

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

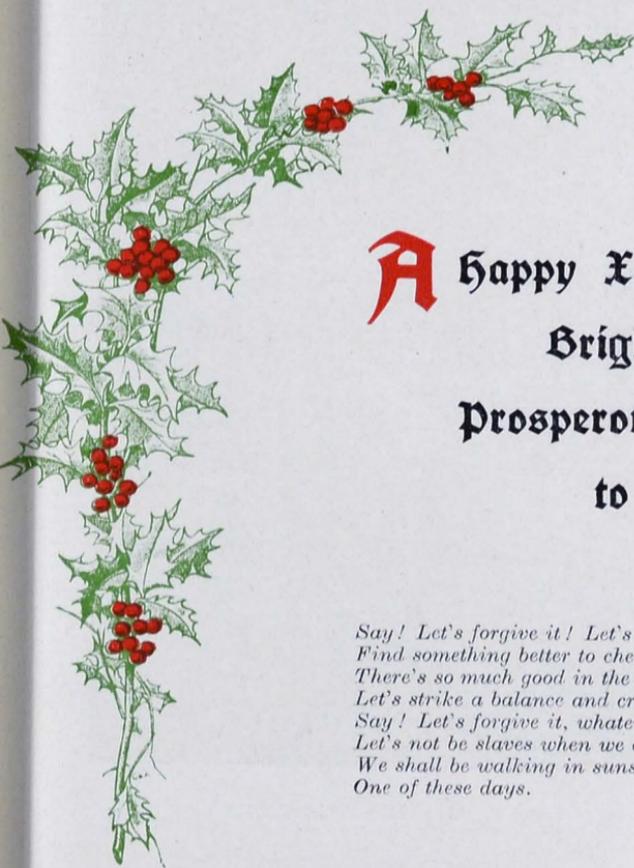
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. X.

DECEMBER, 1935.

No. 3



**A** Happy Xmas and a  
Bright and  
Prosperous New Year  
to all.

*Say! Let's forgive it! Let's wipe off the slate!  
Find something better to cherish than hate:  
There's so much good in the world that we've had,  
Let's strike a balance and cross off the bad.  
Say! Let's forgive it, whatever it be,  
Let's not be slaves when we ought to be free;  
We shall be walking in sunshiny ways  
One of these days.*

J. W. Foley.





Mr. A. G. RIDER. M.C.

## MR. A. G. RIDER, M.C.

Memories of the compact little Brewery of Messrs. Blandy, Hawkins & Company, in Bridge Street, Reading, are recalled by the appearance of Mr. Rider's photograph as our frontispiece. It was with that Company, in 1912, that Mr. Rider first became connected with the Brewing trade, after serving nearly fifteen years with Messrs. Sutton & Sons, Seedsmen, of this town. This first change in his business life happened in August, 1912, and little more than a year later Messrs. Blandy, Hawkins & Company amalgamated with The South Berks Brewery Company, Ltd., with whom he remained until a controlling interest in the latter was secured by our Firm in 1920. He then moved from the old offices of Messrs. Blandy, Hawkins & Company to the Head Offices of this Company, where he is now engaged.

Mr. Rider's appointment with Messrs. Blandy, Hawkins & Company and The South Berks Brewery Company, Ltd., was that of cashier and collector, when it was part of his duties to visit and supervise all their licensed properties, which gave him a very useful knowledge of his Firm's houses and tenants.

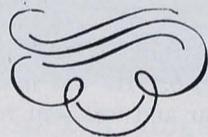
Those of our readers who know Mr. Rider as we know him, appreciate his sturdy, resolute character and directness in dealing with the task in hand. These qualities, combined with a great capacity for good solid work, illustrate an individuality which has carried him through his business and military life with the results recorded. From the time he joined us it was manifest that he would be a popular member of the staff and it was soon apparent that he had become imbued with that sense of staunch loyalty to the Firm which is usually associated with long service.

Mr. Rider's military career is full of interest. He joined the 1st Volunteer Battalion, Royal Berkshire Regiment, afterwards reconstituted as the 4th Battalion, in 1901, and served continuously until his retirement in 1926. He was mobilized in August, 1914, upon the outbreak of War and was sent to France in 1915, where he remained until wounded on April 5th, 1917. After seven months in hospital and a month in convalescent camp, he returned to the 3/4th Battalion in Northumberland for the remainder of the War period, being demobilized in February, 1919. Throughout practically the whole of this time Mr. Rider held the rank of

Company Sergeant-Major. He was awarded the Military Cross and decorated by His Majesty the King at Buckingham Palace, whilst on leave from the front in December, 1916. He is also the holder of the 1914-15 Star, General Service and Victory Medals, with the Territorial Force Efficiency Medal and Bar. As the representative of his Battalion, he had the honour of taking part in the ceremony of the burial of the Unknown Warrior and the unveiling of the Cenotaph. In addition, he formed one of the Colour Party representing the Battalion in the Great Victory March through London.

Mr. Rider is a member of the Board of Management of the Royal Berkshire Hospital, as one of the two representatives of the members of the Contributory Scheme of the business firms in Reading. He is also Hon. Secretary of the Firm's branch of the Royal Berkshire and Associated Hospital Contributory Scheme and has collected over £300 per annum since taking over the work in 1929.

Mr. Rider is a member of several clubs and has been Hon. Secretary of the Reading Territorial Club since 1919. He is very keen on a game of billiards and cards. In younger days he played for, and for some years was Secretary of, the football team run by the firm with whom he was then employed. Until about four years ago he was very active at tennis and cricket and a regular playing member of the Seven Bridges Cricket Club, but has since taken to bowls.



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

### EDITORIAL.

#### OUR CHAIRMAN'S SILVER WEDDING.

The following gracious letter to all those concerned has been received from our Chairman :—

“ The Village House,  
Bradfield,  
Berks.

My Wife and I send you our very grateful thanks for the beautiful Album, containing the names of those who so generously subscribed towards the handsome Presentation we received on the occasion of our Silver Wedding—September 29th, 1935.

We deeply appreciate this practical expression of your kindness and goodwill.

Yours very sincerely,  
S. V. SHEA-SIMONDS.”

#### MAJOR F. J. JOHNSON.

Major Johnson, so well-known and popular in Trade circles in and around the Metropolis, recently made history at our London Branch by completing 25 years' continuous service as Manager, thereby celebrating his Silver Jubilee in that capacity. This is the first occasion since the establishment of the Firm in London that a Manager has held the position for a quarter of a century. Those who know how strenuous London business life can be, will appreciate to the full how well deserved was the recognition of the occasion by the Directors, who gave a luncheon at the Park Lane Hotel in honour of Major and Mrs. Johnson, to which a party of their friends was invited.

Let our hearty congratulations mingle with the many others which Major Johnson will receive.

#### NOT A WATCH.

He was a very indifferent golfer in a very remote rough, and at the end of his patience when he blazed out with : “ What the devil do you keep looking at that infernal watch of yours for ? ”

The caddie grinned : “ 'Tain't a watch, mister : it's a compass ! ”

## RACING PIGEON CLUB.

It was my good fortune to be present at the annual dinner of the Oxford Arms Racing Pigeon Club. The function, which proved highly enjoyable, was held at the Oxford Arms, where the deservedly popular landlord, Mr. Rose, did all in his power to make the large company comfortable and happy. And in this he succeeded in the highest degree. Well known in the racing pigeon world, Mr. Rose received valuable prizes and when the Chairman (Mr. W. Hutchins) asked for support for next year's prize fund, Mr. Rose, with that generosity so characteristic of him, started the ball rolling with a "fiver." Many others also gave generously and altogether a substantial sum was raised. Prominent members of the Berks, Bucks and Oxon Federation attended and the organizers of the event are to be congratulated on the success that attended their efforts.

## WELL KNOWN IN MOTOR CYCLING CIRCLES.

In our report last month of the wedding of Miss Bradford and Mr. Hieatt we omitted to mention that Mr. A. H. Hopkins, of the Correspondence Office, was unavoidably prevented from being present. By the way, the bridegroom comes from a well-known motor cycling family and has won as many as 58 cups and medals in the sport. May the new cup which both have now won be filled with happiness.

## MORTLAKE.

It's odd how through the whole year round  
Mortlake is in the news, sirs ;  
Just once a year with water bright,  
At other time with booze, sirs.  
No slur is meant, for not a one  
In Christendom or Jewry  
Can ever quite dissociate  
The Boat Race from the Brewery.

—C.W.S., in the "Star."

## HATES HIS "MISSES."

A visiting "county champion" had been invited to open the new municipal golf course. The man was no novice, yet the occasion made him nervous, and the presence of a large, curious crowd and various municipal officials put him off his game. His proud wife was among the spectators. The great man swung his club and missed. Dead silence. Another swing and another miss. The crowd began to titter, then to laugh out aloud. This infuriated the wife. "It's no laughing matter!" she shouted at the assembly. "Believe me, nobody hates his misses more than my husband!"

## THE LARGEST FOLLOWING.

"Yes, my friends," said the local preacher, "some admire Moses, the great law-giver; some Paul, who spread the Gospel. But which character in the Bible has had the largest following?"

A voice from the back of the hall: "Ananias!"

## MR. AND MRS. STOCKER'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

On November 9th, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Stocker celebrated their Golden Wedding. The Directors sent them congratulatory greetings, wishing them all happiness. That, too, was the wish of many, many more, for Mr. Stocker's friends are legion. May his health improve and may he and Mrs. Stocker find much joy in this, the evening of their lives.

## READING CRICKET CLUB BALL.

The Reading Cricket Club, which provides such excellent sport during the summer months, is holding a New Year's Eve Ball in the Town Halls. There will be the personal appearance of Howard Baker and his Band (of the Savoy and Park Lane Hotels, London) and the event promises to be a highly enjoyable one. The tickets are 5/- each, and may be obtained from Mr. J. W. Stratton, 9, Bulmershe Road, Reading. Dancing will be from 8.30 p.m. to 2 a.m.

## SIMONDS' TENNIS CLUB.

Nearly two hundred danced to the strains of music provided by Alex. McMurray and his Orchestra at a Dance organised by the Tennis Club at Palm Lodge on Tuesday, 3rd December, 1935. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Louis Simonds and Mr. R. St. J. Quarry, and in a short speech Mr. Simonds expressed thanks to all present for their support and also gave a brief résumé of the doings of the Club. He hoped the membership would increase next season. During the evening Mrs. Simonds kindly presented the Tennis (Singles) Challenge Cups (1935 season) to the winners, Miss E. A. Prosser and Mr. C. H. Perrin. Foxtrot and waltz competitions were judged by Miss Vera White and Mr. Derrick Franklyn and resulted in Mr. and Mrs. Turner winning the former and Miss Dimsdale and Mr. Johnson the latter. Other prizewinners were: Spot Dances—Miss Boyce and Mr. Viner, Miss Smith and Mr. Aldridge; Lucky Ticket awards—Miss Bailey, Mr. Turner and Mr. Treacher. The Dance Committee takes this opportunity to thank all those who assisted to make the event such a successful one, especially to the donors of prizes. Mr. R. Huddy, the newly elected Secretary of the Tennis Club, worked very hard to make the Dance the great success it undoubtedly proved to be. His efforts augur well for the club's future progress.

## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Not very far away from the Brewery a little while ago there was an unusual happening. A motor cyclist had an accident (fortunately not very serious) and came off his cycle, which fell on him. Naturally the nearest passer-by rushed to his assistance and, lifting the "bike" off the injured person, the cycle literally flew out of his hands. It dashed across the road "against the lights" and hit the door of one of our houses with a bang. Fortunately, the "bike" did not hit anyone, but made a bit of a mess of the door.

Here is another story and concerns an ordinary cycle. Someone had occasion to go into a shop to do some shopping, leaving his "bike" against the kerb. Coming out and carrying several parcels, he got hold of a "bike," pushed it across a very busy street and discovered when he had got to the other side that it wasn't *his*. However, it all ended satisfactorily.

The other night "down at our pub" we were talking about "bikes" and nearly everyone had a tale to tell. One said a friend of his, on coming out of a shop could not find his "bike." However, his fears were soon put at rest, for a lady was pushing his cycle back and assured him she had taken it in mistake for her own. It seems a tall order, but I was solemnly told it was perfectly true.

The tale I heard concerning a motor car capped the lot. A gentleman having made a call, on coming out, cried out that his car was missing. His friends asked him the number, which he gave. "Well," said one, "this car here must be yours as it bears the number you have just given." The owner answered, "It can't be, as mine hasn't a sunshine roof." It was his car all right, but whilst he was making his call apparently someone had loosened the roof and slid it back, a thing the owner did not realise.

All friends of Mr. A. Grove, our Engineer, will be sorry to learn that he is laid up and will wish him a speedy recovery. For some little while now he has not been well. Here's wishing him an early return to duty.

It does not seem very long ago when a few anxious souls were wondering, owing to the long drought, whether supplies of beer would still be forthcoming. At the moment of writing it would seem that it will be a job to keep the water out of the Brewery, for the Kennet, which is adjacent, is rising rather rapidly.

November this year has been somewhat of a more eventful month owing to the General Election, and many members of our Firm have been helping in various ways, and the result was to their liking. Quite a number of cars were mobilised on polling day and everything passed off without any untoward incident.

Actually, I suppose November 5th is a somewhat anxious day (or rather night) for many Brewery fathers. However, as far as I am able to gather, there were no casualties.

Armistice Day, November 11th, was observed with due solemnity at the Brewery. The Two Minutes' Silence seems quite a long time and many memories must have raced through our minds during that time.

So far the winter has been mild and the staff, in consequence, seem to have benefited accordingly, for we can report a clean bill of health.

Congratulations to the Brewery First Eleven on winning the football, presented by *The Evening Gazette* for scoring the highest number of goals. This was a nice present for defeating Sonning by 8 goals to 1, and truth to tell, Sonning scored first! Although early days, it seems to me that the Brewery are well on the way to winning another league. They have not been defeated yet in their new league and are very near the top. As they are now in the premier Division—amongst all the top-notchers—their progress is really wonderful.

At the end of October, with many others from the Brewery, I visited Aldershot, where Reading were defeated by 1 goal to nil. The result was, from our point of view, somewhat disappointing, but every credit must be given the Aldershot team for the spirited fight they made of it. The result was not unjust, but I thought a draw would have been more in keeping with the play. However, congratulations to Aldershot, but please do not do it again when we are after promotion.

The whole town's talking about the football the Reading team are now playing, and if it can be maintained we ought to be having Second Division football at Elm Park next season. We had a fright from Bristol City when they came to Elm Park, and for the benefit of our Bristol friends they will be pleased to hear their stalwarts played quite well, in spite of being defeated.

Now we have to meet the Corinthians: there will be searching for that "old school tie."

By the way, we were favoured with a wonderful "tie" on Election Day. It had to be seen to be believed, and *it was seen*.

It would seem that Plymouth Argyle are all out for promotion. The new players they have recently signed on, no doubt, they hope will do the trick.

Portsmouth are not nicely placed in the League and victories are scarce for them just at the moment. Their Reserve side, however, are top of the London Combination League and have not been defeated so far, I believe.

What of Brighton. They are somewhat "in and out." Nevertheless, as Reading have to visit them shortly, I expect they are saving up something special for our visit.

#### CHANGES OF TENANTS.

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

The Jolly Farmer, Sandhurst (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. Wilkinson.

The Old London Apprentice (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. F. Chart.

The Royal Oak, Brighton (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. Mann.

The Masons Arms, Oxford (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. W. Cope.

The Prince Arthur, Ealing (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. J. H. Gunning.

The Queen's Head, Knaphill (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. W. H. Brookes.

#### DEATHS.

We much regret the death of Mr. J. Searle, Royal Oak, Knaphill, on the 28th October. Mr. Searle had been a tenant of Messrs. Ashby's since 1906. The following extract is from the *Woking News and Mail*:—

"An exceedingly well-known Knaphill resident, Mr. Joseph Searle, died at his home on Monday, at the age of 66. He had been licensee of the Royal Oak Inn, Anchor Hill, Lower Knaphill, for thirty years, and had many friends in the district. He was born at Bisley and had lived in the neighbourhood all his life.

"In his younger days Mr. Searle was a keen sportsman, but for some time he had been in poor health. He leaves a widow, one son and one daughter."

We are sorry to record the death of Mr. E. A. Hamblin, Fir Trees, Cold Ash, who died on the 2nd November. He had been a tenant of this House since November, 1919. The following extract is from the *Newbury Weekly News*:—

"The death took place on November 2nd of Mr. Ernest Alban Hamblin, of The Fir Trees, Cold Ash, at the age of 49 years, after an illness lasting about two years. It was only during the last five months that he took to his bed. Deceased was the youngest son of the late Mr. Ambrose Hamblin, of Cold Ash, and formerly of Speen.

"When quite a young man, Mr. Hamblin emigrated to Australia, but when war broke out in 1914 he joined the Australian Forces, and was engaged in the landing at Gallipoli, where he was wounded. He afterwards saw service in France, when he was again wounded. At the time of his death, deceased had a piece of shrapnel in his head, the result of his war services. Mr. Hamblin married the youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Brown, of Cold Ash, who survives him. He also leaves four sons and one daughter. The eldest son is serving on H.M.S. *Revenge*, now stationed at Alexandria.

"Besides being a prominent member of the Hartley Lodge, R.A.O.B., he was also a member of the Cold Ash, Hermitage and Curridge Branch of the British Legion."

To all relatives we extend our sincere and deepest sympathy.

#### PRESENTATION TO MR. W. YEO.

The following extract is from the *Berkshire Chronicle*, and refers to Mr. W. Yeo, who was a tenant of the Firm at the Castle Inn, Hurst, for four and a half years:—

"During the evening, Mr. Campbell Dykes presented a solid silver tankard to Mr. W. Yeo, in recognition of his secretarial services. It bore the following inscription: 'Presented to W. Yeo, Esq., the Hon. Secretary, 1931-35, by Members of the Hurst and District Bowling Club as a token of their esteem and regard.'

"Acknowledging the gift, Mr. Yeo said the question had been asked why the Hurst Bowling Club annual dinner was held at Maidenhead. He had replied that it was because the majority of members came from Maidenhead and there were no facilities for the function in the village."

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

If all our misfortunes were laid in one common heap whence everyone must take an equal portion, most people would be content to take their own and depart.—SOCRATES.

Never scald your lips with another man's porridge.

Slog in! Genius is one part inspiration and three parts perspiration.

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage ; half shut afterwards.

By the road called Straight we come to the house called Beautiful.

If you can't push, pull ; if you can't pull, please get out of the way.

A sponge to wipe out the past ; a rose to make the present sweet ; and a kiss to salute the future.

The best preacher is the heart ; the best teacher is time ; the best book is the world ; the best friend is God.

The heart that loves is always young.

If Fate throws a knife at you there are two ways of catching it—by the blade and by the handle.

In buying horses and in taking a wife shut your eyes tight and commend yourself to God.

He who offends writes on sand ; he who is offended on marble.

Public money is like holy water ; everybody helps himself to it.

For a web begun God sends the thread.

It is not enough for a man to know how to ride ; he must know how to fall.

The store of knowledge has no bargain sales.

If you can't heal the wound, don't tear it open.

After an earner comes a waster.

God helps us, but don't lie on your back.

A wise man moveth one foot and standeth fast with the other.

God looks out of the window of heaven and keeps account.

Strangers forgive—parents forget.

Don't keep your wishbone where your backbone ought to be.

No one who is waiting for a chance will find one ; chances are running on ahead.

## MY PRAYER.

Since I must play the game of life ; this is my prayer—  
Though I may lose, let me preserve a smiling face ;  
Let me not scorn the weak who falter in the race ;  
Let me be merciful—*let me play fair !*

God sends great angels in our sore dismay,  
But little ones go in and out all day.

## JUDGE NOT.

What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,  
In God's pure light may only be  
A scar, brought from some well-won field,  
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

They that govern the most make the least noise.

The wind and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.

## FISHING IN TORBAY.

To the average freshwater angler the word "sea-fishing" brings visions of broomstick-like rods, large reels, thick line and a contraption like an ironmonger's shop, which goes by the name of "paternoster," terminated with about  $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb. of lead. He visualizes this being hurled into the sea from the pier-head after pieces of ragworm have been attached to about half-a-dozen treble gut hooks. The fish are supposed to take this bait, and in doing so conveniently ring a bell at the top of the rod. This is the sign for the sea-fisherman to murderously reel in a dab or a whiting which probably weighs about 4 ozs.

No wonder the roach and perch experts with their thread line have no time for sea-fishing.

In Torbay the method of fishing is different.

The chief fish angled for are pollack, wrasse, bass, mackerel and conger.

For pollack and wrasse the tackle used is almost the same as for perch or light pike.

Light rod, 100 yards of fairly light silk line (well greased), a 5-foot gut trace, size 6 or 4 hook to undrawn gut, a running cork float, and a good free-running reel.

The best bait to use is live prawn, which can be bought at sixpence a dozen.

