

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

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MR. H. L. CHAPLIN.

MR. H. L. CHAPLIN.

As our frontispiece this month we reproduce the portrait of Mr. H. L. Chaplin, the Manager of the Wine and Spirit Department at the Brewery, Reading.

Commencing his business career in the Counting House of Messrs. W. H. Chaplin & Co., Ltd., London, of which the principal was his uncle and the present Chairman his cousin, Mr. Chaplin acquired a first-hand knowledge of all departments of the Wine Trade. He has spent upwards of forty years in the business and, before joining the Firm in April, 1919, he occupied various other positions, which have equipped him with a very wide and comprehensive knowledge of the Trade. For many years Mr. Chaplin made an intensive study of the industry and he now ranks amongst the most expert. In the art of selecting and blending whiskies, Mr. Chaplin has few superiors and it is due to his special faculty that the Firm's brands have made enormous headway during the last decade. The clean soft drinking characteristics of the Firm's whiskies, now so well known, are the culmination of a long and keen application to the products of the best stills in the Kingdom and the first-hand knowledge of the fine distinctiveness in flavours sought by connoisseurs. Nor is Mr. Chaplin's skill confined to the selection of spirits. He is a critical judge of choice wines and has an intimate connection with the produce of the world's vineyards. It goes without saying that the Firm's patrons reap the benefit of Mr. Chaplin's experience.

Of commanding presence, Mr. Chaplin combines courtly bearing with a forceful character. He has a fund of quotations, biblical and otherwise, at his disposal, which reveal a love of literature and the works of the best authors.

In earlier years Mr. Chaplin was an enthusiast on the rugby field and until recently in spare hours rode many miles on his bicycle. Nowadays he has discarded the cycle for the motor car, of which he is an intrepid driver, and is content with an occasional game of golf.



EDITORIAL.

EDUCATION.

A contemporary discusses the question, "What is an educated man?" Many correspondents have volunteered an answer. What was considered to be one of the very best replies was this:

"Mere knowledge is not education, because knowledge may be, and is more often than not, entirely unassimilated. Years spent at school and university may yet fail to produce a man as educated as one who has not seen the inside of either. True education lies in the capacity to distinguish between large and small issues by assigning to all things their proportionate value."

LIKE ANGELS' VISITS.

Because I believe in participating in strenuous exercise myself in preference to watching other people play, I do not often visit Elm Park, but I and thousands of others are very disappointed at the fact that the representatives of the R.F.C. are doing so badly. What "gates" we should have had Reading possess a first-class side! In League football what one wants is *goals*, but the occasions on which our players find the net are indeed few and far between. We must take heart, however, for in the Wall Game, played at Eton, goals are still more scarce. The 80th game was played recently during the St. Andrew's Day celebrations between Oppidans and Collegers and ended in a goal-less draw. As I have already indicated, goals in this match are not frequent. The last was scored in 1909, and there have been only two others since 1841, one being scored in 1842 and one in 1885.

SCHOOLBOY FUN.

Here are some recent schoolboy "howlers."

Derivation of "hypothesis," Hippo, horse; Thesis, placing. Putting something on a horse.

They gave the Duke of Wellington a lovely funeral. It took six men to carry the beer.

What is the Soviet? What the middle-classes call their napkins.

The "Compleat Angler" is another name for Euclid, because he wrote all about angles.

Explain the meaning of "erg." When people are playing football and you want them to do their best you erg them on.

Bacon was the man who thought he wrote Shakespeare.

Degrees of comparison of "Bad." Bad ; very sick ; dead.

Masculine, man ; feminine, woman ; neuter, corpse.

Milton wrote "Paradise Lost," then his wife died and he wrote "Paradise Regained."

A pessimist is a man who is never happy unless he is miserable ; even then he is not pleased.

A circle is a round line with no kinks in it, joined up so as not to show where it began.

The home of the swallow is the stomach.

Quinine is the bark of a tree ; canine is the bark of a dog.

A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off.

An elephant is a square animal with a tail in front and behind.

SO THERE !

Lord Morris, the late Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, tells many stories of his experiences on the Bench. Among the funniest is that of a man who was brought before him for stealing a cow. The case was clear. The prosecuting barrister said, in conclusive tones, "I can produce five witnesses who saw you steal that cow." "Maybe your honour can do so," calmly returned the culprit, "but I can produce five hundred honest men who did not see me do it—so there !"

WAS SHOTT SHOT OR NOTT ?

A duel was lately fought in Texas between Alex Shott and John Nott. Some said that Nott was shot and Shott was not. If so, it was better to be Shott than Nott. But it was proved after that the shot Shott shot at Nott shot Shott by accident, and the shot Nott shot at Shott shot past and so shot him not.

Thus the affair resolved itself into its original element, and Shott was shot and Nott was not.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

When, at Tokio, an attempt was made on the life of the Premier, Mr. Osachi Hamaguchi, the Emperor was informed of the shooting by telephone. He immediately ordered the court physician to attend and also sent the patient a dozen bottles of port wine, which is the customary gift in Japan to distinguished patients beyond hope.

MARRIED IN VERSE.

A Justice of the Peace has married a young couple at Aurora, Illinois, in verse. Addressing the bridegroom, he said :

Do you this lady for your wife take, to pay her bills,
praise her steak ?

To honour and love and keep her well, from the marriage
hour to the funeral bell ?

Cherish her well, in sickness or health, to share in poverty
or in wealth ?

Walk the floor when baby comes ? Buy it rattles,
bottles, drums ?

Love her well enough for this ? Take the lady with a
kiss.

BRIDEGROOM : I do.

MAGISTRATE (to bride) :

Now, sweet lady, do you say you will promise to obey ?

Love your husband, honour him, for his sake risk life and
limb ?

Never look at other men, pledge yourself to him ;

And then, faithful for the rest of life, be his gentle loving
wife ?

BRIDE : I do.

MAGISTRATE : Then, by the law of Illinois, you two are wed ;
may all be joy ;

The justice you I give, you're wed the while you both shall
live.

THE XMAS PUNCH BOWL.

In many a home and at many an old English inn this Christmas, "Punch" was served to visitors and guests. The most famous English punch bowl ever recorded was that made at a grand entertainment given at Alicant, in Spain, by Admiral Edward Russell in 1694, then Commander of the Mediterranean Fleet. A marble fountain was converted for the occasion into a gigantic punch bowl, and into it was poured four hogsheads of brandy, one pipe of Malaga wine, twenty gallons of lime juice, twenty-five hundred lemons, thirteen hundredweight of fine white sugar, five pounds of grated nutmeg, three hundred toasted biscuits, and eight hogsheads of water. In a boat built for the purpose a ship's boy rowed round the fountain to assist in filling cups for the six thousand persons who partook of it.

TERRIBLE EFFECT OF PROHIBITION.

Sir Arthur Balfour, the steel magnate, giving evidence before the Royal Commission on Licensing, compared conditions in the United States before and after Prohibition. He said :—

“ Prohibition has had a terrible effect upon the young people of America. Before, girls never took drink at all. To-day, the girls take drink whenever they can get hold of it, and they expect the young men to bring drink whenever they take them out—and the young men do.

“ In 1896, when I was in the States for the first time, young men simply would not go out with a girl who drank. Nowadays, unless the young man can bring drink the girl will not go out with him.

“ I find that a great number of people I met in works and so on who didn't drink now drink whenever they get the opportunity. It is very general.

‘ People are being stopped from doing something they did not want to do, so they do it now.’

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH.

Lord—give me the strength of the pioneer
And the faith of his hardy soul.
Provide me with the courage to persevere ;
Make me fight till I reach the goal.

Let weaklings indulge in the sheltered life,
Where they curse when their luck goes bad,
But fit me for battle with storm and strife,
Give me the brawn my fathers had.

BRAINS : CHARACTER.

“ Character more than ability is the qualification for success,” said Sir Francis Goodenough, chairman of the Government Committee on Education for Salesmanship, addressing Pitman's College students.

“ Let a man or woman be ever so clever, charming, and accomplished,” he continued, “ if his character be unsound and crooked, he is positively harmful.

“ Brains without character are a serious danger. They are found in every prison in the land. They were the cause of the Great War.

“ B plus C is the successful business equation. Not every one can be a general manager, but everyone can be a man.”

VERY URGENT !

This is a true story of a happening in a Thames-side village near Reading.

An addition to a family was about to happen, and a message was sent to a nurse reading : “ *Come at once—urgent !* ”

The nurse was away, and the message was taken to her deputy, who was also the wife of the captain of the local fire brigade. *By mistake the message got into his hands, and the fire brigade raced off to the house.*

Mother and child are doing well !

THE SUN AND THE WIND.

This is the story of the argument between the sun and the wind.

The wind claimed it had more power than the sun. The wind said : “ See that man in the greatcoat ? I can force that coat off.”

He blew and blew, but the more he blew the tighter the man buttoned his coat. Then the sun shone out warm and clear. Soon the man opened his coat, and finally took it off.

SEVEN MISTAKES.

“ There are seven mistakes of life that many of us make,” said a famous writer, and then he gave the following list :

“ The delusion that individual advancement is made by crushing others down.

“ The tendency to worry about things that cannot be changed or corrected.

“ Insisting that a thing is impossible because we ourselves cannot accomplish it.

“ Refusing to set aside trivial preference in order that important things may be accomplished.

“ Neglecting development and refinement of the mind by not acquiring the habit of reading.

“ Attempting to compel other persons to believe as we do.

“ The failure to establish the habit of saving money.”

MUSIC AND WINE.

A Bible text rarely finds its way on to the menu card at a dinner of one of the City Companies, says the *City Press*. Not every Guild, perhaps, can find one so apt as that printed on the card at a Livery dinner of the Musicians' Company at Stationers' Hall. Taken from Ecclesiasticus, it abjures the master of a feast to "speak, for it becometh thee, but with sound judgment; and hinder not musick. Pour not out words where there is a musician, and show not forth wisdom out of time. A concert of musick in a banquet of wine is a signet of carbuncle set in gold. As a signet of emerald set in a work of gold, so is the melody of musick with pleasant wine." Very appropriate, and a hint well worth honouring.

MOAN FROM THE DEPTHS.

An amusing letter from a dejected correspondent was read by Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., at the British International Studios at Elstree, which he visited with a party of delegates to the Imperial Conference. The correspondent, who owed him money, wrote:—

"Dear Sir,—For the following reason I am unable to send you the cheque for which you ask: I have been held up, held down, sandbagged, walked upon, sat upon, flattened out, and squeezed by income-tax, the super-tax, the beer tax, the spirits tax, the motor tax, and by every society, organisation, and club that inventive mind can think of. The Government has governed my business till I don't know who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, examined and re-examined, informed, required and commanded; so that I don't know who I am, where I am, or why I am here at all. The only reason why I am clinging to life at all is to see what the hell's going to happen to me next."

WHISKY IN CHURCH.

A bottle of whisky, a bottle of beer, and five kippers reposed on a table in front of the pulpit of Hyde parish church, Winchester, on the occasion of the annual harvest festival.

Other gifts were a chicken, a duck, joints of pork and mutton, a lobster, a lump of coal and kindling wood, hops, a bottle of milk, a bottle of mineral water, a jug of water, packets of Empire tea and Empire coffee.

FOX TERRIER'S VOCAL EFFORT.

Mr. Gaines of the "Royal William," Spring Gardens, has a fox terrier which has a special liking for the song "Show me the way to go home." When anyone sings it our canine friend plays the accompaniment with her voice and though the effort may not be particularly musical it certainly affords the terrier unbounded delight.

A GREAT SUFFERER.

"He was a man who had indeed suffered much," says a country paper, in a short obituary notice; "he had been a subscriber to this paper since its first number."

He ought to have read THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE instead!

BACKING THE RIGHT HORSE.

I understand that Mr. George Lawrence of "The Pheasant," Wokingham Road, has recently been backing a Winner—sh!

The CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

Simonds' Special Liqueur Scotch Whisky. Mind you continue it all the year round!

AN ENTERTAINING BOOK.

During the Christmas holidays, among other books I read, was "Chapters of Autobiography," by Arthur James, First Earl of Balfour, for whom I always entertained the greatest admiration. Speaking of court tennis, the late statesman says: "I verily believe that in these days I extracted as much concentrated joy from a two hours' game as physical exercise is capable of giving in the time." And, referring to the death of his mother, he wrote: "I have mentioned . . . some of those to whom in my early years I have been most indebted. But all my debts to them, compute them how you will, are as nothing compared to what I owe to her love, her teaching, and her example." The book is entertainingly informative from beginning to end.

RAT'S NOVEL SEAT.

When the youthful owner of a bicycle, which was in the stables yard at the Brewery, went to get his machine, he found sitting on the hub of the wheel a big rat. He did not have any very formidable weapon with which to attack the animal, only his cap; but he used this to good purpose, with the result that what was probably this rat's first experience on a bicycle will certainly be his last!

NEW YEAR'S GOOD RESOLUTION.

Will all contributors make it their New Year's resolution to send in their copy a little earlier, *please*! All contributions should be in the printers' hands by the 20th of each month. But it is often much later than that when I receive the copy.

TIT BITS.

About a month ago Mr. A. H. Wooldridge, of the Brewery, saw a great-tit actively engaged at the entrance to his beehive. He kept closer observation and noticed that the bird seized the

bees as they came out of the hive, ate their heads and left their bodies. Mr. Wooldridge tells me he has watched tits seize wasps and, curiously enough, in these cases, the tits leave the heads and carry away the bodies of the wasps, doubtless to feed their young, for, in the case of the wasps, what Mr. Wooldridge saw was in the spring. Mr. J. W. Jelley also has something to say concerning tits. They peck at the cardboard discs of his milk bottles until they succeed in extracting some of the cream.

