

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

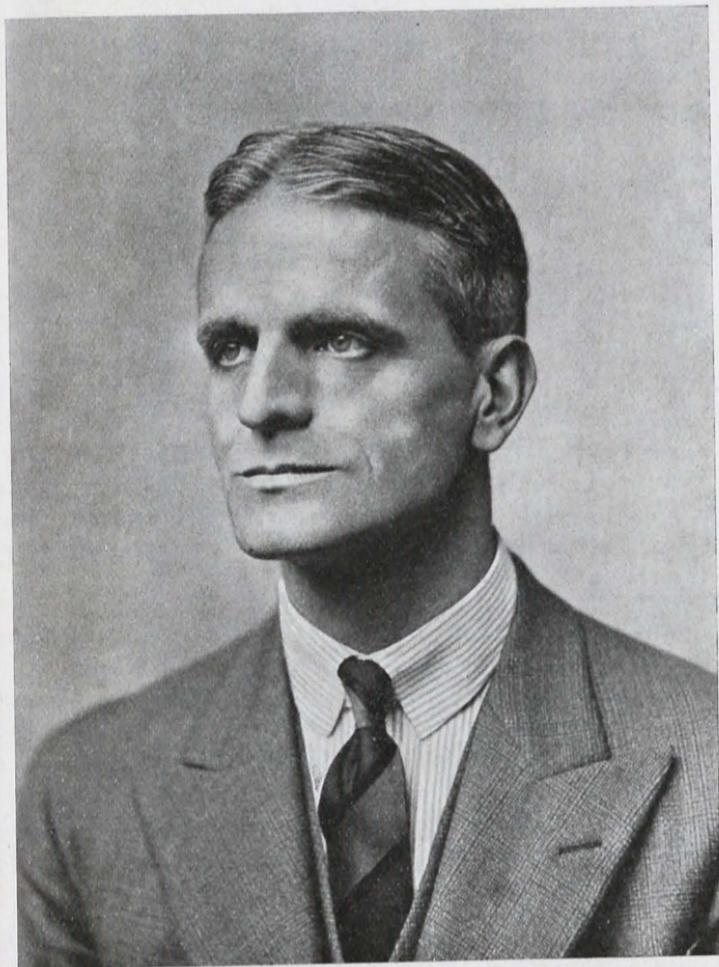
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. IX.

MAY, 1935.

No. 8



Mr. W. T. SANDERS.

MR. W. T. SANDERS.

The subject of this month's frontispiece is Mr. W. T. Sanders, Chief Clerk at Oxford Branch, who joined the Oxford Branch Staff, after a brief period as a member of the junior staff of the Bodleian Library, on November 13th, 1909.

With the exception of the war period, Mr. Sanders remained on the Oxford Branch staff until July, 1924, when he was transferred to Farnborough Branch, leaving there for Oxford again in October, 1927, on his promotion to the Chief Clerkship, rendered vacant by the lamented death of Mr. R. G. Bullock. Mr. Sanders always had a flair for soldiering and enlisted in the 4th Bn. Oxford & Bucks Light Infantry (T.F.) in February, 1911. On the outbreak of war he was mobilised with his battalion and acted as drill instructor while in training for service overseas. Eventually he qualified as a 1st class musketry instructor and was promoted Sergeant.

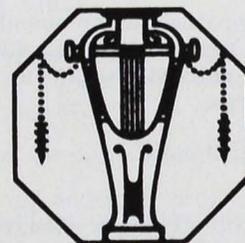
He volunteered for service in West Africa and was seconded to the 2nd Bn. Nigeria Regiment, Royal West African Frontier Force, and sailed for Nigeria in October, 1916. On arrival he was promoted Colour Sergeant, and was a member of the Nigerian Service Brigade which arrived in German East Africa in December, 1916. While on active service with this very efficient West African unit, composed chiefly of Hausas, men famed for their fighting qualities, he saw plenty of engagements of a guerilla nature, mostly in thick bush which, he says, was much more interesting than trench warfare.

He was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for gallantry in action and safely returned to Nigeria with his unit at the termination of the campaign, and was then promoted Company Sergeant Major; his last war-time effort was to pass the interpreter's examination for colloquial proficiency in the Hausa language, for which he holds a certificate. He is the proud owner of the following five medals and decorations:—Distinguished Conduct Medal, British and Allies War Medals, Territorial War and Efficiency Medals.

Mr. Sanders has made a close study of accountancy, and it has been a great help to him in carrying out his duties, which he does with efficiency and zeal. During his spare time he is a keen

ornithologist and knows more about birds than most people. This pastime has resulted in a fine collection of the eggs of the various species.

He is now no mean exponent of the "Royal and Ancient" game, but no longer plays cricket or tennis which were his favourite games until a few years ago. Like most Oxford boys he was wont to sing in some of the many choirs of this ancient city, having been a chorister at Holywell, Worcester College and St. Philip and St. James. This is now, however, a thing of the past and he spends his Sundays under the blue dome, not forgetting to replace the divots.



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

EDITORIAL.

THE LATE MR. W. T. MILLER.

This issue contains a wonderful eulogy to the memory of our old friend and colleague, the late Mr. W. T. Miller. It conveys a depth of feeling which is summed up in the words of the contributor, "we all loved him." To this must be added the very fine tribute to the loyalty and devotion of a servant of the Firm which was paid by our Managing Director who wrote "We, one and all, who knew Mr. Miller feel his loss most deeply. The writer has known him for some thirty years, and realised full well his sterling qualities. He was of a type which it is most difficult to replace these days."

The words contain a world of meaning and sympathy, which are reflected in numerous letters received from customers and friends, all of whom speak of a very high regard and affection for our late friend.

—NOW YOU SAY IT!

Mr. Glafkos Pappathaodorokomoundoronicolucopoulos, of Pontiac, Michigan, is furious because his children, abetted by their school teachers, have "entered into a conspiracy" to shorten the family name to Propappas.

CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

A lot of fellows who spout so profusely about capital and labour never had any capital and never did any labour.

THE GATE CRASHERS.

Abyssinia has been much in the news of late. Bachelors of the Gallas tribe in Abyssinia fortify their huts with spiked palisades and traps to protect themselves against the unmarried girls of the tribe. It is a tribal custom, says the *Journal des Debats*, that if a girl succeeds in climbing over the palisade which protects a bachelor's hut, and remains inside until sunrise without being discovered, he is forced to marry her. The girls are allowed to obtain help from their families in "gate-crashing."

COUNTY CRICKET "TOO SERIOUS."

