

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

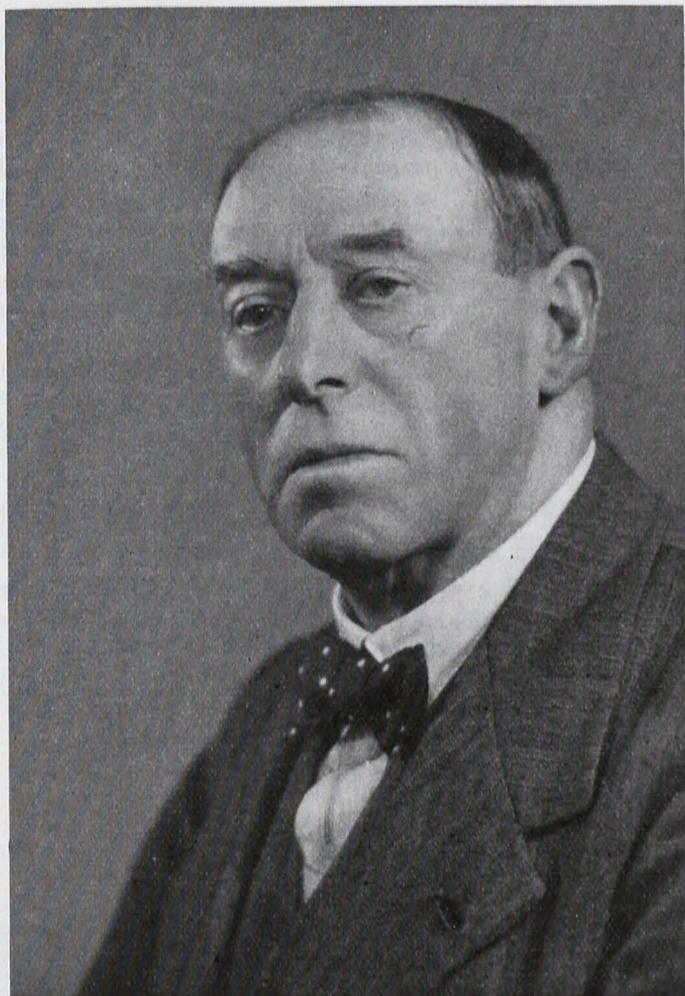
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XII.

DECEMBER, 1937.

No. 3



MR. R. LLOYD.

MR. R. LLOYD.

From 1879 to 1937 (and still going strong!) is a unique commercial record of which our West Wales Free Trade Representative, Mr. Richard Lloyd, may be justly proud. Born at Merthyr Tydfil on June 20th, 1863, he is still able to move with the times, and while he says he regrets the passing of the days when his choice of travel lay between his stout cob or the then-fashionable "penny farthing Gentlemen Roadster" (solid tyred 56-inch wheel), the driving seat of a modern car possesses no terrors for his philosophical mind.

Strangely enough, although his father was a Brewer, Mr. Lloyd did not seek to unravel the mysteries of the mash tun until the year 1898, being apprenticed to the drapery trade (at a fee of sixty guineas) under Messrs. Marshal and Snelgrove, London, at an early age. But his destiny called him, and in the year above-mentioned he joined his father as Assistant Brewer and Free Trade Representative.

Conversing in his own native tongue with all and sundry in outlying villages or towns, he has for forty years been a welcome figure wherever he goes. At one time he dashed post haste to the West Indies upon hearing a report that there was trade to be done there, but, alas, Dame Rumour had erred.

In 1922 he became the West Wales Free Trade Representative of our Bristol subsidiary, Messrs. W. J. Rogers Ltd., and under very adverse conditions he has for some years past maintained a consistently increasing trade among our present "Hop Leaf" friends—a most difficult task in any part of the Principality in these days. This result is in a great measure due to Mr. Lloyd's own personal charm and unaffected courtliness, which despite modern conditions is still a part of his character to a marked degree.

Although one of the "old brigade," his outlook on life as a whole is not of the austere "early nineties school," as the following effusion from his pen implies. It is entirely typical of his jovial outlook on the world of to-day:—

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain
With grammar and figures and learning,
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives, e'en genius, a better discerning;
Some solemn-faced preachers do frown
And say that "all drinking is sinful,"
I'll wager the rascals a crown
They'd more worthily preach with a skin-full.

In his youth our confrere's hobbies were rowing, skating and swimming. To-day at 74 his only pastime is bowling—along the roads of Carmarthenshire and Pembrokeshire in search of "Hop Leaf" orders.

Well done, Mr. Lloyd. We all envy and congratulate you!

THE COMING OF AGE AS MANAGING DIRECTOR OF
MR. F. A. SIMONDS.

Thursday, December 2nd, 1937, was the twenty-first anniversary of the day that Mr. Eric assumed the position of Managing Director of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., in succession to his beloved father, Mr. Louis de Luze Simonds.

There is no need, though the temptation is great, to debate at length upon the manner in which Mr. Eric as a young man in his early thirties tackled the great responsibility which this important post laid upon his broad and able shoulders, but the following brief facts may be of interest to his so many friends throughout the world in showing the manner in which this fine Firm of ours has risen to its present greatness with his increasing years.

In the year 1917, when Mr. Eric had been in office as Managing Director but a few months, H. & G. Simonds controlled just short of 300 public houses; today, just 21 years later, they control the vast total of 1,144. These figures, stupendous as they seem, are only an example of the multitudinous instances which spring so readily to the mind, pointing to the sound judgment and foresight of the Directors of that day when they in their wisdom decided to appoint Mr. Eric as their Managing Director.

All the many friends of Mr. Eric, those who have known him for more, and those who have known him for less time than the last 21 years, will drink his health with thankfulness for his steady hand upon the helm and the example he sets to us in all our lives, and wish him many many more anniversaries in the office he holds today.



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

CHAT *from*



THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)

SIR GAVIN SIMONDS 56.

Sir Gavin Simonds, K.C., celebrated his fifty-sixth birthday on Sunday, November 28th. How proud his father, Mr. Louis de Luze Simonds, would have been had he lived to see his second son one of His Majesty's Judges of the High Court. There are many who remember Mr. L. de L. Simonds, not only for his striking personality, and many admirable qualities, but because of the part he played, as Managing Director, in helping to build up the Firm of H. & G. Simonds, which has now reached such a magnitude. In the latter respect, Mr. L. de L. Simonds' other sons, Mr. F. A. Simonds and Commander H. D. Simonds, have more than maintained their father's tradition. Sir Gavin Simonds was called to the Bar 31 years ago and took silk in 1924. He is a native of Reading. His appointment as a Judge in March this year was warmly welcomed by the Bar and since he has been a Judge he has shown himself exceptionally well qualified to perform the duties.—*Berkshire Chronicle*.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A final dividend of 14 per cent., less Tax, on the Ordinary Stock of this Company has recently been announced, making a total of 18 per cent., less Tax, for the year ended 30th September, 1937. When it is realised that the Ordinary Stock now in issue amounts to £755,042 as against an issue of £540,240 on which the dividend was paid last year, the maintaining of the same rate on the increased Ordinary Stock is, indeed, a fine achievement. In addition, 1937 has been a year of great expansion. At the end of June we acquired the whole of the Share Capital of The Cirencester Brewery Limited by means of an exchange of shares; during October the purchase of Lakeman's Brewery, Brixham, South Devon, was announced and recently negotiations for a further acquisition, viz., R. H. Stiles & Co. of Bridgend, Glam., were successfully concluded. The progress

made by our Firm in the past few years has been considerable and we of the "Hop Leaf Family" are justly proud of the efforts of our energetic Managing Director, Mr. F. A. Simonds, and his co-Directors, in making our great Firm even greater.

DECEMBER 1ST, 1937.

During the morning the atmosphere was very humid and fatiguing. In the early afternoon the sun shone and it was just like a day in spring. A batmouse put in an appearance and was busy on the wing hawking for insects. Later, ominous-looking clouds appeared in the sky and soon the rain came down in torrents. This was accompanied by vivid flashes of lighting, followed by loud claps of thunder. December has certainly made an entertaining start and the opening numbers of its programme suggest a good variety performance!

GOOD FOR CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS.

Archangel stout, which helped some of our brave explorers to offer a "stout" resistance to the intense cold in the Arctic regions, is naturally a very fine body-building and warmth-producing drink when taken at home during the cold winter months. In addition, if used in the Christmas puddings it greatly improves the flavour and colour of this popular Christmas fare. Try it, and you will be agreeably surprised.

LUCKY NOT APPLES.

Here is a good story of a policeman who had never had a case. One day his Chief called him into his office and said to him: "Brown, you have been in the Force now for nearly 10 years and you have never had a case." Brown replied, "Well, Sir, the opportunity has never come my way." The Chief said, "Well, now here is your chance. Farmer Jones has complained that someone is stealing his APPLES and, as his orchard is on your beat, pull your socks up and catch the thief." The next night Brown was watching and about midnight he saw a rough-looking fellow coming along the road with a sack on his back. He shouted to him "Hi! what have you got in that sack?" and the fellow replied, "Nothing." The policeman said "Let me have a look," and when he opened the sack it was nearly full of silver articles. The Bobby looked at him and said "It's a good job it wasn't APPLES or I should have had to lock you up!!"

LOBSTERS—AND DREAMS.

Blaming them for nightmares is an injustice to lobsters, according to a group of amateur psychologists who have been investigating the secrets of dreamland at Westminster College, Pennsylvania. Food does not cause bad dreams, they decided, after careful analysis of the results of their questionnaires and experiments. Here are some more of their conclusions:—

Women dream more than men and remember their dreams more vividly. They also sleep more lightly, and are more susceptible to outside influences in their dreams.

Dreams do not forecast future events.

OUR CANINE COMPANIONS.

I have a dog that never makes a mistake concerning Sunday. In the early morning of that day I invariably take him for a walk and sure enough there he is waiting for me at the kitchen door, without fail, every Sunday. He romps around me wagging his tail in a way that he does on no other morning of the week. How does he know it is Sunday? Perhaps some of my readers have other stories to tell of the intelligence of these wonderful pals who are

Glad when You are Happy
Sorry when You are Sad.

If so I shall be very glad to hear of them.

THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. H. E. W. IREMONGER, D.S.O.

