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Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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MR. W. R. PRANGLEY.

MR. W. R. PRANGLEY.

The passing of the firm of Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd., in its absorption by the parent company of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., brought to many of the late employees personal regrets that the closing pages of their firm's history should be written. In the cause of progress and to secure the full benefits of the amalgamation, the change was inevitable and was foreseen as the eventual destiny of the ancient Staines Brewery . . . And so the traditions of the House pass into history, but the officials who served the firm during the closing years remain, with all the attributes of loyalty and solicitude which contributed in no small measure to its success and progress.

Prominent amongst those who form a link with the past is Mr. W. R. Prangley, an old and valued employee of the late Ashby's Staines Brewery Co., whose portrait appears in this issue. He joined the Staines Brewery in May, 1900, as a junior clerk and was promoted through the usual channels to the Ledger and Delivery Department. After serving in the Great War he returned to his work where he remained until the Brewery was taken over by H. & G. Simonds Ltd. A few months later he was appointed Collector in the Staines area, a responsible position which he still holds.

In June, 1916, Mr. Prangley joined the 3/9th Middlesex Regiment and after training at Purfleet he was transferred to the 20th Battalion in France and served with that Unit until the Division was disbanded in April, 1918. He was then transferred to the 1st Batt. The Wiltshire Regiment, was wounded at Thiepval Ridge in July, 1918, and was demobilized in January, 1919.

An Association Football enthusiast, Mr. Prangley seldom misses a Saturday afternoon game. The greater part of his remaining leisure is devoted to his garden, in which he takes great pride.



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.)

OBVIOUSLY!

"Something is wrong with my chickens," wrote the amateur farmer to the Department of Agriculture. "Every morning when I come out I find two or three lying on the ground cold and stiff with their feet in the air. What is the matter?"

"Dear madam," replied the Department, "your chickens are dead."

THE "LADDER KING" IS 106.

One hundred and six years old, and as hearty as many men half his age, Mr. James Miles, of York Road, Southampton, likes his daily drop of beer. And he thinks that this may be why he has lived so long. Known as the "Ladder King" because he has been making ladders longer than any other person now alive, Mr. Miles is looking forward to the summer, when he will set out on his yearly tour of the Hampshire markets with his ladders.

OUR JUSTIFICATION.

At this time of day there should be no need to justify Britain's rearmament, but in view of its constant misrepresentation by misguided or malicious partisans, the plain facts will bear re-statement, says *Our Empire*. General disarmament, proposed by Britain was rejected by her neighbours, in spite of her own example. "Collective security" through the League of Nations also became impracticable because the dictators found the League an obstacle to their schemes, and declined to be bound by its decisions.

THE UNARMED POLICEMAN.

Be it noted that the critics of British rearmament are the very people who wished her to become the world's policeman—to stop Japanese aggression in Manchukuo and the Italian conquest of Abyssinia, to cry "halt" to Germany's militarism and to aid the Government forces against Fascism in Spain. Just as well might a man, with his hands tied, challenge a bully to fight. We are now determined to be strong, but not for the purpose of policing the world—we have enough to do to protect ourselves. In the words of Sir Robert Horne, "How can you negotiate with a dictator who talks of peace served up on a forest of bayonets? How can you do it when you are unarmed? You can only negotiate with such people if you are in a position not to be intimidated." That is Britain's position. Like the strong man armed, she will keep her palace and her goods—in peace.

GOLDFINCH PICKS WINNERS.

Mr. D. Young, a gardener, of Seaford Road, Wokingham, has a goldfinch that picks winners of horse races—and his owner does not bet, says the *Reading Standard*. Mr. Young writes down a list of runners on a scrap of paper, cuts this into strips and puts them in the bird's cage. Jimmy—that is the bird's name—picks up the strips one after the other, and for several years past his choices have frequently proved winners. His record is as follows: 1936—34 winners, 25 seconds, 31 thirds. In the previous year he chose 46 winners, 43 seconds and 24 thirds. The first three places in classic races have fallen to his beak—he picked Felstead, 1928 Derby winner, Bahram in 1935 and Mahmoud last year. In a football pool he once had 18 matches right out of 20. Young taught him when he was lying prostrate with sciatica, a result of his war experience in Salonika. Jimmie is buff, black and yellow, with a scarlet cap.

LAWN TENNIS.

The Tennis Section of Simonds' Social Club has vacancies for players—ladies and gentlemen. The subscription is £1 and members provide their own balls. There are two very nice grass courts which are situated off the Tilehurst Road. Approach is by way of first turning off Southcote Road (right-hand side from Tilehurst Road). Application for membership should be made to The Tennis Secretary, Simonds' Social Club, 19 Bridge Street, Reading.

TOUGH GUY!

"Tough Guy! An Australian, over for the Coronation, scorns to use an opener for his canned beer" is the caption under a striking photograph in the *Sunday Dispatch* of a colonial drawing the crown cork with his teeth. He is seen about to sample Simonds "Coronation Brew." Thousands of others at home and abroad are going to drink to their Majesties in "Coronation Brew"—a real Coronation Beer of exceptional quality and strength—specially brewed for Coronation celebrations. The "Coronation Brew" Can is tastefully decorated. You can buy them singly or have three in the miniature 'pub' "The Three Cans O'Beer" dressed for the Coronation. Wherever you go the Can of Beer will go too. It slips easily into the pocket and it won't break. No deposits, no returns. S.B. Pale Ale is also obtainable in Cans.

DEATH OF MR. H. SMART.

Many learned with great regret of the recent death of Mr. Harry Smart, the popular landlord of the London Tavern, Broad Street, Reading. For about twenty years Mr. Smart had served the Firm faithfully and his cheery disposition made him liked by all. He had been very ill for some time and despite the unceasing care and attention of a devoted wife, he passed away peacefully. In years gone by Mr. Smart was a good boxer, his dexterous use of the mittens gaining for him considerable repute in the noble art.