The ideal spot to fish is from a large rock where the water is from 10 feet deep at low water—if you can find a hole 20 feet deep it is better. I have found that it is best to fish over a bottom that is chiefly large rocks and weeds.

Plumb the depth, and tie an elastic band on the line so that when the float has run up to it the bait will be about 6 feet off bottom. The lead should be on the line so that the prawn can swim freely on the 5-foot trace. The hook is put through the last joint of the prawn's tail.

Now for the cast. Don't try and cast about 50 yards. If you do the prawn will probably land about 10 yards past the hook. Just cast about 4 or 5 yards from the rocks; your float will bob about in the swell and if the fish are feeding it will soon disappear. Don't strike hard: you might be into a  $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. pollack or it might be a 10-pounder.

They fight well and are game to the last. When you can get it in near enough, draw it over the net or gaff it if it's big enough.

Very big pollack are rare in Torbay, but your average fish will be about 2 lb. with a few up to 5 lb.

Small wrasse will probably be troublesome as they have the habit of biting the prawn in half and leaving the hook, but fish of over a lb. take the bait well and give splendid sport. Wrasse of over 10 lb. have been taken in Torbay.

Float fishing for bass is rather different. Choose a day when the sea is choppy or even rough. Fish in shallower water and work the bait round the rocks, or cast from the rocks into the breakers on the beach; fish between 3 and 6 feet deep.

Bass like a big bait and they take it with a rush; they are probably the gamest fish round the coast of this country. Large prawns are a good bait, but a hungry bass will take anything.

Mackerel can be caught off the rocks, and for their weight fight longer than any fish I have had the pleasure of killing.

For these fish much lighter tackle is needed. I find that to get the maximum sport an ordinary roach outfit is ideal. Bait with a small strip of mackerel or live bait.

Very large bags of mackerel can be taken if a boat is used, and a small spinner instead of float tackle.

Garfish or horse-mackerel are also taken on mackerel bait, but they take a long time to swallow it. Once hooked they are very game and leap as much as three feet out of the water.

All these kinds of fish can be taken on various types of spinners and flies, besides the method I have stated.

For the heavier angling, conger fishing is a real thrill.

For these large fish you need a 7- or 8-foot stout rod with plenty of backbone, a large reel with a check, 75 to 100 yards of twisted flax line of about 35-lb. breaking strain, a running lead of 3 or 4 ozs., and a large swivel conger hook, which is more like a meat hook than anything else. Expensive traces are not necessary; just 6 inches of fairly fine galvanized wire so that the fish do not bite the line.

I find that the best spots to fish are where the water is fairly shallow and with a shelving rocky and weedy bottom. The depth say, 5 feet, close in at low water.

The best baits are squid, mackerel and herring. Use a piece of squid 5 inches long and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide, or a third of a mackerel or herring.

Have the lead 2 feet from the bait; cast about 40 yards; reel in tight and wait.

If the conger are feeding you will soon hear the sweetest of music (at least to a fisherman!): your reel will scream.

Don't get excited and strike : shut off the check and let him get the bait well into his mouth ; in doing so the fish will probably tear off yards of line, or he might gorge it on the spot. Switch the check on and strike very firmly.

What a thrill when you find your hook has gone home ! Try and keep him off the bottom. If it's a good fish you won't be able to hold him, but if you can manage to keep it clear of the rocks you will eventually bring it to the top. He will lash the water and want very gently coaxing to a place where you can slide him on to a low rock or gaff him with a very sharp gaff.

Having dragged it high and dry, run a knife into its brain. Don't try and get the hook out until the brute is dead.

Conger from 6 lb. up give good sport and over 10 lb. want careful handling.

The record rod-caught conger weighed 84 lb., but if you land one half that weight you can feel proud of yourself. A 20-pounder will probably be your limit from the rocks in Torbay. There are dozens of this weight caught here and hundreds round about 10 lb.

Dogfish are also taken on conger bait. I have had them up to 12 lb., but they are poor fighters.

If you intend to fish for conger, remember where there are rocks there are conger.

Whilst I was conger-fishing this season I hooked a small one of 2 lb. and had reeled it in about 4 yards when my reel went off with a mad rush. After a hard fight I gained control and saw my fish. I found it was a monster of about 30 lb., and he had my small one across the back. I knew I shouldn't land it, but had a good try, and when within gaffing distance he let go of the small one. He had bitten right through the backbone and the two halves were hanging by a small piece of skin. He was a beauty, and looked like a serpent in the water.

I expect most of you will have said by now, "Another fisherman's lie," but this episode was witnessed by a Reading man.

Conger are great sport and have tremendous power in their tails ; they also bark like dogs.

You can fish for pollack and throw out a rod for conger, as the roach fisherman throws one out for pike, but this is not so successful as picking the water for each fish.

I believe these methods are general on the Devon and Cornish coasts, so next time any freshwater anglers visit the West Country, I should advise them to bring all their tackle. With the right bait and a little local information (not from boatmen), you will have good sport.

" TIGHT LINES " (R.F.G.).

## BASINGSTOKE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' ASSOCIATION.

### SUCCESSFUL BANQUET AND BALL.

The brilliant success which attended the first banquet and ball held a year ago by the Basingstoke and District Licensed Victuallers' Association was equalled if not surpassed by a similar function which took place at the Town Hall, Basingstoke, on Tuesday night, November 12th, when about 150 guests assembled. Mr. F. A. Simonds (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.), this year's President of the Association, was a commanding figure in the chair, and others present included Mr. G. Smith (Chairman of the Association), Mrs. Smith, Captain V. E. H. Langford, M.C., T.D. (Meredith & Drew), who was President last year, Mr. Louis Simonds, the Mayor of Basingstoke (Mr. W. W. Webber), Col. H. Charrington, M.C., T.D., Mr. M. V. Courage, Major Pain, Mr. A. P. F. Chapman, the famous cricketer (Buchanan), Rev. A. W. Badger, Mr. H. Leavers (National Trade Defence Association), the Deputy Mayor (Mr. H. Goodall), Mrs. Goodall, Mr. W. Bowyer (Home Trade Manager for H. & G. Simonds Ltd.).

The Officers and Committee of the Association for the present year may be complimented upon their highly successful organisation of the function. They are : Messrs. G. W. Smith (Chairman), G. Russell (Vice-Chairman), F. W. Sweetman (Treasurer), F. D. Tomlin (Hon. Secretary), T. Berry, F. Dowling, F. Whiterow, E. Freemantle, T. Leavey, J. Jarvis, C. Hall, and Mrs. Faires. The menu and toast list, beautifully illustrated with sketches of Basing House, and containing portraits of the President and the Chairman, formed an attractive souvenir of the occasion.

During the banquet the orchestral section of the Band of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, discoursed delightful music from a stage handsomely adorned with palms and flowering plants from the President's conservatories. In addition to providing cigars and cigarettes for the company, the President did not forget the ladies, to whom boxes of chocolates were distributed.

After the loyal toasts had been drunk, especial mention being made by the President of the youngest member of the Royal House, the son of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the National Anthem was sung.

Mr. F. W. Sweetman proposed the toast of the Mayor and Corporation. The Mayor responded.

The President proposed the toast of the Basingstoke and District Licensed Victuallers' Association, coupling with it the name

of its Chairman, Mr. George Smith. He said he felt highly honoured in being asked to preside that night and to propose the toast of the great Association which was responsible for that jolly party and responsible also to a great extent for public welfare and public discipline. Magistrates and Mayors might come and go, but from year's end to year's end the licensed victuallers were continuously responsible for creating discipline. He had to couple with this toast the name of Mr. George Smith. Mr. Smith was nursed in the cradle of the licensed victuallers in Reading. He dropped out of that cradle and had now become a respected member of the licensed victualling trade in Basingstoke. If anybody was entitled to speak to Mr. Smith on the telephone it was himself, but lately when he tried to do so he found that Mr. Smith's number was engaged, and the reason for that was that everybody was trying to get tickets for that evening's entertainment. The popularity of that entertainment was a tribute to Mr. Smith and the organisation of which he was Chairman. He (the President) occupied an important position in the wholesale trade, but in the presence of such eminent representatives as Colonel Charrington, Mr. Courage, Mr. Chapman and others, he could only offer his humble obeisance. The wholesale trade did try to do their best for the retailers. He said last year that he was responsible for suggesting to the Chancellor of the Exchequer that there should be a reduction in the beer duty which was imposed by Mr. Philip (now Lord) Snowden, of ineffaceable memory. (*Laughter.*) Those who were responsible for that effort might congratulate themselves on having introduced an element of advantage in the retail trade. He gathered that the consumption in their houses had increased and that the general conditions were very much better. But that would not have been accomplished but for co-operation between the wholesale trade and the retailers. When he mentioned that a small firm like his own had recently spent £140,000 on repairs and decorations of their licensed houses it was some indication of the fact that they were a useful body. That money would not have been spent unless there had been some prospect of prosperity in the trade to induce them to spend it. And some of the larger firms would not have spent so much if there had not been that prospect of prosperity. Between them he thought they might claim to have done some good in that part of the world. As a wholesaler he was grateful to the retailers for their co-operation. The retailers were an active and virile body and he hoped their organisation would continue to be as active as it had been during the last twelve months.

Mr. G. W. Smith said he rose with a great amount of diffidence inasmuch as he had got to try to hold them without the aid of a piano. (*Laughter.*) He heartily thanked the President for the munificent manner in which he was supporting that function.

Their President was a great asset on an occasion like this. That night he felt a very proud man when he looked round and saw that wonderful gathering. It was naturally pleasing to him and he thanked them all for making that function such a success. (*Applause.*)

Mr. H. Leaver proposed the toast of the Wholesale Trade, coupling with it the name of Colonel Charrington. He said it was a comprehensive toast, because it included the brewers, the whisky people, and all the allied wholesalers. In their President, Mr. Simonds, they had a powerful Past Chairman of the Brewers' Society.

Colonel Charrington, responding, said he had spent 27 years in soldiering and only three years in the wholesale trade. The President had said that he felt rather humble in the presence of some of the representatives of the London trade, but he could assure them that during the time Mr. Simonds was Chairman of the Brewers' Society he made a mark that would not easily be forgotten.

Captain Langford, who received an ovation, proposed the toast of the Ladies and Visitors in an enlivening and humorous speech.

Mr. Herbert Whetham responded for the Visitors, and Mr. H. Robinson, of Southampton, for the Ladies.

The President proposed the health of the Toastmaster (Mr. E. W. Poynter), remarking that he had done his job extremely well.

