Down Dick" Hotel, Farnborough. The origin of this quaint name is not precisely known. Some say the inn was built by Henry the Eighth to commemorate the downfall of Richard the Third at the Battle of Bosworth Field, 1485. Others say it recalls the Restoration of Charles the Second, *i.e.* the "tumble down" of Richard Cromwell. Again it is attributed to Dick Turpin, and his untimely end. This highway robber used the house and slept there on more than one occasion.

There are still a few residents of Farnborough who can remember the "Tumble Down Dick" as it was in the coaching days. At that time there was a pond close to the house with a fence in it which denoted the road boundary. That is now filled in and used as a tennis court. The sign was a painting of three people, two seated at a table, while the third had fallen from his chair on to the floor. This was substituted by a painting of a soldier falling off his horse. This picture gave rise to adverse criticism and was very soon replaced by a lettered sign.

The house has had many noted visitors in its time. Most of their names are now forgotten; but until the Tichborne Case is forgotten, the story of the lunch which Orton took at the old inn will be remembered. On that event was based important evidence.

This house for many years was the centre of the social life of the district, and mention ought to be made of the annual "Foresters' Fete," which was always held here. It was one of the gala days of the district. After a Service at the Parish Church, near by, the club members would return to the hotel for their substantial lunch. Our present Manager, Mr. Goodall, has presided as Chief Ranger at these functions, as did his predecessor, the late Mr. Nicholls.

It has been reported that after the Crimea War the troops on their way from the docks to Aldershot Camp, which was new in those days, were halted at this house and served with pegs of rum.

As in the coaching days the "Tumble Down Dick" was a favourite stopping place, so now is the house well patronised by charrs-a-banc parties.

There are several Masonic Lodges held at this house, and during the winter months it is the scene of several functions of varied character.

FARNBOROUGH MILITARY DEPT.

We considered the first number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE very good and highly creditable.

Aldershot Camp (with the exception of one Pack Brigade R.A.) is now once more up to strength.

The Headquarters 5th Infantry Brigade, together with the 2nd Battalion Dorsetshire Regiment, have now returned from Catterick Camp to North Camp. The 5th Infantry Brigade have been away on Strike Duty since early May. New units in this Brigade are:—1st Battalion King's Own Royal Regiment, 2nd Battalion The Buffs and 2nd Battalion Norfolk Regiment.

Lieut.-General Sir E. Peter Strickland, K.C.B., K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O., has completed his Command of the 2nd Division and been succeeded by Major-General Sir W. Edmund Ironside, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (late R.A.).

During the week commencing October 4th the film of The Brewery was shown at Aldershot Hippodrome and favourably commented on.

HYTHE BREWERY.

The Hythe Brewery would like to congratulate the Editor and Publishers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE on the very attractive and interesting October number. The employees' only regret was that a much larger number of copies was not available.

After somewhat over four years at Hythe, Mr. V. W. Lindars is relinquishing his position as Brewer, and during this period has seen a very encouraging increase in the output.

We understand that for the present he is not continuing in his profession. He leaves Hythe with the best wishes for his success in his new sphere.

We welcome Mr. J. C. Mullins, who is not a stranger to the Hythe Brewery, he having deputised on several occasions during the temporary absence of the Brewer.

The formation of a Hockey Club, under the leadership of Mr. A. P. F. Chapman, is announced. The matches are being looked forward to with great interest.

The persistent rumour that Mr. H. J. Whiting has been approached to accept nomination as Mayor of Hythe is unconfirmed at the moment of writing. There is no doubt in the minds of the Hythe Staff that he would grace the position.

The "Mackeson" Shield, now held by the "Oddfellows" Institute, Cheriton, will be the award for the highest number of points gained in a series of many keenly contested games among the Clubs of the district in the near future.

LONDON.

The Staff of London Stores congratulate the Editor on the first issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. Everyone who has secured a copy has been warm in appreciation of the original items and interesting photographs contained therein, and are looking forward to the November issue.

