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DECEMBER, 1936.

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The  
HOP LEAF



THE HOP LEAF

GAZETTE



Issued  
Monthly  
by

H. & G. SIMONDS, LTD., READING.

A RECORD OF SOCIAL ACTIVITIES AT THE BREWERY.

# The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XI.

DECEMBER, 1936.

No. 3

## CONTENTS.

|  | Page |
|--|------|
| Mr. F. W. Glead ... .. Frontispiece      |      |
| Editorial ... ..                         | 100  |
| Nature Note ... ..                       | 107  |
| A Great Thought ... ..                   | 114  |
| Sir Austen Chamberlain at Reading ... .. | 119  |
| Brewery Jottings ... ..                  | 123  |
| Words of Wisdom ... ..                   | 129  |
| The Lighter Side ... ..                  | 131  |
| Branches ... ..                          | 141  |

All communications should be addressed to—The Editor,  
THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, The Brewery, Reading.

## CHRISTMAS, 1936.

The Editor wishes all at home  
and abroad the old, old wish:

**A Very Happy Christmas**  
and  
**A Bright and Prosperous**  
**New Year.**

*MAY* we all get the real Christmas spirit, Aye! and  
retain it throughout the coming year.

*Then the New Year will be indeed a happy one to  
you, happy to many more whose happiness depends on you!  
And, to quote Charles Dickens, so may each year be happier  
than the last, and not the meanest of our brethren or sisterhood  
debarred their rightful share, in what our Great Creator  
formed them to enjoy.*

*And so, as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless Us, Every  
One!"*



MR. F. W. GLEED.

## MR. F. W. GLEED.

Just thirty-seven years ago—on the 19th December, 1899, to be exact—a keen young man may have been observed in the Advertising Department of Messrs. W. J. Rogers, Limited, Bristol, now a subsidiary company of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., gazing around him, with the first impressions of youth, upon the busy world of commerce which he had entered on that morning. Few of us have forgotten our own thoughts on such an occasion and the hopes which filled our hearts. In Mr. Gleed's case, the promise of youth has not erred, for to-day he is Secretary of his Company.

The year 1900 found him in the Secretarial Office with periodical experience in ledger work until 1903, when for three years he was Inspector in the South Wales area.

In 1906 he had the supervision of over thirty private trade travellers in the Bristol area, which post he occupied until D.O.R.A. intervened in 1916, when he returned to the routine of clerical duties as Rail and Transport Clerk.

Meritorious work earned for him the following promotions :—Cashier 1921, Chief Clerk 1930, and finally he reached the Secretary's chair in 1935. That, in brief, is a survey of Mr. Gleed's record with the Company. It is a very worthy one. To get him to talk seriously about himself is no easy task, but his rather humorous outlook on life as a whole came to his rescue when our interviewer endeavoured to get to close quarters with him, and he recalled one early errand of his, when at the other end he imbibed a beverage which contained something more than was ascribed to it on the label, and in consequence soon betrayed him to his seniors upon his return to the Brewery, who in horror realised that he had been "looking upon the wine when it was very red." This lesson learnt, he very soon passed the recruit stage to train on to a hardy veteran. To-day he thinks "Beer is Best"—with the usual qualifications, of course.

During the war Mr. Gleed enrolled under the Derby scheme. He also served as a Special Constable at Bristol headquarters.

His family life claims most of his spare time, although he acknowledges a fondness for choral singing, especially male voices. Crosswords also rivet his attention—even when en route to Board Meetings, so 'tis said!

His most valued "diploma" he tells us is that of A.B.C.S., which being interpreted means Associate of the Beer Connoisseurs' Society (Bristol Branch), which is typical of one side of his character only. Of the other, it requires few words from us to testify to the standard of efficiency which he has brought to bear upon the varied tasks he has had to undertake in so long a period of successful service.

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

### EDITORIAL.

#### MR. LOUIS SIMONDS' DAUGHTER.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Simonds, of Tithie Barn, Newnham, Hook, Hants, on November 19th. This is Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Simonds' first grandchild.

#### FOR THE BRETHREN (From the *Sunday Dispatch*).

There's some may sing  
Of dawn in Spring,  
And the beautiful things of life,  
While the young man bold  
With joy untold  
May talk of his new-wed wife.

But I sing the praise  
Of winter days,  
A tavern with ale in plenty,  
And the leaping heart  
As your first flung dart  
Flies true—to the "double twenty"!

#### THE BARMAID'S REPLY.

The proprietor of the village inn was giving the barmaid a piece of his mind. "You tell me you gave that man four double whiskies and chalked them on the slate? Don't you know that if you trust a man for drinks he never comes back?"

"Yes, sir; that's why I did it. He's the collector for the instalments on your new wireless set."

#### PRIZE TERRIER FOR HOLLAND.

Quite recently Mr. J. Williams, White Hart Hotel, Thatcham, exported by air to M. Heerkens Thyssen, Haarlem, Holland, his famous Welsh terrier, Penhill Pride, winner of over twenty first prizes at championship shows and one challenge certificate in this country. She left Croydon Aerodrome by Royal Dutch Air Line for the Royal Dutch Airport, Schiphol, near Amsterdam.—*Newbury Weekly News*.

#### BOTH DOING SAME WORK.

"Well, we won't quarrel," said a High Church clergyman to a Nonconformist parson at the end of a theological argument. "After all, we're both doing the Lord's work—you in your way, and I in His."

#### MISPRINTS.

The following amusing misprints did *not* appear originally in "The Hop Leaf Gazette":

"Lessons in Domestic Silence for Wives and Mothers."

From the prospectus of a new company: "Six thousand snares at £5 each."

#### DISCRETION.

*Counsel (examining witness)*: "You say you saw the shots fired?"

*Witness*: "Yes, sir."

"How near were you to the scene of the affray?"

"When the first shot was fired I was about ten feet from the shooter."

"Ten feet. Well, now tell the court where you were when the second shot was fired."

"I didn't measure the distance."

"Approximately how far would you say?"

"Well, I should think that it would be about half a mile."

#### BRUTALLY FRANK.

A well-known speaker lectured to the members of a literary society, and at the end of his address the secretary approached him with a cheque. This he politely refused, saying that it might be devoted to some charitable purpose.

"Would you mind," asked the secretary, "if we add it to our special fund?"

"Not at all," said the speaker. "What is the special fund for?"

"To enable us to get better lecturers next year."

## NEVER BE MANAGER.

A commercial traveller called on a new customer and handed him a small snapshot of his fiancée in place of his business card. "That sir," he said, "is the firm I represent."

The customer took the card and examined the rather determined looking features of the young lady. He then returned the snapshot.

"I'm afraid," he said, "you'll never be the manager of that firm."

## THE OATSMOBILE.

Oh, horse, you are a wonderful brute.  
No buttons to push, no horn to toot,  
You start yourself, no clutch to slip;  
No spark to miss, no gears to strip;  
No licence-buying every year,  
With plates to screw on front and rear,  
No gas bills climbing up each day,  
Stealing the joys of life away;  
No speed cops chugging in your rear,  
Yelling summons in your ear,  
Your inner tubes are all O.K.  
And thank the Lord, they stay that way  
Your spark plugs never miss and fuss,  
Your motor never makes one cuss.  
Your frame is good for many a mile,  
Your body never changes style,  
Your wants are few and easy met  
You've something on the auto yet!

## A FILLY.

"Who's that Joan you were talking about in your sleep?" asked the wife.

"That's all right, dear," said he, "a horse I won £10 on yesterday. Here's a fiver to buy a new hat."

When he returned from the office his wife said:

"You know that horse you backed yesterday?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, it rang up this afternoon."

## DOING WELL.

JONES: "How is your son getting on at college?"

SMITH: "He must be doing pretty well in languages. I've just paid for three courses—10 guineas for Latin, 10 guineas for Greek, and 100 guineas for Scotch."

## CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

Grantown Angling Association's order to its members to "show no mercy to the cormorant," and other Scottish angling clubs' offer of 5s. a head for the destruction of cormorants on account of their depredations among trout and young salmon, suggest a new indictment against a bird which has never had a very good reputation.

Sea fishermen have never had much love for the cormorant, chiefly, it is said, on account of the ancient superstition which says that it was not the form of a serpent but of a cormorant that Satan assumed when he tempted Eve, and as Milton has put it in these lines:

Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,  
The middle tree, and highest there that grew,  
Sat like a cormorant.

## FELINE DEVOTION.

The story of a cat's devotion to its mate was told recently in *The Manchester Evening News*. Apparently fire broke out suddenly and mysteriously in the cellar of a printing works. One of the workbenches smouldered into flame, and several dozen rolls of printing paper, together with a heap of ink-sodden refuse, became ignited. Within an hour the fireman had put out the fire and half-way up the stairs, within ten feet of safety, firemen found a young black cat lying dead. He was a stray who had made himself at home in the printing cellar for the past fortnight. Somebody had named him Dodger, and the name stuck. Nobody bothered much about his loss until they looked among the blackened refuse that the fire had left. There, against the wall, was a striped ginger cat—the Dodger's girl-friend. A bundle of oil-soaked machine rags had been her choice of bed for the night, and the fumes of their burning must have made her unconscious almost as soon as the fire started. But along the floor, from the corner where the ginger cat had curled up to sleep, right up to the place where she was finally found, were traces of where The Dodger, suffocating from the smoke, had dragged his girl friend towards the stairs that led to safety. He had pulled her more than twelve feet before abandoning the rescue and making a dash for his own life up the stairs. The Dodger didn't get to the top of the stairs—he hadn't left himself enough strength.