Mr. G. Russell (Six Bells Hotel, Bramley), Vice-Chairman of the Association, proposed the health of the President, and spoke of his great generosity in helping to make that evening's function the success that it was. Their Association had been very lucky in the choice of its President in the last two years, and he hoped they would be as fortunate in the future. He thanked the President most heartily for providing the beautiful floral decorations and for the presents that had been passed round to the ladies. (*Applause.*)

The toast was drunk with the utmost enthusiasm, and the company sang "For he's a jolly good fellow," and gave three hearty cheers.

The President thanked the company for their cordial reception of the toast, and said he had had a very enjoyable evening. When Mr. George Smith approached him last year, after the most successful evening they had under the presidency of Captain Langford, and invited him to take Captain Langford's place, he could say nothing but "Yes" straight away. Anything he had done that night had

been done with the desire to help the Association. He had received an apology on the telephone from a gentleman he honoured very highly and who was with them a year ago. He referred to Mr. Drummond Wolff, who was then the Member of Parliament for the Basingstoke Division. He wanted to be there again that night and to thank his friends and supporters, but unfortunately he would shortly have to go into a nursing home again for another operation. He was sure he would be echoing their sentiments when he sent to Mr. Drummond Wolff an expression of his deepest sympathy with him in his continued affliction. (*Hear, hear.*) He had had an apology from Col. Courage, but he was glad to see Colonel Courage's son there representing a firm that had great interests in that neighbourhood. He should like to thank Col. Charrington for his presence. Colonel Charrington was not perhaps so well known there as Mrs. Charrington, who was the daughter of a gentleman whose name was revered in that constituency—he referred to the late Mr. Arthur Jeffreys. He meant to say something that night about agriculture, but as his friend and neighbour, Mr. Hooper, was keeping a watchful eye upon him he must be careful. They would remember that last year he gave a pledge that the brewers would use increased quantities of native-grown barley provided certain reductions in the beer duty were granted. The brewers had religiously kept to that pledge ever since despite the vapourings and disparagements of certain sections of the farming community. That pledge had been kept to the advantage of the consumers and of the whole country, and they were going to stick to that pledge.

The company then adjourned downstairs while the room was cleared for the dance that was to follow, and with this jollity the function was carried on until 2 o'clock.

The above is an abbreviated report from the *Hants and Berks Gazette*.

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SIMONDS BEER

2S

SUPERB

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## A NATURE NOTE.

### THE COMING AND GOING OF DICKIE HARE.

An April day was drawing to its close in a riot of glorious colour. A flame of coppery pink merged into fiery gold and then into lemon yellow, while blues and palest green and every conceivable colour was patched and streaked and dotted and shaded over the western sky beneath a storm cloud of purple-mauve flecked over with crimson.

Rooks in twos and threes slipped across the colour, returning to their nests, and a missel thrush, mindful of the coming rain, piped his warning in ringing tones from the top of a tree.

And beneath the glory of the sky at the edge of a rough field lay three tiny, furry bodies of three baby hares, each one no bigger than a small orange. And so they were found by M. as she wandered in the evening air.

A baby rabbit is born beneath the ground and is blind and furless and ugly, but a baby hare lies in the grass and is born quite perfect and lovely. What had happened to the mother of these three who shall say, but two of the leverets were stiff and cold. The third showed no sign of life, but still he was limp and warm. Hastily M. laid him round her neck for warmth and carried him home; then wrapped him in softest wool and put him in the half-cold oven. Ten minutes passed and suddenly two bright eyes were opened, two black-tipped little ears were raised, and soon a golden ball of fur was sitting in the palm of M.'s hand. Dickie Hare had come!

### A FEEDING PROBLEM.

How was this small Dickie to be fed? Many experiments were tried, but the wee thing failed to suck. At last a piece of rubber from a bicycle valve was fitted to the point of a fountain pen filler and soon the little pink mouth was sucking warm milk audibly and joyfully.

Every two hours for three weeks Dickie fed in this way, endearing himself during the time to all in the house, including Jan the terrier. Everywhere, in and out, up and down stairs, went that golden ball; tearing round and round when he wanted his food, cuddling into a lap for a sleep, lying round M.'s neck for a warm, or bullying Jan for a place between his paws. When found he weighed under four ounces, and though he did not grow fast he steadily put on weight.

At last it was decided that Dickie must drink from a saucer, and the furry nose was pushed into the milk. He hated it—and with a piteous little sound he rushed to Jan, holding up his milky face; Jan understood the trouble at once and obligingly licked it clean.

But soon Dickie was used to the saucer, and every evening throughout his life it was placed for him. He did not lap the milk, but sucked and guzzled it with noisy delight, and, having finished, Jan cleaned his face and then polished the saucer.

As summer days came the wee man had the freedom of the garden with a hutch in the corner if he chose to use it. He learnt to eat dandelions, sow-thistles, grass, twigs of willow, hawthorn, etc., but never once did he touch any garden flower or vegetable not even carnations or lettuce. His greatest treat was a handful of raspberries or a pear. If a friend passed down the path two soft paws would reach up to his calf, or a warm, furry body would rub against his feet, but his love for M. surpassed all else. He would spring into her arms and nuzzle against her throat, or, putting his pretty paws on her shoulder, would nibble and inspect her hat, showing deep preference for felt rather than straw.

When winter came he was fully grown, some 5½ lbs. in weight. His hutch was brought under cover and filled with hay, and there he drowsed many hours away, coming into the house when he chose to go up and down after M., to play with Jan, to sit by the fire and attend to his toilet. No gentleman in the land was ever cleaner than Dick in habit and person. And what wonderful fur he had! Every hair had three divisions of colour: pure white at the root, then black, then ruddy gold, and every day it was all brushed till spotless and shining by Dick himself.

He did not like the wet and cold and welcomed the return of spring and warmth, and the growth of the garden, with every demonstration of pleasure and joy in mere living. He investigated everything; he stood on one spot and swung himself round, he jumped high into the air and kicked as he came down, he danced for fun and scooted and ran, and teased Jan and M.

#### THE PASSING OF DICKIE.

So May was reached. Then came disaster. A strange man was working next door and over the fence he saw poor Dick. Out shot an arm, with fatal aim came a cruel stone, and Dickie, raising his pretty head, got it behind the ear. M., who had seen from the window, flew to his rescue and gathered him into her arms. But

alas! the little body was, once more limp, and in less than an hour Dickie was dead, done to his death by man's everlasting and cruel desire to kill!

He had come with the colour of April; he went in the glory of May. Only a hare—just one little scrap from the wild, but when he was gone how quiet seemed the house, how lonely the garden, how lost was Jan, how sad was M., without that bright little presence. How grey for a time seemed all the sunshine to his friends, lacking the love and interest and fun bestowed upon them by just one quaint, confiding, amusing, loving, never-to-be-forgotten Dickie Hare!

The above charming article was written by "A.H.W." and appeared in *The Reading Standard*.

#### TIM, AN IRISH TERRIER.

It's wonderful dogs they're breeding now:  
Small as a flea or large as a cow;  
But my old lad, Tim, he'll never be bet  
By any dog that ever he met.  
"Come on," says he, "for I'm not kilt yet."

No matter the size of the dog he'll meet,  
Tim trails his coat the length o' the street.  
D'ye mind his scars an' his ragged ear,  
The like of a Dublin Fusilier?  
He's a masscree dog that knows no fear.

But he'd stick to me till his latest breath;  
An' he'd go with me to the gates of death.  
He'd wait for a thousand years, maybe,  
Scratching the door an' whining for me  
If myself were inside Purgatory.

So I laugh when I hear them make it plain  
That dogs and men never meet again.  
For all their talk, who'd listen to thim,  
With the soul in the shining eyes of him?  
Would God be wasting a dog like Tim?

—W. M. Letts.

## A GREAT THOUGHT.

"There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land; but has thought on the mother 'that looked on his childhood,' that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to her son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity—and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him."—Washington Irving.

## MESSRS. H. &amp; G. SIMONDS, LTD., DART LEAGUE.

The Dart League started this year with a season's experience behind it, and consequently has made a really good show. Matches have been played during the last four weeks throughout all districts and the games have been enjoyed by all. Two very good teams have asserted themselves, "The Jolly Brewers" and "The Tanners Arms," both leading their respective Divisions on merit. It is a long time until next May, and there are many teams that have allowable aspirations to leadership. These will give the present leaders solid opposition when the time comes to meet and everything points to a close competitive finish.

The General Secretary has noted the varied entry in the *Evening Gazette* Championship Cup and is disappointed that some of those entries were not included in the League. Maybe these teams will appreciate the spirit of open competition and be early entries next year. The Firm's tenants should bear in mind that the Dart League has come to stay and causes a definite interest throughout the long winter and they will be well advised to participate.

League tables up to and including October 29th, 1935:—

DIVISION A.						
	P.	W.	D.	L.	Pts.	
Jolly Brewers ... ..	4	3	1	0	7	
World Turned Upside Down	4	3	0	1	6	
Blue Lion ... ..	4	3	0	1	6	
Victoria Arms ... ..	4	3	0	1	6	
Merry Maidens ... ..	4	3	0	1	6	
Little Crown ... ..	4	2	0	2	4	
Shades ... ..	4	2	0	2	4	
Three Brewers... ..	4	2	0	2	4	
Horse and Jockey ... ..	4	1	2	1	4	
Anglers Arms ... ..	4	1	1	2	3	
Bugle ... ..	4	1	1	2	3	
Fisherman's Cottage ... ..	4	1	1	2	3	
Waggon and Horses ... ..	4	1	1	2	3	
New Inn ... ..	3	1	0	2	2	
Horncastle ... ..	3	0	1	2	1	
Black Horse ... ..	4	0	0	4	0	

DIVISION B.						
	P.	W.	D.	L.	Pts.	
Tanners Arms ... ..	4	4	0	0	8	
Fox and Hounds ... ..	4	3	1	0	7	
London Tavern ... ..	4	3	0	1	6	
Hop Leaf ... ..	4	2	1	1	5	
Wynford Arms ... ..	4	2	0	2	4	
Bedford Arms ... ..	4	2	0	2	4	
Star ... ..	4	1	2	1	4	
Sailors' Home ... ..	4	1	2	1	4	
Brunswick Arms ... ..	4	2	0	2	4	
Victoria Arms ... ..	4	2	0	2	4	
Bell ... ..	4	1	1	2	3	
Station Hotel ... ..	4	1	1	2	3	
Leopold Arms ... ..	4	1	1	2	3	
Brewery Tap ... ..	4	0	2	2	2	
Rising Sun ... ..	4	0	2	2	2	
Crown ... ..	4	0	1	3	1	

The above report was unavoidably held over last month.

