

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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No. 11.



MISS A. M. PROSSER.

MISS A. M. PROSSER.

To Miss Prosser falls the distinction of being the first lady member of our staff to occupy the frontispiece of this journal, a distinction which is merited by outstanding ability as well as by length of service.

It is difficult to realize that over 21 years have elapsed since Miss Prosser commenced duties in the Correspondence Department, in March, 1916, to fill one of the gaps created by the departure of the male staff who were called up for service with the Forces. It is remembered of her that not only did she perform yeoman service during critical years of the War, but such was her speed and ability to grasp what was required of her that she literally made work scarce in the particular sphere in which she was then employed. As a result she was given other and more important jobs in the General Department which included journal and ledger work, at which she soon became adept. By the end of the War, Miss Prosser was as firmly entrenched in the office as the menfolk had been on the battlefields and with other members of her sex became established as an integral part of the permanent staff.

In November, 1929, when the position of Private Secretary to the Managing Director, Mr. F. A. Simonds, became vacant, Miss Prosser was recommended as a successor and was given a month's trial. So successful was her work and so ably did she fulfil the duties entrusted to her, which necessitate accuracy and speed in a stenographer, combined with tact, reticence and a high standard of education, that there was no further question as to her suitability for the office to which she had been raised. The qualities of reliability, loyalty and discretion, supported by a remarkable memory, which had brought Miss Prosser to the notice of her sponsor, have been of inestimable value to her and have contributed to the success which she has achieved. Of a very frank and candid nature, she freely admits that her work has been rendered less arduous by the ever ready assistance and kindness which she has received from those with whom she is brought into contact.

Miss Prosser takes a keen enthusiasm in the social and sports life of the Brewery, particularly in the tennis section, in which she participates not only on the courts but in the provision of the "Tennis Teas" which are always an enjoyable feature of the club's

matches. She has also been of great assistance in the arrangement of the football and tennis club dances and has been a willing helper in connection with the Brewery fetes and in the children's Xmas treats, flower shows, etc. A frequent attendant at the Elm Park Football Ground, Miss Prosser also has a fondness for travelling and her summer holidays frequently take her to the Continent where she has visited many places of interest, including Oberammergau, the Black Forest, Germany, Interlaken, Switzerland, Stresa, Lake Maggiore, Biarritz, Lourdes, &c. At the present moment she is on a tour which includes visits to Munich and Mondsee on Lake Wolfgang, Austria.



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.)

NOT SEEKING RE-ELECTION.

Owing to the ever-increasing demands upon his time by the Firm's business, Commander H. D. Simonds has reluctantly decided that he cannot again stand as a candidate for the Reading Town Council at the expiration of the three years for which he was elected on November 1st, 1934. Since Commander Simonds was first elected he has been appointed Chairman of Messrs. W. J. Rogers Ltd., Bristol, and is also a Director of The Cirencester Brewery Ltd., and readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE will readily realise that these additional duties involve frequent journeys to the West Country and the Cotswold district, and the expenditure of much time away from Reading. His services in the local parliament are greatly valued and he is held in high esteem by his colleagues on the Council. He has been deservedly popular in the town generally and especially is this so in Redlands Ward which he represented, where his services are much appreciated and where his decision has been received with much regret. His constituents will, we are assured, always remember his representation with gratitude.

What the "Berkshire Chronicle" says.

COMMANDER SIMONDS' DECISION.

The decision of Commander H. D. Simonds not to seek re-election in Redlands Ward in November is another reminder of the difficulty which confronts business men in endeavouring to serve their fellow burgesses on the Town Council. Commander Simonds has recently been finding it increasingly difficult to devote the necessary time to Council work, and at the same time to carry out his important duties at The Brewery. Since he was first elected to the Reading Town Council in 1934, Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. have taken over two other breweries, and Commander Simonds has been made Chairman of Messrs. Rogers, and he is also serving on the board of the Cirencester Brewery Co. The

burgesses will appreciate how great are the calls on Commander Simonds' time and attention, but at the same time they will sincerely regret the loss to the Corporation of so able, level-headed, and experienced a representative. Commander Simonds' expert knowledge on many questions, and particularly with regard to transport, has been of the greatest value to his colleagues. I hope the time will come when he will be able to resume the civic duties for which he has shown such special aptitude, and that my forecast will yet be realised that he will one day be Mayor of Reading. In announcing his decision to Mr. C. Bennett, the popular Chairman of the Conservative Association in Redlands Ward, Commander Simonds says: "I need hardly say how much I shall regret having to sever my connection with Redlands Ward, and I shall always remember with gratitude the kindness, loyalty and active support which I received from all members of our party."

PROGRESS IN BUSINESS.

The chairman rose and asked the members of his audience how their businesses were progressing. He got the following replies:—

- "Scraping along," said the barber.
- "Making both ends meet," said the butcher.
- "Just living from hand to mouth," said the dentist.
- "Medium," said the spiritualist.
- "A black outlook," said the chimney sweep.
- "Can't grouse," said the grocer.
- "Just sew and sew," said the dressmaker.
- "A bit stale," said the baker.
- "Having a grate time," said the coal merchant.
- "Keeping my head above water," said the milkman.
- "In grave difficulties," wound up the undertaker.

A CITADEL OF FREEDOM.

It is not an exaggeration to assert that, but for the British Empire, the mere idea of personal liberty would to-day be a legend in Europe, and would be struggling for life even in America, says *Our Empire*. Already it has been killed, or is moribund, in Germany, Italy and Russia; is being murdered in Spain; is menaced in Japan; is fighting against odds in the Balkans. Only in Great Britain, France, the Scandinavian countries, Switzerland and the Low Countries can men still call their souls their own—and in most of those the verdict would be different if the might of the British Empire were cast into the other scale. That might is daily increasing as the direct result of the Fascist-Communist menace. It represents mankind's chief hope that ordered liberty, founded upon law, will one day reign throughout the world.

THE LATE MR. MAURICE BRADLEY.

It was with very deep regret we learned of the death of Mr. Maurice Bradley, a Director of Bradley & Son, Ltd., The Printers, Caxton Street, Reading. During the course of my duties in connection with the HOP LEAF GAZETTE it was my privilege to meet him on numerous occasions. There was always a cheery greeting and he was ever ready with friendly advice kindled with great kindness. His cheeriness was infectious and he ever created a happy atmosphere around him whether at work or play. His passing over is felt very keenly by all who were in any way associated with him and that loss must be grievous indeed, like the passing from sunshine into shadow, to those nearest and dearest to him, particularly Mrs. Maurice Bradley and the children. But their sorrow must be greatly softened and sweetened by the fragrant memory that Mr. Maurice Bradley leaves behind him, a memory that will linger long at his home and amongst all with whom our late lamented friend—for he was a true friend to us all—worked or played.

A COMING ACCOUNTANT.

Heartly congratulations to Mr. F. W. Lawrence, of the General Office, on passing the Second Section Final Examination, London, Association of Accountants.

APPOINTED TO A LIEUTENANCY.

Mr. E. W. Kirby, of our Staines Depot, a keen Territorial, and a regular contributor to THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, has been appointed to a Lieutenancy in the 8th Middlesex Regiment. Appended is an extract from the *London Gazette* :—

Gunner E. W. Kirby
from 66th (South Midland) Field Brigade, R.A.
(late Cadet,
Reading School Contingent, Jun. Div. O.T.C.)
to be 2nd Lieutenant,
8th Middlesex Regt.
July 31st, 1937.

TYRANNY'S DOOM.

For liberty must win in the long run. In some respects tyranny is stronger than free democracy—it commands unquestioned

obedience, and can organise silently, and more swiftly, for war. But in every tyranny are the seeds of its own dissolution—it dies with its mainspring, the tyrant. Thus has it been with the tyrannies of the past; but the will of the people ever prevails. The trouble is that, before their end, those tyrannies may have plunged the world into chaos. The British Empire's business is to prevent that catastrophe, if possible, or to preserve alive the spirit of liberty if it cannot avert the calamity altogether.

On that account we are grateful to the Empire's statesmen, every one of whom has made an uncompromising declaration in support of that personal freedom which is the Briton's most cherished possession. In whatever else they may differ—and there is room for honest differences in a unity that is spontaneous and free—the Empire's peoples will agree upon this. For the Empire was founded by free men, and is the power it is to-day because the pioneers gave to others the liberty they claimed for themselves.

WOT ABOUT IT?

The Editor's Post Bag contains many communications and they are of infinite variety. Here is one that I felt I must reproduce in its entirety :—

Dear Sir
i am a nite porter at a hotel
and wot i want 2 nois, wln do
i get my halfday, my gurnor
says why you get every day
off, wot about it. Please reply
in your paper. Yrs truly
nite porter

THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

Not—How did he die? But—How did he live?
 Not—What did he gain? But—What did he give?
 Not—What was his church? Nor, what was his creed?
 But—Had he befriended those really in need?
 Not—What did the sketch in the newspaper say?
 But—How many were sorry when he passed away?
 These are the units to measure the worth
 Of a man as a man, regardless of birth.

THE FRIEND OF MAN.

I am sure we all love our dogs. I know I do mine and the following eulogy delivered by Sir Walter Scott on the merits of our dogs should be read by all:—

The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasure and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe; remembers with accuracy both benefit and injury.

He hath a share of man's intelligence but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe an assassin to slay a man, or a witness to take his life by false accusation, but you cannot make a dog tear his benefactor. He is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity.

ST. SWITHIN'S DAY.

Here is the explanation of the St. Swithin's Day legend:—

St. Swithin requested that he should be buried outside the cathedral so that the raindrops should fall on his grave. Later it was decided to bury him in the cathedral. A storm arose on July 15th and continued for forty days, delaying the reburial. The explanation, however, has no foundation in historical fact, according to leading authorities.

OLD-WORLD GARDEN FETE.

A parish fete held in the Vicarage Gardens at Mapledurham, near Reading, on Wednesday, July 28th, was opened by Lady Macassey, wife of Sir Lynden L. Macassey, K.C. The gardens were planned by King William IV, whose son was Vicar from 1828 to 1854. Mapledurham is the parish whence William Lynde, herald to Henry VI, departed to announce the King's decision to found Eton College. Mapledurham Church is older than Eton College by about 400 years.

THE LIFE OF A GOLDFISH.

If a cat has nine lives, how many has a goldfish? There is one man in Reading who could truthfully answer "Umpteen," and he is employed at The Brewery. This goldfish, it appears, simply refuses to die. On several occasions he (or it) has been found on the floor after jumping from the water, to all appearances really dead. Placed back in its natural element, it always revived. Once when lying on the floor it was stepped on, and it lost a lot of skin. Back in the water, it recovered. Now, believe it or not, comes the best part. Recently it was decided the goldfish was really dead and it was thrown into the dustbin. Hours later it was taken out and returned to the water—and soon revived. I understand that "Joe" is considered priceless now, but I hope the HOP LEAF GAZETTE Editor will investigate the story.—*Reading Standard*.

[The Editor has investigated the story and found it to be true. The fish is still alive.]

NUDISTS!

Mother Snail was taking Baby Snail for a walk. They met Mother Slug who was taking Baby Slug for a walk. Mother Snail said to Baby Snail: "Turn your head, darling. Nudists!"

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

The prize of £10 offered by *The Daily Mail* for the best definition of the word gentleman has been awarded for:—

A gentleman is a man who makes you think you are a gentleman too.

GIVE ME THE MASTER!

A lady suspected that one of her two sons was paying attention to one of her maids. She determined to find out which son it was. So she said to the maid: "Mary, if you had a chance to go to a cinema with one of my sons, which one would you choose?"

"Well," replied Mary, "I have had some good times with both of them, but for a real good rollicking spree, give me the master."

NOT SO BUOYANT.

An elderly lady chided her husband for his failure to assist her up the steps to the railway coach.

"Henry, you ain't as gallant as when I was a gal."

The husband replied: "No, Lettie, and you ain't so buoyant as when I was a boy."

A GUID PLACE.

As Sandy was strolling along the banks of the river he came across an English visitor fishing. "Mon," he said, "ye'll no catch ony fish there. Ye'll hae tae gang farther up till ye come to a guid place." "Ah," said the visitor, "but how will I know when I come to a good place?" "Hoots, mon," said Sandy, "ye can easy tell a guid place by the number o' empty bottles lyin' about."

THE PERFECT AMATEUR.

What is an amateur? The only answer seems to be, one who defies definition. No two sporting bodies have ever yet agreed, or are ever likely to, but here's one who has had a pretty good shot at stopping the leaks. To take part in the famous Silver Tassie amateur golf competition played at Gleneagles you must measure up to the following:—Never allowed your name or likeness to be used for advertisement or sale of any goods, or permitted your name to be advertised or published as author of books or articles on golf of which you are not actually the author. Never under your own name or under a description from which you can be recognised, reported a golf competition or match in which you are taking part, if journalism is not your usual and recognised vocation. Never accepted as presents, or been given facilities to buy at prices below those usually charged, golf balls, golf clubs, or other merchandise, when such presents are made or facilities granted for the purpose of advertisement, or if employed by firms, or individuals interested in the manufacture or sale of golfing goods, played in golf tournaments or competitions with the object of furthering your employers' interests.

And quite a large number of golfers play in this competition annually!

NOTHING.

As to the definition of the word "Nothing" here is a riddle:—

What is it that man loves more than life,
Fears more than death,
Or mortal strife?
That which contented men desire,
The poor possess,
The rich require.
The miser spends,
The spendthrift saves,
And every man carries it to the grave?
Answer: *Nothing*.

And again. "Nothing" is a bung-hole without a barrel.

FOREST AND HEATH FIRES.

An attempt to reduce the damage and loss of life and property caused by accidental forest and heath fires has been made by the issue of the following appeal for the co-operation of the public by the Automobile Association:—

"The Automobile Association appeals to all road users to exercise the greatest care with picnic and camp fires this summer. Carelessness on the part of the public is a more frequent cause of forest and heath fires than any other, according to the Forestry Commission. If everyone who lighted a match or cigarette made certain before throwing it down that it was really 'dead,' outbreaks would be reduced to a minimum and serious loss of animal life and trees avoided. One forest fire in every four is due, statistics show, to negligence on the part of those who light fires at picnics or camps and fail to extinguish them before leaving for home. The co-operation of road users can, therefore, assist the authorities greatly in their task of preserving Britain's forests and woodlands for the enjoyment of the whole community."

