

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

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MR. J. WETHERILL.

## MR. JOHN WETHERILL.

In the position of honour this month we reproduce the portrait of Mr. John Wetherill, who has represented us as a traveller attached to the Tamar Brewery, Devonport, since August, 1919.

Before the acquisition of the Brewery at Devonport, our interests in the West were controlled from 6, The Octagon, Plymouth, where a Branch establishment was founded many years previously. It was at the Octagon where Mr. Wetherill enrolled on our Travelling Staff and became an active representative, whose journeys take him to North-West Devon and Cornwall, as well as in Devonport.

In his area of activity, where the relationship between traveller and customer is always so cordial, Mr. Wetherill has built up a clientele which is highly valued amongst the Firm's patrons in the West. He has customers in all the celebrated beauty spots and resorts. Almost without exception the "Hop Leaf" is represented in every town and village in Cornwall. During his 19 years on the roads of that county where he is so well known, Mr. Wetherill estimates that he has travelled some 400,000 miles by car and, fortunately, has never had a serious accident. It is true that on one occasion he collided with the Bishop of Truro's car when the Bishop lost his top hat, but the reverend gentleman's chauffeur admitted that the accident was due to his haste to catch the Torpoint Ferry. Both cars being of the old Ford touring variety, no great damage was caused.

To know Mr. Wetherill is to understand his aptitude for making customers out of friends and friends out of customers. The warm-hearted disposition which seems to link the inhabitants of Devon and Cornwall into one large happy family makes his journeys very pleasant, and it is not surprising that Mr. Wetherill is accorded a hearty welcome from innumerable friends, amongst whom are to be counted people who have travelled from John o' Groats to meet him at Land's End, which is his last house of call.

Mr. Wetherill served in the Royal Navy during the Great War and was posted to H.M.S. *Sandhurst*. Whilst at Scapa Flow he witnessed the scuttling of the German Fleet, the memory of which will long remain with him. To use his own words, he "has had enough of the sea" and his annual holidays take him to such countries as Switzerland, the Austrian Tyrol and the Rhine.

A great lover of music, Mr. Wetherill takes delight in grand opera and good musical plays. For a number of years he was a member of the choir of St. James-the-Less Church, Plymouth. In sport, football claims his first attention.

*Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine oft infirmities.—The Bible.*

CHAT *from*



## THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)

## YE OLDE HABIT!

We wonder if proprietors of all "Ye olde gifte shoppes" and "Ye grande innes" know that the would-be archaic "ye" which prefixes the quaint titles of their establishments is due to a lack of space on the part of 16th century printers? These printers, when they lacked the room necessary for writing out the three letters t-h-e, substituted ye. They often wrote the "e" in the prongs of the "y" as a further space-saver.

But what was once a practical economy measure lingers on in our day as a picturesque affectation.

## THE "BLACK MARIA."

The world's first "Black Maria" appeared on the streets of Philadelphia a hundred years ago. A prison van has been known by that name ever since, and the name itself came about in a curious way.

In Boston, a brawny negress named Maria Lee kept a seamen's lodging house. Whenever her lodgers got too drunk and disorderly it was Maria herself who personally hauled them off to the lock-up. Black Maria Lee with a drunken tar in tow became a familiar figure, and so, when prison vans were later sent to collect prisoners, they were called "Black Marias" after her.

## THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

A City schoolmaster finds that summer is beginning to affect the work of his pupils. When he asked one boy what the House of Lords was, he received the answer that it was the pavilion at that famous cricket ground!

## QUEUE EXPECTED.

The following notice was shown on the screen of a certain cinema : " A £5 note has been found in the stalls. Will the owner please form a queue outside the box office to-morrow night ? "

## SIMPLE MATTER !

Heat travels much faster than cold, a scientist reminds us. It is, of course, a simple matter to catch cold.

## BRIGHTER ROAD SIGNS.

A reader relates that during a recent walking tour he came upon a place for refreshment with the name of " The Pop Inn."

A Scottish paper has been giving even more attractive signs than that. One was " Bored Residence " ; another " TS " ; another " Bear Sold Here," which elicited the comment, " Evidently their own Bruin." A sign near Glasgow reads as follows :—

REFRESHMENTS  
SOLD HERE  
PARAFFIN

## PLENTY CORONATION.

How a village councillor in North-West Papua described the Coronation of King George VI is told in the annual report of the Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, Sir Herbert Murray. The councillor had heard a broadcast of the Coronation ceremony. He repeated it to the natives in these words :—

King George he dead. Number one son, Edward, he no want him clothes. Number two son he like. Bishop he make plenty talk along new King.

He say, " You savvy? You look out good along all people? " King he talk, " Yes."

Then Bishop and plenty Government taubaudas (bosses) and storekeeper, and soldier, and bank manager and policeman all he stand up and sing and blow him trumpet. Finish.

## NO DECORATIONS.

A strange rule of Parliament of which few people may be aware is that no decorations are allowed. An M.P. who attends a dinner at which decorations are worn has to remove them if he wishes to return to the debate. The explanation may be that the House of Commons wishes to emphasise the equality of all its members. But such an explanation leaves out of consideration the strange fact that the prohibition applies to " strangers " in the Galleries. The attendants have authority to compel visitors to remove any decorations.

## THE LATEST HOWLERS.

A spectre is a man who cheers a football team.

Meteors tell you how much gas you are using.

A hill is a piece of land with its back up.

At a wedding, spaghetti is thrown about.

A man who lives to be a hundred is called a centipede.

A cataract is a thing for throwing stones.

## SPOONERISMS.

Here are the latest Spoonerisms :—

In a sermon : " It must always be a consolation to the Christian to feel that he has a shoving leopard behind him."

" It's only about a mile as the fly crows—I mean as the cry flows—as the flow cries."

" He is so unmusical that he cannot tell Pop goes the King from God save the weasel."

## GOOD ALIBI.

To steal four £1 notes from a police cell, as a Derbyshire woman is reported to have done the other day, must be one of the most unusual crimes ever committed. But in the book of his exploits published some years ago by a reformed American burglar (who now calls himself Jack Black) occurs what some may regard as an even more impudent use of a police cell. Black was imprisoned in a State lock-up for a night before appearing in court for some minor misdemeanour ; but he managed to work on the lock of his cell and get out. He stayed out only long enough to commit a burglary in the neighbourhood and secrete the swag. Then he returned and locked himself in again, his night in gaol serving him as an unimpeachable alibi !

## WE ARE SINKING !

According to Mr. F. H. Mackintosh in the current number of *Discovery*, England is sinking. In 5,000 years London has dropped eighty feet, which he points out is the maximum height allowed for buildings in the Metropolitan area—" so that it has sunk enough to submerge the high buildings of the present day." There is one consolation, however. As Mr. Mackintosh says, the British Isles have spent more time under water than above it, thus they are used to submersion.

## BACKED HIMSELF BOTH WAYS.

A London bus had just stopped and the conductor, looking across the road, noticed a man awaiting a bus going suburbwards. He was apparently a musician as he was holding a harp with one hand. In the other hand, however, he had a new garden spade.

"Oy, George!" bawled the conductor to a news vendor standing on the pavement, "look at this bloke; 'e's backed 'imself both ways!"

## ON THE TELEPHONE.

How often have we heard people floundering in the depths of despair because they could not make a person understand a particular word over the telephone? How many precious and costly minutes have been wasted owing to the inability to make oneself quickly understood? How simple the remedy. Copy the methods adopted by the large telegraph and cable companies. Use analogy.

For the benefit of those interested, we give below a table of analogous words which will be found both useful and foolproof:—

A for Andrew	J for Jack	S for Sugar
B „ Benjamin	K „ King	T „ Tommy
C „ Charlie	L „ Lucy	U „ Uncle
D „ David	M „ Mary	V „ Victor
E „ Edward	N „ Nellie	W „ William
F „ Frederick	O „ Oliver	X „ Xmas
G „ George	P „ Percy	Y „ Yellow
H „ Harry	Q „ Queenie	Z „ Zebra
I „ Isaac	R „ Robert	

## BEER IS BEST.

"Beer," says Mr. K. R. G. Browne, the well-known writer, "is everything a national drink should be—a clean, honest, comforting, unsnobbish, adaptable drink which is equally at home in a tankard, a china mug, a tumbler, or—if there is no other vessel available—a teacup. It can be drunk from the palm of the hand if one is sufficiently eccentric to wish to do so. The effect of beer-drinking upon the character has never been properly estimated. Hop-lovers, as a class, are upright and genial men, admirable husbands and fathers, ever courteous to the aged poor, and as quick to see a joke as they are to accept another pint. The average beer-drinker—unless goaded beyond endurance by Final Demand Notes, crumbs in his bed, or a neighbour's wireless—would rather be chewed by badgers than rob a bank, kick a kitten, wear lavender spats, forge cheques, become a crooner, strike a woman, refuse a loan, or drink his bathwater."

## THE BET'S OFF!

Two fishermen sitting on a bridge, their lines in the water, made a bet as to which would catch the first fish. One of them got a bite, and got so excited that he fell off the bridge.

"Oh, well," said the other, "if you're going to dive for them, the bet's off!"

## CAN YOU DO THIS SUM?

	£	s.	d.
Reigning Monarch ... ..	...	...	...
Worn by Royalty ... ..	...	...	...
North Pole and South Pole ... ..	...	...	...
Just a Pig ... ..	...	...	...
Policeman ... ..	...	...	...
Leather Worker ... ..	...	...	...

£2 6 7½

For answer see page 81.

## JUST A FEW FACTS ABOUT BOMBS.

High explosive bombs dropping from a height of about 12,000 feet attain a speed of something like 1,000 feet a second—about 12 times the speed of an express train going at 60 miles per hour. This fact is mentioned in a report on air raid precautions published recently by a committee appointed by the Council of the Institution of Structural Engineers. It is pointed out that the biggest high-explosive bombs cannot be adequately resisted to prevent penetration by anything less than about 50 feet of earth, covered with a detonating layer of three or four feet of concrete, and with three or four feet of reinforced concrete underneath.

