

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

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Vol. IX.

JANUARY, 1935.

No. 4

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MR. T. E. STEVENS.

## MR. T. E. STEVENS.

In this issue the position of honour is given to the portrait of Mr. T. E. Stevens, one of the senior members of the Delivery Department staff.

After serving a probationary period in the Cask Department, which he joined in 1903, Mr. Stevens was moved to the Wine and Spirit Department in December, 1905. In 1913 he was transferred to his present office, where he is one of the mainstays of a large and busy staff. He is in charge of all railway despatches, outwards and inwards, and assists in arranging the loads for our large fleet of road transport. Possessing a comprehensive knowledge of the work of the department, he is able to take over any of the duties when required.

Returning from service in the Great War, Mr. Stevens took temporary duty in the Wine and Spirit Department, where he assisted in the practical work and management until the return of the regular staff, when he again moved to his present department.

In 1916 Mr. Stevens enlisted in the 3rd Bn. The Royal Berkshire Regiment, and after undergoing training at Portsmouth, he was sent to France, where he was transferred to the 4th Battalion of his Regiment. He was wounded at La Sars in both feet and legs, which necessitated six months in hospital and a further three months convalescence. In April, 1918, he was discharged unfit.

An active participator in sports of all kinds, Mr. Stevens was well known on the football field. Whilst at school he was chosen to play for Reading Boys on several occasions. Later he played for the Victoria Football Club (Reading Seniors) and gained the Berks and Bucks County Badge in 1910-11, when he captained the side. For two seasons Mr. Stevens played for Reading Reserves. Nowadays he is a keen spectator at Elm Park.

At cricket Mr. Stevens played for the Brewery team for several seasons. He was a good batsman and fielder until a broken thumb finished his career at this form of sport. He is an amateur carpenter and has turned out work of great merit.

During Town Council Elections Mr. Stevens has performed excellent work in support of popular candidates. His labours in committee rooms have involved long hours of tedium, known only to those who have experienced similar work. From 1908 to 1919 Mr. Stevens took an active interest in the Oddfellows Friendly Society and was Past Master of the "Robert Atter Lodge" during the year 1913.

Mr. Stevens has been Secretary of the Seven Bridges Brewery Burial Club, which has a membership of 375, for seven years.

## Our New Year's Resolution.

Let it be the New Year's resolution of us all to use our utmost endeavours to leave the world a little better than we found it and, in the words of Dickens: So may the New Year be a happy one to you, happy to many more whose happiness depends on you! So may each year be happier than the last, and not the meanest of our brethren or sisterhood debarred their rightful share in what our Great Creator formed them to enjoy.

## EDITORIAL.

### A PROUD RECORD.

Mr. F. A. Simonds has just celebrated his "silver jubilee" as a Director of the Company of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., and has been, for the past eighteen years, Managing Director. Few of them could have visualised the enormous expansion which had taken place in the Firm during that period, said Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds at the annual meeting of the Company on December 10th. That expansion had been very largely due to the sound business instincts and the foresight of the Managing Director, coupled with a flair for a little gamble now and then. However, he had never let them down, added Mr. Shea-Simonds. He then asked the shareholders to join the Board in making some signal mark of appreciation of the sterling services rendered by Mr. F. A. Simonds, and proposed that Mr. Simonds be asked to accept a portrait in oils of himself and that a replica should be painted and hung in the Board Room. Needless to say, the proposal met with unanimous approval. Mr. Simonds said he appreciated with his heart and soul that very pretty gesture. "I feel it a great honour," he added, "to have my picture place in the Board Room alongside those eminent forebears of ours who helped to make the business what it is to-day and to make our path such an easy one."

Never was an honour more richly deserved for, from the highest to the humblest, we all look up to Mr. Eric not only as a great business man but as a great Englishman.

And it is the earnest prayer of us all that long may he be spared to direct the great ship of Simonds into seas of even greater security and success.

MR. GAVIN T. SIMONDS, K.C.

We were very sorry to learn that whilst out shooting on Thursday, December 27th, Mr. Gavin slipped and fractured his fibula, which is the small bone of the lower part of the leg. We are pleased to hear that he is making good progress, but with his large practice the accident will cause him considerable inconvenience.

MR. ERIC DUNCAN SIMONDS.

We were also distressed to hear that Mr. Eric Duncan Simonds had sustained a serious injury by being kicked on the thigh whilst playing football at Eton. The exact damage has not been ascertained, at the time of going to press, and he is awaiting the result of a further examination. It is satisfactory to know that his general condition is improving. We wish him a speedy recovery, to which youth and vigorous health should contribute.

MR. STOCKER BACK AT THE BREWERY.

It is with very real feelings of pleasure and thankfulness that we see Mr. C. W. Stocker back at the Brewery after his illness, and carrying out his important duties with his accustomed skill and zest.

THE ENGLAND OF CHARLES II.

This is the title of a delightful book by Arthur Bryant and in it there are some amusing items about beer. The author says: "Without sturdy frames and cheerful spirits our fathers could scarcely have borne much that their lot entailed. Strong drink and wholesome food were necessities. Of the former they drank more than we. The regulation allowance of beer for a common sailor was a gallon a day . . . The natural drinks were beer and ale. The former was brewed mainly at home and stored in vast vessels bound with iron hoops. But there were also many public brewers, and in 1688 twelve million barrels were sold to a total population of not much more than five millions. Ale was often prepared with the aid of some foreign substance such as a capon, which was left to grow putrid along with the malt, thus giving body to drink."

AFTER THE RESTORATION.

"After the Restoration a new vice (or so it seemed to superior persons) sprang up among the communalty of England, that of substituting brandy for the natural beverage. The habit was said to have spread during the Dutch Wars from the sailors of the Dutch marine to those of the English. One result was an increase of drunkenness in the seaports, the potency of "stormy waters" proving rather too much for a people already accustomed to consume a very liberal quantity of liquor. Sobriety was not an English virtue. The cultured and temperate Roger North describes how, entertaining the Mayor and Alderman of Banbury at his brother's house, Wroxton, he so plied them—sitting, standing and walking—that they spent the night in ditches homeward bound, while he himself retired 'like a wounded deer to a shady, moist place' and there lay down and 'evaporated four or five hours.'"

FEWER MEALS.

"Drinking so much, our ancestors usually ate fewer meals than we," continues the writer. "Their chief meal, dinner, took place at any time between twelve and half-past one. Breakfast, in the modern sense, they did not eat, but, as the contemporary name of 'morning draught' implies, drank. It was taken, if taken at all, at any time between dawn and eleven in the morning, and usually consisted of ale or a cup of wine, or in winter of purl (which was beer warmed and flavoured with herbs) or mulled claret. To savour the draught pickled oysters, radishes or anchovies were sometimes eaten; on grander occasions a neat's tongue, a collar of brawn or even a cold game-pie. Occasional variants were a pot of chocolate for settling the stomach after a debauch, or a cup of whey, which lawyers, as they came into Westminster Hall of a morning, much affected. Tea and coffee were not yet breakfast drinks . . . The English of that age were great meat eaters. Two pounds of best salted beef was the daily allowance of a common seaman. For the rest, the dishes of our forefathers were more mixed and diverse than ours; the food of Germany at the present day is perhaps the best parallel. Like the modern German, they particularly loved anything which was a relish, a taste catered for in their preserved foods—a glass of gherkins, a barrel of scallops, or a neat's tongue. Their cheese, too, they liked strong: Stilton, 'the Parmesan of England,' was brought to the table with a special spoon for scooping up the maggots."

A FISHING STORY.

Two anglers were fishing for pike. Suddenly one had a "run" and after a long struggle the fish was coaxed near to the boat. Eager to catch a glimpse of his would-be prize, the angler

peered into the water, when off fell his straw hat. In his effort to save it he dropped his rod, his line got entangled and the jack broke away. Meanwhile his hat went sailing gaily downstream. The printers refuse to publish the expressions used. Just as the anglers were about to make a move with a view to recovering the lost headgear, lo and behold, it began to move upstream toward them. And you can imagine their astonishment when the jack approached them with the hat in his mouth. The fish "handed" the hat to the angler who had lost it, bowed and very gracefully took his departure!

"THE BOTTLERS' YEAR BOOK."

I have just received a copy of "The Bottlers' Year Book, 1935," and it is bigger and better than ever—which is saying a good deal. It includes two authoritative articles on the bottling and storage of wines. The problems set to the machinery manufacturers by bottlers are dealt with in an extraordinarily lucid manner by Mr. A. P. Blaxter, M.A., F.C.S., who is the head of a famous firm of engineers, Messrs. Barnett & Foster. A well-known consultant writes on the "Effect of Metals in Beer" and there are other articles, full of interest and instruction, by other writers who possess an expert knowledge of the subjects dealt with. There is a wealth of other information and Mr. H. C. Vickery, the able Editor, and Mr. O. Adley, the very business-like Manager, are to be warmly congratulated on the compilation of a book invaluable to bottlers, and of great interest to all connected with the Trade. The price of this complete handbook and diary for the bottler is only 5/- and it is published from Orchard Road, Burpham, Guildford.

THE NEW YEAR.

A year to be glad in,  
Not to be bad in ;  
A year to live in,  
To gain and give in ;  
A year for trying,  
And not for sighing ;  
A year for striving  
And hearty thriving ;  
A bright New Year,  
Oh ! hold it dear :  
For God Who sendeth  
Only lendeth.

AND THEN !

Theysitlikethisuponaseat,  
And now and then they kiss,  
And then he says some darn-fool thing,  
And then they sit  
Like—————this.

A XMAS MORNING LULLABY.

Hush-a-bye, baby, pretty one, sleep,  
Daddy's gone golfing to win the club sweep.  
If he plays nicely—I hope that he will—  
Mother will show him her dressmaker's bill.