AT ALL COSTS!

The elderly man walked into the doctor's consulting room. "Good-morning, doctor," he said, as he sat down. "You remember when you cured my rheumatism five years ago you told me at all costs to avoid dampness?"

"Ah, yes," said the doctor, "I do recollect telling you that. What about it?"

"Well, doctor. I was just wondering whether you think it will be all right for me to have a bath now."

AN EPITAPH.

Here lies an old grocer who always was tired,
Who worked in shops where help was not hired;
His last words on earth were, "Dear friends, I am going
Where serving ain't done, nor scraping nor bowing;
But everything there is comfort and ease,
No cutting of bacon or wiring of cheese;
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,
But having no voice, I'll clear be of the singing;
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me ever,
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever."

100 PER CENT.

The appeal made recently that all employees should agree to a deduction from their wages of 1d. per week as a subscription to the Social Club was a success beyond all expectations. Every employee on the Firm has agreed to the suggestion. The scheme covers all those where deductions for Health and Unemployment Insurance are made. The remainder are being asked to contribute 6/- per year as from October 1st next, payable in advance. If, as it is anticipated, these respond as readily as the others, we shall have everyone employed on the Firm as paid-up members of the Club, without any undue hardship. The ready response already made once again proves that we have on this Firm sportsmen of the finest quality, ever ready to pull together where the interests of all are concerned.

FORTHCOMING FLOWER SHOW.

The Annual Vegetable and Flower Show will be held at the Social Club on Saturday, August 28th. It is hoped that as all employees are now members of the Club a record number of entries will be received. Schedules of prizes and entry forms can be had on application in the Club.

Honorary exhibits of any kind will be welcomed.

SOME FINE TENNIS.

Good progress is being made in the competitions for the cups so kindly provided by Mr. Louis Simonds (Gentlemen) and Mr. R. St. J. Quarry (Ladies). There was a great fight when Mr. W. A. Harvie met Mr. C. L. Langton. The latter took the first set by a fairly wide margin though he had to fight every inch of the way. The second set provided some particularly fine tennis—none better has been seen on the ground. There were very long rallies, hard hitting, and many beautifully placed shots. The general court craftsmanship displayed by both was of a very high order and at one time the score in this gruelling encounter stood at 4 all. Mr. Langton just managed to wrest the other two games from his opponent and deservedly won a match in which both participants frequently displayed form that would have been a credit to any club. The fight was fought in that fine spirit of sportsmanship which is typical of Simonds' players and was certainly most entertaining to watch. I had the privilege of umpiring and once or twice was so engrossed in the play that I very nearly forgot to keep the score. But that was more of a tribute to the players than remissness on my part.

THIS WORLD OF HOPE.

You will probably read the above title and skip this article. Don't, it will be a mistake! In the first instance have you ever stopped to think of the significance of the word "hope"? No, well now is your chance. I know the dictionary gives the meaning as "to desire with expectation," but has it ever dawned on you that we are all what may be termed "hoppers." Well such is the case and when you get down to the rock-bottom of this life of ours, half the pleasure is the hope and anticipation of something we desire.

Shakespeare wrote "A man in his time plays many parts," and I agree (who wouldn't?), but I do think they are "hoping parts." Take the rich man. What are his hopes? Probably they are not centred on wealth from the economic point of view, but rather its non-economic aspect. Whilst we, who, I assure you, are not Croesus-like, hope to be in the rich man's position one day. And so I could go on. The Office Boy hopes to be a Manager, the Manager hopes to be a Director, the indoor man hopes to be a Traveller, the Traveller hopes to get orders, the Customer hopes the goods are up to sample, the man in the street hopes his sixpenny double will come up, the Bookmaker hopes it won't (I suppose Bookmakers do hope!), the Jockey hopes his horse will win, the Horse hopes—well I'm not a horse so I can't say.

And now, you hoppers, perhaps you realise the part played—no not by men—by this little word in our lives. Without it everything would be gone, the future would be a blank and this applies to all of us from the richest to the poorest, from the oldest to the youngest, no matter what our station in life. Perhaps you will think of my words when next someone utters that sarcastic comment "You hope" and just smile and go on hoping.

To conclude, I should like to give my own definition of "hope":—

Happiness;
'Ome (I'm sorry about this);
Peace;
Enjoyment;

and I hope (there you are I am at it again) you have enjoyed this article—did I hear someone say, "Some hope"?

HOPER.



A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.)

FLIGHT SPEED OF BIRDS.

ACROBATIC FEATS OF THE STOAT.

You do not hear the cuckoo calling now ; he took his departure early in July. The swallows and martins are beginning to form themselves into big battalions ready for the great retreat and all bird courtship is at an end, for our feathered friends have long since ceased to build their nests and now have grown-up families. But many birds continue to sing. On Bank Holiday the willow warblers were very much in evidence welcoming the warm sunshine, and it was a delight to hear so many little streams of silver song trickling from the tree tops. Yellowhammers, too, were singing of their "little-bit-of-bread-and-no—cheese." They often start their courtship in the autumn previous to the nesting season and the prospective husbands set about their business with a will. Not only

" . . . on airy wings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of their regardless charmer,"

for furious fights may often be witnessed.

The hay has been cut. How sweet the scent of a newly-mown meadow ! The corn is rapidly ripening unto the harvest ; the leaves are beginning to turn into tints of infinite variety and beauty, and there are many other signs that, though we have not had much summer, winter is on the way.

180 M.P.H.

I often watch the swifts as they chase one another round and round the houses. They travel at terrific speed and it is wonderful how they escape dashing themselves to destruction as they speed over and under the telegraph and telephone wires which they only miss by inches.

These animated arrow-heads must travel at very many miles per hour. A new circular issued by the U.S.A. Department of Agriculture "Flight Speed of Birds," gives an interesting list of measured speeds and variations in speed of North American and some European species, with sections treating of the effects of size and shape and wings in comparison with the weight of the bird, and the influence of wind. Of two birds similar in type the heavier will, it is stated, fly faster when once in the air. The speeds noted cannot, of course, be accepted as definite, since many

depend upon peculiar circumstances, such as in the case of birds chasing or chased, and the majority are the record of individual motorists and aviators. Some of the fastest mileages per hour are assigned to the Golden Eagle (chased by Peregrines, Scotland), 120 ; Duck Hawk (hunting, U.S.A.), 165-180 ; Canvasback (chased, U.S.A.), 72 ; European Teal (chased, England), 68 ; European Golden Plover (England), 70 ; Peregrine Falcon (average maximum, England), 62 ; Pheasant (average maximum, England), 60 ; Mallard (California), 60 ; Mallard (average maximum, level flight, England), 58.

As to speed on foot I should think the water-wagtail is as fast as any for its size, over a short distance. It is by this means that he catches flies. Just watch him as he darts to and fro on your lawn.

STOATS FASCINATING THEIR PREY.

Our ubiquitous Home Trade Manager, Mr. W. Bowyer, in the course of his duties covers many miles by motor car and being very observant frequently notes some interesting incident concerning wild Nature's ways. Stoats hunt in family parties and occasionally several parties unite in their bloodthirsty pursuits. When thus together they have been known to attack dogs, sheep and even human beings. Recently Mr. Bowyer noticed a number of these murderous little creatures behaving in an extraordinary manner. He watched a wonderful acrobatic performance, free of charge. The stoats leapt into the air, turned somersaults, and spun round and round after their tails. It was indeed a "star" turn. But there was method in their madness. They were playing to the "gallery" in the form of some poor prospective victim, probably a young rabbit, rat, hare, or pheasant. The stoat's victims become so fascinated by the performance they do not observe that the slender-bodied bit of condensed ferocity is gradually drawing closer and closer. And then when within striking distance of his quarry the stoat hurls himself upon his victim—and there is one more little tragedy of the countryside !

BIRDS OF ILL-OMEN.

I was recently watching some magpies searching for food, and what inquisitive birds they are ! If you see one it is supposed to bring bad luck. But I am afraid I have not an atom of superstition in my whole being and am more than convinced that the great plan of the world is founded on no such flimsy material. However, many people still believe that to see one magpie means sorrow, two for mirth, three for a wedding, four for a birth.

Seven is "a secret that dare not be told."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

To-day show your cheeriest and best to the world that needs it.

Friendly thoughts are the great melody makers of life.

To each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass, and a book of rules,
And each must make e'er life has flown
A stumbling block or a stepping stone.

The road to daily happiness
Is not so hard to find ;
It's what you do for others
That brings true peace of mind.

The great conservative is the heart.—*Hawthorne.*

Do you find your task too hard ?
Try again ;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try again.
All that other folk can do,
Why, with patience, so can YOU.
Only keep this rule in view :
Try again.

The losing horse blames the saddle.



H. & G. SIMONDS BUILDING DEPT.

ANNUAL OUTING.

The above took place on the 19th June to Ramsgate and Margate by saloon coach on Southern Railway.

Arriving at Margate at 11.20 a.m. each member of the party proceeded to spend a most enjoyable nine hours before returning at 8 p.m. The journey home was thoroughly enjoyed by all.



TREE SURGERY.

A little tree was planted upon the village green
To mark the Silver Jubilee of George V and his Queen.
An iron railing placed around kept man and beast at bay
And everything went smoothly ; until there came a day,
When young and old and rich and poor alike, were shocked to see
That some vile wretch had stripped some bark from off the little
tree.

Its tender life in danger was, it surely now would die—
Nothing can save it. Nothing. Until one day a guy
Is busy seen with bast and clay. " The only way, said he,
" Is to apply a plaster. You leave it all to me."
We did. And much time did he spend and great care did he take.
At last he goes. We take a look
HE'S PUT IT ROUND THE STAKE !

T. H. S. BELLCHAMBER.

SPIRIT CERTIFICATES USED IN CONNECTION WITH
OCCASIONAL LICENCES.

THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE LAW.

The attention of all tenants holding a Full Licence is drawn to Notice No. 65, now being issued by the Commissioners of Customs and Excise, as printed below. This Notice is primarily intended to cover despatch of Spirits from a tenant's house to the place where the Occasional Licence is in force, and the return of surplus Spirits (full bottles) to the tenant's house. However, as in the case of our own tenants despatch is usually arranged direct from The Brewery, or Branch Depot, and surplus stocks (full bottles) are returned thereto, our Explanatory Notes cover either procedure.

COPY OF NOTICE BY THE COMMISSIONERS OF CUSTOMS
AND EXCISE—(NOTICE No. 65).

OCCASIONAL LICENCES.

Spirit Certificates for Removals of Spirits required :—

1. **Spirits removed** to the place of sale must be accompanied by a Spirit Certificate, and the quantity sent out must be entered in the Stock Book.
2. On arrival of the Spirits at the place of sale the Certificate is to be cancelled.
3. **Spirits brought back** from the place of sale must be accompanied by the cancelled Spirit Certificate, the quantity returned being endorsed on the back.
4. The quantity of Spirits returned must be entered in the Stock Book as Spirits received into stock, and the endorsement on the Certificate cancelled.
5. The cancelled Certificate must be preserved in the usual way for delivery to the Officer of Customs and Excise on his next visit.

N.B.—If a Certificate Book is not held, application for the necessary Certificate should be made to the local Officer of Customs and Excise.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

(a) It will be seen from the above Notice that a tenant who supplies **Spirits from his own Stock** for a function, held elsewhere than at his licensed house, where an Occasional Licence is required, must book them out in the Spirit Stock Book and issue a Certificate to cover the removal.

Such Certificates can be obtained from the local Officer of Customs and Excise.

At the conclusion of the Occasional Licence, if part of the Spirits so delivered remain unsold, and are returned to the tenant's house, they should be entered on the back of the Certificate and booked back into stock by an entry in the Spirit Stock Book, and the endorsement on the back cancelled in a manner similar to that on the front.

(b) Alternatively, if delivery is made direct from The Brewery, or Branch Depot, to the place of sale, the Spirits so delivered should be entered in the Spirit Stock Book and the Certificate cancelled.

At the conclusion of the Occasional Licence, should part of the order delivered from The Brewery, or Branch Depot, remain unsold, the quantity must be endorsed on the back of the Certificate (*vide* para. 3 above) and the Certificate returned to The Brewery, or Branch Depot, where the necessary entry will be made.

All such surplus Spirits (full bottles only with seals unbroken) must not be returned to the tenant's house but to the Brewery, or Branch Depot, from whence received, with empties, etc., and an entry should be made in the tenant's Spirit Stock Book in that part of the book set aside for "Spirits sent out of Stock."

C.B.



BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

Congratulations to Mr. F. W. Freeman, who was the subject of our frontispiece last month. I think (with no disrespect) that he is usually known as "young Bill"; however, his service of over 21 years shows that this designation is not quite correct, although he does not wish, I am sure, to be termed a veteran—only, of course, as a motor car driver.

Personally, F.W.F. and myself have been very close and intimate friends for years, so I can write of him as one who really knows him. Doubtless he would have also made a success as an engineer, for he is quite an authority on motor cycles, motor cars and wireless; also he is in many ways a handyman and I have seen quite a deal of his work.

In addition he is very much a family man, having three young children, so that with his varied other activities he is a busy man. His many friends will wish him every success in whatever the future holds and that he will be blessed with good health.

The death of Mr. W. H. Burton came as a great shock to all of us and he will be greatly missed. On his visits to The Brewery he was always very cheery and had a pleasant word for all those he knew. Some years ago the writer was on relief duty at Newbury and well remembers the kindness and help of Mr. Burton whilst he was there. Every sympathy goes out to Mrs. Burton and her son (who used to be at The Brewery some years ago) in their sad loss.

Two songs that should now find favour at The Brewery are "Tiger Rag" and the "Fireman," the reason being in the first place that Mr. H. Tigar has been in wonderful bowling form for the Brewery Cricket Team and in the second case the Brewery Fire Brigade are getting into their stride.

Holidays are now in full swing and the coming and going of the staff a notable feature. Talking about features, that is what you particularly notice on "the return of the native"; in fact, one gentleman on his resuming his duties was so "brown" it was suggested he had been "cooking" himself. He had found the sun in the Channel Islands, having a whole fortnight without a drop of rain. Somehow this summer hasn't made up its mind what it is going to be for although it hasn't been too bad, a real week of settled sunshine has yet to come. Maybe the August holidaymakers will have the best of the weather.