## DART TOURNAMENT AT MORTIMER.

On Saturday evening, November 23rd, one of Mr. E. W. Kent's luxurious motor coaches conveyed a team of dart players from the Pelican Inn, Pamber Heath (Messrs. H. & G. Simonds' house) to the Railway Hotel, Mortimer (Messrs. Strange & Son's house) to play Mr. "Dick" Mason's team of dart players. Mr. Jack Benham, the popular landlord of the Pelican, accompanied the visiting team, and a real sporting game was played between 15 pairs of competitors. The visitors' luck seemed fairly out, although many very even games were played. Seven games were won by Mortimer straight off, then Mr. W. Evans, a Pelican player, brought

off a victory amidst great applause. Continuing, Mortimer won seven more games; thus the unusual result: 15 games played, 14 won by Mortimer and 1 game only won by Pamber Heath. Harmony followed, a happy evening closing with "Auld Lang Syne" and "The King."

A pair of spectacles was recently picked up outside the Brewery. The owner may have them by applying at the Brewery.

**H. & G. Simonds, Limited,**  
**RETAILERS SOCIETY.**

**GRAND XMAS**  
**WHIST DRIVE and DANCE**

at  
**PALM LODGE**

on  
**Wednesday, December 18th**

8 p.m. till 2 a.m.                      Dance 10.30

**Admission 2/6 inclusive.      Dance only 1/6**

1/- will be refunded to Whist Players who leave before 10.30

**PRIZES** consisting of—

Turkeys, Ducks, Chicken, Hams, Wines, Spirits, Cakes, Groceries, etc.

Music by  
**CHARLIE EVANS & HIS BAND**

**Make this a Real Good Evening!**

**THE LIGHTER SIDE.**

"Was he very much cast down after he'd spoken to papa?"

"Yes. Three flights of stairs."

\* \* \* \*

"I see you're letting your little boy drive your car."

"Yes, he's still too young to be trusted as a pedestrian."

\* \* \* \*

FATHER: "Your first fiancé was Albert, your second Bertram, and your third Clement. Is that just chance, or are you thinking of going through the alphabet?"

\* \* \* \*

Two American detectives dragged a battered and bruised object before the inspector. "Waal, chief," said one, "I guess we got him to confess all right."

"For Pete's sake, what d'ya mean?" was the reply. "That's the guy that's making the complaint!"

\* \* \* \*

IRATE GOLFER: "You must take your children away from here, madam. This is no place for them."

MOTHER: "Don't you worry. They can't 'ear nothing new. Their father was a sergeant-major, 'e was!"

\* \* \* \*

"Can I use yer mangle a meenute?"

"Aye, but what for d'ye want it?"

"Tae clean oot ma tooth-paste tube."

\* \* \* \*

Two friends were talking together of their respective husbands. Said one: "My husband is very cruel and unkind to me."

"Indeed," replied the other. "What does he do—beat you?"

"No. He keeps all his fish hooks in his trousers pockets."

"Patience and perseverance will accomplish all things," said a passenger in a railway compartment.

"Nonsense, sir," said a fellow passenger. "Will patience and perseverance enable you to carry water in a sieve?"

"Certainly!"

"I would like to know how?"

"Simply by waiting patiently for the water to freeze."

\* \* \* \*

FATHER (intense with excitement): "Well, boy, what happened when you asked the boss for a rise?"

SON: Why, he was like a lamb."

FATHER: "What did he say?"

SON: "Baa!"

\* \* \* \*

"What's happened to old Jones? I haven't seen him for some time."

"Oh! He went on a Government mission to get inside information of cannibal life in the Pacific, and I think he must have got it."

\* \* \* \*

HUSBAND (consolingly): "Oh, sweetheart, don't throw those biscuits out. I think I can use them."

WIFE: "Oh, you mean you perhaps can eat them after all?"

HUSBAND: "Why no, but I was thinking of starting a rock garden."

\* \* \* \*

DIRECTOR: In this scene, my dear, the young man rushes into the room, grabs you, binds you with rope from head to foot, and then smothers you with kisses and hugs."

ACTRESS: "Is the young man tall, dark, and handsome?"

DIRECTOR: "Yes. Why?"

ACTRESS: "Then he won't need any rope!"

FRIEND: "I notice your wife has a habit of saying 'And so on and so on.' Can you tell me what she means?"

HENPECKED HUSBAND: "I'm afraid I can't. But she's certainly not referring to my buttons."

\* \* \* \*

A youth of 17, just left school, was fond of assuming the attitude of a grown-up man. He appeared at dances in evening dress, and was in the habit of shaving—or pretending to. One day he strutted into a well-known barber's shop and in loud and important tones ordered the barber to shave his beard. The barber was fond of a joke and took the order seriously. Hot water was produced, the boy was shown a seat and otherwise prepared. His chin was then well lathered and the razor particularly well sharpened. The barber then walked quietly away and stood chatting with a friend. At length the boy turned round angrily and asked why the barber did not attend to him.

With utmost gravity and politeness the barber replied: "I am waiting for your beard."

\* \* \* \*

A newly-married couple had just left their parents and had gone into a home of their own. A few weeks afterwards the husband lost a button off his shirt and asked his wife to sew one on. Later, he found that she had not sewn on the button; so he decided that he would remind her. He got the lid of a boot-polish tin, bored two holes in it, and sewed that on the shirt.

When he came to put the shirt on again he found, to his amazement, that his wife had made a buttonhole big enough to fit the lid!

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Hobson was anxious to learn the latest about her neighbour's accident, and, turning towards her husband, who was reading the evening paper, said: "James, did you see anything in the paper about Mr. Parker running over his mother-in-law?"

"Not yet," replied Mr. Hobson. "I haven't come to the sporting news!"

\* \* \* \*

If the public wants to know just where all the public money has gone that has been spent in the past few years, what a fine chance the mystery-story writers are going to have.

Daddy was confined to the house with influenza, and mother was busy sterilising the dishes which had come from the sick-room.

"Why do you do that?" asked four-year-old Donald.

"Because, dear, daddy has germs, and the germs get on the dishes. I boil the dishes, and that kills the germs."

Donald turned this over in his mind for several minutes; then: "Mother, why don't you boil daddy and get it all over at once?"

\* \* \* \*

She was entertaining a bridge party. Presently the patter of tiny feet could be heard on the upstairs landing. She raised her hand for silence.

"'Ssh!" she whispered. "The children are about to deliver their good-night message. It always gives me such a feeling of reverence to hear them. Listen!"

There was a moment of tense silence, then shrilly came a little girl's voice: "Mummy, Johnny's found a flea!"

\* \* \* \*

A man out for a walk threw a coin towards a blind man's cup. The coin missed and rolled along the pavement, but the man with the dark glasses quickly recovered it.

"But I thought you were blind," said the man who had thrown the coin.

"No, I am not the regular blind man," sir, he said. "I'm just taking his place while he's at the movies."

\* \* \* \*

The newspaper reporter whipped out his notebook and began to fire his questions.

"And would you like to tell me what made you a multi-millionaire, sir?" he asked.

The terribly rich man looked pensive.

"I think you can say my wife did," he replied at length.

"I see, her loyal help—" began the reporter.

"No, no," interrupted the other, "I was simply curious to know if there was any income she couldn't live beyond."

The secretary of a small village football club wrote asking another club to meet them in friendly rivalry.

The secretary of the latter wrote naming a date on which they would be willing to play, "on condition that later in the season you will give us a *quid pro quo*"—a return game.

The village club had no men on its committee who understood the meaning of the phrase, so a few days later the other secretary received the following surprising reply:—

"My committee has asked me to send the pound for the professional you mentioned, although they are surprised at such a request from a club of your standing."

\* \* \* \*

He was a very ordinary sort of fellow who got suddenly rich by striking oil, and was always trying to impress those with whom he came in contact with his great importance. One day he rushed into the railway station, laid a five-pound note down at the ticket office window, and said: "Gimme a ticket."

"Where to?" asked the ticket clerk.

"Anywhere. It doesn't make no difference," said the newly-rich man. "I've got business all over the place."

\* \* \* \*

In an unfamiliar atmosphere the professor was trying to make conversation.

"The Romans were fond of card games," he said.

And the Sweet Young Thing responded, eagerly: "Oh, yes, I know; wasn't it a man called Horatius who held the first bridge party?"

\* \* \* \*

A draft of vicious mules had arrived at the camp, and a new recruit made the common but sad mistake of approaching too near to the business end of one of them. His comrades caught him on the rebound, placed him on a stretcher, and started off for the hospital.

On the way the invalid regained consciousness, gazed at the blue sky overhead, experienced the swaying motion as he was being carried along, and shakily lowered his hands over the sides, only to feel space. "Heavens!" he groaned. "I ain't hit the ground yet!"

MISTRESS : " Marie, when you wait on my guests at table to-night, please don't spill anything."

NEW MAID : " Don't you worry, ma'am ; I'll keep my mouth closed."

\* \* \* \*

He had been out of work for years, but one day he got a job as bus conductor. On the morning of his first day's duty the bus had gone a few miles when an inspector boarded it. The latter was surprised to find the vehicle empty, and the conductor explained that he hadn't stopped it once since leaving the depot.

" Has nobody tried to stop your bus ? " the inspector asked.

" No, sir."

" Nobody put their hand up to you ? "

" Oh, yes," returned the other, " there's been a lot of folk waving to me, but I thought they were letting me know how glad they were I'd got a job."

\* \* \* \*

" Well, Pat," remarked the foreman, " I'm sorry to see you leave the works. Aren't the wages satisfactory ? "

" The wages are all right," returned Pat, " but I keep having a guilty feeling all the time."

" About what ? "

" I'm all the time thinkin' I'm doin' a horse out of a job."

\* \* \* \*

A gentleman tells us that he went out to dinner the other night to a home where they play intellectual games. In the course of some contest or other, it became necessary to have the text of the Ten Commandments. It was a modern household and there was no Bible in it, and the shameful fact came out that not one person present could recite the Commandments.

After some debate it was decided to call the information bureau of a leading daily paper. Our gentleman was delegated to do the telephoning, and he made his request.

" Certainly," came the reply. " Do you want them verbatim, or just the gist ? "

A distinguished visitor to a lunatic asylum had occasion to use the telephone, but experienced difficulty in getting his connection.

" Look here, girl," he shouted wildly to exchange, " do you know who I am ? "

" No," came back the reply, " but I know *where* you are ! "

\* \* \* \*

The man from Yorkshire was gazing down into the depths of Cheddar Gorge. " Do you know," remarked the guide, " it took millions of years to carve out this great cutting ? "

The man from the North was visibly impressed. " You don't say so ! " he exclaimed. " By gum, I didn't know this was a Government job ! "

\* \* \* \*

" If you are going down the road, dear, you might bring a turnip from the greengrocer's," said his wife, just as little Smith was shutting the front door.