## INTERESTING MENU.

Here is an interesting menu drawn up by Mr. H. W. Rees, our Manager of the Angel Hotel, Staines, for the occasion of the David John Golf Club Dinner:—

## MENU.

- A Selection of Hazards  
(Hors d'Œuvre)
- Loft it with a Spoon  
(Soup)
- The Eighth Hole  
(Fish)
- Goblin among the Cranberries  
(Turkey)
- or
- Out of the Rough  
(Pheasant)
- Chipped on to the Greens  
(Game Chips and Brussels Sprouts)
- Brassie or Mashie  
(Baked and Mashed Potatoes)
- Shied off the Tree into the Snow  
(Apple Tart and Cream)
- Mixed Foursome in Winter  
(Fruit Salad and Cream)
- On top of a Bunker  
(Herring Roies on Toast)
- No Tee  
(Coffee)

## CAN YOU SOLVE THIS LITTLE SUM?

|                       |     |     |     |       |
|-----------------------|-----|-----|-----|-------|
| A boy's name          | ... | ... | ... | ..... |
| Another boy's name    | ... | ... | ... | ..... |
| A kind of a pig       | ... | ... | ... | ..... |
| A king                | ... | ... | ... | ..... |
| A servant of the town | ... | ... | ... | ..... |
| What a king wears     | ... | ... | ... | ..... |
| A leather worker      | ... | ... | ... | ..... |
| Total                 | ... | ... | ... | £     |

Answer on page 109.

## A TEST FOR ARITHMETICIANS.

The answer to this test which appeared in last month's HOP LEAF GAZETTE was that the total cost of the spades was nil, for of the three spades at 2/6 two wouldn't do and the other " was paid for." The prize offered has been sent to the sender of the first correct solution received. Most of the correspondents made the total 2/6, and a very large number of letters were received.

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

The Social Club's Annual Dinner will be held on Saturday, January 23rd, 1937, in the Large Town Hall, Reading.

Full details will be given in the January issue.

## WELL-KNOWN FAMILY OF FARMERS.

The photograph of our Mr. W. Bowyer's five farming cousins which appeared in last month's issue proved of widespread interest and there was a request from Royalty for a copy, which was, of course, promptly supplied. The excellent picture was taken by Guy & Collier, the well-known photographic artists of 106 Oxford Road, Reading, by whose courtesy it was published.

## MR. F. A. SIMONDS' GIFT TO READING UNIVERSITY.

A very impressive ceremony took place at Reading University when, on November 21st, Mr. F. A. Simonds presented the Chancellor (Sir Austen Chamberlain) with his portrait. In making the presentation, Mr. Simonds said how honoured he felt at the opportunity of doing so. He was an old Tory and Imperialist and idolised Sir Austen's illustrious father. He also watched with the greatest interest and pleasure the various steps taken by the Chancellor to rise to the position in the political firmament where he now rested on a pedestal amongst the great statesmen of the day. What a busy man is our Managing Director! He also presided at the great Conservative Meeting in the Large Town Hall when Mr. W. S. Morrison, K.C., Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, gave a masterly address. The affectionate regard in which Mr. Eric is held was demonstrated in a remarkable manner by the great reception accorded him. As the *Berkshire Chronicle* aptly put it, "A feature of the gathering was the affectionate welcome accorded to Mr. Eric Simonds and Lady Abram."

## THE INN AND THE CHURCH.

"To the inn there comes a congregation each evening as large and as potent in influence as those who gather in the church; the inn meets a want which nothing else supplies."—*A clergyman in the "Episcopal Diocesan Gazette."*

## CONGRATULATIONS.

Congratulations to Mr. F. H. Biggs on being promoted to the position of Manager of Portsmouth Branch as from the 1st December. His untiring efforts over a period of several years, whilst Clerk-in-Charge, have met their due reward and his old friends wish him continued success.

**KNOCK, KNOCK !**

**WHOSE THERE ?**

**S**IMONDS MAN

**WITH**

**B**EER IN A CAN

## A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

## SIDE-SHOOTS OF A SHOOT.

## SOME WONDERS OF THE WOODS.

Last month at a shoot out Basingstoke way a merlin was included in the bag. This, the smallest member of the falcon family, is a noble little bird that is rarely seen so far south, though they do migrate from the north in October and November. The merlin is also known as the stone falcon by reason of its habit of alighting on stones on the look-out for the flight of small birds which it means to do to death. Its much curved short beak seems admirably fitted for tearing to pieces its victims; these consist of larks, meadow pipits, plovers, mice, etc. Mr. Pryce, Mr. F. A. Simonds' head keeper, tells me he has seen them stoop to wild duck. On the moors they play havoc with young grouse, or moor poults, as they are called. A bluish-grey bird the merlin has a rusty-red breast, belly and thighs, with yellow legs and toes and black claws. As with other members of the hawk tribe the lady is bigger than the gentleman.

## BY NO MEANS EVERYTHING.

At a shoot the number of pheasants, partridges, pigeons, hares and rabbits that are shot is of course a big desideratum, particularly for the head keeper, who is responsible for the head of game in the coverts, etc., but it is by no means everything. Much catches your eye as you stroll through the woods or across the fields on a November day when the sun is mingled with the rain and a soft so'wester blows gently, rustling what remain of the beautifully tinted leaves, many of them falling like showers of gold at your feet.

## THE VIXEN !

It was on such an occasion that I was privileged to be present and one of many, many things we noticed was a cunning old fox. She had taken up her quarters on the outskirts of a covert and hid in her cosy form amid long dried grass fenced in by brambles. We were within a few feet of her before she moved and made some of us "jump" as she suddenly sprang to her feet and raced away, but not a gun was raised! She had actually made her bed right on the edge of the lawn and in full view of the drawing room windows of the house. I expect she had had her fair share of pheasants and very likely that very night had got on to the trail of a wounded bird and made a meal of her—the vixen!

## OUR SMALLEST BRITISH BIRD.

And then among the fir trees were little parties of gold-crests. Their thin small voices attracted my attention and there they were, the embodiment of happiness, and hanging on the twigs in all attitudes as they sought their insect food. They seem to spend their lives aloft and I do not remember ever seeing one on the ground except when gathering building material. A gold-crest is about as big as your thumb and with regard to weight they go 5½ birds to the ounce! Though such tiny tots of feathered animation they can weather the coldest winter, wrapped up in their "firs."

While many gold-crests remain with us all the year round, many also visit us only in the winter.

## A VERY HAPPY FAMILY.

Now there comes along a clan of long-tailed tits, a dozen or so of them, father, mother and children—and what a happy little family party! Their note, zit zit, is unmistakable and they derive their name from their abnormally long tails. Sometimes they are called bottle-tits by reason of their wonderfully formed nest. This is oval-shaped and made weatherproof by a thick coating of moss and lichen, wool and the web of spiders' eggs. At night, father, mother and children all sleep together in their luxuriously lined nest. The family remains together, O! so happily, throughout the winter and then in the spring along comes Cupid and separates them. As they move from one feeding ground, or rather tree, to another they represent a little flight of arrows.

Zit, zit, little birds, may you ever remain with us to brighten life by your cheery company and give us the joy of viewing your exquisite homes.

## A SOLITARY LITTLE BIRD.

As solitary as the long-tailed tit is sociable is the little tree-creeper and I saw several of these during the day. They are for all the world like feathered mice. They have the habit of flying to the base of a tree and jerking their way up and up and round and round the trunk. Their long curved bills are well suited to their purpose of extracting insects from crevices in the bark of trees while their tail feathers, strong in the shaft, not only assist the bird in climbing but help him to keep his hold on the tree. You rarely see more than one tree-creeper at a time until the mating season. As they climb the trees they are like a piece of moving bark and unless you listen for their little note *cheep cheep* in order to locate them you will not often see this solitary little mottled-brown bird.

Other little feathered friends included the cole tit with a white patch on the back of its head and neck, the marsh tit, with its deep black nape, bullfinches, greenfinches, green woodpeckers, etc.

## GOOD APPETITES FOR APPETISING MEAL.

Away west ominous-looking clouds are gathering and steady rain soon sets in for an hour or so. A halt in the day's proceedings is made for lunch and with appetites whetted by the open air we repair to shelter to partake of a wholesome meal and, with the sauce of real hunger, never was one more enjoyed.

I noticed that the kindly owner of the shoot had a look round to see that the beaters and others had plenty to eat and drink before settling down for food for himself—a little incident but meaning very much!

I did feel that it was in a very real sense "good to be here" and with that day in the open air, and amongst the best of company, will ever be associated very happy memories.

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS LITTLE SUM? (See page 104).

| The answer is :—    | £  | s. | d. |
|---------------------|----|----|----|
| " Bob " ... ..      |    | 1  | 0  |
| " Joey " ... ..     |    |    | 3  |
| Guinea (pig) ... .. | 1  | 1  | 0  |
| Sovereign ... ..    | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| Copper ... ..       |    |    | 1  |
| Brown ... ..        |    | 5  | 0  |
| Tanner ... ..       |    |    | 6  |
| Total ... ..        | £2 | 7  | 10 |

WHAT'S YOURS?

**S**AME AS **B**EFORE.

## THE "EVENLODE HOUSE," EYNESHAM.

*"There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."*—

Dr. Johnson.

Where the new Oxford By-Pass meets the old road through Eynsham to the west stands the recently opened "Evenlode House," humanising the one and quickening the other. It is surely of good omen for a hotel—a friendly place where friends may meet—that its situation and character should suggest so strongly this idea of conjunction. Ancient and modern, utility and beauty, rural integrity and urban amenity—all have contributed something here and proved themselves not incompatible.