An amusing story is told in the *Evening Gazette* (Reading's local daily newspaper) and concerns three ducks—to be exact one duck and two drakes—who live near the New Inn, Kidmore End, and have cultivated a liking for beer. These birds managed to get into the cellar of this House, obtaining some of their liquid refreshments from the drip pans. The sequel is that the duck has laid five eggs and is apparently a firm believer in "Beer is Best."

At the end of this month we shall be in the throes of another football season and from all accounts this should be Reading's "best ever," with promotion at the end of it. Time will show, of course; nevertheless the new players signed on have already made reputations and should do well. Every position is duplicated, so that good football should be seen from both 1st and 2nd XI's. Considerable transfer fees have had to be paid for a number, so good results will be looked for and expected.

Our friend Mr. F. G. Millard called at The Brewery the other day and reports good business at the Sawyers Arms, Lambourn. He looked very fit and is very happy in his new undertaking.

This Coronation Year will be remembered as a very busy one for us. Every Department on the Firm reports a very busy time, so it is not surprising that the year is rushing along.

Congratulations to Master G. Davis (son of Mr. H. C. Davis, our Catering Department Manager) on his prowess with the bat. In a House match at Reading School a few days ago he scored 105 runs, for which wonderful performance he was awarded a bat. This boy is an all-round athlete for besides his cricket activities he plays rugby and association football and is a splendid swimmer.

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

The Old Ford Hotel, North Camp (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—
Mr. L. F. Hayes.

The Plough and Harrow, Heathrow (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—
Mr. E. B. Basham.

The Off Licence, Benson (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. C. Chamberlain.

The Horse and Groom, Bracknell (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—
Mr. L. T. Caterer.

We have to record several deaths this month and to all relatives we extend our sincere sympathy.

Mrs. Burge, wife of Mr. R. Burge, manager of the Marquis of Lorne, Friar Street, Reading. Mrs. Burge was greatly respected

by the customers of the House and her loss will be deeply felt. Before coming to Reading, Mr. and Mrs. Burge were at the Bush Hotel, Wokingham.

Mr. John Simms, who was tenant of the Hinds Head, Bracknell (from 1909 to 1936), 27 years.

Mrs. Lewington, wife of Mr. W. Lewington, tenant at the Jolly Farmer, Hurst, where she had been for over 16 years.

Mrs. E. Cole, widow of the late Mr. Samuel Cole, after a long association with H. & G. Simonds Ltd. With the late Mr. Cole she was at the Queen's Head, Whitley, from 1882 to 1890 (eight years); the Dreadnought, Earley, for two years. After that Mrs. Cole held the licence of the Rose and Thistle, Argyle Road, Reading, from March, 1899 to March, 1928. Quite a wonderful record.

HOURS OF BUSINESS—A HINT.

When it comes to a tax on tobacco
Or a revenue impost on beer,
You have to pay up and look cheerful
And hope for remission next year.
But the old women up at Westminster
Still treat us like children. And so
You must not "CONSUME OUT OF HOURS"
And when I call "TIME" you must go.
On SUNDAYS I open at 12.30
And close at 2.30. And then
At 7 p.m. I re-open
Being careful to close up at 10.
On WEEKDAYS 10.30 the time is
Until 2.30 o'clock afternoon.
Again I re-open at 6 p.m.
Until 10.30 comes all too soon.
The cure lies with you, if you wish it,
It's easy to stop all this rot.
You know when a drink would be welcome
And whether you want it, or not.
Tell your M.P. you're tired of his juggling
And his capering like a buffoon,
For while you are "paying the piper"
You might just as well "call the tune."

T. H. S. BELLCHAMBER,
The Crown,
Burchetts Green.

TO POLLY.

Oh Polly! you come from a regal race
—A truly patrician stock;
With emerald back, and a yellow face,
You're one of a gaudy flock.

And cousins you have, who are gaudier still,
—Relations you've never seen;
—Macaws with long tail and enormous bill,
Bedecked like a Royal Marine.

Macaws right-resplendent in sulphur and red,
—The pets of our London zoo,
Who hang upside down, for a peanut or bread,
And shriek "Pretty Poll! How-d'ye-do?"

They've wee Parroquets with foreheads of flame;
(Those people at Regent's Park),
And white Cockatoos, each one with a name,
And each with a witty remark.

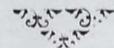
And tiniest sweethearts, who cuddle and kiss
(Close-pressed, in devotion, they stay),
Whose cheeks are a-blush, in despite of their bliss,
For folk rudely watch 'em all day.

And Parrots with plumage of richest dyes
(Blood-crimson, and orange, and mauve),
Or splendid in scarlet which dazzles the eyes
And glows like a fury of love.

Here, sheen, as of copper, glitters on crest;
Here, feathers of carmine and gold;
There, deep velvet violet patches a breast,
Or tints which the sun surely sold.

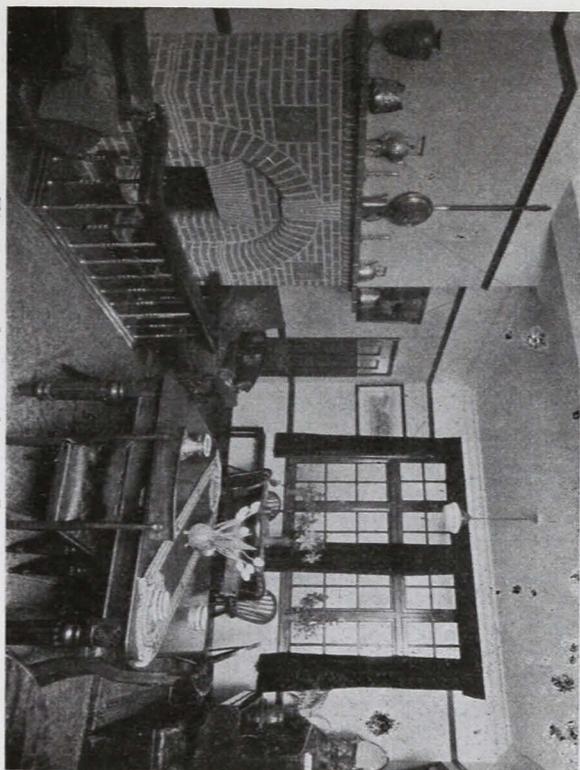
Oh my! What a marvellous sight, passing words!
Oh my! What a mad screeching crowd!
Yes Polly! Your cousins are Kings among birds;
Yes Polly! No wonder you're proud!!

S. E. COLLINS.

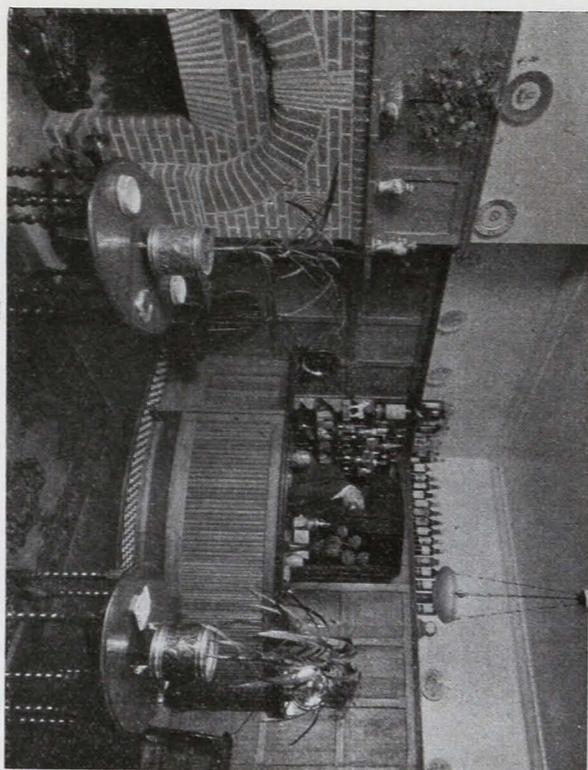




Above is a photograph of the White Lion, Egham, as it appears to-day. The former premises were very old and we learn that "Nicholas Perkins servant to ye Earl of Bath stabbed himself at Ye Whyte Lion, and was buried on 23rd January 1689."



The up-to-date and cosy Lounge.



The Saloon Bar.

CRICKET.

REVIEW OF THE PAST MONTH.

It seems but a short time since last month's review was being sketched out, but the calendar and the number of matches appearing in the score books prove that a month has flown by. The weather on Saturdays during this period has been favourable and the full complement of games have been played. The first team have not much to complain about, the seconds have not a great deal to crow about and now the Inter-Departmental League dispute has been settled.

It may be as well to take them in the usual order, so let us look at the "A" team record first.

June 26th. "A" TEAM 104 for 9 (dec.) v. COVE C.C. 121.

A contemporary in commenting on this match put a pertinent question, viz., did our Captain pay for his sporting declaration. Another might also have been put and that would have been, did we lose the game by not taking all of our chances. In any case, the match was full of excitement and, as will be seen, the batsmen were in good form.

We batted first and thanks to a good fourth wicket partnership between W. Busby and A. Hedgington, who put on 38 runs, and a consistent few by the other batsmen, had collected 104 when the tea interval was announced. Busby's score was 46. Of the Cove bowlers, G. Black was the most successful, taking 5 for 30.

To give our opponents a reasonable chance of getting the runs our Skipper declared and we then took the field. We did not shine at first, as 22 runs were on the board before the first wicket fell, then a partnership of 30 made us wonder what the outcome was going to be. Three down for 55 and then 4 for 82. Two more quick wickets revived our hopes, but one or two fielding lapses let our opponents in again and our total was just passed before the next wicket fell. How close the game might have been—106 for 7 and then 107 for 9. The last wicket then added 14 and so ended a well fought fight. We tried eight bowlers in all and only one did not share in the bag.

July 3rd. "A" TEAM 113 for 3 v. TURQUANDIA 108.

This game is ever popular and we were asked to make it a twelve-a-side. Only too pleased to do so, was the reply. Turquandia, numbering a number of the old stalwarts and some fresh friends, elected to bat against the bowling of Hedgington and Tigar. The score mounted steadily. Mr. D. Turquand Young took the

batting honours, before being well but unluckily caught out, with a score of 36. Mr. Sillen came next with 26, J. Williamson and H. Harding (who opened the innings) each reached double figures. 108 was the score at tea and 108 was the total score, three wickets falling for no runs. The tea was not as bad as that—perhaps it was too good. A. Tigar came out with good bowling figures of 5 for 39 and A. Hedgington 3 for 27.

How should we fare against the bowling was the next problem. We had lively recollections of an opening pair, one fast and the other tricky. One wicket for 5 looked as though our question was soon to be answered, but C. Josey and H. Tigar thought otherwise. The latter had a charmed life in his first few overs, but then settled down and gave us his best display. Josey made 33 and Tigar 58. Two wickets down for 92 gave us something to crow about—not blatantly but quietly. W. Busby and A. Hedgington, 6 and 9 not outs respectively, finished off the allotted time and the sixth time proved lucky for us.

The Turquandia team went down to the Club in the evening and spent a happy time at various games and did full justice to the "spread" Mr. King laid before them. So ended a really enjoyable day.

July 10th. "A" TEAM 103 for 5 v. WARGRAVE "B" 31.

The home team had the first knock, or perhaps shock would have been the most appropriate word. One for no runs, then second and third wickets down for 4. A stand was then made until 30 was on the board. Nos. 5 to 10 all left the top figure on the board unchanged at 31. The reason—well, Tigar was right on top of his form and took 8 for 15. He had the first seven off the reel and when we were discussing who should use his presentation bat, Hedgington broke through and spoilt the appearance of the stumps and the hopes of one of our Club claiming a bat went. Two balls later, Hedgington did it again and Tigar finished it off in the next over. Hedgington's two wickets cost 9 runs.

Tigar followed up by scoring 26, but W. Neville took the batting honours with 46 not out. When our score had topped the century for the fourth week running, Skipper Josey declared and Wargrave had a second go for about half an hour.

July 17th. "A" TEAM 73 v. HECKFIELD AND MATTINGLEY 76.

Our very old friends came in for the return match and we were keen to avenge the licking we had had at their hands earlier in the season. Heckfield batted first. We started off in a startling manner, taking the first two wickets without any response from

the batsmen. Two good catches were the cause of their hasty retreat. C. Bartlett (16) and A. Foster (19) were mainly responsible for averting a total collapse. All out for 76 was a low score for Heckfield and in view of our last few matches, did not seem too formidable for us.

However, it proved three runs too many. We were three down for 7. Mr. Ashby stepped into the breach and held his end up nearly to the end of the innings and had made 18 before he was bowled. The excitement grew intense towards the end of the innings. B. Nicholls had joined H. Ashby when things were very poor and gave a plucky display, scoring a boundary off his first hit and getting 15 before being caught. W. Greenaway helped a lot and reached the unlucky 13 before missing a straight one which if the bat had connected would probably have been the winning hit.

So this month, honours have been even, but the good scores made are very encouraging and the bowlers have done their share of the work. The fielding generally has been much smarter; a number of catches being right in the top class.

The "B's" record is as follows:—Four played but only one victory to shout about, although the other results have not been too one-sided.

June 26th. "B" TEAM 38 v. PANGBOURNE AND TIDMARSH 2ND XI 61.

We were the hosts on this occasion and hoped to make a double, but could not achieve our object. We batted first, but early disasters started a procession back to the pavilion. The highest score was made by M. Brown with 7 not out. Stimson took 4 for 16 and L. A. Cox 5 for 18.

We started off with the bowling as though a victory was in sight—one down for 2 and then two for 13. C. Weyman, who went in first, proved the main obstacle in our way, for he stuck at his post until he had made 20. The sixth wicket saw our total passed and our chance had gone. E. C. Greenaway came out with 5 for 24. W. Benham had a long spell, but without much success. B. Farmer had one over and took a couple of wickets for 6 runs.

July 3rd. "B" TEAM 94 v. Y.M.C.A. "B" TEAM 90.

This game was played on Leighton Park and the scores given above show how close it finished. We batted first and soon lost five wickets for 14 runs. Then E. C. Greenaway (27) and B. Farmer (21) became associated and raised the total to 49 before being separated. E. Chandler (20) came next and also did good

work and M. Brown came two wickets later and carried his bat for 10. Y.M.C.A. tried seven bowlers, of whom Attrill had the most success, his three wickets only costing 19 runs.

