

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XI.

MAY, 1937.

No. 8



MR. JOHN F. C. BOWYER.

MR. JOHN F. C. BOWYER.

The portrait of Mr. John F. C. Bowyer, Traveller at London Branch, which appears as our frontispiece this month, will be welcomed over a wide area.

Mr. Bowyer joined the travelling staff at London in 1925 and has proved himself very successful. His congenial manner and his desire to please at all times, combined with his natural abilities, have made him many friends in club life. His principal district is West London.

It is not the enviable lot of everyone to gain the confidence and friendship of their clientele to the extent which Mr. Bowyer enjoys. The fine business connection which he has built up is largely composed of personal friends and associates in all spheres. His standing with his customers is the negation of the oft-repeated phrase that there is "no sentiment in business." He has proved that mutual confidence is the keynote of success and ensures satisfaction equally to the buyer and seller.

Mr. Bowyer is a member of a military family and was born at Aldershot, where he spent the early part of his days.

He joined the Royal Engineers at Chatham in November, 1899, was sent out to China in May, 1900, and took part in the Boxer Rising, and was afterwards stationed in Hong Kong for three years. Returning to England, he served at the Curragh, Aldershot and Shorncliffe, and joined the Reserve in 1907. He then held a licence, the "Britannia," Newnham, Gloucestershire.

At the outbreak of the Great War he was recalled to the Colours and joined the 59th Field Co., Royal Engineers, at the Curragh, and proceeded to France with the Fifth Division in August, 1914, and went to Mons. He was wounded at the Aisne in September, 1914, and returned to England. After convalescence he proceeded to Leeds and acted as Instructor and assisted with recruiting. In April, 1915, he proceeded to Egypt and after three months there returned to France, where he served until the end of hostilities. He held the rank of Company Sergeant-Major and possesses the following medals:—

China
Mons Star
General Service
Victory

He has been a good all-round athlete, having played Rugby (for Cinderford and Hythe), also cricket and Association football. Golf is his outdoor recreation at the present time.

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.)

GOD BLESS OUR KING AND QUEEN.

In the short while since King George and Queen Elizabeth came to the Throne the kindly esteem which they had previously won has become firmer than ever. They have taken up their immense burden quietly, resolutely, and with dignity. On the eve of the Coronation, Britain feels profoundly sure that their reign will make the monarchy still more beloved throughout the Empire and this ancient realm.

CHAFFINCHES' NEST AT ROSE AND THISTLE.

Chaffinches are very partial to apple trees on which to build their nests and a pair have chosen as the site for their home the apple tree in front of the Rose and Thistle, Argyle Road, Reading, where Mr. and Mrs. Absolom have been watching the birds construct their charming nest. It is indeed a work of art and, next to the long-tailed tits, as pretty a bird cradle as there is to be seen.

GREAT WORK FOR GREAT CAUSE.

On Monday, April 19th, Primrose Day, Mr. F. A. Simonds was, at a widely attended meeting of the Reading Conservative Association, unanimously re-elected President for the year. This is the seventh consecutive occasion on which Mr. Simonds has been elected to this office. For some seventeen years prior to this he was Chairman of the Association. At one time Mr. Simonds was also Chairman of the Basingstoke Conservative Association with Mr. E. W. Sharpe as Hon. Secretary. That is indeed a great record of good work for a great cause.

BRUSH AND WASH UP.

An announcement over a hairdresser's shop in Japan reads: "English Hairs Dressing—Shaves and Waves—Brush and Wash Up—Heads Cut—Beards Razed—Corns cropped—Hands Manured."

SIXTY-YEAR-OLD CHEESE.

A famous old inn claims to own a sixty-year-old cheese. It is, of course, still going strong.

TAKE SOME LICKING!

A postage stamp over a yard square has been printed in one of the Balkan States, says a paper. That will want some licking!

WOULD BECOME HER PROPERTY.

"And you say these lifebelts are guaranteed by the company?"

"Absolutely, madam."

"But supposing I wore one, and went down for the third time?"

"In that case, madam, the belt would become your own property."

ONE FOR TEETOTALLERS.

"Beer has undoubtedly a condimental value, and often makes the simple meal attractive, if it is only bread and cheese. Thus regarded beer, instead of representing a waste of food material from which it is made, may actually effect an economy by inducing in those whose custom it is to drink it a better appropriation of the food they consume."—*The Lancet*.

THE TRUTH ABOUT BEER.

"I have a great admiration for Queen Victoria, and particularly for one reason. I remember reading that she said, 'Give my people plenty of beer, good beer, and cheap beer, and you will never have a revolution among them.' That is true. If you limit the supply of beer to the people, you make them miserable, dissatisfied, unhappy and quarrelsome. Alcohol is one of the best foods there is, and it is the most economical."—*Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, C.B.*

FLY-FISHING!

Two cockney boys spending a day in the country came upon a man fly-fishing. After watching him cast his line several times, one of them remarked to the other: "Oh, come on, Bill, he'll never catch anything. He's trying to lasso 'em."

RED CANARIES?

Ornithologists on the Continent have been making some interesting experiments with canaries by feeding them on pepper, which has resulted in some extraordinary changes of feather colour.

Deep yellow canaries promptly change to a bright red on being given a pepper diet, according to one expert. Cayenne, it is pointed out, contains three elements: its colour, something which impregnates it, and oil. Remove the last two elements and the pepper diet has no colour-changing effect on the feathers. The oil is, therefore, claimed as the colour changer. Similar experiments were tried with white chickens. An even more curious result was produced. The birds not only changed colour, but were affected by the weather. Each change of temperature was reflected in the change of tone of their artificially induced colouring, this making them excellent weather prophets! Whether it is possible to produce a breed of red canaries the experts are not prepared to say—at present.

THE DAILY SHAVE.

Lord Mayor of London's (Sir George Broadbridge) feeling reference to man's daily morning slavery with lather brush and razor would have had the fullest sympathy of Lord Macaulay. The great historian was a self-shaver, and the woeful results are recorded in his biography. When he sailed for India and his chambers in London were cleared, there were found over fifty strops hacked to strips and splinters, and razors innumerable in every stage of disrepair. At one time he hurt his hand and had to call in a barber. After the operation he asked the man's fee. "Oh, what you usually give the person who shaves you, sir," was the answer. "In that case," replied Macaulay grimly, "I should give you a great gash on either cheek."

THE ORIGIN OF THE HANDSHAKE.

The custom of shaking hands, which Signor Achille Starace, secretary of the Fascist Party, has declared to be "unworthy of Fascism," is believed to have originated in the ancient practice of adversaries grasping the weapon hand during a truce in order to guard against treachery. Later, just as he grasped an enemy's weapon hand to prevent mischief, man came to extend his own right hand to a friend as a sign that he trusted and was to be trusted. Strict etiquette demands that a person should unglove the hand before offering it in greeting, and this is probably a survival from mediæval times, when a knight removed his gauntlet in token of confidence and peaceful intentions. Among many savage races handshaking, or grasping, is still practised with all its old-time significance.

HIS ONLY SPORT.

At least one Cabinet Minister of the past would have regarded the Government's "physical fitness" campaign without any

enthusiasm. Macaulay, according to his biographer, "could neither swim nor row nor drive nor skate nor shoot," and "viewed his deficiencies with supreme indifference." Once, when in attendance at Windsor, he was informed that a horse was at his disposal. "If her Majesty wishes to see *me* ride," he rejoined, "she must order out an elephant." He had, however, a "sport" of his own, at which he excelled. He could thread his way through the most crowded street without raising his eyes from the open book in his hand.

FOR THE FOOD FADS.

Professor E. P. Cathcart, Regius Professor of Physiology, Glasgow, concluded a lecture on Food and Nutrition with the following advice:—

"Eat all kind Nature doth bestow;
It will amalgamate below
If the mind says it shall be so.
But if you once begin to doubt
The gastric juice will find it out."

COLD STORAGE.