After 13 successive years of defeat Oxford won the Boat Race.

But Simonds' have an undefeated record of 150 years

Simply **B**ecause their Beer is Best.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

HERONS WORK HAVOC AMONG FROGS.

THE HAUNT OF THE REDSHANKS.

What an infinite variety of weather we have had! On Sunday, April 4, for instance, we had frost and fog and warm sunshine. I was glad to place my hands in my pockets to protect them from the cold as I set out for my early morning walk. When I reached the Thames I could hardly see across it and my field glasses were of little use. Only here and there was a bird singing, and that only half-heartedly. But later, it was just about 8 a.m., the sun shone and the fog disappeared as if by magic. No sooner had it done so than songs burst forth from a thousand throats, and these feathered sun-worshippers filled the earth with a volume of vocal music that brought joy to one's heart and seemed to say with certainty that, in spite of much weather that appeared to the contrary, spring is on its way, and though she may hesitate now and then, Nature never looks back.

STARLINGS "BOIL OVER" WITH SONG.

There was the simmering song of a mob of starlings as, perched upon the topmost branches of a tall tree, they grew so excited at the appearance of the sun, bringing with it an assurance of more food, that their simmering soon reached boiling point and the din was almost deafening, but none the less pleasing to the ear for that. Thrushes, larks, snipe, blackbirds, plovers, blue-tits, great-tits, wrens, hedgesparrows, yellow hammers, wagtails and chaffinches, only to mention a few, all joined in the great and joyous chorus. There was one other little songster that particularly appealed to me. It was the chiff-chaff. He had come thousands of miles to be with us once again. O! how I welcome those familiar notes and how eagerly I listen for them year by year—listen for them with an ever-growing eagerness as the years go by.

The willow warblers and many more delightful little birds from overseas are also here now filling the countryside with cheerfulness and charming us all by their winning ways.

Yes, spring is indeed on the way and soon we shall hear the cuckoo calling, calling.

FROGS DONE TO DEATH.

As I proceed up the towpath I come across at least a score of frogs that have been done to death. All that remains of one are

a couple of legs; there are just the heads of others, while many more have been disembowelled. This rather gruesome picture is the work of herons for, besides fish, they have a great fancy for frogs as food. Herons have their nests of young now to look after and among the fish, frogs and even water rats they are dealing out death and destruction all around.

WAS IT A PEREGRINE FALCON?

Further afield I come across masses of feathers of a wild duck. Some of these feathers were adhering to little bits of flesh and I wondered whether this duck's death was due to an old barn rat or, more likely, one of the hawk tribe. Only a few mornings previously a pigeon had been similarly murdered, and this looks uncommonly like the work of a peregrine falcon. I only hope, before long, to "bag" this fine fellow—but only with my naked eye or by the aid of my field glasses. I took home a good supply of these feathers and fixed them in a tree where the birds could find them, and it is now a pretty sight to see them carrying off these feathers to make a cosy lining for their nests. Starlings, tits and sparrows are coming for them.

NOT WHAT HE THOUGHT IT WAS.

Where the bank of the river is rather high my faithful four-footed friend, and companion on many a walk, is scratching vigorously at a rat's hole. A clod of earth he has torn from its bearings rolls down the bank and as it enters the water he sees it. Thinking this bit of turf is the rat he goes for it at such speed that before he can discover his mistake, he has gone head first into about four feet of water. But he does not mind, and is soon digging away at that rat's hole again.

THE MAJESTY OF THE FLOODS.

Though they do much damage I think there is something majestic about floods. Out Theale way, where there are still acres of meadowland under water, there are a number of redshanks, besides many moorhens, coots, dabchicks and gulls. Thanks to my field glasses I had the redshanks, which are very shy birds, under observation for hours. The peculiarly plaintive note of the redshank, its wavering, rapid, jerky flight, its red legs and white rump are distinctive features. As these birds lit on the meadows, after one of these short, sharp, flights, they did so with the greatest grace and ease and their wings were fully extended and held high some time after they had gained a footing, perhaps to make that footing doubly secure. Anyhow, no aeroplane could effect so graceful a landing.

As with some other birds, the female redshank is larger than the male.

MICKEY MOUSE.

As I sat quite still on the stump of a tree watching these birds a little field mouse appeared at my feet, cut some strange capers, and then, like a good little boy, sat up on his hind legs and by the aid of his front feet gave his face a thorough wash.

We have a lot to learn in the way of cleanliness from the little denizens of the woods and fields.

PRETTIER THAN ANY PERSIAN PATTERN.

And as I sat and watched mickey mouse I observed a mass of white violets—my favourite flowers. I picked a few of these fragrant blooms and have them before me as I write. There were primroses *en masse*, and all the more beautiful for appearing in such abundance. Anemones, or windflowers, by the million, to be followed by the blue-bells and other flowers that will soon carpet many of our woods, making them more beautiful than could any Persian pattern.

At our feet we shall have the fragrant flowers, all around the silver song of the birds and high overhead the golden sunshine. Life and joy and beauty seem to abound. It is well to get right away in to the heart of the countryside occasionally. I look upon it as my great, grand, garden. Yes, and it is yours as well as mine. Here you can think deep thoughts and you seem to see things in their true perspective. After all

You are nearer to God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.

HAWFINCHES AT AUDLEY'S WOOD.

Three hawfinches paid Mr. Eric the compliment of visiting Audley's Wood, disporting themselves on the lawn. The cock hawfinch is a very fine fellow in his suit of black and white and brown. These birds have short tails and wings and ponderous, powerful bills with which they can split cherry stones and hazel nuts. Unfortunately they have a great weakness for garden peas. They tear open the pods with the greatest ease and in a very short time will ruin a whole row. The hawfinch is by no means a common bird but is not infrequently seen if you know his note *itszip* which soon betrays his whereabouts. I found a nest last year in an elderberry tree. It was very much like that of the bullfinch, only larger.