## UNBREAKABLE FISHING LINE.

At a recent Dinner of the Glass Sellers' Company held in London, Professor Sir Robert Robertson caused a surprise by producing a length of white transparent fishing line and challenging anyone present to break it. After several attempts the line was returned to him intact. He then disclosed that it was made of glass and had been obtained after much research.

It now seems apparent that members of the finny tribe will be able to "see through" the art of the angler!

## COURT CIRCULAR'S ERROR.

The Court Circular of October 7th, headed Balmoral Castle, contained an error. It was dated "7th September, 1938." An error in the Court Circular is almost unprecedented.

You see, none of us is infallible!

## A LITTLE BEHIND!

There are always excuses for lateness in delivery—and some of them better and some of them worse. One of the more outrageous stories of the month, and one deserving to be received in the spirit in which it is offered, relates to delays arising in a grocer's shop. The errand boy, it seems, sat thoughtlessly upon the bacon-slicing machine, and so it happened, according to the tongue of scandal, that upon that unhappy morning the grocer got a little behind with his orders.

## TIPS FOR HIKERS.

Walking is the finest exercise of all, if done in moderation. Do not walk with your eyes upon the ground. You will be able to go much further if the head is held erect, without being stiff, and the shoulders are thrown well back with the chest open. Fall into a pace that suits you best. If you try to do a little more than is comfortable, you will tire rapidly. Your feet must be in good condition, too. Have the shoes a good fit. If they are tight, you will soon be crippled; if they are over-large, you will have blisters. Before setting out, smear the soles of the feet with soap that is sticky, but not wet. Some people prefer to sift a little dry borax over their feet, especially between the toes. An excellent plan, if you intend to spend some time walking in the country, is to take an extra pair of socks or stockings in your pocket or rucksack. Then, when the feet are beginning to feel chafed, to change the socks, and to do this several times a day. Even the changing of socks from one foot to the other can effect additional comfort.

## LEST WE FORGET.

The view that Mr. Chamberlain had probably brought peace to Europe for the next fifty years was expressed at Queenstown, Cape of Good Hope, by General Hertzog, the Union Prime Minister.

General Hertzog stated that he wished to render homage to the man whom he had learned to know with pleasure and respect. The peace of Europe was due to the courage, persistence, wisdom, and tact of Mr. Chamberlain.

"If it had not been for him I do not doubt that by this time Europe would have been followed by ruination to such an extent that European civilisation would for many years have been delayed. It may even have collapsed."

## HIS DESTINATION!

A doctor and a clergyman of the same name lived in the same road. Just as the doctor got a job in Africa, the clergyman died. On reaching his destination, the doctor sent a cable to his wife, but it was delivered to the clergyman's widow in mistake. It ran as follows: "Arrived safely. Heat terrific."

## FORTHCOMING GRAND DANCE.

On another page will be found a notice of a Grand Dance which is to be held on Friday, 9th December, in the Large Town Hall. Many of us remember a similar function last January and it was very gratifying to see how every one present appeared to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. Several of the Directors have promised to be present on December 9th, and I would strongly advise all who appreciate a nice dance amid a most sociable atmosphere to be sure and attend. They will not be disappointed.

## SLOUGH'S CHARTER OF INCORPORATION.

Wednesday, September 14th, 1938, will ever remain a Red Letter Day for Slough for on that date it commemorated its Charter of Incorporation. The occasion was marked by due pomp and ceremony and in the presence of a concourse of many thousands of townspeople in the Lascelles Playing Fields, within view of Windsor Castle, the Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire handed over Slough's Charter of Incorporation as a Municipal Borough explaining that he was there as representative of His Majesty The King. Councillor Edward T. Bowyer, C.C., brother of our Home Trade Manager, had the signal honour of being unanimously chosen as Charter Mayor in recognition of his fine record of work for the public weal. As Mr. Bowyer well said, he regarded the appointment as "the climax of my public life."

## SOME DETAILS OF CHARTER MAYOR'S RECORD.

In public affairs Councillor Bowyer was first elected to the Slough Town Council in 1912, when the membership of that body was 12, and the population of Slough about 11,000. He has served continuously ever since. He was Chairman of the Council in 1920, 1922, 1928, 1929, 1930 and 1931. He is now chairman of the Fire Brigade and Highways Committee, also chairman of the South Bucks Town Planning Committee. It was during his chairmanship that the membership of the Council was increased to 18 members, and it was he who piloted through the most important event in the town's recent history—the enlargement of the district in 1930. Councillor Bowyer has also seen long service on the Bucks County Council, of which he has been a member for 16 years. He is the second senior councillor, and serves on the Highways, Education, County Valuation and County Planning Committees, and is the representative of the Central Ward of Slough.

### THE LATE Mr. W. H. G. WIGLEY.

It is with sorrow and sincere regret that we have to announce the death, at the age of 62 years, of Mr. W. H. G. Wigley, in Greenlands Nursing Home, Reading, on October 7th, after being seriously ill for two weeks. For many years, Mr. Wigley was our Chief Military Representative and had completed 47 years' faithful and meritorious service.

Similarly to many others of the Firm's successful men, Mr. Wigley joined the Firm at the bottom of the ladder, commencing in the Cask Department at Reading and rising through the Home and Branch Departments to the management of Ludgershall Branch and subsequently Aldershot and District Depot.

Always an intensive worker, he spared neither himself nor staff when the Firm's interests were at stake.

Mr. Wigley possessed an outstanding personality and was very popular in Military circles, where he was known in every branch of the Service. He had a very retentive memory for names and faces which never failed him. A worker, his whole life was devoted to his duties and he frequently sacrificed his personal pleasures in the interests of the Firm. Throughout his whole career, Mr. Wigley exhibited a wonderful faculty for organization and conducting our business in camps and at manoeuvres, often at a great distance from our base. No task was too big for him and he was as keen to give satisfaction to large and small customers alike.

A side-light on Mr. Wigley's life was his readiness to lend a helping hand to others, particularly friends in distress, and there are many men who are indebted to him for his generosity in times of emergency.

During his residence in Ludgershall, Mr. Wigley was Churchwarden, Chairman of the Parish Council, and Overseer. He was also a member of the Pewsey Rural District Council and Board of Guardians. When the Border Lodge was formed at Ludgershall, in 1906, he was the first initiate and later W.M.

His large circle of friends in all branches of H.M. Army and Royal Air Force will share our regrets at the passing of one of the Firm's greatest workers, as well as a colleague and friend.

A large and representative gathering attended the funeral at St. Peter's Church, Earley, on Tuesday, October 11th, amongst whom was our Chairman and Managing Director, Mr. F. A. Simonds.

The interment took place at Brookwood Cemetery, where Mr. Wigley's wife was buried about nine years ago.

Numerous beautiful floral tributes were sent to the funeral and were impressive of the high esteem in which Mr. Wigley was held.



The late Mr. W. H. G. Wigley.

## A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

DETAILS OF THE DARTFORD WARBLER.

MIGRATING SWALLOWS HALT FOR A BATHE.

Most, if not all, of our little feathered summer visitors have taken their departure, but quite a number of swallows and martins remained until near the end of October. On the 6th of that month I witnessed a very interesting incident. A cloud of these birds, hundreds strong, appeared high in the heavens wending their way south. Suddenly, as though for my special entertainment, they simply rained themselves down for a drink and bathe in the Thames. The water was set a-boil as they swept down and took refreshing sips of it, or plopped their little bodies into it again and again. The dark steely blue of the swallows and the white of the martins added colour, and their cheery chatter, a gaiety to this delightful tableau vivant. Then, as if at a given signal, they ceased their ablutions and drinks, gradually ascended to a considerable height, and off they went, continuing their southward journey.

I did not notice one sand martin among these many house martins and swallows.

SPIDERS' MEANS OF MIGRATION.

During these autumnal days the gossamer silken threads of the spiders will constantly catch in your hair, or become attached to your face and tickle you as you take your early morning walk. So fine is the thread that very often you can only feel, and not see it. On the end of these fine lines there are often spiders. The threads are carried perhaps from meadow to meadow, or for many miles, with their little ball of animation at the end, for this is the manner in which the spiders migrate from field to field, parish to parish or much further even than that. We have about 500 species of spiders in Britain and the study of their ways is indeed a fascinating pastime. Perhaps you may come across that little reddish-brown specimen which excavates a burrow and lines it with silk. The end is closed and within the silken tube the female

spider spends her days. At this time of the year the male spider makes a tour of the countryside to try and find the burrow of a female. Having discovered one to his liking he drums on the tube and when his prospective bride says "come in," he enters, and for several months lives there in perfect harmony with the family. But he may never come out into the great wide world again for more than likely the missus makes a meal of him when he has served his purpose.

Such is life—and death!

ROACH NOT ON THE FEED.

Fish fine and far out, is excellent advice, but I did this in the Thames on Sunday, October 30th, and it was all to no purpose. The roach would *not* bite. As to fishing fine, I tried a hook that was only large enough to carry one maggot. With this I landed a fine fat minnow. I attached him to a perch hook and this lively little lure had not been in the water five minutes before my float disappeared. I struck, and was not long in landing a perch about  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. and in very fine condition. As I drew him gently towards the bank I noticed another perch was following him. So I set to work to catch another minnow but could not do so. However, I landed a roach about the size of my little finger, attached him to my perch tackle and within a minute I landed that other perch. They looked a nice brace in my keep net. The perch were evidently on the feed and I endeavoured to catch some more little baits but failed to do so. I therefore released my two perch prisoners and packed up for home.

Many batmice were on the wing and the little owls were calling one to the other.

