

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

*Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.*

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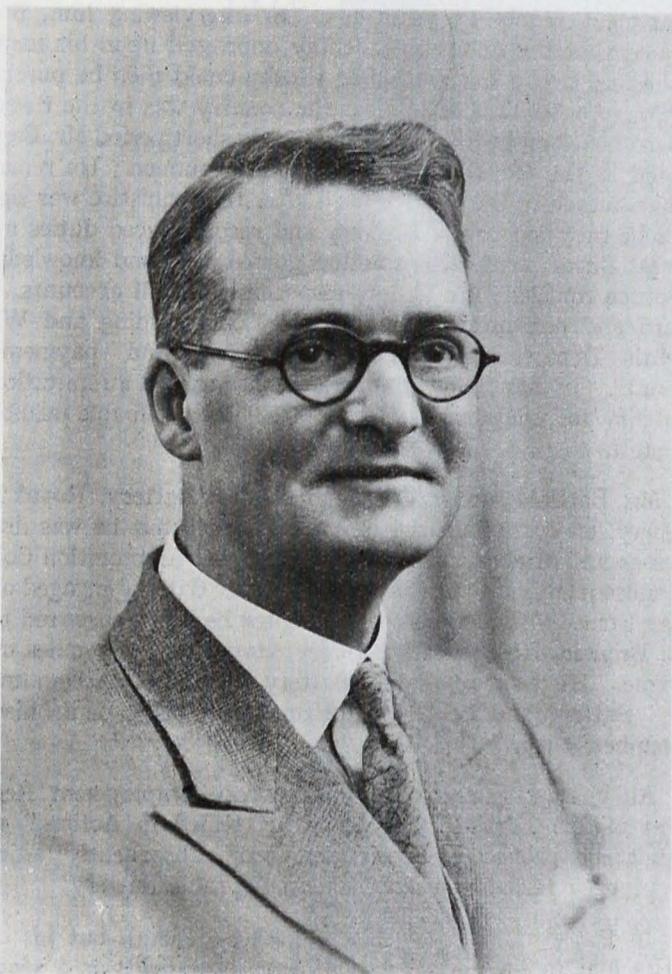
Vol. XI.

MARCH, 1937.

No. 6

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MR. E. C. BARTLETT.

## MR. E. C. BARTLETT.

From our records of the principal members of the Reading staff and our recollections of interesting episodes in their lives we recount, in brief outline, the career of Mr. E. C. Bartlett, a member of the Home Department Staff.

Mr. Bartlett entered the Firm's employ in the Wine and Spirit Department nearly 23 years ago. In interviewing him, it was revealed that the date was indelibly impressed upon his memory by the fact that a bottle of good whisky could then be purchased for 3/6. At the time of joining, the country was in the throes of the Great War and within a comparatively short period Mr. Bartlett enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery as a gunner. He remained in that branch of the Service until after the Armistice was signed, when he returned to the Brewery and recommenced duties in the General Department, where he has gained all-round knowledge of the office routine. He is now responsible for all accounts, both inward and outward, relating to the Coachbuilding and Wheelwright's Department, purchase statements and payment of accounts. In handling this work he has earned a reputation for reliability and adaptation, which makes him a valuable member of the staff.

Mr. Bartlett saw service in the 417th Battery, Royal Field Artillery, on coast defence duty, from which unit he was drafted overseas and attached to the 30th Divisional Ammunition Column and subsequently posted to a Trench Mortar Battery engaged on the Ypres front. After Armistice was signed he was transferred to the 75th Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, stationed a few miles out of Cologne. He was appointed Battery Clerk and Accountant of "B" Battery and held this position until being demobilised in November, 1919.

An interesting record in the Brewery Employment Register states of Mr. Bartlett that he was "Killed in Action," which fortunately proved incorrect and was subsequently adjusted. The report referred to a namesake in the same Battery.

In the world of sport his interest is general, but his choice carries him to the county and other cricket fields as a spectator whenever possible.

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

# CHAT *from*



## THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

(By C. H. P.)

### MAKING OF GOOD BUSINESS MANAGER.

A list of 20 qualities that go to the making of a good business manager, and a further list of the 24 most common causes of waste in business, were given by Dr. James A. Bowie, Principal of the Dundee School of Economics, in an address at Bradford recently.

The qualities needed are, according to Dr. Bowie :

The ability wisely to delegate authority ; the ability to estimate accurately another's capacity ; power to keep a group working to a common goal ; a voice that suggests confidence ;

A liking for making decisions ; ability to give clear-cut instructions ; a habit of seeking new and improved methods ; freedom from prejudices ; calm acceptance of criticism ;

Willingness to receive suggestions from subordinates ; a nose for bargains—a price sense ; ability to praise work without fulsome flattery ; ability to criticise constructively without antagonising ; the habit of giving reasons for orders and seeing they are understood ;

Courage to take responsibility for his own blunders ; the habit of using facts in making decisions ; quickness in making decisions without "going off half-cocked" ; ability to see a vision of achievement ; a sense of humour ; the faculty of seeing his business steadily, and seeing it whole.

### WASTES IN BUSINESS.

There were thousands of possible leaks or wastes in business, said Dr. Bowie. The most common were :

The worship of precedents ; out-of-date equipment ; "know-it-alls" ; work re-doubling on its tracks ; "that tired feeling" on Monday morning ; fussiness ; system-mad ;

Shortage or delay in supplies; inert—but looking wise; ca-canny; chronic “can’t-be-done’s”; the bosses’ pets; rows between the factory and the sales staff; crowded space—hand-capping work; time killers and chronic strollers; toadying to the boss; absence of costing system; always “too busy”; gaps unbridged by good fellowship; “some other time—perhaps” attitude; absorption in detail; conflicting authority; “passing the buck”; and “deadheads”—“soreheads”—and “blockheads.”

It was a precarious and dangerous policy to rely for business ability solely on the accidents of inheritance and ownership, Dr. Bowie concluded.

#### THE GOLFER AND HIS CADDIE.

A spectacled golfer, much to the disgust of his caddie, made some extremely bad shots.

“How far is it to the next hole, caddie?” he asked, peering shortsightedly in the direction of the white flag.

“A good drive and a putt,” answered the club-carrier.

The player teed his ball, and drove but the ball only moved a few yards.

“Man,” said the caddie disgustedly, “you’ve played the putt first.”

#### IN DEFENCE OF PACKET CHEESE.

A correspondent to the *Manchester Guardian* recently broke into verse in defence of packet cheese, in these words:—

“You may eat your Brie in cubes,  
 With a spoon;  
 You may lacerate your tubes,  
 Like a loon,  
 With a Gorgonzola, mottled,  
 Or a Parmesan, well bottled,  
 If you please;  
 But my cheese,  
 Which the local grocer stocks, is  
 Packed in jolly little boxes;  
 Twelve neat segments of a circle  
 (Sterilised against tubercule),  
 Cradled each in silver foil,  
 And, to save the molars toil,  
 It’s a smooth and creamy kind,  
 Without any trace of rind.  
 Sometimes red and sometimes yellow,  
 It’s a cheese without a fellow;  
 And I’m very much to blame  
 That I can’t recall its name.”

#### FIVE BIRDS IN FIVE SHOTS.

My note on shooting four partridges with two barrels for the second time in one season has brought me a letter on a curious shot made by my correspondent in the great partridge county of Lincolnshire, writes “Peterborough,” in the *Daily Telegraph*. A covey of partridges got up on higher ground from him and rose in the shape of a triangle. He fired at the top bird, which fell with the next two, stone dead, in “a small compass covered by my two outspread hands.” He also tells me of a brilliant piece of shooting by which five single birds of a covey were killed by five shots. The gun, of international repute, was assisted by a smart loader, and achieved his feat thus: “Covey oncoming, single shot—changed guns—right and left—changed guns—covey over and receding, right and left.” Even this, however, can hardly equal the late King George’s feat of having four birds dead in the air at the same time.

#### GOES ALL ROUND THE WORLD.

That great cricketer and fine all-round sportsman, Mr. A. P. F. Chapman, who presided at the annual dinner of the Reading and District Licensed Trades Protection and Benevolent Association, paid a graceful tribute to THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE. He said that the little magazine went all round the world and he gained from it a wealth of knowledge concerning the Trade, while the many amusing stories therein related were among the best he had ever read. A great tribute from a great man. Thank you! Mr. Chapman.

#### YOU ENGLISH!

People often remark to me—a foreigner—how difficult it must be to learn English, writes “F.M.” of Budapest, in the *Daily Mail*. Perhaps this little rhyme will show them what we strangers to your language have to contend with:

Will you please explain it to me  
 Why in “debt” you should use silent “b”?  
 I cannot as yeft the hang of it gebt;  
 In fact, I’m completely at sea!  
 You say that the ocean is blue,  
 Is a warship, then, manned by a crue?  
 Do you give a receipt to the man in the streipt?  
 It puzzles me all the day thrue.  
 If a man dies you say he is dead;  
 But a book, not the colour, is read.  
 Still I think that’s enough of this terrible stough,  
 Good buy, sir, it’s past thyme for bead.

## THE CHEMIST'S SYMBOL.

Chemists have very largely, in recent years, dispensed (that seems the fitting word) with one of the former chief attractions of their shops—the huge bottles of coloured liquid that used to adorn their windows. Robert Louis Stevenson used to tell of a friend to whom those bottles “were a poem, inspiring romantic affection for all pharmacies,” so that he knew no delight greater than to drive through the streets after dark watching for the rich glow in the chemists' windows. The bottles, filled with nothing more potent than coloured water, derived from the old retorts and other vessels in which old-time chemists used to prepare their own drugs, etc., which vessels came to stand in the public mind as a symbol of the profession.

## A MOTTO FOR 1937.

Suffer the little birds to live in the open air, there to feed and multiply, to sing, to stretch out their wings, to smooth their soft breasts in joy; bring them not to pine in their domestic prisons, but rather go to them, stretch forth your minds to heaven and join in the chorus of praise.

PETRARCH.

## PUBS FRIENDLIER THAN THE CHURCH!

In a letter to his parishioners in the February issue of the Parish Magazine, the Rev. W. A. J. Martyr, Vicar of Coalville, says:

“The carping criticism indulged in by many church people is both amazing and alarming. Little do they think what harm their words and influence do. Is it too much to say that more genuine friendliness is to be found in the bar of a public-house than within the walls of a good many churches?”

He makes an appeal for united effort in church work this Coronation year.

## A VERY SHORT WEEK!

An old lady kept a parrot which was always swearing. Every Sunday she kept a cover over the cage, removing it on Monday morning, thus preventing the parrot from swearing on the Sabbath.

One Monday she saw her minister coming towards the house, so she again replaced the cover over the cage. Unfortunately it caught on a projecting piece of wire. As the reverend gentleman was about to step into the parlour, the parrot remarked: “This has been a damned short week!”

## THAT FIGHTING SPIRIT.

What is a cocktail?

Mr. E. A. Moorhouse, clerk to the Stone (Staffs) magistrates, asked this question of Mr. Thomas Bagley, a local solicitor, who applied for an extension of hours for a local hotel. And this is what he was told:

“The expression cocktail,” said Mr. Bagley, “dates back to the days of cock-fighting, when spectators used to toast the cock with the most feathers left in its tail after the contest. The number of ingredients in the drink corresponded with the number of feathers left. I understand that nowadays the ingredients change considerably, and the mixing of the cocktail has now become a work of art.”