We deeply regret to record the passing over of Lieut.-Col. H. E. W. Iremonger, D.S.O., late of the Royal Marine Artillery, on the 9th November. An outline of his career is given by Portsmouth Branch in this issue. Col. Iremonger was an uncle of Mr. R. St. J. Quarry, a member of this Firm and a Director of The Cirencester Brewery, Limited.

ONLY SIMONDS'.

At the General Meeting, on October 16th, of the Berks, Bucks and Oxon Racing Pigeon Federation an Oxford delegate moved, and it was carried unanimously:—

“That at the Federation annual dinner at Palm Lodge on December 4th only Simonds' beer should be served, and that the Secretary make necessary arrangements with the Brewery or the licensee of a Simonds' house.”

There were present delegates from Reading, Oxford, Newbury, Slough, Aylesbury, Banbury, Didcot, Windsor, Thame, and Headington.

YOUNG OFFICER WHO FORGOT WORDS OF COMMAND.

A young fellow who joined the Army as a Junior Officer had a very bad memory. The Sergeant-Major did his level best to teach him the words of command and to make him proficient in his duties. One day he assembled a squad of men and instructed this young officer to take them for a route march. He reminded him of the proper words of command: “Right turn,” “Left wheel,” “About turn,” etc. The Sergeant-Major then gave the order “Quick march,” and off they started. On and on they marched and presently they approached a precipice and on getting nearer and nearer the young officer forgot the proper word of command. Just as they reached the edge of the precipice one of the men in the rear rank looked round and said to him: “For God's sake, Sir, say something—if it's only ‘Good-bye’!”

NO DISRESPECT INTENDED.

The new maid who told her mistress that “the insanitary spectre” had called while she was out meant no disrespect to the local authority.

STORMY?

“If the barometer falls suddenly, isn't that a sign it's stormy?” asks a reader. Either that or the nail's come out.

IT'S IN EVERY
SUBMARINE.

ENCOURAGING NOTICE.

In a city office the following encouraging notice to ambitious young employees is on view:—

“Work hard for eight hours a day and don't worry; then in time you may become a boss and work eighteen hours a day and have all the worry.”

A TEARFUL TREE.

Weeping trees are generally regarded as strange only because of their formation, but in the tropics the *Caesalpinia Pluviosa*, or weeping tree, is considered a phenomenon because it literally does weep.

And not just occasionally, but all the time even when the weather is clear and fine. Botanists declare that its strange behaviour is due to the moisture in the air which does not evaporate in the usual way. Instead, the tree sheds its tears copiously in long crystal-clear streams.

LEGITIMATE AND NORMAL DRINK.

"The consumption of alcoholic liquor is as legitimate and as normal as any other food or drink, and we should aim at making sure that the legitimate needs of the people are satisfied under the best possible conditions."—*The Bishop of Durham.*

BOOKS.

If I have favourites here and there,
And like a monarch pick and choose,
I never meet an angry stare
That this I take, and that refuse ;
No discords rise my soul to vex
Among these peaceful book relations,
No envious strife of age or sex,
To mar my quiet lucubrations.

SIMPLE !

The fame of "S.B." is world-wide **S**imply **B**ecause it is the Supreme Beverage. A letter recently came through the post addressed thus :—

To

S.B. Breweries,
Reading.

Of course, there was only one destination for such a letter and it was delivered with the promptitude which is so characteristic of all the work at our Reading Post Office.

WHAT'S YOURS ?

Same as Before.

BRAIN-TEASER.

Hanging in an inn at Epping, which dates back to the 14th century, is the following :—

POOR	TO	THEN	HE
IS	HIS	FOR	COME
TO	AND	YOU	TO
GONE	ROW	TO-DAY	ROW
LONDON	SOR	HAVE	MOR
UP	CARE	WHAT	BACK
TRUST	DROWN	PAY	MAY

If this beats you, try reading it from the top word, left-hand column, then the bottom word, same column, and so on.

WELL PREPARED !

There was to be a christening party in the home of a farmer.

"Excuse me," said the minister, taking his host aside before the ceremony, "but are you prepared for this solemn event?"

"Oh yes, indeed," said the farmer. "I've got two hams, pickles, cakes——"

"No, no! I mean spiritually prepared."

"Well, I think so; two gallons of whisky, a case of gin, and three casks of 'S.B.'"

SEND
IMMEDIATELY
MY
ORDER.
NO
DELAY. BUT BE SURE IT'S
SIMONDS.

*A Happy X X X X Xmas
to all.*

HAZLEMERE DOG THAT ENJOYS DRESSING UP.



Well known to customers of the Crown Hotel, Hazlemere, is Patsy, an eighteen months old cocker spaniel, so called because she was born on St. Patrick's Day.

When a representative of *The Bucks Free Press* called upon Mr. and Mrs. James Dale, her owners, he was promptly introduced to Patsy, who solemnly shook hands with him and then, just to show that she was only an ordinary dog after all, licked his face lovingly!

Although she is still a youngster, Patsy has already won a prize at Priestley's Comic Dog Show, when, dressed in a woollen cap, with a pair of spectacles perched on her nose and a pipe in her mouth, she was given the premier award.

When dressed up in clothes, Patsy will remain stationary until told to move, thus making it very easy for her to be photographed. Another favourite trick of her's is to remain in an attitude of prayer, with head down, until her master says "Amen" when she will get up.

But Patsy, although she will hold a pipe in her mouth without a murmur has one objection—she will not hold a cigar!

A GREAT THOUGHT.

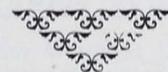
Nearly all of us are troubled with a habit of losing certain things. Some of us lose at least one purse a year; others, in the course of life's journey, leave behind them a long trail of derelict umbrellas. Others, again, have a way of losing their jobs, their ideals, or their friends. It is all a matter of temperament.

Yet bad as the habit may be in some ways, much of the art of life consists in knowing how to lose cheerfully and profitably. That sounds like a contradiction of terms, doesn't it? But it isn't, really. I believe that whatever we lose, we always gain something at the same time. Even the loss of a purse can, by making us more thrifty for a few days or a few weeks, teach us some valuable lessons in economy, and sometimes the loss of friendship which we held very dear proves to be one of the very best things that could happen to us.

It is hard for a girl who has had a love disappointment to believe that it may have been the one thing needful to endow her with greater understanding and wider sympathy. Bitter as the lesson may be, it is worth learning.

In first youth, we like always to think of friendship as something that will endure for ever. But experience proves that friendships are very much like flowers. Some are perennial; others are fated to endure only for a while. It is best to recognise this and permit a friendship to lapse rather than let it develop into a mere mutual obligation.

The loss of one's job may become the "stepping-stone to higher things," if one accepts the temporary reverse courageously. Many successful men and women owe much to the fact that having lost a job in which they were getting into a mental rut, they were obliged to marshal all their faculties to re-establish themselves, thereby discovering that they had more talents than they had known.



WINTERTIDE.

This be my happiness—to take
A ramble by a forest lake,
And see, on pathways white with frost,
The yellow leaves the birch has lost.

This be my happiness—to seek
Some shelt'ring grove when tempests speak,
And hear the frightened pigeons crash
Thro' branches which the rain-storms lash.

This be my happiness—a waste
Where bracken-fronds lie interlaced ;
And, far ahead, along the west,
Low clouds, like Islands of the Blest.

This be my happiness—to turn
And watch the waning glory burn
Between the serried ranks of pines,
In colours fair as mingled wines.

This be my happiness—full soon,
The sickle of the risen moon
(The silent sister of the night)
Above the ragged firs to sight.

This be my happiness—to shame
The supercilious, who name
My Winter Tale an idle dream,
And hold my woods in scant esteem.

This be my happiness—to know
That when has passed the sunset glow,
And splendour from the sky is gone,
Truth, Beauty, Love, live ever on.

S. E. COLLINS.

 IN TOWN TONIGHT,

see page 138 for programme.

KEEN COMPETITION IN DARTS CONTEST AT SLOUGH.

NEARLY A HUNDRED ENTRIES FOR INDIVIDUAL TROPHY.

Darts interest in the district on Tuesday, November 9th, centred in the Nag's Head, Windsor Road, Slough, where nearly a hundred skilled players entered a tournament for a handsome cup presented by Mr. F. G. Culverhouse. This was the second cup for individual competition that has been presented by Mr. Culverhouse, and it proved an even greater attraction than the first, a large number of spectators gathering as well as the players. Entries came from as far afield as Hounslow, Mr. Z. W. Coles, a King's Waterman, bringing a team of nine to compete, and other "houses" represented in the entries were the White Hart (Chalvey), Brickmakers' Arms (Slough), White Horse (Cippenham), Foresters (Chalvey), and King's Head (Slough), as well as the Slough Wednesday F.C. and one or two Slough firms.

Each game until the final was 301 up, but players started straightaway instead of having to score a double first. Finishes were on a double or treble and the standard of play was so high that the "old inevitable" of ordinary players (the double one) rarely came into the picture, and "tons" five twenties were frequent.

The four semi-finalists were Messrs. E. Bevan, A. Watkins, F. G. Culverhouse and J. Nash. Bevan (Brickmakers' Arms) beat Watkins, and Culverhouse (Slough Wednesday F.C.) beat Nash to enter the final, in which the game was 501 up. Both scored quickly and right until the end there was not more than four between their scores. Then Culverhouse, wanting 48, tried for the treble sixteen, but landed his dart in the edge of the treble seven, and missing his next objective let Bevan in to finish on the double fourteen and so win the cup. Mr. Dave Barry, the winner last time, was surprisingly beaten in the first round.

The winner was presented with the Cup by Mr. Culverhouse, who congratulated him on his consistent play and expressed his pleasure at the success of the tournament. Thanks were expressed to Mr. Culverhouse, the donor of the trophy.

 MISS TUCKER MARRIES NEWBURY CONSTABLE.

On October 23rd, Miss Margaret Gladys Tucker, of the New Inn, Knowl Hill, Twyford, was married to Constable Charles William Cook (Newbury Division), the ceremony taking place at St. Peter's Church, Knowl Hill.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

The Christmas season! The time of the year beloved by all children, when faces are glued to shop windows, when eyes sparkle with delight and when little hearts are filled with many wishes. It is up to us to see that they are not disappointed and also, not only the children, but any others we know who may be less fortunate than we are. You may think you are down on your luck, but always remember that there are others who are in a worse position and who may be losing everything—even courage!