THE GOOD THAT OWLS DO.

I also heard the *to whit to whoo* of the tawny owl. He was doubtless setting out on his nocturnal search for rats, mice, shrews and insects. Though a small bird or two may be included in their menu they do an immense amount of good and I hope none of my readers shoots them, just for fun. There is, of course, also the barn

owl, known as the screech owl, which has a wonderfully soft plumage, the upper parts of which are beautifully pencilled, the lower parts being snowy white. The long-eared owl is so named by reason of its ears, or tufts of feathers about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches long. The short-eared owl is both resident and migratory. Upon examination it will be found to provide a fine illustration of the fact that nocturnal birds of prey have the right and left ear differently formed, one being adapted to hear sounds from above and the other from below.

Last month I made mention of the Dartford Warbler. Mr. F. A. Simonds has kindly provided me with the following valuable information sent to him by a friend:—

The upper parts of the Dartford Warbler are dark brown, head grey, wings brown, underparts reddish, long tail. It may be seen in a few of the Southern counties. Frequents commons and heaths where there is sparse gorse interspersed with heather. Remains in the same territory all the year round.

When the nest is approached, the bird utters a scolding note, similar to the common Whitethroat. When both birds are flying round together they usually call "Tic-Tic," jerking their tails at each note. The nest is very difficult to locate. It is a neat structure made of grasses, heather, furze or moss, lined with hair and sometimes a few feathers; usually placed nearly on the ground in either heather or gorse, though more often it is found in running gorse AND heather. First brood April or early May and second brood end of June. If nest is destroyed, the bird invariably repeats ten days later.

Of these eighteen nests I examined during 1938 (writes our correspondent), eight were in gorse, four in heather and six in a combination of gorse and heather.

Of eighteen nests, one had three eggs, one five and sixteen four. Four is the normal set.

During 1938 I saw one common on which I had seen six pairs of Dartford Warblers destroyed by fire. Four other pairs in other parts were also burnt out. One bird I found dead beside the nest—assumed a mouse killed her. The worst enemies of this species seem to be heath fires and hard frosts. The nests are remarkably durable and are used all the year round by the birds for roosting.

During the breeding season the cock makes numerous cocks' nests, none of which ever attains any size.



Nest and eggs of Dartford Warbler.

## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Somehow the crisis overshadowed all thoughts of the approach of the "30th September" at the time and I well remember one of the staff, very excited, coming into the Correspondence Office full of the news of the meeting of the principals of four countries on the morrow at Munich. We all felt there and then that war had been averted—and so it proved! Our relief was indeed great.

All good wishes go to Mr. J. H. Tilley, who was a popular member of the Correspondence Office Staff for a short while, on his new venture in life. Having passed the necessary examinations, educational and medical, he has left us for the Royal Navy as a Sick Berth Attendant (you will observe the initials of the last three words are S.B.A., so Mr. Tilley will always have a reminder of the Brewery). Our friend, Mr. T. W. Kent, First Aid expert, tells me that this branch of the Navy holds out great promise, so we wish Mr. Tilley every success in his new career. He should do well.

A usual topic of conversation of all Englishmen is said to be the weather. Well, I think it has been a consistent topic this month for while we have had heavy rains at times, yet we have also had some perfect days. In consequence, the buttonhole brigade have been to the fore with some wonderful floral offerings and some out of season ones as well. Still, I was rather surprised when one of our staff informed me he was still picking an occasional strawberry from his own garden.

Did you know that our winter usually lasts eight months? I was told this in all seriousness the other evening by a gentleman in a Pub, and he meant it. When asked how he came to this conclusion, he replied that winter usually started in November and finished in June, his contention being that that had been the case concerning last winter. When asked, what about March? he replied that that was the only summer weather we had had this year. Possibly our summer has not been of the very hot kind, yet I know many of our staff who had splendid weather for their holidays, myself included. Nevertheless, it seems that every year frosts do persist with us until May or June. So there may be some truth in my friend's assertion.

Many of us well remember Mr. R. J. Bartlett, now at Salisbury, whose photograph occupied pride of place in our last issue. Of course he made many friends owing to his sporting prowess. His "history" makes pleasant reading and recalls happy memories. It is always nice to hear of old friends and we are pleased to know he is doing so well "on the road."

Things in the football world at Reading are on the up grade and the team are playing in fine form, so that promotion hopes are soaring. Several new players have been obtained and they have settled down to a lively and clever combination, with the result that many points are being obtained. It must also be borne in mind that Reading have played two more games away from home than at home and with an average of a point a match away, they are showing promotion form. It is extraordinary how enthusiasm is growing lately. At the match at Aldershot the exodus of supporters from Reading was surprising. It would be interesting to know how many made the trip from Reading. When I looked round in the Grand Stand it had quite a Brewery look about it, for I counted 14 members of the staff there and I have heard of others who went. A good game and a fair result was one goal each. I believe everyone was satisfied. When a board was brought round giving the name of the lucky programme winner this seemed another link with the Brewery for the board read: W. Lowe, The Heron, Aldershot, programme winner last match.

The following changes and transfers have taken place recently and to all we wish every success:—

The Wheatsheaf and Pigeon, Staines (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—  
Mr. L. J. F. Gates.

The Axe and Compass, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—  
Mr. John Waters.

The Swiss Cottage, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr.  
Joseph Thomas Coffee.

The Crown, Upton (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. H. Blundy.

The Gun, Wash Common (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. P.  
White.

The Jolly Butcher, Staines (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. F. G.  
Goode.

The Bricklayers Arms, Coley Place, Reading (H. & G. Simonds  
Ltd.)—Mr. E. Benger.

During the past month two new houses have been opened, viz., The Bear, Park Lane, Tilehurst (a removal of the licence from The Bear, Bridge Street, Reading)—Mr. A. Rex is the tenant. Also The Engineers Arms, Whitley Wood Lane, Reading (licence removal from The Engineers Arms, Katesgrove Lane, Reading)—the tenant being Mr. T. J. Allen. In each case the old house has been closed.

We very much regret to record the following deaths, and to all relatives we extend our deepest sympathy:—

Mr. W. R. Halfpenny, The Chequers, Sunningdale, who had been tenant since May, 1933. The house had been in the family for over 60 years.

Mr. A. E. Simmonds, Off Licence, 153 Walton Street, Oxford, who died on the 5th October, 1938, and had been our tenant since 1927.

Mr. H. Marsh, Crown and Horns, Ilsley, who died on the 22nd October, 1938, and had been a tenant since July this year.

Mr. A. W. Pierce, Blue Flag, Cadmore End, who died 23rd October, 1938, and had been a tenant since 1924.

Mr. H. A. Cadd, Bear Hotel, Hungerford, who died on 26th October, 1938, and had been tenant there since 3rd October, 1934. Before that Mr. Cadd had been tenant of the Jack Hotel, Newbury, since 1924 until it was closed.

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#### TO WINIFRED AUSTIN.

Ducklings, in golden down  
And glossy black, you sketch ;  
Or mother ducks, sedately brown,  
You more sedately etch.

Sheldrake, with showy quills  
(In groups of five or six)  
And Shovellers, with scooping bills ;  
And fluffy Pheasant-chicks ;

Or Swans that cleave the skies,  
With pinions snowy white.  
Then swoop, in shining companies,  
And on the lakes alight.

What joy, one's name to sign  
Beneath such work as this !  
What joy the Wood-owl to outline  
Or hear her fledglings hiss !

Still, in the glade, I stand  
And count the raindrops big  
(All Nature ready to my hand)  
Yet cannot draw a twig.

But as the sun breaks through  
And as the clouds disperse,  
I offer gratefully to you  
The tribute of a verse.

S. E. COLLINS.

#### WORDS OF WISDOM.

We have not an hour of life in which our pleasures relish not some pain ; our sorrows, some sweetness.

The practical fulfilling of the life purpose is to man what the actual running and keeping time are to the watch. Without action both are meaningless.

Where there is a twinkle in the eye there is a spark of heaven in the heart.

Life's real heroes are those who not only bear their own burdens bravely, but give a helping hand to those around them.

Talkers are plentiful as blackberries. Listeners are rare as diamonds.

Good health and good sense are two of life's greatest blessings.

It is better to have your character strengthened by adversity than spoiled by prosperity.

Let us seek out and be kind to the unhappy, the sad, the unattractive.

It is well for a man to respect his own vocation whatever it is and to think himself bound to uphold it, and so claim for it the respect it deserves.

Before you stand on your dignity, be sure it will bear your weight.

It is wise not to seek a secret and honest not to reveal it.

It is not always necessary to have silver and gold in order to give. Each of us may give what he or she has ; it may be time spent in little acts of service.

Real gentleness is only possible when there is a good deal of strength. It is a holding of oneself back, with a great reserve of power.

Give yourself the pleasure of rising superior to petty spites. If you can do it you will enjoy the consciousness.

Worry is like racing the engine of your car without letting in the clutch, you are using up energy but not making progress.

There are situations in life when it is wisdom not to be too wise.

How much better would it be if we were more generous and lavish of our good words when our friends can be cheered and blessed by them! Sometimes we get the lesson of keeping silence over-learned, and let hearts starve for lack of kindly words which are meanwhile on our tongues ready to be spoken.

It is not the want of love for which we are blamed, but the penuriousness that locks up the love and will not give it out in word and act to bless hungry lives. Is any other miserliness so mean?

We let hearts starve close beside us when we have the bread to feed them, and then when they lie in the dust of defeat or death we come with our love to speak eloquent funeral eulogies. Would it not be far better to give out the kindness when it will do good?

The man who minds his own business is never in an overcrowded profession.

Many a man casts his bread upon the waters in the hope that it would return in the form of dough.

A pessimist is a man who, when faced with two evils, chooses both.

Knitting gives women something to think about while they're talking.