ARRIVAL OF THE MIGRANTS.

The swallows have arrived. The first I saw were at Tidmarsh on April 10 and a friend of mine says he saw one the previous day. Never before had he seen one earlier than April 12. On Sunday I heard the wryneck along the Warren, Mapledurham. Its familiar notes *pee pee pee* attracted my attention. This bird is also known as the cuckoo's mate for no other apparent reason than that it arrives about the same time as the cuckoo.

I heard and saw the chiff-chaff for the first time this year on March 20, exactly the same date on which I heard him last year. They are now here by the thousand and so are the willow warblers.

BEAUTIFUL OLD LEGEND.

There are quite a lot of kingfishers to be seen by the Thames-side and it is an interesting sight to see them excavating a hole for nesting purposes.

There is a beautiful old legend connected with this bird: it is told that when Noah freed all the birds from the Ark, the kingfisher flew away first, and was thus privileged to stain his breast feathers with the rose-red of the setting sun, and to carry on his back, for all time, the reflection of the bright blue skies.

H. & G. SIMONDS' TENNIS CLUB.

VACANCIES FOR MEMBERS.

The general meeting of the above was held at the Social Club on Friday, 19th March.

Mr. L. A. Simonds has again kindly consented to be chairman and Mr. R. St. J. Quarry team selector. Mr. T. W. Bradford will once more act as Hon. Treasurer and the Committee will consist of Mrs. R. Huddy, Miss A. M. Prosser, Messrs. W. A. Harvie, P. James, C. L. Langton and C. H. Perrin, with Mr. R. Huddy as Hon. Secretary.

A new groundsman has been appointed and attention has been given to the courts during the "close" season and they should be in good condition by this year's opening day, May 1st. The subscriptions will be as last year, viz., Members of the Firm 17/6, Co-opted members £1.

Any tennis player desirous of joining the Club will be made exceedingly welcome and should further particulars be required, the Secretary and all members of the Committee will be pleased to give these at any time.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

To-morrow cheats us all. Why dost thou stay,
And leave undone what should be done to-day?

Keep your face always towards the sunshine and the shadows
will fall behind you.

All who joy would win must share it—happiness was born a
twin.

A cheerful temper is as the sunshine of Paradise.

It is as much our mission in life to be happy as it is to be
useful.

More men fail from lack of knowledge than from lack of capital.

All the noblest qualities of a man can be developed in business
life.

Many employees learn just enough to escape blame.

Anger has its value, but it should not be wasted on trifles.

Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you.—
John xii, 35.

Never seem wiser or more learned than your company.—
Chesterfield.

MR. N. H. LIPSCOMBE.



Mr. N. H. Lipscombe, who succeeded Mr. R. Paice on the Travelling Staff at Reading, is already proving his fitness for the post. Mr. Lipscombe commenced work at The Brewery in the Cask Office in 1928 and went to Arthur S. Cooper's, Market Place, in 1933 before the transfer of the Retail Trade. A member of the Reading Rowing Club, Mr. Lipscombe may be frequently seen pulling his weight on the Thames. He is Assistant Secretary of the Rowing Club and Captain of the juniors. His activities by no means end here for he is Vice-Chairman of the Reading Junior Conservative Association and Assistant Secretary of the Reading Branch of the Devon and Cornish Association.

Possessed of a pleasing personality and with a rare capacity for hard work, Mr. Lipscombe is already well "on the road" to success and we all wish him a pleasant and prosperous journey.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Easter falling earlier this year made the month of March a very busy one and with so many events taking place later on we expect to be (and no doubt will be) extra specially busy.

Many happenings seem to have taken place recently that it is hard to keep pace with them. First of all I would like to wish Mr. A. Jordan a happy time in his retirement. I believe I am correct in stating he has been with the Firm for over 46 years—a wonderful record—and he does not seem to have got any older; still it is said "Old Soldiers never die." Whenever one mentioned "Bert" it was always our old friend Mr. A. Jordan that was meant. A presentation was made to him in the Wine Stores, where he has always worked.

After 34 years' service, another servant has left the Firm, viz., Mr. F. G. Millard of the Transport Department. I believe, however, he will renew his associations with the Firm in another direction very shortly. Personally, I shall miss him very much, for we went to the same school together and worked in the same office for a few years. I wish him every success.

Mr. L. Paintin, also of the Transport Department, has recently left after almost 21 years' service and I hope he will meet with every success. He was well known and well liked by all.

The reorganisation which has just taken place is now in full swing. This was consequent upon the amalgamation of Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd. accounts and the South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd. accounts into the books of the parent Company, H. & G. Simonds Ltd. There has been a large number of alterations in the changing over of the staff from one office to another and too many to mention in detail. To one and all we wish every success.

Football can now be said to be on its finale for this season and Third Division fare will be our lot at any rate, once again, next season. For Reading it has been a case of many "IFS"—you know if they hadn't done this and hadn't done that they would have won promotion. The team, at times, have done well but they have been by no means consistent. Other years, Elm Park has been their sheet anchor, but this season a good many points have been lost on that ground that we consider should not have been the case. However, there is quite a loyal contingent from The Brewery that seldom miss a match and we have a Brewery corner in "D" Stand most Saturdays where we generally have a little fun together.

We seem to have had quite a crop of casualties amongst the younger members of the staff. Mr. A. C. Howman is to be away for a few weeks; Mr. H. Treadgold has been away for some little while; and Mr. P. Stiven has been ordered away. To every one of them our good wishes are hereby expressed for their early return to their normal state of health and vigour.