It is only sixty-five years since the first cargo of frozen meat from Australia arrived in England, but preservation by refrigeration is a process in which nature showed the way at a very much earlier date. Half a century ago a party of Russian scientists in Siberia discovered a mammoth which the refrigerating qualities of the climate had kept in perfect preservation. The flesh looked so tempting, indeed, that they cut off some steaks and enjoyed them immensely, it is said, without experiencing any ill-effects from eating meat that had been in cold storage for at least 100,000 years.

HIS TURN.

"I shall put you fellows in this room," said the host; "you'll have a comfortable night, for it has a feather bed." At two o'clock in the morning one of the guests roused his companion. "Change places with me, Dick," he groaned; "it's my turn to be on the feather."

FRENCH PROVERBS AND SAYINGS.

A recent collection of proverbs and sayings current among the French country people contain much common sense. They show an almost universal distrust of law suits, and, as is to be expected, many concern eating and drinking, for the Frenchman is among

those who certainly know how to get the most out of life. One proverb about the law runs, "To win a lawsuit is to gain a hen and lose a cow." "Too often to court leads to beggary." "A poor case needs a mighty good lawyer." Of eating and drinking, the following are a few specimen proverbs and sayings: "Around a well filled table agreement comes quickly." "Soup is the best doctor." "He who does not drink wine after salad is in danger of falling ill." "Eat soberly, sleep peacefully, and live long." "To feel cold after a meal is a sign of good health." "If you would be healthy, never drink or eat without thirst or hunger." Among other sayings are to be found: "Imagination gallops, judgment goes afoot." "Think what you like, say only what you ought." "Promises have never filled a sack." "Illness comes on horseback but goes away on foot." "In case of trouble with the eyes, rub them only with the elbow."

OVERHEARD IN THE BAR.

Barman: "We must have some more Crown Cork openers."

Customer: "My word aren't Simonds' up-to-date! They not only supply a special Coronation Brew, but 'Crown Corks' too!!"
(Exit the Editor.)

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

It is imperative that "The Hop Leaf Gazette" appears during the first few days of each month. Will correspondents therefore kindly send in their copy to reach the Editor by the 20th of each month previous to the month of issue. Matter for the June issue, for instance, should be received by the 20th of May.

FIFTY YEARS UNDER THE "HOP LEAF" FLAG.



Reproduced above is a photograph of Miss A. K. Jack, the very popular landlady of the Red Rose, Southampton Street, Reading.

The licence of this House has been held by the Jack family since August 19th, 1886, when the late Mr. Jack came to Reading. It was subsequently held by the late Mrs. Jack and since July 28th, 1920, Miss Jack has been the licensee—surely a unique event for a maiden lady to hold a licence!

Miss Jack, naturally, has seen many changes take place since the days of the "hotted" beer, and 2d. a pint at that, but one thing she tells us has not changed and that is the quality of the "Hop Leaf" brands. Testimony to this and also to the manner in which the House has been run, is the fact that the very first customer Miss Jack's father served, nearly fifty-one years ago, still takes his glass of beer at the Red Rose. In addition to this, the Red Rose is also known as the house of "Good Words"—a great tribute to the respect and esteem in which Miss Jack is held by all her customers!

Well done, Miss Jack, we congratulate you on maintaining the proud record of your House and for so traditionally upholding the prestige of the licensed trade.

P.J.

The following appeared in the *Reading Mercury* for May 1st, 1937:—

CORONATION BEER POPULAR.

SPECIAL BREW IN READING.

SEND IN YOUR ORDERS NOW—STOCKS RUNNING LOW.

There has been a very wide demand for the special Coronation beer brewed by the well-known Reading firm of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. It is packed in attractive cans in Coronation colours, and bearing, like vintage wine, the year of making.

It was the suggestion of the managing director (Mr. F. A. Simonds) that cans should be used for Coronation beer, and the demand has proved that his idea was a good one. Big orders have come from abroad, and from many parts of Great Britain, including Scotland, North Wales, Lancashire and Lincolnshire. The special brew is also very popular in Reading and the immediate district.

The firm originally ordered the brewing of 20,000 dozen cans, but the order has had to be much increased, and recently the firm's up-to-date machinery has been producing 180 dozen filled cans every hour.

The beer is being retailed in sets of three cans, packed in de luxe cartons representing an old English inn.

It is an old custom to brew special beer in honour of a new Sovereign, and "Royal" beer, as it is called, has been known to fetch high prices in the auction rooms. Messrs. Simonds have samples of beer made at previous coronations.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

HOW FATHER PARTRIDGE ASSISTS WITH THE CHILDREN.

COURAGE OF THE BLUE TIT.

A brimstone butterfly wings his zig-zag course down the lane ; the grasshopper warbler unreels his peculiar song from a willow by the riverside ; a sedge warbler chatters vociferously ; willow warblers release little cascades of song from the tree tops ; the cuckoo is calling all day, while the nightingale floods the copse with music by night. Yes, summer is indeed on the way and with the arrival of the swift and the corncrake, as regards our oversea visitors, the company will be about complete. I was listening to the rich liquid notes of the nightingale the other night. He is indeed a wonderful songster and without disparaging his vocal efforts in the least degree, perhaps he is a trifle over-estimated. I think I prefer the song of the thrush or the flute-like notes of the blackbird. It may be because they are not just fair weather friends. I am not musical and, you may well say, not competent to judge. But I just make the observation for what it is worth. Regarding our summer visitors, there are no notes I love more to hear than those of the little blackcap. This bird's song is very sweet ; it is loud and long. Though the male bird wears a black cap, the female dons a chocolate-coloured one. Both father and mother take their share in the task of incubation.

A CHARMING SIGHT.

Partridges are nesting now and in this connection, if you are observant, you may soon witness one of the most charming sights of the countryside. Throughout nesting time father partridge remains close to mother, ready to warn her of the slightest sign of danger and then, when the young are hatched, he assists his wife to dry them and keep them warm during the early stages of their existence. Mother partridge is a very tidy bird and she places the empty half-egg-shells neatly inside each other.

Of course this little brown bird is also very attractive in another direction and that is on the dining table. Doubtless you are well aware of the distich :—

If the Partridge had the Woodcock's thigh,
It would be the best bird that e'er did fly.

By the way, have you ever seen a partridge perch on a tree ? I never have. [Mr. Louis Simonds informs me that he has witnessed the very unusual sight of a partridge resting on a tree.]

THE BED-TIME OF THE BIRDS.

It is astonishing with what regularity the birds go to bed. There is one that may be seen going into my worthy neighbour's nesting box at almost precisely the same time each evening. I have timed him on several occasions and on each he went to roost within a few minutes of 8 o'clock. These very entertaining little birds show rare courage if you approach their nest and will hiss at you like a snake. Insert your finger into their nesting hole and you will receive a very sharp peck from their powerful little beak. As with the nests of the tits, so with most other birds—they are very easy to locate if you only go the right way to work. I have just returned from an early morning walk, as I write. I saw a female tomtit with some moss in her beak. I secreted myself in some bushes, waited and watched. But not for long. She soon thought the coast was clear and popped into the hole of a tree close at hand. As she flew to and from carrying building material, father followed close behind. And that was about all he did—how like a man !

WHAT THE LAW SAYS.

Under the Protection of Birds Act, 1933, it is illegal to (1) take with the intention of selling alive, and (2) sell, offer for sale, or have in possession for sale alive, any British wild bird listed in the schedule of the Act, other than close-ringed specimens bred in captivity.

For the purposes of the Act a bird is " British " if it is a species resident in or visiting Great Britain in a wild state. The following are the birds listed in the schedule :—

Blackbird	Kingfisher	Sparrow, Hedge
Blackcap	Larks	Sparrow, House
Bluethroat	Linnet	Sparrow, Tree
Brambling	Magpie	Starling
Bullfinch	Martin, House	Stonechat
Buntings	Martin, Sand	Swallow
Chaffinch	Nightingale	Thrushes
Chiffchaff	Nightjar	Tits (including Bearded Tit)
Chough	Nuthatch	Treecreeper
Crossbill	Oriole, Golden	Twite
Cuckoo	Owls (except Little Owl)	Wagtails
Dipper	Pipits	Warblers
Fieldfare	Raven	Waxwing
Firecrested Wren	Redpoll, Lesser	Wheatear
Flycatcher, Pied	Redpoll, Mealy	Whinchat
Flycatcher, Spotted	Redstart	Whitethroat
Goldcrested Wren	Redstart, Black	Whitethroat, Lesser
Goldfinch	Ring, Ouzel	Woodpeckers
Greenfinch	Robin	Wren, Common
Hawfinch	Shrike, Great Grey	Wryneck
Hoopee	Shrike, Redback	Yellowhammer
Jackdaw	Siskin	
Jay		

THE SIX BELLS, SHINFIELD.

