

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

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*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

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MR. R. B. BRYSON.

## MR. R. B. BRYSON.

With twenty-seven years' service behind him, the whole of which has been spent at our Portsmouth Branch and in the Royal Navy during the War, Mr. Bryson probably has a greater and more intimate knowledge of H.M. Ships than any other member of our clerical staff. He has taken an important part in connection with our naval trade, dating back to the days when liquor supplies to H.M. Ships had to be "sighted" on board by Customs' Officers, when it was a part of his duties to accompany consignments and carry through the formalities necessary under the Customs regulations. With the enormous growth of our naval business in late years, Mr. Bryson has been of inestimable service and has proved one of the stalwarts at Portsmouth Branch.

Mr. Bryson's duties have also given him considerable experience in the military trade in and around Portsmouth, particularly during the military trainings in that area.

As above indicated, Mr. Bryson joined our Portsmouth staff in March, 1908. In 1915 he was rejected for military service on medical grounds following severe illness. In 1917 he was passed "A.1" (for general service) and in June of that year joined the Naval Canteens Staff and served on H.M.S. *Royal Oak*, 1st Battle Squadron, Grand Fleet, until February, 1919. He was present on H.M.S. *Royal Oak* at the surrender of the German High Seas Fleet in the North Sea, November, 1918. He has the British War Medal and Allies Victory Medal.

Mr. Bryson has always been a keen follower of football and was captain of his school team (St. Judes, Southsea). Several years later he played in the Portsmouth League for the "St. Judes" Old Boys' Club. He also represented this club at billiards in the Indoor Games' League. In earlier years he indulged in rowing as a pastime and on more than one occasion, with a companion, pulled to the Isle of Wight from Southsea. A regular and enthusiastic supporter of "Pompey" at Fratton Park and with walking as his chief pastime, varied with an occasional game of billiards, Mr. Bryson occupies his spare time as a contented observer of the varying life of the great seaport in which he resides.



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

## EDITORIAL.

## COMMANDMENTS FOR THE WINE BIBBERS.

The Paris Institute of Wine and Gastronomy has issued a "Wine Decalogue" primarily for the guidance of the English hostess, so that her wines may be served in the very best manner. Here are the new commandments:—

- (1) Thou shalt not shake any wine.
- (2) Thou shalt never put ice in wine, whether red or white.
- (3) Thou shalt never mix wine from two bottles in the same decanter or in the same glass.
- (4) Don't heat wines, but don't ice them. For red wines the temperature of the room should be attained naturally not artificially.
- (5) Thou shalt use extreme care in decanting red wines.
- (6) Serve all wines in sufficiently large glasses about half full.
- (7) White wines, which should be chilled, are generally served with hors d'oeuvre, soup and fish.
- (8) Red wines should be served with roast fowl and game; in brief, with all red meats.
- (9) Champagne should be chilled rather than iced, and can be served throughout the meal.
- (10) Precedence: White wines, dry before sweet; red wines, light before heavy (as regards alcoholic content).

## THE CUCKOO!

I see by the daily press that the cuckoo has been heard weeks ago. But we have a good many "cuckoos" with us all the year round! I doubt very much if the real cuckoo ever appears in this country before about the middle of April.

## SCIENTIST AND ECONOMIST.

A scientific item says there is "a war on between the electron and the atom." Up electron, and atom!

An economist is a man who knows a great deal about a very little, and who goes on knowing more and more about less and less until he finally knows everything about practically nothing.

## TROUT QUEUING UP.

An old gentleman was so much struck with the sight of a fine string of fish carried by a small boy on his return from an outing that he inquired enviously :

"That's a splendid lot of trout you've got! Where did you catch them?"

"Well, it's a bit of a secret," returned the ingenuous youth, "but I don't mind telling you if you'll keep it dark. Go along that path marked 'Private,' and cross the field where it says 'Beware of the Bull,' till you come to a gate with 'Trespassers will be Prosecuted' notice on it. Climb over that and you'll come to a little lake marked 'No Fishing Allowed,' and you'll find 'em queuing up to grab at your worm."

## FOOTBALL AS IT USED TO BE.

There are still folk who regard football as "rough" but the modern game would seem to be the gentlest of pastimes in comparison with the variety which found favour centuries ago with the people and was prohibited by law. That the law had excuse for its action may be judged from an entry in the parish register of North Moreton, Berks, in 1598—"John and Richard Gregorie, who were killed by Ould Gunter. Gunter's sonnes and the Gregories fell by the eares at football. Ould Gunter drewe his dagger and broke both their heades, and they both died a fortnight after." Some referee, that Ould Gunter!

## "THE ORDER OF ANANIAS."

The Putty Medal of "The Order of Ananias" is awarded this month to the writer of the following:—

"Dear Sir,

During the recent warm spell I discovered a couple of cuckoo's eggs carefully deposited on the radiator of my car, which carries a well-known winged mascot. Aren't cuckoos optimists?"—*Dudley Clark in the "Vauxhall Motorist."*

## A BIT TOO THICK.

The visitor had taken rooms at the hotel, and just as he was signing the visitors' book a little insect hopped on to the page. He laid down his pen and told the clerk that he couldn't stay there.

When asked the reason he answered, pointing to the intruder: "Well, it's bad enough when those little beggars attack you in the night, but when they come to see the number of your room it's a bit too thick!"

## THERE IS NO LOVE—IN THE G.P.O.

Friends sent a Barnstaple bride this telegram: "Read one John four verse eighteen."

This is the line: "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear . . ."

But in transmission the telegram was changed to: "Read John four verse eighteen."

The bride opened her Bible and read: "For thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband. . . ."

## PLAIN SPEAKING.

Some 60 years ago the extracts which follow were incorporated in a sermon addressed to the young women of his flock by a well-known divine:—

"The buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, bouncing lass who can darn a stocking, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, wrestle with the boys, and be a lady withal in company, is just the sort of girl for worthy man to marry.

"But you, ye pining, moping, wasp-waisted, putty-faced, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are not fit for matrimony.

"The truth is, you want more liberty and less fashionable restraint."

## INTUITIVE WEATHER PROPHETS.

It is quite an interesting point to consider whether the science of meteorology is much in advance of the forecasts that can be made by simpler means.

The most dependable weather prognostications are made by people who have some intuitive weather sense.

Birds are also highly endowed with this intuition. The missel or storm thrush always gives infallible gale warnings. If rooks fly far from their home in the morning, we may be sure that the weather will be fine: if, however, they linger about home, foul weather is almost certain to be on the way.

One of the surest signs of rain after a long drought is that rooks "pitch" on newly mown grass.

## HOW LORD DERBY TIPPED A WINNER.

Lord Derby received the Freedom of Manchester recently at a special meeting of the Manchester City Council. The resolution conferring the Freedom recalled that Lord Derby's family, the Stanleys, had been associated with Manchester since the 15th century. Lord Derby, in reply, said "None of my family has had the honour which falls on me to-night. You will find that as well as being an honorary Freeman I shall prove a true friend and willing servant." At the banquet which followed the Freedom ceremony, Lord Derby referred to racing tips he has given in public from time to time. "I once gave a tip for the Liverpool Cup which came up," he said. "A short while after I received a letter which read:—'We all backed it in our street. The result is that the landlord gets his rent, our husbands get their beer, our children get boots and shoes, and though we are not a good-looking lot I can tell you that if you came here there is not a woman in the street who wouldn't kiss you!'"