Just at the moment quite a number of the staff are busy with the quarterly balancing and let us hope in each case it "comes right" first time. Then after that they will be able to put in some good work in the garden. There hasn't been much chance to "wrestle with nature" before for, owing to the abnormal rain, in some cases, instead of the river being at the bottom of the garden, it has been the garden at the bottom of the river.

We are glad to welcome back to duty once more Mr. J. M. Hammond; he is better although his progress has been rather slow. I am sure everyone will wish him to soon be his cheerful self again.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

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

The Red Lion, Bloxham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. L. C. Tipper.

The Nags Head, Slough (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. D. Barry.

The Plough, Shalbourne (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. K. Wiggins.

The Saracens Head, King's Road, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. P. Franks.

The Derby Arms, Aylesbury (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. S. B. Sheckell.

The Old Bell, Grazeley (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. T. Gissing.

The Eagle Inn, Abbots Ann (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. V. Annetts.

The Twentieth Century, Wherwell (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. Hy. Humby.

The Wheel, Naphill (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. H. G. Ring.

The Pin and Bowl, Wokingham (H. & G. Simonds) Ltd.—Mr. J. Probeta.

The White Hart, Sherfield-on-Loddon (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. F. H. Dancey.

The London Tavern, Broad Street, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. A. Smart.

DEATHS.

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

Mr. R. J. Hammond, The Stag & Hounds, Knowle Hill, Virginia Water, who had been a tenant for many years.

Mr. H. Smart, The London Tavern, Broad Street, Reading, who had been a tenant since 1917. Mr. Smart was well known and well liked by everyone.

Mrs. Stewart, wife of Mr. J. C. Stewart our tenant of The Red Lion, Spencers Wood.

Mr. P. Heaney, Nags Head, Newbury, who had been a tenant for a short while.

THE DEATH WATCH BEETLE.

The death watch beetle has been doing great damage to St. Laurence's Church, Reading. It seems strange that some of the finest works of man should be destroyed by a little insect a quarter of an inch long—the death watch beetle. It was given this name (says a writer in the *Daily Telegraph*) because when seeking a mate it makes a curious tapping sound. In the old days of superstition this caused much fear, and was supposed to herald the death of someone.

The death watch beetle works havoc to timber, and some of the finest timber roofs in the country have been ruined by the insect. The female lays about 80 little eggs in cracks and crevices, and when the young insects hatch out as little grubs a few weeks later they begin boring into the wood. For three summers they feed on the wood, honeycombing it with tunnels. In the third summer they tunnel towards the outside of the wood, and when near the surface change into the chrysalis, or pupa stage, from which the beetles emerge in the autumn.

They gnaw their way out of the wood in the following spring and then begin the life cycle all over again. Having wings, the beetles can fly from beam to beam. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been expended in recent years in repairing the damage done by the death watch beetle to roofs like those of Westminster Hall and some of the cathedrals.

The tapping noise is made by the beetle rising on its front legs and jerking its body forward seven or eight times in rapid succession, each time striking a sharp blow on the surface of the wood with the front of its head.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe—a woman—had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these :

" I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, The Vengeance, the Juryman, the Judge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long long years to come, I see the evil of this time and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

" I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I shall see no more, I see Her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old man, so long their friend, in ten years' time enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward.

" I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day. I see her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their last earthly bed, and I know that each was not more honoured and held sacred in the other's soul, than I was in the souls of both.

" I see that child who lay upon her bosom and who bore my name, a man winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I seen him winning it so well, that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it, faded away. I see him, foremost of just judges and honoured men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place—then fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement—and I hear him tell the child my story, with a tender and a faltering voice.

" It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done ; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."—A Tale of Two Cities.

100 YEARS IN CARAVAN.

Mr. Thomas Penfold has never slept a single night beneath a slate roof, and he celebrated his 100th birthday with a pint of beer recently. He has lived all his long life in caravans. For many years he walked two miles every day between his camping ground at Chickerel, near Weymouth, and the nearest inn for his daily pint.

REGIMENTS WHO NEVER DRINK THE TOAST OF
"THE KING."

It is curious, but true, that there are many regiments in His Majesty's Army who never drink the toast of "The King." This is not due to disloyalty or Republican sentiment. It is the result of the regiments' unquestioned loyalty in times past, or a special reward for some noteworthy deed in their history.

The early Hanoverian period in England was a time of divided loyalty, with two Jacobite risings. It was after "Bonnie Prince Charlie's" unsuccessful attempt in 1745 that all officers in the Army were first ordered to drink the King's health as a test of loyalty. Those with Jacobite sympathies used to pass their wine glasses over the finger bowls, and thus drink "to the King over the water."

Many cavalry and infantry regiments whose loyalty was above suspicion were exempted from this practice.

To-day "The King" is never drunk in the messes of the Queen's Bays, the 3rd Carabiniers, the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, the Royal Dragoons, the 3rd King's Own Hussars, the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, the 11th Hussars, 13th/18th Royal Hussars, and 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars.

In the Life Guards the loyal toast is drunk only on guest nights in the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards and the 7th Queen's Own Hussars on very special occasions only, in the 16th/5th Lancers only at the annual regimental dinner, and in the 17th/21st Lancers only when a member of the Royal Family is present.

In the Foot Guards only the Scots and Irish Guards drink the "health" every night.

In a number of infantry regiments for various reasons the toast of "The King" is never drunk. These include the Royal Fusiliers, the 2nd Battalion the Cameronians, the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, and the Rifle Brigade. In the Royal Welch Fusiliers it is

drunk only on St. David's Day, and in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry on the King's Birthday. The Durham Light Infantry and the Highland Light Infantry only drink the loyal toast on very special occasions.