Y.M. ran us very close. Attrill followed up his bowling by making 28, Louch made 14 and Palmer 10. The score read 82 for 6, 7 and 8, then 88 for 9, but the last wicket only added two and we were four runs to the good. E. C. Greenaway had a good afternoon and he followed up his batting by taking 6 for 31. E. Chandler had a short spell and did the hat trick in his first over. His three wickets cost 6 runs.

July 10th. "B" TEAM 34 v. WOKINGHAM LONDON ROAD 73 for 7 (dec.).

This return fixture took place on Prospect Park and we had a heavy loss to try and avenge. It was not to be and we again went down and rather heavily too.

Wokingham batted first and after making 73 declared with seven wickets down. L. Dance (20), H. Cooper (16) and E. Gough (11) were the worst thorns in our sides. E. Greenaway and E. Chandler each took 3 wickets for 27 and 18 respectively.

Our batting was weak, in fact, no one returned double figures; Priddy with 9 was the nearest. E. Gough bowled 11 overs, 5 of them maidens and took 4 for 8. The other six wickets were equally shared by E. Smith, F. Newport and L. Dance.

July 17th. "B" TEAM 46 v. MORTIMER "B" 84.

We were at home again but the ground advantage did not count. Mortimer batted first and soon lost one wicket. After that the score mounted steadily until it stood at 66 for 5. Two more wickets fell at the same total and then it crept up again until 84 was reached. S. M. Beards (17), L. Beards (16), A. Bushell (10) and Mr. Extras (15) were the top scorers.

E. C. Greenaway again did good work with the ball, taking 5 for 15 and W. Benham 4 for 21.

Again our batting was weak and again no double figures were recorded. A. Bushell took 2 for 6, but he bowled ten overs and six of them were maidens. E. Clarke (4 for 7) and V. Cottrell (3 for 9) however did the most damage.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL LEAGUE.

Hats off to the Delivery Departments for again securing the cup. The Offices were runners-up again, both teams having 8 points but the former had the better averages.

Two matches were reported last month and the next was between the Surveyors and the Offices. The Offices had first knock and made 77 for 6 when their time had elapsed, C. Josey claiming 26, E. Crutchley 21 not out and A. Hedgington 18. The Surveyors could only muster 29 all out and J. J. Cardwell made 16 of them.

Then came the Rest of Brewery (93) against the Delivery (54). This result was rather surprising, but the latter only had ten men. Even so, with F. Benham making 31 and G. Kelly 28 not out it was good as the Delivery had their regular bowlers.

For the losers, N. Taylor batted well and made 18 before being bowled. Farmer and Preston bowled unchanged, each taking four wickets.

Delivery *v.* Surveyors was the next evening's entertainment, but the latter did not put up such a good fight as had been anticipated. They batted first and were all dismissed for 37. Tigar and Tozer did the damage, the latter getting 7 for 20.

The Delivery made the necessary runs during the fifth wicket partnership and then went on to make 70 for 9 when time was called. Capt. A. S. Drewe took 4 for 26, the others being shared by four other bowlers.

The Rest of the Brewery *v.* The Offices was the last match; both teams were in the running and it was a big question of getting and keeping down runs. The Offices won the toss and then proceeded to skittle the Rest out. The Rest only had ten men and these were sent back for 19. Crutchley (6 for 2) and Hedgington (2 for 17) were the villains of the piece according to the "Rest."

Could the Offices get the runs necessary to make them champions? They had plenty of time and a good light. The Rest had other ideas on the subject and 2 were down for 7; then it read 4 for 14. Would the Offices be able to win at all? They did, but not by the margin required. They only got 57, instead of over 120. P. Hammond had a lucky and plucky innings, making 19.

L. Farrance and H. Ashby opened the bowling, each taking 2 for 9, but Farmer came on and took 4 for 13 and then L. Hill 2 for 0.

The table is as follows:—

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Runs.		Points.	Average Runs.	
				For.	Agst.		For.	Agst.
Delivery Dept. ...	3	2	1	233	160	8	77.66	53.33
Offices ...	3	2	1	164	157	8	54.66	52.33
Surveyors ...	3	1	2	159	193	4	53.00	64.33
Rest of Brewery, ...	3	1	2	158	194	4	52.66	64.66

J.W.J.

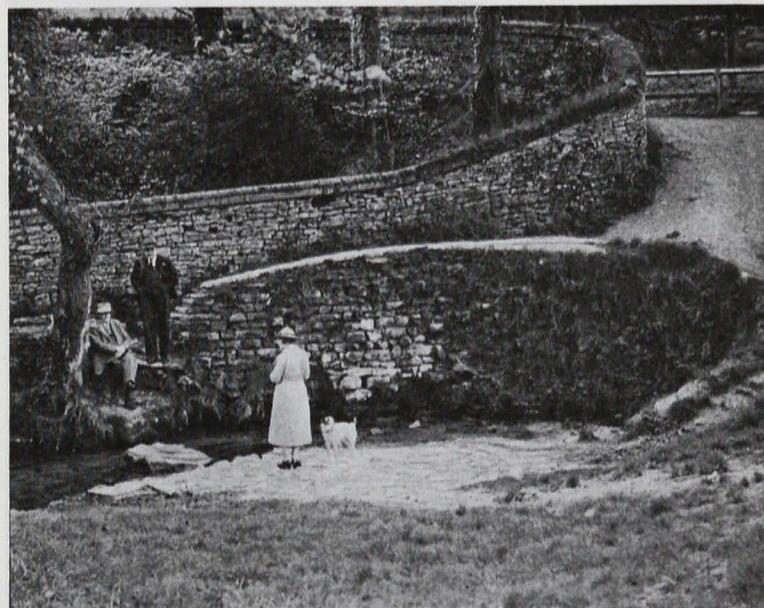
THE GLORIES OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

DELIGHTFUL HAUNTS FOR THE HOLIDAY-MAKER.

DESCRIBED BY PEN AND PICTURE.

(BY C.H.P.).

Those who have not made up their minds where to spend their holidays should try a tour through Gloucestershire. Here you will find much of historic interest, a wealth of wild floral beauty, woods filled with a deep charm and hills famous the world over, for who has not heard of the Cotswolds? And since H. & G. Simonds recently acquired the Cirencester Brewery the amenities of this glorious county will be considerably enhanced by the fact that during their tours visitors will be enabled to refresh themselves by means of the famous "Hop Leaf" Brands which may now be obtained from numerous licensed properties in and around Cirencester.



The Seven Springs near Leckhampton. A reputed source of the Thames.

THE TROUT STREAM AT FAIRFORD.

The other day I was privileged to see some of the glories of Gloucestershire. Arriving at Fairford, the Coln, that pellucid

chalk stream, abounding in fine trout, naturally attracted my attention. The fishing is owned by Mr. A. F. Walters, of the Bull Hotel, and he stocks the river annually with 500 fish up to and over 1 lb. He has two miles of fishing and you are permitted to take two and a half brace a day—if you can catch them! The river contains some grayling and a few pike. The latter are, of course, not wanted in a trout stream and when the opportunity arises they are wired. I spotted a small pike and pointed it out to Mr. Walters. A wire attached to a long stick was procured; this "collar" was dropped deftly over the pike's head, the noose was drawn tightly round the fish's throat, and he was lifted, struggling, from the water. It was a very skilful piece of work.



Photo by]

[Alfieri Picture Service, London

Trying for Trout on the Coln at Fairford.

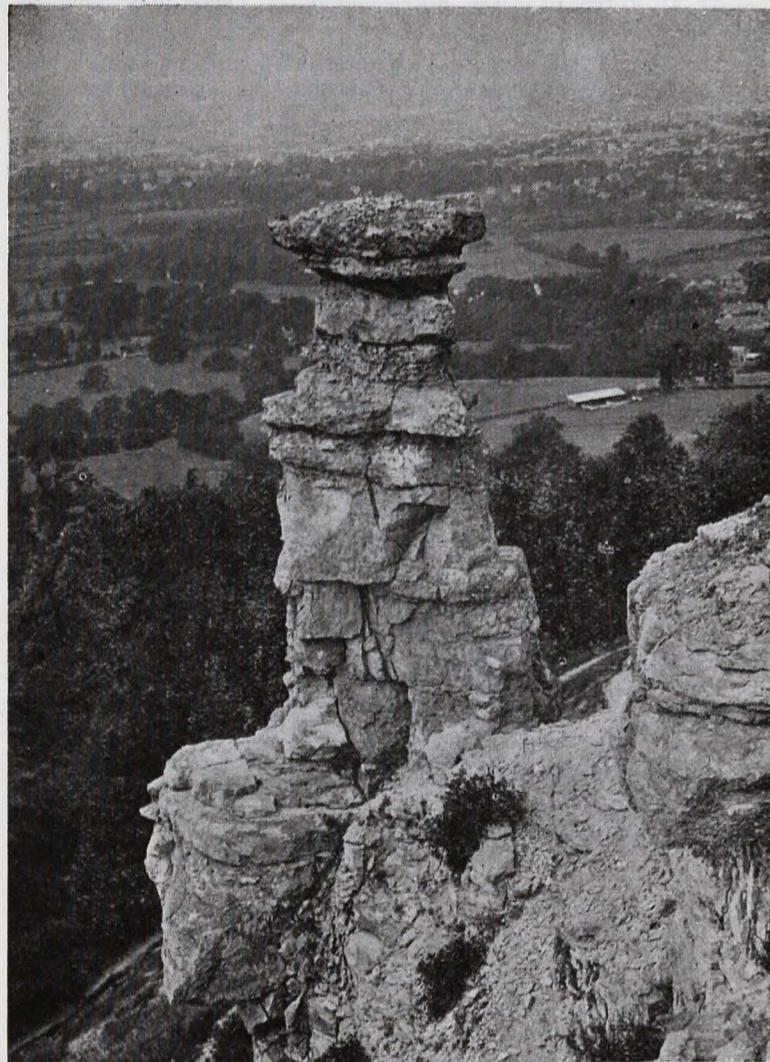
One of the oldest posting-houses in England you will find every comfort and convenience at the Bull, and Mr. Walters knows so many true fishing stories that he need tell you no others.

You can fish from April 1st to September 29th, and the following are the charges:—

Visitors staying at the hotel, 6/- per day (8/6 per day during the Mayfly season).

Non-residents, 7/6 per day; Mayfly season, 10/6.

Hotel charges: Inclusive terms for a stay of two or more days, 15/- per day, or per week, £4 14s. 6d.



The Devil's Chimney, Leckhampton, near Cheltenham.

In close proximity is The George and The White Hart. The latter is over 400 years old and has walls over 4 feet thick.

At all three of these hotels Simonds' beers may now be obtained.

Nor should you fail to visit Fairford's ancient church, for there are few more glorious works of art than the renowned windows of this sacred edifice.



Stone Bridge, Eastleach. The river Leach joins the Thames between Lechlade and Radcot.

YE OLDE CROWN HOTEL, CIRENCESTER.

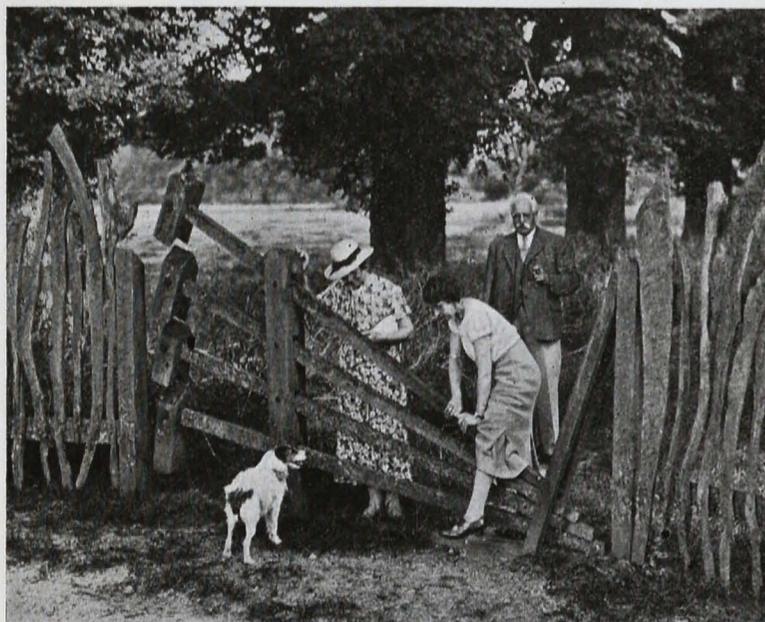
This well-known hostelry dates back to the beginning of the Tudor period. It sheltered King Charles II (then Prince of Wales) after the Battle of Worcester. There is an old world, but homely, atmosphere about the place and it is noted for its excellent cuisine and service. "The Old Crown," as the hotel is familiarly known, is fully licensed; there is a spacious garage and a free car park.

The proprietors are H. & G. Simonds, Ltd., which is sufficient guarantee that the liquid refreshments are of one quality only—the best.

Cirencester is no ordinary place for it possesses the highest historical associations. The inhabitants of villages around the town call it "Ciren," while those in a high position call it "Ciceter" as Shakespeare called it:

"Kind Uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Ciceter in Gloucestershire,
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not."

—Richard II, v. 6.



The Clap-gate at Willcote.

THE NATURAL BEAUTY OF CHEDWORTH.

By reason of its history and its natural beauty, Chedworth is one of the most delightful villages on the Cotswold Hills. There is undulating country all around and the village rests upon the sides of a deep gorge where there are houses that have weathered the storms of centuries. From several points in the village magnificent views may be obtained, the highest point being no less than 800 feet above sea-level. It was not so very long ago that Chedworth became really famous. Searching for a lost ferret a

woodman came across some curious little stones which proved to be Roman and in due course a villa, one of the most perfect in Britain, was unearthed. In Chedworth may be seen many remains of the invaders who lived in this country 1,500 years ago. It is indeed a village well worth a visit for there is much to interest the mind and delight the eye.

And when you are there don't forget to call in at The Seven Tuns or Waggon and Horses and partake of a glass of Simonds'.

"THE CATHEDRAL OF THE COTSWOLDS."

One of the most beautiful churches in England is at North-leach. You can get a fine view of it from a point near the Red Lion and many look upon it as "the Cathedral of the Cotswolds." The splendid array of clerestory windows pour into the building a flood of radiance. The tower is 100 feet high and has a beautifully groined roof. The wonderful brasses in the church are another great attraction. They celebrate in a great measure those old wool merchants who lived in the town mainly in the 15th century, kept sheep upon the picturesque hills all round and supplied the wool for cloth-making not only in England but on the Continent before the workers in this country had acquired the art of textile making.