The Bench granted an extension for an hour.

## MAINTAINS ITS HIGH QUALITY.

The February number of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, the monthly journal of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., which has just appeared, shows that this excellent “house journal” maintains its high quality. There are in it news, views, humour, and some admirable nature notes.—*The Evening News and Southern Daily Mail, Portsmouth.*

*If you wish to keep fit and  
never look leer*

*Stick to drinking Simonds Beer.*

## ROYAL WARRANT HOLDERS ASSOCIATION.

MR. F. A. SIMONDS ELECTED PRESIDENT.

HE CONTRADICTS POPULAR FALLACY.

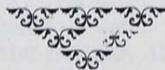
The busiest men ever find the most time to spend in their endeavours to help their fellowmen. And one such man is our Managing Director. In spite of his numerous other activities he has now taken over the Presidency of the Royal Warrant Holders Association. Previous to his election he, as President-elect, attended a Coronation banquet of the Association in London and after welcoming the chief guests, who included M. Charles Rodolphe Paravacini (the Swiss Minister), Sir Stephen Demetriadi (president of the London Chamber of Commerce) and Captain Euan D. Wallace (Parliamentary Secretary to the Department of Overseas Trade), Mr. Simonds continued:

"I think it is generally considered that we, of the Royal Warrant Holders Association, sit behind beautifully panelled doors, smoking big cigars, in the West End, and probably endorsing fat cheques.

"I do ask the visitors to rest assured that that is not the case. We are a very hard working tribe, and perhaps I may quote one little proverb from the good book, which is not always known: 'See'st thou the man diligent in his business? He shall stand before Kings. He shall not stand before mean men.'

"I think the Proverbs predicted the attitude and outlook of the members of this Association."

Amongst others present at the banquet were: Mr. R. St. J. B. Quarry, Captain A. S. Drewe, Mr. H. T. Palmer, Mr. Lewis Farrugia, Mr. A. G. West, Mr. W. R. Vincent (Vincents of Reading), Mr. F. D. Holmes, Mr. L. C. Day, Mr. Leslie Heelas, Mr. H. L. Lewis (Huntley and Palmers), Mr. Ernest Caldecott (Drake and Mount, Ltd.), and Mr. H. G. Powell.



## MR. GAVIN SIMONDS—A JUDGE.

The King has approved the appointment of Mr. Gavin Turnbull Simonds, K.C., as one of the Justices of the High Court of Justice, in succession to Mr. Justice Eve, who retires and becomes a Privy Councillor. Mr. Gavin Simonds, who was born in Reading in 1881, is the second of the three surviving sons of the late Mr. L. de L. Simonds, who was formerly managing director of H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., of Reading. His two brothers are Mr. F. A. Simonds, the present managing director of the Reading firm, and Commander H. D. Simonds.

Educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, Mr. Gavin Simonds was called to the Bar by Lincoln's Inn in 1906, and took silk in 1924. He became a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn in 1929.

## A GREAT THOUGHT.

*Next time things go wrong and you are inclined to become discouraged, take solace with the thought that if everything went right and exactly as you wished you would be living an exceedingly dull and monotonous life.*

*Upsets are as necessary to human welfare as measles, mumps and chickenpox are to childhood. They are spiritual growing pains, without which progress cannot be made. No crosses, no crown!*

*God permits upssets, crosses, suffering, sorrow and disappointment, that upon each we might build a sturdier faith. Observers have noted times without number that where handicaps and sorrows are heaviest, there accomplishment is usually greatest.*

*The really great man takes his sorrows and setbacks philosophically. Each cross he accepts with resignation. At the same time he makes of it a stepping-stone along the heights to progress. He learns, as he climbs, that there is a zest in conquering himself and disappointments, a feeling of satisfaction that never comes when life is serene.*

## NEWBURY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE DINNER.

## MR. F. A. SIMONDS' WITTY SPEECH.

Newbury Traders were complimented by the Mayor on their business personality, their courtesy and the good value they give to customers, in his speech at the annual dinner of the Chamber of Commerce, which took place at the Chequers Hotel on Monday evening, February 15th. The guest of honour was Mr. F. A. Simonds, managing director of Messrs. H. and G. Simonds Ltd., who spoke of Newbury as a friendly town with excellent shops, and where traders gave splendid service to the community.

It was a particularly happy function, with a record attendance of 111. The President of the Chamber, Mr. Horace Cadd, wearing the new badge of office, and Mrs. Cadd held a reception prior to the dinner, over which he also presided.

Others present included the Mayor and Mayoress (Councillor and Mrs. R. C. Clifford), Alderman John Rankin (first president of the Chamber), Canon W. L. Cooper (Rector of Newbury), Mr. R. P. Mundy and Mr. H. Holland (president and secretary of Marlborough Chamber of Commerce), Mrs. Mundy, Mr. P. Wells and Mr. T. Carter (president and secretary of Winchester Chamber of Commerce), Mr. L. Lovell (chairman of Andover Chamber of Trade), Mr. L. H. Beard and Mr. C. Audsley (vice-chairman and secretary of Hungerford Chamber of Commerce), Mr. E. W. Munford (Constable of Hungerford), Mrs. Munford, Mr. H. Davis, Mr. G. T. Howard and Mr. H. J. Gurr (chairman, secretary and treasurer of Newbury Chamber of Commerce), etc. It was pleasing to have among the company Mr. A. G. Stephens, formerly of Newbury and a past president of the Chamber.

The dinner was once again most capably organised by Mr. C. Gordon Talbot, who is to be heartily congratulated on its outstanding success. Red, white and blue decorations appropriately adorned the tables, and the menu was printed in the same colours.

The President proposed "The King," and followed with a toast, "The Queen, Queen Mary and other members of the Royal Family."

## MR. F. A. SIMONDS' WITTY SPEECH.

The toast of "The Town and Trade of Newbury" was proposed by Mr. F. A. Simonds. He said he could remember Newbury as long as he could remember anything. As a

small boy in Reading he used to know Newbury as being a town along the Bath Road as far off as Jericho. A little later it became a long bicycle ride. Then as he reached the stage of a business career he knew it as a place of particular interest, in which were those two pillars of propriety of commercial rectitude, Mr. Edmund Parfitt and Mr. Walter Burton. As he became more interested in the Trade—with a capital "T"—he became more and more interested in the trade of Newbury, and their fortunes were inter-dependent with his.

Not only did he take a business interest in Newbury, but in his leisure moments he took note of a matter of great interest to Newbury, for in about the year 1906 two gentlemen in particular, whose names were writ large on the tablets of the history of Newbury, the late Mr. John Porter and Mr. Baxendale, started one of the industries for which Newbury was famous throughout the world. He believed it was called horse racing. (Laughter.) He attended the first meeting to be held. Perhaps they did not quite know what happened. "As far as I can recollect a number of highly-polished horses with men and boys are taken out to some fields away towards Thatcham, and are placed behind a series of strings, ribbons or tapes. Then a gentleman called the starter, when he thinks they are all looking or they think he does, without any pistol to start them, lets them all go towards this end of Newbury. When the horses reach the pyramidal buildings which are this end of Newbury, some are going faster than others and are cheered on by the roar of some of the besatcheled disciples of that industry. After a certain time they are pulled up, and I understand that the general procedure is that the best whacked horses beat what they call the best backed horses. (Laughter.) Sometimes there is a diversion and when the forecast for the weather is sufficiently menacing and when there is no football in Reading some of the horses are allowed to jump into a thorn fence opposite the grand-stand and fall into a dirty ditch of water, to the interest of the crowd and also for the benefit of two other branches of industry in Newbury, the St. John Ambulance and the Newbury Laundry. (Laughter.) After that we are allowed to retire below the stands, various reasons are produced why somebody or other should provide further revenue for the Government—we are generally taxed to go in and taxed before we go out—and someone explains why the whacked horses have beaten the backed ones, and the gentlemen go away with their satchels well filled." (Laughter.)

## COMMENTS ON THE TRADE OF THE TOWN.

The Mayor's business was one of the first to be noticed upon entering Newbury from London, and he and his confrères had done a great deal to develop the trade and to enhance the reputation of the town. An organisation such as the Chamber of Commerce, and the goodwill which pervaded all the tradesmen of the town must mean that those who visited Newbury to make purchases daily and weekly, had confidence in them. Mr. Simonds said he knew a good many country towns where the country people would not deal and shop because they were not well served. But that could not be said of Newbury. Here they had excellent shops and gave excellent service. He could vouch, too, from personal experience of the excellent arrangements and police organisation for the control of cars.

Newbury was a very friendly town. He had felt that from the day when his father told him what a quiet peaceful town it was, where all the farming community came in two or three days a week to find out which was market day. (Laughter.) Farmers still came in and many of them had discovered which was market day. "Perhaps you will tell them that market day is every day, because they are very welcome," he said. He noticed how Newbury had extended its borders, particularly towards Reading. "Perhaps you will hear when we reach the upper regions that Newbury has absorbed Reading." (Laughter.) He could assure them if at any time they did overflow to Reading they would receive a very hearty welcome.

## "BATTLE OF THE ROUNDABOUTS."

Mr. Simonds said he knew little of Newbury's history. He understood there were many battles fought there in the old days, and judging from the controversies raging now round the question of by-pass and arterial roads, what was known in the old days as the battles of the Roundheads would one day become an even greater story in history, and known as the battle of the "roundabouts." He hoped this matter, however, would be settled in a very friendly spirit, and for the benefit of the trade as a whole, even the Trade spelt with a capital "T." He wished them, the town and trade every success in the future.

## THE MAYOR'S REPLY.

The Mayor, in reply, said after Mr. Simonds' witty speech he was rather nonplussed whether to talk about horse racing

or the trade of Newbury. He did not propose to speak of Newbury's many activities and its development, especially as regards the erection of houses, because they were aware of these things and all were faithfully recorded in the estimable local newspaper, the "Newbury Weekly News." What was of particular interest to him was the progress made in their shopping centres. In Northbrook Street alone there had been tremendous growth. He was impressed, being a bit of an antiquarian, with the way in which owners of property and architects, when it was necessary to reconstruct buildings, had regard for the amenities of the street. Several buildings in Northbrook Street which had been reconstructed were a credit to the town. (Hear, hear.)

His worship went on to mention one or two improvements which had been carried out, and were of great interest to the townspeople. The most important development at the moment was the construction of the new car park. They were spending a lot of money on that. They had felt that the traders at the northern end of the town had a grievance as those at the other end, over the Bridge, had every facility for their customers in the way of parking of cars. It wanted a great deal of thinking out, because the great point was not so much providing car parks but getting motorists to use them. "I do want it to go forth that we want the public to show their appreciation of our efforts to provide this splendid car park—which it will be, for it will hold several hundred cars—by using it. If they are coming into Northbrook Street or that end of the town, and going to spend half-an-hour or so, if they will use that car park we shall feel that we have not spent the money in vain."

As regards the trade, a man said to him one day "you know I like shopping in Newbury, because the business people have personalities." The town itself had a personality: the traders had personality. They could have personality and be courteous and obliging, but they must give good value to their customers. "I am sure you will agree that you do give good value, and by doing that and by judicious advertising, I am sure you will enjoy great prosperity." Newbury was having its fair share of the prosperity that was coming back to their dear old country, and he hoped the coming year would be a very happy and prosperous one for both the town and trade of Newbury. (Applause.)

