

The Hop Leaf Gazette.

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

Edited by CHARLES H. PERRIN.

Vol. VII.

JANUARY, 1933.

No. 4



MR. T. W. BRADFORD.

MR. T. WALTER BRADFORD.

The reproduction of the portrait of Mr. T. W. Bradford as our frontispiece will be welcomed by a large number of the Firm's employees. As Honorary Secretary of the Brewery Social Club since its inception in 1920, he has been the pivot of the social life of the Firm and has been the driving force behind the numerous successful ventures connected therewith.

Mr. T. W. Bradford was an active member of the Simonds' Concert Party which earned a high reputation for the standard of its performances during a run of nine years. As Treasurer respectively of the newly formed tennis club and the football club, he has produced satisfactory balance sheets. The organization of several splendid staff and club summer outings has also been due to his efforts and have proved popular features. In addition, he has arranged numerous successful games tournaments with other clubs, both at home and away. It is due to his dynamic energy and meticulous study of details that the Firm's annual dinners have been such a great success each year. It was at one of these functions that one of the principal speakers paid an eloquent and glowing tribute to the responsibilities and voluntary work of the Secretary, which he aptly summed up in the phrase "when nobody will, the Secretary must." In each and all of the various enterprises he has earned the praise of the Directors and of his colleagues, as well as the admiration of the officials of other clubs.

In the course of his secretaryship of the Social Club, Mr. T. W. Bradford was honoured by being presented to H.R.H. The Prince Wales and H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught on the occasion of their respective visits to the Brewery.

Mr. Bradford was the originator of the movement to make a presentation of a grandfather clock and autograph album to the Directors in 1927, a suggestion which met with unanimous approval and support. He has an inimitable way of his own when making collections for various causes and rarely meets with a refusal. In extracting subscriptions, he has been described as "the most tactful man on the Firm." He was Hon. Secretary of Battle Ward No. 2 for the Reading Conservative Association for eight years prior to taking up duties at the Social Club.

Mr. Bradford joined the Firm in May, 1901, and after serving three years in the Cask Department, he was transferred to the General Office. Working through the various sections of that Department, he joined the Cashier's Staff and is now second Cashier. In the course of his career he has had experience in relief work at Portsmouth and Ludgershall Branches and also in camp work on Salisbury Plain.

The Great War claimed his services and before being called to the Colours, he assisted the Local Recruiting Authorities under the Derby Scheme and was often to be found at the Town Hall until the early hours of the morning. Subsequently joining the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, he served from January, 1917, until February, 1919.

EDITORIAL.

THE LAST CRUST.

One of the quaintest epitaphs to be found in England is that which follows, and which keeps green the virtues of an old pie woman of Oxford :—

*Here in the dust the mouldy old crust
Of Nell Batchelor lately was shoven ;
Well versed in the arts of pie, custard, and tarts,
She knew every trick of the oven.*

*When she'd lived long enough she made her last puff,
A puff by her husband much praised,
And now here she doth lie, to make a dirt pie,
In hopes that her crust will be raised.*

THE ONLY WAY.

Mr. Joseph Hill, F.R.I.B.A., in a lecture on Present-Day Architecture at Home and Abroad, said : "The public-house, as a building, has gone through the same vicissitudes as its neighbour, the dwelling-house—be it terrace house or so-called villa. It has wallowed in the mud of coarse decoration and misapplied detail. Meaningless features, spikes and turrets have adorned it—but at its worst it can stand the test of comparison with other public buildings which were perpetrated during the dark days, when one-half of the English public thought the other half were damned merely because they went into a bar for a drink or perhaps a sandwich. What of the public halls, the institutes, even some of the churches and Nonconformist chapels of the same period? A close inspection of many of them, based entirely on their merits as buildings, leaves only one course open—to go straightway into a modern public house and have a drink."

150 YEARS AGO.

The *Reading Mercury* quotes the following from its issue of 150 years ago :—"The justices of Shropshire have come to the laudable resolution of lessening the number of ale-houses, and particularly of refusing licences to all who shall harbour labourers, colliers, etc., to tittle on the Lord's Day, or at unreasonable hours, or who shall draw them more liquor than is necessary for moderate refreshment."

ABSTINENCE NOT A CHRISTIAN VIRTUE.

"What right have busybodies to exalt total abstinence into a cardinal Christian virtue? There is no support whatever for teetotalism in the Bible," said the Rev. Raymond E. Young, in a sermon at Sandwich (Kent) Congregational Church. He had lived in the United States, he said, and had seen something of the consequences of Prohibition. Why prevent everyone from drinking because a few drank too much? He refused to believe that anyone was morally worse for spending a shilling or two on a sweepstake ticket. People were quite capable of distinguishing between right and wrong, and should surely do what they wished with their own money. Why blame an unemployed man with a family who, with no prospects of anything but visits to the labour exchange, risked a "bob" on a ticket in the hope of winning something which would lift him from the slough of despair to a new start in life? Times were changing, and people should not be ashamed to revise their opinions. Drunkenness was not one of our national evils. Moralists must move with the times.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE!

On a tombstone the stonemason left out the letter 'e' in the word thine and so the inscription read:

Lord she was thin.

BEER AS AN AID TO DIGESTION.

"From the earliest times fermented liquor has been part of the dietary of the people of this country. At their feasts the Saxons drank mead, and with the Normans came wine. The Highlander drank usquebaugh—in time to be anglicised under the name of whisky. There is no scientific evidence that proves that small doses of alcoholic liquors are harmful. . . . Malt liquors, especially the best bitter beer, have valuable tonic qualities and are useful digestives."—DR. CECIL WEBB-JOHNSON (*the well-known authority on dietetics*).

A DISCOVERY.

Excavations in High Street, Oxford, have led to the discovery of a wine bottle having on its stamp a bear and the letters R.F. The bottle has been presented to the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, where there is a good collection of bottles and bottle stamps of other old Oxford inns. The bottle is supposed to have come from the "Bear" Inn, and the initials are believed to be those of Ralph Flexney, who was landlord about 1665. The "Bear" Inn at Oxford had acquired its name by about 1460, and it remained a large and prominent hostelry until the nineteenth century, when it disappeared.

A HEADY DRINK.

A secret recipe for a rum punch which has been guarded for centuries by the Clitheroe (Lancashire) Corporation was revealed when Councillor R. Manley, the new Mayor, revived the Mayoral dinner. He said:—

"Take three quarts of rum, put into it the peel of fourteen lemons and two Seville oranges. Let it stand for twelve hours. Then add three quarts of cold spring water, 2 lb. of lump sugar, 1 pint of lemon juice, 2 nutmegs, 1 pint of strong green tea, and a pint of new milk. Let it stand for twelve hours and then strain till quite clear. Add a glass of maraschino and a pint of Madeira, and keep two or three days before use.

"It can be taken for granted that the recipe goes back to the very early days of punch drinking. People may experiment with it, but they will find it a very heady drink, and not one to be taken too lightly."

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

I gave my love an easy chair,
My study to adorn,
I do not like the one that's there,
The stuffing's leaking here and there,
And all the springs have gone.

I wonder what she's given me!
Something, I trust, of use!
It's rather small—what can it be?
Cutting the string what shall I see?
A rope of pearls! The deuce!

INN OLDER THAN THE CHURCH.

The Rev. A. W. Brown, a Stoke-on-Trent Methodist minister, has a high appreciation of the English inn "It is one of the oldest institutions in the world" he told an audience at Fenton "older even than the church," and quoting several Biblical references to inns he said, from those alone they were compelled to think of the inn as an institution deserving their veneration and affection. That fact accounted for the joy and enthusiasm for inns which beat in the hearts of English men of letters who had a pious reverence for the inn, and knew the charm and social importance of it. To emphasise this the minister quoted from Dr. Johnson, Shenstone, Goldsmith, Blake, Wordsworth, Izaak Walton, Longfellow, and John Wesley.

OFF THE BENCH.

Unlike some other judicial humorists, Lord Darling has always been as witty off the Bench as on. Once when a fair partner at dinner inquired whether she ought to address him as "Judge Darling or Sir Charles Darling," he responded, "I should prefer you simply to call me darling!"

"STOATALLY DIFFERENT."

The pun, that delight of the burlesques of Burnand's day, has returned. Mr. Leslie Henson is armed with a particularly excruciating one, explaining that a stoat and a weasel are not alike, since one is "stoatally different" and the other is "weasily distinguished."

MISTAKES.