The site is ideal, the house standing square and deep set in the angle of the junction. The westward traveller may well entertain the illusion at first sight of its dignified, gracious stonework, that the Cotswolds have advanced to the very gates of Oxford; for the building is in the characteristic style of the district, the home of the most lovely and lovable houses in England. The very name of the architect, Mr. Thomas Rayson, F.R.I.B.A., and of the builders, Messrs. Alfred Groves and Sons of Milton-under-Wychwood, are a guarantee that a noble tradition has been preserved and given new life.

The attention of one journeying in the other direction will probably be first engaged by the lofty and distinctive sign, framed in its scroll-work of wrought iron. The very fine painting of the river and bridge may remind him that he is approaching Oxford through one of its most delectable territories—that of the Upper Thames and its tributaries. Evenlode! The very name communicates the charm of lazy streams and placid water-meadows where cows stand deep in king-cups and dream the same dreams as for centuries past—a veritable "country for easy-livers, the quietest under the sun."

But twentieth century man, though his imagination may love to linger over the peacefulness of things that are past, is not of imagination all compact within; and after feeding his eye on the exterior will probably demand more solid satisfaction inside—not in vain. He will find it in both kinds and of the best. Of the furniture and appointments, both upstairs and down, in the bars, the dining-room and elsewhere, it need only be said that they are the last word in tasteful, unobtrusive comfort. Their clean modern simplicity will still strike no jarring note when the walls have weathered to the mellowness of Chipping Campden itself. In a word, here is good entertainment, if not for man and beast, for man

and machine; for besides the garage, a filling-station is in construction at the back. All are catered for; the person who elects to stay awhile in such inviting surroundings, the lorry-driver pulling in for a much-needed spell. And let us not forget the Oxford citizen who has now a further and fairer pretext for pedestrianism. Six miles is a tidy, seemly, little distance; and that great truth, "Beer is best" is perhaps most feelingly appreciated when feet and throat draw together to that harmonious conclusion.

In the murky days and nights now descending on us the flood-lit facade of Evenlode House will be a beacon in the darkness, an oasis in the waste, to many a wayfarer, and speak to him of such heartening things as fires, good cheer, the sound of rain on a solid roof. Meanwhile preparations are going on apace for the summer, when the comparative desert behind will bloom as and with the rose, and become a garden of dainty devices—for tea and other delights.

Last but not least, to touch on personal matters. It is a truism that the friendliest fare—even S.B.A. itself—can acquire an extra relish in the dispensing. The genial personalities of Captain and Mrs. W. E. H. Growdon are superlatively calculated to add that last grace to the hospitality of the establishment. If the eighteenth century poet could come to life and to the Evenlode House, he would certainly see no reason to revise his melancholy, but not entirely melancholy, verdict:—

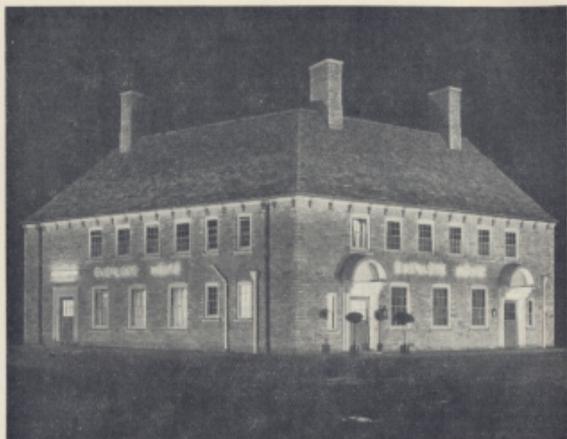
Who'er has travell'd life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome at an inn.

## EVENLODE HOUSE.

The Evenlode House is under the control of the Hotels and Catering Department and Captain and Mrs. W. E. Growdon have been appointed as managers. Captain and Mrs. Growdon were previously licensees at The White Hart, Ford, Nr. Chippenham, and have earlier association in the hotel world in Devonshire.

Captain Growdon served for many years in the Iraq Mounted Police and received a high decoration from the King of Iraq for services rendered to the Iraq Government. During the war was a pilot in the R.F.C., Superintendent and Physical Culture Instructor, R.A.F. Headquarters, Army of Occupation on the Rhine.

The widely increasing clientele of our Catering Houses and Hotels will be assured of a hearty welcome and the usual high standard of service of which there is already much evidence.



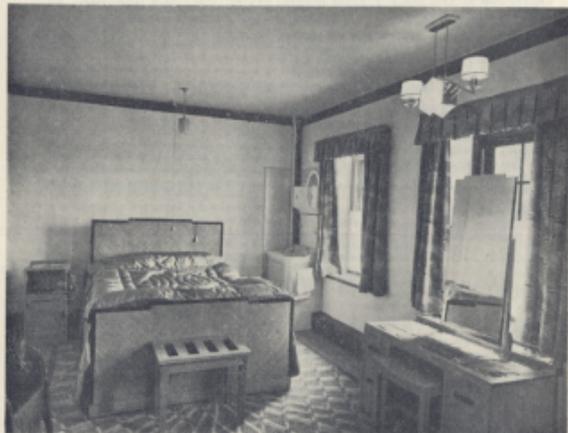
The Evenlode House Floodlit at Night.



The Evenlode House Lounge Bar.



The Evenlode House Dining Room.



A Bedroom at The Evenlode.

## A GREAT THOUGHT.

*It has always been understood that every family has a "family skeleton" tucked away in a cupboard—and at awkward moments some tactless member nearly opens the door wide enough for the ugly bones to be visible.*

*I think it would be much better to make a big hole and bury the skeleton for good and all, heaping plenty of earth on top. Such things are not wanted in any decently kept household, even if stored in the most out of the way cupboard. You would never feel safe, and might expect at any moment somebody with more nose than tact would pry it out!*

*Bury it at once, and deeply, and then forget about it.*

*Never produce to your neighbours, however good they are, the bones of old quarrels you have had with your husband. They might make mischief somehow, or they might think less of him, even if you ended up with "he's a dear, really, and all that's over now!"*

*Then about your health, if you are quite well say so with thankfulness, and if you are not, gloss it over, saying you feel a little better (or you are about the same). Don't embark on details. Organ recitals in church or hall are interesting and entertaining but "organ" recitals in a drawing room are dispiriting!*

*There are some people in the world who gloat over other people's troubles. They tell you with glee how the Smith boy lost his job, how Myrtle broke her engagement, how your maid was found secreting the sugar, or kissing a young man on the doorstep—even how your mother is getting old and troublesome. There is no limit to the matter they will discuss, but don't help them to gloat. Let the dead past bury its dead, very securely, and do not raise a finger to disinter it again.*

*Don't have skeletons in your cupboards, bury them. The more forgotten they are, the quicker they'll waste away!*

## FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES.

For every evil under the sun,  
There is a remedy, or there is none.  
If there is one, try to find it,  
If there is none, never mind it.

## MESSRS. H. &amp; G. SIMONDS.

## FINAL DIVIDEND FOR THE YEAR.

At a board meeting of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., held on Monday, November 23rd, the directors decided to recommend that a final dividend of 14 per cent. actual, less tax, be paid on the ordinary stock of the company for year ended September 30th last, making a total of 18 per cent. for the year.

The annual meeting will be held on December 21st, 1936, at 19 Bridge Street, Reading, at twelve o'clock noon.

Dividend warrants will be posted on December 22nd.

## MECHANIZATION.

*The few remaining Royal Horse Artillery batteries are shortly to be mechanized, and gunners throughout the Empire will sadly concur in the sentiments expressed by "W.K.H." in this poem which appeared in "Chambers' Journal."*

Many a veteran's head will shake and many a heart be sore  
To hear the news that the R.H.A. is the R.H.A. no more:  
The galloping guns that made the pride of many a gallant tale,  
That leapt to the tug of a six-horse team, will roll in a tractor's trail!

Nobody rode as they could ride, the man and the mount as one,  
And wheresoever a horse could go, there could they take the gun;  
One pace only for all they did was rapid enough—top speed,  
Till they stood and fired, while a gun was left, in the hour of deadly need.

Sad young driver, hang up your whip, and bid good-bye to your nags,  
Grow wise to the ways of a dead machine that is groomed with only rags  
The spur you polished so oft and well unbuckle from off your heel,  
And thank your stars if your bridle-hand is apt for the steering-wheel.

But those who sat in your saddles once, now stiff in the old arm-chair,  
Are glad they haven't your change to make, your drop in the world to share,  
And when, as the veteran loves to do, of their bravest days they dream,  
They'll thrill to think of a gun that bounds on the heels of a racing team.

## GOSSIP.

In common with the rest of men  
I have my faults, and then again,  
I have some little virtues, too,  
I try to cultivate, 'tis true.

And one of these, if you don't mind  
My saying so, is being kind  
And ready with a word of praise  
It's so uncommon nowadays.

For I've observed, and you no doubt  
Have noticed going round about,  
How freely people will refer  
To some poor fellow's character.

If he's unfortunate enough  
To slip and fall where going's rough  
They're sure to notice what he does  
And make it known with hems and haws.

Or if he wins the public eye  
Why, bless my soul if they don't try  
By innuendos or a wink  
To hint he's not what people think.

And, after hearing one of them  
Adjudicate and then condemn,  
A fellow goes away perplexed  
And wonders if he'll be the next.

According to these favoured few  
Our motives are exposed to view;  
The convolutions of the brain  
Are only wrapped in cellophane.

Misereatur Dominus  
On ninety-nine per cent. of us!  
For, even those who pass their test  
Are only tolerable at best.

To such, if they can read at all,  
May I suggest they read St. Paul  
Whose words of crystal clarity  
Define the scope of Charity.