This popular House of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds, though somewhat off the beaten track, is well known to many of the inhabitants of the southern environs of Reading, and is a favourite resort of theirs, more especially during the summer months. It is a pleasing sight in fine weather, to see so many people there enjoying their refreshments, *al fresco*, and the children romping and playing on the lawn. The Six Bells is easy of access from the Whitley Wood Road Bus terminus and from the Shinfield Road, at Church turning, Thames Valley Bus Route No. 4.

The Landlord of the Six Bells, Mr. Joseph Hussey, has held the tenancy of the House for the past twenty-eight years, and is the oldest licensee in the district. Old Joe, as he is affectionately called, is a well known figure in the neighbourhood and is held in the highest esteem. Aply assisted by his helpmate, Mrs. Hussey, a typical landlady if ever there was one, he has worthily upheld the great traditions of Messrs. Simonds. The Ales and Beers drawn from the wood are always of the finest quality and condition and, as the House is fully licensed, he can cater for all classes. Before coming to the Six Bells, Mr. Hussey was employed for thirty-three years in the Biscuit Factory. In his latter years there he was a deputy foreman and he numbers among his friends many of the employees, past and present.

Those travellers who essay the journey to the Six Bells will find themselves in an unspoilt part, where the countryside wears the same pleasant aspect it has done for hundreds of years.

The history of the Manor of Shinfield is interesting and dates back long before the Conquest. Supposing that, after refreshing ourselves at the Bells, we feel inclined for a stroll further afield, then let us take the road leading to the Church and Manor House. Shinfield Church, an old building, incorporates several features of previous churches and chapels, notably the Norman doorway, and it would be quite safe to say that a place of worship has existed there since the earliest times. Most of the present building dates from 1568, but the venerable-looking brick tower is not so old as it looks having been built in 1664. The dwelling-house next the churchyard gate was, some sixty years ago, the old Six Bells Inn, and as there are six bells in the Church Belfry, the derivation of the name is obvious.

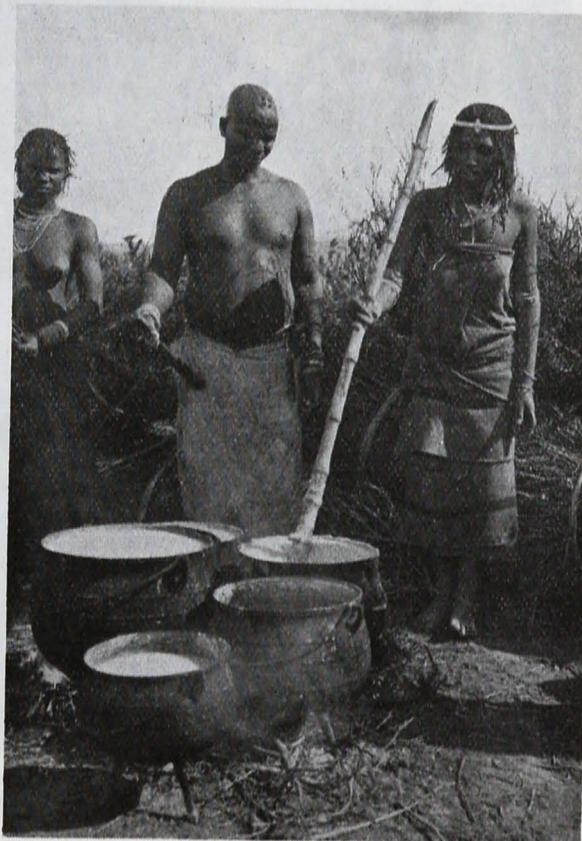
A little further on and we come to the Manor House, now the National Institute for Research in Dairying. In the olden days the Manor mostly remained in the hands of the kings of England, but in 1604 it was sold by King James I, who came from Scotland in 1603, and was evidently short of funds.

Near the Manor gates will be seen a huge cedar tree, said to have been planted by Queen Catherine of Aragon, 1485-1537, the first wife of King Henry VIII.

It is also interesting to note that Henry gave Shinfield Manor to Catherine as part of her dowry.

T.M.

BREWING BEER IN PONDOLAND.



In the above picture natives of Eastern Pondoland, Africa, may be seen brewing their beer from maize. This is stewed for some time, strained off and allowed to ferment. The longer it

ferments the stronger it becomes. After about a fortnight the beer is ready for drinking but remains very cloudy and rather mawkish. Doubtless these natives wish they could say "S.B." and receive it.



A field of maize from which this beer is brewed. Notice the height to which the corn grows.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

They begin with little things who fall into great ones.

If what is said about you is true, set yourself right ; if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch.

There is nothing so kindly as kindness ; there is no winter in the heart of him who doth a kindly deed.

What is really momentous and all important with us is the present, by which the future is shaped and coloured.

Be what your friends think you are ; avoid being what your enemies say you are ; go right forward and be happy.

It is not enough to be familiar with the best ; we must add to that familiarity the power to fully employ and enjoy the best that has been done and said and thought.

Nothing is so strong as gentleness, nothing so gentle as real strength.

It is only the superficial who are cynical about human nature.

See opportunity in every difficulty instead of difficulty in every opportunity.

If you would fall into any extreme, let it be on the side of gentleness.

Nothing is too bad to be incurable, too good to be hoped for ; nothing too high to be attempted ; nothing so precious that we cannot afford to give it away.

He who will not reason is a bigot, he who dare not reason is a slave.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts.

No one is good who does not aspire to be better.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To prevent sausages from bursting, dip in boiling water for a moment before frying.

To prevent jam boiling out of a suet pudding spread a thin layer of breadcrumbs over the pastry before spreading the jam.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Many forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made; day by day, here a little there a little, it grows with one's growth, and strengthens with one's strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail.

Look at the man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all three good qualities? When he was a boy.

Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we can tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy who is late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance of being a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think," will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weak creatures will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a Christian gentleman.

THE ROSE HOTEL, MAIDENHEAD.

The Rose Hotel, situated in King Street at this famous riverside resort, is a very popular rendezvous for the residents and visitors. Mr. G. H. Saunders, the courteous landlord, may be seen behind the bar ready to serve customers with the famous Hop Leaf brands.

ROSE HOTEL, MAIDENHEAD.



The exterior of the Hotel.



The interior.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

"Please let me have your notes early": this from the Editor, so here I am doing my best.

The month of April will be remembered for: first, the re-organisation (and alterations) in many offices and the various changes and transfers of the staff; secondly, balancing the books for the half year; thirdly, the Budget, with its hopes and fears; and fourthly, the decorating of the Brewery buildings for the Coronation.

At the moment of writing we have balanced and naturally this pleases all of the staff who have been engaged in this duty.

There are so many changes of staff that it is impossible to enumerate them. However, every success to all in their different duties is our earnest wish. The work is settling down very well and with holidays and a busy time ahead this is as it should be.

Our Brewery is known as Seven Bridges, but with a new bridge recently erected from one side of Bridge Street to the other should it not be Eight Bridges?

The Budget, fortunately, left the Beer Duty untouched, so that for another year we shall be saved the upheaval of increased prices and decreased trade.

With the advent of Summer Time and more sunshine, things do seem on the move, and our amateur gardeners (we have quite a number on The Brewery) are taking a pride in and talking about their gardens. I am told, on good authority, that gardening on a warm day creates a wonderful thirst.

Recently I noticed a little metal plate, with the words "Simonds' Bitter Ale 4d. a Quart" thereon, on a desk in front of a member of the staff, who informed me he kept it in memory of a wonderful period—his words being, "Those were the days."