When a plumber makes a mistake he charges twice for it. When a lawyer makes a mistake it is just what he wanted because he has a chance to try the case all over again. When a doctor makes a mistake he buries it. When a judge makes a mistake it becomes the law of the land. When a preacher makes a mistake nobody knows the difference: But, when the printer makes a mistake—

GOOD NIGHT!

LEST WE FORGET!

It was on January 1st, 1915, that H.M.S. *Formidable* was sunk in the Channel. There was a tragic death-roll, while those who survived had a terrifying experience. Officers and men behaved with a noble heroism that added lustre to the great name of the British Navy. And among those who upheld the best traditions of the Navy was Commander H. D. Simonds (then Lieutenant). The discipline was splendid. Captain Loxley, when he was last seen, was on the bridge calmly smoking a cigarette. Lieutenant Simonds was superintending the launching of the boats and as he got the last away the Captain said "You have done well Simonds."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Monday, January 23rd, 1933.

Social Club's Annual Dinner

in the

LARGE TOWN HALL,

Chairman—F. A. SIMONDS, Esq.

Supported by

The Mayor, Directors of the Firm, Canon Gillmor, T.D.,
The Chief Constable, etc.

Catering by MESSRS. G. G. PARSLow & SON.

TICKETS 5/-

*Through the generosity of the Directors, Employees
of the Firm can obtain Tickets for 2/-.*

Application must be made **not later than Wednesday, January 10th** to the undermentioned members of the Committee:—

Mr. W. CURTIS	-	Brewery and Beer Cellars.
Mr. J. WEBB	-	Building Department and Wheelwrights.
Mr. W. SPARKS	-	Cooperage and Scalds.
Mr. E. PALMER	-	Canvas Stores and Wine Stores.
Mr. H. DAVIS	-	Delivery Office and Loading Stages.
Mr. S. BIRD	-	Maltings and Stables.
Mr. R. BROAD	-	Offices (Main).
Mr. G. MARSH	-	Transport and Engineers.

Dinner will commence at 7.30 p.m. sharp.

All are requested to arrive not later than 7.15 p.m. and be seated at 7.25 p.m.

T. W. BRADFORD, *Hon. Secretary.*

A

Grand Carnival Dance

(Under the auspices of Simonds' Football Club)

WILL BE HELD AT THE

Oxford Dance Hall,

ON

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22nd, 1933,

8 p.m. to 1 a.m.

OXFORD SYNCOPATORS DANCE ORCHESTRA.

MANY VALUABLE PRIZES

(which have been given by the Directors and Heads of Departments)

FOR

WALTZ AND FOX-TROT COMPETITIONS,

LUCKY SPOTS,

AND OTHER NOVELTIES.

Tickets 2/-; at the Door 2/6

Obtainable from members of the Football Club Committee, Players,
Social Club, etc.

Right of admission is reserved.

BREWERY JOTTINGS.

(BY W. DUNSTER.)

A Happy New Year to our readers, and particularly to all those who find pleasure in reading these notes.

Reference page 112, December "Hop Leaf Gazette," the following notice is also exhibited by Mr. W. J. Yeo at the Castle Inn, Hurst:—

He that buys land buys many stones ;
He that buys flesh buys many bones ;
He that buys eggs buys many shells ;
He that buys good Beer buys Nothing Else.

CHANGES AND TRANSFERS OF TENANTS.

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

The Roundabout, Desborough Road, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. W. C. Tadgell.

The Bird in Hand, West Wycombe Road, High Wycombe (Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries Ltd.)—Mr. Horace Nicholls.

The Jolly Butcher, Staines (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. J. B. Selby.

The Red Lion, Spencers Wood (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. J. C. Stewart.

The White Hart, Thatcham (H. & G. Simonds Ltd.)—Mr. John Williams.

The Jolly Farmer, Lampton (Ashby's Staines Brewery Ltd.)—Mr. G. A. Harris.

FOOTBALL.

We have had quite a hectic time during the past month in the matter of football and the doings of the Reading Football Club have been followed with very keen interest by many. As soon as the cup ties come along enthusiasm reaches fever point with the ardent "fan." Reading played a sort of serial with Coventry before coming to a definite conclusion and it says much for the team spirit of the players of the Reading F.C. to pull up twice and equalise after being two goals down in two of the matches. After the excitement of the cup ties, the football matches at Xmas time and the "Flu" epidemic amongst the players, we are now looking forward to the next round and match with Millwall. Whatever

the result of this match we, at Reading, consider (rightly or wrongly events will prove) that this is promotion year for us. Of course, Brentford probably think otherwise. Here's hoping it is Reading's year.

TEST MATCHES.

These have been followed with intense interest by many at The Brewery and the "latest" is soon flashed round. Now that the news can be heard earlier on the wireless, many of the staff have really been getting up and saluting the happy morn. Although we Southerners are keen on cricket, I am afraid we are nothing like so keen as those who are Yorkshiremen. From all accounts, Yorkshire really has test match fever. I learn all this from Mr. A. G. Richardson, our Chartered Accountant, who hails from the county of "Broad Acres," and no one, that I know, is keener on cricket and particularly of the doings of the Yorkshire giants who are in the English side. Judging by the Yorkshire paper loaned me by Mr. A. G. Richardson, cricket is, at the moment, the "be all" and "end all" of sport. In one of the papers I saw there was more news of cricket than I have ever seen in a local paper, even in the English cricket season.

The following extract from *The Yorkshire Weekly Post Illustrated* is rather amusing and I hope of interest :—

MEDIATIONS OF A MERRY YORKSHIREMAN

(By W. Carter Platts.)

In these momentous hours, when a stupendous issue is in the balance, the thoughts of the nation are, naturally, centred on the green turf of Sydney, where the champions of England and Australia are meeting in friendly rivalry. Nowhere is the interest keener than in the Broadacres, where throbbing hearts are torn with frantic solicitude as to whether England or *Yorkshire* will win the first of the test matches.

What seems to bother Uncle Parker is the setting of the field for the modern leg theorists.

"Hang it all," he grunted in bewilderment, "What with short legs and long legs, and between-size legs, and bow legs, a bowler's got enough legs in the field to remind you of the chap who was travelling by bus with his wife and his mother-in-law and his sister, when he wanted to have a smoke. So he left them inside the bus while he went aloft to enjoy his pipe. And, of course, none of them had any money for the fares, so that the conductor had to come upstairs bawling out :

'Nah then, which o' you gen'lemen is it with three insides.' "

I have only met one man who spoke disparagingly of the importance of the test match. "Playin' for t'hashes are they?" he snorted derisively. "Paltry do I call it. Hashes bi gum! Why when I played for Slocum Sloggers our great test match every year was with Pugsby-by-the-Pond, and we never played 'em for owt less than rabbit pie suppers."

Anyhow I hope the best side will win. Every Yorkshireman knows which is the best side.

Christmas week was a rather busy time and from a trade point of view it is a pity there are not many other weeks like it during the course of twelve months.

SOCIAL CLUB.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREAT.