## OLD AND NEW FRIENDS.

Councillor W. H. Bentley ably proposed the toast of "The Visitors," voicing a cordial welcome to old and new friends, especially mentioning the Mayor and Mayoress.

Mr. Wells, president of the Winchester Chamber of Commerce made a capital response, during which he mentioned that the last time he came to Newbury was during the War when he visited the "Jack" hotel, then kept by a friend of his, Miss Redman. He intended to call there again this evening, but was told by Mr. Edmonds, who drove him from Winchester, that the "Jack" hotel had been pulled down. He was sorry to see such a notable landmark had disappeared.

Mr. Cadd announced that he had received a letter from Alderman Rankin enclosing a cheque for five guineas towards the Coronation decoration fund which the Chamber of Commerce was organising, sponsored by the Mayor.

The Mayor proposed hearty thanks to the president. Mr. Cadd having made suitable acknowledgment, the happy evening concluded with the singing of a verse of the National Anthem.

Between the speeches Daisy Hill, as pianist and entertainer and Will Russell, as conjuror and comedian, contributed items which were much enjoyed.

*(The above excellent report, necessarily curtailed, is taken from the "Newbury Weekly News.")*

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Beer is Best.

And the Best Beer is Simonds.

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### MR. R. PAICE GOES TO LUDGERSHALL.

PARTING GIFT BY HIS COLLEAGUES.

A pleasing little ceremony—not without its touch of sadness—took place in the Waiting Room at the Brewery, on Saturday, March 6th, when Mr. R. Paice was presented by his colleagues on the Travelling Staff, with a handsome wristlet watch on the occasion of his leaving Headquarters at Reading to take up new duties at Ludgershall.

The gift was handed to Mr. Paice by our Home Trade Manager, Mr. W. Bowyer, who, in a quite informal, but none the less charming little speech, paid tribute to Mr. Paice's work and worth. He referred to Mr. Paice's many fine qualities of heart and mind and particularly to his wonderful loyalty—loyalty to the Firm and to his friends. It was a pleasure to ask Mr. Paice to do anything, for it was always performed so willingly. They were extremely sorry to lose one who was the embodiment of goodfellowship, but they were also glad to know that his removal meant promotion. (Applause.)

In handing Mr. Paice the little memento of affectionate regard, Mr. Bowyer shook him warmly by the hand, wishing him the best of health and all happiness.

Mr. Paice, who was taken completely by surprise, feelingly acknowledged the gift and the very kind thought that had prompted it. The friendships he had formed in Reading would, he said, last as long as life. They had all pulled together with the one object in view of furthering the interests of the great Firm they were privileged and proud to represent. A wonderful camaraderie existed among the members of the Travelling Staff and that was due in great measure to their leader, Mr. Bowyer, who was ever ready with a helping hand and friendly advice to assist them on their way. He had the happy knack of getting the best out of those under him and he displayed so much goodness of heart that they would feel ashamed if they let him down. (Applause.)

Continuing with emotion, Mr. Paice again thanked them for the watch which, he said, in spite of the distance that would now

separate them, would make those links of friendship which had been formed stronger and stronger still.

Then, one by one, his colleagues shook him by the hand and wished him the best of luck.

After this little ceremony all extended a hearty welcome to Mr. N. H. Lipscombe, Mr. Paice's successor on the Travelling Staff. They wished him every success and assured him that any help they could extend to him would be very readily rendered.

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### MR. C. E. GOUGH.

#### AN APPRECIATION.

At a recent luncheon the Directors and many others paid tribute to Mr. C. E. Gough, and now I, without in any way wishing to appear assertive, would like to voice what I think must be the feelings of all his "Old Boys." Perhaps I should explain that all of us who went through the Branch Department and were eventually transferred to a Branch or to another office were looked upon by Mr. Gough as his "Old Boys" and this being so, who better than we could have known him?

The main things Mr. Gough did were, firstly, to instil in you that loyalty and enthusiasm which he had for our Firm and, secondly, to let you know that mistakes could not be countenanced in business. I am sure he succeeded in these ideals and, in the latter case, if perhaps he called "a spade a spade" and brought you to book—as I am sorry to admit he did to me fairly often—no malice was borne and the lesson learned was never forgotten.

Mr. Gough, I think, always endeavoured to treat us as men and we, on our part, always found him fair, straightforward and willing to move us up the ladder of promotion whenever such an occasion arose. To these attributes add his unflinching loyalty to the Firm and his zest for the work which he carried out so well for so many years, and you will understand why we, his "Old Boys" hold him in such respect.

In concluding, I should like to thank Mr. Gough for all he did for us and to assure him that it is the sincere wish of his "Old Boys" that he will enjoy many, many years of good health and that whilst he sits in the glory of a retirement well earned, he will know that we who are left to carry on will always try to live up to the ideals which he set.

AN "OLD BOY."

### SOME LUNCHEON MENUS FOR MARCH.

Pea Soup	Scotch Broth
Fish Cakes and Anchovy Sauce	Grilled Herring and Mustard Sauce
Steak and Kidney Pie Mashed Swedes	Roast Shoulder of Mutton and Onion Sauce
<i>or</i>	Spring Cabbage
Cold Roast Beef and Ham	Roast and Boiled Potatoes
Tomato and Endive Salad	Apple Pie
Treacle Tart	Baked Egg Custard
Creamy Rice Pudding	
Tomato Soup	Thick Ox Tail Soup
Fried Curled Whiting Shrimp Sauce	Roast Ribs of Beef and Yorkshire Pudding
Boiled Neck of Mutton	Sprouting Broccoli
Caper Sauce	Baked and Boiled Potatoes
Mashed Turnips	Open Banded Jam Tart
Potatoes	Banana Custard
Lemon Curd Tartlets	Vegetable Soup
Stewed Prunes and Custard	Boiled Turbot
Egg Mayonnaise	Dutch Sauce
Boiled Gammon and Spinach	Roast Stuffed Breast of Veal
<i>or</i>	Cornish Broccoli
Grilled Cutlets and Tomatoes	Potato Croquettes
Boiled and Chipped Potatoes	Apple Fritters
Rhubarb Tart and Cream	Cabinet Pudding
Sago Pudding	

"BEER is the best accompaniment to an harmonious Menu."

The Catering Department will gladly supply menus, recipes, and information regarding quantities of food required for parties, and advice on all matters in connection with your business.

A prompt reply is promised to all enquiries.

Letters should be addressed to:—

MR. H. C. DAVIS,  
Catering Department Manager,  
H. & G. Simonds Ltd.,  
The Brewery,  
Reading.

## READING AND DISTRICT LICENSED TRADES PROTECTION ASSOCIATION.

### MR. F. A. SIMONDS AND THE BUDGET.

The fact that Reading's rates are to be increased "rather a lot" was revealed by the Mayor (Alderman Mrs. Alice Jenkins) when she spoke at the annual dinner of the Reading and District Licensed Trades' Protection and Benevolent Association, held at the Oxford Hall on Tuesday, February 23rd.

She was replying to the toast of "The Mayor and Corporation," which had been proposed by Mr. F. A. Simonds, who had humorously hinted that she might be able to tell the company something about the rates.

The Mayor said she could not give any hopes of the rate being reduced. "The increase is rather a lot," she said, "but I hope you will understand that the work on the council is not easy. Reading is growing. There are lots of things we are called upon to do by the Government, and I think you will agree that Reading is well served by the municipality. And it's not the fault of the Mayor that the rates are increased."

Mr. A. P. F. Chapman, the well-known cricketer, who is now with Messrs. James Buchanan and Co., Ltd., was in the chair, and there was an attendance of over 200. Proposing "The Association and the Trade," Mr. Chapman recalled that he was born and bred in Reading, and said it was a great pleasure to return. Apparently only 80 per cent. of the licensees were members of the association. Could they not make the figure 100 per cent.? (Hear, hear.)

### OPPOSITION AT SESSIONS.

Replying, Mr. H. S. Smith, the hon. secretary, said they were a little down in membership this year. Perhaps that could be accounted for, for the previous year was a record, and records were difficult to hold.

At Reading Borough Licensing Sessions they had met with what appeared to be very formidable opposition, but analysis showed that that opposition was not so formidable as it appeared in court. He heard as many as three letters read from one church—one from the Church, one from the Church P.S.A., and one from the Church Mothers' Meeting. He claimed that that was very much inflated opposition. (Hear, hear.) He had seen a minister of God refuse to take the oath when making a statement in opposition to the trade. Why? Because he was afraid of the cross-examination of their counsel.

At the last court he heard a lady of the opposition say that she had peeped through a window in Broad Street and had seen drinks served at 10.40 p.m. on Christmas Eve, when the licensed houses should have been closed at 10.30. She was reminded by the clerk that there was an extension that day until 11 p.m.—(Laughter)—and it eventually came out that a boy in the street had told her that the closing hour was 10.30 p.m. ("Shame.") A licensee could not be accused of a more serious matter.

The only means of fighting those opposed to the trade was through the wholesale and retail organisations.

Mr. E. T. Norman (National Trade Defence Association), who also responded, said the efforts of the parent bodies in the House of Commons would be much strengthened if they had the support of all licensees.

### THE BUDGET.

Mr. Simonds, proposing "The Mayor and Corporation," said that they in the trade were under a debt of great gratitude to the Mayor and Corporation. In Reading they had a very fine body of councillors, who recognised that the town had grown in importance. With regard to the Budget, he had been asked whether there was to be a beer tax. He knew nothing about it. He had an idea that the Chancellor of the Exchequer knew as much about the taxation of beer as the London financial pressmen and those enemies of the trade who wished to see it taxed out of business. He did venture to think, however, that the Chancellor was not going lightly to alienate the sympathy of the working man by putting a tax on beer; that he was not going light-heartedly to decrease the output of beer, which would be the inevitable result of increased taxation; and that he was not going to try and kill the "goose that laid the golden eggs." He did not think the Chancellor was likely to cause any great disturbance to the trade, from which he obtained a fine revenue.

"I hope I am an optimist among a great many pessimists," concluded Mr. Simonds.

The Mayor, replying, said she thought all licensees should belong to their association, for individuals could not "get along" alone. Her experience had been that the association came to the magistrates, asked for concessions, and got them. Then licensees came in by ones and twos and got the privileges the association had paid their solicitor to obtain. She called those licensees "black-legs." (Hear, hear.)

"I have been a magistrate for 14 years, and I am now chief magistrate of Reading," said the Mayor, "and as long as I am on the Bench I am going to decide what I think to be right—whatever temperance people write to me, or whatever they say. (Applause). The members of the temperance party may be doing very good work, but my criticism of them is that they exaggerate and overdo their case."

The increase in drunkenness in Reading was not the fault of Reading licensees. It was largely that of people who came in from outside and drank methylated spirit.

A chairman's jewel was handed to Mr. J. Morris by Mr. Chapman.

Mr. Harry Hawkins, who replied to the toast of "The Visitors," submitted by Mr. H. Tucker, said the occasion was a record one.

#### HOSPITAL BED FUND.

Mr. F. C. Riden (hon. treasurer), appealing for the association's Hospital Bed Endowment Fund said they needed £1,000. At present they had £826, and they hoped to complete the fund during the hospital's centenary year.