Mr. A. P. F. Chapman, the England and Kent cricketer, declared at the Finchley Cricket Club dinner at Hendon, that county cricket has become much more serious than it need have done in the past two years. "I think," he said, "the most enjoyable cricket in the world is village cricket. You may get four 'knocks' in the afternoon, lots of body-line bowling, and a good chat afterwards in the local 'pub.'"

PROVING THE REPORTS.

A Scotch farmer, renowned as a great wrestler, one day whilst working the fields, was hailed by a prospective opponent who, after tying his horse to a tree, said: "I have heard wonderful reports of your skill, and have come a long way to prove which is the better wrestler."

Without answering, the farmer seized the other and pitched him over the hedge, then resumed his work, saying: "Is there anything more you would like to say to me?"

"No!" replied the fallen man, except—"I should be pleased if you would kindly throw over my horse!"

IN OTHER WORDS—A COLD.

"What is the common cold?" asks Dr. Ernest Ward, hon. secretary of the Joint Tuberculosis Council, in a memorandum which appears in the *Lancet*.

The answer which he gives himself leaves one cold.

For a cold "is an endemic virus disease accompanied by coryza pharyngitis tracheitis and some bronchitis and complicated after the first infection by the growth of various other parasitic organisms such as pneumococcus streptococcus staphylococcus micrococcus catarrhalis and Pfeiffer's bacillus."

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.

"Did you give Dorothy that copy of 'What Every Girl Should Know'?" asked father.

"Yes," replied mother thoughtfully, "and she's writing a letter to the author suggesting a couple of dozen corrections and the addition of two new chapters."

A DELICATE QUESTION.

"Is it going to rain to-day?" is a frequent query at this season. So frequent, in fact, that we think nothing of it. If a correspondent from Shanghai is to be believed, however, the question is equal to an insult in China, and ought to be avoided. The Chinese (he says) believe that a tortoise's back always gets wet when rain is going to fall, and that it can therefore unfailingly predict the weather. To ask if it will rain is, for this reason, considered the equivalent of calling a man a tortoise. That, in China, is a serious offence. Chinese, when they meet, do not wish each other a fine day, but exchange the polite greeting, "Have you eaten rice?"

WITHOUT THINKING.

"Why did you tear the back part out of that new book?" asked the long-suffering wife of the absent-minded doctor.

"Excuse me, dear," said the famous surgeon; "the part you speak of was labelled 'Appendix' and I took it out without thinking."

PRAISE AND BLAME.

The following quaint and provocative inscription appears on an ancient slab in the Cathedral of Lubeck, in Germany:—

Thus speaketh Christ Our Lord to us :
 Ye call Me Master, and obey Me not ;
 Ye call Me Light, and see Me not ;
 Ye call Me Way, and walk Me not ;
 Ye call Me Life, and desire Me not ;
 Ye call Me Wise, and follow Me not ;
 Ye call Me Fair, and love Me not ;
 Ye call Me Rich, and ask Me not ;
 Ye call Me Eternal, and seek Me not ;
 Ye call Me Gracious, and trust Me not ;
 Ye call Me Noble, and serve Me not ;
 Ye call Me Just, and fear Me not ;
 If I condemn you, blame Me not.



BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Early in April the quarterly balancing was safely negotiated and so the members of the staff were soon able to enjoy the extra hour of daylight.

After all, Easter was disappointing in the matter of weather, which is a pity for it is essentially an outdoor holiday.

Congratulations to Mr. F. W. Freeman on being presented with a son on Easter Monday.

The football season is rapidly approaching its close, and once again promotion has escaped Reading.

However, in the case of Simonds Athletic Football Club heartiest congratulations on winning their league and they have had a splendid season. Consistency has been their motto throughout and they are worthy winners.

We all at Reading were very interested in Palethorpe, the leader of Sheffield Wednesday in the Cup Final, and much satisfaction was expressed on every hand that he scored one of the goals at Wembley. It is only a few seasons ago that he was wearing the blue and white shirt of Reading, since which time he has assisted Stoke to win promotion to the First Division, then on being transferred to Preston North End they also won promotion to the First Division; in fact, it could be truly said he put them there, for in the last match of the season, when it was essential for them to win in order to go up, Palethorpe (who was injured and playing on the wing) scored the goal which did the trick. Now he has the satisfaction of winning a Cup Final medal.

Plymouth Argyle, after all, have finished very high up in the league, and this should renew hope that they will win promotion to the First Division ere long.

Portsmouth surely have had an up and down season, which seems strange for them.

Aldershot have not been any too successful this season, although just recently they have been playing much better.

Brighton gave Reading quite a shock recently and shared eight goals. They are also coming to play Reading on Jubilee Day for a Hospital Cup.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

The following transfers and changes of tenants took place during the past month and to all we wish every success :—

The Anglers Rest, Egham (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. T. J. H. Brown.

The Plough, Horton (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. W. A. Ralph.

The Sunningdale Hotel, Sunningdale (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. J. E. Strong.

Off Licence, 162 Wantage Road, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. H. Lowe.

The Saracen's Head, King's Road, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. L. Darnell. (I feel sure many readers will remember Len Darnell playing for Reading for several seasons as half-back, and many fine games he played, too.)

The Crown, York Town (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. W. Howell.

DEATHS.

We regret to announce the following deaths and to all relatives we extend our deepest sympathy :—

Mr. John Wood, Benson, on the 9th April, 1935. Mr. Wood for many years traded with the Firm as a wholesale customer and later, when H. & G. Simonds Ltd. purchased the business, he continued to live over the shop premises.

Mrs. Woodward, The Wheatsheaf, Stanwell, who died on the 5th April, 1935, was a tenant of Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd. for 32 years.

Mr. Thomas Goodey, The Green Man, Easthampstead, who died on the 17th April, 1935, had been tenant of this house since 1899. I have since found out that both Mr. Goodey and my father used to work together on the same firm many years ago.

Jubilee Day is going to be a busy day from all the signs and portents. Many functions in all districts will be taking place where Simonds' beers will be on sale and in marquees loaned by the Firm. For the last few weeks we have been inundated with Jubilee letters asking for this and asking for that.

Congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. R. Richardson, The Cricketers, Baughurst, on their wedding which took place at Basingstoke on Easter Monday.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Constancy in faith! As a counter-offensive against all the subversive influences of the day faith must be constant, real, practical. That this age has problems, serious, deep-rooted problems for which a solution must be found, may not be denied. Every age has its difficulties.

