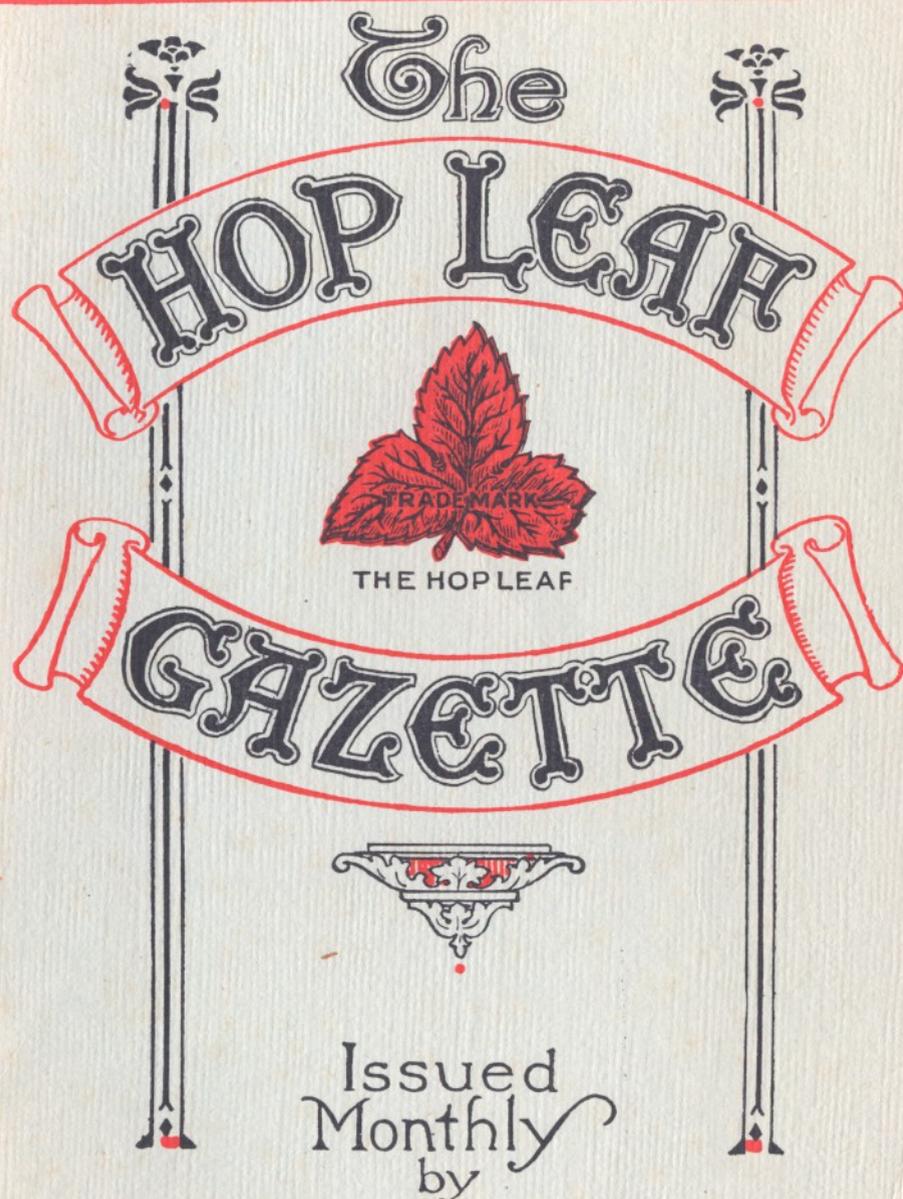


VOL. XIII.

OCTOBER, 1938.

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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. XIII.

OCTOBER, 1938.

No. 1

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



MR. R. J. BARTLETT.

MR. R. J. BARTLETT.

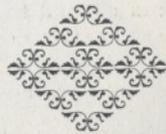
Mr. R. J. Bartlett joined the Firm in April, 1915, and commenced his first duties in the Cask Office at Reading. He only remained in that department for twelve months when he was moved to the Bottling Stores, at which period the actual issue of bottled beers, as well as the bottling, was made from that department. The enormous growth of that section of the business later necessitated a separation of the bottling factory from the loading and issuing department. Mr. Bartlett remained in the Bottling Stores for a matter of three years and was subsequently transferred to the staff of the General Office at Reading; from thence he was transferred to the Branch Office.

In October, 1927, Mr. Bartlett was appointed Chief Clerk at Salisbury Branch and carried out the duties with great credit. In January, 1934, the late Mr. T. R. Garland, manager of Salisbury Branch, retired on pension and Mr. Bartlett took over all the outside work appertaining to Salisbury Branch.

Mr. Bartlett has had good experience and passed through various departments which naturally stand him in good stead. He has proved his abilities as a salesman since taking over the outside work at Salisbury Branch in which he has been very successful. Possessed of a very pleasing manner he has gained the confidence of the very large circle of valued patrons of the Firm in that area, amongst whom he is very popular.

During the time he was at Reading Mr. Bartlett took a very active part in the sports side of the Social Club and played association football and cricket for the Brewery teams.

Since moving to Salisbury he has transferred his affections to tennis and badminton, at which he is no mean exponent.



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.)

MR. F. H. V. KEIGHLEY'S ENGAGEMENT.

The engagement is announced between Frederick Herbert Vernon, elder son of Lieut.-Col. Vernon Keighley, D.S.O., M.V.O., late 18th K.G.O. Lancers, and Mrs. Keighley, of Redesdale, The Park, Cheltenham, and Anne Mary, only child of Col. Arthur Bates, D.S.O., T.D., late London Rifle Brigade, and Mrs. Bates, of Manydown Park, Basingstoke.

PRAYERS ANSWERED.

A minister was asked by one of his least respectable members to say prayers on Sunday for Anna Bell. The clergyman did so. A few days later the pastor asked the church member if he desired the prayers for Anna Bell to be repeated. "No, thank you kindly," replied the church member, "she won last Monday at seven to one."

SPARE A FLOWER!

Now autumn is here why not plant some of your unwanted seeds and plants in the hedgerows? Little imagination is needed to picture how beautiful our roads would be if this were done.

TOO BAD!

The man who was not quite equal to the task of distinguishing the various military ranks was in close conversation with a colonel. Several times he called him "Captain" then, as if not sure, he asked: "You are a captain, aren't you?"

"Well," said the colonel, slightly amused, "I'm not any more, although I was once."

"Too bad," consoled the civilian. "Drink, I suppose?"

THE B.B.C. AND ALCOHOL.

"Whatever the temperance organisations do, the B.B.C. will never sign the pledge, because beer is part of the life of the people and, therefore, must inevitably be represented in the songs and jokes of the people."—*Radio Pictorial*, June, 1938.

"A NECESSITY."

Beer is a necessity for men working in Northern Australia, according to Dr. Cecil Cook, Chief Medical Officer for the Northern Territory. The statement is now in Australia's official records, as it was made on oath before the Arbitration Court of Conciliation and Arbitration at Darwin.

NO BAR ON ALCOHOL.

"The cardinal rule of athletic dieting is to eat and drink what suits you, in moderation and at regular hours. The days of raw steaks, no potatoes or other starchy foods, no smoking and no alcohol are past. It has been proved that ultra-strict discipline produces staleness."—*Mr. Tom Whittaker, Trainer of the Arsenal Football Club, in the "Daily Mail."*

"PACK OF CARDS" INN.

This is the name of an inn at Combe Martin, Devon. It is evident that it was deliberately carried out to bear the name. There are fifty-two windows, one for each card in the pack; thirteen doors, one for each denomination; four storeys, one for each suit. The general layout is that of a child's house built of cards, with tall chimneys and a tower-like centre. Legend has it that an eighteenth century squire won a fortune at cards, and devoted a portion of his money to building this house in memory of his luck.

HIS AMBITION.

"Is not this work almost too much for you, friend?" asked the new vicar. "You must be a great age."

"Yessir, yessir!" mumbled the old bell-ringer. "'Ow many years I've tolled this bell I can't tell ye, but it's beginning to tell on me. 'Owsomever, I've rung the bell for five dead vicars——"

"Dear me!" ejaculated the minister.

"And," continued the sexton, "I'll be happy when I've made up the 'alf dozen! I think I'll retire then."

COMPLIMENTS.

The master of the house rang for the maid. The girl was in the act of cleaning pots and pans, and, before she could tidy herself, her employer entered the kitchen to see what was delaying her.

He looked at her dirty hands and face. "My word, Mary," he said, "but you're pretty dirty, aren't you?"

Mary smiled coyly. "Yes, sir," she replied, "but I'm prettier clean."

DRINK "BY THE HOUR."

Instead of paying for each drink, visitors to an inn in a Prague suburb may buy their refreshment "by the hour." By paying the equivalent of 11d. the customer is entitled to drink as much as he pleases for one hour without further charge. After the first hour the charge is only 5½d. per hour.

The innkeeper, Sandor Lehoosky, draws his supplies of wine from his own vineyard, and he says he has been forced to adopt this method of selling it because competition is severe. As a result of the innovation his inn is crowded day and night, and many other inns are considering introducing the system.

THE SPELLING BEE.

A visitor from Eastern Europe has been making merry with English spelling. One of his suggestions is that "fish" ought to be spelt "ghoti." He argues that the "gh" is pronounced as in "rough," the "o" as in "women," and the "ti" as in "nation."

So obviously "ghoti" spells "fish."

THE REALLY BIG MAN.

J. R. Lowell knew the really big man as summed up in the following lines:—

*His magic was not far to seek—
He was so human. Whether strong or weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
But sate an equal guest at every board;
No beggar ever felt him condescend,
No prince presume; for still himself he bare
At manhood's simple level, and where'er
He met a stranger, there he found a friend.*

CHAMBERLAIN THE PEACEMAKER.

Every man, woman and child in England and much further afield owes Mr. Neville Chamberlain, our Prime Minister, a debt they can never repay. The Great War cost the nation millions of casualties—killed and wounded—billions in sterling, and crippled it with crushing taxes. Mr. Chamberlain, by his wonderful statesmanship, honesty of purpose, and belief in humanity, has guided this nation, and indeed all Europe, from the brink of war, ruin, and destruction to a path of peaceful settlement, thus saving the country millions in lives, billions in sterling, and avoiding further taxation for the present and future generations. The public should realise (1) that we might be more likely to lose than to win a war (owing to Socialist disarmament folly); (2) that even if we won, we should probably be ruined economically; (3) that war would most likely mean the *complete* absorption of Czecho-Slovakia.

EARL BALDWIN'S FINE TRIBUTE.

Earl Baldwin said in the House of Lords on Tuesday, October 4th, "I know little of what has passed between the chancelleries of Europe, but I know enough to know this—that when the Prime Minister took that decision to go to Berchtesgaden, there was nothing else on earth that he could have done. I thank God that he was able to do it, and while I think perhaps others might have taken that decision, I do not believe that there is another man in this country who could have brought about what he has brought about, because of his remarkable gifts of tenacity of purpose and of will, the fertility of his invention, and his resource in times of difficult conference and argument. I know I could not have done it. It is a performance for which his country owes him much."

BASE INGRATITUDE!

"There is scarcely a sin in the world that is in my eyes such a crying one as ingratitude," wrote Charles Dickens. I wonder what he would have thought and wrote concerning those who have harshly criticised Mr. Chamberlain about his magnificent achievement in saving the world from war?

POOR CHAP!

A man was walking down the street with his little boy at his side when the youngster cried out: "Oh look! There goes an Editor!"

"Hush," said the father. "Don't make sport of the poor man. Goodness knows what you may come to yourself some day."

PLAYERS' MAXIMS BY THE MANAGER.

The manager of the Hibernian F.C., the Scottish League Club, has issued the following ten maxims for the benefit of the players under his charge. They are:

1. You are not the only man in the team—there are ten others.
2. The ball is round; make it go round.
3. Put spirit in your play, not your stomach.
4. Think before you shoot.
5. Spectators shout a lot. You shoot a lot.
6. Play football; don't dance.
7. Don't think you are a world beater; you may only be a carpet beater.
8. Never lose your temper; you may lose your livelihood.
9. Gentlemen are always gentlemen.
10. Play to the whistle not to your own dictates.

TENNIS CLUB'S SUCCESSFUL SEASON.

The summer season of our Lawn Tennis Club has now ended and it has been the most successful on record. We have played 12 matches; won 8; drawn 2; and lost 2—a very creditable performance. The improvement in the play of the members has been most marked and they have taken every advantage of the two fine new hard courts so generously provided by our Directors. Often, of an evening, as many as a score of players have attended and here I would like to pay tribute to some of our beginners. Several who have not handled a racquet before this season have made wonderful headway and are deserving of every encouragement, which I am sure they will receive. We are all looking forward to some good games during the winter which will enable us to "keep our eye in" and give an even better account of ourselves next year than we have this. In conclusion, a word of praise and gratitude to Mr. Huddy, our genial Hon. Secretary, for his quiet, efficient work, in the best interests of the club.

FORTHCOMING GRAND DANCE.

It is with great pleasure that I am able to say that the Simonds' Sports Club are arranging a Dance at the Large Town Hall for Friday, December 9th. The Committee are hoping to secure the services of the Band of H.M. Life Guards. Those of us who attended a similar function in January last have very vivid recollections of a most enjoyable evening; the music provided by the Life Guards was delightful, and the whole of the proceedings were most entertaining. All readers will be well advised if they make a special note of the date. Full particulars will appear in our next issue.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

While alterations were taking place in an ancient cottage the following "recipe" was found in a hole in the ceiling of an attic bedroom :

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Take 12oz. of Dislike, 1lb. of Resolution, 2oz. of the Powder of Experience, a large sprig of Time, 14 drams of the quiet of Dishonour, 1 quart of the cooling waters of Consideration. Set them over a gentle Fire of Love, sweeten it with the sugar of Forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of Melancholy. Put it to the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a sound conscience and then let it remain, and you instantly find ease and be restored to your right senses.

These things are to be had of the Apothecary at the House of Understanding, next door to Reason, in Prudent Street in the Parish of Contentment.

DIFFERENT VIEWS!

Vicar's Wife : " Before engaging you, Mary, I should like to know whether you have any religious views? "

Mary : " No, I'm afraid I haven't, ma'am. But I've got some lovely picture postcards of Blackpool. "

UNITED COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Louis Simonds has promised to be the first president of the newly formed Reading branch of the United Commercial Travellers' Association. A dinner is being given in his honour on October 15th at Grosvenor House, Caversham, the headquarters of the branch, and there is every indication that a large gathering will be present to greet him.

MR. DUNCAN SIMONDS JOINS UP.

It is very gratifying to know that Mr. Eric Duncan Simonds, second son of our Chairman and Managing Director, has joined up at the Brewery and entered upon his duties at the beginning of this month. Mr. Duncan was educated at Eton, where he was head of his House, and at Magdalen. He has travelled a great deal in Germany, Australia, Holland, Italy, France, etc., is fond of sport and is a keen and competent motorist. All will wish him a long and successful career in the great Firm that bears his honoured name.

WORSE THAN VERSE.

The Lady Motorist.

She put out her right hand
Then turned to the left,
Now her parents are both
Of a daughter bereft.

The Road Hog.

He was doing fifty-sixty,
When a corner came in sight.
And six months later Jackson
Could almost sit upright!

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

The end of August turns our thoughts to the approach of winter, yet it so happened that September this time, in the main, proved very good for the late holiday-makers, which is what we all desire. In fact, one September week was probably the best the whole summer through.

Undoubtedly September was a very busy month for agricultural shows, ploughing matches and quite a good number of farm sales, and the Firm's products were on sale at most of them in our district.

To many of us the end of September means busy nights of balancing and all its attendant duties, owing to the end of our financial year. Although it will be some little time before substantial progress in balancing can be expected or realised, it will come in due course, so we are all hoping the final balance will not be too hard to "strike."

With the rest of the country we were all under the shadow of the international crisis, particularly during the fateful last week of the month, and many volunteered for duty for A.R.P. work at the Brewery, which, although the present situation is easier, is to continue. A letter of thanks and appreciation from Mr. F. A. Simonds, Chairman and Managing Director, on behalf of the Board, has been sent to every volunteer.

At Reading we have our new Board of Directors for the Football Club and hopes are running high that an extra special effort will be forthcoming to enable the Club to win promotion to the Second Division; at least that is the hope and wish of the new management. So far the Reading team have been plodding along in a steady way without becoming favourites for the promotion stakes, although, at the moment, there is very little in it. The number of players on the books of the Club at the start of the season was so small that when injuries came along the management had quite a job to put two teams in the field, especially during the period of two matches a week for both sides. Another month should see Reading in a good position in the League if the weak spots are strengthened.

To my mind, one of the most surprising events of the season has been the rise of Aldershot and to top the League is really wonderful. The "goals against" column tells the tale and to have only four goals debited to their defence in nine games speaks for itself.

Can you visualise them as a promotion hope? If they keep it up they should be a certainty. In a few weeks' time Reading, I believe, play them and this should be a bumper "gate."

Both our Branch teams, Portsmouth and Plymouth, are doing much better and after the disappointing season both Clubs had last time this is all to the good.

Brighton would seem to be much as usual; however, Reading had the best of it this time, obtaining three points against them out of four.

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

The Malt Shovel, Ramsbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. H. Brewin.

The Bird Cage, Thame (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. C. A. Clarke.

The King George V, Wycombe Marsh (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. R. J. Skipp.

Regarding this last mentioned change, the following extract is from the *Morning Advertiser* of the 21st September:—

"COUNCILLOR'S NEW VENTURE.

"NOW A LICENSEE.

"Licensed victuallers in High Wycombe and the surrounding district are now happy in the thought that a member of the Trade is now a member of the High Wycombe Borough Council. Not for generations has a licensed victualler occupied a seat on the Council.

"Councillor R. J. Skipp, ten years a member of the Council, has been granted the transfer of the licence of the King George V (formerly King of Prussia), Wycombe Marsh, from Albert John Abbott."

The *Bucks Free Press* also makes reference to this under the heading of "County Gossip," and we give below an extract:—

"In this connection a local resident writes: 'It must be 60 years or more since High Wycombe had a licensed victualler who was also a member of the Town Council. The last I remember was Councillor Charles Lintell, of the "Globe," White Hart Street.'"

The Saracens Head, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. Baldwin.

The Grapes, Windsor (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. A. Pullen.

The Old Dog, Shaw, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. A. Holdaway.

The Plough, Grazeley (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. G. E. Welch.

The Cheddar Cheese, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. J. J. Wilson.

The Three Horse Shoes, Meadle (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. C. E. Watson.

We much regret to record the death of Mr. W. G. Toombs, of the Off-Licence, 31, Denham Road, Egham, where he had been tenant since February, 1907. We extend our deepest sympathy to all relatives in their sad loss.

The following account from the *Surrey Herald and News* gives full details:—

"One of the most popular and best known of Egham residents, Mr. William George Toombs, died at his home, 31, Denham Road, after a long and painful illness.

"Born in Egham 58 years ago, Mr. Toombs spent all his life—except for war service—in his native town, and being a keen sportsman was brought into contact not only with his fellow townsmen but with others in the surrounding districts. Being of a jovial nature he was extremely popular, and his passing has been the occasion of many expressions of regret.

"The deceased was a capable footballer, and his active participation in the game goes back for at least 40 years. He assisted Egham and Chertsey Clubs, his contemporaries in the latter including Messrs. J. C. and L. H. Rider, E. M. Hampshire and R. Cooper. He was also a keen and enthusiastic cricketer, and rendered useful service to his local team for a considerable time. The river, too, commanded his interest, and at one time, with other members of his family, he was prominent in the prize-list at Egham Regatta and other river events. Mr. Toombs was also an esteemed member of the Egham Constitutional Club, the members of which mourn the passing of a very popular colleague.

"For a quarter of a century Mr. Toombs was a tradesman in Egham, as in 1913 he succeeded to the off-licence business in Denham Road which had been established some years previously by his father, who died that year.

" Much sympathy has been expressed with his sisters, one of whom is Mrs. Cave, of The Vine, Chertsey.

" He was buried in Englefield Green Cemetery. The Vicar (the Rev. A. C. Tranter) officiated, and the mourners were : Mrs. C. Cave, Mrs. Brooker (sisters), Miss Betty Brooker (niece), Mrs. R. Toombs (sister-in-law), Mr. C. Cave (brother-in-law), Mrs. Dryden (manageress), Messrs. W. Bowyer and G. B. Grove (representing Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.), Mrs. Dilks and Mr. Etherington (a friend from Buxton)."

WHEN WINTER COMES.

REMARKABLE FAMILY GATHERING.