"I resisted the invitation," Lord Derby added. Referring to Lady Derby, he said: that for 46 years they had been associated in that which was best in married life—comradeship.

## WHY TEETOTALERS FALL INTO THE WATER.

After a long debate, Southend Corporation approved a proposal in the report of the Pier Committee that the caterers in the pavilion and at the pierhead should be authorised to apply for licences for the sale of alcoholic drinks during the week of the celebration of the pier centenary. Councillor W. H. Brown said there was the risk of a man taking a little too much at the end of the pier, and it would be a jolly long way for a policeman to go in order to get the man ashore. Councillor W. Bray stated that anybody who was taken ill at the end of the pier could not get a drop of brandy. Therefore he supported the committee's proposal. Councillor T. Tyler observed:—"I do suggest that in these days, when a man like myself can have a bottle of beer without falling off the pier, this proposal should be tried as an experiment. If statistics are examined I think it will be found that more teetotalers have fallen off the pier than non-abstainers, chiefly because they have not had sufficient strength to hold on to the railings."—(Laughter.)

The council adopted the Pier Committee's proposal by 21 votes to 16.

## TEN BUSINESS COMMANDMENTS.

There is much sound sense and practical business ethics in the following Decalogue of the Managing Director, which is prominently displayed in a Canadian canning factory:—

- (1) Don't lie. It wastes my time and yours. I am sure to catch you in the end, and that is the wrong end.
- (2) Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short, and a short day's work makes my face long.
- (3) Give me more than I expect and I will give you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you increase my profits.
- (4) You owe so much to yourself, you cannot afford anyone else. Keep out of debt, or keep out of my shops.
- (5) Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good women, never see temptation when they meet it.
- (6) Mind your own business and in time you will have a business of your own to mind.
- (7) Don't do anything here which hurts your self-respect. An employee who is willing to steal for me is willing to steal from me.
- (8) It is none of my business what you do at night. But if dissipation affects what you do the next day, and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.
- (9) Don't tell me what I'd like to hear, but tell me what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet in my vanity, but one for my dollars.
- (10) Don't kick if I kick. If you're worth while correcting you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples.

## MISTAKES.

When a plumber makes a mistake he charges twice for it. When a lawyer makes a mistake it is just what he wanted because he has a chance to try the case all over again. When a doctor makes a mistake he buries it. When a judge makes a mistake it becomes the law of the land. When a preacher makes a mistake nobody knows the difference. But, when the printer makes a mistake—

GOOD NIGHT!

## AT NEWBURY.

JONES : " Hello, Jicks ! Somebody was telling me you won £250 at Derby last week—is that right ? "

JICKS : " Not quite. It was £25—not £250, and it was at Newbury—not Derby—and also I didn't win it—I lost it ! "

—*The Bystander.*

## QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Q.—Why are sailors called " Jack Tars " ?

A.—The nickname very likely arose from tarpaulin, which is material coated or impregnated with tar, and from which overalls and caps for sailors are made.

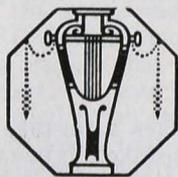
Q.—How did " Gazette " come to be applied to a newspaper ?

A.—Newspapers in manuscript were published by the Government in Venice during 1563, when the Venetians were at war with the Turks. They were read out in public and the listeners were charged a " gazetta " (less than a farthing).

Q.—Why when someone does a thing three times in succession is it called a " hat trick " ?

A.—A cricketer who took three wickets with three successive balls used to be given a new hat by his club.

—*From the " Daily Mail."*



## A GREAT THOUGHT.

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

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

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

## THE LATE MRS. A. J. REDMAN.

We deeply regret to record the death of Mrs. Redman, wife of Mr. A. J. Redman, a Director of this Company, which occurred on Wednesday, 13th February, at Weymede, Byfleet. Through these columns all employees and readers tender their sincerest condolences with Mr. Redman in his bereavement.

## THE GREAT CUP TIE.

READING UNLUCKY TO LOSE.

Reading were indeed unfortunate not to at least draw with Woolwich Arsenal in the great cup tie match played at Reading on Saturday, February 16th. Before the match the Chairman of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. (Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds) and Mr. F. A. Simonds entertained, at lunch in the Board Lunch Room, the following Directors and leading supporters of the Arsenal Football Club:—The Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, Sir Frederick Wall, Sir Samuel Hill Wood (Chairman of the Arsenal Football Club), Mr. J. J. Edwards (Vice-Chairman of the Arsenal Football Club), Mr. Hill Wood, Junr. and Mr. Carruthers. Also Dr. A. B. Howitt, M.P., Mr. T. Skurray and Mr. T. Vincent. Mr. J. H. Thomas and Mr. Shea-Simonds indulged in an exchange of toasts in humorous terms, the latter alluding to the widely expressed wish that if the Arsenal could not be beaten at Reading, then Reading would have the opportunity of showing them up at Highbury on the replay.

Frank Coles gave a very fine report of the match in that great newspaper the *Daily Telegraph*. Here is what he says:—

Arsenal gained their third successive away victory in the cup, thanks once more to the superb quality of their defence.

Not at any stage were they in danger of losing this tie at Reading, but they were rather lucky to win outright at the first attempt.

Lucky because the form of the forwards did not merit even one goal. I never remember seeing an Arsenal attack so completely out of harmony. The high wind certainly made ball control extremely difficult, but it cannot be urged as an excuse for all the poor football we saw.

Arsenal were especially weak on the wings. Both Beasley and Birkett had the same fault. As soon as they were put in possession they got rid of the ball. No attempt was made to draw the Reading defenders out of position by these young wingers, whose haste might easily have proved fatal to the team.

When Arsenal tried to break through with down-the-middle thrusts they were just as ineffective. Drake, who, it seems to me, has lost some of his early-season quickness, could never rid himself of the attentions of Hayhurst. He did not send in one shot that mattered.

## JAMES OUT OF HIS ELEMENT.

Nor was it a good match for James. You rarely see the little Scot at his best in a hurly-burly cup-tie. The tackling was too keen for his liking, and he was never allowed to make more than a yard or so of ground before Johnson, the Reading right-half, was challenging him.

The only Arsenal forward who was not upset by the conditions or by Reading's robust defensive measures was Bastin. An individual run of his, in which he beat four men by pure skill and finished with a brilliant shot, shone like a beacon in an opening half that was nearly barren of real football.

Yet, before ten minutes had gone, it was touch-and-go whether Bastin would be able to see the match through. The knee which has been troubling him for some weeks "went" again, and he was carried off the field. He returned wearing an elastic knee-cap, and for the next half-hour played very gingerly, obviously avoiding a heavy tackle.

Appropriately, it was Bastin who scored the goal that put Arsenal among the cup's last eight. About 20 minutes from the end, and when stalemate seemed to have been reached, Arsenal got a lucky corner. Wright conceded it under the impression that the decision would be a goal-kick.

Birkett sent the ball high into the wind, and I thought Whittaker, who, by the way, was handicapped by a knee injury, had made a particularly good save when he fisted away from under the cross-bar. Unfortunately for Whittaker and for Reading, the ball went straight to the feet of Bastin who from 15 yards drove a crashing shot to the back of the net.

## ROBERTS HOLDS TAIT.

Reading made a very gallant attempt in the last quarter of an hour to force a replay, but, though the wind was at their backs, they could not disturb Arsenal's remarkable defence.

