

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

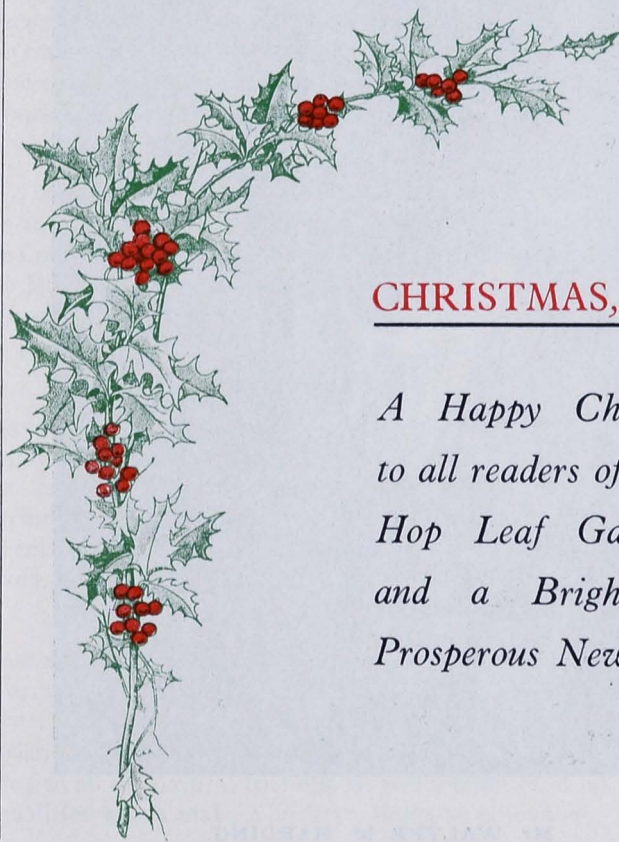
The Monthly Journal of H. & G. SIMONDS, Ltd.

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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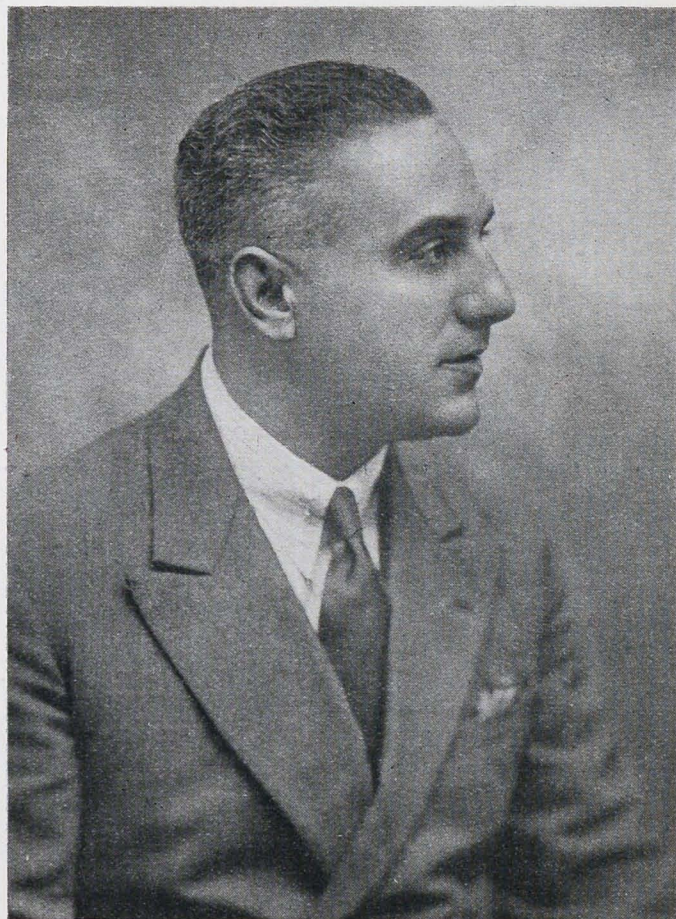
No. 3



CHRISTMAS, 1933.

*A Happy Christmas
to all readers of "The
Hop Leaf Gazette,"
and a Bright and
Prosperous New Year.*

THE BREWERY,
READING.



Mr WALTER M. HARDING.

MR. WALTER M. HARDING, SECRETARY OF MESSRS.
SIMONDS-FARSONS, LTD., MALTA.

The portrait of Mr. Harding, which is presented on our front page this month, will be recognised by many members of the staff of the Firm who made his acquaintance during his several visits to this country.

Born in the capital of Malta in 1896, in close proximity to our offices in Strada Reale, Mr. Harding was educated at the Collegiate School, Valletta, and afterwards continued his studies at the Lyceum. Imbued with the enthusiasm and longing for knowledge and realizing the need and importance of business training, he took courses in accountancy, during which he obtained his certificate, and thereby equipped himself for his present position.

Mr. Harding joined the staff of our Malta Branch in 1912 and in 1923 he was selected to supervise the business we were then doing in Constantinople which he successfully carried through. Returning to Malta he served there until the formation of the firm of Messrs. Simonds-Farsons, Ltd., in 1929, when he was appointed Secretary, a position he has very ably filled.

The social amenities of Malta, which embrace sports of all kinds, have found in Mr. Harding a willing supporter. He was a keen athlete for many years and amongst other games he has indulged in cricket, football, boxing, hockey and water-polo, besides gymnastics and physical culture. A fast 500 yards swim daily forms a part of his routine and the exercise keeps him fit for water-polo, of which he is fond.

Mr. Harding is a versatile musician and amongst many instruments which he plays, the violin, which he studied for many years, is his favourite. He has a wide circle of friends and is very entertaining as an escort to visitors viewing the wonders of the Island. He is of a fervent disposition and possesses in a great degree all the natural friendliness and attributes of his countrymen, qualities which make a visit to Malta so enjoyable.



EDITORIAL.

MR. GAVIN T. SIMONDS, K.C.

Mr. Gavin T. Simonds, K.C., has been elected a Fellow of Winchester College to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Lord Grey of Falloden.

GOOD BEER.

The tiniest brewery in the world is the subject of one of the biggest research reports on beer ever published. It is installed at the Rothamsted Experimental Station, Harpenden, and brews beer from 2 lb. of barley at a time for a committee of brewers to taste. Its task, as described in the "Investigations on Barley, 1922-31," Report of the Institute of Brewing, is to help Sir John Russell and Dr. L. R. Bishop to discover for the institute and British farmers exactly what kind of barley makes the best beer, and why, and how it can best be grown. As a result of the use of the tiny brewery and of ten years' research into the nature of barley grain, the effects of weather and soil on barley, and the mysteries of malt extract, it has been discovered, provisionally anyway, that the quality of beer does depend on something in the barley. The more nitrogen there is in the barley (and fen soils, for instance, cause a high nitrogen content), the better the beer is for immediate consumption, but the rougher if it is kept for any time. The less nitrogen there is (as on chalk soils) the more delicate and perfectly flavoured is the beer if it is kept for any length of time.

CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

JONES: "Political economy is a ticklish subject. A man has to be wide awake to understand all about it. For instance, the very ideas of Capital and Labour—"

BROWN: "Look here! that is simple enough. Supposing I borrowed £50 from you, that would represent Capital."

JONES: "To be sure."

BROWN: "Then after a while, you would be trying to get your money back. That would be Labour."

INCREASED BEER CONSUMPTION.

The official figures showing the quantity of beer brewed in the United Kingdom and charged with Excise duty during the month of September last show that the increase in the consumption of beer since the duty was reduced, and the price consequently lowered by 1d. a pint, continues to be maintained. The quantities in standard barrels are:—September, 1932, 1,106,740; 1933, 1,314,604—an increase of 207,864 standard barrels, or 18.78 per cent. The duty

was reduced on April 26. The figures for the five months, April to August, are—1932, 5,993,446; 1933, 6,712,071—an increase of 718,625 standard barrels, or 11.99 per cent.

A QUAIN RHYME.

The King Charles Inn, at Goring Heath, near Reading, has recently been placed under new management. Mr. R. Dennett, the former tenant, has left the district, and the new landlord is Mr. J. Higgins. Some two generations ago, another inn, the "Collins End," on the adjoining Cherry Common, was made a private residence, and the licence was attached to the present inn. Collins End Inn was noted for its associations with King Charles I, who frequently visited the place when a prisoner at Caversham House during the Civil War, and he played his favourite game of bowls there. The old sign commemorated his visits in a quaint rhyme, as follows:—

Stop! Traveller, stop! In yonder peaceful glade
His favourite game the Royal Martyr played,
Here stripped of honour, freedom, children, rank,
Drank from the bowl, and bowled for what he drank,
Sought in a cheerful glass his cares to drown,
And changed his guinea, 'ere he lost his crown.

A NEW USE FOR BEER.

The *Morning Post* states: A final and crushing blow has been dealt the prohibitionists by a Toronto lorry driver, who had the nous to surround himself with bottled beer before venturing upon the high road. When, as usually happens to motorists sooner or later, his lorry met the "immovable obstacle," overturned, buried him under the ruins, and burst into flames, he lay as cool as the proverbial cucumber in a shower-bath of cold beer until the flames were quenched and his rescuers dug him out. It is the simplicity of the contrivance which is so attractive. All great ideas are simple. To think of the time, expense, and cranial grey matter which has been expended on inventing automatic fire extinguishers, when the obviously perfect safety device lay at hand! If this lorry driver had not been carrying beer, a bier would now have been carrying him. The moral is evident. We foresee the day when insurance companies will insist that every motorist be safeguarded against calamity by taking on board a prescribed quantity of quart bottles, in bond, clearly marked "for external use only, in emergencies." Future coroners will thereby find their task considerably simplified. "Death by criminal negligence" will be the invariable finding when it is obvious that the victim was not, in accordance with the regulations, carrying the prescribed safety quota of beer.

"JIU-JITSU?"

The night was dark and the hour was late as a solitary wayfarer passed along the deserted street.

Suddenly three figures emerged from the shadows, marked their prey, and then attacked him. Three to one is powerful odds, but the wayfarer held his own. One by one his assailants landed with a thud on the ground, battered and bruised, their clothing torn.

A policeman hurried up and surveyed the wreckage.

"Fine work!" he said, addressing the hero, who was calmly lighting a cigarette. "Jiu-jitsu?"

"No," answered the hero. "Railway porter!"