If the answers are sought in a spirit of faith, they will be found—and they will be the correct answers. If men persist in fumbling their way in the dim reflected light shed by human intelligence, all their efforts will bring them farther and farther from their goal.

The problems of life are too vast for our unaided strength to solve. Seen through the eyes of faith, the whole world changes. Faith, and faith alone, can save us.

TENNIS CLUB.

On Wednesday, May 1st, the tennis courts were opened for play for the members of Simonds Tennis Club. New courts have been acquired for the season at the rear of "Westlands," Tilehurst Road. Situated in ideal surroundings, the lawns are in excellent condition. There are a few more vacancies in the Club. The subscription for the season is 17/6 for employees of the Firm, and 20/- for co-opted members. Anyone on the Firm interested in any way with tennis should apply to Mr. P. James (Hon. Sec.) or any member of the Committee, for membership forms without delay.

The social aspect of the Club is one of the outstanding features. A friendly welcome and good sporting games are assured to all members. Novices need have no fear of making a first venture, as every encouragement is extended by those more experienced players.

Tournaments with other clubs are being arranged, also handicaps for both ladies and gents.

Given a fine summer everything points to another very successful and enjoyable season.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A man with a sour face should not open a shop.

He who is in haste fishes in an empty pool.

If a man is hungry anything tastes good.

The ladder to success is not an escalator.

A person should never attempt to talk with his mouth full or his head empty.

It's the little wheels of a waggon that go first.

We often do wrong, and then make worse excuses.

Personal pieties ought not to be made public ; it is far safer to do them privately.

Law gives the pedestrian the right of way, but makes no provision for flowers.

CHARACTER.

There is only one real power in this world for man or woman—the power given by character ; it carries far more weight with it than does talent. The man or woman, however humble, who cultivates unswerving goodness, is sure to become a centre and a factor in the lives of others.

A FRIEND WORTH-WHILE.

Can you plant some flowers on the workaday road ?
 Can you help to carry a tired man's load ?
 Can you sing a song of happiness-cheer
 To hearten those who are journeying near ?

Can you point out patches of clear blue sky,
 Ignoring the clouds that go scurrying by ?
 Can you light hope-lamps in the gloom of night,
 And talk of the stars which are glaring bright ?

Can you recognise bravery—goodness—worth,
 And turn your gaze from the mud of the earth ?
 Can you tread rough roads with a dauntless smile,
 And help old folks when come to a stile ?
 For—if you can (and I hope you may !)
 You're a friend worth-while on the workaday way !

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A certain clergyman who called on a widow was a big man, and he sat down heavily on an air-cushion, which burst with a loud bang. He apologised, and said he would replace the air-cushion.

But the widow said : " Grateful though I am, it could never be the same. The one that has burst was blown up by my husband practically with his last breath."

* * * *

Pedro, the lion tamer, was ill and unable to take his performance at the circus that night, so his wife applied for the job.

" Do you think you can manage the animals ? " asked the circus proprietor.

" Did Pedro manage them all right ? " she asked.

" Most successfully," said the other wonderingly.

" Well, that's all right, then," she returned. " I can manage Pedro."

* * * *

Dinner had just been served, and the lady of the house, glancing at the joint, remarked: "This leg of mutton has shrunk away to nothing."

"Yes," replied her husband, "it must be off the same sheep as my flannel shirt."

* * * *

The lawyer was putting a few questions.

"Are you acquainted with any of the men on the jury?"

"Yes, sir, more than half of them."

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?"

"If it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than the whole lot of them put together."

* * * *

"Just think, children," said the missionary, "in Africa there are six million square miles where little boys and girls have no Sunday school. Now, what should we all strive to save money for?"

"To go to Africa!" cried a chorus of cheery voices.

* * * *

A competition for the prettiest nose was held in Paris recently. Hundreds turned up!

* * * *

REPORTER: "Why all the gloom?"

EDITOR: "I received a letter yesterday informing me that I was the beneficiary of a large bequest, and in the rush I replied: 'Your contribution is returned with thanks.'"

* * * *

"Ah, good morning, Mrs. Murphy, and how is everythin'?"

"Sure, an' I'm havin' a great time uv it between me husband and the fire. If I keep me eye on the wan, the other is sure to go out."

* * * *

"Do you keep joints to suit all purses?" said the bright youth to the butcher.

"Sure," said the butcher.

"Well, what have you for an empty one?"

"Cold shoulder," said the butcher.

* * * *

"The authorities ought to take action against these swindlers," said Robson, as he tore up a letter.

"What's the matter?" said Spindle.

"I saw an advertisement that said that for five shillings they would tell me how to make butter from grass," replied Robson, "so I sent five shillings and got a card that says: 'After you get the grass ready give it to the cow, and then churn the milk.'"

* * * *

TEACHER: "Why is our language called the mother tongue?"

SCHOLAR: "Because father never gets a chance to use it!"

* * * *

Two Irishmen were having an alcoholic parting.

"And if you forgit my name," said one, as he solemnly shook hands, "just look it up in the tellyphone directory."

* * * *

MISTRESS: "So your married life was very unhappy? What was the trouble? December wedded to May?"

MANDY JOHNSON: "Lan' sake, no, mum! It was Labour Day wedded to de Day of Rest!"

* * * *

VILLAGE CRICKETER (by way of breaking it gently to the curate's wife): "Your 'usband caught a wonderful ball this afternoon, ma'am, right on the boundary; saved a certain six——"

CURATE'S WIFE: "Really, but——"

VILLAGE CRICKETER: "An' if 'e'd only got 'is 'and in front of his heye in time, 'e wouldn't be in the cottage 'orspital now."

* * * *

Rawlinson felt that the warning was no longer to be unheeded. Three times he had dreamt that somewhere concealed in his flat was a quantity of valuable silver.

That night he and his wife spent a considerable time in knocking the walls to find a hollow place. At last they hit upon one, and after some manipulation of a chisel and a coke-hammer Rawlinson succeeded in dislodging several bricks. There, hidden on the other side, lay the realisation of his dreams. Valuable silver plate—only waiting for them to take it.

Just as they were considering how they would spend the money it would realise there came a furious ring, and their next-door neighbour bounced in.

"What the deuce do you mean by breaking into my dining room cupboard?" he gasped.

* * * *

The commercial traveller found himself in a one-eyed village with a single general store. He went in and said to the girl behind the counter: "Excuse me, but do you keep stationery?"

"No fear," said the girl. "I like to move about a bit, I do."