All through the game Roberts held Tait in a firm grip, and his value to the side was never illustrated more surely than in this testing period when Reading were making their desperate bid for a draw.

Moss was so well covered by Roberts and the backs, Male and Hapgood, that I cannot recall one instance when he was seriously menaced. Actually the brightest scoring effort was made by right-back Gregory, who ended a daring run with a great shot from 40 yards.

It will be gathered, then, that Reading, like their rivals, were far more impressive in defence than in attack. Their outstanding player was Hayhurst, a fine, well-built centre-half who, I observed, did not allow the excitement of the match to run away with him.

#### A RUGBY TACKLE.

Unfortunately I cannot say the same about all his colleagues. Gregory once stopped Beasley with a perfect rugby tackle, but that was a mild foul compared with some I saw. And one or two of the Arsenal players, too, were not standing on ceremony!

The Reading forwards did not make any attempt to be constructive. They were content to kick ahead and hope for the best. Arsenal's defence is rarely beaten that way.

Barley, an old Arsenal player, tried to work the ball, but he was often a fraction of a second slow when about to make his passes. Butler disappointed me, and Fielding, on the other wing, was easily mastered by Crayston and Male.

READING.—Whittaker; Gregory, Robson; Johnson, Hayhurst, Wright; Butler, McGough, Tait, Barley, Fielding.

ARSENAL.—Moss; Male, Hapgood; Crayston, Roberts, Copping; Birkett, Bastin, Drake, James, Beasley.

#### "JOLLY ROGER".

Berkshire Operatic Club successfully produced "Jolly Roger," the musical burlesque, at the Palace Theatre, Reading, during the week commencing February 18th. Although the familiar name of Mr. E. H. Kelly was not amongst the cast this year, we were represented by Mr. L. W. Buckingham, a member of the Branch Department who took the part of Second Longshoreman.

The play was well staged and the original costumes and scenery, as used at the Savoy Theatre, added to its success.

This year, Good Friday comes on April 19th, which is also Primrose Day.

March the 14th is the last day of coarse fishing, which opens again on June 15th.

## A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

### THINGS SEEN IN A FOG.

#### SPRING AND THE SPIRIT OF TENDERNESS.

You often see much more in a fog than when the sky is clear. On Sunday morning, March 3rd, for instance, the fog was thick when I set out for my usual stroll. Walking quietly by the riverside I approached within a few yards of a heron before he saw me and I saw him. He rose, rather clumsily I thought, and with a raucous "squack" winged his way across the meadows and was soon lost to sight in the fog. I also had "close-up" views of kingfishers, wild duck, moorhens, coots and grebes and flushed a water-rail which, with legs hanging loose, flew but a few yards, alighted, and then running like a leveret, quickly disappeared.

#### "DOWN AND OUT."

I heard a rustling in some bushes and wondered what was going on. And then some poor fellow, who had been sleeping rough, emerged and walked towards me. I was none too sure of my ground, at first, but knew that in case of emergency, my stout ash stick would render me good service. "Can you spare me a copper for a cup of tea, sir," he said. We got into conversation and I was soon convinced that he meant no harm. Gradually I lessened my grip on my good old ash stick and handed him a coin—and not a bronze one either. His clothes were ragged, his hair unkempt, he looked cold, haggard and hungry, but under that rough exterior there was a mysterious something that appealed to me and I wondered how it was that he had come to be like this. His own fault? you query. Perhaps, but that is not for us to judge.

He seemed so grateful for the little service that I had rendered him and with a "God bless you, sir," he hurried away. He spoke with great emotion and I thought he seemed a little ashamed of his sorry plight. I knew that there was, at any rate, much good in the man. Maybe that he was thus "down and out" was no fault of his at all. And as to the shame, I felt ashamed that I had at first mistrusted him and hoped he had not noticed the firm grip that I kept on my stick.

#### DELICIOUS SENSATIONS.

Fog and frost—they appear to be the order of the day at present and yet spring is close at hand. March is a rude, and

sometimes boisterous month, possessing many of the characteristics of winter, yet awakening sensations perhaps more delicious than the two following spring months, for it gives us the first announcement and taste of spring. What can equal the delight of our hearts at the very first glimpse of spring—the first appearance of buds and green herbs? It is like a new life infused into our bosoms. A spirit of tenderness—a burst of freshness and luxury of feeling possesses us; and let fifty springs have broken upon us, *this* joy, unlike many joys of time, is not an atom impaired.

## NEVER PALLS.

The novelty of spring seems, indeed, one of the very few things which never palls on us. The first snowdrop of the year is welcomed with perhaps even more zest by the old than the young; and all acknowledge an eloquence and beauty in the anticipatory lines of the simple familiar hymn:—

There everlasting Spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This happy land from ours.

## POWERFUL NEW TRACTOR.



The above photograph is that of one of our powerful new tractors, capable of pulling a trailer carrying 14 tons.

## DEATH OF MR. S. J. CRUMP.

We regret to record the death of Mr. S. Crump, son of our tenant, Mr. C. W. Crump of the Belle Vue, High Wycombe.

The following account of the funeral is from the *Bucks Free Press*:—

“On the morning of the very day when his old team was due to play a benefit match in his honour, Sidney John Crump, the popular member of Wycombe Wanderers F.C., who played when his team made a name by winning the Amateur Cup, was buried.

“The funeral service took place at Christ Church, High Wycombe, the church being filled. The representative gathering was a marked tribute to one who had always played the game, for Sidney Crump was one of the best of sports.

“The Wanderers themselves realised that they had lost a ‘pal’—he was only 29—and the clubs which he represented on the playing-fields in his junior days of soccer, turned up in force to pay their last tribute.

“In addition to tributes from his devoted wife and baby son, were those from Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Crump and family and Mr. and Mrs. Biggs and family; from Wycombe Wanderers’ Supporters’ Club; playing members of Wycombe Wanderers F.C.; committee and members of Wycombe Wanderers F.C.; the staff of Messrs. William Birch Ltd.; “Pals in the polishing shop”; and from “Five old pals.”

## WORTH WHILE.

Everything is worth its while,  
Tiny though it be,  
Thrilling bird song in the Spring,  
Silent growing tree,  
Friendly smile of comradeship  
When the sun is high  
Gentle word of sympathy,  
As grief passes by;  
Homely tasks and trivial joys,  
Blessed peace that fills  
Earth at twilight, when white stars  
Swing above the hills;  
If you have a happy heart  
And a ready smile,  
You will find that everything  
In this world's worth while!

## NAVY WEEK.

During Navy Week this year, which will be held at Portsmouth, Plymouth and Chatham, from August 3rd to 10th (omitting the Sunday), there will be more ships open to the public than ever before, including H.M.S. *Hood*, the largest warship in the world; and huge aircraft carriers such as the *Courageous* and *Furious*.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good thing belonging to him is underground.

The estimate and valour of a man consists in the heart and in the will : there his true honour lies.

I'll not willingly offend,  
Nor be easily offended ;  
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,  
And endure what can't be mended.

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

Hope is the chief blessing of man.

Don't waste precious time looking for an Opportunity ; make one.

Bear up and steer right onward.

It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.

"Sittin' still and wishin'  
Don't make anyone great.  
The Lord provides the fishin'  
But you've got to dig the bait."

God almighty first planted a garden : and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures.

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

If you're worsted in a fight,  
Laugh it off !  
If you're cheated of your right,  
Laugh it off !  
Don't make tragedies of trifles,  
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles,  
Laugh it off !