O, then perhaps, these people would  
(Let's hope there is such likelihood)  
Discover that more mischief lies  
In gossiping than calumnies.

## COMMERCIALS.

Who are these with anxious faces,  
Seen in towns and busy places,  
Journeying with weary paces,  
Carrying their attaché cases.

Some are short and some are tall,  
Some have large bags, others small,  
Some are dressed in style, ye gods,  
Some are down at heel, poor . . .

Watch them and you'll see them stopping,  
Into shops they keep on popping,  
Then before your eyes can flicker,  
Popping out again much quicker.

What, pray tell us is their mission,  
That they go with such precision;  
Who are these poor hapless guys?  
Listen, and I'll put you wise.

These, let me inform you, sirs,  
Are Commercial Travellers,  
And their mission, it transpires,  
Is pursuing men, called BUYERS,  
Who, although not blind at all,  
Cannot see them when they call.

Pity not their lot, my brothers,  
Their reward is not like others,  
When is ended their life mission,  
They don't go down to perdition,  
That's a fate reserved for Liars,  
Thieves, Sales Managers and Buyers.  
No, their path on earth was rough,  
They were punished quite enough  
When they walked with anxious faces,  
In the towns and busy places,  
Journeying with weary paces,  
Carrying their attaché cases.

## EPILOGUE.

When those poor benighted mortals,  
Knock at the celestial portals,  
Show their cards and tell their story,  
Open fly the Gates of Glory!  
They have wiped out their transgression,  
And they have a grand procession,  
Led by Angels playing lyres,  
Last of all ten thousand Buyers,  
(All by forcible persuasion,  
Brought from Hell for the occasion),  
March behind them several paces,  
Carrying their attaché cases.

## THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

This world is all a fleeting show,  
 For man's illusion given;  
 The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,  
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—  
 There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,  
 As fading hues of even;  
 And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,  
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—  
 There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day!  
 From wave to wave we're driven,  
 And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray,  
 Serve but to light the troubled way—  
 There's nothing calm but Heaven!

THOMAS MOORE.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Carpet sweeping. If you have no suction cleaner, brush the carpet in every direction with stiff brush, then finish off in direction of pile. This is very effective, and leaves the carpet clean and better looking. A rub over occasionally with a leather wrung out of warm water and vinegar brightens up a carpet which has dulled with wear.

\* \* \* \*

Hot water stains. Table tops and furniture which is damaged by hot water may be repolished by covering the marks with salt and olive oil, allowing to remain on for an hour or so, and then wiping off and polishing as usual with good furniture cream.

\* \* \* \*

If bread crumbles when cut into thin slices, keep dipping the knife into boiling water. If cut with a hot wet knife, the slices should be perfect.

## SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN AT READING.

PRESENTED WITH HIS PORTRAIT BY MR. F. A. SIMONDS.

## IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY.

The Great Hall of the Reading University was crowded on Saturday morning, November 21st, when the Chancellor was presented with his portrait by Mr. F. A. Simonds. Sir Austen Chamberlain who wore his Chancellor's heavy robes of black and gold, was supported by Lady Chamberlain, the Vice-Chancellor, who was in robes of blue and gold, Mrs. Sibby, and members of the academic staff. There were also present Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Simonds, Sir William and Lady Rothenstein, the Borough Member (Dr. A. B. Howitt), the Mayor (Alderman Mrs. A. Jenkins), Dr. and Mrs. W. M. Childs, Lord Hirst, Professor F. M. Stenton (Deputy Vice-Chancellor), Mr. A. P. Shaw (treasurer of the University), Mr. A. G. West, Mr. L. Noel Sutton, Mr. A. W. Tudor, Mr. R. J. Venner, Canon A. G. Parham, Mr. H. T. Barnett, Mr. E. W. K. Slade, Colonel G. S. Field, Professor R. Dewar, Professor H. A. D. Neville, Professor Hawkins, the Registrar, the Bursar, the President and Vice-President of the Students' Union, and others.

## "A TORY AND IMPERIALIST."

Mr. F. A. Simonds, in making the presentation, said the Vice-Chancellor approached him many months ago and asked him if he would present to the University a portrait of the new Chancellor. "I did not have to think twice," he continued, "I was highly honoured to have that opportunity. I was glad for many reasons. Firstly, I suppose I am an old Tory and Imperialist. I idolized his illustrious father, and I have watched with the greatest interest and pleasure the various steps taken by your Chancellor to rise to that position in the political firmament where he now rests on a pedestal amongst the great statesmen of our day. I also watch at a respectful distance the performance of his not, perhaps, so beloved brother, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. (Laughter.) I regard him with awe, not to say almost with that fascination with which a rabbit watches a serpent, hoping that when the serpent strikes he will suffer from a severe attack of indigestion. (Laughter.)"

"I am a citizen of Reading, born in Reading, and have spent the whole of my business life in Reading. We here do appreciate the great value of the University to the town of Reading and the surrounding districts. I know full well the great benefactions conferred upon this University by industrialists of this town and others who inspired this venture, and it is up to us of another generation to do something to contribute to the welfare of this University." The portrait was an excellent one, and he hoped it would be placed in a position where it would be held in high honour for generations to come, and would be a memorial for those who came after to one of the greatest statesmen and one of the greatest benefactors in this country. He was conscious of the fact that there was a demand for greater scope for University life amongst the rising generation, and it was at Universities such as Reading and the younger ones like it, where there was that opportunity for the education which so many young people required, and must have after leaving their public school.

#### HAPPY ASSOCIATIONS.

The Chancellor accepted the portrait, and, after paying tribute to the care the artist had taken and the skill he had shown, said it was a very happy fact in his life that the University of Reading had invited him to be its Chancellor. "I am proud to be associated with it," he continued, "and the more I know of the University the greater I feel it is an honour which the University has done me. I have no doubt that the Vice-Chancellor and the Court will accept the portrait, and I hope it will be hung on the walls of the University, and that long after I am gone there will be a memorial of my happy and honoured connection with the University. When we were young we found a great deal to criticize in the schools and universities we attended. The further you get away from those days the more conscious you are of the debt you owe to the teachers, and for the opportunities of companionship which student life offered. Important as the school years were, the training for life at the Universities was still more important.

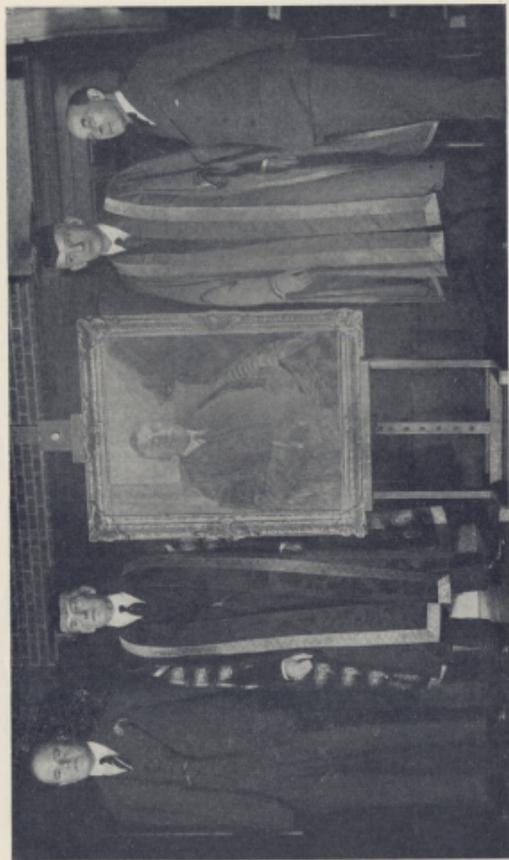
"In the days when we were ceasing to be boys and were becoming men, no subject was taboo, no possibility was beyond argument, and no question that we could not discuss, sometimes perhaps idly, but with a sense that if only you pursued the matter far enough there must be an answer and a right solution to every problem. In my way through life

in the particular career I have chosen I have long since ceased to believe that every question has a solution, or, at any rate, that it has a reasonable or good solution. The problems that meet one in later life are seldom a choice between things that are definitely right or wrong, because if that be so the problem is solved and there is no problem." They are instead two possible courses, neither of them without great objections, and each possessing some advantages. You have to make your decision, conscious that much of what you will require for a wise decision is still hidden from you, although a few weeks later it will be apparent to your critics.

#### DANGERS OF EDUCATION.

"I feel that not only have our Universities a great part to play in our life to-day, but that as the years go by that part will become even more important. I would have you students think of the University, not as something which merely gives degrees or diplomas which have perhaps a material value, but as a great experience and inspiration, a great opportunity of getting glimpses into whole areas of knowledge outside your own peculiar studies. There is one great danger attendant upon our present education from the bottom to the top. It is lest examinations and their results should become an aim in themselves, lest even learning should become, as it were, mechanized and material."

The Vice-Chancellor received the portrait on behalf of the University. It was, he said, a permanent record, drawn by a master hand, of their honoured Chancellor.



On the right of the portrait is Mr. F. A. Simonds with the Chancellor (Sir Austen Chamberlain), and on the left the Vice-Chancellor and Sir William Rothenstein, the artist who painted the picture.

[Reproduced by the courtesy of the "Berksite Chronicle."]



[Reproduced by the courtesy of the "Berksite Chronicle."]

The Chancellor views his portrait.

## BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

A Happy and Merry Christmas to all our readers.

I count Mr. A. T. Walsh as one of my most personal friends at The Brewery and we all think the reproduction of his jovial countenance (it can be very serious at times) in last month's issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE a very good likeness. For many years both of us have lived at Caversham and, at present, reside in the same road, although nearly a mile apart. We have had many happy times together, many happy drinks together and for that matter many arguments together; still, we've never managed to "fall out" and have been good friends all the while. Well here's hoping his shadow will never grow less.