Proposing the health of "The President," Mr. Morris recalled that Mr. Chapman commenced his career in the trade with Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. He was now with Messrs. Buchanan, who had kindly sent a cheque for 25 guineas and other gifts. (Applause.)

Replying, Mr. Chapman thanked Messrs. Godwin, the caterers, and said they had done much for Kent cricket.

Apart from the speakers, those present included Mr. F. H. Jenkins, Mr. R. St. John Quarry, Mrs. J. Morris, Major J. R. Gales (Messrs. Huntley and Palmers, Ltd.), Mrs. H. S. Smith, Mrs. F. C. Riden, Mr. C. Bennett, Mr. W. E. M. Blandy, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Cherry, Mr. H. Wise (hon. secretary, dinner committee), Mrs. H. Wise, Mr. C. W. N. Sharp, Mr. Talfourd G. Cook, Mr. C. B. Booth, Supt. W. Osborne, Mrs. Lofthouse, Messrs. H. Blatch, H. Buckland and A. Mosses (Messrs. Buchanan), W. Bowyer and W. H. Davis (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.), Edwards (John Walker and Sons, Ltd.), S. Fawsitt (Chiltern Mineral Water Co.), A. Sims (Smith's Crisps), C. Randall Jackson (Moussecc), H. F. Coleman (Booth's Distilleries, Ltd.), A. Collins (Apollinaris), H. Watts (Meredith and Drew), Emmett (W. H. Brakspear and Sons, Ltd.), Legg (Strange and Son), E. L. Mills (Utol, Ltd.), and a representative of Harper Automatics.

Mr. H. Windebank was toastmaster and was also M.C. for the subsequent dance.—From the "Berkshire Chronicle."

#### THE ANGLERS HOTEL, EGHAM.



At the Anglers Hotel, Egham, they certainly do not, at the time of writing, wish to take "more water with it." In the punt are seen casks and cases of Simonds' beers ready to be "shipped" across the flooded area to the hotel.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To boil a cracked egg, add a little vinegar to the water before putting the egg in, and the white will not then boil out through the crack.

\* \* \* \*

For table use mustard will be much improved if it is mixed with olive oil instead of water; it will remain fresh much longer if mixed with vinegar.

\* \* \* \*

Stand glasses on a damp folded towel before pouring in hot stewed fruit or custard. This will prevent the glass from cracking.

LICENSED VICTUALLERS' SCHOOL, SLOUGH,  
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

A NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

A pamphlet has just been issued by the London Offices (18 St. Andrew Street, E.C.4) of the Licensed Victuallers' School explaining its objects, developments and aims, together with an appeal for funds to complete the new school buildings.

Every licensed trader, wholesale or retail, should obtain a copy of this clearly and convincingly written pamphlet and give to it the thought and consideration it deserves.

The Foreword reads as follows :—

"The object of this foreword is to bring home to the whole of the Licensed Trade the fact that the Licensed Victuallers' School is a *National* Institution.

"The many advantages which the school offers are as freely available to children from Northern Ireland, from Scotland and from Wales as to those from the Metropolis or other parts of England.

"To the retailer we would say : The work that the school does is so great, and the qualification—one subscription of £5 5s. od. or £1 1s. od. per annum for 7 years—is so small that we appeal to every On-licence holder in England, in Wales, in Scotland, and in Northern Ireland to combine to help in carrying out the great work of rebuilding the school. By so doing they will assure to themselves that, come what may, there will not be denied to their children that vital key to happiness and success—a good education.

"To the wholesale trade we would say : *Wherever* your trading interests may centre, the Licensed Victuallers' School caters for the needs of the children of the retailers *in that area*. The school is the heritage of the youth *of the whole of the retail trade*, and we appeal to make that future sure.

"£60,000 is required to rebuild, furnish and equip the school. The building now being erected may stand for a century, but the funds for it must be raised *at once*. We ask for your help.—WILLIAM WATERS BUTLER, CHRISTOPHER GEORGE, THOMAS SKURRAY, JOHN GRETTON, E. L. D. LAKE, F. P. WHITBREAD, F. G. DOVE, JOHN MORGAN, O. P. SEROCOLD, H. WEBER BROWN, GEORGE L. COURTHOPE, GEO. B. WINCH, F. S. FABER, H. L. GRIMSTON."

THE BLUE-BEHINDED APE.

Discussing "the mandrill or the blue-behinded ape," a newspaper correspondent writes with startling frankness and great dignity :—

"Sir,—The brilliantly coloured areas fore and aft in this species are most pronounced in the adult males . . . the extravagant blue and red tints become intensified when the animals are excited.

"Apropos the personal adornment of these monkeys, it might, perhaps, be of interest to recall the occasion when a mirror was placed so that a mandrill could see its own reflection.

"The evident delight registered on the animal's face when it saw its reflected visage was as nothing compared with the excitement and pleasure shown when it caught sight, over its shoulder, of the reflected glory of its hinder parts.

"I am, sir, yours, etc."

\* \* \* \*

To which I am tempted to reply with (I hope) the same frankness and dignity :—

"Sir,—Apropos your notes in reference to the intensification of the coloured areas of mandrills when excited, and their obvious pleasure on seeing what you so eloquently describe as 'the reflected glory of their hinder parts' in a mirror, may I suggest that some interesting results might be obtained if these animals were confined in a cage composed of reflecting mirrors like a tailor's dressing-room ?

"In this way the mandrill would be able to see all its coloured areas at the same time, and might become so excited that it would turn red, white and blue all over, a phenomenon which would be particularly appreciated by all true patriots and provide a novel and appropriate spectacle for visitors to the Coronation.

"I am, sir, yours, etc."

—From the "Sunday Express."

**STILL THE BEST.**

## TOM REECE TAKES GROSVENOR HOUSE.

BILLIARDS STAR AS "MINE HOST" AT CAVERSHAM.

(From the *Evening Gazette*).

Mr. Tom Reece, the famous billiards player, is the new manager of Grosvenor House, Caversham. He recently took over the duties in succession to Capt. C. L. Foreman, who has gone to the New Inn, St. Aldate's, Oxford. Mr. Reece's present home is at Shoreham-on-Sea. After taking over Grosvenor House he is devoting all his time to the management with the exception of fulfilling the exhibition fixtures already arranged. He will undoubtedly foster billiards in the neighbourhood, and it is possible that championships will be played in the Grosvenor billiards room.

Mrs. Reece will act as hostess to the hotel.

## CHARMING AND WELL-READ.

W. Capel Kirby, the well-known sports writer, states :

Unlike most leading professional cueists, Tom Reece did not show aptitude for the billiards game as a boy. Newman and Smith were making their big breaks long before they reached man's estate ; in fact, Newman was only 16 when he compiled a break of 500.

Reece, born at Oldham on August 12th, 1873, was 17 before he saw a billiards table, and it was not until five years later that he chalked up his first three-figure break. Without a doubt, charming, well-read Tom Reece was the best player of billiards who never won a championship. His great struggles with the friendly foe, Melbourne Inman, have provided sporting history.

Reece, with that delicacy of touch possessed by few, made history on two occasions by performances which caused the rules to be altered.

## HIS 499,135 BREAK.

It was Tom who made a break of 499,135 by means of the anchor (cradle) cannon which for ever afterwards was barred. This feat of endurance was in the match against Jack Chapman in July, 1907, and it occupied five weeks.

Later he exploited the pendulum cannon, and his break of 6,000 was also responsible for that method of scoring being tabooed by the powers that be.

Reece is not likely to forget his debut in first class billiards. His first appearance was in London and it coincided with the arrival home of the C.I.V. from South Africa. Tom found himself caught in the human tide flowing backwards and forwards in Trafalgar Square. He could not get out and he arrived at the hall two hours late.

It is not generally known that Reece was once a serious candidate for Channel swimming fame. He actually went into training for the tussle with the Channel but never made the attempt. He is a well known figure on the turf.

## SOMME SHELL HOLE.

Somme Shell Hole,  
"H.Q.," The Bacon Arms Hotel,

To THE EDITOR,  
HOP LEAF GAZETTE.

Newbury,  
1st March, 1937.

Dear Sir,

It may be of interest to some of your readers to know that a branch of The Memorable Order of Tin Hats (M.O.T.H.) has been formed here at The Bacon Arms—as you may know the Order was formed in South Africa just after the war to cater for ex-service men who had actually served in a theatre of war ; it has now been an accomplished fact in England since 1928.

Reading has the distinction of being the 1st English Dugout (Branch) and now that we have an old South African to tend to our thirst here at "The Bacon" we thought it opportune to form a Shell Hole here (a shell hole is a subsidiary of an area branch).

On Monday, February 15th, a raiding party of close on fifty came along from Reading and gave this Shell Hole a good send off. Speeches were short, but the war-time rations that were issued by "Mac," who is our paymaster, more than compensated this.

If any of your readers are in Newbury, they will be made very welcome at our H.Q., and they will be sure of meeting some old comrade with whom they have in years past shared a "gasper."

Our name is The "Somme" Shell Hole (or Some).

Yours truly,

R. H. PARKER,

*Adjutant.*

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

Life owes you a living, but, of course, its up to you to collect it.

Neither let mistakes nor wrong direction, of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many, discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding we were wrong.

Let a man try faithfully, manfully, to be right. It is at bottom the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves.

Time is not to be treated as a burden to be got rid of by gossip, day-dreaming, novel reading and cinemas. Fill up your life, hour by hour, by writing on the tablets of time acts of self-sacrifice, obligations fulfilled and deeds of kindness. What a consoling record this would be to look back upon when you are lying on your death-bed awaiting the final summons! Banish the future; live only for the hour and its allotted work. Think not of the amount to be accomplished, the difficulties to be overcome, but set earnestly at the little task at your elbow, letting that be sufficient for the day; for surely our plain duty is "not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand."

## CHRISTIAN POLITENESS.

Let us not confound the politeness of worldly self-interest with the politeness of Christian charity.

The former is merely a veneer, a pose, a mask, or a formality. It is spasmodic and has no depth. The latter comes straight from the heart—from the love of God overflowing to love of our neighbour. It is consistent and admits of no exceptions.

If you have to say "No" why do so sharply and dictatorially? The sting and the pain are taken out of a refusal if it is made politely and kindly. If we are kind towards animals and pets why not be considerate towards one another, especially towards domestics and trades-people?

It is sometimes said that politeness costs nothing, but this is not altogether true. Punctuality, for example, is one of the many forms of politeness which often involve a generous degree of self-sacrifice.

## COCKTAILS DATE FROM COCKFIGHTS?

"SOME KICK" EVEN 150 YEARS AGO.

## THE WIDOW'S INN.

That hoary topic: "When were cocktails first invented?" is revived by a question put to a solicitor by the magistrates' clerk at Stone, Staffs, says the *Morning Advertiser*.

Mr. Thomas Bagley, the solicitor, put forward an entirely new version, contending that the expression dates back to the days of cock-fighting when spectators used to toast the cock with the most feathers left in its tail after the contest. The number of ingredients in the drink corresponded to the number of feathers left.

According to Murray's "New English Dictionary," cocktail is a slang term apparently from America, but the real origin appears to be lost.

## SOME GROUNDS FOR BELIEF.

There does, however, appear to be some grounds for believing that it originated through some association with a cock's feathers.

There is a fairly authentic story that it dates back to 1779, and even then it was regarded as a "concoction of unusual potency."