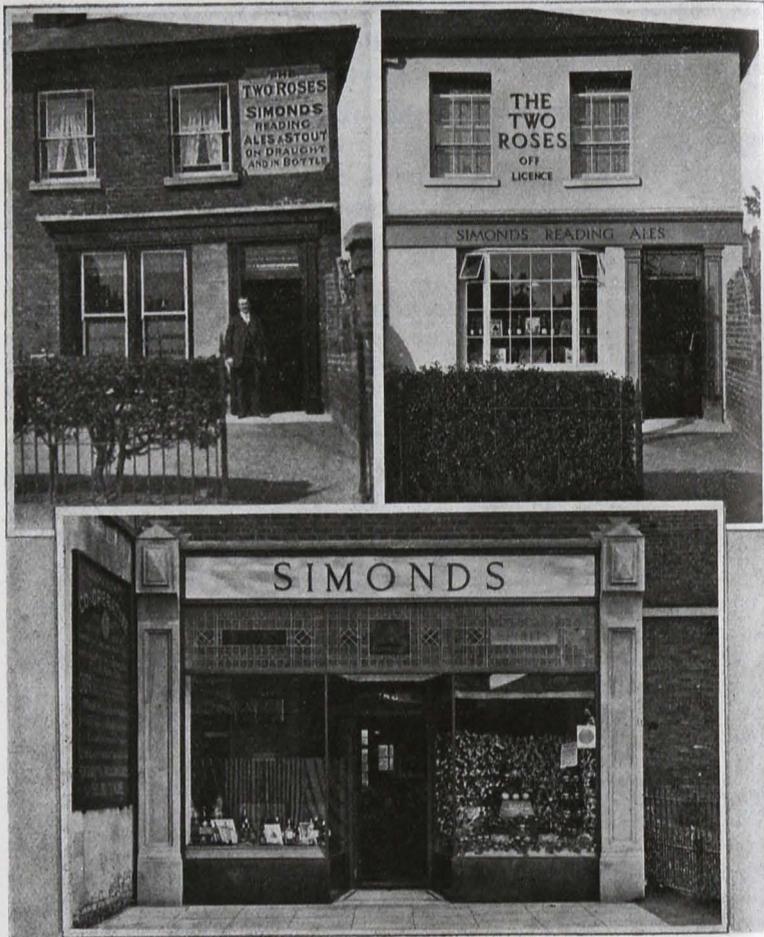
Through the kindly thought of the members of H. & G. Simonds' Social Club the children of the employees were on Saturday, December 31st, given a Christmas treat. No less than 170 little ones attended and spent a delightful time. They received nice presents from the bran tub and sat down to a bounteous tea. Then there was a concert arranged by Messrs. J. Maxwell and J. Champion, who are so well known for their excellent stage turns. A very humorous school scene made the children laugh till they wearied themselves. They were supplied with jazaphones and entered thoroughly into the fun of the fair. There was also clever conjuring by Mr. Oswald Rae. Christmas crackers, sweets, apples and oranges were among other things received by the children, the kind donors being Mr. C. W. Stocker, Mr. C. E. Gough, Mr. F. C. Hawkes, Mr. C. Bennett, Mr. A. W. C. Bowyer and Mr. G. Rose. Mr. L. Buckingham was the pianist. Mr. C. Lailey was the hail and hearty Father Christmas, while a willing band of helpers carried out the general arrangements in a highly efficient manner.



THE "TWO ROSES," SLOUGH.

1

2



3

The two top pictures show "The Two Roses," Slough, before and after alteration. The bottom picture is that of the off licence, 188 High Street, Slough, built to replace the late Slough Branch Office which was at 184 High Street. It is an excellent type of house. The tenant, Mr. Frank G. Bowyer, is the holder of both licences and has held "The Two Roses" licence since March, 1916.

The top picture, on the right, shows the alteration which took place in May, 1932, bringing the off licence up to a good general standard. Previous to taking over "The Two Roses," Mr. Bowyer was the outdoor representative of H. & G. Simonds Ltd. at the Slough Branch. The attractive display in the window of the bottom picture is for the purpose of advertising Hunt's Glorious Devonshire Cider and was the subject of much favourable public comment during Slough Shopping Week.

Mr. Bowyer's genial personality has made him exceedingly popular in the district. He carries out the important duties of Hon. Secretary of the Slough and District Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society. A keen business man, he is constantly obtaining new customers and, in short, is in every way the right man in the right place.

"RED LION," STOKENCHURCH.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Drewett of the "Red Lion" Hotel, Stokenchurch, were favoured with the task of catering for the annual dinner of the local British Legion Branch at their house on Friday, November 18th. Forty-one members and guests sat down to an excellent repast and among those present for the first time were noticed His Worship the Mayor of Tin Town (Alderman T. Dutton) and O. R. Holmes, Esq.

Major Hugh Young, D.S.O. (a very popular vice-president) was chairman, and he was supported by his fellow branch officers. A really good musical programme had been arranged by Mr. F. Britnell, during which Messrs. E. T. Britnell and T. Tile sang the duets "Watchman, what of the night" and "The Battle Eve." Mr. W. Weedon helped "McDougall keep a little farm" and shared the furniture with his wife by getting "The Old Cracked Basin." Mr. S. Lord told of all the benefits of "Shopping at the Co-op Shop." Mr. H. Dean sailed away "On the Nancy Lee"; all to the accompaniments of Messrs. C. R. and E. Bates.

The hour of 11 p.m. arrived all too quickly, and a happy company had to disperse to various homes after having had a most enjoyable evening.

A LEGEND OF JACK O' NEWBURY, ENGLAND

BY AMOR.

—
*Of your Charitie
 Pray for ye Soules of
 John Winchcombe
 and Dame Alyce his Wyffe.*

JOHN WINCHCOMBE was a clothier bold,
 A doughty man, I ween, was he,
 He sheared the sheep from many a fold,
 He wove his cloth in days of old
 In part of this house, so I've been told,
 One of the best in Newburie.

'Twas in the days of bluff King Hal,
 When wars with Scotch King James befell,
 And Jack sent out one hundred men
 Fully equipped with pikes, for then
 Times hadn't arrived at such a pass
 When men went to war with poison gas,
 No digging of hole for explosive mine,
 They fought their wars if the weather was fine
 (If 'twas wet, they just stayed in their line),
 No digging of trench, men in those days called "henchmen"
 Drank ale for their breakfast, sitting on a rude bench, then
 At trumpet's call would draw on their boots,
 Get the plumber to help them with their cast-iron suits,
 And make hash of their foes whether Scotsmen or Frenchmen.

The merry King Harry who was so full of beans,
 Once stayed at this house with one of his Queens,
 And never, I ween, were such revels seen,
 Or tables and napery so delightfully clean.
 What a noise, what a shout, 'twas really a rout,
 Cooks, wenches and scullions were rushing about ;
 There was barbecued sucking pig, soups and ragouts,
 There was nothing so common as hashes and stews,
 In those days, as now, food was cooked to a nicety,
 And dinner they'd dish up, that really, a bishop
 Couldn't help but pronounce on it a good Benedicite.
 Everyone there were eating and drinking.
 The food and the wines were demolished like winking,
 While the liquor was flowing, in a flagon of Tarragon,
 The health was proposed of Queen Katie of Arragon,
 Who happened to be the King's wife at the time,
 He married so many, 'twas really a crime ;
 As a husband, you hardly could call him a paragon.

Then the health of John Winchcombe, with his wife, yclept Alice,
 Was toasted by all from a great silver chalice.
 The King, I believe, wished to make him a knight,
 But Jack didn't want it, I think he was right,
 His wife, who I'm told was a very great scold,
 Was cross he'd refused it and said "All the same,
 If you won't be a knight, I'll still be a dame."
 For some time after that he'd a terrible life,
 Nothing is worse than an old shrewish wife.

One night Jack came home, 'twas awfully late,
 Least said, soonest mended, regarding his state,
 He'd been to the alehouse, had one o'er the eight ;
 His surprise, please imagine, when he got to the gate,
 When he saw his dame Alice come out and lock it,
 Put the bolts on the doors, and the keys in her pocket ;
 Then Jack, in the slang of our army, got windy,
 He blustered and swore and kicked up a shindy.
 But his wife was quite firm, and all his threats scorning,
 Said "You'll just have to wait in the street until morning !"

But Jack had an idea that was really quite bright,
 He got out his tinder box and then struck a light,
 It was only a dim one, for in those times, you see,
 They had no such thing as a match or fusee ;
 His wife, from the window, gazed with great curiosity
 Till he shouted "Come here ! I bear no animosity,
 But I've only just found that I've lost a gold pound,
 It dropped from my pouch and fell to the ground ;
 If you'll help me to find it you may have it to keep."
 She rushed to the door with one bound and a leap
 And after the quid she began seeking around.

Jack bolted inside and locked fast the wicket,
 Left his wife on the outside ; she said "Here ! that ain't cricket !"
 He said "I don't care, you're out and you'll stick it !"
 Then bolted the door and sprang up the stairs,
 So pleased and so proud that he gave himself airs ;
 While his wife in the street, being left without surtout,
 To keep herself warm, wrapped herself in her virtue.
 To be true, perhaps, this sounds rather too funny,
 If you doubt, read the history by the late Walter Money.
 After that she made him a dutiful wife
 They had no sort of quarrel, no sort of strife ;
 'Twas a wise thing he did and I think you'll allow, sirs,
 That the husband's the one should be wearing the trousers.

Jack's house is now a biggish hotel
 Where you can lunch and have dinner as well.
 If you're in the district or just passing through
 Pray stop and sample the excellent brew
 (If you find the front door is locked, please press the bell) ;
 When you have lunch, have the first course and the " afters,"
 Then stroll in the lounge and examine the rafters
 And the old beams of wood, so remarkably good
 That you will exclaim, 'twill so forcibly strike ye,
 If from Lancs., " Ee, by gum !"—if a Cockney, " Oh, crikey !"
 There are little foot pages with round rosey cheeks,
 Dressed in little shell jackets and tight little breeks,
 Who'll give you attention : and here, I'll just mention
 Without any doubt or fear of dissension,
 That for rest, food or liquor, whichever will do for ye,
 The best place in the town is

YE OLDE JACK O' NEWBURIE.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

" The Bottlers' Year Book, 1933." Compiled and published by
 Mr. H. C. Vickery. (Orchard Road, Burpham, Guildford.
 5s.)