Minutes of a Family Council, held at Homelands, Winfield, on Saturday, October 1st, for the purpose of passing orders on garments and footwear which had been in use during the past twelve months, and to hear cause why new wearing apparel should not be provided for the coming winter.

President : The Mistress of the Household.

Members : The Elder Son, the Younger Son, the Master.

The Council having assembled pursuant to Order proceeded to view the various exhibits. The Mistress having placed her entire wardrobe before the Council, declared that she hadn't a rag fit to wear, and her demands for a completely new rig out were passed without a single dissentient voice, the Master being too overcome by emotion to register his opinion either way. The Elder Son and the Younger Son also had their abnormally abnormal demands met to their entire satisfaction. The Master then submitted a blue serge suit *circa* 1931, double breasted, three buttons showing, bearing the well known hall mark of Mn. Bn., and which he justly considered rather the worse for wear and a bit under the weather. He was considerably surprised on being severely censured for doing so, the said suit being sentenced by the other members of the Council as thoroughly serviceable and fit for further wear.

The presence of several stains on the frontal, or Sudeten, area of the suit, was also strongly animadverted upon. These stains when subjected to a chemical analysis, gave a strong reaction denoting the presence of numerous vigorous colonies of vitamins S.B. A.L.E. and I.P.A. As these vitamins are only found to predominate in malt, hops, yeast and glucose, the Master was warned that his dietary was unbalanced, and that more roughage and a correspondingly less amount of liquid nourishment would be a desideratum. The suit having been cleansed with an intensive admixture of Discol Benzole and Castrol it was returned to the

Master and passed as being a fit and proper covering for him when he sallied forth, without let or hindrance, upon his lawful occasions. The Master was further directed to take all A.M.P. (anti-moth precautions) to exercise the said suit W.P. and to resubmit the suit to a Council to be holden in 1941.

The following recommendation was also made :—" That as and when wearing the said suit, a protective covering should be worn over the said frontal area, the covering to be either natural (*i.e.* hirsute) or a shield made from the coagulated juice of certain tropical plants which is waterproof and pliable." On hearing this recommendation the Master left the Council in a despondent mood, and when last seen was steering a course N.E. by N. towards a refuelling station conspicuously marked by a Black B(u)oy but minus the aforementioned covering.

T.M., Shinfield.

SUPREME**L**Y BENE**F**ICIAL
 I**N**
 M**O**MENTS
 O**F**
 N**E**RVIOUS
 D**E**PRESSION.
 S. B.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

HOW ROOKS CRACK WALNUTS.

SPARROWS' DISCOURTESY TO GARDEN WARBLER.

I am sure we all appreciate the fine new Sports Ground which our Directors have so generously provided for us. I have spent many very happy hours there, not only in the broiling sun, knocking about a tennis ball, but in the cool of the early morning. You may then see countless rooks and jackdaws leaving Coley Park, where they have roosted during the night, for their feeding grounds. They create a great din as they discuss the prospects of the day and then, at eventide, there is "a long, long, trail a-winding" as they wing their way home, again engaging in noisy conversation before settling down for the night.

HARES, HAWKS, MISSEL THRUSHES AND LINNETS.

Perhaps you will disturb a lanky leveret who will race away at many miles per hour, dip under the fence and soon be lost to view. A kestrel is almost always on view. He seems to particularly favour the building land to the east, lying waste. Over here he will hover, suddenly dive down like an arrow and return to the Park holding some poor little field vole or bird in his cruel claws. Whether it is morning, noon, or night, you will probably see a covey of partridges, and there is one spot particularly to their liking. I suppose that here is some form of food that they fancy. There are also many mispel thrushes—fine fellows with their handsome mottled breasts. Nor must I forget the linnets. There are hosts of these sweet songsters and only this morning (September 25th) I flushed a large company of at least a hundred of them. I hope they were not eating too many of the grass seeds sown there. Few of us can be unmoved by the linnet's singing, but which of us, until the poet touched our lazy hearts, have been carried by it to such a thought as Flecker so beautifully expressed when he wrote:—

A linnet who had lost her way
Sang on a blackened bough in Hell
Till all the ghosts remembered well
The trees, the wind, the golden day.

At last they knew that they had died,
When they heard music in the land,
And someone there stole forth a hand
To draw a brother to his side.

ROOKS AND WALNUTS.

Noticing a number of rooks carrying some rounded form of food in their beaks, alighting on the ground and pecking away vigorously at what they had obtained, I made a good guess concerning the nature of the meal they were consuming. And I had not travelled far on my way home before, in a very interesting way, I had proof of the accuracy of my guess. High over the Bath Road was an old rook, and he suddenly dropped something on to the hard road, flew down at a great pace, picked up what he had dropped again and then re-ascending high into the air repeated the performance. He had a walnut and this was his mode of cracking the shell. Soon afterwards I purposely passed by some walnut trees and saw about a dozen of these black marauders helping themselves to the nuts and flying away with them. I approached within a few yards of one rook and, taken by surprise, he dropped a walnut at my feet. I was of course very grateful but thought he might have left a little salt to go with the tasty morsel! The nut was dead ripe, with rather a thin shell, and quite easy to crack.

GARDEN WARBLER STILL HERE.

Convinced that I heard snatches of the deep mellow song of the garden warbler in my garden on Saturday, September 24th, I looked out of my window and there sure enough was this wonderful little vocalist in his light brown suit. The garden warbler is very much the colour of the house sparrow but these perky fellows showed they knew the difference in no uncertain manner. The

sparrows were enjoying a bathe in the bird bath and the poor little warbler wanted to have a bathe too. Time and again he alighted on the edge of the bath but it was all to no purpose for no sooner had he done so than the sparrows attacked him and eventually, evidently disappointed, he flew away—to where I hope he will receive more chivalrous treatment. Just later a chiff-chat appeared, uttered a few of his familiar notes, and passed on.

THE DARTFORD WARBLER.

Mr. F. A. Simonds, who has a wide knowledge of natural history, was asking me the other day about the Dartford Warbler. It is one of the few British birds that I have not yet had the privilege of seeing, but I learn on the best authority that it affects furzy commons in several southern and western counties though it is nowhere abundant. Its habits are similar to those of the Stone and Furze Chats and it raises the feathers of its head, thus forming a crest. A very shy bird, the Dartford Warbler has a particularly long tail and derives its name from having been first seen—and shot, of course!—on Bexley Heath, near Dartford, in 1773.

CITY TREES.

By Edna Vincent Millay.

The trees along this city street,
Save for the traffic and the trains,
Would make a sound as thin and sweet
As trees in country lanes.

And people standing in the shade
Out of a shower, undoubtedly
Would hear such music as is made
Upon a country tree.

Oh, little leaves that are so dumb
Against the shrieking city air,
I watch you when the wind has come—
I know what sound is there.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

People these days are easily scared. There are horrible headlines in all our papers; bloodshed, war, atrocities, poverty, misery, woe. There is talk of the muddle in high places, or what we should do next about something overseas or afar off. But don't forget, however muddled the world may seem in the papers, your world begins with you!

Your world is closely packed round you—your husband, children, or, if you are not fortunate enough to have those, you have mother and/or father, brothers, sisters, or you may be a maid in service—then the people you wait on kindly and efficiently every day are your world for the present, anyway. You can alter your world, whoever you are. You may not be able to do much about foreign matters, or the peace of the universe, but you can do much about the matters in your own house, or in the house in which you live; you can do a lot about the peace of that!

You may have some querulous invalid dependent on you for news, interest, food, attention, cleanliness, comfort—that is a lot for one person to be responsible for.

You have husband and children dependent on you for happiness. Your husband may be the bread-winner, but you are the butter-and-jam-winner, as it were. Just bread, or just home, without your influence and your touch would be a very empty thing.

It is good for us sometimes to think well of ourselves. It is right at other times to take ourselves to task. It all depends on the moment and the mood—also affairs generally. But there are many times when to think “well—I am important. I have so-and-so dependent on me for happiness, and without me this home might still go on, but it would lack much.” It is good for us to think that sometimes and to reach up and give ourselves a pat on the back. If we pat our own backs, we shall have the husbands, sons and daughters doing it, too, or the grateful praise of our invalids, and they will feel better for it as well as you.

But don't forget, first we must earn the pats. We must be conscious of doing our utmost in our own particular corner of the world, which is our little world, to make things better; then we can go ahead, daily doing the apparently insignificant tasks, which would mean so much if we ceased to do them.

Never mind whether you get the pats or not. There is always One who is watching, and only too willing to say, “Well done.”

TO CHARLES DICKENS.

Why do you place in our affection hold
 Usurped by none?
 Whilst writers new, inventive, daring, bold,
 Rise, one by one,
 And clamorous for our attention call
 Then go their ways and to oblivion fall.
 Perhaps we cannot say—nor reason give
 Why Little Nell
 And Martin Chuzzlewit immortal live
 —Perhaps 'tis well
 That we should sometimes cease to analyse
 The cause of tears and laughter in our eyes.
 Books we may have—brave volumes by the score
 On which to browse
 —Encyclopedias, a ton or more,
 O'er which to drowse:
 And, as the shadows steal across the lawn,
 We glance from page to page, and listless yawn.
 But often, as, toward the fire we've turned
 An easy chair
 With Pickwick or Micawber we have learned
 To laugh at care
 Have owned you brook no rivals on our shelves
 Or in your Characters have seen ourselves.

S. E. COLLINS.

OUTBREAK OF FIRE AT THE BREWERY.

EFFICIENT WORK OF OUR BRIGADE.

On the morning of September 12th a fire broke out in the South Berks Store Room, adjoining the Catering Department yard. It was first noticed at 10.45 a.m. by a Bottling Beers Department employee. Two minutes later the siren was sounded and every department notified. Simonds Fire Brigade, with fire trailer, acted with commendable promptitude and were on the scene at 10.52 a.m., the fire being extinguished about 11.30 a.m.

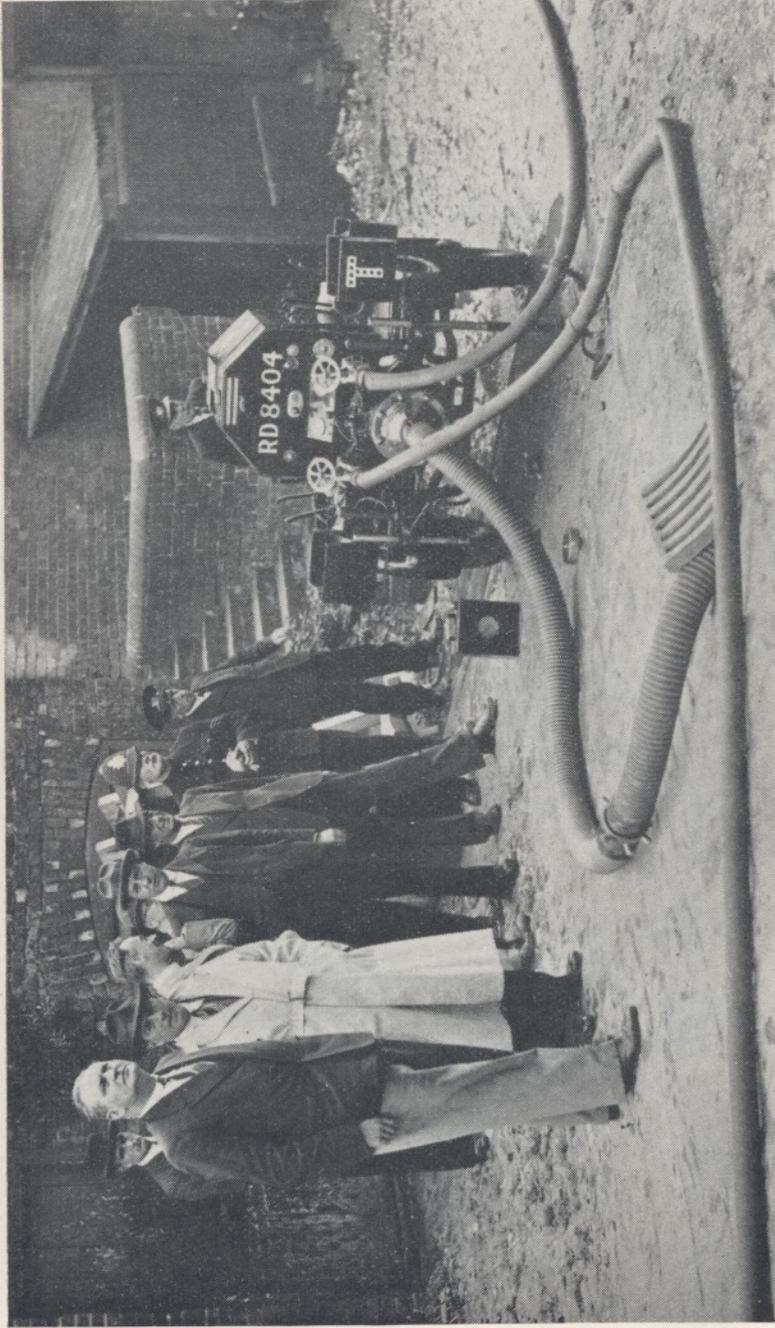
The Reading Fire Brigade also attended, but did not have to bring their engine into action.

Commander H. D. Simonds, who is in supreme command of the Brewery Brigade was, with Chief Officer G. F. Andrews, early on the scene, while our Chairman and Managing Director (Mr. F. A. Simonds) and other Directors watched the Brigade at work and afterwards complimented the men on their fine performance.

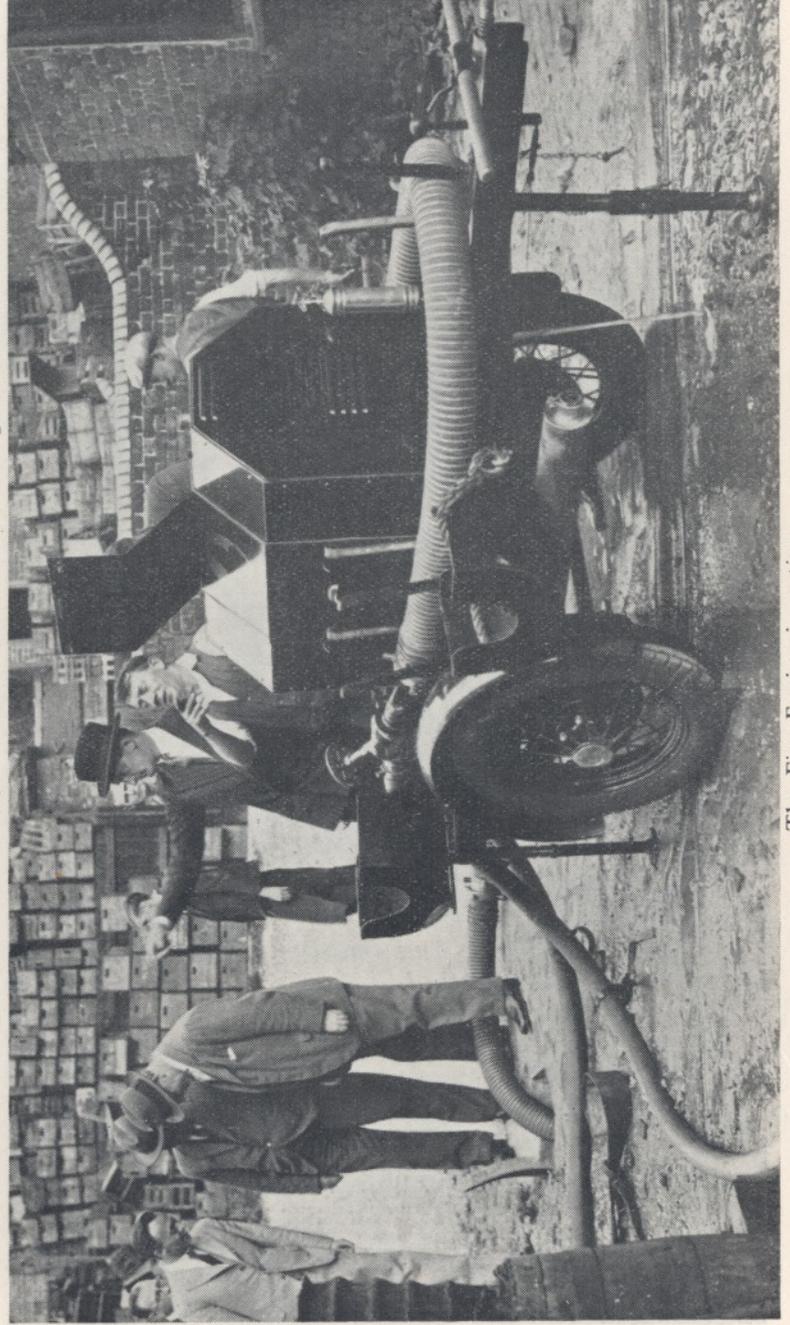
The valued assistance of the Reading Fire Brigade was much appreciated as also was the presence and help of members of the Reading Borough Police Force, including the Chief Constable, Mr. T. A. Burrows.



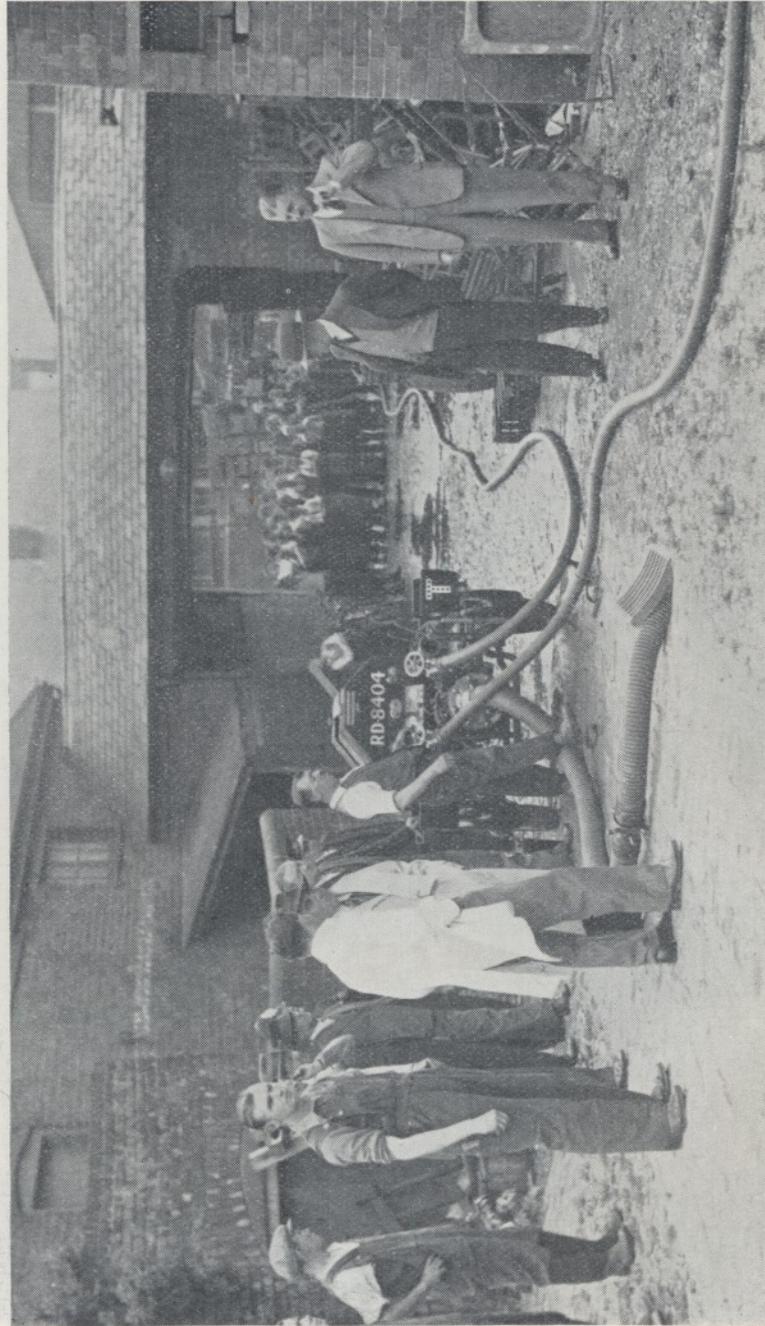
As always, our Directors are on the spot in times of emergency and here are to be seen, left to right, Mr. R. St. J. Quarry, Brig.-General H. Simonds de Brett, Mr. F. A. Simonds, Major G. S. M. Ashby, Commander H. D. Simonds and Mr. H. M. P. Ashby.



Interested spectators watching operations.



The Fire Engine in action.



Bottling Stores Boys ready to help.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

If you have much, give much ; if little, give little, but with joy.