The reason for this in most cases is that in the 18th century the officers of these regiments felt that their loyalty was above question without drinking the King's health. The Royal Fusiliers are said to have been specifically excused by King William IV, who had been a member of the mess at Plymouth in 1786. King George IV accorded the same privilege to the Shropshire Light Infantry after officers of that regiment had saved him from molestation by rioters in a theatre at Brighton.

The custom of honouring the toast only on the King's Birthday in the case of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry is believed to date from the Siege of Lucknow, when wine was not available for the toast every night.

The First Battalions of the East Surrey Regiment and the Royal Sussex Regiment drink the King's health seated, in memory of the days when they served with the Fleet as marines. For a similar reason the Border Regiment used to observe the same procedure, but nowadays, although the "health" is drunk every night, officers rise on guest nights only.—*Our Empire*.

KING CHARLES HEAD, GORING HEATH.

The annual supper of the Darts Club of this inn was held on Friday, April 9th. In the absence of Sir Charles Rose, the Chair was taken by Mr. A. W. Bowyer (Home Trade Manager, Messrs. H. & G. Simonds). After a very excellent supper the chairman presented the prizes to the winners of the competitions, the evening ending with a smoking concert which was enjoyed by all. Among those present were Mr. N. H. Lipscombe and Mr. S. H. Hinton (who rendered musical items).



"WONDERFUL SPORT" AT READING STADIUM.

RACING MANAGER PRAISED AT SOCIAL CLUB DINNER.

Greyhound racing is not the only attraction Reading Stadium has to offer its patrons, as the guests at the first dinner of the social club, held in the clubhouse on March 31st, were told.

As a racing centre the track is known as one of the finest outside the large centres, but, apparently, the name of Reading Stadium has become so famous in the bar billiards world that it was darkly hinted the players might even provide the subject of an outside B.B.C. broadcast! The social club has made great strides in the past year or two and now has a membership of 450. Only a section of these, and fewer than wanted to attend, could be accommodated at the dinner over which Mr. H. Garland-Wells, managing director of Clapton Stadium Ltd., and president of the club, presided.

TRACK IMPROVEMENTS.

When he proposed the toast of "The Reading Stadium Social Club" Mr. W. Bowyer, home trade manager to Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, reviewed the progress made by the club and track since the inauguration in 1931, and named Mr. Milton Bode, Mr. Fred Smith and Mr. C. B. Duguid, as the pioneers in its inception. Mr. Duguid had maintained a close interest in the track ever since and was the chairman of the committee organising that dinner. His sporting activities were many and varied and he was one of the most widely-known personalities in the South of England. The improvements effected in the clubhouse and in the general facilities offered to racegoers at Reading Stadium were mentioned by Mr. Bowyer, who said that when the new extension was completed the track would compare with Clapton in that spectators could watch the racing, and have their bets, while remaining sheltered from the weather.

EFFICIENT OFFICIALS.

Already the club compared more than favourably with any other in the provinces, but the management had not completed the alterations they had planned to increase the comfort and convenience of users of the track.

The success of the social club was due not only to the enthusiasm of the members, but also to the efficiency of the secretary, Mr. L. W. Courtney, and the other officials.

Mr. Courtney, replying, spoke of the many activities, notably bar billiards and football, in which the club had proved successful.

Mr. C. B. Duguid submitted "The Reading Stadium and the management of Clapton Stadium Ltd." As chairman of the social club he thanked the management of those two enterprises for their co-operation in building up the success of the club. "As users of this track," he added, "I think our congratulations are due to the racing manager at Reading, Mr. H. E. A. Craven, for the wonderful sport he has been giving us lately. The racing has never been better and the many close finishes show how carefully he has studied the grading of the dogs—no easy matter when there is racing only once a week.

ONE OF THE BEST.

"We must thank Mr. Courtney, too, for the way in which he makes it so comfortable for us, and Mr. Garland-Wells and his co-directors for the kindly consideration they give to any suggestion forwarded to them. Under the chairmanship of Mr. Garland-Wells, Clapton Stadium was recognised as one of the best in the world and he was succeeding in making Reading one of the finest in the South of England."

"Reading is a provincial track at which, we feel, good racing is provided under excellent conditions and it has a great future," remarked Mr. Garland-Wells, speaking in acknowledgment.

FOR RACEGOERS' COMFORT.

"We are doing all we can to improve it until it becomes the finest track in the provinces."

He thought the addition of the outside club would be of great advantage to patrons, and added:

"If there are other directions in which you think we can make things more comfortable for you do not hesitate to approach us, for we will give sympathetic consideration to any requests."

The health of owners racing at the track was drunk on the call of Mr. Craven. Flight-Lieutenant Tommy Rose, who described himself as the owner of "a dog and a half at the track," replied.

"The visitors" was given by Mr. F. A. Tupper Benndorf and acknowledged by Col. Romer Bagally, secretary of the National Greyhound Racing Club, and Mr. Lucas Phillips, secretary of the National Greyhounds Racing Society.—From the "Evening Gazette."

SOME MENUS FOR APRIL.

These menus are intended to provide suggestions for every day of the week and have been compiled specially for the smaller establishments.

Tea, Coffee, and Cheese, Butter and Biscuits, and Cold Meats are understood as always available. Recipes can be given for any dishes.