If your work gets into kinks,  
Laugh it off !  
If you're near all sorts of brinks,  
Laugh it off !  
If it's sanity you're after,  
There's no recipe like laughter,  
Laugh it off !

## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Mr. E. A. J. Kealey, whose portrait appeared in the February issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, has been known to the writer for a long time, in fact from schooldays. Mr. Kealey, who was in the Blue Coat School, Reading, when on his schoolday holidays used to be a visitor to the home of W.D. From the account of his activities during his employment with the Firm, it will be easily seen he has had varied experiences, which have no doubt stood him in good stead in his present position. I can speak of his unfailing geniality and charm, having known him for such a while.

Many friends and wellwishers of Mr. J. Webb will be sorry to hear of the serious illness of this popular and devoted member of the Building Department for so many years. Since his retirement from the Firm we have not seen much of him, although when he called down at The Brewery at Christmas time he seemed particularly well and ever so pleased to see us all once again. I understand he has undergone an operation and is making slow progress. I feel sure everyone will wish him a speedy and lasting recovery. He is a H. & G. Simonds man through and through.

Another well known member of the staff, Mr. A. Jordan, has been away from his duties, owing to illness, for some considerable while. I understand he is improving and we all hope he will soon be very much better and back to duty once more.

Although this winter has been trying, owing to the many samples of "weather" experienced, as it has not been so severe the staff has benefited and there has been an almost clean bill of health throughout. Surely another tribute to Beer is Best.

Just at this time of the year the Brewery amateur gardener feels that Springtime urge stirring in his veins, so I expect Elm Park attendances will be somewhat thinner in consequence. It would seem that quite a number of our staff, having removed to new residences on the outskirts of the town, have quite a lot to do in getting their gardens in ship-shape order. As I believe gardening is said to be a valuable aid in cultivating a splendid thirst, maybe our trade will be showing a considerable increase.

We are all back to normal now that the match with Arsenal is over. Naturally we were all disappointed with the result, but everyone was pleased at the performance of Reading and it was a splendid failure. Lesser exciting fare will now be provided for us; however with distinct possibilities of promotion there should be good attendances at Elm Park. Of course it will have to be a winning team all the way to do this and doubtless we shall soon know if Reading are likely to succeed. There are visions of an exciting finish to the season, that is if Reading are still in the hunt, for Charlton play at Elm Park, practically at the end of the season.

However, we seem booked for another Brewery football triumph for at the moment they are, as the Americans say, "sitting pretty" at the top of their league, with a commanding lead, and as they have been there nearly the whole of the season, we all hope when the final reckoning takes place that Simonds Athletic football team will still be there. I understand the centre forward, Mr. Sayers, has scored almost a half century of goals.

Plymouth Argyle seem to have struck a bad patch at the moment and they have certainly had an up and down season.

Brighton have not maintained their form since their cup exit. Possibly they are reserving their best behaviour for Reading's visit to their ground.

What can we say of Aldershot? They are not having a too successful time, although no doubt injuries have hit them hard and

with a small playing staff their task must seem much harder. Nevertheless, one player seems to maintain wonderful form, viz., Mr. W. Robb—our tenant, by the way, of the Wheelwright's Arms, Aldershot.

Portsmouth are a surprising side and seem to be experimenting particularly with their forward line. They have a name for playing very attractive football.

#### CHANGES OF TENANTS.

The following changes and transfers have taken place during the month of February and to all new tenants we wish every success:—

The Cambridge, Farnborough (Ashby's Brewery Co., Ltd.)—Mrs. M. M. Willder.

The Rising Sun, Oxford Road, Newbury (South Berks Brewery Co., Ltd.)—Mrs. A. E. Hearn.

#### DEATH.

We much regret to record the death of Mr. H. J. Frankum, of Brookside, Woolhampton, an old esteemed friend of the Firm.

Doubtless many have seen the announcement of the new series of Savings Certificates and how this will affect the H. & G. Simonds' Savings Association. All information will be readily tendered by Mr. A. H. Hopkins, Secretary, on application.

It is proposed to hold another Staff Outing during the summer and if there is anyone who has not heard of this yet please give in your name to Mr. W. Bradford, who is organising this event, which may be a river trip.

#### NEW BREWERY CHAPLAIN.

We are very pleased to announce that the Reverend Hugh Bonsey, M.A., has accepted the Honorary Chaplaincy of the Brewery, in succession to the late Reverend Canon F. J. C. Gillmor, T.D., M.A.

The Rev. Bonsey has expressed a wish to make an early visit to the Social Club to meet the members and we hope that a large and representative gathering will be present to welcome him, when the date and time of the visit are made known.

## SECRET OF TRUE HAPPINESS,

SOLUTION OF THE SIMPLEST NATURE.

(BY E. W. KIRBY.)

A day or so ago I came across this quotation from Lucretius—"Life is given to no man as a lasting possession, but merely for use." Now these words are profoundly interesting in that they are capable of conjuring up the rudiments of a whole philosophy. They state quite clearly that man's existence is intended for a definite purpose—to make himself useful, and when the individual has realized this point then he or she has attained a state of progression well worthy of an educated person.

It does seem strange on the face of it how many people are wholly content to jog serenely along, satisfied with their little mediocre task, always providing they have sufficient funds left over with which to purchase various entertainments. Or perhaps to illustrate the lack of foresight which forms such a universal fault, let us just consider how many of us have expressed a desire at some time or other to win an enormous cash prize and while away time in ceaseless indulgence. Probably everyone at times becomes obsessed with this particular longing for economic independence and its consequent freedom of action, but very few of us succeed in realizing the secret of true happiness attainable to all who possess sufficient initiative and determination of character. Yet in reality this secret is of the simplest nature. To secure that satisfactory state of mind a man has merely to do something worth while and then to carry on along similar lines so that his insatiable desire may be amply fed. It is no good trying to rest on one's laurels for the simple reason that man is never satisfied; the machinery of his mind is indefatigable and requires constant fuel in order to function smoothly.

The great law of which we all form a living proof is that of Evolution, and despite himself man must follow out his destiny. It is for this reason that ceaseless activity and change form his lot. In the case of a less developed being, crude pleasure forms the height of ambition. In the case of a more highly advanced man the desire to use his abilities to the utmost becomes predominant. In the latter instance intellectual development alone should provide sufficient motive towards unceasing activity, but here an interesting point arises. In contemplating the evolutionary path we must bear in mind the importance of avoiding unilateral development. For instance, a highly intelligent man may not necessarily have advanced so far morally. He might use his powers for his own personal aggrandisement without consideration for others, or he

might even go so far as to transgress laws of society and become a criminal. On the other hand, if we reversed the process we should get an individual of high morality but lacking in logical reasoning faculties—a religious fanatic perhaps. Thirdly, we have to consider the case of a man both morally and intellectually sound but lacking the power to control his lower emotions and the driving force necessary to live up to the best in himself.

It is the lack of uniformity and the varying degree of evolution amongst individuals which contributes largely to the friction observable the world over. The object of our existence is to progress ever upwards and difficulties are placed in our way in order that we may develop our various faculties and emotions in surmounting them. Life is complex at first but when approached along these lines the reason for our multitude of problems becomes clear. The only way to learn lies along the path of practical experience, hence the reason for this hard material world with its bitter rivalries and sufferings.