APT QUOTATIONS.

I do not know why it is fashionable to single out publicans for specially hard treatment. They have gone through a very hard time in the last two years, and they deserve consideration just as much as any tradesman.—*Sir Percy Harris, Bt., M.P.*

More people are killed by over-eating than by over-drinking. Alcohol is both a food and a medicine. . . . For those who labour on the land, for the manual worker in shop and factory, an occasional tankard of ale or stout can do nothing but good.—*Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bt., C.B.* (President of the New Health Society), *Daily Mail*, August 3, 1932.

Alcohol is drunk by healthy people on account of (a) the sense of well-being which it induces, and (b) its flavour, but alcohol is also (c) a fuel foodstuff of definite energy-producing value. . . . British light beers and cyders are ideal beverages for the under-nourished. Not only does light ale derive half its calories from solid matter, but half a pint contains less alcohol than a tot of whisky.—*Dr. W. F. Christie, M.D.*, in the *Practitioner*, December, 1932.

MEDICAL OPINION ON ALCOHOL.

"Knowing the medical profession as I do, I should say that a large proportion is of the opinion that alcohol is of definite medicinal value. If you ask for my personal opinion, I should say that alcohol is of definite medicinal value."—*Dr. H. H. Dale, Secretary to the Royal Society and a Director of the National Institute of Medical Research* (in his evidence before the Royal Commission).

THE DRINKER'S COMPLAINT.

A writer in the Australian *Mercury* puts the case for the drinker versus the restrictionist wisely, amusingly and well:—

It is of supreme importance to every individual who likes a quiet glass to know what restrictions the Law proposes to put on his tipping—when his thirst may be legally assuaged, and when alleviation ranks as a first-grade crime. I realise that even I, with my modest pint or occasional brandy and soda to keep out the cold, am classed with lepers and felons. The mark of the beast is indelibly stamped on my forehead so that little children reel from me as I pass them in the street. Knowing all this, and that drinking when one is thirsty is taboo, I have grown used to being required to crawl over broken glass and down drain pipes to satisfy my vile craving. I admit that it is a far, far worse thing I do than man has ever done, when I try to do at five minutes past six what my neighbour Brown did openly at five minutes to the hour. So steeped in sin am I that I carry with me disguises as a traveller (compass, yardarm, parrot and tattooed anchor) and lodger (nightcap, bed socks, and candle-snuffer) for use if Curfew finds me on licensed premises.

WHY SO MUCH WATER?

"Peter Simple," in the *Morning Post*, writes: Beer is coming back as the national beverage; barrels and barrels more are being put away. But on top of this comes the puzzling announcement that London is consuming more water—283 million gallons every day. Where does it all go? Into baths or glasses of Scotch? At this rate the flow at Teddington Weir may become a mere trickle, and the Chairman of the Conservators be threatened with more of those sleepless nights to which he once confessed. However, the average man won't care very much where the water goes so long as it doesn't get into the beer.

THE BEST BARGAIN.

Mr. Yeo, of the "Castle Inn," Hurst, has the following lines exhibited in his well-known hotel:—

He that buys land;
 buys many stones.
He that buys flesh;
 buys many bones.
He that buys eggs;
 buys many shells.
He that buys SIMONDS' BEER;
 buys NOTHING ELSE.

U.S. EXPECT £30,000,000 A YEAR.

Beer drinkers in the United States will contribute, it is estimated, £30,000,000 a year in taxation to the Government. Treasury figures for the first six months of legal 3.2 per cent. beer show that £14,988,896 was collected in beer taxes; and £1,232,993 was raised by special levies on brewers and distributors. An additional £221,024 was yielded by the tax on 3.2 per cent. wine.

A COMPLETE FAILURE.

General E. J. Higgins, head of the Salvation Army, landed at Plymouth on his return from the Canadian Salvation Army Congress at Toronto. "Prohibition has been a complete failure," he said to a reporter. "I was in favour of Prohibition at the outset. It was a great and wonderful experiment, but it failed because the world was not ready and the machinery broke down."

FROM "THE READING STANDARD."

From that very interesting column in *The Reading Standard* headed "Gossip of the Week," I take the following:—

Our erudite contemporary, THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE, has been delving deeply into musty tomes of the law, and the result of its painstaking research is a discovery that reveals for very many years past eminent judges and learned magistrates have been doing something which they ought not to have done, and doing it, too, without apparently any qualms of conscience.

And this is it: "During the reign of Edward VI a law was passed making it a penal offence, punishable by imprisonment, for any person to solicit or induce any of the King's lieges to abstain from alcoholic drinks." And this law, we are told, "has never been repealed." "So if a magistrate persuades a man to be teetotal he is liable to imprisonment"!

Now they know, eminent judges and learned magistrates are not likely to take any risks in future. Henceforth they will probably be content merely to advise alcoholic miscreants "to take more water with it."

The paragraph referred to was very widely quoted in the London Press and abroad, some of the papers making a great feature of it. Altogether the quotation must have appeared many millions of times.

Such is the influence of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE!

UNDERSTANDABLE MISTAKE.

A kind-hearted vicar observed a woman slowly pushing a pram up a very steep hill. He volunteered assistance, which was gratefully accepted. When, after much exertion, he reached the top, he said the woman, "No thanks at all. I'm delighted. But, as a little reward, may I kiss the baby?" "Lor' bless you, sir," said the woman, "it ain't a baby, it's my 'usband's beer."

SUPERIOR
INTELLIGENCE
MAKES
OUR
NATION
DRINK
SIMONDS!

DEATH OF MRS. ISA QUARRY.

We deeply lament the passing of Mrs. Isa Quarry at her residence at "Redlands," Fareham, on Tuesday, 7th November. The late Mrs. Quarry was the fourth daughter of the late Henry John Simonds of Caversham and widow of Lieut.-Colonel John Quarry of The Royal Berkshire Regiment. She was grandmother to Mr. R. St. John Quarry whose portrait appeared in the August issue of this journal. No greater tribute to the memory of this estimable lady can be made than in the paragraph which appeared in *The Hampshire Telegraph and Post* and which is quoted in the contribution received from our Portsmouth Branch. Our sympathies go out to the relatives, by whom this grand old lady will be sadly missed.

"YE MILLER OF MANSFIELD."

A newly-painted sign which has recently been hung outside the old "Miller of Mansfield," Goring, recalls the old tradition associated with this ancient house. On one side of the sign is a figure representing the Miller himself, a rotund gentleman of rubicund face and jovial mien, while through the doorway of the inn we can see a peep of the mill-wheel and the river. On the other side, looking towards the High Street, is a picture of the miller entertaining the King, Henry II. The King, wearing a bright red cloak over his doublet, is seated on a stool by a table laid with homely fare in the inn parlour. The miller stands opposite, and both are toasting each other with glasses raised. The artist is Mr. C. H. Chapman, of Caversham Heights, and the work has been carried through by the staff of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds.

THE BREWERS' SOCIETY AND ADVERTISING.

STATEMENT BY MR. F. A. SIMONDS (CHAIRMAN).

In connection with the controversy which has recently been published, Mr. F. A. Simonds, Chairman of the Brewers' Society, addressed the following letter to the Press on the 22nd November :—

"The resolution of the Newspaper Society repudiating the suggestion 'that the editorial policy of the Press of this country can be dictated to or influenced by the purchase of advertising space by any trade interest,' and the appeal of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Brewers' Society to disavow any such intention in their proposed advertising campaign, command our deep respect. On behalf of the Brewers' Society I trust the following observations may be accepted as candid answers to his Grace's appeal.

"The Brewers' Society welcome and endorse the resolution of the Newspaper Society referred to in the statement of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and on their part repudiate the suggestion that free editorial comment can be influenced by those taking advertising space in any paper. Brewers stand by the policy, which they declared several years ago, of promoting temperance and improving trade conditions. No advertising campaign which, in their opinion, might be injurious to that established policy will have their support, but the society hold themselves free at any time to advertise the qualities of beer as a healthy beverage just as other industries advertise their products, and are satisfied that the improved and up-to-date service which has been built up of recent years demands public presentation through advertising in the Press and otherwise."



A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.).

AUTUMN-TIDE IN THE WOODS.

A DAY'S PHEASANT SHOOTING.

The colour schemes of Nature, always wonderful, have indeed been beautiful this Autumntide and in the woods one could stand and look around in amazement at the picture of the leaves in all their varied glory. I like to think of them as ripe rather than dead. A soft zephyr breeze would blow and as these leaves fluttered down to enrich the earth, aye! and to appear in a still more beautiful form at the resurrection, in the early spring, one felt that these showers of golden snow spoke only of hope and happiness and conveyed a meaning that was far too deep for words.

THE BEATERS BEGIN.

Tap tap, tap tap, the beaters have entered the wood. A frightened rabbit makes a dart for a tree stump, remains in hiding for a few moments, darts out again and disappears like a flash. Over the tree tops appears a bird every bit like a jay. The jay has a peculiar flight and the way in which it flaps its wings makes it easily distinguishable. This particular bird, as it approached, flapped its wings in precisely the same manner. Bang! One of the guns—for I was privileged to be present at a pheasant shoot—thought he would put paid to that mischievous jay's account, but missed. And as the bird flew away, in size and flight it appeared totally different. We certainly had a clearer view of it and knew then that the bird was a missel thrush. It was only a question of a few seconds, and when the bird first came into view we were as sure it was a jay as afterwards we were certain that it was a missel thrush. How easily we are deceived. The day was very dull and perhaps the poor light had something to do with the temporary deception.

WONDERFUL WORK OF THE RETRIEVERS.

There was some excellent shooting and I noticed that one of the guns brought down six birds with three successvie lefts and rights—a praiseworthy performance. And how those retrievers worked! When one covert had been shot, so many birds had been marked down, and within a very short time a Labrador retriever had brought every one of the pheasants to his master's feet. If a bird was killed outright the retrievers would let it lie where it dropped until that particular beat was finished. But not so with wounded birds. No sooner did these faithful creatures notice a

"runner"—and they appeared to miss nothing—than they were off like a flash. The bird was quickly overtaken and brought to the keeper who very promptly and mercifully ended the pheasant's sufferings.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM.