Let us take a lesson from Dickens's "A Christmas Carol"; surely a story that everybody should read at this time of the year. There is a great moral to be learned from Scrooge and the way in which Tiny Tim, although a cripple, looked upon Christmas. And that is the spirit we want to capture now—make everybody happy, give a little more, send a surprise gift to someone you know will appreciate it, send a card to someone who is lonely and the man in the street who begs a cup of tea and who, on principle, you always pass by—give to him although you may even have your doubts as to whether the money will go on tea—it is Christmas time!

The family reunion, when we are all gathered round the festive board and proud parents are happy. I wonder if they sometimes look at us through misty eyes? If they do, it is for us to make them tears of joy. Maybe the family circle is not complete, someone is missing, but let us remember them and, above all, let them be happy memories—it is Christmas time!

Yes, another milestone in our lives; but this year make it a better milestone than ever before by giving a helping hand to the needy, by being happy, by wearing a smile, by spreading peace and goodwill, by grasping somebody's hand and giving them the old, old wish and then when Christmas is passed, we shall have no regrets and it will, indeed, have been a happy time even for those who through various reasons were not looking forward to it.

But is there any reason why we should not let this spirit of Christmas—this spirit of peace and goodwill—carry on throughout the year? No, there is not and so I give you a resolution for 1938:—"It is not what I am going to take out of this life but what I am going to put into it that will count."

And, in conclusion, let us remember Tiny Tim and the courage and fortitude he was given so that he could get up on his crutches and say "God bless us every one."

Here's wishing you all a very Happy Christmas.

P. JAMES.

WALTHAM ST. LAWRENCE BAND.



Waltham St. Lawrence with the Vincent trophy which they won jointly at the last band festival.

The above is a photograph of The Waltham St. Lawrence Band, whose Bandmaster is Mr. E. W. Pearce, Mine Host of the Waggon and Horses, Twyford. The Band has been very successful this season—1st Prizes at Pangbourne and Fairford and 3rd at the recent Reading contest.

Any visitor to the Waggon and Horses on Monday evenings may be sure of a good entertainment.

The photograph is reproduced by kind permission of the *Reading Mercury and Berks County Paper*.

It is not generally known that chicory is produced in this country. At Lakenheath, in Suffolk, where a company interested in its production has a factory, the crop is now being harvested. It is yielding well and some growers are getting up to 19 tons per acre.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Success is not an accident, it comes to the man who does his job a little better than the other fellow.

Don't nurse opportunity too long—take it into active partnership with you at once, lest it leave you for another company.

Facts are not stubborn. It is the man who will not face them who is.

It is better to say a little that men will remember rather than much that men will forget.

If your foot slips you can regain your balance; but if your tongue slips you cannot recall the words.

A good conscience is a soft pillow.

Do not work so hard that you forget how to play, nor play so hard that you are not fit for work.

To understand is to forgive. To understand everything is to forgive everything.

Let us never forget that an act of goodness is of itself an act of happiness.

No one is good who does not aspire to be better.

The wearer of smiles and the bearer of a kindly disposition need no introduction, but are welcome everywhere.

Cultivate a short memory for wrongs and grievances if you want to be happy.

If the heart is right we can make the most trifling thing, the simplest act or duty beautiful.

When love and skill work together expect a masterpiece.

Home is the place of abode of persons bound together by ties of affection—a place where affection of parents for each other, for their children, and among all members of the family is nurtured and enjoyed; where genuine personal hospitality is extended; where the immature are protected and guarded.

A place where one may have rest, privacy, and a sense of security; where one may enjoy his individual kind of recreation and share it with others.

A place where one may keep his treasures; where one may satisfy his individual tastes; where fundamental culture, consisting of customs, language, courtesies and traditions is conserved and passed on to the young.

A place where regard for others, loyalty, honesty, and other worthy character traits are cultivated and enjoyed—a haven, a sanctuary, and a source of inspiration.

GRAND DANCE.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

The Sports Clubs are arranging for a Grand Dance in the Large Town Hall to take place at the latter end of January.

Special engagement of the
1st LIFE GUARDS BAND.

Full details will be given in our next month's issue.

A NATURE NOTE.

TWO DAYS' FISHING—AND NO FISH!

SPARROW HAWK KILLS LONG-TAILED TIT.

(BY C.H.P.).

It is a generally accepted fact among anglers that when the wind blows in a northerly direction and the water is leaf-laden the fish will be off their feed. You may get a fish here and there but anything like good bags are certainly the exception rather than the rule. I had two days' fishing recently when the north wind was blowing and from the point of view of the number of fish I landed, I had a very lean time. On the first day I had a can of lively little baits and, with a punt, made a start about 8 a.m. I covered nearly a mile of water but the pike would look at neither dace, nor gudgeon nor roach. It was all to no purpose and when I reeled in about 4 p.m. I had not had a single run.

NOT EVEN A NIBBLE!

That the pike were off there was not the slightest doubt, so I decided to devote the next day to roaching. I chose a likely-looking spot and settled down on my little camp stool for the day. Every now and then I threw ground bait, consisting of bread and bran, into my swim, but there was not the sign of a fish moving anywhere. I tried bread paste, cheese, elderberries and even currants and though I sat there for eight hours I did not have a single bite.

Sixteen hours' fishing and not a fish—no, it is no good angling with the wind in the north, for many other disciples of Izaak Walton had a similar experience, going empty away from the river.

BUT WELL WORTH WHILE.

And yet it was all quite worth while—at least so far as I was concerned. I watched a tufted duck diving and he proved an expert at the game, frequently remaining under water over half a minute, for I took out my watch and timed him. There were also pochards, coots, moorhens and dabchicks, good divers all, the moorhens only occasionally taking a dip beneath the water.

GOLDEN SHOWERS.

Every now and then a stiff little breeze would spring up from apparently nowhere and down would come the leaves from the tall elm trees in showers of gold and bronze and orange and brown—a

peaceful scene indeed and one of great beauty. Then there was a family of long-tailed tits, zit-ziting as they flew or hopped from twig to twig in search of food. Not far from the spot I found their nest in the spring and watched the parent birds build their exquisite egg-shaped home of moss and feathers covered with silvery lichen. They did indeed seem a happy family and I was just wondering what other joys and beauties would be depicted on this wonderfully peaceful *tableau vivant* when a sparrow hawk appeared overhead. He did not hover like a kestrel; he appeared to be in too much of a hurry for that, and like an arrow shot through the air; he swooped down on one of the poor little bottle-tits and carried him away across the meadows in his cruel claws. There could not have been much food on such a tiny bird but doubtless the hawk enjoyed his horrid meal.

PEACE AGAIN!

Though it is November a little wren suddenly bursts forth into vociferous song; a pair of wild duck continue their courting—yes, in November!—and a wood pigeon comes down to the river to drink. He does not sip the water but takes one long drink, just like a horse. And he claps his powerful wings as he flies away. The waterfowl continue their diving operations and the leaves again fall in golden showers. After that little bit of war, introduced by the hawk, the scene is again one of perfect peace and I am not sorry that I do not disturb it by even killing a fish.

A CHARMING SIGHT.

The note *turwit turwit* tells me that a covey of partridges are going to bed. When retiring they form a circle with their heads outwards so that they may be on the look-out for their enemies—and they have a great many. I have just referred to the long deep drink of the pigeon. It is very different with the partridge. Apparently he obtains sufficient moisture from the leaves of various plants for he is rarely seen actually drinking. But if you are lucky you may see him when there is a drought supplying his young family with water. And this is how he does it: finding a pool or little stream he will, with the aid of his beak well sprinkle the surrounding herbage with water. Then the little partridges will sip to their hearts' content from the moisture-laden leaves, etc.

It is a charming sight and once seen will not readily be forgotten.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

"To S.B. Breweries, Reading." That was how an envelope was addressed the other day and it was duly delivered (without any delay) to The Brewery. The postmark showed it came from Cornwall. Congratulations Reading Post Office.

Many at Reading remember our first concert party and one of the "hits" was undoubtedly "Sympathy." It must have been just revived (the song I mean) for all the dance bands seem to be including this in their programmes heard over the wireless just now.

Our friend Mr. Harry Goatley (who was, incidentally, the pianist in the first concert party mentioned above), has been very ill recently and when we heard he had had to go to hospital with pneumonia all were very apprehensive. For some while he was very ill but I am glad to say he has pulled through splendidly and is now by the sea recuperating. We all knew he had plenty of pluck, and hope to see him back in the Estates Office before very long.

Mr. R. Pitts, who has been up at Staines for a period and who, of course, was at The Brewery before, has recently appeared in the Estates Office. Whether it is due to his return to Reading and regularly playing for Simonds Athletic Football Club I do not know, nevertheless, it is a fact that the team are doing much better since his return. Another member of the Estates Office, viz., Mr. A. V. Hedgington, I am informed is playing quite well. Like Reading (shall I say) the Brewery teams are showing marked improvement.

On Friday, November 19th, the eve of the wedding of Mr. S. Brunson, a happy gathering took place in the Waiting Room, presided over by Mr. F. C. Hawkes. Mr. Hawkes, in making the presentation of a striking clock, an aneroid barometer and a large cut glass vase, called it the gathering of the clans. He went on to say it was customary on such occasions for the staff to subscribe for wedding presents and show in no uncertain manner their good wishes, and he was doing so now on their behalf that evening. They had met to convey to Mr. Brunson and the future Mrs. Brunson their esteem, and in asking his acceptance of those gifts Mr. Hawkes wished him long life, good health and every happiness in his married life.

Mr. Brunson in reply thanked them all very warmly for their wonderful presents, which he would always treasure.

So far, in spite of many fogs and somewhat dreary cold weather, the staff seem to be in very good trim and most are getting ready for that Christmas rush of orders.

I do not know Mr. S. H. Spurling of Devonport, personally, but his record of promotion and service (which appeared in our last issue, together with his photograph) speaks for itself. Mr. W. Bowyer recalls Mr. Spurling when he was with him in the days of Woolwich Branch. In fact, I think I am correct in stating he engaged Mr. Spurling. I wish Mr. Spurling every success in the future.

I am pleased to say there were no casualties reported in the ranks of indulgent fathers (at the Brewery) after the night of November 5th.

Christmas presents are always somewhat of a problem, but one that will be appreciated is the little cardboard house, looking quite picturesque and appropriate for the time of the year, and containing three cans of "S.B." for the modest price of 1/3. Don't forget to ask for this at your favourite house of call or Off Licence.