SUCCESSFUL SLATE CLUB.

Mr. W. G. Moorcock, of the "Rose and Thistle," Reading, informs me that each of the members of his Slate Club has received, as a result of the share-out, £1 12s. 7d., which he and all the members naturally consider highly satisfactory.

THE FIRM'S MARKED PROGRESS.

The Chairman of Messrs. H. & G. Simonds Ltd. (Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds) in an extremely lucid speech, at the annual meeting, reported the marked progress of the Firm during the year under review. His speech is fully reported in other pages. He mentioned that the profits for the past year shewed a net increase of £31,079. That had been achieved, to a considerable extent, by the elimination of non-paying business, particularly in the military and export trade where competition had rendered such business profitless, and also by economies effected by concentrating the Firm's bottling in larger units, and the closing of certain Branch Stores and Depots. The bottled beer trade continued to increase and at present stood at 35,000,000 per annum, excluding the turnover of some of the Firm's recently acquired companies.

Such a satisfactory state of affairs is an eloquent tribute to the solid work and sound business acumen of our busy Board of Directors.

CHRISTMAS TRANSPORT.

During the Christmas period the demand on our Transport Department has been abnormally large and all records for tonnage and number of deliveries have gone by the board. The very bad weather which was experienced during the rush did not help matters but, under the direction of Commander Simonds, R.N., all demands on our transport system were met, and on closing down on Christmas Eve all orders had been executed and a clear desk left. As our readers know the fogs were very heavy and this made the lorry driver's job a most unpleasant one, but the fine sense of loyalty and duty which they showed during this time enabled the direction of affairs to run very smoothly. It would be invidious to pick out any particular instance where all did so well, but we believe "Little Jim" enjoyed his sojourn at the Royal Borstal Institution, where the utmost kindness was extended to our men.

OUR AUDITORS.

This year, owing to amalgamations and other additional work, our Auditors have had quite a long stay with us. So accustomed had we become to seeing the benign countenance of the chief Auditor, Mr. J. J. Chaplin, and his able staff amongst us, and although a remark was jokingly made that "like the poor, the Auditors would soon always be with us," yet his sudden departure left quite a large gap. There is no mistaking the thoroughness with which their work is carried out and one can conceive that big city crashes would not occur if their accounts were investigated with such minute and completeness of detail by chartered accountants such as employed by our Firm.

At the Annual General Meeting which was held just previous to Christmas, the proposal for the re-election of the Auditors was made by Mr. C. E. Gough, and his remarks, which were as under, epitomize the high esteem in which the Audit Staff, under the control of Mr. J. J. Chaplin, is held:—

"I esteem it a privilege to again propose the re-election of the Auditors, Messrs. Collins, Tootell & Co. If I may, I should like to take this opportunity of expressing to Mr. Collins, on behalf of the Departmental Managers, sincere thanks and appreciation for the courtesy and ready assistance always extended to us by his Audit Staff, headed by our old and ever cheerful friend, Mr. J. J. Chaplin."

PRESENTATION TO MR. G. F. IRWIN.

A presentation took place in the Surveyor's Office at the Brewery, on Wednesday, December 31st, 1930, when Mr. G. F. Irwin, who has relinquished his service with the firm (after six years) to take up a partnership in the old-established firm of J. T. Harris, Builders and Contractors, High Wycombe, was presented with a handsome silver mounted cut glass inkstand by his colleagues in the Surveyor's and Building Department.

Capt. Drewe in making the presentation thanked him for his services, and wished him the best of luck in his new venture.

Mr. Irwin carries with him the good wishes of his many friends at the Brewery.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

"I detect
More good than evil in humanity.
Love lights more fires than hate extinguishes,
And men grow better as the world grows old."

"Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun,
Views from thy hand
No worthy action done."

Some of us might understand Mr. Einstein if he talked less
about space and more about eternity.

There are very few things that to-morrow will not mend.

The road to success would have more travellers if so many
were not lost attempting to find short cuts.

The reason why men who mind their own business succeed, is
because they have so little competition.

Without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be
poor.

Laughter is merely a smile set to music.

Watch the small things in life. Men have got a whole method
from a metaphor and built a philosophy on a phrase.

The man who considers himself too great for the little tasks
of life is usually too small for the really big things.

The man of many words is rarely a man of many thoughts.

The devil gets the blame for much trouble started by ourselves.

Silence may be golden, but kind words are priceless.

"All you bestow on causes or on men,
Of love or hate, of malice or devotion,
Somehow, some time, shall be returned again—
There is no wasted toil, no lost emotion."

YOU

"You are the fellow who has to decide
Whether you'll do it or toss it aside ;
You are the fellow who makes up your mind
Whether you'll lead or will linger behind—
Whether you'll try for the good that's afar
Or be contented to stay where you are.
Take it or leave it. There's something to do !
Just think it over. It's all up to you !"

"I never crossed your threshold with a grief
But that I went without it, never came
Heart-hungry but You fed me, eased the blame.
And gave the sorrow solace and relief."

It is not a question of how much we are to do, but how it is to
be done. It is not a question of doing more, but of doing better.

Innocence is like polished armour. It adorns and defends.

It is always good to know, if only in passing, a charming
human being ; it refreshes our lives like flowers.

Don't feel holy because people call you a saint ; it may be a
case of mistaken identity.

Let the conceited man remember that devils were once proud
angels.

A buoyant work—a brief smile—a nod of glad recognition—
all these things that do not interfere with attention to duty are of
large importance in making the lives of others more bright.

Nature is the true idealist. When she serves us best—when,
on rare days, she speaks to the imagination—we feel that the huge
heaven and earth are but a web drawn around us ; that the light,
skies and mountains are but the painted vicissitudes of the soul.

Inferiority lies at the root of envy. It is the spirit's unwilling
acknowledgment of inability to achieve as much as another.

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

ANTICIPATING THE NEW YEAR.

Following fast on the festival of Christmas comes the anticipation of the New Year. The days which separate Christmas from the New Year seem to give us time for reflection on the year that has passed as well as to hope that the coming year may have brighter prospects than its antecedent.

We do well, I think, to cast a brief thought on the happenings of the year that is waning ; we should not discard from our memory too quickly those outstanding events which time has now rendered less conspicuous, but rather reserve a corner of our minds for them so that they may have a little influence on our work of the days ahead.

Therefore, in taking a survey of events appertaining to our country in particular one thing is most noticeable and that is the passing of many great men, men who have rendered very valuable service and the loss of whom would seem to be almost irreparable.

Then again, we have made tremendous strides in the field of aviation but not without the attendant sacrifice of many brave lives, lives that could ill be spared in these days of keen competition when each nation is striving for the supremacy of the air.

In the arena of sport we have, as a nation, held our own but we saw wrested from us the most coveted titles of the tennis world, as also the loss of the "Ashes" to Australia after a series of matches which held the attention of one and all during the summer months.

However, these losses may eventually be to our advantage, for they should inspire our sportsmen to greater efforts in the next contests for these particular trophies.

And then turn to the individual : has the past year brought any change to the even tenor of our lives, and, if so, have we been fully appreciative of the benefits that have accrued therefrom? There may be, of course, some who do not feel they have advanced in any way and these are greatly to be pitied. On the other hand, those who have seized the opportunities which have crossed their paths and are cognizant of their good fortune are surely inspired with the hope to forge ahead, bearing in mind not only the gain to themselves, which is inevitable, but of the services they are enabled to render to the world at large.

Thus, as the dawn of 1931 is ushered in, we go forward filled with the hope that should trouble assail us we may have strength to combat it, and that if good fortune smiles on us then we may use such gifts as are bestowed on us in a right manner.

M.P.

COAX THEM INTO IT.

"No man can be called friendless who has God and the companionship of good books."

The quotation is from Mrs. Browning. The truth of it is self-evident. Books bring us in touch with the best minds of the ages. They open to us the treasures of religion, art, literature, history, and even music. They are friends of the very best kind. To know good books and to love them is one of the finest heritages any parents can bequeath their children.

In order to instil in children a love for good books which they will carry through life, begin early. This is a home responsibility. As most of those who enjoy reading will testify, they owe their first and most abiding love of good literature to their homes. When school days come it is almost too late.

Again, reading for pleasure is seldom done at school. This is a luxury reserved for evenings at home, for week-ends and summer vacations. The home atmosphere is the most telling influence in creating a taste for reading, although the schools and public libraries are making their contributions.

As soon as the child can understand, begin to tell him stories. This can be done long before he is able to read. Can't you remember the joy of those summer evenings in the open or the long winter nights in the warm living-room, where mother or daddy or a favourite aunt or some other person began with, "Once upon a time," or "When I was a little boy"—the open sesame to the land of wonderment and romance? And you would long to hear the same story over and over again!

AFTER PEELING ONIONS.

If you rub a little mustard into your hands after peeling onions, all the disagreeable smell will go.

DAMP CUPBOARD.

Place a dish of quicklime in the cupboard, and soon all dampness will have vanished.

TO REMOVE HEAT MARKS.

Heat marks on a polished table can be removed in the following manner : Soak a cloth in camphorated oil, and well rub it into the wood. The marks will disappear.

VASE SAVING.

To make sure that a valuable vase does not get knocked over easily, either by a draught or by children, fill it half-way up with common sand, and it will resist all but the hardest knocks. This, of course, will not be suitable for glass-ware.

A GOOD LATHER.

To use to the best advantage those little pieces of soap that are always left, dry them and put them through a mincing machine. Store them away for washing day, when they make a good lather. Incidentally, this cleans the mincer very well.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

A gentleman crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship; but a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected and the officer turned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker on, "when only half a point is so much thought of."

"Ah, half a point in many places might bring us directly upon the rocks," he said.

So it is in life. "Half a point" from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. "Half a point" from perfect honesty and we are steering for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. No one climbs to the summit at one bound, but goes one little step at a time. Many think lightly of what they call "small sins." These rocks do not look so fearful to them.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA.

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

(Over forty million copies of "A Message to Garcia" have been printed. It is a story that should be handed down from father to son and son to grandson.)

In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly. What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How the "fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?"

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: to be the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavoured to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried my dinner and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labour, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, per se, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off" nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such: he is needed and needed badly—the man who can "Carry a Message to Garcia."

ON THE ART OF BEING A BACKGROUND.

Every artist knows something of the value of a good background, whether he be an artist in colour and form, or whether the material of his beauty-making be music or words. He knows that the perfection of the whole depends at least as much on the background as on the figure or phrase that shines out triumphantly in the foreground. And if this is true of picture or poem, of music or scenery, far more is it true of the art of living life beautifully.

Consider the importance of the right background. In October you may see a slender young birch-tree, every white limb clothed in clearest gold, glowing against the perfect background of dark pine-trees and dun heather. Translate her in imagination to some city street where behind her rises one of those great brick buildings, beautiful in their own way and in their own time—but not in hers. How often we say, "The background is all wrong!" It may be. But it may also be that the figure in the foreground is all wrong in being there at all. It was born to be elsewhere.

Now there are those of us who are born to shine, and there are those whose contribution to the perfection of beauty is to provide the background which shall control and harmonise the whole. In every sphere of life we must have both. There are those of whom we say at once, "They are born leaders"; and if they **are** born to it we let them lead; we are content to stand back, and we

can glory in their success, since our own presence contributes to it. If all were leaders, where would they find scope for leadership?

There are also those who long to shine, who **will** be in the foreground, though they must push themselves there, all unrecognising of the fact so plain to others, that this background was not set for them—as a red brick villa sometimes bounces in where a thatched cottage ought to be, cool and serene behind the holly-hocks.

Perhaps it is a harder thing to be a perfect background than to be a star. For one thing it presupposes fellowship. A star may shine alone, but very seldom is the background simply one. Rather is it a harmony of diverse elements knit together by some underlying spell that makes beauty by the combination of individuals, in themselves not wholly beautiful—as a poem has beauty that is more than the sum-total of the loveliness of the words. But above all, the essence of this gentle art lies in the very willingness to be in the background, the unselfishness and humility that can be glad to provide the setting for the jewel, the undertone that makes the melody ring clear.

Perhaps the most delightful people of all in the world are those who contentedly fill their place in the background till the moment comes when they are called upon to shine, and surprise us by their effectiveness and even brilliance. Then, their moment past, they slip easily back to enrich the background again.

It is worth cultivating, this gentle art, not in any spirit of self-depreciation, but with mind set upon the harmony and beauty of a perfect whole.

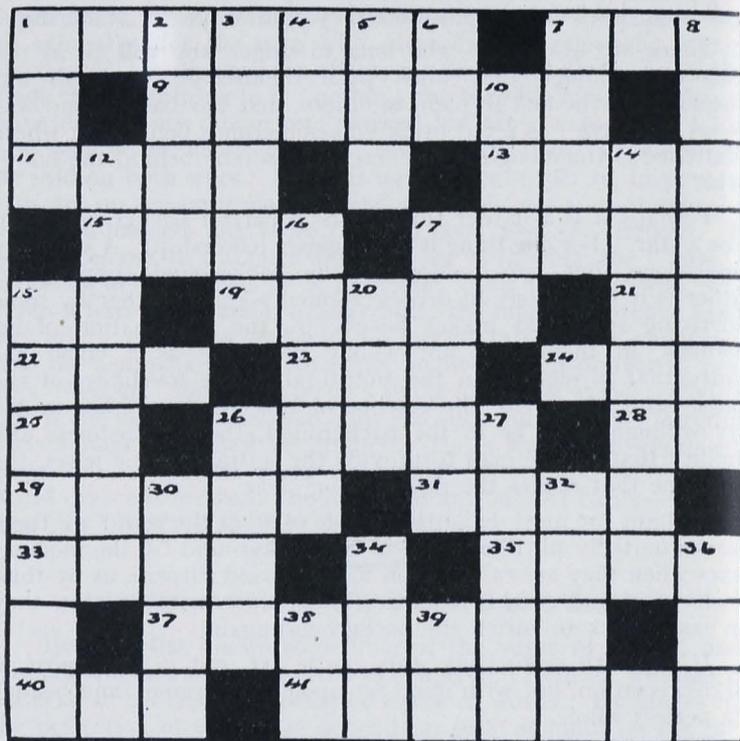
Lo, here, also, is Fellowship!