Mr. F. G. Millard, whose departure from The Brewery I wrote about in our last issue, will shortly be "Mine Host" of the Sawyer's Arms, Lambourn. I feel I am voicing the sincere regard of many of us in wishing him the greatest possible success in his new undertaking.

News of Mr. F. Kimpton is by no means reassuring, and I know his many friends will be sorry to learn he is still gravely ill.

Coronation Brew, our speciality in Cans for a wonderful occasion, is meeting with a ready response from our customers.

The beer has been highly praised, so I advise everyone to take an early opportunity of obtaining three cans, in the special container; the price is quite reasonable too.

Football is taking its final kick. In their last home match Reading pleased everyone by their fine display against Millwall. Again the season has been rather disappointing for Reading, promotion to the Second Division not having been attained; actually they have not been in the promotion race but, nevertheless, we have had many very fine games at Elm Park and I am sure the true enthusiast will be looking forward to a new season in due course.

It has been frequently commented upon in the Press that Millwall are the only Third Division Club to have reached the Semi-Final, but it seems to have been forgotten that Reading once reached the Semi-Final of the Cup (whilst in the Second Division actually) after playing in the early rounds, similar to Millwall this season—a performance of equal merit, in my opinion.

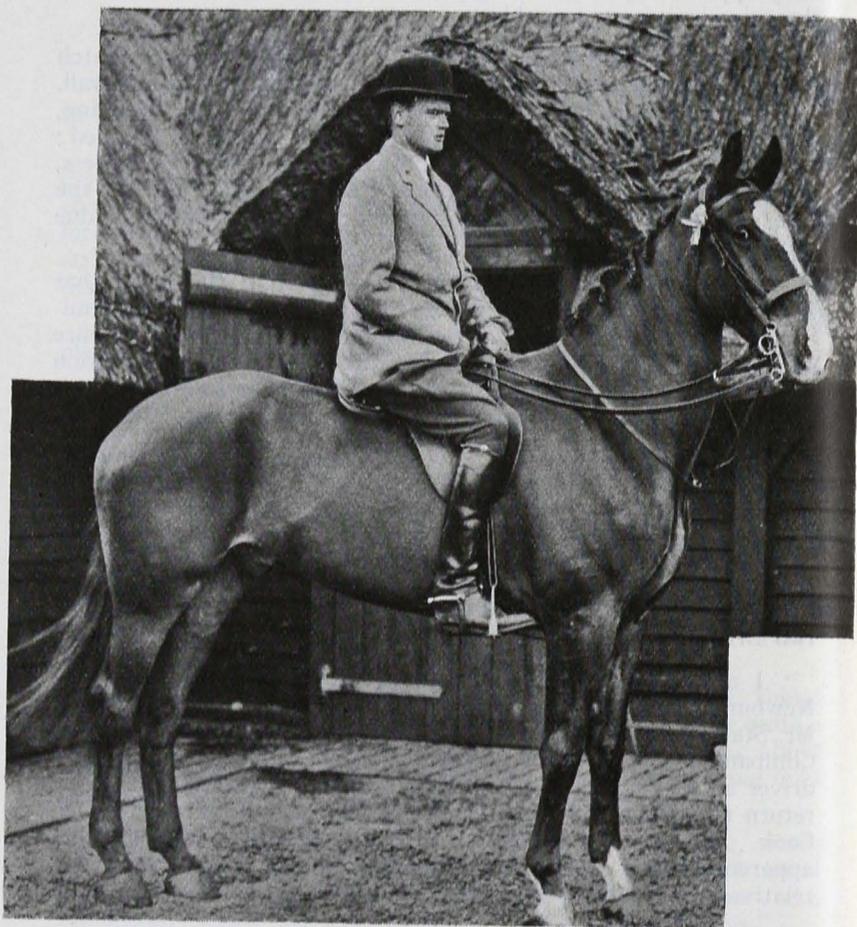
Several splendid young players have been discovered by the Reading Football Club Management this season, so naturally the future looks rosy.

Plymouth and Brighton (both at one time promotion favourites) have had splendid seasons, Portsmouth have not carried out their early promise, but Aldershot have had a very lean time and the two Bristol Clubs much the same as usual.

I am sorry to record the death of Mr. Jack Stanbrook of Newbury, a loyal and devoted servant, who died rather suddenly. Mr. Stanbrook had been on the books of The South Berks Brewery Company for a good number of years and was originally a lorry driver at Newbury. For a while he came to Reading and on his return to Newbury became chauffeur for the collector, Mr. J. W. Cook. He had a severe illness at the beginning of the year but apparently made a good recovery. His loss is a sad one and to his relatives we offer our sincerest sympathy.

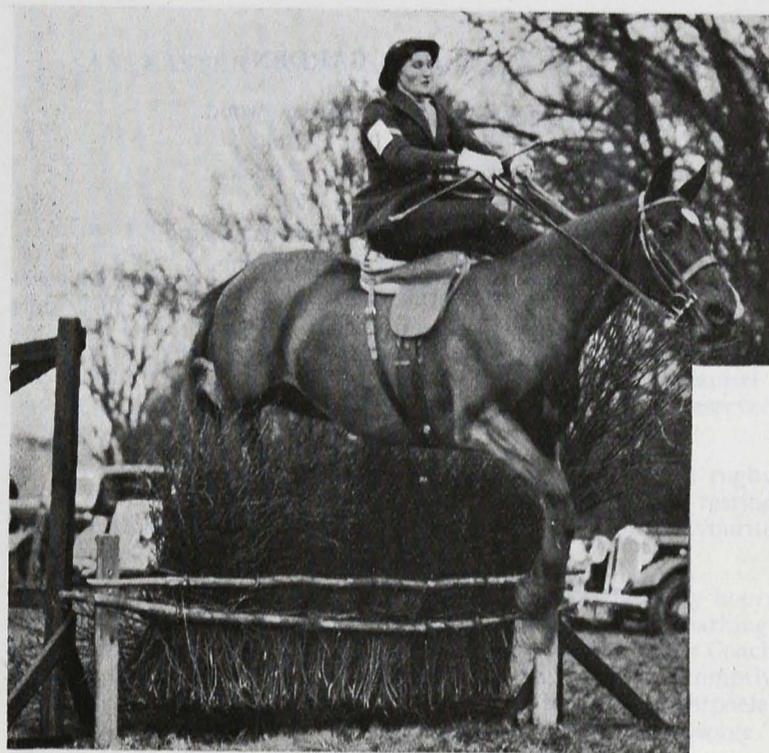
E.C.B. are the initials of a member of the staff and when this horse (is this correct? I believe this animal is of the female sex) was running the other day quite a number of the staff invested small amounts in consequence. As the horse (once again?) duly won at good odds the popularity of both E.C.B.'s was considerably enhanced.

We regret to say that Mr. C. J. B. Jordan of the Happy Man, Englefield Green, died on the 12th April. Mr. Jordan had been Tenant of this House for nearly seven years, and to his relatives we tender our deepest sympathy.



Mr. L. A. Simonds, on "Jumbo," a bay gelding, winner of the Heavyweight Hunter Class at the Vine Horse Show on April 17th, 1937.

This is the first time that "Jumbo" has appeared in the judging ring.



Mrs. L. A. Simonds on "The Goat," age 17, in the Ladies' Jumping Competition at the same show.

PRESENTATION TO MR. A. A. JORDAN.

Easter time saw the retirement of a well-known Brewery personality in Mr. A. A. Jordan, for many years Chief Clerk in the Wine and Spirit Department.

At a gathering of the Staff, our Manager, Mr. Warner, paid warm tribute to his loyalty and service to the Firm for nearly fifty years, a truly remarkable record, and asked him to accept a mahogany occasional table and cheque, subscribed for by the Wine and Spirit Staff and his many friends on the Brewery.

As an old Volunteer, Mr. Jordan had many interesting reminiscences to exchange with older members of the Staff, while his anecdotes of early days in the Wine Stores (once upon a time when whisky was 3s. 6d. a bottle) seem almost legendary these post-war days.

We wish both Mr. and Mrs. Jordan many happy years in their retirement.

A SURREY GARDEN.