After all, without some dominant goal our lives *would* be meaningless. What would be the point, for instance, of a man spending all the best years of his life in amassing a fortune only to discover eventually that he no longer possessed the energy and interests of his youth with which to fully enjoy its material advantages? It is essential that we should endeavour to discover the why and the wherefor of all our problems, and yet strangely enough, people appear to regard the idea of probing such secrets as that of life and death as an unwise procedure. But nevertheless, it cannot be denied that a knowledge of our ultimate destiny or at least some insight into our present status is of tremendous help to anyone fortunate enough to discover them. It is easy to see the logic of reasoning which holds that man is the product of intelligence and not the result of haphazard creation left to meander in a purposeless fashion along any path which opens before him. If this *were* so, then all our suffering and striving here would be to no avail which, in itself, is far from feasible. In any case, when looked at from the broad standpoint, the extremely short duration of our sojourn on this earth renders it imperative that every effort should be made not to fritter away this period in a wasteful manner. Further, it is not easy to deny that attempts towards serving some useful purpose become a man far more than if he cast away his energy upon some triviality. Yet it is not only the pleasure of accomplishment which comes as a reward: the actual labour and concentration required to attain a goal serve to occupy a person's mind and banish effectively the fear of *ennui* so liable to attack those lacking a definite policy of action.

To conclude, it is necessary to emphasise the importance of constant and profitable activity as a means of fulfilling man's destiny which lies in expansion of knowledge in every direction. Evolution is in itself change and gradual refinement, so man must ever strive to improve his conditions, material and otherwise, in order that he himself may rise and progress towards those heights which lie open to his determined attack. A highly developed person betrays a greater sensitiveness and feels more keenly than one less evolved. To achieve sanctuary from the strain of everyday life it is possible for one to live a sheltered existence, providing the necessary means are forthcoming, but a man who runs away from his difficulties is simply defeating his own object. Difficulties are undoubtedly provided to be overcome, and it is through the exercise of his mind and will that man gains power.

It is therefore incumbent upon us all to utilize this gift of life and endeavour with all our conscious reason to accomplish some task, thereby benefiting ourselves and helping in a small personal way to contribute towards the general advance of mankind.

#### WOMEN LICENSED VICTUALLERS.

##### RE-UNION DINNER AND DANCE.

A re-union dinner in connection with the Women's Auxiliary, Licensed Victuallers' Trade Association, was held at the White Hart Hotel, Reading, recently, when mine host, Mr. Tom Crisp, provided an excellent repast. Mr. F. Fawcett presided, and those present included Mrs. Smart, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Arlett and Mrs. Warner.

After the loyal toasts, Mrs. Smart explained that it was a re-union dinner of the late officials of the Women's Auxiliary and members and friends interested in the Trade. On the last occasion Mrs. Moore was presented with a gift in recognition of her valuable work for the Auxiliary, and they were delighted to see her with them that evening. In asking them to drink the health of the Ladies' Association she coupled with the toast H. & G. Simonds' Association and the Premier Association.

Suitable acknowledgment was made, and the Chairman said they did not always realise what an important part the ladies played in the Licensed Trade.

Mrs. Moore also made a happy little speech, Mr. Bevan responding for the ladies.

Dancing followed and a jolly time was spent, all expressing their appreciation of the kindly manner in which Mr. Crisp had studied their comfort and convenience.

#### SIMONDS' DARTS LEAGUE.

##### END OF A SUCCESSFUL SEASON.

When the Retailers' Association connected with the brewery of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. started a darts league at the beginning of the winter there were some who scoffed, but the committee went on with the work. The league proved a big success, with four divisions covering Reading and a wide district around. The semi-finals and final were played at Palm Lodge, Reading, on Tuesday evening, February 26th, when hundreds of enthusiasts followed the play.

The Rising Sun, Wokingham, defeated The World Turned Upside Down, and The Bell, Oxford Road, beat The Brewery Tap in the semi-finals. In the final The Rising Sun beat The Bell and became the first champions.

The cup, shield and medals were presented to the winners and runners-up at the close by Mr. L. A. Simonds (the President), who not only gave the trophies, but took great interest in the league. He warmly thanked those who had worked that organisation up to such a grand finale.

On the proposition of Mr. T. Lawrence a very hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Louis Simonds.

In acknowledgment Mr. Simonds mentioned that he was President of the High Wycombe Darts League and that he would endeavour to arrange for the winners that evening to meet the winners of the High Wycombe League, when he hoped the gathering would be as successful as the one that night.

Mr. J. W. Arlett (Chairman of the League), Mr. H. Tucker (Vice-Chairman), Mr. G. Hainge (Secretary) and the Committee are to be heartily congratulated on the great success which attended their efforts.

Appended are the results of the semi-finals and final :—

##### SEMI-FINALS.

##### BREWERY TAP v. THE BELL.

<i>Brewery Tap.</i>				<i>v.</i>	<i>The Bell.</i>			
W. Dawson	...	...	498	v.	F. Barnes	...	...	601
E. Capel	...	...	595	v.	J. Hutchin	...	...	601
A. Rockall	...	...	601	v.	C. Butler	...	...	595
W. Shoemith	...	...	601	v.	P. Bourton	...	...	484
J. Harris	...	...	601	v.	W. Holloway	...	...	482
L. Lawrence	...	...	601	v.	T. Banning	...	...	565
H. Wiggins	...	...	593	v.	A. Brown	...	...	601
E. Lovall	...	...	553	v.	L. Barnes	...	...	601
F. Pollard	...	...	598	v.	H. Winn	...	...	601

*Total number of wins* ... 4

*Total number of wins* ... 5

RISING SUN, WOKINGHAM <i>v.</i>		WORLD UPSIDE DOWN.	
<i>Rising Sun, Wokingham.</i>		<i>World Upside Down.</i>	
A. Roberts ... ..	601 <i>v.</i>	W. Clark ... ..	598
J. Sherwood ... ..	601 <i>v.</i>	W. Gregory ... ..	583
G. Welch ... ..	594 <i>v.</i>	D. Rose ... ..	601
L. Earl ... ..	601 <i>v.</i>	G. Annetts ... ..	593
G. Hambledon ... ..	601 <i>v.</i>	C. Frankum ... ..	428
B. Houchin ... ..	601 <i>v.</i>	L. Ivermee ... ..	461
S. Collett ... ..	341 <i>v.</i>	S. Weller ... ..	601
T. Brant ... ..	549 <i>v.</i>	E. Slade ... ..	601
F. Webb ... ..	577 <i>v.</i>	J. Gregory ... ..	601
<i>Total number of wins ...</i>	<i>5</i>	<i>Total number of wins ...</i>	<i>4</i>

## FINAL.

RISING SUN, WOKINGHAM <i>v.</i>		THE BELL.	
<i>Rising Sun, Wokingham.</i>		<i>The Bell.</i>	
L. Earl ... ..	601 <i>v.</i>	W. Holloway ... ..	395
T. Brant ... ..	589 <i>v.</i>	L. Barnes ... ..	601
S. Collett ... ..	601 <i>v.</i>	G. Butler ... ..	541
A. Roberts ... ..	442 <i>v.</i>	H. Winn ... ..	601
D. Hambledon ... ..	601 <i>v.</i>	T. Banning ... ..	547
B. Houchin ... ..	601 <i>v.</i>	J. Hutchin ... ..	598
J. Sherwood ... ..	601 <i>v.</i>	F. Barnes ... ..	501
F. Webb ... ..	— <i>v.</i>	P. Bourton ... ..	—
G. Welch ... ..	— <i>v.</i>	A. Brown ... ..	—
<i>Total number of wins ...</i>	<i>5</i>	<i>Total number of wins ...</i>	<i>2</i>

SIMONDS BEER

is

SUPER B

MESSRS. W. J. ROGERS LTD., BREWERS, BRISTOL.