Over an inn in the little town of Elmsford, New York State, hangs a weatherbeaten sign showing a cock's tail feathers set in a glass. It is said that in those far off days the widow who kept the inn used to preserve the feathers of the fowls she served to the customers and kept them in a glass jar.

One night a traveller called for a drink and demanded that it should be "decorated with those cock tails."

## RECIPE PRESERVED.

It was then that the widow poured out the first cocktail, and the recipe has been preserved to the present day. The ingredients were rye whisky, Peychaud, Angostura bitters and absinthe, and the cocktail was known as "O'Brien's Special."

According to Murray's the claim to being the first inventors "of those recondite beverages cock-tail, stone-fence, and sherry cobbler" was made in 1809.

Many well-known writers of the 18th century refer to the drink, and it was apparently regarded with disfavour at the time.

Hawthorne, in "Fortunes Fool" in 1882, wrote: "I would make no more of burglariously entering your premises than I would of swallowing a whisky cocktail," while in "Tom Brown" there is the passage, "Bill, half-hour hasn't struck. Here Bill, drink some cocktail."

#### THEIR NAME IS LEGION.

Whatever may be the foundation for the drink, its ingredients can to-day be numbered by the hundred, and their name is legion.

The modern flapper calls for her "Angel's Kiss," "Maiden's Prayer," "Green Goddess," "Monkey Gland," or something with an equally mysterious and alluring name.

There has been quite a vogue for cocktail parties, and bright young women with a gift for lively conversation often receive invitations for such parties every day of the week, until they have become nicknamed "Cocktail Queens."

A few years ago recipes were submitted for 1,500 cocktails in a competition organised by the International Geneva Association of Hotel and Restaurant Employees, and there were nearly as many entries for the best Coronation cocktail.

### BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

In my notes of last month it read that the whole of the Estates Office were stricken with "flu" at the same time, which was not what I wished to convey. There were a few left at work who escaped the then prevailing scourge.

During the last month, owing to considerable alterations in the General Office, the sound of the hammer has been loud in the land. However, we are now getting back to normal and will soon all be used to the new lay-out of desks, etc.

Mr. R. Paice, who has been a well-liked member of the Home Department Travelling Staff, has received promotion and has left us for Ludgershall Branch. He has been "on the road" for nearly five years at Reading and has made a host of good friends; we all sincerely wish him the best of success in his new duties. Mr. N. H. Lipscombe, who has taken over Mr. Paice's duties, has been a member of the staff for a number of years and has, during the past few years, been at A. S. Cooper, Market Place (a subsidiary of

the Firm). He is well known for his athletic prowess and has been an active member of the Reading Rowing Club. Everyone truly wishes him the very best in his new sphere of activities.

Mr. Henry George Pike (Head Farrier), who has been employed at the Firm for just over 30 years, has recently been placed on pension.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Joseph William Gough of the Wheelwrights Department. A well-known member of that department he had been employed there for nearly 37 years. He was a splendid workman and was very well liked by everyone. To his relatives we extend our deepest sympathy in their sad loss.

Football has been a topic of interest at Reading, particularly as the team has been playing better and even promotion has been thought about; nevertheless it seems, at the moment, that another spell of Third Division will be seen at Elm Park next season. It is the intention of the Directors of the Club to obtain younger players and it is hoped by that means to build up a good side in a season or so. This policy finds general approval amongst the supporters; however, it will be some little time, possibly, before consistent results can be definitely looked for.

Amongst the enthusiasts, I am afraid, the last Test Match fell a little flat for, owing to the result seeming a foregone conclusion after the first days, it was hard to work up that enthusiasm which goes so well with success.

Mr. C. B. Cox, a well-known member of our staff, has been at Newbury for some weeks and I feel sure he has been greatly missed by his many friends at Reading.

News of Mr. F. Kimpton is not so good as it has been. I am informed that he is remarkably cheerful in spite of his enforced absence from duty.

Much sympathy has been expressed to Mr. J. Flook on the loss of his son at the early age of 24. It was a truly grievous blow and only time can heal the wound caused by his passing.

Mr. A. Howman, who recently lost his father, has now suffered another family bereavement in the death of his brother. To him and all the members of his family our sincere sympathies are hereby expressed.

#### CHANGES OF TENANTS.

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

The Cooper Arms, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. I. S. Spicer.

- The Bell Inn, Weyhill (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. T. Kent.
- The Red Lion, Longwick (Wheelers Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. J. Newell.
- The New Inn, St. Aldates, Oxford (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Capt. C. L. Foreman.
- The Royal Oak, Slough (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. Brittain.
- The North Star, Hounslow (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. C. Street.
- The Feathers, Hythe End (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. C. Morley.
- The Axe and Compasses, East Woodhay (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Miss K. Bastin.
- The Three Horse Shoes, Milton Pewsey (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. E. F. Tucker.
- Off Licence, Wantage Road, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. M. Lucas.
- The Red Cow, Caversham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. F. E. Sweetman.

## DEATHS.

We regret to record the following deaths and to all relatives we extend our sincere sympathy:—

Mr. A. R. Lucas, Off Licence, Wantage Road, Reading, who took over the tenancy of this House in August, 1936. This was a very sad loss of a comparatively young man.

Mrs. Edith Bastin, Axe and Compasses, East Woodhay, near Newbury, who was an old tenant of this House. The following cutting is from the *Newbury Weekly News*:—

“ Mrs. Edith Bastin, of The Axe and Compasses, East Woodhay, one of the oldest licensees in the Newbury district, died on Saturday morning in her sixty-seventh year. She underwent a serious operation in Reading Hospital some eighteen months ago and had been in ill-health ever since.

“ Mrs. Bastin's record as a licensee was unique in the trade. The Axe and Compasses has been held by members of her family for more than a hundred years. She was brought up there with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Pickernell, and on her marriage, at the age of 19, she went with her husband to the St. George and Dragon, Reading. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Bastin took the Old Dog, Shaw, and remained there for twenty years, when they returned to

the Axe and Compasses to succeed Mr. and Mrs. Pickernell as host and hostess. The licence of this house was transferred to Mrs. Bastin on the death of her husband thirteen years ago.

“ Mrs. Bastin had thus spent a life-time in the trade and in fact had never lived outside licensed premises. She was extremely well known in the neighbourhood and was popular with everybody. Her chief interest outside her business was in dogs and horses, and some years ago she made a practice of visiting dog shows. On one occasion she won first prize for rearing the best couple of bitches in the Craven pack. Mrs. Bastin leaves two sons and a daughter.”

Mr. Charles Tucker, Three Horse Shoes, Milton, near Pewsey, who had been tenant of this House since the beginning of 1913.

Mr. E. Dennis, Pin and Bowl, Wokingham, who had been tenant of this House since 1922. Mr. Edmund Dennis, licensee for 15 years of the Pin and Bowl, Finchampstead Road, Wokingham, was buried at All Saints' Church. Aged 61, and a native of Gloucester, he served throughout the Great War in the Royal Artillery. The Rev. Gordon Kenworthy (rector) officiated, and Mr. A. Yould was at the organ. The family mourners included: Mrs. Dennis (widow); Mr. and Mrs. Worth (brother-in-law and sister); Mrs. Brooks (sister); Nurse Webb and Nurse Walters; Mrs. and Miss Walker; Mr. and Mrs. Slyfield and Mr. A. Defoe.

Mr. F. Greenaway, Three-Legged Cross, Crux Easton, who died as the result of an accident, had been tenant since the beginning of 1914.

Mrs. L. L. Dockrill, wife of our tenant at the Fox, Hermitage, who had lived at this House since 1915.

Mr. A. Turvey, who was our tenant at the World Turned Upside Down, Whitley, for 45 years, until the House was rebuilt in 1934.

## FROM THE “ NEWBURY WEEKLY NEWS.”

## A NEWBURY LANDMARK TO GO?

Another old Newbury inn, the London Apprentice, will soon close its doors, if an order made by the magistrates recently is confirmed at the adjourned licensing sessions. The origin of the house is vague, but if, as is probable, it was named after the London apprentices who served on Cromwell's side in the first battle of Newbury in 1644, it is the oldest inn in the borough. The earliest record appears in April, 1761, on which date Money records in his “ History of Newbury ” the Corporation agreed to limit the number of licences granted to public houses in the borough to 42. It appears in the list as the “ London Prentice.”

## FORMERLY CORPORATION PROPERTY.

Up to 1898 the London Apprentice was Corporation property, together with the Gun, Wash Common, and the Bull and Dog. These were leased to local brewers, and when the leases came to be renewed—the suggested rent of the London Apprentice was £35—a spirited protest was made by Councillor Joseph Elliott, who argued that the number of public houses in the borough was far greater than was required, and that it was the duty of local authorities to reduce temptation. There were then three public houses within a radius of fifty yards, the Bull and Dog, Wellington Arms and the Red House. Now there are only one beer house and a fully licensed house within 150 yards.

## ITS PRICE 40 YEARS AGO.

Eventually the Corporation decided to sell its licensed property, and in June, 1898, the London Apprentice and the Gun were offered by auction in London, the licence of the Bull and Dog being allowed to lapse. The London Apprentice was sold to the Newbury Brewery for £2,800, and the Gun to the South Berks Brewery for £1,450. By a coincidence, four other Newbury public houses were sold by auction on the same day. These were the Black Boys, £2,225; the Tiger, £1,500; Cross Keys, £1,000; and Hunt's Bar, £3,000.

## TRAFFIC ROUNDABOUT SUGGESTED.

Under present traffic conditions, the London Apprentice, which was used considerably as a coaching house in the eighteenth century, is an obstruction, and as its main entrance is practically flush with the road, it is dangerous for cars to pull up there. What will become of it in the event of the licensing justices agreeing to transfer its licence to another House has not been definitely decided, but it is suggested that it may be pulled down in order to provide a traffic roundabout at St. John's cross-roads. It will be ironic if the Corporation buys back its original property.

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The GRAND NATIONAL Drink

iS BEER.

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## A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

## CLOSE OF THE COARSE FISHING SEASON.

## INTERESTING EXPERIENCE WITH TENCH.

Thames anglers will have to lay aside their rods now for a time as the close season, except for trout, dates from March 15 to June 15, inclusive. The last "open" day, Sunday, March 14, will not soon be forgotten. There was heavy snow or rain throughout the day, a cold north-east wind making the conditions well nigh impossible. But a few ardent anglers were out, though they had little luck. One whom I met, taking shelter under a railway bridge, had gone to great pains to prepare some special ground bait. The snowstorm was at its worst at the time and, good sportsman that he is, he said if it did not abate he would just continue his journey as far as the river, give the fish a good feed for luck, and then retrace his steps home.

## BUT SPRING IS ON THE WAY.

Though such wintry conditions prevailed there were signs and sounds of spring. I saw several redshanks, easily distinguishable by their wavering, jerky flight and shrill notes, not unlike that of the ringed plover. The snipe, too, were at play, cutting strange capers in the air as they uttered their peculiar note, tjick-tjick, tjick-tjick.

## FISHING FOR TENCH.

Last month I wrote about the "fickleness of fish" and Mr. E. S. Phipps, who includes among his many fine sporting qualities that of a keen angler, tells me of an interesting experience he had concerning tench. On one occasion he and his friend had toiled all day and caught nothing. They cast all their worms into the water except those remaining on their hooks. And then, lo and behold, each had a bite and each landed a fine tench. The fish were on the feed! It was with the greatest difficulty they obtained another supply of worms, but by dint of much digging with improvised tools they eventually unearthed a few and with these they enjoyed rare sport.