THE ONLY SURE BASE.

All love that has not friendship for its base
Is like a mansion built upon the sand.
Though brave its walls as any in the land,
And its tall turrets lift their heads in grace;
Though skilful and accomplished artists trace
Most beautiful designs on every hand,
And gleaming statues in dim niches stand,

And fountains play in some flow'r hidden place.
Yet, when from the frowning east a sudden gust
Of adverse fate is blown, or sad rains fall
Day in, day out, against its yielding wall,
Lo, the fair structure crumbles to the dust.
Love, to endure life's sorrow and earth's woe,
Needs friendship's solid mason-work below.

OUR CROSS WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Fellowship.
7. Convulsive sigh.
9. Calendar.
11. Alert.
13. Worry.
15. Stagger.
17. Scatter.
18. As.
19. Floats.
21. Myself.
22. Climbing Plant.
23. As well.
24. Buffet.
25. Mounted Infantry (abb.).
26. Commenced.
28. Exist.
29. Effluvia.
31. Lacerated.
33. Close.
35. Work.
37. Invigorate.
40. Distress Signal.
41. County Town of Berkshire.

DOWN.

1. Lettuce.
2. Animal.
3. Diligent Worker.
4. Exist.
5. Siesta.
6. Your Nose (init.).
7. Mark.
8. Liquor Manufacturers.
10. Behaves.
12. Cater.
14. Lees.
16. Bye and bye.
17. Beverage.
18. Brewers to H.M. The King.
20. Mist.
26. Lobe of Ear.
27. Famous.
30. Dolts.
32. Wife of Rajah.
34. Employ.
36. Cask.
38. Early Riser (init.).
39. Exclamation.

HISTORY OF THE LIQUOR TRADE.

A brief study of the history of the liquor trade should convince anyone that the British Government was in the first instance responsible for the existence of the trade in spirits. It is quite clear that as long as the legislature recognised the desire for alcoholic stimulants as natural and reasonable, and simply confined its operations to the regulation of the trade without imposing unfair and unreasonable restrictions it was successful; but the imposition of restrictions which have been regarded as interfering with the liberty of the subject has been harmful rather than helpful. Thus wrote "Periscope" in an article under the title "Alchology" in the *Cork Examiner*.

At one period (continues the writer) anyone who wished to sell beer could do so, without any licence whatever. The interference of the Crown and its representatives with the liquor trade was of very gradual growth. The earliest legislation on the subject was merely to ensure an adequate supply of beer of good quality at a right price. The legality of the retail trade was established by statute. At the same time authority was given for a reduction in the number of ale-houses which even at that early stage of the trade would appear to have been too numerous. The first licensing law ever passed, the statute II. Henry VII. cap. 2 (1495) empowered any two Justices of the Peace "to reject and put away common ale-selling in towns and places where they should think convenient, and to take sureties of keepers of ale-houses in their good behaviour." By the 5 and 6 Edward VI. cap 25 (1549) the power of suppressing ale-houses was confirmed; and it was further enacted that no one should be allowed to keep an ale-house unless he obtained the authority of two Justices of the Peace. In detail the Act gave the Justices power to ensure the proper conduct of ale-houses. If the Parliament of Cromwell's Commonwealth had been content to let well alone all would have gone well. Legislation for which the revolutionary Parliament was directly responsible brought about a deplorable state of affairs. In 1643 Parliament imposed excise duties on ale and beer, in the interests of the revenue; and these duties were largely increased from time to time, by the succeeding Royalist Government, the tax per barrel of strong beer fixed at 2/6 in 1650, being raised to 5/- in 1692. This made the price of ale and beer so high that the people, hitherto satisfied with it, were no longer content to drink it; and thus a great impetus was given to the manufacture and consumption of spirits, the quantity of beer produced by London breweries falling from 2,088,000 barrels in 1690 to 1,523,000 barrels in 1693. At the same time other causes combined to encourage the drinking of spirits instead of beer. Parliament prohibited the importation of spirits (a measure evidently

directed against the French and their brandy trade) and issued licences to persons on payment of a small duty to distil and retail spirits made from English-grown grain. Later enactments gave further encouragement to distillers. Distilleries increased rapidly and the people became obsessed by a craving for English gin. The production of spirits which stood at 527,000 gallons in 1684 increased to 5,394,000 gallons in 1735, reaching 7,160,000 gallons in 1742. Having created a popular passion for gin the Government sought to control it. Observe what followed. In 1748 a duty of 5/- a gallon, in addition to the existing duties, was put on spirits, and all retailers were required to take out an annual excise licence at a fee of £20. The immediate and only effect of this was to give a great impetus to illicit trading. Illicit stills were at work everywhere. After four years' experience of the evils of it the Act was repealed. Practically the same thing happened in Scotland. The gentle art of distillation was introduced into Scotland by the English; but "Sandy" was such an apt pupil that by 1771 large quantities of Scotch whisky were being conveyed to the English market. In the early part of the nineteenth century there was a great deal of illicit spirit, of the same class as our potheen, made in Scotland, the various advances in duty encouraging illicit distillation, and the "gaugers" had a busy time. But after the reduction of $2/4\frac{3}{4}$ per proof gallon in 1823, the number of licensed distillers increased, to the very great discouragement of illicit distillation and the smuggling of foreign spirits. The manufacture of Scotch whisky has increased to such an extent that at present it has attained to enormous proportions.

Good whisky in strict moderation is a wholesome form of stimulant for those who require a stimulant. Sir Arbuthnot Lane, a well-known physician, who is regarded as an authority on diet, recommends a tot of good brandy for those who require a stimulant. Many years ago, the late Sir Richard Quain, who was as safe a guide as any physician in Europe, advised me that a little of old good Irish whiskey with a liberal allowance of water, was the best of all drinks with a meal for those who needed a stimulant. Here again we have to hark back to the common old saying—"What's one man's meat is another man's poison," everything depending on the needs and conditions of the individual. I apprehend that general directions are dangerous in doctoring or dieting. Some people are easily satisfied.



"THE WAYS OF THE NAVY."

One December night in 1916, a gale was raging in the North Sea as the Grand Fleet beat back to Scapa Flow. The destroyer flotilla led the way, headed by the "Hoste," followed by the "Negro." All lights were out, the only guidance being the white break of water caused by the propeller of the vessel immediately in front. The "Negro" suddenly crashed into the "Hoste" and sank at once. The "Hoste's" stern was badly damaged and there was little hope of making port. But Captain Edwards determined to make a fight for it, and for two hours thrashed through the mountainous waves, until a large portion of the hull broke off, and the "Hoste" lay helpless and doomed. The fore-part remained floating, and on it the crew lined up and calmly numbered off in sections, to be ready if help came.

No boat could have faced the tempest. But out of the darkness there loomed up a dim shape. Another destroyer, the "Marvel," commanded by Captain Homan, had come to the rescue. The storm was so great that she could not be laid alongside the wreck. What could she do? There was no hesitation and no doubt. One thing only was possible. Captain Homan watched his opportunity and charged close past the side of the "Hoste," slowing down for a single instant at her side. The captain of the "Hoste" gave the command, and the first section of his men leapt on the deck of the "Marvel." The "Marvel" passed on, slewed round, and charged back again. The second batch leapt to safety. This wonderful manoeuvre was repeated fifteen times, until every man had sprung from the shattered ship to its comrade's deck. And each time in the pitching seas Captain Homan had taken the tremendous risk of colliding with the "Hoste" and sending one or both to the bottom of the sea.

Another December reminiscence of the Navy during the War is furnished by a tale which provides a notable instance of knightly magnanimity. She was engaged dragging not for fish, but for mines and submarines. Her skipper had witnessed the barbarous treatment meted out by the enemy to unarmed vessels, and his heart was hot with righteous indignation. He was bidding his time to read them a lesson, and one day his chance came. A submarine suddenly appeared from below and endeavoured to sink the trawler. But the trawler's gun got busy, and with a few well-directed shots the submarine's conning tower was smashed and she sank, helpless and disabled. Other enemy submarines were suspected to be about, and the skipper was making haste to get out of the dangerous neighbourhood, when a cry of distress was heard. One of the

German crew was seen struggling in the water, and wounded. Instantly the skipper—the man who hated Germans and had vowed their destruction—dived overboard, swam to the drowning man, rescued him from death, and afterwards brought him ashore to the nearest hospital.

The above stories are taken from "The Crown of Honour," a splendid record of individual deeds and detached incidents of the Great War, selected and arranged by Mr. William Moody. This most interesting and informative collection of war data and war stories is recommended with confidence as an admirable war anthology of great deeds, greatly achieved.

"The Crown of Honour" by William Moody. James Clarke & Co., Ltd., 9, East Street, Strand, W.C.2. 7/6 net.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

During the Christmas holidays six prize pomeranians were stolen from a Blackheath house. After that, their owners can hardly expect a Yappy New Year.

* * * *

COOK: "I'm leavin' in exactly three minutes."

MRS. TIMOTHY: "Then put the eggs on to boil, and we'll have them right for once."

* * * *

As the village baker was retiring from business he had the following advertisement published in the daily newspapers: "For Sale, Baker's Business. Good trade. Large oven. Present owner been in it for seven years."

* * * *

TEACHER: "Johnny, why were you not at school yesterday?"

JOHNNY: "Please, miss, me father's a Communist, and he teaches me class hatred."

* * * *

"So your boy William is an inventor?" said Mr. Giles, one morning. Farmer Corntops paused a moment before answering: "Yes," he said, at last. "He has invented a lot of labour-saving devices." "What are they?" "Excuses for not working," replied Farmer Corntops.

H. & G. Simonds, Ltd.

DIVIDEND OF 12½ PER CENT.

A YEAR OF PROGRESS.

Mr. Stephen V. Shea-Simonds on the new acquisitions.

The annual general meeting of H. & G. Simonds, Limited, was held on December 22nd at the Reading Chamber of Commerce, 156, Friar Street, Reading.

Mr. Stephen V. Shea-Simonds (the Chairman of the Company) presided.

The Secretary (Mr. Fred Simonds) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the Auditors,

The Chairman said:—Ladies and gentlemen,—The report of the Directors and the balance sheet for the past financial year ending September 30th, 1930, has been sent to you, and I would ask your indulgence to continue the long-established custom of allowing me to take the report as read. (Agreed.)

Our past financial year has been one of progress, development and anxiety. I need hardly tell you that in trade and business, of whatever description it may be, there is no such thing as standing still. You have either got to expand or eventually go under. In these days of fierce competition your Directors have come to the conclusion that the policy of attack is preferable to that of a passive defence, hence we have very largely augmented our business with the object of consolidating our position.

UP-TO-DATE CIDER FACTORY.

Since October 1st, 1929, we have acquired the cider factory and licensed houses of Messrs. N. P. Hunt and Son, Paignton, and I referred to this in my address last year. The cider factory has been practically rebuilt and re-equipped, with the result that we now have an up-to-date factory producing a most excellent cider which is acceptable to our customers and which we hope to sell in increasing quantities in the free trade and to other brewers.

In June last we acquired the whole of the Ordinary Share Capital in Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery, Limited, less a small holding of 750 Shares. This Company, shortly before that date, had acquired the whole of the Share Capital of Messrs. Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries, Limited. These two Companies combined controlled 333 licensed houses. We hope that in the near future the brewing for both these Companies will be done at Reading,

thereby concentrating our output of barrelage and effecting considerable savings in overhead charges, and, if I may be permitted to say so, without unduly offending anyone's susceptibilities, giving the areas of High Wycombe and Staines and the tenants of their houses the advantage of a superior and more stable article than they have hitherto been able to place before their customers. (*Cheers.*)

For the first time in the history of this Firm we have admitted and appointed to our Board a Director who does not bear the name of "Simonds"—Mr. A. J. Redman, the Chairman of Messrs. Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries, Limited, and a Director of Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery, Limited. Mr. Redman has considerable experience in our trade; we welcome him on the Board of H. & G. Simonds, Limited, and we find his advice in our councils most helpful.

THE NEWBURY BREWERY COMPANY.

Since the date of the balance sheet we have acquired the whole of the Preference and Ordinary Share Capital of the Newbury Brewery Company, Limited, thereby consolidating our position in South and West Berkshire. The purchase of these concerns has naturally necessitated the raising of fresh moneys, and we have increased our capital by the issue of 400,000 6½% Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, and we have liquidated our holding of £350,000 in Treasury Bonds, as shown on our last year's balance sheet. On this point I would like to call your attention to the fact that we sold these Treasury Bonds at a profit, as you will see on the balance sheet, of £16,350 odd, which we have placed to reserve.

INCREASED PROFITS.

The profits for the past year show a net increase of £31,079 6s. 9d. This has been achieved, to a considerable extent, by the elimination of non-paying business, particularly in the military and export trade, where competition has rendered such business profitless, and also by economies effected by concentrating our bottling in larger units and the closing of certain branch stores and depots.

An adventitious profit has accrued from the purchase of the Ordinary Share Capital in Messrs. Ashby's Staines Brewery, Limited, and this figure is included in the amount appropriated to the Reserve Fund.