Hush-a-bye, baby, safe in your cot,  
Daddy's come home and his temper is hot ;  
Cuddle down closer, baby of mine,  
Daddy went round in a hundred and nine !  
*From—" Our Empire."*

ARCHDEACON'S VIEW OF MODERN GIRL.

"The modern girl is like a bungalow—painted outside, shingled on top, and no 'upstairs,'" said Archdeacon Dumville-Smythe, of Lewes, at the Knights of the Round Table dinner at Hyde Park Hotel.

OLDEST ENGLISH INNS.

The oldest "home-brewed house" in England is Ye Olde Trip to Jerusalem Inn, Nottingham. The date of this inn is 1189, and coincides with that of the Third Crusade. The Crusaders journeying to the Holy Land stopped at this inn for refreshments, and thus it got its quaint name.

Other old licensed establishments in Nottingham are the Salutation Inn, 1280 ; the Talbot, 1380 ; and the Flying Horse, 1483.

May the present year be  
NINETEEN  
THIRTY  
**THRIVE.**

“THE DAILY DOSE THAT DOES IT.”

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Albury, of Mount Pleasant, Oakhanger, near Liphook, Hants, celebrated their diamond wedding in the cottage where they have lived for 45 years. Within sight is the house where Mr. Albury's parents lived for 52 years. Although 85 years of age, Mr. Albury still walks half a mile for his daily glass of beer at a public-house where he started work at the age of 7.

No wonder he is still “ale and 'earty”!

THE COTSWOLD SHEPHERD.

Walter Handy, the Cotswold Shepherd, who broadcast a message to the Empire from Ilmington, on Christmas Day, and conveyed the Empire's greeting to the King, regretted that time did not allow of his giving the little song he chants as he carries out his lonely duties on the fringe of the Cotswolds. Here is the verse:—

“Keep on steadily moving, lads,  
For laziness never will win;  
May your hand and your heart  
Both play a good part,  
And your motto be,  
‘Never give in.’”

A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE DUTY.

Early this year I journeyed to the Post Office and paid 7/6 for my dog's licence. What wonderful “interest” I get on that investment. Aye! and not only interest but a wealth of loyalty, love and affection such as no money can ever buy, for it is beyond price. Never did the parting with a little money please me more.

**X**TRACT OF BEST HOPS

**X**CELLENT MALT

**X**PERTLY BREWED

**X**CEPTIONAL BEER

**X**HILARATING, INVIGORATING

**5X**—BUT IT MUST BE SIMONDS'

WHISKY.

A *Daily Mail* correspondent writes:—“If Mr. Neville Chamberlain reduces the duty on whisky to 50/- a gallon the taxpayer will be the principal beneficiary. Is it generally realised that in 1920, when the duty was 50/- a gallon, the Exchequer received £58,800,000 from the spirit duty? Last year, with the duty at 72/6, the Exchequer received £33,400,000—a yearly loss of £25,400,000, or about the equivalent of 6d. on the income tax.”

Another correspondent writes:—“Why whisky should be taxed practically out of existence, I cannot understand. If we depend greatly on our export trade why not export as much whisky as we can make? There is a good over-seas market for it, and we should thus keep our farms tilled and grow barley to full capacity.”

SNEEZING IS A TALENT.

The obiter dicta of sneezing, according to Dr. Octavia Lewin, who addressed the winter school for Health Visitors and School Nurses at Bedford College, are:

Never backfire a sneeze and don't turn your nose into a pop-gun when you blow it, if you would be healthy.

Sneezing is a function of such distinct value that it was referred to in the classics of hundreds of years ago as though it were a guardian angel.

The sneeze should not be regarded as a social crime, nor should it be broadcast to the social danger.

“Nowadays, unfortunately,” said Dr. Lewin, “there is a widespread lack of knowledge on how to make the fullest use of such a talent as sneezing, instead of regarding it as an act of which to be ashamed and one which should be hidden under a bushel.

“The nose is as conspicuous as a Belisha Beacon, and like the Belisha Beacon it should be regarded as a help in time of trouble.”

THE TEETOTAL DINNER PARTY.

“The teetotal dinner party is a dull affair. How can I, who drink good wine and bitter beer every day of my life, in a comfortable room and among friends, coolly stand up and advise hard-working fellow creatures to take the pledge?”—*William Ewart Gladstone.*

WHAT'S YOURS?

**S**AME AS **B**EFORE.

## DEATH OF NOTED DOG ARTIST.

Mr. Cecil Aldin, the dog artist, died in London on Monday, January 7th, 1935, at the age of 64. Millions of dog lovers all over the world will mourn the death of Mr. Aldin, who was one of the most famous sporting artists of his generation. Mr. Aldin spent his life among dogs—he was M.F.H. of the South Berkshires and also hunted harriers, beagles, and basset-hounds. Mr. Aldin wrote many books, the most recent of which bears the title "Time I Was Dead." It is full of fascinating tales of his artistic and sporting career, his visits to Bohemia, and his beloved dogs.

## A GARDEN.

I know a little garden, O, so sweet !  
 Where mignonette and honeysuckle grow,  
 Where every breeze wafts perfume to my feet,  
 The perfume of the sweetest flowers that blow.  
 And there are stately blue-eyed hollyhocks,  
 Like crimson spears, within this garden fair,  
 And winding paths demurely edged with box,  
 Inviting me to pause and linger there.  
 A sweet herb plot, where lavender is sown,  
 And musk and violets, where among the flowers  
 An ancient sundial built of mossy stone  
 Through the sunshine counts the flying hours.  
 Yew hedges forming shelter from the breeze,  
 A close-clipped stretch of emerald lawn enclose,  
 A path goes winding past the sheltering trees  
 Neath rustic arches sacred to the rose.  
 Sweet little old-world garden, that appeals  
 Where'er I muse alone in sadder hours,  
 A memory of thy beauty to me steals,  
 A memory fragrant as thine own sweet flowers.

M.

—In "Imperial Club Magazine."

## THE NEXT WAR.

The date of the next war is fixed by the following :—

1857 Indian Mutiny.  
 1 year's duration.

1858  
 1  
 8  
 5  
 8

1880 African War.  
 1 year's duration.

1881  
 1  
 8  
 8  
 1

1899 Boer War.  
 3 years' duration.

1902  
 1  
 9  
 0  
 2

1914 Great War.  
 4 years' duration.

1918  
 1  
 9  
 1  
 8

1937



## A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

NORTH WIND SPOILS GOOD FISHING.

GREEDY GULL ROBS LITTLE GREBE.

THE SKYLARK.

If the wind is in the north, north-east or east, for some reason or other, the fish will not bite. Many a time have I proved this to be the case. In fact, if the actual catching of fish is your only aim you might just as well stay at home when the wind blows from either of these directions. But there is much more than fish to occupy my attention when I go out for a day's angling. On Saturday, January 5th, the wind was blowing from a north-westerly direction and before noon I was away down by the Thames-side. The water was running rather fast and was a trifle too thick for my liking. However, I tried my luck. Mixing up a good supply of ground-bait, bran and bread, kneaded into a kind of dough, I threw balls of this into the river—a very little at a time, and very often. To my hook I attached a small knob of bread paste and "lay on the bottom." That is to say I weighted my line with a lead, through which the line could run smoothly, and let the bait lie on the bottom. You catch the bigger fish by this method. To hold a long roach pole in your hands for hours at a time is a rather tiring task, so I fixed it to two iron rests, and awaited results. At frequent intervals I put on fresh paste, but it was all to no purpose and about 5 p.m. I packed up. Five hours' fishing and no fish, not even a bite.

KINGFISHER COSTS ME A FISH.

At most games you are told to keep your eye on the ball and when the fish are on the feed you should certainly keep your eye on the float. Otherwise you will lose your fish. For instance, I was fishing all day, the other Sunday, and had two bites. I just missed the first fish and should certainly have caught the other. But within a few yards of where I sat was a kingfisher. He was busy catching fish for dinner, and instead of keeping my eye on the float I was keeping my eye on him. When I turned round to again watch my float I found that it had disappeared and was well under water. The top of my rod, too, plainly indicated that a fish was at my bait. I hurriedly seized my rod, and struck, but was a fraction of a second too late for the suspicions of the roach had been aroused and he had spat out the paste. By watching that kingfisher I lost a fish, and apparently a fine one, too. Good luck to you little fish!

THE REDPOLLS.

The size of your "bag" is by no means everything that counts in a day's fishing. No recreation is more restful, while at the same time your mind is always fully occupied with sights that delight the eye and sounds that are like music to the ear. I am frequently losing points through not keeping my eye on the ball—I mean losing fish through not keeping my eye on the float. But do I mind? Not a bit of it. On the Saturday already mentioned I was very interested in a number of redpolls feeding in the trees. These charming little winter visitors, with their black chins and crimson crowns, often take their food when clinging to the twigs, upside down, continually uttering their cheery little notes, "kreck, kreck, haydred," as they do so. Another of their notes is very similar to that of the peewit, though, of course, nothing like so loud.

It was very good of them to come and keep me company and add their quota to the pleasures of the day.

GULLS ROB GREBE.

The gulls were very busy finding all sorts of food, much too busy from at least one dabchick's point of view. Now this dabchick dived and brought to the surface a nice little fish. No sooner had he done so than half a dozen or more gulls swooped down and endeavoured to rob the dabchick of his prize. Down dived the dabchick again but directly he reappeared the gulls renewed their attack. Once more the dabchick evaded them by disappearing under the water. Then up he came again and, like a flash, one of the seagulls was at him, and snatched away the fish. Holding it by the tail this gull was then pursued by other gulls. Eventually he had a moment's peace. And then I witnessed an interesting sight. This gull, as I have stated, was holding the little fish by the tail. Now gulls swallow fish head first, and in order to do so on this occasion Mr. Gull unconcernedly tossed the fish into the air caught it by the head and gulped it down.