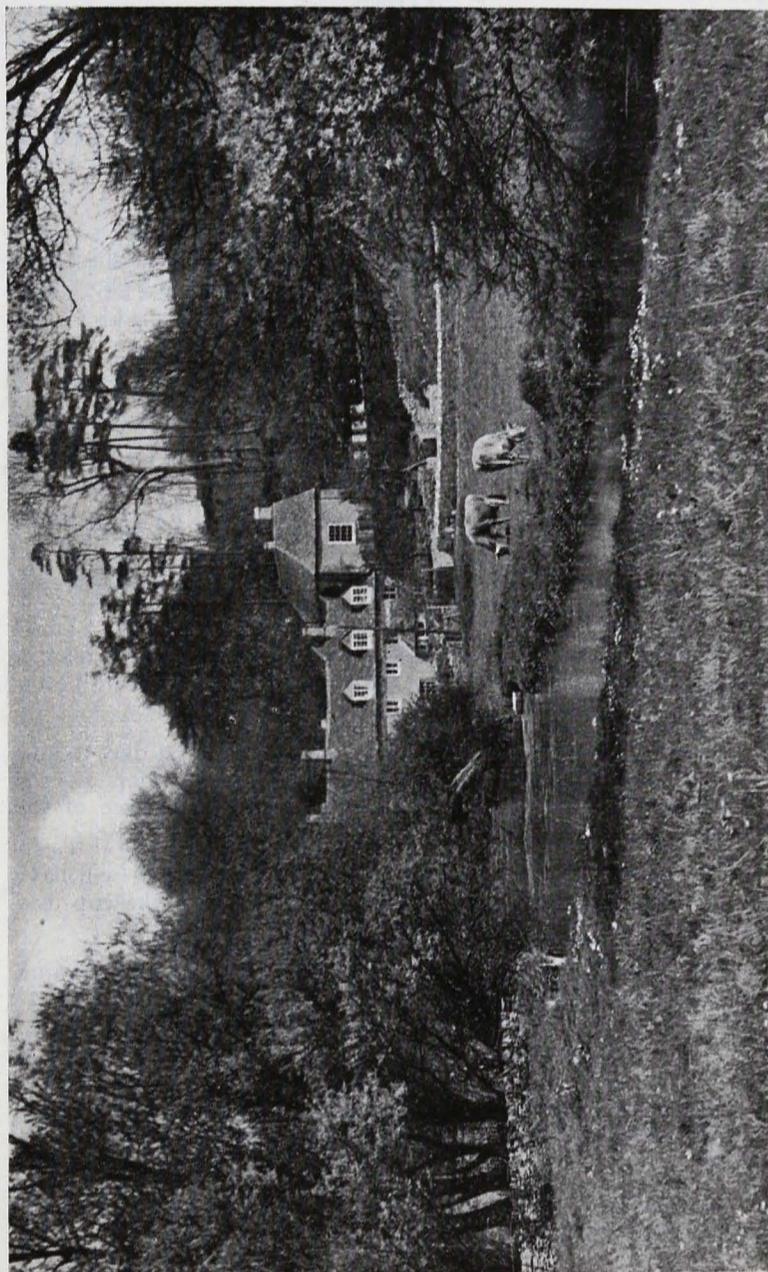
At the Red Lion Simonds' Beers, etc., are on sale.

CHARM AND RARE BEAUTY.

The above are only a few of the very many interesting places in Gloucestershire and space forbids a detailed account of even these. Those desirous of a delightful tour should not fail to see for themselves some of the glories of Gloucestershire.

Places of great historical interest abound, while all around the countryside is clothed with an infinite variety of charm and rich, rare, rural beauty.

The fine photographs are by Guy & Collier, with one exception.



River Coln, near Coln Roger.

DARTS.

NEW INN, KNOWL HILL, ARE FIRST WINNERS OF CORONATION CUP.

The darts players of Reading had to take second place to their "country cousins" in the mammoth Darts Tournament held at the Plough, Tilehurst, on July 5th (writes the "Thrower," in the *Evening Gazette*).

The Crown, Reading, always a stronghold of darts, with players equally at home on Reading or London boards—the latter were used on this occasion—did remarkably well to get two teams through to the semi-final, but both were beaten.

The Crown "E" team lost to Royal Oak, Didcot, and the Crown "A" were beaten by New Inn (Knowl Hill) "A."

In the final, 501 up, straight in and out on a double, Royal Oak and New Inn kept to fairly level pegging for the first couple of hundreds.

Then New Inn drew away and needed but ten for game when their opponents wanted 143.

WITH FIRST DART.

A blank throw by a New Inn player gave the Didcot team a chance which they did not take, for their man could do no better than 27.

Then Jack Avann got the double five with his first dart to give New Inn the distinction of becoming the first holders of the Coronation Cup, presented by Mr. W. Hutchins, licensee of the Plough.

The landlord of the winning house, Mr. H. Tucker, will have the opportunity of staging the next tournament for the cup in a year's time.

The successful team were J. Maskell (Captain), A. Avann, J. Avann and V. Belson.

MEDAL FOR HIGHEST THROWER.

They received the cup, with a clock for each man in the team, from Mrs. Garner, wife of Mr. C. W. Garner, organiser of the N.D.A. Singles.

Mr. Garner took charge of the final and gave three medals for best performances.

These were won by E. Darling (Conservative Club, Tilehurst), highest throw (171); W. Pike (Prince of Wales), throw of 150; and F. Webb (Plough "E," Tilehurst), most "get-outs."

Mr. Hutchins expressed thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Garner, to Mr. R. A. New, the organiser of the competition, to brother licensees who had given him assistance, and to all the stewards, through whose efforts the tournament had been carried through without a hitch.

BEST NIGHT.

Congratulations must be given, too, to Mr. Hutchins for giving darts players from as far afield as Oxford, Basingstoke and Maidenhead one of the best nights they have had.

The New Inn players also won the Littlewick British Legion Cup on July 17th.

A LITTLE TALE TO TELL.

Master H. G. Jackman, the little son of Mr. H. W. Jackman, our tenant of the William IV, Yorktown, tries his hand at putting into rhyme a great truth, as will be seen by the following:—

Now I've a little tale to tell,
For I want to make it clear,
That when you're thirsty and want a drink,
Just ask for Simonds' beer;
Not any old beer, but Simonds' beer,
The beer that is the best,
Don't hesitate a second, but go
To a pub, and give it a test.
It's made of malt, yeast and hops, too,
That are grown on British soil;
It's bought and drunk by British men.
To make it British men do toil,
It's drunk by British workmen bold,
Britons it do make,
So have a glass of Simonds' beer
For good "Auld Lang Syne's" sake.



A GREAT THOUGHT.

We are all still looking forward to lots of sunshine this summer, and particularly hoping it will come our way during those magic days when we forget all about the work-a-day world and become men and women of leisure, if only for a fortnight. Some of us will be lucky—others disappointed.

Such thoughts were passing idly through my mind one evening, when I suddenly recalled these lines :

*" From clouds their brightest tints,
The rainbows borrow,"*

and back to my memory came the picture of a friend, returning home for a holiday from a country where there is almost perpetual sunshine. As we went to meet her we said, " Raining as usual," but as she stepped ashore her first words were : " Oh ! Lovely, lovely English rain ! "

Isn't that exactly like life ? We should like the sunshine of happiness to shine eternally from a carefree sky, but it won't, and I don't think it would be good for us if it did. We really do get something from the clouds of adversity that, when we think seriously, we must admit we shouldn't like to miss.

Only a few weeks ago a woman who had been through great trouble said : " And I've only just discovered what marvellous people my neighbours are." Offers of help had come from all around, and those who had seemed to be most " stand-offish " and exclusive showed real friendliness. Never again will they be " Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So next door," or " Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So across the road," but people to be gratefully regarded as real friends.

I sincerely hope that this Coronation Year may prove to be a very happy one for most of us, but if dark days do come it may help you to remember with me, that

*" From clouds their brightest tints,
The rainbows borrow."*



TENNIS CLUB.

During the month of July our Singles Competitions advanced another stage and three matches were played.

On the 4th we visited Sonning and opposed the Reading Aerodrome in a Mixed Doubles fixture and gained the day with a win of 6 matches to 2.

The 17th brought our old friends and rivals, Courages from Alton, and with their usual strong team they returned to Hampshire fairly easy winners.

The following Saturday we were visited by Beechwood (Tilehurst) Tennis Club and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent. Some very exciting tennis was seen and it was the last set of the day that gave our visitors victory by 5 matches to 4 (11 sets to 10). Messrs. C. H. Perrin and W. A. Harvie were again in great form, and in this fixture we introduced one of our younger members, Mr. L. A. Hill, to match " warfare " and he made a most pleasing debut.

R.H.

MARRIAGE OF MISS TUCKER.

Miss Nancy Tucker, daughter of Mr. H. Tucker, President of the Reading and District Licensed Victuallers' Association, and Mrs. Tucker, of the New Inn, Knowl Hill, Twyford, was married at St. Peter's Church, Knowl Hill, on Saturday, July 10th, to Mr. Charles Plested, son of Mr. and Mrs. Plested, of Crazies Hill, Wargrave.

The bridegroom is a member of the Henley Town football team, winners of the Spartan League, Division I.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. V. H. Jenkyn, and the bride, who was given away by her father, wore an ivory satin gown with a headdress of orange blossom. She carried a shower bouquet of dark red rose buds.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Margaret Tucker, who wore a blue lace dress over pink satin, with a halo hat of the same material. Her shower bouquet was of pink carnations and blue love-in-the-mist. Silver shoes completed her ensemble. Mr. Cecil Plested, brother of the bridegroom, was best man.

A reception was held at the New Inn, about 80 guests being present.

The honeymoon is being spent at Westgate, the bride travelling in a beige suit, with hat, shoes and gloves to match.

BEER IS BEST.



Reproduced above is a photograph of Miss A. Cooper, 2 South View, St. Mary Bourne, Andover, Hants. It was taken on Coronation day when she represented the great truism that "Beer is Best," and gained the premier award. If she *did* represent Bitter, she looked very Sweet!

AN ARDENT LITTLE ANGLER.



Reggie Carpenter.

In the Reading Schools' Annual Fishing Tournament, on July 3rd, Reggie Carpenter, son of Mr. "Ted" Carpenter, of the Cooperage Department at the Brewery, won the *News of the World* prize rod for the best specimen fish which proved to be a fine dace. About 150 boys competed, fishing from the Queen's Road Clinic, Reading, to Kennet's Mouth.

Reggie is a pupil of that well-known fisherman, Harry Goddard, and a better tutor concerning the gentle art would be hard to find.

Reggie is an all-round little sportsman and has gained a medal for running and four swimming certificates. He also plays a good game of football and cricket. But fishing is his favourite recreation.

May you have many tight lines, Reggie!

SIMONDS ATHLETIC FOOTBALL CLUB SUPPER.

MR. S. V. SHEA-SIMONDS TAKES THE CHAIR.

A VERY ENJOYABLE FUNCTION.

The Annual Supper of the above was held at the H. & G. Simonds Social Club, Bridge Street, on Monday, July 26th, and proved a highly enjoyable function. Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds was in the Chair, and was supported by Mr. R. St. J. Quarry, Mr. H. M. P. Ashby, Mr. F. C. Hawkes, Mr. F. Pusey (Secretary), Mr. T. W. Bradford (Treasurer), Messrs. C. A. Newman, W. Schofield, M. E. Love and L. E. Gibbs (Berks & Bucks Football Association), H. H. Russell (Secretary, Reading and District Institute League) and W. Dunster. The following players and Committee of the Club were also present:—Messrs. J. W. Allen, N. G. Taylor, W. Lamb, A. Belcher, E. Chandler, W. Busby, G. Parsons, J. W. Venner, W. A. Benham, L. Knight, P. Curtis, L. Harraway, D. Jacobs, H. Cook, B. Nicholls, E. Bailey, R. Braisher, G. J. W. Smith, W. Rose, V. Allen, R. Clark, A. Hedgington A. Tuttle, R. Tozer, W. Shurville, C. Townsend (1st XI Trainer), —. Wheeler (2nd XI Trainer), —. Kemp (Linesman), J. Giles (Assistant Hon. Secretary), and E. Boshier, G. Cannings, G. Douce and F. D. Edwards (Committee).

The toast of His Majesty the King was proposed by Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds, and loyally acclaimed by all those present.

Mr. W. Schofield proposed "Simonds Athletic Football Club," which, he said, during the few seasons of their existence had earned a name of standing in the town. Although the past season had not been so successful as some of the others, they had done very well and he wished the Club every success in the future. He had seen some of the games played by the Club last season—one was a cup-tie—and he was particularly disappointed with the play on that occasion, it not being up to their usual standard; but he saw the Didcot match and their play then was a revelation. Although defeated, on their own ground, he considered it was sheer bad luck, but their sportsmanship in congratulating their victors was a credit to them and worthy of their club. (Hear, hear.) The reserve team did not start any too well, but towards the end they were looking on the bright side. With regard to the juniors, some of their games were most interesting to watch. He considered they had some very promising lads.

The Chairman, in responding, thanked that old football veteran, Mr. Schofield, for the kind things he had said of their Football Club. On looking at the record of the first eleven he thought that they had had a good season and as to the record of matches won, lost and drawn, also the goals for and against, he

considered there was not much for misgiving. With regard to the second team they had his sympathy, for they had to provide two and three players for the first team, on occasion, and make up their side as best they could. He saw no reason why they should be disappointed for he felt perfectly certain during this coming season the Club would again become the talk of the town. (Applause.) He would like to say that the Firm would grant every facility to the men so that they could get away in time on Saturdays to play for the teams for which they had been chosen. (Applause.)

Mr. H. M. P. Ashby proposed the toast of the Berks and Bucks Football Association, coupled with the name of Mr. M. E. Love. He was glad to be able to congratulate that Association for the way in which they looked after the Simonds Football Club. They all knew the management of the matches and general supervision of the sporting activities of the district caused a tremendous amount of work. He thought the control exercised by the Berks and Bucks Association called for very warm praise. (Loud applause.)

Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds then made a presentation of a barometer to Mr. G. Parsons (Vice-Captain, 2nd XI). Mr. Parsons made a very fine Vice-Captain and he took the opportunity to wish him and his bride every happiness. (Applause.)