And there was much other evidence as to the wonderful manner in which these dogs were trained. Outside the wood in some long dry grass a little rabbit was cosily nestling in its form. The retriever noticed it, but that was all. And when the rabbit bolted right in front of the dog's nose the retriever unconcernedly pursued the even tenor of his way. Rabbits! of course, knew the retriever, did not come under the category of "game."

As I have said there was some excellent shooting. But there were some bad misses too. A pheasant rose, came over one of the guns "dead easy." Bang! Bang!! But instead of dropping stone dead the bird flew on unharmed. A retriever was standing close by and never shall I forget the look of contempt in that dog's eye. Perhaps it was just as well that it was not the dog's master who missed the birds in this fashion—evidently unforgiveable in the eyes of the retriever.

THREE WOODCOCK.

I had the great good fortune to see three woodcock. "'Cock over" from the beaters put me on the alert and then I saw pass through the woods, in almost silent moth-like flight, these birds of velvety looking mottled plumage with rich chestnut markings and wonderful bills—almost as long as a dressmaker's. There is something intensely pleasing in seeing a woodcock rise and glide away as silently as an otter glides off the bank and into the water. Their markings are very beautiful and harmonise wonderfully with the undergrowth of the woods. A woodcock on her nest—what a sight in the sunlight on the bracken!

Woodcock are said to carry their young between their thighs or on their backs.

A FINE FOX.

There were many other interesting sights and sounds during this delightful day in and around the woods. While the beaters were nearing the end of another covert a fine fox made his appearance and came quite close to at least half a dozen sportsmen but not one raised his gun. Then a little owl came into view. A couple of shots were fired at him without apparent result, then

shortly afterwards I heard the "pink pink" of many chaffinches and I knew that they were mobbing him.

It is mid-November, but I saw a little batmouse on the wing, some of the primroses were in bud, and a ladybird lit on a plant at my feet.

What wonderful weather, beautifying and filling, with an ever-increasing interest, this very wonderful world!

A PILGRIM'S GRACE.

Give me a good digestion, Lord,
And also something to digest;
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
With sense to keep it at its best.
Give me a healthy mind, good Lord,
To keep only the good in sight;
Which, seeing sin, is not appalled,
But finds a way to set it right.
Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine or sigh;
Don't let me worry overmuch
About that fussy thing called "I."
Give me a sense of humour, Lord,
Give me the grace to see a *joke*;
To get some happiness from life,
And pass it on to other folk.

SOCIAL CLUB.

H. & G. SIMONDS' FOOTBALL CLUB.

The following are the results of the football club's activities up to the time of going to press. We are not having things all our own way in the league games but, as can be seen, really creditable performances have been put up in the cup draws. The first round in the Reading Town Senior Cup put us up against Wallingford Town who are leaders in the premier division of the leagues, and before our match with them were unbeaten on their own ground. For this win the *Berkshire Football Chronicle* awarded a "Certificate of Merit" which is not given without very good reason. Flackwell Heath was not by any means a good draw but we were able to return home winners. In the third round we faced Thatcham (our

bogey team). Two weeks previously they defeated us in the league game by 3—2, but for the cup we were able to reverse the result by winning 3—2 which, coincidentally, has been the score in each round. We all hope we shall maintain this record in the semi-final, the draw for which is not yet made.

The team was successful against St. George's Lads Club in the Berks & Bucks Junior Cup. The match against the Factory is awaited with keen interest. Unfortunately, many of our first team men are not eligible to play in this match owing to it being a Junior cup.

In the Currie Cup, Shinfield went home defeated and we are due to meet Wokingham Town in the second round, the date to be fixed later.

The second team have not been so successful but are bringing on many very useful men who are called upon to help the first team on many occasions :—

FIRST TEAM.

P.	W.	D.	L.	Points.	Goals.
					F. A.
6	3	1	2	7	22 15

LEAGUE MATCHES.

v.	Waltham St. Lawrence	away	won	3—2
"	Thatcham	home	lost	2—3
"	R.A.O.C., Didcot	away	draw	2—2
"	Ditto	home	lost	3—4
"	Old Wilsonians	home	won	4—3
"	Wymans	home	won	8—1

SENIOR TOWN CUP.

1st round—v.	Wallingford Town	away	won	3—2
2nd round—"	Flackwell Heath	away	won	3—2
3rd round—"	Thatcham	home	won	3—2

BERKS AND BUCKS JUNIOR CUP.

1st round—Bye.						
2nd round—v.	St. George's Lads Club	home	won	3—1
3rd round—"	Biscuit Factory	away	December 2	

CURRIE CUP.

1st round—v.	Shinfield	home	won	3—1
2nd round—"	Wokingham Town	away	date to be fixed.	

BRITISH BREW.

NO BAD BEER IN ENGLAND TO-DAY.

Mr. Guy Dale, head of the firm of Cambridge brewers, addressed members of the local Rotary Club after their luncheon at the Dorothy Cafe, and his remarks afforded an interesting insight into the brewing industry. Among the points which he made were :—

" We have all heard there is good beer, beer, and no bad beer, and I think that is generally right throughout England to-day. One thing which has impressed me tremendously in going round is the soberness of the people you meet, and we brewers are particularly pleased about it." One so often heard that beer was made from hops, said Mr. Dale, the opinion being that that was the chief ingredient. This rather drove brewers to a nervous breakdown, because hops, although supplying a certain process, were not the basis of the brew, which was barley malt. He gave his hearers a warning : " We never refer to water as water in a brewery, but as liquor. There is always a fine in a brewery for that, and we have a box which is sent along to Addenbrooke's. Every time our guests call water water something goes into the box. I cannot tell you why it is, but it has been so for many, many years."

EXERCISE FOR THE CREW.

In the temperature in which the " mash " was shovelled out of the mash tun the exercise was very good for reducing weight, and members of the Cambridge crew from time to time, when they found they were putting on a little extra weight, asked to be allowed to get into the tun, where they would have a race with the brewery employees. To-day people did not like too bitter a beer, but one of a rounder palate, which was obtained by putting in sugar. Hops often found floating in a cask of beer were those added when the beer was in the cask to give it something to feed on when standing still. " Of course," added Mr. Dale, " we always give a reward for hops returned." (Laughter.) People still came to the brewery for a few hops to make the old-fashioned remedy for insomnia—a hop pillow—and invariably they came back and said it had done the trick.

" SUNSHINE " IN BARLEY.

In choosing his barley the brewer had to be very careful, for it was essential there should be a lot of " sunshine " in it. Dale's obtained all their malt from Barnwell, which was very convenient, since there was no chance of dampness getting in during the short

transit. Lager beer was growing in popularity in this country, but he did not think it would ever take with the mass. If you gave a working man a glass of lager beer he rather looked down his nose at you. In recent years beer had improved tremendously. To-day in this country the liquor industry was capitalised to the extent of £500,000,000, giving employment directly in breweries to 617,000 people, and altogether to 1,567,000. Consumers of beer, wines, and spirits contributed each year to the Exchequer £140,000,000, one-fifth of the cost of running the nation, and the duty on a glass of beer was just under half of the cost. The great strides being made by the bottling departments of most breweries, caused by the public's preference of the easily manipulated bottle to the barrel, was in one way good for the industry, entailing more labour and machinery, and allied trades on the engineering side had reaped great benefits. On the subject of sobriety Mr. Dale said he could not remember when he last saw a really drunk man. A fellow who wanted to sing a song was very different from the man who in the past got really "canned." This improvement he attributed largely to education, to the different aspect of the public-house, and particularly to the improved modern public-house.

THE MISTAKES OF LIFE.

HERE ARE SOME OF THEM, TRITELY TOLD.

To expect to set up our own standards of right and wrong and expect everybody to conform to it.

To try to measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

To endeavour to mould all dispositions alike.

To look for perfections in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied.

Not to make allowance for the weakness of others.

To consider everything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To estimate people by some outside quality, for it is that within which makes the man.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Don't worry about what the world thinks of you. The world has several billions of other people to think about.

The mind is like a trunk. If well packed it holds almost anything; if ill packed, next to nothing.

To think nothing of ourselves and always to judge well and highly of others is great wisdom and perfection.

Good health and a good conscience are beyond price.

Standing on your dignity does not help you in seeing over the heads of the crowd.

"The happy man is he
Who has no enemy,
Who as he lives
Forgets, forgives."

One of the sorriest discoveries for the quickly grown rich is the realisation of the things which money can't buy.

The road to success is filled with women pushing their husbands along.

A road of a thousand miles begins with one step.

The only money a rich man can take with him to the grave is the money he has given for good causes.

What people think of you is not half so important as what you know about yourself.

Some orators are easy to hear, but mighty hard to listen to.

Big talk means little knowledge.

More of us get what we deserve than what we want.

Character is made by the little things you stand for. Reputation, by the things you fall for.

CURIOUS INN SIGNS.

HOW SOME OF THEM WERE COME BY.

Colin Gray, writing in the *Northern Daily Telegraph*, states: Have you ever stopped to think why inns have signs? The reason in the first place was that in olden times the inn had to attract the attention and speak to the intelligence of the illiterate, and in those days it was the actual picture hung outside the inn that was important. Many of the pictures that still remain are exact replicas of the ones used centuries ago, and if they appear crude to us, that is the reason why. It was the general illiteracy of the times also that resulted in corruptions of the names of England's hostelries, many of which are still in use. Thus we get the "Cat and Fiddle," which was originally "Le Chat Fidele," and the "Goat and Compasses," a "derivation" of "God Encompasseth Us," an old Puritan catchword. Another good example is the "Bull and Mouth," which was in the first place called "The Boulogne Mouth" in commemoration of the taking of this place during the reign of Henry VII.

To those who find journeying boring, I would give the advice that they study the inn signs en route. There are few that are not ingenious enough to attract the traveller's attention and appeal to him in some way.

"FIRST IN, LAST OUT."

The names of inns in more remote parts of the countryside are often particularly arresting. Suggestive indeed, are the "First In, Last Out," "The Bird in Hand," and the "Who'd 'a Thought It." The following are time-hallowed country names also: "The Homeward Bound," "The Barley Mow," "The Honest Miller," and the "Fat Ox."

Some especially odd and humorous names that must surely bring a smile to the face of any traveller seeing them, however weary he may be of his journey, are the "Dog and Bacon," "Fanny on the Hill," "The Cat and Custard-Pot," "The Old House at Home," "The Crooked Billet," "The North Pole," and the "Pride of Life."