Never pick a quarrel even when it is ripe.

The test of good manners is being able to put up pleasantly with bad ones.

### SHOULD PARSONS VISIT THE "PUBS"?

The Rev. Canon Peter Green, Rector of a working class parish, Salford, Manchester, who has thrice refused a Bishopric, it is said, has stated that "The pub is the working man's club." This, in fact, is true and from his long experience in Salford among the Lancashire working people he loves and who love him, he should know.

It was the contemplation of this fact that led me to ask why it should not be a more common sight, than it actually is, to see a parson "having one" and passing the time of day in the confraternity of working men at this particular kind of club.

The thought came to me during the Crisis.

In common with a few business friends of mine I called in at the usual rendezvous to "have one" myself and glean the latest crumbs of ideas that might be passing in conversation as to the outcome of events. It was helpful in overcoming the suspense of those September days even if it actually led to no very helpful conclusions.

Imagine my surprise, however, when on one of these occasions in popped a parson. Quite openly and like any other man he called for a pint of beer. He passed the "Good evening" in a general way and at once, fixing me, asked "what was new" about the Crisis.

Several warmed to him at once and a quite interesting discussion followed as to the possible upshot of all that was going forward.

All of us, including the parson, had served in the Great War, and that led one of those present, during a lull upon the immediate topic of interest, to remark that he was pleased to see a padre there openly among them having a drink and showing an interest in the points of view of people who visit licensed houses.

Reminiscence began and not unnaturally about parsons in the war. It was observed that there was as a result of common danger and common hardships a new spirit revealed "over there" in which the parson shared. The men were no longer shy of him, he was no longer a snob and the result was a goodwill which led to intimate and helpful comradeship such as one would suppose the Church has always longed for.

The padre wrote men's letters for them, he sometimes boxed with them, he played their games and spoke their language; he occasionally had his pint in the canteen with them, he sang songs

and engineered fun and frolic to the contrast of those sterner days and months "up the line," and generally helped to make the rest from front line trenches a real recreation and renewal of spirit and hope.

One contributor to the discussion remarked that it was the hope of many that this comradeship would continue when the war was done and that the parson had at last for ever broken through the barriers that separated him, largely because of his own fault, from understanding the attitude of mind to life of ordinary men.

It was agreed, however, that the last named hope had not as yet been realised.

The war over and the return to civil life served in turn to send the parson back to the parish life and the *status quo* was resumed in a very short time.

Yet the men he met in the trenches, the men he served in no small way when they were wounded, the men who appreciated his cheery society in dark and dangerous days, the men who shared their worries over family troubles "back home" are the very men, in a large majority, to be found in all parts of the country at one time and another, foregathering in a spare hour or so and comparing notes along the way in our public houses. They, too, many of them, and millions of younger ones like them will be the men who again may have to face the rigours, trials and horrors of war that, among all others, of course, parsons' wives and children may be protected.

It is not that the parson is necessarily a total abstainer. Bishops, archdeacons, deans, rural deans, canons and priests, out of the fourteen thousand rough total of them in this country, can be found in hundreds who like their glass of wine or whisky or beer. The world knows very well that they do not regard it as a loss of caste to go to, say, a sherry party, at the right houses and among the right people; but why there should be any loss of caste if they foregather on suitable occasions with the working men of their parish and show openly a little human understanding, passed the comprehension of all present.

Seeing that the vast majority of the population of men are working men, why should it be thought degrading for the parson to belong to the Working Men's Club and Institute, for instance. Yet even if he were a total abstainer he would incur much hard comment or even slander by joining a club of the kind and this probably from those in his parish whose profession of charity and goodwill are loudest.

In days like these when drunkenness is so much diminished compared with forty years ago; when licensed houses are so well appointed and conducted by licensees whose ability and character are vouched for after the strictest inquiries by the police; why should it be thought lowering to the Church or the parsons if, in the course of the common daily life, they be found passing the time of day with parishioners over a friendly glass of good ale?

Such a course leads to a better understanding of the common lot of men and rightly used can become a healthy and helpful sphere of influence.

After all, it is no secret that many organists, churchwardens, choristers, sidesmen, vergers and bellringers are among the best behaved of those who pay their more or less regular calls upon some licensed house or houses within their home area.

The prejudice and ignorance still shown by some who imagine that "pubs" are dens of iniquity and in some subtle way are bound up with lurid sex associations only persist because such people have been too frightened of themselves to enquire at first hand as to the real and general atmosphere of the modern licensed house.

The parsonic snobbery and aloofness which the war did much to break down between himself and the layman must be still further removed if the wartime mutual trust is to be restored between them. To regain the confidence of ordinary men they must "come off their perches."

Hats off to the Parson in the "Pub"!

"ONE OF THE BOYS."

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"Moderate doses of alcohol tend to aid digestion."—*Report of the Committee of the Royal Society.*

"For men working hard, beer is a good form of food to be recommended as a light feeding material."—*Sir William Gull, the famous doctor.*

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MR. F. H. V. KEIGHLEY.

The following announcement appeared in *The Times* of the 3rd November:—

"The marriage arranged between Mr. Frederick Keighley and Miss Anne Bates will not now take place."

### READING BRANCH OF THE UNITED COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ASSOCIATION.

MR. LOUIS SIMONDS AS FIRST PRESIDENT.

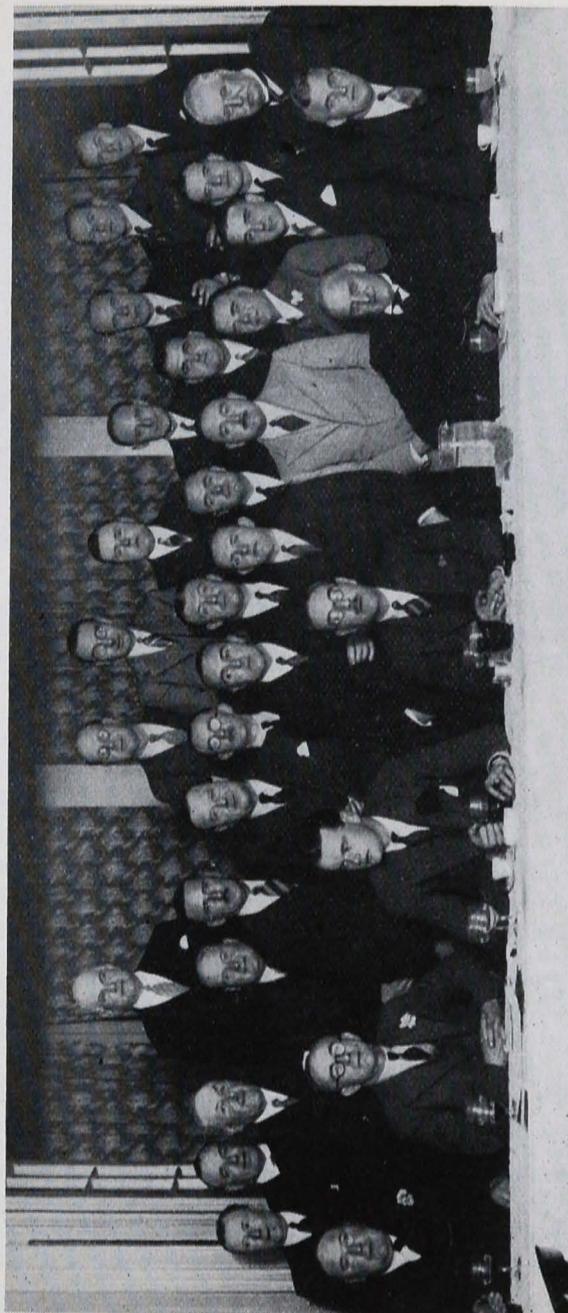
The Reading and District Branch of the United Commercial Travellers' Association met on Saturday, October 15th, at the Grosvenor Hotel, Caversham, at a dinner held in honour of their first president, Mr. Louis Simonds. Among the guests was Mr. W. J. Lovell, general secretary of the parent body, who described the work and benefit of membership of the association. He also conveyed to the branch the congratulation from headquarters on the progress made since the inception of the branch eighteen months ago. The musical arrangements were in the hands of Mr. W. Ewart Masser, F.R.C.O., who also accompanied Mrs. A. Mackay's songs. Messrs. Audley and Gower and Sid Hinton also entertained. A collection taken after the dinner on behalf of the charities of the Association amounted to £3 15s. 6d. This will be divided between the local Samaritan Fund, the schools at Pinner, and the Benevolent Fund.

In welcoming Mr. Louis Simonds as their first President, the Chairman said they felt very proud that he and his Firm should take such an interest in their work and their association. They thanked him for his presence that night and hoped he would come amongst them on many future occasions.

Mr. Louis Simonds, who was greeted with loud applause, thanked them sincerely for the very kind way in which that toast had been proposed and received. He was pleased and proud to be President of their new Branch. In selecting him for that position they paid a great compliment to his Firm which, he believed, was not unknown to most of them (laughter). Being young himself he was particularly pleased to associate himself with any worthy movement which was also young. He promised to render them any help in his power. Theirs was a great profession and a short time ago they would all have agreed that the greatest commercial traveller in the country was his late Majesty (applause).

Mr. W. Bowyer, our Home Trade Manager, replied to the toast of the "Visitors."

The proceedings continued until a late hour. Mr. Louis proved exceedingly popular and as he left the whole company joined very heartily in singing "For he's a jolly good fellow."



Reading and District Branch United Commercial Travellers' Association Dinner to meet the new President: Louis Simonds, Esq.

## FROM "FALCON" TO "FALCON."



In September, customers of the "Falcon," Newbury, participated in an enjoyable trip to the "Falcon," Swindon, and above may be seen a group of the excursionists. A highly enjoyable time was spent.