Yes, fish are indeed fickle!

## GOT IT IN THE NECK.

It was on Sunday, March 7th, that we had another snowstorm and I have good cause to remember it. Under a tall elm tree I was making a close investigation of the work of a mole. I was

bending down examining the "hill" that the little creature had just created when down from the tree came a great "fall" of snow, which must have weighed several pounds, bang on to my neck. Apart from the cold discomfort, it stung, and when I expressed my feelings in appropriate language, my dog looked up in evident surprise, wondering what was the matter. When I had cleared the cold, messy slush from my neck I just said to him, "Naughty snow, Rip!"

### "HUNDRED ACRES."

A barren land ; a lone and pathless waste,  
With shadowed pines in sombre companies ;  
A wilderness, with ling and bracken spaced,  
Where voices of The Wild ring through the trees.

Hither, at set of sun, I wend my way  
—Above me, in the boughs, the pigeons cooing ;  
Here walk I at the close of April day  
To watch the gay gold yellowhammer wooing.

A fitful wind above the heather plays ;  
The timid fire-crest flits from pine to pine ;  
On tufted gorse the bolder stonechat sways  
And all this breeze-swept solitude is mine.

S.E.C.

### THE COMING CORONATION.

SPECIAL BREW OF BEER.

CANNED FOR C(A)NVENIENCE.

A special Coronation brew of Beer is being prepared by H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., and this is being put up in cans. Of super quality, this Beer will have a "kick" in it and the cans containing it will be of a very distinctive character bearing the Crown with the year 1937 and being of purple colour, similar to the usual royal purple.

To encourage the sale of this speciality a decorated container to carry three cans is being prepared and will be in several colours showing a State Coach and a good display of flags outside an inn entitled "3 Cans o' Beer."

These containers hold three cans of Coronation brew and will be retailed to the public at 1/6 complete.

Many thousands of these containers have been ordered and we are looking forward to a great demand for them from all districts.



## SOCIAL CLUB.



Mr. C. Weller.

## ELECTION OF VICE-CHAIRMAN.

Mr. C. Weller has been elected Vice-Chairman of the Social Club for the ensuing year. His election is indeed a very popular one. Known to most members as Cyril, he has been a member of the Club since its formation, always taking a very active part in its activities and one to be relied upon to assist in many ways. He has been a member of the Committee since October, 1922, and has played in the "A" team representing the Club since the commencement of the League. He is a holder of a gold medal given by the Billiards League. Ever ready to help, he very rarely misses assisting at whist drives, children's Christmas treats, departmental tournaments, entertaining visiting clubs, flower shows, etc.

With the qualities of a good "club man" he shows promise of performing his new duties in a most proficient manner. His association with the Firm covers a period of 36 years.

## FORMER VICE-CHAIRMAN RESIGNS.

Many members of the Club will learn with great regret that Mr. W. Curtis ("Bill") has decided, on the grounds of ill-health, to resign the Vice-Chairmanship of the Club. "Bill" Curtis, until recently was a very popular member and his presence of late has been very much missed in the Club. When the Club was first opened Mr. Curtis spent many hours on the billiards table, giving instructions to younger members and there are several who to-day have reason to thank him for much of their present-day skill at billiards and snooker. An always-popular member, his company and his ready wit were much appreciated.

All members hope that his health will speedily improve and enable him to again take his part in the Club's activities.

Mr. Curtis saw much active service in the Great War and was awarded the Military Medal. His war experiences are greatly responsible for his present ill-health.

KNOCK, KNOCK!

WHOSE THERE?

**S**IMONDS MAN

WITH

**B**EER IN A CAN

## THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The local pro had undertaken to give lessons to the new member of the golf club. The member had never played before in his life and had to start right from the beginning.

The pro placed a ball on the first tee and, pointing to the flag on the green, remarked: "The idea of this game is to place the ball as near to that flag as you can."

The novice drove off—and the ball stopped within six inches of the hole.

The pro was amazed, but his pupil merely inquired: "And what do I do now?"

"You knock the ball into the hole," replied the expert.

"Into the hole!" exclaimed the new member. "Why the dickens didn't you tell me that before I drove?"

\* \* \* \*

A small boy was asked to write an essay in as few words as possible on two of life's greatest problems. He wrote: "Twins."

\* \* \* \*

They were riding along a beautiful stretch of country highway. She was driving and suddenly espied repair men climbing the telegraph poles.

"Why, Harry, just look at those men," she exclaimed. "Do they think I've never driven a car before?"

\* \* \* \*

"Why don't you go to my dentist—you know he is a charming man."

"Yes, but the fellow inspires no confidence. At the party last night he tried to draw a champagne cork and broke it."

\* \* \* \*

A lady found her new maid asleep for the third time in one afternoon in the kitchen chair.

"What, asleep again!" said the mistress, completely out of patience. "When I engaged you, you told me you were never tired."

"No, ma'am, I ain't," the new 'treasure' answered. "But I should be if I didn't sleep."

\* \* \* \*

"Marie, when you wait on my guests tonight at table please don't spill anything."

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

They had lost their way in their new and expensive car.

"There's a sign, dear. Are we on the right road?"

With a flashlight he read: "To the Poorhouse."

"Yes," he answered. "We're on the right road, but we didn't know it."

\* \* \* \*

The magistrate bent stern brows on the defendant.

"You are charged with exceeding the speed limit last night," he exclaimed. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Well, you can decide for yourself," replied the prisoner. "I was in the car you passed just before they pinched me."

\* \* \* \*

A well-known cross-country runner says he is going to turn referee for the football season. It's often the other way round.

\* \* \* \*

"Some people have no initiative," says a writer, "they merely follow the lead of those with brains." Led by the knows.

\* \* \* \*

EMPLOYER (*to father of injured employee*): "And when is George returning?"

FATHER: "Next Monday unless compensation sets in."

\* \* \* \*

A stump orator in Hyde Park asked his audience the rhetorical question:—"What did Queen Victoria say to Mr. Gladstone in 1888?" Voice from the back:—"Come up and see me sometime!"

\* \* \* \*

MISTRESS: "Mary, please explain to me how it is that I saw you kissing a young man in the kitchen last night?"

MAID: "Sure I dunno how it is, ma'am, unless you were lookin' through the keyhole."

\* \* \* \*

TEACHER: "Markham, what is the Equator?"

MARKHAM: "An imaginary line, miss, running round the face of the earth."

TEACHER (*facetiously*): "And could your mother hang clothes on that line?"

MARKHAM: "Yes, Miss."

TEACHER: "And, pray, how do you make that out?"

MARKHAM: "Imaginary clothes, Miss!"

The midget had obtained a job in a factory. At the end of the first week, however, he gave notice. The foreman expressed his surprise.

"Well, you see, sir," explained the midget, "one of the first questions my mates asked me was how tall I am. I told them I was exactly two feet high."

"Well," returned the foreman, "why should you want to leave us? Didn't you like the question?"

"Oh, I didn't mind that," came the response, "but I do object to being picked up every five minutes and used as a two-foot rule."

\* \* \* \*

She came into the police station with a picture in her hand.

"My husband has disappeared," she sobbed. "Here is his picture. I want you to find him."

The inspector looked up from the photograph.

"Why?" he asked.

\* \* \* \*

"I say," said the novice, who was being given a demonstration in a used car, "what makes it jerk so when you first put it into gear?"

"Ah," said the salesman, "that proves it to be a real car—it's anxious to start."

\* \* \* \*

HIKER (*in country district*): "There's a right-of-way across this field, isn't there?"

FARM HAND: "Sometimes there is and sometimes there ain't. It just depends on yon bull."

\* \* \* \*

The teacher was instructing the youngsters in natural history.

"Can any little boy or girl tell me what an oyster is?"

The hand of Jimmy Jones shot into the air.

"An oyster," announced Jimmy, "is a fish built like a nut."

\* \* \* \*

"It says here," said one spinster, reading from a newspaper, "that a woman in Manchester has just cremated her third husband."

"Oh, isn't that just the way of things!" cried the other spinster. "Some of us can't get one, and other women have husbands to burn."

A battalion commander was trying out a new orderly from a contingent of country recruits. Just before inspection he went to look over his quarters, and their condition put him in a fury.

"Orderly!" he raged. "Do you call this place clean? Look! I can write my name in the dust on top of this desk!"

With a wide smile of wonderment the orderly nodded approvingly and mumbled: "Yessir, it's nice to be educated, ain't it?"

\* \* \* \*

In a case in court one of the counsel caused amusement by referring to opposing counsel as "my learned and esteemed colleague, Mr.—er, shall we say—Necessity."

This went on for some time and then the judge interposed: "Might I ask, Mr. Smith-Burlington, why you continually refer to the opposing counsel as Mr. Necessity?"

"Because he knows no law," was the frank response.

\* \* \* \*

An Irish policeman was giving evidence in a case of alleged drunkenness. "You say the man had been drinking," said his worship. "Drinking what?"

"Whisky, Oi think," replied the constable.

"You think!" stormed the great man. "Don't you know the smell of whisky? Aren't you a judge?"

"No, sorr, I'm only a policeman."

\* \* \* \*

Jimmie was all set to go to a party—as much so as any five-year-old could be who performs his own toilet. His mother decided to make an inspection before he left the house. And sure enough she found Jimmie's knees very black, and told him he must wash them before going to the party. He had been in the bathroom quite a while when she called and asked:

"Do you have your knees clean now?"

"No, not clean," Jimmie replied, "but I've got 'em to match."

\* \* \* \*

"What are you thinkin' of doin' with your boy, Joe?"

"Well, I thought of trying to get him into the police."

"The police! Why?"

"Well, they're sure to have him one way or the other."

Bridget had just started on her duties as housemaid, and on the very first day she came up to her new employer.

"Please, mum," she said, "would yez moind givin' me a recommendation?"

"A recommendation, Bridget!" exclaimed the mistress, with a look of alarm. "Why, you have only just come!"

"Yes, mum," admitted Bridget, "but you might not be wantin' to give me one when Oi'm lavin', mum."

\* \* \* \*

The new customer walked into the store.

"How many chickens have you to-day?"

"Oh, about six, ma'am."

"Tough or tender?"

"Some are tough and some tender!"

"Well, I keep boarders. Pick out three of the toughest, please."

To this unusual request the delighted grocer complied at once, saying, "Please, ma'am, here are the tough ones!"

Whereupon the customer coolly laid her hand on the others and said, "Then I'll take these."

\* \* \* \*

A man was motoring through a remote district in Ireland when he came upon a poor woman seated with her furniture in the road. He was profoundly moved. Here before his very eyes an eviction—a real Irish eviction—was taking place. He got out of his car and gave the woman a five-pound note.

"Tell me," he said, "what is the trouble, my poor friend?"

Sobbing her gratitude, the old woman replied, "Sure, sir, my old man's whitewashing!"

\* \* \* \*

A party of American tourists in a motor coach were being driven among the mountains of Switzerland.

"Say, where did those large rocks come from?" asked the man next to the driver.

"The glaciers brought them down," replied the driver.

"But where are the glaciers?" was the next question.