* * * *

The Scot sat on the edge of his bed one Sunday morning solemnly contemplating some money which he had taken from the pocket of his week-day trousers.

"Now, let me see," he murmured. "When I went out on the spree with that Englishman I had one-and-fourpence—a shillin', a thripenny-bit, and a penny. Noo I've only got the shillin' and the thripenny-bit. What on earth did I do with the penny?"

* * * *

A scientist says that inside a star there are millions of dishevelled atoms tearing along at fifty million miles a second. Some offices look like this when the chief looks in!

* * * *

"This is a terrible report—'Latin, poor; French, indifferent; conduct, fair.'"

"It's not up to much I admit, dad—but look at that—'Health, excellent.'"

* * * *

Two typical working Scots were commiserating with one another over their brother Sandy, who was lying very ill in Glasgow. Anxious as they were about him, they felt that they just couldn't spend two fares, and at last they worked out the solution.

One of the brothers was to go up to Glasgow, and he was seen off on the Friday night train by the elder brother, who told him to send a telegram on the following day and reminded him that he could send twelve words for a shilling, and to be sure and get his money's-worth. So, late the next afternoon, the elder brother received a wire as follows: "Poor Sandy dead. Rangers two, Celtic one."

* * * *

Bismarck is reputed to have been asked by Disraeli, when he was receiving him: "How do you manage to get rid of unwelcome visitors?"

"Nothing is more simple," Bismarck replied. "When my wife thinks people have wasted enough of my time, she tells my valet to come and inform me that the Emperor wishes to see me immediately. That always works admirably."

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and Bismarck's valet entered the room. "His Majesty wishes to speak to your highness," he announced.

* * * *

There was a religious conference in the nearby town and a country farmer and his wife who entertained two visiting ministers over the week-end were rather alarmed to notice the hearty appetites of their visitors. Although they had dressed a pair of cockerels they were obliged to kill another.

On the Monday, as the farmer passed through his yard, he noticed the ministers leaning on the gate.

"Look, farmer," said one of them, "see how this old hen struts about. She seems to be pretty proud this morning."

"Aye," said the farmer, rather bitterly. "So she well might be, for she's put three sons into the ministry this week-end."

* * * *

WIRELESS FAN (with his foot unknowingly on cat's tail): "Listen, dear. Moscow!"

* * * *

The storm was increasing in violence, and some of the deck fittings had already been swept overboard when the captain decided to send up a signal of distress. But hardly had the rocket burst over the ship when a solemn-faced passenger stepped up to the bridge.

"Captain," he said, "I'd be the last man on earth to cast a damper on anyone, but it seems to me that this is no time for letting off fireworks."

* * * *

Three Scotsmen arrived at King's Cross in a somewhat advanced state of inebriation and said they wanted to go to Edinburgh, but they could not be induced to enter the train. Just as it was about to start, however, the porters managed to bundle two of them into a carriage, informing them that the first stop was Newcastle.

They then turned their attention to the one which was left behind, who they found laughing ready to split his sides. "This is no laughing matter, my man," said one of the porters, "as you will find to your cost."

"Ah, but 'tis," replied the Scot, "the men you pushed into the train only came here to see me off!"

* * * *

The explorer was recounting some of his experiences.

"I remember once," he said, "when I was in the middle of the jungle and a fierce tribe of savages came charging at me."

"Gracious!" exclaimed one of the audience, "whatever did you do?"

"I stared at them until I was black in the face, and they took me for one of their own tribe," he explained.

* * * *

An indignant tenant was complaining about the noise made by the family in the apartment above him.

"That bunch upstairs just banged and crashed around and stamped the floor until nearly morning," he protested violently.

"And, of course, you couldn't sleep?" the landlord interrupted.

"I wasn't trying to sleep," the complaining tenant retorted. "I was practising on my saxophone."

* * * *

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," murmured the sentimental youth.

"Oh, I don't know," remarked the matter-of-fact girl. "Did you ever try presents?"

* * * *

"How did that happen?" asked Jimmy's mother, on seeing evidence of battle once again.

"Well, it was like this," said Jimmy. "Buster punched me on the nose, then I gave him one in the eye, he hit me on the jaw, and then we started fighting."

* * * *

A witness during a trial was inclined to be unusually loquacious and ultimately the judge took him in hand to see if he could not reduce his flow of words.

"I should be glad," said his lordship, "if you would be a little more terse—I suppose you know, my man, what terse means?"

"Of course I do," came the reply. "Anyone in Lancashire knows what it means—it's the first coach at a funeral."

* * * *

JACK: "Have the wireless on last night, Dais?"

DAIS: "Ar, worn't it great?"

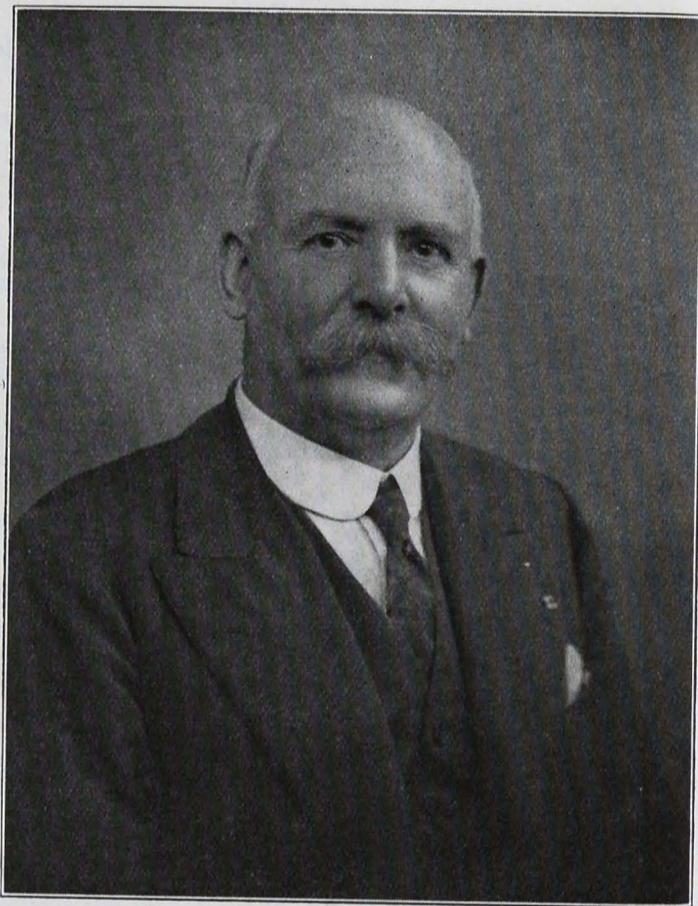
JACK: "What's your set named, Dais?"