Another friend of the old days, viz., Mr. F. H. Biggs (in those days always Peter) I would like to congratulate on his promotion to Manager of Portsmouth Branch—a well deserved honour. I am sure he can, like myself, recall many happy times spent during those summer camps at or near to the Fisheries, Caversham. I sincerely wish him every success.

News of Mr. F. Kimpton is that although he is progressing very well, longer time must elapse before he knows the verdict of the specialist. However, his letters reveal a very cheery outlook on life so we all hope that this Christmas will be a truly happy one, aided by his Medical Officer saying "Medicine and Duty."

Christmas, or rather the preparation for it, finds several departments working at full pressure. 'Tis to be hoped all will do their very best for us by ordering their requirements early. **It will help us.**

Football for Reading supporters has taken an upward trend. It is thought that the players are getting more of that will-to-win spirit which was such a feature last season. It only requires a good run in the cup to ensure the old enthusiasm returning.

Portsmouth have risen to great heights this season although, perhaps, they have not been doing so well the last few matches. Nevertheless, they are always a hard team to beat at Fratton Park.

It would seem that Plymouth Argyle are set on promotion this season. Judging by results they are playing wonderfully well. To Reading fans it is pleasing for us to know that McNeil retains his place at centre-half—it is quite a while ago he used to play for Reading. Another amazing point is that the players for Plymouth this season, as a team, are the smallest that have ever represented the club.

Brighton have been having a good run in the league and Reading were well satisfied with one point when they visited the Goldstone Road Ground recently. Is it the seaside air that does the trick?

The Bristol teams seem variable and by no means can they be considered promotion candidates. Possibly one of these seasons we shall find one of the teams (maybe both) making the pace hot and going all out for the Second Division of the Football League.

Of course we are not without our cricket enthusiasts, who are all agog with excitement over the Test Matches. Now that practically everyone has a wireless set, most of us know the "Close of Play" before we reach Bridge Street.

Mr. C. Langton who, unfortunately, broke his leg some while ago had a nasty experience the other day by running a needle right through one of his toes. It meant going to hospital, where he had an agonising time until the needle was removed. After limping about for some days he has now made a splendid recovery.

The Catering Department are going ahead and find it necessary to move to larger and more commodious premises.

A new departure this year for H. & G. Simonds Ltd. is the banking of Slate Clubs, Thrift Clubs, Loan Clubs, etc. money and as the time for paying out is fast approaching, this is proving rather a big job. It is surprising how these clubs flourish and they do a lot of good there is no doubt.

A real boom seems to have set in for the game of darts and although by some people, in days gone by, it was looked down upon, now that the ladies can throw as good a dart as the men very often, the game has increased by leaps and bounds. I have an idea however that billiards is still holding its own.

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

The Hinds Head, Bracknell (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. L. Simms.

The New Inn, Heckfield (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. H. C. Collyer.

The Horse Shoes, Shepperton (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. L. Nunns.

#### SIMONDS' ATHLETIC FOOTBALL CLUB.

"A" Team—Games played, 12. Won, 5. Lost, 7.

We opened our programme against our old friends East Reading Adult School, and were beaten by 4 goals to nil; the following week saw a strong St. Barts' team defeat us 3 goals to nil, thus causing our exit from the Reading Town Senior Cup. Our next opponents were Huntley and Palmers, who defeated us by 3 goals to 1, Rees scoring for the Brewery. Still victory eluded us for both Thatcham and Newbury took full points from us, although the team are to be commended for their gallant second half fight against Thatcham and they really deserved to draw, being beaten by the odd goal of 5.

Now for victory. We gained our first two points against East Reading by defeating them by 2 goals to 1, Braisher and Sayer being the marksmen. The following week we played the return match and defeated them by 6 goals to 2, L. Jacobs (2), J. W. Allen (3) and Mileham scoring; this game was described to me as being the best game seen on Palmer Park.

Our next opponents were Abingdon Town who we defeated by 3 goals to 2, J. W. Allen (2) and L. Jacobs netting for the Brewery. Then we entertained Wallingford Town who, I am sorry to say, broke our winning sequence by defeating us 4 goals to nil, but this did not damp our lads feelings for the following week they defeated Caversham Institute, after a most pleasant and sporting game, by 3 goals to 2, Tuttle, J. W. Allen and Mortimer (from a penalty) being our marksmen. This match was the Third Round, Berks and Bucks Junior Cup.

Next we travelled to Abingdon Town only to find a thick fog; the Referee did not think it was too bad, so a start was made, but as time passed the fog got thicker and one had to rely on the shouts from the players to know what was going on. Our boys were most unlucky, being beaten by 3 goals to 1 after bombarding their opponents goal practically all the second half; that ever popular and scheming captain, Jack Smith, scored our goal.

Our next game was at home to Didcot Town who hold a most prominent position in the league (second from top), but our lads rose to the occasion and defeated them by 2 goals to 1.

This month we publish a photograph of the "A" team in which you will notice that ever popular and sporting President, Major Shea-Simonds, also Mr. H. M. P. Ashby, who is attending committee meetings and matches every week. And that is not all, his sporting spirit has urged him to don the club's colours, so I am sure it is the wish of all my colleagues that I thank him most heartily for the enthusiasm he is showing towards the football club, also Mr. C. Townsend, ex-Reading Football Club, who is acting as Trainer so loyally and capably since the commencement of the season. He pays close attention to all the players, not only on Saturdays, but, if necessary, throughout the week, and last but not least we thank Mr. Kemp, who has undertaken that most vital position, 'Linesman,' which he does most thoroughly.



[Photograph reproduced by the courtesy of the "Evening Gazette".]

Doctors say:

SMOKES AFTER DINNER  
BUT DRINK **S** **B** FOR DINNER

If you cannot milk chocolate  
You can to advantage Milk Stout  
Which nourishes the body and  
Keeps the cold out.

## SIMONDS' TENNIS CLUB.

A most enjoyable dance, organised by the Tennis Club, was held at Palm Lodge on Tuesday, 1st December, when about one hundred and fifty danced to the strains of music provided by Alex. McMurray and his Orchestra.

Mr. R. St. J. Quarry kindly presented the prizes to the winners of the Lucky Spot and Novelty Competitions, viz., Miss Kirkpatrick and Mr. Nicholls, Miss Smith and Mr. White, Mrs. Huddy and Mr. Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Hillier.

The Dance Committee takes this opportunity to thank all those who assisted to make the event so successful.



[Photo by the courtesy of the "Evening Gazette."]

A group of the happy company at the dance.



## WORDS OF WISDOM.

Lose an hour in the morning and you will be all day hunting for it.

All who joy would win  
Must share it—  
Happiness was born  
A twin.

If you are On the Rocks, be a Lighthouse.

"Tell not your secrets to the old—  
For old doors often creak,  
Tell not your secrets to the young—  
For new pails sometimes leak."

One is so partial and so blind regarding self that one blames in others the things one practises daily.

## CHARM.

Unconsciously we love it—  
The fond smile in her eyes,  
So subtle, yet how simple,  
With a grace that never dies ;  
It's the sweetness of a loving heart  
That rises up to bless :  
It's the loving touch of God's own hand—  
A Mother's tenderness !

One unpleasant consequence of the swelled head is the cold shoulder.

The man who never makes a mistake will be found taking his orders from one who does.

It's the little things that bother us—you can sit on a mountain, but not on a tack !

Is it different to say who is the guilty: he who retails scandal or he who listens to it.

Politeness is like an air cushion. There may be nothing in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully.

The streams of sorrow and consolation flow from the same source.

A THOUGHT.

For the best that thou canst be  
Is the service asked of thee.

Say what is true and what is pleasant. Do not say what is pleasant and not true, nor what is true and not pleasant.



An interesting picture of pigeon shooting at the Warren House, Billingbear, Berks. about 1780.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Many a man who swears he would go through hell for a girl marries her and does.

An Englishman and an American were watching Vesuvius in eruption.

"Well, my friend," said the Englishman, "I don't think you've anything in your country to equal that."

"Perhaps not," was the reply; "but we've a fire-brigade in New York that could put it out."

My instinct tells me that when men talk of old times they don't want a female audience.

A little girl was told by her teacher to write a composition on "Ants." She began: "Ants are of two kinds, insects and lady uncles."

"Sorry to put you to the trouble of fetching water especially for me," said an English tourist who had ordered whisky in a Scottish inn.

"Och, mon, it's nae trouble," replied the landlord; "we always keep a drop on the premises in case of fire."

An old story that is never long out of circulation is of two schoolboys, one of whom asked the other if he could tell him how to teach a girl to swim.

"Oh, yes," replied his friend. "You lead her gently into the water, then you put your arm round her waist—"

"Don't be a silly ass! It's my sister."

"Oh, that's different. Just shove her in."

"At a recent cat show in London most of the winners were women," says a writer. He shouldn't say things like that.—*Punch*.

"Say, dad, I don't find this book of much help," said a boy who had just begun to collect butterflies and moths.

"Where did you get it from?" asked his father.

"From the library. It's called *Advice to Young Mothers*, but there's not a word about moths in it."

"This is so sodden," as the lady remarked, when a gentleman proposed to her in a swimming bath.

\* \* \*

Bishop Thorold, under whom I served, was very clever in the writing of terse postcards. On one occasion a parson wrote to him asking for leave of absence to travel in the Holy Land. Back came this postcard:

"My dear Vicar, you may go to Jericho!"—From "*Humours of a Parish*," by the Rev. W. B. Money.