Other unusual appellations are the "Crown and Cushion," "The Plume and Feathers," and "The Brown Jug."

The many signs bearing arms and heraldic animals are "descended" from the days of the great landowners, and they are those of the overlord upon whose territory the inns were once set up.

How widespread the lands of the De Warennnes, for instance, must have been can be judged by the number of their "Chequers" inns that are to be found all over the country.

Signs with rhymes are to be found in some places, and some of them are most amusing. A fairly common one is "The Bull," beneath which is found the following verse:—

The Bull is tame, so fear him not,
All the while you pay your shot.
When money's scarce and credit bad,
'Tis that that makes the Bull run mad.

DAYS OF THE TURNPIKE.

A sign that recalls the days when turnpikes were a great hindrance to travellers on the road is "The Gate." Generally the sign itself is a small gate hung aloft and bearing the inscription:

"This gate hangs high and hinders none,
Refresh and pay and travel on."

Sometimes on the other side is to be found the traveller's reply:

"I am refreshed: here take your pay;
Be sure I'll come another day."

Famous men have at various times made different inns well known. For instance, Dr. Johnson always brings to mind the "Cheshire Cheese" in Fleet Street, and Dickens has immortalised the "Leather Bottel" at Cobham, "The Bull" at Rochester, and the now, alas! departed "Golden Cross" in the Strand. Then there was the "Belle Sauvage," which some say commemorated the Princess Pocahontas and her Captain Smith. Though at one time it was a very famous posting inn, the premises are now occupied by a well-known publishing firm.

Such names as "The Packhorse" and "The Packsaddle" are reminiscent of the times when most of our roads were only passable in winter by packhorses. "The Woolpack," another quite-often-met name, denotes that the inn stands on a road that at one time led to one of the old woollen staples.

At Dover may be found an inn bearing the unique sign "The Case is Altered." The reason it came to have such a strange appellation is full of interest. In the days when smuggling flourished about this part of the coast the inn was called "The Black Horse," and it was renowned as a smugglers' resort. Later on, however, the place changed hands, and the new innkeeper, to point out that his ways were more lawful than those of his predecessor's, hung out a new sign. An ingenious idea much to be commended!

"GAMES AND GAMING."

THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE LAW.

One of the most intricate problems confronting new tenants of licensed houses must be the difficulty of ascertaining what can be permitted in the way of games and other forms of amusement by customers without infringing the law, and, therefore, although it is not possible to be dogmatic, a few comments on this subject may be acceptable as a gesture intended to point out the way of safety.

All things strictly lawful are not always expedient and this must be borne in mind when dealing with Bench-made law, which, although having no status in statutory enactments, must be respected; this particularly refers to Sundays.

Section 79 of the Licensing (Consolidation) Act, 1910, governs the situation and is as follows:—

The holder of a Justices' licence shall not

- (a) suffer any gaming or unlawful game to be carried on on his premises; or
- (b) open, keep, or use his premises in contravention of the Betting Act, 1853, or suffer his premises to be opened, kept or used in contravention of that Act.

The first point forbids "gaming or any unlawful game." To close his eyes to what is obviously going on is to lay himself open to the charge of "suffering" the gaming to be carried on. Playing a lawful game for a prize provided by non-competitors, without entrance fee, is NOT gaming, but the playing of any game, whether lawful or unlawful, whether of chance or skill, for money or money's worth, staked by the competitors, IS gaming. In rooms where games are permitted, notices should be exhibited, "Gaming strictly prohibited." Any laxity which makes it possible for a customer to leave licensed premises with any part of another customer's hard-earned wages must be guarded against.

Gaming has roughly been defined as an amusement where the element of chance exceeds the element of skill, but games of skill must not be played illegally, i.e., for money or money's worth.

Darts, cards, draughts, dominoes, shovehalfpenny, skittles, pin bagatelle, etc., are lawful games if played for amusement only, without stakes, but

Baccarat, faro, roulette, hazard, dice (except backgammon), brag, house, nap, pontoon, put and take, spinning tops, etc., are unlawful games and cannot be allowed on licensed premises.

The playing of billiards is governed by the Gaming Act, 1845. The holder of a full licence may keep a public billiards table, bagatelle board, or other instrument used in similar games without additional licence. The holder of a beer licence, or wine licence, may not do so without having first obtained a Justices' Billiards Licence, when the words "Licensed for Billiards" must clearly be displayed in a prominent position near the door on the outside of the premises. The forbidden times for billiards, etc., are between 1 a.m. and 8 a.m. on week-days and all day on Sunday, Christmas Day, Good Friday and special days appointed as a public fast or thanksgiving and on those days the billiards room must be kept closed. Licensing Justices can add a condition to a Billiards Licence that play can only take place during the week-day hours for the supply and consumption of liquors. A lodger, or guest, is not permitted to play billiards during prohibited hours and this also applies to the licence holder and his family and friends.

Except for billiards, etc. (as above), statutory law regarding games is exactly the same for Sundays as for week-days but where the local Justices or police authorities specially request that no games be played on Sundays it is usually advisable to respect such intimation. The licence holder has to remember that there are certain lawful games which very few people play at all unless for some sort of stake, and if the wish of the authorities is not observed they could, if they were so minded, very easily find some trivial element of gaming which if made the subject of a summons would probably result in a conviction with the consequent loss of status to hold a licence. Some Counties or Divisions are still adamant about Sunday games, but, in recent times, a more lenient spirit is often exhibited and such games are permitted with the stipulations, "No illegal games, no gambling and no noise!!" Licence holders are well advised to ascertain the desire of the authorities in their particular area. To forbid legal games on week-days,

except in very special circumstances, would be tyrannical and would do more harm than good and such prohibition could not be tolerated.

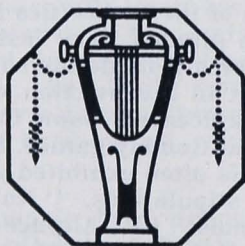
Whist, if not played for money or money's worth, is not unlawful. Whist drives in club rooms are lawful on licensed premises if the rooms are private and the prizes are not given by the licence holder, or the promoter of the entertainment, or contributed to by those playing and no entrance fee charged, but as this form of amusement is almost always carried on for prizes it assumes, on the face of it, the appearance of forbidden gaming so far as licensed premises are concerned. The law also forbids all draws, raffles, lotteries, sweepstakes, football competitions, etc., on licensed premises, as they are schemes for distributing prizes by lot or chance and the offence is "Keeping a lottery."

Betting on licensed premises is regarded as a very serious offence and licence holders must not permit their houses to be used for the purpose of betting under any circumstances whatever.

Automatic machines, in almost every case, should be avoided. Most of them, such as "Fruit" machines and "Totalisator" machines, are definitely illegal and in many others the element of chance predominates and the only really safe thing is to have no gaming machine in the house.

From the above it will be seen that it is very important for every tenant, especially those new to the Trade, to make themselves fully conversant with the law on these matters.

C.B.



BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER).

Our issue for November was welcomed everywhere, especially as it came along so much earlier.

LETTER FROM MR. H. SWAIN, TORONTO.

The letter from the above gentleman published in our last number was of real interest to many at The Brewery and quite a number recollected him. His reference to having served under Mr. Eric was very pleasing. Mr. Eric says he well remembers Mr. Swain being in his Company, during the South African War, and that he was a stretcher bearer. He wishes to be remembered to Mr. Swain and trusts he is prospering. Possibly Mr. Swain also recollects Mr. T. Allum, who was also a stretcher bearer. On showing the letter round, several members of our staff recalled memories of Mr. Swain. Mr. H. Killford, Mr. F. Josey and Mr. F. Kirby all knew him. Mr. Kirby says Mr. Swain went to Greyfriars School and he remembers shaking hands with him on his return from South Africa. I have sent Mr. Swain a copy of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE and also written him, so that he will see how much his letter was prized at H. & G. Simonds.

DEATH OF MR. SYDNEY JAMES TURNER.

Regret was widespread at H. and G. S. when we learned of the death of Sydney Turner in a motoring accident at Virginia Water. Mr. S. Turner was an employee of the Firm for a good number of years. He was well known and well liked. He commenced his duties at Bridge Street in 1904 and served in several offices. Whilst in the Estates Office he jumped into the Kennet, which flows swiftly past the office windows, in an attempt to save the life of a fellow employee named Frank W. Newman. The following extract from the *Daily Mirror*, March 17th, 1913, gives a graphic description of his brave action:—

DIVED 16FT. FROM WINDOW.

FOOTBALLER'S GALLANT ATTEMPT TO SAVE LAD FROM DROWNING.

Reading, March 16.—The story of how a footballer dived from some office windows in a gallant, but unavailing attempt to save a fellow employee from drowning last night. A nineteen-year-old lad, named Frank W. Newman, who was employed in the stables of Messrs. H. and G. Simonds, brewers, of Reading, was exercising a horse in the yard near the firm's premises which adjoin the

river Kennet, when the animal suddenly became restive and plunged into the river with Newman on its back. The river, which is over 20 feet deep at this point and much swollen from the recent heavy rains, was running swiftly, and Newman was soon in difficulties. He tried to save himself by jumping off the horse, but the strong current took him to the other side of the river. A rope was thrown to Newman, but he could not grasp it. Then it was that the attention of Sidney Turner, the Reading All Saints goalkeeper, and a clerk in Messrs. Simonds' estate office, which overlooks the river, was drawn to the plight of the lad. Merely divesting himself of his coat, he dived gallantly from the window—a height of some 16ft.—into the river.

"The lad was twenty yards in front of me," said Turner, "and I swam hard and caught him up almost at the bottom of a timber yard. I grabbed his hair with one hand and a man brought a long pole for me to seize, because he apparently thought I had the lad. "I caught the pole and the lad at the same time, but Newman dropped and went right under. I dived, but there is a strong current at this point of the river, and I could not see him. Once again I dived, and then I felt myself sinking and was pulled out just in time. I am much grieved that my efforts were unsuccessful, but I was greatly impeded by my boots and clothing."

Dragging operations were at once carried out by the Police, but it was two hours before Newman's body was recovered. The horse was rescued by aid of ropes.

For this act of gallantry the Directors presented him with a gold watch, suitably inscribed, and if I remember rightly we of the staff subscribed for and gave him a gold watch chain.