This is a volume of great interest to bottlers, as it gives the
 information they require for their business, and includes a diary
 and notes section, as well as a directory of bottlers, brewers and
 mineral water manufacturers in the United Kingdom and Ireland,
 and other allied traders.



A NATURE NOTE.

(BY C.H.P.)

THE WOUNDED ROOK.

A whole army of rooks was describing strange aerial evolutions,
 sweeping almost down to the ground, rising with equal rapidity,
 cawing loudly and behaving generally in a most unusual manner.
 The magnetic force which attracted them was evidently centred in
 the rush-bound corner of a water-meadow. With my usual curiosity
 concerning the ways of wild life I approached within a hundred
 yards of the spot and concealing myself looked more carefully into
 the matter through my field glasses. And I soon solved the mystery.
 In the rushes was a wounded rook, and his colleagues were doing
 their best to apply first-aid and assist him to again take wing. One
 actually tried, by means of his beak, to raise his wounded comrade,
 and as he seemed about to succeed the excitement of the other
 rooks knew no bounds. Some alighted on the ground near by,
 others sat on the trees around, while one old bird perched on the
 tip-top bough of a tall tree close to me was evidently acting as
 sentinel, and wondering what I would do. When I moved towards
 the scene of all the excitement he gave several loud " caws " ; all
 the other rooks took wing and rapidly made off, circling high
 overhead and expressing anger and alarm at my intrusion. I
 found the wounded rook. The poor bird was bleeding badly and
 was evidently too far gone for treatment to be of any use. I cut a
 thick stick and thought I would put the creature out of its misery.
 But somehow I could not induce myself to deal the blow, and
 coward-like walked away. I had not gone far, however, before my
 conscience pricked me. I could not bear to think of that rook
 being left to a lingering death, and I returned to the spot. A swift
 sure blow—I shut my eyes as I delivered it—and " finis " was
 written to this tragic little chapter in the great story of the
 countryside.

H. & G. SIMONDS LTD.

DECREASED PROFITS : REDUCED DIVIDEND.

DIFFICULT TIMES FOR BREWING TRADE.

The annual general meeting of H. & G. Simonds Ltd., was
 held on Monday, December 12th, at the Reading Chamber of
 Commerce, 156, Friar Street, Reading. Mr. Stephen V. Shea-
 Simonds (the chairman of the company) presided.

The chairman said :—" You will have noted with much regret that there has been a serious check to the development and progress of the company in the past year, and that the net profits disclose a decrease of £35,163 5s. 3d. This has been almost entirely due to the retention by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the super-taxation on beer, which was levied in September, 1931, by his predecessor, Mr., now Lord, Snowden. The Chancellor may be preening himself upon the garnering of a few paltry millions, a figure far below his estimate, by direct taxation on beer, but is turning a blind eye to the vast sums he is losing, and will probably continue to lose, through decrease in profits assessable to Income Tax and sur-tax, profits not only derived from brewery companies, but from the innumerable manufacturing interests which supply brewery requirements, such as plant, machinery and accessories. He is possibly indifferent to the enormous shrinkage in the consumption of malt and hops caused by the diminished barrellage, all of which means further aggravation of the farmers' plight to-day. Moreover, when one reflects that according to the official figures for the year ended April, 1932, beer, wines and spirits and licence duties contributed £118,773,000 to the Revenue, whereas tea, coffee and cocoa contributed a mere £4,587,000, the repetition of that pious expression 'equality of sacrifice' from the lips of politicians in high places becomes somewhat nauseating.

RE-BUILDING CURTAILED.

" Another point of interest : we have been compelled, owing to the exigencies of the situation, seriously to curtail our programme of re-building and re-conditioning our licensed properties, and in this respect our expenditure in the past year has been less by some £42,000 than in the previous year, which means that £24,000 less has been expended in wages to builders' labour and £18,000 less on building materials. We have, however, kept up our running necessary repairs and have not starved our tenants' essential requirements, although avoiding any unnecessary luxury. Another item ; the sales of bottled beers, which had been increasing steadily for years past, and which were a great feature of our business, have received a serious setback, and instead of being able to report an output, as last year, of over 46 million bottles, I have to report a figure of under 39 millions. This, in itself, has involved a serious curtailment of our orders to bottle and case makers. This recent burden, and consequent reduced output, has necessarily entailed a severe shortening of hands which your directors have deeply deplored, and has only contributed to swell the numbers of the unemployed, with inevitable extra expense to the country.

" Our allied companies, the South Berks Brewery Co., Ltd., Ashby's Staines Brewery, Ltd., Wheeler's Wycombe Breweries,

Ltd., have all continued to contribute a measure of profit to the coffers of the parent firm, and our shareholders should congratulate us on the policy of merging other brewing interests into our own whenever opportunity has occurred since the War, as by this means only have we been able to keep our well-equipped brewery much more fully occupied than otherwise would have been the case, and we have been able to dispose of, or utilise in other directions, the buildings of those breweries we have acquired.

EXTENSIVE WINE AND SPIRIT BUSINESS.

" We are, perhaps, more fortunate than most other brewery companies in the country in not having all our interests vested entirely in the supply of beer to public houses, in that we have a separate and very extensive wine and spirit business, the turnover of which, as also the profits, have been well maintained. We have also under our aegis the cider factory of Messrs. N. P. Hunt & Son at Paignton, recently purchased and re-equipped, and which is now turning out an article of great merit, and so is fast justifying our outlay thereon. To go further afield, we have a large interest in our allied company in Malta, Messrs. Simonds-Farsons, Ltd., where I am glad to report further progress, despite the indifference of warring political factions and short-sighted and insensate competition by other firms.

" Shareholders living or travelling in the South of England will not have failed to notice that, in conformity with the practice of leading firms of the country, we have adopted a standard sign for practically all our houses, and we have been congratulated on all sides on the attractive design thereof. Those in need of refreshment gladly welcome 'The sign of the Hop Leaf' as indicating quality and service.

" To return to the profits of the year, the directors, last June, in their discretion, reduced the interim dividend from 3 per cent. to 2½ per cent. They have now decided to recommend that the final dividend be again reduced by ½ per cent., making this 9 per cent. as against 9½ per cent., or 11½ per cent. for the full year, as against 12½ per cent. in 1931. They have been bold enough to recommend this for the acceptance of the shareholders by virtue of the fact that for many years past they have been most careful to conserve the financial resources of the company, and have paid dividends which have amounted almost to parsimony. It is due to this policy in the past that they have been able to build up reserves wherewith to finance the acquisition or control of those other companies of which I have already spoken. The directors therefore consider that distribution bearing a higher ratio to earnings than has obtained in the past has been justified this year, and we

hope you will concur. You will observe that the Debenture Redemption Reserve has been increased by an appropriation of £8,601 5s. od., and that we recommend an allocation of £10,875 to the Pension Reserve, bringing that figure up to £75,000, and that we recommend that the Property Improvement Account be augmented by £13,477 10s. od.

NO HOPEFUL SIGNS OF RECOVERY.

"It may have escaped the notice of the shareholders that, although we are distributing 11½ per cent. as dividend on the Ordinary Share Capital of the company, yet we are, in effect, only distributing 3 per cent. if the accumulated reserves of the company are taken into account. But I feel it my duty to impress upon you that in spite of the strict savings and economies that your directors have striven to effect, these cannot be extended indefinitely. I regret to have to report, according to the information at my disposal, there is no evidence, speaking generally throughout the whole of our vast industry, that the reduced consumption has touched rock bottom, or that there are any hopeful signs of recovery, however small, in the near future.

"On behalf of the directorate and the shareholders, I tender to Mr. Stocker, our head brewer, and all the staff, both of the parent company and its subsidiaries, our warmest thanks for their efforts during the past very difficult year, to maintain the best traditions of the firm. While I am on the subject of the staff, I cannot but allude to the great loss which the company sustained last August owing to the death of the late Mr. H. F. Lindars, a man highly esteemed by all who knew him, who was taken from us in the full possession of his faculties at the advanced age of 81, having given sixty-six years of devoted and distinguished service to the company.