Football, ever a topic at The Brewery, has had a fillip lately, for Reading transferred one of their stars and signed on two new players—always a certain added attraction this for the critic, even if he doesn't approve, and he generally takes an early opportunity of seeing the newcomers in action. This means larger gates.

Our branch football teams, viz., Plymouth, Portsmouth and Brighton, are by no means setting the sea on fire. Plymouth are certainly doing their best to improve by signing on new players and their gates have been very good. You see, I read the Plymouth football paper each week, thanks to our old friends Mr. J. V. Evans and Mr. Jimmy Wilde. What of proud Pompey? At the moment they are keeping up all the rest of the clubs in the First Division and have only just tasted the fruits of their first victory. According to what I read, Brighton are by no means the power that they have been in the last few seasons. However, by the time my next notes appear all these clubs will be very much on the up-grade.

Congratulations to Mr. C. G. Lawrence of the Surveyor's Department, whose wife recently presented him with a son. Glad to say both mother and baby are going along very well.

In the early days of December another cycle of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Savings Association will have finished. I hope to have some figures for readers next month of how many certificates have been subscribed for since the start of this Association in 1924.

A record number of certificates were subscribed for during the last cycle. Should this meet the eye of anyone desirous of joining, will they please hand their names in to Mr. A. H. Hopkins (Correspondence Office) who will be pleased to enrol them and furnish all details.

I regret to record the death of Mrs. Hasler, widow of Mr. T. Hasler, who was so well known and liked at The Brewery some years ago. Mrs. Hasler was in the office on Friday, November 19th, but passed away on Sunday, November 21st; she was quite a familiar figure at The Brewery every Friday. Our deepest sympathy is hereby expressed to all relatives on their sad loss.

The following changes and transfers have taken place during the past month and to all we wish every success:—

The Royal Oak, Shalbourne (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. Lovelock.

The Royal Oak, Chinnor (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. W. J. Holmes.

The Royal Oak, College Town, Sandhurst (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. A. Hewitt.

The One Pin, Hedgerley, Slough (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. G. Gaskin.

The Jolly Waggoners, Bath Road, Hounslow (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. W. Sweet.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. Curtis, wife of the tenant of The Three Pigeons, Bramley Green, and to all relatives we extend our sincere sympathy.

FURTHER EXPANSION.

Negotiations have been concluded for the purchase of the Licensed Properties and Business of R. H. Stiles, The Brewery, Bridgend, Glamorgan, by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.

Most of the beers supplied to these Houses have been furnished by Messrs. W. J. Rogers Ltd., Bristol, for many years past, and this acquisition should more closely cement the relations already existing between them and the public in Bridgend and district.

IN TOWN TONIGHT,

A PINT OF SIMONDS WILL PUT YOU RIGHT.

CAPTAIN R. L. JOLLIFFE.

CHAIRMAN AND MANAGING DIRECTOR OF MESSRS. BERTRAM & CO., LTD., AND DIRECTOR OF MESSRS. BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.

The following interesting life story of Captain R. L. Jolliffe is recounted by J. Batten in the *Yorkshire Evening News*:—

Standing on the thick carpets of the new Queen's Hotel, Leeds, facing a giant of a man with a pair of the broadest shoulders I have ever seen outside the boxing ring, I heard the most romantic story of success told in the most matter-of-fact tones.

The man who dwarfed me—and I stand 5ft. 10in. or so—was Captain R. L. Jolliffe, chairman of various companies, big-game hunter, racehorse owner, explorer, ex-Cavalry officer—and former policeman in Leeds.

Let me start somewhere near the beginning of this astonishing man's astonishing career, and I hope I can tell it you as calmly and in as matter of fact a way as he told it to me, puffing slowly at a thin cigar, and speaking quietly in a pleasant voice.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

One of the first things Captain Jolliffe did when he had seen the Queen's opened and lunched there, was to stroll along a Park-row he could not recognise, and into a grimy Town Hall which he *could* just recall.

The tall, broad figure went into the hall and stopped before a tablet bearing a list of names. His keen blue eyes ran down the list. "H—I—J." Yes, there it was—"Corporal R. L. Jolliffe."

As he saw his name carved into the tablet he smiled. Thirty-six years ago. That was the Corporal Jolliffe, the lad whose name was on that tablet commemorating the part the Leeds Engineers' Volunteers played in the South African war.

"I was curious to see my name there," Captain Jolliffe explained to me, "I've not been back to Leeds since 1903 when I left the police force.

"You're surprised? Oh, yes, I was a policeman, but only for eleven months." First night on duty Police-constable Jolliffe locked a man up, and saw him fined the next day.

Then from the police force Captain Jolliffe went into the famous "Blues," crack Household Cavalry Regiment, known as the Royal Horse Guards.

FOR BRAVERY.

Towards the end of the Great War, his second campaign, though he was still a young man, he emerged with a commission in "the Blues"—a unique distinction—which his bravery had earned for him.

Lieutenant Jolliffe had started to climb. And first thing he knew was that he was to go to Archangel, in Russia, to take charge of a bunch of Cossacks who formed a crack Russian cavalry regiment, the Slavo-British Legion. For that he was promoted further, and came away from Russia a year later with the rank of captain. Another rung had been passed.

That Russian adventure with those superb riders was only the prelude to a life which was to taste most things which have a tang. The Russians found that in Captain Jolliffe they had an equal on horseback, and a superior with a gun.

CLIMB TO SUCCESS.

Today this ex-Leeds policeman controls a network of varying affairs, steers his businesses along with a hand steady enough to secure success at Bisley, with that sure guidance and judgment which has taken him right away up to the top.

"I decided I'd do something a bit more lucrative after the war," Captain Jolliffe was saying, recalling my thoughts. "So I went into commerce." That's typical of the man—"went in" to commerce! And seventeen years later you find him director of a huge distillery company, chairman of a great catering firm, director of numerous concerns.

JUNGLE THRILLS.

What has happened in between? Some big game hunting. Tigers, panthers and so on, adventures in the jungle. A crack shot found plenty of excitement in this dangerous sport. He wanted to see the world, though already he knew South Africa, the Continent; and so there were expeditions into little-known territories in the tropics—Central Africa, Brazil—all more excitement.

There's romance for you. But to me the most extraordinary part of it all was the central figure's entire lack of boastfulness or pride—which would surely be natural enough—in his quiet, matter-of-fact answers to questions which came tumbling from my lips.

Like many Yorkshiremen he is fond of music and cricket: in winter he may often be found at the Queen's Hall; in summer he may frequently be seen at the Oval enjoying himself over his county's favourite game.

A ROYAL CHRISTMAS AND A HOUSE OF GOOD CHEER
WITH SIMONDS BEER.

The Three-Can Container.

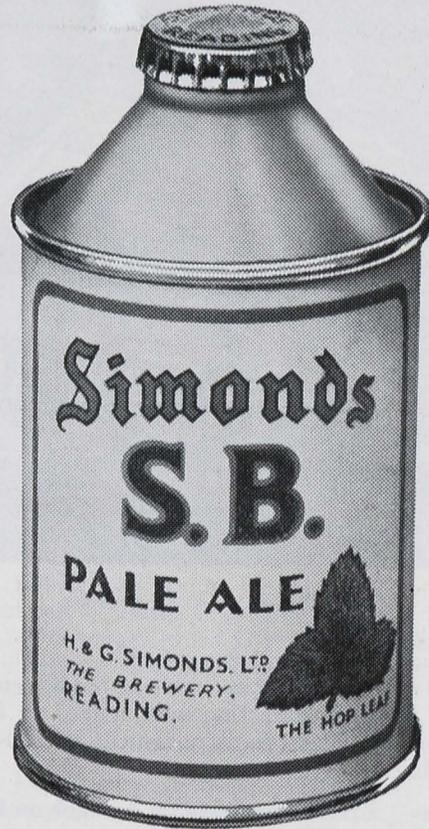
As time marches on, and change after change takes place, it may be well to describe in a brief manner the advent of what may be termed the latest introduction with regard to the filling of a container, other than glass, in a convenient size and popular with the general public.

Our famous "S.B." is available on draught, in bottle, and also in cans. It is to the latter we address this special attention. Firstly, the idea has been of material benefit to the tinning and kindred industries which have hitherto passed through a momentous trade period.

If there is to be a place in the sun for a new invention in all fairness it is worth a trial. Our cans are an up-to-date and pleasing product of modern hygiene. A great deal of thought and care have been bestowed by experts with regard to the selection of a metal can and its final dressing.

Our efforts in this new direction have received a full chorus of praise and they have been rewarded by a popularity which has been well merited and maintained. We have no evidence of any of these cans being left at the Poles by explorers but we shall not

be surprised if, at some future date, some are frozen hard on the summits to be heralded as a British landmark. We have heard of other commodities in tins thus found at these remote spots.



One of the Cans.

These "S.B." cans will be available in large quantities for the coming Xmas trade. With them we are supplying the small cardboard house which holds three of these cans.

So look out for the XMAS "WAITS" THREE IN A HOUSE and many outside awaiting attention, and all in perfect "harmony" with the Festive Season.

The price of this novelty is 1/3 for three cans, including the small house (without rates and taxes), and are obtainable at our Licensed Houses and Off Licences.

S.J.M.

FOOTBALL.

BREWERY TEAM'S CONTINUED IMPROVEMENT.

The improvement in form reported last month has been well maintained, although the first game in November brought defeat. Thatcham lowered the Brewery flag by two goals to nil after a hard game in which the visitors made most of their opportunities. The following week St. George's, newcomers to the Premier Division, provided the opposition. Both sides played attractive football with the Brewery forwards combining well. The strength of the Brewers attack proved far too powerful for the St. George's defence, a "hat-trick" by Kerry, one each from Pitts and Hedgington, against three by the Saints brought home two more useful league points.

This result proved a good omen for the next match, when both teams again met, this time in the 3rd round of the Berks and Bucks Junior Cup. The Brewery soon took the lead from a goal from Hedgington, followed by one from Kerry. Pitts scored the third and Hedgington notched a fourth to give us the lead by 4-1 at half time. The second half provided the spectators with a grand fight. Further goals from Kerry and Hedgington with only one in reply gave the Brewery a 6-2 victory and the right to meet Calcot Park in the 4th round.