Find something interesting in every disagreeable task.

I'm but a cog in Life's vast wheel
That daily makes the same old trip,
But what a joy it is to feel
That, but for me, the world might slip,
It's something, after all, to jog
Along and be a first-class cog.

No man who was not a true gentleman at heart, ever was, since the world began a true gentleman in manner.

It is far better to pin a flower in a man's coat than to send twenty wreaths to his funeral.

The measure of knowledge is the acknowledgment of ignorance.

Superstition, being much easier to believe than it is to explain, will continue popular as long as people refuse to think.

Anything that makes a noise is satisfactory to a crowd.

Is it not a poor and paltry thing for a man or woman to be so taken up with the gew-gaws and baubles of this life as to forget the big, strong, and sacred realities of it? We are not sent here to see who can pile up the largest fortune, or obtain the greatest social success ; but our primary duty is to build up character. In this world none of us count for much. If you go out in society you are nothing more than a visiting card ; if you are a politician you are nothing but a vote ; if you are travelling you are nothing but a ticket, and when you stop at an hotel you are nothing but a number. But before God you are so much character, and each one of us has a call for him, direct and immediate, to build up a lofty character. No one can plead that this is a task for which he is unfitted. The materials for character-building lie at our very feet.

THERE'S ALWAYS HOPE.

We never take the last step, there is always one more to go ; one more chance to find new roads, and to leave behind old woe. One more chance to step aside from the strange roads we've pursued, for one of life's deepest blessings is its splendid magnitude.

We never take the last step, there are always new ways to begin, and our next step is so often the step by which we win. So don't think hope is needed, and don't get overstrung, for until life be over its last song is not sung.

THREE THREES.

Three things to despise—cruelty, arrogance, and ingratitude. Three things to wish for—health, friends, and contentment. Three things to admire—dignity, gracefulness, and intellectual power.

Beware of little expenses, a small leak will sink a great ship.

Nothing is happiness which is not shared by at least one other.

The world is blest most by men who do things, and not by those who merely talk about them.

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.

Good mothers are the salt of the earth. They are the backbone of any nation. Theirs is a sacred office, an office whose dignity cannot be over-stressed, an office for which God seems to have endowed woman with special gifts. He must have taken finer clay when he made a mother's heart. He must have formed it larger and made it firmer to stand the trials that were to come. Into it He must have breathed a little longer that it might be

warmer with love, more gentle, more kind. It is one of the masterpieces of His creation—a mother's heart. It seems to be a mother's mission always to be a mother. In the world's eyes we may be men or women. To mothers we are still her little ones ; we are still her "little ships." Every man keeps a shrine in his heart to his mother. Be he rich or poor, a success or a failure, that shrine is in every man's heart. It is a sacred spot to which he can turn from the storm and stress of life. It is a spot hallowed by the memories of better days, when life's horizons were closer and its skies bluer and brighter. Life plays queer tricks with us all, but it never destroys the sacred charm of that dear name, mother.

To live nobly is to have respect rather than respectability ; we must respect others, and never jeer at them or make them feel cheap. There is something, at any rate, of the divine in the human. Little people see faults in others ; noble and big people see effort as well as failure, self-sacrifice as well as insignificance. Seeing through people, they see the ultimate good in them, not the superficial weakness. To live nobly is to think nobly ; to be sympathetic is to think with sympathy ; to be kind is to think kindly. There is no hidden secret about greatness, but it demands great spiritual tenacity.

At work and play

Or when at rest

There is no doubt

that Beer is Best.

CRICKET.

Now is the time for looking back on past history and a brief peep into the future. Unless things unforeseen happen, we have rung down the curtain on Prospect Park for our home games of cricket. Well! many pleasant matches have been played there these past sixteen years. We have had good wins, heavy defeats, even ties and indecisive results.

Next season we hope to be on our own sports ground and every endeavour will be made to have an opening match worthy of the occasion.

The results of the season were given in last month's GAZETTE and the reports of the matches have appeared in successive issues. Let us look back on things in general.

Firstly, Practice! We had the advantage of practising in our own nets. Naturally the matting surface was strange, but one soon became used to this. The ball, provided the delivery was of proper direction and length, came through truly and thus begat confidence in the batsmen.

The assistance of a Coach for five evenings was obtained to demonstrate the method to make correct strokes and the grip on the ball to make it "do" things. A good number attended on four evenings and generally speaking profited by Mr. Caryer's hints. As he so tritely said, "I can only show you—not do it for you."

The averages do not blatantly point out that the pupils are on the top, to the detriment of those who were unable to be present on those few evenings. The writer, however, was told by some members that, in matches, they remembered things and occasionally opened out to some advantage.

In arriving at the averages, it has been decided to take six matches as the qualification, although the "B" team actually played more matches than the "A's."

E. G. Crutchley heads both batting and bowling for the 1st XI. He batted most confidently and was four times undefeated at the end of the innings.

H. S. Tigar played in all the "A" matches and helped the "B" team on two occasions. He had to bear the brunt of the bowling; in fact he bowled one more over than the three who stand above him in the list.

W. R. Brown heads the 2nd XI batting. He had one splendid innings of 62, which was the highest completed knock of the season.

B. Farmer again leads the bowling list, although he is closely followed by L. Field and E. C. Greenaway.

What of the respective Skippers. Well! they always have plenty to do. It is not merely going on to the field and tossing a coin. They have to get the teams together and sometimes it is a real hard job to scrape up eleven players especially when the holidays are in full swing. Both Mr. C. R. Josey for the "A's" and Mr. E. C. Greenaway for the "B's" did yeoman service.

The task of working out averages for the inter-departmental games was extremely awkward. It would have been easy if all four teams had played three matches—then the qualification could have been two games. To make it as equal as possible, two matches have been taken where three matches have been played and one or more in the other cases.

It may be of interest to readers to know that 64 players took part in the league games, the Rest of the Brewery calling up 19 men for their three games.

AVERAGES.

"A" TEAM.

BATTING.

	Innings.	Times Not Out.	Runs.	Most in Innings.	Average.
E. G. Crutchley ...	6	4	113	45*	56.5
H. S. Tigar ...	11	1	168	41	16.8
H. Tozer ...	8	1	106	33	15.14
A. V. Hedgington ...	8	—	115	45	14.37
C. R. Josey ...	9	1	114	43	14.25
B. Nicholls ...	8	1	59	24	8.42
W. J. Greenaway ...	8	1	38	20	5.42
W. Busby ...	7	—	23	11	3.28
J. W. Jelley ...	6	—	10	5	1.66

The following batted in three or less than six matches:—

J. J. Cardwell ...	3	—	29	12	9.66
W. Neville ...	5	1	32	14*	8
Capt. A. S. Drewe ...	3	—	16	10	5.33

The following also batted:—

J. B. Doe ...	1	—	14	14	14
G. Gigg ...	2	—	18	17	9
L. Field ...	1	—	7	7	7
W. R. Brown ...	1	—	4	4	4
F. J. Benham ...	2	—	8	8	4
E. L. Morgan ...	2	—	6	6	3
T. Kent ...	1	—	3	3	3
E. C. Greenaway ...	1	1	2	2*	2
P. E. Hammond ...	2	—	3	2	1.5
S. Collins ...	4	3	—	—	—
H. M. P. Ashby ...	1	—	—	—	—
R. Broad ...	1	—	—	—	—

* Signifies not out.

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
E. G. Crutchley ...	49	16	91	16	5.68
H. Tozer ...	40	6	154	20	7.7
A. V. Hedgington ...	41.3	5	155	13	11.92
H. S. Tigar ...	131.4	16	435	31	14.03

The following bowled in three or less than six matches :—

W. Neville ...	7.3	—	42	6	7
W. Busby ...	9	1	51	1	51

The following bowled in less than three matches :—

R. Broad ...	3	—	1	1	1
G. Gigg ...	2.3	—	14	2	7
E. C. Greenaway ...	1	—	1	—	—
R. A. Preston ...	2	—	18	—	—
E. L. Morgan ...	1	—	24	—	—

CATCHES.

W. J. Greenaway 7 ; W. Neville and H. S. Tigar 5 each ; A. V. Hedgington 4 ; E. G. Crutchley and C. R. Josey 3 each ; F. J. Benham, J. B. Doe and B. Nicholls 2 each ; W. Busby, S. Collins, E. C. Greenaway, J. W. Jelley and E. L. Morgan 1 each.

" B " TEAM.

BATTING.

	Innings.	Times Not Out.	Runs.	Most in Innings.	Average.
W. R. Brown ...	12	—	133	62	11.08
E. C. Greenaway ...	12	—	97	33	8.08
E. Barrett ...	12	—	90	37	7.5
L. Field ...	9	—	65	26	7.22
B. Farmer ...	13	—	58	22	4.46
W. A. Benham ...	6	—	26	17	4.33
K. Priddy ...	8	2	26	13	4.33
G. Kelly ...	11	—	41	19	3.72
J. Denton ...	7	—	15	5	2.14
A. R. Waite ...	12	2	14	4	1.4
A. Mills ...	6	1	7	7*	1.4

The following batted in three or less than six matches :—

R. Kemp ...	6	3	20	7*	6.66
W. Whitmore ...	4	—	11	7	2.75
N. Tott ...	5	—	13	5	2.6
P. E. Hammond ...	5	—	9	4	1.8
L. Swain ...	5	1	7	3	1.75
S. Collins ...	3	—	3	2	1

The following also batted :—

	Innings.	Times Not Out.	Runs.	Most in Innings.	Average.
E. L. Morgan ...	1	1	24	24*	24
H. S. Tigar ...	2	—	18	12	9
W. Busby ...	1	—	9	9	9
G. Gigg ...	1	—	4	4	4
B. Nicholls ...	1	—	3	3	3
H. Tozer ...	1	—	3	3	3
J. Brown ...	1	—	1	1	1
— Hughes ...	1	—	—	—	—
R. Priddy ...	1	—	—	—	—
A. Tugwell ...	1	—	—	—	—
J. Tempest ...	2	2	—	—	—
E. Sainsbury ...	3	1	—	—	—

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
B. Farmer ...	89.5	14	243	34	7.14
L. Field ...	30.4	3	88	12	7.33
E. C. Greenaway ...	126.5	30	270	36	7.5

The following bowled in three or less than six matches :—

W. Whitmore ...	26	4	70	11	6.36
W. A. Benham ...	20.4	4	47	7	6.71
A. Mills ...	12.4	—	47	7	6.71
A. R. Waite ...	26	6	74	8	9.25

The following also bowled :—

H. Tozer ...	12	3	19	4	4.75
H. S. Tigar ...	15.4	2	40	7	5.71
N. Tott ...	4	—	16	1	16
E. L. Morgan ...	3	2	1	—	—
W. Busby ...	3	—	8	—	—
W. R. Brown ...	2	—	15	—	—
G. Kelly ...	5	—	26	—	—

CATCHES.

W. R. Brown, B. Farmer and L. Field 7 each ; A. R. Waite 5 ; J. Denton, E. C. Greenaway, and E. Barrett 3 each ; R. Kemp, P. E. Hammond, A. Mills, L. Swain and N. Tott 2 each ; W. Busby, G. Kelly, E. L. Morgan, J. Tempest, A. Tugwell and W. Whitmore 1 each.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL MATCHES.

To give comprehensive averages for all the players engaged in the league would take up more space than " Mr. Editor " would be inclined to allow. As a matter of interest, the two top places in each team are given. The abandoned match between the Offices and Delivery Department has not been included in these averages.

BATTING.

	Innings.	Times Not Out.	Runs.	Most in Innings.	Average.
OFFICES.					
E. G. Crutchley...	1	—	28	28	28
C. R. Josey ...	2	—	23	18	11.5
SURVEYORS AND BUILDING DEPARTMENT.					
F. Chandler ...	3	1	52	31*	26
E. C. Greenaway	3	2	14	11	14
DELIVERY DEPARTMENTS.					
W. Busby ...	1	1	34	34*	34
H. Tozer ...	2	1	22	18*	22
REST OF BREWERY.					
F. J. Benham ...	2	—	26	22	13
H. M. P. Ashby	2	—	18	14	9

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
OFFICES.					
J. B. Doe ...	3.2	—	10	4	2.5
E. G. Crutchley...	12.4	4	25	6	4.16
SURVEYORS AND BUILDING DEPARTMENT.					
F. Chandler ...	21	4	43	8	5.37
Capt. A. S. Drewe	4.4	—	20	3	6.66
DELIVERY DEPARTMENT.					
H. Tozer ...	15.2	1	43	12	3.56
H. S. Tigar ...	13.1	—	49	7	7
REST OF BREWERY.					
H. M. P. Ashby	8.3	1	24	5	4.8
B. Farmer ...	14	3	57	6	9.5

J.W.J.

BINDING OF VOLUME XII.

The September issue having completed Volume XII, we are prepared to undertake the binding of this volume for any of our readers at a charge of 3/- each. If desired, covers can be supplied at 1/- each, where it may be more convenient for the binding to be done locally. Readers should send complete sets to the nearest office from which the journal is delivered, or to the representative for the district.

A TROUTING EXPEDITION.

MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT FLY-FISHING.

The trout season has finished, but this year I had my first trouting expedition. To me—an ordinary "float" angler—the joys of such an expedition were quite unknown and I looked forward with much pleasure to a day by a meandering stream in the calm and peace of the countryside.

My friend and I set off to the scene of operations not far from Reading and as we approached the old stone bridge the gurgle of running water made us involuntarily quicken our stride—we were anxious to be at it. The rod was very soon put together and the first fly thrown.

I watched my companion at work and envied him his skill. A very high wind was blowing and the conditions were by no means ideal, but the expert was throwing a "pretty fly" and I should have been surprised if the creel had remained empty for very long. Then "plomp," a nice fish jumped fully a foot out of the water to take his lunch and, as he sank back into the depths, a very accurate fly was thrown, alighting in the middle of the ever-widening circle of ripples. The lure was taken almost as soon as it touched the water and after a short battle we were admiring a lovely speckled beauty—it never pays, Mr. Trout, to be too greedy!

A few more trout fall to the rod and one in particular calls for a little attention. He took the fly and with a great dash, off he went for safety, trying hard to reach the weeds and the old tree stumps on the other side of the stream. This was a grand sight for a fisherman—the rod bent, the screech of the reel making "sweet music," and the trout jumping right out of the water, twisting this way and then that, a lithe beautiful body giving a marvellous display of acrobatics! I knelt on the bank, net in hand, and twice with brilliant bursts of speed Mr. Trout evaded capture. But he was very carefully handled and eventually I lifted him from the water.

After resting and partaking of some refreshments I was initiated into the art of casting a fly. The experienced hand of my friend had made this seem easy in the extreme, but I found it very difficult with the choppy wind that was blowing. However, the teaching was good and I soon began to get the "feel" of the rod. How I should have liked to have hooked a big trout that even the expert would have admired! (Professional jealousy it may have been, but I was hoping for novice's luck!) And so I still have to hook my first trout (and land it!), but I sincerely hope this is a pleasure not long deferred.

All good things come to an end and we packed up and made our way to the old bridge, after a day stolen from the years and every minute enjoyed.

Thank you, Mr. Perrin!

P.J.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

FUSSY PASSENGER : " Is the 4.10 a good train ? "

PORTER : " Well, people will talk, of course, ma'am, but there's nothing definitely known ag'in 'er. "

* * * *

" Mither says there was a fly in th' cake she bought here yesterday ! "

" Is that so ? Weel, tell yer mither tae bring it back an' I'll gie her a currant ! "

* * * *

An ardent golfer in Aberdeen spent most of his spare time on the golf course. He bought a new house and he was surprised when his wife said that she had decided to call the new house " The Niblick. "

" Why, " he said, " that is the club I hardly ever use. " His wife replied—" Exactly. That is why I am giving that name to the house. "

* * * *

DOCTOR : " You've been knocked down by a motor car, and you are now in bed in your mother-in-law's house. You're a very fortunate man. "

THE VICTIM : " Why ? is she away ? "

* * * *

A negro named Sambo had a watch given to him. He thought a lot of the watch, and one day it stopped. On opening the back he found a dead fly. " Ah, " said Sambo. " No wonder de watch won't go. De driver am dead. "

* * * *

" Is the managng director in ? "

" Yes. "

" May I speak to him ? "

" When he comes out. "

" When will he come out ? "

" In four years. "

The only things getting longer about women's evening gowns are the shoulder straps.

* * * *

" Rather unsettled to-day, sir " said the waiter, with " tip " written all over his face.

" Yes, " was the reply, " and apparently there'll be no change coming either. "

* * * *

JANE : " Oh, Fred, baby has swallowed the matches. What shall we do ? "

FRED : " Here, use my cigarette-lighter. "

* * * *

" George, " cried his wife, shaking him in the middle of the night, " there's a mouse in the bedroom ! "

" Well, what about it ? "

" I can hear it squeaking. "

" Well, d'you want me to get up and oil it ? "

* * * *

" Mrs. Smith's pet dog has been run over ; she'll be heart-broken. "

" Don't tell her abruptly. "

" No, I'll begin by saying it's her husband. "

* * * *

CUSTOMER : " I've brought that last pair of trousers to be reseatd. You know I sit a lot. "

TAILOR : " Yes, and I hope you've brought the bill to be receiptd. You know I've stood a lot. "

* * * *

WALTER (*over the telephone*) : " And will you post the ring back to me ? "

WINIFRED : " You'd better send someone for it ; glass gets broken in the post. "

"Here's a penny for you, my man," she said to the frayed and ragged-looking individual. "I'm not giving it to you for charity's sake, but merely because it pleases me."

"Thankee; but couldn't you make it a shilling and enjoy yourself thoroughly, ma'am?"

* * * *

To be a really good gardener, says an expert, one must take pains. Most people, of course, take them in the small of the back.

* * * *

"Pardon me for walking on your feet," said the polite passer-by.

"Oh, don't mention it," returned the equally polite victim. "I often walk on them myself."

* * * *

PRISON CHAPLAIN (at the close of a somewhat lengthy sermon): "Number 197, 'Art thou weary?'"

CONVICT No. 197 (rising in his place): "I am, sir."

* * * *

Jones was feeling queer, so he went to a doctor. The doctor, however, failed to diagnose the trouble.

"I'll tell you what to do," he said after a while. "Wrap a piece of paper round yourself, and prick it in every place you feel a pain."

Jones did this, but when on the following day he came to look for the paper he found it missing.

"Have you seen a roll of paper anywhere?" he asked his wife.

"Why, yes," she replied. "I put it on the pianola, and it played 'The Last Round Up.'"

* * * *

A group of golfers were telling "tall" stories. At last came a veteran's turn.

"Well," he said, "I once drove a ball (accidentally, of course) through a cottage window. The ball knocked over an oil lamp, and the whole place caught fire."

"What did you do?" asked his friends.

"Oh," said the veteran. "I immediately teed another ball, took careful aim, and hit the fire alarm in the High Street and that brought out the fire brigade before any damage was done."

The vicarage children were saying their prayers one Saturday night and mother asked little Jane to choose a hymn, and she chose "Ere our Sabbath close."

"But that is a hymn for Sunday," said mother. "No!" said Jane. "We air our Sunday clothes on Saturday."

* * * *

Two young men were arguing as to whether the word "vision" and the word "sight" meant the same thing. The discussion grew rather hot, and at last the one who maintained that they did not mean the same thing said, "Now look here, if they do mean the same thing I'll say my girl is a vision and yours is a sight!"

* * * *

Passing through a village street a recruiting sergeant met a young farmhand delivering milk.

"Now, my lad, wouldn't you like to serve the King?" he asked.

"I would, mister," replied the other, "But I can only let him have a quart at night an' a pint in the morning."

* * * *

LITTLE WILLIE: "Daddy, give me a sixpence."

DADDY: "Don't you think you're getting too a big a boy to be asking for sixpences?"

LITTLE WILLIE: "All right. Give me a bob."

* * * *

MISTRESS: "Are you used to cooking for dinner parties?"

COOK: "Yes, I can do it both ways."

MISTRESS: "What do you mean by 'both ways'?"

COOK: "The visitors will either come again, or they'll stay away."

* * * *

"May I ask what is your profession?" asked one of the older residents in the boarding-house.

"Sculptor," said the newcomer.

"Good!" exclaimed the senior. "You are just the man we want. Would you mind carving this joint of beef?"

MOTHER (*finding John, aged four, playing with her purse*): "John, put that down. You know you mustn't play with Mummie's purse."

JOHN: "Oh, Mummie, I wasn't playing—I was helping. I've licked all your stamps ready to go on your letters."

* * * *

It was the custom at the school for a teacher to write on the blackboard any instructions she wished to give the caretaker.

