

VOL. XII.

APRIL, 1938.

Price 1d.

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. XII.

APRIL, 1938.

No. 7

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE. |
|--------------------------------------|-------|
| Mr. W. P. Cripps Frontispiece | |
| Chat from the Editor's Chair | 341 |
| Nature Note | 355 |
| A Great Thought | 359 |
| Words of Wisdom | 363 |
| Brewery Jottings | 366 |
| Lighter Side | 372 |
| Branches | 373 |

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



MR. WILLIAM P. CRIPPS.

MR. WILLIAM P. CRIPPS.

In this issue we publish the portrait of Mr. William Parry Cripps, a Director of The Cirencester Brewery Limited and Messrs. W. J. Rogers, Limited, of Bristol.

Born in 1903 and a son of Capt. E. T. Cripps, Chairman of the Cirencester Brewery Limited, Mr. W. P. Cripps was educated at Wellington College, Berkshire. His business career is of unusual interest and his rapid progress to the directorate of two companies needs no comment as to his abilities. After about two years' in architects' offices and two years in a building contractor's office gaining experience in architecture and building construction, he spent approximately five months at the Alton Branch of Messrs. Courage & Co., Ltd., as a pupil in the Brewing and Bottling Departments, and also a short time in the Offices of the Farnham United Breweries and the Winchester Brewery Company.

Mr. Cripps entered the family business of The Cirencester Brewery Co. in November, 1928, in a general capacity and was responsible for the commencement of an Aerated Water department, which has been a successful sideline. In 1934 he was appointed Secretary to the Company on the retirement of the late Mr. Ernest Matthews, introducing some new books of account and alterations in office management. Since then he has carried out the duties of General Manager and the responsibilities for brewing in the absence of the Brewer.

Mr. W. P. Cripps took a prominent part in the negotiations leading up to the amalgamation with Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Limited, and upon the completion he was elected a Director of The Cirencester Brewery Limited. In January of this year he was made a Director of Messrs. W. J. Rogers, Limited, Bristol.

Interested in any work in connection with this line of business, with perhaps a preference for the inside management, Mr. Cripps' work can almost be described as his hobby. He is Assistant Treasurer of the Cirencester and Tewkesbury Conservative Association, a member of the Central Committee of the Cirencester Conservative Benefit Society and holds various Trusteeships and Honorary Secretaryships.

He is fond of racing, shooting, golf, tennis, squash (darts and roulette !), also of music and amateur theatricals, but does not aspire to great heights in any of them. A keen motorist and tourist he has visited France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, the U.S.A., Canada, Portugal, Canary Islands and most parts of the United Kingdom.

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.)



ONE WORLD.

*The worlds in which we live are two—
The world " I am " and the world " I do."
The worlds in which we live at heart are one—
The world " I am " the fruit of " I have done " ;
And underneath these worlds of flower and fruit
The world " I love " the only living root.*

BIRDLESS GROVE NOT BIRDLESS.

Birdless Grove is near Goodwood in Sussex. It is one of those woods of tall beeches without much undergrowth where, to the casual eye, very few birds live. Hence its name. The secretary of the British Trust for Ornithology has made a " travelling census " of the birds in Birdless Grove, as part of a Woodland Survey started in 1935. Here's the result—

BIRDLESS GROVE, GOODWOOD,

WINTER

Beeches, 60-80 feet

| | | | |
|--------------|-----|-----|---|
| Woodpigeon | ... | ... | 7 |
| Chaffinch | ... | ... | 1 |
| Blue Tit | ... | ... | 1 |
| Tree-creeper | ... | ... | 2 |
| Pheasant | ... | ... | 1 |
| Marsh Tit | ... | ... | 1 |

BEER BEST.

With regard to an American doctor's " new sea-sickness cure " —a glass of beer before breakfast. I have given this treatment successfully for the last forty years, writes A. H. Bodecot, Southend-on-Sea. The beer should be taken straight from the bottle and consumed quickly : it means quick, easy relief. A second bottle is better for a beer drinker usually But I suppose many people will always go on making dreadful sights of themselves. Beer is too simple for a lot of minds.

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. XII.

APRIL, 1938.

No. 7

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE. |
|-------------------------------------|--------------|
| Mr. W. P. Cripps | Frontispiece |
| Chat from the Editor's Chair | 341 |
| Nature Note | 355 |
| A Great Thought | 359 |
| Words of Wisdom | 363 |
| Brewery Jottings | 366 |
| Lighter Side | 372 |
| Branches | 373 |

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



MR. WILLIAM P. CRIPPS.

MR. WILLIAM P. CRIPPS.

In this issue we publish the portrait of Mr. William Parry Cripps, a Director of The Cirencester Brewery Limited and Messrs. W. J. Rogers, Limited, of Bristol.

Born in 1903 and a son of Capt. E. T. Cripps, Chairman of the Cirencester Brewery Limited, Mr. W. P. Cripps was educated at Wellington College, Berkshire. His business career is of unusual interest and his rapid progress to the directorate of two companies needs no comment as to his abilities. After about two years' in architects' offices and two years in a building contractor's office gaining experience in architecture and building construction, he spent approximately five months at the Alton Branch of Messrs. Courage & Co., Ltd., as a pupil in the Brewing and Bottling Departments, and also a short time in the Offices of the Farnham United Breweries and the Winchester Brewery Company.

Mr. Cripps entered the family business of The Cirencester Brewery Co. in November, 1928, in a general capacity and was responsible for the commencement of an Aerated Water department, which has been a successful sideline. In 1934 he was appointed Secretary to the Company on the retirement of the late Mr. Ernest Matthews, introducing some new books of account and alterations in office management. Since then he has carried out the duties of General Manager and the responsibilities for brewing in the absence of the Brewer.

Mr. W. P. Cripps took a prominent part in the negotiations leading up to the amalgamation with Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Limited, and upon the completion he was elected a Director of The Cirencester Brewery Limited. In January of this year he was made a Director of Messrs. W. J. Rogers, Limited, Bristol.

Interested in any work in connection with this line of business, with perhaps a preference for the inside management, Mr. Cripps' work can almost be described as his hobby. He is Assistant Treasurer of the Cirencester and Tewkesbury Conservative Association, a member of the Central Committee of the Cirencester Conservative Benefit Society and holds various Trusteeships and Honorary Secretaryships.

He is fond of racing, shooting, golf, tennis, squash (darts and roulette !), also of music and amateur theatricals, but does not aspire to great heights in any of them. A keen motorist and tourist he has visited France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, the U.S.A., Canada, Portugal, Canary Islands and most parts of the United Kingdom.

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.)



ONE WORLD.

The worlds in which we live are two—

The world " I am " and the world " I do. "

The worlds in which we live at heart are one—

The world " I am " the fruit of " I have done " ;

And underneath these worlds of flower and fruit

The world " I love " the only living root.

BIRDLESS GROVE NOT BIRDLESS.

Birdless Grove is near Goodwood in Sussex. It is one of those woods of tall beeches without much undergrowth where, to the casual eye, very few birds live. Hence its name. The secretary of the British Trust for Ornithology has made a " travelling census " of the birds in Birdless Grove, as part of a Woodland Survey started in 1935. Here's the result—

BIRDLESS GROVE, GOODWOOD,

WINTER

Beeches, 60-80 feet

| | | | |
|--------------|-----|-----|---|
| Woodpigeon | ... | ... | 7 |
| Chaffinch | ... | ... | 1 |
| Blue Tit | ... | ... | 1 |
| Tree-creeper | ... | ... | 2 |
| Pheasant | ... | ... | 1 |
| Marsh Tit | ... | ... | 1 |

BEER BEST.

With regard to an American doctor's " new sea-sickness cure " —a glass of beer before breakfast. I have given this treatment successfully for the last forty years, writes A. H. Bodecot, Southend-on-Sea. The beer should be taken straight from the bottle and consumed quickly : it means quick, easy relief. A second bottle is better for a beer drinker usually But I suppose many people will always go on making dreadful sights of themselves. Beer is too simple for a lot of minds.

MORE SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS.

"Prevailing winds are winds that always blow when other winds have stopped blowing."

"Pheasants go about in braces."