I am reporting the matter to our worthy Chief Constable, Mr. Burrows, and doubtless, in due course, this gull will be charged with petty larceny, and fined. I shall be only too pleased to be called as a witness.

THE SKYLARK.

The thrushes were singing throughout the afternoon, while the green and spotted woodpeckers were calling. A lark rose from the meadow, soared heavenwards, and then descended to earth

again, winding and unwinding his silver chain of song as he did so. Thank God that larks for the gourmand are no longer the fashion and that live larks may no longer beat their heads and wings in bird-shop cages.

The man who kills a skylark shows  
How far from God man sometimes goes !

I see that "Touchstone" in witty lines in the *Morning Post* concerning the skylark affirms

His pay is scarce a tithe of what he saves.  
Postmortems, skilfully conducted  
Have clearly shown that this is so ;  
But farmers will not be instructed,  
And when they vow the lark must go  
Insects in endless ranks  
Unanimously pass a vote of thanks.

In the *Guardian*, another wit, Frank Buckland, defending the skylark, concludes :

I know that I shall never lift a gun  
At sound of wings that flutter in the wheat . . .  
They say that you arrive on alien wings  
To spoil the grain, and may be it is true ;  
But I can only think that there are things  
That go against the grain far more than you.

And so good luck to you, little skylark, may you ever remain unharmed, one of the delights of the countryside, gladdening, as you do, the heart of man by your sweet silver song.

#### ANGLER'S UNUSUAL "CATCH."

But to return to fishing. An angler friend of mine had an unusual "catch." While sitting in his punt, trying for pike, a covey of partridges flew over and alighted in a field close to some barbed wire. After a few minutes they rose to find a more suitable roosting ground. But not all of them. One struck the barbed wire and fell badly injured. The angler left his boat and humanely put the poor bird out of its misery. A painful duty, but I am sorry I was fishing lower down river or—out of the goodness of my heart!—I would willingly have performed the task for him.



## H. & G. SIMONDS' SUCCESSFUL YEAR.

NEARLY 45 MILLIONS OF BOTTLES.

£639,000 PAID IN TAXATION.

(From the *Berkshire Chronicle*.)

The sale of bottled beer by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., the Reading Brewers, amounted to the gigantic figure of nearly 45 million bottles during the past financial year, whilst the net profit of the Company for the year amounted to over £30,000 more than the previous year. These facts were reported at the Annual Meeting of the Company, which was held at the Chamber of Commerce Room, Reading, on Monday, December 10th. Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds, the Chairman of the Board, presided, and was supported by Mr. F. A. Simonds (Managing Director), Mr. J. H. Simonds, Commander H. D. Simonds, Mr. A. J. Redman, Major G. S. M. Ashby, Mrs. F. A. Simonds, Mrs. H. Caversham Simonds, Major M. H. Simonds, Mr. L. A. Simonds, Mr. R. St. J. Quarry, Mr. G. W. Smith, etc.

The Chairman presented the report of the directors, and the accounts for the financial year, which ended on September 30th. He remarked :—

The year under review has shown somewhat better results than last year. The net profit for the year has increased by £30,633 10s. 8d., which is largely due to the increased turnover in all districts served by the Company, but more particularly in those areas served by our subsidiary Company, Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery, Ltd., and the subsidiary of that Company, Messrs. Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries, Ltd. Since the acquisition of these concerns we have laid out much capital in rebuilding or improving many of the licensed properties, and that fact, combined with a reorganisation of the business on more economic lines has, in the past year, enabled us to draw from these Companies profits considerably in excess of those taken from them since they came under our control. I am glad to tell you that our associated Company in Malta, Messrs. Simonds-Farsons, Ltd., has, during the past year, been able to send us for the first time a handsome contribution in the shape of dividends on the share capital which we hold in this Company, thus justifying the confidence we originally placed in this undertaking. The Managing Director paid a visit to Malta early this year and brought back most favourable reports as to efficiency of the organisation in the Brewery and the popularity of their beers.

We have continued to make progress at our Brewery in Devonshire, the Tamar Brewery, Devonport, and our beers in the West Country are becoming increasingly popular. Since the date of the balance sheet, negotiations have taken place and are practically concluded for the sale of our interests in the cider factory of Messrs. N. P. Hunt & Son, at Crabbs Park, Paignton, to Messrs. Whiteway's Cyder Co., Ltd. We shall, however, be concerned in the sale of the products of that factory, as also those of Messrs. Whiteway.

#### HUGE SUM PAID IN TAXES.

As an item of interest to many of our friends, and to mark the progress in the bottling trade of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. and its allied companies, I should like to tell you that our turnover in bottled beer amounted to no less than 44,809,471 bottles. The filling and washing of the empty bottles, in such vast quantities, is in itself a gigantic task.

I am able to divulge for the first time an interesting figure, viz., the total sum expended by the Company in various forms of taxation: e.g., beer duty, licences, income tax, motor car licences, etc. This amounted to a sum of £639,877 5s. 9d., and took no account of large sums levied directly on materials by the Customs. Another feature of outstanding importance has been the outlay in our building department, a sum of no less than £106,072 14s. 1d. having been spent in the building or maintenance of our properties. This testifies to our anxiety to provide improved licensed houses which are second to none throughout the South and West of England, and we are continually receiving tributes both from professional men and the general public as to the excellence of our new and improved properties and the attractive appearance of houses flying the "Hop Leaf" flag.

#### BREWERS AND THE AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRY.

I must refer to one question which is exercising the minds of all connected with the brewing industry, namely, the agitation fostered by a certain section of the National Farmers' Union aimed at securing a restriction on the proportion of imported foreign barley used in the brewing of beer. May I remind you that in connection with the Budget of April, 1933, the Brewers' Society, through the then chairman, Mr. F. A. Simonds, undertook to "Recommend to all brewers to increase as far as possible the proportion of home-grown barley in the brewing of all classes of beer." It is common knowledge, and the Chancellor has concurred in this, that that recommendation has been honourably carried out. During the spring of 1933 and the autumn of that year brewers

bought very freely of the large stocks of English-grown barley available, and filled their bins to the utmost of their capacity to the great benefit of the farmers of this country. During the current season, on the reiterated recommendation of the Society, brewers have again bought home-grown barley as liberally as their requirements permitted them so to do. It is certainly not their fault if, owing to a bountiful harvest, the markets are at the moment glutted with barleys; moreover, a high percentage of this year's crop has been found to be totally unsuited for brewing purposes.

The brewing trade will strenuously oppose any legislation designed to impose upon them any restriction which would interfere with their liberty to use any material, whether home-grown or imported, which, in their opinion, is best suited to brewing beers acceptable to the palate of their customers. They would likewise oppose any suggestion of an increased import duty on malting barley unless imported feeding barley was put on the same footing. The brewing trade will do anything in reason to help agriculture, and have said on several occasions that if the agricultural interests of this country require an additional barley duty, the trade will raise no objection provided it is on all barley. There must be no suggestion of discrimination in favour of stock-feeding barley as against malting barley.

#### DIVIDEND OF 13½ PER CENT.

By virtue of the improved outlook generally, combined with their ability to draw larger profits from the subsidiary companies, the Directors have decided to recommend an increase in the final dividend from 9 per cent. to 13½ per cent. less income tax. They have also decided to withdraw from the subsidiary companies certain reserves in the shape of bonus distributions, which have been accumulating in those companies, but which rightly belong to the parent company. These reserves have been utilised to strengthen the various reserves of this company.

I am glad to learn and to be able to report to you that our tenants, as a whole, have reaped the benefits of the increased spending power of the public as reflected in the larger output from the Brewery, both of excisable and other liquors, and in every way have loyally endeavoured to maintain the prestige, not only of this Firm, but of the entire licensed trade.

In conclusion, I am sure our shareholders would like to join the Directors in extending our warmest thanks to all the members of the staffs of this company and its subsidiaries for the efficient and loyal way they have worked for us during the past financial year, as has always been the case whatever the results achieved.

(Applause.) The illness of our head brewer, Mr. C. W. Stocker, has been the cause of grave anxiety to all of us, but you will be glad to hear that he has recently been able to return to duty, a fact upon which we have every reason to congratulate ourselves, although his subordinates, most of whom have been trained by him, have carried on most efficiently during his enforced absence.

#### PENSION RESERVE OF £95,000.

Mr. Shea-Simonds then moved the following resolution: "That the report of the Directors and statement of accounts for the year ended 30th September, 1934, be received and adopted; and that, having already paid or provided for the full year's dividend on the Five per cent. and Six-and-a-half per cent. Preference Shares, less tax, and an interim dividend of 2½ per cent., less tax, on the Ordinary Shares, the Directors now recommend that the balance of £255,639 11s. 11d. be appropriated as follows:—To appropriate to debenture redemption reserve, £7,959; to pay a final dividend on 540,240 ordinary shares of £1 each at the rate of 13½ per cent., less income tax, £56,522 12s. 2d.; to add to pensions reserve (making a total of £95,000), £13,100; to allocate to property improvement account (making a total of £100,000), £31,606; to add to investment reserve (making a total of £130,000), £26,099; to add to contingencies reserve (making a total of £128,000), £19,937 6s. od.; to carry forward to next year, £100,415 13s. 9d."

Mr. J. H. Simonds seconded the resolution, which was adopted.

Mr. F. A. Simonds, in proposing the re-election of Mr. A. J. Redman, of Byfleet, who retired from the Board in accordance with the Articles of Association, said Mr. Redman had been associated with them for nearly five years, and had brought much wisdom to bear upon their counsels.

Commander Simonds seconded, and this was agreed to.

Messrs. Collins, Tootell & Co., of Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4, were re-elected auditors, on the proposition of Major Ashby, seconded by Mr. Redman.