DINNER

Lobster Vol-au-Vent

Roast Duck, Green Peas and
Mashed PotatoesManchester Pudding
Baked Creamy Rice Pudding

LUNCH

Tomato Salad

Lamb Cutlets, Chipped Potatoes
Green Peas

Cheese Pudding

LUNCH

Ox Tail Soup

Baked Finnan Haddock with
Tomato Sauce and Cheese au
GratinBraised Sheep Hearts (Stuffed)
Cabbage and PotatoesRhubarb Pie
Raspberry Cream

LUNCH

Egg Mayonnaise

Baked Fish and Potato Pie

Boiled Calf's Head with Bacon and
Sharp Sauce

Cauliflower au Gratin

Baked Roly-Poly Jam Pudding

HIGH TEA

Cold Tongue and Salad

Home-made Bread and Farmhouse
Butter

Boiled New-Laid Eggs

Golden Cake

Gooseberry Fool

DINNER

Gravy Soup

Fried Fillets of Fish with Anchovy
SauceBoiled Mutton with Caper Sauce
Mashed Swedes and Boiled Potatoes
blended

Preserved Ginger Pudding

DINNER

Cream of Asparagus Soup

Baked Red Mullet

Veal Cutlets and Spaghetti
Creamed Spinach and Mashed
PotatoesPancakes with Jam
Cheese Straws

DINNER

Cream of Cauliflower Soup

Grilled Mackerel and Gooseberry
SauceRoast Guinea Fowl
Crisp Potatoes, Bread Sauce,
SeakalePineapple Trifle
Cheese Pudding

LUNCH

Tomato Soup

Roast Lamb and Mint Sauce
New Potatoes and Spring Greens

Apple Merinque.

Jam Tart

LUNCH

Fried "Curled" Whiting
Chip PotatoesBeefsteak and Kidney Pie
Cauliflower and White Sauce
Mashed Potatoes

Caramel Cream

DINNER

Grape Fruit Cocktail

Clear Julienne Soup

Poached Bream and Dutch Sauce

Roast Spring Chicken and Bacon
Peas, Chip Potatoes

Fruit Salad and Cream

DINNER

Oyster Soup

Boiled Turbot and Lobster Sauce
Hot Veal and Ham Pie
New Potatoes Green Peas
Asparagus as a separate CourseSherry Trifle
Fruit Jelly with Cream

"*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.

"BROADCASTERS."

We birds are the choirs of the hills and the plains,
A Broadcasting Chorus whom Somebody trains ;
We sing in the sunshine, we sing in the storm,
We sing when it's cold and we sing if it's warm.
We sing in the twilight, we sing at the dawn,
We sing from the housetops, the bushes, the lawn.
Our concert continues for most of the day
No silver collection, and nothing to pay
We use no piano, we beat no big drum
And all that we ask, in return, is—a crumb.

S.E.C.



[Reproduced by the kind permission of the Metal Box Co., Ltd., the holders of the copyright.]

A Tough Guy.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

FATHER : " Yes, my son went to Canada several years ago to make his fortune."

FRIEND : " And what is he worth now ? "

FATHER : " I don't exactly know, but a few months ago the authorities were offering £500 for him."

* * * *

" Can you do double entry ? " asked the employer of the prospective employee.

" I can do triple entry," was the reply.

" Triple entry ? "

" Yes—one entry for the working partner showing the true profits, another for the sleeping partner showing small profits, and a third for the income tax collector showing a loss."

* * * *

The professor's secretary saw a magnificent blonde carrying some papers enter the office smiling sweetly.

" Listen, you," snarled the jealous secretary, " if you try to muscle in on my territory I'll plant you among the potatoes."

" Oh, don't mind me," answered the other, " I'm only the professor's wife."

* * * *

" What did you think of the big fight last night, Bill ? " asked the navy of his pal.

" Fight ? " retorted Bill, scornfully. " If the missus and me 'ad put up a show like that on a Saturday night the kids would 'ave bood us."

* * * *

Betty spent a holiday with her auntie, and was taken to a natural history museum.

" Where have you been ? " asked mother.

" Oh, mummy, I had such a lovely time," exclaimed Betty, " one day auntie took me to a dead circus."

A man coming out of a large store met a friend, and greeted him with: "Hello! Still waiting for your wife?"

The other nodded.

"But I thought she'd gone," said the first man. "I'm almost certain I saw her board a bus about ten minutes ago, and she was simply laden with parcels."

"I know," agreed the patient husband, "I'm giving her a good start."

* * * *

"Shine, please, boy," said the six-foot-five soldier to the shoeblack.

The boy looked down at the vast expanse of boot before him. Then:

"Bert," he called out to another boy, "Gimme an 'and—I've got an army contract!"

* * * *

A typically peppery colonel, home from India, decided to walk down to the local hostelry for a drink before going to bed. He called for a double whisky and joined the company in the saloon bar.

Before very long a meek-looking little man called to the landlord to have the empty glasses removed. "Take away the empties, George!" he called. "They're like the British Army."

This was too much for the soldier. Jumping up, he demanded an explanation and an immediate apology for this insult. Things looked bad for the little man.

However, with a smile the offender faced the colonel. "There was no insult, sir," he said calmly. "I said those empty glasses were like the British Army. So they are. They have done their duty and now they're ready to do it again."

The colonel hastily paid for the round.

* * * *

"You never t-take the s-slightest interest in anything I do," sobbed the young bride.

"Now, don't be unreasonable, darling," said the new husband. "All last night I lay awake wondering what you had put in that cake you made yesterday."

Old Garge was spending his first holiday in London, and in one shop a display of bright scarlet crabs caught his eye. He had heard of this delicacy, and so plucked up courage and made a purchase.

The next day he was back again. "Mister," he said, "I want another of them crabs, but pick us out one with a softer crust this time, will yer!"

* * * *

WIFIE: "Where can Harold be?"

HER FRIEND: "Why?"

WIFIE: "He's been trying for a week to lose his cat, and as a last resort he took her up in a 'plane this morning. He said he would take her up three thousand feet and drop her over the side."

HER FRIEND: "Well, what is there to worry about?"

WIFIE: "Lots. Harold isn't home yet, and the cat is!"

* * * *

A long, sleek, streamlined, high-powered car glided into the driveway of a petrol station.

"How many, sir?" asked the attendant, giving the car an admiring look.

The motorist stuck his hand in his pocket and said: "One gallon, please."

"One gallon!" said the attendant, glancing over the car again. "What you tryin' to do, wean it?"