One evening on entering a classroom the caretaker saw written up: "Find the greatest common denominator."

"Goodness!" he exclaimed. "Is that darned thing lost again?"

* * * *

"Nice frock you're wearing." "Yes. Do you like it? I had it for my twentieth birthday."

"Really! It's worn well."

* * * *

"Lady," said the beggar, "could you gimme a shilling to go where my family is?"

"Certainly, my poor man, here's a shilling. Where is your family?"

"At the movies."

* * * *

MAID: "Please, m'm, there's a man at the door wants to sell a lady's bicycle."

MISTRESS: "Oh—in what condition?"

MAID: "Well, m'm, 'e's 'ad a few."

* * * *

POLICEMAN: "Now, then, come on! What's your name?"

SPEED FIEND: "Demetrius Aloysius Fortescue."

POLICEMAN: "None o' that, now. It's your name I want, not the family motto."

PARK KEEPER (*to sleeping tramp*): "Hi! Wake up! I'm just going to shut the gates!"

TRAMP: "Awright, old chap—don't slam 'em!"

* * * *

A Manchester commercial traveller met another "knight of the road" in the dining car.

"Of course, you're from Lancashire?" said the latter.

The Manchester man replied that he was, and asked why the question had been asked.

"Oh, I was just accounting for your accent," was the reply.

Then the Manchester man said: "And where do you come from?"

"Worcester," replied the other, innocently.

"Ah, well," remarked the other, "now I can account for your sauce."

* * * *

"I'd like to teach your men to put some fire into their work," said the efficiency expert.

"Get out of here—you're crazy!" roared the manager, "this is a dynamite factory!"

* * * *

The tenant of the flat reviewed the decorations which had just been completed.

"How do you like them, sir?" the painter asked, as he packed up his tools.

"I'm very pleased indeed," said the tenant. "Here's half-a-crown for you. Take the missus to the pictures."

In the evening the front door bell rang, and the tenant opened the door. To his surprise there stood the painter, dressed in his Sunday best.

"Well, my man, what do you want?" he asked.

"I've come to take the missus to the pictures as you said," replied the painter.

An aggressive young woman was scolding the bus-conductor for treading on her toe. When the battle had died down he asked her for her fare.

"Liverpool Street Station!" she snapped out, tendering a coin.

"Single?" he asked.

"Yes!"

"H'm! I'm not surprised."

* * * *

Two little street arabs saw a Bishop and were puzzled by his appearance. "I'll tell you what he is, Bill," said one of them; "he's a Highlander what's caught cold in his legs."

* * * *

The little boy was in disgrace, and his modern mother, who did not believe in punishment without explanation, spoke to him very gravely before administering the well-deserved spanking.

"Sonny," she said, "it was very wrong of you to disobey me, so I am going to spank you to impress it upon your mind."

Sonny, who was as modern as his mother, eyed her coldly.

"Mother," he said, "are you not proceeding under a slight misapprehension as to the exact location of the mind?"

* * * *

The Territorials were engaged upon their annual camp at the seaside, and one of the rawest recruits had been told off as batman to the C.O.

The first morning the recruit went to receive his orders. "Ah, my man," said the colonel, looking him over. "Your work will be to clean my boots, polish my buttons, shine my belt, shave me; then see to my horse, groom it, clean the bridle and saddle. After that you cook and serve my breakfast, and clean up everything in the tent. Then on to the parade ground, where you'll drill for two hours. Now, is all that clear?"

The recruit scratched his head. "That's quite clear, sir," he replied. "But, tell me—is there anyone else in the Army?"

* * * *

The daughter of a very strict man had gone to a night club and remained until early morning. When she appeared for breakfast she was greeted with: "Good morning, thou daughter of the devil."

"Good morning, father," she replied respectfully.

* * * *

A well-known lawyer was always lecturing his office boy, whether he needed it or not. One day he chanced to hear the following conversation between the boy and the one employed next door:

"How much does your chief pay you?" asked the latter.

"I get £300 a year. A pound a week in cash and the rest in legal advice!"

* * * *

"Lady, if you give us a penny my little brother'll imitate a hen."

"What'll he do?" asked the lady. "Cackle like a hen?"

"Naw," replied the boy in disgust. "He wouldn't do a cheap imitation like that. He'll eat a worm!"

* * * *

Two railway officials were puzzled by the fact that a local farmer never took a ticket when he went to the neighbouring market, but always handed the cash to one of them.

These men were brothers and the general factotums of the station. But at last they approached the farmer to learn why he persisted in handing the money to them instead of buying a ticket in the usual way.

The reply was: "Years ago I lost a cow on the railway and never got compensation, so I vowed the company would never get another penny from me—and I know they never will while you're here."



BRANCHES.

BRISTOL.



The above snapshot is of the Bristol staff at the Fete in Coley Park on August 27th. This photograph reached us too late for inclusion amongst the many other excellent photographs which appeared in the September issue.

PORTSMOUTH.

The Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Garbett) dedicated, on September 4th at Calshot, Hants, a memorial to all those airmen who lost their lives while serving at the R.A.F. Station there. The memorial is an inlaid oaken pulpit and a tablet in S. George's Church, Eaglehurst Camp. The plaque rests in the church wall over a book containing the names of 70 airmen who died in the camp since January, 1914. The lesson was read by Air Commodore C. D. Breese, Air Officer Commanding (Coastal Command).

The Hampshire Heavy Brigade, R.A., T.A., fully upheld their reputation of being one of the best heavy artillery units in the country by their success in the King's Cup competition shoot for the 9.2 inch battery section decided at Nodes Point Battery, Sandown. The Brigade was represented by the 155th (Portsmouth) Battery, commanded by Major F. A. Tipple, who is a bank manager, with Lieut. J. V. Eve, an insurance inspector, as section commander. The first to fire their series they set up a figure of effect of .470, a figure that was not equalled by the two other batteries competing in the final—Suffolk Heavy Brigade (No. 166 Felixstowe and

Ipswich Battery), .375 figure of effect, and East Riding Heavy Brigade (No. 182 Hull Battery), .277 figure of effect. In winning the King's Cup, the Portsmouth Battery repeated their successes in this competition in the years 1921-22, and 1923, when Col. W. H. Barrell (then Major Barrell) was the Battery Commander. The Hampshires actually got no straddles, but got their figure of effect for results of single rounds. The reason why they got no straddles was because the rounds were fired at intervals, and salvos were not fired as salvos. The prizes secured by the Portsmouth Battery are as follows :—

H.M. The King's Prize—silver challenge cup to be held by the Brigade for one year, with replica for the Brigade and a silver medallion for each Officer, N.C.O. and man of the Battery representing the Brigade actually taking part in the final competition.

Worshipful Company of Goldsmith's Prize of £10.

Worshipful Company of Dyers, £10 10s. od.

National Artillery Association, £4 10s. od.

Sir William Dupree's Silver Cup for the Battery Commander.

LUDGERSHALL.

The fifteenth carnival in aid of the Andover War Memorial Hospital and other deserving local charities was held during the week August 21st-August 27th. This is one of the most successful carnivals held throughout the country and, during the past fourteen years, the sum of £12,333 has been collected and distributed between the various charities. The Andover War Memorial Hospital takes 50 per cent. and the remainder is distributed among the smaller societies.

The final figures for the 1938 carnival are not yet available, but we are led to believe that the result is up to, and possibly exceeding, the expectations of the committee.

The chairman this year was His Worship the Mayor, Alderman R. B. C. Kendall, J.P., and the duties of secretary were undertaken by his son, Mr. Leslie Kendall. In addition, they had the support of a very energetic committee who carried out their duties in an excellent manner, with the result that the Finance Committee are looking forward to a very good return, if not, in fact, very nearly a record.

Unfortunately, on the opening day a very heavy storm interfered with the opening ceremony and practically ruined the procession, from which, in the past, the carnival has derived a considerable amount of financial support. For the remainder of the week the weather was on its best behaviour.

The carnival was opened by the Countess of Brecknock, daughter of Mrs. A. E. Jenkins, the President of the Andover War Memorial Hospital.

Throughout the week there were various functions taking place each day, which all proved to be wonderful money spinners. On the evening of Wednesday, August 24th, a huge carnival procession was held through the main streets of the borough. There were all sorts of tableaux, trade vehicles and fancy dresses, and below you will find a snapshot of a small delivery van decorated by the staff of our Andover Branch.



Mrs. N. Smith, our tenant of the George Hotel, Basingstoke, also entered a van, representing an old village tavern, which was successful in obtaining a prize.

Two of our young members of the Ludgershall office staff have recently been distinguishing themselves with their respective cycling clubs.

Mr. H. Nuttall Junr. is a member of the Wessex Road Club, and below we give you a list of his various successes. It will be noted Mr. Nuttall was successful in lowering two records during the year :—

March 13th	25 miles.	1 hr. 10 mins. 22 secs.	1st Handicap medal
April 10th	25 "	1 hr. 11 mins. 25 secs.	3rd " "
" 24th	50 "	2 hrs. 23 mins. 52 secs.	1st " "
May 22nd	50 "	2 hrs. 25 mins. 41 secs.	3rd " "
July 24th	Tandem.	100 miles. 4 hrs. 12 mins. 43 secs.	Club record—beating previous 1928 record by 4 mins. 22 secs. Certificate.
Sept. 4th	Tandem.	30 miles. 1 hr. 8 mins. 37 secs.	Certificate.
" 11th	Tandem record.	Bristol to Bournemouth and back, distance 157 miles. 6 hrs. 59 mins.	Western Counties R.R.A. record, beating previous 1936 record by 5 mins. Certificate.

Mr. H. Matthews is a member of the Andover Wheelers, and he was successful in gaining a medal for the fastest time and first handicap place. :—

June 26th. Andover Wheelers. 30 miles. 1 hr. 28 mins. 5 secs.
Both these young gentlemen are novices in their first year, therefore the greater the credit.

LUDGERSHALL SPORTS CLUB.

Twelve months ago the Ludgershall Sports Club took over their new premises and, to celebrate the occasion, it was decided to run a Flower Show and Athletic Meeting, together with various side shows. The event was fixed for Saturday, August 20th, and proved a huge success, both from a financial and social point of view. Undoubtedly the Sports Club Fete has come to stay.

A large working committee, which was split up into various smaller sub-committees, deserve great credit for the very satisfactory manner in which every function was carried out. The attendance exceeded the expectations of the committee, which goes to prove how popular the event was and that something of the kind was badly needed in the village.

Considering the fact that it was such a bad season, the produce submitted was of a very high standard, and great credit is due to the painstaking efforts of the exhibitors. Competition was very keen.

In connection with the flower show, the Ludgershall and District Bee-Keepers' Association co-operated with the committee and staged a wonderful display of honey.

The events for the athletic sports were well patronized, and the entries came up to expectations. We feel sure next year the entries will be still bigger now that the Fete has become known in the district.

The Ludgershall Sports Club are in a very fortunate position, as they own their own sports ground abutting to the club, and the profits of the flower show will be devoted mainly towards the upkeep of the ground and also to a General Improvements Fund. For a village, this is one of the best sports grounds in the county.

On the following Saturday the club also staged a six-a-side football tournament, which brought in a considerable amount of revenue.

The whole of the committee are to be congratulated on their efforts, and we trust next year they may look forward to even a more successful event.

ANDOVER CARNIVAL.
THE "HELPUS INN."



This clever tableau, mounted on a lorry, was the work of members of the "Hole in the Wall" Sports Club, Basingstoke.

The George Hotel, Basingstoke, is well known locally and is usually described as "The Hole in the Wall," therefore the sports club connected with the house have adopted the name.

The sons of our tenant, Mrs. N. Smith, were responsible for a good deal of the work, and it shows how their enterprise and handiwork have been appreciated by the fact that they carried off, in addition to the second prize at the Andover carnival, first prize at the Basingstoke carnival.

Below we give you a snapshot of Mr. and Mrs. F. Anderton and daughter on holiday at Sandbanks.



Mr. and Mrs. Anderton for many years have been steward and stewardess at the Officers' Club, Tidworth. He was an old 19th Hussar and no doubt will be remembered by many of our readers.

Our post bag brings us the following letter :—

c/o 12th Royal Lancers,
Candahar Barracks,

Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd.
(through Mr. F. L. Shrimpton)
Reading.

Tidworth, Hants.
13th September, 1938.

Dear Sirs,

I desire to express my sincerest thanks and appreciation to you for the most interesting and educational visit to your brewery, made possible by your Mr. Shrimpton.

The ramifications of the industry extend far beyond the limits which one anticipates. The explanation of brewing, etc., was very clearly explained by your Mr. Phipps Jnr. and I also desire to express my thanks to that gentleman.

The purity and excellence of your products leave nothing to be desired and after the visit I can drink "HOP LEAVES" with greatest pleasure.

Again, gentlemen, please allow me to thank you, one and all, for your kindness, and may I suggest that this appreciation be published in your House Journal.

Yours very sincerely,

(signed) K. A. WATTS,

A visitor from Australia.

SALISBURY.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. Thomas Richard Garland, which occurred at Salisbury Infirmary on September 2nd. Mr. Garland first joined the Firm as a traveller and was afterwards manager of Salisbury Branch, known as the Fisherton Brewery Stores.

Mr. Garland joined the Firm in 1909 and retired to pension five years ago. Since his retirement he enjoyed excellent health but, two months ago, he was taken ill and little hope remained for his recovery. The end came very quickly; he was taken to Salisbury Infirmary but only survived a few days. We, who remember him so well, could not wish the old fellow to linger. In fact, his passing was a happy release from great sufferings.

"Tommy" Garland, as he was familiarly known to his very wide circle of friends, was indeed quite a character. He had a style of his own which appealed to his clients and colleagues. Always of a very cheerful disposition and a hard worker, he placed the interests and prosperity of the Firm before all other matters.

Mr. Garland leaves a wife and two daughters to mourn his loss, and we tender the sympathy of all the staff to his relatives in the passing of this good natured old soul.

The funeral took place on Tuesday, September 6th, at the London Road Cemetery, Salisbury, and was attended by a very considerable number of influential business folk with whom he had been connected for so many years. At the express wish of the Directors, Mr. F. L. Shrimpton, District Manager, attended to represent them.

There was a considerable number of floral tributes from old business friends and various organisations with which he was connected in the City of Salisbury.

Indeed, one more landmark has passed on, but his pioneer work and example will not be readily forgotten by those younger members of the staff who were so fortunate as to serve under him. His service will always be appreciated by the senior members with whom he came in contact.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

KING'S ARMS HOTEL, MEVAGISSEY.

We took over this house from the owner, Mr. R. T. Pearce, on Tuesday, 27th September. Mr. Pearce has held the licence for over 60 years and he took over from his mother. Mr. Pearce has been a good customer of ours for the past 15 years, and he has now retired and built a house at Mevagissey, and says that he means to live for ever. He is now 81 years of age and offered to bet the writer £5 that he would dive into the harbour and pick a shilling off the bottom.

Mr. John Stevens has taken over the tenancy and we wish Mr. and Mrs. Stevens the best of luck.

Mevagissey is one of the quaintest of our Cornish fishing villages and the scenery by land and sea is lovely. The bay is the "bluist" in Cornwall and is becoming more popular with visitors each year but is not overcrowded.

Mr. R. Joy has retired from the Weston Mill Hotel, Devonport, after being the licensee for 32 years. Both he and Mrs. Joy were very popular and highly respected. We are very sorry to lose them and trust they will enjoy their retirement.

The following changes have taken place this month and the new tenants have our best wishes:—

Lighter Inn, Topsham—Mr. E. M. Trewella to Mr. T. H. Sellick.

Weston Mill, Devonport—Mr. R. Joy to Mr. T. E. Greenhalgh.
Lord Beresford, Devonport—Mr. W. A. Clod to Mr. R. Truscott.

George and Dragon, Ilfracombe—Mr. J. S. Brown to Mr. E. M. Trewella.

King's Arms Hotel, Mevagissey—Mr. R. T. Pearce to Mr. J. Stevens.

We wish Mr. S. H. Spurling every success on his appointment at Bridgend. He was at the Tamar Brewery for 8 years and was Chief Clerk for nearly 4 years. He was most capable in his duties. On his leaving us he was presented with an entrée dish, which was subscribed for by the employees of the Tamar Brewery.

Mr. W. F. McIntyre in making the presentation commented on Mr. Spurling's efficiency and wished him every success. Mr. Spurling in his reply emphasized the way in which every department had helped him to attain his new post.

Mr. R. E. Wright has been promoted to Chief Clerk at the Tamar Brewery.

STILL THE BEST.

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WEST MARKET PLACE, CIRENCESTER.
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THE SHIP HOTEL,
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Phone No. : Princes Risborough 76.

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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.

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



Mr. L. C. WHITE.

MR. L. C. WHITE.

Mr. L. C. White's early days at the Brewery were spent in the Wine and Spirit Department, which he first entered in September, 1914, whilst the rumblings of the Great War were making themselves heard. In that department he assisted in the general routine, learning the principles of blending and gauging, in which art he made such progress as to become certificated. His business career was abruptly interrupted upon attaining the age of 18 years, when he enlisted in the Royal Navy Air Service and was posted to Scapa Flow. We have no details of the chief items of interest which made up his war service, but it is recorded that he was demobilised in 1919 and returned to the Wine and Spirit Department in that year.

Assailed by a strong desire to see the world, Mr. White left the Firm's employ in 1925 for New Zealand, travelling via Panama. After approximately a year in that colony, he returned home via Australia and the Suez Canal, thereby making a very interesting round trip of the globe.

In 1926 Mr. White was re-engaged by the Firm and was appointed to the Branch Department, where he served until being posted to Oxford Branch. Later in the same year he was transferred to the Sub-Branch at 1, Cowley Road, Oxford, where he remained until the opening of the new premises at Headington in April, 1930. The great success of the new Branch is due to the energy and devotion to his work which Mr. White has displayed throughout his service with the Firm, and particularly to his close study of the needs of our customers in the district of which he is in charge.

Whilst at the Brewery Mr. White was a good supporter of the Brewery cricket team, and could be relied upon to give of his best when his side was hard pressed. He is a keen physical culturist and a regular early morning swimmer during the months of the year when bathing is possible.

Mr. White has made a great study of horticulture and viticulture and is a Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society. His record of prizes in county shows is 26 first, 7 seconds and 2 thirds. He is also a Gold Medallist, including the late King George V Jubilee Gold Medal. In the Royal Horticultural Society's Daffodil Show Mr. White has taken three third prizes. For five years he held the office of Secretary to the Royal Oxfordshire Horticultural Society.

The initiative and enthusiasm for any enterprise upon which he embarks is further reflected in the successful founding of the Oxford Branch Social and Athletic Club which is such a popular feature in the domestic life of the staff. Mr. White's other activities include participation in motor reliability trials and night driving with the South Oxon Motor Club. He has a clean motoring record of 18 years, of which he is justifiably proud.

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.)



OUR ANNUAL DINNER : A MEMORABLE OCCASION.

The annual dinner of our Social Club, held in the Large Town Hall on Saturday, January 21st, will ever remain a happy memory. It was indeed gratifying to see our Chairman and Managing Director (Mr. F. A. Simonds) being accorded such a wonderful reception as was given to him and his co-Directors as they entered the Hall. Again, as he rose to leave at a late hour, the spontaneous outburst of cheering, loud and long sustained, was a remarkable demonstration of affection and loyalty to a worthy and much-loved Chief. From start to finish the function proved enjoyable in the extreme. It was a triumph of organization and it must be very gratifying to our younger Directors, who have taken such an active interest in the Club, to see it progressing from success to success. It must be equally gratifying to those Officers of the Club who have served it with such loyalty and devotion over a long period of years. And here would I like to mention particularly Mr. F. C. Hawkes (Chairman), whose wise counsel and sound judgment at all times have meant so much; Mr. S. Bird, Hon. Treasurer, who gives up much of his spare time in the best interests of the Club; and last, but by no means least, Mr. Walter Bradford, the energetic Hon. Secretary, whose untiring labours and rare organizing abilities are appreciated by us all.

A great feature of the evening's entertainment was the music of the Brewery Band, so aptly described by the President as the "Brewery Fusiliers." Their artistry was of the highest order and gave a swing to the whole proceedings.

Nor, on this particular occasion, must I omit mention of the catering. Mr. H. C. Davis, Manager of our Catering Department, had a gigantic task but, all will agree, he carried it out with a consummate skill and competence that won the admiration of one and all. The service was prompt, the food was excellent and steaming hot, and there was plenty of it. I think he could easily win the Davis Cup for Catering!

MONKEY THEORY PROFESSOR DIES.