The profits of our subsidiary company, the South Berks Brewery Company, Limited, have been well maintained, and their properties are being well provided for. Our allied company,

Messrs. Simonds-Farsons, Limited, in Malta, has made satisfactory progress, in spite of apparent official indifference to the needs of local industry and in the face of severe competition.

THE BOTTLED BEER TRADE.

Our bottled beer trade continues to increase, and, at the present moment, stands at 35,000,000 bottles per annum, excluding the turnover of some of our recently acquired companies. (*Cheers.*) There is some indication that the demand for bottled beers is gradually reaching its highest point, but the expansion of our business in this particular line has naturally involved very considerable outlay, both in the Reading Brewery and Bottled Beer Stores and at our Brewery and Stores at Devonport and elsewhere. The equipment has to be kept, as far as possible, up to date, and in this connection your Directors have been careful adequately to write down the value of the plant and machinery in view of a portion of it becoming obsolete. One never knows whether a machine which at the moment appears to be the most efficient on the market may not have to be replaced at any time by an improvement of the same machine itself or by some new invention.

There is one item on the balance sheet to which I would like to call your particular attention—our Property Improvement Reserve—which with the figure added to it in this year's balance sheet now stands at £85,000. We are fully alive to the necessity of improving, modernizing and rebuilding our licensed properties to meet the requirements of the public, and I do not think we can be accused of being behindhand in this respect.

The additions, alterations and extensions to which I have already referred have necessarily caused considerable inconvenience which, but for the ability and energy of our staff, might possibly have resulted in some dislocation. I should like to express on behalf of the Board our high appreciation of their efforts during the past year.

TRIBUTE TO THE STAFF.

The quality of our beers has been well maintained, thanks to the continued and valuable services of our Head Brewer, Mr. C. W. Stocker, and his staff. (*Hear, hear.*)

Our Estates and Building Departments have been working at high pressure and we appreciate the efforts of our veteran chief of those departments, Mr. H. F. Lindars, and Captain A. S. Drewe.

Our thanks are due to the Managers of our Branch Stores for valuable services rendered under the able direction of Mr. C. E. Gough. (*Hear, hear.*)

Our Secretarial Department has also been very fully occupied, and Mr. E. S. Phipps and his assistants have rendered very valuable service to the Company; in fact, I have to acknowledge the loyalty rendered by the whole of the staffs, both of the parent company and its allied companies, and to express our warmest thanks to them. (*Hear, hear.*)

I should also like to take this opportunity of expressing the thanks of the Directors to that large body of free customers, to whom I referred last year, who continue to place their confidence in us.

THE FUTURE.

As to the future, ladies and gentlemen, as I said last year, the position is still somewhat obscure. The Royal Commission is still sitting, and I leave it at that; but I venture to believe that so long as this great industry of ours, which contributes so largely to the revenues of the country, receives ordinary justice, and so long as whatever Government may be in office does not allow itself to be stamped by the clamour of cranks and faddists, the future of our industry, and of this Firm in particular, should be reasonably secure and prosperous. (*Cheers.*)

I now beg to move the following resolution:—"That the report of the Directors and the balance sheet for 1929-1930 be received and adopted and that, having already paid a full year's dividend on the 5% Cumulative Preference Shares, less tax, and an interim dividend of 3%, less tax, on the £450,200 Ordinary Shares, a final dividend of 9½%, less tax (making a dividend of 12½%, less tax, for the year), be now paid on the Ordinary Shares; that £14,019 7s. 8d. be appropriated to the Reserve Fund; that £5,000 be appropriated to Debenture Redemption Reserve; that £14,865 6s. 6d. be carried to Property Improvement Account; that the Pensions Fund Reserve be augmented by the sum of £15,866 os. 4d.; and that the balance of £88,184 8s. 8d. be carried forward."

Mr. John H. Simonds (the Vice-Chairman) seconded the resolution, which was unanimously carried.

On the motion of Mr. F. A. Simonds (Managing Director), seconded by Mrs. C. M. Simonds, the retiring Directors (Mr. Stephen V. Shea-Simonds, Mr. John H. Simonds and Mr. Alfred J. Redman) were unanimously re-elected.

Mr. C. E. Gough proposed the re-appointment of Messrs. Collins, Tootell and Co., of Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4, as Auditors. He expressed thanks on behalf of the Departmental Managers

for the courtesy and ready assistance always extended by the Audit Staff, headed by Mr. J. J. Chaplin.

Mr. R. A. Walker seconded, referring to the increased work imposed on auditors by the recent Companies Act.

Mr. W. W. Collins, in responding, said the new Companies Act did not so much impose extra work as emphasise points of law which already existed. It was up to the auditors to endeavour not merely to carry out the letter of the law but to go a little further if possible and see the shareholders had placed before them an account which they could thoroughly understand, even though perhaps some of them were not very well versed in commercial matters. The Firm were fortunate to have such a balance sheet presented as the one before them. It gave as much information as it was possible for shareholders to have, and was a model of its kind. He wished to say how much he and his staff appreciated the manner in which any suggestions they made to the Board, with a view to making the accounts as informative as possible, were received, practically every suggestion having been accepted.

A WORTHY CHAIRMAN.

Major G. S. M. Ashby, proposing a vote of thanks to the Chairman, congratulated him and his fellow Directors on a successful year's working, and wished the Company even greater success in future years.

Mr. C. Bennett seconded and said that all the Staff of the Company had a very great regard and a warm affection for Mr. Shea-Simonds; they appreciated his wholehearted humanity, his consideration and his fine qualities. He assured him and his fellow Directors that the Staff would give them their utmost loyalty and best support at all times.

The Chairman briefly responded, and this concluded the meeting.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

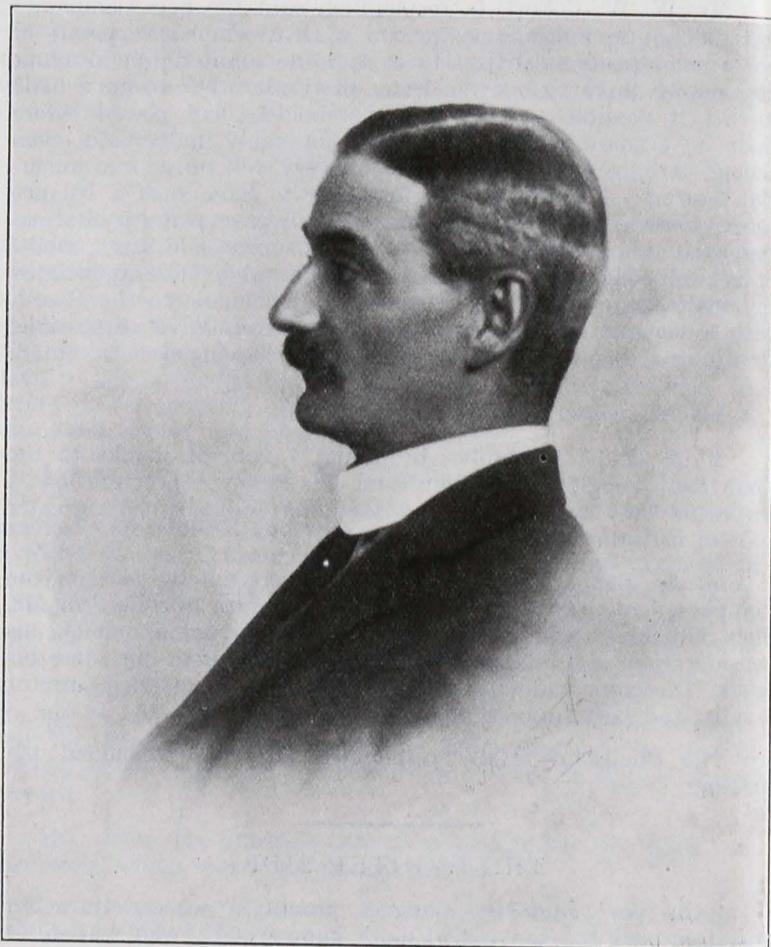
"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Gadgett, proudly, "we can trace our ancestors back to—to—well, I don't know exactly who, but we've been descending for centuries."

* * * *

A teacher asked her class: "Whose emblem is the leek?" A bright pupil raised his hand and replied eagerly, "Please, Miss, the plumber's."

Director's Fifty Years at the Brewery.

HANDSOME PRESENTATIONS TO MR. FRED SIMONDS.
TRIBUTES TO HIS KINDNESS AND COURTESY.



On Christmas Eve fifty years ago Mr. Fred Simonds, an esteemed Director of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., arrived in Reading and for half a century he has served the firm well and truly. His culture, his old-world courtesy and his kindness, have endeared him to all and when the suggestion was made that, to mark his jubilee of

service, he should be presented with some tangible tokens of the esteem of the staff, every member was only too ready to subscribe. The gifts took the form of a handsome clock, a pair of binoculars, and a diamond brooch for Mrs. Simonds. It was a happy idea that the presentations should be made on Christmas Eve and the pleasing little ceremony took place in the Waiting Room at the Brewery when some warm tributes were paid to Mr. Fred Simonds' work and worth.

At the request of Mr. Simonds the ceremony was as quiet and informal as possible.

KIND AND CONSIDERATE.

Mr. H. F. Lindars presided and said that as the oldest member of the staff—he had served for sixty-four years—he had the honour and privilege, as representing the employees, numbering some thousand, to congratulate Mr. Fred Simonds on having been with the firm for fifty years. (Applause). Not many recollected when Mr. Fred came over but he had a vivid recollection of it. At that particular time they had a very severe winter. Some of them found their way to the Fobney Meadows for skating where they met Mr. Fred Simonds and, as a skater, they were all astonished at his proficiency. During the next few years he was busy with an important part of the Brewery, the Brewing Room, extracting the virtues of malt and hops without which they could not get on very well. Later Mr. Fred came to the Offices and was more closely associated with the Estates Office. He (Mr. Lindars) would like to take that opportunity of thanking him for the kind and considerate manner in which he always dealt with the business brought before his notice. They all felt very strongly that they could not allow that auspicious occasion to pass without showing him some tangible mark of their appreciation of the courtesy and kindness which he had always shown to them. (Loud applause).

Mr. Lindars then asked Mr. Simonds acceptance of the gifts. I ask you to receive them, added Mr. Lindars, as mementoes of the happy years we have spent together and may you and Mrs. Simonds live together for many years to come. (Renewed applause).

A CULTURED GENTLEMAN.

Mr. C. E. Gough observed that he was most pleased to associate himself with what Mr. Lindars had said. He could not go back so far, only forty years, but during that long period he had been in close touch with Mr. Fred. He would like to say that he had always found him, as everyone else had done, a cultured gentleman, genial and courteous to everyone with whom he came into contact. (Applause). It was Christmas Eve when he landed in England, fifty

years ago, and it was very appropriate that he should choose the present Christmas Eve to meet them and receive their good wishes and tokens of esteem and affection. They were extremely pleased that Mrs. Simonds was able to attend, for a good woman was a man's guiding light. (Applause). There had been a number of jubilees concerning the outside and inside staffs and the Directors had always been very generous towards those who had served them for fifty years. (Hear, hear). That occasion gave the staffs an opportunity of retaliating. It was a unique occasion and it must necessarily be some years before it could be repeated. They were very grateful to Mr. Fred for giving them the opportunity of turning the tables. He (Mr. Gough) was speaking on behalf of all the Branches, the South Berks Brewery and the Branch Department and he would quote from one letter which was typical of many:—

"All the staff here, outside and in, are very pleased to be associated with the fund. As you know, Mr. Fred visited us almost every year and he always had a kind word for everyone with whom he came into contact." (Applause).

OTHER TRIBUTES.

Mr. R. Biggs endorsed all that had been said and expressed his very great pleasure at being present on that occasion. He hoped the clock would tend to remind Mr. Fred of them all.

Mr. F. C. Hawkes said he and all the others were only too pleased to take a minor part in that presentation by subscribing to the fund and they were delighted to meet Mr. Fred on that occasion, especially as he was accompanied by Mrs. Simonds. (Applause).

Mr. H. L. Chaplin said that his position in the Wine and Spirit Department had entailed his coming into contact with Mr. Fred, who was his master and his guide—and also his friend. (Applause). He had always received the greatest kindness from him and he hoped those happy relations would continue for many a year to come. (Applause).

MR. FRED'S REMINISCENCES.

Mr. Fred Simonds on rising to acknowledge the gifts had a most enthusiastic reception. He addressed the company as "Ladies and gentlemen and fellow workers" and continued to thank them all most heartily for those handsome gifts. That presentation was quite unexpected and a better day could not have been chosen. It was exactly fifty years ago, that evening, that he arrived in the neighbourhood. He met the late Mr. Blackall-Simonds in London, came to Reading, and just after Christmas took off his coat and started work. (Applause). He had seen a few ups and downs since

he had been there. He remembered one occasion when working in the Brewery nearly every member of the brewing staff was ill. He and Mr. Burrett were left alone. They were brewing night and day. He (Mr. Fred) took the day work and Mr. Burrett the night work. For about ten days and nights they worked like that but they succeeded in carrying on till the other brewers returned. (Applause). He did appreciate the good feeling that existed between them, even more than he did the beautiful presents, and he thanked them from the bottom of his heart for the wonderful kindness they had shown him and his wife that evening. (Applause). He hoped that good feeling would continue. He did not know how many more years he would carry on. He knew he was getting older though he did not feel much older. (A voice: "There's your diamond jubilee to come yet, sir" and applause).

Mrs. Simonds said she thought it very kind to give them those lovely presents and she felt more touched than she could express in words.

Mr. Lindars then wished Mr. and Mrs. Simonds a very Happy Christmas and New Year, and many of them.