"In conclusion, may I now offer to our large body of retailers our deepest sympathy in the difficult times through which they are now going, owing to decreased trade resulting from circumstances to which I have already referred, and to assure them that we are, as ever, most anxious to co-operate with them in finding some way out of their troubles. They have been most unfairly treated by the Government, and we shall continue to voice their grievances whenever opportunity arises.

"I now beg to move the following resolution:—

'That the report of directors and statement of accounts for the year ended September 30th, 1932, be received and adopted; and that, having already paid or provided for the full year's dividend on the 5 per cent. and 6½ per cent. Preference Shares, less tax, and an interim dividend at the rate of 2½ per cent., less tax, on £540,240

Ordinary Shares, and having appropriated £8,601 5s. od. to Debenture Redemption Reserve, the directors now recommend a final dividend of 9 per cent., less tax (making a dividend of 11½ per cent., less tax, for the year); that £13,477 10s. od. be carried to Property Improvement Account, that Pensions Reserve be augmented by allocating thereto the sum of £10,875, and that the balance of £94,941 4s. 7d. be carried forward to next year.'

The resolution was seconded by Mr. J. H. Simonds (vice-chairman) and unanimously carried.

The chairman next proposed the re-election of the retiring director (Commander H. D. Simonds, R.N. (retired)), which was seconded by Mr. A. J. Redman and carried.

On the motion of Mr. F. A. Simonds (managing director), seconded by Mr. G. W. Smith, the auditors (Messrs. Collins, Tootell and Co.) were re-appointed.

Mrs. H. Caversham Simonds proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman and managing director.

This was seconded by Mrs. F. A. Simonds, and unanimously approved.

THE FIRST SPRING DAY.

(BY CHRISTINA ROSETTI.)

I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,
If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun,
And crocus fires are kindling one by one.
Sing, robin, sing!

I still am sore in doubt concerning Spring.

I wonder if the Springtide of this year
Will bring another Spring both lost and dear;
If heart and spirit will find out their Spring,
Or if the world alone will bud and sing:
Sing, hope, to me;

Sweet notes, my hope, soft notes for memory!

The sap will surely quicken soon or late,
The tardiest bird will twitter to a mate;
So Spring must dawn again with warmth and bloom,
Or in this world or in the world to come.

Sing, voice of Spring,
Till I too blossom and rejoice and sing!

READING CONSERVATIVE PRIZE CHORAL SOCIETY.

A grand concert in aid of St. Dunstan's Blinded Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen will be given by the above choir on Wednesday, 8th February, at 8 p.m., in Palmer Hall, West Street, Reading. The following artistes have promised to appear:—Miss McMullin, Miss Wheeler, Mr. James, Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Spencer. *At the piano*: Mrs. Elderfield. *Conductor*: A. H. Lusty, Esq., A.R.C.O., A.T.C.L. Admission by programme, price sixpence, to be obtained from any member of the choir, or from the Hon. Secretary, MR. W. H. SPENCER, 13, RADSTOCK ROAD, READING.

If you cannot attend please buy a programme and help our Blinded warriors. All the proceeds of this concert will be devoted to St. Dunstan's. The choir is singing, for the loan of Palmer Hall, on the previous Saturday evening for the Reading Temperance Society.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

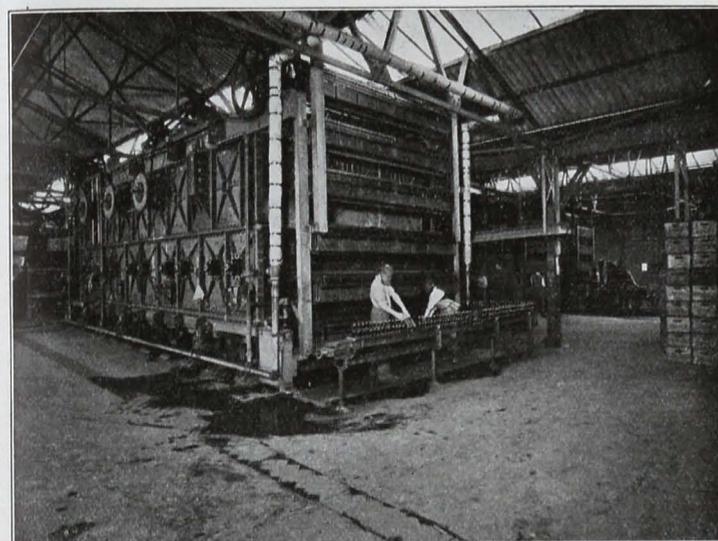
The parable of the leaven (Matt. xiii, 33) is meant to teach that a changed world is not to be brought about in any sudden and spectacular manner, but by the gradual and silent action of a force hidden in the heart of society. That force is the spirit of love. Where selfishness is at the heart, outward prosperity can only mask inward poverty and decay. To possess the spirit of love is to send forth a quickening influence that is irresistible, and all-pervading. No words, or profession, are needed: to live the life is enough. A faithful workman, by being what he is, elevates the tone of the factory. A teacher of noble mind creates an atmosphere in which falsehood cannot live. The great Master wrote nothing, propounded no creed. He simply lived the life and went about doing good. He declared that "Life was the light of men." His spirit of love kindled a new life in others, and the persuasive influence spread from heart to heart. Progress through the ages has been slow, but the leaven is at work, and raises our hopes for the future of the world. He who lives at his best contributes most to the betterment of mankind.

A VISIT TO H. & G. SIMONDS, LTD.
THE BREWERY, READING.

(Reproduced from "Bottling" by kind permission.)

(Continued.)

The finish of the cold stores deserves some mention, as the interior walls have been finished with white glazed tiles, which give a particularly clean and hygienic appearance. The ceilings are finished with white waterproof cement and the floors with asphalt reinforced with steel mesh.



Unloading the Hopkins Pasteuriser.

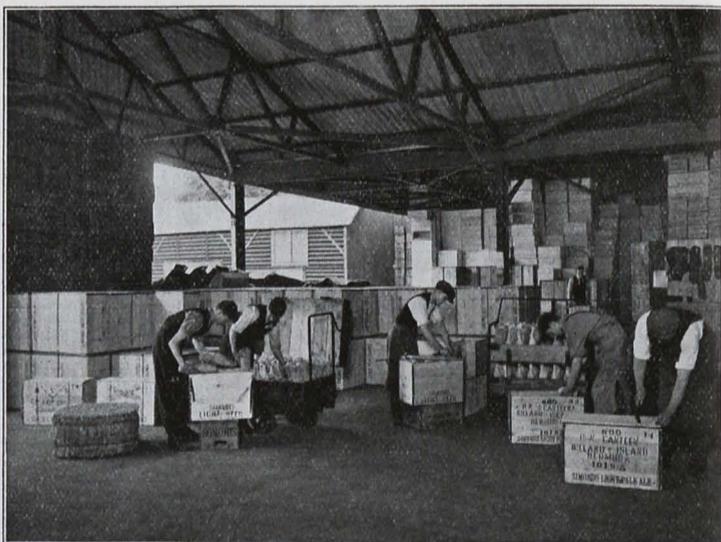
The plant in the bottling department consists of an exactly similar high-speed ammonia compressor to that arranged in the brewery, again being direct coupled to a 120 b.h.p. B.T.-H. motor. The engine room in this case is arranged on the first floor, so as to be readily accessible from the bottling stores, and the atmospheric condenser is arranged on the flat roof immediately above.

This plant also operates on dry compression, and is fitted with a shell and tube type brine cooler arranged inside a brine storage tank.

In addition to the beer chilling duty, which is carried out by circulating brine from the storage tank through a counter-current chiller, the plant cools an extensive tank room and a filter room.

The interior surface of these rooms is finished in a similar manner to that in the brewery—with white glazed tiles—but cooling in this instance had to consist of galvanised brine grid piping arranged on the walls and ceiling.