#### A PORTRAIT FOR MR. F. A. SIMONDS.

The Chairman said that he had a suggestion to put to the shareholders which he hoped would meet with their unanimous support and approval. Mr. Eric Simonds had celebrated his "silver jubilee" as a Director of the Company, and had been for the last eighteen years Managing Director. Few of them could have visualised the enormous expansion which had taken place in the Firm during that period. That expansion had been very largely due to the sound business instincts and the foresight of the Managing Director, coupled with a flair for a little gamble now and then. However, he had never put them on to a loser. Their

first post-war acquisition was in 1919, when they took over the Tamar Brewery at Devonport. Their next was in 1920, when they purchased the Hythe Brewery. They nursed that business for nine years, and eventually sold it at a handsome profit. Later in that year they took over the South Berks Brewery Company. Simonds-Farsons, of Malta, was formed in 1929, and in 1930 they acquired Ashby's Staines Brewery, with its subsidiary company of Wheeler's Wycombe Brewery. That was a wonderful record, and they owed a great deal to their Managing Director. Having one or two excellent precedents in their mind, it had been suggested that they should ask the shareholders to join the Board in making some signal mark of appreciation of the sterling services rendered by Mr. F. A. Simonds. He therefore proposed that Mr. Simonds should be asked to accept a portrait in oils of himself, and that a replica should be painted and hung in the Board Room. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. J. H. Simonds, in seconding, said every shareholder owed a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Eric Simonds for the wonderful ability he had shown in all that he did, more particularly in connection with the Firm of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. and its subsidiary companies.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

#### A PROUD RECORD.

Mr. F. A. Simonds, in response, said he had been taken completely by surprise, and he appreciated with his heart and soul this very pretty gesture. He thought he might add one or two words to his record. With the co-operation of the Board, he was able to bring into the company the Newbury Brewery Company, the large concern at Crabbs Park, Paignton, with the attendant licensed properties, the Tavistock Brewery in Devon, Woodward's Brewery in London, and he thought he might also add one of their brightest gems, the business of Mr. A. S. Cooper in the Market Place, Reading. It was a record of which, perhaps, he might justly be proud, but it could not possibly have been achieved without the co-operation, the goodwill and the hard work of his colleagues on the Board and the whole of the staff. Mr. Simonds added that he was made a Director in 1905, which brought him to nearly thirty years' service on the Board. Mr. Simonds concluded: "I am deeply grateful to you all, and I thank the Chairman for his very kind allusions to my record. I feel it a great honour to have my picture placed in the Board Room alongside those eminent forebears of ours who helped to make the business what it is to-day and to make our path such an easy one." (Applause.)

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, proposed by Mrs. H. Caversham Simonds, and seconded by Mr. L. A. Simonds.

## READING AND DISTRICT CLUBS BILLIARDS LEAGUE.

Results of games played :—

## DIVISION I.

December 5th. HENLEY LIBERAL v. H. &amp; G. SIMONDS (away).

<i>Henley Liberal.</i>				<i>H. &amp; G. S.</i>			
E. Taylor	...	...	100	v.	A. Dalton	...	79
T. Short	...	...	63	v.	R. Broad	...	100
W. Neate	...	...	69	v.	T. Holmes	...	100
A. Judge	...	...	100	v.	W. Bowyer	...	84
H. Hamilton	...	...	91	v.	R. Paice	...	100
F. Dawson	...	...	100	v.	S. Bird	...	54
<hr/>							
523							517

December 10th. H. &amp; G. SIMONDS v. SALISBURY (home).

<i>H. &amp; G. S.</i>				<i>Salisbury.</i>			
A. Dalton	...	...	77	v.	C. Smith	...	100
R. Griffiths	...	...	50	v.	W. Jacques	...	100
R. Broad	...	...	100	v.	A. Owens	...	97
F. Riden	...	...	81	v.	E. Rider	...	100
C. Weller	...	...	63	v.	E. Goodyear	...	100
R. Paice	...	...	91	v.	H. Holmes	...	100
<hr/>							
462							597

Captain—S. Bird.

## DIVISION III.

December 10th. COMRADES v. H. &amp; G. SIMONDS (away).

<i>Comrades.</i>				<i>H. &amp; G. S.</i>			
E. L. Bennett	...	...	53	v.	S. Cousens	...	100
N. Harris	...	...	100	v.	J. Nimmo	...	51
P. Cooper	...	...	100	v.	L. Benford	...	85
R. French	...	...	100	v.	W. Curtis	...	74
C. Short	...	...	100	v.	W. Sparks	...	70
A. Berry	...	...	100	v.	T. Holmes	...	92
<hr/>							
553							472

Captain—L. Benford.

December 17th. H. &amp; G. SIMONDS v. COMRADES (home).

<i>H. &amp; G. S.</i>				<i>Comrades.</i>			
S. Cousens	...	...	55	v.	E. Bennett	...	100
J. Nimmo	...	...	68	v.	N. Harris	...	100
W. Curtis	...	...	100	v.	P. Cooper	...	73
T. Holmes	...	...	100	v.	R. French	...	53
L. Benford	...	...	100	v.	C. Short	...	59
B. Cholwill	...	...	58	v.	A. Berry	...	100
<hr/>							
481							485

Captain—L. Benford.

## A GREAT THOUGHT.

"Then Almitra spoke again and said: 'And what of Marriage master?'

And he answered saying:

'You were born together and together you shall be for evermore

You shall be together when the white winds of death scatter your days.

Aye, you shall be together even in the silent memory of God

But let there be spaces in your togetherness;

And let the winds of the heavens dance between you.

Love one another, but make not a bond of love:

Let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls.

Fill each other's cup, but drink not from one cup:

Give one another of your bread, but eat not from the same loaf.

Sing and dance together and be joyous, and let each one of you be alone.

Even as the strings of a lute are alone though they quiver with music.

Give your hearts, but not into each other's keeping

For only the hand of Life can contain your hearts.

And stand together, yet not too near together

For the pillars of the temple stand apart,

And the oak tree and the cypress grow not in each others shadow.'"

—From the "Prophet," by Kahlil Gibran.

## DEATH OF MR. JAMES HEARN.

The death occurred on December 21st at Maida Vale Hospital, London, of Mr. James Hearn, landlord of the Rising Sun, Oxford Road, Newbury. He was 55 years of age, and had held the licence of the Rising Sun since coming to Newbury about 4½ years ago. A Sussex man by birth, Mr. Hearn had been connected with racing since his boyhood, his last position before coming to this district being with Mr. Z. J. Michilinos, the well-known racehorse owner, of Jevington, near Eastbourne. He had been stud groom there for nine years.

## ANNUAL DINNER.

The Social Club's 14th annual dinner will be held in the Large Town Hall, Reading, on Saturday, January 26th.

Applications for tickets cannot be accepted after Saturday, January 19th.

Further information may be obtained from Mr. T. W. Bradford, Hon. Secretary.

THE READING AND DISTRICT LICENSED TRADES'  
PROTECTION AND BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

THE TWELFTH  
**ANNUAL DINNER AND DANCE**

will be held at

THE OXFORD HALL,  
OXFORD ROAD, READING,

On TUESDAY, JANUARY 29TH, 1935, AT 6.30 P.M.

Tickets **7/6** each.

Dancing 9.30 till 2 a.m.

Dance Tickets only 3/- each.

It is sincerely hoped that Members will make a special effort to attend.

The Chair will be taken at 6.30 p.m. sharp, by Colonel J. R. Wethered, C.M.G., D.S.O., J.P.

Members are requested to make early application, for either Dinner or Dance Tickets, from the Honorary Secretary or from Members of the Committee.

Yours faithfully,

H. F. WOODROFFE,  
*Honorary Secretary, Dinner and Dance.*  
32, Waylen Street, Reading.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The young suitor was about to enter the house of his loved one when the charwoman emerged with a pail and broom. She looked at the young man rather puzzled.

"'Ave you called to see Sir George about his daughter?" she asked.

"That's right," said the suitor, with a heavy sigh.

She nodded. "Orl right," she said, "I'll have to leave these steps until after you've gone."

**BREWERY JOTTINGS.**

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

A Happy New Year to all our readers.

Soon after the Christmas rush (it has been a real rush this time) the faithful few of the General Office may be seen engaged in the Quarterly Balancing. May their labours be crowned with success and "balanced first time" be their fortune.

Football has been a strong topic at the Brewery. The Brewery 1st XI top their league and, by the way they keep on winning, it seems that they are well on the way for further honours this season. Personally I wish them every success.

Reading have been playing well recently and pleased the critics. In addition they are well in the running for promotion. During the Christmas holidays, owing to many injuries, the team slipped back a little and it will be a hard fight until the end. There is, however, a distinct chance for Reading if the luck keeps even. We shall see. We are promised a real Derby match when we meet Aldershot in the next round of the cup and the local feeling is that Reading should win if they produce their normal form. Aldershot probably have different views and, as we all know, cup-tie football is altogether different to league form.

Plymouth Argyle have been going strong and have put relegation dangers right off the map. In fact, they may be considered promotion candidates now. Their great revival seems to have coincided with the playing of MacNeil at centre half. As MacNeil used to play for Reading a few seasons ago we follow the fortunes of Plymouth even more keenly in consequence. It was also pleasing to note that Leslie is again in harness and signalled his return to the team by scoring one of the goals.

Brighton are having one of their best playing seasons, although during Christmas they have slipped a little. With the forthcoming cup tie with Arsenal, no doubt enthusiasm is approaching fever heat. As Brighton are generally a good cup fighting side, surely their chances are fairly good and they can take heart that Arsenal hardly ever win away from Highbury *this season*.

These winter months are always tragic ones for many of us and this time it seems that, more than ever, our old friends are passing away. Mr. Arthur Dolton, who was in the Cooperage Department for 53 years, was well known to the writer from boyhood's days. We lived very near one another in the same road for a good number of years, and long before W.D. ever had thoughts of working at the Brewery. Mr. Dolton started in July, 1881, and was on the pension list from September, 1934, so did not live very

long to enjoy a well-earned retirement. He was a splendid worker and had his heart and soul in the Brewery.