" What size do you want ? " he asked, and his wife called out sarcastically : " Oh, as large as your head ! "

On the way down the road Smith met a friend who, owning an allotment, and hearing of the errand, said : " You needn't buy one, old chap ; help yourself to a turnip from my bit of ground across the way ; I've some beauties there."

A little later the friend was stopped by an acquaintance who inquired : " Who is the man working on your allotment to-day ? He's pulling up all your turnips and trying his bowler hat on each ! "

\* \* \* \*

A Yorkshire commercial traveller boasted of doing seventy calls a day.

" How do you do it ? " asked a friend.

" Oh," said he, " I puts my head inside t' door, and says, ' Marnin', I says. ' Marnin', ' says she. ' Owt ? ' I says. ' Nowt, ' says she. ' Marnin', ' I says. ' Marnin, ' says she. And off I goes to t' next shop."

\* \* \* \*

In a country newspaper appeared the following advertisement : " The man who picked up my wallet in the High Street was recognised. He is requested to return it."

The next day this reply was published : " The recognised man who picked up the wallet requests the loser to call at any time and collect it."

## BRANCHES.

## NEWBURY.

GENTLEMEN—"THE JACK!"

A dozen men walked quickly into Marks and Spencers' Stores on Saturday, October 26th, and producing glasses and bottles of beer from their pockets, stood in a ring and drank a silent toast. Shoppers rubbed their eyes and looked again, the assistants stared in astonishment, not knowing quite what to do. The little ceremony took only a few seconds, and then the men went out as silently and quickly as they had entered. The explanation? It was the anniversary of the closing down of Newbury's famous old inn, the "Jack," to make way for Marks and Spencers' spacious new building, and the Jackobites, that little brotherhood of old customers, were determined not to let it pass unnoticed. They drank a toast on the exact spot where the "Jack's" equally famous bar once stood.

The report of the above incident which appeared in the Newbury press, is supplemented by a letter which we have received from the leader of the party, Mr. H. A. Cadd, of the Bear Hotel, Hungerford, who for many years was "Mine Host" of Newbury's famous Inn, "The Jack." He writes:—

"The idea was the suggestion of a customer of mine at the late Jack, twelve months ago, and I agreed to carry it out. I had many promises of support at the time of the suggestion, but could only get twelve of the old Jackobites together at the last moment.

"It was a goodly sight to see a dozen bottles of S.B. silently and quickly consumed in Marks and Spencers, before the management realised what had happened. We then gathered at the Bacon Arms and, under the paternal care of the landlord, Mr. Cook, we endeavoured to see what a few more S.B.'s could do to us and, when the courage of the crowd reached the point of heroism, I left for my peaceful country residence, the 'Bear' at Hungerford, to prepare for the evening event, which consisted of a supper to inaugurate the amalgamation of the Jackobites with the new club formed at 'The Bear' named the 'Hugmetights.' A copy of the rules I am enclosing.

"What an evening of good fellowship, composed of Jackobites, Hugmetights and Baconites. Forty lusty lads all

wearing the registered tie of their respective club. Some staunch supporters needed three necks as far as the ties were concerned, as they belonged to all three clubs, but believe me none of them needed three necks as far as the food and the beer were concerned. There was talent amongst us, songs, music and stories, and one member, who shall be nameless, gave a wonderful impersonation of a one-armed flute player. It is too long to describe, but it was excellently performed.

" . . . and after the company had 'wayded their wend' home I retired in the arms of the Bear to sleep the peaceful sleep of the Licensed Victualler."

## THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The only excitement we seem to have had here has been the General Election and we are given to understand that we must not discuss politics in our notes. In Devon and Cornwall the strength of the parties remains the same. There was one Liberal gain at Barnstaple, Devon, and one Liberal loss (Mr. Isaac Foot) at Bodmin Division, Cornwall, so Devon and Cornwall are exactly "as you were." We listened in to the wireless on Thursday night (or was it Friday morning?) and learned that Reading had not changed its mind. The Sergeants of the D.C.L.I., Bodmin, had a Ball on Friday night, the day of the declaration of the poll, and the excitement was so great at Bodmin that one strong man walked through the wall of the tent instead of through the doorway. Mr. Isaac Foot had represented the Bodmin Division for over 12 years. Bodmin Division extends just to the other bank of the river Tamar and a number of our employees live at Torpoint and vote in that Division.

We are pleased to see that Reading Football Club are still doing well and keeping to the top of the Division. It is also most interesting to see that they are drawn against the Corinthians in the cup-tie. We do not know which way the Chairman will cheer, as he has had the honour of playing for both teams (and also the two teams have had the honour of his playing for them). We can remember when the Corinthians could play and beat most of the 1st division teams, and they had a match every year with the Champions of the League for the Dewar Shield. Major S. V. Shea-Simonds played for the side when they had such internationals as Messrs. G. O. Smith, Oakley and Walters. Some 40 years ago,

the Corinthians used to make a tour of Devon and Cornwall and at one time used to have a coach and four to drive them from place to place. One year, Devon County beat Corinthians by 4-1. The story was that they were entertained by the Officers' Mess at the Royal Naval Barracks the night before the match, and when they got on the field the next day they were rather tired!

We do not often suffer from floods, but at Tamerton Foliot recently the King's Arms and adjoining cottages were absolutely swimming in water. The mill-stream at the top of the village over-ran its banks and the water rushed through the King's Arms and cottages, and furniture, cigarettes, etc. were floating about and the carpets and linos had to be taken up. Mr. and Mrs. Tweed and the tenants of the cottages had a very bad and unusual ordeal. We are sure they all have our very deep sympathy for the trouble.

We have had one change this month, namely, Mr. H. F. Williams who has taken over the Abbey Hotel, Plymouth, and we wish him the best of luck.

In this part of the country we are anticipating a rather thin time this Christmas as there are so many ships away and we very much doubt if any will return here for the Christmas Leave. We have, however, the consolation that Gibraltar and Malta will probably be selling the beer that we should have been selling.

We wish the Directors and everyone at Reading and the Branches a very Happy Christmas.

#### BRIGHTON.

Guy Fawkes carnival at Lewes this year was no whit behind its predecessors of the present generation. Each of the six Bonfire Societies had its own programme, proceeding around different parts of the town with their carefully thought out tableaux.

That of the "Cliffe" Society (the oldest in the world) chose a typical tableau bearing on it "Il Duce of Italy," and another

remarkably clever one brought out by the St. Anne's Society drew a weird contrast between war and peace.

These tableaux, which are stuffed with combustible material, are set alight at convenient spots after some oration has been made about each.

The time-honoured custom of flinging a lighted tar barrel into the river Ouse was duly observed.

Sunday, November 17th, was the wettest day experienced on the South Coast for many years, but the continuous downpour did not deter the R.A.C. commemoration of Emancipation Day, 1896, when the man with the red flag in front of motor vehicles disappeared.

Once again the "Old Crocks" veteran cars, the youngest of them 31 years old, made their annual run from London to Brighton. Eighty started at 9 a.m. and 68 succeeded in reaching Brighton by 4 o'clock, one on a lorry. The first car to arrive was a 1902 Napier, which actually did the journey from London to the Brighton boundary in 1 hour, 50 minutes. Over 30 cars had arrived by 1.15 p.m., and others continued to straggle in all the afternoon. There was one lady driver, Mrs. Jarrett, with a 1901 Durkopp, in its original condition.

A dinner at the Hotel Metropole finished up the day, at which the Mayoress distributed the awards won during 1935 at the rallies, hill-climbing, and reliability trials.

We heartily congratulate the Reading football team upon reaching the top of the league, and trust the end of the season will still find them in that favourable position. Brighton and Hove Albion seem to have struck a bad patch. Perhaps the English cup will arouse some of the old fire in the team.

Brighton staff send hearty Christmas greetings to the Directors, fellow workers, and all readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

## BRISTOL.

The name of "SIMONDS" in this area is daily being accepted by an ever-growing army of adherents as synonymous with the Beer which "is Best."

A consistent quality is especially recognised and appreciated as the outstanding feature of its marketing, and the "Hop Leaf" label has, without doubt, set up a new standard of excellence which cannot be emulated in the area. Wholesalers and their public are naturally reticent when new beverages are first put in front of them, but once their confidence is gained the response is bound to be constant and ever increasing.

The few months spent under the Reading flag have proved how deep a niche these products are carving out for themselves in the City and County, and with the earliest pioneer work duly accomplished we are now looking ahead to a new era of progress in which Bristol will take its place in the sunlight of success.

At this season of the year it is for the first time our pleasing privilege, on behalf of the Staff and Tenants, to send our most loyal greetings and good wishes to the Directors of both the parent and our own Company, for their good health and happiness; and to assure them of our keenest endeavours to surpass even their most optimistic thoughts for the Bristol area; during the current financial year and in the future.

We wish all our confreres at home and abroad, also our many Free Trade patrons and friends, a happy and prosperous Christmas season, and a New Year full of progress and peace for us all.

## LONDON.

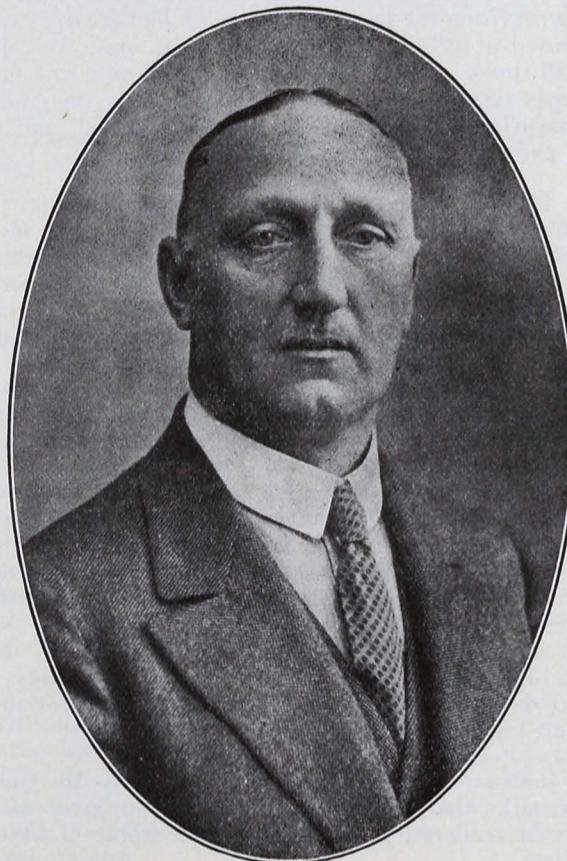
Hearty congratulations to Major F. J. Johnson, who has completed 25 years as Manager of London Branch—a record of which he can well be proud. Major Johnson commenced his career with the Firm at London Branch when at 32 York Road, Lambeth, S.E.1, in April, 1900. When the Branch Office and Stores were opened at Wimbledon in June, 1902, he was made manager, and in October, 1910, returned to London Branch and was appointed manager.