Hats off to Kerry and Hedgington for "hat-tricks" two weeks running.

R.J.G.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

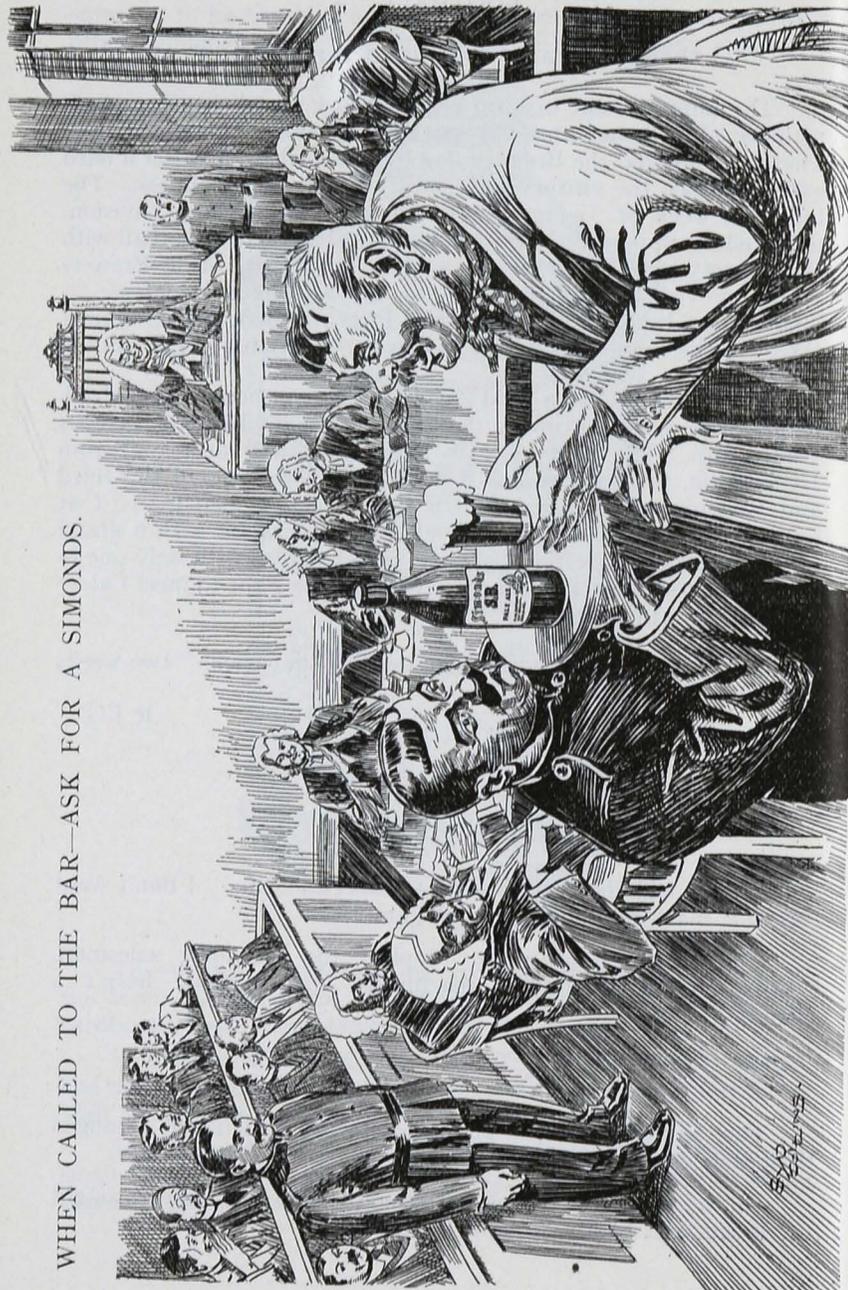
"No," said the proprietor of the wayside cafe, "I don't want any slot machines which involve gambling."

"That's quite all right," replied the travelling salesman. "These are not gambling machines. The customer hasn't a chance."

* * * *

Pat, Sandy and Isaac planned a picnic, and it was arranged that each was to bring something.

On the day of the outing Pat brought some ham, Isaac brought the bread, and Sandy brought his family.



WHEN CALLED TO THE BAR—ASK FOR A SIMMONS.

He was undersized, meek, diffident, subdued, and had applied for a job as night-watchman.

"Yes," said the manager, eyeing him dubiously, "but the fact is we want someone who is restless and uneasy, especially at night; someone who thinks the worst of everybody and whose suspicions are seldom, if ever, allayed; someone who sleeps with one eye always open; someone with remarkable hearing, who starts at the slightest sound; someone who is always listening, thinking there are bad characters about. A meek and mild night-watchman would be of no use to us. We want a large, aggressive, intrepid, and dangerous person, bad-tempered and revengeful, too. The kind of person, in fact, who, when roused, is a fiend incarnate."

"I'll send the wife round," said the little man, dejectedly.

* * * *

An old tramp walking along a canal bank hailed a man in a small barge.

"Will ye give me a lift, mister?"

"Aye, but ye'll have to work your passage."

"Oh, that's all right. What will I have to do?"

"Lead the horse along the bank!"

* * * *

"Now, Angus, you go back and see how father is. Wire me, and don't forget you can get nine words for sixpence."

Next day: "Father died yesterday. Celtic two, Rangers one."

* * * *

OBJECTIONABLE CUSTOMER (*complaining about the quality of the ham*): "Here! I say, Miss, what sort of pig do you call this?"

WAITRESS: "To which end of the fork do you refer?"

* * * *

"It's really very kind of you, Mr. Knight, to give me your seat," said Miss Kay.

"Not at all," replied Mr. Knight; "we men are getting tired of being accused of being polite only to pretty girls."

* * * *

"What a pretty name your maid has!" remarked the visitor.

"Oh, that isn't her real name. We call her 'Dawn' because she's always breaking!"

MRS. HOGG : " What have you ever done to save others from suffering and misery ? "

MR. HOGG : " I married you, didn't I ? "

* * * *

" The price of venison is shocking," declares a correspondent. Dear deer !

* * * *

VISITOR (*in country hotel*) : " Wonder you don't change the name of this hotel to the ' Prince of Wales's ' ! "

PROPRIETOR : " Oh, sir—but why ? "

" Well, there were three feathers in *my* bed, anyway ! "

* * * *

A little girl who was in the habit of saying " ain't " for " isn't " was reproved by her mother.

A short time afterwards on hearing her cousin use the same word, she ran to her mother and exclaimed : " Mother, Doris says ' It ain't,' but it isn't ' ain't ' is it ? It's ' isn't,' ain't it ? "

* * * *

Sign on the wall of a seaside dance hall : " The management reserve to themselves the right to expel anybody they think proper."

* * * *

TEACHER : " Come on, why did you stay away from school ? "

PUPIL : " Class hatred ! "

* * * *

" Oh, John," she was saying, " you are a most inattentive host. I do wish you'd keep an eye on poor Mr. Smith. He's helping himself to everything."

* * * *

She was one of those women who want to see everything there is in the shop. She was looking for hose, and the obsequious salesman got down everything in sight within a radius of half a mile.

After the counters had been strewn with hose of every size and shape and colour—box on box, dozens on dozens—he said : " There, madam, is our stock."

" Is that all you have ? " asked the woman, her voice showing disappointment.

The salesman paused.

" Yes, madam," he replied, " except the pair I've got on."

VISITOR TO GREAT ORME : " I hear you can see Ireland from here ? "

OLDEST INHABITANT : " Aye, and you can see farther than that at night."

VISITOR : " At night ? "

INHABITANT : " Yes ; you can see the stars."

* * * *

PEDESTRIAN : " Hey, you just missed me by an inch."

DRIVER : " Cheer up, I'm coming back in about a minute."

* * * *

A stranger was dining at an Aberdeen hotel. At the end of the dinner he gave the waiter twopence for a tip. The waiter looked at it in disgust and said : " Here, sir, d'ye no' ken that the champion miser in Aberdeen gi'es me a threepenny bit ? "

The stranger held out his hand and replied : " Shake hands, mon, wi' the new champion ! "

* * * *

LADY : " Then how is it you have never found work since the War ? "

TRAMP : " Luck, lidy, just luck."

* * * *

A commercial traveller, detained in a village overnight, was introduced in the local inn to a crazy little billiard table and a set of balls of a uniform dirty-grey colour.

" But how do you tell the red ? " he asked.

" Oh," replied the landlord, " you soon get to know them by their shape."

* * * *

A little boy, who was out with his father, noticed a turncock using his key to turn the water off.

" Oh, look, Daddy ! " he exclaimed. " There's a man winding up the world ! "

* * * *

" That's a nice collection of books you've got ! You ought to have some shelves."

" I know ; but nobody seems to lend shelves."

WARDER (*at 1 a.m.*): "Ain't you asleep yet?"

BURGLAR: "No, it's strange to be in bed in the middle of the night."

* * * *

"Is your husband better, Mrs. Meadows?"

"Yes, thank 'ee, sir; it don't take him long to vituperate."

* * * *

CUSTOMER: "You charge more for cutting a woman's hair than a man's. How is that?"

BARBER: "We barbers have had to learn an entirely new line of conversation for you ladies."

* * * *

BIG-GAME HUNTER: "Oh, yes, I've been nearly eaten by lions many times, but life without a little risk would be very tame."

LITTLE MAN: "I agree! Many times when the weather has seemed doubtful, I have deliberately gone without my umbrella."

* * * *

SHE: "Why did you give up ice-skating? Was it because people laughed when you fell down?"

HE: "No, but the ice was always making funny cracks."

* * * *

"I painted something for last year's academy."

"Was it hung?"

"Yes, near the entrance where everybody could see it."

"Congratulations! What was it?"

"A board saying, 'Keep to the left.'"

* * * *

"Madam, your confounded dog bit my ankle and tore my trousers."

"Naughty, naughty, Fido. I shall punish him severely. I shall take his pink ribbon from him for a whole week."

* * * *

"Pretend that you have no toothache," said the faith-healer. "Persuade yourself that it is all imagination suggested by an evil power. Say: 'Get thee behind me!'"

"What, and turn it into lumbago?"

The charabanc, loaded with women, was about to start. Friend of driver passed.

"'Ullo, Tom, fine marning; where be goin'?"

"To Burnham."

"Be ee? Wait a minit and I'll send my old 'oman."