\* \* \*

What is it that has been defined as "the pursuit of pale pills by purple people"?

Golf.

\* \* \*

Said a negro, looking into the grave of a departed friend. "Well, Sambo, ol' feller, we hopes you is gone where we 'specks you ain't."

\* \* \*

The following "howlers" are more or less genuine, probably less:

A Round Robin is an overfed Redbreast.

The Royal Mint is what the King puts on his roast lamb.

A Spa is a place where you drink your Bath water.

\* \* \*

An epicure dining at Crewe,  
Found quite a large mouse in his stew.  
Said the waiter, "Don't shout,  
And wave it about,  
Or the rest will be wanting one too!"

\* \* \*

COUNSEL: "Can you describe the position of the barrow that caused the obstruction?"

WITNESS: "Yes, sir; it was a kind o' slanting dicular."

\* \* \*

From an American newspaper:

It has been estimated that about two per cent. of the people in the world do the world's thinking, and judging by the quality of the thinks, about seventy-five per cent. of that two per cent. would be better at work.

\* \* \*

Some people seem to think that their marriage vows are only binding "until debt do us part."

\* \* \*

An advertisement for a lecture says the lecturer "speaks straight from the shoulder." We prefer lectures that originate a little higher up.

\* \* \*

An amusing story was told in the *Star* of a headmaster who said he found his recommendation was sometimes of more use than examination results in getting a boy a job. One boy, whom he sent to be interviewed, had to admit that he had done badly in examinations. "Never mind," said the business man, "What do our shares stand at to-day?" "Fifty-two and sixpence," said the boy, and got the job.

"And how did the boy know that?" the schoolmaster was asked. "Because I told him just before he went," was the reply.

\* \* \*

According to the *Kent Messenger*, the following is an actual copy of a bill of expenses handed to his master by a Kent farm labourer early last year:

Aosferada, 2s.

Afertheos, 1s.

Ashuonim, 1s.

Anafechinoniminagin, 2s.

The answer is:

A horse for a day, 2s.

Hay for the horse, 1s.

A-shoeing of him, 1s.

And a-fetching of him in again, 2s.

\* \* \*

A Jew was asked why he called his house "The Cloisters."

"Vell," he replied, "we're cloister the trams, and cloister the tube, and cloister the synagogue."

\* \* \*

LITTLE GIRL: "May I come in and play with Marjorie, Mrs. Smith?"

"Yes, dear, but does your mother know where you are?"

"Oh, yes; and I may stay to tea if I'm asked."

\* \* \*

MAGISTRATE: "Thirty days."

INCORRIGIBLE: "Hath September, yer washup."

"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."

A true story was told in the *Morning Post* of an essay competition at a London elementary school. The headmaster, an ardent pacifist, offered prizes for the best essays on "How I can further the cause of Peace." The winners were asked to say what prizes they would like—Among the things chosen were an air-gun, a dummy automatic-pistol, and a box of lead soldiers.

This was given a few years ago in the *Daily Mail* as authentic. It is an American's comment on first seeing the Victoria Falls:

"Kid, compared with this the Niagara Falls are mere perspiration."

"Why do you wear furs all the year round?"

"To give me a spruce appearance."

"What a wooden idea."

A correspondent in *John o' London's Weekly* quoted the following old gardening rhyme which he heard in the '70's:

"Ole man," I says to 'im, I says,  
 "I'll bet you can tell I, I weens,  
 Jist 'ow to prewent May frost," I says,  
 "From a-cuttin' off my beans."  
 "You're right," says 'e, "you're right," 'e says,  
 "An' I'll tell 'ee pretty soon;  
 Take my advice, an' doan't 'ee go  
 An' put 'em in till June."

From a letter to a schoolmaster, quoted in *Punch*:

"Please excuse John from school to-day, as father's ill and the pig has got to be fed."

Sir John Lavery tells of an old Scottish gardener's comment on a picture entitled "The Fall."

"It's a' wrang," he said, when asked his opinion of the picture, "Eve's temptin' Adam wi' an apple what wasn't known till about twenty years ago."

"It's no use arguin' with 'im, mate. Tell 'im Queen Anne's dead, and 'e'll ask to see the death certificate."

LUCY (to guest): "Do you like that cake, Mrs. Brown?"

MRS. BROWN: "Yes, dear, very much."

"That's funny, 'cause Mother said you haven't any taste."

"Has anyone commented on the way you drive?"

"Yes, a city magistrate made a brief remark once—£10 and costs."

A Scot up in town for the international match was seen standing in the Strand with a piece of bread in his hand. It is said he was waiting for the traffic jam.

"Scotsmen are rarely vindictive," says one of them. But equally they are rarely for giving!

AUNT JANE: "Robert, are you teaching the parrot to swear?"

ROBERT: "No, auntie, I'm just telling him what not to say."

"My wife has the worst memory I ever heard of."

"Forgets everything, eh?"

"No, remembers everything."

The difference between a Scotsman and a canoe: A canoe tips.

"Your honour," said the witness, "you may take my statement as being absolutely correct. I have been wedded to truth since my childhood."

"Quite possible," said the judge, "but what the court wants to know is how long have you been a widower?"

MR. RICHMAN: "How do you like this place? Shall we buy it?"

HIS WIFE: "Oh, it's perfectly lovely! The view from this balcony is so fine that it leaves me speechless."

"Then we'll buy it."

Women are said to talk less during cold weather. But then their teeth begin to chatter.

\* \* \*

"Yes, Jones is the most successful salesman I know."

"What's he done now?"

"Yesterday he sold Mrs. Brown two dozen stair-carpet rods."

"I don't see anything wonderful in that."

"Neither did I until I realised that the Browns live in a bungalow."

\* \* \*

A case that was brought before the local magistrate involved the rightful ownership of an eight-day clock.

After hearing both sides of the argument the magistrate turned to the prosecutor.

"You get the clock," he told him gravely.

"Look here, what do I get?" complained the defendant furiously.

"You get the eight days," snapped the magistrate.

\* \* \*

"Do you have many lines to speak in the new play?"

"No; I take the part of the husband."

\* \* \*

"Do you ever play cards for money?"

"No, but I used to think I did."

\* \* \*

"No," said the shopkeeper, "we can't take a gramophone back after a customer's had it for a year. Is there anything wrong with it?"

"Aye," answered the Scot, "the needle's broken."

\* \* \*

"Some advocate moderation," said the temperance orator, "and some counsel total abstinence. Now, what is the great drink question?"

"What'll you have?" said a voice.

\* \* \*

"Mummy, what becomes of a car when it gets too old to run?"

"Somebody sells it to your father!"

\* \* \*

"Oh, Mr. Butcher, about that joint you sold me last week. Did you say it was imported or deported from Australia?"

\* \* \*

"One's neighbour in Australia," a friend writes, "often lives as much as twenty miles away." In that country, when a man buys a lawn-mower, it practically becomes his own property.

\* \* \*

YOUNG WIFE (*who is trying hard to be practical*): "I see eggs are firmer according to the market reports."

HUSBAND: "Yes, my love."

WIFE: "That means they are hard boiled, doesn't it?"

\* \* \*

COUNSEL (*to policeman witness*): "But if a man is on his hands and knees in the middle of the road, that does not prove he was drunk?"

POLICEMAN: "No, sir, it does not. But this man was trying to roll up the white line."

\* \* \*

PORTER: "Miss, your train is——"

PRECISE PASSENGER: "My man, why do you say 'your train' when you know it belongs to the railway company?"

PORTER: "Dunno, Miss. Why do you say 'my man' when you know I belong to my wife?"

\* \* \*

MISTRESS: "Well, Mary, I'm sorry that you want to leave me. What's the reason?"

Mary remained silent, twiddling her apron and blushing.

MISTRESS: "Speak up! Is it something private?"

MARY (*in a burst of confidence*): "No, mum—please, it's a lance corporal!"

\* \* \*

ALGY (*recounting tedious story*): "And then the big brute threatened to blow my brains out."

FRIEND: "And did he?"

\* \* \*

"Farm products," complained the consumer, "cost a good deal more than they used to."

"Sure they do," agreed Farmer Giles. "When a farmer has to know the botanical name of what he is raising, and the zoological name of the insect that eats it, and the chemical name of what will kill it, somebody's got to pay."

After many months of unemployment Pat got a job as packer in a china factory. Not being used to the work, it was not long before he dropped and smashed a valuable bowl. At the end of the week, when he went to draw his pay, Pat was informed that a small amount would be deducted every week until the damage was paid for.

"And how much was that bowl valued at?" asked Pat curiously.

"One hundred pounds," replied the cashier. Pat began to laugh.

"Begorra!" he cried. "It looks as though Oi'd be gettin' a permanent job at last."

\* \* \* \* \*

CUSTOMER (*doubtfully*): "Is it a pedigree dog?"

DEALER: "Pedigree! Why, if this dog could talk, he wouldn't speak to either of us!"

\* \* \* \* \*

CALLER: "You report me as saying I knew no more about the matter than I did about riding Greek goats."

REPORTER: "Yes. Wasn't that what you said?"

"Certainly not. I said 'writing Greek odes.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Does your wife play bridge for money?"

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

\* \* \* \* \*

NEW MAID: "How do I announce dinner? Do I say 'Dinner is ready' or 'Dinner is served'?"

MISTRESS: "If it is like it was yesterday, just say 'Dinner is burnt.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

As the doorman ran down to open the limousine door he tripped and rolled down the last four steps. "For heaven's sake be careful," cried the club manager. "They'll think you are a member."

\* \* \* \* \*

VISITOR (*speaking of little boy*): "He has his mother's eyes."