Under the careful supervision of Major Johnson the business of the Firm greatly increased and prospered which necessitated

moving to larger premises, The Plough Brewery, 516 Wandsworth Road, S.W.8, in 1925.

It is hoped that he will be blessed with continued good health for many years, to carry the "Hop Leaf" banner in the London District.

To celebrate the Silver Jubilee of Major F. J. Johnson as London Manager, the Directors of the Firm gave a luncheon party at the Park Lane Hotel, Piccadilly, W.1, on Tuesday, the 29th October. The guests gathered in the drawing room, where lunch was served under the supervision of Mr. F. C. Briscoe.



MAJOR F. J. JOHNSON.

F. A. Simonds, Esq. occupied the chair, supported by Commander H. D. Simonds, L. A. Simonds, Esq., C. E. Gough, Esq., the guests of honour, Major and Mrs. F. J. Johnson, their business friends, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. F. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Luscombe and Mr. and Mrs. H. Ward.

The toast of His Majesty the King having been honoured, Mr. F. A. Simonds then proposed that of Major Johnson, stating that the Directors were pleased to honour the occasion of his having completed 25 years as London Manager. He himself was delighted to congratulate him, and had always been pleased to co-operate with him in business and valued his friendship. Major Johnson had at all times promoted the Firm's interest, and under his supervision the business in London had greatly expanded. He was pleased to include Mrs. Johnson in the toast, Mrs. Johnson having at all times loyally supported Major Johnson and had been of great assistance to him. Mr. F. A. Simonds then presented Major Johnson with a gold cigarette case (inscribed) and to Mrs. Johnson a pair of silver entree dishes.

Major Johnson in responding thanked the Directors through the Chairman for the presentation, and expressed his great appreciation of Mr. F. A. Simonds for his support and help on all occasions. His thanks were also expressed to Commander H. D. Simonds and Mr. L. A. Simonds. He thanked his numerous business friends for the support they had given him, and made special reference to the loyalty and support of the staff.

Mrs. Johnson also replied, expressing thanks for the presentation and for the kind remarks that had been made regarding her.

Mr. C. E. Gough also spoke and in a few well chosen words mentioned that as Branch Manager he had had the pleasure of co-operating in a business capacity with Major F. J. Johnson during the 25 years, and also considered him a personal friend. He mentioned that it was the first time during the Firm's existence that a London Manager had completed 25 years in that position. Mr. Gough spoke in eulogistic terms of his abilities. He also included in his remarks special reference to Mrs. Johnson, stating that a great deal of the success of Major Johnson was due to the devotion and loyal assistance given by her.

Major Johnson in replying expressed thanks to Mr. Gough for the kind remarks that he had used, and for the great assistance that had been rendered to him during the whole of his service with the Firm.

Mr. C. F. Caiger (Messrs. Bertram & Co., Ltd.), Mr. J. L. Daniell (Messrs. Letheby & Christopher, Ltd.) and Mr. C. S. Salmon referred to the great respect they had for Major Johnson and mentioned how highly they esteemed his business abilities.

Mr. H. Ward spoke of the excellent relationship that existed between Major Johnson and the staff and wished both him and Mrs. Johnson continued good health and happiness.

The following day at the London Office another happy event took place in connection with the Silver Jubilee, when Major Johnson was presented by the staff with a silver tankard (inscribed).

A Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year to the Directors and to the Staff of the Brewery, Branches and Allied Companies from all at London Branch.

#### ROCHESTER WAY (ELTHAM) SOCIAL CLUB.

##### SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

The Rochester Way (Eltham) Social Club celebrated their second anniversary on Saturday, 28th September, 1935, with a social and dance. An excellent attendance of members with their families and friends were present.

Mr. H. S. Cross, chairman of the club, occupied the chair.

After the concert, Mr. H. S. Cross said the committee intended to give the members entertainment on the best possible scale, but the support of the members, their wives and friends was necessary. "We want to make the club one of the finest in South-East London," said Mr. Cross. The quarter ending in June had shown a surplus, and a further balance on the right side was hoped for.

The children's party and outing to Sheerness had been eminently successful. The expenses for the outing had amounted to over £60, and not a penny was taken from the club funds. All the money had been collected by the members. Mr. Cross urged all the members to give their support to the club. He asked them to introduce their friends and relatives, so that the club would meet with every success.

Mr. H. Ward, a representative of the Landlords (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.) assured them of their support. The result of the two years' work was very satisfactory and the undertaking had proved the necessity of a club in the district. He felt sure that there was a great future for the club.

A dance was held after the concert, concluding a very enjoyable evening.

Credit for the success of the evening must also be accorded Mr. F. Ford (entertainment secretary) and the Club Secretary (Mr. G. Leer) for his able catering and general arrangements.

We have pleasure in publishing a photograph of Mr. H. S. Cross, Chairman of the Rochester Way (Eltham) Social Club.



MR. H. S. CROSS.

The club can now be considered well established with a very bright future. It is fulfilling a great need in the district by supplying wholesome and clean entertainment for its members and their families and in carrying out the ideals of "Club Life" of a very high standard and efficiency.

A great deal of the success of the club is due to the careful management of its Chairman (Mr. H. S. Cross) who has held this office since the club was opened in September, 1933. He has worked hard, combined with his excellent natural abilities and knowledge of club life, towards the aim of making the club the best in S.E. London, and it is felt that it can be justly said that he has reached his ambition. The personification of geniality, tact and dignity, it is considered by all that Mr. Cross possesses the true temperament for the position of chairman. He is never too busy to give his time when required in the interest of the club or its members.

Mr. Cross was born in 1895 and commenced his business career in a Stock-broker's office. At the outbreak of War he joined H.M. Forces and served with the Machine Gun Corps in France, Belgium and Italy. He was mentioned in Despatches for bravery in May, 1918 and was wounded in November, 1918. On returning to civil life he entered Government service.

In his youth he was a good athlete, and captained the local boys' club.

He has been a member of the executive committee of a Civil Service Organisation for the past five years, and held the office of Branch Chairman for seven years. He has recently accepted the post of Vice-President of the local Outing Association.

Mr. Cross appears to be far too busy to have a hobby, but to use his own words, his hobby is attending committee meetings, and the compilation of figures. He enjoys billiards and plays an excellent game. He endeavours to find a few hours during the week to attend to his garden.

Congratulations to Mr. F. Searle, one of our employees, on winning First Prize, given by The Malden & Coombe Urban District Council in connection with their Housing Prize Garden Scheme, also for obtaining Second Prize for the second best garden on the whole of their estates. This is an achievement to be proud of.

Having seen the excellent result of his labours we readily endorse the Judges decision. Mr. F. Searle has a garden which would make most amateur gardeners feel envious. It is hoped that he will continue his efforts and obtain further commendation.

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#### PORTSMOUTH.

The usual service was held on the anniversary of Armistice Day in the Portsmouth Guildhall Square, by the side of the Cenotaph. The Lord Mayor and Civic Authorities, the Lord Bishop of Portsmouth and the C.O.'s representing the three Services were present. The large crowd stood motionless as the clock chimed eleven. A similar service was also held at the R.N. War Memorial on Southsea Common. Before the service, the C.-in-C. and the Commandant of the Royal Marines, Portsmouth Division, visited the memorial and deposited wreaths.

An enjoyable evening was recently spent at the J.N.C.O.'s Club, Eastney Barracks, when a successful dance was held. The dance was in place of the ordinary monthly meeting of the Royal Marines Old Comrades Association. The splendid orchestra was conducted by Comrade Harold Beeden. Comrades W. Roberts and "Tim" Duley, ably carried out the duties of M.C.

We were very pleased to learn that Mrs. F. A. Simonds was making good progress towards recovery from her recent illness, and hope that she is now restored to good health. We were also very glad to learn that Mr. Eric Duncan Simonds has made such a good recovery from his recent operation.

At the time of writing, "Pompey" F.C. are not in a very comfortable position in the league table, and points are sadly needed. The team is still playing good football; but things have not been running well for them lately, particularly with regard to injuries to some of the players. We are pleased to see the fine form of the Reading F.C. and hope that this season they will make sure of promotion.

Christmas will soon be with us once again. We wish all readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE a Happy Christmas with bright prospects for the future.

#### WOKING.

THE LATE MR. J. SEARLE, "ROYAL OAK," LOWER KNAPHILL, WOKING.

Widespread sympathy was expressed in this neighbourhood when the passing of our Messrs. Ashby's tenant, Mr. J. Searle, at the age of 66, which occurred on Monday, 28th October, became known. He had held the licence for 30 years, and although he had been in failing health for some months past, his end came unexpectedly.

"Joe," as he was affectionately known to his many patrons and friends, was a very unobtrusive type of man, but he possessed a quiet charm of manner which won him a host of friends. He ran a farm business in conjunction with the licensed house and was most generous-hearted to everybody with whom he came into contact. He loved to speak of his cattle, pigs and poultry, and if one bought from him a fowl, he was not content unless he added some garden produce to accompany the purchase.

Among his memories he always cherished a visit from Mr. L. A. Simonds, some twelve months ago, when apparently they found much of mutual interest in discussing his livestock.

Subject to the approval of the authorities, Mrs. Searle will carry on the business in conjunction with her son, who, for some years, has largely been responsible for the management of the farm, so the family traditions at this house (in which Mrs. Searle was born) will be maintained.

The funeral took place at Bisley Churchyard—the adjoining Parish where he was born. The floral tributes numbered over forty, giving expression to the high esteem in which Mr. Searle was held in the district. He will be much missed. *R.I.P.*

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#### WOKING WORKING MEN'S CLUB.

##### EFFORT FOR ST. DUNSTAN'S.

There was a large assembly at the Woking Working Men's Club on Friday evening, 15th November, the occasion being the annual Armistice Smoking Concert. Mr. A. Bennett presided, and was supported by Mr. A. Bailey (chairman of committee) and Mr. W. A. Blackwell (honorary treasurer).