Mr. Simonds reciprocated the wish and as Mrs. Simonds was pinning the brooch to her breast her husband said: "You mustn't wear it before Christmas."

Mrs. Simonds replied: "I am going to"—and she DID.

Thus ended a very happy occasion.

MR. FRED SIMONDS' THANKS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

May I ask for a short space in the "Gazette" to thank each of the numerous subscribers towards the handsome presentation made to me on the completion of my fifty years' service at the Brewery?

As I am unable to thank all personally, I wish to say that I do appreciate their kind action as coming from one fellow worker to another, and I shall long remember the good feeling which prompted the generous gift. Handsome as it is, I value the good feeling more than the present itself.

My wife joins me in this expression of thanks.

Yours faithfully,

FRED SIMONDS.

Breccles,

Southcote Road,

Reading.

23rd December, 1930.

A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.)

A HERON'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

CRAFTY CROWS.

On Christmas morning I was up before it was light and I went for a long walk. It was a fine morning, from my point of view, for it was raining so heavily that few people ventured forth, and I had the river and the meadows all to myself; except that I took my dog, "Rip," with me—we are great pals—and my field glasses, and I saw a good deal of wild Nature's ways.

Before break of day peewits were uttering their plaintive notes, the moorhens were "kurr-acking," and I could hear the dabchicks at play.

GHOSTS!

I am anything but superstitious and I certainly do not believe in ghosts, but two ghost-like forms appeared just in front of me and glided across my path! Enough to give one a turn, but I always carry a thick stick, in case of emergencies, and closer inspection proved these white apparitions to be nothing more than a pair of swans.

NEARLY AN IMPROMPTU COLD BATH.

Splash! Walking on the greasy turf I slipped into a pool of water, nearly over my boots, and when I regained my balance found that I was within a foot of the river's edge, where the water was very deep, and it was a wonder I did not have an impromptu cold bath.

There are now streaks of light in the sky. A thrush pours out his joyous notes, and from the top of a gate-post a wren expresses his glad feelings so forcibly that I fear his little body will burst.

GLAD TIDINGS.

And then, in the distance, I hear the church bells sending forth their welcome message. Yes, it is Christmas morning and here, in the meadows, alone, these bells bring home to me, in a very real sense, the Christmas spirit and all that Christmas means. Glad tidings of great joy, yes, and they remind me, too, of other bells I may not hear again; of other voices, alas! silent for ever now.

But the day has now well begun and, with the aid of my field glasses, I have the plovers under close observation. What a "bag" I have obtained by means of these glasses in the course of many years. They are a trifle battered now from hard wear and tear, but I hope we shall spend many another year together yet. By my "bag" I mean specimens of information only.

A REALLY GOOD SPECIMEN.

And on Christmas morning I obtained a really good specimen—of information. I have obtained similar specimens before, but this one is well worth recording.

It was like this: I spotted an old heron in the distance, in shallow water. A pair of crafty crows were watching him, too, at much closer quarters, and evidently with felonious intent. As still as a statue stood the heron, and as still as statues stood the crows.

Then all of a sudden the heron sprang into life, as it were, darted down his powerful bill into the water and brought forth a struggling rat. Carrying it into the meadow he struck the poor rodent many a fierce blow and life must soon have been extinct.

ATTEMPTED HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

And then the two crows came on the scene and attempted to rob the heron of his spoils. Behind the hedge there was a great commotion and particularly interested were two old cows that stood and stared and stared.

Meanwhile my dog and I hurried to the spot and so intent was the heron on retaining his meal, and so intent were the crows on sharing it, that "Rip" and I got within about twenty yards of them before they saw us through the hedge. Then with a raucous squawk, the heron flew off with the rat and my dog gave chase—a hopeless chase of course—but it so frightened the heron that he dropped his prey. "Rip" quickly seized the rat and brought it triumphantly to his master. I examined the little furry body and I should think that heron must have broken every bone in it preparatory to swallowing the rat at one great gulp.

AS STILL AS STATUES.

The heron flew to a tree, not fifty yards away, and there he stood as still as a statue, watching events. The crows flew to the same tree, perched quite close to the heron, and there they stood as still as statues too.

I left the rat near where the heron dropped it and moved away to keep observation from a distance. I thought my dog and I were

well out of sight, but after waiting half-an-hour I decided to retrace my steps and, as I repassed the meadow, there stood the heron as still as a statue, and there stood the crows as still as statues, too!

I walked across the water-logged meadow, determined to make those three statues move. The crows departed first and then the heron, very reluctantly, flew away.

HIS DINNER AT LAST!

I had proceeded a considerable distance when a heron spotted my dog and me and rose. I wondered if he was our old friend. Sure enough he was, for he flew straight back to the spot where we left the rat, suddenly descended and, I doubt not, picked up the rat and made a meal of it.

I hope he enjoyed his Christmas dinner and I apologise to him for my uncalled-for intrusion during meal times.

Later in the day I had under *very* close observation another bird—a turkey! And if anyone had been as rude to me as I was to the heron, by unnecessary interference during *my* Christmas dinner, I should have uttered something even more expressive than a raucous squawk!

May I wish all bird lovers who may happen to read my little notes, a very happy New Year, all the happier I am sure by reason of their interest in and love of our delightful little feathered friends.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

DOCTOR (called in by testy patient to replace former medical attendant): "First of all, nurse, I should like to hear the patient's medical record."

PATIENT: "Before we get to that, doctor, I should like to hear yours."

* * * *

"John, I wish you'd drop into the cleaner's with my dress on your way to the office." "All right my dear. Just tie it around my finger and then I'll be sure to remember it."

* * * *

MR. NEWLYWED: "Is the steak ready now, dear?"

MRS. NEWLYWED: "I'm sorry I'm so long, George, but it looked hopeless grilled, and it doesn't look much better fried, but if you'll be patient a little longer I'll see what boiling does to it."

TAMAR BREWERY FRIENDS VISIT READING.

JOLLY EVENING AT THE SOCIAL CLUB.

GUESTS RECEIVED BY DIRECTORS.

On the occasion of the football match, Reading *v.* Plymouth Argyle, a large party of friends from the Tamar Brewery made the journey to Reading, where they spent the whole day and returned with very pleasant recollections of their visit.

In the morning they came to the Brewery and spent a very pleasant hour at the Social Club, Mr. F. A. Simonds kindly sparing the time to meet them and have a friendly chat.

After the match—the Tamarites having the satisfaction of seeing their team prove the better of two very poor sides—our friends paid another visit to the Social Club, where they spent a highly enjoyable evening. There was a games tournament, and an excellent meal was provided for this large family by Mr. and Mrs. King, the popular Steward and Stewardess.

Major S. V. Shea-Simonds joined in the games and rather staggered his opponent by the prowess he displayed at billiards.

At the close of the evening Mr. F. Pierce proposed a very hearty vote of thanks to the Firm, to which they all belonged, for the very generous manner in which they had been entertained at that delightful Club.

Mr. W. G. Sealey, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Tamar Brewery Social Club, seconded. He said it was indeed a great pleasure to visit the Firm and the Social Club. They had been entertained right royally and they appreciated the kindness of the Directors very much. When their Reading friends visited Devonport they would be extended a similarly hearty welcome. The presence of Major Shea-Simonds had added greatly to their evening's enjoyment. (*Applause.*)

Mr. Wright added that such gatherings as that bound them together more than ever, and he called for three cheers for the Reading Social Club and "three cheers for the losers."

DIRECTORS VERY GLAD TO RECEIVE THEM.

These were very heartily given and Major Shea-Simonds, as Chairman of the Company, said how much he valued their kind expressions of thanks. He was delighted that they had spent a

happy day and could only say that the Directors were very glad to receive them. He humorously suggested that they should "square" Plymouth in the return match, and added that he should be there to see the game. (*Loud applause.*)

Three hearty cheers were then called for Major Shea-Simonds and these were given with musical honours.

Mr. T. W. Bradford, the Hon. Secretary of the Club, expressed his great pleasure at hearing they had so thoroughly enjoyed themselves for he had had strict instructions that they were to be well looked after. The members of the Club had certainly enjoyed their company.

Mr. Wright thanked Mr. Bradford for the efficient manner in which he had arranged the games and he was given three hearty cheers.

Mr. Bradford called for three more for Tamar and these were given with equal heartiness.

It was a great disappointment that Drayman G. Harris could not bring his concertina.

The striking rosettes worn by the Visitors bore unmistakable evidence of the famous "Hop Leaf" brands, and they were the artistic work of Mrs. Nash, wife of Mr. Sidney Nash, who is a native of Reading.

Mr. T. W. Bradford, the indefatigable Hon. Secretary of the Club, was complimented on all hands on the excellence of the general arrangements.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

An examiner was asking questions on the English paper, and, finding the class very dull, he asked, in desperation: "Well, can anyone tell me a collective noun." "Yes, sir," said one bright boy. "Dustman."

* * * *

Hay fever, it is now ascertained, is a nervous manifestation, not a mere localised irritation. This means that it affects the tishoos.

* * * *

WIFE: "I think, John, sheep are the most stupid creatures on earth."

JOHN (absent-mindedly): "Yes, my lamb."

ANTIQUITY OF TENNIS.

The tennis enthusiast who goes to Venice should visit the Palazzo Querini-Stampalia. Its gallery does not contain many important paintings, but there is quite a number of Gabriel Bella's works, a painter who lived about 1750. He was not a great painter, but gives in his pictures interesting details regarding popular events of his period, like carnival scenes, a ladies' boat-race on the Grand Canal, and the like.

Among these works is an interesting painting depicting a regular lawn tennis men's foursome, played in Venice about the middle of the eighteenth century. One can see four men holding tennis rackets, one at the net and one standing back, each side, watching a red and blue ball flying over the net. The room in which they play seems to be slightly longer than a real tennis court. It is just an ordinary hall, with two large open windows in each of the three walls, and probably also in the fourth, the side from which the view of the court is taken. Near each long side of the court, which seems to have side-lines, low platforms are erected, from which quite a number of spectators are watching the game.

SUCCESSFUL BALL.

DONATIONS TO THREE CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

Great success marked the sixth annual ball in aid of local charities organised by the Reading and District Women's Auxiliary League and held at the "Olympia," London Street, Reading.

Mr. Rendell acted as M.C., and Mrs. Smart (Chairman of the League) presented the prizes, which were given by the Mayor of Reading, H. and G. Simonds, Ltd., Tunbridge and Sons, Messrs. Catliffe, Brigham, Wethered, Hughes, Drew, W. S. Townsend, the Women's Committee, Simonds' Retailers' Committee, Councillor Phillips, and Councillor Lovell.

Mrs. Smart tendered the thanks of the organisers to all who had taken tickets for the dance, and to Miss Dryer and Mr. Carter for their valuable help.

Mrs. Nunns (Vice-Chairman) thanked those who had contributed to the success of the evening by giving prizes.

At a subsequent meeting, held at the Jolly Anglers, Kennet Side, it was agreed to send donations to three local charitable institutions, and also a grant of £10 to a member in distressed circumstances.

THUMBNAIL SKETCH.



Mr. WILLIAM G. SEALEY, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Tamar Brewery Social Club, Devonport.

(BY C.H.P.).

The subject of my Thumbnail Sketch this month is Mr. William G. Sealey, the popular Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. Social and Sports Club, The Tamar Brewery, Devonport. He was much in evidence on the occasion of the Reading v. Plymouth Argyle football match, making the arrangements for a large party of Tamarites to visit Reading and spend the day there.

Joining the staff ten years ago, his chief work then was checking numbers. Now he is responsible for the bottled beer sales. He generously provided the "Sealey" cup for billiards at the Tamar Club, and, in addition to his activities on behalf of this institution, he is Hon. Secretary of the Morice Town Gala Committee which holds a carnival every year for the benefit of various charities. Of a very genial disposition, and a rare man for hard work, he is well known in Devonport for the interest he takes in public affairs and in the welfare of the city generally. In 1928 he was a candidate for a seat on the local Board of Guardians and in the following year he contested the Ward in which he resides for a seat on the City Council.

He is very ambitious and who knows but that, in the not very distant future, we may see him occupying the Mayoral Chair?

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

A Happy New Year to all our Readers.

Xmas, 1930.

This year with increased undertakings we have been particularly busy. The fog, which prevailed in all districts just when we were at our busiest, naturally made deliveries rather difficult at times. Nevertheless, the huge supplies sent mainly by road arrived to time and to the satisfaction of our customers. The tonnage carried by road reached some rather large figures. No doubt the circularising early in December of all the Tenants of the different Companies under the control of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., giving explicit instructions as to deliveries for Christmas and rules to be observed, helped in making the arrangements work so smoothly. Our Transport Department are proud of their achievement and it will be readily agreed that they have every reason to be. After all the rain we have been having it was rather surprising to receive an order for "one barrel of liquor," *i.e.* water, from one of our Tenants: yet we did so and the order was duly executed.

A YEAR OF PROGRESS.

From the balance sheet and the report of the Annual Meeting published in the Press, it will be seen that the last financial year of the Firm, which ended on 30th September, 1930, was a wonderful year of real progress. May this splendid progress still be maintained. The growth of the bottled beer trade is really amazing, and it is still going up!

QUARTERLY BALANCING.

We always begin the New Year by starting on overtime for the above purpose. Let us all hope that it will be a case of "balanced first time."

FOOTBALL.