Many still at Reading, and some in the provinces and abroad at our Branches, still remember "Tommy Benham" as a feather-weight boxer until 1910, when he left for London Stores. We are pleased to say that Tommy is as active as ever, but, owing to meeting with an accident to his hand in 1923, whereby the index finger of his left hand refuses to bend, he is prevented from again taking part in any further boxing contests.

Tommy joined the Royal Flying Corps in 1915 and won several competitions in England and France. He was very unlucky at the National Sporting Club in 1918 in losing the Semi-Final open to all English, American and Colonial troops and losing on points to Digger Evans, who shortly after fought Jimmy Wilde.

Tommy sends greetings to all old friends and to Mr. Toms, his old foreman, now at Portsmouth, who, he is pleased to note, has just completed this 88th year, and also to his old friend Mr. George Rose, now the licensee of the "Oxford Arms."

He is training a few young boxers amongst our Staff and, if at any time a tournament is arranged at The Brewery, he would be pleased to bring a few samples down. We trust they will not be returned "Ullaged."

It is too early yet to talk of cricket, but, if the Brewery Cricket Team have any vacancies for next season, the Royal Household, Buckingham Palace, would be only too pleased to have the opportunity of beating them, and also the Royal Air Force Club, Piccadilly, are anxious to arrange a fixture.

Since seeing THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE some of the billiard players of the "L" Division, Metropolitan Police, Battersea, one of the most sporting Divisions in the Metropolitan Area, are asking if they could come to Reading and give The Brewery a game.

After adopting H. & G. Simonds' beers, a certain Sports Club, not far from King's Cross, after a fortnight's trading, had to have their bar enlarged.

When in London stay at "The Cosmo Hotel," Southampton Row. Look for our electric sign. Our beers are on sale. Ask for Mr. Chapman, who will see that you are all right and get the best attention.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

Dairy Show, October 19th to 22nd.—We are pleased to say that our draught and bottled beers were supplied to the above Show.

Please note the following Exhibition will be *The Brewers Exhibition*, October 30th to November 5th, when we hope to see many of our Reading friends.

LUDGERSHALL.

We have now settled down for the winter. Those who have had the experience of a winter on Salisbury Plain will appreciate only too well what this means.

The only recreation during the long evenings is the billiard table, and the various socials and dances in connection with the various Regiments stationed in the district.

The Branch Billiard Team is "getting a move on," and we have fixed up our first match with the Sergeants' Mess, R.A.F., Andover.

We are all pleased to see Foreman Flemington back in harness after his illness. We trust he has not lost his form with the cue as he is the mainstay of our billiard team.

We are sorry to have to report Mr. G. E. Roynon on the sick list.

Mr. E. H. Thornberry, our Chief Clerk, is very "bucked" at getting the September balances right first shot. Eh, What?

We take this opportunity of contradicting the report to the effect that Foden-driver Greenhill is very partial to soap and water. Ask him his opinion of patent fuel!

NEWBURY.

SIMONDS' MILK STOUT.



This couple so happily wedded were first prizewinners at the Town Band Carnival held at Newbury on January 19th, 1924.

OXFORD.

It is a recognized fact that rain falls in, and around, Oxford when not elsewhere. At the moment of writing this tearful reputation is being upheld. 'Tis the advent of Term; an epoch when tradesmen display their gaudiest of wares, to deck our friends, resembling them to "Young and impulsive rainbows shot by lightning." To no less degree of elegance is our own display in High Street; though the array of Berkshire XXXXX tempts one to a more palatable decision.

Many of us look forward to results on the playing fields of our most excellent training medium, *i.e.* Berkshire XXXXX. One groundsman in the vicinity recalls a "near relative," who, as a full-back, proved himself almost deadly. Dare we to think the same method of training was in vogue then?