* * * *

FRIEND: "Why, you're writing poetry, doctor."

DOCTOR: "Yes; to kill time."

FRIEND: "Haven't you any more patients left?"

* * * *

FOOZLER (*after hour's search for lost ball*): "Don't give up yet. It's probably in the last place you'd expect."

CADDIE (*fed up*): "Righto, I'll go and look in the hole."

* * * *

"What is your favourite winter sport, doctor?"

"Sleighting."

"No, I mean apart from business."

* * * *

M'THISTLE: "Mon, 60 shoes were thrown at my wedding."

FRIEND: "Sixty? I can't believe it!"

M'THISTLE: "Well, there's the shoe cupboard. Open it and count them."

* * * *

"When I was a boy," said the sergeant to a squad of recruits, "I had some toy soldiers, which I lost. My mother said: 'Oh, you'll soon find them.' And believe me, you lopsided mutton-headed gang, that day has come."

* * * *

"How do you pronounce 'pneumonia'?" asked the French boy who had come to England to learn the language.

His English chum told him.

"That's odd," replied the young man. "It says in this story I am reading that the doctor pronounced it fatal."

* * * *

MARY : " Please, madam, I've knocked the marble clock off the sideboard."

MADAM : " Has it stopped? "

MARY : " No, madam, it's gone straight through to the basement."

* * * *

MASTER : " What happened after the sacking of Constantinople? "

SMITH MAJOR : " I—er—he went on the dole."

* * * *

The speaker was enumerating in impassioned tones the evils of the day.

" What we want to do," he cried, " is to get rid of Socialism, Radicalism, Bolshevism, Communism, Anarchism, and Sovietism."

" And while we're about it," chimed in a weather-beaten old man, " can we throw in rheumatism? "

* * * *

Dad wrote to his son at college : " I'm sending you the 10 dollars in addition to your regular allowance as you requested in your last letter ; but I must again draw attention to your incorrect spelling. ' 10 ' is written with one nought, not two."

* * * *

" What," said the warden, " you back again? "

" Yeh," replied the old lag. " Any letters? "

* * * *

The lorry driver had tried in vain for two miles to pass the trolley-bus. At last he managed to draw alongside.

" Blimey! " he yelled to the driver, " I don't know what you'd be like if they let you off the lead! "

* * * *

TEACHER : " Now, Tommy, perhaps you can tell us the purpose of grammar? "

PUPIL : " Please, miss, it learns you to talk proper."

* * * *

" This book," said the book salesman, " will do half your work for you."

" Good! " was the reply, " I'll take two."

" You have only called one constable," said the man accused of being drunk and disorderly ; " I want to hear the second constable's evidence."

" There was no second constable present," said the policeman.

" You'll excuse me, but I distinctly saw him," persisted the prisoner.

" Yes, that's why you're here," was the reply.

* * * *

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! "

* * * *

MISTRESS : " Did you put my blue evening dress into soak, as I told you? "

MAID : " Yes, mum ; but they'd only give me half-a-crown on it."

* * * *

" Why are you crying, sonny? "

" Mother has drowned all the kittens."

" That is a shame."

" Yes, she promised I could do it."

* * * *

SERVANT (*to professor in bed*) : " The doctor is here to see you, sir."

PROFESSOR (*absent-mindedly*) : " I can't see him now. Tell him I'm ill! "

* * * *

" My vacuum cleaner just won't work," said the housekeeper to the repair man.

" Well," replied the man, " I've tested it, and there's nothing the matter with it."

" There must be," insisted the woman, " when we first used it we got several pounds of dirt out of this carpet, and now it's hard to get an ounce."

DINER : " I can't eat this soup."

WAITER : " I'll call the manager."

DINER (*when manager arrives*) : " This soup, I can't eat it."

MANAGER : " I regret that, sir, I'll fetch the chef."

DINER (*when chef arrives*) : " I can't eat this soup."

CHEF : " What's the matter with it? "

DINER : " Nothing ; I haven't a spoon."

* * * *

PROFESSOR : " What's a Grecian urn? "

STUDENT : " Depends on what he does."

* * * *

Little Doreen had just received a new doll from her aunt. " And what are you going to name her? " the aunt asked.

" Sirshe," said the child.

" Sirshe? " said auntie. " I've never heard that name before."

Little Doreen looked aghast. " Don't you remember that song you taught me—' Where are you going to, my pretty maid? I'm going a-milking, Sirshe said? ' "

* * * *

LONDON BUS CONDUCTOR (*stooping and picking up halfpenny*) : " Has anyone here dropped a shilling? "

SMART LADY : " Yes, I do believe it's mine."

CONDUCTOR : " Well, here's a halfpenny on account. We'll have a good look for the other 11½d."

* * * *

MR. BORE : " . . . And scarcely had I put my foot in the tent, when I found myself face to face with an ape-like face. What did I do? "

MR. BITTERS : " Took down the shaving mirror."

* * * *

BILL : " What time did you get home? "

JACK : " Nearly half-past two."

BILL : " I'll bet you got a hot reception from the wife."

JACK : " No. I found a note on the hall table : ' Slippers in the refrigerator.' "

LONG-WINDED PARSON : " We will close with a short prayer. The Deacon will lead."

DEACON (*waking up with a start*) : " It isn't my lead. I just dealt."

* * * *

LADY (*to tramp*) : " If you're begging a favour you might at least take your hands out of your pockets."

TRAMP : " Well, the truth is, lady, I'm beggin' a pair o' braces."

* * * *

" How is Jack? "

" Pretty bad."

" Why, I saw him dancing with a blonde last night."

" So did his wife."

* * * *

" I never feed tramps," the housewife informed Weary Willie.

" I ain't askin' yer ter, lady," he replied. " Just gimme the grub an' I'll feed myself."

* * * *

Evening frocks may now be purchased on the instalment plan. Many women seem to be wearing the first instalment.



BRANCHES.

OXFORD.

The Staff at Oxford Branch send hearty Christmas and New Year Greetings to the Directors, Heads of Departments, and Staff at Reading, subsidiary Companies and Branches.

FRONTIER JOTTINGS.

A fictional episode in which all characters are imaginary and in which no allusion to any person, living or dead, is made or intended. Refreshment alone is fact.

* * * *

An hour before dawn, yet on the Frontier, the sentries were as ever keyed up to alert vigilance by the resourceful daring of the enemy.

The Perimeter Camp at Kadha was a scene of orderly and noiseless activity. Troops, British and Indian, were moving into formation for another day's protection for the Convoy on "The Road." Nor were the permanent picquets idle, their small garrisons standing to, were straining eyes and ears with a nervous, but not fearful intensity.

Their enemy, warriors of a race born to fight the forces of nature in a barren sterile land, were bred in the sterner atmosphere of tribal warfare and reared to manhood in action against all other races; were possessed of a fanatical courage, a hardy strength, a native guile and a knowledge of mountain warfare that only a bitter, deadly existence can bestow. At Rockspect Picquet, Sgt. "Nobby" Watts of Her Majesty's Royal Regiment, keenly watched his platoon at their duties whilst simultaneously his eyes searched nullahs, hillsides and crests, for by now the first grey and red streaks of dawn were speeding the darkness to its end.

The troops from camp had been in their positions for some time, liaison with the column from the next camp had been effected and the "Road" was open. Meanwhile Watts was lightening the strain for his men by cheery smiles of encouragement and a word of commendation.

L/Cpl. Campbell, commander of the Lewis Gun Section, beckoned his superior and said, "Four o'clock, 600 yards, Lyle's Nullah, Sergeant." Watts focussed his field glasses on the spot and discerned eight tribesmen moving rapidly towards Sussex Spur.

As their advance was bringing them nearer to his picquet, he refrained from opening fire and contented himself by studying their movements and trying to puzzle out their objective. At length they disposed themselves among the scrub and boulders of Sussex Spur and Watts was almost minded to open fire, for they were now only 400 yards from his own position.

His hesitancy to do so was because he had recognised their leader—Moussa Khan, the man whose inspired leadership had welded several tribes to common action—Moussa Khan, the one man responsible for the present unsettled situation and long drawn out campaign—Moussa Khan, bred in the wild regions of the Frontier, and educated in England. Moussa Khan! The Frontier Wolf! Surely, thought Watts, his capture would repay the British Forces better than his death?

Within the space of moments Watts made a desperate decision—capture! The situation was one in which a gamble of initiative, if successful, would outweigh any disregard of orders.

A short conference with his Section Commanders, a few crisp orders and two rifle sections, one under his own charge and the other under L/Cpl. Seeley, were out of the picquet and selecting cover with an ingenuity equal to, if not surpassing, that of the enemy.

Slowly and steadily advancing they neared Moussa Khan's party, the section under Watts crossing the nullah and ascending the right slope of the Spur and Seeley's section moving up the left slope. Cpl. Burgess, left in command of the picquet, disposed one rifle section to cover all surrounding country, watching for other enemy parties, and the Lewis Gun Section covered the approach of the two advancing sections, the enemy party and their possible line of retreat.

Moussa Khan, intent upon studying the methods of a Regiment new to the Frontier, left the protection entirely to his men. But now the hillmen were equalled on their own ground and in their own tactics. So silent the approach, so skilful in their use of cover were the Englishmen that the tribesmen, although alert to a degree, were still unaware of their proximity. They were, however, greatly suspicious of the seeming inactivity of the picquet. Were the English such fools as to allow them to watch the operations unmolested? But no! A sudden rush of khaki-clad men and Watts was upon them and battering Moussa Khan into insensibility. Simultaneously, Seeley and his men broke cover and drove down upon the now desperate tribesmen. A few moments of rapid action

in which knives, fists, boots and rifle butts all played their part and a dozen dishevelled Tommies arose triumphant with their enemies disarmed. Two of the tribesmen lay dead, their skulls cracked, another had a broken arm and all were covered in blood and dust. Nor had the Englishmen escaped injury. Peter Aldred had received a sweeping cut from a knife in his left side and "Oakey" Mallet was bleeding profusely from a slashed cheek.

The action had been noted by the keen eyes of the officers of the Battalion and two platoons under Lieut. West immediately advanced upon the Spur. West arrived to find Watts supervising the dressing of the wounded and Moussa Khan just recovering consciousness. "Moussa Khan," exclaimed the officer. "It is I," replied Moussa, "I have dared too much!"