"Bacchus first taught the Greeks how to get drunk, and Sir Walter Raleigh named tobacco after him, to please the Virgin Queen Elizabeth, who was not a bad sort."

"In winter in Switzerland they come down the mountain on skis, but they call them shes, as they are so difficult to manage."

COOKERY ADVICE TO A BRIDE.

There is sound common sense underlying the humour in the following hints to a bride on the old subject of "Feed the Brute":

Find out what his mother cooked.

Find out what dishes he orders in restaurants.

Start with ease, and introduce new dishes gradually.

Don't talk about his prejudices before him.

Don't make him plan the meals.

Don't camouflage flavour.

Use tested recipes.

Collect a lot. Then rotate them.

Disguise white sauce with meat stock or meat flavour.

Don't attempt too many dishes.

Make your meals well balanced. Keep him healthy and really well fed.

When you put a new dish on the table, be nonchalant.

Train yourself to like his dishes.

Make your food attractive, hot and prompt.

Try simple dishes, plainly cooked, well seasoned and varied.

Serve vegetables buttered.

Try puddings for dessert.

When in doubt, give him crackers and cheese.

Avoid elaborate dishes, too much tinned food, and food smothered in white sauce.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

One of the parishioners of a clergyman with a taste for cherry brandy offered to send him a case of this admirable liqueur on condition that he acknowledged the gift in the church magazine the following month. The offer was accepted. In the next issue of the parish magazine, the vicar wrote, "I would also like to thank one of my parishioners for sending me a case of cherries, and especially for the spirit in which they were offered."

OLD ALEHOUSE RECORDS.

The following appears in the records of a court leet held in Newbury, April, 1664:—

Alsoe that Anne Hodson, widdow and Thomas fflaggott, their several alehouses be suppressed, for that they nor either of them have received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper according to the Liturgie of the Church of England within xij months past.

At another court leet held in 1643 the records show:—

Item, We present that John Edmands, Gent, Thos. Martyn, Gent and Thomas Manning, being Beere brewers, have since the last Ct. taken excessive gains in selling of beere and ale. Therefore every of them is by us amerced vj d.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

It is urged that, in the course he is pursuing, Mr. Chamberlain has thrown over the League of Nations, and has turned his back on the whole conception of that new world which is to be based on right rather than might, says *Our Empire*. Nothing could be further from the truth. What he *has* done is to state the facts as they are, and to awaken the Empire to stark realities which have hitherto been cloaked by an imaginary mantle made in Geneva. Let him speak for himself:

"The League, as it is constituted, is unable to provide collective security for anybody. We must not delude ourselves, we must not try to delude small and weak nations into thinking that they will be protected by the League against aggression. Nevertheless, I still have faith that the League may be reconstituted. I still believe there is important and valuable work for the League to do. I would not change the Covenant. I would not tear up a single article, not even Article 16 (which deals with sanctions).

"I believe that if the League would throw off shams and pretences, and come out with a declaration of what it is prepared to do, and act as a moral force and focus for public opinion throughout the world, its influence would be multiplied at once. The future of the League ought to be preserved for the benefit and the salvation of mankind."

At one time or another all of us have had to use the second best in default of the best. Mr. Chamberlain would willingly employ collective security to preserve the world's peace, but the current wave of rabid nationalism makes that impossible. He turns, therefore, to the method of negotiation in an attempt to mitigate the cynical attack of might upon right.

ON THE ROAD—AND ON THE RIVER.

Our Mr. Lipscombe is not only on the road, for, during weekends, and often in the early morning, he may be seen on the river. He pulls a fine oar and with his seven rowing companions I often watch him swinging down the Thames at about 12 miles per hour. His services as a coach, too, are much sought after. He not only tells them how to do it but shows them the way.

THE FORTHCOMING FETE.

From information received from a reliable source I understand that H. & G. Simonds' Fete, to be held in August, shows promise of being a tremendous attraction. Many people have expressed their high appreciation of the two previous events and this coming one, I imagine, will even surpass them. Although the full details are not yet to hand, from a glance at the article in another page of this journal it will be seen that a very comprehensive programme is being arranged. All classes, and ages, are included, even from birth, and I, for one, am looking forward to the event, confident that a highly entertaining day is in store. From my own personal acquaintance of the "driving force" behind the scheme, I know that nothing will be left undone to assure a really "great day."

WEATHER LORE IN RHYME.

It would be interesting to know if there be any truth in the old weather rhyme :

" If the Oak is out before the Ash,
'Twill be a summer of wet and splash ;
But if the Ash is before the Oak,
'Twill be a summer of fire and smoke."

The ash this year appears to be ahead of the oak.

S.O.S. AND F.O.S.

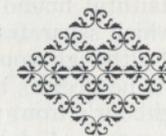
A kitten which had been in the river for many hours by the stables at The Brewery, was recently rescued by our men. It was clinging to the wall, thoroughly exhausted and, in fact, near to death. A spoonful of Fine Old Scotch Whisky was poured down its throat. This did the trick ; for pussy soon revived and is now taking toll of the mice.

THE "COURTESY COP."

How's this for a "courtesy cop" ? writes a correspondent in the *Daily Mail*. A policeman warned me against leaving my car unlocked and unattended. We had a long talk on crime, education, and European affairs, interspersed with Shakespearean quotations from the officer, ending with—" Well, madam, I must say good-morning, and it's been a real pleasure to meet you."

A PLEASANT MEMORY.

On Sunday, April 4th, thanks to a Head Keeper's kindness, I was permitted to search with him for the eggs of Canadian geese by the lake of a park not 50 miles from my home, writes S.E.C. Arrived at the lake we journeyed, by boat, from island to island like pirates, disturbing the geese from their sabbath siesta, alarming the mallard, and putting to flight whole armies of tufted duck. In all, ten islands were searched, whereon the sight of a close-sitting goose, with head laid along the ground like a miniature emu, or of down-covered nests and their contents among old tree stumps, was both unique and delightful. A roughish wind, with lapping water, and sunshine, only increased the zest of our expedition ; and, later, a cup of tea at my good friend's house, with a pleasant chat and a smoke, concluded a perfect day.



ONE "FINE" MORNING.

Somehow the day started badly, or if you really want to know *you* started badly.

You get up ten minutes later than usual and then the fun started—of course you did not think it fun at the time—and everything goes wrong. You find the youngest boy has developed a most horrible cough (the wife says "He was quite all right when he went to bed last night") and does not think he ought to go to school or, *at least*, if he has to go, a note ought to be written to the Headmaster asking for him to be excused "Gym"!

However, finding it has taken longer than usual to obtain your hot water for shaving, you start off on this necessary duty and get on with the job. Then a knock at the front door! With only half your face shaved you dash down thinking it a registered letter you will have to sign for and the contents will please you. You find however it is someone's catalogue that the postman could not get through the letter-box. The postman laughs at your funny appearance, but you feel more like "murder."

Back upstairs once again to finish shaving and your usual morning ablutions. Then you commence to put the final touches to your make-up, cannot find a collar, one of your socks has a hole in it, but after a while you get things (and yourself) sorted out and down to breakfast. Over goes a cup of tea (the boy with the cough does this) and after a hurried gobble you are ready to catch the bus, at the end of the road, which like time and tide waits for no man. The wife interjects as you are putting on your overcoat and hat, "What about taking the dog down the garden," and naturally you acquiesce. Whilst on a hurried inspection of the "cabbage patch" and the greenhouse, which on this particular morning is only one degree above freezing point, the dog (in sporting parlance usually termed "faithful hound") decides to bolt and, getting through the hedge which separates your garden from your neighbour, he clears off and although you frantically call him, on this morning of all mornings, he decides to take no notice and as naturally the next-door neighbour's front gate is open he vanishes into the world's wide open spaces. A dash indoors, the wife says "Where's Peter?" you hurriedly reply "Bunked," and off you go, and after a quick run along the road find you have to wait five minutes for the bus, your watch being "fast." A friend greets you with "What a lovely morning!"

You get to work all right, but what a start to the day. Still there's a moral to all this—*if only you had got up ten minutes earlier!*

W.D.

READING CLUBS DARTS LEAGUE.

SIMONDS WIN "CHRONICLE" CHAMPIONSHIP CUP.