## A GREAT THOUGHT.

*The secret of happiness is easy to discover. To be happy is not necessarily to be very learned and clever. If we do our duty always and at all costs, in the teeth of everybody and everything, we shall experience the only true happiness which this chequered life provides—namely, the testimony and approval of a good conscience.*

*A secondary source from which much happiness may be derived is doing good to others, such as defending our neighbour's character, succouring a person in need, consoling and lovingly advising someone in trouble, gently and respectfully setting right a mistake of misunderstanding, congratulating a friend on his success, and in a thousand and one other ways showing the milk of human kindness.*

*The effect of heartfelt, cheery optimism on a depressed and discouraged invalid is often more invigorating than the tonic prescribed by the doctor. Try to be always serviceable and ready for kindly offices. Opportunities present themselves every hour of the day.*

## PLYMOUTH L.V.A. BANQUET AND DANCE.

A most successful Banquet and Dance was held at the Continental Hotel, Plymouth, on October 18th, under the auspices of the Plymouth and District Wine, Spirit and Beer Trade Protection Society.

The chair was taken by our Chairman and Managing Director, Mr. F. A. Simonds, who was supported by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress (Alderman and Mrs. S. Stephens), Col. The Hon. H. C. Guest, M.P., Mr. Louis Simonds, Mr. W. J. E. Major (City Coroner), Mr. Ronald Whiteway, J.P., Alderman J. C. Tozer, J.P., and other distinguished guests. Owing to illness, Mr. W. F. McIntyre unfortunately was unable to be present.

The banqueting hall was filled to capacity and the dance was also a huge success. Everyone enjoyed a very splendid evening.

Proposing "Success to the Plymouth Society and the Licensing Trade," the President referred to the increase in taxation. He expressed the thanks of the Trade to the Licensing Justices who had allowed them to increase the amenities of their houses.

"You have read of the recent decision in the judgment of the House of Lords which is having a very serious effect in the future, not only on the Brewers, but the Retail Trade as well," he said. "I refer to the judgment in the Robinson case, the result of which is that the Assessment Authorities are launching a punitive expedition whereby it appears that the Brewing Trade and the Retailers will not only be badly-paid collectors of the revenue by which the State is largely maintained, but under-paid collectors of the rates whereby the municipal amenities can be maintained."

Mr. Simonds said he was in touch with headquarters of the Brewers' Society, and the Retailers' Society were using all their powers to bring about some modification or easing of the burden.

Mr. Simonds said that he had had an apology for absence from Lady Astor. "Although we are very much apart on one particular subject, I regard her as a wonderful woman and a great friend," he said.

Responding, Mr. Philpott, President of the Plymouth Licensed Victuallers' Association, extended a welcome to Colonel Guest and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress.

Mr. Philpott referred to a report in the *Western Morning News* of September 24th, 1938, of a meeting at St. Ives when, he stated, one of our greatest opponents in the South-West, Mr. Isaac Foot, went out of his way to criticize a gentleman who was doing his best to avoid a European war.

Mr. Philpott said he would like to tell Colonel Guest that, as a body of traders who contributed more to the revenue of this country than any other, they were not satisfied with the treatment they had received from the National Government.

Some years ago, when prohibition was very much in the public eye, two well-known women spoke in Plymouth Guildhall. One was now the General of the Salvation Army and the other was one of their representatives in Parliament.

The opinion was expressed at this and other meetings throughout the country that if the Government could be persuaded to continue the heavy taxation and restrictions placed on the Trade during war time, the country would become a temperate nation and prohibition would not be required.

"Unfortunately," said Mr. Philpott, "there has been no relief, but the burden has been added to by unfair trading."

The suggestion that the registration fees of clubs should be increased was made by Mr. J. Squire (Hon. Vice-Chairman of the Plymouth Society) when proposing the toast of "The Imperial Parliament."

Colonel Guest paid tribute to the Prime Minister, and said that Britain was prepared to face any difficulty with calmness, courage and determination. "The peoples of the world are proud of Mr. Chamberlain," he said.

Speaking of the future, Colonel Guest said they had to realize that Britain had to be made strong.

"The responsibilities of this country and Empire are very great," he said. "We may have to take very drastic measures to improve the defences of the country, and I hope that we shall. I appeal to you to follow the lead that our Prime Minister will give us. It may entail self-sacrifice of personal service and wealth, but we must be prepared."

Mr. W. E. J. Major proposed "Success to the City of Plymouth" and said it had been stated that the question of whether the summer-time extension would be retained depended on the behaviour of the licensees. He emphasized that any increase in drunkenness was not necessarily the fault of the licensees. There were other places where drink could be obtained besides public houses.

The Lord Mayor responded, and congratulated the Society on the way the licensed business was conducted in the city.

"Here in Plymouth it is an exception to see a drunken man or woman," he said. "We have in this city 435 licensed houses. Last year, in a population of a quarter of a million people, only 99 cases of drunkenness came before the magistrates."

The Lord Mayor mentioned the summer-time extension, and said that it was no detriment to the people of Plymouth. If Plymouth were to be a progressive seaside resort there had to be facilities for people to obtain refreshment.

Mr. R. Whiteway proposed the toast of "The President," and, replying, Mr. Simonds thanked the manager of the hotel, Mr. P. G. Carter.

"Our Guests" was proposed by Mr. G. A. Ryman (Vice-Chairman, Plymouth Society), and replied to by Mr. J. C. Tozer, J.P.

A silver tankard was presented to the President on behalf of the members.

A collection was taken in aid of the Prince of Wales's Hospital, and a sum of over £20 was collected.

Music at the dinner and for dancing which followed was played by an orchestra from the Band of the Royal Marines (Plymouth Division).

The toastmaster and M.C. was Mr. H. Windebank.



Group at the Plymouth L.V.A. Banquet when Mr. F. A. Simonds presided. Also including the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, The Hon. H. C. Guest, M.P., Mr. F. Philpott, President of the Association, Mr. G. Ryman, Vice-President, and Mrs. Ryman.

The " R " in the month, means Oysters and Pork,  
 Those blessings of winter of which we all talk ;  
 But for S.B. and Milk Stout,  
 We should all raise a shout,  
 For thanks to our Brewer we're never without.

*From our Manager of the " Queen's  
 Hotel," Farnborough.*

#### THE DUKE'S HEAD, HENLEY-ON-THAMES.



The subject of this photo is a very attractive Simonds house under Wheelers Wycombe Breweries, Ltd., situated in a prominent position on the Reading Road, well in the town of Henley. It has been re-decorated throughout and recently the bars have been refitted, thus giving greater comfort to patrons and promoting further efficiency in regard to service. The cellar has also been reconstructed and can now be classed as excellent and from this quarter, ales in very fine condition are drawn by Mine Host, Mr. Hunt, as visitors to, and competitors at the world-famous regatta will testify. A visit to this delightful house will always be received with courtesy and tact, and much appreciated by Mr. Hunt, as he loves to add to the number of his already many friends and acquaintances. His duties are shared with his very charming wife. Both can be seen at the entrance door in the picture.

#### DEATH OF MR. HORACE CADD.

A TRUE TYPE OF CITIZEN.

(From the *Newbury Weekly News*.)

It is sad to have to record the death, which occurred on Wednesday, October 26th, at the early age of 51 of Mr. Horace Archer Cadd, of the Bear Hotel, Hungerford, better known as " Mine Host " of the Jack Hotel, Newbury. Mr. Cadd was a true type of citizen, always willing to give of his best for the town of his adoption and to help any good cause. His death is a real loss to the community.

It was in 1924 that Mr. and Mrs. Cadd came to Newbury and took over the Jack Hotel, known from one end of the country to the other, and historically interesting as part of the house of the famous Jack of Newbury who entertained King Henry VIII and his wife Katherine.

Some men can be in a town for years but not of it. There is nothing more conservative and clannish than a small country town. Horace Cadd had a sympathy and adaptability which quickly made him of the town. He had a gift for organising which he was always willing to place at the disposal of any cause. He had a flair for publicity and would have made his fortune as a Fleet Street advertising agent. He gave of these talents readily and with the catholicity of a true citizen. No matter what an effort was in aid of: Frothblowers' Charities, Dramatic Society, Fayre for repair of Church roof, fete for Waifs and Strays, Carnival for Hospital—they were all alike to Horace Cadd.

Whenever he took a thing up, he entered into it with enthusiasm and gave of himself unstintingly. It was a wonder he was never asked to stand for the Town Council. He was an energetic member of the Newbury and District Chamber of Commerce, and had been president and chairman of the Executive Council. No native of the town could have been fonder of it than he was, and it must have been a sad blow when, through no choice of his own, he had to leave the borough for Hungerford. But Newbury had his sympathies right up to the last.

It was a thousand pities that the old Jack had to be closed owing to the ravages of the death watch beetle, and as a correspondent writes: " It aroused regrets from many all over the country, and to the people of Newbury it was even more regretted because it meant Horace Cadd leaving the town." This is more than true, but the greatest regret of all is that only four years after he left Newbury, Horace Cadd has passed over to the Great Beyond.

During the last months he has suffered from a painful illness, undergoing two serious operations, but throughout he has put the bravest face to the world and he was always cheerful.