* * * *

A man went into the shop of an old clothes Jew dealer in New York and asked to see a coat and waistcoat. He tried them on and then bolted with them into the street leaving his own clothes behind. The Jew ran into the shop of his neighbour, who was a gunsmith, and asked him to fire at the flying thief. The gunsmith promptly took aim at the flying figure. "Shoot him in the pants," shouted the Jew, "the coat and the vest is mine."

* * * *

A favourite racing story of Mr. Herman Finck, the famous composer and conductor, concerns the Clerk of the Course at Ascot, back in London the day after the meeting ended. His 'phone bell rang.

"Is that the Clerk of the Course at Ascot?" asked a very thick voice.

"Yes, it is."

"Do you mind telling me when the next meeting at Ascot will be?"

"There isn't another one till next year."

"Oh, I see."

And the caller rang off. A little later he came through again and asked the same question. After a further interval, a third ring:—

"D'you mind (*hic*) telling me (*hic*) when the—the nexsht meeting at Ashcot will be?"

Wearily, the Clerk repeated the information, adding: "And do you mind telling me why you keep on ringing up to ask when the next meeting at Ascot will be?"

"'Cos I'm locked in the bar!"

* * * *

"What's happened, George?" the wife inquired as her husband got out of the car to investigate.

"Puncture," he replied briefly.

"You should have been more careful," she said. "The guide book warned us there was a fork in the road at this point."



BRANCHES.

WOKING.

WOKING AND DISTRICT CLUB STEWARDS' ASSOCIATION.

The tenth annual dinner of the above was held on Wednesday, 3rd March. The growth and popularity of the Association called for added accommodation this year, and by the kind permission of the authorities the Drill Hall, Chertsey, was made available for the occasion. There was a company of approximately 90 present, which constituted a record in the history of the Association.

Considerable regret was expressed that Mr. A. Bennett was unable to be present. Mr. W. Hodges, of Chertsey, however, kindly consented to preside. He was supported by Mr. C. Austin (Chairman of the Association), Mr. T. Loughnane (Secretary), Mr. G. W. Ross (Walton W.M. Club) and Mr. G. Raymond (West Byfleet Social Club).

After the loyal toast had been honoured, the Chairman proposed the toast of "The Woking and District Club Stewards' Association." In the course of his remarks he said how much he appreciated the honour of being invited to take the chair that evening. As Chairman of the Club he knew something of what was expected of a Steward, and how valuable an asset he could prove to be in keeping the members together. He specially wished to refer to the excellent work of Mr. T. Loughnane who had done a great deal on behalf of the Association.

In responding to the toast, Mr. C. Austin thanked Mr. Hodges for coming forward at so short a notice to preside at their gathering. He was delighted to see so many present, and it could be truly said that they were going from strength to strength. When the Association was first formed the attendance numbered about 20 to 30, and it was very gratifying to see such a large gathering that evening. He desired to thank all who had assisted in making the function such a success, and wished to pay a special tribute to Mr. J. Holloway and Mr. S. M. Wareham for what they had done. They were very much indebted to Captain P. Walker for the use of the Hall.

Mr. R. Binsley, of the St. John's Working Men's Club, in a witty speech extended a very cordial welcome to the "Visitors." Mr. G. W. Ross, of the Walton Working Men's Club, responded. He said it gave him very real pleasure to be present. As Secretary of a Club he always felt that the Steward was the main cog of the wheel. Mr. Loughnane also voiced the thanks of the Association

to Captain P. Walker, and said they were not unmindful of the valued co-operation of Sergeant Instructor Cuthbert.

The toast list having been concluded, the remainder of the evening was devoted to harmony, the programme being provided by Mr. Sutton's Concert Party. On the proposition of Mr. G. Raymond (West Byfleet Social Club), Mr. W. Wade of Chertsey was thanked for the excellent menu provided, and also Mr. and Mrs. Cave, of the Vine Inn, Chertsey, for their services in regard to the supply of refreshments.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

"HOP LEAF" RING LEAGUE.

With the completion of fixtures the Camel's Head team are to be congratulated on their achievement of heading the league for the second year in succession. Of the fourteen matches played, no fewer than thirteen were won; this we feel sure all will agree is a very fine record. They are now hoping to complete the double—by carrying off the Challenge Cup. They meet our Social Club in the semi-final and, although we hope the best team wins, our main hopes are centred on the Social Club being successful in reaching the final for the first time.

Congratulations to the Vine Hotel team who are league runners-up. They too, have an excellent record, having won eleven out of the fourteen games played.

PLYMOUTH AND DISTRICT BILLIARDS LEAGUE—DIVISION V.

Our Social Club team are once again setting the pace and are now top of the division, with one more game to play. Astor Institute and Saltash Y.M.C.A. are close on the club's heels, each with a game to play, so that the final game will decide the champions of the division. The three teams have, perhaps, created the most interest in the whole league, as they have been struggling week after week to draw away from their rivals.

We certainly hope that our team will be the fortunate one; in any case it is pleasing to us to know that our team has had such a successful season, as for several years they have been unable to get out of the "rut." Still, "every cloud has a silver lining" and, providing Dame Fortune does not desert us now, we hope to have many more successful seasons—Here's hoping.

In the Billiards League Knock-out Cup Competition our team fell to the Central Billiards Club, who are now in the semi-final.

Needless to say we wish them the best of luck and hope they will now carry off the cup.

Yet another addition to The "Hop Leaf" family—on the 1st March we took over the Portobello Inn, Silver Street, Bideford, N. Devon. Mr. W. Yeo, the late owner, has been at the House for the past twelve years, during which time both he and Mrs. Yeo have made a wide circle of friends. To mark the occasion of their retirement about forty people assembled at the "Portobello" on Friday, 26th February, and presented Mr. and Mrs. Yeo with a handsome inlaid walnut eight-day clock with Westminster chimes. Mr. and Mrs. Yeo both acknowledged the gift and kind references made to them, and we join with others in wishing them every happiness in their retirement.