To turn to a more serious side of Oxford—we are deeply grieved to report that, after an illness lasting about ten days, our friend and Chief Clerk, Mr. R. G. Bullock, passed away. His fine business ability and good personal qualities won him many friends and he will be sadly missed by a wide circle.

THAME.

Events in Thame since the publication of the first number of THE GAZETTE have not moved very swiftly. This purely agricultural district is enlivened weekly by the Market on Tuesday, acknowledged to be one of the best in the country. On September 16th the Agricultural Show provided us with an invasion of over 20,000 visitors, and, on October 11th, the annual fair brought a fairly lively time. However, owing to the many counter attractions so easily accessible, the attendance was poor and this is noticeable the country through with regard to fairs.

There is shortly to be held in Thame a series of Tableaux Vivants in aid of the extension of the Nursing Home which is allied to the Radcliffe Infirmary. One of the tableaux will be a reproduction of the famous Milk Stout advertisement issued from Messrs. Simonds' Brewery, the barrel and milk churn. It may be possible to introduce the raft scene of the "S.B.," a really good advertisement. There is every possibility of the "Birdcage," which was favoured with a full-page illustration in the first number, reaping some benefit through this commendable means of advertising and incidentally keeping before the public the really excellent products of The Brewery.

PORTSMOUTH.

We were much gratified to receive the first edition of THE HOPLEAF GAZETTE, and the fact that on two or three occasions we supplemented our original estimate of the number of copies required, proves in no small measure that the venture will be a popular one. We, at this Branch, welcome the medium through which an interchange of thought and experience is made possible.

Not having sufficient numbers to represent the "Hop Leaf" in the local Football Leagues, we have to content ourselves with being followers of the game rather than participants, and much interest was shown in the meeting of the Reading and Portsmouth Football Clubs, although unfortunately it came at the Annual Stocktaking period, which precluded members of our Staff from witnessing the game. However, "Pompey" returned victorious, and for obvious reasons we have not noticed the score chalked on the casks despatched from Reading, subsequent to the game. We have memories of such a course being adopted when the result of the match made rather different reading.

With the somewhat chilly mornings many of the bathers have ceased their activities in this respect, but the "Hop Leaf" is still sticking it, foremost among whom is our Mr. Maskell, late of the "Branch Department." He will have to maintain his efforts until Christmas morning to create a record in this Office, but doubts are already beginning to arise in our minds.

In the October number we mentioned the names of two of our old colleagues well past the allotted span, and it may interest some of our readers to know that through the kindness of the Directors we have another on our weekly pay roll, this time an old lady in her 96th year. We feel pretty sanguine that this is a record.

Surely there can only be one conclusion to draw from this, and that is, if one wishes to reach a ripe old age, come to Southsea to live. Our Chief Clerk is evidently becoming versed in the art of "perpetual youth," as when one of our respected members of the Staff of the Home Department, Reading, called here during the summer, the latter remarked, "Ah, no need to ask who you are when one knows your 'father' at Woking Branch."

SALISBURY.

Local interest in "Hop Leaf" productions was considerably stimulated during September by the excellent publicity film which was shewn at the New Theatre for a week. Had it been even

longer than the few minutes taken to exhibit it, no one would have grumbled, and the local cinema "fans" were loud in its praises.

It has at least dispelled the nowadays popular theory that the British working man's beverage is extracted from everything except malt and hops, and, furthermore, has resulted in many local "calls" for "film beer."

Our sports in Salisbury are of course not up to Elm Park standards. We can however claim a link with them still, as Churchill, the old Reading back, is doing yeoman service in the County League. We sympathise with the wistful enquiry from Plymouth as to the future movements of the Berks and Devon Clubs. It casts the mind back to an old Elm Park game, when the "Biscuitmen" in the last minute gave the equalising goal to the "Dandies"; and so the best team drew!

We regretfully recall however that many "Elmparkites" forgot to shout on that occasion. They have however outdistanced their rivals since that day, and "much more power to their elbow" is the wish of the Sarum Staff.

SLOUGH.