Simonds won the "Chronicle" Championship Cup when they defeated Transport at the Gas Works Club.

Simonds team was as follows:—D. Spence (captain), G. Taylor, F. Cross, J. Everett, C. Andrews, J. Streems, A. Pusey, G. Cannings (reserve).

DEPARTMENTAL TOURNAMENTS.

COMMANDER H. D. SIMONDS PRESENTS THE CUPS.

The final games in the Departmental Tournaments were played off on Friday, March 18th, and resulted in a very close finish. Three of the four teams partaking were in the running for the cups and not until a very late hour of the evening was the result at all certain.

The last matches played off were Offices *v.* The Rest and Transport *v.* The Scalds. The Transport defeated the Scalds, 9 to 3, and The Rest making 7 out of 12 against The Offices enabled the Transport to win the cup and The Rest the cup for the runners-up. The final positions were as under and, as can be seen, the contests were extremely close:—

| Team. | Matches Played. | | | Games Played. | | | | Total Points. |
|---------------|-----------------|------|--------|---------------|------|-------|--------|---------------|
| | Played. | Won. | Drawn. | Played. | Won. | Lost. | Drawn. | |
| Transport ... | 7 | 5 | 1 | 84 | 49 | 34 | 1 | 49½ |
| The Rest ... | 7 | 4 | 2 | 84 | 48 | 36 | — | 48 |
| Offices ... | 7 | 5 | 1 | 84 | 47 | 37 | — | 47 |
| Maltings ... | 7 | 3 | 3 | 84 | 46 | 37 | 1 | 46½ |
| Coopers ... | 7 | 3 | 1 | 84 | 41 | 41 | 2 | 42 |
| Building ... | 7 | 2 | 1 | 84 | 38 | 43 | 3 | 39½ |
| Cellars ... | 7 | 1 | — | 84 | 35 | 48 | 1 | 35½ |
| Scalds ... | 7 | 2 | 1 | 84 | 28 | 56 | — | 28 |

Congratulations are due to The Scalds for putting up such a brave and sporting fight under adverse circumstances. We all hope that the result will not discourage them and that they will make an equally determined effort next season.

PRESENTATION OF THE CUPS.

Commander Simonds very kindly attended the Social Club on Friday evening, April 1st, to present the cups. As the right team won, he humorously remarked (Commander Simonds is, of course, in charge of the Transport) it gave him additional pleasure to present the prizes. He remarked upon the narrow margins by which the games were won, thus proving the keenness with which they were fought.

Commander Simonds then handed the cup to Mr. Venner, on behalf of the Transport, and the runners-up cup to Mr. S. Bird (The Rest).

Mr. Venner observed that the competitions had proved highly enjoyable and interesting, and Mr. Bird said that never had the sport been so good throughout as it had during the past year.

Mr. Hawkins (Building Department) added appreciative words concerning the keenness displayed in the competitions and the fine sportsmanship in which the games were played.

On the proposition of Mr. W. Bradford, a vote of thanks to Commander Simonds for coming amongst them and distributing the prizes was carried by acclamation.

In reply, Commander Simonds paid tribute to the work of Mr. Bradford in organizing the games.

GAMES TOURNAMENT AND SOCIAL EVENING.

On Saturday, 19th March, a very enjoyable games tournament and social evening took place at Broadmoor. Appended are the result of the games :—

| | | | <i>Broadmoor Staff Recreation Club.</i> | <i>Simonds Social Club.</i> |
|-----------------|-----|-----|---|---------------------------------|
| Billiards | ... | ... | 5 | 0 |
| Snooker | ... | ... | 2 | 2 |
| Cribbage | ... | ... | 5 | 3 |
| Whist ... | ... | ... | 1 | 2 |
| Darts | ... | ... | 7 | 1 |
| Shove Halfpenny | ... | ... | 0 | 1 |
| | | | — | — |
| | | | 20 | 9 |
| | | | — | — |

Admirable arrangements were made by Mr. W. Bradford, Hon. Secretary of our Social Club.

H. & G. SIMONDS FIRE BRIGADE.
FOUNDED BY COMMANDER H. D. SIMONDS, R.N.

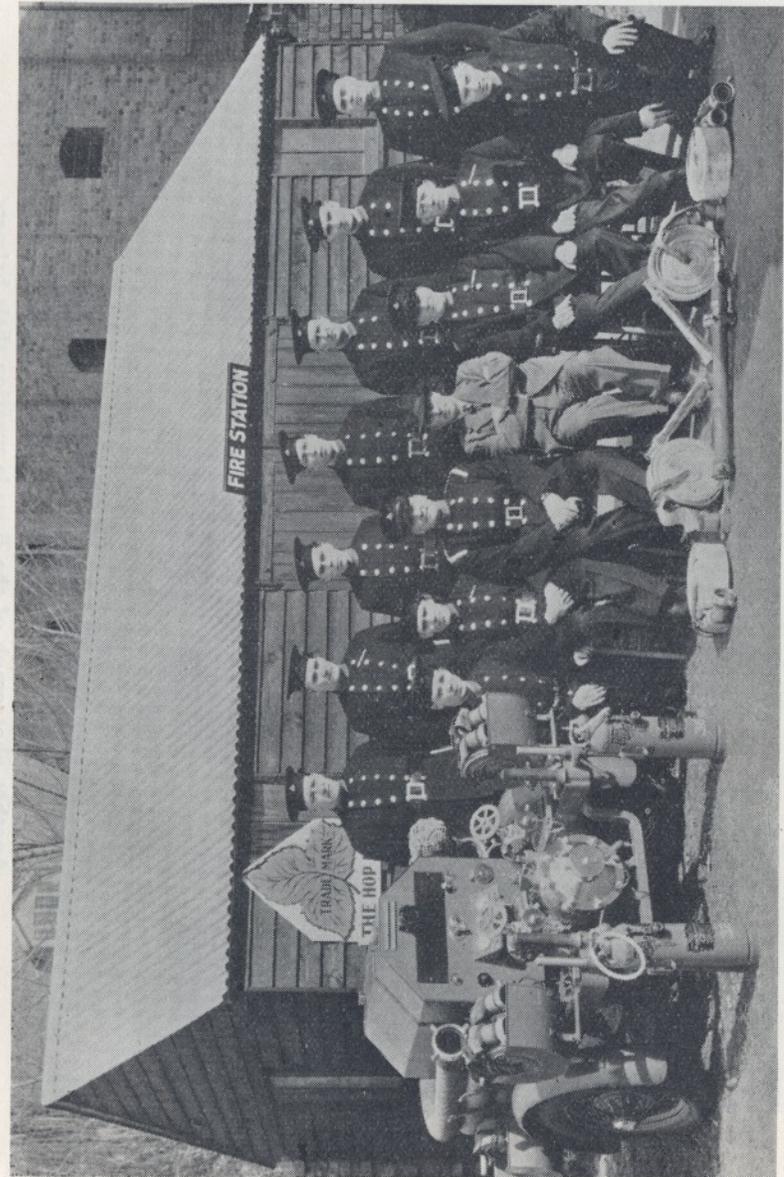


Photo by] Members of the new Fire Brigade at the Brewery. Seated in the centre with arms folded is Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N. (retd.), founder of the Brigade.

[C. E. May.