We welcome our new tenant, Mr. H. Timberley, and wish him every success at the "Portobello." Mr. Timberley was, for a number of years, at the Marine Hotel, Coombe Martin, Devon, where we had the pleasure of supplying our goods.

Mr. S. J. Matters has recently taken over the Bolton Arms, Little Hempston, Nr. Totnes. Mr. Matters is well known in the Totnes district, being a Freeman of the Borough of Totnes. He served in the South African War and in the Great War, since which he has been in the Postal Service. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Matters all good things in their new undertaking, and visitors will have a real cheery reception.

PORTSMOUTH.

The first *Impulsive* in the British Navy was recently launched at Cowes by Countess Jellicoe from the yard of Messrs. J. Samuel White & Co. The new destroyer's crest, a volcano in full eruption, was hung above the launching platform. The launch was preceded by a religious service conducted by Canon R. S. Maxon, Vicar of East Cowes. Like her sister ship *Intrepid*, the *Impulsive* is a destroyer of the "I" class. Six others of the same class, together with a flotilla leader, all now under construction, comprise a complete destroyer flotilla authorised under the 1935 Naval Estimates.

Several hundred of the city's chief citizens, headed by the Lord Mayor (Councillor F. J. Spickernell), who was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and distinguished guests, inspected the luxuries

of the new Royal Beach Hotel when it was recently re-opened after extensive alterations. Many of the visitors took the lift to the roof, and from this wonderful vantage point were able to appreciate the magnificent view of Spithead and the city obtainable from this point. Tea was provided by the Directors and the Management in the new dining hall and ballroom, and later in the evening cocktails and refreshments were served in the lounge. The chairman of the Southsea Beach Mansions and Hotel Company (Alderman Dr. A. Bosworth Wright, J.P.) was host to the gathering, accompanied by two other Directors, Captain C. B. Pinnock and Captain R. J. E. Baker, the Architect (Captain Harold Cox) and the Manager (Captain Basil Clarke), formerly of the South-Western Hotel, Southampton.

Ex-officers and ratings who served in H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, Grand Fleet Flagship, 1914-1918, held what it is believed to have been the first function of its kind when they assembled at Messrs. Goodies Cafe, Southsea, for their first re-union dinner on Saturday, March 6th. A jolly and reminiscent evening was spent. Lieut. F. Potter, D.S.C., R.N. (ret'd.), presided. While most of the company were from the Portsmouth area, a good sprinkling attended from other parts. Seventy-four of the original ship's company sat down to dinner. The gathering included Captain Unwin, V.C. Among the telegrams received was one from H.M. the King, and—quite unexpected—one from the Duke of Wellington's Battalion, also that evening holding a dinner at Halifax. Although not on the toast list, Captain Unwin, V.C., was persuaded to say a few breezy words. He recalled some of the great days of Gallipoli and the famous landing. Harold Beeden and his orchestra played during the dinner.

BRIGHTON.

Whilst most of the country suffered from cold biting winds and, in places, snowstorms, Brighton was fortunate in having a good spell of sunshine for the Easter holidays, which was evidently enjoyed by the numerous visitors to the South coast. The undercliff walk to Rottingdean was a very popular rendezvous, being protection from any northerly wind.

Business was well up to the standard, which we trust is a good omen for the coming season.

Rottingdean will soon be linked up with Brighton. One project in hand is the erecting of a new St. Dunstan's Home on the cliffs between Roedean School and Rottingdean. There is also the possibility of a large hydro being built in the same locality.

By well-earned promotion we are losing one of our travellers, Mr. S. M. Penlerick, and shall miss him when he goes to London to take up a more responsible position with the Firm. We sincerely wish him every success in the future.

We are afraid the chances of promotion for Brighton & Hove Albion Football Club have dwindled away, so must share the fate of Reading Football Club with another season in the Third Division.

Brighton expects a good influx of visitors for the Coronation period, as London hotels which are filled up, are sending clients to Brighton, the railway service making Brighton so easy of access to the metropolis.

OXFORD.

WAR DEPARTMENT CONSTABULARY CANTEEN, VAUXHALL CAMP, DIDCOT.

The cordial relationship which exists between the officials of our Firm and our customers was never better exemplified than in the letter, quoted below, which was addressed to our Oxford Branch Manager by the Hon. Secretary of the above Institute, Mr. R. J. Clark :—

8th April, 1937.

Dear Mr. Timms,

As I have now handed over the duties of Secretary of our Canteen to Mr. Lightfoot, I feel that I cannot leave Didcot without expressing my thanks to you and the staff at the Oxford Branch for the services you have given to us and to me as Secretary. It is good to know that you look after our small concerns with the same care that you afford to larger enterprises and I cannot express in full the appreciation I have. We have all looked upon you and your staff as friends and my hope is that my successor will work as amicably with you as I have tried to do.

The change of Secretaries has occurred through the fact that I am leaving Didcot for Biggin Hill, Kent, on promotion. No doubt I shall find the Hop Leaf going strong in that place as I find that you have a depot there.

In closing I would like to offer my respectful good wishes to yourself and all your staff.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) R. J. CLARK.

In regard to the departure of Mr. R. J. Clark from Didcot, we can only offer him our hearty congratulations upon the promotion which he has gained and wish him continued good luck and prosperity in his new sphere.

SIMONDS BEER

is

SUPER B

Bradley & Son, Ltd., The Crown Press, Caxton Street, Reading

CORONATION
12TH MAY, 1937



*Photo by Vandyk,
41, Buckingham Palace Road,
London.*

THEIR MAJESTIES KING GEORGE VI AND QUEEN ELIZABETH