DAIS: "It ain't got no name. Our Bob works where they make 'em!"



BRANCHES.

LONDON.



The Late Mr. W. T. MILLER.

1888—1935.

It is with great sorrow we have to record the death of Mr. W. T. Miller, who passed away on Monday morning, April 1st, 1935, at the age of 71 years.

Although for some weeks past he had seemed to be ailing, it was hoped that by the coming of the warmer weather his wonderful constitution would again stand him in good stead, but to the heartfelt regret of all this was not to be.

It is barely four months ago since he and his wife, to whom he was most devotedly attached, celebrated their Golden Wedding and held a reception at their home at Grove Park, which was attended by a great number of their friends and was a most happy anniversary.

Mr. Miller had served the Firm for 47 years, and it was his oft expressed ambition that he might be spared to complete his half century.

Occasionally he would talk of his experiences during his long service, which was spent entirely in London, and his memory for even the most minor incidents was remarkably clear.

No words can adequately convey to his bereaved wife and family the deep regret which we all feel at his passing, and it is not too much to say that for years to come his memory will be preserved by the sincere and great regard in which he was held by his numerous friends in social and business life.

The late Mr. W. T. Miller commenced his service with the Firm on the 9th March, 1888, and since June, 1909, had been employed as traveller. He was a most loyal and devoted servant to the Firm's best interests and was always anxious to oblige his customers.

The many letters that we have received testify to the great respect and esteem in which he was held by customers, and we feel that it will be difficult to replace him.

The late Mr. Miller leaves a widow and four children. His only son served in the Air Force during the Great War and was severely wounded, losing both legs and having his right arm badly injured.

A large gathering attended the interment, which took place in the family grave at Streatham Park Cemetery on Friday, April 5th. Besides the family mourners, there were representatives from the following:—H. & G. Simonds Ltd.; Coachmen, Royal Mews, Buckingham Palace; Staff, Royal Air Force Club; Streatham Conservative Club; Streatham Town Football Club; Services Rendered Club, East Hill; Southern Railway Sports Club; and Mr. Traversa.

Floral tributes were sent by:—Mrs. Miller (widow); Beattie and George; Bobbie and Frank; Mrs. Hassan Syed; Mrs. Dawson; Mr. H. Francis; J. Jackson; Mr. and Mrs. Whitney and Billie;

Mark ; Emily, Lottie and Minnie; A. H. Hand ; E. and N. Chadwyck; Violet and Stanley Towerzey ; The Directors of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. ; Major and Mrs. F. J. Johnson ; Travellers, H. & G. Simonds Ltd. ; Office Staff, H. & G. Simonds Ltd. ; Bottling Department, H. & G. Simonds Ltd. ; Transport Department, H. & G. Simonds Ltd. ; Mr. and Mrs. Thornbery ; Mr. and Mrs. Cook ; Staff, Buckingham Palace ; Coachmen, Royal Mews, Buckingham Palace ; Staff, Royal Air Force Club ; Services Rendered Club, East Hill ; Streatham Conservative Club ; Streatham Town Football Club ; Mr. Sala ; Mr. Traversa ; Mr. and Mrs. E. Glover ; Mr. and Mrs. Michel ; and Mr. and Mrs. Edwards.

PORTSMOUTH.

H.M.S. *Enchantress*, a convoy sloop, which has been built to serve as Admiralty Yacht when required, arrived at Portsmouth this month (April) from the Clyde, and commissioned for trials at Portland. The new *Enchantress* is the first of the class to be completed and the Lords of the Admiralty will for the first time use her as their yacht at the Naval Review at Spithead in July. The *Enchantress* is painted black, her upper parts white, and her funnels yellow. Her armament consists of three 4.7 guns mounted forward. All the furniture and plate from the old *Enchantress* is being transferred to the new vessel. Commander R. F. Jolly, who will command the *Enchantress*, was relieved in February as Training Commander at Chatham, and last served afloat in command of the destroyer *Beagle* in the Mediterranean in 1931-32.

In the Inter-Services Championship this year, the Navy lost to the Army at Selhurst. It is six years since they lost to both the Royal Air Force and the Army in the same tournament, and strangely enough the loss of these two matches comes at the conclusion of a very successful season of representative matches. The Navy had not lost a match until they visited High Wycombe and doubtless they would have been quite happy to have lost all those matches if only by way of compensation they could have been allowed to score victories over the other two services. The Army won by 3-1 and gained the Inter-Services Championship for the second season in succession, a feat they have not performed since 1920-21.

The recall of the 1st Battle Squadron and the 1st Cruiser Squadron from the Mediterranean to take part in the Jubilee Review on July 16th at Portsmouth, will help to make the event the grandest naval pageant since 1914. The 3rd and 4th Destroyer

Flotillas will also take part, in addition to the massed Home Fleet and a very large part of the Reserve Fleet. It is expected that the force to be assembled at Spithead will consist of the following :—

9 Battleships.	18 Cruisers.
2 Battle-Cruisers.	50 Destroyers.
3 Aircraft-carriers.	24 Submarines.

To these must be added a number of mine-sweepers and auxiliary craft. The total force may therefore number about 120 vessels. Twelve officers of flag rank will be present, including the Commanders-in-Chief of the Mediterranean and Home Fleets, Sir William Fisher and the Earl of Cork and Rear-Admiral Dudley North commanding the Royal Yachts.

ROYAL AIR FORCE COMRADES.

Founded some seven months ago with a membership of 22, the Gosport and District Branch of the above has made such rapid progress that it now numbers over 200 and the majority of those were present at the annual dinner, when Flight Lieut. V. F. Watling, D.S.M. (chairman) presided. In his response to the toast "C.R.A.F.", proposed by Mr. F. Halsey, the chairman gave a statement as to the administration of the whole organisation. Referring to the branch, he said the membership was 210, including Air Marshal Sir Robert Clark-Hall, who is a life member. They had a balance in hand of about £30. Mr. R. M. Thompson gave "The Royal Air Force," describing it as "a grand service." The musical programme was provided by Miss Violet Field (of the Palladium Theatre, London) who gave light comedy numbers. Messrs. W. R. Wright and Nelson (vocalists), the Comrades' Orchestra who, as well as giving selections, led community singing, and Mr. M. Preston (monologues).