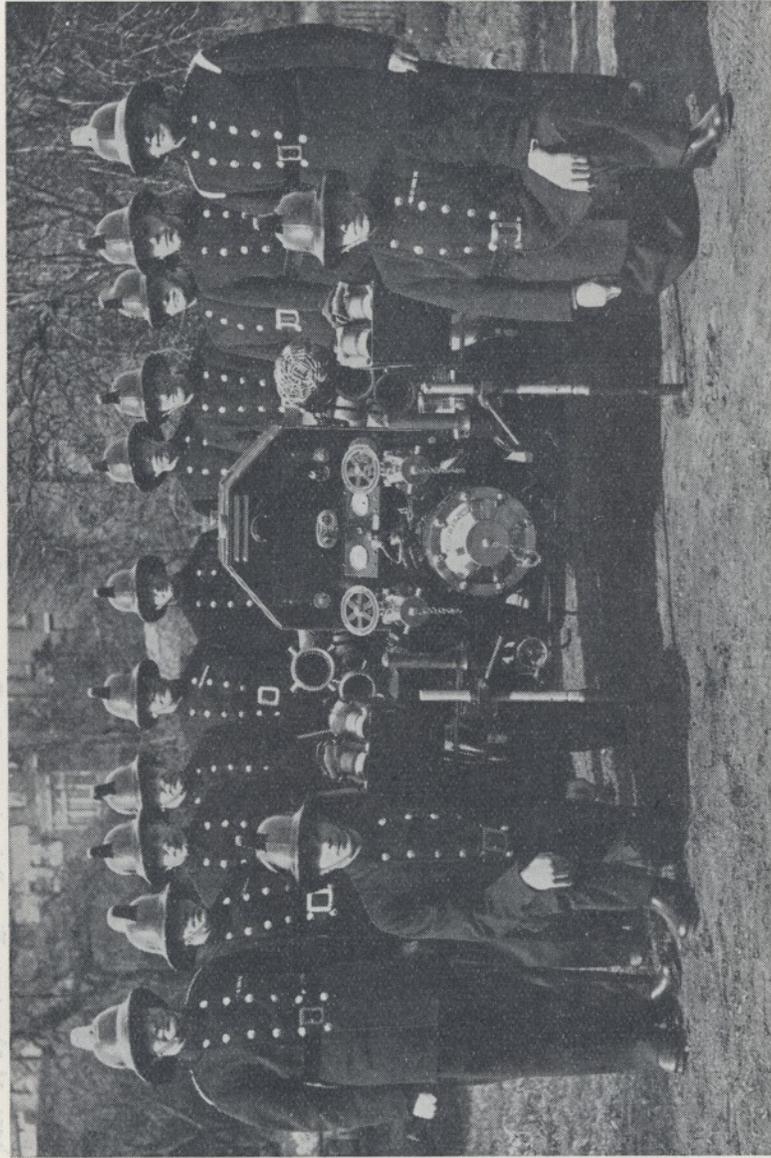


Photo by]

Another photograph of the Brigade wearing their helmets.

[C. E. May.

In a few months the Brewery Fire Brigade will celebrate its first anniversary. This Brigade, which was founded by Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N., comprises 12 firemen who are under the able guidance of Chief Officer G. F. Andrews and Second Officer H. L. Aust. Valuable assistance and advice in connection with fire fighting, etc., have been rendered by Mr. A. Baker, ex-Senior Superintendent of the London Fire Brigade. The Brigade has been supplied with an efficient fire trailer and a complete set of firemen's uniforms, of which the men are very proud. All auxiliary fire equipment in every department of the Brewery has been thoroughly overhauled and many new extinguishers, hydrant boxes and hoses have been installed.

Since the formation of the Brigade the officers and firemen have put in much hard work, training several times each month. They are now ready to cope with any sudden outbreak which may arise.

On Saturday, March 19th, the Brigade was inspected by Commander Simonds, who invited them to "Splice the Main Brace" which they did by toasting his health whole-heartedly.

"FLAMES."

*One swallow does not make a Summer
but
One swallow will easily convince you
that
Simonds' Beer is best.*

AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS.

EXTENSIVE PREPARATIONS NECESSARY.

(By Commander P. F. M. Dawson, R.N.)

In the General Preface to Air Raid Precautions Handbook No. 1 issued by the Government, the reader will find the following paragraph: "The use of Poison Gas in war is forbidden by the Geneva Gas Protocol of 1925, to which this country and all the most important countries of western Europe are parties, and the Government would use every endeavour on an outbreak of war to secure an undertaking from the enemy not to use poison gas. Nevertheless, the risk of poison gas being used remains a possibility and cannot be disregarded."

This paragraph, it will be generally agreed, sums up the position, and the existence of a "possibility" necessitates extensive preparations being made in time of peace. It was not until 1935 that this country came into line with the Governments of the other Great Powers in Europe who have been organising Air Raid Precautions for two or three years past.

SHORTENED PERIOD OF WARNING.

The rapid development of the speed and carrying capacity of aircraft since 1918 has shortened considerably the period of warning which can be expected prior to an attack. In many places in Great Britain it would be only ten minutes—in others only seven. The question may be asked:—"What is the nature of these raids and what is the exact danger against which we must be prepared?"

The worst danger is disorder and panic; and the antidote to that is effective preparatory organisation and calm appreciation of the situation by all members of the public.

POWER OF THE ATTACKERS.

Let us consider the power of the attackers. There are fleets of bombers now in existence with speed of 180 to 230 miles per hour, and a radius of action up to 1,200 miles without refuelling, which can carry two tons of bombs. There are others which can carry nearly four tons, but their radius of action is naturally smaller. It will be appreciated, therefore, that anti-aircraft defence and air raid precautions for civilians must be organized in time of peace and be ready to function at any hour of the day or night when a state of emergency is declared.

The possibilities of an attack on Reading are difficult to estimate. It is unlikely that there would be a direct attack on the town, but a partially frustrated attack on London might lead to a few enemy machines unloading their cargo upon us. Also an attacking force returning from a raid on the industrial centres in the midlands might find Reading a convenient target for the remainder of its bombs. It should be remembered that the presence of two rivers running through the town act as valuable leading marks for the attackers. The writer, who was stationed at Sheerness in 1916-1917, during which period there were almost nightly attacks on London, can state with certainty that the attacking planes always followed the line of the Thames or Medway for their approach and return flights.

THREE STAGES OF ATTACK.

It is anticipated that the attack would be divided into three stages: firstly, high explosive bombs would be dropped. The weight of these bombs varies from 2½ tons to a few pounds. Some of them are designed to explode on impact, others fitted with delayed action fuses may penetrate into the foundations of large buildings, beneath streets and subways, before exploding. The effect of some of these bombs may be felt nearly 100 feet below the ground. The high explosive bombs would be followed by the incendiary bombs. These missiles weigh only two or three pounds each, but each one is capable of starting a large fire, and they cannot be put out by water. They can only be kept under control by the use of sand and earth. If water is poured on them an explosion will result.

The effect of the high explosive and incendiary bombs will probably have driven large numbers of the population out of their shelters and it is when they are proceeding to some other haven of refuge that the gas bombs will arrive. It will then be necessary for all members of the public in the open to don their respirators, and the fire parties, rescue parties, first aid men, etc. will be hampered considerably in their work.

DEFENCE NOT IDLE.

So much for the attack. But in the meanwhile the defence will not be idle. Our own aircraft would be in the sky to engage the enemy forces, and the rapid fire of the anti-aircraft batteries will be a constant menace. Less has been heard about the development of the anti-aircraft gun than the improvement in the aeroplane, but we are assured that progress has been as great in this respect as in any other. It will be realized, however, that a great deal of this progress has been shrouded in secrecy.

Complete immunity from air attack cannot be guaranteed by any defensive measures. Direct hits by high explosive bombs will cause a large number of casualties, but efficient organization will greatly minimise danger from splinters, etc.

The picture that has been painted is a grim one, but it should be understood that attacks on a grand scale which have been described in the previous paragraphs are limited. The physical strain on pilots flying at speeds of 300 to 400 miles per hour even in peace time, has been found to be very high, and the casualties in a raid may be as much as 40 per cent. If the attack does not produce a relative amount of success, the effect on the morale and discipline of the force will be very great. Supplies of bombs and replacement of machines can be maintained, but the human element cannot be replaced to the same extent.

It will be appreciated, therefore that although the air warfare of the future would be terrible for the civilian populations of the towns attacked, it will be terrible also for the attacking forces; each pilot who goes out on a raid does so with a strong possibility of meeting an agonizing death.

IMPRACTICABLE.

To leave the defence of this country to the Navy, Army and Air Force alone is impracticable, for it must be realized that modern warfare will attack not only military objectives, but also vital services controlled by civilian personnel.

History shows that in past wars it was often the fortitude of the civil population that was the turning point between defeat and victory. The instrument of the blockade and siege slowly but surely undermined the resistance of the defeated country. But in the future the attack on the civil population will be direct, and if we are prepared and organized to resist the initial aerial onslaughts we shall win through.