A famous anatomist, who had a theory that man was descended from tree-living monkeys, has died suddenly in University College, London. He was Dr. Herbert Henry Woollard, Professor of Anatomy at London University. He had just finished some research work, and was strolling in the College cloisters with other professors, when he collapsed. Dr. Woollard, an Australian, was 49. Previously he was Professor of Anatomy at St. Bartholomew's Hospital Medical School, and he had held a similar post at the University of Adelaide. He was brilliant in research, and had offered a new theory as to the origin of the human race. He suggested that man was of much greater antiquity than had been supposed, and that his ancestral tree was sprung not from the larger apes but from a distant stock of small primates that lived in trees. The sole living representative of this species is a little monkey with large staring eyes, known as the *spectral tarsier*. It is a denizen of the forests of Borneo, but is rarely seen.

[What a pity we cannot follow the example of our predecessors in at least one connection—use coconuts as weapons of war, instead of the fiendist instruments employed to-day!]

DEATH OF MAJOR ASHBY'S FATHER.

Our sympathy is extended to Major G. S. M. Ashby and his family on the death of his father, Mr. N. S. Ashby. Major Ashby is, of course, well known as a member of our Board of Directors.

SUBSTITUTE FOR WEEK-END!

A bishop was more than a little upset to receive on a Friday morning this note from a certain vicar in his diocese:

"My lord, I regret to inform you of the death of my wife. Can you possibly send me a substitute for the week-end?"

MAGIC TANKARD.

Mr. Theo. Gissing, landlord of the Old Bell, Grazeley, has an interesting novelty which often provokes some bewilderment, says the *Reading Gazette*. On entering the inn patrons hear what sounds like a musical-box being played at irregular intervals, but so far as they can see there is no instrument on view. There is only the landlord near the spot whence the sounds come, and he is putting down a tankard from which he has been drinking. In answer to questions Mr. Gissing again raises the tankard to his lips and a fragment of a tune tinkles forth. The tankard of polished pewter is responsible. It has a false bottom which conceals a mechanism wound by a key. When the vessel is tilted a catch is released and the mechanism set in action. The tune, which the tankard will produce in full, is "Here's a Health Unto His Majesty."

MR. C. E. GOUGH'S ILLNESS.

The many readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE will be very sorry to learn that Mr. C. E. Gough, who was recently operated upon for appendicitis, is seriously ill in a Nursing Home at Paignton. Mr. Gough, who retired two years ago, moved to Devonshire to enjoy a well-earned rest, and it is the sincere wish of all of us that he will have a speedy return to good health. We understand that, at the time of writing, there is a slight improvement in Mr. Gough's condition and that the doctor is satisfied with his progress.

PETTY CASH ACCOUNT.

			£	s.	d.
Jan.	8	To Advertisement for typist		2	0
"	9	„ Theatre and chocolates for wife	17	6	
"	10	„ Tea with typist	5	0	
"	11	„ Lunch with typist	10	0	
"	12	„ Typist's salary	1	10	0
"	13	„ Present for wife	5	0	
"	14	„ Supper and dance with typist	1	0	0
"		„ Taxi for typist		7	6
"	15	„ Chocolates for wife	2	6	
"	16	„ Lunch and tea with typist	15	0	
"	17	„ Bus fare for wife			6
"	18	„ Theatre and supper with typist	1	10	0
"		„ Taxi for typist and self		12	6
"	19	„ Typist's salary	2	10	0
"	20	„ Expenses for business week-end	5	0	0
"		„ Typist's rail fare		9	6
"	21	„ Present for wife		2	6
"	22	„ Lunch and tea with typist	15	0	
"	23	„ Theatre and dance with typist	1	5	0
"	24	„ Chocolates for wife		1	0
"	25	„ Supper and dance with typist	1	10	0
"		„ Taxi for typist and self		1	0
"	26	„ Winnie's salary	4	0	0
"	27	„ Fur coat for wife	67	10	0
"	28	„ Advertisement for male typist		2	0

THE THREE LETTER CAR PLATES.

The introduction of the three letter system on car registration plates is leading to the discovery that many districts in various parts of the country are rather "touchy." Gloucestershire seems to have the most aggrieved car owners, for their number plates are conspicuous with CAD and BAD, while Southampton with COW and Croydon with COY are feeling a little sheepish. Some Birmingham owners with DOG on their number plates may feel like co-operating with those labelled CAT from Hull in protesting to the Ministry.

FELLOW FEELINGS.

Lord Horder, in a recent address in London, recounted a surprise which befell Sir Charles Sherrington, the authority on monkeys. On one occasion Sir Charles, after leaving some chimpanzees, wondered what they were doing when unobserved. Looking back through the keyhole, his eye met that of a chimpanzee, who apparently had the same thought about Sir Charles.

DARTS LANGUAGE.

The origin of darts is obscure, and so is an extraordinary vocabulary used by its followers. "Up in Annie's Room" means a score of 21; for 88, one says "Connaught Rangers"; "Kelly's Eye" means one; and "Bed and Breakfast" stands for 26—perhaps a colloquial item of social history of the time when a night's lodging cost half-a-crown.

THE PRESCRIPTION.

Members of the House of Commons are said to be laughing at the story of an Opposition speaker who left his notes for a speech on the counter of a chemist's shop where he had called with a prescription. He hurried back to recover them and was told that his eye-wash would be ready in a few minutes.

TOBACCO ADDICT.

Centenarians, it would appear, are a dubious tribe at best, and possibly the following rhyme, which we first heard a matter of fifty years ago, commemorates a gentleman as authentic in the matter of years as any other claimant to the century:—

Loo,
A Jew
Whom I knew at Corfu,
Tobacco would snuff, smoke and chew.
Said I to him, "Fie,
If you do that you will die,"
And he died—at one hundred and two!

MOTTOES FOR MOTORISTS.

Here are a few mottoes for motorists, which have had their origin in America:—

"Pedestrians should be seen, but not hurt."
"Say it with brakes and save the flowers."
"Don't kid about safety. You may be the goat."
"Time saved at a crossing may be lost in the emergency ward."
"No domestic science course is necessary to enable a girl to make a traffic jam."

UNCONQUERABLE.

The great poet W. E. Henley wrote these stirring words many years ago. They are as full of inspiration in these days of stress as they were when they were first penned:—

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud:
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

* * *

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

THE ESCAPED LEOPARD.

In another page will be found a very interesting article, by R.F.G., concerning the leopard which recently escaped at Paignton. Incidentally it may be mentioned that Paignton has a population of about 20,000. There are four H. & G. Simonds "on" and one "off" licences, another "on" being in the course of erection, viz., The Waterside Inn. The zoo grounds are about 40 acres in extent.

POINT-TO-POINT RACE MEETINGS.

There is not a cleaner form of sport than that to be witnessed at a Point-to-Point Meeting, and those desirous of spending some enjoyable afternoons amid delightful surroundings should make a note of the following dates and places:—

Staff College	-	Feb. 25th	-	Ashridge, Wokingham.
Royal Engineers & Royal Signals		March 11th		Ditto.
South Berks Hunt		" 22nd		Hermitage, nr. Newbury.
Garth Hunt	-	" 28th		Ashridge, Wokingham.
Berks & Bucks Staghounds	-	April 8th	-	Ditto.
Vine Hunt	-	" 10th	-	Hannington, nr. Kingsclere.

SIMONDS' SOCIAL CLUB.

RECORD ATTENDANCE AT ANNUAL DINNER.

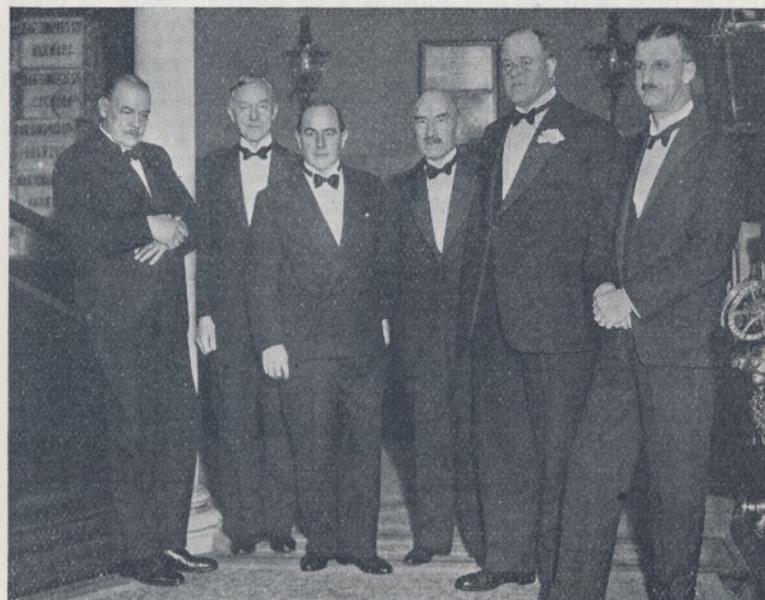
The Annual Dinner of Simonds' Social Club, Reading, was held in the Large Town Hall on Saturday, January 21st, and was an outstanding success, there being a record attendance, which included many influential gentlemen representing the public and business life of Reading. Mr. F. A. Simonds (Chairman and Managing Director, H. & G. Simonds Ltd.) presided, and among those present were the Mayor (Councillor W. E. C. McIlroy), Mr. J. H. Simonds, C.B., D.L., J.P. (Vice-Chairman of H. & G. Simonds Ltd.), Mr. Shea-Simonds (late Chairman), Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N., Retd., Major G. S. M. Ashby and Mr. R. St. J. Quarry (Directors), Mr. F. C. Hawkes (Chairman of the Social Club), Mr. S. Bird (Hon. Treasurer), Mr. Walter Bradford (Hon. Secretary), Commander Legge (Chief Constable of Berkshire), Deputy Chief Constable Sellwood (County Police), Mr. Clement Williams (Managing Director, Messrs. Huntley & Palmers Ltd.), Mr. J. T. Deeley (Huntley & Palmers Ltd.), Mr. H. H. Belsey (Royal Insurance), Mr. C. W. N. Sharp, Mr. C. B. Booth (Messrs. Cooksey & Walker), Mr. H. F. Dunster, Mr. John Hill (Messrs. Hill & Sherwin, Ltd.), Canon Kernan, Superintendent Osborne (Reading Borough Police), Mr. H. T. Palmer (Barclays Bank Ltd.), Mr. H. S. Paynter (Messrs. H. & C. Collins), Colonel Sharp, Commander Hassard Short (A.R.P.), Major G. O. Tayler (Messrs. Greenslades), Mr. Tom Vincent (Messrs. Nicholais), etc.

The President announced apologies from Mr. Redman and Mr. L. A. Simonds, two of our Directors. Mr. Louis Simonds was indisposed but wrote saying how much he wished he could be present—and I quite believe him, added the President. Mr. Keighley, another Director, could not attend as he left the previous day on a mission on behalf of the Firm with a view to expanding the "Hop Leaf" business. (Applause.) Mr. Duncan Simonds was indisposed, while Mr. Keevil of Coley Park was also unable to attend. They were very sorry Mr. Keevil could not be present as he (the President) would have welcomed the

opportunity of again thanking him for what he did for the Firm. (Applause.) Other apologies included those from Mr. R. Palmer, Mr. W. P. Colebrook, Mr. C. E. Gough, and other sick and sorry people.

GREAT PROGRESS OF THE SOCIAL CLUB.

After the loyal toasts had been duly honoured, the President, who received an ovation on rising, proposed "The Social Club." He said that it was a singular opportunity accorded himself on behalf of the Directors to tell them how much they enjoyed seeing the progress made year by year by the Social Club. Many years had rolled by since the Club was started. They had no doubt that it would be a success, but even the most optimistic had little idea that it would grow to the extent it had done during the past few years. There were darts, tug-of-war, dances, whist drives and a band, and he would like to congratulate the Band of the Hop



Among those present were (left to right) Major S. V. Shea-Simonds, Mr. Clement Williams (Managing Director, Huntley & Palmers Ltd.), Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N., Mr. J. H. Simonds, C.B., D.L., J.P. (Vice-Chairman, H. & G. Simonds Ltd.), Mr. F. A. Simonds (Chairman and Managing Director), and Major G. S. M. Ashby.

Leaf Fusiliers (laughter) on their magnificent first appearance that evening in uniform. (Applause.) The Club was now extending its activities and it was having a new sports ground. It was a great experiment but one which he was sure would be an outstanding success. The Directors thanked Mr. Quarry and the younger members of the Firm for the great interest they had taken in arranging the grounds to the best advantage. (Applause.) The Club was serving a most useful purpose. In it they could meet and spend their leisure hours to the best advantage. He would like to take that opportunity to express his heartfelt thanks to all members of the staff who had co-operated so loyally and enthusiastically with them year in and year out. No firm throughout the country was so loyally served as they in Reading and at their many branches. (Applause.) And in that connection he would like to say how delighted he was to see amongst them so many representatives of their branches and subsidiary companies. Some of them had travelled long distances to join them that evening and it showed a wonderful spirit of friendship. (Applause.) The previous day he started the thirty-eighth year of his business career with that Company and he did not recollect any time more difficult or menacing. He coupled with the toast the name of Mr. F. C. Hawkes (Chairman of the Club), and also paid tribute to the work of Mr. Walter Bradford (Hon. Secretary), whom he described as the Napoleon of organisers.

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.

GENEROUS BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

In reply, Mr. Hawkes thanked their beloved President for his kind remarks concerning the officials of the Club, and the success that had been achieved. He also thanked them all for the enthusiastic manner in which the toast had been received. That was very encouraging to himself and particularly to Mr. Walter Bradford, their indefatigable Hon. Secretary. They were very highly favoured in having such a generous Board of Directors who not only provided them with a very fine club, but had recently had it beautifully re-decorated and the club was now as good as

any of its kind in the county. (Applause.) The Club was being supported more than ever and it was in a very real sense fulfilling the purpose for which it was so kindly given to the employees. Their best thanks were due to Mr. Louis Simonds and Mr. Quarry for their efforts on behalf of the Club. It encouraged them to carry on, determined to make the Club even more successful in the future than it had been in the past. That gathering was a memorable one, a truly "Hop Leaf" meeting with "Hop Leaf" Band and "Hop Leaf" catering—and a very fine meal it was, too! (Applause.)

MOST EFFICIENT MAYOR.

Commander H. D. Simonds, the O.C. Transport, proposed the toast of "The Visitors," and said how glad they were to see the Mayor present, not only because he was Mayor, but because they liked him. (Applause.) He was a most efficient Chief Magistrate and was carrying out his onerous duties in a most able manner. They also welcomed Mr. Clement Williams, head of that great business, Messrs. Huntley & Palmers, and Mr. Deeley, who rendered them such valuable assistance in connection with their fete and in other directions. His old shipmate, Commander Hassard Short, was also present and he hoped all would do their utmost to support him in his most important A.R.P. work. They were also glad to see their late Chairman, Mr. Shea-Simonds. (Loud applause.) He would say nothing further concerning Mr. Shea-Simonds for the great applause spoke for itself.

In acknowledgment, the Mayor said that a memorable gathering like that brought home to a Mayor the importance of his office and responsibilities. He was wearing those responsibilities lightly as he was assured on all hands, and particularly that night, that they would support him in these difficult days to a man. (Applause.) Social clubs such as theirs did a great deal in helping them to understand one another and fostered true brotherliness. He wished their Club a great and lasting success.

THE MUSICAL PROGRAMME.

There was an excellent musical programme, and a very pleasant surprise was provided by the splendid music rendered

by the Brewery Band (Hop Leaf Fusiliers) during the dinner. They gave a very snappy and creditable performance which was praised by all. Many of their items received unstinted applause. The concert generally was most enjoyable, the first item being songs by Miss Nora Wood, who is a great favourite amongst the Brewery employees, and although we have heard her before, it is doubtful if ever to greater advantage than this time. Mr. J. Maxwell, who excelled all previous appearances, had the whole company rocking with laughter with his topical songs and amusing patter. It is a long time since we had a comedy turn which produced so much amusement. Mr. N. S. Evans (at the piano) and Mr. G. Pettengell (at the organ) gave a very clever duet which was highly appreciated. Then followed Mr. G. Cannings with one of his popular numbers, the chorus being well taken up by the audience, to the accompaniment of the band. Mr. Oswald Rae mystified the onlookers with some exceptionally clever tricks. It was most amusing to hear the people in the hall trying to offer solutions to his mysteries. Mr. H. Clark also appeared in a humorous turn of impersonations.

The community singing (Conductor, Mr. J. Gilkinson) was, as usual, one of the most popular items on the programme. The Brewery Band accompanied all the numbers and the Club members joined in most heartily.

It was a great disappointment to many that time did not allow for the solos which Mr. W. H. Hooper had arranged to give both on the 'cello and the violin. Mr. Hooper who has, through sheer hard work and ability, brought the Brewery Band to its present state of perfection, is a very talented musician and we hope that at some future date we may have the pleasure of hearing his solo rendering.

THE CATERING.

The Town Hall was not planned for catering functions. Indeed it could be said that the architect had no idea that it would be required for such an occasion as Simonds' Social Club Dinner with over 500 attending. The difficulties of providing a hot meal are very severe on account of the fact that there is no contact between

the large hall and the kitchen except by the use of runners. The corridors are draughty and all food has to be carried for a considerable distance from the basement, and the great worry is that by the time it reaches the table it will be nearly cold. Considerable thought was given to the problems which had to be faced, but the arrangements proved to be completely satisfactory. Due regard was also given to the fact that in catering for the staff of this Company those responsible were dealing with healthy he-men who enjoy first-class appetites, and in this direction full justification was done to the occasion as far as the size of the portions were concerned.

To give some idea of the volume of work and pre-arrangement, the following quantities of meals, equipment and food were provided :—

524 meals served, including staff ;
4,894 pieces of cutlery ;
4,548 pieces of crockery and glassware ;
700 feet of tabling and table cloth ;

and the approximate weight of the food consumed was just under 1 ton !

The majority of the staff engaged were local, and the supervision was arranged as follows :—

In charge of Kitchen - Mr. Caunt.
Head Waiter - - Mr. Chase.
Supervisors - - - Mr. Prescott and Mr. Ingham.
Service Control - - Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Dowling.

All the staff of the Catering Department were proud to have this opportunity of proving their mettle, and it is hoped that all who attended the Dinner enjoyed the occasion as well as the staff enjoyed performing their service.

Mr. Davis, the Officer in Command, has been complimented on all hands on the excellence of the arrangements.



View of part of the great gathering present.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

KESTREL KILLS STARLING.

FLOOD REFUGEES.

While strolling around our fine new Sports Ground early the other Sunday morning, I had a wonderful close-up view of a kestrel killing a starling. The hawk was hovering high in the air; then she descended to within about twenty feet of the ground, hovered again for a few seconds, and then shot down to earth like a flash of brown and seized a poor starling. She struck the bird in the back with her powerful claws and carried it off triumphantly, passing within a few feet of my head. She flew into a tall elm tree in Coley Park and there commenced her horrid meal. I do not know whether the hawk found the starling bitter, for such these birds are supposed to be and they are certainly not fit for human consumption.

A MEAL TO REMEMBER!

I well remember when some children netted a number of sparrows, blackbirds, etc., and had them for dinner in the form of a pie. The pie included a couple of starlings and these very nearly cost the lady who ate them her life. She was very dangerously ill for several days suffering from ptomaine poisoning, her condition being definitely traced by the doctor to the consumption of the starlings.

Let us hope the hawk did not suffer in the same way for partaking of starling for breakfast.

BEAUTIFYING OUR SPORTS GROUND.

Much time and thought must have been spent in beautifying our Sports Ground, which is certainly a great credit to all concerned. The chestnut, beech and fir trees with which the ground is partly surrounded are already making wonderful headway and, when in full foliage, will add greatly to the appearance of these playing fields. Then there are the rose and flower gardens tastefully laid out by the approach to the pavilion and all who participate in the games owe our younger directors, and those who have assisted them, a great debt of gratitude for enabling them to take part in their recreations amid such delightful surroundings.

GREAT VARIETY OF BIRDS.

Those so inclined have here rare opportunities of studying bird life, for in and around the grounds a great variety of feathered friends may be seen, including the little owl, kestrels, pigeons, rooks, jackdaws, partridges, greater and lesser spotted woodpeckers, larks, linnets, meadow pipits, pied wagtails and sand martins, to mention only a few. And during the winter I have frequently seen the stonechat, a charming little study in black and white and red, the male being an exceedingly handsome bird with his black head, red breast and patches of pure white on the wings. This bird probably derived its name from the fact that its note of alarm is very much like that caused when two pebbles are struck together. The stonechat should not be confused with the whinchat, a near relation, with prominent eye-stripes, though the hen-birds are very similar in appearance. In spite of the fact that these two birds are closely related the whinchat is only a summer visitor and arrives in May.