Another good friend of the writer's who died with tragic suddenness was the Mayor of Reading, Alderman F. W. Allwright, who also had lived in the same road as W.D. for a number of years. Mr. Allwright every month received a copy of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE from the writer and on many occasions told me he had read our magazine from cover to cover. He was keenly interested in Brewery matters and had a good opinion of our Editor, Mr. C. H. Perrin, whom he had known for many years.

Lastly, I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all for their sympathy and kind words in the loss of Mr. G. Povey, my father-in-law. It has been a great help and proved, both to my wife and self, we have a wonderful lot of friends. Once again thank you all.

#### CHANGES OF TENANTS.

The following changes in tenants have recently taken place and to all we wish success in their new undertakings:—

The Vine, Chertsey (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. C. Cave.

The Adam and Eve, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. E. Tull.

The Feathers Hotel, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. Mortimer.

The Weldale Arms, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. L. Franklin.

The Red Lion, Whiteleaf Cross (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Major A. Tubbs.

#### DEATHS.

We much regret to record a number of deaths during the month of December and to all relatives we extend our sincere sympathy:—

Mr. G. C. Willder, Cambridge Hotel, Farnborough, who died on the 4th December. Mr. Willder had been a tenant of Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd. for 10 years.

Mr. W. A. Birch, The Jolly Anglers, Yiewsley, who died on the 14th December. Mr. Birch had been a tenant of Messrs. Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd. for 26 years.

Mr. J. Hearn, The Rising Sun, Newbury, who died on Xmas Eve. Mr. Hearn had been a tenant of The South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd. since 8th August, 1930.

#### GRACIOUS LETTER FROM PRINCE HENRY.

As briefly mentioned last month Mr. Henry Bowyer, of Ashridge Farm, Wokingham, gained Sutton's prize for the heaviest crop of mangolds in England or Scotland. His crop weighed  $83\frac{1}{2}$  tons per acre. During the coming year two Point-to-Point meetings will be held at the farm, that of the Royal Engineers on March 9th and that of the Staff College on March 30th.

The very old Elizabethan Farm House is well worth a visit and among those who have been charmed by its old-world appearance is H.R.H. Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester. That courtesy, which is so typical of Mr. Bowyer, has been extended to the Prince when visiting the farm and, in acknowledgment, Mr. Bowyer has received a letter from H.R.H. thanking him in very gracious terms for the kindness shewn to him.

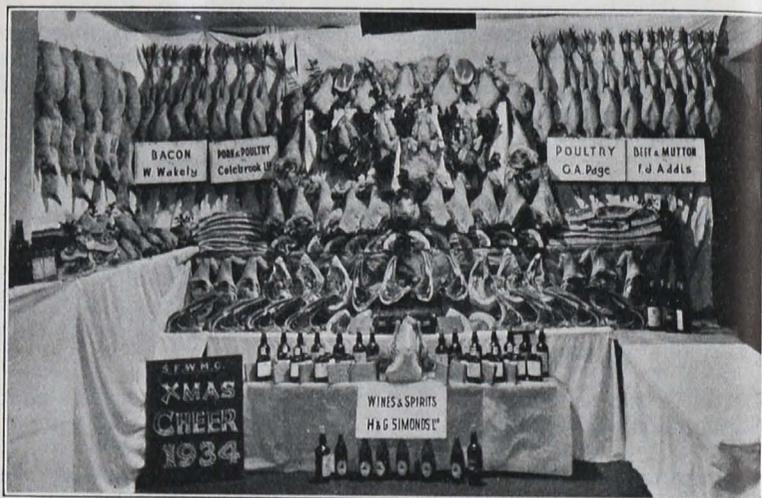
It is quite unnecessary to add that Mr. Bowyer values that communication very highly.

Spring and summer will soon be with us again and in the picture Mr. Bowyer is seen last season, while a wonderful crop of wheat was being cut.



Reaping the Harvest at Ashridge Farm, Wokingham.

## SOUTH FARNBOROUGH WORKING MEN'S CLUB.



That enterprising organization, the South Farnborough Working Men's Club, had a very successful Christmas "draw," and the photograph shews some of the good things provided for the winners. As indicated in the picture, H. & G. Simonds' wines, spirits and beers were prominent among the most coveted prizes.

## THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE HOSPITAL.

## PROGRESS OF THE CONTRIBUTORY SCHEME.

(By Mr. F. G. Dawes, A.C.I.S., *Secretary, Royal Berkshire and Associated Hospitals Contributory Scheme.*)

The Voluntary Hospital System of England is unique. It is at once the admiration and envy of foreign nations, who can see in it a reflection of many of those outstanding characteristics which have made our country a vital force in world affairs.

Maintained by charitable gifts from all sections of the community, which are prompted by a truly christian desire to help less fortunate neighbours on whom disease or injury has fallen, the voluntary hospitals of Britain have a magnificent record of proud achievement to their credit over many centuries.

Anaesthetics, chloroform, vaccines, X-ray, radium, plastic surgery are only a few of the greatest discoveries medical science has given to mankind in comparatively recent times. In the ceaseless battle daily waged in these hospitals against the afflictions of disease and pain which assail the human race, the many untiring researches and self-sacrificing experiments undertaken in the cause of suffering humanity have resulted in the people of the present time enjoying a far greater measure of good health and a longer life in which to enjoy it than did their forefathers of one hundred years ago. The vast improvements in nursing methods and training, the rapid and ever-progressive march forward of medical science, the invention and application of new scientific apparatus and equipment all contribute to the enjoyment of a much happier existence than formerly.

Yet, during the past ninety-eight years the Royal Berkshire Hospital has never faltered in its work of caring for and healing the sick of the district. And what a large district it is! Not only is the Hospital the natural harbour of skill and succour for those in need of its services in Reading, but also for a wide area beyond. Its day-to-day patients come from the surrounding towns and villages of no fewer than four counties. And these attain the formidable total of nearly five thousand new in-patients every year, who pass between them some 110,000 days in the wards. Out-patients, attending the Hospital to receive the highly skilled advice and care of the Honorary Specialists and Consultative Staff in the various medical and surgical departments, register about seventy-two thousand attendances annually.

There must surely be nobody resident in this district but whose fervent desire it is that such noble work, so ably and successfully carried out by our Hospital, should be unhindered through lack of finance. The Royal Berkshire Hospital is an essential feature of the life of the community; the progress of its curative and preventive work is such that it is playing a very important part in the building of an even greater foundation for the future prosperity and effectiveness of the people of this country whom it serves.

And so it is that the employees of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. (through the kind co-operation of their Directors and Management), along with all other members of the Royal Berkshire and Associated Hospitals Contributory Scheme, are assisting to provide useful financial support for the continuance of this excellent work. At the same time membership of the Contributory Scheme brings with it definite privileges and benefits when hospital and kindred services become necessary.

But more of the Contributory Scheme's work, its tremendous value to hospitals and contributors alike, cannot be told until next month, when the Editor has again granted the privileged use of space in THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

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## SOCIAL CLUB.

### CHILDREN'S ANNUAL TREAT.

The Annual Treat given to the members' children was held on Saturday, January 5th, 1935, in the Social Club.

The children arrived at 3 o'clock p.m. and were entertained to a jolly afternoon. Mr. J. Maxwell is to be highly congratulated on the concert provided and he was ably assisted by Mr. C. W. Pidgeon, who was very funny in his attire as an overgrown schoolboy. Mr. D. J. Reid assisted the pianist on his violin, Mr. T. J. Pugh (who came from Basingstoke to help) gave some action songs, Arthur and Frank Flatman rendered some excellent sketches, and Harold and Frank Mason gave some cornet solos. Mr. J. Maxwell was untiring in his efforts to amuse the children and was humorously attired as a clown. Mrs. Fullbrook was at the piano.

The whole afternoon went with a swing, with popular songs and games. Full justice was paid to the tea provided, the plates of bread and butter and various cakes seemed to disappear like magic. After the tea was served, the children each received a present from Father Christmas (impersonated by Mr. Charlie Lailey), also an orange and apple.

During the afternoon sweets were handed round.

The children all seemed extremely happy and their thanks are due to helpers and donors of the fruit and sweets which the following kindly gave:—Mr. C. Bennett, sweets; Mr. W. Bowyer, oranges; Miss D. Gardner and Mr. F. C. Hawkes, apples.

Subscriptions to the funds were received from:—Mr. F. C. Hawkes, Mr. G. Rose ("Oxford Arms") and the Transport Workers' Union.

Messrs. J. Benford, G. Marsh, F. Cross and A. Weight, together with several lady helpers, did yeoman service in the care of the children.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

You must learn to deal with odd and even in life, as well as in figures.

Be yourself, simple, honest, and unpretending, and you will enjoy through life the respect and love of friends.

Grateful is the noise of noble deeds  
To noble hearts.

Life is not so short but there is always time enough for courtesy.

The wealth of the mind is the only true wealth.

The great secret of happiness is to be at ease with yourself. It is well to have in oneself a pleasant refuge.

Grief is a flower as delicate and prompt to fade as happiness.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it.

Nothing is more common than the name of friend; nothing is more rare than true friendship.

Genius is one per cent. inspiration and ninety-nine per cent. perspiration.

No nation can be destroyed while it possesses a good home life.

Merit exists without high position, but no one can reach high position without some merit.

He makes no friend who never made a foe.

See in every hedgerow  
Mark of angels' feet,  
Epics in each pebble  
Underneath our feet.

The most certain sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness.

Without respect, love cannot go far or rise high ; it is an angel  
with but one wing.

The path of duty is near at hand ; men seek it in what is  
remote.

Laughing cheerfulness throws sunlight on all the paths of life.