The Home Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, speaking at Manchester recently to representatives of more than 100 Lancashire and Cheshire local authorities, said, "If we can maintain our morale and if we can withstand the impact of these concentrated air attacks, we can render futile the attempt of any enemy to deal what is known as a knock-out blow."

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

GREY SQUIRREL'S AQUATIC PERFORMANCE.

FATHER SWAN ASSISTS WIFE TO BUILD NEST.

On the last Sunday of the coarse fishing season, March 13th, I was enjoying myself by the Thames-side endeavouring to attract members of the finny tribe to their doom when I espied what looked like a very large rat swimming across the water to one of the islands behind which I had settled down, in a secluded spot, for the day. This furry swimmer was accompanied by a pair of wild duck. He interested me and, instead of keeping my eye on the float, as all good anglers should do, I watched my four-footed friend. He landed and scampered up the bank with great agility, shaking the water from his body and bushy tail as he did so. He was a grey squirrel and for about an hour I kept him under observation. He made a careful search of many pollards, perhaps trying to find the eggs of the wild ducks that were good enough to accompany him across the water. Then I lost sight of him for a time. Presently I heard a loud "plop!" just as if some one had struck the water with a punt paddle. And then I saw the squirrel swimming from one island to another. He had evidently jumped from a fairly high branch of a willow into the water, although this was quite unnecessary as the trees of the two islands were interlocked. The squirrel appeared to be in happy mood and performed some very pretty acrobatic feats. Then he ascended a branch overhanging the river and with all four feet and tail outspread dropped a distance of about 30 feet into the water, leisurely swam back to the mainland and into one of the picturesque river-side gardens where he was lost to view. All was quite quiet at the spot and the squirrel was in no way disturbed. He had evidently formed an aquatic habit and though I saw him commit no crime, I doubt if his visit to the islands was without criminal intent for the evidence against grey squirrels is far from being in their favour.

COB'S CHIVALROUS CONDUCT.

Just opposite me, too, was the nest, in the making, of a pair of swans. The female bird, or pen as she is called, sits down on the nesting site and, with the aid of her long neck and beak, collects surrounding material in the shape of dried rushes and sticks and carefully places them into position. Meanwhile father—the male swan is known as a cob—looks on. But in this particular case I witnessed a very pretty incident. The mother bird made repeated

endeavours to reach a rather large piece of stick but failed to do so. With rare chivalry father swan wobbled to the spot, seized the stick in his beak and gently handed, or rather beaked, it over to his wife.

Swans are faithful creatures and when they mate, it is for life.

HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

In a previous note I mentioned that the past season has been an extremely poor one from a fishing point of view and one wondered where all the fish had gone. But I think there are plenty in the river. One sunny morning recently I was strolling up the Thames-side when I saw countless thousands of small fry, consisting chiefly of roach and dace, in the shallow water close to the bank. There were millions of them and they fill the angler with hope for the years to come. Now and again a perch would dash in among these shoals and make a meal of the tiny fish. My word! what a commotion he made, the fry creating a shower of silver as they spurted out of the water in their endeavour to escape the cruel jaws of their would-be captor.

A KINGFISHER'S NEST.

Noticing that a pair of kingfishers frequented a certain spot in the river bank I wondered whether they chose this as a coign of vantage for their fishing operations. But I could not see the sign of a fish; the water was rather deep and not such as small fish were likely to affect. Lying down full length I peered below the overhanging earth and, sure enough, there in the bank was a fresh hole which the kingfishers had been excavating. They may go on digging until the hole is a yard in length and then in the rounded chamber at the end they will lay, on a nest of disgorged bones, from five to eight eggs of a rich pink hue.

ARRIVAL OF THE CHIFF-CHAFF.

It was on March 19th that I first heard and saw the welcome little chiff-chaff. He generally arrives about this time to cheer us with his familiar notes. On the same day I noticed a company of fieldfares. Their note *yack chuck* attracted my attention; but they were doubtless about to leave our shores whereas the chiff-chaff had only just arrived. On March 17th I saw a blackbird building and she is now sitting on her eggs. It was on March 17th, too, that I saw several batmice on the wing; also brimstone and other butterflies.

WOOTON BRIDGE.

Green aisles of forest I would hymn,
Where, in eternal twilight dim,
The gods their court still keep :
Or I would tell of sylvan brooks
And beeches, round whose boles, with looks
Of caution, goblins peep.

Then I would walk again, one day,,
Along that stream-companioned way
That leads from Wooton Bridge.
Birds should my guides, my heralds, be :
And forest ponies, wild and free,
I'd find at Holmsley Ridge.

Till, out again on open road,
I'd see the slow-advancing load
Hauled by a timber-team :
And purple heather, spreading thick,
Wherein the gravel-digger's pick
Had worked a golden seam.

The winters pass, the springs return,
The summers come—and still I yearn
To tread that forest track.
But if I nevermore shall go
To Wooton Bridge, I'll always know
The joy of looking back.

S. E. COLLINS.



SIMONDS' GREAT FETE.

ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMME OF SPORTING AND OTHER EVENTS.

The Committee responsible for the arrangements of the above bi-annual event has decided that it shall be held on Saturday, 27th August. The venue, as in previous years, to be Coley Park (by kind permission of H. Keevil, Esq.). Preliminary meetings have been held and the following Officials have been elected and various Sub-Committees formed:—Chairman, Mr. L. A. Simonds; Vice-Chairman, Mr. R. St. J. Quarry; Treasurer, Mr. F. H. V. Keighley; General Secretary, Mr. W. Bradford.

| Sub-Committee. | Chairman. | Secretary. |
|-----------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| Bar | Mr. W. Wheeler | Mr. C. B. Cox |
| Baby Show ... | Mr. N. J. Crocker | Miss A. M. Prosser |
| Flower Show ... | Mr. S. Bird | Mr. W. J. Clay |
| Finance | Mr. L. A. Simonds | Mr. F. W. Freeman |
| Gate | Mr. F. Drury | Mr. E. Crutchley |
| Push Ball ... | Mr. G. F. Andrews | Mr. R. Skidmore |
| Races | Mr. F. Hawkins | Mr. R. Griffin |
| Side-shows ... | Mr. F. Edwards | Mr. J. B. Doe |
| Tug-of-War ... | Mr. W. Venner | Mr. F. Pusey |

A full programme of all sporting events is being compiled—Races, Tug-of-War, Push Ball, etc.—and will be run on similar lines to those of previous Fetes. Negotiations are also well in hand for the following additional attractions:—Bathing and Sports Girl Contest; Beautiful Children Competition, ages 2 to 8 years; Baby Show, for children up to 2 years of age; Ankle Competition.

The Social Club's Annual Flower Show will be staged on the Fete Ground and will be augmented by an exhibition of Racing Pigeons by the Bucks, Berks and Oxon and South Road Federation.

Enquiries are being instituted and it is hoped to obtain the Band of the Gordon Highlanders and also the Pipes Band of the same Regiment.

The "chief attraction" for the afternoon is under consideration and a further announcement will be made shortly.

At the conclusion of the Sports, visitors will find that a very attractive evening's programme has been arranged, one of the main features being a display by the Brewery Fire Brigade. It is anticipated that full details will be available for publication in the next issue of the GAZETTE.

It is hoped to stage a Darts Competition open to all Licensed Houses and Clubs in Reading and district, with a suggested entry fee of 2/6 for a team of seven. This, however, is subject to confirmation at a later date.

Admission tickets for the Fete will be on sale well in advance of the day at the usual price of 4d., and prizes for lucky tickets will be awarded.

It is earnestly hoped that all Branches and Subsidiary Companies will make as many entries as possible for the sporting events, and the Hon. Secretary (Mr. W. Bradford) will be pleased to afford all possible information on receipt of inquiry.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

No evening scents, I think, have the fascination of the delicate fragrance of the evening primroses, especially that of the common variety. Those pale moons irradiate the twilight with their sweet elusive perfumes. Like the flowers themselves their scent as night draws in becomes full of mystery and holds our imagination captive. And the scent of limes, what an exquisite scent this is—as exquisite as the music of the trees. To me the loveliest music in the world is the music of the evening breeze in the lime trees on a July evening. Each one of us, I suppose, dreams their own dreams and reads their own thoughts in the wondrously varied music of trees. Just as with the music of bells. "He that hears bells will make them sound what he list; as the soul thinketh, so the bell clinketh." The sound of the wind amongst beeches is a glorious sound, deep, rich and full. It is magnificent, but it is a song of the earth. The music of limes is a far-away melody reaching to the stars, a music which sweeps our thoughts to those stupendous flowers set by Almighty God in the garden of space.—Eleanour Sinclair Rhode (from "Scented Garden.")