MESSRS. H. & G. SIMONDS LTD. ACQUIRE WHOLE OF SHARE CAPITAL.

Negotiations have just been concluded which provide for the acquisition of the whole of the Share Capital of Messrs. W. J. Rogers Ltd., the old-established Bristol Brewers, by the well known firm of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., of Reading.

The latter Company are well known in the West Country, for they are the proprietors of the Tamar Brewery at Devonport. In addition to their extensive Army connection, their ramifications extend to an Associated Brewery in Malta, and they have export agencies all over the world. They will now have under their control over 1,000 licensed properties.

We are glad to publish the fact that the name of Messrs. W. J. Rogers Ltd. will not be lost, for it is the new proprietors' intention to continue and expand the present undertaking, and we only hope that with the merging of the experience of the two Boards of Management, we shall witness not only the continuance of an important Bristol industry, but interesting developments which will form an increasing asset to Bristol.

The well known Hop Leaf Brands of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. will shortly be on sale in all local houses in addition to those of Messrs. W. J. Rogers Ltd.

We understand that Mr. T. P. Rogers, who has been associated with Messrs. W. J. Rogers Ltd. for the past 42 years, will retire, and we can only hope that he will be spared for many years to enjoy the good health and happiness which he so truly deserves.



## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The constable called at a villa and rang the bell. Inside the house the piano-playing ceased, and a rather scared-looking young woman appeared at the door and asked: "Yes? What do you want?"

"Well, miss," said the constable, "we've just 'ad a telephone call to say that there's a fellow called Chopin being murdered in this 'ere 'ouse."

\* \* \* \*

A stranger was dining at a hotel in Aberdeen. At the end of the dinner he gave the waiter a penny for a tip.

The waiter looked at it in disgust, and said: "Here, d'ye no ken that the champion miser in Aberdeen gi'es me tuppence?"

The stranger held out his hand.

"Shake hands wi' the new champion," he said.

\* \* \* \*

Man's life is all toil—and woman's all toilet.

\* \* \* \*

Two miners who had never seen a game of golf played before and knew nothing about the rules, happened to be walking across a course. A ball shot past them and rolled into a bunker. They stopped and watched. The player walked into the sandy pit and was lost to sight. Crash!—a storm of sand flew out—but no ball. Crash again!—more sand; another storm—of profanity this time, but still no ball. Six times this was repeated and at the seventh the ball, sailing out of the bunker, rolled, by the greatest luck, along the green and down into the hole.

At this, one of the miners turned away, but his friend quickly stopped him, saying, "Here, wait a minute, Bill. Let's hear what the old buffer says when he tries to get out of that blinking spot of bother!"

\* \* \* \*

The Squire was giving a treat to the village school children. After tea he announced, with a beaming smile, "Now I am going to perform certain actions, and you must guess what proverb they represent. The boy or girl who answers first will receive sixpence."

First the squire lay down on the platform. Then one man came forward and tried in vain to lift him. Two others came to his aid, and between them they raised the squire. The actions were meant to represent the motto, "Union is strength." When the squire asked if any child could solve the puzzle a grubby hand shot up and an eager voice squeaked, "Let sleeping dogs lie!"

An elderly woman had a parrot which was free to roam where it chose in the house. Polly was often in disgrace, and had damaged some onions which had been tied up in bunches to dry. For this she was caged and severely reprimanded by her owner, who said, in the course of her remarks: "If you do that again, Polly, I'll pull every feather off your head."

The following day the old lady was called upon by the vicar, who was bald. On being shown into the room the parrot greeted him with: "Hello! Been at the onions?"

\* \* \* \*

Two taxi-drivers were talking on the rank, one apparently in great pain.

"Yus, Bill," he said, "can't 'ardly walk. 'Ad this corn for three weeks."

"Why don't you try one of them there chiropodists, 'Arry?"

Three days later they met on the same rank.

"'Ow's yer foot, 'Arry?" asked Bill.

Harry was in the best of spirits. "It's all right now. I went to the chiropodist, and do yer know it weren't no corn at all!"

"No?" replied Bill in surprise.

"No," answered Harry in disgust. "It were me collar stud got stuck in me shoe!"

\* \* \* \*

The very small car had run out of petrol. The nearest garage was eight miles away, and the motorist was wondering what would be the best thing to do when a magnificent car appeared round the bend in the road.

"Could you spare a drop of petrol?" he asked the driver. "I've run completely out."

The leather-coated chauffeur descended from his car and eyed the tiny vehicle drawn into the side of the road.

"H'm!" he said, with a contemptuous sniff. "It's not petrol you want; it's a new flint."

\* \* \* \*

The division was having manoeuvres for the benefit of Visitors' Day, and everything was being let loose at once. A pretty girl was eagerly watching the performance when a rifle volley crashed out. With a surprised scream she fell back into the arms of a young corporal who was standing just behind her. "Oh, beg your pardon," she gasped, blushing. "I was frightened by the rifles." "Quite all right," replied the corporal. Then he added hopefully, "Let's go over and watch the Heavy Artillery for a while."

An old lady entered a bird-fancier's shop and asked for a parrot, but she stipulated that its language should not be strong.

"Well, lady," said the bird-fancier, "I've got one 'ere that swears in a mild sort of way."

"A mild sort of way?"

"Yes: 'e belonged to a minister wot 'ad 'is stipend reduced."

\* \* \* \*

A man was announcing to his friends at the club that he was going to be married shortly.

"Well, old man," remarked one of his listeners, "I hope you'll be very happy."

"I don't see why I shouldn't," was the reply. "I came through the War all right."

\* \* \* \*

The lodger was settling his bill with the landlady, but found several over-charges. He pointed these out, whereupon the landlady was obliged to admit they were mistakes. "And," added she, "don't get excited; keep your 'wool' on!"

"I can't keep my wool on," he retorted, "when I'm being fleeced!"

\* \* \* \*

Near the top of the street the lawyers abound;  
And just at the bottom the barges are found.  
Fly, honesty, fly, to some safer retreat,  
For there's craft on the river and craft in the street.

\* \* \* \*

PORTER: "Where's your trunks, sir?"

SALESMAN: "I use no trunks."

PORTER: "But I thought you were one of those travelling salesmen."

SALESMAN: "I am, but I sell brains, understand? I sell brains."

PORTER: "Excuse me, sir, but you are the first fellow that's been here who hasn't carried any samples."

\* \* \* \*

MRS. A.: "Do you find it more economical to do your own cooking?"

MRS. B.: "I do. My husband doesn't eat half so much as he did."

The conversation in the village inn had turned to the League of Nations and the possibility of war, when one of the company asked: "What is the most warlike nation?"

"Vacc-i-nation," answered a doctor. "It's nearly always in arms."

\* \* \* \*

TEACHER (warning the pupils against catching cold): "I had a little brother seven years old, and one day he took his new sleigh out in the snow. He caught pneumonia, and three days later he died."

Silence for ten seconds.

VOICE FROM THE REAR: "Where's his sleigh?"

\* \* \* \*

CUSTOMER (to butcher): "Those sausages you sent me had meat at one end and bread at the other."