His father used to be at the Horse and Groom, Ascot, and Sydney always used to have his holidays during Ascot race week. I well remember his tales of Ascot races, of how busy they used to be, and of beer being served out of buckets.

He called in at the offices during this year and except for perhaps being a bit bigger in build, seemed to be the same Sydney as of yore. He was a good fellow and a good friend. His passing was very tragic and to all his relatives our deepest sympathy is hereby expressed at their grievous loss.

CHANGES OF TENANTS.

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

- The Horse and Groom, Mortimer (South Berks Brewery Co., Ltd.)—Mr. F. H. Soper.
- The Bull and Butcher, Sandhurst (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. W. Miller.
- The Bacon Arms, Newbury (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. L. S. Searle.
- Off Licence, 24 West Street, Osney, Oxford (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. V. Organ.
- The Fisherman's Arms, Devonport (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. E. S. Baxter.
- The Swan Hotel, Chertsey (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. B. F. Wates.
- The King's Arms, Tamerton Foliot (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. F. Tweed.
- The Plough and Harrow, Chinnor (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. W. King.
- The Plough, Shalbourne (South Berks Brewery Co. Ltd.)—Mr. W. Scott Hunter.
- The Plough, Horton (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. W. H. Haines.

DEATHS OF TENANTS.

We regret to report the following deaths during November, and to all relatives we extend our sincere and deepest sympathy :—

- Mr. C. J. G. Timberlake, The Swan, Wycombe Marsh. Mr. Timberlake had been tenant of the Swan for five years and his death at the early age of 30 years is a very sad one.
- Mr. W. R. Daws, The Crown and Anchor, Slough, who had been a tenant for 13 years of Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd. Formerly, Mr. Daws was steward of the Working Men's Social Club, Slough, for twenty years.
- Mrs. S. Hayward, White Hart, Watlington, died on the 16th November, 1933. Mrs. Hayward had been tenant at this house for very many years.

HAVE TIMES CHANGED ?

The following from the pages of the *Sunday Times* would seem to suggest that times in England have not altered much in the last 100 years. Of course beer is somewhat dearer :—

JOHN BULL'S TROUBLES.

Sir,—The following lines, published in 1817 under the heading "John Bull," are I think, not inapplicable to the present day :—

Are the troubles of John Bull never to cease ?
 First, he's ruined by war, then he's ruined by peace ;
 Wherever he turns in his front or his rear,
 A Foe, or a Budget, will always appear.
 And Sisyphus like, as he toils up the hill,
 The weight of his burden precipitates still.
 Of something or other he's always afraid ;
 Now he fears for his cash, then he fears for his trade ;
 He fears for the State when provisions are dear ;
 If cheap, for the land and the farmers, his fear.
 And 'tis only when danger assaults him too near,
 That he ceases to grumble, and ceases to fear.

ERNEST MORGAN.

Fleet Street, E.C.4.

FOOTBALL.

Reading stock has risen considerably during the last few matches owing to a very welcome improvement in play and also results. At the moment we are holding a very good position on the league table and it seems that promotion is more than a remote possibility. The cup-tie fever has commenced and by the time these notes appear in print we shall know whether Reading are still interested, as on November 25, 1933, they visit Watford.

Plymouth Argyle seem to be improving, but if they still continue to sign on South African and Canadian footballers they will be qualifying for the League of Nations.

Aldershot have several friends at The Brewery, but since their impressive defeat of Reading they certainly do not seem to be doing so well. Possibly the forthcoming cup tie will prove to be the tonic they need.

Brighton are proving erratic but judging by their display at Elm Park they SHOULD do well for they played a clever, keen and sporting game.

Portsmouth seem hard to sum up, for they lose at home one week then the next week they win away from home, at least sometimes.

PLEASING NEWS.

MORE BEER DRUNK—EFFECT OF REDUCTION OF THE DUTY.

An increase in the consumption of beer since the reduction of the duty—conditional upon increased strength—in this year's Budget is shown by Mr. Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a written answer to a Parliamentary question.

Apart from a decrease in April there has been an increase every month, the largest recorded being that in October, when the number of barrels on which duty was charged was 1,222,000 standard barrels, against 975,000 in 1932, and 1,640,000 bulk barrels, against 1,346,000 in 1932.

The smallest increase was in June, when the figures were standard barrels 1,324,000 (against 1,210,000), and bulk barrels 1,993,000 (1,703,000).

MR. S. HINTON.

As briefly mentioned in our last issue the above member of the staff has taken over the position of Mr. E. H. Kelly, who has been transferred to Messrs. Arthur S. Cooper, 29 Market Place, Reading. Mr. Hinton has served in several offices of the Firm with distinction. He is well known in Reading and district particularly owing to his activities on the concert platform, as he possesses a very pleasing voice. One of the original members of the first H. & G. S. concert party he was a great success both with his songs and his acting in the sketches. His duets with Mr. G. V. Weait were splendid and many of us remember with delight the song "Watchman, what of the Night."

Mr. S. Hinton, who is now a member of the travelling staff, has impressed with his pleasing manner, tact and keenness. I am sure everyone will wish him every success in his well deserved promotion.



THE COUNTRY HOTEL.

ITS PLACE IN THE LIFE OF THE COUNTY, BY H. W. WALTON.

(From *The Countryman*.)

Altered characteristics in manners and customs of people to-day—largely due to legislation—have materially affected the social position of the Country Hotel, or Inn as some would prefer to call it, and have lessened its influence upon life in the County.

At the moment there is a growing confining restraint in the usefulness of the County Inn. This unfortunate position is largely the outcome of an indiscriminate statutory control of licensed premises regardless of the character and nature of the business carried on. In many instances of appreciable change in prosperity, the cause may similarly be attributable to the Great War.

Necessary, in the stress of the moment, was the greater part of our legislation, but the time is long overdue for considerable repeal, thus allowing a resumption of the harmless liberty and freedom in trade once enjoyed by the Country Hotel.

With permissive initiative, and a return to time-honoured customs, a beneficial and welcome change in business and social life may reasonably be expected. To recall the customary atmosphere of the Country Inn in former days becomes but a pleasurable dream. Mine host enjoyed the respect and esteem of squire and parish priest alike, while yeomen and every other class of honest worker mingled in harmonious pursuit of their respective callings. The Inn was accepted as the appropriate place of meeting and under the personal and untrammelled guidance and control of a landlord of excellent character and repute, orderliness remained the motto for securing good conduct. Sellers and buyers assembled outside and inside the Inn on the accustomed market day. Here would be seen collected men who were daily engaged in every description of farming and other industries. Squire and husbandman, stockman and dealer, hop merchant and brewer, miller and corn merchant, saddler and horse-keeper, veterinary and horse coper, each enjoying a crust of bread and cheese and a draught of honest English Brewed Ale in mid-morning and afterwards settling their deal with the usual monetary allowance for luck.

A generous and friendly spirit prevailed, class distinction existed and was freely acknowledged and accepted by all as right and proper. In this acknowledged distinction between men few exhibited a dominating or offensive attitude towards an inferior, nor would the latter be often found guilty of presumption towards the former. At the midday 'ordinary' there gathered around the food-laden board a large proportion of those attending market,

when cuts from a spit-roasted joint were dispensed under the competent carving of one of the company of recognized social position and learned ability in the art. The general conversation was one of mutual interest and the pleasing hum of voices a suitable accompaniment to digestion of food and thought. Here and there was expressed an opinion of importance conducive to profitable farming. In addition to the regular weekly 'ordinary' market dinner, there occurred with unfailing regularity the rent audit dinner, given by respective landed proprietors; while the tenants themselves held their several sheep-shearing and harvest suppers within the same walls.

The position and influence of the old-fashioned Country Hotel in former days is little understood by the present generation. Contented and prosperous were both host and customer, each recognizing their respective needs and requirements. All business hours were long but not irksome, owing to the pleasantries of contact and intercourse allowed by law at the Country Hotel.

At last, however, came a time when folly threatened to overcome reason, and legislation (which can never become a solution of the evils occasioned by drink) became the keynote of control, individual freedom, which engendered self-respect, being no longer accounted part of the ordered life in the County.

One could enumerate many a Sussex Country Hotel which still retains, in a small degree, its former position and influence in social matters, but taxation and restrictions are fast proving the industry an unprofitable one, so that none but those with loose capital dare venture to enter the field of so worthy and honourable an undertaking as 'mine host' of the Country Hotel.

The guest of to-day, similarly subject to heavy taxation, rightly and closely scrutinises the tariff of charges, in addition to examining the accommodation afforded before engaging rooms. An age of progress in comforts has induced in the minds of some a desire for the latest improvements often unattainable in old-world hotels even by extensive alterations. There happily remains, however, the guest who prefers a quaint old-fashioned Hotel, provided it is clean, and serves good, well-cooked English food in appetizing manner on a snowy tablecloth. The influence of such an Inn possessed of old-world amenities is remarkably soothing to the mind of a busy man, who for a few hours is freed from the pestering thoughts of telephones and travel, business and staff worries.

Rest and refreshment is what is needed to-day with fewer limitations, thus allowing the Country Hotel to recover much of its former prestige and to earn a profit that will ensure the licence

being held by a person worthy of the time-honoured name of Host. It was pleasing to note that the Hotel and Restaurants Bill recently before Parliament had passed the Commons Committee and awaited the final stage, but it was killed 'on time.' This Bill would have materially improved the position of the Country Hotel by creating a distinct status and giving it a rightful position in the licensing world as affecting the life of the County.

THE "INTIMATE DIARY" OF LORD LIDDELL.

Good stories abound in Lord Liddell's book, recently published, and the two given below are of interest.

He recalls that when Mr. Lloyd George, visiting St. James' Palace for a conference, saw the portrait of the Marquis of Granby hanging there he found much satisfaction in it.

"There," said L.G., "is the man after whom many public houses are named. And he looks the part, I am glad to see. He looks as if he knew what good stuff was."

The "Markis o' Granby," as Sam Weller called him, was a famous and popular soldier over a century ago.

* * * *

On one occasion, Lord Riddell says, there was an amusing discussion with Mr. Lloyd George on drink.

"I often wonder," said L.G., "if you took a debtor and creditor account of the advantages and disadvantages to the world of alcoholic drink, how the balance would come out.

"On the one side you would have to put a vast amount of squalor, misery, and crime, but, on the other hand, a still greater amount of happiness, contentment, pleasurable anticipation, and excitement.