THE ENGLISH INN.

A night in a good inn gives repose a quality of stimulus. Sleep and food have here a flavour that is absent from sleep and food at a friend's house. The inn waits at the end of the journey as certainly as your friend's house; yet its shelter and food come always with an agreeable sensation of accident and surprise. Too, you have at your inn all that your friend can give you, with many more conveniences and a wider range of entertainment; and with all this you are yet at the full centre of fluid life. In your friend's house you are shut away, but in the inn you are a looker-on at goings and comings; you are in contact with the present and you touch hands with the wraiths of the past and the substantial mementoes of their days; and from your seat in the lounge you view the world through a loophole retreat. I begrudge my sixpence or shilling for the inspection of the mansions of the great, with their Keep Off the Grass and Please Do Not Touch; I consider five pounds a trifle for the privilege of spending a night at the George of Glastonbury, the Feathers of Ludlow, the Lygon Arms of Broadway, or the Spread Eagle of Thame, where I am free to look and touch, and to walk unhindered up lordly staircases and to command a retinue of servitors. The ordinary Englishman's home is not in any sense—and never was—his castle. An officer or bailiff with the proper warrant may enter it when he chooses. But the Englishman's inn—say, the Angel, at Grantham, or the King Arthur, at Tintagel—is a castle, and every sojourner is a lord. He may feel its traditions in his blood as certainly as the children of a great house feel the traditions of their territory To get the full savour of an old inn you should come to it at night, and best of all a winter night, or twilight, when the mists are rising and the soul is low, and a log fire and a dinner seem to be the twin stars of human aspiration. All of us know these moments, and that is why inns were made—to stand upon the pilgrim's way with an understanding smile for the pilgrim's weakness. They are a sign to us to shed austerity and vigilance, and to meet and mingle with our fellows; to turn from our various occasions, lofty or low, and to ease our common needs and common anxieties in kindly communion.—*Thomas Burke (from "The Book of the Inn")*.



R.A.O.B. G.L.E.

WILTSHIRE PROVINCE.

An interesting gathering was held at the Headquarters, the Grapes Hotel, on Saturday, the 26th March, for the purpose of showing appreciation and esteem to the late host and hostess (Bro. Fred and Mrs. Horsington), who after 24 years have retired from business owing to indifferent health. Bro. F. P. Keen, K.O.M., I.P.P.G.P., was in the Chair, supported by Bro. W. White, R.O.H., P.G.P., Bro. B. Brooks, R.O.H., L.S.Prov.G.Secretary, Bro. H. Pinnell, K.O.M., P.P.G.P., and Bro. T. G. Allsopp, R.O.H., Prov.G.Treasurer.

The evening opened with an overture by Bro. A. Willcocks, K.O.M., P.G.Minstrel, and a very nice programme of vocal and instrumental music was given by the Brothers and their wives and a few friends.

During the evening the Chairman had the pleasure of making a presentation to Bro. Fred and Mrs. Horsington of an illuminated address and a silver tea service with tray.

Bro. H. Clifford, K.O.M., the Past President of the Examining Council, also presented them with a Pyrex glass on a silver mounting on behalf of that body.

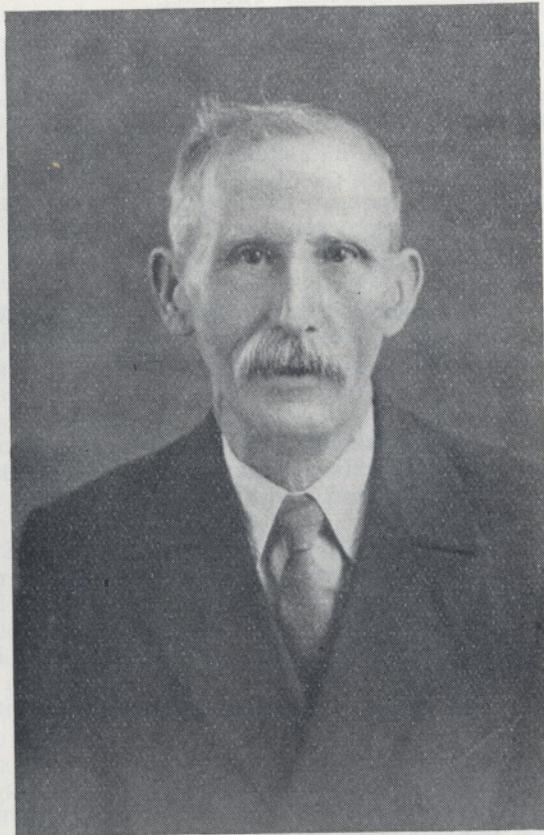
There were many kind things said by Bros. F. P. Keen, W. White, B. Brooks, H. Pinnell, T. G. Allsopp and H. Clifford, who had been in close touch with Bro. Fred and his wife over a period of years.

In responding, and thanking the Brothers for the presents and for the very kind things said about them, they both emphasised the fact that it had always been a pleasure to do whatever they could to help the Buffalo Order in this or any other Province.

Among those who helped to make it a very successful evening were Mrs. J. Hewer (songs), Bro. Ernie Hayball (the one and only), Mr. Webb (monologues), Bro. G. Gates (comic), Bro. E. Lax (clarinet solos), with Bro. H. Speck and Bro. A. Willcocks at the piano.

Refreshments were daintily served by the hostess, Mrs. D. Hayward, and a very pleasant evening came to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

FIFTY YEARS OF FAITHFUL SERVICE.



Mr. George Wilson.

Mr. George Wilson, of the Cooperage Department at The Brewery has just completed fifty years of faithful and loyal service to the Company, and to mark the event the Chairman and Managing Director (Mr. F. A. Simonds), on behalf of the Directors, presented him with a clock, suitably inscribed, and a cheque.



WORDS OF WISDOM.

Pessimism has never done anything but tear down what optimism has built up.

Wisdom is to the soul what health is to the body.

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young.
Own a fault if you are wrong,
And when angry hold your tongue.

We should try to make as much allowance for others as we wish them to make for us.

A true friend unbosoms freely, advises justly, assists readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageously, and continues a friend unchangeably.

Evil planned harms the plotter most.

Men see and judge the affairs of other men better than their own.

Look back and give thanks,
Look forward and take courage.

Make haste to be kind.

He who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

Right is right, even if nobody does it.

There is nothing so pathetic as a forgetful liar.

In this life nobody walks alone. A younger person somewhere is following you. Whether you are great and important or whether you are lowly and insignificant matters not. Somebody, somewhere is watching you, looking to you for inspiration, and taking you as a pattern to follow. It is a responsibility you cannot delegate—a burden you cannot pass on.

The best preacher is the heart ; the best teacher is time ; the best book is the world ; the best friend is God.

We cannot prevent the black birds and evil from flying over our heads, but we can prevent them from building their nests in our hair.

Man is a name of honour for a King.

You will never enjoy the world aright till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars.

Friendship is to be purchased only by friendship. A man may have authority over others ; but he can never have their heart but by giving his own.

Never mind a stumble while climbing up life's hill,
It shows you're making progress ; no one falls while sitting still.

Let your past mistakes be your future guide-posts.

The love that leads life upwards is the noblest and the best.

We are not here to please ourselves and we are not here long.

Have a heart that never hardens, a temper that never tires,
and a touch that never hurts.

HOP LEAF BRAND OF BOTTLED BEER ON BOARD SHIP.

Verses written by a popular Chief Steward on a P. & O. steamer :—

NECTAR.

Sevenpence, sevenpence, only to think of it !
No more will ninepences cause us to quail ;
Fill up your tankard and joyously drink of it—
Beautiful, sparkling Simonds Pale Ale.