ANIMALS SEEK REFUGE FROM THE FLOODS.

We have heard a lot about retreats and refugees lately and many animals who lived in the Thames' banks had to beat a hasty retreat and seek refuge on higher ground during the floods. I saw rats, voles, moles and shrews swimming for dear life and they sought shelter in a bank some distance from the river. One mole dug himself into the ground and was well out of sight in less than a couple of minutes, his powerful front feet acting as both pick and shovel. He proved quite a strong swimmer too. When the light was failing the weird call of the seagulls, the plaintive notes of the plover, and the harsh voice of the heron seemed in keeping with the desolation all around. No, those otherwise fine lines of Sir John Denham's do not apply to the Thames at flood-time:—

O! could I flow like thee and make thy stream
My great example as it is my theme,
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full.

THE INSTINCT OF FISH.

Though I covered many acres of flood land in my waders, I did not see the sign of one fish that had gone astray. When the water is deep they probably make excursions over meadowland, but instinct evidently tells them when the recession of the water begins for it is a rare thing to find a fish stranded in a meadow that has been flooded. For many years I have looked out for such stranded fish but only on one occasion did I find a member of the finny tribe that had left the return journey to the river too late.

ROOKS BEGINNING TO BUILD.

On Sunday, February 5th, the rooks were very busy choosing their nesting sites in the tall elms in Coley Park and two birds were busy building. Mr. A. B. Taylor, of Thomas & Co., the well-known hairdressers in Cross Street, writes:

“On January 31st I and a member of my staff observed with some measure of astonishment a pair of starlings carrying material for a nest in the roof at the back of our premises. Surely this is very early!”

MIGRATING BIRDS FLY $3\frac{1}{2}$ MILES UP.

One of science's greatest mysteries—how even small birds are able to fly for hour after hour over oceans and desolate country—has been partly solved. Pilots on the Pan-American Airways routes through the United States, South America and across the Pacific were asked to take notes of the speed and the height of the birds they saw. These notes, now correlated, prove that migrating birds do not fly low, near the ground, at fairly small speeds, which was the usual theory. They fly in clouds through the lower stratosphere at 15,000 to 22,000 feet (three and a half miles) above the ground. This explains how great distances are covered comparatively quickly. At these heights constant winds blow, at up to 100 miles an hour and more, always at the same speed, always in the same direction. The birds use the winds to aid them. With little effort they sail along at the same speed as the wind. Pilots saw swallows travelling at 90 m.p.h.

“GRANNY” GOOSE DIES NEAR CALLINGTON.

Known as “Granny,” a goose has just died near Callington in its 27th year. Described by a local resident as a “remarkable and tough old bird,” “Granny” was quite domesticated, and “answered to her name like a dog.” Every caller at the farm to which the goose belonged knew her, and she was the subject of much attention. When her laying and hatching period was over, she insisted on adopting all the orphan goslings hatched in the farmyard, and many a brood was placed in her care.

COMMOTION AMONG ROOKS AT NIGHT.

On February 3rd, about 7 p.m., Mr. F. C. Hawkes tells me, there was a great commotion among the rooks in a wood close to his home at Mortimer. He wondered what all the noise was about—and so do I! Perhaps foxes were fighting, or on the prowl, or could it have been caused by the presence of a poacher? Birds seem very sensitive to earth tremors and I am glad their

anxieties did not prove to indicate an earthquake. In the daytime I have often seen stoats and weasels climbing trees and being mobbed by birds which have created a great din, but I do not think one of these little creatures would have caused such a commotion among the rooks.

There must, however, have been *something*, for rooks rarely speak without "caws"!

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Life's real heroes are those who not only bear their own burdens bravely, but give a helping hand to those around them.

Do not monopolise the conversation. God gave us one mouth and two ears; perhaps this indicates the ratio of the 1 to 2 which should prevail between speaking and listening.

The secret of happiness is to think as little as possible about yourself and as much as possible about others.

Pray to God and hammer away, says an old proverb.

The sense of fellowship that is the basis of any true social life depends on the flowering of mercy on the stem of justice.

Run in the race—train for it—do your best—if you come in last do not worry; somebody must be last.

This world is simply the threshold of our vast life, the first stepping stone from nonentity into the boundless expanses of possibility. It is the infant school of the soul. The physical universe is spread out before us, and the spiritual trials and mysteries of our discipline are simply our primer, our grammar, our spelling dictionary to teach us something of the language we are to use in our maturity.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

The photograph of Mr. C. B. Cox which appeared in our last issue was generally commented upon as being a very good likeness. He is a splendid and likeable fellow, and the writer has known him for many a long day. Being of a most generous nature and having a keen and kindly wit—in this respect he has a way of his own—he always manages to get along with everyone in a most agreeable way. Wherever you go on the Brewery, the name of "Cyril" seems to denote the one and only C. B. Cox. W.D. recalls many happy times spent with him and hopes for many more in the future.

It is pleasing to record that Mr. F. W. Freeman is making good progress towards recovery to his normal state of health. A day or two after his return to duty following the Christmas holidays he more or less collapsed and on arriving home it was found he had pneumonia. After a distressing and most anxious time he is gradually getting stronger and has been down to see us at the Office.

The early days of January found the General Office staff back on overtime for the Quarterly Balancing; after a week or so the missing "bob" was found and they balanced to the proverbial ha'penny. This was very pleasing, especially after the Christmas rush.

Fashion Note.—One remarkable thing, it seems to me, during the spells of Arctic weather we had at Christmas and since, is the headgear worn by the ladies and footgear by the men. Ladies cover their heads with scarves of different colours and various materials, and the men wear gumboots, waders and goloshes, the latter having been seen at the Brewery. Maybe after all this cold weather we shall have a *Summer*.

Miss M. E. Handley, just before she left the Firm for Lancashire, was presented by Miss A. M. Prosser, on behalf of a number of friends on the staff, with a dressing table set as a memento of the happy days she had spent at the Brewery. A letter of thanks has been received from Miss Handley.

Casualties have not been particularly heavy amongst the staff this winter—fortunately nothing like an epidemic—nevertheless there have been some who have had to lay up for short spells, viz. :—Mr. S. Josey, who has been away for a week or so, although latest reports of him are very encouraging; Miss A. M. Prosser, who was away for a short while due to a sudden attack of 'flu;

and our first-aid expert, Mr. T. Kent, laid up with a very heavy cold.

Mr. W. H. Curtis—"Bill" to everyone—who has been working at the Brewery since 1902, has just retired on pension. Of a most likeable nature, his many friends will miss him and hope he will be spared for many years.

Another old campaigner, Mr. F. Collins—"Lottie" to all and sundry—has just recently retired on pension after working at the Brewery since 1899. A familiar figure on his bicycle for numerous years, many will miss him "sailing" down Bridge Street. Some while ago he met with rather a severe accident whilst cycling and has never been quite the same since. A stalwart of the old Seven Bridges cricket team, in his heyday he was a bowler to be feared; also many a tale he could tell of his exploits in the Army as a cricketer. We all hope he will now be able to enjoy his well-earned retirement.

Sincere congratulations to Mr. A. T. Walsh, whose wife presented him with a bonny daughter. Naturally father is very pleased. Mother and babe are going on very nicely.

Congratulations also to Mr. R. F. Gooch, of our Wine Stores, Paignton, whose wife has presented him with a son. Both Mrs. Gooch and the baby are doing well.

It really does seem that Reading's promotion hopes will now have to keep for another season, as they have too much lee-way to make up and they have been rather disappointing, especially at home.

Aldershot are having a really good season and, in spite of transferring two of their stars, are still going strong and should finish the season in the highest position they have ever occupied in the league. With a few of the ex-Farnborough boys at the Brewery there is a certain amount of leg-pulling over Reading and Aldershot. At the moment Aldershot supporters seem to have the better of the argument.

Although Plymouth Argyle do not seem in any particular danger of going down, they are rather an inconsistent side, to say the least of it.

Portsmouth had a narrow squeak last season of keeping up and at the moment things do not look any too good for them.

Our Brighton friends, I suppose, are pleased with their team, and they certainly are doing pretty well.

Another "cycle" of the H. & G. Simonds' Savings Association has just been completed, so if this should meet the eye of anyone desirous of starting will they please get in touch with Mr. A. H. Hopkins (Correspondence Office), who is the Secretary, and he would be pleased to supply any details required.

What a difference! One member of the staff a few weeks ago had to wait for a whole week to learn the result of a football pool in which he had obtained one point off the maximum and at the end found he was entitled to the sum of £5 os. 6d. ! (Naturally beforehand opinions differed as to what he was likely to receive from, say, £100 downwards.) Another member of the staff who fills in his coupon by numbers like, say, 1, 11, 21, 31, wins over £15 for sixpence by this method. Better be born lucky than rich!

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

The Bee Inn, Windlesham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. John Smith.

The Bell, Oxford Road, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. McAinsh Ashton.

The Blue Lion, Wolseley Street, Reading (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. T. J. Blake.

We very much regret to record the death of Mr. Henry Cadwell, tenant of The Falcon, Thame, since 1919, and our deepest sympathy is hereby expressed to his relatives. The following extract from *The Thame Gazette* gives a full account of his interesting career:—

"It is with great regret that we have to record the death of Mr. H. Cadwell at The Falcon, Thame. Deceased had been under the doctor's advice recently, but he had led a very active life and was in his usual good spirits when his death occurred suddenly as the result of a stroke, causing great shock to all who knew him.

Harry, as he was known familiarly, was a great-hearted footballer. He started his career with Thame St. Mary's, and was afterwards with the Town Senior Club. He was 'spotted' by outsiders and played for Maidenhead Norfolkiens, and while with that team they won the Oxford Hospital Cup twice. He also played for Aylesbury United in the Great Western Suburban League and during his time with this team he often cycled to and from Aylesbury to play. After Aylesbury he was taken on by Reading as an amateur and distinguished himself by playing beside that great player, Mr. Herbert Smith. He also came to the notice of Oxford City and while with this team he obtained a runners-up

medal in the Amateur Cup. Harry was a great favourite at Oxford with his spectacular kicks and tackles. Whilst with Thame he obtained all honours (including County decorations) but never possessed a Junior Shield medal. During the war he left his business as a farrier and was a Sergeant-Farrier in the Royal Naval Division. Whilst serving his country he still kept his sporting career and carried off several medals.

At one time he was a member of Thame Fire Brigade and those who remember the great fire at the Jolly Sailor will recall that he rescued the cash box only just before the room in which it was collapsed.

After the war he became the Licensee of The Falcon, which he held until his death. Deceased leaves a widow and a daughter.

The funeral took place at the Parish Church, and members of the British Legion dropped poppies on the coffin."

DEATH OF MR. E. J. BURRETT.

We regret to hear of the death of Mr. E. J. Burrett who passed away on January 9th at the age of 77. Mr. Burrett, who was connected with our Firm for 53 years, was attached to the Brewing Room in 1877 and was at that time working under his father, who was Head Brewer. After fifty years' service Mr. Burrett was presented with a silver tea service in recognition of his work, and a few years later, on his retirement, he received a clock.

Mr. F. C. Hawkes was among those present at the funeral representing the Firm, and the floral tributes included those from "The Directors of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds," "His Old Colleagues in the Brewing Room," and "Old Friends on the Staff of the Brewery."

We also regret to record the death of Mr. L. Paintin, who was for a great number of years in our Transport Department.

Mr. Paintin served in the Labour Battalion during the Great War. Of a quiet disposition, he was a very conscientious worker and was very keen on his favourite hobby, gardening. The funeral service was held at Whitley Hall, Reading, and the following attended from the Brewery:—Messrs. F. C. Hawkes, F. Kirby, H. Davis, C. Josey, A. Randall, R. Broad, H. Green and C. Knight.

There were numerous floral tributes, including one from his "Old Colleagues."

A GREAT THOUGHT.

There are few things in life more difficult than acceptance. Oh, it's easy and pleasant enough to write, in reply to a party invitation, "I have much pleasure in accepting . . ." but the things life imposes upon us often seem only worth kicking violently about! We can't accept them any old way, much less with pleasure.

Yet half the misery, the irritability, the discontent and the small ailments of every day come from these inward rebellions, these refusals to recognise our limitations. Because we all have one or two "crosses"—to use an old fashioned word—which we cannot remove and must therefore learn to shoulder.

They are of many kinds.

Circumstances may force us to live alone, when we hate solitude. We can't do the work we long for. We're not pretty and to-day beauty seems so very important. Love has passed us by. Being a mother seems to cut all the pleasures out of life and leave only drudgery and sacrifice. It's impossible, however well we work, to get promotion in our job.

Oh, there are dozens of common crosses! You know the special one that bows your shoulders and makes you think that life isn't worth while.

Perhaps you feel just like that, believe that existence is nothing but struggle and defeat, can't think why you get so irritable or depressed? Then the chances are, not that Fate has a grudge against you, but that you are spoiling your chances by not accepting your cross.

"But," you say, "is it right to lie down under bad conditions and never make an effort to improve them?"

Well, now and then in life, each one of us must accept defeat. Some happenings—the death of a loved one, for instance—can't be evaded or fought or coaxed; they can only be endured. A wise man has written, "We cannot have calm seas all the way . . . We must be willing sometimes to accept the storm and take it lying down, setting on one side both will-power and desire." Trying to alter things can become too trying; brave acceptance will bring peace.

Recognise that everyone is defeated sometimes and that occasional failures is the common lot and not personal to you. Then difficulties will not make you bitter and unattractive.

But most of the time, even if there is no remedy for your cross at the moment, there will be later. And meanwhile, once you have thought things over and made certain that they are out of your power to alter, try to find the reason and advantage of your cross.

A good plan is to think of your disability as a lesson to learn. At school, when you had mastered a book or a subject it was dropped. So, in life, when you have learnt your lesson it will disappear.

Perhaps you are plain so that you will be forced to develop charm, which beats mere good looks any day of the week. Then study the ways of charming people. Alter the traits in yourself which prevent people from loving you, and presently you will find that beauty, though pleasant, is unnecessary.

Promotion won't come? You've worked hard, taken evening classes to qualify in extra subjects and still—no progress. What's the lesson here? Perhaps that personality is more important than brains, or adaptable disposition than good certificates. The man or woman who can take responsibility, work harmoniously with others, smooth down ruffled customers, is much more sure to rise than the most capable of routine workers. Why not try again from this new point of view?

Say, "I accept . . ."—perhaps not with pleasure, but with courage and a smile.



FALKLAND ISLANDS.

(From a correspondent).

SIMONDS BEER AND STOUT AMONG THE PENGUINS IN THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

In the Falklands penguins breed in colonies or Government protected rookeries. Some of the colonies are huge and contain thousands of birds. The principal families are the Gentoo, the Rock-Hopper and the Jackass. (Last year you had some Jackass photos and their beer. This year the photos are of the Gentoo family.)

Penguins are noisy, quarrelsome, amusing, gossipy, smelly birds. They fight and steal from each other either the eggs or the stones and few twigs that form their nest. During my visit to them in the end of November when the chicks were coming out I was greeted with lots of noise, a few pecks and a few sharp blows of their flippers about my legs.

They have disgusting manners and live in squalor which makes them dirty, but see them in the water and they swim and pop up and down like jack-in-the-boxes.

As you approach a rookery you can hear and smell them a mile away. The nest is a depression scraped in the earth or peat lined with a few small stones and tail feathers—prizes of many fights. The young grow very quickly after hatching.

The Jackass burrows in the peat, scoops out two large holes a few yards apart, which meet under ground. They have no lining in their nests and are well behaved towards each other.

The Gentoo is a resident of the Falklands; the Rock-Hopper and Jackass are pelagic during the winter.

The Gentoo is known as the best farmer in the Falklands and improves the pasture in the vicinity of the rookeries. He is a fine up-standing bird, but most careless as a family man. His rookeries are near the sea.

Their behaviour to the bottles was at first one of curiosity and they did not seem to mind the taste of the stout or beer. The chicks were only just out of their shells so they had to be content with a drop!

My companions would not allow me to experiment very much with the contents of the bottle as beer and stout are much too precious a fluid to waste on Penguins.



A young Gentoo chick.



A Gentoo Rookery in the Falkland Islands.

SIMONDS BEER AND STOUT AMONG THE SEA-ELEPHANTS OF SOUTH GEORGIA.

These seals are members of a large family, the Weddell seal, the Crab-eater seal, the sea-Leopard, Ross seal and the fur seal.

They (the sea-elephants) are mildly bored at the advent of human beings on the shores of certain bays in South Georgia, and refused to be disturbed and, when politely but firmly asked to swim, they did most reluctantly. When I visited them in November their young pups had arrived in the world. Old Papa seal was very proud of his harem of ladies and pups. They looked mildly astonished, opened their mouths and said "Ah" as if a doctor had asked to look at their tonsils.

The seals were not irritated in any way. They posed for their photos in the best Hollywood manner and liked the taste of Simonds beer and stout. They were only allowed a limited amount as the refreshments could not be spared.

The whaling stations in South Georgia are the "Compania Argentina de Pesca" at Grytviken, where these photos were taken and Messrs. Salvesen (a British firm) at Leith Harbour.

The sea-elephant grows to quite a large size and the males are no oil paintings, being ugly and battle-scarred. They move awkwardly on land but once in the sea they look like old Colonel Blimp flopping about in the water, but when they swim they are wonders of agility. They are used for oil, 10,000 per annum is the limit allowed by the Falkland Islands Government to the two whaling factories that operate the whaling industry in South Georgia. As you know whale and seal oil is used in the manufacture of soap, margarine and for the gelatine in high explosives. The sea-elephant is killed by firing a bullet through the roof of his mouth and the blubber, flesh and bones is put in a digester and oil extracted. A fertiliser (guano) is also made from his carcass.

South Georgia is a Dependency of the Falkland Islands and lies 790 miles south-east of the Falklands in latitude $54\frac{1}{2}$ south and longitude 36-38 west and is presided over by a Resident British Magistrate. It was sighted and taken possession of by Captain Cook, for Great Britain, in 1775.

Sir Ernest Shackleton (the great explorer) lies buried at Grytviken, where he died on his way South in the *Quest* in 1922.



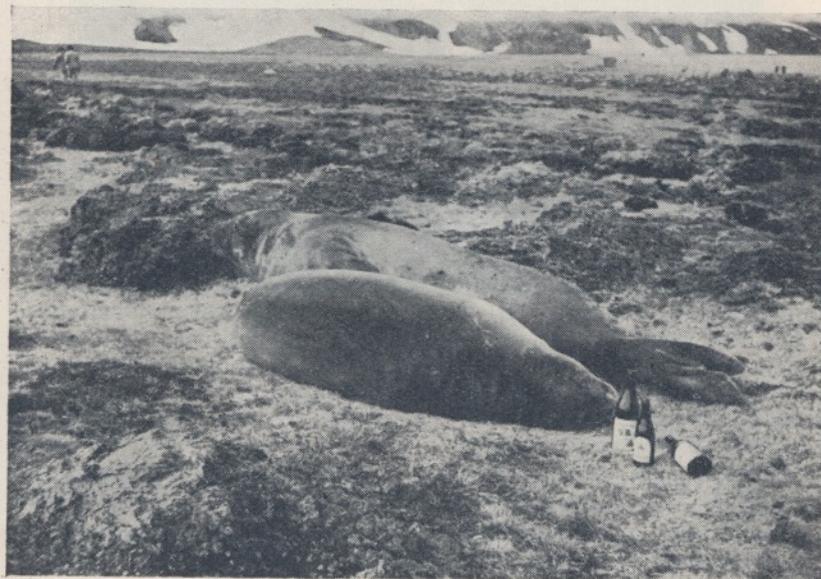
Colonel Blimp. A Sea Elephant rampant.



At Grytviken, South Georgia. A baby Sea Elephant samples Milk Stout. He asked for more!



Grand Pop Sea Elephant won't be happy until he has his Simonds' Ale. His harem are indifferent!
This photo actually taken in Strömness (South Georgia) which was once a whaling station.



At Grytviken, South Georgia. After their drink of Simonds' Beer and Stout, Sea Elephants sleep happily.



At Grytviken, South Georgia. Note the two bottles resting on the backbone of a whale.

THE LEOPARD!

REAL FRONT PAGE AND RADIO NEWS.