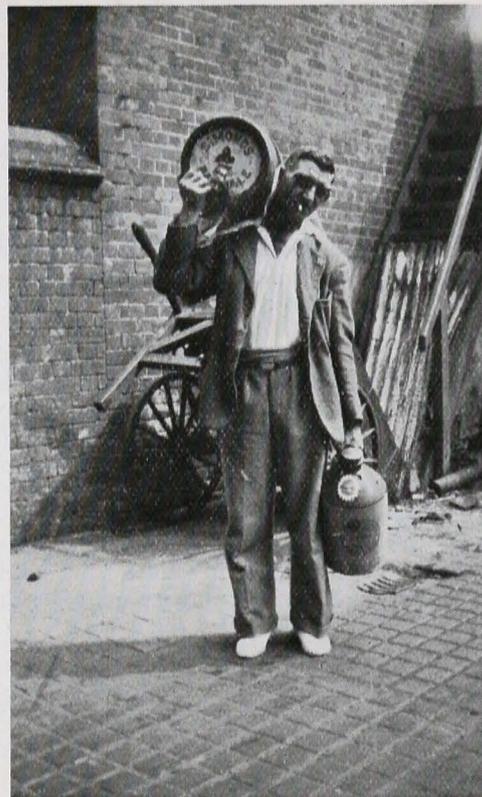
He leaves a host of friends, whose deepest sympathy will go out to Mrs. Cadd and her son in their great sorrow.

#### FINE RECORD IN ST. JOHN AMBULANCE WORK.



Here Mr. Howells is seen on active Service.

Mr. T. E. Howells, of the Malt Houses, has been awarded the Efficiency Star, together with bar to medal, on completion of 20 years' active service with the St. John Ambulance Brigade. The medal was previously awarded on the completion of 15 years' service. One of the First Aid experts on the Firm, we heartily congratulate Mr. Howells on his fine record.



Refreshing item in programme on the occasion of the outing to Burnham Beeches. Commander Simonds was responsible for this enjoyable "turn."

	£	s.	d.
Reigning Monarch (Sovereign) ... ..	1	0	0
Worn by Royalty (Crown) ... ..	5	0	
North Pole and South Pole (two Far things) ... ..			$\frac{1}{2}$
Just a Pig (Guinea pig) ... ..	1	1	0
Policeman (Copper) ... ..			1
Leather Worker (Tanner) ... ..			6
	<hr/>		
	£2	6	7 $\frac{1}{2}$

Above is the solution to the little sum given in "Chat from the Editor's Chair."

## ROYAL NAVAL OLD COMRADES ASSOCIATION.

READING AND DISTRICT BRANCH FOR PAST AND PRESENT MEMBERS  
OF H.M. NAVY.

The headquarters of the Reading Branch of this Association are at the Elephant Hotel, Market Place, and the President is Vice-Admiral Dashwood Fowler Moir, D.S.O.; Vice-President, Capt. G. B. Villiers, O.B.E., R.N.; Chairman, Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N., Rtd.; Vice-Chairman, Mr. D. W. Sayers; Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. A. Nuccoll, 143 Sherwood Street, Reading; Hon. Treasurer, Commander P. F. M. Dawson, R.N., Rtd.

We have now been in commission one year and our ship's company is 200 officers and men and we hope to double that figure, writes our correspondent. During the past year we have had many outings and they have all been a real success. In July we gave our wives and children an outing to Burnham Beeches; races were organized for all, and the GROG was kindly provided by our skipper, Commander H. D. Simonds, which was very much appreciated as it was a very hot day and the "nearest" was quite a distance away. All, particularly wives and kiddies, enjoyed themselves immensely. Again we must thank our skipper for loan of sacks and tug-of-war rope, etc., for the sports.

We have quite recently formed a new branch at Basingstoke, the Hon. Sec. being Mine Host at the George Hotel, where a good drop of H. & G.S. can be obtained.

On the occasion of the dedication of our standard, we gave the people of Reading a big surprise, which was the full Bluejacket Band from Portsmouth; we are now about to give another surprise, which is the formation of a "Sea Cadet Corps," under the auspices of the Navy League. In this direction we are making great headway.

Our second annual dinner will take place at Palm Lodge on Saturday, January 14th, 1939.

Will those who may peruse these columns, whether serving or retired, get themselves a draft chit for the R.N.O.C.A., Reading and District. We are the flagship of the district, and have several small but happy ships following in our wake. There are branches at Newbury, Windsor and Maidenhead, so you Berkshire men help to make the Berkshire the largest district.

## A GRAND DANCE

will be held in the

**LARGE TOWN HALL, READING**

on

**Friday, December 9th, 1938**

8 p.m. till 2 a.m.

**SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF THE  
BAND OF THE LIFE GUARDS**

Tickets: 3/- Single, 5/- Double; at the door, Singles only, 4/-

**FULLY LICENSED BARS.**

**BUFFET.**

Tickets obtainable from any Employee  
of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.

**THE LIGHTER SIDE.**

TEACHER: "Can any of you tell me the difference between lightning and electricity?"

PUPIL: "Yes, Sir—we don't have to pay for lightning."

\* \* \* \*

"William," said mother severely, "there were two pieces of cake in the pantry when I went out, and there is only one now. How is that?"

"I don't know," said William. "But it was dark, and I suppose I didn't see the other piece."

\* \* \* \*

"John's in the firework manufacturing business now."

"How's he getting on?"

"So far, all the reports are favourable."

"I want to speak to your junior clerk. I am his aunt, Mrs. Parker."

"I am sorry that he has been obliged to go out to attend your funeral."

\* \* \* \*

WEALTHY PERSON: "So you wish to marry my daughter? How much money have you?"

SUITOR: "Ab-ab-about two hundred pounds, Sir."

WEALTHY PERSON: "I said 'money'—not loose change!"

\* \* \* \*

A business man whose time was valuable went into a barber's shop the other day, and seating himself in the chair, said: "Cut the whole three short."

"What do you mean?" asked the barber.

"Hair, whiskers, and chatter," was the reply.

\* \* \* \*

A man was seen at 7.15 a.m. running madly along wheeling his cycle. An acquaintance of his called out: "What's up, lad. Has tha gotten a puncture?"

The answer was most unexpected.

"Naw, Tom. Ah geet up too late this morning an' Ah haven't had time to get on't bike yet."

\* \* \* \*

SHE: "Anybody would think I was nothing but a cook in this household."

HE: "Not after a meal here, my pet."

\* \* \* \*

"Why do barristers generally live in Inns?"

"Because their whole business is at the bar."

\* \* \* \*

CUSTOMER: "You're sure one bottle will cure a cold?"

ASSISTANT: "It must, Sir—nobody's ever come back for a second."

\* \* \* \*

"And you don't know anything about religion?" queried the missionary.

"Well, we got a little taste of it when the last missionary was here," replied the cannibal chieftain.

\* \* \* \*

TEACHER: "What is a bridegroom?"

LITTLE GIRL: "It's a thing they have at weddings."

\* \* \* \*

A woman advertised for a girl to do light housework.

She received a letter from a girl who said she would like the position. She thought the sea air would do her good, but she wanted to know where the lighthouse was situated.

\* \* \* \*

SCHOOLMASTER: "This makes the fifth time I have punished you this week. What have you to say?"

YOUTH: "I am glad it's Friday, Sir."

\* \* \* \*

"What do you mean by playing truant?" asked the Communist agitator of his son. "What makes you stay away from school?"

"Class hatred, father."

\* \* \* \*

PATIENT: "I went to the chemist——"

DOCTOR: "Chemists can't tell you anything helpful, Madam."

PATIENT: "——and he told me to come to you."

\* \* \* \*

The teacher had told the class all about Diogenes, emphasising the fact that he lived for many years in a tub.

"I'll bet my dad wishes he was Diogenes," Tommy remarked.

"But surely your father wouldn't like to live in a tub for years, Tommy."

"Sorry, Miss," Tommy replied, "I thought you said pub."

\* \* \* \*

In a country town the sign outside the lawyer's office contained his name in large letters—A. Swindle. A friend pointed out to him the awkwardness of the sign and said: "Why do you not put your Christian name in full?" The lawyer's face grew long and he replied sadly: "My first name is Adam."

\* \* \* \*

GUIDE: "It was in this very room that the unfortunate Baron was done to death."

VISITOR: "Why, when I was here last year he died, according to you, in an entirely different room."

"I know—but that room is being redecorated."

"What did your wife say about your being out so late?"  
 "Ask me next week. She'll probably have finished by then."

\* \* \* \*

JUDGE (*in dentist's chair*): "Do you swear that you will pull the tooth, the whole tooth, and nothing but the tooth?"

\* \* \* \*

"What is your favourite hymn?" a teacher asked the little girl.

"Willie Brown," said the little girl quickly.

\* \* \* \*

"Do you think those cookery classes accomplish anything?"

"Certainly I do. I haven't seen a tramp in the village since they started."

\* \* \* \*

DENTIST'S WIFE: "Why do you open the door of the waiting room when I sing?"

DENTIST: "I want to show the other clients that the noise is not made by the patient in the chair."

\* \* \* \*

BRONSON (*at the races*): "Let me back one more horse. I promise you it'll be the last."

WIFE (*gloomily*): "It usually is."

\* \* \* \*

"You don't seem to have a thought for anything but motoring. Why don't you put your wife before your car sometimes?"

"I'm scared of being found out."

\* \* \* \*

"I can't decide whether to go to a palmist or to a mind-reader."

"Go to a palmist. It's obvious that you have a palm."

\* \* \* \*

A clerk was retiring after completing twenty-five years of faithful service.

On his last day at the office his employer presented him with a large envelope, and said:

"This is a token of my esteem."

The clerk eagerly opened it and found a portrait of his employer.

"What do you think of the gift?" asked the latter.

"It's just like you," came the cryptic reply.

"There was something about you I used to like once upon a time," said the wife rather testily.

"I know," he replied, "but since I married you I've spent it all."

\* \* \* \*

He was about to leave for the office. His wife handed him a small parcel.

"What's this, dear?" he asked.

"A bottle of hair tonic," she replied.

"Oh, that's nice of you, dear, but——"

"It isn't for you; it's for your typist. Her hair is coming out badly on your coat."

\* \* \* \*

"Hullo, Brown! Are you using your mower this afternoon?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I am."

"Splendid! Then you won't be wanting your tennis racket. I've broken mine."

\* \* \* \*

Two cantankerous old ladies were going to Cork, and the country station master was doing his best to see that they had a comfortable journey, with a compartment to themselves.