Captains and Admirals, proud in their pinnaces,
Stoop not to plebeian beer so they say ;
Let them rejoice in their champagne and Guinnesses,
Junior ratings want S.L.P.A.

Foaming, delectable, heaven-sent beverage—
Rush to the counter and cheerily pay,
Then have another to keep up your average,
Keep yourself healthy on S.L.P.A.

Brewers and bottlers never have bettered you,
Oh to describe you, but similes fail ;
Hundreds of Froth-blowers waiting to get at you—
Simonds—no wonder your ale's looking pale !

BAY OF BISCAY.

Brewed and bottled solely for passengers and crews on the principal Lines of Steamships and for export, the fame of the Hop Leaf Brand L.P.A. is world-wide.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

Old Bill had got a job at last. After years on the dole, he was engaged as an assistant to an antique dealer.

The very first morning the boss came in and saw Bill standing idle in the shop. "Go up to the store-room," he ordered, "and get me a Greek urn for Mr. Blank. And be quick about it."

Bill rushed upstairs, and in the store-room encountered one of the packers. "Hi, mate ! he called. "What's a Greek urn ?"

"I dunno," came the packer's reply. "I guess it all depends on the job he's got."

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

It would seem that in the statement made in our last issue of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE concerning the general health of the staff, I overlooked a most important department of The Brewery, viz., the Transport Department, and I have been informed since—"more in sorrow than in anger"—that they have recently had more than their share of casualties, although I do not think the weather has been the cause of it. I believe things are somewhat brighter now and I do sincerely hope that all the invalids will soon be able to return to their duties.

However, I feel we cannot let the occasion pass without some comment on the wonderful weather we experienced during March, which surely whetted our appetite for further joys to come. I heard someone say only to-day, "Well the international situation doesn't look any too good, but *I'm not* worrying, for the sun keeps shining better than ever *every day*." I feel there is a great deal of truth in this. At the moment of writing, however, it seems set for another frost to-night, and, if severe, that will not gladden any gardener's heart.

OVERHEARD.

"Aren't you going to stop in to-night to hear the Spelling Bee?"

"No, I'm sorry. I am just going to out have an "**S.B.**"

This time of the year is a sort of "mark time" period for us, for the Budget is due during the month of April and we wonder what the Chancellor of the Exchequer has in store for our trade. Nevertheless trade has been good, for people will get out and about as soon as the sun starts really shining.

Surely he was a careful sort of chap who when asked about the Boat Race, and who was going to win, said: "I'm backing Oxford both ways"!

Sorry to record that Mr. S. Josey has been laid aside for some weeks and that he cannot get well as fast as he would like. At the time of writing there is better news of him and we all hope to see him back at duty in the near future, completely restored to his normal state of health.

Although we are getting towards the end of the football season, the leagues at present are in a very interesting state, and "fans" are going to have a most exciting month before the season really closes. I have never been a member of the "All is Lost League" regarding the prospects of Reading, but do feel that although a most excellent chance of promotion has obtained, it will not be *this season*. Unfortunately the team has not been consistent, but that, of course, applies with equal force to those who still fancy their chances of "going up." While our friends at Bristol are still hopeful regarding the chances of Bristol City—and they have full reason for this optimism—the question remains "Will they do it?"

This isn't easy to write. My colleague for over 30 years, Mr. A. H. Hopkins, having lost his wife after only a few hours' illness, we all feel acute sorrow at his irreparable loss. To be cut down in this tragic way seems a knock-down blow from which it is hard to recover. Mrs. Hopkins, apparently in good health, suddenly collapsed and although everything humanly possible was done she passed away very shortly afterwards. The news to us at The Brewery seemed to stun all. Mr. A. H. Hopkins can rest assured everyone feels sincerely sorry and distressed for him and hope he will be given strength and guidance to comfort him in his sorrow and grief. Although words sometimes seem cheap, there is, I feel sure, no one knowing Mr. Hopkins but who is genuinely sorry for him and who trusts that he will face up to his burden in the days to come. I feel I cannot say more, except to express to Mr. Hopkins the deepest sympathy of one and all.

I am sorry to record the death of Mr. G. Boyles, Foreman of our Maltings, who has been employed at the Brewery since 1914. He had been away from work only a short while. He was well known to most of us and was a member of the darts team for the greater part of the past season. The opportunity is taken to convey our sincere sympathy to all relatives in their tragic loss.

The following changes and transfers have taken place during the past month, and to all we wish every success:—

The Lamb, Kingston (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. L. G. Wood.

The Travellers Rest, Basingstoke (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. G. Hatch.

The Crown, Woodstock (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. F. R. Ware.

The Iron Duke, Crowthorne (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. H. Foster.

The Barley Mow, London Street, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mrs. M. A. Wyeth.

The World Turned Upside Down, Basingstoke Road, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. R. H. Hawkins.

The Fox and Hounds, Caversham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. P. Wallis.

The Carrington Arms, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. W. G. McDermott.

The Hour Glass, Sands, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. R. J. Green.

The Plough, St. Marybourne (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. F. Hillier.

We much regret to record the following deaths and to all relatives we tender our deepest sympathy:—

Mrs. C. Luxton (*nee* Morgan), mother of Mrs. Constable, of the Station Hotel, Twyford, died on March 12th, aged 67. Mrs. Luxton was previously at The Bell, London Street, Reading, the Bricklayers Arms, Coley, Reading, and the Duke's Head, Broad Street, Reading.

Mr. C. H. Harris, of the Hare and Hounds, Lambourn Woodlands, died on March 13th, having been a tenant at this House since 1927.

Mr. F. C. Attwood, of the Falcon, Theale, died on March 15th. He had been a tenant since 1929.

Mr. W. J. Richardson, of the Free House, Egham Hythe, Staines, died on March 19th, aged 57. He was born on the premises and had lived there all his life. His father, Mr. James Richardson, kept the House for many years until his death shortly before the War, and his mother held the licence subsequently until her death in 1922. Mr. Walter J. Richardson then became the licensee. An unassuming man, he was liked and respected by all who knew him. His hospitality left nothing to be desired and was fully in keeping with the high tradition established by his parents. The funeral was preceded by a service in Egham Parish Church, the interment taking place at Englefield Green.

Mr. A. J. Bason, of the Nag's Head, London Road, High Wycombe, died on March 27th, aged 54. He had been tenant at this House since 1916 and during the War served with the Gloucester Regiment. He was known as a model landlord and for some years had been a member of the High Wycombe and District Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society.

FIRE IN SOUTH BERKS YARD (INTENTIONAL).

SMART WORK OF THE BRIGADE.

Fire first seen at 10.58 p.m.

Chief Officer G. F. Andrews, acting as Watchman

Notified (himself by telephone)

Notified Fireman Vass (working) to inform Firemen

Notified Fireman Mansbridge (working) for duty

Opened Fobney Street gates

Opened Fire Station

Opened South Berks gates

11.2 p.m. to 11.10 p.m.
(eight minutes).

Time of arrival at Station:—

| | | | | |
|---|-----|-----|-----|------------|
| Fireman Mansbridge (at work) | ... | ... | ... | 11.5 p.m. |
| „ West (from home) | ... | ... | ... | 11.8 p.m. |
| „ Smith (ditto) | ... | ... | ... | 11.13 p.m. |
| „ Kirke (ditto) | ... | ... | ... | 11.14 p.m. |
| Second Officer Aust (ditto) | ... | ... | ... | 11.14 p.m. |
| Fireman Tigwell (ditto) | ... | ... | ... | 11.16 p.m. |
| „ Sainsbury (ditto) | ... | ... | ... | 11.20 p.m. |
| „ Howells (ditto) | ... | ... | ... | 11.35 p.m. |
| „ Kingstone | ... | ... | ... | 11.45 p.m. |
| „ Vass (from notifying Firemen) | ... | ... | ... | 11.45 p.m. |
| „ Clarke (from home) | ... | ... | ... | 11.50 p.m. |
| „ Dasper | ... | ... | ... | 11.55 p.m. |
| Engine was taken from Station (six Firemen in attendance) | ... | ... | ... | 11.18 p.m. |
| Arrived at fire | ... | ... | ... | 11.22 p.m. |
| Water suction commenced | ... | ... | ... | 11.24 p.m. |
| 50 lbs. pressure (approximately 300 gallons per minute; height of two jets, 60 feet; 1-inch nozzles used) | ... | ... | ... | 11.25 p.m. |
| Fire extinguished | ... | ... | ... | 11.28 p.m. |
| Engine back to Station | ... | ... | ... | 11.45 p.m. |
| Firemen dismissed | ... | ... | ... | 11.50 p.m. |

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

A man bought a canary from an animal dealer.