Even though Reading are still at the bottom of the league, the present form of the players has given many of us hope that they will again escape relegation. Although a tremendous amount of lee-way will have to be made up, the prospect is by no means hopeless: at least, many of us are that way of thinking *at the moment*. Plymouth Argyle came, saw, and conquered on the

13th December. I hope I shall not be considered too biased by my Plymouth friends when I state that I consider the Argyle were rather fortunate in winning. Luck, which plays a prominent part in football, was certainly not on Reading's side (in my opinion) on this occasion. However, we heartily congratulate Plymouth and they certainly seem to be doing much better since their visit to Elm Park. Possibly Reading supplied them with just the tonic they needed.

The displays given by the team during the Xmas matches have been much better and but for injuries the results would have been more satisfactory. If the team can reproduce the present form in the Cup-tie with Crystal Palace on the 10th January we have little fear of the result. We shall see.

THE LATE MR. JAMES VICKERS.

Mr. Vickers, an old servant of the Firm, I am sorry to say, passed away on the 12th December, 1930. He was employed in the Wheelwrights Department for eighteen years and had been on the pension list for many years. Every Friday morning he used to call at the Brewery and many will miss his cheery "Good morning, sir."

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

SHE: "Yes, his book on Buddhism is awfully interesting."

HE: "By Jove, I must get a copy! I'm a very keen gardener, you know."

* * * *

DENTIST: "Here's something queer. You said this tooth had never been worked on before. Yet I find some flakes of gold on my instrument."

VICTIM: "You must have struck my back collar button, sir!"

* * * *

PROSTRATE PEDESTRIAN: "Sir, will you kindly remove your car from the back of my neck?"

OWNER OF MIDGET CAR: "A thousand pardons, but it has slipped down your shirt."

* * * *

WHITE: "Do you know, I'm losing my memory—it's worrying me to death."

BROWN (sympathetically): "Never mind, old chap. Just piece of all about it."

The mother heard a crash, and she rushed out to find that her little son had fallen down the stairs. "Did you miss a step, Billy?" she asked. "No," groaned Billy, "I hit every one."

* * * *

TOM: "How do you afford such a long holiday?"

JIM: "Quite simple. One month on the sands and eleven on the rocks."

* * * *

Some men are not satisfied with courting trouble, they go ahead and marry it.

* * * *

Two sailors were talking of their adventures. Said one: "I was once shipwrecked and lived for a week on a tin of sardines."

"H'm! Not much room to move about, eh?"

* * * *

"I represent a society for the suppression of profanity. I want to take profanity out of your life——"

"Hey, Mother! Here's a man who wants to buy our car."

* * * *

PATSY: "Are rosy cheeks a sign of good health?"

SANDY: "I should say they are."

PATSY: "Well, I saw a girl the other day who was a lot healthier on one side than the other."

* * * *

HE: "I consider there is something appealing about every girl I meet."

SHE: "What do you like about me?"

HE: "Your mother's cooking."

* * * *

"This meat," said the young husband, "has a queer taste."

"It may be because I burned it a little," replied his bride, "but I put some vaseline on it right away."

* * * *

TEACHER: "Napoleon once said there was no such word as 'can't.'"

VOICE FROM THE BACK OF THE CLASS: "Please, miss, I wonder what he would have said if he had tried to strike a match on a piece of soap?"

"No," said the shopkeeper, "I don't want any slot machines that involve gambling." "These," replied the salesman earnestly, "are not gambling devices. The customer hasn't a chance."

* * * *

"What was the cause of the collision at the corner to-day?"

"Two motorists after the same pedestrian."

* * * *

The woman of the hour is the one who promises to be ready in a second.

* * * *

Love makes a man think of diamonds, and marriage makes him think of clubs.

* * * *

"I recently heard a pianist who had only one hand."

"That is nothing. I recently heard a singer who had no voice at all."

* * * *

ISLAND CHIEF: "Your Majesty, the missionary has been in the pot thirty-six hours, but he won't cook."

CANNIBAL KING: "And he said the flesh was weak."

* * * *

The brakes had failed. Women screamed; strong men turned pale. With rapidly increasing speed the bus ran backwards downhill. But never once did the driver lose his presence of mind.

"Quick, Bill," he yelled to his conductor; "change the destination boards!"

* * * *

His uncle was giving him a lecture.

"You modern boys want too much," he said. "Do you know what I was getting when I married your aunt?"

"No," replied the nephew, "and I bet you didn't, either."

* * * *

ACTRESS: "It may interest you to know that I shan't be twenty-one for two years."

REVUE MANAGER: "Splendid! My last leading lady was twenty-one for nearly ten."

* * * *

"Little boy, don't you know what becomes of boys who use such bad language when they play marbles?"

"Yes'm, they grow up and play golf."

CRUSTY TRAVELLER (in railway carriage, caustically): "I am glad to see your baby has stopped crying, madam."

MOTHER: "Yes, sir. You are the only thing that's pleased him since he saw the animals at the zoo!"

* * * *

The old lady was feeling ill, so the maid sent for the doctor. "What's the matter with your mistress?" he inquired. "I don't know, sir," answered the maid, "but she says she wants to die." "Ah," said the doctor, "then you did quite right to send for me."

* * * *

"Did you give your typist a day off on her birthday?"

"She didn't need it; she took three years off herself."

* * * *

"I don't mind having rings on my fingers," he said, as he limped from the dance, "but I'm hanged if I can stand belles on my toes."

* * * *

JONES: "Do you think the candidate put enough fire into his speech?"

BROWN: "Oh, yes! The trouble was, he didn't put enough of his speech in the fire."

* * * *

A certain fancy goods dealer in Aberdeen on being told that his blind was a disgrace to the window, excused himself on the plea that a new one was so costly. "But," his friend replied, "you'll lose business if you keep a shabby blind like that." "I believe you're right," said the shopkeeper, "I must really see what I can do." Some weeks after, his friend called again and was delighted to see a decided change for the better. "That's a lovely blind you've got," he remarked, "it must have cost a fine penny." "It did that," was the naive reply. "But my customers helped a good deal. You see I placed a collection-box on the counter with a printed notice 'FOR THE BLIND,' and I got all I wanted."

* * * *

MINISTER: "Is there anything you would like to know before you pass away?"

DONALD: "Aye, Minister, there's twa things I'd like tae ken. Hoo did you get into that collar and hoo dae they get gless bools into the necks o' lemonade bottles?"

* * * *

It does not follow that because cannibals now have electrical refrigeration missionaries are bound to meet with a cool reception.

BRANCHES.

GIBRALTAR.

The advent of the rainy season has done much to mar many sporting events on the Rock this month but, even so, we must not grumble as the reservoirs were getting perilously low and we should soon have been reduced to that happy state of drinking beer with all our meals instead of with our breakfast, dinner, tea and supper.

The 1st Batt. the Lincolnshire Regiment have been honoured with a visit from their Colonel, Major-General C. R. Simpson, C.B., for whom they trooped the colours. Although the weather was unfortunately wet and the ceremony had to be carried out in a constant downpour, such hardy spectators as were present were greatly impressed by the smart appearance of the parade and the manner in which the ceremony was executed.

Our old friends, the 1st (Fortress) Company, Royal Engineers, are again making their presence felt and three whist drives and dances which have recently been organised by the Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Mess have been well patronised. The Mess has recently been redecorated and is now cosy and comfortable, while guests can always be assured of a welcome that is as sincere as it is hearty.

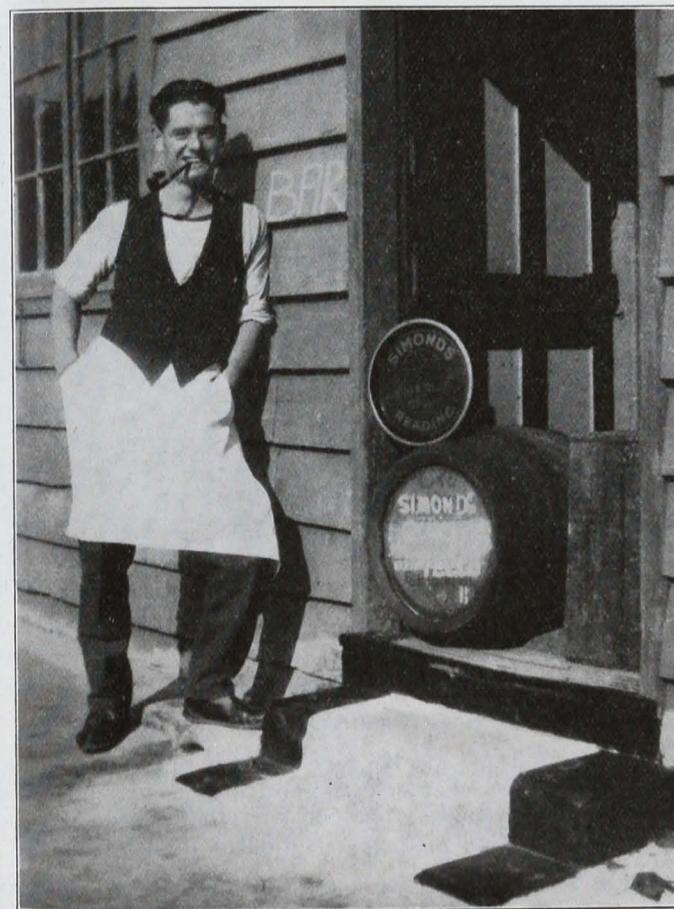
We have had few "naval occasions" this month, the chief of which was a dance organised by the ship's Company of H.M.S. *Cormorant*. The Committee, under Master-at-Arms Smart, have been to great pains to secure an effective decorative scheme and have undoubtedly achieved their object. The last function was a great success and was generously supported.

Unfortunately, we have recently received the news that the Atlantic Fleet, or portion of it, which will visit Gibraltar for the Annual Spring Cruise will be seriously depleted owing to the *Nelson*, *Rodney* and a number of the larger vessels proceeding to Panama and the West Indies. The net result of this change of programme is that we shall only have comparatively few ships here for the major part of the time and the entire Atlantic Fleet will only be with us for a week. Such a drastic alteration in the normal course of events is bound to have a great effect on trade in Gibraltar, and it is to be hoped that the Admiralty will endeavour to compensate us by sending a few more ships here for their "working up" practices during the course of the ensuing year.

H.M.S. *Shamrock* has now joined the Station, and we wish her Officers and ship's Company a very pleasant commission among us. There are several familiar faces among the ship's Company and we feel sure that, after they have "shaken down" and got into normal routine once more, they will find that Gib. is not such a bad little spot after all.

The news of the relief of Rear-Admiral Berwick Curtis, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., as Rear-Admiral-in-Charge, Gibraltar, has been received throughout the community with great regret. During the period that Rear-Admiral Curtis has been with us, he has endeared himself to all with whom he came into contact, and all in Gibraltar will wish him the very best of good fortune when he leaves us.

We have also to record the departure of Captain R. McL. More, who occupied the post of Garrison Adjutant. Captain More also enjoyed a great amount of popularity, and it was with the greatest regret that his staff bade him "au revoir" at a Smoking Concert held on 19th November.



Sergt. Walter Jesney, 1st Batt. Lincolnshire Regt., wearing a Friday morning smile.

Our portrait this month is of a jovial "Boniface," who ministers to the needs of thirsty Sergeants at the North Front Mess, occupied by part of the 1st Battalion the Lincolnshire Regiment. His motto is "a large Cap Ribbon and no Credit," but even so, his smiling face and permanent wave have such an appealing influence that customers have not the heart to complain. He is an all-round athlete in addition, and plays goalkeeper in the Mess "Poky Die" team.

Our best wishes for a bright and prosperous New Year to the Directors and members of the Staff, and all old friends who happen to read these lines.



Headquarters Staff, Military Foot Police. Gibraltar, November, 1930.

"NAUTICUS."

A TOUR TO GIBRALTAR.

(Continued.)

The inspection of our baggage by the Customs officials is only of a perfunctory character, as most articles are duty free in Gibraltar, and an assurance on our part that we do not carry firearms or other lethal weapons is sufficient to clear us.

Clear of the Old Mole, we enter the town by the Waterport Gate, pausing for a casual glance at the Moorish Market on our

left-hand side with its crates of live chickens, eggs and Moorish leather work, while opposite the Moorish Market is the new Gibraltar Market—a fine building of stone and tiles which was only opened as recently as last year. A few minutes more and we are in the Main Street, of which Thackeray said: "Suppose all the natives of the earth were to send fifty ambassadors to represent them at Wapping or Portsmouth Point, with each, under its own national signboard and language, its appropriate house of call, and your imagination may figure the main street of Gibraltar." Spanish characteristics predominate in the people, with a sprinkling of Jews, Moors, and even Berbers with fair skin, blue eyes and red hair. The shop fronts bear familiar names, and while there are no beggars there are hosts of licensed hawkers. The Indian bazaars with a luxurious galaxy of shawls, Benares brass ware, and a profuse display of carved ivory idols and images, are themselves worth an hour's study, but time is short and we have much to see.

Our attention is arrested by the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which appears to have been originally a Moorish Mosque of considerable size as may be seen by the marble in the buildings and the cloisters. The church was remodelled and redecorated in 1502 by Ferdinand and Isabella, who also directed that a large and elevated tower should be constructed in which to place the bells and the clock. The English Cathedral, which is in close proximity, cannot lay claim to such antiquity as the foundation stone was laid as recently as 1825. It is a plain stone building, but commodious, with pleasing Arabesque ornamentation in the interior.

Government House, the official Residence of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, is the next building to claim our attention. It was formerly a community of Franciscan Friars, founded in 1840, and who took up their abode in the Convent in 1531. The building is not distinguished by reason of ornamentality but is spacious and commodious. In the Hall are to be seen many paintings of personages at the time of the Great Siege in 1799, specimens of small ordnance, shot and shell, and a grate for heating shot used during the Siege. That garden of the Convent is beautiful and well-kept and has many curious trees, not the least being an old Dragon tree, stated to be over one thousand years old.