"They've gone back to fetch more rocks," was the weary reply.

A famous humorist was being entertained at a dinner by a group of business and professional men, and entertained them by telling some humorous anecdotes. A lawyer who was present continually walked up and down the room with his hands in his pockets. Finally he stopped and turned to the humorist.

"You are the first humorous writer," he said, "I have ever heard tell a funny story."

"Thanks," said the writer, smiling, "and I'll return the compliment. You are the first lawyer I have ever seen with his hands in his own pockets."

\* \* \* \*

Aaron approached a market stand on which some questionable-looking fowl were offered for sale. "What do you sell these for?" he asked the salesman.

"I sell them for profits," answered that individual sarcastically.

"Is that so?" answered Aaron in feigned surprise. "I'm glad to know they are prophets. I took them for patriarchs."

\* \* \* \*

The boss had advertised for a typist, and among the applicants was a young lady of undeniable beauty and graceful figure.

"And where were you employed last?" inquired the employer.

"In a doll factory," was the reply.

"And what were your duties?"

"Making eyes."

"Well," said the boss, "you're engaged, but forget your old job when my wife is around!"

\* \* \* \*

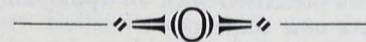
The visitor was looking around the settlement in Mexico.

"What's this big log-cabin here?" he asked a local man.

"That's our club," said the other, chewing. "We got a new treasurer—the last was a swindler."

"So you sacked him?" said the visitor.

"Wal," replied the other, pointing to a tree, "no—we suspended him!"



## BRANCHES.

## LONDON.

In a bowl containing old gold in a Jeweller's shop window in South London we noticed one of our club tokens. We did not think they were so valuable as this, but are hanging on to ours in the hope of a further rise in price.

## THE STREATHAM AUTOMOBILE AND SOCIAL CLUB.

Accommodation for the large number who attended the second annual dinner and dance not being available on the Club premises, the same was held this year again at the Assembly Rooms, Streatham Park Hotel, on February 3rd, and was a very successful function. Mr. F. Payne occupied the Chair and Mr. W. Chance again acted as Toast master in his same efficient and happy way.

Mr. H. Venning proposed the toast of the Club in a most entertaining manner, spoke of the great progress the Club had made during the past year and expressed confidence in the future. He also paid a warm tribute to the work of Mr. J. O'Loughlin, the Secretary.

Mr. H. E. Low proposed the Visitors in a very novel way, making his speech with the aid of a pianist who linked up his words with musical items, which spoke for themselves.

Mrs. F. Prowse replied in a happy little speech in which she said all there was to be said in a very charming way.

During the evening Miss Julia John entertained with Mr. Albert V. Dyer at the piano, and until past 1 a.m. a dance programme was ably supported by the band of Les Jordan's Rhythm Club Boys.

## TOOTING CONSERVATIVE CLUB—20TH ANNUAL CHILDREN'S PARTY.

Tooting Conservative Club for the 20th time entertained about 350 children at the annual party held at the Club at Ashvale Road, on February 3rd. A very liberal tea awaited the kiddies, and members' wives carried out most efficiently the duties of waitresses. Following tea, entertainment was provided by Mr. Harry Hull, Mr. Buck Shive and Clown Coronato, and on leaving to return home each child was presented with an apple, an orange, a bag of sweets, a toy, and a new sixpence.

It was a most successful function and was greatly appreciated.

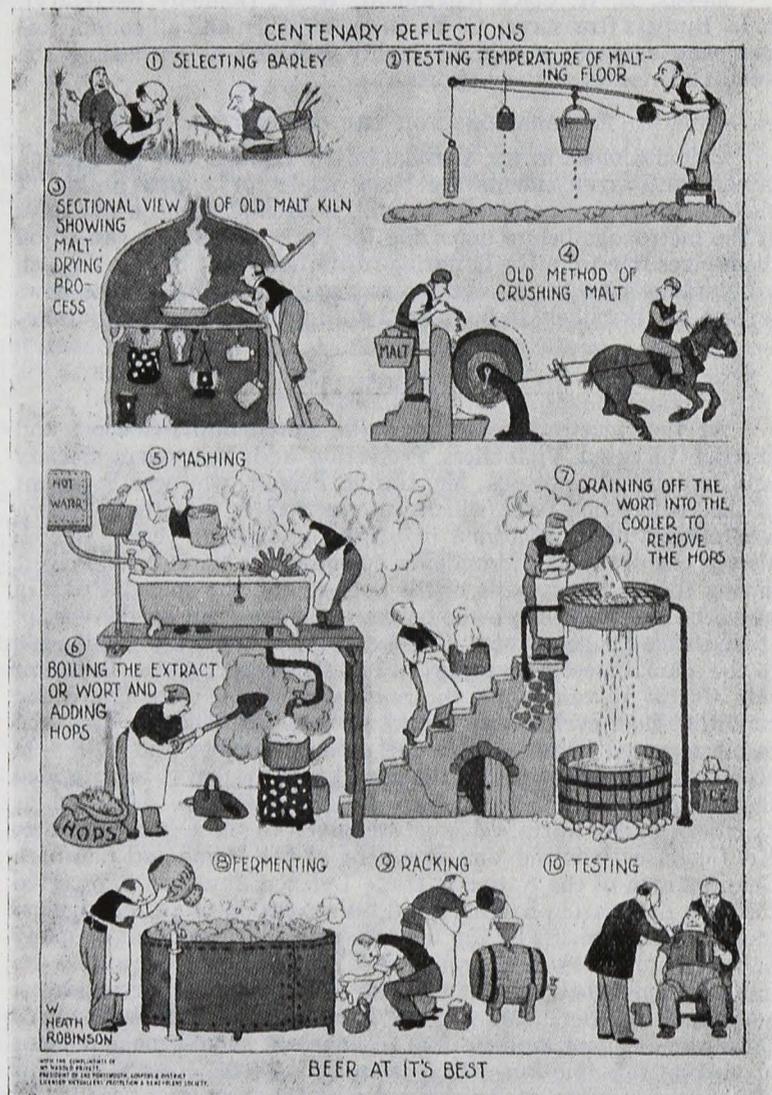
Messrs. E. H. Clack (chairman), W. P. Donnelly (secretary), T. H. Burgess (treasurer), G. W. Giles, W. Allen and all committeemen who assisted, should be highly gratified at witnessing the wonderful results of their efforts.

## PREPARATIONS FOR THE CORONATION.

Preparations for the Coronation in London are progressing rapidly and arrangements are being made for a great influx of visitors, many from abroad who will, no doubt, spend a few days in the metropolis before departing for Paris where they can enjoy themselves free from the irritating restrictions that have been such a hindrance here for so many years and, according to the news reports, are not likely to be relaxed during the coming celebrations.

## PORTSMOUTH.

At the quarterly meeting of the Portsmouth, Gosport and District Licensed Victuallers Protection and Benevolent Society held recently at Southsea, Mr. Harold Privett, who was President of the Society last year (which was the Society's centenary year), was nominated to continue in office for another year. Mr. H. Mewes, one of the Past Presidents, eulogized the work of Mr. Privett during the centenary year of the Society and the splendid way in which he had undertaken the onerous task involved by the visit of the Defence League Annual Conference. Mr. Privett's nomination to the annual meeting was agreed to. The report of the Treasurer (Mr. Curtis) revealed that the Society was in a more flourishing condition than ever it was and there was a satisfactory financial result reported in relation to the annual banquet and ball. On account of the extension of the managerial system it was decided that managers of fully licensed houses should be admitted as members, and a warm welcome was given to those in attendance. Mr. Curtis, who is the Vice-President of the Home and Southern Counties area of the National Trade Defence Association, reported that the Association had accepted his resolution protesting against increased assessments by the Inland Revenue Department on many licensed properties and urging the Brewers' Society to use its influence on behalf of the retailers to obtain relief from unjust additional taxation. Mr. Harold Privett is the proprietor of Ye Olde Inne, Copnor, and visitors to Southsea should make a point of visiting this fine inn, which is entirely "free." As a souvenir of his year of office as President during the centenary year of the Society, Mr. Privett kindly presented to each of the members, etc., a framed copy by the famous artist W. Heath Robinson, of his cartoon "Centenary Reflections" which was drawn specially for Mr. Privett, and by whose kind permission we herewith give a reproduction.



#### 9TH INFANTRY BOXING AT PORTSMOUTH.

The 2nd Bn. Middlesex Regiment retained the Girdwood Cup in the Inter-Battalion Boxing Championships which were concluded at the Portsmouth Garrison Gymnasium. The final team points

being—2nd Bn. Middlesex Regiment, 39; 1st Bn. Green Howards, 36; 1st Bn. Rifle Brigade, 32; and the 2nd Bn. Queens Royal Regiment, 20. On the last day the Middlesex were in a commanding position and in the end won comfortably. Once again the boxing was very good and the various ringside officials did their work well. At the close Brigadier G. T. Raikes, D.S.O., the Brigade Commander, presented the Girdwood Cup to the winning team, congratulating the Middlesex on their victory and complimenting the Green Howards upon their strong challenge.

#### BRISTOL.

Our belated, but nevertheless heartiest congratulations to those confreres and friends at Reading who made the annual Social Club gathering such an enjoyable one. Those of us who took advantage of the generosity so widely extended to all who are away from headquarters will not soon forget the kindness of our hosts, and of Mr. W. Bradford in particular.

The Bristol "patrol," withdrawing in excellent order from the scene of operations without even a minor casualty, eventually reached their objective in the early hours of Sunday morning, perhaps weary, a little worn, yet anything but sad.

Many thanks Reading!

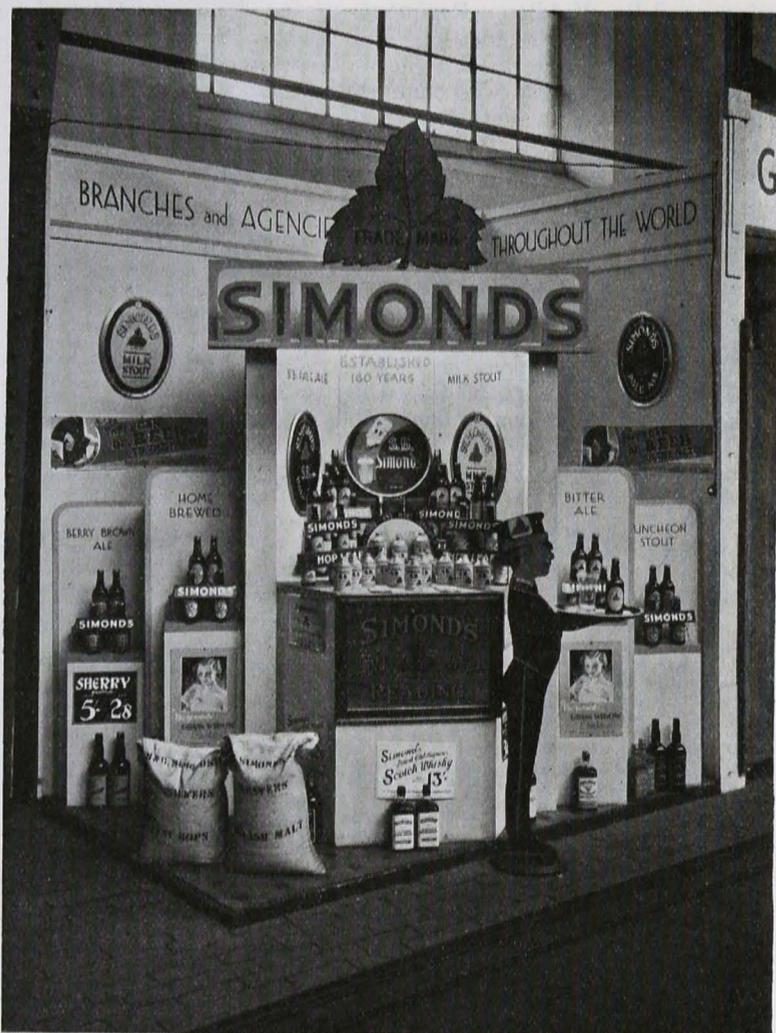
#### NEW TENANTS.