I've found a garden, near a Surrey wood
 And, willingly, I'd paint it if I could.
 —It has a little lake ; and shady nooks ;
 Five cedar trees ; a colony of rooks.
 And, from a thicket where the thrushes sing,
 One looks across the hills to Godalming.
 Red rambler-roses bridge a pathway wide,
 And picotees bloom stately, side by side ;
 Whilst in a corner where 'tis always cool
 Forget-me-nots have formed an azure pool.
 On summer evenings, when the sky was clear
 I often turned my face t'ward Haslemere,
 To watch, from out the west, the glory melt :
 And, as it vanished fast, I somehow felt
 That in my garden, near the Surrey wood,
 God walked each night, and saw that it was good.

S. E. COLLINS.

*To commemorate the 12th of May,
 Try Simonds' "Coronation Brew"
 this day.*

AN EASTER TOUR OF THE BATTLEFIELDS.

MARCH 26TH TO 29TH, 1937.

(BY A. G. RIDER.)

This tour was organised through the British Legion by the "A" Company, 1/4th Battn. The Royal Berkshire Regiment Benevolent Association, which is composed of men of that Company who went to France in 1915.

The party of 25, under the leadership of Capt. W. E. M. Blandy, was met at Victoria Station by the British Legion Tours organiser ; having got through the crush at the barriers, we found seats reserved for us on the train, which soon pulled out for Dover.

Arriving at Dover we made for the boat and, after a rugby scrum, got aboard where the party dispersed to find the best resting place possible—a few were fairly successful, the bar being a favourite rendezvous.

After a smooth crossing we reached Ostend in the early hours of Good Friday morning to find it snowing heavily. Disembarking, we passed through the Customs to find the Palladium Motor Coach awaiting us. Here we must introduce the driver, promptly nick-named "George." His real name was Marcel Vanderpoele, but just fancy calling *our* driver "Marcel." Anyway, "George" proved to be quite a character and a great driver.

All aboard the "Chara" we drove direct to Ypres, getting there about 7 a.m. where a wash, shave and finally a good breakfast were much appreciated.

At 8.30 a.m. we moved off, still in a snowstorm, via Messines to "Plug Street." Here we found an old friend awaiting us in the person of Mons. Pierre Henaut, our old interpreter, now a French Judge of Appeal, who stayed with us for two days and, apart from being a charming companion, gave invaluable assistance to the party on several occasions.

The snow and the general conditions were much too bad to permit an exploration of the wood and the old trench lines, but a visit was paid to the "Piggeries" now, of course, rebuilt. By this time the English Padre from Ypres had arrived and a short service was held at the Royal Berkshire Cemetery, a wreath being laid.

The graves of old comrades were visited and memories of the early days returned when seeing amongst others that of Lieut. R. W. Poulton-Palmer, the first officer killed in the Battalion.

On the road again to Lens where we stopped for lunch, after which, during a short stroll the sun fitfully appeared. Continuing we were soon en route for Vimy Ridge. From here, one can see for miles around and commanding the whole is the huge Canadian Memorial, which must be seen to be appreciated. With the thousands of names of the unknown dead carved in the stone and surmounted by its twin columns, it stands as it were on the top of the world, a truly wonderful sight.

Then a contrast—with a guide we passed through the trenches preserved in cement and down into the depths of the earth to walk in the tunnels which honeycomb the Ridge. Just imagine, 22 miles of them where men lived and worked, fought and died.

The French Memorial at Notre Dame de Lorette was our next stop and is well worth a visit. Inside the chapel in the cemetery is a marble slab covering the grave of an unknown soldier: also to the rear of the chapel is an apparently bottomless vault in which are tier upon tier of plain wooden coffins of men, all unknown, symbolically expressing the great losses and suffering of the French Nation.

Our first night was spent at Arras which we reached in plenty of time for a clean-up and a stroll before dinner. Most of the party retired early to bed, for there had been little sleep on the boat the previous night.

On Saturday we were visiting a part of the line particularly well known to us, namely Hebuterne. Our first halt was at Authie, the village where we had our rest billets for a long period in 1915 and 1916. We had only been in the village a few minutes when the inhabitants were out in full force and many exciting conversations took place, although we are afraid that the "Soldier French" on our part led at times to blank looks from the villagers until the usual pantomime gestures brought comprehension.

At length we tore ourselves away passing through Couin and Saily to Hebuterne where the Maire and the Curé were waiting for us at the War Cemetery, still in the orchard where we, the first British troops in this part of the line, laid the first dead in August, 1915. The Curé, who had served and was wounded in the War, conducted a very short service and here we laid our second wreath. Then we cemented the meeting over a bottle of wine at the local Estaminet.

The keepers of the British Cemeteries are all Britishers, working under the British War Graves Commission and, in this case, the head gardener turned out to be a Wantage man named Haines, who served in our 2/4th Battalion during the war. He was

naturally delighted to meet and talk with members of his own Regiment and fellow county men.

May we here put in a word for those "Keepers of the Cemeteries." Theirs must indeed be a labour of love as well as livelihood, for the care and attention bestowed, as shown by the condition of the Cemeteries are worthy of the highest praise.

From here, after a drive packed with interest, we continued to Albert where we stayed the night.

Easter Sunday was devoted to the Somme country. Leaving Albert, with its Cathedral and famous Virgin, entirely rebuilt, we moved up the well-known road to La Boisselle where we inspected the two great mine craters, blown up at the beginning of the Battle in July, 1916. Then away to Ovillers, the white streaks of chalk across the fields showing clearly the run of the old trenches. A visit to the Cemetery where lie many of our old comrades and on through Pozieres to the Thiepval Memorial, on which we found engraved the names of many of our missing, including the writer's old Company Officer, Capt. Attridge.

Memories of mud and water were revived as we continued up the road via Martinpuch to Le Sars. Here we had lunch and then reconnoitred our old position, in places very little changed. That well known "strong point," the Butte de Warlincourt, did not now appear half so fearsome as in December, 1916, when viewed from the trenches, on the top of which we found a good collection of "Duds" including one 8in.

Incidentally, in several places we noticed the country folk wandering up and down the fields as if they were mushrooming. Being curious we investigated and discovered that they were picking up shrapnel bullets and pieces of iron. It is amazing that after all these years there should still be sufficient metal lying about to make it worth their while to collect.

Back again to Arras for the night and, being less weary, most of the party explored the town, including the Estaminets.

On our last day we were early on the move and drove behind the mining areas of La Bassee and Lens, past the Indian Cemetery at Laventie, through Merville and Steenwerke to Balleul and across the frontier to Ypres. After lunch the party visited the Menin Gate and the Ramparts. The Cloth Hall is now being rebuilt, the tower and one side being almost complete. Continuing our journey we visited the great Tyne Cot Cemetery on Passchendaele Ridge in which is still a "pill-box" in all its original entirety. What a field of fire the German machine gunners had! Everywhere we were struck by the dominating positions our late enemies held.

The layout of one Cemetery we passed at the St. Julien cross-roads was particularly striking. Here 3,000 Canadians, most of whom fell in the fighting during the first gas attack, are buried. It is a circular trench with the memorial (a figure of a soldier with head bowed) in the centre. There are no individual grave stones as in most other cemeteries, the fallen all lying in the trench with their feet to the memorial.

Passing along we saw the memorial to Guynemer, the famous French flying ace; and so on through the old trench line where we noticed remains of the emplacements built by the Belgians in the railway bank on the way to Dixmude, Nieuport and the sea.

Back at Ostend in time for dinner followed by a few very short speeches, including one from "George" in Flemish, we were left with about two hours to wander round, meeting again at the hotel to drive to the quay when we said farewell to our splendid driver.

Another smooth crossing in a much less crowded boat and a good run to Victoria brought to a close a week-end tour which will be remembered by all.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

MOTHER: You know, Geoffrey, Norma is nearly 17 years old, so to-day I had a frank discussion with her about the facts of life.

FATHER: Ah! Did you learn anything new?

* * * *

COUNSEL: "How far were you from the scene of the accident?"

WITNESS: "Two yards, three inches."

COUNSEL: "Did you measure the distance?"

WITNESS: "Yes, I guessed some silly ass would ask that question."