Mr. M. E. Love, in responding to the toast of the Berks and Bucks Football Association, thanked them all for the way they had received that toast, and Mr. Ashby for the tribute he paid to the Association—they did not always receive such tributes as to their management. The Association had to control some 450 clubs. The Simonds Athletic Football Club were lucky in having the support of the Directors of the Firm and also the Heads of Departments. Those gentlemen were doing great work and the Simonds Football Club would not be the power it was without their help and the help of such a splendid sportsman as Mr. Shea-Simonds. (Loud applause.) He congratulated the team on always playing the game. They might not have any trophies on the table this time but to play the game as they did was all that mattered. He admired the men who could say, after defeat, to the victors, "Well done!" (Applause.) He wished the Club all success in the coming season and thanked them all again on behalf of the Berks and Bucks Football Association. (Loud applause.)

Mr. R. St. J. Quarry, in proposing the toast of the Visitors, said they were lucky in having three members of the Berks and Bucks Football Association present, viz.: Messrs. Schofield, Newman and Love. Mr. Newman had been on the Council for 29 years. Then there was Mr. L. E. Gibbs, who was one of the

foremost referees in the country. There was also Mr. H. H. Russell, Secretary of the Reading and District Institute League. He had great pleasure in asking them to drink to the health of the visitors, coupled with the name of Mr. Gibbs. (Applause.)

Mr. Gibbs, responding, said it was very gratifying to come to the Simonds Athletic Football Club Supper and he was pleased to see that they were again supported by Mr. Shea-Simonds, the Chairman of the Company, Mr. R. St. J. Quarry and Mr. H. M. P. Ashby. That was particularly pleasing on such a big firm as H. & G. Simonds. (Applause.) In travelling about the country he found that more interest was being taken by Directors of big firms in their sports clubs, and he felt sure that at the back of their minds was the truism that a good sportsman makes a good workman. He firmly believed that, too. Referees are probably the most abused men in sport, but when they came up against Simonds Football Club teams knew they were in for a very pleasant Saturday afternoon. (Applause.) He paid a tribute to Mr. F. Pusey (Secretary) and congratulated him on the success he had made of the job during the past season. (Applause.)

Mr. F. C. Hawkes said the task allotted to him was a very pleasant one. It was to ask them to drink to the health of their esteemed and beloved Chairman, who was not only Chairman of the Company but of many other institutions, and he would like to say how much they thanked him for his encouragement to play the game as he always wished them to do. (Applause.) They greatly appreciated his presence that night. (Applause.) He wished to thank him on their behalf for the hospitality of that evening, which they had all so much enjoyed. He would also like to mention that Mr. Shea was the prime mover in obtaining a very fine sports ground for them, in which he hoped Mr. Shea would spend many happy times. He had great pleasure in asking them all to drink the health of their Chairman. (Loud applause and singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow.")

Mr. Shea-Simonds was obviously affected by the sincerity of the manner in which the toast had been proposed and the way it had been received, and thanked them very much. He would always, as long as he had anything to do with the Firm, do his best to promote good sportsmanship amongst all their employees. (Applause.) Mr. Hawkes had been good enough to mention about the sports ground which had at long last been obtained. He did not claim very much credit for that, because the people who really got down to it were the junior members of the Firm, Mr. Louis Simonds, Mr. Quarry and Mr. Ashby. He was informed the ground was only a 5-minutes bicycle ride from The Brewery.

Mr. Quarry was a long distance runner and a very fine rugby player, and Mr. Ashby was a good all-round sportsman. The credit was due to these young people and they would now get on with the job. (Applause.)

The ground was about 13 acres in extent, but there was a lot to be done to it. When they cut the grass they found the ground was somewhat undulating but they would get it ready as soon as they could even if they had to get some traction engines to work on it. The Firm would do the thing properly. (Loud applause.)

The following gentlemen entertained those present:—Mr. Teddy Pare (comedian), Mr. Elder (violin), Mr. G. Cannings and Mr. W. Spencer (songs), and Mr. N. S. Evans (piano).

An excellent repast was supplied by G. G. Parslow & Son.

W.D.



UNLOADING SIMONDS' BOTTLED BEERS AT EPSOM.

Mr. A. Sharman of Messrs. Geo. S. Elliott & Son, Ltd., the Catering Contractors, is on the extreme left of the photograph.

LOVELY WARGRAVE INN.

A new lover of the Thames, I have found a completely unspoilt spot, little more than half-a-dozen miles from Reading, writes J. Utting in *The Evening Gazette*. Wargrave, my find, is mentioned by Jerome K. Jerome in his "Three Men in a Boat." "Mellow in the drowsy sunlight of a summer's afternoon, Wargrave, nestling where the river bends, makes a sweet old picture as you pass." On a bend, the river sweeps past below the sun gardens of the famous St. George and Dragon. It was visited by Dickens, Tennyson (who was married at Shiplake Church nearby), Charles Kingsley. The old inn sign was painted by Leslie and Hodgson, two R.A.'s. I believe only one other inn in the country can claim this distinction.

The Wyatt family owned the inn for many years, and Val Wyatt, last of the family link associated with it, made big improvements. He laid out those sun gardens at the back of the inn facing the river, and four guest bedrooms with balconies have a lovely view of water and expanding countryside.

Val Wyatt made the old coal wharf into a landing and mooring stage, converted the old coal staith into a boathouse, and established a complete boatbuilders' business adjoining the inn and also hired out all manner of river craft to visitors.

I found the manager of the inn, Mr. Wilfrid Ingham, full of praise for the former owner. He proudly showed me additions Wyatt had made to the original inn, a new wing and increased kitchen accommodation.

Mr. Ingham then led me down to the river to tell me how he plans to add to the attractions for fishermen, of which he is one.

Yes, indeed, altogether as charming a spot as one could wish for, either to bask or for river sport.



READING LICENSEES' CARNIVAL.

OPENING CEREMONY PERFORMED BY THE MAYOR.

The Reading and District Licensed Trades' Protection and Benevolent Association held a most successful Carnival, in aid of their Royal Berkshire Hospital Bed Endowment Fund, at Hill's Meadows, Reading Bridge, on Saturday, July 24th. Probably owing to other attractions and also the imminence of Bank Holiday, the attendance was not as large as anticipated, but in spite of this some 6,500 people paid for admission.

The Mayor opened the Carnival by cutting a ribbon, and was presented with a bouquet of carnations by Mrs. F. C. Riden, wife of the Secretary, afterwards touring the Fun Fair and partaking of tea with the Committee. The programme included a blindfold motor cycle rodeo act by Steve Hill, assisted by Mdlle. Delores; the Acroletes, aerial gymnasts; and Cush and Cush, comedy clowns and acrobats; also Jess Smith with his Punch and Judy Show; concluding with a grand Fireworks Display by Messrs. Joseph Wells & Sons.

Among the competitions were:—Gentlemen's Bowling, won by Messrs. Cole and Belcher; Ladies' Bowling (for a tea service kindly presented by Messrs. Watson & Sons), won by Mrs. Carter for the third year in succession; and Guessing the Mayor's Weight, in this case no one being within a stone of the correct figure. Four Lucky Ticket prizes, generously given by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., were won by tickets Nos. 1395, 2213, 3516 and 6025. Holders of these tickets may obtain the prizes by calling at 29, Market Place, Reading.

Announcements and music during the afternoon and evening were provided by Quartermain's Quick Service Public Address Equipment, this service being kindly provided free of charge by the proprietors, in aid of the fund. Thanks are also due to Messrs. Hill & Sherwin for posting, without charge, bills advertising the Carnival.

The Committee responsible for organising the event, which will probably result in about £120 being added to the fund, thereby completing the sum of £1,000 required to endow the bed, were:—Mr. J. Healey (Chairman), Messrs. H. Wise, H. S. Smith, R. S. Muttlebury, H. Tucker, G. S. Cherry, W. C. Rands, T. Kersley, J. Morris, A. Oxlade, W. J. Hutchins, G. Bishop, E. Benger, E. Palmer, with F. C. Riden as Honorary Secretary and Treasurer.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Gee, but you English are slow," exclaimed an American at a London performance of *Romeo and Juliet*. "I guess I saw this identical little bit of sob-stuff in New York well over ten years ago."

* * * *

At a nursery tea a small boy had declined prunes so vociferously as to raise the whole matter to one of discipline rather than a pardonable foible. His mother was old-fashioned, and told him that God would probably be displeased at his display of disobedience.

Later in the evening there came a heavy thunderstorm, and mother grasped this opportunity of going upstairs to heal the breach. She found the mutineer standing in front of the window in an attitude of disgust.

"Huh!" he said, defiantly, as a terrific peal of thunder shook the house, "all that fuss about four prunes."

DARTS CHAMPION.

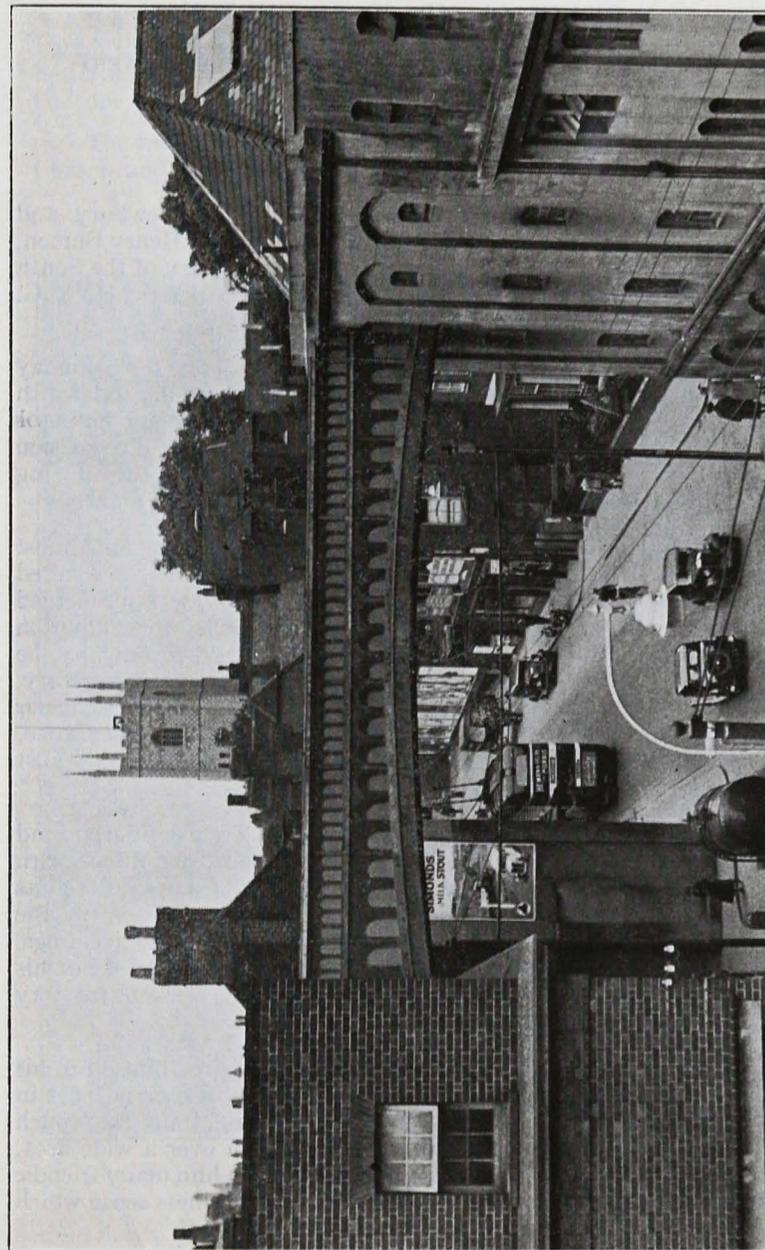
The *News of the World* Darts Champion for the Staines, Windsor and Slough Area is Tommy Hares, of the Stag and Hounds, Ashford, Middlesex, the only Welshman who competed for the Individual Darts Championship of London and the Home Counties, at the Royal Agricultural Hall, London, on Thursday, June 24th.

NEW BRIDGE IN BRIDGE STREET.

AN ATTRACTIVE STRUCTURE.

Owing to the Firm's rapid expansion it has been found necessary to build a much larger boiler house and electric generating station, and the following illustration shows the bridge to carry pipes and cables to other departments, the more important being those passing to and through the Bottling Stores and Malt Houses. The bridge, after the style of a Roman viaduct, spans Bridge Street and is approximately 65 feet long. The span is of steel structure throughout.

The decorative part is in teak and copper panelling, strikingly finished in three shades of blue and is most effective in appearance. The steel structure was made and put into position by the Horsley Bridge and Engineering Company and the decorative work was carried out by the Firm's own staff.



The New Bridge.

DEATH OF MR. W. H. BURTON.

MANAGER AND SECRETARY OF SOUTH BERKS BREWERY.

NEARLY FIFTY YEARS IN SAME BUSINESS.

(From the *Newbury Weekly News*.)

A well-known figure in the business life of Newbury and district has been removed by the death of Mr. Walter Henry Burton, of Kennet Road, Newbury, the manager and secretary of the South Berks Brewery, Ltd., a subsidiary company of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., Reading.

Mr. Burton died in a Reading nursing home on Monday morning, July 5th, at the age of 63. He had not been in good health for some years, although after an operation five years ago he made a splendid recovery and was able to follow his favourite recreation of walking. Practically up to the time of entering the nursing home, five weeks ago, he used to walk ten miles every night.

Mr. Burton was associated with the same business for almost fifty years. Born in Newbury, he was fourteen when he entered the offices of Mr. Edmund Parfitt's brewery, which was later merged in the firm of Hawkins and Parfitt. When a further amalgamation took place in 1897 to form the South Berks Brewery Company, he was appointed cashier and after doing duty as assistant secretary, he was eventually made secretary in 1900. Upon the latter company being absorbed by Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., in October, 1920, Mr. Burton was made manager for the Newbury area, whilst retaining the secretaryship.

To fill the dual position of manager and secretary a large fund of knowledge was necessary, involving a close acquaintance with licensing and tenancy matters, company law, club laws, as well as the whole range of secretarial work. This, in addition to the general managerial duties and the attendance at board meetings, made heavy demands on Mr. Burton's time, yet he carried out his multifarious duties with apparent ease, born of a sense of mastery of his work.