Turning to Watts, West demanded sternly, "What are you doing away from your picquet, Sergeant?"

"I came to capture Moussa Khan, Sir," replied Watts springing sharply to attention.

The officer gave quick orders. "You will consider yourself under close arrest, Sgt. Watts—Sgt. Miles, take charge of him—Sgt. Jenner you will take over Watts' command and proceed to the picquet with the unwounded men. The remainder, with the prisoners, will proceed with my party to the Battalion Headquarters."

The retirement of the various parties was accomplished without incident and on return to camp Watts was confined to his tent and spent the night musing upon the tricks of fate.

The Commanding Officer's report had soon reached Brigade Headquarters and Moussa Khan appeared in the presence of the Brigadier and the Political Agent.

"So, Sir," he caustically remarked to the Brigadier, "You have men with brains in your British Regiment and yet you make them prisoners."

Next morning Watts appeared on his Commanding Officer's "Orders" Parade. The Regimental Sergeant Major called the roll and reported to the Adjutant who called all officers present in the tent.

"Sgt. Watts!—Quick March!—Halt!—Left Turn!"—and Watts faced his C.O.

The charge read and Lieut. West's evidence given over, the C.O. addressed Watts. "Have you anything to say, Sgt. Watts?"

"Nothing, Sir," replied Watts.

"Sgt. Watts," said the C.O., "you have been guilty of grave dereliction of duty, you not only left your picquet, but in doing so, you depleted its garrison, thereby endangering a valuable position and the lives of its occupants. You also neglected to take the procedure in accordance with your orders, by which the work you did accomplish could have been done with less risk of chance. A good commander, whilst recognising the necessity for action does not imperil his command by unconsidered recklessness which a situation does not demand. However, you showed a certain initiative and inspired your men to confidence by a gift of leadership and your action, without countenance of its faults, has been commented upon very favourably by the Brigadier and he wishes me to convey his congratulations, to which I add my own and those of my officers. Case dismissed! You will return to your picquet with the ration party to-day."

"Left Turn!—Quick March!"—and shortly afterwards "Dismiss!" and Watts walked away a free man again.

A brief visit to the Sergeants' Mess where he was congratulated by his comrades and refreshed by some draughts of "S.B." from cans, tiffin and then proceeded to his tent to pack for his journey to his picquet.

R.J.C.

OXFORD BRANCH STAFF IN 1896.

This following photograph is a unique record as it contains three members who are at present serving in Managerial positions, viz. :—

Mr. C. G. Adams, Brighton Branch.

Mr. F. L. Shrimpton, Ludgershall Branch.

Mr. H. J. Timms, Oxford Branch.



C. G. Adams
A. Bowell
H. J. Timms
W. J. King
F. L. Shrimpton
J. M. Dormor
E. Buckle
B. O. Robinson
F. J. Slay
L. H. Dickinson
E. Clinkard

27 MAR 1930

MARL BANK,
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Worcester, 924.Telegraph :
Elgar, Worcester.

WORCESTER.

Sir Edward Elgar will be
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if they will send

2 doz Imp Milk Stout

4 doz $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. do

2 doz Imp Ale XXXXX

2 doz $\frac{1}{2}$ doz do.

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address.

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In addition to my order
please send two dozen
 $\frac{1}{2}$ doz: Milk Stout &
Cecilia Grafton Esq.
Perryfield House.
(Worcester) Promyspore
I don't mind. ²⁶²²

The foregoing is another interesting photograph recently discovered at Oxford Branch in the form of an order received from the late Sir Edgar Elgar, the great composer.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

THE TAMAR BREWERY SEND HEARTIEST GREETINGS TO HEADQUARTERS AND ALL BRANCHES FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

The Devonport Army Gunwharf has been in existence for over 200 years. It has an area of about eight acres and is situated between the South Dockyard and the North Dockyard, and a railway tunnel runs underneath the Gunwharf to connect the two Dockyards. The Tamar Brewery is between the Gunwharf and the North Yard. The Admiralty have had designs on the Gunwharf for years and before the Great War there was some talk of taking the Tamar Brewery and owning the whole of the water front between the two yards. The Admiralty have now made the necessary arrangements to take over the Gunwharf from the War Office—but they will not interfere with us—nor will they acquire the road leading into the Torpoint Ferry and some other civilian properties.

We are very pleased that the Fleet has returned to Devonport for Christmas leave. We are always glad to see the ships and trade is much better for the town generally when "Jack" comes ashore.

We are very sorry to lose the 1st Bn. The Suffolk Regiment from this Garrison; they left for Malta in November. The Battalion has been most popular here, both from a sporting and social point of view. We hope they will enjoy their sojourn in Malta and wish them the best of luck. They are fortunate to leave here at this time of the year as they will dodge the cold winter and fogs.

The 2nd Bn. The East Yorkshire Regiment are joining the Garrison and we feel sure they will enjoy their stay with us. Most of the regiments are sorry to leave when the time arrives to go. The sad part is that when we are thoroughly used to one another the War Office tell them to "pack up their troubles and smile, smile, smile."

Plymouth Argyle are decidedly in the doldrums and they seem to be drifting to the Third Division—we shall soon be paying in for an excursion to Reading next season.

On Saturday, 6th November, a party from the Brewery visited Torquay to witness the football match between the local side and Reading. The charabanc left Devonport at 1 o'clock and a call was made at the Dartmouth Inn, Totnes, en route. After a brief stay we continued our journey to the football ground, arriving just after the kick-off. The game was rather mediocre and Reading after enjoying a lead of two goals eventually lost by 3 goals to 2. It must be said in Reading's favour that Plainmoor is a difficult ground for visitors to play on, on account of its small size. After the match we sojourned to the White Hart Inn, Plainmoor, Torquay, for an hour or so, where we enjoyed good ale and good company. From there we went on to the Devonport Arms, Paignton, and satisfied our need for further refreshment. Many good games of darts were played and two of our party beat the "best two in the House" after a close game. About 9 p.m. we commenced the homeward journey and after a short stay in Totnes arrived back at Devonport at 10.30 p.m., having spent a very happy time. It would be appropriate here to write that our thanks are extended to Mr. C. R. Holman (chairman of the Tamar Social Club) who organised the trip so ably.

Our Social Club entertained the members of the Octagon Brewery Social Club on Saturday evening, 27th November. A series of games including billiards, snooker, darts, etc. was played and thoroughly enjoyed by all. Our friends were successful at darts whilst we won at billiards and snooker.

The friendly spirit which prevails when "S.B." meets "O.B." is most gratifying and we look forward to meeting them again in the near future.

PORTSMOUTH.

THE LATE LIEUT.-COLONEL H. E. W. IREMONGER, D.S.O.

It was with very deep sorrow that the inhabitants of Fareham and the surrounding district heard of the death of Lieut.-Col. H. E. W. Iremonger, D.S.O., which occurred after a sudden illness at his home, Pike House, Fareham. He was quite recently elected President of the Fareham Branch of the British Legion and had also been actively connected with the local Royal Marines Old

Comrades Association. He was the eldest son of the late Rev. E. R. Iremonger, who for 42 years was the Vicar of Goodworth Clatford, Hants. Serving with the Royal Marine Artillery, Colonel Iremonger was in H.M.S. *Valiant* at the Battle of Jutland, and commanded a unit of R.M.A. siege guns in Belgium, for which he was mentioned in despatches in 1917. He was awarded the Belgian Croix de Guerre and was also a Chevalier de Legion d'Honneur. After the War he was Officer Commanding Troops at the Island of St. Helena, and for a short period was Deputy Governor of the Island. He was at Eastney Barracks when the Blue Marines were stationed there, and was afterwards Fleet Royal Marine Officer in H.M.S. *Nelson* from 1928 to 1930. The funeral service was held at St. Peter's, Goodworth Clatford, Hants. We at this Branch tender all his relatives our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

The Hampshire Regiment Reunion Dinner, held at Winchester this year, was attended by some 200 past and serving Warrant Officers and Sergeants. The attendance of serving members was this year lower (at 30) than previously, as both the two Battalions are on foreign service. Proposing the toast of "The Regiment," R.S.M. Corney alluded to the service of the 1st Battalion on the North-West Frontier of India and the 2nd Battalion in Palestine. He also expressed regret that the 8th Battalion (Isle of Wight Rifles) was no longer one of the Regiment's Territorial Infantry—or Rifle—Battalions. General Haking, who replied, was cordially received. The Mayor of Winchester also responded and recalled the Regiment's fine service in the Great War, when Battalions served on every theatre of war except one. Acting R.S.M. Bridger proposed the health of past members, and a reciprocal toast was submitted by one of the oldest soldiers present, ex-R.S.M. E. Callaghan.

Two hundred and ten Officers and men took part in the annual marathon race of the Home Fleet held this year at Portland. Seven ships entered teams, each consisting of five Officers and 25 men. H.M.S. *Courageous* won the event, with H.M.S. *Rodney* second and H.M.S. *Nelson* third. The race began on the rugby ground, and the course was through the canteen ground by Portland Castle, through Castletown and the Naval Dockyard, up the Admiralty incline road to the Borstal Institution, across through The Verne back to the canteen ground.

Best wishes for Christmas and the New Year from the Portsmouth Staff to all readers of the "HOP LEAF."

LONDON.

Congratulations to Major F. J. Johnson, s.c.c., on his appointment as Deputy Mayor of the Corporation of Malden and Coombe.

The honour conferred on Major Johnson gives great pleasure to the staff at London Branch, as well as to his numerous friends in the City. The appointment has also been received with cordiality and satisfaction in the Borough.

We take this opportunity of extending the season's greetings to the Directors and to the staffs of The Brewery, Branches and Allied Companies.

ROCHESTER WAY (ELTHAM) SOCIAL CLUB.

We publish some snaps of the happy Dart Section of the Rochester Way (Eltham) Social Club, taken on the occasion of their annual outing. The venue chosen was Margate and the outing was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

It will be seen that the Firm's beverage takes a prominent part in each snap and every member wears the Simonds' badge. The other picture consists of the officers and committee of the Section.

The weather was particularly good and put everybody in jolly spirits.

At the conclusion of the tea the Chairman, Mr. H. S. Cross, in praising the members for their loyalty to the club, remarked that a good and successful Dart Section materially assists in the success of a club and that he was proud to associate himself with the Section and to be in their party on this happy occasion.