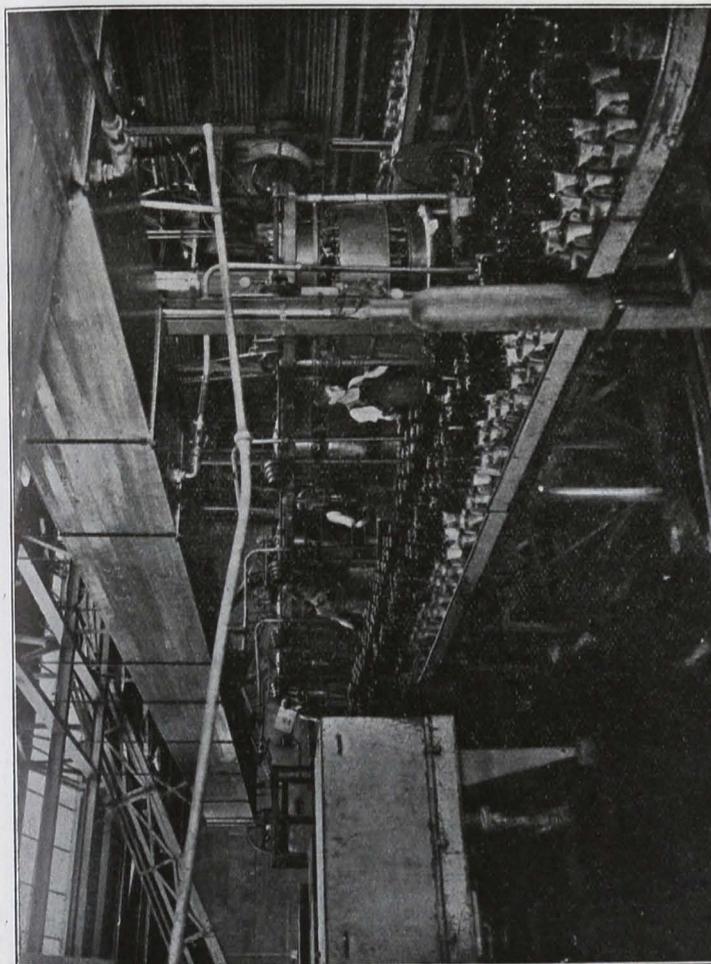
The brine pump supplying the cold brine to these rooms is arranged with automatic control, so that by cooling down brine in the evaporator to a low temperature before shutting down, a storage of cold is secured which is automatically used during the night and week-ends, giving a very steady temperature in the cold rooms.



The Export Store.

Another interesting feature in this plant is the arrangement of running the beer mains from the filter room right down to the filling machines in an insulated trunk, which is kept cooled by a circular type air cooler, so that there is no rise in temperature of the beer when passing from the filter room into the filling machine. Having regard to the fact that beer mains, of necessity, have to pass over the bottle washing machine, where the temperature is very high, this feature has been of immense value, particularly in regard to the automatic unit, and will, no doubt, be of great interest to other breweries who have, of necessity, to submit to long lengths of connections between the filter room and their filling machines.

A further refrigerating plant is installed in the cider bottling department. This consists of a smaller vertical twin cylinder high-speed ammonia machine direct coupled to a 20 b.h.p. motor arranged on a cast-iron baseplate carrying the compressor. This plant is capable of cooling the cold room in which the cider is chilled and carbonated, and also chilling cider at the rate of seven to eight barrels per hour.



Battery of Six Pontifex Fillers.

The condenser of this plant is of the multitubular type, and the evaporator is again of the flooded type arranged so that the plant will operate on dry compression, and consists of coils arranged in a brine storage tank, from which the brine is circulated to the cider chiller and the galvanised grid piping arranged on the walls of the cold room.

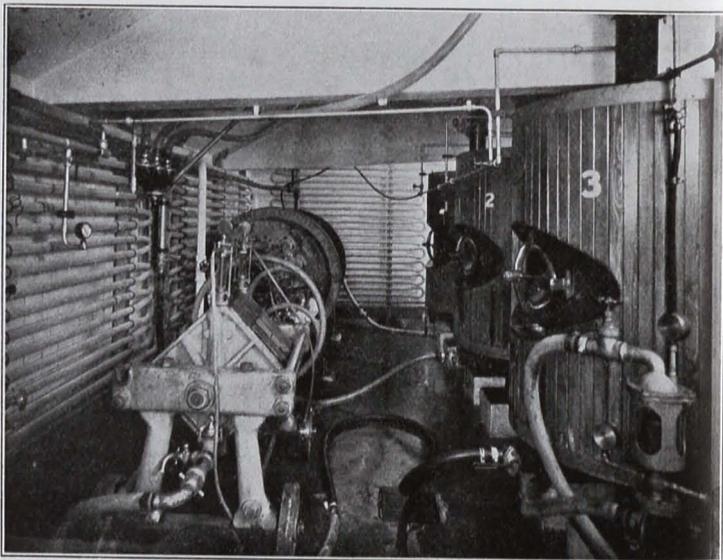
The insulated room is, again, finished with white glazed tiles, giving a very pleasing and effective surface.

The glass-lined tanks all come from Enamelled Metal Products Corporation, who have also removed and re-erected old Pfaudler tanks which were originally installed many years ago. There are over seventy-seven tanks in all, ranging in size from 150 barrels, of which there are twenty-six, to 30 barrels, also some smaller tanks of 10 barrels or so to supply the bottling machines.

The bottling machines are all Pontifex 36-head and 18-head fillers.

The bottle washing machines are Miller hydros, one of which has a capacity of 500 to 600 dozen, the other three being 220-dozen machines.

(To be continued).



Cider Plant.

THE LIGHTER SIDE.

"Won't you play something for us?" asked the hostess.

"I'm sorry, but I don't play away from home," replied Henpeck.

"What instrument do you play at home?"

"Second fiddle."

* * * *

PROFESSOR: "You say you are engaged in some original researches. Upon what subject?"

UNDERGRADUATE: "I am trying to discover why the ink won't flow from the cheap fountain pen I had given me unless I place it in an upright position in the pocket of a light fancy waist-coat."

* * * *

YOUNG MAN: "You are the first interesting person I have met this morning."

SHE: "Really! You are luckier than I."

* * * *

CALLER: "How is your master this morning?"

MAID: "Well, I'm pleased to tell you they've took an X-ray of his brain an' found nothing there!"

* * * *

GUEST: "Have you had any wedding breakfasts in here, lately?"

WAITRESS: "No, sir, we haven't."

GUEST: "Then you may bring me some rice pudding."

* * * *

INSECTICIDE.

"Eddie's feeling fed up to-day."

"Why?"

"He took his girl to Tony's for lunch. While they were dining she discovered a fly in the soup. 'Waiter!' she says, 'remove this insect!'"

"Well?"

"They threw Eddie down two flights of stone steps."

THIS ROBOT AGE.

MAGISTRATE : " Then you say this man was drunk ? "

WITNESS : " I do not, sir ; I simply say that he sat in his car for two hours in front of an excavation waiting for the red light to turn green. "

* * * *

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED !

GUARD : " Better keep your head inside the window, sir. "

PASSENGER : " I can look out of the window if I want to ! "

" I know you can. But if you damage any of the ironwork of the bridges you'll have to pay for it. "

* * * *

FOR HIS PLEASURE.

TOMMY (to neighbour who is always borrowing) : " Dad says he's buying some new records, and could you go with him, as he wouldn't like to get any tunes you don't like. "

* * * *

QUITE ALL RIGHT.

DONALD : " Go easy. This hill's not too safe. "

DORIS (driving) : " Can't slow down—the brakes are not working. "

" You don't mean to say— "

" Oh, don't get panicky, the hooter's all right. "

* * * *

PROFILE.

" What's the charge for pressing a pair of trousers ? "

" One shilling, sir. "

" Well, you can press just the one leg for sixpence. I'll have my photo taken sideview. "

* * * *

AT THE READY.

" Doesn't your wife miss you when you stay out till three in the morning ? "

" Occasionally—but usually her aim is perfect. "

ALTERNATIVE.

" I can't sleep for thinking of the money I owe. "

" Good gracious ! why didn't you tell me before ? "

" I say ! Can you really lend me— "

" No, but I can give you a sleeping draught. "

* * * *

THREE HUNDRED YEARS ON.

Jack had just left a wealthy acquaintance whose money was more abundant than his culture.

" I say, " said Jack to a friend. " Old Moneybags is much older than we thought. "

" How do you know ? "

" I asked him if he'd read Shakespeare's plays, and he said that he read most of them when first they came out. "

* * * *

CAUTION.

" I saw the doctor you advised me to see, " said Bachelor to his friend.

" That's good, " said the other. " And I suppose you told him that I had sent you ? "

" Yes, unfortunately, " said Bachelor.

" What do you mean ? " said his companion, aggrievedly.

" When I mentioned that I knew you, he asked me to pay in advance. "

* * * *

ON THEIR GUARD.

An old lady was watching two sentries on beat. Going up to them, she said : " Can't you men make it up and be friends ? "

* * * *

MILK EAU !