BUTCHER: "Yes, ma'am, in these hard times it's difficult to make both ends meet."

\* \* \* \*

A young curate was dining at a farm-house one Sunday, and when his plate of roast chicken was handed to him said facetiously:

"This is where the chicken enters the ministry."

The farmer chuckled.

"Let's hope," he remarked, "that it will do better there than in lay work."

\* \* \* \*

The infant class was having a lesson on our coins, and after an explanation, a practical test was made.

Mary was sent out with a shilling to see how many threepenny pieces she could get for it.

She was gone some time, but at last she returned with a bulky and odorous parcel, and the explanation, "Please, teacher, they hadn't got any threepenny pieces, so I got three fourpennies." And she had—at the nearest fried fish shop!

\* \* \* \*

"I trust we shall make you feel quite at home," remarked the hotel manager.

"Don't try it," expostulated the visitor. "I want to have a good time!"

BARBER : " There seems a moisture in the hair to-day, sir."  
CUSTOMER (putting his hands on his head) : " I hadn't noticed it."

BARBER : " Oh, no, sir ; I meant the ' hair of the hatmosphere.' "

\* \* \* \*

SON : " Dad, what is bankruptcy? "

DAD : " Bankruptcy, my son, is when a man puts his money in his trousers pocket and lets his creditors take his coat."

\* \* \* \*

CAPTAIN : " Have you cleaned the deck and burnished the brass? "

SEAMAN : " Ay, ay, sir, and I've swept the horizon with a telescope."

\* \* \* \*

TOURIST : " I suppose this rain will do the crops a lot of good, sir."

FARMER : " Ye're right. An hour of it will do more good in five minutes than a month of it would in a week at any other time."

\* \* \* \*

A teacher asked her pupils if they knew who the Quakers were.  
" People who live near an active volcano, Miss," called out a little boy, promptly.

\* \* \* \*

" Does your wife play bridge for money? "

" No," mournfully replied the husband, " but her opponents do."

\* \* \* \*

An old lady who was looking at Niagara Falls for the first time suddenly cried : " Oh ! that reminds me : I left the bath tap running at home ! "

\* \* \* \*

JONES : " I see by the paper that more than half the earth's population is women."

BURNS : " I hardly think that can be true. If that were the case how do you account that half the world doesn't know what the other half is doing? "

\* \* \* \*

WIFE (to sea-sick husband) : " Look, John over there. Such a big ship ! "

HUSBAND : " I don't want to see any ships. Call me when you see a bus."

The manager of a Labour Exchange sent for one of his regular customers.

MANAGER : " I thought you had more sense than to sign on when you are working, Smith? "

SMITH : " Working ! What do you mean? I haven't worked for three years."

MANAGER : " It's no good your telling me that. I saw you myself."

SMITH : " What was I doing? "

MANAGER : " You were hawking firewood last Wednesday."

SMITH : " Wednesday? Don't be silly ! I was moving ! "

\* \* \* \*

The newly-married couple had fallen out. The quarrel lasted through the night, and next morning the wife, without speaking, went downstairs to prepare breakfast.

Thinking it time to make peace, the husband went to the top of the stairs and called : " What's for breakfast, darling? "

" Rats ! " came back the tart reply.

" All right, dear," replied hubby ; " cook one for yourself, but boil me an egg."

\* \* \* \*

Said the bridegroom to the best man, " Shall I have to pay the minister a fee? "

" Oh, yes," replied the other.

After the ceremony was over the best man inquired : " I suppose you gave the minister a fee? "

" Yes," said the cautious benedict. " I gave him half-a-crown."

" And what did he say? "

" Nothing at all. He just looked at the bride and gave me two bob back."

\* \* \* \*

A curate was being shown round one of his parishioner's hothouses. " Ah," he said, stopping in front of a fine display of bulbs, " how delightful to think it will soon be opening time."

The parishioner smiled happily. " Well, well," he said, " whoever would think you'd be saying a thing like that. But I'm game to pop round and have a quick one, if you feel like it."

## BRANCHES.

## BRIGHTON.

The 228th (Worthing) Battery of the R.A. Territorials held their annual dinner at the Battery headquarters on Saturday, the 9th of February, and it was, as usual, a very successful and enjoyable affair, the Firm being represented by Mr. S. M. Penlerick.

In congratulating the Battery, Col. Rododanachi (its former Commanding Officer, and now in command of the 57th H.C. Brigade) said that this Battery was the only one in the Brigade up to full establishment strength, and with an actual waiting list, and that this fine achievement was a credit to the Battery and to the town of Worthing.

He only wished that the towns and districts from which their other Batteries obtained their recruits would follow the splendid example set by the Worthing Battery and by that town and district.

The Mayor of Worthing, Councillor G. B. Bennett, amused the company with his reminiscences of volunteer service during the War. We did not have uniforms in those early days, he said, but a generous War Office provided us with armlets on which were the letters "G.R.," which letters were interpreted to mean all sorts of things. Some people termed us "Grandfather's Regiment," others said we stood for "Germany's Ruin," but the most cruel description of all was "God's Rejected."

The Nightbirds Orchestra played during dinner, and the subsequent musical programme, which was much enjoyed, was sustained by:—Miss Ada Whittington, Battery Sergeant Major A. A. Davis, Mr. Sid Lockless, Mr. Jack Wesley, and the Toppers Quintet.

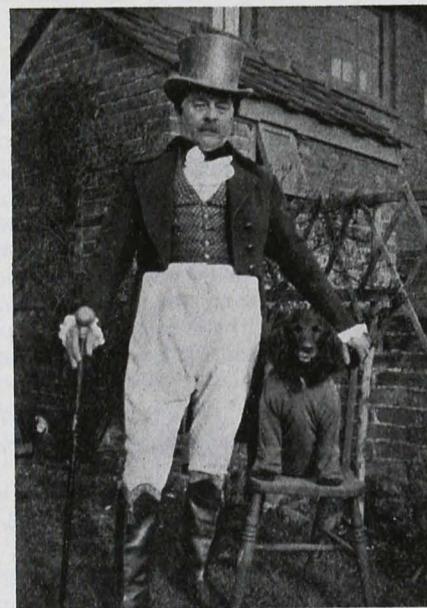
By chance both Reading and Brighton & Hove Albion football teams were beaten in the English cup by the Arsenal. We trust our Reading friends saw a better game of football than we were able to see when the Arsenal came to the Godstone ground. Still—ever onward—better luck next time.

We are watching with interest the fortune of Reading as regards promotion. No doubt it will be a close finish—may the best team enjoy the honours.

The daughter of our manager, who is on holiday in India, was in a picture house in Madras, and was pleased to see on the screen amongst other advertisements, "First in the Field, Simonds Pale Ales." Truly our ramifications are widespread!

The steward of the West Tarring Working Men's Club, Worthing, won a prize at a fancy dress ball when he went as Johnny Walker.

A snap of Mr. A. Mitchell in the well known costume is sent herewith.



Mr. A. Mitchell in his prize-winning costume.

## THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

All "Tamar-ites" are extremely sorry to hear of the passing of Mr. T. W. Davis, and extend to Mr. W. H. Davis their deepest sympathy in his great loss. The eulogistic references to his father's memory in last month's issue of the "Gazette" fitly summarises the character and life of one who "strove to leave behind, a world better for mankind than he had lived"—and few even of the great ones of the earth can hope to wear a richer crown!