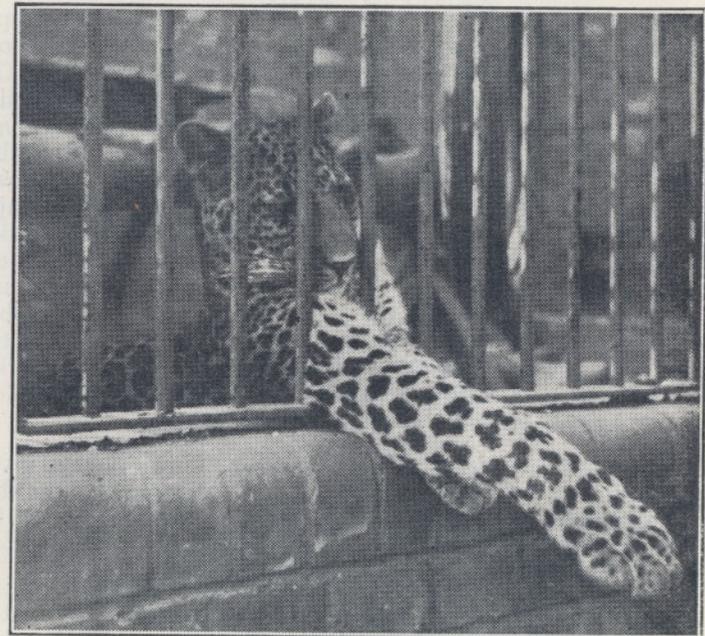
On the 10th January, Paignton awoke from its winter sleep and for once became news, front page at that, and radio news. What an advertisement, but not quite the sort the town's publicity manager would have liked; an extra special elopement, or the discovery of a mermaid would probably have suited him better.

Normally at this time of the year Paignton is seething with about as much life and excitement as the wilds of Scotland. Everyone seems to forget the little town tucked in the centre of Torbay. At first, even the papers headed their columns, and the radio announced—Paignton, near Torquay. This is about the best way of really offending a Paigntonian. (Overheard in The Torbay Inn, my port of call, after the first broadcast, "Tarkey—ne'r yerd o'v 'er.")

The cause of all this trouble was Benny, a magnificent specimen of a fully grown male jungle-bred Indian leopard, about 200 pounds of solid bone, muscle and sinew. Hardly the playful little kitten that some people would have us believe.

Benny escaped from his cage at the private Zoological Gardens of Herbert Whitley, Esq., Primley, Paignton, on the 10th January, late in the afternoon, after mauling his 67-year-old temporary Keeper, who, crawling to the Keepers' quarters, gave the alarm, but master Benny was away. A search was made at once, but with the gathering dusk the task was a hopeless one, and to make matters worse the heavens opened and it rained as it can only rain at Paignton.

As usual in these cases the animal was seen, heard and shot several times at various places; in fact, he was definitely netted once, but got away, so we were told.



[By courtesy of "The Paignton Observer."]

"Benny."—He looks harmless enough.

The order was—"shoot on the spot," and an old yokel, with whiskers round the moon, from out Yampton way arrived breathless at the police station carrying a rusty old musket, and zed "'e'd zeened 'er!" When asked why he hadn't shot the h'animal, I think it must have been a courtesy cop, 'e zed "'e dinna know which zbot to aim at!"

Next morning his spoor, the leopard's, not the yokel's, was seen in the zoo grounds, so a trap was made for him, baited with a nice tasty piece of meat and a pigeon or two, but no, Benny would not oblige.

In the meantime the police, I nearly said policeman, but remembered we have more than one now, carried out an armed search, assisted by Territorials and local shots. They didn't ask me to help, although I sometimes put a bit of dust shot behind, or in front of a rabbit. The search went on all day, 11th January, and a skeleton staff at the zoo was kept on all night, but not a sign was seen of the leopard, although he was suspected of being in some very dense woodland within the grounds.

Early on the 12th he was seen for the first time since his escape, by two zoo employees, slinking along a hedge near the wood. From what I can gather they did not stand and admire him. The alarm was given and a systematic search was made under police supervision in that part of the grounds. A drive was made through the wood, which in parts is so dense that it is practically impossible to raise a gun to the shoulder. The beaters had to lie down continually and look under the entangled vegetation. Then Major Yorke, who was in charge of the Territorials, had to lie down as a thick bush was in his path. He thought he saw something about three feet away: was it a rabbit or the leopard, were his eyes deceiving him? Then a mouth moved and a tail twitched and he knew, but he called the regular keeper to make sure; he peered under the bush, "Yes, it was Benny!" What a thrill, even Major Yorke, who was once a member of The Royal Canadian North-West Mounted, must have had a shiver go down his spine.

Mother nature is very cruel, but also very kind—she had given the leopard, in common with other animals, birds, fish and reptiles, a natural camouflage, that made it practically impossible even for the highest form of animal life to distinguish it in the half-lit undergrowth, which was its natural hiding place.

The line of fire was cleared and Major Yorke and Mr. Lester, head of the reptile department, laid down with their rifles, but master Benny had moved and it was some minutes before he was picked out again. They crawled closer until the animal's head was sighted. Major Yorke fired with his service rifle at 6 feet range; the beast rolled over with not so much as a yelp, but no chances were taken and a second bullet was put in his neck.

The greatest animal hunt the west had ever known was over. Benny had paid dearly for his 42 hours of precious liberty. During this time he really did frighten people living within the vicinity of the zoo, and put Paignton on the map for a day or two. He stole

a few bones from a heap in the grounds and felt the hot blood of six sheep run through his mouth—what paradise this must have been for him, I expect it was his equivalent to six large "S.B.'s."

After all, an animal that can slaughter half-a-dozen sheep in one night is hardly a fireside pet.

Good night—we are going back to our winter sleep again.

R.F.G.

TO E. V. LUCAS.

On whatsoever your roving fancies light
—A foreign salad, or a Folkestone street,
You, with a charm inimitable, write
And with the manner of a Master treat.

—A little village in the Sussex Weald
In words, that bear no blemish, you have drawn:
—An Ashdown forest-track; a farm; a field;
—A Sussex dewpond in a Sussex dawn.

We visit Surrey woods, decoyed by you,
To hear the nightingales, in concert, sing:
And, on your page, we catch a clearer view
Of Horsham or of Chanctonbury Ring.

And then across the sea you carry us
In sentences nor commonplace nor vague:
And there before a feast you tarry us
—An old "Jan Steen"—A "Rembrandt" at The Hague.

Oh, hundred men may write a hundred books
In paper wraps, designed seductively;
But some ask finer fare than outward looks:
And, for their wants, there's only one "E.V."

S. E. COLLINS.



WHITHER BRITAIN?

WISE WORDS BY OUR BOROUGH MEMBER.

"All the recent unrest of this country shown in the press and all the nervous chatter in the streets and in the clubs is carefully reported to the watching dictators," declared Dr. Howitt, speaking at Reading Town Hall headquarters in the first of a series of talks entitled "Whither Britain?"

He went on: "So recently ago as September and October I had the feeling that I was immensely proud of my fellow countrymen. But lately I have been feeling uneasy. Where is that sense of calmness which has been ours before?"

TOO MUCH SUSPICION.

"To-day there is far too much of the 'jitters' about; there is far too much suspicion and criticism and a perpetual badgering of the man at the helm. That keen and perpetual report of how we are reacting to the latest 'stunt' is always going back to the dictators.

"I don't think we are showing universally that unity which we should show if we are going to be a strong nation. I think there is a very great duty on us to stop this uncertainty, these rumours and these 'jitters,' which also prevent our industry from getting along and so swell unemployment.

"We should show that spirit of calmness at home as of old, and we should make it evident that we are going to keep in with France and the United States. I believe peace can only be assured by the world knowing we are determined to defend what our people stand for in the world—justice and peace.

"I think there are too many Foreign Secretaries in this country to-day. To my mind there are millions of them. We should leave a great deal of the defence of this country and its foreign policy to the leaders who have been elected for the country; because we can't know all the intricacies of foreign affairs.

LOST SENSE OF SECURITY.

"If it is known abroad that we have the same spirit we showed during the crisis, that will do much to stabilise the world and bring peace. If we will use our energies to get a further unity in our empire, that will be a great thing for the stabilisation of the world.

"To-day is undoubtedly a time of very anxious perplexity. It is not easy to be able to see what is the best thing to be done.

"We have got to make it known in the world that we are a peace-loving nation strong to uphold our ideals.

"Don't let us be everlastingly criticising other countries and telling them how they should be run. That only brings out in them those qualities which we dislike most. Let us show them just how a true Christian democracy should be run.

"If there is a great moral rearmament in this country, in Scandinavia and in America, this will help to bring world peace.

"Let everybody know that the mentality and morale of this country is as good to-day, and will be during the coming months, as it has been in the past; that we are as calm and as prepared to face anything, even as we were in the time of crisis."

ROYAL NAVAL OLD COMRADES.

RE-UNION DINNER AT READING.

At Palm Lodge, Reading, on Saturday, January 14th, some 250 sailors, their wives and friends sat down at the second annual dinner of the Reading and District branch of the Royal Naval Old Comrades' Association.

The president, Admiral Dashwood F. Moir, presided, and there were also present The Mayor (Councillor W. E. C. McIlroy), Admiral Mark E. F. Kerr, the Ven. Archdeacon A. D. Gilbertson, former chaplain to the Fleet, Commander H. D. Simonds (chairman), Commander and Mrs. Dawson, etc.

Proposing the toast of "The Guests," Commander Simonds expressed their pleasure at having with them the president of the association, Admiral Mark Kerr. They also had with them a number of members from other branches, including Newbury and Basingstoke.

In proposing the toast of "The Branch," Admiral Mark E. F. Kerr said up to the end of last year the Royal Naval Old Comrades' Association had increased to 80 branches and over 7,000 members. When it started about four years ago, at the first meeting he attended, there were only about 40 members. He congratulated all the members of the branch who had worked so hard to increase their membership.

The organisation was a wonderful thing. It was not only for the pleasure of meeting old comrades, but in the good they could do for the world at large. They had travelled about the world and had seen different countries. They knew that at the bottom

human nature was the same everywhere. Those who did not travel thought that foreigners were strange people. There were so many people in this country who thought that.

One of the things for which we had to be thankful for was that they had a Prime Minister who, in his youth, had travelled about the world. He had seen foreign people and knew that those people had the same feelings and the same love for peace as others. There was one thing they must all remember. Understanding was the seed from which sprung the tree of peace, and the fruit of that tree was prosperity.

The response to the toast was made by the secretary, Mr. Nuccoll, who said that during the past twelve months the branch had made wonderful strides. At the last annual dinner they had 82, but since then they had grown till now they were 208 strong. Judging by the way new members were coming in, by the end of this half year they would have over 300 members. Considering, however, he continued, that Reading was second only to Southampton in recruiting for the Navy there was no reason why their branch should not be the biggest in the association.

Commander C. H. Varley proposed "The Sister Services, the R.N.R., R.N.V.R. and the R.N.A.S.V.R.," Captain J. R. Henstead replying.

NOW—AND THEN !

AN INTERESTING JOURNEY ON FOOT.

THE MERRY MAIDENS, THE BLACK BOY, THE MAGPIE AND PARROT, BAR BILLIARDS, AND ALL THAT.

If we could put the hands of the clock back for thirty years, and then find ourselves at the Great Western Railway Station at Reading, with a journey to Arborfield in front of us, how different would we find things from what they are at the present day. I remember a morning just about so many years ago when I found my wife and myself in the above predicament.

No Thames Valley buses in those days, taxis few and out of reach of my pocket; nothing for it except Shank's pony or a ride in a horse-drawn carriers' wagon, wherein for the sum of sixpence C.I.F. one might find oneself ensconced on a bag of flour, or a fitch of bacon maybe, ready to set out on the perilous journey into the hinterland of Berkshire.

Consigning my better half to the carrier's wagon, and having seen her provisioned and watered for the journey, I set out on foot

and after passing through the principal streets of the town and climbing Kendrick Hill, found myself practically free of Reading, with a nice walk to Arborfield ahead.

There was no Ribbon Development then, no Shinfield Housing Estate either, and I had nothing to keep me company but what seemed an interminable line of black iron fencing which carried on for nearly two miles. But what is this I am approaching set at a road junction? A house of call admirably placed for the needs of travellers and bearing the uncommon name of the MERRY MAIDENS. Worth while investigating this, I thought as I entered, but if merry maidens in still life and virtuous pose were prominent outside, I was discouraged to find none within. However, a cheery greeting from the host, and a glass of Simonds' best ale, helped to overcome my disappointment and I set out refreshed against the next stage of my journey. Here I would like to say *en passant* that these self same merry maidens are more or less nocturnal birds, as I have since seen in later years, and on numerous occasions quite a goodly number of maidens (ahem!) assembled there after sunset.

The first part of my trek had been uphill and against the collar, but having crested the ridge of the Thames Valley at the Maidens, I found myself descending towards the Loddon, through a pretty countryside, well wooded on the west, with glorious views to the east and south, where the finely timbered heights of Bear Wood and Farley Hill dominate the horizon.

On this stretch of the road and just about a mile from my first stop I came upon the BLACK BOY INN, another well-known house of Messrs. Simonds. The house is ideally situated near the road junctions of Cutbush Lane and Brookers Hill, but at the time of which I write it was more isolated, with just a farm, a smithy and one or two houses round about. The Black Boy has not changed its character much since I first entered it, except perhaps for the introduction of gas and a piped water supply. The beer is also piped on the hydrostatic principle, but may also be had drawn from the wood on request, Bear Wood, Whitley Wood and Spencers Wood being all on tap! Ladies and gentlemen over six feet in height are requested to mind their heads on entering, and especially so when leaving, as at the time this house was built, shortly after the Flood, there was great economy in the building trade throughout the country and lofty ceilings were strictly taboo.

Leaving the Black Boy where he still stands (poor boy, he has been out in all this cold weather!) I set out on the third spasm of my hitch hike and proceeded through Hollow Lane down to

School Green, where the road bears round left (E) and carries on through flat lushy meadows not much above river level. Here in this delectable spot some distance removed from the haunts of men stands another old-fashioned roadhouse with the "Hop Leaf" sign, the MAGPIE AND PARROT, a veritable house of rest for the weary traveller. No innovations are to be found here. No gas or electricity; lighting effects are by Messrs. Alladdin & Co. and the Standard Oil Co. of New York. What was considered good enough for the "Arabian Nights" was still considered good enough for the Magpie and Parrot. However, help is at hand and in a short space of time they may be "all light" up with electricity.

Mr. Frank Priest and his daughter, Miss Gladys, look after the welfare of travellers in this year of grace 1939. This house of wide fireplaces, low ceilings and solid comfort will well repay a visit. I might mention that, for gents only, there is a maze of ornamental brickwork to traverse which is without equal in the South of England.

After some refreshment here, I pushed on over the bridges and within two hours of leaving Reading found myself breasting the slope leading to Arborfield Cross and at my journey's end. It would only be polite to mention for the benefit of our lady readers that some hours later my wife drove up in her limousine, very disgruntled that she could not have accompanied me on my walk. But, well, husbands will understand!

BAR BILLIARDS.

We have now reached the end of our Bar Billiards Tournament, and the Black Boy team have won the First Division League championship with a score of 44 points (played 14 games, won 12, lost 2).

Our first defeat was at the hands of our old opponents, the Magpie and Parrot, another Shinfield team who take second place with 38½ points, the Grenadier being third with 38 points.

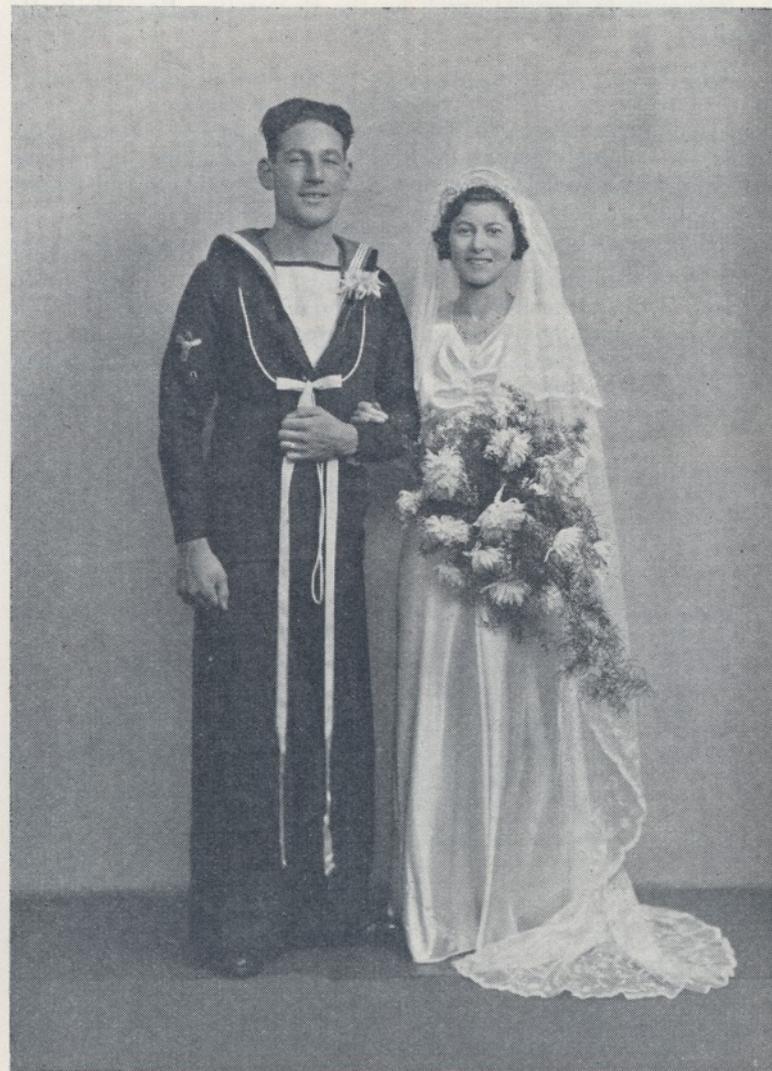
It is a source of satisfaction to the Black Boy players and supporters that the Magpie's team has done so well, for several of their players learned the first rudiments of the game, and received valuable coaching, on the Black Boy table. Well done, the Maggies.

T.M.

PAGES IN SAILOR UNIFORM.

AT A BEACONSFIELD WEDDING.

Small pages dressed in the uniform of H.M.S. *Amphion* were a feature of the wedding at Beaconsfield on Boxing Day of Mr.



Mr. F. A. Cox and his bride.

Frederick Albert Cox, to Miss Dorothy Emma Ann Brown, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Brown, of Malthouse Square, Beaconsfield. The bridegroom was in naval uniform.

Mr. Cox is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cox, of the White Blackbird Inn, Loudwater. The wedding was conducted at the Beaconsfield Parish Church by the Rector (the Rev. R. F. R. Routh).

Miss Brown made an attractive bride dressed in a full-length gown of ivory satin with a beautiful train of Brussels lace. She wore the conventional veil with a wreath of orange blossom, and carried a shower bouquet of white chrysanthemums and white heather. Her jewellery consisted of a crystal necklace and a gold wrist watch.

Two sisters of the bride, Miss Marian Lavinia Brown and Miss Freda Ruby Brown, were the bridesmaids, and the two pages were Patrick Webber, the bride's cousin, and Francis Wright, a friend. Carrying gold cushions, the two boys were dressed in the uniform of H.M.S. *Amphion*, the flagship of the South Africa Station, from which the bridegroom obtained leave after two years' service in South



The Bridal Party.

African waters. The bridesmaids wore red velvet gowns with gold girdles and gold Juliet caps, carrying bouquets of gold chrysanthemums. They also wore gold chain necklets with a red pendant given them by the bridegroom.

The bride's mother wore a brown marocain dress with coat and hat to match, and Mrs. Cox wore a blue dress with blue hat and coat.

The bride's father gave her away, and after the ceremony more than seventy guests attended the reception which was held at the Old Rectory at Beaconsfield. Mr. J. W. Cox, the bridegroom's elder brother, was best man. His father, the licensee of the White Blackbird, was also present. The bridegroom, in choosing the Navy for a career, is carrying on a tradition of service to the country, for his father was formerly Q/M-Sergt. of the Royal Engineers, and his brother, best man, is a sergeant of the Royal Bucks Hussars Yeomanry.

Mr. Cox, while serving on the South African Station regularly had THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE sent to him by his father. This was eagerly looked forward to each month by a great number of the crew of H.M.S. *Amphion*. It was handed round and finished up "well thumbed."

SIMONDS BEER

is

SUPER B

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

He had come home very late indeed, and stumbling upstairs, he encountered Mrs. Thwackum, who was on the look out for her husband. Without asking for any explanations, she fell on him with the rolling-pin and administered heavy punishment.