We regret to announce the death, which occurred recently at her Marlow residence, of Mrs. T. H. Shaw, at one time a tenant under the Firm at "The Ferry Hotel," Bourne End.—*R.I.P.*

The film of The Brewery was exhibited a short while ago at the Theatre Royal, Windsor, and the Picture Palace, Maidenhead. It was very enthusiastically received and favourably commented upon all round. A friend of ours who saw it at Windsor heard a humorous remark from someone not far from him to the effect that "It was not quite complete. They ought to have passed glasses round."

A party of members of the Slough British Legion Club visited the Firm's Social Club at Reading on September 18th last and engaged in a Games Contest. The meeting was the result of a challenge which was thrown out on the evening of the 23rd April, when Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds very kindly visited the Slough British Legion Club and took the Chair at a Smoking Concert to present the Firm's Challenge Cup to the winners of the Slough and District Games League (the Slough Working Men's Social Club). It was very unfortunate that the General Strike followed soon after and then the "Silly Season" was upon us, thus delaying the contest.

The members of the Slough British Legion Club, on their return, were very loud in their praises of the reception they received, and the hospitality meted out to them. We cannot do better than quote the impression of Mr. F. R. Whiteman, their excellent Secretary, who writes as follows:—

"The Slough British Legion Club visited the Headquarters of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., to play the Club at all games suitable for winter months. The outcome of the visit will I hope be an annual match between the two Clubs. The idea of the match emanated from Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds when on a visit to Slough to present the Cup to the winners of the Slough and District Games League; he assured us that we should have a hard tussle to beat the Club at Reading and his words proved very true as the Legion only won by one point. Our Club took down over 30 members and we all thought it was the best outing we have had for some time. The games were fought out in a most friendly but determined spirit, and we congratulate Mr. Bradford on the excellent arrangements he made and the cordial welcome extended to us. We were pleased to view the Club and think the members are extremely fortunate in having such a finely equipped Club presented to them by the Firm. We hope that a return match will be arranged at Slough, when we can assure the Reading people that a real good time will await them."

SWANSEA.

Our heartiest congratulations to the Editor of our Journal on the splendid success of the first number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, to which we at Swansea feel proud to be able to contribute our little quota. The November number is being looked forward to with very great interest. Up to the time of writing we are still handicapped with the continued stoppage in the coal fields, but are eagerly awaiting the call to "Lamps and Props" again.

As our readers may know, South Wales depends to a large extent upon the coal industry, and although several of the large works around this district have been able to re-open this last week by being able to obtain foreign coal, many of the smaller works are still closed.

Swansea is a very large industrial town, and in normal times the docks are kept very busy shipping coal, tinplates, etc., whilst the last few years we have become one of the main centres for oil, having one of the largest oil refineries at "Skewen" about six miles from Swansea.

Our Swansea Water Polo team, in which our Mr. Alan Woodward is a playing member, have again won, for the fourth year in succession, the championship of the Welsh League.

AN APPRECIATION.

As an indirect representative of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., I should like to give expression in a few remarks to my appreciation of the first number of *The Hop Leaf Gazette* which upon perusal interests me in a number of dissimilar directions. I am particularly arrested by the tenor of the book. Touching upon one or two items worthy of note I come first to the nature chats. The idea of course is that beer being brewed from hops is a natural product of the earth and therefore of interest from a botanical point of view thus leading us on by subtle methods to a study of natural history. Science is doing much in the way of discovery.

This is not all a diversion and beside the point, but brings me incidentally to what I have to say concerning the brewing of beer. Science is busy finding out how to extract food-stuffs from soil instead of seemingly as nature does, passing it through the plant. It would not be fitting to go one further and say that eventually beer may be produced in this way direct in lieu of passing it through Simonds'.