It could be said of Mr. Burton that he dedicated himself to his work, devoting all his energies to it. He took little or no part in public affairs, yet the nature of his business brought him into touch with all kinds of people and he was well known over a wide area. His unflinching geniality, kindness and charm made him many friends. It was these characteristics as well as his keen business sense which developed a close unity between manager and staff.

For about thirty years Mr. Burton was a chorister at Newbury Parish Church, and his chief recreations were gardening and what he termed "gypsying" on the Hampshire Hills. He leaves a wife and one son.

The funeral was on Thursday, July 8th, at the Newbury Parish Church and the interment in Speen churchyard.



The late Mr. W. H. Burton.

THE QUINS.



In sending us the above photograph our contributor writes as follows:—

The pram itself was built of odd pieces of builder's materials, similar to "Beaverboard," secured to a wooden base, which was itself fastened on to two pairs of borrowed wheels. The handles were made of tubing used for electric wiring. The pram was drawn by a pony, also borrowed, and led by the owner, the latter being arrayed in topper and tail coat, and intended to represent the doctor. The seating accommodation was composed of a plank (with cushions) on two boxes. The feeding bottles were "S.B." bottles (empty) with long pieces of rubber tubing, hanging in front of each quin, and the latter were also equipped with dummies, rattles and an article of enamel ware. The babies' clothes can be seen from the photo. The quins, who did all the work themselves, with the exception of fixing the shafts for the pony, are (front to back) A. G. Hambling, W. Pinell, O. Pocock, E. Harvey, W. R. Hambling. Nurse: S. H. Bucksey. All are regular members of the Bracknell Fire Brigade.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

The applicant for a job as housemaid was being interviewed by the employment agent, and was asked if she had any preference as to the kind of family she would like to work for.

"Any kind," she said, "except highbrows."

"You don't like to work for highbrows?"

"You bet I don't," she said. "I worked for a pair of 'em once—and never again. Him and her was fighting all the time, and it kept me running back and forth from the keyhole to the dictionary 'til I was worn to a frazzle."

* * * *

Six-year-old Mary awoke about two in the morning.

"Tell me a story, Mummie," she pleaded.

"Hush, darling," said mother. "Daddy will be in soon and tell us both one."

* * * *

Jones gazed sceptically at his friend's car. "What did you give for that?" he asked.

The friend shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing," he answered. "I took it for a debt. A fellow owed me £50."

Jones looked at the car again. "H'm," he murmured. "Do you stand much chance of getting the other £49?"

* * * *

There once lived together in the garden of a farmhouse two young frogs, one of whom was a confirmed pessimist and the other a most sanguine optimist. It happened on a certain evening that, in the course of their wanderings, they found their way into the dairy of the house, where they discovered a basin of lovely cream. They both jumped over the edge, and for some minutes enjoyed themselves in lapping up the cream. When they had satisfied their thirst and essayed to return, they found the sides of the basin so slippery that they could not escape; nor could they get the necessary purchase to enable them to leap out.

The pessimist, after a few feeble efforts, gave up the task in despair; sank to the bottom of the basin and was drowned. The optimist, however, never lost heart, and spent the night vigorously paddling about.

When the dairymaid arrived in the morning the optimist was found sitting contentedly in the basin on a pat of butter!

* * * *

With a squeaking of brakes the fair-haired maiden brought her sports car to a halt and the constable fished out his notebook.

"This won't do," he remarked. "You were exceeding the speed limit and I want your name and address. Sixty-five miles an hour is too fast."

The fair-haired maiden laughed loudly.

"Dear me," she said, "so I was doing sixty-five, was I, Mr. Policeman? Well, you're wrong this time, 'cos I haven't been out half an hour yet."

And the constable apologised and let her go.

* * * *

How any thinking mother could even call her son Nicobar is beyond all comprehension, yet in this case it had been done.

While waiting for the bus young Nicobar was sent into a confectioner's by his mother. He had just informed the man behind the counter that he wanted some chocolate when his mother appeared in the doorway.

"Nicobar! Nicobar!" she called.

The startled confectioner seized his heaviest weight from the counter.

"You dare to touch a single bar, me lad," he shouted, "and I'll brain you!"

* * * *

SPONGER: "Blank refused to lend me five pounds to help me out of a hole. I didn't think there were such mean men in the world."

SMART: "Oh, there are, I assure you. I'm another."

* * * *

JENKINS: "Scribbler doesn't write any of those mother-in-law jokes nowadays, I notice."

TIMSON: "Not since his marriage."

"Why, I wonder?"

"Says he found out by actual experience that a mother-in-law is no joke."

* * * *

"Can I do anything to soothe your dying moments, Bill?"

"Yus, 'ave a drink when you take the hearse past the Coach and Horses. I know you'll 'ave one there coming back, but I shan't be wiv yer then."

* * * *

DOCTOR: "Feeling worse, are you?"

POLITE PATIENT: "Yes, thank you, doctor."

* * * *

"The modern girl's hair looks like a mop," says a critic. But that doesn't worry her. She doesn't know what a mop looks like.

* * * *

MISS ELDERLY: "The insulting wretch! He asked me if I remembered the dreadfully cold winter of 1869. Think of it!"

MISS SMARTE: "I'm sure he didn't mean to offend you, dear. He probably didn't know what a bad memory you have."

* * * *

Two ladies of the chorus were discussing life in general.

"Do you know, dear," volunteered one, "a few weeks ago when our lot were down at Whitstable I found a real pearl in an oyster."

"Fancy that," replied the other with a reminiscent smile, "that reminds me of an occasion when we were working in Birmingham last year. I got a real diamond out of a mug."

* * * *

A policeman caught a Welsh motorist exceeding the speed limit in his car.

"Your name, please?" he demanded.

"Aubrey Llewellyn Brynmor Af Llewellyn," came the reply.

The policeman put his notebook away and looked sternly at the offender.

"Well, don't let me catch you again!" he said, severely.

* * * *

An acid lady was reproaching her son-in-law for conduct prejudicial to good order and domestic discipline.

"Arthur," she said, "I saw you coming out of a bar about six o'clock last night!"

"Yes," explained Arthur, "I had to catch the 6.30 home."

* * * *

The motorist had decided to stay overnight at a picturesque and little-visited Highland village.

"Have you got a lock-up here?" he asked the proprietor of the inn.

"Aye, sir," replied the man who did not understand the language of motoring; "but there's a couple o' drunks there the noo."

A certain young undergraduate was hauled up before his Dean for not turning up until two days after the beginning of the term.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "I really couldn't get back before. I was detained by most important business."

The professor looked at him sternly.

"So you wanted two more days of grace did you?" he asked.

"No," replied the undergraduate, off his guard for the moment, "of Millicent."

* * * *

London girls are seldom as bad as they are painted.

* * * *

Get on by all means, but not by any means.

* * * *

Many are called, but few want to get up.

* * * *

MRS. JONES: "Does your husband object to cats?"

MRS. BROWN: "I should think he does! He says that I feed all the cats in the neighbourhood . . . Won't you stay to tea."

* * * *

SHE: "Is insanity a cause for divorce?"

HE: "No, it's the cause of marriage!"

* * * *

In America the expression "tough joint" indicates a low haunt; in England it means a Sunday dinner.

* * * *

Love is a matter of chance, marriage is a matter of money, and divorce a matter of course.

* * * *

Stories are always being told about the forgetfulness of learned men and professors. Perhaps the best of them all is about the professor who was invited out to a dinner-party. At table he found himself seated next to an unusually attractive girl. But, being shy and self-conscious in company, the professor found it hard to start a conversation with his neighbour. At last the girl took pity on him.

"Don't you remember me, professor?" she smiled. "Two years ago you asked me to marry you."

"Why, of course!" cried the professor, with a look of recognition on his face. "And tell me—er—did you?"

* * * *

KIND OLD LADY: "So you are the sole survivor of a shipwreck! Tell me how you came to be saved?"

WAYFARER: "Well, you see, I changed me mind on sailin' day."

* * * *

A man home on leave from a port of Africa generally held to be unhealthy was recounting his experiences.

"There's nothing the matter with the country," he said. "All it requires is a better type of settler and a decent water supply."

"If you come to think of it," remarked one of his listeners, "those are the only drawbacks to Hades."

* * * *

A country doctor was attending a Scottish laird who was seriously ill, and as they had been unable to procure a nurse the doctor had instructed the butler in the art of taking and recording his master's temperature with a thermometer. When the doctor arrived at the house one day he was met by the butler. "Well, McIntyre," he said, "I hope the laird's temperature is not any higher to-day." The butler looked thoughtful for a moment. "Weel, sir," he said at last, "I was just wonderin' that myself. Ye see, he deed at twa o'clock."

* * * *

A motorist left his car in a busy city street whilst he adjourned for coffee and a chat with his pals in a nearby cafe. A couple of hours later he remembered his car with a shock and dashed out into the street. A constable was waiting by the car, so on the spur of the moment the owner walked past, and entering a call-box rang up the local police station.

"My car has been stolen," he cried, whereupon he was asked for full details. Giving the information he mentioned that he had parked the car in a different street to that in which it actually was.

Some few hours later the Police rang up his office to tell him his car had been recovered, and his thanks were very profuse. Would the police be so good as to keep the car at their garage until the morning when he would collect it? Certainly, only too pleased to have been of service!

* * * *

IKEY: "Papa, what's a vacuum?"

MO: "A vacuum's a void, Sonny."

IKEY: "I know, Papa, but vat's the void mean?"

* * * *

Two Irish-Americans, one of whom had never before seen Erin, were representing the United States in Dublin.

"Fifty-three years ago," declared one, "I left Ireland a naked little boy, without a dollar in my pockets."

The audience was greatly affected, and the other speaker decided not to be outdone.

"Until last week," he orated, "I had never set foot in the land of me birth."

* * * *

An officer noted for his fastidiousness, was making a tour of inspection accompanied by an N.C.O. On entering a certain building he was informed that it was being used as a temporary Sunday School. "Oh! I see," he remarked, "I thought the atmosphere was rather sanctimonious." To his surprise and amusement the N.C.O. quickly replied, "Sorry, Sir, leave that to me—I'll have a fatigue party in and have it thoroughly cleaned first thing in the morning."

* * * *

It was a very hot day and cook had already cooked many suppers. Ten minutes break would be welcome, but her only help was a very new kitchen-maid. At last an opportunity came—an order for a soft-boiled egg—so placing the egg in a saucepan, with a few instructions she turned away. In ten minutes she returned to find the girl, fork in hand, looking anxiously at the fast boiling egg. "It's not nearly soft, yet," she said, giving it a prod with her fork!

* * * *

The policeman on point duty just managed to leap to safety as the sports car pulled up with a screeching of brakes. Naturally he was not very pleased, but when he saw that the driver was a very pretty young lady he did his best to keep his temper.

"Do you know anything about the Highway Code?" he asked, more in sorrow than in anger.

"Oh, yes!" she replied sweetly. "What is it you want to know?"

* * * *

Revised Versions :

Only the brave desert the fair.

From a recent play: "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you diet."

The darkest hour comes before the pawn.

* * * *

Romeo was endeavouring to describe Juliet to a friend.

"She must be very beautiful," his friend said.

"Beautiful?" said Romeo. "Why, the moment she enters a bus the advertising becomes a total loss!"

* * * *

"They may be taken as read," as the Socialist remarked to the Conservative who asked him what were his political opinions.

* * * *

A professor of biology, in the course of a lecture, took a small parcel from his pocket, and said to the students, "I have here a specimen of a dissected frog."

When the parcel was opened, however, it was found to contain nothing more than a few sandwiches.

"Dear me," said the professor, "I could have sworn I ate my lunch."

* * * *

"That's where Nelson fell," said the guide, pointing to the plate that marks the spot on the deck of the *Victory*.

"I'm not surprised," said an old lady, "I nearly fell over it myself."

* * * *

"Oh, thank you, my dear," said a wealthy lady, as the little daughter of one of her poor relations handed her a small parcel. "Now, I wonder what it can be."

"It's a fish," replied the child.

"A fish!" exclaimed the lady.

"Yes," said the child; "daddy says it's a sprat to catch a mackerel."

* * * *

One of the late Lord Aberdeen's stories was of two patients in a hospital who were having chicken broth.

"Is your broth very thin?" asked one.

"Aye," replied the other. "I think the bird just walked through it."

"And maybe it was on stilts," commented the first.

* * * *

The following was heard near Old Market Street, Bristol. It was the finale of an altercation between two women, discussing family affairs: What be talking about? Think I can't bring up kids? Why I've buried 'leven."

"And can you tell me what were his last words?" enquired a reporter, who was collecting material for the obituary notice of a local celebrity.

"He had no last words," was the reply. "You'd better just say his dear wife was with him to the end."

* * * *

"It's neck or nothing," as the very short man said when he saw a very tall girl standing under the mistletoe.

* * * *

A lady entered a shop and said she wanted a present for an old gentleman.

"A tie, madam?" suggested the assistant.

"No, he has a beard."

"Well, a fancy waistcoat?"

"No, it's a very long beard."

"Well—how would carpet slippers do?"

* * * *

A thilly young lathie named Ruth
Wunth thaid to her thweetheart
"You gooth—"

I've forgotten the retht,
But 'tith all for the betht,
Ath my typewriterth loht a front tooth.

SIMONDS BEER

is

SUPERB

BRANCHES.

MALTA.



THE LATE MR. JOSEPH HUNT.

It is with deep regret that we have to inform our readers of the passing away of a faithful and trusted servant of our associated Company, Messrs. Simonds-Farsons, Ltd., Malta. Mr. Joseph Hunt, Chief Clerk, succumbed from heart trouble on 18th June last. He had just completed forty years' service, having joined our late Branch in Malta on June 2nd, 1897, at the early age of fourteen years. The assiduity that he gave to his work and his keenness to learn was soon noticed by Mr. H. Harding, then the Chief Clerk of the Branch, who gave him every opportunity to develop those talents that made him a general utility man who could be depended upon to perform and conclude any duty

entrusted to him satisfactorily. His patience and perseverance, the facility of making friends of his colleagues and earning the respect of his superiors had its reward in the year 1929, when the interests of our late Branch were merged with those of Messrs. L. Farrugia & Sons, resulting in the flotation of the present Company, Messrs. Simonds-Farsons, Ltd., and he was promoted to Chief Clerk, which position he held successfully to the date of his death. Mr. Hunt lived for his work and family, outside which he had no hobbies or other interests. His was a steady and regular life which, unfortunately, ended at an early age. His only sport was swimming and he was adept in this art, having been a powerful and expert exponent. He leaves a family of five children, two of whom are at present in the employ of our associated Company. His devotion to duty and exemplary character can be visualised from this small but pathetic incident. His son, serving in a junior capacity in the same office, stayed by his bedside on the morning of the day of his death as he could see that his father was very ill. Mr. Hunt, however, looked worried and the son told him that he was staying with him for the day, upon which, being too ill to speak much, he looked displeased and made an authoritative sign with his hand, saying the one word "Office." The boy obeyed and went to the office and unfortunately was not in time to be near his father when he passed away.