Exaggeration weakens everything it touches.

Hope ever confident, cherishes life, and always tells tomorrow  
will be better.

Good times and bad times and all times pass over.

### THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Darling," a mother reproved her daughter, "you were awfully  
late last night. I'm afraid I'm dreadfully old-fashioned, but I  
*should* like to know where you go."

"Certainly, mummie. I dined with—oh, well, you don't know  
him—and we went to several places I don't suppose you've been  
to, and finished at a queer little club—I forget its name, but it's in  
a cellar somewhere in town. It's all right, isn't it, mummie?"

"Of course, darling. It's only that I just like to know."

\* \* \* \*

"Oh, yes," said the pilot of the river steamboat, "I've been  
on this river so long I know where every stump is."

Just then the boat struck a stump, which shook it from stern  
to stern.

"There," he continued, "that's one of them now."

The Court was silent except for the clear-cut tones of defending  
counsel. Everyone hung on his words, and many thought that he  
would easily win his case.

"And now, gentlemen of the jury," he began to wind up, "I  
ask you : Where could the prisoner have hidden the watch? Not  
in his pocket. The constable has already told you that the man  
was searched. Not in his shoes—the watch was too large. Then  
where was it hidden?"

He paused dramatically for effect, and during the pause the  
prisoner ventured :

"Please, sir, I put it under my 'at."

\* \* \* \*

ALICE : "My dear, those cakes of Mrs. Smith's at tea were as  
hard as iron."

ALICIA : "Yes, I know. I suppose that's why she said,  
'Take your pick' when she handed them round."

\* \* \* \*

A man was having his hair cut, and the barber mentioned that  
his client's hair was getting a little thin on the top. "Why not  
try a bottle of my wonderful hair-restorer, sir?" he urged.

The customer fell to his blandishments. A week or so later he  
returned to the shop. The barber asked if the hair-restorer had  
had any effects.

"Well, as a matter of fact," said the customer, "I didn't get  
a chance to use it on myself. I left it in the kitchen, and my wife  
thought it was a new kind of furniture polish and used it up. What  
I want to know is, how much do you charge to shave a sideboard?"

\* \* \* \*

"Hallo!" said Freeman, espying his neighbour on the way to  
the station one morning. "Back from your motor tour. Have a  
good time?"

"Very good," replied the motorist. "My wife did all the  
driving."

"Splendid!" said Freeman. "And I suppose you just sat  
back and admired the view."

"All I had to do was to hold the steering-wheel," said the  
other rather wearily.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Dulham was complaining that she could never find topics for conversation.

"Why don't you read books?" asked a friend.

"What kind of books?"

"Oh, any kind; biographies and histories, and so on."

The fruit of this advice was evident a few days later when a visitor called.

"Wasn't it very sad," Mrs. Dulham remarked brightly, "about poor Mary Queen of Scots?"

\* \* \* \*

An American woman who was presented at Court this year had among her staff a Chinese amah, or nursemaid, for her children. The amah was extremely homesick, and to cheer her spirits a little, her mistress would relate small incidents of the day in as amusing a way as possible.

The evening of the Court presentation, still in her Court dress, complete with train and feathers, the American returned to her hotel and related to the amah, with complete gestures, how she had advanced to the throne, curtsied, withdrawn. She went through the whole ceremony.

The amah watched with fascination, and broke into a broad smile. "King laugh?" she inquired.

\* \* \* \*

He had been waiting for an hour or more when she turned up.

"Well," he said, bitterly, "I suppose I mustn't complain. So far, you've always got the day and the month right."

\* \* \* \*

A lad of 14 went to the manager of a well-known London football team requesting to be signed on. He was, of course, refused, the manager telling him to come back when he was older. Only a week later the lad turned up at the office with the same request.

"But I told you to try again when you were older," said the manager.

"Yes, sir," was the unexpected reply, "but seeing the team play on Saturday put years on me."

There is a story of a Scottish millionaire telling his brother he was leaving many thousands of pounds to the Church.

"I never kened you were religious," said the brother.

"Oh, I'm religious all right."

"I'll bet you ten pun' you can't say the Lord's Prayer."

"Done. Let's see how it goes—

'The Lord's my shepherd, I shall not want,  
He makes me down to lie . . .'"

"Man, here's your money. I never thought you'd know the Lord's Prayer."

\* \* \* \*

The new recruit had asked for Christmas week-end leave, telling the usual story about fifteen children and so on. The old sergeant-major looked at him and said:

"Son, one of my eyes is a glass one. If you can tell me which one it is you can have the leave."

The recruit looked at him for a few seconds and said: "The right one, sir."

"Correct!" answered the S.M. "How did you guess?"

"Well," replied the recruit, "there seemed to be more sympathy in that eye."

\* \* \* \*

The bus stopped for rather a long time, held up by the Christmas shopping traffic, and the passengers became impatient. At last an old man, carrying an enormous bundle on his back was seen to enter.

Along came the conductor for the fares, and by this time the old man had taken a seat and deposited the bundle at his feet.

"All fares, please!"

"Penny one, please," said the old man.

"Threepence for the luggage," demanded the conductor, as he looked at the bundle on the floor.

"Oi, Moses!" exclaimed the old man, giving the sack a shake, "come out and pay your fare!"

"Say, doctor," growled Joe, in hospital with 'flu, "I asked the nurse to put a hot water bottle at my feet, but she stuck up her nose and walked away."

"Well, what else could you expect?" retorted the doctor. "She's the head nurse."

"Oh," queried Joe, "do they specialise that much? Then get me a foot nurse."

\* \* \* \*

As an old lady was walking along a street she was amazed to see a young man rush out of a house, charge to the edge of the pavement, jump up into the air and fall with a crash in the gutter.

"Are you badly hurt?" she asked, helping the young man up.

"No, nothing serious; only bruises," was the answer.

"What on earth were you doing?"

"Well, you see," replied the young man, "my girl's just promised to marry me and I was so happy that I clean forgot I hadn't come on my bicycle."

\* \* \* \*

Little Peggy, aged six, was busy with her Christmas present—a large drawing book—on Christmas Day when her mummie happened to come into the nursery.

"What is it you're drawing, Peggy?" asked mummie.

"I'm drawing a picture of Dod," replied Peggy.

"But, sweetheart," said mummie, "nobody knows what God looks like!"

Peggy kept right on drawing and replied: "They will now!"

\* \* \* \*

CLERK: "As this is Christmas, Sir, my wife told me I should ask you for a rise."

EMPLOYER: "Oh, yes. Well, I must ask my wife if you can have one."

\* \* \* \*

He was no spendthrift—this portly civic dignitary who had retired to a comfortable house in the suburbs—but in a fit of Christmas generosity he decided to find an unemployed man a job. So he had advertised for a handy-man, to live out at £2 per week!

The first applicant entered with a dubious air. "What's the job like?" he asked.

"Well," was the reply, "first of all, you'll have to do all the rough work in the garden. Then you'll have to polish all the shoes and clean the windows and the knives."

"Oh!"

"Groom the pony and the dogs and clean the car."

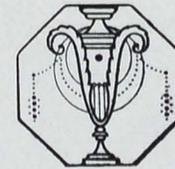
"Oh, yes."

"Do any repair jobs in the house—plumbing, carpentry, glazing, clock-mending, and so on—and wait at table."

"Oh, I see!"

"And in your spare time you can——"

"I'll tell you, gov'nor. I can sing alto in case you was giving a party, tune the piano, rescue people from burning buildings, and do any deep-sea diving that's got to be done."





SALISBURY'S GREETINGS.

## BRANCHES.

## WOKING.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS STEER.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of an old and valued servant of the Firm, in the person of Mr. Thomas Steer, who passed away in the Woking Victoria Hospital on Friday, 28th December.

Mr. Steer retired from active service as recently as May last, and it was the sincere desire of his colleagues on the Woking Branch Staff, as well as the numerous friends he had amongst our customers in the town and district, that he would be spared to enjoy his retirement for many years; but fate decreed otherwise. A most unfortunate motor accident resulted in septicaemia from which he did not recover.

We have received with gratitude, expressions of sympathy from the Directors and from his wide circle of friends, and many floral tributes were sent to the funeral which took place on Wednesday, 2nd January, at St. John's Churchyard, Woking.

His wife, who was involved in the same accident, is still incapacitated, although we are pleased to say she is making satisfactory progress.

In THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE for July, 1934, we gave some notes of Mr. Steer's work for the Firm, and of his influence in the primary negotiations which resulted in the formation of this Branch. He was always much gratified to observe the ever-increasing progress and expansion of the business, and felt proud to have been a party to the original plans from which our present organisation has developed.

We shall all miss him, and to his wife and daughters we extend condolence, and trust they may find comfort and solace in their bereavement.