MOTHER: "And his father's mouth."

CHILD: "And his brother's trousers."

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the inmates of a certain prison was called into the Governor's office.

"You were sent here, I believe, for writing a glowing prospectus for an oil company."

"Yes," said the prisoner, "I was a little too optimistic."

"Well," went on the Governor, "the authorities want a report on conditions in this prison. I've decided to let you write it."

\* \* \* \* \*

The man who had sold the car to Albert had assured him that he would be surprised at the speed of it. When he found himself in a quiet country lane he decided to give it a real test, pressed hard on the accelerator, and felt the car leap forward like a bullet from a gun. The speedometer raced round like a clock gone mad. Telegraph poles became a hazy, wooden fence.

Then came a crash, and he awoke later in a hospital bed. It was Carnival Day at the hospital, and Albert caught sight of three students dressed as Red Indians. He gaped at them through his bandages, his eyes aglow with wonderment.

"Indians!" he gasped. "Great heavens! What a car!"

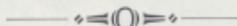
\* \* \* \* \*

Lord Pomp was making a periodical visit to a certain mental hospital. Nearing the main entrance he saw emerging towards him a very well dressed gentleman. Thinking him connected with the place, he greeted him with a polite "Good morning."

The person returned the greeting and halted, remarking, "Are you going to the hospital, sir?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I'm Lord Pomp."

"Go on in, sir," came the rejoinder; "they'll cure you. I thought I was Mussolini when I came here first."





The above photograph is a group of the Brewing Department Staff which was taken about 44 years ago. Many of the faces will be remembered by older members of the present staff. It will be observed that several are wearing their old school caps.

## BRANCHES.

### OXFORD.

The Staff at Oxford Branch send hearty Christmas and New Year Greetings to the Directors, Heads of Departments, and Staff at Reading, subsidiary Companies and Branches.

#### COMRADES CLUB, WANTAGE, ANNUAL SUPPER.

NOVEMBER 26TH, 1936.

The Annual Supper was held at the Comrades' Club on Thursday, November 26th and was, as usual, a great success. We were very glad to welcome our old friend, Mr. Timms, and his supporters from Oxford. After an excellent repast, put on, as someone from Oxford said, "better than ever" by the ladies, the toast of the King was honoured. The President of the Club (Mr. J. Ross Ormiston) was in the Chair and was supported by several vice-presidents and visitors, among whom of the latter was the Revd. Cyril Gardner, Chaplain to St. Mary's School. Father Gardner, who responded to the toast of "The Visitors" struck just the right note and put everyone in good spirits by a very witty "after-dinner" speech, into which he wove many funny anecdotes of his experiences whilst he was an A.S.C. (M.T.) lorry driver in France. After the toast list was concluded, members and guests adjourned to the billiards room where a capital programme of songs, etc. was thoroughly enjoyed. Messrs. H. & G. Simonds' celebrated "emblem" was greatly in evidence and very definitely strengthened Mr. Arthur Merritt's contention (in his favourite monologue "when I lays down me tools, I lays 'em down") that you can't get up a political argument on cocoa. Several letters of apology were read including one from Mr. Freddie Fox, who was in Manchester. "Freddie" wrote how sorry he was not to be spending the evening at the Club but asked everyone "not to be too hard on the Coroner" (the President). These annual functions do a great deal to cement the spirit of good fellowship which has so long prevailed in the Club. The only dismal spot in the evening was the absence of that good old sport, Sgt. Major Frank Smith, who was the Club's first steward and extremely popular with everyone.

### LONDON.

All at London Branch through the medium of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE tender their best wishes for Christmas and New Year to the Directors of the Firm and to all at Reading and Branches.

The Editor we trust will be blessed with the best of all good wishes—" Good Health."

ROCHESTER WAY (ELTHAM) SOCIAL CLUB.  
CHILDREN'S OUTING.

Now we are faced with long dark evenings with a cold snap in the air, we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that winter is approaching. We snuggle ourselves in an armchair by the fireside with a book or newspaper or watch the wife busy with the knitting needles, or shall we think of the summer that has passed. Despite the inclement weather some of us can recall many happy days when the weather was really summerlike.

The writer spent his holidays in the early part of August, when the weather was most dismal and depressing and as he remembered that the 15th August, 1936, was a very important day in the Club's life he did not feel too optimistic, as a fine summer day was essential to ensure a happy and jolly time. This was the date the Club Committee had selected for their Children's Annual Outing to Sheerness.

To add to the organisers worries the Railway Company informed them on the day preceding the event that they would probably have to cancel the outing owing to a breakdown on the bridge connecting the mainland with the Isle of Sheppey. However, late on Friday, 14th August, the Railway Company informed us to change at Sittingbourne and to proceed by coaches to Sheerness.

The morning arrived in a blaze of glorious sunshine. Two hundred and fifty children assembled, accompanied by approximately 75 adults. The twelve Club Stewards muster the children in six groups, distribute ribbons of similar colour to their own rosettes for each respective group, give each kiddo a bag of sweets and fruit and off they march to the station, happy and bright.

A special train had been chartered and soon the engine commenced to move and so did the children commence to sing, a happy, care-free party. The coaches were awaiting them at Sittingbourne, which was a real blessing in disguise, as it provided a variety in the travelling.

Straight to the Victoria Club, Sheerness, which had been kindly offered to us as the venue by the officials of that Club, and to whom we tender our warmest thanks. Food was then provided and, in addition, the Club Chairman handed each Steward a shilling for each child for their day's pocket money.

The sun was still shining, a real summer's day, the best Sheerness had so far enjoyed. Off to the beach, some to bathe, some to row, or to the Fair Ground, always under the eye of St. John Ambulance nurses who kindly accompanied the party.

The Stewards and Officials hereabout took the opportunity of relaxing in the bar to partake of a well earned beverage.

The party are mustered at 4 p.m. for tea and strange to relate, all were present to enjoy it. A good tea and the sun still shining, so everybody is happy. After tea, back to the beach until it is time to embark for home.

Prior to going home we encountered a plague of flying ants and the story was circulated that the queen ant had started off on her journey to the ant castle, followed by her male escort, but we still don't know why she selected Sheerness to start from.

Back to Eltham by 7.30 p.m. train, a happy but tired party, who were revived by refreshment and music when we reached the Club. Time arrives for the children to depart for bed, after a most glorious day, which was voted as the best ever.

The Stewards sigh with relief that their efforts had been crowned with such success and were now free to partake of Simonds Best at their leisure.

So my story ends.

INCOGNITO.

ROCHESTER WAY (ELTHAM) SOCIAL CLUB.

DART CLUB

Another eventful day in the Club's history of 1936 was the outing of the Dart Section to Southend on 30th August. It is said the sun shines on the righteous! How it shone that day!!

Off at 8.30 a.m. by coach to the cheering of wives and children. [Assume they were joyful with the knowledge they were seeing their men off for a whole day.]

Early lunch was taken on the road, as the picture depicts—" nuff said." Southend was reached after a very pleasant ride.

The party then broke up to make their own enjoyment. A certain number refreshed themselves to the accompaniment of music, and the Simonds badge which all were wearing caused the party to be treated as Canadians.

Tea was taken at 4.30 p.m. followed by speeches by Club Chairman and Secretary. The Chairman spoke on the necessity of having a successful dart section in the Club to foster the feeling of good fellowship and the manner in which they assist to build up a good club. He was glad to be one of their party on this happy occasion and to pass a hearty vote of thanks to the Landlords for their generous contribution to make the day a success.

The Secretary stated he was happy to assist the section in every possible way and hoped that this enjoyable function would be followed by many others.

The party then disbursed to remain to see the illuminations.

At 10.30 p.m. they commenced their journey homeward bound, a very happy and boisterous party. They reached the Club grounds at 12.30 a.m. to bid each other good-night and all remarked it had been a real good outing.

As a sequel to above outing, two later evening coach trips were enjoyed by members and wives to see the illuminations of Southend at night.

INCOGNITO.



Mr. G. Leer, Secretary.

Mr. H. S. Cross, Chairman.

ROCHESTER WAY (ELTHAM) SOCIAL CLUB.

ANNIVERSARY.

The Club reached its third anniversary on 28th September. It hardly seems three years ago when Mr. C. Bennett and Mr. W. Bowyer handed the building over to the chairman and his committee as a club house to meet the needs of the Estate as a centre for social intercourse.

To celebrate the occasion, a supper, followed by a cabaret entertainment was arranged by the Entertainment Committee. Unfortunately Messrs. Bennett and Bowyer were unable to attend owing to business demands.

The Club Chairman welcomed the ladies and guests and supper commenced at 8.30 p.m. A most enjoyable meal was followed by speeches, first by the Chairman, who stated that since the club opened three years ago, it had made steady progress and had fulfilled the objects for which the building had generously been opened as a social centre by the Landlords. He said nothing spectacular had been undertaken as he and the committee realized the spending capacity of the members and club finance would not permit, but each year we attempted and succeeded in improving on previous year's activities. He recalled the club's functions of 1936 and from the light of experience the committee would endeavour to surpass their previous successes in the forthcoming year. It was their ambition to go from better to better. On behalf of the club he thanked the Landlords for their kindly interest and assistance given in the welfare of the club. He was pleased to introduce Mr. T. Mansfield, President of Greenwich Town Social Club, who had kindly accepted the invitation to attend, also Messrs. H. Ward, A. Andrews, G. Oram, R. Kingwell of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. London Branch.

Mr. H. Ward responded and said he was very pleased to attend the club's third anniversary and hoped to attend many, many more. On behalf of the Landlords he was happy to see the progress the club was making and felt sure that with confidence of the members, chairman and his committee, the club would continue to prosper. The Landlords, he said, carefully studied the club's welfare and on their behalf wished it every success and prosperity.