As parting advice, he said: "And when you stop at a station, stand up, ma'am, and put your face out of the window. Then nobody will get in."

\* \* \* \*

Little Billie, being taken out for a treat by his very stout uncle, got on a bus.

"If you sit on my knee, Billie," said Uncle, "I'll not have to pay any fare for you."

"I'd rather not, Uncle."

"Why not, young man?"

"'Cos every time you breathe I fall off!"

\* \* \* \*

"Who is that lanky beanstalk over there?"

"My daughter."

"My! Hasn't she grown a tall, graceful girl?"

\* \* \* \*

He showed every promise at school, except that he always muddled his past participles.

After saying "I have wrote," the master explained to him how wrong it was, and told him to write "I have written" one hundred times.

The lines were left on the master's desk with the note, "I have wrote 'I have written' one hundred times, as you told me, and now I have went home."

\* \* \* \*

"You say you've had that hat for ten years? Why, it looks like new."

"Well, perhaps it's because I've had it cleaned four times and exchanged it in restaurants six times."

\* \* \* \*

"You have no speedometer in your car?"

"No need. If I do forty, the lamps on my car rattle—at fifty the whole car rattles—higher than that my teeth rattle."

\* \* \* \*

The ceiling in Smith's bedroom was faulty, and one night a chunk of plaster fell and struck Smith as he lay in bed. He rose, yawned, rubbed his eyes, and said: "All right, dear, I'll get up."

\* \* \* \*

A man who had a pig overfed it one day and starved it the next. On being asked his reason for doing so, he replied: "Oh, sure, that is the way I like to have my bacon—with a streak of fat and a streak of lean."

\* \* \* \*

Overheard in the train:

"I was in paralysing form on the links yesterday."

"Able to give anyone a stroke, eh?"

\* \* \* \*

CUSTOMER: "I've come back to buy the car I was looking at yesterday."

SALESMAN: "Fine. Now tell me, what was the one dominating thing that made you decide to buy this car?"

CUSTOMER: "My wife!"

\* \* \* \*

A Frenchman, learning English, said to his tutor:

"English is a queer language. What does this sentence mean: 'Should Mr. Noble, who sits for this constituency, consent to stand again, he will in all probability have a walk-over'?"

A judge's little daughter, who had attended her father's court for the first time, told her mother:

"Papa made a speech, and several other men made speeches to twelve men who sat all together, and then those twelve men were put in a dark room to be developed."

\* \* \* \*

"Guard, will you help me off the train?"

"Sure."

"You see, I'm stout, and have to get off the train backwards. The porter thinks I'm getting on and gives me a shove on again. I'm five stations past my destination already."

\* \* \* \*

ACCUSED (*just acquitted*) to counsel: "Thanks awfully, old man. What on earth should I have done without you?"

COUNSEL: "Oh, about five years."

\* \* \* \*

The keen young constable was being shown over his new night beat by the sergeant. "D'ye see that red light in the distance? Well, that's the limit of your beat. Now, get along with it," said the sergeant.

The young constable set out and was not seen again for a week. When he did show up at headquarters the sergeant demanded furiously where he had been.

"Ye remember that red light?" asked the bobby.

"Well, that was on the back of a van on its way to London."

\* \* \* \*

"What was the former ruler of Russia called?"

"Czar."

"And his wife?"

"Czarina."

"And what were the Czar's children called?"

"Czardines."

\* \* \* \*

Johnny, ten years old, applied for a job as grocery boy for the summer. The grocer wanted a serious-minded youth, so he put Johnny to a little test. "Well, my boy, what would you do with a million dollars?" he asked.

"Oh, glory, I don't know—I wasn't expecting so much at the start."

PREACHER : " Do you say your prayers at night, Jimmy? "

JIMMY : " Yes, Sir."

PREACHER : " And do you always say them in the morning, too? "

JIMMY : " No, Sir, I ain't scared in the daytime."

\* \* \* \*

James is one of those men who are almost too good to live. He doesn't smoke and never drinks.

But, in spite of everything, he got rather run down in health and had to consult a doctor, who prescribed stout twice daily. It was a sad blow to James, but he faced it bravely.

Yet his health did not improve, and on his second visit the doctor was surprised.

" I can't understand it," he said. " I suppose you are following the treatment I laid down for you? Are you taking the stout twice a day? "

" Yes," repeated James, a look of martyrdom on his face. " I take a teaspoonful night and morning."

\* \* \* \*

" It is only the law of gravity," said the teacher, " which prevents us from being thrown off the earth as it revolves."

" Och, Sorr," asked young Patrick, " and phwat kept the folks on before the law was passed? "

### THE SHINFIELD LOCAL DERBY.

#### BLACK BOY AND MAGPIE & PARROT MEET AT BAR BILLIARDS.

With the advent of winter and the long dark evenings (if this is an English winter I am sure I do not know, seems more like an Indian summer to me) the game of bar billiards is once more in full swing. Under the auspices of the Bar Billiards Association, league matches are taking place every Thursday evening in various houses of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds in Reading and District.

The team from the Black Boy, Shinfield, has, so far, done very well and has won all matches played to date, away and at home. The result of matches played up to Thursday, 4th November, are as under :—

Reading Stadium Club	2	Black Boy	...	...	3
Black Boy	...	Bell	...	...	1
Pond House	...	Black Boy	...	...	4
Black Boy	...	Magpie & Parrot	...	...	1

Total points for the Black Boy, 15. The highest score made by a member of the Black Boy, 4,030, was made by S. Osborne against the Bell, Oxford Road, at home.

The match with the Magpie & Parrot held a great deal of local interest, both houses being in Shinfield. Manager Frank Priest of the Magpie & Parrot had also obtained the transfer of two of the Black Boy's seeded players. The transfer fee, which has not been disclosed, is believed to run into four figures. The match attracted a large company and excellent play was seen, although, sad to relate, the transferees lost their games against their old side. During play refreshments were served by Mr. and Mrs. Osborne and were much appreciated.

For the benefit of other players, here is the scoring board :—

Osborne	...	...	1,650	Higgs (two blacks down)	1,050
Hopkins	...	(help !)	3,810	Lucas, F.	...
Bowman	...	...	1,640	Lucas, A.	...
Pinches	...	...	2,440	Wyeth	...
Frewin	...	...	1,700	Cox, M.	...

Our tame poet, who was on the scene of battle, records his impressions with the usual poetic licence :—

Oh, mamma, what a victory ; oh, mamma, it was a match to see.

Stan won his game, Vic Hopkins followed suit ;

Ted Bowman and Bill Pinches had their opponents in the soup.

Jack Frewin, at the tail, playing a steady game

Had Maurice Cox all guessing why he couldn't do the same—

We nearly won the fifth, but Maurice with his luck

Took the game from Frewin, and broke the Magpies duck.

His comrades how they cheered him, and carried him on high

A great triumphant hero, why his name will never die.

I was looking through my window, and I thought that they had won

When suddenly it dawned on me 'twas just the Parrots fun.

When next we meet these heroes we will put them to the test

BUT ALWAYS PLEASE REMEMBER THAT SIMONDS' BEER IS BEST.

*Shinfield, November 5th.*

T.M.

### NOVEMBER 11th.

**We will remember them.**

## THE PRINCE OF WALES, TILEHURST.



General view of the fine new premises.



The Saloon Bar.



The Public Bar.

## FITS AND THEIR CURE.

For a Fit of Passion—walk out into the open air. You may speak your mind to the winds without hurting anyone or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a Fit of Idleness—count the tickings of a clock. Do this for an hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat and work like a Trojan.

For a Fit of Ambition—go into the churchyard and read the gravestones: they will tell you the end of ambition.

For a Fit of Repining—look about for the halt and blind. Visit the bedridden, the afflicted, the deranged. They will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

For a Fit of Despondence—look at the good things of which God has given you in this world, and at those which He has promised to His followers in the next. He who goes into the garden to look for cobwebs and spiders will find them without doubt. He who looks for a flower will return with one blossoming on his bosom.

## BRANCHES.

## PORTSMOUTH.

We congratulate Mr. E. N. Job, our second Clerk here, on the birth of a son. We are pleased to be able to say that both Mrs. Job and the child are doing well.

In the death of Sheila Lady Bradford, Portsmouth and the whole of Hampshire suffered a severe loss. Lady Bradford, who was 61, was in the forefront of the women who rendered valuable service amongst naval dependents in Portsmouth and Southsea during the war. Coming to Portsmouth first to assist in the work of the R.N. Friendly Union of Sailors' Wives, Lady Bradford stayed to organise the Milton area of the National Relief Fund, under the Services Committee, then under the General Secretaryship of Miss E. H. Kelly, J.P. For this purpose she resided at Milton, making her home in Goldsmith Avenue. She leaves behind her a valuable and flourishing memorial in the form of the Naval Home Industry. Its activities in bettering the lot of widows and dependents of naval ratings have been extensive and the Home continues in its present form at 41, Clarence Parade, Southsea, with the assistance of the R.N. Benevolent Trust.

Mr. Eric C. Peters, Director of Messrs. George Peters & Co., and of Messrs. J. J. Young & Co., a nephew of Colonel J. W. Peters, has consented to become President of the Portsmouth and District Licensed Victuallers' Wine and Beer Retailers' Protection Association Annual Banquet and Ball, which will be held at the Savoy Cafe, Southsea, this year.

Commander F. R. Baxter, who has been appointed for duty with the Captain of the Dockyard, Portsmouth, has been serving at this port in command of vessels in reserve since his return from the America and West Indies Station, where he commanded H.M.S. *Scarborough* in 1935-37. After his promotion to Commander in December, 1929, Commander Baxter was Executive Officer of the Aircraft Carrier *Hermes* in China up to 1933, and later he was training Commander at Portsmouth Depot.