Then suddenly she realised her mistake. "Gracious me," she exclaimed, "it's Mr. Henpeck—the tenant on the floor above! I really am very sorry."

"So am I," murmured the wretched Henpeck, "especially as I shall have to go through it all again in a moment."

* * * *

The regiment was trekking through the desert: it was arid and parched and not a drop of water was to be found. One recruit sat sadly on a stone, his head in his hands.

SERGEANT: "What's the matter with him?"

PRIVATE: "Home sickness."

SERGEANT: "We've all got that."

PRIVATE: "Yes, but his is worse than for most of us—his father keeps a pub!"

* * * *

The two travellers had wandered far from civilisation and had fallen into the hands of a savage chief. The day following their capture the chief ordered them to go out and gather fruit.

The first returned, bearing a plentiful supply of grapes.

The chief commanded him to swallow them whole.

The traveller burst into laughter, and the chief demanded to know the reason.

"Sorry," apologised the prisoner. "I was just thinking of my pal. He's bringing coconuts."

* * * *

"I've worked for the same boss twenty-three years!"

"I can beat that—it's my silver wedding next week!"

* * * *

"It looks like a storm. You had better stay to dinner."

"Oh, thanks. But it's hardly threatening enough for that."

* * * *

VISITOR: "What nice furniture."

LITTLE JACK: "Yes, I think the man we bought it from is sorry now he sold it; he's always calling."

The passer-by stopped and looked at the man struggling vainly with his broken-down car.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, "but perhaps I can help you. There are one or two things I can tell you about your make of car."

The owner straightened himself up and looked at the other.

"Please keep them to yourself, old chap," he remarked warmly, with a glance towards the occupants of the car. "There are ladies present."

* * * *

"You're looking bad, old man. What's the trouble?"

"Domestic."

"But you always said your wife was a pearl."

"So she is. It's the mother-of-pearl that's the trouble."

* * * *

"My wife says she'll leave me unless I give up golf."

"Good lord—that's awkward!"

"Yes, I shall miss her."

* * * *

GEORGE: "What was the worst storm you ever encountered?"

WILLIAM: "Oh, it raged at about two hundred and eighty words a minute."

* * * *

"And now, doctor, that I've told you I am going to marry Anne, there's one thing I want to get off my chest."

"You just tell me about it, my boy."

"A tattooed heart with Mabel on it."

* * * *

"Ah ha!" said the Customs officer, finding a bottle of whisky, "I thought you said there were only old clothes in this trunk?"

"Yeah, that's my night cap."

* * * *

A man bought a parrot and tried to teach him to talk. Going over to the bird, he repeated for several minutes the words, "Hello, hello."

At the end of the lesson the parrot opened one eye and answered drowsily, "Number's engaged."

* * * *

The modern bus, says a writer, can pull up within a few feet. But not, of course, if you signal to it.

How can one get rid of garden pests? asks a correspondent. Just refuse point-blank, to lend them a darned thing.

* * * *

"Yes, I would marry your sister Elsie but, to be frank, she is too stupid."

"I quite understand—you need a wife who has intelligence enough for two."

* * * *

SHE: "Henry, dear, we've been going together now for more than ten years. Don't you think we ought to get married?"

HE: "Yes, you're right—but who'll have us?"

* * * *

The quack was selling a tonic which he declared would make men live to a great age.

"Look at me," he declared. "Hale and hearty, and I'm over 300 years old."

"Is he really that old?" asked a listener of the youthful assistant.

"I can't say," replied the assistant. "I've only worked for him 100 years."

* * * *

SMALL BOY: "Pa, what is discretion?"

PA: "It's something, son, that comes to a person after he's too old for it to do him any good."

* * * *

Mr. Smith came down to breakfast in a very bad temper.

"It's no good!" he stormed at his wife. "I'm going to give that new chauffeur notice. That's twice he's nearly killed me."

"Oh, darling," said his wife, "couldn't you give him another chance?"

* * * *

A little boy was taken to London for the first time. After being shown some of the sights, he expressed a wish to see the "Thames Station." "Don't be silly," said his mother, "there's no such place." "Oh, yes, there is," persisted the child. "I say every night in my prayers 'And lead us not into Thames Station.'"

* * * *

Here come the troops. Where's Auntie?"

"She's upstairs, waving her hair."

"Goodness, can't we afford a flag?"

A doctor told a negro patient to take equal amounts of whiskey and honey for a "hurtin' in the chest."

A week later he met him in the street and asked him how he was getting on with the medicine.

The negro replied: "I'se gettin' along fine, doc., but I be two days behind on de honey."

* * * *

ANNOUNCER: "The orchestra will now play together."

VOICE: "It's about time they did."

* * * *

"What is the chief river of Egypt?"

"The Nile," answered Rebecca, brightly.

"That's right," said the teacher. "And what are its tributaries?"

"The juveniles," answered Rebecca.

* * * *

WIFE: "It's the furniture people come for the piano."

HUSBAND: "But I gave you the money for the next instalment."

WIFE: "Yes, I know, dear; but don't say anything. I'm going to pay them as soon as they get it downstairs, because I've decided to have it in the sitting-room."

* * * *

It was the rush hour at the railway station.

"Over the bridge for Brighton," shouted a busy porter, loudly. "Over the bridge for Brighton."

An old lady tapped him on the arm.

"Which is the train for Brighton, my man?" she asked.

"Over the bridge for Brighton," he replied.

"But I have a tin chest," she answered.

The porter clenched his teeth.

"Madam," said he, "I don't care if you have a brass back, copper legs, and iron feet, it's over the bridge for Brighton!"

* * * *

DUMB: "Do you know that seventeen thousand twelve hundred and eighty-two elephants were used to make billiard balls last year?"

DUMBED: "My, oh my, isn't it wonderful that such big beasts can be taught such exacting work?"

A well-dressed young man presented himself at a recruiting office and expressed his wish to enlist in the Army.

The sergeant in charge asked him the usual questions and duly entered the answers on his sheet. "Occupation?" he enquired.

"Well," said the young man, "I hardly know what to say for that. You see, my guv'nor died and left me a pot of money a year ago and I've just run through the lot. That's why I'm here."

"I see," replied the sergeant, and sat thoughtfully biting his penholder for a few minutes. Then a broad smile broke over his face, and he entered in the necessary column, "brass finisher."

* * * *

The workmen were removing paint from the top of the tower when the foreman called to them from below. The painter leant over to listen and as he did so brought the full blast of the blow lamp against his mate's ear. The mate took no notice for a moment and then said, "Somebody ain't 'alf talking about me, Alf."

* * * *

A chap who had been out of work for some long time met a pal who said to him: "How are you getting on, Bill?" To this Bill replied: "I've got a job as a postman; it's better than walking round the houses."

* * * *

A boy made an application to a football manager for a position as half-back. The manager replied: "You are too young. Come and see me when you are older." Some time later he applied again, but the manager said: "I told you you are not old enough." The boy replied: "But I've seen the local team play and it has put years on me."

* * * *

The worried-looking man addressed the chemist.

"I want some arsenic for my mother-in-law."

"Have you a doctor's prescription?" asked the chemist.

"No, but here's a photograph of her."

* * * *

At a New Year's Eve dance the local doctor, a gay Lothario, most unpopular in the town, addressed a pretty girl: "Ah, I've caught you under the mistletoe."

"No, doctor," replied the girl, as she released herself from his embrace, "there's only one thing you'll ever have a chance of kissing me under."

"And what's that?"

"An anaesthetic."

The actor was telling a confrere that he had got a part upon a novel financial arrangement. "The manager said," explained the actor, "that at the end of the week I'd be paid whatever they thought my services were worth, and what do you think I got?" His face reddened with wrath as he exploded, "Thirty bob."

"But," said his alleged friend, maintaining a straight face, "what was the extra quid for?"

* * * *

"The dinner was delicious. You must have an old family cook."

"Yes, indeed, she's been with us ten or twelve meals."

* * * *

A Cockney went for a trip in an aeroplane. When he came down he said to the pilot: "Thanks for them two rides."

"But you've only had one," replied the pilot.

"Listen to me," continued the Cockney, earnestly, "I've 'ad two—the first and the larst."

* * * *

CUSTOMS OFFICER: "What is your name?"

CHINESE EMIGRANT: "Sneeze."

CUSTOMS OFFICER: "Is that your real name?"

CHINESE EMIGRANT: "No, me translate it to velly good English—Ah Choo, real name."

* * * *

After being dumb for ten years a man recovered his speech when run into by a motor-car, says a news item. We understand that his opening remarks struck the motorist speechless.

* * * *

There is no thrill to rival that of pillion-riding, says a motorcyclist.

In fact, it makes ones whole being vibrate.

* * * *

The stage manager was trying frantically to prevent the stubborn, unfunny comedian from going in front of the curtains to take his bow.

"Listen to them booing," said the manager.

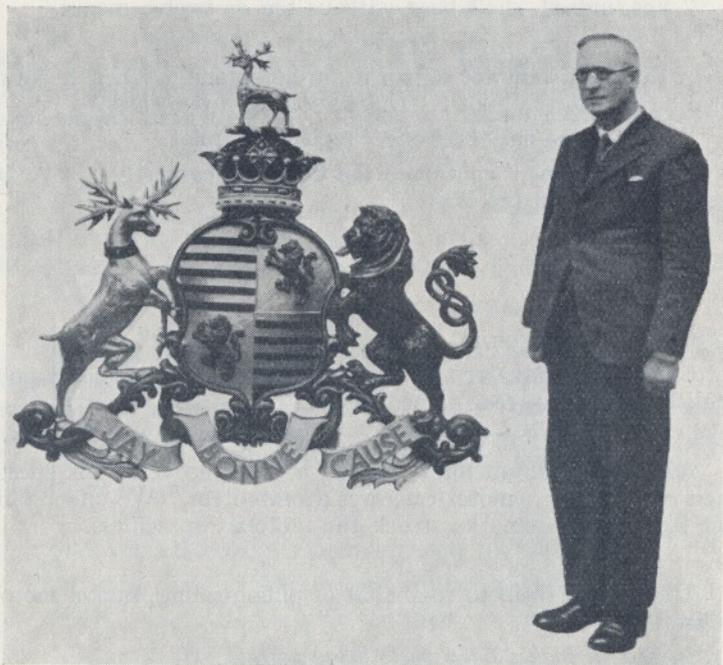
"But there's some clapping among the booing," retorted the unperturbed comedian.

"Yes," retorted the exasperated man, "but that's for the booing."

BRANCHES.

BRISTOL.

By very gracious permission of the Marquess of Bath, K.G., the Thynne Coat of Arms, as here reproduced, is now proudly borne above the entrance to the Bath Arms Hotel, Cheddar, thus linking up this most modern of our road houses, and its time-honoured Wessex associations, from the early fourteenth century, with the romantic pages of Somerset's history.



Even in feudal times these uncharted woodlands and green hills held a deep-rooted fascination for the nobles of that age who, with their retinue, came ariding with befitting pageantry through the leafy bowers and unspoiled solitudes of the Mendips, as have so many of the bravest and fairest in our land of every age; and as though still conscious of its proud heritage through the years, this rare gem of old England even to-day never fails to radiate that air of dignified charm to all beholders—a serene indifference to the march of time and the clamour of life.

Gazing across, from the Bath Arms to the old market cross which still guards the junction of the Wells-Axbridge-Bristol road, one can in fancy picture the colourful and ever-changing scenes which this famous highway has witnessed; in a long procession of blue-blooded gallants and their ladies who daily sought the warm hospitality of the old house, and rubbed shoulders under its rafters with their less favoured contemporaries who also found comfort and good cheer within its walls.

To preserve that road-comradeship will be our earnest endeavour, so that the new Bath Arms may in its fullest sense live up to the illustrious past, and with "Good Reason" may long continue to give to lovely Cheddar, and to those who visit her, a standard of service worthy of its time-honoured name and the County of Somerset.

DESCRIPTION-HERALDIC.

(Shield ... First and fourth quarters. Gold field with barry of ten.

Second and third quarters. Silver field, red lion rampant.

Dexter ... Reindeer statant, collared sable.

Sinister ... Lion rampant, tail nowed and erect, crest on a wreath of colours, "I have good reason."

Surmounted by coronet with reindeer gorged.)

Cast in solid bronze (and weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ cwts.), with its colours in rich enamel, the Coat of Arms is a delight to the eye, and a triumph for the designing skill of Messrs. Gardiner, Sons & Co., Ltd., Bristol, whose chief sculptor, Mr. C. F. Oakes, prepared the special model in plasticine. Our deep appreciation to the College of Arms and to the Private Secretary to the Marquess of Bath should also be recorded for their help towards the accomplishment of the rare honour which has been conferred upon this ancient, yet very modern, member of the "Hop Leaf" family.

PORTSMOUTH.

Group Capt. J. C. Russell, D.S.O., commanding the R.A.F. Station at Thorney Island, has been promoted to Air Commodore in the New Year List. Since the war he has served in India. He was mentioned in despatches for operations in Waziristan and in Palestine. He has also commanded the R.A.F. Stations at Aldershot and Scampton. Air Commodore Russell played Rugby football for the R.A.F. for several years and was captain of the team between 1924 and 1930.

Fog obscured the view of relatives of the crew when H.M.S. *Berwick*, the 10,000-ton cruiser, sailed from Portsmouth for the West Indies station, where she is taking the place of the *Apollo*, which has been renamed *Hobart* and transferred to the Royal Australian Navy. In March she is due to relieve the *York* as flagship of the Commander-in-Chief (Vice-Admiral Sir Sidney Meyrick, K.C.B.). Last October the *Berwick* was commissioned at Chatham, where she has undergone extensive repairs. She is commanded by Captain L. M. Palmer, D.S.O.

The two English bowlers, K. I. Cross (the English singles champion) and his father, C. P. Cross, both members of the Cosham Bowling Club, have been eliminated from both the singles and pairs events in the New Zealand Bowls Championship. K. I. Cross reached the last 11 in the singles. Father and son were partners in the pairs and survived the qualifying stages, but were beaten in the competition proper.

For the first time the Fleet Air Arm is to have a depot and supply ship specially designed for the purpose and one of the oldest names in the Royal Navy has been chosen for this vessel. She will be called H.M.S. *Unicorn*, a name which has been in use for four centuries and has been borne by ten earlier ships. The first *Unicorn* in the Royal Navy was built by the Scotch and captured from them off Leith by the fleet under Lord Lisle in 1544. She was sold in 1555 for £10. There were two *Unicorns* at the Armada. The last *Unicorn* was built 115 years ago and is still in service, for she is now serving as a drillship for the R.N. Volunteer Reserve. When the new ship is completed the old will probably hide her identity under the name of *Unicorn II*.

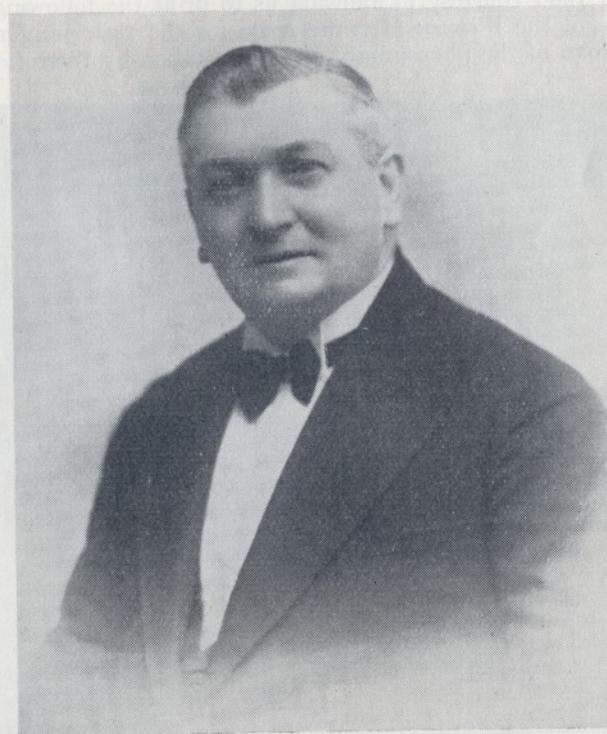
From the Portsmouth *Evening News* "Daily Smile": "The bus was crossing Westminster Bridge. 'Say, conductor,' called the American, looking over into the Thames, 'what do you call this stream here.' 'Darn it,' replied the conductor, 'the radiator must be leaking!'"

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

We have many advantages over watering places in various parts of the English coast and Paignton is the only one in England that can offer Big Game Hunting. A Leopard escaped from the Primley Zoological Gardens and was at liberty for two days. A number of sportsmen went after it and it was at last shot and the owner of the Zoo allowed Major S. A. Yorke, who "spotted" and

killed the Leopard, to retain the skin. Quite a unique trophy to own a skin of a Devonshire Leopard!

Mr. F. Preston, the manager of our Wine Stores at Brixham, was presented with a gold watch by the Brixham Constitutional Club on his resignation as Honorary Secretary. He held this position for a great number of years and was most popular with



Mr. Frank Preston.

the members of the Club and Party. Mr. Preston greatly appreciates a letter he has received from Mr. Charles Williams, the Member of Parliament for the Torquay Division, thanking him for his great help.

Mr. Preston is also Hon. Treasurer of the Brixham Amateur Operatic and Dramatic Society.

The Antony Farmers' Union annual dinner was held at the Commercial Hotel, Millbrook, on the 13th January. Mr. R. G.

Paynter presided and made a most interesting speech. Among those present were Sir John Carew Pole and Messrs. F. M. Jesty (Secretary, Cornwall Farmers' Union), R. Maddever, J. Rundle, F. Passmore, A. C. West, A. E. Lyne, H. Hutchings, A. Smith, S. T. Roseveare, F. Giles, W. J. Jolliffe, H. J. Haines, W. R. Sobey and the Rev. B. W. Benskin, Vicar of Antony.

Mr. W. H. H. Mogridge is our tenant at the Crown & Anchor, Brixham, and we are indebted to the Western Morning News Co., Ltd., for their courtesy in allowing us to print the following from the issue of the *Western Morning News* for the 14th January and for the loan of the photograph, especially taken by them:—



[Reprinted by kind permission of The Western Morning News Co., Ltd., Plymouth.

Coxswain W. H. H. Mogridge.

"It is announced that the Royal National Lifeboat Institution has awarded its silver medal to Coxswain W. H. H. Mogridge, of the Torbay Lifeboat, its thanks on vellum to each of the seven members of his crew, a money award of £3 8s. 6d. each to Coxswain and crew, a letter of thanks to the honorary secretary, Mr. H. M. Smardon, and letters of thanks to others.

"The Institution's awards have been made in connection with the rescue of two men of the crabber *Channel Pride*, of Dartmouth, on December 9th, 1938. A gale was blowing, the crabber was dragging her anchors, and the lifeboat, guided by a beacon on the top of the cliffs, went alongside in the darkness and rescued her two men, when the crabber was only 30 yards from the cliffs, with heavy seas breaking clean over her.

"Coxswain Mogridge has now won a medal for gallantry three times. He was awarded the bronze medal in 1935 and a second-service clasp to his bronze medal in 1937. On each occasion the members of his crew were awarded the Institution's thanks on vellum. Coxswain Mogridge's first award was granted in connection with a lifeboat service to the Cherbourg trawler *Satanicle*, when her skipper-owner was rescued, and the second medal award was in connection with the rescue of 54 men from the British steamer *English Trader* at the entrance to Dartmouth harbour during a severe south-south-east gale.

"The two fishermen who were rescued are named C. Courtney, of Beesands, and A. Tucker, of Dartmouth. After they were rescued the men were taken to Brixham. The crew of the lifeboat were W. H. H. Mogridge (Coxswain), W. Pillar (Second Coxswain), R. T. Harris (motor mechanic), E. Lamswood (assistant mechanic), F. C. Sanders (bowman and signaller) and Lifeboatmen F. Tucker, C. Bickford and F. Lamswood."

The National Lifeboat service has been very much in the news this month and we greatly regret the terrible loss of life in the St. Ives Lifeboat disaster. We tender our deepest sympathy to the bereaved ones.

The storms have been most terrific and the West of England has suffered greatly. A number of wrecks have occurred, with numerous casualties. Our harbours have been full of distressed ships which have had to put in for shelter. The big liners have also had a rough time and the passengers were tipped out of their beds and bunks.

This is the worst winter we have had for a great number of years.

Card from a customer, Mr. E. Durham of 4 Beaumont Street, Oxford. I also enclose a further photograph of the dog.

Mr. Durham assures my traveller that "Lassie" is very partial to Milk Stout and I thought the enclosed might make an item of interest for readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE.



"Lassie" saying grace.



"Lassie" sups.

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