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The weather this Easter has been very poor indeed. The forecast by the radio was unfortunately "too true to be good." We had a fine spring until summer time commenced and then the rain set in. Bright intervals were predicted, and they lasted as long as theatre intervals—just time enough to get another "wet."

The theatres seem to have arranged their programmes accordingly—we had last week :—Royal Theatre, "The Wind and the Rain." Elsie and Doris WATERS were on at the Palace Theatre, and the Movies fitted in with the cold wet holidays with "Great Expectations," "Grumpy," "The Man who Knew too Much,"

"Transatlantic Merry-go-round" (where the depressions come from), "Dirty Work" and "Romance in the Rain." In spite of all the dismalness, trade has been very good.

The North Cornwall Fox Hounds Point-to-Point Races were held in good weather this year which is exceptional—it certainly was their turn for it to be fine. Other years tents have been blown down, and in 1932 the weather was so bad that our lorry was not even unloaded, and the meeting cancelled. This year the conditions and our beers were so good that the caterers sold out completely before the finish of the last race—good going! AND the gentlemen with the pencils did not have it all their own way.

Lamerton Fox Hounds Point-to-Point was a little too near Easter, with its attendant showers, but it was a successful meeting for all concerned—we supplied the beers as usual.

Our ships are all off to Spithead for the Jubilee Review, and we have stocked them up for the great occasion.

A Memorial Plaque has been placed at the Rectory Field, Devonport, which is the ground of the Devonport Services Rugby Football, to the late Eng. Rear-Admiral E. W. Roberts, who was one of the greatest of rugger forwards. He played for the Royal Naval Engineering College, Devon Albion, Devon County and England, and was captain of the international side in 1907. He was an English selector at the time of his death. Admiral Roberts was contemporary with Eng. Rear-Admiral J. C. Matters (English international) and the present English Rugby Union Secretary, Commander Cooper, R.N. (English international). Devon County had a wonderful side when these three officers played for them and won the rugby county championship.

Okehampton Gunnery Practice Camp has commenced and we are supplying the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes and the canteen. In addition to the Royal Artillery using the ranges, a naval howitzer battery, comprised of sections from Chatham, Portsmouth and Devonport, will be firing. This is something quite new, and we hope the Royal Navy will continue to use the fine range; they will find "S.B." is good Shooting Beer!

The committee of the United Services Club did Mr. McIntyre the honour of asking him to present the prizes won at their various games during the winter. Mr. A. J. Leonard, the chairman of the club, was in the chair at the smoking concert, and a most

excellent concert it was; everyone thoroughly enjoying the splendid turns arranged by Mr. Dunstan. A most successful evening.

The Wessex Division Headquarters moved to Salisbury last October; they occupied Government House, where the General lived, and a part of which was used as offices for the division. The gardens are wonderful, and most beautiful views of Mount Edgcombe (the seat of the Earl of Mount Edgcombe) and Plymouth Sound can be seen from the house and grounds. The Admiralty have taken it over and the Commander-in-Chief will now live there, and it is probable that Admiralty House, which has been occupied by Commanders-in-Chief for over a century, will be used as flats for army officers. Admiralty House has had some very distinguished occupiers and guests—King Edward, King George, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales and other Royalties have slept there on numerous occasions. In 1891, H.R.H. Prince Alfred the Duke of Edinburgh (King Edward's brother) was Commander-in-Chief at Devonport. He was the father of Queen Marie of Rumania, who spent three years of her life whilst her father was C.-in-C. Whilst he was at Admiralty House, he often would walk along the footpath at the bottom of Mount Wise, and call in for some beer at the Fisherman's Arms, at Richmond Walk, and jokingly the landlord suggested to H.R.H. that he would like the Royal Arms. The Duke thereupon sent him a set which looks like one taken from the backboard of a launch, on the understanding that he would not exhibit the ornament outside the pub. It is now in the bar of this pretty little inn of ours. The Duke of Edinburgh was very popular at this port; he was a first class violinist, and played in the Plymouth Philharmonic Orchestra. This orchestra was one of the best in England at the time; the wood-wind and brass were supplied by the Royal Marines. Sir Colin Keppel was his Flag Lieutenant during the time the Duke of Edinburgh was Commander-in-Chief here.

The International Order of Good Templars are holding their annual conference at Plymouth this Easter, and 500 delegates from England and Wales are spending a week here. One speaker said "The slogan of the Good Templar movement was the same to-day as when introduced in England 67 years ago:—

'Total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the State.'

So now we know what they are after. Of course the Good Templars do not believe in temperance, they want teetotalism—that is what they mean, but they have not the inside of a fish to say so. Their big grievance is that the trade is advertising on the hoardings and

newspapers, and they are out to stop advertising of any sort. A clergyman of the Church of England said :—

“ May I say I think the time has arrived when we should protest most strongly against the exaggerated, inaccurate and ‘ I was going to say insolent advertisements. We are told ‘ Beer is Best,’ and I would like to ask ‘ best for what ? ’ All right thinking people should be at the forefront in combating this campaign.”

The Templars believe in water—they should be happy as this Easter everyone in Plymouth has had an eye full. The Bands of Hope and Glory can now start making collections to provide the delegates with another outing next year ; they had better go to Bath (or Manchester) when they will be able to get more water.

WOKING.

WOKING WORKING MEN'S CLUB.

A most enthusiastic meeting of the members of the Woking Working Men's Club took place on Friday evening, the 12th April, when a smoking concert was held and an interesting presentation was made. The gathering had been arranged in order to afford the members an opportunity to give expression to their feelings of esteem and respect towards their President (Mr. H. Trevor Wilson) with particular reference to his long association and service as Honorary Treasurer.

As a token of their appreciation the committee had purchased a handsome case of pipes. Mr. A. Bennett (Vice-President), who was asked to make the presentation on behalf of the members, said the event was unique in many ways because Mr. Wilson was not leaving the club, although he was relinquishing the post of Honorary Treasurer in favour of his successor at the bank (Mr. A. W. Blackwell), also that his retention of the position of President gave a welcome assurance that his interest was being fully maintained, and that his invaluable services, especially in matters of finance, were still available.

Mr. Bennett said that Mr. Wilson was one of the greatest friends the club had ever had. For a considerable number of years he had kept a watchful eye on their accounts and affairs generally, and had always been accessible in all matters where his help and advice had been needed. His clear views and great

experience in business procedure and management of finance had always been placed at the disposal of the Committee in the most free manner. They had, therefore, met that evening to thank him very sincerely, and to ask his acceptance of a case of pipes as a token of their gratitude.