"On the whole I think I should find the balance in favour of liquor."

Lord Reading (formerly Lord Chief Justice) disagreed, and said "I think of all the horrid cases due to drink which come before the courts."

"Yes," said Lord Riddell, "but, on the other hand, think of the millions of people who every day enjoy a glass or two of beer or wine with their meals or during the evening."

A GREAT THOUGHT.

Did you ever see a huge snowslide?

It starts so slowly that it can hardly be seen to move.

As it gains momentum it gets faster and faster, until it attains an indeterminable speed, and is only checked by the gully at the foot of the mountain from whose side it started.

It sweeps big trees away as though they were matches, and if houses happened to be in its path, they are crushed like frail toys.

A snowslide is a long time in the making.

It is composed of countless millions of tiny flakes from snowstorm after snowstorm, and is often the accumulation of years.

One snowflake alone would soon melt or freeze, and in either case evaporate and be of no force for good or harm.

A snowslide is a fine example of the power of co-operation, and what can be accomplished by concerted action.

THE LATE MR. W. R. DAWS.

The following extract is from the *Slough, Eton & Windsor Observer* :—

DEATH OF MR. W. R. DAWS.

(Proprietor of the Crown and Anchor).

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. William Richard Daws, proprietor of The Crown and Anchor, High Street, Slough, at the age of 58 years.

Mr. Daws was born in Slough, and lived in the town all his life. He was steward at the Working Men's Social Club in William Street for twenty years, and he went from there to The Crown and Anchor where he was for thirteen years.

He was a member of the Slough and District Licensed Victuallers Association, and was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him.

The funeral took place at St. Mary's Church, Slough, and the service was conducted by the Rev. J. W. Stratton.

The mourners were: Mrs. Daws (the widow), Mrs. J. R. Allgrove, Miss Barbara Daws (daughters), Mr. J. R. Allgrove (son-in-law), Mr. and Mrs. Tom Daws (brother and sister-in-law), Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Shephard, and Mr. J. W. Allgrove.

Mr. Frank G. Bowyer represented Messrs. H. and G. Simonds, the brewers, and the Slough and District Licensed Victuallers Association, and among others present were Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Ault, of the Floral Arms, and Mr. Walter Leader.

BREWERS AND THE BRITISH BARLEY GROWERS.

BETTER DEMAND FOR BRITISH BARLEY.

At the 12th annual general meeting of Associated British Maltsters, Ltd., which was held recently in London, Capt. H. N. Hume, M.C., chairman of the company, presided and said :—

"It is perhaps unfortunate that the acreage under barley in this country should show a big decrease just at a time when business is beginning to recover, for all our own statistics show that the great majority of the brewers are loyally doing their best to carry out their undertaking to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to use a considerably higher proportion of malt made from home-grown barleys. It is probably not realised by the general public that brewers have to carry in their own hands and in the hands of their maltsters large stocks of malt sufficient to meet their requirements for months ahead.

"It therefore follows that they had to use up their stocks of malt made from imported barley before they could give full effect to their undertaking just referred to. And this is undoubtedly what actually happened, because our deliveries of malt made from home-grown barley during the months of April to August, 1933, inclusive, showed only a slightly increased percentage as compared with our deliveries of malt made from imported barley, whereas from August 1, 1933, up to the present date our deliveries of malt made from home-grown barley show a very marked increase, whilst the deliveries of malt made from foreign barley show a slight decrease in spite of the increase in our trade.

"If our statistics are representative of the malting industry as a whole—as I think they are—then it is clear that the British farmer is now getting an increased demand for his barley considerably in excess of that represented by the extra demand which has arisen in consequence of the larger output of beer, and this goes to prove how unfair and inaccurate is the criticism which is being levelled in some quarters. Under these changing conditions it is undoubtedly more difficult for our managing directors to estimate the requirements of the trade, and we may have to reorganise some of our units which are equipped entirely for handling the foreign barley malt trade."



THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Molly says she's wildly in love with her new motor-car."

"Yes! Another case where man is displaced by machinery."

* * * *

HOSTESS (gushingly): "You know, I've heard a great deal about you."

PROMINENT POLITICIAN (absently): "Possibly, but you can't prove it!"

* * * *

CLIENT: "I don't like these pictures. They don't do me justice."

PHOTOGRAPHER: "Justice? Lady what you want is mercy."

* * * *

SUITOR: "Er—I—er—em seeking your daughter's hand—er—have you any objection, sir?"

FATHER: "None at all. Take the one that's always in my pocket."

* * * *

SHE: "Do you suppose this coat can be worn in the rain or would the wet hurt it?"

CLERK: "Why, you never heard of a seal taking an umbrella along with it!"

* * * *

SMALL BOY: "Mister, you sell motor car parts, don't you?"

ACCESSORY DEALER: "Yes, my boy."

SMALL BOY (displaying old inner tube and rear light): "Well, how much would the rest of 'em come to?"

* * * *

MR. NEWGOLD (entertaining neighbours): "All our knives are stainless. I think they have a more delicate flavour than the stained ones."

"What's this, honey?" said Mrs. Youngbride's husband, as he speared a slice from the dish.

"Lucifer cake, dear."

"I thought you said you were going to make angel cake."

"I was, but it fell."

* * * *

"How is the patient's heart action this morning, nurse?"

"Splendid, doctor. He's proposed to me twice already!"

* * * *

DISGRUNTLED PATRON (emerging from cinema): "I've never seen a rottener picture."

COMMISSIONAIRE: "Ever had yer photo took?"

* * * *

YOUNG MAN (to jeweller): "Will you take back this engagement ring?"

JEWELLER: "Didn't it suit?"

YOUNG MAN: "Yes, but I didn't."

* * * *

YOUNG HUSBAND (breathless): "I got your phone message and came at once. Whatever has happened?"

YOUNG WIFE: "Oh, darling, you're too late. Baby had his toes in his mouth and he looked so pretty."

* * * *

OLD LADY: "Can't you cheer your little brother up and stop his crying?"

SMALL BOY: "Well, did you ever try to cheer anybody up that's just had five bananas, two hot pies, and seven ice creams?"

* * * *

"Do you call that a veal cutlet?" he demanded of the waiter. "Why, such a cutlet is an insult to every self-respecting calf in the country."

The waiter hung his head and said, in a tone of apology: "I didn't mean to insult you, sir."

* * * *

Two business men were discussing a new addition to a certain board of directors.

"I hear he's got a handle to his name," remarked one.

"Well," returned the other sardonically, "he was always a bit of a mug."

* * * *

"Brown has found a cheap way of educating his twins."

"How?"

"He sends one in the morning and the other in the afternoon, and only pays for one."

* * * *

WIFE: "Have a look at the cake I decorated for my birthday party. Don't you think my sense of design is wonderful?"

HUSBAND (counting the candles): "Yes, but your arithmetic is terrible."

* * * *

MRS. NEWLYWED: "What is the meaning of the words 'abstract' and 'concrete'?"

MR. NEWLYWED: "If you promised to make a cake, that's abstract; if you make it, that's concrete."

* * * *

TEACHER: "Your mother buys a hat for two guineas, a coat for five pounds and a pair of shoes for thirty-five shillings. Now what's the result?"

WILLIE: "A row with dad."

GUEST AT COUNTRY INN : " Charming place this is—seen the old wing ? "

SECOND GUEST : " Oh yes, had it for lunch ! "

* * * *

SHE (gushingly) : " I enjoyed your first book, ' Love's Perfect Dream.' "

AUTHOR (who has married since writing it) : " Indeed ; but don't miss my last one, ' The Awakening.' "

* * * *

" All your fingers bound up ! What have you done ? "

" I bought my wife a potato peeler for her birthday, and when she said she couldn't make it work I had to show her how simple it was. "

* * * *

" Thank you, gentlemen," protested the political candidate, as he was hoisted shoulder high, " but I prefer to walk to my car. "

" Stop where you are, guv'nor, you're goin' in the river. "

* * * *

A professor was deep in his work when his wife called, " Harry, the baby has swallowed the ink. What shall I do ? "

" Write with a pencil," was the dreamy reply.

* * * *

The boss, who has just put in an appearance at a football match : " So this is your uncle's funeral ? "

Office boy (with great presence of mind) : " Looks like it, sir. He's the referee. "

* * * *

BUTLER : " Professor, the next room is on fire ! "

PROFESSOR : " Why worry me ? Am I in the next room ? "

An actor married a wealthy woman and had retired. One day he and his wife were out walking when they passed two actors who had known the husband.

" There goes Bill," said one of them sneeringly, " with his labour-saving device. "

* * * *

Kind old lady on a holiday trip, to fellow passenger who is a bad sailor : " They say a novel will sometimes distract one's thoughts from sea-sickness—would you like to read this one ? "

" What's the title ? "

" The Great Upheaval. "

* * * *

DESPONDENT FORGER : " Business is terrible, I've just spent two months copying the signature of a well-known millionaire, and now he's gone bankrupt. "

* * * *

DENTIST (to small boy who has had some teeth extracted) : " Never mind, Bobby, they'll soon grow in again. "

BOBBY (eagerly) : " Will they be up in time for dinner ? "

* * * *

" How'd you get on at the races to-day, Ted ? "

" Not so bad. Found a shilling after the last race, so I didn't have to walk home. "

* * * *

COLLEGE GRADUATE (standing on street corner) : " Madam, could you give a poor cripple enough for a cup of coffee ? "

KIND OLD LADY : " My poor lad, how are you crippled ? "

COLLEGE GRADUATE : " Financially. "

* * * *

H. & G. SIMONDS SOCIAL CLUB CHRISTMAS TREAT.

The Children's Annual Treat will be held on Saturday, January 6th, 1934. The usual arrangements will be carried out. Parents are requested to see that their children arrive at the Club by 3 o'clock p.m. Helpers will be in attendance at 2.45 p.m., and children will not be admitted before that time. The Treat will be over at 6 o'clock p.m., at which time the Committee's responsibility ceases. Children of school age are invited on condition that their fathers are bona fide members of the Club. The Treat is intended for children only and any parent who feels obliged to remain in attendance will be charged sixpence towards the cost of the tea. Tickets of admission will be issued for each child whose name is registered on the form which can be obtained in the Club.