I am suggesting this train of thought to our naturalists, or is it rather in the domain of chemistry? In which case we must contain an extra feature in our next number, and this brings me to the saving grace of humour which I am gratified to learn is not to be neglected by our esteemed periodical. Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote of it as "The Safety Valve" and I am not far from thinking that he was right. It is so with the *Britisher* this side of the duck pond who had he locked it, would never have tolerated efforts at "Pusseyfootism" without Civil War.

Finally, I would say that the pen, like humour being mightier than the sword, our little booklet is in for a long run and a successful term though contrary to inference one is not generally, or ever has been, constrained to present Simonds' at the point of the sword. Neither on the other hand is rhetoric, flowery language, inspired prose or the efforts of the noble art of literature needful in order to convince a man that he should drink nothing but the best. But the general public do appreciate the fact that a firm studies the interests of its staff, which can indisputably be seen upon the publication of this their splendid and admirable little venture:—*THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE*.

J.L.

WOKING.

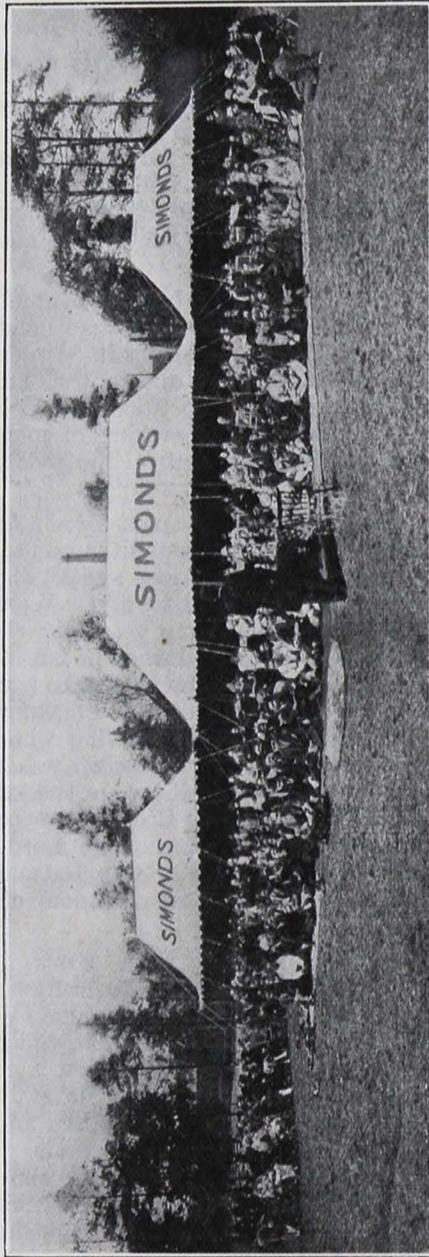
"Superbe! Magnifique! In short, pretty good."

Thus may the first number of the *GAZETTE*, issued in October, be described. Intense interest was aroused here and we all felt a closer relationship with the Firm's large family of employees, amongst which we were surprised to find such a galaxy of celebrities, and with whom we are proud to be connected. Sincere congratulations are extended to the Editor and contributors on producing such a splendid Journal.

We are favoured at Woking with a large number of Clubs, and, with the return of residents generally from holidays, and the conclusion of Summer-time, club life begins its Winter programme. Many and varied are the tournaments and contests being arranged, and, apart from the aspect of competition, we look forward to meeting old friends, as well as the making of many new ones. As Disraeli said, "Friendship is the gift of the gods and the most precious boon to man."

An interesting change in tenantry took place a few days since at the "Fox Inn," Bisley. This house is situated near the famous ranges of the National Rifle Association, and is, therefore, well-known to riflemen from all parts of the world. We wish the outgoing tenant, Mr. F. C. Benham, many years of well-earned rest, and we hope he may have better health than he has lately enjoyed. Mr. F. Brown, the in-going tenant, is an ex-service man, and, being in close proximity to the camps of Deepcut, Blackdown, Pirbright and Woking, he will meet many now serving who will have a community of interests with him. Mr. Brown was an instructor with the City Imperial Volunteers, who were specially raised by Lt.-Colonel Mackinnon to serve in the Boer War, 1899-1902, which Battalion received high praise from the late Lord Roberts, as Commander-in-Chief. The survivors of this Battalion, including Mr. Brown, received the honour of the Freedom of the City of London, on their return.