MILKMAN : " Yes, madam. I had my milk analysed only last week. "

HOUSEWIFE : " Good ! And did they find any ? "

MILKMAN : " Find any. Find any what ? "

HOUSEWIFE : " Milk. "

FIRST CANNIBAL : " Too late for dinner ? "

SECOND CANNIBAL : " Yes. Everybody's eaten."

* * * *

FICTION.

" You say you're the fiction editor of your local paper ? I didn't know you published any fiction."

" Oh, I insert the (cheers), (laughter), and (prolonged applause) in the speeches we report."

* * * *

IT DID !

His wife began to laugh at him.

" You silly," she said ; " fancy being superstitious after all these years ! Why, do you remember the first time we met ? We walked under a ladder, and you said you were sure something horrible would happen to you."

" Well ? " said he.

* * * *

QUESTION OF AGE.

" How do you like my new dress ? It's a twenty-first birthday present."

" How well it's worn."

* * * *

DEFINITELY.

SHE : " I hope your recent marriage has turned out a great success."

HE : " Oh, quite ; I've already made three plays out of my wife's past."

* * * *

TO KEEP HER OCCUPIED.

WIFE : " John, is it true that money talks ? "

HUSBAND : " Well, that's what they say, my dear."

WIFE : " Well I wish you would leave me a little here to talk to during the day. I get so lonely."

TOO EFFICIENT !

OFFICE MANAGER : " I'm afraid you are ignoring our efficiency system, Jones."

JONES : " Perhaps so, sir ; but somebody has got to get the work done."

* * * *

The bookmaker was paying out on the last race of an unfortunate day. He had been hard hit, and was honest enough to confess he had only £30 in cash to meet liabilities nearer £50.

" The question is," he said, " how am I going to do it ? "

" Pay out in alphabetical order," suggested a stentorian voice.

And so it was agreed. He was instantly surrounded by men who declared their names were Anderson, Allen, Arch, and so on.

" 'Ere," shouted an agitated voice from the rear, " where do I come in ? My name's Salmon."

" Salmon," repeated the bookmaker scornfully ; " you haven't an earthly. If it had been 'Addock you might have been in the first three ! "

* * * *

Cook placed the food on the table and stalked out of the room. Hubby picked up a knife and fork and served his wife with a chop, and then helped himself.

After giving it one or two vicious jabs, he said : " Really, dear, we must get rid of cook. Did you ever see a more frightful chop than the one on my plate ? "

" Yes," she replied cuttingly ; " the one you've just put on mine."

* * * *

PAT : " That was a foine sintiment Casey got off at the banquet last night."

MIKE : " What was that ? "

PAT : " He said that the sweetest mimeries in loife are the ricollection of things forgotten."

* * * *

BARBER : " Haven't I shaved you before, sir ? "

CUSTOMER : " No, I got that scar in France."

MUSICAL HOST (to friend who has been invited to dinner): "Would you like a sonata before dinner, old man?"

FRIEND (not at all musical): "Well, I don't mind. I had a couple on my way here, but I think I can stand another."

* * * *

AMERICAN TOURIST (watching Vesuvius in eruption): "Gee whiz, but I guess that little show reminds me right now of old man Satan's place."

ENGLISH TOURIST: "Jove! but you Americans seem to have been everywhere."

* * * *

DENTIST'S WIFE: "Why do you open the door of the waiting-room when I sing?"

DENTIST: "I want to show the other clients that the noise is not made by the patient in the chair."

* * * *

The dentist gazed at the vacant-looking young man in the chair, and spoke sadly to the anæsthetist.

"It's no use giving this chap gas," he said, "we shan't be able to tell when he's unconscious."

* * * *

KEEN WIFE (to husband, in cinema): "Those film actors don't always do those wonderful tricks. I'm told they have a double."

BORED HUSBAND: "I don't blame them. I'm going out to have one myself in a few minutes."

* * * *

"Above all," said the mistress to the new maid, "I want obedience and truthfulness."

"Yes, madam," replied the maid. "And if anybody calls when you are in, and you say you are out, which shall come first—obedience or truthfulness?"

* * * *

What could have bettered the retort of Sir Ellis Jones Griffith to a heckler at election time?

The heckler suddenly shouted: "Shut up—I can't bear a fool."

"No," replied Sir Ellis grimly, "but your mother could!"

The magician's turn at the pantomime was not going at all well, but he stuck to his task in the face of rows of people more resigned than amused.

"Now," he beamed, wiping his hands on a gaily-coloured handkerchief, "if any lady or gentleman can oblige me with an egg, I will perform a truly amazing trick."

For a second or two there was a complete silence. Then from the gallery a voice rang out loud and clear: "If anybody 'ere 'ad an egg, you'd 'ave 'ad it long ago!"

* * * *

An elderly lady bought a parrot from a sailor. Its language was appalling, but the old lady put up with it for a time, until one day Polly *really* let fly. Patience exhausted, the old lady put her hand in the cage, clutched the parrot, and hurled it through the open window.

Going through the window, Polly caught her head and lost some feathers therefrom. Fluttering down into the yard, she eventually found her way on to the kitchen window sill. Inside was cook plucking a turkey for the Christmas dinner.

Polly looked in, saw the almost naked bird, and shrieked, "Blimey, what's IT said?"

* * * *

BRIDEGROOM: "As soon as our wedding was over we drove away in our car."

FRIEND: "Where did you spend your honeymoon?"

"In a hospital."

* * * *

SYD: "I'm afraid Jeanette regarded her marriage only as a means to an end."

SYLVIA: "Yes; and she has already brought an end to her husband's means."

* * * *

YOUNG AUTHOR: "Yes, I'm doing very well. I make jokes, and my wife makes pictures for them."

YOUNG ARTIST: "It's just the opposite with me. I make pictures and my wife makes jokes of them."

The cinema manager was furious.

"What's the matter?" asked his assistant. "Is anything wrong?"

"Anything wrong!" he snorted. "Why, you've advertised for next week: 'Smiling Eyes—with a strong cast!'"

* * * *

"What is your occupation?"

"It isn't an occupation, it's a pursuit. I'm a bill collector."

* * * *

SHE (at a Rugged match): "Look! They're all putting their heads together."

HE: "Yes, it's a scrum."

SHE: "But what are they doing?"

HE: "Oh, just telling stories."

* * * *

HUBBY (at the races): "Let me back one more horse. I promise you it'll be the last."

WIFE (gloomily): "It usually is."

* * * *

YOUNG MACINTOSH (to customer who has arrived to get his suit out of pawn): "Father won't keep you a minute. He's just taking your trousers off."

* * * *

TEACHER: "You must bring an excuse from your mother next time you are late."

MICKY: "Please will dad do? Mum says he's chock-full of 'em."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Happiness is a flower growing beside the highway of usefulness.

Many victories are won by men who keep on a few minutes longer.

A salesman without geniality is like a chicken without feathers.

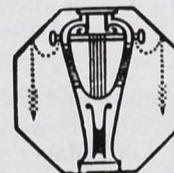
You can make 1933 a New Year by abolishing obsolete methods and machinery.

A man should look on his job as a means of self-development.

Commonsense is often genius in its working clothes.

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all.

RUDYARD KIPLING.



BRANCHES.

PORTSMOUTH.

Sir Herbert Morgan, K.B.E., President of the Portsmouth, Gosport and District Licensed Victuallers Protection and Benevolent Society, made an attack on D.O.R.A. when he proposed the toast of the evening at the annual banquet and ball of the society recently held at the Savoy Cafe, Southsea. He said that in coming to Portsmouth he recalled how Nelson and Charles Dickens had fought for public liberty and he felt that if Charles Dickens were alive with his trenchant pen and his great humanity he would have been such a powerful antagonist of D.O.R.A. that the antique and disreputable old lady would have disappeared from our midst. The great British public, he declared, were to be entirely trusted when it came to reducing interest on Government securities and when it came to doing anything for public service, but they were not to be trusted as to the hours in which they could buy drinks, cigarettes and chocolates. The banquet itself was a great success, over 300 being present. Sir Herbert was supported by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Portsmouth (Alderman and Mrs. W. A. Billing), and many other distinguished guests.