* * * *

MOTHER (*after a vain attempt to sing small child off to sleep*): "Why don't you go to sleep, dear?"

PETER: "Well, Mummy, I was waiting for you to stop singing."

* * * *

FIRST ACTOR: "I can't get into my shoes."

SECOND ACTOR: "What! Feet swelled, too?"

TEACHER: "Have you heard of Julius Caesar?"

PUPIL: "Yes, sir."

TEACHER: "What do you think he would be doing now if he were alive?"

PUPIL: "Drawing the old-age pension, sir."

* * * *

"Does your watch tell you the time?"

"No, I have to look at it."

* * * *

"And then he's so romantic. Every time he speaks to me he says 'Fair Lady.'"

"There's nothing romantic about that. He's a tram conductor."

* * * *

"I can assure you," said the philosopher, "that a woman's thoughts rise above dress."

"That's right," agreed the other. "She's probably thinking of a new hat!"

* * * *

A teacher asked a boy who was idling in class if he had completed his task of compiling a list of the world's great men. He replied that he was still short of a goalkeeper. Another boy excused himself for being late from school on the grounds that he had dreamt he was at a football match, and as the referee had ordered "extra time" he had stayed to see the finish.

* * * *

Joe's wife was feeling very sentimental, and looking a long way ahead, as sentimental young wives do sometimes.

"When I die," she sighed, "promise me that you'll sit next to my mother at the funeral."

"I promise," said Joe, "but it'll spoil my day."

* * * *

"You told the fellows at the club that I was an idiot."

"I meant your brother."

"He will beat you to a pulp if he hears that."

"Tell him I meant you."

* * * *

DEAR OLD LADY (*at identity parade*): "Yes, that is the man. I'd swear to it. But he was a lot taller and stouter."

"Won't you have another piece of cake, Tommy?"

"No, thank you."

"Are you suffering from loss of appetite?"

"Not loss of appetite. What I'm suffering from is politeness."

* * * *

LAWYER: "Don't you think you are straining a point in your explanation?"

WITNESS: "Maybe, I am sure you often have to strain things to make them clear."

* * * *

Passing a swimming pool in a small town one day, two women read the sign at the entrance:

"25,000 Gals. In and Out Every Minute."

"That's all nonsense," said one of the women, "there ain't that many women in this whole town."

* * * *

They were entertaining the vicar to lunch, and the guest remarked to the small son of the house, "Don't you ever say prayers before your meals, child?"

"Oh, no," said the youngster, "Dad says our cook's pretty reliable."

* * * *

MISTRESS: "I saw a constable deliver what looked like a summons at the back door this morning, Emma. I hope you have not been getting into trouble."

EMMA: "Lor', no, ma'am. It were only my young man, the sergeant, makin' an appointment. It saves 'im a lot of writin' to fill in the time an' place on them printed summonses an' send it round by a copper."

* * * *

FIRST YOUNG MODERN: "Be sure to remind me to buy some hairpins."

SECOND YOUNG MODERN: "Why, whatever for?"

FIRST YOUNG MODERN: "Oh, my dear, I simply must clean out my cigarette holder."

* * * *

GREGORY: "Is your wife a good driver, old boy?"

FLETCHER: "Well, either she is or else all the other drivers on the road are."

STOUT LADY (*taking her little Pekinese for a walk*): "Darling, please don't drag mamma along so fast."

* * * *

A woman inquired of a negro porter the time of the train to Chicago. She then went to a white man and asked him.

The porter went to the white man afterwards, and said, with a smile, "Perhaps she will believe it, now she has got it in black and white."

* * * *

HUSBAND (*feeling a twinge in his back as he tunes in on the wireless*): "I believe I am getting lumbago."

WIFE: "What's the use, dear? You won't be able to understand a word they say."

* * * *

They were rehearsing a revue designed to delight the provinces and the leading woman was very poor, although she didn't suspect it.

"After my first song," she said to the producer, "do you think I ought to dance off, or simply walk off?"

The producer replied, "Run off."

* * * *

GENTLEMAN (*at Police Station*): "Could I see the man who was arrested for robbing our house last night?"

DESK SERGEANT: "This is very irregular. Why do you want to see him?"

GENTLEMAN: "I don't mind telling you. I only want to ask him how he got into the house without awaking my wife."

* * * *

"Is it a fact," the magistrate asked the witness, "that the defendant's car went round the corner at thirty miles an hour?"

"Yes, sir. It must have been quite that."

"What gear was he in?"

The witness looked puzzled. "He was travelling too fast for me to see properly, sir," he said, "but I remember he had a bowler hat and a scarf on."

* * * *

FATHER: "Now my watch has stopped again, I suppose it needs a cleaning."

LITTLE HARRY: "No, daddy, it does not. Tommy and I cleaned it with water this morning."

He was spouting with great vigour against corporal punishment for boys, which he declared never did any good.

"Take my own case," he exclaimed, "I was never caned but once in my life, and that was for speaking the truth."

"Well," retorted somebody in the audience, "it cured you."

* * * *

SHE: "Would you put yourself out for me?"

HE: "Certainly, darling."

SHE: "Please do, it's nearly midnight."

* * * *

The manager had caught the office boy telling falsehoods.

"I'm surprised at you!" he said. "Do you know what they do with boys who tell lies?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "When they get old enough the firm sends them out as travelling salesmen."

* * * *

USHER (*arousing member*): "You paid for a pew, not a berth, Brother Jackson!"

* * * *

"Was your last cook a good one?"

"Oh, yes, she was a good cook, as cooks go; and as cooks go, she went!"

* * * *

"Isn't Miss Jones here this morning?"

"No, sir. She's sprained her ankle."

"Bah! Lame excuse."

* * * *

TEACHER: "Define a nation?"

PUPIL: "A nation is a body of people entirely surrounded by politicians."

* * * *

NO PROOF.

FIRST WOMAN: "Is genius hereditary?"

SECOND WOMAN: "I don't know; I have no children."

* * * *

RESOURCEFUL MOTORIST (*to Constable*): "Speeding? Why, man, I'm going to my dentist!"

Tommy was sent to a boarding school. Three days after his arrival he wrote to his father: "Dear Dad—life is short. Let us spend it together.—Your beloved Tommy."

* * * *

"Poor old Brown has completely lost his hearing. I'm afraid he will lose his job."

"Nonsense—he's to be transferred to the complaint department."

* * * *

"Did the motorist stop dead?" "Oh, no, he got out of his car and walked about."—Witness in a recent case.

* * * *

"Walk up, walk up and see a real live woman sawn in two!" cried the showman.

"Don't you, Tommy," urged the countrywoman. "It's a trick, else they'd be charging more than threepence."

* * * *

"Why are you bringing me all your old socks to darn?"

"Well, when you refused to marry me you said you'd always be like a sister to me."

* * * *

WIFE: "Let me see that letter you've just opened. I can see from the hand-writing it's from a woman, and you turned pale when you read it."

HUSBAND: "You can have it. It's from your milliner."

* * * *

FATHER: "Why were you kept in at school?"

SON: "I didn't know where the Azores were."

FATHER: "Well, in future just remember where you put things."

* * * *

TAKEN AS READ.

JOCK: "You still take your morning bath, I suppose?"

BILL: "Never miss it. Sometimes I take it hot, sometimes cold, and when I'm in a hurry I take it for granted."

* * * *

WAITER (*seeing dissatisfaction on guest's face*): "Wasn't the dinner cooked to suit you, sir?"

GUEST: "Yes, all but the bill. Just take that back and tell them to boil it down a little."

"When I was your age I thought nothing of a ten-mile walk."
 "Well, I don't think much of it either."

* * * *

HOUSEWIFE : "I haven't much to eat in the house, but would you like some cake?"

TRAMP : "Yes."

HOUSEWIFE : "Yes—what?"

TRAMP : "Yes, dear."

* * * *

RESTAURANT MANAGER (*to orchestra conductor*) : "I wish you'd display a little more tact in choosing the music. We've got the Worshipful Company of Umbrella Makers dining here this evening, and you've just played 'It Ain't Gonna Rain No More!'"

* * * *

DEAR OLD LADY (*travelling on the airship Hindenburg*) : "Steward, would you please help me to find my cabin?"