"You're sure this bird can sing?" he said, suspiciously.

"He's a grand singer."

The customer left. A week later he reappeared.

"Say! This bird you sold me is lame!"

"Well, what did you want—a singer or a dancer?"

* * * *

After examining the window for a long time the little girl entered the shop.

"Have you a nice toy costing about eightpence?" she asked. "I want it for a present for my little sister."

"Well," said the shopkeeper, "there's a doll. It really costs a shilling, but I'll let you have it for eightpence."

"Oh, no," replied the child. "If you're knocking fourpence off everything I'll have one of those fourpenny painting books."

* * * *

Dora had been a bad girl, and her mother decided that a lecture would do good. She called her daughter to her side. "Dora," she said, severely, "you must stop this abominable flirting. Remember you'll be punished in the end."

"But, mother," protested the girl, "I've heard that you flirted yourself, and you've never been punished."

Her mother frowned. "Child," she said, with great solemnity, "some day I want you to make a close study of your father."

* * * *

The village policeman was passing the local inn when, noting that it was well past closing time, he saw a man still sitting in the bar.

He went to the proprietor and remonstrated. "That man should be outside," he said.

"Yes," replied the proprietor, "but I can't get him out."

"I'll soon see about that," replied the constable, promptly, and pitched the unfortunate man out.

"Thanks," replied the boss. "I've been trying to get him out for a long time. You see, he's the bailiff."

BRANCHES.

BRIGHTON.

Friendships, which grew during service in England, France, Belgium and Russia, were renewed on Saturday, March 5th, by members of the Southdown Battalions (the 11th, 12th and 13th) of the Royal Sussex Regiment. Mainly Kitchener's men and Derby men, they are of the early war years. Their Association was holding its 13th annual dinner at the Aquarium Restaurant, Brighton, under the chairmanship of Lieut.-Col. W. C. Millward, D.S.O. In silence the assembly stood, remembering "Absent Comrades."

Lieut. G. E. Honeyman (12th Battalion), who proposed the toast of "The Royal Sussex Regiment," is a Scotsman, and he told that his coming to the Regiment was a move he had never regretted. The welcome he received was as kindly, comradely and tolerant as any he could have had in any part of the world. That he had a nickname he discovered when he was trying to collect a scattered platoon. One of them ran up behind him, and in a bated whisper asked the Sergeant, "Have you seen Jock anywhere?" to which the Sergeant replied, "Shut up, you fool!"

With the toast to "The most gallant Regiment in the British Army" he coupled Col. Impey, speaking of him as ubiquitous at Regimental functions, and always supporting everything for the Regiment, in which he had had a brilliant and distinguished career.

Lieut.-Col. G. H. Impey, D.S.O. (12th Battalion) responded with memories of the Regiment, going back to pre-war days in a Provisional Battalion at Dover. The Colonel commanding was, like the proposer of the toast, a Scotsman, one of the two men allowed in the Army to wear a beard—his chin had been shot away in the South African War. Afterwards he became Colonel Sir Walter Ross of Cromarty.

In the war Sussex had, he believed, a 14th Battalion as a draft unit; and "we had very nearly a Royal Sussex Brigade." Of nicknames, he recalled a story about himself. Just before the Battle of Cambrai, Capt. Hardy, a Company Commander in the 7th Battalion, said to a recruit, "Can you tell me the name of the Commanding Officer?" and the recruit replied, "Well, Sir, I don't rightly know his name, but we calls him Impy."

Col. Impey has made frequent tours of the Battlefields since the war, and of these he gave interesting accounts.

PORTSMOUTH.

Officers and men who served in H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, Grand Fleet Flagship, between 1914 and 1918 held their second re-union dinner at the Savoy Cafe, Southsea, this year. A fine silver model of the Duke of Wellington (The Iron Duke) on horseback occupied a place of honour on the top table. A telegram of loyal and humble duty was sent to the King, and a reply was received expressing His Majesty's thanks. A message was also received from the Depot of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, with which the ship has always maintained a close liaison. The occasion was for reminiscence, the exchange of autographs and the renewal of old friendship rather than a formal function. These comrades of the Great War, over 90 of them had come from as far afield as Nottinghamshire, Bedfordshire, Essex, Middlesex, Surrey, Sussex and various parts of Hampshire to meet in good fellowship and recall with pride the fine traditions of the Grand Fleet Flagship, and the discomforts of war-time, but more than one speaker declared that they looked back upon their years of vigil at Scapa Flow and in the North Sea as the happiest period of their naval service.

The staff of H.M. Customs and Excise Portsmouth Collection held their fourth annual dinner at Kimbell's Cafe this year. Mr. W. F. Bradley, Collector of Customs and Excise Portsmouth, presiding. The Toast, "Portsmouth Collection," was ably given by Mr. F. A. Bear, Collector of Customs and Excise Brighton. Mr. G. W. Adams (Winchester) responded. "Our Guests" was proposed by Mr. E. Inglis, Departmental Clerical Officer who, in his usual witty vein, welcomed all who had made a long journey to be present. Reply was made by Councillor Mrs. E. A. Weston, J.P., C.C., Mayor of Basingstoke. All the arrangements were in the hands of a committee, of which Mr. F. Hampton acted as Hon. Secretary.

The two wives were discussing their respective husbands over a cup of tea. The first complained that her husband never came home from his club until it was past midnight. "Well, my dear," said her friend, "for years I wondered where my husband was spending his evenings and then one night I reached home early, and there he was."—From the "Keystone Magazine," March, 1938.

HOTELS & CATERING DEPARTMENT

MESSRS. H. & G. SIMONDS LTD.,

THE BREWERY - - - READING.

Telephone : READING 3431.

Hotels under the same control :

THE ANCHOR INN,
KENNFORD, NR. EXETER.
Telephone No.: Kennford 274.

THE ANGEL HOTEL,
HIGH STREET, STAINES.
Telephone No. : Staines 156.

THE ANGLERS' HOTEL,
EGHAM.
Telephone No. : Egham 99.

THE BACON ARMS HOTEL,
OXFORD STREET, NEWBURY.
Telephone No. : Newbury 408.

THE BATH ARMS HOTEL,
CHEDDAR, SOMERSET.
Telephone No. : Cheddar 25.

THE BUSH HOTEL,
MARKET PLACE, WOKINGHAM.
Telephone No. : Wokingham 134.

OFF LICENCE DEPARTMENT.
Telephone No. : Wokingham 199.

THE CROWN HOTEL,
WEST MARKET PLACE, CIRENCESTER.
Telephone No. : Cirencester 288.

THE EASTGATE HOTEL,
IN 'THE HIGH,' OXFORD.
Telephone No. : Oxford 2694.

THE EVENLODE HOUSE,
EYNESHAM.
Telephone No. : Eynsham 15.

THE FALCON HOTEL,
READING AERODROME.
Telephone No. : Sonning 3148.

THE GROSVENOR HOUSE,
CAVERSHAM.
Telephone No. : Reading 72045.

THE KINGS ARMS HOTEL,
STOKENCHURCH.
Telephone No. : Radnage 43.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE,
READING.
Telephone No. : Reading 317611.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL,
FARNBOROUGH, HANTS.
Telephone No. : Farnborough 1000.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL,
MARKET PLACE, NEWBURY.
Telephone No. : Newbury 47.

ST. GEORGE & DRAGON HOTEL,
WARGRAVE, BERKS.
Telephone No. : Wargrave 15.

THE SHIP HOTEL,
READING.
Telephone No. : Reading 302911.

THE BLACK PRINCE HOTEL,
PRINCES RISBOROUGH.
Phone No. : Princes Risborough 76.