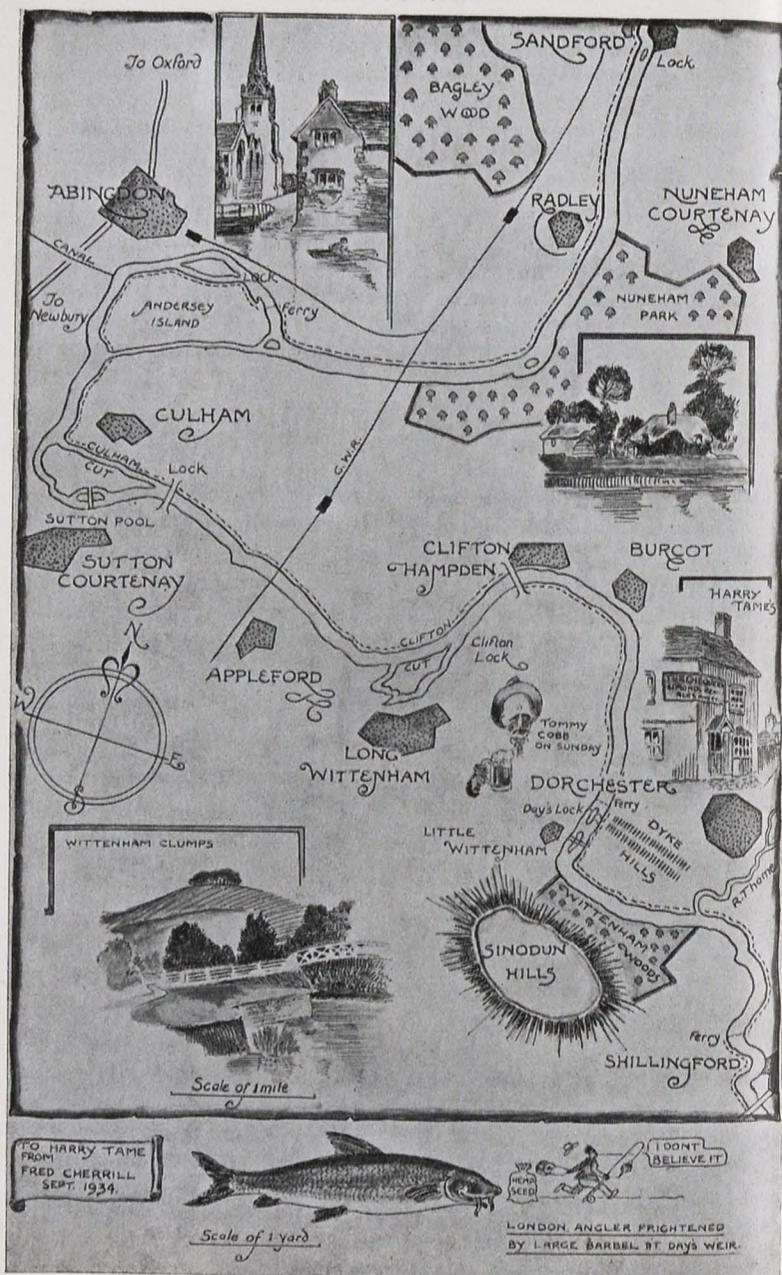
R.I.P.

## OXFORD.

THE CHEQUERS, DORCHESTER.

This delightful little beer house, which is tucked away in the road leading to Day's Lock and Wittenham Clumps via the old British camp at Dorchester, Oxfordshire, is a well known resort of anglers and boating enthusiasts, the licence of which has been held by the Tame family for more than a century.

One of the present tenant's visitors has presented him with a large cartoon drawn and coloured by himself which now hangs in the tap-room. This is a pictorial map of the Thames in the vicinity of Dorchester and includes excellent sketches of objects of local interest. A copy of it is reproduced here.



A hearty welcome is always assured at the Chequers by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tame, the host and hostess, with plenty of good ale, bread and cheese, not forgetting the merry onion, which should be the staple diet of all good anglers. For those of an artistic temperament, Dorchester provides plenty of facilities for painting and sketching with its old houses and the wonderful abbey of the decorated and early English periods.

As its name implies, Dorchester is of Roman origin and there is much to interest the antiquarian in the district.

#### VISIT TO COMRADES' CLUB, WANTAGE.

On Wednesday, December 5th, by the very kind invitation of the members of the Comrades' Club, we journeyed by road to Wantage, to participate in a games tournament, in which, as the results will show, we came off a poor second best. Nevertheless we had a very enjoyable outing and it was time to leave King Alfred's town before we realised it, so pleasantly but swiftly did the evening pass.

We would register our sincere thanks to Mr. Secretary Faulk and his committee for a very good evening's entertainment and the rest of the members for their cordial reception.

We must specially place on record our admiration of the brand of snooker handed out, particularly by the President. Here's to the return match and the "next time."

#### Results:—

		Comrades' Club.		H. & G. S., Oxford.	
Billiards	...	Sansum	100 v.	Sanders	41
	...	Enten	100 v.	Sanders	38
	...	Barrett	100 v.	Maskell	64
	...	Hallett	71 v.	White	23
Snooker	...	Hiskins & Wyatt	39 v.	Watts & Maskell	46
	...	Cox & Maisey	80 v.	Clinkard & Francis	100
	...	Barrett & Barlow	55 v.	Watts & Maskell	47
	...	Ormiston & Gregory	61 v.	Watts & Sanders	29
Dominoes	...	Mayo & Westmacott	7 v.	Fowler & Clements	5
	...	Hawkes & Southall	1 v.	Parslow & Clothier	1
	...	Ireson & Dowse	1 v.	Godfrey & Parslow	1
Crib	...	Jarvis & Miller	3 v.	Jones & Matthews	2
	...	Andrews & Winterbourne	2 v.	Jones & Matthews	0
Shove Halfpenny	...	Cox & Fidler	2 v.	Wilks & Harris	0
	...	Cox & Fidler	1 v.	Maskell & Cothier	0
	...	Southall & Fidler	1 v.	White & Godfrey	0
	...	Ireson & Fidler	1 v.	White & Godfrey	0

The darts games got very exciting, so much so that one of our exponents got so carried away that he filled the turn-ups of his flannels with "S.B." This excitement even affected the scorer and so we are afraid that a true record is not available.

We publish a snapshot of a lady who has recently passed her hundredth birthday and is still hale and hearty and able to take an interest in what goes on in her own particular sphere. Her name is Mrs. Harris, of Freeland, Oxfordshire, and she tells us that she is partial to a glass of our Vinfortis as it keeps her fit. We are sure all readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE will join us in congratulating Mrs. Harris on her wonderful 100 not out and that she will be spared for some years yet to enjoy "a little of what she fancies."



Mrs. Harris, of Freeland, Oxfordshire.

The accompanying photograph is not the aftermath of Christmas, but was actually taken in May last year. If such be the result of an ordinary "night," one could wish to see the remains of an Xmas party!



An early morning scene in Oxford.

#### PORTSMOUTH.

CENTRAL PORTSMOUTH CONSERVATIVE CLUB'S PROSPEROUS FIRST YEAR'S WORKING.

Mr. J. J. Williams was unanimously re-elected chairman of the club at the annual general meeting held in the City Buildings, Lake Road. Lieut. C. H. Coles, R.N., was re-elected hon. secretary and Councillor Lloyd Evans hon. treasurer. Apologies were received from the Hon. Ralph Beaumont, M.P. for the Division, but the president (Col. D. L. Daley) was present.

In making the report the chairman mentioned that in one year the club had enrolled 675 members and hoped that in a year's time the membership would be doubled. He urged maintaining the relations with the association to which the club was bringing many new members.

The hon. treasurer presented his balance sheet and remarked that he thought no other club in the city could produce such satisfactory working or such a good balance. The secretary's report referred to the many and various social events organised by the Club, all of which had been successful and for which he thanked

various sub-committees. It was hoped in the near future to have a cup presentation, cups being given for billiards and snooker by Capt. G. R. Couzens and the President, for shove halfpenny by Mrs. Youlton, and for a combined tournament with the Sergeants' Mess of the Clarence Barracks by Mr. Bowerman.

Votes of thanks (proposed by the President and Councillor W. Clements) were passed. Appeals were made by both president and chairman for support for candidates approved by the association in the municipal elections.

**FIRST MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE, CENTRAL PORTSMOUTH  
CONSERVATIVE CLUB, 1934.**



Names from left to right are as below :—

*Back Row*—Mr. A. Webb, Mr. G. Short, Mr. R. W. Wright, Mr. J. May, Mr. J. Grant.

*Seated*—Mr. E. Gibbs, Councillor Lloyd-Evans, Capt. G. E. Couzens (hon. treasurer). Mr. J. J. Williams (chairman), Lieut. C. H. Coles, R.N. retired (hon. secretary), D. G. Ebery (agent and secretary),.

*Seated on Floor*—Mr. W. Mallett.

The paying-off ball of H.M.S. *Nelson* saw one of the largest crowds at the Savoy cafe that had assembled there for some time. Such functions are usually held aboard ship and are of a particularly

jolly and carefree character in which officers and men mingle in a style typical of the Navy off duty. Such a gay state of affairs prevailed at this happy function and though 1,200 were present any congestion was taken no notice of in the general enjoyment and there always seemed room to dance. Grateful appreciation was expressed by the company for the attendance early in the evening of the Commander-in-Chief Home Fleet, The Flag Captain, Capt. A. U. Willis and Commander P. J. Mack were also present.

Commander Vaughan-Hughes expressed the pleasure which the guests felt in being invited to such a function and offered to the ship's company best wishes for the future.

The committee responsible for the arrangements were Lieut. Commander W. J. Nixon (president), G. A. Elliot (hon. secretary), E. A. Walker, Sgt. Woodhead, E. R. A. Brenton, Writer Harmes, S. W. Brown and Able Seamen Glenn, Oliver, Holdsworth and Keens.

**SOUTHSEA WAVERLEY BOWLING CLUB ANNUAL DINNER.**

This year the club's annual dinner, under the presidency of Mr. A. E. Brookman, was one of the best of many successful dinners held by the club. There was a big gathering which included the Lord Mayor (Councillor F. J. Privett, J.P.), Alderman W. A. Billing, and several councillors as well as a good many prominent bowlers. The conventional toast of "The King" was given a happy turn by having coupled with it the names of Prince George and Princess Marina. "The Lord Mayor and Corporation" was proposed by Mr. G. F. Preston, who said that the fact that the Lord Mayor was now holding the honour for the fifth time showed how much the city thought of him. This was likely to be a very important year for Portsmouth, and it was probable that the city would be very much in the limelight. He felt sure they could rely on the Lord Mayor doing his part for the city. The Lord Mayor responding remarked that without the approval and support of such men as were present they as a council could not carry out the objects they desired. It might be that the citizens grumbled at times, but after all, that was an Englishman's privilege. There could be no gainsaying that at election times the citizens get the councillors they deserved, those in fact for whom they voted. He appealed once again to the business men to give a reasonable amount of time to the public life of the city. Mr. F. P. Spicer who toasted the president, humorously referred to the club "orators" past and present. The president in his reply said that what the Lord Mayor had said about the council he wanted to say about the Waverley Club. He thought there could be a bigger desire for work among the members. A club could not be run by grumblers; usually the people who grumbled were those who did little else.