Mr. Wilson had always been a great asset to the town of Woking in more ways than it was possible to refer to at that meeting, and they were all very delighted to know that he had decided to remain as a resident of the district. They would all look forward to seeing him at their half-yearly meetings and at any other time that he was able to come along to the club, whether for business consultations or for a pleasant hour among his many friends.

Mr. Bennett then handed the case of pipes to Mr. Wilson, and asked his acceptance with the best thanks of the club for his past services as Honorary Treasurer, and as a mark of esteem for his friendship and help extending over such a long period.

Mr. Wilson, who was much impressed by the warmth of his reception, said how greatly he appreciated the kind action of the members. He had been a member of the club for 26 years, and as far as he could remember he had only missed one half-yearly meeting during the whole of that period. The club had been through troublous times, but to-day they were in a very satisfactory position. Their finances were in a perfect state and they had a substantial reserve. He wished to introduce his successor to them, Mr. A. W. Blackwell, who had consented to act as the club's Honorary Treasurer. They were also graced with the presence of Mr. H. Quartermaine who had been a member of the club for over 40 years, and which he felt was probably a record among those present. Whenever he (Mr. Wilson) used the pipes presented to him he would always conjure up the sight of the clubhouse that evening.

Mr. H. Quartermaine, J.P., said it was the second time recently that the goodwill of Woking had been extended to Mr. Wilson, following his retirement. Mr. Wilson had a happy manner of making friends with all those with whom he came into contact, and it was a great satisfaction to know that he was retaining the position as President of the club. “ Clubs have come and clubs have gone, but this club seems to go on for all time ” said Mr. Quartermaine.

Mr. A. W. Blackwell said he would like to add his testimony to the remarks concerning Mr. Wilson, who had interested himself in local and personal matters quite outside the realms of banking circles. In an endeavour to follow the footsteps of his predecessor

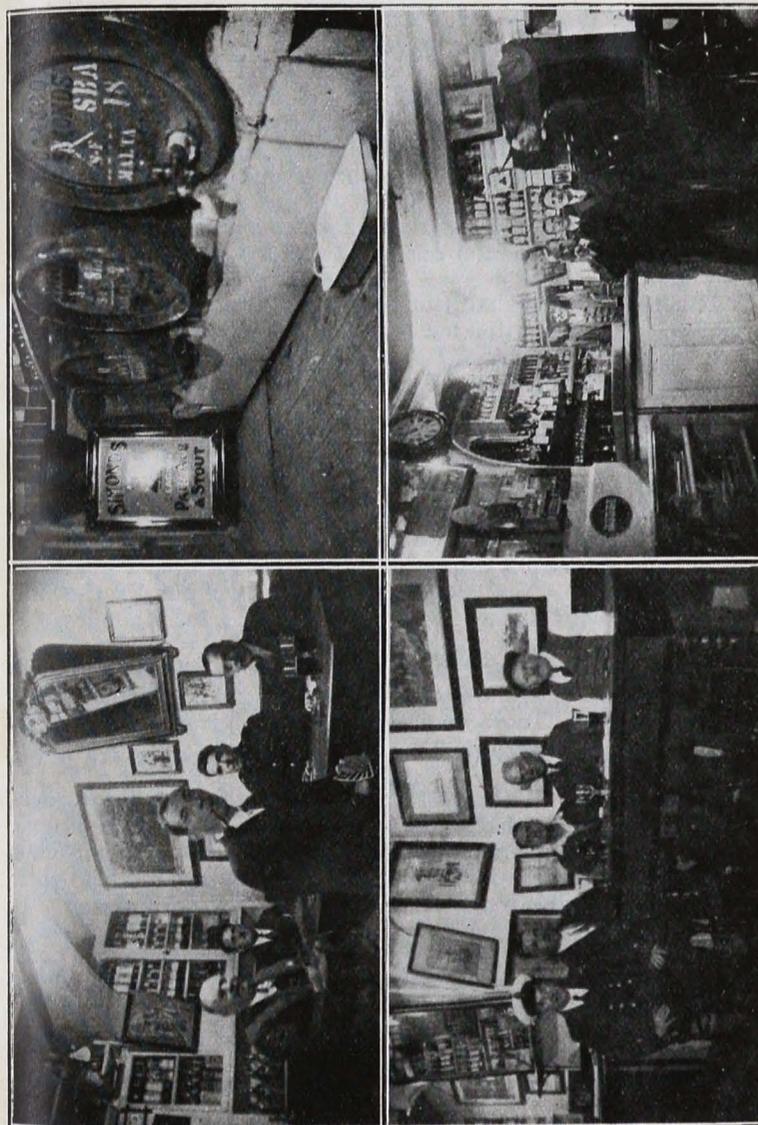
he wished to assure the club of every service that he could afford them as their newly appointed Honorary Treasurer.

The concert, in which several club members took part, was of an impromptu character, and was greatly enjoyed. Mr. Reg Colman delighted the audience with his "country yokel" patter, and later as a coon comedian. He was followed by Mr. Jack Ruddick, who revealed himself an artiste of no mean ability, both with the accordian and at the piano. His accordian rendering of "Love's old sweet song" was particularly effective. Mr. Archie May drew great applause by his song "Any old iron" and Mr. J. Beighton sang with power and feeling "Nirvana" and "My old Shako." Mr. Syd Sterk (ventriloquist) gave a clever display, and Mr. Trevor Wilson's contribution, "My Old Dutch" proved immensely popular. Mr. Ted Gallagher (always a favourite at such gatherings) was deservedly encored, and much of the success of the concert was due to the able manner in which Mr. Stan Slough accompanied at the piano.

Community singing followed, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem brought to a close a memorable evening.

MALTA.

Mr. Tom Patterson, a staunch supporter of the products of this Firm, sends us the accompanying photographs shewing the bars and cellars of his famous house at Floriana, Malta, which is the rendezvous of the Services and is also patronized by a large and important section of the local population. The cheerful personality of "mine host" is as great an attraction as the excellence of his liquors and no visit to Malta is complete without a call at this popular bar.



BRIGHTON.

Easter coming late this year, it was anticipated that this first bank holiday would bring a larger number of visitors to Brighton than usual, but the inclement weather of Good Friday and the wet Saturday no doubt kept hundreds at home. Easter Sunday, however, was a bright sunny day and attracted a large crowd of visitors which increased on Easter Monday, when the seafront was thronged with people enjoying the spring sunshine and sea breezes.

Business with us was good, perhaps encouraged by "summer time," and the extension of opening hours for licensed premises.