On their return from India, the 4th Medium Brigade, Royal Artillery, now at Muttra, Agra and Delehi, will relieve the 6th Medium Brigade at Christchurch, Fort Brockhurst and Fort Fareham. The barracks at Christchurch were originally built because of the great amount of smuggling that went on round the Devonshire and Hampshire coast in the eighteenth century. The officer in charge of the customs made such strong representations to the War Office that it was decided to build a permanent barracks for the accommodation of a regiment of cavalry, the quick movements of which would keep a salutary check upon the activities of the "free traders." Thus the present barracks were built towards the close of the eighteenth century and a regiment of cavalry was quartered therein. Since the Crimea War the barracks at Christchurch have been occupied by Royal Horse Artillery, Royal Field Artillery and the Royal Engineers in turn and at the moment are occupied by the 1st Medium Battery, R.A., and the Experimental Bridging Establishments.

A record number of members and friends attended the annual dinner of the Southsea Waverley Bowling Club, which was held on the club premises. The Lord Mayor in his speech referred to the Lord Mayor's Fund, saying: "I can tell you that the Christmas Comforts Fund is going to do all that will be necessary for the unemployed and the poor on Christmas day. Everybody in the city will be able to sit down and have a square meal." The health

of the President (Councillor J. F. Hooper) was proposed by Mr. F. Spicer, and received with musical honours, and the President, in responding, said that it was a great pleasure to preside over such a sporting crowd of members. He also paid a tribute to the popular Secretary (Mr. Stanley White) for his ability and his energy. The Southsea Waverley Bowling Club are the runners-up of the Portsmouth and District League. They have amongst their members the winner of the Portsmouth Singles Competition. An interesting musical programme was arranged and a very enjoyable function was closed by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

The annual dinner of the Sarisbury & District Working Men's Club was thought by many to be the most successful in the annals of its history. The chair was taken by the President (Mr. G. E. Parker, J.P., C.C.) supported, amongst others, by Colonel G. B. Byrne, O.B.E., Dr. Infield, Mr. J. F. Letheren (vice-president), Mr. A. Toulson (chairman of committee), Mr. F. J. Gingell (secretary) and Mr. P. Adds. In the toast, "The Club Officials," it was mentioned that the club was very fortunate in having such a body of workers. In Mr. Toulson they had an excellent chairman and in Mr. Gingell an indefatigable and courteous secretary. The final toast was "The Stewards," proposed by Mr. Houston. Mr. Jack Goulter and Mr. Alec Beauchamp replied.

We should like respectfully to congratulate Commander H. D. Simonds on his very splendid fight for Katesgrove Ward. We feel there can be no doubt that next time Commander Simonds will have the success his efforts deserve. Our congratulations are also extended to Mr. F. L. Shrimpton on being unanimously elected Mayor of Andover for the coming year.

BRIGHTON.

Since last month's contribution Brighton has had at least one bit of excitement in the "Old Crocks' London to Brighton race" on the 20th November. This event, which is becoming an annual one, attracts great crowds on the route, and more especially at the finishing post. This year 61 cars started from London, and to their credit, 51 withstood the journey down. No car was eligible for the run if built after 1904, so some pretty old crocks were brought out. The first one to arrive was a Thornycroft, driven by Mr. Tom Thornycroft, and had been in use from 1904 to 1916. It did the journey of 56 miles in 2 hrs. 21 mins.; not bad for a 28-year-old youngster.

There were older cars in the race, the second home being Mr. Beresford's 1901 Fiat, and the third a 1904 Humber which was discovered on a dump with a family of spiders in the exhaust box.

Sir Malcolm Campbell arrived looking very happy in his 1904 Sunbeam, averaging 23.5 miles per hour for the journey, no doubt bringing back to him memories of scorching on Dakota Beach.

One driver brought down a 1903 Siddeley, reputed to be the first car ever to make a circuit of Brooklands track.

One of the last in was a 1901 Oldsmobile, being steered by Mr. Jacques, but pushed at the end by many enthusiastic helpers.

The drivers, members of the Veteran Car Club, met for dinner in the evening at the Old Ship Hotel, and had some interesting experiences to relate.

Our only licensed house in Brighton, The Royal Oak, having been rebuilt, is now open again, and with its fine old oak fittings and general atmosphere of comfort, should be a source of attraction to townsmen and visitors. The architect has made the best of the limited space and found room for airy bars, with billiards room under, and living accommodation for the tenant upstairs. Mr. W. G. Deacon, late R.G.A., will be pleased to welcome old and new friends at this new house in St. James's Street, Brighton.

In a letter just to hand from a relative in Madras is the following, quite unsolicited:—

"I am constantly reminded of you now that Simonds' are pushing their sales in India, and you will be interested to hear that your beers and cider are very popular, as well as being much cheaper than other English brands. We rejoice in being able to buy cider for 'Cider Cup' at our morning bridge parties."

We send from Brighton every good wish to our Directors, and all members of the staff, for a prosperous New Year.

CONFESSION.

In Brighton she was Mabel ;
 She was Marjorie in Hove ;
 In Gravesend she was Hetty—
 A stunning girl, by Jove !
 Down in Folkestone she was Kitty,
 The best girl of the bunch ;
 But down on my expense sheet
 She was Petrol, Oil, and Lunch !

THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

The retirement of our Head Brewer (Mr. H. E. Pike) after thirteen years in the service of the Firm is a regrettable event. We sincerely trust that, with the cares of the "Tamar" left behind, he will, among the moorlands that he knows so well, soon regain his former health and vitality.

The Directors, in their own generous manner, have shewn their high appreciation of his labours at the Tamar Brewery during this period, and he will thus be enabled to quietly "rest on his oars," and enjoy the pleasures of life anew, when physical fitness returns to him.

The recent appointment of Mr. J. E. G. Rowland as our Head Brewer, in succession to Mr. Pike, is a gratifying advancement to us all. For some time past, as assistant brewer, Mr. Rowland has qualified, by practical experience and knowledge of West Country needs, for the additional responsibilities which he now has to take upon his shoulders. He is, therefore, well equipped in all the essentials for such a position, while the exceptional quality of "Tamar" products to-day, is a sufficient guarantee of his successful application to the task in hand.

Our many valued friends in this area can, by saying "SIMONDS please" at the right time and place, convince themselves, and others, that the consistency and excellence of beverages sold under the "Hop Leaf" label have never been higher. In short, to paraphrase a seasonable quotation:—"The proof of the pleasure is in the measure," which is where we all look for it of course!! We therefore confidently wish our new Head Brewer and his assistant, Mr. F. E. R. Phipps, the son of our esteemed Secretary, a progressive and congenial future in their new appointments.

Hearty congratulations to Reading Football Club on their achievements during the first half of the season, and especially for a splendid victory in the second round of the F.A. cup. Only sustained team work could have achieved such results, and a full measure of praise must be accorded to every man for the gallant way in which the club has thereby been helped towards another era of progress. And now to the Den of "Lions," for another homeric struggle, while our boys proceed northward to those broad acres of cricketing fame, in an endeavour to emulate our old patron, Sir Francis, by administering the coup-de-grace to those

rugged cup fighters at Park Avenue, who are old opponents of ours, and well worthy of Drake's heaviest artillery in such death or glory battles, where every minute is packed with danger for both sides.

The best of luck to both you and ourselves !

Our esteemed friends and patrons of the Devonport Military Foot Police Staff Mess, who recently visited us at the Tamar Social Club, found our cuemen in a very selfish mood, but although the spoils of a victory were denied them, we hope they have as pleasant recollections of the evening as we have.

The scores below speak for themselves :—

<i>Military Police Staff.</i>			<i>Tamar Social Club.</i>		
L/Cpl. R. Hardy	...	61	v.	W. Luscombe	100
Sgt. G. W. Stevens	...	89	v.	T. Watkins	100
L/Cpl. H. Tudgay	...	52	v.	S. Naish	100
L/Cpl. J. B. Smith	...	34	v.	E. Webber	100
L/Cpl. A. E. Smith	...	92	v.	H. Bevan	100
Sgt. S. Cowling	...	65	v.	F. Pierce	100
		393			600

We have heard a whisper that an ample revenge is being planned, when the return match is played, so we will forbear to add to our report except to say that we too are looking forward to the meeting, and wish to warn our erstwhile opponents that we also may have a few "aces" under the table or wherever they are usually kept for such an emergency. We even hear that our Military Representative is training hard for the battle to convince the selection committee of his fitness to be one of our trump cards, whilst his cue is already "in pickle" for the event !!

The results of our cueists' league efforts during the past month were :—

Tamar Club	3	games	v.	St. Phillips Club	2	games
"	"	3	"	Mutley Social	2	"

In the match with Virginia House during November a break of 43 was recorded by E. Webber, who invariably gives of his best in such games—the real test of a player.

Well done "Tamarites" !!