The photograph accompanying these notes illustrates an unforgettable scene. Our marquees were requisitioned for shelter and refreshment accommodation at the Mosque, Woking, at a Moslem Festival held this Summer. Here were Indians, Afghans, Egyptians, Persians from Tabriz, Turks, Kurds, Syrians, natives of Somaliland, of Nigeria and of the Malay States, Japanese and men of Sumatra, and Arabs, together with Indian and Iraq cadet-officers from Sandhurst, and their English friends. We are not likely to get similar calls in the future as we understand that, thanks to the munificence of Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal, who has generously supplied the funds, requisite additional accommodation is being provided.



Our Marquees at the Moslem Festival, Woking.

WOOLWICH.

We hasten to congratulate the Editor of "our" GAZETTE on the excellent manner in which the first issue was compiled, and feel sure many an Editor could with advantage take a tip or two from it.

Copies of THE GAZETTE have been sent to old friends at Hong Kong, Iraq and Sierra Leone and no doubt it will eventually reach many parts of the world.

From last month's GAZETTE we notice that football is keenly followed throughout the Firm. We at Woolwich must refrain from mentioning any particular team, owing to a divergence of opinion among the staff as to the merits of certain teams in the Metropolis.

Most of us here had the good fortune of seeing Sir Alan Cobham fly over on his return from his wonderful flight to Australia. This remarkable feat makes one feel proud of the fact that Sir Alan is one of our countrymen.

Congratulations Mr. A. Woodward, Swansea, on your swimming record. May we look forward to your Channel debut in the near future?

From October 11th to 16th Mr. Arthur Peall, the well-known billiard player, is challenging anyone at the Eltham Billiard Hall to play 250 up, himself conceding 150, the successful competitors to receive a Billiard Cue and Case. It is a pity that some of the budding billiard champions of H. & G. Simonds are not in this district on the dates mentioned.

MALTA.

THE ISLAND OF MALTA.

Malta is a delightful Island situated sixty miles south of Sicily, covering an area of 111 square miles, ranking third in the world for density of population. It is said that Malta once formed part of Africa, as borne out by the remains of the larger species of animals found from time to time. This statement, however, is subject to some controversy. The Island is very ancient and, owing to its geographical position, coupled with a magnificent harbour, has played no mean part in the world's history. Many good stories are handed down from generation to generation concerning life in the Island during various periods. The great Napoleon figures in several; his hurried visit, owing to the British Fleet being hot on his track, leaving many relics—or removing them! During his brief stay of three days he called upon 500 volunteers for his army and arrayed all the available able-bodied young men in the Palace Square, within the capital of Valetta,

calling those who chose to join his ranks to step out. Not a single man stirred as they all favoured the British and had at one time besieged the French, during their occupation. These men were taken forcibly, according to historians, and were forced to fight, few eventually returning to narrate their adventures. During his sojourn he made vain searches for a pair of precious silver gates in St. John's Cathedral, which proved futile. The wily priests proved one too much for him, having taken the wise precaution of painting them black beforehand, and the gates are in their original place to-day, a source of admiration for tourists. The national costume of the Maltese woman, which is gradually dying out, is a hood, made of very fine silk, black in colour, worn with a black skirt and blouse to match, and, although sombre in appearance, possesses a certain charm of its own. This "faldetta," or hood, was originally worn as a sign of mourning for those who fell in the Great Siege of Malta by the Turks in 1565, when the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem successfully made it their last stronghold against the powerful armies of the Sultan. They were ably helped by the Maltese, women and men joining in the fighting, who still celebrate the victory every year.