W.B.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

In Reading she was Maudie,
 In Goring she was Sue ;
 In Peppard she was Hilda,
 And known in Bray as Lou.
 In Ascot she was Bertha,
 And known to all the bunch ;
 But down in his expenses
 She was Petrol, Oil and Lunch.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

Through the kindness of the Directors of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd., Alice, the well-known elephant, and a number of the beautiful ponies of the Sangers' Revue appearing at the Reading Palace were housed at the Firm's stables during the week. Alice on her trips to and from the theatre has caused considerable interest, and on her return to her quarters at the Brewery requires no piloting, trotting in as though she has been a resident all her life at this famous Firm. Alice views the varied life at the Brewery with keen appreciation and heaves many a heavy sigh as the lorries laden with the Firm's choice products pass her stable door. When she leaves Reading she would, no doubt, like to pack her trunk with a sample of the world-famed "S.B." to fortify her on the way to her next engagement.



Is the Elephant saying "S B"?



Satisfied Because—

BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

The Portsmouth R.N. and R.M. cross-country team met the Reading A.C. on November 4th over a course of nearly six miles starting from Emmer Green near Reading. The R.N. and R.M. team was not quite so strong as had been hoped and Reading lacked the assistance of Close, who won the Junior and Senior South of the Thames championships last year. From the start the R.N. and R.M. team went well away with A.B. Carter in the lead but when the trail branched out into the country, Nichols of Reading went ahead. The visiting team were handicapped by lack of knowledge of the course and on one occasion Barnett lost 12 places which took a good deal of regaining. The course was chiefly level meadowland with one small copse and about a mile of good ploughland. E. A. James ran splendidly to finish within 50 yards of Nichols of Reading and if he had known the course he would probably have done even better. After another Reading man had finished third the R.N. and R.M. team packed eight men into the next ten places and this was sufficient to ensure a victory over the civilian team. A.B. Barnes, who was just back in the Home Fleet in the *Warspite*, ran well, finishing fourth and A.B. Langford, who finished fifth, has hopes of a good season. Counting twelve to score the team results were :—

Portsmouth R.N. and R.M. team : 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 16, 19, 21=126 points.

Reading A.C. : 1, 3, 8, 9, 14, 15, 17, 18, 20, 22, 25, 26=178 points.

It was with feelings of deepest regret that we heard of the passing of the late Mrs. Isa Quarry at her home at "Redlands," Fareham, on Tuesday, 7th November, after being unwell for some time. The deceased lady was the fourth daughter of the late Henry John Simonds of Caversham and widow of Lieut.-Col. John Quarry of the 66th Royal Berkshire Regiment. Perhaps the warmth of esteem with which this lady was held and her nobleness of nature, cannot better be described than the words of the *Hampshire Telegraph and Post*, which says :—

"The passing of Mrs. Quarry, of 'Redlands,' Fareham, occasioned deep regret, not only in the town itself, but throughout the County, for she was widely known and held in very

high esteem. She was a lady whose power and influence for good lay in the beauty of her character, her kind disposition and generous nature. Though a great Conservative and churchwoman, Mrs. Quarry, with that strong sense of justice which she possessed to a remarkable degree, did not allow politics or religious scruples to come between her and any act of generosity which she could bestow to further the public weal Though always delicate, Mrs. Quarry was possessed of undaunted energy and spirit, and although practically an invalid for the last eleven months of her life her warm heart, ever-open purse and active mind sympathized with an helped and directed many good works."

As another Christmas will be over before the next issue of the GAZETTE, we should like to take this opportunity of extending to all readers our best wishes for Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

BRIGHTON.

November brings two outstanding events, viz. :—Municipal elections, and the celebrations of Guy Fawkes Day, which latter, perhaps, is taken notice of at Lewes as much as any other place in the country.

Like Reading, Brighton has this year a Lady Mayor, and in the person of Miss Margaret Hardy the borough has a very efficient ruler of its destinies for the coming year. Miss Hardy has no relatives to take the office of Mayoress, so has arranged for past Mayoresses to take weekly turns to help her with the many engagements she has to attend.

Mr. J. D. Cassels, K.C., M.P., Recorder of Brighton, alluded to this system of a new mayoress each week in a speech at the Mayor's banquet. "I can only hope," he said, "that if any of her successors should propose to follow her example, they will at least do it with discretion."

A huge bonfire on Cliffe Hill, overlooking Lewes, marked in the year 1606, the first anniversary of the discovery of the gunpowder plot and Guido Fawkes' arrest. The frustration of his scheme to blow up the Houses of Parliament is still commemorated

in Lewes, where, on the 6th November this year, members of six Bonfire Societies, and crowds of other people, joined in the annual bonfire carnival. For hours, men, women and children paraded the streets in fancy costume, and carrying torches, banners and effigies, just as their forefathers did, and in the case of each Society, a huge bonfire was lit, addresses were delivered amid the explosions of fireworks, and the clever set pieces on which each Society prides itself were set off.

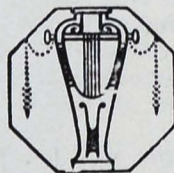
Cliffe Society, which claims to be the oldest of its kind, is still true to the religious significance of the "Fifth" and, as in the past, included in the procession an effigy of Pope Paul V. Guido Fawkes, in effigy, figured in all the processions, while the Borough Society included also a representation of Catesby. The set pieces, in every instance, were well up to the standard of past years, and the climax was very little marred by the showery weather.

In olden days great fires were lit in the streets, and blazing tar barrels were dragged along the roads. This continued till 1905, since when the celebrations have been carried out with more decorum, and a greater regard for safety.

An interesting article on "The Country Hotel," written for *The Countryman* by an old friend of the firm, Mr. H. W. Walton, of the White Hart Hotel, Lewes, is printed elsewhere in this issue.

We thank the writer of the "Brewery Jottings" for his remarks regarding the football match between Reading and the Brighton & Hove Albion. We men of Sussex love the game, whether football, cricket, or any other sport and, win or lose, uphold the best traditions of an Englishman.

May we take this opportunity of wishing the Directors and all connected with the firm, a very happy Christmas.



THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

With very many regrets we, and all at Plymouth, bade au revoir to our old Mess friends of the 2nd Battalion Wiltshire Regiment, who during their period of service here had made themselves one of the most popular units which we had ever had.

We hope those personal friends of ours, R.S.M. Newton, C.S.M. "Daddy" Newman, and C.Q.M.S. J. Frost have by now comfortably settled down and are preparing for a good time in the festive season ahead. Our heartiest greetings—and a reunion in the not far distant future to us all!!

R.S.M. Wilkinson, our very energetic supporter, who writes us from Malta is, we are glad to record, still able to sit up and take nourishment of the right kind, as depicted in the accompanying snap, after a week in "dock" with fever—"a unique opportunity for the excellencies of Milk Stout to be personally tested, and found not wanting," writes our gallant friend—and now the Battalion is settling down to its task. In sport and markmanship we have yet to meet its peers, and we will always follow their achievements with the keenest personal interest.

The compliments of the coming season to you all at Malta from the "Tamar"!!



Group of Sergeants Mess Members and Wives, 2nd Batt. The Rifle Brigade, taken outside Simonds'-Farson's Brewery, Malta.

We now extend a hearty welcome to the two Battalions who have lately joined the Plymouth Garrison, and hope by now they are feeling quite used to our West Country ways and byways.

Those staunch friends, the 1st Battalion The Royal Sussex Regiment, we have known in other climes than these, in both a sterner and warmer atmosphere than Devonport ever knew how to be—when Captain "Nutty" Wise and his musketry co-experts R.S.M. Willis, Sergeants Wratten and "Tich" Oram wore the red and white "flash."

We have many pleasant memories of this splendid Battalion's war-time representatives, and the present wearers of the famous badge can count on "Hopleaf" support wherever they may be stationed.

Also the arrival of that distinguished unit, the 1st Battalion Prince of Wales Volunteers from Catterick, was a very pleasing event to us all. Crownhill should certainly suit these hardy sons of the north, with its keen moorland air, and wide expanse of Devon's hills and dales.

To take the place of such a popular Battalion as the 2nd Wiltshires places a very high responsibility on all ranks, but these men also have high traditions behind them, and guard with jealous care the heritage which they have entered into. May their West Country experiences be completely happy ones is our sincerest wish in this renewal of old "Hopleaf" associations. We have a rather ambitious billiards team—ask the "Moonrakers"; and many pleasant evenings have we spent at the Hutments. One "Volunteer" being worth ten ordinary men, we await events—in fear and trembling.

For nearly 40 years the responsibility of catering for the requirements of those hardy fisherfolk of Kingsand, as far as that popular rendezvous the Rising Sun Inn is concerned, has been in the hands of the family of Mr. O. S. Jenkins, our present tenant, and it therefore gives us the greatest of pleasure to reproduce a memento of a very happy event which took place a week or two ago at Maker Church at the early hour of 8 a.m.—an hour which gave the locals very little opportunity to display that affection which they have always had for the members of Mr. Jenkins' family.

In taking unto himself a wife, and a Kingsand born lady at that, our worthy representative has accepted the oft proven wisdom of choosing her from near at home—a very sound principle too!

May this union be blest and long favoured with happiness and untroubled skies is our sincerest wish.



Mr. O. S. Jenkins of the Rising Sun and his Wife.

Once again it is our privilege to close these notes by wishing the Directors and all our confreres at home and abroad a happier Xmas-tide, and a more prosperous New Year—both in a personal and a commercial sense—with more optimism than we had a year ago.

And now for the Xmas rush! Here's to Ye all!!

SERGEANTS' MESS, 6TH BATTALION DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT.

The photograph of the Sergeants' Mess at Whitchurch Camp, which appeared in our September issue, was taken by Mr. R. L. Knight, Artist and Photographer, Barnstaple, by whose kind permission it was reproduced.

OXFORD.

A BOTTLE OF "S.B."

*Farewell land of stinks and corncobs
To thee I bid farewell,
I am going to England
And you can go to ———.*

The above delicately expressed farewell was some seven months from consummation, while the number of chicken still to be eaten before leaving Nigeria for home seemed appallingly large. It must be explained that the "West Coaster" of those days—the year was 1912—would count his time by the number of native fowls he would have to consume before he crossed the bar at Lagos on the homeward voyage.

In those days refrigerators were a practically unknown luxury on the Coast, and the staple flesh diet was a collection of sinew, gristle and bone, which the cook would flatteringly call "chicken."