The Club Secretary, Mr. G. Leer, spoke on the organisation of the outing and said it was a pleasure to play a prominent part in it. He hoped the arrangements met with their approval. He was grateful that upon returning the party were unanimous that the outing was a great success.



The Committee.

On Saturday, October 2nd, 1937, a supper and cabaret entertainment were arranged to officially celebrate the fourth anniversary of the opening of the Rochester Way (Eltham) Social Club.

The Chairman extended a hearty welcome to a large assembly and wished them all a very pleasant evening. Music by the club's orchestra was rendered during the meal and greatly appreciated.

When the supper was finished and permission given to smoke, the Chairman rose to say that after a public meal it is an old English custom for speeches to be made, and on this auspicious occasion it was his pleasure to follow that custom.

He commenced by stating that four years ago the building was placed in our trust by the landlords as a clubhouse for social intercourse and as a centre for games, amusement and entertainment. On looking back during the past four years we can rightly and justly claim to have loyally upheld that trust and fully justified our existence as a social club, and we thank the landlords for the building they have placed in our care. (Much applause.)

The Chairman proceeded that the year 1937 will be prominent in the history of this country as the Coronation year of their Majesties, and, incidentally, will be a historical event in the club's career. Many happy functions were enjoyed by our members and guests to mark the Coronation season as a memorable time in our lives and that of the club. (Hear, hear.)

The children were specially catered for. (Cheers.)

The ladies organised a supper and the entertainment that followed, shared by their men-folk, made another happy evening.

In the summer the children were again provided for and taken to Sheerness on August 21st for their annual outing. Each child received a bag containing sweets, fruit and a light snack; also pocket money was distributed upon arrival at the resort. Tea was taken at 3.30 p.m., and a most enjoyable day ended in the clubhouse with beverage and community singing. Every effort will be made to rebuild the Children's Fund to hold their annual Christmas Party. (Cheers.)

Reverting to the ladies, the Chairman said that the Committee will in future organise a summer outing for them and endeavour to provide more amusement and games in the future. (Great applause by the ladies.)

He next spoke on club games and stated a fresh Committee had been set up to arrange inter-club games. Entertainments were then commented upon, and the Chairman considered the

functions arranged by the energetic and entertaining Entertainments Secretary, with his Committee, were excellent, and a hearty vote of thanks was due to Mr. Ford. (Applause.)

Mention was made of the reconstruction of the stage, interior redecoration and exterior repairs to be made in the near future. (Applause.)

The Chairman expressed his thanks to the Firm for their continued interest in the club's welfare, and their generosity. He concluded on a personal note that he would continue to serve the club whilst he enjoyed the present wonderful support given by his various Committee brother officers, and so long as he enjoyed his good health to realise his dreams of the future.

He sat down amidst great applause.

A member then arose to express his appreciation of the Chairman and his activities, and proposed a hearty vote of thanks.

Mr. Oram briefly responded on behalf of the landlords, stating he was glad to take back to the Firm the many kind expressions made by the Chairman, and that he was sorry Mr. Ward could not be present on this occasion as he and the other representatives have always enjoyed themselves at these anniversaries and were in fact looking forward to this one. He spoke on the great interest Mr. Ward and the Firm took in the welfare of the club, and on their behalf thanked the Chairman and expressed wishes for the club's successful future. He mentioned that, although he was a member of the Firm, he also felt that he was now an old member of the club and hoped to be present on many succeeding anniversaries. (Applause.)

On conclusion of the speeches, the hall was cleared for the entertainments. Dancing soon began and the floor was crowded with the happy throng. Many artistes entertained the company during the evening and none pleased the assembly more than the return of our local comedian, Billy Drage, who was in top form and kept the happy gathering in one long laugh. Dancing proceeded until midnight.

During the programme the Vice-Chairman, Mr. C. Warren, addressed the audience to speak on the qualities of the Chairman and said that it was his privilege to present to Mr. Cross, on behalf of the Executive Committee, a clock as a token of their appreciation of his long and splendid services to the club. (Great applause.)

Mr. Cross, in his response, thanked the Vice-Chairman for his kind words, and his Committee and all present for their kind gift

which came as a great surprise. He stated that he will be happy to continue to serve the club to the best of his ability and to assist in its future success. The band struck up "For he's a jolly good fellow" and the company sang it with gusto.

A most happy and memorable evening ended with "Auld Lang Syne," and all departed pleased with themselves and the world at large.

BRIGHTON.

It seems that at last Brighton is to have some improvement in its public transport service. After several attempts to substitute trolley or motor buses for the trams, there is now a scheme in hand with Messrs. Tilling, to run trolley buses on the existing tram routes, and to extend same into the new outlying districts. This, it is hoped, will come to pass. We must however be patient, for a Bill has to be first passed by Parliament before the idea can come into being.

A little older than our trams were some of the vehicles that had their annual outing in running down from London on the 21st November. The oldest was Mr. Mill's 1898-1900 Benz, and amongst the "also ran" were two De Dion Bouton Cars, vintage 1901-2, a 1903-4 Panhard, and a 1903-4 Levassor. Of the 103 cars (all manufactured before 1905) that started from London, 95 finished the journey.

Miss Jean Batten, who was an interested witness of the veteran car run, accompanied them down to Brighton, and was the R.A.C.'s guest at tea at the Royal Pavilion, also the guest of honour at the subsequent dinner at the Hotel Metropole in the evening.

Once again Remembrance Day made the nation stand still, to honour the great sacrifice of those who gave everything for us nearly twenty years ago. Yet to-day everything is being pushed forward to protect our homes, women and children, from air-raids and gas attacks.

Was the sacrifice in vain?

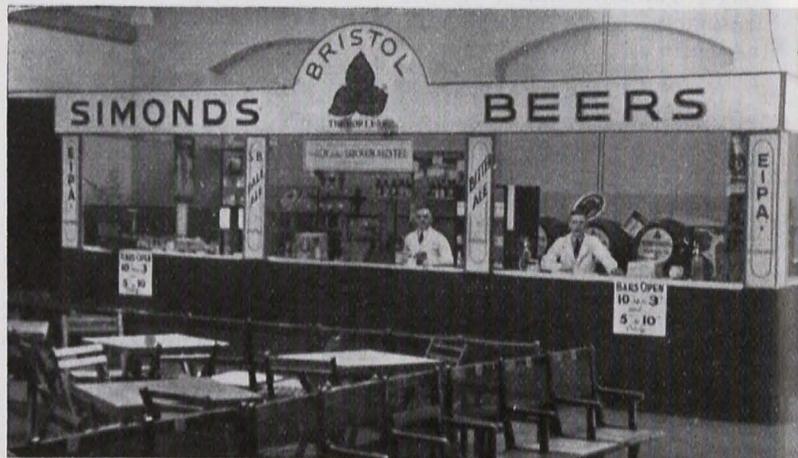
Brighton & Hove Albion football team have been drawn against Tunbridge Wells Rangers in the preliminary round of the English Cup, and we hope to pull through these weary unprofitable matches. Good luck to Reading football team in their cup round!

By the time this appears in the GAZETTE, we hope to be busy with Christmas trade, and we send the season's greetings to the Directors and fellow workers at Reading and elsewhere.

BRISTOL.

BRISTOL'S ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

Hop Leaf products were again to the fore at the above event. Not only did our exhibit of Bottled and Canned Beers, Wines and Spirits prove of great interest to the thousands who visited the Drill Hall during the fortnight, but all beers shown on the Stand were obtainable at the Bar, which was under the control and supervision of our good friend Mr. Martin Clark, proprietor of The Hen and Chicken Hotel, Bristol, who did the whole of the catering, and allowed our staff *carte blanche* as far as publicity was concerned. We take this opportunity of expressing our grateful thanks for his co-operation in making Bristol's own exhibition another "Simonds" success, as our snap will prove.



BRISTOL "HOP LEAF" DARTS LEAGUE.

With the 1937-38 season now well under way, each match is endowed with that "do or die nobly" feeling which leads to ultimate success however long it may be delayed; and with so little a margin between the leaders it requires only a spice of good fortune at the right time quickly to reverse the present placings of the league table, which as we write these notes has come to hand. The Three Horse Shoes, last year's champions have a reputation throughout the county, but in their last match had to bend the knee to the gallant Barton Hill "boys," who now head the table. A 6-3 defeat on their own board was a bitter pill for the "Shoes" to swallow, but with two games in hand they still have the best figures, and should get over that check to their run of successes.

At the foot of the table the "Queen's Own" Bedminster troop have yet to register a win, but their latest result against the noted Black Horse-men of Redfield, a 5-4 defeat, is evidence of an improvement in skill.

A typical "cavalry scrap" this! Only a particularly fine effort by that clever tactician Captain Jack Ball extricated his squadron from a very precarious position in the final attack, and enabled them to disperse the raiders, pointless.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Points.
Richmond Hotel	9	7	2	14
Three Horse Shoes	7	6	1	12
Black Horse	9	6	3	12
Hit or Miss	8	5	3	10
Prince Alfred	9	5	4	10
George and Dragon	9	5	4	10
Botany Tavern	9	4	5	8
Colston Arms, Lodge Street ...	9	4	5	8
Colston Arms, St. Michael's Hill ...	9	4	5	8
Lord Chancellor	9	4	5	8
Horse and Groom	7	2	5	4
White Hart	7	1	6	2
Queen's Head	9	0	9	0

With the growing interest now being shown in league games, it is our desire to include in these monthly notes any item of darts news which would be of general interest to our Bristol readers, and we invite both tenants and darts captains to co-operate and assist us by forwarding a note each month of any outstanding performance of merit, or incident, which would be good "copy."

All notes should be forwarded by the licensee to us at Jacob Street, by the 15th of each month, and marked "Darts" on the envelope.

Don't be shy of publicity. We will "sub-edit" them for you. All we want is Hop Leaf Darts news! Let's see what you can do by January 15th!!

As the Festive Season again approaches, and our present year of discord proceeds to its appointed end, may we, in all sincerity, faith, and hope, send the best wishes of all SIMONDS' enthusiasts in Bristol to those many thousands both at home and overseas who, at Christmas time, will be raising their Hop Leaf glasses with us to "friendship and goodwill," and to our kindly Directors and Staff at headquarters, and to all those who work for one common aim with us—May the Season ahead be full of happiness and the year to come one of progress and PEACE.

SIMONDS BEER

is

SUPER B