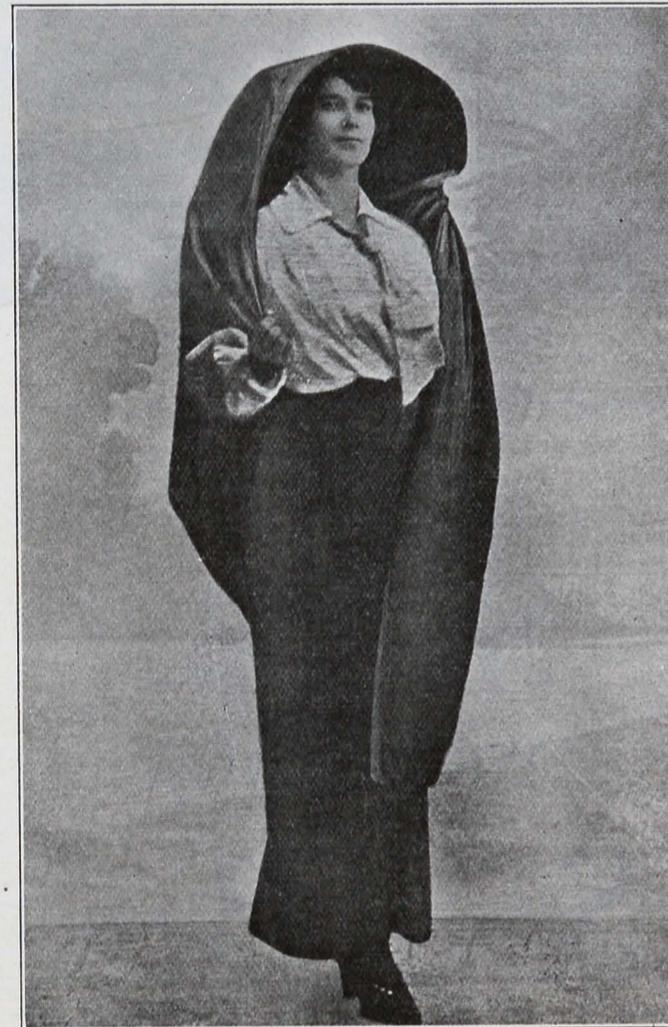
Modern Malta is coming to the fore. Unfortunately the Maltese who travels does not find his little Island known everywhere; a lady in France was quite surprised when informed that the gentleman who addressed her was a Maltese, she thought that the Islanders were black in colour. Things, happily, are taking a better trend now, as efforts are being made to advertise the Island as a health resort. Plans are rapidly maturing for the erection of large hotels built on modern lines, upon suitable sites, for the comfort of the modern tourist, and it is hoped that even the American will find his expensive tastes satisfied without offering to buy the whole place up, lock, stock and barrel, with the almighty dollar.

Malta possesses a University, has its own Parliament, and is doing her best to keep up with the times. Sport has made good headway, football being practised on good grounds, whilst it is hoped that the next Olympic Games will see a Maltese Water Polo Team, this being one of their best assets in the sporting line.

OUR "CHANNEL" SWIMMER.

The Channel rage has even touched the little Island of Malta. Mr. Arthur Rizzo, a noted Maltese swimmer, swam from Gozo, the sister Island of Malta, to Sliema, a distance of over 12 miles, in 10 hours. Mr. Rizzo, who is a very good water polo player, holds many trophies and prizes for prowess in the water. In the swim mentioned he had to battle against a strong current part of the way and probably covered much more than the actual

mileage between the sister Islands. Mr. Rizzo received a most rousing reception when off St. George's Bay from the men and families of the Bedford and Hertford Regiment. The cheering of the ladies and children heartened him to successfully completing the course during the most critical stage. He gallantly waved and raised his cap to them. He is the first swimmer who has ever tried this feat.



Maltese Lady in National Costume.



Mr. Arthur Rizzo, the noted swimmer.

Mine's an

S. B.

What's Yours ?

Same as Before.