It was the wet season, and the lower reaches of the river Niger wound through a country of stinking swamp and forest, whose trees hung with closely matted slimy tendrils drooping into the foul slime below. The whole land was a festering sore on the face of the earth.

Frayed nerves were strung up to breaking point by the perpetual and monotonous sound of rain on the corrugated iron roof of the bungalow. Trade was at a standstill, shooting was impossible, magazines and newspapers had been read over and over again, including the advertisements, and my colleague and myself had arrived at that state, so common where two men are cut off together from the remainder of their fellows, of positively hating the sight of each other.

"For God's sake let us shut up the store and go down to Warri for a few days," my companion suggested. Within half an hour "chop boxes" were packed, canoe boys routed from slumber, and we were away.

Even the native boys seemed glad of a change, for all through the night they paddled cheerfully away in spite of the rain and the clammy heat, while we two white men, seated in deck chairs, endeavoured to snatch a little sleep, with kind permission of the seventy million mosquitoes who constituted themselves as an escort.

At about 11.30 a.m. the broad waters of the Warri water front opened up before us and we were shortly enjoying the hospitality of our fellow exiles at Messrs. ——— factory. We had apparently timed our visit most opportunely, for the arrival of one of the famous Woermann (German) line of merchant steamers was expected that afternoon.

Shortly after three o'clock the vessel was sighted slowly steaming up river, presenting a welcome spectacle to the few Europeans to whom, whether English, German or French, she represented a touch of home. The pleasure with which we accepted her Commander's invitation to dinner on board that evening can only be appreciated by those who have lived for months on tinned and native chop—all food on the West Coast of Africa is known as "chop"—served by the inevitable house boy of doubtful cleanliness.

The dinner served up to us that night would have titillated the palate of the most exacting epicure. Each course was preceded by just the right kind of drink to make the visitor appreciate to the full the good things to follow.

After dinner, our cigars drawing smoothly and while we were enjoying a programme of the newest records played on the then most up-to-date instrument, my eye caught the word "Reading" on a case in a far corner of the saloon. "That word reminds me of home," I remarked to the steward who was attending to our liquid requirements: at the same time I indicated the case in question. "That is some English beer, would you like some?" was the reply. Can a duck swim? In a few minutes I was enjoying for the first time in many months a long cool drink of honest-to-goodness British beer; a wonderful contrast to the perpetual lager which was at that time the only kind of beer obtainable in West Africa.

I now know the brand as the famous "S.B." Sometimes it is an old letter, a whiff of perfume, a photograph, or perhaps an old waltz that takes us back on the magic carpet of memory to the days that are past, and strangely enough the memories thus revived are mostly happy ones. Thus it was that the taste and smell of that never-to-be-forgotten bottle of "S.B." brought back to me from over the ocean an old English country inn, with ancient oak

beams, sanded floor, a cheery fire, the sight of faces and the sound of voices of old friends and companions who had joined together to bid me God speed a night or two before I left for Africa.

I have visited that old inn many times since then, but never has it seemed so real to me as it did that night far away in West Africa, brought to me through the medium of a bottle of "S.B."

R.P.D.

ROYAL ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS NO. 4 SECTION, DIDCOT—SERGEANTS' MESS ARMISTICE CARNIVAL BALL.

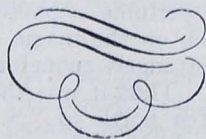
By the courtesy of our friends the members of the W.O's. and Sergeants' Mess, No. 4 Section R.A.O.C., Didcot, we spent a very enjoyable time with them on the evening of November 11th, the occasion being their armistice carnival ball.

The catering, decorating, and in fact everything, was well carried out, reflecting great credit upon those responsible for the organisation of such a successful party. A very efficient jazz band provided both melody and rhythm for the dancers; loud speakers were installed in secluded spots by means of which those attending a "euchre-istic" conference in the lounge were constantly reminded of their obligations to terpsichore, but, we grieve to say, without much response.

Among those present were Colonel J. H. Stone, D.S.O., and the Misses Stone, Major G. C. Eveleigh, Major and Mrs. H. C. Whitaker, Major and Mrs. L. H. Aste, Major A. C. H. Eagles, M.C., Captain and Mrs. Stagg, Captain and Mrs. C. Hunt, Captain and Mrs. Malcolm and Lieutenant J. Sedgwick.

We offer our hearty congratulations to sub-conductor McCann for the able way in which he carried out the office of Master of Ceremonies, and our best thanks to the members of the Mess for their very kind invitation.

Oxford staff send a message of Good Cheer to all friends at the Brewery, Branches and Allied Companies.



LUDGERSHALL.

The following report is taken from *The Andover Advertiser* of November 10th:—

THE MAYOR FINDS A PEARL.

CURIOUS INCIDENT AT OPENING OF NEW GARAGE.

For the past few weeks a new garage has been in course of erection on the London Road, Andover, near the juncture of the Ox Drove, and on Monday morning the Mayor (Mr. F. L. Shrimpton) performed the opening ceremony and wished the proprietor, Major J. B. W. Phelps, the best of luck in his enterprise. Refreshments were afterwards partaken of, and while the Mayor was enjoying some oysters he was astonished to find a fair-sized seed pearl in one of them.

Others present were Mr. C. Dowling, Mr. F. Sherwood, Mr. A. Sherwood, Supt. S. Bennett, Mr. C. E. P. Bunney, Mr. N. Bound, Capt. W. Dukes, Mr. P. Barker, Rev. H. E. Clatworthy, Wing Commander Stent, Capt. Meeks, Mr. Mann of Whitchurch (the builder), Mr. Stanley (representing Regent Petrol Co.), Mr. Windsor (of Waynes Pumps), with Major J. B. W. Phelps and his son, Mr. M. W. B. Phelps.

The Mayor said they all knew what a good sport the Major was, and they were met there to give a send-off to his venture. He could assure Major Phelps that he had the good wishes of all his friends, who hoped that the business would develop and become a large concern (hear, hear).

Replying to the good wishes, Major Phelps said his aim would be to give good service, and he could assure them that all the petrol would be British. As an acquaintance of his once rather crudely remarked, "Selling British is the one way in which you can help a friend without it costing you anything."

A generous amount of refreshments was provided for the visitors, Mr. R. Burden being in charge of the oyster bar and Mr. Alderman the wines. It was at this stage that the Mayor found the pearl, and everyone agreed that it was a happy augury for the future prosperity of the "Harewood Garage."

We understand that the Mayor handed the pearl to Major Phelps, the proprietor of the garage, as a memento and in the hope that it would bring him luck.

Hearty Xmas Greetings from the staff at Ludgershall to the Directors and all old friends.

SALISBURY.

To mark the occasion of the retirement of Mr. T. R. Garland from the management of Salisbury Branch, a presentation to him was made on the 28th October by Mr. F. L. Shrimpton on behalf of his colleagues :—

Mr. Shrimpton said : Well gentlemen, you all know why we are here this morning. This is the second time within a very short period that we have had a similar occasion to this. Of course all of us—myself in particular—deplore losing Mr. Garland's services but these are hard times and the old man with the scythe comes along, as he does to all of us in our turn.

In this case, although the old man has come along, Mr. Garland is not too old to carry on and enjoy life quietly but, at the same time, he cannot undertake those strenuous duties which, in the years gone by, he has so ably carried out. I have very pleasant recollections of Mr. Garland. Possibly I have had more to do with him than anyone else, and during the whole of his career with the Firm I have been in touch with him, with the exception of the years I was in Dublin.

I have always had a very great admiration for Mr. Garland. He is one of those men who has a style quite of his own. It is a most difficult style to copy and I for one do not think I should make much of a job at it. Personality is a trump card in commercial life. Mr. Garland has that trump card, and has got very good results with it and built up a very, very good business in Salisbury.

Well, Mr. Garland, the time has come to say au revoir. We will not say goodbye because we want to keep up our old connections which we have had for so many years. That is why we have asked you to come up here this morning to receive from your old colleagues a small token of our good wishes. We have not purchased anything for you because (as mentioned on a similar occasion) it is a most difficult matter to know a man's taste. We thought, therefore, it would be better to hand you this little slip of paper so that you might purchase something which you would treasure and which would help remind you of the pleasant days you have spent with Messrs. H. & G. Simonds. You have been, Mr. Garland, very, very loyal to the Firm. You are retiring from active service

to-day, but I feel confident that even now, at this late hour, you will still carry on that good propaganda work which will be of very great assistance, and which will be greatly appreciated by members of the Firm.

Well now I will not delay you longer over the matter. I know only too well when making presentations of this nature we become a trifle sentimental, but we do not like parting with old friends. I thank you Mr. Garland for coming up here to-day, and I hope we shall have many happy hours together. Will you accept this from your colleagues.

Mr. Garland in reply said : I know you do not expect me to make an elaborate speech. Travellers are always supposed to have something witty to say when making a speech, but I do not think this is quite the time for that. It is one of those jobs which only come along once in a man's lifetime. I should like to thank you Mr. Shrimpton, Mr. Gough and all of you who have treated me in this kind way. Mr. Thornbery and Mr. Hockings too are well known to me. All these folks have always been of very great assistance in business and it is these acts of kindness which so help to smooth over the rough jobs.

I thank you all from the bottom of my heart. Especially I would mention Mr. Eric Simonds and Mr. Gough for the very, very great kindness which has been shown me.

We take this opportunity of wishing all friends at the Brewery and Branches the Compliments of the Season.

LONDON.

We much regret to record the sudden death of Mr. William Griffin, steward of the Tooting Conservative & Unionist Club, 12, Ashvale Road, Tooting, who passed away on the morning of Wednesday, October 25th.

Although he had not been in robust health for a considerable time, he was working right up to the evening preceding his death. During the early morning following he was seized with a stroke, from which he never recovered.

Mr. W. Griffin was only 56 years of age, and leaves a widow and three children. He had been steward of the Conservative Club for about six years, and was generally popular among the members, to whom the news of his death caused great grief.

A large number attended the funeral, which took place at the Streatham Cemetery on Saturday, October 28th. An impressive service was conducted by the Ancient Order of Druids, Lodge 593. The great number of floral tributes sent testified to the respect in which the late Mr. W. Griffin was held.



The late Mr. William Griffin.

We at London Stores extend the Season's Greetings to all, wishing them a Happy Christmas and Prosperity during the coming Year.