A short walk brings us to the historic Southport Gates, which were constructed in 1503. It was in the reign of Charles V. of Spain that the arms of Spain received the addition of the columns of Hercules, with the inscription *plus ultra*, the new world being then discovered, in contradistinction to the former motto of *non plus ultra*, no longer corresponding to the wide-spread Spanish dominions. Adjacent to the Southport Gate lies the Trafalgar Cemetery, where lie buried many of those killed or died of wounds

received at the naval action off Algeciras between a French and an English Squadron on 6th July, 1801, and at the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805. Among the tombstones is that of Captain Edward Butler, Royal Regiment of English Fusiliers, who died on the 25th April, 1743, at the age of 111 years, after serving in the Army for a period of ninety years. Access to the Cemetery can easily be obtained by a door and steps which have recently been erected.

The Naval Dockyard is the next place to claim our attention. The Admiralty harbour, with an area of 440 acres, is enclosed by three moles: the New Mole or South Mole, 3,660 feet long; the Detached Mole, 2,717 feet long; and the Commercial Mole, over a mile in length. The Dockyard contains four large dry docks, besides which there are slips, large and up-to-date workshops, stores and offices, covering an area of about 11 acres. It was originally opened in the 18th Century, and several of Lord Nelson's ships, included the *Victory* (in which the dead hero was being conveyed), were repaired and refitted after the Battle of Trafalgar and prior to sailing for England. A letter is preserved in the Dockyard, signed by Lord Nelson and dated on board the *Victory* at sea on 2nd January, 1805.

We cannot leave Gibraltar proper without a passing glance at the picturesque village situated at Catalan Bay, a small fishing village at the back of the Rock. It is well worth a visit, as the Rock which rises almost perpendicularly behind it nowhere looks more grand or imposing. Of late years, especially during the summer months, it has become a popular resort because of the excellence of the bathing and the cool breeze which is usually blowing. The villagers are occasionally unpleasantly reminded of their proximity to the Rock by the large stones which come tumbling down amongst their dwellings. In 1811 an immense stone detached itself from the upper portion of the Rock and, rolling down towards the sea, crushed four dwellings, killing eighteen people and wounding many more, while tales of more serious landslips which occurred subsequently are told by the inhabitants. The north side of the Rock has also been smoothed off to make water catchments, while the actual reservoirs, which are inside the Rock, are capable of holding many millions of gallons of water. That these huge reservoirs are necessary is emphasized by the fact that Gibraltar is entirely dependent on the annual rainfall for its water supply.

(To be continued.)

BRIGHTON.

The march of civilisation and the change over from sail to motors for fishing and other craft brings minor tragedies in its train. One such happened off the Brighton front one day quite recently.

People were attracted to a prolonged struggle for life by a seagull, which was unable to fly owing to its wings being coated with oil. There was a fairly heavy sea running, and the bird was swimming about almost submerged. It made countless though unsuccessful attempts to lift itself into the air, while other seagulls hovered and circled around; but, unable to use its wings, the bird apparently decided to make for shore.

It swam doggedly, although several times bowled over by the breaking waves in the shallow water. After a struggle it managed to waddle ashore, looking forlorn and helpless, only to be encountered by a terrier.

The bird for a time stood its ground with the defence of its beak and hampered wings, but was forced to retreat once more into the water, until a wave stronger than the rest washed it once more on the shingle.

The poor bird was terrified but had at last reached its haven, for a young man carried it away saying he would clean it and give it some food before releasing it to rejoin its companions.

Now for the English Cup. Brighton and Hove Albion have a stiff task at Leicester, but they have tackled more difficult propositions in the past and we are sure a good game of football will ensue and we hope a win or at least a draw will happen.

We wish Reading the best of luck in their game against the Palace.

Christmas business now takes up all spare time and we wish for a busy one, although the general business depression which has for so long been felt in the North has come South.

This we hope will lift generally in the New Year, which we trust may bring prosperity to the Old Firm.

WOKING.

Within a few days of these notes appearing in print we shall have said "au revoir" to our old friends of the 1st Battalion the Royal Warwickshire Regiment who are due to leave Woking for Palestine early in January. We shall part from them with very sincere regrets. Right worthily have they upheld the traditions of the Regiment, and their departure is a distinct loss to local sporting circles, especially in the football world where they have gained many laurels; in fact, the Army Football Cup seems to have lost much of its significance amongst the Woking enthusiasts this year owing to the enforced absence of "The Royal Warwicks" from the competitive rounds.

Below are a few short items of interest during the Battalion's tour of duty at Inkerman Barracks, Woking:—

Football.

Runners-up, Aldershot Command Cup, 1927-28 ;
Winners, Junior Aldershot Command Cup, 1927-28 ;
Runners-up, Army Cup, 1928-29 ;
Semi-final, Army Cup, 1929-30.

Cross-Country Running.

Winners of the 6th Infantry Brigade, 1930.

Tug-o'-War.

Runners-up, Aldershot Command (10 stone), 1928, 1929 and 1930. Beaten by the 2nd Battalion the Norfolk Regiment each year.

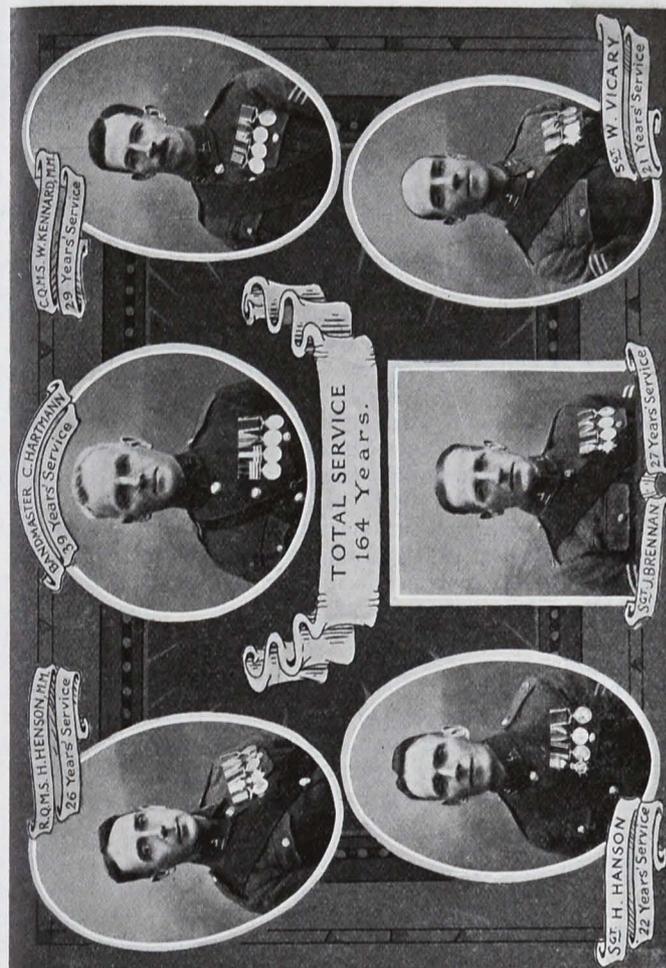
Rifle Shooting.

Corporal Rogers won the Aldershot Command Cup for Corporals, 1928.

C.Q.M.S. Kennard, M.M., was runner-up in the "Roberts" Cup, 1930.

Truly a fine record.

By the kindness of the Regimental Sergeant-Major (Mr. S. J. Williams) and the President and members of the Sergeants Mess, and also Messrs. Gale & Polden, Aldershot, we are permitted to reproduce a photograph which will be of special interest to all past and present serving members of the Battalion and also to a wide circle of friends in the district.



The 2nd Battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment is not expected to reach Woking from the Soudan until May next, but we would assure them that a very cordial welcome awaits them.

WALTON COMRADES CLUB.

One of the most convivial and successful gatherings yet organised in connection with the Walton Comrades Club was held

on Friday evening, 12th December, when approximately one hundred members met for the Club's Supper, followed by a Concert. Mr. A. Bennett presided, being supported by Mr. J. Maguire (Hon. Secretary), Mr. W. Woodroff (Entertainments Secretary) and members of the Committee.

After the loyal toast had been honoured, the toast of the "Walton Comrades Club" was submitted by the Chairman, who expressed his pleasure at being present that evening. He recalled that at a similar function two years ago reference was made to the depression of 1923 with its consequent anxieties, and said that the severe slump in trade through which we were now passing brought its difficulties to those responsible for the management of clubs. He was sure, however, that the wartime spirit of comradeship, the maintenance of which was one of the objects of their Club, would always prove to be one of their greatest bulwarks. He was particularly gratified on visiting the clubs of the district to note the development in the social activities, including those appertaining to thrift and benevolence which he felt was a step in the right direction. Unfortunately little of this was known to those unconnected with such institutions, and the publicity which clubs received, particularly in the London Press, was usually of the wrong kind and was responsible for a good deal of misconception. He urged the members to assist the Committee, whose task was an obligation of social responsibility to the district, and to maintain those traditions for which the Walton Comrades Club was noted. Mr. Maguire wrote him most enthusiastic letters each month keeping him in close touch with the Club's activities in all its various phases, and while that standard of enthusiasm prevailed they need have no anxiety regarding the future of the Club which he was glad to say was in a sound financial position.

Responding to the toast, Mr. Maguire said how delighted and encouraged he was to see such a splendid gathering present that evening. The social side of the Club was well catered for and he welcomed the opportunity of paying a tribute to the Entertainment Committee for their excellent work throughout the year, particularly in regard to the present winter session. They occasionally met with criticism outside of the Club, but he always threw out the challenge to his critics to visit the Club and see things as they really were and not as some people, through lack of knowledge, imagined. It was his great ambition to see the Club free of any liabilities regarding the building. Then, and only then, would he be perfectly satisfied, although he was glad to say that the mortgage was gradually being reduced and, given reasonable prosperity, the time was not far distant when their object would be achieved. Continuing, Mr. Maguire said it was probably common knowledge that he intended to retire from the Secretaryship of the Club but the

Committee had not seen fit to accept his resignation and he had decided that evening that if the members wished him to do so he would continue in office. Their Steward (Mr. E. Smith) was entirely responsible for the catering that evening and he was sure they appreciated his excellent services, both then and at all times. They had a very able Slate Club Secretary in Mr. W. Johnson, who was "heart and soul" in his work. Musical honours followed.

The final toast was that of "The Chairman," given in a very pleasing manner by Mr. W. Johnson, and, in response, Mr. Bennett said that the evening had been made the happier by Mr. Maguire's decision to "carry on."

A splendid musical programme followed, to which the following artistes contributed:—Messrs. H. Jackson, "Billie" Sturt, "Joe" Cox, T. Smith and A. Johnson.

At the conclusion Mr. E. Smith was warmly thanked for the excellent fare which he had provided and for his untiring zeal in the interests of the Club.

PORTSMOUTH.

NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF FOR PORTSMOUTH.

Admiral Sir Arthur Kipling Waistell, K.C.B., is appointed to succeed Admiral of the Fleet Sir Rogers Keyes, Bart., G.C.B., K.C.V.O., C.M.G., D.S.O., LL.D., D.C.L. (Oxon), as Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, with effect from May 8th, 1931. Sir Arthur Waistell was born on March 30th, 1873, and has been Commander-in-Chief of the China Station since November, 1928, and during the time he has been in the Far East he has been decorated with the K.C.B. and has been promoted to the rank of full Admiral, his seniority dating from May 23rd, 1930. He will be succeeded in the Far East by Vice-Admiral W. A. H. Kelly, C.B., C.M.G., M.V.O. Immediately after the cessation of hostilities his knowledge as a torpedo specialist resulted in his selection for the command of the *Vernon* at this port at the time the establishment was being restored to a post-war basis. It will also be remembered that at this time efforts were being made to improve and modernize the old Royal Sailors' Home at Portsea and to transform it into an up-to-date club for Lower Deck Ratings. Captain Waistell, as he was then, was one of the Officers who assisted in this effort, which eventually proved highly successful and led to the setting up of a creditable on-shore establishment for the use of the Fleet under

the joint management of officers, ratings and prominent local business men. Admiral Waistell served throughout the Great War as a Captain, his seniority in that rank dating from December, 1910. From the *Vernon* Captain Waistell went to the Admiralty as Director of the Torpedo Division of the Admiralty Staff and, after promotion to Flag rank in July, 1921, he commanded the Destroyer Flotillas in the Atlantic Fleet in 1922-23. In the following year he went to the Admiralty as Assistant Chief of the Naval Staff. Returning to sea in 1924 for two years he was in command of the First Cruiser Squadron, and on August 6th of the latter year he reached the rank of Vice-Admiral.

The thirty-fourth annual dinner of the Southsea Waverley Bowling Club was held in the Club House on Wednesday, December 19th, and proved a great success. Major B. Isaacs, who presided was supported by the Lord Mayor (Councillor W. Gleave) and other members of the Council, the President of the Portsmouth and District Bowling Association (Mr. W. H. Griffin) and many well-known bowlers. Mr. Isaacs struck the note of this very highly successful function when he told the company present that the speakers were not to mention bowls or bowling and that the speeches were limited to three minutes. The golden rule was adhered to with one exception, when, in responding to the toast of "Kindred Clubs," Mr. J. Goodchild reminded the Lord Mayor that the game of Bowls was now an asset to the City and if more and better greens were available more visitors would be attracted to Southsea. The toast of "The Lord Mayor and City Corporation" was entrusted to Mr. F. P. Spicer, who congratulated Councillor Gleave on his elevation and mentioned that the Club was always out to further efforts on behalf of the City's Charities. The Lord Mayor, in reply, refrained from municipal topics and was in his customary after-dinner humour. Councillor Hemmingway gave the toast of "The President," and eulogised his efforts to promote the prosperity of the Club during his two years' tenure of office. The President, in response, referred to the absence of an old and esteemed member and trustee, Alderman W. G. Corbin, and wished him a speedy recovery to good health. He also made mention that the Club was still prosperous. Alderman W. Billing humorously responded to the toast of "The Visitors," which was given by the Captain (W. H. Johnson). During an interval in the evening prizes won on the green during the past season and on the billiards table were presented by the Lord Mayor. The success of this function was largely due to the President and the Sub-Committee, consisting of Messrs. J. Morey, C. J. Kendall, S. E. White and G. Bore (Secretary).