STEWARD : "Certainly, do you know the number of it, madam?"

DEAR OLD LADY : "No, but I'd recognise it. There was a lighthouse right below my window!"

* * * *

The worst dancer in the room had secured a proficient partner.

"I wish I were in your shoes," he said admiringly.

"Perhaps so," replied the girl, "but I wish you'd refrain from trying to get into them now."

* * * *

This is nice sherry, what is it?

Just old brown, sir.

It tastes better than the last I had here.

Yes, they're making it better since the civil war.

* * * *

An Indian student writing a letter to the superintendent of a mission, desired to end with the words, "May heaven preserve you." Not being quite confident of the meaning of "preserve," he looked up a dictionary. When the letter reached the superintendent, it ended with the words : "And may heaven pickle you."

The favourite soprano, after apologising for her cold, sang :—

"I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree-e-ee, ahem!
 On a weeping willow tree-e-ee, oh!"

Her voice cracked on the high note. She tried again. Then came a voice from the back of the hall—

"Try hanging it on a lower branch, miss!"

* * * *

"Look! A lion's tracks!"

"Sure enough! You go and see where he went; and I'll see where he came from!"

* * * *

"I'd like a book."

"Yes, ma'am—something light?"

"It really doesn't matter. My husband will carry it."

* * * *

A bishop was invited to dinner. During the meal he was astonished to hear the young daughter of the house state that a person must be very brave these days to go to church.

"Why do you say that?" asked the bishop.

"Because," said the child, "I heard papa tell mamma that last Sunday there was a big shot in the pulpit, the canon was in the vestry, the choir murdered the anthem, and the organist drowned the choir."

* * * *

AMERICAN : "In our country we grow carrots a mile long."

SCOTSMAN : "But we can't grow carrots in Scotland."

"Can't grow carrots? Huh!"

"No! We can't grow them because they grow as big both ways, and the rabbits in Australia keep nibbling at the roots!"

* * * *

A man was approached by an insurance canvasser and asked if he was insured against fire.

"Yes," said the other.

"Burglary?"

"Well, yes."

"Are you insured against floods?"

"Floods?" said the other, showing keen interest. "How do you start a flood?"

The landlord was taking his morning walk when he saw one of his tenants eating his midday meal by the roadside.

"What's wrong, John? Why are you dining outside on such a cold morning?"

"Oh, the chimney smokes, sir," was the reply.

Thinking he would find out the cause of the smoke, the landlord went over to the house, but as he opened the door he received a whack on the head with a broom, followed by the words: "Are you back again, you old devil?"

Closing the door, he went over to John, patted him on the back and said sympathetically "My chimney smokes too, sometimes."

* * * *

Two workmen were watching the operation of an immense piece of machinery which shovelled fifty tons of earth in one scoop.

One of them said to the other: "Bill, if it weren't for that blinkin' shovel, five hundred of us might be busy with our spades."

"Yes," answered Bill, "and if it weren't for our spades, a million of us might be busy with teaspoons!"

* * * *

A farmer stood watching the golfing novice trying to hit the ball. Earth was flying in all directions, and the would-be golfer's face was crimson.

"My word," he blurted, turning to the farmer, "the worms will think there's an earthquake."

"I don't know," replied the farmer, a twinkle in his eye. "The worms be crafty little beggars round these parts. I guess most of 'em be 'iding under that ball for safety."

* * * *

An Irish soldier in France during the 1914-18 war received a letter from his wife saying there wasn't an able-bodied man left, and she was going to dig the garden herself.

Pat wrote at the beginning of his next letter: "Bridget, for Heaven's sake don't dig the garden; that's where the guns are."

The letter was duly censored, and in a short time a lorry-load of men in khaki arrived at Pat's house and proceeded to dig the garden from end to end.

Bridget wrote to Pat in desperation, saying that she didn't know what to do as the soldiers had got the garden dug up, every bit of it.

Pat's reply was short and to the point: "Put in the spuds."

BRANCHES.

HEADINGTON BOWLS CLUB

(Social Section).

On Friday, 19th March, 1937, we were honoured with a visit from Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Oxford Social Club, when a series of games were played which ended all square. Our dart "champs" were much surprised at the skill of two of the youngest members of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds' club, whilst two of our oldest members, Messrs. Pales and Groom, had a great struggle with the cards (whist). Our thanks are due to Mr. L. C. White, Secretary of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Oxford Branch Social Club, for arranging this fixture, and we hope we shall have the pleasure of their company for many years to come. This is the first year of Headington Bowling Club (Social Section), and thanks to the splendid support of our members and visitors we can safely say that it has been successful.

Lieut. G. F. SMALLPIECE, *Hon. Secretary,*

Headington Bowls Club (Social Section).

PORTSMOUTH.

The Portsmouth, Gosport and District Licensed Victuallers Protection and Benevolent Society in order to show in tangible form their appreciation of the services rendered by Mr. P. Oswald Bertram, Managing Director of Booth's Distilleries, who presided over their annual banquet this year, elected a deputation to visit Messrs. Booth's offices at Turnmill Street, E.C. and present him with a case of beautiful cut glass. This deputation was received by Mr. Bertram, Mr. J. Bellington and Mr. Chas. Young, and comprised Messrs. H. J. Privett (president), J. O. Kille (vice-president), G. H. Smart (secretary), W. H. Wrenn (trustee) and R. Mews (past president). Handing over the gift, Mr. Privett said the fact that the function over which Mr. Bertram presided proved to be a record, not only in numbers, but also in finance, was a distinct pointer to the personality of Mr. Bertram, and the popularity of his firm.

After an interruption caused by fire damage to the New Barracks Gymnasium, the series of invitation dances arranged by

the Corporals' Mess of the 1st Bn. The Rifle Brigade, was restarted about the middle of April, to the satisfaction of everybody. A large company assembled in the gaily decorated building to support the members of the Mess. The Battalion Dance Band, under the direction of Cpl. Moore, provided the music, and Cpls. Dowling and Tulip were the M.C's. The general arrangements were under the direction of R.S.M. W. Farrow, the President of the Mess, and were carried out by Cpls. Dowling, Tulip and Pinner (who form the Dance Committee), assisted by Cpl. Butler.

St. Patrick's night was duly celebrated by all ranks of the Royal Air Force at Lee-on-the-Solent. A Carnival Dance was arranged by the Airmen's Dance Committee (by permission of the Commanding Officer, Group Captain J. B. Graham, M.C., A.F.C.) and held in the Lee Tower Ballroom, and was in aid of the Royal Air Force Charities. A large and merry party, including many of the local Irish, were increased by a crowd from Gosport and district. Two spot waltzes were won by guests of the Airmen. The M.C. was A. C. Tiley, and the assistant M.C. L. A. C. Markham. At the conclusion of a most enjoyable evening, Warrant Officer Pope (Station Warrant Officer and Chairman of the Dance Committee) expressed appreciation on behalf of the Dance Committee for the support given to the dance and thus to the Royal Air Force Charities. He added that in view of the success, both financially and socially, of this their first all-ranks station dance held outside the unit, further dances would be arranged. Coaches supplied by the Dance Committee then conveyed the revellers to their respective localities.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

A very interesting presentation was made just recently to Mr. A. Halse, of our Bottling Department, on his leaving us to take up a new position at our Bristol Brewery. In handing Mr. Halse a handsome oak-cased clock, on behalf of the Staff of the Tamar Brewery, Mr. J. E. G. Rowland wished the recipient every success and happiness in his new surroundings.

Mr. Halse is of a genial disposition and is sure to make many friends at Bristol. He has been with us for sixteen years and our Bottling Foreman, Mr. W. E. Loynes, speaks most highly of his services. In acknowledging the presentation, Mr. Halse said that he was sorry to leave his friends at Devonport, but at the same time he was fully aware of the honour accorded, both to himself and the Tamar Brewery, in being selected to fill the position at Bristol.

Whilst mentioning the name of Mr. Loynes we convey our congratulations to him on having now completed over 40 years' service with H. & G. Simonds, and we know many of the Reading staff would like to associate themselves in this.