Mr. W. J. Rhodes toasted the "Hampshire Bowling Association," and Mr. Gay Wright (Queen's Club) responded. Mr. W. Skipton in toasting "Kindred Clubs and Visitors" said the clubs of the city and district were going strong and they had some very fine bowlers among them.

Among the members and friends assisting in the entertainment were Messrs. Norman John, C. Kent Francis and Percy Lyne and party.

Mr. S. E. White (hon. secretary) obviously had put in a lot of preliminary work which helped to ensure the success of the evening.

The toast master was Lieut. F. J. Chivers, R.M.A.

#### BRITISH LEGION CLUB, EMSWORTH.

At the annual armistice and re-union dinner of the Emsworth Branch of the British Legion there was record attendance.

Col. J. L. Homer, O.B.E. (president of the branch) occupied the chair and was supported by Mrs. Shaw (chairman of the branch), Engr. Rear Admiral W. R. Parsons, C.B.E. (vice-president), Brig.-Gen. R. E. Glasgow, Miss Horner, Miss Knapp, Mr. John Lewis (chairman of the Havant and Waterloo U.D.C.), Miss Bailey, Mr. A. E. Madgwick (Clerk to the U.D.C. and president of the local branch of the Post-war Brotherhood) and the Rev. Stanley F. Field. After the loyal toast had been given, an appeal was made to all ex-service men to join. He paid a tribute to the marked progress made by the Emsworth Branch and appealed to ex-officers to join the Legion and for a greater fraternization among the ex-officer members of the Branch and its other members. He expressed appreciation of the services rendered so ably and willingly by the women's section.

A musical programme provided additional pleasure to a very happy assembly.

#### THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

With a faint echo of "Peace and Goodwill" still in our hearts, we gaze at the book "1935" which lies open before our eyes. As its first few pages unfold themselves, we are wondering whether its varying incidents, its vital climaxes, plots and counter plots, its alternating thrills and reactions, will rivet our attentions and stimulate our interests, so that—its final page ended and the volume closed—we may all agree that it was a "best seller."

The shadowy kaleidoscope of old Father Time will alone tell us the truth, but in any case as we pass from page to page let an infectious optimism permeate us, for the world of to-day will need

many "carriers" of this antidote during 1935. And may good reading, health and fortune attend you all!

And finally, a word in "Season"—don't forget your daily "S.B."—that's top hole "Reading" matter!!

Before the month is out we are to have the honour of welcoming to Plymouth our friends of the 1st Bn. The Suffolk Regiment from Blackdown, and the 2nd Bn. The King's Regiment from Aldershot. Of these two fine Battalions and their doings amongst us we hope to chronicle many interesting GAZETTE notes in due course, when we know them better.

At present we are privileged to supply all infantry units of the Garrison, and number among our intimate friends many of H.M. Forces at home and abroad. May we therefore express the sincere hope, without a trace of egotism, that our new friends will find us ready to help in any way when they come to the West Country. The "Simonds way" is well known no doubt to many of them already, and we of the Tamar endeavour to fully maintain that high standard, both of service and quality of supplies. Our military representative will doubtless soon be up and doing, when they arrive, and may-be one day, in the not too distant future, we may have the pleasure of welcoming representatives of each Battalion to our own club, where amid the gleam of the "green-sward" and clicking of the ivories many friendships have been cemented in the past. Meanwhile we wish our friends a comfortable and rapid settling-down period, and a happy time among us.

#### THE STEAMBRIDGE INN.

Our heartiest congratulations and best wishes to a late member of our clerical staff, Mr. G. Pearce, who, in a double sense, has "launched out into the deep"—firstly, by taking unto himself a wife, and secondly, by further increasing his new year's responsibilities ("Hop Leaf" ones this time) as mine host of the above inn, adjacent to the Tamar. The first happy event was marked by a pleasing little ceremony at Xmas time, when Mr. W. F. McIntyre presented a charming time-piece to our colleague after paying a warm tribute to his good work in the past, and wishing him even fuller success in that part of the Firm's business which he has now chosen. Both Mr. and Mrs. Pearce are well known, and we feel confident that if hard work and adaptability can achieve that result, H. & G. S. will have no reason to be disappointed with their choice.

Here's to them both, and whether the skies be stormy or clear, may "full speed ahead" be the slogan of this particular "Bridge" for many years to come!!

## BRIGHTON.

In spite of the inclement weather, Brighton hotels were filled up for the Christmas holiday, especially those that provided entertainment for their patrons. At the Royal Albion cheeriness prevailed, and as is usual, Sir Harry Preston's Christmas tree and doll sale in aid of Brighton hospitals was held on Christmas Day, and produced the very satisfactory total of £150. Mr. Frank Hodges, the former miners' M.P. and Civil Lord of the Admiralty in the Labour Government of 1924, acted as auctioneer in delightfully humorous style. The highest bid for any one doll was 25 guineas.

## A FREE "HOLIDAY."

(Short Story.)

A "gentleman of the road" had a Christmas of hospitality at a cheap inclusive charge at Worthing. On Christmas Eve he was espied by a minion of the law to be just a little festive, so he was taken to the "boarding establishment" in High Street. He was "put up" for two nights and supplied with five excellent meals. On Boxing Day he was interviewed by one of His Majesty's justices and was charged one shilling for being festive. As he could not pay he was allowed to remain a little longer—until the court at which he was presented came to an end.

Brighton & Hove Albion are now preparing to meet the "Arsenal" in the next round of the English cup, which takes place at the Goldstone Ground, Hove. The English Cup matches are generally full of surprises, and we hope the greatest will be a win for Brighton. Our local team are somewhat handicapped for accommodation, and a record gate is expected.

Our friends, the Arsenal team, are fully acquainted with the ground, having practised there for some years for their cup trainings.

Reading will, we are confident, win against Aldershot and should be able to look forward to the next round with confidence. We hope Reading will continue up to form, and come out top of the league.

We wish the Firm a Prosperous New Year, with a full share of the come back to better times, of which there seems to be good signs.

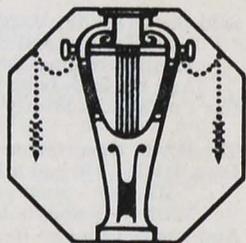
Christmas visitors to the Ferring Grange Hotel were well catered for at Christmas, and the following interesting menu was placed before them on Christmas Day :—

## KITCHEN NIGHT MENU.

- CAVIARE—  
Hot Toast and Butter.  
The Chef Monsieur Paydtoo Fillup  
On Caviare started to sup,  
He ate more than he oughter,  
So yelled for some water,  
To quieten a violent Hic-cough.
- TURTLE SOUP.  
Cried the Parlourmaid, Mary Macduff,  
"For me Turtle Soup is the stuff,"  
She drank a quart down,  
Then retired with a frown  
To "powder her nose"—That's enough!!
- RAINBOW TROUT—  
Brown Butter.  
The Butler whose name was John Snout  
Decided he'd have Rainbow Trout,  
He swallowed a bone,  
His wife's now alone,  
She will marry the lodger no doubt?
- SWEETBREAD  
PATTIES.  
Said the Housemaid, our sweet-natured Mattie  
"I shall chuck at the Footman this pattie;  
He deserves all he'll get  
If he thinks he can pet  
Me and then tell the Cook that I'm catty!"
- CHAMPAGNE  
SORBET.  
Said the French Maid, young Marie Cavoure  
"Ah! Sorbet! Ma foi je t'adore!  
Champagne make me frisqué,  
I then become risqué,  
N'Importe! What fun! I take more!!!!"
- ROAST TURKEY—  
Chestnut Stuffing.  
Fresh Asparagus.  
New Potatoes.  
Said the Charlady, Maggie O'Shea,  
"I'll 'ave Turkey, and Spuds by the way;  
The Sparrergrass leeks,  
And me back teeth fair squeaks,  
But I'm 'avin' a lovely day!"
- CHRISTMAS  
PUDDING—  
Brandy Butter.  
The Porter then started to utter,  
Poor devil! He had a bad stutter!  
"Mine's p - plum pudding hot  
With b - brandy a lot  
And plenty of b - b - b - butter!"
- MINCE PIES.  
Said the Nursemaid with gluttonless eyes  
"I'll have Three of those lovely Mince Pies!  
Who said 'Oh! what greed'?'  
I'll eat what I need,  
You can see I like grub by my size."
- DESSERT.  
Said the Footman, our waggish young Bert,  
"Give me a long stretch of dessert,  
For with bread and with wine  
Is not Paradise mine,  
If beside me sits ginger-haired Gert?"
- COFFEE.  
"Coffee now ends this repast!"  
Said the Bobby, and held the Cook fast;  
He turned out the light,  
And kissed her good-night,  
With a sigh for the meal that was past!

M.W.

One does not expect much in the way of adventure when taking a holiday at this time of year, but Mr. Jackson, from Staines, who gave us a look in last week, had rather an unpleasant time on Saturday, 29th December. According to the local press, whilst fishing from one of the Brighton piers, Mr. Jackson heard a shot and a splash, and hurrying in the direction of the noise, saw an overcoat on the landing stage, and a man floating near the piles of the pier. With the help of some pier attendants the body was recovered from the sea. Rather an upsetting finish to a spell of fishing whilst on holiday.



Flashlight photograph of the great gathering at the Annual Dinner of Simonds' Social Club in the Large Town Hall, Reading, on Saturday, January 26th.