The above photograph of trophies won this season by Mr. L. Yeowell, of the Portland Hotel, Southsea, gives some idea of Mr. Yeowell's keenness in motor boat racing. Mr. Yeowell with his famous little "Waterbaby" is a well-known figure now at most of the races. On several occasions last year the weather was far from auspicious but the plucky little "Waterbaby" was always ready and generally against far larger boats. The large cup in the centre of the photograph is the British Motor Boat Clubs' Challenge Cup, and another of the trophies is that of the Royal Motor Yacht Club.

A gentleman from Scotland asked his gas company to change his shilling-in-slot gas meter for a penny-in-slot as his wife contemplated suicide. Ghastly or Thrifty?

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

Our first thoughts for 1931 are hopeful ones. New Year's thoughts should be. Optimism is in the air, and we make no apology for trying to cheer ourselves up, and others too, including our own congenial Editor whom many of us were pleased to have a word with at the recent Reading *v.* Plymouth "clash." Crash would perhaps be the better word, ye "eleven o'clockers." But sufficient!

First of all we wish our Directors a very happy and successful year, with continued good health to enjoy its blessings. Also to our old and new friends at the Brewery and the Branches, at home and abroad, and especially to all who help to make the pages of this little organ so full of interest: A happy, healthy and progressive time to you all, and to ourselves. (For charity should at least end at home.)

Looking back on our very enjoyable trip to Reading on December 13th makes us realize how much we owe to those, from the Directors downwards, who gave of their time and labour on our behalf.

To be especially honoured with the company of Mr. S. V. Shea-Simonds, our Chairman of Directors, and Mr. F. A. Simonds was an unexpected pleasure.

Everyone loves a sportsman, and both Mr. Shea and Mr. Eric are typical of the name of "Simonds": they "play the game" with a straight bat despite modern batsmanship and salesmanship ideas.

Their presence was but another token to us all of the deep interest they take in the welfare of their staff, at work or play, and we sincerely thank them for the insight given to many of us who met them for the first time and to whom the knowledge was extremely pleasing and valuable.

We trust they forgave our natural boisterousness amid such successes as were achieved during the day, which as we foretold was a "Black" one for many of our friends at Elm Park.

Mr. Pierce hopes to get his revenge upon our genial Chairman when spring and Reading are here! We were also glad to see Mr. W. H. Davis again, looking so fit.

A very memorable day for the "green and black" contingent. The results of the evening games matter not; they were all most enjoyable.

We, however, hear of one of our "crackshots," whose only solace after he had nearly found an opponent's eye in mistake for that of the bull, was "another 'S.B.'" A bit of eyewash this.

Also of other incidents, mostly amusing: of kind friends everywhere, of the return of the conquerors, of tired limbs, weary eyes, of Sunday's dawn... Let this suffice—it was all worth it.

The kindly thought of the Directors in providing sustenance for us on the eve of our departure was highly appreciated by all, and what can we say of Mr. W. T. Bradford for the wonderful way he looked after us? The Brewery Social Club is an institution of which every H. & G. S. man may well be proud, and its Honorary Secretary will always have a warm place in our hearts. To our own Club Honorary Secretary, Mr. W. G. Sealey, who bore the brunt of the arrangements this end, out thanks are also due, and we look forward to another re-union on April 18th with expectancy.

A happy association with the personnel of His Majesty's Royal Navy has again been a feature of the Christmas leave period: the time when those who are responsible for the huge task of catering for the needs of our senior service must look well ahead.

These notes are due to appear on the eve of the departure of the Atlantic Fleet for the Spring Cruise in the Mediterranean, and our best wishes will follow those many friends of ours who occupy their business in great waters.

To have the honour of supplying and stocking the following of His Majesty's ships during the Christmas vacation and for the cruise needs no comment of ours:—The *Rodney*, *Renown*, *Tiger*, *Resolution*, *Comus*, *Malaya*, *Cornwall*, *Norfolk*, *Dorsetshire*, *Vesper*, *Adamant*, *Lucia* and *Keppel*.

Our lads in blue know what the "Hop Leaf" label stands for.

We also had the unique privilege of providing a canteen for the technical staffs and workmen on board the Chilean battleship *Almirante Latorre* during her recent ten days' steam trials in the Channel, under instructions from H.M. Dockyard Authorities who have expressed their complete satisfaction with the arrangements made by us.

In the experienced hands of our Mr. G. C. Searle the task was a comparative easy one, although the wirelessed restocking orders sent from Mid-Channel caused many an anxious moment.

Loading and unloading at night from a drifter in the middle of the Sound is no light task, and those members of our staff who undertook the job are to be congratulated. Also, last but by no means least, those few who missed church parade on a certain Sunday when only their efforts on land and sea enabled the demand for more "S.B." to be satisfied.

FROM "NORFOLKS" TO "NORFOLK."

A rare, almost unique spectacle was witnessed on board H.M.S. *Norfolk* a few days ago when the presentation of a silver figure of Britannia from the 2nd Battalion the Norfolk Regiment was made to the new cruiser's first Commander, Captain C. B. Prickett, R.N. The emblem was given by past and present officers of the Norfolk Regiment to mark their personal interest in the ship which bears their regimental and county name.

The base of the statuette bears the following inscription:—
"This figure of Britannia, the badge of the Norfolk Regiment, is presented to H.M.S. *Norfolk* by past and present officers of the Norfolk Regiment (1st, 2nd, 4th and 5th Battalions) to mark the interest of the Regiment in the ship. Devonport, November, 1930."

A detachment of the Battalion from Raglan Barracks with the Regimental Colours marched to the Dockyard and were received on the quarterdeck to the strains of "Rule Britannia," the Norfolk's regimental march. The scene was both interesting and impressive and added yet another page to Norfolk's history.

It is very fitting that the Battalion, commanded by Lieut.-Col. R. H. Brudenell-Bruce, D.S.O., should at this particular time be stationed at the port from whence the *Norfolk* is manned, and the many west country men aboard her will always take a deep interest in the Battalion's doings wherever it may be stationed.

We now naturally turn our thoughts to the prospects for the New Year. What of 1931? The year now closed has added perhaps much more than its quota to this very flourishing "Hop Leaf" tree. So we, for the time being, can have but little fear as to its 1931 proclivity—wise pruning has seen to that—for to-day its prestige is far higher and its interests are far wider than at any period of its high century-and-a-half's history.

No corner of the west but has its "Simonds"!

Ask Donderry, Looe, Fowey, Mevagizze, Falmouth, Penzance or even the Scilly Isles. Visit Newquay, Padstow, Bude, Boscastle, Hartland, Clovelly or Ilfracombe, or wherever the crash of the Atlantic is heard on our rugged shores. See Torquay, Paignton, Teignmouth, Dawlish, Dartmouth, Brixham, and join in the "S.B." chorus yourselves. Nestling villages, scattered hamlets, busy towns, all and sundry we serve.

Even Princetown's forbidding walls cannot keep "S.B." out. One can imagine an old-timer expressing himself in the following terms as he watches the "Hop Leaf" lorry approaching:—

"I feel no pain, dear Warder, now,
But, sir, I am so dry;
Might I just have one small 'S.B.'?
You'll have yours by and by."

Our lorries are to be seen on every road hastening along, oftentimes where tor meets cloud, perhaps ploughing axle deep in flooded valleys, or may be where one-way traffic is not only the rule of the road but the necessity.

Yes, all roads lead "Tamar-wards," towards that Branch of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. which, situated on the Riviera, has such unique opportunities of advancing still further the name of "Simonds" which we sincerely hope to do in 1931.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Jennings of the "Morice Town Wine and Spirit Vaults" on their recent chubby arrival. Already his uncle "Jerry" (of England and Devon-Albion fame) has started to train him in the right way.

FARNBOROUGH.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL.

The following appeared in the *Aldershot News* of the 19th December and illustrates how the above hotel, which is one of the Firm's properties, gradually is being brought back to its former position and now ranks amongst the best hotels in the country:—

HOTEL INNOVATION.

The management of the Queen's Hotel, Farnborough, are showing marked enterprise in the programme of attractions arranged for the Christmas and New Year festivities.

On Tuesday afternoon next a Children's Party has been arranged, at which wizards, clowns, jesters and other entertainers will give a programme in which a great Christmas tree will figure.

On Boxing Day a Carnival Dance has been arranged, at which favours and novelties will be distributed.

On New Year's Eve a Fancy Dress Cabaret Ball will be held, in the programme of which is to be a midnight surprise.

The splendid programme consists of the following:—

CHILDREN'S XMAS PARTY, Tuesday, 23rd December, commencing 4 p.m.

QUEEN'S HOTEL ORCHESTRA.

Father Xmas, Xmas Tree and Toys.

BIG BILLIE AND LITTLE BILLIE (Tumblers).

Magical Entertainer.

Tea and Dancing.

All children will receive a present from Father Xmas.

Tickets: Children 3/6; Adults 2/6.

Boxing Day.

CARNIVAL DANCE.

QUEEN'S HOTEL ORCHESTRA (under the direction of Aneurin Parker).

CABARET-DE-LUXE.

9—2. *Special Attractions.*

Tickets: 5/6 single; 10/- double; including Light Refreshments.
Evening Dress.

New Year's Eve—Old Year Out and New Year In.

FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL BALL.

QUEEN'S HOTEL ORCHESTRA (under the direction of Aneurin Parker).

CABARET DE PARIS.

9—2. *Special Midnight Surprises.*

Tickets: 8/6 single; 16/- double; including Supper.
Evening Dress Optional.

Every other Wednesday.

Listen to the

QUEEN'S HOTEL ORCHESTRA (under the direction of Aneurin Parker).

CABARET DANCE.

Spotlight Prizes and Special Attractions.

Light Refreshments.

Evening Dress.

LUDGERSHALL.

On the invitation of R.S.M. C. Peel and the members of the Sergeants' Mess, 11th Hussars, we took a team over to Tidworth to play the Mess a series of games of billiards.

The undermentioned scores, you will note, show we were a little too strong for the Cavalrymen. The 11th Hussars have only recently arrived at Tidworth from Aldershot and it was exceedingly kind of them to invite us over to spend such an enjoyable evening, and we are more than grateful for the attention given to us during the evening.

11th Hussars.

H. & G. Simonds.

Sergt. Larner...	68	v.	T. Flemington	100
Sergt. Glasby...	61	v.	J. Lazzari	100
S.S.M. Jerdan	54	v.	F. L. Shrimpton	100
Sergt. Davis	60	v.	E. Hockings	100
S.S.M. Wainwright	43	v.	H. Nuttall	100
S.Q.M.S. Ashford	100	v.	E. Pearce	91
S.Q.M.S. Leaky	54	v.	J. Mitcheson	100
			440						691

OXFORD.

VISIT TO WANTAGE COMRADES CLUB.

On Wednesday, the 19th November, on the invitation of the Secretary (our friend, Mr. I. Hurle) and the Committee of the Comrades Club, Wantage, eight members of the Oxford staff spent an enjoyable evening at the Club's very cosy and comfortable headquarters, competing with the members at billiards, shove-halfpenny, cribbage, darts, table skittles, etc.

As no data has come to hand as to the results of these various contests we cannot blazon to the world our victory, nor can we bemoan our defeat, but we can say what a very happy evening we spent with the men who reside in King Alfred's town, and place on record the very cordial way in which they received us.

When we look back on this convivial occasion we have visions of crisp rolls, prime cheese and "lashings" of "S.B." and very pleasant intercourse with very fine fellows.

Oxford Branch has been recently favoured by a visit from our respected Managing Director, and we were also honoured to meet for the first time Mr. L. A. Simonds, who accompanied his father on the visit.

Mr. Eric appeared to be delighted to renew his acquaintance with some of the Oxford Colleges. It was noticed with satisfaction that Mr. Eric appeared to be in the best of health.

THE "BIRD CAGE" INN, THANE.

That delightful old inn, the "Bird Cage" at Thame, Oxon, has recently had its exterior renovated and, thanks to the interest taken in inns of this character by a well-known Oxfordshire lady, an entirely new design for the painting of the signboard has been carried out by her.

It represents a magpie sitting on a perch in an old-fashioned wicker cage. It is very appropriate and has been favourably commented upon by many people in Thame. A photograph of the old inn is given below.



The "Bird Cage" Inn, Thame.

A WORKING MAN'S BEER.

The above is the heading of a letter published in the *Daily Express* recently over the name L. Brown, to whom we take off our hats :—

"I am not a person who believes in drunkenness or excess in alcohol; but as a man who has worked in many occupations, both above and below ground, I would like to say a word in favour of the working man's pint of beer.

"I think that as a tonic or beverage after a hard day's work in the dust-poisoned atmosphere of a copper ore vessel, or in a coal mine, or stokehole of a large boiler house, there is nothing to equal it. It is wrong for fine ladies and faddists to say and determine whether the working man shall be deprived of his pint of beer or not."

We wish all readers of THE HOP LEAF GAZETTE a very happy and prosperous New Year.