In his opening speech the Chairman said the Nation as a whole had within the last few days paid their tribute to those who made the supreme sacrifice in the Great War. But tribute and homage could not always be expressed in mere words without its counterpart—practical sympathy. There unfortunately still remained a great number of men who, as a result of war service, found themselves in need of help and sympathy, and the particular cause they had in mind that evening was the St. Dunstan's Hostel for blinded Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen. They were fortunate in again having with them that evening, Mr. H. V. Kerr, who needed no introduction to them, and who was blinded in 1917 at the second battle of Ypres.

Mr. H. V. Kerr, who was given his usual warm reception, said he would like to say at once how delighted he was to be with them again on the occasion of their Armistice Concert when they specially remembered his colleagues of St. Dunstan's. He was often asked why war-blinded men were so very cheerful. The answer to that question was a simple one as, owing to the training they received at St. Dunstan's, they were enabled to become useful citizens, as well as being trained for some kind of occupation. To be able to do a job of work, despite their handicap, was the secret of their happiness. It was only by the continued generous support of the British public that they were able to carry on the great work of St. Dunstan's. Among the several anecdotes which he related was one of his experiences in Scotland recently, when he was asked to address a classroom of school children as to what Armistice really meant. He felt that to tell them of some of the horrors of war might have a depressing effect upon their young minds, so he contented himself by saying that if the spirit of fellowship and comradeship as founded in the trenches and which was being maintained at St. Dunstan's could be spread throughout the world, the peace which we all so earnestly longed for, would not be far distant.

A collection made at the interval amounted to £4, for which Mr. Kerr expressed warmest thanks on behalf of the Council of St. Dunstan's.

The "Mignom's" Concert Party under the direction of Miss Grace March sustained a splendid musical programme throughout the remainder of the evening.

We take this opportunity of extending Seasonal Greetings to our Directors, and to all members of the "Hop Leaf" family both at home and abroad.

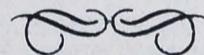
### THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, FARNBOROUGH.

One of the outstanding events recently held at the above hotel was a banquet given in honour of the New Zealand Rugby Football Team on the occasion of their match with the Combined Services team.

In addition to the members of the two teams, there were present:—General Sir Cyril J. Deverell, G.C.B., K.B.E., A.D.C.; General Hon. Sir J. Francis Gathorne-Hardy, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., C.M.G., D.S.O., A.D.C.; Air Chief Marshal Sir Edward L. Ellington, G.C.B., C.M.G., C.B.E.; Maj.-General B. C. Freyberg, V.C., C.M.G., D.S.O., LL.D.; Maj.-General M. G. Taylor, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.; Air Commodore A. D. Warrington-Morris, C.M.G., O.B.E.; Air Commodore H. Le M. Brock, C.B., D.S.O.; Air Commodore C. D. Breese, C.B., A.F.C.; Lt.-Commander W. C. T. Cyres, R.N.; Rear-Admiral F. Burges-Watson, D.S.O.; Rear-Admiral C. E. Kennedy-Purvis, C.B.; Commander H. G. Hopper, R.N.; Air Marshal Sir Arthur M. Longmore, K.C.B., D.S.O.; Hon. Sir James Parr, G.C.M.G.; Brigadier B. A. Hill, D.S.O.; Colonel K. M. Body, C.M.G., O.B.E.; Major C. Newington, M.V.O.; Major R. F. Walker, M.C., R.A.M.C.; Lt.-Colonel E. Percival, D.S.O., M.C., M.B.; Captain A. W. La T. Bisset, R.N.; Captain H. G. Clarke; —. Prendeville, Esq.; V. R. S. Meredith, Esq.; J. E. Manchester, Esq.; J. G. Bott, Esq.; S. G. Bonsor, Esq.; Flight Lieut. B. V. Reynolds; Flight Lt. F. Lawson.

The highest praise was given to the manager, Mr. Maitland Dods, for the excellence of the food provided and the service which was perfectly organized and carried out. Letters of great appreciation have since been received and are couched in terms which would give pleasure to the greatest Maitre d'Hotel in the country.

Another demonstration of the resources of the hotel was the occasion of the wedding of Miss C. L. Powell, daughter of Colonel R. M. Powell, D.S.O., of The Glebe House, Aldershot, to Lieut. Michael Doxford, when the reception was held in the ballroom. Over two hundred guests were present and the arrangements and decorations were most highly commented upon. A wonderful testimonial rewarded the management and staff for their great zeal and co-ordinated efforts to make the event a great success.



## LUDGERSHALL.

Another old member of the staff, Mr. G. E. Roynon, has retired from active service and will receive a well-earned pension, which all of us trust he will live many years to enjoy.

Mr. Roynon joined the Ludgershall staff as Private Trade Traveller in May, 1905. In the course of his duties Mr. Roynon covered practically the whole of Wiltshire and Northern Hampshire. He was very popular and well known at all the various markets and fairs.

He is one of those genial, good-hearted fellows who make a large circle of friends, and undoubtedly his familiar figure will be missed.

To mark Mr. Roynon's retirement the Ludgershall staff have made him a suitable presentation at the termination of his creditable and successful career.

Mr. Roynon will be succeeded by Mr. John Leitch, who has taken over his duties. We feel sure the latter will receive the same support and courtesy that was always extended to Mr. Roynon.

We send to our Directors and all at Reading and Branches our best wishes for Xmas and continued prosperity throughout the New Year.

## SALISBURY.

The Salisbury Branch Staff take this opportunity to offer their very best wishes for a happy Xmas and a very prosperous New Year to our esteemed Directors, Managers and all our readers, particularly those in our own district. We also tender our apologies for not being a regular contributor to our fine little journal, but wish it every success in the future.

## OXFORD.

## WAR DEPARTMENT CONSTABULARY CANTEEN, DIDCOT.

Social activities are increasing and we begin to note that our engagement book is filling. Dances, whist drives, billiards, darts and miniature rifle shooting are all helping to pass the long evenings for those not on duty.

## ARMISTICE DAY.

The annual Service of Remembrance was attended by several of our members and in addition Mrs. Gillett, Mrs. Tibble, Mrs. Santer and Miss Santer gave their services for the sale of poppies.

P.C.'s Anderson, Page and McIntosh attended the British Legion Festival of Remembrance at the Albert Hall.

To end this day and commence a new one we held a dance which was well attended. Novelty dances introduced by the M.C., P.C. Clark, proved popular and prizes were won by Miss M. Harris and P.C. Lightfoot.

The "Aces" dance band again showed their worth.

Another dance was held on November 22nd and again we had a crowded floor; P.C. Brading repeated previous successes as M.C. and the "Aces" again took all cards in the pack. The popularity of our dances is to a great extent due to the intimate family air our entertainment committee impart to them and the judicious blending of "Old" and "New."

Whist drives are showing a steady increase in the number of competitors, and are being conducted on an aggregate system. Aggregate winner for October and November proved to be P.C. Brading (507 points). Prizes for single drives have been won by Mr. Widger (1st), Miss Page and Mrs. Fry (2nd) on the 8th November, and P.C. Dixon (1st), Mrs. Dixon (2nd) and Mrs. Barnes (3rd) on the 15th November.

Our billiards team are wielding cues to some effect, having registered two victories as against one defeat in the Milton Hill and District Billiards League (Div. 2). We lost to R.A.O.C. (2nd) away and won on our own cloth when playing the Vauxhall C. & S. Club (2nd) and also won away at East Hagbourne; we are third

in the league table. In the Glyn challenge cup (1st round) against the R.A.O.C. (2nd) we obtained a handsome revenge for our previous league defeat. Scores were as follows :—

<i>W.D.C.C.</i>					<i>R.A.O.C. (2nd).</i>			
P.C. Lightfoot ...	...	...	100	v.	L/Cpl. Wilson ...	...	...	91
P.C. Rallison ...	...	...	100	v.	Sgt. Youens ...	...	...	72
P.C. Thomas ...	...	...	100	v.	Sgt. Walker ...	...	...	32
P.C. McIntosh ...	...	...	100	v.	L/Cpl. Harfield ...	...	...	99
P.C. Rogers ...	...	...	94	v.	Sgt. Mulholland ...	...	...	100
Insp. Barnes ...	...	...	100	v.	L/Cpl. Prescott ...	...	...	87
Total ...					Total ...			
...					...			
594					481			

In the Vauxhall Camp Miniature Rifle League our first match resulted in a win for our "come back" marksmen. Conditions in this are three sighting shots, ten rounds at Roberts match target and five rounds at 500 yards representative target, "open sights." Scores in this were :—

<i>W.D.C.C.</i>					<i>Vauxhall C. &amp; S. Club.</i>			
P.C. Rallison ...	87 & 19	106			Mr. Nunn ...	69 & 15	84	
P.C. Clark ...	74 & 20	94			Mr. Slater ...	65 & 12	77	
P.C. Lightfoot ...	73 & 15	88			Mr. Porch ...	55 & 14	69	
P.C. Brading ...	72 & 16	88			Mr. Lightfoot	58 & 11	69	
P.C. Rose ...	71 & 13	84			Mr. Holloway...	48 & 4	52	
P.C. Pullen ...	65 & 15	80			Mr. Thompson	32 & 9	41	
Total ...					Total ...			
...					...			
540					392			

A Miniature cup handicap confined to our own members is at present being shot off over a period of three weeks, the cup being presented by one of our members.

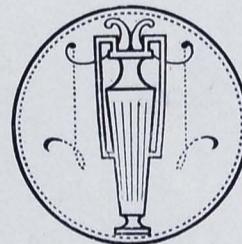
We have not at present presumed to enter a "Darts" league and our activities at this are confined for the present to a club tournament and friendly matches. The "rabbits" have been weeded out in the tournament and it now remains for the experts to show us some close and exciting tussles.

We are all refreshed whilst taking part in these activities by draughts of the "Best" (some, it is whispered, have to be "copious," owing to the distance it has to travel and the area to be "flooded"). No wonder someone exclaimed, "Shades of Russian Giants"! The sound of some of our "Boots" lead us to believe that the "Shades" are substantial fact. Writing of boots reminds us that we have a songster who chants Kipling's

"Boots" while on beat, but cannot be persuaded to come out into the open when the beat is our club floor. We have also a siffleur who, on occasions, has almost persuaded the B.B.C. that he was the nightingale. (How that "mike" does wander over the Berkshire hills). This is another type of wandering, however, and such digressions are forbidden. Let us therefore close these notes in the pious hope that "poets licence" is extended at times to our tame scribe.

"East or West, Beer is Best,  
Be it Bitter, Mild or Strong.  
North and South, make your request  
SIMONDS!—and you can't be wrong."

Please accept our sincere greetings and good wishes to all connected with Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., and the Allied Companies, both at Headquarters and at all the Branches.



**F**INEST  
**A**LE  
**S**INCE WORLD **B**EGAN.