Mr. Mansfield gave an inspiring speech comparing "club life" with "pub life" and received a hearty reception. He hopes to attend many more anniversaries.

A most enjoyable social entertainment followed and the curtain rang down to a memorable, pleasant occasion.

## PORTSMOUTH.

In the last two years the Portsmouth Rifle Club has grown into a flourishing organization, claiming over 200 members. Much of this success is due to the popular Secretary of the Club, Mr. V. G. Sims, who, at the club's annual dinner this year, in proposing the toast of "The Visitors" referred to the proposed reconstruction of the club's premises. Notice to quit had been served but later withdrawn. Now, explained the Secretary, they were expecting a month's notice, and shortly the demolition of their house would begin to make way for electrification purposes near Goldsmith Avenue. Their new headquarters would be erected as soon as possible on a site only a short distance from the present building. "The Club," was proposed by Mr. G. P. Prow, the chairman, and the toast of "The Chairman" was given by Mr. C. Hext. Supporting the Chairman was Mr. G. W. Oxley, Locomotive Superintendent at Portsmouth, and a guest of the evening was Mr. F. Bowles, Secretary of the Gosport Railway Club. After the dinner members settled down to a cabaret presented by Madame Dorothy's All Stars.

Major D. Holderness, M.C., who has been the Commanding Officer of the Chichester Depot of the Royal Sussex Regiment since March, 1934, has been posted to the temporary command of the 1st Battalion until its arrival in Palestine. Major Holderness, who was born at Amberley, New Zealand, joined the New Zealand Defence Force in 1911, and was commissioned to the Royal Sussex Regiment before the war. He served with the 1st Battalion on the North-West Frontier throughout the war and gained the medal and clasp of the third Afghan War, during which he won the M.C. Mentioned in dispatches in July, 1919, Major Holderness was gazetted Captain in March, 1917, and was acting Lieut.-Colonel to October, 1919, being given substantive rank of Major in April, 1932.

Although the face of Thorney Island is changing daily as modern machinery erects great hangars, barracks and houses, and arable land is turned into the smooth green sward of an aerodrome, the Island's centuries old little church remains untouched by all the modern progress. It is hidden among great trees and situated right on the shore. In the midst of all the 20th century changes, which are so rapidly transforming the island, many examples of crude ingenuity remain.

In connection with Trafalgar Day, a time honoured ceremony was performed in the George Hotel, Portsmouth. A wreath of flowers was arranged around the 4ft. portrait of Lord Nelson, which hangs in the hotel, and a Union Jack draped over the memorial tablet at the back of the "George." The last time the people of Portsmouth saw Lord Nelson was at the George Hotel, where he

stopped prior to embarking, and every year Mr. C. Cattermole, proprietor of the hotel, sees that Nelson's memory is revered in this manner.

Wishing all the readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE happiness and prosperity for Christmas and the New Year, from the members of Portsmouth Staff.

## SALISBURY.

The accompanying photograph is of Mr. and Mrs. T. Williams of The Cuckoo, Hamptworth. It is actually a Public House without a sign and has never had one since Mr. Williams' father took the licence over 70 years ago.

Mr. Williams, or Tom as he is known to all his friends, has held the Licence for 27 years and has made it a noted House for our famous ales and stout for the last 25 years.

Mr. T. R. Garland is a great friend of Mr. Williams and when the two Toms get together there is no end to the tales of "the good old days" they relate.

Mr. Williams has one great hobby besides drinking good beer—his garden. This in spring and summer is always a delight to visitors. A favourite saying of his is that he was born in a fog, married in a fog and has been in a fog ever since, but everyone who knows him and his good wife will agree that despite the fog, this genial couple must have seen their share of the sunshine of life, and whether summer or winter, visitors to this pretty spot can be assured of a warm welcome and the best of refreshment in a real country inn.



We take this opportunity of conveying to the Directors, and the Managers of the respective departments and staff at Reading our very best wishes for a Happy Xmas.

#### BRIGHTON.

At the Annual Re-union Dinner of the 1st (H.C.) Brigade, R.F.A., held recently at the Aquarium Restaurant, Brighton, a dozen or so survivors of the original armoured train were present, and whilst regretting that the Brigade was now completely mechanized, recalled that looking back into the history of the Sussex Artillery volunteers, it was found that in the '90's they were doing pioneering work in the matter of mechanization.

At that time the question of defending our shores against invasion was under consideration. Of our 1,900 miles of coast line, approximately 400 were accessible to invaders, and 1,200 could be defended from the railway.

The Sussex Artillery hit upon the idea of mounting a 40-pounder breech-loading gun on a railway truck, so that it could be run about on the lines along the coast. This was carried out with the assistance of the then London, Brighton and South Coast Railway. The train consisted of two armoured vans with fighting tops, and an armoured truck conveying a 40-pounder breech-loading gun, drawn by a locomotive engine, and run out from Brighton along the line between Newhaven and Seaford, and practised firing at targets from the train.

In 1896 the artillery took part in manoeuvres in Kent and Sussex when the armoured train had its headquarters at Canterbury. This historic gun carriage, known to the railway authorities as "Wagon No. 7144," is spending its last days in ignominious retreat in the Southern Railway's breaking-up sidings at Brighton where, at the moment, it is being used for the storage of accumulators.

On one of the smaller bridges that span the Ouse near Lewes is painted "Endeavour to make a name for yourself before carving one on this bridge."

We should like to put on record what a good performance Reading Football Club put up at the Goldstone ground, Hove, when drawing against Brighton and Hove Albion. Also when winning their preliminary game in the English cup, when, alas, Brighton & Hove Albion fell an easy victim to Queens Park Rangers.

We should like to congratulate Mr. F. H. Biggs on his promotion to the managership of Portsmouth branch, and wish him a long spell of activity there.

Also we were pleased to see Mr. A. T. Walsh having the premier position in the November issue. We have pleasant recollections of him, when helping us during busy camping times at Brighton.

In thanking the many visitors he has had from Reading and district to the Royal Oak, Brighton, Mr. Mann sends a photo of his Saloon Bar as a reminder that he well represents the Hop Leaf in his house.

All good wishes to our Directors, fellow-workers and all readers for a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.



Saloon Bar, the Royal Oak, Brighton.

#### THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

THE LATE MR. ELDRED G. POOL, PENZANCE.

It is with profound regret we have to report the passing of Mr. Eldred G. Pool, Director of Messrs. Pool & Son, Ltd., Penzance. The high esteem in which the late Mr. Pool was held was witnessed by the large and representative gathering of mourners at the funeral on the 6th November. The deceased was a most highly respected citizen of Penzance, and our sincere sympathies are extended to the family in their sad bereavement.

Our Tenant, Mr. Albert Pack of the Bridge Inn, Totnes, sends us this most interesting photograph of his very rare collection of freak potatoes; our readers will agree that the collection is unique and amusing.



With the approach of the Festive Season we all extend to the Directors and Staff at Home and Overseas our most sincere good wishes for Xmas and the New Year.

Heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Simonds on their being presented with a daughter. We are happy to know that Mrs. Simonds and daughter are doing well.

"WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT."

No one would have thought it until they called at the "Who'd Have Thought It" Inn, which is very pleasantly situated at Milton Combe, near Yelverton, on the edge of Dartmoor.

The host at this famous house is Mr. Frank Collis, a very prominent sportsman, particularly in boxing circles. Although previously interested in the licensed trade at St. Neots, Chelmsford, Essex, Mr. Collis was attracted by the beautiful West Country.

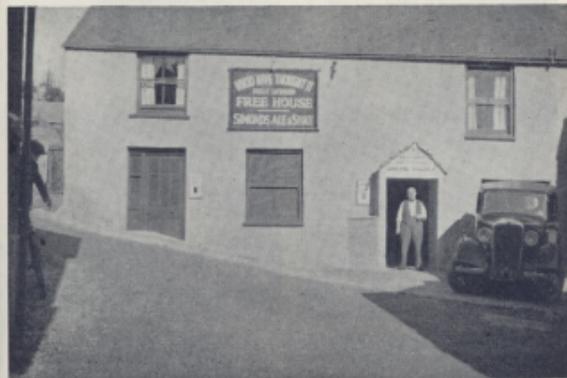
At one time trainer and manager to Matt Wells (ex-lightweight champion of Great Britain), Mr. Collis has also refereed at the National Sporting Club, Albert Hall, The Ring, The Stadium and other leading boxing rings of this country. Many readers will doubtless remember the fight between the famous Tommy Milligan and our local Ted Moore for the lightweight championship of Great Britain, over which Mr. Collis presided.

The late Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C., and that famous sportsman the late Sir Harry Preston, were well known to Mr. Frank Collis.

Visitors to the "Who'd Have Thought It" will be interested to see the illuminated address which was presented to this popular landlord on his relinquishing the secretaryship of the Lynn Athletic Club after 14 years.

Mr. Collis welcomes everyone to the "Who'd Have Thought It," and those who "have thought" have always thought it worth while to call again at the "Who'd Have Thought It."

The "Who'd Have Thought It" Inn (photograph of which is below) is situated approximately 9 miles from Plymouth, and one always meets a really sporting fraternity at this rendezvous. Naturally, the famous "Hop Leaf" brands are in great demand.



## GIBRALTAR.

Preparing stocks for the Christmas rush of orders on the Rock.



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

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The new Bottling Department is in full working order and the above photographs show the large stocks required to meet the ever-growing trade in "Hop Leaf" bottled beers.

Hearty Greetings for Christmas and the New Year to all.