The "Hop Leaf" Ring League championship shield has been won in its initial year by the "Vine Hotel" experts after a very

interesting, and at times exciting, struggle! The final placings are as follows:—

	<i>P.</i>	<i>W.</i>	<i>L.</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>	<i>Pts.</i>
Vine Hotel ... ..	18	16	2	86	40	32
Mayflower Hotel ... ..	18	15	3	78	48	30
Swan Hotel ... ..	18	12	6	82	44	24
Sydenham ... ..	18	12	6	75	51	24
Camel's Head ... ..	18	10	8	72	54	20
Tamar Hotel ... ..	18	8	10	57	69	16
Barley Sheaf ... ..	18	5	13	53	73	10
Ring o' Bells ... ..	18	5	13	43	83	10
Simonds' Social ... ..	18	4	14	50	76	8
Longroom ... ..	18	3	15	31	95	6

For the next few weeks another local "war" will be staged, and many casualties must ensue, in the fight for the knock-out challenge cup. All the Storm Troopers under the "Hop Leaf" flag are now concentrating on the Western front towards the final "throw" in defence of their claim to this trophy, and the League champions will find each step of the way as hotly contested as any final tie. May good fellowship prevail throughout the series, whatever the result! Arrangements have already been completed for an end of season function to be held, when a smoking concert and dance will take place within the city, and the presentation of the championship shield, cups and medals to the deserving winners will be made.

It is fitting to here record the deep gratitude of us all to the Directors of the Firm, who by their generosity in providing these trophies have stimulated interests within our own houses which otherwise must have been diverted elsewhere; and to express the hope that in the autumn many of our other tenants will be training their platoons for the more intensive battles of 1935-36. We hear that several "Heavy" brigades, centred at Crownhill, Longroom and Admirals' Hard, have already drawn up their summer training programme, while the X.X. division on a front extending from North Corner to the Barbican will be also engaged in tactical manoeuvres and skirmishing exercises.

We were disappointed that Reading failed to achieve their ambition in the Arsenal cup-tie, but a narrow defeat under such conditions was in itself an achievement of which all supporters may feel justly proud. We have no doubt that their opponents paid them full compliment for a very gallant effort, which only a "bolt" from "boy" Bastin's foot rendered ineffective.

Better fortune next year Elm Park-ites!

Down West we are labouring in very heavy seas, and our favourites at Home Park will have to produce a special effort to avoid the danger zone after all. Their form for some time has been exceedingly "streaky," and team spirit alone can pull them safely through the weeks ahead.

Wanted urgently—a first class shot. Any "spares" at Reading?

The demolition of part of the Camels Head Hotel, preparatory to reconstruction has brought to light the fact that this house was built and first licensed in 1827. We hope later on to give a brief record of this historical part of the "Old Saltash Road" and its associations with the, now almost completed, modernised road house which occupies the site of the old Inn overlooking Weston Mill Creek, and bears the "Simonds sign of excellence."

#### PORTSMOUTH.

At the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, the Portsmouth City Police team brought off a conspicuous victory in the National Police Ambulance competition this year. For the purpose of this competition the country is divided into nine sections and Portsmouth are in No. 6 the South-Eastern district. Portsmouth have been runners-up to the West Sussex team on four occasions since the competition started in 1928 and West Sussex have won the section every time. Twelve teams competed in the section competition and Portsmouth finished first, winning the trophy presented by Colonel A. S. Williams, late Chief Constable of West Sussex. The Portsmouth team were:—Inspector Baker (captain), P.C. Arthur, P.C. Edwards, P.C. Middleton and P.C. Francis. Lieut.-Colonel H. G. Norman White, V.D. and Inspector W. N. Wilson were the coaches. They will now compete against the winners of the other sections in the final at the County Hall, Westminster, on March 1st. The West Sussex team, which had won the district competition every year since the St. John's Ambulance Association started this National contest, only got fifth place this year.

In the annual cross country run of the 1st Bn. Rifle Brigade the "H.Q." Wing won the challenge trophy. The course was about four miles, starting from the New Barracks field and returning by way of Stoke Road. A big field was started by the Officer Commanding, Lieut.-Col. O. E. Downes, D.S.O., M.C. The finish was very close, Rifleman Stott ("H.Q." Wing) completing the course in 24 minutes 55 seconds, Bandsman Crooks ("H.Q." Wing) and Lieut. T. H. Pearson of "A" Company were close behind and in that order, but the last named gained second place in the run in. In the team placings, "H.Q." Wing won the trophy for the fifth year in succession with 188 points. The other placings were "I" Company 338, "A" 438, "C" 439 and "B" 506. Captain H. Hubble, M.C., and C.S.M. James were the time-keepers, whilst the officers of the Battalion with R.S.M. Denyer acted as judges and stewards. The general arrangements were made under the direction of 2/Lieut. The Hon. H. J. D. Prittie, who was also the captain of the winning team.

Hampshire Legion Chairman (Major-General Sir John Capper, K.C.B., K.C.V.O.) was recently, at Fareham elected Chairman

of the Hampshire County Committee of the British Legion. He has a distinguished military record. Took part in the Tirah campaign with the British expedition sent against the Afridis and Orakzais in 1897-98. Served in the South African War, 1899-1902 and was promoted Brevet-Colonel with C.B. In the Great War he was Deputy I.G.C., was Chief Engineer Third Corps and Third Army and G.O.C. 24th Division. Director-General Tank Corps. Promoted Major-General with K.C.B. and awarded Legion of Honour. Sir John started the British Legion in Guernsey in 1923 and has been President of the Alresford and District branch from 1925. He was Colonel Commandant of the Royal Tank Corps, 1923-34 and County Commandant Hampshire Cadets, 1927-1934. He is at the present time a member of the Rural District Council of Winchester.

The Petersfield Men's Club is getting the happy reputation throughout the district of being the club that breaks records. Following a successful sporting season in which the club surpassed itself, a record attendance was present at the annual general meeting of the club. The balance shown in the satisfactory financial statement was also a record one for a number of years. Mr. A. J. C. Mackarness (one of the vice-presidents) presided in the absence abroad of Mr. C. J. P. Cave, J.P. There were about 80 members at the meeting and about 120 members and friends at the "smoker" which followed. The report and balance sheet read by the Club Secretary (Mr. S. J. Coombes) showed an increase of membership during 1934 from 90 to 140 and, in addition, there were 20 vice-presidents and honorary members. Extra ordinary expenditure, amounting to upwards of £120, was incurred, but thanks to the increased revenue from club activities, most of the financial obligations were met. The balance in the bank was £47 4s. 7d. The committee placed on record their deep regret at the sad death of Sir Heath Harrison, Bart. who had been a vice-president and staunch friend of the club for many years. A vote of thanks was passed to the secretary and auditors. The president and several other officials were unanimously re-elected.

The Old Contemptibles Association, at a meeting which they held at the Royal Garrison Church Room, Portsmouth, recently, were able to initiate Brigadier W. Green, D.S.O., Commanding Officer of the Portsmouth Garrison. The meeting was presided over by Mr. F. Walker, M.C. This year the parade for the Southern Area of the Association is being held in Portsmouth when the Bishop of Portsmouth (Dr. E. Neville Lovett, C.B.E.) will be the preacher. After being initiated as a member, Brig. W. Green was asked to become a vice-president. In thanking the members for electing him the Brigadier said how proud he felt and promised to do as much as possible to further the bond of unity between the members of the expeditionary force so ironically dubbed "Contemptible."