BRIGHTON.

The week ending July 10th may have been rightly called "Army and Navy Week" at Brighton, for both of these services were much in evidence.

On the 3rd July, H.M. Aircraft Carrier *Courageous* and an accompanying destroyer, *Crusader*, anchored off the seafront, and were the object of interest for a few days. On Sunday, the 4th, the Mayors of Brighton and Hove, were invited to lunch with Vice-Admiral N. F. Lawrence and his officers on the *Courageous* but sea and weather conditions were such that the visit had to be postponed; but only for a day, the lunch being given on the Monday, and the same evening the officers dined with the Mayors in the Royal Pavilion.

About 200 of the boats' crews were granted shore leave on the Saturday, which expired on Sunday, but the sea being too rough to attempt embarking from the piers, these men were stranded. However, the Mayor instructed the police to take the matter in hand, with the result, perhaps satisfactory to the sailors, a Brighton caterer found food for them and the Corn Exchange was made a dormitory for the night.

On the 30th June the 32nd Field Brigade, R.A., held an "At Home" at Preston Barracks, and in spite of the inclement weather large numbers of the public attended.

One of the chief interests were rides on the caterpillar tractors, which have now replaced the horses in this Brigade as in others.

Also of interest were the plans and model of the new barracks to be erected at a cost of £180,000. It is expected to start this work in the autumn, and when finished it is anticipated will provide accommodation for four batteries instead of three as at present.

The building of the new barracks will make military history in Brighton, for the town's military forces have been housed in the existing buildings since 1795.

We are pleased to record that the Brighton and Hove Albion Football Club last year had a successful season, a profit of £1,500 being made. This will go towards wiping off the adverse balance accrued during previous seasons.

The Sussex County Cricket team are giving a good account of themselves with some really good displays of the popular game. We trust the writer of "Brewery Jottings" will have an opportunity of witnessing a match this season.

Instead of the usual sports and tea in the vicinity of the Club, the Committee of the West Tarring Working Men's Club decided this year to give the wives and children of the members a different annual outing. This took place on Saturday, July 10th, when over 300 went to pleasure gardens at Burgess Hill, where they were regaled with ices, tea and some money to spend. The Club President, Mr. E. W. Sparks, the Secretary of the Sports Section, Mr. R. Collier, and the General Secretary, Mr. A. J. Stone, were responsible for the arrangements, which went off without a hitch.

Although few of our staff knew the late Mr. W. H. Burton, some of us knew of him and his long connection with the South Berks Brewery. His cheery disposition will be sadly missed in the Newbury district, and our sympathy goes out to the bereaved ones.

BRISTOL.

WINTER GAMES, 1936-1937.

The annual dinner and presentation of "Hop Leaf" trophies took place on Wednesday, 14th July, at the Drill Hall, Bristol. A very successful evening was spent by over 200 of our City friends and tenants. Mr. H. W. Griffin presided over this cheery gathering and presented to the members of each successful team the awards won by their skill during the past season, as below:—

"Hop Leaf" Darts League Medals.

League Champions	Three Horse Shoes.
Runners-up	Hope and Anchor.
Knock-out Cup	Horse and Groom.
Runners-up	George and Dragon.

"Hop Leaf" Double Cribbage League.

Championship Shield and		
Medals	"The Brewery Ten."

(Here we must add, "Well done our side," with the remark that with the "rapid pegging" practice which our boys get every day, they should never be headed on any board!)

Runners-up Cup and Medals	The Lord Chancellor.
Knock-out Cup and Medals	Black Horse, Redfield.

After the presentations an excellent musical programme was enjoyed, and with landlords "filling the flowing bowls" until supplies were exhausted, our "Hop Leaf"-ites had a right merry time. We congratulate all who were responsible for the arrangements; also those who backed these efforts up so effectively. As the Chairman so aptly remarked, "For a first year 'babe' it was a very healthy one"! Well done, all!

The arrangements for the coming season are now being actively pushed forward. It is hoped to have many more darts teams, with the game being so popular a feature of nearly every local house. It is intended to form two divisions for Bristol area if possible, and all Simonds' houses should endeavour to enter. Only by such support can a full success be achieved. Also the cribbage section needs a few more enthusiasts. The trophies are well worth the effort. While we are on this topic, how about a Bristol and District "Hop Leaf" Long Alley Skittle League? Now new alleys are in full swing at the Beaufort, Paxton Arms and Cumberland, to say nothing of the Old Crown, Punch Bowl, Bell, Hope and Anchor, Black Horse (Hambrook), Bell, (Bath), Ale and Porter Stores, Chipping Sodbury, with the Greyhound at Fishponds, the Fox at Midford, and the Ship at Oldbury as well, it should be an easy matter to set the ball rolling and bring grist to many a mill.

We hope the tenants of these houses will get together and utilise their advantages to the full. Our support is assured to any such proposition if the response is forthcoming.

CHEPSTOW RACES.

We were accorded the privilege of supplying our good friends, Messrs. Bertram & Co., the well-known London caterers, at the first summer meeting, a feature of this event being the Simonds' marquee on the lawn of the silver ring, where "I.P.A." on draught was much appreciated by regulars and casuals alike. The "Hop Leaf" pennants looked down on a scene which from their point of view must have been an eminently pleasing one. "S.B." and "Brown Berry" (as the Welsh boys call it) were in evidence on, and in, nearly every hand, while the empties scattered all over the cheaper rings after racing was ended on each day was an even more tangible proof of the growing popularity of these noted bottled beers in the Principality, for to misquote an old racing tag, it was a case of "Simonds first and the rest nowhere"! To merit and retain the confidence of both old and new friends has always been the dominant policy of H. & G.S., for only by maintaining the highest standard of quality and service for so many generations has the name of Simonds become a household word and its trade mark a warranty. On the fields of Chepstow this consistency again had its reward, and many new friends were made.

And just a final personal paragraph. We of Bristol sincerely wish to record our appreciation to Messrs. Bertram & Co. for showing their confidence in the Firm's products by giving us such an opportunity, and especially should we like to mention the help which we received from their Chepstow staff during both the May and July meetings. This made our service a pleasure.

CIRENCESTER CARNIVAL.

The "Hop Leaf" entry in the tradesmen's vehicles class was of particular interest, not only to ourselves, but also to all those in and around the headquarters of this new member of the family "tree." The ingenuity and inventive skill of our foreman carpenter produced a result which even the judges could not resist. This union of Miss M. Churn and Mr. J. Barleycorn was a source of much amusement and admiration on all hands, while the huge result in the rear, with the smaller members of the family also on show, tickled even those of the Victorian era to gestures of mirth. At the St. Agnes', Bristol, display we again livened up proceedings with this entry, and the dumb show on the boards of the vehicle

must have given many onlookers a pain in their sides as it passed on its cheering way. A few thirsty souls even thought we had some free samples aboard—which gives us an idea for next time!



"Hop Leaf" entry at Cirencester Carnival.

LONDON.

H. & G. SIMONDS LTD. CLUBS' DART LEAGUE.

The President is Major F. J. Johnson, the Vice-President Mr. H. Ward, the Hon. Treasurer Mr. Jack Bowyer, the Hon. Secretary Mr. S. Howard and the Hon. Asst. Secretary Mr. G. Byford. The headquarters are at the Munster Club, 298-300, Munster Road, S.W.6.

The final results of the League have just come to hand.

FINAL LEAGUE TABLE.				
	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Points.
Ye Olde Victoria Club ...	21	17	4	48
Acton Social Club ...	21	13	8	39
Hammersmith Stadium Club ...	21	12	9	37
Munster Club ...	21	13	8	36
Eleusis Club ...	21	13	8	36
Bridgeway Club ...	21	8	13	26
Fulham Club and Institute ...	21	6	15	22
Acton Co-operative Club ...	21	2	19	8

This Club League was only formed last year and has proved a great success, due no doubt to the keen but friendly competition existing between the players for the H. & G. Simonds Ltd. silver cup, and the enthusiastic support of all the members. It is proposed to present the cup at a supper and concert to be held at headquarters about the middle of September.

DART LEAGUE TABLE POSITIONS.

"Ye Old Victoria" Dart Club tops the H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Clubs' Dart League table this season with 48 points, having won 17 of the 21 games played and lost four. Munster tie with Eleusis for fourth place with 36 points (played 21, won 13, lost 8) each. Fulham Institute are seventh with 22 points (21-6-15). The League Headquarters are at Munster Club, 298-300, Munster Road, Fulham.—From the "Fulham Chronicle," Friday, July 23rd, 1937.

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

We have had an "attack" on Plymouth by the Navy and Air Force and we have been practically wiped out! The city and dockyard were blacked out for three hours from midnight to 3 a.m. Bombers had a fine time over the dockyard and, in theory, demolished everything. They did not drop any dummies on the Tamar Brewery: apparently the airmen could see the mess we were in, through the alterations, and consequently left the "wreckage" in the capable hands of the builders! The Tamar Brewery is immediately between the North and South Dockyards and at present the Brewery looks like a battlefield.

It was most interesting to see the searchlights and the Territorial Searchlight Companies were very clever in picking up the "enemy" aircraft. In real warfare the bombers may not have had it all their own way. Plymouth is about 60 miles from the coast of France and, after last week's manoeuvres, local people realise how open we were to attack.

At the present time we have a number of Territorial gunners training and manning the forts around Plymouth and the warships attacking would have had a rough time as the searchlights picked them up and the umpires gave them as being hit badly.

INTERNATIONAL REGATTA IN TORBAY.

The Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain held an International Regatta in Torbay, to mark the Coronation year.

Racing was held each day off either Paignton, Torquay, Brixham, Dartmouth or Babbacombe, in which was probably the biggest regatta ever held in British waters.

Some 200 yachts competed in 15 different classes, from the 12 metres to the one design Dart dinghies.

Garden parties and receptions were held during the fortnight, which finished with a banquet and prize-giving at the Palace Hotel, Torquay.

A silver medal was struck to commemorate this regatta, and was presented to the owner of every competing yacht.

Sailing conditions for the fortnight were quite good, with the exception of one or two days when the yachts just drifted around.

Plymouth Royal Regatta was a highly successful affair, although we missed the "J" class yachts, owing principally to the two *Endeavours* being in American waters.

We wish Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith the best of luck in the American Cup contest. He has been sailing at Plymouth Regattas for a number of years and has many friends in the West Country.

PORTSMOUTH.

When the Southsea Waverley Bowling Club held their Junior Championships Competition this year the event was open to all members below the scratch mark in handicap events. Play lasted from 1.30 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. (with a short interval for tea), the competitors having to bowl no fewer than 88 ends (four woods) in meeting each other. The combined ages of the three successful bowlers—Messrs. Jeans, Barnes and Brand—was about 205 years (average nearly 70), and not one of the younger competitors got a "place." For a member of 75 years of age to win a junior championship was in itself remarkable, but the way the veterans lasted through a strenuous day was amazing.

ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT (DEPOT) "AT HOME."

Three veterans of the Regiment, resplendent in bright tunics of the Chelsea Pensioners, were the guests of honour when the official "At Home" of the Regiment was given at Chichester. The eldest was Pte. H. Vokes (81) and the youngest was Pte. Strafford (67). The third member of the trio, Pte. Drummer (78),

spent the week-end in the same hut in which he slept when he joined as a recruit sixty years ago. Two of the veterans stood beside the Colonel of the Regiment, Brigadier-General W. L. Osborne, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., as he took the salute. Nearly 5,000 people visited the Barracks on the occasion. In the evening the recruits and the small permanent staff staged a tattoo in miniature, the most entralling item being as usual the beating of the Retreat by the Band of the 2nd Battalion of the Regiment, conducted by Bandmaster J. Bailey, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M. Other items included a drill display by the Louisberg Squad, the Parade of the Wooden Soldiers (children of the regulars) and gymnastic and physical training display by the Gibraltar Squad, and an historical episode with a setting in the West Indies, illustrative of the British Army's work of policing the world. Most amusing was the running commentary of the Adjutant, Lieut. R. E. Loder, who was also chiefly responsible for the majority of the arrangements which were carried out by permission of the Depot Commanding Officer, Major F. Y. Goring.

Maurice Tate, the famous Sussex bowler, was one of the guests of the West Sussex Police when they played the Chichester Tradesmen for the second time this summer. The Chief Constable (Mr. R. Paterson Wilson), who presided at the luncheon, referred to Mr. Tate's cricket prowess and also welcomed the Mayor of Chichester (Councillor Will Napper) and his cricket team. The Chief presented a grand-daughter clock to P.C. Bennett, of Headquarters, in recognition of his many years' service as unpaid caterer to the Police on their drill weeks and day sports meetings. It had been subscribed for by members of the Sports Club, and P.C. Bennett made a brief reply of thanks.

CAMP STAFF.

This photograph includes all wireless ratings of pre-war or war vintage. With the exception of two, all are entitled to three or four medals—approximately 142 medals in a small staff, the strength of which is only 40, including officers. I do not think you could muster another like it, writes our correspondent. As you can guess, the majority of us are getting near to pension, so entitled to three good conduct badges; total 114. Also, we are composed of Petty Officers and Leading Telegraphists.

May I send greetings to all "Sparkers" at home and abroad from the "Sparkers" at Flowerdown.

Before closing I would like to say we have a fine little club here and a bar which, with the great assistance of Messrs. Simonds, I have been able to make very nice; and I am sure your Traveller will vouch that our bar lounge is a very good advert. for Simonds' Beers.

P4 Flowerdown W/T Station,
Winchester,

J. TURNER,
Canteen Manager.



Unique gathering of wireless ratings.

Doctors say :

SMOKES AFTER DINNER

BUT DRINK **S B** FOR DINNER