It is to be hoped that Jubilee day will bring many visitors to Brighton. The authorities have arranged an interesting programme for the day, opening with a Royal Salute of guns in Preston Park, followed by a Thanksgiving Service.

A procession of "Pageant of Transport" will take place on the seafront in the afternoon and, if the weather permits, a flying display over the sea. In the evening a radio variety show will be held in the Corn Exchange, which will be broadcast. The illuminations on the seafront at night will include a mile of neon lighting, and a firework display will conclude with mass singing at the Aquarium of "God Save the King." On one of the hills skirting the town the Boy Scouts are lighting a huge bonfire.

The children are being catered for on the Tuesday, when those over seven years of age are being entertained at the various places of entertainment. Those under seven will be given a tea, and all presented with a souvenir.

With the end of the football season we should like to congratulate Reading football team on being runners-up in the league. We are given to understand that Brighton & Hove Albion gave them a real hard game at Elm Park, but Reading retained their record of being unbeaten at home. Better luck next season.

All at Brighton branch wish to send good wishes to Mr. Louis Simonds and his bride, and expressions of many years of happiness, health and prosperity.

The Wedding
of
Mr. LOUIS SIMONDS
and
Miss ROSEMARY LANG.

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MR. LOUIS SIMONDS' WEDDING.

CEREMONY AT OLD BASING.

(From *The Berkshire Chronicle*.)

A wedding of considerable local interest took place at St. Mary's Church, Old Basing, on Tuesday, April 30th, between Mr. Louis Adolphus Simonds, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Simonds, of Audleys Wood, Basingstoke, and Miss Rosemary Avril Lang, youngest daughter of Colonel E. M. and Mrs. Lang, of Tunworth Down House.

Mr. Louis Simonds is a well-known figure in Reading and district and is a keen sportsman and follower of hounds.

The Rev. Kenneth Jackson, M.C., officiated, assisted by the Rev. John B. Barker (Rector of Stratfieldsaye) and the Rev. T. Rees (Rector of Tunworth).

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white and silver cloque crepe, with the train cut in one with the skirt. Her only ornament was a pearl and platinum chain necklace, the gift of the bridegroom. She wore a long tulle veil, and carried a sheaf of arum lilies, with a headdress of miniature arum lilies to match. She was attended by eight bridesmaids—Miss Rona Lang (sister of the bride), Miss Jean Gregory, Miss Elizabeth Simonds (cousin of the bridegroom), Miss Sibyl Walker, Miss Audrey Warre Pearl, Miss Ann Howard, Miss Jocelyn Heathcote-Smith and Miss Peggy Webb. They wore frocks of blue and mauve shot silk chiffon, with crystal headdresses, and carried bouquets of dark red roses, which, with gold and pearl beaded pochettes, were the gift of the bridegroom. Mr. Douglas G. Pelly was best man.

Colonel and Mrs. Lang afterwards held a reception at Tunworth Down House, and later the bride and bridegroom left for Switzerland. The bride travelled in a dress of blue-green crepe, with ciel blue organdie collar and cuffs, and a coat of wool crepe to match, and a ciel blue straw hat trimmed with mixed flowers, and wore a sheaf of lilies-of-the-valley.

Among the many presents were the following :—

TO THE BRIDE.

Bridegroom—Vauxhall car and pearl and platinum necklace.
Bride's parents—Household linen.
Bride's mother—Walnut bureau.
Bride's father—Silver fox fur and cheque.
Bridegroom's parents—Diamond cluster ring and white fur coat with ermine collar.
Bride's sister—Nest of painted tables.
Bridegroom's mother—Diamond brooch.
Lady Abram—Pair of silver toast racks.
Mr. D. and Mr. K. Simonds—Glass and silver jam pot.

TO THE BRIDEGROOM.

Bride—Fitted toilet case.
Father of bridegroom—Cheque.
Mother of bridegroom—Cheque.
Mother and father of bride—Pigskin suitcase.
Staff and employees of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.—Cheque.
Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds—Broadwood baby grand piano.
Commander H. D. Simonds—Cheque.
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Simonds—Cutlery.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Simonds—Antique table.
Duncan and Kenneth—Table glass.
Colonel Sir Leslie Wilson, G.C.S.I.—Clock.
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Stocker—Fitted whisky cabinet.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Simonds—Vase.
Major and Mrs. Guy Ashby—Six sporting prints.
Colonel and Mrs. Wethered—Umbrella stand.
Dr. and Mrs. Howitt—Twelve cut-glass tumblers.
Mr. and Mrs. F. Simonds—Antique table.
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gough—Jug and glasses.
Mrs. Blackall-Simonds—White glass vase.
Major and Mrs. Maurice Simonds—Old print in tray.
Mr. and Mrs. Knapp—Set of John Galsworthy's novels.
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hewett—Blue cut-glass vase.
Captain E. M. Blandy—Tennis net, posts, and garden seat.
Mr. and Mrs. A. P. F. Chapman—Roulette counters.
Mr. R. St. John Quarry—Garden chairs.
Sir William and Lady Mount—Three-fold mirror.
Mrs. Caversham Simonds—Corner cupboard.
Mr. Gavin and Mr. John Simonds—Glass bowl.
Mr. and Mrs. King (Brewery Social Club)—Salad bowl and spoons.
Mrs. Gerald Simonds—Notecase and cheque.
Reading Conservative Association—Silver salver.
Mr. and Mrs. Forrest—Twelve pots of preserve and two silver spoons.
Mrs. W. B. Simonds and Miss Simonds—Cheque.
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Simonds—Case of cutlery.
Captain and Mrs. A. S. Drewe—Four engraved goblets.
Indoor and outdoor staff, Audleys Wood—Pair of silver trays and tongs.
Mr. and Mrs. Gavin Simonds—Spode dessert service.
Mr. H. Jordan—Two colour prints.
Mr. Belsey—Cocktail set.
Mr. Douglas Pelly—Pair of silver entrée dishes.
Baron and Baroness de Luze—Four Sheffield plate wine coolers.
Mr. A. J. Redman—Table glass.
Parish of Cliddesden—Silver cigarette box.
Wellington Club—Barometer.
Cooperage Department—Sideboard whisky cask.
Mr. W. F. McIntyre—Twelve cut glass tumblers.
Mr. J. E. G. Rowland—Cut glass jug.
Mr. F. G. Bowyer—Paper knife.



The Bride.



Mr. Louis Simonds and his Bride.



Colonel Lang and his daughter arriving at the Church.



The Wedding Group.