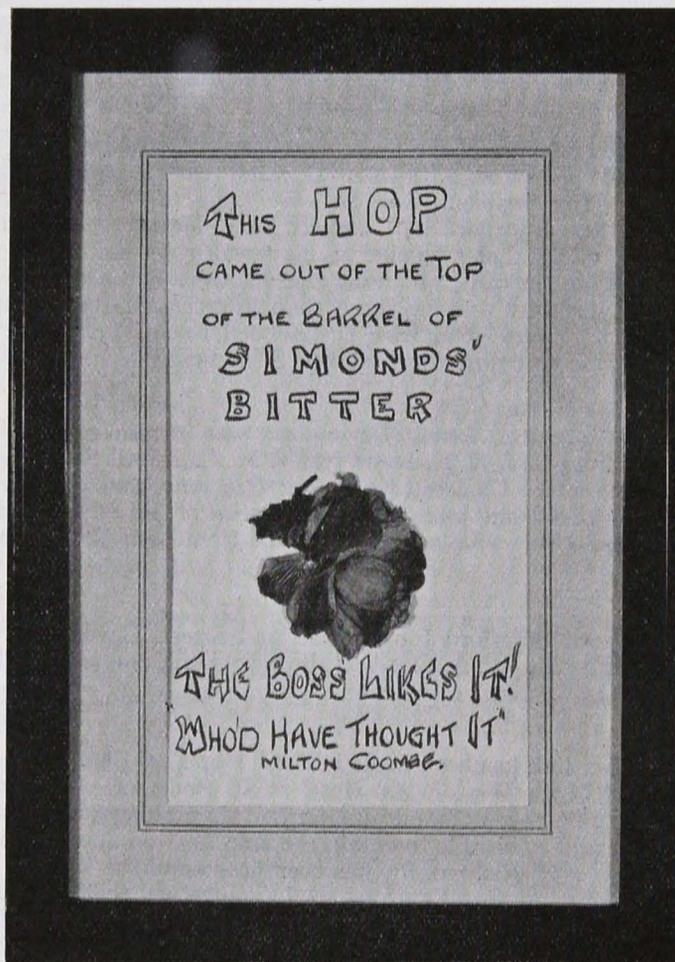
An old employee of the Firm, who has now retired, was on the 10th April presented with an oak-cased clock, armchair and umbrella. The recipient was Mr. W. Lang, a very respected member of the Transport Staff, and Mr. W. F. McIntyre, in handing the gifts to Mr. Lang, spoke of his loyalty to the Firm. In acknowledging the gifts, Mr. Lang said his work had always given him great pleasure and he more than appreciated the kindness shown him. Every good wish is extended to Mr. Lang that he may live long to enjoy a well earned retirement.

The Gloucester Arms, Devonport, was transferred on the 1st April from Mrs. E. E. Hyde to Mr. H. L. Johns. Mrs. Hyde was tenant of the Gloucester Arms for five years and was a very popular hostess. Mr. Johns is an ex-Sergeant of the Royal Marines and visitors will receive a warm welcome from both Mr. and Mrs. Johns.

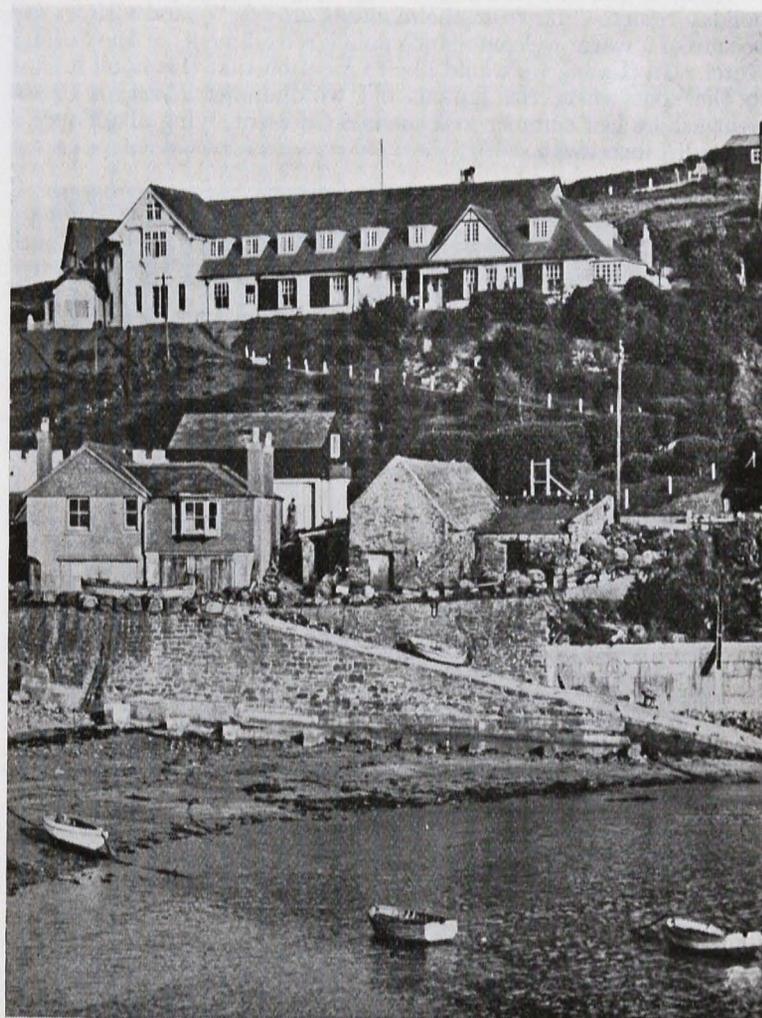
The Lord Beresford Inn, Cumberland Street, Devonport, was taken over by Mr. W. A. Clod on the 19th April, and we wish him every success in his new venture.

Another link has been made in the "Hop Leaf Chain" by the acquisition of the Weston Mill Hotel at St. Budeaux. This house is situated in a very populous district and the residents in this area will be pleased to be able to obtain the Hop Leaf products so much in demand. Mr. Richard Joy has been licensee of the Weston Mill Hotel for over 30 years, and we are happy to say that he will be continuing in the service of the Firm. We feel sure it will be a great joy for our friends to call and see Mr. and Mrs. Joy, where they will enjoy a most convivial time.

Although our friends the Octagon Brewery Social Club put up a very good show at darts and snooker on our ground, we "pipped" them by six games to one at darts and five to one at snooker. They are a really "Sporty" Club, and we are looking forward to the return, upon the result of which at the moment we do not feel inclined to gamble.



The well-known proprietor of the Who'd Have Thought It Inn at Milton Coombe, Mr. F. G. Collis, realizes the value of stocking only the best beers for the benefit of his numerous customers, and we reproduce above a photo of one of the very interesting pictures to be found in this old established rendezvous.



The above is a photograph of the Cottage Hotel, Hope Cove, South Devon, which is picturesquely situated on a cliff between Salcombe and Bigbury-on-Sea. This hotel is owned by Miss R. T. Wade and managed by Mr. Holliday, both of whom are well-known Motor Reliability Trial Drivers.

This South Devon village is rapidly gaining in popularity as a holiday resort—"far from the madding crowds"—and visitors can be sure of a warm welcome (and cooling refreshment) at the Cottage Hotel. In passing we would like to mention that this hotel is close to the spot where the famous old windjammer *Herzogin Cecilie* went ashore last summer and she is, at present, lying abandoned a short distance away.

We had the supply of the Tetcott and South Tetcott Point-to-Point at Holsworthy and also the Haldon Harriers and South Devon Foxhounds Point-to-Point at Forches Cross; very large crowds attended both these meetings, at which there were good entries from all over the West Country.

The annual smoking concert and presentation of prizes of the United Services Club, Keyham, Devonport, took place at the Criterion Café on Wednesday, 14th April, and was presided over by the Chairman of the Club, Mr. A. R. Yates.

As usual, an exceptionally good programme was given and Mr. W. F. McIntyre presented the prizes.

Our beers are very popular in the Club and it is one of the best managed in the district and is so successful that if one wishes to become a member, one's name has to be placed on a long waiting list.

SIMONDS BEER

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