## BRIGHTON.

## ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT.

OLD COMRADES' REUNION DINNER AT BRIGHTON, 8TH OCTOBER, 1938.

From many parts of Sussex and from beyond, officers and men who had served in the Royal Sussex Regiment came to Brighton on Saturday, 8th October, to the annual Old Comrades' Reunion Dinner.

It was held in the Corn Exchange, where 500 gathered, under the Chairmanship of the Colonel of the Regiment, Brigadier-General W. L. Osborn, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. At his right hand was the Mayor of Brighton (Alderman Herbert Hone, J.P.).

General enthusiasm and *bonhomie* prevailed, and the pleasure was supplemented by admirably chosen music, excellently played by the Band of the 5th (Cinque Ports) Battalion from Hastings.

Before dinner commenced the toast "Fallen Comrades" was honoured in an impressive silence, broken first by the "Last Post" and later by the "Reveille," sounded by the 5th Battalion buglers.

From His Majesty the King a telegram was received, stating:—

"The King sincerely thanks the Old Comrades of the Royal Sussex Regiment, dining together this evening, for their loyal greeting, which His Majesty much appreciates."

Proposing the toast of "The Regiment," the Chairman thanked the Mayor of Brighton for honouring them with his presence. They greatly appreciated any support received from the civic authorities of Brighton, with which town the Regiment has been very much associated. (*Applause.*) From Ismailia, Egypt, the officers of the 1st Battalion have sent a telegram of good wishes.

Of the 1st Battalion, General Osborn said he believed that in Egypt they were enjoying their new station very much after Palestine. He would like to see the 2nd Battalion move nearer than Devonport, but he expected they would be at Bordon soon, or somewhere near.

"There is," added the Chairman, "one man I want you particularly to thank, and that is our Secretary, who runs the dinner for us, Major Carvell." (*Applause.*) During the year he had advanced from Captain with accelerated promotion, on which the Chairman congratulated him.

In honouring the toast the Band played battalion marches, closing with "Sussex by the Sea."

The only other toast was that of "The Chairman," proposed by Brig.-General A. E. Glasgow, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and accorded musical honours.

## THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

An outspoken address was given by Rev. E. A. Aust, co-adjutor at Crewkerne Parish Church at a men's service. Mr. Aust is shortly leaving Crewkerne to become Vicar of Wiveliscombe, Somerset.

"I am proud of the fact," said Mr. Aust, "that from time to time I meet a good many of my friends in the bars of the public houses of Crewkerne. I do not drink beer very often myself, but I have met these men with their glasses of beer, and they have appealed to me as being some of God's best. I often wish that professing Christians would realise that God is in the public house, as well as in his church. Good, thoughtful deeds, often done in a bar, are indicative of God's goodness there as well as anywhere else. If there is anything in the argument that the devil is in the bar of a pub, I do not think it is so. I think God is more often there, then it is all the more essential that good people should go there to fight the devil."

All readers will be pleased to know that Miss B. Joan Hawke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hawke, our tenants of the London Hotel, Ashburton, was successful in passing, at Edinburgh recently, the third examination of the Scottish Triple Board, in pathology and bacteriology. Miss Hawke, who is a student at Leeds University, is studying for both the London and Scottish degrees in medicine and surgery.

We have recently transferred the Devonport Inn, Kingsand, from Mr. R. C. Ley-Greaves to Mrs. J. A. Hinton. This house is situated in a very pretty part of Cawsand Bay, where glorious views can be had of Plymouth across the Sound and of shipping in the English Channel.

We wish Mrs. Hinton every success in her new undertaking.

## BRIDGEND.

The staff of Bridgend Branch send cordial greetings to all members of the Firm at home and overseas, and although we are at present a small shoot on the "Hop Leaf" tree we hope in time to blossom forth and develop into a strong branch.

Messrs. R. H. Stiles, whose business we have taken over, is an old established one and dates back to 1836. With the coming of the slump in South Wales they, like many other well-known houses, experienced the hard times of which this part of our country

has passed through. However, by astute management they survived the depression and have now handed over their reins of office to our Firm.

It is an old saying that "Every cloud has a silver lining," and we Bridgendonians do believe that brighter times are ahead. The Government realizing the necessity of helping South Wales are arranging the transfer of a large proportion of the work now being done at Woolwich Arsenal to Bridgend and the new Arsenal is gradually taking shape, although the bad weather of late has retarded progress somewhat. In addition a new Airport and Training Centre for Royal Air Force recruits is being laid out at St. Athan, and we understand that it will be the largest airport in the country when completed. We are also pleased to read in the daily press that the headquarters of the Glamorgan Constabulary is being transferred to Bridgend in the near future. So our readers will gather that our thoughts of the clouds lifting are not without some foundation.

After perusing the foregoing many of our readers will probably begin to wonder what Bridgend is really like, and we think a brief resumé would not be out of place.

Situated on the edge of the beautiful Vale of Glamorgan and the Welsh valleys, it is practically the centre of South Wales, and is within easy distance of the coast, Porthcawl being 6 miles, Ogmores-by-Sea and Southerndown 4 miles, Cardiff 19 miles. It is one of the towns through which the old mail coach passed and put up. Ewenny Priory, the seat of the Tubervilles, is on the outskirts; Dunraven Castle, the seat of the Earl of Dunraven, is also within 5 miles of the town. St. Donat's Castle, the mediaeval castle on which Mr. Randolph Hearst, the American newspaper magnate, has spent roughly £500,000, overlooks the Bristol Channel and is about 20 minutes' car ride away. Near here, Madame Patti, the famous *prima donna*, once lived and trained, and it is said of her that one of the farmers' wives, hearing a lot about her voice, expressed a wish that she would like to hear her sing. This was brought to the *prima donna's* notice, who very kindly went to the farmhouse and sang. When she had finished, the farmer's wife was asked what she thought of the singing, and she replied: "She sings very nicely indeed; nearly as good as our Mary when she is milking the cows!"

## YE OLDE BREWERY HOUSE.

This house was reconstructed in 1935 and was originally the home of the late Mr. R. H. Stiles. It is situated practically in the centre of the town. There is a splendid pull-in and parking for about 200 cars. On market days (Tuesdays) the car park is full.



Some idea of the house may be gained from the accompanying photographs. At the rear and adjacent to it is the Bridgend Rugby F.C. ground on which many a dour battle has been fought.

The tenant of Ye Olde Brewery House is Mr. Howard Smith, who, with his family, kept a licensed house in Newport for over 21 years. He is a Bridgendonian and very well known throughout the Vale of Glamorgan. A Vice-President of the Glynogwr Farmers' Show, the Bridgend Fat Stock Show and the Bridgend Rugby Football Club, of which he is also the Team Secretary, and a member of the Selection and Ground Committees. Good sportsman and anyone calling will be assured of a very warm welcome.

## BRISTOL.

After many years of honourable service throughout the West Country, the name and company of W. J. Rogers, Ltd., is to-day but another link in our memory's chain—one of the many associated with the parent company of which we now form a direct part.

The change is one which, from any point of view, must be advantageous, while in our own immediate trade circles the inheritance with which Bristol has now been endowed cannot but strengthen that mutual feeling of confidence which is so integral a part of any commercial progress to-day, and should give to all "Hop Leaf" supporters a sense of direct fellowship with the great Firm whose name we now bear.

With such a thought in our minds we await the future with quiet confidence.

## "HOP LEAF" SKITTLE LEAGUE.

The newly formed long alley skittle league is giving its members plenty of keen play, and with two Brewery teams competing with the more experienced skittlers, it is unnecessary to report that on match nights "Hop Leaf" rivalry (and oft-times hilarity) reaches a high note, but nevertheless a cheery and congenial one.

So far the form of quite a number of the contestants has been consistently good, as the following league table will show:—

TABLE (TO DATE).

	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Points.
Black Horse, Redfield ...	6	5	—	1	10
Paxton Arms ...	6	5	—	1	10
Greyhound "A" ...	6	5	—	1	10
Peckett & Sons ...	6	4	—	2	8
Cumberland "A" ...	6	3	1	2	7
Greyhound "B" ...	6	3	1	2	7
Jacob Street Brewery ...	6	3	—	3	6
Cumberland "B" ...	6	3	—	3	6
Old Crown ...	6	3	—	3	6
Beaufort Arms ...	6	2	—	4	4
Co-op. Upholstery ...	6	2	—	4	4
Black Horse, Hambrook ...	6	1	—	5	2
Bell Hotel, St. George ...	6	1	—	5	2
Brewery Transport ...	6	1	—	5	2

Strangely enough, it is our own staff members who have given, and will give, we believe, many of the leaders much food for thought by their strange in-and-out form. One week they allow the C.W.S. to outskittle them handsomely and take home their first points, while a few days later they send the leaders from the Black Horse away well beaten. What can one say of such inconsistencies?

Shall we be kind and say just in-and-out luck—for skittling down the long alley is no sure thing even for the expert, as this season's results show.

We hope to include a brief summary each month of any individual items of outstanding merit which may be worthy of mention in these notes, if each Club Secretary will forward them to the Jacob Street Brewery in good time. Do not let modesty deter you. A good performance is always worth recording, and at the end of the season it may earn a more tangible reward for the player concerned. Who knows?

It was sad news to those who had known our old colleague, Mr. W. H. Wigley, to hear of his death. To many of us who knew him and had the privilege of serving under him, it came as yet another break in those bonds of comradeship which extend back to pre-war years. Mr. Wigley, in those days, set a wonderful example, to all around him, of unstinted service and gifted leadership, and his work and memory will be remembered by many long after his generation has passed away.

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**STILL THE BEST.**

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# Greetings



Happy Christmas  
and a Bright and  
Prosperous New Year  
to all our readers.



H. & G. SIMONDS, LTD.,  
THE BREWERY,  
READING.