King's Arms, Lawrence Hill, Bristol—Mr. T. Edwards, Chandlers Ford.  
 Prince of Wales, Tower Hill, Bristol—Mrs. L. A. Francis, Bristol.  
 Lamb Hotel, Stall Street, Bath—Mrs. M. Tootill, Bagshot.  
 Hop Pole, Limpley Stoke—Mr. D. Edwards, Dinas Powis.  
 Portland House, St. Paul's, Bristol—Mr. A. Iles, Bristol.  
 Bridge, Yatton—Mr. F. W. W. Childers, Limpley Stoke.

Our best wishes for a long and successful association with the Company to each one.

#### BRISTOL "IDEAL HOMES" EXHIBITION.

Our stand at the above exhibition was not only of more than passing interest to the many thousands of visitors to the Drill Hall from February 8th to February 20th, by reason of its novelty and design, with "S.B." in cans as a central feature, but to many of them it gave still further evidence, if any was needed, that Hop Leaf products and Bristol are now a part of each other.



Our beers were very favourably commented on in the bars and whether in cask, cans or bottles could not be "faulted." Mr. Martin Clark of Bedminster, Bristol, who was responsible for the catering, is an old friend of the Jacob Street Brewery, and has many interests throughout the city. We greatly appreciate the privilege he has extended to us on this and other occasions in the past.

Another "Simonds" stalwart, Mr. John Salter, whose likeness appeared in our GAZETTE of January, has been appointed caterer to the following events in the Bristol area during the ensuing season, at which our beers will be the only local brands obtainable:—

The Berkeley Hunt Point-to-Point.  
The North Somerset Agricultural Society Show.  
The Imperial Tobacco Company's Fete and Sports.

For these and all other favours, past, and to come, many thanks!

### MALTA.

R.A.F. SERGEANTS' MESS, KALAFRANA.

One evening a few weeks before Christmas, 1936, a few members sat discussing yet another Christmas overseas, most of them having come to Malta from farther east. Regrets were expressed that none of us would spend an old-time Christmas in the little local "pub" at home. One bright lad suggested trying to capture the real old-fashioned country inn spirit of Christmas and a few enthusiastic volunteers started the job and with the assistance of our brewers the result was achieved that you see in the attached photograph.

"Ye Olde Dun Cow" opened officially to all and sundry on Christmas Eve, and mine host, "Jim" Crisp, grey bowler and green baize apron, was in capital form, his draught beer, hot rums, silver tankards and clay pipes being in great demand. As the evening progressed the real party spirit began to show itself, and the village organist and fiddler got going. J.B. at the piano, "Bradder's" uke, and "Jock's" tin-whistle were much appreciated. "Longy's" beautiful tenor voice was heard between times, whilst "Ole Bill's" constant interruptions of "Fill 'em up" and "Cockles and mussels" met with loud acclamation. Our "Pat," John Collins, Jack, Joe, "Doc," "Sailor" and Co. made up a fine village choir, and many were the encores and pints they received. Carols, sea chanties, opera, and rough stuff were all the same to the company, and the choir, and even the canary, joined in. In the early hours of morn, when the poker dice school had awakened and cigarette ends in spittoons had been dowsed with old type fire extinguishers—soda siphons—the merry party broke up and departed, full of good cheer, good wishes for a happy Christmas and promise of a brighter New Year.

For a full week "Ye Olde Dun Cow" was the scene of much revelry and old-time Christmassy celebrations, but sad to relate, on the following Sunday morn, Host Crisp was threatened with the

bailiffs, so an impromptu and improper sale of the inn was held immediately and sold to the highest bidder, young Joe, lock stock and barrel, for £835, including old oak counter, complete with 6 pumps, 12 old English picture masterpieces, genuine Roman chandelier, brass and wooden spittoons, bags of sawdust, "Aladdin" lamps, etc.

And so ended a Christmas that will be remembered for many a long day.

(Signed) "OWD BILL."

#### Old-fashioned Country Inn spirit at Malta.



[Photograph by J. H. Bradbury, F/Sgt., R.A.F. Station, Kalafrana, Malta.]

#### BRIGHTON.

There is not much to record these quiet times, but two recent weddings might be mentioned.

On the 23rd January, our foreman, Mr. J. H. House, married Miss Durman from Reading, and we are sure their many Reading friends will join with us in wishing them many years of health and happiness.

Also Gwendoline, the daughter of Mrs. Laker of the Ferry Arms, Shoreham, was married to Mr. Moncur, and entertained many relations and friends at the Assembly Hall at Shoreham. The young couple, whose photo is attached, have taken a licensed house at East Grinstead, in north Sussex. The bride is a niece of Mr. John Daubney, late of the Kennet Arms, Reading.



Mr. and Mrs. Moncur.

#### MEMORIES.

It was a frosty evening when I left the office and, being in need of exercise, made my way to the Brighton front. Walking

with a swing, Hove lawns were soon passed and the lagoon came in sight; here, in the moonlight, ships were being unloaded with timber from Norway, tiles and cement from Belgium, and coal from the Tyne, also, large quantities of old iron were being loaded for shipment to Germany. Passing on through Southwick and Fishersgate, Shoreham with its river hove in sight, and soon the sign of the "Hop Leaf" greeted me and I entered the Ferry Arms. Receiving a hearty welcome from mine host, Mr. J. E. Laker, a XXXXX was ordered and sitting beside a good fire one soon felt at home. As I sat enjoying good company and refreshment, a friendly dog came and sat beside me. My eye suddenly caught sight of a bottle of benedictine which brought back memories—We were coming down the steps of our hotel at Montreux Territet on a beautiful summer's morning to our waiting car which took us alongside the lake of Geneva on to Villeneuve. Leaving the lake behind, we continued on to Aigle, all this time having a wonderful view of the Dent du Midi. Passing through Bex and St. Maurice, we crossed the foaming River Rhone to Martigny which is the junction for the Simplon, St. Bernard and the Chamonix railways. Here is made the wonderful liqueur benedictine. After a short stay we continued our journey, following in the steps of the great Napoleon to Sembrancher and on to Orsieres where the St. Bernard railway ends. We then followed the river Drance through scenery which, to the homelander, is indescribable. Closing one's eyes one could picture the terrible privations Napoleon's army must have endured when it crossed over this pass in May, 1800. We reached Bourg St. Pierre, the last village on the Swiss side of the pass, where the car's engine was given a rest. On resuming our journey we passed the farm run by the monks of the Hospice and saw them at various self imposed labours, reaching the St. Bernard Hospice after a stiff climb. This stands at a height of nearly 8,000 feet, almost on the very crest of the pass, near a small lake and next to Etna Observatory, the highest inhabited spot in Europe. It is a massive stone building, capable of accommodating seventy or eighty travellers with beds, and of sheltering 300. It is tenanted by ten to fifteen brethren of the Order of St. Augustine, who have devoted themselves by vow to aid travellers crossing the mountains. It is terribly cold up there and few of the monks survive the period of the vow. The dogs kept there to assist the brethren in their humane labours are well known; the true St. Bernard dog was a variety by itself, but this is now extinct, though there are still descendants of the last St. Bernard, crossed with a Swiss shepherd's dog. A pagan temple formerly stood on the pass, and classic remains were found in the vicinity. The Hospice was founded in 962 by St. Bernard of Menthon, an Italian, for the benefit of pilgrims to Rome. We visited the tiny chapel and monk's cells and posted letters from the post office, then, walking a short distance, we stood

by the statue of St. Bernard on the Italian side and looked down into Italy—the view from this point of vantage is wonderful. Returning to the Hospice we visited the kennels of the famous St. Bernard dogs and, whilst patting one of the dogs upon the head, I suddenly realized my host was asking after my comfort. Having fortified myself against the wintry elements and given the dog by my side a friendly pat, I bade my host a cheery good evening and turned my face towards Brighton, and home.

V. DIPLOCK.

### LUDGERSHALL.

#### WEDDING OF MR. E. J. PEARCE AND MISS NORAH KATHLEEN MORTIMER.

The subjoined report from a local paper gives an interesting account of the above ceremony, to which we would add that the bridegroom joined our Ludgershall staff just before the Great War and left to enlist in the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, in which Regiment he served ten years before again entering our employ. He is a son of the late Mr. Joseph Pearce, who was our well-known and popular military traveller on Salisbury Plain for many years.

HIS BEST MATCH.

#### LUDGERSHALL CRICKETER TAKES LOCAL BRIDE.

A pretty wedding took place at the Parish Church, Ludgershall, on Friday morning, the Rector (the Rev. A. W. Watt), who is a friend of bride and bridegroom, being the officiating clergyman. The contracting parties were Miss Norah Kathleen Mortimer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Mortimer, of Railway Cottages, Ludgershall, and Mr. Edmund John Pearce, son of Mrs. J. Pearce, of "Sunnymede," Ludgershall, and of the late Mr. J. Pearce.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a grey moleskin coat with gloves, shoes and hat to match. She also wore a blue velvet dress with spray of white heather and parma violets. Mrs. H. J. Hillier, the bride's sister, was matron of honour, and Mr. H. J. Hillier, the bride's brother-in-law, was best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at St. Omar, Biddesden Road, Ludgershall, which is their future residence, when a large number of guests were entertained.

Miss Mortimer, whose parents are well known and respected residents of the village, is a popular member of the staff of the

Infants' School, and from the scholars she received a silver cake basket and bread bin, and from the Headmistress (Miss Baiden) a silver tea pot and hot water jug. The bridegroom, who, following service in the 4/7th Dragoon Guards, joined the office staff of the local branch of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., received a canteen of cutlery from the staff, and carved bread board and servers from the Manager (Mr. F. L. Shrimpton).

To the outside world, and particularly sportsmen in the Andover district, he is known as one of the best all-round cricketers over a wide area. For several years he was vice-captain of the Sports Club eleven, as well as being a member of the General Committee of the Club. A brilliant slow bowler, not only has he taken hundreds of wickets for the Club since he left the Service, but the aggregate of runs he has made both in friendly and league matches must now be thousands.

Dozens of friends in the villages round Andover, forgetting that he sometimes unceremoniously skittled their stumps or severely punished their bowling, will wish the young couple every happiness and as much success in the field of matrimony as the bridegroom always enjoyed on the cricket pitch. A link with his own Club was the fact that Mr. W. H. Annetts, his cricket captain, was responsible for making the wedding cake. Incidentally, the bride's father, Mr. R. ("Dick") Mortimer, is a very useful change bowler, and has occasionally played in the same side as his new son-in-law.



The Wedding Group.

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